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Group



# Value Clatter



Northern Virginia Regional Group - Early Ford V-8 Club of America

[www.nvrg.org](http://www.nvrg.org)

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Ken Burns - Editor

# TAHOE & BEYOND

We continue our coverage of the Golden Jubilee celebration (Ed.)

Lake Tahoe Reflections

By John Sweet. Photos by John Sweet and Jim McDaniel



As with any Early Ford V-8 Grand National Meet, once you've decided to attend, the anticipation grows exponentially. When they come only once every five years, that anticipation quintuples, and when it's the Golden Jubilee, and it's in Lake Tahoe (site of the EFV-8 Club's first meet), then the anticipation really hits hard and all bets are off! I started off with a long flight into Reno, by way of San Francisco and couldn't help but wonder as I looked out the window about fellow V-8ers on the road and heading towards Tahoe. In Reno, I joined up with my friend Al McWade and took a bus to Lake Tahoe. The scenery was breathtaking and the roads filled with early Ford V-8s as well as HV-12 Lincolns. That's what made the meet even better for me: the fact that the Lincoln-Zephyr Owners Club West and the Lincoln Owners Club West were hosting their annual GOF in conjunction with the V-8 club. For me it was going to be a week of double the pleasure.

After checking in to Harvey's Casino and Hotel on Monday, Al and I headed over to the flea market to see what treasures we could find. Although adequate, the flea market was smaller than I expected, and truth be told, somewhat disappointing. Although there were some nice parts to be had, I was looking for that elusive, spectacular West Coast treasure, the true "find." Alas, my biggest purchase was a 1930's era California tour book for \$5.00. A bit later we popped into the registration area and found ordered chaos. Despite the pandemonium, I quickly got my meet pack and great shift knob, but discovered that my polo shirt was missing. The ladies manning the desk quickly took control and, while it was a day later, I had my polo – great customer service! On the escalator up to the mezzanine, the first NVRG member I saw was John Ryan looking happy and contented heading out towards the back lot of Harrah's to the concourse.

Because of the size of the meet, V-8ers were in several hotels which meant unless you pre-arranged a meeting, you only saw fellow members in passing. Lots of walking was the order of the day. Whenever I met up with a fellow NVRG member, it always seemed to be when we were walking somewhere else! Over the course of several days I met up with Bill Potter and Elise, Jim LaBaugh, Bill and Liz Simons, Bill Selley, Jim and

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# *Up Front with the President*



## *August 2013*

If you own a 1933 - '36 Ford or big "L" or "K" Lincoln with the greyhound hood mascot, you might be hearing strange noises emanating from your garage - but pay no attention. It's just your radiator mascot telling you that the "dog-days" of summer have arrived.

But despite blazing August heat we've had to deal with in the past, our fun continues as we make those lazy summer time memories with the fun of local car shows, cruze-in's, and the ever popular evening ride to get ice cream - and you can't get much cooler than that! The July Picnic was a great success and many thanks to **Ken Burns, Wayne and Jane Chadderton** for helping to make it all happen. Of course a special thanks to **Art Zimmerli** for being our host at his farm as well as to **Joe and Sarah Freund** for picking up the barbecue and cleaning up afterwards. All the help made for a fantastic event. Thanks again for everyone who came.

Of course, your NVRG will be helping to make even more summer time memories for you with our upcoming Trifecta Tour on Saturday, August 24<sup>th</sup>. Tour director **Art Zimmerli** has come up with a great itinerary. We will visit the art gallery in former Lorton Prison Workhouse, lunch in the historic town of Occoquan, a local winery in Clifton and top it off with a cool ice cream cone at the Ice Cream Depot. Even if the heat of August is a bit too much for our V-8's, we encourage you to join us in more modern iron to take advantage of the conditioned air that blows cold through the vents (and once again, a big thank you to Louis Carrier!)

August is also the time when vacationers and travelers want to start bragging about their wonderful summer trips, and show off their "Kodak" memories of the fun they had on vacation. In keeping with this tried and true American tradition, our program this month features the sites, sounds, and color of the 50th Grand National Meet in Lake Tahoe earlier in June. With reports from a host of NVRG V-8's who attended, be prepared to see some outstanding Ford's, Lincoln's and Mercury's in a breath-taking locale. You won't want to miss this travelogue, so we'll see at the meeting on Tuesday, 13 August.

Lastly, according to our NVRG By-Laws August is the month when we issue a call for nominations for the Board of Directors. If you are interested, or know of someone who is interested on joining the Board of Directors please contact **Jim McDaniel** prior to our September meeting to have the name added to the slate of nominees.

Happy travels and see you on the road!

*John*

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Char McDaniel, Maurie Roesch, Bill and Sylvia Tindall as well as John and Patty Girman, who, despite a transplant to the West Coast, are still very much a part of the NVRG.



Welcome Party Celebration: L-R Bill Selley, John Ryan, Bill Simons.

Because I was attending two meets during the course of the week, things were busy and time went by in a flash. Monday was spent getting oriented and Tuesday was spent taking in the sights inside and outside the hotel(s). The meet Memorabilia was interesting and neat to look at. A trip through the raffle area revealed lots of wonderful stuff. I bought some tickets and managed to come home with the 1941-48 Ford restoration manual. While perusing the raffle offerings I saw our contribution, the Virginia Gift Basket. It was one of the more impressive presentations and it made a great showing on the table. Many thanks to Dave Gunnarson, Ken Burns, Jim McDaniel, John Ryan and everyone who contributed to make our contribution happen.



The NVRG Raffle Basket was an attendee favorite.



The Gift Basket contained over \$200 worth of Virginia products.

Bill Simons adds the following: I was standing in line at the Starbucks at Harrah's and discovered that the couple behind me won our raffle basket. They are Wayne and Paige Svigel from Centennial, CO.



The winners – Wayne and Paige Svigel – Bill Simons photo.

After the making our selections in the raffle room, and another quick tour through the memorabilia room I went to an LZOC / LOC seminar on early L and K Lincoln Reference manuals. The rest of the day was spent looking at Fords, Lincolns and Mercurys. The Rouge cars were in a line just outside the main field and made an impressive line up. If a 1938 Ford is seldom seen on the East Coast, then all one has to do is look to the west. I saw more original '38s in one place then ever before and I was impressed. Other Rouge cars that I found interesting were a '50 Lincoln Lido Coupe that, like the Mercury Monterey, was a stop gap styling exercise until a

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hard top convertible could be introduced. Touring class appeared to be massive. I found it interesting to compare and contrast the differences I saw in the touring class. Cars appeared to be much more "accessorized" than what I am used to. I was amused at the thought of what Henry Ford would have thought about some of the upgrades I saw. None the less, it was an impressive group of cars, and it was obvious to all that the owners loved their Early Ford V-8s. I held off looking at Dearborn contenders, as I wanted to do that on show day.

That evening, while the NVRG members went off to have dinner at a local restaurant, I took part in the LZOC festivities. It was a lot fun and although I ended up winning a gift basket I just knew would never fit into the overhead compartment of my return flight.

Wednesday dawned bright and sunny, but chilly. Judging was already underway when I returned with my jacket and the hustle and bustle seemed frenetic, yet the chaos was organized and apparently adhering to "the plan." On the far northern end of the lot, the LZOC and LOC shared their Concours with the rest of the V-8 club.



The Lincoln Lineup – courtesy of New England RG's V-8 Past Times.

Taking it all in however, was another matter. The Dearborn Class cars were impressive, but the number of cars to look at made it difficult to spend enough time at each car. Everywhere you looked, there was something else that would catch your eye and pull you like a Siren's call off to another car. At one point I glanced down at my watch and noted that it was only 10:45 - plenty of time to look at all the cars. Then in a flash I noticed several cars pulling out. I looked at my watch again and saw it was 3:00 O'Clock!

The next day both Al and I hitched a ride with Jim LaBaugh on the Virginia City tour. The well thought out route took us around Lake Tahoe and up into the Sierra Nevada mountain range. The scenery

was spectacular and the high elevation and substantial grades must have made it interesting for the V-8s. On our initial outbound leg I caught a glimpse of a couple of old cars in a well maintained, but nondescript building whose sign simply stated [National Sierra Motorcars](#). A quick U-turn lead us to a couple of friendly faces who, invited us in to take a look, but no pictures. Although there were two hot rods outside, inside was a collection of 30 cars many of which were Ford V-8s. The collection even included a '38 Lincoln-Zephyr. Sierra National Motorcars seemed to be a small business catering to a select few individuals and in the process of expanding. We all thought it was a serendipitous stop and well worth the ½ hour expended.

As we continued our trip, we finally made it to the well named (at least from the NVRG perspective) Virginia City. Virginia City was mining town that sprang up as a result of the discovery of the Comstock Silver Lode in the mid 1800's. By the mid 1890's, the silver beneath the town had been mined out and the town became a ghost of its former self. However, it survived with very little change and eventually became a tourist town. After an hour of walking the streets, seeing the original iron facades on the buildings, taking a peak into the myriad western stores, antique shops and fudge makers, we headed out to the next stop, the Bar-B-Cue Lunch in Genoa. Because of the minimal parking around Mormon Station State Park, the site of Nevada's first permanent non-native settlement, we parked in a cemetery parking lot and were bussed in. Despite fears of being served scraps due to our somewhat late arrival, we found we had nothing to worry about. The food was tasty and the company even better as we were able to eat with the Girmans and catch up on things.



Jim LaBaugh, Patty and John Girman and John Sweet in Genoa, NV.

Of course the culmination of our busy Thursday was the awards banquet. With 910 reported settings, the hall was filled with people. The table

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decorations included something for each individual: a V-8 place mat with a vintage Ford scene; as well as table decorations that were raffled off: a centerpiece made from a miner's pan, two framed V-8 photos and a Mason Jar flower arrangement.



