

Northern Lights

Ohio Region
Classic Car Club of America



Volume 58-3

Fall 2012



1930 Marmon Big 8

Board of Managers, Ohio Region

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National Dues are \$60, payable CCCA, 1645 Des Plaines River Road, Suite 7, Des Plaines, IL 60018. Regional dues are \$25 single, or \$30 including spouse. Membership chairman can handle both local and national dues. One must be a national member to be a local member

The Northern Lights is the Official Publication of the Ohio Region Classic Car Club of America. It is published and mailed by Engler Printing, 808 W. State Street, Fremont, Ohio 43420. Editor is Bob Porter, 12540 Edgewater Drive, Lakewood, OH 44107, Phone: 216-228-1169, E-mail: townandcountry@ameritech.net

OHIO REGION TROPHIES

Rodway Trophy

Most improved Classic; must apply to head judge.

Bayowski Trophy

Most improved Classic by owner; must apply to head judge.

Armington Trophy

Board of Managers choice of member's Classic at the Stan Hywet meet.

Davies Trophy

Past Director

W.W. Williams Trophy

The person contributing the most to the betterment of the club.

The "Good Joe" Award

Joseph B. Virostek Memorial Trophy, an annual award to be given to an ORCCCA member in recognition of a good deed or act of kindness towards another club member.

Board of Managers Trophy

Most participation points.

Northern Lights Trophy

Members choice of an article in the Northern Lights written by a regional member.

Paige Palmer Award

For the 3 year or newer member contributing the most to the betterment of the Club.

Touring Trophy

Most miles driven in a Classic in a year.

COMING EVENTS

Nov. 4 Annual Meeting / Stan Hywet / Joe Platten

Dec. 9 Holiday Party / Todaro's / Akron

2013

Jan. 13 Tech Session / Matt Harwood

Feb. 27
- Mar. 3 Annual meeting, southern CA

June 16 Stan Hywet Car Show

Sept. 21 Ohio Region Grand Classic

Sept. 27-29 Weekend tour / Cambridge area / Jim Cowin

Director's Corner

Hi my fellow car enthusiasts,

I am so proud of you because Stan Hywet was a huge success for us. Thanks to all of you for your support.

Our club is really very vibrant and productive. All our events were superb - sorry for those who couldn't make some of them. According to our calendar, this year comes to a close soon, but I promise you, next year will again be outstanding. We even added a Tech Seminar in January.

We are very anxious to hear from our members with ideas that they would like us to do. Please contact any board member with your ideas and hopefully your participation. Thanks.

Marcia and I wish you and yours happy and healthy holidays.

Gary F. Rosenthal,
Director, ORCCCA

FRONT COVER

The front cover car is a 1930 Marmon Big 8 sedan owned by June and Norm Cangey of Fairview Park.

This car was driven from Cleveland to Columbus in over 100 degree temperatures for the Arthritis Foundation Car Show in July.

It subsequently won the top notch Arthritis Foundation Award.

BACK COVER

The rear cover car is a 1948 Cadillac 75, taken from a brochure.

UPCOMING BOARD MEETINGS

November 4 Annual Meeting

December 3 Joan Kamper

Letter to the Editor

Hi Bob,

Here is a picture taken of the 3 of us at Stan Hywet for the Fathers' Day Show. Thought you might like it for either the Northern Lights or Highbeam.

Norma Lapierre.

*Three of "The Flapper Girls"
(L-R) Ann Nau - Russell, OH,
Norma Lapierre - Hudson, OH,
Alberta Tabone - Chagrin Falls, OH*



Overlooked from Previous Issue – seen enjoying Marblehead

May 19 - Lake Erie Island Tour



Al Truelson, Diane Truelson, Jean Gentner



George Strom, Chris and Bill Snyder, Gary Rosenthal



Mike Dube and friend

COVER CAR - 1930 MARMON BIG 8



Art Deco Dash



Two tone Blue-Green beauty



Lots of lights!



Laliq radiator cap



Spacious rear compartment



Norm Cangey



Wooden spoke wheels



Running Board emblem

Marmon & Roosevelt

Marmon Motor Car Co.,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Anybody who could invent an air-cooled V-4 engine with overhead valves and pressure lubrication in 1902 had to be a genius, and Howard Marmon was certainly that. In the economic downturn following World War I, sales of Marmon's cars started faltering, and in 1924, George M. Williams was hired to put profitability back in the firm. Howard Marmon became board chairman, but didn't care for Williams' humdrum straight eights, and withdrew almost completely from corporate activities about 1926. He set up a branch company named Midwest Aircraft, and devoted himself to research. The Marmon Eights which followed, and continued on into the '30s are, therefore, the work of others.

Williams wanted Marmon to be a little General Motors offering nothing but straight eights, and new examples of that type engine were introduced almost yearly. The peak of activity was 1930: There was a facelifted Marmon-Roosevelt, revised versions of the earlier straight-eight cars named Models 69 and 79, and a luxurious Big Eight with 315 cid and 125 bhp. The price range now stretched from \$1000 to \$5000—Marmon was going all out. The expansion was too soon and too rapid, however, and Marmon's public image became confused. The Roosevelt (named for President Teddy) failed to make an impression in the lower-price field and it undermined the fine-car image of the big Marmons. From 22,300 cars in 1929, Marmon production sank to 12,300 units in 1930, 5768 in 1931, and 1365 cars in 1932.

In 1931, however, Howard Marmon's five years of research would culminate with the introduction of a brand new idea: the magnificent Marmon Sixteen. This mighty Classic packed 200 bhp from an engine of almost 500 cubic inches. It would do 100 mph and was priced at \$5200-\$5400. Unfortunately, Cadillac had introduced its own Sixteen a year earlier, and was already draining away what market existed for such extraordinary machines.

