



THE FIN

1959/60 Cadillac Chapter

July 2016 Newsletter
Volume I Issue 2



**Calvin Jones and son, Justin
with their 1960 Eldorado Seville 6437**

DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE by *Chuck Patton*

Welcome to the July Issue of the 1959/60 Cadillac Chapter Newsletter – where we LOVE all things 59/60! Let me introduce you to a few of our old and new acquaintances.



This 1959 Cadillac 6029 owned by Kathryn & Al Abrams showed up at the Cadillac & LaSalle Club Motor City Region meeting on June 2, 2016.



On April 29, 2016 this 1959 Seville was evaluated in Mexicali, Mexico.



This 1959 Cadillac was evaluated in Detroit, MI on May 27, 2016. I hope it is for sale soon.



This is a 1960 Cadillac 6267. A barn find in May 2016. This is a one owner, GM employee vehicle.



**This is a
1960
Biarritz I
have been
chasing for
2 years.
June 11,
2016.**



**On June
23, 2016, I
evaluated
this 1959
Cadillac
6339 at the
Auto-Retro
Museum in
Moscow,
Russia**

Please submit any comments and/or articles about your 1959 /60 Cadillacs to
fifty9sixtycadillacs@gmail.com - Chuck

Featured in this issue:

- ◆Director's Message
- ◆Updates
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- ◆Nightmare *by David Greenburg*
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MISSION STATEMENT

The Mission of the 1959/60 Chapter is to impel admirers and dispense knowledge globally to owners and enthusiasts for any model vehicle. This includes the areas of history, maintenance, parts, preservation, provenance, purchase, restoration and sales. Also, we will stimulate camaraderie among Cadillac & LaSalle Club membership. Our continual objective is to perpetuate an avenue of interest and enthusiasm for tomorrow's Cadillac aficionado.

UPDATES

CHAPTER STATUS

This chapter became a provisional chapter on April 15, 2016.

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

Membership: 37 Members

CLC Membership is mandatory for chapter members

CHAPTER WEBSITE

<http://59-60cadillacs.com/>

CHAPTER MESSAGE BOARD

<http://1959and1960cadillacs.prophpbbs.com/index.php?sid=b6090bcOff3980261e6698eac82dfb01>



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Cadillacs (C) and/or LaSalle (L) I own: (Cadillac or LaSalle ownership not a requirement for membership)

C or L	Year	Model #	Body Style

(Model and body style as noted on the ID plate on the firewall, (example: 38-6019, 41-7533F). It is important to have as complete information as possible for our Directory. Any additional cars may be listed on a separate sheet of paper.

DUES, RATES AND CLASSIFICATIONS REVISED AS OF JANUARY 1, 2014

	Annual Membership Dues		1 year	2 years	3 years
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For more information, contact
Mike and Nancy Book
CLC Office Managers
(614) 478-4622 (phone)
(614) 472-3222 (fax)
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Addiction *by Calvin Jones*

Dictionary.com defines addiction as *"the state of being enslaved to a habit or practice or to something that is*

psychologically or physically habit-forming to such an extent that cessation causes severe trauma".

Hello - My name is Calvin and I'm addicted to classic Cadillac cars."

Like most addictions, mine is attributed to a hereditary gene. Both my father and brother suffered from this affliction for their entire lives. For 30 plus years, both my father and his twin brother worked at the General Motors plant in Defiance, Ohio. Unwittingly feeding this addiction, they commuted daily from Fort Wayne, Indiana, on U.S. Route 24 through snow, rain and sleet. Early Saturday mornings, the addiction, would capture and restrain my dad along with many of the men in our neighborhood, like one of those snarling dragons from Game of Thrones. At the age of 12, I was finally allowed into the inner sanctum by my dad and I too was slowly seduced by the siren cries of the automobile.

After graduating from Indiana University, I moved west to Los Angeles, old car Valhalla, where I was constantly beckoned and smitten by foreign cars such as Austin-Healy's, Jaguars and Porsches. My father had long since retired from General Motors and he paid me a visit to Los Angeles, where he was appalled that I had abandoned my domestic roots and had succumbed to the lure of exotic foreign beauties. He told me I was embarking on a perilous path and no good would come from the life I was pursuing. I scoffed at my Dad and continued to pursue Lotus, Mercedes and Porches.

