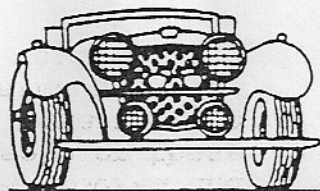


CLBCOM 110

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER, 2001



SQUIRE SS-100 CLUB

TORSION BARS - FINALLY!

After over a year of frustration looking for sources for these important parts of our cars, and then months of trying to make them work after finally locating a dependable source, we have four pair of the six pair purchased, installed and working wonderfully.

The problem lay not in the new torsion bars but in the front and rear square tube suspension mounts which were too big, in some cases even too big for the original modified Alfa bars. Two of us had to have new front or rear mounts made and the other two were accomplished with hard steel shims. Whatever works, we now have some Squire SS-100s that perform like they should have from the factory. Don't misunderstand, the ride is still firm like a true sports roadster but not the boom/crash that made temporary tooth fillings permanent! So, when you're ready to make this vast improvement, contact the writer for procedure.

FRONT END ALIGNMENT

For the past few years I have been wearing out a very expensive set of Michelin tires because I could not find an alignment shop that knew how to correct the camber properly. Then, a friend steered me to an old fashioned shop with open pit racks and the man looked and said, "Aha, looks like a '72 Maverick to me. I cut my teeth on these things", and in 15 minutes he did what I could not get done for the past ten years. He added some shims to the upper "A" arms and it's now correctly set. If your local front end guy needs guide lines, mine is set as follows:

LEFT FRONT CAMBER = +1/4

LEFT FRONT CASTER = +0

LEFT FRONT TOE = +3/16

RIGHT FRONT CAMBER = +1/4

RIGHT FRONT CASTER = +1/2

RIGHT FRONT TOE = +3/16

MEMBER BEN CUNNINGHAM

says that he's had the fun of altering his highly modified Squire, now has too many cars and the Squire is for sale. Contact Ben by mail or at 727+896-6123 for photos, price or more information.

I HAD PROMISED

new rosters and an email roster with this issue but brother Sid Weaver decided to write an essay on the joys of camping in a Squire so the roster will have to wait till next month - for sure.

THE SPRING THING 2002 is set for Laughlin, NV for the weekend of March 22-23-24. More next month but mark your calendars now.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER

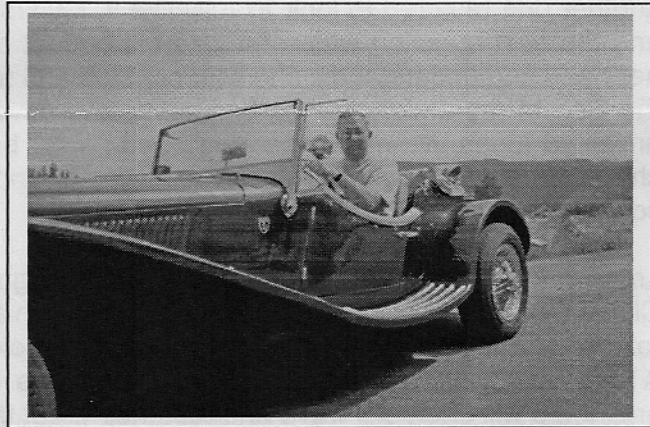
Never test the depth of the water with both feet.

Art Hall

Pajarito's Adventure

This is the narrative of an adventure of a man and his car. The man in this story is a jolly old elf and the car he drives is a Squire. The car is the center of the story and the journey is something this man has wanted and needed to do for some years. We all think in terms of how important our work is and then one day the man awoke to find himself too busy to enjoy getting older.

The Squire in this story has been the delightful project of this man and has helped him realize that the work he does has value but is not the work that keeps this old world spinning. What does that is the love that gets shared from all the people in his life. The man has renovated this beautiful car from the hulks of two-abandoned Squires and in the process had the loving help of his stepson and all the friends in the Squire Owners Brotherhood.



