



VALVE CLATTER

Northern Virginia Regional Group



THE EARLY FORD V-8 CLUB OF AMERICA
Regional Group 96

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Cliff Green, Editor

HARBINGER OF SPRING - FREDERICK



Yes, this motley bunch of V8'ers all crammed into the 15 passenger van provided by Jerry's Ford, courtesy of Dave Blum, with driving chores by Hank Amster. Editor was supposed to be in the picture by operated the timer incorrectly. Lt to Rt: Mote, Girman, Martin, Selley, Blum, Sumner, El Presidente, Burns, Simmons , Amster, hidden is Westrate (in both pics) and Lombard.

Seen at the Flea Market included Vincent's, Potter, Hill, Lumpkin, Mascali, Wild, Arrington and others I'm sure. is is the first outing of the faithful who should all be home working on their cars, getting them ready for the touring season - right? We all concurred that this was the warmest Frederick ever - even the inside of the buildings were pleasant! The only complaint was that the BBQ was sold out by noon.



UP FRONT WITH THE PRESIDENT

APRIL 2002

Well, spring is here officially even though this meteorological event probably went unnoticed by most of us since we never really had winter! It's time to start driving our V-8's again and for all of us to start getting pumped up for our 5th annual Car Show in Fairfax City on May 11. **John Girman** and **Dave Westrate**, Show Co-Chairmen, have been working closely with the Fairfax City folks to put this event together and, on behalf of the Club, I want to thank them for all of their hard work. We are reaching out to a much larger number of car clubs in our region this year with the hope of substantially increasing the number of cars entered. Spectator admission will remain at \$1.00 and, with increased advertising, we hope to further increase crowd size. While a lot has already been done, there are still a lot of things that will need to be done before and during show day. At the membership meeting this month, John and Dave will be asking for volunteers to assist in such areas as advertising, registration, show field layout/parking, awards, cleanup, etc. Please give some thought to what you would like to work on and come prepared to volunteer. If you can help but can't come to the meeting, please call John, Dave or me. And, of course, please plan on having your car(s) on the show field on May 11!

Dorothy Morrison underwent double knee replacement surgery last month and, after spending a week in the hospital and a week in a rehabilitation center, is now home. She will be undergoing several weeks of physical therapy at home but hopes to be able to keep up with Charlie soon – no small feat! On behalf of the Club, I would like to extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery to this very special lady.

I'd like to share my recent "15 minutes of fame" with you. On March 10, I was quoted in the New York Times in a light-hearted article about Ford Motor Company's decline in sales. The reporter who wrote the article called me in January to get my opinion, as an early Ford V-8 aficionado, on what Ford should do to reverse the situation. I told him Ford needed to do what they did in 1932: come up with some bold technological breakthroughs and restore personality to their cars. I was also subsequently quoted in an article about cars with personality that appeared in the March 20 issue of USA Today. What fun!

Special thanks to "Professor" **John Girman** for his excellent treatise on tribology that he delivered at the March membership meeting. For those of you who were unable to attend but would like to know what I'm talking about, please read **John Ryan's** write-up on the meeting in this newsletter. At this month's meeting, the program will be the ever popular "Show and Tell" so please come prepared to share something with your fellow V-8ers. See you then!

Happy V-8ing!
Hank

AMELIA ISLAND

Editor



I attended a car show that rivals the famous Pebble beach – and possibility in a few years will be better overall. The Concours D'Elegance at Amelia Island is only in its seventh year and everyone remarks about the location, weather, time of the year, the quality of the cars and the area in which the cars are shown.

The concourse is held on the grounds of the Amelia Island Ritz Carlton, hard by the Atlantic Ocean, on the fairway of the 1st and 18th holes. There is so much grass that the 275 invited cars can be parked with ample space between them for viewing. The reported over 15,000 spectators did not crowd the field. Also, the 75 award winners were required to drive their cars down the fairway between rows of spectators to the podium. The corridor was at least 100 feet wide, ample space for watching the parade. One of the complaints of Pebble Beach is the over crowding.

