

PREDICTOR

PACKARDS INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR CAR CLUB

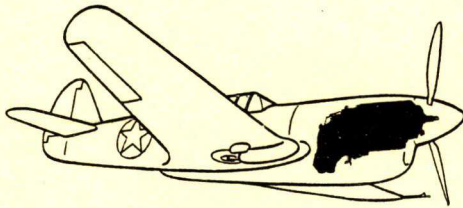
SAN DIEGO REGION

VOLUME 18

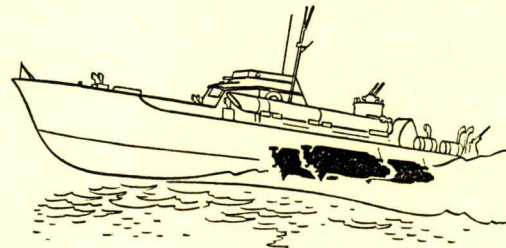
AUGUST 1993

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

June 12, 1943



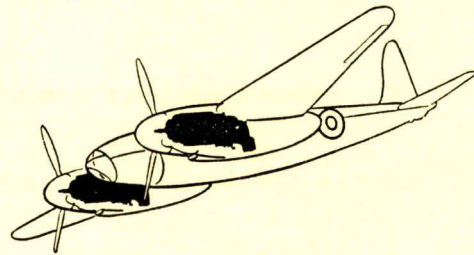
Back in "coffin corner" went Rommel's Axis divisions as U. S. Warhawks helped to pound them relentlessly. Packard workers heard the news with cheers, for they build the Rolls-Royce engines that power these planes.



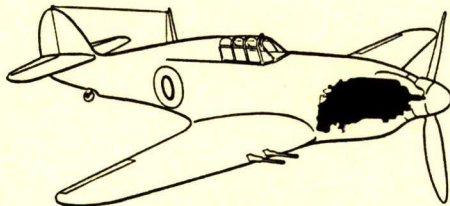
"Streamline pile-drivers loaded with dynamite!" That's what men in Uncle Sam's famed Mosquito fleet call their PT Boats. The hit-and-run PT's, powered by Packard super-marine engines, are making a terrific dent in Axis tonnage.

Did you know this family secret?

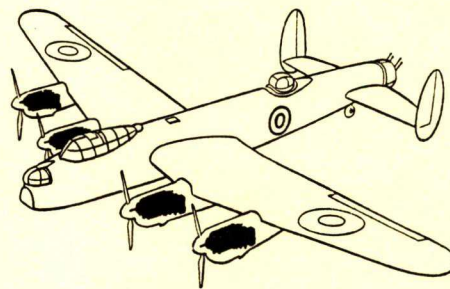
You've read, in your daily newspaper, about the exploits of the fighting weapons shown here. The group ranges from the amazing PT Boats to four-engined bombers. Yet all of them are "sisters under the skin" . . . powered with precision built engines by Packard.



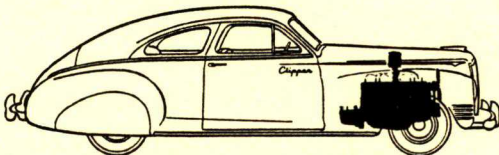
Too fast to catch! Swift DeHavilland mosquito bombers rely on pure speed to complete their missions unscathed. With two Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines to supply their power, these long-range streaks are giving the Luftwaffe plenty of headaches.



"Can openers" is the name they've given the Hurricane—equipped with 40 mm. guns—for its spectacular tank-busting feats in North Africa. Many a Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine has helped to write the fighting log of this deadly British fighter.



"To Berlin—with the compliments of Coventry" might well have been scrawled on the block-busters dropped by England's multi-ton Lancasters. These four-motored giants depend on Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines on their nightly sweeps over German targets.



Duration durability. Packard Clipper quality counts double today, for the craftsmen who once built these cars are "all out" on war work now. They're building fighting engines today—and storing up new precision experience that will produce even finer post-war Packard cars. Meanwhile, Packard dealers have ample parts and a special war-time "car health" plan to keep your car in A-1 running order.

PACKARD

Precision-built Power

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

BOARD FOR 1993

President:	George Cataline	480-8108
VicePresident/Tours:	Bruce Newton	967-2720
Secretary:	Denise Newton	967-2720
Treasurer/Historian:	Linda Bittner	566-8618 597-2627(B)
Membership:	Fred Spector	438-2365
National Bd. Rep:	Rick Bittner	566-8618
Projects/Sales	B.J. Hill	530-1414(B) 451-0670
The <i>Predictor</i> :	Bobbie McNicol	693-8000
Photographer:	James Dahmann	743-1395

EVENTS AND TOURS

August 4 Regular meeting, Denny's Miramar Road. Program: "The History of Glass," Larry Lewis

August 24-29 National Tour, Cleveland, OH

August 29 John Bryan Packard Tour
TL: Fred Perkins

September 1 Regular meeting, Denny's Miramar Road. Program: "How to Will Your Packard," Jay Henderson

September 5 Dr. Stephan Von Cramm Concert, Balboa Park Pavilion, 2-3 p.m.

