

THE DISTRIBUTOR

JOHN TULLIUS-editor

TILLIE JONES -publisher

Vol 3 No. 4

M.A.F.C.A. ORANGE COUNTY CHAPTER

Apr. 1964

MEETING

We're meeting again folks.

TIME: 7:30 PM

PLACE: Izaak Walton Club House
1714 Santa Clara, Santa Ana

DATE: Thursday, April 9, 1964

ECHOES OF MAR. 12TH MEETING

The attendance at this meeting was hardly hampered by the dampness encountered by some 40 zealous members and visitors.

As most of our meetings are quite interesting to 'A' lovers, this one was no exception. It was highlighted by a fine question and answer period, which kept all present awake and eager to learn more about their beloved 4-banger.

Many of the questions were being answered by one of our senior members, who I'm told knows where of he speaks, his name, Herb Green of Fullerton, his model 'A' a 1930 closed cab pickup.

So don't forget to attend next meeting for more fun, and bring your suggestions

DEADBEAT DEADLINE

Since this publication only reaches paid-up members, maybe this plea will seem a bit ludicrous, anyhow the point remains, there are just too many regular "visitors" at our meetings.

Our board members, at last meeting came to a decision on this matter, where by visitors will be allowed attendance at two meetings.

POKER RUN

It was a barrel of fun for about 25 participants, the secret destination turned out to be Irvine park. Those who brought picnic lunches partook of same, and after some tire-kicking, the poker hands were evaluated and trophies were awarded, 1st and 3rd places went to the Scott's, and 2nd place to the Joneses. Also, since there seemed to be no apparent hard-luck in the crowd, that trophy went to 4th place Bill Vaughn. 'Oddly enough Bill won the hard-luck trophy a couple of years ago when we staged an identical run.

RALLY ROUND THE VALLEY

by Stephen Hazard

On sunday, march 15, Stephen Hazard and Mike Knowles arose at 7:00 AM to attend the rally round the valley tour.

The boys arrived at Los Angeles Jr. College at about 9:00 AM. After paying registration fee they had a chance to inspect some of the 60 odd cars that attended. Among these was a beautifully restored 1930 fire engine.

But at last the tour began and cars were started off at 2 minutes intervals. With the arrival of the cars at each check point the navigators were given the chance to play certain games such as, guessing the amount of nuts and bolts in a bottle, or assembling various screws and bolts on a board, similar to a co-ordination test.

The final check point was Lang park where everyone kicked tires and ate their picnic lunches.

The exact mileage for the rally was 60.8 miles while the total round-trip mileage from santa Ana was 172 miles.

Incidentally Mike and Steve a 3rd place trophy for games.

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APRIL 26 TOUR

The tour originally scheduled for that fatal and dark november has been re-scheduled for april 26.

This tour will take us on a scenic round trip to Palos Verdes and will be engineered by Bob (Goldstone) Twyman and Co.

We will leave Rossmoor shopping center (in front of the bowling alley) at 12:00

Lunch stop (or bring your own) at Marineland about 1:00 PM, and proceed on tour. Sounds like great sport.

MAY 16-17 CAMPOUT

Feel like roughing it for a night? Then here's your chance gang. Just put up your nap sack, tent, lean-to camper or other portable abode, strap it to your model 'A' and you're on your way. Arrive at O'Neil park anytime on the 16th, find our gang and have a good time.

You'll find O'Neil park by heading south out of Santa Ana (on the freeway) get off at El Toro Road and head north (left) to Cooks Corner, keep right at this "Y" and you'll soon be there.

All chapters, incidentally, are welcome to join us, no games, prizes, etc. But some possible group singing, etc., will take place.

We understand that M.A.R.C. of San Diego will be at the park on a similar outing. Could it be we're playing copy cat?

