

1968 GTO - Changing a Tire Without a Jack

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Sometimes it just seems like everything is going wrong. But when you finally surmount all of the obstacles, you end up with something to be proud of.

Exactly that type of challenge presented me on one trip in my 1968 GTO. I was travelling home from college one night. It was about a six hour trip. Having left after my last laboratory in the afternoon, I was expecting to arrive home about 2 in the morning.

Shortly after midnight, the car started swerving all over the road when a tire blew. There was no place to pull off the road, so I drove about three miles on the rim into a small town. I found a closed service station and was able to pull under some street lamps where there was good light.

When I started to get the equipment out to change my tire I discovered that whoever had sold me the car had replaced the standard equipment jack with a bumper jack! With fiberglass bumpers, the GTO needed either a scissor jack or a hydraulic jack. Scouting around the gas station did nothing for me, so I went looking for a phone.

There was a bar open a few blocks away, but there was no answer at my parents house. So, I headed back to the gas station.

Here is where all those geometry and physics classes came in handy. I was able to find some old railroad ties and concrete blocks as well as some good size rocks. I then set up a fulcrum and lever system. I put a concrete block about a foot from the car and put a railroad tie over the block and under the side of the car. Then, by standing on the end of the beam, I was able to raise the side of the car up about eight inches. I piled rocks up under the axle and then got off the railroad tie. By building up the blocks under the tie and tossing more rocks under the axle, I finally got the tire off the ground and was able to change it. It was easier to reverse the process and push the rocks out from under the axle with a board and finally get the spare on the ground.

When I was finally able to continue on my journey, it was about two hours later. But even though I was quite exhausted, I had a warm feeling of accomplishment. Ron M. Muscle Car Blues