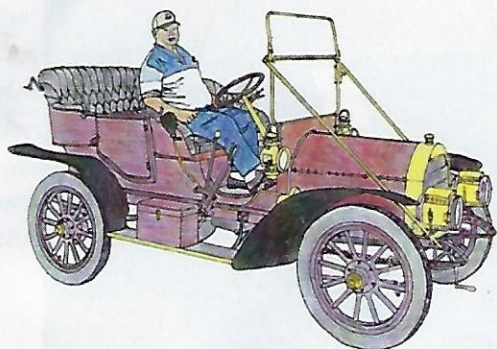


Model T Memories

4608 Tennessee Walker Avenue
Las Vegas, NV 89031-2146



Jerry Tabor and his 1907 Stevens Durvea



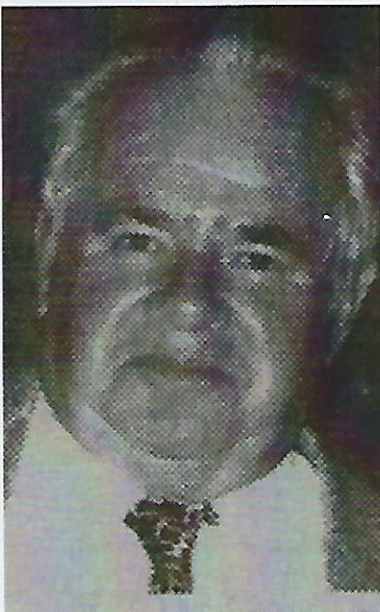


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Jerry Tabor Memorial

Excerpts from Jerry's Obituary



Gerald "jerry" W. Tabor "folded em" June 11, 2008 after a sudden illness. He entered "the game" August 1, 1936, in Sharon, Conn., and resided in Las Vegas for the last eight years. So much to say about a wonderful husband, brother and father who never met a stranger and lived life to the fullest. A retired veteran of the U.S. Navy, he gave 23 years of service.

Jerry was happiest working on one of his vintage cars down at "the shop", being on tour with the guys, being "one of the girls" with dear sister, Jean's friends playing poker or relaxing around the house with his wife, Sue. The guys in the car club and the poker playing ladies were like family to him. He could tick them off but was always welcomed back with loving arms because he was just being "jerry". Summing it all up in his immortal words, "don't worry about the small stuff" and "that ain't bad" were his frequent comments and philosophy on life—we all miss him.

Jerry was President of the Southern Nevada Model T Club from 2005 through 2007

JERRY TABOR MEMORIAL

2009 "Pikes Peak Hill Climb or Bust"

1,900 miles of Model T touring through some of our country's most precious, beautiful and spectacular scenery.

By John T Craft

Jerry Tabor wanted so much to go on this tour but time ran out—We had talked about doing this tour for two years; but didn't get real serious until Jerry's untimely death reminded us all of our own mortality—We never know what lays ahead—Dennis Rutkoskie stated "we aren't getting any younger so we better go while we're still able"—and so it is very fitting that we take this tour in honor of Jerry.

Thursday, June 11, 2009

After a 5 A.M. short breakfast in Las Vegas, the rigs of Terry Handy and John & George Craft departed our neighborhood McDonalds heading north for Dennis Rutkoskie's garage in Washington, Utah, where we immediately unloaded our Model Ts, and loaded our suitcases and provisions into them. Stepping into Dennis's Garage, George discovered Dennis's antique automobile collection which prompted him to take many photos and a video interview with Dennis and his collection. Then the four of us gathered outside around Terry's pickup and raised our water bottles to honor Jerry Tabor a toast in his memory for the tour in which we were about to embark. We followed Dennis in his 1930 Model A to the IHOP Restaurant for a nutritious breakfast, after which we raised our water glasses for another toast to Jerry in final ceremony for our start to a great 13-day-1,900-mile adventure.

From IHOP we worked our way to State Road 9 and drove east through Hurricane, Leeds, Virgin and Rockville to Springdale where we entered Zion National Park. Our Golden Age Passports gave us free access to travel through this beautiful park on a road that had us winding up several hairpin curves to its mile-long tunnel. We turned on our low candle-power-rated headlights which guaranteed slow-speed through the tunnel. Our drive through was highlighted every few hundred yards by daylight shining through large openings in the north wall. One might think these openings were there only for the tourist for quick picture-window glimpse at scenery as we pass through—not so—

they were made by the construction crews to dump rock from the tunnel as they were boring the tunnel through the side of the mountain. After exiting the east portal we drove through scenic rock formations stopping at one of the parking areas to view the checkerboard pattern that nature had sculpted on the mountain side. Our cars drew many admirers while parked here. We exited the park through the east entrance and continued on SR 9 to Mount Carmel Jct. where we turned south onto US 89 and drove on to Kanab, Utah. About two days before we were to leave on this tour, I received a call from our Model "A" Ford friend, Frank Mitrani that he wanted us to stop by on our way through Kanab and informed me that we were not to eat before we got there because Jean was planning lunch for us! Upon entering Kanab, Dennis gave Frank a call to alert him of our arrival so he could meet us and lead us out to their place. When we drove up their driveway we couldn't help but notice the new two-story two-car garage with guest facilities above.



George Craft thanks Jean Mitrani for preparing a delicious lunch for our crew.

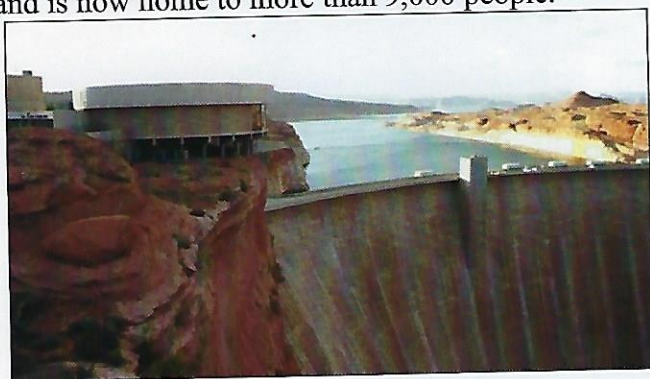


This photo was taken by Frank Mitrani as we were leaving their place, heading for Page, Arizona.

