

The Radiator

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CORVALLIS HISTORIC AUTO CLUB

President's Notes

Be warned: we are running out of summer. Let's get out and enjoy the season before the calendar forces us into our semi-hibernation. The September Cars and Coffee is scheduled to be the last one of 2022. I've heard from multiple sources that we could be in for a wet fall, but defer to looking out our windows and see if we could pull off a C+C in October. What say you?

How about having our Picnic in addition to the Steak Fry? Anyone care to plan a picnic late August or early September with me? Rich Brookes is planning the steak Fry for September 24th, so put that on your calendar. Plan to arrive around noon when the coals get hot! We will be in Philomath again. More info to come next month.

We have been invited to show our cars at Waverly Place on August 25th, a Thursday, at 4:00. Food will be offered to us. I will ask for a car and head count at the August Meeting. Don't forget the Art and Air Festival in Albany on August 27th. Club members John Drzal and Steve McNichol also belong to the Studebaker Club, which continues to put on that nice event. Consider supporting that show. The calendar continues to offer choices and sometimes conflicting events scheduled for the same day. I am the 'official photographer' for The Millersburg Celebration, which is the same day as Antiques in the Streets (Albany, September 10th). The Gathering church is hosting their show September 17th.

Please be reminded that there are five Mondays in August. Our meetings are always on the fourth Monday and this year it will be on August 22. I hope



to see a great turnout for the general membership meeting at 7:00.

Happy motoring.

—Pete Rocco

Family Owned Since New - 1964 Chevrolet Impala 4- Door Sport Sedan

Options:

- Palomar Red
- Black Cloth Interior
- 283 Cubic Inch V-8 Engine, Automatic Transmission
- Power Steering, Heater, Back Up Lights
- Push Button AM Radio, Windshield Washer, Seatbelts*

*were dealer installed as the factory ramped up to meet the new federal law requiring them to be standard equipment in 1964



This car was stolen in 1977 from my Great-Aunt, the cars original owner. It was subsequently recovered by New York City Police Officers of the 111th Precinct and returned to her on November 19th of that year. The car had been joy-ridden and was covered in mud.

The insurance company made repairs to some of the damage done by the thieves. The ignition wiring was fixed; front carpet and radio antenna were replaced. (Note the incorrect "Ford" type installed.) My Great-Aunt continued to drive the car (very little as you can see from the odometer) into her late 80's when she 'backed into' something and had a poor repair job performed on the right rear quarter-panel.



Before she died, she informed me that the rocker panels (rust) had been fixed along with other 'scratches' on the sides. She had tried very hard on her limited income, to keep the car up.

When going through her effects after her death, I found a shoebox in her house behind the sofa. This box was labeled "CAR". Inside the box were envelopes with different labels containing various U.S. bills in them for "battery" "tires" "brake job" tune-up" etc., on them. The bills totaled over 200 dollars.

Discovered in the trunk was a second shoebox with a small compass, toilet paper, maps, pocket sized rain hat, assorted coins, a St. Christopher's Medal, and a small bottle of whiskey. (Emergencies?)



As I inherited the car, and took it home, I gave it a going through. I found that the canister-type oil filter

was missing its pressure relief spring (preventing oil filtration) so it was replaced with a spin-on adapter type. Rear body-to-frame mounts (behind the rear wheels) were rusted off and replaced along with additional supports (also rusted) under the passenger area of the vehicle. The original shock absorbers were replaced (regretfully) along with new springs when I first acquired the car.

Thanks for reading about my car. Her name is "Dot" after Great-Aunt Dorothy. I am proud to be the second owner of this original classic car.

Besides being recovered from a theft, I have another incredible story to tell about my Impala. As you may remember from Part One of my story, my coveted 1964 Chevy is nicknamed "Dot" after my Great Aunt Dorothy - the vehicle's original owner.

This past July 13th, just prior to moving out here to Oregon, I took my car to a charity benefit car show in Simsbury, Connecticut. This was the first time taking "Dot" to this particular event. Displaying the car at this show was my "swan song". I was leaving the car club I helped form in 2001 - heading for Oregon in two weeks and a presumed retirement.

I had been a driving force with the Valley Collector Car Club for its fourteen years. The VCCC Show was known throughout the state as a premier car event in the northwest corner. As Car Show Director, my responsibilities were so consuming that I just could not keep track of my car and host the show at the same time. Actually, it was more to the credit that my daily-driver pickup truck was needed to tug the club trailer around to the show field for the Saturday Set-Up and be there at the end of the day Sunday, to lug it back to its parking spot a couple of miles away.

