



Septemebr 2026 President's Message



During my childhood, I was very fortunate to have loving and caring parents. My brother and I would spend hours with Dad tinkering out in the garage. Mom was happy to not have us under foot in the house. We had a battery-operated intercom system in the garage and kitchen. Mom would beep us to let us know to wrap up since dinner was ready. Dad installed two separate small workbenches in the corner of the garage for his two boys. Dad let us cut wood, pound nails, solder wire, and use a hot glue gun to name a few. We would also watch Dad work on the Model T and as we grew older help him with maintenance and polishing. I remember building a box out of wood but was not satisfied with how the edges were misaligned. I was sitting in the middle of the garage floor and pried the box apart. Dad always encouraged us to work on our benches, not on the floor. I placed the parts around me with nails protruding from each board. At one point, I placed both hands on the garage floor, lifting my buttocks up and back to find my hammer. I sat on one of the boards with nails. I quickly stood up and pulled the board off my rearend. One of life's early valuable and painful lessons.

We went on many family camping trips where Dad taught us to fish. Another life lesson that has stuck with me for decades. I recently went saltwater fishing a few miles off the Los Angeles breakwater to escape the hot weather. I caught a 38" yellowtail. I can thank my Mom and Dad for my love for the Model T and fishing. I miss you, Mom and Dad.

Carl Laski

LBMTC President