

February 2021 VAE Year 68

Wheel Tracks



Read about Dave Sargent's
Deluxe Model A history
&
His new
1931 Model A Ford
on page 7

The Official Monthly Publication of the Vermont Automobile Enthusiasts



FROM OUR PRESIDENT,
DUANE LEACH

Hello

I hope everyone is doing OK. I'm excited to have 2020 behind us. I will be picking the presidents restoration award in the middle of February, so if you completed a restoration in 2020, or know a VAE member who did, please let me know asap. I only know of one so far.

As we move into 2021 we will be having some creative events and tours to keep everyone

safe and the cars on the zoom. In the spring, if any one would like to set up a tour, please don't hesitate to call Mike Felix 802-656-7260 or myself 802-849-6174.

I think it will be awhile before we are able to do garage tours again. We might be able to do a couple tours, a months in different parts of the state. Please remember to renew your membership and give a gift membership for only \$10.

Hope to see everyone soon don't forget to wear your mask.



**Vermont Auto Enthusiasts
Membership Application**

Membership fee.....\$30 for yr.....\$50 for 2yrs.

Please make payment payable to:
VAE Secretary, Christina McCaffrey
89 Ledge Road
Burlington, VT 05401

Name _____

Address _____

Phone # _____

Email Address _____

What old things are your interested in? Circle some or

Cars	Maps	Memorabilia
Trucks	Posters	Antique clothing
Tractors	Match-box models	Post cards
Hit & miss engines	Tools	
One-lunger engines	Gas pumps	

all!

Check out our member vehicle list on our web site, vtauto.org. You will find hundreds there and most likely a model of the very first car you drove.

An online application can also be found at vtauto.org. We have some great fun in our car club and because we are a non-profit, we are able to help our communities in many ways. Education is one of our main focuses.



VAE Officers & Directors

Jan Sander-Chairwoman

802-644-5487 sander@pshift.com

Duane Leach - President

802-849-6174 fordpu64@yahoo.com

Gary Fiske- 1st. Vice

802-933-7780 gafiske@gmail.com

Mike Felix— 2nd Vice

845-656-7260 felixmike3@gmail.com

Don Pierce- Treasurer

802-879-3087 dwp@melodyelectric.com

PO Box 1064, Montpelier, VT. 05602

Charlie Thompson- Recording Secretary

802-878-2536 charlieandmarion@comcast.net

Tom McHugh 802-862-1733...Term ends 12/31/2020

Judy Boardman 802-899-2260...Term ends

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Dave Sander 802-434-8418... Term ends 12/31/2021

Education/ Outreach Committee

Ed Hilbert— Chair

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Don Pierce

Gary Olney

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John Malinowski

Membership Secretary (Ex-Officio)

Christina McCaffrey

89 Ledge Road

Burlington VT 05401-4140

VAEmembership@gmail.com

marleyparis@aol.com

The Vermont Antique and Classic Car Meet

Co-Chairs

Bob Chase 802-253-4897

Duane Leach 802-849-6174

Wheel Tracks Editor Gary Fiske

802-933-7780

gafiske@gmail.com

2503 Duffy Hill Road

Enosburg Falls, Vermont 05450

Edi Fiske—Wheel Tracks proof-reader

Clark & Isabelle Wright- Burma Shave editors

Justin Perdue - Webmaster

Welcoming Committee

David Hillman

david.hillman@vtmednet.org

Wheel Tracks printer

Messenger Marketing, St. Albans, Vermont

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- 1959 James Mc Glaffin
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- 2015 Dan Noyes
- 2016 Dan Noyes
- 2017 Dave Stone
- 2018 Dave Stone
- 2019 Jan Sander
- 2020 Duane Leach

**FROM YOUR
EDITOR...
GARY FISKE**



This early VAE drawing by Bill Billado has become very appropriate the past few days.



I am sure there are a few of us who have used tire chains or at least been around when our Dads put them on.

One member told me, a few days ago, that he had to walk through over forty inches of snow to get to his shop for work that day. He told me his wife decided to not bring lunch to him and handed him a sandwich when he headed out that morning.

I later asked her what kind of sandwich and it turned out he had been looking for a little sympathy, There were, really, two sandwiches!...peanutbutter & jelly.

I am sure there are hundreds of past and present snow stories that members can offer. If the stories are not too long, maybe you could share them with Wheel Tracks.

Here is a short Chevy tire chain story. My dad had a '41 Chevy in the early 50's that made it real easy to put on chains. One rear fender had fallen off because of Vermont rust. Mother made it twice as easy when she backed into a tree and knocked off the other one. She claimed the two trees she was backing between were very close to one another. My Dad and uncle later found that three or four cars could be parked, side by side, between those two maple trees. (A family story that has been lovingly re-told for over 70 years)

I read something from a Korean War veteran recently, who was being told by his family that he should not be taking on as much as he does.

His reply....."I would rather wear out than rust out." great advice for all of us.

Something that I hope does not change, when this virus has been beaten, is how much I enjoy conversations these days. There is a long list of VAEers I have not talked to, for over a year, and when I get a chance, it is something special to catch up, with what is happening in their lives. I have to admit, I miss the pre-Covid club gatherings, Maybe, by the end of 2021, we will have some gatherings and the "old-days" will be back!

Attention....

I have heard a few VAEers have had scam calls recently. I understand the safest thing to do is simply hang up without saying a word. Many of those calls are made by computers and when someone answers at the other end, the computer has just found out someone is there, and the calls continue.

I had an email last week that looked like it came from a VAE member friend. The member wrote how he was sick and could not get out to buy a gift card for his grand-daughter's birthday. He was asking me to buy the gift card and send it to her, and that he would pay me back later. Scam-scam-scam! This did not come from my VAE friend. That same message went to at least one other VAEer.

I don't know if it helps, but the Federal Trade Commission does have a website to report these scams at reportfraud.ftc.gov and the Vermont Attorney General at (802) 828-3171 should be called.

Just, please, be careful.

**Membership
Only \$30
\$50 for 2 years**

**Wheel Tracks
Monthly deadline to
the editor is the
5th of each month**

**Contact Us At...
vaeinfo@gmail.com**

**Or
Our Website at
vtauto.org**

**"How to be
a member"**

*Go to vtauto.org

*Click "Join VAE"

*Print form, fill it
out and mail it with
your \$\$ to our
secretary

If you want your
latest
Wheel Tracks
earlier... go to
vtauto.org then to our
Member Only Page.

The new issue can
usually be found
there, around the 25th
of the month

Wheel Tracks
is a monthly
newsletter published
in print and
electronically for the
public, and for the
VAE membership.
The VAE is a 501c3
a not-for-profit Inc.





