

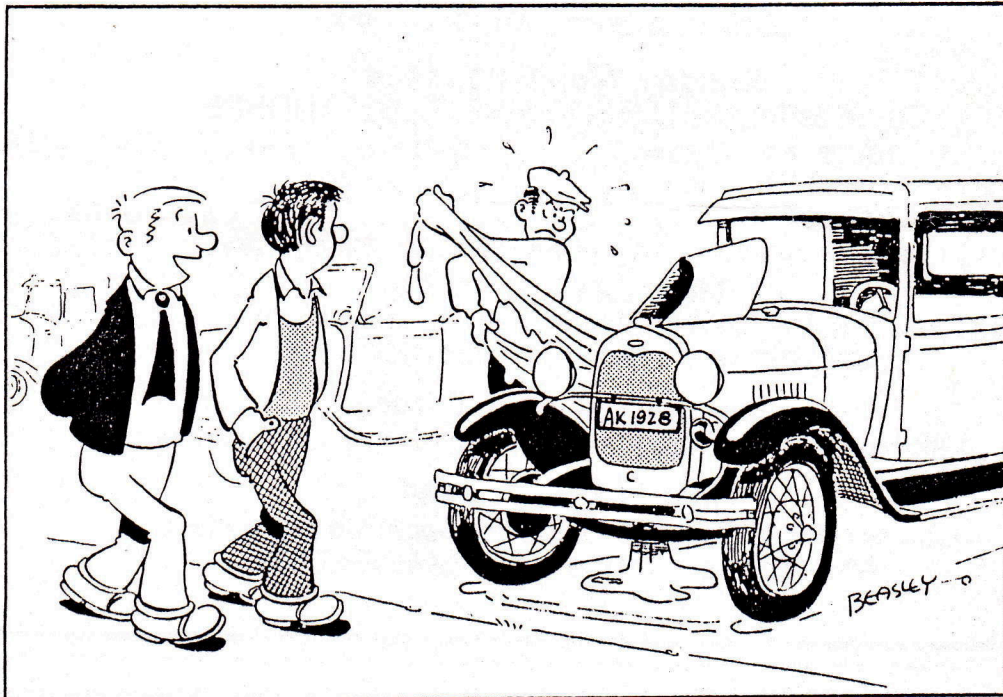


Western Model A News

Official Newsletter of the
MODEL A RESTORERS CLUB OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, Inc

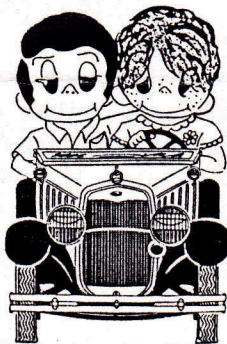
Year XIV Number VII

FEBRUARY, 1994



HE READ SOME ARTICLE IN THE RESTORER ABOUT COOKING YOUR FOOD ON THE ENGINE, BUT HIS TOFFEE BOILED OVER!

love is...



...trusting her to drive
your Model "A" Ford.

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS.....

During various years over the past Century the brave Mothers of the following members took a heavy load off their minds and gave birth. We salute them and wish their offspring

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY !!!!

Sylvia Bristow-Stagg, Mike Cooke,
Alan Duns, Ian Paisley, Alan Smith,
Robert Teale, Linda Kirkwood and
Lindsay Blacklock.

This Club is the **WESTERN MODEL A-s** Chapter of the Model A Ford Club of America, Inc.
MAFCA - 250 South Cypress, La Habra, California, 90631-5586, USA. - Foreign membership:- US\$24.00 per year.

OFFICE BEARERS: *President:* ANGELO CALLEJA XXXXXXXXXX *Secretary/Treasurer:* RAY MAHONY XXXXXXXXXX
Vice-President: BEVAN SHARP XXXXXXXXXX *Vehicle Examiner:* STEVE READ XXXXXXXXXX *Editor:* BILL BENNIE XXXXXXXXXX

COPY DEADLINE: By the first day of the month to: XXXXXXXXXX **Rd Kalamunda, 6076**

VIEWS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF M.A.R.C. of W.A.