September 15 Board meeting

September 20 Maytag Manor, Chula Vista.
TL: Colin Fort

THE OFFICE IS STILL LOOKING

Do you have a 1983 Roster or December 1984 *Predictor*? WE WILL BE HAPPY TO COPY YOURS AND RETURN! THANKS.

Call BJ at 530-1414



PRESIDENT'S FORUM

August 1993

Fellow Packard members,

What a grand success at the Great American Picnic! Twenty-four Packards, twenty-four Studebakers, and three Model A's. If the camping trip had not been planned, the Model A's would have been out in force. You missed a good one! This year it was catered. Let us know if you liked it so we can plan for next year.

Unfortunately, we must say goodbye to Steve and Bobbie McNicol. They are on their way to Oregon. Be sure and come to the meeting August 4 so you can say your goodbyes. Bobbie has been most appreciated as the editor of *The Predictor*. We will miss her. Thanks to both of you, and good luck.

Another thank you goes to Joan King, who will step in and help us as secretary for the remainder of this year. She replaces Denise Newton, who also needed to go to Oregon with Bruce on personal relocation.

The nominating committee will begin work for 1994. Please volunteer to help on the committees, or, better yet, we need a Vice President and Secretary. Linda Bittner will be Treasurer, and I will be President if I have to, but I'd rather see someone else take that office. Please help us.

Nice news about the Christmas party. It will be held at Dr. Craig Pearson's house. Thanks, Craig.

Garage Tour coming up August 29. The date of the September tour has been changed. Don't forget the Orphan Tour, which is going with the Studebaker Club on October 9. This year is fast coming to a close. Ain't it been a good one?

George Cataline
President

COMING SOON, AUGUST 4 MEETING

Larry Lewis, Heckman Glass, El Cajon
"The History of Glass"

Discuss methods of putting in glass, taking out the broken glass, how to select glass, how to find the correct glass "people," pricing of glass.

**PACKARDS INTERNATIONAL
SAN DIEGO REGION**

Tours 1993 (Update)

Meeting Date	Other Tours	San Diego Tours	Board Meeting
August 4	Car Expo 93 Reno, NV August 2-5	John Bryan Garage Tour August 29 TL: Fred Perkins	
	National Tour Cleveland, OH August 24-29		
September 1	Dr. Stephan Von Cramm Concert Balboa park Organ Pavilion September 5	Maytag Manor Chula Vista September 26 TL: Colin Fort	September 15 Home of Joan King
	San Diego Concours d'Elegance Seaport Village September 26		
October 6	Grand Salon SoCal October 23-24	Orphan Car Show Joint Studebaker Kona Kai Beach & Tennis Club October 9 TL: Colin Fort	
	Newport Beach Concours d'Elegance Aldrich Park, UC Irvine campus Irvine October 3		
November 3		Palomar Mountain Climb Observatory/picnic November 6 TL: George Cataline	November 17
December 4		Christmas Party Home of Craig Pearson December 4	
January 23, 1994		Membership meeting Stoneridge Country Club Poway January 23, 1994 TL: BJ Hill	January 10

National Tours 1994

May: Lake Tahoe, NorCal Region
Nov 5-9: Death Valley, SoCal Region

National Tour 1995

Pacific Northwest Region
July August

GARAGE TOUR: FABULOUS 7 MAJORS

Begins at 9:00 a.m., Focus, Mission Valley for coffee and doughnuts.
Tour leaves at 9:15. Start the tour with us because we will see several garages/cars.

Robert and Betty Ortenburger, new members, 1992.
1934 Twelve 1107 Coupe (restored)

Karl and Erline Pedersen
1927 six-cylinder Roadster (restored) and Wrench Collection

Karl and Peggy Ramsing
1929 standard 8 engine (working!)