Other members of the club were now assuming the duties needed to facilitate a 450 show vehicle event on the second Sunday in July. The responsibilities I had happily shouldered and directed for a whole bunch of years. To their credit, the event went on with the grace and dignity of shows past. I had left myself available for any needed assistance, but the show went on without a hitch and I was never consulted about trailer loading, unloading, placement of signs, booths, barricades, fences or tables.

I was free to enjoy the show for the first time in its 14th rendition. In my new freedom, I was able to set

up a display with my Impala, and vend some collectibles on the grass next to my car. Having amassed too much stuff to bring across the country to my new home in Oregon, I offered it for sale with the benefits going to the charitable efforts of the club.

Cars, trucks, hot rods, restored and survivors filled the five parking lots that ran the 3 city blocks that encompass the show. Spectators swelled the streets and driveways, enjoying the beautiful day. The one of many amazing things about our event, is that it has been a consecutively held show - without a rain date - 14 years in a row. (Back in Connecticut, rain scares away most show car owners from venturing out to display. Events have rain dates reserved for such "catastrophes". The VCCC had never needed to resort to such a reschedule - a feat in its own.)

Okay, so now here I am. My car in the center ring. Directly across from the "registration" tent. Opposite the DJ and Club Trailer. Sitting in a lawn chair, enjoying the sunny, warm day. A gentleman approaches me and asks me if I am the owner of the Red Impala. I answer "Yes" and he proceeds to confirm what he has learned from the show-board.



On an easel, I have in a picture frame, a Post Magazine centerfold advertisement (from 1963) showcasing the "New for 1964" Chevrolet Impala. The model depicted in the original advertisement is the same model of my car - a 4-Door Hardtop. Along with the advert is a block of text that tells a brief history of the car.

The gentlemen spectator confirms the part of my story that indeed the vehicle was once stolen and subsequently recovered by the 111th Precinct in New York, He is proud to inform me that his father served in the same police department's precinct. I was subsequently happy to continue the conversation by letting him know that the car had come out of Long Island (NY) and that I was the second owner.

"Oh, where?" he asked. I continue to confirm the town in his question as being Floral Park. I tell him "The car was my Aunt Dorothy's". His response was "You're kidding". That's incredible. I know this car. This is Mrs. Enz's car!"

Now the hair on my arms is standing straight up as I learn that this fellow was my aunt's neighbor in Long Island. He KNOWS the car! Here in Simsbury, Connecticut. At a Sunday car show 120 miles away in another state.

Quick introductions and handshakes make for new friends. Robert informs me that he lived at number 65 Locust Street and my Aunt Dorothy Enz lived at number 61. He regales me with stories of the car being started up, its manual choke screaming as the car engine warms. Apparently, Aunt Dorothy didn't bother to kick down the throttle to idle, just plopped the gearshift in D and took off down the street.

"She was really proud of her lawn" he told me. "She was always chasing off the newspaper boy or other kids with her garden hose" as they were dead-set on trampling the lush green vegetation she was so proud of. The homes on the street were closely knit, with a scrap of side lawn, a driveway leading to a detached garage in back, and another house. Three feet of side lawn, driveway, house. Front lawns and walks were the showcase on the narrow streets. Home ownership was the norm and defined you as proud and responsible.

I took down Robert's E-mail address and we parted with smiles. What an incredible serendipity. How is it possible in such a large world, that a person could relocate to a town 120 miles away? That another individual could inherit a car, move twice and find himself in the same town on that same day? Attend the same car show, and witness one's former neighbor's vehicle that was transported the same distance?

Later that evening, after the show, I drafted an E-mail note to Robert, that to this day don't know if was ever actually received. In the message I thanked him for reaching out to me and saying hello. Thanked him for the confirmed memories and offered him a trinket of my Aunt Dorothy's as a remembrance of our meeting. My aunt was a pack rat. Not to be confused as a hoarder, but a true Yankee re-user, recycler. A saver

of scraps of string or shirt cardboards from a dry cleaner's laundered blouses. I had offered Robert a box of party napkins from the 1950's with a cherub faced lamplighter that I too, found intriguing enough to keep for half a century as well.

Isn't it a beautiful world out there?

— Pete Rocco

The 1952 Chevrolet 3100 Pickup

We moved to the farm in 1955. Along with the farm came a 1952 Chevrolet 3100 pickup truck, green in color. It was the farm truck. It would be a significant part of my life for the next 15 years.

The green pickup, as we affectionately (or otherwise) called it, was pretty basic as befitted my grandfather who had purchased it new a few years earlier from Sam's Garage, the local Chevrolet dealer. It had a 4-speed transmission on the floor. The first gear was what we called "compound low". We couldn't use its more common name, "granny gear", as my grandmother was still alive and living at the farm at the time. She would not have taken kindly to such association with the green pickup. The starter was on the floor which required a deft combination of one foot on the clutch and the other on the starter and gas pedal at the same time. It didn't have radio-just the punchouts where one could be put in.

As the farm truck, it had many uses. In the 1950's, it was used to haul grain in gunny sacks (burlap bags) to the grain elevator in town where the sacks were emptied, one at a time, much to the chagrin of the larger trucks with bulk capacity who could dump their loads more quickly. Later, around 1960, we upgraded to a combine which did not require the use of bags. We made a "bin" out of plywood to put on the green Chevy pickup and it became the grain truck. It was still the "little guy" in line at the grain elevator with all of the "big" rigs but at least we had our grain in bulk. The green pickup had to have the front wheels hoisted to get the grain to run out while most of the large trucks had lift beds.

I would often ride with my uncle in the green Chevy pickup to the grain elevator. While we were waiting to dump our load, I would love to listen to his stories, especially when others came by, and they talked with him about various things. I remember that it was in

the line at the grain elevator where I learned how my other uncle, a Korean war veteran, had died when he came home from the war. No one else in the family was ever able to tell that story. It was just too painful. On the positive side, the local Dairy Queen was across the street from the grain elevator and little boys always like ice cream. It was actually more common to take a gallon jug to the local A & W and get it filled with root beer to take back to my dad who was running the combine.

In the late 1950's another use for the green Chevy pickup were the trips hauling hogs to the North Portland Livestock auction, which was about 30 miles from the farm. Occasionally, my dad went by himself or with my mom while the kids stayed behind. However, the most memorable times were when my dad, mom, me and two sisters all loaded into the green pickup for the trip. My sisters disagree as to the seating arrangement. Both seem to recall that one of them had to sit on the floor. I am not sure about that, but I know that I sat right behind the gear shift and had to keep my legs and feet out of the way. Imagine a family of five in the narrow seat without seat belts.

In the early 60's, after I had learned to ride a bicycle, I got a "new to me" bike from a bike shop. I was really proud of the bike, so I rode it out to the field where the green Chevy pickup was loaded with sacks of grain for planting. I parked the bike behind the pickup and went on to doing somethings else as 10-year-old boys are prone to do. When it was time to come in from the field, I went to get my bike, only to find that the green pickup had backed over it. The green pickup could be tough!

In the mid-60's, a neighbor got into the hay business and, once again, the green Chevy pickup came into use as part of the hay-hauling equipment. The bed of the green Chevy was not very large, so it was not easy to put much of a load on. I remember it, however: Four bales on edge parallel to the railing on the floor; one flat long wise down the center on top of the base with two each perpendicular to those already in place extending out to the sides; another "flat" layer and then another row the same as the first, with a couple more in each row on the top (to make it look good!). If I recall my math, that would be about 32 bales with a couple more on the tailgate for a total of 34 bales.

At 50 pounds per bale that would be 1700 pounds-not bad for a pickup truck in those days.

I learned to drive on the 1952 Chevy pickup which only strengthened my relationship with the truck. Once the crops were off the fields in the fall, I would take it to the field and practice using the clutch and shifting. It was great fun as I didn't have to worry about roads or traffic; I could just drive. My sisters used the green pickup for learning to drive as well. For them, it was a "parked" vehicle as they learned to parallel park.

During my high school years in the late 60's after I had received my driver's license, I often drove the green pickup to school. It was much better than the 45-minute ride on the bus. Besides, what could be cooler for a high school guy than a green 1952 Chevy pickup with racks to haul hogs parked in the high school parking lot! My sisters were jealous, but they didn't know how to use the clutch. They recall now that mine was the only one in the lot without a gun rack.