"The Softer Side"

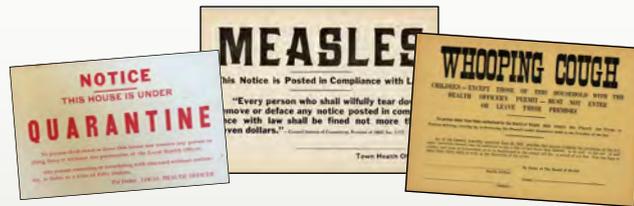
A Column Shared by Anne Pierce (Left), Judy Boardman (Center) & Nancy Olney (Right)

"A different kind of pandemic story".....from Anne

Since the beginning of the pandemic last year, I've been thinking a lot about my maternal grandfather. His name was Maurice J. Villemaire, M.D., and he served the town of Milton, Vermont, as a general practitioner for 40 years. He was born in 1902, grew up in Winooski, went to medical school at the University of Vermont, did his residency out of state, and came back home to marry a cute nurse.

They settled down on Main Street in Milton, hung out his shingle, and started practicing medicine in the early 1930s. until his death in 1972. His home and office were one and the same.

All this background leads me to the early 1980s when, after my grandmother passed away. My mom and family were cleaning out my grandparents' house, getting ready for sale. I remember we discovered heavy cardstock signs, 12 x 5 inches, with words like "mumps," "German measles," and "scarlet fever" on them. My mom told me the Vermont Department of Health provided these to doctors around the state for when they made house calls and diagnosed one of these dreaded diseases. She remembers my grandfather would nail the appropriate sign to the front door of a house as a quarantine measure. I always found it amazing that any of these signs survived, but under the front stairs were a stack of them!



His name was Maurice J. Villemaire, M.D., and he served the town of Milton, Vermont, as a general practitioner for 40 years.

Science has come a long way: German measles (rubella) is no longer constantly present in the U.S. thanks to a vaccine developed long ago. Likewise, smallpox, a highly contagious, disfiguring and often deadly virus, was also eradicated decades ago after a worldwide immunization program. The World Health Organization considers it one of the biggest achievements of the time, in international public health. Whooping cough (pertussis), though not eradicated, is a highly contagious respiratory tract infection that is easily preventable by vaccine.

The Centers for Disease Control & Prevention (CDC) reported that polio was once one of the most feared diseases in the U.S. In the early 1950s, before the polio vaccines were available, polio outbreaks caused more than 15,000 cases of paralysis each year. Do you remember seeing pictures of people lying in an iron lung?

Following development by Dr. Jonas Salk in 1955 of the polio vaccine, the number of cases fell rapidly to less than 100 in the 1960s and fewer than 10 in the 1970s.

This brings me to the date of May 4, 1954, when my grandfather, Doc Villemaire, administered the first polio vaccine shot in Vermont to a child in Milton as part of national testing of the vaccine! I've often wondered what was going through his mind at the time? Would it save lives? Was he doing the right thing?

Now, here we are, in 2021 with our very own version of a pandemic that has killed so many worldwide. I'm sure you've all read or heard news about the unprecedented research, development, time, money, and rollout of the COVID-19 vaccine.

I still marvel today how men and women so many, many years ago, without the high-tech computers and modern-day scientific tools, were able to discover and produce those older vaccines that are still in use. I'm so very proud I can say that, back in his day, he was on the front lines and helped save lives! This also goes to show just how far the human race has come, yet how far we still have to go.

UPDATE: With regard to my last article about the woodchuck, it seems he got into our neighbor's shed and met his demise! I didn't ask cause of death.



Boston Herald, May 5, 1954
Sandra Smith of the Checkerberry School in Milton, VT gets her Salk anti-polio shot from Dr. Villemaire. Milton was the 1st VT town to start the trials.



Dave's Garage by Dave Sander



Dave has a guest this month.....

Paul Baresel from Buxton, Maine

I have never not known a car enthusiast pass by an old barn, or even a collapsing old barn, and ask themselves "What old car or car parts are hiding in there?"

My big break came for me this summer after day dreaming what buried treasures are waiting for daylight in this big barn down the road from where I live. I had watched a huge wagon beside the barn disintegrate before my eyes, trees collapse on an old van, and a farm tractor sink into the earth. The day came when I was driving by and saw a door open to the barn and an elderly man dragging some old wood boards outside. I seized the opportunity and introduced myself to him and asked if there were any old car parts inside. I waited with bated breath and "Yes" he said, "but you can not see it!". "Why not?" "Just look in the barn" he said. So I did. I thought the term hoarder was the name of a tv show, and here it is in real life. My eyes beheld boards of all shapes and sizes, tables, chairs, books, ancient televisions, refrigerators, and stoves. I asked him "There are car parts in there??!!!"

The old gent told me that, somewhere in there was a 1930 Model A doodle bug that was put there 30 years earlier.

The gentleman was an actor and his life has been spent in a Portland, (ME) theater. When the theater burned down, many years earlier, he had asked if he could salvage the items that remained. The barn contained all that he had rescued and now he had the task of cleaning it out, because it had been sold.

He was so sentimental about the theater, that he had rented storage units and planned to move the barn contents into the units. I offered to help in exchange for the Model A and he agreed.

After a lot of work we uncovered the doodle bug. There it stood gleaming like the Holy Grail, flat tires, broken steering wheel, and broken head lights. It was love at first sight.

The ultimate challenge was how to get the thing out of the barn. He had built walls around it to hold all of his junk! The day came when a friend, the gent, and I began the job of getting the doodle bug out of the barn. The tires held air, we got the transmission free, and the brakes were not frozen. So far, so good until I pushed from behind the bug. The ground caved in under my feet, the back wheels began to settle into the cavern. I found my self standing in two feet of porcupine crap! I knew that they would destroy wood, but tunnel? This was a new experience for the three of us.

We tried to moved the truck again and the front wheels joined the rear wheels sinking into the porcupine tunnels and poop. Using jacks, old boards, and big crow bar, we finally had the vehicle outside for its first day-light in 30 years. We had gone through a dozen or so face masks, a container of hand sanitizer and two 6 packs of beer.

Local people who had heard of the barn commotion, came by just as we pushed the buried "Treasure of Buxton", on my car trailer. They looked inside the barn with a disappointment. They too, had wondered about the mysteries of the old barn and found only porcupine poop, the junk and this old "jitterbug" (the local term for a doodle bug). I was not allowed in the house until I showered with rubbing alcohol and hydrogen peroxide. I even had to burn the clothes I was wearing!

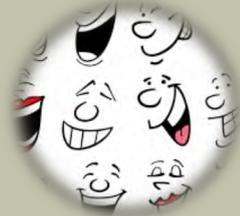
Several local people came by my home to stare at the golden radiance of the truck. One comment...."I always wanted to know what was in that barn?" The look of disappointment and disbelief was amazing, as they left shaking their heads. I was thinking of charging people to gaze upon the "Treasure of Buxton" to recoup my efforts. The "Treasure of Buxton" is sleeping, awaiting Spring to start its engine.





