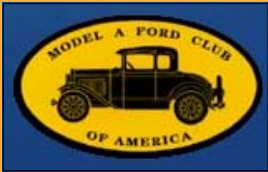


# THE 4-BANGER

## VOICE OF THE NAPER A's

THE 4-BANGER VOLUME 6, ISSUE 3 ★ FALL, 2019

**AFFILIATED WITH THE MODEL A FORD CLUB OF AMERICA**



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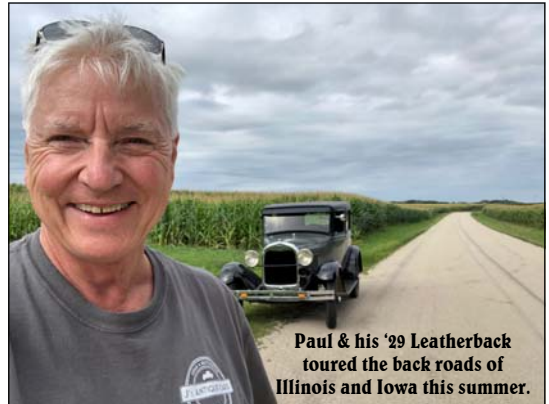
### FIELD REPORT

## ROAD TRIP!

By PAUL HERBERT

I have put over 1,000 new miles on the Model A this year! Ever since acquiring our 1929 Model A Fordor sedan in 2014, I had wanted to drive it out to my old hometown of Galena, Illinois and back. While it was certainly not in condition for such a trip then,

*Continued on Page 8...*



Paul & his '29 Leatherback toured the back roads of Illinois and Iowa this summer.



## NAPER A's CLUB LOG: JULY 21, 1979

By STU CARSTENS

I bought my 1930 Model A Pick-Up the year before we founded the Naper A's. I would drive that pick-up on Sundays so people would know that our store was open. One day, a guy named Charlie Kocan came in and asked if I had a Model A. He said he wanted to start a Model A Club and needed five guys to start it. I told him that I worked seven days a week and wouldn't have time to be a member.

After a while, he talked me into joining so he would have the needed five members. He even had the meetings on Sunday at 9:00 AM so I could attend. We ended up with eight members to start the club in 1979. Most were friends of his or they worked at Bell Labs.

That first year, we had meetings at everyone's houses. Our first parade appearance was in Naperville, and we had the most sorry-looking three Model-A's you ever saw. One was just a running gear with a gallon milk bottle for a gas tank and a pair of coveralls under the rear end that looked like a mechanic working on the car and being dragged on the ground. But the crowd loved it!

We had our first get-together at Charlie's house on Route 59 & Aurora Road. It was the Old Gregory Farm then, but is now shopping center. Charlie showed us an old frame and some body parts under a tree and said that was his Model-A.

About five or six months after that, he drove the cutest little peddlers wagon Model A down to the store to show me.

This is how the Naper A's got started so many years ago by just a couple of guys who really love and enjoy the Model-A. Now we are enjoying our 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary year!



GENE'S CAR, FOLLOWING NEW ALTERNATOR INSTALLATION



# 2019 PANCREATIC CANCER WALK



Photos By RAY McMAHON & PAUL HERBERT

**W**e had another great turnout for this year's Lustgarten Foundation "Beat Pancreatic Cancer" walk on Sunday morning, July 14<sup>th</sup>. The Naper A's and Illinois Region were well represented, as friends and families rallied to lend support, so our workforce included 21 walkers. Thanks, everyone, for

your help, support, and generosity in making this year's event such a huge success. Our "Team Fred & Lindy" effort contributed \$1359.00 to the Foundation, so the 2018 bottom line beat last year's total \$1104.00!

## Naper A's





# What Is The Deal With “Waterless Coolant?”

If you watch “Jay Leno’s Garage,” you may hear him mentioning Evans Coolant as standard equipment on all their restoration work. He likes its rust-inhibiting and long-life qualities, and favors its high boiling point for old car cooling systems.

Following a little internet research, we learned that Evans High Performance waterless coolant is designed for all gasoline and light duty diesel engines. It eliminates problems usually associated with water-based cooling systems, while increasing reliability and engine life.

