

July 2018

**DAGMAR: NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION CADILLAC AND LASALLE CLUB**

**EDITOR'S NOTES:**

I HAVE MY FINGER'S CROSSED, AS I WORK ON GETTING THIS LONG OVER DUE ISSUE OF THE DAGMAR PUBLISHED, THAT THE FILES I HAVE CREATED AND THE STORIES SOME OF OUR MEMBERS HAVE SUBMITTED WILL NOT DISAPPEAR, AS THEY HAVE IN SOME RECENT ATTEMPTS TO FINALLY GET AN LONG OVERDUE EDITON OUT TO YOU RMRLC MEMBERS.

THANKS TO BOB LYONS FOR HIS STORY ON HOW HE FIRST BECOME INTERESTED IN AUTOMOBILES AS A LITTLE LYON CUB. THANKS ALSO TO HERB POTHOFF FOR THE 3<sup>RD</sup> EDITION OF HIS STORY ABOUT HIS ADVENTURES AS A NEW OLD CAR OWNER AND THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS THAT ENSUE. JOHN WASHBURN ALSO FORWARDED TO ME SOME INFORMATION THE CASTLE ROCK CAR SHOW AND ABOUT THE HUMBLE PERSON WHOSE CAR WAS A BIG WINNER IN THAT SHOW.

I ASSUME MOST OF YOU HAVE SEEN THE INFORMATION OUR INTREPID ACTIVITIES DIRECTOR HAS FORWARDED TO YOU REGARDING THE END OF SUMMER DRIVING TOUR, SEPTEMBER 12-16. WE WILL BE HEADING DOWN 285 TO SALIDA FOR LUNCH ON THE 12<sup>TH</sup>, FOLLOWED BY A VISIT TO ALFRED PACKER'S OLD STOMPING GROUNDS IN SAGUACHE COUNTY AREA WHERE HE CONFESSED TO HAVING INAPPROPRIATE DIETARY INCLINATIONS AND BAD TABLE MANNERS. AFTER SAGUACHE, WE WILL DRIVE TO THE COLORADO GATOR REPTILE PARK, NORTH OF ALAMOSA, BEFORE SPENDING THE NIGHT IN ALAMOSA. THE NEXT MORNING, EARLY, WE WILL DRIVE TO ANTONITO AND FOLLOW THE ROAD THAT LEADS UP AND OVER LA MANGA PASS TO CHAMA, NM, WERE WE WILL HAVE AN ENJOYABLE RIDE ON THE CUMBRES TOLTEC RAILROAD, SAID BY MANY TO BE MORE SCENIC THAN THE DURANGO-SILVERTON ROUTE. AFTER OUR STEAM TRAIN ADVENTURE WE WILL DRIVE TO PAGOSA SPRINGS WERE WE WILL SPEND TOW NIGHTS BEFORE HEADING OVER WOLF CREEK PASS TO SOUTH FORK, OUR BASE FOR OUR DRIVE TO CREEDE WHERE WE WILL VISIT THE UNDERGROUND MINING MUSEUM AND CREEDE HISTORICAL MUSEUM BEFORE A GROUP DINNER, FOLLOWED BY AN ENJOYABLE EVENING AT THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR AT THE CREEDE REPERTORY THEATRE. SUNDAY MORNING WE WILL HEAD BACK HOME FROM SOUTH PARK.

AT PAST MEETINGS OUR FEARLESS DIRECTOR, BOB LYONS, HAS EXHORTED WE MEMBERS TO SUBMIT OUR OWN STORIES ON WHO WE GOT INTERESTED IN THE SOMETIMES EXASPERATING AND EXPENSIVE OLD CAR HOBBY. PLEASE SEND THOSE STORIES TO ME AT MY EDITOR'S EMAIL ADDRESS: [YELLOPORT@LYAHOO.COM](mailto:YELLOPORT@LYAHOO.COM). ANY OTHER STORIES AND INFORMATION YOU WANT TO SHARE WILL ALSO BE APPRECIATED.

