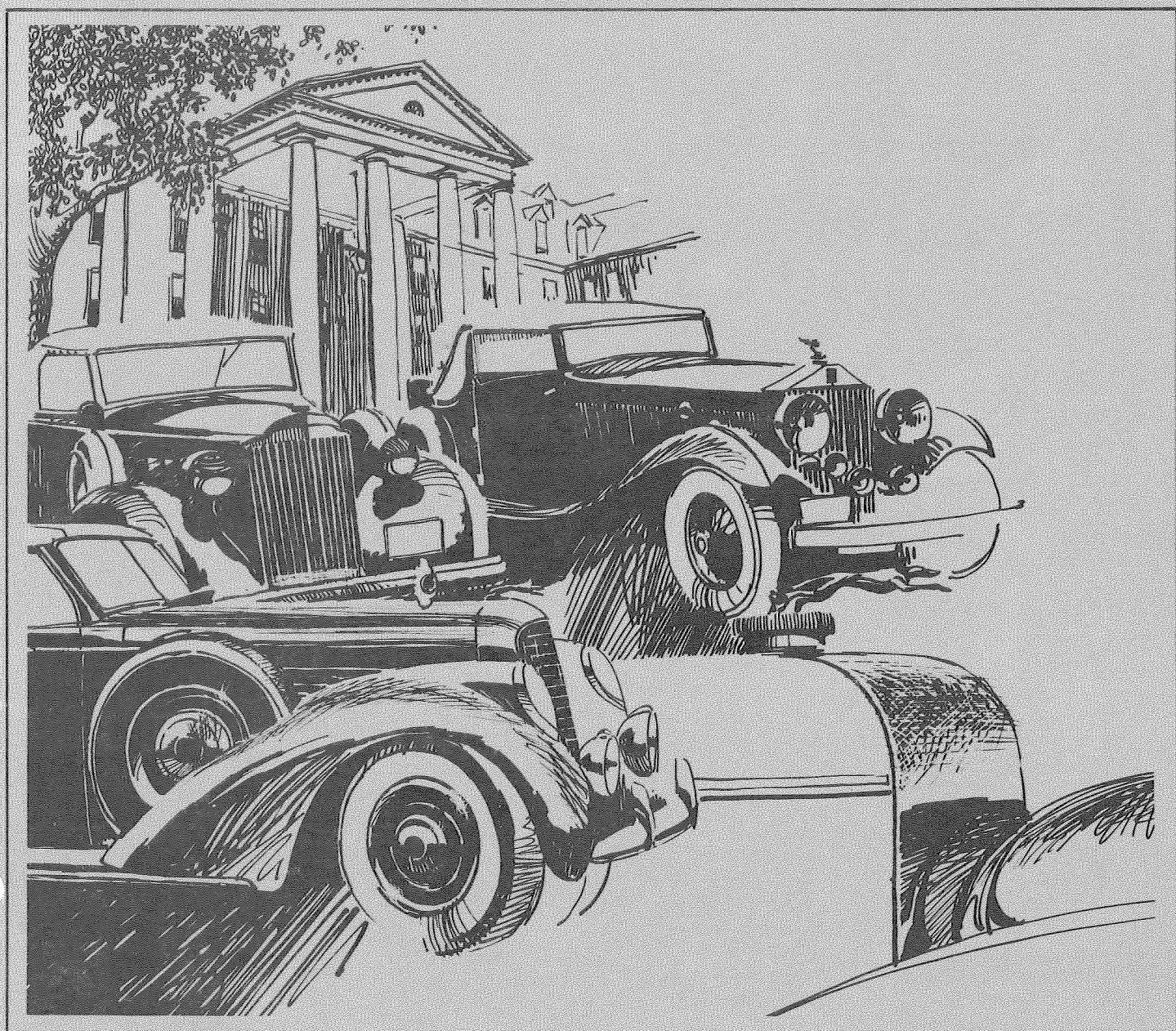


# THE BUMPER GUARDIAN

FALL-WINTER 1972





# THE BUMPER GUARDIAN

Official Publication of the Pacific Northwest Region of the CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA. Published quarterly at 4420 Bonnybrae Drive, Bellevue, Washington 98004 (206) GL 4-3671). Permission to reproduce material contained herein is granted provided proper credit is given the THE BUMPER GUARDIAN.

EDITORS . . . . . Alan W. McEwan

ART EDITOR . . . . . John F. Amendola Jr.

The Pacific Northwest Region was chartered by the Classic Car Club of America in 1963. It is composed of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and British Columbia, Canada.

The Classic Car Club of America is a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The Club seeks to further the restoration and preservation of distinctive motor cars produced in the period from 1925 through 1942, to provide a channel of communication for those interested in such cars, and to bring together in good fellowship all who own or admire these finest examples of automotive craftsmanship. The sole requirement for membership is a demonstrable interest in a Classic Car or Cars. Application for membership should be sent to John C. Dennis, Membership Chairman, Pacific Northwest Region, P. O. Box 171 Mercer Island, Washington 98040. National dues are \$13 for Active Members and \$15 for Affiliate Members, Associate Membership dues, limited to the spouse of an Active Member, are \$2. Regional dues are \$7.50 annually.

## BOARD OF MANAGERS

DIRECTOR - RONALD E. BLOOM (1973)  
8420 N.E. 123rd Place  
Kirkland, Washington  
98033

ASSIST. DIRECTOR - ALAN W. MCEWAN (1974)  
4420 Bonnybrae Drive  
Bellevue, Washington  
98004

SECRETARY - THEODORE M. BARBER (1975)  
424 Bellevue Ave. East  
Seattle, Washington  
98102

TREASURER - DONALD S. GERARD (1975)  
3905 Shelby Road  
Lynnwood, Washington  
98036

JACK GOFFETTE (1974)  
18113 Densmore Ave. North  
Seattle, Washington  
98133

WAYNE HERSTAD (1974)  
516 East 91st  
Tacoma, Washington  
98445

RUSSELL L. KELLER (1973)  
10256 Kaylen Place  
Bellevue, Washington  
98004

JOHN E. MCDERMOTT, M.D. (1975)  
1227 N.E. 143rd Street  
Seattle, Washington  
98125

HERBERT SCHOENFELD (1973)  
6835 West Mercer Way  
Mercer Island, Washington  
98040

## THE THOUSAND ISLANDS CARAVAN

by Mary & Ron Bloom

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18th

Question? How do you start a caravan "one up" from previous caravans? Well, you ask if anyone in your region has a couple of Cadillacs and a Packard in their living room!!!!

