

TINKERIN TIPS

Tinkerin Tips is a regular feature section of hints and tips for the restorer. The newcomer to the hobby will find much of importance; the old-timer may yet have a bit to learn. This Feature can only be continued if YOU will help to write it. Address all contributions to Ted Aschman, 214 Morningside Drive, Elizabethtown, KY 42701.

WHO WOULD HAVE THUNK IT?

Several years ago on a tour in Northern Michigan, a '17 touring pulled up to O Grady's Family Restaurant and Bar, the scheduled lunch stop. Gathering their possessions, the occupants alit: the lady disappeared through the family entrance, he through the other one.

Thirty minutes later, this strapping Kentucky lad emerged from the eatery, switched on the ignition, adjusted the spark and set the throttle, all the while whistling a lilting air. He seized the crank, gave a quarter turn and was almost in the front seat (a manner bred of long experience) when he stopped short, suddenly realizing the engine was not running.

After muttering a few words, he returned to the front of his T, and gave the crank another go, but no result. Again he tried, and nothing happened. Mustering all his Kentucky strength, he gave it a mighty spin, but not a gasp. Opening the throttle a mite more and nudging down the spark a couple of notches, he made another attempt - this time with the right hand fully encircling the crank handle and the left hand grasping the right front wheel for added leverage. This time he gave it all he had; all the time sputtering language as blue as a cross-eyed carpenter's thumb. Still no response from the rebellious engine.

Then slowly and with deliberation he went through the processes as outlined in Answer No. 7 of *The Model T Ford, The Car and Its Operation*. Still nothing happened and the engine remained as silent as a fifth ace in a poker deck.

Leaning heavily on the curb side front fender, looking as wise as a tree full of owls, but really nursing his hurt pride, he heard a voice utter, "what's wrong? Won't she start?"

Fearful of committing himself to Smart Guy No. 1, this perspiring driver gave a short answer, "No!!

"Mind if I try?" in tones of thinly veiled contempt, inquired this mental giant from outside Springfield, Missouri. "Have at it," answered the driver, beginning to grow a bit interested,

With no further comment, this smart guy examined all the controls, adjusting them to his liking. He gave a frantic heave on the crank and his cap flew off into a puddle of muck that is quite prevalent around all parking lots catering to Model T's. Hastily retrieving it, he again applied himself to the task at hand.

After turning over the engine approximately forty-five times with no result, he stopped and was

trying to straighten himself up when along comes Smart Guy No. 2. "Howdy, howdy" remarked this one. "Want that I should start her? That was probably the wrong thing to say, but as the driver and S. G. #1 were too pooped to pop, they just gave a wave in the general direction of the Model T.

Bragging that there wasn't any Model T's ever made that he couldn't start, he grabbed the crank with one hand and the choke wire with the other. Five minutes later, his limp body was removed from around the crank and placed in the shade.

Bustling through the crowd that had now assembled - some Model T-ers but also many of the locals from the other side of this family restaurant, came Smart Guy #3. Expeditiously putting himself wise to the facts, he examined the coils, checked the wiring, removed the plugs and cleaned out the timer. He tweaked the carburetor and tightened the terminals on the hot shot battery. He then took off his jacket, causing the driver to remark, "are you going to fight her?"

Without deigning a reply, he grabbed the crank handle. Needless to say, the T didn't start, but this SG #3 did last five minutes before his near-unconscious form was laid to rest beside SG #2.

Countless others, quite noble fellows, wrestled themselves to utter exhaustion and then repaired their bodies to O Grady's establishment. Still the T did not start.

Dusk was falling, and still these martyrs gave their all for the cause. And yet, the engine remained quiescent. Just then the vulture wagon arrived, piloted by a young teenager. "What's wrong?" he inquired. "Starting problems?"

A number of bystanders tore the foaming driver from this young fellow's throat, and one explained the problem. After thinking a while, this teenager again addressed the driver. "Any gas?" he queried.

