

# Stories

Jack T. Kimbrell

Saturday, February 5. 2005

## Stories

Please add your stories to this entry as comments. I will start off with a short one.

This story occurred when I was about 7, ie. 1957. We were in our green Studebaker Commander (named Domino). I am not sure exactly where we were, but I have a feeling it was near Battle Mountain, NV. At any rate, it was flat. I was in the front seat, Mom was asleep in the back.

Dad leans over to me and says, " Don't tell your mother, but we are going a mile a minute."

I never did, until now.

Jim

Posted by jekimbrell at [19:52](#)

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Dad picked out my first car before I got my drivers' license in 1975. It was a wonderful 1963 Chevy Nova in a yucky tan color with only a few body dents, arm-strong steering and a Canadian flag sticker in the rear passenger window. Manufactured before air quality standards, it had a straight-6 engine and 3-on-the-tree transmission. His delight that he had found what he deemed as a safe and functioning car for me that was also easy to work on was only enhanced by the unbelievable price tag of \$125, including tax, title and license.

Of course, my driver's ed experience was in a power steering, automatic transmission LTD with two sets of brakes. I managed to get through my required hours of driving in half the time, thanks to Brenda Sparks' brother, Tony (now deceased), who showed up only once for our 7:30 Saturday morning drivers' ed classes.

With the "new" Chevy, dad was ready to teach me to drive a car with

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a standard transmission. For some reason (probably an unquenchable thirst for adventure), my friend Elizabeth Moore came along, sitting in the back seat. Dad drove us to the parking lot of Lincoln Middle School, and I took the driver's seat. During the lurching and jolting that followed, dad kept trying to say, "Let the clutch out SLOWLY..." which I thought I was doing. Three or four attempts later resulted in my returning to the passenger side, finding Biz clutching the front seats for dear life and dad commenting that I had some practice ahead of me before I was ready to "solo."

After mastering the concept of a "clutch point" and driving the car for three years, the transmission began to seize in 3rd gear. Although it was easy enough to pop open the hood & yank on the linkage to get the shift lever to behave again, it was time to sell the car. Imagine dad's delight when the buyer, knowing full well about the transmission problem, purchased it for \$175. Now that car was a good deal.

[#1 Ellie \(Kimbrell\) Weadock](#) on Feb 14 2005, 11:39 [Reply](#)

This is from Don and Melba Hall. We were their attendants when Jack and Max were married in Columbia. We lived across the street from them. I sponsored Jack when he joined the Masonic Lodge. Oh the wonderful memories.

Carl Sneed had 2 sections of Heat Power Lab. Jack and I had 1 each. We had to give and grade about 400 final exams. We made up 100 questions. All the true false were true. All the multiple choice were C and all the problems answer was one. No one caught it. We made several News Services and our reputation was established. Together we chaperoned dances for renegade Frats. No one else would touch them.

Our baby son, Dan would get hypnotized by staring into an ash tray and eventually blow into it. Max enjoyed that one.

I could go on for hours but Love, Admiration and prayers for all.

[#2 Don and Melba Hall](#) on Feb 14 2005, 14:33 [Reply](#)

More memories= Jack and I were attempting to start the first jet engine we ever saw in the lab. Model airplane size. Used compressed air for flow and it burped before it would get hot enough to run. Burp BURPPP then took off. bolted to a table it shook the whole joint. Campus police came quickly but would not enter until it ran out of fuel. They advised us not to start it again.

Also Jack was enroute home after a night of several beers. Going past a construction project. He decided to lay a couple of bricks. Mixed a bit of mortar with you know what and laid 3 very crooked bricks in the dark. They left them there and when we'd go by the new A&P store he'd proudly exclaim See those bricks, I laid them.

Our car was a 31 model A ford coupe. We went to Melba's folks and borrowed theirs to go to the wedding and took Jack and Max to St

[All categories](#)

Louis to catch the train on to his folks. One year Max gave Jack a ping pong ball gun for a toy. He and I had great fun shooting at her cat.

Yep Memories.

[#3 Don and Melba Hall](#) on Feb 15 2005, 08:35 [Reply](#)

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Don's fun story about the Heat Power Lab exam made me think of a story Dad told me about one of his lectures. Apparently in those days, engineering students sometimes fell asleep in class and on one occasion a student had the bad fortune not only to fall asleep in Dad's class but also to be sitting near colleagues that thought it would be fun to play a trick on him.

