



Cruisin' News

December 2016

President – Clay Seachris
Vice President – Bob Schmeichel
Treasurer – Jayne DeBoer
Secretary – Joyce Olsen

Sub-Zero Tinker Season

By Clay Seachris

President's message

Friends point out that my mind and wild ideas never seem to subside. Well, it does and I do relax sometimes. But, regarding my wild ideas... during Christmas, for instance, the elves work all through the fair weather seasons. Their off-season is actually now, so if they're not done with their gift making projects those cool toys won't get done until next season. So us hot rodders should appreciate our sub-zero tinkering and toy-making season. When it's as cold as it is now, we couldn't be outside enjoying the weather anyway...

Some of the off-season sub-zero tinker projects I've heard about include: a couple GM LS engine swaps into tri-five (1955-57) Chevys, an engine, drive train update to a tri-five Ford, a '57 Chevy Belair convertible getting finishing touches, a '70s Triumph Spitfire getting an engine overhaul, further work on a "one-of-one" scratch built roadster, an ex-drag racing '60s wagon getting a GM LS swap making for a nice touring car with room for grandchildren, and last but not least is a cool flat black '29 Ford Sedan traditional hot rod that is being transformed into a cruiser with an eye-catching pearl metallic paint job.

A high point of the off-season so far has been our Charitable Morning gathering at Mike and Lori Paulson's Driveline Service. Then a wonderful time with Santa (Terry Jellis) Claus at Children's Inn dropping off the group's toys, supplies, gift cards and cash donations. Amy and Sandy from Children's share their gratitude.

Later that day over 100 of us enjoyed a wonderful meal and a lot of fun at our Great Plains Street Rodders Annual Christmas Party. I think the most wanted/stolen item for the women were blankets, while garage art seemed to be the hot item this year for the men. Thank you to the Christmas Party Committee and those who helped to make that whole day such a memorable event.

I hope you all enjoy Karen Roe's special Christmas story in this issue as much as I did. Her stories are always a fun read. And again my mind wanders with visions of her smiling face as I chuckle at her sweet personal writing cues. For those that don't know, the Duesenberg Model J represented the pinnacle of American luxury motoring in its day. One with "disappearing-top" convertible coachwork, is a highly valued collectible. Just think, in 1930 a "Duesey" with a supercharged 8-cylinder engine sported more than 300 horsepower. Today's estimated value for a Duesenberg Model J is around \$3 million.



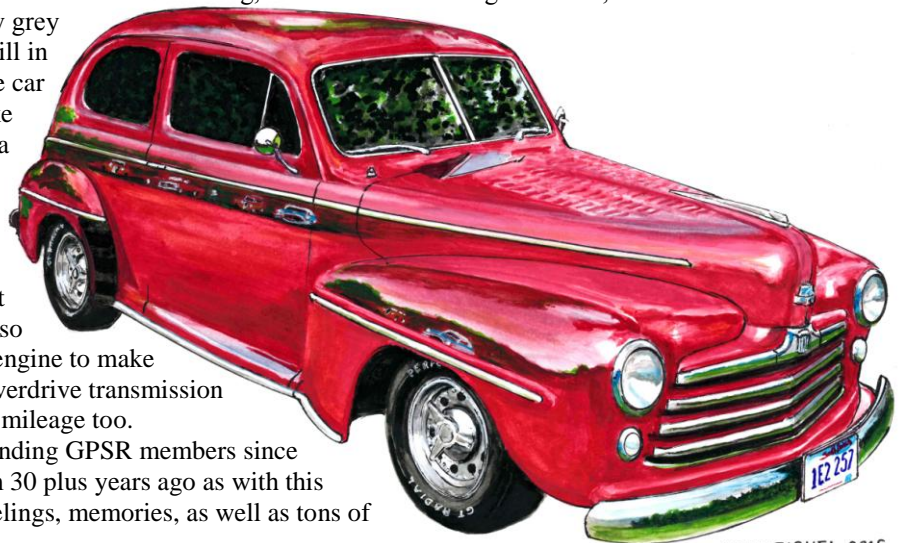
Another Chapter in a Car

By Bob Schmeichel

When I first saw one of our current members driving an unchanged 1948 Ford street rod that I had remembered from 30 plus years ago, it really kind of surprised me to see it was still in the area. Quite often when street rods are sold around here, they wind up in some other state here in the U.S., or even sometimes are shipped off to some country in Europe. Recently I have heard of Europeans paying dearly to get an old American car into their home land country. There is a huge liking for the classic looks of the big American cars with big engines that come with a great ride compared to what Europe has to offer.