Craig Pearson
1947 Custom Limo (final stages)

BJ Hill/Tony Collins
1932 Standard 8 901 (final paint)

Jincie and Dick Williams
1922 7-passenger Phaeton (engine repair)

Commander Needham
1939 V-12 Coupe Roadster with rumble seat
"2nd last 12 made" (paint and upholstery)

Potluck at the home of Winona and George Cataline, 1:00 p.m. Club to provide coffee and lemonade. Tour Leader: Fred Perkins, 966-0190



Steve Cram

Stephan Von Cramm

8767 Ginger Snap Lane
San Diego, CA 92129

Dir. Music, Corpus Christi Catholic Parish
Bonita/San Diego
FAX: 619/482-7236

Steve Cram (Dr. Stephan Von Cramm), guest speaker, automobile appraiser and historian AND organist invites YOU to Balboa Park Organ Pavilion September 5 (Sunday) 2-3 p.m. where he will be guest organist for the weekly concert! These weekly concerts are presented by the city of San Diego on the world's largest and only restored and fully operative outside pipe organ. Half the program is classical and light classical and the other half is popular music. The classical side will feature Franck's romantic Chorale #3 plus some trumpet voluntaries by other composers. The popular side will feature some advertising themes from radio and television (Chiquita Banana song and See the USA in your Packard Car!) plus a rousing Souza march. Come and enjoy...

Esmarelda Phinius

By Jincie Campbell Williams ©

Edited for Packards International
From Esmarelda Phinius:
Queen of the Metalmen
All Rights Reserved

Hail, O' Esmarelda!
Regal Escort of Presidents and Kings
Stately Grande Dame of the Thinking Man
Object of Envy of the Working Man
Hail, O' Esmarelda!
Queen of the Metalmen.

It all started with a tiny piece of paper held aloft in the hand of my present husband, Richard. By the look on his face, I would have guessed that he had some sort of secret which, of course, he was not going to tell me. Somehow, I also knew it had something to do with me. Before I could ask him, he walked over and stuck it on the refrigerator door among the myriad of notices, appointments and junk that one collects under those cookies, crackers and other cutesy magnetized items that are real enough looking to drive small kids and pets crazy. When he disappeared into the other room, I raced over to see what it was that he was so pleased and secretive about. It was, it turned out, a notice from the *Los Angeles Times*. It couldn't have been more than 1 inch by 1½ inches and how he saw it remains a mystery:

"Feb. 6-7 Packard swap meet sponsored by Packards International Motor Car Club at Doubletree Hotel, 100 City Dr., info: 714-541-8431."

There it was. O.K., so I had a little dream stuck under years of other stuff, that someday I would own an antique car. A Packard, to be specific. A beautiful, long, Packard touring car, to be exact. No easy dream here. Oh sure, we had been to antique and classic car shows and we had ho-hummed our way through Fords, Chevys, Oldsmobiles and the like, but there never seemed to be more than one or two Packards, and from the looks of the owners, the last thing on our agendas was to give their car to me, even for a price, which of course, was the last thing on my agenda. Give, yes. Price, no. So Richard, knowing a totally Packard show would interest me (that's putting it rather mildly) stuck it where it would remind us not to forget. Forget? Me? Not a chance.

The day of the car show sneaked in between storms so violent that I was positive the show would be cancelled. But on that Saturday, the clouds decided to go their separate ways and allow for a few hours of sun to accommodate my first experience at an all-Packard show. Looking

back, I can see now that it was a set-up. The fates, wherever they hang out, said, "Hey, let's liven things up a bit around here. Let's get the old girl out here and change her life forever. Just for fun, of course." Right.

As we approached the fringes of the show, I could only marvel at the carnival-like atmosphere. Everywhere, people were milling around, looking, selling parts, talking car talk, which in English, means Packard talk. Old parts that looked like they had just been exhumed after centuries of resting on some forgotten old river bed, were selling like hotcakes. I mean, people were actually buying that stuff and paying premium prices for it. They had come for a purpose, all these people, and I could only think of Packard Piranhas. Nice Packard Piranhas though. Little did I know that as the fates were snickering, I would become of the best, most disgusting Packard Piranha.

After sidestepping all the bent, bondooed junk and stepping over my last rusted fender, I finally got into the heart of the swap meet. It took exactly five seconds to spot her. I could not believe my eyes. There she was, basking under her own sun, like some ancient queen holding court, preening in front of all her subjects. No trumpets were blaring, no banners were waving, but they should have been, because there, in all her glory, sat *My Dream*. So entranced was I, that I stopped dead still and stood rooted to the ground. The loud, happy sounds of people bartering, repeating oft-repeated tales about their cars and meeting friends they hadn't seen since the last swap meet or show, receded into the background and became like whispers from another time and place. I stood there for some

*There, in all her glory, sat
My Dream.*

time, having no idea in the world what to do. The word "buy" came drifting through and settled somewhere in the subconscious. "Buy?" Someone was saying "buy?" I knew it wasn't me and I came alive. I raced over, joining a lively crowd already surrounding her. She was sitting proudly on four of the most beautiful wheels I had ever seen, slender tires hugging a rim surrounding graceful wooden spokes which were painted red with gold trim. As my gaze crept upward, wide, beautifully curved black front fenders melded into long running boards which again disappeared into high, rounded back fenders. Her wonderful body, long, shiny and red, assaulted my senses. Her old canvas top rode like some huge crown perched on her regal body. She was 71 years old and looked stately and elegant with a grand touch of whimsy, an icon attesting to a time when pride and workmanship counted. On her windshield was a sign. I blinked and looked again.

