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Hemmings CLASSIC CAR

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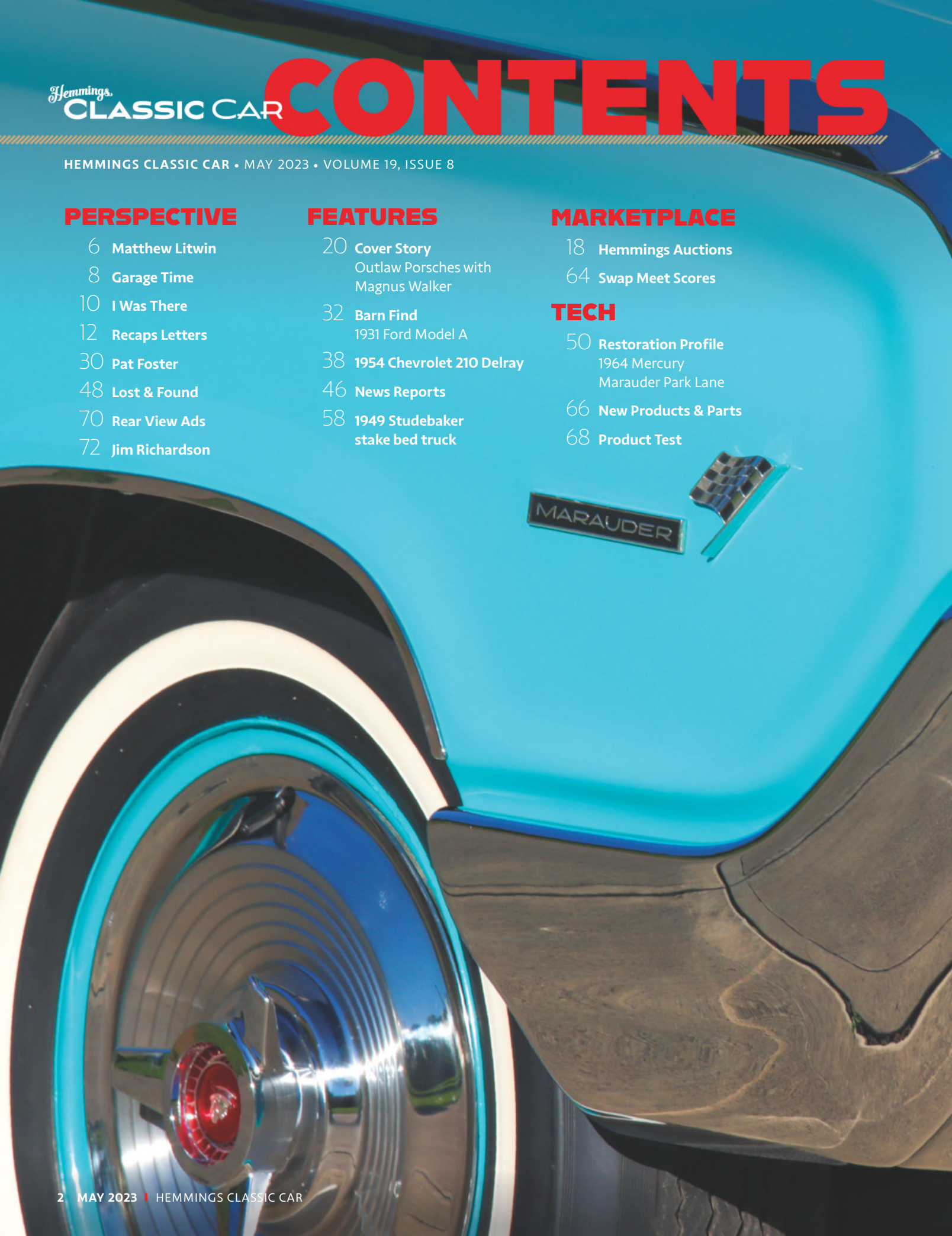

On the Cover: Photographer Ed Fox spent an afternoon with 'Outlaw Porsche' personality Magnus Walker in the shadows of LA's iconic 6th Street Bridge.

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"Headlines that cause a stir in the hobby—good or bad—are the same ones that draw in curious new minds to the hobby."

I'VE JUST returned from a familiar January trek to Scottsdale, Arizona, though it would have been nice if it started in Kissimmee, Florida, and then headed west. Preferably in an old phaeton instead of a delay-plagued jetliner. Escaping winter's icy grip—as wonderful as that sounds—had nothing to do with the venture.

If you've not connected the dots pinned on opposite sides of the continent, visits to both locales are rooted in the fact that January has become "Auction Month" to countless car owners around the world. The first 31 days of the year also serve as a fiscal barometer; results tend to dictate what buyers and sellers should expect through early summer. To that point, January 2023 could be summed up in two words: "record setting."

Let's review. It started with Mecum Auctions' sale in Florida, which offered 4,000 vehicles this year, and several hundred lots of "road art" over the course of 12 days. If you missed the news in Hemmings' daily email newsletter, the company shattered last year's mark by producing a total take of $234 million.

In Arizona, Barrett-Jackson's nine-day no-reserve juggernaut raked in $190.6 million. RM Sotheby's one-day sale totaled $44.8 million and change. Bonhams also had a one-day event that brought in $30 million. Do the math: nearly $499.5 million of vintage steeds—and associated memorabilia—changed hands. That total doesn't include the tally from MAG Auctions, which also hosted a sale during Scottsdale auction week; as of this writing, it has yet to announce its results. Let's not forget other buying and selling opportunities, such as those found at Hemmings Auctions (which are available to peruse 24/7).

Such lofty, news-making numbers will undoubtedly draw ire from a sect of the hobby—perhaps not aimed specifically at a grand total, but rather newly minted world records for individual makes and models, such as the $4.8 million sale of a 1912 Simplex five-passenger Torpedo Tourer that made it the most expensive pre-World War I car ever sold at public auction. Or the 1970 Pontiac GTO Judge Ram Air IV convertible that set a new auction record for the model when it changed hands for $1.1 million. Are criticisms fair? One was first owned by legendary American sportswoman,


MECUM

Eleonora Sears, gifted to her by Harold Vanderbilt; the other, one of just seven built with an automatic transmission. You decide.

Regardless, it's important to remember that headlines that cause a stir in the hobby—good or bad—are the same ones that draw in curious new minds to the hobby. Questions abound. What's happening in the old car hobby that's so special? What are people buying? Why are they buying them? How can I get involved? What kind of cars can I buy that are just as fun, but more affordable?

It's this last question we should embrace and promote with unbridled enthusiasm. January 2023's sales, and others prior, traditionally produce easy-to-find bang-for-the-buck results. Like the $7,150 sale of a 1989 Chevrolet Camaro RS; a 1977 Citroën CX 2400 that brought $11,200; a 1975 AMC " Cassini" Matador that sold for $6,600; and $11,000 paid for a 1964 Oldsmobile Jetstar 88 "Holiday" coupe. Deals like these open the doors to ownership experiences. You just have to read past the headlines to find them.

Columnist Bob Palma has long championed inroads to ownership and the experiences they generate. Bob joined our team of talented and thought-provoking writers in March 2011. Simultaneously, Bob has been the chief cheerleader of and for Studebaker and much of his literary work graced the marque club's publication, *Turning Wheels*.

He didn't just write about the passion, he lived it. In addition to national meets, Bob traveled to events like the annual Pure Stock Muscle Car Drags, held in Stanton, Michigan. There, he captured the relentless spirit of Studebaker-wielding racers, reminding us about the company-built performance cars, all while recounting the graceful curves of 1928-'34 Presidents, the only Studebakers recognized as "Full Classics" by the Classic Car Club of America.

Bob's breadth of Studebaker knowledge is vast, and so it is with a heavy heart we honor his wishes by informing readers that in September 2022 he was diagnosed with stage 4 pancreatic cancer that metastasized to the liver. Bob said that although doctors and specialists did everything they could, treatment was suspended January 18, 2023. As we were preparing this issue, Bob extended his best wishes to all of us just before his passing on February 15. See you in South Bend, Bob.

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A.

B.

I guess I was a little bored. For the past hour, I'd been on the phone with Daniele, the head of my office in Italy, reviewing our latest purchases of Italian gold, Murano glass and Italian-made shoes and handbags.

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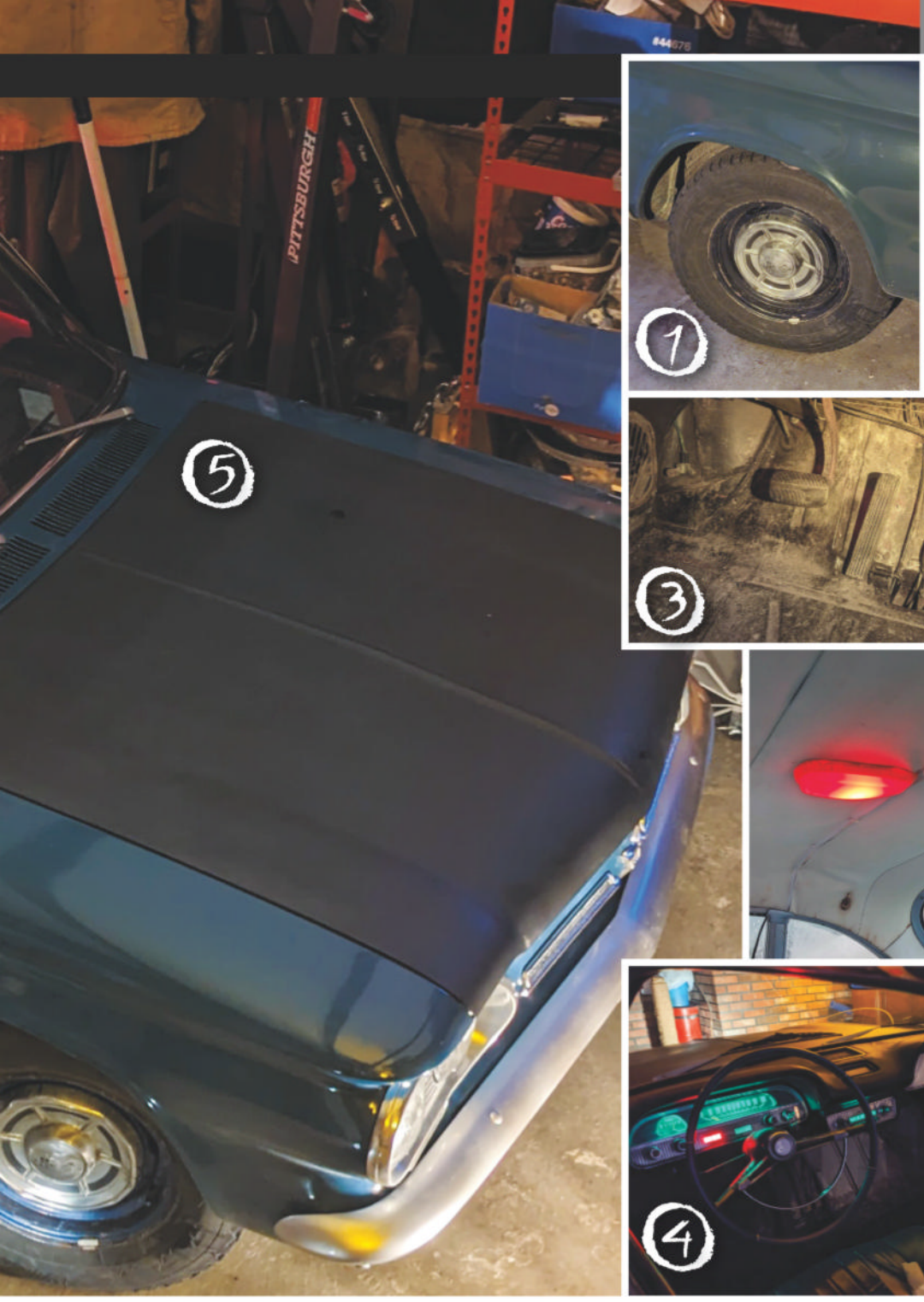
WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY
BY DAVID CONWILL

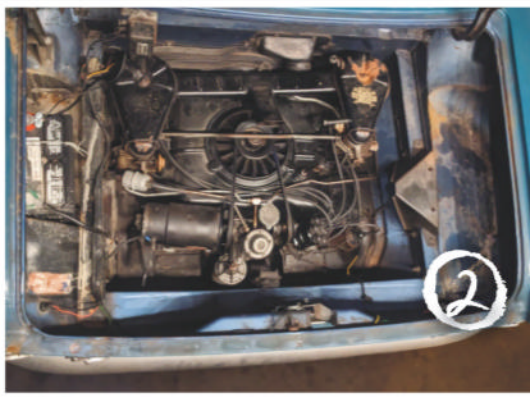
A Corvair for All Seasons

Maintenance and proactive repairs keep this Monza Club Coupe ready for daily use

I PICKED THIS 1962 Chevrolet Corvair Monza Club Coupe—one of 151,738 built that model year and 1962's most popular Corvair—as a daily driver for a variety of reasons. One was traction: The rear-engine, rear-drive configuration will go anywhere I ask it to, regardless of road conditions. With its horizontally opposed engine and willingness to perform in Vermont winters, the Corvair seemed the perfect vintage equivalent to the ubiquitous Subarus found here in the Green Mountain State. It's an ironic home for an Oakland, California-built car, but the paperwork I found in the glovebox implies it moved to Michigan when it was only six years old and spent the next 30 years there as a daily driver. "Monza" trim and "high-performance" 102-hp engine notwithstanding, the little coupe is at its best as transportation—racking up 111,202 miles as of this writing.

Compromises were made over the course of those miles and the car has suffered certain indignities. A 1979-vintage Michigan license plate (once registered to the car, according to the paperwork) was used to patch a hole in the driver's footwell; in the back seat area, a painted over "Keep Right" sign serves the same purpose. The engine cover and trunk lid were both appropriated for installation on a convertible—black-primered substitutes were left in their place. The passenger-side bucket seat is gone, and a red, 1963-style unit that won't lock in position is in its place. The bumpers, presumably too pitted for replating, are silver powder coated. All that's perfect, as I'm not driving somebody's restoration project or a well-preserved survivor into the ground.





What's Inside:

1. Steering boxes aren't inherently dead and wandering. Fresh bushings in the front suspension may well take up all of that slop. If not, it's time to adjust the box.

2. Tools are a must when you're daily driving an oldie. The original spare-tire position (to the engine's right) will make a perfect mount for a vintage toolbox, which will include a tire-patching kit.

3. In lieu of carpet and padding, I'm going to treat the floorboards with POR-15's rust-conversion system, and then apply POR-15's bedliner to the topside. Below, the rust converter will be followed by POR-15 undercoating.

4. To supplement the TEMP/PRESS and GEN/FAN warning lights, I'll be installing Stewart-Warner oil-temperature, oil-pressure, and voltmeter gauges. A New Vintage USA 1967-series tachometer will mount to the ash tray.

5. The flat-black trunk lid has become something of a hallmark of this car. Proper paint will replace the primer there and the engine cover will be matched to the non-original blue-green paint (the factory applied Nassau Blue).

Nope, I'm just driving a car that happened to have turned 50 in November 2021.

