

# THE DISTRIBUTOR

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Editors, John and Anne Shattuck

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MODEL A FORD CLUB OF AMERICA  
ORANGE COUNTY CHAPTER



Special Issue  
on

Albuquerque  
Natl. Meet!

# AUGUST MEETING

DATE: August 11, 1966  
 TIME: 7:30 pm  
 PLACE: Izaak Walton Club House  
 1714 Santa Clara, Santa Ana

MEETING: Our guests this evening will be a man from the Cunningham Car Museum, Costa Mesa. Also, with luck, we'll see slides of the Albuquerque Meet.

## CALENDAR

AUGUST 21 Swap Meet, presented by Long Beach Model T Club, in Heartwell Park on Carson in Long Beach

AUGUST 26-28 Idyllwild Campout sponsored by Jewel City MAFCA. ORANGE COUNTY has always been noted for its large turnout at this campout - let's not spoil our record this year!

PT. 17-18 Antique Auto Club of America Natl. Fall Meet & Swap Meet. Lockheed Air Terminal, Burbank.

SEPT. 18 1st. Annual Swap Meet, Pleasant Valley Restorer's Club, Ponderosa North Shopping Center, Camarillo

SEPT. 24-25 Rim of the World Tour, sponsored by Whittier MAFCA

SEPT. 25 Santa Anita Field Meet at the Race-track. Sponsored by HCCSC

OCTOBER 16 Trophy & Swap Meet, Pomona Fair Grounds, sponsored by Pomona MAFCA

OCTOBER 16 Swap Meet sponsored by Palomar Old Car Club at Poway Village, 14150 Midland Rd., Poway, Calif.

OCTOBER 16 Swap Meet sponsored by MTFCS at South Gate Park on Pinehurst, north of Tweedy.

OCTOBER 22 ORANGE COUNTY'S 4TH ANNUAL ROUNDUP AT KNOTT'S BERRY FARM

NOVEMBER 27 Swap Meet sponsored by San Fernando Valley MTFCS at Olive Recreational Park, San Fernando.

## NOTES FROM THE EDITOR

This month's Distributor is devoted to a fascinating account of the Baudinos' and Robinsons' trip to Albuquerque, in their respective Model As, for the MAFCA National Convention. Many thanks to Mary for diligently keeping a running record of their journey.

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A special thanks to all those club members who have already submitted articles and biographical sketches for the Distributor. This material will be used in the next several issues.

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WHERE ARE ALL THOSE WHAT ADS AND RECIPE CARDS?

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The following is the first in a series of recipes which we will be printing for your enjoyment:

### SPOKE WHEELS & LUG NUTS

by Sandy Antonacci

(She called them Chocolate Chip Cookies)

1 C shortning	1 1/2 C sifted flour
1 C brown sugar	1 t soda
1 C white sugar	1/2 t salt
1/2 t vanilla	1/2 t cinnamon
2 eggs	3 C oatmeal
	1 6-oz. pkg chocolate chips

Combine sugars, shortning, vanilla and eggs. Beat thoroughly. Sift flour w/ soda, salt and cinnamon. Add to shortning mixture and mix thoroughly. Fold in oatmeal and chocolate chips. Bake at 350 F for 15 min.

NATIONAL MAFCA CONVENTION, 1966

or

There's a Long, Long Trail A'Windin' to Get to Albuquerque, N.M.

NOTE: If some of the following account seems confused, it's because this journal is reprinted here just as I wrote it when it happened. Aside from maybe a comma here or there, or an extra sentence added to clarify, I haven't made any changes. - M.R.

SUNDAY, July 24, 5:00 pm Under way. The first 40 or 50 miles of any trip must always be spent in saying "O my golly, did I remember to..." At any rate, that's what we've been doing. It's a good thing we decided not to take David, because there wouldn't have been room for him in the back seat! We're jammed.

1st stop- the beginning of the Cajon Pass. We're both boiling to beat the band. Rosemary wants to go back home and get the Volkswagen, but we're shaming her.

2nd stop- halfway up the hill. Oh dear, we'll never get to Albuquerque at this rate! Even the fellows are feeling gloomy.

3rd stop- 7:00- Andy thinks there's something wrong with his carburetor. Oh great.

On the road again. Andy keeps pointing cheerfully at all the late model cars boiling at the side of the road.

