

The Buzz

The official publication of The Dairyland Tin Lizzies
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Snow & Cold can't stop a T!



The Dairyland Tin Lizzies

Current Membership

OFFICERS

President: Keith Gumbinger
Vice President: Kevin Bruso
Secretary: Jim Rodell Jr.
Treasurer: Adam Doleshal
Webmaster: Carol Gumbinger
Newsletter editor: Kevin Bruso

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Bud & Karen Beckman
Kevin Bruso
Cliff & LeeRaye Baumann
Adam & Christine Doleshal
George & Kathy Doleshal
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James Wright
Gregg & Pam langl
Jay & Michelle lautner
Jim & Joanne lautner
Mark & Deb Zimmer
Herb Zook

President's Message

By Keith Gumbinger

Last Saturday, January 21st we had our Dairyland Tin Lizzies Christmas party, hosted by Adam and Christine Doleshal and their committee. It was a nice sunny day, just perfect for the 1 hour tour in the middle of the afternoon in the T's. There were four T's there – Adam and his '24 Touring, Greg Zangl with his '13 Depot Hack, George Doleshal with his '26 Coupe, and Bud Beckman and his recently restored Fordor Sedan, a really nice car. True to form, Greg, who drives his T everywhere all year long, did some donuts in the fresh snow – just having a little fun. There were about 35 to 40 present and everyone seemed to have a good time. A big THANK YOU to Adam and Christine and their committee for doing a great job.

At the Christmas party it was also nice to meet some of our new members: Harry and Barbara Nelezen, Cliff and Lee Raye Bauman, and Bud & Karen Beckman. Welcome to the Dairyland Tin Lizzies!

Now that the Christmas Party is over, what does an avid Model T'er do for the rest of the winter in Wisconsin? Not to worry, we have several club activities planned.

On Saturday, February 11th we have our Tin Lizzie University at Joe Varna's shop. It's at 1405 North Main St. in West Bend, same as before. Several Model T restoration/maintenance topics will be covered, such as: Coils by Adam Doleshal, Installing modern valves in a T engine by Kevin Brusio, how to assemble a T transmission also by Kevin, and a show and discussion of specialized Model T tools. If you have an unusual T tool, please bring it along to show it to the others. Guests and spouses are invited, it's free, refreshments will be served, and we always go out for a bite to eat afterwards. All of this makes for a good Model T learning experience and is a great way to spend a Saturday afternoon in Wisconsin in the winter.

On Sunday, February 26th is the Swap Meet at the Washington County Fair Park just south of West Bend. It runs from about 8AM to 3PM and our club will again have a booth. At our booth we will have some T items for sale from the national club, membership materials, and pictures of our past events. It would be appreciated if some of our members could help out at our booth for awhile so everyone can get some time to check out the rest of the Swap Meet.

On Sunday, April 2nd we will have our Spring Business meeting and election of officers for the next year. The meeting will be in the Oconomowoc area, hosted by Adam Doleshal, place to be determined. Information on tours and events for this summer will be discussed with dinner to follow.

One of the events to be discussed will be our 3 day tour to the Crivitz area over the Memorial day weekend, to be hosted by Kevin Brusio. Also at the meeting dues of \$10.00 for the coming year will be collected. If you have an item for the agenda, would like to be on the ballot for an office, or just have any questions concerning the meeting, please feel free to call or email me at 262-552-7576 evenings, 262-552-8960 at work during the day, or email to cgumbinger@excite.com.

What else to do this winter? Many of us are busy repairing, rebuilding, restoring and maintaining our T's so they will be ready to go this summer.

Having fun with our T's and the camaraderie of our club is what it's all about.

Fordially, Keith Gumbinger

FUTURE EVENTS!

Saturday, February 11th

Tin Lizzie University
Vrana Auto Body
1405 N. Main
West Bend
Presentations will
start at 1:00 p.m.

Sunday, February 26th

Swap Meet
Washington Co. Fair
8:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Sunday, April 2nd

Spring business meeting
Will be held in
Oconomowoc area,
Location TBD

May 27th - 29th

The Waterfall Tour
Crivitz Area
Details will be
announced soon

Saturday July 22nd

Flivver Fest
New destination:
Cedarburg
More details soon!

Those Motorin' Slogans!

Test your memory by matching memorable auto makes with their once-familiar slogans.

