



THE SPARKPLUG



Newsletter of Deep South Region A.A.C.A. Vol. 40 No. 7 July, 2006

DSR joins cruise-in for Junior Misses

By John Pendergrass

The early evening of June 26th, our club joined other local clubs in showing various special cars for the 2006 Junior Miss participants and their parents. The parking lot of the Mobile Civic Center was a perfect place for this display.

Entertainment was provided by a disc jockey offering a musical mixture that got those young enough to revert to put on their dancing shoes and those with less energy to be satisfied with toe-tapping.

A picnic fare of hot dogs, hamburgers and soft drinks was provided for us to enjoy which DSR members Paul Dagenais, Tracy Metclaf, Dolly and myself along with Ed Grimes and his son, Eddie, joining us for the fun and food was Marien Brent in her bright orange Volkswagen "Beetle" convertible.

The weather cooperated this year with hot but dry conditions as opposed to a few years back when we all sat in our cars windows up, while a thunderstorm moved through the area. Sorry more of you couldn't participate with us.

*July
Propose
HAPPY
CALANDER*

Come join the fun!!

The date is July 29th, the time will be 1 o'clock and the place will be the Paquet homestead. The hosts will furnish the entrees but you can bring a dish to share. Please respond by the July 27th monthly meeting so plans can be finalized.

The dress is Saturday casual, bring a friend or two if you wish. You can drive antique or modern; the main thing is to come have a good time.



Mercy Medical Display

By Buddy Paquet

DSR was invited to spend the afternoon of Tuesday, July 18th, with the residents of the Daphne Mercy Medical facility. The members from the west side of Mobile Bay could not pass up the opportunity to have lunch prior to the display at Ed's Seafood Shed on the Causeway.



Departing the restaurant, we have a three-car caravan cruising the rest of the way to our destination. This resulted in lots of "thumbs up" and horn-tooting. Taking advantage of having to be on the Eastern Shore, I drove the '63 Buick while Patt followed in our modern car to have it serviced at the dealership where we purchased it. Lycyle Crowdus in her red Mustang and Ed Grimes in his white T-bird caused a good bit of excitement when they stopped with us at Bayview Ford to drop of Patt's car.

We arrived a few minutes early at the Center and were met by several of the employees who expressed their desire to one day own cars similar to these. Just about this time, Hershel and Frances Whigham arrived in their blue Cougar attracting more attention.

The staff quickly went to work bringing the folks who live at Mercy out to see the cars. Although most of them probably would have enjoyed older vehicles, they seem to appreciate the display.

We have been invited back any time we can get a group of members willing to give a couple of hours to brighten up a day for someone really could use some cheering up.

From The Drivers Seat

Hello again,

Gee, it sure has been a fast month. Seems it was only yesterday that I was doing this for the June newsletter. Actually, 90% of the work on this month's issue was done the week of the July 4th holiday. We left on July 10 for the AACA Southeastern Fall Meet in Asheville, NC. Read all about the meet on Page 9.

I know that summer is either a busy or a lazy time for most of our members. However, let's not forget that when we pay our dues each year that is a commitment to attend the monthly meetings unless there are extenuating circumstances to prevent it. When not enough members attend the meeting to establish a quorum necessary to conduct business, this is letting down the eight or ten or twelve who made it a point to be there. Please circle July 27th in red on your calendar before you turn this page so the meeting date won't slip your mind.

Although we were few at the June 22nd meeting, it was an opportunity to listen to and talk with Thurmond Bell who, along with his wife Mimi, joined DSR in May. He told a number of good car related stories, which were interesting as well as informative.

Does anyone have suggestions for outings? It can be as simple as getting the cars out on Sunday afternoon for an ice cream run or it could be an "old car" movie and popcorn at the clubhouse on Saturday afternoon. This month it will be a cookout at our place on Saturday, July 29th. We will furnish the entrees and those attending can round out the meal by bringing a dish to share. At this time I would anticipate it being something like a one o'clock lunch. Does anyone make homemade ice cream with the old fashioned electric freezers? (Yep, I remember when the "old fashioned" kind was a hand crank.) More at the July 27th meeting.



Watch out for old women in small cars using cell phones!