Marmon's V-16 layout comprised pushrod-operated overhead valves actuated by a single camshaft. The aluminum cylinders were a triumph of the foundry man's art. Both block and crankcase were cast as one unit, the block actually being a "V" in section. One dual-throat downdraft carburetor led the fuel, and a single cast manifold served both banks of cylinders. Though the engine displaced 491 cubic inches, its weight was a comparatively low 930 pounds complete with all accessories. This was some 370 pounds lighter than the contemporary Cadillac V-16. The Marmon's low weight-to-power ratio—4.65 pounds per horsepower—was probably rivaled only by Duesenberg.

Light alloy construction was also used for the rest of the car: The hood, front and rear splash aprons, running board aprons, spare wheel mounts, headlight and

taillight brackets, and fuel filler pipe were all made of aluminum. Because of the Marmon's light weight, few cars could approach the Sixteen's sheer speed or acceleration through the gears. Its pick-up was superior even to the Duesenberg's, though the Duesie would win going away at higher speeds due to its double-overhead-cam engine design and superior breathing. Marmon enhanced its image by guaranteeing each Sixteen purchaser that his or her car had exceeded 100 mph for two complete laps of the Indy race track.

Body design of Marmon's greatest car caused as much interest as its engine. Although the body was not Howard Marmon's design, he must be credited with hiring an industrial designer to create it at a time when that profession was in its infancy. The designer was 47-year-old Walter Dorwin Teague Sr., but as he himself admitted, much of the work was done by his son. W. D. Teague Jr. made all the original sketches and drawings for the Sixteen's body, the full-sized renderings, and some interior designs (including the unusual aircraft-type instrument panel). The junior Teague was a student at MIT at the time and did the work in summer school and on weekends. Since his father's name had considerable prestige, Marmon publicity gave credit to Teague Sr. Indeed, the elder Teague handled the contract work with Marmon, and translated the Sixteen concept into the eventual production car.

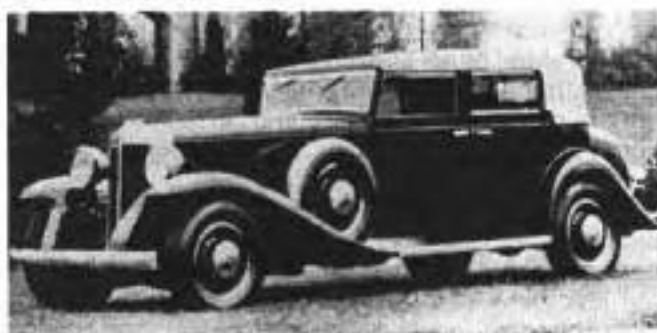
With no resemblance to any previous Marmon, the Sixteen looked sensationally new. The raked "V" radiator grille was devoid of ornament or badge. The filler cap was under the hood, as was the fuel tank filler cap. The doors extended almost to the running boards. Fender flanges hid shock absorbers and steering connections. The beltline ran absolutely straight around the entire body. Windshield rake matched that of the radiator, and the roofline was ultra low. Unified in form, the Sixteen was described as a new concept in fine cars, in which engineering and body design were of equal importance.

A limited range of Sixteen standard bodies was built by LaBaron: five sedans, two coupes, and a victoria. Few custom bodies are known. Waterhouse built two tourers, but the most individual custom was a one-off victoria designed by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky and built by Hayes. The Sakhnoffsky victorias sold for a towering \$5700, while the standard '31 Marmons ran from \$5220 to \$5400. (In 1932, though, the price of the standard bodies rose to \$5700-\$5900.)

Aside from the Sixteen, Marmon produced five different 1931 eights in two series. The first series began in August, 1930, and comprised the 113-inch wheelbase Roosevelt (201.9 cid/77 bhp), the 114-inch wheelbase Marmon 69 (211.2 cid/84 bhp), and the 136-inch wheelbase Big Eight (315.2 cid/125 bhp). The Big Eight was retained in the second production



1930 Marmon-Roosevelt



1932 Marmon V-16 all-weather phaeton



1932 Marmon V-16 touring sedan

series, which began in January, 1931, when it was called the Marmon 88. Compared to the Big Eight, the 88 was priced about \$450 lower to spark sales. Another second-series 1931 eight was the Model 70, which replaced both the Roosevelt and the 69. It used the Roosevelt's chassis and the 69's engine, but it sold for around \$900-\$1000, about the same as the Roosevelt.

Despite this attempt to pare down its offerings to the most popular models, Marmon's sales picture was far from encouraging in 1931. With production down to around half of what it had been in 1930, Marmon stood 25th in the production race, between Reo and LaSalle. The Sixteen suffered a sales handicap right from the beginning because of a long delay between its announcement and the start of production. Prototypes were displayed at the winter 1930-31 auto shows, but the first buyer didn't take delivery of a Sixteen until April, 1931. Many buyers refused to wait and went elsewhere, frequently to Cadillac. Many other luxury-car prospects had, of course, gone into hiding. Those

people bought unobtrusive Fords, or at most, Chryslers. In September, 1931, Marmon announced 32 custom body designs for the Sixteen—town cars, all-weather models, limousines, sports models, and various sedans with sunshine roofs. This move came too late, and it's doubtful that any were built. For every Sixteen that Marmon made, Cadillac built ten of its comparable V-16s.

