

60th Anniversary Issue

The Ford Script



September 2023



Photo from the first MARC National Tour, organized and run by the Mount Vernon Region (now the George Washington Region) in 2009, taken in front of Montpelier



Dedicated to the restoration and preservation of Model A Fords

The Ford Script

Official publication of:
George Washington Chapter, Inc.
of the Model A Ford Club of America
and the Mount Vernon Region of the
Model A Restorers Club
3903 Old Lee Highway
Fairfax, VA 22030

Chapter meetings are held on the third Wednesday of every month at the American Legion Hall, 1355 Balls Hill Road, McLean, Virginia. Social meeting begins at 7:30 p.m. and the business meeting starts at 7:45. Members and guests are invited and encouraged to drive their antique cars to the meetings.

Chapter members are encouraged to belong to both MAFCA and MARC national clubs and the Model A Ford Museum (MAFFI). The chapter Web page on the Internet may be accessed by:

www.gwcmofa.org

Web Master: Greg Shepherd

Board of Directors

President	Milford Sprecher	301-830-2198
VP & Program Chairman	Hank Zajic	571-328-8511
Activities Chairman	Eugene Rainville	703-489-7321
Editor	Bill Sims	301-891-3616
Asst. Editor	Bruce Metcalf	952-288-3508
Secretary	Dave Greenwood	703-801-5526
Membership Chairman	Jeff VanGorder	703-585-0007
Treasurer	Doug Tomb	703-967-5229
Assistant Treasurer	Bill Bass	301-221-6598
Annual Meet Chairman	John Dougherty	571-228-9567
Tool Chairman	Benny Leonard	703-863-5814
Youth Development	James Kolody	703-795-9301
National Liaison	Doug Tomb	703-967-5229

Appointed Positions

Concessions Chairman	(vacant)	
Club Librarian	Jay Melton	703-966-7719
Historian/Archivist	(vacant)	
Sunshine Chairman	Jim Gray	410-353-0381
Technical Advisor	Tom Terko	240-463-6455

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

This special Script edition follows on the 50 Anniversary edition from a decade ago with much the same content. That's because the stories published then captured the history of the Club so well and bear repeating for all those who joined the Club after 2013 to give them an idea of how the Club began, its history to the present as well as an updating of award members, life members and Club presidents. The biggest addition is a 6-page history from Clem Clement, who adds quite a bit to what is covered in the other articles.

Bill Sims

A BRIEF CLUB HISTORY

As far back as 1949 when Willard Kidd was driving his 1931 Roadster to his job as bridge tender at the Memorial Bridge, (that car is now owned by Bill Benedict) he, Jack Knowles and others decided to form a club devoted to the Model A. The Club was known as the Model A Club of America or (MACA).

Model A Restorers Club (MARC) formed in 1952. Model A Ford Club of America (MAFCA) in 1956.

MACA became the Potomac Chapter of the Model A Ford Club of America in 1958.

Mount Vernon Region of MARC chartered in 1962. Several members of both clubs decided to form a MAFCA chapter in the Mount Vernon area of Virginia.

The George Washington Chapter was chartered by MAFCA on May 11, 1963, with a 17-member limit.

On November 23, 1973, member Mac Spears proposed the 17-member rule be repealed, the motion was passed and the Club membership was opened to anyone who had an interest in the Model A.

New Board of Directors elected November 23, 1973, with Joe Thoma, President; Bill Worsham, Vice President; Bill Condon Sr., Secretary; and Andy Jaeger, Treasurer.

Regular monthly newsletter published by Bill Condon Sr. began on January 17, 1974. (Later published monthly by John and Jenny Dingle)

First car show held at Jerry's Ford on May 9, 1974, with Andy Jaeger and Bill Condon Jr. as cochairman and 75 cars on display.

Second car show held at Jerry's Ford on May 8, 1975 with over 150 cars on display. With room only for 100 cars, a new location had to be found.

First car show held at Sully Plantation on June 13, 1976, with Bill Worsham as Chairman.

George Washington Chapter assumed the Mount Vernon Region MARC charter on February 2, 1978, and became a dual MAFCA/MARC club.

>>>>>>>

A BRIEF CLUB HISTORY (Cont.)

The George Washington Chapter hosted the 10th annual MAFCA meet on June 28, 1978, at the Thomas Jefferson Center in Arlington with John Dingle as chairman.

The first post-Sully Pancake Breakfast and Picnic was held at Andy and Ellen Jaeger's Potomac River-front property circa 1978, initially to use up all the surplus food from Sully the week before, and has been held there almost every year since.

First issue of *The Script* published—September 1980 by Dave Meyersburg.
(First electronic publication of *The Script*—January 2011)

Club celebrated its 25th anniversary in August 1988 with a huge pig picking. The pig picking is still an annual picnic GWC event. Other annual events still occur--Small Parts Day, Summer Picnic at Sully, Indoor/Outdoor Flea Markets, December Brown Bag, and the Christmas Party.

Club hosted the first MARC National Tour in Charlottesville on September 17, 2009, with Woody Williams as chairman.

First lady President, Charlene Beckner, elected December 2010.

Club held their 40th antique car show on June 16, 2013, at Sully Historic Site.

Club celebrated its 50th Anniversary on July 21, 2013.

Club introduces a college scholarship program for children, grandchildren or great grandchildren of GWC members, 2014.

Club updates its by-laws for the first time in 25 years, 2014.

Club board votes to retire the MARC Region name of Mount Vernon and unify the Club's name under both national clubs as the George Washington Chapter/Region of MAFCA and MARC, January 24, 2018.

Club adopts new logo, April 2018

Club celebrated its 60th Anniversary on August 19, 2033, at Mount Vernon.

THE GWC'S CLUB PRESIDENTS

At the June 1998, General Meeting, 12 former GWC Presidents were awarded special name tags by sitting President Clem Clement. They then sat for this photo. Seven Presidents who were still living at the time but were unable to attend the meeting were: Joe Thoma, Gordon Sanford, John Dingle, Tom Shaw, Walt Bratton, Richard Dove and Bobby Harrington.



Standing: Andy Pogan, Jerry Breedlove, Wayne Parker, Bill Worsham, John Howell, Millard Springer, and Clem Clement

Seated: Art Storer, Chuck Zierdt, Don Temple, Peyton Randolph, Jim Cartmill and Bob Wild

GWC Club Presidents

Clem Griffin	1964	Charles M. Moltz	1965	Robert Moore	1966
Clem Griffin	1967-68	Gerald Pendergrass	1969	Donald Pope	1970-73
Joe Thoma	1974	Bill Worsham	1975	Bob Wild	1976
Art Richmond	1977	Wayne Parker	1978	Gordy Sanford	1979
John Dingle	1980	Tom Shaw	1981	John Howell	1982
Art Storer	1983	Don Temple	1984	Walt Bratton	1985
Chuck Zierdt	1986	Richard Dove	1987	Peyton Randolph	1988
Bobby Harrington	1989	John Howell	1990	Jerry Breedlove	1991
Andy Pogan	1992-93	Jim Cartmill	1994-95	Millard Springer	1996-97
Clem Clement	1998-99	Chuck Manns	2000 (Ja-Jn)	Stan Johnson	2000 (Jl-De)
Jon Phillips	2001-03	Woody Williams	2004-05	Paul Gauthier	2006
Tom Quigley	2007-10	Charlene Beckner	2011-13	Doug Tomb	2014-15
Jim Gray	2016-17	Tom Quigley	2019	Doug Tomb	2020-21
Luke Chaplin	2022	Milford Sprecher	2023		

