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Jim Bollman, Newsletter 315-589-8815

#### Board of Directors

Dave Simmering, Past President 423-639-1815  
Bob Zimmerman 423-787-7768  
Vacancy - Any Volunteers  
Website - <http://davycrockettregion.com>



**Dues Time - 2020 dues should be send to Karen Simmering, 2615 Ripley Island Rd, Afton, TN, 37616. \$10 for the year. Also don't forget to send in your AACA dues to the National Club.**

## No Monday Evening Meetings January & February

We will conduct any business that need to be done at the 3rd Wednesday Cars & Coffee gatherings.

## Cars & Coffee - January 15th

3rd Wednesday at 9am:

**Aunt Bee's**

908 Tusculum Blvd.

Greeneville, TN



## Remember When



John Lingo driving Margaret Johnson Patterson Bartlett, great-granddaughter of President Andrew Johnson in the 1983 Greene County's bicentennial parade. John was driving his 1916 Ford T.

## Classic Car Shuttle

Sunday, January 19, 2020. General Morgan Inn, Capitol Theater and City Garage Car Museum are joining to have a **"Return to Downton Abbey"** event. They need any club members that is willing to volunteer to provide and drive a 1920's decade classic car (early 30s is probably ok to) for a shuttle service from 1-3:00pm from General Morgan Inn to the car museum. Thank you Bettye Anne Bewley

Contact Bettye for more info (423) 638-6971 or 639-3217 <[bewleybabb@aol.com](mailto:bewleybabb@aol.com)>

## Editor's Comments

Thanks to Bev for sharing Dave's Stories, not a lot of car content in this month's story but those that knew Dave will get a smile out of it. Glad to have Dave and Karen Simmering back after some time off for part 5 of their T Trip to California. Pat and I drove parts of this same route in an air conditioned Ford F250 can't even imagine in a T Pickup.



**This is your newsletter, contribute.**

Jim Bollman <[Jim@Bollman.com](mailto:Jim@Bollman.com)> - 315-589-8815  
217 Chinquapin Ln, Jonesborough, TN 37659

## 2020 Davy Crockett

Ed has volunteered to remain as acting president for 2020. The club members voted to continue the club for 2020, we will drop the January and February evening meeting and just meet for Cars & Coffee those months. We still need a president. Dues will remain \$10 and are due to Karen now. **Send your dues to:**

**Karen Simmering**  
**2615 Ripley Island Road**  
**Afton TN 37616**

## Birthday & Anniversary

**Happy Birthday To:**

January 26 Darlene Montgomery

**Happy Anniversary To:**

January 28 Jim & Myra Cunningham

## Christmas Party

Christmas Dinner meeting was a lot of fun again this year, guess who forgot to take any photos. Ella catered another great meal this year, maybe the best ever. Pat B took over the gift exchange game this year, everyone had to write a little known fact about themselves and when Pat read the fact the person that guessed who it was got to chose a present from the pile. No stealing this year so it went peacefully.



## My Life With Cars

by Dave Selmeski

### Part 7: Dancing Dave

I was always a good dancer. My best friends in high school were girls in my class, and my very best friend, Margi, taught me to dance. I had had dance lessons at a dance instruction school and from a semi-private instructor, but that was everyday stuff. Margi, who was a great dancer, taught me the good stuff. She started at Potsdam State Teacher's College at the same time I began at Clarkson College of Technology, just across the river. Clarkson was an all male school. Potsdam was mostly female. So you can see where dates were made. At the freshman mixer, they decided to have a dance contest. Most couples who entered had just met and had never danced together before. I went looking for my friend Margi and found her to dance with. Because we had spent so much time dancing together, we knew each other's preferences and patterns, and we had some routines. We won first prize in the dance contest and got a lot of notice (and dates) as a result.



I always would watch people dancing and wait to ask someone to dance until I could pick out a good partner who had smooth rhythm. Looks and size were never a consideration for me. I loved to dance and wanted someone who could match me or be better than me so I would learn even more.