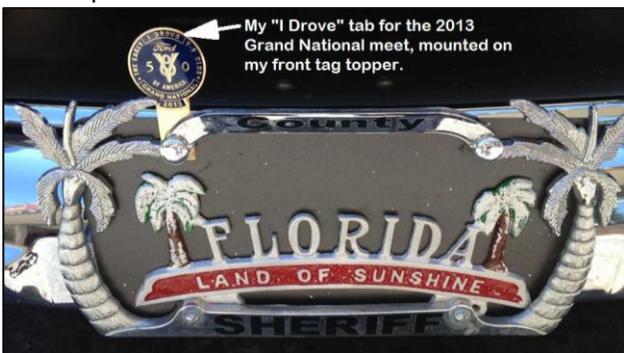
A couple from OR join Bill Simons, John Girman, Jim LaBaugh, Jim and Char McDaniel, Liz Simons and Patty Girman at the banquet.

The banquet was long but being that it was the 50th anniversary meet, that was to be expected. Great cheers were heard when both Bill Simons' and Jim McDaniel's names were called out for awards!



National President Ken Bounds presents Bill Simons his Second Dearborn Award and Jim McDaniel his Third Touring Class Award.

The awards were interesting in that they were miniature V-8 engines mounted on a nice wooden base. They were neat mementos for our two intrepid NVRG Ford V-8 aficionados, made more special by the fact that they drove all the way across country and were planning to drive back as well! As a personal opinion, I believe the most impressive award they received however was the "I Drove to the 50th Grand National" tab that each received for their trip.



Friday morning was spent making a last minute trot around the show field to see who was left, as well as to say goodbye to Jim and Char McDaniel and Bill and Liz Simons as they started their trek back east. Then it was time to go to the Reno Airport and the long flight back home. Despite being in Tahoe for 5 days, it all went by in a flash. As I sat at my gate waiting for boarding, I reflected on the fact that the Golden Gate Regional Group #1, as well as six other California regional groups, did a great job. One suspects that this 50th Grand National Golden Jubilee will be talked about for some years to come, and for good reason. This meet was one of the biggest and the best Early Ford V-8 meets I had ever been able to attend. As Meet co-chairman Jerry Emory noted, the Early Ford V-8 Club's Golden Jubilee will probably be the biggest and best meet the club will ever have. I certainly hope that is not the case and look forward to an even better meet when we all attend the Diamond Jubilee in 2038. (And oh yeah, I'm starting to make my plans to drive my Lincoln to that one!)

### Driving to the Lake in an NVRG V-8

By Chris Sanders

One of our UK-based NVRG members. Ed.

I was following with interest the NVRG convoy on the List-server. Sitting in England and watching the blogs and photos was all exciting stuff. I flew out from London Heathrow on the Thursday before the big Lake Tahoe meet. I flew to San Francisco then a connecting flight to Reno. I stayed two nights in Reno. On Friday I booked my bus ticket to South Lake Tahoe then jumped in a taxi to head to the Harrah Automobile Museum in Reno. Over 200 cars on display. Some museums I have visited are musty and dusty but the Harrah museum was superb. All exhibits were polished and well cared for, a pleasure to view. Whilst there I noticed some wall posters about the life of the late Bill Harrah. I had seen Bill Harrah in England in a 1902 Packard on the London to Brighton run when he came over with several other American cars when I was about 15 years old in 1963 and have always had a book on the Harrah collection. On one of the wall posters was a story about the building of his South Lake Tahoe Hotel in 1973 and the fact that every room had 2 bathrooms. The rooms cost \$100,000 each to complete and furnish which was a lot of money back in 1973. As I was reading this the penny then dropped that this

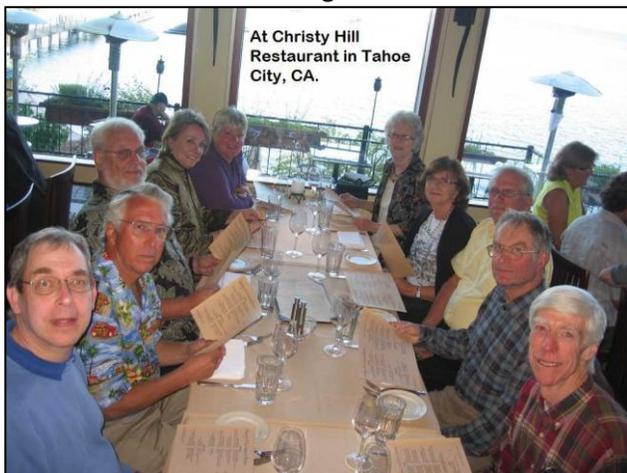
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must be the same Hotel that the Early Ford V8 Club 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary meet was to be held. I now was curious to find out.

Saturday morning came and I took the bus to Tahoe. It was worth it to me just to take in the unique scenery. Once at the Hotel I started to walk around and meet V-8 people. Already hard working members were setting up the registration room. By Sunday the work was getting more frantic but I was able to Register and get a name tag. These make it much easier to spot fellow members. Even though it was five years since I was at the last Dearborn Grand National I was able to spot people I had met in previous years.

By chance I was in the concourse parking area taking the first of my 450 pictures I took at the meet when Bill Simons rolled in, in his 1949 Custom Wagon. We had both travelled quite a distance to be at Tahoe but by completely different means. Bill invited me out to dinner with the NVRG Group which I thought was nice. The dinner was on the California side of the lake. A brilliant view of the lake and we were about opposite the Hotels which could just about be spotted. I was able to meet Jim McDaniel, who drove the 1951 Police cruiser to the meet, and his wife Char, Bill Tindall and Sylvia; Jim Le Baugh who had flown in; John Ryan; and John Girman and Patty who had brought a 1953 Tudor to the meet. An excellent meal and I had the chance to try Bison which is not available in England.



NVRG members at this table span about 6,000 miles – John and Patty Girman in CA and Chris Sanders in the UK.

Back on the concourse and I met John Sweet who was also involved with the Lincoln Zephyr guys. I believe this was the first Grand National meet where the Lincoln Zephyr Owners Club and the Lincoln Owners Club also participated. I also met Pat

McFarlane who had driven with the group from New York in his 1932 Model 18 Fordor. Also member Frank Miller in his 1949 Ford convertible. We have only seen a handful of these over the years in the UK and I now have not seen one for years.



Frank Miller's cross-country running 1949 Convertible – photo courtesy of Florence Woodin and the Connecticut RG's *Ford Times*.

Looking around the concourse field I had a count up on concourse day and there were 336 actually being judged with some other cars around the car parks presumably not registered and bringing the total cars of interest to possibly about 360.

Bill Simons was really pleased that Nick Alexander was one of the judges that judged his car and even more pleased when he picked up his second Dearborn at the Awards Banquet.



Chris Sanders took this picture of the first and nearly the last of the Ford Woodies – this nice '32 in the foreground and Bill Simons' '49 in the background.

I am glad I was able to get to the meet, after all it was the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the club and I certainly was not going to miss it.

I am now back in England watching the blogs of the guys driving back to their home states. I am glad I came out to see all the action.

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## Ladies View of the Early Ford V-8 Grand Tour

By Char McDaniel

John Sweet asked me to write, from a woman's point of view, about our participation in the "Early Ford V-8 Grand Tour across America." The goal was to drive across the country to the Early Ford V-8 Club of America's Golden Jubilee National Meet at South Lake Tahoe, Nevada in our old cars and then back. Two members of our Northern Virginia Regional Group went on the Grand Tour, Bill Simons and Jim McDaniel. They had travel buddies from our club on the westbound leg of the trip who rode in their cars with them. Bill Selley went with Bill Simons, and Bill Tindall rode along with my husband Jim. On June 16<sup>th</sup> Liz Simons and I flew to Nevada and met with Bill and Jim for the beginning of the National Club's 50th Grand National Meet. After a few busy days there we started back home again.



The "Early Ford V-8 Tour across America" is acknowledged at the Grand National Meet awards banquet before heading back East.

What was our reaction and then impression of this trip? Well, some months back when Liz and I first heard the proposed idea to drive the old cars across the country and back, in the middle of summer with no air conditioning, we thought they were crazy! Yep, crazy! At that point, the four organizers, including Bill Simons, didn't know how many people would join the tour – a couple, three or four, thirty? Who knew?

Our husbands were quite enthusiastic about the idea. After we realized Bill and Jim were serious about this adventure, we settled down to just being anxious about the whole thing. We had visions of having to have a seriously broken car shipped or towed back across the country. We didn't realize at that time the organizers had contacted so many V-8 groups all along the route and, hopefully, could get sources or references for repairs if needed.

The official start of the tour was on June 5, 2013 in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Jim and the three Bills

joined some others there the evening of June 4<sup>th</sup> to begin their journey. They started out with ten old Fords, and, as they traveled west, other people joined the group in their old cars when the tour got closer to their homes. Or, in a couple of cases, they towed their cars in trailers but drove along with the group. As it turned out, people from many different states joined the Grand Tour. By the time they arrived at Lake Tahoe and, later, began their eastward trip home, they had about 28 old cars and owners in the group.

The surprise for Liz and me was how much we enjoyed the whole experience! Some of the wives went both ways across the country, and already knew each other well. But, Liz and I were quickly welcomed into the group. The nice part about the way they chose to manage a large touring group was that people could leave each morning when they wanted. The organizers never tried to keep everyone together. It made it less stressful that way. Some people drove solo, but most paired up with one or two other cars and left in teams, so if help was needed others would be there to give assistance.

We sometimes met the others for lunch stops and sometimes not. We would often meet at sightseeing spots as well. Most people stayed at the same motel each night (except those who signed up late), and we all went to dinner together at a local restaurant each evening. That was where we enjoyed hashing over the day's events and sights with each other.