Low and behold, in Hamburg, N.Y., the Walden Schmitz' have just that. It seems that their collection was getting too big for their garage, so, why not remodel a little and bring them inside? A most practical idea from any collectors standpoint. Really, it is something to see.

A really gracious cocktail party was co-hosted by Ginny & Walden Schmitz, and Martha & Bill Crossett, Friday evening, 5:30 - 7:00 P.M., for the "early arrivers." The "early arrivers" turned out to be about 50% of the total caravaners. Not too surprising however, the word got out that the party was free. I'm sure people "just happened" to get an extra day off to attend.

It was a beautiful setting, the cars in the driveway, in the front yard, the neighbors driveway, the neighbors front yard, the back yard and the living room. I'm sure if there had been a swimming pool, there would have been a dual cowl something or other floating in the middle of the pool.

From all of us caravaners, a whole trunkful (fitted of course) of thanks for a marvelous pre-caravan cocktail party.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19th

When Niagara Falls, so falls the rest of something! (anon)

Welcome to wedding city! Would you believe 3 receptions in the same ballroom the same day? Why they even recycle the rice!

Among the bridesmaids and deliriously happy brides, the C.C.C.A. was starting what promised to be the best caravan ever. The weather was very cooperative, 80 degrees, and a promise from the weather man for more of the same.

The registration went very smoothly and every one settled into their rooms in anticipation of the trip ahead.

Out in the parking lot the cars were being pampered and preened by nearly 70 proud owners. You would have thought it was a grand classic the way the cars were prepared for the next day's driving. But that's the name of the game in this hobby. Pride and love of the finest autos of a bygone era, preserved, restored and used for fun and fellowship.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20th

7:00 A.M. Sunday dawned cool and very, very foggy. Being an astute weather observer is part of my profession and I figured the fog was caused by radiation cooling and an advection upslope condition, a corresponding high dew-point, and about a three knot wind to give the phenomena known to the layman as FOG.

What a way to start a caravan--in the FOG. Everyone groping from one checkpoint to another, a sad way to start. T H E N.....I got out of bed!!!

The fog was on the inside of our windows as my wife had just taken a shower!!! Outside the window the sky was very, very blue.

A beautiful day it was too. Nearly 70 classics rolling for 182 miles through some of the world renown hills and valleys of western New York State. Truly very picturesque. And so many barns, I'm sure there must be at least



one Duesie dual cowl hiding in one of them. Too bad-- we'll have to leave the exploring of the barns to the lucky New Yorkers.

I can't forget the regal lunch we had at the Castle Restaurant, a buffet to please the most discriminating taste. The most conservative members refueled at Olean, and we were back on the road at 1:45 to continue to Painted Post.

There was one stretch of road where the highway curved down a long hill and doubled back into the valley. We were about the middle of the string of cars and it was a magnificent sight. Classics, classics, classics, as far as you could see. It's too bad all CCCA members could not have seen it. It's really what it is all about, baby.

MONDAY, AUGUST 21st

The day again dawned sunny and cloudless. (I looked out the window before my wife took her shower.)

Monday was the first of the "you're on your own" days. We toured Bath and Corning and the wineries near Hammondsport.

While sitting in the '29 Lincoln in a shopping center parking lot, a pleasant gentleman came over to shoot the breeze about the 1921 Maxwell touring that served him so well. It seems as though he was going from Bath to Watkins Glen one winter day when the snow was "as deep as the radiator cap", but that old Maxwell just kept going as long as you stayed in low gear and kept the motor barely turning over. He said the trip took him from 9:30 A.M. till 5:00 P.M. and the snow was as high as the side curtains all the way. It is amazing the stories you can hear when sitting in an old car in a shopping center parking lot.

Of the winery tours, Golden Age was the best. They didn't have any tours at all, just a tasting room. Who wants to look at a bunch of presses, tanks, vats, barrels, etc. when your tongue is stuck to the roof of your mouth from thirst. Just walk right in and

slosh it down I say.

The real impact of the disastrous flood in this area from Hurricane Agnes didn't sink in until we visited the Corning Glass Works. There, standing at the ground level entrance you could look up the wall of the building and see a marker where the flood waters stood-- 17 feet above you. That was 5 feet deep in the second floor of the factory. The glass company's priceless museum of glass was badly damaged and is still undergoing restoration. Many pieces were destroyed but many were also salvaged. It is just that mark-- 17 feet-- that sticks in my mind. You have to see it to grasp the amount of water that represents.

Back to the Motel about 5:00 P.M. for some pre-cocktail party cocktails and then at 7:30 P.M. the CLAMBAKE!! We had beer and hot dogs, beer and chicken, beer and hamburgers, beer and corn, beer and potato salad, beer and macaroni salad, beer and catsup and last but not least, beer and clams. Oh, I almost forgot, beer and Polish sausage. Eddie Stolarczyk was fixing them.

It was really a great lawn and pool party. Did I say pool party? It seems as though Mary Jeannette, (my wife) and Charlotte Austin had two lawn chairs and there was not enough room by the wading pool to set them on the edge of the pool, so they sat them in the wading pool. This was fine as there was about 3 inches of space between the seat of the chair and the water. You've all heard the old saying "don't make waves," well someone did and the ladies got a tad bit wet. Who would have thought quiet, reserved, shy, Eddie Stolarczyk would let the "devil make him do it". A short while later though, the ladies were back none the worse for wear and both in stunning new outfits.

The party broke up when the beer ran out (naturally) and we retired early enough to make the 9:30 departure to Cooperstown on Tuesday. It was another day filled with cars, clowning and comaradarie.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd

F O G! Really! The radiation cooling and upslope advection really worked! (I looked first to see if my wife had taken her shower yet.) But by 9:30 sharp the sky was blue, and we were off again in that beautiful string of classics that stretched as far as the eye could see.

By this time, 2 cars brought a new classification of classics to the caravan. These are both "one off" cars, very rare and very lovely, Don Klusman's 1931 La Salle and Ernie Toth's '29 Stutz. These are rare because they carry the "Belchfire" manifold system. On the slightest down grade they literally BELCH-FIRE!!!! BOOM! BOOM! POP! POKKA, POKKA, BLAM! POKKA!! I'm sure that at night there would be spectacular fire works out the exhaust pipe.

The route again took us past many more "neat" barns that most drivers tried to peer into as we went by.

Although some highway construction slowed us down a bit, we arrived in "Stolarczyk City" (Binghamton) by noon and were greeted by the Assistant Mayor, who surprised Ken Fahnestock with the key to the city. The lunch was good and we were again on the road by 1:00 P.M. sharp.

The countryside rolled by in a panorama of green hills, green trees, clear, sparkling rivers and more of the "neat" old barns.

