

Reflector

Volume 67 · Number 2

Summer / Fall 2022



FEATURED CAR

Bruce Warwick's 1964 Buick Wildcat

see all the details on page 7

You can go as far as you like with me ... In My Merry Oldsmobile

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Keith and Graham's Great Adventure, a 1955 Buick Special

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Sayonara, Datsun

by Mike Batty

n the late 1980s I bought a clean Datsun pickup from a co-worker at "The Mill" in Kapuskasing. It wasn't much of a real truck, but it was enough to carry things back and forth from our cottage. The power train seemed robust enough but, as was the usual case with Japanese stuff of the period, the demon rust ate



away at the body. This was particularly evident in the box.

Now during the winter, I had taken a welding course at the local high school where I was taught just enough to get into trouble. Armed with this minimal knowledge and virtually zero skill I removed the box from the truck, put it on sawhorses in my garage and lit the oxy-acetylene torches. Suffice to say, the truck did get heavier but straight panels were the exception.

With a gallon or so of Bondo and weeks of grinding and sanding, a truck box appeared, albeit not in the exact same shape was quite pleased with myself. The one final item was to replace a damaged taillight which would make it a "con-coarse" vehicle.

About this time, I had to go to Toronto for a business trip. And so I drove to Timmins (2 hours) and flew Air Canada to Toronto and returned the next day, just in time to get my replacement taillight from the Timmins Datsun dealer. Eager to get back home, off I went up the "short-cut" used by everyone going back and forth from Kap to Timmins.

It was late in the fall and the sun set early, so the road was very dark. Around a curve a car appeared, so everyone's lights were on low beam, and when I was about 200 metres from the other car I saw a moose standing on the shoulder of the road, but

clear of the roadway. That was followed about 30 metres further on by a second moose, standing dead-centre in my lane, chin over the centreline, rump over the pavement edge. OMG! No room to swerve to either side, 'way too fast to stop, I only aimed for the area of least

moose-mass. When the moose was just a meter or two away I distinctly recall saying "This is it. Goodbye, everyone." All in slow-motion, I watched the moose body slide up the hood towards me.

car wouldn't also hit me! And then there was quiet, except for the other car, which had stopped.

other

A moment later, I was able to open the driver's door. I seemed to have all my body parts, and there was no obvious puddle of blood. But the moose had shattered the windshield of course, and had come partway into the cab. I must have had my

hands at the 9-and-3 position, because the top of the steering wheel was bent

> toward me about two inches. And the only physical damage I had was a scrape on the bridge of my nose where the body of the moose had pushed my glasses down! There was glass everywhere, including inside my clothes (underwear!) but I was otherwise unscathed.

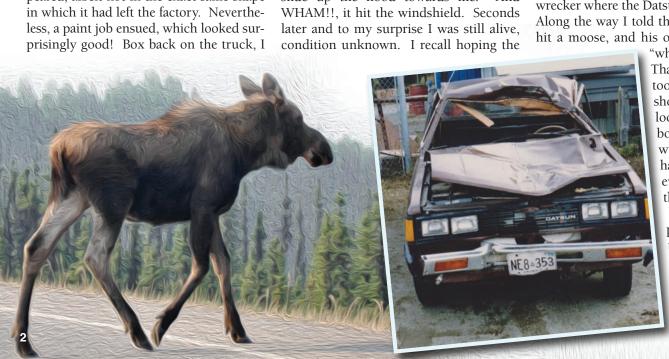
As for the moose, it was a fully grown cow, an estimated 1800 pounds, and it had flipped over the truck and landed on the highway behind me. The other car had called for help, and soon people arrived and took care of me and the truck

and disposed of the moose. I was taken back to Timmins where I stayed the night and thanked my very lucky stars.

The next morning I took a taxi to the wrecker where the Datsun had been taken. Along the way I told the driver that I had hit a moose, and his only response was,

> "who got the moose?" Thanks a lot, buddy. I took the photos shown here, and after looking at where body panels and windshield frames had deformed I was even more grateful that I had escaped.

I opened the passenger door, and there on the floor was one brandnew taillight. Sayonara, Datsun.



When the moose was just a meter or two away I distinctly recall saying ... "This is it. Goodbye,

everyone.



At the Wheel...

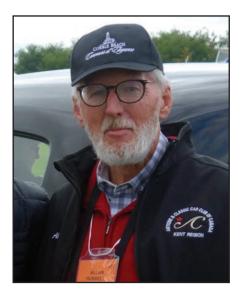
n the Spring 2022 issue of The Reflector, ACCC President Mike Paradis, suggested that, "... perhaps becoming editor of The Reflector is suitable for you. While you enjoy this edition, ponder Sue's accomplishment for a moment and reflect on what that may have meant to you as a club member."

That set me to thinking of how much I have enjoyed receiving The Reflector over the years. An entertaining and informative magazine that brings together a membership located across a wide area. Sue McInerney has done a marvellous job as editor during her lengthy tenure and I'm sure she is ready for a break. Less time editing copy will mean more time for detailing the shine on her '59 Cadillac!

So after discussing the idea with my significant other, the call went through to Sue and I expressed my willingness to give it a go. A month later here I am, "At the Wheel", writing a first editorial.

I suppose my road to The Reflector started way back in the early 1960's when my idea of "homework" was more likely than not to be close study of the latest road test reports in Motor Trend or Car and Driver. Now, aside from our daily driver, the "stable" contains two Studebakers: a '63 GT Hawk and a '64 Daytona Convertible alongside a '98 Lincoln Mk VIII and a '98 Mustang GT.

Betty and I have enjoyed the 2017 Newfoundland Tour and two TTYY tours: Niag-



ara and Owen Sound, plus numerous outings with our Kent Region club.

I hope I can continue to keep The Reflector up to the mark that Sue has set and I thank her for all her assistance in getting my first issue ready for production. I look forward to receiving members' reports and articles. Without your input I'll be out of a job! Keep them coming.

Cheers.

Man

Allan Hubbell 76 Ann St., Box 215, Thamesville, ON NOP 2K0 519-359-6272 abhubbell1980@gmail.com

NEXT REFLECTOR DEADLINE

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Triumph TR-250 provided by Ron Good



Reflector

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The Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada (ACCCC) began in 1956 when the group was known as the Ontario Region of the Antique Automobile Club of America. The ACCCC name was adopted in 1958 and the club was incorporated on May 15, 1963.

The purpose of the club is to further the interest in and knowledge of historic, antique and classic vehicles and associated materials, and to encourage the ownership and preservation of such vehicles and associated materials by club members. Ownership of an antique or classic vehicle is not a prerequisite for membership.

Annual events include a weeklong Tour to Yesteryear, Vintage Touring Group day/weekend tours and the Annual General Meeting. Other ACCCC events may include an extended tour. Regions organize events such as garage tours, picnics, day and weekend tours, cruises and winter indoor gatherings.

The Reflector, the official publication of the Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada, is published three times a year and is available to club members only. A digital roster, updated annually, is made available to club members by regional presidents and on the website.

Membership dues are \$50.00 per annum (this includes regional dues). Applications are available from the membership secretary (see page 22). National membership is a prerequisite for regional membership.

ACCCC is a member of the Specialty Vehicle Association of Ontario (svao.org).

Members are invited to contribute articles and pictures to the editor, preferably electronically. Opinions expressed by the authors who contribute to *The Reflector* are their own and do not necessarily reflect official ACCCC policy.

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Editor

Allan Hubbell 76 Ann St., Box 215, Thamesville, ON NOP 2KO 519-359-6272 abhubbell1980@gmail.com

Distribution

Terry and Sharlene Irish 442 Hwy 29 R.R.# 4 Smiths Falls, ON K7A 4S5 34ford@hotmail.ca (613) 283-3409

Layout / Graphic Design & Printing

Barry Hart What If Graphics 44 Broadview Ave., East Smiths Falls, ON K7A 3W5 (613) 284-8084 mobile: (613) 485-0488 whatif@whatifgraphics.com www.whatifgraphics.com

President's Message



Allan is our new editor of The Reflector. Allan and Betty Hubbell are from the Kent Region, where they have been members of the region for more than ten years. I first met the Hubbells driving their Lincoln Mark VIII during the 2017 ACCCC extended tour across Newfoundland. While Allan and Betty were unfamiliar to most in the troupe, they made short work of breaking down the barriers in such situations and had us feeling comfortable as old friends in no time. Be sure to give the Editor's Message a read.

