

Official newsletter of Ye Olde Car Club



Bob & Alice Rupp's 1935 Plymouth

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This motley crew could have been seen at a very posh Wine and Art dinner. For The benefit of Kennewick General Hospital. But don't worry our people are not starting to run with the wealthy. They were just there as hired help. They were using their cars to shuttle guests from the parking lot to the dinner. In attendance were Bob & Delores McClary, Jack and Peggy Yale, Eldon Reiman & friend Denise, Fred and Mary Fraser, and Dennis & Karla Jackson. We were invited to stay for dinner.



THOUGHTS TO PONDER

LIVE TODAY
AS THOUGH IT IS
YOUR LAST!



NOV BIRTHDAYS

| | |
|------|------------------|
| 2nd | Rich Gilbert |
| 2nd | Roy Holmes |
| 7th | Loretta Smith |
| 9th | Chuck Sundgren |
| 11th | Flo Andrews |
| 18th | Randy Rutherford |
| 23rd | Carmen Graves |
| 24th | Joe Kuhns |
| 25th | Cindy Underwood |
| 27th | Kathie Petty |
| 11th | Jolene Kuhns |

NOV ANNIVERSARYS

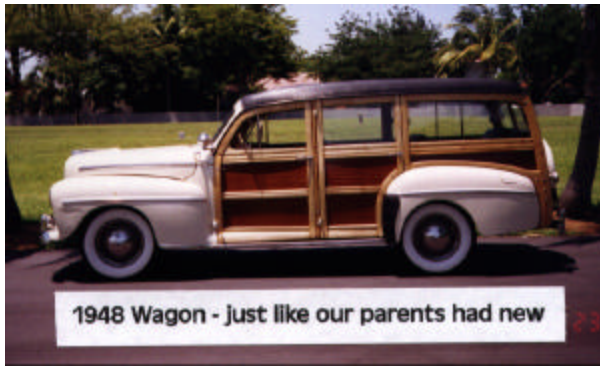
| | |
|------|---------------------|
| 2nd | Bob & Carmen Graves |
| 5th | Ira & Betty Hinkle |
| 16th | Dale & Pam Reiman |
| 22nd | Don & Marti Meyers |
| 24th | Jerry & Mary Mokler |
| 27th | Jim & Jackie Geiger |

Please call Dennis
@ 547-0916 to correct any
mistakes in spelling of
names or incorrect dates.



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past 9:30. After not finding the ticket, I said "I think I know the problem - I don't leave until tomorrow!" Understandably, they breathed a real sigh of relief that night when at 11 pin, I did actually depart for Portland for my 6 am flight to Orlando. From this simple minded escapade, you can see that "John" and I are truly brothers and never know what to expect next He is due to fly here at the end of the month to drive with me to Hershey for the Car meet and Flea Market extravaganza (The Hershey meet is the biggest in the country -about 1000 show cars, about 1500 "stock" cars in the Car Corral, and so many flea market venders they cannot be covered in the 3 days available. I can't wait to see if he arrives when he has told me he will! Jack and Dennis Jackson asked me to send pictures of some of the cars 1 prize so I am complying. My 48 Ford Station wagon (just like the one lack and my parents had) and my Amphicar are probably the most unique and gamer the most attention My first cars were a 36 Ford and a 1930 Model A Ford which I bought for \$15 (the good old days!) and drove for thousands of miles, so these are very special to me. We also have a 38 Britain Roadster, a 1954 Vcto-



ria "Glass top" as well as a 1948 Nash Ambassador convertible owned by the original buyer for 50 years! Stop and see us.



Victor Nelson near Daytona Beach

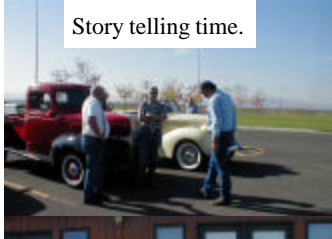
OTHER ACTIVITIES IN OCTOBER

On Saturday the 19th several of us went out picking nuts. When this was being planned, one of our members leaned over and said to me "Why do we need to go out and pick nuts when we have plenty of nuts right here in our club?" Well, I couldn't think of an answer so we went nut picking. Actually this was a trip put together by Audrey Simmelink. We gathered by the Trac at noon and drove out to the nut orchard about 15 minutes away. We weren't the only ones there, the place was packed.



