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McDonalds on Anacis Island at 9:30. Lunch at Sharkeys in Ladner

EDITOR'S BIT

I took over the Roundabout from Steve Broady with Volume 8, Number 3. This makes 41 issues. It wouldn't have been possible without the contributions of numerous authors and photographers over the years. I recently looked back over some of the early issues and see lots of names

that are still contributing and active in OECC. Two authors, however, stand out for the number and quality of their articles, Les Foster and Walter Reynolds. With the next issue I am glad to be turning it over to the capable hands of Alan Miles. I met with Alan recently and I assured him that when he takes over it is his to shape as he sees best. I'm looking forward to some fresh blood and reading lots of exciting Roundabouts in the future!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Sun., February 14: Liz Blake Memorial Valentine Run. Start from

Seraphim, Pope and Plato (and Todd)

Les Foster

Seraphim, Pope and Plato: a delirious vision, a spiritual pilgrimage, or a philosophical and metaphysical search? And who or what is "Todd"?

A few months back, a friend remarked that all this "journey stuff" was OK but once in a while a person ought to actually get something done. The observation hit rather close to home and I agreed, rather guiltily. At the same time, however, my mind was wandering off again, back to last Fall when yet another of my many journeys-of-dubious-accomplishment took me far from the mundane routines of my daily life yet brought me closer, I believe, to giving that life some renewed sense of reason and wonder. As the Barenaked Ladies sang, "one minute you are waiting for the sky to fall and next you're dazzled by the beauty of it all." So it was that I set out on that most noble of quests, The Road Trip for Car Parts.

Every year I take a couple of weeks vacation in October because I love Autumn with its evocative beauty that is all the more glorious for the knowledge of what is certain to follow. Last year, I had to take time later in the month than I would normally prefer. This meant that the planned trip to the Prairies might involve snow. As neither of my 'real' cars is equipped for navigating the mountains or prairies in winter conditions and, in any case, nesting squirrels had feasted on the wiring of one of the car, I elected to rent a vehicle. I requested a plain 4X4 SUV but, of course, when I arrived at the rental company only a high-end, leather-upholstered quasi-luxury vehicle (albeit AWD) was available. I dreaded to think what horrors 60 year old automobile parts might render unto that sumptuous leather interior. Still, it was a nice car and for someone unused to such excesses as heated seats and individual air conditioning it was a wonderful toy. Best of all, it was equipped with Sirius Satellite Radio. This kept me entertained and more importantly, awake, for thousands of enjoyable miles. On the prairies I discovered CKUA, a listener-supported station out of Alberta that played the most eclectic and stimulating mix of music and thought. Alone on those never-ending prairie roads, headlights trying vainly to stab two more holes into the star-pricked black velvet blanket that never grew any closer, soft music surrounding me, was an experience as sublime as it was surreal.

Seraphim: Leaving the Lower Mainland I always drive the Canyon route. I'm not in a hurry and the scen-

ery is breathtaking in the Fall. As the miles slipped by I thought of past trips in this direction and suddenly I re-



One of the "never-ending prairie roads" in Saskatchewan ... the open road!

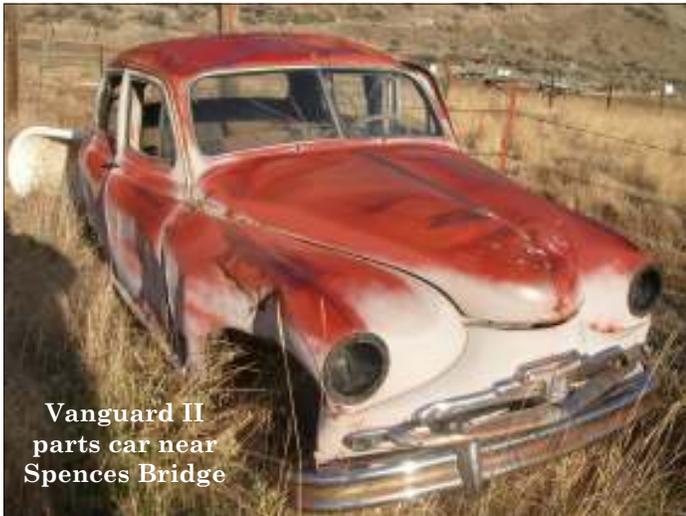
called an old car that I'd passed by many times before. In fact, once I'd even parked beside the Trans-Canada and walked down to see what it was. I remembered it was an old Vanguard. In previous lives this marque held no more than passing interest for me but now, as the proud owner of a 1950 Standard Vanguard Phase 1 pickup, the mere thought of this vehicle set me aqiver. I knew only that it was easily visible from the road and



