

# T-rific T Tales

October, November, December 2018

Volume 3, Issue 4

Newsletter of the T-Rific T's Club of West Central Wisconsin



**You Are Invited:  
T-rific T Club Fall Fling**

**Sunday, October 21, 1 p.m.**

Mike Webb's Warehouse

N5696 850th Street,

Elk Mound, Wisconsin

Turn by the restaurant,

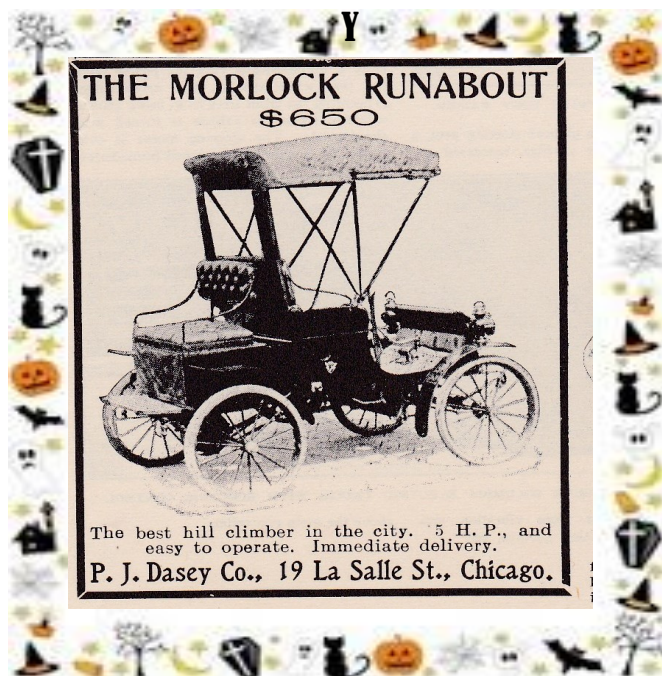
Drive past it, follow the road

1/4 mile to the warehouse,

Enter on the back side

**Lunch, Socializing, Meeting,  
Officer Elections, Auction, Road Trip**

**Bring  
Auction Items**



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<https://t-rificts.com>



## Club Officers

- ◆ President Larry Hanson  
Phone: 715-837-1578  
Email: larrymodelt@gmail.com
- ◆ Vice-President Denny Mickesh  
Phone: 715-723-9719  
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- ◆ Secretary George Utpahl  
Phone: 715-271-6564  
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- ◆ Treasurer Linda Hanson  
Phone: 715-837-1578  
Email: ljhquilter@gmail.com

## Newsletter/Website Information

Send newsletter items to Pauline Spiegel:  
[terrificclub@gmail.com](mailto:terrificclub@gmail.com) or  
16874 210th Street, Jim Falls, WI 54748

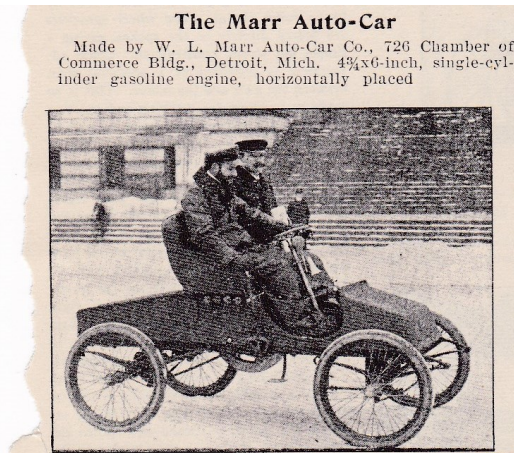
- ◆ Home Phone: 715-382-4350
- ◆ Cell Phone: 715-404-5774

Send website items to  
Cindy Duffy Yardley:  
[cindylou5700@yahoo.com](mailto:cindylou5700@yahoo.com)



**SPECIAL PLANS FOR THE FALL FLING**

Plan to arrive at Mike’s around **12:45 - 1:15 p.m.** for lunch and socializing. This will be followed by the meeting and auction. Then if weather permits, we will take a little drive in the Elk Mound area and enjoy ice cream at the Junction Restaurant. So be sure to bring your vintage car if a nice day to get that last ride of the season in!!



