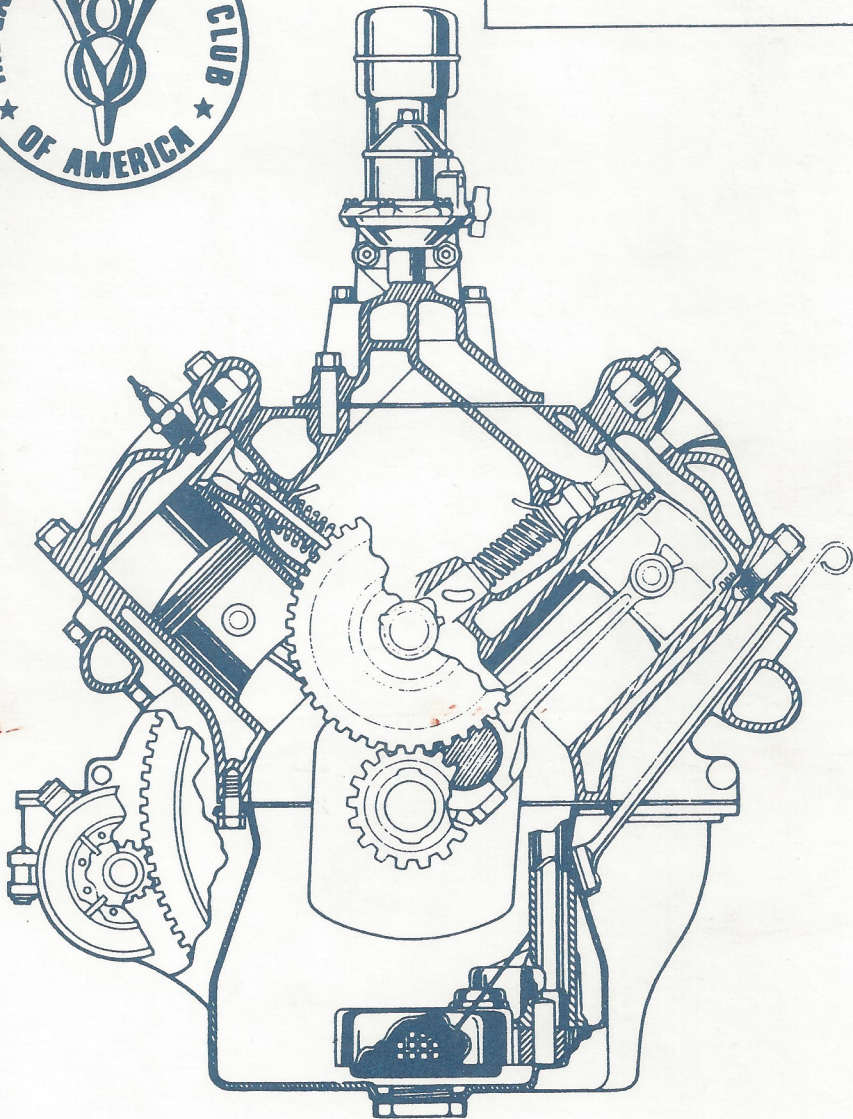




JANUARY



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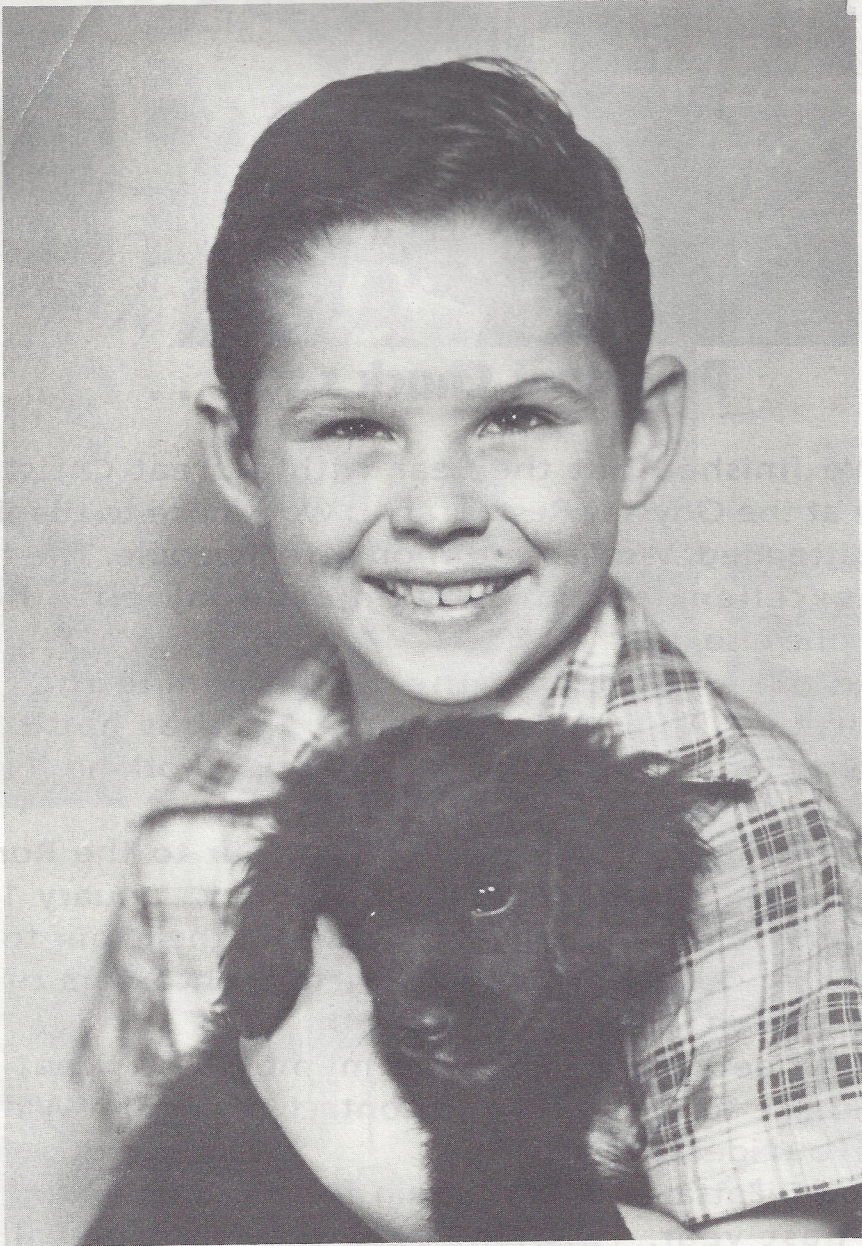
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SAN FERNANDO VALLEY CHAPTER 40
