



Glenn Cartmill at Sully, 2002

Oct 29, 1911 – Jan 28, 2008

“Only for a time have we borrowed our life from the sum of things, using a small portion of sun, earth and rain, some of the chemicals that go into our being; all to be paid back when death comes; all to be used again and again.” W. Glenn Cartmill.

Glenn Cartmill, former Club President Jim Cartmill’s father, was born Willie Glenn Cartmill, October 29, 1911. A member of the GWC from 1998 until his passing, he could always be counted on for a smile, a good story, and a great sense of humor.

Glenn was a pipeliner and machinist from Oklahoma to North Dakota for Standard Oil (under a lot of different names) while he was working; but that only tells part of the story. Glenn always had a shop; a place where he could come up with all sorts of grand creations. He made a double swing for his last house in Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, and designed and made Wind Vanes comprising four pointers mounted on each other in a Calder-like arrangement. I remember one day when Glenn and I were working on a project in Jim’s shop, and he showed me his business card; it read “Inventor.”

Not only was Glenn an inventor (he held a US patent for a chain saw guard), he was a problem solver, an innovator and a woodworker. Among his finest creations were wooden ship models, like the one I watched him build of a WWII ship and his fully-rigged sailing ship models. Of course, if you talk to his son, Harry White or Tom Terko, they would tell you Glenn’s finest creations were the marvelously well-crafted trunks he designed and made for their Model As; trunks with removable lids, fold-away picnic tables, and, for Jim’s trunk, even a picnic basket.

Although he once referred to Jim’s Model As as “those dern things,” he often told me he really enjoyed them. He especially enjoyed riding with Jim and Carol in “Cricket,” their 1930 Standard Tudor, to the Saturday Farmers’ Market in Manassas, to many of our club gatherings, and, of course, Sully.

Although a relentless work schedule kept Glenn and me from finishing my trunk, I have the plans and the pieces we cut out in Jim’s basement, and I promised him I would finish our project one day.

I took Glenn out to lunch to help him celebrate his 94th birthday, and was surprised when he insisted on buying us a bottle of Rose; “well, you’ve got to live a little now and then,” he told me.

Glenn certainly knew how to do that. I miss the twinkle in his eye, his never-failing optimism and his modesty. My hat’s off to a friend whose 96-year life was well lived. Like his son Jim, daughter-in-law, Carol, and many others, I miss him.

Jim Gray