Jim and Char McDaniel dining with V-8 Tour Group members at the Flying Saddle Resort in Alpine, WY, where everyone spent the night.

We had so many wonderful experiences that Jim wrote about in his blog. Having friends along for the ride to share everything made it even more fun. People in the little towns we visited were so friendly. As I'm sure many of you have experienced, those old

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cars are ice breakers. You would think we were rock stars the way people flocked around the cars taking pictures and asking questions nearly every time several of us pulled up for gas or a meal. I guess not much happens in those small towns.

Another thing we loved on parts of the trip was the scenery. At Yellowstone National Park and for a couple of days afterward, heading back east, the views were magnificent! It seemed like every twist and turn of the road opened all new views and vistas that were breathtaking in many cases. There were also some excellent museums in some of the small towns we visited which really enhanced our trip.

Topping off the last full day of the tour for the Simons and McDaniels, a traveling duo for the entire trip, was the chance to see two wonderful car collections in Wisconsin. They belonged to Paul and Joanne Oman and Larry and Dawn Menard. A highlight was also having two delicious meals at the home of the Omans in their super garage, which included their own private '50s diner. The Wisconsin and Minneapolis car clubs turned out in force and were so very friendly to us – treating us as honored guests.



By the time the tour was winding down, the last few days, some of the wives who had gone both ways were quite ready to go home. One said, "I never thought I'd look forward to doing laundry at home!"

Some of the minor inconveniences, other than occasional break downs which were usually resolved within an hour or so, were living out of suitcases for so long and loading and unloading the cars each night at various motels. Lesson learned for Jim McDaniel – take two smaller suitcases for a long trip! Knowing he would be gone a month, he put his clothes in a large suitcase and then had to wrestle it in and out of the full back seat each day in a two-door car. That was awkward! "Why not the trunk?" you ask. That was loaded with lots of spare

parts, cleaning materials, and tools. There was no more room.



Liz and I were always holding our breath that the old cars would hold up, but we were having so much fun that we didn't dwell on that much. Even having no air conditioning was not as bad as we had expected, except for the last day coming home for the McDaniels. When we hit West Virginia we ran into high heat and humidity. For the rest of the trip we were quite lucky to have mostly sunny and mild to cool weather.

The four men who organized the tour, Arel Brown, Jerry Reichel, Frank Miller, and our own Bill Simons, did a super job and are to be applauded for their hard work! It turns out that none of us had to worry about the trip. As far as the wives are concerned it was a wonderful experience!

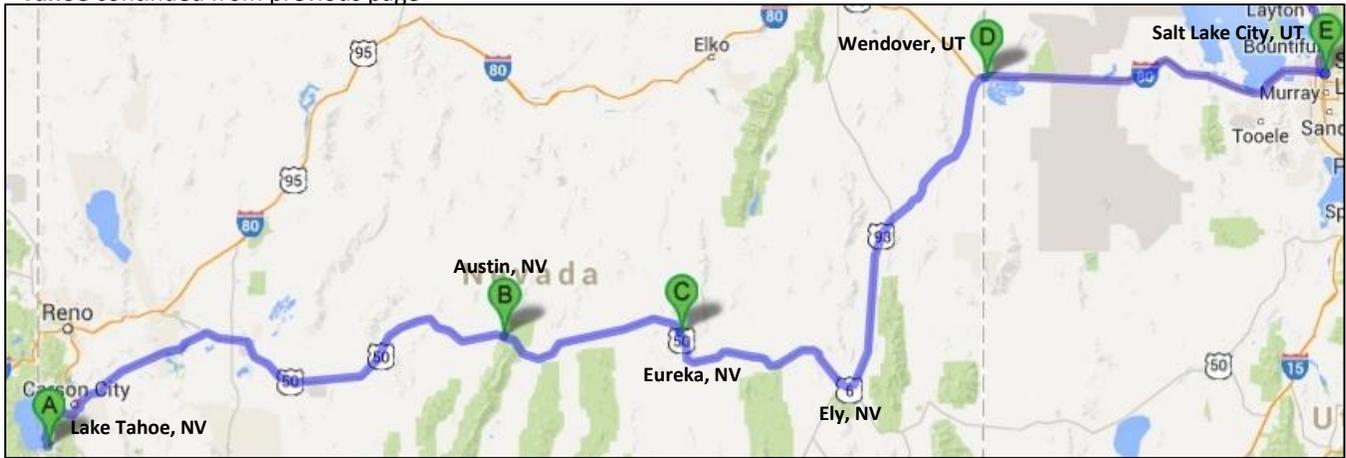
### Heading for Home – The Return Leg of the Early Ford V-8 Tour across America.

By Jim McDaniel

✚ **June 21** - The "Early Ford V-8 Tour across America" departed Lake Tahoe at about 8:30 am for our eastbound trip homeward. Some of us retraced US Route 50 back across "The Loneliest Road in America," while some chose to take a new route using I-80. Bill Simons and I chose to go back on US 50 because our wives had joined us and had not seen that famous section of the Lincoln Highway.

Both Char and Liz were amazed at the beauty (if not "barren beauty") of the desert countryside and the constantly changing landscape. Char had never seen in this part of the country and it was a real treat for her. The mountain climbs, the descents, the long flat valley floor, then another mountain climb, etc., etc. -- over and over -- produced differing views all day long.

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Homeward Bound!!!



For lunch, we in the same restaurant we ate in on the trip out in Austin, NV. Austin is a very small town with few choices. A few miles outside town we passed a local Sheriff driving the opposite direction. I saw his brakelights immediately come on and he whipped a U-turn and started coming up behind us. We'd entered the town limits by that time and Bill and I pulled over to park by the curb for lunch. He pulled up behind me and got out of his car and came up to mine. He had a big smile on his face and said he just HAD to have a closer look at my car. We chatted awhile, I took a photo of him in my car and standing behind the white door, then off he went. It just amazes me how much attention this car receives.

We arrived in Eureka, NV, mid-afternoon, and stayed there for the night. There was some time to sight-see, so Char went "shopping". She found a really interesting "market" that had a larger collection of stuffed animal heads than the restaurant we stopped at on the way out. For dinner, we went to a new restaurant that had only been open a week. The food was excellent, the selection quite good, and the one waitress did a yeoman's job of taking care of all 19 of us who invaded their new establishment. They even set up a private room just for

us. Everyone enjoyed their meal. When we finished, one of the women asked if they had dessert, and the waitress sighed and said, "We're not there yet." They hadn't decided what to offer for dessert yet.

🚦 **June 22** – From Eureka, we traveled East on the Lincoln Highway (US 50) to Ely, NV, then north to Salt Lake City, UT on US-93. While US-50 across Nevada has been labeled "The Loneliest Road in America," US-93 is every much as desolate and lonely as US-50.



Arel Brown in his '35 Phaeton is ahead of Jim entering Ely, NV.

Leaving Ely, I encountered a frustrating example of poorly planned highway signage. I planned to get fuel at the next stop after Ely, but several miles out of town, well past the last gas station, there was a road sign that said, "Next Gas 128 miles." Now why didn't they put that sign BEFORE the last gas station, not several miles past it? That would be cutting it very close for me. Should I go back several miles, or continue on? I broke out my calculator and my trip log, and figured I'd have about 20 miles to spare after another 128 miles. Onward HO! Char was a nervous puppy, but my hold card was that I had a one-gallon can of gas in the trunk, and Bill had two gallons. Should I run short, that would get us another 45 miles or so. And, I'm happy to report, we did make it.

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While some continued on, the majority of the group stopped at Wendover, Utah for lunch at the Golden Nugget Casino. After lunch, the group visited the historic Wendover airfield where the crew of the Enola Gay trained during WWII.



Next, we drove to the Bonneville Salt Flats where, contrary to advice from some, we just had to get our cars out onto the salt flats.



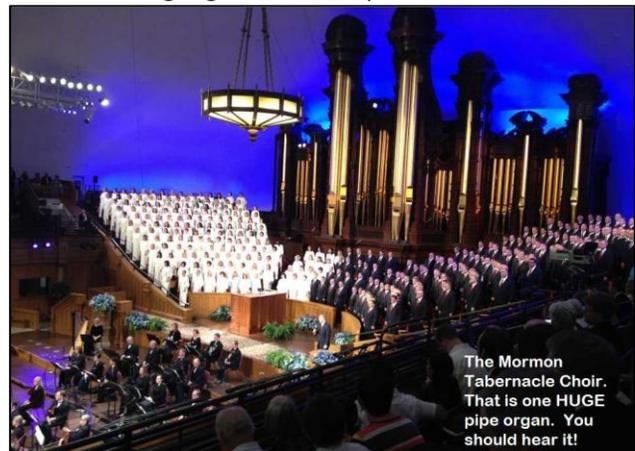
Upon arrival at Salt Lake City, our group had dinner at a local hotel restaurant.

🇺🇸 **June 23** – Timing is everything!!! After breakfast, the Simons and Char and I drove to downtown Salt Lake City. Other travelers of our V-8 group went their own way and stopped at sights that appealed to them. Bill and I parked our cars near the Mormon "Salt Lake Temple" and walked the grounds with the ladies. They were impressed with how many flowers were planted in the area.