Used To be....

"See a penny, pick it up, all day you will have good luck.
See a penny let it lay, all bad luck will come your way."



An American tourist is hit by a car in downtown Sydney, AU. He is in a coma for 24 hours. When he wakes up in the hospital, he is very disoriented.

"Did I come here to die?" he asks.

The nurse replies, "No, love, you came here yestadie!"

When I went to lunch today, I noticed an old man sitting on a park bench sobbing his eyes out.

I stopped and asked him what was wrong. He told me, 'I have a 22 year old wife at home. She rubs my back every morning and then gets up and makes me pancakes, sausage, fresh fruit and freshly ground coffee.'

I said, 'Well, why are you crying?' He said, 'For dinner she makes me a gourmet meal with wine and my favorite dessert and then we cuddle until the small hours.'

I inquired, 'Well then, why in the world would you be crying?'

He replied, 'I can't remember where I live.'

Norman was visiting the cemetery near Chester in England and he couldn't help noticing a man kneeling in front of a gravestone, clasping his hands and sobbing.

Norman went a bit closer and could hear what the man was saying. 'Why did you have to die?' he was repeating, 'Why did you have to die?'

Feeling he ought to do something to alleviate the man's obvious distress, Norman laid his hand on the gent's shoulder saying gently

'Was it someone you loved very much?'

The man looked up at him and said,

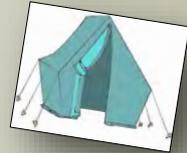
'No, I never met him,

he was my wife's first husband.'

Talk is cheap?
Have you ever talked to a lawyer?

VAE Tech-Tent 101.1

From Gary Fiske



A normal day at
"Wendell's Computer Repair Shop"
in Milton, Vermont

In reference to last month's cures for your car's "Death Wobble" and the most likely cause....**the Caster adjustments.**



We have had a number of calls because it was very confusing and most likely, the author is a little green. Some of the calls confirmed the string level process....and brought up more questions

Hopefully, by the March issue, the author will have a chance to do the adjustment for the first time and continue the subject of the "big-fix".

The whole exercise is to keep us safe on the highway, while driving these old vehicles.

From front page..... **This from Dave Sargent**

I became a member of VAE just a few years ago when I registered my 1967 Austin Healey 3000 MK III . Although I have never participated in any of the events, I have enjoyed your monthly magazine. The pictures and articles have sparked many memories of my past challenges with automobiles.

The Model A (Ford) is, without a doubt, the one vehicle that I would put in first place, as holding both, some of my fondest and most chilling memories from my early automobile experiences.

When I was 14 my mother wanted a low spot in the lawn filled. Normally, that might have been a job that some young people would consider work. For me and my friend it was an opportunity to drive the "A" and to siphon a gallon of gas out of my father's '37 Ford Coach to run it. We found a bank of soft dirt and easy digging that had been pushed up for a logging header. We commenced to load the back of that "A" with a good heavy load not thinking about the drive up a long hill that had a steep bank on one side, the capability of the brakes, or the power of the engine. As we got about halfway up the hill the engine ran out of power and stopped. The brakes did not hold. Then it started to roll backwards along with the engine turning backwards. My buddy bailed out but I stayed with it. Down the hill backwards the "A" and I went until we got to the corner at the bottom, there it went off the road and hit a big rock unloading the entire load of dirt. My first comment to my buddy with shaking legs and tears in my eyes was, "I'm never driving that thing again." The next day I went down and drove it back to the barn!

I always admired the Model A Roadster and always wanted one but I didn't have the resources when I was younger. Then the busyness of working for a living, raising a family, taking care of our little mountainside family farm, and a wife with an illness made it difficult to think about getting an old car.

Early last Fall, while driving along Route 7 to Brandon, VT, I saw a beautiful Roadster parked beside the road with a "For Sale" sign in the window. Believing it was one of those aftermarket copies, I didn't give it another thought until my nephew visited me a week or two later. He said, "Uncle Dave, have you seen that Model A Roadster for sale on Route 7 in Brandon?" Of course I said "Yes". I told him that I thought it wasn't authentic. He was quite sure that it was. He said he would stop on his way home and look it over more closely. I received an excited call from him that evening, and he told me that as far as he could tell, it had been restored according to guidelines and that I should really consider buying it!

I had a project to finish up here at the farm so it was a couple of days before I went to find out about it only to sadly discover, when I arrived at the place where it had been parked, that it was gone! I asked a neighbor who said she didn't know anything about it. I was disappointed, but I didn't give up. After some searching and a couple of phone calls, I received a reply from the owner. He told me that he hadn't sold it but had put it away for the winter. It was still for sale and he said that he would meet me if I was seriously interested. We agreed to meet the next afternoon.

When I arrived (early I might add) he was already there standing beside the Roadster with the top down and the rumble seat open. There it was, all shiny and glistening in the sun. What a beauty! Suddenly I was conflicted. I had the same feeling that I had when I was a boy standing in front of the candy counter of the local General Store wanting something that I thought I couldn't have. But then I realized I had the same chance of taking my money with me as I did in taking the "A" with me when I died and that is zero! Yes, there was no reason I couldn't have it.

After careful inspection of the Roadster and continued discussion with the owner (including negotiating price) I said to myself, "I think I'm going to buy it". Then he started it up and when I heard it crank and the musical sound of the exhaust - WOW - that was it! All those happy, carefree days of a youngster flashed before me. The deal was sealed!

It is now stored in the barn and I am looking forward to Spring and a good Summer of touring and parades.

Hopefully I will be able to join some of VAE's outings.

I have to thank my nephew, David Stone, for giving me the prod that I needed.

Editor's note..... Dave's grandson took these wonderful pictures of the Model A. We thank you Johnathan.





Edi Fiske

The Roadside Diner

Macaroni -Sausage Casserole



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| *1 (8-ounce) package elbow macaroni | *3 tbs flour |
| * 1-pound bulk sausage | *1/2 tsp salt |
| *1/2 cup chopped onion | *2 cups milk |
| *1/2 cup green pepper strips | *2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese |

Cook macaroni in 3 quarts boiling salted water for 7 to 8 minutes, drain well.
 Brown sausage in heavy skillet, remove and reserve sausage.
 Sauté onion and pepper in 2 tbs fat. Stir in flour and salt.
 Slowly add milk, stirring constantly, cook over medium heat until thickened.
 Stir in 1 1/2 cups cheese. Combine macaroni, 1/2 of sausage and sauce. Pour into a greased 2-quart baking dish, top with 1/2 cup cheese and remaining 1/2 of sausage.
 Bake at 400 degrees for 25 minutes or until golden brown.



