

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

# V8ers on Lyons Valley Road tell Valley Fire stories:

Sept 2020  
Governor Declares State of Emergency for SD County!  
Military Aircraft deployed. High heat and wind expected!

- Jim and Diane Thomas made a plan when they moved into their country place: “If we ever have to evacuate from a fire, we’re going to go right to Vegas and have some fun until it’s over”. So far, power outages (No AC- during 107 degrees- no pump on well, but can draw water from pool. ) No evacuation yet, just a lot of smoke and hourly warnings.

-Ken Tibbot still home, but packed up to leave..in case. From the mountain top, he got a look at fire, still 5 miles east of him, but if Santa Anas blow in as predicted, the fire could turn towards him- Really bad smoke right now...

-Ric Bonnoront packed up yesterday because he lost power( AC) Saturday for 15 hours - but power came back at end of day-Temp 107-- today not too bad, some smoke —just worried about his Grapes still on the vine—( If they get a lot of smoke, you can taste it = Bad Wine-)

-Gordon Menzy - home is along Lyons Valley. Ray Brock spoke with him and offered a place to stay if he has to evacuate...— no answer when I called...

The Valley Fire ignited off Spirit Trail and Japatul Road, just southeast of Alpine, just before 2:50 p.m., according to Cleveland National Forest. The fire has scorched about 17,000 acres , 90% contained, 31 homes burned, many out-buildings destroyed. Some injuries, but no deaths.



Note—Rabbit running from flames...



**DURING THE MIDDLE AGES THEY CELEBRATED THE END OF THE PLAGUE WITH WINE AND ORGIES DOES ANYONE KNOW IF THEY HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT PLANNED WHEN THIS ONE ENDS?**  
  
(ASKING FOR A FRIEND)



Greetings, San Diego Early Ford V8 Club Members!

September is just about gone. October's frost is about to cover San Diego. Not really, but I would not be surprised if it snowed in October, the way 2020 has been so far! Most car events are still being canceled. Large car events scheduled for 2021 are now starting to come under scrutiny to determine if they will be possible to hold. This virus continues to come and wane, then come back again. San Diego, as of this writing, is possibly heading for another bout of tighter

government restrictions. My heart goes out to all the small businesses and restaurants and their employees that have had such an uncertain existence in 2020. We also had a terrible fire in San Diego, the Valley fire. We have several members that live in the area directly impacted by the fire, my prayers were and are with them. The entire County felt the effects of terrible air quality, due to the smoke and ash. Even with all negative events that have occurred, I feel lucky and thankful. I am still hearing that people are still hanging in there, I have not heard of any of our members contracting COVID-19. I hope this is truly the case, that you are all healthy and safe. I am doing OK, masked up and socially distant. Which is what my third-grade teacher wrote to my parents on my report card, "Joseph seems socially distant..."

Our San Diego club meetings are still on hold. I forwarded in email to all our members the information from the National EFV8 Club legal advisor informing us that there is no liability insurance for Club events unless the event is first approved by the National Board of Directors. I know for a fact that there are not any events going to be approved in the near future. In essence, the meaning of the document I forwarded out is that regional groups, such as the San Diego Early Ford V8 Club, can have any Club event or gathering we choose to, but if there are any legal issues brought against the Club, the regional group's Board of Directors, Officers and Club would need to provide and fund our own legal defense. For that reason, participants in any driving tour or event in which members or non-members engage must understand that it is not a Club sanctioned event. This will be the case until further notice. That said, I expect friends will still get together to drive their cars and engage in "socially distant" and safe activities, understanding that we, as individuals, are on our own.

I've been getting out and driving, although not on a driving tour in September. I still do enjoy driving these old cars, flatheads, and all. Besides driving around, I've been working on my 49 Mercury rat rod. It is truly a rat rod. It is almost completely stock. But when I bought it, rats were living in it. I threw D-Con rat poison packets in the car when I brought it home 10 years ago. The next day I found deceased critters under the car. When I finally got the car running, the makings of a rat's nest blew out the muffler. Now that's a rat rod. Anyway, the Mercury was overheating and appeared to have a cracked head. Ray Brock pointed me over to Baxter's Machine in National City and there I was able to get the heads checked out, confirmed that it was a cracked head, and John Baxter provided me with a replacement stock head. John Baxter is a good guy. I had the heads surfaced and ordered Best brand head gaskets from Egge Machine. In the meantime, I tried cleaning up the head bolts the best I could, but after wasting a day doing that, I decided to replace the bolts because of surface pitting. I found the best price on a complete set at Thirdgenauto.com Early Ford parts (a Ford Club member's business). While I am waiting on the bolts to come in, I decided to pull the radiator to have it pressure tested. No sense in going through everything else without checking the radiator, right? It tested ok when I first got the car, but not this time...I needed to have it re-cored. The radiator is still in the shop, and the head bolts are in the mail, so forward progress is temporarily paused. In the middle of doing this I took a couple of pieces of the Mercury's stainless trim to Pacific Plating to get it straightened and polished. I got them back, but they look too good compared to the rest of the stainless. They are going to stand out from the rest of the stainless like having a gold front tooth! Anyway, that's what I've been doing to keep my EFV8 itch scratched! —

Enjoy the remainder of September and October, I hope to see you all soon. —Mask up and drive them or take them apart and put them back together!

