Glen Alda Seniors

by Doug Field

A friendly, active and open group.

This is one of those months when I really do not know what I am going to write about. Bev, bless her soul, usually comes to my rescue and suggests something at the last moment, and whoosh, off I go with something to write about once again. Not so this month, she tells me I am entirely on my own, and merrily scoots off to bed for the night with a smile on her face. “Is that fair?” I ask myself. Well, yes, I guess, she was not the one who got conn-vinced into doing this a half dozen or so years ago by Liz our intrepid publisher, so I guess I am on the hook for yet another writing session for this edition. So be it, here goes Doug tapping at the computer once again.

Have you ever had one of those years when almost everything seems to go wrong? I mean, virtually everything you touch seems to break, or perhaps things you are trying to organize just never quite work out as you had envisioned they would? Maybe plans you made to go somewhere, or to do something, or even take a day off to chill out and do nothing just never seems to transpire? Well you have just about summed up the past year or so of my life. Don’t get me wrong, we have had a lot of good things happening as well, but the core things I need to make my life go smoothly just never quite seem to work out the way I had hoped so far this year.

Let’s look at my love of fixing old things mechanical. I say old things because new things just do not seem to fit comfortably within my budget, so old things it is. My lawn mower, which I depend upon to keep the grassy areas of our property neat and tidy, has been acting up lately. I was cutting the grass a week or so ago and suddenly the thirty some year old thing just stopped on a slope and would only move a few feet and grind to a stop once again. Off I get, and push the blasted thing up the hill to a level spot where I can go to work on it. Gas line looks ok, gas filter looks blocked so I replace it. Next, off comes the air filter which gets a good cleaning and light oiling. My up to now trusty old mower will still only run for a short bit then quit. I next get out the owner’s manual and find out that perhaps the cooling fins are dirty, so I strip down the sheet metal surrounding the engine, clean everything up, and reassemble it. Next I check all the belts and pulley’s under the machine, clean everything up and try once again to get it to run. Nothing doing this time as well. In a fit of desperation I unplug and reconnect most of the electrical connections. Suddenly the old thing runs like it always has before. What bothers me is that I do not know what I actually did that made it run again. It was probably a combination of all things I did do, but I still am not sure why it runs now, and that bugs me somewhat, as I really would like to know what went wrong in the first place. I also have an old 1966 first year Honda CT90 I have been playing with for the past several months. It will run like a top one day, but will not start the next and so on. I have been over the mechanicals of that thing so many times I know it like my own face in the mirror, but I still cannot put my finger on what is causing it to act in so contrary a manner. It is frustrating for me to not be able to troubleshoot this very simple mechanical marvel which is a derivative of the highest production motorcycle in the world, the 50cc Honda Cub. We have owned five of these little marvels over the years, and they all behaved themselves in the past, so what is the problem now? I’m afraid I do not yet know the answer to that question at this point friends, but I am stubborn enough to take the time to find it out, and then I will sell the bike to some deserving owner.

I could go on in this vain for a couple more pages, as there are many more examples of things which have thwarted my mechanical skills during the past year, but I would only bore you to tears. Suffice it to say that I do not give up easily, neither will I go sit in a corner and have myself a good sulk, rather, I usually go and work on something else until my mind, which has been working away on this problem all the while, comes up with a solution. So, if you have an old motorcycle rusting away in some corner of your household, and you think I