Patt Paquet, President

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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 and AACA national dues are \$30.00 Views expressed in the *Sparkplug* are not necessarily those of the Region officers or AACA. Permission to copy material is hereby granted provided source is disclosed and credit given to author. Some material maybe copyrighted and permission to use granted to this publication only. Contributions to the *Sparkplug* are welcome and encouraged. The editor reserves the right to edit material that may not be suitable for publication.



Please recycle this newsletter to a friend.

All aboard! The bus leaves in five minutes!

By Buddy Paquet

What do you remember most about riding a bus? I don't mean the in-town or cross-town kind. I mean the ones that left from your hometown or a city near by and traveled all the way across the country! Before we go down memory lane, let's see what initiated this type of transportation.

First, the word "bus" is a shortened version of "omnibus" which means "for everyone". Early records suggest that bus travel came into being during the second decade of the twentieth century when ambitious pioneers used automobiles, frequently known as "jitneys", to move people from one place to another within a given area.

One of the first was Mesaba Transportation Co. owned by a man named Carl Eric Wickman, who for 25 cents round trip (or 15 cents one way) transported miners between villages in Minnesota on a seven-seat Hupmobile. Later, he and Orville Swan Caesar, another regional line owner, combined their efforts to bring forth the Motor Transit Corp. Four years later, this company became the Greyhound Corp. As more bus lines emerged around the country, automobile manufacturers began designing vehicles targeted for bus use. An early example is the "Safety Coach" – seven rows seating four people each. These new vehicles were called "Greyhounds" as result of their design and gray paint.

The other national carrier in the early years was the National Trailways System. It was formed in 1936 as an association of five separate companies which were railroads: the Burlington, the Santa Fe, the Missouri/Pacific, the Safeway of Illinois and the Mertz. The owners hoped to achieve nationwide name recognition and to benefit from greater ticketing and scheduling. When the dust settled, what emerged was Continental Trailways through a consolidation of mergers which had originated in 1927 as the Bowen Motor Coach Co.

The federal government became concerned about

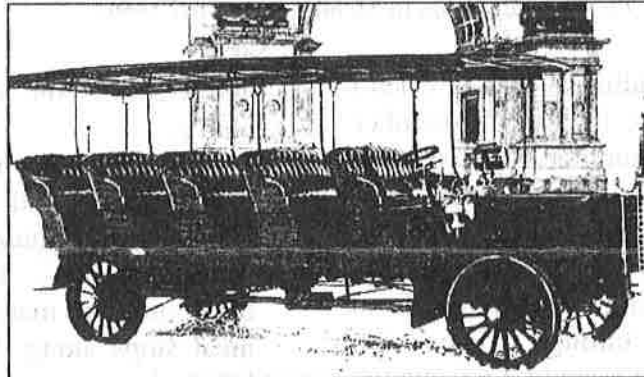
the extent and shape of the developing long-distance bus industry before the Great Depression impacted the nation's economy. The Motor Carrier Act passed in 1935 was finally accepted by the many lines. It stated that all interstate bus operators had to conform to regulations governing safety, finance, insurance, accounting and records.

The Great Depression had a huge impact on this fledgling business. Many small carriers went out of business when passengers and ticket sales declined due to growing unemployment and most Americans could no longer afford to travel.

The Second World War brought expansion to the bus industry. The need to carry both civilians and troops, combined with gasoline, rubber and parts shortages, it forced Americans to move from their automobiles to public transportation. Between 1941 and 1945, long-distance bus passenger miles went from 13.6 billion to 26.9 billion.

A wartime administrative bureau, the Office of Defense Transportation (ODT), created in December 1941 managed traffic flows throughout the war. Using such devices as rationing of parts, rubber allocation, speed limits, fuel control and the restriction of non-essential services to distribute resources among transportation systems, the ODT was assisted by the National Association of Motor Bus Operators which encouraged full capacity use and rational use of passenger operations.

The post-war years weren't as good for the bus trade as owners/operators had hoped. Funds accumulated during the war were designated for new terminals and garages as well as new and an increased number of vehicles. Although all of this either began or was ordered as soon as wartime restrictions were lifted, delays in delivery due to shortages of materials and strikes in production plants put the costs over the top. When inflation leveled off, the industry came out (See *Bus* on Pg. 4)



1900 Mack bus

Bus

with both new and restyled buses for travelers. The public had money but limited private auto use. So, they decided to take the bus.

