

# 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:  
**Don Chandler**, standing, admires Dave Hjortnaes' 1924 Model T speedster, which was built by a 17-yr-old Adam Doleshal. Next to it is Adam's 1924 Model T touring. More picnic photos begin on page 4.

Right: On July 29, we gathered at Oakwood West, Madison for a mini car show. Here, **Kurt Kniess** opens the hood of his 1926 Model T for some delighted residents. Look for more Oakwood photos in our next issue. (photo by **Mark Stuart**)



## From the editor...

It's time to get ready for our biggest event of the year, coming up **Sept 20**: the **31st annual Hill and Valley** Antique Auto and Americana Show. As always, there will be something for everyone- bring the whole family! The Hill & Valley show is our club's **primary fundraiser**; we need *you* to bring your collector car. Enclosed is your registration form. We'll see you there!

*Celebrity birthdays*: Norma Shearer, 10 Aug (1902). "How can I compete with Norma when she sleeps with the boss?" Joan Crawford's passionate appeal only partly explains Shearer's supremacy in the early '30s as MGM's 'First Lady of the Screen'. Her marriage to Irving Thalberg was, to say the least, a wise career decision, but every Norma Shearer film was an event, and its leading lady a paradigm of poise, elegance and Hollywood class.

Silent pictures accounted for more than half of Shearer's output. She had a pushy mother whose persistence secured Norma extra work in *The Flapper* (1920). In 1923 she was signed by Louis B Mayer, but had to wait until her success in *He Who Gets Slapped* (1924) before she began to get the star treatment. Mayer had planned to drop her, when she married Thalberg, in 1927. In the late '20s she was making \$5000 a week (over \$48,000 in today's dollars), and in 1930, *The Divorcee* brought Miss Shearer an Oscar. After Thalberg died in 1937, she pursued romances with the then-married actor George Raft, Mickey Rooney and James Stewart, and unofficially retired from acting in 1942.

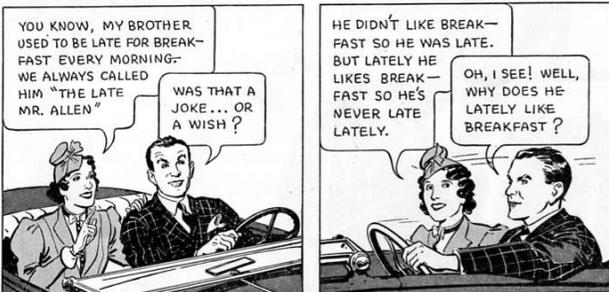
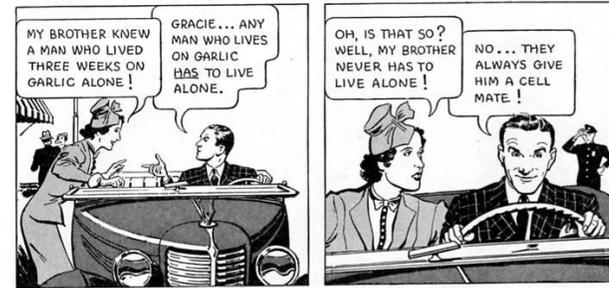
*Obits*: We're sorry to report the passing of **Bob Wold**, at 80, on July 30. He was married for 61 years. Bob loved old cars and drove his Model A over 40,000 miles. The club's sympathy goes out to Ethel and his family.

*Left sidebar*: George and Gracie for Grape-Nuts, from Aug 1936 *Capper's Farmer* magazine, courtesy **Larry Lichte**.