Along with declining sales, Marmon suffered from contradictory internal policies in the early '30s. The engineering department was divided into two warring camps; the production men had trouble getting Sixteens delivered; the sales force was harassed by the low-bucks image of the Roosevelt. For 1932, Marmon fielded only three models: the Sixteen, the eight-cylinder Model 70, and a 315.2-inch eight-cylinder car now known by its wheelbase measurement, the 125. Compared to the 1932 88, the 125 gave away nothing in engine specification, but its wheelbase had shrunk by up to 11 inches. Its price was shrunk, too. The sedan and coupe listed for just \$1420 each, against \$2275-\$2220 for the comparable 88 models the year before.

Price and model cuts in the eight-cylinder ranges created a feeling among buyers that Marmon was abandoning the fine car field in 1932. Actually, the company was preparing to do just the opposite: In 1933, the Sixteen was the only car listed. Its price was cut by almost \$1000 from the 1932 figure. The coupe and sedan sold for \$4825, the seven-passenger sedan cost \$4975, and the convertible sedan was offered at \$5075. There were no changes in engine specifications, but sales were now down to a trickle.

Engineering brilliance, it should be noted, was not effective medicine for any car company in the depths of the Depression. The makes that survived did so on corporate strength and a strong market base, neither of which Marmon had.

An attempt was made in January, 1934, to revive the Sixteen when Marmon's assets were taken over by the American Automotive Corporation, organized and backed by Harry Miller and Preston Tucker. This effort failed, and the assets were finally liquidated by the receivers in 1937. Prior to receivership, Howard Marmon and chassis engineer George Freers had new designs on the board. One was a revolutionary V-12 car, a cut-down version of the V-16, with independent suspension, tubular "backbone" frame, aluminum body, and three-point chassis attachment. Its styling was by Teague: slab sides with pontoon fenders, built-in headlights, and integral trunk. The money for this prototype came from Howard Marmon's personal fortune, as his company had nothing, and totaled \$160,000. Howard lost the lot. There was no chance for production, and the car was stored on Marmon's North Carolina estate until his death in 1943. It has since made its way to industrial designer Brooks Stevens' automotive museum in Mequon, Wisconsin.

photo credits: Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association

A (very) Warm Reception in the HEART of OHIO

By Dave Timmons

In an effort to broaden the scope of ORCCCA activities to include more downstate members, a meet was held in the Columbus area on July 6, 7 & 8, 2012, organized by Dave & Rachel Timmons. The focal point was the 30th annual Classic Auto Show & Cruise-In at the Dublin Metro Center. This event was founded by the late Len Immke and benefits the Arthritis Foundation. It attracts some 1,500 cars of many marques in 46 classes. Cadillac was a featured marque this year. Class #1 is for CCCA Classics and is prominently located. ORCCCA was able to participate since this year was the first time the show did not conflict with a Grand Classic.

The show is arranged on extensive grounds surrounding the Crowne Plaza Hotel which was our headquarters and accommodation for out of town members. Our group gathered at the hotel Friday afternoon as those coming from afar began to arrive for our group dinner that evening and the Cruise-In activities. A challenge to drivers was the heat wave impacting the entire Midwest with temperatures reaching 100 degrees both Friday and Saturday which were the highest in Columbus in 60 years. Many of our members left their Classics at home and opted for air-conditioned equipment, however several hardy souls successfully made the long hot trip in proper cars. Notable among those were the Cangeys in their 1930 Marmon, Truelsons in their 1946 Cadillac and Browns in their 1941 Cadillac. Others turned back or substituted. Bob Porter drove his 1968 Chrysler Imperial and the Beards made it most of the way in their 1981 Rolls-Royce before heat took it toll.

Local cars on the field Saturday included Mark Hagans' 1931 Packard phaeton, the DiThomas' 1925 Stutz roadster, Blaine Conrad's 1933 Lincoln limousine and Sutphen's and Timmons' 1935 and 1937 Bentleys. Pete Kengeter's 1935 Rolls-Royce was forced back when the AutoVac boiled over. Our class location was helped by shade trees, a helpful breeze and proximity to the hotel.

The men toured the show grounds Saturday to check out the wide variety of cars displayed, returning frequently to the cool of the hotel and bar. Some of the ladies adjourned to a local mall. Other area attractions were outdoors and didn't appeal under the conditions. Show officials reported impact in that spectators were down significantly and there was some reduction in entries.

When the judging results were announced Saturday afternoon, all members proceeded to Sutphen's fire truck plant nearby where the evening's festivities took place. We toured two large buildings to view Tom's fascinating collection of over 50 cars including Full Classics, vintage, custom and innovative experimental. After drinks and grilled steaks and chicken, Tom gave a talk describing some of his notable cars, then he led a visit into one of the production buildings to see a number of fire trucks and aerial towers in various stages of construction.

Sunday morning featured a sumptuous brunch buffet at the Scioto Country Club in Upper Arlington. Members roamed the elegant clubhouse to see displays of golfing history including memorabilia of Jack Nicklaus' days learning the game there. Afterward with cooler weather prevailing, the group dispersed to return home or further explore Central Ohio.

Winners in the CCCA class were determined by the show's own judges. Trophies were presented to our members as follows:

FIRST IN CLASS – Al and Diane Truelson's 1946 Cadillac 60S – driven all the way from Litchfield, OH

AWARDS OF EXCELLENCE -

Dan and Mary DiThomas's 1925 Stutz 6923 roadster

Tom and Tamea Sutphen's 1935 Bentley 3 12/ litre drophead coupe, Park Ward

THE PRESTIGIOUS SHOW-WIDE ARTHRITIS

FOUNDATION AWARD was ceremoniously presented to Norm and June Cangey for their impressive 1930 Marmon Big 8 sedan which they drove from Fairview Park.

