

Remembering the Life of Bob Wilcox

Mr. Bob Wilcox ... aka Mr. Chevelle...

Where do I start, or end, as far as that goes. I have a couple of Bob stories that most people do not know that I will share...

The first time I actually met Bob was at a car show that used to be in a small lot near the BWI airport. I had been a member of the MCC for about a year, but was not very active. We had been talking for about an hour (and for those that really knew Bob, know he could go on for HOURS just talking about Chevelles), when Don Ayres, the President at the time, came up to us and told Bob he would no longer be President due to personal issues. After a few minutes, He told Bob, "You are now the President" and walked away. Bob looked at me and said, "Well, guess I'm the new President!" It was so quick; I'm not so sure he or I really knew what had just happened. None-the-less, Bob took on the challenge, became the 2nd President of the MCC that day and the rest is history.



Bob was always willing to give advice, his expertise or lend a hand when a fellow Chevelle nut was in need. I too was the recipient of Bob's generosity. Bob was a "magician" when it came to getting a motor finely tuned. My '67 Chevelle was experiencing some bogging down and it was diagnosed I needed two new carburetors. I ordered two Holley 600 carbs from Summit Racing and gave Bob a call when they arrived. Bob was living in Beltsville, MD at the time and I in Bowie, MD. That was not a problem for Bob. I believe I could have been in California and he still would have been there to lend a hand. That weekend Bob came to my house and we installed the new carbs. My drive way had a pretty good slant to it, so being the "perfectionist" Bob was, he had me jack up the rear of the Chevelle until she was level. To adjust the floats, Bob took out the side float screws and started the process of raising the floats until the gas starting trickling out. Note here, we had a bucket of water standing by, "just in case" something happened. We did the back carb first with no problems. While adjusting the front carb, all of a sudden, gas came shooting out of the bowl. Bob grabbed a rag to stop the flow, while I went to shut the car off. Well, the bottom of the now gasoline soaked rag hit the header, which ignited the rag. With gas all over the engine, it too ignited. Bob grabbed the bucket of water and dumped it on the engine. Well that almost worked. It was not near enough, so I grabbed the hose to extinguish what was left. To make a long story short, we put out the fire... minimal damage (which was easily repaired). Bob finished setting the float, adjusted the timing and she has run perfectly since. No one but Bob and I knew about this occurrence, we never told anyone else and we would laugh about it time and time again.

I could go on for pages, but it's still quite difficult to talk about Bob's passing without shedding a tear. I'd just like to close with...Bob was the MCC and the MCC was Bob. Without question, any decisions, comments, and/or ideas Bob had, were always what he thought were for the best interest of the MCC. Every year Bob was the leader for getting donations, both cash and door prizes, for our annual show. Bob was single handedly responsible for getting more people to join the club than any other member. Bob's persistence was relentless. With his enthusiasm, He would never give up. Bob missed very few club meetings or events in the 25 years the MCC has existed and now he will never miss another. Bob is and will always be, the MCC. God Speed my friend... we will cross paths again.



Bobs '68 SS at his Beltsville, MD house

Donnie Gates

Member, past Eastern Coordinator, past president and currently on the board of directors.