



Cruisin' News

November 2005

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Giving Me a Break

(ramblings from the editor)

I thought I should take this time to thank the members of the Great Plains Streetrodders for helping me adjust to the change in seasons.

No, I don't mean from summer to fall, nor fall to winter.

We are passing from the old car season, that glorious time of year when hotrods, customs and antique cars cruise on Wednesday nights, fill car shows on weekends and provide that occasional smile by simply passing down the same street. And we enter the rust bucket season, when salt is strewn on the roads to feast itself upon all vehicles willing to chance travel. For a die-hard car enthusiast like me, this can be a traumatizing time of year. Some of us just don't handle "the change" as well as others.

So, I am thanking those who have continued to bring their old cars out to the cruises, even when most of that cruising must be done in the dark. That way, as the season quickly winds down, I can still see some of those old cars, and continue to revel in their unique style and sounds.

I also must thank those who have put away their old cars for the winter season. That has caused the number of old cars coming out to dwindle to smaller numbers gradually. Thus, I am slowly weaned from the old car cruise, still able to see some fine machines, but noticing their numbers are getting smaller and adjusting my psyche accordingly. It eases the pain.

I confess, I don't want the season to end. As I gradually see less and less old cars, I start to fight it. In my mind I'm condemning those who put away their old cars for the winter even before the first prediction of snowfall (which always seems to prove false). But then I have to tell myself, sooner or later these cars have to be put away, and it's better to have them go away gradually. So those who put away their cars early helped me as much as those who hold out until the last possible moment.

I can just imagine how it might affect me if I went to a cruise one night and suddenly, after a strong turnout the previous week, mine was the only old car there. It would be a traumatic experience on the level of discovering Jesus had taken all the Christians up to heaven and I was left behind. I'd be wondering if there had been some kind of terrorist attack that struck at the heart of America with some kind of new weapon that caused all cars 25 years or older to suddenly turn to dust. Ooh, surely you felt me shudder at just typing such an idea!

Or what if aliens visited Earth one day, having never experienced "cool" on their own home planet? And in order to transplant some "cool" back to their planet, they kidnapped all the American cars that were 25 years old or older! Okay, I didn't shudder as much, but this still makes me shudder also. Unless the aliens conducted experiments on those cars to probe for the source of "cool." That time I really shuddered a lot.

You can see, now, how the end of the old car season adversely affects me. So, it is good to still see a couple old cars out there in October, and even into November, but not too many. It reassures me. It helps me gradually accept that all those cool cars are safely covered up in nice garages somewhere, parking one by one like bears hibernating, and they will return to play again in the spring.

And by having to go without old cars around all winter helps me appreciate spring that much more (although I have been known to leave my old cars in the garage naked – without a car cover – all winter so I can still look at them [I am such a sinful man]). This down time from the old car season helps me adjust my psyche, cleaning out all that carbon and lead so it doesn't build up on my valves too much. A person can get too much of a good thing. Or at least I keep telling myself that.

OK, I was just kidding around, I really don't have it THAT bad, folks. Or, if my mind was going through this even long enough just to type it down for this newsletter, maybe I do.

This Is Quick Comfort

Brad Goebel was drawn to his 1937 Buick 90 Series limousine even before he saw it.

"It's unique, different," he says. "It's a big car."

He found it in 2000 while participating in the Rapid Rod Run. He and some friends decided to visit a couple salvage yards in the area to see what they had, and at one he saw a large car covered by a blue tarp. He had to see it, and asked the salvage yard owner to show it to him.

"It was a rust bucket," Brad says.

It had metal bands securing the doors shut so they wouldn't "flap in the breeze," which prevented him from closer examination, and determining whether it had a wood or metal frame behind the doors. The Salvage yard operator refused to remove the bands, but assured everyone the car was all metal. The main thing Brad saw was that the car was complete.

"I went back to the hotel and called the bank to get a loan," Brad relates.

"While I was in the hotel, everyone was wondering why I wanted it."

Nobody that has seen it now wonders why. In fact, since finishing it, it has won numerous awards. Some of the awards have included Best of Show, Participants' Choice, People's Choice and Womens Choice.

But it took a lot of work and money to get it there.

When he got it home and cut those bands off the doors, he learned the doors had wood frames – rotten wood.