Until the 1980s and deregulation of the bus industry, Trailways and Greyhound systems competed against each other. This ended in 1987 when Continental Trailways was sold to Greyhound. The smaller Trailways companies remained independent but began working with Greyhound to compete against the automobile and low cost airlines.

My first memory of riding a bus is when I was about 10 years old (1947). I clearly remember there was a Greyhound commuter bus, called a "local" that ran from Mobile to Grand Bay, Alabama, a distance of something like 25 miles. It ran morning and evening six days a week. My mother used it get to work in Mobile from Tillman's Corner Monday through Friday. On those rare occasions when we could find enough loose change for a movie with popcorn and soft drink, my mother would take my brother and me into town on Saturday. That was a treat for two young boys.

I enlisted in the U. S. Navy in my late teens which added to my bus riding career. One of the things that sticks in my mind is the bus depots. They all had a similar layout; ticket agents to politely assist you, coffee shops or lunch counters, and at that time, clean restrooms, some of which had showers if you had the time.

Of course I can't speak to the earlier years but if you didn't have reason to ride the bus in the 1950's you may have missed a thing or two. A trip that stands out in my memory to this day is one from San Jose, CA to Mobile in 1957 when I came home on leave.



The light colored building in the left foreground is the Greyhound station in Mobile, circa early 1950s

Myself, along with three of my fellow swabbies, swung on board not looking forward to three days of total boredom. After all, when you are not yet 21, desert scenery is not way up on your list of things to look at. Lucky us!! We had no more than got in our seats before three really cute girls sat down across from us. Yep, things were looking up, all right. Long story short, we six were seatmates all the way to New Orleans, LA where we split up. It turned out to be a great trip. The bus driver let me off in Tillman's Corner but my luggage went to the building shown in the picture above.

Another memory is of the bus station food. It was good, hot and, most of all for me at the time, *cheap!* It was amazing how many stations promoted "excellent food". I have read that during the time of prohibition, many bars and taverns were used as meal stops along the routes. When the ban was lifted, the companies continued to utilize them for hungry (and thirsty) travelers. It has been said that "Big Red" or Continental Trailways always had the best food. I can't attest to that but I can attest to juke boxes in every booth and along the entire counter along with a 99-cent spaghetti dinner or a "Sizzling Steak Dinner" for only \$1.29. Greyhound referred to their eating establishments as "Post House Restaurants". I can still, to this very day, recall what it smelled like when you stepped inside the bus depot/station if you entered near the food area. In some cases it depended on the time of day when you arrived. Early mornings meant the smell of bacon and sausage frying, mid-day meant the hot lunch choice of the day and evenings it was hamburgers and buns on the grill. And always hot, fresh coffee. (See Bus Pg. 5)



Wendt's Café in the Northland Greyhound Bus depot in Hinkley, MN, probably taken in early 1950s

Bus

Until I started research for this article, I thought I was reasonably familiar with buses, at least in general. It didn't take long for me to realize about the only thing I knew was that you paid for a ticket and someone else did the driving. One thing I learned was that some buses had air conditioning as early as



1938 Flexible – note the words “Air Conditioned” underneath the windows.

1938 and restrooms by 1946. Another interesting piece of information I uncovered was that son of Fred Smith who was the President of Dixie Greyhound Lines based in Memphis, TN, Fred Smith, Jr., conceived the idea for Federal Express and is the company's CEO today.

You might surmise there is a bus museum somewhere but I bet you didn't know it is called the Museum of Bus Transportation and is housed at the AACA Museum in Hershey, PA. One of the most frequently asked questions there is “Do these things run?” The answer is a definite “Yes”. Just in the last couple of years the MBT has received a 1948 General Motors coach and a 1951 Checker Transit bus, both of which are restored and currently on display.



