



MAPLE "A" NEWS

Newsletter of the Green Mountain Chapter/Region of M.A.F.C.A. and M.A.R.C. Inc.

1968 Our Forty Second Year 2010

Volume 38, Issue #5 September / October, 2010



And howdy folks..

It was nice to see all the people enjoying the wonderful weather at Stowe this year. Wilma Wood with her new little sports car, Rod & Jean Dolliver sitting in their usual spot, Jeff Bealieau, Marvin Ball, and Bucky Hartwell came sauntering by, as well as Don Harrington just to mention a few. Ralph Rockwell had a site by the ditch along with his Johnny Cash one piece at a time rig. I saw George Brady with wife Cindy down by the river near Rod Dolliver like always.

A double flea market site was acquired by me and Paul Boozan as we got rid of some of the artifacts that we have owned for a few years. We didn't erect our canopies as the weather was so nice but after two days in the heat & hot sun we came to the conclusion, that next time there would be some shade for sure. Lesson learned.

I must say that it was quite nice to see Peter and Pam Crosby stop by our site. Every one chatting and laughing and enjoying the camaraderie, I had my banjo going and showing off for anyone who would listen.... Paul, Peter & Pam, and our new club member Nancy, laughed when picked on two couples. In the song I mentioned nick names "Peterpam peanuts" and "Picky" which is a combination of Paul and Vicky. Sorry guys I have to have my fun.

Day two, as the sun beat down I began to notice that Paul Boozan was out selling me so I started lowering my prices and if anyone dickered they got the item. Then Paul really wanted to sell six of his 28/29 21 inch wheels. "Why I'd even take a dollar for all six just to get rid of those *?/1+0 things", he said. As he walked away I moved all six to the tarp on my lot then I went and struck a deal with a guy named Carl whom I had befriended. You can get all six for a dollar apiece I told him but just mill around for a while don't act too interested. In a bit Carl and Elliot came over from their lot and bought all six for six dollars and I helped them load the wheels. At this time Paul said, "I'll take that six dollars!"



SPEAK-IN- "A"-SPOKES

By President
Doug Litchfield

Well Paul did get his money but I had to ride him pretty hard for a while.

"See what kind of vice president we have."

And he told me, "I wasn't presidential material".

Well it was obvious we had been together too long as Paul began to get kind of taunting, "NA NA NA NA NA NA...the little brat!"

I was bored with no sales so I grabbed my banjo and started to sing a song that I made up on the-spot. The title is, **It's ok if you're not gay, it's ok if you're not gay** as long as you're driving a Model "A" ... it's ok if you're not gay... on and on.

At one chorus Paul said, "I can't take any more of this", and went to the outhouse but kept singing this song that he couldn't get out of his head. I did notice allot of people waiting to use the throne. I'm sure they were wondering about him. Told you I'd get even Paul! ha ha ha ha na na na na na na!

What **September Meeting**

When **September 26, 2010
11 o'clock AM**

Where **Barbara & Jim Amblo
5866 Route 7
Charlotte, VT**

Lunch **Pot Luck please bring a dish to share.**

Questions **Phone 802-310-0977**

Activity **Starting Barbara and Jim's Model "A" that has not been started since the 1970s!**

*Welcome New Members
Ralph and Pat (Mayo) Shepard
Ferrisburgh, VT*

The Grapevine

The grapevine is news about our fellow members, Please let us know when your birthdays' and anniversaries are so they can be included. Contact Peter Crosby at 802-878-6376.

ANNIVERSARY

September 14th Marvin & Ellie Ball
26 years

September 29th Bob & Rena Hart
48 years

October 1st Norman & Peggy Dube

BIRTHDAYS

September 19th Deanna Shapiro

September 27 Kathryn Shortsleeves

Oct 8 Kathy Boozan

Oct 21 Charlie Shapiro

Oct 22 Pam Crosby

Death

Larry Johnson
July 10, 2010

2010 Activities

- ◆ September 26, 2010 GMC Meet Charlotte, VT
- ◆ October TBA
- ◆ November Annual Meeting Date TBA
- ◆ December Christmas Party TBA

If you would like to host a meet this year please let us know so you can be included in our Spring, Summer and Fall activities.

Chapter Flea Market

If you have something for sale, trade or what ever let me know. 802-878-6376

peter.crosby@myfairpoint.net

Peter Crosby

Treasurer's Report

Dick Phinney

Ending Balance-checking.....\$677.04

Ending Balance-savings.....\$1676.06

Charity Fund.....\$0.00

8/11/10

You should know...

