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Ragtops & Rumbleseats



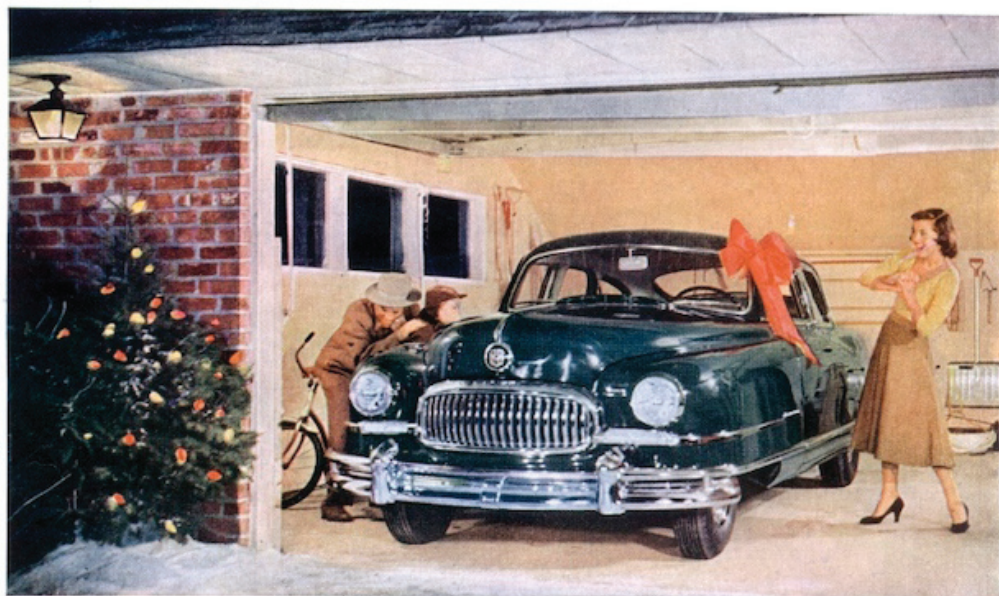
Dec 2019



• **Happy Holidays!**



Yours for a Merry, Merry Christmas with the World's Most Modern Car!



YOUR NEW CAR FUN is never-ending when you buy a beautiful Nash Airflyte—it's brimming over with more good surprises than a Christmas tree.

You'll step into it on a raw December day and tune in balmy June on the Weather Eye Conditioned Air System. You'll sink back to rest, even nap if you wish, in the exclusive Nash Airliner Reclining Seat.

You'll fill the gas tank and go farther than ever before without refilling. You'll wonder at the roominess. You'll marvel that body squeaks and rattles never develop, thanks to double-rigid Airflyte Construction.

You'll discover completely new performance in the Nash Ambassador. Its Jetfire engine set the 1951 stock car record—102.465 m.p.h.

See your Nash dealer for the ideal gift for all the family.

Photography by Fletcher-Sorra

Nash
Airflyte

3 Great Series Priced For Everyone To Own
The Ambassador • The Statesman • The Rambler
GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.



Double your money's worth—double your motoring fun with the Rambler Station Wagon—the new kind of All-Purpose Sedan that converts from luxury family sedan to heavy-duty hauler. Its low price includes \$300 of custom accessories.



Join the new "Who's Who" in motoring—the "Rambler Set." Many of the most important people in America now drive this newest idea in automobiles. See and drive the Country Club—America's smartest, low-priced, custom-equipped "Hardtop."

Vintage Advertising

There were plenty of stocking stuffing goodies available from Nash in 1951, including Airliner Reclining Seats, Weather Eye Conditioned Air, and doubly-rigid Airflyte Construction. Three series were available for your Christmas consideration: The Ambassador, The Statesman and The Rambler.

The Rambler Country Club was America's first compact two-door hardtop, picking up a popular body style first introduced by several GM lines in 1949.

According to the Standard Catalog of American Cars, there are plenty of rare models within the 1951 Nash output: 37 Ambassador Custom 2dr Broughams, 38 Statesman Custom 2dr Broughams, 40 Ambassador Super 2dr Broughams, 50 Rambler 2dr Club Sedans, and 52 Statesman Deluxe Business Coupes. Clearly, post-war America wanted four doors.

In This Issue

Guest column from Brian J. Laline

A future collectible in the SIR-AACA Garage

It's renewal time

Trivia Question: What famous comic book character drove a 1951 Rambler Custom Landau on television?

