

December
2009

Traveling in
the Past
and Present



Next Meeting
December 8th, 2009
Old Auto Museum
Dinner 6:00 pm
Annual Christmas Party

*Tallahassee Region Antique Automobile Club
of America wishes you a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year in 2010!*

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Annual Chili and Auction event another big success

What a great time we had at our annual Chili Dinner and Auction event held on November 14th at the home of Bill and Peggy O'Rourke! Members and their antique cars started gathering well before the Noon start time for our Chili Dinner. After thoroughly filling our own tanks with delicious chili and all the trimmings, including sodas, tea, coffee and desserts of numerous kinds, we gathered at the front of the house in our lawn chairs for the auction. Bob Love, our auctioneer, carefully went through about 100 items of quality and variety for members to bid on. As usual there were some real bargains and we had fun watching and listening to the bidding wars for some of the most unusual stuff. It just proves you never know what will be a hit and what won't. Also members brought canned food and other non perishable food items for Elder Care Services that one of our members Kedra Baumgardner had requested. That too seemed to be a success. Each year we have this club event, it is a great time to get to know other members and attract new ones. We had several to join the club during our meeting. Its also a good opportunity to look at our member's great looking antique cars they drive to the event. Norm Madsden premiered his fantastic 1925 Franklin that looked and sounded new.



Pontiac hits end of the road

Nameplate known for 1960s muscle cars falls victim to industry's meltdown

By Paul A. Eisenstein

"We Built Excitement." That should have been the banner hanging over the assembly line in the Detroit suburb of Orion Township last week when workers built their last Pontiac G6 sedan. In the months ahead, following a brief shutdown, the plant will be retooled to produce an all-new small car that could be critical to General Motors' long-term prospects. But the rollout of that white sedan, with almost no fanfare, literally marked the end of the line for Pontiac, the GM brand that once boasted "We Build Excitement." How did the once-popular marque wind up on the automotive rust heap? The simple answer is that GM was required to cut four of its eight North American brands to get billions of dollars in federal aid. Pontiac would have to go, along with Saab, Saturn and Hummer. Why Pontiac? For awhile, the brand most likely to be dropped seemed to be Buick, which has been struggling to sell even 100,000 cars a year, significantly fewer than Pontiac. But Buick has shown a few signs of life, lately. The Enclave crossover has attracted some unexpectedly young and affluent customers. More importantly, there's China. "Without China," said GM design director Ed Welburn, "there'd be no Buick." Through a series of historical flukes, Buick is the nameplate that General Motors wound up building in China, where it's now one of most popular brands in one of the world's fastest-growing markets. Killing Buick in the United States would irreparably harm the brand in Asia, GM officials believe. There was no such reprieve waiting for Pontiac, despite its storied history. The dying marque dates back to 1900, when the first car bearing the name of a fabled Michigan American Indian chief was produced by the Pontiac Spring and Wagon Works. The name was dropped a few years later when the company merged with the Oakland Motor Car Co., which itself was taken over by General Motors. But in 1926, a new model bearing the Pontiac name and Indian head logo reappeared during a preview at the New York Auto Show. Pontiac became the low-cost alternative to Oakland in the carefully contrived GM brand hierarchy. Each of the automaker's main divisions was similarly paired, Cadillac to LaSalle, for example. But when the alternate brands were dropped, GM unexpectedly decided to keep the increasingly popular Pontiac and abandon faltering Oakland. While the surviving marque was a middle-class mainstay, Pontiac probably became best known in the 1960s and '70s when it fielded some of the hottest, fastest muscle cars ever to take to the streets, tire-spinning products such as the GTO and Firebird.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

19 Larry Benson
12 Shirley Benson
22 Janie Brock
27 Bill Brundyge
30 Kathy Hanbury
14 Bob Love
29 Ann Stallings
20 Lynn Taylor
9 Jim Ward

**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!**

**TALLAHASSEE REGION, AACA****MEETING MINUTES****November 14, 2009 Annual Chili Dinner & Auction****Home of the O'Rourke's in Havana, Florida**

There were approximately 44 members in attendance and ten guests.

