



**EARLY FORD V-8 CLUB OF AMERICA
SACRAMENTO REGIONAL GROUP #4**

CLUTCH CHATTER

December 2013

Dues for 2014 are due now. Please submit them to Alma Thompson

Wow where did the 2013 Early Ford V-8 year go? Starting May 18, with our car show at the Redhawk Casino, to the June 16, 2013 Golden Jubilee South Lake Tahoe and all the other V-8 events. Now its time for the December 1, Christmas Dinner at the Dante Club. (If you plan to attend the Christmas party please call Alma Thompson.)

Induction of the 2014 Board members and the officers.

President: Steve Walker	Vice President: Bev Davis	Secretary: Bruce Woodward
Treasurer: Alma Thompson	Tour Coordinator: Dave Petersen	Clutch Chatter: Richard Heltzel
Board Member: Bob Kane	Board Member: Gary Thompson	Board Member: Steve Wahab

Bring a present for the gift Exchange place them at the lighted V-8 Sign.

Music of the forty's and possible dancing. Table decorations, Good Food and Friendship.

Surprise! Surprise! November 2, Paul & June Yeagley drove their '32 3-window coupe to Vintage Ford for the drive cruise for the final meeting of the year. Paul has owned the '32 since 1960 and started the restoration in 1980. Paul's 50 year commitment to his '32 Ford 3-Window Coupe is not only a inspiration but a modern tribute to the classic design of the famous 1932 Model 18 Ford V-8.

Welcome to New and returning members to the region 4 Early Ford Club:

Returning Member: Jeffrey Sherry Johnson son of Ted Johnson who has inherited 1940 Deluxe Convertible. Returning Member: Richard & Marie Heltzel 35 Ford 5-Window. New Member: Jerry Luthin 1940 Mercury Convertible



Please visit our website at clutchchatter.org for pictures, tour plans and much more.

“THE WAY THEY WERE”

This last summer I had a new spare tire cover made with the words “The way they were” on it. Later some one approached me with why do you have that on the cover? They weren’t like that at all! I had to explain that what I was referring to was how 1950’s Hot Rods were. How they had scratches in the paint, rocked-rattled and squeaked. These beautiful examples of 32’s that we have in our club were not how we drove them as kids. We only saw such cars at a car show or possibly some young buck had his hand in Daddy’s pocket book

I bought my 32 5-window coupe about 25 years ago out of the classified section of the Auburn journal. It had been purchased in Idaho and brought to California to resell. It was as mild 50’s Hot Rod with hydraulic brakes and a stock 36 LB engine with a rare hexagon tool 2-carb manifold. The radiator shell was filled as well as the cowl vent. Old M.G. T.D taillights were on the rear fenders. The interior upholstery was done in dome pipette plastic with nautahyde seat. The car was stock height with stock running gear and 18” spoke wheels.



My plan was to build a car like Dan and Bruce’s car. Instead of tearing it all apart, I wanted to drive it. So I got it more or less roadworthy. We had a race down at Sears point with the racecar. So my son drove the 32 and put it into a car show being held there, and a guy that saw it said “That car should left the way it is, to be representative of how the Hot rods we drove as kids were”. It woke me up to the fact that he was right. I started by having the fenders cherried out and repainted. the same color as they had been. Then I assembled a typical ‘Full House’ ’46-48’ 276 flat head engine with a 39 transmission with 26 tooth Lincoln Zephyr gears. The work I did on it was how I would have done when I was a kid. Rattle can paint and scrounged parts. List of this stuff out of the 50’s would read like this: Stretched and dropped I-Bean axel-Lincoln rear brakes with Buick aluminum drums-dropped headlight bar w/bullet shaped headlights-chromed bumper brakets-1956 ford pickup steering-ooga-horn w/wolf whistle-Fenton Cast iron Headers-15”wheels- moon hubcaps-wide bias-ply white walls, and the list goes on.

