

(Continued from page 1)

We shopped and got back to the car and I go unlock her door first, because I'm a gentleman you know, then I go unlock mine. Hmmm, my side won't unlock. What da? Ok, so I ask if Dianne could you go in, roll down the window and pull up on the lock knob. She complied with my request and said the knob won't go up and the inside door handle didn't work either. Hmmm, now what? Well, we load up the car from the passenger side and I had to go in through her door while she laughs at me as I'm sliding over the console and having charlie horses squeezing and twisting my old long legs between the dashboard and shifter and twisting this old body into a contortionist act of pain. Finally, I'm in, caught my breath and we on our way home.

The rest of the trip was fairly silent as I contemplated on what's happening here! We got home and to avoid being laughed at again, I suggested she go unlock the house first as I get out the car. We then unloaded the car and saved the food.

I then go back to the car, rolled down the window, unscrewed the door lock knob, grabbed the thing I always spray everywhere (WD-40, well actually Blaster on this occasion) and sprayed in the opening liberally as she told me to do and while I have the can in my hand. I also liberally sprayed the key hole. I put the key in and on the second twist, up went the lock knob and the door opened.

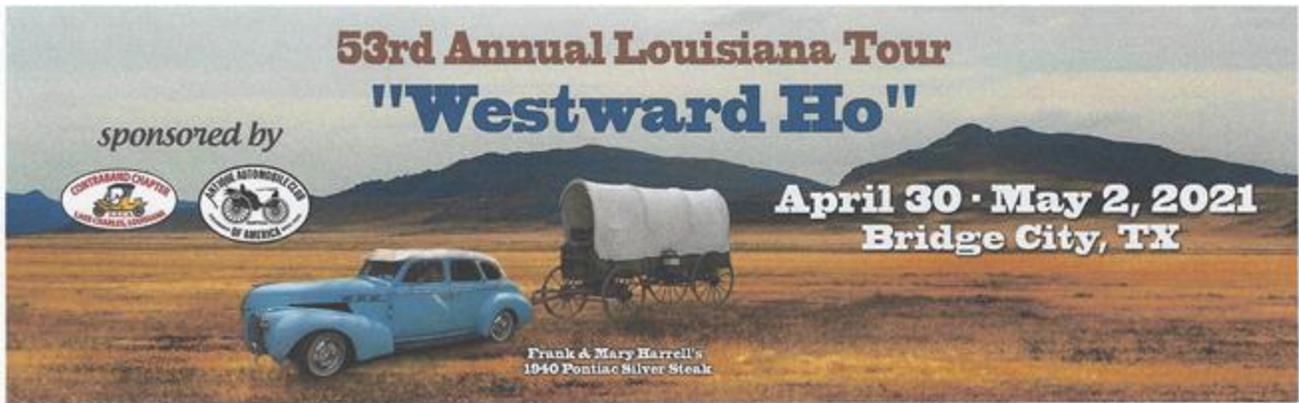
So fellows, they know more than they let us know. Be careful, be very very careful, haha!

Hoping to see y'all at the Louisiana Tour and keep a can of WD 40 or equal handy!

On a sad note, on behalf of the Louisiana Region I'd like to offer our Condolences to the family and friends of longtime Lagniappe Chapter member Betty Kreamer who passed away on March 8th. Please keep her family and friends in your thoughts and prayers.

Until next time, "Keep on motoring".

Ron Sonnier



Headquarters: LaQuinta Wyndham Hotel 108 Texas Ave. • Bridge City, Texas • 409-735-2221
Room Rate \$95 Plus Tax • Includes Breakfast
Cut off for rates is March 30, 2021

REGISTRATION: Friday 10am – 12:45pm in lobby of hotel.

