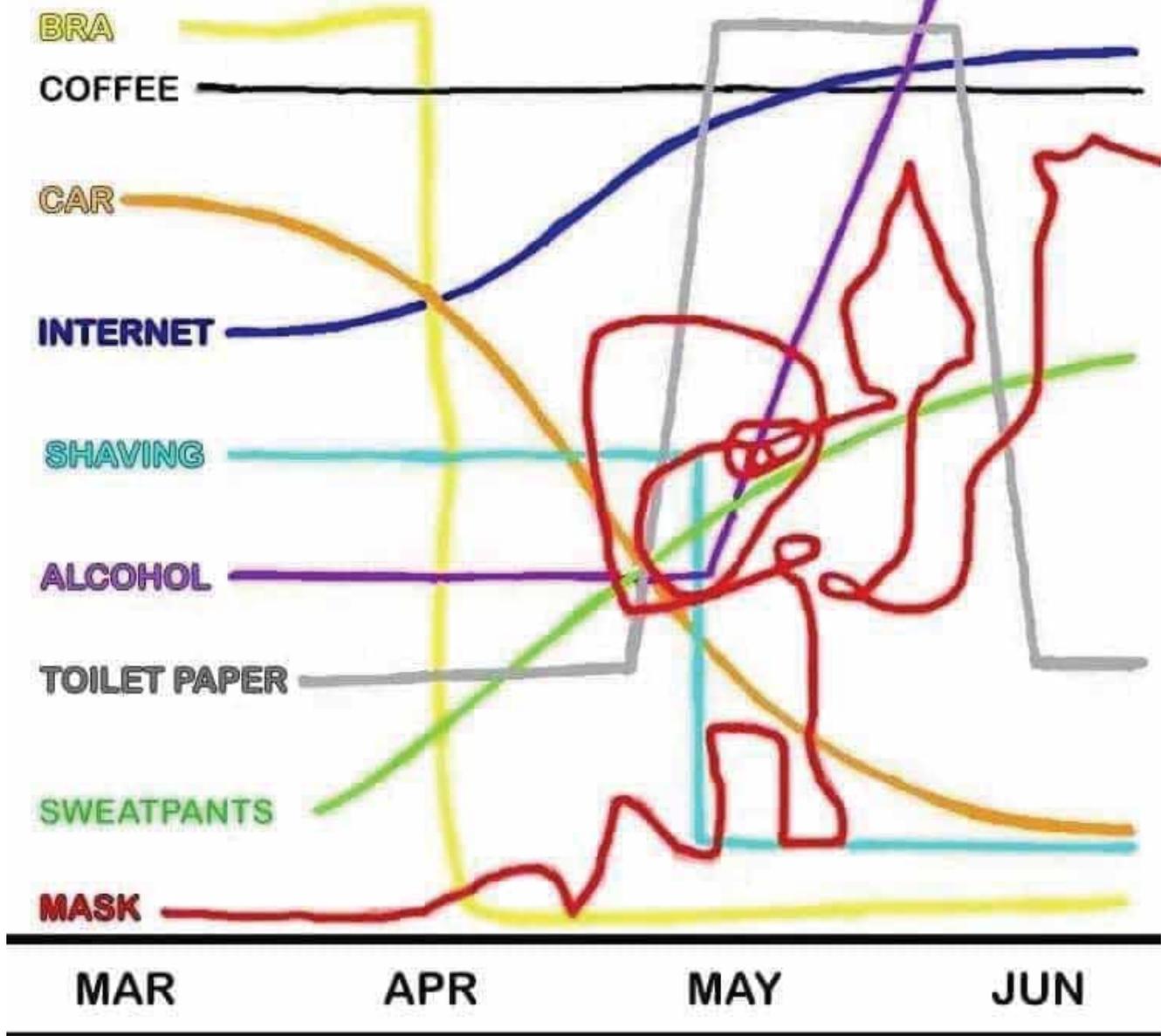




DEDICATED TO THE RESTORATION & PRESERVATION OF 1932-1953 FORD MOTOR CAR COMPANY VEHICLES

Relative Importance In 2020, SO Far!!



The Most Accurate Graph I've Seen So Far During This This Pandemic!!



PREZ Sez- Sept 2020

Greetings, Early Ford V8 Club Members!

August is just about gone. September is upon us and it's the time of year when schools usually reopen, and the El Cajon Wednesday Cruise-ins wraps up

the last two months of events for the year. But not in 2020, as the pandemic, and government restrictions are still with us. Costco has had Halloween costumes and such for a couple of weeks and Christmas items are now appearing in the store! To top it off, we are about to be deluged with months of political commercials and mailings. I spoke to the CEO of the Automotive Museum, where we have our Club's meetings, and there are still no plans for the site to reopen. There is an escape from all of this gloom, and it is safe and peaceful....Drive, baby, drive! Get those old cars out and enjoy a cruise, whether by yourself or with friends driving their cars.

