



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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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: Dennis & Dena Gorder's yellow-and-black 1926 Model T speedster, nearing completion. Cute! We're anxious to see this one "in person".

Photo at right: Joan Stevens pinstriping one of the speedster's fenders. If that looks to you like the Gorders' living room, that's because it is. Read Dennis' story on page 4.

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From the editor...



Upcoming special events: Join us **May 28** at the Middleton, WI **Quaker Steak** restaurant for a special night! Quaker Steak will donate 20% of your bill to the Capital Model T Club. Drive your Model T or other special-interest car, and help us raise money for the club. Bring the flyer insert with you. See you there!

June 28 we'll visit the **Stevenson private museum**, near Richland Center, WI. Contact Dennis Gorder for details: 608 356-5403.

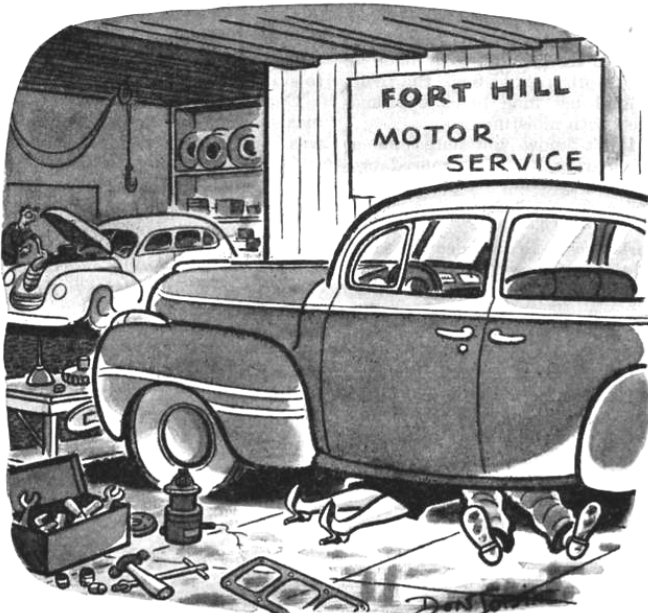
Ole, Sven, and Lars came into the bar. They were high-fiving each other, shouting, and generally having a celebration of some sort. "Line 'em up!" Ole shouted as the party continued. They carried on for hours. Finally the bartender's curiosity got the better of him. "Just what are you celebrating?" he asked. "32 days! We did it in 32 days!" they responded. "What did you do in 32 days?" he probed. "Put the puzzle together- in 32 days," Ole replied, "and the box said '3-5 years!'"

Celebrity birthdays: Melvyn Douglas, 5 Apr 1901. The most nimble and elegant of '30s farceurs, Mr Douglas had a spectacular start in movies, but after *As You Desire Me* (1932), with Garbo, Sam Goldwyn concluded that he was a carbon copy of William Powell, and relegated him to poverty row pictures. Although MGM consigned him to playing second fiddle to Powell, Melvyn made 7 films in 1936. His assured acting made him much more than a run-of-the-mill leading man, though. His enigmatic grin, arched eyebrow and delicately shaded vocal inflection were sufficient to romance a bored Marlene Dietrich in *Angel* (1937), and unfreeze Garbo in *Ninotchka* (1939). After distinguished war service, Douglas' days as a romantic leading man were over. He was 80 when he died in 1981.

Pages 7-9 are from Nov 1969 *Hot Rod CARtoons*.

Sidebar: The young couple may be unknown, but the simple joys of a close-quarter ride in a stripped-down Model T speedster are apparent in their faces. That's one brave girl!

—K. Henry



"Then I had to install this little gadget, here, madam . . . that was \$1.95 . . ."

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

Our 1926 Model T speedster

by **Dennis Gorder**

About 18 years ago we bought a 1926 Model T Speedster. It was originally a "Packers Car", green and gold. With the help of my dad we lowered the front and rear axles, moved the spare tire and added a toolbox. This car was also the first (and last) one that I painted. I like the Packers but not enough to have a green and gold car. Some of you may remember my paint job from Hill and Valley events. My painting business would have been appropriately named "Runs R Us".

