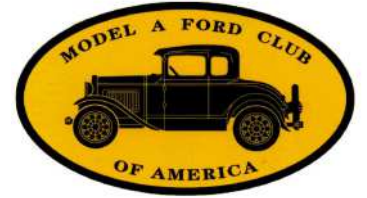




2nd Quarter 2017



# WORLD

YOUTH NEWSLETTER MODEL A FORD CLUB OF AMERICA

## SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY SHERRY WINK

It was another of those hot sunny summer afternoons at the Sitzman place. It had been hot all week long, and it was even too hot to sleep inside at night. The whole family had been sleeping in the backyard for the last few night. The mosquitos' were better than the terrible heat inside the house.

it helped that Mom Sitzman and Grandma Roberts had just brewed up a fresh batch of mosquito repellent. They used witch hazel with catnip and mint chopped into it, and it worked really well. Although the catnip did ensure that all the barn cats curled up to sleep with you, that wasn't all bad either!



But though the nights were a little cooler, the heat in the daytime was starting to wear everyone down. Even Dad Sitzman who never complained was starting to get short tempered by the end of that long week. He got up early each morning to do the chores and made sure the Sitzman kids were all up too. That allowed them a little time in the afternoon to find some shade during the hottest point of the day.

But this morning, Mom Sitzman even beat Dad up. She was in the kitchen so early that the kids wondered if she'd even gone to sleep! And she was being very secretive, with wonderful smells wafting out the door. She made everyone eat breakfast outside too, not that that was a problem with the heat. It was much nicer sitting under the old elm to eat biscuits and honey then sitting around inside. But still, the kids wondered a lot about what she



could be doing.

Around 10:00, Grandma Roberts pulled into the driveway. She had a big basket in the back of her Tudor, but when Larry offered to help carry it in, she just told him to leave it right where it was. That made him wonder too since he could smell fried chicken coming from under that red and white checkered covering. Even though he'd just had breakfast, there was always room for Grandma's chicken! But when he tried to sneak a piece, Grandma swatted his hand away and told him he just had to wait and to go finish his chores!



By ten thirty, chores were done, and then Mom Sitzman unexpectedly rang the dinner bell! Since it wasn't meal time, that meant something important! Almost immediately, the yard was full of kids jumping up and down trying to figure out what was going on! They soon found out! Mom Sitzman looked everyone up and down and declared "I'm calling a heat holiday!! Everyone load up and let's go swimming!

What a treat!! Mom and Dad Sitzman and Grandma Roberts had been planning this for a few days apparently. Mom had swimsuits for all the kids already packed and had spent the morning making cookies and other goodies to take with them. Not only were they going to the lake to swim, they were spending the night there too, camping in the trees where it was nice and cool! The kids couldn't wait! That water sounded like heaven. So the Model A pickup was quickly loaded, and all the kids piled into the different vehicles quickly without even the normal pushing and shoving complaints.

PAGE	TITLE
1	Summer Holiday
3-5	KIDS & THEIR A's
6	SIX DIFFERENT THINGS
7	MODEL A ADS

PAGE	TITLE
8.	NIMAFc SCHOOL VISIT
8	MOVIE MODEL A's
9	MODEL A ERA BATHING SUITS
10&11	MA PLAYED FOR THE MORTGAGE

PAGE	TITLE
12	MODEL A IDENTIFICATION
13	COLORING PAGE
14	RUMBLE SEAT
14	QUIZ

It took about an hour to drive to the lake, and by then everyone was hot and sweaty. But no one complained. It was just going to make that lake feel that much better.

Once there, Mom Sitzman had her hands full making sure everyone changed into swimming togs. Not everyone had an actual swimsuit, but that didn't matter. As long as the shorts didn't slip off, the boys didn't care what they wore. Soon every one of the kids was up to their ears in water, splashing and laughing!

Even the grownups went into the water. Dad Sitzman didn't swim, and Grandma said she was too old, but they took old chairs into the water far enough stick their feet in to cool off. Mom Sitzman was right out there with the little ones, showing them how to kick their feet and float. The Older kids knew how to swim and were showing off to each other, doing the back float, or the dog paddle. The lake had a swim raft out in the middle and the twins were soon challenging everyone to races. Suzanne put a stop to that by beating them both so soundly that they decided it was more fun to just paddle around. It was so nice to finally cool off, no one wanted to get out for hours!

After a while, the girls went to the shallows and built mud pies and such. The boys all went searching for crawdads or snapping turtles, or maybe even frogs. But it was too hot, and they finally gave up with nothing to show for their efforts. Good thing too, because Larry had wanted to put a frog in at least one of his sister's blankets, so that saved some trouble later that night.

