

THE FREEWAY NEWSLETTER, JANUARY 1981

No. 2

Our circulation for this bulletin is 6.

Welcome aboard to Robert Roos, and John Gustafson. Copies also going out to Andy Fabricant, Curtis Hunniwell, Dave Edmanson, and Joe Amaroso.

The Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles, Milford, Ma., branch, sent me another motorcycle plate, for 1981, with the cryptic message:

"We still don't know what it is, but if the Main office in Boston isn't upset about it then we are not either, so keep driving it until you hear from us."

My frozen throttle problem has been eliminated, by literally filling the cable, using a hypodermic needle, with WD-40. Christmas Eve here in the swamp the thermometer reached eighteen below zero, yet my car started right up the next morning. I am using it constantly, when the roads are clear, and am never uncomfortable, even with the rear vents open to help keep the windshield clear.

Don't drive your car on a road with a crown of ice in the middle.

That is the only disadvantage that I have come up with so far that troubles me; the drive wheel sets right up on that crown and will spin you right out without warning.

Woolworth's is selling cocoa fibre mats for about five bucks that will give you just enough material to cover the floor, and the rear seat. Keeps all that salt and junk off of my floor mat.

I believe it was Mr. Hunniwell who told me that the so-called "Bone-Phone", sold by Media Marketing, in Dallas, Texas, and advertised in all the "Popular Whatever" magazines, is perfect for use in the FREEWAY, for those of you who didn't order a radio. And it comes and goes with you, thus is less of a temptation to thieves.

It's AM-FM Stereo, etc., but there is also one called NUTS, which is AM only, and a lot cheaper (\$39.95 as opposed to \$69.95 for the Bone Phone.)

I have 542 miles on mine and still have some gas in it, r/diculous isn't it? I threw in a can of drygas last night and that will probably prolong my milage calculations another week. Heh, Heh.

There's no ash tray in it, so I quit smoking. No kidding. (Thanks Dave.)

I do keep a can of liquid spare tire and some simple tools with me, as well as a spark plug, and a box of twenty amp fuses. That way I will probably never blow any.

Biography - so we can learn to recognize the average FREEWAY owner:

Bob Ferris: Forty-six years old, 5'11", 185 lbs, thinning red hair. Earns living as an engineering person, but not degreed. Plays the banjo in a hillbilly band, jogs a little,

is married, with three grown "children".

How average can you get?

Most of us seem to be middle aged, probably because it takes that long with today's inflation rates to save the down payment.

Easy way to service the chain: Put the nose of the car up against a tree, jack it up, start the engine, and let the idling engine turn the rear wheel while you spray the chain-lube on.

I love to drive it on new snow, just so I can see the three tracks that it makes.

I have yet to experience the thrill of seeing another FREEWAY on the road, but John Gustafson and I will probably meet in Franklin, Mass., sooner or later. I wonder how we'll recognize each other? Tee Hee. John's is yellow, by the way, and Curtis's is orange, mine is red; at some future time and in some future place we are going to cause a mild sensation, when a bunch of us get together.

Somebody come up with a clever name, please, in case we organize.

Joe, out there in Pasadena, my old acquaintance Rocky Stone is the lead guitarist in Mickey Gilley's band, so when they are in town stop over there and show your car to Rocky, and tell him that I said hello and to buy you a beer. Rocky is one of the undiscovered great's in the world.

(We hillbilly's stick together.)

Happy New Year to all. There is more malarkey in this newsletter than service tips, etc., but nothing has gone wrong with mine, and I haven't even needed gas yet, so what can I say except that I love her.

Best Wishes

*Bob*

Bob Ferris, & Space Shot

P.S. To Robert Roos, and any of you who are waiting for delivery - it will be one of the unique experiences of your life when you receive your's, and waiting has no memory, so hang in there.