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## Colorado Collector Car News

In association with the Collector Car Council of Colorado

April 2016

#### THE ADVENTURES OF LILY AND JANET

(Ed - This is a story that was given to me by Art Apple. It's the story of Janet Reiter and her quest to purchase and enjoy a 1960's Lincoln Continential. The story is told in her words. This is a much longer story than I normally run, but I thought it was interesting and I admired her passion and courage to take a 5-1/2 month journey in the car across the entire country. Here is her story.)

For years I've looked at 60's Lincoln Continentals on the streets as they're driving by, in Hemmings books, on page after page of Ebay listings and then many other websites. However, the years dwindled rather suddenly last year to months and then weeks as the intention of my dream began to seriously take hold. I looked at a multitude of photos, sometimes a hundred for one vehicle! Then there were the massive amount of phone calls. It didn't take long for me to lose interest when the car in question had any number of issues. Don't women ever buy these cars? Am I really the only one? I find that hard to believe. I started to get close a few times, even looked at flights to wherever the car happened to be...but just the right one was still eluding me. I certainly wasn't going to buy one just to have one. It had to be just the right one.

When I first saw "Lily" — the color of the Caribbean water — there was that quickening of my heartbeat I've felt before. As I read the particulars, my pulse increased little by little. The mechanical systems, the hydraulics of the convertible top, the 430cc engine, the vacuum lines that operate windows, locks and a host of other things, down to the right and left resonators and mufflers, were wonderful and working! The only thing that didn't work was the heater. I had to call.

"Hello, Sir, I'm calling about your Lincoln for sale." I said. The seller said, "Yes I do. Hey, didn't you call last year?" I replied, "It's possible but the timing was much better now!"

We spent a good amount of time on the phone discussing each and every particular. He seemed very nice and forthcoming. He was living in Maine having moved from California and keeps her in a garage and starts her up every week but doesn't drive her very much, given the weather there is not real conducive to a big, luxurious convertible for most of the year. Thinking this might be the one, I said I'd love to meet her.

I flew to Augusta, Maine on May 11, 2015, bought Lily on the 12th and feeling free as a bird, took off for Portland, Maine on the 14th. I have friends and family all up and (Continued on next page)



#### The Adventures of Lily and Janet continued

down the eastern seaboard but I've never driven there or visited most, nor seen all the historical sights that DC, Boston and New York City, among others, have to offer.

My first lengthy stay was Rochester, NY so it was time to start taking care of her "needs" like a tune-up and oil change, which I like to refer to as "spa treatments" for Lily. Baker's Auto in Connecticut is a wonderful place to order all things Lincoln, like the new old stock lock for the glove box and complete repair manuals. I even had a security system installed with a microwave barrier that alarms when someone puts their arm inside the car when the top is down....which is always.

Basically, my route wound down, around and back through New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey visiting friends and seeing sights. I arrived in Virginia on my birthday, June 18th, where my girlfriend's favorite car repair man told me, "There are too many things wrong with this car. We don't want to touch it and you have no right to expect to drive this car across the country!" Hmm, really? I'll show him. I continued my journey to North Carolina where my brand new 6-wk-old grandbaby boy twins live — Niles and Lincoln — the cutest things since bee's knees! Then off to South Carolina where I ran out of gas on the freeway just because I was so involved in driving that I simply forgot. The result was having to wait a couple hours in a drizzling rain for two gallons of gas. Then to Georgia. Although Lily's tires looked new, they were, in fact, 7 years old. So guess what happens when you start cruising daily at 80 mph on old tires? The steel belts break and consequently Lily is wobbling all over the road. I had a brand new spare, the same age, and it didn't take long for that one to break as well.

For these reasons and more, I decided to hightail it to Lincoln Land in Clearwater, Florida. Chris Dunn is the proprietor and he and his staff are so knowledgeable and helpful. Lily had spa treatments galore! plus a full set of Coker Tires with the \$20 per tire insurance. Now we're talkin'. TC is the top mechanic at Lincoln Land and she's a woman! I think that is tres cool. She told me she thought I was very brave to drive Lily across country alone. Hmm, I didn't feel brave. There were others, too, who thought it was a very scary thing to do. But, I didn't feel scared.

