

THE PACKARDIAN

NUMBER 53

MAY 1971

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Devoted to the Preservation, Restoration
and Appreciation of
the PACKARD AUTOMOBILE.

Affiliated with:-

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EVENTS CALENDAR 1971

JUNE

20th. Sunday. Navigation Trial & Invitation Run.
(Brought forward from May 23rd.)

July

18th. Friday. Half Yearly Meeting.

August

13th. Friday. 2nd. Annual Ball. North Rocks.

September

12th. Sunday. Hills District Orange Blossom Festival.

October

15th. Friday. Meeting and Social Function.

November

7th. Sunday. Last Run for 1971

December

4th. Saturday. 6th Annual Dinner.

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& 70 Miles on 3½ Gallons of Gasoline.

Brockton, Mass. May 20 1903.

Packard Auto. Company,
Warren, Ohio.

Gentlemen:-

I want to give you a little of my experience with one of your model C's. I purchased it in June 1902, and have never been towed home but once, and that was no fault of the car getting out of adjustment, but break in the cam shaft coupling. Other than that, it has never given me one minute's trouble. I drove from Brockton to Portsmouth, N.H., with five people aboard, over new crushed stone roads with no trouble whatever. You never saw it rain faster in your life. Four of my party were well protected with wraps but I was soaked to my (hide). The car behaved like a soldier all the time. I used only 3½ gallons of gasoline going the first seventy miles. I would like to have some other cars of the same weight as mine do it. I drove home a distance of 110 miles in seven hours without a single mishap of any kind. I believe you have the best and easiest managed car made today. I am using the same spark plug that was put in the machine when I bought it. The valves have never been touched since I have had the car. I can recommend the Packard car to one and all.

I have taken other trips which have been quite interesting. I drove to Taunton, Mass., a distance of 14 miles in 35 minutes. The roads are very sandy and uneven. I also drove to Nantasket Beach in one hour and a quarter. Your car is so simple to manage that any body of any intelligence can run it. If anybody doubts this or any other statement

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE.

Yours very respectfully,

A.D. Yorke, M.D.

EDITORIAL

With this issue, just for a change, we have enclosed a brochure - kindly donated by Mr. F. Illich - giving details of the Endeavour Motor Museum. Here is a display worthy of a visit. If you have been once, then you will find another visit even more interesting as the collection is constantly growing and new exhibits are regularly being added. If you have not been, then we suggest that you do, - what better way to spend a wet Sydney afternoon? Some cars are little and cute, like the Veteran DeDion which is perfectly restored, some are towering monsters, some are beautiful, others are just plain ugly, but all are well presented and very interesting.

Naturally no display would be worthwhile without a Packard or two, and at present on show is a '40 Six Sedan, fantastic in its original condition, (a few Sydneyites will remember the beautiful brown Lithgow car), and a '39 Roadster, restored and attractive. On the way to completion and soon to be on show is a '30 Eight Coupe and a '34 Eight Sedan. The display premises at Summer Hill are a temporary measure, and in time, all these cars, together with many many more will be moved to new premises which are being designed specially to show these cars. However don't wait for that day, the cars are worth an inspection now. Everyone naturally has a favourite car, but if one was allowed to choose one car out of this lot, it would indeed be difficult to decide. Personally, I like the brute-force sporty look of the Kissel Speedster - or maybe the more dashing '30 LaSalle Roadster, and then again the Talbot Roadster would be nice to own, or the De Dion mentioned above (Just fine to do the shopping in!), a real "pet" is this one. And one or two others catch the imagination. The display isn't confined to pre-war models either, to add interest there is a selection of exotic late models. Also on display is a collection of such things as hub caps, wheels, radiators, etc, and number-plates. I think it is safe to say, that when this collection is completed, (is any collection ever really completed?) and the cars that are still in store awaiting attention are finally displayed, it will be the biggest and finest collection of automobiles in Australia. And the amazing part about it is that the first car was purchased less than twelve months ago! That is what we call enthusiasm!

