

SCRG Trip to Grand Canyon and return with Route 66 Tour from Chicago October 2025

Three cars from Southern California, one from the San Diego Club, driven by Paul and Patty Winchester one from the Palomar Club in North San Diego County, driven by Bruce Howe, and one from the Orange Blossom Club of Riverside, driven by Doug Diller, left home Sunday October 5th on a trip to Williams Arizona to meet up with the Model A Touring Club who started in Chicago Ill on September 22nd and was driving on old Route 66 all the way to the Santa Monica Pier. This adventure to Williams Arizona to meet the Chicago group was planned by David Frazee as a SCRG event.

Sunday morning October 5th, Bruce and Paul and Patty met at the Park and Ride at the 76 and 15, then headed north on old 395 to the 79 in Temecula, where we turned east then on to the 371, north toward Anza, where we took a break and topped the gas off. Then on north, turning right on the 74 heading down the mountain switch backs into Palm Desert and on to the Pilot Travel Center off Indian Canyon and the 10 freeway in North Palm Springs, where we met up with Doug who came east on the 10 from Riverside.



Bruce and I are seasoned long distance drivers, but we didn't know about how much driving Doug had done. Over lunch at the Wendy's in the Pilot we learned that Doug had attended the 2025 MAFCA National Tour in Virginia, and had Co-driven Ed Tolman's car on the Tour and then back to California. I don't think there is much we need to tell Doug about long distance driving. Bruce and I had CB radios in the cars so we could communicate while driving, Doug did not have a CB radio.

Back on the road again heading to 29 Palms we stopped at the Coyote Cone in Morongo Valley for an Ice cream treat.



It was still early so we took an option David had found nearby and went to Pioneer Town, an 1880's themed movie set that people live in. It was interesting. We walked around looking at the shops and museums etc, but forgot to take any pictures.

Then on to 29 Palms for dinner, has anyone actually counted the Palm trees there? A 1858 survey party found only 26 trees at the oasis. We stopped for the night in 29 Palms at a Best Western full of European Tourists who loved our cars. For dinner Bruce wanted to go to a Denny's down the street, I could not find it on my GPS, but we went looking anyway. What we found was a Benny's, in the old Denny's building everything was the same except for the name change.

The next morning, Monday October 6th, we topped off the gas at the last station in town, as there would be no services for the next 100 miles or more while driving east on highway 62. After about a half hour of driving I noticed my gas gauge showed just over ½ tank of gas. I quickly pulled my gas receipt out of the door side pocket and took a look at the 3.2 gal purchase I had just made at the Circle K, it should have taken 6 or 7 gal. I was leading the trio and did not want to go back and fill the tank, so after sweating for a few minutes and doing some basic calculations in my aging head, I decided I was ok, but I did reach down and lean the mixture as much as I could, just to make sure.



Highway 62 is a great road, how many cars go from Vidal Junction to 29 Palms every day, not many. The California aqueduct runs along the 62, but you cannot see it from the road, this is good to know in case I needed water for the radiator. To break the monotony of the

picturesque road there is a sign post about half way, where people place a sign from their home town on, good place to take a break and get a picture. The temperature was in the low 80's, not bad for the desert.





Back on the road again to the shoe fence, the shoe fence is a place along the road near Rice, where someone left a pair of shoes hanging on a fence around a burned down building, so the next guy places another pair, etc after 20 or 30 years of this, there becomes a lot of old shoes, so Patty added a pair she brought along just to place there, but she wrote my name on them, yes my full name. Do you remember the story about Alice's Restaurant? Oh well, I'm waiting for the call.



Driving into the wide spot in the road called Vidal Junction, which is the intersection of Ca 95 and 62 we discovered the price of gas was \$7.99 a gallon, I still had about a ¼ tank, so on to Parker on the Arizona side of the Colorado River we went. There we gassed up at the first station we saw for \$3.09 a gallon, only to find a few blocks away gas was \$2.89 a gallon. I took 7.24 gallons to fill the tank. What was I worried about 100 miles ago??