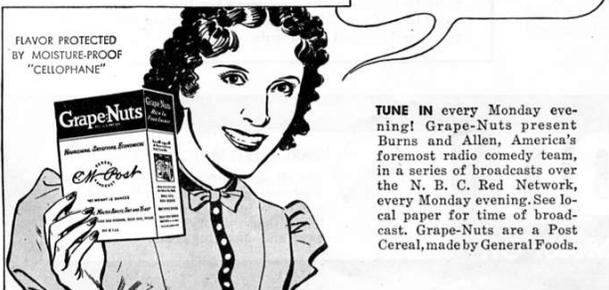
See you Sept 20 at the Hill and Valley show- *don't miss it!*

- K. Henry

# GEORGE BURNS & GRACIE ALLEN



TWO TABLESPOONS OF  
**GRAPE-NUTS**, (TOOT!)  
SERVED WITH MILK,  
OR CREAM, AND FRUIT,  
PROVIDES MORE  
VARIED NOURISHMENT  
THAN MANY A HEARTY  
MEAL. I MEANT  
TO TELL YOU THAT  
YOU'LL LOVE THEM, TOO-  
FOR EVERYBODY  
DOES...OR DO!



**TUNE IN** every Monday evening! Grape-Nuts present Burns and Allen, America's foremost radio comedy team, in a series of broadcasts over the N. B. C. Red Network, every Monday evening. See local paper for time of broadcast. Grape-Nuts are a Post Cereal, made by General Foods.

## Phil's Phabulous Picnic- Indian Lake, July 19

*photos by the editor*

21 of us gathered at Indian Lake County Park, Cross Plains, WI for a club picnic, organized by **Phil Leavenworth**, ably assisted by **Dennis and Dena Gorder**. On display were 5 Model Ts, 2 Model A's, a 1947 Packard and a 1948 Harley-Davidson. The food was great, of course, and so was the fellowship. A big thank-you goes out to Phil for heading up this fun, successful event.

*Top photo-* Left to right: Dena Gorder, Phil Leavenworth, Dave Hjortnaes, Dennis Gorder, Larry Lichte, Adam Doleshal, Dolores Lichte, guest, Alex, Tom Wagner, boy kneeling, Mrs and Mr Jim Heiman, Don Berryman, Don Chandler, Carrol and La Verne Statz, Warren Knaub, Lee Stock, Gorders' 1926 Model T.

*Lower:* **Warren Knaub**, left, and **Don Chandler** with Phil's special sign. *(more photos next page)*



## more Indian Lake photos

*Top photo:* **LaVerne Statz**' 1931 Ford Model A and **Karl Henry's** 1947 Packard Super 8. It was an ideal summer day for a picnic, in a beautiful setting. *You should've been there!*

*Lower:* Lee Stock's 1921 Model T runabout; behind it is **Gorders'** venerable 1926 Model T touring. ❁



# Henry Ford- the "Fighting Isolationist" of pre-WWII, part 1

by Prof David Lewis, from Jul 1976 *Antique Automobile*

Henry Ford gained a well-earned reputation during World War I as a "fighting pacifist." First he tried to stop the war, chartering his famed, futile "peace ship" in the process. Then he tried to keep America out of war. After America entered the fray, he devoted most of his energies and production facilities to war work.

Less is known, however, of the auto king's role in events leading up to World War II—of his pacifism and isolationism, of his pre-Pearl Harbor refusal to produce for the Allies and of the anger directed at him by Canadians and British, and, finally, of his contributions to America's defense in 1940-41. Here's the story, told in greater detail than ever before, of the "fighting isolationist" of pre-World War II.

Henry Ford's lifelong pacifism led him to support efforts in the 1930s to promote peace. Thus, when the League of Nations imposed economic sanctions on Italy, after Benito Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia in 1935, the auto magnate halted delivery of 800 Ford trucks for which the invaders had already made payment. Ford maintained his stand even after the league backed down on its sanctions, prompting General Rudolfo Graziani to tell his countrymen that his drive in Addis Ababa had been held up because the auto manufacturer was a "private sanctionist." Ford paid a price for his pacifism. Mussolini, who in 1932 had commanded King Victor Emmanuel III to award Ford the Degree of Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, the highest decoration his country could confer on a foreigner, imposed such stringent restrictions on the Ford Company's Italian operations that they were all but wiped out.