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FOR SALE: One only brand new NAVIGATION TRIAL. Original condition, Used once only by a little old grey haired lady who drove it once on a Sunday - just to test it out, - in an old Packard.

As I write this, the rain is pouring down, as only the rain can pour down in Sydney. When it rains here, it really rains. All picnic grounds are sodden, most sporting fixtures have been cancelled, and it is no fun to slesh around up to your ankles in mud, not to mention the erky condition that the cars would be in, so we have also just postponed our May 23rd Invitation Run. Instead, we shall hold it on June 20th, in place of the event planned for that day, and the invitations to the other clubs still holds good.

How do we ever get such good weather for Swan Hill?

EDITOR.

THE PACKARD PANTHER

Public Relations Department
PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc.
Export Division
1861 Broadway
New York 23, N.Y.

The PACKARD PANTHER, a full-sized plastic sports car, is the first of its type specially designed using a high horsepower engine capable of record speed. The car, a three-passenger model with advanced styling in its one-piece plastic body, is the result of three years of design and materials study by the engineering division of Packard Motor Car Company. First public showing was at the 1954 New York International Motor Sports Show. Not aimed at highway use, the Panther is powered by a new Packard 275 horsepower engine utilizing forced draft carburetion. The experimental car is one of several Packard has under development as a result of its studies of plastics for both tooling and product uses. This section of the company's new styling division has a project working on design, while another section works to develop plastic dies capable of producing metal parts to get lower manufacturing costs. This would allow the company to customise further standard cars which could be built economically with special custom features coming on limited numbers.

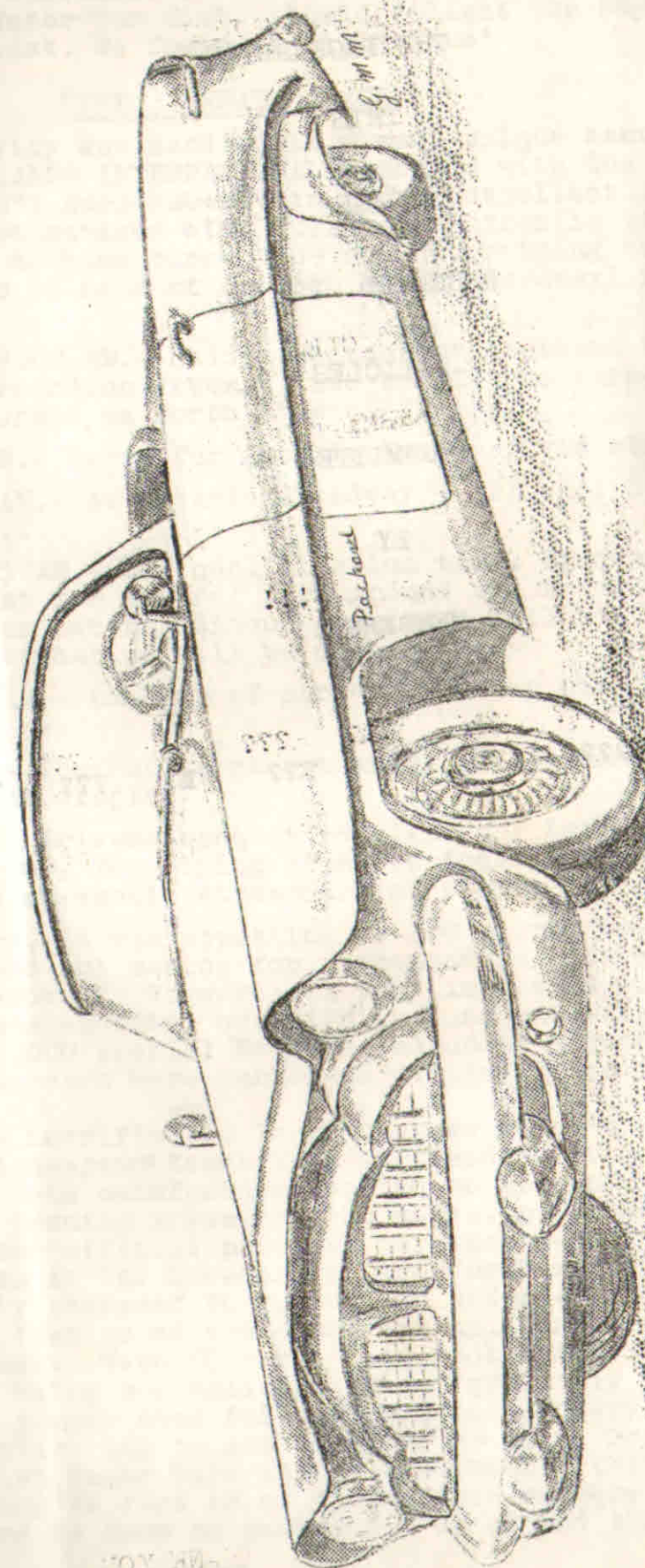
PACKARD PANTHER CAR DIMENSIONS.