Answer: Lois Lane, intrepid reporter for the Daily Planet in Metropolis, as seen in the old Superman TV series.

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Minutes of the 534th Meeting

November 5, 2019

1. The 534th meeting of the Staten Island Region AACA was called to order at 7:30 by President Paul Jr. After reciting the pledge of allegiance and observing a moment of silence, the minutes of the 533rd meeting were accepted as read.
2. Prior to the start of the meeting, the members watched video of cars arriving at the show field at Hershey. Throughout the meeting, we brought up additional photos and video to support our discussions.
3. Artie Guarnieri recapped the gathering of old cars for the benefit of Lifestyles for the Disabled.
4. Members recapped their trip to Hershey. Andrew Napoli won a Senior Award for his 1984 Olds Delta 88, and Andy Barcellona won a Preservation for his 1957 Chevrolet 210 wagon. Both Jon Schulman and Bob Ferone judged at the event.
5. We purchased a car for next year's raffle. It is a 1992 Camaro RS convertible. It's Quasar Blue with black top and grey interior.
6. Don Bosco met with Brian Laline at the Advance to discuss their Model T and our hopes to get it out of storage.
7. The Holiday Party is Sunday, December 8 at 3:00 at The RoadHouse. We are collecting new, unwrapped toys to donate that evening. There will be no other December meeting.
8. Phil Boffa gave a treasury report with all in order.
9. The meeting was adjourned at 8:50. The 50/50 collected \$48.00, with Artie Guarnieri winning \$24.00, and Bob Columbia winning a \$25 Thanksgiving Gift Card.

Respectfully submitted,
Tony DiAngelo, Secretary



I Called Him Dad... or Staten Island King of the Used Car

Editor's Note - this article was penned and posted on October 27, 2019 by Brian J. Laline, the editor of the Staten Island Advance. It is reprinted here with his permission, and continues on the back page.

Hi Neighbor,

There's a Staten Island guy named Larry Arann, a professional psychologist who's a standup comic on the side. Maybe you know him. Larry emcees or plays the auctioneer at countless charity fundraisers all over Staten Island. He really is a funny guy.

I was at lunch with him once when his phone rang. He looked at the name on the screen. "A patient. I have to take this," he said, apologetically. He went to a patio just outside the restaurant where I could see him pacing back and forth, deep conversation.

"Poor guy," he said to me when he returned to the table. "He has a flight tomorrow and he's petrified. Can't eat and can't sleep."

"I'm the same exact way," I told Larry. "I'm afraid to fly too."

"Maybe," he said. "But this guy's the pilot."

Ba Dum Chhh!

In any event, Larry's about the closest I've come to seeing a psychologist. Not that I don't need one. But if I was stretched out on Larry's couch, I'd blame it all on my father.

Not the pitfalls and pratfalls of life. Just my penchant for buying used cars.

My father was Staten Island's King of the Used Car. I'm the next generation. Son of the Used Car King.

What gets me thinking about this is that these days, I rarely see anyone driving an old jalopy. Just about everyone has a new car. Or at least a car that's not held together by bailing wire and rust. It's that newfangled proposition called leasing. I guess. Ninety-nine buck a month gets you something that starts every morning. Three-ninety-nine and you got yourself a real nice ride.

When I was a kid, it was a real crap shoot if our car would even start. And if it did, there was no guarantee it would get us home. I once had a car that stalled making left turns. To this day, I cringe when I make a left across heavily trafficked Hylan Boulevard.

Standard equipment in my cars included spare tire, jack, raincoat and a can of ether to spray into the carburetor when the darn thing wouldn't start. The coat was for when I had to walk home in the rain. Once, my son used it to smother a fire shooting from the carburetor after a little too much ether.

When I was a kid, buying a "new" car really meant getting "another" car. We never, ever bought new. And even buying a used car was an experience. We never went to a real car dealer lot. There was a place on Bay Street in Rosebank we called Mulligan's. I don't think the place had a formal name. A gent named Frank Mulligan owned it.

The building on Bay was loaded with old tires and car parts. In back was a small lot where he kept "used" cars. "Junked" cars might be a more apt description. It was my dad's go-to place.

He'd pick the car. My job - I wasn't even 10 when I was assigned this chore - was to go through coffee cans filled with keys until I found one that would start it. These chariots NEVER came with a key. My father would pay 50 bucks for the car. When he ran it into the ground a year or two later, he'd sell it back to Mulligan for five bucks.

And the process started all over again.