Seraphim Paulos loads the Vanguard II on a rented trailer to be towed home to Les by Mike and James Parkinson

was down in an orchard somewhere south of Kamloops. I tooled along in the golden morning sunshine (it never did snow) admiring the Thompson River shimmering off to my right when, following a series of twists and turns, I saw it before me. The Vanguard, a Phase 2 saloon (think notch-back as opposed to torpedo) was sitting where it had always been, world without end, at the bottom of an orchard set on a little bench of land beside the river, far down below the thundering highway, its portal a tiny fruit stand clinging to the side of its precipitous driveway. It was about five miles south of Spences Bridge and a million miles from life in the city.

I pulled up, feeling rather uncomfortable about the glitzy SUV that conveyed an image totally at odds with my feelings and my mission. I approached the lady at



Vanguard II parts car near Spences Bridge

the stand and inquired about the 'old English car'. She surprised me by referring to it right away as 'the Vanguard' and directed me to talk to her husband who was on his way down into the orchard towing a home-built trailer behind an old tractor. That's how I was introduced to one of the finest and most inspiring individuals that I have ever met, Seraphim Paulos.

I had a brief exchange with him and he motioned me to go off and look at the car whilst he attended some chores in his vineyard. His bouncing and preposterously gregarious Rottweilers escorted me to the vehicle. Mr. Paulos had purchased the car after it broke down in Spences Bridge and the owner never came back to pay the service station bill. Its rear axle now supported that trailer he was towing. A virtual condo for rodents, the Vanguard had weathered over forty years in this very spot. Still, the dry climate had left it reasonably preserved although anything digestible had long since vanished. The one thing that could justify its purchase had survived, the capillary-tube temperature gauge. I had to have it. I went back to see the owner, we made our introductions and he asked for \$200 for the car. I readily agreed and that was that. All the while, Mr. Paulos was snipping twigs or adjusting this or picking up that.

This was his world, built with his own hands and sweat. I asked him how he came to this place. He told me of leaving Portugal to seek opportunity and working long days for years on the railroad track gangs back East

and saving every penny before coming out to B.C. and buying his piece of heaven. He'd done the graveyard shift as a railway watchman and gone straight from there to work on the orchard in the morning, just grabbing a snatch of sleep whenever he could. He did that for five long years until the orchard could support him and his wife and then he quit the railway forever. He's lived there now for around fifty years, raising a family, growing things and living by the seasons. He said he'd never bought anything that he did not have the cash for. Over the years the orchard grew bigger, animals were acquired, a vineyard was nurtured, and now, as he grows older, he is gradually reducing it to match his capacities. As he told me all this I was struck not so much by the pride that he had in his accomplishment but the genuine humility and gratefulness that he felt for being allowed to have lived this life. Surely Seraphim Paulos has inherited the earth.

Feeling grateful myself for having had the opportunity to witness this man's example, I carried on my journey, promising to stop by on my return trip. (I did that, spending an hour or so with Seraphim, talking about his grapes and things. A few weeks later, my friend Gerry Parkinson's sons, Mike and James, were kind and brave enough to bring the old Vanguard down on a trailer to my place where it was eventually relieved of its salvageable parts.)

From Spences Bridge I progressed eastward, marveling as I drove at the amazing scenery. No amount of city-induced cynicism can diminish the natural grandeur of this land. Every time I see it I am thrilled anew! I arrived rather late at my son's place in Calgary. I invited him to accompany me onward to Saskatchewan but he declined with a rueful smile. Like the rest of my family, he harbours traumatic childhood memories of mosquito hordes and vast swaths of nothingness broken only by tedious enforced examinations of rusting machinery. Where did I go wrong?