By the time this goes to print, we will be on the eve of our 2022 Tour To Yesteryear in Sudbury. It has been a long time coming. Imagine working on three consecutive TTYs, cancelling two of them and still having the energy to coordinate a third. I take my hat off to those involved in putting the week-long tour together – the third time is a charm.

Membership numbers remain a perennial topic of discussion at the Board of Directors level. Our ranks have dipped below the 500 members threshold in 2022. This threshold is the horizon where membership dues collected balance our revenue over expenses. Below that number, we could begin to run deficits in our annual operations (The Reflector is our most significant expenditure

annually and our permanent club ambassador). Negative gains are sustainable for the near term, the club is in the most vital financial position we have seen in our history, and we have the resources to see us through this period. Our directors at all levels will need to forge a focused strategic plan to ensure growth happens at the regional level.

This message will be my last President's Message. My tenure is near its end. No more will the editor need to send me gentle reminders about pending deadlines or subsequent requests for the same material. Gone will be my 660-word rambling monologues about this and that. The past three years have been like no others in living memory and have been interesting at best. It has been a privilege to serve the club at this level

While you enjoy this edition, drop a note to Allan and say thank you for taking up the torch as the editor of The Reflector.

Stay healthy, stay safe,



Mike Paradis 63 Maple Cres., Janetville, ON LOB 1K0 (705) 879-4271 president@acccc.ca

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ADS AND RENEWALS, must be received by Feb. 1 (spring issue), June 1 (summer-fall), Oct. 1 (winter).

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by Mike McLean

till working hard in the shop this winter pulling the motor out of a 1936 Ford. The owner said it was

"...Now the

valves, always

a fun job but not

too bad. Most

came out.

Only fired a

few across the

shop..."

running good but burning a little oil out of the exhaust pipe. Maybe we could get away with new rings and a valve job. The owner knows it had some work done on it some forty years ago but he thought it was only valve work. So we pulled the motor and got busy taking it all apart to see what we had.

Started with the intake and, yes, the valves had been done once. Found adjustable lifters and a hole drilled in each lifter, an old racer's trick to make it easier to adjust the valves. Next off were the heads. Found the bores in great shape, a small ridge at the top.

Now the valves, always a fun job but not too bad. Most came out. Only fired a few across the shop. No one hurt, just another dent in the wall from a flathead valve. Looking at the valves, we found four burnt ones and some of the seats were not that great. Most of the valve guides were worn over the stock size.

Now time to take out the pistons. Removed the oil pan, found an upgraded oil pump, a newer one that moves more oil, another old racer's trick. We went through all the main bearings and the rod bearings and found very little wear in them. Then

found the crank had been turned down already.

Moving on to the pistons, removed the ridge on the cylinder and started to remove the pistons. Found they were

20 over but in good shape and the bores had very little wear in them so it was good for new rings and valves.

Now time to clean everything. Sent the block out to be checked and for honing of the cylinders and cleaning. Ordered new parts from fellow V8 Club member Keith Lee of Jitney Auto Parts, Saskatoon. We will get the good

parts not off-shore stuff. Everything fit great.

A few weeks just cleaning parts for putting it back together, got the block back and it checked out okay and ready to go.

First put new frost plugs back in bottom of the water jacket, then on to putting the crank in the block. Had to put a new main bearing in and set the end play for the crank. That took a few hours.

Then started putting the rings on pistons and started to put them back in the block, checking each ring to make sure they are all in spec and rechecked all the bearings. Finally got them all in, now the valves. Reground all the seats and valves to make sure they were right, new stainless valves and guides and springs.

All the valves are in and the cam, now the timing gears, setting the gears

and the timing marks. Make sure you get this right. One tooth out and it will not run right. Isn't that right, Art? Long story.

Next set the valves. Boy those holes in the lifter bore work good. Put in the oil pump and don't forget to pack the pump so it will get its oil faster on the first start-up. Then put the pan on and the flywheel and clutch, ready to go back in the car.

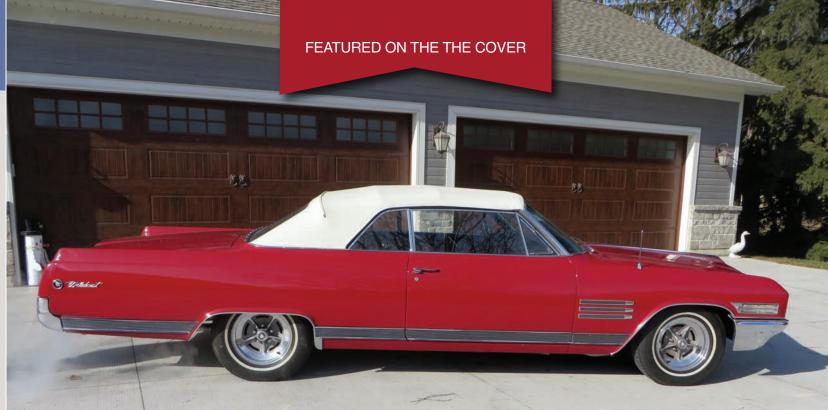
Car out and ready. Put rebuilt trans in first then the motor goes in and now the exhaust. This 1936 has an exhaust heater on the passenger side, solid cast iron and it is big and heavy. Have to glue the gaskets on because there is no way to get this in after, this thing is so big. Six hours later we got the exhaust in. The heater better work all summer for all that work.

Rad is next, another fun job. The rad's not bad, it's the hoses. New hoses, boy were they stiff, needed to heat them up. Whatever you do, don't put them in a microwave to heat them. Don't ask how I know! The new hoses will be here soon.

Well the day has come, we are ready to fire it up for the first time. Sucks up fuel to the carb, all levels are rechecked and put a fully charged battery in and check for spark. O.K. Hit the starter. It kicked on the first flip, then it started to run and not too bad. A few adjustments, ran it at a high idle for a while to seat in the rings.

We were all smiles. Good to see another flathead back running and on the road.

(Previously printed in The V-8 News, the Early Ford V-8 Club's newsletter.)



You Learned to Drive in That?

by Bruce Warwick

It's funny how everyone talks about their first car and so many

more say they wish they still had their first car. That said, what I rarely hear old car folks talk about is what they 'learned' to drive in. I get that to some degree, especially for older people like me, because we may well have been test driving all kinds of cars and trucks back in the day.

I was probably around 12 years old when I started working for my father in a lumber yard. I got to drive a forklift and the men in the yard would let me drive around the lumber piles in various trucks used for deliveries, including a 5 ton Mack truck. What a hoot that was.

Being in a small town, sometimes my father would let me drive the family car on the back roads of Kent County outside of Wallaceburg. We only had two police cars serving Wallaceburg at the time and the police couldn't have cared less that I was driving under age. Those were pre-

cious times in the '60s.

"

The engine could

be dressed up

with 425 cubic

inches [340 HP]

and a single

carburetor, or

the 425 Super

Wildcat with two

carburetors

[360 HP].

So fast forward to age 16. Now I could finally legally learn to drive and my father had a two-door maroon 1964

Buick Wildcat with a white vinyl top. That is one big car, with the floor console sporting an automatic transmission shifter, bucket seats, a tachometer in the console no less, and a tan interior. What a car! And I was, in my mind, the perfect candidate to be driving this land yacht around the 'Burg.

So, I signed up for my thirty day driver's permit and my father would take me through town so my friends could see me at the wheel. No lack of confidence there and maybe a little too much ego as I think about it.

The 1964 Wildcat was a gorgeous car really. It came with three engine options and his particular Wildcat had the basic 401 cubic inch 'nailhead' engine punching out 325 HP. Dad's was the basic model with a single 4 barrel carburetor turning out 445 foot-pounds of torque, so the sticker on the breather

reads Wildcat 445. The engine could be dressed up with 425 cubic inches [340 HP] and a single carburetor, or the 425 Super Wildcat with two carburetors [360 HP].

On Friday nights, I remember pulling off the wheel covers [somehow that was supposed to look cool?] and removing the breather, which, I was told by my most 'knowledgeable' peers, would generate more horsepower and a raunchy sound when I 'floored' the engine. Then it was time to head downtown and 'cruise the drag' with the hundreds of other cars in the 'Burg. Cool or what!

Continued on page 8

One nice feature was that Dad's Wildcat was the only one in town. About fifteen years ago, I thought I'd see if I could find myself a Wildcat, and specifically a '64. General Motors only made 12,185 two door coupes. Naturally I wanted a maroon one with a white top and everything else that reminded me of my teenage dating years [another story I suppose], but things were not working out well. I advertised in Old Autos for years to no avail and attended auctions on both sides of the border, but I've never seen a Buick Wildcat at auction, even the bigger RM auctions.

