

November 2003

Editor: Carolyn Williams

## NATCHEZ TRACE PARKWAY TOUR VI

Good friends, beautiful weather, Model T's and a wonderful road to drive them on. What else do you need to have a fantastic tour? And that's what Tour VI was - Fantastic!.

Everyone arrived in Nashville on Friday, October 17th. or Saturday the 18th, well, almost everyone. We had a call Thursday evening from George Woods who had driven from Washington State. He said he miscalculated and allowed too much time to drive from Washington to Tennessee and he was already in Nashville.

Saturday was a busy day for the tour committee. Sue Cook and I registered everyone while Ernestine Flowers kept the hospitality table restocked. Mac Flowers and Lynn Cook kept trailer parking going while Larry worked traffic control and parking at the hotel area. Martin and Anne Alexander, Don and Marge Krull and Bill and Linda Eden were all on the scene volunteering where ever help was needed. Larry Harris from White Bluff and Bob Harris from Southside came by during the day to see everyone. By late Saturday all but two couple had made it in, had their cars off loaded and trailers parked. After a short meeting to announce last minute changes and to remind everyone to leave with a full gas tank it was off to dinner and a good nights sleep before hitting the trail Sunday morning. During the night, David & Kathy Edge from NC arrived and John and Renee Regan from IL. Everyone was up early Sunday and after a hearty breakfast we were on the road. William and Pat Johnson were there to see us off and wish us a safe trip. About fifteen miles down the road "John Doe" pulled his car over and said, " It acts as if it is starving for gas". Well guess what, IT WAS. It had starved to death. Not a drop, dry as a bone. (Ralph Williams get the Catfish Award ready to travel to IL) To get "John Doe's" car back on the road Larry took gas from Little John Doe's (son) tank to get Dad to Collinwood and lo and behold before lunch he also ran out. Larry was in big trouble with little "Doe" At the banquet there were two gas can awards, one BIG gas can, one Little gas can.



We learned on Wednesday before the tour that the Old Depot Cafe, our lunch stop for the past five years was now closed. After making several frantic calls we found two other options available on Sunday and no one missed lunch or went away hungry. (some people even had two helpings of chicken and dressing)

After lunch we found Robert and Katherine Easley on the roadside with a broken crank patiently waiting for the help truck. Alas, when the truck arrived it had Leonard and Charlotte Browns car on board with carburetor problems. No big deal. Leonard's car came off the trailer, the carburetor from Roberts car came off and went on Leonard's and he was off and running. Robert's car was put on the trailer and on to Tupelo where he and Katherine rented a car, went back to Nashville, brought their trailer to Tupelo and left it for the remainder of the week. They caught up with us in Jackson and made the rest of the trip in their modern car. Model T folks just will not be outdone. Nearing Tupelo Larry and I saw a Model T heading North - Wrong way folks, are you lost already? It was Ken and Joyce Swan out for a Sunday afternoon drive. After a short visit they were off to make it home before dark. They came back to Tupelo on our Friday return for a visit with everyone. After arriving Tupelo several visited the Car Museum while others just had to see the birthplace of Elvis. Others visited and did "tinkering" as needed. We were all tired but had to remain awake until the ten o'clock news to see ourselves on TV.

Day two was another gorgeous day, sunshine and a temperature of 83 degrees. One mile out of Tupelo, Leroy Palmer called to say his car was down for the count and to please send the help truck. But never fear - Lynn Cook is here. In a few short minutes Leroy was *back on the road*. Lunch at French Camp was great as usual. The highlight of the day was a first for the Trace tour. While walking a trail at Cypress Swamp the George Wood family spotted an alligator and have pictures to prove it. All cars arrived in Jackson under their own steam

#### FRENCH CAMP



Day three weather was more of the same. Several cars left very early from Jackson to arrive in Natchez in time for home tours. It was a beautiful drive the only down side being that twenty miles before Natchez we found Joe and Sylvia Jung with a burned number one rod. On to the trailer, on to Natchez and by mid-morning the next day the Jungs car was good to go thanks to Martin Alexander having a replacement rod, Lynn Cook, Larry Williams, Tony Cook, Jim Wade and a host of others helping to heal the ailing car. One lady watching from her room overlooking the parking lot said at one time she counted 26

"experts" on the job. (job completed without any blows being exchanged) Whew!!!!  
Tuesday evening several people visited to the Casino while others of us attended dinner and a musical at Stanton Hall.

