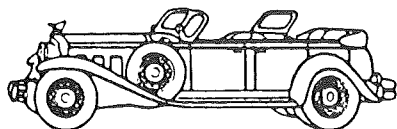
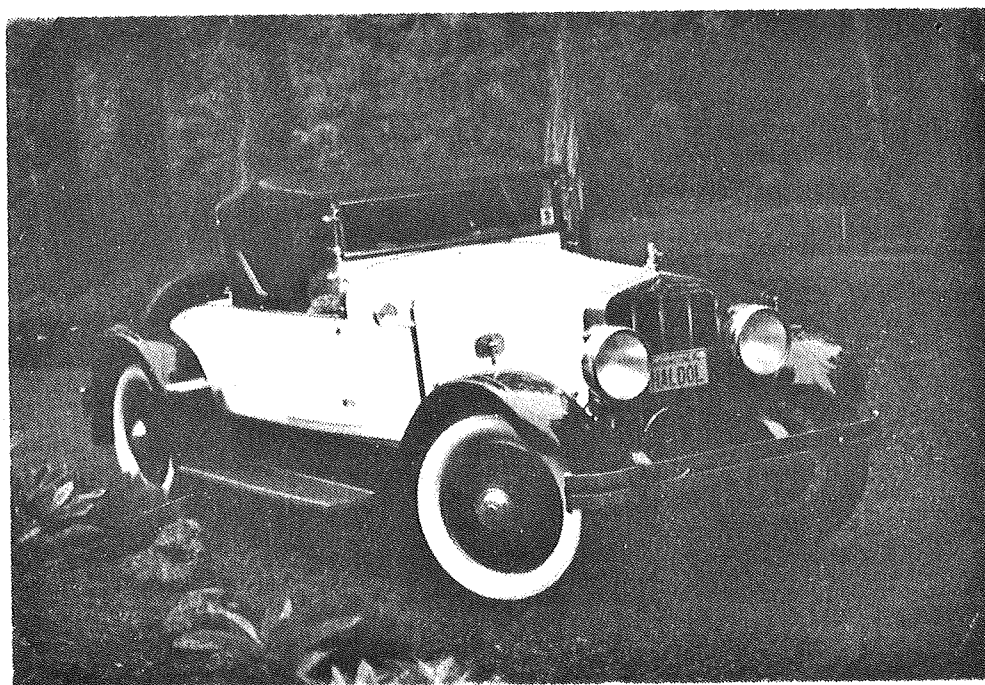


# BUMPER BOLTS

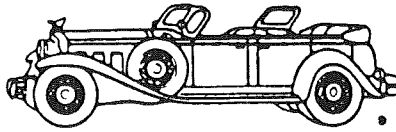


CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA  
Pacific Northwest Region



Hal Dahl's 1928 Franklin  
Driven to Glenn Mounger's Picnic

August - September - October  
1982



**CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA**  
**Pacific Northwest Region**

1982 Board of Managers

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Bumper Bolts

Official Publication of the Pacific Northwest Region

Pacific Northwest Region of the CCA

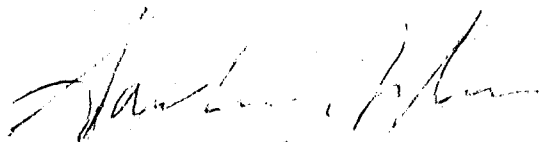
The Pacific Northwest Region of the CCA was granted  
a charter by the Classic Car Club of America in 1963.

## DIRECTORS CORNER

My term of office as Director is over with this issue of the Bumper Bolts. I have enjoyed the past two years as your Editor and Director. I hope it has been rewarding for the Club. We had a successful Caravan, successful events throughout the year, an increase in membership, and a full treasury. Everyone is to be thanked for the role they played in contributing success to one or more of the above. Special thanks to Al McEwan and Phil Schwarz for their work on the Caravan, the Event Chairmen, and our Board of Managers. A Club is only as strong as its membership and for that reason we are very strong! Thank you for allowing me to serve you. I leave you with this final thought:

*I am not much of an artist, and will leave little of beauty, only a few utilitarian developments assembled mostly for economic gain, and the satisfaction that accompanies making dreams materialize, I'll move no mountains, expect to bridge no rivers. But maybe I will be a gentleman, a sportsman, true to my own self, and with some style prove again what cannot be too often proved; if anything at all is meant for us here, we are meant to live life, and there is no fool like he who does not face life; a dead lion is a much greater thing than a live mouse; and eagles do not catch flies.*

Sincerely,



Gordon Apker  
Regional Director

Events to Mark on Your Calendar

Annual Meeting - November 13 at the Bellevue Athletic Club

Christmas Party - December 11 (Saturday) at Jim Raisbeck's home

Coming Out Party - February at the Sea-Tac Marriott Hotel

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A typical Board of Managers meeting.

## Fall Hershey and Carlisle

### How do I cope with thee??

by Gordon Apker

The energy required to effectively "work" Hershey and Carlisle can best be summed up by a comment made by Jack Passey from the Northern California region, "If this thing gets any bigger, they will have to require physicals before letting people on the field!"

Fall Carlisle used to be a minor league, two day, warm-up for Hershey. No more! Vendors began setting up Monday night for the Friday-Sunday flea market. (By the way, no fleas were ever seen by this participant.) When my wife Claudia and I arrived Thursday morning, vendors were talking about what a good meet it had been. We arrived one day before it started and felt as if we were late! We were informed that 15 miles of vendor aisles awaited us. We accepted the challenge.

