

Andy and Anna Brancato are our Guest writers for January. When I asked them to write something, they said they didn't have anything to write about. I told them everybody has something to write about. So, this is what they came up with. A pretty darn interesting story for someone who said they didn't have anything to write about!
- Dan

My Model A Tudor Sedan

About four years ago, we were going on a CCRG tour to Northern California, but we had a slight problem. There was going to be four of us. Our friend Linda from Germany, our Granddaughter Nikki, Ann, and myself. So how were we going to take four of us in a coupe or a Model A pickup, I asked? Ann said she didn't know, but we would figure out something.

Well, as time went on, our Granddaughter Nikki could not get off work, so now it left just three us, still a problem, because we had three people and one coupe, this meant that Linda or Ann would have to ride in the rumble seat. Right off, I knew that wasn't going to work! The other option was to take the Model A pickup and put a chair in the bed of the truck (Beverly Hillbilly style), well that didn't go over too good with Ann, and the cops probably wouldn't like it much either. I said what are we going to do? Ann said, 'I will figure something out, don't worry'.

By now, Linda had arrived from Germany, and was here with us. I had to go to town, Ann and Linda were going someplace else. When I got home, Ann had left the Camera Ad book on the table, she had marked a page and asked that I read it and give her my opinion on it. It was a Tudor sedan, she asked me what I thought of this sedan. In the Camera Ad it looked real good, so I called the man and talking to him, it sounded really pretty good. So when Ann got home we went and looked at it.

When we got to the man's place, he opened up this old barn door, I could barely see the car through the cobwebs. The car had four flat tires, the battery was dead, there was no gas in the tank, and it had about three or four years worth of dirt, cobwebs and whatever else you can imagine on it. I told the gentleman that if it would run, I would buy it. I went home to get my trailer, took the battery out of the Woody, went to the bank to get money, then went back to his place to try and start the car. The gentleman put about a half a gallon of gas in the tank, I put the battery in, checked the oil and water, got in the car, turned the key, pulled the choke, and hit the starter, and it started right up! The engine sounded real good to me, Ann was standing back a ways, and she said she could not hear the engine running. We both liked the car, it looked in pretty good shape inside and out, so we decided to buy it. I paid the man and loaded the car on the trailer, flat tires, cob-

webs, and all (the cobwebs didn't fall off on the way home either). On the way home, we stopped and filled the car up with gas, it took 9.7 gallons, I even asked Ann to look under the car to see if gas was running out on the ground. When I got home and Linda saw the car on the trailer, she couldn't believe that I would buy such a car, much less Ann OK'ing it.

While the car was still on the trailer, I put air in the tires, and then unloaded it. The next day, which was Thursday, I changed the engine oil, the transmission oil, and the rear end oil. The old generator didn't charge, so I replaced it with an alternator. I also had to replace a valve stem in one of the tires. I vacuumed and washed the car and cleaned it up trying to get rid of all the cobwebs as best I could. I took it for a spin down the street, the engine sounded good, and it felt good while driving. When I got home, I looked at the tires, they looked good, but had cracks in them big enough so you could put a dime in them, but heck, they held air from the night before and during my test run, so I felt we're good to go.

I told Ann and Linda we were good to go on the CCRG Tour. Linda said, 'in that old car'? I said 'yes', and she had a real puzzled look on her face and she said, 'will it take us that far'? I said, 'of course', but Linda still had her doubts about it.

Friday morning we put our things in the car, and we were on our way, Linda was still not sure about any of this. Well, we made it all the way up there with no problems and Linda began to get real comfortable about the car and everything. We ran all around Hurst Castle, the light house, and up and down the coast. We had a really good time, Linda had a good time too!



Linda, Anna, and Andy in front of the Piedras Blancas lighthouse near Hearst Castle. This picture was taken on Saturday, Andy bought the car 4 days prior, and here they are on a 300+ mile tour!!!

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We were on our way home and everything was going well, when the car made a horrible noise and started to miss. Linda was in the back seat, when she heard all this, she jumped up and said (in her very German accent), 'Andy Andy something this big (making a motion with her hand) blew out from under the car'! She kept waiting for me to stop, but I just kept on going. We were about 40 or 45 miles west of New Cuyama and going about 45 miles per hour on three cylinders. When we got to New Cuyama, then we stopped. That is when I found out that I had blown out a spark plug. My Son-in-law, John, came with the car trailer and we were going to push the car onto the trailer. I wondered if the car would start, so I tried it, and guess what? It started on the first try, so I drove it on the trailer. When I got home, I started it again, and drove it off the trailer.

Everyone in the club thought we were crazy, we buy a car on a Wednesday, and leave for a CCRG Tour on Friday, not knowing anything about the car, which had bad tires to boot. All three of us had a wonderful time, and Linda still talks about the trip. I know she had a wonderful time too, and will never forget this trip!