"Remember When".... with Chris Barbieri

Auto-Shocko will get them every time!



"Have some REAL FUN with your car"

That's the opening line for a product named Auto-Shocko.

Here we have an automotive accessory that will test your memory.

For a mere \$9.95 postpaid Auto-Shocko will give "anyone who touches the outside surface of your car, a HARMLESS, but VERY EFFECTIVE shock". When the AUTO-SHOCKO switch is on, the entire surface of the car becomes charged. This Auto-Shocko ad appeared in the November 1955 edition of Motor Trend magazine. It also appeared in the Feb. 1953 edition of Popular Mechanics and other publications of the era.

Even more fun ! "You can also charge your buddy's car by touching your bumper to his bumper. Then he won't be able to get into his car until you turn off your switch. The ad points out the obvious, that it will prevent vandals from scratching, damaging or stealing your car.

Auto-Shocko "Is probably the best fun maker you will ever own." Specify 6 or 12 volt and can be installed in minutes.

How did I ever miss Auto-Shocko ? This is a product I would have to have. However, I never recall any of my circle of motorhead friends having one.

Maybe this was a joke ? Three Shocko ads in 3 different publications have Morbarco Manufacturing Co. listed. in

Flushing, NY, Lawrence, MA. and Alexandria, VA. Yet I could find no listing anywhere for Morbarco Manufacturing Co. I did come across an old photo of a Auto-Shocko box and contents so it must have been for real. What fun !

Does anyone remember Shocko ? I'd love to have one !



AUTO-SHOCKO

Have some REAL FUN with your car. With AUTO-SHOCKO you can give anyone who touches the outside surface of your car a HARMLESS, but VERY EFFECTIVE shock. When the AUTO-SHOCKO switch is on, the entire outer surface of the car becomes charged. You can also charge your buddy's car by touching your bumper to his. Then he won't be able to get into his car until you turn off your switch. Can also be left on while car is parked to keep vandals from scratching or damaging your car. Will not run down your battery. AUTO-SHOCKO is probably the best FUN MAKER you will ever own. Available for 6 or 12 volt systems (please specify). Easily installed in a few minutes. Sent complete with AUTO-SHOCKO unit, wire, switch, etc. Price \$9.95 postpaid, or if C.O.D. plus postage—\$1.00 deposit required on C.O.D. orders.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

MORBARCO MANUFACTURING CO.

Dept. 2, P.O. Box 73, Oakland Sta., Flushing 64, N.Y.



We heard through the grape-vine, that **Marvin Ball** has finally decided to sell his **horse-drawn ice-marking machine**.....no horse included. He is probably sitting by the fire and not doing anything if you want to call him. 802-425-3529.

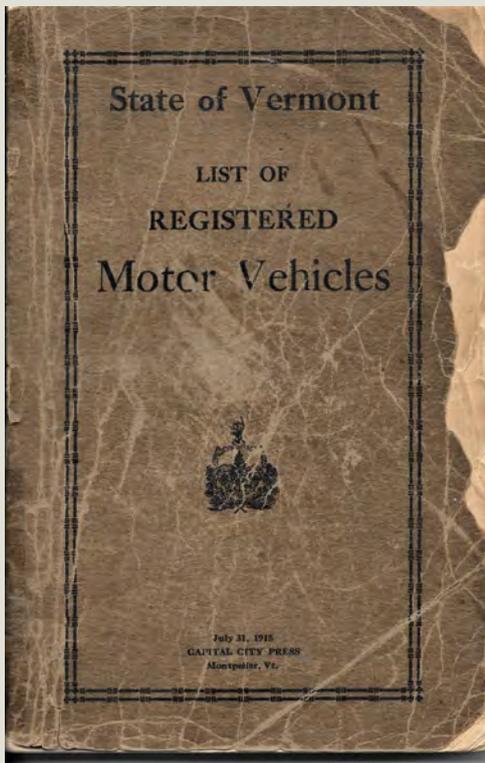
A VAEer was contacted recently, for help in finding the value and a market for an old car that she owns. Her husband recently passed away and he had been restoring a 70s Triumph Spitfire. The car is completely apart, in her garage and she has no idea what to do. Wheel Tracks knows of other similar calls the club has received over the years, with the same desperate requests. To our knowledge, we have always stepped up to help.

Maybe we all should be tagging our parts a little more. Napa sells some really nice white-ink pens just for that purpose. The word has been sent back to the widow, that we will help with the Spitfire.

Your editor recently had a compressor tank develop a rust hole resulting in an air leak and becoming a potential bomb. A beautiful used Quincy was found on Craig's list and he jumped like a big trout after a fly! It was a dual pump compressor with a tank that was close to a quarter inch thick. One small problem was the electric motors, they were 3-phase. But, no problem, a fairly inexpensive converter could be used. It took a while, but the "trout" found out the fly was not what he expected. There are different needs for air compressors and this one's need was for controlling AC and heat controls, producing only about 70psi, not shop air at 150psi. The trout had to then take back all the bragging he had done, about his "great find".



The story does get better, but only after some twists and turns. The Quincy pumps and the 3-phase motors were replaced with two single phase motors and good quality pumps. All new plumbing was completed, but difficulties during the process, was giving the 'trout' a headache. His trout-wife asked him why he did not simply buy a new compressor and be done....so he did. A few days after the order was made, the cause of the headache was found to be a simple malfunctioning check-valve. So today, there is a shiny new compressor sitting in the trout's shop and another shop has a very nice, used compressor. Can you imagine if all this happened during trout season?



A VAEer has given the club this 394 page book pictured on the left. It is a wonderful book from 1915 and lists all Vermont registration plates from the year. We have found, like today, the plate numbers were used by the same owners for multiple years, so if a 1910 plate number was found, this 1915 book just might list it.

The book lists the plate number, the owner, the Vermont town of residence, the horse power and the vehicle make. If you have a plate number, from the era, email or write the editor with the Vermont number, and maybe we can find some information on it.

Here are some listing examples

- 5861 *W.C. Marsh, Sheldon, 29 H.P. Ford
- 5870 Iphus H. Gorden, Lyndonville, 22H.P. Metz
- 811 *F.S. Mackenzie, Woodstock, 32 H.P. Cadillac

We are not sure what the asterisks mean, maybe someone like Gary Irish could tell us. The vehicle plate numbers go from #1 to #10444. There are dealer plates (with their first number a zero) from #01 to 0132. Motorcycles from #1 to #499, and a cross-reference of all plates list by towns. Interestingly, Fort Ethan Allen is listed just like a town.

(I found my G-father's uncle list in Richford, he drove a 22HP Buick and our family doctor from the time, in Bakersfield, Dr Abernethy. He drove an Overland.)

