FORT SMITH ANTIQUE AUTOMOBILE CLUB

April 2017

Did you know that ancient Greeks supposedly originated pie pastry? In the plays of Aristophanes (5th century BC) there are mentions of small fruit-filled pastries. Furthermore, they've found a recipe for chicken pie written on a tablet around 2000 BC. However, no mention of pie sales, suppers nor pie AUCTIONS has yet been discovered. They lived beneath their privileges.

Which reminds us, **PIE AUCTION** at **April Meeting Thursday 4/20/17.** Get out those rollin' pins, crank up your ovens, and check your billfolds!

WHAT A TOUR!!

Saturday, April 1: Thanks to Danny and Diana for the opportunity of a lifetime to see the backroads of Green Country! Eight old cars and four modern left Roland McDonald's and headed straight for the boonies. For miles we drove through the back woods past country homes, deserted shacks, and burned-down buildings. Saw lots of old barns and sheds, hound dogs, creeks and briars. What a surprise when by the time our back teeth were floating we came to a WAL-MART! At Stillwell! Relieved, we were game to go on, wound up at a brand new restaurant at Vian - Miss Lilly's. All 25 of us agreed the food was great. What a fun trip - thanks Mitchells, hope we can do this again.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

You may remember it was a beautiful, top-down kind of day and perfect for a parade.

There were 6 old cars - Gary Baldwin, DeArmonds, Johnsons, Jones, Kellys, and Reddings. It went kinda slow since we were behind a truck with some basketball players who wanted to play ball with the crowd. So we were glad to finally get to Goodson's for food and air. We saw Ruth Tinder, she'd just come from church. Said she'd been praying for us (good thing).

Just a personal note: We were the first to arrive at the staging area and NOT a car in sight. Since we have never been first it was kinda weird, as if maybe things were called off and nobody told us. It was a relief when that big yellow Cadillac hove into sight.

ALSO: It's just a rumor that St. Pat drove all the snakes from Ireland! They never even had any!!

From the Running Board

No you didn't miss getting a newsletter in March - there wasn't one. That's the month we always run away from home and go to Texas. Two T-shirt days in four weeks and three tornado warnings. Never again (we say this every year).

Yeaaa! My begging for old car stories is paying off. Thanks a million for the following from Valorie - love it!

The Legend of the Toad

- By Valorie Albertson

1964 Dodge Pickup D100 short step bed - 225 cubic inch slant six - 327 - 140 horsepower 3-speed push button automatic

<u>1964</u> - Toad was ordered factory direct by my dad (James E. Dowdy) while a bookkeeper at Hobbs Motor Company in Fort Smith. I was six at the time, and we lived on 60 acres East of Roland, which we still share with my family.

Having sat on my dad's lap to steer te tractor, I began driving around the farm when I was eight or nine. With Toad's push-button tranny in the dash, shifting gears was no problem. But short as I was, I almost ran the truck onto the back porch before Dad got his foot onto the brake for me. As time went by I must have driven Toad thousands of miles over that sixty acres (part of the time pulling dad to get the old 8N Ford tractor started). We also used the truck working around the place, hauling wood across the creek and through the woods, and Dad drove it to work and back for years.

We took several family vacations to Mason, Texas. Dad had put a shell cover on the truck for all the luggage, and a board bed across the back for three kids. We had a few adventures back there; once we kicked the window out of the back door, and another time when we were standing up behind the cab, my brother was thrown out onto the driveway.

My dad eventually bought a newer Dodge truck and my brother used Toad to pull his horse trailer all over the country. By then the motor was showing wear, and after we married in 1977, Carl drove it until it finally gave up. For ten years Toad sat alone in the pasture fading and beginning to rust.

Finally Carl's dad decided to start restoring the old truck, and hauled it to Moffett. He replaced the original engine and then came the "Flood of 1990". We moved it back behind our house to keep it out of the water, and there it sat. We officially became Toad's legal owners......

What ever happened to old Frog? Is he still rusting behind the Albertson barn? Will he ever find his rightful place among Carl and Valorie's fleet of oldie goodies? Find out in the May issue of FSAAC News!



RE FSAAC PHOTOS

Thank you, thank you everyone for sending all those pictures of our activities. Ain't it neat that we have all those cellphones? Since I seem to be unable to get my computer to cooperate, in the future please send your photos to Donna and she will see that they get sent out. Don't know what we would do without Donna, she always does more than her share.

October 1996 - We decided it was time to start the project, and for \$250 bought a wrecked 1975 Plymouth Valiant with a newly rebuilt motor (same specs as the original engine! Sold the salvage for \$75). Next I started sanding, sanding, sanding, and then I learned I should have been wearing a mask working with 30-year-old paint!

<u>November 1996</u> - We were ready to paint, at least as ready as we could be. Still had some dents and scrapes but didn't have a lot of money to spend so decided to "pickle it" and used equipment paint since it was cheaper. This was Carl's first attempt at painting a vehicle by himself. The only part with the original color (sort of) was the inside of the glove compartment door. We did our best at matching it, and after awhile everything in the shop had a blue-green tint (we still find signs of overspray).

We worked into 1997, covering the seat somewhat, and checking salvage yards for replacement parts. We replaced the rusted-out bed rails with those from a 1977 "Little Red Truck" (the exact size we needed for the short bed. Then came all new tires and a new muffler system. In 2001 we had the transmission rebuilt, and this year I finally got a better seat cover and new head liner.

There will always be something to upgrade as we go along (like another speedometer). Carl considers this my truck and lets me keep up the maintenance, at least the easy items. I do have to call on him for help with the more complicated projects. We mainly use Toad now for hauling and junking around. One of these days maybe we'll take him out of the pickling stage and do a more complete restoration. But for now, we just drive him and enjoy the many memories, while making new ones. I just wish we still had that original engine.

Where did I get the nam	e "Toad"? I always	s thought it looked	d like a big green	toad frog from the
front.	•	•		-