



Winter 2013

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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Mark Stuart

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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

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*Cover photo:
Here's **Mike Diloroto** in his 1914 Model T roadster, arriving at the Hill & Valley show with one happy grandson.*

*Right: John Deere A on display at the Hill & Valley show, one of 30 tractors brought for the day. The A was powered by a 6.5"-stroke, 309-cid 2-cyl engine, rated at 38 belt hp. (photos by **Mark Stuart**)*



1 Cent A Week
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*Gives World Range
Reception on*
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NOW Stewart-Warner carries farm radio to entirely new perfection! An amazing new development not only gives American and foreign reception on FREE wind power—but gives it with brand new dependability! So little current is required by the 1937 Stewart-Warner that a gentle breeze supplies abundant power!

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From the editor...

! Dues for 2014 are overdue. As of Dec 30, only these 27 had paid:

Steve Anderson	Kurt Kniess	Ross Oestreich
Dan Atkins	Leon Krogman	Dave Raemisch
Doc Bryan	Al Larson	John Riley
Bob Carlson	Phil Leavenworth	Bob Saeman
Don Chandler	Larry Lichte	Betty Stasny
Randy Davis	Daryl Lund	Bob Statz
Adam Doleshal	Jim Martin	Mark Stuart
Tom Kesselhon	Steve Meudt	Tom Wagner
Warren Knaub	Marvel Nelson	John Zwicker

If you're *not* in this list, the treasurer hasn't received your \$15 check. This is the **last 3PP** you'll receive until you're listed as paid. Mail your check to Dan Atkins (address on pg 2.) For 2014, the Board has again voted to extend free subscriptions to members who are at least 80 yrs old.

Celebrity birthdays: Ann Sheridan, 21 Feb (1915). A strikingly attractive brunette, Miss Sheridan was a student at the University of North Texas when her sister sent a photograph of her to Paramount Pictures. She subsequently won a beauty contest, with part of her prize being a bit part in a Paramount film. She abandoned college to pursue a career in Hollywood, and arrived in CA in 1933. She appeared in over 20 Paramount pictures during 1934-35, until tested by Howard Hawks. He recommended her to Jack Warner, and she was given an opportunity to develop into a leading star at Warner Bros during the following years. Her best picture, a smash hit, was the delightful screwball comedy *I Was a Male War Bride* (1949, with costar Cary Grant), which briefly revived her flagging career during the late forties. But by the 1950s she was struggling to find work and her film roles were sporadic. She died of cancer in 1967.

Left sidebar: Radio ad for rural families who didn't have electric service, from Oct 1936 *Capper's Farmer* magazine, courtesy **Larry Lichte**.

Only 66 days 'til spring!

— K. Henry

Members and their cars

photos by **Mark Stuart**

Top photo: Here are just a few of the Model Ts on display at the 2013 Hill & Valley show.

Lower: In August, some T Club guys got together and toured Green County, WI. Lee Stock's 1921 Model T is in front, followed by **Dennis Gorder's** 1926 T touring, **Gary Splitter's** 1915 T pickup and Bob Strous' 1941 Lincoln-Zephyr V-12 convertible. Lee's already planning an old-car cruise Apr 19 to Hartford, WI. See Upcoming Events, page 11.



Member profile: LaVerne Statz

by **Don Chandler**, from Sept 1988 3PP

The lead car in the Sept 17, 1988 fall tour will be driven by charter member **LaVerne Statz**. Should there be a pretty lady at his side, it will be Carrol, his sweetheart and wife of 33 years. To that marriage were added three daughters, Lorri, Kathy and Sharon. On August 21, 1988, the 8th grandchild was born. What may surprise you is that as of Aug. 3, LaVerne was only 57 years old. [He's now 82.]

LaVerne operates a one-man tractor repair service that he opened full-time in 1980. For 30 previous years he was in the employ of the Carl Statz Implement Co. of Waunakee, WI. His father owned and operated a John Deere dealership in the '30s and '40s. It was perhaps with that background that LaVerne picked up his early skills and interest in mechanics.

