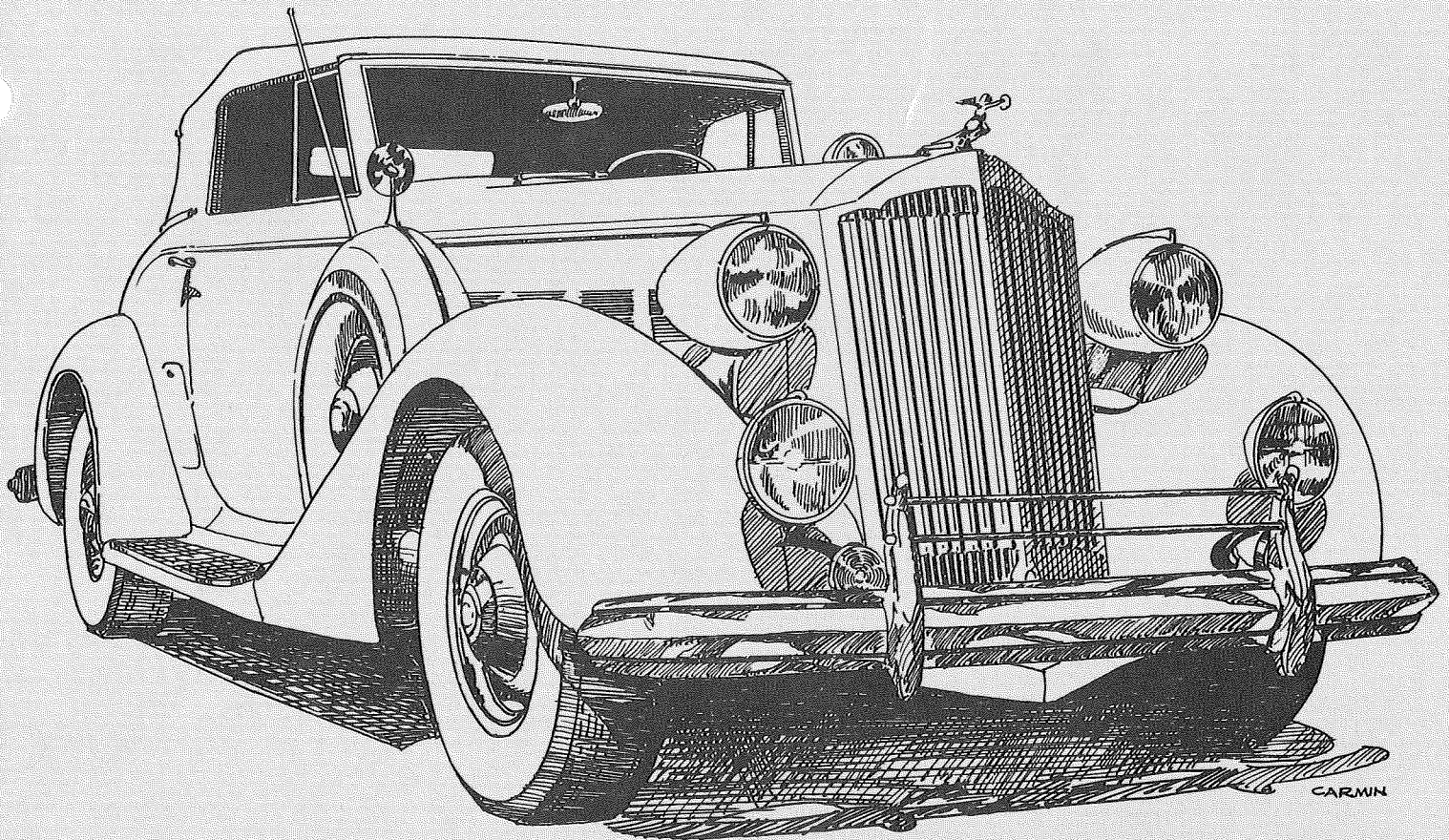


THE BUMPER GUARDIAN

FALL - WINTER 1974



THE BUMPER GUARDIAN

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

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

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1974, YEAR OF THE MOB

by the "Godfather"

James Edward McDermott, M.D.

St. Valentine's day was cold and rainy in Seattle. In the warehouse district, not far from the waterfront, a 16 cylinder Cadillac limousine slid through darkened streets. At the wheel, Ray, "The Driver", Fenner's knuckles whitened with a tense grip. In the back Tom, "Tom Tom" Armstrong stared blankly ahead, a Thompson machine gun across his lap. Next to him Don, "The Don" Gerard again went over plans, mumbling to himself. The big car eased through the last turn into the driveway at European Motors. Almost silently it slid down the ramp.

Below, to the accompaniment of Dixieland music, the Northwest region gathered in Siggy's basement, a most fitting place for car enthusiasts to party. Sixteen Classics adorned the alcoves surrounding the dance floor. Refreshments were served from the block of a Packard engine. Popcorn emerged from a 1930 machine. The celebrants were decked out in flapper dresses, spats and wide-brimmed hats. The speakeasy atmosphere of the 1920s and 1930s was complete with even a "hit" by "the mob".

The board, otherwise known as "the mob", never recovered from this keynote event and "the Godfather" label stuck. The early Spring events, the annual stag and the weekend trip to Alderbrook gave only a hint of things to come. The real action was to be, of course, the Caravan.