With the advent of the computer, things didn't seem to change. Once in a while someone would list a four door sedan in rough condition but that's all I ever saw. This search went on for years. Then the stars lined up without warning.

Last year [2021 springtime], someone responded to a Kijiji ad that he might have what I was looking for. I thought, "I doubt it, but always follow through". The car is just so rare and who has even seen one before?

















Miraculously, the respondent was from Mississauga and he claimed he had a maroon Wildcat with a white convertible top, only 7850 made

The car was

everything the

seller said it was,

and how often

does that

[not a hardtop, but close enough], so he sent me some pictures. He said it was already sold [darn] to a wealthy hockey player in the Niagara region who had a ton of old cars [and the list of cars this guy had was impressive] and it was to be delivered in a week.

I said if the deal fell through, please let me actually happen? know. Well, apparently the seller told the hockey player about me and my fifteen year search and the player said, "Let the guy

in Chatham have the car...it doesn't matter to me". With that, I received a phone call and was given three days to get to Mississauga.

I took my buddy Pat Moody with me [aficionado of old cars and a class A mechanic] and the money. The car was everything the seller said it was, and how often does that actually happen? We closed the deal on the spot and Pat drove the car home so I could look at the car from a distance. I drove the other car and we played 'cat and mouse' all the way along the highway 401 back to Chatham.

> It was a dream come true for me. Finally the elusive, super rare Wildcat was in my garage. It even had its maroon exterior and white top, although the interior was black, not tan, but who could quibble! I've spent a lot of COVID days out cruising around with that beast and, in my head, I pretended to be 16 although again,

Donna won't let me date, there are no 'pick-ups' allowed! Go figure. When I regale my story about the search for the rare Wildcat, people say, "You learned to drive in that?" And I smile, from ear to ear.

P.S. Almost forgot to mention, when we had the backseat out, we found the original 1964 Build Sheet for this car tucked under the backseat springs. Ah, the Car-gods were good to me!!

Chemical Valley Region Members who passed recently. By: Lynne Hicks



SHERMAN PARR

SHERMAN PARR (78) passed away April 2, 2022. Sherman is survived by the love of his life, Carolyn, devoted in marriage for over 56 years. Sherman was a cherished Father and Grandfather, recognized as a leader with intent, who sought justice, loved mercy and walked in the obedience of his calling. He served in church leadership and was deeply blessed by the Colonial Woods Missionary Church, Port Huron, Michigan. Sherman was an employee of Esso Research, Sarnia, and presented at ASTM conferences across the USA. Sherman believed strongly in the value of education and served as a trustee with the Lambton County Board of Education (currently LKDSB).

Sherman had an agricultural heritage and owned and managed a cow/calf farming operation for a number of years.

Sherman was a valued member of the Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada, Chemical Valley Region (see picture in this issue of Sherman and Carolyn with their 1938 pick- up truck, passed down from Sherman's Father). The information contained herein was taken in part from the Sarnia Observer

ARNOLD POLE

ARNOLD POLE (88) passed away October 29, 2021. Arnold is survived by his wife Joyce. He was a dedicated father and grandfather. Arnold was predeceased by his

wife, Joan, of 54 years, in 2013. Arnold had a long and well renowned career as a public school teacher and principal. He was the president of the Optimist Club of Moore for multiple terms. He was a founding member of the Riverview Curling Club. He served many years on the Brigden Fair Board. Arnold was a long time member of the Canadian Power Squadron and was an avid boater. He loved dancing, old time fiddle music and antique clocks. Arnold was an active member of the Corunna United Church.

Arnold was a member of the Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada, Chemical Valley Region and enjoyed driving his blue 1934 Dodge Brothers Sedan to cruises and club events.

(This information was taken in part from the Sarnia Observer).

Tribute to **GILBERT RICE**

On January 15, 2022, the Bluewater Region of A4C lost one of its last founding members, with the death of Gilbert Rice at the age of 95 years.



in the hamlet of Massie (near Owen Sound), where his dad was a blacksmith. From an early age, Gilbert and his brothers took an interest in old cars. Gilbert's first job was as a mechanic at a local Chrysler garage and then he switched careers and spent the rest of his working days with the Owen Sound fire department.

Gilbert was a true gentleman and was always willing to help other antique car collectors solve mechanical problems. He restored a number of vehicles including a 1950 GMC half ton truck, a 1932 Plymouth sedan, a 1936 Plymouth convertible, a 1940 Ford convertible, a 1954 Ford

convertible and a 1926 Dodge sedan which he donated to the Grey Roots Museum.

Gilbert and his wife Evelyn participated in many Tours to Yesteryear, some in their 1940 Dodge coupe and some in a 1968 Mustang. His daughter Elaine now has the Mustang convertible and his son Murray has the 1931 Model A Ford roadster.

Gilbert was a man of many talents. He played the fiddle with a local group and was active in his church. In 1986, Gilbert was awarded "Honorary Citizen of the Year" by the city of Owen Sound. He also received the Ontario Museum Association "Volunteer Service Award of Excellence" in 2016 and the Sovereign's Medal for Volunteering (the highest award in Canada for volunteering).

On May 14th, 2022, an internment service was held for Gilbert. Several members of Blue Water region toured from Owen Sound with their antique cars to Massie for a luncheon with the family and then to the cemetery to honour a great man and a life well lived.

I met Gilbert in the fall of 1963 and we had been the best of friends ever since. The world needs more people like Gilbert Rice!!

by Murray Hall

Remembering **BOB ALEXANDER**

Robert Alexander, a Korean War veteran, passed away in the wee hours of June 6, 2021. He was 91 having just celebrated his birthday on May 26, 2021.

Whether volunteering at the Blue Water Garage at



the Grey Roots Museum and Archives, spending time with friends vending at flea markets, driving around Owen Sound in his 1947 Ford pickup, chatting with friends at the Royal Canadian Legion over a cold beer, or leading the annual Remembrance

In Memorian In Memoriam In Memorian

Day Parade in Owen Sound in his 1953 M38A1 army jeep, Bob was a familiar face to both young and old for many years!

Bob loved his family life, his vehicles (Fords!!), the military connections he had and Grey Roots Museum and Archives where he volunteered for well over 30 years! He worked for the Ontario Department of Highways and the Ministry of Transportation for almost 35 years and was the go to guy should snow bound Ministry vehicles run into trouble and need roadside repairs!

In the early 1970s, Bob built a 1947 Ford pickup that became rather well known around the city of Owen Sound....and he always had a smile on his face when driving that truck and waving to friends! He also had, in his Ford collection, a 1931 Model A Victoria, a 1939 Ford Cabriolet and his 1953 Jeep.

Bob was a long time member of the Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada, Blue Water Region from its early days as a region and supported so many friends who came to him with old car issues over the years, always ready to lend a hand or offer sound advice! He was a strong voice at the Grey County Museum (which is now the Grey Roots Museum and Archives) and advocated for the Blue Water Garage which came to fruition and is still an amazing place for young and old to visit to gain some first hand knowledge of past times in automobile history!! He loved to tell stories from past times to both young and old as they passed through the garage and made life so interesting for all!

Bob was predeceased by his wife Esther in 2005 but is survived by his children Bill, Nancy and Dave and families.

Bob Alexander (aka Mr. Ford in our area at least) will be in our hearts and minds for years to come. We are deeply saddened by the passing of Bob....such a great friend to so many over the years of Ford-ing as a long time member of the early Ford V-8 Club of America and the Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada...sharing a beer, stories and laughter at club gatherings and other functions...always ready to offer advice on any early Ford related subject, Bob will truly be missed by all who knew him and called him Friend.

Respectfully submitted by Fred Parsons

Tribute to **JOAN COX**

It is with great sadness Kawartha Lakes Region reports the loss of Joan Cox on March 13, Doug Cox's loving wife for over 61 years.

Sandra and I were their next door neighbours and formed a friendship that



time never diluted. Joan was a Lion in Fenelon Falls and encouraged me to become a Lion, a decision I have never regretted. Once KLR established itself as an ACCCC region, Joan wanted to join.

Joan and Doug borrowed Clarence O'-Driscoll's 1963 Dodge and signed up for the 2007 tour to Newfoundland. It was that trip that hooked them. Once back home they bought a 1982 Chrysler LaBaron convertible. Joan loved the car, but would not let Doug drive with the top down ... ever.

They became regulars at KLR events and on TTYs. In 2010 they participated in the Club's tour to PEI. They almost missed the early morning boat leaving the island as we started our return trip home. As the boat ramp was being raised, they drove onto the boat. Why were they so far behind us? Well Doug was never in a rush.

