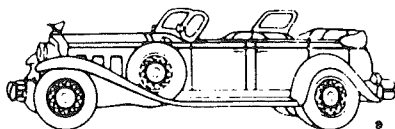
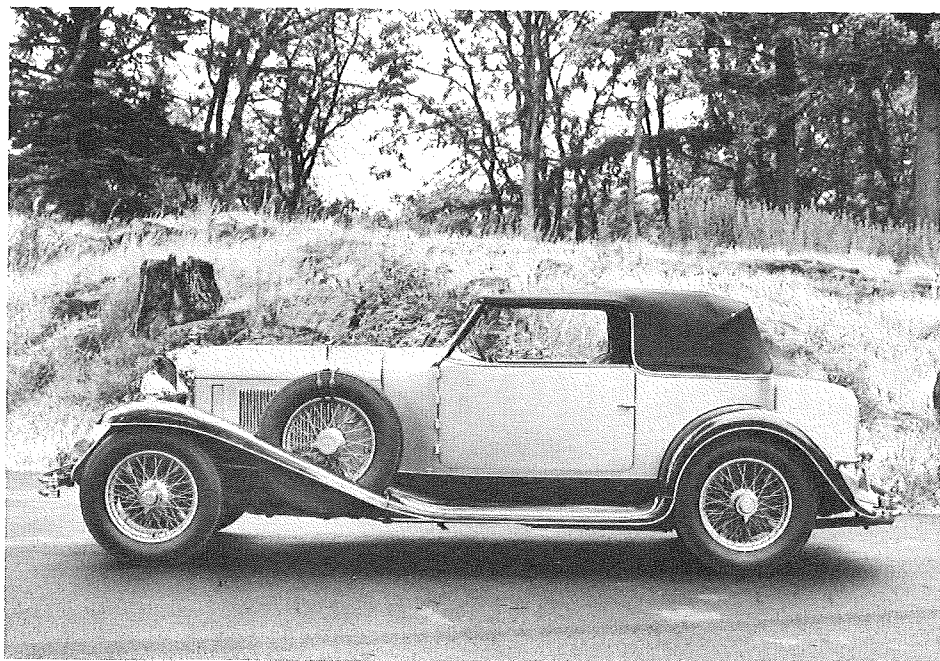


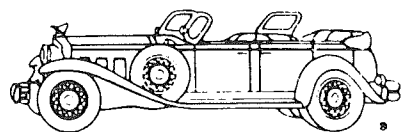
BUMPER GUARDIAN



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



SPRING ISSUE 1986



CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA
Pacific Northwest Region

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

July 26-August 2	Pacific Northwest Region Caravan
August 17	Apkers' Affair d'Elegance
August 30	Manor Farm
September 5-7	Rendezvous By Land and Sea
October 18-19	Leavenworth Autumn Leaf Tour

ABOUT THE COVER PICTURE

The photo on the cover is a 1931 Murphy body convertible Victoria Bentley 8-liter. It was designed by Franklin Hershey for C.H. Matthiessen of Santa Barbara, California. The 8-liter is considered one of the fastest classics produced, with a cruising speed of 80 mph and a top speed of well over 100 mph. Piloted by Norm Herstein, it will be a real contender on the caravan for the fastest boy's toy. Dick Cooper, in his Delahaye, plans to give Norm a run for the money. In the caravan, an interesting classic index of performance will be initiated. Drivers: Prepare your cars! July is coming soon!

BUMPER GUARDIAN

Official Publication of the Pacific Northwest Region, of the Classic Car Club of America.

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

BENTLEY BOYS

By Jonathan Nicholas, Reprinted from The Oregonian

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. Rain dropped from colander clouds and the windshield wipers slapped like wrestlers. No pain. No gain.

The stranger stepped from the car. At that instant, a full moon slipped into view, and an onlooker – though there were none – might have glimpsed the package as it changed hands. Then the box, its finish as polished as an old joke, disappeared into the second car.

And then, suddenly, there was nothing. Just memories. And the smell of burned rubber in the rain.