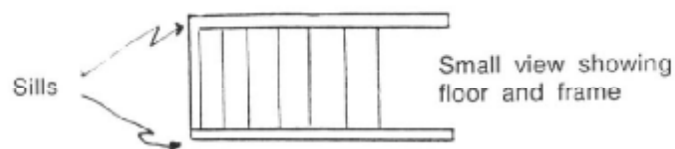
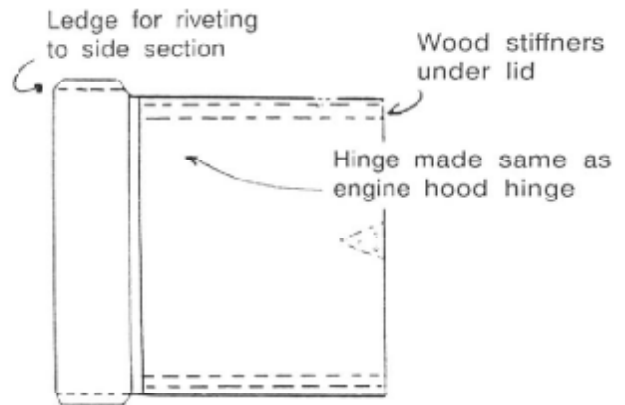
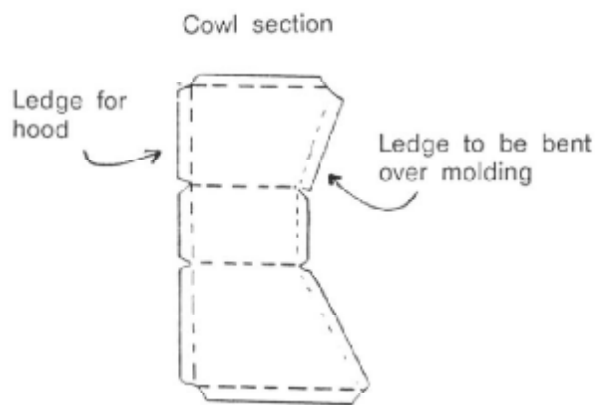
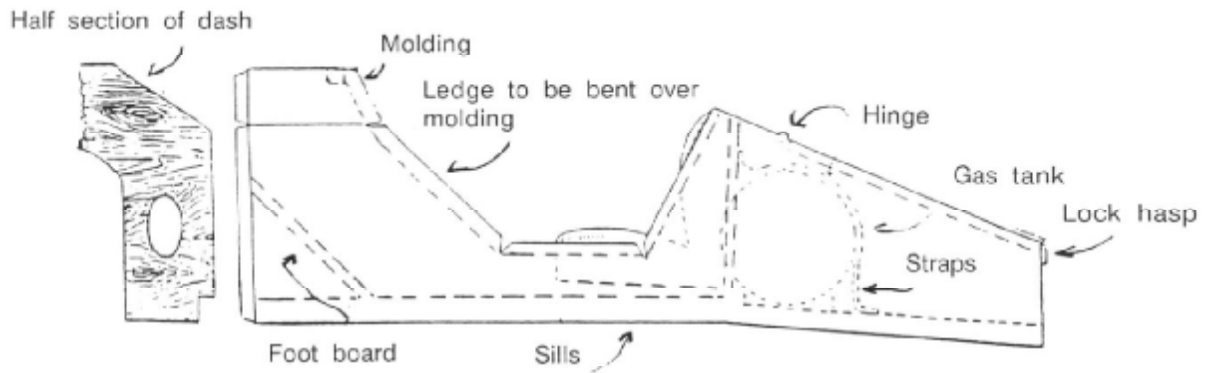
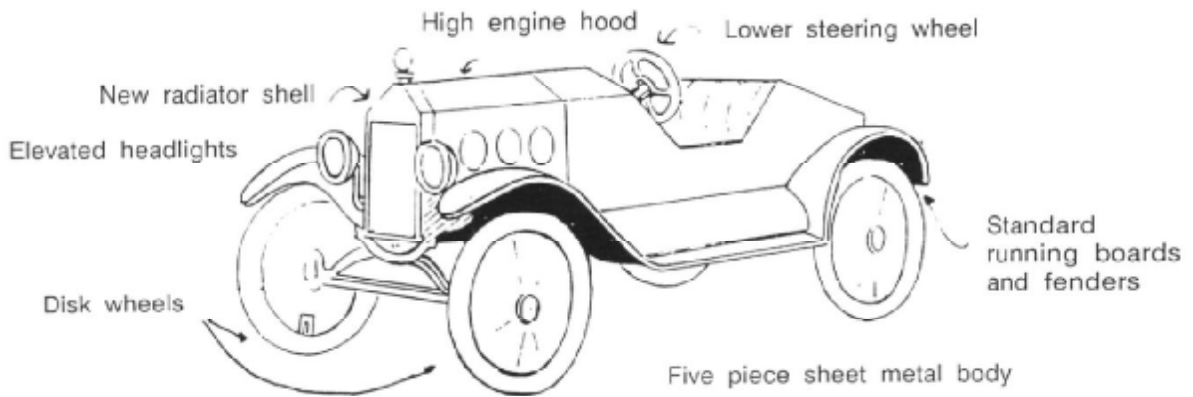
With a strange look in his eye, this poor driver removed the seat, unscrewed the gas cap, and poked inside the tank with a gauge stick. Then in surprised tones he answered, "Who would have *thunk* it? To which he added, "I ain't got none!"

