

**Your August 2010 issue of The Sparkplug follows this page
This issue has 12 pages including this calendar**

2010 Dates to Remember

- Aug. 26** Monthly meeting at the clubhouse 7:00 p.m. - Guest Speaker Bobby Lankford, Instructor of Drag Racing 101 at USA and Sponsor of USA Drag Racing Club – Everything you ever wanted to know about drag racing.
- Sept. 2-4** AACA Western Fall Meet—Cheyenne WY Hosted by High Plains Region
- Sept. 18** Day trip to Busted Wrench Garage & Museum—Gulfport, MS Details at the August 26th meeting or call 661-6133 after meeting
- Sept. 23** Sock hop benefiting the Beverly Burton Scholarship Fund at the Country Club of Mobile - More details to follow
- Oct. 6-9** AACA Eastern Fall Meet—Hershey, PA Hosted by Hershey Region
- Oct. 3-10** 14th annual Crusin' the Coast—Biloxi, MS
- Oct. 16** 5th annual Sunrise Baptist Church Military Benefit Car & Bike Show Baker H/S on Airport Blvd.—Ask for info at Aug. meeting

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





The Sparkplug



Deep South Region A.A.C.A. Newsletter, Vol 44 No. 8 August 2010

Half-price/half-year membership good inducement for potential members

By Patt Paquet

Although Ernest D. (Ernie, to his friends) Rogers told me the half-price dues wasn't the deal maker for him joining the club, it sure was nice. He had planned on getting to a meeting since our May car show but that drag called work kept getting in the way. Being a CPA with a local firm doesn't leave a whole lot of time for play, at least until after the August extension deadline is over.

Cars might not be an obsession with him but they sure are a fascination for him. He owns no less than five – yep, you read it right, five. A 1955 Chevy pickup, two Hondas – one, a 2003 Accord EXL which is his daughter's "college car", and the other a 1996 Civic DX Hatchback 5-speed that is Ernie's daily driver – a 1990 Corvette and a Pontiac Firebird Formula 96. Looks like he's open to almost anything that has four wheels.

He and DSR member Jim Henderson are good friends and both belong to the Midtown Optimist Club. Buddy and I were members of that organization for a time and we got to know Ernie and came to admire his respect for old fashion American values. He wanted to have an outlet for his desire to drive his vehicles as well as enjoy the fellowship of those with similar interests.

Being a home-grown Mobilian, or as Ernie puts it, Day One through Present, he attended St. Joan of Arc grades one through eight then McGill/Toolen High School. He received his degree from the University of South Alabama.

When I asked him to tell me something about his family, he said that currently they still all love each other and that his 19-year-old

daughter, Elizabeth, attends Troy University on a Leadership Scholarship and is a member of Alpha Delphi Phi Sorority.

He is unmarried but has what he refers to as a Significant Other of long standing, Angela Strickland. She is also a native of our Port City and works at Springhill College in the Perkins Loans Collections. (So pay up!!!) She doesn't necessarily share Ernie's interest in vintage vehicles but she does like antiques in general. Other than the old things, while Ernie likes a few rounds of golf, she will take Mardi Gras any day.

There are pets in the Rogers household; one dog who is named Rover, two cats that answer to Tux and Butterfly plus a rat snake called Betsy Ross. I asked if it got the name out of thin air or there was a way to know if "it" was a "she"? The explanation I got was the snake's original name was Ben Franklin when it was caught but when 12 eggs appeared in the cage, thus the name change.

Please welcome Ernie to our group and when we have the opportunity to meet Angela, let's make sure she knows she is a part of our DSR family as well.



Elizabeth Rogers



Ernie & Angela

Guest Speaker for August 26, 2010 meeting

Bobby Lankford of Lankford Motor Sports and Instructor of Drag Racing 101 at USA will be our guest speaker at our next meeting. Don't miss out on learning all you ever wanted to know about drag racing.

From the driver's seat



The summer has been so hot, it's been hard to do anything at length outside. I sure am looking forward to cooler weather. With it will come many opportunities to get our vehicles out and do things with our fellow members and hopefully, some guests. There will be shows, (Can you believe there were two on Aug. 14th?) cruise-ins and some day trips I'm told.