—Joe V—Your "Socially Distant" Prez

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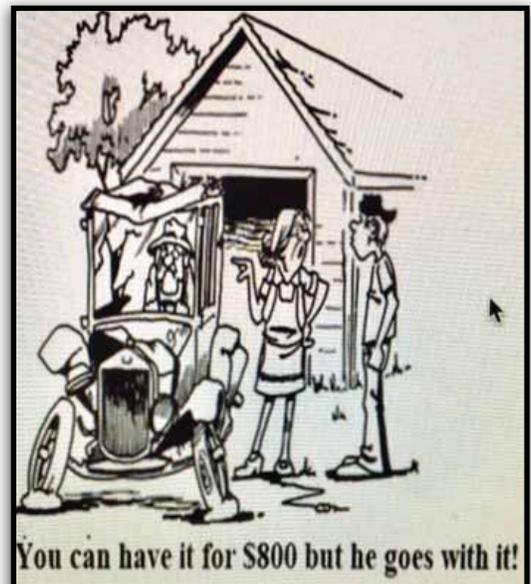
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*See the guy driving the Corvette ?  
That's former V8er, Ron Hall, now living  
in Arizona...  
Below: Ron recently restored a '48  
Woody in his own garage, transforming it  
from a worn out Barn Find to a 100 point  
winner in just two years.*



## Tours & Things to Come

SAN DIEGO EARLY FORD V8 CLUB

Board and General Meetings  
CANCELLED  
DUE TO VIRUS PANDEMIC

Membership- Paula -  
Welcomes new members

Sunshine Judy- Ray Brock has  
sold his shop. He is  
officially retired.

### October Anniversaries

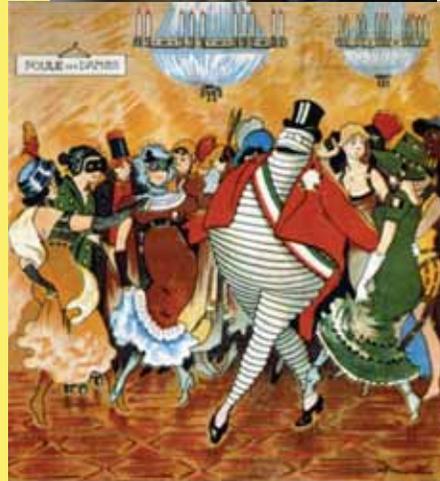
10/11 Jim & Sandy Hurlburt  
10/12 John & Pat Hildebrand  
10/25 Jim & Lynne Miller

### October Birthdays

10/01 Duane Edwards  
10/02 Allen Deerhake  
10/08 Susan Valentino  
10/10 Elizabeth Fritz  
10/10 Cheryl Westra  
10/14 Ella Carnahan  
10/18 Jay Harris  
10/18 Ken Burke  
10/19 Rick Carlton  
10/20 Bob Symonds  
10/21 Russ Ries  
10/23 Phyllis Burke

### October Club Birthdays

Ella Carnahan	49
yrs	
Jay Harris	48
yrs	
Greg & Debbie Murrell	23
yrs	
Les Hilgers	21
yrs	
Calvin & Shirley King	21
yrs	
Frank & Loyce	
Swedberg	16
yrs	



"I'm working on pants for old guys. They'll combine the comfort of Dockers, with the protection of Depends. I'll call them Dry Dockers."

## Today I learned

that the Michelin Man is white because rubber tires are naturally white. It wasn't until 1912 that companies started mixing carbon chemicals with the rubber to make black tires. This process is not an aesthetic change, but a structural one, making the tires stronger and durable.

Widely-known as the "Michelin Man," who has been the beloved face of the MICHELIN brand since 1898, the tubby white mascot's name is actually Bibendum (or Bib for short). He even has a category for value-for-money restaurants in MICHELIN's guidebooks—the Bib Gourmand—named after him.

Aside from the fact that a pile of tires at the 1894 Lyon Universal Exhibition inspired the look of this evergreen mascot ("Look, with arms it would make a man," said company founder Édouard Michelin to his brother André), here are some other fascinating facts about Bibendum.

### 1. In his early days, Bibendum looked completely different.

Instead, he once resembled a slightly creepy mummy-like figure and was often seen raising a glass in his ads with the words

"Nunc est Bibendum," Latin for "now is the time to drink." This goblet was filled with nails and broken glass, which was meant to be indicative of how tough and hardy Michelin tires were, and that they would not puncture that easily.

### 2. Like most humans, he's gone through different phases of life.

In the early days, Bibendum was depicted as a gladiator, a kick boxer, a nimble ballroom dancer in the Italian market, and even a pleasure-seeking ladies' man who took to beer and cigars—the latter a

touch added in an attempt to appeal to the wealthy upper-class folks who then had the money to purchase a car.

But in the 1920s, he toned down and took on a more refined, family-friendly image: he quit alcohol, stopped smoking, and even started taking up sports (he's seen running and riding a bicycle while casually flinging tires like frisbees in several ads), shedding plenty of weight and looking more muscular than ever. In a poster from the early 1900s, he is even pictured assisting a family with a flat tire by donating the biggest, choicest tire from his own mid-section, as a blue sky shows through the hole left in his abdomen. Awww.

### 3. Tires weren't colored black until 1912, thus, Bibendum is white.

Prior to 1912, tires were either grey-white or had a light translucent beige hue. Carbon was subsequently added to the rubber formula as a preservative and a strengthener.

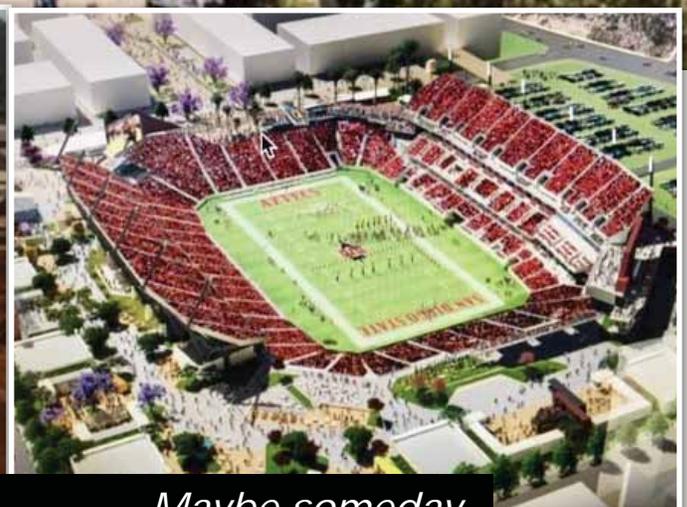
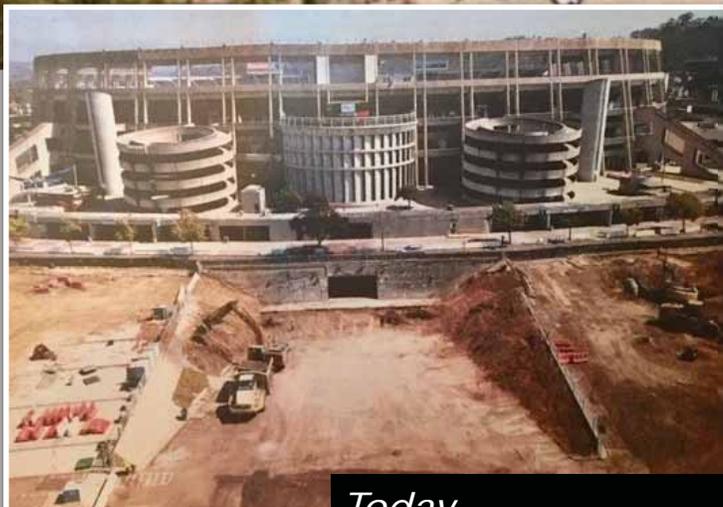
# Remember The Big 3?



