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The Gravity Feed

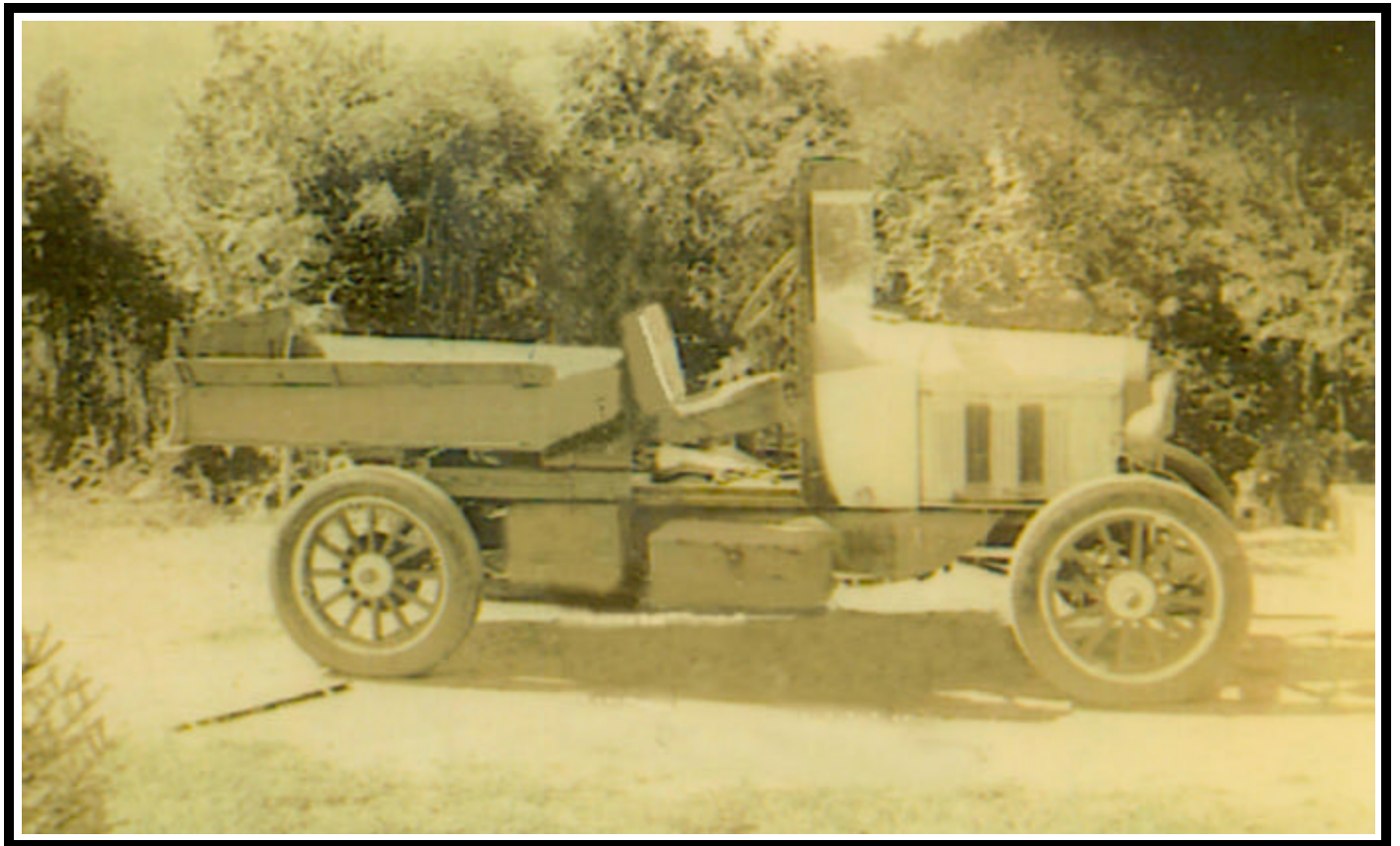
"Best Newsletter 1998"

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Henry" the Model T



"A long forgotten snapshot of "Henry" became the focal point from which numerous memories rebound." (story page 7)

Next Gravity Feed May-June

Copy Due April 15th

URL <http://clubs.hemmings.com/lakeshore/>

From the Editor

This month the *Gravity Feed* was left in the good hands of Ron and Gloria while Lea and I were finishing up our annual trek to Myrtle Beach. I stuffed the pages with material that was in reserve, knowing that Ron would smooth out the rough edges.

I hope the Club had a nice winter. I look forward to some good times with the Club and our Model A in the year 2001.

I invite Ron to add comments as he may choose in the space below.