It was now almost noon and we wanted to have lunch near the London Bridge in Lake Havasu, so north on Arizona 95 we went, past the Parker strip, and miles of blue water and boats. We drove west over the London Bridge, turned around and drove over it again

stopping at the east side to get better pictures. The temp had now risen in to the 90's. We found a nice little restaurant called the, Beach Bar and Café, with a nice view of the Bridge.



The London Bridge is an interesting story. To paraphrase it, the City of London England wanted to replace a stone bridge over the River Thames in central London that had been there since 1831 with a new modern one that could handle the weight of modern traffic. The London Bridge over the River Thames is the subject of the Nursery Rhyme "London Bridge is Falling Down" but there has been a bridge of some type there since Roman times. It is probably a good thing it was replaced.

Robert McCulloch made a lot of money with his McCulloch chainsaw manufacturing company, and purchased a lot of land in Lake Havasu. He tried to subdivide and sell the lots but they were not selling as fast as he wanted. So, when he heard of the sale of the London Bridge he out bid others paying about \$2.46 million for the bridge as it stood in London, then had it dismantled with each piece numbered and catalogued, then shipped the 10,276 pieces to Lake Havasu. Where a standard reinforced concrete bridge was built and the London Bridge granite blocks fastened on for fascia, giving the appearance of a stone Bridge. This worked as advertizing because now Lake Havasu is full of people.



After a nice lunch and a long break, we got back in the cars again, heading for Laughlin. To stay on the Arizona 95 we had to jog back across the Colorado river on the 40 into California, then back across the river again into Arizona before continuing north. We took the bypass around Bullhead City, crossing the Colorado River again, this time into Nevada. We stopped at Don Laughlin's Riverside Resort for the night. Doug put everyone on a group text so we could let each other know where we were going in case another wanted to go too. We all went our own way, with an agreement we would meet up again at the cars at 8am.



Somewhere along the way my right side rear hood latch decided it wanted its freedom, so off it went. Close observation showed the little pin at the bottom of the spring wore through the side of the cylinder letting the hook separate, and away it went. This posed a problem as the hood can be severely damaged if it comes loose while driving. Bruce picked up some

long zip ties at Home Depot and I zip tied the hood down. There is nothing I need on that side of the engine anyway, so it stayed closed for the remainder of the trip.



The next morning, Tuesday, October 7th, we went back across the Colorado River into Arizona again, stopping in Bullhead City at the Black Bear Diner for a Big Breakfast. Then, on to Kingman and the Route 66 Museum.



After spending a couple of hours there, we headed out on the 66 which we knew we would also be on again in a couple of days with the Chicago group heading west. Next stop was Hackberry where I saw an old rusty yard art Model A with a usable hood latch, I was tempted to try and get it from them, but taking it off seemed like too much work and the zip ties were working, so on east up the road we went.



Paul Winchester and his Sedan



Bruce Howe and his Panel Delivery



Doug Diller and his Sedan



Yard art at Hackberry with one almost usable Hood Latch,

Passing through Peach Springs and stopping in Seligman for gas and ice cream at Delgadillo's Snow Cap. The 66 ended soon and we finished the trip into Williams on the 40 freeway, arriving at the Grand Canyon Railway and Hotel late in the afternoon. Again everyone on their own, meet up for the train ride the next day.

Bruce went into town for dinner, Patty, I and Doug ate at the Harvey House at the Train Station. It was a buffet, and I always eat way too much at a buffet. The cars were parked near the tracks and the passengers getting off the evening train stopped and took pictures of the Model A's.

The next morning, Wednesday, Oct 8th after breakfast at Brewed Awakenings Coffee Co a bagel and coffee house in town on Route 66 west, we all boarded the train to the Grand Canyon after witnessing an argument and shooting (with blanks, Hollywood style) at the

stables near the tracks. Bruce, Patty and I were in a Pullman car made in about 1923. Doug rode in a 1950 era Observation car. The tracks go through the largest ranch in Arizona, and the scenery is beautiful, and the scenery is beautiful, and the scenery is beautiful, then you get to the South Rim where you disembark for about three hours before you get back on and return. Bruce took a Guided Bus Tour, Patty, Doug and I got a table in the Bar at the El Tovar for a lunch sandwich. The stuffed animal heads in the lobby were shot by Teddy Roosevelt.



