

Howard

The younger children in the family didn't have the experiences of the 1928 Nash car to help one see all the advantages of the Model A. Like starting the Nash to go to school when it was cold. Dad would pour hot water over the manifold, then he would crank while one of us kids would work the starter and try to keep it running if it ran. It was so peaceful when we could go on the sleigh, and a lot easier on Dad too.

The Model A would always start, and could even cross sand draws without getting stuck. The year Charles hunted so long for his Big Buck Deer, he like to drove the game wardens nuts. They would try and follow up the big sand draw southwest of Greenwood and their pickups would spin down on them. Most of the time you could drive right up the sand draw if it wasn't too dry. It was so much smoother than out in the pasture.

One summer after a flood Royers were over and us kids were all going swimming in the dam east of the house. We decided to back the Model T truck up to the edge of the dam so we could dive off the end of the box. I was driving and Martin was directing, when the back wheels got on the silt and mud at the water edge. It just slid right into the lake as there were no brakes on the front wheels. We went home for help, as the back half of the truck was in the lake. Dad and Chet came down with the Model A and pulled it right out.

Another time when the Model A came to the rescue, Charles and I were going after feed with the Model T hayrack Semi. It was after school, and there was a small pond all froze solid (or so I thought) there by the gate. I pulled out on the ice and was having fun swinging the hayrack around, when down it went! There was a little water and a lot of mud under the ice. The front wheels didn't go through, just the back ones. We had a big argument about who was going after Dad, I don't remember which one of us did. I do remember when Dad looked the situation over he said, "I'd ought to leave it set and let you chop it out with an axe in the morning." The Model A did a lot of spinning, but the grass was dry and it pulled us out.

We hauled a lot of prairie hay out of the hills with a 2 wheel hay rack behind it. When coming from Freeburg's, sometimes it couldn't pull the hill north of Flessners in Giese's pasture, and we'd have to back down and take another run at it.

The Model A also hauled many a load of ear corn from the corn picker that Martin and I did custom work with. Also hauled wheat from combines to the bin and to town.

When Dad and I went to Cheyenne to have my eye checked we had breakfast

in Sidney and started west. A brand new car passed us before we got to Potter. After Potter it passed us again. It seemed like a game to me to see who would get to Cheyenne first--the Model A going 45 or the new car going fast and then stopping in every town for coffee. Anyway, we got there first.

Around 45 mile an hour seemed to be the best speed for it. One fall at Festival Freeburgs told us about a 25-20 rifle for sale at the pool hall in Bridgeport. Some of us left right away, as Dad thought it was a good buy. We were back in Dalton in about an hour and Mom just was so surprised. But we weren't in Bridgeport more than 10 minutes, and at a steady 45 or 50 it just figured out about an hour's time.