

The Ford Script

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No. 10



3 Who Braved the Weather at the Chickin' Pickin'



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. The chapter Web page on the Internet may be accessed by:

www.gwcmodeleda.org

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Copy for THE FORD SCRIPT should be e-mailed to the Editor to arrive by the Sunday prior to the first Wednesday of the month to: billhsims@gmail.com

Next Script deadline: Sunday, November 6th

(Send all copy to Doug Tomb, who will be doing the November issue)

FROM THE QUAIL'S PERSPECTIVE



Despite an earthquake, hurricane, tropical depression and a month of rain, our Club members were able to find a break in the weather to enjoy a weekend tour to Skyline Drive's Apple Butter Festival and our annual picnic at the Warhursts' home. Club members who attended the Skyline Drive tour enjoyed great times with friends, lots of good eating opportunities, a fantastic sunset Friday evening followed by drizzle/fog on Saturday, and musical entertainment. Our picnic at the Warhursts' home was also a rainy day but we were able to enjoy ourselves with lots of finger-lickin' chicken in the fall-decorated horse barn. Thanks to both Janet and Edna for coordinating these two

events.

Peyton Randolph's family was generous enough to give the club his collection of Model A car parts. The Board decided with the family to hold an auction to sell the parts with the proceeds going towards a special scholarship in Peyton's name. Please look further in this issue for auction details.

On our second try, we received 14 applications for the GWC scholarships after the Board approved expanding the area of consideration from just high school seniors to any student in a school of higher learning. The scholarship committee is currently reviewing the applications and the winners will be announced later this year.

We have one more activity to mark on our calendars for this year: our annual Christmas party, which will be on Saturday, December 3.

A Henry Ford Quote on Money: *"If money is your hope for independence you will never have it. The only real security that a man will have in this world is a reserve of knowledge, experience and ability."*

Wishing you safe driving and fun time,
Charlene Beckner

FROM THE EDITOR

I finally got ol' Blaze out last month for the first time since its cinematic debut back in March. Alice and I took it up into the Blue Ridge Mountains for the Apple Butter Festival. We had a terrific time despite the colder-than-expected weather. Lisa Meadows was in her prime Friday night and the evening was topped off with the Bill and Carol duet, followed by a romantic Merkel dance instigated by George.

Saturday dawned damp and foggy, but breakfast up at the lodge lifted our spirits. For some reason, we'd ended up with a room in a building at the top of the hill and away from the gang. Of course, when showtime came around noon, the car wouldn't start. After awhile I gave up and we walked down the hill to the festival. I found Tom Terko and Andy Jaeger and asked for their help. They glanced at the 2 buildings housing our group but couldn't see my car. I explained that that was because it was "up there." They took one look at the long, very steep hill leading to my car and it was "Uh ... no." Tom suggested I go back and change the fuse (that's another long story which, it seems, I will never live down). So I trudged back up the hill and fiddled around with some things—and changed the fuse—and by some miracle got the car started (no, it was NOT a fuse issue). So it made it to the festival, but it took 5 guys working on it to get it going when the festival ended. The consensus was that it was a choke rod problem. At least we were able to DRIVE up that damn hill.

After resting for an hour, we decided to ice down our champagne while we had supper. Only the ice machine was in another building 100 yards away. After we filled our ice bucket, Alice decided to wait



FROM THE EDITOR (Cont.)

there, since it was on the way to the lodge, while I ran it back to the room. Luckily, she drifted across the parking lot toward our room while she waited. Because just as I got back to her and she started to tell me something, I glance over her shoulder and saw a huge black bear lumber out of the woods and climb a tree right next to the ice house. (Maybe it was Janet's bear, but we'll never know.) Once again, I sprinted back to the room, this time to retrieve our camera.

As we watched the bear eat chestnuts off the branches, several people showed up, including a guy with a really good camera. He was really impressed with our bear. "This bear is much larger, and you get a clearer view of it than you do the two bears in that tree over there," he said, pointing to a spot about 100 feet away, across a clearing, where more people were standing with eyes upward. I thought, "What is going on here?" Alice and I have been in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and North Carolina (we have a house down there) every year for almost 40 years and never laid eyes on one. And now here they were in droves climbing trees and having a grand old time. Life is sure full of surprises.

