

Max Martinez

Story # 1 - I remember back in 1961, Steve decided to put together a hybrid race car capable of making himself and his racing team (me) "names to be reckoned with" on the roads of the Volunteer State – and elsewhere. Steven V. Hensley A.K.A. "Bullit" and Maximino Martinez A.K.A. "Chico". Our first challenge came as we decided to drive to Rockford, IL with five spare tires, none of which made it round-trip. We beat our first and only opponent, and I don't even remember who it was. I couldn't speak for two days, thinking of how we had risked our lives and wanting to "show them there boys" that we meant business! We both got jobs at Weinscott & Weinscott, a tree nursery where Steve elected to do the trimming (with a chain saw) of what turned out to be, dead and sick elm trees. I was elected to drive a sizable dump truck. Two months later, I was still driving the big truck and Steve had opted to romance Eva's sister. Soon after, we got home sick and returned to Tennessee.

Story # 2 - I think her name was Meryl.... I know her brother's name was Bob and he drove a Galbreath bread truck. Anyway, Steve and I went with Meryl on a trip to the mountains. We stopped at a "watering hole" that she was familiar with. As soon as we stepped inside, my Cuban heart started to thumpin', those people inside there looked like the original cast of *Deliverance*, and I didn't want to start squealing like a pig! Some of them sat at the table with us, and I know by now, that I was the whitest person in there! Someone started dancing on top of an empty coke case and yelling, "God forgive us for being stupid" and who was I to deny it?

Story # 3 - Steve called me one time and said, "We are coming down to see you, we'll overnight in Miami and continue our trip to the Bahamas Islands." I fixed them an opulent dinner of lobster, Creole style and other "viddles". The "we" turned out to be five people. My wife and I rented a hotel room and let them stay in our apartment. The next day, my wife and I decided to have the remaining lobster tails for supper. We discovered that Steve and the others had also decided to have lobster – for breakfast!

Story # 4 - This story includes Robie and Steve. They came down to Homestead, Florida to pick up an airplane that had been damaged in Hurricane Andrew. Robie was wearing an old straw hat. They were driving a pick up truck and pulling what appeared to be a crudely homemade trailer to carry the plane back to Tennessee. This very day, we are known in our neighborhood as the "eccentrics with the airplane parked on their driveway".

Steve was a free spirit. He lived his life the closest to what he wanted to live it, and I am sure he enjoyed it..... and we enjoyed him!

Robie went to Cuba on vacation in 1959 and made some new friends there. When the Cubans wrote letters to him in Chuckey, he was unable to interpret them. Robie called Tusculum College and inquired if there were any Cuban students there that could interpret the letters. That was when our family met Gilbert and Maximino. In reading the letters, the recipes for chicken and rice made the boys' home sick for Cuba. Robie invited them to the farm for a home cooked (Cuban) meal. They have been friends of the family ever since.