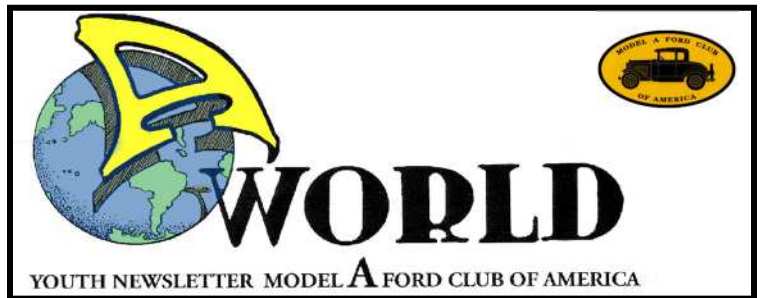
Luckily, Grandmas Roberts and Dad Sitzman did take the time to build a cook fire. Grandma had potatoes ready to bake in the coals, and ears of corn to grill on the top. Dad had stuck a few watermelon in the water to cool off first thing when they got there, and Mom Sitzman had been baking cookies, lots of cookies that morning, so when the mob finally splashed back onto the shore, there was tons of food for the hungry hoard! Everyone was so hungry that the place suddenly got very, very quiet, for at least a few minutes!

After eating, it was still light enough that Mom Sitzman allowed everyone to go back in for a little while. But once started getting dark, that was it. Too many to keep track of in the dark she said. Instead, she gathered them around the campfire by pulling out the round tin of marshmallows. The boys quickly went out and cut some slender branches for roasting sticks, and then the work of trying to get each marshmallow just right without burning it began. Mom Sitzman liked hers just lightly toasted, barely brown. Grandma Roberts said that was a waste, it needed to be dark brown all over! And Larry? Well, Larry didn't care about it being perfect. He just stuck the stick into the fire until the marshmallow started to burn, blew it out, and ate it. Brown or black, he didn't care, he just loved marshmallows!



Nick and Shannon, the two babies, loved marshmallows too. But Mom Sitzman turned her back for one minute to separated a couple of the other kids that were wrestling too close to the fire, and when she turned back, Shannon had decided that Nick would look good wearing the marshmallow. Nick had taken exception with that and as a result, the two were laughing uproariously at each other while marshmallow was all over in their hair, clothes and all available skin. It was a sticky mess!

In the end, it worked out for them as the best possible solution was for Mom Sitzman to take them right back into the water to wash them off thoroughly, clothes and all. Of course, this wasn't the first marshmallow mess Mom Sitzman had had to deal with, so she had packed plenty of clothes. She had also packed a rope and clothespins, so once all the kids were settled into their bedrolls, she and Grandma Roberts quickly hung up all the wet towels and suits and shorts and such. They then settled down themselves for a nice sleep under the tall trees and the bright stars. Right until Suzanne started shrieking. Since, of course, one of the boys had finally found a frog and knew just what to do with it.



A-World is published by the Model A Ford Club of America for the benefit of youth and the promotion of the Model A hobby.

Editor: Sherry Winkinhofer



[AWorldEditor@hotmail.com](mailto:AWorldEditor@hotmail.com)

© 2017 All Rights Reserved by

Model A Ford Club of America  
250 South Cypress Street  
La Habra CA 90631-5515

A-World is free, courtesy of MAFCA. As of May 2016, it will be a web or email only publication. If you wish to have it emailed directly, please send your email address

# KIDS AND THEIR "A"s!



Meet Jasper and Audrey Staton. The picture on the left was taken recently in Downtown Cleveland, Tennessee during the monthly Mainstreet Cruise. But Jasper and Audrey have been Model A'er for a long time, check out these older pictures on the right!



This is Aaron Allwardt and his niece Addyson Walter. Aaron and his parents Tim and Suzie are from DeWitt Michigan.



Molly Elser from Pittsfield, Massachusetts helped with "The First Bath" for her family's Fordor!



Bobby Willis, 15, drove their 1930 Fordor 376 miles to the 54th Model A Ford Texas Tour in Victoria, Texas. It was a ten hour trip (including a lunch stop) Bobby was shooting for the coveted Youngest Driver award, and as you can see from the top photo, he did it!! His dad Tex claims his best used phrase on the trip was "More gas, less clutch Bobby!"

But seriously, great job Bobby!!



