



The Sparkplug



Newsletter of the Deep South Region A. A. C. A. Vol. 33 No. 2 February 2000

Underground home tour brings three car clubs together

by Carl Bailey

Threatening weather at daylight and the weatherman forecasting rain for the late afternoon on Saturday, January 22, 2000, couldn't keep DSR members and their guests from the Gulf Coast Model A Club and the Southern Mopar Club inside.

We had a scheduled departure time of 8:30 A.M. from the DSR clubhouse. Members of the GCMAC met at the home of Jim and Judy Martin where there was a big pot of coffee and coffee cake waiting. One of their members, who is also a DSR member, said they over indulged to the point it made them late arriving at the clubhouse. However, they sent a messenger ahead to let everyone know they were on the way.

Following the arrival of our sister club, the group got away as quickly as possible after a few quick hello's and handshakes. There was a total of 28 cars, 20 of which were antiques strung out through west Mobile. We actually managed to stay together better than you might think with that many vehicles.

Our appearance at the designated meeting place in Mississippi was a little later than planned. We were met by Gavin Edwards who led us to where Dayton and Susanne Whites were waiting guide us to our destination. This added two more vintage vehicles to the caravan for a picturesque ride on winding roads through south Mississippi. I wish someone could have taken a video of the entire line of cars as they pulled into the long U-shaped driveway at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marven Smith.

Their home is very unique in that it is built into a hillside. The side of the hill was excavated with earth moving equipment in order to pour cement walls, floors and a ceiling/roof. The concrete floor was poured on top of several inches of gravel and sealed with plastic. The walls and roof are also thick concrete with double reinforcement rods. This house is built like a bomb shelter. When the cement work was finished, two feet of earth was pushed back on top of the home. The thickness

of the concrete, the sealed moisture barrier and the dirt for insulation makes for a very stable inside environment. It requires very little heating and cooling to maintain a comfortable year round temperature. The dwelling faces the southwest with a glass wall across the front. The room here is long and somewhat narrow with plants and a fountain creating a greenhouse atmosphere. It, along with other rooms in the home, contains numerous wooden items, both function and decorative, made by Mr. Smith. His creativity is phenomenal in that he has produced some beautiful pieces from various types of trees that have been blown down or removed to make way for a house or road. He is a talented individual when it comes to woodworking, building most of the furniture in their home.

After a tour of the home plus a stroll up on the roof which, incidentally, gets mowed in the spring and summer, the Smiths were put in the rumble seat of the Whites Model A Roadster and their son rode with me. We were all off for lunch. The Rocky Creek Catfish Cottage is a quaint cafe serving catfish with all the trimmings. It took almost half an hour to get there via the scenic route that the Whites chose to take. Believe it or not, Dayton thought he had everyone so thoroughly lost that he had drawn a map which he handed out to those that would not be going back in a group the way we had come. Considering 62 of us descended on them, everyone seemed satisfied with the quality and quantity of the food and especially the quick and friendly service. DSR members enjoying food and fellowship this day were 2 Andersons, 1 Bailey, 1 Crowdus, 2 Coxes, 1 Edwards, 2 Francises, 2 Grimes, 2 Jarvises, 2 Lunsfords and guest, 2 McLaneys with son Jason and his wife Tracey, 2 Martins, 2 Murphys, 2 Musgroves with six guests, 2 Neeses, 2 Paquets, C. Pugh and daughter, Nancy, 2 Rowells, 2 Whighams, 1 White and daughter, Joanna, 2 Whites, and 2 Youens. It was a terrific day, one which proved the weatherman wrong.



Officers

President: Buddy Paquet 661-4009
 Vice President: Pat Francis 342-3398
 Secretary: Reecie Mims 479-2523
 Treasurer: Wilma Jones 645-1499
 Activities: Susie Anderson 649-3231
 Joyce Francis 342-3398
 Editor: Patt Paquet 661-4009
 Member at Large: Cecil Pugh 342-3404
 SE Divisional Tour (4/09 - 4/11/2001)
 Chman: Charlie Froehlich (601)749-9935

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 7:30 P.M. 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 \$26.00. 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



Out of the President's toolbox
 by Buddy Paquet

If the number of folks that turned out for our January outing is an indication of things to come, DSR will surely have a good year. Thanks to Dayton & Susanne Whites for arranging the event.