Safe behind the wheel of his 1934 2-seat drop head Bentley coupe, Barry Cooney double pumped the clutch and put Chehalis where he wanted it – in his rearview mirror.

Cooney headed south with his precious cargo safely stashed. Money? Diamonds? The latest polling data on the gubernatorial race? No, the Bentley Book. Oops, I mean THE Bentley book.

A word of explanation: Bentleys are British cars. Sure, I hear someone say. Like the Folies Bergeres dancers are French girls. We're talking, here, the cream of the crop.

What's that? Rolls-Royce? Oh sure, a Rolls is a great car for going to church Sunday, or for comforting bored bhagwans. But a Bentley? Well, let's just say that if a Rolls is Petur Gudmundsson, a pre-war Bentley is Michael Jordan.

Men who drive them have that certain flair, that certain dash. They're the kind of guys who never sleep, or park, before dawn. In the 1920s in London, they came to be known as the Bentley Boys.

In 1969, the Golden Jubilee of the Bentley company, a few chaps in England got the idea of sending a bound leather volume around the world to be signed by Bentley Boys, veteran and rookie.

The task was large. The book wasn't. Bear in mind that Detroit produces more cars *every week* than Rolls and Bentley have produced in their entire histories.

The first name on the first page was that of W.O. Bentley himself. One circumnavigation later, the book still was only half full. And so this year, the Golden Jubilee of the Bentley Drivers Club, those chaps in England decided to do it all over again.

Early this year, the book set off from London, traveling first to South Africa, then on to India, Australia, New Zealand and Hong Kong – always being passed, hand to hand, from one Bentley Boy to another. Last week it reached the West Coast.

Cooney, of West Linn, traveled north to meet a courier coming from Seattle, and I joined him Friday afternoon at The Alexis Hotel as he prepared to pass the book on. But what's this? This next Bentley Boy looks like – Egads! It's a girl!

Exactly how Diane Ocon of Northwest Portland achieved the status of Bentley Boy reportedly involves some stories best left out of a family newspaper. Let's just say that she is the kind of woman who changes her own oil and has never, ever been known to brake her Bentley en route through the Terwilliger curves.

Says Ocon, "Remember, it's the Rolls-Royce *Owners* Club. It's the Bentley *Drivers* Club."

After a ritual signing, and a glass or three of Bentley boyish champagne, the book was eased back into its wooden box. Ocon screwed down the lid as though she were torquing a headbolt on a '27 roadster. Then she loaded it into her 1957 Bentley S.I. for the next leg of its journey, to San Francisco.

In this world of terrorists and toxic waste, guerrilla wars and global conflicts, it's reassuring to find that people with a fondness for fine motor cars can still pass a book, hand to hand, around the world. Maybe Bentleys, not bombs, could be the true guardians of our collective future.

1986 COMING OUT PARTY

By Gerald Greenfield

THE COMING-OUT PARTY is an event unique to the Pacific Northwest Region of the CCCA. The purpose of the event is to unveil and honor new restorations or recent acquisitions that have not previously been seen at a regional event. This year's group of foreign and domestic classics lived up to the traditional high quality of recent years. Despite the cold, rainy weather of February 22, these classics reigned supreme and brightened the Grand Ballroom of the Sea-Tac Red Lion Inn.

One hundred and twelve members and guests were in for a real treat as they entered the Red Lion lobby. Situated in the foyer outside of the banquet room was the "teaser" of the event. Norm Herstein's 1934 Mark II Bentley Tourer was displayed for all to admire during the cocktail hour. Brian Pollock had also graciously supplied a VCR unit and provided film of the 1986 Annual Meeting recently held in Los Angeles. While guests renewed old acquaintances, the theme of the conversations revolved around the mystique created by the draped classics surrounding the banquet room. While some of the prognostications were correct, many of the guests were in for real surprises as each classic was individually presented.