LIGHT LUNCH: 10:30am – 12:45pm in hospitality suite near registration table

EARLY BIRD TOUR: Depart at 1:00pm for Delta Downs and Billy White's Garage

FRIDAY EVENING: 5:30pm Social at Robert's Family Restaurant (Cash Bar)

DINNER: 6pm *Menu:* Meatloaf OR Grilled Pork Chops, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Dessert & Drink

SATURDAY:

- Depart at 9am from hotel parking lot and caravan to tour
- Shangri La Botanical Gardens
- Lunch at Roberts Family Restaurant then continue to tour
- Starks Museum of Art and for those who are interested Farmer's Marcantile

Semi-Annual Regional Board Meeting : 4:00-5:00pm Hospitality Suite

SATURDAY AWARDS BANQUET: 5:30pm – 6pm Social at Robert's Restaurant DRESS ATTIRE IS WESTERN WEAR.

6:00pm DINNER: *Menu:* Pork Roast OR Chicken Fried Chicken, Yam Casserole, Mashed Potatoes, Black Eyed Peas, Dessert & Drink

• 6:30pm: General Meeting • 7:00pm: Door Prizes, raffle and 50/50 drawing, awards presentation

Bunny LeDoux / 337-240-0771

DETACH & MAIL BY APRIL 7TH TO BUNNY LEDOUX, 3802 YALE STREET LAKE CHARLES, LA. 70607

NO REFUNDS AFTER APRIL 26, 2021

Name of Driver _____ \$70 Name of Passenger _____ \$65

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone: _____ Cell _____ Email _____

AACA# _____ Affiliated Chapter _____

Insurance Carrier _____ Vehicle Year, Make & Model _____

2021 AACA National Calendar

March 17-20 - Special Winter Nationals - San Juan, Puerto Rico
March 19 - Special Grand Nationals - San Juan, Puerto Rico
April 8-10 - Southeastern Spring Nationals - Charlotte, NC
April 20-23 - Southeastern Divisional Tour - Central Florida
May 6-8 - Central Spring Nationals - Auburn, IN
May 20-25 - Founders Tour - Davis, WV
June 2-5 - Eastern Divisional Tour - Eastern Shore of MD
June 17-19 - Eastern Spring Nationals - Saratoga Springs, NY
July 11-16 - Vintage Tour - Lock Haven/Wellsboro, PA
July 22-24 - Grand Nationals - New Ulm, MN
Aug 13-14 - Western Fall Nationals - Loveland, CO
Sep 9-11 - Southeastern Fall Nationals - Greenville, SC
Sep 12-17 - Revival AAA Glidden Tour® (VMCCA) - Saratoga Springs, NY
October 6-9 - Eastern Fall Nationals - Hershey, PA
October 18-22 - Central Divisional Tour - Broken Arrow, OK
November 4-6 - Special Western Nationals - Phoenix, AZ
NOV 7-11 - Western Divisional Tour - Metropolitan Phoenix & Central AZ

Louisiana Region 2021 Point Earning Events

December 6, 2020 Region Board Meeting & Christmas Party

April 30th – May 2, 2021 Hosted by Contraband Chapter – Motel location is Bridge City, Texas

Date TBA – Lagniappe AACA will host --

From the Editor:

If anyone has an article they want to appear in the Duster, please send it to me.
Snail mail is Brenda Derouen, 1404 Center Street, New Iberia, LA 70560
Or email boobren@bellsouth.net
The Duster is published in February, April, June, August, October and December.

The Chain

Submitted by Ron Sonnier

Once upon a time there was a hard-working Cajun man named Dupre Sonnier who was born in 1908 on his father's farm in Duson La. in Lafayette Parish. He grew up during hard times and lived through the depression. When he had enough of farm life, he moved to Rayne Louisiana in search of a better life off of the farm. In Rayne he met a young lady by the name of Aline Trahan. Both of their families were worried that they'd never marry since they had both reached the ripe old age of thirty. Eventually through family they met and married and had two kids. First, they had a daughter then..... then four years later they had me in 1947.