Using a car as transport, of course, means regular offerings to the Gods of Maintenance. Parts wear out and get replaced. So far, I've put new brake hoses and a dual-reservoir master cylinder on it; re-sealed the engine and transmission; converted the signal lamps to LED bulbs; replaced the starter (itself a replacement with 1966 date codes); repaired a broken generator; and rebuilt the distributor using donor components from a 1965, 110-hp engine. All those projects were documented on Hemmings.com. The well-worn old Corvair has responded joyfully to these repairs and improvements; it runs and drives better all the time.

More is to come, of course. You have to be a tinkerer to want to drive something that isn't under warranty and can't plug into a laptop for diagnostics. Some things are repairs—heading off previously deferred maintenance before it becomes an issue—and others are improvements with an eye toward making Chevy's compact a bit tougher and more capable on the dirt backroads.

My Summer with Two Fords

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SCOTT OVERTON

Scott Overton
Maintenance
Washington State
Highway Department

"After a section of new highway was completed—but before it was opened to traffic—he would 'test it' and I was invited along on two of these drives."

MY SUMMER with two Fords started during the Christmas season in 1965. I was a third-year mechanical engineering student at Michigan Tech. Home was the Chicago suburbs and I had driven down in my 1957 Chrysler beater. It was two-tone gold with one black door and plywood covered the holes in the floor, but it had a 331 Hemi, a three-on-the-tree manual, and the heater worked. My aunt from Spokane, Washington, was visiting; after meeting my then-girlfriend (who my aunt immediately disliked) she invited me to stay with her and my uncle during the coming summer if I could find a job in Spokane. It was a great offer, so I accepted.

I drove back to school during a snowstorm, but since I was an experienced winter driver, I was undaunted. The Chrysler, however, had had enough. It went two blocks and lost second gear. Next went reverse, but I managed to get it back home. As it went to the junkyard, I took the Greyhound back to school and promptly dug my other car out of the snowbank. It was a pea green 1960 Chevy wagon with a 283-cu.in. V-8 and Powerglide transmission that had been in an "incident" that left the driver's door permanently shut.

After a few months and several letters, I was offered a summer job in Spokane with the State of Washington's Highway Department. At the end of the school term, I drove the Chevy, now dubbed "Greenie," home to Chicago where the family condemned it as too unsafe, and unsightly, to be driven cross-country. It joined my Chrysler at the junkyard, and I inherited my family's 1962 Ford Fairlane.

The Fairlane had a 221-cu.in. V-8 and a three-on-the-tree transmission. That engine had its issues, though. At only four years old, it had logged quite a few miles and had been apart once due to burnt valves. Things like backwards-installed gaskets and sludge-filled oil passages were found, but it was running okay, so off I went to Spokane via Mt. Rushmore and Glacier National Park. Since motel stays were an unnecessary expense for an impecunious student, I slept in the car and washed up in gas station men's rooms.

Although the Highway Department hired mostly civil engineering students for summer jobs—and mostly assigned them to survey crews—as a mechanical engineering student, I was part of the maintenance group. They found all sorts of interesting and occasionally odd things for me to do. I developed a safety brace to install on an uplifted dump truck frame to protect anyone working under the dump bed. One day I had to pick up and return a department car used by a cigar-smoking right-of-way agent who did not believe in ash trays. On another, I helped retrieve a flatbed truck that had broken down in a mountain pass.

Most of the administrative staff cars were Slant Six Dodges, except for the district manager. His was a 1966 Ford Galaxie that had a 428 big-block V-8 in it; I remember the badge on the fender flank. After a section of new highway was completed—but before it was opened to traffic—he would "test it,"

and I was invited along on two of these drives. The tests consisted of running flat out, about 130 mph. I presume it was to see if the surface was smooth.

Unfortunately, I never saw the result of my last bit of work. The fleet had a beat-up truck with a massive snow blower in front driven by a diesel engine in the back; the blower driveshaft ran under the cab. One day a gigantic new front-wheel-drive "Tractioneer" arrived, and after everyone looked it over the head mechanic told me he wanted to put the old blower and drive on the new truck. I spent days crawling around both vehicles taking measurements and then making drawings for adapter plates. I still wonder if everything fit.

Meanwhile, the Fairlane served me well most of the summer. On weekends I would cross the line into Idaho, either through Post Falls or Coeur d'Alene. I even drove it across Washington to the Pacific Coast around Olympic National Park. As the summer progressed, though, the performance of the Fairlane dropped off. It started to run unevenly and make noises. I bought a compression tester, and yes, there were two cylinders with issues. I was a passable mechanic, and I had my toolbox, but I was not about to try a teardown in my aunt and uncle's driveway. Nor would the Fairlane be going back home with me.

A couple of cans of STP quieted and smoothed that nasty engine—somewhat—and I shopped the Fairlane around. I made a cash deal for a 1956 Ford F-100 pickup. It was no prize, and the bed was a different color than the cab, but at least it wasn't rotted out. It had been an Idaho farm truck and I talked the seller into leaving the plates on it. It had the 272-cu.in. V-8 and a four-speed with granny-gear first. It ran okay after a tune-up, and it had decent recap tires, so I had big plans for it on my return trip home. It was going to be a camper!

A trash heap behind the Highway Department included broken and worn-out plywood road signs. I commandeered several of them and concocted a camper topper over the cargo bed. I had an old sleeping bag and air mattress, and the plan was to sleep back there, where I could stretch out and be comfortable. As far as being unsightly, my old Chevy wagon had been much better looking.

I headed not east, but north, into Canada. Right away a couple of problems came up. First, the tired engine burned oil. Lots of oil. A quart or more at every gas stop. It only smoked when backing off the gas (high vacuum), so it was probably bad valve guides. I adjusted my shifting style and started buying heavier weight oil. It didn't help. The second problem arose the first night I slept in it. I was comfortable for the first couple hours until the leaky air mattress let me down on the cold bed. Still unwilling to spend money on motels, I slept in the cab the remainder of the trip.

I drove the spectacular "Icefield Highway" from Banff to Jasper in Alberta, a drive so inspiring that I did it twice again in later years. I then drove east through Edmonton and on to the prairies of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Somewhere near Saskatoon, the exhaust note got louder, then the muffler dropped. Fortunately, my toolbox included a spool of wire, so I wired the useless muffler up off the street. I was in a foreign country, with an unregistered vehicle, illegal license plates, and no insurance, and the F-100 was roaring like a NASCAR stock car. What could go wrong?

I balloon-footed through towns the rest of the way. I decided to do the last leg of the trip as an all-nighter from Kenora, Ontario, through Lake of the Woods, to International Falls, Minnesota, and I'm glad I did. About halfway, the sky got lighter. I stopped and just sat there for about a half hour to watch the most fabulous aurora borealis you can imagine. Amazingly, I didn't get questioned at border customs.

Summer ended with me back at school in an oil-burning pickup sans camper. Since I was now a senior, and the job market was great, I felt that I deserved a proper car. Not having learned my lesson, it became a questionable 1963 Fairlane with a 260-cu.in. engine and a four-speed.

I WAS THERE relates your stories from working for the car-makers, whether it was at the drawing board, on the assembly line, or anywhere in between. To submit your stories, email us at editorial@hemmings.com or write to us at I Was There, c/o Hemmings Classic Car, 222 Main Street, Bennington, Vermont 05201.

RecapsLetters

EMAIL YOUR THOUGHTS AND COMMENTS TO: mlitwin@hemmings.com

I JUST HAD TO EXPRESS

how pleased I was to read the article on the 1978 Ford Thunderbird in the January issue. Being a large-car enthusiast, I totally appreciate the bigger American cars. The '50s-'70s witnessed some beautiful automobiles manufactured from the big three. Ford always hit the target with the Thunderbird. The 1955-'57 models are the first choice of many. I tend to put the '58-'79 Thunderbirds first—personal luxury, comfort, and style all its own. The feature car's coloring, jet black with a red interior, is a real showstopper!

Keep writing about the big cars. I'd like to see more recognition of the orphans like Mercury; I've owned my 1962 Monterey for more than a decade now. I just love to drive it and show it off at local shows. I never win, but who cares. Thank you again!

–DARRYL PETERSEN
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Your letter exclaiming appreciation for the Thunderbird, and desire to see more full-size Mercurys, has arrived at a most opportune time. Turn to page 50 to read about the restoration of a 1964 Mercury Marauder Park Lane authored and photographed by Tom DeMauro.

IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

(#219), I had the pleasure of reading the great article by Mark McCourt on John Kunkel's restoration of a 1951 Henry J. It brought back memories of a certain company car my dad drove, after his service in World War II, going to work for Henry J. Kaiser in the company's Gypsum division (now sadly gone).

My dad was provided a car every three years to call on any number of home builders and construction workers. I'm sure you can guess what that was: a four-door Kaiser Manhattan. The last one he was to receive was a 1953 battleship grey edition. Just beautiful. Since it was his last Kaiser and he had to return it in '56, I felt pretty sad for a 10-year-old kid. I loved that car.

Several years ago, through a film collector's magazine, I came across—on 16mm film—two 60-second TV commercials for a 1953 Henry J and a '53 Manhattan. I have so much fun sharing this with others, most of whom *never* heard of these cars! I was also able to purchase a copy of Richard M. Langworth's interesting 288-page book, *The Last Onslaught on Detroit*.

If I had the means, I'd like nothing better than to have a complete frame-up restored 1953 Manhattan, and in battleship grey.

–ROBERT SIDES
San Bernardino, California

THE STORY ABOUT THE

Henry J in the December 2022 issue (#219) brought back fond memories of the Henry J I had. Mechanically it was exactly like the one described in the article by Mark McCourt. The coil springs in front and leaf spring in back made for a nice ride. I drove it hard, but with overdrive I could get up to 33 mph. It was a tough little car… I don't remember ever having any mechanical work done to it. It was a fun little car, too, and I did miss it when I had to sell it to get a bigger car for my job. But the memories linger on.

I look forward to the monthly arrival of my copy of *Hemmings Classic Car* and especially look to the auction section and am amazed by the prices they are now getting for these cars compared to the few thousand we paid…way back then.

–MICHAEL SANTANGELO
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

GIVEN A TOPIC PERTAINING

to a once thriving Studebaker Corporation moniker, on page 34 of the January issue (#220; "Fulfilling A Dream"), one is only able to marvel at what was accomplished decades before 1966. For instance, one just might recall two spark plugs per cylinder in 1931; the airplane-inspired design in 1948; supercharged Hawks and Golden Hawks; the Avanti sports car of 1963; and Aunt Bee's 1966 Daytona. Also, in the mid-Fifties, Studebaker even extended a lifeline to Packard, which had introduced—in 1952—torsion bar suspension, later utilized in my 1969 Chrysler. What a magnificent suspension.

–FRANK PFAU
Advance, North Carolina

REGARDING BOB PALMA'S

column "Going Horizontal" (issue #218), like him, I have observed how it's elementary telling Thirties vehicles from Forties vehicles—it's in the changeover to horizontal grilles. Arguably the most enduring of the old vertical grilles was Ford's design of 1932. Ford's decision to not chrome the shell surround—unlike both Chevrolet and Plymouth that year—worked perfectly somehow. It worked so well that an original '32 Ford is still an attractive vehicle 90 years later.

As Bob sort of suggested, Packard's front-end styling made a change for the worse and, respectfully, beginning in 1948, started a definitive slide into unattractiveness, especially compared to mid-Thirties Packards. To me, Packards of the "horizontal era" have no stylish appeal as a luxury car. After 1941, they lost their classy looks.

Arguably the most captivating study of "going horizontal" was not cars at all but instead pickup trucks. I guess because of the World War II's interruption of passenger vehicle production there weren't any "transitional" models; the postwar models (1947-'48) from Dodge, Chevrolet, and

Continued on page 14

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Centuries ago, Persians, Tibetans and Mayans considered turquoise a gemstone of the heavens, believing the striking blue stones were sacred pieces of sky. Today, the rarest and most valuable turquoise is found in the American Southwest— but the future of the blue beauty is unclear.

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Continued from page 12

Ford went from a vertical organization of the front end to an absolute horizontal layout all at once. A Dodge B-Series pickup just doesn't look anything like, say, a '46 or a '47 Dodge truck. The newly designed postwar pickups from the "Big Three" went horizontal with an abruptness that brings out Bob's point about "going horizontal."

I'll take this opportunity to pose to Bob a thought of my own. Look at the original Ford F-1 of 1948-'50. Maybe I'm the only person who sees this, but it seems to me that Ford styled the F-1's front end after the WWII Jeep. The Jeep purposely had inboard headlamps—to protect them from casualty—and Ford carried that over exactly to its new trucks, except that the grille slats ran horizontally instead of vertically. Give an F-1 a flat hood, vertical grille slats, and pull the front fenders in a little and what do you see? Is it not a Jeep? The first F-1 was the Jeep "going horizontal."

–STEVEN JORDAN
Nashville, Tennessee

THE JANUARY 2023 ISSUE had a brief profile on a 1956 Ford Thunderbird ("Auction News & Highlights"). It stated that Humphrey Bogart was the original purchaser of the car pictured and that chronic pain made it difficult for him to manually shift his Jaguar, so he traded it for the Ford.

In 1956 I was a student at North Hollywood High in California. One morning I saw a classmate, Buddy Westphal, driving a Jaguar XK120 into the parking lot. I went over to him to look at the car. He told me he had bought it recently and that it had been Humphrey Bogart's car. It was rare because it had an aluminum body. I asked him what he paid for it and he said $1,500, to which I commented that for $1,500 he could have bought a

1954 Oldsmobile. He looked at me, shaking his head in disbelief, and said, "Unthank, you dummy, I don't want a '54 Olds." He was right.

–RANDY UNTHANK
Chatsworth, California

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE, Bruce Behner told us of his use of silicone-based DOT 5 brake fluid. This is fine for vintage or classic car use to prevent paint damage, but for anyone preparing a car for vintage rallying or racing, I advise great caution on brake fluid choice. The following is a re-send of an earlier letter to "Recaps" regarding an article that referred to DOT 5 silicone brake fluid, and is based on my actual experience with this brake fluid:

"I read of several restoration projects in which the rebuilders used DOT 5 silicone brake fluid. I would advise against using this fluid if your restoration project has sporting intentions such as vintage road-racing or rallying. Years ago, as an engineer at a forklift manufacturer, we had a contract to build shipboard-capable forklifts for the U.S. Navy. The specs called for Dow-Corning DOT 5 silicone fluid to avoid moisture absorption in the sea air environment. I thought, 'Wow, high temp fluid to use in my vintage Quasar D Sports Racer,' so I liberated enough to flush and fill my racer's brake system. During my next race at Blackhawk Farms Raceway, I discovered I had a 'long' brake pedal under heavy braking at the end of the long front straight leading to a sharp right-hand turn. I had to anticipate and compensate for the softening brake pedal throughout the race with disappointing results. After some research (OK, I should have checked first), I learned that silicone fluid has higher compressibility than glycol-based fluids. Silicone-based fluid is great because it won't the damage the paint on your restored vehicle, but is not so great for racing.

"Back at home, I flushed and refilled the brake system using Ford truck heavy-duty fluid bought at my local Ford dealer. Having a low-displacement engine, part of my race strategy was to dive really deep into turns so I could come out sooner than my competitors. With that Ford fluid, I never had brake fade, boiling fluid, or any other problem, and won my club class championship in 1984. These days there are other DOT 5 fluids with different chemistries, so please do your research and choose the right fluid."