On the return train ride a short distance from the Williams Station the bad guys (and Girl) got on the train and robbed all of us of our small bills (for charity they said). All in, all, a fun day. Dinner for Bruce, Patty and I was at the Hotel Bar and Grill, Doug had bought meals with his Hotel and Train Tickets so he ate again at the Harvey House. This was our last day before meeting up with the Chicago Group.



The next morning, Thursday October 9th. After breakfast at The Pine Country Restaurant across the tracks on N Grand Canyon Blvd and checking out of our rooms, and several attempts to coordinate with the Chicago Group who were having an issue with a car, we agreed to meet up with them on the road to Seligman.

While driving to Seligman on the 40, Bruce radioed me that Doug was not behind him, we pulled off at a truck brake check area and waited, calling Doug on the Cell phone. No answer from Doug. Patty and I turned around and went back to the Williams exit to retrace to the last place we saw him. A short distance down the hill we found Doug along the road replacing his carburetor, which he said, just up and quit on him. Back down the road we picked up Bruce and continued into Seligman where we found the Chicago group taking a break at Delgadillo's Snow Cap, so we joined them.

My job of leading the SCRG three was now completed. After gassing up, I joined in near the rear of the Chicago Group as they left Seligman. This relaxed me for about 5 minutes as the group of ducklings all headed onto a road taking them to the 40 instead of staying on the 66. As the California cars had just driven the 66 a couple of days before I knew the 66 went the other way, a couple of cars also pulled over in confusion, the three or four of us turned around and got back on the 66, radioing the Group leader that they were going the wrong way. We were once again in the lead and were then tasked with finding the next stop for lunch, which Patty did by directing us to the Hualapai Lodge in Peach Springs. As we all sat in the nice Lodge dining room talking back and forth, I began to feel like one of the group.



Leaving Peach Springs I fell back in the group as they drove less than 40 mph, I wanted to leave plenty of room between cars for the faster traffic to pass and have room to pull back in if needed, as warned by the many Burma Shave signs along this stretch of road. 40 MPH ugh!! T. Lindsay Baker was a very nice Gentleman from Texas driving in his Woodie Station Wagon, who did not want to drive over 40 mph as the water in his radiator would be thrown out if he did. Don't get me started on this, it's his story. Speaking of stories he is an author of several books including some on Route 66, he is somewhat of an expert on the History of the road. And for the group he carried many spare parts in the back of the Woodie, but less than 40 mph every day, all day..... from Chicago to Santa Monica!!! Well I guess that is the way it would have been done in Model A times, but then everyone else was also driving under 40 mph, not like today where the freeway speeds are about 80 mph.





The Group leader, Rob Kirkpatrick pulled off at the Hackberry General Store, by now the procession had eleven cars and a van pulling a trailer for the less fortunate. The parking lot at Hackberry is not that large and it is gravel so there are no white lines delineating where to park, so cars are parked every which way, the van with the trouble trailer did not get off the road fast enough for the semi truck driver behind him, who was not paying attention, and clipped the left rear of the trailer pushing it off the trailer hitch ball and into the back door of the van. This rendered the hitch unusable, U-Hall came and got the trailer, the drivers could not agree on who was at fault, so the local Arizona State Trooper came and gave each of them a ticket, case closed.

On down the road to Kingman we went, arriving at the Arizona Inn just before it started to rain. After checking in we all meet for dinner at Calico's across the street, where we were entertained by another author and long time Kingman resident Jim Hinckley. Dinner was good, and Jim's stories were also entertaining. Patty bought one of his books for sale at the restaurant, "A Journey Down America's Main Street" and asked him to sign it, which he graciously did.



The next morning, Friday October 10th, our destination was Needles California by way of Oatman Arizona.

I noticed that whenever we stopped and then started again someone on the CB radio would say, "Quack, Quack", at first this was odd, then amusing and then expected. It was her way of saying all the ducks are in a row, everyone is moving.