Unfortunately, I returned to Fort Wayne for the funeral of my brother who left a small collection of cars to my parents. I was persuaded by my mother to take his 1951 Chevrolet to California where I restored it and ultimately gave it to my son Justin. (That's another 12 step story). My father was proud of me because I was lassoed back into the GM family and he became insistent that I restore GM's top of the line a Cadillac. Hmmm that shouldn't be that difficult. I just restored a prize winning 1951 Chevrolet, right? Wrong.

Since 1995 I have owned or been possessed by over 100 Cadillacs - mostly early fifties to mid sixty model cars. I found these cars in backyards and alley ways. In many instances they were thrust upon me. My very first Cadillac was a 1954 Cadillac 2 door hardtop that I purchased from an elderly gentleman in Elkhart, Indiana. That was soon followed by a 1955 Coupe Deville and a 1954 Series 62 convertible purchase locally in Los Angeles. My most interesting acquisition came from my neighbor, Charles Moorehead. Charles knew I was an avid Cadillac collector so he introduced me to his uncle that was trying to unload his late father's car. Charles didn't know much about the car but he knew it wasn't a convertible or Fleetwood. I became disinterested but with constant prodding from Charles I decided to take a look doesn't cost to take look,

right? When we arrived at his uncle's house I was surprised to see a 1965 Coupe Deville on four flats sitting next to a Chrysler Cordova with a dented hood and a smashed windshield. I examined the car and noted it had 81,000 miles and was informed by the uncle that the car was purchased new by his late father at the Wilshire Boulevard Cadillac dealership. I asked how much he wanted for an old Cadillac with four flats and a dirty exterior. The Uncle replied with "How much will you give me?" Hmmm do I really want another mid-sixty project? Before I could answer, he said that if I would tow away the Chrysler Cordova I could buy the Cadillac for \$50. I reached in my pocket and pulled out 3 twenty dollar bills and slid them to him. I returned later that day with my tow guy and moved both cars to my storage facility. I sold the Chrysler Cordova for the cost of the tow. I added gas, coolant and brake fluid to Cadillac and it started immediately. I cleaned and tuned the car and it became my semi-daily driver for a year. Like I said sometimes cars are thrust upon you.

I have always loved the 1950's Cadillac but I was always intrigued by the fins and sophistication of the 1960 Cadillac. My most recent acquisition is a 1960 Cadillac Eldorado Seville that was purchased new in Los Angeles by a doctor in Beverly Hills (Cover Photo). The physician and his wife kept the car for nine years before deciding to sell the Seville to their gardener, who truly admired the car. The gardener kept the car until 2002 when he gave it to his daughter. I was fortunate enough to buy the Seville from the daughter in 2013. In 2014, the restoration began and I decided I wanted a strong driver quality car that could be taken to show and driven on the California 405 freeway.



(Calvin's 1960 Cadillac Eldorado Seville before restoration)

What has always fascinated me about collecting cars are the stories that swirl around these grand automobiles. Did the doctor make house calls in the Seville? Was the car driven regularly or was it pampered by the owner? Did he buy it to be catapulted into upper class?

Being a student of history, the 1960 Cadillac transports me to an era where ladies wore white gloves, older sisters had Poodle skirts and all meals were served and consumed at the dining room table sans electronics.



(Restored 1960 Cadillac Eldorado Seville)

I was fortunate and blessed to have a father that bestowed and nurtured his addiction in me. I think my son is showing signs of the virus.....but that's another story.

Calvin Jones is a SoCal Region member. He and his wife, Beverly have 2 children.



WITH GREAT CARS COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

(AND SERIOUS BRAGGING RIGHTS)



1959 - 1960 Cadillac Chapter

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My Grand National Nightmare ...

How My Metal Mistress Went on a Three Week Bender in Las Vegas



I hope all of you who made it to the Grand National in Las Vegas had a wonderful time. I wish I could say the same. I had fun connecting with old friends, meeting new ones, including some electronic pen pals, and of course, seeing the cars. I learned the hard way that “What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas” applies to vintage Cadillacs.