Any "Caravan" is certainly cars, and Classics on the 1974 caravan were mind-blowing. It was common to hear cliches such as "it's only a Packard Duel Cowl." But people really make "the caravan", and probably the longest and fondest memories will be those of the fellowship and shared times in that most unbelievable week. There could have been no better way to get acquainted than a boat trip in the Northwest, and the steamboat ride to Kiana Lodge on opening night afforded everyone the opportunity of meeting the whole gang. Again, with a background of Dixie music and warmed by the Northwest seafood cuisine at the Lodge, 150-plus people became "good friends".

It would be almost as difficult to single out social events on the caravan as it would be people. But certainly the crab feed at Rosario as well as the family fun about the pool will be long remembered. Neither Northwesterners nor visitors can see the San Juan Islands without remarking of their beauty; few other places in the world offer a setting like this for such an event. The mountains -- the sea -- and one week of sunshine! !



Sig and Betty Linke at The Empress, Victoria, Canada

For light-hearted fun, the "mid-caravan" banquet at Harrison will probably be most treasured. Al McEwan's attempt at awarding "participation" and ending up getting the booby prize himself was among the most comical of a whole week's happiness. Ron Bloom was never in better form, but that evening's comic award must be given to Siggy Linke. His presentation to Don Klusman, national President, of a fireman's helmet for Don's "second annual classic burning" stole the show. All will probably recall that Don managed to have a small engine compartment fire in Herb Schoenfeld's beautiful Rolls. However, the excitement was certainly greater than the damage, and the merriment created in awarding Don the fireman's helmet was worth the incident!

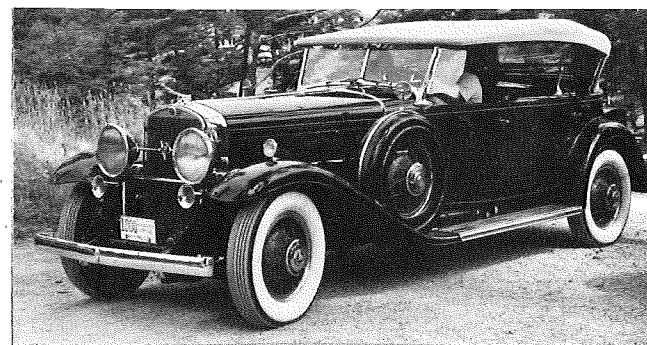
It is fortunate for all those who attended the medieval banquet at Vancouver that the management does not allow pictures, for as we all found out, it is difficult to eat peas with your fingers, and particularly with fingers already greasy from eating fish; all in keeping with the pre-utensil heritage of mankind. However, the spontaneous entertainment by literally everyone made one wonder if the canned entertainment of TV is really progress?

The Northwest "mob" really did it up right at the Caravan finale. Singling out those to be "rubbed out" with pink carnations, while identifying themselves with white carnations, the whole banquet was entertained with a repeat of the St. Valentine's raid. Siggy held the national directors at bay with an "instrument" from his violin case while the Godfather informed them that the national board would move "Buckhill Falls" to the

Northwest or leave their brains in the Northwest. I think Al McEwan thought we were sincere!! Ron Bloom again sparked the evening with his entertainment, the best of which, however, was his being awarded a set of flying goggles, 1930 vintage.

The caravan was certainly the overshadowing event of 1974, however, in the minds of the general car enthusiasts of the Northwest area, the Classic Car Club will best be remembered by Friendship Day. This year's turnout exceeded last year's, both in quantity and quality. A second V-16 Cadillac made its appearance, along with a never-before-seen Packard Phaeton, and an array of non-classics that made even the purist take notice.

The annual meeting was carried out in true "Godfather" fashion: held in a small private home on the edge of town, the street adorned with Classics. The dinner was outstanding, but unfortunately, almost everyone had gorged on the hot hors d'oeuvres to the point that there was barely room for the gourmet main course. Again, "the mob" went out in the same fashion it came in, and with the same apology that "they represent only a small group of desperate men and do not necessarily reflect on the background of any of those who contributed so much to the American Way of Life."



1930 Cadillac V-16 Ray and Dorothy Radford

CARAVAN TRIBUTE

Al McEwan - caravan chairman

July 27, 1974 was a memorable day -- the grand finale of the second Puget Sound International CAR-avan. The Pacific Northwest Region had done it again by hosting, for a second time, the only CAR-avan held in the West. The Committee always has mixed emotions on the last day. We are torn between the happiness of knowing that we had put on a "good show" and now could quit worrying about CAR-avan problems; and a sadness at seeing all our friends with their beautiful classics leaving town for points all over the U.S. and Canada.

The story of the CAR-avan, including pictures, was published in the December 1974 issue of The Classic Car. The purpose of this article is to "thank" the people who really made the whole thing a success. They are:

Russ Keller: Working closely with me, Russ did a great deal of the coordination and organizational planning during the months preceding the event.

