

Sorry for the delay. I am posting this a day late as I had no internet access on Saturday.

Day 21: 23 miles today, 3096 miles since leaving home.

Well, my good fortune left me today. This was Pike's Peak day. I got to the line for the entrance at 8:00. It was 45 minutes just to get to the gate. Paid my fee and got my pass and started up hill. It definitely is a challenging climb. Most of the way it was low ruxtell and low pedal. Usually doing between 8 to 11 mph. Of course this also involved pulling over wherever possible to let cars pass. The climb is 19 miles long, from 7,800 feet elevation at the gate to 14,115 feet at the top.



### **The Climb**

I stopped at mile 6 at Crystal reservoir for a while to let the car rest, and to let my left leg rest. It is work holding that pedal down that long. Then I went on. I went another 7 miles to Glen Cove where there is a gift shop and restrooms. By here the engine seemed a bit hot, so I parked and let it set for 30 minutes to cool off, and again let my leg rest.

I left Glen Cove (which is at mile 13) at 10:15 for that last 6 mile stretch. At mile 17 I heard a clunk and then a terrible pounding sound from the engine. I immediately pulled over and turned it off. Fortunately there was a bit of shoulder there and not a real steep drop off. This is as far as I got. Mile 17 and elevation 13,113 feet. Two miles and 1,000 feet short of the top.



**Where it died. At least I had a great view while I waited.**

I called for roadside assistance, and then the wait began. It was just 10 minutes short of 2 hours before the tow truck got there. It got pretty chilly. I dug out the hooded sweatshirt, and that kept me pretty warm. I had a lot of people take pictures of the car sitting at the side of the road. Three people did ask if I needed assistance. And of course the Park Ranger stopped to see what I needed. I said I had help coming. The phone service was real spotty up there, so it would often take several attempts to get a connection good enough to talk. I called Susie and let her know what the situation was, and that I would keep her informed.





### **Getting loaded on the tow truck.**

This is where I have to at least partially retract my statement about my good fortune coming to an end. After doing some networking in the Model T community, I called Steve Coniff in Colorado Springs. He was available and said to bring the car to his place and we would assess the situation, so that is where I had the tow truck take the car. You could not ask for more gracious hosts than Steve and Janet Coniff. Unfortunately with the situation with the car hanging over me I neglected to get a picture of either of them.

We got the car pushed into Steve's shop and started the dis-assembly. For those of you following these posts that are not into the technical aspects of the cars, you can skip the following.

I got under the car and opened the inspection pan. There was ground up babbit in all of the dip reservoirs. I checked each of the rods and found that number 4 was very loose. I basically lost almost all of the babbit out of the #4 rod. It would need to be replaced. We pulled the head off of the engine and I pulled the rod cap and pushed the piston up in the cylinder so that we could check the condition of the crankshaft journal. It was undamaged. Steve got out his micrometer and measured the journal to find that it was .020" undersized from standard. This is not an uncommon size. He looked here and there to find the rods he had around the place, and could not find any the right size. We were thinking that we would have to order one for overnight delivery. With the following day being Sunday, though, even overnight would not arrive until sometime on Monday.



**The engine opened up.**

Then he thought "I should call Clay and see if he has anything". So he called his friend Clay Whitney and inquired about a .020" under rod. He said he would check and call back. A few minutes later he called and said he had several rods that might work. By this time it was getting pretty late in the afternoon, so it was decided that we would go over to Clay's place after supper. Janet fixed us a very nice meal.

Steve and I then drove over to Clay's place to look over what he had. Steve took his caliper and measured each of them, and picked out the one that he thought would fit the best. Then we talked and looked over Clay's latest Model T creation. It was a roadster pickup that had a fully restored chassis, but for the body and fenders, etc. he said he picked the worst parts he could find. It looks like something from Grapes of Wrath. I wish I had taken a picture. Looks to be a real fun vehicle.

We eventually got back to the shop and started working on the rod. I learned a lot from Steve. He pulled a couple of different shafts out of a pile of metal and started measuring them with his micrometer. After about four he said "yep, this is the one I want". It was a shaft of the diameter of the rod journal of .020" undersized. He chucked it up in his lathe and polished the surface a bit to get it very smooth. It was then a series of steps of trying the rod and determining if shims needed to be removed. Also with the shims all removed, he would oil the babbit very well and run the lathe and then start tightening the rod cap nuts. This burnished the surface of the babbit to get more surface area contacting the shaft. Once we got all of that done, it was time to quit for the night.

Janet insisted that I stay in their guest room, and when you have no car you can't say no. Again all I can say is that they were as welcoming and warm hosts as you could ever encounter. Thank you so much Steve and Janet.

To be continued tomorrow.