I have been on several drives since the pandemic hit, during those periods when we were not under "Shelter in Place" orders. It has been good fun. We've driven to parts of San Diego we typically would not go to and have seen some interesting and beautiful sites. The people we drive by are so appreciative of seeing our cars go by, they smile and cheer. We've had people shout out "Thanks" and "you made my day". The enthusiasm of people we pass must be heightened by people feeling more isolated than usual which causes them to beam with enjoyment when a bunch of vintage cars "parade by".

One of the more somber drives that occurred was when some of the members of the Early Ford V8 Club joined with the Prowlers car club and drove down to Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery where we parked outside of the cemetery where Jim "Ace" Carnahan's funeral service was being conducted. We were there to follow Jim's family's car procession from the cemetery in a show of respect and support. While parked and waiting outside of the cemetery many cars came and slowed or stopped to take pictures of the cars in the group. Jim was a longtime member of both the Prowlers and the Early Ford V8 Club. He made a difference in both Clubs and will be missed...RIP Ace!

One additional note; I sent out to all EFV8 San Diego members a summary of the National Board of Directors August 15th meeting and a legal document that speaks to the National Club's position on Club sponsored events and limitations of insurance coverage during this pandemic. It is a worthwhile read to catch up on the National Club news.

Enjoy the remainder of August and September, I hope to see you all soon.

Mask up and drive them!

———Joe V

President: **Joey Valentino** - 619-275-1255

V.P. **Dennis Bailey** - 619-954-8646

Secretary: **Bob Hargrave** - 619-283-4111

Treasurer: **Ken Burke** - 619-469-7350

Directors:

Mike Petermann Prez Pro Tem- Programs By the month

Dennis Bailey - 619-954-8646

Bob Hargrave - 619-283-4111

Ken Burke - 619-469-7350

Ray Brock - 619-993-9190

Rick Carlton - 619-512-7058

Joey Valentino - 619-275-1255

Other Chairpersons

50/50: **Carl Atkinson** - 619-593-1514

Membership : **Paula Pifer** - 619-464-5445

Programs: **Volunteers**

Tour Co-ordinator- By the month

Car Club Council: **Susan Valentino** - 619-275-1255

Web Master: **Rick Carlton** - 619-512-7058

Lady 8ers: **TBD**

Accessories: **TBD**

Ford Fan: **Tim Shortt** - 619-435-9013

Cell 619-851-8927

Refreshments: **Volunteers**

Sunshine: **Judy Grobbel** - jgrobbel@san.rr.com

V8 eBlasts: **Sandy Shortt shortsandy@mac.com**
619-435-9013

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Funeral service for Jim "Ace" Carnahan at Ft Rosecrans...

The August 12 service was well attended by Prowlers and V8ers. We were all there to say goodbye to a good friend.



Tours & Things to Come

SAN DIEGO EARLY FORD V8 CLUB

Board and General Meetings
CANCELLED
DUE TO VIRUS PANDEMIC

Membership- Paula -
Welcomes new members

SunshineJudy-
*Jim Carnahan has died-
Our thoughts and Prayers to Ella.
*Linda Lewis continues her recovery
from a stroke.

September Anniversaries

9/19 Frank & Loyce Swedberg
9/25 Joseph & Lynn Silva

September Birthdays

9/01 Maryellen Huhn
9/03 Tore Olsen
9/04 Rhea McGehee
9/07 Liz Brown
9/07 Cathie Robertson
9/14 Greg Murrell
9/20 Gary Walcher
9/20 Dottie Fritz
9/20 Jake Murrell
9/22 Jody Andersen
9/24 Jim Hurlburt
9/25 Joseph Silva

September Club Birthdays

Dottie Fritz	50 yrs
Ken Tibbot	22 yrs
Augie Martinez	16 yrs
Tore Olsen	14 yrs
Mike Petermann & Susan Graves	5 yrs



James Warren Carnahan

NOVEMBER 21, 1928 –
AUGUST 3, 2020

With heavy hearts our family said goodbye to James Warren "ACE" Carnahan on August 3, 2020 at home in El Cajon, California. His departure was peaceful, surrounded by his loving family.

Ace was born in Lafayette, Colorado on November 21st, 1928 to Walter Carnahan, a pharmacist, and Gladys Carnahan, a homemaker. Ace relocated to San Diego in 1943 and he graduated from San Diego High School. He wed the love of his life, Ella Jane in September of 1950 in San Diego and they went on to have three children, Steven, Mark and Lyn. The family resided in San Diego, as well as their Granite Mountain Ranch near Julian, then to El Cajon, Ca. Ace honorably served his country from 1950 to 1952 as a military policeman at Camp Roberts near San Miguel, CA. He received an honorable discharge and transitioned into to a long career with SDG&E where he served in various capacities until his retirement in July of 1986. In his golden years he was able to pursue his passions which included hunting, shooting and a deep love of history. He was very fond of antiques and amassed quite a collection which he proudly displayed. Ace was well known for his uncanny likeness to the famous Buffalo Bill and professionally impersonated him for much of his adult life. He was also a charter member of the Prowlers Car Club in 1947, and the early Ford V-8 club circa 1971. His most endearing trait was an unmistakable smile that would light an entire room up. He loved dancing at family events, a good margarita and of course Ella's famous beans. He was extremely proud and passionate about his family, but there is no doubt that the love he had for his wife and partner of nearly seventy years, Ella, was the legacy of a life well lived and one that will give his family memories to cherish for the rest of our lives.

