

## **Testing the Water With an AEV** **By Jim Lucas AKA Chief Rightwing**

Don't know why my wife never liked my 1938 Buick; My kids thought it was great; My neighbors said it was classy; My 8th grade students said it was cool and my friends said that it was designed with me in mind.

Knowing that it would always be in danger of being wrecked, stolen, vandalized or some other unpleasant thing, I decided not to worry about it and to drive and enjoy it. My son, Jim agreed with me and joined me in several events such as taking it to ballgames, drive-in-movies, car shows and short trips, which eventually led to ones that covered hundreds of miles and would last a few days.

Much to Jim's delight, we used the Buick to deliver a young actress to a Hitchcock movie premier. We not only got free seating to the movie but met both Hitchcock and Red Buttons!

Another time I drove it in a movie that was being produced by students of a college movie making class. Several other old cars were being used and seeing no one would let anyone else drive his car we would drive to the designated place. Then the filming would stop while we got out and were replaced by actors. The filming resumed and the actors would be filmed exiting our cars. Everything went well but we screwed up a few times when we failed follow driving directions.

Ida steadfastly refused to take any trips with me, so Jim and I started taking short trips to places like Anheuser Busch Brewery, Universal Studios and Seven Flags Theme Park. Later we ventured out to Edwards Air Force Base to an air show and to Lake Arrowhead, just for the scenic view.

Later we got brave enough to pack sleeping bags and drive some 250 miles to a CHVA weekend retreat to H.B. Ranch. Finally, we took a trip to Harrahs Auto Museum in Reno. We returned home via Yosemite National Park, logging some 1200 miles! Although we had a few small problems, the trip went quite well and we had a lot of fun. It vapor locked a couple of times before I found out a way of protecting the fuel line from the heat of the manifold; then the hood kept popping open until I also found a way to fix that. General Custer is a better Indian fighter than I am a mechanic, but I somehow manage to stumble my way out of problems. Sometime after the trip, Jim asked his mother why she didn't like the Buick. She said that it was too high off the ground, she didn't like using the running board to get in it, the hood was too long, the steering wheel was too large and the floor gear shift bothered her {funny it never bothered her when we were young and my hand would "accidentally" brush her leg when I shifted gears}. Knowing that those things were just excuses, I decided that it would be a good thing for me to begin a search for a car that was a little newer, and less conspicuous, ah, say a... 1941 Pontiac convertible? That's it!