Having driven in a vehicle with both of them, my impression was Joan was not a good passenger. She was always the driver, no matter what seat she sat in. She was a nervous Nelly. But that's what made Joan, Joan.

Over the many years of their marriage Doug just accommodated her every desire. He was never in a rush. That willingness to accommodate her every wish was what, in my opinion, made for many years of happy married life.

Joan will be forever by KLR members missed and fondly remembered in our thoughts and prayers.

by John Byrne

Tribute to **DOUG MAHAR**

Our Blue Water Club suffered a great loss last year on October 14 when Doug Mahar passed away. Our condolences to his wife Mary and family Melissa and Brian. They were married for 50 years. One of Doug's favourite



pastimes was spending time with his grandchildren.

Doug was always available to help out way at various Blue Water events and car shows. He was the proud owner of a blue 1978 Lincoln Mark V. Doug was also an honorary member of the Legion Ladies Auxiliary.

Doug and I met around 1979. He was renting apartments and we resided in the same building. He was a gentle and kind person with a great sense of humour, which is an understatement.

Doug had a career with Owen Sound Transit for over 25 years, which was a perfect fit for him. Riders could always rely on Doug for the latest news of the day, as told by my mother, as they often had many a great conversation. Doug could always put a smile on your face even if you were having a bad day.

One of Doug's last wishes was to be driven by his residence in Owen Sound one last time. On October 19, 2021 he got his wish with his last ride in a 1939 LaSalle Hearse. Many car club members followed in their own vehicles. What a great send off to a great person indeed. We will certainly miss Doug.

If by chance there are car shows in heaven, I am sure Doug will be in the first row where he belongs. He will be missed.

by Phil Carter



You can go as far as you like with me ... In My Merry Oldsmobile

by Ed Moore

The sexual revolution, women's lib and the gasoline crisis – what do they have in common? The answer was the "devil wagon" (as it was called from many a pulpit), the horseless carriage – the automobile.

The times they were a-changin' as the automobile puttered, sputtered and then roared into the 20th century and drastically changed transportation patterns, allowing more freedom and independence.

"...The largely unpredictable horseless carriage was hardly the proper vehicle for courting. It, however, became sexually attractive to young ladies who were forewarned in such songs..."

Cashing in on the public imagination, stand-up comedians convulsed audiences with their barbs and lampoons, not only about the horseless carriage, but the driver as well. Without windshields, the pioneer automobilists dressed like Arctic explorers, presenting a terrifying appearance when masked or goggled.

Always reflective of the times, musicsmiths pitched in and romanticized these "smelly and noisy contraptions". The first great hit song was about the Oldsmobile. In 1905, Ransom E. Olds sent two of his Oldsmobiles on the first coast-to-coast trip ever to be attempted. The New York to Portland trip was completed in 44 days. This pioneer trip fired the public's imagination and inspired Gus Edwards to write "In My Merry Oldsmobile":

Young Johnny Steele has an Oldsmobile, he loves a dear little girl,

She is the queen of his gas machine, she has his heart in a whirl.

Now when they go for a spin, you know, she tries to learn the auto,

So he lets her steer while he gets her ear and whispers soft and low:

Chorus

Come away with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile,

Down the road of life we'll fly,

Auto-mo-bubbling you and I.

To the church we'll swiftly steal, then the wedding bells will peal.

You can go as far as you like with me, in my merry Oldsmobile.

This "great" song was closely followed by lesser efforts such as "Let's Hitch a Horse to the Automobile", "Out in an Automobile" and the instrumental, "Motor March".

As it improved, resentment against the horseless carriage subsided and it became less and less the target for vindictiveness, although some songs still poked fun at the car and its undependable mechanical moods. "You're a Good Car but you Can't Climb Hills", "He'd have to Get Under, Get Out and Get Under to Fix up his Automobile", "Bump, Bump, Bump in your Automobile" and "Along the Rocky Road to Dublin".

The largely unpredictable horseless carriage was hardly the proper vehicle for courting. It, however, became sexually attractive to young ladies who were forewarned in such songs as "Man with the Big Sedan", "Red Cadillac and Black Moustache", "On the Back Seat of the Henry Ford" and "Keep Away from the Fellow who Owns an Automobile", an early and obscure composition by Irving Berlin:



Keep away from the fellow who owns an automobile,

He'll take you too far in his motor car, Too darn far from your Pa and Ma. If his forty horsepower goes sixty miles an hour,

Say ... goodbye forever, goodbye forever. There's no chance to talk, squawk or balk, You must kiss him or get out and walk. Keep away from the fellow who owns an automobile.

Throughout the first 30 years of this century, along with the songs already mentioned, other songs recorded included the names of various cars: "Cadillac Blues", "Hot Rod Lincoln", "Sweet Packard", "His Chevrolet Belair", "My Convertible Cadillac", "The Stanley Steamer" and two Canadian compositions: "Pontiac (That's the Car for me)" and "Mister Buick (the Hero of the Road)":

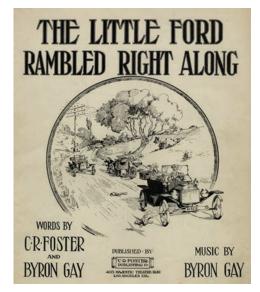
Oh Mister Buick, the hero of the road, Oh Mister Buick, perfection is your code, 'There goes Buick, that's my car we hear the people shout,

As they point to you with pride when you go stepping out.

You're honest with your purchaser, it's true, That's why he places confidence in you. And when it comes to classic cars, You're far above them all as Mars, Oh Mister Buick, the hero of the road.

But it was Henry Ford's creation from 1908, the Model T, advertised as "The Universal Car", but known either derisively or affectionally as "Tin Lizzie", that caught the imagination of songwriters and the stage comedians. This did not faze Ford, however, who attributed the Model T's great popularity to the jokes about it. Someone said that the Model T "has shaken hell out of more people the evangelist Billy Sunday ever saw".

One of the greatest automobile songs ever written was Byron Gay's 1914 composition, "The Little Ford Rambled Right Along":



Henry Jones and a pretty little queen Took a ride one day in his big limousine. The car kicked up and the engine wouldn't crank,

There wasn't any gas in the gasoline tank. Just about that time along came Nord, And he rambled right along in his little old Ford,

And he stole that queen as his engine sang a song,

And his little old Ford just rambled right along.

Chorus:

And his little old Ford it rambled right

along.

And the little old Ford it rambled right along.

The gas burned out in the big machine, But the darned little Ford don't need gasoline.

The big limousine had to back downhill, But the glamed little Ford is going up still, When she blows a tire, just wrap it up with wire.

And his little old Ford will ramble right along.

Now they ran over glass and they ran over nails,

And they ran over pigs and puppy dogs' tails,

They spotted a cop and shot out of sight, They rambled all day and they rambled all night,

They smashed up the fender and telegraph poles,

They bumped into ditches and deep chuck holes.

They bumped into a preacher and the preacher took a ride,

And the Ford rambled on with Johnny and his bride.

Chorus:

And the little old Ford it rambled right along.

And the little old Ford it rambled right along.

He swung around the corner and he bumped into a mule,

And the darned old jackass kicked like a fool.

He brayed and he balked and he kicked the wheels,

But he had to quit kicking to save his heels. When it runs out of dope, just fill it up with soap,

And the little old Ford will ramble right along,

You can smash the top and smash up the seat,

You can twist it out of shape 'til both ends meet,

Smash the body and rip out a gear, Smash up the front and smash up the rear, Smash up the fender and rip off the tires, Smash up the lamps and cut out the wires, Throw in the clutch and then forget the

And the little old Ford will go to beat the deuce.

Chorus:

And the little old Ford it rambled right along.

And the little old Ford it rambled right along

Now cut that out you naughty tease, Tis a left hand drive and a right hand squeeze,

Patch it up with a piece of string, Chewing gum or any old thing, When the power gets thick, hit it with a brick

And the little old Ford will ramble right along.

After building fifteen million black Model T cars, Ford made an announcement that startled the public as well as the automotive industry. In late 1927, a new Ford Model A was to replace the Tin Lizzie. The wonderfully executed mystery surrounding the new model caused a demand that the company was unable to initially supply.