This Squire has been given a name, the first car of the many this man has owned to be given that distinction. The name is Pajarito (Pa Ha Rito) and is translated into English as little bird. The wonderful green paint changes shades as the sun strikes it at every angle, reminding one of the iridescent flicker of the Western Hummingbird we see often here in the desert southwest. The car, like the humming bird, brings pleasure to everyone as it dashes about our wonderful country. The old man loves the response of young and old alike as they wave when the car passes. Any owner of this type of car knows the joy of a ten-year-old boy as he cries out "Cool Car".

Well, with the permission of his loving wife and a three-day weekend lets begin. The Squire has a small tag along trailer that was the brainchild of S.O.B. (Squire Owners Brotherhood) members Bill Lieske and Arthur Stahl. It is perfect for this car and gets as many compliments as the car itself. With a \$39.98 Tent from Wal-Mart and some other old camping gear stuffed into the trailer all the planning anyone would ever need to do has been done. Heck, I can't predict the weather and it wouldn't matter if I could. The windshield wiper doesn't work so if it rains I will just stop driving and enjoy the rain. I live in New Mexico, the only state in the nation where rain is a spectator sport.

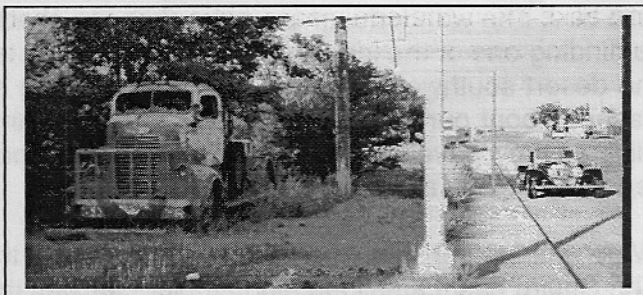
Early Thursday August 9, 2001 finds me at work at Los Alamos National Laboratory. There are chores that even a government worker needs to care for. After finishing these morning chores it's off for the weekend. First stop will be Tijeras, NM (east of Albuquerque) and the home of my stepson Paul Helmick. This leg is ninety-five miles and a delightful trip I travel often. From Los Alamos we pass through Santa Fe, then Madrid, an old coal mining town; very hippy now a days, even thirty years past the hippy times.

Paul is another car nut and forever helping me in some crazy idea. The reason for the stop at Paul's house is to drop off some photos of an abandoned 1942 Dodge Wrecker I found in Vaughn, NM on another trip. Next project, who knows? Funny how some people bring home stray dogs and learn to love them. I do that with cars.

Next stop is in Moriarty, NM only a short nineteen miles from Paul's house. I have two options here to choose from, I-40 Interstate Highway or the road that still runs along this stretch of the Interstate called US-66. Yes old Route 66 stills lives and that is the road Pajarito longs to travel. In Moriarty rumor has it there is a 1956 Ford Crown Victoria for sale. My wife Sara purchased a new 1956 Crown Victoria upon her graduation from Southwestern University in Texas. She mentioned that she might enjoy having that or another one restored to look exactly like it. My first question to the dear lady was when and the next question was what was the budget on the project. Dear Sara just shakes her head and understands; she said car stuff and for me that's a buy signal. As a burden the God of my understanding has seen fit to never give me a large enough garage or unlimited funds. It's my God's idea of character building and many agree it has built a character. Well, finding the Crown-Vic I was disappointed to learn it was a four-door and so just will not do.

Leaving Moriarty I must get on the Interstate highway in order to get to my turn off at Clines Corners, NM. There I pickup US-285 south and hope to get to my final destination for the night: Roswell. US-285 is a wonderful old highway that runs adjacent to the AT&SF rail lines. These rail lines carry millions of tons across our nation. The train engineers will often still wave and toot their great train whistles as they travel across this beautiful high plains desert. There are times you can travel for ten minutes and not pass another oncoming car. This is one of the reasons I live in this great state.

Seventy-seven miles from Moriarty is the little town of Vaughn, NM and of course I must stop to see the old Dodge Wrecker. Pulling over to the roadside as I pass Allan's Garage. Allan's has been boarded up and closed more than twenty years and that old 1942 Dodge is still sitting out front.



