

Rally in New England - September 24, 2013

This is a story told by a now-deceased friend of my dad's about a day they spent causing trouble in 1959, with my dad's '29 coupe. They lived in a ski town in Vermont where they and the Model A got the best of some well-heeled Connecticut guys with their fine British sports cars.

I now have that same coupe, for which my father paid \$45 in 1955 broken down beside the road.

Les Adams, Corvallis, Oregon

New England, 1959 -- "Mary and I went over to visit Pete and Betty one evening; Pete said that Mount Snow (ski resort) was having a sports car rally there next weekend- we should get together and go see what they were doing. About Friday he called and said that he had heard they were short of entrants and that maybe we should enter and help them out. I said okay!



Saturday we left Mary and Betty and the kids at the house and headed for the mountain; Pete with his '29 Model A coupe and I with my '54 Plymouth four door. We didn't tell the girls what we had in mind, but why would we go with two cars? The girls didn't ask.

When we got there we signed up and they gave us some masking tape to put numbers on our cars. We hadn't been to a rally before so we had no idea what we were supposed to do, so we laid back and watched what the others did. After we watched a while, we decided that we could do just as well. In the pylon and precision driving, Pete was the driver and I was the co-pilot. The A Ford was the class of the field and took first place! The '54 Plymouth had the best time on the dirt road course (just like another trip over local roads for us!).

So much for the MGs, Aston-Martins, Triumphs, Jaguars, etc.. The officials politely told us were not needed on Sunday.

We went back home, with the numbers still on the cars, grinning like Cheshire cats! Mary and Betty pretended not to approve of us acting like a couple of teenagers, but were really proud of us."

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