Total who have served: 37

Longest serving: Tom Quigley—5 terms

LIFETIME MEMBERS

The criteria for Lifetime Honorary Membership are both qualitative and quantitative and may include any or all of the following:

- Outstanding and sustained service on behalf of the Club
- Sustained excellence in researching, restoring and maintaining the Model A Ford
- Outstanding and sustained contributions to the Model A hobby and to the Club
- Conspicuous, valuable and sustained helpfulness to other members

The following members and spouses met some or all of the criteria above and were awarded Lifetime Membership:

Bill and Carol Benedict	Clem and Sandy Clement
Paul and Laurel Gauthier	Andrew and Ellen Jaeger
Stan and Rosalind Johnson	Myrtie Lebkicker
Benny and Sharon Leonard	Howard Minners
Robert and Elsie Railey	Peyton and Hellen Randolph
Bill and Alice Sims	Millard and Judy Springer
Donald and Judy Temple	Joseph and Lorraine Thoma
Woody and Linda Williams	Bill Wood
Bill and Judy Worsham	

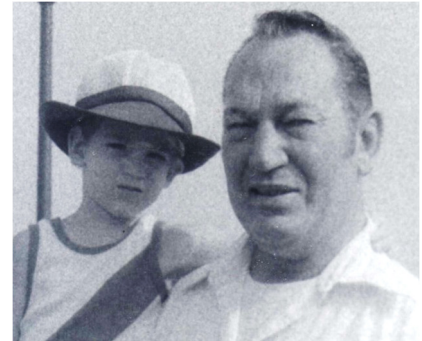
CARL PATRICK MEMORIAL AWARD RECIPIENTS

Carl Patrick was a member of this Club in the 1970s and '80s and set the standard for helping fellow club members in need. His philosophy became the guiding principles for bestowing this award. A Carl Patrick awardee should believe in the restoration and preservation of the Model A Ford "as Henry built it," be willing to share his knowledge of the Model A with his fellow members, give unselfishly of his time to help others restore and preserve the Model A Ford, and help promote the friendship and fellowship we all enjoy because of the Model A Ford. This award may only be given to one person a year. Those listed below met those criteria and were awarded the Carl Patrick Memorial Award:

Millard Springer	1985
Dick Lebkicker	1986
John Kandl	1987
Chuck Zierdt	1988
Bill Worsham	1990
Andy Pogan	1994
Don Temple	1997
Herschel Brummit	2000
Stan Johnson	2001
Tom Terko	2005
James Kolody	2019
Benny Leonard	2020

MY EXPERIENCE WITH MODEL A FORDS

(Joe Thoma was a member of the GWC for 45 years and was one of its past presidents. He moved to Colorado and held the status of Life Member. He passed away in 2015. This article, originally published in 3 parts in the August, October and December 1996 issues of The Ford Script, contains an intriguing look into our Club's early years.



One day in 1970 as I drove through Leesburg, VA, I saw a Model A for sale in a yard. As I walked toward this beauty, which was free of rust with nothing missing, I instantly acquired an acute fever. The owner was Bill Whitmore. The motor didn't run, which was of some concern to me, although I was unsuccessful at making it a major negotiating issue.

A week after my wife and I towed our A home, I changed the oil and plugs, installed a battery, added water and gas. In so doing, I relearned where all the significant operating parts of a Model A were located and began to feel more comfortable around my new toy. The big moment came as I pressed the starter and pulled on the choke while trying to remember if I was doing this right. The darn thing popped and shuddered with dust all around and as it started to run, a wonderful feeling came over me--I realized I had done this all by myself. My confidence level was so high I felt there would be nothing I couldn't fix myself. The engine was working very hard though, and within 30 seconds it stopped.

With my ego deflated, I got out and stood looking at the engine. Everything appeared to be okay, so I decided to try starting it again. It started up nicely but quickly began gasping, and it popped again a couple of times as it quivered and shook, then suddenly roared to life as I had it on full throttle. I backed off the throttle and it purred away with that beautiful Model A sound. I was again on cloud nine. I got out to walk around the car and listen to it run and there behind the exhaust pipe, for a distance of some 20 feet, was a string of mouse nests, bones and dead meat. I wish to this day I'd taken a picture of it.

A few weeks later, a tall likable fellow by the name of Mack Spears stopped by. He had heard of my new toy and said he also had a Model A. He said there was a small G. W. Chapter of MAFCA in the area and mentioned I could join it. He proceeded to unintentionally impress me with his vast knowledge of various parts and functions of my car as he spoke of differences in Model A's. Much of the time I didn't fully understand all he said as I nodded my head. Much later, as he drove away, I realized we had become almost instant friends.

I joined the Club and the first meeting I attended had a total of 5 people: Club President Don Pope, Andy Jaeger, Mack Spears, Jim Van Ness, and myself. I forget what specific officer titles were held by Andy, Mack, and Jim but believe there were only 3 Club officers. I'm sure they served dual roles. Subsequent meetings were also attended by roughly a half dozen people. Don, Andy and Mack attended every meeting. Other attendees at varying times included Jim Cline, Roger McClanahan, Basil Meadows, Julio Rodrigues, Roy Nichols, Bill Bendall, Merle Phillips, Jerry Pendergrass, and Walt Kandetsky. These newly acquired acquaintances of mine all shared an enthusiastic and genuine interest in their own and others' Model A's.

>>>>>>

MY EXPERIENCE WITH MODEL A FORDS (Cont.)

Most of the meetings were held in members' homes or in a rented back room of the Bratwurst House in Springfield. During one of those meetings I was elected activities and membership chairman. I believe it was at this point that I decided to really apply myself in my new role and earn the respect and friendship extended by these very likeable and dedicated people.

I do not recall anyone talking about a Model A Restorer's Club in our area at that time. I suspect it was a matter of trying to keep the G W Chapter of MAFCA alive and not subjecting additional activities and demands on its members. The only people I know of who can knowledgeably speak of MARC of that time are Dick Lebkicker, Jim Weatherfield, and Van Lindsey. I know there are a couple of others; I'm sorry I don't remember who.

In a short while our club membership and activity began to grow. Eager in my new role, I suggested we should consider holding an antique auto show and maybe even have a small flea market with it. That comment evoked a bit of laughter among the club officer's as they choked and spilled some of their beer. Really! This was followed by some good natured joshing as they told me of previous unsuccessful attempts to organize such an ambitious event. I respected their comments, but I couldn't abandon the thought; I was convinced the potential was near.

Somewhere in this timeframe I got a call from a relatively new member I had brought into the Club by the name of Bill Worsham. He said "they" were having a meeting to solicit nominations for a Club president for 1974 and would I be interested? I chuckled a bit, said no because I didn't know anything about a Model A Ford and wouldn't know how to perform as president. Undaunted, he persisted until I agreed to think about it partly just to get him off the phone and give me time to think of how to gracefully decline. When I asked how long I had to think this over he said, "Oh, about 30 minutes." I shortly returned his call and said I would oblige if I could have Bill Worsham as my Vice President and an agreement to formally change the by-laws to delete the limited Club membership clause. (The existing by-laws limited membership to 17 people and we were already well over that number. I also felt we would need more people for the antique auto show I would now plan). I learned later that I had already been "drafted" as the Club president for 1974 and my acceptance as a nominee had merely confirmed my fate.