So with curiosity bugging me about this familiar old 48 Ford, I decided to venture out one afternoon a few weeks ago and visit with the present owner, Greg Frederick, to find out how he wound up having it. Greg took me back into his office at his NAPA store location near Tea and proceeded to tell me his story. He told me he had built quite a few cars and motorcycles over the years and usually wound up selling them for one reason or another. He did say however since acquiring the new NAPA store, his time has been kind of limited with focusing on making the store successful. Even though any extra time for him was scarce, his love for old cars was always there. He mentioned seeing the 48 Ford the first time at the all Ford car show with a for sale sign on it a couple years ago. While looking at it he said the thing that surprised him was that it had a 302 Ford engine in it rather than the usual Chevy small block. For Greg, he liked the fact that it had the same make engine as the car was. He walked on to look at the rest cars at the car show and didn't think any more about the 48. Later in the summer he saw the 48 again at Hardies on a Saturday night still with the for sale sign on it. So he decided to look at the car a little more seriously and visit with the owner. He saw it was an older build with some small scratches in the paint, but still pretty well done even by today's standards. After visiting with the owner, Greg and his wife Teena were taken for a ride in the 48 and pleasantly surprised how solid and quiet the car was while being able to talk to each other at highway speeds with the air-conditioning on. Old cars can be noisy. Their impression of the car was pretty sweet. So later on their way home that night they decided together it might be fun to maybe buy this car that was done rather than spending time he didn't have building one. Within a week after more talking with the owner about all that was done to the car, it was finally theirs. Greg was surprised at the pile of receipts of what had been done to the car by the previous owner given to him. It showed him the car was well taken care of. Greg knew all about what the car was based on what was in front because of his past car building experiences along with all the receipts, but really didn't know anything about its beginning as a street rod.

I told him I could help him out there and get some of that early information for him to fill in the blanks about his car's early history. This challenge to myself kind of tested me as I personally have been involved with so many car builds that remembering back forty-five plus years ago, I sometimes question my own memory. I knew the original owner of the car in 1984 was Ed Benson who was one of the original founding Great Plains Street Rodders when we first formed as a club. Ed had Bob Schreiber, another founding GPSR member, do most all the mechanical mock up building of the car starting with installing a complete Mustang II front suspension, actually cut out of a Mustang as we all did then before kits were available, and fit into the old frames. Once the front suspension was in place, a 302 Ford engine with a c-4 transmission were mounted into the frame along with an 8" Mustang rear end mounted to the original rear springs with lowering blocks. With Bob having a exhaust shop business at the time called "Missile Muffler", Bob probably put the exhaust on the car too. Once the mechanical business was all in place, the car was handed off to Ron Tysdal, another founding GPSR member, and Les Heidebrink at Ron's Body Shop to strip the car, do what little body work was needed, and apply the paint that still resides on the car today. Once the car rolled out of the body shop it was taken to Jeff and Sue Mendering, other GPSR founding members, or "J&S Upholstery" in Inwood, Iowa to have a totally new grey cloth interior created and installed which is also still in the car today. Once the car was done, Ed drove the car every day, many of the times driven between a lake home in Madison and Sioux Falls. I never did get a reason for Ed selling the car after so many years so long ago, but it now has come back into the fold of the GPSR group with Greg and Teena Frederick as its owners. Greg smiled while telling me they drove the 48 6,500 miles last year without missing a beat and they couldn't be happier. He also said he's thinking of putting fuel injection on the engine to make it a little more efficient along with an automatic overdrive transmission to slow the engine down a little bit to help the gas mileage too. I find it kind of ironic that 25% of the original founding GPSR members since 1985 have passed away, yet many of the cars from 30 plus years ago as with this 1948 Ford still proudly roll and represent great feelings, memories, as well as tons of smiles with thumbs up.



