

# The Bumper Guardian

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGION

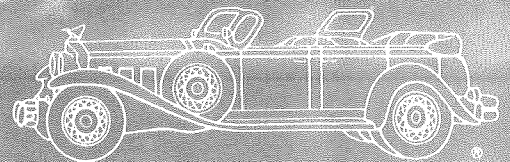
GEORGE H. SHUFELT, EDITOR

CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA

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## REGIONAL CHRISTMAS PARTY IN TACOMA DEC 17!

There will be a Christmas party for all members Dec 17th at the Tacoma Elks Club, the newest, largest and finest Elks Club in the country. There will be a buffet supper in a private dining room, followed by a short business session & election of Regional officers. John Wallerich is making arrangements. You will be sent shortly a postcard form to be filled out for reservations. All the fine facilities of the club will be available to us, and there is always live entertainment. Come and enjoy yourself. Let us celebrate the yuletide together.

### BOARD MEETING RPTS

The Board of Managers met at Tacoma on 10-5-65, with McEwan, Hooper, Carman and Shufelt present. After reading the minutes of the previous meeting, the Director described the nature of the Aurora Village event, and discussion concerned how to get the required 10 cars to show up. The upcoming Portland tour was considered, and a tentative itinerary was decided upon. Since planning of the tour program was being handled by Ray Radford, it was decided to concentrate effort at this end on getting a good turnout of Washington cars.

The end of the fiscal year brings about the end of the 3 Board terms, and nominations by the Nominating Committee to fill those vacancies. All members have received an election form showing the names of the nominated candidates.

Membership renewal forms for 1966 will be sent to members before the end of the year. It is hoped that all members will renew BEFORE the beginning of January 1966. Don't put off until tomorrow what you should have done yesterday.

The position of the Region in relation to various problems of the National management was discussed, and it was decided that we should maintain our present position in the matter.

Routine committee reports were heard, then the plans for Joe Carman's proposed 6-classic garage were studied by the Board and approved unanimously.

The Board met at Tacoma on 11-3-65, with McEwan, Deshaye, Hooper, Carman, Schwarz, Manello and Shufelt present, for a new attendance record. After a reading of Regional minutes for Oct and of the committee reports, the discussion revolved around the most recent developments at the National level. While there are obviously some personality and policy conflicts to be resolved, the future looks hopeful, and out of the present debate a stronger and more healthy Classic Car Club will come.

McEwan reviewed the Portland and Aurora Village events, then the Board discussed the duties of Board members living outside of the local area, and the appointment of area chairmen in other Regional metropolitan centers.

Phil Schwarz then showed samples of a possible future Regional project, which were studied.

This is your club, and all members are always invited to all Board meetings, and if you can't come, write your problems to the Board, and they will be discussed at the meetings. Since in the past 2 years the Board has heard no complaints of any sort from anyone, they assume that they are doing all the right things, and that everyone is happy with everything. The next Board meeting is Dec 9th.

## REGION CLOSES SEASON WITH TOUR TO PORTLAND

On October 16th, the Region held it's last touring event of the season, visiting the Portland area for a combination of sight-seeing and socializing. The sights consisted mostly of some rare classics, including a few that have never been shown at meets or tours before. It was a highly enjoyable event, and a fitting close to a busy and enjoyable summer.

The Seattle area cars stopped for coffee at Olympia's Tyee Motel, and were joined by two more cars. The group then proceeded in no particular order southwards, and were met north of Vancouver, Washington, by Ray Radford, who had parked his polished-aluminum Lincoln Aero-phaeton along the roadside. After a quick re-assembling of the caravan, we followed the Lincoln to lunch.

The strange sight of such a line of machinery slowed 4 lanes of freeway traffic, but then the Aero-phaeton would stop any traffic. Staring at it's rudder ahead of you, you expect the driver to pull back on the stick and leave the runway at any time.

In the parking lot of The Quay Restaurant were lined up about a dozen Portland area cars to meet the incoming group, and we had time for a half hour of hand-shaking and tirekicking before adjourning for lunch. Hal Dahl provided pre-lunch entertainment by revving his Duesenberg engine for the admiring crowd. The restaurant lived up to it's reputation as one of the area's finest with an outstanding shrimp Louie or roast beef lunch, and even a private cocktail room.

At Ray Radford's home room was found for all the cars in various driveways, streets and lawns,

and there the party pretty much separated by sexes, the men heading for the garage full of cars and the ladies to the basement. Ray had to divide his time between showing cars in the garage and tending bar in the basement.

The cars included the famous Lincoln; a Cad V16 double-cowl phaeton, a Packard roadster, a 1935 Packard V12 convertible sedan and a Hispano-Suiza, with a Lincoln Continental and a Super Eight Packard left over in the back yard. The cars range in condition from complete-and-restorable to fine-original, and Ray has his work cut out for him, but the group is one of the most interesting and varied collections in our Region.

Late afternoon meant time to check into the motel and get ready for the evening festivities. The downtown motel not only provided fine accomadations but covered parking for the cars.

First event on the evening program was a cocktail session at the elegantly restored Hoyt Hotel, where the elaborate Victorian decorations are almost overwhelming, and where there is one men's room that is so wildly decorated that women are given guided tours through it on special occasions. Our visit was such an occasion, so we are a fortunate group. The Hoyt is certainly a highlight for any tourist, but was 1895 really like that? Maybe we were born 70 years too late.

From covered parking at the Hoyt we went to covered parking near the Aero Club, and as the rain fell later in the evening, we were glad that Portland had some covered parking areas waiting for us. (Continued on page 13)



# "TOURING EUROPE WITHOUT A CLASSIC BENTLEY"

## A footnote to a misadventure, by Al McEwan

After the loss of the 1934 Bentley tourer, the European tour took on a modern look with a new Simca 1000 rented in Geneva. This economical little auto took us east across southern Switzerland, with overnight stops at Zermatt and Lugano.