Frank gave us a tour of his new garage with an elegant, immaculately painted floor to house his two Model "A" cars, computerized office and bathroom. He then gave us a ride in the elevator to the upstairs for a tour of the apartment-size, full-bath guest

house with a veranda on the west and south sides that allowed panoramic views of the countryside from the north all the way around to the southeast. We exited down the wide stairs from the veranda on the south side of the garage and made our way to the house where Jean had a great lunch prepared of tuna salad, a large assortment of cold-cuts, chips and soft drinks waiting. Frank and Jean's neighbor friends, Tom Willardson and Ken Hardison joined in to make this a very festive occasion. After lunch we made our way outside to our cars for show-and-tell and a photo shoot before we leave and a thank-you to Frank and Jean for their thoughtful and gracious hospitality.

And now it's on to Page, Arizona and our reserved rooms at the Super 8 for our first nights stay. Page is one of the youngest communities in the United States. It is located here in northeastern Arizona, approximately five hours north of Phoenix and five hours east of Las Vegas. The town began in 1957 as a housing camp for workers building the Glen Canyon Dam. In 1958, 24 square miles of Navajo land was exchanged for a larger tract in Utah, and "Government Camp" (later called Page in honor of Bureau of Reclamation Commissioner John C. Page) was born. During the seven years required to construct the dam, Page was a federal municipality. It became an incorporated town on March 1, 1975 and is now home to more than 9,000 people.



Glen Canyon Dam



Carl Hayden Visitor Center at the Glen Canyon Dam

After an early dinner we drove out to the Carl Hayden Visitor Center at Glen Canyon Dam to take photos after which several inquisitive European

tourists had gathered around our cars and wanted to know all about them. This was a pleasant way to end our first day of touring before heading back to the motel to retire for the evening.

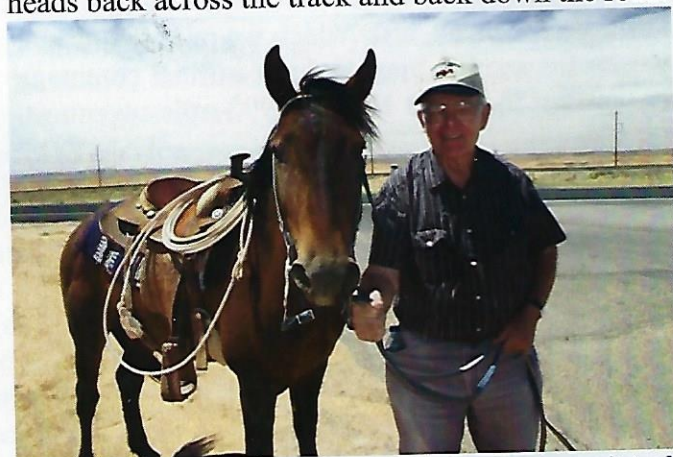
Friday, June 12, 2009

This morning we leave Page heading south-southwest on Hiway US 89, a very scenic drive towards the junction of Alt US 89 then on south along the Echo Cliffs past Cedar Ridge then towards The Gap where we make a pit stop. From here we drive on south 17 miles and turn east onto US 160 heading for Tuba City where we stop for lunch at the KFC. Back on the road again we head



Shane Claw's Mustang "Little Troy", Terry Handy, Shane, Dennis Rutkoskie and George Craft

northeast toward Kayenta, Arizona. What makes these antique car tours so adventurous is that you don't know what chance happening is coming next. After driving about 20 miles (near Tonalea) we pull off the road at an intersection for a break. Off in the distance, north across the road and railroad track we observe a couple riders heading our way. After they cross the track, one rider turns his horse around and heads back across the track and back down the road.



My twin brother George has never met a stranger—it took no time at all for him to get acquainted with "Little Troy"

The other rider guides his horse into the borrow pit going west a short distance then coaxes his mount up over the road and into the borrow pit on our side

of the road heading back toward us. We are witnessing a scene that could have been pulled right out of a Hollywood movie as he approaches and greets us with “nice set of wheels you guys are riding”—and in turn I tell him “nice set of hooves you’re riding”. He dismounts and introduces himself and his horse as Shane Claw and “Little Troy” and tells us that “Little Troy” is a Mustang. Right off, we could tell by this guy’s demeanor that he is living his dream. We were a very attentive audience as we listened to Shane answer our questions and tell us enthusiastically about his experiences and abilities training horses. This chance meeting with Shane and “Little Troy” made our day!! Shane is very proud of “Little Troy”, and this attribute of pride he conveyed is somewhat akin to us Model T Whisperers. When after spending many hours on a rusty old car, being thrown off many times in different directions troubleshooting, lots of trial and error, finally cranking it to life, then we jump up on the seat and proudly drive it around the block in gleeful celebration.

And now it’s on to the Best Western Motel at Kayenta, Arizona for our second night’s stay.

Saturday, June 13, 2009

With the early morning sun shining bright, we leave Kayenta heading north and cross the state line into Utah and more of the Monument Valley. This Valley has been the setting for more western movies



Monument Valley Utah

than any other site in the United States. From the floor of this vast, open desert of the Navajo Nation rise majestic sandstone formations to the heights of 400 to 1,000 feet. We stop to take a photo and with our engines silent, have a keen awareness of the peacefulness and solitude of the morning. We continue on in a northeasterly direction across the valley and as we come up over a rise, the San Juan River comes into view and we descend down to the bridge that crosses it. We drive across and at the end of the bridge the road takes a sharp turn to the south in an artistic setting at the base of a high red

sandstone cliff. We follow the road on up and around the cliff and enter the town of Mexican Hat, Utah, where we make a pit stop at the convenience store and purchase refreshments.



Dennis Rutkoskie, Terry Handy, George Craft and John Craft at Mexican Hat, Utah

From here we head on east to the small community of Bluff, Utah with its tall shade trees and sturdy sandstone homes. We stop and decide to change our planned route and leave US Route 163 and take US Route 191 north through Blanding and on north to Monticello. After fueling up at Monticello we head east on US 491 and just as we are crossing the state line into Colorado the wind starts to blow with great force from the south. After a few bullheaded miles we finally stopped, fought the wind and snapped both side curtains on. Terry snapped his right side curtain on. We push on heading southeast past Dove Creek and Cahone. The sky starts to darken as we approach Pleasant View and by the time we reach Yellow Jacket it starts to rain with lightning and thunder. Just as we are pulling into Cortez the storm grows more intense with horrendous cracking bolts of lightning, loud claps of earth-shaking thunder and unrelenting gushers of blinding rain. And here we are at US 160 (Main Street) at the stop sign, the likes of a Las Vegas rush hour sloshing back and forth in front of us, sitting in a vulnerable Model T with side-curtains with only a thin cover of long-grain vinyl over our heads—praying that it doesn’t hail!! In all this turmoil, sitting in a cubicle similar to being inside a bass drum, with a veritable toad-choker pounding down on us, George hollers out “aren’t you glad we put the side-curtains on”? Finally we get a break in the traffic and are able to cross Main Street and stop along the curb. Since Dennis has our destination plugged into his GPS system, I call him on the cell to find out which way to turn to the motel. By the time we get to the motel and get checked in, the storm has passed and the sun has reappeared.