## Aztec Stadium update: Looking down on the creation...



*Construction of San Diego State's new stadium starts with site preparation, removing the parking to relocate utilities. The same field Ric Bonnoront, Joe Pifer, and v8 team had worked their butts off marking the field every year for The Big 3 event. Nothing left now but a memory.*



Today...

Maybe someday



At first glance, I thought these were two separate accidents at same intersection—but nope— Different accidents— but In both cases, looks like the Fords got the worst of it...

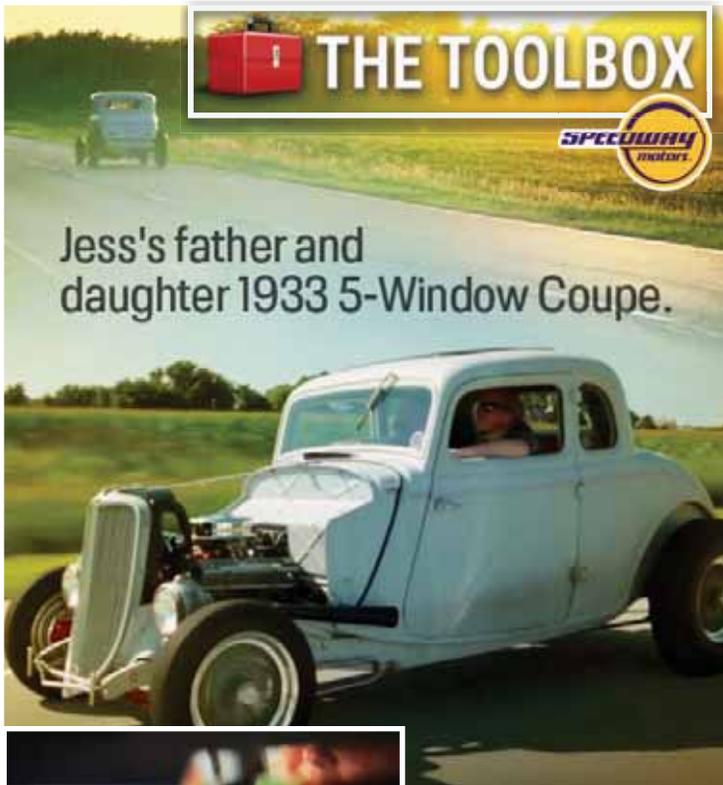


Ford Service at Luther's down the block....



Cadillac Service at Dealer

Hmmm...



It's always on the tip of my tongue, but it's hard to put into words. What does this car mean to me? It's a question I can never quite answer on the spot. I know how this little '33 5-window coupe makes me feel. I know how it makes a long day melt away. I know I'm proud of it and all the hard work that went into it. This coupe build means hours and hours of shop time with my dad. And shop time has qualities all its own. It's planning and making lists, laughing, yelling, and sometimes learning a new cuss word. It's mockups, little successes, measuring twice, screwing up, it's looking for that stupid wrench I just had in my hand a minute ago! It's working together to problem-solve, learning how to take direction and listening to the '60s on 6 with the Big Bopper and Roy Orbison. It's hearing car stories from friends that stop by to check on progress and end up lending a hand.

I have a different understanding of it all now. I wasn't a kid then, not really. We dropped the calico-colored body from the attic the year I turned 21. And the build went on until I was 28 or 29. So not a kid at all, only in the way that you feel like a kid in comparison to your parents.

I marvel at his energy. His drive and passion. Life was hectic then. He juggled a full-time job, a Bonneville land speed streamliner and team, multiple house projects for his kids, the coupe build and maintenance of the daily drivers and acreage. It was as if he moved effortlessly through the world, steady and strong. However slow or minimal the progress on the coupe, it was still progress.

And over the years, life propelled us forward and gave us momentum. Little

reminders that we only control so much, so dang it, get this hot rod on the road already. He had a vision for this hot rod. Something simple and everlasting. Ever the dutiful hot rodder, he had collected parts and pieces over the years. Headlights, splined brake drums, backing plates, spindles, axle and radius rods, were all stowed always in the barn or shop attic. We found other parts at swap meets or at Speedway, thankful we could just walk into the parts counter and pick up what was needed for that night's project.

And one day, the car was at riding height on its own wheels and tires. Then it had primer. And soon after that, it had glass. The mood in the shop changed somehow. I could feel the excitement in the air. We were close. This was a real car. Not just a plan on paper, not just a project on blocks. Then we fired it up for the first time and after that was the maiden voyage down the driveway, then to the corner, then around the section.