Santa's Deusey

By Karen Roe



"We just got word from New Zealand, Santa. They got our last shipment of toys an hour ago, so when you land, you should be good to go." As Santa's most senior elf, Elmer served as Santa's right-hand man. He wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a long, tiring day. Everyone knew that Santa departed from the North Pole but what they didn't know was that Santa had established relay stations in every part of the world. When his sleigh was empty, Santa would head for the stations, reload, and deliver to all the homes in the area. How else could Santa bring a zillion toys to children in every nook and cranny of the world? Elmer's sometimes overwhelming job was to coordinate everything.

He followed Santa out to the sleigh, Santa's boots making crunching noises in the snow. The rotund philanthropist handed Elmer his pipe and climbed onto the seat. "I should be back in 24 hours if skies aren't too cloudy and the children are all tucked out." Santa picked up his reins.

"Have a good trip, Santa," (Elmer's parting words were the same every year.) "The boys and me are going to trim the tree, then help Holly (Mrs. Claus) with Christmas dinner." Elmer ducked his head, trying to avoid Santa's eyes. Telling fibs on Christmas Eve left a bad taste in his mouth – like eating chocolate cake frosted with mustard.

Santa waved, flicked the reins and snow scattered everywhere as the reindeer tugged at their heavy burden, finally lifting it up into a sky filled with starry lanterns that would light their way.

Elmer watched until the sleigh was just a dot in the horizon, then scurried back to the workshop. As soon as he entered the door, the elves were on him like ants on a sugar lump. "Is he gone? Can we start?" They all stampeded over to a corner of the shop where Elmer uncovered Santa's pride and joy, his 1930 Model J Deussen. Though Santa didn't drive it much in the winter, he would test it periodically. Lately, the Deusey had coughed and sputtered whenever he started the engine. In the past, Santa had enjoyed working on the Deusey but now.....well, there'd been too many of Holly's sumptuous meals so that Santa's belly shook like a TUB full of jelly. It would have been easier to harness a hippopotamus to the sleigh, then to fit Santa under the hood of the Deusey. Benny, the most mechanical of the elves, had inspected the engine thoroughly and quickly diagnosed the problem ----- "The motor's shot!" When Santa was underway, the elves were going to overhaul it under Benny's expert supervision.

One of the elves had carefully laid out the needed tools and parts. Each of the elves went about his assigned task, working together in precision like the wheels of a well-oiled clock. As he worked, Tiny suggested for the umpteenth time, "I still think we should attach skis to the running boards. It would help Santa over the bumps and he could take the Deusey out on the lake when he went ice-fishing." The other elves rolled their eyes. Tiny was always coming up with hare-brained ideas that he called "innovations". Last Christmas, he had pulled a feed sack over Rudolph's nose so that kids peeping out their windows wouldn't glimpse the tell-tale glow. Rudolph had complained about a chafed nose for weeks afterward.

They had finished the overhaul and were polishing out the last coat of wax when they heard clattering hooves hit the ground. Several of the elves hustled out to unhitch the team, leading the reindeer to a pen where they were treated to hay and a warm bran mash, their reward for working their hooves to a nub. One of the elves informed Santa that Elmer would like to see him in the shop. Nodding, Santa figured Elmer intended to show him Tiny's latest ill-conceived contraption. Santa's beard and mustache haloed a big yawn while he stretched before clambering out of the sleigh. His numbing fingers and toes reminded him that it was time to sample one of Holly's hot toddies that she prepared for Santa and the elves each year. He savored the thought. The tasty concoctions contained just the right amount of lemon, honey, and whiskey.

Santa recalled the night's events as he headed for the workshop. A few rascals who'd been naughty all year had tossed pepper up their chimneys. Didn't the little imps know that parents never locked their houses on Christmas Eve? He simply walked in. No Sireeeee ----- Santa thought with a chuckle, this old St. Nick would not have his ample middle squeezed into a Vienna sausage attempting to scrunch his way through countless sooty passageways.