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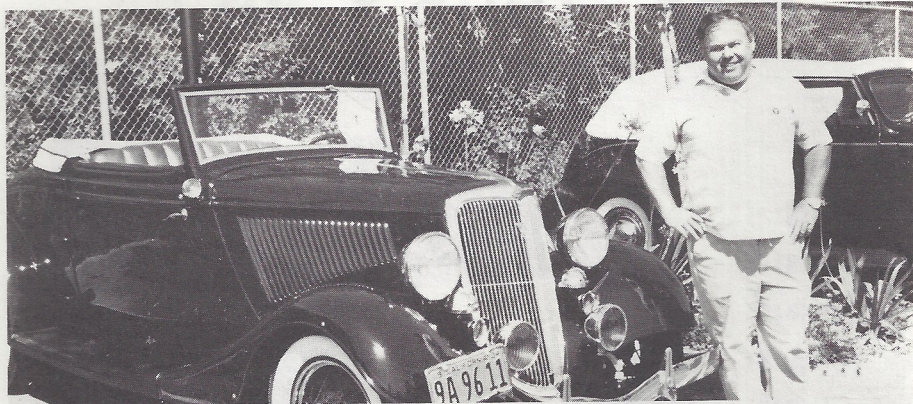
COVER/ROY JONES

GUESS WHO?



The Valley V8's — January 1992

. . . It's President CHUCK SHUBB!!



President Chuck says . . .

