



UTAH VALLEY

- Model A Club -

MOTODIMETER

Vol. 7 No. 11

2018 MAFCA Newsletter of the Year

November 2019

**SPECIAL EDITION:
MAFCA 2019 NATIONAL TOUR**

MEMBER
SPOTLIGHT
CHRISTOFFERSONS:

FIVE ARTICLES
ON UVMAC'S
ADVENTURES
WITH THE 2019
NATIONAL TOUR





UVMAC Mission Statement

The purpose of the club is two-fold:

1. To serve as a medium of exchange of ideas, information, and parts for admirers of Model A Ford cars and trucks and to aid them in their efforts to restore and preserve these vehicles in their original likeness.
2. To unite in a central organization, all individuals who are interested in restoring the automobile in a manner to attract prestige and respect within the community. It shall further be the purpose of this club to help these individuals become better acquainted and encourage and maintain among its members the spirit of good fellowship, sociality, and fair play through sponsored activities including the use of the Model A Ford and family participation.

The Utah Valley Model A Club is a chapter of the Model A Ford Club of America (MAFCA). Membership with MAFCA is highly encouraged. See MAFCA News at the end of this newsletter for more information.

Club meetings are on the 3rd Thursday of each month at 7:00 p.m. upstairs in the Larry H. Miller Ford Dealership at 1995 N. University Parkway in Provo.

2019 Club Officers

CLUB OFFICERS

Board Chairman	Reid Carlson	rcarlson1964@yahoo.com
President	Clyde Munson	bjerg_menneskene@yahoo.com
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Sec/Historian	Greg Mack	gregmack02@yahoo.com
Treasurer	Diane Brimley	brimleydiane@gmail.com
Activities	Bill Thompson & Colette Thompson	bthomps1951@msn.com cocoaspunk@yahoo.com

APPOINTED POSITIONS

Web Page	Nicholas Mack & Greg Mack	kcam1999@yahoo.com gregmack02@yahoo.com
Facebook	Clyde Munson	bjerg_menneskene@yahoo.com
Photographers	Greg Mack Howard Eckstein	gregmack02@yahoo.com h_eckstein@hotmail.com
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Provo Freedom



President's Message



Sorry, this is not Clyde Munson, it's Myles Standish

It has come to this, the month of Thanksgiving, sadly in modern times we have lost the true meaning of the holiday. The place I work has dismissed it so wholly that the Christmas products were set in September. Thanksgiving is a much-needed holiday, while it is good practice at any time of the year to pause and give thanks, it is all the more important at this time of year. I

think it was Myles Standish, the famous pilgrim, who said "Well, the next few months are gonna suck, let's have a big party and eat a bunch of food." He was right, the winter months are tough for anyone, but especially the Model A owner. Our cars sit patiently waiting for warmer days to get out and go and we wait impatiently for the same thing.

We have a lot to be thankful for as a club this year. We have enjoyed some fun activities, met some new people, and had some great adventures. New cars were purchased, new engines installed and new club members joined. Our biggest adventure of the year, the southern Utah tour was great fun, and although some cars came back with a little work to be done on them everyone had a good time and came home safely.

So, before we go out and buy a bunch of Christmas gifts (for our Model As) lets take a moment and give thanks for a great year.

It really has been a ton of fun, so thank you all for being a part of it.



WHAT'S INSIDE

- 3 President's Message
- 4 Calendar of Events Birthdays
- 5 Heard it Through the Grapevine
- 6 October Club Meeting

- 9 Member Spotlight — The Christoffersons
- 11 The Expedition Begins
- 12 Centerfold — UVMAC
- 14 Our Wild Ride to the North Rim
- 16 Not Exactly Ebenezer's

- Adventure
- 18 Even Crazy Tourists Can't Deter Us!
- 20 Troubles on the Trail
- 22 Classified Ads
- 23 MAFCA News
- 24 "Now a Word...."



2019 Calendar of Events

November

- 17th — Mocktail Party
- 21st — Club Meeting, 7:00 p.m., Larry H Miller

December

- 5th - 8th — MAFCA National Awards Banquet, Claremont, California
- 7th Annual Christmas Dinner, TBA
- No club meeting this month



- 2nd – Vern Cope
- 26th – Ellie Sessions
- 26th – Dave Morrell
- 30th – Richard Burr

"Lexophile" describes those that have a love for words, such as "you can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish", "To write with a broken pencil is pointless."

An annual competition is held by the New York Times to see who can create the best original lexophile.

This year's submissions :

- I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.
- England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.
- Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.
- A girl today said she recognized me from the Vegetarians Club, but I'd swear I've never met herbivore.
- I know a guy who's addicted to drinking brake fluid, but he says he can stop any time.
- A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.
- When the smog lifts in Los Angeles U.C.L.A.
- I got some batteries that were given out free of charge.
- A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.
- A will is a dead giveaway.
- Police were summoned to a daycare center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.
- Did you hear about the fellow whose entire left side was cut off? He's all right now.
- A bicycle can't stand alone; it's just two tired.
- The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine last week is now fully recovered.
- He had a photographic memory but it was never fully developed.