ORCCCA'S "CAR OF THE DAY" award went to Blaine Conrad's 1933 Lincoln 12 limousine, Willoughby, an intriguing original car.

ORCCCA members participating this weekend:

Frank and Anne Beard, *Chagrin Falls*

Bob and Diane Brown, *Hinckley*

Norm and June Cangey, *Fairview Park*

Blaine Conrad, *Hilliard*

Jim Cowin, *Cambridge*

Bill Davis, *Charleston, WV*

Dan and Mary DiThomas, *Dublin*

Jerry and Jean Gentner, *Richfield*

Mark Hagans, *Columbus*

Matt Harwood, *Lakewood*

Dave and Dawn Heinrichs, *Columbia Station*

Marcia Herrold, *Upper Arlington*

Peter Kengeter, *Columbus*

Bob and Andrea Knight, *Bay Village*

Bob and Barbara Laughon, *Reynoldsburg*

Phil Masters, *Lakewood*

Bob Porter, *Lakewood*

Gary and Marcia Rosenthal, *Chagrin Falls*

Pat and Nancy Ross, *Upper Arlington*

Bill and Chris Snyder, *Hudson*

Tom and Tamea Sutphen, *Hilliard*

Margus and Vicki Sweigard, *Willoughby*

Dave and Rachel Timmons, *Upper Arlington*

Al and Diane Truelson, *Litchfield*

Joan Virostek, *Hudson*

HOST COMMITTEE:

Marcia Herrold, *registrar*

Tom and Tamea Sutphen

Blaine Conrad

Bib & Barbara Laughon

Pete Kengeter

Dave & Rachel Timmons, *organizers*

Editor's Note: We in Northern Ohio certainly appreciate the effort extended to make a really great weekend. Thanks to all involved!



Dan and Mary DiThomas with "Award of Excellence" for their 1925 Stutz.



June and Norm Cangey



Mark Hagan's 1931 Packard phaeton



Dan and Mary DiThomas' 1925 Stutz roadster

Hi Dave Timmons,

The Stutz won the R.E. Olds Family Award. We were pleasantly surprised!!!

The family of Ransom E. Olds, the early automotive pioneer who created the Oldsmobile and REO Companies, has established the R.E. Olds Family Award. Peter and Debbie Stephens of Dublin, Ohio sponsor the award. Debbie is the great-granddaughter of R.E. Olds. This award recognizes the Brass Era or Pre-War car that, in its day, offered a significant change in style, technology or marketing consistent with the ideals and accomplishments of R.E. Olds, an early automotive pioneer. The award emphasizes the unique attributes of the car or manufacturer versus the quality of the restoration.

Thank you for putting together the nice event. We are new to the old car hobby and appreciate all of the hard work put into these events.

Dan DiThomas



Dave Heinrichs leaning against the tree, enjoying the shade.

Letter to the Editor

To Dan DiThomas,

Did your beautiful Stutz get a special award Saturday in addition to the class trophy? Walter Buchseib, who was judging, thought you did. If so let us know so we can make proper acknowledgment in print.

From Dave Timmons

DINNER AT HOTEL



Friday night dinner at Hotel



Chris Snyder, Marcia Herrold, Tamea Sutphen



Andrea and Bob Knight, Diane and Al Truelson



Norm and June Cangey, Gary and Marcia Rosenthal



Bill Davis, Tom Sutphen, Pat and Nancy Ross



Dan and Mary DiThomas, Jim Cowan, Bill Snyder



Barbara and Bob Laughon



Dave and Rachel Timmons, Joan Virostek, Phil Masters

SATURDAY SHOW



Al Truelson's 1946 Cadillac, First in Class



Award of Excellence to Tom Sutphen's '35 Bentley, next to Norm Cangey's 1930 Marmon which received the "Arthritis Foundation Award"



Dave Timmons' 1937 Bentley



Blaine Conrad's original 1934 Lincoln "Car of the Day" Award



Mark Hagan's 1931 Packard



Dan DiThomas' 1925 Stutz Award of Excellence



Matt Harwood with '29 Cadillac and Melanie Road, with her sons Riley and Cody



Riley and Cody Ellis and Lily enjoying the car

SUPPER AT SUTPHENS



Time to chow down!



Eating among the cars



Bob and Diane Brown, Jean and Jerry Gentner, Bill Snyder



Gary Rosenthal, Bill Snyder, Jerry Gentner and Diane Truelson



Margus and Vicki Sweigard



Tom Sutphen with Bill Snyder



1925 Minerva Towncar



Stanley Steamer

SUPPER AT SUTPHENS



A Sutphen Fire Engine



Sutphen Truck



1929 Pierce Arrow phaeton



1931 Cadillac V-16 "Madame X" Limo



1930 LaSalle



1929 Franklin



1934 Cadillac



1917 Pierce Arrow

BRUNCH AT SCIOTO COUNTRY CLUB



Bob and Diane Brown and Guests



Scioto Country Club



*Tom Sutphen, Chris Snyder, Tamea Sutphen, Bill Snyder, Joan Virostek.
The Sutphen's were co-hosts*



Bill Snyder, Joan Virostek, Phil Masters



Dave and Rachel Timmons, our hosts



Frank and Anne Beard



Bob Brown's 1941 Cadillac 60S



Gerry Gentner's 1941 Cadillac 62

Full Classics on AACA Founders Tour Altoona, PA - August 2012



1935 Auburn Speedster - Photo by David Miller



1948 Bentley Mark VI - Photo by David Miller

Enclosed is a letter published in the Buick Club magazine about those nasty old leaky power windows of the classic era. The “camphor ice” referred to as a lubricant is apparently a skin lubricant available on amazon.com. “Door Ease” might be a companion product to “Lock Ease” which I’ve seen in stores for lubricating locks.

From the Buick Bugle, August 2012

I really enjoyed the article on power window and seat problems (June 2012 issue). The biggest single problem with any system, hydraulic or electrical, is that the salesman or dealer did not go over with the new owner any of the operating instructions related to those systems. Also, the majority of the new owners never went through any of the new car owners’ manuals or even purchased a copy of the shop manuals related to their respective model of car.

When the 1948 Packard Customs came out on the market, they had hydraulic windows and seats. The dealer recommended operating all systems at least weekly to keep everything limbered and flexible. It was good advice on all cars with these systems.

Your article did not mention whether or not the 1950 window system has power going down as well as up (*the windows have power going up only; a large spring pulls them down.-ed.*) If the motor is the reversible type, they are very rare and hard to find or even work on. I had a 1941 Packard 180 where the system was power both ways. It worked fine, no problems, but one of the hoses leaked in the right rear door and the hydraulic smell was very hard to get out of the upholstery panel. I used a lot of AirWick to help get the smell out of the panel area. I was able

to duplicate the upholstery and replace the area that was stained. I eventually replaced the hydraulic system with an electrical system out of a Chrysler Imperial and had no more problem.

I saw a 1948 Cadillac where the window system leaked so badly that fluid was leaking out of the doors and running into the carpet. The repair people had to replace all of the door panels as well as both front and back carpets, however they never could get the hydraulic smell completely out of the car.

The biggest issue is preventative maintenance to avoid these problems in the first place. Incidentally rub some camphor ice on the window channels and/or “Door Ease”. This will keep the whole system working much more smoothly.

I thoroughly enjoyed the article – it brought back lots of memories.

Hugh H. Russell, BCA #26315
Seattle, Washington

PARTIAL GROUP OF BOARD MEMBERS

(L-R) Margus Sweigard, Matt Harwood, Al Truelson,
Gary Rosenthal, Joe Platten, Bob Porter

PHOTO BY MARCIA ROSENTHAL



SIXTH ANNUAL HENRY JOY TOUR **STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 3-8, '12**

The Packard Club sponsors this tour every year named in honor of Henry Bourne Joy, an early president of Packard Motor Car Co. who enjoyed touring. He was later president of the Lincoln Highway Association and promoter of good roads. The tour was in the scenic Berkshire Mountains of Western Massachusetts. Marie-Therese and I drove over from the Cleveland area on U.S. 20 in our 1953 Packard (N.C.) and joined the tour. It was a hub tour based at the Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge. The present building dates from the early 19th Century and the food at the Inn is excellent.

The tour itself was more along the lines of historical and cultural, by which I mean no auto museums or private collections. However, with about 50 Packards on the tour we really didn't lack for great cars to enjoy. What we did see was impressive enough. As fans of Edith Wharton's novels, we enjoyed a visit to her mansion, "The Mount". A visit to the Norman Rockwell Museum was fun. We saw sculptor Daniel Chester French's beautiful home and studio. (He is famous for his statue of Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.) A lap around the Lime Rock sport car race track blew some of the carbon out of the Packards.

There was a drive along the Mohawk Trail to North Adams, MA. where we toured the Mass. Museum of Contemporary Art. "Funky" might be the best one word description of the contents there. Certainly the soft gay porn on the second floor might still be considered provocative in some circles but I think it's been done before. The Hancock Shaker Village and the home of President Martin Van Buren, "Lindenwald" wound things up. Every day included some rain and plenty of front porch sitting at the Red Lion Inn after the day's touring where one's thirst could be quenched.

Due to the sporadic rain many classic Packards went back in their trailers at night. I did get photos of some of the Full Classics which are included here.

David Herbert Miller

Henry Joy Tour . . . continued



C. 1926 Touring Car



1937 Super Eight Convertible



1928 Runabout



1941 LeBaron Sport Brougham



1937 Twelve Coupe Roadster



1931 Roadster



1941 One Eighty



1931 Cabriolet

Patterson Fruit Farm, Car Show, August 19

This AACA sponsored show in Chesterland is becoming more popular each year. For once, it didn't rain! As many of our members belong to both clubs, it's a natural event for us. It's also a place to see cars that don't attend other shows.

As the facility is a working farm, there were goodies from the orchards for sale. Not only apples and fruit, but finished products like pies and Danish and cider were available. It's also a nice destination for a country drive, especially in the Fall.



Dan Hanlon's '48 Town and Country



Ford Model T Fire Engine from New Philadelphia



Bob Brown's '47 Cadillac



Norm Cangey's 1931 Packard



Gary Rosenthal's 1948 Lincoln Continental



Matt Harwood's 1929 Cadillac



Scott Isquick and his 1912 Mercedes

Patterson Fruit Farm . . . continued



Jerry Gentner's 1941 Cadillac



Jason Gehring's 1941 Cadillac



Chip Ferrara's 1935 Auburn



Dick Roddie's 1930 Packard



George Quay's 1927 Pierce Arrow



Bob Porter's 1935 Cadillac



Bob Mizicko with his 1932 Franklin



Gene Nau's 1927 Packard

White Elephant Sale and Barbeque, August 12

Vicki and Margus Sweigard of Willoughby Hills hosted the White Elephant Sale and Barbeque on a nice sunny Sunday in August. The “barbeque” was individual steaks, with members bringing potluck dishes of mostly salads and desserts. No one went away hungry!

