



Collector Network™

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THE VOICE OF THE COLLECTOR CAR COMMUNITY

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I'D RATHER BE DRIVING

YOU SEE IT ON bumper stickers: "I'd rather be sailing." "I'd rather be golfing."

Well, I'm lucky – I'd rather be doing exactly what I do. Not everyone can make a living satisfying his or her passion, but because you're reading *Hagerty's*, you share my passion – for fine collectible cars. We love thinking about our cars, working on them, driving them. One good test of a life well lived is knowing what makes you happy, and by that standard, we in the car hobby are blessed. Nothing makes us happier than a fine drive on a sunny afternoon.

So what could be better than a brand-new magazine devoted to our hobby?

Nothing. Starting right now – Volume 1, Number 1 – we'll produce the most well-informed, user-friendly and entertaining collector-car publication we can. We'll admire the great collections, answer the tough restoration questions and prove what you already knew: When talking about wonderful cars, "Too much is never enough."

We welcome everything – Curved Dash Olds to British Racing Green Lotus Elite, full-load '32 highboy to '58 Testa Rossa and snorting Hemi Charger. *Hagerty's* is your magazine – please pass it on to all your collector-car friends. It's our way to give back to the hobby we all love. In *Hagerty's*, we won't talk at you – we'll be talking with you. If you have a concern or a great idea, or if you need good advice, tell us. *Hagerty's* is a problem-solver, a "service station" for lovers of great cars, making the hobby even more welcoming and satisfying.

So ... looking for a Hispano-Suiza fuel pump?

Need a Studebaker radio? Shoot us an e-mail at editorhagertys@hagerty.com and we'll ask around.

Meanwhile, come on in. Have a coffee. We've got things to talk about. ☕

McKeel Hagerty

McKeel Hagerty

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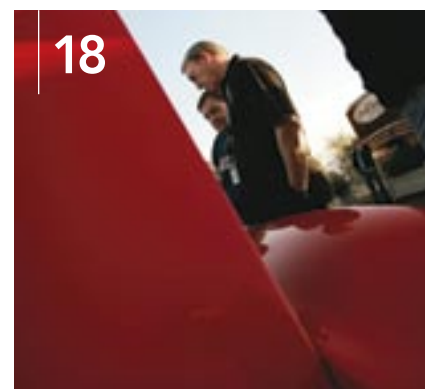


ON THE COVER

1960 Alfa Romeo Giulietta SZ
Photography by Winston Goodfellow



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FEATURES

10 South of Rio Road – Three Tours of Paradise

If you're looking for some relief from the madness at the annual Pebble Beach gathering, we've found a solution – well, three solutions, actually. We offer tours of the amazing Monterey, California, area that will do wonders for your sanity.

18 Muscle Madness

No one could have predicted the prices buyers are willing to pay for high-performance collector cars, but what's behind this madness for muscle?

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Real American Swagger For Less Than Fifty Grand

>> by the staff of Sports Car Market, edited by Keith Martin

THE STAMPEDE OF cash-heavy baby boomers into the collector-car market has resulted in a scorched-earth landscape for entry-level buyers. Conventional wisdom holds that if you want a major-league car with real American swagger, bring much more than \$50,000 or stay home. Not true. If you're willing to slightly broaden your horizons, there are still some American milestone cars out there for prices that might seem dirt-cheap in a few years. Examples: the 1956–57 Continental Mark II and 1966–67 Oldsmobile Toronado.

The King, The Chairman And The Shah

The Continental Mark II was the car of American royalty. It cost \$10,000 when a new home was only \$20,000. Owners included Sinatra, Elvis and Nelson Rockefeller. And though he was an American only in the eyes of the CIA, the Shah of Iran owned one, too. Yet even at the Continental's huge sticker price, Ford lost money on every one.