One interesting thing happened, a Rolls-Royce got some sort of indigestion and from nowhere four other Rolls' clustered around the stricken sister as though an invisible force had drawn them to her aid. I don't know what they could have done, one was a 20-25, another was a P-II, another was a P-III, the fourth was a Wraith, I don't think a part from one would fit any of the others. The crisis passed however, and all cars arrived in Cooperstown on time.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23rd

Our day in Cooperstown "on your own" was spent resting till a decent hour, (9:30), only to be awakened by a "Bridge on the River Kwai" serenade from several classics. Our window overlooked the portico driveway of the Otesaga Hotel, and there was Ed Stolarczyk still directing traffic. He was there the afternoon before directing traffic and must have been there all night, although he had changed to a different shade of pink colored shirt.

The cars were being photographed by a G.A.F. man from New York City against the background of the Otesaga Hotel. A most charming setting in which to photograph the cars, to be sure. At noon sharp, the world famous Otesaga Hotel Buffet was put at our disposal and a most sumptuous fare it was. After seconds for all, we decided it was time to join "Weight Watchers" after the caravan.

Downtown Cooperstown is steeped in history and tradition, and is too elaborate to try to cover here in a short article. All I can say is, if you love baseball, come here as it is the cradle of the sport. The first original baseball that belonged to Abner Doubleday is on display in the Cooperstown Baseball Hall of Fame. It is original not restored.

Later in the afternoon we were privileged to be invited to Gordie and Tavey Morris' "Tin City". It is really an old car buffs kind of place, with lots of parts for Rolls Royce, Packard, Lincoln etc. Gordie and Tavey's collection of classics and very desirable rare cars is enviable indeed.

By dinner time (7:00 P.M. sharp) we were sitting down at the Otesaga Hotel again and ordering from the varied menu. Just as I was about to bite into the "Breast of Chicken Cordon Bleu", the Manager of the hotel grabbed the microphone away from the gypsy violinists and screamed "It's starting to rain". Chairs fell over backward as

all owners of open cars rushed outside to put the tops up on their classics. The '29 Lincoln we were driving was simple to secure for the pending thundershower. All you had to do was put six side curtains up in the proper order and snap 50 snaps to secure them. Some people were not so lucky. There was a certain Auburn Conv. Sedan whose top defied all efforts by the local experts to unfold enough to cover the entire car. Finally, through some quirk, the damn thing did stretch out and we got the car covered.

Back to the, by now, cold Chicken Cordon Bleu and warm Chablis wine, a small price to pay to protect a priceless classic from the weather. We retired early to get an early start to the "Thousand Islands", which are named for the salad dressing I understand.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24th

Another day "on the road". 9:30 A.M. sharp saw the nearly 70 classics rolling north toward the Thousand Islands. We passed through more New York farmland of dairy cows, pastures, old barns and corn. What do they do with all that corn? I didn't see one hog or a still along the way. Nobody can eat that much corn. I guess I'll just have to remain stupid as to what the natives do with it.

Lunchtime found us in beautiful downtown Boonville. Another groaning buffet table was made a shambles in short order by the hungry caravaners. The local police were most cooperative, as they had been for most of the caravan, and we really appreciated it.

A prompt 1:15 P.M. departure took us from Boonville further north right into a thundershower. Again the two handed ballet of putting up side curtains and "one man" tops delayed some of the caravaners a few minutes. We decided to press on with the side curtains down and remained surprisingly dry through the downpour. Windwings and a dual windshield helped to keep the water out of the car. In a few minutes we had passed to the other side of the storm

and the sky was blue once again. In a short time we were in the Thousand Islands unpacking again, for the last day of a too short week of caravaning.

The pre-cocktail hour cocktails stretched into the cocktail hour and before you knew it, it was time for ties and coats for dinner. A little ridiculous really, the temperature was about 90 degrees with humidity to match. Out west open collared shirts would be fine anywhere in such weather. Oh well, when in Rome etc. Again time passed too quickly, as it does when you are with friends, and it was time to retire, this time in the Thousand Islands.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25th

The Thousand Islands are very aptly named. They are literally a thousand green jewels in the St. Lawrence River and Seaway.

The Classic car group went practically en masse on a boat tour among the islands. We stopped at Heart Island to view the Boldt Castle, which was to be a lasting monument of a man's love for his wife. However, the lady of the story died before the castle was finished and work was stopped with the castle only half finished. Now it stands, slowly deteriorating, a monument to love lost.

The boat trip got us back about 12:30 and we found we didn't have to eat lunch. Hooray!!! My poor tummy didn't have to hold another stupendous buffet. It really felt nice to have an empty stomach for a change. We spent a most pleasant afternoon down by the water on a picnic. Just some beer and munchies to hold us over till the cocktail party at 6:30 P.M.

The realization that this was the final banquet of the caravan came as quite a shock. Really, a whole week of having fun, making new friends and swapping car stories was coming to an end. It seemed as though we were at the Schmitz' for the pre caravan cocktail party only a couple of days before.

The banquet was a great prime rib dinner. Ken Fahnestock handed out the raffle prizes to some lucky caravaners. He also told about Caravan '73, it should be a good one. Our hat is off to the Caravan Committee and all the people who worked so hard to really make all of us feel at home.

We return to Seattle with warmth in our hearts for all the marvelous, friendly easterners. Special thanks to Ann & Clarence Stanbury for the use of their lovely '29 Lincoln. It is a great country we live in, and there is no finer way to see it and meet its citizens than on a CARAVAN.

God Bless

Mary & Ron Bloom

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGION SPECIAL AWARDS TO CARAVANERS

BOO BOO BURGEE-----To Jane Fahnestock and Ann McNamara. They left Coopers-town 45 minutes before the caravan in modern iron, drove like made (70-80mph) got hopelessly lost following the directions on the caravan sheets, and arrived in the Thousand Islands after the caravan did.

BELCHFIRE AWARD-----Marion & Don Klusman and Ruth & Ernie Toth. Both cars were super tuned for running but when on compression going down hill BLAM! POP! BLOOIE! POW!

SPECIAL AWARD-----Charlotte & John Austin. The only caravaners ever to spend two days on a caravan in a boat.

BLUE CLOUD PACKARD CUP-----Lou & Jane Erholt and Marge & Ernie Klingenberg. Both owners swore they used no oil on the whole caravan, which is true. Their cars used gallons.

MOST CARS IN THE LIVING ROOM AWARD-----Ginny & Walden Schmitz.

SPORTSMAN AWARD-----Jane & Al McCarthy. They drove a Bentley shooting brake but didn't shoot a single brake on the whole trip. Good show old chap.