Afterwards, our usual auctioneer, Scott Isquick, had to leave for another function, so Marcia and Gary Rosenthal stepped up to the plate. Marcia, in particular, really go into it! The proceeds went to the club. Thanks to all the participants!



The Sweigard's home



The Sweigard's 3-1932 Buick 90s



“Where's the food?”



“Let the bidding begin!”



The Truelson's '46 Cadillac



The Rosenthal's 1941 Cadillac 60S



Dube's 1932 Auburn



Marcia and Gary Rosenthal, Auctioneers

WARNING

BENZENE – THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT

My car book says to roll down the windows to let out all the hot air before turning on A/C.

WHY?

CAR AIR-CONDITIONING

- No wonder more folks are dying from cancer than ever before. We wonder where this stuff comes from but here is an example that explains a lot of the cancer causing incidents. Hmmm.

Many people are in their cars first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, 7 days a week. As I read this, it makes me feel guilty and ill. Please pass this on to as many people as possible. Guess it's not too late to make some changes.

CAR A/C AIR-CONDITIONING MUST READ!!

Please DO NOT turn on A/C as soon as you enter the car.

Open the windows after you enter your car and turn ON the AC after a couple of minutes.

HERE'S WHY?

According to research, the car dashboard, seats, air freshener emit Benzene, a Cancer causing toxin (carcinogen - take time to observe the smell of heated plastic in your car).

In addition to causing cancer, Benzene poisons your bones, causes anemia and reduces white blood cells. Prolonged exposure will cause Leukemia, increasing the risk of cancer. Can also cause miscarriage.

Acceptable Benzene level indoors is 50mg per sq.ft. A car parked indoors with windows closed will contain 400-800 mg of Benzene.

If parked outdoors under the sun at a temperature above 60 degrees F, the Benzene level goes up to 2000-4000 mg, 40 times the acceptable level.

People who get into the car, keeping windows Closed will inevitably inhale, in quick succession, excessive amounts of the toxin. Benzene is a toxin that affects your kidney and liver.. What's worse, it is extremely difficult for your body to expel this toxic stuff.

So, friends, please open the windows and door of your car - give time for interior to air out - dispel the deadly stuff - before you enter.

Thought: "When someone shares something of value with you and you benefit from it, you have a moral obligation to share it with others."

This is what snopes.com says. It is not the air conditioning in the car but the Benzene producing agents that cause cancer. Check it out: <http://www.snopes.com/medical/toxins/benzene.asp>

Octoberfest in Berea, October 1

This ORCCCA event is sponsored by Joan and Rudi Kamper and Dave and Dawn Heinrichs. It's held in conjunction with the annual Oktoberfest in Berea, which features many kinds of German beer and food, plus live entertainment. It's also a show where clubs can gather for their own meet, as do early VW campers and colorful SmartCars. Casual judging is the rule.



1920 Moon
(NC)



Dave Heinrich's early Overland



1926 Buick (NC)



Philip Tobin's 1947 Cadillac

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Octoberfest . . . continued



Allan Warner's 1930 Cadillac



1931 Pierce Arrow owned by new member David Danes



Rudi Kamper's 1938 BMW



Norm Cangey's 1930 Marmon



Al Truelson's 1946 Cadillac 60S



Steve Perry with his 1941 Cadillac 63



Rudi Kamper's 1919 Mercedes (NC)



Dave Heinrich's 1917 Winton (NC)

American Beauties

By David Dudley, AARP The Magazine - April/May 2012

T

im McManus is a car guy, the son of an Edsel dealer. He is the kind of man who, when you ask him how many cars he owns, has to stop and think. Twenty-three, he decides.

McManus is pursuing number 24. An hour earlier he had been on the losing end of a bidding war over a 1957 Thunderbird at the Barrett-Jackson collector-car auction. Now he sips a beer in a Scottsdale, Arizona, hotel bar, running the numbers on his life behind the wheel. A semiretired Denver industrial realtor, McManus, 66, has owned 77 cars—so far—and aches for more. A 1970 Pontiac Grand Prix. A mid-'60s Lincoln Continental convertible. His teenage dream was a 1963 Buick Riviera, considered one of the all-time best-looking American cars. He was 17 when it appeared. "I swore to myself the day I first saw one that if I could ever afford to have that car, I would," he says.

And he did, of course. One is parked in his garage now. It has plenty of company. A few weeks back, a close friend and fellow collector died, passing on his own cache of 19 vintage vehicles—most from 1957, each one black. This brush with mortality has left McManus with a fleet of monochromatic cars and a gnawing unease about what to do with them. His own children aren't interested. "I don't want to burden my kids with my fantasies," he says.

Yet McManus is here, looking to fulfill one more fantasy. (Forget, for a moment, that he already owns a 1957 Thunderbird.) Explain this to me, I ask: How many old cars does one driver need? And what exactly do you find when you sit inside that '63 Riv you lusted after at 17, and smell the leather seats, and listen to the ageless rumble of a Wildcat V8? What's in there?

He smiles indulgently.

"Yesterday," he says.



ehold the dilemma of the Last Car Guys, enemies of the early 21st century crash-up of men, cars, demographics, and disposable income. These are men slipping past midlife with empty nests, full wallets, and an almost primal urge to take another spin in the icons of their past—logic and garage space be damned.

