

The Bumper Guardian

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGION

CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA

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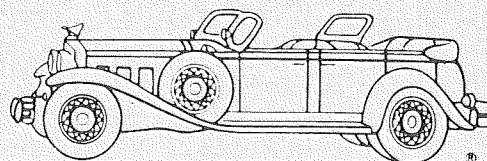
Bellevue, Washington

PUGET SOUND

INTERNATIONAL

CARAVAN

Special Issue



the "Puget Sound International Caravan", this adventure in 1970 was the
Caravan for the Pacific Northwest Region. Phil Schwarz was the director.
Keller and Al McEwan chaired the event which took participants through the
islands and back to Seattle.

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR:

This specially prepared issue is being distributed to all 70 members of our Northwest Region and, in addition, to 110 of the greatest people one can meet. People of great patience, perseverance, grace, and superb taste, of course. Caravaners all - for fun you came, and fun we in the Northwest had, hosting you. Let's do it again! (But not next year.)

As a "by-product" of our fun caravan we hope this will encourage National and Regional endeavors of this sort in all remote areas of the country where there are enthusiasts, or where enthusiasts want to go.

A detailed report and record of our planning for the Caravan is being prepared and will be delivered to National. Perhaps this will be of help to other regions who would consider similar functions. Our region is most grateful for the help and guidance of National, particularly Messrs. Fahnestock and Klusman. Most assuredly this guidance got us on the right road to success.

As Director of the host region, I shall ever be grateful to all who "did the job", but most particularly to Al McEwan and Russ Keller (co-chairmen), Joe Carman, Ron Bloom and Herb Schoenfeld. I'm sure that all members of the Northwest Region, and especially those mentioned above, are as proud as I am that we were a success!

We out here measure success in units of fun! That's what the hobby is all about.

Sincerely,

Phil Schwarz

PUGET SOUND INTERNATIONAL CARAVAN

Saturday, July 25, 1970

It was Saturday, July 25, when classics from all over the country arrived at the Lakewood Motor Inn for the Puget Sound International Caravan - The first CCCA Caravan ever held in the West. The Motel management couldn't believe that these cars traveled all the way from New York, Virginia, Minnesota, Texas, Arizona, etc. for a week in the Northwest. The weatherman greeted all Caravaners with some of the Northwest's well-known liquid sunshine. This was a special treat, and took a lot of coordinating on the part of the Committee, as there hadn't been a drop of rain for two months prior to the Caravan.

The registration desk, under the auspices of Joe Carman, was open all day and well-organized. Only a few minutes were required to obtain your Caravan goodie packet and all of your tickets for the week's events. Around the corner was the hospitality room, hosted by the Duffy's, where liquid refreshment was dispensed. Between moving in, registration, cocktails and kicking tires, it was an active afternoon.

By 6:30 everyone had drifted across the street to the Lakewood Terrace restaurant for the opening night banquet and cocktail party. The first of what proved to be a week of fabulous meals was the steak dinner served by the Lakewood Terrace. Following dinner, Phil Schwarz, Pacific Northwest Regional Director, led an introduction session where each Caravaner was introduced to the group. Then Al McEwan, Caravan Co-chairman, reviewed in detail the general instructions and the itinerary for the first couple of days. Al, in a humorous manner, made a parti-

cular point several times during the evening. It seemed like he was trying to tell us that a P-11 Rolls-Royce could cross to the San Juan Islands by driving on water, but the rest of the cars had better be on time for the ferry.

A very special award, something to be cherished by any winner, was announced. It would be awarded each evening for an outstanding feat accomplished by one of the Caravaners. The winner was required to display this award throughout the following day on his classic.

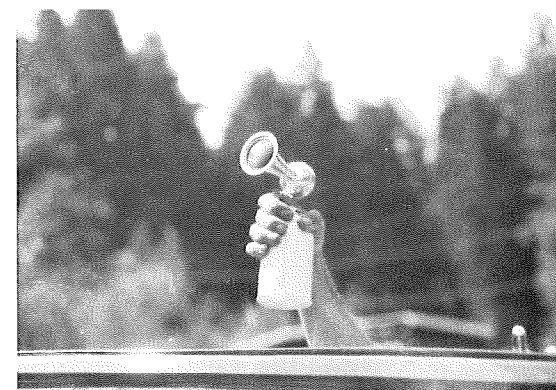
This award was a pennant-shaped flag with the grill of a well-known, short-lived, Ford product introduced in 1958, embossed on a white background. It was the intent of the Caravan management to award the "Boo Boo Burgee" after the first day's drive, but Mr. Williams of the Upper Midwest Region made a motion that it be awarded immediately to the Caravan Co-chairmen, Russ and Al, for their "excellent" work in the weather department. Despite protests, the award was made with the support of over 100 Caravaners.

Sunday, July 26, 1970

Everyone was up early Sunday morning getting ready for the 9:00 o'clock departure for Mt. Rainier. The Lakewood Terrace restaurant came through again with an excellent breakfast and by 8:30 the motel's parking lot looked like a classic traffic jam. At 9:00 sharp the lead car pulled out with the State Patrol escort and we were on our way. The escort left us on the outskirts of Tacoma and the Caravan settled down for the 73-mile drive to Paradise on Mt. Rainier. Although it was a cloudy day, the drive was



THE BEGINNING:
REGISTRATION AT LAKEWOOD MOTOR INN



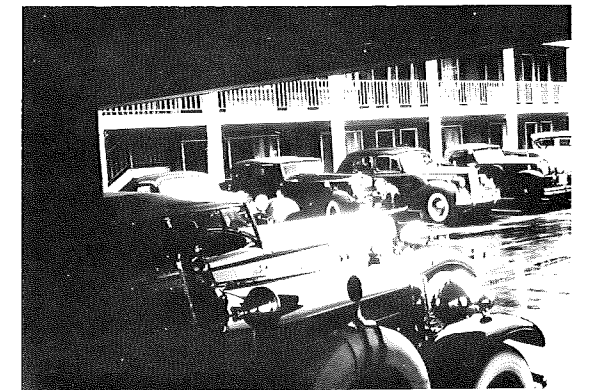
GO!



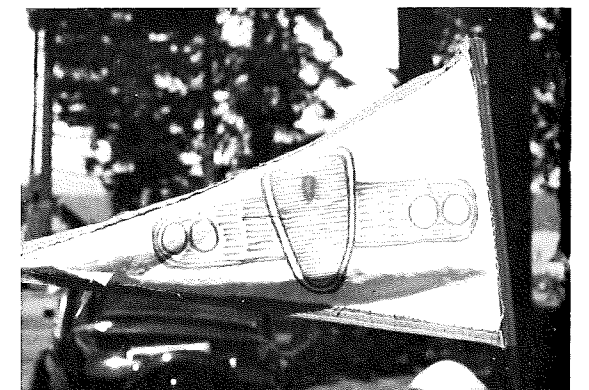
MT. RAINIER FROM THE VISITOR'S CENTER



BREAKFAST OVERLOOKING THE FALLS



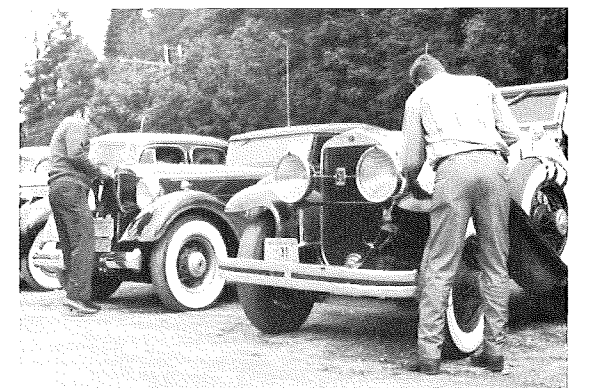
CLASSICS WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE MT. RAINIER CLIMB



THE BOO BOO BURGEE



SNOQUALMIE FALLS LODGE



REMOVING ARIZONA ROAD DUST

very pleasant and the Caravan maintained the itinerary schedule with ease. (Of course, there was one Caravaner who complained that he reached the entrance to Mt. Rainier Park at 10:27 instead of the scheduled 10:30, but the Committee's reply was, "Move further back in line.") Unfortunately, as the cars started their climb to Paradise (5400 foot elevation), we moved into the clouds and many of the beautiful views were lost in a sea of white. At Paradise it was really thick and all the out-of-towners had to be assured that they were really on Mt. Rainier - you couldn't tell by looking around.