As war clouds gathered in Europe in 1939, Ford issued a statement on pacifism for use in the "moral rearmament" drive of the Oxford group, which, under the leadership of Dr.

Frank Buchman, made peace and understanding among nations a prime objective. Shortly before World War II began, Ford also endorsed America's "Neutrality Act." "Why should we go over there and help out their mess," he declared, "when it's just created by financiers?" The manufacturer refused to believe that war was imminent. On August 29 he told reporters that the European countries "don't dare have a war, and they know it. It's all a big bluff." Three days later German tanks rolled into Poland.

With Europe at war, Ford spoke out vigorously against America's participation in the conflict. On a number of occasions he reaffirmed his strong support of the Neutrality Act, and in late September 1939 he helped to dramatize the American Legion's "Keep the United States Out of War" theme by attending the organization's national convention in Chicago. As the industrialist made a theatrical entrance on the convention floor, flanked by members of the

company's Dearborn American Legion Post, the audience rose and applauded enthusiastically for ten minutes (the longest ovation of the convention). On one of his rare appearances as a speaker, Ford told the legionnaires, "I think it is my greatest honor to be here with you today," and sat down to more thunderous applause. Later, he told reporters that "this so-called war is nothing but about 25 people and propaganda—get them and you have the whole thing."

*(cont'd next page)*

*Photo: Henry Ford, left, and his right-hand man, Harry Bennett, relax in June 1940 alongside an Army pursuit plane sent to Ford for inspection purposes. After examining the plane, Ford said that his company could turn out "at least 1000 such air fighters a day."*



Continuing to support pacifism and neutrality and to press his attack on "war profiteers" during the remainder of 1939 and into 1940-41, Ford also expressed the hope that neither the Allies nor the Axis would win. The United States, he suggested at one point, should give the Allies and the Axis "the tools to keep on fighting until they both collapse." In the fall of 1940 the manufacturer became a member of the America First Committee, which had been launched in the summer of 1940 in answer to the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Headed by General Robert Wood, chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck and Co, America First included among its influential membership Charles Lindbergh, Hugh Johnson, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Eddie Rickenbacker, Chester Bowles, Norman Thomas, Lillian Gish, John Flynn, Kathleen Norris, Irwin Cobb, and John Marquand.

The Committee deliberately announced the memberships of Ford and Lessing Rosenwald, a director of Sears, Roebuck and a leader in the Chicago Jewish community, on the same day—to indicate that persons with opposing views regarding Germany could unite under the America First banner (Ford frequently expressed pro-German sentiments during the prewar era; Rosenwald shared Jewish antipathy toward the Reich). Rosenwald's identification with Ford was bitterly resented by many Jews. As a result of pressure applied by members of his faith, he resigned from the Committee in December 1940. Ford himself was dropped from America First in January 1941. "He let us use his name in the beginning," said General Wood, "but he never contributed to the organization nor has he communicated with us." Wood added that his own attempts to reach Ford had been in vain.

In the spring of 1940, as Nazi forces invaded Denmark, Norway, the Low Countries, and France, President Roosevelt called for an intensification of defense activities. Henry Ford, up to this point, had scoffed at the "phony war", but in the late spring of 1940 it apparently was obvious to him as well as to others that the German conquests threatened the security of the United States. On May 28, twelve days after President Roosevelt had proposed to increase aircraft production to 50,000 planes a year, the manufacturer told one of his favorite newsmen, David Wilkie, of the *Associated Press*, that "if it becomes necessary the Ford Motor Company could—with the counsel of men like Lindbergh

and Rickenbacker, under our own supervision and without meddling by government agencies—swing into the production of 1000 airplanes of standard design a day." When Wilkie suggested that such a figure was unheard of, Ford replied, "So was 10,000 motorcars a day, but we did it; so was the production of one eagle boat a day during the World War, but we did it." Ford added that it would take about six months to reach this level of production. There was no mention of Ford's oft-repeated insistence that he would produce war materials only for the defense of America.