DSR has benefited during the first seven months of this year from steady growth which means there will be even better times with more members getting together and having fun. I am sincerely hoping to get to participate in any or all of the upcoming events and I encourage you to do so, too.

So many of you have stepped up this year when help was needed for the projects we've had going on. There is no way one person could do what is necessary to make our club run smoothly. I can't say "Thank you!" enough to all of you.

I understand that we had several guests at the July meeting, one of which – Guy Short – was a previous DSR member from 1983-1988. We always welcome anyone who wishes to attend our meetings and are especially happy to see those who have helped our organization along the way. I am also told that Mr. Short is quite the artist and I hope he will come again and bring along plenty of his pictures for us to see.

Another guest, Ernest Rogers, took advantage of the half-price dues for both National and DSR to see if we would fulfill his idea of what an "old car" club really is. We welcome him and hope that when December comes he will renew for 2011.

The weekend of Aug. 14-15, Trevor returned to school in Tuscaloosa and I was behind him carrying back all the stuff we hauled home in May when the term was over. Just one of the perks of being a parent of a college kid I guess. Until I see you at the Aug. 26th meeting, keep it between the lines.

Steve Goren, President

Remember when: You got your gas pumped, oil checked, windshield cleaned, and tire pressure checked along air if needed – all for free – and trading stamps, too?



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- Treasurer: Tracy Metclaf.....” 433-0270
- Activities: Foy Bobo.....” 661-6133
- Editor: Buddy Paquet.....” 661-4009
- Member-at-Large: Paul Dagenais.....” 433-0270

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- Historian: Patt Paquet.....” 661-4009
- Webmaster: Herb Thoms.....” 654-2933
- Telephone Chair: Martha Fuller.....” 602-1931
- Refreshment Coordinators: Clyde & Janet Smith
“ 473-7834

The *Sparkplug* is non-profit and published for the information of our members and friends. DEEP SOUTH REGION meetings are held the fourth Thursday of each month at 7:00 PM in the clubhouse located at 951 Forest Hill Drive. Membership in the Antique Automobile Club of America is required to be a member of this Region. Annual local dues are \$15.00; AACA national dues are \$35.00. *Ownership of Antique a vehicle is not a requirement for membership.*

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newsletter with
a friend.**





From the Editor...

I mentioned in the June newsletter that I had something on the back burner that would hopefully cool off the July issue. However; it was jam-packed and there wasn't space for the article I had in cold storage for you. Maybe it was just fate since we have had record-breaking hot weather since the last issue that I had something that would hopefully cool off the August issue. The hot

weather seems to be a continuing trend so when you are ready to chill, and particularly if you are a lover of riding motorcycles, turn to Page 3 to read a first-rate story by a guest author that is bound to cool you off or you get your money back.

Opening the door of opportunity to a new editor for next year, I failed to mentioned a few perks that go with the job. First – and foremost – you will learn more about AACADSR and the people in our local club than you ever imagined possible.

Second, you will be exchanging newsletters with other Regions/Chapters, some that are here in the South but others that are all over our great country. And in this exchange, if you find something particularly interesting you think DSR members would enjoy reading, all you have to do is contact that newsletter's Editor and request permission to reprint the story in our *Sparkplug*. A perfect example is the article that starts on Page 4. I do know, and am acquainted with, some editors who equate copying from another publication to copying from somebody else's test paper when you were a kid in school. However, there are others who are pleased you thought they had put together something others would get pleasure from and are glad you want to share it with club members.

Third is your love of antique vehicles is a means for making new friends that, in some cases become close and life-long ones. I/we have friends coast-to-coast, some of which are very special.

Lastly, you get to go to AACADSR National Meets, not only all over the U.S., but also outside our borders. All at reduced cost to you because the hosting Regions work hard to make sure you get as much bang for your buck as possible. Now what more could you ask for?