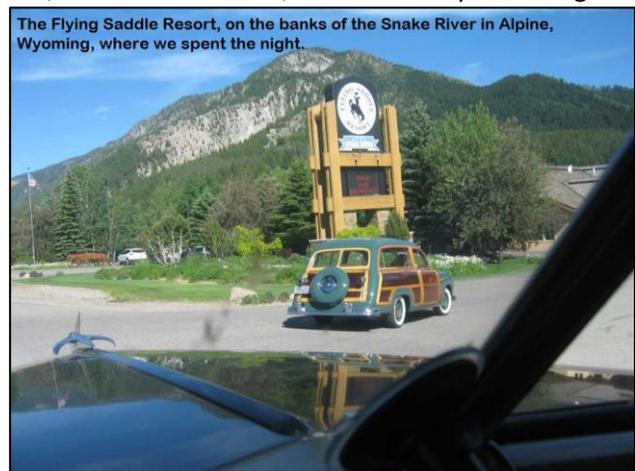


While walking around near the Mormon temple, one of the passing residents told us the choir was to sing in about 30 minutes, and it was open to the public. In talking with them, we realized it was not

just a choir, but it was THE Mormon Tabernacle Choir! We were a bit concerned about wearing very casual traveling clothes, but were told that was perfectly OK. We got there in time to hear the choir still practicing for the televised performance that would start within 15 minutes. They performed in a large music hall near the temple with the largest pipe organ I've ever seen. The choir sang for 30 minutes with a full orchestra and pipe organ accompaniment. It was televised live, world-wide, and was indeed spectacular! Char had never heard them sing live and had always wanted to, and to hear them in their large music hall in Salt Lake City with the orchestra and pipe organ was a real treat for her. One of the highlights of her trip thus far.



Departing Salt Lake City, we drove to Bear Lake on the border of Utah and Idaho, where we met up with several others from our group and had lunch. We were definitely out of the desert by this point and happy to be back in green surroundings. After lunch we drove to the Flying Saddle Resort in Alpine, WY, on the Snake River, where we stayed the night.



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It is amazing how much attention these old cars command. Char walked into the lobby of the Flying Saddle Resort and was immediately approached by Nita and Abi Garaman, the owners of the resort. They took an immediate shine to Char and me and after we checked in, gave us a personal tour of the resort. The buildings were filled with wonderful framed photographs of this area's landscapes and wild life, all taken

personally by Abi. Although photography is his hobby, he is so good that he has a gallery in Jackson Hole, WY. Abi also produces a terrific photographic calendar each year, and he gave me one. I reciprocated by giving him one of my remaining NVRG calendars. (*Way to go, Jim! Ed.*) About 35 V-8-ers had dinner together at the resort's restaurant. (*See photo in Char's article above. Ed.*)

**June 24** – We left Alpine with the Simons for Jackson Hole, WY, where we parked and spent about an hour roaming the town. We went to Abi's "Under the Willow Photo Gallery" and were amazed at how many really beautiful pictures he has for sale.



Just one room inside Abi Garaman's gallery. These are all photographs he took.

Jackson's a cute town and we could have stayed longer if we weren't on a tight schedule .

We entered the Grand Teton National Park and the views of the snow-covered Teton mountains were spectacular! We pushed on to meet several others of the group at Jackson Lake Lodge, 35 miles north of Jackson Hole. We enjoyed a very good

lunch overlooking the Grand Teton National Park.



Char and Bill Simons ordering lunch at the Jackson Lake Lodge restaurant.

After lunch it was on to Yellowstone National Park and Old Faithful geyser.



Entering Yellowstone National Park. Our "Senior Pass" (actually the National Parks and Federal Recreational Lands Pass) got us into all National Parks at no charge. A great service that saved us a good bit of change.

Ominous dark rain clouds in the distance held off long just enough for us to watch Old Faithful erupt twice and then it was time to go to West Yellowstone, MT, (just outside the park) to our motel. While on the way to the motel, the ominous dark rain clouds overtook us. We went from relatively clear skies and no rain to high wind, heavy rain, and a downpour of sleet within minutes, which stacked up on the wipers -- which are still not working BTW.

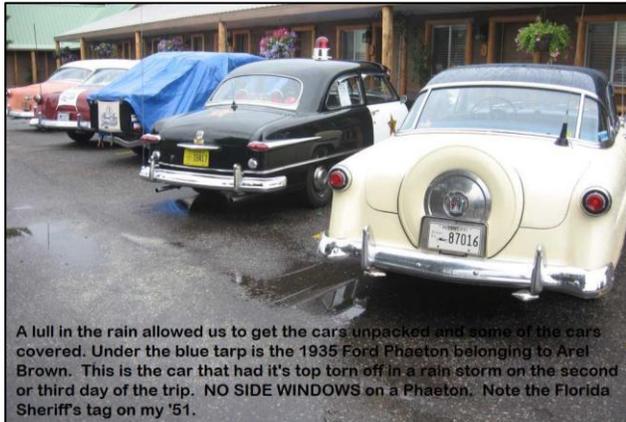


The view through the windshield of Bill Simons Woodie wasn't much better even with the wipers working. Liz Simons photo.

We checked in to the Evergreen Motel, a  
Tahoe continued on next page

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quaint, small, throwback to the 1940s and 1950s. It is nice and clean, but the room was very small. We were provided actual "old-fashioned" metal keys for the door lock to our room. We felt like we were traveling with our parents in the '50s.



A lull in the rain allowed us to get the cars unpacked and some of the cars covered. Under the blue tarp is the 1935 Ford Phaeton belonging to Arel Brown. This is the car that had its top torn off in a rain storm on the second or third day of the trip. NO SIDE WINDOWS on a Phaeton. Note the Florida Sheriff's tag on my '51.

✚ **June 25** – We had breakfast with Liz and Bill at a small restaurant recommended by the motel. The service was incredibly slow, and by the time we left the restaurant, we were about two hours behind on our sightseeing. We had intended to see the "Grizzly and Wolf Discovery Center" in West Yellowstone, but with other activities planned and our lost time, we just didn't have time to take it in. The four of us (in our two cars) spent several hours driving in the park and seeing the sites.



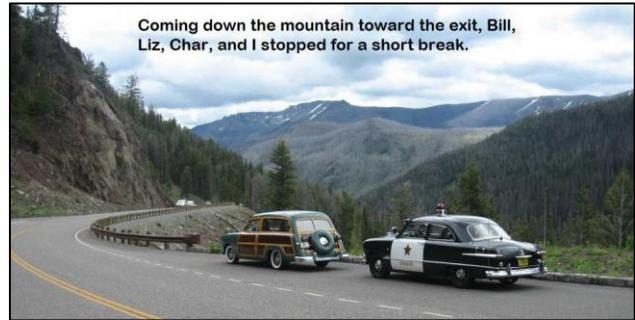
Char McDaniel at the 308-foot falls at Canyon Village in Yellowstone.

We were surprised about two things in the park. 1.) The sheer SIZE of it. Yellowstone is absolutely huge. We did not have time to even drive around all the main roads in the park, let alone stop at many of the sites. We could not do it justice in two days. 2.) The amount of old, and in some cases, new fire damage. The major fire from 1988, that burned much of the park and threatened the lodge, is still very much in evidence. Thousands upon thousands of trees are still down on bare hillsides and mountainsides, yet to be reclaimed by new growth.

Our group dinner was at the Madison Crossing Lounge, a historic school house, within walking

distance of our motel.

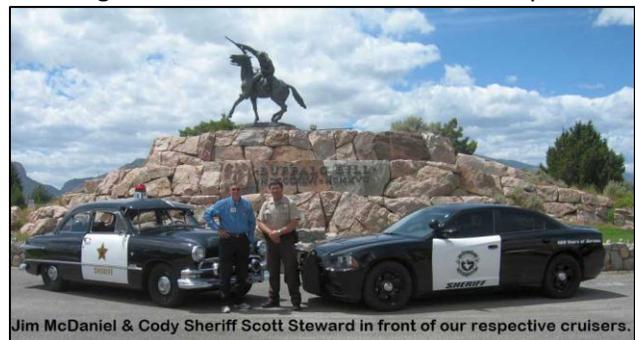
✚ **June 26** - We departed the Evergreen Motel, drove all the way across Yellowstone, eastbound toward a lunch stop in Cody, WY.



Coming down the mountain toward the exit, Bill, Liz, Char, and I stopped for a short break.

Once exiting Yellowstone, we entered Shoshone National Forest where the terrain changed dramatically. The tall pines gave way to a very rugged, red-colored rock. A man in Cody said that Teddy Roosevelt commented that that stretch of road was the most beautiful road in America. It was indeed awesome.

As I entered town, I was chased down by the Cody Sheriff. (*Again? I'm beginning to see a pattern here. Ed.*) His car is also painted a black-and-white color scheme very much like mine. The sheriff had his department photographer meet us and take photos of our two cars together. Frank Miller and his navigator Fred Ruff went with us for the photos.



Jim McDaniel & Cody Sheriff Scott Steward in front of our respective cruisers.

A large group of us V8'ers parked at the Buffalo Bill Cody Museum parking lot and walked six blocks to lunch at the historic Irma Restaurant and Grill (Irma was Buffalo Bill's daughter). After lunch we went back to the Buffalo Bill museum and toured it for about two hours. It is a very large museum and is very well done. Everyone enjoyed it, but we didn't have time to stay longer.

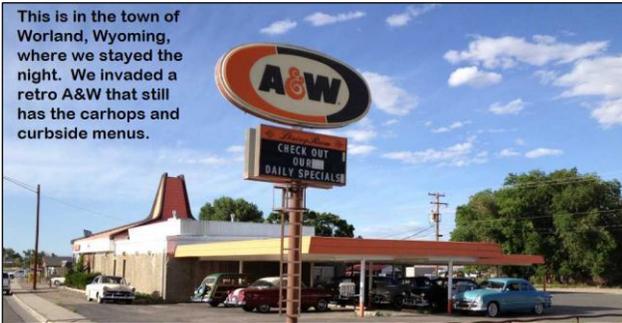
I stopped for gas at a station in Greybull, WY, and before I could leave I had both a local Greybull police car and a county Sheriff's cruiser pull in on both sides of my car. They had me hemmed in! That was a HOOT! They too were a lot of fun, and both

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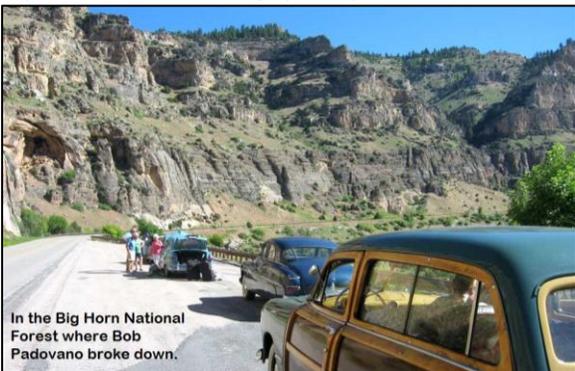


officers had to know what we were doing and where we were going. The Greybull police officer had his photo taken in my car and gave me a Greybull Police Department wrist band to wear. After I escaped, we then drove 30 minutes or so to our next hotel stop in Worland, WY. Most of us went to an A&W root beer drive-in we saw that still had curb-side service.