James was a long-time member of the San Diego regional club as well as the Prowlers. He joined the EFV8 club in 1971 and was one of the members that made the club better for other members. It is sad to hear of his passing. RIP James.- Joe Valentino

Jim was a big part of our club when we first joined. He and Ella hosted a camp-out at their ranch where they had about 15 or so camp sites. Always part of our V8 annual outing. —Joe and Paula Pifer

Truly Sad Loss- Carnahan, as my father always referred to Jim, were good friends in the Early V8 Club, He is one of the Icons of what the club is about. I hope the Early V-8 Club plans to do a motorcade in his Honor.—John Davison



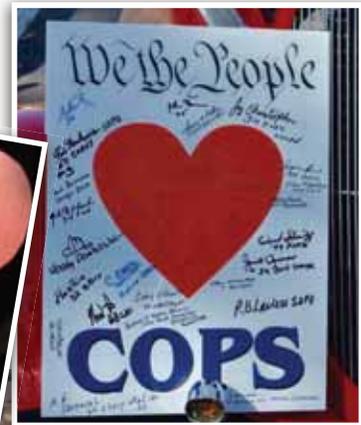
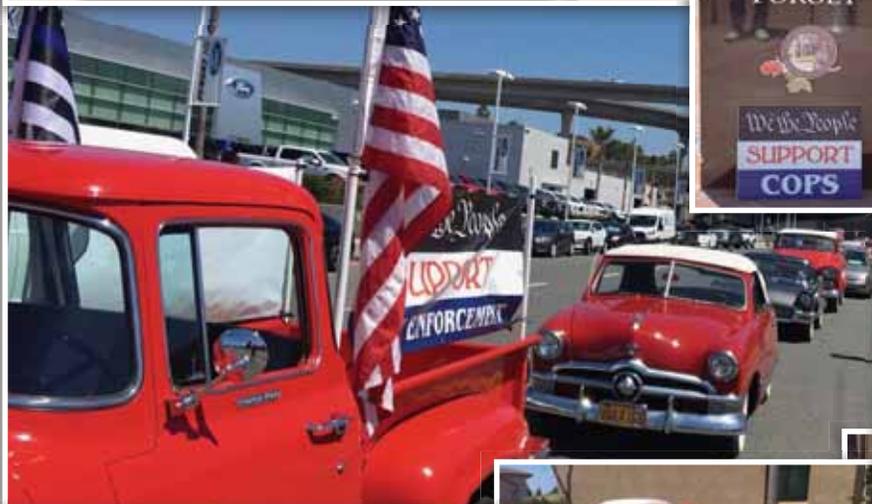
Thank You to The Cops that protect all of us.

July 29 was a busy day. While Prez Joe and Susan led the V8 club around the big money homes of La Jolla, John Davison, driving the '56 Pick Up his dad had restored back in 2000, organized and led a three stop tour of 22 cars from four different car clubs to three different Police Stations. John planned the route and co ordinated with the Police Commanders and Officers on the line to come out with their families and enjoy a car show in their own parking lot. But it was more than a drive by, John personally presented a big

Thank You card signed by all the drivers and a big box of cookies for the station.

No protesters showed - only smiling Cops thanking us for coming out.

—TS





Tour of the Rich & Secluded

On July 29th, Prez Joey V and First Gal Susan put on another great tour. Always painstakingly prepared, these events will take you through sections of coastal communities you would swear to have been through a thousand times. Yet, they continue to find fascinating streets and areas we never knew existed.



It all started along Mission Bay where we gathered, Masked up, ready to face the day ahead...

-Contd next page...





Rich & Secluded- *Contd...*



The highlight of this tour for many of us was the well concealed, well healed community in the hills east of La Jolla Shores and west of Torrey Pines Road. This area, encompassing the La Jolla Farms area, is home to some of the more accomplished (and richest) educators, scientists, politicians and entertainers in our nation. Susan prepared for her Marathons running the neighborhood hills here.