Sandra and I rent a three Bedroom Condo at Amelia Island Plantation about 4 miles down the beach from the Ritz and invited NVRG members Ray and Phylis Kunsman from Savannah and former members Don and Mary Fowler from NC. Don and Mary have been to Pebble Beach twice and could give comparisons – they liked Amelia a lot!

The Kunsmans and I have mutual friends from the Conn. RG, Ted and Barbara Ristau (Chairman of last years Eastern lat's), whose '47 Mercury station wagon was invited this year to attend the Concoors. I thought at first that the room and banquet (sponsored by Mercedes-Benz) was compted – no way! They paid \$350 a night for the room, plus \$15 a day parking and \$300 for the banquet! Talk about elegance! The day of the Concourse, GM picked up the luncheon for the entrants. Ted and Barbara went out to eat with us twice and we enjoyed their insight about the meet.

The day before the meet was the Auction, which was a car show in its self. The cars were displayed on the grass and in a huge tent. Of particular interest to V8'ers was a 1932 one ton panel truck which the staff asked our assistance to start. Problem was the

key was broken off in the ignition! The other was a perfect '40 Ford convertible with red leather seats (OK – could be special ordered). That baby went for \$60K, which made Ray's day since he owns a Dearborn ragtop. The ladies enjoyed the whole scene on both days – they got to talk with Unser sitting in a Ferrari racecar.



The featured marquee of the meet was Cadillac of which 40 vintages were present, from the single cylinder '01 to a 2003 concept. There were fashion models wearing costumes of the era standing beside select cars, plus entrants (including Ted and Barbara) in period garb.



The highlight Fords:
1) The '35 two sedan converted to a two-door phaeton. This was a project car of Bill Sutton, a '36 collector from

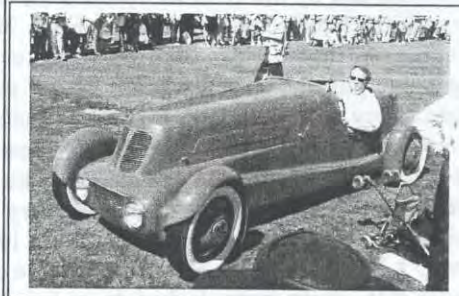
whose estate I bought my phaeton. Koch purchased the project and finished it into a piece of art! The hood and fenders were lengthened 7" with the spare tire in the right fender. It is the car that Henry should have built.

2) Prototype #2 1939 Lincoln Continental. After 40 years the car is completed. Beautiful black with no running boards and no stainless lower trim – '39



dash and interior. This car lay down a cloud of smoke when it drove to the reviewing stand – only one that did.

3) First continental sports car for Edsel Ford. Designed by E.T. Gregorie and produced in 1934 as a project car. Driven by Edsel until his death, then given to Gregorie. Car is bright red and unrestored.



Edsel Ford II drove the car to the reviewing stand.

4) Two Ford hot Rods of the early '50's. These fenderless 32 "highboys" had all the early speed equipment. These cars were "Elegant" in their own right and shows how diverse the Concoors was.

5) '47 Mercury Station Wagon belonging to the Ristau's. A beautiful Tan wagon – Dearborn, of course.

6) Rare '47 Mercury Sportsman that won "Best woodie Award" – 100% restoration – my favorite.

7) Unrestored 1934 Brewster Limo from PA. The owner has two of them!

The weather was perfect the entire weekend. The \$25 a head admission fee was donated to a charity. The event is the second week in March. Don't miss it!

PART TWO

The first part of this story related the who, what, why, when and where of my first car, a well used 1935 Ford roadster, purchased in 1941. This part shares with you a few of our most memorable experiences with the car, although not necessarily in the order of occurrence.



One warm Sunday morning, my parents and sister Phyllis and I decided to drive to Mobile, Alabama to visit mother's sister and family. The Ford performed beautifully on the 65 mile run. We had a great visit and when it came time to return home, I poured a quart of oil in the car and we departed. About half way home, I felt a tire going down and pulled off the highway. While dad and I began changing the tire – yes, the spare was inflated this time–, mother and sis walked up ahead to a near-by bridge. Phyllis soon ran back to the car. "S. L., there's a tire in the water, and I think you could wade out and look at it." When we finished, I walked up to look. I waded out and washed enough sand from it to drag it to shore. After washing out the rest of the sand, I found one small puncture in it. This was easily repairable, and was a 6:00-16 (correct size.) It had as much or more tread as those on the car. I thanked sis for finding it but reminded her she would have to share

the rumble seat with the wet "new" tire. She suggested I tie it on the top. On THAT TOP? Don't even think about it, young lady! We compromised by lashing it up front between the bumper and the grille.

