

CHRISTMAS PARTY RESERVATION

January 21, 2023

Smithfield Fire Hall

Socialize at 1:00, Meal at 2:00

RESERVATIONS BY JANUARY 7, 2023

NAME _____

of Adults @ \$13.00 _____

of Children (age 5-8) \$6.50 _____

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Reservation deadline by January 7, 2023.

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Membership **\$10.00** (Individual or Joint) if renewed
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Membership renewal \$15.00
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Vapor Locks

Allegheny Mountain Region, AACA

Official Publication



Gladys Guyer, Editor
11800 Guyer Rd.
Huntingdon, PA 16652



November - December 2022

Vol. 71 Number 6



Bill and Norma Beck's
1956 Packard Super Clipper

**Allegheny Mountain Region,
AACA**

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COOK'S CORNER

Hot Pizza Dip

- 1 package (8 ounces) cream cheese, softened
- 1 teaspoon Italian seasoning
- 1 cup shredded part-skim mozzarella cheese
- 3/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 can (8 ounces) pizza sauce
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons thinly sliced green onion
- Breadsticks or tortilla chips

In a bowl, beat cream cheese and Italian seasoning. Spread in an ungreased 9-in. microwave-safe pie plate. Combine mozzarella and Parmesan cheeses, sprinkle half over the cream cheese. Top with the pizza sauce, remaining cheese mixture, green pepper, and onion. Microwave, uncovered, on high for 2-3 minutes or until cheese is almost melted, rotating a half-turn several times. Let stand for 1-2 minutes. Serve with breadsticks or tortilla chips.

Fresh Tomato Bruschetta

- 4 plum tomatoes, seeded and chopped
- 1/2 cup shredded Parmesan cheese
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
- 3 garlic cloves, minced
- 2 teaspoons balsamic vinegar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 French bread baguette (10-1/2 ounces), cut into 1/2-inch slices
- 1/4 cup butter, softened
- 8 ounces fresh mozzarella cheese, sliced

In a large bowl, combine oil, basil, garlic, salt, and pepper. Add tomatoes and toss gently. Sprinkle with cheese. Refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Bring to room temperature before serving. Cut bread into 24 slices: toast under broiler until lightly browned. Top with tomato mixture. Serve immediately.

ALLEGHENY MOUNTAIN REGION WEBSITE <http://local.aaca.org/allegHENY/>

AACA NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS HERSHEY, PA www.aaca.org
501 West Governor R. Hershey, PA 17031 – Phone 717-534-1910

1951 Founding Officers

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Secretary / Treasurer – William A Huff, Jr.
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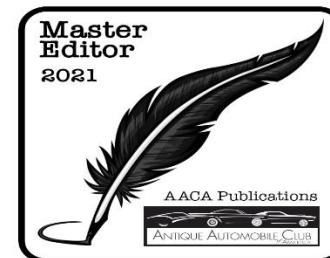
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Classified Ads:

For Sale or Wanted are **Free** of charge to members. Please include Name, Price (if selling), Phone and E-mail Address.

Articles in this newsletter may be reprinted.



President's Message



First and foremost, Ellen & I wish everyone the best of the holidays to you and your family!

Many great events have passed since my last message. Glidden tour, Hershey, Hershey Brass hangover tour, and several nice cook's nites out.

The Glidden tour was not the best we have attended, but seeing old friends made it as

special as ever. City streets and traffic lights were a bit to numerous. The region had a good turnout of members attending: Pat Swigart and her chauffeur, Don Barlup driving her late 30's Buick, Ernie Romanini and friend Pam with their Ford Model A, Dave Kontor with Shelah Turner driving his 1937 Chevrolet and Ellen and I driving our 1929 Marmon.

For me, surprisingly, Hershey was the best year as a vendor I have had. However, I missed the guys from Altoona, as they took a year off, but I hope to see them back next year! Right, guys? Member, Stan Smith, was vendoring with his son most of the week, I understand, but I didn't make to their remote location. Sorry, Stan; I will make it next year, and thank you, to all the other region members who stopped by my space. The welcome mat is always out and a beverage in the frig. I did make it to other Hershey club events like; Marmon club, Rambler club, HCCA club luncheon. Also, I did make it over to review the huge collection of cars for auction, which is a "don't miss" if you attend the Hershey show. It is free (includes a free light dinner) located in tents beside the Hershey lodge.