Alex Stolis is only 2 1/2 but he already has those Model A mechanic gene's showing! He is a third generation Model A'er, with the same car. The pictures to the right and lower right show his dad Jason as a little boy with the car. On the lower left, Alex's cousins are helping give the car a spa treatment!



14 year old Cash Turner. (right) and friend Aiden Prater (left) are enjoying the Turner family Model A in from of the Victory Life Church in Georgetown Kentucky



Irelynn and Emery Sill riding in their 1930 Tudor Sedan They live in The Colony, Texas where they help their dad Stephen work on the car. In the picture to the right, Irelynn is helping install the oil pan!



Sean Hudson had the pleasure of being dropped off at school in College Station Texas recently. This 3 mile trip is the longest distance driven yet following a 3 year frame off restoration effort of their '29 Town Sedan.



Travis and Caroline George enjoyed Mother's Day from the back of a rumble seat! Here they are leaving church that morning in Milford Connecticut.

# KIDS AND THEIR "A'S" CONTINUED



Dean Niederkrom owns this Model A pickup, handed down from his grandfather Ernie Niederkrom, who was a long time member of the Alamo As. Dean live sin San Antonio, TX. The truck was featured at the Lone Star Round Up. Dean and his father Chris made it a tribute to John Nixon (shown above with Dean) who originally built it. The motor is a B with early speed equipment. In the picture on the right, the two are holding the MAFCA 5th place modified national award that the truck earned in 1968.



Keira is very proud of Grandparent's Dean and Yvonne Boring's 1929 Tudor sedan. Grandpa has owned this car since he was 13 and learned to drive in it. The Boring's currently reside in Canby Oregon.



Ethan Hebert has grown up in his parent's Steven and Caitlin Model A's. Here he is at the 54th Texas Model A tour, in Victoria Texas.

Jenni Davidson (left) and her friend Libby Burn (right) are enjoying the Penrith May Day Parade in Penrith Cumbria England.

Doug Persing's grandson Nate helping out with the 1930 Tudor. Doug says this an example of what happens when you have papa as a daycare! .

# SIX THINGS ARE DIFFERENT!

These Model A's are lined up for a nice photo opportunity, But a few things in the top photo seemed to decide they didn't want to be in the shot. Can you find the missing items without looking at the hints?