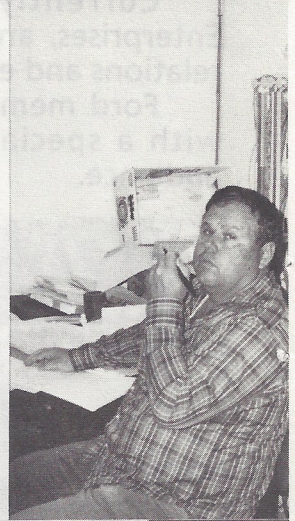
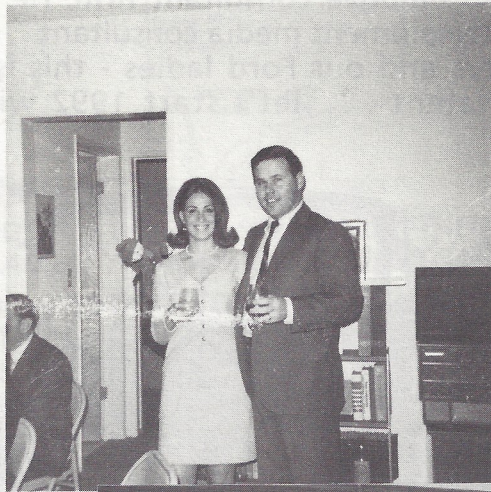
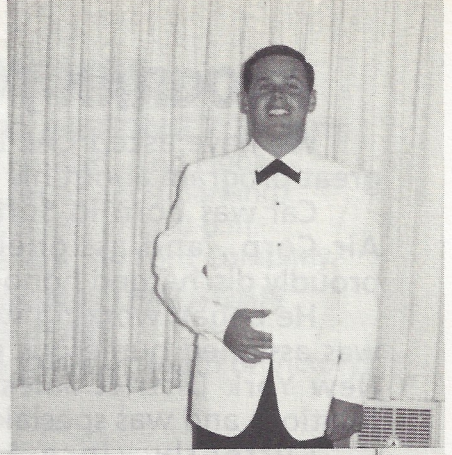
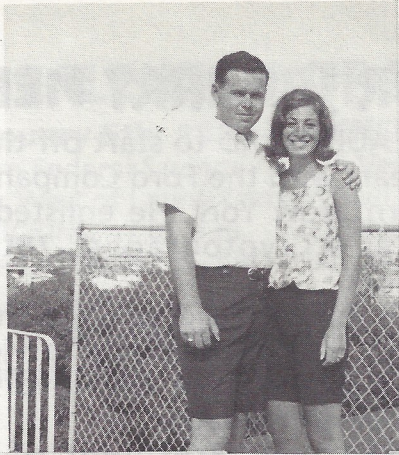
We finished out the year with a great Christmas party at the Odyssey Restaurant. I would like to thank all that attended. We had a turnout of 78 people. The food was excellent and I really enjoyed myself. I hope everyone else did.

Be sure to attend the January meeting. Cal Beauregard will be our speaker. He has had some interesting experiences in the past while working for the Ford Motor Company.

We begin the new year with a tour to the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library on Saturday, January 18th. The Chrysler Club has invited us to join their tour to the Carpenter Collection of High Performance Cars of the 50's & 60's on Sunday, January 19th.

We need input from the members on what you would like to do in 1992 so contact me or Jim Winnett with your ideas.

Joe DiFatta — thanks again for the outstanding job this past year. This will be a hard act to follow. Remember - if anyone has any ideas for the club, please contact me.



PROGRAM FOR JANUARY MEETING

We have asked CAL BEAUREGARD to start off the year with a great program about his years with the Ford Company.

Cal was born in Suffern, New York. He enlisted in the Army Air Corp., and assigned as a Cryptographer 78th AACs, and proudly discharged honorably.

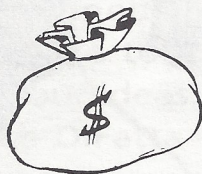
He began working with the Ford Motor Company in 1950 and was assigned numerous jobs, such as customer service, manager - New York District Sales Office, etc. He was involved in public relations and was special projects manager.

Currently, since 1983, he is President of Beauregard Enterprises, an automotive consultant firm. He acts as the public relations and entertainment media consultant.

Ford members and our Ford ladies - this is a special person with a special talent . . . let's start 1992 with a full packed audience.



JACKPOT



\$20.00

Could Be Yours!

(You just have to be present and wear your name badge to win.)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

Sunday, January 5th, 1992 — GENERAL MEETING 7:30 p.m.