Football season opened that fall with Pensacola High playing arch-rival Mobile High at Mobile. Phyllis asked me to drive her and three classmates to the Friday night game. Sounded like fun to me, if one could possibly imagine four fourteen year old kids crowded together for an hour and a half being fun. {I was a very mature nineteen.} None the less, being sure I had a couple of quarts of oil stored under the seat, away we went. The trip was uneventful but noisy until the temperature gage began to rise and by the time we reached the stadium, it was boiling! A quick check under the hood revealed a blown gasket. No way to fix it that night. With little trouble, we found rides back home for every one and a classmate at the game agreed to pick me up at my uncle Lewey's house after the game. Now to get the Ford to my uncle's house. I found no indication of water in the oil so after calling him, I filled the radiator with water and took off for my uncle's house. Fortunately, he lived about five miles away and I was able to get there before she overheated again. I drained the radiator to make sure no water would get into the combustion chamber or oil pan. My friend showed up a couple of hours later and every one returned home safely. Note: We lost the game. Next morning, I gathered up my tools, bought a new head gasket, and hitch hiked, with a friend and classmate, Gus Brown, back to Mobile and Uncle Lewey's house. Wasting no time, off came the right side head and gasket. The gasket had failed at a circulation port on the outer side, so the water leaked down the block instead of into the combustion chamber and- or- pan. Lucky, lucky!! We quickly installed the new gasket and torqued the head nuts. I did the final torqueing and found one of the studs was missing a washer! (The Ford V-8 with aluminum heads use a thin flat washer between the head and the nut.) We searched the area very thoroughly with no luck so agreed the washer was likely not on the head when we removed it. WRONG!! We cleaned up our mess, filled the radiator, checked for leaks, picked up our "doggy bag" Aunt Mae insisted we take. "Can't ever tell what might happen before you get to Pensacola, and I don't want your mother to blame me if you boys starve to death." Man, how right she was!!! No wonder she was my favorite aunt!



The trip was uneventful for the first part but about 25 miles from home the engine suddenly started clattering big time. Sounded like a 50 caliber machine gun! I quickly shut it down and coasted to a stop off the side of the highway. Visual inspection of the engine revealed nothing wrong. What ever it was it was internal. Gus cranked it up and using a screwdriver as a stethoscope, I quickly isolated the noise. "Shut it off, Gus, I think I have found that washer," I yelled. I could think of no good options, but since when run slow, the clatter, although still there, was much easier on the ears. So I chose to try to limp home at 20 miles per hour, engine-off coasting at every opportunity. Believe me, those were the longest most agonizing 25 miles imaginable! But we made it home! Neither one of us even thought about our lunch bag Aunt Mae had given us until we were in sight of home. You can bet I parked under that old oak tree in the front yard. We did not get out of the car until we finished the lunch. As soon as the engine cooled we carefully removed the head, not wanting to lose any evidence. Sure enough, there was the washer—in two pieces. Approximately one fourth of it was sitting on top of a

pretty well peened piston. The other part was pinched between the block the relatively soft gasket crimped by the washer. Probably the heat of combustion, gas velocity and high frequency vibrations caused it to eventually break. If the reader has any other theories, I welcome them. Any how since the valves did not appear to be damaged and although head was peened as well, I chose to go with it so a new head gasket with 21- not 20 washers my Ford was ready to hit the road again.

All too soon, time came to exchange the surveyor's chain and rattlesnakes for the classes and labs at Auburn for my first co-op quarter. So I packed what I felt I would need, taking special care with my table top radio/phonograph, and those 78 RPM records of Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glen Miller, et al. Even a college student rates a few moments of relaxation from the books. Right?

With all my minimal needs packed in the Ford, we took off for Auburn. The Ford performed flawlessly but did use 4 quarts of oil on the 240 mile drive. I quickly settled in to the academic routine and found it to be very, very busy with little time for social activities, so the Ford got very little attention.



