

MY NASH STORY (continued)

My grandfather was an avid hunter and fisherman, so in addition to driving to work, this car made trips to rather isolated places. The men of the family would go to camp and stay for the week to hunt deer. After a very cold and snowy week the Fords and Chevys would not start without some coaxing. My grandfather would turn the key, push the clutch to the floor and the old Nash would start first time, every time. Many deer were tied to the fenders to be brought home.

My grandparents operated a service station for a few years. There was a large field adjacent to the station. To pass time my mother would practice driving the Nash in the field. When she became sixteen, my grandfather bought a new 1956 Hudson with an automatic transmission. Now the Nash was the second automobile in the family and it was seldom used. It was last licensed in 1963 and put to rest in the garage.

As I approached driving age, I begged my grandfather and father to let me make a street rod out of the old car, but they were very obstinate and would not let me. Grandfather did, however, license it for me in 1981 and I drove it around the area about three months. During those three months we must have put a dozen fuel filters on. One night we took the car to a local fast food restaurant for a late night snack. On the way back home the fuel filter clogged. Knowing how to change it, I proceeded to do so. I had just raised the hood, stretched into the engine compartment and I heard, "Is there a problem?" After I jumped three feet in the air I turned around to find a State Police officer standing with his flashlight. I explained the problem to him and told him it would take five minutes to correct it and we would be on our way. We took it back home to the garage where it would sit another fifteen years.

Around 1996, my grandfather decided to restore the Nash. He dropped the gas tank and had it sealed so that we no longer would need to replace the fuel filter. He was getting estimates for a new headliner when he learned he had colon cancer. He struggled for two years before losing the battle. Before he died he gave the car to me.

I was married in 1999 and since my grandparents would not be attending, my new bride to be and I thought it would be a tribute to them to use the Nash for our wedding. Now every time I get under the wheel to drive to a car show or just a Sunday afternoon, I feel my grandfather is smiling down on me. And yes, I'm so glad he and my father talked me into keeping it as a classic showpiece.

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