Dick Aggen’s life-long friend, Earl Hutchinson, who lives here in Cortez, stopped by our motel

(located on Main Street) to see us—he had been alerted by Dick that we would be over-nighting here. (Dick is treasure of the Southern Nevada Model T Club) This was the weekend of the Ute Mountain Roundup here in Cortez, so Earl invited us to join their parade that would be starting shortly. We told Earl we wouldn't have time to as we hadn't eaten yet, however the Parade was in progress as we were leaving for lunch. So we pulled into an opening and drove right along with the parade, receiving applauses and two thumbs-up from the crowds on both sides of the street as we drove to an eatery a few blocks east of the motel.

Sunday, June 14, 2009

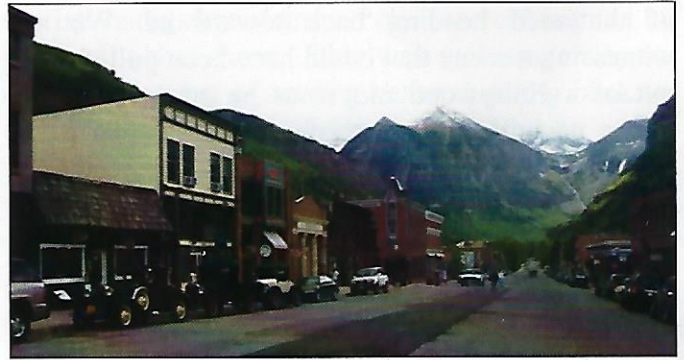
This morning we left Cortez, Colorado and drove SR 145 to Dolores then followed the Dolores River through beautiful mountain scenery and were slowed to a crawl when we came upon a cattle drive before reaching Stoner. Here is one of those little towns surrounded by beautiful mountains where a ranching legacy continues—where cowboys still wear wide brim hats, ride horses and drive cattle! This century-old tradition treats us back to simpler times, right along with the antique cars we are driving and brings great charm and fascination to these historic mining towns we are visiting. Eventually one of the cowboys parted the cattle so we could drive on through and continue on our tour arriving at this convenience store at Rico, Colorado for a pit stop and a warm-up with pastry and coffee.



Terry Handy checks our route before we leave this quaint old mining town of Rico, Colorado heading for 10,222 ft. Lizard Head Pass and the old historic mining town and ski village of Telluride, Colorado.



10,222 Ft. Lizard Head Pass



Telluride, Colorado

Upon arriving in Telluride we make a u-turn mid-block and park on the north side of its restored Victorian main street. After some exploration and photo shots we make another u-turn and head straight out of town east about four miles just past



the Idarado Mine to view Colorado's largest and famous 425-foot Bridal Veil Falls. From here we drove back to town to have lunch. Back on State Road 145 we followed the very scenic San Miguel River through Sawpit and on to Placerville. Here we turned onto SR 62 and another scenic drive up over 8,970 ft. Dallas Divide and on to the town of Ridgway, Colorado where we turned north onto US 550 and headed for our nights stay at Montrose.

Monday, June 15, 2009

We left Montrose, Colorado (elev. 5,806 Ft.) this morning heading east on US 50 through alpine vistas over a couple passes then drive by and partially around the largest body of water in the state—Blue Mesa Reservoir—home of the state record for a lake trout, a 50-pounder. Blue Mesa is also home to one of the largest runs of Kokanee Salmon in the country.

Blue Mesa Reservoir was created by building a 342-foot-high earth and rock dam across a narrow gorge at the east end of the Black Canyon, 26 miles west of the city of Gunnison. This backed the Gunnison River and its tributaries up for 20 miles, creating a reservoir that has

96 miles of shoreline. The project was built by the United States Bureau of Reclamation as part of the Colorado River Storage Project, which was authorized by Congress in 1956. Blue Mesa Dam was completed in 1965 and the reservoir reached full capacity for the first time in 1968.

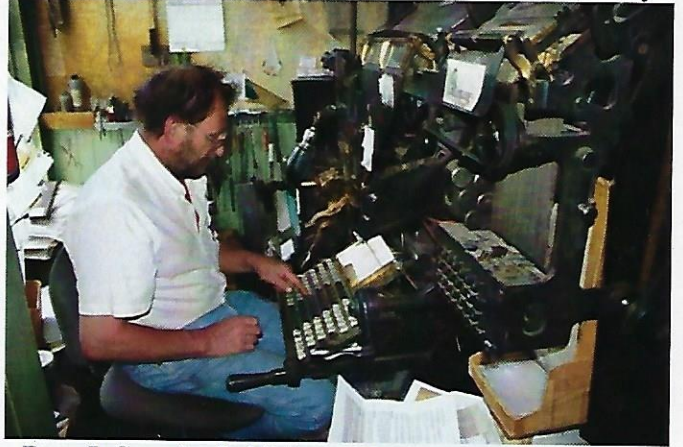
We drive on to Gunnison (elev. 7,703 Ft.) where we stopped for lunch. Pressing on we drove east a few miles and turned south onto SR 114 which took us



by our fellow members of the Southern Nevada Model T Club, Pete and Linda Proschold's mountain ranch home. We stopped but nobody home. From Pete and Linda's Ranch we meandered on south on this scenic route up over 10,149 ft. North Pass through more beautiful mountain vistas and on toward Saguache, Colorado—the county seat for Saguache County.



When we arrive Terry Handy leads us onto Main Street and down to the Court House where we turn around and head back north and park our cars. As we walked the street, Dennis Rutkoskie looks in the window of this old building and makes a discovery!



Dean I. Coombs, Publisher of the Saguache Crescent, at the keyboard of the Linotype Machine.