Good luck to all,

–MYRON BOYAJIAN
via email

I FOUND JIM RICHARDSON'S article on restorations in the February 2023 issue interesting, but I can't say that I completely agree. I have always had issues with over-restored cars as I don't think that they properly represent the particular vehicle as it was when new. Although I'm not as fastidious as the referenced Corvette owner who replicates "assembly line mediocrity," to me, this is preferred as opposed to painting a 70-year-old car with 23 coats of base/clearcoat, powder coating of valve covers and wheels, using leather where vinyl belongs, etc. I prefer restorations that attempt to truly replicate what was available from the factory. An old "Duesie" with a very expensive, hand-rubbed paint job might well be something to behold, but is it really that much different from, let's say, one of those resto-mods? It's the same concept, isn't it, to improve on the existing design? If that's the case, then it is no longer a restoration in the guise of originality, but an enhancement—in my humble opinion anyway.

–VLASTA V. VACIK
LaSalle, Ontario, Canada

JIM RICHARDSON'S comments in his December column (issue #220) are correct, but incomplete, when he says that gasoline cars won over electric cars 110 years ago due to the invention of the self-starter. This expanded the market demand for gas cars. But what killed electric *and* steam cars and the future of the motorcycle as cheap transportation for the masses was… the Model T Ford.

I explained this in *Special Interest Autos* (issue #182; March/April 2001). Jim is also correct that there were zero charging stations in the first decade of the 20th century outside of big cities—but as only about 20 percent of the U.S. had access to sufficient electricity, the electric car was already almost DOA. The same limitations on charging stations exist in 2023 for the same reason: a failure to understand the economics or scope of electric markets.

Conventional wisdom in 1908 said there was no mass market for a cheap car; it couldn't be built at a profit; the fuel it used was in limited production; and its main competitor, the horse, already owned 100-percent of the non-

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Continued from page 14

rail transport market. The horse was cheap to buy and "run," and could replace itself at no cost to the owner if he had two. Try that, Model T.

Henry Ford blew up the economics of the horse age completely and created the 20th century based on new ones a horse-age mind could not grasp. A Model T would go anywhere a horse could go and go a lot of places a horse wouldn't. Another huge advantage for gas cars was that gasoline, if in limited supply, was available at every livery stable, hardware store, etc.; by 1908 it was available virtually all over the U.S. (consider this reality to the national "charging network" of a century ago). Electrics, to compete, needed a similar-scale network already in existence—and didn't. Nor could or would the capital required to build it be raised.

In the Eighties, the auto industry wisdom was that people wouldn't buy electric in the age of cheap gasoline; we know how that worked out for the Detroit Big Three. As Toyota's first Prius debuted in 1998, the price of crude oil—in December of that year—was $15/barrel and gasoline at the pumps was $1.50/gallon or less. We know how that worked out even as the Big Three said electrics made no economic sense against cheap gas.

The key is that as the new "fuel" replaces the old (gas versus horse) and renders obsolete the prior age, all new electronics are created. In 2023, electrics must—to succeed against fossil fuels—do what they didn't do a century ago, at a cost, if begun immediately, of an up-front $5 trillion. They won't know if success, or even recovery of this expense, is possible until after the money is spent. Exactly as the Model T versus the horse in 1908.

In California in 2023, there are some 75,000 public charging stations, but to succeed against gasoline—even with the state's ban on sales of [new] gas-only cars by 2035—California requires about one million charging stations built by 2030, at $15,000 each for slow chargers, and 10 times that for superchargers. Add another $3 trillion to build up the required electric grid to feed those stations and you begin to understand the scope needed. And this is just for one state, not all 50. The reason is range—not how far one electric can go on a charge, but whether it can get fed anywhere it goes. The Model T had this advantage with gasoline over electric before it debuted. Gasoline is the horse of this century that electrics must render obsolete.

–NORMAN HIGBY
Menlo Park, California

I MUST COMMEND JIM

Donnelly on his article in February issue (#221) on the 1973 Chrysler Town & Country wagon. Having owned it for many years before selling it to Hank, I can provide a little more color as to its history.

I bought it as described in January of 1995 in Arizona. I can confirm that at the time it had 64,000 original miles and was a total survivor. The chauffeur had taken excellent care of the wagon and it was garaged whenever not being used for highway travel. I drove the car home from Arizona to Minnesota without incident, arriving just as some snow began to fall; this was the closest it ever got to any winter exposure.

The car was our family traveling vehicle, replacing my 1974 International ¾-ton 4WD Travelall, which the family was not fond of because of the rough ride (I still own the Travelall). From 1995 until the sale to Hank in 2019, we managed to put about 50,000 miles on it with trips across the nation, including numerous trips to Florida's Walt Disney World, as well as one to pick up my 1913 Overland. There were several trips with our family and cousins west through the Black Hills to points beyond, including a trip to Yellowstone National Park and Wyoming. If you ask my family, they will tell you that they felt I cared more about the car than them as they could not eat in the car, drink anything other than water, and were not allowed to put their feet anywhere other than the mats on the floor. I can also confirm that no one ever sat in the rear-facing seat.

One memorable trip was when I went to southern Illinois to pick up a mint 1979 Cordoba (no Corinthian leather thank goodness). On the way back with it in tow, the T&C began overheating when I would idle or stop. The issue was the fan clutch had given out; it was late afternoon as I pulled into the only mechanic shop open in Madison, Wisconsin—a Chevrolet dealer—to see if they could replace it. They called around to the local parts vendors and none had one in stock and could not get one until Monday. At that point I realized that the newly purchased Cordoba had the same fan on it; needless to say, that recent purchase became a donor car that allowed me to make it home with no further issues.

Once my wife started purchasing Tahoes as her daily drivers in 2005—she would not be seen in a minivan—the T&C was relegated to only specialty use and less for family travel. During my ownership the only time it sat outside overnight was when we were on the road; it never went through a car wash and never left us stranded over all of those miles. Properly cared for, you can maintain a collector car while using it on a regular basis to create memories that your family will never forget. Long live the station wagon—my daily driver today is a 2018 Buick TourX wagon. I couldn't have found a better home for the T&C than as a part of Hank Hallowell's fine collection of survivor vehicles; and I still get to see it when I go to Hershey. It's like visiting a member of the family.

–WALLY BURCHILL
Minnesota

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BY MARK J. McCOURT
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1972 INTERNATIONAL TRAVELALL

A lesser seen but important member of the early SUV fraternity is International's Travelall, a genuine competitor to Chevy's Suburban and its ilk. This sub-50,000-mile example appeared to be largely untouched over the past 50 years, retaining its factory-applied paint and woodgrain; the cloth-upholstered interior also looked fully intact and very tidy. Minor condition issues included a nonfunctioning fuel gauge and A/C, undercarriage surface corrosion, and 16-year-old tires. The 392-cu.in. V-8 and three-speed automatic promised proper functionality, and original documentation added appeal. It wasn't surprising to watch this rare survivor blow past both its reserve and the top market value.

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1985 BMW 323i BAUR TC

While factory-authorized Baur Top Cabriolet versions of BMW's 3 Series weren't sold here, some European-market cars have been privately imported through the years, including this 323i. It sported some federalization modifications and was well equipped with desirable M-Technic goodies like a body kit and sport seats. The odometer's 121,214 miles were corroborated with a Carfax, and the 2.3-liter straight-six and Z4-sourced 5-speed manual were said to work as designed with no flaws. The cosmetics appeared good and the two-piece top operated fine; the interior presented well. Minor issues with warning lamps and the stereo were noted. Two time extensions led to a reasonably healthy sale.

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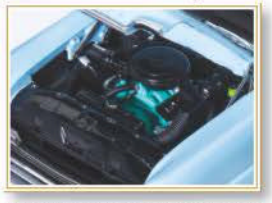

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Magnus Walker / Outlaw

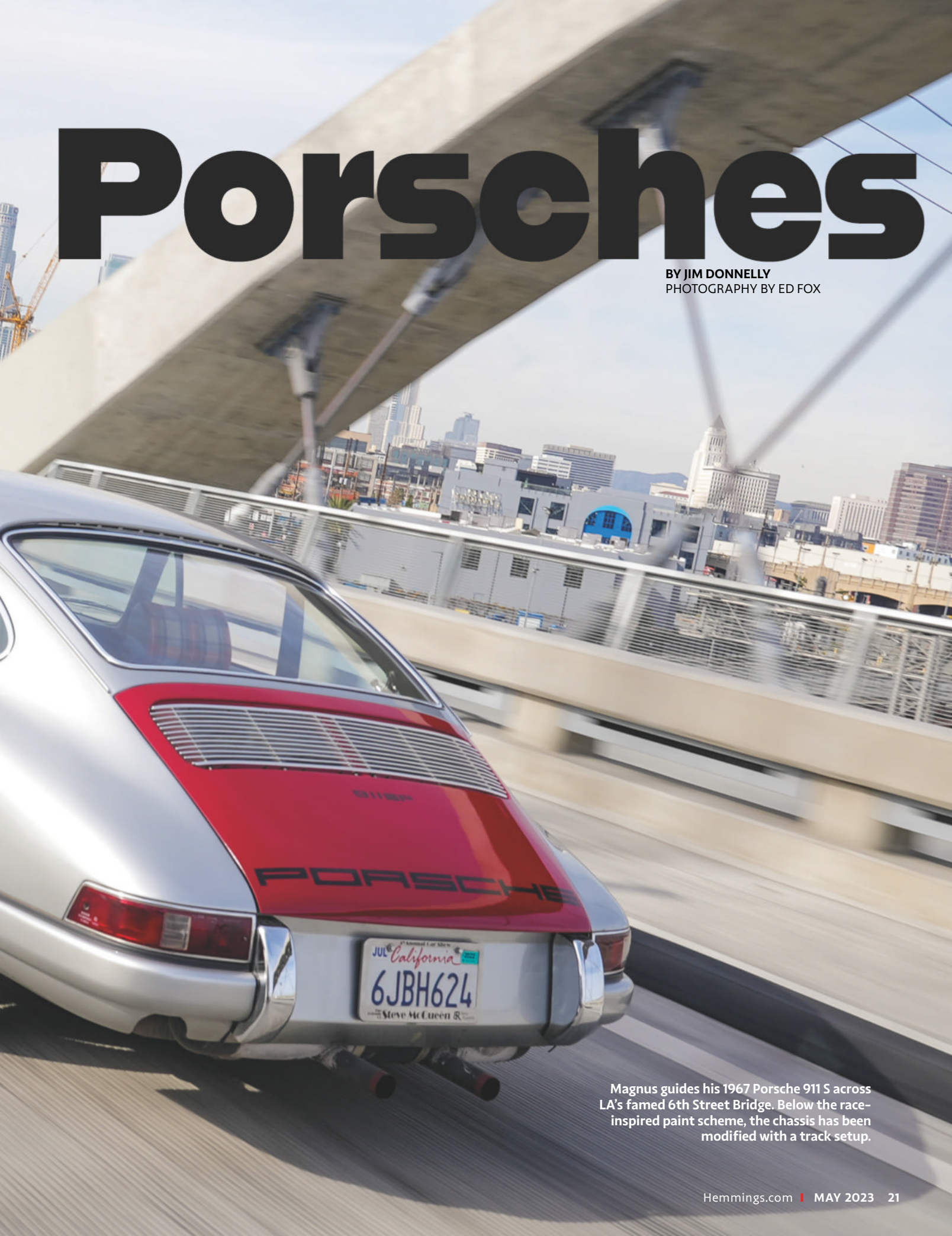
Artist Magnus Walker takes vintage Porsches in decidedly new directions

Automotive styling, and its practitioners, have had a fist-to-glove relationship with Southern California for nearly as long as cars have existed in the United States. A good starting point for tracing the reality existed 100 years ago, when a young Harley Earl was doing custom bodies for Don Lee Cadillac before General Motors, with much bigger ideas, hired him away. The Hollywood glitz aspect that has always been part of L.A.'s vibe has provided inspiration and opportunity to coachbuilders as varied as Bohman & Schwartz prior to World War II, and then to Barris Kustoms and other metalsmiths thereafter. From the slow-cruise world of lowriders to the canyon conquerors of Mulholland Drive, wildly tricked-out cars with deep personalization have always been part of the way Los Angeles rolls.

People who do this kind of stuff to cars are iconoclasts almost by definition, all looking to make their own strong statement expressed through steel, glass, and rubber. And it's a generational thing, with modifiers reflecting the era that spawned them. In the old days, customizers in Los Angeles hailed from the San Fernando Valley or the South Bay region. Today, the tip of the region's spear when it comes to customizing cars doesn't necessarily hail from Los Angeles, or even the United States. And the raw material from this form of metalworking artwork could be a long way from a 1949 Mercury or a 1964 Impala.

Porsches

BY JIM DONNELLY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED FOX



Magnus guides his 1967 Porsche 911 S across LA's famed 6th Street Bridge. Below the race-inspired paint scheme, the chassis has been modified with a track setup.

The 1965 Porsche 911 originally delivered to Brumos Porsche.

MAGNUS WALKER'S COLLECTION OF OUTLAW PORSCHES AT THE PETERSEN MUSEUM

As a case study, we offer the body of work that belongs to Magnus Walker, who's had a fully unique entrée into the L.A. custom scene in terms of both itinerary and interest. Walker arrived in California after growing up in the British steel capital of Sheffield, the start of a long journey that took him to Detroit and to Los Angeles by bus while still a teenager. He works with an unusual subject for any customizer: the world of vintage Porsches. Using metal-shaping techniques right out of traditional hot rods and customs, Walker has transformed more than a dozen such cars, most from the 1960s and 1970s, into what are now collectively called "outlaw Porsches." It's a moniker that defies immediate, easy description; just like a painting that draws you in closely, Walker's Porsches will be instantly recognizable once you spot one.

"When I set out to build my own interpretation of a Porsche, my sort of inspiration comes from the glory days of Porsche motorsport: Vic Elford winning the Monte Carlo Rally in 1968 or Dickie Atwood winning Le Mans outright in 1970," Magnus explains. "I set out to build my own interpretation. I never set out to build a 1973 Carrera RS the way it left the factory, or to recreate the old Gulf livery. That's already been done. My builds are different and have included hot rod and muscle car touches. I became sort of not your typical Porsche owner or modifier."

Got all that? Here's what an example of an outlaw Porsche, as designed by Magnus, looks like. It's a 911, although his galaxy of Porsches—right now, he owns 35, with 60 as a lifetime number—incorporates all models, eras and configurations. Instead of red-and-orange paint, it's got a screaming bold stripe down the side, lifted directly from the 1976 Ford Torino that slashed across the screen in

"I set out to build my own interpretation...My builds are different and have included hot rod and muscle car touches. I became sort of not your typical Porsche owner or modifier."

One of the wilder Porsches in Walker's collection is the 1973 914 (middle), which now rides on 15 x 7-inch wheels. The car was unveiled at SEMA in 2019.

Pictured here is Walker's 2004 996 GT3, the first water-cooled Porsche he purchased. Its livery is a tribute to his "277" Porsche, featuring Brumos tribute stripes and early IROC rocker stripes.

Starsky & Hutch, which was one of Magnus's favorite TV programs after he arrived in the United States as a teen. "Nobody's done that before," he proudly declares.

