

Remembering the Life of Bob Wilcox

Bob Wilcox.

Like him, dislike him; say what you will about him. Bob could be cranky, stubborn, hard headed, impatient, a real curmudgeon. Some may have thought those were his good points. They would be wrong. I took the time to know Bob differently. He had a real warm and fuzzy side about him also. You could always tell when he was relaxed, he would laugh a lot. When he did, his laugh and smile would radiate across the garage.

Bob's automotive knowledge and mechanical abilities were surpassed by few. He cared deeply about his customers and he treated their cars like his own, never leaving as much as a smudge, never happy until it was exactly right. And if necessary he would make house calls. Bob wasn't the fastest mechanic and he wasn't inexpensive either, but he was the BEST. When he built an engine for you, it would be right, and it would be reliable. He loved what he did and it showed in the cars he built and maintained. He was like most of us in that we refuse to grow up and still play with cars. He just happened to have more toys to play with and it became his life.

Bob was quite the taskmaster. He expected no less of others than he did of himself. When I worked with him in the shop he would work me to death and I would sleep like a baby those nights. He would take the time to answer all my questions and actually seemed to enjoy the role of teacher. Those times were the best.

Bob tried to be a private person, but I wouldn't let him...always asking him questions about himself, his life, and his past. I wanted to know him. I wanted to be friends. We didn't run in the same crowd, but we did cruise and street race the same areas in the mid 60's and actually had some acquaintances in common.

Bob would speak about his sons, Robby and Stevie, and he would talk about Debbie's children Emily and Alex. Always with pride and always with a warmth and love that appeared to be just for the kids. He seemed to save the most noticeable emotion when he spoke about his beloved Debbie. There was no denying the love he had for her.

If you didn't see these sides of Bob, then you missed the real man he was, he left us all too soon. We all have stories. We all knew him in our own way. This is how I knew him. I loved Bob Wilcox and will miss him dearly.

Rest in Peace my Friend.

Phil Goldberg

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