



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

National club info:
Membership in the Model T Ford Club of America is strongly encouraged. Annual dues are \$40; contact MTFCA, Box 126, Centerville, IN 47330-0126 715 855-5248

Cover photo:
Randy and Pat Davis
with their 1915 Model T,
in Rhinelander, WI, after
driving it 250 miles.

Photo at right shows their
handmade sign, and the
LED turn signals Randy
added for safety. Read
the story of the Davis'
journey on page 4.

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From the editor...



Dues for 2015 are **overdue**. Please send your \$15 check to Dan Atkins (address pg 2) right away- thanks!

This is the **last Three-Pedal Press** you'll receive, until the treasurer lists you as paid.

Here's an update from **Don Chandler**: Next meeting will be Feb 24 at the American Legion, Cross Plains, WI; Gary Splitter will bring us up-to-date on his car projects and his latest purchase. The January meeting (and the goodies that followed) were very enjoyable. Our election of officers took at least 10 minutes: **Steve Roudebush** was elected as new president, replacing Larry Lichte. The other officers, **Tom Wagner, Ross Oestreich, Mark Stuart** and **Dan Atkins**, agreed to stay on. Thanks yet again to **Larry Lichte** who has twice served as president, for multiple terms. Incidentally, Larry is facing a challenging surgical procedure. Summer Picnic at Indian Lake: The 2014 event hosted by **Phil Leavenworth** was such an enjoyable gathering that we have decided to do it again. The date has not been set yet. Please keep looking for people who own or are interested in Model Ts. We must increase membership.

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 Duruya 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.

Sidebar: Photo upper left is a reader quiz, from 1948: What in the world is this girl doing? Answer is on page 11.

—K.Henry



500 Miles in our 1915 Model T

by **Randy Davis**

Some folks in Rhinelander, WI have had a 1914 Ford Model T in their family for 100 years. To recognize the family Model T they wanted 100 Model T's to show up for a big celebration. Pat and I thought this would be a good trip for our 1915 Model T touring. A month before we planned to leave for our trip, I started to prepare the T for the long journey. Nowadays nobody pays attention to hand signals. I purchased an LED flasher light kit, fabricated brackets and hard-wired them. Spare parts I took along were 4 coils and spark plugs, timer & roller, oil and grease. I filled my tool bag and packed tire irons. We also took along an inner tube and a gallon of water.

***We were the only ones
who drove their Model T to the show!***

The show was scheduled for the Saturday of Father's Day weekend, June 14. We set out for Rhinelander at 7am on Thursday. We planned our route so we would travel on two-lane roads. The first day was nice, but very windy. The wind was coming out of the northwest, which made it difficult to maintain our speed of 35 – 37 mph. I had to constantly pull down on the throttle. The wind was very cold and we were glad that we had our winter coats with us. It would have been nice if we'd had side curtains. We made frequent stops to get gas and warm up. Normally this would be a quick stop, but the T would attract curious people asking questions, or they just wanted to talk with us. This is what this trip was all about: having a fun time! The first day we made it to Merrill, arriving about 5:00pm. We were glad to get off the windy roads. The next day we planned a curvy

route along the Wisconsin River, which was a pretty, scenic drive. We pulled into Rhinelander mid-morning and looked around town; we also visited a nice museum.

The planned celebration was to have a car show on Saturday, with the 100 Model Ts as part of the day's events. It turned out to be a nice car show, but with 14 Ts showing up. They had a big cake for the party. **Dennis and Dena Gorder** had their Model T, and other T's came from Wisconsin and Michigan. We were the only ones who drove their T to the show. Everyone had a good time at the show. Saturday night the weather forecast was calling for rain. We covered the car with a tarp and sure enough, they were right about the rain. We had to wait until 10:00am Sunday before the weather was good enough for us to return home. The remainder of the day turned out to be nice, though.

On our way home we decided to take Hwy 80 south from Pittsville, and spent the night in Elroy. Our plan for Monday was to stop at an auction with a collection of Farmall tractors north of Richland Center. We returned to our home near Cobb, WI around 6:30pm.

That night bad storms hit Wisconsin and continued for the next two weeks. I was glad that our trip was completed before the bad weather! Just in case we had major car troubles that I couldn't repair along the roadside, we had our son Paul ready to come with the truck & trailer to get us. We didn't have any troubles, but had to remove the radiator cap to add two quarts of water, turn down the grease cups and put a few drops of oil in the timer.

Our total distance for the trip was about 500 miles. I estimated we got 18 miles per gallon and the engine didn't use any oil. It was a fun trip! *

2014 Capital T Club Christmas party

photos by **Mark Stuart**



Top: 30 Model T folks gathered at the Hilltop Inn (Cross Plains, WI) for our Christmas party. In the foreground are, left, **Tom & Cassie Wagner**, and right, Mr & Mrs **Dennie Deneen**. We don't think anyone left hungry!