LaVerne devoted 31 years as a volunteer fireman, serving as fire fighter, 2nd Lieutenant and finally as Foreman. As such, he was charged with the material readiness of all equipment. He points out that whatever level of success he may have achieved it would not have been possible without the "full partnership" of his wife Carrol. In addition to doing the family and business

bookwork and banking, she also cooks for the Waunakee schools during the school year and for a senior citizens group during the summer.

The love affair with cars began during high school with the purchase of a 1925 Model T Coupe. That car is long gone, but today the family owns a 1926 roadster and three coupes, a '30, '39 and '48. Last winter LaVerne restored a 1939 John Deere "H" tractor. He even has original sales literature for that model. Add two restored 10-gallon antique gas pumps and you have quite a collection. Recently he has unexpectedly been involved in a number of Model T engine repair and rebuilding projects. He prefers to do this work during the winter months, but has also been able to help some of our members with their unexpected troubles.

LaVerne likes to slip away to Canada and get in a little fishing once or twice a year. In the winter the entire family enjoys snowmobiling. ❄

Photo below: LaVerne with his 1926 Model T roadster, Sept 2010.



Ford's X-8 engine

from Feb 1960 Antique Automobile

Henry Ford, the individual, was waxing expansive in 1922; not only had he captured a large part of the world's tractor market and taken over the Lincoln plant and production, but he was already thinking of an ultimate successor for his prodigious baby, the Model T. And, since the Model T from its very inception was immutable, its successor could never merely evolve from it but must suddenly appear as a completely new and remarkable revolutionary car—a creation distinctive of Henry Ford.

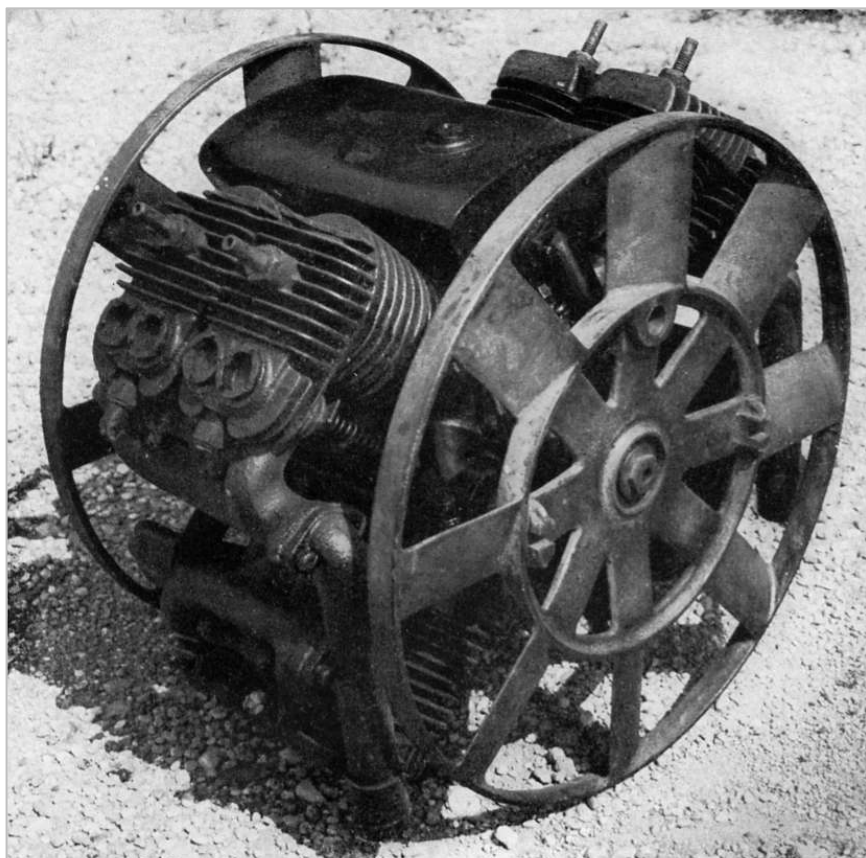
As undisputed leader in the automotive world, Henry Ford scorned conventionality and lauded originality. Always he sought the unusual for expression of his works as if thereby to demonstrate that he, the leader, did not "imitate others". Consequently, he conceived the X-8 car as a totally unique design intended one day to supplant the Model T. And Henry Ford was very positive that he alone would name that day.