BUT- On a warm Saturday afternoon Gus and I convinced each other we deserved a break. In less time that it takes to say Chewacla State Park, we rounded up four friends, packed an ice chest with food and drinks, squeezed into the Ford and drove to the nearby park. We had a great time swimming, playing games, and horsing around. Late in the afternoon we packed up and headed back to the books.

We drove down the short road to the highway and stopped before entering. A '37 "chevvy", also loaded with students, pulled along side, stopped and challenged us to a drag. I looked him over, didn't see any flame stripes painted on his side - besides- it was a Chevy - so we picked up the gauntlet, pulled out onto the highway side-by-side, stopped and waited for the green flag.

"GO" one of them shouted! Burning rubber on the start we we peaked out in first gear. my Ford was more than car length ahead amd opening the gap rapidly. Slamming it into second, I knew we would leave him in my smoke- pun intended- before shifting into third. It was not to be! just before shifting into third - the Chevvy was about a hundred feet behind - I heard a gut wrenching POW from under the hood! A quick glance behind me revealed a stream of oil on the highway. The Chevvy roared past yelling and

screaming derisive remarks as we coasted to the side of the road. I felt like I had stuck my finger into a light socket. I knew this was trouble-big time! Raising the hood and looking under the car confirmed it—I blew the engine! A connecting rod or cap had failed and punched a hole in the bottom of the pan. About that time the Chevvy returned to offer help. He kindly offered to return for us after he delivered his friends back to the campus and would tow my poor wounded Ford to my dorm. So ended our day of fun and games!.

Good as his word, returned in about a half hour and loaded up my friends. We tied a husky rope to the cars and returned to Auburn. I was sincerely appreciative of the help, but only a Ford lover can truly understand how degrading it was to have my beloved Ford towed home by a Chevrolet!!! We parked it along the curb in it's old parking spot. I again thanked my friend for his help, then turned to deal with my problem. STUPID me!

Clearly, my three options were to ditch the Ford, rebuild the engine, or replace it. First option—no way! I had few tools, no big oak tree for a hoist, extent of damage unknown, and final exams starting in 2 weeks, so that was out. Monday afternoon after classes, a friend and I drove out to a couple of junk yards. We were lucky! We found a wrecked '36 sedan which, although was badly damaged, the engine compartment was not damaged. The yard owner told us he had pulled the car in about 3 months ago and that he knew the owner. He gave me the man's telephone number. I called and he gave more information- mostly good. I decided I had better go for this one so we agreed on \$45 exchange, to be delivered next Saturday afternoon. If I would have my old engine unbolted and ready to remove, he agreed to lift it out and would drop the new one in place. He was a nice guy and certainly helped me out of a deep hole. He arrived on schedule, that "new" engine in the bed of his wrecker. The exchange was completed without a hitch, and before supper { remember, this is the deep South} we cranked it up and made a nervous tour of the campus, ever alert to any strange noises from the engine compartment. I heard none so I started breathing again. We returned to the dorm and before supper the three of us finished off those "cokes" we brought back from our ill fated frolic in the park last Saturday. And my beloved Ford was once again healthy and her owner a lot smarter.

PART TWO WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Identity Crisis

Is Anyone Driving A Ford Lately?

By DANNY HAKIM

THE DEARBORN, Mich. Taliban drove Toyotas. They even drove some G.M. trucks. But they didn't drive Fords.

These are not the best of times for the Ford Motor Company. Aside from losing \$5.5 billion last year, Ford models are sinking on the wish lists of good guys and bad guys alike. The latest indignity came last month, when Ford, for the first time in a decade, was ousted by Chevrolet as the top-selling American automobile brand.

What can a fallen icon do to recapture its lost magic?

Start by looking at what worked in the past. There was a time when Fords were so coveted that the world's villains settled for little else, back in an era when zero-percent financing came at the end of a pistol.

Consider this letter to Henry Ford in 1934: "Dear Sir," it began, "while I still have got breath in my lungs I will tell you what a dandy car you make. I have drove Fords exclusively when I could get away with one. For sustained speed and freedom from trouble the Ford has got every other car skinned and even if my business hasn't been strickly legal it don't hurt anything to tell you what a fine car you got in the V8."