**June 27** – We left Worland for Buffalo, WY, shortly after breakfast. The drive through Big Horn National Forest included a lot of mountainous roads and both Bill Simons and I were having heating concerns as we continued our ascent. There was some road construction that resulted in one-way traffic that only added to our concerns. Waiting our turn both our engine temps approached the red line. We didn't want to turn off our engines as we were concerned about vapor lock. After perhaps a five minute delay we were able to proceed.

Bob Padovano's '51 Ford broke down ahead of us on the mountain road. Several of us stopped then proceeded on when we could not contribute to his repairs. A few of the guys stayed to assist Bob.



The problem for Bob turned out to be dirt in the needle valve of one of his two carbs. He fixed it himself, and everyone was on their way after a couple of hours.

The drive through the Big Horn National Forest was simply spectacular. It seemed each day just got better and better. Just when we thought we'd run out of really cool and unique things to see, we'd see new and different terrain and vistas every day. The Big Horn is really impressive! From Buffalo we drove to Moorcroft, where we grabbed a quick lunch, then north to the Devil's Tower National Monument (of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" fame).



Then into Custer, South Dakota where we registered at the "Rocket Motel" (another 50's retro motel) and then had dinner several blocks away at the "Buglin' Bull" restaurant and sports bar.

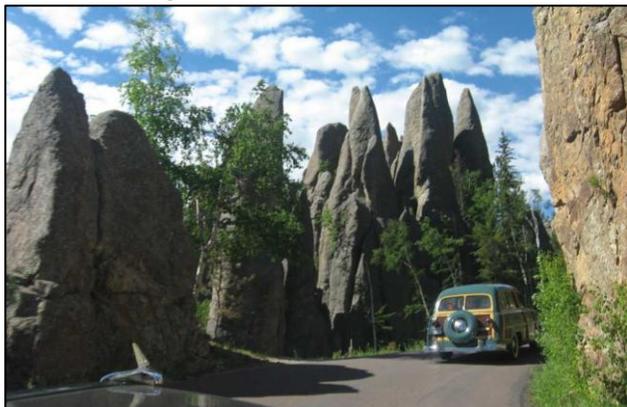


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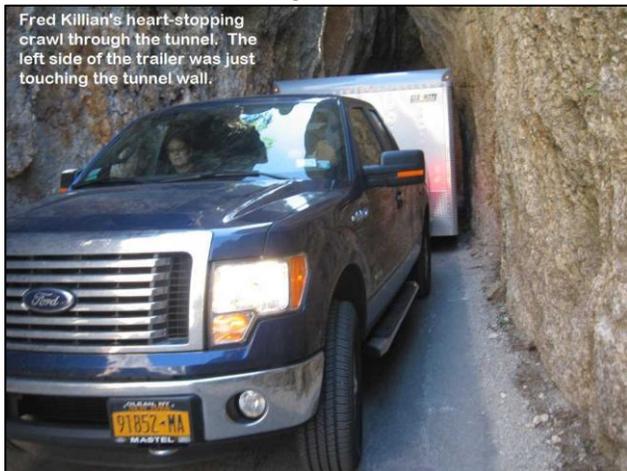
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After dinner we went to a roof-top room where Arel Brown handed out a list of questions to everyone about various members of the group, to see what we'd learned about each other and our cars.

✚ **June 28** - The morning started with a relatively ordinary drive to Custer State Park in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where we entered the "Needles Highway." In addition to the Simons, Fred and Marianne Killian from NY convoyed with us in his Ford F-150 pickup pulling a VERY LARGE double-axle trailer with his 1942 Ford tucked inside. The first few miles were simply winding, hilly roads through heavy pine forests. It was a nice drive, but nothing especially unusual. It soon became spectacular, though, because of the very tall, large rock formations and deep valleys. The Needles Highway became an extremely winding and "twisty" road, with steep grades and many cutbacks, and several narrow tunnels through the mountain.



Fred's trailer was 8-feet wide, and the dimensions given at two of the tunnel's entrances were "8-foot wide." On the first tunnel Fred negotiated, I was ahead of him and watched him clear the right side with about TWO INCHES clearance. I couldn't see how much clearance he had on the left side. He made it without touching.



Fred Killian's heart-stopping crawl through the tunnel. The left side of the trailer was just touching the tunnel wall.

On the second tunnel, I went through ahead of him, got out and ground-guided him through. He had 2-3" on the right side, and ZERO clearance on the left. I had him steer slightly to his right, and he actually just "touched" the stone side of the tunnel with the outside-top of the trailer, but not hard enough to even scratch the trailer. If Fred had been unable to clear the tunnel and had to back out and there was no place for him to turn around for perhaps 1/4 mile. Fred is one expert driver!

When we exited Needles, we drove to the Crazy Horse Memorial in the Black Hills. Crazy Horse is a nonprofit, educational, and cultural project financed primarily from admission fees. Both Char and I were very impressed with this memorial, both in the size of the mountain sculpture and the size and quality of the facilities. When finished, it will be MUCH larger than the Mount Rushmore figures. They have an interesting museum, a nice gift shop, and a good restaurant. We saw a very well done movie in their theater. Crazy Horse is the world's largest mountain carving in progress and has been under construction for over 50 years. So far only Crazy Horse's head is complete.

After lunch, we drove to the Mount Rushmore National Memorial. It is also very impressive, with the heads of Washington, Jefferson, Teddy Roosevelt, and Lincoln carved in the mountain side. We visited the theater where we saw a movie on the construction of the memorial, visited their gift shops. Their ice cream shop provided some welcome refreshment before we charged off on the next leg of our road trip.



After Rushmore it was onward to Wall, SD, for an overnight stay in the Sunshine Inn, another 1950s retro motel (which only cost \$69 per night, including tax!). We lost a couple of the members of our original group who peeled-off to get back to their homes. We still had a big crowd for dinner that evening at a local restaurant in Wall.

Tahoe continued on next page



✚ **June 29** – The first (and most important) event to recognize is that it is Char's and my 45th wedding anniversary. We got married ten days after I got back from Vietnam in 1968 -- the best thing that ever happened to me. Happy anniversary sweetheart. You light up my life!

After we left Wall we drove through the Badlands National Park. The topography changed dramatically, very quickly -- grass plains to craggy desert mountain. BLOWN AWAY! I agree with Bill Simons when he said he was TOTALLY unprepared for what he saw in the badlands. It's hard to explain the desolate beauty of the badlands, but they were far more impressive than I had expected.



The anniversary couple in Badlands National Park.

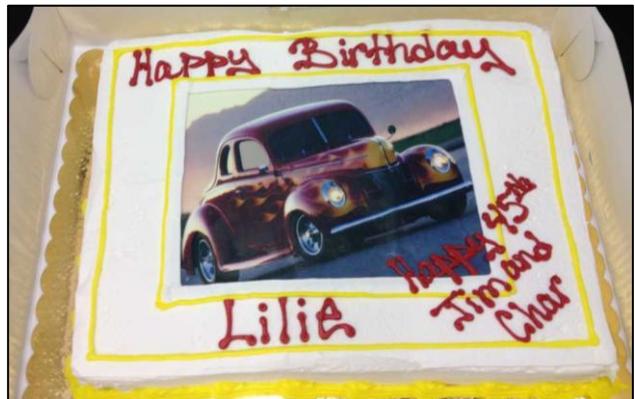
Next we joined I-90 east of Rapid City, South Dakota for about two hours, to our lunch stop at Murdo, South Dakota, at the restaurant adjoining the "Pioneer Auto Show and Antique Town." The place is huge with many outbuildings full of cars and other stuff! When we had lunch in their large restaurant, which was already quite busy, we pretty well filled up the place. Char and I were both surprised to see that, instead of continuing to take orders and make people wait a long time for their food, they actually CLOSED the restaurant for a time after our group ordered, saying it was too full and they just couldn't handle any more. After they got

caught up, they reopened the restaurant.



Arel Brown and his '35 Phaeton in front of a huge roadster at the Pioneer Auto Show and Antique Town in Murdo, SD.

We got to Mitchell, SD, about 5:30 p.m. We ordered in pizza for the entire group and had a pizza party with cake and ice cream in the Hampton Inn breakfast room. Roy Templet, from New Orleans, ordered a birthday cake for his wife Willie, whose birthday was also the 29<sup>th</sup>, and when Roy heard that it was also our 45th wedding anniversary today, he graciously had that added to the cake.



That was exceptionally nice of Roy to do. Everyone had a fun time and the party got quite loud at times with all the talking and laughing at the various stories being told.

✚ **June 30** - This morning we were sad to say goodbye to the Louisiana and Mississippi contingent of our V-8 Grand Tour traveling companions.

Tahoe continued on next page



Liz Simons loads up the Woody before leaving Mitchell, SD.