Hershey hangover tour is becoming a regular event for us as Tracy and Jeff Leshner do a great job each year to "mix it up" even though the hotel location often stays the same. This was the first of 3 years at the Classic auto mall where we had our dinners. What better place to have dinner than amongst 100's of car for sale! The highlight was visiting the Cattail foundry where I could have spent the day. The only slight "bump in the road" was when our 1912 Rambler's oil return filter plugged (part of a Deno conversion) and I left a trail of oil for some miles and a few parking lots. It was easily corrected with a new filter.

Again, enough rambling. Hope to see you at the region meeting on January 14th at 1PM at Bill and Jackie Forsht's entertainment center for initial club planning for 2023 and the after Christmas party on January 21 at 1PM at the Smithfield fire hall in Huntingdon. Please mark your calendars for the after Christmas party which is now also our annual meeting as the Fall dinner was missed.

President's Message page 2

FREE national memberships for 2023 are still available for anyone who has never been an AACA member. Consider a friend or relative as new member you can sign-up!

Scott

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS!

Have you renewed your Membership?

The December 31st deadline for is fast approaching. RENEW NOW!

Your renewal form is in this issue of VL. Your membership renewal will be \$10.00 if received by December 31. After December 31 the cost will be \$15.00. If you have prepaid for 2023, you may ignore this message.

Please include all information that is requested. This helps keep all mailing addresses, e-mails, and phone numbers current.

Secretary Swigart must meet the AACA National deadline with current information on membership.

Thank you!

Allegheny Mountain Region Board of Directors Meeting

January 14, 2023 @ 1:00

At Bill Forsht's event center

Christmas Party page 2

Christmas Hangover Party

January 21, 2023

at the Smithfield Fire Hall

Socialize hour at 1:00 and Turkey Meal at 2:00

Everyone is invited to the Region's post-Christmas Party.

After warm family get-togethers, festive parties, gift exchanges, and more treats than you could hope for, January tends to be a well a bit . . . gloomy. While the start of the new year is a time to focus on goals and resolutions, we always find ourselves missing the togetherness of December. But..... who said we can't carry over that holiday spirit into January? Let's keep the party going (literally) by throwing another bash just because we want to. It is sure to help make the doom and gloom of Winter a bit more bearable. There will be No POST HOLIDAY BLUES at this party.

Pat Swigart and Gladys Guyer are organizing the after Christmas dinner for Saturday, January 21, 2023.

Members and guests will enjoy a full course turkey meal with all the trimmings. A 1:00 social hour will begin the event followed by a delicious turkey meal and dessert at 2:00.

President Deno has a good idea to add some **fun** to the event. He is asking everyone to: "Please bring a gift or two, of your

choice if you wish (**optional**), to be distributed like **door prizes**. Tools and automotive gifts as well as special foods, like pies are possibilities. Small items and regifting are welcome. **Anything goes! It's for fun! There are no rules!!!** Come and have a great time and..... a great time is not optional!!

Again, **BRINGING A GIFT IS TOTALLY OPTIONAL!**

GIFTS ARE UNWRAPPED, NO GIFT IS TOO SMALL, NO NAMES ON GIFTS, DISTRIBUTED AS DOOR PRIZES BASED ON TICKETS DRAWN. AMR will also provide a few gifts.

Come and kick off the first event in 2023 with AMR members and say Bye Bye Winter Blues. We look forward to seeing everyone at the dinner.

Questions contact: Pat at 814-251-2299 or Gladys at -667-3796

Your reservation form is on the cover of Vapor Locks. Reservation deadline is January 7th.

