



Oklahoma Chapter of the TLCA



Green Country Cruisers

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July Newsletter

...continued from page 4 "Devil in a Blue Dress"

the seasons passed, and she sank deeper into the soil, as if she would some day return to the musty earth in which she sat.

But my son had other ideas. Since getting his license a year ago, he had spent most of his time driving a 2000 Saturn LS2, or as he referred to it a "chick car". He came to me last week and let me know that he wanted to switch to the Land Cruiser. The same one that had sank up to her axles into the soft earth next to the barn.

Since I had always meant to get around to putting her back on the road, this seemed to be the time.

After changing the filter and oil (8 quarts in her thirsty six!), the plugs, and a new 1000 cold cranking amp battery, I topped off the other fluids and dumped some fresh gas down the bone-dry two-barrel and gave the key a turn... and... she cranked!!!! And cranked... and cranked...

But she just would not start.

I pulled the plug wire to the number one cylinder and stuck my #2 Phillips into the end of the cable and held it close to the block and had the boy turn her over. Nadda, nix, nothing, no spark.

Being eight years since I'd touched an engine (growing soft and lazy on new vehicles with long warranties) I pulled out an old, musty repair manual, pried open the stiff pages and leafed through the wiring diagrams. After a quick refresher on ignition systems, I went back to basics and put an ohm meter from ground to either side of the closed points... and got different readings! Ah Ha! Whipped out my trusty, rusty points file from the bottom of my old tool box and cleaned the contacts.

Had the boy turn the key and... and.... Holy moley!!!! She started!!!! After eight years, she started! Engine idled up and started purring like a kitten, like she did the day I parked her.

Now the next big step, would she move? Her tires looked flat, but it was hard to tell how flat, as she had sunk pretty deep into the ground. I dropped her into first, revved up the engine and eased out the clutch... and she started to die. Had something rusted solid? Were the vines and plants growing up into the engine-well, and wrapping around the axles, holding her in place!?

Nope. Parking brake!

Released the brake, gunned the engine, popped the clutch, and... she jumped forward into the future like greased lightning!! Okay, so maybe non-greased lightning, but she crawled out of her grave like she was on flat pavement.

Got her clear and inspected the tires, three low, one flat. Pulled the spare off the back door and changed the one flat. Dumped in 5 gallons of hi-test and headed down the road to the local car wash to hose off eight years of crud!!!

Now the real work was about to begin, rebuilding her back to the reliable creature she had once been. To end my son's days of driving a "chick car".... To begin reliving my long lost youth through the eyes of a 17-year-old!!!! But that's another story for another day. For now, it's just me and The Devil in a Blue Dress, heading down the road like we did so often in the past. My eyes began to grow misty and my vision started to blur, and I thought to myself "maybe I've just become too sentimental". Then my eyes went from moist and misty to stinging and burning, and in a rush I remembered the real truth!

Gas fumes!!!

The End!

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