We all like to reminisce about our very first car—and the longer ago it was, the nicer it seems to have been. His name was Mark and he was 19 years old. Mark’s dad, a State Farm agent, had a lady client with a car to sell. Mark wound up with the car, a 1963 Ford Galaxie 500 XL convertible with only 14,400 miles on it. For six years he enjoyed cruising with some of his classmate friends from Cardinal Glennon College (seminary). He was then told by his pastor that the flashy convertible wasn’t appropriate for a priest. He hated to part with it so he left it in his parents’ garage for a year until their new Chevy sat in the snow. The Ford had to go.

Now pay close attention because here are more coincidences (I’ll mark them ©) than you can imagine.

It so happened that Mark had a sister, Ann. © Ann had a friend and classmate named Dana ©. They belonged to the same Girl Scout troop ©. Their Girl Scout troop leader happened to be a very sweet lady named Pat © who happened to be Dana’s mother © and my wife ©—which is how their mothers happened to become friends © and how Mark and his parents found out I liked to play cars (I said that all in one breath). I got the car.

I’ll skip the next twenty-five years.

Now Father Mark Dolan hadn’t seen his pride and joy since selling it to me twenty-five years before. When he celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a priest I intended to surprise him as he left the church with the whole congregation. The car was to be parked just outside the church door. I was going to hand him the keys so he could drive to his parents’ home a few blocks away. But that didn’t happen. The car had been damaged while in storage and I was really, really upset.

Instead, I sold it to my longtime HCCM friend Bill Kern. I was pretty sure Bill would restore and preserve it and hopefully future generations will appreciate it.

OK, I’ll fast forward about another eleven years while you take a coffee break….

You’re back. Good.

Last October Larry Hassel organized a club breakfast at the Blue Owl restaurant in Kimmswick. © by chance Ken Crowder and I sat next to each other ©. After introducing ourselves we began the customary conversation. What kind of car do you have? We compared convertible stories. When Ken heard how I had come by the 63 Ford he asked the priests’ name.

Continued on page 5 >>>>
The President’s Column…

Aged to Perfection…An Opportunity to Own History
– A 67 Year Old Beauty

By Larry Hassel

William M. Landau, M.D., has led a most interesting life…all 90+ years and he remains quite active…a Professor of Neurology at Washington University School of Medicine, he’s still on the cutting edge and quite persistent. However, he has to end a particular love affair…one that has lasted for 67 years. He and his family have decided that the time has come to part with the patina rich 1948 Chevrolet Fleetline 2 door Fastback Sedan which has served him since he graduated from medical school. Innumerable memories are bundled up in this aging and venerable black automobile…yet the car has a certain character which grows on you – subtle styling cues that make it distinct, embellishments like the fan on the dash and the radio that personalize it to Dr. Landau. I think back on the sense of excitement that Dr. Landau must have felt when he first picked up this car at the dealership. World War II was just over and automotive production had not fully recovered. Yes, you could buy luxury cars like Cadillac, Lincoln and Packard, but everyday cars were still rather scarce. As a doctor, one could receive special dispensation to purchase a vehicle and Dr. Landau qualified. Chevrolet had positioned this car to meet the demands of a Post War economy and returning GIs.

This story started a while ago, when I had a call from Dr. Landau’s son. He had found me through the Horseless Carriage Club website. Unfortunately, I was rather overwhelmed with some other projects, including Cars with Class, the Father’s Day Show at the Museum of Transport and found it difficult to make appropriate time to meet with Dr. Landau and his family.
Weather had been a deciding factor as well. Seems like when I had time to meet...it was pouring buckets. This past Sunday, I was finally able to meet with Dr. Landau and his daughter and son-in-law. I immediately sensed that the air was heavy with emotion as we transitioned from the front parlor of Dr. Landau’s home to the garage in a separate building in the rear. It was as if I had stepped into another time capsule, which I seem to have a habit of doing. I suppose it goes with the territory of being President of this fine club. I sensed a flood of memories that most of us feel when we part with a trusted friend...even if it is purely an inanimate mechanical device. We often link our thoughts by association...an event, a place, a time forever embedded in our subconscious. I had already learned a bit about Dr. Landau and his family in the brief parlor conversation. His wife had been an astrophysicist and was instrumental with the founding of the St. Louis Science Center...then, McDonnell Planetarium. Dr. Landau was equally the pioneer in neuromedicine. You can “Google” Dr. Landau and I guarantee that you’ll find that this gentleman is truly a living legend.