Sunday, February 20, 1994
Breakfast Meeting - 7am Ley Street, Como - discussions on Constitution
Don't forget your barbecue breakfast - champagne & sausages?

February 25-27, 1994
Ballarat Swap Meet.

Easter - April 1 - 4, 1994
Long-weekend camping trip to the Wringe farm at Kirrup.
Accommodation in a shearing shed, or an area for tents if preferred.
Sleeping bag/mattress/crockery/cutlery. Organised by ALAN JEFFREE.

Sunday, March 13, 1994
Classic Car Show, Whiteman Park.

Sunday, March 20, 1994
Organised by PETER & ELAINE GILBERTHORPE.
MEET AT 10am. for a 10.30am start.
Start from the car park, NELSON AVE Riverside
behind GLOUSTER PARK East Perth.....PICNIC ONLY.
Toilets available: Limited shade: Take beach Brolly.

March 21 - 27, 1994
The Canberra Antique and Classic Motor Club's Autumn Hub Rally.
Cec and Naomi Brown - Phone [REDACTED]

March 31 to April 4, 1994
13th Model A Ford National Rally - Glenelg, South Australia.

March 5, 6, 7, 1994
Camping trip to Boyanup for the traditional fun and games.
Also organised by the busy ALAN JEFFREE.

ANOTHER *This month during the*
Wonder **Model A Era**

February, 1929

The St Valentine's Day Massacre took place in a bleak garage in Chicago. It was a set-up. The night before, Bugs Moran - Capone's arch enemy - had received an anonymous phone call offering him a cheap consignment of bootleg whisky. He blithely told the man to deliver to his warehouse on North Clark street at 10.30 next morning and agreed to meet some of his henchmen there to collect. Luckily for him, he was late. In the garage three empty trucks were waiting for their load and ex-safecracker Johnny May was repairing a fourth. The Gusenberg Brothers, James Clark, Adam Heyer and Ali Weinsbank were all hanging about waiting for the whisky, carrying about \$5,000 between them to pay for the load and all heavily armed. Along with them was Reinhardt H. Schwimmer, a thirty-year-old optician who got some sort of vicarious excitement out of being with criminals. A Cadillac drew up outside, five men got out, three dressed as policeman. Bugs, who saw it from the end of the street, assumed it was a raid and fled. The men walked into the garage, lined the gangsters up against the wall and systematically fired their machine guns, first at the head, then the chest and finally at stomach level. Then they calmly walked out. Bugs Moran commented, "Only Capone kills like that", while in his sumptuous Florida hideaway Capone remarked, "The only man who kills like that is Bugs Moran."

RAY ABBOTT ENGINE RECONDITIONING

Recommended by MARC member

*** Cylinder Head Service * Reboring and Sleeving**
*** Crankshaft Grinding * VETERAN and VINTAGE ENGINES**

Established 1973 **18 RIO STREET, BAYSWATER**

272 4566 34 years Experience

MINUTES

of the General Meeting held at Keane's Point, 23rd January 93

Number of People: 38 members. and 15 Model 'A's.

MEETING OPENED AT 11.42am.

APOLOGIES: Bill and Dorothy Bennie, Kath and Kelvin Pepper, Mike and Nina Kitchens, John and Ivy McLean, Mike Cooke, Max and Dora Annear.

NEW MEMBERS Lance and Dianne Barker were unable to make the meeting but did manage to turn up late to meet some of the members.

MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING were read. Accepted Barrie Guest seconded by Shirley Hall.

BUSINESS FROM PREVIOUS MINUTES : Shirley Hall confirmed booking of McDougall House for February meeting. Name badges ordered have been received and are available for collection.

CORRESPONDENCE IN : Minutes MAFCA Board Meeting. VAA re Swap meet Feb 20th . Sotheby's Motor Book catalogue. Mandurah Festival re Car/Bike show Jan 30th. Shannons report. Minutes delegates meeting Bendigo Nov'93. CCC Car show Entry Form. Model A Restorers A.C.T Membership list and invitation to 25th Anniversary dinner April '94. CCC Minutes Nov. General Meeting. Details of INDEX for Model A service Bulletins. Brookton Old Time Motor Show Programme and entry forms. Variety Club Of Aust. re details for Nov. run. Kohnke's rebabbiting service IOWA ?. Stateside re logoed clothing. MAFCA of SA Office bearers for 93/94 and info on National Meet '94. Raffle tickets from MAFCA U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE OUT : Sandra McCarthy Thanks for assistance with the news letter. Alex Polley confirmation of membership for concessional registration.

