

## Bessie Update

By Anna Von Reitz



Thanks to a very generous donor, who tracked down and bought and sent the phantom Fuel Pressure Regulator Return Hose needed to save "Bessie", my beloved old 1991 Ford Explorer, she is in recovery.

Last Monday, they brought her in for surgery at the local shop that has cared for her all these years, and reassembled her fuel system, cleaned her spark plugs, and fired her up. I drove her home on Thursday with some work yet to do.

In the intervening time while she was down for the count and sitting out in the lot at the garage, the sidelight of her driver side headlight panel was busted out and her front windshield was badly cracked. Most likely acts of vandalism by ignorant young kids throwing rocks after the garage was shut down for the night.

Life isn't challenging enough, without people constantly making it hard for themselves and for each other. If those were my kids they'd be at home doing their chores and homework, but as long as we have "parents" snorting dope and stealing for a living even in such a small hamlet as Big Lake, Alaska, times are what they are.

As a result, Bessie is not yet truly road worthy. She has more repairs to make, but thankfully, not repairs that are life threatening. She has a new lease on the next few years and mechanically, she is back on track. Once she gets her headlight fixed and her new windshield, I'll be taking pictures to share and looking forward to new adventures, but that may still be a week or two away at the rate things are going.

The only place that had the right headlights at a decent price doesn't ship to Alaska. This is one of the banes of our lives up here and is extremely stupid on the part of retailers. What happens is that we buy the stuff, send it to a friend or relative in the Lower 48, and they then ship it up to us via USPS, which is what the Idiot Retailer could have done, too.

Just send it to Anchorage, Alaska instead of Flint, Michigan or Sacramento, California....

What a concept.

When the Postal Service is smarter than the retailers of this country, we are all in trouble. Please take note.

Bessie's headlights are being sent from Indiana to the West Coast, and being shipped on from there instead of coming directly from Indiana to Alaska. This involves more postage, more work, and more time.

A new windshield also has to be shipped here, but thankfully the auto glass retailers in this state have their suppliers well-informed and ready to perform.

It may be another week or so before the additional repairs are done, but the prognosis is good, and Bessie is home again. Her antenna quivered as she came to rest in her usual driveway spot and her motor idled like a well-oiled Singer Sewing Machine.

The guys at the garage reported something worth noting. Apparently, I am not alone. Millions of Americans are saying "no" to the whiz-bang new cars. They don't like them. They don't like the way they feel. They don't like being dependent on Chinese computer circuitry. And why spend \$70,000.00 on something that you don't like? So they are keeping their Old Bessies and fixing them up, instead.

Ooo-rah!

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