You’re wondering about the car I’m sure. It is truly a timeless treasure and fits in there with the Carl Riesinger Pontiac and a couple of family Perschbacher Packards. Yes...there is the patina of age and some things are not correct. The car is growing tired, but there is still much life left and the lines are truly exquisite. When I look at the car...I see a significant time in history. I’ve seen cars of this sort trundling around the streets of Havana in pictures of Fidel Castro’s Cuba, only this one has been well loved and cared for and had an easier life on the streets of St. Louis, especially between Clayton and Euclid, where Dr. Landau’s office is. It may have even been built here in the St. Louis GM plant. This model was produced in eight GM plants around the world.

When the good doctor pressed the starter pedal, the car instantly roared to life...the highly reliable Chevy standard 216.5 cu in (3.5 L) inline six cylinder with three speed standard transmission. I noticed the sticker on the license plate...2012. The car may not have been driven since that time.

I got behind the wheel and we eased it out onto the driveway. Unfortunately, there was an uphill grade and we struggled a couple of times to make the grade...the engine did not burn oil but it is weak and needs some TLC. It is such that it is easily rebuilt and perhaps only needs new rings to gather more compression. We did notice leakage from the rear main bearing, but the clutch was strong and we finally made the grade. I circled the car on the residential street...going through all three gears. There is the usual acquired characteristics of a fine original unrestored car...some dents and dings that are easily remedied...the patina of 67 years. The paint isn’t bad, but one fender met with fate and ferrous oxide and now exists as a fiberglass reproduction. A purist would change the fender. Otherwise, the steering is great and the car has a solid feel. All things considered...it was an adrenaline rush to drive the car around the circle...a trip back to 1948. I barely remember the late 50s, but I do remember seeing these cars. This one is for sale to a good home...hot rodders need not apply. This car needs to remain original in the spirit of Dr. Landau...it also needs that attention to detail. I am sorely tempted to purchase her, but reality dictates that I need to exercise restraint and willpower. Seriously, if you have an interest (and you should), please give me a call – she really needs a new good home with care and the ability to restore her fading youth. I have no idea on price...in one sense it holds priceless memories and to discuss price diminishes the luster of the memory. I gather that the focus is purely on finding her a good warm home where she’ll remain loved and cared for.

We survived Cars with Class and the onslaught of storms on Father’s Day. Thanks to those who came to M.O.T. and braved nature’s fickleness. Here’s hoping for a nice July with a few nice events in store for HCCM.

Keep smiling as you drive your antiques...and most important, above all...keep the rubber side down!

—Larry
Father’s Day Show, Museum of Transportation

COMMITTEE MEMBERS
Peter Bitzer – Past-President and current 1st V.P. of HCCM
Mark Goldfeder – Past 1st V.P. of HCCM
Yolandea Wood – USAF Academy Grad., Retired Maj. – USAF, Exec. Secretary, Tuskegee Airmen, Inc.
Larry Hassel – Current President of HCCM

Rain delayed and damped initial hopes for a grand turn-out for this year’s Cars with Class concours on Father’s Day, June 21, at the Museum of Transportation.

Even so, a good number of cars ranged from 1901 to the 25-year-old era. Oldest was the Curved Dash Oldsmobile, an older restoration and a well persevered relic of America’s automotive past.

General parking for the public was literally filled once the clouds faded and blue sky prevailed. Heavy clouds reappeared, but did not threaten the finale of the event.

The concours selection committee deliberated and made the selections. This is a fun show, and regardless of earlier weather threats, the spirit of participants and visitors was far from dampened.

