

Montana 500 Newsletter

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Montana Cross Country T Assn.
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Helena, MT 59602

www.montana500.org

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Cover picture: 2010 Flyer. Artwork by Jeff Allison.

EDITOR'S PROPAGANDA

Tom Carnegie

No room for the last chapter of my latest technical article. Maybe next time. There should be one more newsletter before the run in June. Please keep your eye on the web site for updates. I have included a short-story from my Baton Noir series. I haven't put all of the past newsletters onto the web yet, but I will someday, I promise! Please go to the web site and print out flyers for the run, if you'd like. It doesn't hurt to stick them up to pique interest.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Mike Robison

Some of you may be just *thinking* about the Montana 500, but preparations have been in full swing for some time now. Remember, this is the 50th Annual! We will be traveling across the state of Montana, staying in a new town every night. Hotels are reserved in the

president's message *(cont.)*

following towns: Sidney, Lewistown, and Lincoln. The Sidney hotel is the base hotel. It will be the Lone Tree Inn. 406-433-4520. Monday, June 14th, will be Lewistown. The hotel will be the Yogo Inn. 406-535-8721. Tuesday, June 15th, will be in Lincoln. The hotel is Leepers. 406-362-4333. If these hotels fill, the hotel people should be able to suggest alternatives. The final day teardown and awards ceremony will be in Missoula, hotel to be announced.

50th Annual T-shirts are being made as I write. The towns of Sidney and Fairview are working with me to make this Montana 500 one to remember. I have asked the town of Fairview to close the side streets and flag us out at the ND/MT line and have the event be under time while in town.

There may be a change in the style of the inspection on Sunday. My hope is to have the Model T's on display in downtown Fairview while the initial inspection is completed.

THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

Tom Carnegie

The grapevine has been pretty quiet. I've heard that Gator Waldron has a car in the works - plans to attend 2010. Skeeter Carlson continues to work on his car. He rode shotgun with me last year, and plans to attend this spring (yes, the run will be in spring this coming year). Sergio Hernandez (from L.A. area) is working on a car and plans to attend. Gary Ebbert got his knee-bone reconnected to his thigh-bone, and plans to attend. Kathleen will help with timing. Bill Mullins has his car done, and it's a beaut! Mike Stormo has bought several cars (three maybe?) and should be able to piece together at least one. I heard that Sandra Pinder may come. I also heard that Herb Frick may get his T out of mothballs for the 50th. I talked to Terry and Bud Peters, and Greg Habel. None of them will be able to attend. Kirby Lohr has Dave Meuli's old car. It has a new motor, but Kirby doesn't plan to attend. Hutch has rebuilt the "Deerslayer", but doesn't plan to run it, as he has a fancy pickup he intends to run instead. I filled a whole page! I guess the grapevine hasn't been so quiet after all!

Prep-Talk

Mike Robison

Mike Stormo wrote in the last newsletter about the preparations of his fellow competitors. This time around Mike made a trip out of town and wasn't able to take a survey, so I volunteered to call up some of our competitors to get the low-down on what makes their Model T's go so fast.

The first person I called was Dave Huson from Berthoud, Colorado. Dave has been absent in the last three runnings. Dave informed me that, "Yes he has June marked in his calendar and has full intentions of returning to Montana for the 50th." Nosey like I am, I prodded and poked at Dave to find out what speed secrets he has in mind for the 50th. He was quiet on that subject, but said he had nothing to do but take up some bearing clearance and roll his 26-7 roadster out the door and onto the trailer.

Next on my list was the Millers from Shandon, Ohio. After a short conversation, BJ reluctantly said that neither he, nor Ron would be making the trip, as they both committed to another tour.

Hoping to lift my spirits I phoned Dennis Daken from Maryville, Missouri. Dennis, just like Ron Miller is an "out of the box" winner. (*Meaning he won the first time he entered*) ed. Sure Dennis came to tour one year prior to his win but when he showed up with his roadster there was no one in the entire state of Montana that could keep up with him. Sadly I never made a connection with Dennis to find out about his intentions.