I must say, I got pretty used to the top down, sunglasses



on and the wind in my hair. I'm sure I was a sight to see, but more important was how I felt. And I felt fine! Can I wager a bet on how many thumbs-ups, waves, honks and whistles I got? No. Was I on top of the world, having the time of my life? Yes. Friends and family were quite amazed at the attention Lily gets, as well as the comfort of the ride...like floating on air. Being a musician/entertainer by trade, I'm no stranger to attention, but others were quite surprised and tickled by it. Feeling silly and giddy, I bought a driving dress, the color of Lily, with a tube top so I didn't have any strap lines from driving and tanning. As a matter of fact, the majority of my present wardrobe matches Lily... even purses and shoes!

I drove into New Orleans just before dusk on a Sunday and right off the freeway and less than a mile from my hotel, I felt something wrong in my right front tire. Dang, a flat tire...so I pulled over. No! A guy pulled over right behind me, jumped out of his car and ran up to ask if I had any water because my tire was on fire! I gave him the 3-4 bottles I had in the front seat with me and he ran around to the other side, emptying them and putting out the fire. Well, there already had been, (in Philly and Virginia and Florida) and was still was going to be an ongoing issue with that right front brake.



(Continued on page 4)





#### The Adventures of Lily and Janet continued

Don't be surprised at how much I know. I had to learn and I wanted to! How can you drive across the states in a 53 year old car and not learn what it takes to be successful? Quickly!

Obviously, I had to spend a little time in New Orleans over that right front tire, so I assuaged



my concerns with raw oysters, baked oysters Rockefeller, fried oysters and charcoal grilled oysters!

OK! On to Crystal Bridges in Arkansas to the Art museum that Mrs. Walton of Walmart fame and fortune has put together for everyone to enjoy...and I certainly did!! Oh! Have I mentioned that, so far, there have been, maybe, three days in the last three months that I've had to drive with the top up? Then on to the state of my birth...OOOOklahoma...where the wind comes sweepin' down the plains...then down to Texas to see a sister and brother and a host of good friends and more spa treatments for Lily.

Going north, up through Texas and out of Raton on the New Mexico/Colorado border is the Raton pass; 7800 feet of prime uphill property on the New Mexico side and then steep enough downhill that you could coast all the way into Trinidad...that is, if you make it up to begin with. Oh, we got close! Within a mile of the top, Lily was just a sputtin' and sputterin' and coughin' and chokin' and gave it all she had but it just wasn't enough. We had to call Mr. Towtruck Driver Man to get us down into Trinidad. Alas, it was a Saturday, the 5th of September, and no one had time to look at Lily. After a nice cool-down and a bite to eat, we forged on to the Lakewood suburb of Denver for the last Golden Cruise Night of the summer with my sister and her family. Wow! What a night! It became my initiation into the "World of Lincoln People". First I met Felix LaFore, then John Brewster, then Art Apple.

All told, I spent just under a month in Denver as Lily had some major spa treatments at B's Auto under the tutelage of Mr. Apple. I must say, I no longer have an issue with the right front brake. After all the brake hardware I'd seen and compared, it turns out three still had the wrong adjusters, both rear and the right front. Hopefully, there would be no more vapor lock either after the installation of the electric fuel pump. My

"ignorance is bliss" unawareness that my cooling system was compromised by a leak in the surge tank as well as a bad thermostat paved the way so that now Lily's dash gauge is a true reflection of her temperature.

Mmmm, that Denver and the surrounding area are sure beautiful. If I weren't such a California girl and needing to be within a stone's throw of the beach, I'd likely live there. One of my wonderful sisters (I have five) and her family live there. Oh, but there's snow...oh well, forget that.

Getting back on the road after such a long time off was indeed delightful. Bright, sunshiny morning, put the top down, bundled up a bit and said goodbye to Denver. It wasn't long before I had to pull over, put the top up and curse at the weather. It was early October for heavens sake. Went northward up into Wyoming so as to avoid some of the steeper passes, worried that Lily may not be up to it. In retrospect, I think she would've handled them just fine. All I wanted to do was get to California and figured it would take two nights in motels. Stayed the first night in a little dumpy roadside excusefor-a-bed. The next day, I called one of my brothers (I have four) in California, thinking I might meet up with him in Reno. Lo and behold, they were going to be in Sacramento, just a few more hours beyond Reno and having dinner that evening to celebrate their daughter's birthday. Well...if I just keep going... and darn it, if I didn't make it there in time for dinner! I'm actually in California! The Donner Pass at dusk was exquisite. Picturesque hill after hill and mountain after mountain of stately evergreens.