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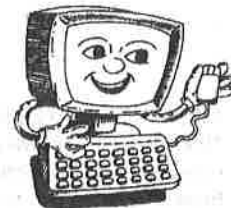
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Bob Gechjian

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From the Webmaster

Herb Thoms



The DSR Web Page (to access it, type in: aaca.org/deepsouth) has a new look and I am working to keep it as informative and up-to-date as possible. I encourage each of you to take a look at the site and provide me with feedback. Email me at hgthoms@mchsi.com or if you wish, call me at (251)633-0777. Since I added a counter, there have been 98 visitors to the site. I want to make this site as useful and fun for you as is possible. We now have a calendar listing events and items of interest to us. Each monthly page has a link to “This Month in Automotive History”, a Hemming's site that is very interesting.

The car of the Month feature has been moved to a separate page. I really would like to high light a different member's car each month. Instructions for submitting your car are on the page, or contact me as noted above.

The photos from the AACA Winter Meet will be removed. I would like to replace these with a gallery of DSR member's cars. As soon as I start to receive the information, I will begin to build the picture gallery.

If you have input for the calendar or links pages, please forward to me so I can include them. I look forward to making the DSR website something special. I solicit your suggestions for improving and making the site what you and expect it to be.

A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bible class. As she ran, she prayed, “Dear Lord, please don't let me be late! Dear Lord, please don't let me be late!”

While running and praying, she tripped on a curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress. She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again. As she ran, once again she began to pray, “Dear Lord, please don't let me be late...but please don't shove me either!”

Bob Malley's Bus

By Bob Malley

Editor's Note: The following article is reprinted from the April 2006 issue of *The Brass Lamp*, edited by Bill DeVore. It is the newsletter of the Genesee Valley Antique Car Society AACA. I hope you enjoy this story as much as I did.

As a youngster, I was always fascinated with big powerful vehicles whether they were trucks, buses, trains or airplanes. By the age of nine, I knew every make of truck and could even distinguish the make just by the sound of the engine. The distinct sound of a Ford flathead, a Mack maxidine, a Chevy 235, an International Red Diamond or a White Mustang. But the sound that really made the hair on my head stand up was the sound of the Buick straight 8 that powered the Flxible bus! I would go down to the Blue Bus depot on the corner of Broad Street and South Avenue, just to hear those buses drive off. With the big air scoop on the roof and the torpedo shape of the rear end, I knew that I had to own one before I died.

Fifty years later, in Hemmings was a picture of a 1949 Flxible bus located in Lewis, Kansas. I wrote for pictures and when I received them, it looked pretty good. I flew out to see it and after looking it over, I decided to purchase it. I would return in a few weeks to pick it up. The owner agreed to drive it to Salina, Kansas and leave it at the airport. My wife Judy, my son Mike and myself arrived at the airport to find the wind chill factor that February day was 30⁰ BELOW zero! When Judy first saw it, she put her arms around me and said "I love it!" Now that was music to any car nut's ears. (I knew that I know had carte blanche' to fix this one up.) This bus had been sitting idle for 12 years, and we are going to drive it home, 1500 miles. I had asked the previous owner to do whatever had to be done to get it ready for the trip. The first thing I saw upon entering the bus was a note that said "check antifreeze". We stopped at the first gas station we came to and proceeded to add 11 gallons of water and antifreeze plus 50 gallons of fuel. We headed for home, and I'll tell you, I was like a man going on his honeymoon. I was king of the road! This baby is humming like a fine tuned clock. After driving for about an hour, I looked in the rear view mirror, and there's "smoke" pouring out of the rear of the bus. I pulled over and realized it was antifreeze over-flowing the radiator, a condition that would continue for a couple of days. We also had a

problem with fourth gear. It kept popping out of gear, and I had to take a strap off a piece of luggage and strap the gearshift lever to the modesty panel. Down shifting was quite a process to say the least.