The interview was flashed around the world. In France, government officials made plans to distribute thousands of reprints of Ford's statements throughout their beleaguered country "to bolster morale" and to drop thousands more over the Reich "to scare the devil" out of the enemy. In Britain, the Ministry of Aircraft Production instructed its representatives in America to investigate the possibility of purchasing planes from Ford. In America, Eddie Rickenbacker, when asked by reporters whether Ford could build 1000 planes a day, replied, "I'm sure Henry Ford didn't exaggerate." Responding to the same question, William Knudsen, ex-president of General Motors, who had assumed responsibility for production on the National Defense Advisory Committee, stated, "If Mr. Ford says he can, I guess he can." When asked if General Motors could also produce 1000 planes a day, Knudsen replied, "I guess we could if we had plans for it." Carl Heine, the ex-manager of the Ford Company's German operations, also expressed faith in Ford's statement. "There is no doubt," he informed the German government in a report which contributed to his conviction in 1941 on espionage charges, "that Henry Ford can make good his promise." Aircraft manufacturers, who scoffed at the idea of mass-producing planes and who looked upon the auto industry as interlopers in their own field, expressed incredulity at Ford's offer. Their retort that Ford's—or anybody else's—promise to build 1000 planes per day amounted to "sheer fantasy" was, in fact, borne out in World War II by the experience of airplane manufacturers, Ford included. ❁

(to be continued...)

## A Window to our Future

by Joel Prescott, from Sept 1994 Classic Car

We've all heard predictions and proposals of one kind or another to ban gasoline-powered vehicles by such-and-such a year. Not only would this legislation affect how we live our lives, it would most assuredly have a huge impact on our hobby in general, and the Classic Car Club in particular. It might be useful, then, to take an imaginary leap into what promises to be a very complex future where collecting Classics has become decidedly static, though no less emphatic.

*San Angeles.* It's a bright, sunny morning in the fall of 2049. You arise refreshed from two hours of sleep (vitamin biotechnology has made it possible to be awake and fully functional for as many as 23 hours a day). After breakfast of one purified egg, ham and a frozen milk bar you depart for the office—a brisk walk three blocks to the metropolitan computer center where you lease a workstation to run the globe-spanning Vybrotech Corporation. After a 45-minute session interfacing with subordinates and answering the night's 'tronicmail from Salt Lake Center, Marion and New Philadelphia, you're ready to occupy the balance of your day at leisure. (The average actual work week has shrunk to just fifteen hours or fewer for most people.) Upon returning home, you naturally head for the garage.

*The garage.* Fifty years hence it is still that wonderfully magical place smelling of wax, oil-can rags and gasoline. Yet this large, clean, well-furnished whiteroom bears little resemblance to the backyard appendage on your great-grandfather's place back during the late 1900s. For one thing, it is finished and furnished more like a gracious room of your home than a utilitarian storage space. Potted plants bloom in the corners, scattered antique Barcelona chairs allow meditative rest and viewing, and the austere whitewashed walls display your valued collection of automotive art.

But even more significantly, there are no doors large enough to admit automobiles; it's federal law that all fossil-burning machines must remain indoors and building codes restrictively enforce this rule by disallowing "garage doors." Your latest acquisition, the 1940 Lincoln Continental, had to be disassembled, brought inside in pieces, then rebuilt for permanent stationary display in a corner of your garage.

Not only must your precious machines remain garage-bound, local and national environmental laws decree that their engines may be operated only under the strictest of procedures. Drive shafts must be permanently, irreversibly disengaged. Indeed, some local laws even require

that they be purposefully and permanently damaged, a sad procedure that must be monitored by law enforcement officials.

As if this weren't security enough, exhaust systems must be sealed and connected by special pliable poly hoses and surgical rubber gaskets to the gas-recycling apparatus atop your home—an expensive, filter-intense enclosure which instantly converts spent gases into solar-enriched, non-toxic energy. Additionally, you must have at least one clean-air patrolman present when you operate an automobile engine—an event, undertaken by permit-only, which may occur for a cumulative total of no more than [ten] minutes per car, per year.