California. It's been a long time coming...5  $\frac{1}{2}$  months on the road.

I floated down to Monterey, one of my favorite scenic vistas, to visit my dad. I took him for a Lily trip up to Oregon to see another brother and his family. Oh Lily. She gave me a



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#### The Adventures of Lily and Janet continued

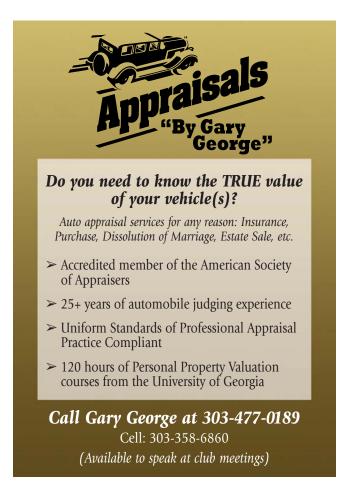
little trouble, but not much. It was still the heat and the vapor lock but I have until next summer to worry about that. I think my dad might've been a little surprised to see me out there, with the hood up and the air cleaner off, pouring my little water bottle of gasoline into the carburetor and furiously engaging the throttle!!! Maybe others were too...I just didn't have the time to notice.

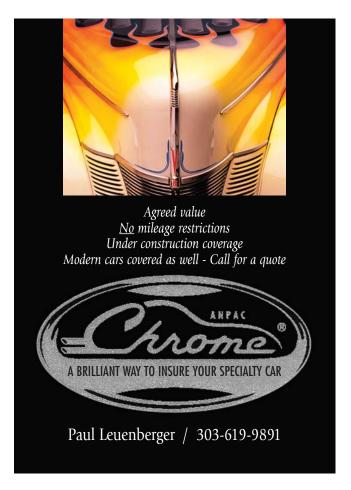
Back from Oregon, going south from Monterey, I did have the GoPro on down Highway 1 through Big Sur. What a day that was! What a spectacular drive! The sunshine, the lack of traffic and the water reflecting sun stars out across the land-scape that was an odd combination of green pastoral and rugged cliffs set against the blue Pacific Ocean, proved to be the perfect culmination to the gracious unfolding of this cross-country trip.

I realize that the majority of classic car owners buy their cars for show, keeping them in the garage and taking them out occasionally for fun. I really wanted this car to drive. Since I found her in Maine, well, I had to drive her back to California.

Presently, Lily is the only car I own and it's a thrill to drive her, each and every time. I think she's pretty happy with me, too. A match made in Lincoln!







Kodachrome Photo Series: Original photos from years past...when cars were an essential part of any photograph.