Just For Laughs

free stories



One Christmas my husband put an assortment of beauty products in my stocking. I tried one of the facial masks, and was about to wash it off when my eight-year-old son, Callum, walked in. I explained to him that it was a present from his dad and it would make me beautiful. He patiently waited by my side as I rinsed and patted my face dry. "Well, what do you think?" I asked. Oh, Mom, it didn't work!" Callum replied.



THE EDITOR'S DESK

Hello friends,

It is hard to think Christmas 2022 is all most here and 2023 is fast approaching

I am pretty sure that you have the "old car" tucked in for a PA long winters nap. While the cars are napping it will be a great time to get involved with the club. Why not start with the planning meeting OR the AFTER CHRISTMAS PARTY!! You will enjoy the people, activity planning and the fellowship. Come on out and give it a try. You have nothing to lose and much to gain.

This is the last issue of Vapor Locks for 2022. I hope you have enjoyed reading each issue. I would like to thank each person who has made contributions to *Vapor Locks*. Our Region indeed has many members who play a part in the club's success.

A Board meeting is set for January 14 to plan a tentative calendar of events planned. The meeting is open to ALL members. Ideas and input are always needed and welcomed. There is no better time to get active in the club than today!!

Pat and I are planning the Region's after Christmas Party on January 21st at the Smithfield Fire Hall. (Complete information is elsewhere in this issue). Attend and enjoy great friends and great fellowship.

With a little luck we can all meet at the after Christmas party for a fun time. Happy Holidays to you and your family.

Gladys



Just For Thought

There are Angels



In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone so I was alone.

The boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two. I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store, and restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed, crammed into the car, and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince whoever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour and I could start that night.

I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal.

As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand-new tires.

Had angels taken up residence in my town? I wondered.

I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys' pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

There are Angel's page 2

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. The regulars all sat around and talked and then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning I hurried to the car. I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home and get the presents from the basement and place them under the tree. (We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump.)

It was still dark, and I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car—or was that just a trick of the night? I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped My old, battered Chevy was full—full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes.

I quickly opened the driver's side door, scrambled inside, and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: It was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes: There were candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll.

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning.

Yes, there were angels in my town that long-ago December. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop.

“BIG WHITE CADILLAC for CHRISTMAS”

Article and sketch By Stan Smith



That's the title of a record album that's listed along with close to 100 others that use the name CADILLAC. I found this on the internet while looking through a site put together by John Cole of Texas who has the handle of “Caddy Daddy”.

My reason for checking on just how many records were made using CADILLAC in the title came about while listening to a local FM radio station. On it I heard a verse that went like this: “Gonna drive my Cadillac off a bridge” which was repeated many times. I didn't learn whether or not that was the title, nor did I get who sang it but it certainly wasn't our local AACA Region's leader Scott Deno.

Of the one hundred songs with CADILLAC in the title I found a few that were familiar to me like “PINK CADILLAC” but was amazed to learn there were five versions of it done by such folk as Elvis Presley and Natalie Cole. “MY PINK CADILLAC” and “FIFTY-EIGHT PINK CADILLAC” also showed up.

If one were to just look for colors there were songs that had red, black, and even gold along with lavender in the title along with CADILLAC. Examples of such are ones I don't recall ever hearing were “CADILLAC RED”, “RED CADILLAC and BLACK MUSTACHE”, “BLACK CADILLAC BLUES”, “SLICK BLACK CADILLAC”, “LONG WHITE CADILLAC” and then “WANTED: a SOLID GOLD CADILLAC” or “I WANT A LAVENDER CADILLAC”.

With Texas folk in mind there were three of “CADILLAC RANCH” with one of them by Bruce Springsteen plus the “COWBOY CADILLAC”, and “HERDING CATTLE in a CADILLAC COUPE deVILLE”. And if you weren't from Texas or the West there were other songs titled like “I'm a CADILLAC”, “I'm like a CADDY”, or just “LIFE is a '59 CADILLAC”.

COOK'S NITE OUT

No cooking tonight!

Gladys Guyer



We are taking a winter break from Cook's Nite until spring. Scheduling for the 2023 Cook's Nites will be at the Board Meeting January 14, 2023.

