



Vol. 44 No. 1 • January 2026 • MAFCA • Autumn Trails Chapter

Dash Lite

The Autumn Trails Model A Ford Club Newsletter • Winnsboro, Texas

From Club President Tex Willis

Greetings and Salutations fellow Masters of Model A Mechanics and Damsels of Fashion and Design!

I pray everybody had a swell Christmas and New Years! I have found out that if you don't make any resolutions, you can't break them!

Your new board members this year will stay the same as last year. Please consider stepping up and filling in, as we don't want to burn anybody out! We have 11 months until we vote in a new board!

What would you like to see in 2026? If you plan on taking a day trip or weekend trip, turn it into a Model A trip and let's go as a club!

Keep your grease fittings lubed, air in your tires, and by all means, remember to turn your gas valve on before you pull out of the gas station!



Autumn Trails Model A Club

Minutes of the December 13, 2025 Meeting

No Club business was conducted at the December meeting. Members simply enjoyed a meal of their choice at the Red Dome, and had a good time visiting.

2026 Officers

President: Tex Willis
Vice President: Gary Gray
Treasurer: Vicki Clark
Secretary: Rebekah Yeager

Illustrations (Artwork) by A. M. Yeager.
Webmaster / Marketing: Chana Gail Willis 903-816-3303

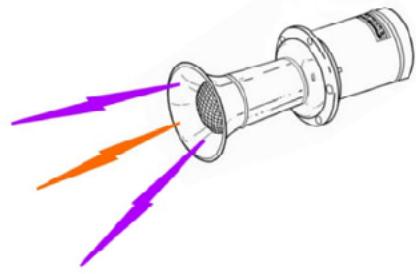
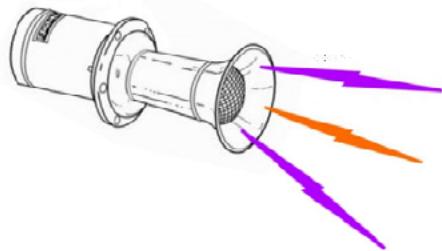




January

BIRTHDAYS

[REDACTED] Dan Parrish
[REDACTED] Ben Hunziker
[REDACTED] Cassie Buck



Sunshine Report

by Jana Icenhower



I will be doing the Sunshine for ATA this year. If you have a need please share it with me.

Unfortunately, Pam Parrish had a stroke on December 17. However, she is now out of the hospital and has moved to Medical City in Lewisville (500 Main St., Lewisville), inpatient room 216. She is in therapy, and welcomes texts and visits as well, but please text before visiting so you can schedule visits around her therapy. She is learning how to swallow and talk again, but is recovering very nicely. She is scheduled to be in rehab for the next five or six weeks.

Dan says he and Pam appreciates everyone's prayers. Please keep them coming.

Jana Icenhower
janaicenhower@yahoo.com
[REDACTED] cellphone

From the editor:

My dad and aunt often reminisce about a Model A Ford (the “A-Model”) their dad had when they were kids. One day recently over lunch, I asked my aunt to write about some of the adventures they had involving the Model A while growing up in Louisiana. My aunt generously agreed. I am excited and honored, therefore, to present the first of four Model A stories by my aunt, Ann Mullen-Martin. *Illustration by A M Yeager.*

OUR FAMILY MODEL A

My dad, John Yeager, Sr. was born in June 1895. Although our branch of Yeagers originally came from Illinois, Daddy’s mother and father lived in Louisiana. Members of his family owned a blacksmith shop in Holsum and cars were just coming on the scene. To the best of my knowledge, the Model A Daddy bought was a 1930 or 1931

Tudor. It’s the year I am not sure of because he purchased it before I was born in 1943. Indeed, he drove it until I reached the third or fourth grade and one of my mother’s most often repeated humorous stories of their courtship involved the Model A.

Mama and I were visiting with Mrs. Curry, our next-door neighbor and Mama’s



*The only existing picture of the Yeager “A-Model”.
That’s cousin Wilbur Harris on the horse.*

best friend. We often had coffee at her kitchen table, and I eagerly listened to every word they said. On this particular day, they discussed Mrs. Curry's driving abilities. Not every Tioga woman drove a car; Mrs. Curry did. She sometimes drove us to a church revival meeting or took Mama to the grocery store.

"You know, Mary, I've often wondered why you don't drive? It's not as if you were a teenager when you and Mr. Yeager married?"

Mama laughed. "You're right, Novie. 'Not a teenager,' and I had been driving for several years before I met John. To the best memory, we were enjoying our third or fourth date when it happened. I decided, then and there, life might be more pleasant if I left all the driving to John."

"What happened?" Mrs. Curry became animated and obviously ready to hear a good story. She poured fresh cups of coffee, gave me a homemade cookie of some sort and sat down, eagerly awaiting to hear the tale. My ears perked up as well as Mama began to relate the details behind her becoming a "rider" only.

She turned serious for a minute, but she could not avoid the smile in her eyes.