Situation: In June, the club participated in an activity to chauffeur the America's Junior Miss contestants. The timeline was short and did not allow for ratification of this activity by the club membership. The Executive Committee made the decision to participate. There is currently no manner by which this can occur such that the activity can be declared an official club activity and thus have all participants be covered by insurance.

Current Club Bylaw:

Article II – Executive Board, Section 2: The Executive Board shall have the authority to proceed in any manner as may, in their judgment, serve the interest of the Region. The decision of the majority of the Executive Board, on a question, shall be presented to the club for a vote.

Initial Proposed Amendment:

(Presented at 7/22/10 Meeting)

Article II – Executive Board, Section 2: The Executive Board shall have the authority to proceed in any manner as may, in their judgment, serve the interest of the Region. If time does not allow for club ratification before the decision comes into effect, the Executive Board may activate their decision and the decision shall be presented to the club, at its next regularly scheduled meeting, for ratification.

Second Proposed Amendment: (Sent to Member-at-Large, Paul Dagenais by Buddy Paquet after 7/22/10 Meeting.)

Article II – Executive Board, Section 2: The Executive Board shall have the authority to proceed in a manner that serves the best interest of the Region under extreme circumstances. In case of a request for the club's participation in displays, exhibits, transports, etc., that fall between regular monthly meetings, the Executive Board may choose to accept or decline based on their best judgment by a majority vote of the board and then present the activity to the club for ratification at the next regular club meeting.

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Of the

Month

Snow Patrol a.k.a. "Hard Core"

Special to the *Sparkplug* by Harry McGill – A.A.C.A. Southwestern Two Wheeler Region (CA)

Only a short time after our trip, everyone had heard about the challenging weather encountered on our way to the Grand Canyon. We made the news as a "biker gang" then got downgraded to "club" and "idiots in a snow storm". Mostly true...the part about club sounded right but only on a much bigger scale. How so? There have always been groups of people (no matter what they do) that thrive on the edge of adventure. Who are undaunted by the elements or their surroundings. Yeah, the weatherman finally got it right but in 15 years I've never called off a ride on a weather report, just like football. So, with our group of hardy, and dressed-for-the-weather crew, we rode off into what would become the greatest adventure (at least weather-wise) of E.C.E.T.S. or the El Cajon (CA) Epicurean Touring Society.

The predicted snow storm was all that but due to a semi truck clearing a path for us, we by and large made it over the mountains. I say that because we lost one bike but not the rider. We collected ourselves at a Texaco station and waited for our strung-out group to reconnect. Meanwhile, the San Diego Police rodeo riders who were on their way to Tucson did pay us the compliment of being "hard core". They were trailering. This was one time we didn't take anything off and rode comfortably layered to Yuma (AZ) for breakfast. Once there, we did shed our rain suits but made sure they would be handy.

We actually were only about an hour behind the schedule I keep in my mind and Quartzite (CA) came along just when we needed to get back into gear. The skies to the northeast looked ominous and experience said take the northwest route up 93 and the connect with I-40 East. We pulled a long stretch up to Wikieup and decided to rest a bit. Other riders on their way to Laughlin had that road-wearied look and I am sure we looked the same.

A fellow biker came over to say his wife had called and they were in at white-out about 40 miles from Williams (AZ – the last town on Route 66 to be bypassed by I-40). What the heck, we did come this far to turn back. Being a seasoned traveler, I could see the storm was moving fast to the east and since we were two hours behind it, we would just ride up its coattails

and be OK. Well...most of that was true except the coattails showered us in hail, and yes, it stung.

The cars that had spun out and off the road were a good reminder to take it slow and steady which we did. Eventually the hail ceased and a clearing pattern began. Talk about a winter wonderland – the sides of the road and the trees were covered in snow that fortunately we had missed the intensity of. With mostly semi-trucks for companions we gazed at the clearings of blue sky and knew the worst of the day was behind us and Williams was just up the way. Feeling triumphant, we paraded into town where I promptly overshot the turnoff but with the help of a local, we rode up to the

welcoming warmth and sign of the Howard Johnson. Just a luck would have it, a gentleman distributing coupons for a steak house came in and just like that, we had our dinner plans. The wife who had called to alert us to the white-out graciously ferried us over in the truck she was driving, making many trips back and forth. Dinner for my wife and I tasted great (I would have eaten almost anything at that point.) then it was back to the hotel for a hot soak and

reflections on the day and the weather changes we'd had. I can honestly say that anyone who was with us that day became an all-weather rider with nothing left to fear and a new measure of confidence that comes from facing adversity and not only conquering it, but perversely enjoying it.

