



Winter 2015



Three-Pedal Press



Wisc Capital Model T Ford Club officers

Wisconsin Capital Model T Ford Club, a region of the Model T Ford Club of America, is a not-for-profit group, dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of all Ford Model Ts. Three-Pedal Press is the official publication, and is printed quarterly. Dues are \$15 per year, and are due Oct 1.

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Cover photo:
Here's **Warren Knaub**, giving rides in his 1919 Model T. Warren faithfully attends our meetings and the Hill & Valley show every year.

Photo at right: Hill and Valley master of ceremonies **Don Chandler** (also known as *The Chief*) keeps the crowd engaged and entertained. At left are his two girls, Tania and Tarah. Don's been the driving force behind the show for more than 30 years. (photos by **Mark Stuart**)



From the editor...

Your 2016 dues are **overdue**. This is the **last 3PP you'll receive**, until the treasurer lists you as paid. Please send your \$15 check to Dan Atkins right away, to keep your 3PPs coming! (address pg 2)

Don Chandler asked me to take over as 3PP editor, sufficiently twisting my arm; I agreed to do it for one year, until we could find someone else. Well... that was over 5 years ago. I'm retiring as editor- this will be my last issue. I've tried to make every issue of 3PP interesting and informative. Special thanks to Webmaster **Mark Stuart** for his many photos of our events, and to **Dennis Gorder, Phil Leavenworth** and others for their contributions. I must also thank **Daryl Lund** for graciously (and patiently) giving me driving lessons in his Model T, and Treasurer **Dan Atkins**, for doing his job admirably and making mine as editor easier.

Lee Stock will serve as your new editor, starting in 2016. Please welcome him and give him the support he'll need.

Ole and Sven grabbed their gear and headed out to do some ice fishing. As they were augering a hole in the ice they heard a loud voice from above say, "There are no fish under the ice."

Ole and Sven moved about 25 feet over and started to make another hole. The voice, a little stronger this time, said, "There are no fish under the ice."

They both looked around. Ole looked up, and said in a very humble voice, "Is that you, God?"

The voice spoke back, "No, ya idiots! I'm the ice rink attendant."

Celebrity birthdays: Joan Bennett, 27 Feb (1910). Joan ran away from home to get married at 16, was a mother at 17, and divorced at 18, later becoming Hollywood's youngest grandmother. She was born into a show-business family, the younger sister of star Constance Bennett. She broke into films in 1928 but fell under the shadow of her more famous sister during the '30s and appeared in relatively few films of note. Joan was most convincingly cruel and nasty to Edward G Robinson in *Scarlet Street* (1946), while her tough-guy boyfriend Dan Duryea regularly roughs her up. In 1952 she was involved in a bizarre scandal when her third husband, Walter Wanger, was jailed for shooting her agent.

Merry Christmas! Remember: Jesus is the Reason for the season. May the good Lord continue to bless this great land.

- K. Henry



Members and their cars

photos by **Mark Stuart** and the editor

Top photo: How many girls can you fit in a Model T? **Dennis Gorder** took 6 in their green 1926 touring, on the way to a mini car show at St Clare Meadows Care Center, Baraboo, WI. Dennis and Dena are #1 Model T Club ambassadors, driving their Ts extensively and giving many rides to kids and adults over the years.

Lower: **Larry Lichte** (sitting) and granddaughter Anna drove 3 of his special-interest cars to the 2015 Hill & Valley show. Anna likes old cars and loves driving the 1961 Imperial. *(more photos next page)*





Top: Professor Emeritus **Daryl Lund** and his black 1917 Model T touring. Daryl and his T are active, enthusiastic members, as his schedule permits.

Left: Dave DeYoung giving Model T rides at the Hill and Valley show. Dave's always ready to help folks get their T running and driving well.

Right: Here's **Charlie Sigg**, master model builder, with one of many he's made. ❁



"If he won't

Molly and the '41

by Mel DeGraw, from Jul 1991 V8 Times

We grew up together in the same small town, but in high school I just couldn't seem to get her attention. She was ordinary in most ways: black hair with little curls around her ears, fussy about clothes and appearance; mostly on the quiet side, but not what they call "studious."

A car was the answer if I was going to ask her out. It needed a bit of work. That's why it was in back of the lot, so it wouldn't detract from the nicer cars.