Day four Model T's were running all over Natchez, MS and spilling over into Louisiana to visit Frogmore Plantation. By early afternoon everyone was on the road to Vicksburg via way of Emerald Mound, Windsor Ruins and Port Gibson. All arrived safely and before long we were off to dinner and/or the Casino. (The next time you see Don Meadows see if you can borrow a little money from him.)

Day five was quite a treat. This year our route was different back to Jackson. We left the Trace and drove through the town of Raymond, MS. The Mayor volunteered to give us a tour of her home which is the old Chancery building on the court square. She left the outside completely original and remodeled the entire inside. Her home and several other buildings in town are on the historic register. Most of us had lunch at either the Dog Trot Cafe or The Potters Kitchen. Both great..

On day six we again stopped at French Camp for lunch. This day they had the sorghum mill up and running. Seeing a sorghum mill in operation was a first for many on the tour. Several purchased sorghum that will be covering "Yankee" biscuits this winter. Friday night in Tupelo was banquet night. The banquet was delayed for a few minutes because they were feeding the Mississippi State football team. We were scheduled at 6:30 and became quite concerned when the team did not arrive until five until six. No need for concern. The team walked in at five till six and were out and on buses and rolling away at 6:40. (the reason we had to wait was our banquet room adjoined theirs and they were afraid we would overhear their "game plan" for the Arkansas Razorbacks the next day) A great meal and a good time was had by all at the banquet.

Saturday was not quite as warm but still a good touring day. Several of the group began their journey home when we arrived back in Nashville but most stayed Saturday night and enjoyed the hospitality room and Pizza party. We were happy to see William Johnson and his son Kerry there to greet us when we arrived back in Nashville. We were also glad to see new members Gary and Frances Curtis there to join the party and the trip to the Meadows farm on Sunday.

Sunday morning the weather was much cooler and DAMP, however the rain held off for the most part while the group had a great visit to the Meadows farm and car collection. Don and Mary Helen are always very gracious host. Its always fascinating to see the expression on the faces of new tour participants when they view this extensive collection for the first time. At noon the tour committee waved good-bye to the last trailers leaving the parking area heaved a sigh of relief and gave thanks for a another safe an enjoyable tour and over lunch began planning for number seven.

## SCENES FROM THE TRACE



Leonard & Charlotte Brown in Vicksburg



Larry & Carolyn Williams at Windsor Ruins



Tony Cook and Jim Wade Saturday afternoon in Nashville



Martin & Ann Alexander enjoying a rest



If we can't fix it or get it on the truck I believe we can pick it up and carry it into Nashville with all this help! It's only 30 miles.



Lynn & Sue Cook at Emerald Mound

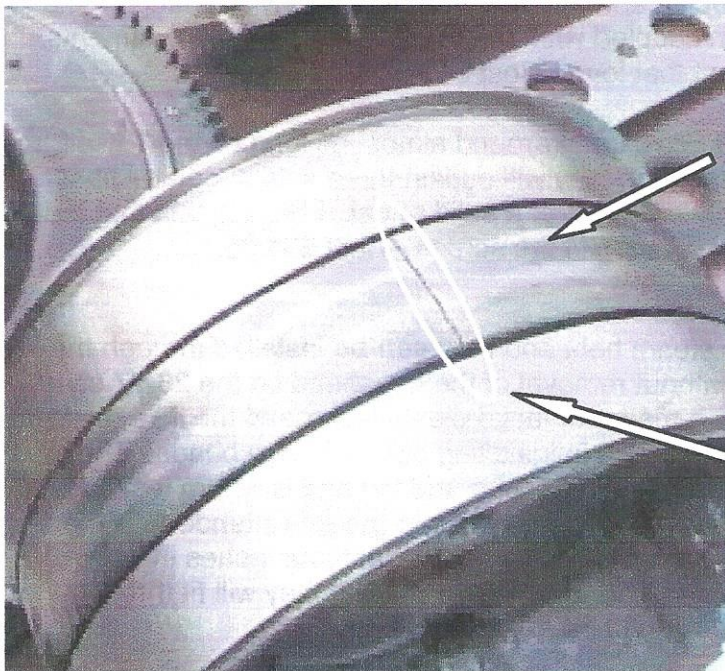
## ~~Wood~~ Would You Try ~~Would~~ Wood Bands?