Once crossing into Italy, we made tracks for the large automobile museum in Turin. Arriving at the museum at 2:15PM, to be sure there would be plenty of time to see all the cars, we found that the "lunch hour" was over at 3PM. At least we had time to study the architecture of the new building while waiting for the gates to open. The building is very contemporary with large areas of glass. Once inside, it is very much a pleasant change from most museums, where you usually find the cars displayed in dark corners with inadequate lighting. The cars at the Turin museum are spread out, and it is obvious that a great deal of thought was put into making a lovely display of automobiles rather than just the usual lineup of cars side-by-side with only radiators visible.

Many antiques are on display, and quite a few classics. My choice was a 1750 Alfa-Romeo Gran Sport by Zagato. There was also a completely restored 1750cc chassis, of which I took a couple of pictures. Not when I get my 1750 (! - Ed) I can blow up the photos to aid in the restoration.

Outside of Cannes on the Riviera is a small town by the name of Villeneuve-Loubet, where a vintage car business is operated. This firm, Franco-Belge Garage, was operated by an American up until a couple of years ago, and

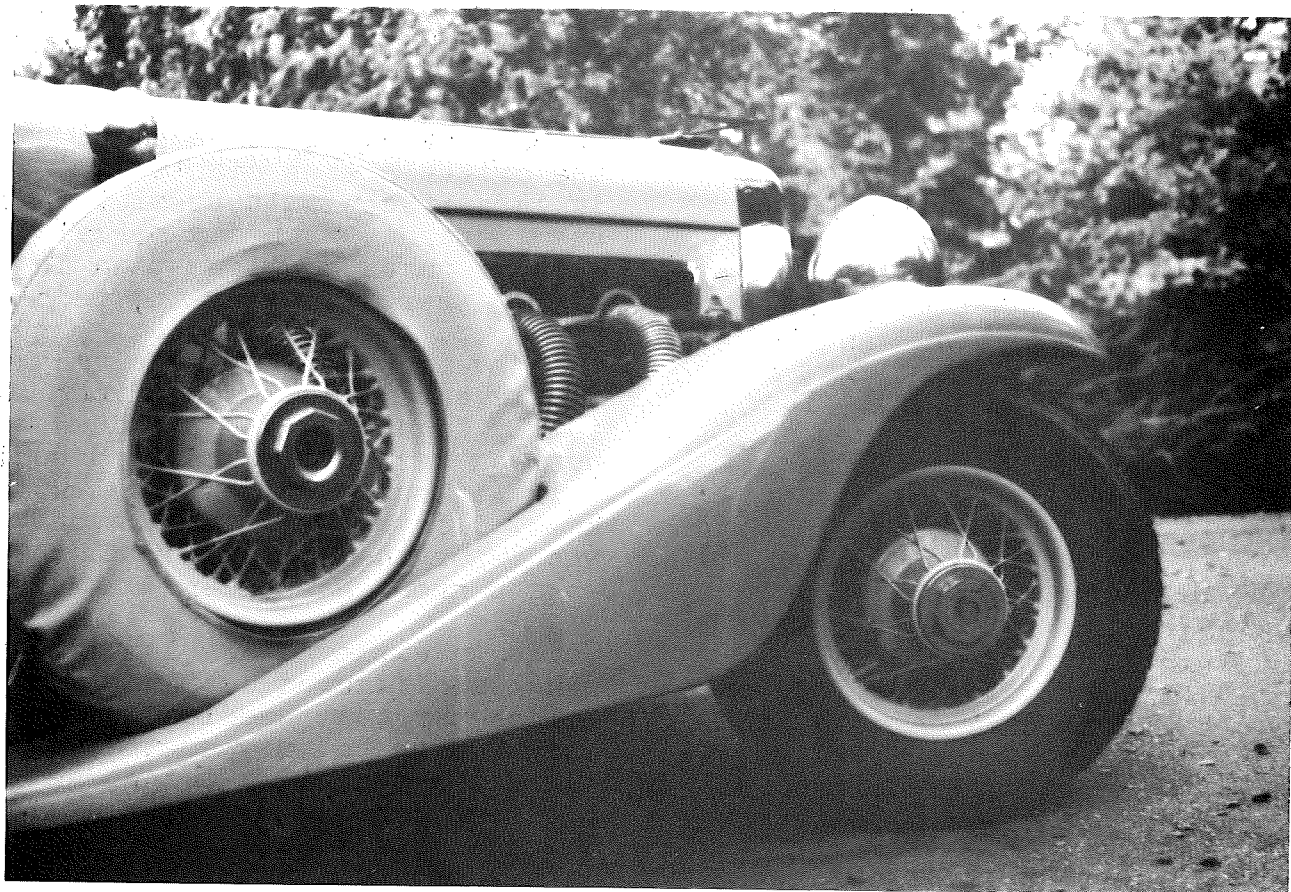
specializes in interesting automobiles. There were several unrestored antiques available at prices that would stagger even the wealthy enthusiast. At the time of our visit there were only a couple of classics, the best one being a Bugatti Type 57C convertible. This car was sold to a Dane shortly before our visit for a price comparable to that of a good 57C here in the States.

The little Simca was returned to Geneva after a trip through the French Alps and an overnight stay at Chamonix. Due to lost time resulting from the Bentley accident, only one day was spent in Paris. Consequently I didn't have the opportunity to visit some of the out-of-the-way garages where one might find a Bugatti, Hispano, Delage or some such desirable classic.

One other place visited in France was also enjoyable from an automotive point of view. This was the resort town of San Tropez. It is "The Place To Go" for many fun-seeking French, and the harbor contained some of the most beautiful yachts on the Mediterranean, all moored side-by-side, with the sterns up against the sidewalk of the main street. Parked on many of the streets were Ferraris and Maseratis.