They didn't own a car until 1949. Dad bought a 1949 Chevrolet four door fastback which he would use to travel to work as a roughneck wherever this job took him. Momma didn't drive so the car was his to use as he pleased. In 1957, his dad died and he inherited 25 acres of land near Duson and he began raising cattle on this acreage. By then dad had a much better job in the oil patch and was a gauger. Now, dad had more time to be home and in his free time he'd spend it building the herd to about 25 head. It was not unusual for him to come home with a little calf hog tied in the back seat area with the seat who knows where. By then, you can imagine what the car was starting to smell like, much less look like. My sister and I were always back seat passengers in our travels in the old car and we could watch the road go by through the holes in the floor board with dust pouring in from the gravel roads we traveled and an occasional splash from a puddle.

After much complaining, Momma finally convinced daddy to buy a new car and keep the 49 for work and farm use. Daddy agreed and off to W. D. Donald Chevrolet in Jennings we went for a new car. Daddy had seen the preview of the 1959 Chevrolets and wasn't impressed with them and settled on a 1958 Chevrolet Belair 4-door Sedan, anniversary gold over honey beige with a 283 and 3 on the tree. I was so relieved it wasn't a six cylinder since I was few years from driving. I was hoping for a 348 while dad was hoping for a six cylinder. But luckily it was at year end and it was all that was available. Nevertheless, daddy was still the only driver with two cars in the household; well really you could say one and a half cars, you just had to have seen the old forty-nine. As we left the dealership, all became right in our little universe until.....

I turned 15 in 1962 and got my license. Their world was rocked. My older sister still didn't drive and had no intention of driving and neither did mom. So as any red-blooded boy with 30 weight blood running through his veins and a new driver's license in his wallet, I asked dad for the car to go to a local hangout with the neighborhood boys. Dad reluctantly agreed but it would have to be in the old tired 49 Chevy. Rats, but I reluctantly took the well-worn set of keys from him. I gathered up all the neighborhood boys, we were a total of five and took off for our Sunday afternoon adventure. I was the oldest of the five and the first to get a drivers license so we were moving into the next phase of our young lives. About a block and a half from home I stopped for a stop sign. I couldn't resist the urge, I had to lay rubber. I had been practicing in the 58 in the garage as to how I would do it and was very confident that the tires would be smoking. So, I revved the old 216 up past a safe level and side stepped the clutch. What in the world was the loud popping noise? Neither one of us had any idea but knew it couldn't be good. So, I figured I'd better get the car back home before something else happened. I put the clutch in, gave it some gas and let out the clutch again and it didn't move, then I put it in reverse and it still didn't move. Crap it didn't move in any gear. Luckily, I had all these boys with me because we ended up having to push her home. We parked the car and I told daddy it made an awful loud noise and it wouldn't move. He said it was probably the rear end and it was just old and had been making some noise, phew, really double phew. Later that evening he said after school tomorrow we would tow it by "chain" to his buddy's gas station and repair shop in Duson 7 miles away.