As the membership and activities continued to expand, so did the need for a larger and more suitable place to meet. We all looked around for something we could afford, which was nothing. I finally got Jerry's Ford a bit interested and talked Andy Jaeger into going with me to sell them on the idea of an added attraction. That turned out to be an easy sell for us. We were allowed to hold our meetings (at no cost) in the service department receiving area from around seven to nine o'clock on various evenings during a month. In exchange, we would park any Model A Fords in front of the building so people could look at them and maybe also some new Fords while they were there.

The by-laws were amended posthaste. As Club president I again mentioned the possibility of our own antique auto show and nearly everyone appeared to be at least a little enthusiastic. Our Club had in a very short time expanded its membership considerably and all were very strong supporters. In addition to those I have mentioned earlier, there was Carl Patrick, Dave Henderson, Bill Wood, John Dingle, Gordon Sanford, Bill Condon Sr. and Bill Condon Jr., Bob Wild, Wayne Parker, Carl Cockerman, Dewey Burleigh, Doug Handy, Al Heine, Willard Jenkins, Joe Ramey, Ed Simpson, Jerry Snyder, Dick Wade, Dave Westenberger, Gordon White. Forgive me for those not mentioned; they all deserve to be. >>>>>>>

MY EXPERIENCE WITH MODEL A FORDS (Cont.)

I believe it was in mid-March of 1974 when we decided to proceed with plans for our own antique car show. A site had to be chosen and Jerry's Ford seemed a logical location. Our relationship had been good, it would afford no mud problems, and all that remained was to sell the idea to Jerry's Ford. They liked the idea as a way to attract people and assured us a large area of their parking lot would be provided at no cost to the Club. A show on May 5th was mutually agreed upon. The Club planned for three categories of cars consisting of five classes. Model A's 1928 - 1929 open and closed, Model A's 1930—31 open and closed, and all years--all cars.

Preparing for the show was the worst part. Time was relatively short, and we had few dollars to spend on advertising, trophies, concessions, and sanitary facilities. We didn't know how many antique cars to realistically expect nor how large the public attendance would be. Still we had to advertise to ensure some measure of success. Show announcements were hand-printed and placed wherever they were accepted. I personally attached more than a few in noticeable places, including the men's rooms at car flea markets and shows in Gaithersburg, Frederick, Winchester and any other events. Others in the club distributed them in similar ways. I don't know of even one person in our club who didn't volunteer a good bit of time and effort in one way or another. Many problems emerged during all this preparation but most were quickly resolved.

Seventy-five antique cars and a pretty large crowd came to our show. We had no major problems and everyone was happy with the success. I don't recall how much money the club netted but it was sufficient for us to search for a more desirable meeting place.



While we were grateful to Jerry's Ford, there were some undesirable problems associated with the current arrangement. In addition to short-notice availability times, folding chairs had to be set up and returned to the storage room, we sat in a very open unattractive area, meetings were limited to an hour and a half, employees were always walking and talking between the showroom and service area, the temperature wasn't real comfortable, plus you had car (none Model A) and vending machine noises, no beer, etc. etc.

We arranged for monthly rental at the American Legion Hall in Springfield, Virginia. What a morale booster this was! We finally had a quite comfortable place on pre-scheduled evenings with no curfew; we also could sell drinks, etc. Most of the revenue came from the drinks we sold and the 50/50 drawing. The proceeds from our show were frugally spent on newsletters, postage, etc., with the remainder held back to help pay the rent. With about 85 members, we were breaking even at best.

The Club continued to grow and what a fine group of people it was. The Club officers and I really felt great to see members having such a good time at our meetings. Once in a while there was some controversy on various issues under discussion. Issues were always settled in an amicable fashion. As the Club President, I always viewed disagreements as a healthy and positive sign

>>>>>>

MY EXPERIENCE WITH MODEL A FORDS (Cont.)

that members really cared about issues at hand. I believe this helped strengthen and stabilize the Club.

Part of the fun of being Club President was that I always had a good excuse to drive my Model A. It had knobby tires on the rear and I made good use of them driving it in rain, mud, and snow; it didn't matter to me as I was having a great time. Our first real caravan (17 cars) went to Culpeper. On the way home Doug Handy's car quit, and I towed it about 20 miles with my A.

There were interesting little incidents that I will never forget. Like when we established the 2nd Vice President position and Bob Wild was voted in. He asked, "Just exactly what all am I supposed to do?" Well, we hadn't had time to write a job description so I simply answered with "whatever is necessary." And believe me, he sure did just that. He was a tremendous asset to our early growth and was the Club President in 1976. He was also responsible for a beautifully decorated hall for our first Xmas dinner. A yellow Model A wheel was attractively used as a centerpiece.

Then there was the time I received a phone call from a lady in distress with her Model A somewhere on Route 50 near Middleburg. I summoned a couple of Club members, and we went to her rescue. Her name was Thursday Featherstone, and she was accompanied by her friend Kathy Wilaby, both from Yorba Linda, California. They sold ladies cosmetics under a well-known name and the Model A (a delivery) was packed with this stuff. They had driven this Model A all the way from California. It was a little hard to believe, but the A did have California plates on it, and she even further identified herself with her California driver's license. The generator had quit working, and it had numerous other ailments as well. It turned out that a lot of Club members pretty much rebuilt her car in about two weeks. The gals then left for New York City. As far as I know, no one ever heard from them again.

After 1974, I served on the Board of Directors for 5 years. Bill Worsham became the 1975 Club President, and he was as busy then as he is today in always promoting an improved car show for the next year. It was largely through his own perseverance that the Club secured Sully Plantation for our 1976 show. The Club had to have more money to hold this show and bought a 1929 Model A Tudor from Al Heine to raffle off. Bill asked me to chair the car raffle and although I forget our net gain, it was sufficient to provide the Club with enough money to pay off our first Sully show expenses. The raffle car was won by fellow Club member Alfred Black, who still owns and drives it.

There were a lot of humorous incidents that occurred in the mid-1970's and here is just one of them. One Saturday I was at home working on my limited A restoration trying to decide if I should take the body completely off or merely raise it up on one side at a time. A bunch of Club members returning from a show in La Plata, Md., stopped by to say hello. I offered them a beer (they weren't hungry) while I went in the house to quickly prepare a sandwich to eat with my beer. Once inside I was aware of a lot of laughs and commotion outdoors, which gave me a rich feeling to have such wonderful friends.

When I stepped out the door, the body of my A was on the ground beside the chassis!! My "friends" got a mighty big laugh out of that one as they finished their beer and drove away. I also had to chuckle a little but mostly am still waiting to get even with them. Among them were Wayne Parker, Doug Handy, Robert Van Lindsey, Bill Worsham, Billy Condon, Bill Price, Gary Hubbard and Dewey Burleigh.

>>>>>>>

MY EXPERIENCE WITH MODEL A FORDS (Cont.)