This July the MTFCA national tour is in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Dena suggested we take the speedster. But first we had to redo the car! In early January we stripped the car down and took all the body parts to Schlieckau Auto Body for painting. We had to make a couple of major changes to the car. Number one, we wanted to have bucket seats instead of the bench-type seat that was in the car, so we purchased bucket seat kits. I sealed the plywood bottom parts and mounted the metal backs. Then they were taken to the body shop to be painted. When we got them back I fitted the vinyl backs, cut the seat bottom foam and upholstered the seat bottoms. If you ever need to cut thicker foam use an electric knife- it works great. We also had to change the cowl, which was originally lightweight aluminum. When people got into the car, they would grab the cowl and it would bend. I had an old waterjacket manifold from an unknown engine. I removed one end, found an elbow the correct size and built a grab handle to mount on the dash. And we built the new cowl out of heavier aluminum.

While the painting was being done we added directional lights and a stop light, for safety. A new sparkplug wiring routing system was built from a Ford flathead V8 wire loom. Most of the other wiring was also replaced. In early March the parts were painted and brought home to be stored on the living room floor and dining room table. We had Joan Stevens from Stevens Signs pinstripe the parts inside our house. One by one the parts left the house and were re-installed on the speedster; now it's all together. It still needs a few finishing touches and adjustments, but it is looking like a complete car again!

We offered a can of SPAM to anyone who could tell us why we chose the number 17, but no one guessed it. My father was born in 1917, and passed away on March 17, 2014. His first car was a Model T racer that was raced in Milwaukee. *[see Spring 2014 3PP]* That car was always referred to as 'Harold's racer'. Dad and I competed in various events at Hill and Valley with it. I think Dad would be proud.

I have to give Dena a very big thank-you for allowing our home to be a storage area, upholstery shop and pinstriping area. She has to be one of the most understanding wives in the world! We have leather helmets and goggles to look the part in Canada. Dena hopes to drive the speedster on part of the tour. We also need to thank my nephew, Tom Brumm, for his help and encouragement. * *(more photos next 2 pages)*

Photo below: finished aluminum cowl and homemade grab handle.





Top: Completed engine really looks pretty! Note firewall-mounted oil can, spark plug wire conduit (fabricated from a Ford V8), and the 6v alternator.



Lower: rust from the gas tank valve.

Speedster, continued



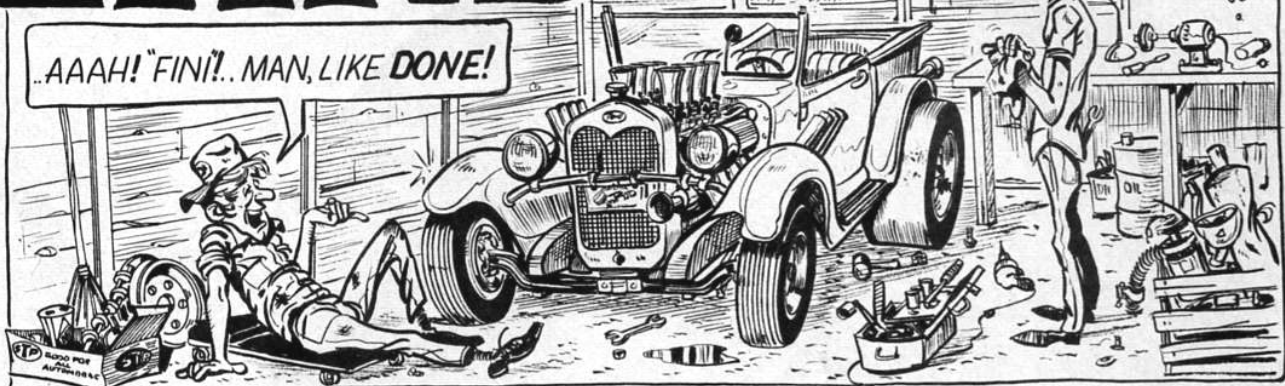
Top: Neat stop light;
directional light is part
of the taillight.