The original copy of this letter, scrawled in pencil, is on display at the Henry Ford Museum here, next to a picture of its author, Clyde Barrow. In the picture, Mr. Barrow, without Bonnie, crouches in his suit before a lustrous, bug-eyed Ford V8, his eyes obscured by his hat's brim. Two handguns are wedged into the V8's ample grill, a third hangs from a hood ornament and three shotguns lean against the front bumper.

Mr. Barrow and his contemporary John Dillinger both drove the Ford V8, which was high on power and charm and even was affordable. (Especially when it was free.)

The car was the creation of two very different Ford family members, according to historical accounts. It was the last major line that had the stamp of Henry Ford, who equipped it with the first mass-produced V8 engine, a major technological breakthrough. And it had graceful styling touches that the spiteful and utilitarian Mr. Ford could barely abide. They were pushed by his gentler son, Edsel, who believed the functional look embodied by the Model T was long outdated.

When it made its debut in the 1930's, the V8 had something under the hood other cars did not, and it looked cool, which is no doubt why Chuck Berry was still rhapsodizing about them — "nothin' outrun my V8 Ford" — many years later in his song "Maybellene."

Today, of course, it is hard to imagine which Ford Mr. Barrow or Mr. Dillinger might prefer to use as a getaway car.

The Taurus? Too bland. A Mustang? Not enough space for the arsenal. The Explorer, one of Ford's best-sellers, has plenty of room for Clyde, Bonnie and all their guns, but it has also become the poster S.U.V. for the handling problems such vehicles have in highway driving conditions. A rollover is not a fitting end for a world-class bandit.

So how about an Escort, Mr. Barrow?

Earlier this year, Ford announced a corporate turnaround plan that included 35,000 worldwide job cuts and five plant closings. Once again, it falls to the Ford family to get the company out of a rut. William Clay Ford Jr., the 44-year-old chairman of the company, took over as chief executive in October and has promised to get back to basics and get consumers excited about driving Fords again.

Certainly, the task is urgent. Not only are foreign competitors gobbling up market share, but G.M., the parent of Chevrolet, is resurgent, stealing sales and profits by leading a price war that Ford is hard-pressed to afford, and getting more buzz from its vehicle lineup than it has in years.

Would Bonnie and Clyde have chosen a Taurus for a getaway car? An Escort? Nah.

How can Ford strike back?

Hank Dubois, president of the Northern Virginia chapter of the Early Ford V8 Club, said the company should do what it did with the V8: push the technology curve and restore personality to its cars. Mr. Dubois, a 58-year-old retired federal worker, owns three V8's, including two 1935 coupes and a 1939 Deluxe V8 station wagon, known as a Woody because of its siding.

"They still look good today," he said.

IF the V8's breakthrough was horsepower, environmental technologies like hybrid gasoline-electric engines have been the first leap of the new millennium. The Big Three have been far outstripped by Toyota and Honda in putting hybrid vehicles on the road, though Ford will bring the first hybrid S.U.V. to the market next year.

"They ought to lead the way," said Mr. Dubois.

And then there is heart. If the recently redone Thunderbird has an anthropomorphic touch, it is the exception, not the rule.

"People don't relate to them anymore," Mr. Dubois said of today's models. "They don't become members of the family."

They are modern Model T's: they get you there.

As Mr. Dubois put it, "One man's Taurus is like the next man's Taurus."



Clyde Barrow and his accessorized Ford V8.

FAIRFAX CAR SHOW UPDATE

Co-chairmen **Dave Westrate** and **John Girman** report that planning is well underway for this year's Fairfax Car Show. Dave has met with representatives from Fairfax City, Fairfax County, and the Fairfax Downtown Coalition to coordinate activities. The big event will be on Saturday, May 11th at the Massey Building parking lot in Fairfax City, just as in prior years. The admission fee will remain at \$1 for spectators and advanced registration for cars will be \$7. Registration at the day of the show will be \$9.

There will be three trophies (Mayors Choice, Best of Show, and Peoples Choice), a live band and a food vendor at the show. In addition, a farmer's market is located a

block from the show. Once again, the City will provide fencing and printing for registration, brochures and posters.