*The answers are on page 10 but don't peek too soon!*



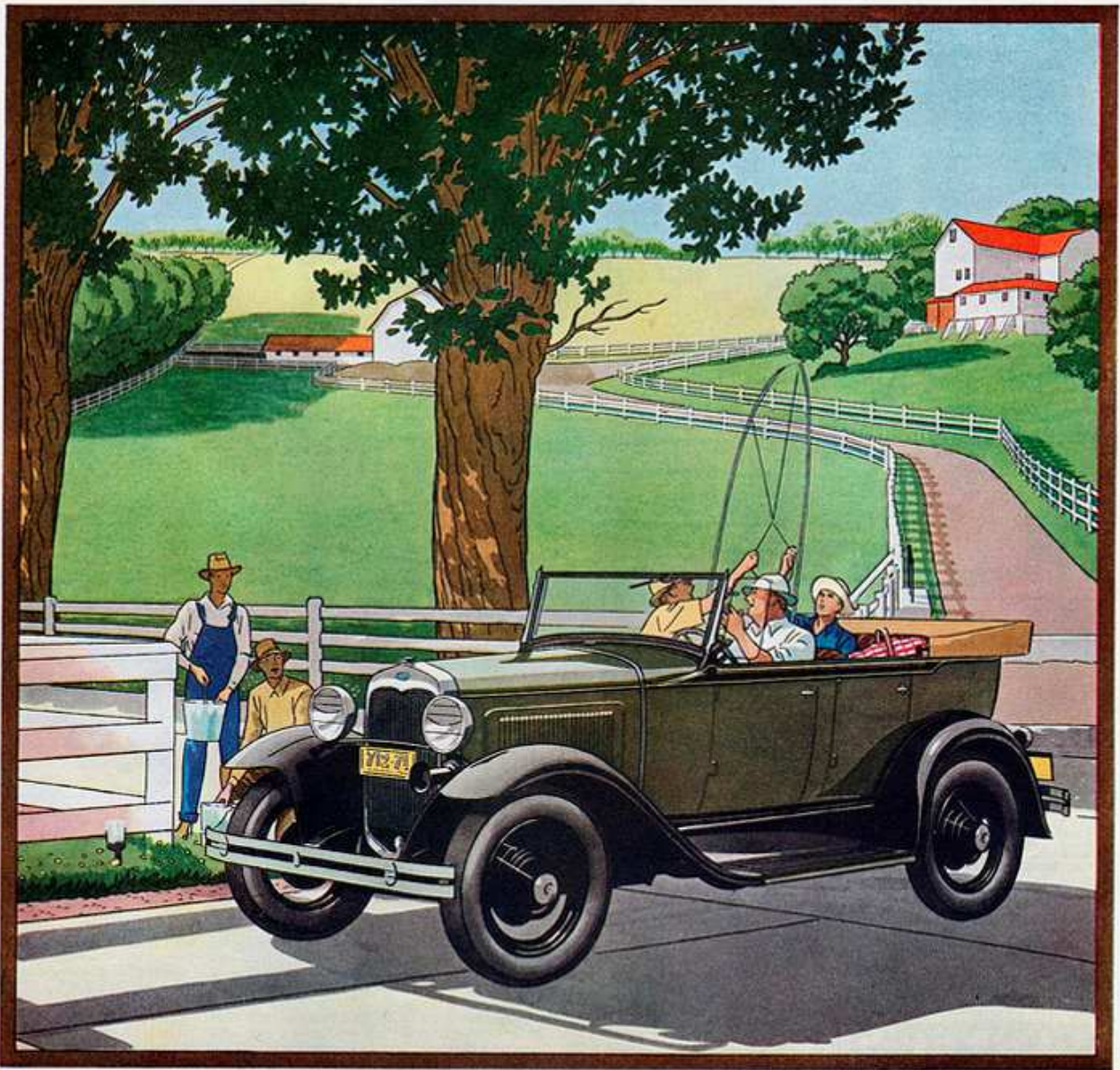
## Model A Advertising

### **Built for many thousands of miles**

THE new Ford has been designed and built to give you many thousands of miles of faithful, economical service. Beneath its flashing beauty of line and color—in those vital mechanical parts which you may never see—is a quality of material and craftsmanship unusual in a low-price car. Its sturdy strength, reliability and capable performance, in all weather and under all



conditions, make it a particularly good choice for farm use. It stands up under the added strain of bad roads and hard daily usage in a way that has always been characteristic of the Ford car. The experience of the passing months and years will increase your satisfaction in its performance and confirm your first impression that it is a "value far above the price."



THE NEW FORD PHAETON

"Built for many thousands of miles". . .Wow! I don't think even Henry realized just how accurate these words were. The idea that these cars would still be driving almost 90 years later never crossed his mind, I'm sure! But here we are, hundreds of thousands of miles later and still going strong!

I see a picnic basket in that back seat and some tangled fishing rods. Looks like a nice afternoon is planned. Bet those two guys whitewashing that fence (see the paint brush leaning against the bottom rail?) wish they were going too! But there looks to be miles of fence to paint too! Oh well, maybe next time!



Great excitement over these old cars

The children at Tirimoana School in Te Atatu have been learning about “people, places and the past” and this brought about the opportunity to look at older forms of transport.

Geoff Brown, a Teacher at the school asked his father Rob Brown (Club Member) if he could take his 1929 Model A Tudor to school. Rob thought this was a great opportunity to introduce the children to these magnificent cars and invited another club member Bill Quelch to take along his 1929 Pickup. Bill was only too pleased to oblige and so off they went to the school driving their Model A's. The cars were parked in the playground with the children being able to stand on the running boards, look inside the cars, touch the steering wheel, the wheels and of course the horn.



There were many questions asked, and surprisingly a high point of interest was “why is there another wheel on the back”? This generation has no concept of punctures. They also wondered what the long stick was coming out of the floor. The horn got plenty of blasts, so much so that the Roadster would not start when it came time to go home as the horn had had so much exercise it had blown the fuse.

*Submitted by Rob Brown*



The school children of Tirimoana Primary School



# Swimsuits—Model A Days!

As you can imagine, swimming was a popular outdoor activity in the days of our Model A's. Remember, there was NO air conditioning then. Many places in the country still didn't have electricity so there weren't even any fans to help. So swimming was a wonderful way to escape from heat of the summer.

I'm sure many of you picture the old Victorian suits down to the knees when you think of this time frame, but that's not quite right! In the 1920's swimming suits started to get smaller and better fitting. But there were still a lot of difference between those "bathing suits" and the ones we wear today. For one thing, they were made from wool, or in a few instances from cotton. Wool was supposed to help keep you warm in the cold water. But once it got wet, it stretched! So did the cotton. I can't imagine how uncomfortable wet wool would have been! But the modern stretch fabric we have today just didn't exist back



Girls suits could be one or two pieces, but no bikini's (the word bikini for swimsuit didn't even exist back then). Notice that the girl's suits had short-like bottoms too, no high cut leg opening back then! Girls often wore rubber swim caps to keep their hair dry and holding it's shape. The boys didn't seem to care!



