

A Ford F100 Story By David Seidel

The 1973 F100 v The Cook, The Chef and the Judge (the cook = myself, the chef = my wife)

(This article is inspired by the plethora of cooking segments on our current TV programs)

Looking for a New Tow Vehicle

The year was 1979 and the advert in the Trading Post read as follows "For Sale Ford F100 1973, has been refurbished professionally with a V8. Has yet to be run in. Price....Phone.... etc"

As I was looking for a strong tow vehicle, I answered without delay. This is what I discovered upon inspection: it had indeed been rebuilt to near new specification. Ray (the owner) had been to Canada and had purchased a large container of cars and new parts, mainly Ford. Now the cooking references begin!

This 302 V8 Windsor motor was brand new and still in its box when it was fitted into the F100. For me it was the icing on the cake with a cherry on top. All the correct Ford ingredients to blend this V8 into this truck were also used, along with a heavy-duty clutch and Ford radiator. This vehicle had been a very low mileage ex-government unit but with a 6-cylinder motor and to all accounts was in near new condition, including a fresh paint job of white over burnt orange.

The only consideration owner Ray told me was that it was on conditional registration and needed to be judged by the all-knowing and very experienced team at the government motor garage (now Regency Park). "She will be apples," Ray said, "you will have no trouble as all the ingredients were new and fresh and without blemish."

Keeping this advice in mind, I then proceeded to dress up the truck and also fit a Canadian Fashion Pack which Ray supplied in the mix (it was a lovely chrome kit which I unwrapped and attached to the vehicle) and I also added to the overall look by purchasing 5 as new mag wheels and tyres which were Ford approved.

Time was of the essence as I had already been booked into the garage in two weeks' time, so I used every skill I had to make the vehicle a winner when it was presented for inspection. It looked a treat and was now ready for judgement day. She looked a real tasty vehicle – presentation is everything – and I felt she was ready for close scrutiny.



Judgement Day

On the approach to the pits I again rechecked all my required paperwork as the astute tester had told me he had just rejected a 1959 FC Holden with a 4-speed conversion which had been underslung with a chain for the rear gearbox mounting. There would be no such recipe for disaster with my offering, which was far superior.

So, with much confidence, over the pits she went. Back came the verdict: FAIL. That put a sour taste in my mouth, I can tell you! According to the judge, it failed on three points:

- 1) the tyres were slightly too wide – but he would forgive that;
- 2) one of the factory Ford engine mounting brackets needed welding with a small gusset;
- 3) the right-hand tie rod end (knuckle) had some slight wear and according to the judge needed replacing (this item I felt was a half-baked criticism).

The result of this was no registration – so it was back to the kitchen for rectification. At our own large workshop, the mounting bracket was welded but no play could be found in the tie rod end despite vigorous testing. What could we cook up to satisfy this gentleman? (well I said something along those lines!). The recipe was as follows: I carefully removed the part, ran it over the wire buff and painted it black, and then in contrasting white I painted the correct part number on it and carefully refitted it.

Judgement Day - Part 2

After making another appointment I returned to the Testing Station for

assessment some two weeks later. Over the pits she goes again. Then – STOP! It was morning tea time and the same tester had to eat his apple in front of me. After 10 minutes he proceeded with the inspection. This really gave me the pip, even though I am usually thick skinned. "Turn the steering wheel," came the stern instruction.

From deep in the pit came his verdict, "Ah! That's better!" You could have cut the air with a knife. My pot nearly boiled over but by this time my wife (the chef) who was a witness to the events over the past weeks, quickly grabbed me. "Revenge is a dish best served cold," she said and then advised me not to stir up trouble or say anything that might not end well or I could rue the day. So, I coolly said, "Thank you" while I simmered away with all my thoughts going in another direction. Guess what? The F100 was approved for registration – we had won the bake-off!

In closing, the moral of this story is to always have your chef with you when you are subjected to a series of events such as those above, and to always butter up the protagonist judge with sugar-sweet praise, even if it nearly chokes you. You will always win the contest in the long run, only they won't know it.

We hope that you all continue to have happy motoring experiences and that we can enjoy them while we are able.

Regards, David Seidel (cook) and Carol Seidel (chef).