But, not to worry, there were plenty of nuts and plenty of food. We had chili dogs, hot dogs, clam chowder, and make your own "smares". The "we" that I keep referring to consists of Eldon Reiman and his son Dale, Audrey Simmelink and Lea

Hawkins. Lea brought some relatives with her (sorry I didn't get there names). Vern and Martha Shreve, and Bob and Delores McClary, Ed Edwards & Jane, Pete and Grace Jackson, and last but not least Dennis and Karla Jackson (no Relation to Pete and Grace).



Bob McClary's best side???

REVVING UP

the LeMay

Energetic David Madeira is in the driver's seat of The Planned museum - with a \$40 million nut to crack



David Maderia, newly hired chief executive of the Harold LeMay Museum, Sits in front of a 1932 Stutz Boattail Speedster

By C.R. Roberts
The News Tribune

On the day last April when he was introduced to Tacoma as CEO of the Harold E. LeMay Museum, which he proudly calls America's Car Museum, David Madeira thought of the day when his father kicked the family Ford up over 100 miles per hour. Madeira was maybe 8 years old. He was with his brother and another friend as Dad, wearing a gray fedora, drove toward a camping trip in a two-door '55 Ford, aqua blue and almost new. "It was a bunch of guys on the open road, and all the windows were down," Madeira recalled later, remembering the trip. "We began to goad him. The speedometer went to over 100. It was one of the greatest days in my life, to see your dad play."

If Madeira lives up to the expectations of car buffs, the LeMay family, the museum board, and city officials, there will be great days in Tacoma later this decade for parents, children and other visitors who come to a museum housing the world's largest automobile col-

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ify the information When they told him the flight number I had given him flew into Tennessee, he began to smell a rat about the time that I was ringing his front doorbell.

Now I realize that some of you, who are more down to earth and serious minded may find this nonsense childish However, were you to REALLY know my brother and some of the things he has done to me such as appearing at my dental office wearing an outlandish wig and demanding that he see the dentist right away because he had a terrible "toothache" (in reality a brain deficiency) or the time he telephoned me from a phone booth across the street from my office to explain that he would be late because of car trouble, all the while watching me from the phone booth I could go on at length and you would learn a lot more about your conservative fellow club member, but that should be the subject of a subsequent letter.

Anyway, as many of you know who were at the Wednesday morning breakfast when I visited, John and his wife bade me a thankful goodbye at 7 am Wednesday morning, thinking I had to drive to Portland for a 2 PM flight Having done my homework and procured a local map as well as making a few phone calls, I then proceeded to drive to the restaurant where you meet and arrived at 7 20, whereupon those of you who recognized me said "I thought you were leaving!" I replied that John (who is "Jack" to me) thought so too, and I sat down to await his arrival Since Jack and I had had been to Breakfast twice that week already with some of you, he had said he might not go that Wednesday. I then had to lean on him, telling him that Dave Stands was bringing his 1935 "Ute" to the breakfast especially so he (Jack) could take pictures of it to show me, as I do have a special liking for Australian Utes. (This was all true - I had talked with Dave and he had promised to bring the Ore.) At 7:30, Jack arrived. I hid my head as he walked in and selected a seat at the corner of the table for 8 diagonally opposite me. I sneaked a peek and saw that he had settled into his seat and then looked across the table to see who else was there He went person to person, a man, then Martha Shreve, than another man and then he locked his eyes on me and you could see the smoke as the wheels turned in his head. All he could think of to say was that he and his wife had just opened a bottle of Champagne to celebrate my departure Needless to say, It was super seeing you all and your wonderful assortment of cars After the meeting and socializing outside by the cars, I suggested that Jack follow me and I go to his house first and "surprise" Mary Ellen, who is nor much for surprises! I drove into the drive Hurriedly parked, ran to the door and rang the bell. When she answered, she said "What in the world?" I said "Mary Ellen, I forgot my ticket I think it is with lack's papers on the counter " I brushed past her as she said "You'll never make it," knowing my supposed Itinerary and it was now

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A letter from a member to all club members

Greetings from South Florida - September 2002

As some of you know, I recently made a brief visit to the great northwest and spent some time with my brother, John Nelson. Though I was only there 5 days, I did have the opportunity to see several of you Olde Car Club members and your assortment of vehicles and miscellany. The astonishing assortments and beautiful antiques I was privileged to see were a real treat for this far distant club member.

Though I did manage to see or meet quite a few of you members, a number of whom I had met when we made that superb thousand mile "Great Circle" tour down into Oregon about 4 years ago in John's 1926 Dodge I was sorry not to have been able to say hello to more of you, as you are truly a great bunch of people and have some absolutely gorgeous antique cars.