Heard it Through the Grapevine

OUT & ABOUT WITH CLUB MEMBERS

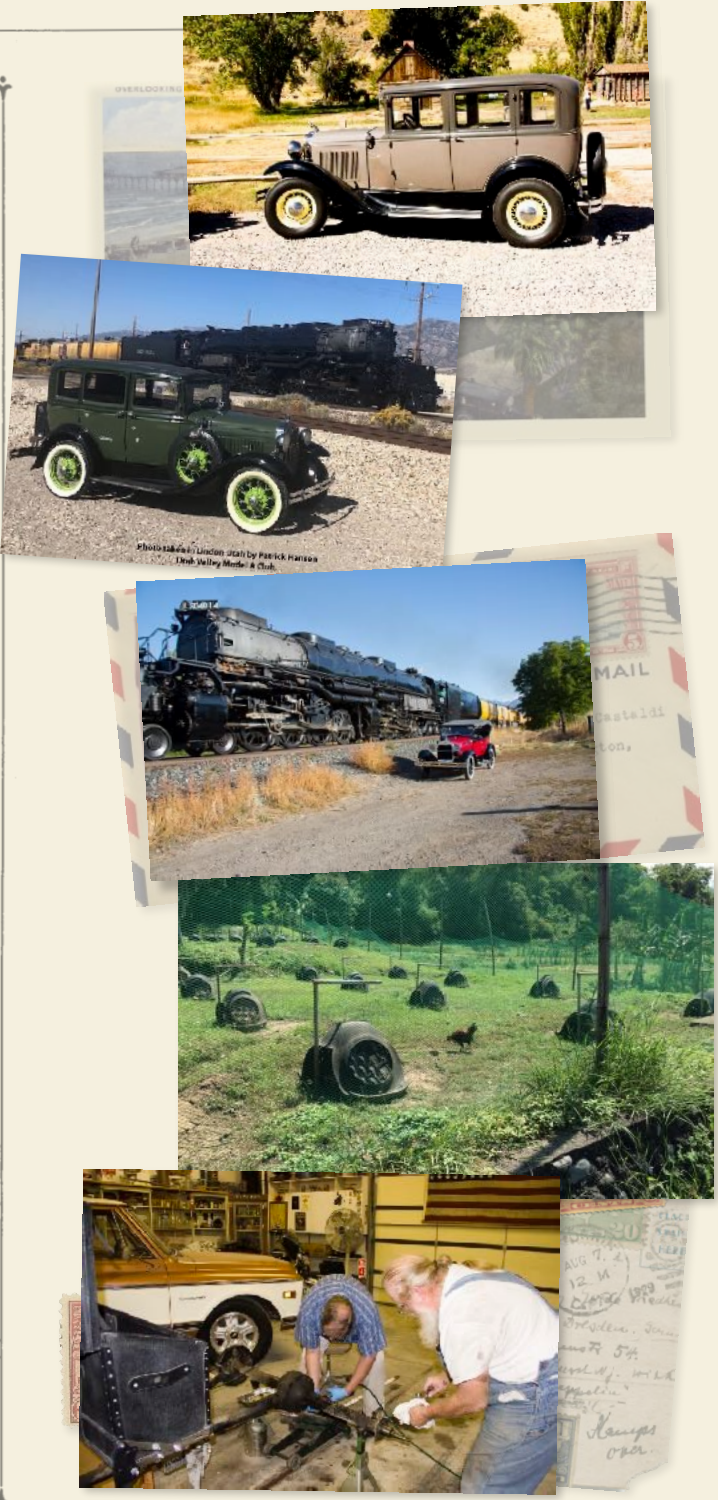
Speaking of new members, we have a new Model A. The **Macks** have a new car. **Greg** was driving the phaeton so much that they deemed it necessary to get another car until Greg's slant window is finished. It is a 1930 Town Sedan.

It's a small world. **Richard Judd** and **Howard Eckstein** were talking about the buyer of Richard's Model A. When Howard went to visit him, it turns out that **Gemma** knows him. After a nice visit, it looks like we will have a new club member soon.

When the Union Pacific Big Boy 4041 came through Utah County, **Buster Hansen** and **Greg and Robert Mack** were able to take advantage of it as a backdrop.

Brian Lindenlaub sent us this message about their mission, *"I am constantly amazed by the resourcefulness of the Filipino people and the way they use what they have on hand to do what needs to be done. For example, as part of my responsibilities as Mission Vehicle Coordinator, I took one of the vehicles in for emissions testing. The field behind the emissions testing station contained at least 50 black objects. Upon closer inspection, I discovered that the black objects were rooster houses made out of old tires. It appears that they were made by splitting a car tire lengthwise, trimming away about half of it, turning the rest inside out, and weaving the trimmings together to cover the holes on the sides. Each one was occupied by one rooster. A couple of pictures are attached. What an ingenious way to turn old tires into something useful."*

After taking out the rear end, the transmission, and the clutch, **Dave Morrell** and **Howard Eckstein** still couldn't find the problem. It turns out it is the Mitchell Overdrive after all.





October Club Meeting

BY GREG MACK SECRETARY/HISTORIAN

Attendance:

Wayne & Jan Atkinson, Diane Brimley, Reid & Elaine Carlson, Brad Christofferson, Vern Cope, Roger Davis, Howard & Gemma Eckstein, Karl Furr, Harley Jacobs, Tony Jacobs, Greg & Robert Mack, Dave & Amber Morrell, Clyde Munson, Bill & Colette Thompson, Bob Todd, and Richard Tucker

Club Business:

Mileage Awards

Howard has qualified for his 10,000 mile award. Bill has reached his 5,000 mile award.

Bent Rod Award

With the national tour behind us, there were many confessions of errors and mishaps.