Fred

Upcoming Events; Y2K+1

**All regular meetings are on the second Tuesday
Concord Lutheran Church, 485 Holmes Road,
Rochester, NY**

Mark your calendars; Details to follow in later issues of the *Gravity Feed*

- Mar 13 Regular meeting
- Mar 29 Thursday. Maple Tree Inn for pancakes; MacBrides; Chili-Paul Plaza, 10:00AM
- Apr 5-8 2001 Membership Meeting, Verona, NY Mohican Model "A" Club, Turning Stone Casino
- Apr 10 Regular meeting
- May 6 Ham and Leeks
- May 8 Regular meeting
- May 19 (3rd Sat) Dunkirk
- June 5-9 National Meet Williamsburg, VA
- June 12 Regular meeting – last until fall
An over night trip to be planned by Barnharts and Al Regers
- June 25-29 2001 National Meet, Cincinnati, OH Ohio Valley Region
- July Poker run; to be planned
- August Corn Roast; date to be set
- August 11 Car Show to resume at Ontario Beach
- August 20 turtle Stone Festival
Hawn picnic; date to set
- Sept. 9 (2nd Sun) Wampsville
- Sept 11 Regular meetings resume
- Oct. 7 (1st Sun) Foliage trip
- Oct. 9 Regular meeting
Brown's Berry Patch
- No regular meeting in November
- Nov. 11 (2nd sun) Planning meeting
- No regular meeting in December
- Dec. ? (? Sun) Christmas Party; Greenauers

DIRECTOR'S REMARKS

Here it is March! Springtime! Guess what? Time to get Model A's cleaned up, tuned up and ready for our driving events.

This year is going to be fun-filled and exciting. Our first outing, March 29th, to the Maple Tree Inn is for a pancake breakfast. Maybe we will be able to drive some Model A's!

It is important to get our cars on the road. If you need any help please let me know. We can perhaps get a group together or make a run down to Belfast and get some help from Bob.

I have heard some rumors around that there might be a tour with antique cars. Let,s hope.

There is a lot of planning to be done for our car show August 15th. It is later this year because of all the work being done in Charlotte.

In closing, if your car isn't running right and you don't let someone know that you can't get it out of the garage, you must start now to get ready.

Enjoy all of the springtime flowers.

Stu Caswell

Close-up of the Month



Sixth Annual Rust Buster to Canaseraga

It is again time to get our cars out and drive to Canaseraga for our ham and leek dinner.

Once again we ride to the train depot for a tour, then over to the Angelica Village Inn for tea and crumpets on the front porch, then over to Belfast to say hello to Bob and Gail Bou-lain and then back to Rochester.

If you plan on attending, please give me a call by May 2nd. We meet at the Chili Paul Plaza at 9:45 in the morning.

Stu Caswell

Henry the Model T

Fred Hauck May 21, 2000

This is a story about a 1927 Model T named "Henry" that had a memorable impact on the lives of people who lived in a small Pennsylvania farming community. A long forgotten snapshot of "Henry" became the focal point from which numerous memories rebound.

The Louis Hauck farm was located about two miles west of Curwensville, PA. The 25 acre farm was adjoined on the north by Ned Spencer's 140 acres, on the east by Clarence Bell's 30 acres, on the west by Amos Thomas' 5 acres, and all these were surrounded by huge acreage of wood lands owned by one land owner. My Uncle Charlie Hauck, his wife Martha, and daughters Donna and Ruth lived at the western edge of our farm.

Half of our farm was woodland and the other half was under cultivation or pasture. The rocky and hilly terrain made cultivation of crops a challenge. A mine shaft was dug into the side hill to provide coal for home use. The 14 inch vein of soft coal was not productive enough for commercial mining. Dad worked at the local brick yard and ran the farm on spare time. He was busy at all times. The family was kept busy tending cows, pigs, chickens and doing the farming chores. All the heavy farming was done with one horse. Pulling weeds, hoeing corn, picking stone off the fields and hauling out manure were chores done with manual labor, and had little reward for a youngster growing up in the mid thirties.

However, the spring of 1941 brought some changes to our farm community. That is when Dad bought a homemade tractor that a local farmer had built from a Model A truck.

I remember the first time it was hooked up to the one-horse plow. It just sat there and spun it's wheels. It wasn't heavy enough for that job. Dad was disgusted with it and never tried to use it again. On the other hand, my brother, Dean, sixteen years old at the time, hitched the tractor to the lighter farm implements and easily worked the fields after Dad plowed with the horse. At about the same time, Dad bought a 1937 Plymouth Sedan Delivery. This was the first car we had for pleasure and business trips. Uncle Charlie bought a 1927 Model T and named it Henry at about this time.

