Let me introduce myself...

I'm a 1948 Snap-On model KR-56 tool chest, sitting on a 1948 KR-377 Coaster-Cab (with the added KR-437 drawer kit in the lower compartment).



I was built in Kenosha Wisconsin, and purchased by a 19-year old mechanic recently graduated from the Pullman Tech automotive program in Chicago, Illinois. His name was John M. Delke. Here's a few pictures of me from the catalog...





My 1<sup>st</sup> shop was the Borden Dairy repair garage, where we worked on light & medium duty delivery trucks. This was back when you got your milk delivered to your house, the bottles in a rack, and placed in a galvanized box on your front porch.

After than we got a job as a mechanic at Zweifel Ford, in Evanston Illinois. We worked there for many years, and we got a reputation for doing fast, but quality work.

One of our off-hours specialties was hopping up the Ford Flathead V8's of the time, and we got the nickname "Stroke". It was said it was because we knew how to have a crankshaft off-set ground properly (increase the stroke), and assemble the engines so they'd live.



Another thing we got involved with was the recent purchase by Zweifel of one of the 1<sup>st</sup> in the area's "Bean Visualiner" alignment racks. John and I quickly became some of the best front-end guys in northern Chicago-land. This reputation let us to another interesting adventure – working on the Muntz "Jet" sportscar.

When "Madman Muntz" moved production from Glendale CA, to Evanston IL, and started using Lincoln engines and Ford sedan steering gear on the Jet, nobody at the factory could get the front-end aligned properly. Our reputation made its way around town, and because Zwiefel had a "Visualiner" rack, we worked on several of the new Jets to get a baseline setting for the assembly workers. There are quite a few stories of how late at night the Evanston Police blocked of McCormick Blvd. in Evanston so John could make some high-speed runs to road test the cars. These were the days!

## Tales of a Toolbox

Here's a picture of a Muntz Jet.



This is where my story starts to take a sad turn. John progressed in his career, eventually becoming a Service Manager, then moving into sales. He no longer made his living turning my wrenches every day, and I was moved into the home garage. We still worked together, but only doing occasional oil-changes, and minor repairs on the family cars. The day to day excitement was over for me. We moved many times, but never back into a real shop.

John eventually realized one of our dreams, and opened our very own car dealership in 1970. I was very excited when we moved to Crystal Lake IL, but my new home was a storage closet in the dealership. Occasionally one of the mechanics would raid one of my drawers for something, but that came to a stop when John found my keys and locked me up.

The dealership closed in 1976, and we were on the move again. This time to Park Ridge, IL. I got a spot of reasonable honor in the family garage again, and we worked together doing repairs on the family cars.

Around 1980 things started looking better for me. John's son got interested in cars, and we started working together. These were good times. Young John cleaned me up, organized me a little, and we worked on a lot of cars together.

But again, things change. John Jr. grew up, and moved away to MN in 1984. Not long after that I moved (again) to a garage in Mt. Prospect, IL., and "big" John & I were back together, occasionally doing oil-changes and maintenance again.

About 1996 there was a big change for us. John (Sr) and I moved to Minnesota to be close to John Jr.! I was still in the family garage and doing minor repairs, but occasionally John Jr. would visit and borrow one of my tools for something he was working on.

I had a big shock in April of 2008. My longtime partner died. We had 60 years together.

I moved again, into another family garage, but was barely used. It was better than the closet in the dealership, but not by much. I'd found out that John Jr. had his own toolbox, and had little use for me and my tools. He'd come by from time to time and borrow something, but I pretty much sat in the corner collecting dust for 9 years.

In 2017 there was another big change in my life. The house I was in was sold, and I had to move – again – but this time I was moving back with John Jr. into a workshop called "The 40-Watt Garage"!

I've got my own special spot in the shop, right next to one of my much younger siblings. (He's a young buck only in his 30's but we seem to get along...)

John Jr. recently cleaned me up again, and went through my drawers and cabinets. He found some things that I'd forgotten I had sitting in me, and some of the specialty tools "big" John and I used in our hey-day.

I hope you enjoyed my story.