Following a lovely dinner, Glenn Mounger approached the podium and assumed his role as Master of Ceremonies for the evening. Glenn treated everyone to a lively dialogue regarding the "real treasures" that can be found at the Husky Swap Meet. It seems that Glenn has a fetish for old poker chips. I'm sure that he would be happy to expound on the excitement of collecting these trinkets to anyone interested.

Finally, the time to unveil the classics had arrived. The first car presented was a white with red reveals 1931 Auburn Phaeton owned by Daryl Hedman. Daryl recently purchased the car and it is his first classic. It is currently on display at the Classic Restaurant in Gig Harbor, Washington.

Jack Goffete next presented his 1931 Rolls-Royce P-II to the surprise of everyone. The striking red and black Continental Coupe was recently purchased from a collection in California.

1986 was the first year to have a repeat performer at a Coming-Out Party. Bill Drebel first unveiled his 1940 Packard Model 1803 Club Coupe as an unrestored classic three years ago. This year, we were able to enjoy the finished product – a stunning Packard featuring air conditioning as an option.

(Continued on page 7)

CRICKLEWOOD TO SNOHOMISH

(With Stops Along the Way) – Part I

By Norman Herstein

8-LITRE CHASSIS number YR 5085 left the Bentley works at Cricklewood on Friday the 13th of February, 1931. The first stop in this fifty-year odyssey being Pasadena, California, to be bodied by the Walter Murphy Co. However, let's start this story at the end instead of the beginning.

Just prior to the Classic Car Club's Annual Meeting in Bellevue last January, I started looking for a vintage Bentley to fill the space in the garage left by my 1932 Duesenberg Rollston convertible Victoria that went to the Blackhawk Collection in November. As part of the search, I had talked by telephone with Stanley Mann in London about a Speed Six he was offering. It was while relating this conversation to Ted Reich and Barry Cooney at the Red Lion that I first learned of YR 5085.

Ted (who, by the way, owns VDP Tourer YX 5122) said Don Weber at San Antonio was considering the sale of his 8-litre after some fifteen years. He suggested I talk to Knox Kershaw from Montgomery, Alabama, who was also attending the CCCA Annual Meeting. Knox, it turned out, had gone to San Antonio and driven the car as it was indeed coming up for sale. He, however, was involved with another vintage Bentley in England and felt that was the way he wanted to go. This position was just fine with me, as I had by this time started the "I have to own that car" stage of thinking.

At this point, some historical statistics are in order. The "Bentley Boys" out there will know all of this, but, for those who don't, only 100 of these 8-litre chassis were produced. Of these, approximately fifteen were open cars and, of the entire run, only one was sent to the U.S. for American coachwork. In fact, of all the W.O. Bentley cars produced from 1919 to 1931 (pre-R-R ownership), only one other is known to have had an American body: a 6½-litre limo by Shute Bros. of New York.

Sorry about that . . . Meanwhile, back at the story, after Mr. Kershaw stated he was "off the car," I went home and immediately called Don Weber. I had purchased a V-16 Cadillac convertible sedan from him some years ago and was comfortable with his honor and integrity.

I caught him at home in the midst of getting things organized for a campaign in "Hemmings" and "The Flying Lady," etc., an experience he admitted he was dreading. I suggested maybe he needn't do that. I asked his price. He mentioned a number; I countered; he countered; I said, "Okay." We had a deal. Don wanted me to come down and see the car, but my schedule would not permit it and, based on the fact that he is the type of man he is, I could not see the need.

I then found Red Roe was hauling Carl Bornstead's Packard to Houston, and I arranged for him to pick up the Bentley on the way back. There was one detail I insisted on, and that was that Red was to pick up the Bentley personally and drive the rig himself. Red was agreeable to this. Later I learned he had to fly to Houston to relieve his regular driver in order to comply with my request – another honorable man!

Red picked up the car at Weber's place on February 21, and it was safely in my garage on March 4, my birthday.

So much for how I came to learn of the car and eventually became its owner.

Now, back to Pasadena in 1931.

