

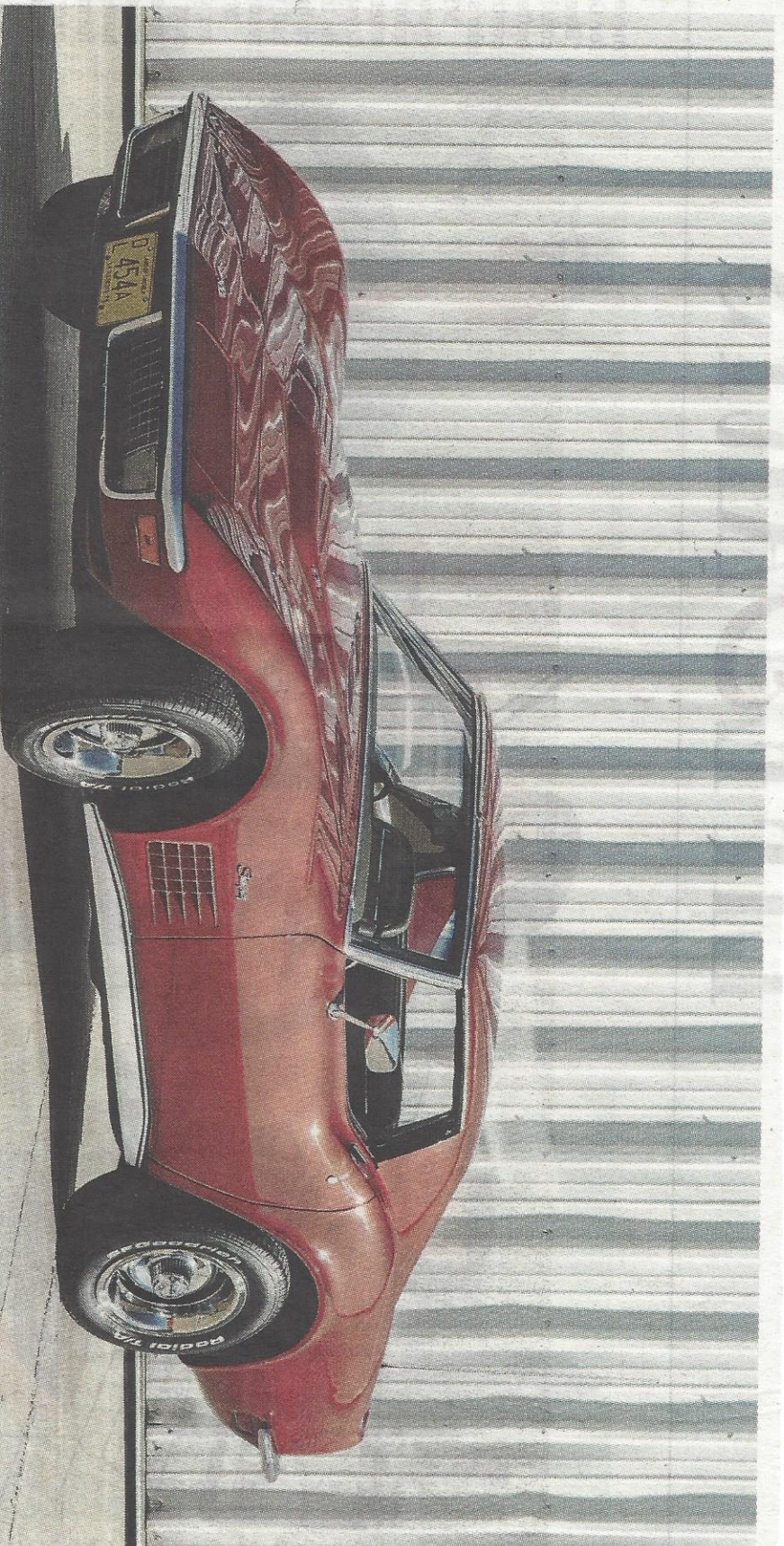
Jason Laureys, 40, a Southwest Airlines pilot from Wauconda, Ill., on his 1970 Chevrolet Corvette Stingray, as told to A.J. Baime.

When I was little, instead of a stuffed animal, I slept with toy trucks and Matchbox cars. By the time I was in junior high, because I loved cars so much, my parents had taught me to drive. We had a family friend whose husband owned a 1979 Corvette, and she let me drive it through my neighborhood.

I did not have a license yet. I remember sitting in that driver's seat, looking out over those huge swooping fenders. In that moment, everything changed.

Today I have three Corvettes and two Camaros. The car pictured here is a third-generation ("C3") Corvette, like the one I drove when I was in junior high, and it has a special story.

I bought it in June 2015 from a mom-and-pop dealership in Chicago for \$32,195. I was given a file that had history on the car. Last year I took the vehicle to a car show in the town next to mine. This guy comes up and starts taking pictures. He tells me he used to own a Corvette just like mine, in



Time Travel in a 1970 Red Corvette

MY RIDE | By A.J. Baime

the 1970s into the early '80s. The more we talked, the more it clicked. All the history I had on my car, this

guy was now telling me. He had lived in Colorado when he owned his Corvette, and I knew my car had once resided in Colorado. Same color, same model year, same 454 390-horsepower engine. His name was Dale Seay and he gave me his number. I was thinking:

What are the chances this is the same car this stranger had owned decades ago, in a different state?

That night, I searched through the file I had on the car and found a service receipt from 1975 that had Dale Seay's name on it. I was flabbergasted.

A week later I brought the car to him and let him drive it. I love hearing his stories from the 1970s, how he used

to speed the car through rural Colorado where there were no police, and how when he drove his daughter to school, all the boys would go nuts over the Corvette. He's 79, and I'm 40, but we share the car in common. Watching him drive it today is almost as much fun as driving it myself.

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