Clyde Munson had a screw loose. He experienced a rattling windshield and had to fix it while driving. He managed to operate a screwdriver while navigating his Model A. Fifteen miles out of Richfield his speedometer started chirping. With 200 miles left to go on the trip, he gave up his lunch break to move some grease around the speedometer cable. This quieted things down and saved Clyde's sanity.

Wayne & Jan Atkinson blew a fuse in his turn signal while going out to Pipe Springs.

Bob & Janell Todd were accused with the intent of distribution. His engine had a repeated misfire on his way to the Grand Canyon. He found a loose wire in the junction box, but fearing this was not the problem he headed back early to avoid being stuck in the dark. At Bryce Canyon he ran into the same problem, Howard lent him his extra distributor and that solved the problem. On the way home from Bryce, Bob realized he had forgot to put the timing pin back in, he ended up using a bolt from the manifold heater and wrapped it with a shoelace, then stuffed it in the hole. He had to buy a quart of oil at the nearest gas station. When looking for a replacement pin, someone told Bob about their story when they forgot to put the pin in. Turns out the crossmember actually caught the pin. Bob took a look under the hood and found his pin in the front crossmember as well. Unfortunately while doing all the adjustments to the timing, he forgot to remove the hand crank from the engine and found it sitting in the road, he ended up doing this twice.

Bill & Colette Thompson have been accused of a noise ordinance violation. While in Bryce, he blew out the manifold gasket on port number four. It was a bit loud, but he made his way back to Kanab and even reached 57 mph. Another problem Bill encountered was that his signal light was not working. He thought he lost his flasher but it turned out he was losing the whole signal! The light was hanging by the wire under the car as the bracket had broken off.





Nicholas Mack lost his starter on day two, the starter would turn but it would not engage the flywheel. He and Howard pulled the starter and found a bolt on the bendix spring had worked its way loose. They replaced it with a spare from Howard's parts stash.

Greg Mack blew a head gasket. Greg purchased a Model A a couple of weeks before the tour and decided to take it on the tour. It ran great until he reached Panguitch when it blew an upper radiator hose. In Kanab, Bill came to the rescue with some new hoses. About 20 miles out of Fredonia it blew another hose! Roger came to the rescue with a trailer and after some diagnostics it was determined to be a blown head gasket.

Howard & Gemma Eckstein were braking badly. While on the switch backs going into Zion, Howard went to apply his brakes when coming up on slowed traffic. Much to his surprise the pedal went to the floor and he had no brakes! He used the engine and his emergency brake to bring the car to the stop. It turns out the clevis pin connecting the main brake rod had come loose, the cotter key wore down and fell out. Much to his dismay the club passed him by as they thought he stopped to take pictures, and when he pulled back on the road to get to a better spot to fix it, everyone thought he was back on the road ready to go. One other mishap that Howard experienced was that after arriving home he had the same problem with his starter as Nicholas did; except his bolt broke off completely and he had to work at it to extract it.

Amber & Dave Morrell are axle murderers. While on the way to the Grand Canyon they were losing power and had to stop multiple times to try and fix it. After swapping carburetors Clyde drove the car and got it up to 60mph! Amber was impressed that he got her car going that fast, the truth is that Clyde did not intentionally get up to that speed, he just could not get his foot on the brake pedal to slow them down. After switching drivers, David was driving and down shifted for a hill, and although the engine was running, the car would not move under its own power. They pushed it off to the side of the road and piled into other club members cars. Turns out what they thought was a broken axle was actually a sheared spline in their overdrive.

As it turns out, the Todds ended up taking home the award due to his six problematic occurrences, sorry Bob.





Overall it was a communal effort in keeping the cars going. It seemed that whatever parts were needed for one car, parts had to come from someone else. Throughout the tour we had to keep each other going by lending each other the parts we needed.

Elections

A new year is just around the corner and we need to start thinking about elections. To keep things from getting stale we are hoping to get some new faces on the board. Clyde will be stepping down. The current board has done a great job and many are willing to continue serving, but would like to encourage other members to step up. Nominations and voting will occur in the November meeting. If you are willing to serve, but are too shy to speak up, please contact a board member and let them know you would be willing to serve.

Future Activities

November – 9th Murder Mystery /Mocktail Party – Howard & Gemma's church building at 1485 N 800 W, Orem; 6:30 p.m.. Park in the back, we will “quietly” have our party in the cultural hall. This will be a potluck so bring your favorite dish. Era clothing highly encouraged. Volunteers are needed to play parts, please contact Clyde if you are willing.

December – 7th Christmas Party - Golden Corral, Orem 6:00 p.m.. We will have a showing of our club movie *The Used Car*. We will also announce election results and present prizes and awards.

Ideas for next years 'big' tour

- Big Rock Candy Mountain, stay over night in the railroad hotel and visit Fremont Indian State Park.
- Trip to southern Utah to visit Fish Lake and Capital Reef National Park.

Tech Talk:

Slideshow of National Tour - Robert put together a slideshow of various photos taken during the National Tour in Kanab. Thanks to all the photographers who submitted photos.

Another thank you goes to Colette and Bill Thompson who provided Krispy Cream donuts for our refreshments.

