

**Your November 2010 issue of The Sparkplug follows this page
This issue has 10 pages including this calendar**

2010 Dates to Remember

Dec. 18 Holiday Parade with DSR providing 10 convertibles *followed by Club's Christmas get-together in the clubhouse.*

**DSR's Afternoon Christmas "Linner"
(That's what comes between lunch & dinner.)**

MENU

Vegetable soup cup
Sandwich tray with turkey, ham & roast beef
Lettuce , tomatoes & condiments on the side
Potato salad, pickles & chips
Cookies

**RESERVATIONS REQUIRED - \$10 per person
Please send checks – payable to DSR to
4963 Freeway Lane Mobile, AL 36691
no later than Dec. 15th and preferably before.**

QUESTIONS?? 661-4009 or 709-2572

Dec. 25 Christmas Day

2011 Dates you need to know

Jan 1. New Year's Day
Jan. 22? Traditional outing to David's Catfish House for lunch
Jan. 27 DSR monthly meeting in clubhouse
Feb. 24 DSR monthly meeting in clubhouse with annual Soup & Chili Supper

Check out the *New and Better than ever* Deep South Region Website at
<http://local.aaca.org/deepsouth/>



Final Score: DSR 22 – Pigs 0

By Patt Paquet

The club’s first Thanksgiving Dinner was held on Saturday, November 22, 1997 in the newly completed addition to the clubhouse. A dedication ceremony designating the building as the Lloyd Crowdus Memorial had been held September 21st with AACA Past President John Myer attending.

Al and Anna White coordinated the gala event and 55 members sat down together after sharing all the things each was thankful for before filling plates with an abundance of food.

This year, on Saturday, November 20th, it was the 13th annual gridiron classic. Assistant Coach Judy Bobo had met with her quarterbacks on Friday while Head Coach Foy Bobo was returning from Tuscaloosa having overseen the big business of the Alabama vs Georgia State game. When the physical arrangements had been laid out, they put the finishing on the DSR field and left, knowing the stadium was ready for the big game the following day.

Weather-wise, it was a day that footballers dream of perfect playing temperature with nothing in the sky but sunshine. Team Captain Steve Goren called all the players together for a brief, but necessary, meeting. When the team was released and the coin tossed, DSR chose to receive. They stood with white flags in hand and went against the opponents poking, prodding, dipping and spooning. It was a sight to behold as the first Pig fell under the assault followed moments later by the other team’s players clad in yellow, red, green, orange and several shades of brown.

The DSR team scattered over the field and sat down to contemplate how best to approach the second half of the game. Apparently, there were

some who thought they had given their all during the first part of the foray, but some of the more stout of heart (?) felt they could hang in for at least another skirmish or two. They willingly returned to the 50 yard line for one more attempt at making sure there was nothing left of the opponents.

This done, Asst. Coach Judy called in her additional team members so they could have an opportunity to show their stuff. They took their assignments seriously and fell to clearing the playing field of trash and debris left by those who had put forth such Herculean efforts ahead of them. They cleaned all of the equipment and stored it in the proper lockers to be used another day.

Playing at various positions by contributing all the gourmet delights as well as helping to make sure nothing was left to chance



Martha Fuller, Judy Bobo (back to camera) and Janet Smith work on the team’s equipment

There were 2 Bobos, 2 Chaudrons, L. Crowdus, 2 Cox, R. Estes, 2 Fullers,

S. Goren, 2 Lyles, 2 Paquets, 2 Pendergrass, B. Peterson, 2 Smiths, 2 Wilsons and 2.2 guests of the Paquets.

As everyone left the grandstands, a cry of “Go, DSR, go!!!” sounded over the grounds. Thanks to the Coaches and the team, it was a very good day and we all left being thankful for our DSR family.

Check the newly updated DSR website for pictures of the Veteran’s Day Parade and the Thanksgiving celebration. Check later for info on the Dec. 18th Christmas Lunch.

From the driver's seat



It must be one of Murphy's Laws that when I am trying to put together my thoughts to share with you for the month, my desk disappears beneath a blizzard of patient charts, professional magazines, notes to myself plus all the other paperwork that rules my life.

