



December 1997
Number 14

INSIDE:

THE UPS STRIKE

COACH TALK

- EXHAUST
MANIFOLD
GASKETS

FEL-PRO
1439
90021
- BILSTEIN SHOCK
ABSORBERS

B46-940
B46-950
- MICROWAVE
OVEN

PANASONIC
NN-S446BA
- OVERFILLED
LP-GAS TANK
- SUCKIN' AIR
1978 MODELS
- STORAGE

EASY WAY
BETTER WAY
- HOT WATER
ODOR

ROTTEN-EGG
SMELL

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW YEAR'S ON THE BAJA

by Larry Freeman

Palm Beach sat awkwardly beside a giant cactus, leaning somewhat askew on a squashed rear tire. Surprisingly, in spite of the discomfort, he was smiling. Today was New Year's Eve.

New Year's Eve was a favorite of Palm Beach. Experience guaranteed festivity. An evening bubbling with new friends, old friends and family. Tonight, the table would be set with unusual foods. A champagne cork would pop for the traditional midnight greeting.

Naturally, Palm Beach would dress for the occasion. Just last night he heard Eva say, "Let's give Palm Beach a hat!" He had watched her work through the night fastening multicolored papers into a tall sombrero that would perch on the cover of his front air vent. Of course, he would wash and wax and be sparkling clean. Earlier, he had managed to have his oil and filter changed. He was even making secret plans to blow his horn at midnight!

Now, he must ready himself. There was much to accomplish so the evening would be organized, but carefree, and filled with positive thoughts and contemplation. There were many who wandered through this special day wondering what to do on this occasion. But, Palm Beach knew exactly what to do on New Year's Eve.

First, he must deal with today's inheritance of yesterday's problems. He was still feeling dusty from their desert travels, and he was hobbled with the flat rear tire. The slow leak must be repaired. He'd have to teach Larry to avoid road shoulders where fast-moving traffic caused broken glass and nails to gather.

Palm Beach had been glad to escape the desert heat of San Felipe where they had been basking on the beach, and enjoying fresh shrimp from local fishing boats that harvested the northern shores along the Sea of Cortez. He had felt refreshed as the temperature dropped during their westward climb over the mountains, and he embraced the smell of salt air as they coasted down the slopes through the fertile midlands south of Tijuana.

They had journeyed quickly toward the seaside pueblo of Rosarita, about an hour north of Ensenada, where cool Pacific waves lapped the shores. As they turned down the main street of the bustling, tourist-oriented community Eva had cried, "Oh, look! They're playing polo." Eva was from Rhodesia and loved polo matches. "Aren't the ponies beautiful?" she asked. "Ponies?" quizzed Larry. "They look like horses to me!"

At the mention of horses, Palm Beach quickly glanced toward the wide, green field surrounded with cheering spectators. He'd been wondering about horses ever since he'd overheard Larry and a friend discuss the number of horses that Palm Beach had under his hood. Neither of them had been able to figure it out, and Palm Beach couldn't see anything unusual under his hood. As he observed the activity, he wondered what they had been talking about. If those were horses on the field, the answer was none. He had no horses. That was obvious. Anyone could see that not even one of those animals could fit under his hood! Larry was goofy. There were no horses hidden inside Palm Beach! He grimaced. Better fix those leaking exhaust gaskets, he decided, before Larry started having serious fantasies.

Palm Beach had continued to listen to the chatter. "Let's have lunch by the docks," suggested Eva. "Remember the ceviche with hot sauce they serve in those little booths? And for dinner, I'll pick up one of those fresh avocados for guacamole salad. We'll park by the beach and buy two of those charcoal-broiled lobster tails. Remember that old man with the crinkled face, the big sombrero and the tiny barbecue? His lobsters were delicious! We'll listen to the surf, and watch the freighters light up. There will still be time to reach the olive grove. Do you think there will be a moon tonight?" "Probably," replied Larry. "With a setting like this, there has to be a moon!" He'd already checked the Internet. It would be an Arab moon. A thinly-

Continued on Page 10