Following lunch, the Caravan descended by the Stevens Canyon Road to the Ohanepecosh Park entrance, conquered Cayuse Pass (4630 feet) and arrived at Crystal Mountain about 3:15 p.m. The cloud level seemed to be at 3500 feet. Each time the road dropped below 3500 feet, visibility was good but above 3500 feet radar was needed. The valley floor at Crystal Mountain (4400 feet) had a visibility range of about 100 feet. Some of the hardest rode the chairlift to the top of Crystal Mountain for the fantastic view of more clouds. Others seemed to drift from one party to another, getting warmed up for dinner and the Tyrolean party scheduled for the evening. All the rooms were in ski chalet type buildings and many of them quite plush. Eddie Stolarczyk from Binghamton, N.Y., opened the door to a room with a fireplace, a stocked bar, and other assorted goodies and thought he was in the wrong place. However, it was his room and all the goodies were there to help him enjoy his stay. (He enjoyed it.)

At 7:00 a big spaghetti dinner with wine was served in the Crystal Inn - a beautiful building with just the right cozy atmosphere. During dinner Tyrolean music by two fun-loving Bavarians really livened up the place. It was a big moment in the life of Bill Williams, Upper Midwest Regional Director, when he was awarded the Boo Boo Burgee for actions above and beyond the call of duty. It seems that Bill, who was having car trouble, was working on his Daimler early that morning at the Lakewood Inn. Reports vary as to the time the Daimler, with its cracked exhaust manifold resulting in about the same noise level as a Boeing 707, was started up in the motel's parking lot - Bill says 6:30, others say something like 4:30 - anyway, no other alarm clocks were needed.

Following dinner, the party moved to a private ski lodge for the evening. The place was overflowing with happy Caravaners, dancing and singing to the Tyrolean music while downing huge quantities of beer, wine and munchies. It was well after midnight when the last of the Caravaners found their way back to their rooms.

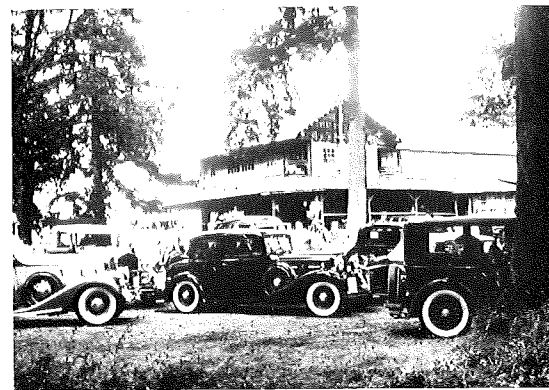
Monday, July 27, 1970

Seven o'clock came much too soon on Monday but it was "up and at 'em" as the Caravan was going to move out at 8:30 for Enumclaw and a scheduled refueling stop. A continental breakfast of coffee, juice and hot rolls was served in the Crystal Inn to tie us over until we reached Snoqualmie Falls. The 68 mile drive to Snoqualmie Falls was lovely and the weather had cleared up to let the sun poke through. However, just before leaving Crystal Mountain most Caravaners were witnesses to a rare sight. Bill Williams and his Daimler were being towed. The fact that the Daimler was being towed wasn't too surprising, but it's the only car we ever saw being towed DOWN a mountain. It wouldn't roll downhill fast enough to start - therefore, the pull. Poor Bill never heard the end of that one - probably never will.

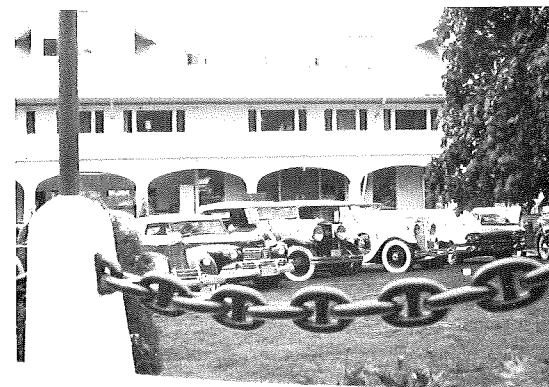
Snoqualmie Falls was everything expected and then some. The breakfast served there is just out of this world. All the fruit, mellons, berries, oatmeal, eggs, sausage, bacon, ham, pancakes, muffins, etc. that you could eat. No wonder it's one of the "must" stops for visitors to the Puget Sound area.

From Snoqualmie Falls we caravanned to Mukilteo for the first ferry ride of the trip. While all the classics were parked at the ferry loading area, the Caravaners were treated to a fly-over, very low, by a 747. The Committee quickly took credit for arranging the exceptional sidelight - one of many surprises promised during the trip.

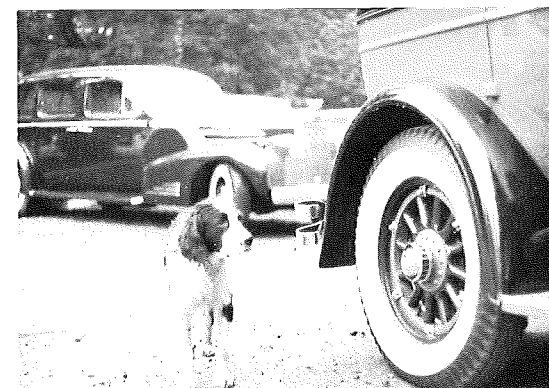
With blue skies and sunshine, the twenty minute ferry trip from Mukilteo to Whidbey Island was a great break in the driving. Once on Whidbey, we headed north toward Oak Harbor for a gas stop and Deception Pass. On the way about half of the Caravaners made a whistle-stop at the quaint



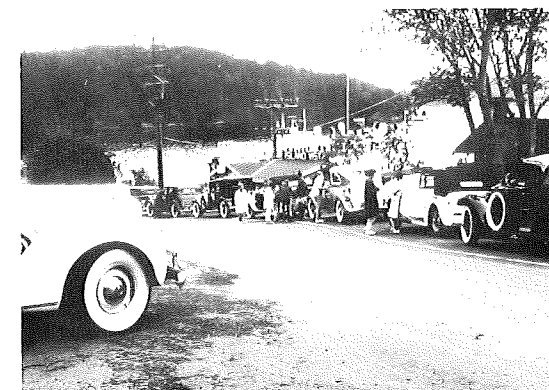
WHISTLE STOP AT CAPTAIN WHIDBEY INN



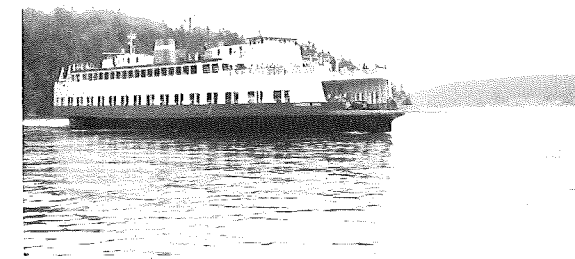
ANCHORED AT ROSARIO



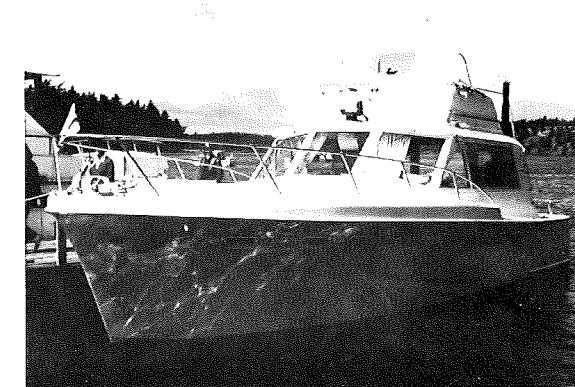
HMMM - - - - -



LINING UP FOR VANCOUVER ISLAND FERRY



A BOAT LOAD OF CLASSICS LEAVES WHIDBEY ISLAND



LUCKY "WINNERS" CRUISED ON THE 41-FOOT HATTERAS



HAPPY HOUR AT ROSARIO



A LAST LOOK AT ORCAS ISLAND

Captain Whidbey Inn. This inn, built of logs in 1906, still serves fine meals and provides accommodations in a rustic, early Northwest atmosphere. Several classics, the drivers obviously playing follow-the-leader instead of follow-the-itinerary, missed the turn to the Captain Whidbey Inn and continued behind their leader, Wayne Bemis and his '42 Cadillac, to Oak Harbor for the scheduled gas stop.

