

Al Baumgarten is our guest writer for July. This is a cute story. It seems like Al just sort of stumbled on to being a Model A affectionado. Nice job Al. - Ed.

## How it all began ( The good life)

By Al Baumgarten

**T**he date was Memorial Day weekend in 1972, the event a weekend camping trip to my brother's mining claim. Saturday morning was a time to test a new winch on my brothers Jeep. An old car down in a dry river bed was our target, out and up it came, a 1931 tudor sedan, but not much of it remained. It had about 200 bullet holes. After a brief look, back into the river bed she went. But alas, the fever had hit. In October, for two cases of beer that wreck was ours. All we had to do was get it out of the riverbed and in to the back of my new four-wheel drive pickup truck. The big day was the second Saturday in October. We started early with two pickup trucks, my brother and I, and three teen-aged boys. About ten A.M. we pulled the poor sedan out of the river bed again and started to load it into the back of my truck. This turned out to be one hell of a job! About two hours later we heard motorcycles approaching, and then stop just over the hill, about where the gate was located, not a good sign. So all work stopped and to the top of the hill we went, and low and behold, we were having an attempted break-in. We welcomed the bikers with many gifts of lead. They did not seem to approve of our gifts, but left in a hurry. Back to our loading job, which we finished about 4:00 p.m. Ahead was about 40 miles of bad roads and another 150 miles to home. A snack, a shower, and off to bed. The next morning while picking up the paper, I looked up at my truck and said Lord god what have I done. After church, I said let's take it out the Pomona Club swap meet and try to sell it for gas money. Judy would not hear of that. So we went to our first swap meet. What a show, vin-

tage tin everywhere and dirt cheap. So many great cars, only years later did we learn that in those days the Pomona event was a warm up for national judging. On the way home I was told that we were going to fix up that wreck.(not once did she ever touch sandpaper!) So I gave up and unloaded the mess into the garage, and shut the door hoping that it go away. The next day, after work I walked out to the garage to get a cold beer, and found the mess all apart. It seems every kid in track had been there and had a good time.. An exam found all we could save was a good frame and maybe the rear end. Three weeks later at another swap meet We found a little girls doll house, which she had out grew, a 1931 Tudor body. The following September, we had the running gear almost done, when up jumped the devil in the form of a almost running 1928 sport coupe. It got restored, and then came a '31 pickup. It too got restored, then back to sedan, In 1982 it finally got to see the road again. We went to our first national convention St. Paul , Mn. It was not allowed in national judging due to rubber valve stems. We had a great time! Sadly the sedan was sold in 1995 due to lack of space. While the car is long gone, the good times had by my family will never end. I do not know of any other hobby that could in any way produce as many friends and good times.

Al Baumgarten