Latest news on the Bentley: The car has gone to England for professional repairs after 14 months storage in Geneva. We expect these repairs to take several months, but anticipate having the car here next spring. By then, it will have been two years since we have seen it, and the happy note is that it will be just like getting a new car!

# "THE RUMBLE AND ROAR AFFAIR!"



## An Adventure in Duesenbergia!

Among the 9 cars appearing at the recent Aurora Village Shopping Center event was Gil Duffy's 1933 Duesenberg convertible sedan by Murphy. Gil was unable to drive the machine himself that day, so we had an opportunity, after 15 years, of logging in an hour of Duesenberg time. The experience will be long-remembered. The "Big D" is everything it was ever supposed to be - big, hairy and well-built. If it had a fragile clutch, weak rear axle shafts and some high speed front end shimmy, they were forgivable sins in 1929, and today can be completely ignored by anyone who looks at, lis-

tens to or touches the car. No one in a group witnessing the majesty that is Duesenberg would want to break the spell by asking how long it takes to set the tappets. The answer, whether in hours, days or weeks, would be insignificant, because they would be DUESENBERG tappets, and nothing else would seem important beside that fact.

The impression left on a novice by Duesenberging was never better described than by the Iowa Region Editor, Jerry Coburn. After a short driving experience in Doc Elsner's famous Derham Tourster,

he said: " --- I finally got to drive one. My right hand, the gear shifting one, has gone unwashed since. It would seem like desecrating a National Shrine to wash off the genuine Duesenberg molecules that must surely still cling."

But enough of esoteric romanticism. Back to the reality of a few Saturdays ago.

Some months of inactivity had killed the battery, and an attempt was made to start from a borrowed Model A battery. The attempt was highly unsuccessful, as the poor Ford battery was unable to convince the Duesenberg starter that it was even connected. By pushing the car out into the driveway, ("This is the first Duesenberg I've pushed all week!") jumper cables from a 12 volt system finally stirred things up, and the big machine came to life in the violent way expected of it. We hope none of Gil's neighbors had planned on sleeping late that morning.

Next, actual movement was attempted, and the car proceeded under its own power to the nearest gas station. It has been said too often to repeat that in a Duesey, you drive from one gas station to the next.

While we were checked out on the controls, the engine warmed up at 1100 RPM, a sound capable of bringing little boys on bicycles from blocks around. We were finally in the driver's seat, and attempted to move away in the most debonair manner possible, without either chattering the clutch or killing the engine. We moved into the traffic pattern with a determined roar, if not with graceful smoothness, and concentrated on the next problem, changing into another gear.

Second didn't seem to be right

where it should have been, but a goodly number of RPM's in low builds up sufficient momentum to carry you for many blocks on level ground, so we left the stick parked in neutral and began to work on other problems.

It was obvious at this point that the driver's seat didn't fit - in fact it couldn't possibly have been designed with any normal sort of human configuration in mind. Where it bends in, people bend out, and vice versa. And the pedals were not where they should have been. The clutch is fairly light, if a bit sudden, but can best be worked by pivoting your leg somewhere just below the knee. If you ever meet anyone who bends there, tell him he'd make a great Duesenberg chauffeur.

While we explored the instrument panel and figured out what position the many needles are supposed to be in when they are all doing the right thing, we noticed that the scenery outside seemed to be slowing down a bit. It was obviously time for another gear. Second seemed to be a good choice at this point, so the throttle was blipped slightly, and the clutch depressed. With gentle firmness ("It's now or never!") the lever was moved, and downstairs someplace big square cogs slid silently into other big square cogs. We were now in second gear. Another battle won. The triumph of man over machine.

We watched apprehensively as the little digits on the drum tach rolled past the little window, and it suddenly occurred to us that with a drum tachometer, you never know where your red line is until you reach it, which, in a Duesenberg, is probably too late. While there seemed to be many more numbers yet to come up, we found that 2000 RPM was over the speed limit, so the gas was released and a try made for the

next gear. In with the clutch, a slight pause, and then down with the lever. Click! Another perfect shift. But the handle had moved only an inch or so - could this really be third gear already? The clutch came out, and all seemed to be engaged properly. A strange system.

Shifts can probably be made by double-clutching at any sort of RPM the driver is willing to attempt, but one is cautious with another man's Duesenberg, and low revving shifts were always smooth, silent and easy.

Suddenly a light turned red up ahead. This was a new problem, and one we hadn't really thought of before. Calmly now - don't panic - the one on the right should be the brake. But can that little pedal really do more than just suggest to this huge machine that it might be time to stop pretty soon? The brakes seemed to have no pedal at all when we were parked - why should they feel otherwise now?

And what about that poor man in that Chevy up there - who would explain to his widow that he had been Duesenberged out on Marginal Way?

We applied a firm downward force, and somewhere a vacuum valve opened. It was like running into a solid wall of mush. The beast came to a dead stop in record time with no squeal or swerve, and we realized that we were still a half block from the red light. Further experimentation indicated that it took no more than the tip of the toe to cause all forward motion to cease IMMEDIATELY, and we were glad that Fred had made a car that would stop as well as go.

As we proceeded northwards, we gained confidence, and began to

try other controls, like the steering wheel. The steering is silky smooth, if not particularly fast, and there seems to be no end of turning radius. Just keep turning the wheel and the car keeps bending. But when you try it while parking in a narrow lot, the car seems to be all wheelbase. Apparently, a Duesey is happy only when in motion. In fact, the faster you go, the smaller the car seems to get, and a tight turn on a sporty road is no end of fun - especially if you are on the inside lane and watch the expression on the faces of oncoming drivers - it is fear - utter fear.

But we were glad that the pavement was dry, for we remembered a recent article in which Doc Mundhenk described the Duesenberg as the first American car that could skid in two directions at the same time.

Throttling back on a downgrade produces a rumble like distant thinder, interrupted intermittantly by only slightly-muffled explosions, and you can only imagine what sort of fire and brimstone is taking place down below in the huge cast iron exhaust pipe.

