

## Master Mechanic Glenn

Many of my friends know how handy I am and call on me from time to time for assistance. I have helped Jack Fender assemble a baby bed; Ben Bassham blow his neighbor's leaves; my sister Alice paint her house; Jim Myers dry dock his boat; ... and the list goes on and on.

My talent involving mechanical equipment developed while growing up on a farm and needing to be able to repair pieces of equipment without the assistance of mechanics located five or six miles away. We would replace broken plow shares, fix flat tires, and replace chains and belts on combines and corn pickers without any hesitation.

My father and his brother, Uncle Delph, always did the engine work and my efforts were confined to non-engine repairs as there was usually not room for three heads under the hood. Ruth's brothers, Ardyn and Dale, were/are very good with engines and worked on them nearly daily. Ardyn is deceased but Dale can still be found most days working on a new car project.

Over the years, I have fixed a lot of household equipment, do all of my own yard work, have stained the exterior of our home twice (with Ruth's help) and have fixed bathroom and kitchen fixtures. Engines have never been my forte' and in fact I have tried to stay away from repairs under the hood since the day I tried to replace the thermostat and broke the manifold...resulting in a repair bill ten times as large as the cost of the thermostat.

Today, I suffered yet another mechanical indignity which I want to share with you. Handyman, yes...engine mechanic, no!

The leaf season started last weekend and I noticed that our blower engine was sputtering some, although I had just had it tuned up several weeks ago. I thought perhaps the gasoline might be stale and ran several tanks of gas through the engine...the sputtering continued. I called the repair shop (Coia Implement Sales, Inc.) and they said to bring it in right away. When I arrived, the Mr. Coia came to my car and helped me remove the blower.

I started it up and it sputtered away. "Thank God," I thought, "at least he can hear that it isn't working the way it is supposed to work." He listened for about five seconds, then leaned down and turned a small screw (The carburetor screw, I now know!) and the engine ran as smoothly as if it were brand new....quite a feat as it is over twenty years old! I shook my head, he smiled and said, "A little more technical than that last problem you had with this one."

The "last problem" he mentioned occurred nearly fifteen years ago with this same blower and he has never let me forget it! I was blowing leaves in my back yard on a beautiful fall day and after sputtering a few times, the engine quit. I pulled that cord a dozen times and knew I was not going to get it started. I was still working at the College of Medicine and needed to finish the leaves so I could attend an evening meeting. I loaded the blower in my car, drove the eight miles

to Coia's and delivered the disabled blower. Mr. Coia said for me to wait to let him check it out before returning home. He gave the engine cord two pulls then took off the gas cap, smiled and announced, "You are out of gas!" He put some gas in the tank and with two more pulls of the starter cord, the engine started. This man was/is a genius...or...he was working with an incompetent professor. I think he has been smiling about that incident for the past fifteen years.

At least today, I checked the fuel tank before I loaded the blower in my car!!! Thank goodness there are folks who know about engines...and the importance of them being properly adjusted and filled with fuel.

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