

THE TALEFIN

The Newsletter of the Western New York Region of the Cadillac-LaSalle Club, Inc.

FALL 2006

CLASSIC GOOD TASTE

By John Bray

When the Buffalo News was planning their September 2006 Fashion Issue the theme was "Enduring Style" they knew who to call for a classic car that would fit the theme and compliment the models for a photo shoot.

A call to your editor and my 1939 La Salle was on the way to the Albright-Knox Art Gallery to meet the photographer, Sharon Cantillon, and the models. The location selected, behind the Gallery, was the exact spot where Pierce Arrow

photographed their cars for catalogs and news releases for many years.

The shoot went smooth despite the 82-degree temperature and a small radiator leak. I of course had my camera to record the event for the Talefin and my personal collection of photos of the La Salle with gorgeous ladies. (I am always pleased to have lovely young ladies draped on my car.)

The feature ran in the September 3 edition of the Sunday News and I await

calls from Hollywood clamoring for the La Salle for the silver screen.

(Speaking of radiators, if you need yours serviced or replaced I highly recommend Moxie's Radiator at 645 Indian Church Road in West Seneca. He re-cored my original Harrison radiator and did a great job. In business for more than 35 years Moxie is an old world craftsmen who can do anything with radiators, from re-coring to building aluminum radiators for custom and race cars.)



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The Talefin is the official publication of the Western New York Region of the Cadillac-LaSalle Club, Inc. Opinions and editorials in The Talefin are not necessarily the policy of the club.

Mailing labels are updated to reflect region membership at the time of each issue. They are provided by Roger Libby, with assistance from our membership director, Dick Walther.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greeting Fellow Club Members

The end of our Western New York show and driving season is drawing nigh; perhaps it has even been truncated and ended by our "October Surprise." I am writing this by generator power and have been without National Grid's product for five days. Probably many of you were in the same boat.

In summing up our past season, I think any of the participants will agree it has been a success. We started off with our post-Christmas dinner at Salvatore's restaurant. Following this came our spring brunch on Grand Island, and both these events saw a good turnout. Then came our show at Keyser Cadillac. While that show did not enjoy its usual participation (due to a frowning Mother Nature) the enthusiasm of the entrants made up for the sparse numbers.

Our August show at Valley Cadillac in Rochester went well. The day was Western New York weather at its finest and at one point there were approximately 30 older Cadillac's and LaSalle's on display. We had to cancel the lobster fest at Doug Monroe's, sadly due to insufficient participants but other wise our season went well. There are already plans afoot for next season's activities and we will of course notify the membership as each event comes due.

We thank Bernie Daily and Jerry Puma for their interesting articles in the *Talefin*. These are the kinds of stories we can all enjoy reading. We are waiting for YOUR story! You don't have to be a Hemingway to tell us how you came by your pride and joy, and if you have a car that you have brought back from death's door, tell us about the trials and tribulations of restoring these irreplaceable icons.

As we put these mechanical beauties to bed for a few months, please remember the club needs your participation and input for monthly meetings, suggestions for gatherings and events, articles for the *Talefin*, and ways to make club membership more enjoyable for all of us.

Till next time, drive safely.

Peter Arnoldo, President

CLASSIC LOGO



1908



WINNERS OF THE AUGUST SHOW AT VALLEY CADILLAC

Class 1

- 1st Place - Don and Marie Ulrich, 1940 Cadillac 60S
- 2nd Place - Larry Briggs, 1938 Cadillac Convertible
- 3rd Place - Pat Carosa, 1940 LaSalle 4 Door

Class 2

- 1st Place - Doug Seibert, 1958 Cadillac Convertible
- 2nd Place - Doug Monroe, 1956 Cadillac 62 Coupe
- 3rd Place - Richard Nasca, 1958 Cadillac Coupe

Class 3

- 1st Place - Don and Marie Ulrich, 1960 Cadillac Sedan Deville
(Don and Marie were the only entrants in this class)