Lower: **Don Berryman** (standing) played his 1901 Edison cylinder phonograph. What a treat!



when you can't see

November meeting at SPEC Machine

Our November meeting, held at **Steve Roudebush's** shop, was a special night for the 24 attendees. The Mid-Continent Railway Museum has enlisted Steve to restore major components of the Chicago & North Western #1385 locomotive, which we were able to inspect. #1385 is an 82-ton, 4-6-0 locomotive, built in 1907. Of course, all her parts are big and *very* heavy, which makes repairs even more difficult. Eventually the boiler and running gear will be reunited, and she'll be made operational once again.

Lower photo: the bare frame weighs over 10 tons.

(more photos next page)





Top: Look at the size of those bearings!

Lower: #1385 running at North Freedom, WI, in 1992.

In 1998, she came out of service in need of major repairs. After several years on the sidelines, repair work began in earnest in 2011, following the announcement of a \$250,000 challenge grant from the Wagner Foundation of Lyons, WI. ✿



Henry Ford- the "Fighting Isolationist" of pre-WWII, part 3

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

Canadians and Britons, who of course were more directly affected by Ford's decision than were Americans, vehemently denounced the Dearbornite. In Canada, M. J. Coldwell, acting leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF party), advocated the seizure of the Canadian properties of "this highly-placed saboteur." F. B. Black, a Conservative member of the Canadian Senate, said the government should cancel all purchases of Ford cars and forbid their sale in Canada. T. L. Church, a House Conservative, stated that Ford was "a menace to freedom and civilization" who should be kept out of Canada for all time. The Toronto Retail Fuel Dealers Association passed a resolution calling on members to boycott Ford vehicles and to refuse to handle Ford coke. Munitions Minister C. D. Howe, of the governing Liberal Party, informed his countrymen that "Henry Ford has taken an attitude that is distinctly unfriendly to the British empire and every part of it." At the same time Howe pointed out that Ford Motor Company of Canada was "beyond criticism" in cooperating with the government. The munitions minister having led the way, many prominent Canadians, including the Liberal and Conservative leaders in the Senate, stepped forward to commend Ford of Canada for its contribution to the war effort. Also, they pointed out that while a boycott of Ford products would hurt Henry Ford but little, it would prove very harmful to those Canadian citizens who owned Ford of Canada stock or owned or worked in Ford dealerships. The House of Commons dropped debate on the subject on a note sounded by Conservative Leader R. H. Hanson: "Public opinion in Canada . . . will deal with Mr. Henry Ford." Ford himself was unmoved by threats from Canada to boycott his car. "Anyone who would do that," he retorted, "is a sugar tit" (sugar tied up in a nipple-shaped cloth for a child to suck). Nonetheless, shortly thereafter, Ford of Canada felt compelled to substitute another name for the Ford car.

***"Anyone who would do that,"
Ford retorted, "is a sugar tit."***

"balderdash" anyway. The *London Daily Mail* cabled Ford that the general feeling toward him among Britons was one of consternation and distress. Prompted by Sir Percival Perry, the managing director of Ford of England, the industrialist replied that the Ford plants in Canada and England were using their facilities to the utmost for the defense of the British Empire and would continue to serve their countries "as they should." Ford might have added that his British plant already had a contract to build the same Rolls-Royce engines that he would not permit his American factories to produce, a point generally overlooked in the press.

At the same time that Ford's message was carried in the *Daily Mail*, Ford of England, in a further effort to repair the public relations damage, placed advertisements in London dailies stating that "the vast resources, human and mechanical, of the great Dagenham factory are engaged on urgent national work to the utmost." When Perry suggested to Henry and Edsel that they might help in the Battle of Britain by furnishing a fleet of fully equipped food vans for bombed areas, they agreed. During 1941 the Fords gave 450 "blitz canteens," worth approximately \$770,000, to the British people.

On August 12, 1940, Knudsen offered the company a second opportunity in defense production: the building of 4000 Pratt & Whitney eighteen-cylinder air-cooled aircraft engines. Henry Ford, after some wavering, since he preferred to design his own engines, accepted the assignment. An aircraft engine factory was built within the Rouge complex "so as to be indistinguishable from other buildings in the event it becomes a military objective." By August 1941, completed engines were being produced. By year's end 323 engines had been built and shipped to the Glenn Martin Company, of Baltimore, for the B-26 bomber. At the time America entered the war the company held contracts for \$328,275,690 worth of engines and the facilities with which to manufacture them.