8:00- Barstow. We're stopping for gas and dinner (temperature gauge is staying down now)

Long ride in the night. It's unbelievably hot for this time of night. Stopped at a little station in the middle of nowhere for water; attendant said it was "cooler today - only 112 - it was 120 day before yesterday."

1:30 am- Needles (96)- Every station attendant reports seeing A's on route in the last day or so - guess we won't be the only ones there.

4:00 am, Kingman, Arizona. Staggered into town and to motel. Next sounds from group about noon Monday.

MONDAY. After breakfast and replenishing supplies, off again about 3:00 pm. It's fairly cool, overcast, and there were even a few raindrops. If we get into any real rain, the Robinsons will have to run for cover - the roof leaks! (We had to practically drag Andy out of town - a native told him of some A parts "out there aways." In Arizona talk, that could be 30 miles or more.) Boy, is gas ever high! We've paid up to 43¢ a gallon so far. Guess we're using the wrong credit card.

3:45 pm- Stopped to offer aid to 2 Model A's along the road. They came from San Jose to Barstow in one day, and crossed the desert during the hottest part of the day. Ugh!

(Going up some of these grades, it's a race to see which will reach the top first: the cars or the temperature gauge!)

5:00 pm- Rain! Not a downpour, but enough to keep everything cooled off. Much of the road between Kingman and Flagstaff is a deep, brick red color...an interesting change from our own highways.

7:30 pm- Dinner stop at Flagstaff. More A's on the road now. The roads are good, and the weather couldn't be better.

1:00am - Trouble. We've had a flat. What a desolate area (about an hour from Gallup, just outside the Navajo Indian Reservation.) Andy didn't stop; we wondered where our buddy was, but he came walking back toward us - something mysterious is making his wheels rattle (Indian curse, maybe?)

2:30 am- Gallup at last! We've traveled about 350 miles today, and we're ready to stop. We've got what seems to be the last room in Gallup - we've sure had to hunt for it. The motel lights went out as soon as he handed us our key.

TUESDAY, 11:30 am- When the rest of us finally were able to open our eyes, Eager Beaver Gene had been up for several hours, with the flat repaired, oil changed, claxon horn mended, and heaven knows what else. Breakfast, then on with the last leg of our Journey - 138 miles to Albuquerque.

Uh-oh, hit a snag. Baudino's idle jet clogged. 15 minutes of alternate praying and swearing, and we're set to go.

We met several fellows from the Four-Banger Chapter on their way to the meet. They're planning to finish the trip as they started it: non-stop. (That news made all of us feel extremely old; we could never do it.)

More trouble for the Baudinos; this is our 3rd stop today, and we haven't even gotten out of Gallup! More lightning - looks as though we're driving into more rain. The people along the road are sure friendly - our arms are getting tired of waving back.

4:30 pm- Oh, for goodness sake! Here we are, sitting smack in the middle of Route 66, waiting for them to finish dynamiting the nearby hills! We've got a string of cars behind us easily a mile long.

6:00 pm- We made it!! We're actually in Albuquerque! We got to the Western Skies Motel (Convention Headquarters) and since our reservations don't begin till Wednesday, we've been given a suite, regularly \$36 a day, for the price our other rooms would be. We feel terribly luxurious.

Friends from home already. Bert Johnston, a former citizen of this city, is visiting friends here, and drove in to check on things just as we drove up. He's made arrangements with a friend who owns a local garage to let Andy use all facilities Wednesday to spruce up his car for judging. Nobody else from Orange County seems to have shown up yet.

WEDNESDAY afternoon- VERY, VERY LATE IN THE DAY- Oh, my achin' bones! We've spent all day at the garage, cleaning up Andy's car. With 6 of us working since 9 this morning (Baudinos, Robinsons, Bert and Tom Johnston) we're about halfway finished cleaning. We've decided 2 things: trailoring your car to a National Meet can't be all bad! and: Model A wives probably have more muscles than anybody but lady wrestlers.

Oh, that car! The underneath is immaculate - it's hard to believe that the bottom of any car that's been driven 800 HARD, rainy miles can look so great. The work that Andy has put in on it for the past couple of years is beginning to be

apparent; even to a novice like me. We've got more bottles and cans and jars and brushes and cloths and tools and what have you than most hardware stores! Now I see why Andy and Rosemary brought 3 suitcases, then laid most of their clothes across the back seat!