Friday's forecast called for clearing with a chance of thunderstorms. With all the previous day's seasoned confidence, we laughed at it (but made darned sure to pack the rain gear). My wingman for this whole adventure and a soon-to-be Road Captain helped out, with a big smile on his face, in making sure everyone was together and ready to go. A couple of the lady riders had bug-a-boos coming over the mountains but kept going as if it was all part of the venture, which it was, and earned them considerable bragging rights. Particularly for their first E.C.E.S.T. trip. In fact, we all earned some and later in the day, we would get another opportunity, but I am getting ahead of myself.

(Please see Page __)



Early start out of El Cajon, CA on April 22, 2010

Just for the ladies...what do you really know about soap?

By Patt Paquet

Loosely defined SOAP is a substance that when used with water, decreases surface tension in an effort to attract away unwanted substances. Before it became an intentionally produced product, it was extracted from plants like the yucca, soapwort and horsetail. The need for a substance to help remove dirt, grease, foodstuffs and bodily excretions has always been a part of the human experience.

Historical evidence shows that Egyptians bathed regularly and combined animal and vegetable oils with alkaline salts to create a soap-like substance for washing. Ancient Roman legend gives soap its name. From Mount Sapo, where animals were sacrificed, rains washed a mixture of melted animal fats and wood ashes down into the Tiber River below. There, the “soapy” mixture was discovered to be useful for washing skin and clothing. The Roman baths, built around 312 B.C., were luxurious and popular. It is believed the Romans acquired the knowledge of soap from the Gauls.

Soapmakers’ guilds began to spring up in Europe during the Seventh Century. Secrets of the trade were closely guarded. The training and promotion of craftsmen within the trade were highly regulated. The English began soap-crafting during the Twelfth Century and, unfortunately, soap was heavily taxed as a luxury item and therefore readily available to only the rich. The English Soap Tax was repealed in 1853 and a boom in the soap trade coincided with a change in social attitudes toward personal cleanliness.

Colonial America women made their soap out of their homes seasonally. Families saved leftover scraps of fat from meat all during the year as well as the ashes from the fireplaces. Water was poured over the ashes releasing the lye that was contained in them. On the day the soap was made, the fat was first cooked in a large pot for several hours until it was smooth. Then they added the lye water, cooking and stirring for several more hours. Finally, the mixture was poured into wooden molds to harden.

Later, when general stores appeared in the towns, the hard work of making soap at home was abandoned since it could be purchased. Soap was used for bathing, laundry, dishwashing, etc., pretty much the same uses as today, but in reality, very different. Now days, we bathe/shower with scented and/or deodorant soaps, almost daily; laundry is done frequently and dishes are washed after each meal or in a dishwasher.

Today, most Americans purchase many different kinds of soap, from aromatic bath bars to powerful degreasers. Also today, we use soap for purposes that very early settlers would not – for example, those living in homes with dirt floors.

All of the manufacturing of soap is now done by machines that make huge amounts every day to keep customers supplied. Although the ingredients of lard and lye are still the same, much has changed. As a result of scientific achievements,

soap and its counterparts are a popular and easily obtained commodity. Companies such as Armour Soap Works (now Dial) and many others paved the way for the giant soap manufacturers we know today – Procter & Gamble, Jergens, Dial, Colgate-Palmolive, and others. Ivory, Lifebouy, Camay, Zest, Tone, Safeguard and other brands became mass-marketed. In the mid-1970s, deodorant soaps came into vogue with names like Shield, Coast and who doesn’t remember Irish Spring? Then came specialty soaps for women who are the major shoppers – Neutrogena, Oil of Olay and others.