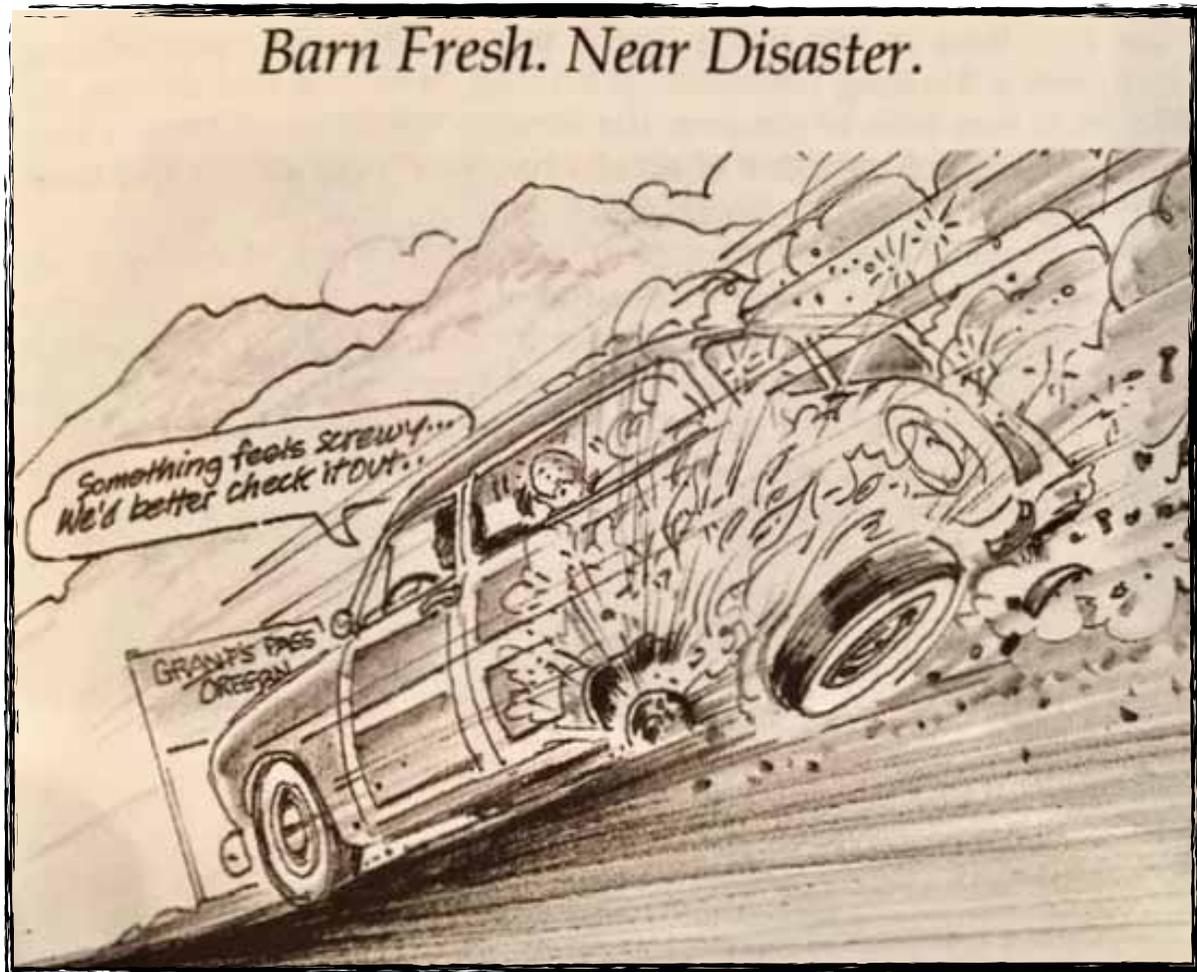
From there it was road trips to the Goodguys show in Des Moines, Iowa, the KKOA Leadsled Show in Salina, Kansas, and then to the HAMB Drags in Joplin, Missouri. It's been to countless Vintage Torquefest shows in

Dubuque, Iowa, and nearly all of the Hot Rod Hill Climbs in Colorado.

I've met all of my 'friends for life' friends because of this little coupe - because the car community thrives in Nebraska. And the friends that aren't so close, well, we know we'll see each other at a car show real soon.

And every so often, my dad will drive the coupe and I'll sit shotgun. A reverse role for me so it feels odd, but right somehow. Some memories are embedded in the tangible. And they are things I'll always carry with me. Sooooo what does this car mean to me? It means the world to me. Just like my dad.





The pungent smell of burnt rubber and scorched steel was all around us. Our eyes burned from the smoke. My painstakingly restored '49 Ford wagon was down hard on its left rear haunch at the end of a trail of smoldering parts and torn up asphalt.

The mountainous curves of Grants Pass, Oregon had proved too much for the old Ford. The left rear wheel and drum had broken loose on the last curve, spinning off, taking the brakes with it. The noise was both shrill and deafening as the heavy suspension hit the road, twisted and tore away. We were saved from a gas tank explosion only because the tire became wedged under the car as it slammed metal to asphalt at 60 mph creating a debris field of broken parts amid a towering shower of sparks. As we slid to a stop, the v8ers following us pulled over, grabbing their fire extinguishers expecting the woodie to go up in flames.

For the first time in my life, I found myself seriously reconsidering what has been a lifelong obsession—finding, restoring and driving old cars. Was it time to get over the longing need to own every rusty relic I find?

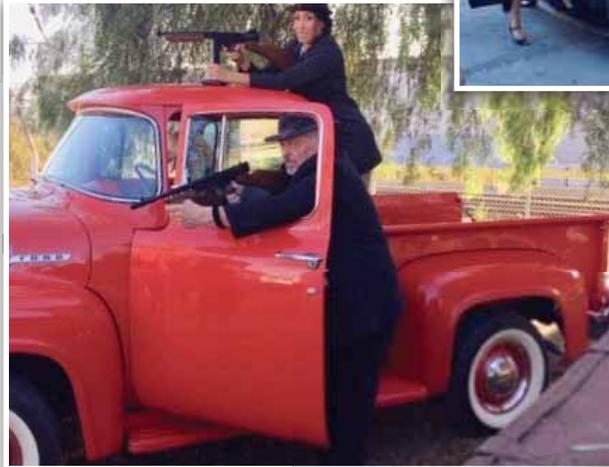
The woody had been dragged out of an Ohio hay barn following 35 years of dead-as-doornails storage. And after six years of restoration work, I had still tempted fate by taking it on a daunting 3,000-mile jaunt along the western coast from San Diego, California to Tacoma, Washington.

