

OREGON

Clipper





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Hang on to your steering wheel.
2016 could be the ‘drivingest’
year yet.

**Please plan to attend
our next membership
meeting.**

January 12, 2016

**Let's start the new
year off right with a
great turn out and an
active 2016!**



PHOTOS BY TINA ANJOZIAN

The Duchess

JOE SANTANA WITH HIS DUCHESS
ON THE ROAD TO PEBBLE BEACH

pg. **13** If you subject your Packard to the risks of the road as much as Joe Santana does, you probably won't take home a Best of Show, but you will receive hundreds of 'thumbs up' from an admiring public. As Joe headed to Pebble from Big Sur, he stopped to dust off the Duchess before entering Carmel. A white van pulled up behind him. A woman asked if she could take a picture of the car. She was Tina Anjozian, professional portrait photographer from Los Angeles, whose imposing camera captured these images.





by Matt Hackney

President's Page

It is the day before Thanksgiving 2015 – and I am home for a few days from my current project in Ilwaco, Washington. There is a large cup of coffee on the table next to me and my thoughts turn to the President's page that I must write. John Imlay has given me a deadline of December 1 for the page. If he stays on schedule, you should be reading this Clipper on or near Christmas. Well in order for you to read it, it must be written. In writing, we are taught to have a continuous theme throughout, well, here it is. Thank you!

On any given day, I say "thank you" about a half dozen times. If I am out in public, this goes up a lot. 'Thank' and 'you' are two words that are easily said but often forgotten. Let me try not to do that. So here goes.

Thank you to my fellow officers of the club, Monte and Elaine Glud, Howard Freedman and John Imlay. The four of them provided constant support to me in my role as President. Your club wouldn't be where it is now, without these hard working members. I would like to thank you, the members who came to the meetings each month (I personally missed at least three!) Thank you goes out to the members who bring questions, answers and updates on projects to our meetings – and then share their frustrations and triumphs. Thank you to our members who drive or have driven great distances to attend our meetings and events. For those who have sponsored or run our tours and activities... thank you. Thank you to the Packard family for building such a great piece of American history. Thank you to our members who live outside the I-5 corridor, who cannot make the meetings and activities but continue their membership in our club.

Although we are brought together by our love of the Packard Automobile, our members are the core of the Club. I am thankful for the opportunity to have served as Director. When Monte Glud and Robert Douglas take over as Director and Co-Director, I look forward to supporting them as well as the club in my new position as Co-tour director. So this winter, get those Packards ready for the road.

Thank you.

Matt Hackney



by John Imlay

From the Editor

Greetings once again Packard lovers!

This will be our final version of the Clipper for 2015. I like to think of it as our Holiday issue since, if all goes according to plan, you should be receiving this in late December. No doubt you'll notice our completely new and very up-to-date format! This is a result of collaboration with club member Joe Santana who you may know is the Creative Director at MKTX – a marketing communications firm. Joe graciously volunteered his services in putting together our quarterly publication. Thanks Joe!

Wow, this year has really flown by. It seems like it was only a few weeks ago that I was taking the Christmas decorations off the house, and now they're back up there again! Clearly the warnings my parents gave me about the years moving by faster as I get older are, in fact, true.

Well, if I may be so bold as to apply that sentiment to all of us, it just means we need to concentrate more on doing the things we love best – spending time with friends, family, and of course... our Packards. Get out there and drive them! (*Weather permitting, of course.*)

Along those lines, let's talk about tours for a minute. For 2016, we have put together an "Executive Committee" to coordinate our club tours instead of the traditional single "Director." Matt and Karla Hackney, Chris Cataldo, and myself make up the committee. We have devised a plan that incorporates some multi-day and single day tours that dovetail with the CCCA tour schedule. We feel combining our club with the CCCA member tours will lead to a better turn out – which leads me to my next thought.

These tours are no fun without good turnout. And by turnout, I mean you, your spouse, other family members and... your Packard! Depending on the length of the tour, a lot of time and effort can go into putting one together. If no one, or very few of us show up, it really takes the wind out of the sails and provides little incentive for developing future tour ideas. So please support your club and this wonderful hobby of ours by participating whenever you're able. And, if you have any ideas for tours that you think would be fun and/or interesting, let us know!

Once again, we have some great stuff in this issue of the Clipper – a recap of this year's "explosive" Pumpkin Tour, a story about Joe Santana and his lifelong love affair with his beautiful 1940 160 Convertible Sedan, some interesting facts about vapor lock, a couple articles by contributor Gerald Perschbacher, an article from the ladies' perspective on this hobby of ours – penned by my wife - and more!

Now before you move on to the meat of this issue, I'd like to say that since purchasing my first Classic and joining our club, I have learned how important it is to network! The sharing of information, knowledge and experience is INVALUABLE to all of us in this hobby and it has benefitted me on countless occasions just in the last 15 months! So, in keeping with that, I call your attention to the information presented below – Regress Press. This guy offers complete reproductions of vintage catalogs, manuals and brochures at, in my view, very reasonable prices. I purchased a reproduction of the original, 25-page sales brochure for my 1941 160. It looks and feels exactly like the original, but it's brand new! So, if you're looking for such a thing, drop Jeff an email.

Now, on to the show!

John Imlay

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Vintage catalog reprints



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MISSION STATEMENT:

Our goal is to preserve and assemble a definitive collection of historic catalogs, brochures and other ephemera for current and future generations to use as a source of reference and enjoyment. Why we chose Regress Press as our name? Regress refers to the act or privilege of going or coming back.

The “Good Old Days?” – Before the War

“OH! FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS!”



ARTICLE COURTESY OF OLD CARS WEEKLY

That’s a common lament people have used for decades. Their meaning: by-gone days were simpler, products were better, and things were cheaper.

In relation to motor vehicle transportation, let’s put things in perspective when it comes to the years before the Second World War.

SIMPLER & BETTER:

Granted, the electronic components of today were hardly in the dreams of auto car masterminds more than half a century ago as the cars of the future were being devised. In an interview I conducted with Dick Teague while

he was head of styling at American Motors, he revealed the downside of early generation innovations.