Two miles down the road, hungry or not, I must stop at Penny's Diner. Penny's is the only remaining Stainless Steel rail-car diner I know of. This diner was lifted off the tracks fifty years ago and still is in operation. The food is greasy and the place smells of burnt fat and spilled Coke. Yet I order a hamburger with French-fries and it tastes the same as when I was a kid. No Gray Pupon served here, just that bright yellow mustard spread on thick. Top that off with a milk shake and there is no finer dining for any price. As I chew the burger and flirt with the waitress I ask if she knows anything about Allan's Garage and the old Wrecker? No, but she goes to the phone and calls a friend of hers for me. When he answers she says hi and passes the phone to me. This gal just earned herself a nice tip. Maybe I can find a couple of the new golden dollars in my pocket.

A.P. (Paco) Anaya is the town historian, or as he says, the Old Timer in Vaughn. I love these types of adventures because there is another wonderful person behind every turn

in the road. Paco does know all about the Dodge and who owns it. He gave me a name and phone number where I can find the owner. All this information and making a new friend over a simple question about an old truck. I will call the owner when I get home and see what his plans are for that old truck.

After eating and chatting with Paco I get back into the Squire and set out for my destination for the night. There are huge cumulus-nimbus clouds up ahead and, if you remember, there are no wipers on Pajarito's windscreen. I had promised myself that if it rains I would just stop and enjoy it until the storm passes. Off we go in the southbound lane and the rain starts lightly about thirty miles beyond Vaughn and continues for another thirty miles off and on but never heavy. It is a delight with the rain as the air cools down and as Pajarito passes at sixty-five mph you can look out to the side of the road and see prairie dogs sitting on their hunches also enjoying the rain. Dear Reader keep in mind this is southern New Mexico and rain is a spectator sport. The land in this part of New Mexico is so open and free that as you travel you notice that there are more pronghorn antelope than cattle on the rangeland. Fifteen miles out from Roswell you begin to see signs of settlement again and soon that wonderful passage of 95 miles is over. The hard part of this sort of adventure is thinking back as one writes and trying to describe the beauty of a great thunderhead with bolts of lighting that light up the sky and tingle your soul with the awe of nature at work. We continue racing to another rainbow as the miles slip pass in this fine automobile. Pajarito is having as much fun as I. I look down and see eighty-five on the speedometer. As solid as a rock and humming like the quick spirited creature she is. Restored by the hands of my friends and myself, I have confidence in the car and so just let her run at her own speed. Are we having fun yet?

Pajarito arrives in Roswell. I have reservations at the Super 8 in town and stop at the covered portal to check-in. As I walk in the lobby a delightful lady behind the desk smiles and asks me if she can please have that car. My response is a surprise to her because I reply that sure she can have it if she will let me have a room for the night. The deal is struck and I get my room for only the normal fee and she gets the car to sit in until her next customer comes in the door. We are both happy and I promise her a ride when she gets off work. This is as much fun as I had hoped it would be. At eight o'clock I go back down to the lobby and Rachel and I go for the promised ride. Rachel is in her seventies and a native of Roswell. We drive only a few blocks and she is telling me all about the history of the town and where her grandchildren live and what to see. I ask her to show me the way to the grandkids and we drive over there. We stop and she is as excited as a child herself when the kids see her in the car. We drive back to the hotel and park directly under the portal and she tells the other employees, THIS IS WHERE HER CAR WILL SIT TONIGHT! It will be safe under the eyes of the desk clerks all night as it sits in the five minute parking area. Pajarito has won a new friend.

Next morning I have breakfast and enjoy an easy morning waiting until the UFO Museum opens and just driving around Roswell. The town of Roswell is sort of a highway strip mall on a large scale. There are supposed to be 50,000 people in the town but I could find no major industry to support that many people. Somewhat strange but it appears to be thriving so success is there in some form. I got to the museum and the moment it opened I rushed in. I hate to admit it but I only wanted a tee shirt for my wife. So with that selection made its back into the Squire and off to Ruidoso some seventy miles further down the road. There are so many people that Pajarito hadn't met yet in Roswell we need to come back.