Now, soap-making has gone back into homes where it is a cottage industry. The crafting of artisan soaps is not only a hobby, but a micro-industry. I know because it is something that my/our daughter-in-law does regularly. She started out when she was pregnant last year so as to have something to bathe the baby with. She is a chemist by profession and reads the ingredient list on products then either buys or not. She experiments to find what she likes best and has acquired quite a following. She says it is fun, relaxing and solves lots of gift problems.



Snow Patrol cont.

Fueled and fed, we departed for the big hole in the ground and were pleasantly surprised to learn that we chose a free weekend to visit. Call it Karma for all we went through to get there. Rolling up, the Ranger in the kiosk ask how many and I said "All of them." We pulled up to the nearest lookout and closest restroom. Then we hiked to the nearest guard rail for the required photo. An unsuspecting young family asked someone in our group to take their picture and they would reciprocate. Little did they know what they were getting into. Later, one of our group took the young mother around the parking lot, for which she was thrilled, and a photo to treasure as a memory of her family's trip to the Grand Canyon.

Parking at the Historic Lodge became an issue when I got caught up at an odd angle and proceeded to dump my bike with my wife on it. We got it up quickly and just before bruising could show up on my ego, a buddy graciously, but unintentionally, dumped his Heritage which made me feel better immediately. Lunch in the Historic Tovar Room was elegant and the snow fall enchanting. Little did we know Snow Fall Round Two was going to get under way, but from what we learned the previous day, it wasn't going to be the end of the world (Remember: perverse pleasure). We bid farewell and paraded out of the park with numerous sightings of elk.

The plan was to visit the Grand Canyon dealership in Flagstaff (AZ) so the route took us on Highway 180 over the nearby mountains. Mountains equal snow all in a day's ride; I'm not saying we were liking it, just not fearing it. Highway 180 into Flagstaff takes a circuitous route but finally spits you out onto the I-140 and just before you can say "Where's the dealership?", there it is 20 miles out of town. Coffee and restrooms, simple pleasures but HUGE on this occasion.

Eventually it was time to go and HoJo's was sounding pretty good. OH NO! The hot tub was down, but at least the pool felt great and what a treat at the end of another risky day. We partied around the pool room until it was time to go to dinner and the restaurant chosen was next door, a Mexican joint to boot, and very

convenient. I was fortunate to sit next to one of the lady riders and learned what an I-phone is all about. I am not a Ludite but it's all gee-whiz stuff for me, simply amazing. All in all, another great day of memory making and it was only the second day.

Saturday dawned bright and shining with glorious blue skies forever, the pay off for the last two days. All present and accounted for as our Road Captain to-be lined us up and had us ready to go. We rolled on to I-40 East at the appointed time heading for Highway 89A and the Red Rock country that's so bright it puts my bike to shame. First, up Oak Creek Canyon and the fab views from the edge. The downhill ride to Sedona (AZ) can only be fully enjoyed on a motorcycle and especially a throbbing Harley as the corners swing and sway in a rhythm that unites rider and machine into a single entity. As we started to come out of our Zen-like state of mind and approach the outskirts of Sedona, the beautiful spires of deep red fixated the eyes and enlightened the soul to remind us why we love to ride.



What would our local bike riders give to experience this?

I had been talking with fellow HOG member who had moved with his family to Arizona and met up with him in Sedona. They were trying to arrange a party at one of the dealerships in the area but it was not to be; however he didn't know his cousin was on our ride because I had been sworn to secrecy. It was great to see the startled look on my friend's face when he was accosted by his cousin. Sometimes 90 minutes is not enough time to see a place but it doesn't mean you can't come back when you have more time. The purpose of an E. C. E. T. S. ride is to explore with your friends, make new ones and then go off together for further exploration. On the way out of town I was starting to feel something different. It was warmth, not uncomfortable, but definitely a desirable trend. Our route would take us through Cottonwood and no, that wasn't snow, just the town's namesake shedding a little love on us. The town of Jerome (AZ) was a planned drive through and it was pretty easy to see why, but there just wasn't any parking until you got out of town. The scenic overlook provided the opportunity to shed a few layers and take the all important photo-op before heading into Prescott (AZ). **(Concluded on Page 8)**

Getting revenge on Mother Nature

By Buddy Paquet

Although it didn't make a debut until 1939 at the 40th National Automobile Show, Nash engineers developed a cutting-edge development in automotive comfort when they introduced the first automobile air conditioning system in 1938. The car builder bought kitchen appliance maker Kelvinator in 1937 and their engineers used the access to refrigeration technology to come up with the latest modernization in that automotive era. They introduced the auto industry's first compact and affordable single-unit heating and a/c system as an option on their 1954 models.