Deception Pass was beautiful. Many drivers stopped in the small parking area next to the bridge long enough for a stroll onto the bridge and a look at the fantastic view. From Deception we continued through Anacortes to the ferry dock to wait for our special Washington State ferry boat to Orcas Island.

Just as the front cars in line started moving toward the boat, Mary and Ron Bloom were seen walking rapidly toward their car at the end of the line. Ron was yelling, "You lost what?", "The ticket?", "Down what little hole?" - "You mean THE ticket?". The story broke later that Mary had dropped their ferry boarding ticket down the defroster vent slot on their '47 Continental. As it was just seconds before they needed to turn in the ticket, the quick-thinking Blooms gave the ticket-taker a ticket good for one ride on the Crystal Mountain chairlift and boarded the ferry.

By 6:00 all classics were aboard and we were on our way through the San Juan Islands. Phil Schwarz used the boat's P.A. system to give a running commentary on the San Juan Islands during our one hour and 20 minute trip. Just before landing at Orcas we all gathered for a special drawing. The Committee had a hat full of names, some of whom would be "winners" of a special treat. Every classic owner who had driven 1200 miles or more to attend the Caravan was automatically included and the number of chances each had varied with the number of miles driven and the age of the classic. The winners of the drawing were guests the following day aboard a private 41-foot Hatteras cruiser for a four hour cruise through the San Juan Islands.

An Island County sheriff was waiting for the ferry to land at Orcas and led the classics along the winding ten-mile drive to Rosario. At Rosario we all circled the big mansion and dropped a passenger

to pick up our room keys. Again, the well-organized Committee had keys in our hands within two minutes of arrival. Once settled in our rooms we went over to the elegant dining room for an informal buffet.

Tuesday, July 28, 1970

We woke up Tuesday morning to sunshine and the fantastic view up East Sound. The 41-foot Hatteras cruiser was just pulling out with one-half of the winners from the previous day's long distance drawing. Tuesday was a day to enjoy Rosario and its facilities, to wash your classic, to drive up Mt. Constitution and tour the mansion. Rosario was the former estate and palatial home of Robert Moran, Seattle mayor and shipbuilder, and constructed in 1905. The foundation was blasted out of bedrock and the first two floors built of solid concrete. The third floor is of frame construction and the roof covered with six tons of copper sheet. In true shipbuilder style, the entire interior is solid teak and African mahogany, doors and hinges handmade, and the windows of inch-thick glass set directly into the concrete without frames.

All day there was a steady stream of classics winding their way up and down the road to Mt. Constitution. The view of the San Juan Islands from the top was just out of this world.

At 6:00 the hosted cocktail party preceding the mid-tour banquet was held around the outdoor swimming pool and at 7:00 Rosario served a fabulous prime rib dinner in the main dining room.

Following dinner, Al McEwan awarded the "Hard Luck" trophy to Bill Williams and his Daimler - it had expired on Monday and was in Seattle for repairs - and the "Boiler" award to Wayne Bemis. Wayne's Cadillac was seen at Paradise on Mt. Rainier adding to the clouds already there. The Boo Boo Burgee was awarded to Ron and Mary Bloom for their escapade with the ticket in the defroster vent. Later in the evening, Al received several invitations to a party that turned out to be in his room. It was crowded, but what fun listening to stories about the classics missed and some that should have been missed.

Wednesday, July 29, 1970

After a beautiful and sunny Tuesday, we awoke Wednesday morning to the pitter patter of rain drops. There was plenty of time for breakfast, packing, lunch and movies of past Caravans prior to our departure at 4:00 for the ferry dock. Many people spent part of the day touring the Orcas Island pottery and art shops. By ferry time the rain had let up and the cars were scattered all around the little business community at the ferry dock. Boarding went smoothly except for one interruption. The ferry's first officer was filming the cars as they boarded but ran out of film before all the cars were loaded, so he stopped the entire operation while the camera underwent a film change. Apparently reloading presented a problem as five to ten minutes passed before the balance of the classics were allowed to board. There was great applause from all when the officer's camera was ready to go again.

The cruise from Orcas Island to Sydney, British Columbia, was very interesting. Our boat was on a special run just for the Caravan and the route deviated slightly from normal. We went through an extremely narrow and shallow passage between two islands. Everyone was on deck and I think many of them were a bit worried as to whether there was really enough water for our boat. But we sailed through - much to the relief of some - and headed toward Spiden (Safari) Island. Spiden, one of the many San Juan Islands, is owned by a group of people - two of whom were on the Caravan - and is being stocked with wild sheep, goats and birds for special hunting clients. Gene Klineburger gave the Caravaners a running commentary about the island as we passed. Many of the sheep and goats were visible from the boat.

The Canadians were waiting for us at Sydney. Word was out that the Caravan was coming and we were greeted by a large contingent of cars from the Vintage Car Club of Canada along with many townspeople, newspaper and radio reporters. Once we cleared Customs, the Caravan, under escort of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, drove the 17 miles to Victoria and The Empress Hotel. The Empress Hotel, a huge Georgian structure, faces the Parliament buildings and the harbor. Somehow the hotel and classics seemed to go together. There were reports, however, of some Caravaners being lost in the endless hall-

ways. By 8:30 p.m. we were settled in our rooms and headed for dinner. The food set out for the informal buffet stopped traffic. All kinds of things to eat and every dish very artistically assembled. During dinner the Boo Boo Burgee was awarded to Will Tryon and his '30 Packard roadster for a slight intersection mixup resulting from a red light. Fortunately, the only serious result was a few more grey hairs on Herb Schoenfeld's head.

After dinner many of the Caravaners were found wandering around the streets adjacent to the hotel and looking into store windows at "goodies." The next morning many "goodies" were purchased including an original Lalique radiator ornament. It was also reported that part of the group found their way into the night club at The Empress. Apparently the Ron Blooms put on a dancing demonstration that cleared the floor, as it was a major topic of conversation the next day.

Thursday, July 30, 1970

Breakfast at The Empress Thursday morning was up to the standards set by the buffet the evening before. There was all the bacon, sausage, eggs, muffins, pancakes, etc. that anyone wanted.

Following breakfast we all went our own way to see Victoria. Some toured the beautiful park, while others visited the Parliament buildings and the stores.

At 1:00 all the classics were parked in the staging area for the Princess Marguerite which would carry us across the Straits of Juan de Fuca and back to the U.S. The destination was Port Angeles on the Olympic Peninsula. Parking all the big classics on the car deck was quite an operation. Each car drove through the loading door near the ship's bow and made a full loop of the car deck, circling the engine room and then parking two abreast. This allowed for an easy exit after docking. The cruise across the Straits was lovely. At first the ship pulled out of the Victoria harbor right by The Empress Hotel and Parliament buildings. As soon as we waved our final goodbyes to Victoria, the snow-capped Olympic mountains could be seen to the south. The Olympics got bigger and bigger as we approached Port Angeles.

The drive from Port Angeles south along 101 was exceptional with the road, a beautifully surfaced and winding two-lane affair, following Hood Canal all the way to Alderbrook Inn. The 96 miles from Port Angeles went rapidly and we arrived at Alderbrook at 6:00 p.m. Again, we were comfortably settled in our rooms in short order with plenty of time to prepare for the cocktail party and charcoal broiled salmon dinner. And it was a salmon dinner to end all salmon dinners. After dinner there was a new movie narrated by Sebastian Cabot and filmed at the Le Circle Conours in Los Angeles. It was a very interesting film describing the annual event at the Ambassador Hotel and showing many classics. Gene Babow also treated the group to some of his old-time movies. Al McEwan was the lucky recipient of the Boo Boo Burgee again and this time he couldn't share it with Russ. It seems that Al left some of the trophies which were to be awarded at the end of the Caravan at Rosario on Orcas Island.