After our Club had held a few successful car shows, the possibility of our hosting the 1978 MAFCA National Meet was brought up. We had a fairly large and very stable and enthusiastic membership, which voted in favor of this ambitious project. Our Club happily accepted volunteer John Dingle as the potential meet chairman, with Gordon Sanford as the cochairman. On a trip to California, I presented our offer to MAFCA Headquarters for consideration.

We were later accepted to hold the meet, and John and Gordon went to work. More than anyone else, these two members spent countless hours devoted to searching for a suitable place to hold the meet and do all the planning and other actions connected with it. The meet was held at the Thomas Jefferson Community Center in Arlington, which was the only place that offered

enough inside floor space (around 60,000-plus square feet) for selected show cars. A large portion of the funds required for this great adventure were provided by way of another raffle car, which I again chaired. The raffle car was a 1928 Model A roadster purchased from the late Ed Rohr of Manassas. The winner of this raffle car was Clayton Ormsbee. I believe he some time later sold the car to Club member Steve Forrester, who had sold him the winning ticket.



THE 1978 NATIONAL MEET [45] YEARS AGO

(By Bill Worsham. Portions reprinted from the June and July 1988 Ford Scripts)

It doesn't seem possible that [35] years have gone by since we hosted the '78 MAFCA National Meet. Looking back, it seems like yesterday. The idea to host the National goes back to a Board Meeting at Wayne Parker's house in June of '76. The club was growing by leaps and bounds, and we had just held our first car show at Sully. We had a little extra money in the treasury; and we decided, why not bring the National Meet to the East for a change? I don't think any of us realized what we were getting into.

The Board appointed Andy Jaeger and myself to attend the '76 National Meet in Nashville and make a proposal to the National Board. Our proposal consisted of some photos of the Sully show and some brochures of points of interest around the Washington area. The other proposal was from Hawaii, and we were elated when we were awarded the meet, especially when the Hawaiian proposal included hula girls.

John Dingle volunteered to be the meet chairman, and when we sat down and analyzed the situation, we realized we might have made a big mistake. The Washington area, as big a tourist

>>>>>>

It's a date - in '78

"Golden Days with Golden A's"



JUNE 28, 29, 30, JULY 1, 1978

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA

Golden Anniversary

International M.A.F.C.A. Meet & Convention

Hosted by George Washington Chapter Inc.

THE 1978 NATIONAL MEET (Cont.)

area as it is, had very few areas which could accommodate the show. The only covered space which could house the cars was the National Guard Armory; and that was too expensive. There was no hotel in the area with over 500 rooms, and we needed housing for 2000 people. There were other problems such as security, advertising, banquet, entertainment, and many other loose ends which had to be worked out.

John began to work full time on the meet. We learned that the Thomas Jefferson Center in Arlington had a large amount of covered space. We visited the center and found it ideal for the show. There was room for a flea market, seminars, and parking. A brand new Sheraton Hotel was less than two miles away, which could be the headquarters hotel. Our problems were solved, or so we thought.

The idea of using a public facility for a car show did not set too well with some city fathers. This began a six-month series of meetings with supervisors, planners, chamber of commerce members and just about everyone else except maybe the local dog catcher. John, along with Gordon Sanford and Ned Thomas, attended most of these meetings; and it appeared we were fighting a losing battle. Finally, based on the tourism it would bring to Arlington County, we were allowed to lease the TJ Center.

Applications were beginning to pour in from all over the country. John and Jenny Dingle were working day and night handling applications and answering hundreds of telephone calls. There were still countless loose ends, and the list never seemed to stop growing. We had not yet made arrangements for things like security, shuttle buses, the parade, the banquet, etc. All of this was on top of normal show duties such as judging, parking and concessions. There were blue ribbons to buy, plaques and trophies to be made, and on and on. We were responsible for the Miss Model A contest, fashion show, teen pool party and technical seminars. There truly seemed to be no end in sight. With just six weeks to go, we were seriously wondering if we would be able to pull it off!??

One week prior to the Meet, we learned that our trophy supplier would not have the trophies ready in time for the Meet. Bill Wood, our trophy chairman, quickly had to find a local supplier to make over 100 trophies in just one week!

The week of the Show ... the moment of reckoning arrived ..., and amazingly things started falling into place. It seemed that Club members were coming out of the woodwork to help. When one area was lacking in help, someone would always step forward to offer their assistance. When the time actually came, it took us a while to fully appreciate that the Show went well. We had 600+ cars registered and over 100 vendors in the flea market. We even put on car games. The parade through Washington was a real highlight for many of our out-of-town participants, even if it did get separated. We had Model A's wandering all over the city. The Meet ended with a fine banquet, and we all could finally relax to the music of the Cimmerons.

>>>>>>

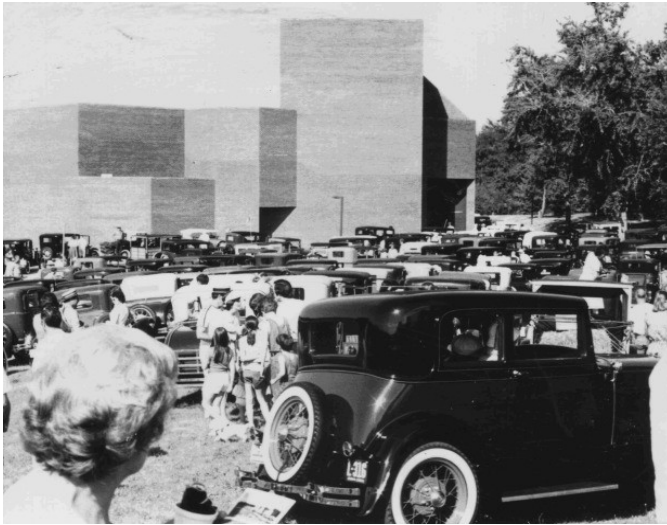
THE 1978 NATIONAL MEET (Cont.)

When all was over and everything was added up, we soon realized that the Show was not going to be a financial success. But the spirit and fellowship it developed was certainly worth more than any dollar amount. The fact that everyone really pulled together to help run the Show said much about the strong character of our Club. It is a character that still exists today. That is what makes this Model A Ford Club such a continuing success!

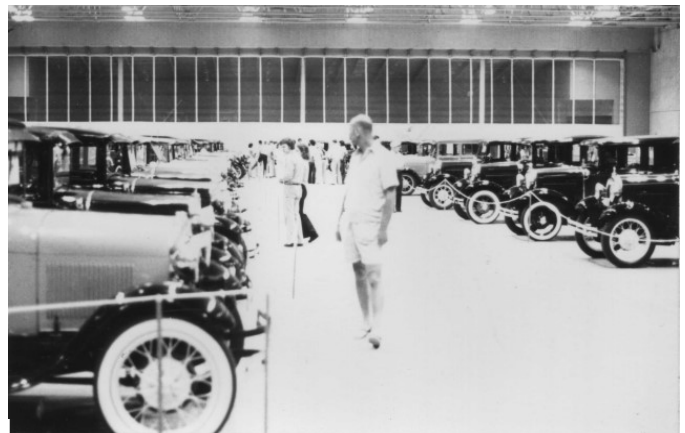


(Photo reprinted from The Restorer, Sep-Oct 1978)

Mel Hodde (right), MAFCA vice-president, presents award plaques to Ginny and John Dingle, meet chairman.