By Gary Tillstrom

My 17 has Kevlar, the 22 has Kevlar, the 26 I sold last year has Kevlar and the 27 I bought this spring had Kevlar. Don't get me wrong, I like Kevlar bands! While doing a routine oil change I noticed something that seems harmless yet sets up the potential for a severe transmission problem. There has been lots written about bands, our own Lynn Cook about a year ago stressed the importance of making the bands round and he was dead on the money. The transmission will take up more smoothly and engage with less pedal pressure if all is square with the world (round in this case).

Problems arise when all is not well, or round, or square with the world or whatever. The situation may be aggravated when lined with Kevlar as this type of band liner has the potential to generate a destructive amount of heat. Take a band adjustment that it too tight and you may quickly destroy a drum. The out of round band (which will drag) can do the same thing. Finally, if the ends of your bands are unraveling, they may "tuck under" and create heat like nobody's business. The end result would be the same, cracked drum.

There have been a few documented failures coupled with Kevlar bands. In every case where I have seen a picture of the drum, it shows signs of severe overheating to the point of turning blue.



Notice this drum overheated to the point of turning blue. The owner had the band too tight and this is only 30 miles after band installation!

Nobody wants to experience this. Notice the crack across the face.

Thankfully this isn't my drum. I replaced bands before I experienced this!

After finding the ends of my bands unraveled I considered my options.

- I could ignore it but decided it would probably bust the drum a week before the International tour next year. (Not a good choice)
- I could pull a Tom Sawyer and try to talk Ken or Ralph into changing them for me but they are both too smart to fall for the old "see how much fun this is" thing.
- Talk Annette into changing them (I'm too smart to ever even suggest that).
- Replace with Kevlar
- Replace with Cotton
- Replace with Wood

**Kevlar -** I firmly believe to reduce risk, the hogshead needs to be pulled and the Kevlar bands need to be made round when installing. Upon completion of the installation, the bands should be left as loose as possible. There is no benefit to having a high pedal as opposed to one within ½ inch of the floor. Cost of bands and gasket set, \$95.00.

New Kevlar bands have the ends sealed with super glue to prevent the unraveling. If your bands appear "sealed" and you run them on the loose side they will run for many years. Enjoy them and don't worry about them. Mine were about five years old and showed no wear. I wished they hadn't started coming undone.

**Cotton -** Good reason to run a lint screen. Unlike Kevlar, these will continue to generate lots of lint and afford us the opportunity of changing the things again soon coupled with lots of practice making adjustments. They just don't last that long. Cost \$46.00.

**Wood -** Wood band liners have been around almost as long as the T itself. They don't generate lint, they will outlast three sets of natural fiber bands, and they give the driver a solid pedal. I like the fact that they generate no lint but I still run the screen. Cost \$34.95.

### **Installation Report**

Wood bands are steam bent and they **can be** installed through the inspection door without removal of the hogshead on the 26-27 style transmission. As a matter of fact, I didn't even need the little "metal strap thingy" that is an aid in installing quick-change bands. The steam bent bands keep their shape and the end is where it needs to be which makes installing the ear a snap (no pun intended). When putting the brake band in I had to tap the last four inches in with a rubber mallet. It would be interesting to see if they will fit through the access door of a 25 and earlier transmission.