As we cruised through the tree lined streets and passed designer created gates which entered Architectural Digest quality homes. Residents walking the area waved to our caravan of classic cars traversing their domain. Typical of car people, we admired the gorgeous one-off garage doors while we mentally added their number to determine total car capacity. One driveway was sufficient enough to have an "Exit Only" sign. The tour continued back through The Shores and Village. As our drive proceeded along La Jolla Rancho Road and Mesa Drive down into Pacific Beach, it revealed more outstanding real estate, secluded communities and unparalleled long range, coastal views. I noted a strange silhouette ahead—a 40' Neanderthal man headed for the future. We ended our tour with an outdoor picnic at Kate Sessions Park, a



favorite spot for EFV-8er's. Unbeknown to us all, the parks are now the outdoor workout facility of many local gyms. So as we ate our picnic lunches, we could watch the youthful hard bodies gyrate, stretch and flex toward eternal firmness. —Sometimes it's a good thing not knowing where the inevitable road to life will lead. —Bill Dorr





Joseph John Vidali Jr.

Dr. Joseph J. Vidali, Jr. was born on February 8, 1945 and died of natural causes on May 15, 2020, in his home of 43 years. He was 75. Many people might have known only one side of Joe, but he was equal parts renowned automotive enthusiast, successful entrepreneur, accomplished educator, ardent traveler, and loving father and partner. He was an unforgettable storyteller who wanted to make you laugh. Those who knew him were regularly peppered with his sayings and advice, which are layered into this obituary.

Joe grew up in Ojai, California. He went to Nordhoff High School, then graduated UCSB with a BA in Economics in 1967. He went onto an MBA, then a PhD at the University of Oregon in 1973. He was hired as a professor in the Business School at San Diego State University, where he published his research and was later tenured. He often spoke of his love of the classroom, and he frequently declared that education wasn't only about learning a defined skill set, but was "learning how to read, write, walk, talk, and think." In 1969, Joe married

Arleen, with whom he had two children. The same year he was drafted into the army and served, as he was apt to tell you, for "one year, nine months, and 11 days." He brought his typical all-or-nothing approach to serving and was awarded the American Spirit Honor Medal at the conclusion of basic training at Fort Lewis. His decision to pursue a PhD allowed him to leave the army.

Joe often declared, "I don't know what happiness is, but it has something to do with gasoline." Joe was obsessed with cars and owned more than 100 in his lifetime, ranging from classics to hot rods, with favorites including a '34 Ford Victoria, a '39 Willys Overland Coupe, a '41 Ford truck, a '56 Chevy Nomad (with matching trailer that he designed and made), a '57 Jaguar, a '63 Studebaker Avanti, and several '64 Ford Fairlanes (including "the 427"). Always in pursuit of something faster and cooler, he bought and raced a Nissan GTR at age 66. He moved in and out of many car clubs, including the early Ford V8 Club (which awarded him their "dirtiest tail pipe" award), the Prowlers, and the Over the Hill Gang. His two daughters grew up with "on-ramp Dad," as Joe would fiercely accelerate on freeway on-ramps to see what his cars could do.

Joe was a successful businessman, and after working at R.J. Software Systems and Mitchellmatix, he began Automotive Information Clearinghouse (AIC) in 1981, including the "How Many Are Left?" publication series. Over nearly three decades, he grew AIC into the major distributor of original automotive literature. On the phone and at automotive meets, many knew Joe by his long-time alias, Sam Egan, and he could sell just about anything for four times its worth and at least twice as much as you wanted to pay. He loved to jokingly sing, "The best things in life are free, but you can give them to the birds and bees, now gimme money, that's what I want" ("Money," Barrett Strong).

Joe loved his two daughters, Erin Vidali Proudfoot and Amy Vidali (born in 1974 and 1975), and he was deeply offended if anyone suggested that perhaps he wanted "boys who liked cars." He was immensely proud that both of his children graduated from UC Berkeley. Erin works at Cal and fondly remembers taking trips to Clear Lake, discussing the power of melody and a song's hook, and driving the Datsun roadster. Like her father, Amy became a university professor, and their discussions ranged from the joys of teaching to what makes a meaningful life to the future of free-market capitalism. She interviewed her father regarding his lifelong stutter and plans to write about it. Over the last few years, "Pop-Pop" steadily doled out his collectible toy cars to his three grandchildren (Carson, Darlene, and Lyle), while convincing each that he was pulling coins from their ears.

Joe had a deep love of traveling, particularly by car, though he also traveled to Europe, Russia, and China. He often quoted his loving and eccentric brother Bob: "It's never taking time off to enjoy things, it's always about taking time on to enjoy them." Each July throughout their childhoods, Joe drove his children on long trips across the U.S. and Canada, hitting each state and most provinces in trips with titles like "North to Alaska" and "The Cuban Caper," as well as vacations with fast boats and waterskiing. His second wife Gail, whom he said taught him "grace, charm, and style," came on some of these trips, which were made in the '56 Chevy Nomad (and matching trailer). He always kept his window down and the music up. Joe swore that if he could only listen to one song for the rest of his life, it would be Steely Dan's "Reelin' in the Years."