Wheelbase	122"
Overall length bumper to bumper	215 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Overall width (top down)	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Overall height (top up)	58 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Top of hood at cowl	40 $\frac{5}{8}$ "
Top of door at front	37 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Door sill to ground	13 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Frame to ground	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Overall width	80 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Overhang (front)	38 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Overhang (rear)	55"

Comment:- Although the elaborate multi-fold front styling may be too ornate for today's market of smooth uncomplicated - and uninteresting- body styles, the actual grille section and the car body as a whole would, I believe, pass without question as a car- of- today in any company.

Just how far have we advanced in 17 years?

Ed.



PACKARD PANTHER

May 1971

THE PACKARDIAN

Page 6.

THIS

PAGE

RESERVED FOR

ARTICLES

SUBMITTED

BY

MEMBERS!!!

??? ??? ??? ??? ??? ??? ?E? ??? ???

THANK YOU.

May 1971

THE PACKARDIAN

Page 7

This article, reproduced from the excellent magazine of PACKARDS INTERNATIONAL Motor Car Club, should delight the heart of every Packard enthusiast. We found it hilarious!

"THE GREAT RACE"

October activity was handled in a most unique manner - our SoCal Region for PACKARDS INTERNATIONAL, combined with the ADC Club, staged "THE GREAT RACE"! Earl Rubenstein did an excellent job as tourmaster sending out meet notices with full page authentic pictures of a Packard racing machine circa 1909 and advertising the tour as "The Packard 400" to be held at Ontario Motor Speedway! The program was as follows:

Starting Time 9.00 AM.- Huddle Restaurant Eastland Shopping Center, off the San Bernardino Freeway, use the Citrus turnoff (in West Covina). Restaurant on North side of freeway.

Line Up 9.20 AM.- Leave for Ontario Speedway via caravan fashion.

Arrival 10.30 AM.- At Ontario Speedway - all cars directed to Speedway track.

Lap Time. 10.15 AM.- Lap qualification time. (Packards will be lined up three abreast for several laps around the track at speeds below 150 mph. All car owners without insurance will not be allowed on the track. Verification will be made.)

Line Up 10.50 AM.- Line up of cars at Victory Circle for pictures and display.

Tour 11.00 AM.- Tour of track pit area, maintenance facilities, and race cars on display.

Lunch 2.00 PM.- Private banquet room for our buffet lunch at the track dining room. The dining room overlooks a majestic view of the track with an exotic atmosphere of racing while we eat.

Apparently, it was appealing as 200 people together with 60 fine cars turned out making for a tremendous caravan from Covina out to the Speedway. We were all very impressed with this new facility as it is elaborate, beautifully done and simply huge, seating a possible 200,000 people! We were led under a tunnel into the infield where the cars were parked on display prior to the next function.