I hope all of you had an especially nice Thanksgiving this year. I spent mine recouping from some minor surgery but I am back on the road now. By the way, tell my why it is that when the Doc says it's "minor" and I have it done, it seems to be MAJOR?!

At the last meeting we made progress on adding to our slate of candidates for 2011 Officers and Volunteers. I remind you that both your national and local 2011 dues must be paid prior to the installation if you are one of those who will be holding a post next year.

We had a very enjoyable club Thanksgiving Dinner on Saturday, Nov. 20th. It seems to work well combining it and our November meeting. My thanks to Foy and Judy Bobo and all those who helped make it a success.

Our Christmas Lunch will follow the Mobile Holiday Parade and I hope that as many of you as possible will be there. We don't have a formal meeting in December but this event provides for the installation of the new officers as well as saying thanks to those who will be moving from the front table to the back of the room.

Last, but surely not least, join me in sending prayers, good thoughts and cards to our member Carl Bailey. Carl is a faithful member who served as our keeper of the monies for a number of years and is having a rough go medically right now.

Steve Goren, President

Thought for the month: Remember riding home from a relative's house after a holiday celebration, it was dark and all the stars were shining bright and you, and maybe a sibling or two, lying on the back seat looking out the back and side windows, while your parents talked softly in the front seat and feeling the warm air from the heater coming under the seats? I do.



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- Vice President: Walt Fuller....." 602-1931
- Secretary: Cathy Goren....." 633-8171
- 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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- Chaplain: Kevin Crowell....." 660-1888
- 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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**Please share this
newsletter with
a friend.**





From the Editor...

As each year gets nearer the end, I always wonder what I can say that will not only be appropriate, but that will impress upon each of you how strongly I feel about our hobby. I have been into the "old car" thing almost all of my life because the first car I ever had was really an old car painted blue with a brush and a can of paint. (Heck, anything was better for a 16-year-old's social life than a bicycle!) But you know what? I loved that car and maybe I still do because it is some small part of me and how I feel. That is to say, the car was old and now I am.

I am not so vain as to think that every member reads this column. But for those of you who do, and are something akin to fearful of attempting to take on the JOB of being EDITOR, put away your fears. The newsletter is only what you make of it. If you look at those displayed in the clubhouse, you will see everything from two or three sheets that make up 4-6 pages that are flyers promoting shows in the area and minutes of the last meeting to a couple of very slick publications professionally done with lots of Region/Chapter stories/info and good tech help.

There is a happy "in-between" and that is doing something that you want to share with fellow hobbyists. The club owns a copy machine. We sell an ad or two here and there to defray expenses. We do an exchange with other Region Editors and that allows us to read/hoard articles the current Editor, thinks might be of interest to others in our group. As a matter of fact, I have a nice stockpile of those on hand to give to the one who steps up to take over.

Finally, my thought is that good things to read are timeless. A story about the AACA Western Fall Meet starts on Page 7. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did and I know all the "bikers" in our group can equate with it.

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Vintage Ad of the Month

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The Camaro SS is a hard-core performance car. It's the kind of car that's built to be driven, not just looked at. It's got the power windows, the power locks, the power windows, the power locks, the power windows, the power locks. Pulling you back, keeping you there.

A note of thanks

I just want to thank all of you for the cards and words of encouragement. I am doing much better and am learning to live with a little discomfort. Also, I guess I have to accept that I am not as young as I used to be.

I hope to get back to attending meetings again because I really miss all of you.

With God's help and the outcome of the 2010 Iron Bowl to boot, I look forward to seeing everyone soon.

Stella Suttle

DSR leads, and anchors, Mobile Veteran's Day Parade

By Dick Cashdollar and Buddy Givens

This year's Veteran's Day Parade presented a unique opportunity for DSR. First, three of Jim Henderson's cars led the parade carrying a variety of notables. Second, DSR entered a large contingent of member cars further back in the parade. Since there was no contact between these two groups during the parade, this report will be in two parts – one recounting the experience of each group.