We step inside and meet the man that Dennis had seen through the window sitting at a Linotype machine. His name is Dean I. Coombs and he is the publisher of the weekly county newspaper, The Saguache Crescent—we learned that his family has owned this newspaper since his Grandparents (their name was Ogden related to a previous mayor of Chicago of which Ogden Street in Chicago is named) moved here from Antico, Wisconsin in 1917 to purchase the paper. Dean said the first newspaper in town was started in 1874 called “The Chronicle” then in 1882 the newspaper was known as “The Advance” then sometime in between the paper was called “The Democrat” and finally in 1889 was changed to “The Saguache Crescent”. He has two Linotype Machines he uses daily, one built in 1921 and one built in 1945. The printing press he uses is a Lee Press built in 1915 that his folks bought in 1956 and has been used every week since. And how was the type set before the Linotype? Dean said it was set by hand using individual letters and the printing was done on an 1890 Prouty Press. We were very appreciative of Dean's congenial hospitality for taking the time to give us a very educational and informative tour of this vintage printing facility—

Just as the name implies, the linotype is a machine that produces a solid “line of type.” Introduced about 1886, it was used for generations by newspapers and general printers. It is a one-man machine: the operator sits in front with the copy to be set at the top of the keyboard. Having adjusted the machine for the required point size and line length, the metal heated to the correct temperature—about 550 degrees Fahrenheit—he commences setting.

From Saguache we head to Salida, Colorado for an overnight stay at the Super 8 Motel.

Tuesday, June 16, 2009

After an early breakfast we left Salida this morning and arrived at Manitou Springs, Colorado early in the afternoon and immediately checked into our reserved motel rooms at the Super 8 then headed for the Manitou Springs and Pikes Peak Cog Railway to scope out our route for next morning's drive to the depot for our reserved 9:20 boarding time.



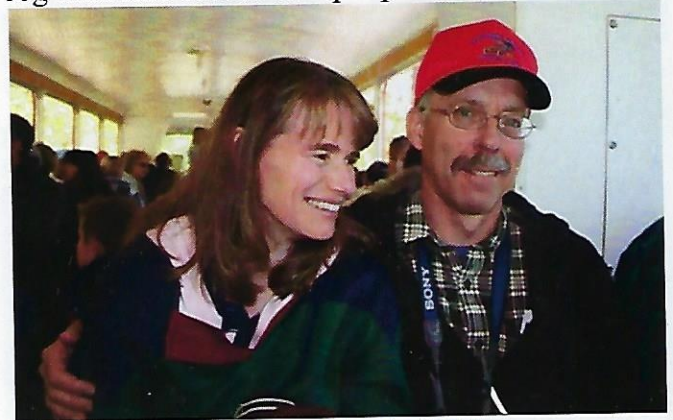
Pictured here from left to right are George Craft, Dennis Rutkoskie and Terry Handy.

Early on in the planning stage of this tour, there were folks well known by me that expressed a desire that they would like to join in on this great adventure to the top of America's Mountain. Those who could make it, and would be arriving today (who will be our chase vehicle crew, filming crew and relief driver) are—Friends Mike and Mary Ann Fox (Mike is Professor of Environmental and Radiological Health Sciences at Colorado State University and Mary Ann tutors bilingual languages) drove down from Fort Collins; my Daughter and Son-in-law, Teri and Mitch Osborn (Science Teachers in the California Educational System) drove up from Perris, California (they were on their way to Nebraska to visit relatives and ride their bicycles across northern Nebraska from Valentine to Norfolk) and my Son and Daughter-in-law, Randy and Karen Craft (Randy is Land Conservation Specialist and Karen is GIS/Grant Coordinator, both work for The Nature Conservancy, Wyoming Chapter) drove down from Lander, Wyoming after seeing their daughter, Amber off to Europe on The Wyoming Ambassadors of Music Tour. By 4:30 all had arrived and we gathered at the round table on the patio of the motel to get reacquainted and reminisce about the day's happenings. Mike and Mary Ann had arrived mid-morning and browsed the many gift and souvenir shops along Manitou Boulevard and sampled the fare at the Stagecoach Inn Restaurant.

Being impressed they highly recommended that we go there for dinner—and yes we went there and had great food and great conversation in an atmosphere of gaiety—a prelude celebration for the two special events that will be happening tomorrow!

Wednesday, June 17, 2009

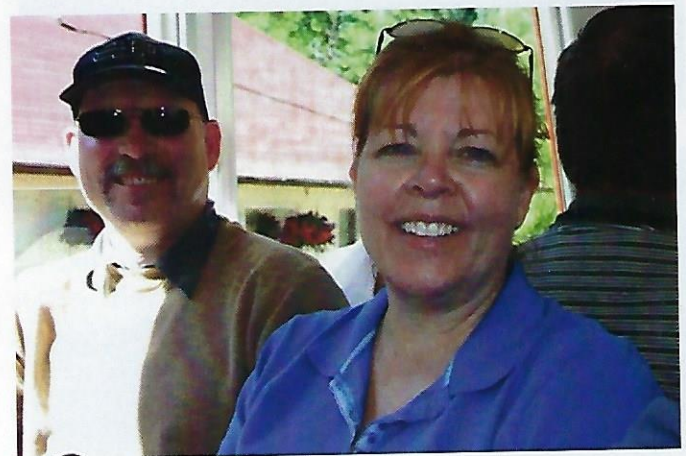
This is our big day! We arrived early at the depot to purchase our tickets so we wouldn't miss our scheduled 9:20 boarding time. The tickets for the cog train ride cost \$31.50 per person for the three



Karen and Randy Craft



Mike and Mary Ann Fox



Mitch and Teri Osborn

hour and ten minute round trip allowing for 40 minutes at the summit to buy gifts and souvenirs, take photos, and have coffee and doughnuts.

We are welcomed aboard the “Aspen” car of the Pikes Peak Cog Railway here at its Historic Depot nestled at the base of Pikes Peak at an elevation of 6,571 feet. Since I had made reservations a month earlier, all ten of us were assigned seats together at the front of the car next to the engineer giving us exceptional views of the controls and track as we climb this 8.9 mile-long Cog-way to the 14,110 ft. summit. The start of our climb runs along Ruxton creek in Englemann Canyon through Englemann Spruce, Colorado Spruce, and Ponderosa Pine trees.

