

The Steering Wheel August 2023

Newsletter of the Midwest Antique Auto Club
Not affiliated with any national club.
An independent group of collectible vehicle enthusiasts.

Dedicated to the preservation of the antique/collectible automobile.

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Meetings are held on the third Sunday of each month. The Board meets at 1:30 p.m. and the general meeting begins at 2:00 p.m. during the months of November, January, February and March at the <u>NEW CASSEL RETIREMENT CENTER at 900 N. 90th St., Omaha, NE 68114.</u> During the summer months of April, May, June, July, August, September and October, there are no inside meetings. In these months we have "Official Car Tours" on the third Sunday of each month. Plus whatever extra tours may please us. There is no meeting in December, that meeting is replaced by our annual Christmas banquet. All vehicles are welcome, any year, make or model, but a drivable collectible/antique vehicle is not a requirement for membership. The latest Steering Wheel can be found at https://midwestantiqueautoclub.org.

The deadline for articles for the Steering Wheel is the last Saturday of the month.

The President's Message



Hello Everyone,

I hope you are enjoying your cars and staying out of the sun. With as hot as it has been, driving an antique car without air conditioning can be difficult. Good thing for cowl vents and wing windows.

I want to thank Jack and Susan Lorsch for their hospitality in having the MAAC over to their home in July for their car show and food. I really appreciate their support over the years and kindness that they have shown us. I hear from sources that there were a record number of cars at the Lorsch's this year.

There are a lot of car shows over the next 45 days so I hope to see you at an event. We have the New Cassel Car Show at New Cassel

Retirement Center in August – I hope to see you there.

See you in August.

John and Karen Thurber

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

August Driving Tour - SATURDAY, August 26, 2023

We will be meeting at New Cassel Retirement Center at 900 N. 90th Street, Omaha, from 1:00 p.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturday, August 26th for a car show. This is a great opportunity to share our cars with people that have a hard time traveling to car shows and to thank New Cassel for use of their facility during the winter. New Cassell will provide a snack for club members that attend. Please bring lawn chairs.

September Driving Tour

We are tentatively planning to visit Andy Leach's CAL Automotive Creations in Bennington in September. More information to come in the September Steering Wheel.

October Driving Tour

We will be visiting the Fontanelle Orchard in Fontanelle Nebraska (just north of Arlington, NE) just like last year. The club will be purchasing pie and ice cream for all the members that participate in our tour. More information on the time to meet in the September Steering Wheel. I hope to see you at our last driving tour of the year.

MEMBER NEWS

July Driving Tour – We met at Jack and Susan Lorsch's home at 6755 County Road 25 in Kennard NE on Saturday, July 8th for a car show, hot dogs, chips and root beer floats. I really appreciate Jim and Susan providing food for the club and holding the car show. The members that attended include the following: John and Karen Thurber - 88 Pontiac Fiero, Charlie and Mickey Moriarty - Modern, Clif Ellis - 51 Chevy, Ed and Janet Hedegaard - 52 Chevy, Tom and Gloria Kannas - 41 Buick, Frank and Elizabeth Van Doorn - 62 Studebaker, Jim and Cheryl Cushman - 39 Buick, Roger and Eunice Bunch - 52 Chevy and Delmar Bunch - 86 Olds. I am sorry if I missed anyone else that attended.

Katie Hedegaard's Wedding – Ed and Janet Hedegaard's daughter Katie married Anthony Moreno on August 5th. Congratulations Katie and Anthony, we hope to see you at a future car tour. Below is a picture from the wedding with Katie and Anthony in front of Ed's 59 Jaguar and the happy family.







Old And Crude: Looking Back On The Golden Age of Driving By Jim Richardson – Hemmings Motor News

07/30/2023

Some people like to play tennis, go hunting, or do gardening. Me, I like to drive and work on old cars. Always have. My grades went south as soon as I got a driver's license at age 16; I went cruising in marginally ancient machines in Southern California during the Fifties and Sixties. There was Oscar's drive-in, Harvey's Broiler, and the A&W; after that there was Hollywood, Venice, and Santa Monica.

I discovered early that, though I was not destined to be a star athlete, I had a knack for working on cars and I enjoyed it. I did it for a living off and on through my college years, and even fantasized about becoming a car designer or race car driver. But real life, marriage, and family took precedence, and I wound up writing about cars instead.

I still love driving and working on them as much as ever, as did my good friend Frank. A while back he and I were working on his 1967 Mustang in his driveway using rather earthy language, when his wife walked out of the house, stood with her hands on her hips, and said: "Where I grew up, we paid people to work on our cars."

This irritated me, but then I realized that I grew up around machinists, aircraft assemblers, and guys that would have considered you a wuss if he had to pay someone to fix your car. But she grew up around people who prided themselves on having the luxury of being useless.

We lived in our cars back in the Fifties and Sixties. We dined and went to movies in them hoping to get into a little hanky-panky, and some of us even went to drive-in churches. According to a wag disk jockey of the time named Emperor Hudson, their slogan was, "Come as you are, but stay in your car." I didn't go to a drive-in church, but I went through recaps on an annual basis back then.

And when I say driving, I am referring to accelerating, shifting, back-shifting, cornering, and braking—and occasionally, should the opportunity arise, going fast. As Alodus Huxley once said, "Speed, it seems to me, provides the one genuinely modern pleasure." And when you think about it, not too many years before his day, 40 mph on a horse was about it for most people.

Sadly, in my mind, the golden days of driving cars are behind us. Things started downhill in 1940 with the Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic transmission that shifted gears for you, though not necessarily at the optimum point. Then came power brakes and power steering. Now, the newest cars drive themselves to let you focus on other things. I have restored cars and have a den full of trophies to prove it. I built a couple of street rods in my youth; I have never tired of the hobby. I had high-pressure jobs with tight deadlines for years, and tearing down and looking after my old cars helped bring my shoulders down from around my neck and drop my blood pressure below redline.

We have a Hyundai with an automatic transmission, GPS, and an abundance of cup holders that my wife uses, but I don't drive anything with such features. My 1955 Bel Air has a manual-shift Borg Warner overdrive, as does my 1940 Packard 110 coupe. My 1958 Apache parts chaser is equipped with a Mopar Feather Duster aluminum case four-speed, with fourth gear being an overdrive that allows me to cruise at 80 miles per hour at 2,000 rpm thanks to a 3:90 third member. As for GPS, I have maps I got from my local Texaco station that don't require electricity to tell me where I need to go.

I enjoy making old cars run better than new and delight in the process of rebuilding Rochester Quadrajets or antique Stromberg 97s. I take pride in meticulously assembling an engine so it can strut its stuff and last nearly forever. Also, I have done paint jobs that took a year or more, then took home the gold at major shows.

As for driving, I am into controlling my own destiny. I prefer the hands-on process of driving a vintage car, and I like being able to downshift and keep the engine in its sweet spot as regards rpm and torque, allowing me to take corners smoothly and properly. New cars require less maintenance, are probably safer, and are perhaps more economical on long monotonous drives—but they aren't much fun.

So, if you will excuse me, I think I will top up the radiator and check the oil in my tiny 1966 Morris Minor convertible

and then throw it around in some nearby hills just for fun, providing those we pay to Protect and Serve don't take exception to my crude imitation of Bobby Unser at Laguna Seca.



MIDWEST ANTIQUE AUTO CLUB AN INDEPENDENT GROUP OF COLLECTIBLE VEHICLE ENTHUSIASTS