In Candaus ("Candy"), he found a love and a partner who shared his passion to travel, drive fast cars, and laugh with friends. **Joe prided himself in always being prepared,** and true-to-form, he left several versions of his own obituary, some more truthful than others. He ended the most recent version with this, which is surely true: "Joe Vidali will be missed for being so incredibly diverse, and always emphasizing the importance of education and achievement, but never forgetting he was an automotive mechanic. He always went 100 MPH in everything he did, no matter what it was, except with Candaus, his last love."

In lieu of flowers, please donate to the San Diego Early Ford V8 Club's Ollie Smith Scholarship, which supports students who enroll in the Ford Asset Program at Cuyamaca College. Mail donations to EFV8 Club RG 19, % Tim Shortt, 1211 5th St., Coronado, CA 92118.





Bob Brown

Today was a slow day & I ended up watching the entire 1 hr video that chronicles Jim Clark. Normally I find I can't sit and watch anything for an hour, but this video of Jimmy fascinated me. When he was killed in April 68, I had about 2 weeks left in country before my year in Nam was completed, so I never heard of his death.

But I saw Jim Clark drive at the 63 & 64 Indy 500 races and sort of had a love/hate relationship. I loved and admired the way he drove; I hated the way he and that puny little Lotus were beating up on our big bad Offys and American drivers. The 64 race was the last one I saw until Liz and I went back for the 2008 race. Dad and I were sitting in the grandstand seats about 20 rows up and maybe 1/2 between turn 4 and the start/finish line. It was very early in the race, maybe lap 2 or 3 when there was this horrific crash coming out of turn 4 involving Dave McDonald (best Corvette driver ever) & Eddie Sachs. Eddie's car rolled to a stop against the outside wall just down from us, not 50-100 yds away & we watched him burn to death. Dad & I sort of looked at each other, and just reached down, picked up our cooler and left the track for the 100 mile drive home.

Article

Some racing drivers at the highest levels of motorsport get by on bravado and bravura, soaking up the limelight and seeking any opportunity to leverage their time in front of the cameras into broader fame. As shown in this [BBC documentary on Jim Clark](#)--which relies heavily on taped interviews with Clark and on materials provided by Clark's family--the Formula One and Indy 500 driver could hardly be pressed to brag about his accomplishments even as he went about impressing everybody around him with his skill behind the wheel. Whether shy or merely focused, there was no denying his talent nor the tragedy of his death.

Norm Murdock

To be fair, comparing Jim Clark to other drivers with "bravo and bravura" is a bit unfair. Let me point out that the mid-60's were a different time. It was pre-Ali and pre-Pele. The public liked its stars to be humble and introspective. So Clark filled the social expectations. I don't think Clark's contemporaries in Grand Prix and Indy, such as Gurney or Hill or Stewart or Foyt, at the time were exactly boastful either. Then came the "me" generation, where talking s^\$! was promotional and rewarded by the fans (Ali vs Frazier, Namath vs Starr, etc). And also post-Clark came the demands and expectations by sponsors to jack up their products and services in interviews, leading to guys like Earnhardt, Force, and Gordon. Clark didn't have those expectations - either social or commercial - pressing on him. He was "allowed" to be "quiet" by his milieu. Look at his Lotus, not a single sponsor decal. Today, he would have to adapt to the times or - frankly - be out of a ride regardless of his talent. Mega-money fuels racing today, and money talks.

Steven Jones

Jim Clark fell out of the '64 Indy 500 on lap 47 while leading the race because his Dunlap tires chunked apart. But Clark had not dominated from the start as most accounts, including this one, imply. Actually, Bobby Marshman driving a year-old Lotus 29 passed Clark on lap 6 and pulled away from the field until he ripped the oil drain plug off the engine on lap 39 while going low to pass a slower car. Sadly, Bobby was killed practicing at Phoenix later in '64 and never had the chance to fulfill his potential, but those 33 laps he led at Indy in '64 was some of the greatest driving Indy has ever seen. Interestingly, Chapman had suspected the Dunlaps couldn't handle the corner loads at Indianapolis, in an era when the cars pitted infrequently, but Chapman had a contractual commitment to Dunlap and supposedly they wouldn't let him out of it. Not doubt Dunlap regretted that decision, especially after Foyt won on the same Firestones he started the race on!

Austin

Jim Clark was a hero of mine when I was in high school, and it seemed impossible he died the way he did. I really appreciated the insight into his career and personal life.