Class 4

- 1st Place - Bill Young, 1968 Cadillac Convertible
- 2nd Place - Stephan Vetri, 1967 Cadillac Sedan DeVille
- 3rd Place - Roger Pfohl, 1975 Cadillac Coupe DeVille

Class 5

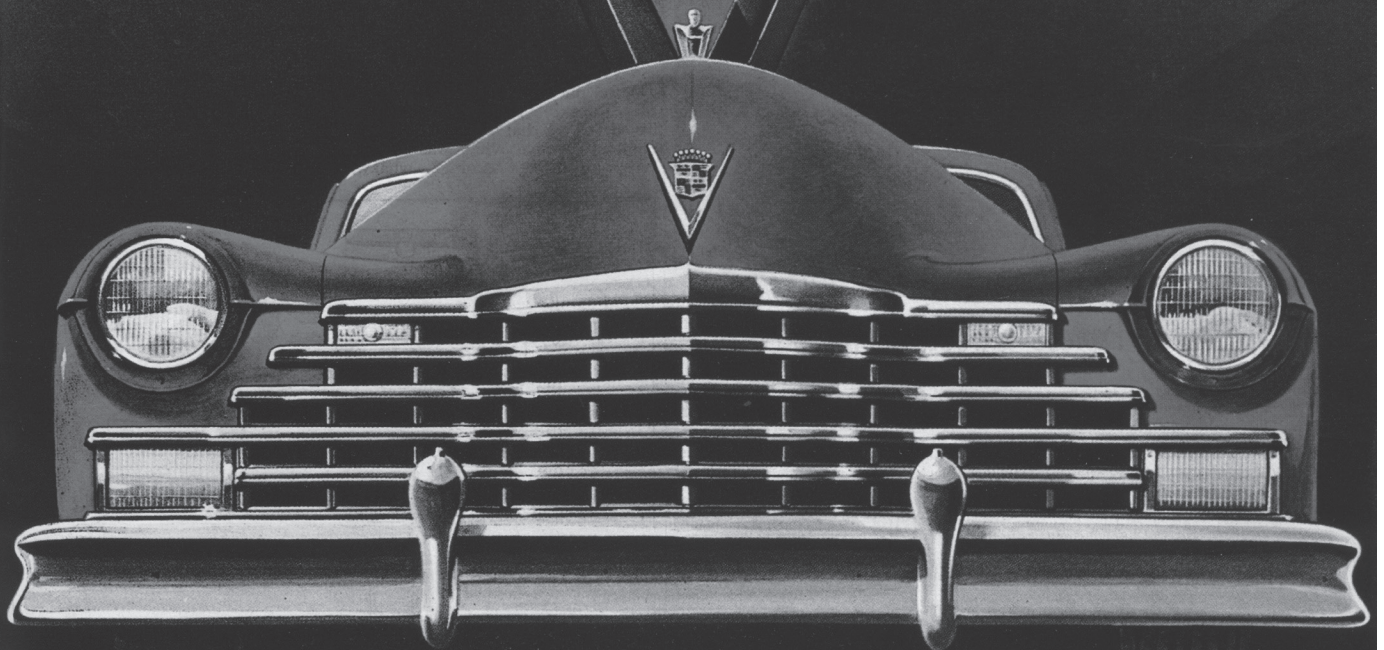
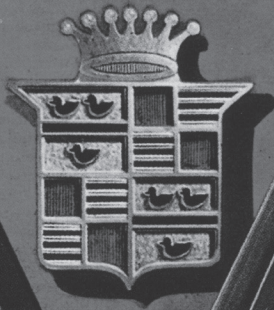
- 1st Place - Richard Roberts, 1979 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz
- 2nd Place - Mark Williams, 1984 Cadillac
- 3rd Place - Robert Ray, 1990 Cadillac

Dealer's Choice

- Bill Young, 1968 Cadillac DeVille Convertible

Cadillac

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LIFE AT A SLOWER PACE

By Michael Gartner

My father never drove a car. Well, that's not quite right. I should say I never saw him drive a car. He quit driving in 1927, when he was 25 years old. The last car he drove was a 1926 Whippet.