His X engine was to consist of four pairs of cylinders arranged around a central crankshaft; four cylinders up and four down, in the form of the letter "X". This design particularly appealed to him because of its novelty, its perfect balance, and its compactness—it could easily be fitted into a short wheelbase car such as his Model T.

Under his direction, some preliminary design work was done on the X engine by Allan Horton before he left in 1924. Then the project was put in the capable hands of Eugene Farkas who, with a small group from Ford Engineering, started actual development of the X engine in the "fireplace room" of the old Dearborn tractor plant.

Perhaps Farkas might have progressed faster than he did except, sandwiched in with the X engine development, there was considerable work on both V-6 and straight six engines, undoubtedly at the insistence of Edsel Ford and his brother-in-law, Ernest Kanzler. Lawrence Sheldrick, working with Farkas, recalled later that "Mr. Ford would only go so far with the six-cylinder engine, and then something would happen to throw cold water on it". However, a few six-cylinder Model T type engines were built; some were even fitted into the Model T chassis for testing. Two of these engines survive in the Henry Ford Museum; one, having a small bore and long stroke, is compacted into the same length as the regular four-cylinder Model T engine and fits into the regular chassis. The other, better designed, is nearly ten inches longer and requires a longer chassis.

(continued next page)



Left: 286-cid X-8. Other air-cooled X-8 prototypes include one displacing a mere 108 cu in., and an aluminum 1020-cid SOHC X-8, apparently designed for aircraft.

56 experimental Ford engines were found in the Greenfield Village Sugar Mill in 1973, including:

128-cid DOHC V-12
309-cid OHC, 144-degree V-10
137-cid 9-cyl radial
in-line 5-cylinder
OHC in-line 4-cyl, built in 1907

But Mr. Ford frowned on lengthening his Model T chassis, believing it not quite adequate for the increased weight and increased power of the straight six engine. Then, too, he never forgot his unsatisfactory six of 1906, the Model K. Henry Ford did not favor the conventional "six" any more than Edsel Ford favored the radical "X-8"; consequently father and son were actually working at cross purposes much of the time.

But, right or wrong, Henry Ford was the boss (Edsel was merely President of the Ford Motor Company!) so the six-cylinder engine work was soon completely submerged to a stepped-up program for producing the X-8 engine. By April of 1925, Farkas finally had an air-cooled prototype ready for testing.

This X-8 engine was indeed compact and extremely unusual looking with its two flywheel fans at either end for cooling the cylinders. Later attempts to use these for supercharging the carburetor failed because of their relatively low speed. The finned cylinders were cast in pairs with integral heads, and with the "L" type valve arrangement so dear to the heart of Henry Ford because of its simplicity. As a complete change from the Model T, the ignition was by high-tension spark coil and battery, and the generator and starter were combined in one unit. Unusual, too, was the use of anti-friction roller hearings for the crankshaft. Bore and stroke were 3 3/8" x 4", giving the engine a total displacement of 286 cubic inches—more than one-and-one half times that of the Model T.

The pistons were another of Henry Ford's innovations— all steel! He had quit using any aluminum in his cars since 1916 because he could not arrange quantity buying at a more favorable price with the "aluminum monopoly". Therefore, in order to obtain light-weight pistons, he began a long period of development of thin steel pistons to replace the heavy cast iron pistons then common in the industry. Of course, engineers had said it couldn't be done, but these steel pistons were finally perfected for the X engine. They could have been used in the Model T but weren't—nor were they used later in the Model A, which Henry Ford at last allowed to be fitted with aluminum pistons.

When the time came for road testing the X engine, it proved to be entirely too heavy for the Model T chassis. Sheldrick, in his reminiscences, recalled having bought a used Oldsmobile and

fitting the X engine—with, of course, a planetary transmission—into it. "120" was the number for that experimental car, and trouble was its name.