The Continental's only option was air conditioning. All came with a 300-horsepower 368-cubic inch V-8. Slightly more than 3,000 Continentals were built in just two model years. >>



EVAN KLEIN (2)



Year: 1956
Marque: Continental
Model: MK II
Cylinders: V-8
Horsepower: 300

Odometer: 42,306 miles
Auction: Barrett-Jackson 2006, Scottsdale, Arizona
Sold Price: \$52,920
Condition Rating: 2+

Condition Description: Town & Country radio. Excellent prep and bare-body repaint. Gaps aren't perfect, but better than new. Vent windows show some delamination. Nice reupholster, with modern lap belts. Clean and mostly correct engine bay.



Year: 1967
Marque: Oldsmobile
Model: Toronado
Cylinders: V-8
Horsepower: 385
Odometer: 116,803 miles
Auction: Kruse Int'l 2006, Phoenix, Arizona
Sold Price: \$7,344
Condition Rating: 3-

Condition Description: Seller claims actual miles. Driven to auction from Illinois. All books and records, a/c, full power. Some paintwork acne. Good chrome, most likely original. Light wear to clean interior. A used-car survivor.

While Continental prices remained stagnant in the mid- to high-\$20,000 range for two decades, decent examples now regularly break the \$40–50,000 mark. But really, these cars have enough swagger to command prices beginning with sixes. Throw on some Sinatra tunes, and no self-respecting valet in the country will deny your rightful spot out front.

Front-Wheel Drive Muscle

Fast-forward another decade. Oldsmobile thought it could capture the swagger of the Continental – with a car it could actually sell at a profit. The Toronado was a big gamble, combining new and unproven front-wheel drive technology with a massive 425-cubic inch V-8 of 385 horsepower and a pavement-rippling 475 lb.-ft. of torque.

As the world's only 130-mph, front-wheel drive luxury GT, the 1966–'67 Toronado was a class of one – the last groundbreaking car from GM, before the corporate design-by-focus group fog settled in.

Toronado Restorations – A Labor Of Love

As with the Continental MK II, Toronado restoration costs have always far outstripped values. That's not to say nicely restored cars aren't out there, but these "labor of love" restorations are tough to find. The Olds club folks know where they are.

Conventional wisdom holds that the very best '66–'67 Toronado is a \$15,000 car. I think this is low by half. Well-restored Toronados are almost never seen at auction, and I have a feeling that when a really good example of this arresting automobile shows up at a major event, you'll need at least \$30,000 to take it home.

Sign Language

Maybe you saw it in New Jersey – a highway sign that reads, "Stop – Get Ticket." (Actually, no thanks, officer.) Or passing a country diner in North Carolina, you glimpsed a sign for a catfish dinner offering: "All You Can Eat – Whole Cats." (We just ate – really, we're stuffed.)

We hope you took a picture. Because since late May, Hagerty customers have been combing American highways and byways for photos of the funniest, craziest road signs they can find. (National billboard ad campaigns are excluded.) The contest runs through July. All entries are viewable on the Hagerty website (www.hagerty.com), and Hagerty employees will vote on the funniest, craziest sign. Winners get prizes, so send us photos by mail, e-mail or upload at www.hagerty.com today.



PETER FTSCHLINZEW/GETTY IMAGES



JIM AROGAST/GETTY IMAGES

Road Warriors' Almanac

IN OUR TIRELESS pursuit of Truth, Justice and The American Way, Hagerty conducted a nationwide survey to determine "America's Top 10 Driving Pet Peeves." CEO McKeel Hagerty says, "After visiting numerous car shows, auctions and automotive events and talking with our customers, the Hagerty staff heard many of the same complaints about drivers' behaviors. Yet these drivers also admitted they, too, were guilty of committing some of these 'sins of the road.' That's why we decided to launch this survey. And we found some funny results, but many responses were things we're all guilty of doing at one time or another!"

"Well, not me!" you huff.

Maybe. First, consider the survey results: "America's Top 10 Driving Pet Peeves," arranged from least to most obnoxious. If you see yourself in any of the below, don't say a word ...

