

# JAILBIRDS INVADE RADIUM

## Series TGIF

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We all know the old saying you can't fool pets or babies. Old-car people should be added to this category.

They know by instinct if you are genuine... or not. For example, what do you drive?

Last year about this time I ran across a '34 Ford street rod I wanted to buy. I had no money.

My trophy wife Poopsie said to sell all my other cars and then I could buy it. She has a simplistic view of things.

I took this to mean it was okay to take out a line of credit from the bank and buy it ahead of time. Who knew she would be doing her online banking at that precise moment?

Instantly, the nourishment waste-product made contact with the whirling air-movement impeller.

It was near the end of the car season, oil prices had bottomed out and the recession was in full swing. There were cobwebs on my telephone.

I wanted to take my just-acquired '34 to the Radium show, but feared it would also be my place of residence when I got back.



Poopsie was still too hostile to go; I humbly put all my cars up for sale.

I had a big room reserved so I invited my buddies Dave ('64 Nova Gasser) and Cliff ('65 Acadian/NASCAR engine) to share the room. I drove the NLRNTV TR7 hotrod we built in The Sun a while ago.

I took pictures all day and stopped at Stuart Green's display. He is the 'G' of TSG Insurance and the one who designed the Legends Collector Car Policy for Intact.

He brought his blown big-block Model T coupe and his gorgeous red & white '55 Pontiac (502-V8) Pro Touring with the huge rear boots. You have to be seen as one of the guys. Stuart invited me to their theme party ("jailbirds") for later that evening.

A fellow from Whitehorse spotted the TR7, liked it and said he would take it. I told him to send me the money.

Confident I had a sale, I parked the car (and my camera) and rode with Dave. It was dark now anyhow.

When we pulled up to Stuart's motel everyone had their black & white striped Convict coveralls on and the live band was getting ready to play.

Like happens frequently at Radium, the party people all hollered



at Dave to light 'em up, so he clicked on the linelock.

Just as the smoke began coming off the rear tires, red and blue lights lit up the night. An unmarked car had been sitting there in the dark.

When the cop had finished checking all the paperwork, scolding and threatening impoundment, he handed back Dave's licence and registration, but no ticket.

When he glanced at me, I finally broke down and confessed to molesting a couple of thirty-year-olds just outside Calgary, Alberta back in the early eighties when we were all drunk at a City Land Department barbeque (they had thought I was cute...their husbands were much less amused). But I digress.

There were 60 Convict outfits and one of the trailers served as a jail cell. The live band played way into the night.

It was an absolute hoot and one could only wonder how they plan to top it for 2017.

Well, I know the theme for this year's party but I won't spoil the surprise. Radium Show is next weekend, so you'll find out then. I got invited back for that one, too.

Fred Nelson is an accredited Calgary auto appraiser who washes down his blood pressure pills with Red Bull...



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