Its road tests were far from satisfactory; the lower cylinders fouled inside with lubricating oil and outside with dirt and water thrown up by the front wheels. Furthermore, in order to obtain sufficient road clearance for the lower cylinders, the engine had to be mounted with the crankshaft in the frame. This brought the driveshaft well above the normal floor level which was already nearly two feet above the ground. The abominable driveshaft tunnel was as yet unknown to the industry.

However, the X engine project was continued with hope, but amid a confusion of variations and divided responsibilities, by Ford Engineering until late in 1926 when Henry Ford at last ordered the work stopped. All that remains today of the radical X car are eight engines of varying design and size—some air-cooled, some water-cooled—stored in the old [Sugar Beet] Mill in the Greenfield Village at Dearborn, MI.

Surely part of Henry Ford's reluctance to abandon the Model T in 1926 was due to the fact that its planned successor, his pet X car, was not yet perfected. The Model T's actual successor, the Model A, fell far short of his ideal. But time had already run out for his personal creation. Thus it was that Henry Ford at last yielded, almost too late, to Edsel's program for a more practical, more popular type of car—a program which brought forth the Model A. This was Edsel's day and, in many respects, this was Edsel's car—perhaps this car, more than any other, might well have born his name in honor.

The X car was dead; it remained unknown. But the elder Ford's day was to come again—December 7, 1931. Then it was that his revolutionary "en bloc" V-8 engine—perhaps the metamorphosis of his X-8—made its dramatic appearance in the restyled 1932 Ford car. *This* engine was Henry Ford's greatest automotive creation, his last mechanical triumph!

Again he was twenty years ahead of the industry. Had Mr. Ford's lifetime been extended five more years he would have seen every other American manufacturer finally follow his lead by producing en bloc V-8 engines for *their* cars, too. *



Gus ran his hand along the gas line, mounted on the frame channel. He whistled when he felt that it was warm

GUS SOLVES A DOUBLE PUZZLE

Gus Wilson looked up from the disassembled fuel pump on which he was working when a black business coupe was driven in through the open doors of the shop of the Model Garage. He grinned and began a cheerful greeting when Dave Sledd opened the car's door, but Sledd didn't give him a chance to do more than get started - he was talking fifteen to the dozen before his feet hit the shop floor.

"I just can't figure it out, Gus," he said. "The engine runs swell, and the whole darned bus seems all right. But I can't get her up over a couple of miles over forty an hour, even when I jam the pedal right down to the floor boards. I've watched the speedometer hand again and again: forty-two or forty-three is the best she'll do. She's been that way for the last week. I've been intending to bring her in to you, but I've been busy as the devil, and it really didn't make much

difference so long as I was just running around town. But the first thing the boss told me when he got in the office this morning was that I have to go away up-state today to smooth down a new customer who's having a little trouble with one of our machines - and that I'd better step on it so I'd have a chance to get him happy before his factory's closing time. I didn't have the nerve to tell the old man that the car isn't running right. He would have crawled my frame plenty for not having had it attended to. Look her over and fix her up in a hurry, will you, Gus? Give me a call at the plant when you get finished. I'll be all ready to start."

The energetic Sledd had started for the door before he had finished talking. "Hey!" Gus yelled after him. "I'm working on another rush job, and I can't stop now to go hunting bugs in that bus of yours. You'll have to wait until..."

But Sledd was through the door. He didn't answer and kept right on going. Gus grinned broadly. "That guy

Dave's like a flea," he confided to Harry, the grease monkey. "He hops around so fast you never can get your finger on him. Well, I suppose I'll have to take a look at his car, Johnson and Frederick being our biggest customer. Guess you can put this pump together, can't you?"

Harry assured him that he could put the pump together, and Gus started to check Sledd's car. The ignition system tested out all right. The carburetor was O.K. So was the fuel line. The clutch wasn't slipping. The brakes weren't dragging.