The rest of this tale will draw heavily from another article written in 1977, which appeared in two parts in the Bentley Drivers' Club Review for February and March of that year and was co-authored by Sr. Guillermo (Bill) Rivas and Don Weber.

The original owner was C.H. Matthiessen, Jr., a resident partner of A.D. Slaughter Anderson & Fox, 448 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California. The Slaughter firm was a regional stock brokerage with memberships on the NYSE, the old Curb Exchange (now ASE), and the Chicago Board of Trade. They had offices in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Hollywood, and Beverly Hills, plus Los Angeles and New York.

At the time the BDC article was written, Matthiessen's widow and son had been located, but there were no details furnished regarding their whereabouts nor any information on how the car first passed from the family's hands and finally made its second major stop in central Mexico in the early 1940s.

Don speculated that the car might have been taken to Mexico for the filming of some movie and then was abandoned there or sold locally rather than brought back. However, the actual facts remain a mystery.

The historical narrative begins with Rivas telling us that he was about to return to Mexico from the UK in 1947 and that he had been in touch with the BDC over trying to find a car to take back with him. He relates that he had no luck. However, the Club asked him to check on a former member who owned an 8-litre and seemed to reside at a hotel in San Luis Potaci (approximately 275 miles due west of Tampico or 240 miles northwest of Mexico City, where Bill Rivas lived).

After his return home, Bill wrote to the BDC member in care of the hotel, but the hotel manager sent a reply stating the chap had disappeared years before and left unpaid bills everywhere. Later, he visited the manager, and at this time an arrangement was worked out whereby the manager would have the car impounded, auctioned, and sold to Rivas in the manner prescribed by pertinent Mexican law. The manager was to get a fee for his trouble once the car was safely into Rivas' hands. So the stage was set, but where was the car?

Nothing more happened until late 1948, when a cousin learned through a lawyer friend in the town of Zacatecas (100 miles northwest of San Luis Potaci) that there was an old English car in town that had been, seemingly, abandoned four or five years previously. Within two days, Rivas was on the train to have a look.

It was the big 8-litre.

He found the hood and windows up, the engine and dashboard were undamaged, one headlamp was missing a monocle, but other things, like the instruction manual, were in near-perfect condition. The wheels and tires, unfortunately, were in atrocious shape with much welding around the hubs and other evidence of crude repairs. The car couldn't be driven for this reason, and also because the engine wasn't running.

Señor Rivas became the new owner in 1949, after the search for the previous owner had been completed and following the auction plan explained earlier. The previous owner was never found.

Rivas had the car shipped by rail to Mexico City and there arranged to work on the car in a Ford garage managed by a friend. Eventually, the engine was started, but low oil pressure muted this triumph. Meanwhile, tires and wheels had to be found, and much searching produced nothing. However, one day a set of six Mercedes artillery wheels were located in a breaker's yard, with Rudge hubs and 700x21 tires fitted – all the right specs for the Bentley. (What M.B. took these?) The car could at least be driven, but deep rumbles from the engine warned that an overhaul was long overdue.

A neighbor offered space in his garage for the overhaul and on May 1, 1952, the engine came out and was almost completely disassembled, when a falling out with the neighbor required everything to be removed. Some of the pieces and parts were later stolen or lost over the next few years, and finally the car was given to a young man who offered to rebuild it. The gift took place sometime during 1957 and 1958. Rivas couldn't pin it down any clearer than that.

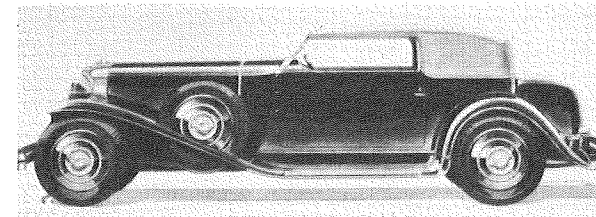
The young man got the car operational, after the fashion of the time, by installing a Diamond T truck engine in the sacred spot where the great 8-litre had reposed. Rivas said he couldn't bear to look at the car after this butchery.