A free eye exam and 6 lessons from RROC driving school to Dr. Erle Heath. He managed to wipe out the right side of his P-III Rolls on a guard rail. I can understand wiping out the left side of a R.H. drive car, but the right side?

## Letters

Dear Editor:

I detect "a turning of the worm" so to speak. Not only in my own mind, opinions and ideas, but in many other hobbyists too. Further, I detect a prevalent falsehood in existence, even locally, that must be revealed in all its stupidity before our hobby is surrendered to a few.

Fifteen years ago when I entered this hobby, actually unknowingly, I didn't know what it was all about! After 3 or 4 years I thought it was all based on "one hundred points." Now I know what it's all about - and it is not POINTS. It is a three letter word-FUN!! It is not money and show - it is OPERATION!!

I feel sorry for the big spenders who are after the 100 points and trophies for they will never know the real thrill of the hobby which is still FUN. I pity those who claim and/or brag of their 20 thousand dollar restoration because, if it is true, they most likely can't afford, or don't have guts enough, to drive it. What a lousy predicament!!

Much talk and editing "about the Club" now concerns points and restoration, and in particular those restorations costing \$20,000. and up. To that, I say baloney!! Not only that, but I will prove it with my Chrysler restoration. BUT, I'm not restoring it for the Classic Car Club or its judges and award hardware - I'm restoring it for ME!! The word ME is really the subject of this letter. Let those of us who are in the hobby sober up and get the words ME and FUN back into it. Let's encourage "homemade" restorations, partial restorations and

continued operation - not layup of the cars. Let's praise and reward the presentable car that stays in operation and participates in all kinds of club events - not just judging shows. Lets make it very, very clear to new and potential members that we, at least of the Pacific Northwest Region, value operation and participation far more than points or cost of restoration.

By no means, do I wish to encourage participation by non-descript, unpainted, unsafe or unreliable cars.

How about awarding trophies based on participation and improvement - not on judging points. As a starter and example :

Bringing a new car to the region

Old member	5 pts.
New "	10 pts.

Participation of car & driver in Pac. N.W. Event	10 pts. per event
--	-------------------

Participation of car & wife in Pac. N.W. Event	3 pts. " "
--	------------

Participation of car & guests in Pac. N.W. Event	2 pts. " "
--	------------

Signing up of new member	6 pts.
--------------------------	--------

Participation in other recognized Clubs	1 pt. per event
---	-----------------

Participation in other region CCCA events	8 pts.
---	--------

Improvement of Car (By vote of Members)	
---	--

If nominated	3 pts.
--------------	--------

Most Improved	12 pts.
---------------	---------

2nd most Improved	8 pts.
-------------------	--------

3rd most Improved	4 pts.
-------------------	--------

Sincerely

Phil

#### HOW TO BUY A PACKARD - TWICE

Continued from page 12

try and keep the car, perhaps I should instead purchase Bob's interest in the car. I agreed to this. My attorney then contacted Bob's attorney and with the help of Al's high appraisal of the car, I finally purchased it again.

## Regional Highlights

### ALDERBROOK 1972

The May Alderbrook Meet was the largest and most successful ever. By Saturday morning one could count 24 classic radiators in the parking lot. This was in addition to the two secret cars hidden away.

The hosted Friday evening spaghetti and wine dinner brought many members to the meet early. More than 50 passed through the buffet line for first, seconds, thirds, etc. It was the first outing for Bob Irwin's 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  litre Bentley tourer and the first CCCA event attended by our new Canadian members Roger Trudeau and Bill Small. Roger brought his very unique Rolls-Royce 20/25 rumble seat convertible coupe (drophead with dickey in English) with its four spare wheels. This is a lovely little Rolls and an original picture of it is in "The Elegant Rolls-Royce." Bill brought his crowd pleasing '26 P-I Ascot tourer.

Also from Canada, but not new members, were Bill and Sandy Clark with guests in their beautifully restored '39 Packard V-12 coupe.

Other new members to appear were the Ted Barbers in their '40 Cadillac limousine and the Don Gerards in their '32 Packard coupe.

The Saturday evening banquet was followed by a tremendous program planned by Phil Schwarz and highlighted by the surprise showing of two mystery classics. Just as everyone was comfortably seated, the room darkened and Phil had launched into his program, some car started honking its horn in the parking lot. One of our members opened the door to see what was going on only to find a pair of headlights shining straight into the dining room. Sure enough this '41 Lincoln Continental Convertible drove right into the room. Of course this stirred up everyone and once the house lights were turned up all could see that it was Connie

Schwarz in a newly acquired classic, - so this was the mystery car. After five minutes or so the place settled down, the room darkened and Phil once again started his program. A few moments later the horn honking was repeated, the doors opened, and with headlights blinding everyone inside, another car drove into the room. This time when the lights were turned up we all saw a fabulous Rolls-Royce P-I Ascot phaeton. This newly acquired beauty belonged to Stan Lang.

The presentation of the two cars in the dining room was an excellent idea. Each car received a great deal of attention and looked just beautiful under the lights.

Finally Phil was able to get on with his program. At first when the slide projector was turned on it rapidly and automatically flashed through about 50 pictures. Obviously the photos were various views of many classics but no one saw the pictures long enough to identify anything except a Duesenberg radiator here, a Rolls radiator there, etc.; but Phil sure had everyone's interest. After the preview the slides were started over again and shown in a normal fashion with the first three exposing an unknown Rolls-Royce dual cowl phaeton from different angles. After the oohs and aahs, Phil described the car and then asked the owner to stand up. Sure enough it was Herb Schoenfeld's newest acquisition. This approach continued through many, many surprise cars that have been recently acquired by Regional members and have yet to be seen. There were photos of Cadillacs, Packards, Rolls-Royce, Hispano-Suiza, Duesenberg, etc., shown with the cars in every condition from rough original to nearly completed restorations. All in all the entire program, Phil's show and the surprise Classics, combined to provide the most enjoyable Classic entertainment we have ever had.

Saturday afternoon was highlighted by a rally of sorts planned by the girls - Ann Keller and Myra McEwan. Bonus points were won for having a woman driver and woman navigator. The winners turned out to be Sandy Clark driving their '39

Packard with the navigational assistance of their guest. The men were relegated to the rumble seat.

As usual the hospitality hut was open throughout the weekend and again we had good weather. A classic acquisition/restoration seminar was held Saturday morning again this year and was well attended.

All the cars, people, and the well planned and interesting activities made for the best Alderbrook meet yet.