It wasn't until after a few miles of driving that we realized that the way the car rode hadn't even been noticed. It took real concentration to judge the car's ride, and then the conclusion was that it was firm but gentle. A lot of true and great classics are described as having a "solid" ride, which means that you feel a violent thump throughout your whole anatomy every time you go over something in the road, like a leaf or a pebble, but not the Duesenberg. Respect for Fred and his creation grew by the minute.

As the miles passed under the tires and the novelty of being able to jar other drivers out of

their seats by blipping the loud pedal wore off, we suddenly remembered that out front, oblivious to all the commotion going on under the hood it perched upon, sat the Duesenbird.

More impressionistic than elegant, it seems to represent well the mass of metal that trails along behind it. It looks fast, and cuts through the air like it knows where it's going. And it always points toward the horizon, like some sort of ethereal guiding device, directing the driver to new adventures on new roads, just over the horizon.

Aside from the grandeur of the machine itself, there is an aura of history about the Duesenberg that is difficult to describe. Perhaps it best represents a bygone era, when workmanship mattered, and people cared. An era when an automobile was a possession, and not just transportation. But also an adventurous era, when fast cars and paved roads gave new mobility to a changing nation, and an era of drastic changes in morality, economic conditions and the social order. An era of prosperity and elegance, for those prosperous enough to afford the elegance.

An era more easily remembered than relived, and one impossible to revive. An era that died just about the same time as Fred Duesenberg.

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## COMING ATTRACTIONS

Next month will feature the 4½ liter (pre-W.O.) Lagonda, with a picture page and article on Bob Irwin's 1934 Touring, a road test from a 1934 magazine (0-60 in 14.2 seconds!), and some original ads.

In future issues we will cover Ray Radford's Aero-phaeton, the 4½ liter Bentley, Dean Spencer's Murphy-bodied Doble roadster, Hal Dahl's famous Packenberg, and some other rarities in our midst. Some future road-test reprints include the 4½ Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Lincoln KB V12, the 8 liter Bentley, SS and 540K Mercedes, Super 8 Packard and others. There will be an illustrated tour of piston-making at the Tsungani works, and some interviews with retired engineers and dealers who used to design and sell classics. And a "Roving Camera" survey of some of the choicest parts sources about.

1966 will be fun, friends, so stay with the program, and re-enlist when you get your dues notice, which will be soon.

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## A PICTURE POTPOURRI

From top to bottom, a varied collection of leftovers from 1965:

Al McEwan's Bentley tourer sits silently in front of a London pub. Al claims he was in the Tower of London, and that this was the only parking place. Photo by Lou Leonard, who just happened to be walking by, photographing Bentleys! The two met back here 3 months later!

The same Bentley, after an instantaneous derestoration in Switzerland. Well, win some, lose some.

