



## 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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*Membership in the Model T Ford Club of America is strongly encouraged. Annual dues are \$35; contact MTFCA, Box 126, Centerville, IN 47330-0126 715 855-5248*

*Cover photo: Kurt Kniess, left, drove his 1926 Model T Tudor to the 2013 Hill & Valley show. With him is Brad Chandler, who was a big help with all the show's behind-the-scenes work.*

*Right: Model A's line up for the Hill & Valley tour. More show photos begin on page 4. (photos by the editor)*

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## From the editor...



This issue features photos from the 30<sup>th</sup> annual Hill and Valley Antique Auto and Americana show. We think this is hands-down the most enjoyable/ unique car show in the Madison area, and it's the result of the tireless efforts of **Don and Linda Chandler**. For 30 years, they've worked behind the scenes, making countless phone calls and organizing, (along with some unabashed coercion/ begging), to ensure everything goes smoothly. Without their time and dedication, this mini threshers' reunion-plus would probably have fallen by the wayside. We'll do a proper tribute to the Chandlers in the future, but join me now in giving them a big, well-deserved thank-you!

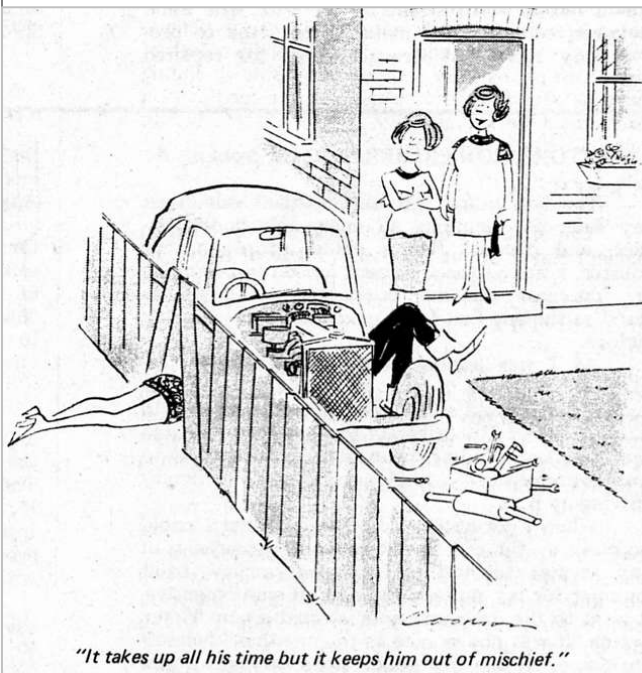
*Celebrity birthdays:* Gene Tierney, Nov 19: In 1940, 20th Century-Fox chief Darryl Zanuck noticed the exotic-looking teenaged Gene in a small stage role for *The Male Animal*. He offered a movie contract. Her father created his own contract with the studio for his daughter's services. She told reporters at the time, "I hadn't studied any law, but I know how to keep from getting skinned. I don't want to be ruined for life by having the studio pull out my teeth, or something like that, trying to make me photograph better." Consequently no one could tamper with her hair length or color, nor fix her slightly crooked teeth. One writer stated that hers was a face "of delicate, almost perfect beauty, flawed only by slightly projecting teeth, which she realized were part of its attraction and never had fixed." After being linked not only with Howard Hughes, but also several socially prominent names, in 1941 Tierney married fashion designer Oleg Cassini. After divorcing Cassini in 1952, she was romantically linked to Fox co-star Tyrone Power, and to future President John F. Kennedy (before he married Jacqueline Bouvier). Miss Tierney died of emphysema in 1991, at 70.

There will be **no monthly meeting** for Dec; see you Jan 28.

*Left sidebar:* Going home for the holidays in style, 1948.

Merry Christmas! Remember that Jesus is the Reason for the season...

— K. Henry



"It takes up all his time but it keeps him out of mischief."



## 2013 Hill & Valley show

*photos by the editor*

### 30<sup>th</sup> annual show sets another attendance record

165 cars were on display this year, even more than our 2012 show. Here are some photos from the day:

*Top photo:* **Met and Gail Palamaruk** drove their 1926 Model T roadster 82 miles one way to join us. Next to it is the 1926 Model T touring owned by **Craig Buswell**, who caravanned all the way with the Palamaruks.