Todd: The following morning, my son, as a sop to his obviously demented father, did at least agree to ac-



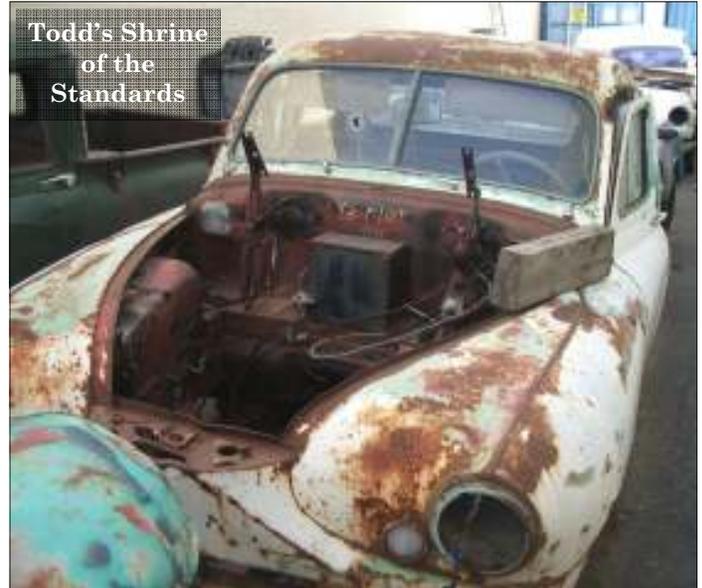
company me to Sports Car Parts, a repair and restoration shop for British cars located in an industrial area of Calgary. That's where I met Todd, Collector of Standard Pickups. In fact, Todd has three of the Vanguard-based trucks. Three, that's more of these vehicles than one is likely to see anywhere in one place in one lifetime. Kind of like a holy shrine to a Vanguard man. Todd took us outside to gaze upon the relics. I snapped dozens of photos and took various measurements and notes, inhaled the intoxicating scents of stale gasoline and rotting upholstery and old grease. Todd was tolerant and only slightly bemused by my reverence towards the ancient

ones. In an effort to gain his confidence I told him of my collection. He seemed to be having some difficulty with this so I began to rifle through my wallet searching for photos of my Thames and Standard. Suddenly he fixed me with a cold-eyed stare. "You don't have any pictures of your family in there, do you?" Todd said in a voice that left no possibility of a wrong answer. "Of course not, I'm a real car guy!" I retorted indignantly. "OK, just checking," was the approving reply. Later, after some dancing around the unseemly subject, Todd named a price for the group. That figure, the logistics of transporting them and his rejection of my first-born son as an acceptable item of barter meant that I would take away only my photos and memories from that sacred place. It was time to move on.

Next day, a pre-dawn start took me east and then northward past Drumheller. It has always intrigued me how defined prairie cities are. You are in them then you are out of them, period. As the glow of Calgary faded, the highways narrowed and snaked up and down through the coolies, putting lie to the myth that the prairie is flat. Until you get to Saskatchewan, that is. I'd made the big right turn and the land really was a lot more level and grew more so the further east I drove. Sunrise and breakfast found me at that Canadian icon, Tim Horton's, in Kindersley. It was all overalls and ball caps with logos of grain co-ops or equipment companies, pickups and flatbeds, diesel tanks and steaming coffee mugs. Primary colours prevailed in a world made simpler and larger by the dawn. My casuals stood out like a tux on skid road and my rental car screamed "city." Off again, pleasantly warmed by the eggs and coffee and the knowledge that there still is country out there, I turned south on gravel roads headed for my ultimate destination: Plato.

Plato: philosopher, mathematician, one of the founders of western science and reasoning. Such an illustrious name to associate with the weathered little group of wooden buildings huddled against the prairie wind miles from the neighbouring nowhere. But that's what I love about the Canadian prairies- big dreams to fit a big country. What educated man, perhaps despairing at the waste of his intellect in this barren land paid homage to what might have been by hanging this monicker on this

tenuous village? The colours of the countryside were as primary as the farm machines as I drove the arrow-straight gravel south. Brilliant blue sky, golden yellow stubble and dark brown fallow fields- sometimes the simplest scenes can be the most stunning. I could see Plato from a long way off, or rather the typical group of wind-breaking trees that divide these towns from the rest of the flatness. As I swung off Highway 44 I realized that Plato was all but empty. The paint had succumbed to the elements on most of the buildings and the only sign of life was the neat, tidy and tiny white-washed post office. I



pulled up outside, not sure if even it was still functioning in this ghostly town which seemed animated only by the constant wind that flapped a few long-unlatched screen doors. I got out and approached the edifice, expecting at most to find only rows of post boxes inside. It was little bigger than a good-sized garden shed but when I opened the door and stepped in I was more than surprised to see a clerk behind a glass wicket, ready to conduct the business of Her Majesty's Mail. I asked her if she could direct me to the home of David Pope. She swung her wooden office chair around to face the window behind her and pointed out across the flat town with its many and expansive gaps between buildings towards a distant farm. "That's Dave's place," she said.