Meeting adjourned



Member Spotlight

THE CHRISTOFFERSONS

As a kid growing up in Lehi, I always liked cars and trucks, especially the style of the “old” ones and even had a toy hot-rod Model A sedan that stayed in my collection for a long time until it fell apart. My dad had an interest in older vehicles as well and had a dream of obtaining and restoring an old Model T. His shift work as a millwright at Geneva Steel, busy church callings and raising a family of seven kids took most of his money and time so he didn’t pursue his ambition like he hoped. He did, however, buy a 1947 International pickup truck for \$50 which we called “the bomb.” It ran well and became the vehicle we used for just about everything. He drove it to work at the steel plant, we went hunting in it and when I learned to drive, that is the vehicle I learned in. It had the starter button on the floor and double clutching was the only way to shift without grinding the gears. I loved driving that old truck and have great memories of it.

I went to High school at Lehi High



and loved basketball and woodshop. After serving a mission in Tennessee,

I came home and enrolled at BYU studying Civil Engineering. About a year before I graduated I met the gorgeous Lynne Perry from Provo and we were soon married. We have five wonderful children who are now

grown and gone; three of which are married. Three grandsons now also bless us and hopefully we’ll have many more grandkids to come.



My career has been in the construction industry working for, and having ownership of, various firms building highways, bridges, dams, airfields, pipelines, buildings, and all kinds of infrastructure projects. I have been involved in the construction management of many projects in Utah and loved being a part of building things, especially transportation systems.

I recently built a shop at my home that houses my woodworking equipment and also has room to work on a vehicle. It is my retreat and was built with the intent that when I retire I will have a place to keep busy and out of Lynne’s hair.

I always told myself that one day, maybe in retirement, I would get an old car, restore it to an original condition and enjoy drives with my family – especially grandkids. As I got a little older, I realized that I didn’t want to wait until I had the time to devote to a years-long project to resurrect a bucket of bolts. I wanted to own and drive a beautiful piece of history sooner rather than later, so a few years ago I started to keep my eyes open for older cars. I casually looked at



many makes and models before I decided that the Ford Model A was the one that kept drawing my attention and that a pickup was specifically appealing to me. I have owned several modern Ford pickups and having one that was close to 90 years old got me excited.

After another year or so of looking online and in local ads, I found a beautiful 1930 Model A pickup that grabbed my attention and fit within my budget. I have owned it for about a year and a half now and haven't regretted the purchase a bit. It has been fun to drive in the neighborhood and around town with family and friends by my side. I have a blast driving the Model A with my wife to get shakes on date nights. We get a lot of looks, honks, thumbs up, and people hanging cell phones out their windows to snap a photo.

I was excited to learn that there are others in the valley who also share a passion for these pieces of

history. I have greatly appreciated the help of club members to teach me more about Model A's and my



truck specifically. I am looking forward to participating in the club events and making new friends along the way. After learning that many in the club have given their Model A a name, we are trying to come up with one that will fit ours. Any ideas will be appreciated!





The Expedition Begins

BY ROBERT MACK

Some of us have been waiting for the MAFCA 2019 National Tour for two years! Yet, when it actually arrived we were scrambling to get ready. Howard taught us how to rebuild a carburetor, we packed the front wheel bearings, changed the oil, checked the other fluids, and even bought another car for the adventure. We were stoked!

We were excited, yet anxious. It was a long way to drive. We'd never been on a national tour. Then we found out that they didn't have a parts supplier nor a trouble tent. Thank goodness we had Clyde and Howard to save us, not to mention other club members who could come to the rescue if necessary. The rendezvous time was 7:00 a.m. (although we found out later some strategic planning on the part of Howard and Clyde got the Macks to the rendezvous location on time).

We were heading toward Kanab by 8:00 a.m. The caravan consisted of Howard & Gemma Eckstein, Clyde & Nevin Munson, Nicholas Mack, Greg Mack (all driving Model A's), and Robert & Becky towing their Model A. It was a nice quiet ride all the way to Panguitch with no problems what so ever. When gassing up, however, we blew a hose in the sedan. As Howard said, "Most people bring spare parts, the Macks bring a spare car." The cars traded places in the trailer and we were off again.

Our biggest problem along the way was soaking in the scenery as it past by and waiving to all those admirers along the way. We stopped to take a few pictures at Big Rock Candy Mountain and Butch Cassidy's boyhood home just outside of Circleville.

Before we knew it we came around a bend a found the "Welcome to Kanab" sign. We were just in time to get our Welcome Packets and drive over to the city park where we enjoyed the Welcome Party. The timing couldn't have been better. Our trip down was fortuitous of the week ahead of us. We were in for a great time.



MAFCA NATIONAL TOUR
ZION NATIONAL PARK

CENTERFOLD OF THE MONTH





Our Wild Ride to the North Rim

BY HARLEY JACOBS

7 October 2019
Burrow Flats, Kanab, Utah

Harley Jacobs reporting, as requested. This is my account of actions and events of this date. My wife Loretta and I drove from Beaver Dam, Arizona to an AirB&B known as Burrow Flats in Kanab, Utah to join other club members for the 2019 MAFCA Model A Tour. The group staying at Burrow Flats included, Robert, Becky, Greg and Nicolas Mack and their three cars. Clyde and Nevin Munson and car, Howard and Jemme Eckstein and car and Loretta and myself. There was a total of five Model A's and my Russian Ural motorcycle/sidecar. My Model A roadster pickup is currently a work in progress.

As a recent new member of the club, this was my first tour of any significant distance. My first impressions of this group are their willingness to drive ninety-year old vehicles to points that are a considerably long walk back to sanctuary. I'm not sure if this a manifestation of confidence or ignorance, but knowing no better and not caring, I climbed into the Mack family's "Fay" on this blustery morning.