There's more touch-up painting to do on the body, then the engine cleanup, and final touches on the interior. It's a good thing we got here a day earlier than we expected--otherwise Simon Legree Baudino probably wouldn't even let us break for supper! Gene, who never know when to quit kidding, kept asking him things like "You want us to pry the rock out of the tire tread don't you?" And Andy would say "My gosh, yes! Then give the tread 3 more coats of wax!" My career as a showcar owner's apprentice has got to be short - I'll never live through it! That car is a real beauty; it's bound to be at least close to being a trophy winner.

It's been raining a good part of this afternoon. We're sure fortunate to be able to keep Andy's car inside; I drove back to the motel for a few minutes this afternoon, and 5 or 6 owners were standing out in the rain, scrubbing away!

The Boofs got in about noon today from Kansas. They had a windshield broken along the road (guess we Model Aers were pretty lucky.) We're all planning to go out to eat tonight in Old Town, Albuquerque's Indian version of Olvera Street, only nicer.

THURSDAY-- Coffee and donuts, gratis, in the motel lobby, then a parade of all the A's through Albuquerque. It's pretty impressive, believe me, to see (and hear) a string of 300 or so Model As barrelling through the streets. The rumors that fly are amazing; nobody seems to know for sure what's what, but they overheard something that they're sure is right. Word is that there are just under 300 cars registered so far; that 175 will be chosen for final judging, and so on. We ended the parade at the State Fairgrounds, where the cars were lined up 4 deep along a tree-lined street, for the pre-judging.

HOORAY!! We're over the first hurdle -- Andy's car got a blue ribbon, which means he is one of the 175 elite. He's running his car into the coliseum now, and the cars will be impounded a 5 this evening, so the next 3 hours are going to be frantic.

3 hours later...Well, that's that. They kicked us out of the coliseum at 5 sharp, after the whole crew (Baudinos, Robinsons, Bert Johnston and Tom and Jackie, and Pat Boof and Leslie) scrubbed and polished our jewel for the final time (times!) Bert Johnston (who, incidentally, is as big a fuss-budget as Baudino) insisted on wiping the last wipe.

All the cars are absolutely beautiful. There seems to be almost a surplus of Phaetons and A-400s. I didn't think there were that many around. We've spotted the two cars that will probably be Andy's hardest competition - another 2-door, '29, and a beautiful '28 coupe that has been a prize-winner for some time and has just been re-restored. The awards banquet isn't till Saturday evening, so we can't do much now but think of those million things we should have done.

The Sales got in today; the wiring in their brand new wagon burnt out in Noodles, of all places, and they twiddled their thumbs for nearly 3 days waiting for parts. They finally had to invent wiring because, Stew says, "Nobody -- but nobody could stay in Noodles longer than 3 days!" We told him he should have brought his A!

The Marshes are here now, and the Saczs also got here not long ago. None of them seem to have had too bad a trip here, unlike SOME late car drivers!

Tonight there's a tour up to the top of Sandia Peak, the 10,000 foot mountain nearby, via tramway, with dinner at the restaurant up there. How Andy persuaded Rosemary to make the trip, I don't know, since she doesn't even like to climb ladders!

FRIDAY- What a strange day this has been! None of us knows how to act without a polishing cloth in our hands. There was a welcoming breakfast this morning (which Orange County missed because we didn't get there in time) a tour of Albuquerque, a men's panel discussion with the National Board members, a tour to Old Town, then public showing of the cars at the coliseum at 50¢ a head for non-club members. The city has really turned out - Albuquerque is full of friendly, interested people. The whole Orange County crew - with the exception of the Marshes, who disappeared - went to Old Town to eat this evening, before seeing the cars. After looking over every one of the entries, Andy's car still looks like a top contender. Boy, are there ever some sharp cars. One of the most interesting has been modified by replacing the head, carburetor, and distributor, and installed overhead valves, downdraft carburetor, and so on, making it an authentic racing car of the thirties.