Tuesday, April 12 was a gorgeous Northern California day when my wife Darcey and I set sail from the Bay Area for the Las Vegas GN in our 1960 Seville. This was our first major road trip in this car after owning it for three years. So I went over everything; recent belts, hoses and rebuilt water pump, tune up, transmission serviced, chassis lubed, brakes checked, new battery, regulator, rebuilt generator and probably a few other things I’m forgetting, along with various cosmetic work. I packed an assortment of tools, a spare fuel pump and several gallons of water (we were headed into the desert, after all). My metal mistress was running great as we headed out on to I-5 toward Bakersfield, where we would spend the night. The miles rolled by in air conditioned comfort for several hours. About seven miles from Bakersfield, I noticed that the temperature gauge was nearly pinned. I immediately pulled over. The car had clearly overheated, but there was nothing amiss under the hood; no visible leaks, no damaged hoses or broken belts, and no odd noises. So I added water, remembering that it had actually been a few days since I had checked the coolant. Well, it was a reasonably hot day, and we had been running the a/c for the last couple of hours, so perhaps the coolant had gotten low. I turned off

the a/c, turned on the heat, and gingerly continued on. Ken Perry's driveway was conveniently between our location and downtown Bakersfield. Those who know Ken will agree that this is a reassuring place to be headed with a sick '59 or '60 Cadillac. I knew Ken was headed to the GN the following day, but hoped he might be around. Fortunately he was, and he was kind enough to give the car a once over. He identified several things that could be contributing to the problem; a sticky choke, a bad fan clutch, a worn out radiator cap and a pinched tailpipe (from scraping on steep driveways).

Ken disconnected the choke, and straightened the tailpipe, and we picked up a radiator cap on our way in to Bakersfield. Would these steps solve the problem? The car seemed to be running a little cooler, and we made it to the hotel without having to stop and add water. Once there, we were treated like royalty. The hotel asked if we would park the car at the front door, under their covered entrance, and the manager promised to keep an eye on it all night. When we headed out on Wednesday morning, the car was surrounded by people and cameras. Would all the attention make my surly mistress behave better?

As we headed east out of Bakersfield, it quickly became clear that the answer was "no." We found a shop that could look at the car that morning. We arrived there at about 10 a.m., thinking that with a new fan clutch, we might still make the opening reception for the GN. The shop immediately ordered a fan clutch, but the part that arrived an hour and a half later was for newer Cadillacs and didn't fit. A couple of hours later the correct part arrived. Meanwhile, for about six hours, we were trapped in a small waiting area that reeked of industrial disinfectant from the adjacent restroom, while having the privilege of being serenaded repeatedly by what must have been the complete works of Eminem. The fan clutch was finally installed. A pressure test revealed no combustion gases in the coolant, and the car idled in the shop for half an hour at normal temperature. A road test got the temp up a little above normal, just shy of the halfway mark, but it was a hot day, so that didn't seem too problematic. So we set off for Vegas and the GN. We would miss the reception, as well as a show on the Strip later that evening, but at least the car was fixed and we would arrive Wednesday evening. Or so we thought.

For those not familiar with the drive between Bakersfield and Las Vegas, it is 290 miles, mostly through the vast emptiness of the high desert. Barstow, about 120 miles from Bakersfield is one of the few communities along the way, and likely the only one you might have heard of. Long before that, shortly after Bakersfield, one first comes to Tehachapi Pass, a long uphill grade culminating at 3800 feet. The car was doing fine as we started to climb. The sun was going down and things were starting to cool off. But the more we climbed, the more the temperature gauge did the same. Finally, about halfway up the pass, the gauge was nearly pinned. It was time to stop for a cool down and more water. Repeat again at the top. About 60 miles to Barstow. Could we make that? We decided to try. Once on the road again, after leveling off from the descent, the car was running cooler. By the time we hit Barstow, the temp gauge was steady at the half way mark. Warmer than normal, but seemingly OK to continue on.