Evans High Performance coolant is ready to use with no water required. It contains no silicates or phosphates and requires no Supplemental Coolant Additive.

- Boiling Point: Above 375°.
- Antifreeze Properties: Protects below -40°F.
- Eliminates corrosion and pump cavitation, reduces system pressure, prevents overheating, maximizes BHP.
- Life Span: Protects for life of the engine.

To ensure success using its High Performance Coolant, Evans recommends that its Prep Fluid be used to purge the system after draining out the old 50-50 conventional coolant. Evans Prep Fluid is a waterless cooling system flush engineered specifically



to purge the cooling system of water-based antifreeze following draining and before installing new waterless coolant. Prep Fluid should be used when block drains are unavailable or cannot be removed, but it is not a substitute for thoroughly draining the cooling system and related components. Prep Fluid is not meant to be a stand-alone operating coolant, but used only as a flush for engines being converted to Evans waterless coolant, after thoroughly draining old 50-50 conventional coolant from the cooling system. Prep Fluid is ready to use.



- Hygroscopically absorbs water.
- Ensures all residual water is removed from the system.
- Ensures that Evans coolants meet water content limits .
- Protects cooling system metals during flush.

This stuff is not cheap. We found the Prep Fluid purge selling for \$25.50 for a half gallon and the High Performance coolant at \$46.52 for a gallon at sources including Summit, JEGS, Amazon, and Morris 4x4 Center and others.



But you only need to install it once for each of your vehicles, due to its long life, and that extremely high boiling point is a plus. Besides, Jay recommends it...

## TOM MARKS HOUSE CALL(S)

By ALAN PETRIK

Our spring safety check brought out some welcomed new members. Tom Marks brought his '29 Briggs Steel Back. The club did their review and upon Tom leaving the check, barely one block away, his right rear wheel locked up and dragged him to a stop. After a tow home, a club House Call was requested by Tom.

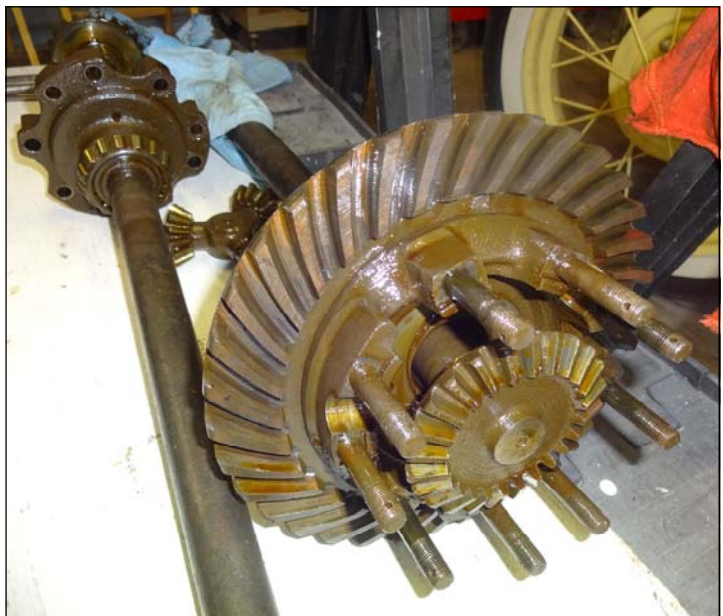
Several members showed up to inspect the pulled brake drums and brake assemblies. Abnormal wear from scraping was observed on the inside of the drum but there was not a consensus of opinion as to a brake drum and brake shoe issue. After attempting to scope the gears in the banjo, Dan upon visual inspection thought there could be a bad spider gear. The group consensus was to pull the axle from the drivers side and do a full inspection on the differential gears.

After some prep work by Tom, house call #2 occurred and the team pulled disassembled the drive shaft and differential gears. There were no obvious issues and thanks to Dan Manola’s review, the rear end was reassembled and reinstalled in house call #3. Tom then spent time grinding the edges of his brake shoes to limit dragging on the drums. The group decision was to space out the drums on each axle. House call #4 completed the process by adding two axle shims to each side. The axle washer and nut on the left axle were a problem as the cotter pin axle hole was at least 1/8 inch in.