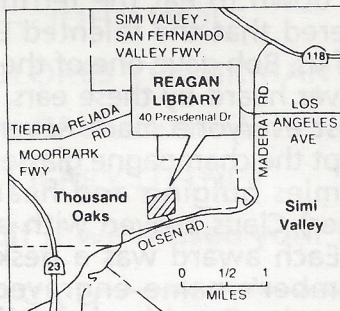
Western Federal Savings - 12175 Ventura Blvd., 2nd Floor
1/2 block West of Laurel Canyon Blvd. (Lots of good parking)

TIRE KICKING - 7:00 p.m. MEETING STARTS at 7:30 p.m.

Speaker to be CAL BEAUREGARD - "Stories about the Ford Company."

**Saturday, January 18th, 1992 — RONALD REAGAN
PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY TOUR**

Meet at Woodley Park at 10:30 a.m. (Woodley Avenue., south of Victory)



LUNCH FIRST AT HUDSON'S DINER IN SIMI VALLEY, THEN ON TO THE TOUR.

— LADIES! YOU WILL ENJOY THIS TOUR. —

**Saturday, January 19th — TOUR TO RICHARD CARPENTER'S
COLLECTION, ALONG WITH THE MOPAR CLUB.**

A 45 minute ride and view of over 50 cars.

Meet at Woodley Park at 10:45 a.m.

Saturday, February 15th, 1992 — TOUR TO PRINTING MUSEUM

Jim Winnett, activities chairman, will get us the information
and then we will be off to Buena Park on the 15th.

JANUARY 1942

One and one-half million pounds of metal that would have been used for making California license plates have been released for the war needs of the nation.

According to estimates by Automobile Club statisticians, this is the amount of savings that will accrue by the issuance of metal strips for 1942 licenses instead of the regular full plates.

**MEMBERS — If you have any photos or stories
of a 1942 Ford, please contact Joe DiFatta.**

SECRETARY'S VIEWPOINT

by Jerry Jensen

After doing the rain dance daily for several months, John Kemmerer finally succeeded in getting it to rain on December 7th and 8th. With the holiday party on December 8th, it turned out to be an untimely rain; although it didn't keep 78 members and friends from attending. Only a few members drove their early iron to the party, among them Prez Joe D. (14 Vintage Fords).

Prior to sitting down to eat the terrific champagne brunch at the Odyssey, we discovered that the talented Bob Rose has another virtue unknown to most of us. Bob gave one of the finest, most appropriate and timely invocations ever heard by these ears. With a wide choice of good things to eat, almost everyone made several trips through the buffet, while the waiters kept the champagne glasses and coffee cups full.

With our tummies bulging and hearts filled with good cheer, Santa (the rainmaker) Claus arrived with a bag full of awards for the outgoing officers. Each award was a desk pen set with the national logo and each member's name engraved upon it. Vice Prez Chuck Shubb presented Prez Joe D. with a beautiful appreciation plaque with a nifty clock on it.

We were pleased to have National Director Howard Simpson from Julian as a guest. He swore in the '92 officers with the notorious, "So Help Me Henry Oath." 1992 promises to be a year of fun and interesting events with the 1992 officers being sworn in.

Each person was given one free raffle ticket to compete for a very impressive array of prizes garnered for this event by Prez Joe. Prizes were six brunches or dinners for two at various places. A Polaroid camera, flower arrangement, free wheel balance, and a night for two at the Valley Inn were other prizes. The grand prize was 3 days and 2 nights at a hotel in Palm Springs.

Jerry and Lesley Littner closed the program by presenting outgoing President Joe DiFatta and incoming President Chuck Shubb with gavels. They expressed their desire to see the gavel passed on as a continuing tradition. To Prez Joe D., many thanks for a great year with the Valley V-8's. To everyone, may the new year bring you health, happiness and prosperity.

DUES ARE DUE!

