

It's a Different, Different Car

When Jerry and Marilyn Meyers come down the road, there's no mistaking them for someone else. After all, how many other people have taken an AMC Pacer, and then customized it?

There's no question that the Pacer is a very unique automobile. And that's what Jerry really likes about it.

"I just like the looks of it," he said.

But Jerry wasn't satisfied to have a unique automobile. If he ever did come across another one on a cruise or at a car show, he wanted his to look different. So, he removed the bumpers and installed nerf bars. He also rearranged the taillights and blinkers and removed the roof rack for his own, smooth, custom look. That takes some people aback.

"People ask 'What the hell are you doing?' I laugh at them and ask what they're driving and usually they didn't even have anything."

He also reupholstered his 1977 Pacer, installing a custom consul and a rear package shelf and put in a CD sound system.

Jerry



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acknowledges that the Pacer has always been controversial in its styling. He noted that the passenger door is four inches longer than the driver's door to make it easier for people to access the back seat.

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However, on a windy day that also makes that door more difficult to handle. From the day it came out, people seemed to love it or hate it. But that is only part of the car's controversial origins.

"It was built originally for a Mazda Rotary engine, but they went with an inline six," he explained. "That made it a little heavy (for the six-cylinder engine)."

But he says he gets far more positive comments on his Pacer than criticism.

"Every car show you go to, 100 people walk up. 'Aw, my grandpop had one; my mom had one.' They love it," Jerry said.

When Jerry found it, his Pacer had sat many years behind a retirement home. He brought it back to life, made the modifications he envisioned and has never looked back. It's built to drive, and he drives it a lot. And he and Marilyn enjoy it a lot, too.

The Dollhouse

By Karen Roe

With determination, I push my cart down the aisle. It's that time of the year again, but instead of

sugarplums dancing in my head, I contemplate what to get my precious granddaughters for Christmas. Like many kids today, they have most everything. My biggest challenge, though, is figuring out how to outfox the other grandma.

"Nana" has everything in her favor. Her spacious house features (and I do mean features) a grand playroom full of every toy and contraption to capture the young, female heart! The contents of Santa's workshop could not rival that grandma's irresistible entrapments. And if those weren't enough, consider a frilly poodle named "Foo-Foo," two guinea pigs and an adorable new kitten. The woman has no conscience!

There must be some way I can entice the girls to spend more time with this grandma. I gaze unenthusiastically at all of the playthings hoping that something unusual will catch my eye. I've nearly given up when I spy it unexpectedly looming from a platform in the last aisle. I shoot my cart over to the breath-taking display. The enchanting dollhouse stands almost to my height. It is made of wood, the gingerbread trim painted in soft shades of brown, pink and green. The rooms, open and accessible to small hands, are elegantly decorated with chic' wall-

paper and real carpet that is scaled to the size of the house. Of course, there is every conceivable piece of furniture and accessory, all of them in exquisite detail. I study all of the rooms and marvel at the modern kitchen. "This kitchen has more appliances than I do," I say to myself.

What really draws my attention, though, is the life-like family of dolls
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