About midway through Thursday morning, the motorhome of Tom and Laura Kerr from the Metropolitan Region became our headquarters for the swap meet. Across the aisle from Tom Kerr's booth was George Tisson (the man without the toupee) and company. He and Tom competed the rest of the week for the "Best Bartenders" Award. As we shared our "good mornings" with our Eastern friends, two familiar faces strolled by the booth. Tom and Molly Crook had arrived. No sooner had we shared greetings, when John and Lee Ann Farrell happened by. With Walkie-Talkies in hand, old friends from Seattle nearby, and the Kerr motorhome as base, Claudia and I advanced on the Carlisle experience.

Carlisle is to post-war car parts what Hershey is to pre-war parts.

Fifty six hundred vendor spaces contained everything from Mustang and Corvette parts, to antique clothes, motorcycles and toys. I found parts for my '53 Buick Skylark, '47 Packard Custom Clipper limo, '34 Lincoln, a headlight lense for the Duesenberg and some '51 Hudson parts. Carlisle is a grab bag. In the Car Corral over 1,000 cars were for sale including a 1951 Ford Woodie which became our transportation (and shipping crate) for the next two weeks.



I don't think we visited all 5600 vendors, but it certainly felt as if we had when we said goodby to Carlisle Saturday and headed to Lancaster for the Dutch Wonderland Auction. If a recession exists, it wasn't evident at Dutch Wonderland. Owners of collectable cars either got their price, or simply wouldn't sell. Only one bargain appeared at the auction, and of course, Tom Crook bought it (a '51 Packard convertible).

After the noise of an auction, any quiet reprieve is welcome. A two day tour of the Amish community provided a contrast that was impossible to ignore. At auctions it is common to meet individuals who own collections of automobiles. The Amish own no automobiles!

to hand combat to protect a 12 acre field. Leaving Gettysburg that day, we knew the next day would greet us with the familiar smell of Hershey chocolate.

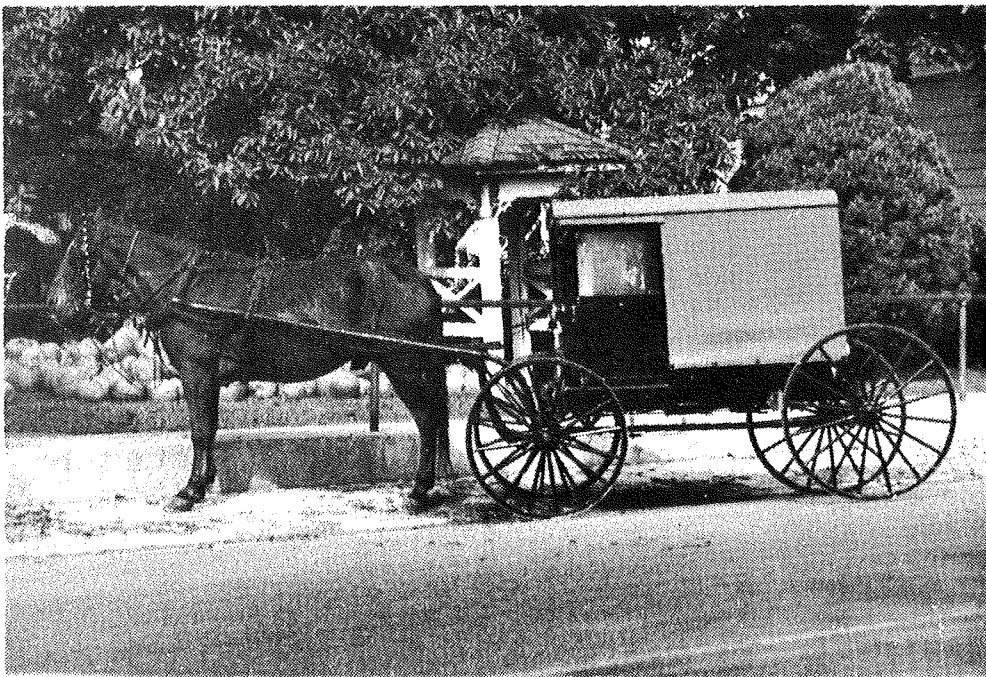
Hershey is the grand-daddy of swap meets! It is the gauge by which all other meets are judged. This year we were greeted with 26 miles of vendor spaces and beautiful sunshine. I was determined that this would be the year that I would get all-the-way through Hershey.

The first stop before getting serious about the swap meet was a trip to Harrisburg Airport to pick up fellow member Glenn Mounger who had flown all night to join our eager group. Between our rosy cheeks and Glenn's red eyes, we were a colorful sight. The CCCA members from our region now consisted of:

Carl & Chris Bomstead, Tom and Mo. y Crook, John and Lee Ann Farrell, Jerry Greenfield, Jerry McAuliffe, Al McEwan, Bill Scheef, Doug and Gayle Shinstine and Jim and Dian Tallman. Since this was the first "Hershey" for Glenn Mounger and Carl Bomstead, serious supervision was in order to prevent them from "Swap-booth exhaustion". Carl and I had only let Glenn out of our sights for about twenty minutes when we saw

Plaids, pearls and diamonds abound as adornment on Auctioneers, the Amish wear no jewelry and basically black attire. Life in the Amish community centers around a heavy schedule of physical labor, close family contact, and the Amish Church (which is in the home). The modern conveniences of the "outside" world are carefully avoided. They are highly respected by their neighbors and gained our respect as well.