A little lathe work on the nut and a thinner washer solved this. A brief test drive up and down his driveway yielded no locking condition and smooth

operation. Once Tom does drives a little more and replaces his tires, we hope for a report that the issue is resolved.

Club members involved in the process included ( I hope I have all) Lindy, Dan, Ray, Larry, Jim, Rich, Tom, Ron, Tom, and myself. Tom hosted us well with coffee and fresh donuts...you just can’t beat that!



# Henrietta Rides Again

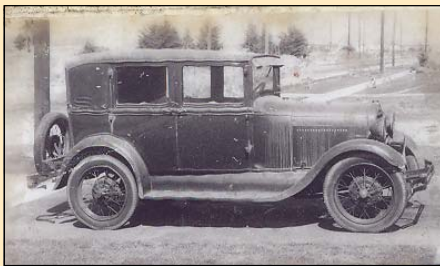
By RICH VOLKMER

**O**ur Model A adventures began in January of 1964. In the summer of 1963, I had decided to take a "sabbatical" from college in Buffalo, after a disastrous freshman year, and journeyed to California with my brother, Bernie. He was just out of the Navy as an aviation electronics technician, and I was a footloose 19-year-old kid with a recent history of bad grades ready for something new. So, of course we packed up and travelled west to Santa Barbara, California, with some vague plans and high hopes. It's what young guys used to do, and maybe still do...act impulsively, but do *something!*

**O**f course, we immediately discovered the need for paying jobs. Maybe it was the pressing requirement for a place to live, food, and a little walking-around money....

**S**o, he went up to Santa Maria and found electronics tech work with Lockheed and I went down to Chapala Street (automobile row in Santa Barbara) and landed a job as a painter's helper at the Van Wyk Volkswagen body shop. There, I learned a lot about sanding on cars, masking them, and preparing the spray booth for paint jobs under a Polish car painter from Detroit named Bill Germanski. The place was staffed with real characters (Big Mike Gutierrez, a WWII veteran, Harold the recluse bodyman, Costa the French mechanic, and kindly old Matt Geisel, the foreman. There was also a used car lot out in front, run by a red-headed Luftwaffe veteran named Brett. To say the least, it was a volatile atmosphere with that stew of ethnicities, but the place remained mostly humorous except for the moments when WWII would be re-fought...mostly verbally.

**A**fter six months of that, I was able to apply seven coats of nitrocellulose lacquer to my pretty nice '57 Ford before looking for a better job. General Telephone was hiring, and soon I was climbing poles and installing telephones around Santa Barbara and Montecito. It was really a great job, patrolling all over creation in a nice little Ford Econoline van, meeting a lot of interesting people, and learning about old-school copper pair telephone technology. On those rounds, I discovered Henrietta.



**S**he was sitting under layers of tarps, up on blocks at a home next door to an apartment house phone installation I had just completed. Gearhead intrigue inspired peeking under a corner of the tarp and spotting a dented old Ford hubcap. Which lead to knocking on the door, meeting a lovely little elderly lady named

Sophie Panek, and having her suggest that it would be best to come back that evening to talk to her husband, Joseph, about the car. I did just that...in fact almost every evening for three more weeks. It turned out that Mr. Panek was an eastern European gentleman, a historian, and a socialist. Every evening, we discussed history, politics, and the looming clouds of the Vietnam War, but never much about his 1929 Model A Fordor, except to learn that he was the second owner, it had 78,000 original miles, and he had re-upholstered the front seat because that was his trade. Sophie always had a treat ready, some cookies, or brownies, or perhaps a cake she had made that day. Then it came to pass that one evening - having interviewed me for three weeks to verify my qualifications to have his car - Mr. Panek told me I could have the car for \$120. You can bet that I was back the next day with six 20's and a fresh battery.

**W**e jacked the car off its blocks, checked the oil, hooked up the new battery, and cranked her right up. I drove her home that night after a little coaching from Mr. Panek about the need for double-clutching, and thus began what has now turned into a 54-year love affair with Henrietta. Yes, she was a "Henry," but feminine, more like an aging dowager wearing the scars and wrinkles of a life well-lived, so we called her Henrietta instead.

