

FEBRUARY 1975
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
CHAPTER 40

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The big topic this month is 1975 dues. If you've joined the Valley V-8's since October '74, you're paid up for '75. March 1st is the deadline for membership renewal at the January meeting.

Our next regular meeting at 7:00 P.M., February 2nd at Valley Federal Savings, Reseda at Nordoff will feature Bob Smither on finish painting. We also plan to have a review on metal working and priming. Of course, we'll have all the regular features...restoration tips with Harold Selsun a raffle, parts call, refreshments and Early V-8 tire kicking. Future events may include a money raiser car show at Vista Ford in Woodland Hills.

Many thanks to all who drove early V-8's to the January meeting and to Gordie Chamberlain and Bob Drake for the early dealers' film strips.

NEW MEMBERS AT JANUARY MEETING

David Rubin owns a 1936 Dlx 2 door sedan.

Ted Mersch owns a 1936 Dlx. 190 h p. Cpe. 5 win.
1936 Dlx. 85 h.p. Cpe. 5 win.
1936 Dlx. 85 h.p. Roadster
1936 Dlx. -85 h p. Phaeton

ADVERTISERS

Our special thanks to "Smiling" Bill Norton for buying the first full-page ad of our bulletin. Our thanks too, to Bob Drake for buying a full-pager. It's through the help and co-operation of such generous members that we are able to produce a bulletin of this quality.

Auto-Biography by Ed Warnock

I was born in Eugene, Oregon, March 18, 1937. But the real beginning was in March of 1949, when I saw my first 1932 Ford roadster in Hot Rod Magazine.

My interest in cars and mechanical things goes back as far as I can remember. During WW-2, we lived on a dairy farm near Lorane, Oregon, 25 miles southwest of Eugene. It was during this time my Grandfather gave my brother and me a 1924 Star...which didn't run. It sat in our barn yard where I had to be content with just sitting behind the wheel operating the clutch and gearshift and supplying my own noise. I was six years old.

The first school bus I rode on in first grade was a 1933 Ford V-8. My favorite, at that time, was our 1935 Ford flatbed truck with stock racks. Sometimes I got to sit on Dad's lap and steer. Also learned how to double clutch and shift gears.

I started driving around our ranch in a new Jeep early in 1948, when I was ten years old. During the summer of 1949, I worked in the hay harvest, driving a hay rake pulled by a horse named Captain. During the hours and hours around the fields I figured Captain and I went over 500 miles. I made \$78.00 for my efforts. I bought a 1930 Model A standard four-door for \$65.00 which had to be pushed to start because the starter was bad and the battery was shot.

My earnings during the summer when I was fourteen purchased a 1936 Ford pickup. I was driving a hay buck mounted on the Jeep and my earnings had gone up.

The Hot Rod magazine had not only planted a desire for a '32 Ford roadster, but it also sparked an interest in the custom cars of the early 50's.

In 1952, when I was fifteen, my Model A and \$100.00 bought a 1940 Ford deluxe coupe. The '40 had a Mercury engine and could out-drag and out-run everything in town except a '51 Olds V-8.

It was about this time I took some notice of Deni Smithpeter, whom I had known since the fourth grade. She was driving a 1933 Ford Victoria at the time. In 1953 she sold it to my friend, Paul Ingram for \$100.00.

The sale of my '36 pick-up financed the start of customizing the 1940 coupe and I purchased a '36 Ford five window coupe with '41 truck engine and 3/4 race cam.

During 1955 and '56 I bought every '32 Ford I could find for sale in Eastern Oregon.... three Model B standard tudor sedans for \$25.00, \$35.00 and \$50.00. The first one ran, but the transmission and rear end were out. The second I drove home and the third ran after replacing the fuel pump. Still no roadster. In my search for an open car, I picked up the hulk of a '35 Ford cabriolet on a '39 frame and a '34 Ford cabriolet body.

I drove my best '32 tudor to Eugene in the fall of 1956 and for two years attended the Eugene Vocational School where I earned an A & P aircraft mechanic license.

In the spring of 1957, I sold the purebred Herefords I had raised in 4-H club and bought a '46 Luscombe airplane. By the end of '58 I was a licensed mechanic and commercial pilot.

January '59 began nearly seven years in the U.S. Air Force. After Aviation Cadet Pilot training, I went home to Baker, married Deni, loaded her and Jan (then five years old) in my channeled '40 Ford-Olds and towing a TR3, headed for New Jersey. At McGuire A.F.B., I flew Douglas DC-6's and Lockheed C-130's in the Military Air Transport Command.