Cars With Class – June 21, 2015 Judging Results
Museum of Transportation
Most Elegant
1923 Moon – Wayne Nolan
Most Memorable Design
1901 Model R “Curved Dash” Oldsmobile – Bradley Potts
Most Impressive Preservation
1948 Pontiac Streamliner – Carl Riesinger
Runner Up: 1913 Model T Touring – Dave O’Malley
Nicest Sedan
1977 Grand Prix – Ted Baker
Runner Up: 1956 Packard Executive – Bill Albertin
Most Impressive Restoration
1980 Chevrolet Camaro Z-28 – Robert Bruhy,
Runner Up: 1915 Dodge Touring – Wayne Nolan
Sportiest Vehicle
1967 Austin Healey 3000 Mark III, Kurt and Ernie Eicholz
Runner Up: 1969 Pontiac GTO – Don Wildhaber
Nicest Convertible
1975 Chevrolet Caprice Classic – Ken Crowder
Runner Up – 1911 Maxwell A-B – Doug Mason
When I told him “Father Mark Dolan,” Ken answered with surprise: He's a very good friend of mine—another coincidence. Ken told me that Father Dolan is now the pastor of Our Lady of Presentation church in Overland which will be celebrating its 100th anniversary next year.

Wouldn't it be great if we could somehow find the car and surprise him at the centennial celebration next year? I told Ken that I could do that because I had sold the car to my long time HCCM buddy Bill Kern, who still owns it. It looks and runs like new and I've no doubt Bill will help us.

Right then Ken got excited and quickly began to expand upon it. An old car parade, police escort with flashing lights, sirens and horns blowing, Father Dolan speaking on the P.A. system to several hundred parishioners, big tents with food and drink, it was entirely Ken's creation. The entire thing would hinge on Bill and his car.

Many times through the years Father Mark had shared his fond memories of his first car. He hadn't seen it since he sold it 38 years before. What ever happened to it?

While the media badgers us with bad news it's so uplifting to hear when people do something kind for another even if they have never met.

So it was when Bill Kern drove his white 63 Ford convertible, Ken Crowder his red Chevy convertible, Elliott Cytron his 49 Packard convertible, Wally Baumer his 86 Cutlass, Tom Taylor his 56 DeSoto, Joe Yochim's friend Kyle drove Joe's 85 Pontiac, John Devine his 80 Camaro and I in my 78 T-Bird along with a number of non-HCCM members and their cars.

Father stood overlooking the street as he spoke on the public address system to the crowd of a couple hundred people. It was just the way Ken had planned it way back last October at Kimmswick.

The sirens and horns could be heard a block away, then the police cars with their flashing lights were followed by the beautiful white convertible driven by Bill and carrying Overland Mayor Mike Schneider and wife Teri.

As the car slowly passed in front of the reviewing stand where Father was speaking and surrounded by his parents Bernie and Loretta, his sister Ann, twin brother Michael, dignitaries and friends, he looked down at the car and yelled with astonishment: THAT'S MY CAR--THAT'S MY CAR--THAT'S MY CAR!

How grateful I am to Bill, Ken, Elliott, Wally, Tom T., Joe (and Kyle) and my brother John. They make me proud to belong to the HCCM.
Art Bothe Played His Own Good Tune for 84 Years

By Dr. Gerald Perschbacher

For countless years Art Bothe hardly entered a conversation without mentioning three things: His beloved wife Audrey, his passion for music, and his adoration of old cars. Not a man to linger in the eras of the past, art enjoyed thinking of earlier days...but realized his “time now” was vitally important.

Art has passed beyond this life, and that passing was sudden news when I heard it a few days after he expired on May 31, 2015. Sometimes friends passively “sneak away” and we find out too late. While that brings a note of sadness, we can take great pleasure in recalling recent conversations when we shared a slice of time with a friend – a friend who, all too soon, faded from this earth.

So it was a year or so ago, as I recall, either at the HCCM’s Cars with Class Father’s Day or the Brass & Nickel show. There was lonely Art, tooling into the show area at the wheel of his 1928 Buick Opera Coupe. That TALL car grabbed my attention as he backed it in place. A crème-yellowish color with darker trim set it off on any old car field. I think he had it ever since he joined the club in 1971.