Outside the Thomas Jefferson Center



Fine-Point cars inside the Jefferson Center

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF US?

(No history of the GWC Club would be complete without honoring our chief supplier, Walt Bratton, who has kept the Club's cars on the road for over 35 years. This article was written by Joe Krafft, the Script editor at the time, and is reprinted from the May 1990 Ford Script.)

Long associated with affairs of both our National Clubs, current MARC Secretary Howard Minners reflected headquarters' concern for our fate. Who better to ask than a GWC member who stocks 10s, if not 100s, of \$K worth of Model A parts for his own antique auto parts business—Walt Bratton. Addressing our April (1990) membership meeting, Walt thought the obituary

premature: his Model A parts volume has expanded about 25% per year for the past two. He and Ed Hollins are too busy filling orders to worry about switching over to '57 Chevy parts.

How Walt became interested in the Model A and other things goes way back. His love affair with things Model A really began as a family affair. Just out of Chase City, Virginia, High School, the 17-year-old Walter and his father acquired a '29 Tudor in fair condition. Soon afterwards, at a cousin's home in North Carolina, an elder neighbor parted with his neglected '31 Tudor, in better shape, for \$200. By the next summer, the stripped and repainted '29 was sold for \$700 to finance restoration of the '31, including some Senior Bratton innovations like "juice" brakes and a Jeep engine/transmission package. So respectable an auto evolved that one of Mrs. Bratton's friends invited Walt to drive her granddaughter, Martha, to church one Sunday—and Walt's been doing that ever since: the Bratton's now boast three lovely rumble seat travelers—the twins, Dianne and Denise, 16, and Debbie, 12.

The parts business was sort of a spin-off of Model A mania. As a good husband and father, Walt supported his growing family with a "respectable" Government job—computer programmer at the Social Security Administration.—while he supported his hobby by restoring Model A stainless steel parts: head lamp and radiator shells, cowl-bands, etc. He displayed his work at the various area auto shows of the early 1980's, advertising also with a small catalog of Model A parts which he could supply. By 1984 he had accrued such a backlog of polishing orders that he stopped taking new ones; it took some two years to finish the 96 radiator shells and 180 head lamps on hand. But the parts business continued to grow—Walt offers instant credit and unlimited free advice and sympathy perks. So in 1986 he and Martha decided to go for broke—let the SSA do its own programming, keep its paid sick and annual leave and holidays, pension program, etc.—and do Bratton's Antique Ford Parts full bore!

And full bore it is indeed. From some 125 different suppliers, Walt stocks some 2,200 different Model A parts, all described in a now-90-page annual catalog (Ed. Note—the 2012 catalog was 175 pages.) Some components are manufactured to Bratton specification exclusively. Many parts have multiple sources so selection of the best one is possible—competition. About 90% of his parts are U.S. made—pretty high domestic content these days. Now this just doesn't sound like a dying industry, does it? No wonder Walt Bratton is bullish on the Model A. Perhaps it's the parts-supply infrastructure which saves us from extinction, or at least defers it.



MARC 2009 National Tour



Driving Thrills Around Charlottesville by Stan Johnson

September 20-23, 2009
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

The inaugural MARC National Tour was truly a great success, with many driving thrills during tours originating in historic Charlottesville, Virginia. The concept behind the National Tour was for an annual gathering of MARC Model A's with the central theme being touring, rather than judging. This concept was the idea of George Merry and Frank Pollack, members of the MARC board, who in 2007 convinced the Mount Vernon Region (Washington, DC, area club) to develop and host the event, with help from other area clubs.

The tour was based out of five Charlottesville hotels with the Holiday Inn serving as the Host Hotel. Each day groups of Model A's headed out to see historic sites and natural sights, each one more satisfying than the last. With the homes of Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and James Madison close by, Civil War battlefields, Blue Ridge Mountains, Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley within reach, there was plenty to see.

Two hundred and forty-five cars were registered and most of the drivers and passengers took part in the Sunday night Ice Cream Social and the Wednesday night Region Shirt Dinner. In between there was lots of touring, a manifold cooking contest, Robert Mitchum running moonshine on the silver screen at the Fork Union Drive-In, and visits to a real moonshine distillery.

Arriving guests were welcomed at the Hospitality and Registration Room at the Holiday Inn. The room featured a large number of great raffle prizes, including a rebuilt long block engine. As always, there was the Repair Tent, ably staffed by knowledge able members from several clubs.

Monday and Tuesday were touring days. There were 13 guided tours available, plus full directions for do-it-yourself tours. At the end of each day it was common to hear descriptions about each tour, mixed with an eagerness to go on some other tour described by another person.

A popular tour was to the moonshine distillery at Belmont Farms. A great description of the process was provided by the proprietor.

The tours included a Country Roads tour through horse country and up into the Blue Ridge foothills for a bountiful lunch at the Graves Mountain Lodge.

The South Side Tour featured visits to scenes from The Waltons, the old Palmyra jail, Fork Union Military Academy and the rarely seen Bremo estate with its stone barn, hunting lodge and mansion. The ancestors of the family which owns the estate were acquaintances of Thomas Jefferson.

The Shenandoah Valley tour included a stop at Luray Caverns. The tour to Staunton spent time at the Woodrow Wilson Library and Museum. Civil War battlefield tours included one to Chancellorsville and another to The Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House battlefields. The Skyline Drive tour followed the mountain-crest road to lunch at Big Meadows. The Richmond Tour featured a drive down Monument Avenue (statues of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis and others) and a visit to the Civil War Museum and Virginia Aviation Museum. The Fredericksburg Tour concentrated on the historic city and Washington's boyhood home.

>>>>>>

MARC 2009 NATIONAL TOUR (Cont.)

Monday night all members of the tour were given the chance to go to a genuine outdoor drive-in movie theatre. The movie, Thunder Road, starred Robert Mitchum as a moonshine runner driving hopped-up Fords through the southeastern mountains. The night sky was spectacular and the drive home with all the Model A's in file with lights shining very nostalgic.

On Tuesday afternoon the manifold cooking contest featured a dozen contestants taking their entrees off their Model A manifolds and displaying them elegantly at a pavilion in a nearby park. Awards were given to several contestants for their equipment, presentation, entrée and dessert. The main reward was the good time enjoyed by all the participants and spectators.

Wednesday's treat was the Grand Drive to Montpelier, the home of James and Dolly Madison, where all the cars came together on the lawn in front of the mansion. James Madison himself (actually a superb re-enactor) was present to entertain the guests and give out American flags flown over the Capitol Building in Washington, DC.

Over 200 Model A's were parked on the Montpelier mansion lawn at one time and more than a third of the people wore at least some article of era clothing. Visitors could look out the window from the office where Madison conceived the Constitution, past the columns, to see rows and rows of Model A's. There were tours of the mansion plus open exploring of the museum, grounds and the Visitors' Center, where a box lunch was provided.

Apparel for the final dinner was each region's club shirt. A barbeque-style dinner was served by the Holiday Inn and entertainment was provided by a talented musical group led by Lisa Meadows, a country singer with Nashville experience. The band played during dinner and had the crowd tapping, swaying and even dancing as traditional and popular tunes were played. After dinner the tour committee presented awards for youngest and oldest driver (Frank Meredith, 87), a women's driver award, longest distance driven and our Road Warrior Award. A special Women's Driver Award was given to Pam Baxter, who has just received her 80,000-mile driving award. The dinner concluded with all of the raffle prizes being drawn and the notification to a MARC member in NY that he had won the top raffle prize, the rebuilt long-block engine from Schwalm's Babitted Bearings.