Phil Schwarz: Phil's main problem area was accommodations and meals. This is always difficult -- particularly at the height of the tourist season (the Northwest resorts don't need 50 classic cars and their occupants during the summer, so negotiations are necessary). All types of space had to be blocked-out way in advance so that the hotels/resorts could provide the kind of accommodations desired by the participants when they registered. The Double Tree Inn, The Harrison, and The Bayshore Inn were told that they had to allocate a special parking area for a minimum of 50 classics, thereby allowing the cars to be together and watched by the hired security personnel. All the group meals at each facility had to be planned and priced in advance.

In addition, Phil worked closely with me, solving the myriad of problems that developed during the planning stages.

Joe Carman: As in 1970, Joe handled the advance registrations and then the registration desk. This is a job that goes on for months and requires considerable correspondence along with record-keeping. Joe received all the registration funds and disbursed them by check during the CAR-avan to the various organizations that served us. During January the CAR-avan bank account was closed, after having been an active account under Joe's management for over one year. With the help of his son Philip and Jim Chapman, Joe organized and operated the registration desk at the Doubletree Inn.

Ted and Beth Barber: Ted and Beth drove much of the CAR-avan route during the weeks preceding the event to record the mileage and detailed instructions at every turn and point of interest for inclusion in the day by day itineraries. They also deciphered the detailed routing instructions recorded by others and prepared the entire itinerary package. Also, the Cadillac was the lead car throughout most of the CAR-avan.

Russ Humphrey: Russ drove the Anacortes to Sumas leg of the CAR-avan route and recorded the details for inclusion in the itinerary.

Jim Chapman: Everyone registering for the CAR-avan received a flight bag with all sorts of goodies along with the detailed itineraries, instructions and a list of participants. Also, every person purchased a booklet that paid for each activity in advance

and used the tickets therein to "pay" for the group functions as they happened. Of course somebody has to assemble this whole mess of tickets and items in an orderly manner. There were ticket books for car and driver, adult passenger, children over 12 and children under 12. Jim organized all this and helped Joe out at the registration desk to service the line of people who descended upon them the first day at The Doubletree Inn.

Ernie & Jo Ferullo: One of the nicest events of the CAR-avan was the picnic supper held at the Ferullo's lovely waterfront home on the north end of Mercer Island. While enjoying a beautiful summer sunset and rides in "classic" mahogany planked speedboats, the CAR-avanners took part in northwest living at its best. Many, many thanks go to Ernie and Jo for hosting the group.

Bill Small: Bill did all of our work on Vancouver Island. He forwarded the routing details for the Swartz Bay to Butchart Gardens to The Empress Hotel portion of the trip for inclusion in the itinerary. Bill worked with three different police organizations so that we were escorted at all times, layed out a wonderful tour of the Victoria area, provided marked-up maps for the tour packets, and made the arrangements for the guarded parking garage nearby the Empress.

Don Gerard: Security was a major concern throughout the CAR-avan as it is with any event involving our Classics. Don worked with off-duty police and private security companies to provide guards around-the-clock at The Doubletree Inn, The Harrison, The Bayshore Inn and The Empress.

Sig Linke: Herr Linke handled our on-the-road traffic problems with dispatch. Every time the CAR-avan approached an intersection not controlled by the local police, we found that Sig had positioned the big Mercedes to block other traffic while he waved the CAR-avan through. The 540K spent a lot of time playing catch-up so as to be ready for the next intersection problem, and poor Betty spent a lot of time being nervous. While we were at Harrison Sig drove into Chilliwack, B.C. and acquired a real fireman's hat which was later awarded to "Fireball" Klusman.

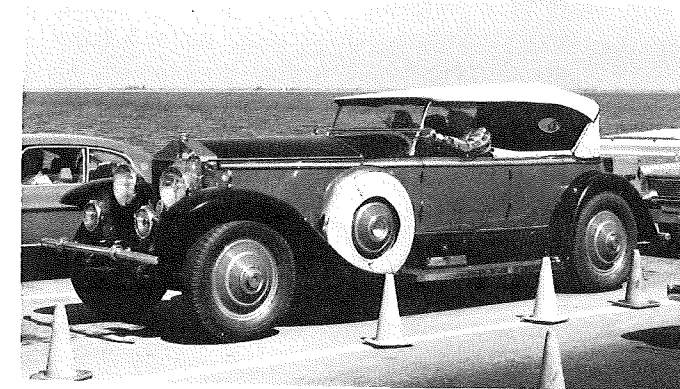
Ron Bloom: Ron is known by both eastern and western CAR-avanners. His humor and story telling ability has made him a most sought after "awards" chairman. This task he performed with excellence by finding the candidates for the Boo Boo Burgees and other historic awards such as the "Packard Blue Cloud Award", and relating the incidents that led to the awards.

Bob LeCoque: There was only one non-classic allowed on the CAR-avan and that was our Ford service truck. Bob provided the vehicle, found a driver (now a CCCA member) and outfitted the truck with all types of emergency service equipment. Also at each stop where security was a problem, Bob, Tom Armstrong and their sons saw to it that the Classics were roped off from the general public and arranged in such a way that the hired security personnel could easily watch all the cars.

Tom Armstrong: As mentioned elsewhere in this column, Tom was instrumental in seeing that our cars

were protected from the general public; car care provided by Tom and Bob Le Coque made the owners feel comfortable when they left their cars in the parking areas. As a result, I am not aware of a single incident resulting in the slightest damage to any of the Classics.