When Santa stepped into the dim interior, someone switched on the lights and a chorus of voices rang out, "Surprise!!!!!" Spry, little figures leaped out from beneath the workbenches, dashing for the corner of the shop where Elmer beckoned Santa to the Deusey. Santa's eyes lit up when he saw how the scrubbed and waxed Deusey shone like the brilliant Northern Lights. "We fixed the motor, too, Santa," Elmer announced proudly. He turned the key so that Santa could hear the engine purr like a kitten. "Ho, Ho, Ho," Santa gave out his deepest belly laugh. "You boys put one over on me. Holly and I will take her for a spin as soon as the roads are cleared." He looked around at all the pleased, if not smug, expressions. "Thanks for fixing the Deusey and for all your efforts that led up to this day."

"Now," he declared without further delay, "Let's go have our hot toddies and eat!" As they bounded for the house, Santa reached down, and patted Tiny's shoulder. "Sorry, Tiny, it's hot chocolate for you." Last year, after a couple of toddies, Tiny had gotten on the computer and ordered Hawaiian shirts for everyone. Santa had been all right with it, but the others weren't happy. The shirts had only come in 3XL.

Meet-n-Eat Schedule

Every October until May, Great Plains Street Rodders transition to a supper social club. Hotrods Optional.

Please join us. Many of these gatherings have special group rates. Guests are welcome.

Schedule is also posted on greatplainsstreetrodders.com

(2016-2017 Schedule) **Schedule is subject to change to accommodate the group's fun.

Dec. 28 – Pizza Ranch – East 10th (Free Private Meeting Room)

3809 E. 10th Street, SF, Regular buffet items

Jan. 4 – Royal Fork Buffet (Free Private Meeting Room)

4610 W Empire Place, SF, Regular menu items

Jan. 11 – Shenanigan's Pub (26th & Ellis Rd.) (Free Private Meeting Room)

1903 S Ellis Rd, SF, Regular menu items

Jan. 18 – The Cracker Barrel (Free Private Meeting Area)

2409 S Shirley Ave, Regular menu items

Jan. 25 – Crack'd Pot (Free Private Meeting Area)

1430 N. Minnesota Avenue, SF, Regular menu items

Feb. 1 – Marlin's Family Restaurant (Free Private Meeting Area)

108 S. Minnesota Avenue, SF, Regular menu items or buffet items

Feb. 8 – Pizza Ranch – East 10th (Free Private Meeting Room)

3809 E. 10th Street, SF



Thanks Given

We wish a belated Happy 80th Birthday to Great Plains Street Rodder, Dean Gough!

Dean (and Joyce) share a big thanks to all his fellow Street Rodders friends for all the Birthday Cards and well wishes he got on his birthday.



Photographs and Memories

By Tom Olsen



I'm a car guy and veteran Great Plains Street Rodder from Sioux Falls who developed an interest in cars in the early 1960s, and that passion has been with me all these years. Each month I'll share a picture or two in the newsletter and will offer a short narrative on each for your enjoyment. While I'm primarily a Chevy guy, I'll do my best to mix things up a bit so everyone sees something they might enjoy.

I hope you've enjoyed these photographs and memories as much as I've enjoyed bringing these little snippets of history to you.

Tom

Legends Lost

As I was going through photos considering what I wanted to use for my last column in my "Photographs and Memories" series, I came across these photos of two of my all time drag racing heroes. In the first photo we see Bill "Grumpy" Jenkins (green shirt) with one of his famous "Grumpy's Toy" Camaros. The second photo also shows Jenkins and just to the right in the white shirt is Jere Stahl. (He's in that first photo also.) Photo 3 is Jere Stahl (standing) with a Plymouth Super Stocker that he was instrumental in campaigning in the 1967 race season. Bill "Grumpy" Jenkins is generally considered the most innovative and successful Chevrolet drag racer of all time. Jere Stahl was the developer/engineer of the Stahl "Total Tuned" headers, likely the most widely used headers in the late 1960's stock and super/stock racing scene. I was fortunate to see both of these legends up close at Englishtown, NJ, when I was out there in the Army in 1967 and again in 1969. When lined up against each other on the drag strip Jenkins and Stahl were fierce competitors, but back in the pits they worked closely with each other in tuning, research, and development. Sadly, we lost Grumpy Jenkins a couple years back, and Jere Stahl passed this year. I'm so pleased that I was able to capture these two on film so that I can share these legends with you all these years later.



TS Olsen photo



TS Olsen photo