This year, the NVRG is making a special effort to recruit more cars for the show. Registration brochures have been printed and mailed to over 170 car clubs. (For comparison, brochures went out to 26 car clubs last year.) Patty and John Girman combed the internet to identify car clubs in nearby VA and MD and compiled mailing labels. Together with Barbara and Dave Westrate, they spent a Sunday afternoon stuffing envelopes with invitation letters and brochures.

At the next membership meeting, members are encouraged to pick up brochures and posters to distribute over the next month. In addition, volunteers will be needed for several tasks the day of the show, including registration and parking. **Mark your calendar and get your car(s) ready for the show!**

What is Tribology?

Multiple choice:

- The study of why things always seem to come in threes
- The design fundamental of three-wheel vehicles
- The three branches of biology
- The study of friction, lubrication and wear.

For the answer, read the report on the March monthly meeting in this issue.



APRIL TOUR



FIRST EVER NVRG POKER RUN



Fun – Prizes – Food – Camaraderie

Time to get those V-8s out on the road and have a little fun. Join us for the first ever NVRG Poker Run. Drive over some of the great scenic byways in Northern Virginia. Test your skills at navigating. Win great prizes. Enjoy lunch with your V-8 friends. What more can you ask for?

When: Saturday, April 20th @ 9:30
Where: Fair Oaks Mall Parking Lot

Questions: **Ken Burns** @ 703-978-5939 after 6:30



MONTHLY MEETING - MARCH 12

John Ryan

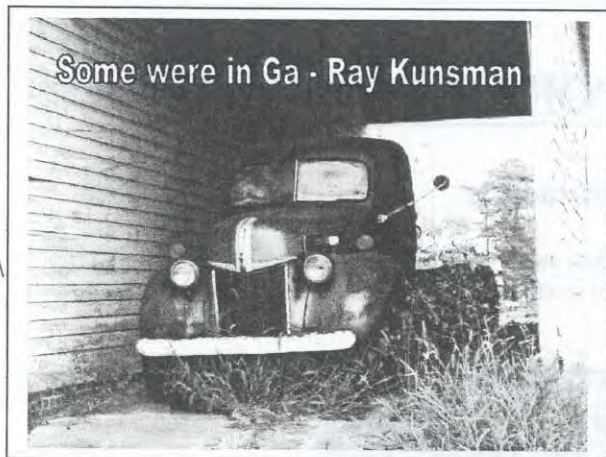
Two dozen NVRG members braved the rain and were rewarded with an excellent program on March 12. The highlight was an entertaining and informative presentation by **John Girman** on tribology. Tribology is the study of friction, lubrication and wear. John made it clear that all EFV8ers should know something about tribology because every time we change our oil or add quart, we are influencing the tribology of our precious flathead V8s. First, John provided an overview of the engineering fundamentals of tribology: How does wear occur? How does lubrication work? What do oil additives do? (It turns out that the half-dozen major types of additives do quite a lot.)



John also dealt with the practical issues that face us at every oil change: the factors to consider when selecting oil type, grade and viscosity. There was a lot of discussion about different oils: multi-grade vs. single-grade, synthetic vs. regular, detergent vs. non-detergent. John pointed out that our flathead V8s also are somewhat unique: they tend to run hot, they have no PCV system, use a 6-volt electrical system, most don't have an oil filter and some even have poured babbit bearings. All these characteristics effect the selection of oil somewhat. Bottom line: use detergent oil, either single or multi-grade (like 10W-30) and, most important, change the oil often!

For members who were unable to attend the meeting, **Dave Gunnarson** video taped the entire presentation. Contact Dave to borrow the tape. Thanks to John and Dave. Thanks also to **Jack Sweet** who provided refreshments, including some delicious home made "sweets."