I installed mine using aluminum pop rivets that have an aluminum mandrel, which should protect the drum. My rivet heads are counter bored and set about 1/8<sup>th</sup> of an inch below the surface.



**Brass Rivets shouldn't stick to magnets! These are steel, brass plated. No matter which type band lining you choose, check the rivets first! Steel rivets are not nice to iron drums.**

**Driving Report** – I just put them in yesterday and finally drove the car for about ten miles. They take up smoothly and positively requiring little foot pressure. The drum locks and does not slip and the pedal feels solid. If I were not running RM brakes I would probably opt to buy one Kevlar lining for the brake pedal and run wood on the other two but my RM's are taking up about 80% of the braking effort. So far I like them but 10 miles is too soon to tell.

I took lots of pictures and will write a "how I did it" (as opposed to a 'how to') article for relining your bands with wood liners. If you find its time to replace bands anyway, consider wood. I tried them, ~~would~~ would you? Gary

## EDITORS NOTE

MANY thanks for contributing articles. Gary Tillstrom has been a regular and it's much appreciated. Mr. Albert Burns from Spanish Fork, UT sent us the article "My Boy" this month. It's not on the Model T but it does make us stop and think about what things in life are really important.

## DUES TIME



Your dues of \$15.00 per year are to be paid each year by January 1. Please mail them to me or if you are coming to the Christmas meeting just bring them then.

The following people are already paid for 2004:

Bob & Nell Harris  
Bud & Ginny Scudder  
Tom & Pat Rowe  
Mike & Maria Summerall  
Mac & Elizabeth Monteith  
Ewell & Gloria Hall  
Leonard & Charlotte Brown  
John Strickland/Kathryn Jonnson  
Gary & Frances Curtis  
Tony & Brenda Verschoore

Make checks payable to:  
The Tennessee T's

Mail to: Carolyn Williams  
235 Mariah Church Lane  
Waverly, TN 37185



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Tony Verschoore - 1st  
Charlotte Brown - 7th  
Charles Swann - 20th  
Diane Waller - 21st  
Ewell Hall - 26th  
Bill Eden - 28th  
Brenda Verschoore - 28th  
Susan Harrington - 29th



## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Tom & Pat Rowe - ?  
Darrel & Ann Carter - 26th  
Donnie & Deborah Burkeen - 30th

## CARS IN PROGRESS

Only one car reported on this month.

Charles Swann reports that his 27 Tudor is just about finished. The interior is on the way. He hopes to drive it in the local Christmas parade this year and is looking forward to being able to tour next year.

## CARS WANTED

Gary Curtis is looking.  
If you have a car for sale or know of one let Gary know at (931) 296-5848

BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEEL  
EYES ON THE ROAD  
THAT'S THE SKILLFUL  
DRIVER'S CODE

BURMA SHAVE



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Mike & Maria Summeral  
1712 North Lindsay Lane  
Athens, AL 38187  
(256) 232-5968  
mike.summerall@us.army.mil  
1923 Touring

Mac & Elizabeth Monteith  
60 David Street  
Oxford, MS 38655  
(662) 236-3728  
mac-monteith@yahoo.com  
1922 Roadster

Monty & Mary Kay Monteith  
301 Word Street  
Senotobia, MS 38668  
(662) 562-5974  
hmonteith@midsouth.it.com  
1922 Roadster

Julian & Jane Sides  
PO Box 37  
Dundee, MS 38626  
(662) 363-3249  
janes@gmi.net  
1922 Roadster

Ewell & Gloria Hall  
5963 Rockland Road  
Southaven, MS 38671  
(901) 268-6797  
1913 Roadster  
1913 Touring

Leonard & Charlotte Brown  
622 East Cumberland Street  
Cowan, TN 37318  
(931) 967-7218  
1922 Center Door  
1915 Roadster  
1913 Speedster

John Strickland/Kathryn Johnson  
285 Cannon Road  
Salisbury, NC 28147  
(704) 636-8440