As director of your Classic Car Club region, you've invited your enthusiast colleagues to your garage this evening for the annual CCCA Membership Motor'Cade, that widely anticipated club event where a selected Classic is ceremoniously started and bed-tested for the full annual [ten] minutes allowed by law.

Your garage attendant has spent more than a week preparing the beautiful '40 Lincoln for this year's Motor'Cade. The finish gleams. 12 new spark plugs, specially ordered at some \$375 each, have been installed. A fresh supply of distilled water has been introduced into the cooling system. The battery, sent to Kansas City for recharging, has been placed in the car. Finally, the snake-like white poly hose has been connected to the tailpipe. And of course, gasoline and oil, costing more than \$800 for less than one gallon of those rare and troublesome fluids, has been procured.

The clean-air patrolman arrives around eight, and by 8:30 some 130 of your club friends have gathered around the gleaming Lincoln. As handcams hum and sound'orders hover around the tailpipe, the moment comes. You open the door and slide in behind the wheel. At once, you are overcome with that friendly, reminiscent odor of wood, wool and real rubber; it's hard to believe they once actually made cars with this wonderful stuff. Then, with palms moist from anticipation, you depress the clutch (out of sheer habit), turn the key and push the tiny chrome starter button. The 110-year-old car comes instantly to joyous, full-throated life. Cheers. Hand-clapping. Back-slapping. Even the patrolman smiles. ✱

## Frenchmans Flat

*by Neal Moline, from Sept 1971 Ford Life*

### American ingenuity at its best

I never met Henry Ford, but had the occasion ever presented itself, I don't think I could have resisted telling him that the fuel pump designed for the V-8 engine was less than perfect. A good spare fuel pump is to a V-8 what a fan belt is to other cars; without one, you can't go far. When I was a kid, I learned this lesson the hard way.

My buddy, Wayne Matthews and I decided to take a drive up the "ridge route" in my 1937 Ford Tudor Sedan. In the mid-forties, a trip to the top of the ridge was considered a journey by most Californians, but we didn't concern ourselves with distance in those days.

We had just changed the oil and put in new plugs and were anxious to try out my Tudor flatback. The Highway 99 ridge route seemed like an interesting challenge, so off we went feeling smug and proud because the tinkering we did to the car really made it run sweet.

We drove over Sepulveda Boulevard, through Sepulveda Pass and into the San Fernando Valley. There we picked up my young cousin and then headed north on Sepulveda until we stopped in the little town of Castaic, CA, where we had to get a Coke; so we added a little oil to the Ford engine, which seemed to develop a thirst about every thirty to forty miles.

The three of us continued to the top of the ridge, on into Frenchmans Flat and Gorman, which were essential water stops for most of the uphill traffic. We made a side excursion into Frazier Park and then turned around prepared for the eighty-mile drive back to Los Angeles.

Just past Gorman the old 1937 Ford developed a jerking motion in the engine compartment. None of us had enough experience to instantly recognize the convulsions of an ailing fuel pump, so we blamed the plugs, the bad gas, the heat, a bad piston ... we blamed everything and hoped that whatever it was would allow us to get home before it got dark.

Before we reached Frenchmans Flat the car stopped running. We coasted to the side of the

road to take a look. We checked out all of the obvious things within sight and found nothing wrong. After some concentrated thinking we decided that it had to be the fuel pump. We had heard that fuel pumps and old Fords were known to develop these disagreements, . . unfortunately we didn't have a spare fuel pump with us. The only tool we had in the car was a tire pump and some greasy rags. In our hurry to test the car out, we forgot to put the toolbox back in the trunk. To add to our troubles, we had already used up whatever money we had between us to buy oil and gas.