The VIP Transport Group was Jim's wonderful '57 Chevy, the '76 Caddy "Parade Float" and the '64 Mustang – all three convertibles. Jim drove the lead car, the Chevrolet, carrying the Patriot of the Year, Ann-Margaret, and her husband of 43 years, Roger Smith. Ann-Margaret was honored for her years of USO shows entertaining troops throughout the Viet Nam War. The second car was the Cadillac, driven by one of Jim's friends, carrying the Veteran of the Year, Green Beret Col. Pat Downing and his wife of 46 years. The third car, the Mustang, carried Mobile City Council President Reggie Copeland and newly-elected County Commissioner Connie Hudson, and was driven by Yours Truly (Dick C.).

During my 12-year tenure as Mobile's Director of Public Safety I was in charge of this parade each year, and I can't ever remember crowds as big as this year. The parade assembly area (Civic Center parking lot) was absolutely jammed full of people and vehicles – marginally controlled chaos. Part of the mayhem was centered around Jim's car as soon as Ann-Margaret showed up. She was completely mobbed by folks wanting photos and autographs. She was a real trooper, and tried her best to satisfy the requests of her fans. The next time you see Herb Thoms, ask to see his Viet Nam cap. He had previously gotten a Lee Greenwood autograph on it and now it has Ann-Margaret's, too.



Ann-Margaret, with Herb's cap, with Jim on the back of the "57.

The parade route was jammed with people yelling "We love you Ann-Margaret!". She was ever the gracious lady, and asked Jim to stop the car numerous times so admirers could come to the car and get a picture taken with her. Attendance at the Award Lunch later was colossal – there must have been nearly a thousand people in the Fort Whiting Armory.

One final note. I personally appreciate Jim trusting me with his beautiful '1964 Mustang for the day. I greatly enjoyed the driving experience. I also learned something – Ford products actually can go faster than 40 MPH!



The parade was blessed with beautiful weather and patriotic crowds, with many in the crowds being wheelchair-bound Veterans. As a Veteran myself, it was with a mixture of many different feelings to hear those in the throng shouting "Thank You!!" and holding up signs of appreciation. Old Glory was waving proudly – and what a challenge it is to do one's part to keep it flying.

I was privileged to be driving Clyde and Janet Smith's shiny black 1957 Thunderbird convertible so the Smiths could put their 1956 Ford F-150 panel truck in it's first parade. This was a day I will long remember.

DSR vehicles were bringing up the end of the procession and had gone only a short distance before coming to a stand-still. We all wondered what was going on. Dick's account explains the stop-and-go situation all through downtown.

When we were finished with our driving duties, all those who had no other obligations gathered at the Paquet home for a soup and salad feast. The soup was served in a cup of each one's choice which is to be brought back to the next "Soup Day". Of course the largest cups were already gone after the first few

Continued on Page 8

Fountain of Life Church Car Show Saraland, Alabama

By Dick Cashdollar

I really like these smaller, church-sponsored car shows. A more relaxed environment, groups of nice folks genuinely happy to see you, and grateful for your participation in their show. Rural Alabama seems to be full of people who represent the kind of America that I recognize and appreciate. It's just plain fun spending a day with them.

Such was the case at the church mentioned in the title, located in Saraland, just off I-65 at Exit 13 on Saturday, Nov. 13th. About 40 cars entered in all, mostly street rods with a fairly nice sized contingent of Corvettes courtesy of Port City Corvettes. This was the second show sponsored by this church. The first one was several years ago and they are now thinking about making this a regular event. All proceeds of the show went toward retiring the church mortgage. The good news was that they were planning a mortgage burning party later that next week.

One nice twist to this show is that they included lunch in the registration fee. A real Southern classic lunch – pulled port sandwiches, sweet tea and homemade vanilla ice cream for dessert. It hardly gets any better than that!!

Ed Grimes and I were there representing DSR. Both of us did OK in the judging, with Ed receiving a Third Place plaque in the 1950s category for his 1957 T-Bird and my '95 Corvette received a First Place award in the 1990s category. All in all, a really great way to spend a beautiful Fall Saturday. Hope I can go back there next November! **(Ed. Note:** Maybe more of us can go there next year.)



