

Can You Remember . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE—This newspaper normally doesn't make a practice of "borrowing" another writer's column, but in last week's *Stoyton Mail* there appeared the following masterpiece which we feel deserves wider circulation than one newspaper alone can give it. It was written by Jack Powell, the *Mail's* News Editor, and was carried in that paper under the heading, "Jack's Jottings." We guarantee it will bring tears to the eyes of anyone old enough to have ever owned or nursed a Model T Ford.

BY JACK POWELL.

It recently occurred to us that a citizen reaching voting age this year would of necessity be of the vintage 1939. This means that he would have been hatched a dozen years after the late Henry Ford threw in the towel and abandoned production of the now-legendary Model T-Ford.

In fact, if it weren't for the efforts of antiquarians and antique car addicts, many a youth now reaching the age of reason would be hard put to identify one of those noble relics. It seems incredible, but the hardy Tin Lizzy, once as numerous as the grasshopper or boll weevil, has now gone the way of the town hitching post and watering trough.

Like their creator, Henry, they represented pure utility; no frills. They came, for example, in a rather narrow color range, a choice of black.

All shifting was done with the feet, an excellent arrangement, since the helmsman needed both hands for the tiller. When the operator pushed the go-ahead pedal, his steed would sigh, shake itself, roar and lurch forward at a death-defying five-mile-per-hour clip. When he let back on this pedal, it would go into high gear, provided the forward speed was adequate. This process consisted of a series of mechanical belches, sounding something like "Ga-hook, gahook" and eventually subsiding into a steady rattle.

Shoving down on (as we now recall) the middle pedal put the little jewel into reverse. This called forth a series of agonizing gasps, whines, shrieks, roars and shudders, after which it would occasionally back up. Reverse gear, being the lowest, was frequently called into play when a hill proved too steep for low and there was no way out but to back up. Other times, on a steep hill when the fuel supply was low, the gravity gas system wouldn't feed except in reverse.

Right pedal was the brake. You shoved down on it, and if the Lord had you by the hand, you eventually stopped. If He

didn't, there was always reverse, which worked better anyway. Failing this there was low gear, the equivalent of putting your flaps down. If nothing worked you could bail out, since you weren't apt to be going very fast in the first place. In some Fords of our acquaintance all the hands dragged and if you took your foot off the gas you'd probably stop anyway.

We can't for the life of us remember the author of "Farewell, My Lovely," possibly the best eulogy ever written on the Lizzie. But in it the author recalled how his own Model-T, when he would crank it on a cold morning, would creep forward as if nuzzling his pocket for a lump of sugar. Less sedate T's have been known to roar into action when cranked, running completely over their owner and leaving him flattened on the driveway while they careened down the road, pilotless. This was seldom fatal, since they rode about a yard off the ground, but very annoying. They had very definite personalities. Many former owners would still take the witness stand and swear that their T's responded to prayer, profanity or even a swift kick in the differential. The juice system, powered by a magneto and coil, was pure black magic. When starting seemed hopeless, it frequently helped to take out the coil and hit it a few raps with a hammer, but nobody ever succeeded in figuring out how it actually worked. This mystery is still unsolved.

When a T was roaring at full voice, with its mighty 27-horsepower engine functioning magnificently and all four powerful pistons hammering, conversation at anything but a shout was impossible. Even if it had been, occupants generally were shaking like popcorn in a skillet, giving a quavering and jerky tone to their voices.

Lizzie was an unlovely thing and a bone-crusher. She was sheer, naked transportation and little else; a means of (you hoped) getting from here to there. But in her passing came the end of an era and something was lost.

This was the personal touch. The man of 1960, sitting in a smooth, sculptured and tailored chariot, with power to burn at his fingertips, is relying on forces beyond his control. If something goes haywire he doesn't dare try to right it, but simply whimpers into the phone for his nearest factory-trained mechanic. Matters have gone far beyond his poor powers to help or hinder.

But with the Model-T owner it was man against beast. When things went well he rode high in the saddle; there was a rapport between him and his steed. His Lizzie snorted, frisked and galloped; he wore a smile on his face and the sun shone. When a fit of temperament overtook her, he knew it would be one of those days and the two fought it out toe-to-toe and hammer and tong. He hammered it, cursed its mulish disposition and nursed it back to health with baling wire and incantations. You can't hardly buy-em like that no more.