"John and I were working together at the Colony and, on this Wednesday evening, he asked me to ride back to his house. You know, then, his house was *this* house where we are sitting now. Of course, you and Ellis have made a lot of changes since then. You've added..."

"Mary, don't change the subject!" Mrs. Curry interjected with a laugh.

"Okay. Anyway, we came here, talked for a while and he fixed some scrambled eggs for us. We sat out on the porch to watch the sun go down. I felt pretty romantic when he suggested we needed to get going. As we walked out toward that black Model A sitting in front of the house, he asked if I knew how to drive. I said yes as

I practically floated out to the car. I can still hear him now in my mind.

"John then said 'Well, Mary, why don't you drive us tonight? I'll just sit over there and enjoy the ride.'"

At this point, Mama began to look a little serious as the story went on.

"Novie, you know that T in the road about a quarter mile down from here?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, that's where everything began to fall apart—or maybe I should say 'go downhill!'"

Even I began to laugh, and I didn't even know what would come next.

Mama went on. "I got into that A-Model that I had never driven before, found both reverse and first gear like a pro. I'm not certain I ever got out of second before John started to give instructions."

"Slow down, Mary. This car will take off on you and you need to come to complete stop at Pardue Road. Stop before the T. Could be traffic coming."

"John, I'm not going ten miles an hour!" Mama so excelled at telling this story that both Mrs. Curry and I were lost in the details. Mama continued center stage as she shared the incident.

"John, which way should I turn on the Pardue Road?" She explained that by this time, she had gotten nervous, put on the brake without engaging the clutch, resulting in both her and Daddy lurching forward in the car which stopped in the middle of the Pardue Road. Not a good look for Mama; still she tried to remain composed.

"Which way, John?" she asked as restarted the engine. There were no cars in sight and no emergency, but Daddy imagined one and managed to create a frightening scene.

"Turn left, Mary." She started to do so.

"No. Turn right. I said 'right'!"

They were getting perilously close to the three- or four-foot ditch directly in front of them. The ditch consisted of an incline—not a drop off—but still pretty steep and scary. Mama had almost completed her turn to right and safety when

Daddy again shouted instructions.

“What are you doing, Mary? We are going to end up in that ditch! Turn left. Left. I said LEFT.”

Next stop, bottom of ditch! Daddy jumped out of the car, but instead of making certain Mama had survived intact, he climbed up to the road where he stood, arms crossed and back to the car. Mama decided her best spot was to remain in the car. They occupied their chosen retreats for—according to Mama—what seemed like hours, but the time passed in likely fifteen or twenty minutes before Mr. Pardue himself drove up in his newer model Ford. I don’t know what kind it was, but for sure it had five windows and more horsepower than the A-Model sitting in the ditch.

Mr. Pardue, a deacon in Kingsville Baptist Church and a little more “monied” than our family, stopped his car, got out and walked over to Daddy.

“Good evening, John. Looks like you might have some trouble here. Can I help?”

Daddy became the *sweetness and light* version of himself. “Hello, Henry. Yeah, looks like I’ve got a situation here.

It’s a good thing that A-Model is one sturdy car. Nothing’s hurt. Not even a ruined tire or a bent rim. Trying to think of the best way to get out of there. What do you think?”

“I don’t know. Maybe if we started it



and one of us pushed and the other guided it? I don’t know...”

“Thing about it is—my lady-friend is in there...”

“What? John, you mean there is someone in the car? Now?” He literally ran from his car to the one sitting in the ditch. He went first to the passenger side, then

seeing Mama behind the wheel, he hurried to the other side.

“Are you okay, ma’am?” He opened the door to help her out of the car, but before he could do so, Daddy stood next to him.”

“Wait a minute, Henry. With you and me both pushing and her guiding, maybe...” His voice trailed off for minute. “You are okay, aren’t you, Mary?”

“Yes, John. I can push or guide.”

“No sense you get out just yet, then.” He closed the door as he and Mr. Pardue walked a short distance away to discuss the situation. Any romantic feelings were gone for the evening.

Mama’s attempt at seriousness in telling the story had completely evaporated by now, and both Mrs. Curry and I were giggling. She pushed ahead and, though I know she enhanced the details, it only made the story better.

Mr. Pardue and Daddy continued to walk slowly away from the car. “I don’t know, John. Maybe we should get Mary out of here and up on the road.” Daddy stopped in his tracks and Mr. Pardue joined him. Mama could see the conversation but couldn’t hear what they were saying. She got out of the car on her own and walked over to them.

About this time, another vehicle drove up. It was Robert Neeson, driving a 1935 Ford Pickup. He barely nodded to Daddy and Mr. Pardue before he began to solve the problem. Standing next to his truck bed, he shouted instructions.

“Hey, I’ve got an eight-foot chain and a come-along. John, if you and Henry get that Model A hooked and guided, we’ll get it out of there in less time than the shake of a cow’s tail! That is your Model A, ain’t it, John?”

“Yes, it is but I did not drive it into the ditch. Let’s get it hooked up and out of there. Mary, stand out of the way so we can do this.