Bernie Spicer, slowly puffing on a cigar, watched from his office as I looked over a dozen cars, winding up again observing the Ford in more detail. That's when he came over.

"Forty-one, flathead V-8," he said.

"How much?" [I ventured.] Bernie shifted the cigar in his teeth, "For you, a hundred."

Luck from the start: exactly what I had earned all summer. Bernie towed it over to J.C. Howard's station for me, for a new battery, tune-up, and u-joints. At \$2.00 a week pumping gas after school, that would run me into February.

"Hit the starter!" J.C. commanded, taking a few steps back as if avoiding some hidden danger. Black smoke and spiders shot out the exhaust. It sounded like a John Deere tractor, then smoothed out. This was it! Experiences beckoned, and I was out to savor them on bald tires and high hopes.

Our first date was Kevin Short's surprise birthday party. Molly had on a pink full dress, pink shoes and a ribbon in her hair when I picked her up. It looked silly, I knew, as her parents watched from the window: I got in first, slid over and helped Molly in.

"No door handles on my side," I apologized. The '41 ran great for a while, then suddenly wasn't running at all. Just died. We were somewhere in Kevin's neighborhood. I coasted to a stop as the first sprinkles of rain dotted the windshield.

"Kevin's is just up the street," I suggested. "We can walk before the rain hits."

As the rain fell we began running, in the wrong direction, when Kevin himself came by.

"Hey, where you going?" he yelled from his car. "We were looking for a phone," I lied, not wanting

to blow the surprise. Molly was scrutinizing her new dress, now soaked, and I could feel my hair matted down and water dripping off my eyebrows.

"You can use my phone," Kevin said as we climbed in. "Just headed home anyway. Say, isn't that the clunker you just got?"

He pulled behind the '41 parked against the curb under a maple tree. "Break down on you?"

"No. Yeah. Well, it just quit on us," I said. "But don't bother. We—you- better get home."

There was no persuading him [for a ride, so I got out next to my dead Ford. And he left] Molly shivering in wet clothes. It was his birthday, after all.

His house was dark when we finally arrived. Figures could be seen moving about inside and a giggle came from the shadows as we walked in. Then lights came on. Who was more surprised is a good guess. Kevin had wet leaves in his hair, stuck to his shirt; Molly dripped water on the floor; and I had the black imprint of an air cleaner on my cheek.

If being wet wasn't bad enough, going home in Mr. Short's truck put the finishing touch on our first date. I was trying to figure out how wet horse manure could get inside the truck cab, while Molly tried to keep it off her shoes. I noticed she held her breath the whole way; it was impressive.

The Ford's problem turned out to be a short under the dash, remedied with about ten inches of black tape.

Second date: First, I had offered to buy Molly a new dress, figuring that \$2 a week at Penney's would only extend my debt to July.

"That's okay," she said. "It dried. My dad hosed off my shoes but we left them outside."

At school they were talking up the drive-in movie Saturday night. It was the last show of the season. I had seen the previews: some monster-thing with scales, coming out of a lake.

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I asked Molly if she would like to go. "Dave Park's taking his '51 Kaiser," I added, in case she felt the '41 was jinxed.

"Sure, why not?" she said. I was glad for a second chance, but this was to make our first attempt seem cozy by comparison. The '41 was about to achieve infamy.

I didn't have to imagine her disappointment when she saw the Ford in her driveway.

"I thought we were taking Dave's car," she said, eyelids lowered. A flat tire on the Kaiser at the end of Dave's driveway had grounded those plans.

"So...." I said, gesturing brightly to the '41, "back to the old standby."

We were off, with 15 minutes to spare before the show started. We picked up Dana, Dave's girl, and headed out.

"Monster movie, eh?" Dave said, grinning and arching his eyebrows up and down. "Perfect for a drive-in."

Coming over a rise on the outskirts of town, we could see the big screen in the distance below. Dave was looking back and heard the siren before I did. "I think it's the police," he said.

I held the floppy rear-view mirror steady enough to catch the flashing red light. Rats. What now? Pulling a little off the road, I killed the engine and scrambled over Molly to get out and see what was going to mess up the evening this time.

He was in a crisp, starched brown uniform and already out of the patrol car, tapping a pencil on a long, maroon-colored ticket book as if he had been standing there an hour.

"What's the problem, officer?" I asked lightly.

