







Deep South Region A.A.C.A. Newsletter, Vol. 47, No. 8, August, 2014

# The Horrors of Aging

I had hoped that during August, we would take the DeSoto (or the Comet) to a cruise-in or two. We have periodically seen the cars at the Eastern Shore Mall on Saturdays. Well, two things happened to deter us from that. One is the heat of course. Neither cars have A/C and we are wimps. The second is that the carburetor in the DeSoto is acting up. A while ago I had it

reworked by a company in Florida. To offset the nastiness of ethanol in the gas, they use leather seals and gaskets in the rebuilds. As the DeSoto sat for almost 6 months while we had the steering box reworked, the gaskets dried out and now the car surges when you drive it and is extremely slow off the line, etc. So, it has to go back. So no cruise-ins. The way I think of this is that this carburetor is like some of my graduate students (speech pathology is about 95% women, most of them gorgeous). It is beautiful to look at but unfortunately useless. I was griping to a coworker about the car and the response I got was: "Face it Paul, the car is old, and so are you. You both need help".



Needless to say, I was devastated. Me? Old? Moi? We had just returned from a week at Destin. I



had not been so tanned in years. I'm around 30 lbs lighter than I used to be. I've been working on my "Ernest Hemmingway" beard that the students say "rocks". How can I be old? Then I thought: Who did you go to the beach with? We went with folks that I attended the University of Tennessee with OVER 30 YEARS AGO. Yikes! Furthermore, Patty and Dennis showed up from Knoxville driving their silver Ford Fusion. Ron and Charlotte showed up from Kentucky in their silver Camry. Both have cloth interiors. So, I'm starting to rethink that not only are we getting old, we also are getting BORING.

When I met these friends, they had a motley collection of cars. Dennis drove a mid-70's Maverick that was avocado green, a two-door with a three speed on the floor in front of the bench seat. Patty drove a brown Pinto wagon. The car of preference was the Maverick, despite **Turn to Page 3.** 

# **Message from the DSR President**

Greetings to all. We are counting down the days to football season. The kids are back in school (Grand Kids for some of us). The Air conditioners are working a little harder as we get ready for Fall to fill the air. I hope all of you have had a great Summer.

I have always at times had a problem remembering peoples' names. I can remember a face and then the games begin trying to put a name with the face. Example: I was at the Hooters Cruise-in on Saturday evening (4th Saturday of each month) and a gentleman pulled in driving a very nice 1968 Camaro, big block car. I talked to him in detail for a while and could not think of his name. This really bothers me especially when you should know it. So I started asking others if they knew his name. Every reply was "I know him but can't remember his name." I don't know what the moral of this story is, but maybe you do.

We are having our monthly meeting at Jim Henderson's Museum this Thursday August 28th, 7:00 pm. This is a great venue for our Club located at 951 Forest Hill Drive in Mobile, meeting surrounded by some of the nicest vehicles that you will see. The doors are going to open early so you can have some extra time to enjoy the museum and I say a special "Thank you to Jim."

See you all there. Zeno



## **DSR Officers for 2013**

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Secretary: Tracy Metclaf	251-689-2926
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#### **Appointees and/or Volunteers**

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## The Horrors (continued from page one)

the fact that on occasion, when you shifted gears, you ended up with the gear shift in your hand and not attached to the car. The Pintos had an unfortunate reputation for blowing up. Charlotte drove a red hand-me-down midsize Buick. In the glovebox she kept a small book into which she recorded the date, mileage, gallons and cost everytime she filled up. She still does. When asked why, she hadn't a clue. Her Dad told her to do it when he gave her the car and she's just carried on vehicle after vehicle. Ron had a baby blue Gremlin. It had a black vinyl interior. No matter where he went, or how long it took, by the time he got there, he was totally cooked.