“BIG WHITE CADILLAC for CHRISTMAS” page 2

The appearance of a Cadillac on the cover jacket of a record, tape or CD started with a smashed front of a 1948 Series 62 Convertible for The Go Getters album “Brand new Cadillac”. After which at least 50 other times a Cadillac or a portion of one was used to catch your eye. Chuck Berry for his album “Motorvatin” had

the front of 1951 Series 62 Convertible on the cover with the rear of the red Cadillac on the back cover.

I wonder how many Scott and Ellen have... I hope the one titled “V-12 CADILLAC”!

My Hershey Diary 2022

By Scott Deno

Ever wonder what goes on during Hershey week? -

The new Hershey – one day earlier. It appears 1 day early is here to stay and rumors of Hershey being cancelled are highly exaggerated. It felt strange to drive to Hershey on Sunday afternoon; yes, Sunday. With setup now on Monday early setup folks like me with campers are best to arrive Sunday night.

Monday - Don't sleep in because you must be ready for the 7AM “whistle” on Monday when the 100's lined up move “in mass”. First project is to find my spot in acres of black top with the rain washing some of the markers away! Fortunately, my markers are still there and plenty of room to setup my space. After a nice breakfast it's time to say hello to new and old neighbors. With little to sell, it looks like a lean year as a vendor, but there is always someone to see or someone dropping in to make Hershey a great experience. Oh yes, it's still raining. Spreading out my parts for sale is challenging with rain and a small awning, but what is Hershey without getting wet. With the rain and light traffic, it's a good day to visit friends from New York, but wait, a Cadillac friend just stopped in looking for parts I brought for him AND he is looking for more. First sales of the day are no small change. I talk to the vendor across the way, and he has 1929 Marmon parts for cheap! I can't believe it; first find of the show. And a \$10 starter; it's off to a great week. He also has an early set of “Pilot lights” which would look good on our 1926 Studebaker, but his price is a little high. These odd (very early style) lights won't sell, so I will wait to later in the week to bargain. Lunch, off to visit friends from New York, and browse a few spaces for the afternoon. Dinner at “home” and it looks like the rain might let up for tomorrow.

My Hershey Diary page2

Tuesday starts with Iffy but improving weather. More Cadillac customers stop by and buy more! Sell some more odds and ends. Lunch and off for a quick pass-through show field searching for things I don't really need. With 1000's of vendor why not? I suggest to friend, Bill Boudway, “let's go look at the auction cars at Hershey Lodge, as I missed it last year”. Away we go. WOW, the huge tents outside the Lodge are full of amazing cars and the super expensive ones are in the Lodge. The free dinner caps-off a nearly perfect evening. Should I get a bidder's card?

Wednesday weather is great, and some region folks stop by. Ed Hinkle, Dave Kontor, John Mueller and Jim Burke to name a few. Makes me think of the Altoona guys (Bill Loy, Randy Clemens, Bill Forsht) who didn't make it this year AND Randy's steaks on the grill. Maybe next year? But it is time to go to the Rambler club meeting. Only 6 or 8 folks but it is nice to talk about a common interest and hear about the various restorations they are doing. Dinner at “home” is boring, so it's out the Bill Boudway again.

Thursday brings a better crowd and a call from a past Dawson plug customer who needs 10, but he can't make it over as he just got out of the hospital. Wow, this might be a big sale day. Early afternoon comes and my Dawson plug customer sends his son and disappointingly only buys 1 for inspection. Oh well. It's time to make final offer to my neighbor with the Pilot lights. Oh no, they're gone! This nice set of lights were made by Don Summer reproductions and his son purchased them minutes earlier for posterity. That's Hershey, sometimes the big one gets away. I almost forgot, it's time for the Marmon club meeting. I'm late, I better take the scooter. Jeff Stumb has put on a real spread. Beer, wine, and goodies. The Marmon group is from all over the world and most interesting folks. I stay too long talking Marmons. Past time to head to State College to get our 1912 Rambler for the Hershey Hangover tour the next day. Even though I missed the Friday car show, it was a busy and great Hershey!