### SNOQUALMIE FALLS

The ever popular Snoqualmie Falls breakfast tour was a winner again. The meeting place was Southcenter and from there our capable leader, Ron Bloom, led the group through Renton and over the back road to Issaquah. However, in Issaquah one of Ron's young boys needed a pit stop at a gas station. Normally this is no problem but Ron forgot about the dozen cars following him through the streets of Issaquah when he drove into the gas station. All of a sudden this poor guy's gas station and every available spot around it was packed with Classics patiently awaiting their leader's next move.

It was a sunny and cool morning and one black cloud was threatening. Once all the Classics were parked in their reserved space in front of the Snoqualmie Lodge and we were eating breakfast, the black cloud broke. But, by the end of breakfast the rain had stopped and the sun was shining again. This was the first outing for Betty and Siegfried Linke in their big, white Horch convertible. This car attracted a lot of attention.

Ron and Mary Bloom invited everyone to their home as Ron needed help with a keg of beer. Several cars, with their drivers and passengers stuffed from the stupendous Snoqualmie food, found their way to the Blooms and enjoyed a couple of hours kicking tires.

Thanks go to Ron and Mary for planning and hosting the event.

# Tips On...

## SHOCKS !!

by Bill Locke

Here's a subject that won't earn your buggy a single point at the Grand Classic, but is absolutely necessary to make it act the way it did when it left the builder umpty three years ago.

Are your shock absorbers doing their job? I would venture that on most classics the answer is no and the reasons are many. Of course there are as many configurations of shock absorbers as there were inventors of automotive components but, since all designs were intended to accomplish the same effect, there is general similarity.

A good start might be to define this intended function. Back in buggy days, it was soon discovered that mounting the vehicle directly on the axle caused no end of broken bicuspid, collapsed kidneys and rattled rears. Springs were introduced and carried on into the automobile. A spring has the ability to deflect under load and then return to its original position when the load is removed. This is great except that the average spring isn't smart enough to know when it is back where it was and is sometimes so overjoyed at having the load removed that it overshoots. It soon realizes what it has done and back it goes only to overshoot in the other direction and an action develops similar to a ball on a rubber band. - Enter the shock absorber.

In the first place, shock absorber is a pretty stupid appellation for a device that doesn't absorb shock. A more accurate name would be Oscillation Arrester or Friction Inducer.

Shock absorbers perform their function by mechanical friction similar to a brake shoe on a drum or by forcing a whole bunch of oil through a little bitty hole or even by compressing air.

All systems generate heat which is an indication of their success in creating friction.

Failure of shocks can come when the shock seizes and no longer moves. This is usually accompanied by a failure of the mounting hardware or even structural failure of the shock itself. The other type of failure is loss of ability to create friction and this is by far the more common malady. On mechanical shocks this manifests itself as worn friction surfaces with resulting loose, rattly, rusted parts. On piston shocks, the lost friction is almost always lost fluid - in most cases, oil. Many old timers haven't had oil in their shocks for 30 years and their function can be restored merely by adding oil. Strangely enough the oil you add is called "shock absorber oil" available at any automotive parts store. Hydraulic jack oil is a perfectly good alternative.

Some shocks have a fill hole and some need to be opened up to fill. Don't be afraid to yank them off the car and tear into them. They are generally uncomplicated and rugged but cleanliness is a virtue. Note - knee action and airplane type shocks are a little different ball game, so proceed with caution on those.

I'm sure there are many who have gone this far and filled their dry shocks and enjoyed the immediate return of controlled classic ride only to have their elation shattered by four puddles of oil on the garage a week later. The lever shaft seals of most lever-piston type shocks have long since died of old age and especially so if they have been dry for some time. These seals are usually a packing type seal with no facility for adjustment. The name of the game is to dismantle the shock, tear out the old seal and replace it with a double lip type seal. Modern lip type seals are available in almost every O.D. and I.D. size and the cost is nominal. If you are the cautious type, take careful shaft and bore measurements before tearing your old seal apart but don't be fooled in your measuring. I have a spare set of shock

seals because I measured the bore chamber instead of the actual bore. Check the arm shaft where the new seal is going to run for smoothness and freedom from burrs or the new seals will leak as badly as the old ones did. Also, use sealant on the O.D. of the seal to prevent leakage there. Lok-Tite products available where you got your seals are excellent for this.

That's all there is to it. You can leave the Dramamine at home on your next tour.

From Indiana Region's "Hoosier Horn".

## GLASS SCRATCHES

by Luke A. Peters

How many times have you installed new glass in a door or windshield and found that in some manner the glass had become scratched in the process?

There is a way to remove these scratches if they are not too deep. To determine if the scratch is too deep to be removed by this method, run your fingernail across the scratch.

For scratches that are not deep enough to catch your fingernail, all that is required is some Jeweler's Rouge, a piece of fairly hard Felt and plenty of good old Elbow Grease. Simply apply the Jeweler's Rouge to the Felt and start rubbing. Of course, if you are short on Elbow Grease, there are available Felt Wheels which can be used in a quarter inch electric drill. Chrome Plating shops are a good source from which to obtain Jeweler's Rouge.

Should your fingernail catch in the scratch, it indicates that it is too deep to be removed by this method. It might be taken care of by a professional glass installer using a power grinder and polisher.

From The Empire State Region's publication "The Wind Wing".

## TROUBLE SHOOTING

by James Dougherty

It isn't the object of this article to make competent mechanics of all Classic enthusiasts, but to give sufficient information so that one can do a bit of diagnosing first before pushing the panic button for expensive and all too often incompetent professional help.

If the engine is warm from previous operation and had been running normally, suspect some form of fuel difficulty caused by high underhood temperatures. Try pouring cool water on the fuel pump, fuel lines, and even the carburetor. Avoid such areas as the exhaust manifold because sudden cooling could easily damage these. Try again to start.

If unsuccessful, remove the carburetor air cleaner and pour in a tablespoon of gasoline. Replace the air cleaner and try again. Under absolutely no circumstances, pour gasoline into a carburetor inlet while an attempt is being made to start the engine. Fire Dept. and hospital records are full of stories of those who failed to take this precaution. If the engine backfires with the air cleaner in place, no harm is done but if the air cleaner has been removed, look out! Should the engine "catch" and run a few seconds, it would be well to repeat the priming operation. If a second priming effort doesn't get the engine started, proceed to make the same checks as described for a cold engine below.

If the battery cranks the engine briskly, or a push from another car doesn't work, then you need to start checking out the reason why the Classic engine won't start.

Check the electrical system first. Remove a spark plug wire, hold about 1/4 inch from the engine block and crank the engine with the ignition switch turned on.