At an opportune time, one of the students nudged the sleeping victim and said, "186,000. He just called on you, the answer is 186,000!" He obligingly stood up, interrupting dad, and said "186,000, sir".

Dad looked at him, and after a while said, "186,000 what?"

At this point, the student realized he had been had, sat down and paid attention for the rest of the class.

[#4 Jim Kimbrell](#) on Feb 15 2005, 17:12 [Reply](#)

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This was sent to me by a friend of mine, and former student of dad's:

I'd have to say that when I think about your dad, I remember how much confidence he instilled in me. He made me believe in myself. What a gift!

Also, he made class fun and interesting. Because he had a more practical background than some of the other profs, he could put a real-life twist on the textbook material. I loved taking classes with him.

And I loved going to talk to him, because he always made me feel that during that time, I was the most important person in the world.

Patty Kuning (Albuquerque)

[#5 Ellie \(Kimbrell\) Weadock](#) on behalf of Patty Kuning on Feb 16 2005, 09:10 [Reply](#)

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In memory of Jack T. Kimbrell:

Certain terms - phrases or words - have always reminded me of Jack - . your leafy-greenies, giving me a bad time, What do you think if that? I want you to meet my fiancee. Oh, there are more, of course, but this collection tells a story.

Bob was the last of the Kimbrell brothers to return from the war. I grabbed him first in Southern California, and then I released him

temporarily to go to Chicago, where there was a gathering of the family. Bob met his parents, Ellen, Roy, Chubby, Chip, Ralph, Agnes - everyone but Jack. Jack had been in Chicago, but he was down in Columbia, Missouri, by then, working on his graduate degree, and Bob kept fretting about not having seen Jack. Therefore, we drove to Missouri as soon as we could get way from California and visited Jack.

I thought Jack looked sick. He seemed thin, colorless and unhappy. Of course, Bob would never admit that anyone in his family wasn't in top condition all of the time, and there could be no conversation about Jack's being sick. Much later, I learned that I had been right. Jack was going to school on the GI Bill of Rights, living as cheaply as possible; consequently, he was eating a bowl of chilli for dinner every evening and wasn't getting what someone in the university health center told him was **YOUR LEAFY-GREENIES**. Also, Jack seemed out-of-sorts with a number of people who were, in his words **GIVING ME A BAD TIME**. I liked the phrase and have been using ever since.

The scene changes to another Kimbrell gathering in Chicago, and Jack was there looking only a bit better. Suddenly, he began talking about the limited amount of oil on the planet and what would happen if we used it up. He turned to me and asked, "**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?**" I didn't know what to say, I had never heard anything about it before, but I've heard about it since then, and I always think of Jack.

Time changes and Kimbrells gather in Chicago this time because Ellen was to wed. Jack arrived fairly glowing with health, happiness and goodwill. A beautiful girl named Maxine was with him, and he announced proudly, "**I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FIANCEE.**"

Love, Lois

[#6 Lois Kimbrell](#) on Feb 21 2005, 20:08 [Reply](#)

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I lived with, and took care of, Clara, Maxine's 90 yr old mom, in Palouse, WA (maybe 15 miles N of Corvallis). I was going to save up and travel before starting Grad school. Jack and Maxine were so kind to me, when I really was feeling alone up there -my family being so far away. I was saving every nickel for my travels, so when the Kimbrells invited me to join them Sundays, when they took Clara to dinner, I was so grateful. They were both interesting and fun to talk to, and I really felt part of the family.

Jack was getting ready to retire? Or had just retired ? then. I loved Jack's stories of his investigations and testimonies in court on the physics of accidents and with insurance investigations. One day he had a former student return to see him who had been an astronaut! He either told Clara all about his meeting, or Clara actually got to meet with him too-I don't remember. The astronaut told them some wonderful stories of flights into outer space.

Clara, being past 90, was pretty dang sharp, but once in a while

would mix something up or be just a bit confused. They next morning, after the astronaut's stories, I went in to wake Clara for breakfast and she said "well, how was your trip?" I said, what trip? "she said your trip to the moon of course!"

I had to try and not chuckle, because I found the idea so wonderful and charming -that I would get to go to the moon! I tried to convince her it wasn't me that had gone, but she didn't believe me for a few minutes until she woke up all the way.

[#7 danetta Cox Cordova](#) on Mar 16 2005, 23:36 [Reply](#)

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