Bill Sims

FROM THE SMOKE-FREE ROOM

A Special Meeting called by Bill Worsham was held at the American Legion Hall, McLean, Virginia. The meeting was opened by Bill at 7:30 PM. Other board members present were: Tom Frazier, Bill Sims, Woody Williams, Tom Terko, Paul Gauthier, Doug Tomb, Bennie Leonard and Howard Minners.



Bill informed the board that he has an offer of a donation of all of Peyton Randolph's Model A parts to the club with the stipulation that the proceeds be placed in a one time scholarship memorial fund in honor of Peyton Randolph.

Paul Gauthier made a motion that the BOD accept the parts and hold an auction in October 2011. The motion was seconded by Howard Minners. Date and time of auction will be published in *The Script*.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:40 PM. Respectfully submitted by Chuck Kunstbeck, Secretary

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER 25 YEARS AGO

Discussions relative to the disposition of the club car had consumed the greater part of the board meeting. In the Script, Editor Art Storer wrote this; "The issue of the club car has again brought some disharmony to our club. I hope we can all keep this issue in it's proper perspective. I believe it to be a minor problem in comparison to the camaraderie and overall enjoyment we receive from being a member of the George Washington Chapter." Then, emblazoned on the outside rear cover of the October script adjacent to the location for members address was this; "A quick tally of our recent mail voting on disposition of the club car indicates that 68 of us want to sell it, 38 prefer to keep it, and 3 abstained. As for the method of selling the car, most favored the first option, wide advertizing, \$6,000 reserve, and sealed bids from members and others to be opened at the regular club meeting on November 19th".

What would become of it and where would it go? More later..



GWC 25 YEARS AGO (Cont.)

Club cars... there was another, and its story has an interesting twist. A decision was made to acquire a Model A to be a raffle car for the national meet the club hosted in '78. A run-down '28 roadster, owned by Edgar Rohr, became a candidate. Edgar was very well known in old car circles, having been President of AACA for three consecutive years, and because he had a museum in Manassas, where he at one time was Mayor.

The roadster, with its tired amateur sky blue paint job and holes in its body, won out. It quickly ended up in Carl Patrick's garage where he set about working his magic on the tattered body. Other members pitched in too. As soon as it was ready, with a spiffy new black paint job, tickets were being hawked by numerous members, with Bill Price and Steve Forster coming to mind.

The winning ticket was sold by Stephen Forster. Years later, the following ad appeared in the Script's "In the Marketplace" swap column: "For sale, 1928 Model A Roadster, won in the 1978 club raffle, Clay Ormsby, 273-xxxx..." Who was to become the proud new owner? Stephen Forster. Now that's a win-win.

Dave Henderson

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Please update your rosters for the following changes.

Tom Quigley has a new email address: tiquigley6@gmail.com

The email addresses for the following new member families were incorrect in the Script. Their correct addresses are as follow:

Bob & Marlene Sailowski rsaiks@aol.com

Bob & Joanne Kranich bobkranich@att.net

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OCTOBER PROGRAM - SELLING THE MODEL A

When the Model A Ford first appeared publicly on Friday, December 2, 1927, not too much "selling" was actually needed. Basically for 6+ months, there had been considerable anticipation and mounting public speculation concerning The New Ford. Essentially, this proved to provide free advertising for Ford. Early paid-by-Ford advertising included a series of five successive newspaper ads in 2,000 US newspapers. These full-page ads started in late November 1927. There were also ads on the radio. Magazine advertising here in the US began only in June 1928, although earlier there were a few such ads in foreign publications, for example in Canada and in the Philippines.

Ever since the Model T era, Ford had deployed a variety of showroom posters depicting various body styles. During the Model A era, there was a series of three different showroom poster styles, starting with the introduction of the Model A in late 1927 and ending with a fairly extensive series that essentially represented illustrations that had also been used in magazines. Furthermore, there were porcelain signs, which were used primarily outdoors to promote service and parts. But beware. Some of these porcelain signs have been more recently reproduced since originals in good condition command relatively high prices.