Friday, July 31, 1970

Friday morning was one of those beautifully perfect lazy mornings. The major activity for some was car washing, while the rest just enjoyed being at Alderbrook. Also, pictures were taken of each classic attending the Caravan.

Just after noon the Caravan headed for Bremerton to visit the battleship Missouri. The Navy at the Bremerton Ship Yard made special parking available and then locked up the area while everyone boarded the Missouri. Today the famous battleship is in mothballs and visitors are allowed only on deck and into one ward room. The size of the Missouri is very impressive.

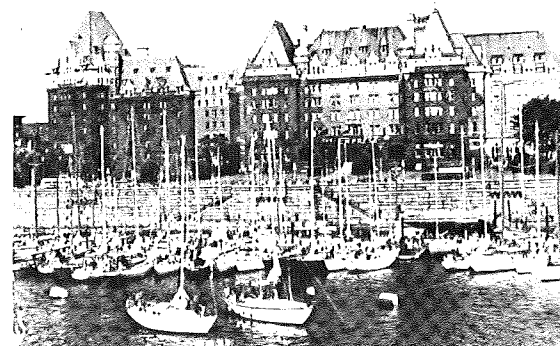
We left the Missouri and headed for the Bremerton ferry dock for our trip across Puget Sound to Seattle. The Bremerton police provided an excellent escort through the downtown area and to the ferry dock. After a few minutes wait, we boarded one of the new super ferrys - 160 car capacity - for our trip. The weather was beautiful and the trip across the Sound was breathtaking. To the east the Cascades were visible and to the west the Olympics. Many of the Caravaners were kind of sad that this was the last segment of our trip.

It was kind of tricky finding our way through the Seattle afternoon traffic to the elegant new Plaza Hotel, but everyone got there and we were guided into the basement parking garage. Phil and Connie Schwarz were waiting right next to the elevator with everyone's room key and up we went. No front desk bother or anything. The Plaza is a 40-story tower, that is nicknamed the corn cob, and has a commanding view of the Seattle area.

Friday evening the final banquet was held at the Plaza. Following the cocktail party, the hotel served an excellent chicken cordon bleu dinner. After the dinner, trophies "in absentia" were awarded. The Slowest Car Award went to Ed Roberts and his '33 La Salle. Also, the Boo Boo Burgee was awarded for the final time. It was well earned by Gordon Morris and his P-11 Henley roadster. On the way into Bremerton that morning one of Washington State's finest felt that the P-11's demonstrated speed capability slightly exceeded that of most cars and particularly the posted limit. Gordon was to fly the Burgee on his trip back east and present it to the National office as a souvenir of the Puget Sound International Caravan.

One of the guests to attend the banquet was Fred Duesenberg, nephew of Fred and Augie Duesenberg. He spoke for a few minutes about the Duesenberg family.

The guest speaker for the evening was Gordon Buehrig. Gordon and Betty Buehrig had flown up from California to attend the entire Caravan. Throughout the week they rode in a different classic each day and I think they got to know practically everyone on the Caravan. It was wonderful to have this couple with us and they seemed to really enjoy the whole event. Gordon's talk, which was supplemented with projected slides, reviewed some of the things he had been doing in the automotive field since retiring from Ford Motor Company and then went back to his days with Duesenberg, Auburn and Cord. Many of the Duesenberg body designs were the result of his efforts and he discussed some of the details involved in several of the designs. Gordon also reviewed the development of the Cord. It was a very interesting evening and a fitting conclusion for the last dinner of the Caravan.



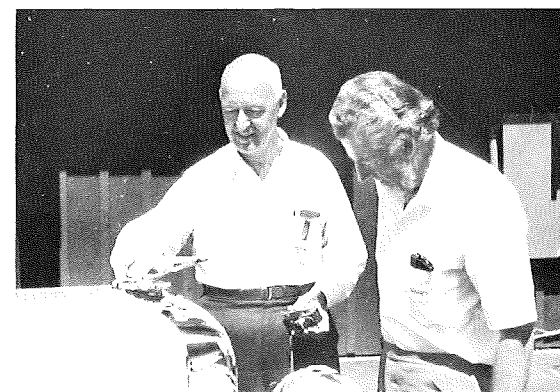
THE EMPRESS HOTEL, VICTORIA



CARAVAN PREPARING TO LEAVE ALDERBROOK



ALDERBROOK INN ON HOOD CANAL



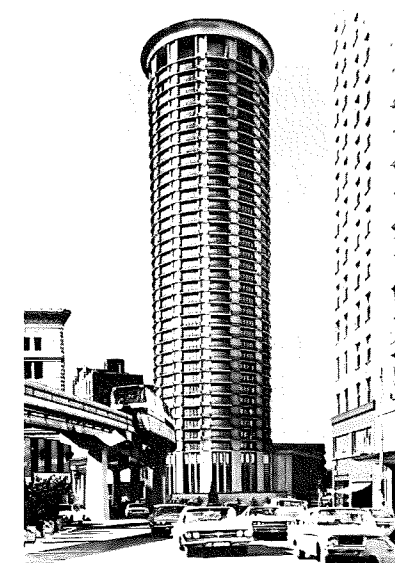
SPECIAL GUEST GORDON BUEHRIG
DUSTS GIL DUFFY'S DUSENBIRD



PARLIAMENT BUILDING, VICTORIA



THE BATTLESHIP MISSOURI



THE WASHINGTON PLAZA HOTEL, SEATTLE

Saturday, August 1, 1970

Saturday morning we were all due at the Space Needle for breakfast at 9:00. A special monorail train had been arranged so that the Caravaners could leave the Plaza Hotel and ride to the Space Needle by monorail in time for breakfast. We were whisked to the top by the glass-sided elevator and entered the lovely restaurant. During

breakfast the restaurant made the full 360° turn (one revolution per hour) so that we could see the view in every direction.

After breakfast came the goodbyes as classics prepared to leave for every corner of the U.S. The Puget Sound International Caravan was over, but it was evident from the enthusiasm of those who attended that they all would be back for the next one.

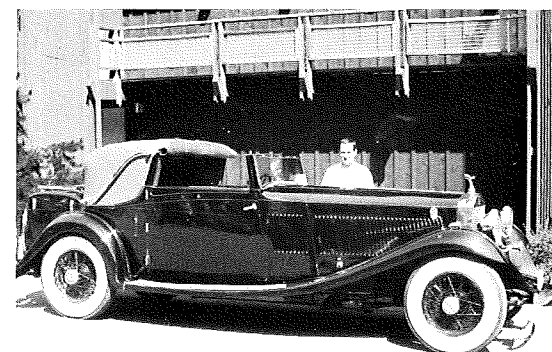
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- COMMENTS -

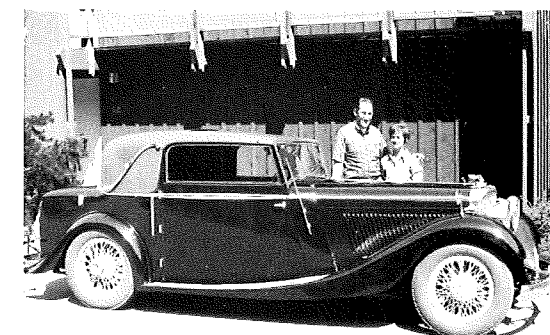
- o Thanks again to the Caravan participants from the Oil Belt and Empire Regions for their generous gift - the case of sparkling burgandy. This was thoroughly enjoyed by the Regional Board and Caravan Committee at the Aug. Board Meeting. Wow! What a meeting!
- o Additional copies of this publication are available from the editors at a cost of \$1.00 each.

- HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT -

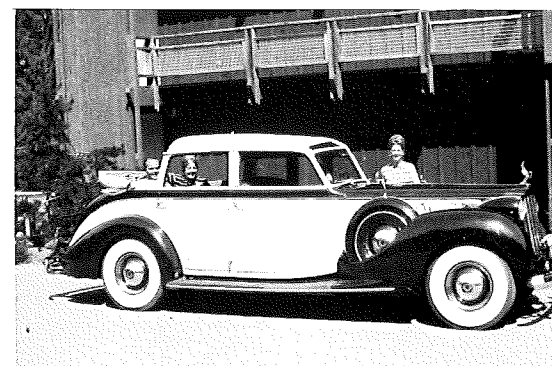
- o The ex-Navy man from New York who had more sea duty during the Caravan than in his 12 years of service.
- o The participant who, in filling in his registration card, identified the Region to which he belonged as "Catholic."
- o The proud classic owner who stated that the grade up Mt. Rainier did not bother him at all . . . until his car boiled over.
- o A certain Daimler that finally reached Minnetonka, Minnesota . . . by truck.
- o The proposed "Hero" award to Barry Briskman for climbing the Mt. Constitution observation tower.
- o The occasional rain on Mt. Rainier.