Our next stop took us to Gettysburg, home of one of the turning-point battles in the Civil War. Studying the monuments and reading the battle accounts proved to be a very moving experience. Example: In the battle of Bloody Run (a three-foot wide creek), 15,500 men died in three hours while fighting hand



what appeared to be a seven foot tall mound of assorted Cadillac, Lincoln and Packenbergl parts moving our way. Deep within the pile we could hear a tiny muffled voice saying, "Could I borrow a hundred bucks?" It was Glenn. He had completed nearly one row!

Hershey without rain and mud is truly an enjoyable experience. Being with friends from home, meeting old friends from other Regions, meeting new acquaintances, all in the setting of old car parts is even better. And next year, I'm sure I'm going to get all the way through Hershey!!

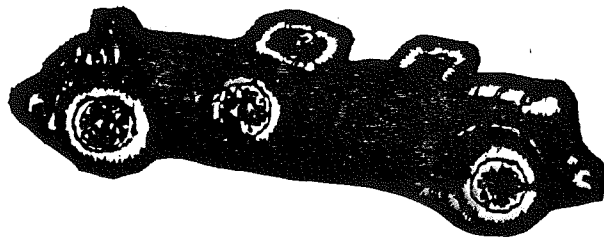
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## THE CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGION



P. O. Box 61147  
Sunnyvale, CA 94088

Make check to CCCA NorCal,  
and mail to address on left.



actual size

CCCA car patches, red car, black & white detail, washable.

Replace your Izod emblems on your shirts, sew them on your sweatshirts or shorts! \$3 each postpaid! Quantity ordered \_\_\_\_

Mail to the address on my check \_\_\_\_

or to:



## The Bainbridge Fling

by Claudia Apker

Wet, wine and wonderfully relaxing describes the Bainbridge Island picnic held early in the summer at the beautiful home of Glenn and Mary Lynn Mounger.

The day began with very wet weather and the very discouraging thought that no Classics would ever drive in such inclement conditions. "Hoorah, and thanks to Hal Dahl!" He was the first to brave the storm, arriving in his 1928 Franklin roadster, brightening the faces of our hosts. Soon to follow was a Packard, a Cord and a Lincoln. The group remained small until the afternoon brought clear skies and additional Classics including two '37 Cords.

Picnic lunches varied from quiche to peanut butter and Glenn's classic wine cellar provided the beverages. As the day progressed, wine abounded and relaxation was in order.

Glenn added a touch of excitement by showing for the first time his 1934 Lincoln 5-passenger Limo. Ty and Ann Long cruised into the bay in their "Classic" sailboat along with crew members Joe and Donna Bridgeman. Myra McEwan instructed Karel Deibel in the art of clam digging and after hours of hard "fun" discovered a possible red tide and had to throw the clams back.

Director Gordon Apker confiscated an empty bottle of Glenn's very expensive wine, filled it with water and proceeded to "accidentally" drop it. Cute, Gordon!

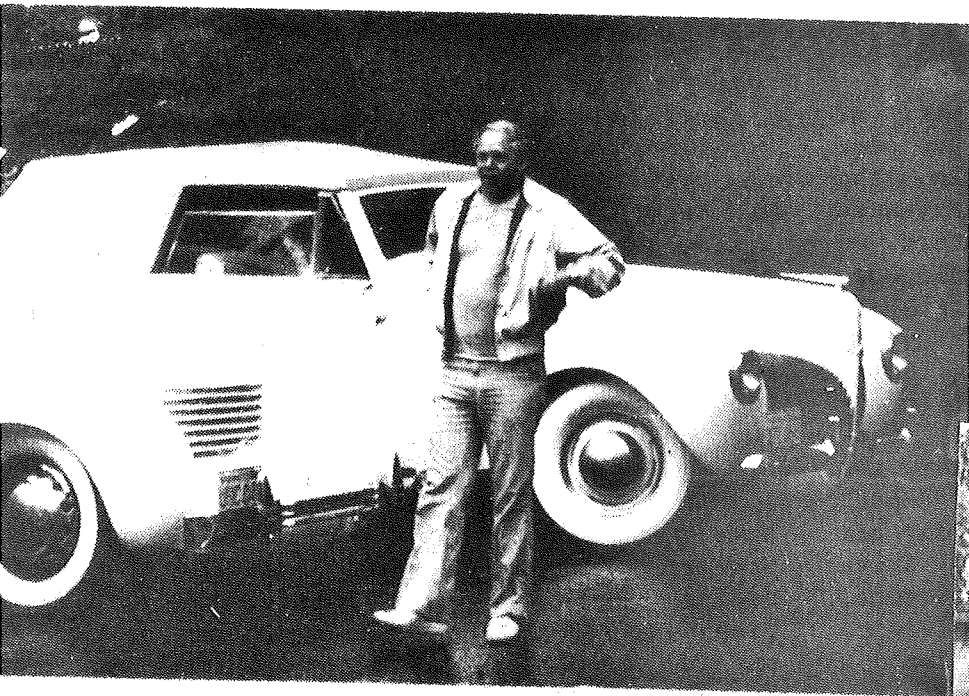
So from corks to clams, the day turned out to be wonderfully relaxing and a Classic event.



Rain-proof Classics!



A Franklin, Packard, Cord  
and Lincoln wait patiently  
in the rain.



So much for the wash job!

Skinny dipping anyone??



PACIFIC NORTHWEST CARAVAN  
4TH EDITION - 1982

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By Mort Bullock (from the Chesapeake Bay  
Region)

Four years ago, when I returned from the 1978 Pacific Northwest CARavan, I made myself a promise - not to miss the next one whatever the consequences. In fact, I wished that I could roll back the calendar and relive the first two which, unfortunately, I missed. I am pleased to report that I made the right decision, as this CARavan was every bit as good as the earlier one. My only regret is that Betty was unable to join me for this trip.