Sr. Profirio Diaz, grandson of a former president of Mexico and owner of a tire retread shop, became the next owner. Rivas' account poops out with this revelation, and the account is taken up from this point by Don Weber.

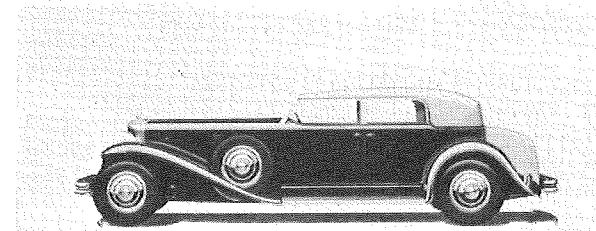
Don says he first learned of the car through an ad that appeared in Hemmings. The ad showed a rakish drophead coupe with cumbersome wooden artillery wheels. It also seemed to have been converted to left-hand drive. This last detail was quickly cleared up with a phone call: the negative had been reversed. At the same time, though, the phone call revealed the Diamond T truck engine and the fact that the original engine was completely in pieces and stored in three separate locations in Mexico City. On balance, the phone call was discouraging. What he feared was that someone had removed the body from some derelict American classic and crudely mounted it on the 8-litre chassis.

However, a subsequent trip to see the car helped a bit. The chassis seemed to be genuine enough and the engine pieces were clearly marked "YR 5085." Don still had unresolved doubts about the body, though it appeared original.

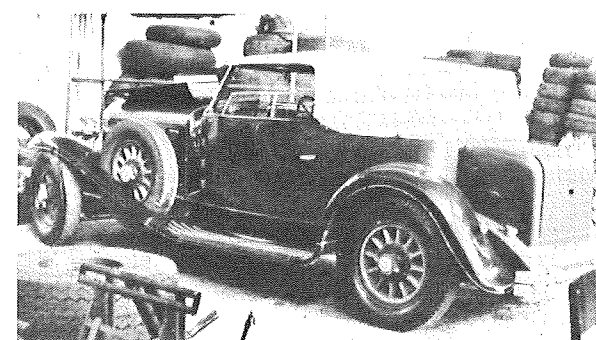
(To be continued.)



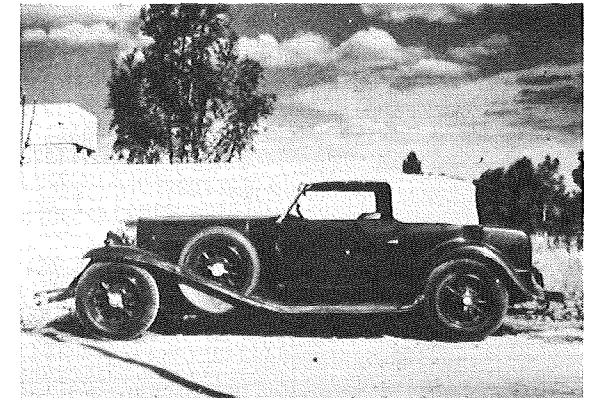
Design sketch replica



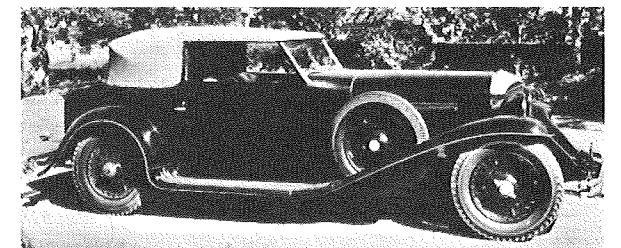
Original design sketch for convertible sedan considered by Matthiessen for 8 litre chassis, but rejected.