CORRESPONDENCE ACCEPTED : Lindsay Blacklock Seconded Alan Jeffree.

BUSINESS ARISING : CCC Concourse display. After some discussion it was decided that we would not submit a Club entry. Raffle tickets from MAFCA. Secretary to write to MAFCA advising them that due to a variety of reasons it is not practical for us to participate in the raffle and to ask if it would be acceptable for us to destroy the tickets sent. Brookton Motor show, Alan Smith will act as liaison officer for any members wishing to participate.

EVENTS: Don Philp has entry forms for Boyanup.

Contact Alan Jeffree for Kirup.

Contact Alan Smith for Brookton.

The following offered to organise Club runs for : MAY- Barrie Guest. JUNE :- Alan Smith. JULY :- Louise Read.

TREASURERS REPORT :

INCOME

EXPENSES

OCT	634.13	234.12
NOV	1026.55	1966.24
DEC	93.48	64.01
	-----	-----
	1754.16	2264.37
	-----	-----

Club Funds are with:

ANZ BANK	712.94
T&C BANK	12016.19
HBSociety	346.96
Cash	276.35

	\$13352.44.

GENERAL BUSINESS : What to do with the funds?. Members are asked to submit ideas to the Secretary for later discussion. Suggestions made at the meeting included : Peter Lynch : Purchase of a quantity of parts for resale to members. Ray Mahony : Purchasing special tools for use by members in restoring and repairing their vehicles eg. valve guide remover, rear hub puller, welder, also a portable gazebo for shade at Club displays. Alan Jeffree : the possibility of developing a wheel straightener, subject to the results of work already being carried out. Peter Gilberthorpe: Let the fund build for the purpose of obtaining some form of Club Premises.

Correction to info in last News letter; Alan Jeffree advised that the Boyanup and Kirup dates were incorrect. Should be...Boyanup is March 5, 6 and 7th ; Kirup April 1st to 4th (EASTER)

Peter Gilberthorpe advised that RAC will swap your membership to your vintage vehicle for rallies and then swap back to modern vehicle after the event. Contact RAC for further info.

It was suggested and agreed that we have a property officer. The officer will keep track of who has what in the way of tools etc that members have and are willing to loan to other members. It would not be this officers job to store the items but merely to be the recorder and registrar of the information. Darren Jeffree offered to take on the position. If you have any Club items or private spare parts or tools you are prepared to lend other members please contact Darren.

Jack Berkshire suggested we offer some sponsorship to members travelling to National Meets. It was pointed out that this would be against the Constitution and therefore not possible.

Ray Mahony displayed a tee-shirt on which he had stencilled the Club logo and a 1929 Model A Phaeton; Members could choose different body styles for personal use. After discussion 20 members indicated interest. It was decided the Club would purchase Blue, White, and Black ink and the stencil material. Ray would make up the stencils and print any shirts supplied by members. A small charge (about \$2-3) would be made by the Club to cover costs.

BITS AND PIECES: SEE BACK PAGE.