Opening Prayer – Richard Duley

Welcome: Richard Duley – Richard Duley greeted everyone and thanked them for their attendance.

50/50 Drawing:

No 50/50 today.

Committee Reports: None this meeting due to the Auction/Dinner

Coming Events:

Nov 19-22 Moultrie Swap Meet

Dec. 11 -8:30 AM Cracker Barrel

Dec. 12 - Noon Quincy Gulf Station

Dec. 8 Christmas pot luck and \$10 gift exchange

Dec. 12 Havana Lawn Mower Parade

See our website for more events. Click on "[Club News and Calendar](#)". Also, visit the National website for National AACA activities

Old Business:

Membership renewals are due and several have renewed today.

New Business:

None this meeting

Program:

The program of course, was the Annual Chili Dinner & Auction. Bob Love was the auctioneer. Many members and guests participated and spent a lot of money!

Many thanks to the O'Rourke's for their hospitality and hard work in preparing for this event.

Next Meeting:

The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, December 8, 2009 at the Old Antique Automobile Museum beginning at 6:00 PM. It will be a pot luck affair with Carol Love coordinating. Meat and drinks will be supplied by the club. Members are asked to bring the following by alphabet:

A through H - Salads

I through O - Vegetables

P through Z - Desserts

The annual Christmas gift exchange will follow dinner. Members are asked to bring a gift valued around \$10. If you are a man, bring a gift for a man and if you are a woman, bring a gift for a woman.

Respectfully submitted by: John Schanbacher



End of the Road | Driving in Old Age

By [Leonora LaPeter Anton](#), St. Pete Times Staff Writer

Friday, November 20, 2009

Elizabeth Garrett, 93, runs errands a few weeks before giving up her license. Someone called and reported her as a bad driver, and she received a notice from the state. To keep her license, she would have to take a test. In the end she decided it wasn't worth the trouble.

GULFPORT

(Thanks to Richard Duley for submitting this article)

When it was time to go to the grocery store, Elizabeth Garrett needed 35 minutes just to get from the kitchen to her car. Here's what she did to get herself behind the wheel: Used all the strength in both arms to raise herself out of kitchen chair. Walked haltingly behind aluminum walker to scooter. Steered scooter outside and onto ramp on back of car. Inched around to driver's door, holding on to car roof for balance. Lowered herself slowly into driver's seat like child entering very hot bath. Used arms to lift legs into car. Lost keys. Looked for keys for 10 minutes. Found keys beneath driver's seat. Garrett moved a lot faster once she got the car going. On her way to Winn-Dixie, she blew through a school zone at 40 mph. She didn't notice the cones, the blinking light, the other cars creeping slowly along. Garrett is 93 years old. She has fallen several times and her medications make her dizzy. She has no family or close friends nearby, no one to drive her to the doctor or the store. But she has a valid driver's license and a 1991 Honda Civic with a stuffed Garfield cat suction-cupped to the window. And so off she goes.

In early August, she received a letter from the state. Someone — she didn't know who — had questioned her driving ability. Now the former world traveler would have to submit to a rigorous evaluation, including a driving test, to prove she could safely drive down the street. "You see, I drive capable," she said, steering up 49th Street N. "If I don't feel I should be driving, I stay home. I don't want to lose my license. It would be a terrible hardship. I have no one." A few blocks later, she blew through another school zone, undeterred by the cones in the road. "They're green," she observed. "They don't stand out." But she didn't slow down.

To be fair, very old people are not the only dangerous drivers out there. Teenagers are notoriously bad; they get in more crashes per mile traveled than any other age group. The difference is that young people generally become better drivers as they age. Old people don't. Their reflexes slow, their hearing and eyesight deteriorate, their concentration falters. There is encouraging data showing that older drivers have gotten into fewer fatal crashes in recent years, likely because of safer cars, better fitness and improved emergency medical treatment. But the fact remains that the older they get, the worse they get. The number of crashes seniors get into per mile driven spikes dramatically after age 80. Most of their mistakes are minor — the surprise lane change, the parking lot thump. But some are disastrous and seem directly connected to their age. Seniors ramble into ditches, off bridges, through storefronts.

