

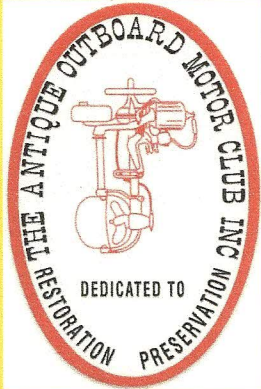
"THE ORIGINAL"
TEXAS CHAPTER
ANTIQUA OUTBOARD
MOTOR CLUB, INC.



Texas Chapter News

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 4

OCTOBER 2014



Our Final Issue for This Year

Please note that this is the 4th and final issue of Texas Chapter News for 2014. Our next issue will be out shortly after Christmas and will be dated January 2015. Unfortunately, the Texas Chapter has not held any events since the July issue, so there is no recent meet information to share at this time. Texas heat has that effect on us.

So, just to make sure I cover things from now through the end of the year:

**HAPPY HALLOWEEN!
HAPPY THANKSGIVING!!
AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!!!**

For those of you who are not aware, AOMCI was founded in October 1965, and as a result, we will be celebrating our 50th anniversary in 2015. With that in mind, I hope to add a few articles related to the founding of the club and our chapter in the Texas Chapter News during the upcoming year. Watch for them beginning in January.

Rather than send out an abbreviated issue of our newsletter, I thought I would dip into the archives and republish a couple of articles from our past. The old members will have an opportunity to reminisce, while our new members will see how much fun some of us had in the "Good Ol' Days". Enjoy!

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Remaining Events for 2014 1

You Found What in Your Outboard Motor? 2

What is Martinmony? 4

First Annual Texas Chapter ESKA Toss 6

Remaining Events for 2014

Fall Wet Meet at Lake LBJ in Kingsland

At the conclusion of our Spring wet meet at Lake LBJ last April, plans were made for the Fall wet meet which usually occurs during the middle of October. Due to a conflict with availability of cabins at the Longhorn Resort, members in attendance at the Spring wet meet voted to set the Fall meet dates for Friday, October 31st through Sunday, November 2nd. Hopefully, you have not decided to go "trick or treating" or deer hunting because we would like to see a good turnout at this last "in the water" meet of the year.

If you have not yet made your reservations, you may want to contact Michelle Lawrence at (325) 388-4343 very quickly to see if a room is still available. Also, if you have not already done so, please notify Adam Finn of your intention to attend on Saturday night.

We are having a barbecue dinner catered in and Adam will need an accurate head count so he can be sure to have enough barbecue to feed all who attend. As always, it promises to be a great meet.

21st Annual Houston Swap Meet November 14 Through November 16

Louis Rothermel has hosted the Houston swap meet at his shop for the past twenty years and he is already preparing to send out over 500 invitations again this year. If you have a good prospect that you would like Louis to invite, please call him at (713) 783-6300 and let him know. Since the Fall wet meet was moved to Halloween weekend, Louis decided to delay his meet by an additional week to allow us time to recover and get ready to gather for one last time this year to swap, sell, and tinker with outboards before the holiday season takes off.

Although attendance at Louis' meet last year was about the same as in prior years, it appeared that less outboard related items actually made it to the meet. We had a couple of the usual members in attendance buying and selling, but for the most part, buying, selling, trading, and displaying was very low. So, I am encouraging all of you to search through your old outboard junk and bring something to show or sell. Louis spends a lot of time preparing for this annual meet and I think we need to make an attempt to strongly support it.

For those of you who may not have participated in this event, Friday is more or less a travel day and set up time for the event. Some deals will be done, but the main part of the meet is all day on Saturday. The hours are from 9:00AM to 6:00PM each day. Some will arrive earlier and others may stay later if desired.

Saturday is the main focus of the meet. Vendors have been invited to bring some of their excess inventory, and members are encouraged to bring

motors, parts, and other outboard related items that are no longer wanted. We also will have our usual lunch of barbecue from Pappas Bar-B-Q featuring brisket, sausage, beans, slaw, and other sides. The price is a low donation of \$5 per person and drinks are included.

Sunday is a return travel date for some, but many of us bring our project motors over on Sunday morning and spend the day working on a motor or two. Selling and trading is pretty much over (except for a few who made prior arrangements), but if you have a project that you have some doubts as to whether something can be fixed, bring it. There are a lot of older members who are more than willing to assist in helping correct a problem on your old motor.