At the first mixer dance at the beginning of Sophomore year, I spotted a potential partner. Diane was dancing with her roommate and I realized that she was an excellent dancer, so I soon asked her to dance. We dated all that Fall. There weren't too many places to go in Potsdam and only one bar had a good dance floor in the back, so that's where we ended up most often. Diane's home was only about 50 miles away from mine, and closer to school. Since I always filled my car with riders back to Westchester on school holidays, it was only natural that I would take her home & bring her back to school. That Christmas vacation I invited her to come down to my home for a few days so that we could go into NYC to a club. She thought that would be fun and her parents



brought her down between Christmas and New Years.

Some of you may remember the dance craze called the "Twist". Made famous by Chubby Checker and lots of fun to do. After Chubby's first big hit a group called Joey D and the Starlights had another chart topper called "The Peppermint Twist". That band was the house band of the Peppermint Lounge 45th St in NYC. You may even remember the lyrics, "meet me baby down on 45th street, where the peppermint twisters meet". Well, that was our destination for this vacation. We drove down in my faithful 54 Chevy, but could not find on street

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parking anywhere near the Peppermint Lounge and so wound up in a parking garage about ten blocks away. I had asked Diane to wear her bright red dress which she really looked good in. I had a matching red sport coat. When we got out of our taxi in front of the Peppermint Lounge, the line waiting to get in was a half block long. The people at the front of the line started pointing back telling us to get in line at the end. Just as the bouncer/doorman saw our red outfits and came over and grabbed us & told us to follow him. He brought us inside and turned us over to the Maitre'De. I guess we had "the look" they wanted. After checking our topcoats, the maitre'de said "I have a table for you up front. Directly in front of the band there was an alcove, separated from the rest of the place by a wrought iron fence about 2 feet high, with 2 tables in it. We were seated there right on the edge of the dance floor, directly in front of the band who was on break. A waitress took our order for drinks and we noticed the couple next to us looking at us. I said "Hi, have you been here before?" The guy replied that they were regulars, most weekends. After we got our drinks and the band started up, we danced several sets. Around 11:00 that night the MC



Joey D and the Starlights



announced a dance contest. Anyone could enter and there would be judges walking around to "tap out" couples by elimination, until they got to the winner. The band player "Peppermint Twist", of course. As more and more couples were eliminated, the remaining couples (us included) had more and more room to show off their moves. By the time we got down to 4 couples, I had jumped up onto the railing around our alcove and was doing the twist from there. That got a lot of applause, but I couldn't keep it up too long because it was

very hard to balance on that narrow railing. Eventually it got down to 2 couples, Diane and I and the couple sitting next to us. We got tapped out (to a lot of applause) and the winner were announced. Surprise! The MC came over and asked us to stand, announced our names, and awarded us the band's top selling "Peppermint Twist" LP albums for each of us as 2nd prize winners. We took a break after all the exertion, almost half an hour of steady twisting, and I began tapping my ring on my glass in time to the drummer's beat. This was an annoying habit (says my wife) that I used to do-I guess I was a frustrated percussionist. At the band's next break the drummer came over to our table and gave me a pair of drumsticks he had been using! What a fabulous night. Something to talk about for years.

When we were returning to school, after Christmas/New Years break, I picked up Diane at her house. Feeling very possessive, I put my arm around her (she was in the middle in the front seat) and drove the next 4 1/2 hours reaching over the steering wheel to shift the column stick shift car with my left hand! The dumb things we do for love (make that for "like").

**Part 8 - What Will Be Dave's Next Great Adventure? Coming Soon**



## A Cross-Country Journey in a 1925 Model T Ford

### Part 5: California, Here We Come! Simmering's 1995 Trip Report

Dave Simmering

Friday, June 2. We woke up at the KOA Campground in Cortez, Colorado, packed up and headed southwest on Day 19 for our first stop at the 4 Corners where New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona meet. A photo op to stand in 4 states at once! And lots of opportunity to buy turquoise jewelry and trinkets (which we did!). US 160 (the Navajo Trail) took us into Arizona, through some beautiful scenery to Tuba City on the Navajo reservation, where we stayed at a campground for the night (the hotel there was really expensive!). After breakfast on Day 20, it was on to the Grand Canyon, one of our planned 'must see' attractions. It was spectacular – pictures don't do it justice. We drove Arizona 64 along the south rim, stopping at all the vantage points along the