**H**enrietta became my daily transportation to work at the phone company because the '57 Ford was laid up for an engine transplant. She never didn't start when asked, conveying me all around Santa Barbara in her dignified manner...sometimes having a little trouble keeping up with traffic, but always getting there eventually. It helped to stay off the wild and crazy 101 Freeway. Learning more about Model A's, I learned that she was a coach-built 60B "Leatherback" Fordor.

**T**ime, tide, and the realization that it would be best to return to college in Buffalo ended up finding Henrietta once again put up on blocks and covered with a tarp...this time she parked under a big old oak tree in the farmyard of a friend in Santa Cruz. By then, the '57 Ford was ready to go and I made the trek back east. Two years would pass and I was getting better grades by then, but Henrietta remained constantly in my thoughts with worries about her welfare and fate 3000 miles away. Finally, I scraped together enough scratch for a flight to California in the summer of 1966 by working summers as a spray painter in Remington Rand's Tonawanda, New York plant (a suburb of Buffalo). Brother Bernie once again showed up to help out and we got Henrietta ready for the road once again with an oil change, fresh battery, and a big old Packard trunk strapped to her luggage rack for tools and jerry cans full of water. I was a little worried because she always did run hot.

**S**o, off we went from Santa Cruz, convoying with my brother in his '65 GTO and me in the '29 Model A. Having the jerry cans along

with water was a godsend. Henrietta overheated 29 times crossing the Coast Ranges, the Sierras, and the Rockies. We headed steadily eastward, slept under the stars, and got pretty grubby crossing desert lands in summertime with only an open windshield for air conditioning in my car (his was really air conditioned). Hitting flatter land helped Henrietta's morale and she ran more happily even in daytime. The muffler did fall off when hitting a chuckhole in Nevada, but that got reattached with coathangers and only minor burns. We crossed Bonneville from Elko, Nevada, to Salt Lake City (100 miles) in two hours flat, which was a very brisk 50 mph for Henrietta, and she purred all the way. As we pulled into that big city, we encountered road construction and no markings on the fresh blacktop. It being night-time, the experience was like driving into a pool of ink with her 50 cp headlight bulbs barely illuminating anything. It was pretty scary until we finally hit some better-marked roadways on the way out of town.

**W**e drove on. And on. And on....

**C**rossing Wyoming, I had a big scare when the right rear tire blew out and Henrietta began fishtailing and headed toward the ditch. Fortunately, it was a very shallow ditch and I was able to ride things out and bring her back up onto the road for a tire change. But there was only that one spare, so thoughts began to focus on tire issues. We overnighted at Rock Springs (our only motel on the entire trip), and wouldn't you know, someone stole my headlight rims and lenses as we slept. Leaving before dawn, I only noticed this when the headlights seemed real jittery and, upon stopoping, discovered that the reflectors and bulbs were just hanging down and bouncing around, held only by the pigtail leads. Oh, well...some electrical tape secured the reflectors to the headlight shells and off we went. At Laramie (thank goodness), we actually found a tire store with a used Fisk 4.75x21 tire available for \$8.50 mounted. It actually had more tread than the rest of Henrietta's shoes. Later on, our Dad told me that Rock Springs had always been a rough town, something he learned back in the 30's (long before I was born) when the family had lived nearby in Granger, Wyoming, for a couple years.

**C**rossing into Nebraska felt like hitting the home stretch, as our destination was our Dad's home in Lincoln. But Nebraska is a very wide state and almost 400 final miles seemed to take forever. But we did finally arrive with 1376 sweaty new miles on Henrietta and me, no more overheating, and no more tire issues. The "new" Fisk was never needed, but I still have it with "\$8.50" originally scribbled in crayon on the sidewall by the tire store in Laramie.

**W**hat followed that trip was several years of Henrietta dodging in and out of several hibernations, stored first at our Dad's place in Lincoln, then down south on the family farm in Talmage, Nebraska. I finished college in Buffalo,





married my Karen, and then set off for grad school at Iowa State in Ames. We brought Henrietta over from Nebraska for a while, so I drove her to school sometimes in Ames and we had a lot of happy days. On one memorable 20-below-zero Iowa morning, our new Rambler American wouldn't start, so I cranked up Henrietta and we went grocery shopping in foot-deep snow with no problems. Fortunately, a local farmer sold me a replacement set of headlight rims and lenses for five bucks during that time. Then the universe collapsed for us, just as I completed the technical journalism program at ISU.

