

## PINK CAR

Charles William Pritchett (Chuck), fourth oldest son of William Ferris Pritchett was not doing well during his high school years in Prescott. That would have been in the early 1950s. His half sister Lorrene Pritchett Bykerk agreed for Chuck to live in Tucson with her family and attend Tucson High School. He commuted to and from school on the city bus. He apparently took a liking to a girl at school and was making advances. Her boyfriend didn't like the competition, so one day he and a friend followed the city bus and when Chuck got off, they beat him up pretty bad. That's when Chuck decided to purchase a car so he didn't have to ride the bus. It was either dark green or black.

When the semester ended, he returned to home in Walker. One day, according to two of his younger brothers, one of whom was with him when the car stalled and would not start. They happened to be atop a mine dump not far from his home on the Good Hope Claim. By this time the car had no functioning hand brake, so Chuck just let the car roll backwards where it came to rest against a tree.

This is where it remained until a couple of teens, (so the story goes) decided to roll the car off of the mine dump and it ended up close to where it now sits.

Mike Burns related the following:

"My family has owned land on Pink Car Road since about 1961-2 when I was in High School. I don't know exactly how the car got there but the most common story I heard was that a miner who was drunk ran off the road at the curve sometime in the late 40's, early 50's. If you lived in Walker in the 60's-70's the road still had plenty of curves in it. (One of the biggest ones was at the location of what is now Pink Car Road. It was a big 'S' curve that you had to gear down to make it up the hill. There was an old house over the wash on the north/west side of the road, along with a chicken coop just above it, as you got to the top of the curve. As a kid I enjoyed sitting up there and on the ridge on the south/east side, watching the cars go by.) The miner decided it wasn't worth it to pull the car out of the wash so he just stripped it leaving only the body and frame. There is a story that the miner was a young man who later became the Yavapai sheriff but I have no idea if that is true or just legend to make the story sound better. What I can confirm is how the car became Pink. My dad, George Burns (no not that George Burns) had a friend who would come to visit us. He was a big man (he would have been called fat in those days) who owned an El Camino pickup. I am not certain what his name is now, though it might have been Bill Howard. That name sticks in my mind as one of the friends of my parents. (I know he owned a propeller straightening business in Phoenix.) He claimed that he always missed our turn and would drive past it to the mail boxes. That is hard to believe, considering what I said about the Big 'S' curve but that was his story. One day he came up the hill and asked my family to climb into our jeep wagon with he and his wife to take a drive right after he got there. We were suspicious about this but went along with it. When we got down to the bottom of the hill there was the old car painted pink! He had bought a bunch of cans of

pink spray paint and had painted the car pink. He said now he would never miss the turn for our road!

Over the years my dad would go down and touch it up with pink paint. When he fell ill in the 80's the Whiteheads, who lived further up the road, would paint it. Also, there was a family who owned the land the car sits on, who continued the tradition and kept it painted back in the early 90's. They even claimed to have a spook in the car on Halloween though we were never up there to confirm it.

When it came time to name the road, we were more than pleased to have the neighbors along the road all agree that the road should be named "Pink Car". Though there was some thought to name the road "Pink Car Hill" road but that was too long for the sign. So, it always good for a laugh to tell people you live on "Pink Car" road in Walker. We just tell those who don't believe us to just look us up in the Prescott phone book.

So that is the Story of the Pink Car.”

Mike Burns, November 27, 2018