10

Morse Coders

Drivers who leave their turn signals on for miles
Let's be fair. Perhaps Morse Coders are part of the SETI project, their turn signals beaming out across the galaxies in search of other life forms.

Driving Divas

Women applying makeup and men shaving
Don't these Driving Divas have indoor plumbing? Please, spare the rest of us and handle personal grooming at home.

Speed Racers

Motorcyclists who race between lanes, between cars

This is the kind of behavior that gives some motorcyclists a bad rap. Not surprisingly, some of these Speed Racers end up high-sided, facedown on the pavement, but not before they've left a new contour on your favorite ride or nearly given you a heart attack.

Road Ragers

We've all experienced Road Ragers. These offenders obviously will not stop until you respond to their "need to communicate," which includes "sign language" (flipping the middle finger), the "shout out" (using words no good Samaritan would say) or the ever-popular "Honk-a-holic" (no further description needed).

Space Invaders

Hasty drivers who change lanes without signaling
Over the years, auto manufacturers have refined the operations of that little stalk on every vehicle's steering column (turn signal ... duh). Space Invaders obviously haven't caught on to this radical, cutting-edge technology.

5

Gap Snatcher

Obnoxious drivers who speed up to keep you from changing lanes
It's a mystery why Gap Snatchers, who can clearly see fellow drivers' signals to change lanes, strive to keep other drivers "in their place."

4

Wacky Weavers

Drivers who weave through traffic to gain one or two car lengths
These Wacky Weavers employ what's known as "cut-and-thrust" motoring techniques, chopping off fellow motorists, changing lanes with abandon – all in an effort to roll up to the next red light 10 seconds before you.

3

Piggybackers

Pushy drivers who tailgate
Unless you're at Daytona racing Dale Jr. for the lead, there's no reason to climb up another driver's bumper. Piggybackers should leave the bump-drafting to NASCAR.

2

Turtle Racers

Slow drivers in the fast lane
It doesn't matter to these Turtle Racers that the average traffic flow is 15–20 mph faster than they are traveling; they just cruise at their own pace!

1

Motor Mouths

Distracted drivers talking on cell phones
Americans love to multitask. So it's no surprise that the nation's Number One pet peeve is Motor Mouths – drivers drifting into other lanes while dialing, downloading, texting or good old-fashioned phone-chatting.



Collector Car Appreciation Day in Michigan brought out Mustangs, Lincolns and Duesenbergs, as well as Secretary of State Terri Lynn Land and State Representative Howard Walker with McKeel Hagerty.



Capitol Idea

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if your state passed a law that all cars, Toyota Prius to Duesenberg SJ, must pass the same ultra-low emissions standard? If you owned a Duesenberg SJ, you'd splutter and rant. They just outlawed your car!

Draconian laws like that are never far from legislators' minds, and the Hagerty Collector Network is working hard to make collectors' voices heard should such legislation be proposed. The Collector Network is more than 225,000 members strong and growing, large enough to exert a realistic influence on legislation affecting collector cars. Hagerty provides insurance for collector cars as a business, but we also believe deeply in the hobby, its historical value and the pleasure it brings owners. We love it as you do.

And the Collector Network can make a real difference. After only four months in existence, we helped pass an emissions-exemption bill for street rods in Missouri. We also supported a bill that lowered fees for historic vehicles in Michigan ... and the "we"

refers to all of us – you and Hagerty.

But state-to-state, collector-car regulation is a confusing hodgepodge. Some states are vastly less tolerant of our hobby than others. Legislators are torn between broad automotive initiatives, and in the case of collector cars, reasonable exemptions. Long-term, we want to standardize collector-car registration and title law. As a Hagerty-insured collector, you're already a member of our Collector Network and we want to work with you! Just get involved! Volunteer online to be your state's contact; you'll be first to learn about legislation affecting the hobby. Network with like-minded collectors to create a unified voice in support of the hobby. When legislators understand our needs, they'll more easily recognize our values.