Dan once picked me up from grammar school in a snazzy gray 1948 Studebaker. When we tried to get out of the parking spot, we discovered the car had no reverse.

Then there was the time he picked up a pickup truck from Mulligan. I was playing with my pals in the middle of Garretson Avenue down by the beach - you could do that in those days - when Dad turned the corner, heading for home.

I was excited. We never had a pickup.

Half way down the street, the driver's door fell off. I'm not kidding. *(continued on back)*

From the President

Not only are we putting another year in the books, but also another decade, as we are about to begin the 2020's. 100-year-old cars aren't so rare anymore, and cars considered antique can hail from 1995. Are you ready to see a Honda CR-V, Chrysler Cirrus or Dodge Stratus roll onto an AACA showfield near you?

Before looking ahead to the new year, let me look back one month and note how thankful I am to lead our region with the tireless help of our small but devoted group of members. I'm also thankful to see new members seek us out or tag along, and I pledge to make the club one that more and more members will find worth joining.

We finally debuted some multi-media at the last meeting courtesy of a laptop and projection system in the Old County Courthouse. I hope you all enjoyed footage from this year's fall meet at Hershey. We'll look to continue that each month with entertaining and informative offerings. Suggestions are always welcome.

I'm looking forward to celebrating the holidays with all of you at our upcoming party, where we can recognize the efforts of us all. We've got something "magical" planned for those in attendance.

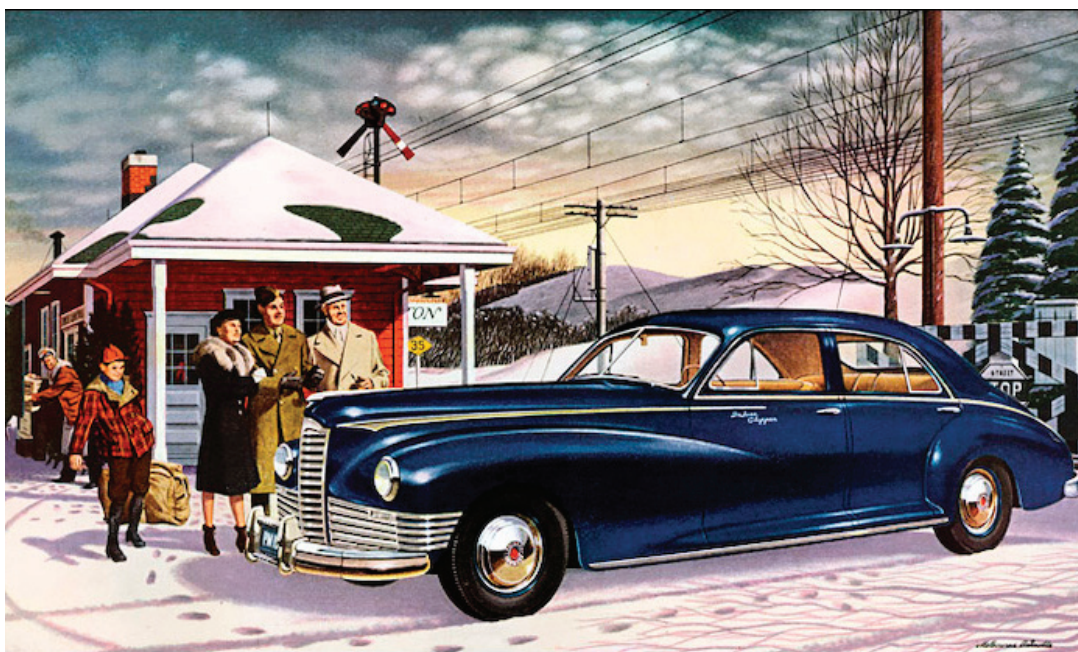
If I do not see you at the party, please accept my warmest wishes for a wonderful holiday season and a happy, healthy new year. Rest up over the winter, dream of warm days and open roads, and we'll be back at it again before you know it. - Paul Jr.

- NEXT MEETING - December 8

Our December meeting is this year's Holiday Party, to be held on Sunday, December 8 from 3:00 - 7:00 at The Road-House, located at 1400 Clove Road. All are encouraged to bring new, unwrapped toys to be donated that evening.

