

A PLYMOUTH'S STORY

PART II

I grew up on the corner of Rose and Division Streets (206 Rose St). I went to Edgar School, 3 blocks from my house, from 1964-66, then Franklin, from 1969-72, and graduated METUCHEN High, in 1976. I often visited Rossmeyer Chrysler/Plymouth often as a kid, staring longingly, as still do at the Ads these days, at the new cars I wished I could have, but could not afford (um, that hasn't changed). What is now my 1960 Plymouth, came from the New Car Lot across the street from Rossmeyer's, where now a KinderCare Kindergarten building now stands. When I first got my Plymouth back on the road in late 1974, I became well known to the head guy in the Parts Room, whose name I only remember as Andy. Andy knew where the books for the old parts were stashed, and the parts too. So, whenever I needed something no one else had, I sought out Andy. It became somewhat amusing to pull up by the side of the building where the Parts Room was located, and hear one of the workers call out-"Hey Andy, it's him again." Unfortunately my source dried up in late 1976, when a year after old man Rossmeyer sold the Dealership, it closed for good. Seems the new owner wasn't much of a businessman, and he ran the business into the ground within a year after he took it over. The place later was divided up, with the Used Car building becoming a Car Rental place, the one side of the Shop an AAMCO Transmission shop, and what was the Showroom, and the other side of the Shop, a place called Suburban Auto Mall (tires, brakes, etc).

From 1934 on, at least 90% of the cars my Dad owned, were Chrysler products, and I recently added one more to the list, a 2002 Dodge Dakota Quad Cab.

To say the least it was a tumultuous path from Family Car, to on the road again, when I finally, and officially took over stewardship of my 1960 Plymouth in late 1974, one which almost didn't have a happy ending, and one which continued to be one rough path to travel, as I set out on the journey to return my Plymouth to its former glory. I look back on what I went through to get that car back from the dead, and wonder how the devil I managed to do what I did, due to inexperience, lack of a generous income, and extreme difficulty in locating things like usable Fenders, Trim Clips, and darned near anything year specific. Unlike today, there was no Internet, Shows weren't happening virtually every day, and like now, NO ONE reproduces ANYTHING for 1960 Plymouths. With all the aforementioned stacked against me, and the fact I was driving the car daily, if I was lucky, I made two steps forward on the

progress toward restoration, and then was set back ten by mechanical failures, age related wear on part not yet replaced, and at least two incidents involving accidents. Despite what seemed almost constantly to be an insurmountable series of problems and setbacks, I bull headedly plowed on, and by 1989, had finally made noticeable progress with the car. However, to this day, I fear major mechanical failures, as I don't have the money to rectify those kind of problems, and I just pray I don't have to face them, there are NO miracles, and NO ONE to turn to anymore for help. Dad, a Mechanical Engineer, with a knack of being able to salvage even the worst mess, passed away in June 1992, and I, though able to do most work myself, I don't quite possess the litany of skills, and that uncanny knack for salvaging even the worst mess, that Dad had. So, Awards aren't what I seek, it's that miracle that doesn't exist, so in another 35 years, I can say, we've owned this Plymouth 100 years, just like on June 13, 2010, when I was able to say, we've owned this Plymouth 50 years, it has NEVER left our family, and to this day, it is still garaged on the property it came home to, which is now, over 65 years ago.