



VALVE CLATTER



THE EARLY FORD V-8 CLUB OF AMERICA Regional Group 96

<http://clubs.hemmings.com/v-8northernvirginia/>

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November 2002

Cliff Green, Editor

MY VIEW OF THE HERSHEY EXPERIENCE, SEEN WHILE UNDER THE UMBRELLA!

Wendy Pieper

I am a firm believer that husbands and wives should take an interest in each other's hobbies, so with great enthusiasm, I packed my duffle bag for the annual Hershey show. Due to the fact I am still working (and taking valuable days off!), Steve was in charge of making sure the camping gear was ready to use since our camping days have been few and far between with both boys now in college! Steve packed the food for our 3 day adventure (baked beans for breakfast?) and I was responsible for navigating us to the camp site.

The forecast was for rain (typical Hershey weather) but it was only cloudy when we rolled out early on Thursday, and just as we arrived at the camp site, the sky opened and we never saw sun again. At my suggestion, we "made camp" before venturing into "Hershey Vendor Heaven" so upon our return, we could be all set to snuggle up!

We walked and walked and walked (my pedometer read 6 miles by the end of our first day) and purchased NOTHING! The vendors had everything covered up, and since we weren't looking for anything particular, the only places we stopped to look were the vendors under their canopy. The best part of the day was trudging back to our campsite to find "the guys" under one canopy all enjoying a beverage. Being the only female in the campsite, I was given special treatment: a dry chair to sit in and a cold brew! Then, after the hor doeuvres of spicy cheese and crackers were depleted, we all piled into several vehicles to have dinner at the Penn Hotel. We took up many

seats with over 20 of us in attendance, sharing stories of "singing in the rain" all day, and what the plan was for tomorrow.

With bellies full, we headed to the "elite car corral" for a sneak preview of the cars that were to be auctioned off the following evening. They were charging a fee of \$100 to attend the auction which kept the "dreamers" out of the way, but it sure was a great way to end the day and stay warm and dry awhile longer! For those of us who were sleeping under the stars, we headed back to our camp site.

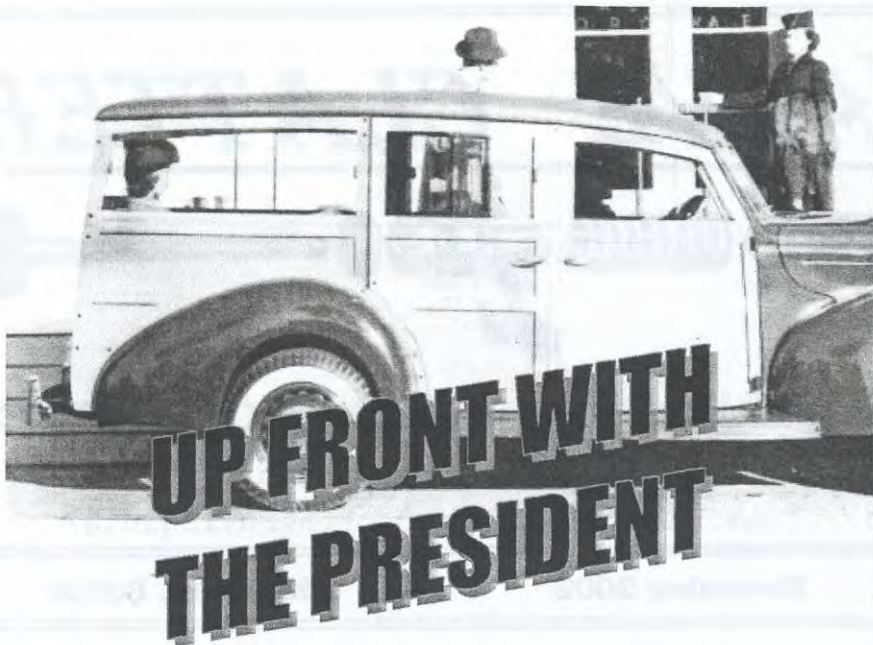


Woke up to fabulous smells emanating from the canopy, and found **Dave Gunnarson** cooking away in his shorts and jacket! Coffee was ready, and bacon was being prepared to go with the french toast that was next on the griddle. I was given the "throne chair" (only dry seat in the house!) and we all chowed down while watching the rain coming down in buckets. The hotel bunch stopped by for breakfast and most everyone decided to bag the day and chalk the weekend off as a partial success. But being the loyal trooper I am,

Steve and I decided to stick it out for another day, but after only a couple of hours, I said, "Honey, doesn't a warm, dry, cozy bed sound inviting?" He didn't put up an argument to stay, so we packed up and headed for home.

Would I do it again? YOU BET!!! Those are the memories life is made of, and I aim to keep on adding to our collection of fun times with the V-8 Car Club!

More Hershey experiences inside - Editor



November 2002

Well, we've come through quite a month! Thankfully, the sniper shootings, which dramatically affected our region for over three weeks in October, are over and we can now go about our day-to-day activities with renewed appreciation for the peace and security we usually take for granted.

Our weather luck finally ran out at Hershey this year but NVRGers still managed to have a good time. We had 1 ½ days of dry weather to cruise the vendor fields and car corral; happy hours and breakfasts at the Club campsite were well attended and a lot of fun; the Blackhawk auction preview was again spectacular; and a record number of NVRGers (23 on Thursday) got together for dinner at the Penn Hotel. Most members went home on Friday while a hardy few endured the rain that day or drove up on Saturday for the show. Please see the articles written by several members for more details of Hershey 2002.