Send the name and town of a family member from 1915 and we will try to find the vehicle they were driving at the time.



Wheel Tracks Academy



"Give Me a Boost"

from Wendell Noble

There's hardly a new car or truck sold today that doesn't have a turbo. What's that? It's actually short for turbocharger which is actually short for turbosupercharger. The basic idea is pretty simple and goes back to the '20s.

Piston engine air craft also benefited greatly from supercharging since they had to operate at high altitudes where atmospheric pressure is much lower. At 30,000 ft. the pressure is less than a third of that at sea level.

The internal combustion engine extracts work from the sudden combustion of a fuel-air mixture. The sudden expansion of the resulting hot gases pushes the piston downward to do the work of turning the crankshaft. There has to be enough air (specifically oxygen) to completely react with all the fuel in the chamber. That's called a stoichiometric mixture. The more air that can be drawn into the chamber, the more fuel that can be burned and the more work the piston can do.

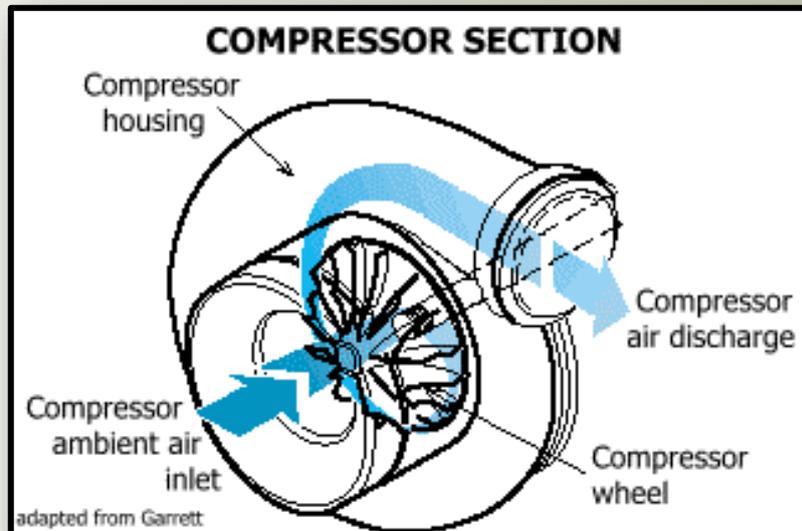
A less obvious source of power to run the supercharger is to tap into the flow of hot exhaust gas. Normally this would be waste energy. It's just hot gas under pressure being released to the atmosphere. A turbosupercharger channels this hot gas flow through a turbine which in turn powers an air pump to increase the intake air pressure. There is a little bit of power impact on the engine due to the increase in exhaust backpressure but the gain far outweighs it.

"If you can put some sort of rig on the engine to force air into the manifold at a higher pressure, that's called supercharging."

The air is sucked in through the intake manifold from whatever air pressure is outside it. If that is atmospheric pressure, it's called normal aspiration. If you can put some sort of rig on the engine to force air into the manifold at a higher pressure, that's called supercharging. At sea level, atmospheric pressure is around 15 psi. If a supercharger could "boost" the incoming pressure by 6 or 7 psi, it would allow 50% more fuel-air mixture to burn to get 50% more power from the same engine. That's a lot of bang. Naturally this power increase doesn't come free. It takes some power to run the supercharger mechanism.

The earliest impetus for supercharging was to get more power for the sake of performance alone. Today we have a slightly different reason. We are compelled by law and market forces to get better and better fuel economy. Getting the same power from a much smaller engine means

less overhead weight to carry around. It also means less fuel consumption when conditions don't call for the maximum engine power, which is most of the time.



There is some inconvenience to operation with a turbo, known as turbo lag. The turbo is only providing noticeable boost when the engine speed is high enough so that the exhaust gas flow is high enough to spin the turbine. I suspect that, in the future, we will see the introduction of

The obvious source of power would be the engine's mechanical output itself. Just run a belt from the crankshaft to an air pump or fan on top of the engine. This was commonly done for race cars and even some stock passenger cars in the '30s.

superchargers powered by an electric motor that can provide boost whenever it's wanted.

We already carry the overhead drag and weight of an alternator and a battery, so why not tap into that? Let's wait, and see if I'm right.

Think Auburn, Cord, Duesenberg or Graham.



"My First Car Stories"

I am on the look-out for "First Car Stories"
Call me... 802-878-2536 or email... charlieandmarion@comcast.net
Thanks, Charlie Thompson



My First Car from Harry Laughy

My love affair with Buicks began back in 1953 when I was 3 years old in Tilton New Hampshire. We were a family of six back then and Dad had a black 1949 Buick Super that was considered the family jewel. It could easily accommodate two, sometimes three, sometimes four adults in front and four to six kids in the back. One good memory was playing with the roof mounted radio antenna. A not-so-good one was when I shut my sister's fingers in the door while fighting for the window seat.

In 1955 Dad traded the '49 for a gray 1955 Buick Special 4-dr Riviera hard top. The entire family stood at attention at the white picket fence of our front yard as Dad proudly pulled in with all windows down and a smile only having a new Buick could bring to his face. It was love at first sight for me and I immediately ran to the chrome ventiports (portholes) and put my hand in one. Mother yanked me while thinking I was "touching the exhaust, it's hot!" My Dad had many 55's after the death of "Riv" (from being totaled in an accident), and one more 49 before the decreasing supply of 55's found him behind the wheel of Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles.

In 1963, Dad bought a 55 Super for me to "tinker with". It had a 322 ci Nailhead and 3 speed transmission with a homemade floor shift. I eventually fixed up the Super so much that it didn't run anymore, and I sold it to a friend. As a young teen living with my Dad, I thought of only two things, cars, and girls, in that order. Somehow, if I was going to have a car to drive on the street, I needed to supplement my paper route income. So, I started washing my customer's cars for \$1.00 each, with a 50 cent bonus for sweeping out the inside along with washing the windows and emptying the ash trays.

One carwash customer in particular, Mr. O'Conner, had a red and white 1955 Buick Special model 46R 2 door hard top Riviera that I had been watching drive by from my bedroom window for a couple of years. He would have all the windows down most of the time and drop into low to make the turn to his street as his long white hair blew around in the gray and white interior. I wanted that car more than the neighbor's daughter who was chasing after me at the time.

Every time I washed that car, I talked to it, and him. "If you ever want to sell it, please let me try to get the money". As time passed, I gave in to the neighbor's daughter and retired from car detailing. I began to notice that my first love "Red" as I called it, had not been by my window for some time and just as I was thinking of going to Mr. O'Conner's to check on my friend, there was a knock on the door. Opening it I found Mr. O'Conner standing there. "If you want the Buick, I'll take \$20.00 for it". "The motor is tired, and the transmission is starting to slip, come get it by Saturday or it's going to Tony's junk yard". I heard me say "I'll take him!" as part of a kind of out of body, out of brain situation. I was just 16 and this was my fulfilled.