Many people, unwilling to wait for an unknown period, ordered Whippets instead. But the new Model A eventually arrived and caused a song to be written by 'The Broadway Hillbilly', Walter O'Keefe, with a marvelous title, "Henry's Made a Lady out of Lizzie":

Chorus:

Lay off people, lay off folks,
None of your sarcastic jokes,
Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie,
No more bruises, no more aches,
Now she's got those four wheel brakes,
Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie.
She's even got a rumble seat and
Lots of style and class,
The horn just seems to holler out,
"Toot, toot, thou shall not pass."
The Lincoln cars just yell out loud,
That they are mighty, mighty proud,

Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie.

A lot of cars have rolled off the assembly line and many a car song has reached a high note since those "good old days". Now that their novelty has long faded and cars have become ubiquitous features of the landscape, perhaps some enterprising songwriter will now compose "Midnight GO Train to Burlington" or "Standing on the Station Watching all the Trains Go By" or some other ode to mass transit.

{From the "Canadian Motorist", June 1977 and then reprinted in the Nov. - Dec., 1978 "Reflector". Abridged for this issue of The Reflector.}



Keith and Graham's Great Adventure, a 1955 Buick Special

by Keith Corby

This story is about a 1955 Buick Special which is my son's, even though he isn't allowed to drive it yet due to insurance, plus it isn't ready for

"...I found out

that my 'new'

car's paint was

called Vegas

Turquoise, which

to me was just an

unattractive

blue..."

the road.

Both of my kids grew up around me and my old cars, most notably the '56 Roadmaster, which I bought in 1976, and have driven it to some extent or another every summer since then to the tune of nearly 110,000 miles.

My daughter attended her first Homecoming with us in 1992 when she was only about 6 weeks old and has travelled in the Buick to many others over the years.

The deal with my children is I'll buy them their first car, but after that any others are on their own dime. To that end I bought my daughter a cream puff of an '05 Chrysler Sebring convertible in 2011, and she has just passed 10 years of ownership. It is not something she intends to ever sell. To that end it isn't winter driven, has been well taken care of, and is now a cream puff of a 16 year old car.

But that's not the story here, though it is somewhat relevant.

My son was coming up on 18, the age I bought a car for his sister, so he wanted a car too. True to his generation, he was searching the internet high and low, finding all sorts of neat vehicles, some in the price range, others, well, I'll just say not so much.

These ranged from early '50s Hudson Hornets to one of his all-time favourites, the

'65 Riviera. Most of them were in the U.S. so the costs of buying and importing a car were very high particularly with the exchange the way it has been the last few years, plus all of the other costs involved. It just makes it much too expen-



sive unless one can get the car very reasonably, which wasn't the case in any of these.

Finally he found a '55 Special only about an hour or so away from home. A better start at least! In the Buick line-up of the time, a Special was the least expensive of the four models available. This one was pretty basic with the only option being the popular Dynaflow automatic transmission.

So one evening we took a drive over to take a look at it and it didn't seem too bad, but it did have a few issues. It ran, but was quite rough when cold then smoothed out pretty well; not sure why at this point, though it didn't blow any oil smoke.

The seller was quite honest about the transmission, it leaked very badly and would have to come out. This is a job I've done a few times, so I am familiar with the procedure.

The body didn't look too bad but it had a poor paint job from sometime in its past. Something large and heavy had damaged the hood so that didn't fit like it should, though the latches, etc. worked well. All four doors opened and closed like new.

The chrome was dull with some of the typical pitting often seen on pot metal; however none of it was bent or dented, ditto for the side trim. We didn't

make a deal that night, and went home to think about it.

Graham, of course, was an eager beaver to get it right away! Me, I wanted to take a closer look under it. So we made another trip out to have a better look. When I got under it, I had a few reservations as I saw some roofing tar on the inner rockers. Always a bad sign of some poor repairs. Right then I was ready to walk away, as this can hide a multitude of sins - which, I've found, is the general idea behind the use of it.

It currently registers only 57,277 miles on the speedo, and otherwise it seems like an original low mileage car. This tended to be verified by oil change stickers we discovered from the '70s on the door jambs, with only a few less miles than it shows now.

Despite my concerns we did make a deal. I had nixed several other cars that

he had been very keen on before this and he was getting a bit annoyed with me. That's the problem with family! This is also a Canadian built car and it came out of the Oshawa assembly plant, which makes this the third one we have in the family that was made there.

My wonderful son has that quality so many of us have lost, the boundless optimism of youth. It is all so easy!

Maybe it's these so-called reality TV shows where they take a car apart one weekend and have it to the show or track by the next one. Though very keen, Graham had only one year of auto shop in school, so I am definitely the lead mechanic, body man, and painter on this project.

Somehow my real life never seems to follow the same quick and easy path. Maybe this is because I stepped on too many bugs when I was a kid, or something in a past existence, depending on your belief, of course. Either way some-

times it seems as though I'm being punished for past sins.

Anyway, with the car home, we tinkered with it a bit and discovered good and bad. brakes worked well, both the service brake and the emergency. Lifting it up to do a front end check revealed the kingpins and related parts were in very good shape, and a quick steering box adjustment brought the bit of play back into line.

The signal and parking lights weren't working properly, and it turned out someone had been messing around with the connections and mixed wires up. Unlike later

models with connectors which only go together one way, on these one can screw things up if not paying attention. Obviously the previous person wasn't.

Little did we know at the time this was only a small sign of other sins yet to be discovered.

"...My wonderful son has that quality so many of us have lost, the boundless optimism of youth...."

We got to checking out the engine, which unfortunately has a dead cylinder, and a leak down test shows a leak through the bottom end. This is something we will tackle at a later date. I wanted to get the trans sorted, and figure out what body work it was going to need.

After a bit of tinkering, and getting the new lift in-

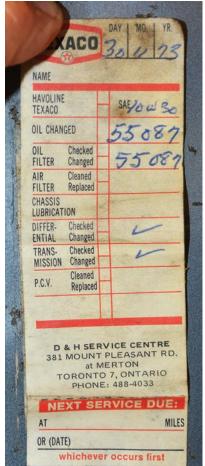
stalled, we decided to tackle the transmission leaks. I had a complete kit from the Buick specialists, CARS in New Jersey, and though I have done this before, it is still a daunting task, but I knew we could do it. One interesting thing as it came apart was the use of silicon on every surface, like the bellhousing to the block, the inspection plate, etc.. All the better to stop the leaks I suppose.

Once out and apart I discovered the crux of the problem. They used the wrong seal on the front of the transmission, so there was no way on earth it would not leak!

When it was back in we started it up and it ran well, without leakage. There is a "However" here. I noticed a bad wobble of the flex plate, which I never checked for trueness whilst it was out!

So a search of many months ensued to try to get another. These 264's are one of the least common of the nearly 20 variations of nailheads produced, and the 264 has a different balance than the more common 322's, but after a lot of networking a friend of mine in Windsor said he might have one. After I verified the casting numbers, it turned out one of them was what we needed. My buddy then simply gave me the complete engine, as he needed to clean a lot of his stuff out. So it just cost me the diesel to go and bring it back. Sadly my friend passed away just a couple of months after that.

The worst surprises on the car were when I started looking into that patch on the inside of the left rocker. It would seem to have been done a couple of times





and finished up with the mediocre paint job. The crux of the problem seemed to be leakage from the rear window in the left rear corner. The car must have sat

"...The totally

scary thing was,

according to the

previous owner,

he and others had

been highway

driving it like

this..."

outside for some years and the seepage ran down the inner door jamb, into the rocker, with considerable rust out as a result. The inner jamb had been reinforced (I use that term loosely!) with spray foam insulation, then body filler and paint. It looked good till I started poking away at it. Another one of my faults I suppose.

This corner of the car was actually a textbook case

of body repair techniques NOT to use. No kidding, I found a piece of worn out #80 grit sandpaper which had been used to fill in the end of the rocker (I mean that saves it from going into landfill, right?), cardboard to hold body filler, sheet metal screws, plus the aforementioned spray foam.

Around this time Graham got rather disheartened, but we persevered.

Unfortunately the only repro panels available for this car are rocker panels, which we bought. The inner jamb was the most difficult due to the compound curves involved, so I had to make it in several pieces and weld them together. The most difficult part was the area where the striker plate is attached, as once the paint, filler, and spray foam came off it was pretty bad. So that took

a lot of careful reconstruction and welding, and fortunately the door still closes properly with good gaps. The right side wasn't nearly as bad, but it did need the inner and outer rockers replaced as well.

Then just a bit at the bottom of the front fenders, and front edge of the rear quarters where a factory reinforcing brace holds moisture and creates rust over time. Pretty typical for all of these in this climate, but this wasn't nearly as bad as I've seen them in the past. The mount where the gas tank is supported is bad and that will be the next body repair to be done.