I hope you enjoyed the DSR Mardi Gras Breakfast as much as Patt and I enjoyed putting it together. February is one of our colder months and seemed to be a good time for an indoor activity.

Last month I told you that I have three goals this year. One was to get the DSR on the internet. That's been accomplished. We now have our own website which is on the AACA's home page. Take a look and let me know what you think. Suggestions are certainly welcome. The pictures can be changed as desired. The of the clubhouse will be replaced with a color shot as soon as I find the one I am looking for. We can do a "Car of the Month" if you will give me a pix of your car and a few details about it.

The second goal was to determine the feasibility of incorporating the club as a non-profit corporation. The members at the January meeting voted to have a committee to investigate this. Ed Lunsford and Leah Musgrove along with myself will be looking at the pros and cons. If you would like to be a member of the committee let me know. It appears as of this writing that it may take some time to do. A CPA has been contacted to get advice on what impact, if any, it would have on the club tax-wise. I have spoken with an attorney-friend who has given some pointers as to how we should proceed at this time. You will be kept informed of the committee's progress.

The third goal is having speakers at some meetings. Immediately following the business meeting after our 6 P.M. Souper Bowl Supper, two members (who shall remain nameless for the time being) of the distinguished Deep South Region Vaudeville Players will be entertaining us with a short skit. I have not had a preview but am looking foward to it.

If you missed last month's meeting, the members present voted to discontinue doing wedding transports due to insurance coverage concerns. Naturally, this will mean a decline in monies donated to the club from that source. Therefore we will have to fully support other opportunities for contributions. We have on the schedule one for the grand opening of a new subdivision in Fairhope March 18-19, 2000. They have requested five cars for both Saturday and Sunday from 10 AM until 4 PM. They will make a nice donation to DSR for our participation. With the number of members and vehicles we have, this would necessitate only one day from ten members. I know you can be counted on to assist when the sign-up sheet is passed around at this month's meeting. Your help will certainly be appreciated.



Wonder who our Prez is saluting?

Minutes

Deep South Region A.A.C.A. Meeting , January 27, 2000

The meeting was called to order by Buddy Paquet, President, at 7:30 PM. with 38 members present. Buddy extended sympathy to B. L. Cammon on the loss of his sister and welcomed new club members, Dennis & Sheila Murphy. He then congratulated Charlie & Robbie Lyles on the article in the Mobile Register of 1/22/2K concerning their new antique & collectible business. The invocation was given by Lambert Mims, Chaplain.

OLD BUSINESS: Eddie Anderson presented a plaque to Mike Williamson for the work done on the Hooters show.

REPORTS: President: Buddy Paquet asked for approval for reimbursement of \$54.48 to cover the purchase of tables previously authorized by the club. Approval was granted by the club after a motion was made by Mike Williamson and seconded by Joyce Francis. He extended his appreciation to Dayton and Susanne Whites for coordinating the very successful and enjoyable January outing; and announced that he and Patt have arranged the Mardi Gras Breakfast as the February outing to be held at the Clubhouse on the 19th. at 8:30 AM.

Vice President: Pat Francis said the work on the sign will probably be done in March.

Secretary: R. Mims: The minutes were approved as printed on a motion made by Theresa Vaughan and seconded by Cecil Pugh.

Treasurer: Wilma Jones: The report for Dec. 99 was approved as printed on a motion made by Leah Musgrove and seconded by Eddie Anderson.

Editor: Pat Paquet reminded us that the dues must be paid prior to Feb. 1st. if we are to have our names in the roster.