His experience reflected the fabulous Packard Predictor, a 1956 show car meant for the auto show circuit from New York City, to Detroit, to Chicago and beyond. Teague was the artist behind the piece. With the encouragement of his bosses, all sorts of push-button electronics were added, shaded of James J. Nance, who had been with Hotpoint but was Packard president by 1956. He liked the modern feel and sales

enticement of push-button controls.

Teague moaned about the Predictor. Before the realization of micro-electronics, he said it had so many fist-size (or larger) electric motors to operate windows, roll-back tops sections over doors, rear window, and more, that each time the car was started up and driven onto or off of a truck for a show, that the motors were begin to blow a fuse or short circuit. Factory officials got quite handy with bypassing those motors just to get the good looking car to its destination.

When car hobbyists head to a vintage car show in the Model T Ford or other cherished collector car, they recall the “good old days.” But how really good WERE those prewar days?



“Things were cheaper, but many forget the buying power of the American dollar.

Good Old Days?

TAKE THIS TO THE PREWAR YEARS AND YOU'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA HOW INNOVATIONS OFTEN FAILED.

Take this to the prewar years and you've got a good idea how innovations often failed. Packard's semi-automatic (if you want to call it that) was named the Electromatic shift. Granted, when everything was in order the system automatically disengage and then engaged the clutch while all the driver did was shift the manual column stick. But woe is the driver whose system had a slight maladjustment!

A similar thing may be said for vacuum powered windshield wipers commonly employed on prewar cars. When new and properly lubricated (yes, the innards do need a little oil now and then), the wipers worked reasonably well with regulated speed. But as time progresses and lack of oiling or an air leak affected the system, wipers slowed dramatically, especially on acceleration.

Examine an engine from 1910 with that of 1940 and there will be a world of difference. Usually this is marked by the number of cylinders, the reduction of their size, and the boosting of compression. True, the simpler motors are easier to understand but they are



Car engines then and now still operate under three systems: mechanical, electrical, and fuel-related. So in effect, motors in postwar years are theoretically similar to motors of yore. Intricate in some aspects, but still simple in the basics.

still complicated for their day. Tear into an air-cooled, two-cylinder car and find out for yourself. Proper tolerances must be maintained, measurements of parts are important, wear and tear can bring on difficulties in oiling systems and must be examined, and the motor can be a bear to crank by hand if it is too tight, maladjusted, or not otherwise amenable to your touch.

THINGS WERE CHEAPER:

Perhaps, in select cases. But bear in mind that there was one element many people today forget to apply: the buying power of the American dollar. Here's a prime example. The price of gasoline for a good por-

tion of prewar America (1919 to 1942) occasionally fluctuated around 25 cents per gallon. Adjusting for inflation, the 1919 price was comparable to \$3.35 today (in current buying power of the dollar). By 1942 it was just above \$2.50 in today's buying power. So when it comes to gasoline prices, the good old days aren't as good as they seem.

You might say cars were cheaper, too, but let's look at reality. An annual income for a typical American family in 1900 was four pennies shy of \$675. By 1919 that rose to around \$750. In the 1930s that rose to nearly \$1,370. When the national minimum wage began in 1938, it was only 25 cents per hour.

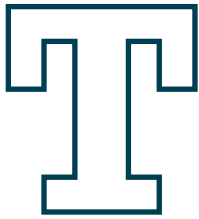
To translate luxury items into current dollars, multiply a dollar amount in 1900 27 times to find the approximate value today. Of course, there are adjustments that could be recognized due to price spikes that occurred for specific commodities, but in general, a car purchased in 1900 should be multiplied 27 times to determine how much that meant in current dollars. Ergo, a \$1,000 car in 1900 would have cost a comparable \$27,000 now as a new-car price. For 1910, the multiplication factor was almost 25 times. For 1920 it was 11 times, for 1930 it was 13 1/2 times, and for 1940 it was 16. In effect, a new Model T Ford selling in 1910 for \$950 would have been equivalent to \$23,750 today. Interestingly, the collector values of certain desirable Model T's linger around that figure -- meaning that the value hasn't substantially changed since new! That 1910 price for a new Ford isn't far off the track for a new Ford today, either.

In the luxury field, a new Packard for 1940 could have ranged from \$700 to \$6,000 which encompassed much of the Cadillac and LaSalle range, meaning those cars by the value of today would range from \$11,200 to \$96,000. Check those figures against the selling price of those old cars today -- pretty consistent, except for special or highly desirable models.

Maybe the good old days are really here now!

Pumpkin Tour

by John Imlay



he threat of rain did nothing to deter participants of this

year's Packard Club Pumpkin Tour!

The parking lot by Shari's restaurant in King City was a great jumping off point for the tour which was planned for the Willamette Valley wine country area. Cars began to roll in promptly at 9:30 AM in preparation for the 10:00 AM departure time. Karla Hackney was kind enough to provide banana nut and pumpkin bread along with coffee and juice to keep people "refreshed" as we waited for more cars to arrive. Overall, we had nine cars participating - Brian Joyce - 56 Patrician; Monte Glud - 36 120 Convertible Sedan; Chris Cataldo - 66 Cadillac Executive Sedan; Wade Miller - 49 Custom Sedan, John Imlay - 41 160 Touring Sedan; Karla Hackney - 49 Model 200 Deluxe Sedan; Bob Douglas - 38 120 Sedan; Tom Taylor - 54 Pacific; Mike McCready - 67 Buick Skylark.

Promptly at 10:00 a drivers meeting was held, led by Cameron McCready, and we all got the plan for the day along with printed directions and maps. We followed mostly back roads to Newberg and our first stop at the American Classics and Hot Rods dealership. A space had been set aside where we are able to line up our Packards on the lot. Wade Miller met us there in his 49 Custom Sedan and it was at this point that Chris Cataldo had to depart the tour in his 1966 Cadillac Executive Sedan as duty called him away.