Lower: Dennis working
on the seats. Projects are
more fun, and satisfying,
when you can do them
yourself!

LAND NEVER-NEVER

..AND DADDY, IT'S THE **GREATEST!**
A SIGHT TO BEHOLD!!

..AAAH! "FINI!.. MAN, LIKE **DONE!**

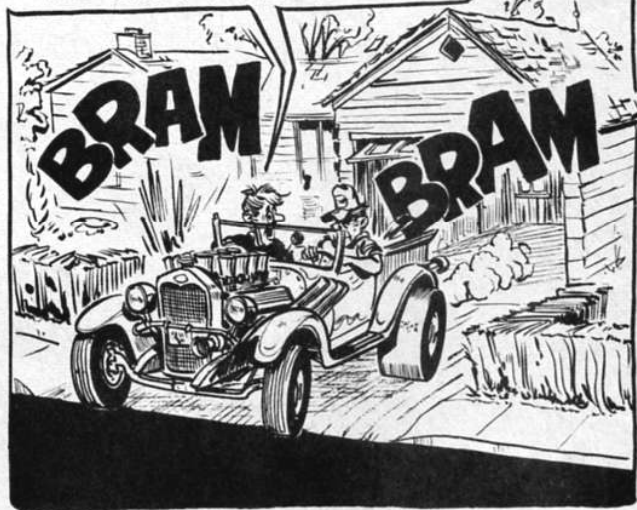


LET'S **ZAP** OVER TO THE STRIP AN'
RUN THAT **NEW**
MILL!!

I DIG!



HEY, COOL IT!! THE **LAW**
WE DON'T NEED!



AT THE STRIP...

BAD SCENE!!
IT'S CLOSED!

RATS!