Mama never really talked much about what happened during the final steps of rescue or later that evening. She typically concluded her story with some variation for the following scenario.

“Once the car again sat on Pardue Road, I got in on the passenger side. Three or four additional vehicles were now attendance with all the men standing around, laughing, shaking hands and appearing to have a good time. I wanted to go home and eventually the men stopped pointing and laughing, John came back to the car. He came first to the passenger side.”

“Mary, are you alright?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to try a little more driving?” He chuckled as he spoke.

“No, I’ve lost all interest in driving. Take me home.”

Ann Mullen-Martin
September 27, 2025

Ann loves storytelling, and writing has been an escape and a hobby of hers for as long as she can remember. She has written four full-length books and participated in one Christmas Anthology.

Writing does not make Ann’s living, but it does make her living more pleasant.

<https://www.annmuma-publishing.com>
annmullen1943@gmail.com
<https://www.amazon.com/author/annumllen>





**MAFFI
LIAISON
NEWSLETTER**
December 2025
Contributed by
John Icenhower

Happy Holiday Season, Model A'ers! Hope everyone is staying warm and that your cars are either tucked away for the winter or still enjoying the cooler air. I know I've been enjoying taking my A out in the snow.

Earlier this month, John Marshall, our Executive Director, sent out the Holiday Donation Letter, which is a great opportunity to stay involved by giving back to the museum. Don't forget that we also have a store where you can purchase MAFFI merchandise, located under the "Store" tab at maffi.org. One of the coolest things about the museum is that it's constantly in motion. Dan Cargo and Jerry Dennany are always tinkering or moving cars around, with the help of the amazing volunteers from the Grape Country A's. If you visit the "Cameras" tab on maffi.org, you can see all the holiday decorations and even catch a glimpse of some of our newest additions.

The trustees also met in November to start shaping some exciting ideas for the museum. While it's a bit early to share details just yet, there are some great things in the works, and we're looking forward to unveiling more as plans come together in the months ahead.

Keep on motoring, and have a Happy New Year!

John Grossheim
Trustee and Secretary, MAFFI



Area availability of Ethanol-Free gas

Duko Oil Co.	950 E Lennon Dr, Emory
Kim's Convenience	1020 E Lennon Dr, Emory
Beckat Oil & Fuel	115 W Front St, Mineola
Murphy USA (Walmart)	131 NE Loop 564, Mineola
Young Oil (Chevron)	116 N Newsom, Mineola
Jackson Oil Company	310 W 15 th St, Mount Pleasant
The Minnow Bucket	3035 Hwy 154, Quitman
Lake Quitman Marina	1450 CR 1416, Quitman
Fisherman's 1 Stop	7933 W FM 515, Quitman
Murphy USA (Walmart)	1760 S Broadway, Sulphur Springs
Winkle Oil Co.	301 W Carnegie St, Winnsboro

Ethanol: In modern cars, it's fine. But in your Model A, it's terrible.

Howard Eckstein, *The Restorer*

Find more ethanol-free gas stations at www.pure-gas.org



Attendees of the Autumn Trails Model A Club Christmas Lunch at the Red Dome, Quitman, December 13, 2025.

Back row: Bob Gray, John Eisenhower, Tex Willis, Ben Hunziker, Carolyn Hunziker, John Yeager, Gary Gray, Vicki Clark, Dan Parrish.

Front row: Patsy Crow, Jana Eisenhower, Chana Gail Willis, Pam Parrish, Rebekah Yeager, Glen Clark, Bob Varner, Ken Parker.

Calendar of Events

Autumn Trails A's Club Activities in Italics All events subject to change

2026

- **January 11** *Autumn Trails A's Club Meeting* (Oak Ridge, 1 pm lunch, followed by meeting)
- **February 8** *Autumn Trails A's Club Meeting*
- **March 8** *Autumn Trails A's Club Meeting*
- **March 21** Classics and Coffee Cruise-In, 8-10:30 am, Quitman



Dash Lite welcomes all input to include corrections, letters, Model A "Tips and Tricks," original articles and classified ads (pictures accepted)
Send all correspondence to AutumnTrailsMAC@outlook.com

63rd MODEL "A" FORD TEXAS TOUR



Hosted by the Fort Worth Model "A" Ford Club

June 11-14, 2026



Host hotel & event venue: 940-325-4605

THE CRAZY WATER HOTEL

Promo code: MODELA2026

- DBL QUEEN: \$170
- QUEEN SUITES: \$150 - \$180
- KING SUITES: \$170 - \$190
- 2 BEDROOM SUITES: \$190
- KING HOSP. SUITES: \$300
- PRES. SUITE: \$350

"Suite" style rooms include a full kitchen & living area

-DISCOUNTED RATES ON WEDNESDAY FOR EARLY BIRD ARRIVALS

-RATES ARE PER NIGHT + TAXES & FEES

Other lodging: Red Lion Inn

940-325-7829 \$115/night + taxes & fees