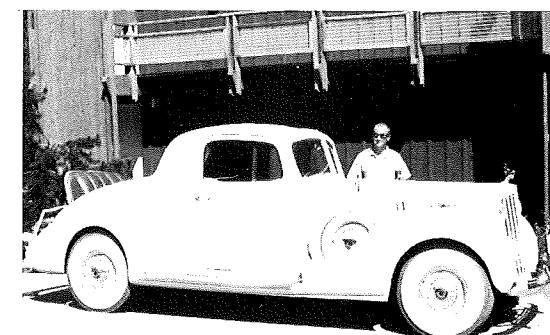
1933 Rolls-Royce P-II Continental Sedan Coupe
Gurney-Nutting
Al & Myra McEwan, Bellevue, Washington



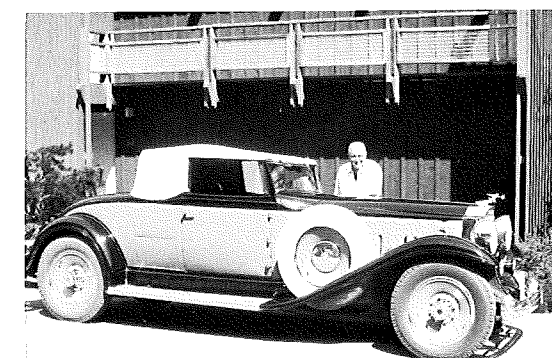
1934 Bentley 3-1/2 Liter, Brougham, Freestone & Webb
Russ & Ann Keller, Bellevue, Washington



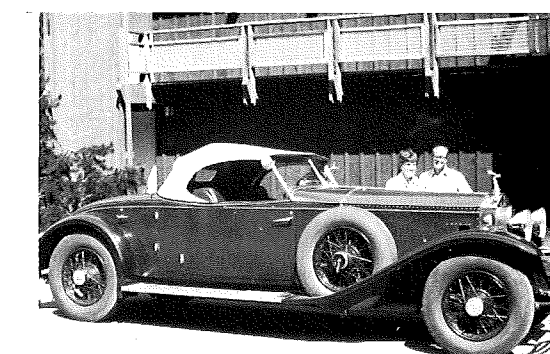
1939 Packard, 1708 Touring Cabriolet, Brunn
Phil & Connie Schwarz, Mercer Island, Washington



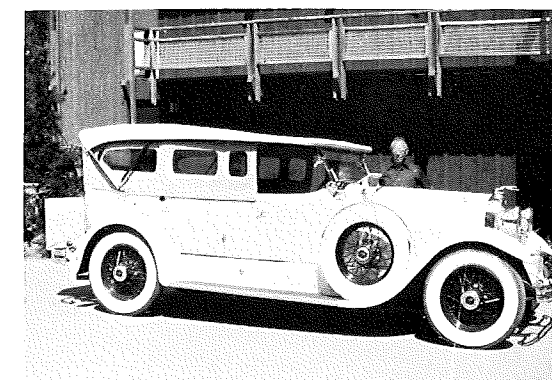
1939 Packard, 1707, Coupe
Bill Clarke, Vancouver, B.C.



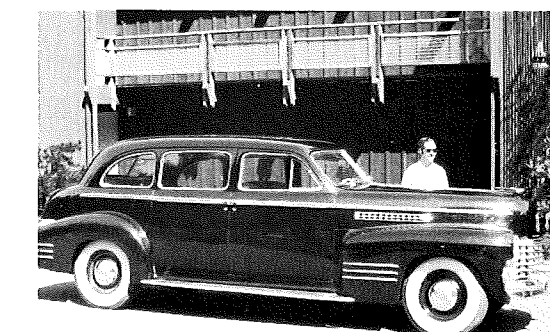
1931 Packard, Conv. Coupe
Hal & Jean Dahl, Enumclaw, Washington



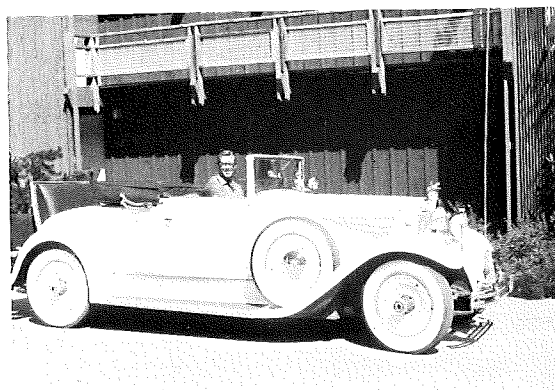
1932 Rolls-Royce, P-II, Henley Roadster, Brewster
Gordon & Tavy Morris, Maryland, New York



1929 Lincoln, "L", Touring
Clarence & Ann Stanbury, Bath, New York



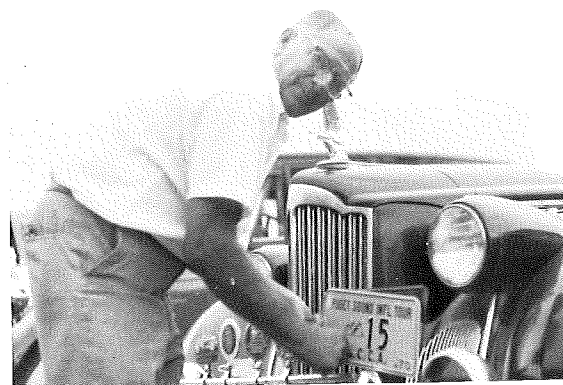
1942 Cadillac 75, Limousine, Fleetwood
Wayne & Peggy Bemis, Rolling Hills, California



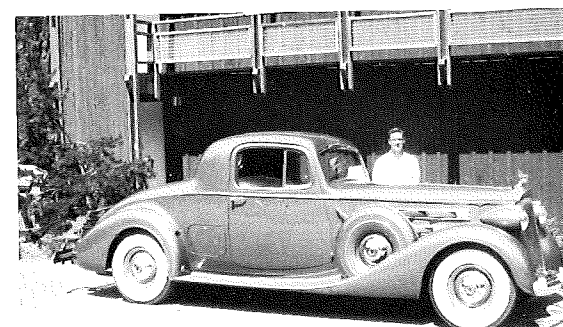
1931 Packard, Conv. Coupe
John & Joyce Bohmer, Brooten, Minnesota



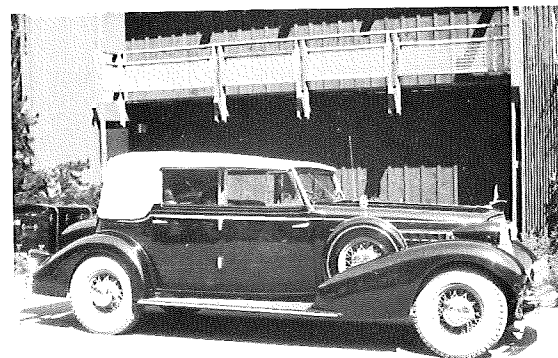
1948 Lincoln Continental, Coupe
Win & Ruth Scott, Phoenix, Arizona



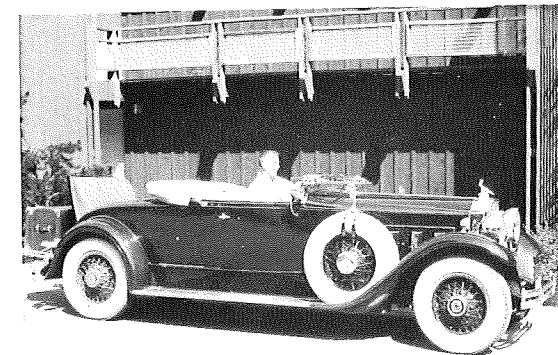
1940 Packard, 1806, Conv., Victoria, Darrin
Herb & Louise Hulvey, Fort Defiance, Virginia