If the Porsche experience mentally conveys thin-lipped, unsmiling rigidity, Magnus is decidedly not that guy. But he could have been. As a youngster in Sheffield, his father took him to British motorsport events; in 1977, to the Earl's Court Motor Show in London, where he went gaga over a Martini-liveried turbo 930. Armed with "a brochure and a dream," Magnus, at age 10, wrote to Porsche asking for a designer's job, and actually received a reply. That's where it started, and Magnus was a wide-eyed Porsche fan before dropping out of school and embracing the British heavy metal and punk scenes. In 1986, he took a bus tour of the United States that included a sojourn working at a day camp for inner-city youngsters outside Detroit. His metal background now leavened by Run-DMC

Considered a "budget-build," Walker completed this 1978 911 SC in 2014. The car has been lowered, rides on 16x7-inch Fuchs wheels, and wears narrow-body IROC bumpers.

The Petersen Museum recently welcomed the display of 10 of Magnus Walker's Porsches, including a 1980 924 Carrera GT (above), 1995 993 RS (below left), and 1990 964 (below right).


"I'm avoiding Porsche stereotypes and adding traditional elements that nobody's ever tried before with a 911."
67
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Walker's collection is road ready, meaning available for a local drive or a day at the track at a moments notice.

and LL Cool J, Magnus rode the bus to Los Angeles, where he disembarked and has remained ever since.

Outside the realm of the outlaw Porsche, Magnus is best known as a fashion designer, having been taught sewing by his mother as a child. Beginning in the late 1980s, Magnus began cutting and sewing customized jeans to sell at flea markets and directly to musicians in the L.A. punk scene. Immediately recognizable by his bowler hat, ZZ Top-style beard, and dangling dreadlocks, Magnus soon connected with local artist Karen Caid, better known as Hoochie, and they opened a fashion salon on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles—called Serious—that was patronized by the likes of Madonna, Bruce Willis, and Alice Cooper.

While all this was happening, Magnus fulfilled his lifelong dream of Porsche ownership. Predictably, it was a 1974 911 customized with a newer slantnose that he bought for $7,500 at the famed Pomona Swap Meet in 1992. "It was my first taste of Porsche passion," he recalls. Since the slantnose was already modified, Magnus became what he admits was a highly aggressive street driver who needed more. He did track days, got certified for club racing, and became a driving instructor. A second 911 followed, this one a 1971 911T, which he "modified until it sort of resembled a 1973 RS Carrera." But there was more to the builds: Unlike virtually every other modified Porsche you'll ever see, Walker's incorporated purely American touches, such as hot rod-style louvers for the fender tops and decklid, pinstriping treatments inspired by the immortal rodding artist Von Dutch, and wild graphic schemes looking nothing like European competition plumage. The outlaw Porsche was finally gaining definition.

So what's an outlaw Porsche? As interpreted by Magnus, it's a layered sculpture in which the disciplined engineering of Stuttgart collides with the rebellion of working-class Britain that the rise of punk foretold. Yet Magnus retains a reverence for his canvas that's obvious. It's gained him recognition from the factory and established him as a noted influencer in Porsche world.

The journey took a crucial detour in 2012, when two things happened: Magnus was the subject of the Canadian short documentary *Urban Outlaw*, which focused on his work with Porsches, and which firmly established him as an unlikely fixture in the L.A. customizing scene. By this time, he had also moved his operations into a former factory in the Arts District of Los Angeles, used for

Serious manufacturing but also as a location for numerous films, TV series, and commercials. He also developed a regular presence in the forum section of aftermarket import supplier Pelican Parts, where the outlaw Porsche concept was first given its true form and identity, if not a dictionary definition.

"In the Pelican thread, I was building what I called sport-purpose cars, R-inspired streetable track Porsches," Walker says. "That's not the definition of 'outlaw,' because James Dean modified the 'Little Bastard' back in the 1950s. What I set out to do was my own interpretation. My builds include American hot rod touches. I've owned a Shelby G.T. 350R, and two 1969 Super Bees, so I was doing stuff with louvered fenders and deck lids. Nobody was doing that with 911s. I'm avoiding Porsche stereotypes and adding traditional elements that nobody's ever tried before with a 911. When I started, the purists cringed."

Which brings us back to the Porsche-as-outlaw thing. Magnus is just concluded a display of his 10 most significant outlaw Porsches at the Petersen Automotive Museum on Wilshire Boulevard, the exhibit marking 10 years since *Urban Outlaw*. They're all drivers, intended to be used, and none could veritably be called pristine. The lead car, arguably, is Magnus's most famous, the 1971 911T that now carries number 277 and has a swapped-in 2.8-liter twin-plug engine. Another is a 1965 911, the 310th ever produced, sold new through Brumos Porsche in Jacksonville, Florida, and now in a silver, burgundy and gold scheme.

Magnus's Petersen exhibit was all-encompassing from a heritage standpoint, the 10 Porsches including a wildly striped 1995 993 intended to evoke the RS. To prove he's not a 911 snob, Magnus also incorporated two less-than-loved Stuttgart creations, including a 1980 924 Carrera GT, one of 406 produced, with a silver-and-minerva color scheme and Outlaw Custom wheels. Even more unusual is what he calls "the most unloved Porsche ever," a 1973 mid-engine 914 with the base 1.7-liter Volkswagen engine, done up as a freeform art car with a wildly interpreted Union Jack theme.

"I pull my inspiration from American culture, Mustangs and Super Bees, put them in a blender, and add a little bit of Americana, and a little bit of Porsche motorsport from the 1960s," Magnus says. "I don't follow trends, I start trends. My Porsches have been front-engine, mid-engine, rear-engine, air cooled, and water cooled. The car always determines whether it gets modified or not. It may not be numbers-matching or considered significant. I haven't done a Cayenne yet. But I've driven them, so never say never."

This 1971 911 T is arguably Walker's most iconic creation, dubbed '277.'

PatFoster

Glenn Pray's Cord

"0-60 mph acceleration was good, and the car could burn rubber for half a block or more."

I NEVER MET Glenn Pray but wish I had. He was a remarkable person. Pray, an Oklahoma school teacher, was one of the pioneers of the replicar craze that flourished in the 1980s. Pray was so far ahead of the curve that he began working on his first replica car in 1963. Before that, he'd already made a name for himself by buying the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg Company. At the time he bought it, the assets were mainly a large collection of new, original spare parts for the cars; it also gave him ownership of the brand names.

Pray was a diehard Cord enthusiast, which is what got him interested in the ACD company in the first place. He felt he could make money selling spare parts to fellow enthusiasts, many of whom he knew personally. Once he bought the firm, he decided to introduce an all-new Cord automobile, which he said would be a Rolls-Royce sort of car. He was acquainted with Gordon Buehrig, designer of the original Cord 810, who soon talked him out of trying to match Rolls-Royce—that was too high a goal for a guy who had no money and no experience as an automobile manufacturer. Instead, Pray decided build a smaller version of the stylish Cord 810 that they called the Cord 8/10—get it? Work soon began in an old pickle factory in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma.

Pray insisted that the new Cord be a front-driver like the original. The problem was that front-wheel drive was still a rarity in America. No American car had featured front-drive since the Cord, so where could he source the transaxles? A few import cars had FWD, but Buehrig suggested that Pray consider existing domestic components. The Chevy Corvair had a sturdy rear-drive transaxle hooked up to a decent-performing pancake six-cylinder engine. So, Pray took that drivetrain out of a new Corvair, turned it around and plopped it into his Cord—voila! A new front-drive Cord was born. Adding a factory turbocharger made the Cord perform like it should. (After all, the original Cord had been considered a performance car, sort of a BMW 3.0 CS of its day). Pray's company talked of a 120-mph top speed, which may have been stretching things a bit, but 0-60 mph acceleration was good, and the car could burn rubber for half a block or more.

Now all Pray needed was money for the expensive body tooling, along with engineering funds so he could develop his idea into an actual working car. In stepped the U.S. Rubber Company, which was looking for a way to promote a new ABS plastic it had developed. Amazingly, the company agreed to fund construction of a series of development cars, as well as pay for the body tooling, all to advertise its new Expanded Royalite ABS plastic.

Heaven only knows how much cash U.S. Rubber sank into the project, but it must have been a prodigious amount, certainly much more than Pray would have been able to get on his own. The new Cord garnered an amazing amount of publicity for the product, and U.S. Rubber seemed very pleased.

The Cord project itself, though, came a cropper. In all, just 97 cars were built—including six prototypes—before the company went bankrupt. A successor firm built another 13 Cord 8/10s before the redesigned SAMCO Cord debuted; less said about the styling changes done on that car the better.

Down but certainly not out, Glenn Pray managed to continue as an automaker committed to reproducing old car designs. Because his second-favorite car was the famed boattail Auburn Speedster, he went on to create a beautiful new Auburn 866 Speedster with the same exquisite styling, driving the initial prototype to an ACD Club event in late 1967. Powered by a Ford V-8/automatic drivetrain with rear-wheel drive, the Auburn "866" was designed for easier assembly than the Cord, with frames purchased and engines acquired from Ford and its dealers; body parts were produced by an outside firm. Pray had learned some hard lessons from his first automaking venture and he applied this knowledge when he began his second act.

The Auburn Speedster was successful and Pray later designed and built a gorgeous Auburn Dual-Cowl Phaeton, which he patented. His accomplishments are still revered today. Like I said, a remarkable man.

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A-wesome Barn Find

Hiding in an Idaho barn for half its life, this late-'31 Ford Model A coupe will quietly adapt newer tech for an enhanced driving experience

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF KOCH

The 2012 flatbed trip on top saw the engine and brakes sorted, while the bottom 2022 ride will make it the driver that everyone's always wanted it to be.

Confession: The Ford Model A you see on these pages is mine, passed down through half a century of single-family ownership. For the bulk of its lifetime within my wife's family, the Ellers, it lived in a barn in Sagle, Idaho. Does that make this late-'31 coupe a barn find? Truth be told, it's never been lost... the Ellers always knew where it was. And they certainly know where it is now. How did it come to be?

Doug Eller was conscripted into the United States Armed Forces two weeks before the end of World War II. By the time he arrived in Southern California and got the lay of the land there, the war was over. Needing to get back to Spokane, he bought a car and hot-footed it home, after which he immediately flipped it for triple what he paid. Faster than you can say "There's a business model here!" he opened Eller Motors on Sprague Avenue in his hometown.

Soon Doug's son, Dick, was drafted into regular trips to the City of Angels to buy new stock for the dealership. As the years passed, Doug amassed an array of vintage machines of varying quality for his own collection and amusement. By the late 1960s, Eller Motors was profitable enough that Doug bought acreage on Mount Schweitzer in Sagle, not far from Lake Pend Oreille.

During the spring of 1969, a farmer from Western Montana drove across two states to be rid of the Ford Model A seen on these pages. All reports from the Eller family indicate that little beyond maintenance (and truth be told, barely even that) was given to the coupe. When it arrived in Spokane, the Ford had already been given its thick coat of Earl Scheib green, on both body and (incorrectly) the fenders, which then lost its gloss and faded into something more resembling suede. Its original mechanical brakes had been converted to a 1939-'48 "juice" system, and the mohair cloth interior had been replaced with a root-beer-colored Naugahyde. The vinyl top patch had been replaced with a piece of riveted sheetmetal slathered with white house paint. But rather than flip the forlorn Ford, it was absorbed into the family collection.

By the mid-'80s, Doug had retired, Dick moved on from the used-car business, and Eller Motors was no more. The family story goes that a barn was built around Doug's cars, just as he called time on the business. Fifteen years later, Doug passed; his three kids split the cars, but only Dick held onto any of his father's collection—including this Model A.

There's junk in the trunk because there's no rumble seat; aftermarket headlamp buckets hold sealed beam lights; 60s-era Allstate rubber is unsafe at any speed.

In the first decade of the new century, Dick toyed around with the idea of pulling the A out of the barn and "doing something with it," anchored around a vague notion of at least making it drivable. The issue would ebb and flow until a decade ago, when he dragged it out of the barn in Sagle and brought it to his home in Phoenix, Arizona, whereupon it was gifted to my son (then Dick's only grandson, age 6).

The idea was that the gift wasn't simply the car, but also the three of us getting it up and running; we would all have memories attached to it. I suspect that Dick wanted to get as much done as he could before his early-onset Parkinson's tremors rendered him unable to operate tools. In that regard, working on the car would be a way of keeping busy and, in some small way, staying healthy. Dick already had decades of his own memories attached to that A; was it wrong that he wanted to make some more?

When relocated, the (perpetually flat) Allstate tires—last sold by Sears in the mid-Seventies—mounted to the wheels had sidewall cracks that you could stick a nickel in. The trunk full of bumperettes, spare grille shell, and other parts had never been emptied, and an Eller Motors stock number was still taped to the rear-quarter window. It was all there, though not entirely as-factory-built stock, and needed to be thoroughly gone through and sorted.

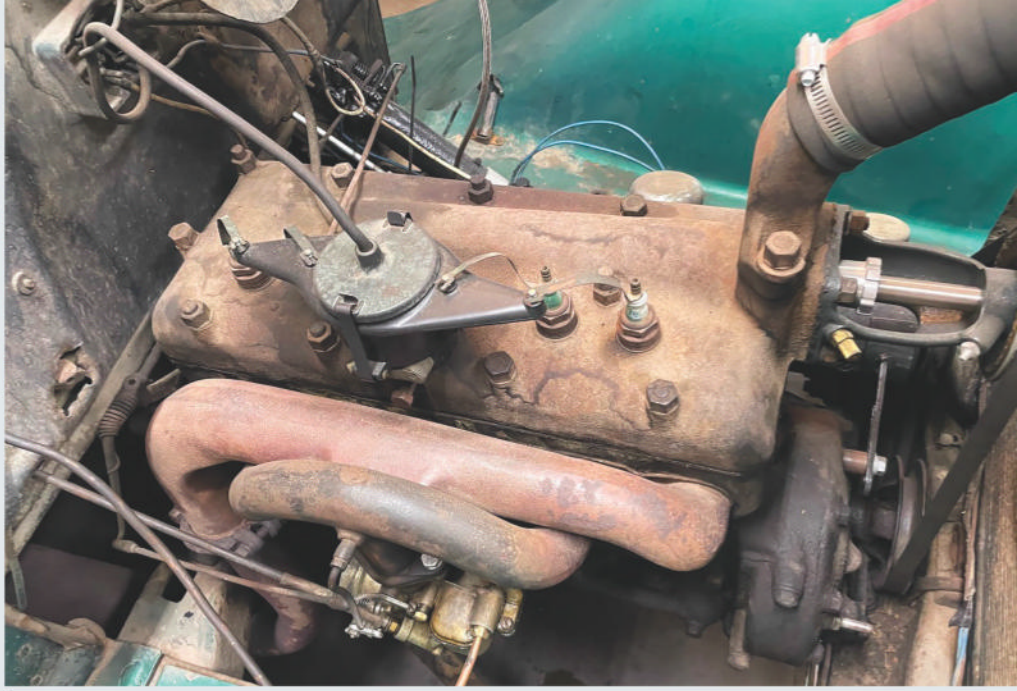
This period shot shows the previous claimant, age six, taking possession of his Model A. He drives a Civic now. Kids these days...