Men and boy's suits always had a top. It was illegal most places to go topless for both genders! The average suit was a pair of shorts and a tank top. It was worn with a belt, and the trunks have belt loops!

**SPRING!** That's what warm days—and cool water—and saltwater men—and merry maidens mean for! That's what Bradley Bathing Suits are meant for... Meant for free and easy swimming... Plain and fancy diving... Comfort—speed—and fun! Move than that! If you take your swimming with a grain of sand, you'll find your Bradley is meant for "show" as well as "go!"

...Twin swimmers that hug you like a coat of sea... Wide-awake colors that "step the whip" with a swirl of spirit... Smart, happy patterns that belt the bosom and the bells of the beach. Gracious as a sea gull... Fast as a fish... Proud as a peacock. That's why—in your Bradley! Each thread is Tu-Twined for quadruple strength. The Bradley "Loop of Life" gives stretch—

—with a swivel! Cut for comfort. Knit for wear. Made for style. Dred forever! You may never see—in the English Channel. You may never see—in a Bathing Beauty Contest or become a named Life-Guard... But, in your Bradley Bathing Suit, you'll swim your fastest—and look your best. The best store in your town has Bradleys for all—from Tiny Tad to Grandpa!

**SLIP INTO A**  
**Bradley**  
AND OUT-OF-DOORS



## The Day and Night Ma Played for the Mortgage

By Sharla Cerra, Guest Author

Mr. Robert Martin, the banker, drove a Model A Town Car, Andalucite Blue. He was particular about it. Our place was on a rock road but he come out anyway. He come out once a year. Ma was whomping up supper. She set down the butcher knife and went to the door. Mr. Martin had got up to the kitchen porch by then. He had his son Samuel. Samuel was not handsome but he had nice eyebrows.

It was time for the annual mortgage payment. Ma said, "We only have half the money. Pa is out in the alfalfa field, though." "So what?" the banker said, and Ma said, "Oh, it's with me this time, is it," We didn't have the money to give. It was the annual play off. It was the first time for Ma to do it. She'd never done it before but last year she had sworn she would after Pa had come close to losing.

We went out to that beautiful Model A to carry Mr. Martin's instruments but he wouldn't have it. Out he handed a fiddle case to Samuel, then a guitar case, a banjo case, and then he himself went to the trunk and lifted out his prize accordion. By the time we all got back into the house, Ma had pulled out Pa's instruments. Pa played at dances to earn money that the farm wouldn't give.

Mr. Martin was not a friendly man. He treated his instruments kindly, but took time to sneer at the room as he picked up his fiddle. "Boil Them Cabbage Down," he bellowed, that was the name of the first song. It was a standard starter.

"I'll take the melody," he said. There was no chivalry in his soul. Ma grabbed Pa's fiddle and tapped her foot and played.

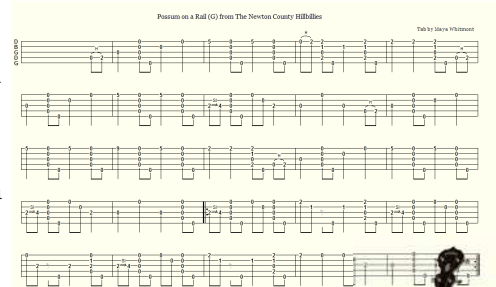
The next song, Ma called out loud and clear. She was not a light woman, nor was her voice. She called out Soldier's Joy and launched into a spirited version. "Let Mr. McGuire sit down," bellowed Mr. Martin and they played that, too. And so it went back and forth until sunset.

Charlie Bill, the baby, was getting hungry and tugged on ma's dress. "You better get supper going, Sarah Jane," she told me, "Peel them taters and husk that corn and mix up some biscuits." Samuel raised those darling eyebrows of his. "Biscuits?" he said.