In addition, again starting in December 1927 and lasting throughout production, Ford produced a large number of sales brochures, many of which were devoted to a single body style. Keeping track of these can be challenging. And finally, there were other materials used to sell the Model A, including post cards, individual flyers, movie house slides, lapel pins, etc.

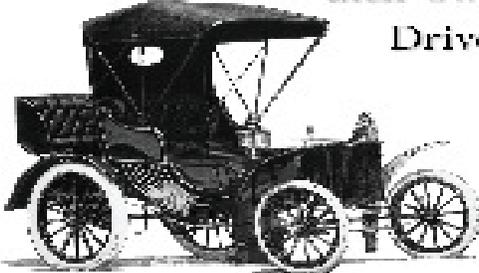
Howard Minners will be our speaker this month.

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SEEN AT VERN PARKER'S SHOW



Jim Gray lounging behind Ruby



The Town Sedan with an admirer

OF KILTS, CABERS AND CABRIOLETS—THE SCOTTISH GAMES

The Scottish Games, held at Great Meadows in The Plains, VA on Labor Day Weekend (September 3 & 4 this year) are certainly a fun filled weekend in the late summer. I think this is a must-attend event. Jim Gray and I in our Model As, with Jim leading and Ms. Sandy third in her modern with flashers on to protect us, roared off down I-66 and on to the Great Meadow. Whoa is me, they parks us by the music tent and close to the beer tent... Shortly Dick Roe and Richard Largent joined us in their Model A's and Jim & Char McDaniel in their '51 Sheriff's car. The layout included a large tent for us to gather in. The games were already under way with stone throwing, hammer throwing and telephone pole tossing (actual name is caber toss, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caber_toss). British cars came streaming in as well- about 20 nice cars. Please see <http://vascottishgames.org/> for further details.

About the time we got our cars cleaned up and set, they announced that a thunderstorm with a lot of air to ground lightening was heading our way and that the Sheriff's Department was telling us to return to our cars. Sandy, Kathie Gray and Clem went to our modern for about 1 1/2 hours, while Jim Gray sat in his Model A. I'm hearing that Jim used the time to grab a plate of haggis and 23750972634 beerz. All that prep time and the two Scottish flags on his car must have worked, because Jim's coupe won the "Games Chieftain's Favorite Pre-War Car" award.

After the storm there was so much activity. Displays, enactments, demonstrations of war garb and equipment, dancing contests and wonderful bands. The craft and food alleyway was loaded with upscale merchandise and great food. Did I mention the scones? Throughout the scene there were visitors in period and proper costume. One couple was particularly a stand out: he was in fighting garb, with the blue and red face of a Celtic warrior, and she was in a wench outfit. I'm told his costume was graded pretty darn good and hers left the nearby judges speechless... The music tent near us was alive with musical groups. We had a front row seat to everything.

Jim McDaniel says "I'm happy to report I made it out to the Virginia Highland Scottish Games and back without getting arrested. Also, I took first place in the class: "American Antiques/Classics."

While at the car show, showing it to some of the kids, a young 10-year-old boy was looking inside the car at the open driver's door. He looked all around, then pointed to the door and asked, "What's the little windy-thing?" It took me a moment to understand his question, then "wound" the little windy-thing a turn or two. The driver's window came up about three inches. "Hey, COOL!" was his reaction. He'd never seen anything except power windows. The times, they are indeed a-changin'.

Homeward bound after a very fine day and outing.

Clem Clement/Jim Gray/Jim McDaniel



JANET'S APPLE BUTTER FESTIVAL TOUR

I just couldn't handle George alone this time, so I brought his two sisters, Mary Anderson and Karen Bruce, to help. Joining us at the Red, Hot & Blue were: Gil & Charlene Beckner; Bill & Carol Benedict; Jim & Kathie Gray; Andy & Ellen Jaeger; Benny & Sharon Leonard; Jerry & Cindy Olexson; Tom & Carol Terko; Woody & Linda Williams; and Bill & Judy Worsham. We were also very glad to have Jane Wild join us for lunch.