He waived the pencil toward the rear of the Ford. "You don't have any taillights." If I were capable of magic, my stare alone at the darkened taillight lenses would have made them burst forth in a blinding red glow. Nothing.

"Can't understand," I mumbled half to myself. "They used to work okay." Tap, tap, tap went the pencil on the book. Fortunately the trunk lid didn't lock. I hefted it open for a peek at the wiring. Dave had gotten out to see what was happening.

"What's all that?" The officer aimed his pencil toward the trunk's contents, then drew a

flashlight for closer examination. "Ah... rocks. They're rocks. They keep the back end down so it.. .doesn't sit up so high."

Idiotic, I knew: No adult, especially an officer of the law, would understand the proper way a '41 Ford should appear in public.

He stepped in close. "Dangerous. They gotta go. You know what would happen if you had a wreck? *Bam!* Those boulders fly forward and crush every one of you to death."

He had slapped his palm against the worn ticket book for emphasis.

"Yeah," I agreed, looking around. Dave said, "Let's throw them in the ditch."

I could tell he didn't want to miss the movie, either. Simultaneously we bent into the trunk for a handful of small boulders.

"Can't go anywhere no way without taillights," the officer announced. He placed a polished boot on the bumper, flipped open the book, and was about to write. Suddenly he looked up, eyes focused on the Ford.

"Your car's moving, buddy. Better do something."

Moving? For several seconds the three of us watched it silently rolling forward, trunk open, as disbelief changed to reality. Good-bye, movie-good-bye, Molly- good-bye, Ford...

First we ran up to the side. The wrong side, because we couldn't get in that way. Both girls were looking at us startled, reminding me of Kevin's birthday guests.

It all happened in about 20 seconds, but seemed a lot longer. The officer was telling Molly to hit the brakes. Molly was pushing every pedal she could find. I was the only one who knew it wouldn't do any good.

You had to pump the brakes several times to get fluid through leaky wheel cylinders. Now I had to tell it to the universe, and quickly. I pictured him drawing his gun, killing me and making Dave pile rocks on my lifeless body.

"Pump the brakes, Molly! It won't stop if you don't pump the brakes!" We were trotting now to keep up.

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Molly and the '41, continued

But, he didn't reach for his gun. Logically, he was reaching for a door handle that wasn't there. Then something else was going on—he seemed to be dancing sideways, trying to untangle his feet from something. It looked like a piece of bedspring he had stepped in along the roadside and it was definitely going with him.

"Throw her in reverse!" Dave called out. By now Dana had arched herself over the seat back, grabbed the wheel and had the Ford not only on the road, but in the opposite lane of traffic. We were aware of cars honking and some laughter. Maybe someday I would be able to laugh, when I got out of prison, which I was sure would be my fate before this was over.

***"I'm not getting back in that car,"
she said flatly.
"Never."***

Molly had both hands under the column shift. There was a great grinding sound from the gearbox, a loud clunk, tires screeching, and the '41 came to an instant stop.

His brown uniform was strangely unstarched. He stopped traffic long enough for me to get the '41 on the side of the road again, firmly in gear. It took him a few minutes to get the obstacle—barbed wire, it turned out—from around his pants leg.

I gazed down at the flickering movie screen while the officer wrote up the tickets. The scaly monster was carrying a limp blond girl through the woods. Some guys have all the luck.

The taillight problem turned out to be simple as reconnecting the dash wire I had taped earlier. What about Molly? Would she want to give it another try after two disasters? She would probably never get in the Ford again.

"I'm not getting back in that car," she said flatly. "Never."

She was putting books in her locker when I broached the subject: next Saturday's big football game. Maybe I was getting used to this. Anticipating her refusal, I played my trump card.

She held my sweater at arm's length. I could sense her brain gears working. Having someone's basketball sweater was a big thing with girls. Finally she folded it to her chest and took a deep breath.

"Okay. But we'll *walk* to the game," she said, with a note of finality.

True, the stadium was only a mile from her house. We *could* walk. We *should* have walked, I would tell myself later. But I even persuaded myself—there was no chance, absolutely no chance for anything to go wrong on a short drive to the game.

When she stopped chewing her gum, I knew there was serious consideration going on.

"One short mile up, one short mile back," I said, in case she was wavering.

"Well... okay," she said at last. Hot dog!

Saturday came bright and clear; I picked up Molly and nosed the Ford gingerly up 23rd Street, which dead-ended at the stadium. If there was a critical time in this last date with Molly, it occurred seconds after entering the lot. To the right, there were plenty of spaces. Plus it was uphill. No stopping problem.