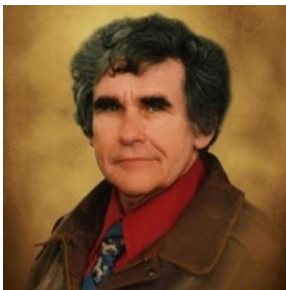
**2019 T-rific T Club Calendars**  
 Get your 2019 club calendar filled with pictures of T-rific T members, cars, and events.

Orders will be taken at the club Fall Fling October 21 or by contacting Pauline.  
 Phone: 715-382-4350 or 715-404-5774  
 Email: [jpspie210@yahoo.com](mailto:jpspie210@yahoo.com)

**Recovery Wishes to Bob Baker**  
 While driving his beautiful Model A Ford over a month ago, he was hit from behind. Bob underwent vertebrae surgery and is recovering well. Please keep him in your thoughts and prayers.

**FAREWELL TO GORDY GEE**

*Gordy was a member of our club. He will be remembered for his love of Model Ts. He has a special place in John Spiegel’s heart as John purchased his 1923 Model T from Gordy (that John spent many years restoring). Blast from the Past articles written by Gordy many years ago are featured in every newsletter. Gordy was kind enough to supply us with many of his articles. He will remain with us in spirit through them.*



Gordon J. Gee, 91, of Chippewa falls died peacefully at home with his family by his side on August 26, 2018. He was born on October 4, 1926, the son of Albert and Rhenilda (McKenzie) Gee in Superior, WI. Gordy served in the Navy from 1944 -1946, during which he received his high school diploma from Superior Central High School. He married Dorothy Kuechler, they had two children. Later they divorced and remained friends. Gordy graduated from UW Superior in 1952 with a Bachelor of Science Degree. In 1961, he married Mary Hankins. He obtained his Masters Degree in 1965 from UW Superior.

His teaching career started at First Ward Elementary in Chippewa Falls, then briefly at Eagleton and finished at Stillson Elementary. His summers were spent at the “Cabin” on Deep Lake, there we will set him free. Throughout his years of teaching, his students enjoyed plays, field trips, fairs and square dancing as well as many artifacts and turtle terrariums in his classroom.

Gordy’s family would like to encourage students and friends to speak of their memories.

Gordy is survived by his wife, Mary; children, Barbara (Craig) Bichner, David (Kathy Ludack) Gee, and Arik (Becky) Gee; grandchildren, Sara (Mike) Lien, Jill (Jeff) Miller, Julianne (Kyle) Briski, Adrienne (Corey Janke) Gee, Brittney (Derrick Laufenberg) Gee, Kelli Macauley, and Samantha & Ian Ruhuan-Gee; great-grandchildren, Kailee & Kendall Lien, and Kensington Miller.

He was preceded in death by his parents; his in-laws, Andrew and Grace (Dick) Hankins as well as his children, Roxanne and Paul.

## TECHNICAL SUPPORT TEAM

One purpose of the T-Rific T's is to get more Model T's restored and on the road. To help with this goal, members were asked to volunteer in their area of expertise so that when a fellow member needs help, he/she knows who to call:

- ◆ Bill Glass: 715-723-7202 or 715-210-5530
- ◆ Del Hanson: 715-234-7308 or 715-205-9024
- ◆ Dan Doughty: 715-835-0685
- ◆ Larry Hanson: 715-837-1578
- ◆ Brian Tourville: 715-664-8830
- ◆ Ernie Loga: 715-832-7302
- ◆ Denny Mickesh (electrical): 715-723-9719
- ◆ Stephanie Culver (fuel or ignition): 715-822-4015
- ◆ Bob Baker (body work): 715-834-2158

### Club Meeting Minutes - August 5:

The T-Rific T's held a short meeting at the Chippewa Car Show. Treasurer's report showed \$1720.53 balance with main expense being newsletter, printing, and mailing totaling approximately \$150 every three months. Mike reported Cindy has website up and running and needs material to post including pictures, want ads, for sale, etc. Mike apparently paid original setup fee but in three years there will be a maintenance fee of \$250 - \$300 through Go Daddy. Plans for fall tour were tossed around with no decision made. Possible date for fall fling of October 21 will be confirmed by Mike when he knows his schedule.