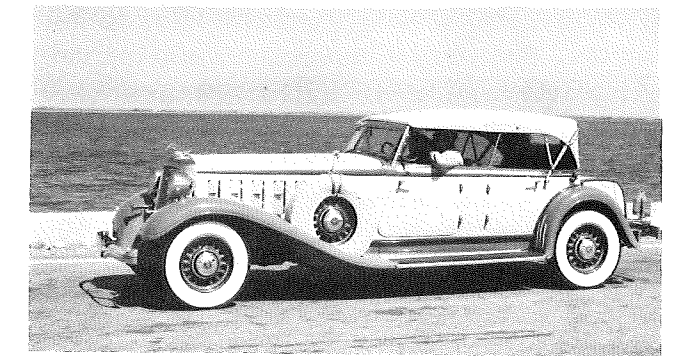
Tom Pelzel: Tom drove the service truck and worked harder all week than anybody else. Three particular incidents come to mind. Tom changed a couple of Herb Schoenfeld's flat tires (Herb always has flat tires), a flat tire on the Bentley my folks were driving, and mothered the Holtzman's '28 Cadillac touring during the early days of the trip. Until Bill Holtzman got the valves adjusted at Harrison, the Cad was hard to get along with anytime it got warm.



Rolls Royce P-1 Ascot
W. Small, Canada

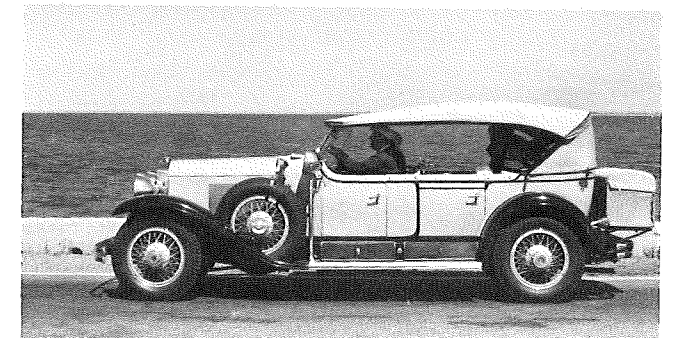
Ralph Turner: Although Ralph lives 2500 miles away, he was one of the major forces that made the CAR-avan a success. He spent months arranging all of the details with the Canadian National Railway that allowed 10 Classics with their owners to come by rail from Toronto to Vancouver. This use of the rail system allowed participation of east coast cars in a west coast event without a round-trip drive across

country in July. The Canadian system will not accept cars older than 20 years because of liability problems on their normal car-go-rail plan. However, Ralph fought through all the bureaucratic red tape to obtain the special package for the Classics and the ground work was layed for the movement of other collector car groups for future events. Ralph also photographed the CAR-avan with 16 mm film that allowed us to assemble a 35-minute movie of the event.



33 Chrysler K. Durham, Oregon

Frank Starr & John McDermott: Jointly they arranged to photograph, in both color and black and white, each car participating in the CAR-avan. The black



28 Cadillac, W. Holtman, Canada

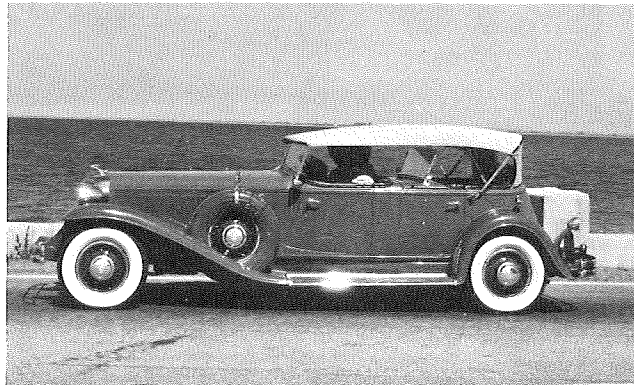
and white photos were used for the CAR-avan story in the December issue of "The Classic Car" and the colored photos will be sent to the participants.

All Participants: Thank you for coming. Without you there wouldn't be a CAR-avan.

STATISTICAL RECAPITULATION OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST CARAVAN - 1974 by "Captain" Ron Bloom

The following cars were powered by six cylinder engines: AC and Rolls-Royce. PI and PII's.

The 8 cylinder cars were the most numerous. The marques were Mercedes, Horch, Chrysler, Pierce Arrow, Auburn, Packard, Cadillac and LaSalle. The 12 cylinder cars were the Lincolns, some Packards, one Auburn and one Rolls-Royce PIII.



1931 Chrysler, J. Fisher, Pa.

The 16 cylinder cars were both Cadillacs, one each of the early and late type of V16. There was also one car that showed up briefly on the Caravan, not too many saw it, but it was a 1929 Beasley 9 cylinder. A very rare car, indeed.