Prior to 1940, the only way to keep cool in an a car was to open a window. What flew into the car was another matter. At the 1939 NAS, a Packard prototype featured the expensive device, allowing the vehicle's occupants to travel in the luxury of a controlled environment even on the hottest and humid summer day.

After the driver chose a desired temperature, the Packard air-conditioning system would cool or heat the air in the car to the designated level, then dehumidify, filter and circulate the cooled air to create comfortable surroundings. The Packard AC was a rather awkward affair with no independent shut-off mechanism. To turn it off, the driver had to stop the car and the engine, then open the hood to disconnect a belt connected to the air conditioning compressor. The main air-conditioning unit was located behind the rear seat of the Packard, where a special air duct accommodated two compartments; one for the refrigerating coils and one for the heating coils. The capacity of the air-conditioning unit was equivalent to 1.5 tons of ice in 24 hours when the car was driven at highway driving speeds.

The innovation received widespread acclaim at

the auto show, but the expensive accessory would not be within the reach of the average American for several decades. It was an option that could be installed for \$274. Soon after, Cadillac was also offering auto AC in its luxury cars. Both Packard and Cadillac cars equipped with air conditioning were mainly offered in the American Southwest. Mechanical engineers weren't long in introducing some needed improvements, ultimately making air conditioning on wheels so essential that even convertibles had it.

By 1947, many independent manufacturers created a large aftermarket business by installing air conditioners on all makes of cars. However, when automobile A/C finally became affordable, it rapidly became a luxury that U.S. car owners could not live without. The gradual acceptance of fresh air heating and the cowl ventilator started a trend toward modern automotive air-conditioning.

Most competing systems came to use a separate heating system and an engine-mounted compressor driven off the crankshaft of the engine via a belt with an evaporator in the car's trunk to deliver cold air through the rear parcel shelf and overhead vents. GM made a front mounted AC system

optional in 1954 on Pontiacs with the straight eight engine that added separate controls and air distribution.

What is the most important thing, at least in this part of the country, is that automobile manufacturers did it. By 1969, 54% of the domestic vehicles were equipped with air conditioning with the system needed not only for passenger comfort, but also to increase the car's resale value.

I realize we, as a country, have gotten soft over the years but I am thankful for modern conveniences.



Snow Patrol concluded

I couldn't believe how it had changed since the last time I came through and believe me it was all gut-check getting through the outskirts let alone the big downtown festival. I was glad to see a recognizable gas station on the edge of town close to the Comfort Inn that we took over a few years back.

I love the "twisties" on Highway 89 and just for pure pleasure took them at a leisurely rate, not my usual first-one-down-the-hill wins the race. Yeah, I've kind of mellowed out a bit but the day just told me to slow down and enjoy the ride and that's what I did. One fact is that in the 15 years and 25 rides I've led, no one who has followed me ever got a ticket. I wish I could say there have been no accidents but out the hundreds of thousands of miles we've ridden together, I'll match ourselves against any organization. Great twisties.

Wickenburg (AZ), of course, was just down the hill and changed little since the last time I was in town, a real pleasure. The Best Western was very hospitable and finally had the temperature tuned up on the spa. I couldn't find the controls for the jets, but I took what I could get. Naturally, we had to party a bit before we could collectively take ourselves to dinner two doors down at the 7 Café. I've seen 30 people walk into a place and cause a panic before the good folks cinched up and treated us to good food and positive attitudes and this was no exception. It was a pleasurable evening and we still have one more beautiful day to go and it's also the hardest – the way home. Wickenburg is a nice place to leave from and I don't mean that in a derogatory way, it just close to home and if you want to leave later you can without getting home too late. Like most everyone else, we took our coupon for the Golden Nugget to breakfast and had a pretty decent, if not casually, served meal. I don't know who bought our breakfast, but thank you.