My car, Snort the Wonder Plymouth, was considered the primo car. She was big and had working A/C. I don't know why, I never touched it. Of course you had to go under the hood to change the temperature as the cable to the dash wouldn't move. Also, she held the most people and she was a star when Knoxville got hit by a horrendous snow storm



and we were able to get out "to the country" for a birthday celebration because, being from Canada, I knew how to drive in snow and Snort had enough weight to push through it. She never ever had snow tires.

So, maybe we are getting boring and old, but at least we weren't always that way.

What I do worry about is that I am becoming like my Dad. I certainly look enough like him. He was a mechanic. At one point he took his Ford F100 apart in the backyard to treat the rust and



paint it with rust preventive paint (which didn't work). He was copying my packrat Uncle Charlie (his brother) and also he was pissing my mother off royally as the truck parts destroyed the yard and blocked her view of the pansies and dalias (and the rhubarb, etc.). When he retired, which I hope to do in a couple of years, he would meet his cronies at the mall. They would discuss their health issues endlessly and my Dad would end up buying bottles of vitamins from the health food store. This was ironic because getting him to take his medication was like getting one of our Scotties to take a heart-worm pill – you risk getting bit. However, when he passed and we cleared out his

room at the assisted living facility, there were all his bottles of vitamins, in a row on his dresser, dusty and unopened.

I also worry about becoming like my mother's family (of whom I do look like when I'm around them). According to my cousin Sandy, my mother's siblings Jack, Polly and Sue would sit around the table and push all of their pill bottles to the center. Jack and Polly would have beer and if they were outside they'd also have cigarettes. Sue is a hypochondriac who has never smoked or drank. Anyway, they would discuss the merits of each type of pill. They would make judgments according to color, size, shape and ease of swallowing. They would also rate them according to how the pills made them feel. Would they talk about what the meds were actually for? Heck, no. THEY WOULD EVEN SWAP THEM SOMETIMES.So, am I worried about getting old? You Bet I Am. Maybe I won't be cognitive enough to worry about it. Of course, as a comic once quipped, getting older is better than the alternative.

Paul Dagenais, Editor

#### Man enjoys 1966 Chevy purchased upon college graduation Reprinted with permission from Classic Classics column by Vern Parker release date 4/25/2009 Thanks to AACA for acquiring copyright authorization from Motor Matters April 2009

Being industrious has its rewards. Ronald Jongeling worked at several odd jobs while attending Northwest College in Orange City, Iowa. He was a senior nearing graduation in 1966 and had saved enough money to buy a new car. "Dad didn't allow liens" Jongeling said. Consequently, the young student had to shop for a bargain price on his first new car. One February day he walked by the Kooiker Chevrolet dealership on West 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue in Rock Rapids, up near the Minnesota state line.

On the car lot was the dealer's allotment of 1966 Chevrolets. Jongeling was attracted to several of the two-door hardtop Impala. Many of the sleek Impalas were loaded with expensive accessories such as bucket seats, but Jongeling found a tuxedo black Impala with a bench seat, a 283 cubic inch V-8 engine mated to a three-speed manual transmission. "It was love a first sight, especially when I saw the sticker price.", he said..

Upon graduation he drove his Impala to his first real post college job in Adairsville, KY. After two and years he drove back to Castlewood, SD where he and his car have been since then. Following 145,000 miles of use as the family car, Jongeling says "the valves were getting shaky". His son took the car to his school where his auto shop class overhauled the engine. While there the brake system was restored on the theory that the ability to stop is as important as the ability to go.

By 2006, the time had come to complete the restoration. Jongeling drove his well-worn car 180 miles to the body shop he had selected to do the work. The rocker panels were replaced but the rest of the car was amazingly free of rust. All the glass was removed and set aside for later reinstallation. Two of the original wheel covers that dressed up the 14-inch wheels were salvageable and were polished to a like-new appearance. The other two were damaged beyond repair and had to be replaced.



The red interior was reupholstered. At the right end of the dashboard, Jongeling made certain the treasured ring box remained in the glove compartment. The other end of the dashboard holds the 120-mph speedometer. Jongeling believes that speeds of 100 mph or maybe 110 mph are attainable. Soon after purchasing the car he said, "I had it up to 90 once."