I suppose we were getting that Vegas mindset. We decided to gamble and press on instead of stopping for the night.

After about another 60 miles, the temp gauge was slowly rising again, and I thought it would be good to stop for gas and water in the town of Baker, the last place on the map before hitting the Nevada border. We pulled into a gas station and popped the hood, figuring the car would need more water. An observant admirer noted "Hey, cool car, but you're leaking something!" Close inspection with the flashlight revealed that there was a pinhole leak low down in the radiator core that was releasing a fine stream of water. In one sense this was a relief; now there was an explanation for where the water was going, and why the car had slowly started to overheat again. And, there was a solution! Bars Leak! Something I would never do under normal circumstances, but these were not normal circumstances. The market across the street from the gas station was still open and sold a couple of different varieties of the stuff. Maybe our luck was turning! I saw a sign for 24 hour towing and chuckled to myself, "at least we don't need that." After adding the Bars Leak and waiting a few minutes, the leak had stopped! I had asked the admirer about the road ahead. What was it like? Was it pretty flat? More passes? "Nah, there's the hill when you leave town, and then it's a pretty smooth shot all the way into Vegas." This sounded manageable given what we had been through.

So we were on the road again. The "hill" outside of town turned out to be a 16 mile grade, cresting at 3000 feet, near the miniscule town of Halloran Springs. Once again the temp gauge started mirroring our climb. We slowed way down and moved into the truck lane, in some instances being passed by trucks. The gauge is going higher and higher, and the engine is getting noisy, sounding like a muffler is failing. This is not good. I really should stop before something really bad happens and my mistress and/or my wife blow a gasket or worse. But we make the summit. Once past it, we can coast and cool down. There is a sign for a rest area somewhere up ahead. But the gauge isn't moving down, and the engine is sounding bad despite the downhill. We are in the middle of nowhere, but I'm pulling over onto the shoulder NOW!

It is 'Game Over' at about 11:15 p.m. on I-15 about 85 miles from Las Vegas. It is very dark and there is nothing around us. A few cars and a bunch of 18 wheelers are screaming by us at 80+ mph on our left. And on our right? Who knows? Hungry desert wildlife? We call AAA (fortunately we have 100 miles of free towing), call the highway patrol just so someone official knows we're here, and hunker down to wait for the flatbed to arrive. Unlike my mistress, Darcey is cool, but reminds me that there are a lot of girls who would not put up with this. We debate whether it is safer to wait in the car and risk being sideswiped by a texting truck driver, or to stand outside in the cold and risk whatever might happen outside. We have the parking lights on, but wonder how long the battery will hold out. Of course the battery-powered flashlight/emergency flasher unit I had thrown in the trunk does not work.

Fortunately, our wait was only about 40 minutes. A friendly driver based in Baker (perhaps affiliated with the 24 hour towing sign I chuckled at?) arrived. He very much appreciated the car, gently loaded it, and entertained us with stories of the numerous overheats

and breakdowns he had rescued on this stretch, including ones where he arrived to find the car sideswiped by texting truck drivers. He took us to our destination, the Sun Coast parking lot. It was 2:45 a.m. when we unloaded the car.

Since it was Vegas, we found dinner and sat down for a stiff drink and the first real meal of the day. Despite our trials and tribulations, we made it, more or less in one piece and only about 10 hours late. We needed a radiator, but the nightmare was over. Or was it?

A bit later that morning (Thursday), I met our fearless leader, Chuck Patton, in person for the first time. Chuck accompanied me to the car. I started it and moved it to its space in the show field lot, running it for a few minutes. It sounded loud, but otherwise alright. The car was on the field for a few hours. Chuck was one of a handful of people who saw it before it was loaded on another flatbed and taken to a shop in downtown Las Vegas to have the radiator repaired or recored. Not a big deal. They thought they would have it done either later that day or early Friday. So I would still have a chance to prepare the car for the show on Saturday. But Thursday afternoon my phone rang. It was the shop. Was the car ready? Well, no. There's a slight problem. The core is shot, but it's not the core we thought it was. We won't be able to get one until Monday. My heart sank, but Chuck had already talked to a Cadillac parts supplier in the area who said he had a used radiator. It would not be cheap, but after what we had been through I was prepared to pay the piper in order to have the car fixed in time for Saturday. After a couple of phone calls, I confirmed there was a good used radiator available. I would pick it up Friday morning. Thursday night we took time off from our nightmare and went to see the Cirque du Soleil show "Love," dedicated to the music of the Beatles. Unless you can affirmatively state in public that you hate the Beatles, you should see this show. It is spectacular.