**Model T Trailer - Call Harold Walters  
715-832-5942**



# INDIANHEAD SWAP MEET AND CAR SHOW AUGUST 5

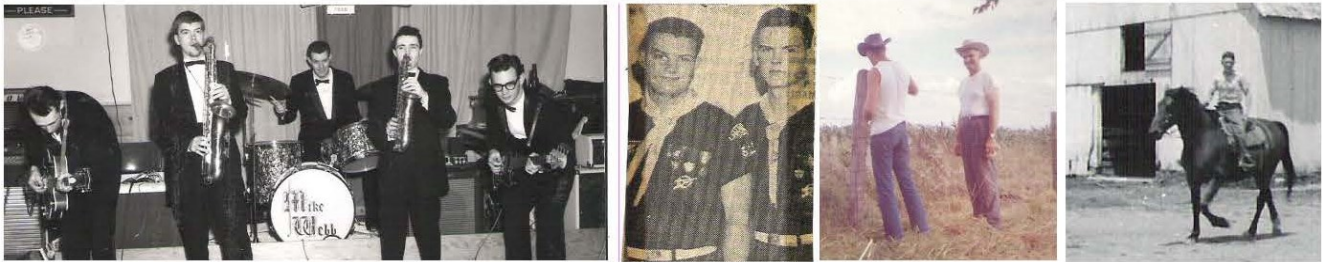


## CLUB MEMBER SPOTLIGHT STORY - MIKE WEBB

Mike Webb was born in Northwest Missouri in 1944, 15 months after his older brother. Mike's parents were both teachers, as his father had just been discharged from the Army Air Corp due to health issues.

When Mike was two years old, his father moved to Atlanta to start a business, working out of their home. Two years later the family moved to St. Joseph, Missouri, where Mike attended grade school. In 1956 the family moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where his parents continued to run the business out of their home.

When not studying for school, Mike worked in the family business with his brother and younger sister. Mike and his brother spent summers on their grandparent's farm, playing until they were old enough to do chores. When their grandfather died, Mike's father bought the farm providing the opportunity for the boys to work on the farm when not in school. Mike started piano lessons at age seven, formed a band in Jr. High, progressing musically to playing nightclubs in St. Louis school nights and weekends during the '60s. He became an Eagle Scout and joined Junior Engineers Technical Society (JETS) receiving two National Science Foundation Grants to build a Ram Jet Rocket and a Synthetic Digestive System.



After graduating high school, Mike attended a state university, was active in student government, Greek life, and continued playing in bands in Kansas City and western Missouri, earning money for school. He got married during his last year of college.

Upon graduation, Mike worked at a bank in the data processing department automating other banks and businesses. He then moved to the Trust Department, managing assets for major corporations. When his bank insisted he stop performing nights (wrong image), he continued with the bank and formed a real estate company on the side. Mike then accepted a position running trust, real estate, and insurance departments at another bank. In 1984, he moved to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, to better educate his kids and became partners in a firm constructing hotels and office buildings. He then obtained a pilots license to minimize travel time.

In 1987, Mike sold that company and formed U-Fuel, Inc. to build and install above ground self-service fuel systems at airports. That company now has over 20 patents and has successfully installed thousands of systems throughout the world.

Mike has two children and four grandchildren and spends his free time with aircraft and automobiles.



## A BLAST FROM THE PAST - BASKET CASE

By Gordon Gee (first Ford "T" article he wrote - around 1950)

To my knowledge, few people stricken with "Model T Ford-it is" have ever found an antidote for this delightful malady. I haven't in over 16 years association with this roguish little automobile. But then, I haven't searched very hard or very long for a remedy either. Thus it was in early fall of 1953, I had accumulated a grand total of nine rather unrelated Model T Ford parts; one complete 1925 motor, two 1915 left front fenders, one 1908 brass side lamp, a top portion of an aluminum hood, one 1915 rear end, radius rods and drive shaft assembly, one complete front end, and two 30 by 3-1/2 front wheels minus rims and tires. Needless to say, such a conglomeration would hardly fill the bill for the assembly of a complete automobile. Consequently, the hunt went on for a more complete example of Model T.

