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Central Virginia Region  
Cadillac LaSalle Club  
1159 Joliette Road  
Richmond, VA 23235



# The Sabre

Central Virginia Region - Cadillac-LaSalle Club

<http://www.wmsbrg.com/cadillac/>

## Tic, Toc...

*Chip Lamb*

I hope all of you are looking forward to our second attempt at a good meet over at Moore Cadillac on Saturday, November 4th. I am trying desperately to get my LaSalle's front suspension rebuilt and get it over there in time.

It is important that as many Region Members as possible make an appearance so to make a good impression on local potential members as well as our friends from out of town. Ron Threadgill, our inveterate Membership Secretary, worked hard at the Potomac Fall meet on the 22nd of October in order to get the word out. Past National President Richard Sills made a verbal announcement at Potomac of both our show and the one in PA, so folks have a great choice, and we hope plenty of folks from Northern VA make the trek to Richmond as well.

Our next meeting is an important one, as we will try to set more consistent meeting locations for 2007. This suggestion has been raised time and again - variety meets convenience for some or most members as well as a good place which is easy to remember. Make the meeting so you can have a voice in this.

We also need some new officers for 2007. I am strongly thinking about taking a year off after four years of high office in this Region of the CLC.

Marshall England also made a Bob Dole promise of one year as Treasurer, so we will need a new one of those, too. Please support your Region!

Our last meeting at Fuddrucker's was a great one with 11 members in attendance. We are getting back in the swing of things and need your voice in concert with others to make decisions which benefit the whole group as well as our community. All CLC regions are representative of the National organization, and it is important that we always have our best foot (or whitewall) forward. This cannot be achieved by one or a few but by as many of our participating members as possible. A Club is what you, the members, make of it, not an amusement park ride.

If we don't see you at the show, we'll see you at the meeting!



Mmmm, Turkey!

## Events!

**4 November** – Central Virginia Region’s Fall Car Show at Moore Cadillac, 9711 West Broad St, Richmond.  
<http://www.wmsbrg.com/cadillac/Richmond>

**9 Nov** – Meeting at HONG KONG KING BUFFET, Pocono Crossing Shopping Center - make reservation!!

**7 Dec** – Meeting at DIXON’S AUCTION HOUSE 7:30PM for Christmas Party - catered with BBQ, side dishes needed from members.

For information on other area events, visit  
<http://www.carclubcouncil.com/>

Don’t forget to check our website as it comes up to date again and does so regularly:  
<http://www.wmsbrg.com/cadillac/Richmond/>

## October Minutes

- Bank balance 1353.37
- Scott met with Merv - grass or used car lot - we chose grass.
- We cater the meet - volunteers for soft drinks, food, plates, napkins, utensils etc.
- Show 10-4pm
- Contact J. Moore about his cars
- Mike will run ad in paper.
- **We’re in desperate need of someone to take better minutes!**



**Get up, you FAT LAZY DOG! Support your CLUB!**

## My Cadillac Moment

*Bill Gilfoyle*

For me this is the time when the Cadillac bug really bit, and I knew I would one day own one of Henry Leland’s offspring.

Long before, I had noticed from age ten that one car seemed to be first or one of the first with new features other cars later all had. Whether it was a light green 1951 Cadillac with the first backup lamp / tail lamp, or the ride home offered one hot summer Sunday in a new black 1953 Sixty Special with air conditioning, or a schoolmate’s father arriving for spring break in a new red 1956 Eldorado Seville with a black top, it was obvious one make set the standard others would follow.

But these were just brief encounters before the Cadillac bug got into my bloodstream for good. When I entered commercial art school at RPI, now VCU, I lived in Chesterfield County and got rides into town with a neighbor who was a man of very modest means but a car nut all the same. He had a whole fleet of old cars he would pick up for very little because of something wrong with them, then repair them and eventually resell them. However the real reason he did this is so he could own cars he liked, and he liked Cadillacs most of all.

He eventually owned a 1937 series 60 opera coupe, a 1953 series 62 four-door and the car I rode to town in, a dark green 1949 series 62 four-door he had bought for \$100 with 100,000 miles on it, just a well-worn ten-year-old car at a time when cars were typically rusting in the salvage yard after eight years.

But blood will tell. The old '49 still started, ran and stopped with a quiet, effortless dignity that was far more impressive because at that time many late-model cars still assaulted the ears with chattering clutches, groaning first gears, squealing brakes and water pumps, soft springs clattering when the cars bottomed out over minor bumps, and so on.

But not the Cadillac. It came and went like a fine old family retainer, with near-silent discretion. The V-8 whispered or at most purred when

floored, the Hydra-Matic shifted smoothly and silently, the brakes stopped the two-ton car quietly and easily with no need of a power brake booster.

This I gathered from riding in the passenger's seat, but my turn behind the wheel was delayed in spite of my repeated offers to buy this fine old car. My neighbor realized that out of his large fleet this was the keeper, and he would not even let me drive it. It served him well in all kinds of weather until one day he was under the weather in another sense.

