

**D**el Alspaw is our Guest writer for March. Del professes to be an addict in this article. My opinion, with two gorgeous vehicles like this, it's easy to be an addict. I suspect that Del's wife would agree, things could be worse! - Dan

### The Confession of an Addict

**I** am an addict and I can't control myself. I was told that if you want to be delivered from your addiction you must first admit you have one. Well here is my story.



In January 2010 I became the proud owner of a 1929 Tudor sedan. With the unbelievable help of my best friend for over 40 years Kirk Ritter (he looks older than me but is actually younger) I was able to acquire this fine automobile. It is in nice condition and I began to buy lots of goodies and accessories for it. I soon became a member of the Bakersfield Model A club. The members gave me the 100 point visual inspection and began quizzing me about my car. They ask me - Where I got it, how does it drive, is the motor stock, does it leak oil? The one question that puzzled me was - Are you looking for your next A yet? This question came with a *your almost hooked* chuckle. I thought to myself "why a second Model A?"

I had never even looked under the hood of a model A until I owned one. I began to research the model A's online and buying books. My wife can confirm that when I start a new venture I gather books and read everything I can. It was not long until I started thinking

how cool it would be to have another A to try my hand at restoration. The addiction had begun.

One afternoon I was showing off my A to another good friend of mine of 25 + years Bruce McDowell. Bruce told me "You know I have an old car that my mother left me sitting in my parent's garage" He told me how it was once a Judge's car that drove it from Taft to Bakersfield every day. Claire McDowell bought the car from the Judge. She was a teacher at Wasco High School so she made arrangements for the Auto shop class to rebuild the engine. My friend Bruce and his class spent the school year on that motor. Once it was finished the car was placed in the garage for over 30 years. He could not remember if it was a Model A or not for sure. A few days later Bruce approached me and ask if wanted to buy the car. Claire was a friend of mine too and the idea of having her car made me very proud. We took the trip to Wasco and when we opened the garage looking back at us was a 1929 standard Coupe. She is solid, complete, and begging for restoration.



Like a true addict I began to drool and twitch. As most people with addictions, I blame my friends for getting me involved. However, I don't see any recovery from the high I feel while working on or driving these great cars. My 5 year old son is showing signs of being hooked too. However I think my wife is planning an intervention between me and eBay.

Del Alspaw