Several years ago, a 93-year-old man struck a pedestrian in St. Petersburg and kept driving for miles with the man's body lodged in his windshield. Florida has 732,293 licensed drivers over 80, according to the Department of Highway Safety and Motor Vehicles. The question is how many should really be out there. Some states have begun pilot programs to regularly test the reflexes and cognitive abilities of older drivers. But Florida is not among them. It requires only that people over 80 renew their licenses every six years instead of every eight like everyone else. In addition, those 80 and over must pass a vision test to keep driving. A 2005 study showed that only 7 percent of them did not pass it.

The state may also order a driving test for someone who has caused a wreck or generated a complaint. And some seniors have their keys taken away by a concerned family member. But for most, the decision to give up driving is a personal one. It is also a profoundly difficult one because of the loss of mobility and independence that comes with it.

In August, the *St. Petersburg Times* published notices asking to interview older people in the Tampa Bay area who were considering giving up driving. Most who responded were from the largest subset of older drivers — white women, many of them living alone. People, like Elizabeth Garrett, who have been driving for 60 or 70 years and are reluctant to park the car now.

Garrett got the letter from the Department of Highway Safety and Motor Vehicles in early August. It said she must see her doctor and get his opinion on whether she should be driving. Her doctor referred her to a program at Bayfront Medical Center that performs driver evaluations. An occupational therapist would test her eye-hand-foot coordination, reaction time, visual scanning ability, and so on. If she got through all that, she would take a road test.

The process would take three hours and cost \$321. Garrett made an appointment for mid-September, two weeks away. Not long after she set the appointment, she stopped outside her condo to talk with a neighbor, a woman



whose name she did not know. "Someone reported me, that I'm too old to drive," Garrett said. Privately, she wondered who had made the call about her. She lives in a 10-story high rise on Boca Ciega Bay, and dozens of people could see her every time she rode her scooter to the parking lot. "I'm sure it has nothing to do with age because we have people in this building who are 97 and they're still driving," the woman replied, shifting her shopping bags. "I have to take a test," Garrett said. "You do that," the woman replied, heading for the elevator. "You get your license back." Garrett knew her driving wasn't perfect. In the past five years, she has had three accidents. Nobody has been seriously hurt, but the police have cited her for speeding, failure to yield, careless driving, improper backing and failure to obey a traffic control sign.

But she didn't see herself as incompetent. Garrett was a successful real estate broker in Canada before she divorced and moved to Florida in 1972. (Her two children live in Canada.) Her condo is covered with souvenirs from her trips all over the world — plates from Greece and Singapore, wall hangings from Thailand and China, decorative eggs from Russia and Japan. She had seen the world and now she couldn't drive a car? It was unimaginable. How would she pick up her prescriptions, get money out of the bank, buy groceries and get them home? Moving wasn't an option because she has a reverse mortgage on her condo that provides income she needs. There was no question about it. She had to drive. "Yeah, I'm still driving," she recalled telling a lady at the German American Society one Saturday night. "There's nothing wrong with my brain and there's nothing wrong with my feet. I'm still driving."

One day in early September, Garrett set out to do some errands. The bank, Walgreens, the hearing aid store, Winn-Dixie. She had fallen in her bedroom recently and was still sore, so getting in and out of the car was a bigger ordeal than usual. Her bruised legs moved stiffly, as if she were on stilts. When she pulled into the parking lot of the hearing aid store, the scooter platform scraped the pavement loudly, as it did every time she navigated a bump. She parked beneath a large oak tree and made her way across the hot blacktop. Her flowing muumuu, decorated with red and purple flowers, whipped in the breeze. When she finally got inside, she stood for a moment, panting. She turned to a receptionist and told her that the \$3,000 hearing aid that she had bought a few months before no longer worked. Soon she was escorted to an exam room, where she spoke to a woman in a lab coat. "When watching TV last night, a movie, I couldn't understand what they were saying," she told the lab coat lady. "All I heard was noise. So they're no better than the other ones I've got." "Well that's no good," the woman responded. Garrett removed the hearing aids and the woman inspected them. "These are not the right ones," she told Garrett. "These are your old hearing aids." Garrett looked confused. Then she remembered that during the movie she had put in her old hearing aids to test them against the new ones. She had forgotten to remove them. This lapse didn't faze her. She thanked the woman and headed back to the car.

