

How a Model A Changed My Life

By Jerry Schulte

This is just a brief history how the Model A has affected my life. Through it I have made many friends and acquaintances, and I wish to express my extreme thanks to all of the club members and all of the Busted Knuckles group for all of the help that they have given me over the years, and specially John Firth for all of his wisdom and driving me to Newport to bring back the 1928 RPU barn find.

- Jerry Schulte

The year was 1956 and I was a 16 year old teenager. I had a part time job in a local grocery store in Minneapolis and had some spending money. My 18 year old brother had a car and I wanted one too, but was not supposed to until I reached 18.

While my parents were on vacation that summer, I with the encouragement of my friends bought a 1947 Ford Club Coupe for \$65. When my parents come home and found out, I was forced to sell it, but first had to do a valve job on the 6 cylinder motor. My first real mechanical undertaking.

The following year, 1957 while they were gone, I found a 1929 Model "A" 2 door for \$25, which I could not resist. It was about that time there was an annual parade in NE Minneapolis put on by the local newspaper. This was an opportunity I could not pass up. My friends and I rounded up all different colors of paint and brushes and painted every part of the car a different color. It was a thing of beauty (so I thought). We did drive it in the Parade and on the way home was stopped by the police and got a ticket. Now this panicked me and I decided to get rid of it. I found a wrecking yard to buy it for \$25. A good thing too, as a tire went flat right in front of the yard, and with no spare.

When my parents came home, I acted like nothing had happened, until a notice came in the mail to go to court with me. After that, life got real difficult for me at home.

With help from my friends, I managed to get away from home and make my way to Los Angeles, where I finished my last year of High School, and then joined the Navy. Over the intervening years, I have had many interesting cars but never forgot my first Model "A", and I had told the story to my sons on numerous occasions.

Fast forward to 2005. My wife passed away in Sept and my son Dirk was staying with me for several weeks. One day he called to me and said "look at this." I did and what I saw was a beautiful Bronson yellow 1930 Cabriolet (right).



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I said to him, if that is as nice as it looks I want it, so we made the trip to Oak Harbor, Washington, and brought it home (below).



It did require some appearance work. I replaced the windshield and frame, and redid the garnish molding. The majority of work was underneath like electrical and mechanical.

It seems like no matter how much you do there is always something else that needs to be done, and that is part of the beauty of owning a Model "A", as well as the camaraderie of fellow club members.

- Jerry Schulte

Update—February 2024 ... Passing on some history ...

In 2021 after completing the rebuilding of the 28 RPU to make it roadworthy again, and the 30 Cabriolet in very good shape, I found that it was getting difficult and dangerous for me to drive. I decided to pass them on to two of my sons before something bad happens.

The 1928 Roadster PU to my son Eric in Rocklin Ca (right) and my son Dirk in Phoenix Az the 1930 Cabriolet (left).



Both of them are truly delighted to have these pieces of history. They frequently send me photos of having fun and using them. Now I get the enjoyment of seeing them enjoying the hobby.

- Jerry Schulte