What some of you know, and some of you may have deduced is that though my brother knew I was coming to visit, he was not exactly privy to my specific itinerary. More to the point, he expected me on Sunday and I arrived 2 days earlier. I still don't know if this constituted a pleasant surprise or not. He expected me to fly into Pasco on Sunday and leave the following Wednesday morning 3 days later. Instead of arriving in Pasco on Sunday, I arrived in Portland Friday noon and rented a car, arriving in his area about 4 PM. Along the way, I enjoyed the scenery of the northwest which varies from Florida in that Florida offers flatland and 50 foot mountains and more flatland, though we do have more citrus fruit, year round antique car weather, famous racetracks like Daytona Beach near where we live as well as ample ocean shoreline and many lakes I also enjoyed a chat with the Oregon State Patrol whose radar equipment was malfunctioning and he imagined I was exceeding 80 miles an hour in a 65 zone which I would, of course, never intentionally do IF I thought he would be offended OR I might get caught) He said the charge for the experience was \$175 (\$60 more because it was on an Interstate) but because of my good looks, grey hair, sad countenance or the fact that I was from Florida, he gave me only a warning. I liked him much better when we parted than when we met! The cause of my transgression was the lack of a Cruise Control on my rental car which will never happen again, I can tell you I was more cautious after that. Anyway, I arrived and drove past John's house, observing him puttering around outside with his sprinkler system I parked in the park a few hundred feet below his house and continued to observe his meandering whilst I called him on my cell phone to give him my flight number and exact arrival time in Pasco. I erred in providing him with incorrect data, however, so that his suspicious nature caused him to call the airline to ver-

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lection.

The museum board has promised the city it will cost at least \$40 million. It may cost as much as \$80 million.

And that's \$40 million or \$80 million that David Madeira will need to raise. "I get trusted to make it happen, and it's a huge challenge," Madeira said. "I don't know where it's coming from, but we'll get it"

Paul Miller, who recently served as chairman of the LeMay board, said Madeira was a standout among candidates for the job. "We were looking for everything from background and experience in fund raising to a knowledge of cars. We got a lot of good candidates," said Miller, who is executive director of the Executive Council for Greater Tacoma.

A list of 40 candidates was pared to 18, then six, then three. One of the finalists was local, more of a fund-raiser; another was from out of state, with a museum background. And there was Madeira. He didn't fit any preconceived formula, but the board could see he had charisma and energy. "Very clearly he hit the mark of what we were looking for," Miller said. He has a bachelor's degree in sociology, a master's in education and a law degree, and had worked 'as a fund-raiser for educational institutions. He later operated as a fund-raising consultant from his home near Chicago.

Madeira had weaknesses, Miller conceded. "He didn't have a strong background in automobiles or museums." But he had raised money.

According to his official museum biography, he has participated in campaigns that have taken in more than \$1 billion, and he has personally closed more than \$85 million in major gifts to employers and clients. He could raise money, and he had a vision.

"David has continued to impress me, not just with his knowledge and his talent, but with his vision, with his ability to step in and create a process that pushes all of us beyond our own limits," Miller said.

On the road to Tacoma

"I really wanted to go back to the water," Madeira remarked recently, dressed in jeans, driving a nondescript pickup through Parkland traffic.

He grew up in Rhode Island, sailing on Narragansett Bay. He later moved to Illinois. He raised nearly \$300 million in eight years as vice chancellor for development at the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois.

"I was two things - tired and bored.". His wife, artist Lynda Lowe, told him, "Why don't you take a break?"

"I took six months off," Madeira said. "We began to travel. I was 48 years old."

He recalls a motorcycle trip at the beginning of what turned into

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a catharsis. "I took my watch off. I threw it on the table and said, 'I'll see you in a couple of weeks.' "I stayed on two-lane roads"

He rode his Honda ST 1100 along the Naches Trace from Tennessee through Mississippi. He wanted to see something he calls "the real America." He visited the Jack Daniels distillery as well as such Civil War battlefields as Shiloh and Look-out Mountain.

"I decided I never wanted a real job again. I decided to consult," he said. So he did, and along the way, along with raising money for clients, he visited Tibet, riding with Lynda two-up from Lhasa to Katmandu.

He learned, "There's just more to life". With four children - two his, two hers, from previous marriages, the family drove a 1986 Volvo 740 OLE with more than 250,000 miles on the odometer.

