



President's Message

Ann Brieger



As we come to the close of this year, there are a few accomplishments that I would like to highlight. First of all, congratulations to the Bylaws Committee for the completion of a rather laborious procedure in getting the GMC Classics Bylaws accepted by FMCA. We thank them for all of their efforts. Congratulations also go to **Billy** and **Debbie Massey** for placing number 1 and 2 in the FMCA Six State Rally Association's competition for Web Sites and Newsletters.

What a delight it was to honor our Charter Members at our rally in Uvalde. **Sharon Hudspeth** did a marvelous job of interviewing the Charter couples and individuals, and putting together a wonderful program. Thanks Charter Members for having the foresight and desire to begin our Chapter. Our hosts there, **Anne** and **Tommy Walker**, **Virgie** and **Corky McHaney** and **Emmy** and **Gordon Dunlap**, really put on a great rally, and if you missed the mini rally at the McHaney's, too bad. See **Emmy's** report on the wonderful Red Hat Pajama Party.

The year 2004 is fast coming to an end and soon there will be another new beginning for the GMC Classics. In January, a new slate of officers will be taking the helm with wonderful plans and ideas for the future.

You, the Classics' members, are a unique group, always willing to be of help in any way, and nothing is ever too much trouble. It has been a privilege to serve as your president and a wonderful experience to work with so many talented and giving individuals. Thanks for your cooperation; it has truly been a pleasure.

Al joins me in wishing each of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! See you in January.



Ann

2005 Officer Nominations



President:	Lorren White
Vice President:	Mattie Driskell
Secretary:	Charlotte Alumbaugh
Treasurer:	Redonia Harper
Wagonmaster:	L.D. McWilliams
Asst. Wagonmaster:	Jim Jackson
FMCA Nat. Director:	Corky McHaney
FMCA Alt. Nat. Dir:	Gordon Dunlap
Appointed:	
Admin./Webmaster:	Billy Massey
Tech Seminar Coord:	Fred Hudspeth
Newsletter Editor:	Debbie Massey

Fall Rally Attendees in Uvalde

Vic & Gwen Ayres	Wayne & Charlotte Alumbaugh
Linwood & Sue Arthur	Ray & Earlene Baker
Jerry & Rosa Barnes	Bill & Bobbie Bramlett
Al & Ann Brieger	Gary & Wilda Cook
Waymond & Jean Davis	Ray Doonkeen and parents
Harry & Mattie Driskell	Gordon & Emmy Dunlap
Frank & Cathy Emshoff	Harry & Nancy Fulks
Marvin & Gay Guelker	James & Redonia Harper
John & Sandra Harvey	Richard & Jaye Hodges
C.L. & Sandra Hood	Fred & Sharon Hudspeth
Ed & Jo Ann Johnson	Ed & Kandy Lilly
Billy & Debbie Massey	Byron & Angela Maxwell
Corky & Virgie McHaney	LD & Johnnie McWilliams
Al & Eileen Mechana	Al & LaJeanne Moore
Frank & Henrietta Mueck	Willard & Joyce Murdock
Charlie & Minnie Myers	Jim & Peg Ong
C.B. & Kathryn Ohlhausen	Art & Carroll Owens
Marvin Peck	Quata & Ron Powers
Jim & Betty Presley	Jerry & Frances Reeves
Ken & LaRosa Rose	Bob & Mary Louis Thompson
Red & Shirley Tanner	Carolyn Tipton and family
Ken & Ruby Thoma	Norman & Margaret Treude
Donald & Rebecca Tracy	Tommy & Ann Walker
Larry & Linda Turner	Lorren & Bess White
Charles & Janice Wersal	Lanny & Billie Young
Dave & Jan Wilson	



MY LIFE AS A GMC'ER

Part 2 of 3 by Virgie McHaney

Things seemed to be going smoothly with our little old GMC, so in October 1986, we went to a Six State Rally, at Fun and Sun, in San Benito, Texas. On our way home on Sunday, just West of Corpus Christi, Corky said, "I think we have a tire separating," so we stopped and checked the tires, which were the original General tires we think only 9 years old. Not seeing anything wrong, off we went. We stopped several more times without finding anything wrong. However just as we were going up a little incline, Corky said a low, "Oh, Oh, there goes the right front." He found a spot to pull over and stop. He then pulled out the tall, red GMC jack from under the couch and preceded to jack up the motorhome. It wanted to roll backwards, so he let it down. I was off looking for some rocks or something we could use to scotch the wheels. He yelled out to me to see what I was looking for. I told him I was looking for some rocks to scotch the wheels to keep it from rolling backwards. He started laughing telling me that I wasn't going to find any rocks in that part of the country. Not to be out done, I went in the coach, brought out four cans of green beans and then scotched the back wheels with the cans. Corky jacked up the motorhome, changed the tire, and we were on our way in a short time. Anything is possible with a GMC. Just laugh and go with the flow.