Activities: Susie Anderson & Joyce Francis: Susie reminded us of the Mardi Gras Parade scheduled at Dauphin Island Saturday, 1/29/2K. Arrival is set for 11 AM and the parade at 1 PM. Participants are to bring their own throws.

Member at Large: Cecil Pugh - no discussion.

NEW BUSINESS: President Buddy Paquet asked for Chair and calling committee volunteers. No volunteers. Also needs chair for May car show. He then asked for discussion on whether or not to continue doing wedding party transports. After a lengthy discussion among members, including a bizarre request related by Joyce Francis about a woman requesting a car at 11:30 PM, a motion was made by Carl Baily to "cease and desist doing weddings as a club event". After a second by Joyce Francis the motion carried. Buddy also asked for discussion on whether or not the Club should be incorporated. A motion was made by George Demotropolis and seconded by Dayton White to further investigate the matter of incorporation. Motion carried.

Vice President: Pat Francis None

Secretary: Reecie Mims None

Treasurer: Wilma Jones Jan. Financial report approved as printed upon motion by Joyce Francis and seconded by Joan Lunsford.

Editor: Patt Paquet requested approval for date change of SE Tour to Nov. 1-2-3, 2001. Approval was granted after motion made by George Demotropolis and seconded by Leah Musgrove.

Activities: Susie Anderson & Joyce Francis announced a Chili & Soup Supper on 2/24/2K at 6:30PM.

And reminded members of the Brewer Center Mardi Gras Parade Fri. 3/3/2K. Bring suitable throws.

They also announced a covered dish meal to celebrate the Club Birthday Party at the Club House on March 11th. At 12 Noon. Another Club covered dish event is scheduled for 4/22/2K at Claude Kelly State Park at 12 Noon.

Member at Large: Cecil Pugh None

OTHER: George Demotropolis discussed the inadequacy of the financial statement to accurately portray the breakdown the expenditures, but no action was taken..

Announcements; 50/50 pot was won by Melvin Neese. His share was \$17.50.

A motion to adjourn came from Melvin Neese, with a second. by Lambert Mims.

Respectfully submitted,

s/Reecie P. Mims

Goodbye, Michigan...hello, Canada

by Ruby _____

Lois, Ruth and Ruby began their journey from St. Louis last month enroute to Detroit to get Lois' Essex automobile. When we left our young female trio last month, they were planning to take in some of the sights. There are some big surprises in store for them!

Monday, July 2, 1928

We left Kalamazoo at about ten and went from there to Battle Creek. We looked like traditional movers with all our luggage and accessories. At Battle Creek we went through the Post Cereal Company. The trip was quite interesting ~ nothing is done by hand ~ there is machinery for every little thing. They also have a pretty good museum and collection of painting. Our guide was a pompous old gentleman and very loquacious. The company treated us royally, however, and sent us off with enough breakfast food to last us for ages. We decided not to camp at Lansing but went on to a little station about six miles from there. We were the only ones camping there and the view was lovely. The moon was bright rose-colored. Ruth said it was orange and Lois, not to commit herself, said it was rose-orange. Anyway, it was very beautiful. We were so anxious to try the bed in the car that we retired early.

Tuesday, July 3, 1928

We started out courageously in the rain but were so sleepy (at 7 a.m.) that we didn't know enough to know that we were wet. At Flint, we got some watermelon to wake us up ~ three-in-one effect. We arrived at Port Huron about three-thirty. East Central Michigan is quite pretty. There are lakes all over and the country is wooded. Most of the houses seem very old and even have stump fences around the yards and fields. We didn't have a bit of trouble getting past the inspectors at Port Huron. We must have impressed them favorably. Eastern Canada is rather different from Michigan. We saw more houses in one day than we'd ever seen before. Much of the farm work seems to be done with horses. Every time we saw a man with a team of horses we asked him a few dozen questions about the road, etc. There are almost no road or any other kind of signs up here. The towns are few and far between. When we asked one man the road to London, he answered, "Shoot down around the station a piece and take the first concession to the right." Not hard a bit. Canada seems rather slow compared with the

States, there aren't even any hot dog or barbecue stands. I can hardly imagine such backwardness. The only sign of life is a distant train whistle now and then. Perhaps Toronto will be different. At least Ruth and I can indulge in our long looked-for glass of beer up there. We decided to camp in a farmer's front yard about eight miles from Strathbrog. The house seems to be typically Canadian, an old affair with a steep roof and fancy trimmings. The yard is lovely with apple and tamarack trees and the view is very pretty. We seem to be the first people who camped here this summer.