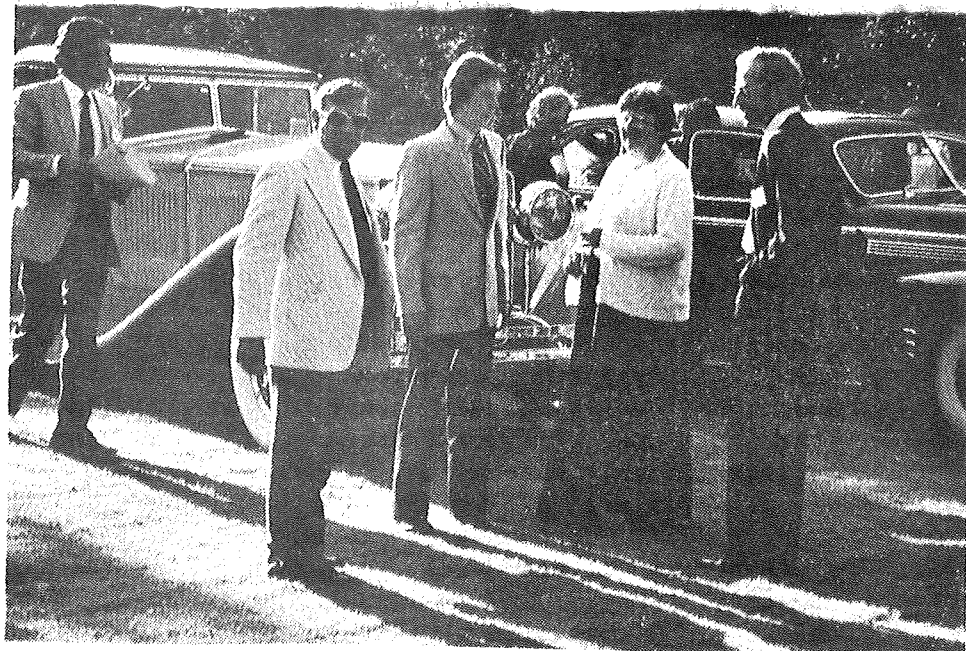
Traditionally, the latter part of July and early August offer the best chance of good weather in the Pacific Northwest. For this reason the tour was scheduled to start on Saturday, July 24th in Eugene, Oregon. I had arrived in Seattle on Thursday evening to pick up a beautifully restored 1934 Rolls Royce 20/25 Sedan de Ville by Gurney-Nutting, courtesy of Dick Hooper, who was unable to make the CARavan as he was about the depart on a trip to Europe. Friday had been set aside for our lengthy drive (approximately 300 miles) to Eugene, with about a dozen Classics scheduled to rendezvous for a mini-CARavan to Oregon.

As usual, our group of four cars got a late start and we missed the main group. Carl Bumstead was experiencing engine problems with his Packard 180 and about two blocks from the departure point, his car stalled. After a hasty consultation he decided to return to a local garage while I was to proceed.

The lead car, Phil Schwarz's Packard V-12 Brunn Touring Cabriolet and the handsome PII Rolls Royce Gurney-Nutting drophead of Al McEwan pulled off the Interstate after proceeding through a monstrous interchange and could be seen in the distance sitting on the shoulder of the highway. Then a funny thing happened on the way to the forum (no, rather on the way to Interstate #5). I missed one of the turns and moments later sped past about 100 yards from the waiting cars on Interstate 90 destined for Spokane. Realizing my mistake I got off at the next interchange and returned to my original starting point to try again. This time I made the right turn and as I approached the spot where my companions had pulled off I saw them speeding down the road to Spokane trying to overtake me. Finally we got back together and were on our way.

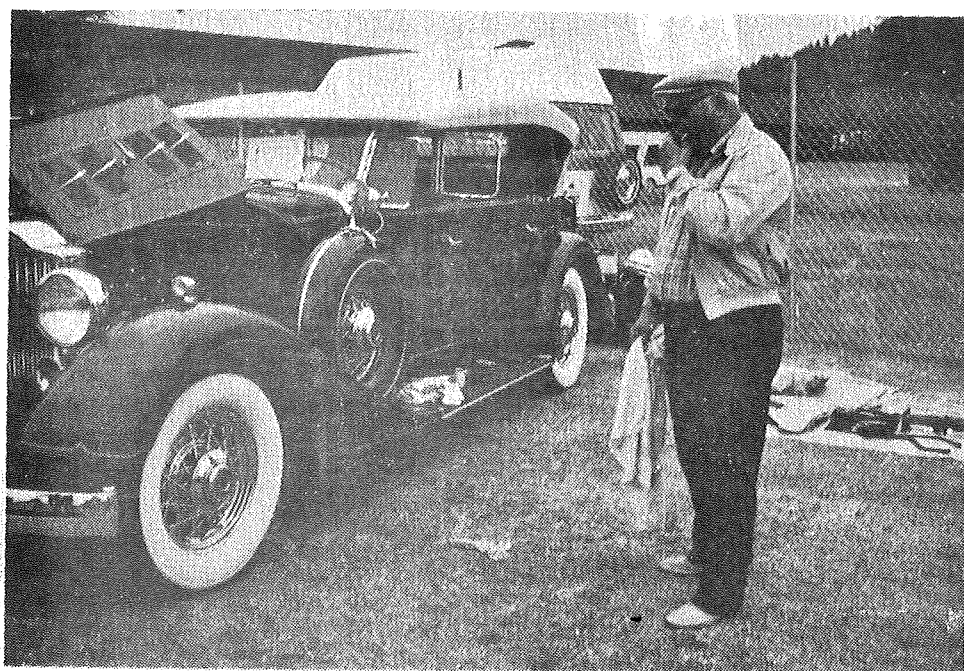
Our party consisted of Al and Myra McEwan, Phil and Connie Schwarz, Eva and Sergio Franchi, riding in the big PII and CCCA President Katie Robbins accompanying me in the 20/25 Rolls. The trip to Eugene proceeded smoothly with only one stop in Portland to pick up Sergio's 1931 Isotta Fraschini Convertible Coupe by Castagna, the same car which was featured several months ago in Road & Track Magazine. What a magnificent machine! Curiously enough, to the best of our knowledge it was the first time an Isotta Fraschini had participated in a Classic Car Club CARavan.