Once out of the car I was joking around, but I noticed my hands were shaking as I dialed the Triple A for a wrecker... for the second time on this trip. What was I doing in these old cars? Maybe my chasing-around days were over...

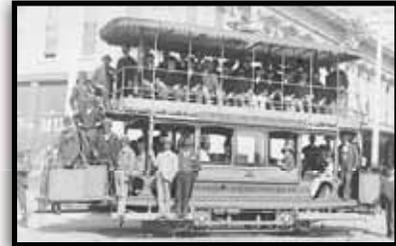
—Excerpt from Tim Shortt's book...**Chasing Cars (and Avoiding Infidelities)**

# Gangster Shoot.

Sept 19, John Davison set up a classic gathering at The Historic Electric Railway Museum in National City- Old Car guys mixed with Gangster wannabes, Camera buffs, Dog Stars in Rumble Seat, Friendly Cops giving tickets, Assistants, Set-up men, Gun Molls toting Tommy Guns, Coordinators, a Drone Pilot and passing gawkers.



*History: November 30, 1891- John D. Spreckels incorporated the San Diego Electric Railway Company. On January 30, the*



*SDERY*

*purchased the SDSCC*

*and the majority of its assets for \$115,000; over the next few years the company would also acquire the competing Park Belt Line and the Ocean Beach Railroad. Plans were made to convert all existing lines to traction, and ten single-truck, single-trolley, open platform wooden cars were subsequently purchased from the J. G. Brill and Company. Double-decker Car No. 1, the first such electrically operated car in the United States, made the inaugural run on September 21, 1892 with many of the City's notables aboard.*



**Lights, Camera, Action-** Cameras click, as Dog Star smiles, handler ducks out of shot, model struts her stuff...

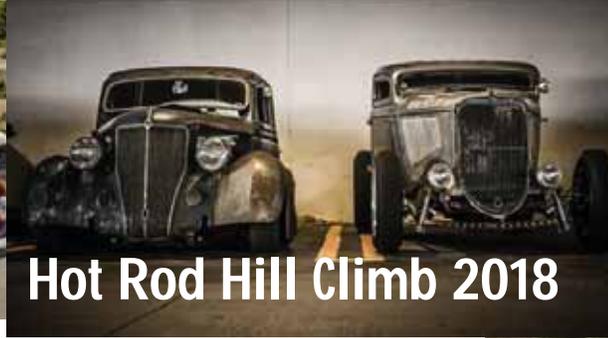
## Gangster Shoot Favorite shots

Happens Gang Molls were at my car for my two favorite shots, (but that did not affect my judgement). Paul Alvarado tells me the flapper girl's boa was molting so he had feathers floating all around the car



*Hard working crew of photographers, handlers and models (including dog in Rumble) doing their jobs.*





## Hot Rod Hill Climb 2018

By Jess (MacKichan) Gasper

It's hard to narrow down what makes the Hot Rod Hill Climb in Central City, Colorado, so great. But here goes my feeble attempt.

The Hot Rod Hill Climb is about celebrating history and paying homage to the good 'ole days of 4-bangers and flatheads. Back when hot rods were likely built by a guy in his one stall garage with basic tools, learned trade skills and with the help of a handful of friends.

This was the fourth year for the MacKichan tribe to attend the Hot Rod Hill Climb, starting with the very first recreation back in 2013, celebrating the 60th anniversary of a small event held in 1953 on Guanella Pass in Georgetown, Colorado.

If you come early, you can test your limits on the Reliability Run the Friday before the race. It's a 100 mile drive up through the mountains of Colorado. In 2014, we experienced rain, sleet and snow. But this year's weather was absolutely gorgeous. We finished the tour with a segment called the OMG route. It's a steep gravel and wash board road with hair pin turns and no railing. But the view is breathtaking. No traffic, no lights, only you, your hot rod and maybe a nut or two behind you in their car. This year a Model A coupe lost its headlight on the OMG run. And he found it! Unscathed! I always love driving my '33 Ford coupe. The mountains make me appreciate how, well, reliable it is. My only issue is from the thin air... my carburetor and I sometimes disagree.

Saturday morning of race day, while standing in the pits surrounded by 140 plus vintage mechanical wonders, you can feel the excitement in the crisp Colorado air. Everyone in the staging lines isn't there by accident. They've spent most of the year thinking about and preparing for the hill climb. Some drove hundreds of miles to attend. A few driving the car they'll race and then depend upon to get back home.

After the national anthem and a few words from Mike Nicolas, the man behind the event, the beautiful flag girl jumps high into the air waving the worn checkered flag and the racing begins!

Car after car races up the hill. Revving engines, screeching tires and cheering racers and fans inundate your senses. A racer squeals off the starting line every few minutes. A sound you can hear for miles.

Finally, it's your turn to position your racer on the starting line. The nerves and adrenaline kick in while you quietly pray to not kill the engine in front of so many people. You watch Amy, the flag girl, like a hawk and recognize the subtle nod when she confirms the hill is ready for another racer. She points at you and asks "Are you ready?" You nod whether you're ready or not. She jumps, waves the flag and shouts "Woooooo!" You dump the clutch and mash the gas pedal and you're off!

You whip up that mountain side, revving high your vintage engine and testing the limits of your transmission. Bracing your body on the hair pin curves you still can't help but smile. Even the toughest, coolest, hard core hot rodding dude on the hill has a sappy grin on his face.

After you get to the finish line at the top you circle back towards Central City so you can get back in line and do it all over again. The MacKichan racers fought electrical issues this year. The '28 Ford sedan with a Mercury Flathead (built specifically for this race) burnt up its spare generator. And after replacing the coil and a mad rush to Denver to retrieve a new ignition module, the '31 Ford roadster with a Model B 4-banger was sidelined with no spark.

