

**Your July 2009 issue of The Sparkplug follows this page
There are 12 pages in the newsletter including this calendar**

2009 Dates to Remember

July 23 DSR monthly meeting 7:00 pm at the clubhouse

Aug. 1 Biloxi, MS 8th. Annual Show & Shine Open Car / Truck / Bike Show. Registration is 9am - 12:00 Noon, Awards 3:00 pm. \$20 Entry Fee. 50/50 · Door Prizes · Music. Flea Market, Art & Craft Show, inside Air Conditioned building Food & Cold Drinks Available. Joppa Shrine Center 13280 Hwy. 67 - Woolmarket, MS Exit 41 off I-10 / Then 1 mile North on Hwy.67. Vendor & Show Information 228 392-9345 Presented by Joppa Shriners

Oct. 4-11 Crusin' the Coast

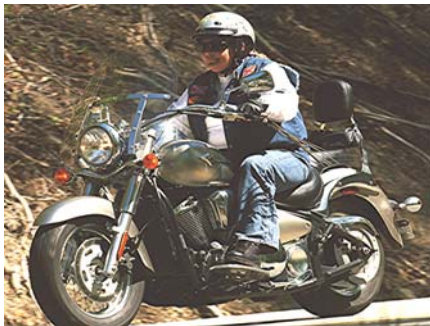
Oct. 7-10 Hershey ('Nuff said!)

Oct. 17 DSR day trip to Buddy & Anne Givens Old Towne in Vinegar Bend, AL



For sale

2006 harley Softail Deluxe
Dragon fly green and black 1 of 1800
7500 miles Garage kept and coverd
Also comes with a 6x12 trailer w/two bike mounts
\$15000.00
Info Call 251-510-4512



For Sale

2007 Vulcan Classic Gray 4500 miles
Garage kept and coverd
Info Call 251-510-4512
\$5000.00

**Parts wanted A. 2nd gear for a T10 Borg 5 speed B. T10 Munsey 4 speed
C. 223 Munsey 4 speed D. 373 Limited slip Diff Chevy 7.5 /7.7
Doug Harmon Gear Jammers of Baldwin County dougkharmon@yahoo.com
Home. 251-964-7011 Best - cell 251-599-3123**

Check out the Deep South Region AACA Website at <http://local.aaca.org/deepsouth/>
Pictures from the July 11th car benefit car show are there



Mobile car clubs turn out to help local baby

By Buddy Paquet

I knew Saturday, July 11th, was going to be hot but until only a few days before, I didn't know I would be in the middle of an asphalt parking lot at high noon. As it turned out, it was hot and I was in the middle of an asphalt parking lot with a bunch of other crazy car folks. But hey, it was for a good cause. We all know there are two things that are totally irresistible, kids and animals.

The *cause* in this case was Mackenzie Leclair Jackson, who came into the world as a five month preemie with Congenital Nephrotic Syndrome, a kidney disease that only 20 children out of one million have. She is now eight months old and has been at the University of Alabama – Birmingham – Medical Center for the past four months. Around the end of June, her kidneys were removed and she is on hemodialysis five time per week. She now weighs 11 pounds but cannot be considered for a transplant until she reaches 22 pounds. She will soon become an dialysis outpatient but will have to remain in the Birmingham area since what she requires cannot be done in Mobile.

Shawn Rounsavall, manager of the Firestone Tires store on Schillingers Road at Cottage Hill Road contacted DSR President Steve Goren about a car show. Steve had met Shawn when he was buying tires for the Biscayne after it was restored. Shawn is acquainted with the family through a bowling league and wanted to help generate some funds to help the family out with the mounting medical expenses. Steve got things rolling with the other clubs in town while Shawn worked with local auto supply stores to acquire raffle prizes.

Everything came together and the store's parking lot filled up with vehicles "for a cause".

Registration was a measly \$5 or any amount above that you wanted to make it. There were 'burgers and two kinds of 'dogs, chips, cookies, soft drinks and water so you could get lunch and for a donation of your choice. A real live "gitar" player doubled as the announcer for the day.

There was a beautiful Harley there and for a donation, you could have your picture made together. A display table was set up next to the registration area with a picture board of Mackenzie and some of the very nice raffle prizes donated by auto supply stores in the area. A RV repair shop contributed two of the newest style outdoor lounge chairs. DSR member Zeno Chaudron took the checkered Flag on one of them.