THEY ARE STILL OUT THERE



KENTUCKY DERBY TIME

You say you can't get tickets for the May 4 race, or you just don't want to drive your vintage V-8 all the way to Louisville! Well, why not have a Derby Party yourself. Invite your V-8 friends to your house and watch the "Run for the Roses" from the comfort of your own home. A typical Derby buffet consists of baked ham, grits, fresh asparagus, an assorted fruit platter and that famous **Derby Pie**:

4 eggs slightly beaten	2 cups chopped pecans
2 cups sugar	2 cups choc. chips, melted
1 cup flour	2 unbaked pie shells
2 sticks melted butter	Whipped cream
2 tsp. vanilla	

Combine the eggs, sugar, melted butter, vanilla, nuts and melted chocolate chips in large bowl. Mix well, add flour, and mix again. Spread into two unbaked 9" pie shells. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool. Serve with whipped cream.

Now place your bets, and with frosty Mint Juleps in hand get ready for the announcer to say "The horses are coming onto the track."

Recipe and idea from the April 1970 issue of *Ford Times*.
Patty Girman

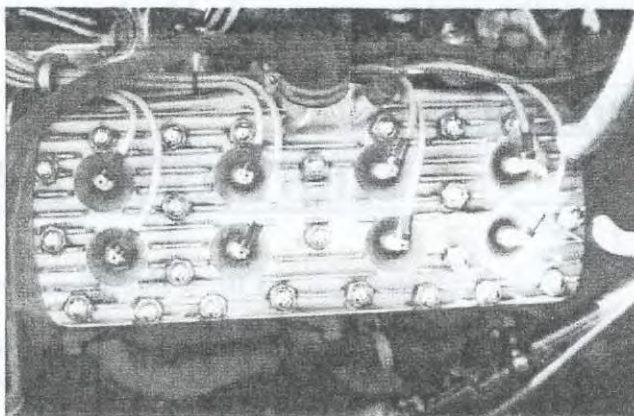


John & Audrey Weinstein

6036 Calloway Ct., Centerville, Va.

20121 703-818-2737

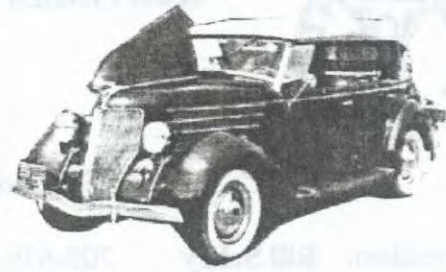
1952 F3 1 ton



Ever see a flathead with two spark plugs per cylinder?
Thanks to Ventura V8's RG #84



V8 CALENDAR NVRG



April

9 **NVRG Member Meeting**, Program: "Show and tell"

Refreshments: David Blum

13 **Poker Run, NVRG Event**

18-21 Spring Carlisle

20 Poker Run Rain Date

30 **NVRG Board Meeting**

May

4 **Willow Croft Wine Tour**

8 **NVRG Member Meeting**: Program: Steering restoration & DMV regulations by Westrate & Gunnerson

11 **Fairfax Car Show, NVRG Event**

18 Winchester Apple Blossom Meet

28 **NVRG Board Meeting**

29 EFV8 Central Nat'l Meet, Oklahoma City, OK

June

11 **NVRG Member Meeting**

Program: Collecting Ford Literature by Cliff Green

Refreshments: Dave Gunnarson

Sully (Fathers Day)