Thanks to the careful planning and hard work of **Ken Burns** and **Don Lombard**, the Lebkicker Tour went off really well and members who participated were unanimous in their praise for the event. Congratulations to **Charlie Morrison** for winning the Lebkicker Award this year! The award will be presented to Charlie at the November membership meeting since he and **Dorothy** were unable to be on the tour. We were blessed with good weather for the entire weekend and the only casualty was **Jason Javaras'** '47 Sedan Coupe which started acting up shortly after Jason joined the tour in Fredericksburg and finally died on I-295 outside of Richmond. **Wayne Handy**, who lives nearby, was called to assist and **Jim** and **Char McDaniel** stayed behind with Jason while the tour proceeded. After 2 hours of trying, the '47 still wouldn't cooperate so a roll back was ordered and Wayne went back home. Jim and Char stayed another 3 hours with Jason until the truck arrived and then drove on to Williamsburg to join the tour for dinner. On behalf of the Club, I'd like to commend Wayne, Jim and Char for going above and beyond the call of duty to help out a fellow Club member. This was truly a great example of V-8ers helping V-8ers! For more details of the tour, please see the article written by **Helen Burns**.

Great news about **Cliff Green**! Cliff's bladder surgery on October 25th went off without a hitch and the final pathology report following the surgery revealed that he is now cancer free! He will not have to undergo radiation or chemotherapy after he recovers from surgery, so he should be able to get back to normal much sooner. **Cindy** and I saw Cliff and **Sandra** at the hospital on October 31st and, considering the amount of surgery Cliff underwent, he is really doing great. By the time you read this, he will probably be home. He still has a lot of recovering to do but I'm betting that he and Sandra will be hosting the Christmas Party as usual on December 7th!

At this month's membership meeting, we will have a chance to review and relive Hershey and the Eastern National Meet through **Jim McDaniel's** presentation of the many digital photos that **Cliff Green** took at these 2 events. We'll also have the Club's web site on digital disk so those of you without computers can see what it looks like. In connection with that, we really need more Club members' cars on the site. If you haven't done so already, please take the time to get your material together and bring it to the meeting or you can mail, email or fax it to **Dave Gunnarson**. Dave's phone number and email address are on the back of this newsletter. **Eric Sumner** will also have the great new Club hats and jackets at the meeting for you to check out and purchase. I look forward to seeing you there.

Happy V-8ing! Hank

P.S. December 7th will be here before you know it so start making plans now to attend the Christmas Party. Details are in this newsletter.

MUD AND CHOCOLATE, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Ken Gross

After attending Hershey for over thirty years, you'd think, besides reserving my room from year to year, I'd have a system. I don't. But each year I grumble when guys tell me they nailed some treasure "...just as the guy was unpacking." And I'm annoyed when friends buy and sell cars for a quick \$2,000-\$4,000 or more profit, right in the Car Corral. I couldn't believe where the AACA put the Car Corral this year. If it had been any further away, it would have been in Allentown!

That said, I love Hershey and wouldn't miss it. I almost did last year. Mercedes-Benz invited me to Florence, Italy, to be one of the first US journalists to test the new 500 SL roadster. Without thinking, I cancelled my longstanding Hershey plans and signed up to go. After the tragic events of September 11th, Mercedes cancelled its overseas trip. I called Cathy at the Comfort Inn (money you save on accommodations can better be spent on the field, right?) and begged for my old room. Turns out, it wasn't a problem, as many people, fearing air travel, had also cancelled. I roamed the fields, hugged old friends, had a sort of epiphany about the whole thing and vowed that I'd always be at Hershey in October, no matter what. Sure enough, Mercedes called again this year two weeks before Hershey to see if I wanted to drive their new AMG E55 in Munich. This time, I said 'no thanks.'

This year, my good friend, Dr. Mark Van Buskirk, flew out from Crown Point, IN, (can you believe he's a Dentist in a town named Crown Point?) and we set off from VA early on Tuesday to hit the swap meet during setup. We arrived to find that eagle-eyed Dave Simard had already scored a '32 grille and shell for just \$60. You read that right. Apparently the guy was just setting up and apparently had no idea the price of a good condition piece was ten times what he was asking. Later, Dave found a chopped '34 Ford three-window body for two grand and soon doubled his money. Someone had taken a colossal whack out of the windshield area, but a good metal man wouldn't have been phased and apparently someone wasn't.

Mark and I figured out the new Hershey layout and decided to do the White field first in case it rained (change that to before it rained). On Wednesday, we covered Blue and Red fields (the asphalt is nice but it feels strange to be on a hard surface -- almost like something is missing) and ended the day at the Corral...Bruce Johnson, who advertises cars in the V-8 Times, had a decent Dartmouth Green cabrio for sale for \$46,500. Too high, we thought. A lovely award-winning maroon Deluxe '39 coupe had just been sold. The new owner immediately had a "for sale" sign on his very decent black '40 Deluxe and soon, he wisely moved the just purchased '39 away so the inevitable comparo wasn't possible. Unfortunately, the new location (I'm told reliably it will be moved back to the center next year) meant you couldn't buzz through periodically checking on progress and new arrivals.

Thursday was overcast and the rain gods had their revenge by mid afternoon. I brought the requisite boots and poncho, still caked with Hershey mud from earlier years on them) and bravely set out through the Corral again, followed by the Chocolate field and Chocolate annex. Sadly a lot of good stuff was covered up, so I left early and headed for the auction of early Ford bits about five miles out of town. Lots of treasures were there if you were patient, but with over 250 lots, people were destined for a long night. The lure of the Union Canal House proved too much and I met some old friends for a great dinner. The Megowans were celebrating at their usual haunt beside the bar...can't blame 'em, they'd made a quick buck on a '40 coupe...as you'll see.