The folks at ACHR were gracious and friendly as we all milled around looking at the hot rods and vintage cars in their showroom and on their outdoor lot. After about 45 minutes, we were off

for lunch at Archie's in Dayton. Again, taking the more scenic back roads instead of the more direct route, the ride was enjoyable and took about 25 minutes. With Cameron navigating and Karla at the wheel leading the pack, a decent pace was maintained enabling everyone to keep together - but unfortunately frustrating some of the locals who were unhappy with the 45 MPH pace and decided to pass our group at less than optimal moments. It was also along this segment of our journey that we experienced more typical Oregon weather and had a few sprinkles along the way - not enough to worry about though.

Arriving at Archie's around 12:15, they too had an entire section of the street blocked off to provide display style parking for our cars. Archie's was an interesting place, part sandwich shop and part ice cream parlor. The food was ample and quite affordable. And while there were a few healthy choices on the menu, this author did not avail himself of such a choice, but instead opted for the "Archie" sandwich which deliciously provided a whole week's worth of fat and sodium. Archie's did not have a table big enough for all of us so we broke up into small groups and enjoyed lunch and camaraderie along with the occasional discussion with passers-by who were admiring and snapping photos of our cars.

“Heiser Farm ...
a regular Disneyland
of Pumkinalia.

After lunch, we headed out to visit the main feature of our tour - the Heiser Farm. Now, to call this a "pumpkin patch" would really not do it justice. This place is a regular Disneyland of Pumpkinalia. Geared mainly for families, there were miniature train rides, a petting zoo, hay rides, fire truck rides, pyramids of hay bales, slides, a WWII tank and.... the one thing most appealing to adults and children alike, the pumpkin cannons. While benches were set up along a hillside enabling comfortable viewing of these HUGE cannons which fire pumpkins at a truly frightening velocity, it was standing room only for this event. Pumpkins were fired one-at-a-time at targets consisting of stacked automobiles and 55 gallon barrels. Cheering, clapping, squealing....the crowd reveled in seeing these "targets" completely demolished by the bright orange projectiles that would never have a chance to become someone's Thanksgiving pie. Another cannon fired some pumpkins for distance and they must have gone at least $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile before hitting the ground. This was really quite a spectacle - so much so that I came back the following Saturday with some of my "non-Packard" buddies!

Around 3PM the group started to break up and head home. All in all, it was a great tour with decent enough weather, good friendship, beautiful cars, and a rousing finish of flying pumpkins. Thanks very much to Karla and the other tour organizers for all their work in putting this year's Pumpkin Tour together. Great job and we can't wait until next year!



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6



4

1 Monte Glud reviews Civil War and WWII history with Bob and Frankie Douglas at the Heiser Farm.

2 Wade Miller's 1949 Custom Sedan, Chris Cataldo's 1966 Caddy

3 Our cars along the street outside Archie's in Dayton

1941 160 Touring Sedan
1936 120 Conv Sedan
1954 Pacific Hard Top Coupe
1938 120 Sedan
1949 200 Deluxe Sedan

4 The Pumpkin Cannons doing their thing.

5 A 1951 Hudson Pacemaker hot rod at ACHR

6 Workers reset the Pumpkin Cannon "targets" for the next round.

The Magic of Vapor Lock

HOW DO YOU KEEP THE GENIE IN THE BOTTLE?

by Peter Hartmann

Those of you who have already decided you “know” what vapor lock is, please don’t waste your time reading any farther. I am well aware many folks “think” they know and really don’t want their prejudices questioned. For those of you who never, EVER want to have your car let you down from this phenomenon, please read on.

First, vapor lock requires only a basic understanding of the laws of physics. All you have to know is that liquids become vapor if you either heat them or lower the pressure around them. Easy so far?

Gasoline is harmless in liquid form. You can fire an API (armor-piercing incendiary) bullet through your gasoline tank and nothing will happen so long as it goes through liquid gasoline. Gasoline VAPOR is an explosive—a very powerful explosive—that is used to make pistons go up and down and move your car.

How many of you have wondered what that extra spark plug is on the manifold of some cars built before the mid 1920s? A “trade name” for one supplier was “FUELIZER”. Vapor pressure of earlier gasoline was so low that on cooler days you had to hit it with a spark while it was on its way to the cylinders in order to light it off.

Gasoline and car manufacturers correctly recognized that if they raised the vapor pressure of gasoline (lowered the temperature at which it will boil) they could make cars easier to start on cold mornings. So they started increasing the vapor pressure of gasoline. By the mid 1930s car manufacturers’ “service letters” were full of technical discussions about what the dealers had to do to placate angry customers who had their cars fail them on warmer days. Heat shields, changing the routing of exhaust pipes, all manner of things were suggested.

Modern cars have fuel injection with the fuel pump on the gas tank. Gasoline in the lines to the engine is ALWAYS under pressure so it can’t boil off—meaning, no matter how hot it gets, your modern car can’t vapor lock.

There are only two solutions to the phenomenon of vapor lock. Go to a gas station that sells gasoline manufactured before the mid 1920s. Or keep your gas under pressure from the time it leaves the area of the gasoline tank (that area is typically the coolest part of your car).

Whether your car was made before 1932 and has a “vacuum tank” or made 1932 or later, fuel is SUCKED from the gas tank by some kind of device that LOWERS the pressure in the fuel line. Our 1932 and later cars have an engine-driven suction pump that gets fuel only under pressure on its “output” side.

SUCKING the fuel, combined with a hot day, makes gasoline more likely to become a vapor in your fuel lines. When it is a vapor our vacuum tanks or engine-driven fuel pumps can’t pump it.