"Somewhere between Rapid City and here those metal frames had mysteriously transformed to wood," he said. He had to build metal frames from scratch to replace them.

"That was probably the biggest challenge, and probably the biggest let-down," Brad says.

1937 was the year Buick was transitioning from wood frames to all metal frames, he explained. Some models had wood while others had metal. There was no way to tell for sure which this car had while the doors were held permanently shut with those metal bands.

He bought a 1978 Buick Riviera to provide the parts that would turn this old luxury car into a street rod. He removed the original straight-8 engine and replaced it with the Riviera's 455 and automatic transmission. The Riviera also donated the front and rear portions of its frame, which were grafted onto the center portion of the limousine's original frame. The 455 was rebuilt with a mild cam. In spite of the car's size, he can get 18 miles per gallon, "if I'm easy on it."

The back and jump seats are still original to the 1937, but he replaced the front seat with one from an International pickup truck, modified to fit. All of the upholstery is done in leather.

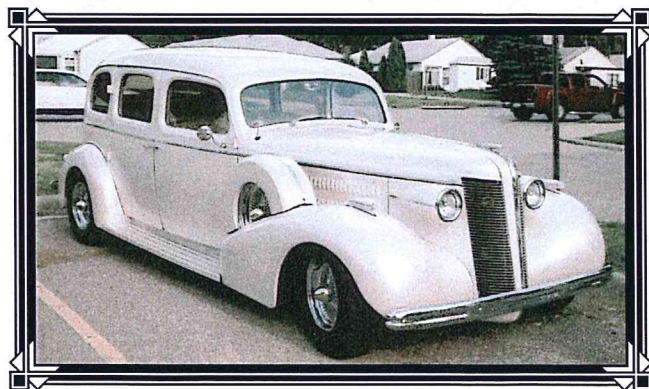
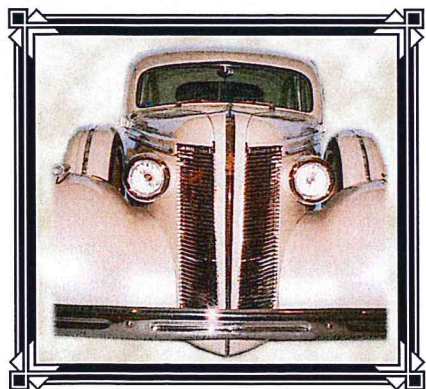
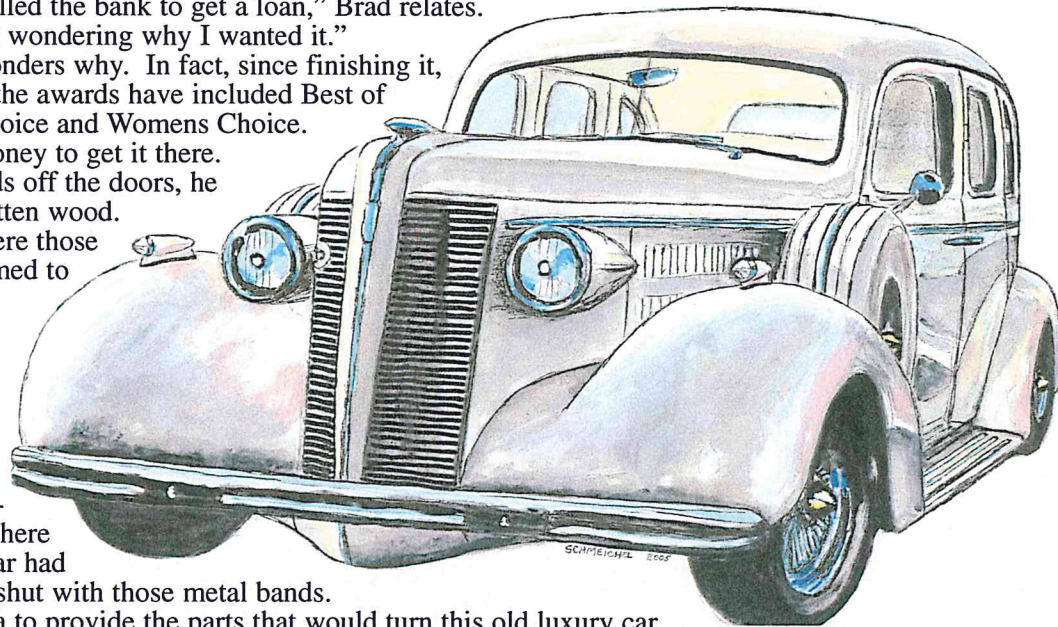
The car also features an air-ride suspension, heat and air conditioning, tilt steering, power brakes and an MP-3 CD AM/FM stereo with subwoofer. He had difficulty choosing a color for it, but went with a pearl ivory tri-coat paint. "I think that made the car," he says.