21 years ago, seven members met at Luther's Barbecue and then drove over to Louis' shop to see his motors. The resulting meet has become a regular tradition to cap off the year. Please make an effort to come join us.

You Found WHAT in Your Outboard Motor?

By Tom Oncken

When my son was 15, he and I would make trips to go see just about any outboard that became available. This is a reprint of our experience that was published in the October 1996 issue of The Antique Outboarder. It serves as a reminder to look over an outboard very carefully before throwing it in your vehicle. This is a true story. Nobody could make this stuff up. Tom

In late March, my son, Mike, and I visited a friend in Santa Fe, Texas to check on an outboard motor he wanted to sell. Being somewhat fond of late fifties OMC motors, we were pleased to find a 1958 Gale Buccaneer 35HP complete with electrical cables, dash board emblem, and shift controls. The motor was in bad need of a paint job, but it was not stuck, had good compression, and the price was very low. Accordingly, we purchased the motor and loaded it into the back of my full-size 1993 Chevrolet Blazer. We got home around lunch time and decided to go in and eat a sandwich before unloading our prize. Little did we know, we were about to learn a very important lesson concerning outboard motor collecting.

After lunch, Mike and I unloaded the outboard and proceeded to look her over. We noticed a great deal of corrosion that appeared to be from saltwater, which is not unusual for motors located on the upper Gulf Coast of Texas. Unfortunately, as we began to disassemble the cowlings, we discovered that most of the corrosion was from

another source of salt water.

We discovered a rather large mouse nest surrounding the spark plugs. I used a screwdriver to remove the nest made of cardboard, hay, pine needles, leaves, etc. As I raised the top of the motor from the flywheel, something furry jumped to the ground, ran between Mike's legs, and scurried into the garage. As Mike hopped around pointing and stammering, "Big mouse, Dad! . . . Big mouse!", he held his hands about two feet apart. I dismissed his actions as one of surprise and began wondering how I was going to get a mouse out of my garage. After all, the garage contains my mahogany fishing boat and about seventy additional outboard treasures and I did not need some stupid mouse making himself at home in them.

I did not sleep very well that night as I tried to think of the best way to rid myself of the mouse in my garage. The following morning, I put on my business suit and went to get into my Blazer so I could go to work. Imagine my surprise and horror to discover mouse droppings all over my Blazer's seats, console, dash board, and just about everywhere. Damn, I have a mouse in my truck! I found a broom and carefully swept out all of the droppings while searching for a mouse, but I could not find him. I had no choice but to

drive to work since it was getting late. Imagine driving twenty miles on a freeway wondering if something furry could crawl up your pants leg! Obviously, the mouse in the garage was no longer a primary concern.

Another search at work still did not reveal a mouse. It figures that the weather would be somewhat cold that day, so the truck would not get hot enough to make the mouse want to come out voluntarily. On the way home that afternoon, I stopped at a hardware store and purchased two small mouse traps. I loaded each trap with a piece of cheddar cheese and placed one on the passenger side floorboard in the Blazer and the other on a cabinet in my garage.

Later that night, I looked in the Blazer and found that the mouse trap had been sprung and it was resting against the door of the Blazer. Next to it was a rather large gray lump on the floor. I had managed to break the neck of a rat, not a mouse! This son-of-a-gun rode to work with me! It was a big, frick'n, ugly, disgusting rat! I stood there dumbfounded for a few minutes. "Big mouse, Dad! . . . Big mouse!" kept running through my mind as I realized that the mouse in the garage just grew into a rat.

After disposing of my catch-of-the-day, I decided to check my other trap in the garage. I discovered an apple core sitting next to the trap. "Mike, did you put that there?" I asked. "Not me" answered Mike with a big grin. Just what I needed, a rat with an attitude. It seems he preferred fruit to cheese. I left the trap in the garage and decided to reload the trap in the Blazer just for peace of mind.

It's now Tuesday morning. I go to get into my truck to go to work and discover that my mouse trap has disappeared. I carefully open the passenger door to discover the trap approximately one foot away from where I had placed it the night before. The cheese was still there, but if it accidentally tripped by itself, it sure moved a long way under the seat. It's another long trip to work watching for furry things as I drive.