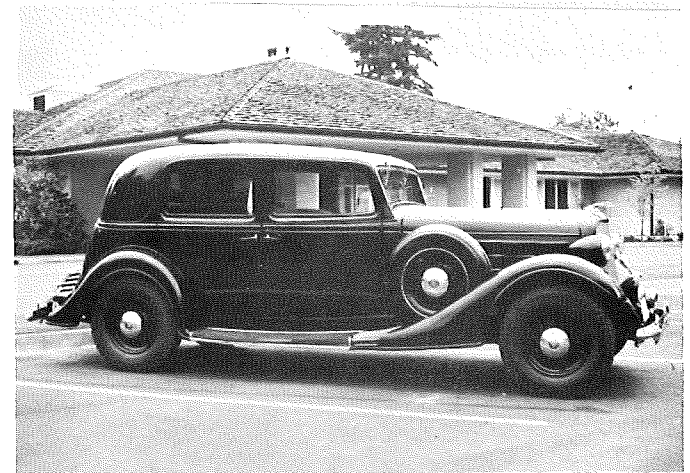
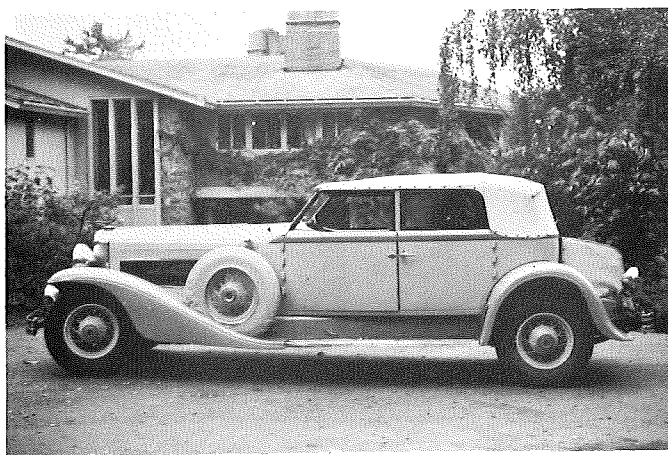
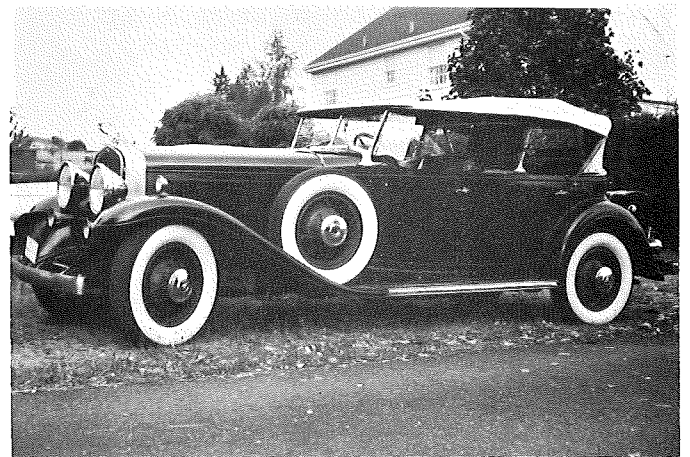
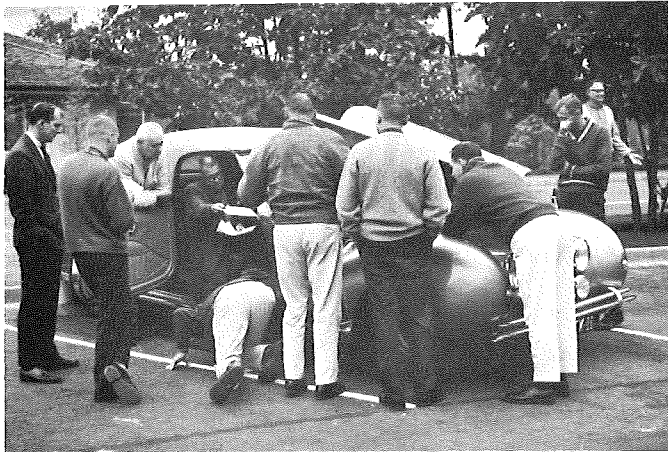
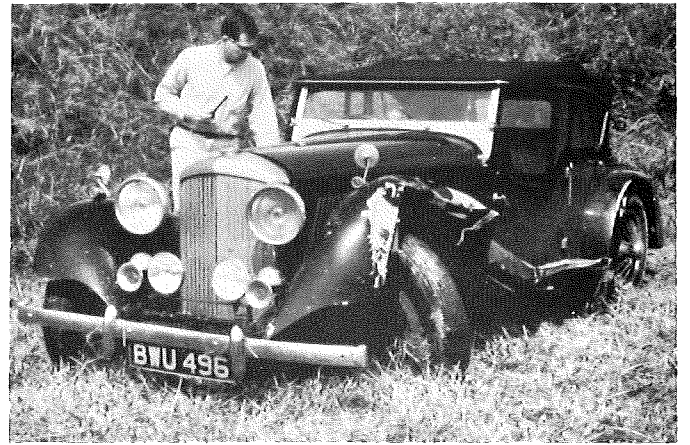
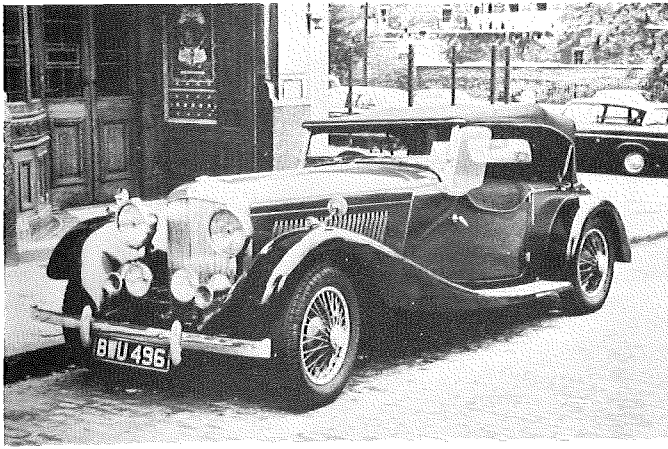
Delage judging at the Country Club Meet. Those crawling under and into the car are presumably the judges. Those with hands in their pockets are presumably not.

