

MICRO CAR MUSEUM DRIVE RECAP:

(June 11, 2022)

We meet at the gas station, fueled up, chewed the fat a bit until Greg gave the driver's meeting. The rule about making sure the car behind knows where we turned was quite helpful.

Next, we went on a nice little jaunt through the countryside for an hour or two. Road quality ran the gamut: some were nothing but patches, some were fresh chipseal with loose gravel, some were pristine pavement. For this leg of the trip, it drizzled on and off, though there was one or two brave souls who kept their tops down.

We arrived at the Micro Car Museum to a warm welcome from the proprietor; a nice German lady. She is QUITE knowledgeable about every one of those tiny cars. I think my favorite was the electric micro car with two levers, for steering it like a tank. The micro woody station wagon is right up there. Someone (Cindy Garnett?) brought snacks; the homemade cookies were GREAT!

Cindy and I checked the weather and saw it was going to rain the next two hours. Most of us had our tops up and it wasn't bad.

Speaking of Cindy, she was Greg's copilot and called out all the turns and potential road hazards on the FRS/GMRS radio. Very helpful! I was driving sweep and I think one other person had a radio. We saw all manner of wildlife at the roadside and in the fields: turkeys, a chicken, a cat, a dog, a buzzard. The dog walked right out into the road towards the end of the group; he was so excited! The buzzard waited by the roadside until about eight cars passed, then launched in front of a beautifully painted ND and got hammered. (There's a pic below with the blood circled)

Even though it rained most of that second, longer drive, I kept thinking to myself that it was really fun. I remembered many motorcycle rides in similar weather, and they were not as pleasant. Between the rain, loose gravel, sand and rough pavement, it wouldn't have been fun at all on a bike.

Green and Cindy did a great job scouting and planning everything.

After that second leg, we arrived at The Old Mill Inn supper club for a nice dinner of chicken, prime rib or walleye. I had the walleye; it was great. It was my first time at a supper club and the first time trying walleye. We all crammed in around two big tables and congratulated ourselves for the fine driving we'd just done. We had some good conversation, a drink and a good meal before heading home.

I wound up with around 400 miles for this, my second club event.