Their desires lead them to places like this arid and affluent Scottsdale, where the climate is kind to old bones and rust-prone machinery. For the past 41 years Scottsdale has hosted the Barrett-Jackson auction. Notifiably a place to buy and

sell classic and collectible cars—more than 1,000 vehicles will change hands over the course of this six-day phenomenon, the largest and grandest of half a dozen auto auctions in the Phoenix area each January—Barrett-Jackson has transformed itself into a “lifestyle event,” a curlicued celebration of American car culture. On my visit, I often heard the phrase “the Super Bowl of car collecting.” Some 250,000 attendees came through the gates of Barrett-Jackson in 2012, drawn by the promise of communing with their automotive what ifs and never-wases.

Some, like Andy Smith, 67, arrive with a mission. He drove here with his wife, Judi, 66, from their home in Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, to buy a Mustang like the one they owned when they married half a century ago. That car was sacrificed to family responsibilities and sold to a high schooler, who promptly crashed it. But the loss never quite healed. Earlier in the week, Andy found a late Canadian-built 1966 coupe and bid \$24,000 for it. “I threw the kid and said, ‘We’ve spent your inheritance,’” he says merrily.

Thanks to buyers like Smith, American performance cars

of the late 1960s and early 1970s have enjoyed eye-popping value inflation. (In 2007, a 1971 Plymouth Henri Cuda convertible, which stickered for \$4,291 during the Nixon administration, went for \$2.2 million.) This is the niche that Barrett-Jackson specializes in, joining the muscle boom with a television onslaught. Since 1996 the company has broadcast its Scottsdale auction on cable TV’s Speed channel, where I stumbled upon it several years ago.

Watching a B-J auction on TV is strangely addictive: hour after hour of pristine four-wheel eye candy parading by on a stage. What passes for drama is a bidding war, when several besotted bidders drive the price on a sweet split-window Corvair into the stratosphere while blue-blazered “bidder assistants” egg them on. Some collectors mutter darkly that the shows have turned the genteel pastime into a circus; there’s now a mini-genre of reality TV revolving around the exploits of classic-car wheeler-dealers. This programming beeps a dog whistle to legions of men, many of whom seem to end up here in Scottsdale, roving the acres of desert rim in search of lost automotive loves.

“The majority of our docket is the guy who gets teary-eyed thinking about the car he couldn’t buy when he was 24,” says Steve Pearson, a Barrett-Jackson media spokesperson. “Cars are milestones in people’s lives. It’s amazing what memories they unearth. Evoking that emotion is what this is all about.”

I meet Pearson in the media trailer Friday morning. The auction itself is held inside a colossal 120,000-square-foot tent surrounded by only slightly smaller tents, each shading immense parking lots full of cars awaiting their turn on the block. All day they roll through a staging area, idling contentedly in the luscious winter sun. “There’s a burly 1970 Pontiac GTO, a menacing black Panther, an elegant Packard. Someone poses a throttle and the GTO clears its crumpled nose—*CRASH!*—and the *BRAAAAAT!* A rip-petroleum funk perfumes the air. Old motors, unfettered by emission-control devices, spew rich clouds of uncut hydrocarbons—old-school exhaust. Close your eyes and it smells like 1970.



CHROME, SWEET CHROME
The Barrett-Jackson car auction draws fans of American machines. From far left: A 1956 Dodge Sierra, car dealer Monte Adams and his 1948 Packard, a 1970 Chevy Nova gets a final polish, and a 1955 Chevy Bel Air on the auction block.

Crowds gather around two finned giants '50 Cadillacs, famed for their twin torpedo-shape taillight pods. Passing before these indecent-looking artifacts, a bystander reaches down and rubs them affectionately. "Oh, yeah," he says.

European exotics and prewar classics are rare here. This is mostly a cavalcade of homegrown muscle. So many spotless late-'60s Camaros and Chevelles roll by that the place could pass for a period Chevrolet plant—a reminder that these coveted collectibles were once industrial appliances stamped out by the millions. Those that survived have been invested with powers their original drivers never dreamed of, valued beyond reason as tokens of youth itself.

Memory and family history play strange tricks. Trawl through the comments on vintage-car enthusiast websites and you'll read, amid deeply esoteric discussions of mechanical minutiae, endless variations on the father story: tales of men chasing Dad's old car, as if the family vehicle embodied the essence of the man and turning the ignition would somehow summon him forth. Older cars just imprint themselves in childhood for reasons their prospective owners can't quite articulate. Their online comments are more elemental—naked eruptions of need, in just one word: "Want."

I find Derek Hunter, 40, beside his father's 1964 Austin-Healey 2000, a gorgeous British roadster. A framed photo rests on the car's grille. In it, a bride and groom smile back from 1967. She's in a long dress; he's beaming beneath horns. The car has "Just Married" scrawled on its dusty fenders.

And that's the bride herself—Derek's mother, Marcia Hunter Elam—sitting in the same car's snug passenger seat. The car was bought new in Covington, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati. Derek's father was an accountant and a sports car buff who died when Derek was young. A few years ago Derek pulled the car out of a barn and spent thousands of dollars bringing it back to life. And now he and his sister, Erika Hunter-Sudnik, are selling it. This is smart: The values on this model have skyrocketed. "I told Derek, 'It's a piece of metal,'" says Marcia. "The memories are what you hold on to."

Derek confides later that this transaction is even more emotionally fraught: His father took his own life, and Derek has few happy memories from that time. The most vivid is of sitting in his father's car as it crossed a hill at speed—that moment of weightlessness, as if he were flying.

An auction staffer signals. It's showtime; Derek hops in the little car and fires it up; the Healey settles into a warm, chuckling idle and rolls into the glare of the television lights. Thousands of people are out there watching. Things get hectic. The bidding briskly climbs all the way up to \$75,000, far more than the pre-auction estimate. When I look back at Derek, he is crying.

