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waltzed on down to the DMV to get a tag for it. They said that I needed the title. So what to do? The last registration was in Alabama and it wasn't the person I bought it from.

Well, luckily I was going to school in Troy, Alabama at Troy State. So after school I went down to the DMV office in my ROTC uniform (since that had been my last class of the day). I told the man behind the counter I would like to register my jeep. He said, what year is it? I told him that that it was a 1942. He asked, do you have a bill of sale? Yes, sir, I answered. Then he started typing up the registration, just asking me questions, never even looked at the bill of sale. What is it? Ford. Year? 1942. Engine Number? Etc. Finally, to add icing on the cake, he asked me if I was a resident of Alabama. I said no sir, I'm going to Troy State, I live in Panama City, FL. He said well if you are in the military I can charge you the resident fee (which was cheaper). You're in uniform, so that's military enough for me.

Walked out with my registration and the next week took the papers home to Florida. Went to the DMV. They wanted to see the jeep, so I drove it over and got it registered and titled in Florida. Wanted to do that before I spent any more money on it. Then I ordered the replacement body and a whole new world of expenditures opened up. First rebuild was begun Spring 1981.

The new jeep body arrived during the week while I was away at school. The truck driver just set it into the driveway. It was a huge wooden crate. It rains a lot in sunny Florida. Well, of course it rained that week. All my neighbors were sure our new piano was being ruined setting out there in the driveway.

Over the course of the next several months I got the jeep put back together as seen in Figure 2. It wasn't perfect by a long shot and really required a major restoration and refit to be completed. But it was drivable, fun and frankly I didn't have much time remaining to complete the project.

Well, I graduated in 82 and the AF called me to active duty in Feb 83. I dragged my jeep to California. We played a little in the sand while out there. Managed to destroy the jeep rear end right in front of the base fire station. It disintegrated and locked up like I had jammed the brakes. After graduation as a Missile Launch Control Officer, also known as a conehead, I was ordered to Minot, North Dakota. Why not Minot? "Freezin's the reason". But hey -47° F. does keep out most of the riff raff.

More rebuilds were in order. I ended up replacing the frame, the original was too far gone. The rails were packed with tree limbs, rust, and boogered welds. I had to flat tow the jeep from Panama City, Florida to Vandenberg AFB, California and then onto Minot, North Dakota—I later learned how dangerous that had been. During the rebuild I discovered that the front axle knuckle was in very bad shape. It is a wonder that I made it.

Minot was also were I learned that NDT or Non-Directional Tread sure means just that when driving on light snow and pavement...you're not going in any direction. Just slip-sliding away. That coupled with squirrely brakes. There are those that argue the 9 inch brakes that came with the jeep are sufficient. My experience is that no matter how often I adjusted the brakes the pucker factor never diminished.