Wednesday, July 4, 1928

We really didn't intend to travel on the fourth, but since the Canadians naturally don't celebrate the fourth, we thought the traffic wouldn't be very heavy. The country roads were absolutely dead. One didn't meet a soul for hours. The lawns of the Canadian farm houses were lovely ~ beautifully trimmed hedges and gorgeous roses and peonies. We drove through London and Paris causing one to imagine one was in Europe. Hamilton and finally to Niagra Falls. They raise wonderful Queen Ann cherries near Niagra Falls so we stopped to get some. We decided to stay all night in Niagra, Ontario. The Falls are absolutely lovely from the Canadian side! You are directly across from them. We walked down a rocky pathway to the foot of the Falls and saw the Maid of the Mist, a small boat that takes passengers on trips to the whirlpool and around the river. At night the Falls were illuminated and were gorgeous. The colored post cards we got didn't do justice to its beauty. They told us that a man had gone over the Hoursehoe Falls in a rubber ball just before we arrived.

Thursday, July 5, 1928

We walked across the Fall View Bridge to see the Falls from the American side. It is beautiful over there because one can get very near to the Falls. There is a pretty park with entrancing little paths in it that lead to Goat Island, Luna Island, Prospect Point, etc., where the Falls are particularly beautiful. On leaving Niagra we went through Victoria Park and took the Niagra River drive to Buffalo. New York state is a lot like Canada except tht it seems more lively. We decided to put up for the night at a place between Avon and Lima. Please see *Diary* on Page 5

Diary

It was a very comfortable places except for the fact that the twelve or thirteen year old son of the family was over friendly. We were rather interested to hear what he had to say against "solidated" schools as he called them. He had evidently heard his folks talking about it. The moon was lovely again ~ so bright in fact that we could hardly sleep. Our bed in the car is getting more comfortable every night. I guess we're getting used to it.

Friday, July 6, 1928

Today we saw some of New York's larger cities, Syracuse and Utica. The Finger Lake district around Geneva was awfully pretty. Geneva is located on Lake Seneca which is about thirty miles long. We hunted for ages for Smith College and didn't even recognize the place when we saw it. It's terribly small and very exclusive. I guess because they only admit a hundred and fifty girls. Hobart College for men is also located at Geneva. We decided to go to Montreal by going north through the Adirondacks so we stopped at Trenton to get some information. The man to whom we talked was an old timer in the region with a cud of tobacco and everything that goes with it. He told us that everything in the Adirondacks was free. "My God" he said, "they're glad to see you up there." We fully believe him now because when we stopped at a place between Poland and Ohio (it's impossible to imagine places called Poland and Ohio ~ no wonder we've lost our sense of direction) and asked what the charge for camping would be, the man said, "Help thyself" and we certainly did. It's a pretty place in between two grassy hills. I don't see any stone or rail fences but there ought to be some to make the place complete. The people are terribly back-woodsdy but exceedingly kind hearted. They gave us salt, milk -- and what have you-- for nothing.