"In those days," he told me when he was in his 90s, "to drive a car you had to do things with your hands, and do things with your feet, and look every which way, and I decided you could walk through life and enjoy it or drive through life and miss it."

At which point my mother, a sometimes salty Irishwoman, chimed in: "Oh, bullshit!" she said. "He hit a horse."

"Well," my father said, "there was that, too."

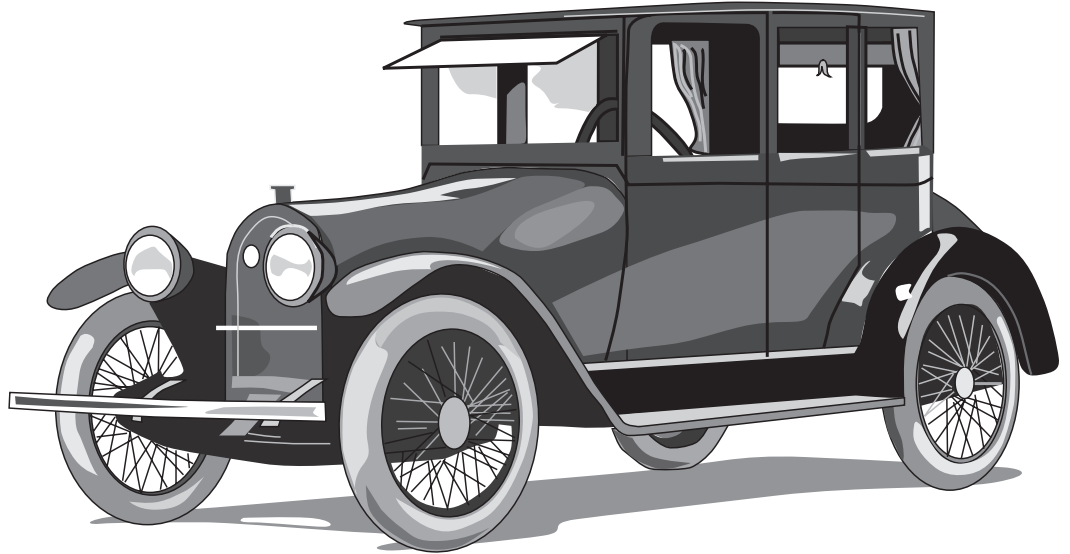
So my brother and I grew up in a household without a car. The neighbors all had cars – the Kollingses next door had a green 1941 Dodge, the Van Laninghams across the street a gray 1936 Plymouth, the Hopsons two doors down a black 1941 Ford – but we had none.

My father, a newspaperman in Des Moines, would take the streetcar to work and, often as not, walk the 3 miles home. If he took the streetcar home, my mother and brother and I would walk the three blocks to the streetcar stop, meet him and walk home together.

Our 1950 Chevy

My brother, David, was born in 1935, and I was born in 1938, and sometimes, at dinner, we'd ask how come all the neighbors had cars but we had none. "No one in the family drives," my mother would explain, and that was that. But, sometimes, my father would say, "But as soon as one of you boys turns 16, we'll get one."

It was as if he wasn't sure which one of us would turn 16 first. But, sure enough, my brother turned 16 before I did, so in



1951 my parents bought a used 1950 Chevrolet from a friend who ran the parts department at a Chevy dealership downtown. It was a four-door, white model, stick shift, fender skirts, loaded with everything, and, since my parents didn't drive, it more or less became my brother's car.

Having a car but not being able to drive didn't bother my father, but it didn't make sense to my mother. So in 1952, when she was 43 years old, she asked a friend to teach her to drive. She learned in a nearby cemetery, the place where I learned to drive the following year and where, a generation later, I took my two sons to practice driving. The cemetery probably was my father's idea. "Who can your mother hurt in the cemetery?" I remember him saying once.