Dean figured that if he let me drive the tractor now and then, I would help him pick stones and haul manure. That worked for both of us and I started looking forward to the next chore we could do together. I sat on the tractor between jobs and did dry runs shifting gears, double clutching and feeding gas while slowly releasing the clutch. The last ride I had on the tractor with Dean was one night after dark while he was dragging a plowed field. My job was to sit on the differential to add a little weight for traction. The casing of the worm drive got so hot I had to get off after the first hour. The next week, while Dean was dragging a field for Mr. Beitz, the Model A tractor threw a rod and that ended its career. We had used the tractor from early spring to late fall.

Ned Spencer was the original owner of a 1927 Model T Huckster. My Uncle Charlie bought Ned's Model T and converted it to a small dump truck. During the summer of 1941, Uncle Charlie used the Model T, now named "Henry", to haul dirt from the basement of his house. Henry was backed down a ramp into the basement, loaded by hand,

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driven to a bank and dumped. One time Uncle Charlie backed up too far and went 300 feet down the hill backwards. That must have been an exciting ride. By the end of that summer, the basement was dug out and "Henry" was for sale. It just happened that when our home made tractor threw a rod, Uncle Charlie was ready to sell his Model T.

Dean worked out a deal with Uncle Charlie to buy the Model T. It cost him \$15.00 along with cutting down a few pine trees. We had Henry just in time to help with the fall projects like hauling manure and firewood. By this time I was getting handy with driving and the T was easy to drive. The Model T was harder to start on the magneto than on the battery and most of the time the battery was dead. We solved that problem by parking on a hill above the barn. I learned to start the engine while coasting down hill. That worked fine until I stalled where I couldn't coast to start. Then I had to wait for Dean to start it with the crank. Dean seldom had to haul manure because I would beat him to it so I could drive the Model T. I couldn't drive it around unless I was doing a useful chore. For some reason, no one ever stopped me from hauling manure.

We used the Model T from the fall of 1941 to the spring of 1943. During the summer of 1942, Dad extended the house 12 feet on the north side. That area had to be excavated for a basement after the extension was in place. One side of the new room was left open so dirt could be thrown out. The T was parked close to the wall, and every day after school, Dean dug dirt and threw it up 12 feet to the bed of the truck. Then while he dug more dirt loose, I drove the Ford to the road side and dumped the dirt over the bank. On one of

those trips to dump dirt, Dean was driving, and Ernest and I were standing on the floor boards. Dean backed up too close to the bank and we went backwards down a 30 foot slope into the woods. Ernest had lost his balance and by the time we stopped he had fallen through the open frame and was standing on the ground. He wasn't hurt, but it was a close call. It took Dean a couple days to cut trees down so he could get the T back on the road. Dean also dug large stones out of the bank along the road for the new wall. He loaded the stone and I hauled it to the house and dumped it where the mason could use it. Dean and I slept in the barn for three months that summer while the house was being enlarged.

Trips were made into the woods with the Model T to get kindling wood. We burned coal for cooking and heating, but needed lots of kindling to start the coal fire in the mornings. On those trips we sometimes overloaded Henry and couldn't make it up the hills. We found that by turning around we could back up a hill that we couldn't climb driving forward. Reverse appeared to have a lower gear ratio than low. Stories are told about the Model T being backed up hill so gasoline would flow from under the seat to the carburetor. In 1927, the gas tank was up in the cowl like the Model A and fuel flow was no problem for Henry.

Also in 1942, Dad bought a 1930 Model A to make another home made tractor. That car was given to Dean to drive on the highway and was never converted to a tractor. Dean now had a 1930 Model A Tudor Sedan and was interested in keeping it road worthy. He was happy to have me haul manure while he worked on his Model A and I was happy

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hauling manure alone so I could drive the T. One afternoon I was hauling manure while Dean was inside the barn working on his Model A. The manure pile hadn't thawed out from the winter and some of the frozen lumps couldn't be spread. I devised a plan where I would dump piles of manure in the field to spread later after it thawed out. After lining up about ten piles of manure in a row I started running over them to break them up with the crank and front axle. On this day, the gas tank was almost full and the lid wasn't on tight. As the Ford bounced over one pile after another, a small amount of gasoline splashed out and ran down between the tank and cowl to the hot exhaust manifold.

By the time I arrived at the barn, flames were coming up through the floor boards. Realizing flames were not compatible with barns, I stomped on the reverse and brake pedals with both feet, slid to a halt and yelled for Dean. Dean ran from the barn with a burlap sack and flogged at the flames but flames continued to burn inside the cowl for a few minutes. I thought it was going to explode, but it burned out after the fuel was gone. That was probably the most exciting thing that happened while we had the Model T.

In February of 1943 the ground had thawed out and then the top 3 inches of surface froze over the mud. I loaded up the T with manure and drove on the field, thinking it would support the load. As soon as I stopped, all four wheels broke the ice and Henry sunk in to the axles. After spreading the manure I had to abandon the Ford in the mud because it just wouldn't move. It was two days before the ground froze again and Dean had time to get it loose.