That weekend I towed Red home and began his transformation from Mr. O'Conner's family car to a teenage street gasser terror. Soon the front bumper came off, Tony donated bucket seats, and a local garage donated a dying battery and some very used tires. Dad had a 55 Super in the yard with a bad rear end that donated a 322ci engine. A neighbor that had a 55 Super that his daughter had just wrecked (yes, that daughter) donated an entire standard transmission set up. A local farmer came over to get in on the action using his bucket loader to help me perform the engine swap. The entire town pitched in to help "the paper boy get his first car running". Old Red was loud and fast and could be found in the high school parking lot patiently waiting for me to get out of detention most afternoons.



During the hot summer of 1967 "Old Red" and I street and strip raced to the smell of blown clutches and burning tires. Racing Old Red on the strip gave me 1/4 mile fever and I reluctantly, foolishly, regrettably, sold Red to a friend for the down payment on a 409 Impala that was a step up in performance but a step down in personality. Red's new owner was not mechanically inclined and Red met the undeserved fate of junkyard retirement. I had many cars over the years. The Impala, lead to a 70 big block Nova that I bought just for racing, and many Chevilles and GTOs, but I always thought of Red and the summer of 67 when it came to first love and first dream come true.

Continue to next page.....



My First Car from Harry Laughy

As the years passed, I moved to Vermont and would visit my Dad on Father's Day each year. I would often take the opportunity of being in New Hampshire to visit Red in his wooded junkyard resting place. I would walk out into the woods and sit in Red looking out through where the windshield used to be and grab the wheel, squint, and be transported back to that hot summer when Red and I first met. Bringing beer with me each time made the engine come to life, the tires squeal, and the Beatles play. It was hard to leave Red each time, but every time I left my friend, I thought of rescuing him, then it became too hard to leave and I promised him I would come for him.

In 2000, on my 50th birthday my entire family pitched in to pay the cost of rescuing Red and my son and I, with the land owner's permission, and a chainsaw, truck and trailer, rescued Old Red from his underserved fate and brought him home to Vermont.

Red was in awfully bad condition. I began the retro-restoration of Red back to the summer of 67 with a body up (suspended over the frame) format. Parts cars disguised as birthday presents soon appeared providing many body and drivetrain parts. Red soon had an original 264ci engine with the three deuces I had wanted for him back when I was a skinny kid with more dreams than money.

Over the years Red has had a complete mechanical rebuild and upgrade. I installed a F*rd (Red doesn't like that word) 9" rear axle for race purposes. The body has been structurally and somewhat cosmetically restored. If I had a dollar for everyone that has said "please don't fix it up and paint it" I would have money enough to fix him up and paint him.

I drive Old Red often, about 1500 miles a year. He goes down the road fast and loud,(with the now exhaust exiting from the portholes by way of a cutout) reminding me that you can go back, and should go back if you left something behind that is a part of you. A photo of my Dad can be seen behind the radio speaker grille. He goes with us.

For now (maybe forever I am 70!) Red and I are just grateful we are back together, have come this far, and still in love. It is a great gift my friend gives me.

With Old Red I can be 17 again, and I can hear my Dad again.

Does Your Car have a Name?

I would like to know what it is.
Contact me, my info is above.
Thanks, **Charlie Thompson**



From Gary Irish:

We have named most of our cars. My first car was **Celestia Triphena Buick**. Celestia came from some ancestor of a friend of mine, whose family often helped name my cars back then, and Triphena was the name of a member of the Brown family, the first settlers in the town of Jericho.

The cars names we have now are, for our 1929 Ford sedan, **Madeline**, named such because it came from Madison, Wisconsin. She is often just known as **Maddy**. Our 1930 Ford pickup is **Jake**, and our 1931 Ford 1 1/2 ton stake body is **Irwin**. That is named after the character in the Broom Hilda cartoon, maybe not always the sharpest tack in the box, but always a loyal sidekick. (My favorite Broom Hilda cartoon is where Irwin and Gaylord are talking, and Irwin says "I don't understand. Every morning the sun comes up in the east, and goes down in the west, but the next morning it is back in the east." Gaylord tells him "Every night the sun gets on a bus in California and comes back across the country at night." Whereupon Irwin says "Things are so easy when you have someone to explain them to you.")

From 1974 to 1979 I had a 1931 Ford Tudor that was my everyday driver, summer and winter. That one was **Isabelle Maude**. A good solid name, but rather plain, just as was the car.

In the early 1980's I had a 1917 Model T speedster that was named **Hortense**. So, if anyone asked you "Is that Hortense?" you could say "No, she is quite relaxed."



Ernie Clerihew sent this picture . It reads....

This vehicle Equipped with "Millennial Anti-theft Device"

Judy Boardman has a new Pun-book.....

"I wondered why the baseball kept getting larger,
Then it hit me"

"Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie."

"Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other
and says, 'Dam!'"



Letters TO THE Editor



Hi Wheel Tracks,

I don't know how I missed the chance to identify the unknown car make on page 9 of our December WT, but I can help you out of your misery. It is definitely a 1929 or 1930 Whippet (They are exactly alike except for serial numbers). The 19 louvers in the hood make it a 4-cylinder (Six cylinder Whippets had longer hoods with 29 louvers). The round hubcaps, the cone shape on the rear of the headlights, and the fender shapes also match '29 and '30 Whippets.

Here (upper right) is a picture of a '29 Whippet behind my garage.
Charlie Thompson

Email to the editor,

I want to apologize for not having input at the meeting (VAE Board meeting) last night. I don't (can't) do Zoom well, the voices were all garbled, pictures fuzzy and sometimes my laptop just cuts out for some reason.

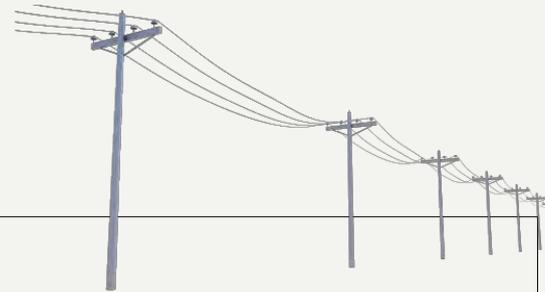
Judy Boardman

From the editor.....

Hi Judy,

You have a lot of company in Vermont. The two copper wires that are connecting your house to the phone company's central office in town were probably put in place, in the 1950s or earlier. Beside being very old, they were never met to be shared with digital communications.

You say you have an internet speeds of 5.7 megabits per second into your home and .31 mbps going out. That is not too bad for simple tasks, but for Zoom conferences, there is a problem.