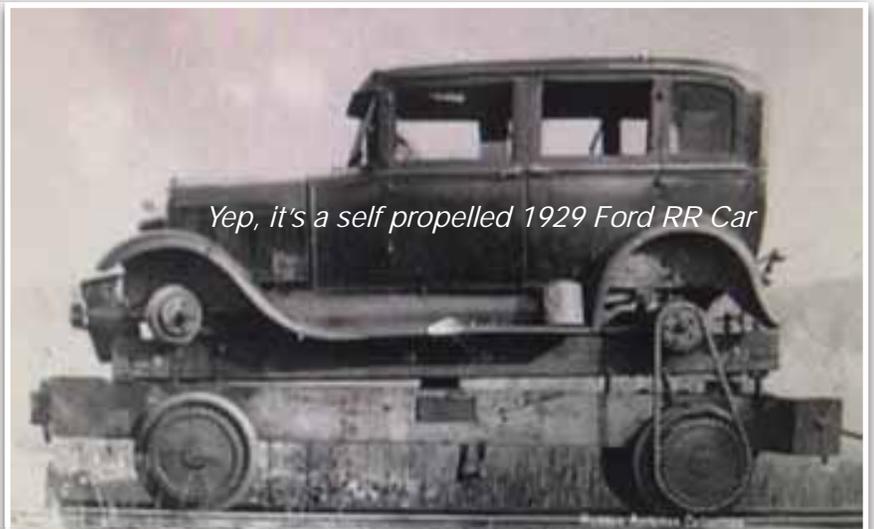
Dan Prager

tells me he just turned 88 years old. And he's feeling pretty good, except for his balance... can no longer keep an even keel. Usually it pulls him left into a wall or something. But (giggles) the other day he was mowing his lawn with a small, slow Power Mower. He started out front and continued along the side of his house. He suddenly found he could not stop his legs from pushing him along. He dropped the mower, but kept going into the back yard where the slope gets a little steeper... he was out of control and about to throw himself into the canyon, so he

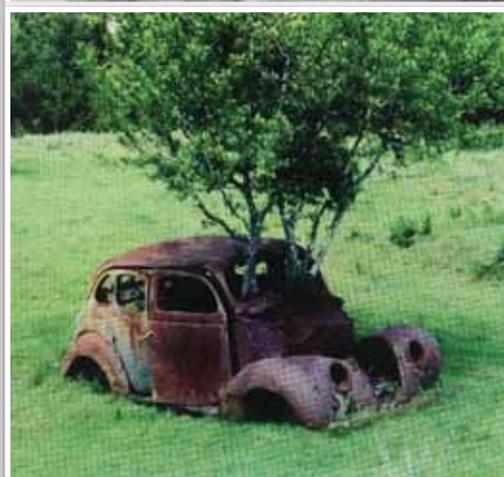
deliberately flung himself into the grass and laid there thinking... What the heck just happened? He'll laugh and tell you he's still kickin' ...but just not as high.



Tumbling Class at the Races



Yep, it's a self propelled 1929 Ford RR Car



*Well- rooted
1937 Ford 2 Door
Podocarpus.
Lowered.
Needs work*



Hot Tour, AUGUST 19

V8ers, guests and one friendly Grand Dog named Kodi. ... met up at the Marine Boat Launch near Sea World. Susan and Joe had organized another great monthly driving tour. Plenty to see, San Diego is called not called a vacation destination for nothing. The Prez had a hitch right from the get-go. The woody would not start.. like vapor lock? Dennis prayed over motor- all good.

It was great see the neighborhoods I had grown up in - Hillcrest, Mission Hills and University Heights, Gaslamp, Silver Strand, Coronado, Chicano Park... Then Old Town and on to Liberty Station...but wait-

A major Traffic mess on Harbor Drive caused by a fatal accident that had brought down a utility pole across the road. Luckily we were near the exit to Laurel Street—so we escaped in the Bike path. The Silver '34 overheated in the traffic-(Blown fuse for electric Fan). The rest of us rolled on without a problem to a magnificent Picnic spot in Liberty Station.





1937 Model 'Cat' Invades Used Car Office--And Thereby Hangs a Tail

"That," said Charles Atkinson, looking down at the floor, "is a strange looking cat."

No cat, however, was Atkinson's visitor in the used-car lot office at Second ave. and C st. last night.

It was a 'possum—sharp teeth and long tail—that dropped in for a bite of Atkinson's box supper. The night man on the lot closed the office door behind him and began walking down the street.

"How," he asked some boys, "do you catch a 'possum?'"

Their actions were quicker than words. They returned to the office, caught the 'possum and dumped him into a trunk on a car. Then they left.

"How," Atkinson was wondering late last night, "do you get a 'possum out of an auto trunk?"

For the car, it seemed, did not belong to Atkinson.

MUST BE THE HEAT

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 15 (A.P.)—It may have been the heat, or the humidity, but—

Police Lt. Jack Yates, dozing in his chair at central station, awoke to find on his desk what he thought was absolutely the world's biggest rat.

Desk Sergeant Joe Aigner sauntered in. Joe's from the south. He knows a possum when he sees it. He seized the wandering marsupial by the tail and lifted it into the air. In this familiar position, the animal went to sleep.

The possum was booked as a vagrant and is eating apples, pending arrival of its owner.



Carl's Life in the Fast Lane & Possum Stories in the news...