*Lower:* Here's **Oral Smith** in his 1929 Model A sport coupe, getting ready for the tour. Behind it is a pretty 1932 Ford Model B, and many more Model As. *(more photos next page)*





Top photo: **Warren Knaub** arrives in his 1919 Model T.  
Lower: **Jim Martin's** green-over-black 1926 Model T roadster. (more photos next page)





## Hill & Valley, cont'd

*Top photo:* Here are, left to right, **Glenn Spaay**, **Dena & Dennis Gorder** and **Phil Leavenworth**, in front of the Gorders' 1926 Model T touring.

*Lower:* You'll see a little of everything at the show. Dan Bublitz drove his all-original, beautiful 1939 Cadillac V-8 coupe. Only 1023 of these were produced for 1939. Next to it is George Fraser's 1948 Chrysler New Yorker, another seldom-seen car.  
*(continued next page)*





*Top photo:* Owned by Matt Parish and family, Linden, WI, this unique 1919 Model TT dump truck attracted an enormous amount of attention at the show. It was used in the twenties to build Hwy 18 west of Dodgeville, WI. The box is raised and lowered by hand, using a long crankhandle.

*Lower:* **Larry and Dolores Lichte** and granddaughter Anna brought 6 cars. Shown are: 1965 Corvair Corsa, 1952 Willys jeep, 1952 Allstate (yep, it's rare!) and 1949 Packard 8 touring sedan. Not pictured: 1948 Frazer six and 1961 Imperial Crown 4-dr.



# Ford



THE FORD SEDAN

## \$660

F. O. B. Detroit

### Christmas Suggests This Judicious Purchase

The Fordor Sedan is an ideal Christmas gift for the whole family—an attractive and practical all-year car. Many new refinements contribute to its pleasing appearance, its convenience and utility. Finished in deep Windsor Mahogany—interior upholstery

to harmonize. Nicked radiator, low, deep seats, wide doors, hooded sun visor and larger fenders. Any Authorized Ford Dealer will show you the Fordor Sedan, as well as other improved Ford body types. Ask about the easy terms on which you can buy.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Roadster \$1100 • The Touring \$1200 • The Coupe \$1300 • The Sedan \$1400 • F. O. B. Detroit



# Saga of the Alleymaster

*by Ken Downs, from Jul 1964 Car Life*

Economists tell us that one out of every six businesses in this country is concerned with the automobile and one out of every seven jobs has to do with the automobile. Sociologists tell us that the automobile molds our habit patterns to the extent that it is one of our basic status symbols.

I would like to take the importance of the automobile in our lives many steps further. It ranks right alongside the flag, motherhood and the coffee break. One should just not mess around with it.

I discovered this fact when I cut the top off a respectable, 4-door sedan with a hacksaw. I might as well have sat through the "Star Spangled Banner" before the first game in the World Series at Yankee Stadium. I committed this blasphemy against a sacred product of Detroit almost ten years ago. But the sin has not been forgotten.

In the early 1950s, I inherited a 1946 Dodge sedan. It was painted that old gray-beige "nothing" color and moved in a steady and ponderous manner. It was the second car in our family and my wife treated it like a poor relation. She used it often, but contemptuously banged it off curbs and refused to have it serviced or washed. Nobody cared if the kids spilled ice cream on the seats and we never used it for a social event. But, like a trustworthy old retainer, it plugged along doing its job without complaint or breakdown and I was secretly rather fond of it.

In fact, the thought that I might help this old bus find a unique place of its own in the world started to gnaw at me. I do not consciously remember any exact plan or moment of decision. All I know is that one bright Saturday morning I climbed into the old Dodge and cut the headliner out with a pair of scissors. Then I attacked the top with a hammer and cold chisel, making an opening large enough to insert a hack saw about an inch inside the rain gutter above the right front door. Sawing parallel with the rain gutters, I made cuts on both sides of the top, blending into the sides of the rear window. Then I sawed across the top of the windshield, using the inside of the frame as a guide from right to left. The entire top peeled away with ease and I removed the back window. The ragged edges were quickly smoothed by hitting them with a large hammer.

I had retired to the kitchen table to plan my next move when my wife returned from a trip to the market.

"Well, well, dear one," she hummed brightly. "And what have you been up to this lovely morning?"