Friday's weather was unremitting, so I checked out the Don Williams /Richie Clyne auction at the Lodge -- they had a beautifully-restored '34 five-window with a four-cylinder engine, one of very few made that year, and several low-mileage GM cars from the forties. A '41 Olds with less than 4,000 documented miles and a '48 Chevy Aero sedan with less than 15K were intriguing, but they weren't Fords, so...I headed South.

The lure of a cute blonde (my wife) and an icy martini proved impossible to resist, so I checked out and headed home to a warm welcome from Trish and the kids. This is the first year I've missed the car show in decades, and I feel appropriately guilty, but the rain won, what can I say?

I did find an early polished Fenton dual intake manifold, wrapped in a 1952 California newspaper, in the original box, as shipped to a guy in Ohio, along with the linkage, extended head studs and the finned generator bracket. My friend Jim Cherry paid a hefty \$23,000 for a heavily patina-ed '40 coupe that hadn't been used since the late '70s, and looked like something the cat dragged in. It attracted a big, almost continuous crowd. I heard that coupe was first sold by Mark Smith earlier in the week at Hershey to the Megowan Bros. for \$17,500; they quickly flipped it to a fellow named Gary Unger from Calif for \$20,000; he didn't want to truck it West so he sold it to Jim for a quick profit. Isn't that just like Hershey? Jim agrees it's a \$17,000 car with six thousand dollars worth of impossible-to-duplicate patina. He plans to restore the chassis, drop in a hot flathead and leave the exterior exactly as it is. The body was pretty straight although my trusty magnet detected a pair of rear quarter patch panels. Doors, hood and deck lid fit very well, but all the gaskets were well worn. It'll make a great driver... amazingly, it still runs.

(Continued next page)



Another friend bought that lovely powder blue Lincoln Lido coupe in the Corral; he already has a '51 Mercury Monterey, so now he's got FoMoCo bookends. I passed on a genuine Ford cafeteria sugar bowl for \$135! The vendor had two of them and insisted they were extremely rare because people always broke the tops and Ford threw away the bottoms. He stopped short of saying they were off Henry's special corner table. I'd probably break the top too. Corky Coker had brand new ribbed Firestone tires, the ones beloved by forties-era hot rodders for Lakes racing. I have a NOS pair that are as hard as rocks, so I'll probably get two. At \$100 apiece, they're a bargain. Old ones are considerably more \$\$\$\$.

Although the AACA doesn't make it easy, with thoroughly jumbled vendor spaces and fences wherever you want to enter a field, Hershey remains an incredible magnet for the faithful. You just don't know what you'll see; people bring extraordinary unrestored cars and great restorations, and the spirit and camaraderie are everywhere. I'll be back. I'll always be back. --

Cliff, it was GREAT to see you & all the other V8er's at Hershey. This is my 2nd year in a row to join in since many years ago. You all made me feel right at home. Meeting at the camp site at ~ 4:30 for valve clatter & refreshment before going to the Penn. Hotel for some tasty vitals & more valve clatter, not to mention DESERT with some Hershey Lodge Viewing of the Blackhawk autos to be auctioned and then Breakfast the next morning under the BIG TOP. Well, who said it RAINED ????



Leo Cummings.

Some games you win, some games you lose, and some games are rained out. The Hershey Eastern National AACA Show was all but rained out this year. I say "all but" because my son, Dan, and I did not even stay for the show itself, but the show field must have been a less than pleasant place to be on Saturday. The good news was the new paved Swap Meet fields were mud free, but the sheer volume of water flowing across the pavement literally washed away some of the vendors, especially around the old stadium lot where most of the new Red field was located. Despite every possible variation of umbrellas and foul weather gear people came up with, it was a very wet experience.

It was not all bad. We arrived on Tuesday and found there were already a lot of folks with flea market bags over their arms searching for parts from the many vendors already set up for business. On Wednesday the weather was

threatening but dry and the flea market was in full swing. Jerry Hill was wheeling and dealing and people were out buying parts in numbers. After finding most of the items on our want lists we then happened by Dennis Carpenter's enormous tent. There parked on the tarmac was a beautiful, chestnut brown '63 Ford Galaxie XL convertible. We admired the beautiful restoration work and continued on our way. Later we came back for another look and found **Hank Amster**, our esteemed editor, and **Ken Burns** giving the convertible a once over. There may have been other members there but my mind was on fenders, not faces. After a quick brain storming session, Dan and I came up with a plan – sell our current convertible project which we bought in Charlotte this year and put the money into this restored XL which needed very little. A price was agreed upon and the deal was made. True to form we had bought a convertible before a storm.



We immediately bought a car cover for our purchase and after a few more miles on the flea market circuit, we gave in to the showers and drove the convertible back to our campsite down the road. The car cover was useless by then because the rains were relentless. Thursday was wet off and on but we found a few more parts and trinkets and joined the rest of the NVRG club contingent for dinner at the old club hangout, the Penn Hotel. The new management did nothing to detract from the excellent fare enjoyed by our boisterous crowd and a good time was had by all. It was especially good to see some of the younger members deep in discussion of things automotive. We then followed the crowd to the Hershey Lodge to preview the luxurious classic cars to be auctioned off later in the week. Like magnets we all gravitated to a rare '34 Model B coupe that was more in line with our interests if not affordabilities. Art deco designs were everywhere and you could almost smell the money in the air.