What I thought was a sign that said "Please Do Not Touch," said, "FOR SALE." I drew closer and reread it, just to make sure. Again, I heard the word "buy." I stood like a statue listening to strangers planning to make offers on *my car*. People taking pictures of *my car*. People lovingly rubbing the beautiful fenders of *my car*. It was unbearable. I had to get out of there and take my misery elsewhere. As I turned away, the current owner of this magnificent car walked up to the sign, took out a black magic marker and wrote in big black letters, "Make Offer."

Something snapped. In a heartbeat I was racing through the cars and parts, sailing over decapitated fenders to find Richard. He was looking at a very nice, black 1939 sedan and was in mid-sentence with the owner when I flew at him, grabbed his arm and became incoherent. I could only drag him through the lot pointing. As we arrived on the scene, I forced myself to calm down. I tried to whisper coolly, "Sweetheart, why don't we make an offer, hummm?" What came out was a screech that sounded like a short-tempered elephant having a very bad day. Richard pulled his arm away and looked at me as if he would no doubt be seeing me very shortly on a well-padded gurney being rolled down the street. Heads turned. I had to calm down. O.K., I'll calm down. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out. One couldn't be too eager, that sort of thing. I took a deep breath and suggested to Darling Richard that he make an

I stood like a statue listening to strangers planning to make offers on my car. People taking pictures of my car. People lovingly rubbing the beautiful fenders of my car.

offer, you know, man-to-man. A little whisper in the ear. A clap on the back. The quiet handshake, kind of thing. The car is ours, kind of thing. A done deal, kind of thing. So he turned around and shouted to the owner, over the heads of the twenty other enemy buyers, "How about if I offer you...."

"AAAHHHHHHH, STOP, STOP," I screamed, looking around. Seeing dozens of enemy eyes now focused on me, I lowered my voice to a whisper that was probably heard on the fifth floor of the hotel. "For God's sake, you can't do it *that* way. Everybody and his brother will offer something higher. Your supposed to be cool." That advice from someone who knows a lot about being cool.

Richard, normally very well adjusted and having learned years ago that there is not much he can do with me, does have one *little, tiny* thing that he does to show his displeasure and that he has perfected over the years until it has become a sort of art form. He throws his glasses. He doesn't throw them down in the heat of anger, he

gracefully sails them into the air so that they have a brief life of their own. It's quite amazing to watch the little rascals when they discover in their short-lived moment of glory that they don't have wings at all, just a nasty case of reverse gravity.

I somehow sensed that I had pushed my beloved too far. His face turned red, his eyes turned to black points of smoldering coals and his glasses were now approaching Mach I and going into orbit. This was a rapidly deteriorating situation. Our marriage was heading for the shoals and my car was in extreme danger of being driven away by some undeserving stranger who obviously could not, in a million years, love her as much as I did. We called a quick truce and seriously regrouped. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, things settled down and Richard quietly sidled over to the owner and offered him what I dearly hoped he would accept. He raised the ante just a bit, and Darling Richard, who was known to me only a moment or two ago as Nerd Face, shook hands.

Oh my God, the car was ours. I could not tear myself away. I hung onto her beautiful fenders, puffing myself up to where I thought I would explode. "Yaaas," I said, to no one in particular and to those unfortunates who wandered into my web, "she belongs to me. I just bought her." Never mind that Mr. Wonderful had to pay for her, buy gas for her, wax her and protect her with his life. She belonged to me.

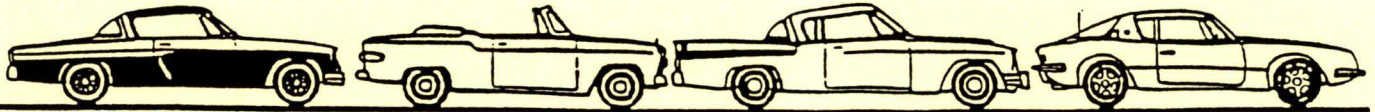
I heard some muttering from the same would-be buyers who had said the "B" word and who thought they'd had more time to contemplate and negotiate, and from those who had been interested in buying her but had happened to come on the scene a moment too late. It just made me feel even more expansive. A friend of the owner, a woman, who had sold the car to him, and, with her husband, owns a Packard shop in Northern California, came over to tell me that as a previous owner she knew the car and the current owner very well and that we got an incredible buy. I dearly appreciated that bit of information, since in our case, other than hearing the owner start the car, we basically knew nothing about the car or the current owner. The car was sturdy, she said, it ran well and was basically in its original form. She said that the owner was a very nice person, which I sensed right from the start, which helped to quell any occurrence of the "what-have-we-done-syndrome." She also said I must name the car. "Why, of course," I replied, trying not to show my ignorance, "I already have a name for her." These things are very important, you know. More important than most every other thing pertaining to old cars. Yes indeed.