Ford also undertook a number of other defense assignments during 1940-41. In the fall of 1940 the company erected at its own expense a naval training station at the Rouge. On January 15, 1941, Henry and Edsel, speaking over two national radio networks, formally presented the installation to Rear Admiral Chester Nimitz, chief of the Navy Department's Bureau of Navigation.

(continued next page)

In Britain the *London Daily Mirror* called Ford a "crab apple" and said that his claims regarding the manufacture of 1,000 planes a day was

By November 1941, two thousand men were in training at the facility. In addition, the company assisted in the development of the Jeep and produced 1500 of these vehicles; designed a "swamp buggy"; built 1500 reconnaissance vehicles; and assisted in the design and manufacture of the M-4 medium tank. The M-4's engine, an adaptation of [one] the company began to build in June 1940 for use in Henry Ford's hypothetical 1000-a-day pursuit plane, soon became the standard power unit for all of the nation's medium tanks. The company also investigated the possibility of mass producing an anti-aircraft gun director, and was awarded a contract for 400 such devices in October 1941.

By far the biggest military assignment that Ford was to undertake during the prewar and war period—and the one with which it would be most closely identified in the public mind—was the production of B-24 bombers (also called the Liberator). This project was begun in December 1940, when government officials asked the company if it would build 1200 B-24's (the bomber already was being produced by its designer, Consolidated Aircraft, and Douglas Aircraft Company). Henry Ford agreed to consider the proposal and dispatched Edsel, Sorensen, and two grandsons, Henry, twenty-three, and Benson, twenty-one, who were working in the company's Engineering Department, to Consolidated's San Diego plant.

Officials of Consolidated told the Ford group that they had set as a goal the production of one bomber a day. Sorensen, after examining the plant, expressed doubt that the production methods employed would permit attainment of this quota. When asked by Consolidated executives "how would you do it" the Rouge boss, who had to "put-up or shut-up," worked all night on a unique plan to produce bombers on assembly lines.

At breakfast, Sorensen showed a penciled sketch of his plan to Edsel, won his approval, and then told government and Consolidated officials that the Ford Company would build a factory capable of turning out one B-24 an hour, if the Air Force would provide \$200 million for plant and equipment. The government accepted the proposal,

and Consolidated agreed to give Ford a license to produce the plane. Later, Henry Ford endorsed the project.

Ford was to undertake production of planes in three stages. Certain parts were to be made at first for "educational" purposes; then all parts of the plane were to be made, and these were to be supplied to Consolidated and Douglas for assembly in new plants to be erected in Tulsa, OK and Fort Worth, TX. The third step called for Ford to build entire planes. The company received formal authorization to build a bomber factory in February 1941.

In April it broke ground for the famed Willow Run bomber plant (named for the tiny stream that flows through the property), located four miles southeast of Ypsilanti, Michigan, 21 miles from the Rouge. Limited parts production started at the plant in November. The first schedule of 100 "knockdown" sets of bombers a month, fixed on May 20, 1941, was raised in September to 205 units per month (sixty-five each for Consolidated and Douglas—and seventy-five fly-aways). But when the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor, no part of the plant was completed; the landing field was unfinished; most of the necessary machine tools were undelivered, and the work force was almost nonexistent.

All told, the Ford Company had completed or held government contracts worth \$975,146,107 at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Within a week of America's declaration of war, the company had adopted a continuous work schedule for all activities associated with defense production and construction. In January 1942, the firm was, according to R J Thomas, president of the UAW-CIO, further advanced on its war-production program than any of the other large auto companies. Civilian car production, sharply curtailed during the last half of 1941, ground to a halt at the Rouge on February 10, 1942. An Army Jeep followed the last passenger car off the line. Henry Ford and the Ford Company were fully devoted to the war effort. *

The Letter

by Ed Cunningham, from Jun 1996 Classic Car

Not every person who engages in the popular pastime known as 'practical jokes' is capable of being on the receiving end. I learned this lesson in a significant way years ago when I worked in the Packard Styling Department. I had been the victim of a series of minor jokes concocted by a friend who worked across the hall in Body Engineering. These were all reasonably innocuous irritants of a simple nature—such as putting dark lipstick on the earpiece of my phone, which like all others of that period was black. Dark lipstick does not show on a black phone, but of course it transfers immediately to your ear, thereby setting you up for an interesting session with your spouse. I took all this in stride, confident of my powers of retribution, and started to think of some complex gag to pull on him to even the score.

Finally, I hit on a plot which I was sure would go down in department history. My friend, being further up the hierarchy than I, had his own private office—that is, as private as Packard offered to middle management in the era. These offices were constructed with wood partitions having privacy glass in the upper section, and with a height of about six feet, just high enough to prevent a standing person to see over, and painted in a particularly insipid color known as 'eye rest green' which was a reasonably good match to cheese mold.