Shawn Rounsavall, Firestone store manager & DSR Prez Goren

Firestone donated the trophies of which there were six. Unfortunately, none went home with any DSR member. Those at the show enjoying each other's company and contributing to the worthwhile event were **T. Bell, Z. Chaudron, K. Crowell, W. Fuller, S. Goren, 2 Paquets and B. Peterson**. It was good to see former DSR member Eddie Anderson and members from the other clubs. I suppose all of us must have though someone else was going to bring a tent. Guess what? No one did. Lady Luck was with us since a friend of Eddie's had one set up complete with a small generator to power a couple of tower fans that he shared with all of us. The Lady smiled on us again when everything was wrapped up by 2:30.

Oh, I forgot to mention that the Harley was a huge multi-colored parrot. There actually was one motorcycle at the show but it wasn't a Harley. There was one real bicycle there, too; a Huffy.



From the driver's seat

What a hot summer it's been!!

But even though the temperatures have been extreme, it amazes me as to the generosity of the car collector community. I have seen cruise-ins and car shows popping up all summer raising money for good causes. Just when you think the heat will keep people away, you are proven wrong. This is a true testament to the type of people who make up our hobby.

I am also impressed that our club turns out to support these many causes, time after time, and in large numbers. It is also quite heartening to see our members networking with companies who can help our show be more successful in raising money for the charities. Car collectors have their hearts in the right place and it is an honor for me to be associated with such wonderfully generous people.

Until next time, keep using all those beautiful cars and trucks to help others.

Steve Goren, President

Quote of the Month

The 50-50-90 Rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong.



2009 Officers

- President: Steve Goren.....(251)633-8171
- Vice President: Walt Fuller....." 602-1931
- Secretary: Cathy Goren....." 633-8171
- Treasurer: Tracy Metclaf....." 433-0270
- Activities: Lycle Crowds....." 661-8486
- Frieda Dylewski....." 476-1870
- Editor: Buddy Paquet....." 661-4009
- E-mail: dsr951@bellsouth.net
- Member-at-Large: Paul Dagenais....." 433-0270

Volunteers/Appointees

- 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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newsletter with
a friend.*



Meet more new DSR couples

Peter (Pete) Pearce and his wife, Toni, native Mobilians, were high school sweethearts. Although they have no children, they do have two cats, Princeton and Grace. Pete took a liking to antique cars when he was 13 years old through a friend and soon had himself a 1931 stock Model A. That may well have been the last Ford he owned until he sold all of his other toys and acquired a 2003 Thunderbird. According to him, this might have been due to a mid-life crisis on his part. His favorites are the Tri-year (1955-57) Chevys and older model Corvettes, especially '58s.



Toni does not necessarily share Pete's love of automobiles but when the chips are down, she is his champion. After 39 years of wedded bliss and a multitude of automobiles passing through the marriage, when Pete is ready to sell a vehicle, Toni is the one he depends on. He shows the car but she's the negotiator and handles the sale. Generally, to her, an automobile is to get you from Point A to Point B but if she could have any car she wanted with money being no object, she would be tooling around in a Mercedes sport model.

He had been to DSR's annual show numerous times; once as a competitor and the others as a spectator with his friends who had cars in the show. His friend, Zeno Chadron, invited him to the June meeting and he signed he and his wife up that night. He is an active member of their church, Springhill Presbyterian, serving as Deacon and Elder.

Gulf Coast Truck and Equipment Company, a family business, has been his employer for 41 years. Toni is an Executive Secretary employed by three men and also own Pearce Secretarial Service. The both have a great love for traveling, especially spending time in the Caribbean where they spent the week before this month's meeting relaxing away from the real world and enjoying good books and an occasional adult beverage.

Please take the opportunity at this month's July 23rd meeting to shake hands and say hello to a fellow hobbyist and a confirmed Chevy lover with just a little twist of Ford appreciation thrown in along with his personal negotiator.



There are some people who have just too many hobbies. Fred Brown is one of those. His interest in classic cars began with a '56 Thunderbird that he drove while in college at the University of Tennessee. A native Texan (Ft. Worth) can't go to college anywhere unless there's a "T" someplace in the name. Emily, a native of Randolph County Alabama stayed closer to home making Jacksonville State University her alma mater.

After the T bird came a 1957 Ford Fairlane HT as a second family car in the 1970s. He and Emily have a blended family; he with 2 daughters ages 38 and 40, and Emily with 39 year old son. Between them they have five grandchildren. Fred is a semi-retired real estate agent and Emily is a receptionist at a dental office in

Gulf Shores. They resided in Montgomery for 12 years before moving to Orange Beach in 1994.