"What?"

"Esmarelda Phinius, that's her name," I sniffed.

"That's, uh, kind of, uh, unusual," she said. "Where did it come from?"

"It just came."



STUDEBAKER DRIVERS CLUB

2nd Annual

San Diego Chapter
Presents The

ORPHAN CAR SHOW

Saturday October 9, 1993

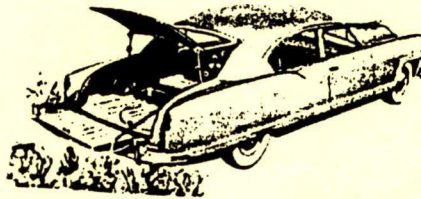
*COME FOR A RELAXED FUN FILLED DAY
& KICK TIRES WITH OTHER ORPHAN OWNERS*

Make Columbus Day Weekend Your Time To Party At San Diego's Beautiful
Kona Kai Beach & Tennis Resort on Shelter Island in San Diego Bay

This Is Not Just Another Car Show, This Is Your Chance To

Go On A Great Weekend Getaway!

PRE WAR • POST WAR
CHRYSLER • PACKARD
CORVAIR • HUDSON
NASH • RAMBLER
WILLYS
KAISER • FRAZER
& ALL OTHERS
(Or anyone else who
wants to come!)



- JUDGING BY POPULAR VOTE SO RELAX...NO STRESS
- CORRAL AREA-CARS FOR SALE
- HOSPITALITY SUITE
- SUNDAY MORNING PRIVATE TOUR OF SAN DIEGO CAR MUSEUM
- CHILD CARE
- VENDOR DISPLAYS
- RAFFLES

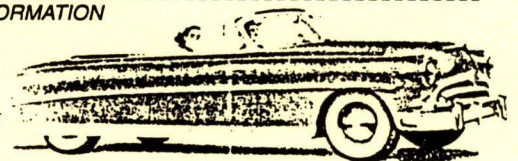
A "Fun" Car Show

* This is a joint event with the Studebaker Zone Meet featuring Studebakers from all over the West Coast.

DETACH AND MAIL FOR REGISTRATION OR MORE INFORMATION

TO: Daryl Lantz
10671 Roselle, San Diego, CA 92121 (619) 558-6196

- ___ Vendor Space(s) @ \$12 (\$15 after Sept.1)
- ___ Show Car(s) @ \$8 (\$10 after Sept. 1)



Name _____

Address _____

These Are A Few Of My Favorite Things

South Bay Couple Overcome With Strange Compulsion to Collect One Of Everything In The World

by Mary Lang

"We like to collect." Short, smiley Barbara Bennett herds me toward a Maytag wooden barrel washing machine circa 1916. It stands next to six other machines, a telephone booth with bowling pins inside it, 100 year old school desks and books and perambulators, an old gas pump, a sleigh, a carousel horse, and a wall of post office boxes, among other things.

"We started when we got married," Don Bennett says. He chuckles and puts an arm around his wife's shoulders briefly. His voice sounds a little like Burgess Meredith's.

"Fifty-one years ago!" Barbara Bennett exclaims. "Glass and china, first. Then furniture." The Bennetts' collection of antiques and near antiques now spreads through house, yard, and three specially built structures on their Chula Vista property. The historical societies and school groups that periodically troop through this nostalgic morass have dubbed it "Maytag Manor." (Don Bennett used to run a Maytag repair business.) Next Wednesday, the urban hiking group Walkabout will culminate a one-hour walk through Chula Vista with a visit to the Bennett's home museum.

"Maytag started as a farm equipment company. This wooden tub machine here uses an old milking stool inside the lid as an agitator!" Mr Bennett lifts the lid of the 1916 washing machine to show, explains how an exterior handle was worked back and forth by hand to rotate the agitator, moves on to point out the riveted side of a 1927 all-aluminum machine, the one-piece body of the 1939 model next to that. Mrs Bennett speculates on the whereabouts of a 1916 Montgomery Ward circular.

She wants to check the original selling price of a wooden "Quick and easy" washing machine, which she has quoted to me as \$2.10. She finds it and is correct.

Perhaps collecting is an addiction. A compulsion, a sickness. This is what I am thinking as the Bennetts move me down the porch, across a walkway, through their orchid house, past a schoolhouse bell (salvaged by a relative from the Iowa schoolhouse Mr Bennett's mother attended as a child) and a pitcher pump from the old San Ysidro stage stop and an ore car on a length of track from a mine, into what they call their "Country Kitchen."