Since the only thing we had to work with was the tire pump, we decided to try to get the car to go by putting the flexible rubber hose into the gas tank; stuff rags around it, and by pumping hard the pressure would force the gas into the line to feed the carburetor.

We all agreed that this would work if the fuel pump was the problem. What we couldn't agree on was who was going to do the pumping? Cousin Curtis was just a kid and pretty skinny. It was my car and I had to drive, so that left me out. It soon became apparent that our fine friend and good buddy Wayne was unanimous choice for "pumper."

To get the job done Wayne sat in the trunk of the car with the air pump between his legs and his feet braced against the rear bumper. Fortunately he was over six feet tall and had a long reach. The rags held the hose securely in the tank. Wayne started to pump.

At first nothing happened; the engine wouldn't [fire], so I shouted that he should pump harder. Wayne pumped hard as he could and the engine kicked over and started running. I put the car in low gear and started out, but couldn't get up any speed as the engine wasn't getting enough gas. So, again I told Wayne to "pump harder!" The harder he pumped, the faster the car would go.

*(continued next page)*

## Frenchmans Flat, continued

We soon realized that it was impossible to go faster than thirty-five miles an hour unless it was downhill. After several miles at this pace Wayne started panting and yelling that he couldn't pump any more. Cousin Curtis got in the trunk then, but he wasn't strong enough to get the car above ten miles an hour. After a little rest Wayne got back into the trunk... reluctantly.

We were clipping along at Wayne's good pace of thirty miles an hour when I noticed the red light of a state highway patrol car in back of us. The officer had his arm extended toward the side of the road. We were really upset about this because we had just gotten the car up to a good speed. This slowdown by the highway patrol bothered us because we were not breaking any law or speed limit that we knew of.

Once over to the side of the road, the patrolman stated that it was illegal for anyone to sit in the trunk of a car while it was in motion. Wayne would have to get out of the trunk of the car. All three of us tried to explain why he was back there and how necessary it was for him to continue pumping, but the officer insisted that if Wayne continued to sit back there he would have to write up a citation.

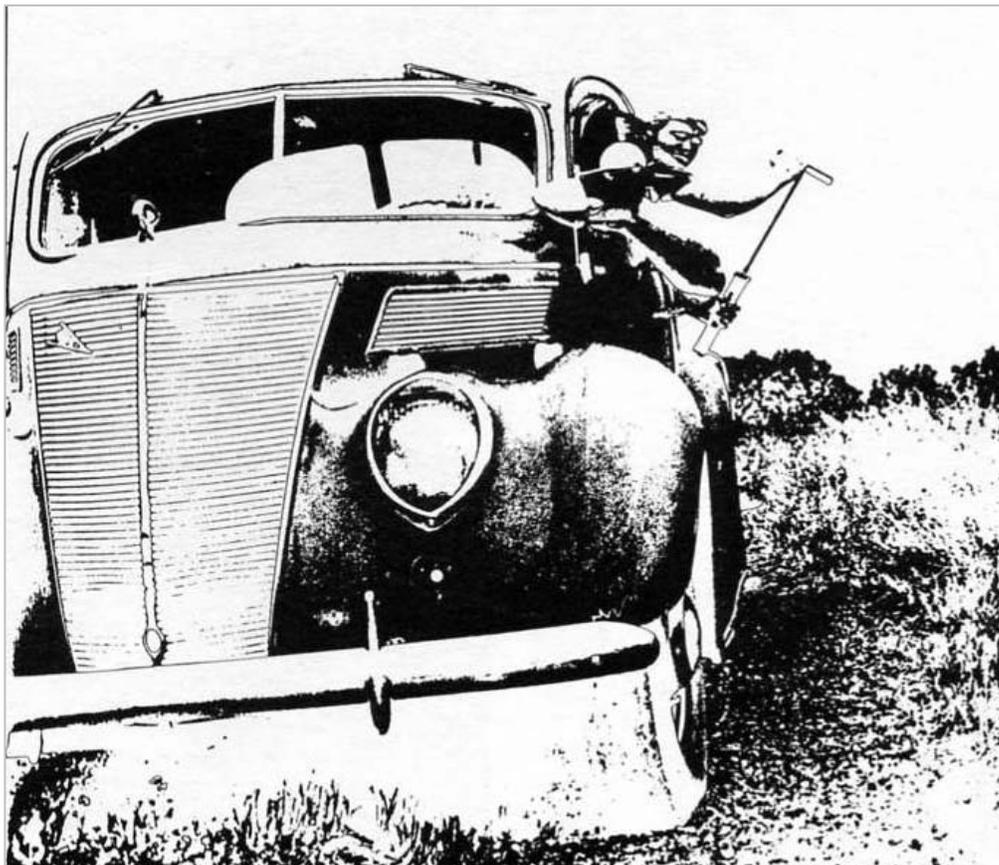
With those words of warning, he left. After waiting what we considered a reasonable length of time, we started up again with Wayne in the trunk, pumping for all he was worth.