When I got home from school the next day, daddy had the '49 hooked up to the '58 by means of a 20-foot chain. I was walking to the '49 figuring he'd be in the good car and I'd be in the junky one but he stopped me and said I was driving the '58. So, I would actually be driving the '58 and not just sitting in the garage pretending to be racing, I mean driving it. After final instructions were given, all systems were a go. I started the '58 and slowly tightened the chain and went a half block and made a right turn on Hwy 90, so far so good. Very slowly, I got her up to speed and before long the '58 was in third gear and cruising at 35 miles per hour. Then, I heard the sound of the '49's horn and as I look in the rear-view mirror, I see hand signals from daddy requesting more speed from me, heck I got this. We are now traveling at 40 miles per hour. A little further down the road and once again another beep of the horn and more hand signals for more speed, well heck of course I'm a veteran at this and were up to 45. Things couldn't be going any better. We are now cruising and we'll be there in no time, but wait, what's this? I caught a glimpse of something passing me up, something that sort of looked like a tire, but where would it have come from? Then I hear the same horn that I had been hearing for more speed but with a little more urgency. I looked in the rear-view mirror and I see daddy frantically telling me to stop and the old '49 was slight askew, well very askew. By then I figured where the tire came from. So, all my veteran driving skills that I had learned since turning on Hwy 90, went out the window as I slammed on the brakes real hard not fully understanding that the single master cylinder in the '49 had no more stopping power since it had no more brake fluid. Well, you never really realize how short a 20-foot chain is when the tow car has a panic stop and the towed car has no brakes. Bam the '49's front end kissed the '58's rear end. Of course, that pushed the 58 rather abruptly just for an instance until the chain had no more slack and here comes the '49 again. I don't know how many times this kinetic energy took place, but it sure felt like 100 times as I could see daddy's head hit the windshield each time and his western straw hat was sitting crooked on his head as the cars came to rest. Eventually, I manage to get both to the side of the road safely and really neither car had sustained any damage. The '58's bumper was slightly askew and hardly noticeable and there was no damage on the 49, well maybe a little improvement, the bumper was now straighter. We ended up driving the '58 to the service station, well daddy drove as I was disgraced and displaced to the passenger seat, and got his buddy to go with his wrecker to retrieve it.



The chain still hangs in my shop as a reminder of that day. The old '49 was put to pasture, literally, in a little swampy area on daddy's farm after he bought a 1963 Chevy step side. Around the end of the 70's or early 80's, what was left of it was sent to the crusher. Eventually, by '65 the '58 became my car and Dianne and I spent our dating days in this car until the '67 Camaro came into the picture. Now if you think the '58's only excitement was this adventure, you're mistaken. It survived two engine fires and went through many rear tires and no matter what I did it would never leave me stranded, except twice, a brake failure and a mechanics screw up. After I bought the Camaro it went back to duty as mom and dad's family ride for a while. Dad eventually sold it and it became a memory. Would I love to have it back, you betcha, but I still have my first car I ever owned, the Camaro, so that's ok.



I am at the point with my health and mobility that I am putting my 62 Monza up for sale. If you would, pass this on to the Club.

I am the second owner and bought it in 1994. It has 77,000 miles and I have sealed the push rod tubes with viton, plus the other places that have O rings.

I have the complete Clarks Corvair reproduction upholstery front and back along with the door panels (and those in the back) with new foam buns. I just never got around to installing them. The car was repainted Harvest Gold in 2002. The paint was taken down to the metal and the car had never been wrecked or damaged. The front and back glass have new rubber gaskets plus the seals around the doors have been changed.

The entire front-end steering was rebuilt about 4 years ago and it has new Maxxis Radials. It has the Crane Electronic Ignition. I have a number of different wheel cover sets that will go too.

I am asking \$5,000 for the whole shooting match. I have embedded and attached a copy of a picture of the car.

John R. "Randy" Vidrine
2424 Pierre Matte Rd.
Branch, LA 70516-3631
Phone (337) 684-6175
Cell Ph. (337) 288-2730
e-mail: jrvidrine@aol.com

Don & Carolyn Woodard are moving to Dallas and are selling their 3 cars.

If interested call Don at 337 625-8886.

1969 Chevy C-10 long bed pick-up truck. Turquoise with white lid, AC, Leather bucket seats, PS, PB, and Trailer hitch. Always garaged. Asking \$20,000.00



1992 Lincoln Jack Nicklaus Signature Town Car. 150,000 miles, White with green roof, White leather seats, Original condition, second owner, always garaged, Antique license. Asking \$12,000.00



1917 Dodge Touring. Black with blue spokes, side curtains, diamond tufted seats, gray tires, step plates, wind wings, fat man wheel, 3 sets of lenses. Always garaged and has extra parts. Asking \$20,000.00

Bunny LeDoux has her two MG's for sale. Cell # 337 240-0771 or home # 337 477-3345

1974 MG BGT and 1972 MGB convertible

Louisiana Region AACA

"The Duster"

Brenda Derouen - Editor

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