If you don't get a spark jumping this gap, you have ignition problems. Remove the distributor cap and examine the condition of the ignition points and their gap. The gap varies from car to car but almost any Classic will run at least reasonably well when set at .018 inch. Adjust this by turning the engine until the points are opened a maximum amount as indicated by the position of the distributor cam. This clearance is important, so do your adjusting carefully. Repeat for the second set of points if your Classic has two sets of points. If the points at their contact area are blackened or deeply pitted, replace with new points. In an emergency you can use a finger nail file to good advantage.

The distributor condenser can be tested for a short by leaving the "pig tail" hooked up and removing the condenser body and holding it away from the distributor. With the points open, or insulated from each other temporarily with a piece of paper, the ammeter should show no discharge with the ignition switch on. Naturally, we assume that you have tuned off all accessories. If the ammeter shows a discharge with the condenser touching the distributor but no discharge when it is held away, you obviously have a shorted condenser. Replace with another. Test dual point systems the same way.

Other than failure due to shorting, there are several other ways that condensers may fail and it is the author's strong conviction that the best policy is to replace when in doubt. They cost less than a dollar.

You can check to see if current is actually reaching the distributor by opening and closing the distributor points with the ignition switch turned on. You should get some sparking as the points are opened and closed. If you don't, suspect an open circuit caused by either the ignition switch, the wiring between the switch and the distributor, or an internal "open" in the ignition coil.

To check the ignition switch, remove the primary wire from the ignition switch side of the coil, and with the ignition switch "on" strike the bare wire to a good metal ground. You should get a healthy spark. If you don't, go to your friendly automotive parts house and ask for Sorensen ignition lock switch #SA-51. This is an almost identical appearing unit to that used on most Classics. For those Classics that use an armored cable to lead from the ignition switch to the distributor, you may use an ordinary piece of wire. Purists may wish to cover this wire with a metal conduit for the sake of appearance.

The best and easiest way to test for a defective coil is to substitute another unit that is known to be good. Take your old coil to a parts house and they can usually match something close to it. Be sure you obtain one of the correct voltage.

Another source of difficulty that will occur in some Classics is shorting at the point where the low tension wire leads into the distributor body enroute to the points. Dirt and other foreign material will collect at this point and may cause ignition failure.

Examine the condition of the distributor cap. Look for cracks or evidence of arcing. The terminals on the inside of the cap may well show evidence of erosion or burning but this is no problem unless it is quite bad.

The distributor rotor will have one or two contacts that bring in the high tension current from the coil and one or two contacts that distribute it to the spark plug contacts in the caps. The contacts in the cap do not actually touch. These contacts pass within about 1/32 of an inch from them as the rotor revolves. Don't expect this point on the rotor to be perfect because as the engine runs there is constant arcing taking place. However, the portion of the rotor which picks up the high tension current from the coil should be in good condition and make

a firm contact with its corresponding contact in the distributor cap.

Spark plugs that have worked O.K. previously aren't likely to cause failure to start unless they are permitted to ground out due to the splashing of water or are shorted out by oil and or fuel from repeated attempts to start.

If your Classic has a downdraft carburetor, the quickest way to see that fuel is reaching the carburetor is to remove the air cleaner and by hand open and close the throttle. You should see the accelerating pump discharge a tiny stream of fuel if gasoline is present in the carburetor. You may also test to see if fuel is reaching the carburetor by removing the fuel line at the carburetor and (1) turning on the ignition switch if you have an electric fuel pump. (2) cranking the engine if you have a mechanical pump, or (3) a steady flow if you have a vacuum tank. The mechanical and electrical pumps will throw a pulsating stream.

If no fuel is reaching the carburetor remove the fuel line from the tank side of the fuel pump. Blow through this line and have a helper remove the gasoline tank cap and listen. If your assistant hears nothing, the fuel line is clogged. If he hears the hiss of air, you are out of gasoline. If he hears the motion of liquid gasoline, the fuel line is open and the fuel pump or vacuum tank is at fault.

Compressed air will force open a clogged fuel line but it is best in the near future to remove the tank and have it cleaned in order to eliminate the same problem happening over and over again.

No matter how dirty the carburetor may be, if fuel is reaching it, the car should run, (perhaps poorly) except for two situations. The float needle may stick in the closed position and not permit fuel to enter or else a foreign particle may lodge under the needle seat and cause the carburetor

to flood badly. Obviously, a leaky float would also cause severe flooding. Soaking a carburetor in lacquer thinner, followed by blowing out with compressed air, should remove most carburetor problems.

A very infrequent failure to run is a broken camshaft or broken timing gears or chains. Check these easily by removing the distributor cap and turning the engine with the starting motor. The distributor rotor should rotate as the engine turns over. Bear in mind that the worm gears at the base of the distributor or some pin in the distributor drive mechanism may have failed should the rotor not turn.

All of this testing procedure may sound involved but it really isn't too bad. The secret is to study your Classic and have at least a reasonable understanding of its operation before an emergency occurs.

If all these tests show negative and you still can't get your Classic engine running, you had better get hold of a competent mechanic.

The above is a reprint from Indiana Regions, "Hoosier Horn".

## HOW TO BUY A PACKARD — TWICE

By Don Gerard

Several years ago I saw an ad in the paper for a Packard located in Kent, Washington. One afternoon several days later I was in Kent and thought that I would call the owner and go look at the car. It turned out to be a 1936 Packard 120 Sedan in very nice original condition, but not that interesting to me.

I had quite a conversation with the owner, talking about his car and just old cars in general. During this conversation, he mentioned knowing of a 1937 Packard 12 Le Baron Town Car. Immediately my ears "picked up." He told me that the car was located somewhere just out of Renton near a golf

# Tips On...

## SHOCKS !!

by Bill Locke

Here's a subject that won't earn your buggy a single point at the Grand Classic, but is absolutely necessary to make it act the way it did when it left the builder umpty three years ago.

Are your shock absorbers doing their job? I would venture that on most classics the answer is no and the reasons are many. Of course there are as many configurations of shock absorbers as there were inventors of automotive components but, since all designs were intended to accomplish the same effect, there is general similarity.

A good start might be to define this intended function. Back in buggy days, it was soon discovered that mounting the vehicle directly on the axle caused no end of broken bicuspid, collapsed kidneys and rattled rears. Springs were introduced and carried on into the automobile. A spring has the ability to deflect under load and then return to its original position when the load is removed. This is great except that the average spring isn't smart enough to know when it is back where it was and is sometimes so overjoyed at having the load removed that it overshoots. It soon realizes what it has done and back it goes only to overshoot in the other direction and an action develops similar to a ball on a rubber band. - Enter the shock absorber.

In the first place, shock absorber is a pretty stupid appellation for a device that doesn't absorb shock. A more accurate name would be Oscillation Arrester or Friction Inducer.