Ruidoso, NM is seventy miles west of Roswell on US 70 and is up in the Capitan Mountains and bordering the Mescalero Apache Reservation. Elevation in Ruidoso is 6900 ft. but that is low altitude for ole Pajarito, her home in Los Alamos is 7200 ft. and properly tuned she does fine in this thin air. Yet like any car she loses about 40% of her rated horsepower this high up. The drive to Ruidoso is another adventure and joy. For forty miles its open high plain desert and range land with few cattle. The roadside supports wild flowers like Daisies and Indian Paint Brush. One of my favorites is a short bushy plant that is Loco Weed. It has pretty blue flowers and I remember picking them on the roadside for my wife when we first moved to New Mexico. At the time I didn't know the name of the plant. But once we learned its name it was always good for a laugh in our family. There is not enough Loco Weed along the wayside to make the cattle sick so no one worries about it and its just another pretty wildflower. As I drive I enjoy remembering the many road trips shared with my stepson Paul. When we travel we chat and just look out the window at the passing countryside and as Paul says, "Enjoy our big screen TV". Every old junkyard draws our attention almost as intently as a long legged pretty girl.

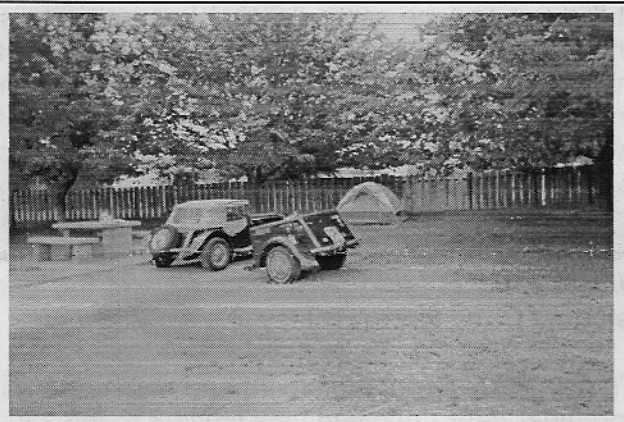
About thirty miles out from Ruidoso the countryside starts to get greener and we begin a gentle climb from Roswell's 3570 ft. into the mountains around Ruidoso. It's a pretty little town and I can see the appeal it has for the visitors from West Texas and Roswell. There are good Alpine Skiing resorts in the area and its much cooler in the summer if you are accustomed to the winds of west Texas in summer. We spend about two hours looking around and decide to move on to Alamogordo, which is only 46 miles further down highway US 70.

In route to the day's final destination, the KOA in Alamogordo, we pass through a town that I like the sound of, Tularosa. The sound is so romantic and the little town does seem to fit its name. One of the interesting things about this town is it was the hometown of my biology professor at UNM (University of New Mexico). Dr. Magison was a fine teacher but she was so pretty it was hard to concentrate on my lessons. As I remember I had her for two semesters but can't remember much more about biology than the lab smelled and she was pretty. Oh! Forgive me reader I have digressed into younger days. On to the base camp.

Pajarito gets me into Alamogordo just at noon so I stop and eat before checking in at the campsite. I have several things to entertain myself with in Alamogordo so I decide that before setting up camp I will visit the Space Center Museum. There has been a lot of space research done in New Mexico that many people forget. Anyone remember Hamm the Chimp? The United States first Astro-Chimp, he was raised and trained at Holloman AFB only ten miles away. And the original seven Mercury Astronauts were selected from over two hundred applicants in New Mexico. The White Sands Missile range is only forty-five miles away. The museum has many interesting displays, but I must say the rocket engines used in the Apollo program just make me stand in awe. Just a little aside, I served five years in the United States Air Force. My duty was service to the Minuteman II missile system in North Dakota so I know something about rockets. But to stand gazing into the exhaust bell of that engine is amazing. To see the wonderful craftsmanship in its construction and realize it was disposable. Used once and splashed in the ocean. Here is one of those places it pays to be alone. I spend an hour examining the engine. Try that with the wife and kids along.