“The old restoration is showing its age,” he smiled as he wiped the window sill with his aged hand. A few flakes of old paint loosened. “I should redo it, don’t you think?” then he almost paused before continuing the thought, “but it has a melody of memories for me, just like it is.”

He talked about his beloved Audrey, married 45 ½ years, who was as much a fixture at HCCM events as was Art. She always appeared regal when sitting in the coupe that Art completely mastered down the road. But there was something different about Art as he stood beside the Buick on that day in 2014. He talked about Angel. “A fine lady, and I think Audrey would have liked her. Audrey and I almost always had the same appreciation for things and for people.” There was a note of joy that entered Art’s voice. It was something I had not heard from him since Audrey departed.

He kept many things to himself. It wasn’t until a few moments ago, as I was writing this article, that I discovered he and Angel were married almost a year immediately before he let loose of life. Perhaps it was his 84 years of life that wore on him that day, even amid his peace and joy in the moment. He wondered about the things he had collected, his model cars, and lots of other things including his pink 1956 Cadillac which almost made it to one of the HCCM exhibits at the St. Louis Auto Show, had it not been for an ice storm that locked it tight in its garage with Art having no hope of removing the practically sub-zero ice that cemented the garage door to the concrete.

“My family will have to attend to my things. But I want to express my wishes in advance,” he noted. That’s the way Art was. He liked to plan. As I stood there, it was as if he were playing a tune in his mind, his own song, a song of days lived and memories gathered. His life in itself was his greatest collection.

I wrote a letter to Art a year or so before that conversation. He reminded me at the show as we unknowingly continued our last in depth conversation. “I’m going to call you up now and then, and we’ll talk more. I’ve got to get things in order,” he restated. “We’ll talk. And by the way, I still have that letter you sent. Brings tears to my heart. Tears of what I had, tears of what I still have, and tears for good friends. We’ll talk,” he choked up a bit. “We will.”

We already had, but very little came later. Perhaps Art pondered the idea of further conversations, but something got in the way. I suppose Art made up his mind on living instead of planning in the final analysis -- and what’s wrong with that?
Arthur G. Bothe, Jr., of St. Louis was beloved husband of the late Audrey M. Bothe (nee: Geno) for 45 1/2 years. Brother to Gregory Bothe and Donna Stotlar (nee: Bothe) and the late Xandra; Jo-seph; Lawrence; Rita and James; Uncle to Greg Jr., Kevin, Linda, Brian, Laura, James Jr. Shirley, and a few nieces and nephews Art never met. His family with Angel, he is survived by Jamie (Amanda) Vogel; Tony (Tonya) Vogel; and grandchildren Conor, Cale, Tristan and Tessa.

Art met Angel doing some sketch work at a Steak ‘n’ Shake. He introduced himself as an artist. They found they had a lot in common, “especially the Lord our God,” Art liked to say.

Art went to McBride High School. After the Korean War, Art drove 18-wheelers for 32 years. He also was union drummer playing many musical gigs on and around St. Louis including Gaslight Square in 1966. Over the years Art drove half dozen different old cars on Old Hwy 66 from St. Louis to California, always stopping at the Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, Hoover Dam, and Las Vegas on each trip.

Art spent three years living in California. Briefly in 1954 he worked for a firm that did the interior decorating of movie stars’ homes including Ray Milland, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Don Wilson. At one point Art was on Mount Griffith where a movie crew was busy filming a movie called Rebel Without a Cause. He watched a fight scene with James Dean and Sal Mineo swinging a chain. Art didn’t know at the time who these people were because they were just getting started and weren’t stars yet. That movie became a famous cult film.

Art made it clear that the greatest thing that ever happened to him was marrying Audrey and later Angel.

Art donated his body to St. Louis University.

Working the Chevy Line in ’69

Ted Baker

Back in the 1960s and 70s it was fairly common to have college students working on the assembly line to allow for regular employees to take vacations and to provide additional labor to produce more cars and trucks.

My story about assembly line work is like many others I have read. Working the line could involve missing or extra parts, heat, grime and the boredom of doing the same task 60 or more times per hour.