Saturday, July 7, 1928

This wasn't Friday, the thirteenth but it might well have been. We went from Ohio to Piseco, Indian Lake, Blue Mountain Lake, Long Lake, Little Tupper and Big Tupper. It's awfully pretty up here -- the lovely green colored mountains-- they seem like hills to us -- and the big woods and blue lakes everywhere you look. The roads were awful because they were making a new road and the car was perpendicular for miles and travelling over huge pieces of sharp rocks, over hills which had no top or bottom. The roller coaster is mild compared with

them. We learned all of the elements of roadmaking from chopping down the trees to cracking the rocks. There are hundreds of lakes up here of every color and shape imaginable, but one of the prettiest was Blue Mountain Lake ~ a very bright blue about the color of the Morning Glory Pool in Yellowstone. The people up here ought to do a lot of swimming, they certainly have all of the opportunities. We decided to camp just outside of Tupper Lake because the road was being tarred on up farther. The place was on the edge of a forest and would have been keen except for the fact that the mosquitos welcomed us with open arms. The pleasure wasn't reciprocated, however, so we prepared a morgue in the back of the car for their carcasses. We hope to have it filled by morning.

Sunday, July 8, 1928

Yesterday was Friday, the thirteenth, with a vengeance. We went to bed last night with the mosquitoes, literally, millions of them, singing about our ears until we were on the verge of insanity. They sounded just like airplanes and we had visions of ourselves in the morning reduced by half. Besides that, it was so hot that we were slowly melting away. Just as we had nearly fallen asleep, we heard a car drive up and park. We wouldn't have minded except that we were alone and the campsite was a little cleared space in a big black forest. Well, we kept getting more and more nervous and the mosquitoes kept eating us by pieces and the car stayed on and on. Finally about ten o'clock, we decided that we'd had enough and would try to find a hotel so we dressed and threw everything into the car and started off leaving the spooners. I guess that's what they were, to the mosquitoes. It's not an extremely easy thing to find a hotel late at night in the Adirondacks when you're not familiar with the roads. We found that Saranac was some seventeen miles from where we were and we didn't want to stay at Saranac Inn or Pearl Smith's which were closer because we were too messy. Finally we found a keen place about two miles from Saranac where we had a little summer bungalow by ourselves. We really came off none the worse and laughed ourselves silly about the whole thing, but will be a little more careful about our choice of campsites. We had a keen drive today. Lake Placid was very pretty and the the millionaires seemed to be thick up there. In the afternoon we decided to go through the Ausable Chasm which is supposed to be the Please see *Diary* on Page 6



Editorially Speaking....

What do you enjoy reading most in the *Sparkplug*? Is it what the club, as a whole, has been doing during the past month? Is it about meets and tours? Would you like to read about the progress of other members' restoration projects? Maybe you might like a "Tips and Tech" column monthly. I see those frequently in other clubs' newsletters. However, in many cases those are taken from professional publications and are therefore copy-righted. I am hesitant to use them. There used to be a TV program that opened with a dialog of something like..."there are a million people out therein the city and a million stories...". We don't have quite that many members but among those we do have, are some good stories. I have heard a number of you tell some really great tales that nearly anyone would enjoy. You don't have to be a journalist to write one. Just put down in your own words what you want to say. The computer will take care of grammar and spelling for both of us. Share some of yourself with your friends.

Souper Bowl II

This month's meeting will allow those who want to show off their creative cooking skills in the soup and chili categories the opportunity to vie for first, second and third place awards. If you plan to bring an entry, please contact Joyce Francis (342-3398). If you are not competing in the contest, you can bring crackers or chips, salad or dessert. For those who are still employed, it's a night you can skip preparing dinner before the meeting. You won't have much time between receiving this newsletter and the meeting. Please call Joyce so she can know how many to plan for.

DSR members provide link to the past

by Joyce Francis

The students at Allentown Elementary School have been studying the past and each grade level was assigned a specific era to research.

Ms. Susan Smith, a third grade teacher, requested some of our 50s and 60s vehicles for the third grade's study of that era. These cars were provided by 2 Francises, 2 Musgroves, 2 Neeses and 2 Nettles. We were greeted by Ms. Smith upon our arrival and also received a cordial welcome from the school's principal, Ms. Andrea Barbour.

The third graders were appropriately dressed with the girls in "poodle" skirts (remember those?), bobby socks and their hair tied with scarves. We saw several leather jacket clad boys, young versions of Elvis and Ed "Kookie" Byrnes.