**\$18.00 FOR THE YEAR — INVOICES WILL BE SENT
OUT THIS MONTH. MAIL YOUR CHECKS EARLY.
CUT OFF DAY IS FEBRUARY 1ST, 1992.
CONTACT TERRY SMITH.**

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

8th — SANDY SATEL

19th — JACK MILES

19th — JIM WINNETT

23rd — DOROTHY LIPPERT

24th — DON DUPREE

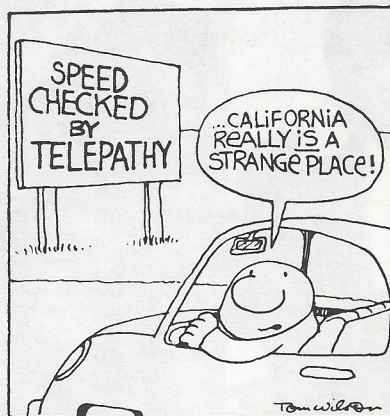
25th — JOHN WOLF

25th — DOLORES YOUNKMAN

27th — PAUL JANISSE

28th — JERRY LITTNER

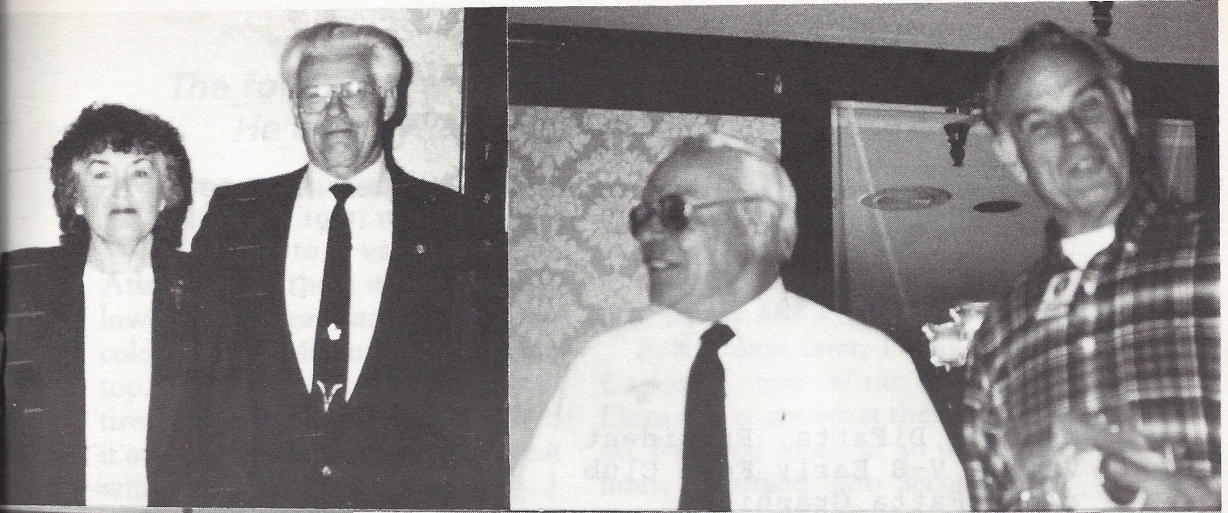
Contact Virginia Wolf if we missed your birthday.



HOLIDAY BRUNCH

The Holiday Brunch on December 8th was a huge success with great raffle prizes and gifts for everyone. Santa made a surprise visit and the food was absolutely delicious. The grand prize was won by Dave Sanborn, and other winners were: Ruth Spencer, Don Durkee, Christine Varney, Pat Culp, Judy Shubb, George Richards, Chuck Mair, Virginia Wolf, Jim Lombardo, and Bob Rose.





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December 16, 1991

Mr. Joe DiFatta, President
Valley V-8 Early Ford Club
c/o DiFatta Graphics
5920 Lemona Ave.
Van Nuys, CA 91411

Dear Joe:

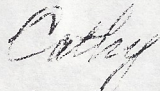
On behalf of the staff and clients of our Center's Youth Contact program, I would like to thank you and your club for your most generous donation of toys.

As you may be aware, Youth Contact serves the needs of families with teens at-risk of gang and drug involvement. Most of these families have very little to spend on holiday gifts for their children, so you can imagine how thrilled they will be to receive your toys.

Joe, a big thank you to all of you for your kind support of our young people. Please know that your kindness has helped our families in a very special way.

We wish you and yours very happy holiday season.

Sincerely,



Catherine Carson
Director of Public Relations

CC:cs

*The following article was supplied by Nino Russo.
He also owns a 1939 Mercury Convertible.*

ON A CLEAR, COOL SATURDAY in March 1941, my dad and I drove to a used-car lot in Atlanta. And there it was: a sleek, low-slung, mean-looking, cream-colored 1939 Mercury with canvas top, leather seats and whitewall tires. My father had already checked it out, so I just sat in the driver's seat while he completed the deal.