We were horrified to learn that we weren't going to be allowed on the high-speed track as advertised due to some unscheduled checking that some manufacturer wanted to conduct. Right in the middle of the ensuing argument, who shows up, bless him, but Roger Ward driving the official pace car for the speedway ('70 Dodge Challenger) who is the Speedway's Director for Public Relations! Roger correctly assessed the situation and requested we all mount our steeds as fast as we could and led us, single file, out on the high-speed track. With 60 cars, this took quite a bit of doing! However, this being accomplished, Roger gradually pulled away leading the grand parade that followed him in two very long rows. It took him an entire lap to get us up to 55 mph. Great and famous a race driver that Roger Ward is, he undoubtedly felt that he was herding us along as fast as he dared since we were driving all those funny cars, and he knew he had to get us around those three laps

as soon as possible so the factory's checking could be done. And then it happened! On the second lap, all chaos broke loose! What happened then will go down in history as The Greatest Race of them all! ! !

Earl Rubenstein, driving on Roger's left flank "thought" he saw Roger indicate him to pass. Bob Stafford, driving on Roger's right flank saw "Ruby" take off and they both pushed their accelerators to the floor! They were both driving Packard V-8s. And the cars right behind them were Packard V-8s. With torsion bars raising the rear ends and exhaust stacks emitting carburation smoke with four barrels completely open, these cars really blasted away! Taking note of this action, the next dozen cars also took off like there was no tomorrow! This alerted the balance of the entire crowd and everyone decided now is the time and the whole works went down the straightaway and the Great Race was on!

Poor Roger Ward! Before he knew what was up, Packards were passing him in the pace car on both sides and his head kept wagging left and right like he was watching a tennis match! Half the caravan had passed him by the time he woke up to the frightening fact: These clowns were getting serious, those Packards were really flying and he had better do something quickly or the new speedway could get wiped out visualising piles of broken old Packards, maimed bodies and concrete walls being tested for strength! So, he "floored" the pace car to attempt to regain his frontal position and try to slow down these idiots! Guess what? The pace car began to miss and backfire and Roger had to pull off to one side to avoid getting run over by some old Packard. To make matters worse, the Dodge pace car finally quit entirely and had to be pushed off the track! Zounds! Disaster! Mayhem! Roger and the track officials were reduced to having to stand by with gaping mouths as 60 old cars were running completely amuck operating at speeds they could not believe and were about to reduce their new umpteen million dollar Speedway to ashes! All our P.I. members must be refugee race drivers or at least have repressed that deep urge to drive flat out on a big race track. All assumed the pose of a leer in the eye peering out from greasy goggles, white scarves flapping out the window, teeth chomping down on a battered cigar all looking for a hole to drift into or saying he was sure he could chop off so and so on the next straightaway! What a riot! Some of the individual happenings were nearly unbelievable! Stick around, you haven't heard anything yet!

George Lott, with fire breathing out of his nostrils, was determined to catch Bill Lauer who was driving his 1936 Super 8 Roadster - and it has overdrive! George bore down on his 1951 Derham Formal Sedan reaching it's top speed of 105 mph. To George's dismay, Bill's trunk kept getting smaller and the tail lights kept getting narrower and he realised that there was no way he was going to catch that old car! Bill was "cruising" at 115 mph later blandly stating he didn't want to push it as there was so much traffic!

Jeremy Janss was sailing down the back straightaway in fine style in his 1956 Patrician. Looking at his speedometer, he noted he was doing 90. Great, he said, I've never driven a car at a 100 per and now is the time! But, before he could accomplish this, he heard a rushing, roaring sound and Mrs. Clayton sped by on the left in her '56 Patrician like Jeremy was parked! This discouraged him and he gave up! Mrs. Clayton is Joe Clayton's mother and Joe is

middle-aged.

Charles Harvey from Riverside drove his 1940 "160" Sedan but the Mrs. (June) drove their 1948 Convertible, top down and grandchildren neatly stacked in. June, attractive grey-haired lady that she is, showed the verve that typifies P.I. people by ripping around the track like a jet! She came down the final leg flat out, pulled over to one side and after stopping, got out of her Packard and bowed to the grandstands!