Fred actually became interested in antiques when he bought his first car, a 1957 Chevy. He found DSR on the internet, they attended the June meeting and filled out their paperwork at the end of the evening. Having acquired a 1932 Ford V8 Roadster three and one-half years ago, and just getting it in their garage a little over a month ago, he was "looking for a club that could turn this car into something special." Now the steering sector, generator, both water pumps and the exhaust have been rebuilt and all new wiring put in. He still found time to put 300 miles on "her" in three weeks.

They both enjoy traveling and say that a trip to Hawaii where they met Willie Nelson, went to a luau featuring Don Ho as entertainer was just about perfect. They've also taken a jaunt to Hong Kong where there was so much good shopping, they saved so much money they were broke for two years!! Fred's other hobbies include flying their Piper Cherokee 235 and spending time in the Gulf with either their 33 foot Trojan (another restoration project) or the 24 foot Mariah Deck Boat.



From the Editor...

We've probably all heard the slogan "Safety First" most of our lives. I read a story in another club's recent newsletter about one of their members who was driving his Model A home from a show in D'Iberville, MS. He was cruising along about 45

mph when all of a sudden the driver's side rear wheel came off and passed him. This meant he was driving on three wheels but it was his good luck it was a rear wheel so he could continue steering. The wheel went across the median and in the on-coming traffic lane which was very light at the moment. No harm, no foul. He got the vehicle stopped and found out he had lost the lug nuts. The only jack he had was in the Honda his wife was following him in. It wouldn't work. About this time, fellow club members started arriving on the scene. One was having his Model T depot hack trailered home by a wrecker. The wrecker was able to life the car enough for the Model A owner to get the wheel back on. Another member had a spare set of lug nuts. He made the rest of the trip home uneventfully and was thankful the situation was no worse than it was. His final statement of the story was he will never leave home or anywhere else without checking the lug nuts to be sure they are on tight. Good thinking.

I ran across the following tips in some auto publications I receive. There's no guarantee they the work, but what the heck, it never hurts to try. Remember good old iodine, that red stuff that used to be put on cuts before all of the high-tech salves and creams? It is said that a drop or two on nuts and bolts that have been seized by rust will allow them to be separated. It did say it sometimes takes more than a single application and it's handy to have a spare dropper. The second hint is to keep a can of cheap shaving cream in the garage. If your hands are grimy, squirt on a bit of the shaving cream and rub briskly to remove grime. This next one is my own – don't ditch the old phone books. Keep them in the garage to tear out a few pages any time you need to wipe dirty parts or hands. Then toss the used ones in the trashcan. That's recycling in my book.

If you read this far, don't stop now. Our President and Vice President already know but it's time to share with all of you that I will stepping aside at the end of this year. Between Patt and myself, we have served the past 14 years as Editor and it's time for someone else to take over. A new perspective and new look will be good for the club. We both will be happy to help whoever assumes the post; not only in the beginning but throughout the year by providing articles and other help when needed.

Some REAL Tech help

Ever look inside your radiator? Maybe you really don't want to. You may find this sort of thing. I looked inside this one when I took a thermostat out of it. It left a big enough hole to really see through. Yuk! How do you spell that word anyway? I hope you can see the gummy stuff inside. I sure could. In color, it's the green slime that is sitting on top of every vertical tube that is running down through the radiator. Those tubes are supposed to carry the water through the cooling fins of the radiator. Well, guess what. This radiator wasn't cooling very well. This sort of thing can happen to our older cars when they sit for long periods of time without running. We also do it to ourselves when we put radiator stop leak into them or when we put too much water pump grease into an old water pump and get the grease into the water. Some of our tired old engines that have leaky head gaskets will draw gas and oil past will draw gas and oil past the head gasket into the water supply and also cause a problem like this. We need to check the radiator from time to time to make sure we have a clean water supply in there. If you are running antifreeze then it should have color but the water should not be murky. Draw out some of the coolant and hold it up to the light to see if it is murky. If it is, then maybe you should have the cooling system drained, flushed, and refilled with a fresh supply of coolant and antifreeze. This could be cheap insurance against an expensive radiator repair job.



Article by Vic Donnell published in the AACA Rummage Box Spring 2009 Edition

My Grand Adventure

By Sally Barnett

On June 9, 2009, I embarked on a very grand escapade as part of the volunteer support crew for the centennial reenactment of Alice Ramsey's journey in a 1909 Maxwell DA from New York to San Francisco. My job was to provide logistical support and I also had the privilege of telling Alice's story at museums, car shows and other public stops. Mrs. Ramsey, 22 years old at the time, but an accomplished driver along with three female companions, completed the 59-day trip. Ours took only 31 days but was as close to the original route as was feasible.