I have collected toy cars and trucks since I was very young. I have amassed a collection of cars from the 40s, 50, and 60s in three or four different scales.

I was always a car and truck kid, from the time I was in elementary school. I’d get distracted as transport trucks would zoom past my school going south on Kingshighway from the Natural Bridge Chevy plant. In the fall, the trucks carried cars of the next model year, always covered from view. I wondered as a kid, how did the workers attach parts to cars covered with sheets? Were the new models so secret that even the workers weren’t allowed to peek as they built them and then drove them up on the carriers? These were important questions for a 10-year-old school kid.

The summer of 1969 was my chance to learn how cars and trucks were built. My neighbor was a 36-year employee at the Chevrolet plant on Natural Bridge. And he offered to put in a word for me if I needed a summer job. His only stipulation was that I go back to college in the fall. After my parents and I agreed, he put the word out at Chevy. The next day I was hired. Monday morning at 6 a.m. I was at the plant ready to go.

Since General Motors had just settled a long strike, the company was anxious to get back to producing vehicles again to catch up with the weeks of unfulfilled orders. We were told we had to work nine hours a day, six days a week—no absences, no excuses.

I was assigned to the third floor truck cab line. It was very hot throughout the line and even more so at my station—which was about 100 feet from the baking oven.

>>> Continued on page 9
Charles “Charlie/Chuck” Rothweiler waved his last goodbye in a figurative sense upon his recent passing. He had been a continuous member of the HCCM since 1952 and was a mainstay of the vintage car hobby.

Chuck was preceded in death by wife Roberta many years ago. Son Al, although presently not a member of our club, remains active in the old car hobby with a strong liking for Chevrolet performance cars (especially the Camaro) and for military vehicles. In her younger years Al’s daughter also was a regular attender of HCCM events as she grew to walk, talk, and mature. Club members were impressed with the three-generational involvement of the Rothweilers at old car events, something only rarely seen.

Chuck’s recent interest in old cars turned toward his 1954 Mercury Monterey four-door and 1969 Camaro SS Sport Coupe. The long-time symbol of his club involvement was the 1930 Auburn 8-125 Cabriolet, which he obtained more years ago than most people can remember. He admitted to me quite a few years ago that when he obtained the all-original Auburn, other members in the HCCM looked down at him for having a car “so new.” That was in the days when the strength of the hobby centered on brass-era cars and horseless carriages made before 1916. Chuck admits that the hobby changed, which lifted the Auburn to “classic” status due to its eight-cylinder motor and the fact that it carried graceful styling and a notable history in the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg family of fine cars. Often quiet in a crowd, Chuck (sometimes called Charlie) still liked to converse when the subject tickled his fancy. It was a surprise to me when I took my wife and young children to the St. Louis Zoo an era ago and we saw Chuck. But he wasn’t milling around the bear pit or watching elephants dance or even gazing at the feeding of the sea lions. No, Chuck was at work…well, kind of. I don’t think he considered it work to be the conductor/engineer of the scale train that meandered around the perimeter of the zoo, stopping at scheduled spots to release or collect more passengers. Got to admit: Chuck looked pretty important and very impressive in his cap and train attire. He received equal respect from kids and adults. It certainly was deserved.

“Always liked trains,” he admitted. It was a golden moment of recollection for Chuck in the short time he had between runs. “Been doing it a lot. I’d like to do more of it.… Good to see you!” A few sentences had been interspersed between his comments, but taking his work seriously, he needed to attend to the locomotive to keep it in good working order.

Chuck liked the BIG trains at the Museum of Transportation, likewise. It’s nice when a man spends his retirement time doing what he likes.

Chuck could run quiet or talkative, but either way you knew pretty well what was on his mind. He appreciated consistency (much like a conductor keeping his schedule). When our car club digressed from standard practices at events, Chuck often raised a verbal flag to bring us back to position. Good for him. Good for us.

There was a time a couple decades back that Chuck and Roberta felt as if they were being sidetracked in the car hobby. Many of their friends in the club had drifted away. Inevitably, some had left our scene, either by moving, by incapacity, or by passing away. Chuck started early enough in the club that he saw many of the original members, even the founders, and had some interesting tales to tell. Fortunately, when I researched the series of books that I wrote on the club and our hobby, Chuck was ready and talkative in the interviews we held. Many of his pertinent recollections may be found in those editions.