While passing the premises of John Schreier & Son, an ancient automobile garage in Chippewa Falls, I went inside on a whim. Within its dim recesses, I met John and his son George, who, after hearing me out, displayed three antique wooden Leinekugel beer cases. They were wedged under a wooden work bench filled to their brims with new parts for Model T. Much more than this,

John informed me he once owned a 1917 T Roadster, one he had used while on his honeymoon in 1919. He recalled they had stripped some parts from it for a saw rig many years ago and had left it abandoned down by the wagon shed on his brother's farm not a few miles out of town. I arranged to purchase the remains for ten dollars and agreed to return the following Friday evening, which was the only time they could spare to pick up the car.



I arrived at the sacred hour breathless and terribly excited, just in time to help wire up the low-boy for our nocturnal adventure. Upon arrival at the farmhouse, I had to undergo the agony of an hour of small talk over cups of coffee between the brothers before they got around to the subject of Lizzie. The night was unusually warm for October with a bright moon shining in a friendly way over all while crickets and other denizens of nature's acreage sang like crazy all around us. We used an old railroad kerosene lantern to light the shadows on the way to the old buggy barn and sure enough, off to one side, plainly visible in the moonlight, lay the remains of a very early Model T Ford roadster.

The vehicle lay at an odd angle, its radiatorless cowl pointing up at the stars. On closer scrutiny, it appeared someone had removed the entire rear end assembly, including the tall spring. The front wheels were intact, although sunken deeply into the soil, and its tires were rotted almost completely away. The motor was missing, as was the hood, turtle deck and one headlight, the other jutting outwards from its fender, the other jutting outwards from its fender socket, still retaining its accessory yellow glass. Surprisingly, the windshield survived unbroken with two rush welded side lights mounted on

either side, their bulls-eye lenses both uncracked. The wooden steering wheel hung on the cast iron spider in rotted pieces on rusty screws. Its single door sagged open from its spongy wood rotted body. Cancer had eaten several inches upwards almost the entire length of both body panels. The buggy top, while retaining its original shape on rusty saddles and withered leather straps, hung in moldy folds on weathered wooden bows over the back panel. The firewall, dash plate, and switch coil box were intact although the box was missing the cover and sported numerous field mice nests. One rear fender was almost entirely eaten away; however, the remaining three were reasonably intact as were both running boards. The splash shields, despite being badly rusted out at the boards, appeared to be in presentable shape and the entire frame, gas tank, and shifting lever were in sound condition. The turtle bed sported a badly rotted pile of boards bound with pitted iron bands which once had been a homemade pickup box. I expressed myself in the negative, upon which he swept the whole rotted mess of its bed with one sweep of an arm.

While George trudged unenthusiastically back up the tractor path to fetch the low-boy I asked John's brother about the possibility of there being a few other parts for old Fords about. He pointed to the buggy shed, the entranceway of which lay open to the weather and said simply, "let's look in there." On the way to shed, which was but a few feet away, we discovered the hood, in pretty good condition despite its having been lying on the damp ground so long. At first all we could see inside the shed were deep velvet black shadows with an occasional streak of moonlight slithering through cracks in the walls and reflecting on dusty manure splattered farm machinery and debris covered work benches. With the aid of the smoking lantern we soon uncovered the original turtle, in beautiful dentless condition, along with a red lens oil tail light in perfect shape complete with the inevitable mantle of mud. Other than a late model switchless coil box, no other parts of interest could we find.

Loading the old Ford was a relatively simple operation, we simply grabbed hold of the rear cross piece and walked it up the ramp on its front wheels. Once loaded, John threw an ancient buggy seat into the pickup for good measure along with the turtle, and all three of us crammed into the cab and waved goodbye. As we bumped and I twisted our way towards the county trunk, I clutched the oil light delightedly all the while throwing frequent glances backwards at my new treasure swaying along behind us.

The next morning, I couldn't wait to view Lizzie as she resided in the backyard. By early light she lay as we had unloaded her, nose skywards, her windshield solid with frost as her single headlight peeked suspiciously out at a world totally different from the one when she was queen of the road. I would like to say that I restored the little roadster to her original condition, but such was not to be. The chassis became the supporting foundation of a half-moon pickup truck not too long afterwards.