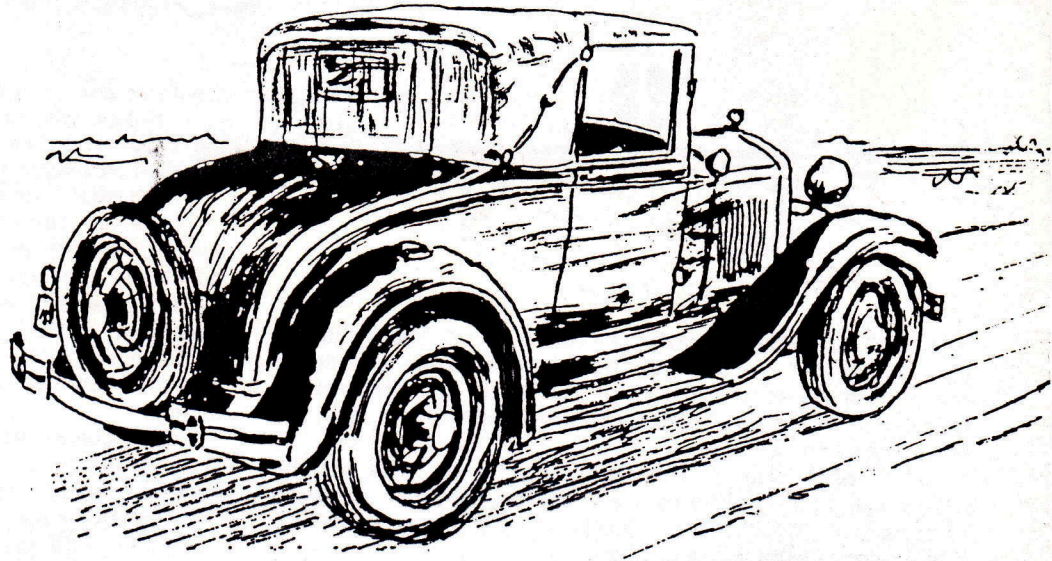
MEETING CLOSED : 1.05 pm.

"Slick"

A SHORT STORY

(fiction)

by John A. Brown



He first spotted the boy when he was almost a mile away because it was a straight stretch of road, and the early morning sun spot-lighted him in its rays. As he drove closer he could see the gasoline can and the long greasy hair falling over the back of a faded blue jacket. Bill Dyer had always driven past that kind of person before, but as he slowed down and stopped he noticed the tired look on the boy's face.

"Come on, get in," Bill said. "I'll bet your car ran out of gas."

The boy pulled his hair back behind his ears, pulled the door shut, and leaned back, exhaling breath that reeked of stale tobacco smoke.

"Yeah," he said, "About a mile back. I knew I was almost out of gas but every service station I passed was closed. Your car is the first one to come by since I started walkin' down this crummy road."

Bill nodded, "Yes, there isn't much traffic on this road on an early Sunday morning."

The boy looked around the little car in all directions and said admiringly, "This is some fancy rod you've got here. Is this one of those old Model T's? I've heard of 'em from some old folks I know."

Bill glanced at the young man and smiled,

"No, this is a Model A Ford, the one that Henry built after he discontinued the Model T in 1927."

The boy looked out over the short sparkling green hood and noticed the instrument on top of the radiator.

"What kind a gadget is that?" he asked.

"I guess you are referring to the Motometer," said Bill. "That's a kind of thermometer that tells the driver how hot or cool the water in the radiator is. At night I have to shine my flashlight on it to check."

The boy snorted, "Seems kinda crude. When I'm drivin' I like to check my temp, r.p.m.'s, and that sorta stuff by looking at the instrument panel. All you got there is an ammeter, speedometer, and a . . . I guess that thing with the silver gauge jumping around inside it is the gas."

"You're right," Bill said. "That's because the gas tank is behind the dash. As far as I know, the Model A was the only automobile built like that. They were really quite different from the other cars of that period."

The boy glanced at the shiny gearshift and the brake.

"Say, did you find this car in such good shape? It must be pretty old."

"No, it was in sad shape when I bought it nine years ago . . . almost what antique car collectors call a 'basket case'. I guess a person might call it old. It was built in May of 1930. I know the exact month from the serial number on the block," Bill replied with a hint of pride in his voice, and then asked, "What's your name, son?"

"They call me 'Slick' . . . no last name . . . just 'Slick'," the boy replied and he began to hum a tune in an off-key manner, tapping the seat with his fingers.

"You seem to know a lot about these old jalopies. Are you a mechanic or something?"

Bill shook his head and smiled, "No, I'm a school teacher . . . a high school chemistry teacher to be exact."

Slick made a face. "A school teacher! Geez, I hate school! In fact I hated it so much I quit last year. I'm never going back to that dumb place. Man, I've got better things to do with my time."

Both fell silent for several minutes. Slick ran his hand admiringly over the brown mohair upholstery.

"You don't see stuff like this in any of the new cars," he said. "Everything's made outta some kinda plastic."