To make our point, the Collector Network is organizing Collector Car Appreciation Days, to gather collectors in your state capital to demonstrate their cars. Learn more at www.hagerty.com. Click on "Legislative Alerts and News" and "Advocacy Avenue."

You've Got A Friend

No – you are the friend. Each year, for every membership in the Hagerty Collector Network, Hagerty donates a dollar of seed money to the Collectors Foundation.

The total last year: \$225,000.

What's more, \$70,000 in scholarships was awarded to students studying restoration technology, design and custom car or boat building at institutions like Art Center College of Design, Kettering University and McPherson College. Another \$131,000 in grants was distributed to Classic Car Club of America's Library Project, Antique Automobile Club of America's Library and Research Center, and Holy Cross Classic Cruisers. And \$69,000 in grants went to great automotive museums like the Petersen, Harold E. LeMay, Alfred P. Sloan and Saratoga.

Begun in 2005 as the Hagerty Fund, the Collectors Foundation, the source of these grants and scholarships, is a charitable nonprofit fund devoted to supporting the long-term interests of the collectible-car and classic-boat hobbies. The Foundation's goal is to broaden and deepen interest in collectible cars, particularly among children and young adults.

But these deserving automotive students, organizations and institutions need everyone's help. Make a contribution or donate a car to the Foundation. You'll earn a welcome tax deduction, and the Foundation uses the proceeds realized at auction to continue supporting deserving students, organizations and museums. Learn more at www.collectorsfoundation.org.



THE SILK PURSE AND THE SOW'S EAR

It's a question your spouse will likely ask: Is your old car, hot rod or truck really worth restoring?

Story >> Ken Gross

WHETHER YOU DO the restoration yourself, hire a skilled professional or “manage” the process by completing all the work you can and farming out the more complex tasks, you need to consider the commitment needed to turn that garage sow into car-show silk.

Make sure the commitment isn't greater than makes sense. The classic rule is: Never spend more on a restoration than it will be worth when you're done. Ah, but that rule isn't always valid. (Good, you grin – a loophole.)

Most complete restorations take 1,000 to 2,000 hours, spread over a year or more. The cost of rare parts, not to mention the bill for high-quality painting and plating, is constantly increasing. On the plus side, the market values of some models have reached all-time highs with no sign of slowing. Choose wisely, and the restored value of your car might rise substantially over the period of its restoration.

There is also the issue of your labor.

Amateur restorers often say, “It only cost me X-thousand dollars to restore my car” – conveniently leaving out the value of their own time. I bought a Hemi-powered '39 Ford convertible coupe from a friend who thought that way. Seeing the amount on the check, his wife commented dryly, “That's only what he's got in the car in parts. He's not charging you for his labor because he never adds it up.”

Whether you're restoring a Model T Ford or a Model J Duesenberg, these very different projects have many tasks in common. The smaller, more mundane Ford has fewer parts, and the Duesenberg's higher value is a direct consequence of its greater complexity and rarity. But a substantial number of hours is necessary to transform any car, great or small, from an assemblage of worn, rusty and faded parts to a beauty of which you'll be proud.

To keep the subject of cost vs. reward in perspective, estimate your old car's market


value when fully restored. And before computing the cost of parts and labor, consider the time involved, ranging from a minimum of six months of intense work to years of patient toil. Think about the space required for the project. And don't leave out long hours spent away from your family and other interests. Finally, be realistic about the potential difficulty of tracking down or having to fabricate your car's rarer pieces – those pieces that will make you especially proud when the car is completed.

You might have a “profit” in mind if you're restoring a vehicle only to sell it when it's done. Or if the restoration process is its own reward (as it was with my friend and the '39 Ford Hemi), it might be OK to break even.