25 **NVRG Board Meeting**

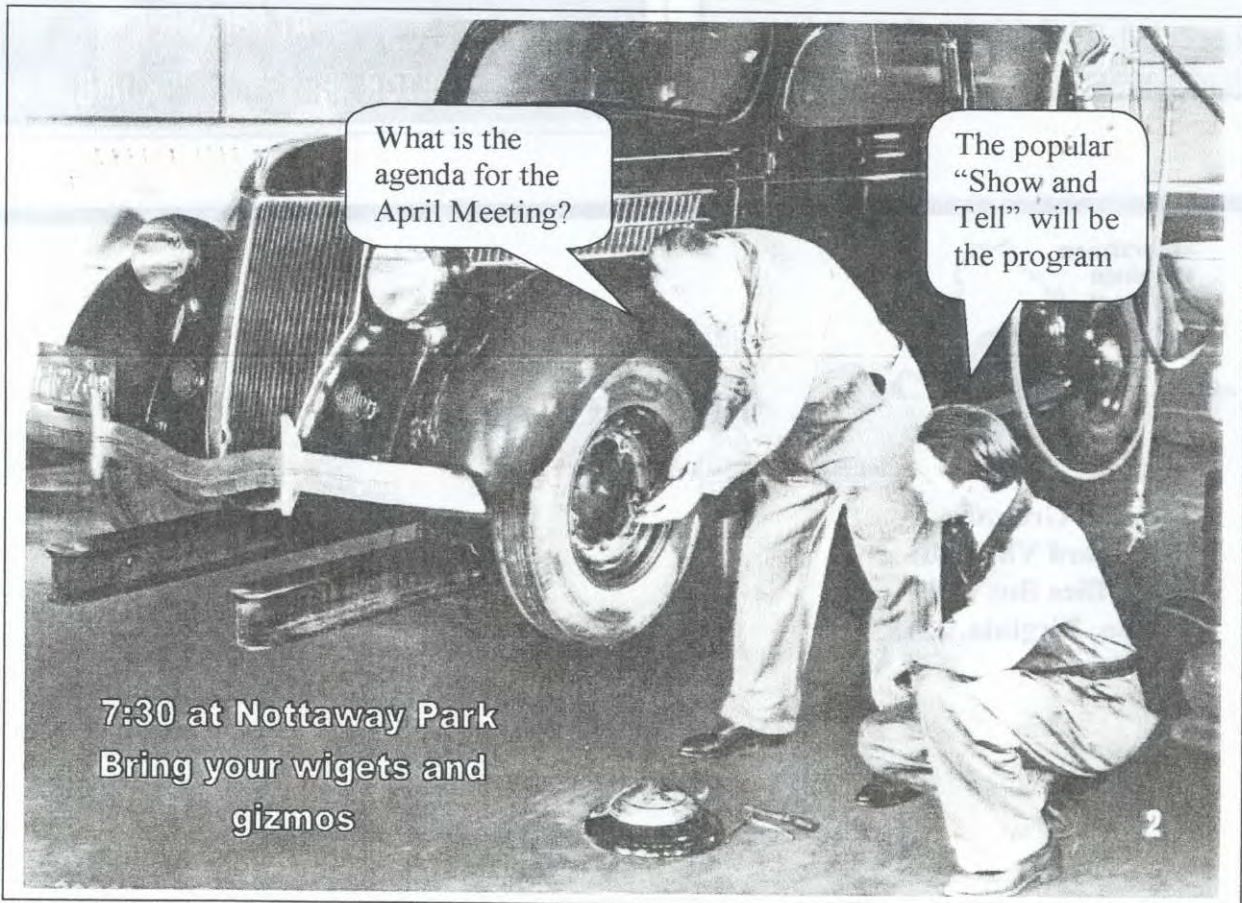
July

2-6 EFV8 Western Nat'l Meet, Park City, UT

9 **Club Picnic, Nottoway Park**

17-20 EFV8 Eastern Nat'l Meet, Vernon, NY

30 **NVRG Board Meeting**



What is the agenda for the April Meeting?

The popular "Show and Tell" will be the program

7:30 at Nottoway Park
Bring your wigets and gizmos



BOARD OF DIRECTORS
NORTHERN VIRGINIA REGIONAL GROUP



President: Hank Dubois ...703-476-6919

Vice President: **Bill Selley** 703-679-9462
Secretary: **Tom Shaw** 703-771-9374
Treasurer: **Hank Amster** 703-753-9575
Membership: **Bill Simons** 703-536-3648
Tours: **Von Hardesty** 540-249-8761
Past President: **Dave Westrate** 703-620-9597

Programs: **Steve Pieper** 703-860-2801
Property: **David Gunnarson** 703-425-7708
Activities: **John Girman** 703-242-1459
Refreshments: **David Gunnarson** 703-425-7708
Newsletter: **Cliff Green** 703-426-2662
Historian: **Don Lombard** 703-690-7971

Monthly general membership meetings are usually held at 7:30, the *second Tuesday* of each month, in historic Hunter House, located adjacent to the tennis courts, Nottoway Park, Court House Road, Vienna, Virginia. Check the newsletter for occasional alternates sites. **SEE YOU THERE**



FIRST CLASS MAIL

**Regional Group 96
Early Ford V8 Club
Post Office Box 1195
Vienna, Virginia, 22183**