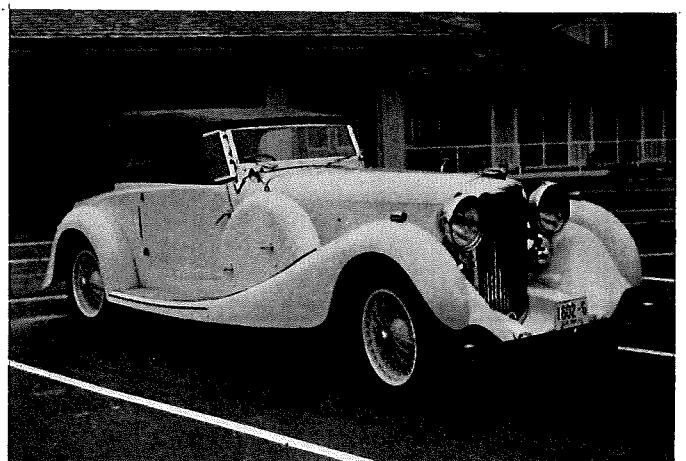
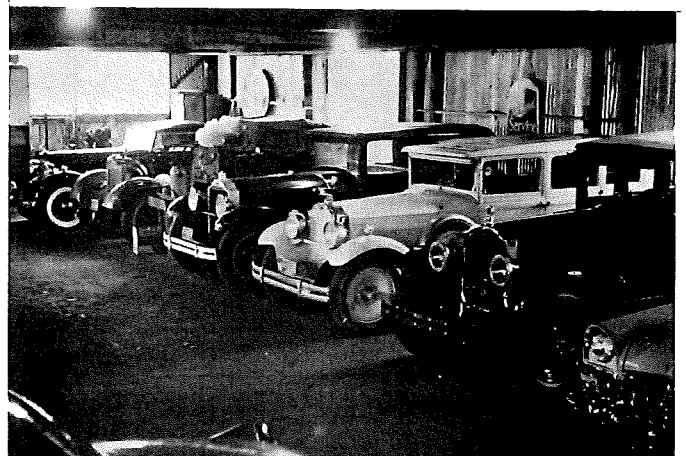
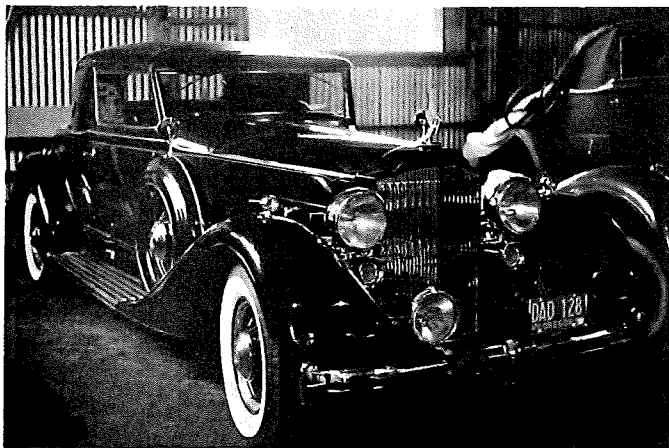
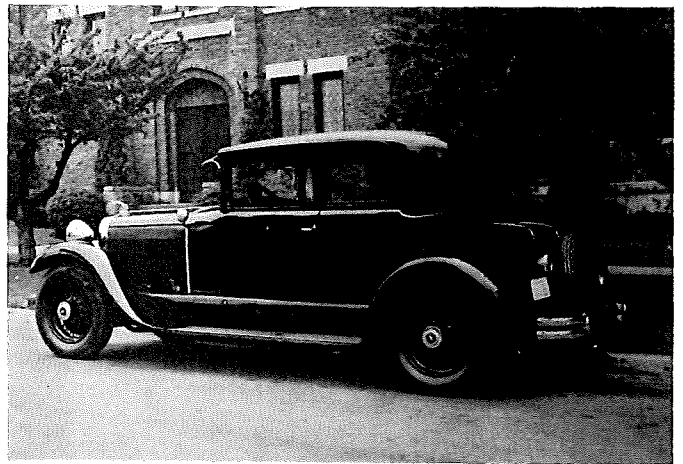
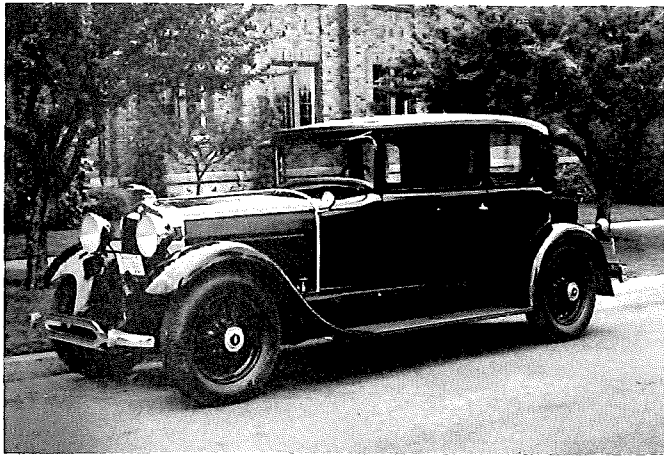
Ray Radford's V16 Cad DC phaeton.

Gil Duffy's 1933 Murphy Duesenberg.

Ron Moore's 1935 Lincoln makes it's debut at the Country Club.







## LOOK! MORE PICTURES

Two views of Frank Hallmeyer's fine 1930 Lincoln 2 door sedan.

Don Letson's purple Packard coupe.

Part of the Letson Packard collection, a Portland Tour stop.

A cluster of classics park passively in the parking lot at Portland's Quay restaurant.

The 1936 4½ liter Lagonda of Gordon Thomas. This is a "post-W.O." Lag, as opposed to Bob Irwin's 1933 4½ tourer. W.O. Bentley joined the firm in the middle thirties, and was asked to "breathe upon" an already famous LeMans engine.

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## PACKARD PEOPLE HAVE PERPLEXING PROBLEMS

The recent trip through our area by a caravan of Packards from the Packards International Motor Car Club was considered an outstanding success, in spite of some tragic problems encountered.

The group, traveling from California to Banff, Alberta, and back had a pleasant journey as far as Seattle. There a 1931 Big 8 sedan lost a rod bearing, and had to be stored to await repairs on the return voyage.

Later that same day, the beautiful and recently restored 1940 Formal Sedan of tourmaster Bill Lauer was hit broadside by a little 82 year old blind lady driving a 1949 Chevy, at Burlington, Wn. Bill somehow escaped unhurt, but two passengers in his car suffered serious injuries, one spending the next 10 days in a Seattle hospital. The L.O.L. was badly injured and her car totaled.

The remainder of the trip went well, they apparently having used up all their bad luck in one place, and their visit to the Canadian Parks area was well-covered by press and TV. On the trip back, the '40 sedan was repaired, and both of the disabled cars eventually made it back to California under their own power.

We thank the PMICC people for a copy of the excellent publication covering the tour, and note that besides the usual meets, social festivities and publications expected of a club, they are active in some interesting projects. At present, these include radiator caps, Daphne and Girl-with-donut mascots, radiator emblems and crank-hole covers, and some selected sales/service literature. Their address is PO Box 1347, Costa Mesa, Calif, 92626. Dues are \$8.

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## THE CADILLAC COVER

The ever-impressive number "16" posed in front of a chrome "V" means Cadillac to most multi-cylinder enthusiasts, and when it is backed up by a twin-cowl phaeton of impressive dimensions means "CLASSIC" to all of us. The emblem is from Ray Radford's 1932 touring, and was photographed in front of his house during our recent Portland tour. The whole car appears on page 8.

Our director once owned a 1930 Cadillac Imperial V16 sedan, and remembers that the gas guage was calibrated so as to indicate each and every gallon in the huge tank.

While you were driving down the road, you could watch the guage carefully and actually see the needle drop from mark to mark, as you moved along at about five miles per mark!

## MORE AUCTIONS, MORE PRICES, AND FRITZ SCHLUMPF

Last month we mentioned that the London art dealer, Sotheby's, was entering the field of old car auctions. We now hear in an AP release that at their first such auction recently, James Leake (Oil Belt Region) paid \$27,440 for a 1911 Rolls-Royce. The car, formerly owned by the Maharajah of Mysore, will join the 7 other RR's and 1 Duesey in his collection. Over 1000 people watched the 108 vehicles sold, but the only other classic mentioned was a 1937 Bentley at \$12,320.