Northwest Caravaners  
all dressed up for  
dinner.



"Are you still mad  
about me wearing  
this jacket?"

Both car and driver  
open wide.



Friday night found me assisting Joe Carman & Al McEwan assembling registration envelopes for the participants. Most of the day Saturday was spent greeting new arrivals and getting ready for the gala champagne reception and sumptuous buffet dinner under the stars at the Village Green in Cottage Grove, where the following day we would all be participating in the annual Concourse d'Elegance, again at the Village Green. At this point I would like to make the observation that the CARavan of Classics back from Cottage Grove late in the evening on a beautiful moonlit night was a unique and most pleasant experience.

Following the Concourse on Sunday we all, approximately 55 Classics, headed east for the Oregon Coast and the town of Newport. Following the lead car and unable to stop for fear of losing my way, I drove with the top back from 95 degree sunshine into a thick fog with a temperature of about 50 degrees. Upon arrival, about frozen in my sitting position, I was most thankful that our supply of bourbon had not been exhausted. Two days were spent at Newport in a beautiful suite which I shared with Al & Myra McEwan. One of the days found me riding in a 1929 Packard D/C Phaeton with a very attractive young couple; John and Sue Langslet, who were new members in the Club. The Packard, the Isotta Fraschini, and Jim Tallman's 1931 Chrysler Imperial Roadster proceeded about 50 miles south on the beautiful coastline drive to visit Sea Lion Caves. There we all boarded an elevator and descended several hundred feet into a mammoth cave filled with sea lions. It was a spectacular sight and well worth the long drive - especially when riding in a fine Classic.

The following morning proceeding north up the Oregon Coast with my

navigator, Bob Ocon of Portland, Oregon, on our way to a catered luncheon on the beach at Cape Lookout State Park, we took some small back roads to absorb some of the local atmosphere. Little did we realize that our route was totally lacking in gas stations. Finally, our concern becoming acute as our gas gauge was not functioning, we pulled into a small rural 2-pump facility. It was obvious that this was the first time a Classic Rolls-Royce had passed this way. Everyone present in the vicinity of the station descended on us to thoroughly survey the car. I was unusually courteous after a glance at the front window which was largely obscured by a large sign reading, "Our prices vary with the attitude of the customer." An interesting philosophy which at times I would like to implement in my business.

Arriving that evening in Jantzen Beach on the Columbia River simultaneously with a severe electrical storm which immediately precipitated a power failure, the next 45 minutes were spent groping our way along pitch black motel corridors. Following a quick clean-up of the cars, we enjoyed a sumptuous crab feast followed by the usual awards program and announcements. For those who have never had the opportunity to attend a Pacific Northwest CARavan, it should be noted that one of the highlights is the performance by Ron Bloom, who makes his award each and every evening, of the famous Boo-Boo Burgie, a yachting pennant emblazoned with the grill of an Edsel, to the CARavaner who commits the most stupid mistake during the course of the day's tour. The typical examples of prize winning performances were running out of gas on the highway, backing over the family luggage in the parking lot, making a wrong turn and crossing a





Oh, Judy, we've won  
it again!



Thure I'll have another dwink!!

Could this be why Jim  
Raisbeck was a consistent  
winner of the Boo-Boo-  
Burgie?



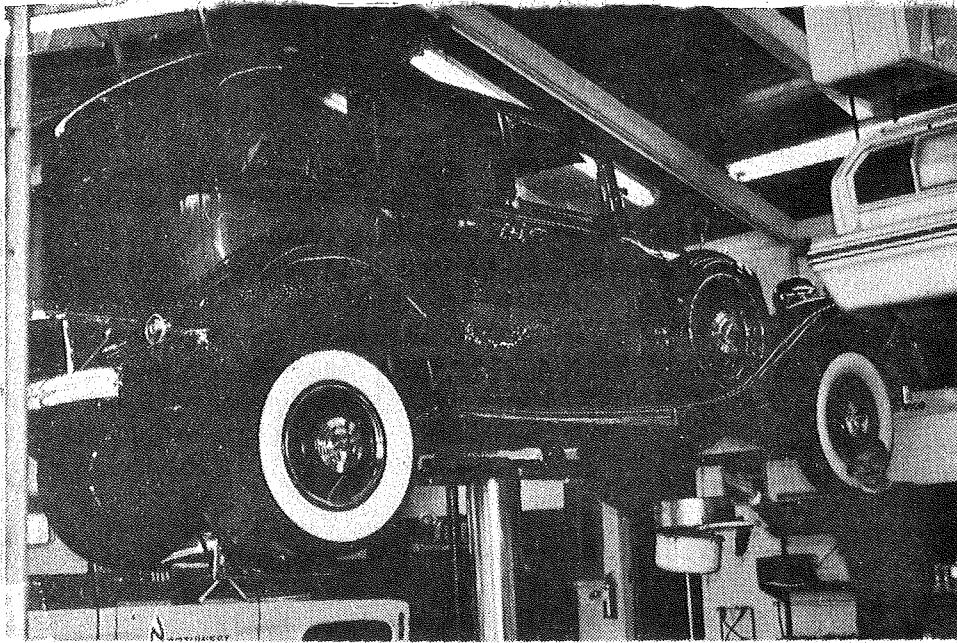
toll bridge only to have to turn around and pay another toll to get back on the route - the last blooper earning me the right to fly the burgie.