Deep sigh. This is hot rodding. Sometimes all the tools and know-how in the world won't allow that normally reliable 4-banger to turn over.

But it's hard to be bummed for long surrounded by hot rod friends and the sounds of others tearing up the hill side. Only 360 days to prepare for next year!





**We all know Bob Brown drives a spotless '32 Ford hot rod coupe, but he has another side - a Chevy side. Check out the latest Pandemic Project on his '59 Corvette.**

"...last night around 9:30pm I finally put in the last screw and finished the installation of new seat covers and carpet in the '59 Vette. It took me for freakin' ever because of the heat. I could work a couple of hours early in the morning, and then most evenings from 7 or 8 to 10 pm when it would cool off a little bit.

First was the removal of the steering wheel, kick panels, package tray and all interior trim, then it was hours and hours of scraping out all the old glue and foam backing from the old carpet. What a horrible job. Meanwhile, I was having the seats recovered and

new foam installed professionally by an upholstery shop.

Once everything was scraped clean, I installed a thermal barrier (which I did not do when I first restored the car). This was another long and tedious process, and I'm hoping it will pay dividends in the heat when I'm running through the desert on Route 66 in the middle of July or August."

—That's my story and I'm sticking to it.—Bob





## WWII & Concrete Ships

"This country was in pretty bad shape in the 1930's. The crash of the stock market in 1929. In the thirties there was the depression. In late 1930 there was the dust bowl in the middle of the country.

When December 7<sup>th</sup> hit the country woke up. All the aircraft and other industries sprang up in San Diego and Los Angeles. The aircraft industry took off. They needed help so they all started training classes. The people from Arkansas and Oklahoma loaded up and came west. They would load the family in their Model A Fords and everything they could carry. The joke was, the rich ones had two mattresses on top of their model A. The poor ones only had one mattress on their model A Fords.

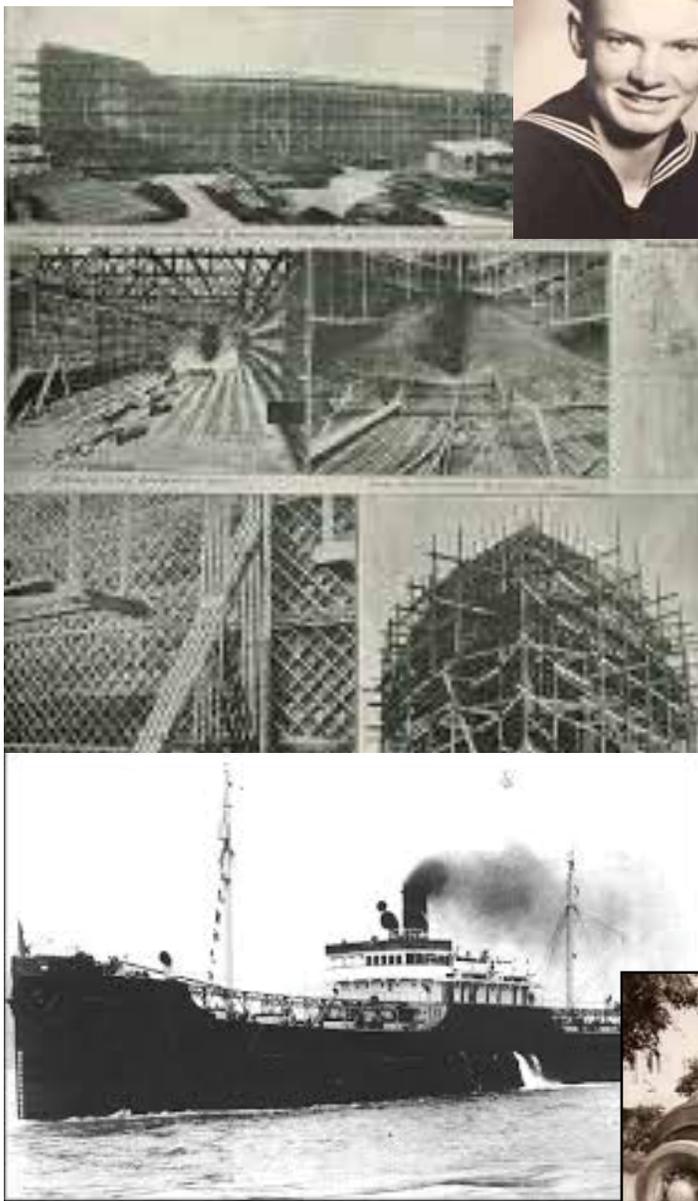
They built hundreds of war-time houses in National City's south side. These were duplexes. A lot of the people from the middle of the country could not read and write. They had never seen indoor bathrooms - questions popped up like, What were you using the bath tubs for?

There was a concrete ship yard at the foot of 13<sup>th</sup> street in National City. The ships were about 300 feet long. The concrete was pumped full of air to make it lighter. Many of these ships had no power. They would load them with supplies and tow them to the south Pacific.

My dad's gas station was at the end of 13<sup>th</sup> street. These men would come and said they haven't been paid in a couple of weeks. My dad would ask if they had been given a piece of paper. They would say yes. He would tell them to bring it in. It was a check. They had never seen a check. When they brought it in he would give them money for it. They would sign with an X. A few days later they would bring in the check stub.

At 16, I was a stock clerk summers. When I was 17, I worked in tool and die four hours in the evening. My brother Don was an aluminum gas welder before he went in the Army. My mother ('Rosie the Riveter') riveted the bomb doors on P38s. My dad was a tool and die maker

We all worked at Rohr."