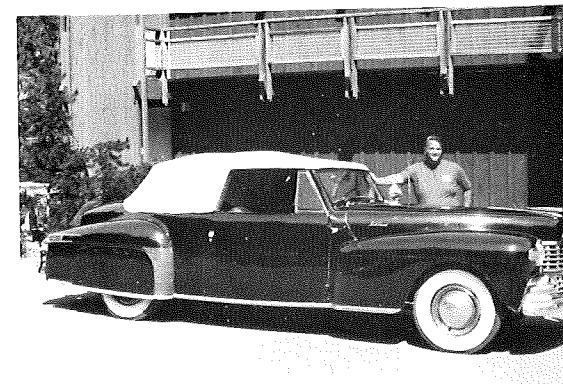
1937 Packard, 1507, Coupe
Jim Weston, San Francisco, California



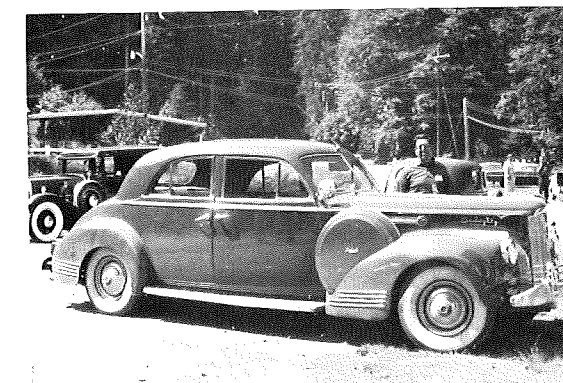
1934 Cadillac, 8-20, A W Phaeton, Fisher
Rudy & Dorothy Apple, Phoenix, Arizona



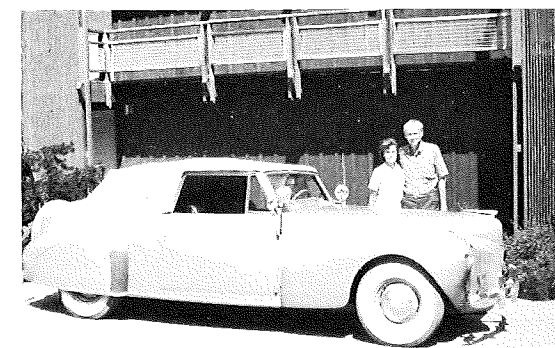
1930 Packard, 740, Roadster
Will Tryon, Sonoma, California



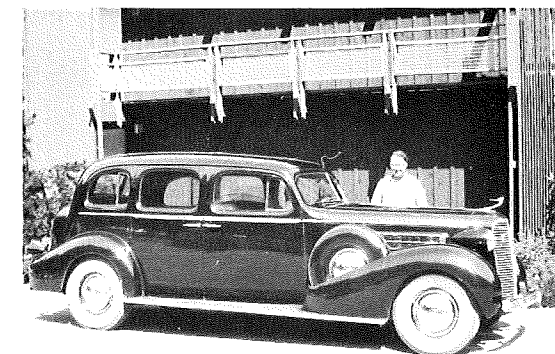
1947 Lincoln Continental, Cabriolet
Gene Babow, Kentfield, California



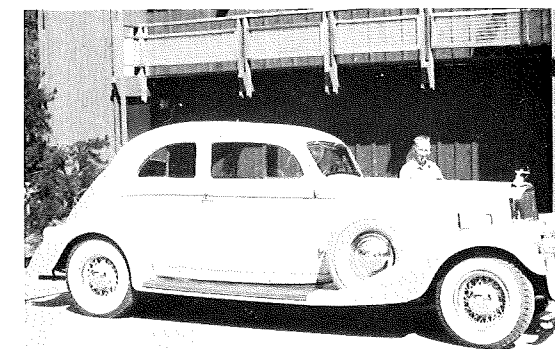
1941 Packard, 180, Sport Sedan, LeBaron
(Owned by Perry Fowler)
Herman & Jean Van Os, Shreveport, Louisiana



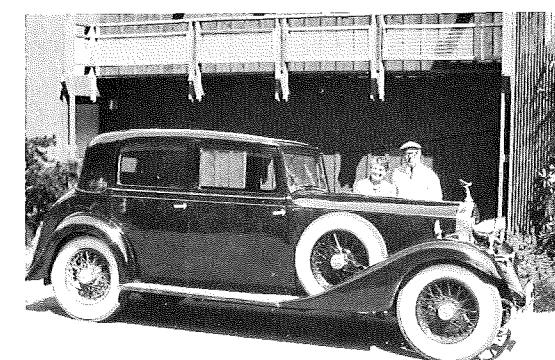
1941 Lincoln Continental, Cabriolet
Phil & Bernice Hurlbut, Cave Creek, Arizona



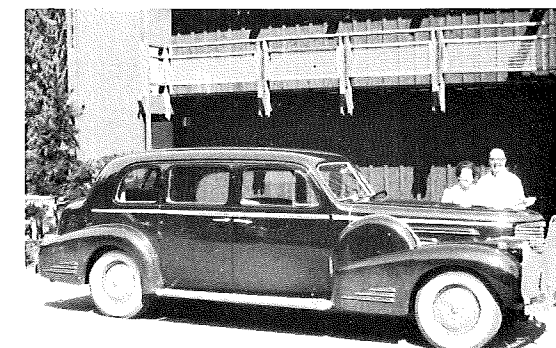
1936 Cadillac, 75, Limousine, Fleetwood
John & Lois Paulson, Golden Valley, Minnesota



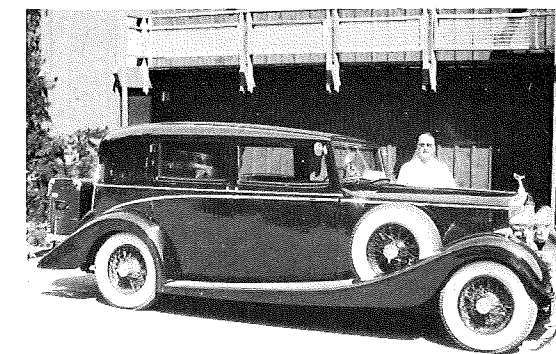
1934 Pierce Arrow, 1240 A, Silver Arrow
Perry & Daphne Fowler, Bremerton, Washington



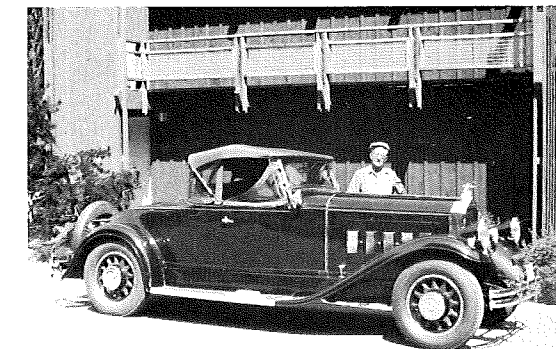
1933 Rolls-Royce, 20/25, Sports Saloon, Hooper
Howard & Ruby Ann Matlock, Tacoma, Washington



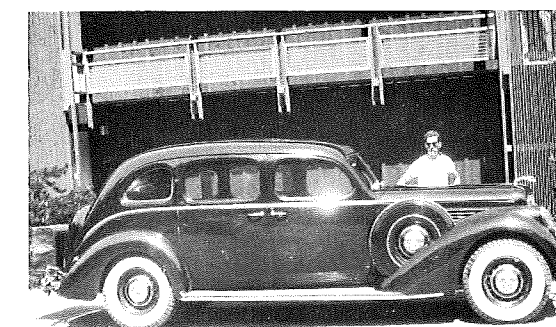
1938 Cadillac, 90, Sedan, Fleetwood
Od & Jennette Braathen, Minneapolis, Minnesota