619 892-0222
Carl Atkinson Consulting
 SHEET METAL FORMING
 1622 LA CRESTA BLVD.
 EL CAJON, CA. 92021
 (619) 892-1844 - FAX (619) 892-0467



1945. Let The Sunshine Shine in!

Developed by an imaginative WWII Naval . America's first "Bubble Tops" were a short lived sensation. Officer

Clark Wormer astounded motoring industry and the public in 1945 when he introduced one of the most sensational pieces of extra equipment ever offered for an automobile: the "**plexi-top!**", designed to be fitted onto 1946 convertibles. Clear sheets of 1/4 inch plexiglass were individually heated in a large oven and then carefully stretched over forms. The beautifully formed jewel-like bubble was then fitted with hardware and shipped to dealers. Great care was taken to ensure that there were no stress marks and distortions at the extreme bends of the top.

The bubble tops were first marketed in 1941 to Ford & Mercury's and sold on used cars. In 1946 Ford dealers started to sell them as an accessory for new cars for \$199. They sold well in the colder climates. Colorado was an especially good market because people liked the idea of viewing the mountains from inside their cozy compartment. But the heat generated by the sun through the clear top on a hot summer day was an unsurmountable problem. By 1949 the tops' sales virtually stopped dead in their tracks because the bubble top had a rapidly spreading reputation as a "**bake oven!**"—*Thanks Joe Valentino*



Carl Atkinson's V8 Powered Ski Boat (s)

At the beginning of WWII so many people came to San Diego with their kids. My school attendance doubled or tripled in one year. Sweetwater High School was the most south west high school in the county. There were several junior high schools. The schools were so over loaded, especially Sweetwater, that they sent some of the 10th grade back to the junior high schools. The school was so loaded that they went on two shifts – 7am to noon and noon to 5pm.

There were lots of Japanese people all along the west coast. Many of them had large farms and large families. Some of the older Japanese were in radio contact with Japan. That didn't go down well with the authorities. There was one farmer in Lincoln Acres with a radio. His kids turned him in. As the war heated up the government sent all the Japanese people to camps. They lost everything they had. Decades later there were some reparations, but there was little justice even for the innocent ones.

After coming home from the Navy, I got into ski boats.

During the 30's & 40's, the mighty Ford flathead V8 engines had a good reputation and were used in a lot of inboard boats. It was small, lightweight with plenty of power. All the other V8's were big and heavy. Chris Craft boats ran six cylinder marine engines .

Most of the small inboard boats used direct drive. The prop shaft was bolted directly to the crank shaft. The prop shaft was at a 12 degree angle. If the flat head engine was placed backward in the boat the steps in the pan worked perfectly with the shape of the hull bottom.

My friends, 2 brothers, bought a boat and I did most of the work including a new bottom. They were always feuding with each other, so I decided to build my own boat. I got plans for a cracker box class boat – 15 feet. I had just moved into a new house, not much furniture. So I got two 4 X 8 foot sheets of plywood, laid them on the floor and laid out the boat full sized. I finished the

boat complete with a flat head V8. The Prop shaft was bolted directly to the front

of the crank shaft. You had to move the oil pickup to the front of the engine. (No oil where the original pick up was).

I changed plans to put the motor behind the seat. The race boats had the engine in front and seats for two people in back. During races they would often flip the boat—so . I made the front of the hull a water tight compartment.

The hull was short and the carburetor stood up too high. I made a dual manifold one inch high with two carbs. The engine performed very well. I used the boat for water skiing and fishing on the kelp beds every weekend.

After a few years I started on a 20 foot boat. Sold the cracker box boat to a friend. He was running the boat in San Diego Bay and hit a sand bar and which bent the prop shaft. So he put in a bronze shaft 7/8 inch in diameter. In installing the shaft he drilled a 5/16 inch hole through the shaft. It wasn't right so he rotated the shaft 90 degrees and drilled another 5/16 inch hole through the shaft.

When he took the boat out for a trial run. No cover over the engine. He hit it full throttle. The boat got up to full speed. The shaft broke, forcing the nose of the boat to go down. It hit the bottom of the Bay. When it came up, thanks to the water proof compartment, it was full of sand from the bottom of the bay, but it floated.

When the prop shaft broke there was no load on the engine. It was running free with no load. With no cover over the engine it sucked a full load of water in. Three rods were warped around the crank shaft. Water doesn't compress.

I then built a 20 foot boat with a flat head engine. It worked very well. Used it for years, water skiing every Wednesday and Sunday all summer. Took various fishing trips to the Coronado Islands, Lake Mead and San Felipe.

I had just tuned up the engine and it was running great. A man had just bought a 14 foot boat with a Mercury overhead motor when they first came out. We were in San Diego Bay near the AMFIB Base. He had been racing every one and beating all of them. We started out from shore and raced him the length of the AMFIB Base. His little boat, against my 20 foot boat with five people in it. The flat head V8 did a perfect job. We were side by side looking down at him. After we both went back to the beach he parked his new boat and never took it out again. Another friend built a boat with a flat head V8 in it. He didn't change the oil pick up. The first time out it was knocking real bad. He changed the rod bearings not the main bearings. He ran the boat for at least one year. The main bearings knocked so bad you had to go out and run it before you got enough nerve to pull a skier. It ran that way for a least one year.—*Carl Atkinson*

****Carl tells me he has a Drive-on lift and v8 members are welcome to come use it.**



SDEFV8 General Meetings- Auto Museum,
Balboa Park-Cancelled due to Virus

Ford V8 Swap Corner...