"Railway Flagman's Sweetheart," yelled Ma, blasting straight ahead and pretty fast this time. Mr. Martin kept up. After dark came Pa. "Papa," Charlie Bill said, and toddled out on the porch to meet him. "The Ookpick Polka," bellowed Mr. Martin and tried to take off while Ma was looking the other way but she wasn't having it. She turned her head and she stared at him as she played. It was her turn for harmony, and she made a time of it, playing three times as many notes as anyone else would even think about. "Possum on the Rail!" Ma called as Pa came in the door. He had a sober look to his face. "Heard music clear out on the south side of the field. Be careful, you got our mortgage payment in the balance." "Half of it," Ma reminded him. Mr. Martin switched to the banjo while she was talking to Pa but she reached under the table for Pa's and threw out a big handful of notes. "Sarah has supper on the table," she told Pa.

Samuel looked toward the bountiful supper me and the others had put together – fried pork chops mashed taters and gravy, biscuits and butter, corn on the cob, some creamed nettles, with an apple pie just out of the oven. "Samuel you eat, too," Ma told him, and his eye browns lifted just right. "Thank you," he told her. Samuel went for the biscuits first. He held each bite of biscuit in his mouth, chewing it ever so slow, as if it was the most delicious thing he had ever eaten. Pa and the rest of us stood off against the wall to eat. We tapped our feet and our spoons. Pa took his plate over to Ma and offered a spoonful of mashed taters and gravy while she played but she shook her head no.

Then it time for the little kids to get to bed but the rest of us would not. We knew things were about to get pretty wild. They played Granny and The Kitchen Girl and switched off from the banjo to the accordion and back to the fiddle and then threw in an impromptu session playing



spoons. Then they were off again. About Midnight, Mr. Martin began to cheat. Ma had yawned so he called out a lullaby. All she did was send the kids to bed. Pa let me stay. After an hour of lullabies, Mr. Martin yawned. "Getting drowsy there, Robert?" Ma said to him. He whipped his head up again. He didn't like being called by his first name. Even his wife didn't do that. She always called him Father. He met her gaze manfully and played on. By this time, we had figured out that Ma was in charge of the contest. There was sparkle in the notes as they floated about the room.

Samuel took out a white handkerchief and wiped some sleep out of his eyes but he kept on his feet. Ma sang the next song. Before they had just played instruments. Ma sang Red Wing and said, "Sing 'er out, Robert," matter of fact. "I don't sing," he said. "Ask your husband. It's not part of the deal." "You're not playing against Pa." Ma made him sing to Henry Made a Lady out of Lizzie and Carolina Moon and Am I Blue. His was a voice that would scare a coyote into the next county.

The mantle clocked chimed half past two in the morning. Ma changed to an accordion. "Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor," she cried out. "What? What? What?" Mr. Martin said, and he was mad mad mad. "You can't do that!" "I can play Bach," Ma said, "And I'll play it if I want. We'll just play a little bit of it if you're going to be a baby about it. Or you can just concede." He said, "I never saw such a cheater!"

"I never heard no rule about what to play," Ma said. After Mr. Martin played his own song, Ma said, "This here is the show down. My man is tired, and whilst I'm willing to play until the cock crows, he needs some sleep." Ma yelled, "Ride of the Valkyrie!" "What what what?" Mr. Martin cried out. "Ride of the what? What kind of cowboy song is that!"

Then Ma launched into it. It was a ferocious song, a war song, a song of bullies or heroes or which I couldn't tell, but it was a perfect song for Ma triumphant. I had never heard Ma play that, nor Pa nor anyone else. Mr. Martin couldn't get the harmony. Ma stood up and kept playing and he started and leaned back in his chair. She walked over to him and leaned down at him, still playing, she stomped her foot with each measure. He couldn't look away from her. ++That done it, he unwound. His fingers slowed down and in the space of about ten notes come to a halt. It was over.

Samuel picked up the accordion and laid it gently in its case and closed it and latched it. Mr. Martin sat on his chair breathing heavy. "Maggie, I never saw such dishonesty," he said. "I won it fair and square," said Ma. "If you can't play Back or Wagner it ain't my fault. You better study up." "I'm playing Pa next year or nobody," he said. "And I'll be ready." Pa didn't look too happy about that and I heard him gulp.

I said, "Samuel, can I help you?" I leaned over the banjo case and reached for the banjo. One of my fingers brushed a fret, he touched another, and two of the strings sounded out. He drew back, but then stopped and smiled and those eyebrows of his, those adorable eye brows, raised up. Like I said, he wasn't handsome, but I sure did like those eyebrows.

"Sarah Jane, you stop staring at that young man," Ma said firmly. "Pa, you go get out the apple pie." As Mr. Martin and Samuel chowed down on apple pie, Ma wrote up a little note for Mr. Martin to sign and gave it to him along with an envelope with money in it. He stopped eating long enough to sign it. Ma pulled out a cherry pie that she'd made earlier and covered with a dish towel. "Take this home," she said. "Thank you," he said.