Shock absorbers perform their function by mechanical friction similar to a brake shoe on a drum or by forcing a whole bunch of oil through a little bitty hole or even by compressing air.

All systems generate heat which is an indication of their success in creating friction.

Failure of shocks can come when the shock seizes and no longer moves. This is usually accompanied by a failure of the mounting hardware or even structural failure of the shock itself. The other type of failure is loss of ability to create friction and this is by far the more common malady. On mechanical shocks this manifests itself as worn friction surfaces with resulting loose, rattly, rusted parts. On piston shocks, the lost friction is almost always lost fluid - in most cases, oil. Many old timers haven't had oil in their shocks for 30 years and their function can be restored merely by adding oil. Strangely enough the oil you add is called "shock absorber oil" available at any automotive parts store. Hydraulic jack oil is a perfectly good alternative.

Some shocks have a fill hole and some need to be opened up to fill. Don't be afraid to yank them off the car and tear into them. They are generally uncomplicated and rugged but cleanliness is a virtue. Note - knee action and airplane type shocks are a little different ball game, so proceed with caution on those.

I'm sure there are many who have gone this far and filled their dry shocks and enjoyed the immediate return of controlled classic ride only to have their elation shattered by four puddles of oil on the garage a week later. The lever shaft seals of most lever-piston type shocks have long since died of old age and especially so if they have been dry for some time. These seals are usually a packing type seal with no facility for adjustment. The name of the game is to dismantle the shock, tear out the old seal and replace it with a double lip type seal. Modern lip type seals are available in almost every O.D. and I.D. size and the cost is nominal. If you are the cautious type, take careful shaft and bore measurements before tearing your old seal apart but don't be fooled in your measuring. I have a spare set of shock

seals because I measured the bore chamber instead of the actual bore. Check the arm shaft where the new seal is going to run for smoothness and freedom from burrs or the new seals will leak as badly as the old ones did. Also, use sealant on the O.D. of the seal to prevent leakage there. Lok-Tite products available where you got your seals are excellent for this.

That's all there is to it. You can leave the Dramamine at home on your next tour.

From Indiana Region's "Hoosier Horn".

## GLASS SCRATCHES

by Luke A. Peters

How many times have you installed new glass in a door or windshield and found that in some manner the glass had become scratched in the process?

There is a way to remove these scratches if they are not too deep. To determine if the scratch is too deep to be removed by this method, run your fingernail across the scratch.

For scratches that are not deep enough to catch your fingernail, all that is required is some Jeweler's Rouge, a piece of fairly hard Felt and plenty of good old Elbow Grease. Simply apply the Jeweler's Rouge to the Felt and start rubbing. Of course, if you are short on Elbow Grease, there are available Felt Wheels which can be used in a quarter inch electric drill. Chrome Plating shops are a good source from which to obtain Jeweler's Rouge.

Should your fingernail catch in the scratch, it indicates that it is too deep to be removed by this method. It might be taken care of by a professional glass installer using a power grinder and polisher.

From The Empire State Region's publication "The Wind Wing".

## TROUBLE SHOOTING

by James Dougherty

It isn't the object of this article to make competent mechanics of all Classic enthusiasts, but to give sufficient information so that one can do a bit of diagnosing first before pushing the panic button for expensive and all too often incompetent professional help.

If the engine is warm from previous operation and had been running normally, suspect some form of fuel difficulty caused by high underhood temperatures. Try pouring cool water on the fuel pump, fuel lines, and even the carburetor. Avoid such areas as the exhaust manifold because sudden cooling could easily damage these. Try again to start.

If unsuccessful, remove the carburetor air cleaner and pour in a tablespoon of gasoline. Replace the air cleaner and try again. Under absolutely no circumstances, pour gasoline into a carburetor inlet while an attempt is being made to start the engine. Fire Dept. and hospital records are full of stories of those who failed to take this precaution. If the engine backfires with the air cleaner in place, no harm is done but if the air cleaner has been removed, look out! Should the engine "catch" and run a few seconds, it would be well to repeat the priming operation. If a second priming effort doesn't get the engine started, proceed to make the same checks as described for a cold engine below.

If the battery cranks the engine briskly, or a push from another car doesn't work, then you need to start checking out the reason why the Classic engine won't start.

Check the electrical system first. Remove a spark plug wire, hold about 1/4 inch from the engine block and crank the engine with the ignition switch turned on.



If you don't get a spark jumping this gap, you have ignition problems. Remove the distributor cap and examine the condition of the ignition points and their gap. The gap varies from car to car but almost any Classic will run at least reasonably well when set at .018 inch. Adjust this by turning the engine until the points are opened a maximum amount as indicated by the position of the distributor cam. This clearance is important, so do your adjusting carefully. Repeat for the second set of points if your Classic has two sets of points. If the points at their contact area are blackened or deeply pitted, replace with new points. In an emergency you can use a finger nail file to good advantage.

The distributor condenser can be tested for a short by leaving the "pig tail" hooked up and removing the condenser body and holding it away from the distributor. With the points open, or insulated from each other temporarily with a piece of paper, the ammeter should show no discharge with the ignition switch on. Naturally, we assume that you have tuned off all accessories. If the ammeter shows a discharge with the condenser touching the distributor but no discharge when it is held away, you obviously have a shorted condenser. Replace with another. Test dual point systems the same way.

Other than failure due to shorting, there are several other ways that condensers may fail and it is the author's strong conviction that the best policy is to replace when in doubt. They cost less than a dollar.

You can check to see if current is actually reaching the distributor by opening and closing the distributor points with the ignition switch turned on. You should get some sparking as the points are opened and closed. If you don't, suspect an open circuit caused by either the ignition switch, the wiring between the switch and the distributor, or an internal "open" in the ignition coil.

To check the ignition switch, remove the primary wire from the ignition switch side of the coil, and with the ignition switch "on" strike the bare wire to a good metal ground. You should get a healthy spark. If you don't, go to your friendly automotive parts house and ask for Sorensen ignition lock switch #SA-51. This is an almost identical appearing unit to that used on most Classics. For those Classics that use an armored cable to lead from the ignition switch to the distributor, you may use an ordinary piece of wire. Purists may wish to cover this wire with a metal conduit for the sake of appearance.

The best and easiest way to test for a defective coil is to substitute another unit that is known to be good. Take your old coil to a parts house and they can usually match something close to it. Be sure you obtain one of the correct voltage.

Another source of difficulty that will occur in some Classics is shorting at the point where the low tension wire leads into the distributor body enroute to the points. Dirt and other foreign material will collect at this point and may cause ignition failure.