The road to Oatman is narrow and winding, driving less than 40 Mph was ok on this leg of the trip. A stop to stretch our legs at Cool Springs on the way up the mountain was welcome, the air temperature was balmy after a night of light rain. Lunch was in Oatman at the Oatman Hotel, parking was difficult, it was packed with people who wanted to say they had been to Oatman. I have been to Oatman!!! Now the real question that is on everyone's mind, are the Burro's trained to stand in the middle of the road??



Far away picture of the cars at Cool Springs.





Yes, it really is that steep



On down the mountain past the still active gold mines to the 40, across the Colorado river for my sixth time and into California, I just could not drive less than 40 on the 40 so I speed past the group to the Best Western Motel in Needles, I was tired, and Patty wanted to do a load of laundry before dinner. Dinner was at the Wagon Wheel Restaurant across the street, food was good and it was a nice walk back.

Saturday morning October 11th, Bruce had a family situation back home that he need to attend to, so he got to bed early and left about 4 am heading for home in Oceanside. The rest of us had our complementary Best Western breakfast, gassed up and hit the road for Barstow via Arrowhead Junction, Bannock, Homer, Goffs, and Fenner where the gas was about \$8.00 a gallon, and the bathroom was \$1.00 or a receipt of a sale at the store. I did not get any gas. Back on the 40 for a few miles to Kelbaker Rd, due to part of old 66 closed due to washed out wood bridges and culverts from a storm several years ago. On the way to Amboy we came across where there are a group of Lion Statues along the road. So we had to stop and look. It was somewhat uneventful.



Stopping at the famous Roy's in Amboy, Leonard Nettles a fellow Southern Californian who was making the complete trip from Chicago, stood under a tall antenna he helped install many years ago. The Chicago group wanted to eat at Roy's Café, oops about 40 years late for that.

Next stop Amboy Crater. No one wanted to make the several mile hike to the crater so we looked at it from afar. As we were leaving the Amboy National Natural Landmark and wanted to turn left on 66 we saw a sign depicting right turn only, the sign did not look authentic, and with the Government closed we turned left anyway, I figure someone at Roy's put it there to make you drive all the way to them before turning around, an evil trick on foreign tourists. Next stop Ludlow, where we took over all but a couple of the restaurants booths. It was well after 2pm and lunch was fine. From here we drove on the 40 to Barstow,



arriving at the Hotel just about sunset. With such a late lunch, dinner was as wanted where ever you want. Patty and I had a Taco at the Hotel restaurant.

Two more days, Sunday morning October 12th, we all headed off down 66 toward Victorville, a very nice cool desert morning heading away from the sun, a very pleasant day to have the window down and driving less than 40 mph. About the time I was fully relaxed and enjoying the drive I took a glance at the gauges on the dash, the volt gauge was showing 12 volts. I had replaced my 6 volt generator with a 12 volt alternator so I can have a power point for the GPS, CB radio, dash cam and phone chargers. When I did this conversion I installed a toggle switch to shut off the excite circuit to the alternator to prevent power drain through the windings, and installed a Volt Gauge instead of the Amp Meter. When charging the Volt Gauge should show about 14 volts. I flipped the switch several times, no change. Once again my aging brain was put to work analyzing the

situation. The conclusion was, ya need to stop and fix it. BUT I did not pack my multi meter as I was sure I would not need it. I asked Patty to look on the internet and find me an auto parts store. She found an Oreilles in Victorville just 20 minutes away. I radioed in to Rob the tour leader about my problem, and said I would go on ahead to get it fixed and meet up before they got to Victorville. I did not want to shut off the engine in case the battery was down and would not start, I got to O'reilly's in Victorville, used their restroom, bought a multi-meter that will stay in the car at all times, cut the wire from the switch, connected it to 12v, the volt gauge showed 14v. I closed the hood and met the group at Emma Jean's Holland Burger Café for a break before going to the California Route 66 Museum just down the road in Victorville.