Joining the group from Warrenton at Skyland were: Annie & Rich Anderson (long-time friends of the Jaegers); Jim & Connie Baker; Jim & Carol Cartmill; Jim & Suzan O'Neale; and Bill & Alice Sims. We were also joined again by a group from the Colonial As: George & Barbara Armory; Bobby & Patty Belvin; Ed Case; Butch & Shirley Compton; Peter Maytham; Ray & Rena Putnam; and Bruce Spady. On Saturday, Phil & Betty McCormick; Chuck & Delores Manns; Ed McNulty (and his granddaughter); and Jon & Susan Phillips joined us for the day.

As usual, the shenanigans started early. Sharon Leonard apparently thought she had some problem with the toilet paper in her room, since she couldn't get it off the roll. Just as she was getting ready to complain to the staff, she realized that it was trick TP, and got a little less irritated. What I wonder is how someone got in her room to replace it? Some things we'll never know... but I kind of suspected it might have been George.

Lisa Meadows joined us on Friday night again this year, and once again we had great fun. Flashing back to July 2009, we were treated once again to the golden throated duo of Bill Worsham and Carol Terko singing "Crazy" by Patsy Cline. Ah yes, America does, indeed, have talent.



America's Got Talent

As things were wrapping up, George surprised me when he had Lisa play a special song and asked me to dance; I was actually stunned because this is so out of character for him. Maybe he was just feeling guilty about that TP caper earlier in the day... maybe I shouldn't have been so hard on him.



Janet & George Waltz Across Texas

APPLE BUTTER FESTIVAL (Cont.)

On Saturday morning, our favorite Park Ranger, Jerry, took eleven people to Rapidan, President Hoover's summer retreat. It was a fun trip but apparently the van they were riding in had some transmission trouble and Jerry had to call for another van to bring them back. As always, Jerry found me at the Apple Butter Festival later and again threatened to quit. "Where do you find these people?" he demanded. "Do you pay these people to come and give me a hard time every year?" Of course Jerry really enjoys our groups, and quickly adds that they're always "a lot of fun."

The weather was chilly with a light rain, but it didn't dampen our fun, or lessen our appetites. The staff made 5 kettles of apple butter, three of which sold out on Saturday. The pints and quarts canned from the remaining two kettles were available on Sunday morning in the gift shop.



Touched by Clouds

On Saturday evening we gathered in the Conference Hall and played Pokeno. George Armory and Ray Putnam of the Colonial As joined us, requiring us to change the rules when they actually thought they had won! Just as we were getting ready to play our game, we looked out the building and saw a big black bear scamper across the parking lot and climb up a tree. One man was heading to his room, which was right by the tree with the bear. We warned him about the bear and he got out of the way. It wasn't long before the bear climbed down and went off into the woods. We understand that several others saw the bear too. As usual, we saw plenty of deer.

After breakfast on Sunday, we headed to an orchard in Sperryville to buy apples. This is the same orchard that supplied the apples for the Festival. It was about 5 miles outside of Sperryville and was a nice ride. We all came home with apples and happy memories.

Janet Merkel with Jim Gray

IN APPRECIATION

Thanks to Doug Cox for fixing the upside down jack for the wheel straighter. Without his help we would not be able to use it, because we cannot find any company who makes a new jack nor could we find a repair shop willing to fix the old one. So Doug volunteered to take the old one home to see what he could do. After many hours of effort, he managed to get it into good working order and sent it to me. The club owes Doug a real debt of gratitude.

Benny Leonard

THE RUMBLE SEAT EFFECT

Friday, September 16, 2011, was a clear but brisk day; perfect for making apple butter. With Kathie in the Camry and I in Ruby, we left home around 11:00 a.m. and joined up with our Janet Merkel-led tour group at the Red, Hot & Blue in Warrenton about an hour later.

We left earlier than the group and headed to our next stop, an off-the-beaten-path antique place 23 miles west on US 211. Boy was it off, and boy was it beaten; but antique? Maybe... but mostly Elmer's stuff was just old.

We snaked the final 8 miles through Thornton Gap on 211, climbing nearly 1,780 feet to the intersection with Skyline Drive. I showed my festival pass and Kathie bought her "ten bucks for life" national parks pass.