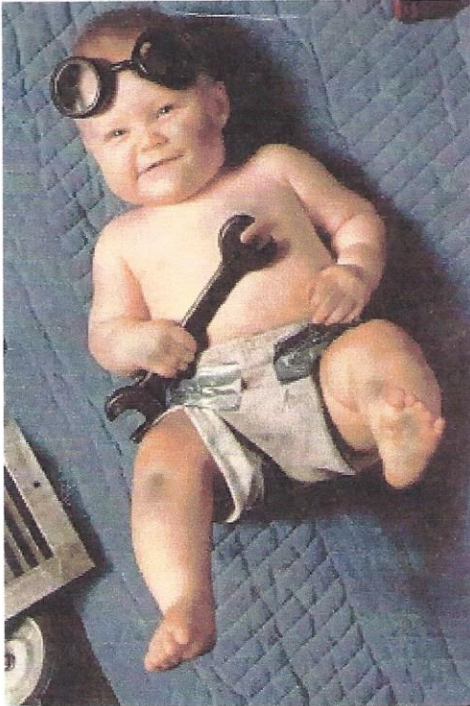
Gary & Frances Curtis  
101 Lakeland Road  
Waverly, Tennessee 37185  
(931) 296-5848

Tony & Brenda Verschoore  
3922 Brummel Street  
Skokie, IL 60076  
(847) 676-3185  
t-verschoore@msn.com  
1912 Touring  
1915 Speedster  
1922 Roadster

Welcome to all new members. Please check to see if all spelling of names phone #'s, emails, etc is correct. Let me know of any errors. I will be putting together a new membership list for everyone after all dues are in early January.

## PICTURES FROM THE PAST

LYNN COOK AGE 6 MONTHS



## MILES DRIVEN IN 2003

Please let me know or bring to the Christmas meeting an estimate of the number of miles you have driven your Model T during this year. Carolyn

## 2004 EVENTS

If you are planning an event for 2004 bring tentative details to the Christmas meeting or let me know so I can list it on the 2004 Events Calendar.

July - 9, 10 11 - Waverly (tentative)  
July - 18-23 - MTFCI  
October 17-24 - Natchez Trace Tour



## CHRISTMAS MEETING

DATE: Saturday, December 6th  
TIME: 4:00 PM until ?  
WHERE: Waverly, TN. Mariah Cumberland Presbyterian Church Fellowship Hall. For directions call Larry at (931) 296-3172

"Add a dish meal" with the Chapter furnishing the meat & drinks  
Please let us know if you will or will not be attending so we can plan accordingly. Call Carolyn at (931) 296-3172 or email: [barnbb@waverly.net](mailto:barnbb@waverly.net)

Each person to bring a \$10.00 man or woman's gift for exchange.

For anyone wishing to spend the night call the Imperial Lodge at: (931) 296-2521.

There will be a brunch at 9:00 AM on Sunday, Dec. 7 at Larry & Carolyn's.

## GOOD NEWS BREAK

Mac Flowers & Mary Helen Meadows are doing great and although still under the weather William Johnson is improving.

## "My Boy"

(The music of a song tied two lives together,  
from the beginning of one till the end of the other.)

By  
Albert V. Burns

*"When you come to the end of a perfect day,  
And you sit alone with your thought,  
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,  
For the joy that the day has brought..."*

Almost inaudible, distorted by distance, occasionally masked by static, still the tenor's words were unmistakable. Mother started to cry. Alarmed, Dad asked, "Jessie, what's wrong?" Mother sobbed, "Nothing's wrong. I'm just so happy!"

I, her first child, had been born late that afternoon in March of 1924. Earlier that day Dad had bought the family's first primitive radio which was powered by a car battery. He brought it to the hospital at the start of visiting hours. Dad twiddled with the controls for more than an hour and got nothing but static.

About to give up hope of getting anything at all, suddenly they heard the tenor singing the Carrie Jacobs-Bond classic: "The End Of A Perfect Day." It was the only thing they received all evening. Dad could not possibly have imagined how those few musical moments would echo through our family's life.