Many of you are members of the MTFCA. On the January/February 2010 cover of the *Vintage Ford* magazine, is a guy proolly most of you don't know. That is Glen McDonald. Glen has something very unique about him, from the outside you can't tell but if Glen does what I'm hoping he does, he will be the first Canadian driver in the Montana 500. Glen and his son Shawn came to the Montana 500 last year to tour. Glen loved it!!! He raced home and frantically started assembling a "Dedicated" Montana 500 car. When I called I could tell something was amiss. Glen explained to me that his intentions of having a Montana car ready for the 50th wasn't going to happen. After some consoling I asked what is keeping him from running the Roadster he toured with? After a short pause he told me it had a after market head and aftermarket

carburetor setup. Me, being the quick thinker that I am I said... "TAKE IT OFF!!" I'm sure Glen thought of this but I was thinking to myself, "you know Glen just wanted the President of the Montana 500 to give him a jump start." So with that said, Glen, I'll see you in June ready to roll! P.S. The Country of Canada is looking up to you. :)

Now being 1-4 for confirmations, I thought I'd call Art Hedman from Bloomingdale, Illinois. Art answered. I asked if he was planning on coming this year. He told me that he was and would be bringing his same car but with a new motor and some body refinements. In prior years Art ran an early body with a slanted windshield. Knowing his roadster was a 1918 he corrected the slanted windshield and transformed his 1923 into a true 1918. Nosing my way through his car via the telephone, I questioned what other mods were going to be made. Art informed me that he should be asking *me* what makes *my* car run so good. I knew I was getting close to his speed secret... Tires!!! Art sprung for a new set of shoes. With that I told Art to have a fine day and I'd look for him in 2010.

Rails Away

(fiction, by Tom Carnegie)

Joseph Vant had been away from the shop all Friday afternoon, and though it was past closing time he thought that it might be a good idea to stop by the Model T Garage to make sure things had been buttoned up properly. That is after all one of the duties of a manager. He was surprised to find his young minion still in the shop, working on some project.

“What are you working on, Butch?”

“Oh, hello Joseph. I’m soldering a tube onto the gas cap of my model T”

“Why in blazes are you doing that?”

“You know how me and Beau Dremel like to drive around. Well, since I put the Roof head on my Torpedo, he can’t keep up with me. After I pass him, he pulls right in behind me and I can’t shake him. What I’m going to do is use this can of oil and through a piece of rubber tubing and a valve, set it up so I can run the oil into my gas tank and smoke him out. You see, when he starts tailing me, I’ll open the valve and the oil will run

from this can into the gas tank. When it gets to the motor it should smoke like the devil himself! I'll mount this can somewhere above the tank level and gravity will flow it into the gas tank."

Through all three times of explaining the procedure, Butch was somewhat violently shaking a quart sized sewing machine oil can in the vicinity of Joseph's nose.

"Interesting idea Butch, but it won't work the way that you are doing it. You've soldered the tube into the breather hole of the gas cap, and it will cause a vacuum in the tank as the gas is used up when the valve is closed. Here's a suggestion. Why don't you braze a tube onto the exhaust pipe down a few inches from the manifold? Use steel line and make the line long enough that the rubber tubing that is running up to the valve on the can won't melt. Then when you turn on the valve, it will dump the oil right into the exhaust pipe. That should make plenty of smoke!"

"I'll try it. Where have you been all afternoon?"

"I've been at the town council meeting. They are trying to figure out the details of the cer-

emonial train ride into Crescent City. It is really just going to be ceremonial too, as the gang on the Crescent City end hasn't gotten the track completed and won't get it completed before the Fourth of July. The plan at this point is to run the ceremonial train, full of ceremonial dignitaries to some ceremonial point just out of town and then when the hoopla dies down, back the train back into Baton Noir and hope no one notices. By the way, are you going to be much longer?"