Alas, with time and talent in equally short supply, I sent it out to Sam Guthrie at Arizona Model A for all sorts of work to get it drivable again: brakes, wiring, and heaven knows what else. A local shop cut out the parcel shelf and moved the front seat-track hardware to the rear bolt holes; it did wonders for the ergonomics of driving, with me no longer hunched over the oversized steering wheel, and better able to access the start button located between the steering column and cowl. Once that was completed, we pooted around the block a couple of times, with Dick grinning like a Cheshire cat the whole time, and that was that. The Ford sat once again.

By 2021, Dick passed, and my then 15-year-old son's former eager energy had succumbed to time and hormones, to the point that today he was dragging his feet about driving lessons. He has officially relinquished his claim on the A, which is the closest thing my wife has to a family heirloom; even so, it will not be leaving our lives while either of us still draws breath. Also, this past fall I found myself with enough cash in pocket to make the Ford a semi-regular driver once and for all. We needed a plan for its running, driving future that somehow stayed true to the spirit of the car.

For me, the pleasure in any car is in the driving of it. Ergonomically, I am as unsuited to an A as I am to airplane seats; I'll never get behind the wheel if it's stock. If I'm to drive it at all, it would need to be altered in some way to accommodate my stature. Spark control on this lever here, pull the choke on the other side of the cabin to help start, wrap your foot around the steering column to press the floor-mounted starter, a shifter that makes you feel like you're stirring pancake batter rather than changing gears... yeesh. Perhaps rounding off some of those sharp

Nothing will be done to the Model A that the late Richard Eller would disapprove of.



The A's stock Four was allegedly good for 40 hp, but we suspect a couple of those horses have left the barn for good. At least it doesn't smoke when it runs.

edges will make it more compelling for me to drive.

I am very conscious that it would be easy to send the A out to a restoration shop to make it as-new, and in the process spend a lot of money and a couple more years of waiting on a car. I am equally conscious of my limitations as a mechanic, and would rather spend the money with a professional than revisit those limitations and end up with boxes of parts in a garage in lieu of a car. So, neither of these is an option.

Which brings us to the present. I am looking to budget-tweak this already-not-stock, semi-barn-find Model A into something a little more drivable. Something that I can hop into on a moment's notice and bump on down to the ice cream shop or a car show if I so choose. Something that won't be an impediment in traffic, in a town where the 45 mph speed limit signs wink at you and suggest that, really, 70 is okay if you don't tell anyone. At the same time, I don't want a hot rod. If I'm not sinking $25,000 or more into a factory-esque restoration, I'm surely not mortgaging the homestead for an all-out personality transplant. V-8 power and Mustang II suspension are a bridge too far for my needs and wallet.

Rather, I'm looking to make what I'm terming a "warm rod": a usable and fun car via a suite of invisible and/or reversible mods. One of the perils of tweaking a car—any car—is that it's too easy to dial out its personality. Whatever the goal is—quicker, rides nicer, corners flatter, looks tougher—decades of technological progress means that goals can easily be reached. Yet the fundamental character of the car often changes in the process. How do you modify a legend without removing the qualities that make it legendary? Making changes while keeping the essence of what came before is tough to pull off. It's easy to dial out the feel of what made you fall in love with your car in the first place.

There must be a way to make our Ford a little more contemporary, a little easier to drive, less fussy, without losing the essence of what makes it what it is. I've talked with experts, and we've come up with a recipe that is simple, relatively inexpensive, and quite workable on my budget. The transformation is under way as you read this. It needs to please me, the one who's driving and paying for it, as well as a trio of Eller ladies, who all have memories of the A as it was and would rather things simply be frozen in amber. It's a tightrope that I'm willing to try and walk. Stay tuned for updates as my chosen shop gets this Model A in road-ready shape.

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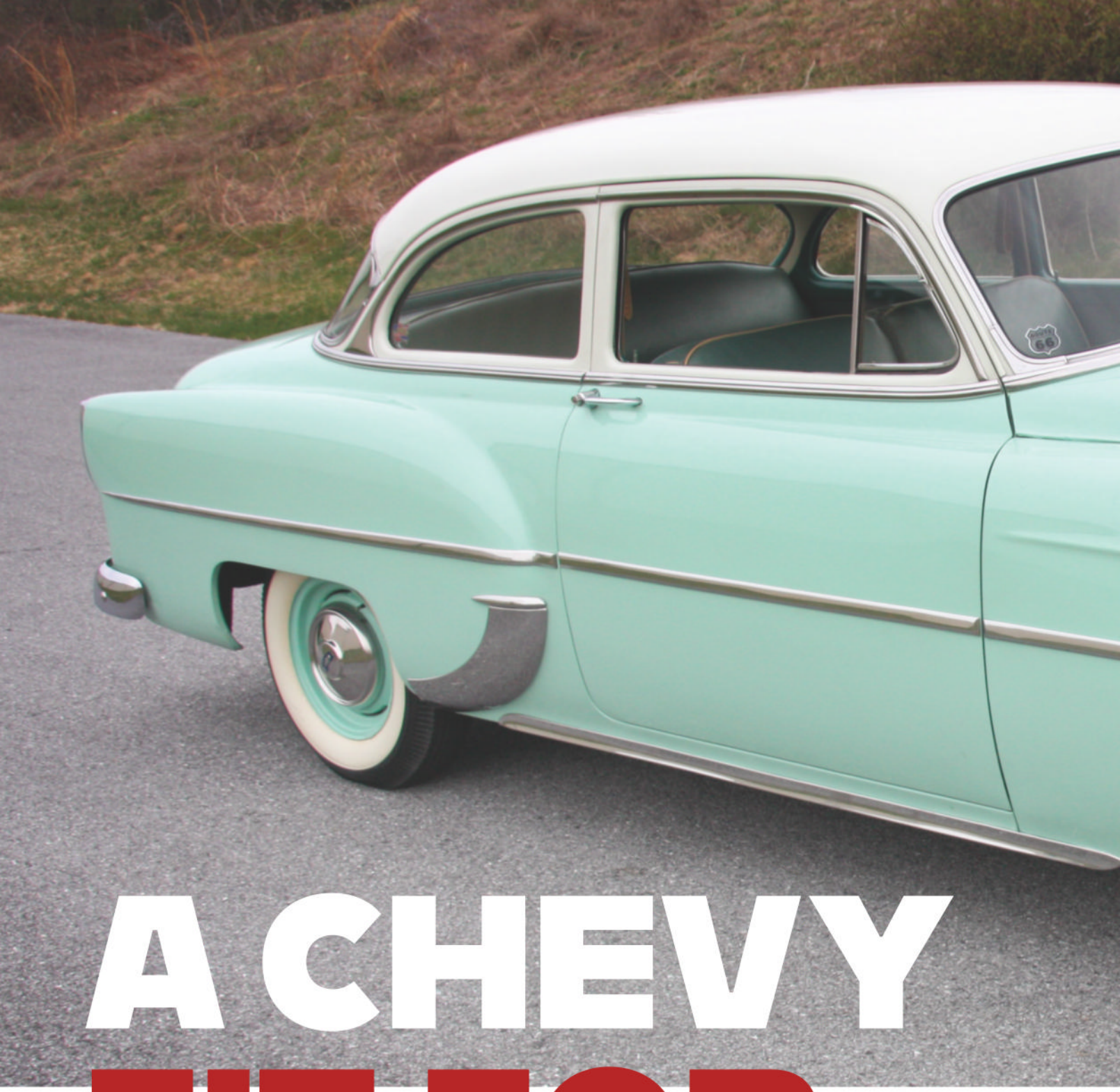

A CHEVY FIT FOR A KING

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CONWILL

The 1954 Chevrolet Club Coupe's special appointments made it worthy of the label "Delray"

"Del Rey" means "the king's" in Spanish. "Delray" is a neighborhood in Detroit. The Chevrolet Delray was the cheapest Chevy offered in 1958, even below the Biscayne, but the first Chevrolet Delray, as seen on these pages, was a premium version of the 1954 Two-Ten-series—a worthy Club Coupe, despite its body being shared with the plainer two-door sedan. That was a change from the visually similar 1953 model year, when the Club Coupe had been a true coupe, replete with close-coupled roofline and longer decklid.

In fact, the word "Delray" never appears on this car. Brochures called it the Club Coupe, but magazine ads used the name—quirky spelling and all. The fancy, mid-price Chevy existed through 1957. They're best remembered, when they are, for their proprietary all-vinyl interior.

How this Surf Green Delray came to exist is lost to time. Maybe it was foisted on some unwilling dealer as a part of the 1953-'54 sales war that saw Ford claim top producer of 1954 cars, but Chevrolet claim top sales for the same year. That it survives, partially restored, is a testament to a near-identical, long-gone car that was sitting on a used-car lot in Nashville, Tennesee, in January of 1959. Tom Haglage was home on leave from the U.S. Navy, "a newly minted Petty Officer," and about to marry his high-school girlfriend Mary Paul Unland. The newlyweds would

Cars with automatic transmissions got a 125-hp version of the 235-cu.in. straight six. Those who opted to stick with the base, three-speed manual got 115 hp.

need a car to return west, to where his ship was homeported in San Diego, and his father-in-law had promised to assist them in obtaining one.

"He worked at the Sears and Roebuck store and was a busy man," Tom recalls. "He told us to meet him at the store when it closed at 9 o'clock and he'd help us find a used car. There was a Joe Blow used-car lot across the street. You know, where the guy with the plaid jacket worked, with the string of lights along the sales lot."

Despite that inauspicious setting, it was the place to find a bargain. That was important because the couple was setting up a household on a budget.

"We had been planning our marriage since we fell in love in high school," Tom says. "The only car we could afford was a five-year-old Chevy."

In fact, it was a four-year-old Chevy that first caught his eye.

"There was a '55 four-door sedan and the price on it was $795, and next to it was the '54 Delray for $695. I wanted that '55 so bad but I didn't have the extra $100. Little did we know that the Delray was a special car. It was just a five-year-old car to us."

Fortunately, the Haglages' new-to-them Chevy was a special car thanks to its sheer competence as transportation. It had the power, comfort, and reliability to tackle cross-country travel with ease. Nash had labeled its 1953 cars as "The Travelingest Cars Ever Built," but perhaps the '54 Chevrolet line deserved the title. This is, after all, not the first '54 we've encountered with Route 66 service under its belt—see our October 2022 issue for the story of a Bel Air two-door sedan that did the trip back in 1961.

"I had to get my wife back with me," Tom recalls of the urgency in buying his Delray. "I had a 30-day leave. Things were kind of in a rush. We honeymooned in Chattanooga." The couple then went to visit some of Tom's relatives in Terra Haute, Indiana, before heading west, experiencing the Great American Road Trip during its peak era before the homogenizing forces of chain hotels and restaurants had erased regional variety.

"This was in late January or early February of 1959. We put in a lot of time on Route 66. There was very little interstate finished at the time; we weren't on it more than maybe 15 miles. A lot of the trip was on Route 66 going west. We got to stay in a lot of mom-and-pop motels and eat at a lot of good restaurants."

Safe arrival in San Diego wasn't the end for Delray, however. In another 18 months or so, Tom's commitment to the Navy was at its end and the couple was ready to move home. First, though, the manual-shifted Chevy needed some attention, as the 115-hp (Powerglide cars got 125 hp), 235-cu.in. straight-six had started smoking. The Stovebolt, then still in production as Chevy's base full-size car engine, was and is an easy powerplant to work on. The 1954 models are particularly good, compared with earlier iterations, as for the first time they had insert bearings and full-pressure oiling. With its freshened engine, the Two-Ten was ready for years of more service, and was trouble-free from then on.

"We had a tire go bad on the way back from San Diego," Tom recalls. That was a common experience in that era and says more about the tire technology and the roads of the time than it does anything about the Chevrolet. "I came back to Nashville, got a job, kept the car another

year or a year and a half and then traded it on a ’61 Rambler.”

What became of that ’54, nobody knows, but its memory stayed with Tom and Mary Paul. Tom got into antique cars in the 1970s, starting with a 1931 Ford Model A Victoria.

“I’d always wanted one. We didn’t have any kids, so we had a little extra money. I finally started getting interest in replacing—if I could, finding an exact replica of—that ’54 Chevy we had. Mine was a stick shift and had a radio. I was looking at ads and I even paid a professional to go look at ’54 Chevy for sale, but he shot it out of the saddle. Others were the wrong color.”

It took 19 years, but finally a classified ad, without photos, in *Hemmings Motor News* caught Tom’s attention. The ad was from a dealer in New Hampshire, who was selling the car on consignment for a friend.

“It didn’t say anything about the color, equipment or anything on it, but it turned out to be the right color, it had just been painted, and it was a stick shift.” The seller sent photos to back up his assertions. “The car looked good. It had big snow-grip tires on the back and the wrong wheel covers, but the body generally looked nice.”

To provide an in-person evaluation before deciding, Tom entrusted Mary Paul.

“My wife and her girlfriend were going on a trip up northeast somewhere and I asked them to look at this car. They called me and my wife was kind of discouraging me, and said there was a big rust hole in the gravel pan up front, etc., etc., but the paint looked good.”

Perhaps most importantly of all, it was the right car in terms of color and options to recreate the newlyweds’ Route 66 experience. The only thing lacking was the optional radio found in the couple’s original car—easily rectified by the average enthusiast, then or now. The other issues, consistent with being a then-40-year-old used car, were also well within Tom’s experience.

“I decided to buy it sight unseen. Then I had to decide how to get it home. We chose to fly up and drive it home. That was brave. I wouldn’t do that today.”

Still, this was not a journey undertaken without preparation. Rubber ages regardless of use, so items like tires, belts, and hoses were all potential failure points on a car that sat idle for an unknown period.

“I made arrangements with the seller, who had a restoration shop, to change the parts that should be replaced. He was very nice about it and did all the stuff. We flew up to Boston and he picked us up at the airport. We looked over the car. If you lifted the trunk mats, it was solid. It looked good and he’d found the right hubcaps for it. I bought four whitewalls from Lucas, and he had mounted those, but there was no jack in the trunk, which was a concern of mine if we had a flat. The seller immediately opened the trunk on a ’55 convertible, took the jack out and asked us to send it back when we got it home.”

The car only presented one issue Tom had not anticipated. “The chrome was really bad. I didn’t know the chrome was that pitted.”

Chrome, of course, is not what gets you home. The car seemed mechanically sound, and the cosmetics could be improved later. Now, the focus would be the 1,000-mile drive ahead of them.

“The next day, we gassed it up and it was a whole new experience for us. We drove back to Lexington, Kentucky,

The Club Coupe shared its body and exterior trim with the Two-Ten two-door sedan, so Chevrolet made it special by installing a Delray-exclusive vinyl interior.

and it got us home alright, but I made the mistake of trusting the gas gauge."

Still showing a quarter tank full, the Delray went through the stages of fuel starvation: no power, rough running, and then silence as Tom steered it to the shoulder of the interstate highway. Help was not long in coming, thankfully. In that era before cellular phones were standard equipment for most people, a stalled driver was often at the mercy of other motorists when it came to arranging service. A '54 Chevy wearing whitewalls, however, draws in passersby no matter the circumstance.

"As soon as you raise the hood on an old car, people stop to help. I'd guess the hood hadn't been up more than five minutes when someone stopped. They took my wife and came back with a gallon of gas. The sad part was that I'd just passed a gas station because of the price!"

Electrical foibles aside, the '54 design once again showed its worth as a road-trip machine. Dinah Shore was not lying when she suggested that era's Chevrolet as the right car to see the USA. The long drive home was just the start for our feature car's new life as a traveler.