The restoration of the '66 Chevy Impala was declared complete in May 2007 when Jongeling drove it home, "It rides and drives better than new, he says. Now that he has 151,000 miles on the restored vehicle, Jongeling is pleased with the results. If there is one regret, he admits, it is that 30 years ago he did not have the money for AC. The temperature in the summer months in South Dakota can be on the warm side. "We roll down the windows" the owner said. If that doesn't work, they wait until the evening to go cruising in the Impala.

# AACA Deep South Region Meeting Minutes July 24, 2014

President Zeno Chaudron called the meeting to order. The invocation was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance.

The minutes for the June 26, 2014 meeting were approved upon motion by Bob White and second by Lou Lartigue.

John Pendergrass reported that the Stockton Sawmill Days will take place on November 1 in Stockton should anyone be interested in attending.

The Financial Report was presented by the Treasurer and was approved by the membership upon motion by Buddy Paquet and second by Paul Dagenais.

Our guest, Jim Downey, was asked to share with the club details of the Mobile Bay Vintage Motorcycle Club. Dr. Downey requested that the Club consider allowing the Motorcycle Club to use the clubhouse facilities for a show later this year.

The membership requested Dr. Downey provide a formal proposal; at the August 28, 2014 meeting. Patt Paquet volunteered to check with AACA to verify insurance coverage for such an event.

Scott and Mallory Henderson reported on their participation in this year's Great American Race.

The meeting was adjourned upon acclimation by the membership.

Respectfully Submitted. Tracy Metclaf Secretary

The next club meeting will be August 28th at 7:00.

It will be held at the Henderson Car Museum. Come early so you can look at the cars.

Check out the Deep South Region Website at: http://local.aaca.org/deepsouth

# **Cruise-Ins**

Time	Location	Address	For More Info Contact
1 <sup>st</sup> Saturday	Edgewater Mall	Hwy 90, Biloxi MS	Jimbo 228-596-0664
1 <sup>st</sup> Saturday	Kentucky Fried Chicken	Tillman's Square, Hwy 90	Jo Jo Johnson 251-367-6643
1 <sup>st</sup> Saturday	5 Guys	Airport At University	Brenda Drinkard 675-9226
2 <sup>nd</sup> Saturday	What-A-Burger	Airport & Snow Road	Bubba Blanton 251-610-4032
2 <sup>nd</sup> Saturday	Sam's Super Burger	Grand Bay	Southern Bay Cruisers 251-442-6877
2 <sup>nd</sup> Saturday	Dillard's	Eastern Shore Mall	Eastern Shore Cruisers
3 <sup>rd</sup> Saturday	Steak 'n Shake	Schillinger Road	Donnie Tanner 649-5397
4 <sup>th</sup> Saturday	Mings Café	Highway 43 in Saraland	North Side Cruisers
4 <sup>th</sup> Saturday	Northrop Complex	Pascagoula, MS	Magnolia Classic Cruisers
5 <sup>th</sup> Saturday	American Legion Post 1992 3824 Old Spanish Trail	Gautier, MS	Sons of the American Legion
Last Saturday	Sonic - Hwy 59 South	Robertsdale, AL	251-747-2022



## **Bobby Peterson**

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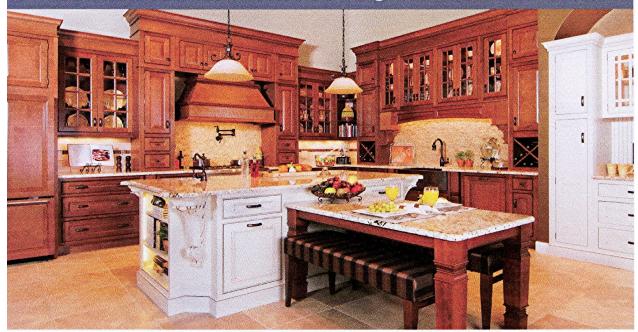






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