

Return Home from the Pendleton Convention, June 7th to 12th.

June 7, Sunday, We planed leaving about 9-10am as it was only 242 miles to Bend on good roads. After packing the car and checking out we meet with David only to find that his car did not heal itself overnight. After a few words of encouragement we headed west on interstate 84. After a couple of miles down the road David



found at Jack's, it was removed when the car was on the lift to check the oil pan for Babbitt). Back on the road being able to talk instead of using brake lights and hand waves for communication was a treat. The scenery was great driving on US 97 and looking at the snow capped Cascade Range in the distant west. We arrived in Bend just before dark. We were at a very nice quiet Best Western, Patty and I got a lower floor room, David went to the third floor for peace and quiet, there was one other Model A in the parking lot, did I say quiet? About that time a Tour Bus load of high school kids from Alaska doing a UA Fairbanks summer school Geology and Mining Tour of the West Coast arrived. Patty and I escaped to the Olive Garden down the street, David hid in his room. When Patty and I got back from dinner the kids were all in the pool splashing, yelling and being kids.

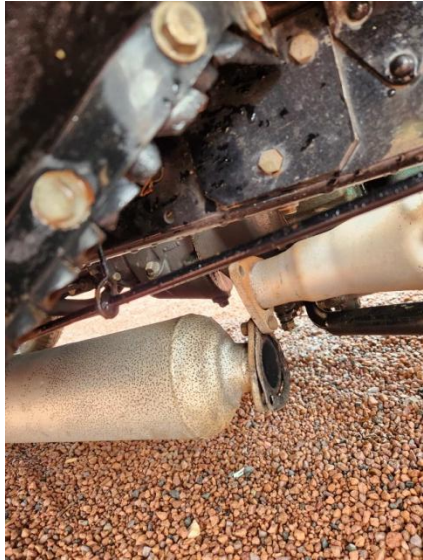


pulled off at the first off ramp. He pulled into a deserted motel and began the replacement of the fuel pump for his down draft carburetor system and placing high temp silicone sealer on the intake gaskets. This was a miracle cure and away we went, thinking why didn't we do this a couple of days ago. At the turn onto US 97 south we stopped at a Pilot truck stop for David to purchase another CB antenna to replace the one that went missing. (It was later



June 8th Monday. 216 miles. The next morning Patty and I rushed in for breakfast to be ahead of the kids. Then they all showed up, ate breakfast, got on the bus, and they were gone to Crater Lake. David later said they were all on the third floor with him.

The day went well until we turned the corner to enter Crater Lake National Park North Entrance road, when David's exhaust pipe fell loose. The bolts had not been tightened. We found a gear puller in David's trunk, the bolts fit the exhaust flange. Ten minutes later we were back on the road to Crater Lake.



The weather was overcast and cold with occasional light drizzle. As we drove to the Lodge to have lunch, the weather deteriorated until we were driving in the clouds with limited visibility on a road with sharp curves and no guard rails. As soon as we found a building we stopped, only to discover it was the gift shop and snack bar, we wanted the lodge where we could get a sit down lunch. Back in



to the cars we went to drive on another ¼ mile to the lodge. As it was raining I looked for a close parking spot. While doing so I drove through their lower parking lot, all of a sudden there was a terrible noise

under the car and then the car leapt up a foot or more in the air before crashing down to the ground again. I stopped to investigate finding a manhole cover vertical in its hole right behind the car. There was no substantial damage visible, so I closed the cover, got back in the car and parked it farther up the hill. David was behind me and was shocked as my car went up in the air.



We came for lunch and it was now about 2pm so we hurried into the lodge to get lunch, only to be told we were six minutes too late and could not be seated.

As my blood pressure climbed up to above the normal range, I asked for the manager telling her of my experience with their manhole cover and I would be calmer if I and my wife and David had lunch. (These may not be my exact words) The restaurant sat us and took our order for lunch, then she brought out a form for me to fill out about my experience with the manhole cover. Then the maintenance workers came and wanted to hear the story, then the National Park Police came and wanted a full report including a site visit of the scene of the incident in the rain, and to look at my car. The lodge did not charge us for our lunch.

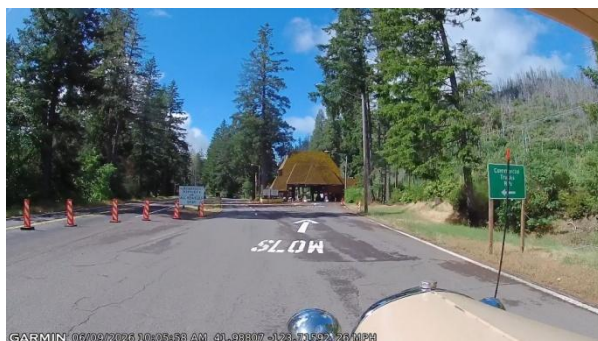


As I was finishing up with the Park Police, Patty discovered that she had lost her blue clip board with all the reservations etc on it. She went back to the gift shop looking for it and I went to the lodge, where I found it sitting on a table where she left it two hours ago. It's now 5pm and my morning coffee has worn off and I used up all my adrenalin and we still have 2 ½ hours more to go to Grants Pass.