Of course, all of us have a different idea of what our car-restoration money is buying. A well-known Virginia restoration shop charged a California woman more than \$100,000 to restore her 1964 Plymouth Valiant, and if you

think no Plymouth Valiant is worth that much, you're probably right. But this prosaic little sedan was the woman's first car. She had many happy memories in it and wanted it redone better than new. The adage applies: “If it's worth it to you, it's worth it.”

Deciding if a restoration is worth the cost and effort remains a judgment call. Perhaps the car is extremely rare or even a one-off. Maybe it has unique history or a famous former owner. It might have immense sentimental value or you might be convinced it will be worth much more in a few years. If so, feel free – break the rules and enjoy the process.

I've never added up the cost of building my '32 Ford highboy. The finished roadster, resplendent in hand-rubbed black lacquer, with a fine-tuned, supercharged flathead that positively snarls under hard acceleration, is a joy. I can't put a price on that – and don't intend to try. 



TRANSTOCK (3)

“The adage applies: ‘If it's worth it to you, it's worth it.’”

WE NOW FINANCE ADOPTIONS



(congratulations, it's a goat.)

1932 Ford Coupe with Cadillac motor, restored at Baskins Hot Rod Shop, Fresno, California (top left), a 1938 Bugatti Type 57SC Atlantic (top right) and a 1938 Alfa Romeo 8c 2900 Mille Miglia (lower detail), both restored at Paul Russell and Co., Essex, Massachusetts.

You've always wanted this baby. And now it's yours. Thanks to Hagerty Finance – a program designed especially for collectors. We offer the lowest monthly payments and the flexibility to pay off the loan as fast as you want. Hope you're ready for a little “screaming.”



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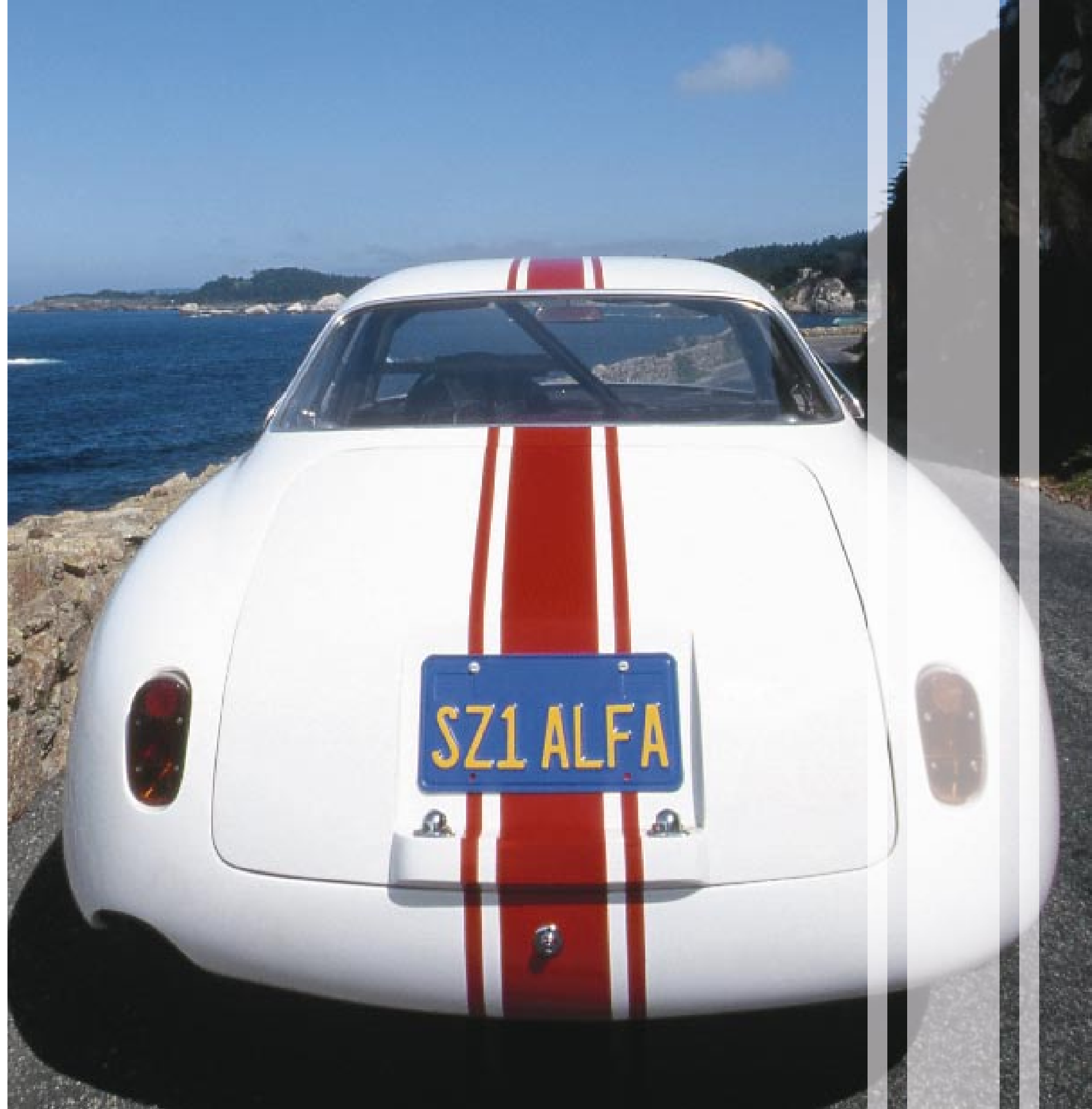
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SOUTH OF RIO ROAD – THREE TOURS OF PARADISE