2023 Calendar of Events

- January 14** **Board of Directors Meeting**
- January 21** **After Christmas party, Smithfield Fire Hall, Huntingdon. Social @ 1:00, meal@ 2:00**
- February 9-11** **AACA Annual Meeting, Williamsburg, VA**

Mifflinburg Tour 2022

Four diehard tourists' cars ventured out on Saturday October 15th for Mifflinburg, Pa. The weather was perfect with the sun shining on the unusually bright Fall foliage. The north side of the mountain was the most brilliant and just to our right as we wandered beside Penn's Creek. Winding through big towns like Spring Mills, Coburn, Laurelton, Glen Iron, Swengel, Hartleton, Weikert, Penns Creek, Woodward, Millheim, Aaronsburg, and sites like Millmont red covered bridge, Rusty Rail restaurant, Mifflinburg buggy museum and Shade Mountain winery. First stop was Rusty Rail for a great lunch and conversation. Next was the buggy museum with a private guided tour through all the numerous buildings. The museum has only improved since our last visit years ago. After spending a little too much time at the museum, it was on to Shade Mountain winery for a brief break on the outdoor patio enjoying a beautiful view in the late afternoon. Of course, some wine was purchased.



Tourists included Ed Hinkle in his 1931 DeSoto, Bill Beck in his 1956 Packard, Scott & Ellen Deno in Ellen's 1957 Chevrolet, and Pete & Cathy Searer in their blue Ford convertible. All the cars performed perfectly, and a great time was had by all. If you missed the tour, you missed another good one.

Classifieds

For Sale:

Engine: 1928-1931 Model A, 4 cylinders

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Contact Bob Leon 814-883-6203

A PROMISE KEPT

Submitted by Bill Beck

My 1956 Packard Clipper had been my father's car. My Dad bought the car on August 13, 1958. Although it looked and smelled like new to me it did have 27,900 miles on the odometer. The original owner lived near Lock Haven, PA.

After driving the car twice to Florida with other trips to Savannah, Georgia and Greenville South Carolina, the owner died in 1958. I spotted the black and white clipper on the Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's used car lot. That was where Dad traded his 1940 Packard One-Ten Business Coupe and purchased the Clipper. Thus began my life-long odyssey with this 1956 Packard Clipper Super four-door sedan.

Keep in mind that I as a teenager had been driving my dad's 1940 Packard One-Ten Business Coupe with a six-cylinder engine, running boards and in board headlights stuck between the grille and fenders. How embarrassing that was when all my friends were driving those cool, mid-fifties cars. (Twenty years later, my attitude would change about that 1940 Packard, but I have not been able to find it. Does anyone know where number 1388-5867 is today?) Contrast that with this life-changing event of driving dad's "new" 1956 Packard Clipper with a 240 HP V-8 engine, electric push-button ultramafic transmission, torsion-level suspension, electric windows, push button radio. Now I had a glamorous car to cruise around the local towns. Typically, I would pick up my dates, cruise around the blocks a few times, go to the movies or drive-in or stretch the drive to Williamsport or State College. On a couple of occasions, I would fill up my tank to drive my girlfriend to Harrisburg just to get hamburgers and milks shakes at Bob's Big Boy Restaurant or Amity Hall Restaurant for coffee.

Since the Clipper was Dad's daily driver, it was difficult to get the car when I wanted it. I finally started to buy my own cars. Ironically, first a step backward to a 1941 Dodge business coupe. Then I took a step forward to a 1955 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer convertible. Then came marriage and children, and we would buy Volkswagens, Chevrolets, and many Toyotas. But my dreams always took me back to the 1956 Caribbeans, 400's, Patricians and Clippers and of the day when I might personally own one.

By the 1960's it became obvious that dad's Clipper would be among the last of the real Packard's. We began to think that he should get another car and "save" the Clipper. I helped him buy a new 1964 VW beetle for a daily commuting and local driving so that he could ration the miles that he put on the Clipper. The rationed miles, however, would include many road trips to southeasters, PA and up state NY and I was privileged to be a co-driver on some of those trips.