A couple of California drivers were concerned about driving down Cajon pass with a group of cars at less than 40 mph even on a Sunday morning, I was one of them. After checking my GPS maps and concurring with the phone map, I offered to lead the group through Hesperia on Hesperia Road and Santa Fe Ave to Summit Valley Road to 138 to the 15 at Cajon Junction where we would need to be on the 15 only to the next exit at Cleghorn Rd. where we would exit onto Cajon Blvd aka old Rte 66. This worked out well, with everyone arriving at the Mc Donald's Museum in San Bernardino. This Museum has Happy Meal Toys from all over the world in all languages, next door is a Military Museum with artifacts and uniforms of all types. The family that owns the Museums also own Roy's in Amboy. As it turned out there was a backup on the 15 going down the grade and the traffic was stop and go, never going over 40 mph anyway, but who could have known that.



Then on to the Wigwam Motel, this was the second Wigwam for the Chicago group as they stayed in one in Arizona. Dinner was at the Mitla Cafe, A family run restaurant since 1937, they have served many Rte 66 drivers for many years. We gassed up on the way back to the Wigwams.

Tomorrow is the Pacific Ocean and the end. Checking the weather, the forecast was for heavy rain Monday afternoon and night, the sky to the south west was heavy clouds.



Easy start on Monday morning October 13th, Breakfast at McDonalds just down the street, a guy with a Double A truck came by just to say hello. Now heading west on Rte 66. Traffic lights were breaking the group up. But we made it to Legends Classic Diner in Glendora for a mid morning snack and to meet several local Model A owners from the Santa Anita A's including Richard Tompkins. Leaving Legends traffic lights and wrong turns put Patty and me off on our own, Patty called Rob in the lead car and said we would meet them at the Pier. We were driving through Pasadena hills and places I have never been before and will never be able to find again. By the time we got to Korea Town we were hungry so we stopped at a Carl's jr. to eat and re evaluate our situation. Trying to stay off freeways seemed to be a lot of trouble, so on to the 10 W we went, getting off on the 1, making a turn around and several tries at finding the pier entrance, by now there were three other cars also trying to find the pier entrance. The GPS did not want to route us to the pier, only

to the pier parking lot. Giving up on the GPS we used the phone map to discover that



Cars at Legends in Glendora

Colorado Ave went straight on to the Santa Monica Pier. We found Colorado Ave and sure enough it went straight on to the Pier, the Santa Monica Police moved the Barricade for us and on down the wooden pier we went. WE MADE IT. There were other cars already there and more straggled in a few minutes later. After patting ourselves on the back and getting pictures, we moved the cars to the Pier/Beach parking lot for Dinner at Bubba Gump's. Great meal, wonderful conversation with one eye looking south west at the increasing dark sky, after eating we needed to find the Hotel at Marina Del Rey before it rains. Sprinkles fell as we were taking bags out for our last night. I fully expected to see everyone again in the morning as I was prepared to stay another night due to the weather.



This picture is of the cars and drivers that started in Chicago and made it all the way to the Santa Monica Pier.



Paul and Patty's car on the Santa Monica Pier.

Going Home, Tuesday morning October 14th, after an early breakfast at the Hotel, the sky looked like a few spots of blue, it had rained overnight but not as hard as predicted. We said goodbye to those up before us, packed the car. Set the GPS for home and headed into the unknown with half a tank of gas one windshield wiper and the belief we would get there. Rain fell on us on the 105, then the 110, and the 405 before it cleared at New Port Beach area where we got gas off of the 73. Then on to the 5 South, and on home.

My mileage 1285 miles, 69 gal gas, 18 mpg

Motel rooms, train rides, meals and trinkets cost; about what I paid for the un-restored car in 1994.

Mechanical issues:

ME; Hood latch broke, alt switch failed

Doug; unknown carburetor issue

Others from Chicago reported several starter Bendix screws came out dropping the screw into the flywheel housing. Some were fished out with a magnet.

Not too bad for a bunch of almost 100 year old cars.

The Model A Touring Club has many pictures on youtube. And I am sure they will be putting out a detailed report of their adventures. This report is my observations and recollections of our part of the trip, others may have a different point of view than mine, and that is ok.

Thank you to Rob Kirkpatrick for putting this Tour together and all the others from Chicago who made this a great trip. And the two other California cars from SCRG that went to Williams.

Paul and Patty Winchester, 2025