The weather is still too cold to sweat out rats, so on the way home I stopped by the hardware store and bought three big rat traps this time. A friend of mine told me that rats love peanut butter, so when I got home I loaded all three traps with a bunch of peanut butter. I placed one trap in the passenger side floorboard of my Blazer, and proceeded to take the other two to the garage. I

found the mouse trap in the garage had been tripped and was without cheese. Apple core was shredded all over my cabinet. To add insult to injury, rat droppings covered everything. I set out the two new traps and shut the garage door. I checked the trap in the Blazer to see if anything had visited. It had not been touched. Maybe I really don't have another critter in the truck.

Wednesday morning I go to my truck and enter the passenger side to place Texas Chapter newsletters in the passenger seat. Damn, another rat! This time, the trap worked perfectly as it caught, killed, and held its victim. The only obvious problem is, "Why is there no peanut butter left on the trap!?" Could there be another rat? I searched for evidence of peanut butter only to find none. Time for another long trip to work wondering and watching.

I reset the trap and set it in the back of the Blazer. Weather was finally getting hotter, so I figured if anything else was in there, it might make a move while I was at work. The trap in the Blazer was untouched as I left for home. I went to the garage and checked the traps there, but nothing had touched them. Maybe the rat had decided to visit someone else's garage. I could only hope.

Thursday morning the trap in the Blazer remained untouched. I became more confident that two rats were all that had invaded my truck, but I left the trap set just in case! That afternoon when I got home, I rushed to the garage in anticipation that the traps would be untouched, or maybe, I would have caught the last of my rats.

Trap number one had not been touched. On the other hand, trap number two not only had been touched, but had been beaten. Most of the peanut butter was missing, but the trap was not tripped. Further examination revealed rat teeth marks on the remaining peanut butter. "How did he do that?" I tested the trap to see if it was stuck. I discovered that the trap worked all too well as I headed to the house for an ice bag to soothe my swelling thumb.

I refuse to be beaten by a smart aleck rat! I washed off the peanut butter from the two traps. I carefully attached two fresh pieces of cheddar cheese and relocated the traps in the garage and begin to hope that I could defeat this persistent intruder. It's beginning to get personal by now. Friday morning reveals no new critters in my Blazer. The daytime temperature had been creeping up during the week and began melting

leftover peanut butter. The heat would surely kill anything remaining in there by now and I had not noticed any unusual odors. I hit a bump going to work and the trap tripped slinging old melted peanut butter all over the back of the Blazer. I don't care. I finally feel that I am traveling alone.

I returned home Friday afternoon with anticipation. I wanted to work on my boat over the weekend, but I was afraid that something furry may be in there. It's him or me and I have got to get him! I checked with Mike to see if he looked at the traps. He assured me that he had not.

I went to the garage and looked at trap number one. It was not tripped, and it had no cheese. Trap number two was the same. "Nooooo! It

can't be!" Totally frustrated, I returned to the house to find my wife and my son having a good laugh at my expense. The ever so elusive rat had been caught and removed from the trap earlier. The traps had been emptied and reset to taunt me. It appears that the biggest rat is almost 16 years old. Paybacks are hell, Mike!

It has been 18 years since this event took place and you may be asking . . . "Was Mike ever paid back?" My answer is "probably"; however, Mike now has three children of his own. His sweet daughter, Emma, is 8 and pretty much behaves herself; however, his two boys, Tommy and Charlie, 4 and 3 years old respectively, are equally as energetic as Mike ever was. I am sure that they are evening the score for Grandpa even as I write this. Remember this famous quote, Mike . . . "You are getting everything you deserve!"

What is Martinmony??

This is an excerpt taken from an article that I wrote for the July 1992 issue of The Antique Outboarder. We were having a meet from May 1st through May 3rd at the Sheppard Air Force Base Recreational Annex located north of Whitesboro, Texas on beautiful Lake Texoma. Texas Chapter members had learned that Dave Reinhartsen was getting married shortly after the meet and wanted to have an appropriate celebration in his honor. This could only happen in Texas. Tom

The Texas Chapter has come up with another new twist for wet meets as we performed the first "Martinmony" in the history of our chapter, if not the AOMCI. For less informed individuals, a "Martinmony" is an antique outboard motor meet wedding.