DRAG STRIP
CLOSED
FOR
ALTERATIONS

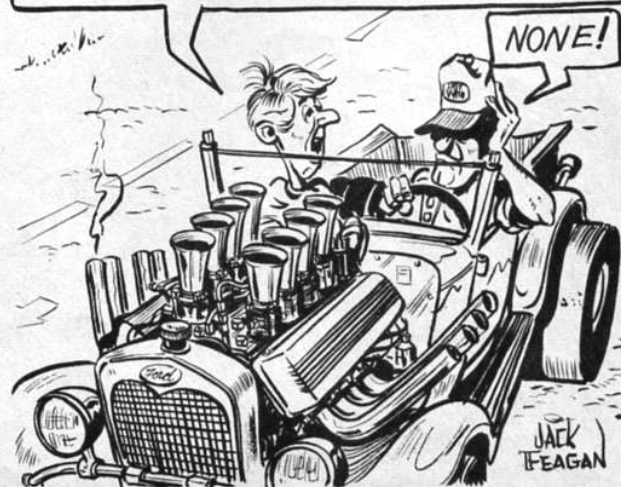
KA-BUGA
KA-BUGA

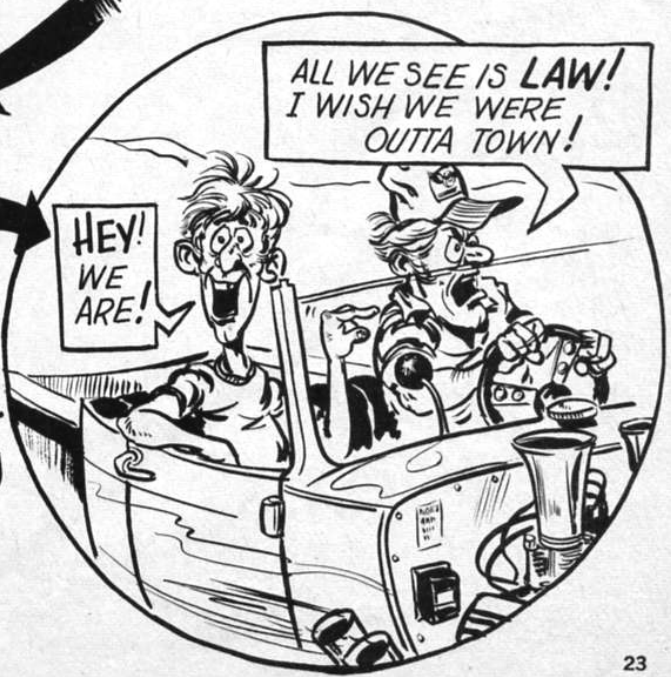
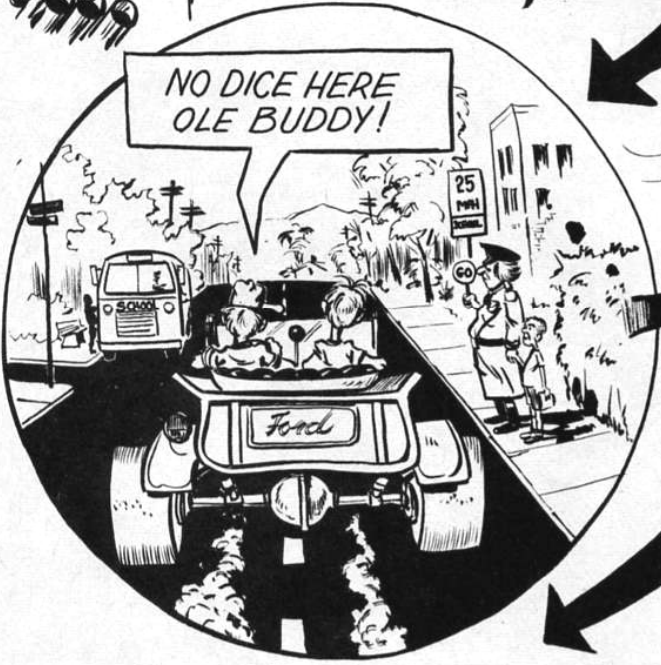
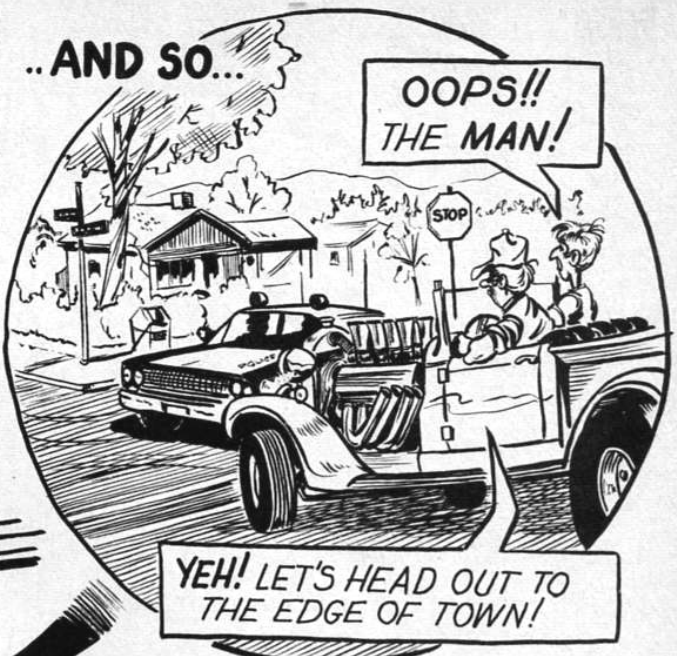
ENTER



WHAT NOW MAN? ANY OTHER
TRACK AROUND HERE?

NONE!