After climbing another 1,900 feet on the two-lane Skyline Drive, we arrived at Skyland at 2:30 p.m. and were pleased to find our room in "Craigin" ready. With clear skies, the views from the room were spectacular.

After unpacking, Kathie and I walked over to experience the constant wooden paddle stirring of two great copper vats of apple butter, enveloped by smells of boiling apple and burning oak. I found cousin Clyde Gray, the apple butter maestro, sitting under an old pine tree conducting the creation of his specialty from 7-9 bushels of assorted varieties of peeled and cored apples; 60 or so pounds of sugar; "an amount" of cinnamon oil and clove oil; and a few copper pennies for luck. Clyde would get up at regular intervals and dip a big spoon into the boiling mass, lift it up about a foot above the caldron and slowly tip it to one side to judge whether or not it would pour off; when it didn't, it was ready.

Clyde soon proclaimed one of the vessels – the second vat of the day – to be done. An assembly line of canners spontaneously arranged itself along two banquet tables. Two dippers filled jars with hot apple butter, and two lines of assistants wiped and packed the uncovered hot pints and quarts into boxes. From there, they were carried to the Conference Hall and put onto the table labeled "Day 1 Vat 2" to cool. As they were finishing, Clyde ambled over to the third vat, repeated his testing duties, and proclaimed that vat ready to can just as the canning brigade finished vat 2; it was almost as if he'd planned it that way.

Cousin Clyde told me "his people" came from Washington, VA, a town where some of my family's ancestors had settled after having arrived in the 1740s from Scotland by way of Ireland.

"I had a '29 coupe when I was a kid," Clyde said when he returned to sit under the pine. "And right here under this very tree, my buddies and I cut the top off, 'cause I really wanted a roadster. Well, we drove that car all over Skyline Drive and down into the valley. When we were cleaning rooms up here, we'd collect the laundry on these big tarpaulins and drag it to the central laundry. Sometimes after work, we'd take one of those tarps and hold it above the car so it was kind of like a sail as we raced down the mountain toward Luray. We did lots of stuff like that; I loved that car."

I was lost in genealogical thought the next morning at breakfast, and chose to sit alone (Kathie wanted only yogurt in the room). Clyde reminded me very much of my Granddaddy Winters with a mischievous twinkle in his eye and ever a story on his lips. I wondered for a bit what else Clyde and his family had done to celebrate his 82nd birthday, the majority of which had been spent supervising the making of three kettles of apple butter. But then, there wouldn't have been much time for celebrating, because, like Granddaddy, Clyde was up with the chickens.



THE RUMBLE SEAT EFFECT (Cont.)

Rebecca, Ellen and Bea sat at the table next to me in the Pollock Dining room. Rebecca was animated and boisterous in her blue and white Dutch Boy cap, while Bea and Ellen were more reserved. From what I overheard from their conversation (Bea, in her white wide-visor hiking bonnet, was apparently hard-of-hearing, so there was plenty of volume in their conversation), Bea and her late husband had come to Skyland regularly during their married life. Ellen, her subdued daughter, sat hatless beside her. Rebecca, a family friend, regaled them both with stories of a recent trip to Michigan, using her right hand as a map to show her audience where this and that were located, occasionally referring to an imaginary upper peninsula (“U.P.”) to the left of her little finger.

As I unintentionally and unwillingly gleaned all this, George Merkel approached the ladies and began chatting them up, as the English would say. From that discussion, I learned that Bea wanted very much to ride in a Model A rumble seat; because, she said, she “had history with them.”

Most of us have attended enough shows at senior citizen homes to have heard the sometimes blue stories of what supposedly happened in Model A rumble seats “back then”. But beyond the occasional innocent canoodling, I can’t imagine how some of these purported events ever occurred without profound life-altering injury, embarrassment, or both.

“Jim,” insisted George, “don’t you have a rumble seat?” “Well, yes,” I admitted; and with that, I found myself offering Bea a rumble seat reunion ride – but only if the rain stopped. The perfect fall day of yesterday had devolved into a Seattle-like day with mist and low slung slate gray clouds nipping at the ground. As I was making sure I had all their names, it became apparent that Rebecca wanted to ride too, and I agreed. Before leaving, we arranged to meet by Ruby at 2:00 p.m.