Friday was a wash from the getgo. We made an attempt to navigate the flea market once again but by noon all but the driest and hardiest vendors had closed up shop and left for home. We talked to many folks at the campground who had come from so far to find precious parts for their projects and were going home empty handed. We spent the afternoon reading and inventorying our purchases at our campsite, which was at least dry, and turned in early after a huge dinner to help us forget the weather and plan future projects.

Couple of comments/observations from the show: Saw a black '40 Packard hearse being used to haul vendor stuff that had personalized tags on it reading "DOA". We visited the White field, which is still unpaved, along with several other club members before the rains came and it somehow felt much more familiar than the parking lot format of the new fields. After it got saturated, however, it just reverted back to the muck of years past. The car corral this year was moved wa,

down the road to the parking lot of the new factory outlets and couldn't have been farther than the show grounds. They ran shuttle buses back and forth but in our opinion the relocation of the car corral away from the rest of the flea market has to hinder both buyers and sellers. But enough criticism – bottom line is we still wouldn't miss it for the world.

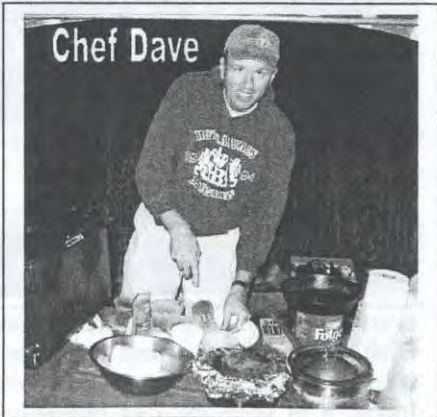
On Saturday the rain was supposed to clear but the sky was again threatening rain so we reluctantly packed up and took off for home. We were down to our last set of dry clothes anyway. Another factor in our decision to leave early was the sniper on the loose near our home in Fredericksburg. We were told by a J. C. Taylor agent of another shooting in our area and our family was quite rightly concerned. It was not a good time to be away from home. Anyway, we have been fortunate enough the last couple of years for a sunny Hershey and maybe this year will pay our dues for the next few years and once again allow us to indulge our hobby in the sunshine instead of rain.

Jason Javaras

As any Hershey veteran will tell you, when going to Hershey, pack for all weather conditions. It is the only place I have been to that calls for shorts and long underwear in the same suitcase. Above all else, don't forget your rain gear. This year we were treated to the standard Hershey forecast: a day and a half of cool, dry parts hunting and then the skies let loose.

After arriving and setting up camp at our usual spot, and anticipating rain in the forecast, Dave Westrate and I set out to conquer the White Field. Although it had been two years since I last found myself walking the aisles, the smell of funnel cakes and old grease made it seem like yesterday. After declaring the White Field "picked clean", we headed back to camp for happy hour. Here, the cast of regulars from the NVRG enjoyed refreshments and exchanged tales of the hunt. Buzzwords, like "barn fresh", "original", "repro", and "N.O.S." were tossed around the conversation to describe the finds of the day.

The call to "saddle up" is made and we are off to the Penn Hotel where we have a standing reservation every year. The food, as always, was "fit for a V8er", and no one leaves hungry. After a short drive, we stop off at the car corral, which has been relocated to a parking lot at a local shopping mall. Although the selection seemed a little slim, there were several early fords for sale. My personal favorite was a restored '48-'49 Good Humor ice



cream truck. Back at camp that night, no one had trouble getting to sleep.

Thursday morning, I woke to the smell of sausage and eggs. I stepped outside my tent and there was "Chef" Dave Gunnarson preparing omelets made to order on a two burner camp stove. What a treat! As soon as the troops were fed, it was off to the Chocolate Field, which is now totally paved. A few treasures were found early on, but about midday, the rain started and grew heavier as the evening approached. That afternoon, happy hour was spent huddled under the Gunnarson breakfast canopy. Once again, dinner at the Penn Hotel was delicious. Afterwards, we headed over to the Hershey Hotel to inspect the cars to be auctioned off the following day. One car of particular interest to the club, was a '34 Standard Coupe with a 4 cylinder engine - apparently pretty rare. Back at camp that night, the rain was heavy and steady, with more of the same in the forecast for Friday. Many of us were reconsidering our plans for Friday and Saturday.

Friday morning, the rain was still coming down. While we enjoyed another hearty breakfast of french toast and bacon prepared by "Chef Gunnarson", the general consensus was to break camp and cut our losses. By the time we were breaking down our tents, the rain had become heavy - only reinforcing our decision. In a last-ditch effort, we put on our rain gear and headed off to the Red Field before we left Hershey. Because



of the rain, many vendors were closed up or gone, leaving only the die-hards. At about 11:30 AM Friday, Dave Westrate and I shed our wet gear, hopped in the truck, and headed home. Although wet, tired, and hungry - I couldn't help but look forward to next year.

Eric Sumner



Back: Westrate, Sumner, Ryan, Green, Gall, Gunnarson, Simons, Blum. Front: Selley, Burns, El Presidente, Amster
Note: New club hats and it is not raining!!

I hope the members have an appreciation of what goes on at HERSHEY through the experiences of our writers – Thanks! Come see the digital pictures at the November meeting.