*Pebble Beach so
wonderful you
need a break?
Take a short drive
to Paradise –
and don't miss the
French fries ...*

*Story and Photography >>
Winston Goodfellow*





A FEW MILES south of the crowds swirling around Pebble Beach and the Monterey Histories, the air is still. The sound of surf crashing on rocks rises to you on the gentle ocean breeze. Around each bend as you drive south, another divine seaside view unfolds, as if created especially for you.

Without doubt, the week of activities surrounding Pebble Beach is the most elegant and exciting in the annual collector-car calendar. Yet superb as the week is, at some point in the festivities, you might find yourself thinking, like Wellington at Waterloo, “Oh, the noise ... the people!”

Fear not, we have the perfect getaway. If you plan carefully, you’ll be able to “get away”

without missing any of your favorite events. What’s more, you’ll experience an unforgettable drive through the outskirts of Heaven. Here are three tours of various lengths, the shortest less than an hour. We’ll call it “The Nooner.” A slightly longer tour, roughly two hours, is “The Long Lunch.” And if you just can’t bring yourself to turn back, our deluxe tour is “The All-Day Sucker.” You’ll be lucky to get back before dark. Choose wisely – and be ready to change your mind.

The Nooner

Like the two longer tours, The Nooner begins just below Rio Road on Highway 1 at the

mouth of Carmel Valley. This is the southernmost boundary for most of the week’s automotive celebrations. Drive only a mile farther south and you’re in a different world. The tranquility hits you first. The air is quiet but for the distant, pounding surf. Soft breezes stir. You even hear your own straight-eight now, up front and purring. Nice.

The Nooner, like the other two tours, can be stretched or shortened to suit. If the drive gets just too monotonously heavenly, double back to Carmel – or continue south to L.A. (You’ll know when you’re out of Heaven.) Either way, you’re seeing some of God’s very best work.

South of Rio Road, the first roadside at-

traction arrives in just one and a half miles – Carmel River State Beach. There is plenty of parking at roadside, and this superb picnic spot has postcard-perfect white sand, the deep blue Pacific and an expansive view of Carmel and its multi-million dollar homes. Sitting there, you’ll ask yourself, what do these Carmel people do for a living? (A word to the wise: Don’t ask.)