As I drove away, I caught my

It was a glorious time. I was 17 and had just come into a prize possession—one that was to become famous

reflection in a large plate-glass window: a tall, skinny teen-ager who had gained possession of the world. It was the start of the most magical year of my life.

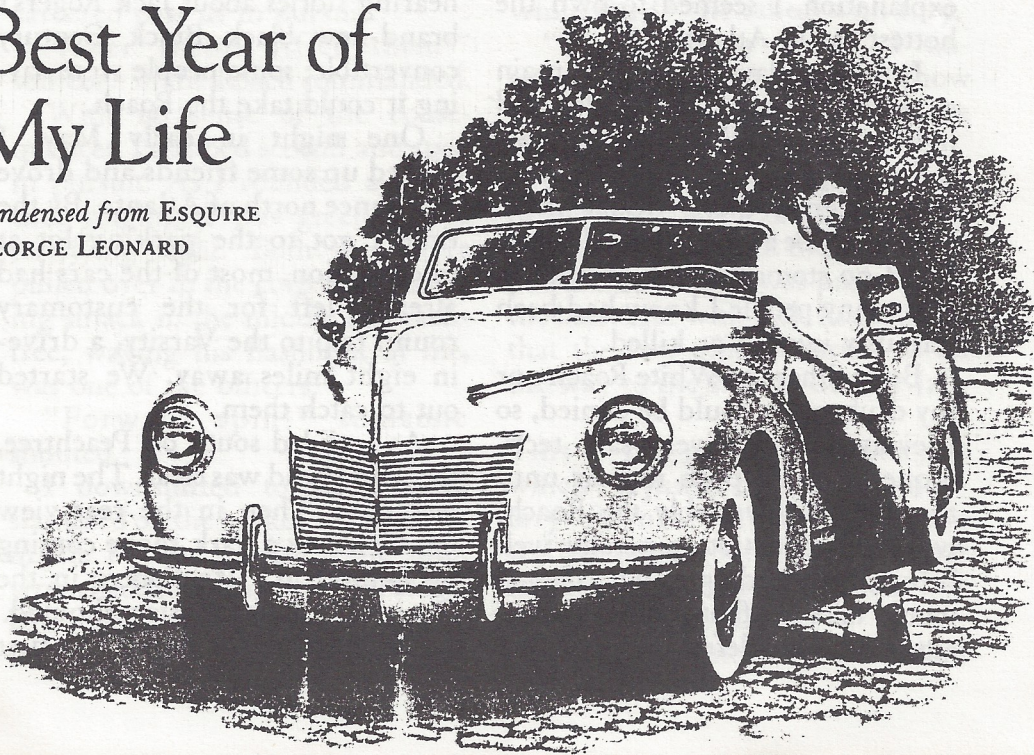
A few days later, I took Bobby Gaston, Comer White and Larry Dean out to see what the car could do. I slowed to about 40 miles per hour, slammed into second and pressed the accelerator to the floor. Our heads snapped back and the speedometer passed 60.

"Holy smokes!" Comer shouted. "What have we got here?"

The motor was amazingly quiet. There was only a sweet and primal sensation, an almost sensual effusion of power that sent an electric

Best Year of My Life

Condensed from ESQUIRE
GEORGE LEONARD



current through my body and curled my toes. I shifted into high, and as the speedometer moved past 110 and then bumped the far end of the scale, my stomach was tight as a steel band. I was barely breathing. It was a relief to take my foot off the accelerator and let the car glide to a safer speed. "Nobody's going to believe it," Bobby said. By that time my car had a name: the White Roach (because of its resemblance to the insect).

For the next few days we discussed the White Roach's seemingly impossible performance. Suspecting that the speedometer was off, we tested it against other cars. It was reasonably accurate. Someone had a theory that the Roach had been owned by a bootlegger, who had souped it up. Whatever the explanation, I seemed to own the hottest car in Atlanta.

In those days, Atlanta's main streets were broad, uncrowded and lightly policed. Whenever two cars full of boys pulled up at the same traffic signal, there would more than likely be a pickup race. I found I had no stomach for high speeds. Too many people I knew had been seriously injured or killed.