"That's right, Slick," Bill replied. "About the only things in this car made out of plastic are the distributor cap, the distributor body, the rotor, the terminal box, and a few other small parts. The rest of this car . . . except for some wood strips, is metal. Most of the metal is steel . . . vanadium, stainless, and other kinds; the best that could be bought back in those days."

"No tin?" the boy asked.

"No tin," Bill said, "unless you want to count part of the solder in the radiator. No, not even in the Model T's that people called the Tin Lizzies. They were made mostly of the best grade of steel too. That's why they lasted so long."

Slick made a face. "Guess I don't know much about these old heaps. I know all about the newer ones though. They're the ones I like . . . lots of chrome, fancy headers, high lift cams, and that sorta stuff. By the way, how far is it to a gas station that's open?"

Bill glanced at his wristwatch. "About six and a half minutes from here."

Slick's eyes widened. "How do you know how many minutes away it is?"

"Well," Bill replied with a smile, "I checked it yesterday. You see, our club is holding a rally today. We drive our A's between





two points and we try to arrive at a certain secret time the judges have picked out. We leave at five minute intervals so that we can't follow the fellow in front of us. The car that arrives at the time closest to the time the judges have picked wins the rally. It's not a race of any kind."

"Oh," Slick said, "You're not trying to see who has the hottest car. That don't seem like much fun. Say, I'll bet this old thing is easy to drive but I guess I wouldn't have much fun tooling along at thirty-five or forty."

Bill glanced down at the gearshift and at his foot on the gas throttle. "Yes, I guess that the Model A is easy to drive once you get the hang of it. It just takes a little practice with the clutch pedal and the gearshift. Do you know how to use a manual shift, Slick?"

The young man smiled knowingly. "Sure do. It's just like a four-on-the-floor. But I'm not real sure what you do with those levers on the steering column. What do they do?"

Bill moved them up and down a bit.

"This one on the left here is the spark control and the one on the right side is the hand gas throttle. It works in unison with the pedal my foot's on right now." He pressed down on the button in the center of the large black steering wheel and the horn responded with a loud ahh-oo-gah.

Slick managed a faint smile. "Hey! That's really a cool item. I betcha I could drive this thing now. How about letting me give it a try?"

Bill shook his head and said, "That's one thing I don't let anyone else do . . . not even some of my best friends. I'm the only one who drives this car. I've got too much time, sweat, and money invested here to take a chance."

Slick's facial expression suddenly changed and the dark eyes glared over at him from between squinting lids. "Well, mister, I'm gonna be the first person you ever let drive this thing." He reached quickly into his shabby jacket pocket and whipped out an ugly looking snub-nosed automatic pistol.

Bill drew in his breath sharply and removed his foot from the gas pedal. The little car began to slow down.

"Say, wh . . . what is this? Is this a hold-up? If you need money, young man, I'll give you all I have with me."

Slick's face had a sneer on it now. "Keep your money, old man. I've got plenty right now. All I want now is this car of yours. Now, slow down nice and easy and stop beside that tree up there. Do it!" He jammed the automatic up against Bill's neck. In spite of the cold shock of the gun on his neck Bill could feel the sweat begin to roll down his back.

He found it difficult to think clearly but he managed to say, "Please, son, let me drive you to the gas station. It's only about five minutes down this road. We'll fill the can and I'll drive you back to your car. It won't take us very long."

"Mister," Slick snarled, "I don't want to go back to that damned car. It's hot right now. I jumped the wires on it last night and right now all the 'Smokies' in this part of the state are lookin' for it. I need a new set of wheels and this little old heap

should be safe . . . real safe. Now pull over and stop."

Bill complied and brought the vehicle to a stop by applying the brakes and then turning off the ignition by turning the key and then pushing in the pop-out switch.

"Now what?" he asked, looking the boy in the eye.

"Now get out and I'll take over," Slick said, removing the barrel of the gun away from Bill's neck. He opened the passenger side door and backed out.

"I'll go around and get in on your side. You stay there with your hands on the wheel until I get to the door.

Remember, Pops, this gun is pointing right at you." Slick walked around the front of the car quickly and stopped beside the door.