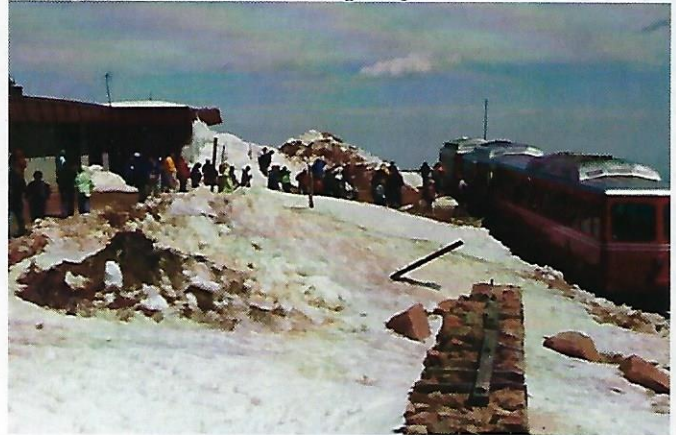


Our young lady conductor pointed out various “Faces and Shapes” which with a little imagination can be seen on the boulders along the way. Gaining altitude we pass Minnehaha Falls, and then just below the old settlement of Ruxton Park, we go through the natural gateway to the mountains known as “Hells Gate”. At the 5-mile point, the grade increases and we start climbing in earnest. From here we view Lake Moraine and Mount Almagre along with seeing Bristlecone pines. We were told that many of these trees were over 2,000 years old. As we climb above timberline where there is permafrost: the ground remains frozen year-round. Therefore the only thing that grows up here is Alpine Tundra; a mixture of mosses, grasses and wildflowers which have all adapted to the very short growing season. We saw three Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep as we approached Windy Point Siding before our final ascent to the summit.



This shot of the 2 car cog train following was taken from the window of our single car Aspen at about 13,500 ft. elevation

As the engineer pilots our car slowly to the end of the track, which is precariously perched on a precipice extending out into the Colorado heavens, he successfully brings it to a stop! Here we are at the top of America’s Mountain where in the summer of 1893, Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English at Wellesley College in Massachusetts (visiting the summit with a group of her colleagues) wrote **“an erect decorous group, we stood at last on that gate-of-heaven summit—and gazed in wordless rapture over the far expanse of mountain ranges and sea like sweep of plain”**. Then and there the opening lines of “America the Beautiful” sprang into being! She wrote the entire song that evening on her return to Colorado Springs where she was teaching a summer session at Colorado College, a private liberal arts and sciences college here in Colorado Springs.



Pikes Peak Summit



After 1 hour 15 minute ride Mary Ann Fox and Teri Osborn disembark the Aspen car at the 14,110 ft. Pikes Peak Summit.

After arriving back at the Manitou Springs Depot we drove back to the motel to freshen up then walked across the street for lunch at Subway.

And now after having a very comfortable Cog Train ride up America’s Mountain this morning, we are ready to put ourselves and our antique cars through the most strenuous climb up the Pikes Peak Highway to the 14,110 ft. summit.

Commissioned by Thomas Jefferson to explore the Great Plains, Lt. Zebulon Montgomery Pike saw this mountain from the eastern portion of today's Colorado. As he approached this magnificent peak rising from the plains, Pike swore this 14,110 foot mountain would never be conquered by man. Pike never scaled the mountain which bears his name!

From the motel we drive about a block to the on-ramp of US 24 and head west a few miles then exit and head for the steep grade leading us to the Pikes Peak Highway where we stop at the Gatehouse and pay a toll of \$10 per person. From here, Terry Handy leads us up the mountain. Then just past Camera Point, (at about the 2-mile marker) Terry makes the disappointing and agonizing decision that his 3 to 1 gear ratio in his pickup's differential will not be strong enough to climb the steep grades ahead and pulls off onto a pullout, parks, and jumps in with Mike and Mary Ann in their Toyota Prius.

Now it's Randy and me in the lead, Randy has the roadster in Ruckstell (that's 3rd gear) and is able to maintain about 18 mph. As the mile markers slowly descend behind us, we pass Crowe Gulch Picnic Grounds, Balsam Poplar Pullout, and Valentine Rock Pullout. As we approach mile marker 6, Randy is able to up-shift back into Ford (that's 4th gear) as we descend down to the dam of the Crystal Reservoir where we are stopped for a 4 or 5 minute delay because of construction on one lane of the dam. After the oncoming traffic clears, and we get the green light, Randy down-shifts back into Ruckstell (3rd gear) and hits low pedal (1st gear) to get us moving then releases low pedal allowing the transmission to automatically shift back into 3rd gear in anticipation for a cautious speed past the construction workers—then advances the throttle to negotiate the steep grades after crossing the dam.

We continue on uphill and pass the "Pikes Peak Hill Climb Starting Line" just before reaching mile marker 7, then on past the Halfway Picnic Grounds between mile markers 9 and 10, climbing onward around winding curves and tight hairpins, we enter the beginning of the Alpine Zone as we pull into the parking area of the Glen Cove Inn and brake-check station near mile marker 13.

Our climb up this world famous mountain was not to be without incident. After discussing and strategizing about our final ascent, we climbed back into our cars to proceed. As Randy was backing out and heading up the mountain, a pickup backed out to head down the mountain and backed into us

hooking our spare tire. Instinctively the driver pulled forward back into his parking stall yanking our spare off the carrier bending one leg of the spider. Had it not been for the lock nut at the bottom of the carrier, the spare would have fallen to the ground. Well now what? We removed the lock nut and set the spare aside. It didn't look good—how were we to bend this spider leg back to normal.



Glen Cove Inn

As we all were standing there contemplating our options of solving this unfortunate circumstance, Mike coiled into kick-boxing form and lunged with full force striking the bent leg of the carrier with his right foot! I couldn't believe it—miraculously Mike made the metal give a little. After three or four more blows, the bent leg came into alignment enough to allow the spare rim to rest in the saddles of the carrier and fit the lock nut stud. We secured the spare with the lock nut and once again were on



Mitch snapped this shot as we are driving up the Pikes Peak Highway in the area called The Devil's Playground—9 to 12 percent grades around 13,000 ft. elevation.

our way and continue our climb up the mountain. With Mitch driving the video wagon (Teri and Mitch's Ford Escape) ahead of us we negotiate another tight hairpin curve and shortly after pass Elk Park Pullout just before mile marker 14. With the tailgate window up, Teri and Karen (leaning

over the back seat) are shooting video of us as we continue climbing on up past Tree Line with more hairpins as we approach mile marker 15. With Dennis behind us in his 1930 Model "A" Coupe, George as his passenger, and Mike and Mary Ann and Terry behind them in the chase car, our convoy continues climbing on up the mountain. The mountain begrudgingly gives up more elevation to our resilient and durable little antique cars as we forge our way relentlessly up through the area known as the Devil's Playground to mile marker 16. From this vantage point we can look back and down at an expansive view of the risky winding road we have just traveled. We continue laboring our way upward, passing the Bottomless Pit Pullout at mile marker 17 and onward past Switch Station Pullout then we round the bend to circumvent Little Pikes Peak (elevation 13,363 ft.) We are still exceedingly determined to bring this world-famous mountain into submission as we pass the Bighorn Sheep Pullout at mile marker 18. And now with the summit in sight, with one mile yet to go, our struggle becomes more passionate and we begin to have this great exhilarating feeling that we're going to win! Here in this foreboding cold mountain air, at this elevation our climb becomes even more significant as we and our little cars have 40 percent less oxygen to breath than there is at Sea Level!