AOMCI Founder and Texas Chapter President, Dave Reinhartsen, found a woman insane enough to marry him and convinced her that it would be a great idea (yeah, right!) to have a mock wedding at the meet with them standing in the water over their ankles, taking vows that only could be written by a true outboard motor nut, and accepting the abuse of all present. Future wife, Gail Foster, must one be the most wonderful, understanding, and patient women that I have ever met as she tolerated all of the Texas Chapter members for two days and survived a beer bath at the conclusion of the ceremony. "King Neptune" George Jacobs officiated the ceremony with assistance

from "Reverend" O. D. Tucker who read the vows and Louis "Big Four" Rothermel who authored and read the "Martinmony" agreement. When asked, "Who gives this woman in Martinmony?", a crazed Jon Wiggins (wearing a coat, tie, and slacks of questionable taste) came running from the crowd on the beach shouting "I'll do it! . . . I'll do it!" He promptly ran into the lake amidst cheer and laughter. The vows were sealed by exchanging rings made of 14mm and 18mm copper spark plug washers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, and after a looooooong kiss with the bride, Gail and Dave attempted their getaway in the chapter boat. After 20 or 30 pulls of the rope, the Martin "200" finally started and then powered the newly "Martinized" couple off into the sunset.

A very patient Gail Foster awaits her fate



From left to right: Louis Rothermel, O. D. Tucker, Dave Reinhartsen, Gail Foster, Scott Reinhartsen, Georganne Mires, Beaver Tyler, George Jacobs, and Jon Wiggins. Scott and Georganne finalized the "Martinmony" ceremony with a beer bath.

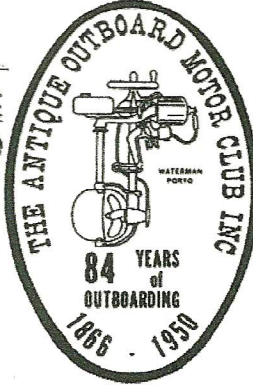
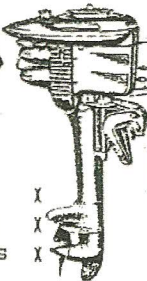


The Antique Outboard Motor Club, Inc.

Certificate of Marriage



Outboard Motors



STATE OF TEXAS X
 COUNTY OF GRAYSON X
 LAKE TEXOMA, TEXAS X

ON THIS SPECIAL DAY OF THE
 TEXAS CHAPTER AOMCI SPRING
 MEET OF MAY 2, 1992.



Be it known to all present outboarders and former suitors that;

DAVID OUTBOARD REINHARTSEN and GAIL WATERWITCH FOSTER

on this day of Saturday in the month of May, in the year of our LORD, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY TWO, being of semi-sound mind and body, being two consenting adults in the presents of all attending members of THE TEXAS CHAPTER AOMCI at the time of their mutual consent, do and hereby agree to accept the stocks and bonds of holy matrimony and all of its fringe benefits under the following conditions:

The husband known as OUTBOARD DAVE, shall be allowed to keep in his personal possession at all times no less than 100 outboard motors plus parts and not less than 20 boats plus equipment in and around the house or other places that he may designate. A good supply of LONE STAR BEER shall always be on hand and served at 42 °F. along with a big bowl of JACOBS INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH PICANTE SAUCE with fresh chips. The wife shall be maintained and serviced on equal par with the best of outboard motors.

The wife known as WATERWITCH GAIL, shall be allowed equal value credit at all NEIMAN MARCUS stores for each outboard motor or boat purchased from this date forward by OUTBOARD DAVE. However, WATERWITCH GAIL agrees never to complain or bitch about the outboard motors, parts or tools being about the house, lawn or driveway and will not complain about the carburetor floats baking in the oven, parts being washed in the dishwasher or oil and gas soaked clothes that blow up in the dryer. WATERWITCH GAIL shall allow freedom of touch, hug, squeeze, poke or whatever else pleases OUTBOARD DAVE. WATERWITCH GAIL further agrees to serve OUTBOARD DAVE his favorite steaks, chops, seafood and brew with a smile, and to never mix his LUBRI-PLATE #105 gear grease with mayonnaise or use the JACOBS INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH PICANTE SAUCE for paint remover.

This certificate is duly verified and authorized by THE TEXAS CHAPTER AOMCI, but it is only valid on the south shore of the RED RIVER and or within the boundary of the great state of TEXAS.

AGREED:

X _____
 DAVE OUTBOARD REINHARTSEN

Married by and in the presents of:

X _____
 SAINT GEORGE JACOBS



Elto

AGREED:

X _____
 GAIL WATERWITCH FOSTER

Witnessed by:

X _____
 SAINT LOUIS F. ROTHERMEL, II

Official Texas Chapter "Martinmony" Agreement.