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President Eisenhower signed the Federal Highway Act on June 29, 1956, that provided for the system of Interstate and Defense Highways. Maybe it was coincidental, but the reality was that those Packards cruised effortlessly at 60 or 70 mph. I loved to see the expression on the faces of the occupants in new cars as awe passed a few of them.

My Dad transferred the registration of his Clipper to me in 1984. By that time there were nearly 200,000 miles on it, and it looked like it had been a daily driver. Dad's mechanics had stuffed Bondo into all the places that the 1955/56 Packards developed rust holes. I stored the Packard in our clean garage in Bellefonte and I dreamed of the day when I might restore the car to the way it looked in 1956-1958. But to add insult to injury, when my wife and I moved to Beck Farm in 1996 I stored it in a tractor shed in the company of bats and mice.

Every spring and fall over the last 30 years I stopped by Bob Stoltzfus' vendor spots in Carlisle and Hershey to talk about Packards. In 1983, I bought 2 rear fenders that I thought I might be able to use someday. Finally in 2007 after my wife and I completed years of restoring my ancestors' 1881 farmhouse and 1883 barn and our building, we decided that it was time to get the Packard Clipper off the back burner. I asked Bob whom he took his Packards to for major mechanical work. He said to Ross Miller. If you go to a Packard Meet in Frederick MD, Ross should be there. Ross said he could give my Clipper Super a "wake-up" mechanical job in 2008 and you know how it is, one thing leads to another and eventually Ross would do a complete on frame restoration with the front clip off. We hauled the Clipper to Parkton MD. In May of 2008 Ross rebuild the motor and transmission, cleaned the fuel tank, replace fuel lines, and renew the brake system. He overhauled all the mechanical components in 2008. He sandblasted and repainted the wheels in the original Naples Orange. He fit the Clipper with new black Radial tires. In October of 2008, I drove my Clipper the 150 miles to our farm in Nittany Valley.

With the car back home, I took pictures of it around our house and farm. I drove the car to my barbershop in Lock Haven and snapped a picture that was displayed on the shop mirror. One should not but a car based on what you see in pictures. My Clipper looked so good in those. It looked like it was finished, and I can only positively identify the finished car when looking at before and after pictures by noticing that the fender skirts were installed only on the finished car.

In 2009, we again hauled the Clipper to Parkton because the levelizer compensator had stopped working. The task at hand was a major one. The rust and Bondo was cut from the floor and body and welded in new steep and rocker panels. Ross Miller welded in the rear quarter panels from the 1956 fenders I had purchased back in 1983. I bought 2 new front fenders and had them shipped

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to State College by Greyhound bus and I hauled them to Parkton. Ross had hired a part-time body man who skillfully smoothed out the body panels with the proper use of body filler. I polished the stainless-steel trim and had the chrome pieces replated. Ross repainted the car in the original Corsican Black and Dover white. Dwight Heinmuller reassembled the electric windows and replaced the foggy winder glass. I located upholstery and black carpet. I got a replacement headliner material. Pat Gensib of Rainbow Auto upholstery expertly installed the interior. And finally, I am going to finish the trunk. Speaking of the trunk reminds me of an incident that took place in December 1958. I was following a friend out of Lock Haven who was driving his Porsche. As we came off a girder bridge at Flemington, I said to my buddy riding with me, "I think I can beat Larry". I accelerated up beside him and as we both took off; I drove out of the bare tracks on the highway onto a skiff of snow. The Clipper did a 180 degree slide off into a parking lot. I did not put a scratch on the Clipper. However, my dad asked a couple of days later if I went around a turn fast. He said "the bumper jack box is on the wrong side of the trunk. I played dumb like a fox. Many years later I told my dad what I had done and also confessed that I had put the speedometer against the peg a couple of times. My dad was in his late 80's when I told him about these escapades. He just smiled, probably because I made a promise that one day, I would restore the Packard Clipper to look like it did when he drove it home to the farm in 1958. With lots of help and the support of my wife Norma, I kept my promise.



Thank you, Bill Beck, for a wonderful story.