Next stop is only a mile away at the Ark Animal Hospital. Dr. Rick Miller, DVM is the owner. My daughter Kristine is a Vet and she served her preceptor-ship under the wing of Dr. Miller. I had never met the man so wanted to stop and thank him for all he had done for her. He was surprised but very gracious to see me with out an appointment. We just chatted for a few minutes in the waiting room and I expressed my thanks. He said the things that make a father proud and we parted with a handshake.

I best get settled into camp so to the Alamogordo KOA. I was very proud of myself because from the time I checked in until the tent was up and everything in place was only thirty minutes. The day was getting hot so I settled down under a tree and got out a great adventure novel to enjoy. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer". Now this is the life for a twelve year old. At fifty-five I am a little past that but Tom Sawyer doesn't have to know that.



I have a COOL CAR, a tent, cold soda pop, peanut butter and crackers for dinner and a great book. There is a swimming pool fifty years away and two days to be lazy. Home sweet home. After having read for a couple of hours I remember setting the book aside and taking a nap. For two hours I napped and it was grand. Another really cool thing I saw during the afternoon was an F-117 Stealth jet fly over. Yes they can and do fly during the day and Holloman AFB; the home of the Black Jet is just outside of Alamogordo. One of my neighbors in the campsite was a sweet little girl named Carol. She was camping with her mom and dad in the next site over. Carol came over to look over Pajarito carefully and as the day progressed she would walk around the car and smile at me saying, "Pretty car". At last I asked her mom if Carol and I could go for a drive within the park? With moms approval we jumped into Pajarito and took a wonderful little ride in the KOA grounds. Carol was beaming the entire time and so was I. I have always said these wonderful old cars are never more beautiful than when they have a pretty girl in them. The girl can be ten or ninety because it's the smile they wear that lights the reflection of the car. With Carol, Pajarito has made another friend.

Saturday morning before sunrise finds me at the entrance to White Sands National Monument. I get there before the park rangers and just wait at the gate. When the ranger arrives she opens the gate and tells me to just pay on the way out of the park, very informal. Pajarito and I drive deep into the park and as the sun rises we are nearly ten miles into the most breathtaking desert on earth. The sand is pure white and not a soul or sound but that of the beating heart of



this wonderful little car. I stop the engine and then the only sound is that of my beating heart. To be so alone and yet at complete peace is a selfish feeling. Did God make all this for me? I sit in the sand and revel in this place and time.

For two hours not a soul or sound is heard but in time civilization is heard as more people enter the park and look for what I have found, peace. I take some photographs of Pajarito with the dunes and begin a slow drive back toward the entrance. Pajarito stops at the exit and the same delightful park ranger is there to collect our \$3.00 fee. Pajarito and I sit with Pat Waggle the ranger and discuss the beauty of White Sands and the love this wonderful lady has developed in the years she has served in this park. The Rangers are great; I have never met one that didn't love their job and the parks they serve. We talk about the history of the park and Pajarito's history. During the time we share together, Pat the ranger invites me back to the park tonight. After dark she has a program she calls Star Talks. The guests get permission to enter the park at night and travel deep within so that there are no lights from any town. She gathered about twenty guests that night and gave a narrative of the star lit night. It was delightful. Afterwards I returned to my tent and sleep like a child.

It's now early Sunday morning and time to begin the journey home. Packing up the tent and other gear I begin to look forward to the 250-mile drive home. Using highway US 54 we drive thru Tularosa one last time and head home. It begins to rain hard twenty miles north of Tularosa and this time I do stop and just enjoy the sound of rain pelting the cloth top of Pajarito. I made a thermos of camp coffee before leaving and for an hour we sit and watch the rain. As the rain begins to let up I restart Pajarito. She loves running in the rain when its cool and soon we find ourselves traveling happy at sixty-five and smiling at the program as it plays itself out on the big-screen TV. Not far from Carrizozo, we pass Trinity Site, where the world's first atomic bomb was exploded. I blink and the program is over. I turn into my driveway and just sit with Pajarito for a moment. The trip is over and we are home.

I want to thank you for reading and hope this gave you some pleasure.

Total miles 713, total smiles?

SID WEAVER
LOS ALAMOS, NEW MEXICO
OCTOBER, 2001