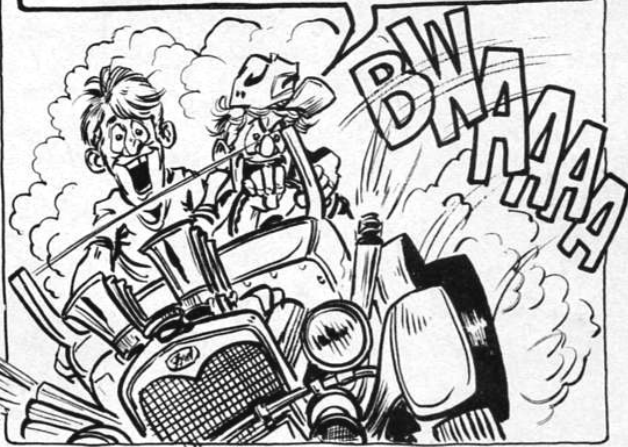


...WELL **WHAT** ARE WE **WAITIN'**
FOR!!

RAOOOORR



HANG ON! WE'LL TAKE THIS
SIDE ROAD WHERE THERE'S
NOT A COP IN A HUNDRED MILES!



THAT SOUNDS AWFUL
FAMILIAR, MAN!

I DIG!

WEE



OOO WEE OOO



CAUTION
HIGHWAY PATROL
AND
POLICE
ACADEMY
TRAINING
GROUP

..WHATS THAT
CODE FOR
SPEEDING?!

HEY, DON'T
WRITE ALL
OF THEM!

GEE, MY
FIRST
TICKET!

HOW DO YOU SPELL
EXCESSIVE?!



Packard for Sale

by Steve Snyder, from Jan 2004 Bulletin

... and a story goes with it.

One fine day in 1974, I was on my way to look at a 1947 Packard Custom that had been stored in a Chicago basement since the fifties. I was only eleven years old. What, you say, was I doing on such an adventure? Well, Mom and I were on a trip back to the family's origins in the Midwest and, of course, my dad had provided us with car leads to check out. This particular car was owned by a guy reputed to be an old-time Chicago mobster. The ex-Packard dealer who gave us the lead said, "You better hurry, since he just got out of jail and he's sure to go back soon."

The residence was unremarkable—a one-story bungalow, with a barn-like garage next door, in the working-class south side suburb of Dolton, within sight of the steel mills and factories that occupy much of the extreme south edge of Lake Michigan. A knock at the door produced nothing. No one home. Checked with the neighbors, and learned that Mr. Jeffries had taken his car to the market, and would be back soon, unless he was pulled over, since if he got pulled over the police would not approve of him driving without a license. Can't even follow the rules in his late seventies. Then, around the corner, drives Mr. Jeffries, in a 1967 Chevy Caprice.

"Hello, Mr. Jeffries, do you remember us? We're interested in your Packard. You talked to my husband several years ago, and he thought you might want to sell it," says Mom. "Oh, sure, I remember. Yes, I've thought about selling it, off and on. Let me open up the basement and you can have a look." At this point, I am thinking—this guy looks like a really nice old dude—doesn't fit the mobster stereotype at all—and such a little guy! He's not much taller than me, and I'm only eleven! So we go down to the basement, which is accessed by a very nice, wide concrete ramp, and he opens up the wide double

doors, and there is a very original, very low mileage, but *very* rusty Packard. So we talk about the car for a while, and Mom is polite about it, making no comment about the pot metal pitting and general decrepitude, and rust holes that have caused the lower third of the car to be lighter than when it left East Grand Boulevard. He starts telling us how he bought it for his wife, and how after his wife died, he just put it away, and didn't drive it anymore, and what a great wife she was, and it was all very sad.

Right about that point, he must have decided we were okay, and that we could be trusted with some of the details of his life. "Did you know this ramp was originally made for trucks? We could drive an entire tank truck in here, and fill it up from pipes that connected with the garage next door." He was not talking about oil being sent through the pipes. "We ran about three trucks a week through here—it was very nice and safe, and the neighbors never knew anything." I had to know. "Who were you filling the trucks for?"