I left Huntsville, AL on Monday, June 8th and am happy to say all my flights were either on time or early. I checked into the Comfort Inn on 35th Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. The building appeared to have been an elegant hotel in its youth. After a short nap, I headed to Brooklyn for the meeting of the "Alice Team".

The young woman who portrayed Alice Ramsey is Emily Anderson. She was accompanied by her 4 ½ month old baby girl, Kaisa. Her parents, Rich and Margaret Anderson were fun to travel with and provided the baby's care. Rich had rebuilt the car. Emily's friend, Christie Catagnia served as navigator. Cassie Cerney, a volunteer like myself, the chief mechanic Tim Simonosa and his wife, and Barbara, in their motor home pulling a trailer, were part of the group. The rest was made up of the Anderson's son, Bengt, and his film crew of Ted and Jon documented the trip. Rounding out the entourage are Stinus and Jahn, a couple of fellows from the Netherlands, with a 1907 Stryker they have driven on the Peking to Paris run twice and Kay Gamper, a teacher from California who joined us for a few days as a passenger.

At the meeting we all clarified our roles for the trip and agreed safety was our major concern and having fun was next. We agreed to meet at 1930 Broadway, the same address from which Mrs. Ramsey departed 100 years ago, by 8 a.m. for a 9 a.m. departure. My arrival coincided with the skies turning a nasty gray but I began taking lots of pictures of the crew gathering, the crowds and the media attention.

The sky got very black about 8:30 and a drenching rain began. We all huddled under the building canopy passing out postcards with a picture and information about the car. Emily gave a short presentation at 8:45 and the rain slacked a bit as we took off at 9 a.m. Cassie and I rode in a modern car with Isabel Ramsey, wife of Peter Ramsey, Alice's grandson. We were the last car



Sally with the Maxwell at 130 Broadway – NY, NY – on June 9, 2009

in the line of the Maxwell, the Stryker, Rich's SUV and us. The film crew in a pickup truck traveled with us in another lane filming the car as it went.

Isabel is a very good driver and kept any cars from cutting in front of her by aggressively closing the gap between Rich's vehicle by speeding up, then slamming on the brakes to avoid hitting. She was very tolerant of my screams and hisses of terror. We made it to Tarrytown for a "photo op" at the site of the Maxwell factory where the DA was made in 1909. It later became a GM plant is now just an empty space. Rich spotted a broken clamp on the left side leaf spring so it was repair time. He took the part to a welding shop and the rest of us went in search of lunch. Two hours later with the repair made, we headed to Vassar. Alice was a member of the Vassar class of 1907 so a big reception and ceremony were planned. Although we were nearly three hours late, they had waited for us and declared the day "Alice Ramsey Day". (Continued on Page 6)

Sally's Adventure

Back on the road, trying to get to Cobleskill for the night, I was in the Somonosa's motor home for that part of the trip. As the day lengthened, Tim got a call that the Maxwell was down. We caught up to them and it was determined to put the car in the trailer. It took all of us, with Margaret – being the lightest – steering to get it in the trailer. I know better than to try pushing a car but I do know how to chock each time progress is made. My designated job now is “wheel chocker”. In Cobleskill, we had a very late dinner with the local Horseless Carriage Club of America (HCCA). Actually most of them had left and we fell on the leftovers like a team of hungry teenage boys. The car was taken to a member's garage for Tim and Rich to work on while the rest of us found our motel for the night.

At 8 a.m. the next morning we found out we wouldn't be leaving that day because of the nature of the damage to the car. One cylinder down and a new bearing was needed. Fortunately, Ziggy and his Babbit Pot Shop were nearby to do the work.

Cassie, Christie and I walked into town (not a particular pretty one) and found a nice deli for lunch. Kay caught up and joined us. On the way back, Margaret came by in the car and we caught a ride to The Secret Caverns, a local tourist stop. We had a great guide and with only the four of us, we learned a lot of local lore as well as cave info.

We were all invited to the home of a local couple, Cliff and Betty Hay. It was a beautiful place and it was also where the shop where the guys were working on the car was located. After supper, we hung out on the lawn and patio but ended the evening at the kitchen table waiting for the men to get through.

I was up early the next morning and enjoyed the fresh strawberries the hotel's handyman had gotten for us the day before. Their season had just started so they were sweet and delicious. I was the only one there when Rich drove up in the Maxwell; said he was taking the car back to the shop and would return in 45 minutes. As others wandered in, I passed on the message. The 45 minutes became 90 and finally the car was back. After a quick interview and photo with a local reporter, we were loaded and off.