The next day found the CARavan proceeding up the Columbia River Gorge, stopping to view and photograph Multnomah Falls, a spectacular waterfall three times as high as Niagara, and finally arriving at Timberline Lodge on the slopes of Mt. Hood. The climb to the Lodge was brutal, approximately eight miles of a steep grade up the side of the mountain. As we began the ascent, the 20/25 Rolls-Royce was quickly passed by the powerful 12-cylinder Packards and Lincolns and, of course, the mighty 1929 J. Duesenberg Murphy Convertible Coupe. Each one roared by in an impressive demonstration of sheer power. As we progressed, we gradually overtook and passed all of the big engined Classics which had pulled off and were steaming on the side of the road. As we approached the top we caught up with the Duesenberg which was missing badly and finally died on the final approach. My respect for the small horsepower Rolls soared.

The next morning, following a night at the Hood River Inn and delicious salmon barbeque at the Columbia Gorge Hotel, we headed across the Columbia River to the Maryhill Museum on the Washington side of the river. After a tour of the museum and a catered lunch on the terrace, marred only by a number of signs on the lawn warning us to be careful to be on the lookout for rattlesnakes, we headed north for an overnight stop at the Thunderbird Motel in Yakima. After a long hot run we entered a lengthy, heavily traveled main street dotted with stop lights. As the temperature was setting a new record of 102 degrees for the town, many of the Classics

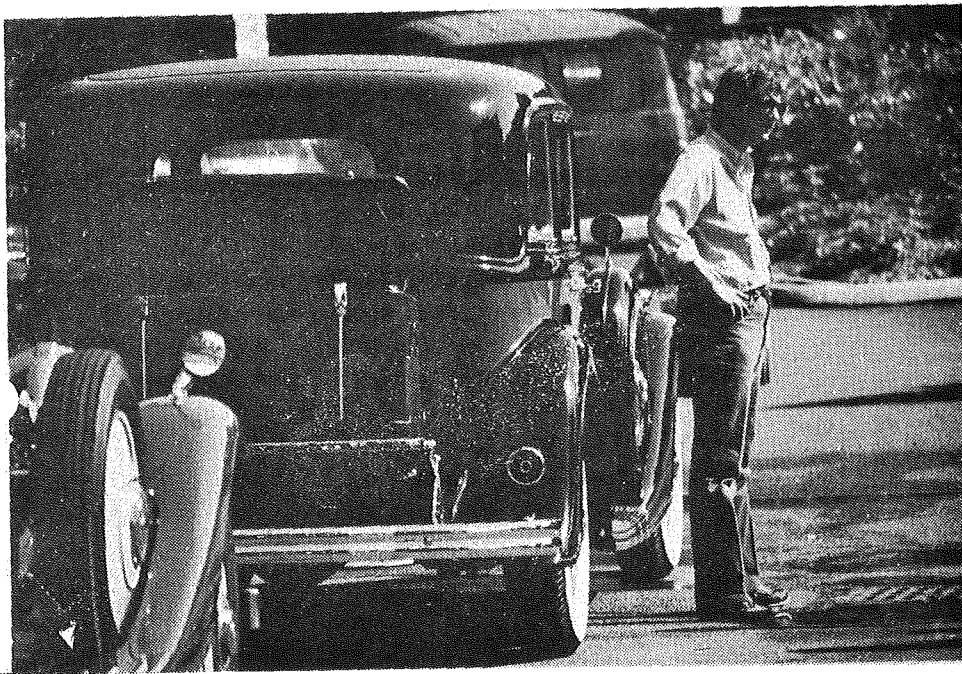
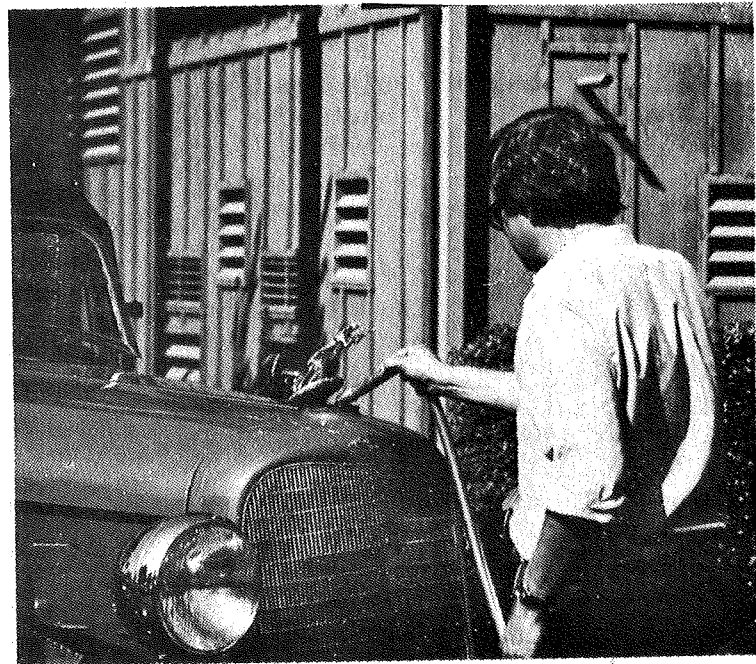
fell victim to the common ailment - vapor lock. Again, the little Rolls never hesitated for a moment and was one of the early arrivals at the motel. After a car washing session, a retreat to our air-conditioned accommodations for a most welcome shower, the party resumed - this time a western barbeque with a live band plus a videotape showing of our CARavan to date.