We began our climb to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon from Burrow Flats at an elevation above sea level of 4,600 feet. Greg was



driving and seemed remarkably calm after rising early to repair an exploded lower water hose on his newly acquired Town Sedan. As mentioned earlier, Greg and I were in "Fay" and now Greg's dad and mom, Robert and

Becky, were piloting Greg's repaired sedan. Nicolas was solo piloting the his Tudor. Clyde and Nevin, Howard and Gemma were in their respective coupes and a few miles ahead of the Mack's and me. Amber and David Morrell joined us on the road in their Town Sedan.

We had only progressed a few miles south of Fredonia, Arizona when another radiator hose blew on Greg's car being piloted by Robert. With no means of parts and repairs, the four-door was parked along the side of the road to be recovered later. Nicolas now had the company of Robert and Becky.



We began the long, 31-mile climb to Jacob's Lake junction. This climb would ultimately take us to over 8,800 feet and, eventually, the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. About 10 miles into the climb we caught up with Clyde, Howard and Amber and David Morrell. This group was busy changing carburetors and distributors on Amber's car to get it running better. After three stops, a rear axel broke on Amber's car and it was pushed to the side of the road. Amber and David each took the rumble seat in Clyde and Howard's cars. Two cars down and four still on the roll for the Rim.

I had been impressed with our progress despite the break downs and saw this as a good learning experience. The education was to continue. As Greg and I are closing in on Jacob's Lake, I commented that we were chugging away, up this long climb and I said, "I think the car was running well. I hope the brakes will perform as well on the return trip down this steep grade." Greg responded that he had been thinking about the same



thing. I reflected and tried to digest his observation but was soon lost in the beautiful scenery and delightfully crisp weather.

The group eventually arrived at the Grand Canyon Lodge a destination of over 80 miles from Kanab. There was a swarm of other Model A's and their passengers. It is amazing to me how the basic architecture of the Model A can take on so many different forms.



Truly a versatile platform and landmark design. A vehicle worthy of a fanatical following.

The Burrow Flat group spent time at the Rim and then departed for the Angels Window overlook some 25 miles from the Rim. We arrived there with no trouble and had hot manifold tin-foil dinners. We spent more time taking in the outstanding vistas overlooking the Colorado River. By now the sun was getting low on the west horizon and the group headed home for the night. The sun set before reaching Jacob's Lake Junction and the deer, cows and buffaloes began appearing in the shadows of the roadside. The headlights were dim compared to the occasional passing cars. Fay's lights would momentarily go out when approaching the apex of curves in the road. The



temperature was dropping towards the previous night's 17 degrees. The ride was getting exciting.



After passing Jacob's Lake Junction, we began the long decent back to 4,600 feet and took on a six percent grade that extended for stretches up to five-mile each. My eyes were straining, my muscles were tightening and there was a new pucker factor growing in my anticipation about getting home. Greg appeared calm and confident, Fay's momentum continued to build, and I was feeling for a grab bar to hang on to. At last we made the last curve of the decent and it was a straight downgrade to Fredonia. I exhaled, I noticed that Greg did too.

We rolled into Kanab at 9:00 p.m. and I began to reflect on the fantastic day. I had a welcomed night's sleep with dreams of an earlier childhood visit to Disneyland and my first ride on "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride."



Not Exactly Ebenezer's Adventure

BY NICHOLAS MACK

Eggs and hash browns permeated the air at our Airbnb. Clyde and Nevin had cooked a wonderful breakfast for us. After breakfast, when every hair was combed and every tooth was brushed, we set out to conquer Bryce Canyon.

As with Model A tradition, something had to be adjusted, fixed, or "MacGyvered." As we all fired up our 40 horse-power beasts, Nicholas' beast wouldn't start. You could hear the starter spin, but nothing engaged. As Howard had said the day before, "That road to Grand Canyon could shake the fillings out of your teeth." We quickly learned Howard was right. The road to and from the Grand Canyon was so rough that a starter drive bolt had been shaken loose, causing the starter to not engage. Dave Morrell, with his mighty brawn, stepped up to the plate with the starter crank in his hands. After a few small grunts, Nicholas' beast came alive.



Quickly, we all piled in to the cars and sped off to the gas station / gathering place to leave on our

adventure to Bryce Canyon. We were greeted by the rest of our club members as well as some additional friends of Wayne and Jan's. We headed out onto the open road. Nicholas took the lead and traveled at a good 45 mph and stopped at a rest stop at about the half-way mark for folks to use



the restroom. While waiting for everyone to take a turn at the restrooms, conversations began as they always do. In



our group that day were two Model A's from Alaska. We learned that they actually drove

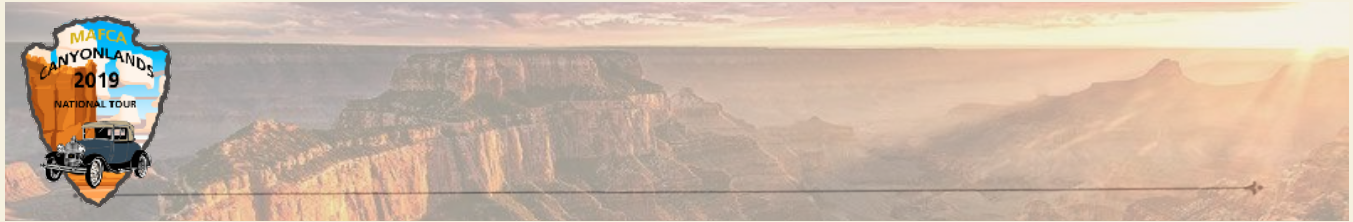
them down from Alaska and didn't trailer them. I was nervous just to drive from Provo to



Kanab, let alone from Alaska to Kanab. We had some Aussie tourists stop and ask if they could get a "picky" and be on their way. We listened to their cool accent, granted them a few "pickies" and we went our separate ways.