But neither the White Roach nor my exuberance could be denied, so I evolved a relatively safe technique. I would push my car until the winner (invariably the Roach) was beyond doubt, generally well before I reached 75 m.p.h. Then I would take my foot off the accelerator. If my defeated opponent

wanted to flash past in defiance, I would wave him on.

The important thing in winning was getting from low gear to second as quickly as possible, a maneuver known as slapping second. This involved accelerating to about 35 m.p.h. in low and then, leaving the gas pedal jammed to the floor, shooting the gearshift into second while kicking the clutch pedal in and out lightning quick. It was an explosive maneuver, in which the hand moved faster than the eye ("like the strike of a copperhead," one friend said). I practiced it again and again, until I could slap second without premeditation.

The White Roach won race after race, and by the end of April there were few drivers who even bothered to challenge us. Then I began hearing stories about Jack Rogers's brand-new black Buick Century convertible; some people were saying it could take the Roach.

One night in early May, I picked up some friends and drove to a dance north of Atlanta. By the time I got to the parking lot at intermission, most of the cars had already left for the customary round trip to the Varsity, a drive-in eight miles away. We started out to catch them.

As I glided south on Peachtree, the road ahead was clear. The night was ours. Then in the rear-view mirror I saw a dark shape coming up behind us. "It's Rogers in the Century!" Bobby Gaston shouted.

"The first traffic light! The first

red light!" someone else yelled.

In the distance we saw the light at Peachtree and Wesley turning red. We both braked hard and drew up side by side. We sat there, engines racing.

When the light changed, I managed a split-second head start, but the Century nosed in front by a half length. Then I slapped second and the Roach surged forward—a half length, a full length, a length and a half. I yanked the gearshift down into high for another surge and then took my foot off the gas. That was it for me.

But not for Jack. The Century slammed by on the left at 100 m.p.h., sparks flying from the exhaust. At that moment, I saw a flashing red light in the rear-view mirror, and in seconds a police car careered past us in pursuit.

"After them! After them!" someone in the Roach commanded.

With no sense of the consequences, I slapped second and sped in pursuit. As I rounded a curve, tires singing, I was greeted by a terrifying sight. Both cars were pulled over to the curb and, standing smack in the middle of Peachtree, waving his flashlight at me, was one of the officers.

"Forward spin!" someone shouted.

I downshifted to second and slammed on the brakes. At about 35 m.p.h. I started a deliberate skid, wrenched the steering wheel to the left, then dropped into low and hit the accelerator to keep the rear

wheels spinning while the rear end of the car swung around. The Roach spun through 90 degrees, but the rear wheels hit the streetcar tracks in the middle of the road, and I lost control.

By an incredible stroke of luck, the White Roach, instead of smashing into a curb, shot straight into the entrance of a drive-in named Mother Kelly's. I continued into a parking place as if I had planned the whole thing, and we all scrambled out and walked inside. I sauntered up to the counter and ordered a ginger ale, trying to be as cool as a character in a gangster movie. Actually, my hands were shaking so violently that ginger ale was spilling out of the cup.

The door was flung open, and the officer holding the flashlight burst in. "Were you driving that white Ford?" he asked with fury.

"That's not a Ford," I answered, my voice choked, somehow prim and reproachful. "That's a Mercury."

No need to try to reproduce the officer's response. Let it be said only that he cursed me all the way to the police car, where I was pushed into the back seat with Jack Rogers, and that the two officers cursed us all the way to the Fulton County Jail.

THIS IS THE POINT in my story at which—if justice or even rudimentary fairness prevailed in the world—there would be some moral lesson for the new generation. But the world is not fair.

My father came down and bailed

BEST YEAR OF MY LIFE

us out. Although I did feel shame and chagrin, I soon discovered that my celebrity among my peers had risen to new heights. And although I did drive more cautiously in the next few weeks, challenges continued to be offered and accepted. The White Roach was not to be defeated during the rest of its lifetime.

There's no way around it: 1941 was pure magic, the best year of my life. Neither I nor my friends talked much about the future; we just assumed the present would never end. But it ended decisively on December 7. Suddenly there was a war, and we were the ones who were going to fight it.