Thinking everything was in good shape (on my part), we were on our way to another GMC International Rally in Las Vegas with Corky's sister and brother-in-law. Upon arriving in Phoenix the price of gasoline was so cheap that Corky forgot that he wasn't suppose to fill the gas tanks completely full until he looked down and gas was flowing out between the rear bogies. It was a good thing I was still in the coach because he threw \$20 to his brother-in-law while saying, "Pay me out. We have got to go." This wasn't at today's prices because at today's prices \$20 of gas wouldn't have even covered the bottom of the tanks, much less run out. This was before the Interstate through Phoenix was completed, and every stoplight caught us. While we were stopped at one of the lights with gas still running out, a couple pulled up beside us and pointed to the back of our coach and said, "Did you know you are leaking gas?" Corky said, "Yes and please don't throw out a cigarette." We finally burned down enough gas that it stopped leaking. You can guess it, when we got back home Corky dropped the tanks.

Before Corky started selling Thorley exhaust headers we took a trip out West. On our way back home the manifold on the right side cracked. Having very good hearing, I proceeded to tell to him like "Mr. Goodwrench" just how it sounded (psst, psst, psst). Corky told me that I didn't know what I was talking

about. However on Monday Corky went looking for a right-side exhaust manifold. He found one at a junkyard called "Pick-N- Pull" in San Antonio. He drove back to Medina, got his tools, and came back and picked me up from work where I was teaching college. I was dressed in a suit, hose, and heels. Now you remember I have already stated that this was "OUR" coach not just Corky's. With tools in hand we take off for the junkyard. It was pretty hot and here I was all dressed up trying to hold an umbrella to keep the sun off Corky while he was up under the car hood trying to disconnect the exhaust manifold. He succeeded and we took our prize, hoping it wasn't also cracked and we headed home. Corky said that life is much better now that we have the exhaust headers. No more leaks, but I can't say we haven't been back to another junkyard.



In the early 90's Corky had put on a new exhaust system. He did the welding and we went for a test run. When we were about 100 yards from our driveway we heard this noise. I got up, ran to the back of the coach, and yelled out, "Your welding has come loose and the mufflers and tailpipe are dragging." You can imagine just how that went over! He yelled back telling me that it "Wasn't the mufflers and tailpipe. It's the motor." He ran home got, the truck, and I towed him home. Upon further inspection, Corky found that we had popped the head off a valve, which ruined the pistons and cylinders. Well I guess you can say it ruined the engine. He came in the house and announced that "we" were going to change the engine ourselves! He borrowed a hoist to lift the engine out. We took out the dinette, seats, and couch to give us room to work. He then took everything he could off the engine, hoisted the motor up, put a piece of plywood in the coach so we could slide the motor down the plywood to the door. I was helping him guide the motor down and keeping it from rolling off the plywood. We got it to the door and hooked a chain around the motor. He got his backhoe bucket as close to the door as he could without knocking a hole in our coach. It is hard to put a 30" bucket through a 24" door. I hooked the chain to the bucket and out came the motor. I stated, "Well that wasn't so hard." We went to **Gordon and Emmy Dunlap's** in White Oak, Texas, and picked up one of his fine rebuilt 403 engine, which ran for 12 years. We have just changed it out with another Dunlap engine, not because it blew, but just because we thought it was about time. After we got home from picking up our new engine, we reversed our procedure, except I didn't realize that when we took the engine out it was down hill. To get it back in place so we could reinstall the motor, we had to push it uphill. Now that was some tough job, but being resourceful GMC'ers, we huffed and puffed and got it back in place. This might be rather boring, but that is a true story, and that is the way it was!

(To be continued in next issue of Classic Chatter.)