This is a one-room building furnished with antique cast-iron stove, old wooden cabinetry, a rockwork sink with working water pump, a Westinghouse icebox circa 1916, displays of antique kitchen implements, glassware, and trivets - those fancy cast-iron flat things hot iron were placed on, often used as advertising gimmicks, and, says Mrs Bennett, "very collectible."

"Barbara's very handy too. She has done every craft there is. China painting, stained glass, porcelain dolls. Everything here, if we didn't collect it, we made it. See these pipes running along the walls, up the ceiling? Those are the structural framework of the building. They were salvaged from tuna boat wells. See, in tuna boats, the fish

are put in these big wells and kept cold through refrigeration fluid pumped through these pipes. They have to be replaced every so often because they can't risk a leak. Barbara's stepdad offered those to us."

Soon the Bennetts escort me - one walks behind and one in front - to another structure, which they built and furnished to resemble an old general store. Here, among the 32 different antique telephones, food products and toiletries in original packages, nickel cigars hawked by Rudolph Valentino, cracker tins, thread displays, bolts of cloth, old wool Janzten bathing suits, coffee cans, doorknobs, hinges, baskets of plastic fruit, old Mason jars and spice jars and tobacco tins (including Prince Albert in the can) mannequins stand about in period costume. One of them wields a butcher knife.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett are a font of minutiae. The Mason jar sates from 1858, and you can see the whittle marks on the glass, because it was poured in a wooden mold that had been whittled into shape. Mr. Bennett leaves to go feed some birds, and I try to follow. "But you must see the barbershop!" Mrs. Bennett entreats. The way is paved with branding irons, farm implements, a forge from Sutter's Mill, a pair of World War I Navy nurse shoes...

MAYTAG TOUR

DATE: Sunday, September 26, 1993
MEET: Wards Focus parking lot, Mission Valley, 10:00 a.m.; leave 10:30
LUNCHEON: 11:00 a.m., El Torito, Chula Vista, 271 Bay Blvd. ("E" St. exit off I-5). Buffet, \$8.95 each (\$11.12 with tax and gratuity). Reservations required: August or September meetings, or call Colin Fort, 753-5724 (evenings)
TOUR: 1:30 p.m., 355A Broadway, Chula Vista between "F" and "G" on Broadway behind Tunecraft



VOL. 10 No. 18

SEPTEMBER 15 1936

THE WHY AND HOW OF 10 mm. SPARK PLUGS

A number of requests concerning the reason for the use of 10 mm. plugs have come in. The answer is given along with some service precautions.

The 10 mm. spark plug had its inception with the trend toward higher engine speeds and compression. Yet Y-4 10 mm. plug has a better temperature stabilization ability than the 14 mm. or larger types. It reaches its normal operating temperature more quickly, so that carbon accumulated during the cold-starting period, or during long periods of idling, is more quickly burned away.

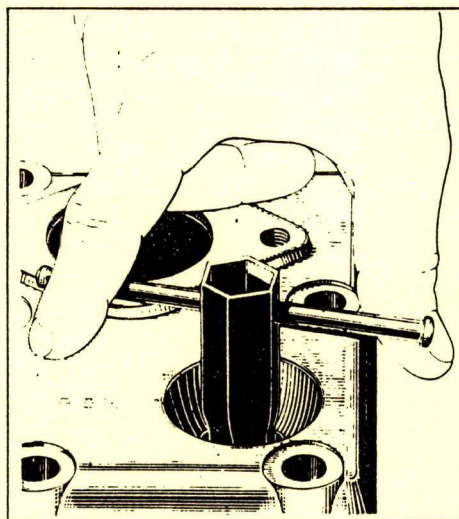
The beneficial effect of the greater rate of temperature increase of the 10 mm. over the 14 mm. type is further brought out during a series of cycles of engine acceleration, constant speed and deceleration, such as the engine passes through during traffic operation. Under this type of operation the 10 mm. plug is capable of keeping its insulator clean while the larger types of plugs would accumulate carbon or even foul.

Likewise, the maximum temperature reached by the 10 mm. plug is lower than that of the larger plugs, with the result that electrode wear and lead-bromide incrustations formed over the insulator by combus-

tion are reduced in the 10 mm. plug. These facts are borne out by extensive tests on experimental cars in traffic and at the Proving Ground tracks. Tests run in the mountains near Pittsburgh during hot weather with high engine temperatures indicated a marked superiority of the 10 mm. plug as regards pre-ignition.