Examine the condition of the distributor cap. Look for cracks or evidence of arcing. The terminals on the inside of the cap may well show evidence of erosion or burning but this is no problem unless it is quite bad.

The distributor rotor will have one or two contacts that bring in the high tension current from the coil and one or two contacts that distribute it to the spark plug contacts in the caps. The contacts in the cap do not actually touch. These contacts pass within about 1/32 of an inch from them as the rotor revolves. Don't expect this point on the rotor to be perfect because as the engine runs there is constant arcing taking place. However, the portion of the rotor which picks up the high tension current from the coil should be in good condition and make

a firm contact with its corresponding contact in the distributor cap.

Spark plugs that have worked O.K. previously aren't likely to cause failure to start unless they are permitted to ground out due to the splashing of water or are shorted out by oil and or fuel from repeated attempts to start.

If your Classic has a downdraft carburetor, the quickest way to see that fuel is reaching the carburetor is to remove the air cleaner and by hand open and close the throttle. You should see the accelerating pump discharge a tiny stream of fuel if gasoline is present in the carburetor. You may also test to see if fuel is reaching the carburetor by removing the fuel line at the carburetor and (1) turning on the ignition switch if you have an electric fuel pump. (2) cranking the engine if you have a mechanical pump, or (3) a steady flow if you have a vacuum tank. The mechanical and electrical pumps will throw a pulsating stream.

If no fuel is reaching the carburetor remove the fuel line from the tank side of the fuel pump. Blow through this line and have a helper remove the gasoline tank cap and listen. If your assistant hears nothing, the fuel line is clogged. If he hears the hiss of air, you are out of gasoline. If he hears the motion of liquid gasoline, the fuel line is open and the fuel pump or vacuum tank is at fault.

Compressed air will force open a clogged fuel line but it is best in the near future to remove the tank and have it cleaned in order to eliminate the same problem happening over and over again.

No matter how dirty the carburetor may be, if fuel is reaching it, the car should run, (perhaps poorly) except for two situations. The float needle may stick in the closed position and not permit fuel to enter or else a foreign particle may lodge under the needle seat and cause the carburetor

to flood badly. Obviously, a leaky float would also cause severe flooding. Soaking a carburetor in lacquer thinner, followed by blowing out with compressed air, should remove most carburetor problems.

A very infrequent failure to run is a broken camshaft or broken timing gears or chains. Check these easily by removing the distributor cap and turning the engine with the starting motor. The distributor rotor should rotate as the engine turns over. Bear in mind that the worm gears at the base of the distributor or some pin in the distributor drive mechanism may have failed should the rotor not turn.

All of this testing procedure may sound involved but it really isn't too bad. The secret is to study your Classic and have at least a reasonable understanding of its operation before an emergency occurs.

If all these tests show negative and you still can't get your Classic engine running, you had better get hold of a competent mechanic.

The above is a reprint from Indiana Regions, "Hoosier Horn".

## HOW TO BUY A PACKARD — TWICE

By Don Gerard

Several years ago I saw an ad in the paper for a Packard located in Kent, Washington. One afternoon several days later I was in Kent and thought that I would call the owner and go look at the car. It turned out to be a 1936 Packard 120 Sedan in very nice original condition, but not that interesting to me.

I had quite a conversation with the owner, talking about his car and just old cars in general. During this conversation, he mentioned knowing of a 1937 Packard 12 Le Baron Town Car. Immediately my ears "picked up." He told me that the car was located somewhere just out of Renton near a golf

course and that it was owned by a teenage boy who did not know what to do with it. It was "for sale" and "not for sale."

I spent the rest of the afternoon finding the car. I had no exact address, so I just cruised the streets looking for it. I drove by a garage where the door could not be completely closed because of a protruding bumper, and there was the Packard.

I knocked on the door of the adjacent house, but no one was home. So I left my card with a note, asking the car's owner to call me. Before leaving, I peered through the garage windows.

That evening I received a call from the owner and we talked about the Packard. He really didn't have any plans for it, except he thought it was a great car. He thought he might sell it, but wasn't sure. I told him that I was interested in the car and would like to come look at it.

The following weekend I went to look over the car. Bill, the owner, and I conversed about the car and how he had acquired it. It seems that it had been parked in an old garage just off Rainier Avenue in South Seattle. The garage door had been torn off and a friend of Bill's saw the car and told him of it. The property had recently been sold to Safeway stores and the old buildings were scheduled to be torn down. So Bill went to the store's management and discovered that they could not locate the car's owner. They had no way to trace the car, as vandals had broken into the garage and stolen some loose parts including the cormorant, miscellaneous chrome parts and the license plates. Safeway assumed that the car was abandoned and therefore sold it to Bill, giving him a bill of sale. Bill told me that the car was for sale, but that his attorney had advised him not to sell, as he did not have a title for it. Bill also didn't know how much he wanted for the car, but he sure would like to have a four cylinder motorcycle.

About six months later I was driving down 44th Street in Mountlake Terrace on my way home and saw a motorcycle for sale in someone's front yard. It

was a 1937 four cylinder Indian. I talked to the owner and ended up buying the bike. I even rode it home.

I then called Bill and asked him if he would like to come out and see my new four cylinder motorcycle. He was at my house within an hour. After that, it was only a matter of time before I became a Packard "owner" and Bill became a four cylinder motorcycle owner.

I was also part owner of a boat that my partner and I chartered during the summers. One of our customers was Phil Schwarz' family, and I happened to be the one to check Phil out on our boat in Anacortes. I needed a ride to Orcas Island and since Phil was going to Rosario, I hopped a ride with him.

At that time I did not know that Phil was also an old car collector, but on the way to Orcas we started talking about cars. When he heard that I was the "owner" of the town car, he almost swallowed his teeth. Phil called this car his "phantom" town car. It seems that he had heard of the car but could never find it. He also told me that he thought he knew where my missing chrome parts were. I don't know the whole story, but apparently some junky ended up with them. It took Phil about a year to get these pieces, but he finally convinced the junky that he was going to return them to the rightful owner.

During this time the "legal" owner of the car had started contacting me. Bob was sure that my car was "his" car, but he had never been out to see it. He asked if he could come and identify it. I gave him permission and he arrived with his attorney and two car experts in the field of Rolls Royce and Packard, Al McEwan and Tom Sumner. They came to my house and then I took them to the garage where the car was stored. They looked it over closely, checked engine numbers, etc. and concluded that it was the car "owned" by Bob. Al and Tom also appraised the car while they were there.

Several weeks later my attorney told me that the car was morally mine, but may-be not legally mine. He suggested that instead of paying legal fees to him to

Continued on page 6