Some time around the end of February, Dean found someone in Clearfield who wanted a Model T engine to run a cutoff saw. He would trade a 1929 Model A running chassis for the Model T. Dean already knew he would be drafted into the army as soon as school was out. I'm sure he was thinking of me when he made the trade. The Model A would be easier for me to operate than a Model T while he was away.

So, on a cold winter day, Dean borrowed the 37 Plymouth to tow the Model T to Clearfield and bring home the '29 Ford. I would steer the T and we would return with the A. Everything went wrong. First we went up the hill to start the Model T. It wouldn't move because the parking brake was frozen. Dean poured hot water on the back wheels for 30 minutes before they broke loose. We towed the Model T as far as Curwensville and a tire went flat on the Plymouth. It took about an hour to get that fixed. As we headed for Clearfield, I started to freeze because I was in an open car doing 40 mph and the outside temperature was below freezing. Dean was worried about me and stopped a couple times to check on me. When he stopped, I started shaking but when moving I didn't shake. I told him to keep going and we did.

We got within a mile or so of the destination which was on a rural dirt road. It had started snowing and drifting. A local farmer was trying to open the road with his Fordson tractor, but there was no way for us to continue on. Dean left me in the Plymouth with the heater running and walked in to consult with the man doing the trade. It was late afternoon when he returned. The Model T was left in a driveway for later delivery. That was the last time I saw "Henry" the Model T. A couple

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weeks later Dean took one of his buddies and brought home the 1929 Model A.

As it turned out, Dean sold the '29 Ford to a buddy and converted his 1930 Sedan to a pickup truck for me. He did this just before going to the Army. The 1930 Model A was my vehicle for the next four years and I used it to do all the things Dean taught me to do with Henry the Model T. I named it the Greyhound and it was very special.

Epilogue

Donna Hauck Reed and I were reminiscing about the old days and talking about the Model T when Donna men-

tioned that her Dad had taken a picture of the Model T. She also remembered that they had named the car "Henry". I was quite excited about that and asked to borrow the picture to make a copy. I received a small snapshot of Henry the following week.

This story would not have been written if I hadn't discovered the existence of Henry's picture. After seeing Henry's picture and pondering all the memories it brought, I realized there was a story to tell.

Club Web site URL and e-mail address

URL; <http://clubs.hemmings.com/lakeshore/>
Art Drummond, Secretary; adrummond3@yahoo.com

Lakeshore Model A Ford Club Membership Application

Name _____ Spouse's Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Year and Model of Antique car(s) _____

Lakeshore Club dues are \$15.00 per year. Send to Lakeshore Model A Ford Club, c/o Sue Smith, 513 Stony Point Road, Spencerport, NY 14559. **Membership in the Model "A" Restorers Club (MARC) is mandatory (\$26.00 annual dues)**, which includes six issues annually of the Model "A" News. Send payment to:

MARC, 24800 Michigan Avenue, Dearborn, Michigan 48124-1713



Fred Hauck
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Address Correction Requested

Officers

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Historical Note about this Newsletter

The name and art work for the *Gravity Feed* was inspired by Henry Ford's design of the Model A fuel system. Fuel flowed to the carburetor by force of gravity, eliminating the need for a fuel pump.

"Gravity Feed" was suggested by Rae Waugh. Shirley Rheinwald was first Editor. The title page, designed by Jeff Stoneham, was first used in November, 1983.

E-mail Editor; hauckfd@mindspring.com

The *Lakeshore Model A Ford Club*, which is a Charter Region of the *Model "A" Restorers Club (MARC)*, and a Chapter of the *Model A Ford Club of America (MAFCA)*, was founded on May 4, 1974. The purpose of the Club is to serve as a medium of exchange of ideas, information and parts for admirers of the original Model A Ford automobile.

Membership has grown to exceed 60 families in its first 25 years. Club members have purchased and restored numerous Model A Ford cars and trucks for use in activities involving its members. Diversified social activities are planned throughout the year by club members with emphasis on the use of the Model A and family participation. Regular meetings are held the second Tuesday of the month at 7:30 PM (excluding the summer months) at the *Concord Lutheran*

Church, 485 Holmes Road, Rochester, NY. These regular meetings are devoted to conducting Club business, planning Club activities, and sharing general information about the Model A Ford.

Other meetings are set up to facilitate technical seminars dealing with maintenance. The club participates in activities with neighboring Regions of MARC, and tours locally on a monthly basis throughout the summer. Club participation in National Meets has been increasing, and in 1996 the *Lakeshore Model A Ford Club* hosted the MARC National Meet in Rochester, NY.

Club membership does not require ownership of a Model A Ford. New members are welcome to draw on Club experience before buying or restoring a Model A.