way. This was definitely one of the real highlights



**Karen at 4 Corners**

of the trip. From there, we motored south through a thunderstorm to Williams for dinner and our second and last night in Arizona. Dinner was at Tiffany's Restaurant and the Lube room lounge – a neat place. I have a T shirt! Williams is on Rt 66 – our next 'kick'. Day 21, Sunday, June 4 - we left Williams on the latest version of Rt 66. Crossing over I40 we saw a sign – "Los Angeles 400 mi" – I

couldn't believe we got these little cars within 400 miles of the West coast! Along Rt 66, we stopped in Seligman and met Angel Delgadillo, the 'guardian of Rt 66' and owner of a famous barbershop, where we left our cards on the bulletin board. There were still remnants of the original Rt 66, but not passable by car, so we walked along it a little way. Back driving west we saw neat scenery reminding you of the 50's along Rt 66, which pretty much parallels I40. Stopped for gas and had a nice lunch at an old-time restaurant. We stopped in Kingman, and decided we could make it to Las Vegas that night, so we called ahead to a Super 8 motel, just off the strip



**Dave on Old Rt 66**



and reserved rooms. We drove over Hoover Dam, but didn't stop, since we still had a way to go to Vegas and it was getting dusky. We pulled into our motel and decided we would have a 'night on the town', checking out the Strip. I think we got back to the motel about 2 AM – needless to say we got a late start the next morning. For Day 22, the plan was to stay in Beatty, NV, almost to Death Valley so we could get an early start the next morning. From Vegas, we headed into the desert on US 95. The desert is also beautiful in its own way, little plants and cacti everywhere. We



Hoover Dam



Vegas

saw a lot of German tourists in rented white RVs. The only exciting thing on the way was a little dust storm. Kevin was a ways ahead of us, and while we weren't in it, he was and wasn't happy about it! He claimed he was finding sand in parts of his T for years after the trip! A nice motel in Beatty, with a restaurant and small casino - we were almost to California.

It was Tuesday June 6, Day 23 and we left Beatty early, as we knew the temperature in Death Valley gets over 100 degrees in the morning and we wanted to be on our way out of the Valley before it got even hotter. Death Valley is a long downhill drive to sea

level, and then about 15 miles uphill. The 'Welcome to California' sign was just a stake in the ground that said 'California' but it was a real milestone for us. Karen and I didn't stop long in the visitor's center and started on the uphill climb – mostly in low gear. There were places to get water along the way, but our little car didn't overheat at all! We waited for Kevin and Mary to catch up, and had lunch in the little town of Trona. In the mid-afternoon, we were passing through Ridgecrest, CA – it was about 3:00 PM, and all of a sudden we could only go about 15 mph at full throttle – we were heading into so much wind! We decided not to go any farther that day, and just got a motel and ordered pizza in. Our first day in California – a short one!

We headed out on Day 24 June 7 toward Bakersfield; at the gas stop a fellow told us to take Rt 178, less hills. After lunch in Bakersfield we were onto highway 46 headed to Paso Robles in wine country for the night. We were so close to the Pacific Ocean, we could feel it! It was June 8th, Day 25 of our adventure, and highway 46 took us to Rt 1, the Pacific Coast Highway, a good ways north





Pacific Ocean

of Santa Barbara. We drove Rt 1 a little north to Cambria, where the highway was close to the ocean, and stopped at a parking area. We couldn't dip our wheels into the ocean, but we could dip our toes! Wow. We had made it all the way to the Pacific! A little ways north on Rt 1 was San Simeon and we stopped for a tour of the Hearst Castle. There were four tours offered and we took number 1. Interesting to see how the rich and famous lived in the 1920's. We remembered talking to some folks on Route 66 in Arizona who said there had been mudslides on the Pacific Coast Highway, but all was clear when we got there. We

expected this coastal route to be like Rt 1 on the east coast, with shops, restaurants and tourist stuff all along the way. But here, nothing but beautiful scenery. Also not much gas, and when we found it, it was at least \$1 more per gallon than we were used to. We camped at Big Sur that night, a lovely campground with a great restaurant.