Continuing this pattern of dramatic color usage, some person (no doubt an engineer) had selected an asphalt tile in a turbid dark brown that had all the visual appeal of the residue of a flood. These repugnant colors were used throughout the engineering areas on the fourth floor of building 22, and formed a logical background for the mission-style furniture varnished in a jaundiced shade of oak. Every single moveable object had a little oval brass plate that announced "Property PMCC", which also included a serial number that must have been recorded in a ledger reposing in some hallowed archive. This tagging was done to prevent theft, but it was a redundant exercise. Such ugly furnishings would only have been stolen by someone anxious to complete a landfill.

One day, when I knew he'd be out of his office for the morning, I armed myself with a spray can of flat-white paint and masking tape from the Styling supply room. Chuckling to myself, I went to my friend's empty office and proceeded to use the

masking tape to isolate an open rectangle on the floor next to his desk. This unmasked section was exactly the size of an envelope. I sprayed enough of the flat-white paint into this opening to achieve total coverage, waited a few minutes, and pulled up the tape. This left an envelope-sized rectangle of paint film that looked exactly right. When it dried I took a ball-point and wrote his name and address in the center, and stuck a stamp in the corner. The effect was incredible. It looked exactly like a letter lying on the floor next to the desk.

By this time everybody in the area had passed through the small office to observe my handiwork. I went back to the Styling area to wait for the fun to begin, and wasn't there long until I was unexpectedly summoned to Mahogany Row for an urgent meeting. Not long after that my friend returned to his office. Most of the people in the department grabbed phone books and waste baskets on which to stand and observe him over the partition. They did this very quietly to avoid tipping him off. Preoccupied with the details of the meeting he had just attended, he sat down, noticing the envelope on the floor from the corner of his eye. Absentmindedly, he reached for it as he continued to read a memo in his other hand.

Several moments went by as he vainly attempted to pick up the envelope, still concentrating on the memo. Then, when it became obvious to him that he was unable to get a grip on it, he put down the memo, and getting down on his hands and knees, attempted to get a thumbnail under the recalcitrant envelope. At this point someone snickered and my friend, looking up, saw a multitude of eyes watching him over the partition. Realizing he'd been had, he stormed out of his office amid the guffaws of the spectators and demanded to know who had played such a cruel and unfunny joke. This only caused his fellow workers to laugh even harder.

It was probably a very good thing that I had been called away, since he rapidly concluded I was the perpetrator, and he came looking for me with blood in his eye. When I returned later he had calmed down enough to be semi-rational, but it took a number of weeks for him to overcome his resentment. Since that day, I have been very careful about choosing the victim for even a simple prank. The surgeon general has warned that joking may be hazardous for your health. ☼

Car-show horror story

by Larry Adams, Foster City, CA

Several years ago, we were accepted for entry in the Pebble Beach Concours. I parked our 1947 Lincoln Continental coupe in our class, with a Cord 810, a Brewster opera car, and some other really exquisite cars. It was going to be a tough class. After wiping down the car for the 10th time, I decided to take a break and sat in the front seat with a cup of coffee and the Sunday paper. Halfway through the sports section, I saw a man with both hands on the hood ornament! My first thought was to start the car and run over him. Sanity prevailed, and I hit the horn ring instead. The car had extremely loud horns. As the hood-ornament fondler fell over backward, the white cane hanging on his arm came into view.

Three hours later, the judges arrived. Two of the three judges were Strother MacMinn and Phil Hill.

Reader quiz: she's demonstrating the amazing qualities of Aqua-Pruf, a water-proofing agent. No, we don't think it was a big seller.

While checking the operation of lights, turn signals, etc., the unknown third judge asked me to operate the power windows. I opened the driver's-side door and lowered the window. As I pushed the button to raise the window, the hydraulic cylinder in the door sprang a leak. The judge's shoe was directly in the stream of brake fluid leaking from the drain hole in the bottom of the door. I saw it; he didn't.

I spoke to Phil Hill after the event. He told me that virtually the only difference between our first-place car and the second-place car was that we had authentic cloth-covered wiring under the dash, whereas the other car had plastic-covered wiring! No mention of the shoe. Final score: One blind guy knocked down, one judge's shoe ruined. ✿

Upcoming events

Feb 24: Capital Model T Club monthly meeting, 7pm, American Legion Hall, Cross Plains, WI.

Mar 31: 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.

Ed. note: In order to keep our Classifieds fresh, your ad will be deleted after 6 months, unless you request that it run again. *Below:* Ford Sales and Service, Hyattsville, MD. (from National Photo Co)



Three-Pedal Press

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A Model T touring receives some Dome gas: "Higher quality, same price". The gas globe reads, "Visible Gasoline". Photo taken 1921 in Washington, DC. (from National Photo Co)