Sadly, it was time to get on the ride home after a false start by yours truly. We reversed course and headed to Yuma. The desert was absolutely alive with color. The rain really helped it put on a show. What can be a harsh experience turned out to be a glorious late spring. All along, I talked about going to Lutz Casino for lunch and it was if they were waiting for us. There was no problem seating us all together. Just like in the movies, there sat a piano and like the movies, who would expect some guy in a Harley tee shirt and doo-rag to bang out some boogie woogie to everyone's amazement. That person was one of our group and yes, there were encores. The food came and the potato tacos were great. Again, I didn't get a check and I would like to thank the person responsible. We had a great group of riders – some were first-timers and some were familiar faces.

During dinner, I was asked to give a little speech so here it is. Through the years, my goal has always been to exceed your Harley expectations, to bridge the gap between the once negative image of bikers to the motorcycle enthusiast. It has been my pleasure that you are enjoying my passion. I've treasured every ride and every new friend I've made.

One person may start something but it takes many to keep it going. I've approached someone to take on the job and I think the requirements are minimal. First: enthusiasm – a desire to share your passion with others and seek out shared and common ground. Second: Have fun – remember you are on a fun trip, we're not a drill team so don't expect us to be one. Third: Don't measure success by size – it's the fun that counts.

All in all, another great trip of memory making.



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**Deep South Region AACA
General Membership Meeting July 22, 1010**

Vice President Walt Fuller called the meeting to order at 7:05 p.m. The invocation was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance. A quorum was established by 24 members and four officers. There were three guests present; Guy Short and a friend plus Ernest Rogers.

Old Business: (1) Regarding the special quilt that was presented to the club, Patt Paquet suggested that it be given to Steven Goren upon completion of his term as President. Walt Fuller moved that the quilt be presented to Jim Henderson for his auto museum as a permanent display item for the DSR. The motion was seconded by John Pendergrass, motion approved.

The Secretary moved the minutes of the last meeting as published in the current edition of the *Sparkplug* be approved. The motion was seconded and carried.

The Treasurer's July report was distributed to the membership and approved. The Editor of the club's newsletter reminded the membership a new editor was needed no later than January 2011. There were no immediate volunteers.

There was a discussion of the need for a final report from the 2010 Mother's Day Car Show Committee for planning purposes for 2011. There was no further Old Business.

New Business: September 18 was selected as the date for a Club tour to the Busted Wrench Garage and Museum in Gulfport, MS. Details will be presented at the August meeting.

Paul Dagenais, Member-at-Large, distributed a proposed amendment to the DSR Bylaws. Copy attached. (Please see Page __ for more information.)

The 50-50 Pot was won by Debbie Bright who returned it to the club. This broke the winning streak for Judy Bobo who was two down and one to go for a trifecta. Now everything is back to square one.

The meeting adjourned at 7:45 p.m. with members retiring to the kitchen for refreshments.

Submitted by

John Pendergrass, Acting Secretary



First AACA woman president loses courageous battle with cancer

Janet Marie Ricketts, 1999 AACA President, passed away on August 9, 2010, in Tarpon Springs, Florida. She is survived by her husband of 42 years, John; daughter Tracy (Jeff) Lescher, son Daniel (Dawn) and four grandchildren. Together, she and John started several successful businesses. Later Janet pursued a career in financial planning. Never one to have spare time on her hands, she began taking piano lessons in mid-life to satisfy a long-time dream to play.

Janet and John were avid antique auto enthusiasts which lead to her becoming AACA's first female national president. Prior to assuming that position, she was a wholehearted member of several Regions before she ran for the AACA Board of Directors. Upon election to the Board, she held numerous Vice President slots before becoming an Officer. She took all of her assignments seriously and was responsible for developing and initiating many programs that helped AACA better serve its members as well as becoming more widely known and regarded as a most prestigious antique vehicle club.