I went back to the room to see what the weather channel had to say. It said it would be warm in Atlanta, and clear in Pittsburgh, but on the matter about which I cared – the weather at Skyland - it was silent. Kathie and I decided we’d just have to go out in the soup and wait.

What a crowd this year! There were cars parked everywhere, people milling about all over the festival field, and more streaming down from cars parked higher up the mountain. There was twice the number of vendors than had been there last year, but none of the cute, though not-well-received, clog dancers and cake walks. Instead, there was a country music stage at the north end of the field, our old cars at the south end, and vendors and food lines in between. And dogs... lots of dogs.

I found cousin Clyde under his pine tree orchestrating the preparation of two more vats of apple butter. “Mornin’ cousin” we greeted each other, as we settled into some rambling discussions of Skyland “back in the day.” “Mr. Gray... could you come check our vat?” came the request from the morning’s first canning line. “Excuse me, Jim, I’ve got to go see if they’ve got it right.” He grabbed my offered arm with a firm grip as he pulled himself up out of his chair. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

Noting that it was almost 2 p.m., I figured I had to eat before heading over to Ruby; the rapidly-improving weather told me I’d soon be giving a rumble seat ride or two. The lunch ticket we got for driving a classic car got me a barbecue sandwich, apple slaw and baked beans with apple chunks; after that, it was “drive, she said.”

I arrived back at Ruby to find George regaling my 3 ladies with tales of rambunctious rumble seat behavior; stories in which my ladies feigned a slight interest. Their mild bemusement, however, quickly evolved into girlish giggles as George, Jim O’Neale and I hoisted first Bea and then Rebecca into Ruby’s rumble seat. Bea was spry and of a slight build, and easily guided into the seat; Rebecca was taller and had a stiff knee, but we got her in with careful guidance.



THE RUMBLE SEAT EFFECT (Cont.)

Ellen declined my offers of a ride, so after cranking down my rear window and making sure all was ready, I fired up Ruby for Bea's restorative trip down memory lane and Rebecca's next slice of life experience pie.

I say restorative because Bea's rumble seat history was not the sort I'd ever imagined. When she was 4, she and her family lived in Princeton, WV. One day, a boy who was a friend of her older sister dropped by to visit in his 1931 rumble seat Ford coupe. As those two chatted on the porch swing, curious Bea climbed into the rumble seat, which somehow closed and trapped her. The visit over, the young man hopped into his car and drove 2 hours to his job in Radford VA, while a screaming Bea was tossed about in the dark confines of the rumble seat foot well while pounding on the driver's seat. Not until they arrived at Radford did the young man discover his stowaway. As soon as he discovered the terrified little Bea, he pulled her from the rumble seat, put her in the passenger seat, and drove straight back to Princeton. When he arrived, he was greeted by Bea's shotgun-toting grandmother with a stern face but soon grateful heart. The young man's rewards were that he was not shot nor fired from his job.

Bea's restorative rumble seat ride was very much a single-car parade. The 3-mile ride around the big circle that encompasses Skyland was lined with cars and people headed for the festival; Ruby and her rumble seat royalty were the parade. Much Ah-oogah-ing, waving and laughing later, we arrived back at the festival field; both ladies noticeably more nimble and animated than when we left. As they clamored out of their seat, Rebecca had a new story to tell, and Bea was beaming with the joyous memory that a rumble seat ride should give.

Jim Gray

CHICKIN' PICKIN' ROARS ON DESPITE THE WEATHER

I would like to personally thank Billie and Bob Warhurst for hosting our club picnic. It may have not been the perfect day, but I can say they went out of their way to be THE VERY BEST hosts. I got many calls to cancel, but the count was in and the plans were made ...so Bob said, "Bring it on!"

So, off to the barn—and what a barn it is! They had had a party the night before for their work, so all the tables were there, which made my job a lot easier. Almost everyone who signed up was in attendance. We had good food, pleasant conversation, perfect hosts; so what more could you ask for? To the ones not in attendance—it was your loss. And guess what? None of us melted from the rain.