His wife Darla also helped in determining how the finished car would look. She picked out the authentic spoke wire wheels with knock-off hubs. He said he hesitated at her choice in wheel, because of the work involved to keep them clean, but they do add to the car's elegance.

Brad notes that he had help from friends in transforming this rust bucket to a show-winning luxury liner. A good friend, Erv Vogel, did all of the frame fabricating, mechanical work and the rough body work. Another friend, Mike Jones, did some body fabricating, the finished body work and paint.

Being a limousine, he does get the occasional request for service in weddings and anniversary celebrations, which he accommodates for friends or acquaintances a couple times each year. It provides an avenue for him to give them a ride as a very personal gift from him. But the occupants are far more likely to be Brad and his family.

"I built it to drive it," Brad says. "I drive it all over."



Almost Buried

A funeral service is being held for a man who has just passed away. At the end of the service, the pallbearers are carrying the casket out when they accidentally bump into a wall, jarring the casket. They hear a faint moan. They open the casket and find that the man is actually alive! Rescued from near tragedy, he lives for ten more years, and then dies. Once again, a ceremony is held, and at the end of it, the pallbearers are again carrying out the casket. As they carry the casket towards the door, the wife cries out, "Watch out for that wall!"

Upcoming Cruises & Events

Nov. 16 **The Keg on E. 26th St.**
Nov. 23 **Fyin' Pan on E. 10th St.**
Nov. 30 **C.J. Calloway's**
Dec. 7 **Thirsty Duck**
Dec. 14 **China Express**
Dec. 21 **Uncle Angelo's**
Dec. 28 **Marlin's**
Jan 7 **Christmas party at the Renner Legion Hall.**

November Birthdays

Dean Gough Sr.-11/11
Dwight Johnson-11/28
Deanna Ludwig-11/01
Max Putney-11/20
Clay Seachris-11/02
Susan Seachris-11/01
Bernie Tyrrell-11/28

November Anniversaries

Dennis & Betty Heidebrink-11/16
Gerry & Leanne Phillips-11/30

I Say Hello

"You say goodbye, and I say hello." It's a well-known line from an old Beatles tune, and it has come alive in The Great Plains Streetrodders.

Dale and Pat Buining requested a note in the newsletter to say "hello" to all their friends, as they have left to spend the winter in North Carolina. But at the same time they made this request, many of their friends were saying goodbye to them at the last Wednesday cruise they'll be attending for a while.

So, we said good bye, but they say "hello."

December Birthdays

Connie Fiferlick-12/01
Ron Hammerschmidt-12/02
Marlo Jones-12/07
Gary Ebright-12/11
Cathy Walker-12/13
Barb Schriever-12/17
LeAnne Phillips-12/20
Helen Jensen-12/21
Nancy McGregor-12/24
Henry Buus-12/24
Chris Johnson-12/31

Submissions For The Newsletter

If you have anything to submit for the Great Plains Streetrodders newsletter, the deadline is the second Wednesday of each month. Anything will be considered for addition to the newsletter.

To submit something, contact Brian Lee at 605-498-0178, email bg4given@gmail.com or look for him around his 1961 Ford Thunderbird or 1951 Chevy sedan delivery.



Don't Just Eat Food, Bring Food

The Great Plains Streetrodders is having a food-drive to benefit the Children's Inn.

For the rest of November, members attending the Wednesday cruises are asked to bring canned foods or other non-perishable food items for the donation. They can be given to Ken Buchanan who is organizing the effort and will arrange the final delivery to the Children's Inn. Buchanan suggests that if each person brings one item, that will provide a considerable donation of food for the children.

"Each person, husband and wife bring two, bring a can of food stuff," he said.