*In 1942, after the U.S. entered World War II, the U.S. military found that its contractors had steel shortages. Consequently, the U.S. government contracted McCloskey & Company<sup>[10]</sup> of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to build 24 self-propelled concrete ships. Construction started in July 1943. The shipyard was at Hookers Point in Tampa, Florida, and at its peak, it employed 6,000 workers. The U.S. government also contracted with two companies in California for the construction of concrete barge ships. Barge ships were large vessels that lacked engines to propel them. Instead, they were towed by tugs.*

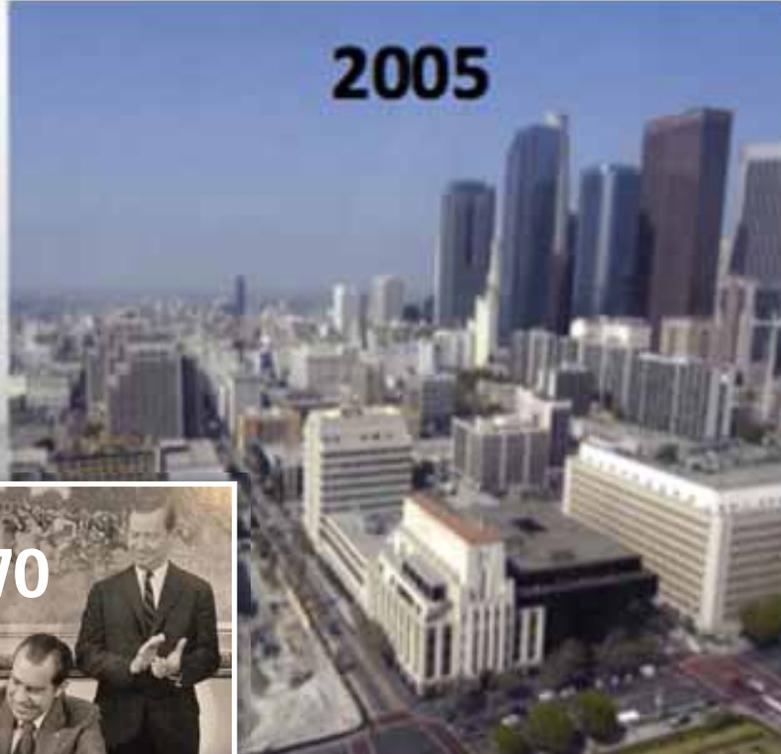
*In Europe, ferro cement barges (FCBs) played a crucial role in World War II operations, particularly in the D-Day Normandy landings, where they were used as part of the Mulberry harbour defenses, for fuel and munitions transportation, as blockships,<sup>[12]</sup> and as floating pontoons. Some were fitted with engines and used as mobile canteens and troop carriers. Some of these vessels survive as abandoned wrecks in the Thames Estuary; two remain in civil use as moorings at Westminster. One notable wartime FCB, previously beached at Canvey Island, was destroyed by vandals on May 22, 2003.*

*In 1944 a concrete firm in California proposed a submarine shaped freighter which they claimed could achieve speeds of 75 knots. The war ended any more research into the project. In retrospect many believe the claims were greatly overstated.<sup>[14]</sup> Concrete barges also served in the Pacific during 1944 and 1945.<sup>[15]</sup> From the Charleroi, Pennsylvania, Mail, February 5, 1945:*

*Largest unit of the Army's fleet is a BRL, (Barge, Refrigerated, Large) which is going to the South Pacific to serve fresh frozen foods — even ice cream — to troops weary of dry rations. The vessel can keep 64 carloads of frozen meats and 500 tons of fresh produce indefinitely at 12°F. Equipment on board includes an ice machine of five-ton daily capacity and a freezer that turns out more than a gallon of ice cream a minute. Three of the floating warehouses, designed for tropical warfare, have been built of concrete at National City, Calif., and cost \$1,120,000 each. In the crew of the 265-ft. barges are 23 Army men.*



1968



2005



1970

Fifty years ago, the government decided to clean up car exhaust. It's still at it.

—Aaron Robinson- Hagarty Magazine



The environmental Protection Act signed Dec 31, 1970 is still making an impact 50 years later. The law, which

was bitterly opposed by Industries, changed forever the vehicles that Americans bought and drove. Los Angeles was one of the worst polluted cities, hemmed in by mountains that prevented winds from blowing away pollutants. The first SMOG DAY was during summer, 1943 when visibility dropped to 3 blocks and hospital ERs filled with people suffering from burnings eyes and lungs. The Government called it a Gas Attack and blamed it on a war plant that made butadiene for the production of synthetic rubber. The Plant was shut, but the gray haze endured, an ominous forecast of the days and years that lay ahead for the City of Angels.

A Dutch born Chemist trying to find why certain vegetables tasted bad, noted the heavy smog outside and decided to run the air through the testing process. The resulting brown muck led him to find out just what was in “The goop in the air”. He knew gasoline is a liquid chemical that is distilled from petroleum and made up largely of hydrogen and carbon joined in big molecules—hence gasoline’s scientific name, “hydrocarbon”. The car engine is basically a chemistry set in which the hydrocarbons in the fuel get mixed with air, which is primarily nitrogen and oxygen, and are heated by a spark. With oxygen acting as the little home-wrecker, the carbon in the fuel violently splits away from the hydrogen in favor of some new shotgun marriage. Carbon and oxygen go off together as carbon dioxide and the deadlier carbon monoxide. Nitrogen and oxygen live happily separately, get forced together by the intense heat and pressure of the cylinder into a mutant marriage called oxides of nitrogen.

Also exiting the tailpipe is a certain amount of raw fuel that a fast-moving engine doesn't have time to combust. Haagen-Smit Concluded that the ‘goop’ was the byproduct of the unburned fuel from cars (as well as refineries) mixing with oxides of nitrogen and being roasted together in the sun into a thick layer of ground-level ozone. Or Smog. The discovery earned Haagen-Smit the dubious title of “Father of Smog” But the public’s distaste for choking air eventually swelled, as did its determination to vote in leaders willing to do something about it. The 60’s brought in the burgeoning environmental movement, men walking on the moon, marchers in the streets, Cleveland’s Cuyahoga River fire, awareness of polluted waters, and the first Earth Day on April 22, 1970. Nixon’s State of the Union address singled out the Automobile “ as the worst polluter of the air we breathe” . A bill followed that forced the auto industry to invent its way out of the problem of smog. By 1981, Fuel ejection, catalytic converts, oxygen sensors, and early computers came on line...and the mountains reappeared.