Cassie and I were in the backseat of the Maxwell FINALLY! It was great fun cruising up and down the hills of the Schororie Valley. Every little while, Rich would race along side holding up an “OIL??” sign to which Christie gave a thumbs up.

At one point Emily's hat flew off and smacked me up the side of my head. I managed to catch it and we kept going.

Before we got to our lunch stop in Boukville, the car had developed a bit of a knock and some backfiring so the men tore into the engine. We were at a restoration shop that specializes in early cars so their mechanics dove right in, too. The shop held the (??) 1904 Cadillac that was wrecked on a tour in Florida earlier this year. The local AACA club put on a great lunch and we enjoyed visiting with the members who were there.

A couple of hours later the car was ready. Cas and I were assigned to the motor home to lighten the Maxwell for the upcoming hills. We waited to let the car get ahead of us. Within five miles, Rich called us and said the engine was knocking and they had stopped, waiting for us and the trailer. Again, it took all of us to get it in the trailer. Back at the shop we had about five minutes to get overnight stuff out of our luggage, sort ourselves into the two SUVs and head to Seneca Falls. By then it was raining pretty hard. We took a wrong turn in Syracuse and lost about 15 minutes.

We had been invited by Bill and Linda Preston of Waterloo (next door to Seneca Falls) to come for a cookout and invitation for some of us to stay with them. As the hour grew later, the rains continued while Kaisa went into meltdown. We decided we wouldn't go. When we were a few miles out of town, Christie called to offer our regrets, but Linda's first comment was “We're just having cocktails and are happy to wait.” There was a quiet chorus through the car of “MMMMcocktails”. Christie said at least some of us would be there after we took Emily and baby to the motel. The motel turned out to be very old, no chain, and outside doors. Cassie did not want to stay in a room by herself so we decided to take the Preston's offer. After getting Emily some food and she and the baby settled, Margaret, Cassie, Christie and I along with Bengt, Ted and Jon from the film crew all went to the Preston's. Their home is an older house on the Erie Canal. They claimed to know me and it turns out they were on the 2004 AACA Glidden Tour in Huntsville and Linda Preston's father, John Cole, was a close friend of ours. Cassie and I had rooms upstairs and slept well. In the morning, we had coffee in the sun room overlooking an original section of the canal. Bill and I had so much to catch up on that I had to grab my overnight stuff when Margaret came to get us.

We had breakfast at the Green Apple then went to the Women's Rights Museum. After this, we headed to Buffalo. We were supposed to have been there all day for a parade and an event at the Pierce Arrow Museum. They held it without us. We arrived in mid-afternoon and went to lunch about 4 p.m. (Continued on Page 7)

Sally's Adventure

We were to meet at 6 p.m. to go the Pierce Arrow Museum and got there on time. The plan was to drive the Maxwell around the baseball diamond before the game along with some other antique cars. Emily was assigned to a steam car and Christie was in the Pierce Arrow. The director needed a woman to drive a 1980 Cadillac for which I quickly volunteered. He drove a Buffalo Electric. The other passengers were assigned and we drove to the stadium. I was the second to last car, ahead of Emily in the Stanley. I had a cameraman in the back who was filming Emily. He asked me to go slow which I did. It was all great fun.

We got Emily and Kaisa to the hotel then went to a microbrewery to eat. The film crew showed up and joined us. They gave me a ride to the hotel where we waited for the motor home and trailer to arrive. I was very happy to see my luggage.

There were no plans for Saturday morning, June 13th. After breakfast, it was decided to go to Niagara Falls for a photo op. We trailer the Maxwell. Once in town, we unloaded it. The plan was for the Maxwell, the Stryker and a steam car to go. Cassie and I were assigned to the steam car. Just before time to leave, the owner determined it wasn't going to run so we hopped in the back of the Maxwell with Rich driving while Emily finished up with Kaisa in the SUV. Arrangements had been made with the park staff and they led us down a pedestrian walkway right down to the Fall's viewing area. Lots of photos were taken and I passed out our postcards and kept people from touching the car. It felt really first class to be there with the car. Then it was back to the hotel for some rest and catch-up time.