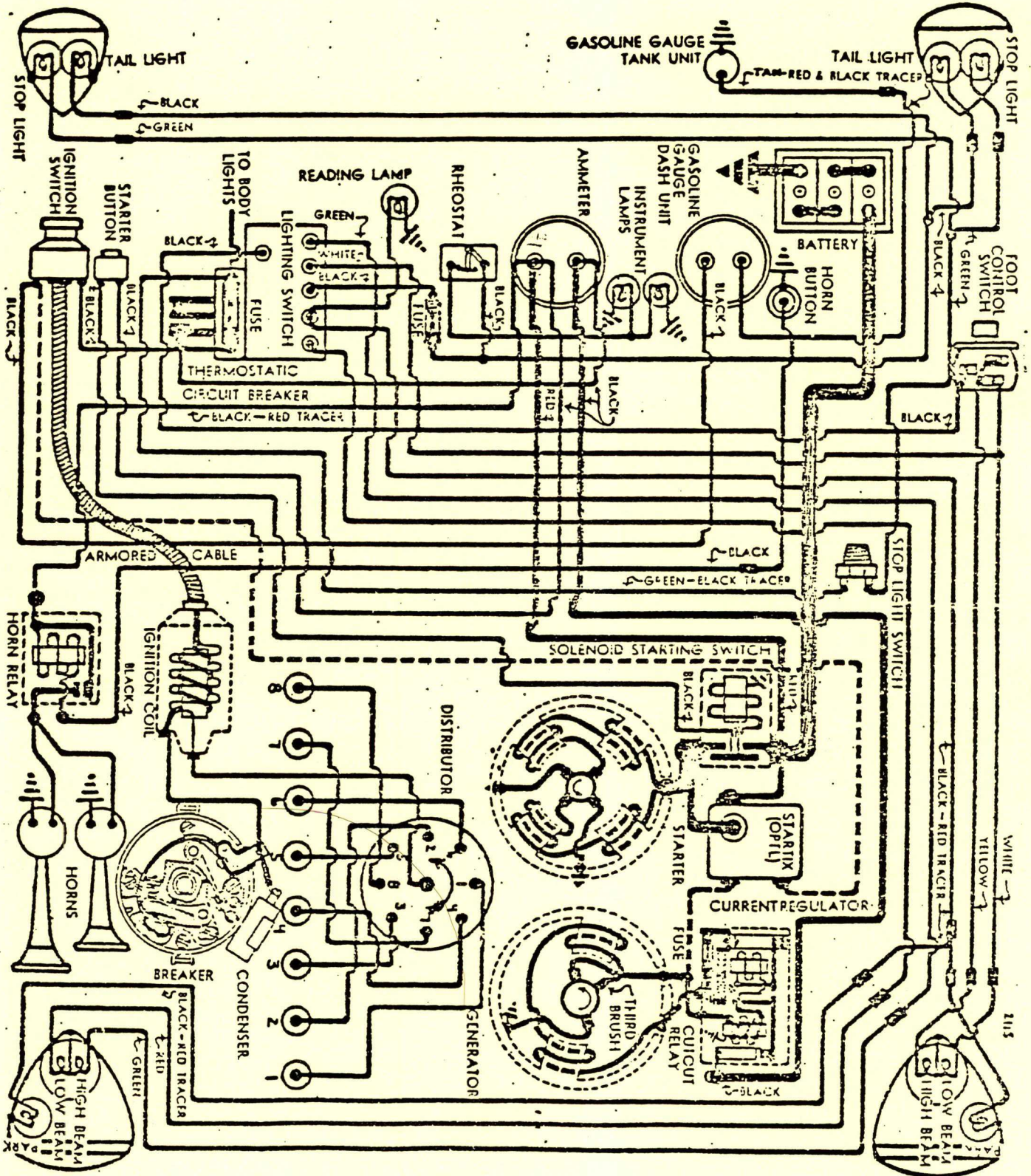
The "Spark over" distance of the 10 mm. plug is equal to the 14 mm. type. By this is meant the outside distance the spark must jump from the center wire to reach the outer shell, causing a short circuit.

The 10 mm. plug has much smaller physical dimensions than any plugs previously used by Packard. Because of its size it naturally will not resist the rough handling accorded spark plugs in the average service station in the past.



Thumb and finger leverage is sufficient.

Most mechanics feel that a spark plug must be tightened with the same effort used to pull down the cylinder head nuts. This is not the case in the 10 mm. plug, the thread of which has sufficient lead to prevent loosening when tightened in an ordinary manner with the wrench provided in the tool kit. When tightening a plug keep the wrench in a vertical position to avoid striking the plug insulator with the inside surface of the socket.