There's the summit! Randy has the pedal to the metal (Ruckstell low pedal) that's 1st gear, spark and throttle down and we're going up this steep grade at a breathtaking speed of 8 mph here at about 13,500 feet elevation!!

With Randy's expert shifting, strong left leg and foot and a very strong and proud little Model T Ford Roadster we made it to the top. Karen had timed us and it took 1 hour and 30 minutes to make this energetic and inspirational 19-mile run from the Toll Gate to the summit including the 4 to 5 minute construction delay at the dam and the 10 minute stop at Glen Cove—an average of 15 mph. The

temperature on this afternoon at the summit was 34 degrees with a wind chill in the mid twenties!

With special permission from the Forest Ranger at the top we were allowed to pull our cars into the restricted area in front of the Pikes Peak Summit Sign and take photos to validate our extraordinary climb to the top of America's famous mountain.



Hey we made it to the top for the second time today! From left, Randy Craft, John T Craft, Dennis Rutkoskie, Terry Handy and George B Craft.



George Craft and Dennis Rutkoskie and Dennis's 1930 Model "A" Coupe

It certainly would have been incomprehensible and unimaginable in 1806 for Lt. Zebulon Pike to have ever envisioned that over 200 years later, one half million people a year would be reaching the summit of this great mountain that he had proclaimed unconquerable by man. The mobility for him at the time was relegated to horse-drawn wagons and mounts—a far cry from the many modern high horsepower cars with luxurious interiors and automatic transmissions driving along with our antique cars up the mountain today.

It was decided that since Randy drove up the mountain, I would drive down. So with the roadster in Ruckstell, spark lever all the way up on the left quadrant (fully retarded) throttle lever all the way

up on the right quadrant (idle) I cautiously head the roadster down the mountain. I will be braking the roadster in a way that can only be done in a Model T Ford—that is I will be using reverse (center pedal) to keep our speed in check on our descent down the mountain. The roadster is equipped with Rocky Mountain Brakes installed on the rear wheels that at any time can be activated by the brake pedal (right pedal) or by pulling the emergency brake lever. Using the reverse band in the transmission for braking is nothing new. In all Model Ts up until 1926 the reverse and brake bands in the transmission were the same narrow width, and since the reverse band was used only for backing up it would get minimal wear. So to add longer braking life it became practice to alternate using the reverse and brake pedals for braking so the linings wore at the same rate and therefore both bands could be relined at the same time. With the engine helping me hold back against gravity on our way down and an occasional tapping of the reverse pedal I'm able to keep the roadster at a safe speed—when the grade's steepness increases then I apply longer holds on the reverse pedal making sure that the roadster doesn't get ahead of my capability of keeping it in safe control.

All the way down the mountain there are signs that read “hot brakes fail—use low gear”—a warning to all not to overdrive their abilities of keeping their automobiles under control negotiating the sharp curves and steep downhill grades. There were a string of modern cars ahead of us with their brake lights glaring back at us almost all the way down the six miles to Glen Cove Inn. A good indication that they were not heedful of the warning signs, and shows their inexperience in mountain driving by not just simply shifting their automatic 4 or 5 speed transmissions to a lower gear to match the grades we were negotiating so they wouldn't have to use their brakes continuously. Everyone has to stop at the brake-check station at Glen Cove—several of the cars with hot brakes had to pull into the parking area and wait until their brakes cooled before they were allowed to proceed. We stopped and since I had not used the Rocky Mountain Brakes, our brake drums were cold so the attendant gave us immediate clearance to proceed on down the mountain.

We all gathered back at the motel to freshen up. Then once again headed for the Stagecoach Inn for more Colorado comfort food; their cuisine based on classical and continental preparations—with a western flair, here along Fountain Creek, where out

on their patio next to the sidewalk, along Manitou Boulevard, in the warmer mountain air, we dined and celebrated the magnitude of the two fulfillments that we experienced on this most remarkable day!

The sanctioned “Pikes Peak Hill Climb” is usually held in August. The first Pikes Peak Hill Climb was held August 10th, 11th, 12th, 1916 to commemorate the opening of the Pikes Peak Highway (which had been built over the route of the old carriage road to the summit that had been built during 1886-88) Drivers, then and now are challenged by the 156 curves of this torturous road and the rapid changing weather. Starting out in sunshine, the driver could travel through sleet, thunderstorms, wind, hail, fog, or blinding snow before he finished, causing this breathtaking event to be called “The Race To The Clouds.” The first Pikes Peak Champion was 22-year old Rea Lentz from Washington. His Romano Demon Special was the smallest car entered and he was the youngest driver. His time for this 12.42 mile-long course was 20 minutes, 55.6 seconds averaging about 36 mph. After his win, he was never heard from again by anyone associated with the race. This is the second oldest auto race in the United States (the Indianapolis 500 being the oldest).

Thursday, June 18, 2009

This morning we walked a short distance to the Pancake House west of the motel for breakfast. Afterwards we walked back to the motel parking lot to spend some leisure time in retrospect of yesterday's adventures and express our thanks to each other for making it a very enjoyable day!



Mike and Mary Ann Fox

I gave Mary Ann a ride in the roadster up Manitou Boulevard to Ruxton Avenue where Mike and Teri were waiting to video us as we made a couple of demonstrative-circus-like revolutions around the

colorful round-a-bout, then back to the motel and more photos before seeing Teri and Mitch off on their trip to Nebraska. Mike wanted to drive the roadster before he and Mary Ann had to leave and travel back to Ft. Collins. Since Mike had grown up on a farm back in Kansas, and had gained much experience driving a variety of farm tractors with many different types of transmissions—Mike very quickly became familiar with the workings of the roadster. Mike got behind the wheel and (with me riding shotgun) drove out onto Manitou Boulevard and maneuvered it through busy traffic, swiftly putting me at ease with his driving ability. After being stopped by the red light at several traffic signals—Mike was becoming a smooth Model T operator! After a few miles of city driving we headed back to the motel where we all said our farewells and Mike and Mary Ann headed back home to Ft. Collins.