Otherwise we were moving along very well until dusk, and I turned on the marker lights, and started losing power. When it got darker, and put on the headlights, I lost more power. We were out in the boondocks of Kansas, with no civilization around. Suddenly, out in no man's land, there was a convenience-service station. I pulled in and saw that the bolt holding the alternator had snapped off. I went in to ask if there was a garage nearby and was told about 15 miles away. I called and was told the mechanic was out

on a road call and would be there in 45 minutes. I told the clerk and she said that she was closing in five minutes. Realizing our predicament and hearing that we hadn't eaten since breakfast, she said that she couldn't put us out, but rather put on a pot of coffee and made sandwiches for us but wouldn't take our money. The mechanic arrived, replaced the bolt on the alternator and realized it wasn't



The Malley's restored 1949 Flxible bus

charging. He led us back to his garage, drove us to a Topeka motel and would pick us up the next morning after having the alternator fixed.

The next day, after charging the battery, picking up the alternator, fixing a gas leak at the carburetor and paying 150 bucks we were on our way again. We drove all day making good time, until dusk when I put on the marker lights and starting losing power. Deje vu! We pulled off I-70, looking for assistance because the lights were getting dimmer.

I saw a garage that serviced large trucks and slowly pulled off the road onto the shoulder (remember it's still bitterly cold). The shoulder gave way and the bus started to sink into the dirt; I gave it some power and buried both front and rear wheels down to the axles. I approached the driver of the 10-wheel tow truck at the service station about extracting the bus and was told the station was closed. He finally agreed to help. He had no sense of humor, and when asked how much I owed him after jumping the battery and towing us out, I had visions of a 4 or 5 hundred (See Bob's Bus on Page 7)

Bob's bus

Dollar bill. He said, "I gave the bus a jump and a jerk, give me \$80.00." Since he was a redneck, I knew damn well I wasn't going to kiss him! We stayed overnight in this little town of Montgomery, Missouri. Six a.m. the next morning I went to a garage to seek help to get going again. At 12 noon, nothing had been accomplished, so I bought another battery, charged the original battery, paid the guy a hundred bucks and was on the road again deciding to run on batteries only. We got as far as Terra Haute, Indiana where we spent the night. I called our businesses to see how everything was going, and was told one of our bakers had died of a heart attack the day we had left. Now it was imperative we get home as soon as possible.

I have a friend in Columbus, Ohio who owns Custom Coach Company and called him to ask if we could leave the bus there and rent a car for us to return to our home in Rochester, NY. He agreed and when we arrived, I told him about our mechanical problems with the bus. He said he would have his men look at it. We returned home for the funeral and a week later were back in Columbus to pick up the bus. Since the very first bus converted to an RV was a Flxible, these people were very familiar with this bus. I paid these guys 400 dollars and drove the bus the rest of the way home without further incident. It was probably foolish to attempt this trip, but it certainly has become a most memorable event in our lives.

Over the past ten years, we have replaced the engine, the tyranny, air compressor, fuel pumps, carburetor, brakes, brake drums, wheels, radial tires, upholstery, paint, windshields and chrome. Today, I wouldn't hesitate to drive this bus across the country and back. With it's crash box and no power steering, it's a bear to drive, but I love it and it's the only one on our block!

From the editor...

I recently read an article that said inattentive driving was to blame for most vehicle crashes.



A large portion of the wrecks occurred when the driver was using a wireless device. When drivers took long glances away from the road at the wrong moment they were twice as like to have an accident. Dialing a cell phone is the number one reason drivers take their eyes off the road.

With this all said, particularly about cell phones, I am going to pass on to you what I'm told you can do if your cell phone is lost or stolen. Have you ever wondered why the wireless phone companies don't seem interested in trying to prevent theft of mobile phones? If you have one lost or stolen, and if you are on a plan, you still have to pay the plan approximately 24 months plus you have to buy another handset and enter into another contract.

There is a simple way of making lost or stolen cell phones useless to thieves. Check your phone's serial number, key in the following on your phone: star-hash-zero-six-hash (* # 0 6 #) and a 15-digit code will appear on the screen. This is unique to your handset. Write it down and keep it safe. If you mobile phone is lost or stolen, you can call your service provider and give them this code. They will then be able to block your handset, so even if the thief changes the sim card, your phone will be totally useless. You probably won't get your phone back, but at least you know that whoever stole it can not use/sell it either.

I haven't tried this yet but I plan to do so as soon as I get the newsletter finished. I will let you know how it goes at the July 27th meeting. It's like the say goes "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."



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Nobody Beats Our Price or Selection!