Friday morning I rented a car and drove south of town to pick up the used radiator. I was led into the warehouse and there was the radiator. It was for a non-a/c car, which has a different bottom outlet configuration. The nightmare started again. But wait! My tanks were good, and the core is the same regardless of whether the car has a/c. I confirmed with the shop that they could switch out the core, so I bought the radiator and drove back to the shop to drop it off. They promised to do their best to get it done that day (Friday); if not, it would be done first thing Saturday morning. This was cutting it really close, but I didn't have a choice. At least I stood a chance of waking up from this nightmare on Saturday morning having the car back on the field. I started looking forward to a planned meet-up at 5:00 for those of us who hang out on the CLC online forum. Despite corresponding for years, many of us have never met. My phone rang at about 3:30. It was the shop again. "That radiator is worse than your original. It's completely plugged." I invented a couple of new obscenities and barely resisted the temptation to start banging my head against the wall. After all of this, the months of preparing the car, adventures on the road, and spending the last three days of what was supposed to be a vacation chasing

parts and repair shops, the car was not going to be on the field. And obviously we wouldn't be driving home on Sunday.

With all of this swirling in my head, I headed for the 5:00 meet-up of the forum folks. But even this went sideways. Due to some confusion and miscommunications (there were, after all, several bars in the hotel), people wound up going to three different locations and wondering where everyone else was. But I managed to have a good time. I went to what I understood to be the designated location, and for a while it was just Joe Gibeault and myself, but eventually several others arrived, including Sue Pash, Gary Griffin and Carl Fielding, and we shared assorted Cadillac tales.

Saturday was show time! I should have been out there detailing the car and enjoying the sights. Instead I was contemplating how we and the car could get home. Should I leave the car here to get fixed? Have it trucked back in its current condition and fix it myself? Where could I leave it that would be secure? The car was in a former gas station that did not seem equipped to securely keep a car of this magnitude, even if only for what would hopefully be a few days. We needed to be back in the Bay Area Monday afternoon. Some vacation! Going back to work would be a pleasant escape.

We headed to the show field and ran into Ken Perry and Cliff Graubard. Cliff has some contacts in Las Vegas and recommended both a shop and a transporter he would trust to bring the car back. The shop was Vegas Silver Arrow, run by Greg Young. A call to Greg determined that he was open on Saturday, and yes, we could drop the car off in a couple of hours. So another flatbed trip moved the car to Vegas Silver Arrow. We followed the flatbed there to meet Greg and discuss my sick mistress. It became clear that this was the right place. Greg is a meticulous perfectionist with a great deal of experience with vintage and high end cars. He explained that he documents his work with online photos. He proposed a plan to retain my original radiator tanks, and replace the core with a new four-row high efficiency core. My fears of leaving my mistress so far from home began to recede; she would be safe and secure and receive the care she needed, and hopefully be home in a week or so.

We returned to the hotel to prepare for the Saturday night banquet. There we assumed we would receive some consolation. We had to win the hard luck award. Inexplicably, we did not. A fitting ending, perhaps, to our adventure.