"See you next year," she told them. Mr. Martin frowned at her fiercely, as though they were already going at it again, he waved a hand dismissively. As Ma closed the kitchen door after them, I turned the lamp down, then looked out the window again. My that was a pretty car in the moonlight. And Samuel was in it. Samuel. Samuel with the beautiful eye brows.

"You take the lamp, Sarah Jane," Pa said. "I think Ma and me will sit out on the porch and look at the moon and stars for a while."

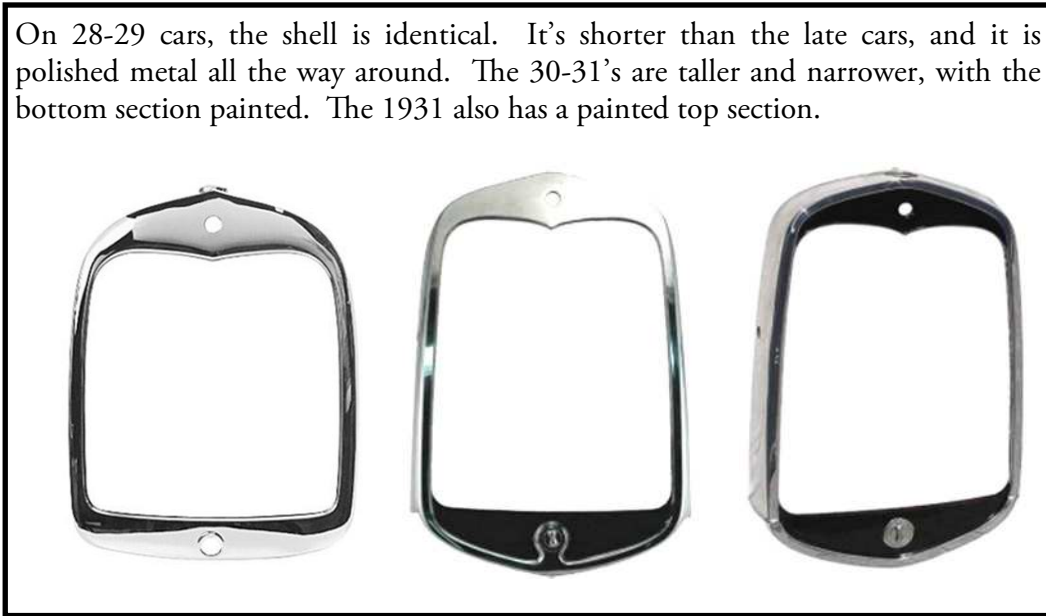


# What Year is it?!

Can you tell what year a Model A is by just looking at it? It's not too hard if you know what to look for! Many times Model A's are divided into early (1928-1929) or late (1930-1931) models. Let's check out the things that tell us if it's a 28-29 or a 30-31.

On 28-29 cars, the shell is identical. It's shorter than the late cars, and it is polished metal all the way around. The 30-31's are taller and narrower, with the bottom section painted.

1928-1929 headlights are acorn" shaped. 1930-1931 lights are cup shaped

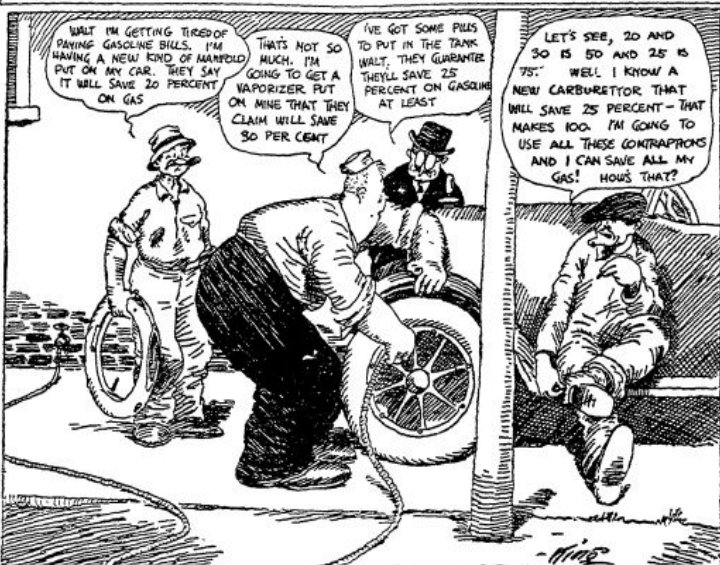


Hubcaps are different for the early and late models too. 28-29 are small, fitting a 2-5/8" opening on a 21" wheel while 30-31's are slightly bigger fitting a 3 3/4" opening on a 19" wheel.