**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 window. Aluminum Heads, Ford Script Battery. \$39,000 OBO  
**Ron Shedd 858-485-8967**  
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'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 rodding a '34 5 window Coupe—** Rear steel fenders, Front seat and rumble cushions in excellent shape, new ashtray, light stanchions, Running Boards, etc, etc No shipping- must pick up locally.  
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**1936 Ford Fordor Deluxe Touring Sedan:** Color Córdoba Tan; red wheels with pen-stripping; LeBaron Bonnie cloth interior; rebuilt LB block; 12-v alternator system; hydraulic brakes; CD deck and stereo speakers (unit in trunk); radial white-wall tires. Call or email Dick McIninch for more information at 434-221-2242 or [olcarfn@aol.com](mailto:olcarfn@aol.com). (04/20)

434-361-2568  
\$41k- Best Offer



'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. **\$23k-OBO - 5% of sell price goes to V8 Club. 619-829-1678 Dr. Tom Sysko**

'32 Phaeton-All Steel. All Original. Once was Dickey Smothers car, then HarrahMuseum.

Good condition. Side-mounts, Luggage Rack. Runs great. New lower price...\$83k .

**Dixie, 619-677-8922**



'56 F100 -302 V8, C4 Auto.



Two-tone paint.

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

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'36 Model

**'40 Tudor (Standard) 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 Radials.All Gauges. New stainless. Built by Larry Braga.

**\$28,000 OBO  
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**'27 T Roadster Project**

Speedway Body Custom Chassis Disc brakes. Ind front suspension 8.8 Ford Diff 327 Chevy/350 Turbo auto trans Brassworks radiator New tires @ Wheels  
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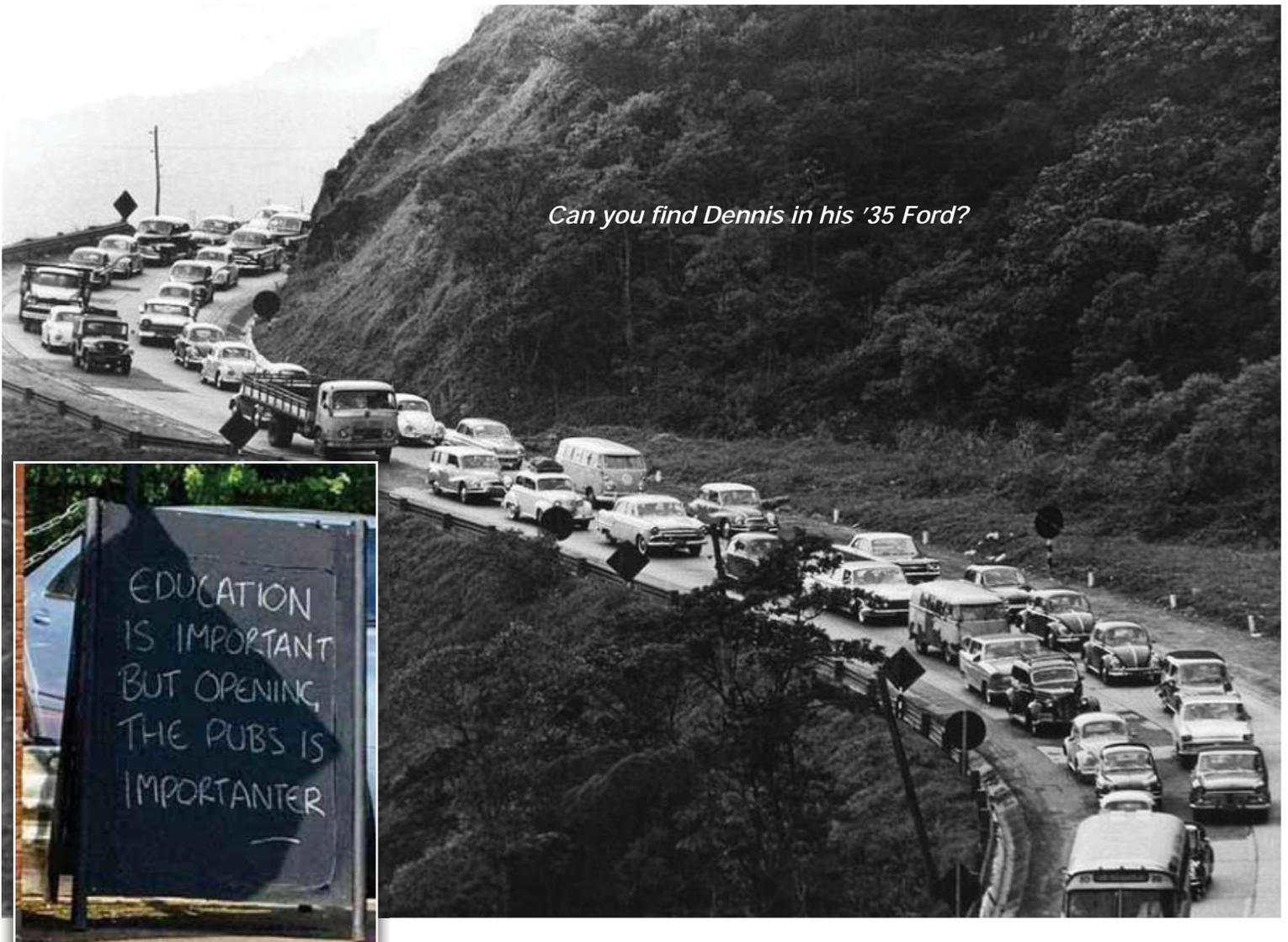
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SDEFV8 Club, C/O Tim Shortt, 1211 5th St, Coronado, Ca 92118

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*Can you find Dennis in his '35 Ford?*