John, Terry, and Dennis enjoying some leisure moments



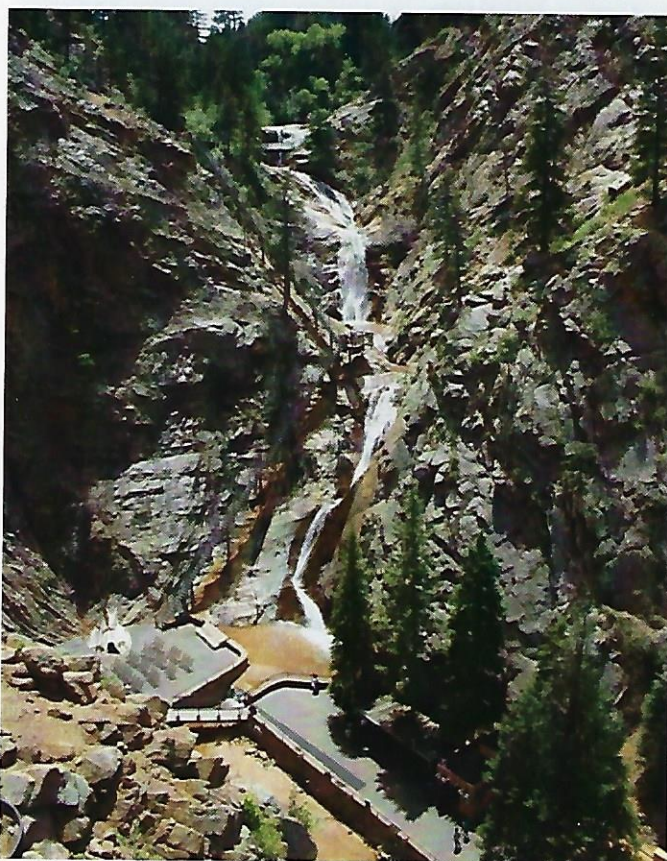
Garden of The Gods

The Garden of The Gods was dedicated in 1909 as a free park. An abundance of plant and animal life can be found throughout its 1350 acres, as well as magnificent red sandstone rock formations that have made it world famous. A trip to Pikes Peak Country is not complete without a stop in the Garden of The Gods, a registered national landmark.

With Randy and me in the roadster, Karen riding with Terry, and George riding with Dennis, we take a tour through the Garden of The Gods, then after lunch, finish the day with a visit to Seven Falls.



Here we are looking down from Eagles nest lookout, at this view of the special reserved parking lot at Seven Falls. The toll gate attendant told us to park at the large parking lot (that was almost full) about 100 yards to the right of this photo, but we drove on past and parked here by the gift shop and restaurant. Upon talking to the manager and telling her we were driving antique automobiles she said “by all means stay where you’re parked”. You can see Terry Handy’s pickup parked left center by the white van, Dennis Rutkoskie’ roadster in the center of photo and Craft’s roadster is parked far right.



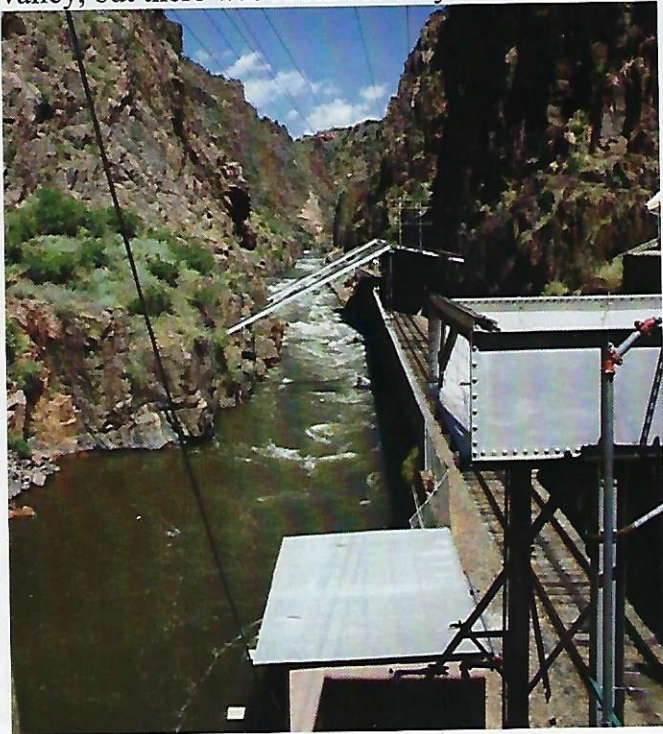
We rode the in-mountain elevator, blasted 14 stories straight up through solid Pikes Peak granite, to Eagles nest lookout, for this most inspiring view of Seven Falls. This is the only waterfall in Colorado to make the National Geographic’s list of international waterfalls.

Friday, June 19, 2009

Today we start our drive back home. We left Manitou Springs this morning with Randy and Karen following us driving their Jeep pulling their pop-up camper heading down US 24. We left them at the Jct. of SR 115 as we headed southwest for Royal Gorge. They continued on and headed south on I-25 for a week of camping and hiking at Great Sand Dunes National Monument. We drove on to Penrose, then west on US 50 through Canon City, then on west to the exit that led us to Royal Gorge.



We rode the 45 degree Tram down to the railroad track here along the Arkansas River in Royal Gorge. In the late 1870s miners traveled to the Upper Arkansas River Valley to Leadville in search of rich lead and silver ores. Extremely valuable were the mining riches that it attracted the attention of two competing railroads, the Denver & Rio Grande and the Santa Fe. Both had tracks in the valley, but there was room for only one set of tracks



through the Royal Gorge, cut over 1,000 feet deep by the river. A legal battle over this lucrative route called the "Royal Gorge War" was finally settled on March 27, 1880 when the Denver & Rio Grande was granted access through the gorge. Since 1879 travelers from around the world have made their way to Canon City, Colorado to experience the romance of the rails on an outstanding and adventurous 24-mile roundtrip train ride through the spectacular Royal Gorge!



As we drove across the toll bridge 1,053 feet above the Arkansas River, our cars energized the bridge planks to a rhythmic rattle as we shared the roadway with pedestrians. We exit at the south end of the bridge and



make a u-turn into the parking area. Just as we were heading for lunch and making our way down to the food court entrance—from up over the hill behind us came this sonic eardrum-busting blast of a thundering roar and instant flash of maroon just a few yards to our left as the helicopter dive-bombed into the gorge never to be seen again. We listened for a crash and looked for smoke, but didn't hear or see either one. The pilot was either damn good or damn crazy or both! After lunch we return to US 50 heading west on another one of Colorado's beautiful drives. Modern cars make swift passage, but our antique cars are slower and award us a strong bond to everlasting memories of the roads we travel such as the one following the Arkansas River, leading our cars to this evening's lodging at Salida.