Two additional difference between the 28-29 and 30-31 are the light bars and the front bumpers. On the 28-29, the light bar is straight from light to light, and the bumper has a distinct bend at each side. On the 30-31's, the light bar curves the whole way, and the bumper has a gentle curved end.

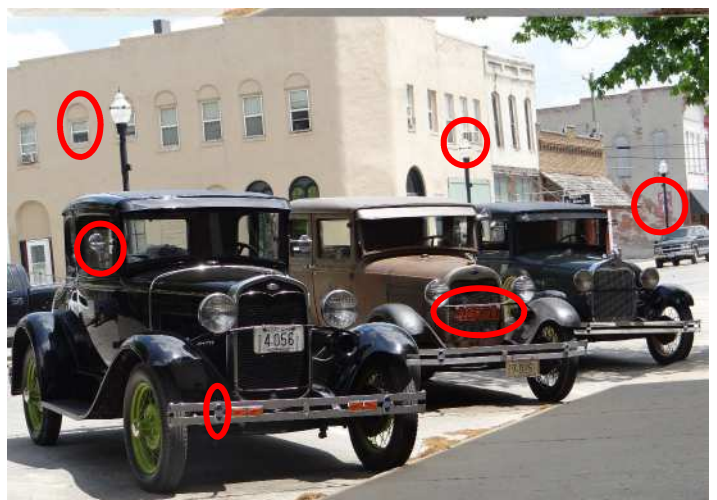


## GASOLINE ALLEY—BILL DOES SOME MENTAL ARITHMETIC



## Puzzle Answers

Six different things: Did you find them all?



This is a picture of a great Model A Tudor. Paint it any color you want, but I included a picture of it in it's original colors just to show you. Have fun!



Sherry Wink



I can tell that a lot of you are out there having a lot of Model A fun! How can I tell you ask? Well, I had to add an extra page of pictures this edition. That's proof! But of course, I'm sure there are many more out there than what I've seen. Which leads to my next statement—send me some! I love to see what everyone is doing this year. Have any of you participated in any Hubleys this year? I'd love to see pictures of your cars or ribbons. How about parades? I know the Independence Day parades are fast approaching. Send me some Model A pictures all dressed up in red white, and blue. I love those! Not doing any official activities you say? Just driving around the neighborhood you say? Well, I like those kind of pictures too! Send me a few, I promise I'll print them too!

A friend took the Old Lady to his garage the other day and gave her an overall tuneup. And she needed it. Now she's purring along with new points and a new attitude, ready for anything!

My first outing with the Old Lady this year was to our club picnic at Tryst Falls Park between Kearney and Excelsior Springs Missouri. . As you can see below, she looks small compared to the waterfall, but hey, isn't Mother Nature awesome! That waterfall didn't look so big until I got this perspective! The Old Lady still looks good up there!



## Quiz Time

Take a half sheet of paper. Number 1-10. Name at the top right corner. If you share this A-World with others in your family or friends, make sure you do not write on the newsletter pages. There are two ways to take this quiz: 1) Not looking back 2) Looking back as you take the quiz to find the answers. Try the "not looking" way first!

- 1) What did Grandma Robert have in the picnic hamper?  
A) Chicken B) Biscuits C) Apple pie
- 2) What didn't Suzanne like?  
A) Fish B) Frogs C) Marshmallows
- 3) What country other than the US and New Zealand is mentioned in this edition's "Kids and their "A's"  
A) Australia B) China C) England
- 4) Which A's have acorn shaped headlights?  
A) 1928-29 B) 1930-31 C) All of them
- 5) What country is Tirimoana Primary School in?  
A) Japan B) Thailand C) New Zealand.
- 6) How many miles did Bobby Willis drive while winning an award?  
A) 376 B) 396 C) 639
- 7) What instrument did Ma not play for the mortgage?  
A) Banjo B) Accordion C) Piano
- 8) How many miles did Sean Hudson's A drive to drop him off at school?  
A) Three B) Thirty C) Seven
- 9) Hubcaps are the same on all four years of Model A's—  
A) True B) False
- 10) Who owns the Model A pickup Dean Niederkrom is posing in front of?  
A) His dad B) Dean C) John Nixon

---

Answers: 1) A, 2) b, 3) c, 4) A, 5) C, 6) A, 7) C, 8) A, 9) B, 10) B