We left the hotel around 8:15 a.m. Sunday morning. Stijnus told me they had room for one passenger in the Stryker. I offered the seat to Cassie but she needed to be in the motor home to work on her computer. I hopped in the back seat. What a fabulous day it was! Perfect blue skies, a magnificent vehicle and three wild companions. All of them had done part or all of the Peking to Paris runs in 2005 and 2007 so were accomplished tourists. The brakes are rather primitive so we went through most of the red lights. After I realized they were very careful to check out cross

streets as we barreled through, I relaxed a bit. Their idea of touring is drive a couple of hours, stop for coffee, drive until lunch, then drive to a beer stop.

Our first stop of the day was Frank Lloyd Wright's Gray Cliff home then we tooted on until lunch. I don't remember the name of the town* and lost my notes but it was the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin Goodrich. If you can imagine a small town café with large windows, a Sunday lunch crowd and the arrival of two very early cars, you will know the reaction. (*Ripley, NY)

Tummies full, we roared on down the road. More beautiful scenery, more red lights to run, not much traffic. As we entered Conneaut, NY, Stijnus spotted a local cruise in. There were probably 200 cars, mostly '60s and up. He wheeled in, spoke to a couple of officials, then drove us up and down the rows of the show and back out onto the highway. In the center of town, we spotted an open air root beer stand. Evidently,



"The Girls" at Niagara Falls

Richardson's Root Beer had a number of these in towns years ago. We stopped and visited with the crowd. Stijnus, Jan and Wil had never heard of root beer, but tried it. Their opinions were too much root, not enough beer. Then on to Aurora, OH for the night.

Our lodging varied from night to night. In Aurora we stayed at a really neat place that had been built in 1848. My room was up three flights of stairs but fortunately, they carried the luggage to our rooms. Mine opened and locked with a large brass key. The greatest thing about it was a square, deep bathtub with side jets – great after a long day in an antique car. The only problem was the drain did not stay shut unless I kept my heel over it, but a little effort was worth it to soak my weary bones and joints. There was an excellent restaurant there that remained open late for all of us to have dinner then opened earlier than usual so we could have breakfast and get on the road again Monday morning.

(Continued next month)

Editor's Note: Sally Barnett was married for 42 years to Ronald Barnett who was the 1991 AACA President. She is a retired Librarian, the mother of three sons and is well versed in antique cars, their ups and downs, showing, touring, judging and serving as President the AACA Library Board. The Barnetts have visited the DSR several times in the past.

The 1940 Pontiac

By Ed McCusker

My father had purchased what was supposed to be a black 1940 Pontiac sedan but in reality was one from the previous year. One of his buddies pointed out to him the difference between the two years. By this time the family had gotten to like the car so my father chalked it up to the wind and kept it. He never went back to the dealer to complain or for service either. My mother said they kept sending notices for him to bring the car in for servicing but he maintained they had “burned me once but would not get a second chance to do the same”.

During World War II, gas rationing was in effect so the car was driven very seldom. However, one Sunday afternoon we all jumped in the car for a Sunday drive. I was in the front with my parents while my two brothers and my sister were in the back. This was in 1943, when I was about five years old. About a mile after leaving home, we had an accident, which was my father’s fault. This was in about 1943 when I was five years old. I always sat in the front passenger seat so when the brakes were applied, the car stopped and of course, I went forward. My forehead hit the glove compartment door, leaving a dent in the door and at the same time, an egg on my head. The front end of the car was really messed up. My father handled getting the car to a repair shop while the rest of us walked back home.

The driver of the other car said that no one was injured except for my bump, that his car was insured and that would be the end of it. He owned a sporting goods store on the other side of town and about two months later, after our car was fixed,

my father took my two brothers and myself to his store. He told us we could get one each of whatever we wanted. This, I guess, was a nice way of saying thank-you to a real person.

In February 1945, my father had a stroke at the age of 42. He was away from home for a good six months rehabilitating when his doctor told my mother that he should not drive a car any more. She contacted my father’s uncle about selling the car. Cars were hard to come by in 1945, especially one with only 5,000 miles on it and one that was garage kept. The car originally cost \$800 but in 1945, the Pontiac was sold to the first buyer for \$1,000. The sad thing was that two weeks after the car was sold, it was stolen and never found. The story I remember is that it was probably sent to South America aboard a ship within a day of being stolen.

Even today, whenever I see a Pontiac from this era, I always check to see if the glove compartment door has a dent in it. All I can say is I left my mark on that car.





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Our extended mountain vacation

By Richard & Sylvia White

We departed Mobile on June 24th and in an effort to not go through Dallas/Ft. Worth, TX, we took a more northerly route. This went through Memphis, TN, Ft. Smith, AR, Oklahoma City, OK, Amarillo TX and Santa Fe, NM. Let me tell you this; the roads are BAD and it was HOT! It was 114^o in the campground outside Oklahoma City at 6 pm. So for my two cents worth, the Dallas/Ft. Worth route isn't so bad.