A week before she was scheduled to have her driving evaluation, Garrett sat on the edge of her twin bed, pulling on her support stockings and worrying. She was afraid she wouldn't pass the tests at Bayfront. She thought about the recent fall, the struggle to get in and out of the car, the mighty effort she expended just going about her day. She had been asking herself, should I pay the \$321 for the test only to fail it? But then she would think about how much she would hate to lose her independence. She paused on the bed, and tears sprouted from the corners of her foggy hazel eyes. "I'm not a religious person, but I ask the spirit every night to guide me," she said. "Maybe I needed that fall to realize how frail I am."

After she finished dressing, she embarked on another series of errands. Driving along 49th Street N, Garrett entered another school zone. She slowed to 15 mph and pointed to the green cones. "I realize that's why everyone is going slow," she said. "It must be for the kids coming out of school." She stopped at a light. She chatted about something she had read in the newspaper, then turned the conversation back to driving, remarking that teenagers get into more accidents than anyone else. As she talked, the light turned green. But she didn't notice. She kept talking. One second. Two seconds. Three. Four. Five. Six seconds. Cars streamed by. Finally, she realized and punched her foot on the gas pedal. The car surged forward and she veered to the right, coming within inches of a public bus. The bus driver honked his horn. Garrett didn't react. Then she crossed into the other lane, coming close to a white Lexus. She didn't notice that either. She continued driving, both hands gripping her zebra-print steering wheel cover.

Her driving evaluation was scheduled for a Monday. On the Friday before, Elizabeth called Bayfront and said she wouldn't be there. The woman on the phone told her she would have to stop driving immediately. It was over. For Garrett, there had been no eureka moment. She had made the decision gradually, and by the time she made the phone call she was resigned to it. The next Monday, the day she would have been at Bayfront, she was approaching the condo elevator with her walker when a man on a scooter rounded the corner. "I'm giving up my car," Garrett told the neighbor, Anthony Racioppo, 87. "I should be selling my car too," Racioppo said, looking at the ground. "Do you lose your balance sometimes?" she asked. "That's my problem. I lose my balance." "I just get tired," he said. "I have to lay down ... you never know when you're going to go." "Yes," Garrett responded, "but there's always someone worse off than you."

That same day, a woman named Zelma Howard got into the driver's seat of the 1991 Honda with Garfield stuck to the window. Garrett eased into the passenger seat and they headed toward St. Petersburg. Howard works for Gris



would Special Care, the company Garrett had hired for \$15 an hour to help her sort out life without a car. Their destination: a Dodge dealership on U.S. 19 that had agreed to pay \$1,200 for the Honda. Garrett sat in the passenger seat, trying to make the best of it. "I'm thinking to myself that I have to pretend I'm a millionaire and I have a chauffeur," she said. Garrett had called around trying to arrange the rides she would need.

She found a senior transport company that ended up costing about \$18 for a two-hour trip to the grocery store. She reasoned the rides would cost her about as much as she had been spending on car insurance and maintenance. "Two years ago, if I lost my license, I would have fought like hell," she said. "There comes a time for everything." At the dealership, there was an exchange of money and documents. Garrett couldn't find her title. Then she couldn't find her driver's license. The salesman tried to point out one document in her purse but she slapped his hand. He laughed. When the deal was done and she had her money, she climbed into a shuttle van for the ride back home.

Times researcher Shirl Kennedy contributed to this report. Times reporter Leonora LaPeter Anton can be reached at or (727) 893-8640.