After a total of an hour and a half, we had finally reached the entrance station of Bryce Canyon; but before entering, we had to do the "pass shuffle." If it hasn't been mentioned in other articles, that's where we shuffle those folks with park passes into cars that don't, so they don't have to pay an entrance fee.

After passing through the gates, Todds had pulled over because of some distributor problems. So we all pulled over as well. Those visitors at the visitor center and entrance gate sure loved seeing all the Model A's lined up in a row. After some time, half the group went on, leaving the rest of us behind. Not sure why they didn't wait. I thought you never left a Model A behind, but I guess I



was wrong. After the Todds where back up and running, we set out to find the rest of our group and head towards the end of the park.



Little known fact, Robert Mack was the Chief of Interpretation at



Bryce Canyon, (even though there wasn't a Chief of Interpretation) and knew a few secrets. If you go to the end of the park

and turn around, then all the lookout points are on the right-hand side of the road, and you never have to cut across traffic. We enjoyed the beautiful hoo-doods of rust orange, maroon, and white, as they transitioned from one color to the next in limestone and siltstone that were 40 to

66 millions of years old. Mother Nature has a way of letting you know that she is a wonderful artist, as well as how small we really are. After seeing her beautiful artistry from lookout points such as Sunset Point, Sunrise Point, and



Inspiration Point, (and yes we were inspired) we learned

that Gemma has a fear of heights. The closer we got to the protective fences, the more nervous Gemma became.

At every one of these lookout points, Nicholas had to park in a downhill direction to jump start his car. It was just one more way of enjoying the Model A lifestyle. We all headed back to the gift shop for a few little trinkets to prove we had been there.

At the gift shop, Nicholas saw an older gentleman working the counter. His name badge said "Kenny." He had white hair, a long white beard, and glasses. Nicholas asked if he by chance knew Santa Claus, because he sure looked like him. With a twinkle in his eye and a jolly "HO, HO, HO" coming from Kenny's belly that looked like a bowl full of jelly, Kenny handed Nicholas a coin that said on both sides "You've been caught

being nice!" Nicholas didn't say a word, but had a smile on his face and thought to himself, "Is his name really 'Kenny' or had he met the real Santa Claus!" Time will never tell, but he thought he had.



The remaining group gathered and went on our merry way home, hoping to beat the sun as it set. We stopped at the arches in Red Canyon on the way for some cool pictures. We never did find the rest of the group, but hey, we sure had a good time! Pictures were taken, gifts where purchased, and memories where definitely made with friends, "Kenny," and loved ones. I couldn't have asked for anything better! Well, a working starter would have been nice.



Even Crazy Tourists Can't Deter Us!

BY AMBER MORRELL

Thursday, November 10th, our adventure was a day at Zion National Park. We started off with 11 cars in our caravan. It was a very chilly morning and I got the opportunity of riding in the Mack's Phaeton with Greg Mack and my dad, Dave Morrell. Blankets, coats and gloves were involved to make it a great ride out. We started out at about 9:30 in the morning and headed north.

Along the way we kept a lookout for the wandering Giraffes. Alas, we did not see them. It seems they had migrated about 50 miles north to the area around Panguitch. We had looked for them the few days before on



our way to Bryce but we did not see them then either. (Okay for all of you who are not aware, I remembered seeing some two-story metal giraffes in someone's yard

on the way down. I thought they were closer to Glendale and not Panguitch, so I told dad and Greg to look for them on the way down. When we didn't see them, Greg teased me that I was telling lies. On the way home, Becky saw them by Panguitch, and not near Glendale, so I was vindicated somewhat. Apparently, I have a very bad sense of location.)

We made it to Zion and everyone rearranged so we could take advantage of our Golden Age Passports. Our first stop in Zion was the Checkerboard Mesa. We pulled in and started backing up the cars to line them up one by one. When we got down to the last



three to be parked, a giant tour bus full of Asians pulled up and they poured out. We had to get several of them to move so we could finish parking. We had to convince an angry park ranger that we did have handicap parking tags so we could park in front of the handicap parking space. When the cars were in place, there was a beautiful line of Model A's all in a row ready to get their picture taken.



The only problem was - the cars were surrounded by people. I jokingly asked Robert if he would like me to yell at everyone to get out of the way and he said, "Sure." Then something happened to me. My mouth became possessed and my brain said, "Who cares. I'll never see these people again." I started

to yell, in a not so polite manner. I let everyone know they needed to move away from the cars because we were



trying to get a picture. It took a few minutes and some flailing arms. I'm sure they thought I was a crazy American but, they all got the point. Robert, and the rest of us, go our pictures. And a few of us also got a nice picture of them all lined up in a crescent taking the same picture we were. After that we headed on down the road.

Beautiful sights of towering cliffs and rock formations of yellow, white and orange were seen along the way. But, we lost Howard some time before the tunnels. Come to find



out, he was having brake issues. He thought we had all abandoned him and we all thought he had stopped to take



pictures. Luckily he was able to fix the brake issues and he caught up with us later in town.