Pope: I drove up the gravel and into his drive. No one was in sight. His house was quite an elegant structure built of natural wood and designed in an artistic combination of the new and old. I peered inside, noting the undeniable potential of the place and also the "work in progress" state of a house inhabited by one man and his dog. I recalled a line from the Disney movie "Beauty and the Beast"- something to the effect that "he uses antlers in all his decorating." Antlers there were in abundance, the trophies of many a hunt. I walked out back drawn by the sight of a skirmish line of classic World War II Canadian Military Pattern trucks formed up between the house and barn. Tattered but well-preserved in the dry climate, they were things of beauty. Suddenly a great white wolf-like beast bounded up to me threaten-



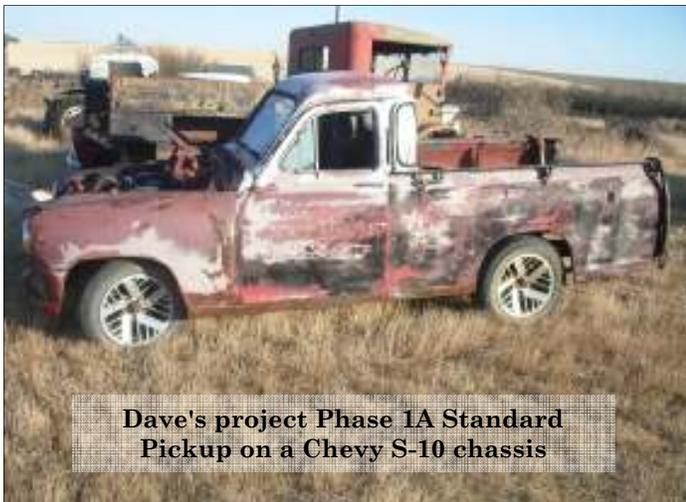
Plato's tiny white-washed post office



Canadian Military Pattern trucks at Dave Pope's in Plato

ing to lick me to death- Chimo, Dave's dog and not far behind the man himself, Dave Pope. I liked him right away. He was a friendly person given to a devilish sense of humour. One can only ponder the depths of a man named Pope who keeps Post Office Box 666 in a town with the postal code S0L! He also seemed rather glad to talk to someone new. He farmed wheat like his brother, Rich, who had his own farm "just down the road" (twelve miles). The object of my quest, Dave's Vanguard Phase 1A parts car, was located at Rich's place. Before heading over there, Dave gave me a tour of his CMPs. There were Fords and Chevys and even one hybrid which received the rival make's axles upon assembly in England when the ship carrying the correct ones was torpedoed enroute.

I was to find still more interesting military vehicles at his brother's place. The two farms were, in effect, open-air museums and a great candy store for people like me. Off we went, Dave leading at the perilous pace that dwellers of isolated places set to reach the next outpost of humanity as quickly as they can. I followed the dust cloud that I knew must contain him and his pickup and soon we were at the other farm. The most wondrous vehicles lay randomly scattered about. In the midst of all this was the yellow Vanguard saloon, stranded atop a



Dave's project Phase 1A Standard Pickup on a Chevy S-10 chassis

flat-bed trailer. Nearby was Dave's Standard Phase 1A pickup project mounted on a Chevy S-10 chassis. Previous to its 'hotrodding' the pickup had been re-engined sometime in its working life with a Studebaker flathead six. The prairie people are nothing if not practical!

I met Rich, likewise possessed of a healthy humour.

It was time to get working, though, as it was already noon and I had to be on my way before dark. Dave set to with a cutting torch and Sawzall. As the round Vanguard was cut up on the platform of the trailer, I was reminded



Dave Pope cutting up the Vanguard parts car

of those old photos of whaling stations where the great bulbous leviathans were flensed and huge parts drawn away from the bones. All the while the prairie wind blew a steady forty miles an hour, rocking the ever-lightening car and chilling me to my bones. I took as much as I could fit into the cardboard-lined confines of the SUV excepting the front clip and driver's door (which I shamelessly coveted) that Dave saved for his project. Another \$200 changed hands and Dave and I returned to his place to clean up. He wanted to go to dinner in neighbouring Eston ("the big town") and I sorely wished I could, too, but I had a hotel room in Medicine Hat waiting for me. Any illusions that I harboured of living a solitary life on the prairie were severely challenged that day and I reflected on my blessings of family as I drove off in the purple dusk toward the orange sunset that blazed above the straight black line of the Saskatchewan horizon.