The first Earth Day came around in 1970 and the green pickup was again called into service. I don't recall how many of my classmates joined me in scouring the roads outside of town for whatever we could find along the roads. The prize find of the day was an intact toilet which had been stolen from a local country church and thrown into a brushy ravine. We made a triumphant return to Canby High School that day with a full load of roadside litter and a toilet in the green Chevy pickup. It certainly may have been a high point for the old Chevy.

My love affair with the 1952 green Chevy pickup came to an end that same year. I got my first job for the summer and had to drive about 15 miles each day. The green pickup was my normal mode of transportation until the day it "died" along the road. I don't recall the specific problem, whether it was electrical, or fuel related, but I do recall having to walk some distance to get find a house with a phone and get another ride. We towed the truck home, and I don't think that I ever drove it again.

I left for college later that summer and never thought to say goodbye to the old green truck. When I returned from my first term at college, the old green Chevy truck was gone. I don't know what happened

to it but all that was left was the cracked block next to the garage where it had been removed when the old green truck had been towed away one final time.

— Gary Peterson

CHAC Past President's Message for July 2013

Don Hawes, a long time CHAC member and the guy that dragged me to my first CHAC meeting 39 years ago was a leader by example. Those who knew him saw the quiet guy that was always willing to pitch in and do the dirty work without fanfare. He was a mechanic by trade but always a gentleman. We were lucky to have him as a member for as long as we did.

I started to really recognize his traits one time when I was visiting his crowded and cluttered shop. It held his many parts and treasures, but it also held a sign. The sign was homemade but nicely framed. It hung on a back wall in plain view above all the piles of parts, so it was never obscured or lost in the collection of stuff. The sign held a simple message acknowledging Don's shop and its contents were only possible with the cooperation of his wife Marjorie. He spent many hours in the building he had built and filled over the years. He wanted to give thanks to his silent partner for allowing and encouraging his hobby and passion.

I made my own sign with my own message in 1994. It is still there, acknowledging my silent(?) partner, responsible for helping and allowing me collect so much clutter. Too often people and other things are taken for granted. I hope you all take time to stop and appreciate all you have and all you experience because of those silent partners and those leaders by example. They are all around us. We just need to look.

That said, I won't be making any more signs. I do need to catch up on thanking everyone that has stepped up to present programs, provide refreshments at meetings, create & lead tours, create and mail our club newsletter and a dozen other things that make this club run.

There are tours and other events still coming up this summer so watch the newsletter calendar and come join the fun.

— Martin Harding

Club Activities

Amity Pancake Breakfast Tour



Cars at the Coast Tour



Springhill at Bryant Park



CHAC Cars and Coffee





What's Happening

August

- 17: Stro's Wednesday Night Cruise-In at the Stayton A&W, 5pm – 8pm.
- 18: Thursday Night Cruise-In Grocery Outlet, Albany. 5pm – 8pm.
- 20: Central Lions car club show in Independence 8am \$20.
- 20: Firefighter's car show, Lyons, 9am – 3pm, \$20.

22: CHAC club meeting 7pm.

- 25: Thursday Night Cruise-In @ Grocery Outlet in Albany 5pm-8pm / LAST ONE FOR 2022.
- 27: 28th Annual Cutsforth's Cruise-In by the Park in Canby.
- 27: Cruising McMinnville Car Sam-4pmhow and Cruise \$20 Evergreen Air Museum [More Info](#).
- 27: Endless Summer Cruise In @ Ilani Casino Vancouver WA 8am - 4pm. [Website](#).
- 27: Art & Air Car Show / Albany 8am \$20.00.
- 27: Fitness 1440 Car Show / Lebanon 8am-2pm / Show is at Linn Lanes Bowling Center.
- 28: Meadowlark Senior Living Car Show / Lebanon, 181 S 5th / FREE LUNCH + T-SHIRT / \$10.00 fee to go to Alzheimer's.
- 28: Surf City Car Show / Lincoln City.

September

3: Cars & Coffee, 8am–10am, Corvallis Historic Auto Club Corvallis OR.



3: WVSR Rally in the Valley @ NW Vintage Car & Motorcycle Museum 3995 Brooklake Rd. Brooks OR \$20 8am. Printable Flyer & Registration Form OR [Register Online](#).

4: CHAC Breakfast at Elmer's 7:30am.

