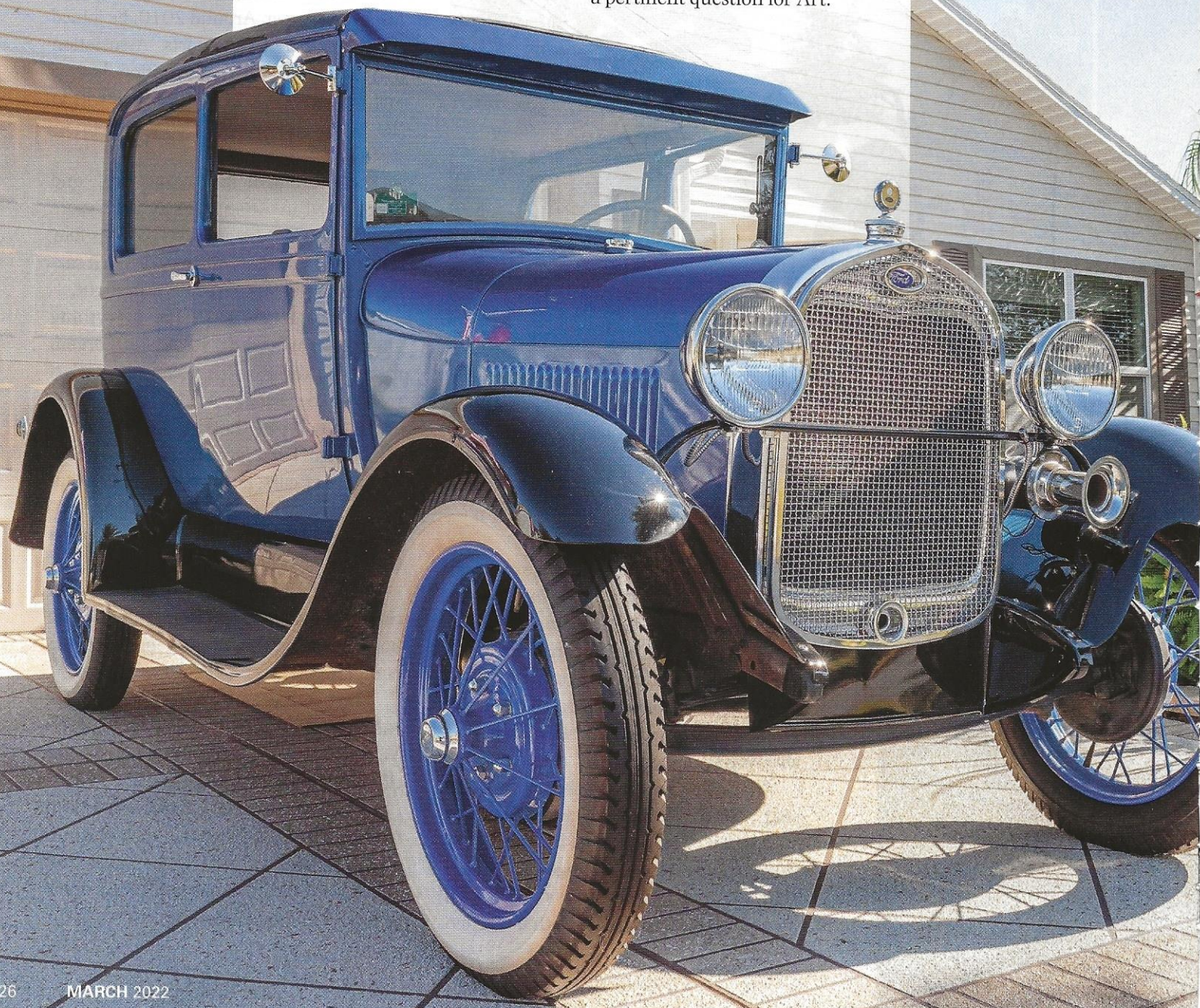


COOL KID ON CAMPUS

BY JOSEPH SIRIOTIS

Most of us remember our first car very well. It will always be special to us, as it is an important milestone in our journey towards adulthood. The son of a professional race car driver, Art Fehrman couldn't wait for that milestone to come. Though he was only in 8th grade at the time, he wanted his two-door '29 Ford Model-A since he laid eyes on it.

It was 1964. Art was taking his bicycle over to his friend's house when his friend's mom, Ms. Maiorca, stepped out with a pertinent question for Art.



Right:

Neighbor
Tommy
Esposito
(left) assists
Art with car
projects.

"You know, your dad used to race," Ms. Maiorca said. "You guys are into old cars," Art recalls her saying. "You suppose your dad would be interested in that old wreck in the garage?" It was a two-door '29 Ford Model-A.

For only \$125, the car would belong to Art. It was a great deal for that time, considering that car was worth at least \$400. He was determined to buy the car even if it meant paying for it with his paper route money. All he had to do was get permission from his father, the late Art Fehrman Sr., to buy it.

"I'll tell you what," Art recalls his father saying to him, "I'll let you buy it."

There was one condition though.

"Go back and tell her we'll give her \$100 dollars for it," Art remembers his dad telling him. It wasn't going to be easy.

Ms. Maiorca was not coming down one cent on the price. Finding himself between a rock and a hard place, Art came up with a brilliant solution.

"Don't tell my dad. I'll give you \$25 on the side," Art remembers saying. "I really want this car."

Art bought his very first car that day and with it, so many memories to make. He learned for the first time from his father how to use a sander on the car. Meanwhile, Art's father and uncle, John, worked on getting the car running. It took only half an hour, but it was a half an hour of priceless bonding.

Through high school, Art's '29 Ford was the center of attention, showing it off at the behest of his friends whenever they had a date. One night, on a double date, Art's friend gave the perfect reason for showing the car off. Upon making it to the Eisenhower Expressway, Art put the pedal to the metal to see how fast the car would go. It only reached 56 miles an hour, but oh boy, was it a thrill.

"It felt like we were going 102 (miles an hour)," Art remembers. "The thing was shaking and the wind was blowing up through the holes in the floorboard."

As time went on, Art found himself taking on several responsibilities. Juggling



the demands of his family and professional life, he was not able to devote as much attention to the Ford. The car wouldn't be driven for at least another 20 years.

It wasn't until 2012, when Art was easing himself into retirement, that he could make time for updating the Ford. With the help of several friends over the last few years, Art's timeless classic now proudly shows off its updated shiny blue body wherever it goes. Of all the stories that the car carries, however, there is one that remains close to Art's heart to this very day. On the right side of the dashboard there is a woman's name. It's Art's mother's name — Liz.

"Every time I would come home from high school, I'd pull in the driveway," Art remembers. "My mom would hear the car, she'd look out the kitchen window, and then she'd smile."

While enjoying retirement, Art still enjoys keeping active in the racing world. Not only does he sit on the board for The Villages Motor Racing Fan Club, but he and his wife Pat Fehrman also help run the Illinois Stock Car Hall of Fame. They're both currently looking forward to the birth of their fifth grandchild.