Pictures were taken of the students inside the vehicles and in poses outside of them. These photos will be transposed onto moving slides containing music for the 50s and 60s and will be presented to the school on the morning of February 8, 2000 and again at the PTO meeting that evening. We were all invited to attend. We were thanked profusely by the principal, teachers and students and I truly believe that all involved had a great time.

Diary

Yellowstone Canyon of the East. It was gobs of fun. First we walked three-fourths of a mile on a narrow ledge which runs all the way through the chasm. Then we rode through the rest of the gorge in a row boat. The walls on either side were quite high and were made of rock. The water was jet black in color. It was particularly fun when the boat went over the rapids. Ruth and Lois certainly hung on. The Ausable River empties into Lake Champlain and we drove for miles along the shores of the Lake. We're camping just a few feet from the lake at Rowse's Point, NY which is just on the Canadian border. We're in New York, but from where we are, we can see the lights of Vermont across the lake and also the lights of Canada. I'm going swimming early tomorrow morning if the water isn't too deep. *Continued next month*

A history search that failed --- (or I should have started earlier)

by Charlie Froehlich

In 1976 we refurbished the 1957 Ford Thunderbird for a trip to the Classic Thunderbird Club International Meet in San Jose, California. On the way to San Jose, we stopped at the Lafayette Rally being held in Opelousas, LA. As luck would have it, I fell in love again (one of many times). This time it was with a blue 1937 Ford pickup that Gerald Hildago had just acquired. They were using the truck as a beer wagon for the rally. I had been looking for an early Ford V-8 truck, but thought that I wanted a 1935, 1936, 1940 or 1941. But this 1937 won me over.

Over the next decade, I talked to Gerald about the truck many times. However, we could never come to an agreement. Either he did not wish to part with the truck, or I did not wish to say good-bye to my hard-earned \$\$\$\$. Just before Gerald's death, we reached a tentative agreement. In July 1987, I acquired the truck from his estate.

Of, course one of the first things you do when you obtain a new old vehicle is clean it out. Find out what is in the glove box, the trunk, under the seat, etc. The main thing that I found of interest was that the jack was wrapped in a December 1968 issue of the *Bloomfield Vindicator* newspaper from Bloomfield, Missouri. The paper was addressed to "Fenton Crawford - City". I thought that it may be of interest to look up Mr. Crawford sometime to see what history I could learn of the truck.

Well, being a procrastinator, not much happened until the fall of 1998 when the Thanksgiving Tour was scheduled to go to Eastern Missouri. It just so happens that Bloomfield is located in southeastern Missouri, not far from the area we would be touring. So I dug out what information I had, the old newspapers and photos and set off in pursuit. While the main portion of the T Tour was traveling to Farmington, MO, Ardie and I took a detour to Bloomfield. We were several years too late to visit with Mr. Crawford but we did meet a number of people who had known him. Whenever we mentioned the old pickup, they would tell us about the truck that was at his house when he died and had been sold, but that was not the truck of interest as his death was somewhat after 1976. Only one gentleman thought he remembered the truck and said it was a darker blue than the photo we carried with us. On that he was correct as the old paint

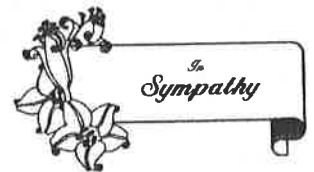
under the current peeling paint is darker. He pointed to a color that was close to the original color on our truck.

We also learned that Mr. Crawford's widow had gone to live with her daughter and son-in-law in Washington state. I was able to contact him by phone, but he was unable to provide any information. I suggested that I would send a photo to Mrs. Crawford to see if she remembered the truck. Well, that was fine, but she is blind. So that was almost the end of it.