Gus tilted his black mechanic's cap over his left eyebrow and scratched reflectively back of his right ear. "What the heck!" he said finally. "Stumped, eh?" Joe Clark, his partner in the business of the prospering Model Garage, had come into the shop from the office and was standing behind him. *(continued next page)*

"Yep, stumped!" Gus admitted without shame. "Engine runs smooth, everything else seems all right, but the job won't do over forty-odd. At least Dave Sledd says it won't. Well, I guess there's nothing for it but for me to take it out on the road and see for myself."

He reached for his coat, but Joe stopped him. "Wait a minute," he said. "Mr. Hubbard just called up and wanted to know if you will have his car ready by eleven - he will need it then. It's after ten now." "Darn!" Gus growled. "Hubbard's car has me stumped, too. Sledd needs his right away, and..."

"Tell you what," Joe interrupted. "You and Harry go ahead on the Hubbard job, and I'll take Sledd's bus out on the road. Maybe I'm no part of a mechanic, but I am pretty sure that I can read a speedometer as well as you can."

After Joe had driven out, Gus went back to work on the fuel pump. He and Harry had reassembled it and were replacing it on the Hubbard car when Joe came back. "Sledd's dead right," he reported. "His car runs fine, but forty-three was the very best I could get out of it... There's the phone,"

He hurried into the office, and Gus stared at Sledd's car and then at the Hubbard sedan. "I don't mind a double puzzle," he remarked, "but I'd rather work out one half at a time. Now, Harry, you..."

A motorcycle sputtered to a stop outside, and Trooper Jerry Corcoran, of the State Police, came jauntily into the shop - bread-brimmed hat tilted rakishly, blue-gray uniform immaculate, belt and boots polished to mirror-like brightness. "Hi!" he greeted. "Anything wrong around here?"

"Why," the trooper explained, "a few minutes ago I saw Joe Clark coming up the road in Dave Sledd's coupe. He was hitting it up at sixty-five. I've never seen him drive over thirty-five before, so I thought that maybe there was something the matter up here at the garage."

Gus stared at him, "Sixty-five?" he said. "You sure about that?" "Sure, I'm sure!" Jerry maintained stoutly. "I stayed behind him for half a mile, and kept one eye on my clock. I was

going to whistle him down and give him a ticket, before I saw who it was."

Gus started to laugh. "I am stupid!" he said. "Hey, Joe! Here's Jerry Corcoran - and he has a speeding ticket for you!"

Joe Clark's outraged face appeared at the office door. "Speeding ticket!" he snapped. "You're crazy, Jerry! The limit's fifty on that road. I was watching my speedometer, and I was doing forty-three!"

***"How's she running?" he asked.
"Bad as ever!"
Gus growled..."***

"Yeah? Well," said Jerry, "I was watching my speedometer, and you were doing sixty-five - and if I wanted to I could make that stick tight as a drum in court!"

"I was kidding about the ticket, Joe," Gus said. "But Jerry's right. You were doing sixty-five. Give Dave Sledd a call and tell him there's nothing the matter with his car - except that his speedometer is twenty-two miles slow! Tell him to bring it in when he gets back from his trip, so we can send it down to the service people and have it fixed."

"There's half of our double puzzle solved," Gus commented to Harry after Sledd had called for his car and driven it out. "Now we've got to solve the other half." He frowned at the Hubbard sedan. "I've blown out the fuel line, taken the fuel pump apart and cleaned it, and cleaned and adjusted the carburetor. I've checked the fuel line near the exhaust and at the gas tank, and there's no vapor look. The engine runs fine at idling speed. Now I'll take it out and see if it runs fine on the road. It should!"

(continued next page)

Gus Solves a Double Puzzle, continued

from Jun 1940 Popular Science

"What's the matter with this bus, anyhow?" Harry wanted to know. "I wasn't here when Mr. Hubbard brought it to." "The matter with it," Gus said, "is that it will run a little ways, and then stop dead. After a few minutes you can start it again. Then it does exactly the same thing. It drove Hubbard nuts coming up from the city yesterday. I took it out, and it acted just the way he said it did."