I was drafted into the Army at age 25, having run out of student deferments. So, off I went to Fort Polk, Fort Bragg, Fort Lewis, and, finally, The Republic of Vietnam. Karen went back home to live with her folks in Buffalo for the duration and to teach school there. I came home from the Republic in one piece (grateful for that), spent my final Army year in a civilian-type job in Kansas City, and retired from the Army as a Spec 5. Meanwhile, Henrietta once again slumbered down on the farm in Nebraska, awaiting my discharge. Out of the Army in 1972, we landed in Chicagoland, where I found an advertising job and Karen once again taught school. By 1973, I was finally able to bring her to our new home in suburban Warrenville, where she remains to this day.

I joined the Illinois Region Model A club and pulled her tired engine for a rebuild by Rich Adams in McHenry, but never really tore the car totally apart until about eight years ago, for fear of never getting her all back together unless the process could be followed through directly to completion. Retirement five years ago loosened up more Model A time. Finally, the job was completed last year after the usual process... body off, address the springs, fix the brakes, replace the steering column, clean and paint everything, tear down and reassemble the engine again. Diagonal measurements showed that the frame was absolutely square. My friend Herb Wehling helped replace some bad wood in the wood-framed Briggs body (he's a talented boat builder), Steve Hackerson soda-blasted off the tired paint (Mr. Panek had hand-brushed her with an attractive but non-Ford green), another friend who faux-finished the dashboard, header panel, and door and window frames in a lovely burlled walnut, and a powder-coating source who sandblasted and painted six of Henrietta's

21-inchers in Tacoma Cream. Each phase provided its own learning opportunity as I blacksmithed the rear door hinges back into behavior (they were sprung because the check straps failed), the front spring got replaced and the rear spring re-arched, the door glasses and windshield got replaced with fresh safety glass, a fresh wiring harness was installed, the door latches and window operators were rejuvenated, we installed seat belts, and a good Model A buddy named Mike Johnnic helped straighten out the still-California-rust-free body work for some fresh Bonnie Gray paint, while Don Lowe at Hometown Auto Body gave her fenders and aprons a nice coating of gloss black. Support services and house calls from helpful friends Lindy Williams, Noel DeLessio, Ed Danley, Gene Egert, and others from our local Naper A's club helped and she finally coughed to life once again in 2017...spewing a big blue cloud from years of oil soaking. Since that celebration, we haven't see a mosquito in the garage ever since.

We ordered a Cartouche interior and top kit, but before launching into that phase, I thought Henrietta should enjoy modern car insulation. Quiet-Ride Solutions sells these kits, but I couldn't see exactly how to graft insulation padding onto the roof of a car with a chicken-wire roof opening. So, instead of the chicken wire and padding, I procured a sheet of 22-gauge galvanized steel and fitted Henrietta with a complete steel top. That took over 100 drive nail screw-shank fasteners plus a tube of construction adhesive. Then she could accept the glued-on insulation inside. We vastly rigidized the top structure and made a better foundation for the top padding and new Leatherback skin. Riggs Brothers, over in Naperville, Illinois, installed my Cartouche interior and top, courtesy of master craftsman John Chapman. The plan finally came together with wheel-matching Tacoma Cream pinstriping and final paint buffing at Countryside

Customs locally here in Warrenville. And Illinois Region friend Ken Ehrenhofer gave the car a final shakedown check-out for reliability and road safety at his 40-Horse Farm shop.

We drove Henrietta around town this past fall on a few shakedown cruises and fixed some routine issues on a leaky fuel shut-off valve and a balky Zenith-2 carburetor. Admittedly, her driver compartment seems a lot more cramped these days than it was when I was 20 years old (and forty pounds lighter), driving from Santa Cruz to Omaha on that hot summer of 1966. Some alterations in the 60B fixed front seat may still happen. Ironically, her new valve stem dust covers cost exactly what the entire car did when purchased from Joseph Panek back in 1964.