That the club has a number of video tapes for members use. Contact: Charlie Shapiro; 802-877-8332 or email atshellmt@together.net

Video Tapes: Carbs and Carbos; Dial D for Distributor; Gennin' Along with Lloyd & Floyd; Henry Ford Biography; How to Avoid Fahrenheit Fright; How to Stop on a Dime; Model A Horns.

Books: *Model A Ford Mechanics Handbook* (we have 2 copies of this)

You also Should Know...

The very latest Club Roster with all of the up-to-date revisions is always available by just be emailing the Secretary Nancy Valcourt. We also have available our Club's, M.A.F.C.A's and M.A.R.C's applications as well as copies of our club bylaws.

Name tags are now available

They are \$7.00 each contact:

Robert Davis
49 Dakin Road
Ferrisburgh, VT 05456
802-425-7766



charbob@gmavt.net

In Memory

Long time and very active member Larry Johnson age 80, died on Saturday July 10, 2010 in the Starr Farm Nursing Center. Larry and his wife Louise of Charlotte, VT were very involved members of our Club. Larry's interest included restoring many old Fords and tractors. His passion for "Woodie" Station Wagons was apparent with his 1931 Model "A" Station Wagon that was in almost constant attendance to our meets. His "10-10 Special" as he called it was in his family since it was new. Larry was always willing to share his time and talents having served as our Club President in 1972 and 1989. Larry was a Maple "A" News newsletter editor and contributor. He also served as our perennial Nomination Committee Chairman for well over the last ten years. He will be missed. This month in tribute to Larry I am reprinting his story of his 10-10 Special he wrote about thirty years ago.

Peter Crosby, Editor



Larry Johnson at the 1997 Christmas Party at the Squirrel's Nest Restaurant in Vergennes, VT.

In Memory

We have lost yet one more "A" member, Alan Langway of Ferrisburgh, VT. He and my cousin Judy and daughters Kate & Beth farmed for many years the Round Barn Farm on Route 7 in Ferrisburgh, VT.

In the early 1970's he adopted my black 1929 Model "A" pickup that was stored for the Winter at their place. It liked being there.

Alan and Judy were very active in the club in the 70's and early 80's. When help could be found to tend the cows, they attended many weekend car shows. The 1929 Pickup was on the go for many parades and meets during the Summer. Judy was not timid about taking the truck to town for errands and appointments.

Alan had series of illnesses for more than twelve years. He died on August 8, 2010. He was 77 years old. The day before the services they wondered what to put his remains in. Judy found the Beam Model "A" decanter they had paid big bucks for many years ago. Guess what, Yep, They drained the whisky out of the Pickup style bottle and everyone had a drink! The empty decanter was sent to the funeral home. He is now resting forever in his 1929 pickup.

For anyone that that did not know Alan he was a great friend to know.

Marvin Ball



Larry Johnson handing the gavel to the new 1990 President Peter Crosby at the 1989 Christmas Party and Annual Meeting at the Sugar House Restaurant in Middlebury, VT.

From the left: Louise Johnson, Larry Johnson, Peter Crosby and Lucy Crosby.



The Story of the 10-10 Special

by Larry Johnson

No, it's not a dirt-track racer, but just a plain old Model "A" station wagon. The reason for the title is that it took us ten years to refurbish and collect all the pieces and ten days to assemble them into the vehicle pictured here-in.

There is a lot of sentimental value for us in this old car and a lot of interesting family history along with it. Being only slightly older than this antique, I hardly remember when Mother purchased it around 1931. Father was the poor country preacher, and we never had many automobiles, not getting another until 1950.

I remember as a mere tad the trips to the beach on the Jersey shore. You see that was where I was raised and the Ford began her long and distinguished service. Each summer we all used to pile into it with mountains of duffel, pets, my cousin and head for a ten day vacation at a camp in the Poconos.

During those early years and through the depression, Ford served often as the church car taking Boy Scouts on outings, lugging presents to the poor parishes during Christmas holidays, choir trips, and during the annual church fair, carrying children seated on wooden benches in the rear all around the grounds and cemetery at 5cents a ride.

In the fall of 1938, we were staying with some friends on Groton Long-Point in Conn. when the famous hurricane of 1938 hit. We had visited my grandparents in Providence that night and arrived at the point next afternoon, to find only 21 of over 100 cottages remaining and the Ford station wagon out in the ocean where the tidal wave had deposited her. Some good Allstate Insurance hauled her back, cleaned her up and she was back in New Jersey a couple of weeks later.