"Cut the top off the Dodge," I muttered, still intent over a rough sketch of what I hoped the finished product would look like.

"Oh, come now. Not really."

"No kidding," I exclaimed with enthusiasm. "It looks kind of funny now, but the old buggy will have real style when I'm through with it."

She went out and had a look at the Dodge. Then she returned, glared, slammed off into the bedroom and refused to speak to me for a full week. Women have no vision when it comes to mechanical things.

I cut white canvas strips to cover the framework over the doors and hemmed them with a sail stitch. At intervals of about one foot, I inserted brass grommets. Then I drilled holes in the banged-over metal over the door frame to match up with the grommets in the canvas strips, thus allowing the strips to be screwed to the edges over the doors. I cut and sewed a large canvas flap, which was secured to the lower rim of the rear window frame via grommets and screws, and sewed onto the top of the rear seat. This canvas work was designed for fair weather.

In keeping with the same motif I had selected for the top edging, I began to shape a white canvas top. I hemmed the edges with a rather fancy sailor-type stitch and pressed grommets into it to match the holes drilled around the top of the frame. I used the metal rods that originally had held the head-liner in place to brace my top. When finished, it took some 10 min. to remove the edging and screw on the top.

Subsequent foul weather experience indicated that though the top served its main purpose, it also offered a big problem. The back of the top had had to be terminated just above the rear of the back seat, so that I could use my rearview mirror. When the car was moving in the rain, the forward motion kept the rain clear of the top. But when the car was parked in the rain, a 2 gal. puddle formed in a natural dip at the rear of the top.

*(continued next page)*



## Alleymaster, continued

The solution of this problem required starting the car very slowly and carefully, bringing it up to about 25 mph, then swerving violently. The water would then cascade off the side of the top in a spectacular and satisfying manner.

Meanwhile, back to styling. I purchased the largest Flit gun I could find and a can of cheap black enamel, then sprayed the car by hand. There was a run or two (or three) here and there, but the gleaming ebony body and sparkling white canvas trim gave the old Dodge a rather nautical look. In fact, it looked more like a Chris-Craft than it did a 4-door Dodge Phaeton.

The job was done and with some pride I christened my custom model the "Dodge Alleymaster."

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***"What have you been up to this lovely morning?" she asked.  
"Cut the top off the Dodge,"  
I muttered...***

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When one commits an obvious sin, hell does not necessarily break loose all at once. At first, shock occurs, followed by a growing sense of indignation. Neighbors came around to see the Alleymaster. The most common observation was, "Why, that car is only a few years old! You've destroyed its trade-in value. It was a perfectly good transportation car." One of my closest friends said, "Old buddy, that car is not going to do you any good in the business world." My wife said, "I'll never get into that thing, much less ride around in it."

I drove the car for two years and enjoyed it. Occasionally I took advantage of the unique styling of my car. In those days, I spent considerable time driving the budding freeway system of Los Angeles. I discovered a technique for changing lanes or driving onto a freeway from an on-ramp during rush hours. I would simply hold a newspaper up over the lower half of my face, as if I were reading it, and point the car where I wanted to go. All the motorists behind would back off, en masse.

But I really did not try to draw attention to the Alleymaster. It did its job with what dignity it could muster under the circumstances. It understood and, I think, approved. It carried on sort of like a middle-aged man having a final

fling. And it was loyal. It was a one-man car. It ran smoothly and efficiently when I was at the wheel and alone, although if we had a passenger, its actions ranged from indecisiveness to skittishness. And it absolutely refused to be driven by anybody else.

For example, I was once working away in my office and my phone rang. It was a call from a fellow worker, who had an office overlooking the street. "Say, fella, you might be interested in the fact that that thing you call a car is standing out in the middle of the street, surrounded by a large crowd and a couple of police."

I was interested. When I arrived, the keys were in the ignition and turned on. (I always left the keys in the ignition, for I knew that it really didn't matter.) The radio was playing gaily. I identified myself, proved the car was mine, and moved it back to the curb. Fortunately, witnesses stated that they had seen a couple of teenage-types drive the car from my parking space in the company lot. But the Dodge had stalled when it entered the street, and the young fellows had panicked and bolted. The police busily took notes for their report.