Probably the most complex thing that I did was to install a 48-ford rear end in the car the way Ford would have done it, bent spring and all. (Ford rear springs ’32-’34 are not strait from side to side) to this I added a Columbia over drive. Of which I love. It dropped the RPM at 65 MPH from 2800 to 2200 with 3.78 rear gears. My last project was to go the carpet store and for \$10.00 worth of ruminants and \$15.00 worth of binding, carpeted the interior floor and trunk. It rocks and rolls and squeaks but hey that’s “The Way They Were”

Fred Hultin

1932 Ford Cabriolet (by Bruce Woodard)

Many years ago a small annual swap meet was held in San Rafael at a neighborhood shopping center. Both of the times that I attended, there was nothing of great interest among the parts that were on display. However, one car would catch my eye. Each time, as I was about to leave, a 1932 Cabriolet pulled up. The driver parked it on the street in front of the shopping center. He did not pull into the swap meet. Of course I had to talk to him about his car. He had owned it for years and had no intention of parting with it. It was what is now called a survivor. It had a decades old black paint job. The seats were covered in tattered fabric that had images of sailboats. The fenders showed the accumulation of dents earned since 1932. It had a mid thirties V-8 installed in place of the original model B engine. The thing that was the most unique was that the bumpers were off of a Model A. I told the owner that he had a great old Ford. He would smile and say well the car is ok, but it was not like a restored show car.

A decade or so later I was reading a fresh issue of Hemmings Motor News. This was before the internet and Ebay. Hemmings was one of the best places to look for V-8s for sale. The prices in the magazine were generally on the high end of the range. But once in a while there was an ad that made me jump to the phone. This Hemmings had an ad like I always looked for. It described a 1932 Cabriolet for sale that sounded like it was a good old car. I noticed it was in California and the area code was 707. This is the area code for the Napa area. As I raced to the phone I wondered if this might be the Cabriolet from the San Rafael swap meet. A fellow answered the phone and said that the car was still



for sale. I asked him if the car was black. He said yes. I asked him if it had a V-8 in place of a B. He said yes. I asked if the seat covers had sail boat pictures. He said yes. I asked if there were Model A bumpers on the car. He said yes. He was amazed that I was describing the car to him instead of the other way. I asked about the price and was able to get him to come down 10%. I told him I would buy the car. He said no! The only way he would sell it was after the potential buyer viewed the car in person. I told him that it was obvious that I was familiar with the car and he should commit to the sale. He would not. I finally persuaded him to hold the car for me until I could see it the next day.

The car was in Petaluma. I pulled up to a house in the country. The fellow selling the car was not the gentleman from the swap meet. As we walked to the barn he told me the story of the car. The man who I met at the swap meet bought the car in his home state of New Jersey in the late 1940's. He decided that the East was not the place he wanted to live. He tossed away the rumble seat cushions and packed all he owned into the Cabriolet. He did not stop until he made it to California. He spent a while driving around the state looking for where he wanted to live. When he came to Healdsburg he decided that this was the place for him. He lived in Healdsburg and kept his trusty Ford until he died. The widow sold the car to the best friend of her husband, who was the guy selling the car. His intention was to restore the car but his line of work was in the midst of a periodic slump and he needed the money. He opened the barn door and there was the car from the swap meet. I said I'll buy it! He said no! I said to myself oh no, what now? He said he would only sell the car after the potential buyer drove it. I didn't even know that it ran when I said I would buy it and really didn't care. We pushed the car out of the barn. I hopped behind the wheel. I thought I was on top of the world as we motored through the countryside. When we returned he was finally satisfied and allowed me to buy the car. (In reality there was more drama, but this story is long enough for now).

The car runs and drives great even though it looks like it really should not. It feels fine motoring down the freeway with its V8 and the 3:54 gears from a 34 in the rear end. Currently it is on display in the showroom of Sacramento Vintage Ford. Stop by and pay it a visit. Nope, its not for sale!

OUR LITTLE RED ROCKET

We have wanted a '32 anything for a long time and when a dear friend passed away his wife decided to sell his car. We were offered a deal we could not refuse. It needed lots of loving care and it got it!! It has a 302 engine, a C4 transmission and a 9" rear end and lots of extras. The wiring needed to be completely replaced and it did take 4 months to do, but what a difference. Dan S. and I when to San Mateo for Rg.1's Bean



Bash and the LITTLE RED ROCKET broke down, the alternator stopped working, got a charge and had a great time with fellow v-8ers. Dan followed me home, the car ran great. We are now ready to travel the roads (new alternator). really a fun car and along with our '41 coupe we are proud owners of two great FORDS.