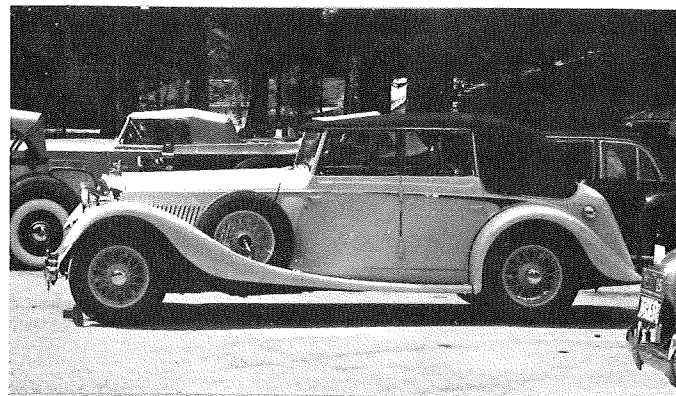
There were a total of 454 cylinders on the caravan, or an average of 9.08 cylinders per car. There were 274 tires, or 5.48 tires per car.

This Caravan carried on the tradition of making special awards to members who deserved recognition for their actions. Some of the awards are perpetual, such as the "Blue Cloud Packard Cup". There always seems to be a Packard on a caravan that makes its presence known by a mushroom shaped blue cloud of oil smoke. This year's winner was none other than Norm Herstein and his '38 super 8. Rumor has it that Norm melted down the aluminum trophy for new pistons for the Packard.

There was a new award given on this caravan called "The Fastest Explanation of Why a 1942 Packard Clipper Custom 180 is Classic". This award went to Cal "Silvertongue" Moxley who sounded like a taped message every time somebody asked him about the '42 Packard clipper he was driving.

The Oldest Car award was Bill Small's '26 Rolls PI Ascot tourer. (48 years young). The Newest Car award went to Pete Mavello in his '48 Continental (26 years young)

The "Get Out and Get Under" award was shared this caravan by two real line and "non-plussed" caravanners



1939 Bentley, J. Carman, Wash.

who finally got the grease from under their fingernails by the final Banquet. Bill Holtzman and Bill Bocock. Bill Holtzman's Cadillac had a serious case of colic for several days and only constant attention to the Caddie's innards at every stop kept her on the road. Bill Bocock's V12 Auburn started leaking gas at Anacortes on the way to Rosario, and only parts flown in from Seattle could fix the fuel pump. That's what I call caravanning.

The "Good Guy" awards went to Bob Le Coque and Tom Pelzel. Bob furnished the Ford (NC) service truck and Tom drove it. They were always there when Herbie Schoenfeld had a flat tire, which was 3 on the same car.

One of the other new awards created especially for this caravan was the "Best Engine Restoration While on a Caravan" award. This went to Ray Radford and his V16 Cadillac. All it took to get his V16 perking on all 16 was a set of plugs, 2 sets of points and condensers and a couple of coils, and an oil change.

The "Out of The Way, Schwein" award went to Sigie Linke, who drove his 54OK like he was possessed by a Black Forest demon. Sigie's excuse was, "Well, I had to get to the front so I could direct traffic at intersections." This he did -- in spades. Even when we were under police escort, Siegfried was out front directing traffic, leaving the police with their mouths open and heads shaking in disbelief.

One other "one off" award was given to Dick Dewey. It was the "Absent Minded Professor" award. He left his 32 Packard twin six radiator cap in the hospital-ity room at Harrison Hot Springs one night, then forgot it on the car the next

night. Forgot to bring the Boo Boo Burgee to be awarded the next night to a likely participant. He also forgot to fix his gas pedal before he left home and was using a 1/2" box wrench bolted to the accelerator rod on the floor.

The top awards of the caravan, of course, were the "Boo Boo" Burgees. The Morrises from New York brought the original Burgee back with them. This became the Burgee Emeritus. We had created new Burgees for the new caravan. We had a Senior and a Primary division, just like car classifications. Well, the Burgees were awarded daily to some deserving couple, but, of course, the last time they were awarded they became permanent awards to those who received them.

The Boo Boo Burgee Emeritus was given to Don Klusman, not for the fire in the PIII, but as president of the Classic Car club to be enshrined in the hallowed halls of national headquarters in an appropriate case.

The Primary and Senior Burgees were awarded to Al McEwan for two monumental foulups. The Primary was awarded for forgetting the caravan funds checkbook in his hotel room in Vancouver when we had to catch a boat to Victoria. The Senior award was earned by Al for stopping the caravan on a Canadian Freeway! You talk about having things pucker! Have you ever tried to reenter freeway traffic from a narrow shoulder going from a dead stop to an immediate 50 MPH? Well, 50 caravanners did it and none was annihilated in the process. The Boo Boo Burgees rest in good hands till next time.

FRIENDSHIP DAY AND TRUNK SWAP MEET - 1974 by Frank Starr

August 31, 1974 was the date of a very successful second annual Friendship Day Meet. It was sponsored by the Classic Car Club of America, Pacific Northwest Region. As was done last year, the meet was held on the Saturday of Labor Day weekend. Apparently this was a good day, judging by the size of the crowd. At the height of the day's activities the display areas were filled to capacity.

A highlight of the event was "The Complete History of Rolls-Royce." On display was at least one example of every model of Rolls-Royce built, from Silver Ghost through Silver Shadow. Was this impressive? Said Herb Schoenfeld, Rolls-Royce Owners Club Chairman, "This is a better turnout than we get for our RROC Club functions!" Fellow club member and Rolls-Royce gynecologist Al McEwan gave a dissertation on the Rolls Royce family tree. He soon had the crowd spellbound, hanging on his every word. Just as he reached the climax of his delivery ("Yes, folks, it is true, one can still get any part one might require for this vintage Phantom II just by addressing a note to the factory in England. Why, just the other day, I . . .") when "Cornpone" Klineberger drove his "chickenshed special" Model A into the awestruck throng, where it summarily dropped its entire exhaust system on the ground.