All went fine until we came to the body description. The registration stated the car was a 4-door sedan. The officers wanted to know why it was a convertible. The explanation became rather involved, and finally ended on a confused, doubtful and suspicious note.

During this period, Dodge came out with a convertible called the Golden Lancer. To help promote the new model, an advertising man working for the local Dodge Dealer Association rented a suit of armor and a huge medieval lance. He had them both painted gold. Whenever a dealer would need some extra promotion, he would hire someone to climb into the tin suit and sit up on the front seatback of the new model and hang that big gold spear out over the front end. This attention-grabbing combination then would be wheeled around the streets in the dealer's community.

*(continued next page)*



A couple of photographers I know worked for the ad man. After one of the promotional junkets of the Golden Lancer, we put the gilded guy and his lance into my car. And because that was when the Chrysler line came out with fins, we taped a couple of rubber swim fins to the rear fenders of the Alleymaster. The photographers then took a couple of the most outlandish automotive pictures ever recorded. The adman came very close to having a seizure. He said that if his boss, or anybody at Chrysler, ever saw those pictures, he would lose both his job and reputation. We destroyed the negatives and prints, and he paid for the drinks.

But it came to pass that the old Alleymaster was truly a fair-weather car. One night in a blinding rain, I drove it into a construction ditch. Fortunately I was moving at a cautious speed and just the front half of the car went into the hole. But the ditch contained a water main that supplied an entire neighborhood. The police demanded that the car be removed immediately but very carefully. A tow truck did the job, but also managed to bend up my front end. I

straightened and smoothed up the damage with a crow bar, a 2 x 4 and a hammer. But I could not correct the angle of the right headlight, which gave the car a wall-eyed look.

This, in turn, affected the steering. At night, when I would drive with the lights on, the old car had a tendency to shy away from oncoming traffic and parked cars.

Then it rained again. And I slid gently into the rear of another car. The other car was not even scratched, as they say, but my good left headlight fell out. The Alleymaster had reached the end of the road. I had no use for a blind car. But my uncle wanted the fluid-drive transmission, so I sold the old hulk to him and he scavenged what he needed, then junked the rest. That was about a decade ago. But to this day, when I hear an old-time acquaintance make the slightest complaint about his car, I instantly and generously offer to cut the top off it. His reaction is enough to tell me that the memory of the one-and-only Dodge Alleymaster lingers on.



## Upcoming events

**No** Capital Model T Club monthly **meeting for December.**

Jan 28: Capital Model T Club monthly meeting, 7pm, American Legion Hall, Cross Plains, WI.

Feb 25: Capital Model T Club monthly meeting, 7pm, American Legion Hall, Cross Plains, WI.

## Classifieds (new ads in red)

For sale: <b>1930 Model A</b> 2dr: 2 new tires, new brakes, batt; sidemounts, beautiful interior, accessories, recent 1800-mi trip, \$12,000 firm. <b>Bob Wold</b> , 608 222-9496.	For sale: <b>1926 Model T</b> , good body and interior, original glass, no rust, good wood wheels; runs and drives well. Asking \$9500 obo. Scott 608 354-3710.
For sale: <b>1930 Model A</b> 4dr, Briggs body. Original interior, excellent exterior. \$12,000. <b>Tim Correll</b> , 608 255-0247.	For sale: <b>1927 Model T coupe</b> , burgundy w/ black fenders; runs on magneto or battery, drives well. Newer tires, \$6500, <b>Jim Marshall</b> , 608 831-5742.
For sale: <b>1947 Lincoln 4dr</b> : OD, rebuilt V-12, all new wiring, original (black) paint & interior. 30,600 mi. Asking \$15,000. Al Anding, WI. 608 770-3854.	For sale: <b>1923 Model T coupe</b> . Forced to sell due to health issues. Asking \$8000. Helen Schwarz, Pardeeville, WI. 608 429-2823.



# Three-Pedal Press

## In this issue:

Hill & Valley show photos  
Saga of the Alleymaster  
Model T Christmas ad



*Top photo:* Here's **Dr Howard Rowley** and his 1936 Ford V-8 roadster, flanked by 1934 and 1941 Fords. Behind him is one of three 1951 Ford V-8s that came to our show.  
*Lower:* **Karl Henry's** grey, 40,000-mile 1947 Packard Super Clipper.