"We got it home and started babying it: I decided the engine compartment was a mess. Somebody had painted everything flat black: engine grease, firewall, and everything. I made the tough decision to do a minor restoration on it.

"I found a company a few miles north of Lexington and had a major mechanical restoration done on it. They replaced the brake system, rebuilt the engine, cleaned up the engine compartment, replaced the gas lines, and took the tank out and cleaned it. They redid all the chrome. I put all new rubber in the trunk from companies we found in *Hemmings*. It's not perfect, but it's nice."

The '54 was so nice, in fact, that it might have been nicer than that five-year-old Delray purchased used in 1959. If the original had been such a good traveler—and then the crusty, unrestored version of this car also made a thousand-mile jaunt without incident—how might Tom and Mary Paul best enjoy the restored car? It happened that this was all occurring in late 1998.

"I spent all this money on a minor restoration and then thought 'now what are we going to do with it?' So, I said why don't we celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary and drive to San Diego?"

Although they were married in January, Tom and Mary Paul made the wise decision to wait for the milder weather of March of 1999 before departing. The extra time was spent paying the added attention to systems that may have been restored but weren't necessarily in prime adjustment for heavy use on the open road. Even then, small issues cropped up occasionally.

"We did a lot of advance planning to anticipate what might go wrong. I got the car all spiffed up and checked everything out. My restorer had checked all the mechanicals on it."

You'll note, though, an almost total absence of modifications to the 1954 fabric of the car. It rides on bias-ply whitewalls, has a six-volt electrical system, uses drum brakes, and there's no overdrive on the column-shifted three-speed transmission. The sole concession to modernity, Tom

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says, is the AM/FM/cassette "so we could listen to our rock 'n' roll tapes." That radio is nearly undetectable, though, because it fit perfectly in the original hole, and understandable, since the AM airwaves have changed a lot since the late '50s when the Haglages made their first trip west.

"We wanted to go up, once again, through Terra Haute, to visit my relatives. I didn't like what my ammeter needle was doing on the dashboard. Terra Haute was maybe 230 miles, the first leg of our trip, so I had to find a shade tree mechanic there to overhaul the generator. We finally found one—everyone's got some connection to people who work on cars. They overhauled the generator and got everything working."

Unfortunately, that repair may have led to the next issue.

"I always checked under the hood to make sure everything was right when we stopped for gas. In Oklahoma City, I felt the generator and the damn thing wobbled. It scared the hell out of me. It turned out the generator had a mounting bolt at each end and the front one was missing. I had to find someone who had one and could tighten it up. It all turned out all right after a couple hours."

This may have been another instance where driving a '50s car confers a certain social benefit on the driver. Every time there was a gas stop, a crowd of locals would gather to look at and talk about the car. When you're far from home and missing a generator bolt, that crowd is usually willing and often able to help.

Between the car, the friendly faces, and the interesting locales, the Haglages' anniversary trip down Route 66 was a magical, if admittedly tiring, experience. Right down to spending time stranded in Tucumcari, New Mexico, when snows closed the mountain roads. Thankfully, they and the Delray were appropriately ensconced in the Blue Swallow Motel, a neon-lit, Mother Road icon that opened in 1939.

"We were on the road for exactly 28 days, living out of suitcases, in motel rooms, and just had a great time. I think the total trip was about 5,400 miles. You spend four weeks in a 1954 automobile and you sure do appreciate the comforts of a modern car. I made a cruise-control stick that I could hold with my hand."

That said, there's a lot to be said about the tactile sensations found in a classic versus the numbness of modern transportation pods. That's a big reason this car wound up in the collection of the AACA Museum in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

"We made a lot of memories with that car," Tom says. Go visit his old Delray sometime and see if you can't imagine yourself making some similar trip. You could do worse than to go "See the USA in a '54 Chevrolet."

BY TOM COMERRO

EARLY FORDS RETURN TO DEARBORN

The Early Ford V-8 Club of America has announced that its 60th Anniversary Diamond Jubilee Celebration will take place in Henry Ford's hometown of Dearborn, Michigan. The headquarters hotel will be the DoubleTree by Hilton in Dearborn and the gathering will include a wide variety of activities, seminars, and tours centered around the coveted early Ford V-8 era. Some of the highlights include trips to the Yankee Air Museum, the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Automobile Museum, the Gilmore Car Museum, Greenfield Village, and several "Tour on your Own" points of interest, along with daily swap meets. Seminars will include "Henry Ford—Life and Times," as well as "Racing—The Heart and Soul of Ford Motor Co." Of course, there will be a judged car show for all early Ford V-8s with an awards presentations closing out the event. The dates will be June 11-17. Visit earlyfordv8.org for more information.

2023 GREENBRIER CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

More than 100 cars and motorcycles have been invited to the Greenbrier Concours d'Elegance in Sulfur Springs, West Virginia. This year's featured marque will be Packard, the popular independent which last rolled out cars 65 years ago. Packards of all years and models are currently being accepted and those that may not be concours ready are welcome to participate in the Cars & Cocktails portion of the weekend. In addition to Packards, there will be the usual traditional classes such as Classics, Pre-War, Unrestored, Sports Cars, and Vintage categories among many others. The three-day event will also include the show's popular Summit Drive and a charitable dinner. Mark your calendar for May 5-7 if you are in the area; applications are still being accepted for all types of cars. Visit greenbrierconcours.com for more information.

GILMORE TO SPOTLIGHT THE FIRST FIVE DECADES OF THE AUTOMOBILE

The Congress of Motorcars, open to all vehicles produced in 1942 and earlier, will make its way to the Gilmore Car Museum this spring. This specialized show will feature several vehicles and demonstrations including steam cars, an 1886 Benz drive, how to perform crank starting, and a 1- and 2-cylinder race, as well as various oldies but goodies from the pre-war era. Other activities for the whole family include interactive exhibits, slot car races, and carnival games. Registration is open only to pre-1942 vehicles that are original or stock-appearing. Eligible vehicles are encouraged to take part in the Friday tour and Saturday show, and admission is free for drivers and their guests both days. Participants and spectators are encouraged to dress in vintage attire and enjoy the day. The Congress of Motorcars will take place at the Campania Barn Lawn on May 19-20 at the Gilmore Car Museum in Hickory Corners, Michigan. Visit gilmorecarmuseum.org for more details.

2023 HEMMINGS MOTOR NEWS GREAT RACE

ST. AUGUSTINE, FL TO COLORADO SPRINGS, CO

PRESENTED BY COKER TIRE

#1 VINTAGE RALLY!

2023 GREAT RACE ROUTE

St. Augustine, FL to Colorado Springs, CO

June 24-July 2, 2023

SATURDAY, JUNE 24
START: Francis Field, St. Augustine, FL – 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.
OVERNIGHT: Main Street, Tifton, GA – 5:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25
LUNCH: Toomer's Corner, Auburn, AL – 12:15 p.m.
OVERNIGHT: Uptown at Protective Stadium, Birmingham, AL – 5 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 26
LUNCH: Courthouse Square, Tupelo, MS – noon
OVERNIGHT: Guesthouse at Graceland, Memphis, TN – 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27
LUNCH: Clinton Library, Little Rock, AR – 11:45 a.m.
OVERNIGHT: Russellville Depot, Russellville, AR – 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28
LUNCH: Community Center, Eureka Springs, AR – 12:15 p.m.
OVERNIGHT: Main Street downtown, Joplin, MO – 5 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29
LUNCH: Commercial Street, Emporia, KS – noon
OVERNIGHT: Old Town, Wichita, KS – 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30
LUNCH:: Courthouse Square, Great Bend, KS – noon
OVERNIGHT: Main Street at Stevens Park, Garden City, KS – 5 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 1
LUNCH: Colorado Welcome Center, Lamar, CO – 11:45 a.m.
OVERNIGHT: Pueblo Union Depot, Pueblo, CO – 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 2
FINISH: Tejon Street, Colorado Springs, CO – 1 p.m.

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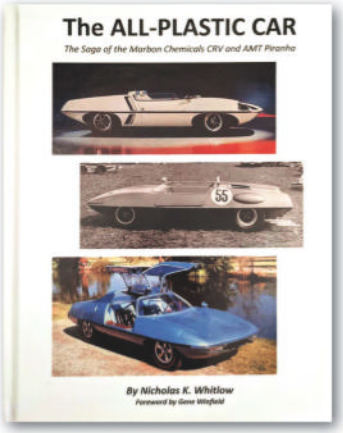
BY TOM COMERRO

BEWARE OF PIRANHAS



One of the fifteen original Piranhas known to exist popped up in our email thanks to Dan Melson, who shared with us its current state. The rare car was conceived by General Motors, Marbon Plastics, and AMT, with Gene Winfield and Sam Foose producing the plastic car around a Corvair drivetrain and suspension. The most famous Piranha you may remember was from *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, the television series that ran in the 1960s. This one is currently under restoration by none other than Gene Winfield himself, still going strong at 95. The project has been ongoing for a while and was put on hold during COVID, but it's now resuming. It was purchased from Nick Whitlow, author of *The All-Plastic Car*, which delves deeply into Piranha car history. Currently residing at Winfield

Rod and Custom, the drivetrain has been rebuilt and the body was personally repainted by Winfield in gold. When completed, the historical Piranha will have been built by Gene, owned by the author who wrote the book about the plastic rarity, and restored by Gene 55 years later. We look forward to seeing the finished car.

MODEL MYSTERY

Angie Koenig emailed us a picture of this Firebird III model, which was given as a gift to her grandfather-in-law, Earl Detweiler, upon his retirement from General Motors as a designer and stylist. After Earl died, the model was passed down to Angie's husband, who asked the GM Heritage Center to shed some more light on the gift. It turns out that GM styling had made a number of these scale models of the Firebird III during the late 1950s, as gifts for employees and dignitaries on special occasions. Unfortunately, there is no record of how many were made or what the criteria was for giving them out. Each model included the Firebird emblem on the hood, which Earl had but never applied to his model. It likely came from the same 1958–'59 mold when it was presented to him in March of 1987. Firebird III models have made news before, including an original developmental model making its

way to the Wright's Import Design Auction in December of 2014; that, too, was a gift to a retired employee. This one was presented to Earl in the pictured display case. Angie would love to know more about it and other models that may have been bestowed to those who served in Detroit's think tanks. We'd love to know, too.

Recently discovered a unique or noteworthy classic car? Let us know. Photographs, commentary, questions, and answers should be submitted to Lost & Found, *c/o Hemmings Classic Car*, P.O. Box 196, Bennington, Vermont 05201, or emailed to tcomerro@hemmings.com.

Opulent R-code

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS A. DeMAURO • RESTORATION PHOTOS PROVIDED BY GRAZIOTTO CUSTOMS

A 425-hp 427-powered 1964 Park Lane Marauder receives its due

Not all restoration projects require a total rebuild of their powertrain components. Some cars already have a solid mechanical foundation and instead call for more attention in correcting cosmetic issues to recapture that factory-fresh-or-better presence.

Al Geisler, a devoted Ford and Mercury enthusiast, selected this approach when having his R-code 1964 Park Lane Marauder restored. But before we delve deeper into the nuts and bolts of this project, first, here's a little background on Al. He was raised with Fords and Mercurys in his family, and he prefers them over all other makes. Al and his wife, Debbie, who also appreciates these cars, have collected more than 50 thus far, which are housed in their Western Pennsylvania shop.

A dual-four-barrel, 425-horse, 427 1964 Marauder had been on his must-own list for the last two decades. With an unconfirmed production figure of 42 for all R-code 1964 full-size Mercurys circulating over the years (a Q-code 410-hp 427 four-barrel was also

available), and currently only a precious few R-code Park Lane Marauders still known to exist, a desirable example had proven elusive despite Al's connections within FoMoCo circles.

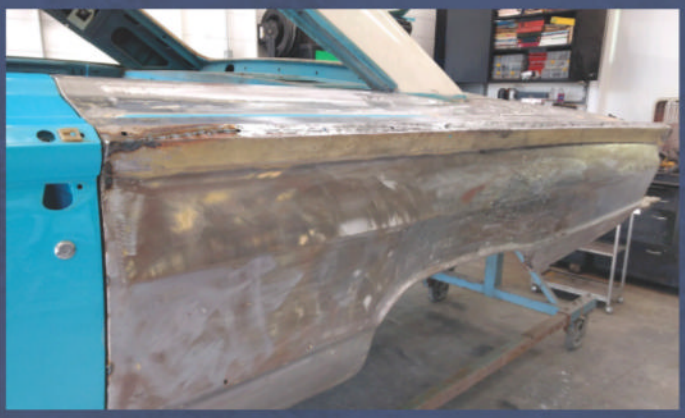
In 2018, however, he finally landed this Park Lane at an auction. It was advertised as a "1964 Mercury Marauder R-code," and said to have "no rust" and "one repaint" in its factory hue of Peacock (code B). The VIN has an "R" as its fifth character to denote its special 427 engine, and it's in two places in the front underhood area, as well as on the

It's evident during disassembly that the Park Lane was in decent driver condition when the project began.

With the body lifted off the chassis, the aged condition of the frame's surface is a clue that a body-off restoration wasn't in this car's recent past.

With the fresh front suspension and brakes installed, the powertrain came next. The engine block and cylinder heads were repainted with black heat-resistant paint, and the four-speed transmission, exhaust manifolds, and some other iron parts received a cast-iron appearing finish for protection. However, they each have slightly different sheens so as not to appear overly uniform from part to part. A bare cast-aluminum surface remains on the intake manifold after cleaning.

The engine, bellhousing, transmission, and front suspension had received some prior detailing, but where it stopped on the frame rails is obvious.



Prior damage in the middle of the quarter-panel required heat-shrinking of the metal to get it back into shape. Welding was needed under where the upper trim mounts, and metalwork was also done in the door/quarter-panel gap area.

After sandblasting the frame to bare metal, it was refinished with PPG VP2050 primer, followed by Chassis Saver rust preventative paint in satin black.

After the welding and grinding for the metal repairs was completed, priming, filling, block sanding, more priming, and more block sanding followed.

door-mounted warranty data plate. The requisite four-speed transmission (code 5) is also listed. Though 3.50:1 or 4.11:1 gears were typically installed in the R-code cars, this one has code H, which denotes 3.89:1 gears and a limited-slip differential.

Compared to the lower-priced Mercury models, this upscale Park Lane Marauder included a more lavish interior, additional exterior bright trim, Fender-Sight directional signals, full wheel covers, a hood ornament, and "Park Lane" emblems. The bucket-seat cabin's color pallet incorporated code-87 white vinyl upholstery and turquoise appointments.

Upon taking delivery of the car, Al realized improvements were in order. A friend told him about the work of Tim Graziotto of Graziotto Customs in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, so Al approached him for the project. Tim realized that this Marauder was in solid condition, but believed a full restoration was warranted, and Al agreed. Tim got to work on the Merc, while Al hunted down all the NOS parts he could get his hands on.