JOHN CULLINAN



**Notes From The Director**

**How I Became Interested In Automobiles by Bob Lyons**

I remember as a very young boy, about three or four, my mother would lift me up and sit me on the kitchen window sill to wait and watch for my father to come home from work. It was 1949 when we lived in Fort Logan, after the government released the property to public housing. New homes weren't available yet this soon after the War. Dad always rode the bus to work which stopped near our house. I could see the bus from the kitchen window. This was a daily ritual for most of a year. One summer evening while I was watching for dad, around the corner came the most magnificent car I had ever seen. I fell in love! It was shiny black with running boards and spare tires on the fenders and big impressive grill. Mom and I were spell bound. The beautiful machine stopped right at the kitchen window and much to our surprise, dad jumped out of that car and gave us a big excited wave, calling us to come out and see our 1939 Supper Eight Custom Club Coupe Packard. Wow, I could hardly believe my eyes. "Is this ours," I asked. "Yup," replied dad. "let's take her for a spin," he said. We hopped in, me standing in the middle between mom and dad, (couldn't get away with this nowadays) and off we went. In those days Fort Logan was about four or five miles from Englewood. We drove to Englewood, paraded up and down Broadway, then stopped for some ice cream. Then we drove over to the gas station. Yes these cars do require hefty quantities of fuel. This station was a curiosity for kid, in that the gas pumps were tall towers with large glass cylinders on top. Dad inserted a few coins in the side of the pump and you could see the gasoline filling the cylinder. Once that was done, dad lifted the fill hose and inserted in the cars gas port, and you could see the fuel level drop from the cylinder as it when into the gas tank. What a first time experience for a little kid. The ride back home was a comfortable cruise. From that day on I had always paid attention to cars and observed the different styles and types. Like any car enthusiast, I do that yet today. I thank my dad for the experience with his Packard which absolutely spurred my interest in Automobiles. I've had the privilege of collecting a few nice vintage cars, one of which is my dad's 1939 Packard that we kept all these years.

**First Timer's Follies**

v003, February, 2017

By H. B. Potthoff

**The Big Flatbed Truck**

Hi. My name is Herb and I'm a first-time vintage car owner...

Let's see, where was I? Oh yeah...broken-down on the side of the road on the way to the car show...sigh.

As I gazed underneath the, now, fully deployed hood (remember: it's a great sunshade!) I began to examine the mechanical workings of my ride to try and discern the cause of the problem. As I looked around the works, touching, smelling, listening, and generally giving everything a once-over, I started to ask myself "why did this happen", but quickly realized that questions of 'why' are akin to such historical classics as, "Who is John Gault" and, "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep" and that these are the exclusive realm of philosophers and their fanciful, and often pharmaceutical-induced, machinations. Accordingly, my efforts would be much better and more efficiently directed toward determining 'how', 'what', and 'where' this marvel of, now, 75+ year old technology had failed me.

So, we all know that gasoline powered internal combustion engines, regardless of by whom, when, or where they were made, all need 3 (at least) things to run: air, spark, and fuel. I started my checklist with these fairly easily confirmed items...

Air? I take off and examine the air cleaner and peer into the carb...all looks normal. Yep...should be getting air.

Spark? (a willing passer-by aided me here, I am SO not a contortionist) Ouch! Yep...got spark.

Fuel? Dang, that fuel line is warm...

Fuel? Why did they route it right there over the...hot...exhaust manifold without a heat shield? (here we go with 'why' again...sigh)...

Fuel? Umm...hmm...

So, out comes the tool kit and I manage to remove the fuel inlet line from the carb...and directing the anticipated flow to somewhere not hot (see, I can learn...but that's another story!)...I turned the key (my previous help has left by this point) and peered underneath the gap between the hood/sunshade and the cowl to view the outflow of the fuel line and noticed that my efforts to divert the outflow of the fuel line were, apparently, not needed. No fuel flowed; none, nada, zip, zero, zilch.

Insert 'Ah-Ha' moment here.

A mechanical fuel pump is an ingenious device designed to use the already-working parts of the engine as the energy needed to transfer the required fuel into the carburetor by means of a diaphragm-type pumping mechanism. You can see it, smell it, touch it, and taste it (if you were so inclined...yuk) ...but...if you can hear it, I mean really hear it over the rest of the sounds in the engine bay, that's probably a bad thing. It should make a little sound, but not this much. And it really should, you know, pump fuel.

