

Mr. Rosenberg's Model A

*07-24-2015 by Harry Zirkelbach
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Mr Rosenberg was a neighbor, Swede through and through. Further, he was everyone's handyman, self employed, before, during and after the depression years. Everyone knew he could do anything impossible. And was neat. Plus inexpensive. Was his own ad agency, bookkeeper, staff. Though his wife did butt in. He was Mr Rosenberg to neighbors, strangers, clients of many years. Yes, his wife Ann called him Mr Rosenberg.

Mr Rosenberg collected things from all jobs completed. Potentially reusable, these retains, squirreled away in some garage pigeon-hole. It had been years since any vehicle had bothered their garage. To the casual viewer, chaotic; yet he could find any treasure there.

The neighborhood homes had a similarity, excepting those that had been 19th Century farm houses. The Rosenberg home was a Baldwin two story, brick, with full width 9 foot deep, roofed front porch.. The entry, right, a 6x8 foyer for coat storage, then another door into the house. This looked to all, a last minute addition.

Ann Rosenberg, had suggested to Mr Rosenberg more than once, that the whole front porch should be enclosed, expanding the first floor, provide them a delightful sitting room/parlor, summer and winter. Deaf ears; hubby always, a new job.

Mr Rosenberg accomplished a great deal, considering that any conversation with him, once begun, could be a treatise. Neighbors enjoyed his repartee, accent. Dad in particular, took time to chat with Mr Rosenberg, both mechanically inclined, tinkerers at heart. And if either obtained a new tool, the remainder of the day could be threatened.

There was an exception. Autos were a mechanical marvel to dad, transportation the Mr Rosenberg. He motored a modified Ford Model A sedan; all behind the driver, removed, then a wooden, flat-bed with four inch sides, used to tote anything. A jungle to others.

Dad's vehicle, 1924 Buick 4 door sedan, neat, road ready.

The Model A was a weather vehicle. Not that old, he had let the brakes disappear. It was a joy, adventure, threat to all when Mr Rosenberg drove down any street

controlled by a stop light. The Model A had three pedals on the floor, clutch, brake, reverse. With no brakes, at the hint of red, Mr Rosenberg began “working the pedals”, reverse egging the Ford backward, slowing progress, then his gentle tap-dance between pedals, halting motion. Passengers accustomed to normal locomotion found this exciting. On re-telling at home, children learn “No More trips with Mr Rosenberg.!”

Several summers pass. No one injured.

Mr Rosenberg left for a job early one day. He returned late, saw Ann had joined him in construction. With his tools, she removed much of the first floor front bricks, including the double bay window. From the street, that gaping hole, “things” on porch and grass. Attempting to respond, Ann explains what he would be doing the next day, and beyond, to enclose her front porch.

Neighbors from blocks away drove past to witness the speed with which Mr Rosenberg could be pushed. And he did not need the Model A.

All agreed, the house was definitely more attractive, once the smoke cleared.