As I was saying, the theme of the day was Friendship. At that magic moment the assembled multitude was treated to one of the most convincing displays of friendship ever witnessed on a campus of the Sisters of Providence.

I would like to thank all of the gentlemen who so kindly took the time to display their Rolls-Royces at our request. We hope they will return next year and stay longer.

Other highlights of the day included a drawing for doorprizes, capably handled by Norm Herstein and Betty Linke. Prizes were two very nice books on, you guessed it, old cars. These were deluxe editions, printed in England ("Never Touched by Human Hands") and beautifully bound in wicker.

Meanwhile, back in the Issaquah jungle, a couple of the Godfather's torpedoes had found some unused kegs of Olympia's finest. Well, what with the price of anti-freeze and all, we certainly couldn't let this go to waste. Proper arrangements were swiftly made and hospitality was soon flowing. 'Course it seems the Godfather had the only cups in town. Well, a little bit of protection never hurt anybody, so we all queued up for the opportunity to kneel at his feet (where were the spats?) and recite the Ode to La Salle. A traumatic experience for some, no doubt, but all in the interest of culture. Much later in the day, Father McDermott was seen conducting confession for the "Better Buy British" set through the golf bag access door of his LaSalle.

Speaking of cars, that we had. As was intended, the widest possible variety was represented. Oldest car at the meet was Bud Melby's 1902 single cylinder Cadillac.

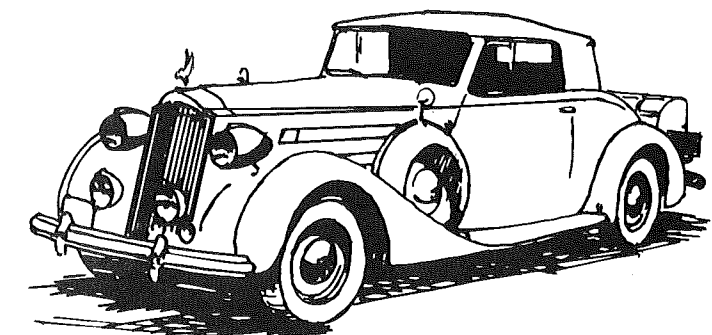
Another early charmer was Dennis Johnson's 1916 Cadillac touring. This car is in original condition, only recently purchased by Dennis. He drove it to the meet from Bremerton with the family. It made quite an arrival! There were a number of other interesting Cadillacs, including Larry Latin's 1930 (?) V16 limousine and John Shelly's 1931 V12 5 passenger coupe up from Eugene, Oregon. There was a 1933 Packard convertible sedan by Dietrich, a 1931 (?) Pierce Arrow V12 Convertible Sedan by LeBaron, several late model Franklins, a really nice 1951 Frazer Manhattan four-door hardtop, and many others. Although a number of cars returned from last year's meet, there were many more which hadn't been seen before.

As to next year, the club is open to suggestions. We really feel that we have outgrown the Providence Heights facility. The club would like to find a larger facility while still retaining the pleasant atmosphere of Providence Heights. It should be near Seattle. Let us hear from you.

IDLE CLATTER by Phil Schwarz

Herb Schoenfeld has petitioned CCCA to throw out classic classification for all non "side mounted" cars. This has been delayed slightly 'cause Sylvia had the g---- to ask Herb what he suggested for cars with one side mount "half classed"?? -- Myra McEwan is mad and pouting cause we have no events planned for The Empress this year --- Bill Jack promises again (for the 5th year in a row) that he'll need to rent pillows for his Santa uniform this Xmas --- Pat Goffette has been seen throwing tantrums lately when anyone refers to a hotrod as

a squirrel --- It is rumored that someone overheard Cautious Schwarz say, "Oh, what the hell". It is understood that Joe Carman is campaigning for another National Caravan this summer --- Peter Manello has been put in charge of the "cross the lake" transportation project for our Columbus Day party this year. Don Gerard advocates that all Classic owners should provide their kids with trail bikes --- Al McEwan is considering trail bike insurance - or - taking body shop at Edison --- Cass Manello wants to enroll in a life-saving class --- Bloom is looking for a new joke. Returnees from Buck Hills meet advise that National is finalizing plans to require all Rolls to have an automatic CO₂ firefighting system --- Klussman seems to be spearheading this program --- Armstrong now advocating a union for all CCCA members - also invites all members to come roller skate on his new outdoor rink --- Jim Chapman advises his boiler is now under control --- Hooper threatens to come to a meeting --- Joanie Herstein has gone to the dogs. An outstanding event at Sun River will be the airstrip drag race between Linke & Klineberger (or bicycles) --- Know what a static classic is -- Bert Lobbereg's Silver Arrow --- Jim Tallman is looking for an appointment secretary --- In closing -- do you know the definition of a perfect pessimist?? A golfer that says "oh hell" on his back swing --- P.S. Just came in - Rita wants Bob to paint the PII red.