Bob and Dyane Simpson complained (with a straight face, yet!) that due to the congestion that surrounded their 1935 Super 8 Roadster, they were unable to go over 85 mph. They went on to reveal that they drove out on the freeway at speeds higher than that so what was so exciting about driving on this racetrack?

Quaint old cars that are fun to look at? We've got news!!!

By this time, the track officials had grabbed orange lane markers and were frantically waving at the orgy in a vain attempt to stop this madness that was out of control! After one more time around the track, we finally did brake down and docile sweet, filed off the straightaway and parked in our display area re-assuming our pose of "Aren't these beautiful old Packards attractive that we're so carefully preserving?"

Fulfilling their obligations, the track men trooped us through the facilities ending up in the high-priced area of the grandstands. They gave us an excellent resume of their new facility which took an hour but was worthwhile and interesting. Facts? A computer-operated paving machine laid the track so perfectly that the greatest variation is 1/16 of an inch in 20 feet. It was as smooth as greased velvet! With the slope involved, every seat can witness every car at any time. There are apartment-type suites that you can lease for five years at a rate of \$35,000 per year if you desire! Seriously it is a magnificent layout and we were dutifully impressed.

Dinner was next in their simply gorgeous and vast dining room with sumptuous bar. The buffet we had that day was so superb, it could only have been exceeded by the race itself! One Auburn owner caustically inquired as to who was that Packard owner that passed him at 118 mph? In spite of the delicious food, it is easily suspected that we would have all gladly walked away from those banks of food if we could have gotten back on that track! However, we unfortunately doubt that we'll ever be asked back there again. At least, they'll be bloody sure their pace car will be able to keep up with those funny, old cars!

Was it a good meet? Did we have fun, as usual? Will we remember that day for years? Did our Packards International show the kind of spirit that founded it and has characterized it for years?

We are certain this article answers those questions automatically! One thing is for sure; Those fabulous old Packards aren't just for show - they'll also really go! !

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REMEMBER. NAVIGATION TRIAL. SUNDAY, JUNE 20th. 10.00 a.m.

CASTLE HILL RD. WEST PENNANT HILLS. BE THERE!

2000-odd MILES OF PACKARDING. Part 2.

We start our story where we left off last time, at the Motel Murray River, Swan Hill. The Packardians had gone, the merriment had ceased, the place looked lonely and deserted. All over Swan Hill holiday makers were leaving the city and heading for home. It was Easter Monday, time to start getting back to the normal everyday world.

Eric and I were due for a few day's break and had no very urgent need to get home straight away - the lined-up jobs could wait a few more days. Robert Bracht was also able to take another few days off from work, and the Adelaide boys had been most persuasive in their repeated requests for us to visit them, so we decided to spend a few more days away from the toils of normal existence and head for Adelaide. After all, we were only about 300 mile away.

We didn't want to take both cars, so the McKenzie family at Mellooli came to our aid and kindly offered to store "Elanore" for us until our return journey. So first stop was out to the property in both cars, and once again the hospitality of the McKenzies left nothing to be desired, and after settling Max's '34 Club Sedan down under cover, we eventually got the Super packed with all our luggage and the three of us retraced our steps southward to Swan Hill and then out on the road to Adelaide about three o'clock in the arvo. By now the big Super engine had started to free up, but we still didn't want to push it, particularly as the weather was so hot and the road through the Mallee district, densely bordered on both sides with thick Mallee scrub gave little relief. No breeze could penetrate that blanket of growth, so we just cruised along at a steady 40 and enjoyed the relaxing drive. The roads were fantastic. Long and straight and of good surface...oh to let a Packard V8 have it's head along some of those stretches! Night had fallen well before we reached the Adelaide hills, but the clear moonlight made the trip fascinating. The beautiful old stone buildings, nestling amongst tall trees and neat gardens stood out in relief against the black backdrop of night, and our heads were on a swivel as we tried to look everyway at once. Then down we dropped into Adelaide, entranced by the pretty sight of Adelaide by night spread out before us like a jeweled carpet.