Friday, our last day on the road, found us again starting a long climb to Crystal Mountain, a ski resort which nestled in a ridge overlooking Mt. Rainier. The drive was marred by intermittent rain and low-lying clouds. Weather reports were not good, indicating that the whole northwest was closed in. Disappointed that I would be unable to get some close-up photographs of the magnificent Mt. Rainier, my spirit rose when, as we approached Crystal Mountain, the sun came out and the skies cleared. Not wanting to miss such a great opportunity, I temporarily conquered my phobia, i.e. fear of great heights, and boarded the ski lift for a 2,000 foot climb to the summit, which offered the best view of the mighty mountain. After taking numerous shots, I started my descent just as another thick layer of clouds rolled up the valley, blanketing the surrounding peaks. This was my last view of the sun before arriving home. Again, leaving Crystal Mountain, we encountered rain on the way to Bellevue, Washington where we were to rendezvous for a dinner cruise on Lake Washington. As I was staying with the McEwans, we quickly garaged the Classics, hopped into Al's vintage mahogany speed boat and headed for the Maydenbauer Yacht Club to board a historic steam powered excursion boat for our cruise. A great time was had by all as we continued to enjoy delicious food and drink in another unique setting.



I love my Lincoln;  
I love my Lincoln;  
I love my Lincoln.

I LOVE MY LINCOLN;  
I LOVE MY LINCOLN;  
I LOVE MY LINCOLN!



Anybody want to buy  
a Lincoln?



Saturday saw us up early to lead the CARavan from the Holiday Inn; headquarters for the CARavaners, for a 25 mile breakfast run to the Lodge at Snoqualmie Falls. A long way to go for breakfast but believe me it was well worth it. Never had I enjoyed such a sumptuous breakfast in a most attractive setting alongside a spectacular waterfall. I was told that you must get reservations months in advance for their famous breakfast.

Back to Bellevue in time to head for a joint Classic Car and Classic Boat rendezvous at Don Girard's home on Lake Washington. Lack of sleep was catching up with me and I must confess I begged off this event to get a couple of hours of shut-eye so I would be ready that evening for the big event at the Seattle Yacht Club - the final banquet followed by an evening of dancing and music featuring the Island City Jazz Band from Friday Harbor in the San Juan Islands in Puget Sound. I was beginning to get the feeling that Al McEwan had gotten a few ideas after attending our 1981 Grand Classic.

Thoroughly refreshed after my afternoon siesta, I was elected to chauffeur our party in Al's Phantom II Rolls. Since it was both Al's birthday and the grand finale of the CARavan, it was his night to howl and I was happy to assume the responsibility of driving - especially when you are handed a PII Gurney-Nutting drophead for the evening. It was a great party with only one objection - the evening passed by so quickly it was over before we were ready to go home. But then there was the realization that tomorrow was another big event - the all day picnic at Gordon Apker's estate of Puget Sound.

Although the CARavan officially ended with the banquet at the Seattle Yacht Club Saturday evening,

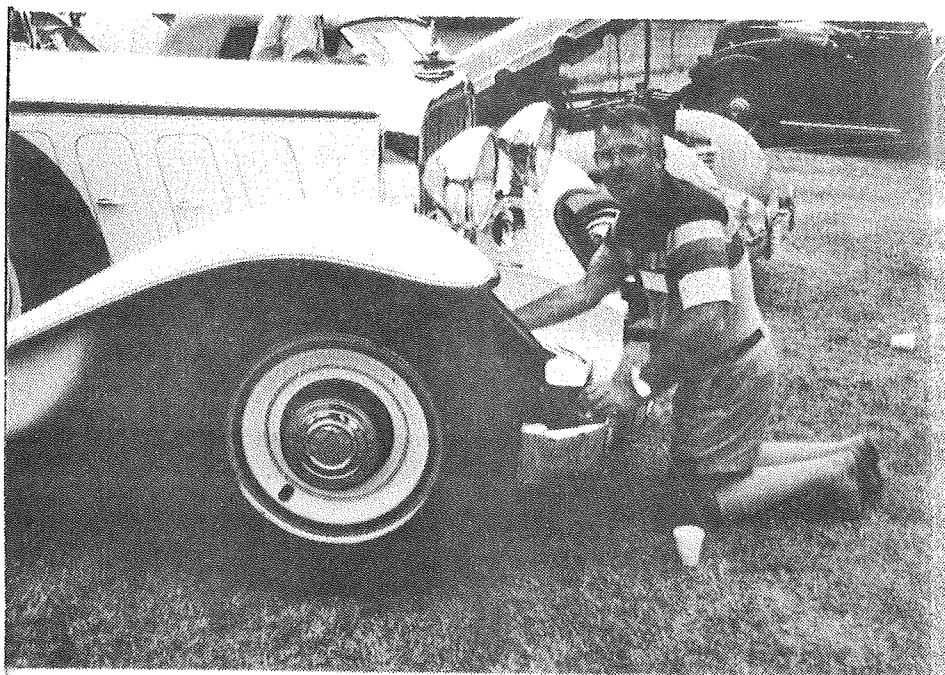
most of the participants delayed their trip home to attend the all day gathering at the Apker's. In addition to Gordon's fine display of cars, a number of members who were unable to participate in the CARavan arrived with their classics. I did not take an official count, but I would estimate that there were about 100 Classics on display.