I had walked from classes to his place of work to catch a ride home on a Friday afternoon, where it developed that for my neighbor happy hour had begun in the Cadillac in the parking lot much earlier in the day, and it was unlikely I'd be riding anywhere. I offered to take the wheel but he wouldn't hear of it; no one was driving the Cadillac but him. However several coworkers finally convinced him that he was more likely to get the '49 home safely with me driving than if he tried in his current condition.

So off we went, and as always it was uneventful—except now I could feel as well as hear the difference between this and all the other cars I'd driven up till then. It was late on a September evening by then, so I got my neighbor home and left the Cadillac somewhat reluctantly at his door.

The next day I borrowed it to go get groceries, but that was the last time I drove this memorable car. I decided the one thing it lacked was enough scat at low speeds; after all, I was nineteen. This brings out one slightly unseemly aspect to my tale. Neither my neighbor's nor my fondness for the '49 was absolute loyalty. It happened that although my neighbor's attachment to his 1949 was strong, he had licensed and sometimes drove the 1953 light blue sedan, and it happened I got several rides in that as well.

With its baby-blue paint, oversize Dagmars, dual exhausts without the expensive resonators, and the four-barrel inhaling with a moan that complemented the husky exhaust note, the '53 was not as dignified as the '49 but it had scat to spare. One afternoon heading home on Ironbridge Road my neighbor floored the throttle as we headed down the long hill toward Falling Creek, and the '53 launched itself like a Boeing 747 on takeoff. It crowded the century mark effortlessly as we flashed across the bridge and soared up the hill ahead. Nearing home with the throttle eased back, it was as smooth and quiet as the '49, and it had felt as rock-solid and stable at 90 as at 45.

At that point, Henry Leland's ghost must have said, "gotcha." I knew I had to one day have a car like this. My Cadillac moment had arrived.



## Lame Jokes

Courtesy of WWW.CARTALK.COM



A very successful lawyer parked his brand-new Lexus in front of his office, ready to show it off to his colleagues.

As he got out, a truck passed too close and tore off the door on the driver's side.

The lawyer immediately grabbed his cell phone, dialed 911, and within minutes a policeman pulled up.

Before the officer had a chance to ask any questions, the lawyer started screaming hysterically. His Lexus, which he had just picked up the day before, was now completely ruined no matter what the body shop did to it.

When the lawyer finally wound down from his ranting and raving, the officer shook his head in disgust and disbelief.

"I cannot believe how materialistic you lawyers are," the cop said. "You are so focused on your possessions that you don't notice anything else."

"How can you say such a thing?" asked the lawyer.

The cop replied, "Don't you know that your left arm is missing from the elbow down? It must have been torn off when the truck hit you."

"My God!" screamed the lawyer. "My Rolex!"



Five Englishmen in an Audi Quattro arrive at the Italian border.

The Italian Customs agent stops them and says, "It's illegal to put 5 people in a Quattro."

"What do you mean it's illegal?" ask the Englishmen.

"Quattro means four," replies the Italian official.

"Quattro is just the name of the automobile," the Englishmen retort disbelievingly. "Look at the papers: this car is designed to carry 5 persons."

"You can't pull that one on me," replies the Italian customs agent. "Quattro means four. You have five people in your car and you are therefore breaking the law."

The Englishmen replies angrily, "You idiot! Call your supervisor over—I want to speak to someone with more intelligence!"

"Sorry," responds the Italian official, "he can't come. He's busy with 2 guys in a Fiat Uno."

# Days of Futures Past



The 1955 Cadillac Starlight

# Dream On!

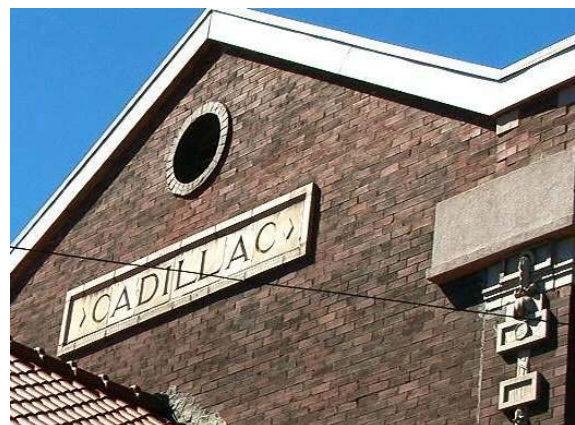


# Pimp My Walker?



The Cadillac Sixteen

# Scene on the Road



# The 2006 Officers of the Region:

<b>President/Region Director</b>	<b>Chip Lamb</b>	<b>804-357-4926</b>
<b>Vice President/Webmaster</b>	<b>Mike Daly</b>	<b>804-218-0422</b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>Marshall England</b>	<b>804-673-7346</b>
<b>Membership Secretary</b>	<b>Ron Threadgill</b>	<b>804-363-0455</b>
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POSTAGE

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED