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2017 CLUB OFFICERS

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August 8, 2017

We're having a great year with good turnout and active participation!



CLEARLY ENJOYING THEMSELVES — THE OREGON CONTINGENT AT THE RIVERSIDE INN

Fun among the Giants



The Oregon crowd enjoys a very lovely evening together in Grants Pass before taking on the next leg of the journey to Northern CA in the morning.

OREGON CLIPPER



Director's Page

ummer is upon us! We have long awaited the end of a too lengthy, overly wet winter and equally liquid spring! At last summer has arrived. It is time to bring forth Packards, those mighty and magnificent examples of automotive engineering from their lairs. Summer is a time of opportunities for we fortunate few, we keepers of the Packard tradition. One of the greatest thrills of all is driving a Packard on a beautiful Oregon day down a paved country road! There are tours, compassionate visits to assisted living centers, car shows, cruise-ins, and the epitome of itall—The Forest Grove Concours d'Elegance.

As the late and much lamented country singer, George Jones, used to say, "who is going to fill their shoes?" I am bringing forth a matter that we members of Packards of Oregon will be faced with in the not too distant future and that is the selection of a slate of officers for the coming year. I firmly believe that the current officers of our club have served with diligence and dedication in carrying out their duties and responsibilities. The problem, as I see it, is that some of us as they say are becoming a little "long in the tooth." Robert Douglas and I agreed to split the duties

of Director for a period of one year. This occurred because no one else was willing to fill the position. Mr. Douglas and I then agreed to stay for one more year. The time has now come for other members of the club to step forth and serve as officers of our most worthy enterprise – Packards of Oregon. Yet, it is my most fervent wish that John Imlay and Joe Santana continue creating and editing our fabulous magazine, The Oregon Clipper. I believe we owe it to these gentlemen to show our support by supplying them with articles and pictures of our Packard activities.

It is my pleasure to end with paraphrasing Dave Charvet's well-known statement, "now get out there and drive those Packards!".

Yours,

Monte

Monte Glud and Robert Douglas





From the Editor

owdy-do, you proud proliferation of perfectly pleasant Packard people! Both Joe and I have been quite busy of late which is why you're receiving this a week or so later than we planned. Summer is finally here, well more or less, because you'd never know it by the 60° rainy weather we're experiencing as I write this on a late June morning. But, the weather should be coming around soon and our summer tour season is already under way. We have quite a few lined up this year, July 1 down to Junction City, Forest Grove on July 16th, our usual Summer Cruise In's and more. And speaking of tours, several of us joined with the other West Coast Packard Clubs in mid-May for a tour down to Northern California which was a great success. That's our feature story later in this issue.

Next, please note a new addition to our publication – a *Classified* page. There are some legitimate items for sale there from some of our members along with some vintage ads from the Oregonian for your entertainment, so look carefully. I think we will make this an annual feature, and not include it in every issue. Check it out!

On another note, with the help of Bob Earls, I was finally able to clear up a, hmm.... let's see, what shall I call it... a persistent "stumble" in the idle of my 39 120 after the engine was warmed up. After trying everything over several months – carburetor, valves, points, plugs, condenser, and the coil - Bob was able to narrow it down to an intake manifold leak. So, I removed the manifolds,

cleaned them up, had the ports machined to even them out, and while I was at it had the exhaust manifold ceramic coated, before reinstalling them with new gaskets. And voila! That did the trick. Not only was I very happy to finally have that irritation cleared up, but it was a great learning experience for me. Thanks for the help Bob!

Before we move on to this issue of the Clipper, I want to make a plea to all of you to please make every effort to participate in our upcoming August 5th event at Orenco Station in Hillsboro. This is an event that my partner in crime Joe Santana is trying to put together and we really need to get out there and support him on this effort. Hillsboro is nearby, so this one should be easy. As a matter of fact, I'm even hoping to get Dave McCready to pull one of his out of the garage. I think Joe's trying to get at least eleven cars to be shown and I know working out some of the logistics with the city are a bit tough, so we need to make the car end easy for him. There's more to come on this so stay tuned.

Now on with the show...

John Imlay





Before we talk about the Western Regions tour itself and the great time we had with our California compatriots, I thought I'd offer a recap of the trip down to Eureka with our Oregon contingent.

The Portland crew met up at the I-5 rest stop just south of Wilsonville on Wednesday May 17th on a gray, but not really rainy morning. We quickly got on the highway and headed south until eventually pulling over at another rest stop where we connected with our more southern pals, George and Sylvia Potter and Jerry Szerlip and his wife BJ. From there we headed south again toward our lunch stop in Oakland, OR. Not long after getting on the road, we noticed a fair bit of smoke

coming from Jerry's 1936 Packard Six. George was leading the pack, so Howard gave him a call and told him we needed to pull over. The smoke was coming from a cracked oil line on the right side of Jerry's engine. Fortunately, George was familiar with the area and he and Jerry headed off to the local hardware store to purchase a plug for the oil connection while the rest of us continued on to Oakland.

Oakland is a wonderfully quaint little town! It's like walking into 1935. And of course, our cars fit right in to round out the picture. We sat down to lunch together at Tolly's Grill and Soda Fountain where we enjoyed very standard but tasty fare. Yours truly was the only one that

tour season 2017

indulged in dessert a handmade, decadent, chocolate milkshake that was worth every damn calorie. The car repair was mercifully quick and Jerry and George made

it to Oakland only about thirty minutes after the rest of us and were able to enjoy lunch too. After lunch, we took a few minutes to mill about the town before getting back on the road toward our final stop for the day, Grants Pass.

By the time we arrived at Grants Pass, the clouds had cleared and it was a perfect, sunny day. This was the type of weather we'd enjoy for the rest of the tour. We checked into the Riverside Lodge and got settled before meeting on their patio for cocktails and snacks. We enjoyed dinner together at a brewpub right next to our hotel. Conversation was lively and the consensus was that dinner was OK.

The next morning we were up early, ate breakfast and got on the road. For this leg of the journey, we took the very scenic drive along highway 199 - also known as the Redwood Highway- on our way to Crescent City. We could not have asked for a better drive - fairly gentle twists and turns through incredible scenery with spectacular weather. After a couple hours, we needed a break so we pulled off at a park along the Smith River. We stretched our legs and admired the giant trees while Jerry and I tried our hand at skipping stones across the river. I think Jerry is too tall and couldn't get a good angle, so needless to say, his efforts needed some work. Mine on the other hand, well... I'm available for instruction Jerry. But I digress. Next, we lined the cars up along the "beach" for a photo-op before getting back on the road again. We need lunch!

BY JOHN IMLAY

The Samoa Cookhouse outside Eureka, CA, which has been there since 1890, was our lunch destination and seemed alo-oo-ngway from our last stop given our growing appetites. When we finally arrived, Jerry's car was sort of, well screaming. He opened the hood and a number of us speculated on what the noise could be. "It's a generator bearing." "No it isn't, it's a this or that." Bob Earls said, "it's a vacuum leak." Bingo! A fitting was tightened, the car stopped screaming and another potential catastrophe was downgraded to a quickly solved inconvenience.

The Samoa Cookhouse was originally just that, a cafeteria style dining hall for the lumber mill workers complete with the long tables and checkered tablecloths. There's no real menu other than Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. Lunch was what you'd have expected 100 years ago and was served family style. Huge pieces of white bread and butter, soup, salad, meatloaf and mashed potatoes with gravy, peas, water or iced tea, and simple cake and ice cream for dessert. Very satisfying and all for \$14!

A relatively short drive after lunch took us to Fortuna where we all checked into the hotel and rested up, aside from some car cleaning, before going out together for dinner that evening at the Ivanhoe in nearby Ferndale. The Ivanhoe Hotel and restaurant has been in operation since 1870. I'd have to say that this is the best meal we had on our tour. Both the dinner and service were great! Everybody had a good time and our stomachs were full as we headed back to the hotel for a good nights' sleep in anticipation of the official beginning of our tour the next morning. And so, follow me to the next page



Posing at the soda fountain of Tolly's Grill in Oakland, Oregon



George Potter's 1939 "Packillac" lends just the right amount of class to downtown Oakland.

tour season 2017

Western Regions Tour

The Nor Cal club hosts a great tour

BY BILL YOUNG, NOR CAL PACKARDS AND JOHN IMLAY



Lumber baron William Carson's mansion on Humboldt Bay, 'Old Town' Eureka, California

They came from the north, they came from the east and they came from the south. What are these moving pieces of art-deco? Why are the tires so white? Why is the chrome so bright? Why is the paint so shiny?

It's the annual gathering of Packards, this time in northwest California.

It was a time not only for re-acquaintance, but also for making new friends.

Thursday, May 18th - They met at the Best Western Country Inn in the small California city of Fortuna on the northeast shore of the Eel River. Upon arrival, they began cleaning the road grime from paint and bumpers, many bugs were scraped from windshields, and once again these Packards were gleaming. There was much talk of carbs (not the edible kind!), transmissions, engine size and "how do you fix this?"

Example: A member said, "I cannot get the overdrive to kick down going up-hill." Another member said, "Let's take a look." A few adjustments and "Hey, it works!"

Friday May 19th - Off to the Carson Mansion in 'Old Town' Eureka. California for a docentled tour and lunch. The mansion, situated on the Humboldt Bay, was completed in 1885 and is a conglomeration of every major Victorian architectural style. Now a private club, The Ingomar Club, it is a very large and regarded as one of the highest executions of American Queen Anne Style architecture in the country. Across the street lies The Pink Lady – another classic Victorian mansion. Originally built by lumber baron William Carson as a wedding gift for his son Milton, both mansions were designed by the same respected architects, brothers Samuel and Joseph Newson. The mansion is not open to the public and tours are generally not given, however, through some connections at the Nor Cal Club, our group was not only given the aforementioned docent led tour, but we were asked to line our cars up on the semi-circular driveway in front of the house for a photo-op! Our cars even drew some locals out to take their own pictures.



Exiting home base – Fortuna, CA



Lining up in front of the Carson Mansion



The Pink Lady Victorian mansion, a wedding gift to William Carson's eldest son



Architectura details of the Carson Mansion

When we had finished our tour of this amazing house, we assembled in the huge dining room for what can only be described as a healthy and tasty lunch. As you might guess, there was quite a bit of chatter about the house and, of course, cars as we got to know each other better.

After lunch in the sumptuous dining room of the Carson Mansion, we visited the Harper Auto Collection, a short drive away. Harper Motors is one of the oldest automobile dealerships in the country and is now in its fourth generation of family ownership. Our visit began with the great-grandson of the original Harper giving us a brief history of his family and the collection. He noted that the collection was restored and maintained by his mechanics and good friends. The collection contained about 50 cars and was quite well considered with cars from the brass era all the way up to the sixties – too bad there was only one Packard – a beautiful 1928 381 Sport Phaeton. Some highlights among the collection were an enormous 1909 Stevens-Duryea Model Y, a 1921 Stutz Bearcat, a pair of Nickel-Era Franklin Roadsters, and a 1912 Detroit Electric. Also on site was the very first LaSalle ever sold, a 1927 Coupe which was entered into the prestigious Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance at Monterey, California. Visiting this collection was a wonderful addition to our tour.

While at the Harper auto collection, another minor repair saved the day. A member said, "I don't think my brake lights work". Sure enough, they did not. After seventy years, the switch stopped working. To the owners' delight, the local parts store had a switch and Mr. Harper's mechanic had the wrench. Now, we had brake lights, and we were safe.

After visiting the Harper collection, those of us who wished were treated to a private tour of a collection of automobilia owned by Carl Schneider. Carl has dozens of artistic models, posters, big works of art, artist renderings, and all sorts of automobile related stuff. Of special interest were several large "donut chaser" Packard hood ornament models; perhaps three feet tall, as well as a cormorant of the same size. Thank you Carl.

Dinner was on our own that night and we all ended up in various locations near our hotel in Fortuna. We understand that Howard and Evelyn Freedman from the Oregon Club had a particularly lovely outing at the nearby Funky Monkey. Perhaps Howard will write a separate feature article for our next issue about their fabulous evening there! Saturday May 20th - We awoke to yet another wonderful day and after a brief meeting in the parking lot, we headed south on Hwy 101 to the "Avenue of the Giants" at around 10am. All in all, there were thirteen Packards on the road with seven coming from Oregon! Our first stop was along the "Avenue" at sort of a tourist shop where we were able to get gifts for friends and family as well as acquire some information about the forest. A few of us even purchased Giant Sequoia seedlings for planting at home - although all of us and a couple of our subsequent generations will have been long planted too by the time those seedlings grow to maturity. Also at this stop we checked out a 1,000-year-old Redwood tree that had survived lightning strikes which took the top fifty feet of the tree - now it's only 250 feet tall - floods, and the lumberjack's axe. I guess that's why they named it the Immortal Tree!

After visiting the gift shop, we posed for a group "people" photo before getting back on the road. Pulling over briefly at a strategic spot for a photo encompassing all the cars, we continued further along the Avenue until reaching a visitor's center where we parked in the shade and enjoyed our box lunches at the center's picnic tables. This was yet another great opportunity forthe different club members to get to know each other.

With full stomachs, we hit the road again to our next stop – one of the trees you can actually drive through. Now, this was a bit of a comedy. You don't get to drive through the tree for free you know. It costs \$6 to do it. But the wheelchair-bound guy who "owned" this tourist attraction gave us a group discount, so we each paid \$5 instead. Apparently, this sudden influx of cash bestowed a miraculous healing upon our "host" who was able to leap from his electric wheelchair and sprint up the stairs to get his camera to take pictures of our cars. Imagine how happy we all were to have contributed to such a divine event! Once we had given thanks, those of us who had forked over our fivers drove past the "gate" and down to the big tree. The opening was about 7'x7' with a steep slope leading in. Blood pressure rose for a few of as we approached, but all made it through unscathed.

Afterward, we assembled briefly in the parking lot while our "host" shot a few pictures from his wheelchair. It seems the divine bequest was short-lived. Then, we were on the road again for what we'll just call a semi-circuitous route back to the hotel.



lilton Wheeler's 1941 160 Convertible Coupe leads us along the Avenue of the Giants



Giants among Giants



Jerry Szerlip squeezes through a giant Redwood.



Site of our closing dinner - The Victorian Inn, Ferndale, CA



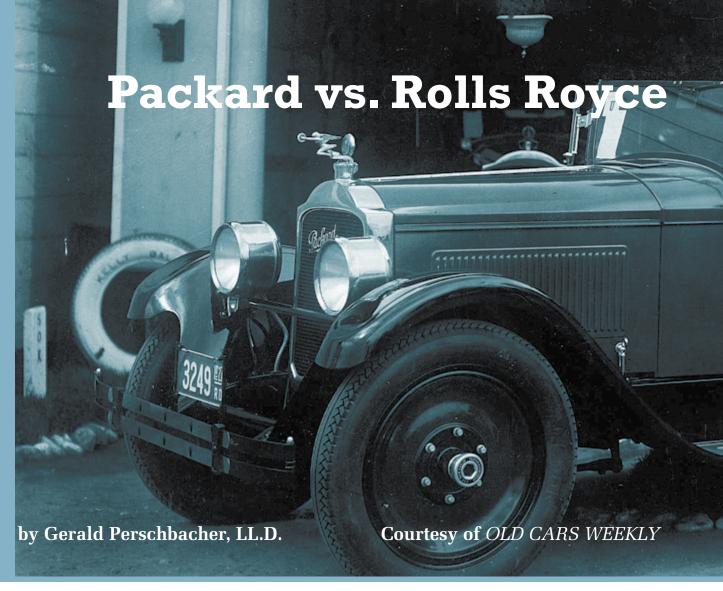
Wade and Patsy Miller pose for their photo-op at the Carson Mansion

That night, our last night together, we dined at the Victorian Inn (VI) in the lovely, you guessed it, Victorian town of Ferndale, CA. It turns out that Ferndale is the hometown of Oregon Club member George Potter as well as Food Channel personality Guy Fieri of "Diners, Drive-Ins, and Dives." Despite a few logistical issues with seating, dinner was great and we again had time to get to know our fellow Packard lovers better. Nor Cal Club tour organizer Milton Wheeler spoke to the crowd thanking all for being there and expressed that while we may come from different places, we are a family brought together by our common passion for Packard automobiles and by the fact that we're all just good people. He also hoped that the West Coast clubs could assemble together again in 2019 for, dare I say it... an Oregon hosted tour. Oregon, whaddya say?

The evening ended on a happy note and all headed back to the hotel for a good night's sleep before heading their separate ways early the next morning.



Our merry group along the Avenue of the Giants



Every business exists to make profits. No profits or low income for too many years, and eventually the enterprise collapses or merely fades from sight. Packard did not choose to fade away, nor did its managers set their bar too high to jump. Astute choices kept the company going and growing as decades progressed from the teens to the twenties, then the thirties which posed a severely high hurdle to jump. Of course, Packard was hardly alone. The financial swirls and opportunities that prevailed for all car makers seemed to even the field. If a maker of quality cars could meet public demands at a price suitable to its clientele, and if that clientele continued in its quest for more personal wealth and importance, then a car company like Packard was on the road to success. If.... Yes, if. In fact, a series of "ifs." If the market was reasonably predictable, if buyers' incomes were secure, if four-wheeled products hit their sales target, if a field force was ready to ride up and down waves of sales, if company leaders were wise and planned for the future, if..., if..., if....

Packard was making itself felt in key locations around the world by 1920. Then, in that decade, it groomed more importance and catered to the high echelon of the luxury field—kings, queens, potentates, nobles and royals, generals, dictators, presidents, millionaires

and billionaires, industrialists, owners of monopolies, motion picture stars and starlets, even movie moguls who allowed fancy and expensive cars a special place in their film ventures. Packard was an attraction to many in those fields. It was not alone in that cause. Rolls-Royce motorcars were actively promoted in gentlemanly manner by that brand throughout much of the British Empire.

Some buyers paid the high price overseas to show their financial muscle when they ordered a Rolls-Royce. By 1930, for example, a Phantom II Rolls could easily approach the \$20,000 mark which was equivalent in price to 40 new Model A Ford tudors. Rolls-Royce cars could be sent to overseas locations within the Empire with the support of governing officials which, just as easily, could sock it to the importation of other brands of cars from various countries, which (of course) brings us to Packard.

Being able to mass produce its high-end cars effectively meant prices could be reduced, too, making the export-import cost more attractive. Did Rolls-Royce tend to bow toward high prices with honor or did it search for new price levels? I would imagine a bit of both took place. By the early 1920s and into the early 1930s, car buyers who wanted to stand apart from others tended not to brag on the massive six-cylinders of Rolls-Royce motors.



Latin American business men and "dandies" liked Packards – so did liberated women, like the one at the wheel.

Dr. Perschbacher has a long career in automotive research and writing. He also collects Packards and related material.

Photo courtesy of Dr. Perschbacher; all rights reserved

Instead, many liked the hefty twelves and sixteen-cylinder cars (to the benefit of Cadillac and Marmon). Packard had launched its v-shaped twelves beyond the price barrier of its straight-line eights as early as the middle of the teens and held on to that propensity until the twelve phased out in 1923.

Rolls-Royce offered its Silver Ghost models from 1906 to 1925, overlapping with the lesser priced (yes, LESSER priced) model Twenty (made from 1922 to 1929) then followed by the model 10/25 range from 1929 to 1936 and the 25/30 from 1936-1938. Similarly, Packard in 1921 launched its Single Six at a lower price while the Twin Six (twelve-cylinder model) lingered and faded in favor of the then-stylish straight eight. Packard upped its energy to offer the One-Twenty model in 1935 and the Packard Six (later called the One-Ten) in 1937. Flexibility in matching market trends were common to both car makers. When war came to the world in the late 1930s, the British Empire was a risk. In fact, it would never be the same. The clear necessity for sheer survival was to produce wartime equipage that could beat back the enemy. Leading the airborne effort was the prized Rolls-Royce Merlin aviation engine, pride of the Royal Air Force's Hurricanes and Spitfires. Realizing that the air war would heat up over Britain, more planes were

needed. To meet the demand for the Merlin engine, the Ford Motor Company was contacted. Eventually some Ford plants overseas made the Merlin with adaptation for mass production, but the main contract states-side was won by Packard. What was discovered was the wide variances allowed in the usually handassembled and often hand filed and fitted engines. The tolerances were much tighter on the mass produced motors in America, so Packard offered its adaptations and re-design of the Merlin. In several respects there are similarities between Rolls-Royce cars and top-line Packards, but the differences made apparent during wartime production may well have indicated an Old World mentality toward production techniques versus the new World emphasis on close tolerances and interchangeability of parts, a factor promoted by the likes of Henry Leland who fathered the Cadillac.

In the final analysis, neither Rolls nor Packard wanted either to claim the glory of the other. Each was set on its own path. Each had its own strengths (and weaknesses). So the next time you hear it said that Packard was the Rolls-Royce of America, set the record straight. Packard built Packards, Rolls-Royce built their own models, and there was great good in each.

Spring at the Oregon Garden

Our first overnight trip of the 2017 Tour Season

Our first overnight trip of the 2017 Tour Season found the Oregon Region CCCA on its way to spend the weekend of April 29th and 30th at one of our favorite destinations, The Oregon Garden. This was a grouptourwithPackardsof Oregon, Oregon CCCA and The Mount Hood Region of the Cadillac/La Salle Club. There was a large turn-out of about fourteen cars and abouttwenty-eighttothirty people.

The Meet-up Point: The meet-up point was the scenic overlook for the Oregon City Falls, though with all the rain we have had this winter.itwasmoreofadent in the river rather than a fall! We arrived and, as always, our Tour Directors Jan and Rodger Eddy had coffee, juice and doughnuts for the hungry travelers with lots of curious onlookers' questions and great conversation. At nine a.m. we were pulling out south bound on old highway 99E, the "Highway of



Tour leader Rodger Eddy enjoys a donut while chatting with Howard Freedman and Bob Earls before heading out on the tour.

A Thousand Wonders: We continued south through New Era and Canby, and then turned off 99E and on to Meridian Road, a wonderful two-lane scenic drive that took us into Mount Angel. I have traveled up and down the Willamette Valley for years on the back roads in our old cars, but leave it to Rodger and his encyclopedic knowledgeofroadstofinda way that your reporter had never taken, what a treat! Love two-lane roads, as my bikerfriendssay, "two-lane asphalt is not just a place, but a state of mind."

Mount Angel Abbey: We arrived at the beautiful Mount Angel Abbey with its commanding view of the valley where Rodger had set up a tour of the abbey, it's famous library and museum. We met one of the Benedictine monks who explained the workings and history of the Abbey and gave us a wonderful and informative tour. The library was designed by the Finnish Architect. Alvar Aalto and the interior is bathed in natural light, thanks to the amazing skylights that allow you to read books almost anywhere without artificial light. You know that it is a great library when none other than Duke Ellington plays the piano at the dedication, that was a grand evening back in 1970!

The Oregon Garden: From the Abby, we continued our journey on to the town of Silverton, Oregon and the Oregon Garden for lunch, got checked into our rooms and relaxed. There was a cocktail hour at four in Ian and Rodgers room that was very well attended, thank heavensthere was a deck outside for the overflow! From there some of us took a walking tour of the garden and enjoyed all the new plantings and old favorites. Later there

tour season 2017

by Robert Douglas



A Benedictine monk gives a very interesting and informative briefing before our tour of the Mount Angel Abby and campus.

was an excellent Italian meal in the lodge that was enjoyed by all along with great dinner conversation and an excellent dessert.

Leisurely return home: The next morning everyone was on their own to sleep in, eat breakfast, tour the Gordon House (the only Frank Lloyd Wright home in Oregon) or wander the garden before heading back home. Several of us enjoyed a few hours more in the garden before heading back as it is such a relaxing place and we got a chance to talk with some of the garden staff who were very friendly and an-

swered lots of questions about planting what kinds of plants would do best where. A very fun and informative morning!

Rodger,

Thank you for an excellent tour over new roads and fun places, as always, an excellent trip and we look forward to more!



Affordable dining in Silverton!

Orv Crull and Mona Marsh enjoy the company of some of our friends from the Cadillac/ LaSalle club over lunch.



Our group admires both the visual and aural attributes of the Abby's impressive pipe organ.





Myth Exposed

by David Charvet

very car collector knows (or should know) about Optima®

batteries. The maintenance-free, sealed gel-cell construction requires no water and it may be placed in any position (even on its side) for unusual mounting applications. The best part is, the 6 volt Optima® offers 800 cold cranking amps of power, which for our old 6 volt stating and operating systems, is great. Plus the life of an Optima® in cars that are stored for extended periods (aka: most collector cars) is rated at 3 times that of a standard lead acid battery. You can also buy several 12 volt styles of Optima® batteries for auto, marine and deep cycle use.

hen the Optima® first appeared about 15 years ago, car collectors embraced it for all of the above-mentioned reasons. However, the word soon spread that Optima® batteries should NEVER be charged with a standard 10 amp battery charger as it would, in effect, "fry" the cells and cause them to not hold a charge, making the battery basically a boat anchor. We

were repeatedly told that the only safe way to re-charge a drained Optima® was to use a 1-2 amp trickle charger. This story was circulated for so many years in the old-car hobby (and is still going around) that it has been accepted as fact. Some even cited (unverified, "I heard it from a friend") stories of batteries exploding or made completely worthless if subjected to normal charging rates used for lead-acid batteries. I believed it all, too.

ecently, Itook delivery of a 1940 Packard Super 8. As it was unloaded from the truck, it barely cranked over. After it was unloaded and shut-off. I tried starting it again and the battery was dead. I trotted to my garage and pulled out a new 6 volt Optima® battery to install in the car. Imagine my surprise when I lifted the front seat to find a 12 volt Optima® in-place! A quick check confirmed that the car had indeed been converted to 12 volts by the previous owner, including the starter and generator system. That was fine. But why was a 12 volt Optima® dead and how do I charge it?

he car had come from a museum. As I checked into things I found that along with the other electrical items, the original clock had been converted to 12 volts (beautifully, I might add) with a quartz movement. Since the car had been on display in the museum and not driven, the ticking clock must have drained the battery. So, mystery solved. But, How long would it take to charge a dead 12 volt Optima® with a 1-2 amp trickle charger?