Janet always had a ready smile and time to chat with any member who approached her. She enjoyed judging, the hobby within our hobby, and her words of encouragement have been responsible for numerous members returning to meets after having gone home without winning their first time out. She pushed them to attend the free judging schools to learn how to improve their vehicle and when she met them on the field, she made it a point to thank them for having brought their pride and joy back again. This little personal habit of hers became an unwritten rule later on for all Team Captains when the judging teams approach a vehicle.

Mrs. Ricketts will be missed by not only her immediate family but by her extended AACA family as well. DSR extends its sympathy to her family during this time.

Stop, thief !!

By Patt Paquet

We received a call of distress on Tuesday for a one-car display on Thursday, July 29th for the Bruno's Grocery located on University at Airport Boulevard. The person explained they were having an Ice Cream Social from 3-6 p.m. but one of the two cars scheduled to be there had to drop out. She found us on the internet and hoped we could/would come to the rescue.

Little did we know how quickly a static display could turn into late afternoon excitement. We arrived a little ahead of time, parked where we were directed and set up camp just inside the sliding doors to take advantage of the AC. Shoppers came and went with some stopping to talk – those red club shirts sure do catch an eye – and some who were too young to appreciate just what they were seeing.

The Marketing and Advertising Rep who had called us kept checking to see if we needed water or some other type of cold drink, coffee or ice cream floats. We actually enjoyed sitting where we were because we got in on the tail-end of seeing the groceries for one of the oil spill crew boats being checked out and loaded into a trailer. Once that task was done, we watched one of the managers going around with an arm-long list and a couple of helpers pushing buggies while Mr. Henderson (no relation) filled them. When those were brought to the checkout, all of the items requiring freezer or refrigeration were done first and the buggy pushed somewhere to the back to be held for pickup. The other things were checked, loaded into boxes and put aside until they were paid for and picked up.

It was about this time that a rather big disturbance occurred at the doorway at the other side of the store. Seems as if a fellow had a taste for some really good steaks for dinner but didn't feel it necessary to pay for them. The managers plus another employee took out after him, catching him just before he could get in his car. He handed his booty back without incident and the employees returned to the store. The other "Mr. H" told us it was just easier to let him go with a warning to never come back than to go through the criminal process. What a way to spend an otherwise boring Thursday afternoon!

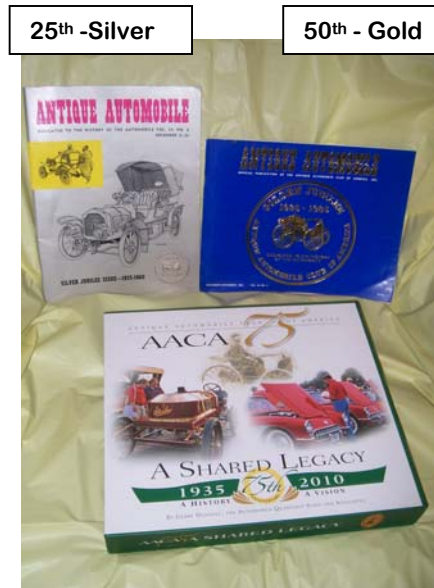


AACA Anniversary Edition Books

By Buddy Paquet

I hope at least some of you paid attention to all the AACA 75th Anniversary information that has been coming our way since the first of this year. There was an opportunity to purchase a very special edition publication commemorating the AACA's 75th Anniversary. Knowing we wouldn't be able to attend the event, we ordered a copy which we received recently.

Not being able to attend the gala the first of July was not the only reason I wanted the book. You see, I was fortunate to find a copy of the book published celebrating AACA's Silver (25 years) Anniversary a good while back when attending the Hershey Meet and only a few years ago, I found a copy of the Fiftieth Anniversary publication at a flea market at a Florida meet.



You can see what a great addition the 75th publication is to our automobile book library. I seriously doubt I will be around to add the 100th edition to our collection but if I am that lucky, you can bet it will be one-of-a-kind.

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