To which the editor can only add - Beware of the Experts!

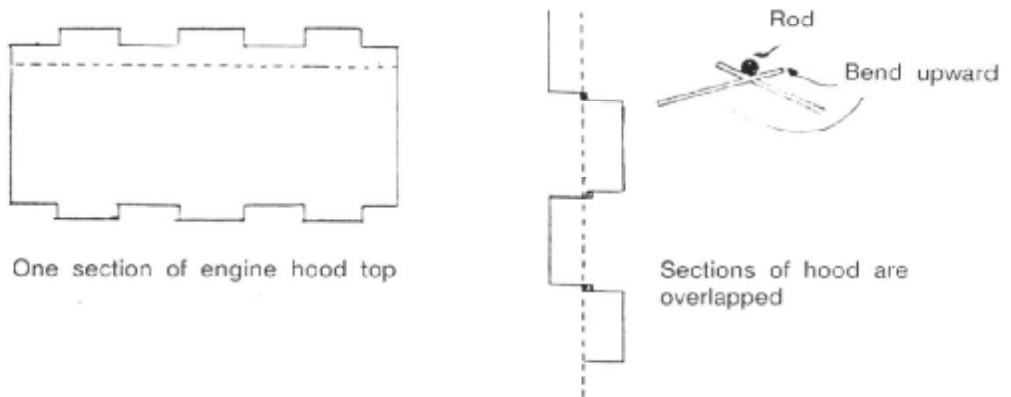
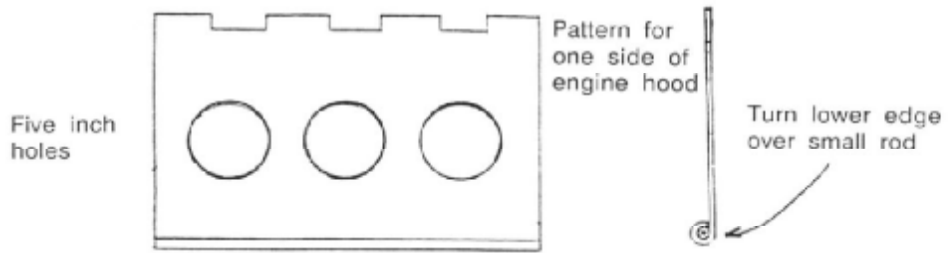
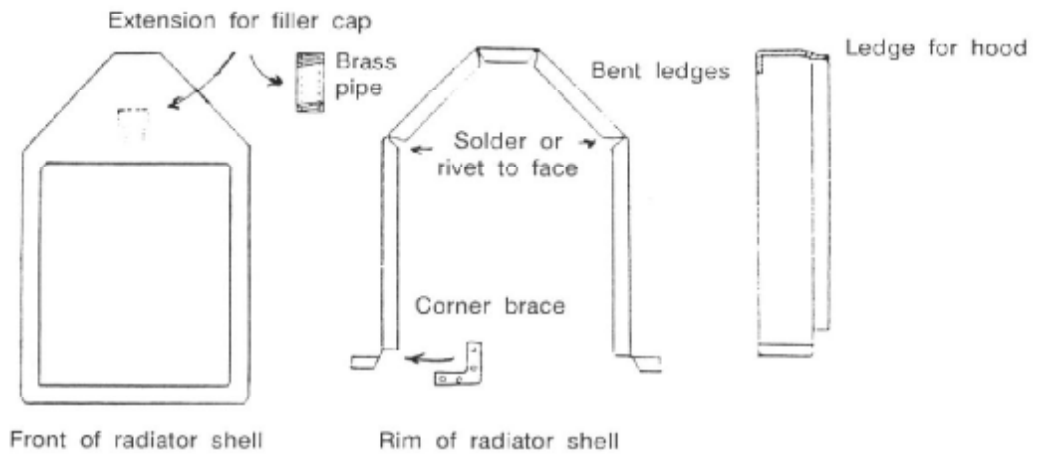
FORD SPEEDSTER BODY

A month or so ago, a large manila envelope was received from a Model T-er living in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. In this envelope were some yellowed drawings of a body design for a Model T