AS LONG as cars have been made, car manufacturers have tried to get folks to remember the names of their brands. One way was to come up with a catchy slogan for each particular automobile.

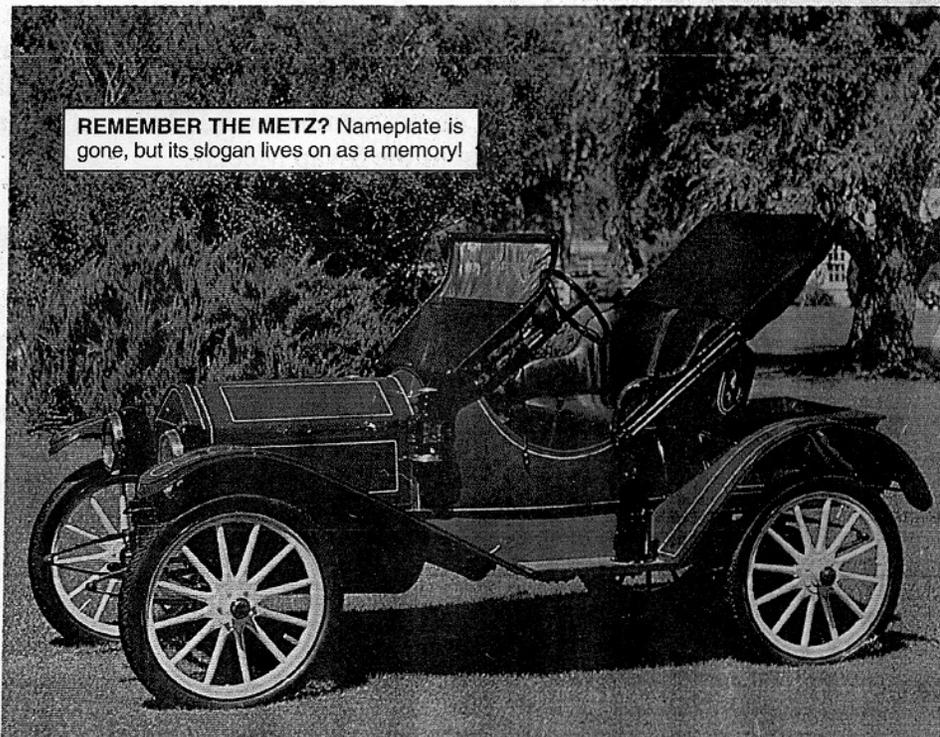
At one time, there were dozens of automakers in the United States, and all had their own slogans. How many of these memorable old slogans—sent in by subscriber LeRoy Bartell of Kingsburg, California—can you remember?

LeRoy says he recalls 'em all, and suggested we challenge our readers to see how many slogans they can match with the appropriate car companies.

We've printed 10 slogans below, with the names of 10 automakers from yesteryear alongside (in scrambled order, of course). So why not see how many *you* can match?

You'll find the answers at the bottom of the page. (We've printed them *upside down* so you won't be tempted to peek.) Good luck!

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|---|---------------|
| 1. Ask the Man Who Owns One | A. Buick |
| 2. Just a Real Good Car | B. Ford |
| 3. No Clutch to Slip, No Gears to Strip | C. Cadillac |
| 4. Nothing to Watch But the Road | D. Glide |
| 5. When Better Cars Are Built, (name) Will Build Them | E. Packard |
| 6. A Hill-Climber Built in the Hills | F. Locomobile |
| 7. Put a (name) in Your Future | G. Hudson |
| 8. Easily the Best-Built Car in America | H. Durant |
| 9. Standard of the World | I. Oldsmobile |
| 10. Look for the White Triangle | J. Metz |



ANSWERS: 1-E, 2-H, 3-J, 4-I, 5-A, 6-D, 7-B, 8-F, 9-C, 10-G

On Saturday January 21st, The Dairyland Tin Lizzies gathered once again for our annual Holiday Party at Harnischfeger Park, just outside Ashippun. The weather was beautiful, fresh fallen snow from the night before, and sunshine so bright it burned your eyes, which was especially nice, due to the fact that the sun has been quite a stranger this winter! Adam & Christine Doleshal, and their helpers put on another great event, and of course, the food was outstanding. The turnout was also great, with about 40 of our members being able to enjoy the day. There was also a short tour, with four Model T's in attendance. Thank you to Carol Gumbinger for the following pictures.



ATTENTION:HELP NEEDED!