Headed north still on the Pacific Coast Highway on Day 26 June 9, with a stop in Carmel to check out the pretty town where Clint Eastwood had been mayor a few years ago! We were headed to a much busier area of CA, on the way to Oakland to spend the night with Dave's sister and family. It was a Friday, and once we got to Santa Cruz to catch Rt 17 inland toward San Jose, the traffic was horrendous. Kevin was ahead of us and we had some problems on the road – wound up stopping at a rest area and calling AAA to bring



Pacific Coast Highway

us some gas as we thought we were low, but might just have been spark plugs fouling. It took us so long to navigate this stretch and get to where Kevin and Mary were waiting in Milpitas, we decided to stop and spend the night there and go on to Oakland Saturday morning. So a much easier drive through the city the next morning, and Day 27 saw us arriving mid-morning at our sister Debbie's house for another 'free' night. We left the Model T's in her driveway, and Debbie drove us into San Francisco to see the sights – Ghirardelli square, Fisherman's Wharf, Golden Gate Park, little cable cars climbing halfway to the stars... wonderful! It was a great day, a nice visit with family and a home-cooked meal! The next day was to be our last 'family' stop, to see Kevin's cousin in Sonoma, just north of Oakland.



### City Garage Car Museum

210 South Main Street  
Greeneville, TN 37743  
(423) 470-0841  
(423) 638-6971/639-3217



[info@citygaragecarmuseum.com](mailto:info@citygaragecarmuseum.com)

Open Wednesday - Saturday 10:00 am - 4:00 pm  
Optional Scheduling on Request and Special Events

### Vehicles & Related Items For Sale

**Model A & T Fords & Parts For Sale,**  
Call Mike 423-743-5085

**Ads will appear in one issue unless the editor is contacted to run again -**  
**[jim@Bollman.com](mailto:jim@Bollman.com)**

### Dear Davy Crockett AACA

11-26-19

I've been a member for several years, sometime after the club was formed I joined. Dad and I farmed and worked on antique autos, sold parts and cars. As time and the years have passed I don't sell the same amount of parts. This is due to nature taking its course. There are less cars being restored because the generation of the earlier cars are passing away. Just like my father. Antique and Street Rod clubs are doing the same. I do however have a long list of people waiting on me to restore or repair their antique autos. I belong to different clubs. Davy Crockett dues are only \$10. Other clubs I belong to are \$15 or \$20 per year. Which isn't too bad. Maybe increase the dues to help out on cost of running the club.

The East TN Model A Restores Club that we belong to has a membership form for new members to fill out. I have these in my shop. You wouldn't believe the amount of Model T and Model A Fords that are still around in the area. I do pass these forms out and invite people to join. Most do not but from time to time we do get a few. I would be glad to do this for the Davy Crockett club as well as the Dan'l Boone club if I had some kind of a form.

Invite past members to come back. For different reasons they drop out. Some members still work and just don't have enough time to be active until they retire. I know this has been true in the Model A Club. The Davy Crockett newsletter is GREAT! I make copies and read it every month. Melissa and I wish we could be of more help or at least attend meetings. She still works and is raising her granddaughter. Seems like they have some kind of after school activity several evenings a week. I took care of my dad until he passed in 2006. My mother has Alzheimer's. I

moved in with her in 2009. She now has been in a nursing home for over 7 years. I try to go to the nursing home almost every day. I've been restoring, selling antique autos and parts for around 35 years full-time 6 days a week. My health has not been too well the last few years but with a great wife and prayer doing better now. Just not enough hours in a day but for 2020 I hope we get to attend more meetings etc. It would be heartbreaking to disband the Davy Crockett Region. We vote for the Path Forward.

Thank you, Happy Trails

Mike n Melissa McIntosh

Model A Mac's

### Neglected Car of the Month



Date	Upcoming Event	More Info
01/15/20	Cars & Coffee with Davy Crockett Region - 9am	Aunt Bee's 908 Tusculum Blvd. Greeneville
02/19/20	Cars & Coffee with Davy Crockett Region - 9am	Aunt Bee's 908 Tusculum Blvd. Greeneville
<b>Bold Print is Davy Crockett Regional Event</b>		