- 10: Antiques in the Streets downtown Albany OR. 8am - 4pm \$25 Info: 541-704-0109.
- 10: Millersburg Celebration Car Show Noon - 4pm \$25 registration visit [website](#).
- 17: Oktoberfest Car Show in Mt. Angel @ St. Mary's School 8am \$15 Russ 503-930-8976.
- 17: 50's in the Fall @ River Park in Lebanon OR 9am \$20 Visit [website](#) for more info.
- 18: Oktoberfest Car Show in Mt. Angel @ St. Mary's School 8am \$15 Russ 503-930-8976.

24: CHAC Steak Fry, Philomath City Park, 24th St., Noon – 2pm.

- 24: 9th annual Heritage Auto Show @ NW Vintage Car & Motorcycle Museum Powerland Books OR / \$20 and a can of food for the Food Bank. Starts @ 9am. [See Flyer](#).
- 25-26: Salem Roadster Show @ Oregon State Fairgrounds Visit [website](#) for more info.

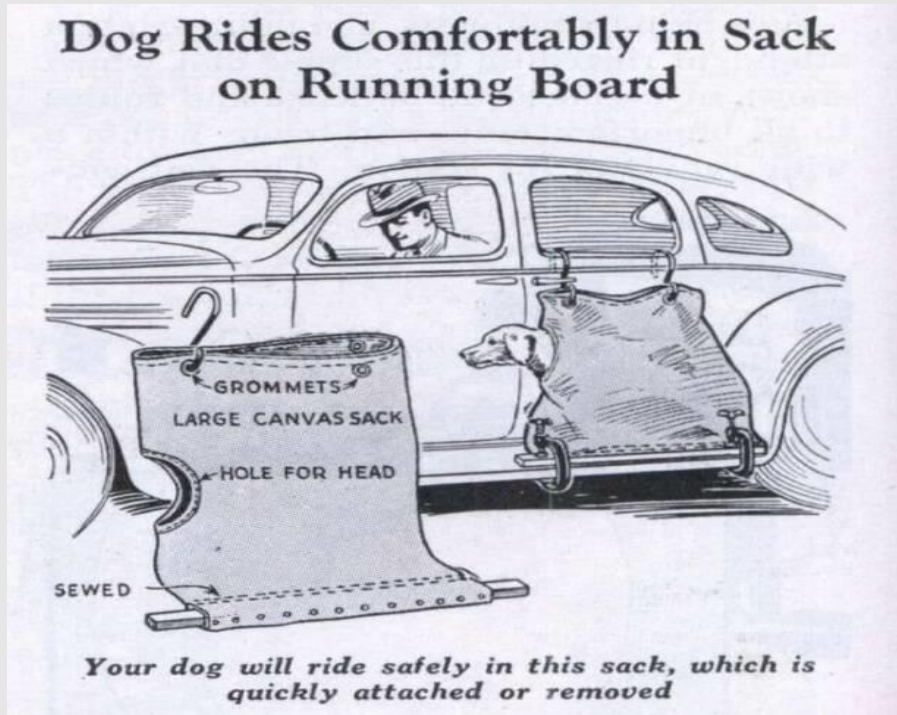
Sell, Buy, Free Stuff

1960's Chevy pamphlets FREE, Pre 1919 kerosene taillight \$20.00, Foot switch for a 1950's Chevy starter \$5.00. Jani Burton (541) 307-0166.

\$12,000.00 - 1967 Ford Thunderbird 4-door(suicide)landau 428v8 automatic transmission. 17.25 feet long, red and black exterior with red interior. 102,403 miles, new tires and battery. As is but in good condition, little rust and chrome damage. Serious lookers only, buyer responsible for vehicle pickup, delivery or shipping. Clear title on clear payment. Sebastian 541-602-6360.

Editor's Notes

So many things wrong with this idea!



Name this car brand. Clues are, Right hand drive, Only made from 1952 to 1960, Has a sphinx for a hood ornament. Email me your answer dj38plymouth@aol.com.

—D. J. & Cynthia

CHAC Officers

President: Pete Rocco

Past president: Jim Knoke

Treasurer: Tim Jordan

Secretary: Denis Paquette

Board Member-at-Large: Marsha Raymond

Sunshine Committee: DJ Freeman

Custodian-For-Life: Howard Jones

Newsletter Editors: DJ & Cynthia Freeman

Webmaster: Sebastian Heiduschke

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The Corvallis Historic Auto Club, a nonprofit organization, was organized over 57 YEARS AGO for the encouragement of interest in historical cars, their preservation and restoration, the extension of knowledge concerning them, and related activities