Thursday morning found the motel parking lots buzzing with activity as people packed up their Model A's and headed for home. The general feeling was that George Merry and Frank Pollack had produced a winning idea, and that the Mount Vernon Region had put on a role-model event for future MARC National Tours.

Stan Johnson



Andy Jaeger— The George Washington Chapter's longest serving member, since 1969, after the 17-member rule was abolished. In that time, he has served as Treasurer for 4 or 5 years, an at-large member of the Board for 5 years, and Assistant Treasurer for 2 years. He later served as Activities Chairman for 2 years and has been on the Sully Committee since its inception. He won the MARC Service Award in 2009 and is a Lifetime Member of the George Washington Chapter. But his most lasting contribution to the Club has been his Pancake Breakfast and Picnic, which the Jaegers launched after Sully one year as a way to eat up all the leftover food and it has been going strong ever since. His wife Ellen has been his stalwart supporter and helpmate the entire time.

ANDY JAEGER RECALLS HIS LIFE IN THE CLUB

I first became interested in restoring Model A's after one of my close friends, Jerry Pendergrass asked me to help him with various aspects in the restoration of his '30 Tudor. Jerry was a former president of the GW Chapter about 1968. This revived memories (forgive me Father for I have sinned) of dismantling a '30 coupe and making a street rod out of it. I did this in the days of belonging to a hot rod club by the name of the Speedos, located in the Bailey's Crossroads area of Northern Virginia. The club met at The Flying Saucer, later changed to a Roy Rogers and now a MacDonald's.



Needless to say, "helping a friend" resurrected the feeling of making something come alive again. Very shortly after helping Jerry, he pointed out a Model A pickup truck that was for sale in the Woodbridge area of Virginia. After some negotiation, we arrived at a price of \$1,000 and drove it home.

The person I purchased it from was an elderly gentleman who had retired from farming in North Dakota and had come to Woodbridge to live with his son. He drove the truck pulling a U-Haul trailer with the belongings that he wanted to keep. Now you know the story of the trailer hitch behind my pickup.

He then put his truck up for sale. A sucker is born every minute, and with my schedule as a general manager of Giant Foods for 40 years, I bought the truck and started on the road to divorce. Fortunately, my wife Ellen decided I was worth keeping. I immediately started to update it from a working farm truck to a pleasurable driver.

My wife, children and family have had a lot of activities and pleasure from belonging to the George Washington Chapter of MAFCA/Mount Vernon Region of MARC as well as the AACA. Over the years I have served as the Treasurer for 4 or 5 years and on the Board of Directors as an at large member for several additional years. I am also on the Sully Committee—in my early years working in the refreshment stand cooking hot dogs, selling soft drinks and collecting money; more recently heading up the Car Corral. Ellen and I have hosted the "After Sully" thank-you Pancake Breakfast and afternoon picnic on the Occoquan Bay for more than [35] years.

I finished having my '31 pickup restored. Don Temple did most of the restoration and I did the small stuff (stainless steel), etc. Ellen and I drove the '31 pickup "Jack Black" to Cincinnati and back for the National Meet in 2001.

Many years ago, "Mr. Ed" Wiencek put me on a "real buy"—a 1929 AA truck. After making the purchase, I discovered that it was not just a truck even though it had a genuine Ford Script stake bed. It was an 85A body style. That is an AA panel delivery formerly used as a Watkins home delivery sales vehicle, as evidenced by the lettering on the sheet metal in the bed of the stake body. Also included were all the body parts, rear doors and rear fenders. It needs all the wood framing for the body from the back of the cab to the rear doors, as the modifications to convert it to a stake bed destroyed that portion and some expert metal work to reassemble and return

>>>>>>>

ANDY JAEGER (Cont.)

this vehicle to its original state. Some day we might get another AA chassis and try to restore the truck to its origin, as we have purchased a '29 truck cab to make it a true stake body for the present. I have 7 years to complete the restoration with the help of my son Bill, if he doesn't get too tied up with the restoration of his 1948-8N Ford tractor. We hope to be able to complete this project as a stake body truck in time for his graduation. With a little luck we will have 3 generations of Jaegers interested in old Fords.

In December 2001 at the Christmas Party installation of officers, I was awarded a Lifetime Membership in our chapter. I cannot express my surprise and gratitude. I have again become a member of the board for 2002 as the Assistant Treasurer. I hope that my past experiences with the Club and Model A's will be a benefit to the future of the chapter and members of the Club.

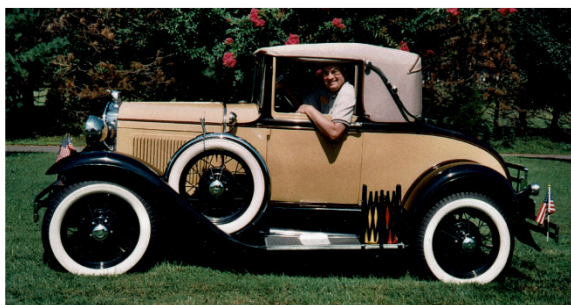
CLEM'S HISTORY WITH THE GWC

Has it really been 60 years for the GWC Club? My experience with it was all wonderful.

I've had the great honor and pleasure to be part of a club quite some time, I came to Washington in 1979 and left and 83. I was a colonel assigned to the Secretary of Defense's Office. I had a friend in a previous assignment who put me in touch with somebody to join the Club, which he did: Bill Worsham. I retired from the USAF in the spring of 1983, and went back home to New Jersey to work for RCA.

Born and raised in Jersey, I drove on the same roads that my father drove on in the '40s and '50s. But General Electric bought RCA in 1986 and fired 6000 people, one of whom was me. We packed up our stuff and sold all our cars except for a tired 1928 Model A phaeton. We had lived in Annandale before I retired and moved north for that RCA job, but when we came back, we settled in Colchester Hunt in Fairfax. We rejoined the GWC and bought a yellow 1930 Model A Ford Cabriolet from a Club member with the help of Bill Worsham. I came upon a 1929 Packard open touring sedan at about the same time.

Smokey came to me from a guy in Maryland who had 2 Model As – a cabriolet and a sport coupe, as well as some other cars. The cabriolet was what I was looking for because the top went down. Don Temple rebuilt the engine for me and put on powder-coated wheels and mounted new tires. Donnie Jenkins did the top and put in a LeBarron Bonney interior kit. Glad he did that and not me, since the plywood to seat upholstery was wrong. Donnie had to start over since nothing was fitting correctly. LeBarron Bonney is sadly now closed.



I've been lucky to have had all kinds of Club duties. I was first asked to be the activities guy.. I wanted to be an assistant for a year to get used to the area, but John Kandl just gave me his list

>>>>>>>

CLEM'S HISTORY WITH THE GWC (Cont.)

of ideas from when he had the job. I led a group trip to Winchester, and then on a couple of other trips, and planned for 12 activities a year. Later, I was honored to be maintenance tent chair in 2000 and again in 2007 at the Williamsburg national meets. Golly, we had fun assisting 2 other Model A Regions. (Could we do another national meet again in the future?) Trips are great fun, as are meetings. Part of the time I was our leader. Remember Truman Burn? He was the guy in the kitchen who brought the water/soda and munchies. He would make poignant remarks that were just killer funny. Those would stir up Mr. Ed, who would respond and join in with a couple of others. We filled the house, so it must've been food... although not precisely controlled by Robert's Rules of Order.