The worst things from a safety point of view were the brakes and wheel bearings. When doing the front end check I had noticed that the left front wheel didn't turn as smoothly as it should. I figured someone had overtightened the wheel bearings, a common problem with mechanics who are used to the more modern ones which are set up quite a bit tighter than these.

Well, a guy can be wrong, can't he?

A previous "mechanic" had put the inner race in backwards, along with getting the leading and trailing shoes mixed up. The latter is an easy enough thing for a novice to do but it takes talent to mess up wheel bearings like that.

The inner section of the bearing was jammed on the spindle so badly I had to hammer it off. I was concerned the spindle was damaged, though with some very careful work with a small diamond file I was

able to smooth the scores out. I had a few spare bearings so that wasn't a problem.

So with a new bearing, wheel cylinder, and proper reassembly we had one good wheel again! I replaced the rest of the wheel cylinders and found another pair of shoes on backwards, and an adjuster on backwards too. Not a problem, but you couldn't reach it properly from the backing plate to do the periodic brake adjustment these need.

The totally scary thing was, according to the previous owner, he and others had been highway driving it like this!

The other strange thing I'll relate was trying to debug the backup light circuit. The backup lights are powered with a black wire from the starter safety switch, which goes through the harness to power

the lights and ground out to the body to complete the circuit.

Except in a sightly different world, black is considered a ground, so an enterprising person decided that they needed to properly ground out the system by tying into it with about a yard of old style electrical tape. Some extra wire then grounded it to the body with a screw inside the taillight housing.

I cannot get the image of happiness and satisfaction the person must have felt by engineering this short every time it was put into reverse! Which is why it would seem the reverse contacts in the switch are fried!

Unfortunately at this writing the car is still not completed, and since I dropped my crystal ball some years ago, and due to the cost of old car parts, I have not been able to find the dough for a new one, so I make no prediction as to when it will get on the road!

The plan is to get the body and other mechanical things sorted, then get it safetied, and do a complete paint job on it later.

This is quite a rewarding Father and Son project. He is a good student, and an easy person to get along with.

(Previously published in The Distributor, Rouge Valley Region's newsletter.)



Annual General Meeting, 2022

The Club's Annual General Meeting (AGM) is hosted this year by Niagara Region.

Saturday, October 29, 2022, with a 9:30 am start

at the **Grantham Lions Club in St. Catharines**.

The host hotel is the **Best Western**, 2 North Service Rd.,
St. Catharines, ON. L2N
4G9, 905- 934-8000, or
toll free 1-877-688-2324 ext 3.

Guests can book a room with 2 queen beds or 1 king bed for October 28th and or October 29th. The rate per day for either room type is \$139.00 plus tax. Guests book on their own under **Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada**. 15 rooms are being held at this rate until September 28th.

All Directors and Region Presidents will have further information at a later date. It will also be posted on our ACCCC.ca website.

Welcome New Members

Mr. William Curnoe,

103 Thomas Street, Box 782, Kemptville, ON 613-258-5493 1933 Austin 10 1938 MG TA Tickford (project) 1952 MG TD 1956 Ford Thunderbird Convertible 1958 MG A 1964 Jaguar E-Type, Series 1 1965 MG B

Mr. & Mrs. Brian Dawson,

85 Chester Crescent, Port Perry, ON 905-404-5807 1973 Norton 850 Commando 1986 Volkswagen Vanagon Camper

Mr. P. Grills & Ms. Lois Austin,

P.O. Box 35016, Kingston CTR, Kingston, ON 289-943-7800 1972 Ford Mustang Fastback

Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Holdham, 5558 South Sunset Drive

5558 South Sunset Drive, Manotick, ON 613-692-2438

Mr. Anthony MacFadyen,

14 Hawthorne Cres., Brampton, ON 416-434-0523 1918 Pierce-Arrow 1957 Messerschmitt kr200 cabriolet 1957 Messerschmitt kr200 bubble to 1970 Dodge Charger

Mr. Lee McLean,

26 Fernway Crescent, Whitby, ON 905-444-9646 1968 Ford Mustang Coupe

Mr. Anthony Miceli,

51 Nelson Street, W. Meaford, ON 416-460-2807 1930 Ford Model A hotrod

Mr. & Mrs. Brent Richardson

36 David's Crescent, Orono, ON 905-626-0365 1978 AMC Gremlin



So, what's the answer?

by Paul Denter

Name the car brand associated with these cities:

1. Syracuse, New York

2. Buffalo. New York

3. Tokyo, Japan

4. Wolfsburg, Germany

5. Saint John, New Brunswick

6. Greenfield, Tennessee

7. Seoul, Korea

8. Springfield, Massachusetts

9. Kolkata, India

10. Torino, Italy

11. Munich, Germany

12. Flint, Michigan

13. Dagenham, England

14. Halifax, Nova Scotia

15. Kenosha, Wisconsin

16. Leaside. Ontario

17. Samara, Russia

18. Kalamazoo, Michigan

19. Mumbai, India

20. Belfast, Ireland

21. Sterling Heights, Michigan

22. Stuttgart, Germany

23. Willow Run, Michigan

24. South Bend, Indiana

25. Lansing, Michigan

26. Birmingham, England

27. Antwerp, Belgium

28. Zwickau, Germany

29. Changchun, China

30. Cleveland, Ohio

For answers see page 18



Blue Water Region

by Russ Manson

s COVID-19 restrictions are slowly eased, we in Bluewater Region have been able to hold some events as well as plan for a few more.

One of the planned events is getting back to some retirement home visits. They have missed us and are anxious for a re-start. Instead of having a club supper event, we have coattailed onto an existing one: the Owen Sound Legion is getting back to their Friday night suppers. These dinners were very popular and have good food for a reasonable price. The Legion will reserve tables for us with a few days' notice. The first one we attended had 22 members. More are planned with an afternoon tour before the dinner. Great idea; thanks Murray and Mary Hall for handling the plans.

We have also returned to our first Saturday of the month breakfast at McDonalds. These have proved to be very popular. Some members meet inside, if comfortable; others hang out in the parking lot. Seen here at the May breakfast is Bluewater member Colin Nelthorpe with his 1978 Firebird Formula.



We also had good attendance for the lunch and funeral of Gilbert Rice. The plans were, at the request of family, to bring as many old cars as we could to honour Gilbert. The weather was good, and Gilbert would have been pleased to see the old cars that made the drive to the cemetery to see him off.

As always, happy motoring from Bluewater Region.

Brampton Region

by Yvonne Eeles

Not much doing in the winter,
Our Cars were all put to bed,
No Breakfasts, No Parties, No Show and Shines,
And not too many thoughts in my head!

We were all introduced to Zoom Meetings, If you had Internet that you knew how to use, We found out about all "The Cancellations", And our Steering Column gave us the news!

We are all looking forward to Summer, And getting our Cars on the road, But Covid 19 is still out there, And it carries a Heavy Load!

We have our Annual Touring Inspection, It is held towards the end of May, We will enjoy our luncheon at A-Jays! And "Chit-Chat", what happened that day!

So sorry to see Sue give up the Reflector,
But she didn't leave us out in the cold,
It proves "One Thing", and I know I am RIGHT!,
The Whole Bunch of us are GETTING OLD!

See you all on the Road!

Cosmo Asks Answers (from pg 17)

- 1. Franklin
- 2. Pierce Arrow
- 3. Toyota
- 4. Volkswagen
- 5. Bricklin
- 6. Saturn
- 7. KIA
- 8. Rolls Royce

- 9. Hindustan
- 10. FIAT
- 11. BMW
- 12. Buick
- 13. Ford
- 14. Volvo
- 15. Nash
- 16. Frontenac/Durant/Kaiser, REO

- 17. LADA
- 18. Checker
- 19. TATA
- 13. 17.17
- 20. DeLorean
- 21. Chrysler
- 22. Mercedes Benz
- 23. Frazer
- 24. Studebaker

- 25. Oldsmobile
- 26. Jaguar
- 27. Minerva
- 28. Trabant
- ZO. Habaiii
- 29. Hongqi
- 30. Jordan Playboy



Chemical Valley Region by Lynne Hicks

aturday May 28, 2022 John and Betty Smith hosted the 'Tour Inspection' with the help of Lloyd Brown, Ron Arseneault, and Laverne Pembleton. Pete Hicks was on hand as well. Betty's chili was a hit and we enjoyed visiting with the members who attended. The weather was excellent and there was a fair turnout. John and Betty are great hosts and it is always a pleasure to visit them. We got to see first hand their new addition, a 1959 Chevrolet

Impala 4-door sedan (Read John and Betty's article about this and their other cars titled 'Life and Three Cars' in the Spring 2022 Reflector page 23).