Our first activity was a visit to the Mitchell "Corn Palace," the World's ONLY corn palace by the way. From the Palace website: *"The Palace, with its mad mix of onion domes and minarets, looks like it was drop-kicked out of czarist Russia. It was originally built in 1892 to show off the fertility of South Dakota soil and lure settlers."*



After the Palace we departed for Joe Floyd's Ford collection in Harrisburg, SD. It is said that Joe has every model of the 1936 Ford ever produced. I believe it! He has a large building full of '36s, as well as other models. The "crowning" addition to his collection is the all-stainless-steel 1936 Ford. There were only six of these produced, as marketing and public relations vehicles, and today there are only four left.



A partial view of Joe Floyd's stunning collection.



This must be a real killer sight out in the sunlight!

Lunch was pastries and drinks at Joe Floyd's, then it was off for a LONG ride to Eden Prairie, MN, (just on the outskirts of Minneapolis).

July 1 - This was the last full day for more of us in the tour group, while others continued on through Canada to Niagara Falls. We met the Minneapolis V8 Club RG in Woodbury, for a joint drive to Birkmose Park in Hudson, WI. The park sits high up on the banks of the St. Croix River Valley and has a magnificent view of the valley and the river. The park is home to several Indian burial mounds, adding to the peace and serenity of the site.



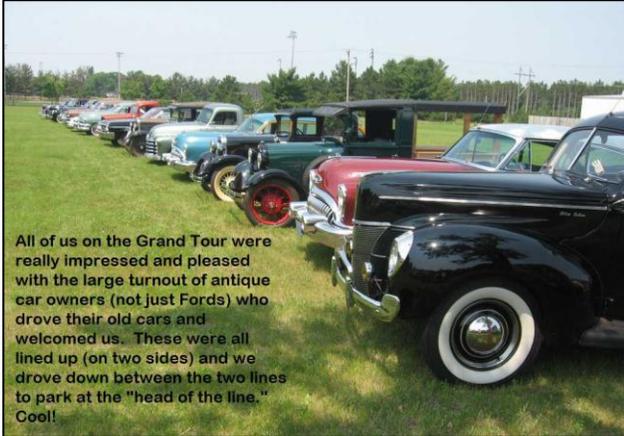
From there, we all toured to the home of Paul and Joanne Oman in Chippewa Falls, WI.



Paul has several outbuildings with lots of cars and parts, from rusted out junkers to high-point

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**Tahoe** continued from previous page show cars. Paul and Joanne traveled with our Grand Tour group early on, but left us a few days earlier to travel home and prepare for our arrival. Paul and Joanne hosted a lunch for our Grand Tour group and the Minneapolis and the Chippewa Falls V8 Clubs. Their grassy field near their house was FILLED with old cars.



All of us on the Grand Tour were really impressed and pleased with the large turnout of antique car owners (not just Fords) who drove their old cars and welcomed us. These were all lined up (on two sides) and we drove down between the two lines to park at the "head of the line." Cool!

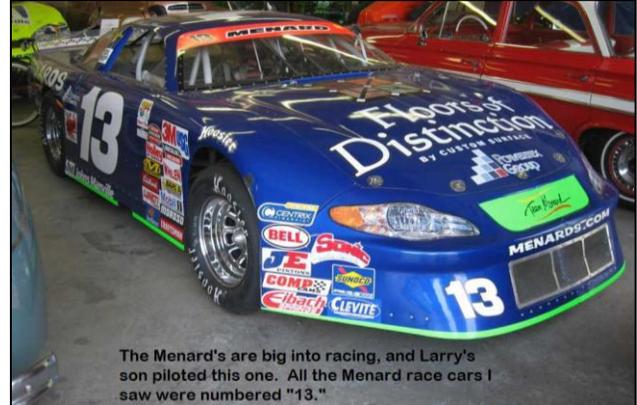
We were all enchanted with their large detached building with three overhead garage doors, which contained some very nice old Fords, lots of tables, and a COMPLETE 1950s-style diner, where they often host parties. They served us BBQ lunch with all the fixings, and lots of homemade desserts, including root beer floats in sturdy old glass mugs. Even the large, red Coca-Cola coolers were 50s style, and they had an old juke box playing vintage songs. The Minnesota and Wisconsin V8 car club people were very friendly and treated us as honored guests.



After that, most of the group drove to nearby Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where we had been invited to see the car collection of Larry and Dawn Menard. Larry and his brother founded a chain of large home improvement stores, similar to our long-gone Hechinger's. Larry has an extensive collection of beautiful cars in several outbuildings, and he gave us a guided tour of his buildings filled with cars.



Pulling into Larry and Dawn Menard's drive.



The Menard's are big into racing, and Larry's son piloted this one. All the Menard race cars I saw were numbered "13."

Just one of the many cars in the Menard NASCAR stable.



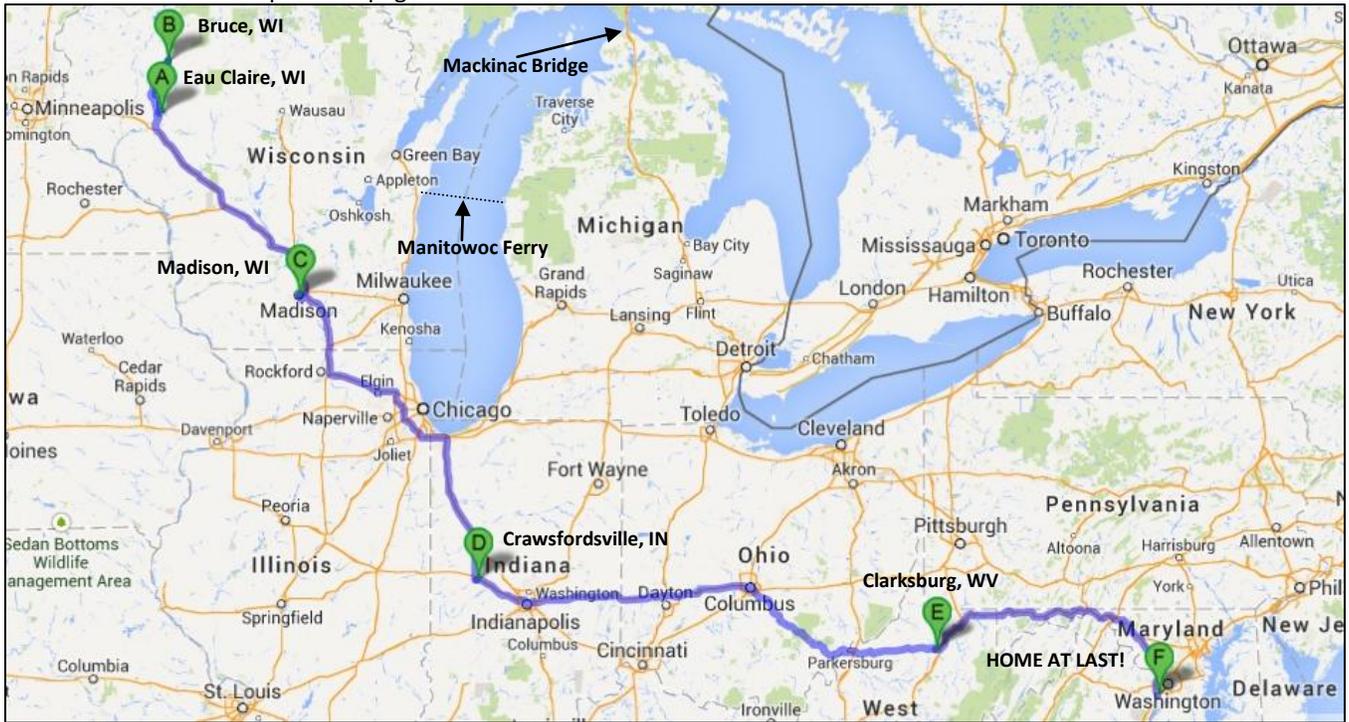
One drop-dead gorgeous 1950 Ford Woody! Note the luggage rack.

Larry also owns this sweet '50 Woodye.

After leaving the Menard's, we drove back to Chippewa Falls, checked into our hotel, relaxed a little, then returned to the Oman's "Diner" for a fried chicken dinner and more socializing.



Tahoe continued on next page



We had a wonderful time visiting with so many nice people, but toward the end of the evening were sad to tell our traveling buddies Bill and Liz Simons goodbye. Early the next day they were leaving the group to take the Manitowoc Ferry across Lake Michigan, and after a couple of stops will continue on to their summer home in Maine. They have been wonderful travel partners and we've enjoyed their company very much. We all had a "group hug."

Wisconsin. Jerry still has family there, and he invited the entire group to Bruce, where his sister had alerted the newspaper of our arrival. We all parked our old cars in a downtown parking lot, where the photographer had a field day.



Our group hug. We part company with Bill and Liz Simons in the morning.



About half of the cars that made the trip to Bruce.

Bill did a wonderful job of organizing and laying out our Grand Tour's return legs eastbound from Lake Tahoe. Many thanks to the Oman's and Menard's for their hospitality, and for creating such wonderful memories.

Unbeknownst to me, Jerry's two sisters, who still live in Bruce, had arranged for the local deputy sheriff to ARREST ME when I arrived in town. The sheriff made up a story about a woman reporting to him that an "old police car" was harassing her and trying to pull her over. The sheriff accused me of this dastardly crime. He was supposed to treat it as a real complaint, but I took it more lighthearted and started joking with the sheriff. Luckily for me, the people who had gathered around, and were in on the joke, began snickering and laughing. Then he couldn't quite keep a straight face. It was tough for him to make the charges "stick" after that. We all had a good laugh, and he had to have his photo taken in the car before he left.

Tahoe continued on next page



The "Perp" and the Sherriff.