From your Reporters in the field:
 Ramblings and Rovings of Junkyard Dog & Fluffy
 Nick's Toys

Between Junk Yard Dog and Fluffy's homes, we find Nick's Place. We have been planning a trip to Nick's for a long time and it finally happened. Fluffy thought he had some toys---Not. I only have about 800. This is not even close to the number that Nick has. We will just leave it there, because I am not even in the game. We found Nick out in his garage-toy display rooms-model storage-lounge-radio shop-ham radio station-etc. From there we went on the tour of the many glass cases that holds this toy collection. I was really excited about the many gas trucks and cars. Texaco, Gulf, Shell and the list goes on and on. Heavy equipment of all kinds and air planes here and there. Car's, there are almost every make and model, including many from other countries. Then you see the knife collection and it is just great. Lot's of other stuff to catch your eye. Maybe one day we can put on a tour stop. We will check with Nick.

Sniffing has not been as great as of late, but we will keep our nose to the ground and see what happens.

as ever, Fluffy



Collecting Vintage Tools VI, Various Tools

by Craig McCollum

Some of my tractor tools are marked IHCO (International Harvester Company) as that is the manufacturer of my Farmall tractor. Some are painted Farmall red and some are bare steel. The adjustable red wrench next to last at the far right looks like it was also used as a hammer. The last wrench is an implement tool. My 1947 Farmall A has a tool box (looks like a trough) under the seat that a Farmer would probably put tools he was likely to use while out in the fields. I have yet to determine if there ever was a tool kit specific for any of the Farmall tractor models.

This next picture shows various tools that are parts of tool kits. When I discussed Ford tools in a previous article I mentioned that the Ford Tractor tool kit included a plow wrench. The first wrench on the left is that wrench. It is marked 9N17014 with the Ford logo in an oval and has inch marks to check furrow depth. It's about 10 inches long with the numbers 3 and 6 on the appropriate inch marks. Next are 4 British wrenches marked in a right slanted "Austin" script. British wrenches are called spanners. These spanners are marked with Whitworth (W) sizes. The small spanners are called "tappet" spanners and apparently were easily lost as this size is hard to find and is now priced accordingly. Small tappet spanners are 1/8 W x 3/16 W although some do not have size markings. The Austin spanners were included in Austin and early Austin Healey tool kits. On the right are 3 Nash wrenches. They are marked with "NASH" and a single digit number to denote the size. The first 2 have the number 2 and are of different construction indicating that they were likely made by different manufactures. The largest wrench has the number 3, which means I'm missing number 1. A maroon cloth tool roll holds the tools for my Mercedes Benz 450SL. It was assembled from a couple of incomplete kits. I haven't researched these tools to determine if the tools are complete or if maybe some are for other models. They are high quality, plated (not polished), have metric sizes and some have "Mercedes-Benz" markings. There are different manufacturers (Matador, Walter, Heyco, Unior). I assume each kit or set of wrenches had the same manufacturer.

The last picture shows a Yamaha motorcycle tool kit. These are low quality tools especially when compared to any of the tools above. Ironically motorcycle tools were likely used more often for maintenance and adjustments when compared to automobile tools. The engine heads were removed for cleaning using the first tube socket on the left and sparkplugs were removed for cleaning using the next tube socket, a procedure done more frequently than on an automobile, sometimes on the side of the road. The tommy bar (3rd position) fits thru a hole in the sockets and provided leverage. Open end wrenches were used for chain adjustments. The next 2 box wrenches were used to remove a wheel to fix a flat. The screwdriver on top of the cheap plastic tool pouch has two removable blades, one flat and one philips. These were used to remove the plate covering the ignition points, adjusting the point gap, access to the carburetor float bowl and also for fuel line clamps. For happy motoring these tool kits were a must.





THINGS OF INTEREST TO THE CLUB

This Saturday at the Antique Car Museum is **WALLY PARKS** day featuring a **CRUISE IN** and prizes. First 100 Cars receive a dash plaque. ALL car enthusiasts are Invited **11am—4 pm** (He was founder of NHRA)

FOR SALE: restored 1931 Ford Depot Hack. For info Contact Bobby & Ginger Blackburn 850 509-4726 or 509-7631.