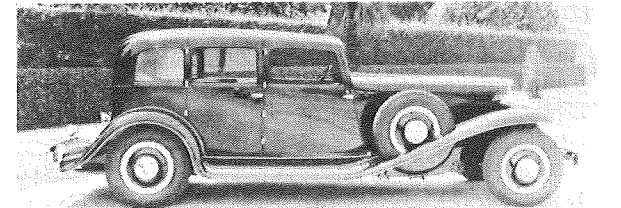
In Diaz tire shop, Mexico City c. 1969 Weber



In Mexico City c. 1950 Rivas



Painted black, including headlights, c. mid-thirties



Peerless V-16, 1931, Murphy clear vision sedan with fenders and taillights identical to YR 5085. McMinn

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TOM CROOK

JOINT OUTING OF THE CCCA AND RROC AT FT. CASEY, WHIDBEY ISLAND

May 31, 1986

By Lee Zuker

LIST OF PARTICIPANTS AND THEIR VEHICLES

1	B	Norm and Jean Herstein	1938 Rolls-Royce P III, with 1959 Worblaufen body
2	B	John and Kay McGary	1931 Rolls-Royce P I St. Martin's Town Car (Goffette's)
	B	Stan and Valeri Dickison	1928 Rolls-Royce P I Murphy Touring (Goffette's)
4	C	Phil Grisham, with Tom Brace and Craig Christie	1947 Packard Clipper Sedan
5	B	Tom and Carole Sumner, with guests	
		Gary and Carole Gafner	1967 Rolls-Royce James Young Phantom V
6	R	Roy and Terry Magnuson and daughter Maria	1937 Rolls-Royce 25-30 Arnold Saloon
7	R	Al and Laura Phillips	1967 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow
8	C	John and Silvia Kane	1934 Packard V-12 Sedan (Herstein's)
9	R	Walt Sharp and Connie Dundas	1961 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II, Long Wheel Base
10	R	Keith Tufnell and friends	1953 Bentley R-Type Saloon
11	C	Bob and Cathy Reverman, with guests	
		Gary and Jean Bjodenstab	1948 Lincoln Continental Cabriolet
12	C	Fritz and Mariel Gechter, with daughter	
		Erika and friend	1938 Packard V-12 Sedan
13	B	Lee and Marlene Zuker	1939 Overdrive 4 1/4 Bentley Sedan Coupe
14	R	Guy and Carita Boswell, with	
		Brad and Debbi Boswell	1949 Rolls-Royce Hooper Silver Wraith Saloon
15	C	Bob and Evelyn Nordquist, and son Keith	1940 Packard Super 8
16	B	Hal Meden and Ellen Foster	1934 Rolls-Royce H.J. Mulliner Sedan de Ville
17	C	Brian and Randy Pollock and children	
		Jennifer and Michael	1935 Bugatti James Young Drophead Coupe
18	B	John Naylor and daughter Stacy	1954 R-Type Bentley, H.J. Mulliner
19	B	Bill and Judy Mote and daughter Janice	1934 Astin-Martin 4-place Tourer (Herstein's)
20	C	Tom and Molly Crook	1936 Packard Le Baron Town Car
21	B	Jack and Pat Goffette	1931 Phantom II Continental
22	R	Larry and Dee Jungers	1951 Mark VI Bentley Saloon
23	C	Pete and Cass Manello	1948 Lincoln Coupe
24	C	Doug Blumenthal and Amy Yu	1936 Cord Phaeton

C = CCCA, R = RROC, B = Both

"LET'S GO FLY A KITE, up to the highest height . . ."

The sky was quite grey and there was no wind as we headed for our breakfast rendezvous point: the Burgermaster on Highway 99 in Lynnwood. Due to the lack of any unforeseen problems, we were one of the first cars to arrive, but soon the parking lot was filled with twenty-four cars. For some, it was a complete breakfast; for others, one of their marvelous cinnamon rolls and a cup of coffee. And some were too busy looking at the cars to have time to think about food. The Buckingham's and the Linkes were also there for breakfast, although their schedules precluded their going to Whidbey.

The Goffettes set a new record by having three of their cars at one event: two Phantom I's and the Phantom II that had been at the CCCA coming-out party this past winter. The Zukers' Bentley was also at its first event since the coming-out party. One of the most unexpected cars was the latest Herstein acquisition: a 1938 Rolls-Royce Phantom III, with a 1959 custom body by Worblaufen of Switzerland. Repeated attempts to photograph it resulted in only part of it being in the frame – it was just too long for the film! We'll try again at the next event.