Since Al had already determined that the 427-cu.in. engine in his Park Lane was running well, and the four-speed and rear axle were operating smoothly, he decided not to rebuild them for this project. Nevertheless, it's still important to note that Ford's famed R-code 427-cu.in. V-8 featured two Holley four-barrel carburetors bolted to a low-riser aluminum intake manifold that fed into high-flow heads with generously-sized valves directed by a high performance solid-lifter camshaft. Forged aluminum pistons, forged-steel connecting rods, a precision-molded cast-iron crankshaft, and a block with cross-bolted mains comprised the bottom end. The compression ratio for this engine was 11.2:1, with free-breathing cast-iron headers and a dual exhaust system dispensed with the byproducts of the combustion process.

Various versions of the 427 engine commanded respect in road racing, on dragstrips, and on the street. Famed driver Parnelli Jones won the 1963 Pikes Peak Hill Climb in a 427-equipped Marauder and set a new stock car record in the process. He also won the USAC Stock Car Championship in 1964.

Tim cosmetically restored the engine in this car, and did the same for the T10 four-speed and the rear axle. "I decided to redo the chassis and powertrain first, so I could move them out of the shop to leave more space to work on the body," he explains. The heavy-duty coil-spring front and leaf-spring rear suspension were unbolted, and the frame was taken down

A 425-hp 427 engine was not a typical sight in a 1964 Mercury, as it was costly, it was thirsty, and it couldn't be had with power steering, power brakes, or an automatic transmission. "PLM" was found on the firewall during this car's teardown, so it was photographed and recreated during the restoration.

With the floors partially-stripped, their rust-free condition is revealed.

Reunited with the restored chassis with new body bushings and hardware in place, the Park Lane is beginning to look like a car again.

PPG high build epoxy primer followed by two coats Distinctive Image Hot Rod Black gives the floor pans a stock look, Tim notes. He also used Gravitex Plus Stone Chip Protector in the wheelwells for a factory undercoat appearance

Tim sourced foam and grained vinyl and restored the dash pad himself. He stretched the foam and vinyl over the base and used Landau top contact adhesive to secure it. A heat gun and steamer were employed, as needed, to ensure that there were no wrinkles. He then vinyl dyed the pad to the proper color.

After three coast of color, four coats of clear, wet-sanding, buffing, and polishing, the shell is ready for reassembly.

With the interior installation in process, we can see the Dynamat that was added to the floors to reduce noise transfer. The headliner, rear side panels, and recovered backseat now look factory fresh.

Al Geisler is pictured with his wife, Debbie.

to bare metal, examined for damage, and refinished.

All the suspension parts to be retained were restored and reinstalled, and wear items like the bushings, ball joints, and shocks were replaced. The heavy-duty four-wheel drum braking system received the same attention, as did the special Kelsey-Hayes 15 x 5.5-inch steel wheels that came on the 427 cars. They were then shod with 7.10-15 Firestone 4-ply bias-ply tires and refitted with original Mercury full wheel covers with spinners.

Moving to the body, Tim used razor blades, as well as sanding with 36-grit paper, to strip the existing finish. He found the metal panels to be solid, but "light rust and ding repairs, welding up some stress cracks, and correcting damage on the driver's rear quarter-panel," were still required.

He used PPG VP2050 DTM High Build primer, and lightly applied 3M filler over it and the metal work where needed, and then block sanded. According to Tim, throughout the course of block-sanding all the body panels, he reapplied primer two coats at a time and then sanded again using a progression of grits up to 320. Final sanding was done with 600-grit wet prior to painting. Panel gap alignment was also frequently checked during the bodywork process.

Tim used a SATA gun to spray PPG Deltron DBC basecoat (in the Peacock hue) three times, and wet-sanded the last

Owner's View

"I've always wanted this car. It's just an oddball. Who would have heard of them? It isn't really a logical combination. The Mercury is a big, heavy car that is more luxurious than a Ford, yet you could order the highest performance Ford 427 engine in it with the four-speed. I even bought a 390-powered 1964 Park Lane Marauder because I thought that I'd never find an R-code version, but I'm happy that I finally did get one."

—Al Geisler

color coat to 2,000-grit. Two applications of VC5700 Ditzler Custom Clear from the Vibrance Collection followed, as did wet-sanding with 1,000- up to 5,000-grit paper. Then, two more coats were laid down and the wet-sanding process was repeated.

Presta products were employed to bring out the shine. Tim recalls, "Ultra Cutting Creme compound was applied using a wool pad on a buffer. Next came Ultra Polish via a different wool pad, then swirl remover with a foam pad, and finally Ultra Complete Glaze was employed."

He also polished about 80-percent of the exterior trim via a different process. Then he reinstalled it all, including the existing bumpers, and the glass.

The interior required a complete rehabilitation as well. Though the factory instruments, steering wheel, seats, and door panels were sent out for refurbishing, Tim restored the dash pad himself. He also reinstalled all the cabin's parts, from the headliner to the carpet underlayment.

In 2021, the Marauder was once again road ready, but it hasn't traveled too far since then. Though Al enjoys easing behind the wheel on occasion for a short drive—usually to the gas station—he freely admits, "It came out so great and it's so rare that I'm afraid to drive it. They didn't come off the assembly line this nice." Further validation of its quality came at its first event, the 2021 FE Race and Reunion at Beaver Springs Dragway. He reports that it won Best of Show.

After more than 20-years of searching, Al finally has the restored 1964 R-code Mercury Park Lane Marauder that he's dreamed about. In this case, though plenty of effort was expended on the project and several NOS parts were sourced, it still didn't require a complete powertrain rebuild to make owning the car a gratifying experience.

The striking interior features the Sport Package that included bucket seats with all-vinyl upholstery and a console. It was restored with products and labor from SMS Auto Fabrics, among other companies.

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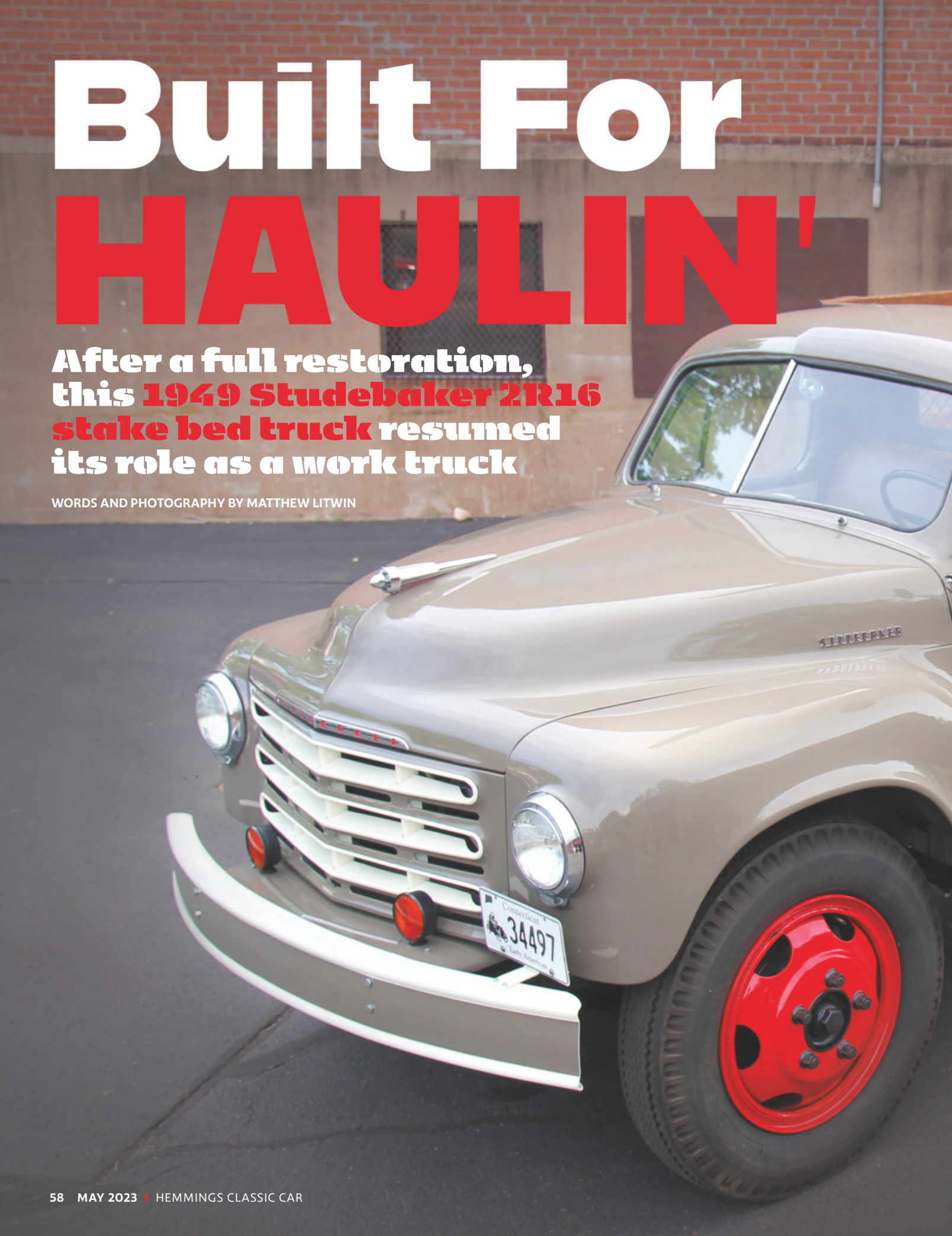
Built For HAULIN'

After a full restoration, this 1949 Studebaker 2R16 stake bed truck resumed its role as a work truck

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW LITWIN



Contemporary accounts of our vintage vehicle past would have us believe that an automotive conglomerate during the postwar era should have had a leg up on the independent companies when it came to innovative designs and advanced engineering. That's probably because companies like Chrysler Corporation, General Motors, and Ford Motor Company have all been long heralded as champions of such forward-thinking management of their products. But that's a poor assumption to make.

Consider Hudson's revolutionary "step-down" chassis design that simultaneously advanced what had been rudimentary unit-body construction. Crosley's introduction of the Hot Shot beat Corvette to market as America's first two-seat sports car. Kaiser, and its Frazer sibling, handily beat the "Big Three" to market with truly modern smooth-side (a.k.a. slab-side) designs on each of their cars. Let's be sure to add Studebaker to that list of independent innovators, too.

The company was hardly new to the notion of bringing fresh ideas to market by the time it unveiled the all-new line of 2R Series light- and heavy-duty trucks for 1949. Available in half-ton 2R5, ¾-ton 2R10, one-ton 2R15, 1-½-ton 2R16, and two-ton 2R17 models in various wheelbases, they were sculpted by Raymond Loewy Associates' designer Robert Bourke. The series was a sensation, as they were

the first American trucks built without exposed running boards. To assist with cab ingress/egress, the previously protruding appendages were simply incorporated into the cab design as a step hidden by cab doors. This simple change provided a smooth-side design akin to same-year passenger cars without abandoning the dynamic rugged looks of a workhorse truck.

Headlamps previously housed in fender-mounted pods became an integral design element within the front fenders, while cargo boxes adopted fully smooth panels inside and out. Similarly, the freshness of Studebaker's truck design was extended to cab interiors, specifically a restyled dashboard that provided space for both an optional heater (and its controls) and radio. In a surprising move, little trim was shared with Studebaker's automotive lines.

Conversely, the 2R drivetrains were derived from the passenger car arm of Studebaker. Powering the 2R5, 2R10, and 2R15 models was the 85-hp "Econ-O-Miser 6," better known as the 170-cu. in. "Champion 6," which boasted five fewer horsepower when used in passenger cars. The larger 2R16 and 2R17 models received the "Power-Plus 6," which was a 94-hp version of the 226-cu. in. "Commander 6" that motivated the Commander series. A mid-year change took place during the early days of 1949 when the 226-cu.in. engine was stroked, enlarging its displacement to 245.6 while boosting output to 102 hp; it was offered only in the redesignated 2R16A and 2R17A models. No matter the engine, manual transmissions, fully capable suspension systems, and a robust differential were all standard equipment.

By providing a completely new look, Studebaker's commercial trucks attained a new production benchmark. Domestic sales of "built-up" (completely assembled) models totaled 60,163 units. Additionally, Canadian production of the 2R5 added

1,489 units, while "completely knocked-down" export output from the South Bend plant generated another 3,312 units. The grand total was 64,973 trucks. To put that number into perspective, Studebaker captured 5 percent of the truck market from its competition in a single model year.

"Back in 1998, we found this flatbed for sale in Portland, Connecticut," Jack Gasper says of his 2R16. "The engine didn't run, and it didn't look like there was a lot of rot on the body, but the chassis seemed solid and the price was decent enough. Supposedly, it had been purchased off a farm somewhere in New Hampshire. It was nothing more than a work truck because the odometer showed fewer than 30,000 miles.

"At the time, my son John was into restoring old tractors, and we thought it would be neat to haul them to shows with a period heavy-duty flatbed truck, so this Studebaker seemed like a good fit for the plan. That's how we ended up with it."

The truck Jack purchased turned out to be an early version of the 2R16, replete with a 12-foot stake body (originally built on Studebaker's behalf by Edwards Iron Works of South Bend, Indiana) that, with cab, was stretched over a 155-inch wheelbase chassis. Below the hood was a pre-January 1949 version of the "Power-Plus 6," again rated for 94-hp and in need of revival, while the body exhibited the need for a little work beyond new primer and paint.

"Before we forged ahead with a full restoration, we wanted to know if the six-cylinder was even going to run, otherwise it was back to square one. John and I first made sure the internals were free, and with a little bit of time, some tune-up parts, and a new battery, we got it running again. But we wanted it to be reliable, so we made the decision to pull the engine and send it to a local engine machine shop to have it completely rebuilt. We did the same thing to the four-speed manual transmission."

With concerns over the engine's health alleviated, Jack and John began the long and methodical restoration of the 2R16 during weekends, beginning with the chassis. It was a straightforward affair in that despite being a work truck, the frame proved to be devoid of corrosion. That, along with the suspension and differential, was cleaned, refinished, and reassembled. The cab was a different matter.

"We found a little more rot than expected. We knew about the lower sections of the fenders that were rusted out in spots, but we also found rotted metal on the floor panels and the rockers. We purchased patch panels for most of it, but we did have to replace an entire fender. The only extensive work done to the cab was the fabrication of a new window

A small cavity below the stake bed was a perfect hiding spot for a custom-made wooden step ladder.

frame when we uncovered rot around the original. There's not much of a cab to this thing, so while we did a lot, the work didn't consume a bunch of time," Jack says.

With metal repairs completed, the body was then prepped for primer and paint; rather than opt for a Studebaker color, Jack selected Chicle Drab, a color that was available on 1930 Ford Model A's. "It's the primary color on my 1931 Ford Model A coupe; I just like it, so that's why I picked it," Jack reports. Meanwhile, the bench seat was reupholstered and the optional heater was inspected. Attention soon focused on the truck's stake bed.

According to Jack, "The original rack was pretty much gone, so we had to create something that would work for our intended use rather than what the factory would have done. I had a friend that

Studebaker's big trucks, including the 2R16, received the company's biggest straight-six engine: the "Power-Plus 6" that boasted 94 hp.

owned and operated a little sawmill, and he cut the lumber for me. It's all native oak. All we had to do was sand and seal it. Eventually, it all came together, and the restoration was done by 2001."

The pair's post-restoration plans changed almost immediately, however.