John and Betty were heading to Collingwood, Ontario on Sunday May 29th to celebrate their 60th Wedding Anniversary. Congratulations!

June 8th Joanne and Earle Clysdale are hosting a cruise and potluck at their lovely residence on St. Clair Parkway.

Sadly we have lost two more members Sherman Parr and Arnold Pole. Read a brief article under 'In Memoriam' in this issue.

Congratulations to our new Reflector Editor, Allan Hubbell.

We wish Sue McInerney a well deserved retirement and more time to enjoy her beautiful car. Sue, you are the best!

Take care and Happy Trails!

Durham Region by Sue McInerney



Te began 2022 with a successful Zoom Trivia Night thanks to questioners Brian Seaton, Roderick Sergiades, Clark Weddell and Chris Whillans. The next month we heard from the curator at the Canadian Automotive Museum who explained the many improvements in the museum's library that had been accomplished during the pandemic lockdowns, much of it by volunteers.

In April associate member Rick Harper gave us a Zoom presentation describing his model boat building and racing, a hobby he shares with other enthusiasts as they race their boats at one of Peterborough's locks. Who knew that model boats could reach speeds up of 80 to 100 kph!

Durham's Garage Tour, the first in-person event of the year, began at Fawcett Motor Carriage. About twenty-five members enjoyed the complimentary refreshments while viewing the vehicles, both ones in the process of restoration and vehicles for sale. Afterwards, organizer Chris Whillans suggested a variety of local restaurants for places to eat.

After lunch the group met at Eric's Custom Auto Body in Utica to have a look at

the works in progress as well as Eric's latest project vehicles lined up alongside the building. Next, everyone continued north to Eric's barn near Greenbank, to have a look at his cornucopia of auto parts and fascinating memorabilia. Overall, it was a most enjoyable day for old car aficionados.

Upcoming events include our first Touring Inspection since 2019 and we'll continue having various summer day tours. We're cautious. COVID-19 won't interfere with our making the most of the summer's driving season.



Great Pine Ridge Region by Mike Paradis



Left: Barbara Stanners & Diane Morrison of GPR

ike the spring flowers and blossoms, the Great Pine Ridge region (GPR) is bursting with activity. While some of the events listed below will have already taken place by the time this report goes to print, planned are a raft of events for the balance of 2022 in Great Pine Ridge. Notables returning to the calendar after a covid-absence are: Lakeside (Show and Shine) and monthly meetings.

Calendar of Events 2022

June 15 - GPR Midweek Tour June 16 - 7:00 GPR Monthly Meeting June 18 - Empire Crossing June 19 – Landmark July 9 - GPR Lakeside July 13 - GPR Midweek Tour

August 14 - GPR Pre-War Tour August 24 - GPR Midweek Tour August 28 - GPR Picnic Corn Roast September 17 - GPR Fall Tour (rain date September 18) October 16 - GPR Fall Tour October 20 - 7:00 GPR AGM November 17 - 7:00 GPR Monthly Meeting December 10 - GPR Christmas Our 2023 Tour To Yesteryear committee, comprised of members from Kent Region and GPR, is planning for the event; details

Kawartha Lakes Region by Tom Murphy

reetings from Kawartha Lakes Region! Once the Covid restrictions loosened up, our members got busy planning events for the 2022 year.

Our January and February
Cars Lined Up Waiting for Inspection Members' meetings were held



by Zoom. We finally got back to meeting in person for our March meeting. It was great to socialize together in one room. After the business part of the meeting, we mostly just sat and chatted, and a few members played some games.

For our April Members' meeting we had an OPP officer speak about fraud and fraud prevention. A very interesting topic.

In May, Kawartha Lakes Region had our "Touring Inspection" that was hosted by the Murphys. After the Inspection there was a BBQ and lots of much needed socializing. The day of the inspection was also the day of that terrible wind and rain storm that blew through Ontario. We were lucky there was no damage and the Murphys have a backup generator. We were able to continue with the inspections and the BBQ.

The end of May was the weekend of the AACA automotive flea market in Lindsay. The KLR region had a booth set up to promote the club. We put a car on display to attract attention and we had a video of past club events playing. Our members chatted with people about the club and its benefits. We had past issues of The Reflector and other info to hand out. This year proved to be very busy and lots of interest was shown. Hopefully this turns into new members.

The rest of the touring season has many events planned. By the time you are reading this our members will have had lots of enjoyment touring and socializing.

Kent Region by Bruce Warwick

will follow later.

Greetings from the Kent

I'm afraid things are still pretty quiet around this region so far. I'm hoping to get some support to hold a couple of day tours this season, and I'm currently working on a spring tour. Next weekend is the return of Retrofest, and



that is a huge event for our Chatham-Kent members. Friday night is the usual [pre-covid] car tour around the county and city of Chatham. Saturday is the downtown car show and formerly, we used to gather around 1200 cars. It'll be interesting to see how many cars turn out for this. My guess is this will be a stellar showing, since people have been trapped for so long under our quarantine.

Other notable car shows and events include Blenheim June 24/25, Erieau June 12, Ridgetown July 10, Bothwell August 5/6, Wallaceburg [WAMBO] August 12-14, and a handful of shows in other local communities.

It sounds almost like life returning to normal, and who isn't ready for that.

The photo depicts our former safety inspectors, John Legue, John Cartwright and Ken Osborne. They were clearly the best in

I'd like to close this report with a special thank you to Sue McInerney for selflessly serving as the Editor of ACCCC for so many years. Another special thank you is extended to our new Editor, Allan Hubbell. I hope our membership will be supportive and write those articles about their cars and forward them to the Hubbells.

See you on the road.



Niagara Region by Gwen Foster

iagara has suggestions about interesting road trips and car shows for our members. We will be on the road again with our antique cars with this great spring weather.

We have had a good turnout for meetings on Zoom and at our designated church.

Our Safety Inspection was held at the garage of Bob Genge with twenty-two cars inspected, and only one fail. Marcel and Lynda Desmarais' 1990 Ford Mustang 5.0L Convertible was awarded "Best Safety". It has just over 10,000km and is a special marketing model 7-Up edition, green and white, with very low production numbers. The trophy was presented by Dan Monteith and Jody Sadler. Thank you Jody and helpers for a job well done and to Bob Genge for use of his garage.

We have been invited to many events this season which will be well attended.

We thank Sue McInerney for her excellent editing of The Reflector, coordinating 101 issues for all members and non-members to enjoy. She is also the proud owner of a beautiful 1959 Cadillac convertible. The Spring issue was also the last appearance of "Benny's Garage". I hope you will re-read that final story of "Benny's Garage", the popular column by Bill Given "Baddow Black Bear Bill", inspired by Vernel "Benny" Harrison, which has been in past issues for many years.

Our members will attend a memorial gathering for long time member and good friend Bonnie House who passed away December 1, 2021.

Enjoy safe driving on all spring tours and shows.

Rideau Lakes Region by Keitha Black



It's so great to be able to report that we have been having our meetings again. We've even been out to a restaurant for a meeting. And we not only have events scheduled for the summer, we have been out on tour!

So we started with a trip to the Sugar Bush for a sweet breakfast with lots of maple syrup. It was a bit early so most people didn't have their antiques on the road yet but it was a trip and a get together.

We've also had our inspection meet to

check out our cars for the driving season. We had it at a new spot this year thanks to a member offering the use of his place.

Then we took a very scenic drive along the Ottawa River, crossing several other rivers along the way. The water running through the dams was fairly high and the runoff was vigorous. Then we crossed over to Quebec to come back along the other side of the Ottawa river, stopping for lunch at a beautiful golf club, and then crossing back to Ontario by ferry. What a great way to start our year.

Upper Canada Region by Mike Batty



As usual, one working and two watching

ctivities are few, the discussions are many, but progress is in the offing!

As reported last issue, we cancelled our big Flea Market, but we had heated debates about whether to replace it with a car show for 2022, at least in part to preserve "our" date. In the end, discretion prevailed and that too was cancelled.

Not long after, we held our unusually scheduled AGM in May 1, with Russ Snowdon taking the reins as president for the coming term, assisted by the usual suspects. I'm sure it will meet our usual high standards.