We headed for the Whidbey ferry with some trepidation, since the media had been widely publicizing the crowded Memorial Day weekend ferry problems. Although the car lineup at the Mukilteo hill looked ominous, within forty-five minutes all twenty-four cars were safely on board a ferry headed for Clinton. A nice drive up the center of Whidbey brought us to Fort Casey, where, even with the holiday crowd, there was still room for us to park together in a row.

Notwithstanding the calm wind on the mainland, a constant breeze blew across the lawns of the fort. Many kites were already flying – including a parachute kite with a fifty-foot segmented headless dragon streaming from the midpoint of the "string." It was large enough that it was tethered with nylon rope the size of clothesline.

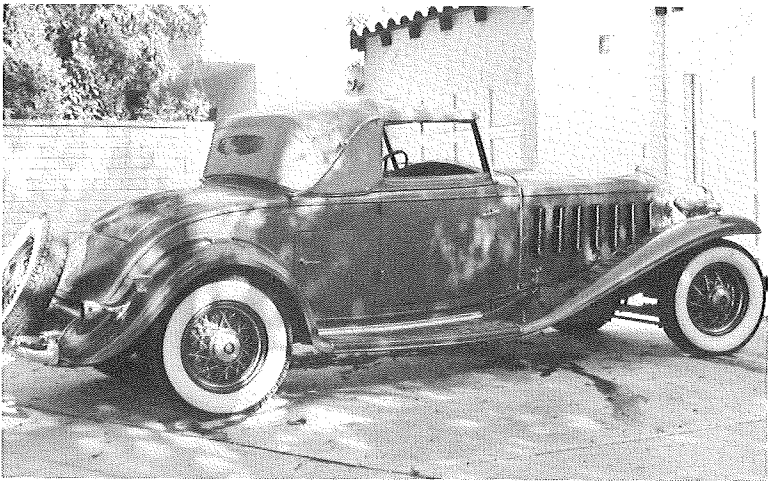
The next three hours were spent flying kites, eating picnic lunches and kicking tires. Walt Sharp took the honors for the largest kite – a small parachute kite with a large U.S. flag as a streamer – it looked like the kite was flying him! At about 4:00, people started moving out to explore other places on the island, with many headed for a tour of Coupeville. From there, some headed north through Deception Pass and others back south to take the ferry back to Mukilteo. We made a fortuitous detour into Langley, which appealed to us even more than Coupeville. By this time, the stores were mostly closed, but we vowed to return another day. The recommendation of a store owner led us to the local eating emporium, where we had a delightful and economical meal prior to the return ferry trip.

In our opinion, this was one of the most delightful outings we have attended – a great selection of cars, an interesting locale with a nice drive to get there, picnics on the lawn and lots of good tire kicking. Perhaps this event would be a good candidate to be an annual affair. And many thanks to Jack and Pat Goffette of the RROC and Norm and Jean Herstein of the CCCA (and RROC) for making the arrangements and mounting the telephone campaign that brought the cars out of their winter storage.

(See photos on page 8)

"HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?"

By Richard Adatto and Glenn Mounger



"IN THIS COLUMN, Richard and I hope to keep you informed on what's been happening with the 'car hobby' in our region."

"That's right, Glenn. We'll try to bring all of you up-to-date on the latest rumors out in 'Classicville' . . . and if we can't find out what's really going on, we'll start our own rumors."

"Richard!"

"Well – just kidding!"

"Okay, here's one . . . the other night while in Los Angeles, I had dinner with Irv and Ellie Davis. Irv, as many of you know, was a participant in our 1982 CARavan, a national director of the CCCA, and a friend to many of our members. During the dinner conversation, he mentioned to me that he was storing a 'classic' for one of our PNWR members, who recently purchased the car in the Los Angeles area. After dinner, the Davises invited

me back to their home. Irv and I spent a little time chatting in the den and admiring his stunning collection of Lalique crystal hood ornaments (but I was anxious to get to the garage and to see the 'classic' that I had heard about).