If you don't mind, I would like to give you a little view of what is going on when you hit the send button on your computer.

A normal nice quality digital photo is made up of about 5 megabits, that is 5 million bits.

If you wanted to send that photo, over the internet, to a friend in California, this is what happens when you hit the "SEND" button. All those picture bits shoot down your house's wires and get packaged into thousands of packets. Then each packet heads to California, taking their own routes, wherever there is space for them. Some may go through St. Louis, others through Vancouver, some through NY City, etc.

At your friend's home, when the first packet of bits arrive, there is a message that is attached to it that tells how many other packets are still on their way.

Your computer can not show you the picture until all the packets arrive. The beauty of this system, is that your

friend in California, gets the same of picture that you sent, no quality is lost.

If there is just one bit that gets lost, then your friend does not get the photo and you get a message, back here in Vermont, that the email you sent did not make it.

When this process does not work well, it probably has a lot to do with that bottle-neck of very old wires at your house.

I am sure this will not help your situation, only remove a little mystery out. Maybe you could visit your daughter at the bottom of the mountain for the next zoom meeting where she has a better connection and an Ipad you could borrow.

Dear Wheel Tracks,

OH Boy, Tourtiere! This sounds exactly like the tourtiere I had every Fall as a kid. My mother had a French Canadian friend in Winooski, Mathilda Pike (originally from a farm in Underhill) who would make us a couple of tourtieres. I can still taste that cinnamon and pork combination in a crust made with lard! Got to get Lauren going in the kitchen! Bon appetite! My dad's mother was French Canadian, I've traced my ancestors back to the 1640's in Quebec. Must have been fur traders. Vive le Quebec libre!

Bill Fagan

(This is in reference to last month's "Roadside Diner" recipe for Tourtieres. Edi was very happy to hear your response Bill. French Canadian food and recipes go way back in our family also....on both sides.



VAE Trivia from Don Tenerowicz

The following originated by and published on-line by Reader's Digest Read Up:

" Why do we drive on a different side of the road than our British cousins?"

It might seem bizarre that U.K. drivers stay on the left, but they're not the only ones. Around 35 percent of the world population does the same, including people in Ireland, Japan, and some Caribbean islands.

Originally, almost everybody traveled on the left side of the road, according to BBC America. However, their mode of transport was quite different from today: Think four legs instead of four wheels. For Medieval swordsmen on horseback, it made sense to keep to the left to have their right arms closer to their opponents. (Presumably, the 10 to 15 percent of left-handed knights just had to make it work.) Mounting and dismounting was also easier from the left side of the horse, and safer done by the side of the road than in the center.



Things changed in the late 1700s when large wagons pulled by several pairs of horses were used to transport farm products in the United States and France. In the absence of a driver's seat inside the wagon, the driver sat on the rear left horse, with his right arm free to use his whip to keep the horses moving. Since he was sitting on the left, he wanted other wagons to pass on his left, so he kept to the right side of the road. The British Government refused to give up their left-hand driving ways, and in 1773 introduced the General Highways Act, which encouraged driving on the left. This was later made law, thanks to The Highway Act of 1835.

Meanwhile post-revolution France, embraced a permanent move to the right side of the road. Amidst all this driving confusion, the British and the French were yielding their power across the globe, and as part of their rapid colonization, they insisted that the countries they occupied drive on the same side of the road. This explains why former British colonies such as Australia, New Zealand, and India drive on the left, while former French colonies like Algeria, Ivory Coast, and Senegal drive on the right.

When Henry Ford unveiled his Model T in 1908, the driver's seat was on the left, meaning that cars would have to drive on the right-hand side of the road to allow front and back passengers to exit the car onto the curb. According to National Geographic, this influenced a change in many countries: Canada, Italy, and Spain changed to right-side driving in the 1920s and most of Eastern Europe followed suit in the 1930s. As recently as 1967 (and thanks to around \$120 million from their government's pocket) Swedish drivers began driving on the right. However British drivers remain on the left, and this is highly unlikely to change."



Next up.....

Coming VAE Events for 2021

Notice from the
1st & 2nd Vice

The two VAEers in charge of lining up club events for 2021, have a dilemma. Normally, by now, the complete coming year's event have been scheduled. We have no idea when the virus "ALL CLEAR" will be announced. We do have plans for tours, throughout Vermont, that will be announced in the coming months. Stay tuned.



Watch for John Lavallee's email messages for VAE news, reminders and the latest events,
And Our website VTAUTO.ORG



Have you checked out the list of member vehicles on our website?
An amazing list of 2000 vehicles, that can be sorted any way you like.



Wheel Tracks Classifieds



Free to all Enthusiasts

For Sale..... Dual ignition distributor system.

Leece-Neville unit in very good original condition. Could be used to replace a 2-spark magneto. Similar in design to the dual Delco system. Asking \$250. Fred Gonet 802-226-7844



February Bumper Sticker...

Don't piss-off Old Folks

The Older we get
The less
Life-in-prison
is a
Deterrent

For Sale.... Set of Vermont license plates, 1948-1966, great shape. Series number is (3461) missing plates 1951. Also 1963. \$550.00

*Set of 26 New York plates from 1916-1950s. \$225.00

*Set of 12 Vermont plates singles.#1 098 . From 1937 - 1956. \$425.00



*1930s coke cooler. 30 long 34 high, 26 wide. No compressor but comes with 2 cases of coke bottles.\$ 225.00g

Call Ellie at 802-425-3529

For Sale.... one brand-new in the box Dashboard Cover for a 1980's Chevy Blazer or pick up truck .Asking \$140. Also have a used, in good condition, tailgate glass for the Blazer. \$75 Call Hank Baer 892 272 6933

ROCKNE

For Sale... *Rockne speedometer part number 598C good shape no crack in glass-\$35.00

*Rockne six, model 75, 114 inch wheel base chassis parts and body parts, 1932, good shape \$25.00

*Rockne model 65, specifications and adjustment manual, excellent shape-\$30.00

*Rockne oil pressure gauge-no crack in glass and flare fittings good- p/n 69823Z9-\$35.00

Call Paul Baresel @ 207-727-5855

For Sale.... Set of Bentley sales catalogs.

2002-2016 various Continental, Arnage, Flying Spur, Mulsanne. Most are prestige catalogs, some hardcover books with 90+ pages. *10 soft-cover catalogs for \$90; *10 hard-cover books for \$250 (sell at \$35 to \$100 each on eBay). Other makes available. Call or e-mail for details. John at jemerson@middlebury.edu or 802-388-7826



For Sale.... Early Spring cleaning, I need the room.

***One really heavy safe.** Works fine, have a former safe repair friend to set new combination for you. 2-foot wide & deep, 33inches high.