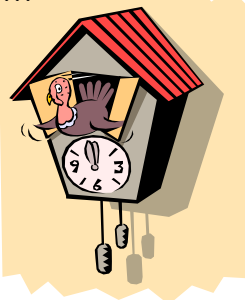


But she's a good old girl, now even prettier than the first time I ever saw her. Let's just say that we've shared a life-long love affair... and it's pretty hard to imagine life now without Henrietta around....



YOU ARE COR-  
DIALY INVITED...

**TIME  
TO  
TALK  
TURKEY!**



## 6<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL TURKEY DINNER

**November 3, 2018 At 12:00 PM**

**\$25.<sup>00</sup> Per Person - Cash Bar Available**  
**\$9.<sup>00</sup> Children ages 4-11, Free For 3 & Under**

**HOST: THE ILLINOIS REGION MODEL A RESTORERS CLUB**

Elburn Lions Community Park □ 500 Filmore Street □ Elburn, IL 60119

Send your Name, Phone Number, E-Mail Address, Check Payable to Illinois Region MARC/MAFCA, and Club Affiliation to: ILLINOIS REGION MARC/MAFCA, c/o Melinda Pritchett, 40W051 Sunflower Lane, Elgin, IL 60124

**RSVP BY OCTOBER 21 2018, Call Melinda at 630/842-7065 or E-Mail her at melindaborck@yahoo.com**  
**A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE CLUB WITH THE MOST ANTIQUE CARS DRIVEN!**

## MILES & MILES OF MODEL A SMILES

By GENE EGERT & LINDY WILLIAMS

On a nice July Tuesday evening we went over to Tim Perfitt's home in Naperville for a House Call and worked on his 1931 tour Model A that was given to him by his uncle. It was having trouble getting started, so we did some minor troubleshooting and found no spark. The carburetor had been leaking gas and draining the fuel tank.

When we arrived Tim had already taken his carburetor off and disassembled it. I had brought my old Tillotson carburetor along, so we installed it and then we proceeded to troubleshoot the electrical system. We found a couple of loose connections, cleaned them up and tightened the connections. Now we had power everywhere we needed. There was no spark on the points, however, so we cleaned up the surfaces with emery cloth. Cranking over the engine, it still had no spark, so we took the cap and rotor out. Cranking over the engine, there was no spark at the point contacts. So, we regapped the points to .020 and cranked over the engine to get a loud pop and a cloud of smoke Tim was all smiles because we had it popping.

Playing with the fuel mixture and continuing with cranking the engine, it started right up and purred like a Model A should. So, we ran the engine for a little while before realizing that there was no water in it. While letting it cool back down, we checked the transmission and rear end fluids, which were good. Then, we filled the radiator with water and cranked up the engine again. She started right up! With a few short lessons on Model A driving etiquette, we then went for a ride around the block. The car was running well as we test drove the car.

She had good acceleration once it got her into third gear but the brakes didn't want to slow down its road progress very much. So, our next House Call will be for a brake adjustment.

All the lights worked, but the light switches were in the wrong position. Now, with a few minor details still to be addressed, Tim's Model A and should be ready for the road. It's nice to see big smiles on our newer Model A drivers!





By RICH VOLKMER

# REARVIEW MIRROR ISSUES

**I**t's always a good idea to have a look behind whilst you're backing up. That is especially true if you're inside a '29 Fordor Model A sedan with only the small rear window revealing what might be lurking behind the car.

**B**earing this truth in mind, we began searching for a set of hinge mirrors that could be grafted onto the top hinge on each side of our car.

**A** & L Parts Specialties of Canton, Connecticut, had some handsome Vintique mirrors in stock and a few days later, the fun began. First came several repeated applications of Liquid Wrench penetrating oil to get the old pins out. This process concluded with the old pins driving out pleasantly with a punch and no problems so far. Others had related horror stories about getting those pins out, so that was a great relief. Now the new rearview mirrors could just slip on and be fastened with a new longer chromed pin and locked in place with a fancy acorn nut.

**W**rongo! The yoke on our mirrors did not have a throat deep enough to slide the hinge pins down into place. In fact, there was a good 1/8" of the hinge bulging out and getting in the way. It turns out that this type of mirror may fit a lot of Model A's but not ours.

**S**everal solutions were considered, including sending the mirrors back and looking around for something else. Finally, we concluded that the only way to go was relieving the face of the hinges of enough metal to fit up the mirrors.