Our "home away from home" is Pagosa Springs, CO where it's 78 daytime degrees and 56 at night. They don't know the word "humidity" here. We spent our first few days riding over the mountains and through the valleys; the vistas are all but breathtaking. There is snow on the north side of the mountains; not a lot, but still snow.

You may, or may not, know Sylvia has a keen interest in geology so as we ride along she points out where the volcanic lava flows and the Cretaceous inland sea sediments are in this area. The layers are visible in the rock formations.

A trip to Creed, CO was most interesting; it was the last silver boom town in the 1800s. The Rio Grand River has its beginnings in Creed, but for us it was the old silver mine ruins that held the most interest. I just don't see how men could survive in those conditions. Some of the mines are only three or four feet in diameter and many are 50 or so feet up the side of the mountain.

We brought the Jeep so we can take advantage of the roads and trails that lead to places less traveled. We've seen the meadows in bloom with some kind of yellow and purple flowers. And all of this was done in five days.

The Wolf Creek Resort where we are settled in had a Fourth of July cookout for all of the residents which was very nice. We didn't go into town to watch the fireworks which was a good decision. We could see them over the mountains while sitting just outside the motor home.

Tuesday, July 14th was the best day of all!! We made our way over Wolf Creek Pass, up through Creed, over Slumgullion Pass to Lake City where we embarked on the Alpine Loop. There is no way I can describe the vistas. The roads are gravel, often rocky, narrow and at times hair raising. Four-wheel drive and super low gears are a must. The alpine flowers are in bloom and bathe the hillsides in a rainbow of colors. We saw our very first Columbine, Colorado's state flower; delicate shades of lavender. The melting snow provided many waterfalls. We made our way up to Cinnamon Pass where the wind was strong and it was chilly at 13,000+ feet. After absorbing the beauty and vastness, we eased down to Animas Forks (at last! a potty break!!) The surrounding mountains revealed many old mines. We continued down to Silverton, on to Durango and finally Pagosa Springs. Home at last!! Wish all you guys could have shared this with us. More next month!

More member news

By Nosal Norma

Guess what? As reported in last month's newsletter, **Walt Fuller's** candidacy for a Trustee for the Model A Ford Foundation happened. He is very happy to serve in any capacity and surely will be involved in the establishing of the new MAFFI Museum. We are all happy for Walt and wish him well.



How would you like to have driven one of the Junior Misses to their Mardi Gras ball? They were picked up at Springhill Baptist Church Recreation Building and driven to the Mobile Museum of Art where the event was held. Participating was DSR member **Bobby Peterson** in his Model A, the only really early model present.

Kevin Crowell spent the weekend of June 12-14 with his son Danny, who lives in Nashville, TN in to attend the American Chevelle Enthusiasts Society (ACES) show in Goodlettsville, TN. He had good intentions of taking his car, but woe was he. Things fell apart at the last minute and he was like so many others, just a drooler.

Good news !! **Carl Bailey** is home following his surgery and doing well and is continuing his radiation therapy also. Hang in there fellow, we are all pulling for you.

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Show or Tour?

By Michael J. Jones, AACA President

There is a dilemma that faces many AACA members who have laboriously restored their car and taken it to an AACA Meet in the quest for a coveted National First Place Trophy. Once an owner has committed to doing the AACA show circuit, he is somewhat reluctant to participate in the many automobile tours that are offered by AACA all across the United States.

This story is told about a car that was begging to be driven, but whose owner wanted that coveted AACA First Place oval on the front of the grill. Since 1976, the car had never been on a trailer and was driven everywhere – including a move to Florida, where you purchased it and made a commitment to re-restore it for show. So the decision was made! No more touring – you are going to show for now! It was time to take this 1923 Oldsmobile back up the “AACA Ladder!” The day finally arrives and its time to drive the car onto the show field for the first time in twenty years.

Once in place, the first order of business is to size up the competition. How many other cars are there in my class and how many of those cars are going for the Junior Award? Without being too obvious you circle the cars and compare them to your own. Geez, you wonder if that nut is correct or should it be like the one on your car? You’ve cleaned and polished and spritzed every inch of your vehicle and that moment arrives – the judging team is circling your car and there is nothing else you can do.

