

My memories of the Model A

I watched and waited for hours for that car and Dad after school at Dalton. I waited in the old post office. I wasn't very good about taking out for home in cold weather and no such thing as wearing jeans to school then. I didn't like carrying my books that far either. I wasn't very happy in high school, so many things were so depressing.

The most painful experience happened because I was riding on the fender when we all loaded up to go to the pond one day. I fell off and really scraped my body that was exposed I think I was wearing some cut off bib overalls or bloomers maybe. Probably the reason that hip isn't so good now.

Martin, Howard, and I went some places together in the Model A. Can't remember for sure if that was what we were using when we were running around with the kids that had moved out Kraft place.

I didn't drive the car much, a few times when I had to get stuff back & forth when I was teaching at Kincaid school in Marriell, County. It was war time with gas rationing & tire rationing.

The first time I ever drove anything I drove Dad's old truck into the haystack. Made him pretty mad but I just couldn't work those pedals.

Blady