The weather cleared as we went down the mountain toward Grants Pass, arriving at the Best Western just before dark. After checking in, David suggested we go to the Mexican restaurant he saw as we were driving in. A short drive down the road to the restaurant, we were greeted warmly, the food was good and they were closing as we left.

June 9th Tuesday. 304 miles. David was feeling like



something was wrong with the car and wanted to go see a family friend who lived in the area and had a lift that he could put the car on to take a look. His friend did not answer the phone, and I did not want to wait to leave later as today we needed to go 300 miles to Willits Ca. We headed on down the road back into California. We made it to Willits, Patty got to see her brother and his family, and David rested.

June 10th Wednesday, 216 miles. This should be an easy day. I wanted to go over the Golden Gate Bridge in the early afternoon before after work traffic begins.

Patty and I had breakfast at the Old Bank in Willits with her brother and niece then, we meet David at



the Hotel before heading on down 101 south to the Bay Side Café in Sausalito near where the semi-permanent house boats are tied up. Lunch was



good, the day was going great. David suggested we

stop at Golden Gate Park to view the buildings built about the same time as Balboa Park in San Diego.

We crossed the Golden Gate Bridge and went looking for the park. We drove around looking for the

buildings and did not find what we wanted. but did find

an art museum where we pulled over for a photo, as



we stopped at the curb in a bus only zone David's

engine died. We took pictures and went to leave. David's car would not start. His gas was on -0-. I added

my 1 gallon spare jug of gas and it still would not start. Eventually we decided the timing gear was broken as there was no compression. I tried to tow him down the street to a better parking spot but got as far as a stop sign where we gave up. Here I had to say goodbye as we were not going to replace a timing gear in the middle of the street at a stop sign. I did not think we had the tools to do it anyway. David called a tow truck. Patty and I went on south on 35 and 9 to the Quality Inn in Ben Lomond, once again arriving about dark. The 35 and 9 are beautiful drives, very winding, big trees, lots of big trees.

June 11, Thursday, 253 miles. Patty and I had breakfast with her son and his family before heading on down the 9 to Santa Cruz and then the CA 1 south through Monterey and Carmel. We stopped in Big Sur for lunch and two gallons of gas for 7.52 a gallon for the most expensive gas for the trip. I had forgotten



how winding the CA 1 is and how fast everyone else wants to drive on it. Model A's don't corner well. Patty had many views of almost straight down to the water as we went around sharp curves. We arrived in the late afternoon in Buellton, staying at the Split Pea Andersen's Inn. The Split Pea Andersen's restaurant is closed so we walked across the overpass and ate at the Habit that night.

June 12, Friday, about 250 miles. Andersen's had a great carbohydrate and sugar breakfast which I ate little of before walking down the street to Mother Hubbard's for more carbohydrate and sugar and protein breakfast. After checking out of the Hotel, Patty announced that she had found a quilt shop that was now open. I discovered that a cap nut was missing from my luggage rack, so Patty went to the quilt shop and I went to Tractor Supply for a stainless steel cap nut for the luggage rack. We were both happy



as we headed south. The morning rush was gone from 101 as we went through Santa Barbara. We turned off onto the CA 1 at Oxnard heading into Malibu along the coast. There is still a lot of evidence of the destruction from the wild fire that tore through the

area over a year ago. By the time we got to Dukes we were hungry, so we stopped for lunch overlooking the Pacific. I planned on going down the CA 1 all the way to Dana Point to keep out of rush hour traffic on the freeways. By the time we got to the Santa Monica pier I decided to try the 10 East, WRONG, WRONG, WRONG, the 10 East at 2:45 on a Friday is a parking lot. An hour later when we got to the 110 we went south down to the 405. When I stopped for a break in New Port Beach and to get gas I needed 9.3 gallons. Glad I stopped, as I had not refilled my extra 1 gallon container. After a very brief stop at the grandkids house we continued on home arriving well after dark at about 9:30pm.



Now that it has been a couple of weeks to rest, I remember it as a great trip.

Members of the San Diego Model A Ford Club and or Palomar Club seen at Pendleton,
Paul and Patty Winchester
David Frazee
Howard and Barbara Krugel
Jim Krugel
Steve and Nancy Lovell
Gary Karr
Bruce Howe

Rancho San Diego to Pendleton	1267
Around Pendleton	399
Pendleton to home	1482
Total	3148 miles

172 gallons of gas	\$953.57
1 oil change 4 qts	29.00 no oil added while driving
Lodging	2592.30
Food etc	1088.00

Total trip	\$ 4662.87
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Cost/ day \$ 259.00