"O.K., c'mon out now."

"Wait a second," Bill said. "I forgot to adjust the choke rod." He leaned over to his right and put his hand quickly behind the dash panel near the choke rod.

"Alright, I'll get out now. Everything's fixed. I hope that you've thought about the fact that you won't get very far in this car before somebody spots you. Also, they know that I'm the only person who ever drives the 'Green Ghost'. Come on now, Slick, give up this car stealing business. It's still not too late to straighten yourself out. Let me try to help you."

Slick shook his head and spat on the ground. "Don't preachin' me any sermons, man. It's too late for that. I like what I'm doin'. Besides, I'm not stealin' this pile of junk. I just need it to get a few miles between me and the 'fuzz'. I'll leave it along side the road when it runs out of juice. Then, I'll hold up my trusty gas can and pick up another sucker like you. All right now, give me a quick course in operating this rig. I don't want no foul-ups."

He motioned with the gun and Bill moved closer to the car. He was sweating more than ever now and the palms of his hands felt clammy.

Bill pointed into the car and said, "All right now, reach up there on the dash panel and turn the key to the right."

The boy turned the key and then scowled out at Bill.

"Say! Are you putting me on? The engine don't kick over. If you think that you can fool around with me you got another think comin'."

Bill leaned closer to the door and pointed down to the floor.

"I'm not fooling you," he said. "You have to step down on that button there beside the brake pedal. That's the starter. Wait! Pull the spark rod up first so you won't break the Bendix spring. I won't bother explaining about that now. O.K., step on the starter . . . that's right . . . now pull the spark level all the way down. Now, push the clutch all the way in and put the gears in the 'low' position. That's right. Now give it a little gas and let the clutch out slowly and it should go."

Slick grinned, "Yeah! It's easy . . . guess I know all about Model A's now. I'll be seein' yuh, Pops. Thanks for the wheels."

The little green coupe lurched forward uncertainly and Bill winced when the gears clashed in second and high. The car ambled down the road for another fifty yards and then began to lurch as the engine sputtered. It ran a few more yards and came to a stop as the boy guided it to the shoulder. He opened the door and gestured angrily with the automatic.

"Hey, you! Get your tail down here. This damn thing quit on me!"

As Bill trotted slowly toward the car he was careful that the smile inside of him wouldn't show.

Slick was scowling now. "What the hell's the matter with this



hunk of junk?"

"Must be something clogging the fuel line," Bill said. "Let me raise the hood on the left side here and I'll see what I can do." He unlatched the hood and looked around the engine compartment with a critical expression on his face. He shook his head and muttered, "Hmrrrrrr!"

Slick stood up on the running board beside the door and shouted, "What do you mean by 'Hmrrrrrr'? You'd better get this thing started and I mean right now!"

Bill shook his head. "Sorry, kid, but you can't rush one of these cars. Tell you what . . . you stay in the car and step on the starter while I work the choke and gas from here."

The boy hit the starter button and it ground away. Thirty seconds . . . a minute. Bill glanced at his watch. It was 8:36. It wouldn't be very long now. The starter gave out a few more feeble groans and stopped. Slick hit the horn button in frustration. It made a faint sound and was silent.

"Damn it all, old man, now what?"

Bill closed the hood carefully and looked up. "Well, right now the battery seems to have gone dead. Got to crank 'er."

Slick put his head out of the window. "Got to WHAT?" he shouted.

"Got to turn the engine over with the crank," Bill explained.

"Don't worry. You can always start a Model A with a crank . . . but you'll have to get out of the car so that I can get the crank out from under the seat. That's where I keep all the tools and extra parts."

The boy snorted. "Of all the crazy damn places to keep tools. Well, hurry up. Get it out." He backed out of the car with the gun in his hand and Bill pulled up the seat cushion and picked out the crank. As he turned around he suddenly felt a stabbing, searing pain in his wrist. The crank dropped to the ground. The gun barrel had hit him with a glancing blow, breaking the skin. Blood began to seep out slowly. He straightened up and held his wrist. "Why did you do that? I'm trying to help."

"Not with a lug wrench, you ain't." growled Slick. "You're trying to pull something."