For the next 45 years or so, until she was 90, my mother was the driver in the family. Neither she nor my father had any sense of direction, but he loaded up on maps – though they seldom left the city limits – and appointed himself navigator. It seemed to work.

The ritual walk to church

Still, they both continued to walk a lot. My mother was a devout Catholic, and my father an equally devout agnostic, an arrangement that didn't seem to

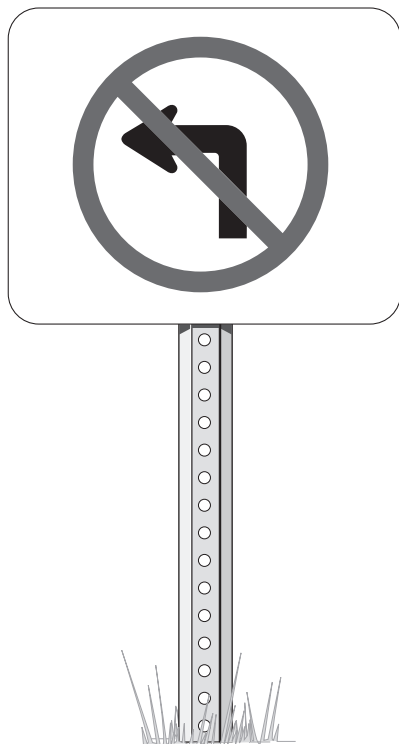
bother either of them through their 75 years of marriage. (Yes, 75 years, and they were deeply in love the entire time.) He retired when he was 70, and nearly every morning for the next 20 years or so, he would walk with her the mile to St. Augustin's Church. She would walk down and sit in the front pew, and he would wait in the back until he saw which of the parish's two priests was on duty that morning.

If it was the pastor, my father then would go out and take a 2-mile walk, meeting my mother at the end of the service and walking her home.

If it was the assistant pastor, he'd take just a 1-mile walk and then head back to the church.

He called the priests "Father Fast" and "Father Slow."

After he retired, my father almost always accompanied my mother whenever she drove anywhere, even if he had no reason to go along. If she were going to the beauty parlor, he'd sit in the car and read, or go take a stroll or, if it was summer, have her keep the engine running so he could listen to the Cubs game on the radio. (In the evening, then, when I'd stop by, he'd explain: "The Cubs lost again. The millionaire on second base made a bad throw to the millionaire on first base, so the multimillionaire on third base scored.")



If she were going to the grocery store, he would go along to carry the bags out – and to make sure she loaded up on ice cream.

As I said, he was always the navigator, and once, when he was 95 and she was 88 and still driving, he said to me, "Do you want to know the secret of a long life?" "I guess so," I said, knowing it probably would be something bizarre.

"No left turns," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"No left turns," he repeated. "Several years ago, your mother and I read an article that said most accidents that old people are in happen when they turn left in front of oncoming traffic. As you get older, your eyesight worsens, and you can lose your depth perception, it said. So your mother and I decided never again to make a left turn."

"What?" I said again.

"No left turns," he said. "Think about it. Three rights are the same as a left, and that's a lot safer. So we always make three rights."

"You're kidding!" I said, and I turned to my mother for support.

"No," she said, "your father is right. We make three rights. It works." But then

she added: "Except when your father loses count."

I was driving at the time, and I almost drove off the road as I started laughing. "Loses count?" I asked.

"Yes," my father admitted, "that sometimes happens. But it's not a problem. You just make seven rights, and you're okay again."

I couldn't resist. "Do you ever go for 11?" I asked.

"No," he said. "If we miss it at seven, we just come home and call it a bad day. Besides, nothing in life is so important it can't be put off another day or another week."