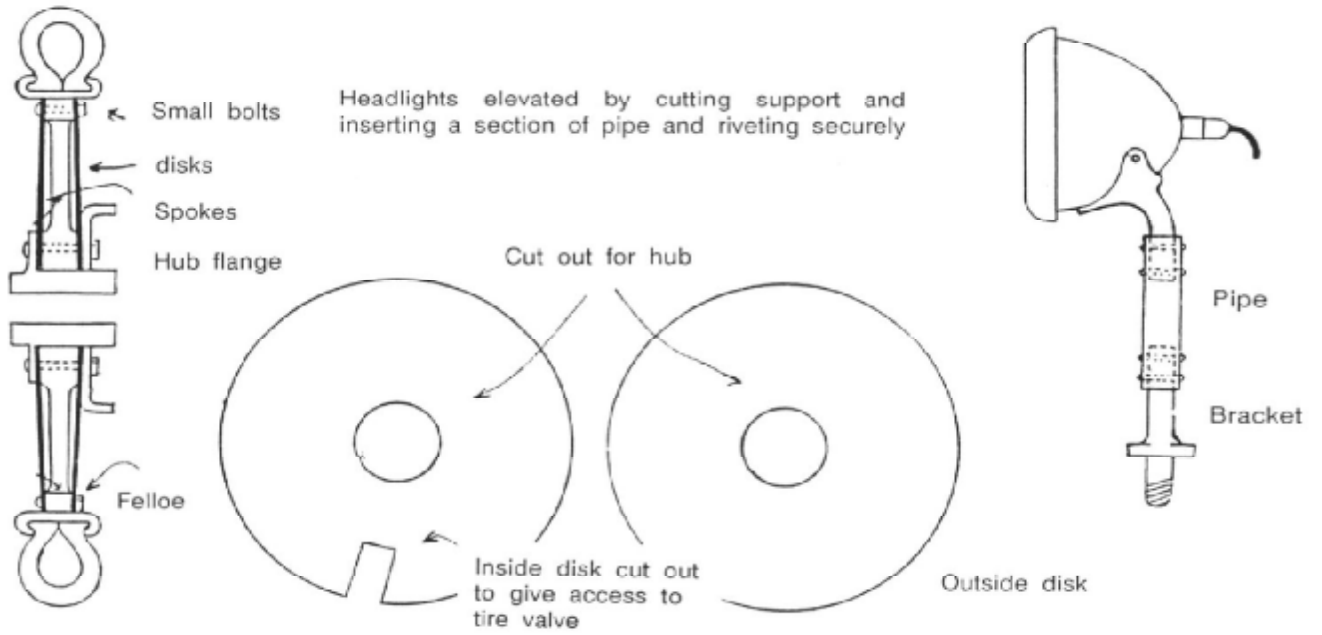
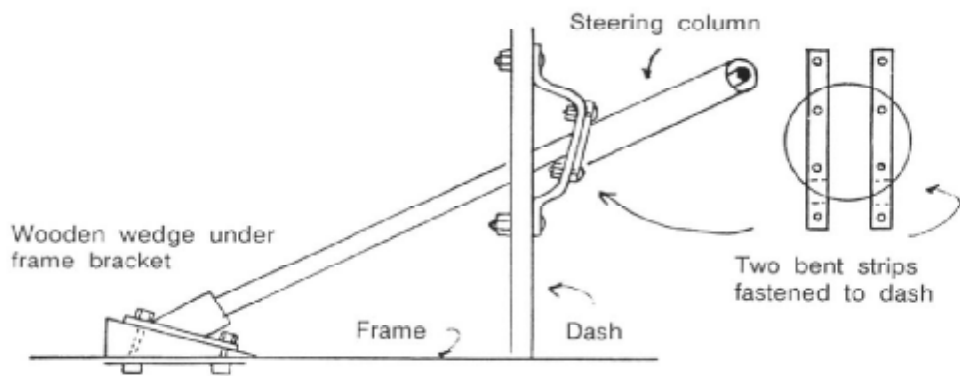
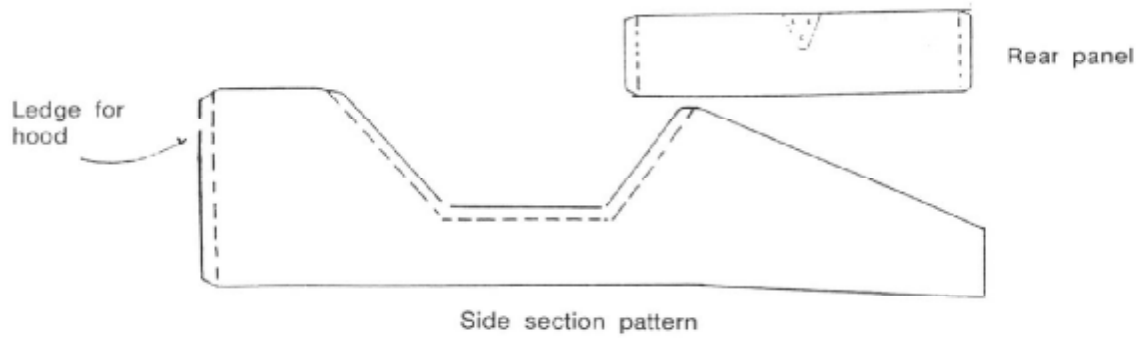
Ford Speedster Design of Simple Construction