He drove out. Three run-of-the-mill repair jobs came in during the half hour he was gone. When he got back he found Harry up to his eyes in work, and the shop jammed with cars. To get the Hubbard job out of the way while he did some shifting around Gus drove it over the greasing pit, leaving the engine running when he got out. "How's she doing?" Harry asked.

"Bad as ever!" Gus growled. He got down into the pit and felt the connection of the gas pipe at the tank. It was tight. Aimlessly, he ran his hand along the gas line, which was in the channel of the frame. He whistled when he found the line distinctly warm near the rear of the muffler. Close inspection revealed a small three-cornered hole in the muffler where its rear plate connected with its body. The car, he guessed, had been driven on a deeply rutted road, with the result that the muffler had come in contact with the road and had been bent sharply upward.

"Harry!" he called. "Get in the car and speed up the engine!" Harry speeded up the engine. Gus felt a blast of hot exhaust shoot out of the muffler onto the gas line.

"Shut her off," he said. "And bring me a piece of asbestos and some wire."

He wrapped the asbestos around the muffler so that it covered the hole, and secured it with the wire. Then he climbed out of the pit. "Run her a

couple of miles," he told Harry, "and see how she acts." Harry was back in ten minutes. "Runs swell," he reported. "No trouble at all."

"That's part two of our double puzzle solved," Gus said. "Tell Joe to call Hubbard up and tell him he can have his car."

"Sure," Harry said, "But say, Gus, what was the matter with the car?"

"Vapor lock," Gus told him. "But not where I had looked for it. When the engine was idling, the exhaust gas coming out of that hole in the muffler wasn't hot enough to do any harm. But when the engine was speeded up, it came out in a blast that caused the gasoline in the fuel line to vaporize - and, of course, the engine stopped. After the line had cooled off a little, you could start the engine. But when you speeded it up you had the same thing all over. That asbestos will do the trick for a few days, but we'll have to order a new muffler for Hubbard - we haven't one in stock. Tell Joe, will you?"

"Sure. Say, Gus," said the young mechanic with a puzzled look on his grease-smeared face. "How come Sledd and Joe couldn't tell from the 'feel' of that car that it was going faster than forty? I could..."

"Look here, young fellow," interrupted Gus. "Think you could go out and sell like Dave, or keep books the way Joe does?" "No," replied Harry, thoughtfully.

"You sure couldn't! Now go tell Joe about the muffler and get back to work and show me you can do that. Step on it!"

Harry stepped on it. ⚙

Upcoming events

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

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

Apr 19: Model T/ old-car cruise to Hartford, WI Museum. Contact Lee Stock: 608 669-4956.

Apr 29: Capital Model T Club monthly meeting, 7pm, American Legion Hall, Cross Plains, WI.

Classifieds

For sale: 1930 Model A 2dr: 2 new tires, new brakes, batt, side moldings, beautiful interior, accessories, recent 1800-mi trip, \$12,000 firm. Bob Wold , 608 222-9496.	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.
For sale: 1947 Packard Super Clipper 4dr w/ OD: complete valve-grind on 356, drive anywhere at 65 mph. Needs paint. \$15,800 obo. K Henry , 608 243-1071.	For sale: 1927 Model T coupe , burgundy w/ black fenders; runs on magneto or battery, drives well. Newer tires, \$6500, Jim Marshall , 608 831-5742.
For sale: 1947 Lincoln 4dr : 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: 1923 Model T coupe . Forced to sell due to health issues. Asking \$8000. Helen Schwarz, Pardeeville, WI. 608 429-2823.

Photo below: Room for five: Family camping outside Washington, DC, 1920. (by National Photo Co)



Three-Pedal Press

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Member profile: LaVerne Statz



This penniless family left their home in south Texas, hoping to reach the Arkansas Delta for work in the cotton fields. No food and three gallons of gas in the tank. The father is trying to repair the car. He said, "It's tough but life's tough any way you take it." (by National Photo Co- taken Aug 1936)