On Sunday, instead of hitting the road like so many others, we flew home to a big empty space in the garage. On Monday, a bit of good news; I would get my money back on the bad used radiator. During the week, I monitored the webpage for updates. There was the old radiator disassembled and full of crud. And the new core. And newly-fabricated transmission cooler lines since the old ones were cracked and weepy. Finally, by the end of the week, there was the newly assembled radiator, ready to go back in the car. Early in the following week, Greg called. The good news was that everything was back together, the radiator was working very well, and there was no evidence of any issues from overheating. The increasingly loud engine

noise had been caused by loose exhaust manifold bolts. The bad news was that the car was still running much hotter than it should. There were two possible culprits; the water pump or some massive blockage in the block. Greg would pull the water pump, with us both hoping that this lesser of two evils was the culprit. Soon Greg called back and also posted the following picture:



Despite being rebuilt only two years earlier, the water pump impeller had separated from the shaft. Somehow it didn't leak or make any odd noises. I was never so happy to hear that my car had a failed water pump. Greg had already located and ordered a new one, with expedited shipping. Big relief; the end was in sight. Or was it? It turned out the vendor had made a mistake and sent the pump via ground instead of expedited shipping. A week later the pump arrived and was installed, and all was good. Even in 90 degree Vegas heat with the a/c on, the temp gauge was not quite on the "1/4" mark, which was cooler than this car had ever run. After sharing a first class transporter ride with a couple of late model Mercedes being delivered to an NBA star residing in Fresno, my metal mistress was back in her garage. She will be restricted to local shows and cruising until she can prove she knows how to behave herself. *David and his wife, Darcey live in Marin County, CA.*

CADILLAC, A WELL-ENGINEERED AUTOMOBILE *by Ed Francis*



My wife and I are classic Cadillac fans. We own four models, 1957 Series 62 four door, 1959 Sedan de Ville, four window hardtop, 1960 Cadillac Fleetwood and 1976 Cadillac Eldorado convertible.

We love driving our cars and I keep up the maintenance on them.

Having been a mechanic and a teacher of automotive, I can truly appreciate how well these fine cars were built. It's not common for a car of today to keep many of their original wear and tear parts after 10 years. These cars, so well built, have most of their original parts on them after 40 to nearly 60 years of driving. In this field, that is outstanding. My students were always in awe of the cars and how well built and comfortable they are.

We moved down to Florida last year and my wife chose to drive her 1959 Sedan de Ville packed to the gills with house furnishings. She drove more than 1,000 miles and not a whisper of complaint. Duchess as the car is called returned 12 mpg. I had the duty of



driving my 57 Chevrolet 3600 pick-up truck that same path. I cannot say the same majestic feeling was shared. Driving a truck, unmodified from 1957 with no creature comforts, including radio delete gives a new meaning a self-introspect.

This past April, we drove the 60 Fleetwood up to New Jersey via the Auto Train. (Sanford Fl. to Lorton Va.) Having bought the Fleetwood in July of last year, I wanted to see how well it would perform over the long distance. My wife and I would not be disappointed. Smooth, mostly quiet over the road was the order of the day. The fuel consumption was a decent 17 miles per gallon. Not bad for a 390 4 v and nearly 2 ½ tons of Detroit steel. Our trip was grand, we got to see my family and they just fell for the Fleetwood.

In closing, I am pleased to have been asked by Chuck Patton to write this short article. I cannot say enough of how much we love these cars for everything they are. Well engineered automobile made for the discerning owner who asks for the best and received it.

Ed Francis and his wife Beverly are from Coca Florida.



CADILLAC & LA SALLE CLUB MUSEUM AND RESEARCH CENTER



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1960 CAD 6339 Asking price \$18,500
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1959 Cadillac asking \$15,000
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ACTIVITIES

CLC National Driving Tour	July 6-9, 2016	Cromwell, Connecticut
2016 Great lakes Inter-Regional Meet	July 28-31, 2016	Perrysburg, OH Andrew Shepherd (Contact) andrewthedada@gmail.com
Professional Car Society	August 15-20, 2016	Gettysburg, PA
Woodward Dream Cruise	August 15-20, 2016	Detroit, MI
CLC Fall Festival	Sept. 23-25, 2016	Gilmore Car Museum in Hickory Corners, Michigan

TRIVIA: FAMOUS 59/60's



Trivia Question:

What male singer-song writer & musician is featured on the Record Album "On the Beach," released July 16, 1974?

Hints:

He was born in Canada on November 12, 1945.

He joined the group "Crosby, Stills & Nash" in 1969.

Look for the answer to our trivia question and a Tri-power article by Brian Rachlin in the October 2016 Issue!