If you are able or willing to assist in any way for this year's Model T Day at the Wisconsin Auto Museum in Hartford, we need your help. Last year's event was a great success, due pitched in and made it all happen. The format will be similar to last year, and the date is not firm at Assistance will be needed in the following areas:

Food & Beverage
Demonstrations
Registration
Model T rides

If you are willing to help, please contact Jim Rodell Jr. 262-629-9734 or jcerodell@netzero.net

Thank You!

Rod Prinsen submitted the following article, which originally appeared in the Thursday, August 25, 2005 issue of Positively Plymouth.

PEOPLE IN Plymouth: Dan Tykac

OCCUPATION: Retired from Kohler Company

AGE: 74

FAVORITE ACTIVITIES: Fishing and old cars

FAVORITE SEASON: Fall

FAVORITE THING ABOUT PLYMOUTH: "It's a wonderful town. I have lived here for 48 years."

FAVORITE CHEESE: Brick



PLYMOUTH RESIDENT DAN TYKAC, who has lived in the city for 48 years, poses with his 1921 Ford Model T. Press photo/Gary C. Klein

Other Voices from the Depression

Fordjob

Murray Godwin

[Publishing Information](#)

Originally published in *American Stuff* (Direction Special Issue), 1938, p. 49-60.

I used to talk with Giacomo Fiori about Viterbo, his native town. Directly after lunchtime on the second shift Giacomo would come rolling round to the rear door of the cagework separating Tool Stock from the other departments in the B Building at Highland Park. He operated one of those battery-driven shop trucks on which the pilot stands on wide pedals at the nose of the vehicle. Leaning rotundly forward, the tiller against his hip, Giacomo resembled the figurehead of some odd landcraft, carved in the likeness of a rustic deity from a region of olives and wine.

Even the balefully blue glare of the mercury tube lights which tend to accentuate each trace of haggardness, illness, or care in a man's features, setting it forth starkly bathed or hollowly recessed in a jaundiced green, failed to disturb this illusion.

I had been reading the *Human Tragedy* of Anatole France, and it occurred to me that the hero of the book had also begun his career in Viterbo. Giacomo was pleased with the version I was able to give him of the story, and told me things he remembered of the town, and also of Florence, of which he had some knowledge from the proletarian side. When, lifting boxes of tools and equipment from truck to floor, he spoke of other things, it was of the wine he was making or of babies he had completed at home. The truck unloaded, I would give him a receipt for the material he had brought, and he would back out and wheel away, with a touch of his cap and a word of amiable farewell.

Day after day, trip by trip, Giacomo piloted his truck amid a continuously shifting cacophony of sights, sounds, smells, and movements— a packed and varied clangor that seemed close to pandemonium. From the ringing rasp of grinding wheels and their showering sparks he wheeled past ranks of testing blocks, mounted with varicolored lights, in an atmosphere dense with fumes and the roar of motors. Here magneto parts were being normalized in bluey blowing furnaces and plunged in baths of smoking oil; there a crane hooker shrilled his warning whistle and a pile of sheet steel stock swung down, paused, and was lowered with a wham to the floor. Here piston rings were jangling in showers down the rods on which they were bolted for dispatch to the motor assembly line; there pistons were being machined under flows of sterilized sodawater and hung on hooks depending from a monorail chain conveyor traveling toward production or rather toward final fabrication, in dips and curves among machines and men. The sustained rattling smash of tumbling barrels emptying their content down metal flumes; the pouncing, grating slam of batteries of punchpresses; the shriek of gang drills; the violent chatter and sudden churning bang of automatic screw machines.... Through these and a score of other assaults on the senses Giacomo Fiori rode, piloting, for eight hours each day or night. And on his way he whistled. And when he paused, in proper company, he smiled, and spoke of wine, of babies, and of Viterbo. He was social, civilized, a man alive.

When I went to work at the Highland Park plant I was assigned to a large, complex tool crib supplying the motor assembly line. Here I learned the run of tool crib work. After a few weeks a dour foreman of English birth escorted me to the tool crib of the roller bearing department and turned me loose for duty.