SATURDAY -- The beginning of the big day. Things began bright and early with the era clothing judging. Orange County's two representatives were Pat Boef and Gene. (Pat deserves a special trophy just for getting up we understand that most of Orange County, with the help of the Poco Quatros prexy and his wife, staged a marathon party that lasted well into the morning hours.) There were some really impressive costumes, including a couple who modeled wedding clothes, and two men who came out in old-fashioned BVD's. Also lots of children's things. Quite a show.

Next on the agenda was a luncheon and modern-day fashion show for the gals and a Ford seminar; a discussion of the Model A with slides and filmstrips by two representatives of Ford Motor Company, for the men. Gene says they probably started more arguments than they settled, but that it was most instructive.

Then came the National Swap Meet, which was rather sparse. (Who wants to sell it when they might need it for the return trip!)

BANQUET- WHOOPEE!!!! ORANGE COUNTY STRIKES AGAIN!!!! Yep, Andy did it! He placed First in the '28-'29 closed division! Pretty darned impressive for the first time out, isn't it? (Every one of the polishers gets to keep the trophy for a week, by prior arrangement!) The trophy is gorgeous; nearly 2 feet tall, with a cast Model A replica on top. Most handsome.

And to round out Orange County's honors, Pat Boef won a 3rd place ribbon in the Women's Daytime Wear category!! The dress she wore looks as though it had been made for her, and her hat (found just a few days ago in a trunk in her aunt's attic in Kansas) looked as though it had been made for the dress. Pat and Andy, Orange County salutes you!

FOOTNOTES to the Banquet: We sure had Andy's competition picked; the re-restored coupe got 2nd place, and the '29 sedan won 3rd. In fact, we even spotted the Sweepstakes car ahead of time - a really striking 2-door '31 deluxe Phaeton from Des Moines, Iowa. One of the cars from San Jose that we stopped to help along the road, won 3rd place in 30-31 closed category. One of the saddest parts of the meet was the news that the Amco parts car, a late-model station wagon, had been involved in a head-on collision, and that one of the men had been killed instantly, and the second was still in critical condition. (The Amco people donated the \$800 Sweepstakes trophy to MAFCA.) Harry Hoeker placed 1st in 30-31 closed, Chuck Peters won 1st in Owner-Restored for his station wagon, and Jack Dierberger's old Doulbe A truck placed 1st in Double A competition. The 1968 Convention site is Dallas, Texas.

SUNDAY- Well, there's nothing left to do now but to leave. Andy is waiting till everybody can take his picture (radio, newspaper, t.v., the whole works), then we're heading for Durango, Colorado, where most of Orange County will meet, to ride the old narrow-gauge railroad to Silverton, an old mining town, and where

the Baudinos and Robinsons will meet relatives of Andy's. The Late-Model Crowd is also planning to attend the Reno meet, at which the Antonaccis will join them.

POSTSCRIPT- Well, we're home at last. Andy has his trophy on his mantle, and his car back in his garage (he's got a job ahead of him just getting all the mud and dirt off it.) The favorite question to Andy the night of the banquet was "Well, Andy, when are you going to start restoring your trophy?" I think all who attended will agree that the Convention was a ball; things were run very smoothly, and except for the indifferent service at the Motel, not much could have been improved.

Final Casualty Count: 10 flat tires (8 of them the Robinsons), 3 condensers, (2 of them the Baudinos) and several unexplained squeaks, rattles and noises; all in all it was certainly an easier trip than any of the four of us had feared. Are we planning to go to Dallas in '68? Ask us again in 2 more years!

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#### OPEN LETTER TO THE CLUB

Andy and Rosemary Baudino have asked us to offer their thanks to all of the Orange County crew who worked so hard to help get their car ready for judging. He says that without all their help, he is sure he couldn't have done as well.

#### WANT ADS

WANTED: Rear window frame for A-400, measures  $13\frac{1}{2}$  x 7. This is identical to the roadster frame. Also need right side mount plate that fastens to the wheel rim, and a tail light with bracket. Have left side mount plate and 2/3 of a sport light as trading material for above items. Phil Joujon-Roche, 549-3500.

FOR SALE: Mike Fowler's '30 standard roadster currently stored in rafters of editor's garage. For additional information, call John Shattuck, JE 4-4217.

WANTED: Rear fenders and radiator for '30 sedan. John Shattuck, JE 4-4217.

FOR SALE: Camper complete. Will fit all Model A pickup beds except late '31. \$25. Gene Robinson, 637-5506.