After we had been married a couple of years and Cindy had joined our family, I saw an ad in the Sunday paper---For Sale: 1932 Ford Roadster \$600.00. We were low on dough; needed a new couch and other things for our home, but after a trip to see the car, west of Philadelphia, a down payment was scraped up and the balance borrowed from the Credit Union.

Flying a hundred hours a month left little time for restoring so the '32 rested. A '49 Ford 6 pick-up for \$100.00 served us well during the spring and summer of '65, just before I left the Air Force and came to California to work for Continental Airlines. I sold the '40 coupe to a sergeant at Fort Dix.

Shortly after moving to Canoga Park, I purchased a '32 pick-up with a good running late flathead that I had seen on Sherman Way. It served me well for half a dozen years. Our daughter Jan learned to drive and shift gears in it. It now had a good home with Shel Harriman.

The sale of my best '32 tudor in '67 purchased a rust-free body for my roadster and a '32 open cab (roadster) pick-up I found in Azusa. The roadster pick-up restoration is nearing completion and it should debut at Estes Park in July, 1975.

My first subscription to Hemmings in the fall of 1971 led me to a '32 Phaeton in Atlanta, Georgia, which I had to haul home in a rented truck. It's next on the list to restore.

My current inventory of early Fords includes one '32 Tudor plus extra body, two '32 Roadsters (the second chassis came from the Tudor--one to restore and one to hot rod--remember March, 1949?), one '32 Phaeton, a '32 Roadster pick-up and a cut-down '34 chassis. My modern Fords include a '68 Cougar, a '69 Ranchero (first and only new car I ever bought) and a '71 Mark III.

I currently fly as captain on Boeing 727's for Continental Airlines. I have a second hobby, too. I'm a racing mechanic on an Offenhauser powered midget race car owned by a Continental Captain and sponsored by Continental Airlines. Our driver, Rick Goudy, won the California Racing Association Midget Championship this year in our car.

Our daughter Jan who is 19 was married in January to Kevin Knowlton from Salt Lake City. Our daughter Cindy is 13 now and says the rumble seat in Mary Durkee's '36 Cabriolet is the hot set-up. Deni contributes to our collecting family with old glass and crystal.

This past summer we went to Deni's twentieth high school class reunion. Paul drove the '33 Victoria to the reunion. We can't buy it back for \$100.00.

FLY ME!



BOOTLEGGIN' WOODY

It all started real early one Sunday morning as we drove our '40 convertible to the all-Ford picnic. There we met many friends and saw a lot of Fords. I was talking to a friend who owns a paint store in Glendale. He told me about one of his employees who had 10 cases of hot booze. He said I could buy it all for \$100.00 because he wanted to get rid of it. He must have been a little nervous about having the booze stored at the paint store.

I told him I was interested in it and I would see about getting a vehicle that could haul the ten cases to Ventura. A friend who owns a '39 woody would be just right for the mission I had in mind. I asked this friend if he would like to trade cars for awhile.

I left the picnic and headed for Glendale to make my fabulous purchase. Boy, what a party I could have with ten cases of booze!

I got to the paint store and met the man who had the good stuff. He said someone else was supposed to buy it, but didn't show up and he had been waiting for an hour for him. He was getting a little impatient and said I could have the booze for a C-note.

We loaded the booze in the woody and took off for home. One block away, while sitting at a stop light, I looked in my mirror and saw a big black Lincoln pull up in front of the paint store. Four guys got out of the Lincoln and started talking to the guy I had just bought the booze from. The next thing I saw was the fellow being beaten up. They then hopped back into the car and headed our way. I made a few stop lights and a few turns before I realized that the big black Lincoln was after us. Not wanting to break any traffic laws, because of the special load I was hauling, I drove very carefully. The Lincoln did the

same and seemed to stay just one stop light away from me. I was getting a little nervous but managed to get on the freeway, without getting a ticket.

No matter how hard or fast I drove on the freeway I could not shake the Lincoln. As I drove up the freeway, the Lincoln stayed just behind me, far enough not to let me out of his sight. They were just waiting for me to stop so they jump on me. They gave me the same treatment they gave to the guy I bought the stuff from. By now I was scared and didn't know what to do or how to get out of this mess. Driving the freeway, weaving in and out of traffic, I couldn't lose him.

As I entered Thousand Oaks, I was thinking maybe I could lose the Lincoln going down the steep Conejo grade.