***I still have all the 68 V-dub parts.** Engine, glass, seats, and many boxes of parts to go with them.

***Many parts for 1985 El Camino.** Will fit other Chevy models from that period. Doors, a fender, glass, interior and exterior trim pieces.....AND much more. Call Gary Fiske 802-933-7780



For Sale.... *Wills Saint Claire car jack from the 1920s. \$85.00

***Double oil tank with pumps.** No wheels-no logo. Pumps have glass tubes. \$175.

* **5 Gallon can (Orange Gulf), \$40**

***8 One-quart glass oil bottles, with spouts, in a rack.** No logo, \$175

Marvin Ball 802-425-3529

For Sale.... Wanted..... For Sale..... Wanted.....For Sale....Wanted....
This could be your spot to sell or find things.

There is no charge to members

AND

We have proof, it works

For Sale.... 1995

Dodge Roadtrek Camper, automatic transmission. Transmission replaced at 79,200 miles,159,704 mileage, class3 trailer hitch, 2nd opener since October 1999,all maintenance records since bought, never run in snow, no rust, garaged in winter. Asking \$16,000 or best offer Call 802-827-4490



FREE for NOTHING ...

While cleaning out my bookcase I found several books to share. These are 'FREE for NOTHING' which includes shipping by USPS media mail. No Deposit -No Return. Select a title or two and I'll send them to you. You can find descriptions for most of the titles online or contact me. Jim Sears packardsu8@netscape.net (802) 598-1663

Fire Engines in North America

bySheila Buff 1991

Driving to Detroit, Lesley

Hasleton,1998

Great Cars, Bill Boddy,1984

Power Behind the Wheel, Walter J.

Boyne, 1988

American Volunteer Fire

Trucks, Donald F. Wood & Wayne

Sorenson, 1993

Wheels In Motion, Gerald

Perschbacher, 1996

Mercedes, George Bishop 1982

The Perfect Vehicle, Melissa

Holbrook Pierson, 1997

Old Tractors and the Men who

Love Them, Roger Welsch

1995

VERMONT AUTOMOBILE ENTHUSIASTS

Please Send Dues or Address Changes to:

Christina McCaffrey

89 Ledge Road

Burlington, VT 05401-4140

marleyparis@aol.com

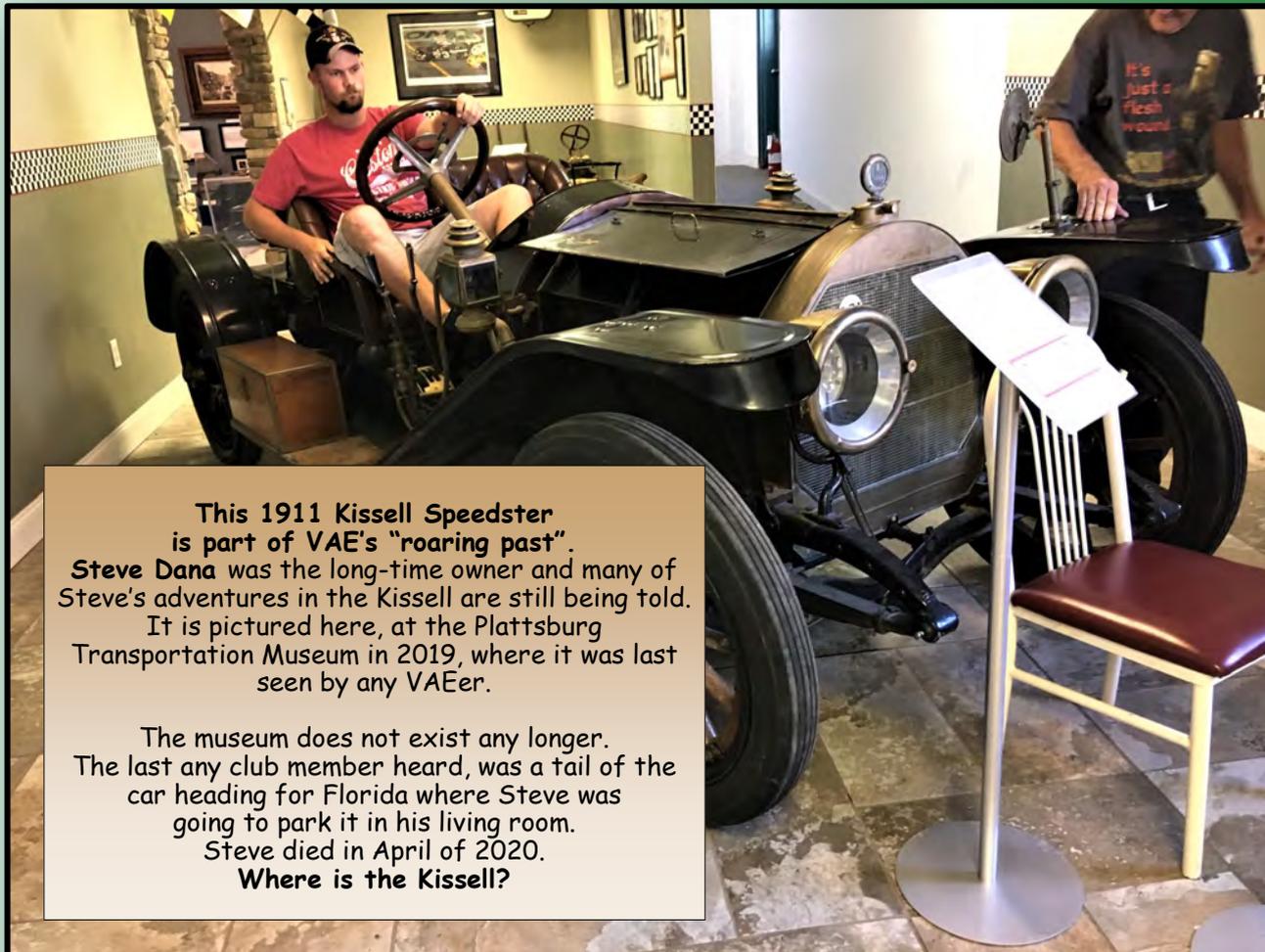


1963 Chevrolet Nova SS
Owned by
Frank Keene of Chelsea, Vermont



February 2021

**Check the date after your name,
Your VAE Membership
might need to be renewed.**



This 1911 Kissell Speedster is part of VAE's "roaring past". Steve Dana was the long-time owner and many of Steve's adventures in the Kissell are still being told. It is pictured here, at the Plattsburg Transportation Museum in 2019, where it was last seen by any VAEer.

The museum does not exist any longer. The last any club member heard, was a tail of the car heading for Florida where Steve was going to park it in his living room. Steve died in April of 2020.
Where is the Kissell?