The Original was signed and given to Dave and Gail along with an attached witness sheet.

As a follow-up to the "Martinmony" article, Dave and Gail were officially married on May 30, 1992. Gail had copies of the 14mm and 18mm spark plug gaskets cast in gold and manufactured wedding rings from them. After 22 years of marriage, they rarely take off their unusual wedding rings.



After the difficulties starting the Martin "200" earlier, our newlyweds borrowed Beaver Tyler's small boat and were caught playing on the lake. Note the rather unusual use of Gail's leg as the tiller handle.

1st Annual Texas Chapter ESKA Toss

Ironically, the 1st annual ESKA toss actually ended up being the last ESKA toss (I will explain why at the end of this article). In the mid 1990's, I was laid off from a banking job and it took 22 months to find another one. In the interim, I helped Roy Bailey rebuild outboards for his business, Bailey's Outboard Salvage in Seabrook, Texas, and the primary motors that he repaired were ESKA outboards. To say that the little kickers were maddening to the repairman would be an understatement. Regardless, I came up with the "ESKA Toss" as my method of getting even with the crummy little motors. To date, I do not have one in my collection and probably never will.

exceptionally great anchors.

Although poking fun at other members' motors is a friendly pastime, the Texas Chapter began searching for an activity to unify members at meets. Over a period of time, it became abundantly clear that no member of AOMCI collects ESKA outboard motors (at least, not intentionally). Actually, we have never found a member that would even admit to liking an ESKA. These little Tecumseh-powered, poorly carbureted motors are the most cantankerous, troublesome little motors that anyone has ever had the displeasure to repair. Accordingly, we decided to have an "ESKA Toss".

Our 1st Annual "ESKA Toss" was scheduled for our September wet meet at Lake Catherine State Park in Arkansas. While preparing for our event, we visited a local legend and Arkansas folk hero, Parker Dozhier, who owns Rainbow Landing on Lake Catherine near Hot Springs, Arkansas. (Parker is known for his special knowledge of an old friend, William Jefferson Clinton, but that is another story.) Upon hearing about our "ESKA Toss", Parker quickly donated two additional ESKAs which increased our number of anchors to five.

Rules of our 1st Annual "ESKA Toss" were as follows: 1) Contestants drew numbers from a hat to determine their order for tossing ESKAs into the waters of Lake Catherine (all pollutants were removed from the motors prior to the toss); 2) A fifty foot long rope was attached to each

Participants (left to right): Mike Oncken, Hershell Kitchen, Scott Gooden, Wilbur Goltz, Tim Johnson, Shawn Pipas, John Slator, Steve Guidry, and Brenden Macaluso.



This article was featured in the January 2000 issue of The Antique Outboarder when I wrote the article about one of our earlier meets held at Lake Catherine in September 1999. We had a great time tossing ESKA's. At least, I enjoyed it immensely. Tom

Rivalry thrives between the members of every chapter of AOMCI. Mercury collectors want to make anchors out of Evinrudes and Evinrude/Johnson collectors want to make anchors out of Mercurys. Mercury and Evinrude/Johnson collectors usually agree that Scott-Atwaters make

ESKA to assist in determining the distance of each toss; 3) Contestants would stand on the end of a common dock and toss the ESKA as far out into the lake as possible using any technique that they felt was best; 4) Contestants falling off of the dock while tossing an ESKA would be disqualified from the competition; 5) After tossing each motor, the attached rope was pulled tight and a knot was tied at the point where the rope touched the end of the dock; 6) The motor was retrieved by the rope and our official judges, Dave Samstag and his assistants, would use a measuring tape to record the length of the rope from the knot to the place where the rope was attached to the ESKA.; 7) The contestant tossing his ESKA the farthest was awarded a trophy; and 8) The contestant tossing his ESKA the shortest distance had to take the five ESKAs home as punishment. Obviously, the rules were not disclosed to the contestants until the toss began.