How DSR members celebrated the Fourth of July holiday

By Buddy Paquet

After spending over 30 years in law enforcement, I know what some folks do on a holiday. I asked Patt to take a poll, just for fun, to see what "normal" people, like our members, did this year.

Bill and Mickey Cox stayed in so Mick could do some R & R. She's been a bit under the weather lately. **Lycyle Crowdus** had spent the week before on Dauphin Island with family so she had to catch up on Geo Tech work as well

as home work. **Jerry Finley** joined his daughter and her family at their home for most of the day. His son and family, who live in Mississippi, came on Monday to spend some time with the Mobile connection. The **Fullers 46th wedding anniversary** was June 25th so their children took advantage of the following long weekend to help them celebrate. Their two daughters and son put on one heck of a cookout with them doing all the work while Walt and Martha sat and played with the five grandchildren who later got a ride in the "red car". **Steve and Trevor Goren** were in Atlanta for Trevor to play in a hockey tournament, where **Cathy**, returning from California, joined them. They went to a Braves baseball game on the Fourth but gave up after an hour rain delay. **Judy Martin** celebrated on Saturday, July 1, with her neighbor's family (20-something people) at their place on the Escatawpa River enjoying lots of good food and watching boaters and water-skiers enjoy the water. **Lambert and Reecie Mims** enjoyed staying home and not having to go to the office. The **Paquets** spent the day working on the AACA S/E Division Spring Meet that was held July 13-15 in Asheville, NC and I rearranged our office while Patt caught up on house cleaning before we gave in and gave up. **John and Dolly Pendergrass** went to visit Dolly's brother's family at their lake home in Baldwin County where there were lots of family of all ages. **Ross Sloan** took advantage of an extra day off to update his office security system. A block party followed by watching fireworks from their back porch kept **Herb and Nancy**



Thoms entertained for the evening. **Hershel and Frances Whigham** had a cookout with their son and daughter-in-law after Hershel and Gary finished painting Gary's truck. Having spent the weekend before camping at Lake Guntersville in north Alabama, **Richard and Sylvia White** had to catch up on the normal homeowner's duties. **Eugenia Youens'** son and his wife came to visit her the week before giving her the opportunity to celebrate a week early.

It wasn't possible to catch up with everyone to find out how you spent the day but I do hope it was a safe and memorable one. I will admit that watching today's fireworks, or pyrotechnics as they are now called, is nice but it sure isn't like the old days as depicted in the picture.

Julien

AACA Deep South Region Meeting 6/22/06
John Pendergrass

The invocation was given by Don Dinehay after the meeting was called to order by President Paquet at 7:10 PM. Lacking a quorum, no business could be conducted. The President led the Pledge of Allegiance.

Under **Old Business** it was announced the Henderson Farm Family Fun Day would be held Nov. 11. Club members are invited to attend and bring their cars. Also the display for Mercy Medical that had been rescheduled from March will be July 18th 1:30-3:30 PM.

The minutes for May were postponed as was the July Financial Report.

Under **New Business**, Activities Coordinator L. Crowdus advised DSR had been invited to attend the Junior Miss Cruise In on Monday, June 26th. Several members expressed interest in participating.

DSR's new member, Thurmond Bell, was at the meeting and was introduced.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:45 PM.

AACA Southeastern Division Spring Meet

By Patt Paquet

Situated on a plateau between the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains, where the French Broad and the Swannanoa rivers merge, Asheville, NC is a commercial and manufacturing center as well as a mountain resort. The city used to be a small crossroads on a valley floor when it was founded. However, it soon became a focal point for speculators and adventurers.

Its growth was extremely slow until the mid-1800s when the railway system was constructed. In 1882 the city was expanded and during that period, Mission Hospital was opened in a five-room house (remember that name). George W. Vanderbilt purchased 125,000 acres to the south of Asheville and had constructed Biltmore House which was completed in 1895 and is America's largest home.

When the stock market crashed in 1929, Asheville, NC carried a heavy financial burden and like so many others, Asheville defaulted. Unlike most cities though, every penny of its lapsed loans were paid off in a period of nearly a half century, a commitment that brought years of hardship.