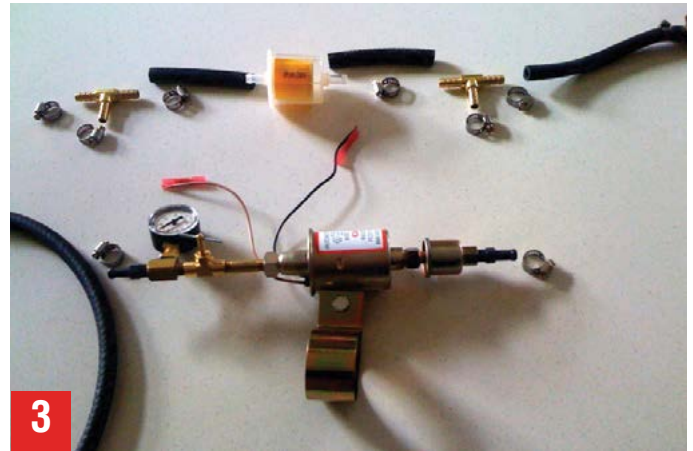
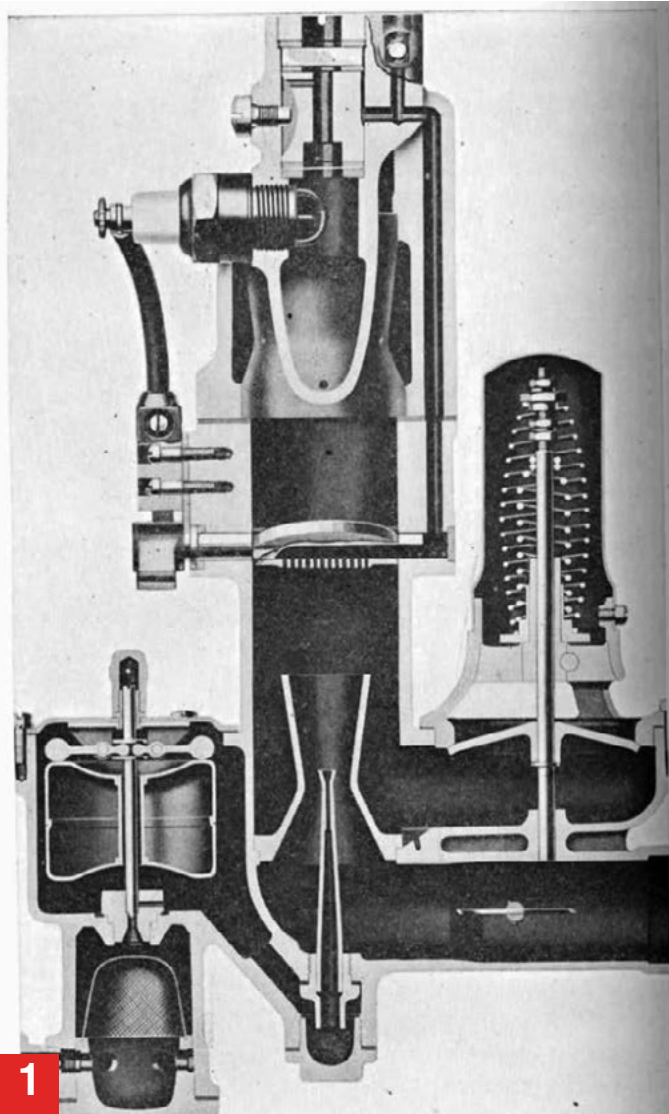
It is a common misconception that gas “vapor locks” in the carburetor or in the line coming out of the fuel pump. This cannot be. It’s physically impossible. So long as that pump can get gasoline and put it under pressure, you aren’t going to get vapor lock. If you don’t believe me, as any owner of a modern car!

The obvious solution for our older, non-fuel-injected cars is to mount an electric fuel pump as low and as close to the gasoline tank as possible. The typical 6-volt electric fuel pump is only “good” for 4-6 lbs. This is perfect for our old “float-type” carburetors.

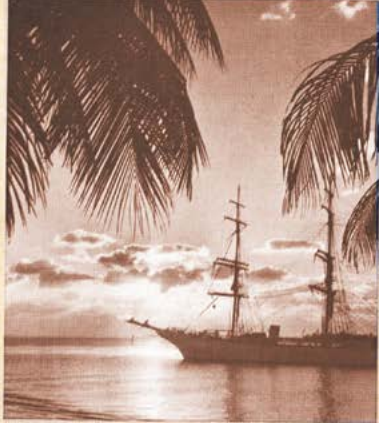
We have all heard stories about trying to keep the carburetor and/or fuel lines cool. “Everyone knows” that if you put a cool rag on your hot fuel line the car may eventually start again. Or, maybe put a cow magnet on your gas line? Horse feathers! Sure that will work, because with your engine-driven fuel pump stopped from vapor lock, and no longer “sucking” or putting the gasoline in those long lines under a negative pressure the gasoline will start to flow again.

Another advantage of having an electric fuel pump is easier starts when your car has been sitting for more than a few days and that modern gasoline has evaporated out of our carburetor’s “bowl” and/or fuel lines. With your electric fuel pump pressurizing your gasoline clear up to your engine-driven fuel pump, you will get fast starts hot or cold.

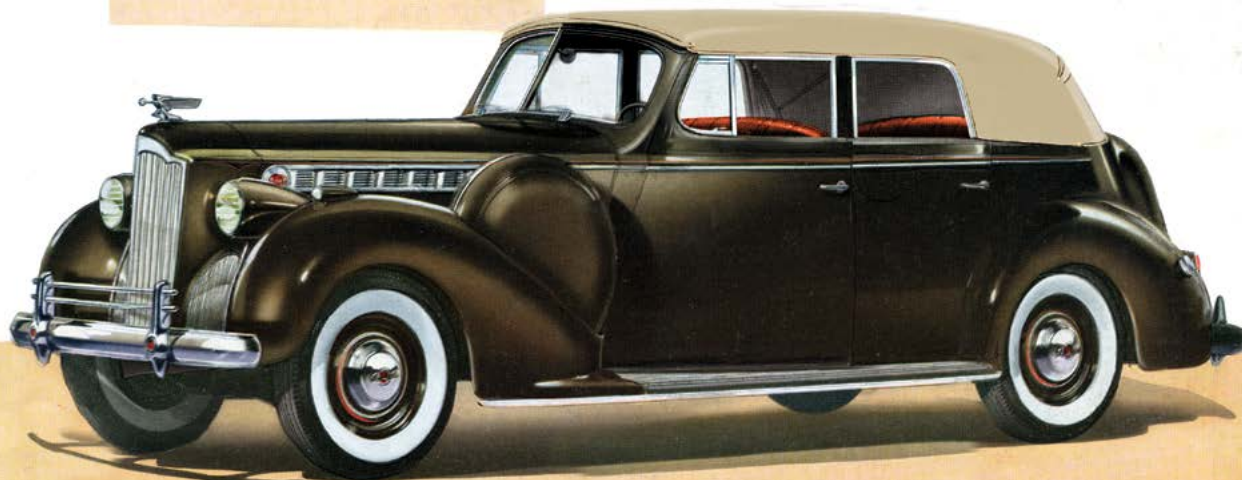
I have no answer for the question as to why some older cars do not vapor lock and some do. I do know it is hard to find a gas station selling pre-1925 gasoline!