"We quickly learned it wasn't going to be a good idea to use this to haul John's tractors for a variety of reasons. The stake bed platform isn't low enough to the ground—if we made ramps just long enough to fit within the bed, the incline would still be too steep. So, since we finished the Studebaker, it's been used for personal tasks—hauling lumber, firewood, doing community things with it like hauling trash for the church, and so on. It's still more or less a work truck; I just haul stuff in style. It's a head-turner, that's for sure. When I go down the street it's amazing how many waves I get."

We asked Jack what's it like to drive the heavy-duty 2R16 on Connecticut's two-lane country roads. He reports, "It's stock, and it has the biggest six Studebaker offered in '49. The rear end and transmission are heavy-duty units; the latter is non-synchronized. It's a straight-tooth thing, so you have to double-clutch it. There's no power steering either, though believe it or not, when you're on the road with this sucker it really is a joy to drive. It's not like driving a truck. Once you get moving with it, it's just great—very comfortable and the steering is very smooth. A good cruising speed is about 50 to 55 mph all day long. But if it's loaded and you start hitting hills you have to anticipate how much more momentum you need; it's just a different way of driving. Back in the day it was okay—it worked and did the job.

"I've seen period pictures of people with these trucks loaded to the top with cargo, but they didn't go 70 mph with them. They were carrying huge loads and could just chug right along day after day; the truck would last forever. It still can today if you treat it right and maintain it."

Speaking of maintenance, Jack says that keeping the 2R16 on the road is considerably easier than most casual enthusiasts would think possible.

Rather than attempt to recreate Studebaker's factory stake design, Jack had native oak milled, after which he created his own design for improved functionality.

"The truck is mechanically straightforward. The engines were built with insert bearings, and virtually everything is available to rebuild one. Studebaker International offers a lot of parts for the company's passenger car and truck lines, and if they don't have something, the Studebaker community will know where you can find a part. And, if you want to, they are easy to modify. Later in the lifespan of the 2R series, Studebaker began installing V-8 engines at the factory. Some guys have been retrofitting those later V-8 engines and fully synchronized four-speeds, which gives them better torque and performance for highway travel. You can even install a period 4x4 system. No matter which direction you want to go, the Studebaker community is fantastic for parts and technical advice. You couldn't ask for more."

Swap Meet Scores!

BY MATT LITWIN

CHEVROLET "HEARTBEAT OF AMERICA" TRADING CARDS

ASKING PRICE: $1/CARD; $5/PACK

FOUND AT: ONLINE AND AT SWAP MEETS

Heartbeat of America

In 1992, the Collect-A-Card trading card company celebrated Chevrolet's history, 100 photos at a time

TRADING CARDS HAVE BEEN a collectible item for generations. What began with slender, yet often ornately decorated cardboard cutouts inserted into cigarette packs at the turn of the century—featuring everything from flora to pugilistic legends—quickly segued into the famed 2.50 x 3.50-inch sports cards that singlehandedly created an entire industry by the mid-Fifties. The most popular cards of the era were baseball and football, each produced by companies that were becoming giants: Bowman, Leaf, and Topps.

Their focus was hardly exclusive to the two most popular sports in America. Boxing, basketball, and hockey became staples, while non-sport cards added a slice of collecting diversity. Topps, for instance, created "Wings" (1952), "Rails and Sails" (1955), and "*Gilligan's Island*" (1965). Topps also dabbled in the world of automobiles, too, which issued "Antique Autos" (1953), "World on Wheels" (1954), "Sports Cars" (1961), and the little-remembered "Autos of 1977."

And then there was the explosion of companies and card sets by the late Eighties. Over the next three decades, set topics and card designs entered a new level of one-upmanship; it was a double-edged sword that spawned a renewed interest in collecting while devaluing all but the legends of legends in any given set. Few sports cards of this modern era carry the clout of Jim Brown, Mickey Mantle, Ty Cobb, or Bill Russell. Similarly, some sets came and went so fast, one hardly knew they even existed, such as the Chevrolet "Heartbeat of America" set produced by Collect-A-Card in 1992.

As of this writing, the Collect-A-Card company is such a small blip on the trading card radar that information about its history doesn't exist on the internet. It's only through grading companies—such as Professional Sports Authenticator (PSA)—and diehard enthusiasts, that we know the company was hardly a flash in the pan. Collect-A-Card also produced "Country Classics" (musical performers), "Harley-Davidson," and "Muscle Cars" sets during 1992, and a year later a second "Harley-Davidson" set was released alongside "American Bandstand" and "Norfin Trolls" sets.

As to our featured Chevy collection, it was comprised of 100 cards that covered the then-entire history of the division—both personalities and cars—the front of which featured reflective red text against glossy color and black-and-white photos. Reverse sides offered a brief paragraph of the depicted topic, often accompanied by basic specifications (weight, engine displacement, horsepower, body style, and base price). It's unclear whether the set was issued in a single 100-card series or two; special "chrome" cards were sprinkled throughout individual packs wherein the red text was replaced with chrome.

At the time of its introduction, your author was conveniently working at a hobby store. I quickly amassed nearly two complete sets. Today, the "Heartbeat of America" set is still an industry footnote, though individual ungraded cards can be found online—and occasionally at swap meets—for as little as $1 each; cello packs generally command $5 (or more), which is unusually low pricing for what amounts to trading card rarity.

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BY TOM COMERRO

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1.

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These new exterior replacement door handles for 1929-'30 Chevrolet passenger cars are designed like the original GM units (p/n 4190146). They are built with round shafts and square drives at the end, but the handle is stainless steel instead of nickel plated. Whether your old handles are sagging, or you just want to brighten up the look of your old Chevy, these are a perfect alternative to the difficult task of finding used originals. Each handle will fit the driver or passenger side, they are non-locking, and fit most Chevy cars from the specified years. Inquire about p/n RW-465S for more details.

$139.50/EACH

fillingstation.com

2.

CONTINENTAL CUSHION

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A new array of rubber seals is now available to keep the elements and moisture out of your 1966-'69 Lincoln Continental. The weatherstrips are made of ozone-resistant EPDM dense rubber and are molded like factory originals for easy and hassle-free fitment. They feature a push-on pin-type installation, and they mount directly to the left and right front doors to seal against your Continental's body when closed. The factory-fitting seals also feature corrosion-resistant brass cores, giving them more durability. Keep in mind that hardware is not included; the strips replace factory part #C6VR-6520567-A. Ask about p/n 70-4642-72 for more information.

$294.69/PAIR

steelerubber.com

3.

WHAT'S THE HUB BUB?

GUNIWHEEL • 800-381-1029

We've covered the Guniwheel in previous issues of our publications; it's a nice alternative to using jackstands or lifts while providing the function of a temporary wheel allowing for hassle-free movement of a vehicle in your shop or garage. But what if the wheels can't move because of locked up brakes or the transmission is stuck in a parked gear? That's where the Gunihub adapter comes in, allowing for a full rotation of a Guniwheel 45 or 45S. Each hub comes with a locking pin, and they fit any 4- or 5-lug pattern. The trapezoidal cutout section allows for simple bolt installation when attaching it to the vehicle's wheel studs. After the hub is attached, you can attach the Guniwheel to it and the vehicle is ready to roll. The hubs are only for non-motorized use. Look up p/n GW4510 for a video demonstration and more information.

$129.99/EACH

guniwheel.com

4.

RUST PREVENTION KIT

POR-15 • 800-457-6715

Stop corrosion on small projects with this new 3-step kit that has everything you need to keep rust at bay. The kit is designed to stop rust on surfaces with proper cleaning, prepping, and coating on smaller metal parts such as control arms, trailer hitches, axles, and more. This kit is comprised of Cleaner Degreaser to remove dirt, grease, and wax; Metal Prep to stop existing rust and etch metal; and Rust Preventative coating to add resistance to most acids and repel fuels and oils. When used together, these products create a non-porous surface that seals and protects metal from water, chemicals, salt, and other corrosive elements. Two colors are available, glossy black and gray, while each kit can cover 6 square-feet of area with two coats. Also included are a paintbrush, foam applicator, latex gloves, and detailed instructions. Ask about p/n 40909 for more details.

$29.30

por15.com

Prices shown are presumed accurate at the time of printing. Please confirm with seller prior to purchase.

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REVIEW BY JEFF KOCH

BATTERY-POWERED EFLATOR TIRE INFLATOR

A must-have roadside emergency tool

Tested

FIX MANUFACTURING EFLATOR DIGITAL TIRE PUMP

Price:	$99.95
Where to get it:	fixmfg.com/product/eflator-digital-tire-pump
What we liked:	Compact and easy to use.
What could be better:	Slightly bigger charge capacity.
Overall rating:	★★★★☆

[Editor's note: *Hemmings* occasionally receives products from manufacturers for the purpose of product reviews.]

NOW AND AGAIN, your car's tires lose air. Just a pound or two here and there. If you have an air compressor in your garage, it's probably heavy and needs plugging in; if you don't, you'll need a pocket full of quarters and a nearby gas station, assuming your tires aren't so flat that they'll get damaged if you drive on them.

Not long ago, when I had some tires to inflate, a friend pressed this little gizmo into my hand: Fix Manufacturing's Eflator. Literally, it was a gift: It came with neither box nor directions, but it was intuitively simple to operate despite this. Not much larger than a cellphone, resembling a walkie-talkie, weighing in at around one pound, and operating on a rechargeable 2000mAh battery, it happily inflated the pneumatic tires on my deflated hand truck in about 38 seconds. A successful test. Not long after, I tasked it with inflating the four flat tires on my long-suffering Ford Model A, just enough to be able to roll it down the driveway for its tow.

I just screwed the cap onto the Schrader valve until the join stopped hissing, switched it on, and stood back. I pressed the M button (for Manual) on the front of the pump, and let it do its work; you can also set it for a given pressure. The Eflator was designed for bicycles and motorcycles, but it worked great on my Model A. All four 19-inch Allstate tires were pumped up to 15 pounds, according to the large, clear digital readout on its face, and it took less than five minutes per tire to get there. Once that ancient, cracked rubber was sufficiently inflated, I rolled the A down my mother-in-law's driveway to await its tow, and the pump itself slipped back into the glove box in my van. There is a rubber sheath covering the connection between the pump and the hose; do not remove this, as the join between pump and hose gets really hot. The pump itself remains cool enough to touch during operation.

Where the Eflator failed was when I tasked it with something it was not designed to do: entirely inflate a newer truck tire. When the Vice Grip Garage charity-auction Silverado (hmn.com/charitysilverado) had a flat, oversized off-road tire after months of sitting in a Phoenix storage unit, I thought I'd give it a shot. Without recharging after my hand truck or the four flat A rubber bands, we made it to about seven and a half pounds of pressure—enough to get it out of the storage unit and onto the waiting transporter—before the batteries simply gave out. So, even in its failure, the unit still succeeded. Had I been so equipped, I could have recharged the unit via its USB-C port. The money spent on it could pay itself back quickly in an emergency, and it will live in most gloveboxes or consoles unobtrusively. It comes with a one-year warranty and a nylon carry bag.

The Vice Grip Garage charity auction Silverado made it onto a trailer thanks to the eflator.

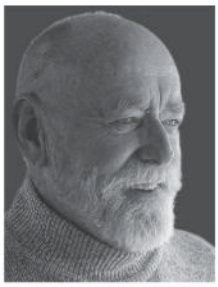
Rear View ADS

BY MATTHEW LITWIN
IMAGE FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

It's All About Quiet Comfort Traction

There's a little zone where the rubber meets the road called the contact patch. Unless you're hauling down the Mulsanne Straight at full song during the 24 Hours of Le Mans, the contact patch is usually the furthest thing from your mind. As is the case today, back in 1940, just a couple square inches of General "Squeegee" tires kept cars of that era glued to roads.

Advertisers in this issue



JimRichardson

What does it mean?

"I don't see the point of painstakingly recreating mediocrity unless the car is going into a history museum."

YEARS AGO, when I was doing the how-to segments on *My Classic Car TV*, we featured a mid-Sixties Corvette that had been incredibly, painstakingly restored to factory new. I had never seen such a precise restoration. The owner went to great lengths to make sure that there was just the right subtle ripple in the paintwork, and that there was the correct amount of overspray on the chassis.

He also made sure that the assembly line inspectors' chalk marks were where they would have been, that the hubcaps were wrapped in the original heavy-duty butcher paper in exactly the way they were originally from the factory, and then correctly placed in the rear of the car. It was a restoration masterpiece worthy of the best automotive history museums.

restoration | rɛstəˈreɪʃ(ə)n |
noun: the process of restoring a building, work of art, etc. to its original condition.
(Oxford Dictionary of English)

In fact, it may be the only authentic automotive restoration I have ever seen. I say that because it has been my experience that almost all "restored" cars are over-restored. That's partly because most of the restorations I have seen were done on mass-produced automobiles that were originally built to a price, just well enough, but far from perfect. However, we restorers, in the process of taking our beloved classics apart and restoring them, lavish attention on each component that was never lavished on them originally.

I worked on a Ford assembly line when I was a lad back in 1962, hanging front fenders on Falcons, and we had exactly one minute to complete our task. In that one minute I had to put down a strip of what looked like modelling clay that we called dum-dum for a seal on the lip of the inner fender, pick up the fender, line it up with the door, and bolt it into place. There was no time to fuss over fit and finish. We tried not to nick things, but that was it.

But how about the costly hand-built Duesenbergs, Marmons, Packards, and Ferraris that grace the most prestigious shows, you ask? Well, the truth is, they weren't perfect originally, either. I know that because my pop once shot paint for Dutch Darrin, who built those stunning Packard Darrins for Argentine playboys in the late '30s and early '40s. Dad told me that some of Darrin's early creations had cowl shake, so the doors would pop open for no reason. He also said that Dutch used a lot of lead instead of metal finishing, and that under all that beautiful bodywork was some rough stuff.

At the legendary Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance many assume that those perfect masterpieces on display have been painstakingly restored to original, and that authentic restoration was the goal of the owners. But restoration is not the point of a *concours d'elegance*. That term originated in 19th-century Paris when the aristocracy used to parade their lavish carriages around the park to show them off. Even today, Pebble Beach has more to do with creating ideal examples of those august marques than restoring them to flawed factory original.

That's fine with me. I love seeing overly restored classic and vintage cars—they bring back the best of memories, and in the case of classics that were built before my time, they enlighten me about the days when they were new. Sure, they are over-restored, but they look so dazzling. Frankly, I don't see the point of painstakingly recreating mediocrity unless the car is going into a history museum.

On the other hand, I am not excited by so-called resto-mods that are slammed to the ground, or have outlandishly big wheels, rubber-band tires, and 600-horsepower blown big-blocks with chrome blower scoops that the driver has to peer around to see where he or she is going. To me they are faddish do-it-yourself caricatures that don't respect the car's original design.

I also enjoy seeing original survivor cars, even when they are far from perfect. They are windows into the past, albeit sometimes cloudy ones, and they are the best reference restorers have for what we are trying to do today. So is that meticulously re-created Corvette to which I referred earlier. But I would be loath to start that specimen and take it out on the road lest I besmirch that carefully applied overspray on the chassis, dribble gasoline condensate down the side of the carburetor, or blacken the ornamental chrome exhaust tips.

To me classic cars are kinetic sculpture that can only be fully appreciated if they can be driven, or at least seen in motion. However, it is not my intent to pass judgement on any of my fellow classic car buffs here. I am merely expressing my own preferences. What say you, *HCC* aficionados? I would very much like to know how you view your restoration endeavors.

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