In comment on the auction, the LAGONDA NEWSLETTER says that now that vintage cars are legally considered art objects, people who invest in such to maintain the value of their capital may start buying classics. "Combine this with the fact that cars in England will be exempt from capital gains taxes and what do you have? Presumably tribes of accountants who will advise their clients to 'Get into vintage cars!' It had to happen. Guns and china went that

route, and coins are going. But it does mean that the naive fellow who expects to buy a classic will soon be living in a world of make believe, like trying to mail a postcard with a penny stamp."

We said a couple of issues ago that Monsieur Fritz Schlumpf had 400 Bugattis in his collection. Later word from two sources, Ralph Stein (THIS WEEK magazine) and Tom Warth (Upper Midwest Region's WINDSHIELD POST) notes that Schlumpf has only 150 Bugs out of a total of 400 cars. His Bugs are probably about 12% of the total known. He reportedly has 35 men employed in restoration, and is building a multi-million dollar museum to house his cars. He acquired a number of his cars in the US, including the William Shakespear 30-piece Bugatti set.

Stein's bit was another article on the astounding explosion in old car prices, with the usual examples quoted. Is there no end?

## DIFFIDENCE DISPLAYED

After considerable thought and nail-biting, the editor failed to buy "The Bentley", but it will stay in our area. The 1935 3½ liter coupe by Kellner of Paris went to Ernie Carlile of Renton. Between the two of them, Schwarz and Shufelt have now not bought more cars than anyone else in the Region.

The Bentley would have been the editor's first live classic since the infamous Phantom II (92PY), which was once judged (by its owner) as "The World's Most Unrestored Car". Actually, it didn't really look too bad, from a distance - like a half mile.

## COMMENT WITHOUT FURTHER COMMENT

A recent LADIES HOME JOURNAL item notes that a new status symbol for The Jet Set is a vintage radiator shell, usually mounted on the wall behind the liquor cabinet. The shell is supposed to reflect your personality as well as your taste in cars, but has already "progressed" beyond the RR-Bentley stage. For real one-upmanship now, you need something more exotic, like Hispano or Bugatti, and real individualists are trying for Voisin and Buccioli. Onassis and Francoise Sagan follow the fad, but we do not know their choice of brands.



## THE TOY DEPT ("D" Batteries not included)

Whether you grew up during the Great Depression (and made little cars from cheese boxes) or during World War II (and made little cars from cheese boxes), the 233 pages of toys in the new Sears Christmas Catalogue make fascinating reading for a long winter evening.

Passing over the 20 pages of guns and battle sets, the James Bond spy kits (complete with Aston-Martin slot car that knocks other cars out of their slots), and the tricycles with leopard-skin banana seats and ape-hanger handle-bars, we come to the 30 pages of cars and car games.

Just about everything is available in slot cars, (although we're not sure why the Pike's Peak Hill Climb Set uses 300SL coupes), except classics. The lone exception is a poorly scaled Lincoln Continental coupe by Aurora.

AMT makes a 1/12th scale Cord 812 Sportsman convertible that doesn't run, but does have "real authentic 1937 Vogue whitewall tires!"

Passing by a motorized spider called "Horrible Hamilton" and a motorized 6X6 truck called "The Fat Cat", (who names this stuff anyway?), we come to the Fun and Games Dept. For those

too old for "Frantic Frog" and "Icky Animals", there is one called "Dogfight", where you can re-enact World War I, "Combat", where you can replay WWII, and "Risk", where you can preview World War III. (The winner gets to push "The Button", and the board blows up in a cloud of radioactive smoke.) Among all this military activity is a sedate civilian game called "The Getaway Chase", where players pursue each other through The Big City, shooting it out from battery-operated cars. "1932 Ford police car races full tilt after gangsters in a 1931 Duesenberg! Think fast or the gangsters will get you!"

Probably the spirit of all this is best summed up in the Eldon "Crash Car Set", where 1937 Chevy roadsters race on a figure "8" course that does NOT have a viaduct. By careful driving, you can crash the cars together at a scale speed of 400 mph, scattering plastic parts over the whole living room!

If all this makes you feel like you were an under-privileged child, just remember that these kids have never known the enjoyment of nailing thread-spool wheels onto a cheese box. In fact, they probably haven't even SEEN a wooden cheese box!

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## CORD, FRONT DRIVE, AND A HUMP ON THE FLOOR

In discussing the new Toronado with a salesman the other day, we were surprised to learn that he not only knew what a constant-velocity universal joint was, but knew that his car had 2 of them on each side, like the Cord and most other FWD cars. He even knew that the lights, unlike the manual Cord lights or electric

Corvette lights, were vacuum powered, with a reserve tank.

After nearly 30 years the industry finally comes up with a flat front floor to satisfy the imagined demand for such, but the salesman said that the most common question is: "Can I get it with a front concole in it?"

# THE PORTLAND TOUR

(Continued from page 2)

Dinner was followed by introductions all around, and some brief comments on the Region and it's activities to the many local classic enthusiasts present. Over 50 turned up for the dinner, probably the largest such group to ever gather together in the Portland area.

Some tried the dance floor at the Club, but many others gave up more easily and returned to the motel. Sunday was planned to be a day of sightseeing and picnic activity if the weather was decent.

But the day dawned dark and damp, and the picnic idea was totally abandoned. There were still car collections to be seen however, so the caravan assembled for the short trip to Jay Hyde's place at Oswego.

While most of the ladies stayed in out of the rain, sampling coffee and cookies in Jay's recreation room, the men congregated in the 6 car garage, trying to decide which they'd rather restore, the Packard 734 boattail speedster or the famous Dolores Del Rio L29 town car. Other items included a Lincoln, more Packards and a huge 1931 Pierce roadster, and the ceiling was hung with one each of every light and other brightwork goodie that one would ever need.

From there back into Portland, to a garage full of Packards owned by Don Letson. While a fine late Pierce sedan and a couple of trucks lent variety, the biggest group was a Packard assortment covering various years from 1925 to 1934. The

1925 sedan was obviously representing the High and Square School of Design, and five year old Evelyn Reich stared up in awe, then asked her mother: "How many rooms does it have?" (Only one, Evelyn, but in that one you can roll up the carpet and have saturday night dances.)

The 1934 Super Eight was a deep maroon coupe, and we can't remember who said: "I think that I shall never witness, a Packard purpler than this is!"

By then it was lunch time, and the picnic having been washed out, the bunch broke up and headed for various restaurants before starting the drive home. It was a fun tour, and ended a fun year.

As a footnote to the tour, the Portland OREGON-JOURNAL featured a story about the tour in Dick Fagan's "Mill Ends" column which summarized the highlights. It then gave a complete list of the participating cars, even including Larry Lubin's DS19 Citroen. A future classic, perhaps.

Yes,

We understand that Cmdr Whitehead did ride in the Wallerich PIII when he was here. But did the advertising agency really pay for the use of the car with a 20 year supply of Bitter Lemon?

Since this is a bimonthly, we shall have:

## 2 THOTS FOR 2 MONTHS

It is better to debate a question without settling it than to settle it without debate. (Joseph Joubert)

People, like boats, toot loudest when they're lost in a fog.

## SUDDENLY IT'S 1966!

While we're all recovering from an over-crowded 1965 calendar of meets and tours, we can begin planning on how we're going to spend next year's weekends. Our Region will have some interesting and enjoyable events scheduled, as soon as it gets decent again, and the Yakima Summit Meeting brought forth announcement of the following antique tours:

Jun 10-12	Yakima HCCA
Jul 1-4	Lewiston Tour
Jul 15-17	Sea-Tac HCCA
Jul 23-24	Portland HACO
Jul 30-31	Olympia HCCA
Aug 12-14	Portland HCCA
Aug 20-21	Salem HCCA
Aug 27-28	Tri-Cities Tour

We presume that in addition there will be the usual VCCC event, the Wenatchee show, the Olympia swap meet and other assorted tours by the Renton AACA, Spokane HASSIE, Montana and Alberta clubs, and dozens of little local things.

Unfortunately it now looks as if there will not be a Concours at Mercer Island next year, due to the financial loss the sponsors took in 1965. We hope the event can be revived. It was fun.

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## FOR STICKY PROBLEMS

Technical advisor Pete Manello gives us these suggestions for the month:

A good rust-dissolving penetrant coming in a spray can, very handy for rusty nuts and bolts, is a thing called "Maltby, with R90".

For sticky hydraulic lifters that cannot be replaced, take them out and soak them in carburetor cleaner for about 2 days. The chances are that they will then work!

## CLASSIFIED

## CLASSIC

## CAR

## ADS

FOR SALE: 1941 Lincoln Continental. Solid, excellent for moderate restoration job, at a reasonable price. Phil Schwarz, 4201 83rd SE, Mercer Island, Wn.

PARTS FOR SALE: Mark I Continental parts. Phil Schwarz.

PARTS WANTED: For 1933 Packard, "Twin-Six" hub caps. For 1937 Packard 12, crankhole cover. For 1931 Chrysler Imperial CG, any and all information, parts leads, etc. Particularly the LeBaron roadsters. Phil Schwarz.

CAR WANTED: 1930-37 Packards, open; or Auburn speedster 851/2. Phil Schwarz.

PART WANTED: Iron head for PI Springfield Rolls. Joe Carman, 12921 Ave duBois, SW, Tacoma, Wn.

CAR FOR SALE: Duesenberg, J sedan by Willoughby, unrestored and running, \$750. Sidney Buka, 1180 Olive St, Denver 20, Colo.

WARNING: Don't answer the above ad, as it came from Vol 1, No 1 of THE CLASSIC CAR magazine. Just wanted to keep you alert.

EXCUSES: Not accepted. Nobody's area is still unzipped. Add the Zip Code to your address when you renew your 1966 membership.

PERSONAL: The Classic Greeting to one and all: Merry Christmas, and like that. ghs

CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA, Pacific Northwest Region

Regional Membership Application and Renewal Form

Please tear off this form, fill in all blanks below and return with \$5.00 annual dues to: Joseph L Carman III, 12921 Ave duBois SW, Tacoma, Wash., 98498. ALL MEMBERS OF A REGION MUST BE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL CLUB. Renewals of National membership should be returned in the envelope provided for that purpose to PO Box 325, Verona, N.J., 07044. New National membership applications are available from that address, or from the Regional Director or Membership Chairman. Dues for both Nat'l and Regional membership are due 1-1-66.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ WIFE'S NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE/PROVINCE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE: \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE: (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (business) \_\_\_\_\_ OCCUPATION: \_\_\_\_\_

CLASSIC AUTOMOBILES OWNED:

Year	Make	Type/model/series	Body Style	Body Builder
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

(Use reverse side if necessary!)

INSURANCE: All cars participating in Regional events should carry liability coverage in amount sufficient to comply with minimum required by law in State or Province the vehicle is resistered in.

INSURANCE COMPANY: \_\_\_\_\_ POLICY NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_

TYPE OF APPLICATION/RENEWAL: (circle one)

1. Renewal of Regional membership, 1966 National dues paid.
2. New Regional application, 1966 National dues paid.
3. New Regional application, not now a National member. (The Region will send you a form for National membership application.)

THE REGION NEEDS THE SUPPORT OF ALL MEMBERS. Please circle what committees you would like to participate in:

ACTIVITIES      TECHNICAL      PUBLICATIONS      MEMBERSHIP      FINANCE

SPECIAL PROJECTS      OTHER \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: Those attending the Christmas party Dec 17th may submit these forms to Membership Chairman Joe Carman at that time.