Santa's Back-Up Plan

The NYPD's Community Affairs Bureau has a planned initiative on Staten Island called "Santa's Coming to Town". It's a toy giveaway event scheduled for Saturday, December 21st. The plan calls for a team of three-wheeled Slingshots to form a Santa's sleigh formation and make a stop in each precinct. Our club has been asked to provide a back-up sleigh team just in case the weather is too cold (below 40 degrees) for the open Slingshots. Based on the tentative schedule, the first arrival is at 11:00 AM at Mt. Loretto, and the last one wraps up at 6:20 PM. Ideally, we'd have a red vehicle for Santa and a few other cars leading the way.



Please Renew Your AACA Membership

All AACA members are expected to renew their national membership for 2020 before December 31. See your latest issue of the AACA magazine for details on how to do so. Note that a national membership is a pre-requisite for our membership. Our SIRAACA 2020 dues will remain at \$20 and can be paid beginning at the January meeting.

Inside the SIRAACA Garage

This month's look inside the SIRAACA Garage reveals Kevin Keenan's 2007 Mustang Shelby GT-H, a Hertz 'Rent-a-Racer'.

Kevin's desire to find one was well known, and a chance encounter with Gino Lucci at our fall show revealed that Gino had one that checked off all of Kevin's boxes: low mileage, low production and fully documented. It also was in as-new condition.

Hertz bought 500 GT ragtops in 2007 and shipped them to Shelby for \$8,000 worth of upgrades, including a lower stance, more power, and special appearance features such as the wheels and striping.

Kevin's is car #193. It has a little over 4,000 miles on it, and odds are it never saw actual rental use because the bar code decals remain unapplied to the windshield. Most rentals were retired with 12,000-15,000 miles on them. Gino bought this car in January 2008 from a Ford dealer in Delaware that acquired the car from Hertz that same month.

Car #194 came up for auction last year and failed to sell against a high bid of \$46,000.

The SIRAACA Garage is home to all of our members' cars, past and present. Has your car been featured yet? Make sure you get the details to Paul Jr. if you want to share your car with



Shelby's GT-H features a new lowered suspension, free flow exhaust with X-pipe, cold air intake and a special computer chip, boosting the stock GT engine output to 325 HP. They also added a roll bar, front tower braces, a fiberglass hood, unique 18" wheels and gold stripes. (photos by Kevin Keenan)





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I Called Him Dad... (continued)

My only question when Dad was about to secure our "new" car: Does the radio work? More often than not, No.

My first car was a little English Ford station wagon. Early 50's, I'd guess. I never really knew.

A guy around the corner on Buel Avenue had it in his yard for years. He was real honest about it: "It doesn't run, Brian." That was pretty easy to figure out.

I paid \$5 and pushed the car home. I fancied myself a mechanic. Truth was, I didn't have a clue. So we found a guy who owned English Fords and he came to the house to get it running.

He worked for a couple of hours and it still wouldn't start. The car was standard shift. You could push a standard with another car till you got to about 15 or 20 mph, "pop the clutch" and any car would take off.

Except this one. We never got it started.

I once had a Chevy Monte Carlo that I put three different engines in.

There were a couple of honest-to-God new cars. My first was a bright red 1972 Triumph Spitfire. The car had brand new red-striped tires. I got less on the trade-in than I paid for the tires. Then a bright red 1977 Olds Cutlass Supreme with white vinyl roof and "T top" - two glass panels that you had to remove manually and store in the trunk.

They leaked. Bad. Every time it rained, the seats - and my posterior - were soaked. What I didn't know was that water was getting under the rugs and rotting out the floor. Eventually, I was fitting plywood over gaping holes.

When my daughter got weary of her Chrysler Pacifica SUV, I took it over. There was a radiator leak we couldn't seem to fix so I routinely overheated the thing, to the point where the heating system went kaput. My mechanic guy couldn't fix that either.

My lawyer pal Bob Scamardella won't let me, or anyone we know, forget it. I froze in the heatless car during winter, so I bought an oil-filled portable electric radiator and a power converter to change the DC car current to AC for the radiator. I situated the radiator in the back seat, plugged the converter into the cigarette lighter, and plugged the radiator into the converter.

Nothing. What I didn't know: the converter put out 150 watts of electricity. The radiator used 1,500 watts.

There were two 1966 Mustangs and a 1965 Buick Wildcat. One Mustang fell apart when all the rust let loose, the other was wrecked by a woman who lost control backing her car out of her driveway. The Wildcat floated down the street in Hurricane Sandy.

So after reliving all this, I might be calling Dr.. Arann for an appointment. But while I'm waiting, if you happen to have an old MG Midget sitting in you driveway, or a '59 Caddy with the big fins - two or four doors OK - and you don't know what to do with them, you know where to find me.



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