Cars prepped and ready for the judges

First Dauphin Way Baptist Church Car Show

By Michael Palmer

The car show November 13, 2010, at the Dauphin Way Baptist Church was very nice. Everyone started arriving (can you believe it?) around 8:00 a.m..

As each car pulled in, it had a picture taken next to a sign saying *Dauphin Way Baptist Church Car Show*. All participants received a bag full of goodies – i.e., gifts from sponsors. In the bottom of the bag were pads and pens amount other things, but get this – a pen-like container of sun block which was perfect for the beautiful, clear, sunny day ahead. Too bad – I didn't discover mine until the end of the show!

Before long, there were 50-60 cars for everyone to enjoy. Lots of different cars and faces were there, some familiar and then again – some new ones. The interaction with competitors was great.



Even Elvis Presley made an appearance. He rode through the parking lot in a 1959 Cadillac convertible, draping the famous – or should I say – *infamous* – scarves around ladies shoulders and trying to give each one a hug.

Door prize tickets were given in exchange for your judging sheet for the Top 30 cars. These numbers were later drawn and nice prizes awarded. There were plaques for the TOP THIRTY cars and several Sponsor's Awards. Also, the pictures taken of each care were available for a \$1 donation. The folks at DWBC were very good hosts and appreciative of all who participated. This will be an annual event to raise funds for their youth ministry.

The Ladies Page

By Patt Paquet

OK, ladies, we all know that at some time or other in our lives, we have had an exceptionally good, or a horrendous, Thanksgiving holiday experience. Hope you find something here that will tickle your funny bone or maybe even make you remember some of your “wishbone” thoughts.

A few years ago I had dinner with some friends. The gal and her boyfriend were pretty novice cooks and were in charge of the meal. They decided to use an oven bag to cook the turkey and probably left that thing in the oven a good hour longer than was needed. By the time they pulled the turkey out, the breast meat had split open and was starting to turn to jerky. Thank goodness there were a lot of appetizers and side dishes.

My husband and I were driving 8 hours, on the Sunday of Thanksgiving weekend, to clear out his mother's home after she died. We stopped at a truck stop just outside the small town where she lived and had hot turkey sandwiches. It was a small bright spot that the turkey was from an actual roasted turkey instead of sliced, packaged.

Uh-oh... maybe it's this one. We were invited to our son and DIL's house for Thanksgiving. Husband begged me to cook a turkey to take along but I pointed out it might be more than a little insulting to show up with a substitute centerpiece of the dinner in hand (and I'm not going to be the one to take that fall). Now he wants me to make a Thanksgiving dinner to leave at home so when we come back he can eat. I know this will be repeated at Christmas too.

One year my mom, who was a mediocre (at best) and unenthusiastic cook, served a turkey "roll"--I believe it was chopped, processed with nasty chemicals, and sort of reconstituted. I was up all night with the worst indigestion outside of food poisoning I've ever had. She was a wonderful and loving mother, and loved being surrounded by her family, but she couldn't cook to save her life.

We hosted the "Pre-Thanksgiving Trial Run Potluck" a few nights before the real holiday.. I made whole boneless stuffed chicken and pork

loins with dried fruit and cider glaze. Our friends and neighbors brought side dishes and desserts they wanted to try out before using for their T-day dinners. The pot luck was crowded, noisy, warm, friendly, with lots of appreciative comments on the food, swapping of recipes, packing up and distribution of leftovers, and pitching in on clean up. Not a single snark the whole evening! Everyone claimed it a success and an example of how T-day should be. So now we're all ready to face our families!

A few years back, while working in a cheese shop, a customer spent a good bit of time with me picking out cheese for her T-day gathering. I helped her pair up cheeses with the other dishes, the wines, and gave her instructions on preparing the cheese plate. I advised her to set them out for at least 30 minutes to get to room temp. A few days later she informed me that while setting out, her cat ate all the cheese. She was very upset, as she'd spent well over \$50 on cheese. Bad T-day for her. Now I always warn customers who have cats.