We stopped halfway down the switchbacks waiting for him and got

some more spectacular pictures. We stopped some more traffic because they were gawking. While parked, we enjoyed the amazing views.

We then headed over to the ghost town of Grafton. We took some photos with the buildings



in the background and wandered around the restored houses to get a feel of what it would have been like to live there. They filmed the movie "The Arizona Kid" there in 1930. The last resident lived there until 1945. They have annual reunions there for any residents still alive.

After Grafton, we headed back towards Rockville, but not before getting some photos of the cars going over a restored bridge just before Grafton. Once in town the caravan separated. Some headed straight "home" to get to the farewell dinner, some stopped at the visitors center in town and then headed back, and a few of us had lunch at Subway, filled the tanks back up, and then headed to Kanab. We had another night coming home in the dark



and cold but, I think a good time was had by all that day. That evening those who had tickets met up at the farewell dinner. We tried to get some recognition for all the broken down cars, but we failed at that, not sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing that people didn't think our escapades and problems were worse than theirs.

After a few confiscated brownies, we headed back for the night and ended our grand adventure in the bottom half of the greatest state in the nation. I think I have to agree with Kanab's tag line - "The Greatest Earth On Show."



Troubles on the Trail

BY HOWARD ECKSTEIN

If there is anything wrong with your car, a tour will find it. For the most part our cars performed without much trouble. But then there were the exceptions.

Greg Mack

While driving his newly acquired 1930 Town Sedan, Greg Mack experienced some cooling system problems that vexed him most of the way from Mapleton to Panguitch. At every stop for gas, he added water to the overflow tank of a pressurized radiator apparently thinking he was losing water. I followed behind him and on one occasion, I saw what seemed a small puff of steam escape from under his car.

Pressurized radiators on Model As are popular aftermarket add-ons. The selling point is that the system is closed so that no air is in the coolant; thereby preventing corrosion. They are fitted with 4-pound caps which don't raise the boiling point of their cooling systems enough to make much of a difference. The added pressure in the engine cooling system was not accounted for during the engineering of the car over 90 years ago. That's my opinion and I'm sticking to it.



After buying gas in Panguitch, Greg drove about 50 feet where a gigantic burst of steam exploded through his



hood louvers creating a cloud over his engine and water

gushing out onto the ground. Upon opening his hood, Greg discovered a blown radiator hose.

Such a sorry sight for a Model A driver 190 miles from home. Fortunately, Greg brought a spare car. Out came the phaeton from the family trailer, and in went the Sedan.

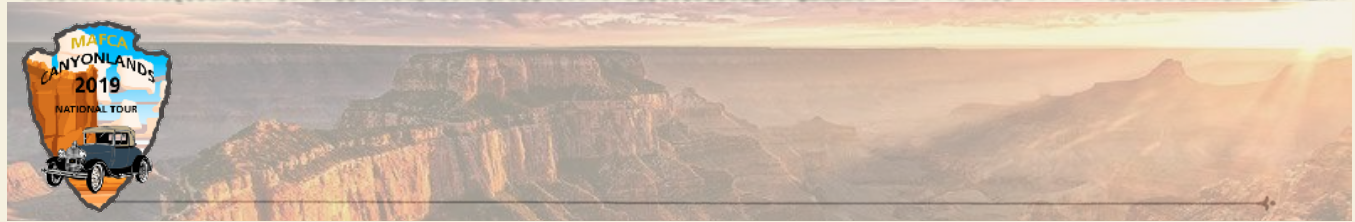
Bill Thompson had a set of new hoses that he gave to Greg. They were installed early the next morning and the sedan rolled back into service. It wasn't long before we heard reports that the new hose blew apart just as before and the car was left on the side of the road on the way to the Grand Canyon. Clyde Munson took a closer look and discovered air bubbling up in the coolant as the car's engine ran.

This is a tell-tale sign of a blown head gasket. The extra pressure of compression gasses into the cooling system overwhelmed the hose's ability to withstand the pressure. You'd think a 4-pound cap would blow off before a hose would burst. Greg will have to report back to us when he replaces the head gasket.

Dave and Amber Morrell

Dave Morrell complained that his car lacked power. The ignition points were reset at the welcome dinner and the car perked up again. Problem solved; or so it seemed.





While ascending the steep grades of Highway 67 to the Grand Canyon, their 1930 Town Sedan seemed to struggle keeping up with the traffic. Dave pulled over and we took a look at his distributor and adjusted the timing to get a little more performance. Suddenly, after a mile or so, he pulled over again with the complaint that his clutch didn't work. We were able to roll the car off the highway into a grove of trees to wait until he could come back with the trailer. The thought is that he either broke an axle or sheared an axle key.

As of Sunday night (Oct 13), he had jacked the passenger rear wheel and was able to spin it. Further investigation will reveal the cause of his car's issue.

Bob Todd

Bob Todd attempted to join us on our drive to the Grand Canyon after having arrived late to Kanab. He complained of engine performance issues in his 1931 Roadster and made it halfway to the canyon when he determined to turn back to the safety of base camp.

The following day he joined us on the road to Bryce Canyon and struggled to get up the hills. This was a concern for a man with a high compression head bolted to his engine in a light-weight car.



We all pulled over at a rest stop where Bob removed the cap and body from his distributor and found some

carbon tracking that could have accounted for his lack of power. Replacement parts were supplied and he was on the road again.