After lunch at Katie's Cafe in town, some of our Grand Tour people were peeling off to go home to Indiana, and the remaining Grand Tour travelers were continuing to northern Michigan to cross the Mackinac Bridge, then drive down to southern Michigan, cross into Ontario and arrive to arrive at Niagara Falls on July 4<sup>th</sup> for the fireworks. Niagara Falls is to be the final stop of the official Grand Tour. Char and I have been to Niagara Falls twice before so we said our good-byes to the group and headed south toward home. We made a lot of wonderful new friends, and hope to see them next year at the V8 Ford Eastern National Meet at Gettysburg. We made our way as far as Madison, WI, where we stayed in a nice Best Western. The original building was built in 1871 and it overlooks the state capitol building.

July 3 – Before leaving town, we visited the Wisconsin Veteran's Museum, that also fronts on the square across from the State Capitol building. I had the opportunity to see an old friend, "Shark 157" (the tail number ended in 157) that I flew in Vietnam in 1968. This particular aircraft was eventually returned from Vietnam to the U.S. in the 1970s, served in the National Guard for a number of years, then eventually found its way to this museum.



Jim's old friend "Shark 174."

After leaving Madison, we had a long relatively uneventful drive on a comfortable, overcast day. I continue to be impressed by the unbelievable number of corn fields and silos we encountered on the way. We had dinner at a local lodge and restaurant by a creek in Crawfordsville, IN, and then spent the night at the local Hampton Inn.

July 4 – We left Crawfordsville, heading east on I-74, then took I-70 after Indianapolis toward Columbus, OH. I-70 was very rough. My poor springs were taking a beating, plus the 18-wheelers were very heavy. I left I-70 at Eaton, OH and took US-35 to Dayton, then to Chillicothe, OH, where we took US-50 into West Virginia. The roads were MUCH better, and with less traffic. It was sunny in the morning, then clouded up with rain off and on in the afternoon. My wipers, that had not worked the entire trip thus far, started working some (not all the time, but more than at any time in the last month). They worked quite well going DOWN the mountains at about 50 mph. Level, not so well. Uphill, not at all.



I'd never taken US-50 all the way across the mountains of West Virginia. I hadn't factored in how tiring it is constantly going up and down twisting and turning roads for several hours in a relatively heavy

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car with NO power steering. (How wimpy of me!)

July 5 – We left Clarksburg heading east on US-50 across West Virginia and a small part of Maryland, then back to West Virginia before entering Virginia. In Winchester we joined I-81 south-bound, with all its many 18-wheelers. By the time we got to the Shenandoah, we felt like we were almost home and could coast the rest of the way, even though we were still about an hour-and-a-half away. I should learn not to get too cocky. Exactly a mile north of the Stephens City exit I was traveling at about 60 mph when we were startled by a loud noise and a severe vibration or shudder that continued. I immediately put the car in neutral and turned off the ignition in case the problem was with the engine and coasted to a stop in the break-down lane. When I got out, all the tires were still up, but the right-rear tire looked a bit low. I then drove the mile to the Stephens City exit, then to a service station. By that time the tire was almost flat.



When I got the tire jacked up, I saw the problem. I had run over some sort of "spike" that the truckers used to tie down their cargo. It buried itself in the tread up to the "loop" part of it, and it was slapping the ground with each revolution of the tire.



Took half-an-hour or more to get the tire off and the spare mounted, then to re-load the trunk and then we were off again. The spare tire rode smooth and true. The rest of the ride home, down I-

81 and I-66 into Fairfax County, was uneventful, and we arrived home about 7:00 p.m. I was certainly glad to see the old homestead standing tall and "looking good!" All Char's flowers were in full bloom.



What a trip this has been! Thirty-one days on the road for me. Actually 32, since my "zero day" was spent getting to getting to the our Tour start point in Gettysburg. It has been wonderful, and I've got memories that will stay with me.



I would really like to thank my initial "co-pilot" and fellow traveler, Bill Tindall, and the organizers of this tour for all their planning and hard work to pull this off. Here is the Grand Tour committee that did the heavy lifting:

- ✚ Arel Brown (Lowville, NY)
- ✚ Jerry Reichel (Buford, GA)
- ✚ Bill Simons (Arlington, VA)
- ✚ Frank Miller (Auburn, MA)

**YOU GUYS ROCK!**

### NVRG Annual Summer Picnic

*By Gay Harrington*

NVRG members, spouses and friends enjoyed their annual picnic and barbeque at Art and Sarah Zimmerli's bucolic farm in Amissville, VA on July 20<sup>th</sup>. The 200 acre mountain top setting with beautiful views, large shade trees, and the ruins of a Civil War era mansion was a perfect setting for a picnic. Tables laden with food offered a variety of taste treats—barbequed pork, chicken, ribs, potato salad,

Picnic continued on next page

Picnic continued from previous page

beans, coleslaw and too many homemade side dishes and desserts to list. A special thanks to Joe and Sarah Freund for stopping in Warrenton to pick up the BBQ and also to all those who brought the yummy salads, desserts and fruits.



The BBQ and fixins came from Red, Hot and Blue in Warrenton...

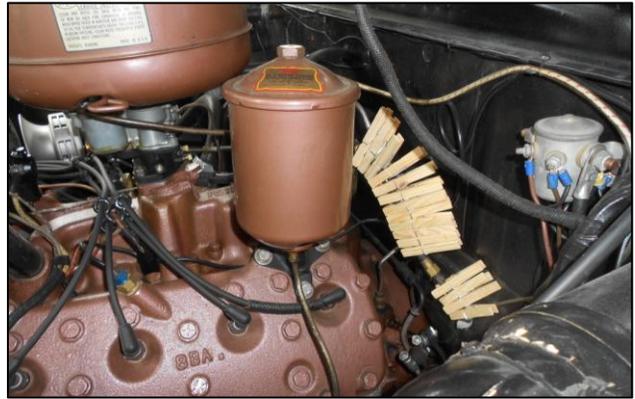


while the salads in the top picture and the desserts above were brought by members.



Lots of shade to relax in and a nice breeze made the day bearable.

Jim McDaniel's 1951 Ford sheriff's cruiser was parked under the trees, shining and smiling as if it hadn't just run cross country and back. The infamous "ice pack" washing mitt was resting on the rear view mirror, and the wooden clothes pins were hanging from the fuel lines!



Art Zimmerli's 1936 Ford Phaeton was there, along with his 1936 1½ ton stake truck, which seemed to be keeping an eye on the surrounding mountains...



and Steve Zimmerli's 1968 Ford Mustang was a later-model treat to see in such pristine condition.



Leo Cummings arrived in his 1950 Mercury Mon-

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tery Tudor with its prominent stock red wheels (minus hubcaps) adding to the nice collection of vintage Fords.



Nick Arrington's 1940 Deluxe Convertible displayed a 1950s vintage windshield used car lot sign offering it for sale at \$795!



He drove it home so I guess there were no offers!

A brave friend of Art's had the courage to bring his slick 1939 Chevy street rod up to the hilltop to join our festivities.



About 3:00 pm we gathered for a group photo under our group's sign, which was hanging among the trees. Everyone headed home in 100-degree weather without the mountain breeze (hopefully to air conditioned homes).



We gathered for a group photo before going our separate ways.

## OUT & ABOUT

### NVRG 15%ers

*By Editor*

Paul Maldarino ('32 Ford Hi-Boy Roadster), Keith Randall ('38 Deluxe Fordor) and Ken Burns ('41 Super Deluxe Woodie) took home 15% of the People's Choice Trophies at the BBG-sponsored car show in Old Town Fairfax on the Fourth of July. Another way to put it is to say we were batting 1.000 – three NVRG cars in the show and three trophies. The BBG show is held right along the parade route and if you arrive early enough you can park in the back row in the shade and also stake out your claim to a curbside seat for the parade. The parade has a nice old school, small town charm to it with veterans, politicians, first responders, high school marching bands, civic organizations, church groups, large character helium balloons, etc. Think about attending next year – it's a lot of old fashioned fun.





**For Sale** – 1940 Standard Coupe. Older restoration still in great shape. Garaged, well maintained, little recent use. Has skirts, bumper tips, many spares. Runs good. New '40

motor, tires, battery, tune-up. Too many toys. Asking \$30K Jason Javaras 540-786-8519 (VA)



**For Sale** – 1940 Ford Deluxe Coupe. Body off restoration, all original metal, 34,050 original miles, 1,375 miles since restoration. Mandarin Maroon, whitewalls, all wheel rings, radio and heater, skirts, headers, Smitty duals. Always a trophy winner. \$49,000, NoVa area. **Jerry Bowie** 540-687-6610, 540-295-0644 or [Coachnuts@earthlink.net](mailto:Coachnuts@earthlink.net) 07/13



**For Sale** – 1936 Ford Convertible Sedan (trunk version). 80% restored – needs completion. Call for full details. **Wayne Handy** 840-746-1376 07/13



**For Sale** – 1951 Ford F1 Panel Truck – All original survivor - not hot-rodded. Owned it since 1992. Runs cool. Much work done on the engine/running gear. Needs body work and paint but no large dents or structural problems. Work done: includes all rebuilt brake and master cylinders - bored and lined with brass by White Post, new metal brake lines and hoses; gas tank rebuilt/relined, painted POR silver, new shocks, complete new floor pans, fiberglass firewall barrier and correct floormats. New exhaust, complete engine tune-up, carb rebuilt, rebuilt generator, new regulator, complete new wiring harness by Tyree Harris, all new head, parking and tail lights, turn signals with flashers, custom 3-point seatbelt harnesses. New driver side window channel and glass (not installed). Many extra parts: rebuilt radio, NOS speedometer, heater, right side window channels and moldings, etc. Recent NADA Classic Car Blue Book value truck was \$28,600/11,950/6,550.