Just before I reached the Conejo grade, I slowed down a little and the Lincoln did the same. As soon as I got to the top of the Conejo grade, I put my foot in the carb and kicked the woody into Columbia two-speed. The speedometer suddenly went to 70, 80, 90 and finally 100. I hung on to the banjo wheel like I was on a carnival ride. I knew there was a very sharp curve at the bottom of this huge hill, but I had to take the gamble that the woody could go around the curve at 100 miles an hour even though it is marked only 50. The old Ford shocks made that old woody go around that curve just like we were on a race track. I kept the speedometer right on 95 for about a mile before I realized there was no Lincoln and no cops behind me.

I turned off onto a side road and made my way home. As I pulled into my garage I heard that there had been a bad accident where a Lincoln drove off the road.

The next morning I heard that the four guys were in the hospital. One of the four told the cops that they had been chasing an old woodie full of stolen booze. After hearing that bit of news, I decided to give myself in. Not only did I lose the booze but I wasn't re-funded the \$100.

MORAL: When someone gets something for nothing, someone else gets nothing for something.

Don L. Durkee

Driving Old Fords causes blurred vision.

GOOD OLD POT ROAST

By

Marlene Nordburg

4-5 lb. 0-bone pot roast

2 tblspns. oil. Flour

Salt Pepper

1 t. garlic. 2t. paprika

1 onion 2 Beef boullion cubes

Horseradish sauce 2 cups water

Mix flour, water, salt, pepper and coat roast. Heat oil and brown roast on both sides. Slice onion and brown in pan (Dutch oven). Add all remaining ingredients spreading horseradish sauce over the top of the roast. Add water with disolved beef cubes.

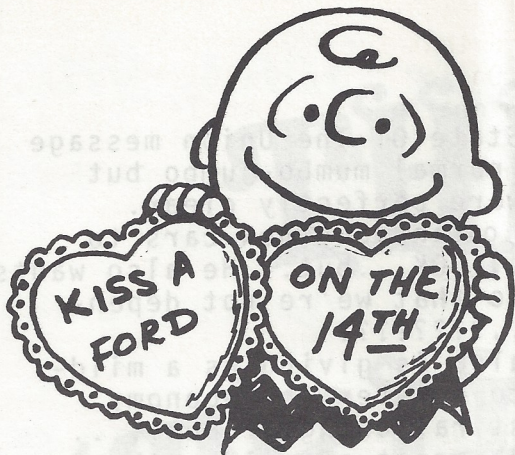
Simmer for 2 hours. The roast makes its own gravy.

Serve with mashed potatoes and vegetables.

Serves 4-6 people.

Do you have a recipe for the bulletin? We'll try to print one each month. If it uses V-8 juice as an ingredient, so much the better!





HAPPINESS IS-

Finding the original owner of a '34 Phaeton and hearing him say, "I'll pay you fifty bucks if you'll haul that wreck out of my barn so's I can use it again.".....

Finding that rare fratchit at Ford Obsolete and having Bill Norton say, "The price is on the box", and it's the original price.....

Having Vince, at Thee Strippers, strip and dip an entire '39 Tudor and discovering that there isn't even one dollop of Bondo anywhere.....

Performing a complete ground-up restoration covering four years and there aren't any parts left over..... Ditto, but you didn't find any missing either.....

Discovering that the coupe you bought two years ^{ago} at the unthinkable price of \$600 has appreciated to the unimaginable price of \$3000.....

Having Nixon as President and discovering that there is indeed a "Ford in your future.".....

Thinking that maybe, someday, Bob Drake will reproduce a dual-temp gauge for \$13.95 or conduct a "Pre-Inventory" half-price sale.....

Getting a reduction in the subscription rate of your air-mailed Hemmings Motor News because the Postal Dept. considers it "Educational Material" of redeeming social value-sigh.....

Government funded gas allocations for antique cars to preserve our National heritage forever...

Brick Price

POLITICO

The Presidential State Of The Union message was filled with the normal mumbo-jumbo but a couple of things were perfectly clear.

Ford wants us to go outand buy new cars to bolster the economy....OK...but...He also wants us to quit driving so that we're not dependent on foreign oil..?????????

Ford (Prez type) also is giving us a mildly generous rebate to bolster the economy and has sworn against rationing....But..... He is also raising the cost of oil by three or four dollars a barrel which relates to fifteen or more cents per gallon...in other words...If you can afford the gas, you can drive on Sunday. The rich get richer etc.