That was when I learned a fact of rural life- always keep your gas tank full! Now, it's quite a ways from Plato to Medicine Hat and there are precious few towns in between and fewer still of ones that sport gas stations. I was to learn that the only station open between Kindersley and Swift Current in the evening was in the metropolis of Leader and that closed at nine o'clock. I made it- just. In the process of re-arranging stuff in the SUV while at the gas station, one half of my favourite pair of shoes fell out of the car and remained behind as I drove off. To my family's amusement I kept the survivor for several more months before admitting that reunification was not likely! "You never know..."

It was time to work my way back home, stopping for a visit with my aunt in The Hat and making my usual pilgrimage to look upon the ancestral Foster mansion, now genteelly decaying. Breakfast at Tim's again and onward towards Calgary and another overnight with my son and daughter-in-law.

East of Cow Town, on the Trans-Canada, I spotted a sign for "Gleichen." Remembering that this was my friend Fred Bennett's home town, I wheeled off the high-

way and down the road to see it. On the way in I spotted a cemetery and thought, "what better place to see the history of a place than here?" Sure enough, the headstones of Fred's ancestors dotted the field. Continuing into Gleichen, I slowly cruised the streets, imagining a Fred no less full of piss and vinegar than he is today, terrorizing the local folk in his "foreign" Austin A40. Spotting a '38 Ford two-ton truck in a lot, I stopped. I asked a couple of guys working on an old building next to it if I could have a look. They said "sure" and I struck up a

conversation with them, casually mentioning that a friend of mine had come from the town. Of course they asked who he was and it turned out that one of them was Fred's best teenage friend! We had a few laughs at stories of their youth and I bid good-bye, promising to pass his greetings on to his old friend. What a small and wondrous world it can be!



Fred's old buddy in Gleichen, Alberta

After a pleasant night with my kids it was one more dark start for the last leg home. As the final six hundred miles rolled beneath my wheels, I tried to make sense of all the things that I'd seen and felt. I'm still trying, but the one thing that I am sure of is that even if that Vanguard pickup never sees the road again, it has already given me far more than a few hundred dollars worth of joy!

John _____ Statement

 Mr. S - PAULOS

 In Acc't With _____
 Terms _____

Received from S. PAULOS
 The sum of \$15.00 down
 on a 1953 Vanguard
 Station Engine V2087084
 Serial number V2084576DL
 No warranty on this automobile
 This car is free of all taxes
 and excise duties
 J. J. Jumper

The bill showing what Seraphim Paulos paid for a Vanguard in the 60s- \$15



Les at Plato - cold, tired, hungry, happy!

Foster's Thames Does Christmas Tree Duty



What better way to bring home your Christmas tree than a 1951 Thames E83W Pickup. The colour of Les' truck blended nicely with the tree. Note the OECC wings logo on the driver's door of the Thames. What spirit!



Our Members' Cars and Their Stories:

This issue featuring Mike Powley

Walter Reynolds

Welcome to our Members' Cars feature. This will be a regular feature in which we learn about the car or cars of one Branch member per month. This month's article features the cars of Mike Powley.

This month we spotlight the British cars owned by Mike and Rosemarie Powley. While he might not appreciate the significance of this, Mike is the person who got me into the British car hobby (through a mutual acquaintance). In addition, the idea for these articles came to me while Mike was telling me about his cars as we both hid behind the Reynolds Rover during the Golden Ears Bridge Opening Ceremonies people-stampede.

Some of the information contained in the story was taken directly from Mike's personal web site, www.moteringmouth.ca and from him direct while we had lunch at the Maple Ridge ABC Restaurant. His British cars are presented in chronological order.



1954 MG TF

"I bought the 1954 MG TF very used in 1961 and drove it for about 6 months before a body-damaging accident in Mission in February 1962. As often happens, a major restoration was then under-taken to bring the car to the condition you see in the picture above. This car was a driver and, of course in those days, clubs were really not an option. But it was a fun runner for getting to UBC and work, life guarding in Burnaby, most of the time. The picture is "on the lot" at C G Brown pool in central Burnaby. I sold the TF in the Spring of 1964.



1964 MGB

The 1964 MGB was bought with it wearing the original Sky Blue factory colour. After suffering a minor fender bender it was decided to change the colour to the metallic blue you see in the photonot

such sissy a colour. The "B" was a great driver; much faster than the TF and very reliable. The picture was taken at UBC's Simon Fraser Monument. The car was a

nice change from the MG TF ...spent more time under that car than "in it". I sold the "B" in 1967 and, for a few years was 'British-Car-Less'. During this time, I drove a VW Beetle!



1970 Morgan 4/4

The car in the photo was my next British car, a 1970 Morgan 4/4. The car had been ordered new in September of 1969 and arrived at G B Sterne's garage (the only Morgan dealer in the Pacific Northwest area) in the Spring of 1970, which is when I bought it. In 1981, I sold the car on to one of my former Coquitlam Parks and Recreation colleagues. It seems that several other MOG NW folks may have owned this car over the years. Current whereabouts are unknown. The picture was taken in Coquitlam about 1971. Rosemarie drove the car for five years as her daily driver. Unfortunately, in her eyes, she had had to sell her little Renault R10 so we could afford the Morgan.



1974 Morgan 4/4 Four Seater

This car was owned by Bob Stern, son of G B Stern and was one of three Morgans that G B brought into

Canada in 1972 (a Plus 8, a 4/4 Two Seater and the 4/4 Four Seater). Due to changes in Canadian emissions and crash tests, the car languished "in the shop" for many years and then in quick succession was sold to a person up the Fraser Valley and then to Thomas Hobbs, the famous Kerrisdale garden maven. Thomas sold it to me via a broker in 1982 with only 16,000 miles on the clock. The car is still ours and is a regular driver for MOGNW and OECC events. In 2009 it reached the 100,000 miles-on-the-clock mark. The picture illustrates what the car likes to do best, get out in all kinds of weather and go driving. I did a "wings-off" restoration January to May, 1998. The restoration was finished one week before that year's Van-Dusen ABFM show.



1976 Jaguar XJC

In 1986 we bought a 1976 Jaguar XJC to keep the 4/4 Four Seater company. This was Rosemarie's daily driver. This car's colour was the source of derision by certain folk in the auto fraternity. So bad were the comments about its colour and the type of male who would drive a car with such a colour, I decided that a nickname was called for. It just happened that I had seen a women's boutique called "Purple Gherkin" and I thought, "How apropos." That name became the XJC's nickname. We owned the Purple Gherkin from 1986 to 2002 and regularly displayed it at shows all over the Pacific North West. At most shows from full judged Concours to People's Choice it rarely placed below 3rd. This record includes several JCNA North American Championship awards. The car is pictured here "under the knife" (being judged in Championship class Concours) at the Canadian XK Jaguar Register Heritage event a few years ago at North Vancouver's Waterfront Park. As an aside, while Rosemarie drove the Jag, I drove a series of well-loved, large station wagons, the kind that elephants would feel at home in.

A 2003 Jaguar X-Type, dubbed the "Green Gherkin," replaced the "Purple Gherkin" in May of 2003. The car was a colour combination special order vehicle with its green exterior and charcoal grey interior. Usually, the interior colour for this car was either white or tan. For the 2004 model year, Jaguar offered charcoal grey as an interior colour on the X-Type. I like to think that I was responsible for this change in Jaguar policy! The car has followed in the footsteps of the XJC, continuing to place in the top three in the Pacific Northwest shows from Con-



2003 Jaguar X-Type

courses to People's Choice. The big difference is the car both shows and drives; completing everything from a cross-Canada run to PEI which included the Ontario and Quebec legs of the 2004 Jaguars Over North America Tour (JONAT) event, and two times to Jasper. The most recent long distance event was the 2006 JONAT run ending in Bend, OR for the JCNA Western States Concours. While Rosemarie sometimes drives the Morgan, she prefers the comfort of the Jag. I wonder why?"

To close, we end with a photo of the Powley 4/4 Four Seater and the Master taken outside the restaurant where the interview occurred.