"Once inside the garage, I was not disappointed. Sitting ever so stately in a corner of the large garage was PNWR member Gordon Cochran's 1932 Cadillac 452B V-16 convertible coupe.

"It was difficult to put this car into perspective as it was sitting by itself. As you can imagine, the hood is extremely long in order to house the massive 'power plant,' and the entire front end seems to stretch out even further because the fender lines are not disrupted with side-mounted tires. This Fisher-bodied car is body number two of what is believed to be five made in 1932. It is reputed that this car was used as a sales promotion car for the Cadillac Motor Company during 1932.

"From the information I was able to gather, this 5,530-pound classic sits on a 143-inch wheelbase and is the first of the Fisher-bodied V-16s. I was able to get a picture of the car so you can see how beautifully the proportions work on this grand automobile. The term 'rare' is often overworked in this hobby, but to the best of Irv's knowledge, this is one of only two such models in existence today. It is a thrill to have another classic of this stature in the Pacific Northwest.

"About a week after I returned home from this trip, I called Gordon to congratulate him and he informed me that he already had the car at home and that we could look forward to seeing it at events this summer.

"How about that one, Richard?"

"Well, that is a good one, Glenn, but did you know that Dick Buckingham will have his new Lancia Dual Cowl Phaeton here in time for the CARavan?"

"Yeah, yeah. Those Dual Cowl Lancias are everywhere. But how about Tom Armstrong adding a 1934 Auburn V-12 Salon Cabriolet to his collection. This gives Tom a full complement of ACD cars, and there are only six or seven of these known to exist."

"Glenn, I'm tired of your one-upmanship, and I want you to know that there is absolutely no truth to the rumor you are trying to start about Frank Sinatra driving Millard Lesch's Packard in the upcoming CARavan. Although, they were purportedly overheard discussing this during Frank's recent concert tour in the Northwest."

"Richard, I think this whole thing is getting out of hand."

"But Glenn, I have some new rumors that are unbelievable! Guess I'll have to save them for the next issue."

Coming-Out Party

(Continued)

Lee and Marlene Zuker next unveiled their 1939 Bently Sedanco Coupe – a stunning blue Bentley featuring a padded grey leather fixed top. The restoration was so new that the Zukers had not even had time to attach their Washington license plates.

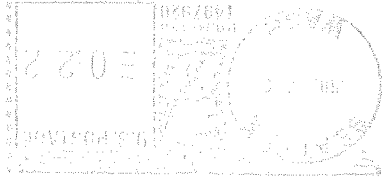
A 100-point Grand Classic Model J Duesenberg was the next car to appear. Brent McKinley was gracious enough to present his Murphy-bodied Convertible Sedan. What a beautiful classic!

1948 is the last year recognized by the CCCA for classic car status. Al McEwan was very proud to unveil a beautiful 1948 Delahaye 3-position Cabriolet by Henri Chapin. The car is jointly owned by Al and Dick Hooper. It was officially unveiled this past summer at the 1985 Pebble Beach Concourse.

Last but not least was a gorgeous 1930 Packard Model 734 Boattail Speedster, presented by our M.C. himself, Glenn Mounger. This car was not completed and started until 3:00 that same afternoon after a major engine overhaul. Quite a group effort by a number of close friends. Glenn was very proud of his Speedster, but I've heard that he might trade it for a poker chip with a train on it.

Many of the guests lingered for another hour visiting with the owners and admiring the classics. A special thank you to Bob A. LeCoque, Phil Gresham, Brian Pollock and Glenn Mounger for their help assuring the success of this Pacific Northwest Region event.

Alan W. McEwan
4420 Bonnybrae Drive
Bellevue, WA 98004



CLASSIC CAR CLUB OF AMERICA Pacific Northwest Region

FT. CASEY OUTING PHOTOS