1936 "120B" WIRING DIAGRAM



WANT ADS

FOR SALE. 1947 Packard Custom 7-passenger (2126) sedan, blue/blue, correct rest, new wool, paint, chrome, woodgrain, wiring, glass, etc., etc., ready for tour or lite show, \$30,000 invested, \$25,000 OBO (4-93)

FOR SALE. 1950 Packard Custom Convertible (2359) RARE, only about 70 produced, rebuilt engine, Ultramatic. Needs restoration. ALSO 1950 Packard Super Eight Convertible (2379), needs restoration. Both cars for \$15,000. (4-93)

FOR SALE. 1951 Packard 200 Deluxe. Only 9,200 unmolested miles. Original tires, plug wires, whale oil trans fluid, etc. Jack still in box. This car has ALL factory inspection marks throughout and is incredible. \$15,000 OBO. (4-93)

FOR SALE. 1980 Triumph TR8 convertible. All original w/33,000 CA miles. Fuel injection w/tonneau, cover, alarm, stereo, etc. Car looks and drives excellent. Silver/blue. \$10,000 OBO. (4-93)

ALL ABOVE: HARRY, home (909) 699-6559, work (909) 699-3990 (4-93)

FOR SALE. 1951 200 4-door sedan yellow Packard. Need to get to work on the 902 under restoration. \$4800. Driveable. Linda Bittner. (619) 566-8618 or 597-2627. (7-93)

WANT ADS

FOR SALE. 1954 sportster. Light green paint, green upholstery. 327, 4-barrel, Ultramatic. Asking \$3000. Call Charles at (619) 746-8711. (7-93)

WANTED. Packard sales literature, catalogues, portfolios, etc., 1925 to 1956. Buy or trade. Mark Chandler, P.O. Box 178821, San Diego, CA 92117, (619) 449-1533. (4-93)

FOR SALE. 1938 Packard Super-Eight Model 1604 "Opera Coupe." Professionally restored. Immaculate, correct interior. Cream/brown exterior. Oval rear window, sidemounts, luggage rack. Asking \$28,750. Fred at (619) 438-2365 or (619) 966-0190. (7-93)

WANTED. 1939 Studebaker "express" pickup with sidemounts. Tom Young, (702) 882-5235, Carson City, NV. (7-93)

FOR SALE. 1939 two-door sedan Packard with a Chevy engine. Seats and chrome done. Two-thirds complete. Chopped top off to turn into convertible. Price negotiable. Henry Lopez. (619) 428-6859. (7-93)

FOR SALE. 1956 Caribbean hardtop, well kept, \$20,000. George Gerrodette. 459-2488. (8-93)

NOTICE: ALL WANT ADS WILL RUN THREE MONTHS AND NEED TO BE RESUBMITTED. (619) 530-1414



BRYAN PACKARD REPAIR

1040 'A' AIRPORT RD.
OCEANSIDE, CA 92054

(619) 966-0190
FAX (619) 966-0723

Reproduction Parts Used Parts

1935 - 1942

1935 - 1942

Packard Parts

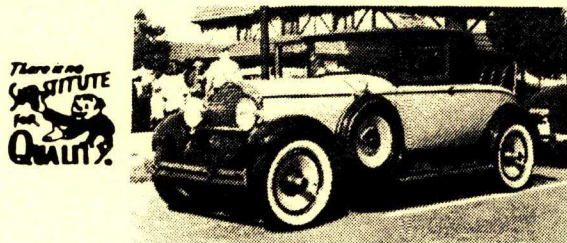
JUNIOR MODELS & SENIOR

WALLACE WALMSLEY
(619) 233-3063

4732 BANCROFT ST. #7
SAN DIEGO, CA 92116

LEMON GROVE PLATING

1400 CLEVELAND
NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA 92050



To Packards International Members:

Over the years we have established a reputation for quality plating, and a quality car deserves quality plating. I own a 1928 PACKARD Roadster and know the value you place on your parts. If you have a plating need, come in and

Ask The Man Who Owns One

Mrs. Billie Rhodes

President

(619) 474 - 4424

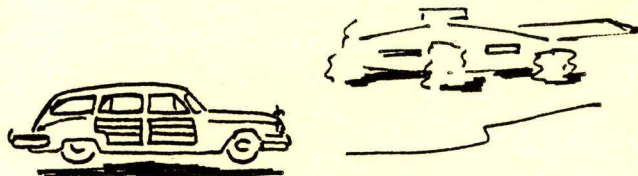
Looking for a new home
for your PACKARDS?
(p.s. and yourself?)

As a PACKARD owner and Realtor, I understand your needs both for good affordable housing and ample garage space for your car(s). I have been serving all of San Diego County as a full-time realtor since 1976. If you need to sell your present home and/or purchase another, please call me. I can help you in an honest and professional way with all your real estate needs. My computer has the ability to pinpoint your exact requirements.

Ask the woman who owns one

GINGER McLEAN
COLDWELL BANKER

FAX: 223-0804
PAGER: 536-6882
BUSINESS: 224-5111



Packard's

International Motor Car Club

San Diego Region

9030 Carroll Way #1

San Diego, CA 92121

August

Address Correction Requested