So, I asked myself, "self, do you have another fuel pump with you?" No.

Oh bother...

There is a certain Je-Ne-Sais Quoi to being stranded on the side of the road. Some frustration, certainly, and a bit of angst at being late for an engagement. But, more than that, and as the initial disappointment at your current situation recedes, you begin to notice how lovely the sky is, and how nice the breeze feels, and how the sounds of the country seem to be calming and serene. All of this combines for a not-quite quantifiable experience that each of us has had as we resign ourselves to accepting a situation where we are not in any real danger, but are certainly no longer in control. The Fickle Finger of Fate has interceded and you are at the mercy of said Finger and the fate it holds for you.

Relax, calm your mind, and try to enjoy the ride. Or, more to the point, the not-ride.

And, then, stark reality again rears it's ugly head and you realize that you now have to call the auto club and arrange for the dreaded tow, and, with that, the calm serenity you were enjoying is instantly replaced by a feeling of sheer folly and distaste for the 'wait on hold' music...it was the Tennessee Waltz as I recall...being played over and over and over (and over!) by Chinese Opera instruments. It will take me some time to forget that particular performance, and to this day if someone drops a set of chimes or breaks a glass or a nearby cat decides to serenade the neighborhood, I unconsciously step into a 3-beat waltz and clear the dance floor with my somewhat less than elegant dips and turns. This can be amusing at home, but somewhat annoying while standing in the checkout line at the 7-11 holding a large Cola Slurpee and a bag of Nacho Cheese Doritos.

Sitting in a broken-down vintage automobile on the side of a country road, you can meet the most interesting and helpful people. At least a dozen folks stopped to see if I was ok and to offer their assistance. Most wanted to know about the car, and we swapped stories and compared notes about cars, and one even offered to give me a tow using his '66 Mustang convertible. I declined, of course, not wanting to risk damage to his car or mine... but it was an offer well received and much appreciated. The Deputy Sheriff who stopped by was, at first, concerned for the safety of our impromptu side-of-the-road car club meeting, but quickly determined that we were ok where we were and he became an enjoyable part of the conversation. Man, I love living in the country. J

Well, to wrap up, I did eventually get home. The tow truck driver was a fellow car enthusiast and had the right combination of hardware to ensure that our car was treated gently and honorably on the short trip home. My darling wife pulled into the garage sometime later and, to her credit, maintained a quiet air of content at her decision to drive herself to the show. Nice, thank you dear.

It was, I'd say, about 3 weeks until the questions from friends and neighbors stopped flowing and I'd finally answered the last inquiry as to the condition of the car.

Our friends and neighbors also told me that the car show was awesome. Awesome. Sigh...there'll be another one next year I guess...sigh.

Now, to replace that fuel pump and, at the suggestion of a very knowledgeable and generous fellow car club member, to install an electric auxiliary fuel pump. Thanks John! J

But that's another story...

Tune in next time or, perhaps, the time after that, when the answers to these and other questions will be revealed...eventually.

Wave at us as we go by. Or, if you see us parked on the side of the road awaiting the arrival of the big flatbed tow truck, stop and chat...Cheerio!

-Herb Potthoff

NOTE: JOHN WASHBURN SUBMITTED THE FOLLOWING REGARDING THE CASTLE ROCK CAR SHOW. A CADILLAC DID WELL AT THAT SHOW AND ONE OF OUR HUMBLE RMRLC MEMBERS ALSO DID WELL.



"Art Cutler's 1931 V-12 Cadillac took best of show at the Vintage Car Show, in Castle Rock, on June 16.

Art did not enter the car for judging. He thought it was not nice enough yet, but the judges thought otherwise.

The rumor is true that I was the Chief Judge of the above event."

WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOUR PHOTOS AND STORIES IN THE NEXT DAGMAR ISSUE. REMEMBER BOB LYONS REQUEST THAT WE MEMBERS SHARE OUR "HOW I BECOME INTERESTED IN COLLECTING OLD CARS" STORIES". IF YOU HAVE ANY INTERESTING INFORMATION TO SHARE WITH YOUR FELLOW MEMBERS, LET US KNOW.

JOHN CULLINAN, EDITOR

JOHN HENRY, WEBMASTER