Chuck also was in other car clubs, one of which was formed by a spin-off of HCCM “veterans” in the days when different views of the hobby mingled through the minds of movers and shakers. Chuck stuck with friends regardless of which side of an issue they grouped. Since friends are good to keep, Chuck didn’t let anybody’s stubborn streak spoil his relationships.
As newer cars came on board the hobby, Chuck’s Auburn became an old oddity, tucked away and nearly forgotten by a segment of our club. That made Roberta and him feel as if they were out of place. That is, until they were asked to coordinate our club picnics for a couple years. BOY! They built a full head of steam and provided us with some of the best picnics in club history, with food to match! That seemed to re-spark their tinderboxes and got their coal burning like it should.

Chuck was a link to our club founders, especially George P. Dorris, and to A. L. Dyke (who nearly was a founder), but Chuck never felt he was primed for the hobby as were those pioneers in the car industry. Holding people in awe can build fences between folks. Even so, Chuck was every bit as much of a viable active member as they. Thus, the hobby equalized every member to be one part of a whole.

Chuck knew the direction he was taking. A man of honor, of determination, of logic, he set his course religiously, whether at the controls of a zoo train or whether involved with his Lutheran church.

Passions ran deep and true in Chuck. Those who shared precious time with him may not have agreed with all his views, for a man must hold his own truths to be a true individual. But I believe they would agree on one point: their lives were enriched in ways they could appreciate thanks to a man like Chuck Rothweiler.

Sounds like a good way to remember him.

All the best to the Rothweiler family. Always.

<<< from page 7

I was a mess at first, unfamiliar with the tools, the several tasks of my job, and the speed of the line. Eventually I figured it out with the help of other line workers who felt sorry for the “college kid.” By the end of the day I was hot, tired, dirty and ready to drop. I’d go home, shower, and fall into bed.

As the days and weeks went by, I made some progress at getting my jobs done on each cab. I was responsible for attaching the steering column to the firewall, then lying on my back in the sweltering cab to attach the column to the dashboard. Not yet done, I had to attach a plate under the dash for the brake and clutch pedals to rest against. The plates were attached based on a build number on the firewall that told me whether the truck was a stick shift or automatic, and had either power or standard brakes. Between cabs, I had to attach rubber bumpers to the next plate. That was a lot to do in 60 seconds, as we were producing 60 trucks an hour to catch up with back orders. Using pneumatic wrenches that did not always stop in time, my wrist was sore all summer, and my co-workers had fun watching the college kid do “real work.”

At the end of the summer my exposure to the world of assembly work came to an end. I made a lot of money (almost as much as my dad was making). The money was so good I was tempted to stay and forget college. But after 10 weeks of building trucks, I was ready to go back, much to the relief of my parents and my neighbor. I had survived the boredom of repetitive tasks. I cheerfully went back to college.

There I pursued a young lady (my wife), completed training to become a high school counselor and entered a career where no two days were ever the same.

My car building career was over before the 1970 models came down the line, so I never did learn how they built those cars with the sheets covering them!
CARS FOR SALE
For Sale 1926 or 27 Model T Coupe (?) Engine turns over, No Body Price: $4,200.00
Contact: Dave Oppliger 314-800-4903

A friend of mine who lives out of state has two cars he is willing to sell. If you are interested, contact me by email and I will send more pictures.

The 1929 Franklin is a full classic car (according to the Classic Car Club of America). Its body design is very stylish. It should be good for fun or touring.

The Locomobile is a steam car, apparently unrestored, from 1900-1901. The two Stanley brothers were instrumental in the initial rise of the steam Locomobile, then struck out on their own to make the Stanley steamer. Only very early Locomobiles were steam cars; later versions used internal combustion engines. This is a very rare survivor.

Contact: Dr. Gerald Perschbacher at persch3@hotmail.com.

In the Subject LINE put FRANKLIN or LOCOMOBILE.