A MAN - A DREAM - A CAR

by Norm Herstein & Frank Starr

Our hobby has many interesting stories connected with little-known and obscure auto builders of the early days. One of the truly obscure and certainly little known companies produced probably the most interesting car of all time. A small operation, conceived, executed and managed by the son of an English nobleman, this company produced automobiles for only a one year model run - 1929. Actually founded in 1927 in a little town with the unlikely name of Monkey's Eyebrow, Kentucky (named by an obviously imaginative Ohio River steamboat captain in the early 1800's for a rather spectacular bend in the river). The two years prior to production were used mainly for research and development as many of the ideas were rather startling and bizarre to say the least. A man and an idea, out of time and place, much like Tucker of the 40's, this was Sedge-wick Orville Beasley and his pride - the 1929 nine cylinder Beasley sedan, known to him and to his associates simply as the 29-9.

A car of medium proportions, 192" wheel base, his original plan was to also produce a light 7 and a luxury 11. Impressed by Packard's use of series and wheel base designations, wanting to indicate the number of cylinders, and being one of the first to realize the logical tie of year to model change, he integrated it all in his firewall plate. The designation of the first production car was 1192991291 or the first series built in 1929, with 9 cylinders, on a 129" wheel base, first car produced. Simple and effective, if a bit cumbersome.

Body style differences were envisioned, as using the common system of "dash"

something. The touring sedan was built first, therefore it was 458 - 4 doors, 5 passengers, 8 windows. This was a bit unusual as the common practice of counting only side windows was ignored and the windshield and rear windows were also counted. Since none were ever built, there is no way of knowing, but one wonders if a phaeton would have been 452 since side curtains are not windows, or a double cowl 453, etc. We do know from available records, however, that the intended limousine was designated 449. This gets a bit confusing and should be explained. Being the son of a nobleman, Beasley felt that, as they were known in those days, "domestics" were really a part of the machine itself, so to speak, and should not be counted as "passengers." Therefore, with the fixed center armrest configuration and the two jump seats, there was only room for 4 true passengers in the planned long wheel base, 11 cylinder, enclosed drive limousine. Four doors, 4 passengers and, of course, 9 windows, counting the divider. Or, had it been produced, the 1192911491 - 449. There was a further bit of confusion between the planned coupe roadster and the convertible victoria. These were to be produced with the 9 and 11 cylinder engine, but the model designation had to accommodate the fact that in one the rear seat passengers were inside the top and in the other they were outside the top - and then there was the collapsed top itself to contend with. The records indicate a 244 - 2PO and a 256 - API. This would seem to indicate for the coupe roadster 2 doors, 4 passengers, 4 windows,

with 2 passengers outside. Due to the numbers, we have to also assume the victoria intended to have either wind wings or quarter windows, hence the 2 doors, 5 passengers, 6 windows API (or passengers inside). It was earlier stated that these cars were to have many innovative and unusual differences from the cars of their day - indeed cars of any day - not the least of which was the uneven number of cylinders in a flat opposed block. A 4-3, a 5-4 and the extremely powerful 6-5. The 9 was to be the backbone of the line. The intended 7 cylinder engine was never built, not even a prototype, as far as we can determine, and the 11 (proposed in early planning sessions as a 13, but local superstition caused the reduction to an 11) was to be the answer to the 12 and 16 cylinder engines of competing companies.

With this type of creative and advanced engineering being done, it was only a matter of time before both the bi-phaser and ventnour valves were conceived. In later articles, the actual workings and performance of the engine will be gone into in detail. We will only say, at this time, that in the case of the ventnour valve the idea to chrome it was strictly a Beasley innovation. A tribute to the attention to detail one has come to expect in a true classic. Is it any wonder then that at swap meets all over the country, and especially at Hershey in the fall, one so often hears the question, "do you happen to have a chrome plated ventnour valve for a 1929 Beasley?" Men who have never even seen a Beasley continue to seek this memento of a lost era. The man who can point with pride to this elusive single part of one great automotive developer's dream, says to the world, "I am a man dedicated, nay maniacal, about the restoration and preservation of the classic car."

But enough of sentiment, back to the construction and design features that made this car unique above others. In an attempt to create a work of art, only the finest materials were used in its construction. Beasley, feeling that metal was crude at best, elected to use wood exclusively. The body of the original sedan was Rosewood a la the famous Espano Suiza of 1927. This, of course, did not present the engineering concern that was created by his decision to also use wood everywhere else in the automobile. The frame itself was not too big a problem (and a nice touch was the hand-carved diamond pattern). The real problem arose with the axles, the differential, and especially the brake drums, which had a tendency to catch fire if the car was stopped suddenly from any speed above 22 miles per hour. For some reason that was the critical speed. The Beasley Co. was still working on an idea for small water casks attached to each wheel when the company went under. Suspension, on the other hand, was a master stroke. No shocks, no springs, but the now famous "wicker wheels." Each wheel unto itself was a work of art, and woven by a little known tribe of Samoan wicker weavers brought to this country at Beasley's insistence and personal expense - lock, stock and village. Remnants of their village, and a few artifacts, can still be found on a site near Monkey's Eyebrow.

The principle, of course, was a simple one. The woven wicker, with its natural flex, would absorb all road shock in the wheel itself and thus was born the first approach to today's accepted and experienced independent suspension.