SDEFV8 Club c/o

Tim Shortt, 1211 5th St, Coronado, Ca 92118

1936 Ford Standard 5 Window Coupe

4 time Emeritus
Winner.

Black with Tan
LeBaron Bonney
Interior. Trunk
model with roll
down back win-
dow. Aluminum
Heads , Ford
Script Battery.

\$39,000 OBO
**Ron Shedd 858-
485-8967**

Poway. ronshedd@hotmail.com



**'37 Fordor. Good
shape.** RB V8, carb,
fuel pump, radiator,
trans, clutch, pressure
plate, starter , alt,
12v, hydraulic brakes,
E Brake, Bumpers,
Glass and rubber,
Solid body, Good
Paint. good interior,
WWW. Clean in and
out. Drives great.
**\$29k-OBO - 5% of
sell price goes to V8**



'32 Phaeton-All Steel. All
Original. Once was Dickey
Smothers car, then Harrah-
Museum. Good condition.
Side-mounts, Luggage Rack.
Runs great. New lower
price...**\$83k .**

Dixie, 619-677-8922

**'36 Model 68 Convert
sedan.** Palomar member Judd
Lynn passed. His son Chip is sell-
ing dad's car. Nice stock original
with flathead. **Located in Murri-
eta, Ca. 323-744-7060**



'40 Tudor (Stan- dard) hot rod.

Excellent sheet metal,
paint, Interior. 307 V8
small block. Auto w/
dummy shifter and
clutch pedal. New
Borgeson Steering
box. Front Discs.
New Firestone Radi-
als.All Gauges. New
stainless. Built by
Larry Braga.

\$28,000 OBO
Calvin King
619 -247-6525



**'49 Tudor. Custom Deluxe Restored in and
out.** Strong running Flathead V8. \$25k invest-
ed. Asking \$18k. Drex Scott 678-346-8404

'50 TransWorks good, T5
Trans 5 speed **\$600 OBO- 714-
490-0613-cell 714-906-1644**

'32 Cabriolet-all steel, pro built
street rod-**Don Shankin**
954-898-9304

Paul Alvarado has many
**'34 Parts left after hot rod-
ding a '34 5 window**
Coupe— Rear steel fenders,
Front seat and rumble cush-
ions in excellent shape,
new ashtray, light stan-
chions, Running Boards,
etc, etc No shipping- must
pick up locally.
619-846-7012

Enclosed 28' Car Trailer-
with toilet, sink and wood
interior. **\$3,000 Sheila**
Rabell 619-977-3152

'56 F100 -302 V8, C4 Auto.
Two-tone paint. Daily Driver-
needs minor stuff. **.\$20 Ken**



1940 Ford Deluxe 5-Window Coupe. Fully restored
with black exterior and tan cloth interior. 2012
Dearborn Award winner. 3500 miles on V-8 flathead
engine since overhaul. All gauges, heater and fog
lights work. Car runs and drives great. Stored in hu-
midity controlled garage. \$49,500. **Bill Chaney,**
(804) 776-7597, flihi@va.metrocast.net. (07/19)



1936 Ford Fordor Deluxe Touring Sedan; Color Cor-
doba Tan; red wheels with pen-stripping; LeBaron
Bonnie cloth interior; rebuilt LB block; 12-v alterna-
tor system; hydraulic brakes; CD deck and stereo
speakers (unit in trunk); radial white-wall tires. Call
or email **Dick McIninch** for more information at
434-981-4349 or olcarfn@aol.com. (04/20)



**50 ford flathead V8 en-
gine** equipped with re-
built 5speed trans. Also
included: new water
pumps, radiator, MSD
ignition, 12v coil, ceram-
ic coated headers new
plugs and plug wires. The
engine has good compres-
sion, no oil leaks or
smoke. I drove the car
from San Diego to Col-
orado with no problems.
I have paperwork on the
transmission. Asking
\$2,900 OBO for all.
619 -339- 0902

9" Ford Rear End—
2.70:1 Ratio **\$100-Bob**
Brown 619-890-6988

**265 Chevy V8 Motor-
Total Rebuild, Best Of-
fer 619-247-6525**

1932 Fender Gloves-
covers complete fenders.
No scratch padding inside
and Naugahide outside.
Carl Atkinson
619-892-0222



✂ THE *Ford* FAN ✂
DEDICATED TO THE RESTORATION & PRESERVATION OF 1932-1953 FORD MOTOR CAR COMPANY VEHICLES