"I want to change my needle and seat. I bought a new one from the mail order catalog. It was cheaper than getting one from Ford."

"May I take a look at it?"

Butch fished around in his pocket for a few seconds then handed a small, perhaps one-inch long box to Joseph.

Joseph removed the needle and seat and contemplated it for a minute or so. He then walked to the bench and opened a small drawer and removed a used Ford manufactured needle and seat. After a few more moments of contemplation he turned to

Butch and said:

“The hole in the new seat is about one-half the size of the original.”

“Well if that keeps it from leaking, then I’m happy.”

Butch finished up installing the new needle and seat in his carb and Joseph locked the shop up. Monday would be the 4th of July, and Butch and Joseph decided it would be fun, since the shop would be closed, to drive out to the edge of town and watch “Engineer Ed” stop the train and back it back into town. The road paralleled the new tracks for some miles and Joseph had a good idea where they would begin the backtracking. He knew “Engineer Ed” pretty well and looked forward to poking a little good-natured fun at him.

On Monday, Joseph and Butch skipped most of the 4th of July festivities and headed out to watch the train backtrack. After a bit the train came chugging up the grade. As the train got closer Joseph strained to spot “Engineer Ed”. Much to his surprise “Engineer Ed” was not to be seen. Someone else whom Joseph didn’t know was in the cabin with his hand on the throttle.

This mystery engineer was showing no signs of slowing down, much less stopping. As Butch and Joseph watched the train chug out of sight, a horrible thought crossed Joseph's mind.

"That engineer doesn't know that the track is unfinished! Butch, do you have enough gas to get to Crescent City? We need to warn that train or else it could de-rail and someone might get hurt."

"Maybe we could find a telephone and call Crescent City."

"Most folks are going to be out watching the 4th of July ceremonies and besides, I don't know who has a phone this far out of town. Let's get going, time's a wasting!"

The two men hopped into Butch's roadster and took off toward Crescent City as fast as the road would allow them to travel. In that part of the mountain, the road was twisty and winding, but as they headed toward the river it began to flatten and straighten out. When they hit the straight road, Butch pulled both levers down and they began to fairly fly. Just as the motor was really hitting its stride, it began to miss.

“vroop, vroop, vroop”, went the motor.

Butch throttled up and the motor smoothed out, but as soon as he put the power to it again and was up to speed, it would begin missing again.

“OH MAN!” shouted Butch, “The carb is starving out.”

“It’s that new needle and seat that you installed. Do you have the old one with you?”

“No, and besides, it would take too long to change. The train’s going to beat us as it is if we’re not careful.”

Joseph thought for a moment as Butch continued to drive as fast as he could, which was around forty miles per hour. Suddenly an idea struck him.

“Butch, do you have that piece of rubber hose that you showed me on Friday?”

“Yes, it’s in the tool box.”

“Good, stop and I’ll hook it onto the tube that you soldered onto your gas cap and I’ll blow into it and pressurize the gas tank while you drive.

That should keep the carburetor full.”

The tube was quickly attached and Joseph began to blow into it as Butch cranked the T up. Soon they were heading down the road going like sixty! As they neared Crescent City the road began to get nearer the railroad tracks. Joseph could see the train and desperately began waving to get their attention. Finally one of the dignitaries spotted Joseph's frantic waving and began to wave back! Soon all of the dignitaries were waving. The train continued on. The road took a bend and it was clear to Joseph and Butch that the train would beat them to town. Butch throttled up and continued into town listening and waiting for the sound of the destruction to come - but it never came. As they pulled into town, there was the train, complete with dignitaries and mystery engineer. Apparently the gandy dancers had been dancing all weekend and had gotten the track finished after all. Butch and Joseph felt a little silly, but felt a little better after Butch laid down a huge cloud of smoke in the middle of the Crescent City ceremonies as they sped out of town.

(end of story)

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