But there was one other piece of information I had, that I have not previously mentioned. That is that someone had used care when repainting the truck to tape over and preserve a decal on the back of the truck that said, "GROVES SERVICE SOLD IT". With that, I was referred to the Ford dealership in Cape Girardeau, still operating under that name. At Groves, I visited with the sales manager. Of course he had no 1937 records and was not too much interested until he walked outside and saw my 1957 Fairlane. Then he opened up -- "Man, I sold a bunch of those" -- etc. He was originally from Bloomfield and now offered to contact both his father and his mother-in-law to see if they could shed any light on the truck. Well it sound good but lead nowhere. After all, it was just an old truck and nobody specifically remembered it.

So ends the story. I learned very little except my bubble was busted about the possibility of contacting the original owner. I cannot be sure, but it appears that Mr. Crawford was not the original owner. I would give it at least a 50/50 shot that he did own the truck at some time; even if one his former employers that we met didn't remember the it. So, because of my procrastination, too late.

DSR members wish to express our sincere condolences to Glenn and Cheri Griffin on the death of Glenn's mother Jan. 22, 2000. Mrs. Griffin had been transferred to Mercy Medical from Bay Manor Nursing Home a few days before her death. We extend our sympathy also to her husband, Mr. Thomas L. Griffin.



Our hobby has a definite future

by Ron Barnett, National Director

Pick up almost any antique vehicle hobby magazine or newspaper these days and more than likely you will find another article which talks about where the hobby is going. Unfortunately, most of the authors seem to be stuck on rising or falling car prices, the results of auctions, attempts to predict the future "best" collectibles, more often than not from the perspective investment potential.

Occasionally, there will be an article which pessimistically predicts the death of the hobby as a result of adverse legislation and EPA changes to fuels, painting techniques or metal plating operations.

These articles gloomily describe a future where we won't be able to drive the cars, won't be able to do our own painting and will be forced to come up with a substitute for chrome plating just as we were forced to accept cad plating. And if that's not depressing enough, we are constantly reminded that we are all getting older and without new, younger members, the hobby will simply die of old age.

Is that really what our hobby has to look forward to?

These types of articles are based on real and valid concerns and AACA, along with other hobby organizations, is actively

"Have we lost our pleasure and interest? Certainly not! Go to a national meet or tour and witness the excitement and enthusiasm. Listen to the conversations about the beautiful vehicles and catch the pleasure as people acknowledge the interest in the hobby."

**Ron Barnett
AACA President (1991)**

searching for solutions to these problems. More importantly, however, are these really significant indicators of the hobby? Aren't there some optimistic indicators?

A hobby is an activity or interest pursued for please and interest. Have we lost of pleasure and interest? Certainly not!

Go to one of the national meets or tours and witness the excitement and enthusiasm. Listen to the conversations about the beautiful and interesting vehicles and catch the pleasure as people wave and acknowledge the fact that these people are really taking an interest in the vehicles and the hobby.

When a young girl writes an article for the region's newsletter and tells how much she enjoyed a national meet and her favorite car was her mommy's '37 Morris or when a teenage boy works out a summer con-

tract so he can buy an airline ticket to get him to Louisiana to go on the Founders Tour with his grandfather, I think there really is a future for the hobby. When three generations of one family attend a national tour, or judge at a national meet, or register show vehicles at the same meet, that is a pretty good indication that there is life in our old hobby. None of these situations are fictional.

New restorations are constantly rolling out of shops all over the country. National and local activities are attracting more and more attention and participation. Our hobby definitely has a future and we are building on a solid foundation for the future.

The above article is from the Summer 1991 *Rummage Box*. Mr. Barnett, who is from Union Grove, Alabama, was AACA President at the time he wrote it. It is just as true today as then.

New AACA National President is Alabama Resident

Alabama continues to provide members to fill key positions for our organization. John Myer, a member of the Dixie Region in Birmingham took control of the AACA steering wheel at the annual meeting in Philadelphia, PA earlier this month. DSR offers our congratulations and support to him.