The Long Lunch

If you can take two hours away from the shows (or if you started on The Nooner and just can’t turn back), continue past Carmel River State Beach to Point Lobos State Preserve, a mile farther south. Point Lobos is 1,200 acres of sandy beach, wind-warped Monterey cypress and sensuous rock formations that make you feel like you stumbled onto a *Star Wars* set. Sea lions loll on rocks in the distance, barking like hounds with the croup. Bring your picnic basket. Eight dollars gets you into this stunning place, but it might take the National Guard to get you out.

Or skip the picnic basket altogether, and go a mile farther south to Highlands Inn for lunch. This luxury hotel has two dining spots, the informal California Market and Pacific’s Edge (dinner only). Both offer expansive views of the coastline, as well as superb dining. At the very least, stop at

Carmel Highlands’ superbly restored 1930s gas station for a photo op. Your car will smile beautifully for every picture, no coaxing.

Time is running short on the Long Lunch, but you deserve a treat. Before heading back, go a half-mile south of Highlands Inn to a tiny road on the right named Spindrift. (Watch carefully, or you’ll miss it.) This one-mile loop takes you out along craggy rocks and splashing waves. The deep-blue Pacific glitters like diamonds, and some of Spindrift’s homes will take your breath away.

The All-Day Sucker

Roughly a third of those starting out on The Nooner or The Long Lunch wind up on The All-Day Sucker. Another third do the same but won’t admit it. This coastline is that irresistible.

South of Spindrift on Highway 1, you’ll cross Malpaso Creek Bridge – local resident Clint Eastwood chose the name Malpaso for his impossibly successful film-production company. Built in 1935, Malpaso is one of several historic Highway 1 bridges to come. A mile later are several turnouts, offering a wonderful view of the rugged coastline as it snakes its way south.

Rocky Point Restaurant, five miles later, was built in 1947 and is maybe the most sensationally wild spot for a good restaurant



What could be better... breezing along in your top-down ‘69 Pontiac GTO (left) or posing your 1960 Alfa Romeo SZ with Pt. Lobos in the distance. Further south at Pt. Sur Light, you’ll give the locals a chuckle (top right).

Paradise Calling

Phones in paradise? Sure. Try these numbers for directions, reservations and spiritual guidance:

Big Sur Lodge Restaurant
www.bigsurlodge.com
831-667-3111

Big Sur Bakery & Restaurant
www.bigsurbakery.com
831-667-0520

Cielo
www.ventanainn.com
831-667-4242

Nepenthe and Café Kevah
www.nepenthebigsur.com
831-667-2345

Highlands Inn (California Market and Pacific’s Edge)
www.highlandsinn.hyatt.com
831-620-1234

Pt. Sur State Historic Park
www.pointsur.org
831-625-4419

Rocky Point Restaurant
www.Rocky-point.com
831-624-2933



South of Rio Road, you'll dine in the sun, see world-famous Bixby Bridge and the wonders of Big Sur (center) before crossing the finish line at Ventana Inn (right).



anywhere on the Pacific Rim. Indoor and outdoor dining overlook crashing surf – and we mean *crashing!* There is plenty of parking; no worries about safely situating your elegant car. Forget you even thought of a picnic basket, and settle in for lunch.

One-tenth of a mile south of Rocky Point is one of my favorite photo locations. The pullout on the west side of Highway 1 showcases Big Sur's mountainous drama – and don't miss the natural arch in the distance just at water level.

Now you come to one of the most photographed sights in America. Bixby Bridge, completed in 1932, is an elegant 714-foot span that's been used in dozens of car commercials. A mile farther, you'll find several turnouts.

And deep within everyone lies the need to just sit and stare at a good bridge. Sit. Stare.

One mile ahead, a long white-sand beach leads to the large volcanic cone of Pt. Sur. This area was home to the Pt. Sur Light Station. The 19th-century lighthouse, 361 feet above the surf, is open for tours. But be warned, only the first 40 arrivals make the cut. Tours are at 10 a.m. Wednesday and Thursday. For those willing to miss the Concours or a day of the Monterey Historics, there are 10 a.m. tours on Saturday and Sunday. Admission is \$4–\$8, depending on your age and whether you're behaving like it.