Jack Mulligan Cars For Sale
These cars are being Sold "as is". To arrange to see the cars contact Jack's Daughter Barbara Jenkins 636-443-5187

1915 Ford Model T - 3 Dr. Touring VIN 745906 Red w/Black Fenders, Black Interior. Purchased 9/24/85. 4 cyl. Has Wire Wheel Knock Offs, Rocky Mountain Brakes, Front Accessory Springs, Rucksell Axle, Locking Steering Wheel & new (several years ago) Gas Tank. 244,181 produced. Hasn't run in several years - asking $18,000 O.B.O.

1930 Packard 732-409 - 2 Dr. Convertible Coupe w/Rumble Seat VIN 294544 Blue w/Red Interior. Purchased 11/7/92. Has Tan Top, Side Mounts, Stone Guard, Wire Wheels, Top Boot, & Trunk. 3 Speed Manual Transmission, 8 Cyl. Engine & Brake work several years ago. This Packard was owned by Fred Weber prior to Jack purchasing it & was featured in a movie. Hasn't run in several years - asking $40,000 O.B.O.

1931 Ford Model A - 2 Dr. Convertible VIN A4220410 Yellow w/Black Fenders, Tan Cloth Interior & Tan Top. Purchased 10/14/89. 4 cyl. Has Rumble Seat, Side Mounts, Wire Wheels. AACA 1st Place Winner in 1977. Only 11,801 produced. Hasn't run in several years & has stuck clutch - asking $19,000 O.B.O.

1954 Kaiser Darrin - 2 Dr. Convertible VIN 161001297 Yellow w/Black Fenders, Tan Cloth Interior & Tan Top. Purchased 10/30/86. Has Yellow Top w/ Side Curtains. 3 Speed Manual Transmission. Recent Restoration but the car hasn't run in several years. This is a very Rare Car, only 435 were made. - asking $100,000 O.B.O.


WANTED: HCCM member is looking for accessory items for his car: License plate frames for St. Louis dealers from the 1970s — especially Pontiac dealers like “Vincel Pontiac—Him Heap Big Trader” Looking for dealer badges from the 1970s for any St. Louis Olds or Pontiac dealer, especially “Yates” or “Yates Stevens Olds.” A black and white Missouri Antique Auto license plate.

Contact Ted Baker 314-750-6541
SWAP MEETS
2015 CAR SHOWS, ETC.

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Information in this calendar is summarized. See flyers for events — go to www.midwestswapmeets.com

SWAP MEETS
2015 CAR SHOWS, ETC.

THANKS
As chairman of the HCCM Swap Meet I wish to thank the following members who distributed flyers to area swap meets, car shows, and cruises. Flyers have been found to be the most effective way to promote an event. I wish to recognize and thank these members for their efforts in supporting the HCCM Swap Meet-Car Show.

Ted Baker, Ken Crowder, Clark Deeken, John Devine, Tom Devine, Mike and Sue Ebert, John Groll, Pat Howk, Tom Kneipman, Al and Sharon Mercer, Wayne Nolan, John Porbeck, and Joe Yochim.

Elliott Cytron

All—

I looked at a number of locations for the 2015 Holiday Party and the obvious choice to give us a central location and the 5th of December (Saturday) date I wanted is M.O.T. I just got off the phone with Beth...we’re close to having it all arranged (and with heat on in the Lindberg Bldg.). They have a great new caterer...“Catering Your Way by Lisa.” I think this gives us an automotive theme (certainly we’ve been there before) and it is festive. I’m excited about returning and this will continue to forge a good relationship with M.O.T. I had a difficult time getting excited about banquet centers...and I want to keep with our antique car/historic theme and provide something unique.

—Larry

The Next Brass Lamp
Deadline: July 20, 2015

Send submissions to: rempns1@att.net
Or mail to: The Brass Lamp
9826 Affton View Ct.
St. Louis, MO 63123

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Art Bothe’s 1928 Buick Opera Coupe at one of our past Brass and Nickel Shows. Art recently passed away. See Gerry Perschbacher’s tribute article to Art’s life on Page 6.