- 1** Packard "Fuelizer"
- 2** Vacuum tank - used pre-1932
- 3** 6V electric fuel pump, with petcock and pressure gauge
- 4** Standard mechanical fuel pump and heat shield
- 5** Typical electric fuel pump installation



*Romance at the
End of a Florida Lane*



Packard SUPER 8 *One-Sixty* CONVERTIBLE SEDAN • 127 INCH WHEELBASE • 160 H.P.



*The
New Master
of America's
Highways*

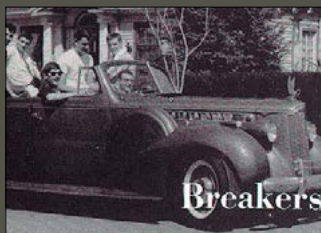
No NEED to sacrifice closed car comfort or luxury just because you enjoy air and sunshine. Top up - convertible models are snug as any sedan.



An ash tray in the center of the dash is a well-liked convenience in every Super-8 body style. The receptacle is easily removed for cleaning.

The Duchess

HIGH POINTS OF A 56-YEAR RELATIONSHIP WITH A CLASSIC PACKARD



1959 BELLARMINE COLLEGE PREP
SAN JOSE, CA



1960 UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO, CA



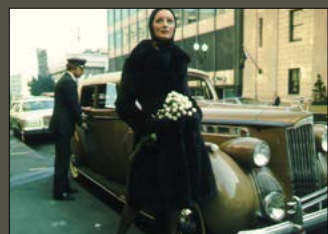
1963 35 LOOKOUT ROAD
HILLSBOROUGH, CA



1967 1ST STREET
CANNON BEACH, OR



1974 WOMEN'S FORUM
CORBETT, OR
JERRY LAROCCA PHOTO



1974 BENSON HOTEL
PORTLAND, OR
JERRY LAROCCA PHOTO



1983 HYATT HOUSE
SAN JOSE, CA



PHOTO BY JOEY SANTANA 2012

“Until 2004, I'd never really worked on the Duchess myself and, therefore, never known the impact of the Black Thumb of Restoration that drives hobbyists to restore car after car.

There are too many stories about my 1940 Packard, The Duchess, to fit here—like the ones about O.K. Cushing, the original owner, being chauffeured to Palm Springs from San Francisco, or about Hannah Maguire, the second owner's mother, who circled the car sprinkling Holy Water before trips to Reno to do a bit of gambling to benefit Jesuit Missions, or all the people who have left notes under the wiper about buying it, or it being so beautiful they didn't have the heart to have it

towed even though it was blocking their driveway when they came home for lunch, or the top-down victory laps around the high school football field and the homecoming parades with cheerleaders and pom-pom girls piled high on every perch-able surface. I could keep you up all night with stories about driving the Baja and running out of gas, or not being able to start in front of the St. Francis Hotel having delivered Joan Baez there after a college concert. For me, it's been about driving.

Joe Santana's 1940 Packard Super 8 160 Convertible Sedan has undergone many cosmetic changes and parts replacements over the years to keep it running before being restored to its original condition when sold by the San Francisco Earl C. Anthony Dealership on August 20, 1939.

The Duchess

from “Make-out Machine” and “Princess Car” to “Mobile Man-Cave”

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE DUCHESS HAS SPAWNED MANY OTHERS.

In 1959, my step-dad, Herbert Ignatius Maguire, and I drove up to the City where the Duchess had been stored in a row-house garage on Lone Mountain. It was musty. Paint worn to primer. Chrome with a pink patina of salt air. Top shabby. Dashboard faded and front seat leather splitting. The red initials O K C of the original owner were still visible on the rear doors just above the red pinstripe and belt moulding. Mine to own. For a kid, I did an admirable job of accepting my fate and letting go of my Corvette dream. I had no idea of what I was being given. I backed it out on faith, not used to its tiny rear window, so Herb drove it back down the Peninsula and I followed in his '57 Lincoln Convertible.

The more I watched the Duchess cruising down the Bayshore Hwy at 60 mph, the more I thought, “This thing has possibilities!” At home, I polished the chrome and was hooked – no, I was in love, completely. I immediately spray painted the air cleaner bright red to symbolize that. With a vinyl seat cover for \$20; rag top

for \$125; a \$39.95 Spraycraft paint job in '57 Chevy bronze; transistor radio, and a junk yard heater, I was in business. I didn't know the pelican ornament from a '48 or the 15" wheels and caps were wrong until a gentleman in Palo Alto driving a dark grey 1941 convertible sedan with light green upholstery waved me over to say in an accent, “Get rid of those wheels. Your car looks like a Basset hound!”

I worked all summer at Peninsula Creamery in 1962 to have the car upholstered in the finest black vinyl, \$325, which protected the original leather for over 20 years.

I reduced my gasoline costs with a liberal policy on double dating. One could make out quite well in a backseat so roomy and in demand.

In 1965, at a freeway exit, a driver cut across the driver in front of me. She slammed her brakes and I blew a brake cylinder slamming mine. With help from my parents, I bought a '65 Mustang and sold the Duchess for \$800. Then fatefully bought it back a few months later. Another long story. But whew!

BY JOE SANTANA

Google “The Duchess Packard” for photos of every restoration problem you can imagine done three times the wrong way before getting it right.



I met my buddy Bill Knorr in 1970 when his boss left a windshield note. Through Bill I met my wife, Elaine.



Theron at Beaverton Auto Upholstery is an expert craftsman who turned six cowhides into functional art.



Gary Martin worked from rotted pieces of ash to create a pattern and construct a new box of solid oak. A magnificent and meticulous job.



Son John Santana, Santana Crane, disassembled The Duchess and rebuilt the 356 engine, plus tricky jobs like restoring the running boards.



Vaughn Hickman, cofounder of the Oregon Region and Wild West enthusiast pitched in to reassemble her, as did software engineer Nelson D'Souza.



Twan, in Canyon Auto Repair & Collision's new \$100K paint booth, did fantastic work prepping and painting The Duchess with its sixth paint job.

If you drive your car, things will happen...like driving through freezing, dense fog at highway speeds out of Bakersfield in the middle of a January night. Mike Kunath and I took turns holding a match to the windshield in order to see the truck's taillights without which we would have driven off the road. Or when four classmates and I took a spontaneous midnight drive to admire Frank Lloyd Wright's Marin Civic Center. I recall Joe Eaglin, a black student from D.C. saying, "I beg your pardon?" when a security guard, who came out to search us in the otherwise empty parking lot, dismissed us with, "Well, I see you're all free, white and 21." That trip extended to the beach at Bodega Bay for a recital by Clive Petrich under a full moon of Masfield, Wordsworth and Tennyson, then departed for Point Arena and the 5 a.m. complete fisherman's breakfast, \$1.65, at Louie's cafe. In the back seat Clive, Jerry Baldwin and Gordie Bowker made a joke out of reminding me of those 8.20x15 tires. "Hey, buddy, your tire's rubbin'," on every one of those Hwy 1 hairpin turns. This trip culminated on a bluff at ocean's edge in Mendocino just before dawn. We had climbed down on the rocks to watch the waves when the 'Ninth Wave' hit, soaking us scrambling up the bank. There we were on a Sunday morning, five guys in their skivvies waiting in the Duchess, which had been draped with our clothes to dry in the sun. No one said a word.

Fifty years later, in 2013, I drove Hwy 1 in the Duchess again, all the way to Carmel for the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance and had one of the best weeks of my life. Back in the day, thanks to trips in the Duchess I drove the Laguna Seca track. And with Steve Lambrecht played V-ball with Ozzie, Harriet, David, and Ricky Nelson. So many memories in the Duchess. So many more to make. Driving yourself has its rewards.

I wrote this poem, *The Day They Came*, to express my fear if I did not restore the Duchess.



The Day They Came

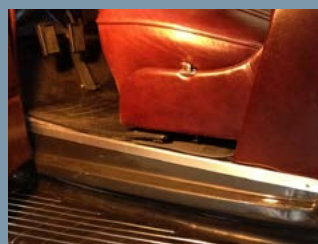
Dented and dulled in dirt and dust, she waited patiently for this day. Elegance in shambles.

Nestled on tires crushed by the weight of miles and passed seasons, her tattered roof sagged wearily between the bows.

The day they came, hairy arms laden with chain, towing her hulk up planks, and her resisting, heaving and screeching until resigned, perched in place swaying her way out the drive to the rhythm of the road.

And all they left was hollow ground, the imprint of her shadow, black leaves matted down.

My bone turn, first to orange, then deep red brown.



The Princess Car: Granddaughter Kate's senior prom, friends' daughter Camilla's 5th birthday party, Granddaughter Emi (aka Lady Gaga) waving to her fans, and a selfie with daughter Molly.



What was the Secret to Packard's Success

by

Gerald Perschbacher, LL.D.

Being a Packard dealer was certainly worth the effort. This held especially true prior to 1930.

Imagine a new fangled business springing up in your youth. By 1920 it became evident that the horseless carriage gave way to the automobile, and that models in successive turns were improving from year to year in ways hardly anyone could completely predict.

Imagine, also, that most cars made prior to 1920 were trying all sorts of extras, appointments, and features which made for a considerable number of backwater swirls and dangerous eddies that sucked up a lot of cash and energy. Dealers were coming and going, so it seemed, but more entrepreneurs took their places beckoned by the smell of success and the temporal temptation of wealth via sales.

Packard knew how to groom their dealers. Compared to all forms of business it was one of the lead companies in the effort to train, educate, and establish dealerships and distribution outlets in an organized, well-designed process. You see, dealers back then obtained their stock of new Packards via a distributorship. Those distributors (Packard initially spelled it "distributers") were contractually responsible to the head office in Detroit. The dealers, while respectable toward Packard decisions, answered directly to the distributor with whom they contracted.

The system started with William Dowd Packard, one of the founding brothers, went out of his way to sign up distributors in large cities. It remains to be proven whether he did the sign-ons while traveling for that purpose alone, or if he segued while traveling for the Packard electrical company based in Warren, Ohio. Regardless, he offered distribution rights to key areas.

“ ... to be a *PACKARD* salesman or service expert was about as high as anyone of that ilk felt he (or she) could achieve.

One was St. Louis, Missouri, where Mr. Packard was visiting in 1903. He paid a call on O.L. Halsey and his brother to see if they were interested. Halsey was the first car dealer in that metropolitan area which was the fourth largest city in America at that time. By 1903-1904 he started promoting Packard automobiles as one of the line of cars in his inventory, which sided up to Franklin, Buick, and Stevens-Duryea. By 1907 Halsey touted the most expensive new car displayed at the first St. Louis Auto Show. It was a Packard, quite naturally, and priced at a staggering \$7,000+! It wasn't long before Packard cars pushed the other fledglings out of the Halsey nest and became the sole product for that distributorship.

Those dealer operations that survived several years in business did it because of good marks from the Packard Motor Car Company. Those dealers were, after all, local agents of that prestigious car maker. With the future at stake and the promise of gold at the end of the proverbial rainbow for successful and well managed car companies in that pre-1930 era, Packard officials (especially after the production move to Detroit in 1903) were hell-bent on doing a gentlemanly job of making Packards the car of choice among the well-to-do. For that to happen, Packard managed control of the grooming of agents set up in business not a few times by cash flow from their distributor. Indeed, failure was not an option for Packard. It was to be SUCCESS and there was nothing at all but that!

TYPICAL PACKARD PRESTIGE



Portland Packard at Burnside and NW 14th (above).
Earle C Anthony Packard Dealership exterior and
interior on Van Ness in San Francisco

*Article used with
permission from
Old Cars Weekly*



William Dowd Packard



A gauge of this mode can be seen at the amount of printed sales helps and operational assists (including informational how-to film strips) that often flowed from factory to distributor to dealer in an energized effort to keep momentum moving forward via an educated and well equipped dealer network. It amazes this writer that a significant amount of Packard training material exists today. And that material took two basic thrusts: How to sell and how to service vehicles.

That latter one was the hook that kept a Packard buyer in the loop so that, when the car aged or (heaven forbid!)

was out of condition even for repairs, the Packard owner would look again to Packard. Thus, repeat buyers were a hallmark of Packard success and even lingered into the 1950s. That tremendous Packard owner loyalty never was bought. It was earned. Even that fact was used in Packard promotions as a truth behind the name.

Packard was as good as its network of delivery points. As time progressed, there were raids on distributors to entice them away from Packard. The danger was clear. If a distributor defected, it meant a notable portion (perhaps even all)

of the dealerships that were serviced by that distributor would fold up the Packard banner and unroll the banner of a competitor. So Packard set up sales contests and energized its work force with the dream of winning cash or gifts, including rings and lapel pins that touted the professional success of the wearer.

I have heard many times in my research that to be a PACKARD salesman or service expert was about as high as anyone of that ilk felt he (or she) could achieve. "Working for PACKARD was the tops!" said many former employ-

ees on levels stretching from showroom to headquarters, encompassing through all ranges of Packard business.

By thus raising the level of professionalism and achievement, Packard set a pace for the entire auto industry to emulate. And well it did!

Confessions of a "new" Packard Wife

by Margy Imlay

In full disclosure,
my husband has a car problem.

For a while there, it seemed like we were members of the car-of-the-month club! He'd get a car that he thought he'd like and then several months or a year later, that one would be gone and he'd come rolling home with something else – all used, of course. I won't even start to relate the details on the used Jaguar he got 'for me' that spent three of the four weeks we owned it in the shop!! (They never did figure out what was wrong with it and, fortunately, the dealer took it back.) Nor will I bore you with the story about the brand new PT Cruiser which we owned for a total of three months! I called it the Fred Flintstone car. I kept looking for his feet beneath the car! Yabba, Dabba, Doo!

After years of this, John drove his first BMW which was owned by a friend – he was hooked. Then it seemed like we were now in the BMW-of-the-month club... until... we stumbled onto a wonderful thing – the three-year lease! Now, he had to keep the car for at least three years, right? Problem solved! Well, not quite...

About two years ago, John started talking... well, nagging really... about this thing called a Packard. At the time, I didn't know of his childhood connection to these cars, but as I am want to do, when he's going on about something that doesn't interest me, I ignored him. The "discussion" began turning into a type of Chinese Water Torture! Night after night of prattling on about this Packard and that which, unbeknownst to me, he was searching for on Ebay and Hemmings and a hundred other websites I'd never heard of. This went on for months!

So rather than have to listen to "This would have been great in a Packard," for the millionth time, I finally caved. I gave him my very tentative "blessing." The next thing I know he's off to Florida to look at a 1938 Packard something or other which for some reason did not work out. Then a few weeks later, a 1941 touring sedan arrived, and while it was beautiful, and fun to ride in, I still didn't get it. I knew nothing about Classic



Forest Grove Concours, the scene of my conversion to a 2-Packard wife.

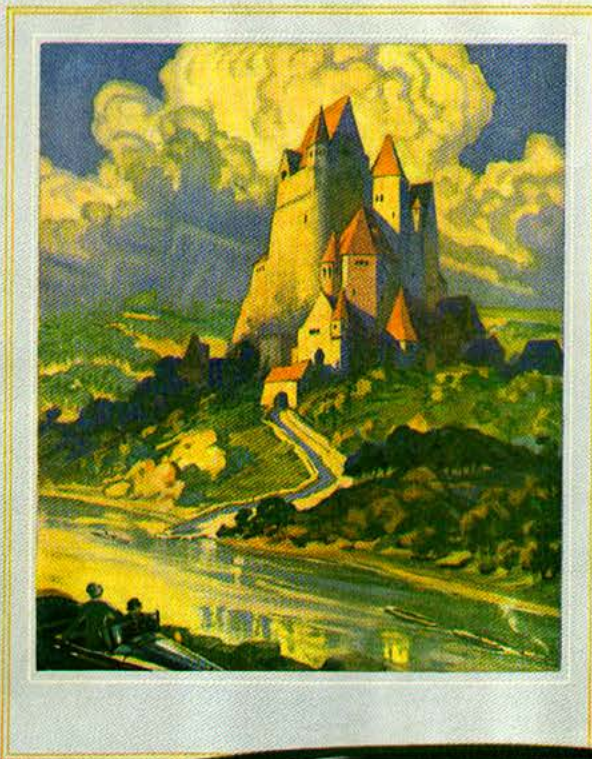
Cars, but boy, was I in for a crash course! He spent the winter tinkering with it, fixing this little thing and that. Great set up, right? He keeps busy and I get a "hall pass!"

Then, the following summer, came the Concours d'Elegance in Forest Grove. While I started the day as the gracious and indulgent wife, I soon found myself amazed at the beauty and grace of the entries. These cars really are incredible examples of art, engineering, function, and history, all in one package. So as I wandered around the grounds at Forest Grove, I started to feel pretty good about myself and having "allowed" my husband this indulgence.