Alma and Gary Thompson

53 years ago I owned a 32 five-window coupe and worked on that car for five years. I took out the flat head motor and replaced it with a 49 overhead Oldsmobile motor. I worked on that car trying to make it a 50's and 60's Hot Rod. 1961 a sophomore at Monterey Peninsula College my Dad said the car had to go and it was sold when I was away at college. The car has never left me I can remember every thing that I did to the car. Meet Kelly my 32 Five-Window restored and modified, she is the result of the dream of some day owning a 32 again.



Dan Schwartz

Did you know this about one of our members. She was Rosie the Riveter in 1943

Lorraine Kane went to work at North American Aviation in Kansas City, Mo, and was hired to be a riveter on the droppable fuel tank of the B25. “ It was a difficult assignment but I learned quickly. In 1944, I was still bucking rivets and received my big award for designing the test equipment to check for leaks in the bomb bay fuel tanks. I was awarded a Savings Bond and certificate award as well as \$25 in cash. That was a lot of money in those days, since my starting pay was only 55 cents per hour”. In 1945, Lorraine left North American Aviation to be with her husband who was in his final training as a bomber pilot.



Jean Davis and Lorraine Kane of the greatest generation who during world war 2 worked in notational female jobs riveting airplanes for the war. Jean and Lorraine are to be commend for their ability and willness' to do this type of work. The country is truly blessed to have women like you who did these jobs that were an interracial part of the United States winning the war. We thank you and we realize that without your effort we would not have a thank full family Thanksgiving and a Merry Christmas. We also



thank all the veterans in our club. **The Early Ford Region 4 club extends to you and your family best wishes for a happy Thanks Giving and a very Merry Christmas**

Jean's World War Two

In June of 1944 I got a letter from the Red Cross stating that a Marine friend of my brother, who I had been writing too, said that he was in the hospital in Vallejo and it would be nice if I could visit with him. Ray was 21 and had both of his feet amputated. I was then living in Redondo Beach CA, and looking for a job. The letter had been forward from Alameda where I had been living. So I took a bus to Vallejo, as my sister-in-law was living there and invited me to stay with her. The rent in a private home for one room with kitchen privileges was \$35 a month. I was able to visit with Ray until he was sent home to Texas.

I found a job in a Five & Dime store and heard that they were hiring Deck Hands at the Mare Island Ferry for \$150 month. The work shift was from 11Pm to 7am. Vallejo, California was very active as Mare Island was a big ship repair yard and they bussed workers from all over Northern California to the Seven Ferries, that transported workers across the from the mainland to the island. It took about a 5 minute a trip, and ran 24 hours a day. My job was to make sure the passenger (200 standing) were safely aboard and I would untie the ferry and tie it up when we reached the other side.



I heard that they needed a relief operator, and you had to be 18 and have a Ferry Boat Operators Coast Guard License. I had just turned 18 and went to San Francisco passed the test and got my license the 28th of December 1944. Before I went to SF, part of the test was with one of the Ferry Boats owners accompanying me, with the windows covered and navigate by compass the ferry's route. All we had in the wheel house was a wheel, a lever to make it go forward and back, compass and horn.



I was relief operator so got to use the different boats and do the two routes. Both started at Georgia Street and one went across to Mare Island and the other went to the docks at the end of the island. I think I got \$180.00 for being an operator

In April 1945, I moved back to Redondo Beach and was looking for a job and went to Dock Air Craft in Torrance CA, and after making a test plate in rivets, I got a job in the final assembly. They were making the B-38 and I got to correct the mistakes. I was there until the war was over and then was a telephone operator until I got married. In the 90's Bev and I took a ferry to Angle Island. It was one of the ferries from Mare Island and I got to operate it for a while across to the island. It was the Falcon.