The first thing I noted about the crib was that there were duckboards along the stock counters—laid wherever one had to walk. I had last seen them at Brest, where the insignia of the troops attached, in fact, had been a white duckboard on a red ground. But at Camp Pontanezen they were used to supply a firm footing in the mud for which the place was dubiously famed, while in the roller bearing department at Highland Park they were laid to shield one's feet against the excessive heat. Directly beneath, on the ground floor, a semi-circular battery of furnaces heated steel billets for forging into heavy structural or mechanical parts in a close-by hydraulic press. The furnaces kept the crib comfortable in winter; in the summer the temperature was not as a rule unpleasant, with the duckboards in place.

When I got a chance, later on, I walked out on the balcony and took a look at the forging job below. The balcony was a railed extension of the crib-level floor, and from its far end, behind the crib, one got a clear safe view. The billets were handled throughout the process by an electrically powered manipulator: a carriage rested on flanged wheels on rails extending from the semicircle of furnaces to a point before the press; mounted on it was a pivoted structure mounted in turn with a ponderous arm outthrust perhaps a dozen feet, terminating in a pair of massive jaws; a shield protected a goggled operator, posted on the carriage, from the heat. He stood amid a system of controls. It reminded one of a great steel beetle.

But the beetle of steel was more flexible than its natural prototype. Under the operator's touch it swung laterally, thrust its jaws into a furnace, withdrew a billet at white heat, reswung, and headed for the press, gripping the incandescent brand. Deftly, with care it rested the billet on the lower die, waited until the tipper die drove down upon it and withdrew, and then turned it over, or shifted it forward, or both. Then there would be another squeeze, with perhaps a special tool inserted between die and billet to gain the form desired. And so on, until the form had been completed, or until the hue of the billet reached a point showing that it had to be heated again before the job could be continued.

I had never seen a machine so complex, powerful, and resourceful as the manipulator. Yet its controls were concentrated under the hands and at the elbows of its single operator, and it handled the blinding billets as though its moves were an extension in reflex of those of the man behind the shield.

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Except for offices and specialized structures, Ford plant architecture today runs to one-story buildings. But at Highland Park there was a whole block of buildings, designated by letters ranging up to six stories in height. They formed a continuous structure, each unit of which was traversed by a central craneway flanked by production and shipping floors. At one end they opened to admit railway spurs for shipping and receiving. At the other they were bounded by a battery of elevators and continuous levels of flooring for communication and distribution. Traveling about the plant in the line of duty I used to halt to look down one of the craneways from one of the upper floors, which at the communication end of the structures ended, as one says, at the crane-ways' brink.

White-edged and railed tiers of flooring stretched into the distance on either side, seemingly crammed with men and machines. Staggered landings jutted at intervals from the several upper levels, and upon these the crane, rumbling along under the glass-checked roof, delivered material

unloaded from railway cars along its line of travel. From upper floors conveyors carried automotive parts obliquely downward to the loading docks, for shipment to the assembly branches. In the distance the craneway was crossed by covered bridges and finally was lost in a haze of vaporous blue thrown off by the heat process jobs along the tiered line. Behind me a rank of elevators opened corrugated doors to empty men pushing hand trucks and piloting power trucks, and to admit others of the same. Time clocks extended unobtrusively along the head-end rails. Transverse floors and aisles swam with machines and men.

These buildings are put to other use now. They were a sight while they lasted.

Now and again a crib foreman asked me to help or relieve a worker at some other crib, and by this process I learned something about the various workings of the plant.

The worst department to work in was probably that where radiators were made. Goggled men stood in ranks behind individual gas furnaces and soldered tubes for eight hours at a stretch. The fumes from the acid stung the nose; the air was dense with gas; the acid itself forced the workers to wear neck-high rubber aprons, elbow-length rubber gauntlets, and rubber boots extending in a direct slant from shin to toe, so that in contour the wearer's feet resembled those of Percherons. To handle the acid-splotched equipment one had to put on rubber one's self, except for the boots.

While still working at the roller bearing crib I was assigned to write a description for the official company publication of the art-leather manufacturing process developed at Highland Park. Like the plate glass process it was continuous. From large mixing tanks with horizontal agitators, black-pigmented explosive—a liquid with a guncotton base—was pumped aloft into troughs that distributed it evenly over cotton fabric flowing endlessly beneath. Rollers kept the fabric straight, rollers with automatic tension equipment kept it properly taut, rollers evened the depth of deposit, as the strip in process flowed, motor-drawn, under the troughs and through the drying ovens, acquiring successive glossy coats. Undulating from floor to roof, the flow of fabric was protected by pyramidal galvanized housings against the outer dust. A static spark within merely exploded the imprisoned fumes through paper-faced doors. All lights for the outer room were mounted within reflectors against the exterior of the window panes, to eliminate the chance of ignition from a defective circuit. Fumes in this larger space escaped readily through ventilators, and motors were tightly housed. The blankly black coated cotton went from the drying ovens to await, in ranks of rolls, impression by high-pressure dies, some of which reproduced faithfully a true leather grain.