TRAVEL WITH CHARLIE, PART II

Ken Burns

I woke up Monday morning feeling like a kid at Christmas. Not only was I going to get the toy I asked for but I was actually going to Santa's workshop to pick it up. Charlie and I hit the road and zipped right into Cincinnati and CW. I guess morning rush hour doesn't exist in Cincinnati. After surveying the loading area Charlie and I decided it would be easiest to load everything curb side rather than trying to back the trailer into a very narrow loading dock. Chip Kussmaul, the owner, and his crew quickly had all the components out in front and ready to load. I had asked that



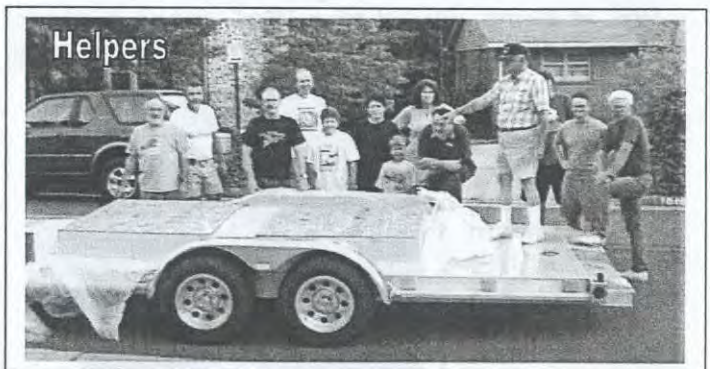
the roof assembly be crated. It was going to have to travel on the bed of the open car trailer and I wanted to wrap it in plastic sheeting to protect it from road grime and water. The roof crate was loaded, resting on its edge, onto a dolly and rolled out to the street where we wrapped it. Hey, what would we do without plastic sheeting, a staple gun and duct tape? The rest of the assemblies were wrapped in moving



blankets and loaded into the camper shell. After everything was loaded (and a lot more money changed hands) Chip gave us a tour of his operation. CW is located in what looks to be an old abandoned warehouse dating back to the late 1800's. The beams and joists are enormous pieces of wood and the whole place has a somewhat dark and cavernous feel. Each individual work area is well-lit but overall it's not a good place to take photos. Two Woodies in the shop awaiting new bodies were absolutely swallowed up by the enormity of the place. Chip's been in business at the same location for about twenty years and says he hasn't had an increase in rent in all that time. That must be good for the bottom line! He says that business is better than ever and that he now has five full time employees working in the shop plus some office folks taking care of the paperwork. CW started out making wood for only '42-'48 Ford Station

Wagons and then added the '41s. He offers the Woody nut individual pieces and complete assemblies (doors, tailgates, roofs, quarter panels, B pillar door posts and lift gates). The assemblies come completely assembled (glued) with all trim holes drilled. Structural holes for screws and mounting bolts are not drilled. Certain assemblies will require some final trimming and finishing to ensure proper fit at points like door gap, etc. Chip will also install, fit and varnish complete body kits to your floor pan. More recently he's branched out to '40 and earlier Fords and dabbled with a couple of Chrysler Town and Countries. Hanging along one wall is an entire, completely disassembled, original Woody body that is used for patterns. Tucked in a corner are a couple of complete antique cars (hard to believe that they're not Woodies) that Chip hopes to get around to restoring someday. Off to one side are racks just loaded with maple and basswood stock used in construction of Ford Woodies. Up in the loft are numerous original (and maybe not so original) used assemblies and individual pieces left over from cars that were brought to the shop for entire bodies. Chip says he's never had much interest in trying to sell any of these used parts and doesn't advertise that he has them. Along a section of a wall were a dozen or so rough cut roof side rail assemblies standing on end. Once a machine is set up to cut a certain piece Chip makes a bunch of the pieces knowing that eventually he will need them. The floor mounted machines in the shop are beyond description with numerous planers, joiners, table saws, band saws, drill presses, routers and milling machines. There's also the usual collection of powered hand tools. The shop is also equipped with an industrial strength paint booth similar to the one found in auto body shops. The two Woodies currently in the shop look like '38-'40 Fords but it's a little hard to tell since neither one has the dash installed and one is only a bare floor pan, the other has only the quarter panels attached. After an entirely too short tour Charlie and I decided we'd better get back on the road.

The trip back to VA was anticlimactic. We left Cincinnati about 10:30, headed up to Columbus and then retraced our route back to Vienna. The weather was perfect and everything went exactly as planned. We pulled up in front of Charlie's house early Monday evening with plans to unload



everything after I recruited some strong bodies at Tuesday's Club meeting. I was about 1/2 a mile from Charlie's house when the heavens opened up. Fortunately, I'd had the foresight to wrap the roof assembly. At our normal club

meeting on Tuesday I recruited some folks to come over on Wednesday to help unload body. The biggest effort would be involved in getting the roof crate up on its side, loaded on

a furniture dolly, over the driveway/gutter lip and up the driveway. Fortunately our Club has lots of folk always willing to pitch in and help a fellow Club member so when Charlie pulled up in front of my house I had plenty of guys to muscle the stuff around. In short order we had everything temporarily stowed in garage.