Until 1977, when all the bonds were paid, Asheville had no money to invest in "urban renewal" so popular in the 1950s and '60s. The commitment to debt repayment saved dozens of Art Deco buildings erected during the city's boom decades earlier from the wrecking ball. Today continuing to save many of the classic buildings in the downtown area is an important goal.

What better place to hold an antique car meet? The host hotel was the Crowne Plaza, which offered nearly any amenity to be desired, and had an extraordinarily efficient and pleasant staff. The weekend began cold and sweet with an ice cream social on Wednesday evening for the over 70 early arrivals.

Thursday's highlight was a visit to the Biltmore Estate. Some free time that afternoon provided an opportunity to go into downtown Asheville which is unbelievably clean with lots of outdoor eating places along with many arts/crafts shops and boutiques. That evening, the hosting Great Smoky Mountain Region arranged for a Pizza Party that was attended by over 100 members and guests.

Friday morning you could choose to visit the Folk Art Center or the BRCC Auto Restoration. That afternoon the Judging School and Roundtable Discussion was open to any member wishing to attend. That night was a very nice

reception with your choice of catfish or BBQ. The room was large enough for folks to table-hop after the meal and visit with friends whom they might not have had the opportunity to catch up with before.

Saturday morning started with the Judges Breakfast. And I must tell you, this was a true Southern breakfast; bacon/sausage, eggs, potatoes, sausage gravy and biscuits. I overheard one of the female judges asking her husband "Who ever heard of having biscuits or gravy for breakfast?" Guess we know she definitely wasn't from below the Mason-Dixon Line, huh?

The show field was the campus of Asheville-Buncombe Technical College, an ideal location. There was plenty of room for the 390-something vehicles that were registered to be judged. There were a number of unusual ones there, several of which you can look forward to reading about in the *Sparkplug* soon. That night was the

Awards Banquet where more than 500 people applauded each other's success in taking home awards. You can see many of the vehicles that were at the Meet by going to the AACA website (aaca.org), click on Forums followed by scrolling down the screen to AACA General Forum then opening the thread titled

"Asheville Meet".

We left shortly after noon on Monday and arrived at the hotel about that same time Tuesday. That afternoon was a mixture of greeting friends and working. We thought we called an end to the day about nine o'clock that night but around 10 PM, Buddy had an episode of chest pain that put him in the hospital until shortly after 12 noon on Friday. (Noon seems to be our 'witching hour'.) After we got back to the hotel, we got re-organized and kept the door open for the numerous friends who stopped by to offer good wishes. Fortunately, if something like this had to happen, we were in one of the very best places. Mission Memorial Hospital is one of the top 50 cardiac care hospitals in the entire USA. The other up side of the situation was that they seem to have gotten a definitive diagnosis for the off-and-on chest pains that have plagued Buddy for several years. He has an appointment with his cardiologist for July 30th and we are hoping that treatment can get underway.

Although we didn't get to work as much as we had hoped or planned, we did get to be with our "other family" which more than off-set the downside of the week.



AACA Southern Division Spring Meet

Jim & Nancy Henderson
 P. O. Box 190610
 Mobile, AL 36619-0610



Deep South Region
 Antique Automobile Club of America
 4963 Freeway Lane
 Mobile, AL 36619-1716

Handwritten: Please check each one

Dates to Remember

2006

- July 27 DSR Meeting in the Clubhouse 7:00 pm**
- July 29 1:00 PM Cook-out at Paquet home - entrees furnished, bring a dish to share and bring a friend**
- Aug. 11-13 "It's All About Kids" Benefit Show—More info: Ray Harper (251)661-5017**
- Aug. 24 DSR Meeting in the Clubhouse**
- Aug. 24-26 AACA Central Division Fall Meet—Rockford, IL**
- 8/31— 9/2 AACA Western Division Fall Meet—Sunnyvale, CA**
- Sept Nominating Committee will begin work seeking candidates for 2007 officers. Everyone's help is needed**
- Oct. 4-7 HERSHEY!!**
- Nov. 11 Family Fun Day at Henderson Farm ! Are you ready??**



Lots of room here for DSR Activities! Think of something you like/want to do, get in touch with our Activities Coordinator and it can happen!