Not long afterward I was transferred to the center of the tool supply system, mainly to engage in filling orders for the many tool cribs of Highland Park plant.

My job was simple. Given a quota of orders to fill, I segregated crib boxes and requisitioned books in pairs, placed them in turn on a knee-high "buggy"—a box body on casters—and shoved off on a tour of collection down aisles flanked high with tiers of compartmented shelves. Almost all items were designated by letter and number, so there was seldom anything except rudimentary thought required. Now and then one had to take care of an emergency call at the supply window or explore the grinding wheel stock division a rod or two away. That was about all.

Oddly enough, on this job segregated by cagework from belts and whirling wheels, I had a mishap that came within an inch of being serious. An 18-inch file slid from a shelf above my head, as I felt for stock, and punched a hole in my face near my left eye. Outside of this I received my share of minor cuts from oily, sharp, and oddly shaped machine tools. I always took the result to the first-aid station nearest the department. I had seen what a neglected sliver or scratch could do, regardless of one's brawn or health. I felt rich in neither.

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After two years in the shop at Highland Park I was transferred to take the place of a man on sick leave from the official company publication. I was sifted out, escorted to the nearest service station ("service" by this time perhaps needs no explanation, in the Ford sense: service men are company police), told to quit at 8 p.m. and to report at 8 a.m. at Dearborn.

From then on my education became broader and more intensive. It became my function to visit various plants and departments, make notes on the details of processes and developments, and throw the results into narrative form for publication.

Three years on this job gave me something of a journalistic understanding of the Ford industries, as of 1925-28. One cannot say whether much of this understanding might not be irrelevant now.

In the late fall of my first year of writing I toured the Upper Michigan Peninsula, making notes on Ford operations there, from the woodworking, wood chemistry, and hydropower plants at Iron Mountain to the sawmills and logging camps near Lake Superior. At the Ford iron mine in Michigamme, in between, I was impressed by the casual acceptance of familiar danger that comes to mining men. The novice venturing underground is apt to observe that the timbers of transverse passages, a few hundred feet down, are slowly splintering under the weight of rock and earth above. Further, at the end of a drift, a new salient where the latest blast has been fired, he notes that no timbers can be placed until the debris from the shot has been cleared by men working at the new face under a vault of the bare slate itself. Slatefalls are an ever-present possibility, and clearing a drift with a scoop dancing back and forth on a cable driven by a compressed-air motor is a ticklish job. But the men reared to mining at Michigamme got their thrills from hunting—the deer season was on at the time of my call—and took the job as a matter of course.

Not long after I got back to the Detroit area I learned a man had been brained by a slatefall while clearing a drift at the Michigamme mine. And not so long after that a stagnant lake, over the Wisconsin line, found an aperture underneath it, where a strain, not definitely measurable, had been before, and let itself into an iron mine below. No dead were washed up, naturally, under the conditions, and none was recovered until the water was pumped away. And the pumping proved profitless, because no one will work there anyway, now; everyone claims the man on the siren, who tied himself to the lever against the rush of water, so his dead weight would keep it sounding, is still on the job. Because everyone hears him.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE BUZZ!

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Dairyland Tin Lizzies

Minutes of November 13, 2005 Meeting

The fall meeting of the Dairyland Tin Lizzies was called to order at 12:20 p.m. on Sunday, November 13 in the banquet room of Heinemann's Restaurant, Greendale, Wisconsin by President Keith Gumbinger.

Present were: Kevin Bruso
Adam & Christine Doleshal
Richard Edler and son Andy
DeWayne Fritz and Diane Scheid
Shawn Gerrits and son Nate
Keith & Carol Gumbinger
Jim Hess
David Knutson
Dan & Rita Kohn and son Jim

Gregg & Pam Zangl and son Ford
James Wright
Arlee Titel
Ron Stock
Dan & Phyllis Schultz
Jim & Colleen Rodell and sons Eric & Ethan
Rod Prinsen
Harlon Pilon

Secretary Jim Rodell, Jr. read the minutes of the last meeting. Carol Gumbinger moved to accept the minutes as read, and Jim Hess seconded the motion. Motion carried.