Edna Cross



Confab at the Chickin' Pickin'

COMING EVENTS

Oct. 15 – Memory Lane Car Show in Kilmarnock, VA. Plaques and participation awards.

Oct. 15 – Heritage Festival at Prince William Forest Park. For information, call the Visitor's Center at 703-221-7181.

Dec. 3 – GWC Christmas Dinner. (See next month's Script for details.)

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale

1930 Model A Sport coupe with a rumble seat. The car is immaculate and a complete restoration at Bowman Trucking Company, including interior and a completely rebuilt engine. It has always been garaged since I have had it. \$20,000 or best offer. Call Skip Monsein at 240-418-5510.

1957 Chrysler 300C hardtop. Beautiful and extremely rare. Completely, frame-off, restored after bought by previous owner in 1998. Red with a beige leather interior and just as clean and detailed on the bottom as it is on the top. Suspension, brakes, transmission and rear axle are all in excellent restored condition. The massive Hemi engine was completely rebuilt during the restoration. Unfortunately, the engine recently lost oil pressure unexpectedly and developed a knock. The engine was immediately shut down; however, upon inspection it was observed that damage was done to a main bearing insert and at least one of the cylinder walls was scored. The motor did not throw a rod or damage itself in any way that would hinder an engine rebuild. The owner has opted to sell the vehicle, as is, to fund his other automotive projects. Many more pictures and details are available upon request. Please don't hesitate to call George at George's Automotive Restoration at 703-969-1715 with any questions, offers or to schedule an inspection of this magnificent wounded beauty.

The George Washington Chapter Inc., Model A Club of America and the Mount Vernon Region of the Model A Restorers Club does not endorse or any way approve or disapprove the use of any person or enterprise that advertises or in any way is linked to the club web site or publication (e.g., the Script).

PHOTO CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE

Cover:

Vern Parker Show (p. 7):

Scottish Games (p. 8):

Apple Butter Festival (pp. 9-10)

Chickin' Pickin' (p. 13)

Chuck Kunstbeck

Bill Shields

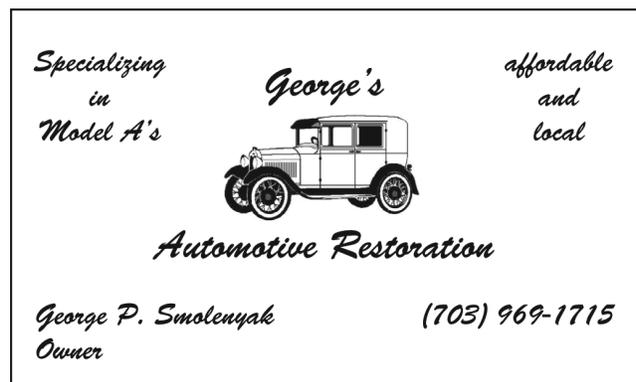
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Specialising in 1928 - 1931 Model A Ford Parts



Specializing in Model A's *George's* *affordable and local*

Automotive Restoration
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Owner

AUCTION TO SELL

Peyton Randolph's Parts Collection

(Approximately 30 boxes)

When: Sunday, November 6th

Where: American Legion Hall

1355 Balls Hill Road

McLean, Virginia

Time: 1:00 PM

12:00 PM Parts Available for Viewing

Terms: Cash / Club Member Checks

Proceeds benefit:

The Peyton Randolph Memorial Scholarship

Partial Listing of Parts:

Water pumps/parts

Distributors/parts

Tire pressure gauges/Tire pumps

Starters/parts

Model A/antique car literature/charts **Antique spark plugs w/boxes**

Zenith carburetors 1, 2, 3, including side bowls/parts

Ford script and other antique tools/jacks/grease guns

Antique auto bulbs/headlights/lenses/reflectors/taillights/parts

Model A wheel, bumper, steering column, and radiator stone guard

Numerous small miscellaneous parts too numerous to list

For further information contact:

Bill Worsham at 703-250-5474 or Woody Williams at 703-858-1192.