'A' MODEL NUMBLINGS

"Bill" Mel Howell and Joe Eatherton Sr. offered to help me out by sending out the newsletter. - Did you see Mr. Smiths letter to the editor in the Restorer? - Andy Baudino is still spending all available time in his garage, and he keeps

mumbling "gotta make Idyllwild". - In order to keep A. Baudino happy, our Pres. Eatherton sold him some kingpins and made sure they all had ford stamped on them. - Hear Dierberger's 'A' truck is looking great mit der new side wood. Herb Green offered the use of his rod and main bearing wrench to members. - Sorry Jack Hilton couldn't make the poker run, but he tried-----

HANDY HINT

BY Robinson & Tulip

So as not to gall your nicely painted wheel hubs, do this; press into the lug wrench some material such as rubber, felt, or similar material. This will shim the wrench head away from your painted hub, and at the same time will cushion the rounded head of your cad plated lug nuts. Also try wrapping the end of the lug wrench with electricians tape, for this will help minimize scratching of spokes.

NOTE

Anyone having 8mm film of any of our events, please bring them to our next meeting.

CLASSIFIED ADS

SELL

Car carrier (trailer) \$150.00
Dennis Bradley 827-2306

19" tires 0 \$4.00 each
Mr. Tulip LA 8-4890

1930 'A' Coupe, good running condition,
best offer. Bob Quinn JE 7-2880

SWAP

Oogah horn for good luggage rack.
Phil Jou Jon Roche KI 9-3567

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OBJECTIVE: GOLDSTONE

By Bill Hazel

Don't ever let anyone tell you that the Model 'A' has seen it's better days and is becoming obsolete, because we can prove it just isn't so. Late in 1962, four of us took a 1931 model 'A' pick-up on as wild a trip into the desert above Barstow as any Jeep ever built has gone on.

We left Buena Park on Saturday morning, August 25, 1962 at 2:10 a.m. with Bob Twyman, the owner driving. The old 'A' managed to chug us into Barstow at 5:30 in time to see the sunrise on a beautiful day. Our eventual destination was Goldstone, a supposed ghost town far out in the desert below the Goldstone tracking range and just at the edge of the U.S. Navy Ordnance firing range. We had planned this trip with great care with an eye to exploring one of the fabulous "lost" ghost towns that you hear so much about, but never see.

At about 8:00, we left the paved road and turned north onto two rutted dirt trails leading out into a vast wasteland, depending only on our compass and the old model 'A' to carry us safely over fifty miles of some of the roughest country in the west. Our geological survey maps showed an unimproved dirt road that was to take us over the mountains to Goldstone, but it soon petered out and left us axle deep in soft sand, finding our way as best we could.

We finally had to stop and change the original 19 inch tires for a set of 800 x 15 on the rear, which we kept inflated at only 12 pounds. We kept the 19 inch tires on the front and found that we had hit upon a happy combination for the old model 'A' would sink almost to the frame in soft sand and would pull right out and keep on going with practically no trouble whatsoever in steering a rather erratic straight course.

We also found that the narrow width of the 'A' made it possible for us to

climb small gullies with one wheel on each side and nameuver between boulders that I believe a Jeep would have been unable to navigate.

We didn't make too good time getting across the desert into Goldstone, mainly because of several side trips we took in order to investigate abandoned mines or buildings and because one of our party became separated from the truck and almost lost while trying to find the nonexistent road that our geological survey maps very clearly had said was there.

We very nearly upset the truck at one point, when we unexpectedly roared into a pocket of soft sand and the truck slewed sideways. The only thing that averted this tragedy was the little two wheeled trailer that faithfully tagged along behind us. It seemed to hang onto the rear of the bed and keep us from going so far around that we couldn't recover. Two of the guys in the party got a large charge out of straddling this bouncing, pitching, rough riding little trailer and riding it like a wild horse. It was great fun, but rather hard on the posterior when Bob would sail into a chuck hole, or bounce off of a half hidden boulder in the trail.

We were all a rather weary bunch of dirty, disheveled travelers when we finally inched our way down thru a rain washed ravine into the outskirts of our fabulous "ghost town" only to find that it was a thriving weekend metropolous with a full time caretaker and scores of well-kept resort cabins. Imagine also when we found out that there was a recently graded two lane road leading in that was traveled every weekend by all makes of automobiles and that we had put a very faithful, hard working old model A thru an entirely unnecessary, grueling, but extremely exciting desert adventure.

OUR SINCERE THANKS TO MR. BILL HAZEL, AUTHOR, AND TO THE TWYMANS, WHO HELPED INSPIRE THIS FINE ARTICLE.....