Ione Sorority Plans Smorgasbord Party

The Beta Omega chapter of Epsilon Sigma Alpha met at the home of Mrs Maxine Linnell Wednesday evening, March 2.

The members voted to give \$10 to the Ione public library. The social meeting March 19 will be a smorgasbord for members and their husbands. The place has not been decided upon. \$133 was taken in for the Heart Fund.

Mrs Joyce Snider, Easter Seal chairman, has received the cans and cards for the Easter Seal drive. Members will also hold coffee hours for the drive.

Mrs Martha Peterson, president, read the nominating committee report.

Mrs Beverly Doherty, educational chairman, gave ideas on party cakes. She brought a decorated cake to the meeting.

The hostesses were Mrs Linnell and Mrs Maravene White.

The sorority will have a traveling food sale April 16 beginning in the morning. Orders will be taken for hot cross buns and other food items in advance. Contact Mrs. Marilyn Rietmann, phone 8-7296.

17 Tables In Play At Elks Ladies Night Card Party

Mrs Clarence Rosewall was chairman for the Elks ladies night card party, which followed a dinner, last Thursday at the Elks temple.

Others on the committee were Mrs Claude Graham, Mrs Lowell Gribble, Mrs Elmer Berry, Mrs Don Pyle and Mrs Wilbur Worden.

There were 17 tables in play with Mrs David Wilson receiving high score in bridge and Mrs Edna Turner high in pinochle. Mrs Harold Cohn won the door prize.

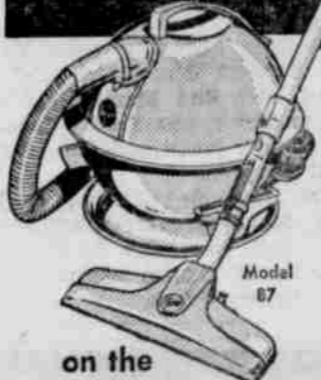
Dinner Party Fetes Out Of Town Guests

Mr and Mrs Frank Hamlin entertained with a buffet dinner party Sunday evening for Mrs C H Labhart of Cannon Beach and Ed Lehr of Clearwater, Wisconsin.

Other guests were Mr and Mrs William Labhart, Mr and Mrs Jack Bedford and Mr and Mrs Conley Lanham.

After dinner cards were enjoyed by the group.

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Lexington News

By DELPHA JONES

Mrs Orris Padberg entertained on Sunday with a party honoring her husband's birthday. Those present were Mr and Mrs Darrell Padberg, Ione; Mr and Mrs Gerald Padberg and Archie Padberg of Heppner; Mr and Mrs Charlie Padberg and children, and Mr and Mrs Eldon Padberg and children of Lexington.

Mr and Mrs Lowell Harris and children have been recent guests of her parents, Mr and Mrs Vernon Munkers.

Rev Walter Smith and daughters returned Friday from Eugene. Mrs Smith will remain there for several weeks. Mr Smith's parents came from Yakima Sunday to take the girls with them.

Mr and Mrs Max Breeding attended a birthday party Sunday at Heppner honoring Dorothy and Dick Vinson, Grace Steers and Tom Wilson at the home of Mrs Perry Wilson.

Mr and Mrs Morris McCari left Saturday for Harrisburg where they were called by the illness of his father.

Keith Peck spent the weekend with his parents, Mr and Mrs

HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES, Thursday, March 10, 1960

E E Peck. He is a student at Hunis, Corvallis.

Mr and Mrs E E Peck entertained Friday night with a birthday party for their son George. Present were Mr and Mrs Armin Wihlon, Mr and Mrs Cecil Jones and Charlene, Linda Van Winkle, Victor Klinger, Keith Peck, and the Peck's daughters, Kay and Jayce.

Mr and Mrs Dean Hunt entertained the Social club Sunday evening. Following dinner, games were played. Mrs Cecil Jones won high. Present were Mr and Mrs George Irvin, Mr and Mrs Johnny Ledbetter, Mr and Mrs Cecil Jones and the

Mr and Mrs O W Cutsforth are business visitors in Portland.

LIFE BEGINS AT 17, good comedy drama, replaces SUBBENDER-HELL on the double bill at the Star Theater, Thursday-Friday-Saturday.



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