Treasurer Adam Doleshal distributed a balance sheet of the club's treasury and gave a verbal summary. Jim Hess moved to accept the treasurer's report, and Rod Prinsen seconded the motion. Motion carried.

Webmaster Carol Gumbinger reported on the club's website.

Newsletter Editor Kevin Bruso thanked those who have contributed to the newsletter and reported that he will be publishing two more issues of The Buzz before handing over the reins to the next editor.

Old Business:

Dan Schultz reported on the tour he and Phyllis organized on June 12 which included picnic lunch at a park, a visit to the Stock home, a visit to Pinecrest Historical Village, and an ice cream stop.

Ron Stock and Carol Gumbinger reported on the Firecracker Tour, an overnight trip to Richland Center held July 2-4.

Jim Rodell, Jr. reported on the Carousel Tour and Flivver Fest held July 31 in Waterloo, Wisconsin.

Jim Rodell, Jr. reported on Model T Day held August 20 at the Wisconsin Automotive Museum in Hartford.

Jim Hess reported on the "Escape to Wisconsin" regional tour held September 13-17.

Jim Rodell, Jr. reported on the Poker Run Fall tour held October 1, with final stop at Hustisford Historical Park where we were welcomed by the Early Ford V-8 club.

New Business:

President Keith Gumbinger read a campaign letter from Model T Ford Club of America board candidate Dave Williams.

Keith also highlighted some topics from the "Chapter Happenings" newsletter:

- A new series of restoration videos will be available soon.
- The new membership directory is out.
- The 2006 annual meeting will be held March 23-26 in Albuquerque, NM.
- A 2006 national tour will be held June 18-23 in Massachusetts.
- Wayne County fairgrounds, Indiana will be the site of a national 100th Anniversary Model T celebration on July 20-27, 2008.
- A survey of local clubs' activities which Keith completed and returned.

Keith reported that member Roger Sutfin has donated some videos, a Dyke's book, and a rear spring spreader to the club, which are available to members on loan.

Christine Doleshal reported on the club Christmas party, to be held January 21, 2006.

President Keith Gumbinger announced that our club has reserved a booth at the winter swap meet at Washington County Fairgrounds, to be held February 26, for the purpose of promoting our hobby and club.

Tin Lizzie University will be held at Vrana Frame & Body Shop in West Bend on Saturday, February 11, beginning at 1 p.m. Topics will include coil restoration and adjustment by Adam Doleshal, transmission assembly by Kevin Brusio, and a "Show and Tell" session of Model T specialty tools by all members who would like to participate.

Our spring business meeting will be held on Sunday, April 2 in the Oconomowoc area at a location to be arranged by Adam Doleshal.

Kevin Brusio reported on the overnight tour he is planning for the Crivitz area to be held May 27-29, 2006.

The club will attend the ice cream social hosted by the Mayville Historical Society at the Carriage Factory Museum to be held June 25, 2006.

"Flivver Fest" will change locations this year after three successful consecutive years at the Waterloo Firemen's Park. A tentative date has been set for July 30 for the Cedarburg area, with a visit to David Uhlein's home arranged by Carol Gumbinger.

"Model T Day" will be repeated at the Wisconsin Automotive Museum in Hartford during August, 2006

After three consecutive years of our "Escape to Wisconsin" fall regional tour, another regional tour is not in the plans, and the tour fund will have a balance of approximately \$800 after all expenses are paid. Discussion revolved around what should be done with the tour fund.

Ideas included:

- Use as seed money for a future special event or project.
- Donation of part to the Piquette Project, restoration of the building where the Model T was first produced.
- Put in the general fund of the club treasury.
- Purchase of equipment for the club.
- Subsidization of dues.
- Creation of "Sunshine Fund" for members who become ill or pass away.
- Construction of a "Club Car".
- Purchase of magnetic signs.

Diane Scheid moved to table discussion of this topic until the April meeting, and the motion was seconded and carried.

Kevin Brusio moved to adjourn the meeting. Jim Hess seconded the motion. Meeting adjourned at 2:05 p.m.

After the meeting, many members stayed for dinner, and members helped Rod Prinsen to identify three Ford Z wrenches he found.

Respectfully submitted,

James Rodell, Jr.
Secretary, Dairyland Tin Lizzies