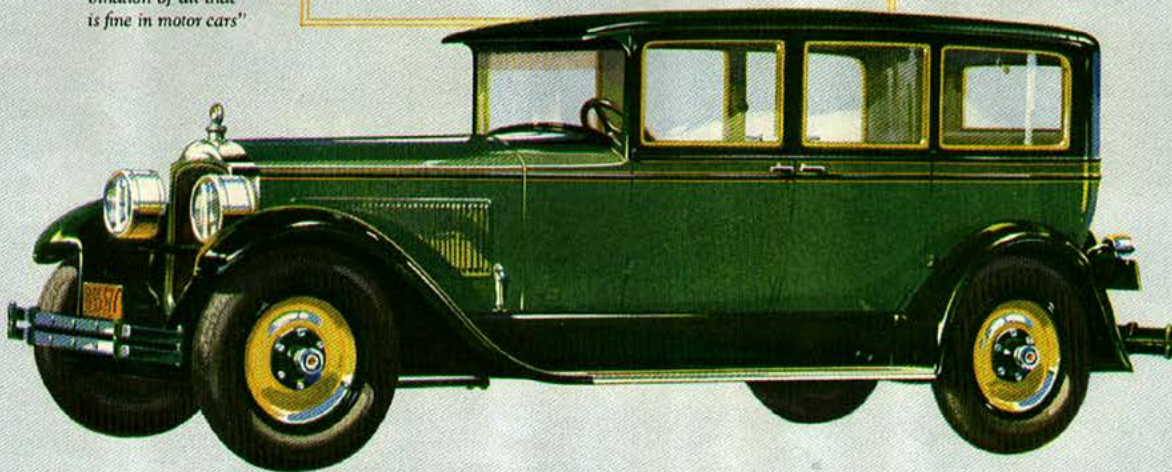
There was one reoccurring and disconcerting theme I started recognizing, upon meeting many of the other car owners. "When are you getting the next one?" WHAT??? Again with the torture. Drip...drip...drip. The deal breaker came when both George Choban and Dave McCready told John that his next one had to be a convertible. (Thanks, guys.) I'm still not sure how it happened, but "The Twinkie," a 1939 120 Convertible Coupe, is sitting in our garage right now! With this new acquisition, I have learned that we have two very distinct groups of friends. Those who think we are insane and those who are rooting for the next Packard. Please don't make me choose sides at this point – it might get ugly. Finally, let me just say that my original theory of "one and done" will now have to be "two and through." Consider the dripping faucet TAPPED OUT!!!



Buy two, get the third one free, right?! NOT happening!



"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



Long life is probably the most **ENDURING!** edge that on such a basis Packard ownership costs no more per year than they have paid for half price cars of far less comfort and distinction.

For the enduring excellence of Packard transportation is the foundation of Packard's greatly broadened market. Thousands buy these fine cars with the calculated intention of keeping them at least five years—and with the knowledge that on such a basis Packard ownership costs no more per year than they have paid for half price cars of far less comfort and distinction.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

PACKARD



John & Margy Imlay and Bill Price chat with Stan Richards.

The old saying - a good time was had by all - certainly seems to apply to this year's Packards of Oregon Holiday Dinner! The "party" was again held at the Stockpot Restaurant in Beaverton in the private room we have used in the past. The staff did a great job of setting up the room and attending to the needs of our group.

This year the room was set up with three separate tables versus the horseshoe setup we used last year. We had a very good turnout with close to forty people in attendance. Folks began arriving promptly at 5:30 and continued to trickle in until about 6:45. Outgoing club President Matt Hackney greeted folks as they arrived and made sure they got the proper place cards for their entrées. Pot luck desserts were attractively arranged by the staff on a table at the end of the room.

Bob Newlands and Jan Taylor get the long distance award this year coming down from Whidbey Island.

Gary and Jackie Martin get honorable mention after making it all the way from Scappoose. (Just fighting the traffic at that time of night must have added at least a half hour to their journey.)

BY JOHN IMLAY
PHOTOS BY ELAINE GLUD



Bob Newlands and Jan Taylor down from Whidbey Island - or is it up from Glendale, CA?!

The fuse kit doled out to everyone from Wade Miller. Thanks Wade!





Gary and Jackie Martin after the long ride in from Scappoose. Get that Packard road-worthy you guys!

On another note, Dave Charvet was again kind enough to pass out the great classic car calendars he has made each year.

And, Wade Miller had some really cool Packard Fuse Kits made which he too was generous enough to provide to each member present. Thanks Dave and Wade for the gifts!

After a fair amount of milling about and chatting, dinner began with salads being served to start things off on time around 6:30. The fare was as delicious as we have come to expect from the Stockpot with tender beef, delicious chicken, and perfectly cooked salmon. The dinner interval was generally uneventful with just a couple moments of excitement that were quickly resolved.



The Charvet clan was well represented with Dave, Heather and Teddy all in attendance. Thanks again for the calendars Dave!

As dinner concluded, Matt rose to say a few words about how much he enjoyed his tenure as President and then thanked everyone for their assistance. Bob Douglas and Monte Glud joined him “onstage” as the incoming Director and Co-Director for 2016 to collect the keys to the executive washroom and present Matt with an award thanking him for his service as President for the last several years. At this point, Bill Price was allowed to have his dessert back while everyone else was given the go-ahead to hit the dessert table.



Two of the nicest folks on Earth – George and Suzie Choban who will celebrate their 55th wedding anniversary the day after Christmas.

Like a swarm of hungry locusts, the crowd gathered around the desserts – which were way too plentiful – and set about devouring the delicious delights. I think it’s safe to say that most of us enjoyed multiple desserts and will suffer with expanding waistline syndrome over the next couple weeks. But why not, it’s the holidays, right?!!



Chris and Yoshiko Cataldo relaxing before dinner.



Mr. McCready in his “dress-up” outfit flanked by Beverly Richards.

And on that note... Here’s wishing everyone a joyous and happy holiday season filled with warmth and laughter!

THE DISTINGUISHED NEW

PACKARD CUSTOM EIGHT FOR '48



*\$3625 TO \$4668**

**Delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra.*

AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS MOTOR CAR

160 Horsepower • Two wheelbase lengths • Five body creations

PACKARD



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Calendar of Events

January 12, 2016

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

February 9, 2016

Monthly Membership Meeting

2016 Tour Planning

Peppermill

March 8, 2016

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

April 12, 2016

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

May 10, 2016

Monthly Membership Meeting

Peppermill

Our cars are beautiful pieces of American history and we need to grow this hobby and our organization! Your participation is critical to our success. So what can you do?

- Attend our monthly meetings and encourage other members to attend
- Look for perspective new members
- Volunteer for a department or office
- Come up with ideas for the club or for events and tours
- Participate in events
- Just generally get involved
- And most importantly, drive those cars!