It was after midnight when we drove into the city. We had only a sketchy map to follow, and it didn't show Woodville Gardens - and that is where Don Jacobs lives and that was where we were aiming for. However, a friendly bus driver, just knocking off from work, put us in the right direction and a bit after 1.00 a.m. we found ourselves in the right general area at least. Now to find Humphries Tee.??? There we were, complete strangers in the city, not having a clue where to go....when they went and turned the lights out on us! "That #@+! Jacobs bloke," thought I, "He must have heard us coming and went and pulled the switch!". We later learned that this practice is normal, seems the Adalaidians are early sleepers generally, -or something.

With the help of another local, who obviously was having a rare late night, we found Humphries Tee, now we only had to find the right house. While Eric sneaked the Super slowly along the dark street, Robert soft-shoed it along the footpath peering at letter boxes and house numbers, while I peered through the darkness to look for any sign of a Packard. Almost at the end of the street there it was, the Jacob's Packard parked on the front lawn. We didn't have the heart

to wake the family at this ungodly hour so we crept the Grey Lady up onto the grass verge and settled down to catch a few hours sleep. Before dawn, we were rudely awakened by a big head thrusting through the car window, with several most unkind remarks being made, gently (?) arousing us from our slumber, and ordering us inside the house. Don gets up early.

After he'd stopped abusing us for not waking him on our arrival, Don and Lena made us to lie down upon very welcome beds, and we slept.

Some things are unexplainable. Don has a cute little dog who guards the house very well, no one stops in front of that house without Scamp talking loudly about it. That night he hadn't made a sound. And he must have heard us as we opened and closed the car doors several times while getting ourselves sorted out for our short nap. Yet, when we went inside, he took up his post in front of the house and rode shot-gun on our car, warning everyone who walked along the street not to touch that Packard. How did he know? He'd never seen us or the car before!

Anyway, Eric wanted to do an inspection of the Super's bearings, so after we finally woke up from our refreshing sleep, she went over Don's pit and had her insides attended to, and all was well. After lunch we all climbed aboard and took off to see some Packards-what else? First on the list was Peter Evans. His '22 Tourer is superb. One of the best restorations we have seen...and it goes as it looks, just great. Cameras came out and several good shots were taken, and Peter took us for a jaunt down the road, that is quite a car.

This took up the better part of the afternoon, so back to the Jacob's residence where we were treated royally by this fine family. The night was spent touring Adelaide and the hills to see the city by night - and so the kids could have a ride in the big Packard naturally.

Next morning we headed first for John Lasscock's, and as John owns a beaut nursery, and as I am a bit of a garden nut - it was a case of what to look at first, the plants or the cars. The cars eventually won out, but not before I had vanished several times amid rows of potted growth and fern houses. John has an excellent collection of early Fords, plus several other makes, and his '40 Packard is amongst the top few cars in such excellent original condition, naturally it was driven out into the sunshine for photos. By the way, thanks John for the fern, just had to have an Adelaide plant in my garden!

A quick drive through the busy metropolis (that is heavy traffic??) to see this lovely city by daylight, and a walk along several tree lined streets admiring the gardens of this well laid out city, made the pangs of hunger rather noticeable, so next stop was the Avonues Hotel to meet John Lucas and have a bit to eat under the shade of an accomodating tree in the hotel garden. I might add that we had struck the hottest successive days that Adelaide has had for about 60 years. John then steered us through the maze of suburban streets to where his '37 Pass. Sedan and his '56 Clipper were garaged. Both these cars are excellent, the '34 posed prettily for the inevitable camera clicking after being duly admired. This car is immaculate. The '56 was in the process of being sold to Bill Colmer who had decided that it was the car for him after the Swan Hill weekend, but John took us for a run in it and was having second thoughts about parting with it, it really is a nice machine. We then called in to see Clem Ryan, just around the corner, but our timing was out,

and so was Clem. Never mind, we'll catch up next time. Then back to Woodville Gardens where I promptly forgot my manners by dropping in to a deep sleep on a comfortable lounge. The heat plus the dashing around plus the excitement of the past week had taken their toll.

The night was spent most enjoyable with the family and their friends by again bringing out the colour slides, and the hour was again late. Don unfortunately had to work the next day, much to his displeasure, so sleepy early morning farwells took place in the dawn light next morning, and shortly afterwards, Eric, Robert and I began packing once again for the long drive home. We were sorry that time didn't allow us to see more people, but we have every intention of returning a.s.a.p., next time we hope it will be for a longer stay, we fell in love with Adelaide, and will remember fondly the warmth and friendliness of the South Australians, in particular the Jacob's family, who took in three weary travellers from N.S.W. - and gave us such a wonderful holiday. Thanks Don and Lena.

The journey back to Swan Hill was, for the most part, uneventful, the Super was going nicely, the weather was beaut, the road good. Until - about midnight with Swan Hill only 8 mile away, the Grey Lady came to a not-unexpected halt. We had fueled up shortly before the S.A./Vic. border, and from there on didn't find one open Service Station...each little village loomed promisingly ahead on the map...but each little village was firmly tucked up for the night...and the gauge was showing signs of disaster. She just couldn't make it those extra 8 mile. After trying in vain to flag down several passing motorists who possibly thought we were roving gypsies or refugees from prohibition, two young lads in a hot Holden took pity on us - I think their curiosity made them stop- and drove Eric into S.H. It was now going on for one o'clock, it was very dark, it was very cold, and Robert and I waited for someone to turn up...anyone!...so we made use of the time by partaking of an elegant repast of luke warm tea and bickies in grand style in the Packard dining room. Eventually Eric and the lads came back with the life giving fuel and the Old Dear- (the car, that is) came back to life and took us safely into Swan Hill, back to the Murray River Motel to plead for a night's sleep.

Next morning we collected a few odds and ends which had been discovered as being lost after the Easter weekend at the Motel, took the proprietor for a joy ride, then back out to Mellool to collect Elanore. A final goodbye to the family who had again made us most welcome, then back on the road to Sydney. As mentioned last time, Elanore had a remarkable thirst for oil, so we made sure of carrying a five gallon drum with us. Apart from the frequent stops to check the oil level, both cars performed in fine style through the little-used back roads, easing down for flocks of meandering sheep and a stray cow or two, stopping at small villages with the usual groups of locals asking the usual questions, and the first day's run to Jerilderie passed without noteworthy incident.

Saturday, and the final leg of the trip. Elanore was really making herself noticed. Ever been in a country town on a Saturday morning? Every man and his dog for miles around come into town, and Elanore, with her trail of smoke, tried to sneak inconspicuously past. Eric, following in the Grey Lady, tried to pretend that he didn't know us...I gassed Narrandera, smoked out Cootamundra, polluted Young, and was about to asphyxiate Cowra late in the afternoon, but pulled up on the outskirts to wait for Eric and Robert, when a yell

from a passing motorist, (with a trailer loaded with what looked like the local Cowra tip piled in it, but which turned out to be an assortment of rescued car parts), made me look up. It was Don Kibbler, grinning as usual from ear to ear, so we made for Don's place to have a look at the progress on his vast collection of pre-'30 Packards. That guy is a nut on Packard for sure. He's been working hard and the cars are coming along fine, with great attention to detail. Time was slipping past and we wanted to get home that night, so back on the road again. Bathurst, then Lithgow and night had fallen. We "dined out" that night, that is, hamburgers and chips and hot tea in the back of the Super...but at least it was the Main street that we chose, nothing but the best for us! We watched the locals peer in at us while we peered right back at them. Then up Lithgow hill and over the mountains for home. Only one worry with the night drive, the following headlights made Elanore's smoke screen appear twice as bad as it was...and believe me, it was pretty bad! Eric and Robert, wisely keeping a mile or two behind, always knew that I was still ahead by the patches of fog-like drifts. By this time, after the monotony of a 600 plus mile drive all by my lonesome, I was not only talking to myself, but also to Elanore, other motorists, road signs and even trees. But it was most enjoyable, the conversation was at times quite brilliant.

As good as the run had been, it was a welcome sight to see our driveway and to know that Elanore was safely back with no damage done, and both cars were given an affectionate pat on the bonnet for a job well done. And if anyone ever tries to tell me that these old cars are just a novelty and not really practical for today's travelling...then I might have a few words to say about that. I, for one, would not be frightened to drive our Packard anywhere, and I think this trip speaks for itself. Particularly Max Hood's Elanore, who, with a very sick engine, doing about 30 mile to the gallon of oil, traveled over 1200 mile and brought me home safely. Both cars, bless their hearts, did us proud. AND not a flat tyre between them.

Our sincere thanks to all who participated in this, our first, National Meet. Each and every one helped to make it a memorable event, and we hope you'll be ready for the next one.

Thanks also to everyone who helped to make our extra jaunt to Adelaide worth the 2000-odd miles of Packarding. And thanks to Max for entrusting me with his beloved Elanore.

Gwen MacRae.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 20th. NAVIGATION TRIAL AND INVITATION RUN.

WE THERE AND HELP TO MAKE OUR GUESTS FEEL WELCOME. INVITED ARE:-

THE CADILLAC CLUB, 30-40 CLUB, C.H.A.C.A., CHEVROLET CLUB. HUDSON-TERRAPLANE CLUB.

A GOOD ROLL UP IS EXPECTED. THIS IS A GOOD CHANCE TO SEE SOME OTHER WORTHY MARQUES AND TO MEET THEIR WORTHY OWNERS.

ASSEMBLY, 10.00 a.m., CASTLE HILL ROAD, DETAILS AS IN APRIL MAGAZINE.

RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY RALLY.

FOR SALE.

1947 Clipper Sedan. Front damaged, otherwise body very good. Reg. early June. Engine overhauled:- new pistons, new main bearings, new radiator. 2 new 6 ply tyres & 2 new retreads. Packard Tasman radio. \$120.

N. Spanswick. 17 Grayling Rd. West Pymble. 2073. Ph. 495607.

1948. Reg Oct. 1971. Motor good at 89,000. Body good, except little rust at rear. Good tyres. Packard radio. Interior good. Second owner. B/W plates. \$250 o.n.o. Mr. McDonald. 19 Hendy Ave. Coogee. Ph. 9 to 5, 3496122.

WANTED.

For 1953 Ultramatic Clipper. Ball joints and rubbers for front suspension.

Garry Cooley. 24 Bryant St. Tighes Hill 2297.

Ph. Bus. Hours. 615001. (Newcastle)

SPECIAL NOTICELOST OR STOLEN

From rare V12 Packard which has been in store for some time, the following items are missing. Any information leading to the recovery of same will be most appreciated. If you have seen any of these items, or had them offered to you, please contact Gwen MacRae as soon as possible. These items will not suit any other car and are easily identified.

1. 3 x 17" wire wheels. Distinctive as they have been chromed, plus spokes are attached to rim by nipples, not welded as on Super 8 and Std. 8 models.
2. Front axle, backing plate, hub and drum.
3. Radiator cap and Cormorant Mascot.

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Late Notice.

The members of P.A.C. Aust. have been invited to participate in a run with the Cadillac Club. Date is Sunday June 13th. Destination is Wiseman's Ferry. Other details not yet known, if interested, please phone a few days before for details of times etc. We would like a good roll up - practice up well on your "quick-come-backs", knowing the Caddy boys you'll be in for some ribbing! and an enjoyable day.

Other Late Notice.

Members have also been invited to attend an evening with C.H.A.C.A. at St. George Leagues Club, Kogarah, on July 3rd., for Dinner and Show. Booking fee for show is \$1.00. Please contact Bev Pearson by 10 days before (June 24th) for bookings, ph. 784245, and for final details. Sounds like a good night.