Brick Price

EDITORIAL REQUEST

To produce a really fine magazine an Editor needs a great deal of support from the general membership. To make the magazine interesting and informative, an editor needs good stories and articles. Otherwise the Editor ends up writing the entire magazine himself. This makes for a very limited magazine.

With the combined knowledge and talent of our club members we can make a very fine magazine. Below is a list of things I feel will make our magazine really complete.

1. Your own story on your involvement in the V-8 Club. A little history on you.
2. A report on what you are working on at the moment. Keep us all posted.
3. Send us a picture of a completed car or a car being worked on at the moment.
4. Some information you feel would interest the club members.
5. Send in some puzzles or quizzes.
6. Some technical information on restoration, parts, procedures, and services.

Help make the club and its magazine even stronger and better then it already is.

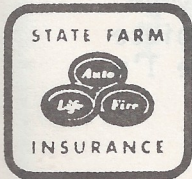
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This section is a free, FREE!, service for all of our paid members. Why more people don't take advantage of it I'll never know. Submit your items on a 3 x 5 card our similar sized piece of paper. Be sure to print legibly since I'm becoming increasingly myopic with age.

FOR SALE

1933 Ford Hood Complete \$50.00

1940-48 Ford/Mercury Transmission \$25.00

Ed Warnock 346-7882

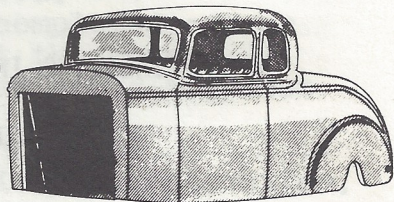
WANTED

1975 Valley V-8 dues \$6.00

The Valley V-8's

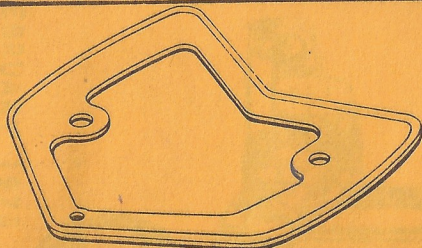
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Steering Box for '37 Ford

Chip Werstein 887-5436



HEADLIGHT PADS

1932 cross bar to fender	\$2.00 pair
1932-34 pickup	\$2.00 pr
1933-34 4 pieces	\$3.00
1935 4 pieces	\$3.00
1936 4 pieces	\$3.00
1935-37 pickup 4 pieces	\$3.00
1938-39 pickup 4 pieces	\$3.00

TAILLIGHT PADS

1933-34	\$2.00 pair
1935	\$3.50 pair
1936	\$3.50 pair
1937	\$2.50 pair
1938-39	\$2.50 pair
1940	\$3.00 pair
1942-48	\$3.50 pair

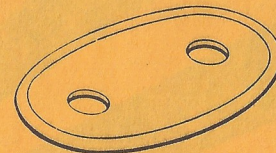
DECK LID HANDLE PADS

1932-37	\$1.00
1938-39	\$2.00
1940	\$1.50
1941-48	\$1.50

DOOR HANDLE PADS OUTSIDE

1932-34 close car	\$1.25 pair
1932-34 Roadster-Phaeton	\$1.25 pair
1935-36 all bodies	\$1.25 pair
1940 close car	\$1.25 pair
1940 Conv & wagon	\$1.25 pair

1932-48 V8 RUBBER PADS HEADLIGHT - TAILLIGHT - DECK LID WIPER - DOOR HANDLE & OTHERS COPY OF ORIGINALS U.S.A. MADE



COWL LIGHT PADS

1932 all bodies	\$1.50 pair
1932 3 window coupe	\$1.50 pair
1933-34 all bodies	\$1.50 pair

HOOD BRACKET PADS

1937-1941	\$3.00 pair
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WINDSHIELD POST PADS

ROADSTER-PHAETON

1932	\$3.00 pair
1933-34	\$3.00 pair
1935-36	\$3.00 pair

HORN GRILL PADS

1936	\$2.50 pair
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IGNITION LOCK PADS

1932	.65
1933-34	.65
1935-36-37	.65
1938-39	\$1.25
1941-48	\$1.25

WINDSHIELD WIPER PADS

1937-40 Conv & Wagon	\$1.75 pair
1940 close car	\$1.75 pair

GAS TANK GROMMETS

1933-34	\$2.00
1935-36	\$2.00
1937-40	\$2.00

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BOB DRAKE

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