It seems like an eternity as the team of judges look at every detail and you are wondering what they might be thinking about your restoration and how it compares to all of the other vehicles on the field. They are finished now and you breathe a big sigh of relief. Now all you can do is wait for the awards banquet to learn the results. After dinner the Chief Judge begins reading the results. Beginning with Class 5, it seems like another eternity before he gets to your class. When you hear your class number the chief judge reads off three or four names then he says YOUR name and the rest is a blur!

Okay, so you won a first Junior. Your wife asks, “Now that you have won your trophy can we ‘drive’ the car and go on tours?” You reply, “Not yet, dear. There’s another level I want to pursue.” Now it’s time to figure out which meet you are going to go to, so you can get a Senior. Repeat all of the above and now you have your Senior! It’s over – you have made it. At the banquet table your wife asks again, “Now can we drive the car?” You pat her hand and say, “No, not really, because everyone has told me what a great car we have, so it’s time to get ready for the Grand National. Now you are in the big league! Only Senior cars get to compete in the Annual Grand National Meet. Repeat all of the above once again and – Holy Smokes – you just won an AGN First Place Trophy and what a spectacular award it is! “Are we done yet? Can we drive the car on a tour?” You say to her again, “Sorry, Honey, there’s just one more thing we have

to do, and it means drive to Iowa for the “next” year’s Grand National. Otherwise, we will have to wait two years because the AGNM rotates between the East and West every other year.” Fast forward, and yes, we did win the Senior Annual Grand National Award, and it was euphoria in the Jones household. That was in August and one of the most enjoyable AACA meets ever held at the John Deere Commons on the banks of the Mississippi River! “No more questions, Sweetheart, we are going on a tour!”

That September, only one month later, we trailered our 1923 Olds Sport Touring Car to Mackinaw City, MI where we drove it on the 2001 Glidden Tour. Our hard earned AACA badges were proudly displayed, plus those badges had been added to the National Award tab for the AACA President’s Cup, which had been won by Bill Lock in 1976!

It was cold, it was rainy – but hey, we have a “Driver” and boy, is it fun!

And still today, the excitement continues! **Ed. Note: This was written in 2008 when Mr. Jones was VP of Publications.**



Mike and Marcy’s 1923 Olds Touring car with full weather gear, including the driver’s.



The 1923 Oldsmobile Touring Car in question!

Deep South Region AACA General Membership Meeting June 25, 2009

The meeting was called to order at 7:07 by President Steve Goren. The invocation was given by Kevin Crowell and the Pledge of Allegiance was led by the president. Guests attending were Fred and Emily Brown and Peter Pearce.

Old Business: The **President** thanked the membership for the turnout at the Battleship display and other events. **Vice President Walt Fuller** noted that the Delta Cruise was cancelled. The **Secretary, Treasurer, the Editor** and the **Activities Coordinators** had no old business. The **Member-at-Large** was absent.

New Business: President Goren talked about a car show to be held at the Firestone store on Schillengers Road near Cottage Hill Road on July 11 to benefit a child with kidney disease. Patt Paquet made a motion to make DSR's participation an official club event. Motion was seconded and approved by the membership. The **Vice President** and the **Secretary** had no new business. **Treasurer Tracy Metclaf** gave a financial report as of June 15th although there was little activity to report. He noted that as a whole the club and FOMAS were a little short this year in the way of revenue from the show but that all in all, it was very successful. (Hopefully the meeting between the Car Show Chairman Scott Henderson, our President Steve Goren along with Walt Fuller and Kevin Crowell all of whom make up the Car Show Committee will iron out some problems for next year.) A motion to accept the printed report was made by Charlie Lyles, seconded and approved. The two **Activities Chairmen** had no new business. **Webmaster Herb Thoms** reported the DSR website has had lots of hits since the AACA server change and has resulted in at least one new member. Patt Paquet brought up the fact that there are no stipulations in our Bylaws for Junior or Student members. She moved that Junior members be made full DSR members for the rest of this year with dues waived. This was second and approved thereby making Mallory Henderson the first full-fledged DSR Junior member. She also noted that teachers in Mobile County will not receive any supply money this year and suggested the club donate some money to members who are public school teachers. She said that since the club is financially healthy, a contribution of \$250 to each of the three might be appropriate. Walt Fuller amended that motion to make the amount \$300 each. Jim Henderson seconded, and the motion was passed by the membership.

Each of the guests filled out applications and turned them in at the end of the evening. They shared stories and pictures of their cars and were welcome by everyone present. The 50/50 pot drawing was held, meeting adjourned 7:54 pm
Respectfully submitted

Cathy Goren, Secretary




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