



GROOVE Calendar 2010

January 23rd, Saturday @ 10 a.m. (*note the time*)

GROOVE meeting at Springfield Library Center Room B, 4653 S Campbell, Springfield

**Don't forget to wear your club shirts & drive a VW
(New Member Participation/Promotion for 2010)**

CLUB T-SHIRTS \$5.00 EACH contact Tina 417.546.6620, mtsolari@centurytel.net

EMBROID ME HAS GROOVE LOGO ON STOCK FOR CUSTOM EMBROIDERY WORK
1307 S GLENSTONE AVE, SPRINGFIELD, 417.447.3948 www.springfield@embroideme.com

Secretary Charles Hudson found this article in Farm & Ranch Living Magazine

Buckaroo Bug... by Lynette Garden, Bluewater, New Mexico

Herding cows with a VW can be risky, especially when your short on patience.

My dad had a love-hate relationship with one of his cows. All of them were gentle and easy to handle except for one. Sherrill was the orneriest animal he had ever seen. She was also huge and a bit of a bully. Every evening, Dad brought the cattle in to the corrals for feeding, and let the milk cow stand for an hour before milking. Every evening, Sherrill broke away and ran back to the pasture. At first he let her stay out, until he found her grazing in the neighbors field one morning. The ensuing contest of wills became our families favorite tale. Dad knew he could not out run her on foot, and he didn't want to saddle a horse every evening just to bring in one cow. So he decided to use his old VW Beetle. With practice, he got pretty good at out flanking her, usually herding her into the pen after a few tries. It was quiet a show, and all the kids gathered along the fence to watch the fun. This went on for some time, until the day Sherrill's wild streak rubbed off on the rest of the cows. As they approached the corral, the whole herd scattered, and it took half an hour to gather them up again. By the time Dad finally got the agitated cattle penned up, he'd lost his patience, Sherrill was still loose. This was not a situation destined to end well. If she wants to run, I'll let her run. He decided. So, off he went, nipping at her heels with the VW. No matter how she turned, the cow couldn't get rid of that noisy monster. As you might suspect, when Dads plan inevitably fell apart, it fell apart spectacularly. Sherrill stumbled and fell. Dad hit the brakes, but not fast enough. When the dust settled, he and the bug were parked on top of the cow with all 4 wheels off the ground. Sure that he had killed her, he was sitting in the car getting used to the idea of butchering her that evening and having steak. Then he heard heavy breathing under the car. Then he opened the door and could not believe his eyes. Still, he couldn't figure how to get the car off the cow. Then, Sherrill made a great effort to turn over and the rear wheels hit the ground. I backed the bug off her and she staggered to her feet, shook her head and trotted off to the corral. She was fine. After that, all the cattle headed straight for the corral any time they heard the sound of the VW's engine. Sherrill was usually the first one in.

Panties in the 59... by Charles Hudson

I lived about 15 min from Manhattan Beach in So. Cal. The bug was a mode of transportation, dressing room, restaurant...just everything, when your 18. My girlfriend had changed in the car, into her swim suit, nothing new there, and her underwear got stuffed under the seat. We forgot about it. No problem till my Mom was cleaning the car and of course she found them. Since I was always honest with my parents, I told her the beach story. Honest, that was really all there was to it. She believed me. Good thing for me. My dad was quite able to modify my attitude if need be.

That particular car had many miles and good times in So. Cal. It eventually went with me to Ft Riley, Kan. There it learned to be a sand buggy with bobbed fenders and G70 tires on the rear. That gave me a total of 14 in. of rubber on the rear. Quite enough to stay above the sand and rocks. That was a great little car. Wish I had it back.