Anticipating a 7 day charging time, I went to the Optima® website (www. optimabatteries.com) and looked at their page regarding charging. Imagine my surprise when I read this:

Optima Redtop® (12 volt) Charging Information:

The following charging methods are recommended to ensure a long battery life. Always use a voltage-regulated charger, with voltage limits set as described below. Battery Charger: 13.8 to 15 volts, 10 amps maximum, approximately for six to twelve hours.

hat? I read farther to see about the 6 volt Optima® batteries. I found this:

Optima Redtop® (6 volt)
Charging Information:

Battery Charger: 6.9 to 7.5 volts, 10 amps maximum, approximately for six to twelve hours.

o, following the manufacturer's instructions, that evening I hooked up my trusty 12 volt, 10 amp battery charger to the now-dead Optima® in my garage. The meter read a battery output of around 2 amps. Yes, it was dead. I went to bed and when I awoke the next morning I checked the battery, which now showed a full charge. I re-installed it in the Packard, turned the key and "vroom!"

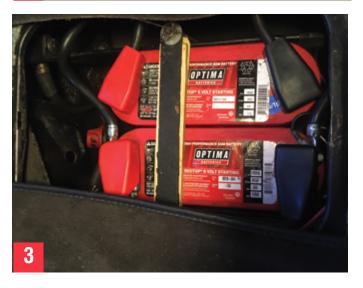
Since that time I've been using the car semi-regularly (once a week or so) and it fires right off every time. I see no indications that the battery was harmed by charging it in the way recommended by the manufacturer.

I have no idea how the "only trickle charge an Optima!" myth got started, but I have heard it from many people over the years, including knowledgeable mechanics. I believe because the Optima® involved new technology when it first appeared, some were scared by it. Also, someone may have tried to jump-start a dead Optima® using a 50 amp ("starting") setting on their battery charger, which WILL damage it. But no doubt that mistake by someone evolved into the trickle charge myth. This all reinforces the point that it's a good idea to always read the manufacturer's directions first with regard to any questions about a product, rather than relying on rumors.

o, if your Optima® is low or dead, have no fear:
You can use a conventional 10 amp charger to
revive it. Or, better yet, just drive your old car
enough to always keep the battery charged! Plus,
driving an old car is a lot more fun than waiting for the
battery to charge in your garage.







- 1 Optima® 34
- 2 Optima® 6V
- 3 Two Optima 6V Redtops connected in parallel fit side-by-side in the under-seat battery box



by Giovanni Imlay

Well, I have to admit I was planning to save this story until our Fall issue, but since we are a bit behind this quarter, I thought I'd tell you about our wonderful trip down to Junction City for a concert at Jerry Szerlip and BJ Bennett's place. Five cars carrying twelve people all together met in the parking lot at the Sherwood Safeway

Wade Miller shows off his 1954 Caribbean Convertible



down to Junction City through the wine country. The weather was overcast and cool, but dry and the drive was quite nice. We gave ourselves extra time since the concert was not planned to start until 2PM.

for 10AM departure. We took highway 99W all the way

Jerry Szerlip's 1946 Packard Clipper Limo after just winning its class at the CCCA Grand Classic in Sequim



Upon arrival at the Old Tower Grove – the official name of Jerry and BJ's place – Jerry had a special area set aside for vintage cars. While they did not drive with our group, Bill and Mary Jabs in their 1940 160, George and Sylvia Potter in their 1932 Lincoln Coupe, and Wade and Patsy Miller in their 1954 Caribbean Convertible met us there. All told, there were quite a number of vintage cars and we ended up overflowing the lot Jerry had set

aside. Our early arrival enabled us to be treated to a tour of the Windmill Tower – hence the location name – which has been converted to a very quaint residence. Jerry also took us on a tour of his restoration shop which had a couple projects underway with more waiting in the wings. Man, that guy has got some skills!