I'm asking below average \$9,600 but will consider a sincere, reasonable offer. **Allan Edwards**, P.O. Box 2215, Front Royal, VA 22630 – 540-635-6865 (P) or 703-408-8372 (C) 11/10



**MEMBERS – JUST A HEADS UP!** – I have rebuilt over 20 distributors, upgrading them to the 1941 11A weights and shaft. I have only four NOS weights remaining and my source is exhausted. I have called around the country and there are none out there. Yes, Mac's advertises them, however, they are in fact 68 weights. My customers all have been satisfied. The only difference between the 85 HP and the 90 HP are the distributor weights!! Take advantage of this cheap performance upgrade while I still have NOS parts remaining. **Cliff Green** 703-426-2662 or [cliffgreen@cox.net](mailto:cliffgreen@cox.net) 12/11



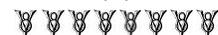
**For Sale** – (4) 14" x 6" Ford car wheels, seat track for '53-'56 Ford truck, V-8 flathead crankcase, intakes, heads, pair of 337 c.i. heads, 59AB motor, '40 Std gauge cluster (VG) Jason Javaras 540-786-5819.



**Wanted** – 1935 Front Perch Bolts – **Nick Arrington** - [nta1153@verizon.net](mailto:nta1153@verizon.net) 11/11



**Wanted** – 1938 Ford sedan delivery. Nice original; older restoration or project with decent sheet metal. **Bill Potter** 301-466-2610 (C), Thanks. 03/12



**Wanted** – 1) 49-53 wide belt crankshaft pulley. 2) '42-48 front brake drums/hubs (drums mount on the inside of the hub). Prefer worn out drums because I'll replace them with new repro drums. Have lots of '49-53 engine parts to trade or sell. **John Ryan** [john@ryanweb.com](mailto:john@ryanweb.com) or 703-281-9686 (H) or 301-469-7328. 12/12



**Wanted** – Two good, rebuildable Stromberg 94  
Auto Mart continued on next page

**Auto Mart** continued from previous page

carbs. Marked 21-29 on one side and Ford on the other. **Ray Lambert.** 703-491-4471 (H) or 703-595-9834 (C) 08/12

## TECH TALK

### A 6 Volt Battery that Won't Break the Bank

By Al Edwards

Thank you all for your responses to my email query about a source for 6-Volt batteries. Here's the solution I eventually came up with.

The failing battery installed in my '51 Vicky carried the DEKA label, a model 902 to be exact. It had the proper dimensions to fit the Ford battery box and hold-down. I tried local parts sources like Autozone and Tractor Supply - they have 6V batteries but they are the small ones that will not fit properly. I didn't try all the sources given to me by club members.

I checked the web for antique batteries and found the correct model number for the 40-53 Ford which is listed as a "2HF" with dimensions of 10.25 x 7.25 x 9.5. I then called good old NAPA and asked them if they could get me such a battery. To my surprise, they said yes, they had one in stock.

Just to check, I asked them if that battery cross-referenced to a DEKA 902 and I was told that DEKA was the manufacturer.

NAPA's part number for this battery is [7204](#) and it's labeled as a NAPA Commercial Battery designed for truck and tractor use.

The nicest part of this story is that the price of the battery was \$101.50 (with core trade-in), very reasonable considering the inflated market today. It carries a 30 month warranty - not an OPTIMA in a Ford script case but the price sure is right (I bought one for my panel truck too).

So thanks again for your responses and I hope this information will be helpful for anyone shopping for a '40 - 53 Ford battery in the near future.

### Vacuum Brake Adjustment

By Cliff Green

Let us examine the vacuum brake on the '32 -48 distributors. There is a piston and spring inside the housing on the driver's side of the distributor or on the top as in 1942 and later. There is a copper line attached to it that comes from the intake manifold. (The original line has a seam in it!) This is the source of vacuum or suction. The purpose of the brake is to restrict the ignition advance under load as in acceleration or climbing hills. If the brake was not

activated, the engine would receive too much advance too soon and the engine would knock/ping. This was important when our cars were new burning the much lower octane than we have today.

A good flathead at idle will pull 19-20" of vacuum and can be measured with a vacuum gauge. If it does not, try adjusting the idle needle valves to raise it to the highest reading - make sure you return the RPM to what it was before. If this does not help, than you have a leak somewhere in the fittings or the intake manifold gasket. Or, the engine is tired with very low compression.

When you step on the gas the vacuum goes down until you stop accelerating. The lack of vacuum causes two things to happen: A) it allows the spring in the vacuum brake to apply pressure on the advance ring preventing the weights to fly out and B) allows the spring in the power valve to open injecting more fuel into the intake manifold.

The vacuum brake adjustment is not as critical today with our high octane gas. What you don't want is the adjustment screw to be too tight. But first let's make sure that the vac line is not plugged up by blowing through it. Then take a 1 1/16 wrench and take the large nut off the tower. Pull out the spring and the piston and note the condition of the leather pad on the bottom. If there is a big groove in it, the adjustment was too tight and you were losing power. Clean out the bore with a crocus cloth, oil slightly and the piston can be replaced with the groove 90 degrees to the advance ring or buy a replacement piston. Move the adjustment screw all the way out making sure that the plate inside the bore is attached - this pushes down on the spring. Reassemble. There might have been a gasket under the nut although the parts assembly diagram does not show one. You can use an 18mm spark plug gasket if you wish.

The brake adjustment screw is turned in only 1½ turns and locked down. Accelerate the car in high gear from 10 mph, and if it knocks turn the screw in until it just goes away. (I have yet to hear a knock! Of course this does not mean much since I can't hear anyway.) Now that you have unlocked the advance, you will notice more pep.





# NVRG Calendar



<u>August</u>	
13	<b>Membership Meeting</b> – 7:00 pm – Nottaway Park – <b>Program: Grand National Meet Diamond Jubilee Recap</b> – Refreshments: Wayne Chadderton
24	<b>Trifecta Plus One Tour</b> to <a href="#">Lorton Workhouse Art Gallery</a> , <a href="#">Madigan's</a> in Occoquan for lunch, wine tasting at <a href="#">Paradise Springs Winery</a> and a final stop at the <a href="#">Ice Cream Depot</a> . We'll depart Fair Oaks Mall 10:15 am or you can meet us at the Workhouse at 11:00. Contact Art Zimmerli to let him know you're attending or if you have questions: <a href="mailto:viewtown@cox.net">viewtown@cox.net</a> or (703) 323-1774.
20	<b>Caffeine Double Clutch Breakfast</b> – join us for breakfast and great conversation at the Fair Oaks Silver Diner at 9:30 AM. Drive your V-8 – there will be parking spots reserved for us. <b>Contact</b> Ken Burns <a href="mailto:helenandken@verizon.net">helenandken@verizon.net</a> or Clem Clement <a href="mailto:clem.clement@cox.net">clem.clement@cox.net</a> if you plan to attend.
27	<b>NVRG Board of Directors Meeting</b> – 7:30 pm @ Country Club of Fairfax. All welcome to attend.
27	<b>Valve Clatter Deadline</b> - submit articles, want/sell, etc. to Ken Burns – <a href="mailto:helenandken@verizon.net">helenandken@verizon.net</a>
28-31	<b>Motorfest V</b> – <a href="#">Sauder Village</a> , Archbold, Ohio. Hosted by the Early Ford V-8 Foundation and Museum.
<u>September</u>	
1	<b>Vern Parker's 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Street Dreams Invitational Antique Car Show</b> . 10 am – 3 pm. Spring Hill Recreation Center, McClean.
10	<b>Membership Meeting</b> – 7:00 pm – Nottaway Park – <b>Program: Snake Oil</b> – Nick Arrington and all who have fallen for that smooth sales pitch for those miracle devices that turn water into gasoline, etc. – <b>Refreshments:</b> Joe Freund.
21	<b>Drive-In Movie Night</b> at the <a href="#">Family Drive-In</a> , Stephens City.
24	<b>NVRG Board of Directors Meeting</b> – 7:30 pm @ Country Club of Fairfax. All welcome to attend.
24	<b>Valve Clatter Deadline</b> - submit articles, want/sell, etc. to Ken Burns – <a href="mailto:helenandken@verizon.net">helenandken@verizon.net</a>
<u>October</u>	
8-12	<b>What Else But Hershey!!!</b>
15	<b>Membership Meeting</b> – 7:00 pm – Nottaway Park – <b>Program: Hershey Recap. Refreshments:</b> Don Lombard. <b>NOTE:</b> this it the <b>THIRD</b> Tuesday in October, not our usual meeting date on the second Tuesday.
25-27 (tentative date)	<b>NVRG Annual Fall Memorial Tour</b> – to Bedford County, PA . Attractions include The UA 93 Memorial (Shanksville); Gravity Hill, Old Bedford Village, Covered Bridge Driving Tour, Lincoln Caverns, Bison Coral Winery. More details to follow.
29	<b>NVRG Board of Directors Meeting</b> – 7:30 pm @ Country Club of Fairfax. All welcome to attend.
29	<b>Valve Clatter Deadline</b> - submit articles, want/sell, etc. to Ken Burns – <a href="mailto:helenandken@verizon.net">helenandken@verizon.net</a>

## Down the Road



- ✚ December – NVRG Christmas Gala
- ✚ June 2014 – [Eastern National Meet](#), Gettysburg, PA



**Board of Directors**  
**NORTHERN VIRGINIA REGIONAL GROUP**



President: **JOHN SWEET** 703-430-5770

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At-Large	<b>Keith Randall</b>	703-913-5655	Newsletter	<b>Ken Burns</b>	703-978-5939

**August Program: Grand National Meet Recap**

Mark your calendar! The August Meeting is on Tuesday, August 13<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 pm in the historic Hunter House, located adjacent to the tennis courts, Nottoway Park, Court House Road, Vienna, VA



Picture courtesy of Connecticut RG's *Ford News*



**FIRST CLASS MAIL**

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