"Please, kid," Bill said, "let me show you. The crank is on the other end of the lug wrench. That's the way Ford designed them. Wow! I think you've broken my wrist."

The boy's expression softened a bit. "Sorry about that, Pops. I thought you were goin' to try somethin'. All right now, get out there and start crankin' this thing."

Bill looked down at his wrist. It was beginning to swell a bit but the numbness was starting to go away. He flexed his fingers slightly and he was pretty sure that nothing was broken. It would be a good idea to not let on that the damage wasn't as bad as it looked. He managed a painful look and said,

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it now. It takes two hands to crank her and you've put me out of business with that gun. I'll show you how to do the cranking. You can crank and I'll work the gas and the choke. I know it will start now. You can keep the gun on me while I walk around the front and show you what to do."

As Slick watched he picked up the crank and walked to the front of the car. Pushing aside the little cover over the crank hole, he inserted the crank.

"Now, we put both hands on the crank handle . . . make sure our thumbs are locked over the handle and then turn it clockwise as hard as we can. You get ready to do that when I give you the signal," Bill explained.

He climbed back into the car and sat behind the wheel. He glanced up at the little rear-view mirror and a faint smile flickered across his face. About a mile down the road behind

them he could see a dark blue roadster with a tan top approaching. That would have to be Danny Wilson. He stuck his head out of the window and saw Slick bent over, waiting for the signal to start cranking. He had put the gun back in his jacket pocket. Bill motioned for the boy to get ready. As Slick bent down again, Bill quickly pulled the spark lever all the way down.

"All right," he shouted. "Give it all you've got . . . Now!"

Slick's arms flashed downward and suddenly there was a shriek of pain. The kid was thrown backward as though he had touched a high voltage wire. Jumping out, Bill raced around to the front of the car. Slick was lying on his back screaming, holding one arm and then the other. The gun was lying on the ground a few feet away from the writhing boy. Bill picked it up, put the safety catch on, and shoved it in his pocket.

The boy was moaning now. "Help me mister! I think both my arms are broke. Oh, damn! They hurt somethin' awful. What happened to me?"

"Just lie still, son," Bill said softly, "Help will be arriving any second now."

The familiar sound of a well-tuned Model A engine became louder and then a slight screeching of brakes could be heard as the blue coupe came to a stop.

"Better check those brake linings, Danny. I've got a prisoner here for you . . . I guess a patient would be more correct," Bill said. "Do you have your handcuffs with you?"

Danny came around to the front of the car and bent over the boy. "Hi, Bill. It looks like this young fellow needs help. No, I don't carry any cuffs along on my day off. Say, what is this anyway?"

Bill bent down and carefully straightened the boy's arms out and placed them on top of his body.

"Well, for openers we have two cases of grand theft auto . . . one of them a bit unsuccessful. Also carrying a concealed weapon, and an assault with same. He goes by the name of 'Slick' but he didn't tell me his last name. Slick, I'd like you to meet trooper Daniel Wilson, a member of our club and the owner of one of the best restored sport roadsters in the state . . . except for those squeaky rear brakes."

Slick stopped moaning and looked up at the two of them. "You mean that . . . that he's a state cop? I didn't know that 'Smokies' ever drove these crazy cars. Now, come on, you guys, do something for . . ."

"Son," Bill interrupted, "there are still a lot of things you don't know about a Model A. One of them is that they won't run very far after you close the gas shut-off valve on the gas tank under the dash. I did that just before you got in."

Danny chuckled, "Is that what you did? No wonder he didn't get very far. But what about those arms of his? Did you hit him with that crank?"

"Nope," Bill said with a smile, "I let him grind down the battery and then had him turn the crank with both hands while I advanced the spark."

Danny whistled. "Wow! When you do that a Model A will kick like a mule . . . and you say he was using BOTH hands? Golly Ned, everyone knows you can't crank a car with both hands . . . thumbs on top when the spark is advanced."

"Not everyone knows that, Danny," Bill said. "Not everyone. I was counting on that. Slick here had the gun so I had to use the car to fight back. Well, I learned from him today that young people might know everything about modern cars but Model A's are different. Yes, sir, they're quite different."