Don't forget! 2010 dues are now due so please get yours In soon, as well as National AACA.

Notes from the Editor's Desk

I would like to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in 2010. May visions of really cool cars dance through your head.

Bill Thompson



Yesteryears Remember When?



From the archives of the Tallahassee Chassee -

Official Publication of The Tallahassee Region Antique Automobile Club of America

30 Years Ago:

Tables were festooned with pine boughs, antique cars, and silver candle holders adorned with red candles when our club met for its annual Christmas Banquet at the Capital City Country Club. We also enjoyed the huge Christmas Tree and its trimmings. After the invocation was given by Roger Collar, the group immediately turned to hearty eating. Recognition was given to the committee chairpersons of last year; the officers and directors were thanked for their contribution to the club as out going president Bill Thompson gave a farewell speech. He spoke about membership in Talla Region AACA carries some responsibilities. General attendance is necessary to be aware of club functions and news, social interchange, and enjoying the club functions. Hosting a meeting is also one of the best ways to get to know other members. Incoming new president Arnold Ellis accepted a red cap from Bill to wear at the meetings in 1980 so he will be recognized.

Respectfully submitted,
Gladys Bauer, Secretary

20 Years Ago:

A cold, crisp December 9th night set the scene for the Tallahassee AACA annual Christmas party. It was held for the second consecutive year at the Plaza Restaurant in Thomasville. About forty members and guests celebrated the conclusion of a successful 1989 club year as well as the beginning of the Christmas season. Many thanks are due the Brocks who obtained the banquet site, arranged for the entertainment, and decorated the room. Prior to the meal there was ample time to socialize and imbibe a bit from the cash bar. The meal was delicious with plenty of ham, turkey and all the trimmings. Entertainment was provided by the Quail Country Cloggers and a duet by Susan Champion and Brandon Lynn (Randolph's nephew). President Brock recapped some of the highlights of the year and thanked the members, committees, and officers for the work and support. A suggestion was made for retired members to meet for breakfast each month so Bill Tyler set up a time and place.

Bye for now, Sharon Heber

10 Years Ago:

The annual Tallahassee Region AACA Christmas banquet was Sunday, December 5th at 1:30 pm in Cairo, Georgia at Mr. Chick Restaurant. Wayne and Rosa Ann were our hosts. Happily members drove their antique cars to the event, since it was during daylight hours and a good time to drive. As always the food was delicious and plentiful including the desserts. Following the dinner our annual white elephant gift exchange took place with a lot of fun and laughter at some of the gifts. Afterwards the Hadden's antique car museum was open for members to browse and enjoy the car memorabilia. An additional treat was the open house following our banquet at DeVoe and Shirley Moore's home at 4352 Maylor in Tallahassee, so members could drop in to meet the family before evening. Several events in December were mentioned including the Wakulla Chivaree Car Collection hosted by Southeastern Rod & Custom on the 4th, and a Holiday Cruise at the Bentley Lake House in Monticello on the 18th.



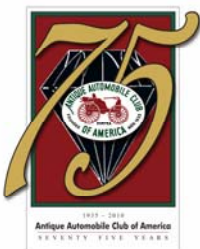
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Traveling in the Past and Present

We're on the Web!
<http://traca.org>



Next Meeting

December 8th, 2009
The Former Antique Auto Museum
6:00 p.m. for Dinner

Menu:

Covered dish—please see MINUTES p. 2 for details

Program:

Christmas party, meal and gift exchange

Monthly Cruise-Ins

Sonic/Hardees on North Monroe
1st Saturday each Month (just north of Capital Circle)

What-A-Burger Drive-In on Thomasville Road
2nd Sat—Ford & Chevy Clubs
Last Sat—Street Rod Club

Helen's Silver Bullet Diner on Apalachee Parkway
3rd Sat each month

Regional Events

*Please consult the club web site calendar
for upcoming events*

Dec. 11 -8:30 AM Cracker Barrel for breakfast

Dec. 12 - Noon Quincy Gulf Station

Dec. 8 Christmas pot luck and \$10 gift exchange

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