Still, Bob's car had performance issues like before. He made the observation that if he moved his spark lever to a sweet spot, it ran better. That was the big clue that there was something in the distributor, probably the little wire from the base plate to the breaker plate was at fault. A replacement rebuilt distributor was supplied and Bob was on the road again keeping up with the rest of the pack. We are waiting for a report from Bob as to what caused his distributor to fail intermittently as it did.



Nicholas Mack

The starter in Nicholas's car spun with no effect, leaving him with the need to push or crank start his car to get it to go. He made it all the way through Bryce Canyon with this deficiency, and made it back to camp where a new starter bolt was replaced the next morning.

Howard Eckstein

Writing a story like this shouldn't require a confession on the part of the author; but that is my ignominy and I'll own up to it.

It seems the biggest problems have small causes. Such as losing one's brakes on a switchback in traffic in Zions National Park. I stepped on the brake to slow down in traffic when the pedal suddenly thumped to the floor. I



immediately grabbed the emergency brake and brought the car to a stop on the side of the road. When the traffic cleared, I drove to a turnout on the opposite side of the road where I had room to crawl under the car out of the way of passing cars and busses. All the other guys in our

group drove on by, thinking I'd stopped to take pictures.



This same thing happened about 50 years ago with my mother in the car in Los Angeles traffic. Pulling the

hand brake was a natural thing to do.

Upon inspection, I found that the main clevis pin at the brake pedal had worked out. I removed the floorboards and found that the cotter key was gone, but the pin was still hanging in the clevis. If it had fallen out, I had a spare pin with me, so I still could have made the repair.

A young family stopped to see the sights whereupon the father asked if I needed help. I said I did and told him what I needed for him to do. Between the two of us and a screwdriver to line up the holes, we replaced the pin and inserted a new cotter key. That man now has bragging rights.

With the pin reinserted with a new cotter key, it should be good for another 50 years.

The Heroes

Special recognition has to be given to Roger & Geena Davis who, upon their own initiative, trailered Greg's and Dave's cars back to Kanab in the dark of night. This before he had to leave for a family emergency.

There is also something to be said about those who shared spare parts with their fellow tour-mates. They were only too happy to be able to step in where needed.

As in life, it is the setbacks that bring us together. Everything always works out in the end. I'm happy that those who had to leave their cars on the side of the road were able to find empty seats in the other cars in our group; albeit rumble seats were employed, so that they could enjoy the camaraderie of the club and the beauty of the places we visited.



... to all the authors and photographers who contributed to this issue: Harley, Bill, Roger, Bob, Howard, Amber, Nicholas, Greg, and Becky.

ELECTIONS

November 21st is the date for the next club meeting. One of the items on the agenda is the election of new officers for 2020. You have two reasons to be there! 1) volunteer to serve your club. 2) nominate someone else to avoid being volunteered.

There will be new officers elected this year because Clyde is stepping down. Please help keep our club active and vibrant by donating your time and talents. New ideas keep the club activities interesting and innovative. The club needs your help!





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MAFCA News

I don't know about the rest of our members, but after having been involved in the restoration of several Model A's, I am finding it increasingly difficult to find parts. Now, I don't mean finding parts at swap meets or on Ebay or FordBarn, I am talking about finding parts (and tools) in my own garage! The most rewarding day for most of us is when we actually accomplish a task in the restoration or maintenance of a vehicle. If it takes a lot of time to locate the parts, tools or supplies, then frustration takes over.



For the past few weeks, I have been sorting all of the Model A parts in the garage. Putting like items in cardboard boxes and marking the boxes with a description of the contents. Seems like I am finding more parts than I remember. Some items were just junk and no longer needed. Those things went into the trash or put in a box marked "Swap Meet". There are still several boxes of stuff that need sorting before tackling the second step, straighten, in the 5S process. Oh yeah, I did find a few household items hidden away.

Well, the time has arrived (maybe just advanced age) to clean up the mess. In business, we follow Lean Manufacturing principles to overcome this problem. So, I decided to take the first step by performing a "5S" effort on my garage. Actually, this process dates back to a system developed by Ford in their early manufacturing efforts. So what is 5S? Simply put, it boils down to five steps – sort, straighten, shine (or sweep), standardize, and sustain.

First, I need to move the 1929 Roadster that has been stored in the garage since it was finished in 1984. It was a nice sunny day and perfect for a little drive, so I took my grandson, Chase, for a ride. We had a great time and the car was running sweet, so that short cruise was the first day's effort.

Oh, boy! Time is growing short before the Canyonlands Tour on October 6th, so I had to take a break from the garage 5S project and get the Cabriolet checked out. As I reported in my previous message, we tried to go on a tour and found that the battery had died in the month that the car was parked. As you can imagine, the car was a bit dusty and needed a little more attention than I figured. My spare parts and tools kit need some attention before we set off for Utah. I don't want to be the one missing out on a tour through Bryce Canyon or Zion national Park!

Geez, it is a nice day, I had better go for a test run just to make sure it runs perfectly.



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The following questions were set in one of last year's GED examinations. These are genuine answers:

- Name the four seasons: Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.
- How is dew formed? The sun shines down on the leaves and makes them perspire.
- What guarantees may a mortgage company insist upon? They will insist that you are well endowed.
- What is a fibula? A small lie.
- What happens to your body when you age? When you get old, so do your bowels and you get intercontinental.
- How can you delay milk turning sour? Keep it in the cow.
- What is a seizure? A Roman Emperor (Julius Seizure, I came, I saw, I had a fit).
- What does varicose mean? Nearby.



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