That did it. He spouted forth a virtual torrent of mobster lore. He worked for the Capone mob, in a variety of capacities. He knew Capone personally. Al Capone had spotted Mr. Jeffries motorcycle racing, and got the idea that he could ride in a sidecar and elude the cops and his enemies if he needed to go somewhere. Mr. Jeffries, being a capable and resourceful guy, was brought into more and more of the organization's activities, some of which required a bullet-proof vest. "The vest wouldn't keep you from being knocked down and having the wind knocked out of you—lots of power in a .45 slug—but the other guy would think he got me—and then I would get him!" He gave us the usual speech about Al Capone being such a great guy, and how he saw Capone give big wads of cash to widows, orphans and other needy folk. I wonder if he connected with the idea of how they came to be widows and orphans in the first place, but asking that question would certainly have been a social error.

(cont'd next page)



Packard for Sale, continued

As he talked I became convinced that this likeable old guy was making this stuff up as he went. My incredulity was poorly masked, since he looked straight at me and said, "You don't believe me, do you? Well, here, I'll prove it!" We went over to the garage next door, and he pulled a cover from the floor, which resembled those cast iron caps on the ground at gas stations. "This is the tank that held all of the booze!" I looked in there, and it was deep and wide and smelled bad- pretty disgusting to consider beverages were put in there, but nonetheless, most people don't have a still and storage tank in their garage. Actually, though, the garage wasn't technically his—it was built on a vacant lot next to his house, so if the still got raided he wouldn't be liable as the property owner. Of course, the underground pipes made transfer easy for the trucks.

"You're still not convinced, are you? Let me show you these."—at which point we go into the kitchen, and he starts pulling out guns from every corner of the kitchen. Not in a threatening way at all; it was obvious that he liked us, but he had to make his point. He had guns hidden everywhere—he moved the Rice Krispies box in the cupboard to get to one of them—and pretty soon they were all there on the table for inspection. And my eleven-year-old brain is thinking how cool all of this is: a real gangster with some pretty credible evidence, finally, he gets out one last piece—an actual machine gun. Wow! Custom-made— obviously not a standard weapon by any means. Although I was hugely entertained by this, Mom is starting to worry about the firepower, and is starting to act strange, like she wants to leave. But Mr. Jeffries will have none of that, and launches into another story about his wife. "She was a big woman- not fat, but big-boned. One day, the FBI came around

asking about me, and she said, of course, that I wasn't there, and good day. But the agent wouldn't take No for an answer, and stuck his foot in the door- this very door—so she slammed it on him so hard his foot was broken! What a great wife she was!"

He had nine kids, none of whom he had much respect for: "Got mixed up with this 'new' organization, and they just aren't any damn good. I'm always having to go to bat for them, get 'em out of scrapes with everybody." Presumably, they were lower level guys in the local syndicate, which, of course, did not live by the strict moral code and high standards that were prevalent when Mr. Jeffries was active. He looked straight at me again, which made me a little uncomfortable, and made a big pitch for the value of education. "You stay in school, boy, and make sure you pay attention!" He kept at this for quite a while, to the point where I wanted to say, "Okay, okay. I'll go to school, all right?" Of course, I assured him I would continue with my education.

Then came the most significant moment of the visit. The car was too rough to pursue, and so Mom made it known we had to leave. But Mr. Jeffries would not allow us to leave without taking something to remember him by. He said, "Pick anything in the house you want—take it- I want you to remember me for a long time! I'm serious. Pick something and it's yours!" He was not going to let us leave without a souvenir. And to my everlasting regret, my only opportunity in life to have my very own machine gun was squandered by my mom, who decided on some, uh, "unusual" ceramic frogs, which are on her kitchen shelf to this day. *

Upcoming events

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

May 28: **special fund-raising gathering**, 4pm, Quaker Steak restaurant, Middleton, WI. See flyer insert.

Jun 28: Visit **Stevenson private museum**, near Richland Center, WI. Contact Dennis Gorder: 608 356-5403

Classifieds

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

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

Three-Pedal Press

In this issue:

Gorders' 1926 Model T speedster

Never-never Land

Packard for Sale



Washington, DC, 1920: Stuart's Garage. The side of the panel truck reads: 'Ford' and 'Use Genuine Parts'. (from National Photo Co)