Saturday, June 20, 2009

This morning we left Salida, Colorado heading west on US Hiway 50 viewing more fantastic Rocky Mountain vistas before starting the long hard pull up 11,312 ft. Monarch Pass. Our little Model Ts did well climbing this mountain in Ruckstell (3rd gear) and stayed right in there at 23 to 25 mph—amazing little egg beaters! At the summit, George



takes over to drive us down the mountain, keeping the roadster in Ruckstell until the mountain flattens out a little. We pass the mountain villages of Sargents, Doyleville, and Perlin then back-track our earlier route through Gunnison past the Blue Mesa Reservoir and on to Montrose for the night.

Sunday, June 21, 2009

Today we drove from Montrose, Colorado south on U.S. Route 550 past Colona and Ridgway and start our climb to Ouray, Colorado. Ouray with its Victorian buildings lining the business district amongst the peaks of the San Juan Mountains is known as the Little Switzerland of America. From here we drive the special highway, the “Million Dollar Highway” built in the late thirties between Ouray and 11,018 Ft. Red Mountain Pass. No one knows for sure how the “Million Dollar Highway” got its name. Some say it cost a million dollars a mile to chisel this road out of the side of the mountain and other accounts say the road has a million dollars worth of low-grade gold ore and gold dust mixed into its asphalt pavement. No matter, it’s one of Colorado’s most beautiful drives.

Though the entire stretch of road between Ouray and Silverton has been called the Million Dollar Highway, it is really the twelve miles south of Ouray through the Uncompahgre Gorge to the summit of Red Mountain Pass which gains the highway its name. This stretch through the gorge is challenging and potentially hazardous to drive; it is characterized by steep cliffs, narrow lanes, and a lack of guardrails; the ascent of

Red Mountain Pass is marked with a number of hairpin “S” curves used to gain elevation, and again narrow lanes for traffic—many cut directly into the sides of mountains. Descending north from Red Mountain Pass towards Ouray allows drivers to hug the inside of curves; ascending south from Ouray towards Red Mountain Pass perches drivers on the vertiginous outside edge of the highway. Large RVs travel in both directions, which add a degree of excitement (or danger) to people in cars. The road is kept open year-round. The snow season starts in October, and snow will often close the road in winter. Chains may be required.



11,018 ft. Red Mountain Pass.

Here George Craft is taking a photo of Dennis Rutkoskie and his 1930 Model “A” Ford. This car has the luxury of roll up windows, heater, air conditioning, GPS, a fancy radio for listening to soothing music and plush upholstery—a sweet car. From Red Mountain Pass we head down the mountain to Silverton where we visit Carey and Barbara Green and see their collection of Model Ts.



1922 Model TT Ice Truck



Jim Lokey, Carey Green, Dennis Rutkoskie & 1917 Snowmobile

Carey gave us a tour of his “more orderly garage than usual” as the walkways were all clear of the smorgasbord of Model T parts that are now on vehicles or the shelves in this personal preserve museum. He then led us down to the Red Mountain Motel and RV Park to show us his 1917 Snowmobile. This vehicle is made up of spare parts from those mentioned above and a Snowmobile Kit that Barbara was able to locate up in South Dakota by using the internet. This vehicle is very popular when the modern snowmobiles come to town for Silverton’s annual “Snowscape—The Celebration of Winter” festivities. The 1922 Model TT ice truck was the first truck used in Denver by the Maddox Ice Company and was used into the 1950’s. Its last safety inspection sticker reads June 30, 1951. When the Greens bought the truck, Barbara took claim of it because she answered the phone when the call came in that it was for sale. Barbara later sold the truck to Mark Lee, who later sold it to Jim Lokey, owner of Red Mountain Motel. We bid farewell to Carey and headed for Durango where we fueled up then had lunch at McDonalds.

We left Durango heading for Cortez with George driving the Model T Roadster, about 5 miles out of town it conked out on him. We pulled off the road with Terry Handy right behind. I threw open the hood and Terry checked to see if we were getting fire to the plugs—no fire. The coil being suspect, I retrieved the spare coil from the trunk and we removed the wiring from the existing coil and plugged it into the spare then had George hit the starter. The engine immediately came to life. We replaced the existing coil with the spare and continued on our way to Cortez for the night.

Monday, June 22, 2009

We left Cortez on Route US 160 starting the longest drive of our tour of 216 miles in one day. This drive takes us through the only point in the United States common to four state corners—Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona—where we enter Arizona.

We stopped in Kayenta, Arizona for lunch at the Mexican restaurant that we patronized earlier on when we stayed overnight. After lunch we fueled our cars then stopped at the Code-Talkers Museum. A couple tourist busses with foreign sight-seers were re-boarding after visiting the museum but were delayed because our cars drew several of them to us who wanted to see our cars, ask questions and take photos.

The Navajo Code Talkers, whose ranks exceeded 400 during the course of World War II in the Pacific Theater, have been credited with saving countless lives and hastening the end of the war. The Code Talker’s served in all six Marine divisions from 1942 to 1945. The Code Talker’s primary job was to talk and transmit information on tactics, troop movements, orders and other vital battlefield information via telegraphs and radios in their native dialect. A major advantage of the code talker system was its speed. The method of using Morse code often took hours where-as, the Navajos handled a message in minutes. It has been said that if not for the Navajo Code Talkers, the Marines would have never taken Iwo Jima. The Navajo’s unwritten language was understood by fewer than 30 non-Navajos at the time of WWII. The size and complexity of the language made the code extremely difficult to comprehend, much less decipher. It was not until 1968 that the code became declassified by the US Government.

Tuesday, June 23, 2009

We drove US 89 from Page to Kanab, had lunch, then south to Fredonia, then US 389. We started meeting Model T after Model T—the participants of the CANYONLANDS III MTFCA National Tour, headquartered at Kanab, Utah June 21-26, 2009. We met club members Ron and Bobbie Mazzucchi driving their touring car along this stretch. Their tour was returning to Kanab after visiting Coral Pink Sand Dunes State Park. We continued on and ended our tour at Dennis’s Garage. Terry loaded his pickup and headed



George Craft and Laurine Davis

for Vegas. George promised his sister-in-law Laurine Davis (she lives about two miles from Dennis’s garage) that we would stop by before we left for Vegas and fix her evaporator cooler and give her a ride in the roadster. Then she treated us a full course fried chicken dinner!

A great way to end the JERRY TABOR MEMORIAL
2009 “Pikes Peak Hill Climb or Bust”

Research Sources—the Internet and information gleaned from promotional material and history books of my private collection.