The family traveled in America and elsewhere: France, Italy, the Caribbean, backpacking, mountain climbing.

Two years ago, David and Lynda visited a friend who had moved to Raft Island near Gig Harbor. During their stay, the sailed in the San Juans and hiked the Olympics. They liked what they saw.

Back in Chicago last winter Madeira read an article in the Wall Street Journal concerning the LeMay Museum's search to a director. He applied for the job

A school in Boston, coincidentally, offered him a position as vice president.

"I had to make a decision;" he said.

In Boston, he knew, "I'd be bored in two years."

In Tacoma, he knew, there would be risks. "It's threatening, "I could be good and still fail".

He decided he was ready to start after his first visit with Nancy LeMay widow of Harold LeMay. and others on the museum board.

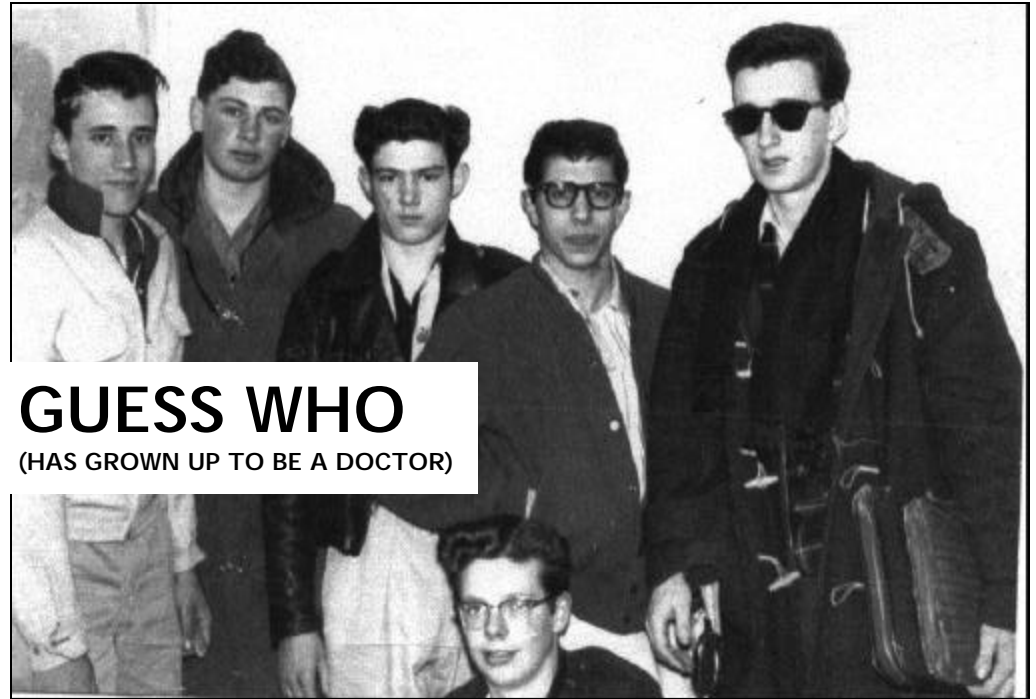
"It's going to take a lot more people than me to get this done. I've got to get everybody caught up in a vision:"

Over the spring and summer, Madeira closed his consulting business and moved to Raft Island. While doing that, he worked with his board to persuade the city to ensure the proposed museum would have a site near the Tacoma Dome.

Now all he needs to do is raise at least \$40 million.

A Northwest Newcomer

Judi Wilkerson, executive director of Thomas's Economic



Did any body guess that last month My wife Karla was the "Guess Who" celebrity?



HAPPY HALLOWEEN

FOR SALE

4 TIRES 670 X 15

\$200

Bob McClary 783- 3622

The apple squeezin is set for Sat Nov. 2nd at Vern and Martha Shreves. Bring some apples if you want, or just come for the fun. Call Martha @ 582-7530 for times or other details

Christmas Party will most likely be in Dec., but we are not sure. We are trying to set a date that doesn't conflict with any other plans .



We have lost two of our members this month. Both of will be missed very much, but we are richer for having known them both. They were both long time members. Their input and support of our club is greatly appreciated.

Ted Orbeck passed away on October 10th after a very brief illness. He was 67 years old.



Jim Mokler passed away on October 21st after a very brief bout with leukemia. He was 77 years old.



Our sympathies go out to both families in their time of sorrow

(Continued from page 5)

Development Department, worked on the other side of the table as Madeira and the rest of the museum's team negotiated an agreement with the city.