We joined the Sully show working with Barb, Carolyn and others of the park's staff – great folks! It was an enormous pleasure to satisfy so many people, making things happen and making changes when needed. I guess I should mention that early on we did our own cooking. We ended up operating a rented food trailer for a couple of years. It needed electricity, and the extension cord had to go all the way into the main house. That gave us about three watts of power at the trailer. We got enough power to thaw out the hot dogs, but they probably weren't cooked as well as they should have been. I remember the fear we that when we rented the trailer, the inspector would come by and shut us down. I brought in a half gallon of Clorox the night before and after we got the trailer all cleaned out, we'd put a "little bit" of Clorox in each corner. The smell was strong, but there were no un-welcome critters to be found. I'm a-telling you, the inspector said, "You guys are doing a real good job here: nice and clean" (ha-ha). Nobody got sick to my knowledge and that was the objective, but we wanted out of this task.

So we hired a food manager who brought in what he needed, with as many dealers as he figured he needed. When we did our own food service, we had leftovers. We used those leftovers for the next Sunday at Andy and Ellen Jaeger's place down on the Potomac. John Kandl was the pancake person, and we'd all get down to the Jaeger's place as early as we could to have pancakes for breakfast. Some of us carried on to lunchtime, when we had hot dogs, burgers and fries. Always a wonderful day. Sometimes their son Billy would bring out his speed boat and go for a ride down the river. It really was a grand Club party for Club people to thank everybody for their Sully work. We also took time to look over our Model As and learn about them. Millard would hold court over the training sessions – I loved those sessions! We worked hard all year to get Sully up and running because it was our primary source of income.

There were issues about when we could have the show and when we couldn't. When the Sully show began 50 years ago, Bill Worsham and wife Judy stayed with it as long as he could as Chairman. Because of his regular job as president of his insurance business, Bill was involved in all manner of city/county activities, so he knew what was going on in Fairfax County. He knew when to raise his hand, when not to, so we were really cared for in that respect. We still owe many thanks to the stewardship of Bill Worsham; thanks, Bill!

Change was continuous ... yeah! Route 28 grew from being a two-lane highway to being a four-lane highway. Remember the day that a bad guy was chased on that two-lane 28 by the police? He spun out right in front of the old entrance to Sully before the show had started. The backups

>>>>>>>

CLEM'S HISTORY WITH THE GWC (Cont.)

were not that bad, but if the chase had ended an hour later, it could have been terrible. And by the way – the cops caught the guy.

Sully's date moved around because the driving force was the Fairfax County police. The police were tied up in various places as they were doing their Fairfax County show assignments. We had to move around three or four dates till we ended up on Father's Day. The first day Bill Worsham picked was based on the county weatherman, saying that the odds of the best Sunday of June was first or second Sunday. Politics changed and they wanted that Sunday and then they got that Sunday and it poured for three years and then they wanted our date back and we said no, so we ended up with Father's Day. Our thinking that it's Father's Day and we're gonna' have trouble getting a crowd. Well, it turns out the fathers in Father's Day wanted to go see the cars, and that Father's Day is the right time. Now everybody remembers Father's Day is to go to Sully and you should do what father wants to do. It was called the Sully-play-cars-and-fleas day.

I bought several sets of trains at the flea market. (over the many years I have happily serviced and repaired over 30 trains sets belonging to GWC members.) Maybe that's why I was helping working with the flea market. I don't know, but a good flea market in a good location provides additional Club revenue and we all have stuff we don't need any more. So come see the classic cars to purchase an antique vehicle, see the fleas and for good food and music. And come to see Benny's "special displays." Do you have the compressor made with a Model A motor? If not, then come see ours. Do you have that funny thing that has lots of horns and whistles on it? If not, come see ours. We also tried to get Mike Copperthite's Model T Pie Wagon and Bob Clubb's Model T Paddy Wagon and other interesting vehicles. At some point, the Sully car of the year would be parked out of its class so you could see it and hear the owner talk about it. I was honored to have mine selected to be shown that way last year, but I couldn't attend the show due to my health and problems with Smokey. I didn't get to do it. I remember once a Toyota fire truck got that display... but that's almost like a toy.

Anyway, it's been a wonderful experience of mine to be involved in GWC and involved in all the trips and continuing fun. I gotta' tell you, taking a trip/tour with a bunch of old cars and a group of folks is beyond fine. Don't ever give up those overnight or three-day trips.

Woody Williams planned a lot of trips, including one to the Model A Ford Club of America (MAFCA) national meet in Cincinnati. We spent a lot of time on the side of the highways keeping our cars running, with lots of team effort and Bratton's Model A parts. I got to where I had a lot of replacement parts in the Model A to support breakdowns on the road. Whenever someone had a part failure, I would be sure we had a spare in Smokey. That said, when Geoge Smolenyak's generator pulley failed, I was not prepared – I needed to carry both kinds of pulleys under my seat for the later trips.

I brought Smokey, and she was giving me distributor trouble. We went from broke down to stumbling to Cincinnati and then Donnie Temple and others said, "Come on, we're gonna' fix that car." So I got a case of thinking juice (read beer) and we changed stuff. People were working on each side of the car. I came over to see how we were doing and they're taking parts off of one

>>>>>>>

CLEM'S HISTORY WITH THE GWC (Cont.)

side and put it on the other side, it looked like to me. But at some point, whatever the thing was, it got better. In going home, Smokey was like a good horse, when you head for a hotel or she's coming home, yup, she'll run like a horse cause she wants to get to the barn to get hay.

Smokey went to both the 2000 and the 2007 Williamsburg meets. We had some great fun with repairs/ help from many people and other clubs' members saying, "Hey, we're here if you guys need something." We were parked in a closed-to-the public gas station parking lot. One guy was a headlight adjusting expert, so one afternoon when repairs were slow, we moved our cars into an enclosed repair bay and this guy set up shop. He adjusted Smokey's headlights and three other cars. We had a class on headlights so it was just, as always, something going on with the repair tents. Earlier, I helped at the Lancaster, PA, meet. On that tour, George Smolenyak, a high schooler at the time, led the tour to Landcaster and back—very notable and he should have won an award for his leadership skills.

Oh, a minor thing that I think I wrote up: at one point in Williamsburg, we had seven people sitting around at the repair tent and chuckin' yak dung. These were seniors (read geezers) with 30/40/50 years each of experience. I had put together a part of the front end and a couple of ball joints, the spring mounting, and what not, and then I put on the fittings and adjusted them the way I thought was right. Then each of those senior guys felt the fitting to see if it was too loose. They could make adjustments and each time they would declare this is right there now. It was a thrill to watch them as they felt the adjustments cause it's really not clear in the manuals. We had classes almost every day of the meet. Some were great education for the members who were grateful over the years. We had small groups of us help people with their cars. I imagine many of those honored gray-haired ones are now greasing up the golden chariot's bearings.