ON SATURDAY, March 4, 1944, my sister Julia drove the White Roach down to Albany, Ga., where I was stationed at nearby Turner Field. I had been away from home for 13 months, and in a week I would graduate from aviation cadet training as an Army Air Force pilot.

The next morning, I drove into town and had breakfast at a coffee shop. Sitting next to another pilot trainee, I told him about my reunion with the White Roach. Since he was a Yankee, I put on my heaviest Southern accent.

"Suh," I said, "you're sittin' next to th' fastes' geh shiftuh south of the Mason-Dixon line."

As I continued extolling the virtues of the White Roach and describing the secrets of slapping second, he said, "Let's see you do it."

When I revved up the engine and let out the clutch, the White Roach scratched off just as it always had. I held the accelerator to the floor. At about 35 m.p.h., I stomped the clutch in and out while simultaneously shooting the gearshift forward with all my might—as fast as the strike of a copperhead.

I went for second gear.

I got reverse.

I recall no terrible grinding, only the sound of metal hitting the pavement: a jingling, almost musical sound of gears, bearings, nuts, bolts, fragments of casing and chunks of transmission, all bouncing along in our wake.

We rolled to a stop, and I got out to survey the damage. There was a trail of vital parts stretching a half block behind.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. In an act akin to ritual suicide, the White Roach had disemboweled itself. The most famous car in Atlanta, the enchanted sword and shield of my youth, would be sold as junk.

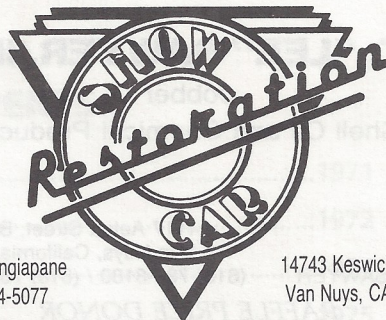
There will never be another like it. For it is rare indeed for any man to possess so much power. And the possession of such power is necessarily uncertain and brief.

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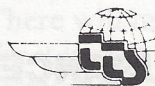
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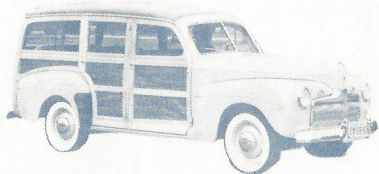
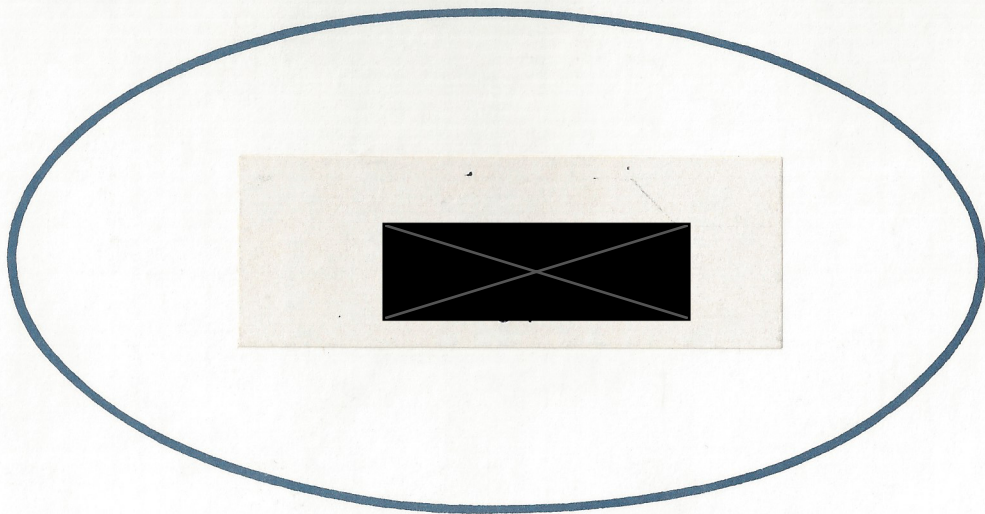
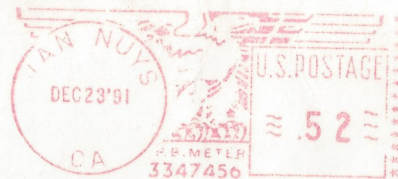
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