Just as we got going really good again, who do we see parked on the side of the

road but the highway patrolman. As we passed him, he looked at us and shook his head, and I yelled to Wayne, "Pump harder!"

We continued on for a few more miles after that. Wayne was exhausted and I realized we were going to have to get more horsepower if we were going to make it back to Los Angeles. About this time I looked in the rear view mirror and saw a 1932 Ford coupe with Washington license plates coming down the road. The driver was waving something out the window. He coasted alongside of us. In his hand was a genuine Ford V-8 fuel pump.

"I think you fellows need this more than I do; I've come all this way with the one on the car; I guess I can make it to Los Angeles all right," he said. Then off he went, not stopping to be thanked or hanging around long enough for us to borrow his tools. We hiked down the road, used Cousin Curtis' watch for collateral to borrow 3 wrenches, and replaced the fuel pump. With the first sound of the V-8 firing, Wayne slammed the trunk lid and our adventure became a memory, and an extra fuel pump became a necessity. \*



## Upcoming events

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

Sept 20: **31<sup>st</sup> annual Hill & Valley show:** Baer Park in Cross Plains, WI.

Contact: **John Riley** 608 798-0045.

## Classifieds

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>For sale: <b>1927 Model T</b> Roadster Pickup, beautiful condition. Age forces sale. Not inexpensive but a fine investment.<br/>Marlin Haase: 715 258-3750.</p>              | <p>For sale: <b>1926 Model T</b>, good body and interior, original glass, no rust, good wood wheels; runs and drives good.<br/>Asking \$9500 obo. Scott 608 354-3710.</p>   |
| <p>For sale: <b>1930 Model A</b> 4dr, Briggs body. Original interior, excellent exterior.<br/>\$12,000.<br/><b>Tim Correll</b>, 608 255-0247.</p>                               | <p>For sale: <b>1927 Model T coupe</b>, burgundy w/ black fenders; runs on magneto or battery, drives well. Newer tires, \$6500,<br/><b>Jim Marshall</b>, 608 831-5742.</p> |
| <p>For sale: <b>1947 Lincoln 4dr:</b> OD, rebuilt V-12, all new wiring, original (black) paint &amp; interior. 30,600 mi. Asking \$15,000.<br/>Al Anding, WI. 608 770-3854.</p> | <p>For sale: <b>1923 Model T coupe.</b> Forced to sell due to health issues. Asking \$8000.<br/>Helen Schwarz,<br/>Pardeeville, WI. 608 429-2823.</p>                       |

*How many folks can you get in a Model T? Photo at right taken in 1912.*



*Joseph Miller, Jr., of Payne, Ohio, loaded his car with 50 healthy young Americans and drove two miles through the streets of Payne, Ohio, on high gear. The total weight of the passengers was 3,492 pounds. Don't tell Joseph the Model T won't stand up*



# Three-Pedal Press

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Taken in 1950, this little guy is now 67. What do you suppose he's wrenching on today?