**I**t takes some courage to attack nicely-painted hinges, but out came the files and we began taking the crown off the outer face of each hinge. Multiple refittings of the mirrors indicated that much more material needed removing and it would take ages using a file. So, now out came the angle grinder and the car got draped down to protect the rest of the paint from sparks flying around.

**A**fter about an hour of grinding away with a 40-grit cutoff disc, we had a nice flat spot on the front of each hinge

where the crown had been removed and the mirrors could be seated close enough to the hinge to tap in the newly-greased hinge pins. Now they fit! All that remained for the day was to brush on a coat of black Rustoleum to protect the bare patches of hinge metal.

**W**ith the paint dry, a couple days later we slipped the new mirrors into place and drove the pins home for once and for all. From that point, it was easy to run in the little allen-head set screws and to thread on the acorn nuts on the bottom of the pins with a coating of thread-lock to secure everything.

**E**ven better, now it's possible to back up the car with more confidence and no help from a parking attendant.





# ROAD TRIP *Continued from Page 1...*



## '31 PADDY WAGON

**Location:** Auburn, Indiana, 46706

**Stock #:** AF19\_r0514

**Exterior:** Burgundy/ Black

**Seller's Description:**

**OFFERED AT AUCTION at RM Sothebys' Auburn Fall event, August 29<sup>th</sup> - 1 September 1<sup>st</sup>, 2019. Estimate: \$35,000 - \$40,000**

[rmsothebys.com/en/auctions/af19](http://rmsothebys.com/en/auctions/af19)



**(Ammo Not Included)**

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**GUARANTEED FOR 5,000 MILES RIDING**

It is merely a matter of common sense to believe that the tire that is sold with the strongest guarantee **must** be the best. Write for copy of Guarantee, stating what size tire you are using.

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 General Office, 297 Broadway, New York City.  
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 St. Louis, 2448 S. 4th Street.  
 New Orleans, 271 1/2 Perdido Street.  
 Philadelphia, 1419 Race Street.  
 Boston, 121 Boylston Street.  
 Baltimore, 20 St. Paul Street.  
 Seattle, Wash., 149 Broadway.  
 Puerto Rico, 30 Marina, San Juan.

thanks to the Naper A's and J's Antique Cars in Delevan, Wisconsin, I made that trip this past weekend . . . 442 largely trouble-free miles!

I won't detail all the work done on the A except to give a shout-out to all the club members for their encouragement. I particularly wish to thank Ron Olsen for spending an entire day with me servicing and adjusting the brakes and our Model A guru, Lindy Williams, for his selfless assistance and advice. My car was stalling on deceleration. Lindy theorized that the carburetor float level was off but we tested it and it was okay. Then he figured out that the idle jet in the carburetor might be a hair too narrow. We swapped it out and, presto, problem solved! The guy's a gem!

I planned my route carefully, staying off the Interstate (of course) or the busy IUS highways: Wheaton to Sycamore via Illinois Routes 56, 31 and 64; Sycamore to Forreston via the Old State Road, IL 251 and IL 72; Forreston to Cedarville via IL 26. I stopped there overnight with my good friend John Hudson, who is a great mechanic and has a lift. We checked the A over thoroughly - no real problems. Then on to Galena on Stage Coach Trail.

In Galena, I picked up my 92-year-old mother-in-law, Shirley Jahncke. I have told her since 2014 that someday I would be coming in my A to take her for a ride. I didn't tell her that Friday was the day. I just pulled up to her residence in the Model A. Her surprise was priceless and she loved the rides!

I also pushed my luck and pressed on to St. Donatus, Iowa, because I had photos of my parents on an outing there in their Model A in 1947. With my sister Allison and family, I found the exact same spot and took a similar photo 72 years later! Just as important, I engaged my great-nephew Ryan in some Model A maintenance - never too young!



I came home first on the Old Galena Trail, circa 1827, southeast of Elizabeth to Pleasant Valley. Along the way, I posted my 1000th Model A mile this year. Then I pretty much retraced my route. The A made it! I watched her like a hawk, especially monitoring oil, water and temperature. She went up and down steep hills fine, cruised easily at 45-50 mph and did not overheat.

The trip gave me a few ideas for club tours to share in the future . . .