So, what about the concert? Well, by the time two o'clock rolled around, there must have been more than 100 people there! There were also a lot more cars, antique and otherwise, that were not associated

with our clubs. Almost everyone brought a picnic lunch along with some type of beverage and set themselves out under the biggest darn Maple tree I've ever seen! This thing spread out like a giant octopus covering all in attendance with room for many more. Anyhow, Brooks Robertson, a

"finger-style" guitarist was the featured artist. In case you're wondering, finger-style is kind of like Chet Atkins and Buster B. Jones. Brooks is on a full-ride scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston and you can see why. I have a degree in Music from pretty much the best university music school in the country and I have to tell you, this guy was great! You might think listening to just one guy play the guitar while sitting under a

giant Maple tree would get boring after a while, buthehadsuchskilland there was such variety in the tunes he played that it was anything but. I particularly enjoyed the fast fingered "barn burners" which really showed off his prowess. Unfortunately, Iwasunable to stay for all three "sets" and had to head back for another event in Dayton, so I missed about half the concert.

All in all, it was a great day and a great concert. Special thanks to Jerry and BJ for opening their home for this event. What a terrific spot they have. Clearly, they have

a lot of friends and it was very kind of them to host the event which was also, in part, a fund raiser for Brooks to help defray some of his expenses. It's gratifying to see a musician working his way to the top!



Featured artist - "Finger-style" Guitarist Brooks Roberson

George and Sylvia Potter's 1932 Lincoln Coupe



Bill and Mary Jabs' 1940 Packard 160 Touring Sedan



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Ad Research by Molly Santana

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1955 Clipper Constellation Hardtop, 5567. Torsion-Level suspension. Missing front fenders and engine, with title.

1955 Clipper Custom Sedan, 5562, 122" wheelbase, 352 engine, Ultramatic, complete car with title.

1956 Patrician Sedan, 5682, 127" wheelbase, 374 engine, Ultramatic, missing front fenders, no title.

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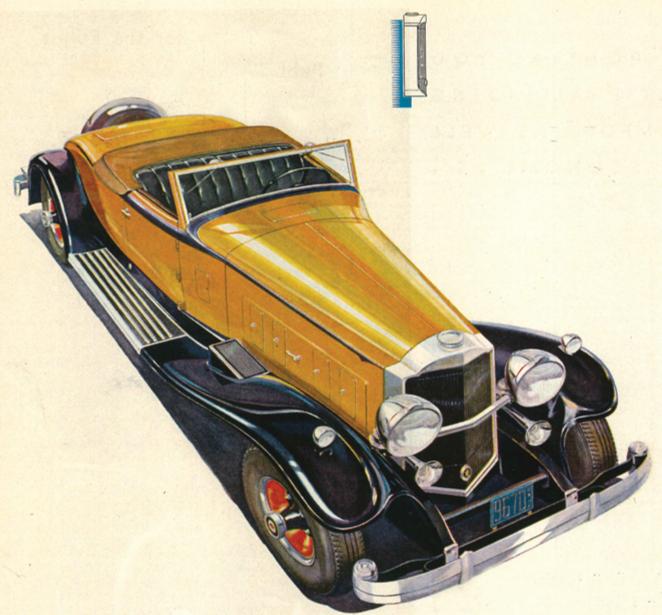
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'46 Kaiser 4-dr	
'46 Old 4-dr	. 129
'47 Packard Clipper	



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motor travel that in actual truth has never before existed. Bodies are lower-wheelbases longer-tread wider. The motor is far more powerful, smoother, quieter. The transmission is Packard-built, four-speed, synchro-mesh. And the new and exclusive Ride Control -which permits the hydraulic shock absorbers to be adjusted from the dash to compensate for road conditions, temperatures and varying numbers of passengers-provides a degree of riding comfort previously unknown. For supreme luxury, you must drive a Packard.

PACKARD

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Calendar of Events

July 15, 2017

Forest Grove Pre-Concours Tour
Forest Grove, OR

July 16, 2017

Forest Grove Concours
d'Elegance
Pacific University Campus
Forest Grove. OR

August 5, 2017

Orenco Station Tour Orenco Station Parkway 10AM - 2 PM

August 8, 2017

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

September 12, 2017

Monthly Membership Meeting•
Peppermill

October 10, 2017

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

October 2017

Annual Pumpkin Tour

November 14, 2017

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

December 17, 2017

Holiday Dinner

ours are tentative until details are worked out and plans solidified. Watch the website, your email, and attend the monthly Packard Club meetings for further information.

Monthly Club meetings are held at the Peppermill Restaurant in Aloha, OR. Dinner and chit-chat generally begins around 6PM with the meeting kicking off at 7PM.



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