We went left, same as everyone else seemed to be going. Closer to the gate, I guess I couldn't blame it on Rod Allen and his hopped-up red '36 roadster, which was suddenly next to me. Grinning over at us, Rod laid a little rubber, then dropped back. I gunned the '41; boy, did it respond. Someday I'll give you a run for your money, Rod, after - -

Molly gave out a little whimper and stiffened in her seat. Directly in front of us, backing away from a parking space obviously too small, was my old 6th-grade music teacher, Miss Holander in her green Chrysler four-door sedan.

Instantly attacking the leaky brakes with a short, frantic pumping action, I knew what was about to happen.

"Oh, no," I said.

"Oh, my gosh," Molly echoed. Miss Holander looked up, recognized me, and I knew she [must be] thinking, 'You were always a problem in my class, you never understood Chopin, and now you're....going to crash into.... my car!'

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It made a lot of noise but could have been worse. No one got hurt, at least. I was lucky that the patrolman who gave me all those tickets when the '41 rolled away, Floyd Dinkins, didn't have jurisdiction at the stadium.

Chief Conway was actually pretty friendly. "Don't worry," he reassured me. "Accidents happen." He was giving Miss Holander a hard time for backing out in front of us. Molly disappeared; the Chief surveyed the damage, made notes, then came [over to me.]

"Let's just make a check of those brakes, son." He was still smiling, but I knew it was short-lived. "How do you open this thing?" he asked, puzzled.

"You have to get in the other side," I told him. He would find out anyway.

Molly didn't have much to say for several weeks. Then one day she left me a note: she would be at Maybrook Park with her language club if I wanted to meet her.

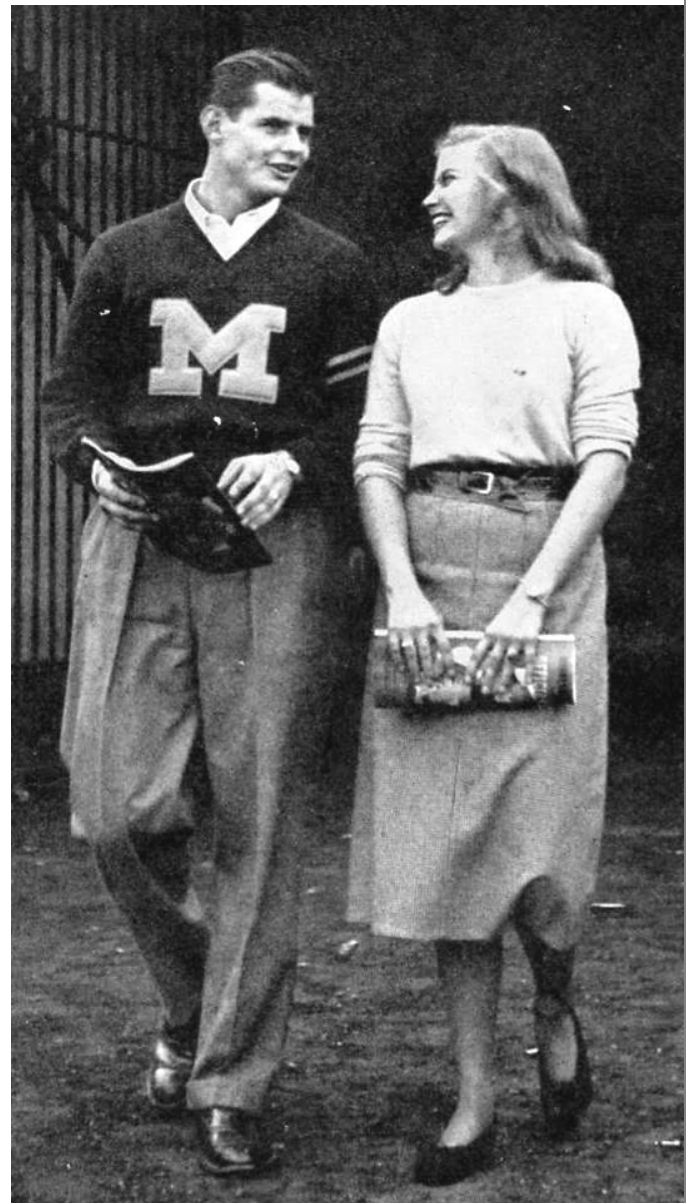
Honeysuckle filled the moist air and a soft breeze rippled across the pond. We sat on some rocks, facing each other.