Ten Individuals volunteered to participate in the "ESKA Toss" and the event proved to be worthy of repeating at future wet meets. There were a variety of techniques used to launch the little motors out into the waters of Lake Catherine. With his left hand on the bowtie handle and his right hand on the lower unit, Mike Oncken swung his ESKA back away from the water and then proceeded to make a mighty heave which launched the little ESKA high into the air and out into the lake. His winning toss was 26 feet 4 and 5/8 inches. Scott Gooden tried running down the dock before releasing the ESKA. This technique netted Scott second place with a toss that was a little more than four feet shorter than Mike's toss. Brenden Macaluso was the third place finisher with a toss just under 22 feet. Wilbur Goltz, with a toss just 12 feet was delighted to learn that he would have to take all the ESKAs home as punishment for the shortest toss. Wilbur repairs and sells outboard motors

like these and he will make some money parting out his treasures.



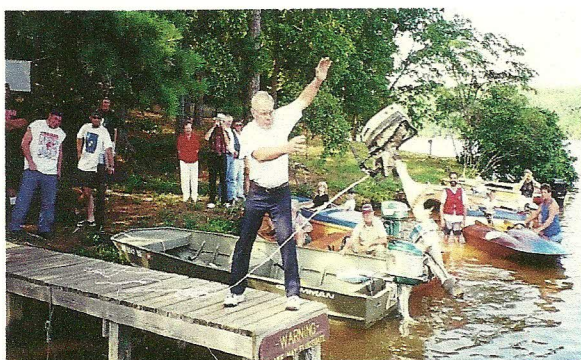
Everyone agreed that taking out their frustrations on the ESKA was a unique way to unify the group. Unfortunately, Mike "Mile Master" Oncken was heard later explaining that the only difference between an ESKA and a Mercury was that you should cut the rope after using the ESKA. The rivalry continues! [Continued on back page]



Up, up, and away! Height was the key in the winning distance by Mike Oncken of Pasadena, Texas.

Another view of Mike's winning toss as the motor was coming back down.

Mike Oncken offers advice to John Slator as he prepares for his toss. We suspect that John has just indicated the appropriate placement of this motor if Mike does not behave himself.



Although the shortest toss, Wilbur Goltz claimed victory as he took the ESKAs home with him.



Showing good follow-through, John Slator of New Ulm, Texas launches his motor smoothly. Nice toss, John!!



**“The Original” Texas Chapter
Antique Outboard Motor Club, Inc.**

Texas Chapter News
c/o Tom Oncken, Editor
1415 Dorsetshire Drive
Pasadena, Texas 77504-3234

(281) 487-5305 Home
(713) 819-0713 Cell



Texas Chapter Officers:

Adam Finn, President
(713) 664-1248 Home
(713) 823-4091 Cell

Di Johnson, Vice President
(281) 358-4009 Home
(281) 682-0968 Cell

Chip Rathbun, Secretary/Treasurer
(469) 549-1879 Home
(972) 999-7586 Cell

By now, many of you may have discovered the flaw in my 1st and only “ESKA Toss”. Since Wilbur Goltz had to take home the ESKAs as punishment for the shortest toss, he managed to build four good running motors and sold them for a large profit. The leftover parts were also sold off. Now, we do not have any ESKA outboards to toss.

Watching eBay recently showed me that even though the ESKA is not a highly desired outboard motor, they are still selling for \$75 or so plus shipping. I don’t know about you, but I am not going to spend over \$100 so we can toss some motor in the lake.

With that in mind, I would love to do another “ESKA Toss” someday. So, if any of you have an ESKA buried in your junk piles and want to donate the use of it, please let me know. I will see if I can still find the ESKA banner and all the ropes.

Brenden Macaluso of Kingwood, Texas makes a hearty toss for a third place finish.



Hershell Kitchen of Benton, Arkansas tries an overhand approach for his toss.



Scott Gooden of Arkansas shows great determination in his attempt to take the title. His toss landed him in second place.



1st Annual ESKA Toss Results

Place	Name	Throwing Order	Distance Thrown
1	Mike Oncken*	5th	26' 4 ³ / ₈ "
2	Scott "Poodle" Gooden	9th	22' 4"
3	Brenden Macaluso	8th	21' 10"
4	Ralph Meisenheimer	4th	21' 8"
5	John Slator	7th	21' 10"
6	Shawn Pipas	2nd	20' 9"
7	Tim Johnson	10th	20' 6"
8	Steve Guidry	6th	19' 3"
9	Hershell Kitchen	3rd	14' 8"
10	Wilbur Goltz**	1st	11' 7"

* Current Record Holder ** Now owns five ESKA outboard motors

This schedule was copied from the Antique Outboarder. John Slator’s toss was a typo and should be 20’ 10”.