John Sweet

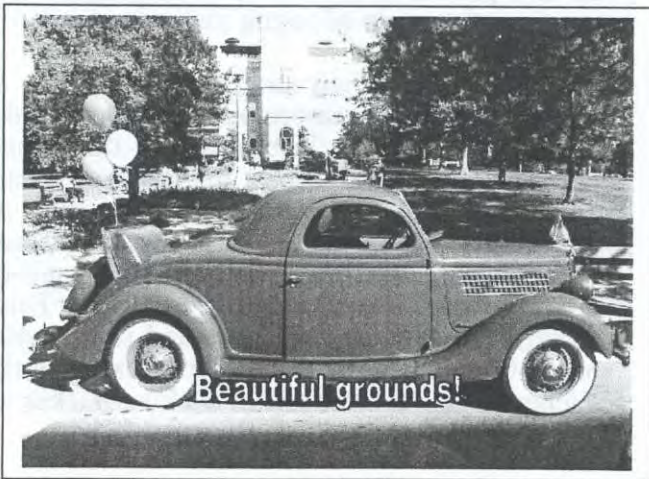
Thanks to Hank Dubois, Bill Selley, John Sweet, Mike and Alice Mote, Dave and Sarah Gunnarson and family, and Eric Sumner for helping unload my new toy. Thanks also to Cliff Green for loaning me his digital camera to capture some of this on film. Special thanks to Dorothy Morrison for letting Charlie come out and play and last but not least my very special thanks to Charlie for once again helping a Club member. He's gets my vote for the Lebkicker Award.

**ARMED FORCES RETIREMENT HOME
ANTIQUE AUTOMOBILE MUSTER**

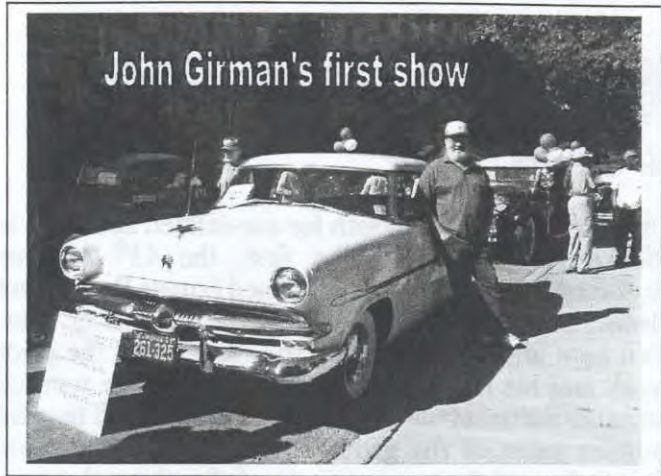
Charlie Morrison

Some times a day dawns so bright, warm and clear that it seems made to drive our old V-8's. Sunday October 6th was just such a day. The Burns, Greens, John Girman and I rolled out early to participate in one of the better events in the metropolitan area – The 45th annual Armed Forces Retirement Home Antique Automobile Muster. This Home, on 200 plus acres in NE D.C. is a jewel (unknown by many) and contains such historical sites as the cottage where President Abraham Lincoln often summered and where he is said to have worked on the Gettysburg Address.

Washington was spectacular as Ken and Helen led our little convoy down Constitution Avenue, around the Capitol and



Beautiful grounds!



up North Capitol Street. The potholes and patches tested the suspension systems but the scenery more than made up for the jolts and jars. About 100 cars ranging from a 1906 Ford to a stretched Zimmer parked around the Quad and we had coffee and sweet rolls provided by the Home. There were benches for resting and grassy lawns to stretch out on while the nearby bell tower played all the Armed Forces anthems as well as many old hymns. The Home residents viewed the assembled cars and told us about the happy long-ago when they drove ones like ours. War stories were swapped and many cameras recorded it all. The event wound up with the cars parading through the grounds and past the Hospital where a number of the residents unable to get to the Quad were brought out to see us by the nurses. If the sight of these old guys and gals who served our country so long and well waving and thanking us for bringing our cars didn't stir your blood you need a pulse check. I have attended this event before and it's well worth the time and effort. Let's get 20 or 30 cars out next year !!!!!

FOR SALE/WANT

For Sale: 1954 Chrysler Windsor Deluxe, 41K miles, rebuilt transmission, needs paint \$4,500. 1956 Dodge Custom Royal, 85K miles, needs some cosmetics, \$1,800 Jerry Lunt 540-667-3422

Wanted: Correct jack for '47 Ford, NOS trunk "spear" trim and cowl trim for the passenger side for same. Also, have brand new 650/16 Firestone wide whitewall tire, need 600/16 version of same tire; will sell for \$100.00 or trade for correct tire (650 width will not fit in spare tire compartment). Jason Javaras 540-786-5819



**CLUB HATS AND
JACKETS ARE IN –
THEY LOOK GREAT!**

Check it out on Alan
Whelihan

Hats are \$15, Jackets \$25
(better value)

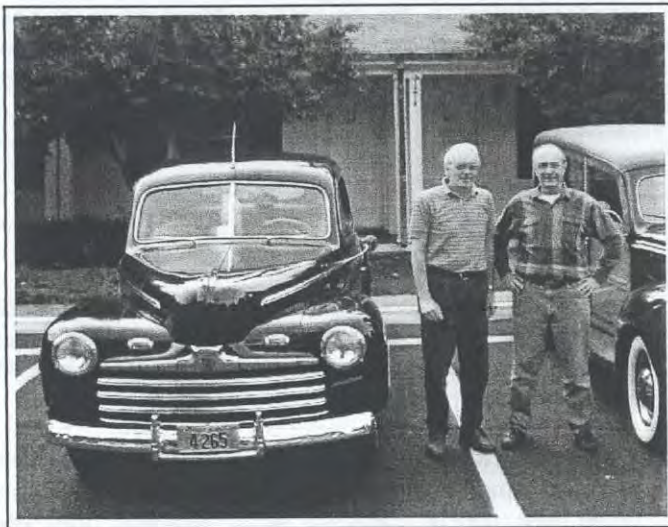
Eric Sumner will have
them at the meeting or
contact him 703-709-4164

2002 LEBKICKER --- WE SAVE THE BEST FOR LAST!

Helen Burns

October was quite a month for car-related activities in the Burns household. The first, the 45th Antique Automobile Assembly at the Armed Forces Retirement Home, then Hershey and finally the Lebkicker tour. Ken kept an anxious eye on the weather all the prior week and his fretting and stewing must have worked because Saturday dawned clear and bright. The plan was for most of the group to meet and depart from Fair Oaks and then pick up some folks along the way. The Lombards, Greens and Martins were all waiting for us in their V-8s and the Piepers, and Girman/Dubois team were ready to hit the road in modern cars.