And there you have it for this issue. Next time will be the Triumph Spitfire of Fred Bennett, followed by the Jensen Interceptor of David Balantine, the British cars of Bill Grant, and the British cars of Steve Hutchens. That will take us up to September/October 2010.

The stories related to our cars are many and varied. If you would like to see your car or cars profiled, please give me a call. In the meantime, you never know, the next time your phone rings it may well be me inviting you to tell Roundabout readers about your British car or cars!

Nigel Matthews Joins Hagerty Insurance

Anonymous

12/31/09: This correspondence is top secret until midnight tonight, when Nigel retires from the position of Manager of the Collector Car programme at ICBC. As of midnight he is the Executive Director of Sales and Marketing in Canada for Hagerty, the largest collector car insurance provider in the world. He is looking forward to speaking to the car clubs in the area.

And then an email from Nigel:

Hello Steve,

You may, or may not have, heard that I have parted company with ICBC after 15 years. There is now an exciting alternative to classic car insurance coverage in B.C.

Hagerty Insurance, the world's largest specialist classic vehicle insurer arrived in Canada in June of 2009.

As we are beginning a new year it is time to make collectors aware of this in a full on marketing approach and I am heading up the marketing and sales efforts for Canada.

I am quickly filling the slots in my calendar to offer presentations to car clubs as I did in the past with ICBC.

Please feel free to contact me at the e-mail address enclosed with a few available dates if this is something that you feel would interest your members

Regards,
Nigel

[Editor's Note: I've had my collector car insurance with Hagerty for seven or eight years. When a rock from a landslide dinged my Morgan east of Lillooet in 2008 I had the cheque for the repair from Hagerty before the shop could get to the repair. The service was outstanding as is the price of the insurance.]

Simmons Receives Award

The recipient and the award finally came together! Alan Simmons received an OECC Restoration Award for the restoration of his 1950 Ford Prefect, but was unable to attend our Christmas awards dinner. Initially it looked like it would be March before he could get to a meeting, but schedules changed and he was able to make our January meeting. Congratulations, Al, for a job well done. We hope to see your Prefect on the road many times this year!



AUTOJUMBLE

English Cars & Parts For Sale and Wanted
See more ads at oecc.ca/vcb
under the Autojumble menu

1968 Rover P6 2000: Collector-plated, 4 cyl. single carb engine, automatic transmission, de Dion-type rear suspension. Servo assisted disc brakes all round, independent suspension. No rust, rear passenger side panel repaired in 2008, transmission rebuilt in 2008. Colour, Arden Green. This car is an award-winning Rover which was also the first Collector Car across the Golden Ears Bridge. Downsizing necessitates this sale. Priced for a speedy sale at \$3,600.00. More photos available. Contact Walter at 604-465-6350 or wreynold@uniserve.com.



Russo and Steel Auction Pounded by Rain ... in Arizona!

Sky Brown, Correspondent [from Edmunds InsideLine: <http://www.insideline.com/car-news/russo-and-steele-arizona-auction-halted-by-storm.html>]

SCOTTSDALE — Auctioneer Russo and Steele shut down its auction here after a major storm hit and knocked down two of the large canopies covering cars participating in the event on Thursday night. The Scottsdale fire department has taken control of the auction site and it remains closed today. The auctioneers are expecting to be kept out of the site until at least this afternoon but say they still hope to resume the auction for the weekend.

The Associated Press reported that Arizona Highway 101 was shut down in both directions between Scottsdale and Hayden on Thursday night because of "debris in the road from the tents." The Arizona Republic reported Friday that the 800-foot-long tent itself had actually blown onto the road, "leaving hundreds of valuable collector cars uncovered in a pounding rainstorm." It said tent poles struck some of the cars.

An insurance representative cited by the Arizona newspaper said he believed as many as half of the cars involved in the auction had sustained damage with "dents and scratches from tent poles and debris" and estimated there could be \$1.5 million in damage claims.

The auction had been slated to run from January 20-24. Among the cars on site are a 1955 Porsche Carrera Speedster that is the third of 151 factory-built examples, a 1948 Tucker 48, a 1958 Plymouth Hemi Barracuda that's one of only 50 made — some 600 vehicles in all. On Sunday, the auction firm is slated to host a champagne brunch as part of the closing festivities.

Inside Line says: Scottsdale would have seemed to be among the last places a "pounding rainstorm" would be expected.

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