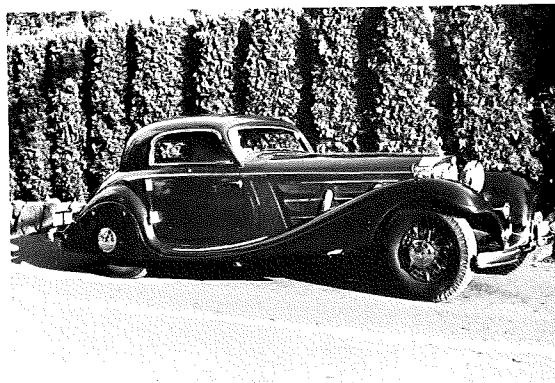
1939 Rolls-Royce, Wraith, Town Sedan, Inskip
Bob & Verna Burkholder, San Francisco, California



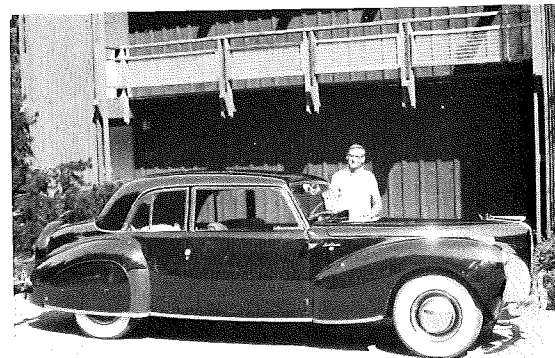
1931 Pierce Arrow, 43, Roadster
Merle & Irene Holmgren, Tacoma, Washington



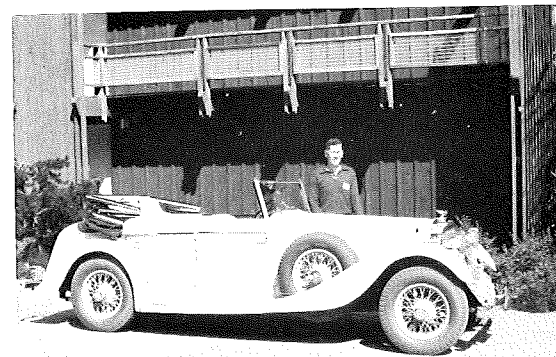
1938 Lincoln, "K", 7 Passenger Sedan
Jim & Mary Ellen Fitzgerald, Minneapolis, Minnesota



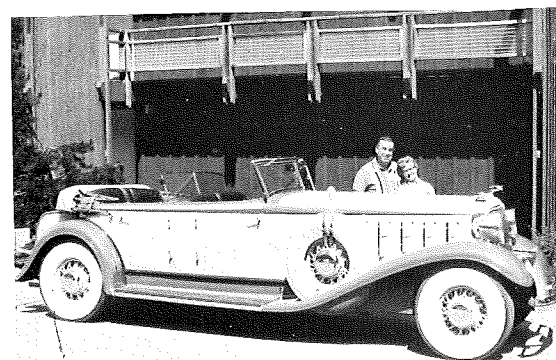
1936 Mercedes Benz, 540K, Coupe, Sindelfingen
Gene & Betty Klineburger, Bellevue, Washington



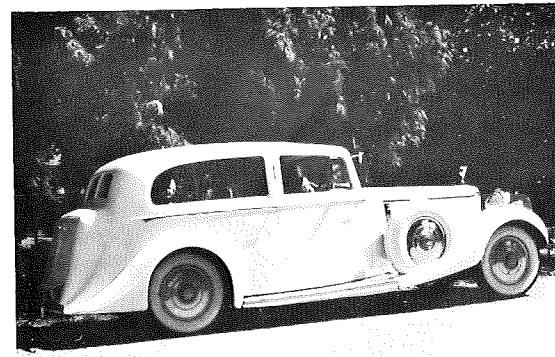
1941 Lincoln Continental, Coupe
Warner & Mary Ann Banes, Houston, Texas



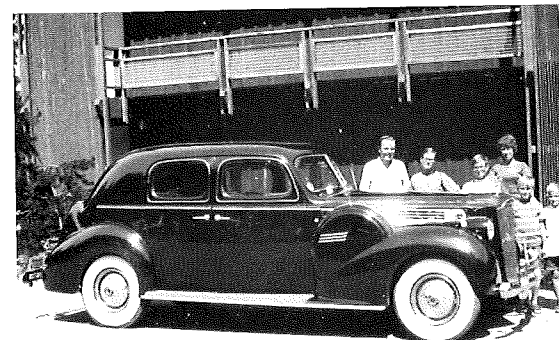
1939 Bentley, 4-1/4 Liter, Conv. Sedan, Vanden Plas
Joe & Barbara Carman, Tacoma, Washington



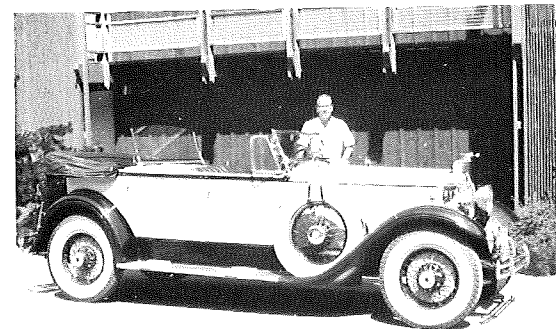
1933 Chrysler, CL, Phaeton, LeBaron
Ken & June Durham, Milton-Freewater, Oregon



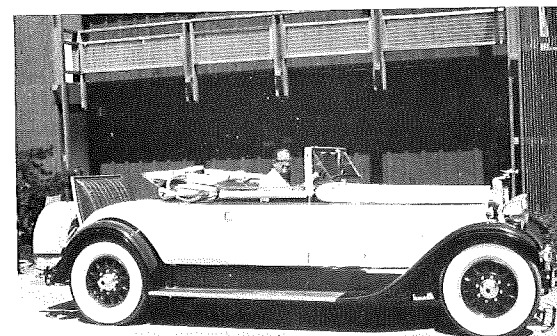
1938 Daimler, Limousine, Rippon
Bill & Dorothy Williams, Minnetonka, Minnesota



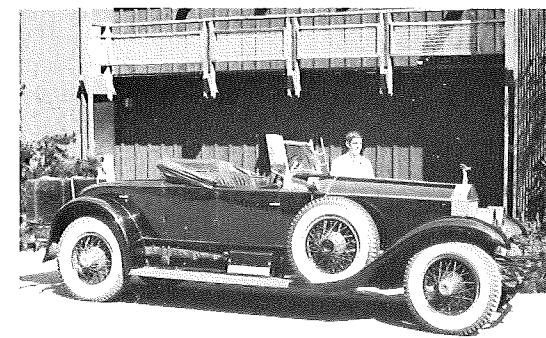
1940 Packard, 180, Club Sedan
Don & Lois Peterson, Murdock, Minnesota



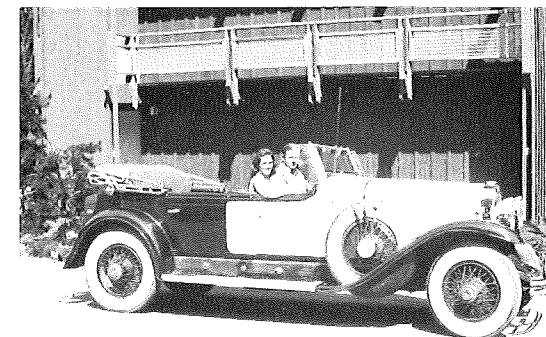
1930 Packard, 733, Dual Cowl Phaeton
(Owned by Guy Carr)
Hal & Pat Mueller, Dallas, Texas



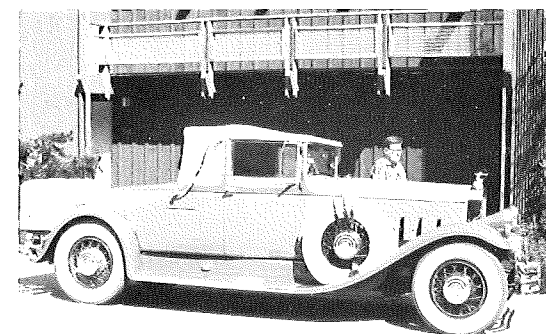
1930 Packard, 740, Convertible Coupe
Vic & Yvonne Deshaye, Olympia, Washington



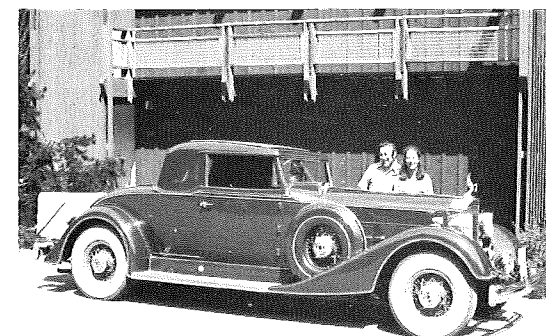
1927 Rolls-Royce P-1, Piccadilly Roadster, Brewster
Joe Carman IV, Tacoma, Washington



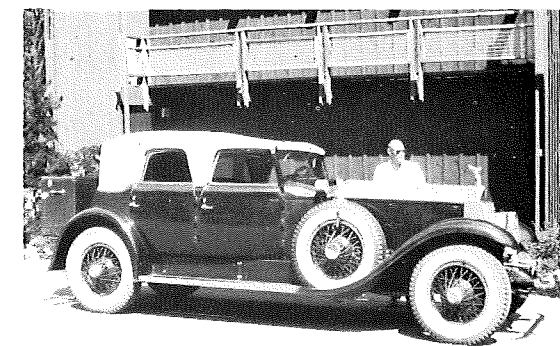
1929 Cadillac, Touring
Roger & Laura May, Mesa, Arizona



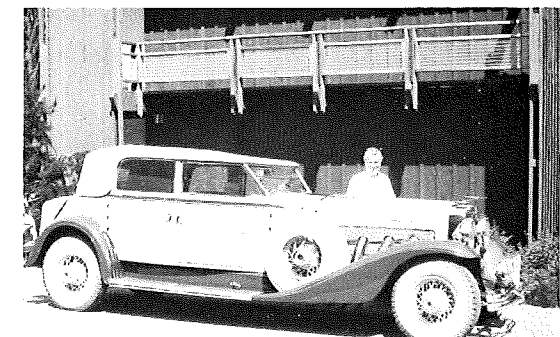
1929 Pierce Arrow, "43", Conv. Coupe
Dumont & Marian Staatz, Tacoma, Washington



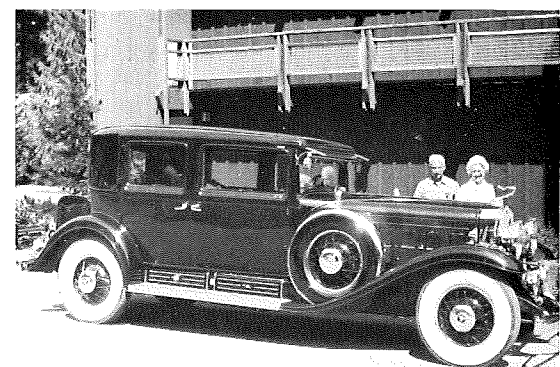
1934 Packard, 1104, Sport Coupe
Barry & Sharon Briskman, Scottsdale, Arizona



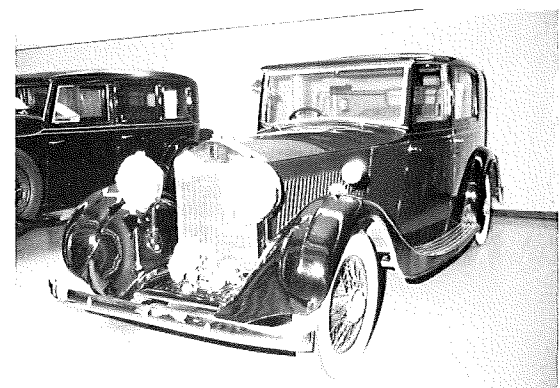
1928 Rolls-Royce P-1, Conv. Sedan, Hibbard & Darrin
Marvin & Joan Zukor, San Francisco, California



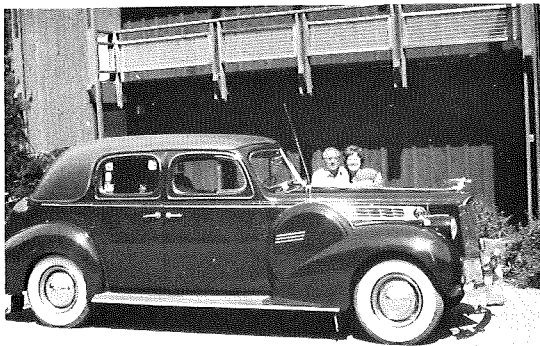
1933 Duesenberg, J, Conv. Sedan, Murphy
Gil & Cookie Duffy, Seattle, Washington



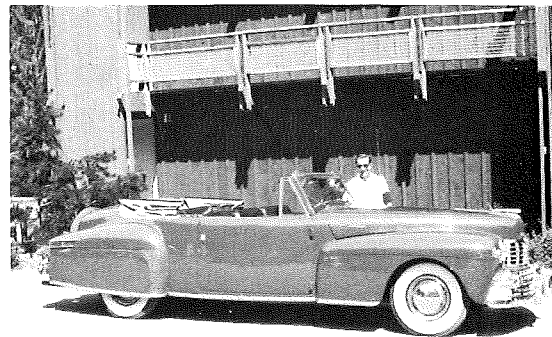
1930 Cadillac, 452, Club Sedan
Guy & Flo Louise Carr, Beaverton, Oregon



1935 Rolls-Royce 20/25, Sedan de Ville, Mulliner
Jerry & Jo Ann McAuliffe, Kirkland, Washington



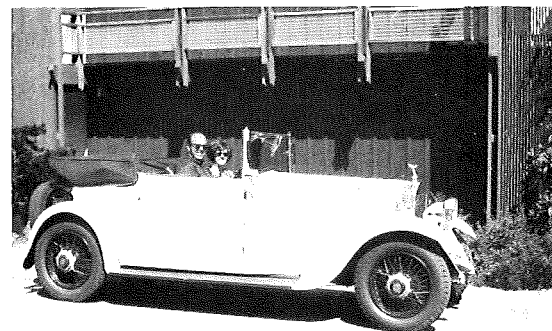
1940 Packard, 180, Club Sedan, Rollson
Ed & Marge Stolarczyk, Binghamton, New York



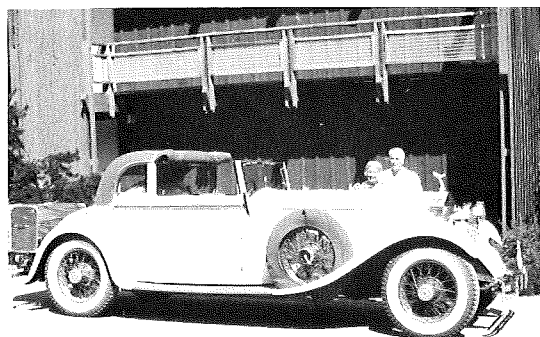
1947 Lincoln Continental, Cabriolet
Ron & Mary Bloom, Kirkland, Washington



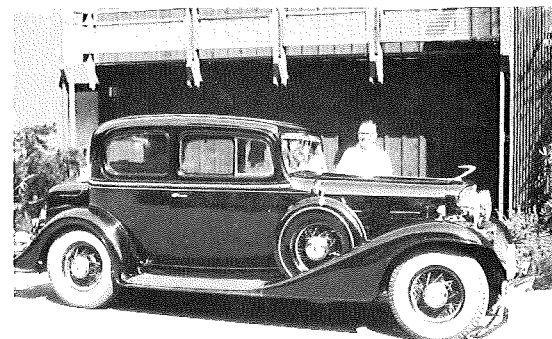
1948 Lincoln Continental, Coupe
Dick & Gert Hooper, Seattle, Washington



1929 Rolls-Royce, 20, Conv. Coupe, Mulliner
Jack & Pat Goffette, Seattle, Washington



1931 Rolls-Royce P-11, Sedan Coupe, Carlton
Herb & Sylvia Schoenfeld, Mercer Island, Washington



1933 LaSalle, Club Coupe, Fisher
Ed & Margaret Roberts, Seattle, Washington

OTHER PARTICIPANTS

Gordon & Betty Buehrig
Laguna Hills, California

Dick Carson
Berkely, California

Allan Jones
Byron, California

Cal Moxley
Long Beach, California

Alan Matson
Selah, Washington

Don & Marion Klusman
Chatham, New Jersey