Ken and Don had spent two long, twelve-hour days pre-driving the route and picking the rest stops, restaurants, attractions, lodging, etc. It really showed as we took a circuitous, but beautiful, tour along back roads to our first scheduled stop in Fredericksburg.



Tour Leaders, Ken and Don, in front of the Princess Anne Motel.

Along the way Myrtie Lebkicker and daughter Cheryl joined our procession. In Fredericksburg, the Vincents, Jason Javaras (and friend) in V-8s, and the McDaniels joined our merry group. Off next to Bowling Green where we met up with the Simons in their V-8. So far, so good. Somewhere along the route, Jason started having car problems and eventually broke down on I-295 outside Richmond. Jim and Char stayed with Jason, and fellow Club member Wayne Handy came with parts, tools, etc. in

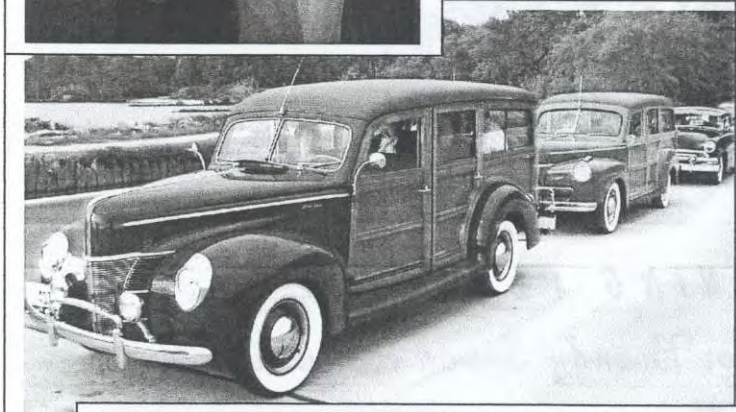
a vain attempt to restore the V-8 to health. After about six long hours beside the road, the V-8 was loaded up on a truck for the trip back up to Fredericksburg. Thanks to Wayne for coming to help and a special thanks to Jim and Char for staying with Jason until the bitter end. The rest of the group proceeded on to Scenic Route 5 that runs parallel to the James River and through the heart of plantation country. We passed the homes of several early Presidents and eventually stopped for lunch at the Indian Fields Tavern, located in a restored farmhouse. What a perfect setting for the V-8s and what a delightful meal.

After lunch we continued on to Williamsburg and the Princess Anne Motel, a beautifully restored 1950's era motor court. The V-8s looked right at home parked in front of the immaculately kept, one story, white bungalows. For dinner on Friday, we piled everyone into the V-8s (helps to have a couple of Woodys along on tour) and set off for the Whaling Company where the McDaniels finally were able to rejoin the group.

On Saturday, most of us went over to Colonial Williamsburg to tour the historic area. And to think that Henry Ford didn't support the restoration, leaving the fate of the historic area up to John D. Rockefeller. On Saturday night, we had an impromptu cocktail party on the Green's front doorstep, piled into the V-8's again and took the ferry across the James River Surrey. The 20-minute crossing was just perfect with the temperatures in the mid-60s and a big moon hanging in the clear sky. Naturally, the V-8s got a lot of attention from other passengers on the ferry. We had dinner at the Surrey House, a good ol' fashioned country restaurant and absolutely nobody went away hungry. After dinner, Charlie Morrison was announced as the winner of this year's Lebkicker Award. Unfortunately, he was unable to be with us due to a wedding commitment. Another delightful trip back across the river with more stares and questions and this time photos as the Simon's car really caught the attention of a group of young men.

On Sunday, the group started to lose some of its members for various reasons but the Burns, Lombards, Vincents and Girmans/Dubois met at the Yorktown National Park visitor center for the return caravan back north. Once again we traversed scenic backcountry roads and byways until we reached Fredericksburg and then it was north up the not-quite-so-scenic Route 1. Once again the Lebkicker Tour was the perfect ending to our shows and tours until next spring. Once again we saw V-8ers coming to the aid of fellow club members just as Dick Lebkicker would have done.