To digress a bit...fast forward to the day after Thanksgiving, better known as “Black Friday”.

A shopper brought all of her purchases to my register, heaved them onto the counter and began digging in her large handbag. She found the usual paraphernalia one would expect and a young middle-aged woman's purse.

She, at last, found her wallet with her credit card but as she was pulling it out, it brought up a TV remote control with it.

“Why are you carrying a TV remote control with you?” I asked. She replied, “My husband refused to come shopping with me and I thought this was the most evil, thing I could do to him, legally, to get even.”

2010 AACA Western Fall Meet

Special to the Sparkplug by Harry McGill, Southwestern Two Wheelers AACA Region

Our trip to Cheyenne, Wyoming to attend the AACA Western Fall Meet started on Aug. 31st. Evelyn on her '98 Harley Sportster 1200 and me on the 2007 Harley Heritage; both loaded with everything we could carry. Traffic was not as bad as we expected getting out of the San Diego area, the same for Riverside and Las Vegas, so we had easy travel all the way to Mesquite, NV on I-15 (422 miles). The weather was cool from home to Barstow, CA where it warmed to shirt-sleeve temps and went on up to about 95 at Vegas and higher in Mesquite. We stayed at the Virgin River Hotel/ Casino there – not bad but strictly NO frills – like a coffee pot. Played the slots and won a little making for a good night's sleep.

Wednesday morning was cool enough for a light jacket as we continued up I-15 through the Virgin River Gorge, a really beautiful ride on a bike. It stayed cool all the way to the Salt Lake City area (340 miles), making for nice travel. We make a short stop at the Provo Harley dealership which is of a very interesting design plus they have a number of antique Harleys spread out in the store.

We woke up to continued cool weather the next morning and didn't get started too early. As we climbed out of Salt Lake, the thermometer went lower as we went higher. We had to stop a couple of times to add another layer of clothing and warm our hands on the engines. We came out on the plains and the winds increased making it down right cold. It stayed that way and by the time we reached Laramie (390 miles), we were beat. Had an extra day in the schedule for a "just in case" situation so we stayed the night with a lower hotel rate rather than push on another 50 miles to Cheyenne, the end of our journey. Next morning, the Weather Channel indicated it was 30 degree outside and a quick check of the bikes, which we had not covered, found a puddle of ICE in my saddle. By mid-morning, it was up to 55^o and we were off.

Friday we arrived at the Little America Hotel in Cheyenne; a really beautiful place with a half dozen or more lodges spread out into the Pine trees. We got lucky and they let us check in early. Had a very good lunch in their dining facility, checked in with the AACA Registration, made arrangements to share a ride to the evening social at the Old West Museum then attended the Judging School. We were really surprised to see and talk with Howard and Judy Scotland; it has been many years since they attended an AACA meet. Howard was AACA's President in 1988 and 1989.

The Old West Museum has a very nice collection of wagons, Western and Indian Art and a lot of bull riding memorabilia. At the entrance was an old car, "Cheyenne or Bust". It does run and is used only one week each year for Cheyenne Days. The rest of the time it is left outside to continue its aging. During the social hour we had a chance to meet with more old friends from around the country and made some new ones, too. The "Milk Can Dinner" was most interesting since we'd never seen one before. It was very good and, of course, I overdid it.

Several individuals who registered for this meet had their eyes squinted and brow furrowed while questioning High Plains Chapter members about this Friday night dinner. If you've not experienced one of these meals, you are in for a meal treat that is often served in homes, yards and museums on the plains of this state.

First of all, an old fashioned metal milk can is needed. "...in Cheyenne, WY, it is very difficult to find a good milk can that has not rusted. Some are dented but that only lends character to the can." The interior of the milk cans should be smooth and have a heavily tinned interior to prevent rusting and difficulty in cleaning. And, yes, SOS pads are required. An eight-gallon can serves 16-18 and a 10-gallon handles 10-12 diners but if you are lucky enough to obtain a ten-gallon size, you are good for approximately 25 individuals.

The ingredients of the container vary, but in general include vegetables and sausage and/or chicken. Some cooks use fish but this is not seen frequently as it requires special handling and less cooking time.