DESIGN FOR HOOD



MISCELLANEOUS DETAILS



speedster. From the accompanying letter, it was learned that these drawings were done by his grandfather, G. R. Leurs, as a part of his continuing education at a Detroit trade school following World War I. These drawings were not in the best of condition and the ravages of time, aided and abetted by colonies of silverfish, had extracted its toll.

Acceptable copies were made from some of the drawings, but a few had to be re-drawn by a drafting student at the local vocational school. Pouring over the copied and reconstructed drawings, it soon became apparent that they contained no measurements. A drawing, giving the various dimensions of the Model T chassis was located and the whole puzzle fell into place.

As this writer uses old refrigerator cartons for creepers, a pattern for a side section was laid out on a large piece of one of the cartons, referring occasionally to the chassis dimensions. Satisfied with the results on this one panel, no further templates were made. It did prove that almost anyone could lay out the body pieces with a minimum of trouble.

In keeping with speedster designs of the late teens and the early twenties, the radiator shell is tall and narrow and the top of the hood is even with the body cowling. The wooden wheels were covered with metal discs, which one could make, or even purchase from one of the parts vendors

The standard Model T running boards, dust shields and fenders were used. To keep things simple, the chassis was not lowered in the acceptable fashion, but it would seem advisable to remove at least two spring leaves from the rear spring and possibly one from the front.

A sheet metal brake would be quite handy in making the necessary bends, but when one is not available, a couple of pieces of two-inch angle iron and a pair of "C" clamps will do the job quite nicely, if care is taken. An alternate would be to have a local sheet metal shop make the bends for you. Twenty-two gauge sheet iron should be heavy enough, and for a touch of class, the hood and radiator shell could be made from polished aluminum.

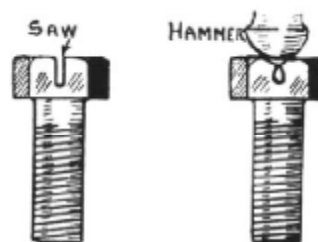
A Hank Rootlieb you may not be, but with a little ingenuity and patience, one could end up with a nice little car. One word of caution - you can measure as many times as you like, but you can cut only once - so take care.

WIRING CAP SCREWS

In a number of places on the Model T, cap screws with holes drilled through the head for securing with wire are used. Often the threads on these cap screws are stripped, or when one is needed (like when securing the driveshaft to the end of the engine assembly), it is not readily at hand.

Even when using a drill press and a vise, it is rather difficult to drill a small hole clear through the head, due to the fact that cap screws have six flat surfaces.

A much easier way is to cut a slot in the head of the cap screw and then peen the top edge of the slot closed, as shown in the drawings.



CHANGES OF ADDRESS

The postal service will not forward your magazine if you move. Nor will they hold it if you are away on vacation unless you specifically instruct them to do so. PLEASE notify us of ANY change in your address. It now costs \$1.10 when we get the magazine back because you have moved, and we cannot guarantee a replacement to you.

TINKERIN TIPS

A Compendium of Fixes and Repairs
For the Model T Ford

A TWENTY YEAR COMPILATION
OF THE MOST READ SECTION
OF THE VINTAGE FORD

Internationally acclaimed!

"I have enjoyed your book, TINKERIN TIPS,
very much.

JRK, Georgia

"It's a great publication. Good 'shade tree
reading

HJ, Michigan

"What a marvelous piece of work it is. The
Layout is excellent.

NH, England

"What an incredible amount of information you
have gathered together for the benefit of fellow
enthusiasts.

AJP, Australia

"—an eye opener and a stout issue, indeed!

LTG, California

Priced at only \$12.95 (U.S. funds) plus postage
and handling. (\$1.50 in the U.S., \$2.55 in all
foreign countries.)

Order your copy today:

214 Morningside Drive
Elizabethtown, KY 42701