Lebkicker Tour 2002



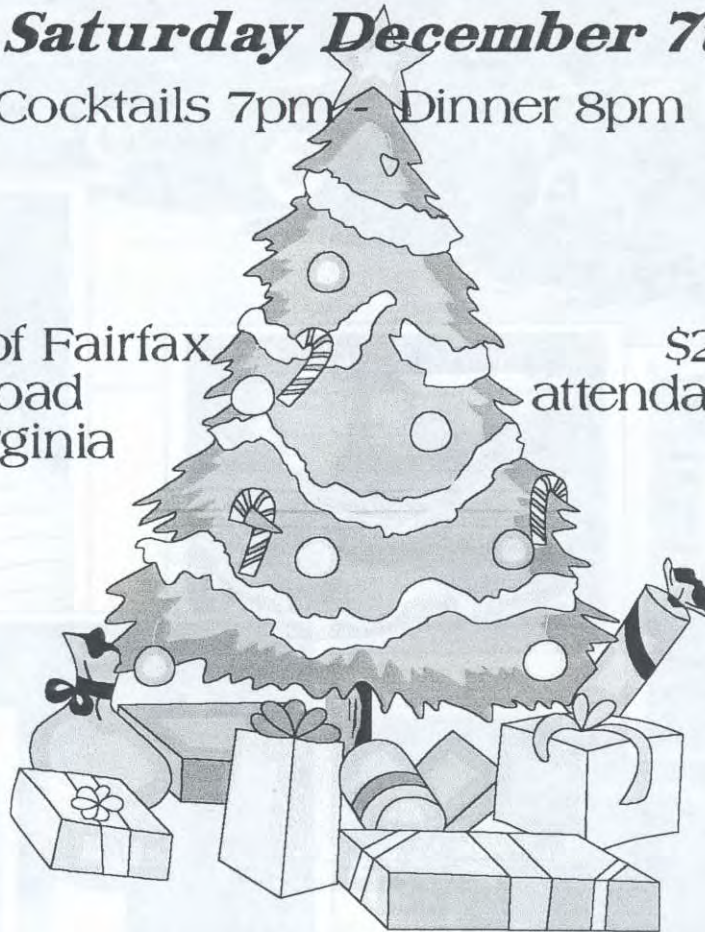
NVRG GALA HOLIDAY CHRISTMAS PARTY

Saturday December 7th

Cocktails 7pm - Dinner 8pm

Country Club of Fairfax
5110 Ox Road
Fairfax, Virginia

\$25 per person
attendance limited to 50
reservations



FOR YOUR DINNING PLEASURE

Beef Tenderloin with Hunter Brandy Sauce & Mushrooms

or

Chicken Oscar Stuffed with Crabmeat

with: Salad of the Manor, Potatoes au gratin, asparagus with julienne vegetables. Chocolate cream pie or raspberry sherbet

Each person desiring a gift is asked to bring a wrapped auto related present for our traditional NVRG gift exchange.

RSVP by Dec 2nd to Steve/Wendy Pieper 703-860-2801

(or email at swrcpieper@erols.com)



This month's meeting will feature the digital images of the Eastern National V8 Meet, Leb Tour and Hershey! See you there.

NOVEMBER 12TH NVRG Membership meeting – Program slide show on Hershey in the National
26th NVRG Board of directors meeting – Select officers for 2003

DECEMBER 7th Annual Gala Christmas Party , Country Club of Fairfax - see flyer this issue .

IT'S DUES TIME ONCE AGAIN – PLEASE SUBMIT \$15 TO HANK AMSTER, 8543 FOAL CT., GAINESVILLE, VA. 20155
You must belong to the National to be a member of any RG



Names (include spouse): _____

Fill in ONLY PARTS THAT HAVE CHANGED: **NO CHANGE, CHECK HERE**

Address: _____

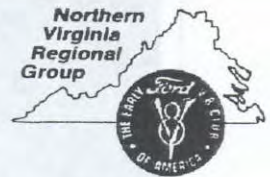
City/State/Zip: _____

Telephone (Home): _____ EMAIL ADDRESS _____

Year	Model (Standard, Deluxe, Super Deluxe, Custom, etc.)	Engine	Body Style



BOARD OF DIRECTORS
NORTHERN VIRGINIA REGIONAL GROUP

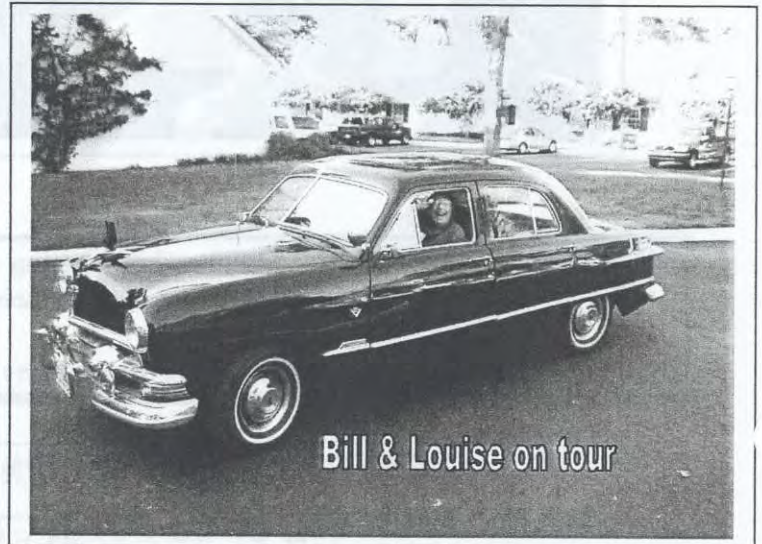


President: **Hank Dubois**....703-476-6919

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Activities **John Girman** 703-242-1459
Historian : **Don Lombard** 703-690-7971
Newsletter: **Cliff Green** 703-426-2662
Web master: **Gunnarson@erols.com**

Monthly general membership meetings are usually held at 7:30, the *second Tuesday* of each month , in historic Hunter House, located adjacent to the tennis courts, Nottoway Park, Court House Road, Vienna, Virginia. Check the newsletter for occasional alternates sites. **SEE YOU THERE**



Bill & Louise on tour



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Regional Group 96
Early Ford V8 Club
Post Office Box 1195
Vienna, Virginia, 22183