"He seems like a very genuine, bright gentleman who is extremely committed to the project," she said.

"I think it's hard to be a new person in town, and be a person who has a big role to play. Newcomers, sometimes they rub you the wrong way in the beginning. "He came in, and you would have sworn he was from the Northwest"

Wilkerson said she trusted him from the beginning. "You just have the feeling that he's going to do what he says he's going to do." To start with, he said, he's going to raise the \$40 million. "Just because somebody has money doesn't mean that they will give or be expected to give," Madeira said. "Charities make a mistake when they hammer everybody with 'We need, we need' People with money are asked all the time. "Successful charities turn it around. What do the donors need? Do they need tax help? Estate help? Do they want to volunteer? If you genuinely focus on the donor's interest, that's how we'll get it done,"

Along with building a new board of directors that will eventually include members from across the country, Madeira sees his job as "making the museum real for people." That means attending rallies and car shows nationwide, it means working with the museum's architects and designers, it means honoring the LeMay family while building an enterprise that merits international attention.

Paul Miller characterizes that particular challenge with a question. "How do you retain the "Haroldness of this museum, which is very reflective of Tacoma, while still bringing this museum to the people of Pebble Beach? " Said Madeira, "If we're going to succeed, we need to open our arms a lot wider."

From the beginning

The biggest challenge, he said, is the money. To raise the capital to build and endow a world-class museum.

The best part for him, "is the blank slate. We're starting from scratch. People have ideas. And we're able to hang around cars, and people like cars."

He said he needs to raise a lot of money and build an operation such as few people ever have the responsibility, or the privilege, to build.

He thinks he should be nervous. "I'm not. I'm having a ball. I'm relaxed. We're working hard, but it's fun." He awakens every morning and the first thing he sees is the water.

"I find my self saying, "Thank you, God,"he said.

"I do feel incredibly fortunate. It's a good time in my life:"

DRESSING THE PART

By Jane Armstrong

The Forties Women



Rosie the Riveter was the heroine of the 40's. "We can do it," was her motto. "Soldiers without guns," dubbed the more than six million working American women, over half who had never worked before. Dressed in factory overalls during the day and feminine styles in the evening was the hallmark of the new woman of the 40's.

The War Production Board initiated regulations stating the length and width of a woman's skirt. Skirts were to be no wider than 72 to 80 inches, no ruffles or flounces, no hems more than 2". Skirts were knee length and stayed there until 1945. Infants and toddlers clothing, maternity dresses, and bridal and evening gowns were exempt.

War rationing on fabric had put a damper on the fashion world's creativity. Not only that, European fashions were not being imported. Could the fashion industry survive? Could women be both patriotic and chic? Fashion magazines did their best to convince women that it would help the economy if women bought new clothes. (My kind of thinking.) A stronger economy could win the war.

American designers looked at rationing and restrictions as challenges not hindrances. They created a look so fresh and pleasing that Collier's magazine proclaimed, "American women are the best dressed in the world." (It helped not to be among those being bombed.)

Home sewing became more popular as patterns improved and the new electric sewing machines speeded up the process. Women continued to make over garments. This time they had a new source of fabric, the suits of husbands and sons now wearing uniforms. The business suit was becoming a staple of a woman's wardrobe and the wool in men's suits was an excellent source of material. Even ready-to-wear suits were advertised as "man-tailored".

In the early 40's suit jackets were boxy, skirts straight. The dress with a jacket became popular. By 1945 Vogue magazine complained about this boxy, tailored

look. They said the hard, sharp look is out because "the men can't bear it". "When a soldier goes out with his girl, or his wife, or his mother, he wants - and needs-undisguised femininity."

By now most dresses were fastened with a zipper. Up until 1947 most zippers were in the side. "No lady shows her zippers ...Zippers are as private as yawns or stays or garters. They should be used but not seen."

In 1947, Christian Dior, reintroduced the longer skirt and nipped in waist that had been briefly popular in 1939. Fashion became very feminine, full skirts worn over crinolines, peplums, shaped waistbands and other frills. Gone were padded shoulders and boxy skirts. The New Look was curves. This look prevailed through the coming decade of the 50's, which we'll discuss next month. Even the girdle made a comeback. This time they were softer, smaller and lacked the restrictive boning of those worn prior to 1920.

The information in this article came from "Vintage Fashions for Women 1920s - 1940s" by Krishna Harris. Judy Oeder loaned me her copy. It is a very interesting book, easy to read with lots of pictures. I thank Judy very much for letting me use her book.