"I can't go out any more," she explained. "My parents think I'm still too young to have dates."

We were silent for a while, then she asked: "Would you like to have one of these in your car?" nodding toward a half-ton granite stone like the ones we were sitting on. It was my turn to be puzzled, but the silliness of it all began to come through. Molly rose from the granite, said something foreign, brushed some hair from my forehead, then left to rejoin her friends.

For some unexplained reason my mind seemed to travel over the edge of its 16-year incubation and dwell on the cusp of something new. The world was a strange mixture of Aqua-Velva, brake fluid, and skinned knuckles. Plus, all those debts! It would take me until 1959, I figured—there were the traffic fines, new brakes, grille, repairs to Miss Holander's Chrysler. The state had even sent me a bill for a pair of highway patrol pants. Barbed-wire damage, it said. Black tape wouldn't work here.

Molly and the '41 had been an adventure, alright. I was sure I had learned a few things and the future seemed to take on a new perspective. Even long after the '41 had been sold and Molly had married the owner of a lumber company, I would find myself in another great old car, knuckles skinned all over again, waiting for those words just like J.C had spoken them— "Hit the starter!" *
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First Love

by Jim Richardson, from May 2008 *Classic Car*, courtesy HMN

I want to tell you about my first love. Her name was Victoria. She was quite a bit older than I was, and she had really been around, but I loved her anyway. In fact, I still think about her now and then.

It started in 1957 when I was 15 years old. You see, a kid my age named Frank, who lived on the next block, had a 1931 Ford Model A Victoria in his back yard that had been sitting there for years. Its fabric top was gone, as was its windshield and steering wheel. The seats were shot, the body was dented, and its black paint was just a chalky memory. Also, its tires were flat, and weeds had grown up waist-high around it.

The only thing the old Ford had going for it was that it was free. It belonged to Frank's dad, and he didn't want it. It was not licensed, but then, neither were Frank and I. However, we weren't about to let such details get in the way of our vision, which was to have an automobile in which to take our girlfriends on dates. Of course, we didn't actually have girlfriends, but we were sure that once we had wheels, that problem would be solved.

We started by pumping up the tires and, surprisingly, three of them actually held air. But the fourth tire deflated itself as fast as we could pump air into it. That's when I learned how to break a tire away from a rim by running it over with another car. One belonging to Frank's pop, as it turned out. It was crude but it worked.

After we got the tube out, we found the hole, stretched the tube over a vise, scuffed the rubber with the abrasive lid of the patch kit, smeared on cement and lit it. We then quickly pressed the patch into place and held it until the glue dried. Both of us had seen this done at our local service stations.

Once the tire was repaired, we decided to drain the old gasoline out of the fuel tank. We worked the fuel line loose and emptied the reeking remains into a can, and then poured it on the weeds around the car to kill them. This wasn't illegal, but because we were also sneaking cigarettes by then, it was definitely unwise.

I attempted to clean the fuel filter, but dropped its little glass bowl and shattered it. Wet with gas,

those things were slicker than a door-to-door Bible salesman. Of course, we didn't have the requisite funds to replace it, so we just pulled the fuel line over to the carb and eliminated the filter. This turned out later to have been imprudent.

We mowed lawns in our neighborhood to get money, then hitchhiked to a nearby junkyard and bought a used battery for three dollars. And since no one would give us a lift home with it, we had to walk the three miles back, taking turns carrying the thing. After that, we went up to the corner gas station and purchased a gallon of fuel for a quarter. We filled the cooling system with water and we were ready to go—or so we thought.

Then we obtained the key for the car from Frank's pop and decided to see if it would start. The old man was impressed enough by our work that he even put down his *Herald Express* long enough to come out and show us how to start the thing.

He first set the hand throttle and the spark on the steering column. He then pulled out the choke rod and gave it a half turn [richer]. After a fair amount of cranking, the battery gave out. Frank's dad then showed us how to use the hand-crank to start the engine. We thought this was quite an innovation—one that should be available on every car. He then shot a little lacquer thinner into the carburetor throat and we cranked her over by hand.