The new owner is a plump fellow in his 60s, from Palm Springs, California. Afterward they swap phone numbers. "In 20 years," Derek tells him, "I'll buy it back."



Time stalks all car guys. Rust works its implacable, corrupting, rubber and plastic crack and split fluids go dry. Keeping these machines on the road demands a set of increasingly antiquated skills and an abiding tolerance for breakdowns. Even the most badass of Camaros can't outrun fate, and neither can their drivers. Collec-

tor magazines and sites are full of estate-sale listings for unfinished projects, each a bittersweet score for a new owner.

Those fresh buyers are often themselves of AARP age. "There aren't that many people of my generation here," says Greg Keith, 31, who's drinking beers with a coterie of ex-NFL players in the raucous bar beneath the VIP strands. It turns out he's here with his father; they run car dealerships in Vancouver, British Columbia. He's already picked up a '57 Corvette and a '65 Jaguar E-Type (I'd been eyeballing earlier).

Both these vehicles were built long before Keith was born, which is typical. Collectible cars, especially American ones, that predate 1973 or so are rare. That's when environmental and safety restrictions

The Last Car Guys

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

killed off the last golden-age muscle cars, and when American automaking in particular entered an aesthetically challenged period that few enthusiasts wish to revisit. Which makes some aficionados conclude that their hobby, despite record-smashing prices and booming interest, is stuck in neutral. "Are we going to be playing in this era forever?" Keith asks.

A lot of market experts predict just that—the collectible era of automobiles has essentially ended, and future gearheads will churn through a dwindling stock of ever-more-elderly cars until the gas finally runs out and the last V-8 spitters. Few anticipate that aging Gen Xers, gripped with nostalgia, will rescue their high school Corollas from junkyards a decade hence. The emotional bond that boomers forged with their wheels in car-crazy postwar America didn't carry over to later generations, and few modern cars possess the soulful intangibles that elevate a machine into a vessel of dreams. Andy Smith motions at the crowd. "Look at all this gray hair," he says. "I fear we're the last ones. This is the peak right here."

If he's right, this is less a Super Bowl of car collecting than a jazz funeral—a rousing send-off to a culture leading into oblivion. Whether we know it or not, we are gathered here to wave good-bye to the automobile, or at least what we loved about them, before they are gone for good.

Or maybe it just feels that way after the sun goes down and the desert chills. Behind the auction tent, sold cars emerge in a greasy stream, led off to new owners. Most drive off under their own power. A few others have to be towed behind golf carts, which buzz about the site like tugboats attending ocean liners.

There's that '59 Cadillac, the one with the epic fins. A white-haired man is fidgeting around under the hood. It's the battery, or the alternator, or something. The engine fires, but the car manages to move only a few feet before it stalls. It's frustrating. A golf cart stands ready to escort the giant Caddy out of the way. But then the white-haired guy gets it running again and gently lays down the hood. The motor burbles on.

"Try it again," he tells the driver one last time. "Let's see how far it'll go."

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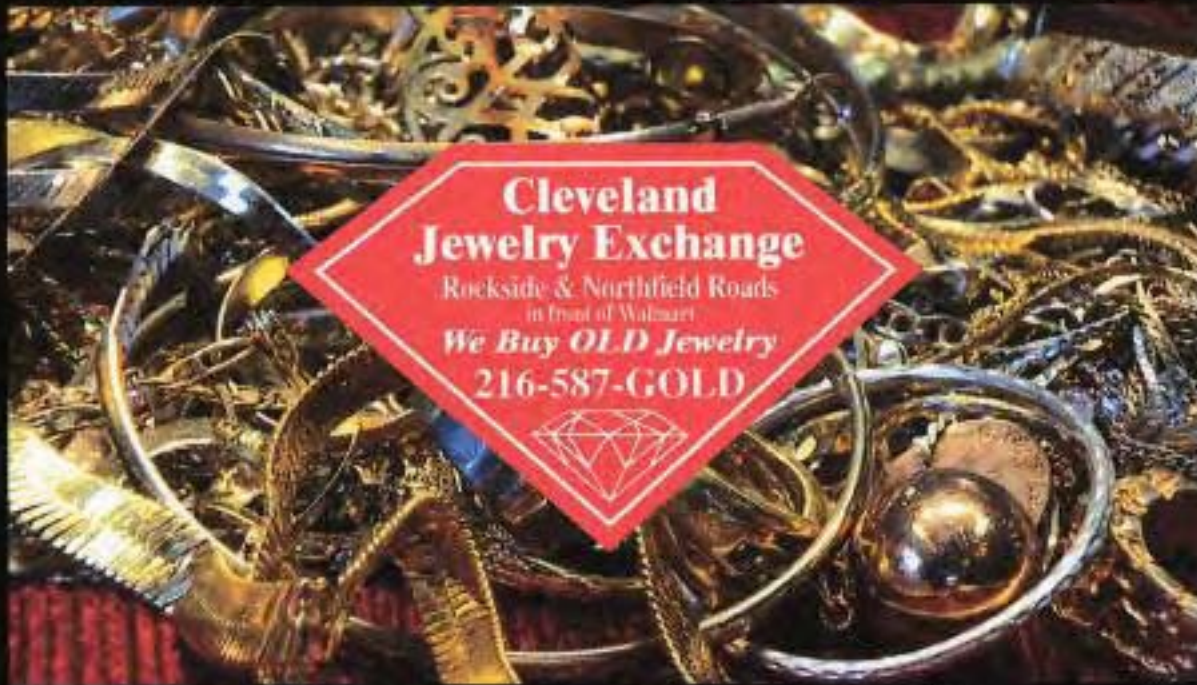
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