I have been in the Club '79 to '83 and then '86 to the present. (I forget a great deal). Bill Sims' award-winning work on the *SCRIPT* has been the glue that holds the Club together. Bill's call sign is "Blaze" – a name he earned when his muffler clamp decided it needed to be elsewhere as Bill drove by a cut cornfield [on the Northern Neck tour]. So it jumped off from between the muffler and the cherry red exhaust manifold and goes out in the cornfield to start a fire roasting the horse corn. When the fire truck and police showed up, Bill took a little bit of undeserved abuse. I think it was the day before that we were rumbling along and Bill's A had died on the road in front of a garage full of car parts. We all left him cold by the side of the road until we had a good visit into the garage. I think someone even bought something.

I particularly liked tours that range to whatever part of the country is in front of us right now, like to Orange and the Northern Neck. During one of our Orange trips, I found a pair of rubber pedal pads showing the Chevy bow tie on them. I got Chuck Shaw and we mounted them on Jim O'neal's pedals while he was in the local museum. Chuck started a fuss, and Jim and Suzie come out queeek and suspects me right away. Chuck pointed out the discrepancy and we all had a good laugh. The next day someone put a fake snake on my car (?). The silliness with the year of the hospital was enjoyable. At Windmill Point, somebody put a sealed empty water bottle under Donnie's front tire; It went KERPOW and Donnie blamed me (I was in the library the entire time) and so forth.

>>>>>>

CLEM'S HISTORY WITH THE GWC (Cont.)

Good fun always includes some ice cream. For several parades in old DC, I had Chaplain James M. Warrington in with me. We must've done 25 together. I was always absolutely thrilled with the Chaplain aboard. He was in charge of the car and when parked, took pictures. It was a great

pleasure to watch him show off Smokey and let the kids play with the steering wheel and ahooga the horn. That's what friends and old cars do.

I want to talk about the wonderful times we had with John Kandl's small parts and sandblasting days. Wonderful man and a very dear friend. We worked together on so many projects. He bought a farm down near Bealeton, Va. Moved in such as it was; rebuilt what had been a church house and added a small house for himself. We all helped him with parts and pieces from my former garage, and Benny and Sharon's former home. We went down to Bealeton with Benny, Sharon, and Irene... so many of us down there helping John. All of us and other special friends of GWC. It was always fun and once he had a farm, he made it work, garden and all. He stored many old machines on it, and one of the things he found was a sandblaster and a huge compressor and two bulldozers donated by Walt Bratton, one of which he and I and my young son Eric worked on up at Bratton's. We got it running and John says to Eric, "Do you want to drive this thing?" And of course, YES was the answer. So Eric was driving around a bulldozer in the woods, moving a pile over here, then moving it over there. The dozers were moved out to John's farm where they pushed a lot of stuff into the back of his lot.

I can't tell you how many sandblast days the Club sponsored down at John's. I seem to remember many happy warm days spent throwing sand at John's and bringing rusty car parts back to life. I was the operations officer of sorts, getting things ready and scheduling everyone for times on the blasters and on the wheel straightener. The thing to watch was John working on several jobs at a time and cheerfully carrying on. We'd have as many as 30 people gather around 10 o'clock and get to blasting; cleaning; and straightening. We could do a frame in 45 minutes, and wheels in 15 minutes each.

At the back end of an old downtown DC garage was this mega-heavy BEAR wheel-straightening machine. Some repairs needed to be done. John and John 's brother-in-law Reggie had a dump truck and it showed up. I don't know what in the world could pick that thing up, but it got on the dump truck and came by my place. We took it down to John's farm and set it up in an appropriate place to do work. We kept chalk records and it might be 30/40/50 wheels we'd do in a day. We straightened the wheels; sand blast them and sometimes John would have a couple of quarts of primer to shoot on them.

Only two people got injured in the sand, blasting exercise—Paul Gauthier and me. The hoses broke a couple of times and we'd get sprayed in the ankles. All part of the days at John's. John would go down to the M&P Restaurant and get sandwiches for lunch or he would cook something or yeah, he worked nights and I guess sometimes it was food left over from that exercise. It came just good welcome Club times working together, with camaraderie, laughing and flap-jawing and nappin. It made my days so nice.

>>>>>>

CLEM'S HISTORY WITH THE GWC (Cont.)

When we moved down to the DC area the first time, we had lots of good times in our Annandale house, then to New Jersey after retirement from the Air Force to work for RCA. We'd have a gathering every year. When we moved back here after the RCA job folded was probably when we had 2 gatherings a year here—a train day and a car day separately. We soon realized two

shows was too much work, so we combined them—train people in with car people. Our Caffeine Double clutch (CDC) mixed both together as well. Several clubs would have their Board of Directors meetings here, saying when we meet at Clem's, we will do this, will or do that. We were pleased and proud to have been involved in that all the years.

One other thing I had to talk about is Hershey. I'd pal up with John Kandl over the years and we worked a way to get a couple spaces in the flea market. I don't know how Don Temple ended up with them. I don't know where he got them. We started out in the Green Field, right on the white picket fence. I can remember that as long as we were there, Mr. Ed would show up Friday morning, cut the fence, come through and take one of our windshield stickers and bring his car in and put it inside the park. In those days, the car stickers came to you in the mail, of course, and you could tape them on the inside of your windshield and nobody would say anything. Once you got in, we gave away our stickers and thus somebody else could bring the car in. Thus, both John and I gave away our stickers for years. Our scheme collapsed when the stickers were perforated and required to be stuck on the outside of the windshield.

When we decided to move to Ashby Ponds retirement community in 2022,

we learned there was no room for old cars, even though there plenty of dreams of them still in my heart. We would have one inside parking space and might be able to buy as second space out in the weather. So I wasn't sure I was gonna' be able to do what I've been doing to care for Smokey. It would just tear me up if she were not cared for. I thank Hank Zajic for returning to the GWC, becoming active again and for grabbing Smokey. I've known Hank for years, and I'm glad that when he saw my ad for Smokey, he jumped on it.

May Sully and the Hershey AACA car shows never fade away!
Carry on GWC.

Clem Clement.

MEMBERS WE LOST IN THE LAST DECADE

Stanley Leizear	October 2013
Charlie Verts	November 2014
Bob Warhurst	April 2015
Joe Thoma	October 2015
Ed McNulty	October 2015
Sam Rentsch	February 2016
Buzz Potter	November 2016
Lee Dong	December 2016
Joe Krafft	April 2017
Jerry DeWitt	April 2017
Stan Kachel	February 2018
Billy Evans	February 2018
Sewall Tyler	March 2018
Andrea Meeks	April 2019
Jason Dwyer	May 2019
Mark Kuklewicz	September 2019
Woody Williams	January 2020
Bill Condon	May 2020
Jim Scheidel	July 2020
Dolores Manns	August 2020
George C. Smolenyak	November 2020
Ed Brandt	January 2021
Betty Kachel	2021
Leo Thibodeau	March 2021
Val Zadnik	December 2021
Rich Colandrea	December 2021
Del Puschert	July 2022
Bill Worsham	October 2022
Bob Railey	October 2022
Thomas P. Quinn	November 2022
Rickie Beardmore	November 2022
Paul Gauthier	April 2023
Rick Nelson	May 2023
Charlie Canova	July 2023
Gary Quinn	August 2023