Not too many years ago, cooks would set up two cement blocks and a fire was built underneath for heating. That was not a problem, even with moisture, but if the wind came up, that proved **(Cont. on Page 8)**

2010 Western Fall Meet

to be a predicament. And if left unattended, within a very short time the lid was blown 40-50 feet into the air and your neighbors could sample your dinner contents. Today, most people use propane burners. But the “pot must still be watched.”

There is a proper order for placing the items in the milk can as vegetables requiring the most heat are placed first in the bottom of the can. For example, you will start with 25 potatoes – not peeled and three pounds of peeled carrots, and some ears of fresh corn that have been shucked, et. After layering is complete, water is added but some folks have been know to add a can of beer as well. In about an hour and 45 minutes, the meal is ready for serving.

If one looked on the northeast side of the Frontier Museum late this Friday after-noon, six milk cans containing dinner for those on hand could be seen.

The entertainment following was not only different, but outstanding. “Hands in Harmony” is a group of young people, ages four through 19, who perform musicals in sign language, which is really awesome to watch. Unfortunately, my photos did not turn out very well, but you can find them on the Internet.

Saturday, of course, starts with the Judges’ Breakfast for those AACA members who will be judging (and sometimes showing) cars. A short time later, there were CJE (Continuing Judges Education) Classes which provide more specific areas of training for judges. Between 11 am and 1 pm, the vehicles were judged. I ran into an old friend whom I’d not seen in many years who teaches Auto Shop at Fort Collins (WY) High School and is also a motorcycle buff. Later that afternoon, Evelyn and I made a trip to downtown Cheyenne to find the Post Office and also found we should have allowed time for touring this city with so many places of interest. Next time – we will. Soon it was time for the Awards Banquet then the goodbyes to everyone until next time.

We were on the road early Sunday morning, headed to Lakewood, CO on the south side of Denver to visit friends formally of our area but now residents of Colorado. Another beautiful day with lots of sun, something I had already had too much of, even with sunscreen. My nose was looking more like Rudolf’s and my upper lip was getting blisters – past time to start using the face cover. It was great to see our friends again, enjoy some time to chat,

tour their beautiful new home plus visit their local VFW. They put us up for the night and we had a great “so long breakfast”.

We had decided to take I-70 back on Monday morning and with the weather report looking good – except it was cold – again, we added an additional layer. After making it through the Eisenhower Tunnel which is at about 11,000 feet and beginning the decent, it started to warm a little. The next day we saw the temp at nearby Berthoud Pass (a little over 11,000 feet) was 13 degrees. Luckily, it was behind us. By early evening, we were in Grand Junction.

Since it was somewhat warmer on Tuesday, we got an earlier start and making better time than expected, we continued riding until we reached Mesquite, NV (428 miles). We did run into some light rain at Cedar City, Utah, St. George and the south end of the Virgin River Gorge. Getting closer to home, we knew it would be warm. Again we stayed at the Virgin River Hotel/Casino. Oops, this time we weren’t so lucky, giving them back what w had won before.

One more early start, well – almost anyway – it was 8 AM. We had breakfast a short time later at the State Line. By late afternoon we arrive home which always feels good and with both of us having been on the bikes, not too much unpacking to do.

Veteran’s Day Parade concluded

folks in line! Dessert time offered members a chance for relaxed conversation on diverse subjects, not least of which was the new a/c and heat unit on the Paquet’s ’55 Ford. A very neat installation.

Thanks to all who participated, helping make this a special day for our club and our veterans. My only wish was that my wife, Anne, who is the most patriotic woman in all of America, could have been riding with me. Besides Dick and myself, either driving cars and/or attending the lunch were 2 Bobos, L. Crowdus, 2 Cox, 2 Fullers & grandsons, T. Godfrey (who sneaked out from work), Jim Henderson, our hosts – the Paquets, 2 Pendergrass, Ross Sloan, 2 Thoms and 2 Wilsons.

(Editor’s note: You can see pictures on our DSR website as well as in the club’s scrapbook of this event.)

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