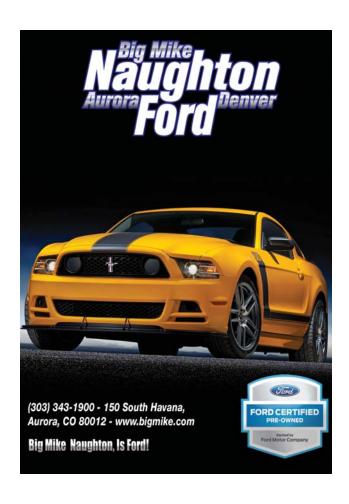


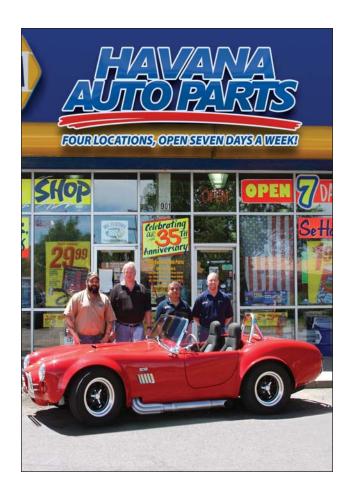




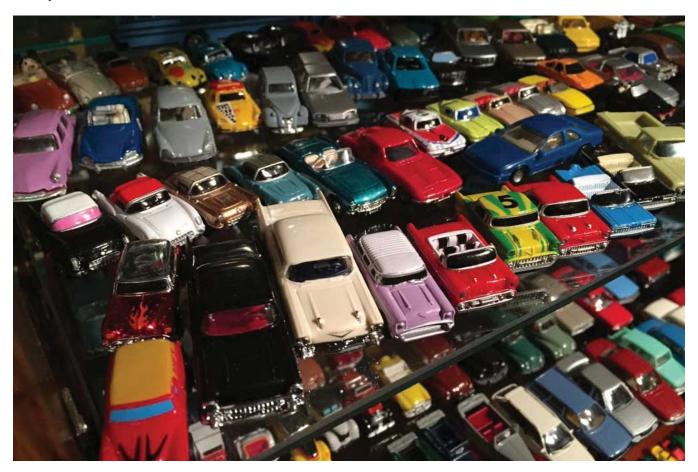












"I'm still a bit overwhelmed," confesses Lisa Lundstrom, chief financial officer of the Celebration Church in Lakeville, Minnesota. "It's nuts!" Lundstrom's amazement began in December when Dennis Erickson, a longtime church usher passed away, leaving his home and its contents to the church. Lundstrom will never forget her first look at the property. "It was breathtaking when I walked in," she says. Shelves filled with scale model cars filled the foyer, then kept going. Kitchen, living room, bedrooms, family room - every available space was covered with cars. "Literally it's floor to ceiling every single room," says Lundstrom.

Meticulously displayed in Erickson's house and two garages are more than 30,000 cars, including a full size Model T Ford, a '59 Edsel and a '66 Rambler. "I mean we just kept finding cars," says Lundstrom. Weeks later, she's done enough research to know, "This is one of the largest collections in the entire world, right here." Lundstrom has learned much the past few weeks about Erickson, the career civil engineer, who started collecting cars at the age of 9.

Scouring antique shops, cars shows and the internet, Erickson amassed the equivalent of more than a car for every day of his life. In fact, days after Erickson died, cars were still arriving. "He would sit and polish these cars every day," says Lundstrom. "It was his passion." Erickson was an

only child who lived in the house with his parents until they both passed away. He never married. He never had children. Erickson was 69 years old when he died in his sleep, surrounded by his cars. "He didn't have family to put a funeral together for him, we did it as a church, because he was our family," says Lundstrom.

Erickson's church family is now celebrating the passion of a man who also saved and catalogued thousands of automotive brochures and meticulously logged his every car encounter, from adding STP to his Edsel, to putting Armor All on the tires. His display cases were hand-built and covered with Plexiglas to keep dust from reaching his cars. "He took better care of these little cars than people take care of people in their lives," says Lundstrom. Named executor of Erickson's estate, Lundstrom is overseeing the sale of the rest of the collection. She's still working through the logistics of how exactly that might happen. Lundstrom believes the collection could fetch well into six figures, most of which will go to Celebration Church. The church, in turn, plans to spend the money to remodel and expand its youth facilities.

To view a video on Dennis' collection go to: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fSINTdrsL1c

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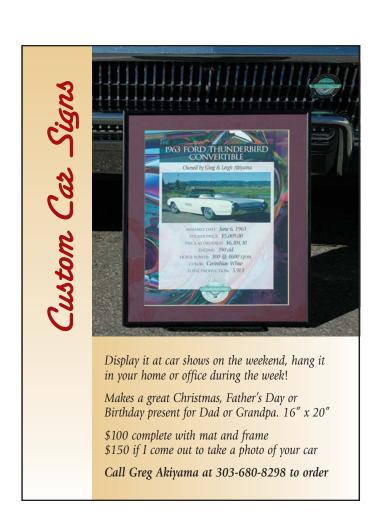
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This is a monthly publication dedicated to the enjoyment of the collector car hobby in Colorado.

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ED: I am looking for other Cars of the Month. These cars do not have to be concours award winners, just cars that have owners who are proud to own them. (Don't we all feel that way?) To nominate a car and owner, please contact me at gakiyama@earthlink.net. Thanks. ED: I am always looking for more subscribers. If you know someone who you think would enjoy getting my newsletter, please have them send me an e-mail complete with their name, club affiliation and phone number. I ask for a phone number because when (not if) an e-mail stops working, I can contact that person for an updated e-mail address rather than just stop sending them the newsletter. My e-mail address is: gakiyama@earthlink.net. Thanks.

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