Patronize and recommend our advertisers whenever possible

Islanders kick off Mardi Gras

“Throw me something, mister!” shouts were heard from old and young alike as the parade crawled down Bienville Boulevard. This was the ninth year for the Island Mystics organization to take to the streets. This parade is a full two weeks ahead of any in Mobile. There were 47 units comprised of trailered bands, celebrities, the Shriners’ Greeters, DSR’s antique cars, the Sheriff’s Mounted Patrol and various floats. One float made to look like a Volkswagen van had “Magic Bus” and “Free Love” painted on it. Others depicted the Roaring 20s, prohibition, the 1950s and even one an alien spaceship.

Carnival season’s first parade rolls on Dauphin Island January 29, 2000

Island residents, some snowbirds (we luv ‘em) and Mobilians staked out spots in the median of the boulevard to park their vehicles, set up grills, coolers, tables and chairs to have lunch. On the north side of the roadway several motorhomes were parked and the occupants were setting out full-size meals!

Some of our friends from the northern climates were seeing their first Mardi Gras parade as well as experiencing their first taste of that seasonal delicacy we know as *moonpie*. Bet it won’t be the last time they sink their teeth into that marshmallowy treat!

DSR members spending most of the day on the Island were **2 Andersons, C. Bailey, Lycyle Crowdus, 2 Musgroves, 2 Paquets, and Anna White**. Also along for the ride were friends of the Anderson’s, Jessie and Rose Harper, Lycyle’s daughter-in-law, Dana, and Dana’s son, Mason, plus Anna’s daughter, Jennifer, Jennifer’s husband, Robert, and their son, Robbie.

It wasn’t a bad day, but with a cold, damp wind, not a great one either. A report-in time of 11 AM had been set meaning we had a 10:15 AM departure from Mobile. No one foresaw to take a lunch so by mid-afternoon everyone was ravenous. Most of the group stopped to eat on the way home. However, some of us felt that it would be to our own best interest to get ourselves back to our own garage before stopping again. But that’s another story.

GBL
Grand Bay
Lumber

One Piece or a Truckload!

Always:
Professional Service
Quality Products
Prompt Delivery

SALES (334) 865-6185 FAX (334) 865-6186

• 12250 Highway 90 West • Grand Bay, AL 36541

ML
Mobile Lumber
& Millwork

Specializing In
Outstanding Service
Doors, Windows,
Mouldings and
Building Products

SWITCHBOARD	CONTRACTOR SALES	FAX
334/661-8000	334/660-0400	334/660-0433

P.O. Box 190610 • 5229 Highway 90 West • Mobile, AL 36619

Gulf Coast Corvettes, Inc.
Repair & Service Work

2565 Highway 90 Mobile, AL 36606
(334) 476-VETT (8388)

Mon - Fri 9:30 AM - 5:00 PM Closed Saturday



Bob Gechjian

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

Important Dates

- Feb. 24 Monthly meeting in clubhouse with soup/chili supper beginning at 6:30 PM
- Feb. 26 Wal-Mart Car Show for Make-a-Wish Foundation ~ Registrations forms at February meeting
- Mar. 3 Annual Brewer Center Campus Mardi Gras Parade ~ Line up 8:30 AM ~ Beads/Moonpies only
- Mar. 3-4 AACA Southeastern Winter Meet ~ Ft. Lauderdale, FL
- Mar. 7 Mardi Gras Day
- Mar. 11 DSR's 32nd Birthday Party ~ Last chance to find out details will be February meeting
- Mar. 12-13 Dinner for subdivision opening in Escobedo 10 AM 4PM ~ Your help is needed for one day

SYNOPSIS: Under existing law, motor vehicles on certain defined property may be deemed abandoned and subject to removal by peace officers or the owner or lessees of the real property where the motor vehicle is located. The motor vehicle deemed abandoned may be subsequently sold. However, existing law does not provide for the removal as a nuisance of inoperable motor vehicles on the private property. This bill would allow a municipality or county to adopt procedures for the abatement and removal of inoperable motor vehicles on private property when the motor vehicles is a nuisance.