The old four-banger caught and roared to life briefly, creating a huge cloud of black smoke that brought the neighbor lady out to peer over the fence. We cranked a couple more times, and the old Vicky spluttered to life. We were shown how to ease the spark to a more advanced position and pull the hand throttle to a nice idle. Surprisingly, the old Ford didn't sound too bad.

Of course, we were admonished not to drive the car because of the licensing problem and, of course, we did so surreptitiously at the first opportunity. The fact that the car had no steering wheel was a bit of a challenge, but we were equal to it. We just clamped on a Vise-Grip and voila! We could steer.

(continued next page)

First Love, continued

As soon as the coast was clear, I took the car over to visit a girl with whom I had become enamored. She laughed when she saw the derelict old Vicky, but she agreed to go for a ride in it anyway. I was on top of the world until, alas, the old Ford overheated and blew rusty mist all over her freshly pressed white blouse, thanks to the lack of a windshield.

Later we taped up a leaking hose, and then Frank decided to install an old temperature gauge he had found, because Model A's did not come equipped with such things. He proceeded to drill a hole in the dash, which also happened to be the gas tank. That problem was easily remedied with

a big wood screw, a fender washer and a rubber grommet. The tank wept a little, but we didn't worry about that.

Vicky was a lot of fun, but our relationship did not last. After all, there was a big age difference and, besides, she was never really mine. I lost interest in her when I acquired a 1947 Chevrolet Fleetline for \$25 shortly after my 16th birthday. My friend Frank continued with Vicky through high school and even dolled her up a bit. She got a windshield, a steering wheel, and an aerosol paint job in gray primer. In fact, she was a part of his family for years. All I can say is: there should be a Vicky in every man's life. *

Upcoming events

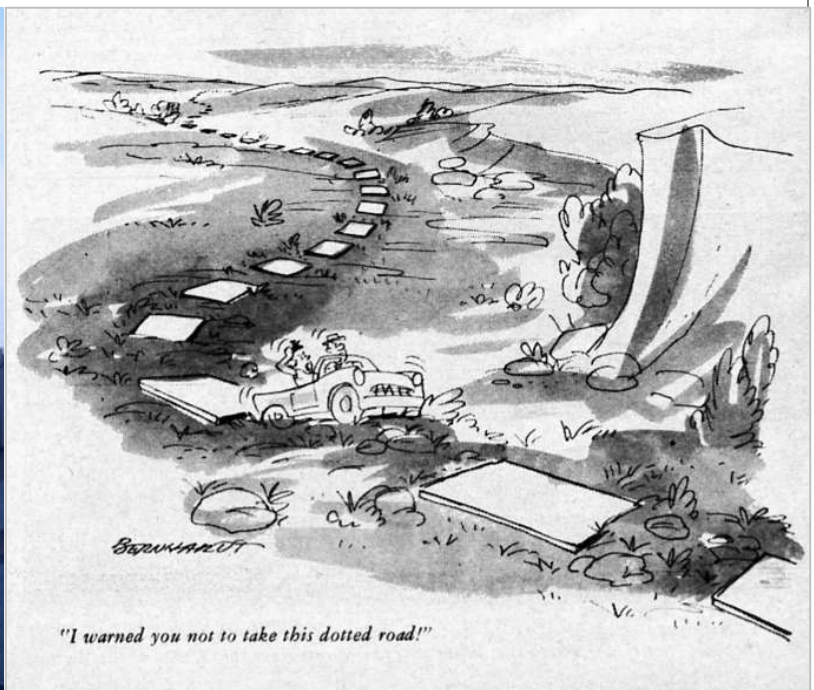
Jan 26: Capital Model T Club monthly meeting, 7pm, American Legion Hall, Cross Plains, WI.

Feb 23: Capital Model T Club monthly meeting, 7pm, American Legion Hall, Cross Plains, WI.

Classifieds

For sale: **1927 Model T** Roadster Pickup, beautiful condition. Age forces sale. Not inexpensive but a fine investment.
Marlin Haase: 715 258-3750.

For sale: **1926 Model T**, good body and interior, original glass, no rust, good wood wheels; runs and drives good.
Asking \$9500 obo. Scott 608 354-3710.



Three-Pedal Press

In this issue:

First Love
Molly and the '41
Members and Their Cars



Someone went to great lengths to create this realistic-looking Christmas scene for 1926. The location is the Rivard Bros Ford dealership near Warren, MI. *(photo source unknown)*