Finally, we held our Touring Inspection on May 28. Although turnout was low (five cars) most of those do plan to participate in the Tour To Yesteryear. And surprisingly, although all of the cars were beautifully maintained, a few issues were found; small ones like a light bulb, but requiring correction nevertheless. It points out that the TI process is a valuable one; one that could benefit any member. Hats off to chief mechanic Art McCaffrey and organizer Garry Wheeler, one of the hardest-working members in the club.

Meanwhile, several members are busy preparing cruises for all of us to enjoy later this year, even with astonishing fuel prices!

Antique and Classic Car Club of Canada

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Mike Paradis ** 63 Maple Cres. Janetville, ON L0B 1K0 705-879-4271 mike.paradis@i-zoom.net

Past President

Jody Sadler 3584 Twenty Mile Rd. St. Anns, ON LOR 1Y0 905-562-8527 jsadler4auto@gmail.com

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Tracey Murphy ** 393 Cheese Factory Rd., Lindsay, ON K9V 4R3 705-793-2633 tmurphy@xplornet.ca

Secretary

Rick Morrison ** 1195 Massey Rd. Grafton, ON K0K 2G0 (905) 349-2272 nosirrom@eagle.ca

Treasurer/ Membership Secretary

Diane Morrison * 1195 Massey Rd. Grafton, ON K0K 2G0 905 349-2272 acccc.treasurer.membership@gmail.com

Director

Liz Graham * 964 Will Johnson Rd., Frankford, ON K0K 2C0 613-398-7699 liz.graham55@yahoo.ca

Director

Sharlene Irish * 442 Hwy 29, RR#4, Smith Falls ON K7A 4S5 613-283-3409 34ford@hotmail.ca

Director

John Lochner ** 394358 Concession 2 RR1 Durham ON N0G 1R0 1 519-369-1200 Johnlockner44@gmail.com

Sue McInerney * 2165 Conc. 8 RR#5 Claremont, ON LIY IA2 905-649-2664 smcinerney@sympatico.ca

Director

Tom Murphy * 393 Cheese Factory Rd., Lindsay, ON K9V 4R3 705-793-2633 murphytom1964@gmail.com

Rhonda Sadler ** 3584 Twenty Mile Rd. St. Anns, ON LOR 1Y0 905-562-8527 jsadler4auto@gmail.com

Director

Mary Tarsitano * 38 Linden Cres. Brampton ON L6S 4A2 416-917-3484 marytarsitano52@gmail.com

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Chief Appraiser

Wayne West ww270@yahoo.ca (705) 879-1419

Touring Inspection

Jody Sadler 3584 Twenty Mile Rd. St. Anns, ON LOR 1Y0 905-562-8527 jsadler4auto@gmail.com

The Reflector

Allan Hubbell, Editor 76 Ann St., Box 215, Thamesville, ON N0P 2K0 519-359-6272 abhubbell1980@gmail.com

Insurance Contact

Wavne West 52 Northlin Park Rd. Lindsay, ON K9V 4P4 (705) 879-1419 ww270@yahoo.ca

Vintage Touring Group

Joe Konarowski 3171 Pollard Rd. Newcastle, ON L1B 1L9 905-987-5552 Rick Morrison 1195 Massey Rd. Grafton, ON K0K 2G0

(905) 349-2272

nosirrom@eagle.ca *Denotes first year of two-year term **Denotes last year of two-year term
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Regional Contacts

Bluewater Region - Owen Sound

www.bluewatercarclub.com President: Wayne Hynd 1761 5th Ave. W. Owen Sound, On 519-376-6787. whynd@sympatico.ca

Brampton Region - Brampton

President: Mary Tarsitano 38 Linden Cres. Brampton ON L6S 4A2 416-917-3484 marytarsitano52@gmail.com

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Kawartha Lakes Region - City of Kawartha Lakes/Haliburton

www.klracccc.ca President: Bud Murray budshar@gmail.com 705-374-4626 386 Demoe Rd. Cameron, Ont K0M 1G0

Kent Region -

Blenheim/Chatham/Ridgetown President: Bruce Warwick 19 Algonquin Dr.Chatham, ON N7M 5Y2 510 351-2455 bwarwick@kent.net

Niagara Region

President: Dan Monteith 7135 Brian Cres. Niagara Falls, 905 356-0298 dmonteith2@cogeco.ca

Nottawasaga Region -Collingwood/Stayner/Creemore

President: George Johnson 4 Wasaga Sands Dr. Wasaga Beach, ON L9Z 1J6 g.johnson6097@yahoo.com

Rideau Lakes Region -Ottawa/Smiths Falls

www.rideaulakes-acccc.com Sharlene Irish 442 CR. 29, RR#4, Smiths Falls, ON 613-283-3409 34ford@hotmail.ca.

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President: Tom Smith 9 Roanoke Rd., Apt. 304 North York, ON M3A 3G4 647-719-1407 rtommysmith@gmail.com

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Contact Membership Secretary Diane Morrison 1195 Massey Rd., Grafton K0K 2G0 905 349-2272 acccc.treasurer.membership@gmail.com or any director for more info.

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My Little Car Story

by Bernie Card

First off, I should give you some of my background. I was born in England in 1944. My mother was a war bride.

My parents and I arrived in Canada in March of 1945.

My father was a plumber prior to 1939, and on his release from the army, he began his own business in Oakville. My older brother apprenticed under Dad and he became a Master Plumber, as did I. Most of my career was spent with Uncle Henry (Ford Motor Co) in Oakville.

Dad's brother, Uncle Harry, was a class A mechanic. His three sons were also class A mechanics. We were not known for our vivid imaginations.

Uncle Harry's oldest son, also Harry, drove a '32 Ford coupe with a '56 Olds engine as his daily driver. He had a double A fuel dragster that he towed to St. Thomas every Sunday behind the Deuce. This was my first exposure to old cars. Sadly cousin Harry was later killed on the track, when his parachute failed to open.

For a few years Uncle Harry was closer to me than my own Father. I pestered him to help me get a Model A like his son's. One Saturday about 1960, he asked me if I wanted to go to a wrecking yard in Georgetown, owned by a Mr. Art Brown. On arrival Mr. Brown told us he didn't have any of that old sh*t. In later years I learned he had a farm full of that old sh*t.

I have been involved in the old car hobby since 1973. My brother-in-law, John Hunt, had purchased a model A pick-up from a well known restorer, Bill Furness. I fell in love. This was a beautiful ¼ ton closed cab vehicle.

Judy and Bernie Card in the back of John Hunt's Model A Ford pickup.

John told me the price he had paid and I mistakenly believed him. Over the years, he proved, on many occasions, to be somewhat economical with the truth. Later I became good friends with Bill Furness and he told me a totally different story.



Armed with this information I headed into the old car collector's world. I met a wheeler/dealer named Tony Andrusivitch who sold me my first old car, a 1935 Ford Roadster. This car needed a full restoration, and so we got started. After a year or so I was approached by a Mr. Mike Storm who wanted to buy the roadster. I told him I would only trade for a Model A coupe of equal value. We left it there.

Some time later I was at a farm auction with some old cars and was approached by a Mr. Ball. He was a gnome of a man with an impish smile. He had two Model A's to sell and asked if I was interested. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at his home. I thought I had gone to Upper Canada Village. Log cabins and barns everywhere. As I stood there looking around, I nearly got run over by a littler old man driving a Rumely Oil Pull. It turned out that Mr. Ball Jr. made his considerable living by combing Europe for Antiques that he loaded into containers and shipped them to Canada, where he wholesaled to many vendors in Ontario.

I asked Mr. Ball where he acquired the cars and he told me that he bought them from Art Brown in 1960.

We checked the Model A Fords over and found a 1930 coupe and a 1931 Tudor that I liked. For the price of \$1400.00, I trailered them home.

I sold the '31 and contacted Mike Storm, who was still interested in my '35 Ford.

I then entered a several years project to restore the 1930 Coupe, "Clara", as she became known. Realizing that I was in over my head I became friends with Dave Watkins. He was just starting a restoration business in Milton and he took on my Model A project.

At some point I lost interest and put the car away. About 2000, after retiring, we moved up north. I finished the restoration and had several years of fun. I will note that in all the years I owned this car she only spent 7 nights outside, and that was while on tour.

After moving to Colborne in 2010, we sold Clara, as our new home only allowed room for two collector cars. Sadly, Clara's new owner left the car outside for a complete winter, allowing the Model A to deteriorate very badly.

Judy and I have owned many other great cars over the years but this one sticks in my mind. It came from the man my uncle wanted me to buy from and it was also a coupe, much like the '32 Ford Coupe my cousin had owned years ago.

(Previously published in The Spark 'n' Throttle, Great Pine Ridge Region's newsletter.)

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