The song became the lullaby with which Mother sang me to sleep while I was an infant. As I grew into childhood, when I came to her with some hurt, she hummed it as she treated whatever pain the sharp edges of the world had inflicted upon me, whether physical or emotional. The song had a soothing effect upon me which did more than any physical treatment to make me whole again. It is the earliest memory I have.

During the long summer evenings while I was romping outdoors, through the open parlor windows, I could hear Mother playing the piano in the living room. When I heard "The End Of A Perfect Day" I knew it was time to gather up my younger brother and sister, go in the house and get ready for bed.

At 12, my parents allowed me to join the Boy Scouts. After that, Friday evenings, I was allowed to stay out till 9:30 P.M. because the Scout meetings lasted until 9:00 o'clock. On one of those first Scout nights, to let Mother know I was almost home, as I neared our house I started whistling "End Of A Perfect Day":

*"Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day  
Can mean to a tired heart  
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray  
And the dear friends have to part?"*

As the years went by and I grew into young manhood, this method of announcing my impending arrival became a ritual. Wherever I might have been during an evening, a school dance, roller skating at the local rink, to the movies, as I walked down the street toward home, automatically I would start to whistle "our song."

After the Second World War started in 1941, I enlisted in the Air Corps. It was the first time I had been away from home for more than a few days at a time. Mother wrote that hardly a day went by that some neighbor didn't say something to her about missing my evening "serenade". It had never occurred to either of us that anyone else might be listening.

In 1943 I came home after receiving a medical discharge. I had the cab from the railroad station drop me off a block from home. Once again I walked down the street whistling.

*"Well, this is the end of a perfect day,  
Near the end of a journey, too.  
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,  
With a wish that is kind and true."*

While I was still four or five houses from home, Mother **heard!** She came running out the front door, apron flying, to greet me with tears in her eyes. Supper might burn, but her son was home from the war.

A few days later, my aunt asked if I knew that, before I went into the Air Corps, Mother never went to sleep at night until she could hear me coming down the street whistling and knew that I was safely home.

In later years, my engineering career took my family and me far from home: Peru, Mexico City, Los Angeles and finally Honolulu, Hawaii. Those were long years, with only brief, infrequent visits home.

The cable came to Honolulu in 1964:

**"Mother in hospital. Serious stroke.**

**Come ASAP. Dad."**

There weren't as many planes scheduled between Honolulu and the Mainland in 1964 as there are now. It seemed an eternity before I reached home!

When I finally arrived at the hospital, Dad, my sister and brother were at Mother's bedside. Since her stroke, they had been trying, vainly, to communicate with her. The doctor told us all, again, that her brain had been so severely damaged there was literally no hope that she would ever regain consciousness or even be aware that we were there. It was simply a matter of time. In fact, he said the hospital staff couldn't figure out how she had, so tenaciously, held on to life for such a long time.

In spite of the doctor's warning, I had to try talking to her, just as Dad and the others had been doing. To no avail! As the doctor had warned, she didn't seem to know we were there.

Suddenly the thought struck: If words couldn't reach her, was it possible that music might?

With tears on my cheeks and with trembling lips, I tried to whistle. I found that it is difficult, almost impossible, to whistle and cry at the same time. Finally, I was able to control my emotions enough to manage:

*"For mem'ry has painted this perfect day  
With colors that never fade,  
And we find at the end of a perfect day,  
The soul of a friend we've made."*

As I finished the first phrase, there was a barely perceptible movement of one of her hands. As the notes faded away, Dad asked her, **"Jessie! Jessie! Do you know who that is?"** Suddenly, almost miraculously, her lips formed a slight smile. From some inner strength, not understood by medical science, she said, softly but clearly, with great love and pride,

**"My boy!"**

Her mind might have been beyond reach, but her heart had heard! Two words -- just five letters--but their memory has bolstered my spirit, through good times and bad, for more than three decades since she whispered them.

A short time later, she gave a deep sigh, almost of contentment — and was gone. "Her boy" was once more safely at her side and Mother, at last, could allow herself to sleep.