As a sidelight, the idea was doomed from the start, however, since the Samoan wicker weavers' religion required that they only indulge in sexual activities at high tide and, since there is no tidal activity in the Ohio River, they began relating to the spring floods. This meant that for approximately two months they simply would not report for work. The rest of the year the men tended to be truculent, surly and extremely difficult. Thus the standard of workmanship suffered drastically and quality control was impossible.

Beasley himself, being no more or less an egotist than any other manufacturer, commissioned the famous sculptor of the time, Norvell Pitts, to do an original wood ornament mold. The first attempt was a full figure of S.O.B., with left arm extended, holding an albatross to indicate the characteristics of flight. Giving in to pressure from his sales department, however, the final rendition was simply the albatross itself in two versions. The standard, with wings folded in a sitting position, and the deluxe, with wings extended and forward thrust.

Working independently during the two developmental years was a small racing and competitive department. The thought, of course, being to put before the public a machine that would peak the interest of the automotive buyer. Something that would prepare the world, as it were, for their first showing of the 1192991291. This entire program never quite produced the successful results originally hoped for. Remembering the Anglo-Saxon background of Lord Beasley, one can only say, "You can take the Beasley out of England, but you can't take England out of the Beasley." Records are spotty at best, but what has been reconstructed proves interesting.

Their chief driver was Lady Winifred Wacker. Originally they had signed the well-known British driver, Sir Clive Gallop. Unfortunately, the one-off Beasley racing car, the Beasley bomb, was inadvertently left outside overnight. The ensuing rainstorm caused the Beasley's wicker seat to swell so much that there was no way Gallop could fit into the cockpit. Nonetheless, it was found this swelling was to the good for the Beasley became a stressed-seat design. The swelling, of course, increased the stress and it was found that torsional rigidity of the body was greatly increased (much like a fully loaded mousetrap). So, leaving well enough alone, Beasley chose to find a driver to fit. The dimensions involved could only hope to accommodate the delicate frame of a young and "almost innocent" lady. Lord Beasley himself, commonly known as "Old Bad Breath," personally interviewed over 400 applicants for form, fit and function. (In some countries this is referred to as a screen test.) As it happened, Lady Winifred Wacker was the ultimate winner, although it has always been a mystery just why, for Lady Wacker couldn't drive. But then what the hell - can Sophia Loren type? Lord Beasley completed the assignment in the amazingly short time of just four weekends. For this devotion to duty, he was awarded the Businessman of the Year trophy from the downtown Monkey's Eyebrow Marching and Chowder Society. He was also elected to the Board of Directors of the Greater Kentucky Hotel Association for singlehandedly creating a boom in the hotel industry. Unfortunately these honors were to come posthumously for Lord Beasley died from terminal old age soon after completing this assignment. As was

only fitting, he was buried in a rain-soaked and worn wicker casket. He was 34 years old.

Several other interesting developments came from the Beasley-in-the-rain episode. For one thing, the torsional strength advantages were soon obvious to all. Leaving all prototype racing Beasleys out overnight in the rain soon became standard practice. Initially this was done by physically lifting each car off the line and carrying it outside where it sat overnight. The reverse procedure was applied in the morning. After some months Lord Beasley's dimwitted elder son, Lurch Beasley, who was chief of Engineering, had a bright idea. Why not cut a hole in the factory's roof at an appropriate point over the production line? This was done (no big problem with the wicker roof) and Beasley now had an automatic rain-soak station. This proved satisfactory and was used right up to the end. There was, however, a persistent annoyance. You see, the Beasley factory was located immediately adjacent to the city dump, now the site of a large natural gas plant, and like all dumps, this dump was landlord to a large colony of scavenging birds and, well, birds leave their mark. In particular they left their mark all over the hole in the roof of the Beasley works. It soon became apparent that the accumulation of bird marks in the factory had the undesirable effect of rotting some of the Beasley's more intricate parts. So shoveling bird marks became a daily routine. Although there were many people back home in England well qualified for this task, Lord Beasley could never persuade them to leave their posts in government.

Another spinoff was the Beasley duck presser. This consisted of two wicker grids. The idea was to place a duck between the two grids and then lace them

together around the edges. Now all one had to do was leave the duck outside overnight in the rain so that the rain swelled the wicker and "presto" -- instant pressed duck.

Unfortunately, as good as these ideas were, they, like so many others, could not be consummated once the Samoans left for Fort Lauderdale, Florida, there to be culturally absorbed by the other great mass of tidal activity worshipers, the eastern vacationing college students.

As previously stated, in future installments such diversified subjects as the engine performance, avant-garde engineering and design, the development of the exquisite "Albatross" mascot, first conceived and executed by sculptor Norvell Pitts, the attempt to create an industrial empire without an initial investment, and much, much more.

If, per chance, there are questions generated by this article, please do not contact either the authors or the editors until the series is complete as possibly the answer will be forthcoming. If, on the other hand, anyone has information, technical data, pictures or drawings that could be used in the future, please send them along for, as you can certainly understand, the history is far from complete.

One final thought: Beasley's proposed advertising slogan is as applicable today as it was 41 years ago -- "TRY TO FIND A MAN WHO OWNS ONE."