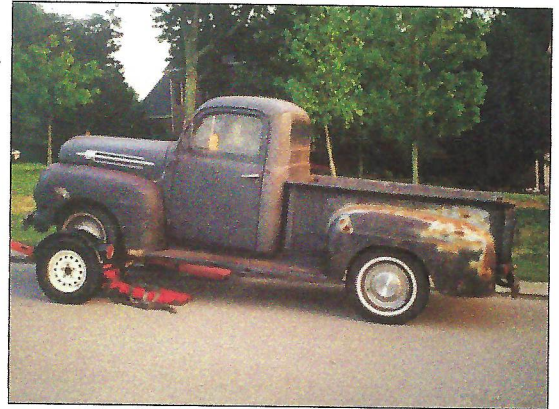


MEMBER EARLY V8 OF THE MONTH

Jim Morinec
Brentwood, Tennessee

The F1 Story

I have always been a tinkerer and like do-it-yourself projects. When my son was in his early teens, I saw an advertisement in the newspaper for a 1952 Ford F1 Pickup. I thought this might be a great father/son project and give me a weekend "Home Depot" truck. However, my knowledge of vehicles and mechanics at the time was limited to waxing the car, changing oil, airing up the tires, and maybe changing the spark plugs. After seeing the ad remain in the newspaper for several months, my wife finally convinced me to take a look.



The truck had originally been bought in Georgia by a grandfather when his grandson was 7 years old. The grandson was now going to college and needed some money. Over the years the truck had been used on a farm and was never registered in Tennessee. It would take six months to work out that little detail!

The truck was hard to start and ran on gas from a 5-gallon tank on the floor in the passenger side of the cab. The steering was sloppy and pulled to left when stopping. OK, so I figured some new tires, oil change and some tinkering to get the gas tank working, and I would have the truck running in a few weeks.

The adventure started when we got the truck home. I asked my wife to take a drive in the neighborhood. We live in a hilly area. Coming down the first hill I was able to slow down. No such luck on the second hill and then Mary started to scream "We're going to die"! When I was able to get it back into the driveway, I decided maybe I should look at the brakes. After probing through the mud and manure, I discovered the port on the back plate of the drum assembly and the "star wheel". It took me the whole weekend to get the first drum off. By the fourth, I could do it in 20 minutes. It turned out that three of the brake cylinders were completely rusted frozen and the fourth leaked. After one or two stops, the fluid leaked over the shoe and no more stopping!

It was around this time I discovered the Volunteer chapter of the Early V8 Ford Club and people like Glenn Nabors who would provide invaluable advice and assistance. I also had friends in the Battlefield AACCA chapter who also had Ford flatheads. Dennis Carpenter catalogs and many swap meets also became great resources.

My mother was diagnosed with cancer so we decided to move her from the Chicago suburbs to live with us so she could get treatment at Vanderbilt. When we were packing her up, her neighbor came by, and I told him about the truck. He was a collector of everything. So, he went home and came back with a bar that had some sort of cam device on the end. "You'll need this", he said without explaining what it was.

After we got my mother settled in, it was time to start on the motor. The first thing we found was two acorns in the throat of the carburetor! Clearly restricted air flow is no big deal for a Ford flat head. The engine had been rewired over the years, all with red wire



of the same gauge. Once we got the heads and manifold off, we started to remove the valves. We were struggling to remove the keepers with some pliers when I remembered the tool my mother's neighbor gave me. Eureka! And so it went, every time we got stumped, someone would give me hint or assistance how to deal with the issue. The best advice I received: ***Don't take it all apart at once. It will be too overwhelming to put it back together. complete little projects and put them on the shelf to get small rewards along the way.***

After six years of trial and error, research and asking questions, I learned how to weld a little, do some body work, paint, and do some upholstery. Its not perfect, but I can say all the blemishes are mine. The project may have given my son some appreciation for old cars but it didn't prevent him from wrecking his first car within six months of receiving his license.



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