My mother was never in an accident, but one evening she handed me her car keys and said she had decided to quit driving. That was in 1999, when she was 90. She lived four more years, until 2003. My father died the next year, at 102. They both died in the bungalow they had moved into in 1937 and bought a few years later for \$3,000. Sixty years later, my brother and I paid \$8,000 to have a shower put in the tiny bathroom – the house had never had one. My father would have died then and there if he knew the shower cost nearly three times what he paid for the house.

He continued to walk daily – he had me get him a treadmill when he was 101 because he was afraid he'd fall on the icy sidewalks but wanted to keep exercising – and he was of sound mind and sound body until the moment he died.

A happy life one September afternoon in 2004, he and my son went with me when I had to give a talk in a neighboring town, and it was clear to all three of us that he was wearing out, though we had the usual wide-ranging conversation about politics and newspapers and things in the news. A few weeks earlier, he had told my son, "You know, Mike, the first hundred years are a lot easier than the second hundred."

At one point in our drive that Saturday, he said, "You know, I'm probably not going to live much longer."

"You're probably right," I said.

"Why would you say that?" he countered, somewhat irritated. "Because you're 102 years old," I said.

"Yes," he said, "you're right."

He stayed in bed all the next day.

That night, I suggested to my son and daughter that we sit up with him through the night. He appreciated it, he said, though at one point, apparently seeing us look gloomy, he said: "I would like to make an announcement. No one in this room is dead yet." An hour or so later, he spoke his last words:

"I want you to know," he said, clearly and lucidly, "that I am in no pain. I am very comfortable. And I have had as happy a life as anyone on this earth could ever have."

A short time later, he died.

I miss him a lot, and I think about him a lot. I've wondered now and then how it was that my family and I were so lucky that he lived so long. I can't figure out if it was because he walked through life. Or because he quit taking left turns.

Michael Gartner has been editor of newspapers large and small and president of NBC News. In 1997, he won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing. We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust the sails.

FRANK PUMA STEPS DOWN

It is with regret that we note Frank has stepped down as Club Vice President after many years in the position. Frank did much for the Club including arranging for trophies for the shows, organizing meetings, keeping in touch with members for special events and a myriad of other tasks that took much time and patience.

Frank will remain an active member and continue with specific jobs to help the Club, thank goodness.

The position is open and if you are interested please contact Peter Arnoldo, president, at 876-8386.

A round of applause for Frank for a job well done.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ads will run for two issues and are free for paid up region members. All ads must include price of item(s) being advertised and **MUST** be Cadillac/LaSalle related. Business card size ads are \$50 for members and \$60 for non-members for one year (about 5 issues).



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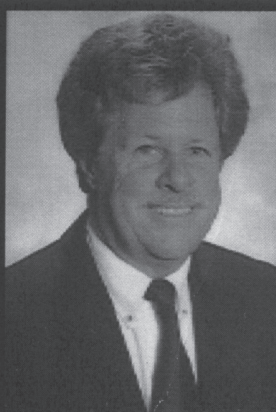


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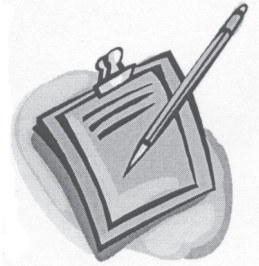


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NEXT MEETING

The next Club meeting is Saturday, November 4 at Sunny's Restaurant on Main St. in Batavia at 1 p.m.



CLASSIC QUOTE

"Except for the American woman, nothing interests the eye of the American man more than an automobile, or seems so important to him as an object of aesthetic appreciation."

—Alfred Hamilton Barr, Jr.

1902 - '81, US art historian and first director of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



IN THE MOVIES

A new Web site, Internet Movie Car Database (imcdb.org), allows you find specific cars that were in movies. Actual scenes with the car in them are taken from some 4000 movies in the database. Cars are listed by both make and production title and it's easy to find your favorite car in the movies. A statistics page is interesting telling you what car appeared in the most movies and other interesting "stuff." Check it out.

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