When WWII came along everyone pitched into the war effort, and, not to be outdone, old Ford served as a CD ambulance often carrying mock "victims" back to the Red Cross center during practice raids. You could get two cots and a medic in the back. I remember that after I got a driver's permit in 1944, I would drive around during the blackouts with black silk over the top half of the headlights and a big "CD Emergency" sign stuck in the windshield. Father was an air-raid warden and Chaplin, and, as his legs were rather long at 6 ft. 3 1/2 inches, he wasn't

comfortable driving the "A" and somebody had to do it! We still have some gas ration books around somewhere. We had A.B.C.R.S. and X coupons and I even now carry some OPA tire allotment papers under the seat with registrations as far back as 1937.

I went away to school but returned home in the Fall of 1947, to start driving the old car back and forth to Rutgers every day, as staying on campus was rather expensive. It was about 50 miles each way to New Brunswick and back, but that route became second nature to me and the old Ford. One particular memory is the daily race over the last five miles that developed between a classmate and I. He was a vet and fellow Deke and had a brand new Olds 88. He very seldom beat me due to the fact he never caught us cutting thru those gas stations to save time at the red lights. About this time we had the engine overhauled at the Leonardo Garage. It cost 85 dollars and was all the money Dad and I could scrape up.

After a couple of years of that technical college stuff I decided the thing to do was farm it. As we had bought this place in Charlotte in 1948, and spent a couple summers putting in electricity, water and miles of sheetrock, nothing to do but fill the barn with cows and settle into the life of the sturdy agriculturalist. Old Ford jumped in again and moved all the junk, equipment, tools, furniture, and accumulation of youth the 350 miles to Charlotte. This was before thruways and you had to compete with all the chain-drive garbage trucks and smokey buses around Hackensack and Hoboken and the Ho-Chi-Min Trail. During that series of a dozen trips or more we once made it in ten hours flat. Mother had given me the car by this time, as I was always using it anyway.

For the next ten years we did all the farming and family chores with the station wagon. We carried four cans of milk to the milk plant every morning and brought back four cans of hot water with all the feed.

During the fall of 1951, she went through another hurricane, this time unscratched as she stood outside and pieces of the hay barn and the kitchen roof whistled past her on their way by.

I had a home-made draw-bar fastened to the back end and used to harrow with it and pull the spreader, mower, and wagon around. I had a Pontiac rear curtain fastened up behind the front seat and sliding glass set in plywood panels up on the side. By this time I had a South-Wind gas heater installed for the comfort of wife and child. As the car got more and more tired she began to act up a little. I

had a team of horses and would hitch the white mare to the front bumper to help start it on cold mornings. There was a slip-knot on the whiffle-tree, and when she started, I pulled the rope loose, the horse returned to the barn by herself and I went chugging off to the creamery. One particularly cold morning we dragged it three or four times further than normal until a connecting rod and a whole bunch of ice came out the side of the engine.

Not having any money for repairs, I bought a 1951 pick-up on credit and retired the Ford under the horse-barn. For five years she sat there with the roof leaking on her and subject to the indignities of the old dog raising puppies in her cargo area. Times were tough and we often didn't have money to pay the power bill. We burned wood, and I was offered 300 (1960) dollars for her, but I couldn't sell a friend, and we kept on milking the cows by hand to kerosene lanterns and using the neighbor's cooler.

Not long after that I got damn sick of farming and went into construction. After a stint at the Shelburne Shipyard and some housing, I became somewhat affluent at \$1.25 an hour and decided to move the horse barn. Out came the old car again, by now her roof and deck badly dry rotted, and the barn was put on a foundation in a new location with cement floor, a closed in lean-to attached to the rear into which went old Ford.

Rattling around in my head were some ideas about fixing the car up again. We were making our first trips to Hershey around then in 1965, and had joined VAE to find out what it was all about.

We started buying a few parts, curtain snaps at 15 cents; (now \$1.25), running board material, etc. Fred Page had become a friend by then and offered advice and parts. I would lug some junk over to Haverhill and he would give me generous allowance toward chroming done and other supplies.

During the ensuing years of the late sixties and early seventies, when I was somewhat incapacitated by an illness, I made a pretty good living working on and building Model A's. My enthusiasm for my own wagon increased, and as I would do customers parts I would work on my own with them, thus getting my stuff done and for nothing so to speak.

Each trip to Hershey, and later Carlisle, would find us returning with one major item for the wagon. One year it was the tires, another the upholstery kit, the side curtains, rebuilt shocks, all expensive items for us. The Fall of 1978, saw the last item purchased, the rear floor matting.

The old "A" wagon was now a semi-restored chassis with the cowl sitting on it - still in the lean-to out back. The refinished fenders, radiator, hood, etc., were hanging all over the rafters and on the walls amidst other curios and AAA collections, still pretty well neglected.

June of '79 found us at Foxboro where Weezi and I had dragged her camper down behind the '51 to see if we could sell some junk. Now, the '51 is a woody also, (a Ford, naturally), and we happened to park right near a fellow named Bill Dexter. Everything that has happened since is all his fault!

For those who don't know it, Bill Dexter was a very enthusiastic fellow when it comes to old cars and wood, driving a beautiful and obscenely original 1950 Woody himself. He was telling me about the National Woody Club, and I told him about my '31 Model "A" Wagon, and he told me about "Woodies East" at Stowe and we were off and running. I think he's in the habit of going around organizing these things and subtly goading people into these projects. He did an awfully good job of it and all under the guise of selling those old clocks. Perhaps, like me, he knows there is going to be a fuel crisis and is locating all the wooden cars he can. We went to the same school together in Jersey.

Back home again about June 10th, I found myself in the lean-to staring at the old Ford and musing about the Woodies at Stowe. What a pipe dream... couldn't happen. Besides, we were clapboarding the house, putting up commercial ceilings, had just taken on a paint job on a '75 Camero, and were adding onto the shop. Then, too, I didn't have any roof for the car, the old one rotted down to mere patterns by now. The wooden parts I had made were all warped out of shape, and we didn't have much money for that sort of thing, as usual. (Darn that Dexter!)

Nothing to do but get started, as you know we were becoming obsessed by now. I got on the horn to Victor Auto out near Rochester to see if they would sell a roof. Well, "yes" they had materials enough on hand to construct one) but the price had gone up \$150 since Hershey. I said I'd get back to them.

Meanwhile, back at the lean-to I began to see if Ford would run. I had bench overhauled the engine ten years ago putting in a .050 oversize Model B piston from a junker along with some new rings. She was still free as I had cranked her over every time I happened to walk by and had kept oil in the cylinders. The pop-out switch had

disintegrated, I had to hunt up a starter, generator, and cut-out, the hoses all leaked, and the only six volt battery we had was flat. I put twelve volts on and finally got it under-way. I have the first gasps and coughs on tape. She mocked so bad it was terrible - scared me!

On the 13th of July, I put in two more cans of STP and coaxed her out of the shed and up to the shop on her own power. She had her seats on as I had reupholstered them in the house last spring. An interesting sidelight to this was the fact that the seat cushion covers were way oversize. Eight years after I purchased them LeBaron Bonny took them back, re-sewed them, and returned them to me at no charge. Pretty nice folks there in Amesbury!

Well, Number three son Charlie and I started on a crash program of assembly on the first of August. I went up to Ron Sweet's shop in Shelburne and knocked out some new wood posts. Charlie dropped the oil pan after draining about 2 quarts of condensation with the oil. In between constructing new panels and installing doors I adjusted the rod bearings. Charlie put her back together between clap-boarding our house. Meanwhile I called Victor Auto again on July 30th.

They said they would endeavor to put together a roof by Friday. We got the deck done, side panels and doors on, miscellaneous unfinished chassis stuff on during the week while finishing that ceiling in Burlington. Friday noon saw Weezi and I off in the '71 Buick over through Speculator, (don't run low on gas there - it's \$1.12 if they're open), and past the Poland junk-yard headed for Honeoye Falls. The Mormons had taken over the Rochester area that weekend but we finally found a room.

Next morning we located the Columbo's big steel building out in the farm country. Most of it was filled with rare and un-restored antique cars of their own, Mercedes and MG's, etc. Part of it was a wood and paint shop where they are reproducing both '29 and '31 Ford Woodies. They do not restore chassis, preferring to purchase them already completed and constructing the bodies. They do a fine job and had just shipped one to Santa Fe for \$18,500!

We tied our newly assembled roof on top if the Buick and beat feet for Charlotte, flapping poly and all, arriving home about 9 Saturday night. Sunday the project got underway in earnest. It was now the 5th and Stowe was fast approaching. By Tuesday the new roof was on and we covered everything with four coats of satin polyurethane sprayed on. Wednesday saw more touch-up and the roof fabric. By Thursday night she was running fine with top and finish complete, floor mats in, etc. But we still had all four fenders, running boards, hood, shell, lights, etc., to go on and would they fit after all the body and cowl adjust-

ments to keep the doors square, etc.

Friday saw a frenzied day of assembling these final parts, and everything did go on fairly well. Weezi kept the sandwiches coming and stood ready to hunt up some small parts from the shed that had become buried in the accumulation over the years. Grommets, bolts & screws, welting, wiper blades, splash screws, door handles, you name it, we found all but the new horn conduit. Had to remodel some old hood bumpers at the last moment and where are those damn hood hooks? Paint the blue bumper clamps while Charlie goes out to the roadster with a cold chisel and chops off the latches. Buff them up, spray em black and the hood is all set. Weezie located the bolts while I tried to make the head lights work. About 80 curtain snaps are installed along with the bumper and new license plates. While straightening the rear plate I broke off the taillight bracket so that all has to come off to be welded and painted at the last minute. At five minutes of twelve Friday night we are all finished, Bill!

Saturday morning we washed the '51 Woody, cleaned the new white-walls on the freshly painted red wheels of the '35 Woody, wiped most of the sawdust and greasy fingerprints off the '31. Not having road tested at all I opted for towing, so we padded the bumper, rigged up the stiff-hitch and all headed for Stowe with Ray Dowd's '40 Buick riding shotgun.

We arrived at the car-wash about 11 o'clock and parked the '71 Buick. Cranking up the old Ford I set out for Top-notch with stiff steering and the engine still knocking slightly. It seemed forever that that chubby cop kept us at the intersection, but we made it to sign-in before the deadline. Such a sight there! Woodies all over the place. My two V-8's were numbers 43 & 44 and at 312 my '31 was practically alone in the parade. They were back before I left! A great parade though - nice crowd and none of those damn hills of last year. On the way back we watched that long line of Woodies take off on their tour. We were invited, but didn't yet trust the "A" for performance and wanted to see fleas and friends at Topnotch.

As it turned out it was lucky we didn't tour. The wagon began to skip and act up. That night we left two cars at a friend's camper and returned about 9 o'clock Sunday morning in the '51. The old girl skipped even worse now and finally wouldn't run at all - and they were lining up for judging now! Charlie ran to the Ford parts dealer in the flea market while finally got Ford running and limped down to join the Woody line-up. I didn't want to be working on it when the judges appeared! Turned out they didn't realize there were A's to be judged over in that section so we had plenty of time.

These particular keen-eyed and discerning judges were pretty thorough. I was glad they didn't ask me to start it up, and) (now it can be told), the horn wasn't even connected. A bolt had rattled out of the front splash} too - ugh! One of those fellows even pointed out that I had one hubcap not quite perpendicular to the valve stem. He was right, of course, as "Himself" Mr. Henry Ford was fussy about those details. I had put on a little Rally wax that morning so, in spite of the rear fenders never having been rubbed out, she was all nice and shiny. Too, we did have everything complete and original even down to the curtain pan wrench handle, and that was going for us.

After the officials left I thought, "My Gosh! What if I win something and have to drive around front?" So under the hood I went and installed the new ignition parts Charlie had rounded up. I found two splits in the condenser shell. Just as I closed the hood after final tuning, someone hollered "they called 312".

I still didn't believe it as we drove up the line, the old Ford "chuggin-em" off beautifully and Gen Morgan handed us a second place trophy. I've been to Stowe for twenty years and never got an award, and it was particularly satisfying to get one for the old family car, and old pal. It was a pleasure for Mother to see the award and to look out from her sick-bed and see her old car in fine fettle once more.

Thanks go to Charlie for all his labors, to Weezi for her patience and support, LeBaron Bonney and Victor Antique Auto for extra effort, VAE for recognition, and more especially to Bill Dexter for giving us the incentive and that prod to get us going on our "10-10 Special".

July Picnic and Meeting at the Phinney's in South Hero, VT. Many thanks go out to Dick & Gail for the wonderful time, place and food!



Above: Some of the Model "A's" in attendance Below: Members sitting in the shade waiting for the Meeting to start. Bottom another type of vehicle that made it to the meet.

Photos by Dick Phinney



The Johnson's 10-10 Special a 1931 Model "A" Ford Station Wagon

Club Officers

President-Douglas Leithead; 1856 Darling Hill Road; Newport, VT 05855 Phone 802-334-2584

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peter.crosby@myfairpoint.net

Chapter Flea Market

- ◆ Send description of items for the Flea Market to Peter Crosby via mail or Email to peter.crosby@myfairpoint.net.
- ◆ Items should be described For Sale, trade, wanted, or take it away.
- ◆ For Sale items must be listed with asking price.
- ◆ Flea market is open to all members free of charge for auto and fashion related items only.

The Green Mountain Chapter / Region M.A.F.C.A. & M.A.R.C. Inc. is a tax exempt organization under the 501 (c) (7) of the Internal Revenue Code. Federal Employer Identification Number: 30-0357749



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MARC / MAFCA Inc.

Peter Crosby, Editor

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