But I am getting ahead of my story. On Sunday morning we found ourselves with a dilemma - how to get four Classics from Bellevue to Kent, Washington, a distance of about 30 miles. Our problem was compounded by the fact that Sergio Franchi had left his Isotta Fraschini in our hands and in addition to the two Rolls-Royce cars we had driven on the CARavan, Al was determined to exhibit his 1930 Hispano-Suiza Cabriolet de Ville by Fernandez and Darrin, which last year had won a prize at the famous Pebble Beach Concourse. Finally we assembled enough drivers - Al being the only one with enough courage to take the responsibility of the Isotta. Being somewhat knowledgeable with the marque, I was elected to drive the Hispano; while Myra and their son Curt drove the pair of Rolls.

The day was a huge success as the weather again cooperated - heavy clouds but not one drop of rain. The Apker's place is something to see, with a huge barn full of collector cars and automobile memorabilia. Ample parking space, a covered bridge, horses, a llama, and a magnificent house overlooking Puget Sound that defies description. An architectural masterpiece with every room on a different level, some hanging out in space over the next lower level with a complete built in sound system. A tree grows up through the middle of the structure and in the center in a glass walled room on display is



Connie Schwarz beams as she dances with Sergio Franchi



Fritz Gechter loves his Maybach



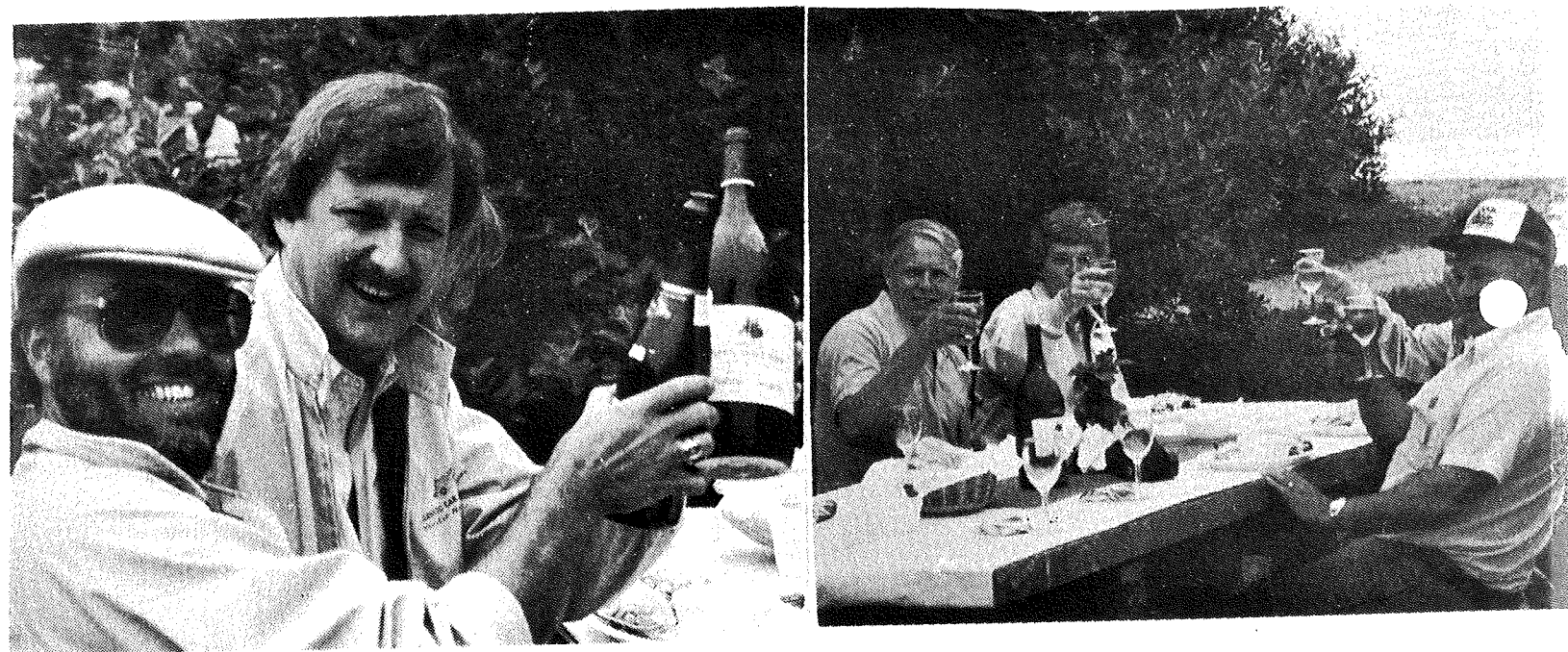
Classic Cars, Classic Boats with Classic People at Don and Arlene Gerard's Classic home.

Gordon's first car, a Circa 1950 Oldsmobile, restored to mint condition. You would have to see it to believe it.

Finally, reluctant to admit that the festivities were over, our little group was one of the last to depart and head back to Bellevue, tired but happy. The next morning I

was transported back to reality via TWA. I will always cherish memories of this great tour and hope that the Pacific Northwest Region will sponsor a similar event in 1986. If they do, I will make every effort to have Betty accompany me in what, I am sure, will be another outstanding CCCA event.

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A toast to a great Caravan and a great year in the Pacific Northwest Region.