If you've managed to resist the restaurants mentioned so far ... why? No matter. You're on The All-Day Sucker, and your lunchtime reward

comes at the end. But first you drive past – Surprise! – hundreds of grazing cattle. The road is flat and straight now, the grasslands peaceful. Hard to believe that just a few miles (and a lifetime) ago, you were fighting Carmel traffic.

The town of Big Sur should be Small Sur. In shade beneath enormous redwoods is The River Inn – rustic like most of the town. Shops, art galleries, small hotels and informal Big Sur Lodge follow, each contributing to the village's lingering '60s feel. But you haven't eaten, and your spouse is getting grumbly. Patience – food is near.

You'll pass Big Sur Bakery & Restaurant and a small service station with what has to be California's most expensive gas. Now you must choose between two wonderful lunch spots. The

first is Cielo, in beautiful Ventana Inn. Its menu ranges from eggs Benedict to Dungeness crab salad, oysters, clams, a world-class burger and a scrumptious chicken sandwich. And don't miss the fries. On a clear day, the view at Cielo is stupefying. (If you're smart, you'll call ahead for reservations – 831-667-4242.)

A mile farther south is Nepenthe, a restaurant housed in the swoopily modernistic late-40s home Orson Welles built for then-wife Rita Hayworth. Park along Highway 1 (Nepenthe's lot is cramped) and be prepared for one of the most sensational sea views anywhere. The main restaurant has formal fare, or try Café Kevah on the terrace. Open 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., the café has French toast,

eggs Benedict, three types of panini, freshly baked pastry, espresso and smoothies.

If you want to have your cake and eat it too, take your Big Sur tour on the Thursday of Pebble Beach week. That's the day of the Pebble Beach Tour when many of the cars in the Concours run south to Point Sur on Highway 1. The cars will be on this incomparable road from 9:30 a.m. to 11 a.m. Anticipate both cool and warm weather. And while Carmel is typically foggy during Pebble Beach week, the fog can burn off below Carmel Highlands. Bring sunscreen.

Whether picnic basket or catered affair, The Nooner or The All-Day Sucker, Highway 1 invites you and your car to take one of the most unforgettable drives on the planet. 🚗

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OFFICIALLY
ENCOURAGE
DRIVING ON
THE WRONG
SIDE OF
THE ROAD.



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Mile By Mile In Paradise From Rio Road to:





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ANSWERS STRAIGHT FROM HAGERTY'S MOUTH

Don't look now ... but somebody's trying to help you.

NEED A CONVERTIBLE-TOP frame for a Model A? Wonder why your Chrysler Windsor's fluid drive shifts sluggishly? Want to show your Invicta at Pebble Beach?

Those and other questions are why the Ask Hagerty Concierge Service exists. This free service to Hagerty collectors is available by dialing our customer service representatives at 888-310-8020, menu option 3. The concierge will then beat the bushes getting you an answer. If we can't find an answer, we'll publish the question and maybe some savvy reader will be able to help.

Q: How do I sell my 1957 Imperial?

A: If you're having difficulty selling your vehicle locally, try reaching a broader market by contacting owner clubs, advertising nationally in a publication such as *Hemmings Motor News*, listing it on an online auction such as eBay Motors or by sending it to a collector-car auction such as those hosted by Barrett-Jackson, Russo and Steele, Mecum or one of the many other auction companies. To find out about future auctions, pick up a copy of *Hemmings Motor News* or *Sports Car Market*.

Q: Should I use hydraulic fluid instead of brake fluid in my 1947 Continental power-window lifts?

A: Lincoln originally specified Hydrosopic (DOT3 or DOT4) brake fluid for use in the hydraulic power-window lifts for the 1947. Although the brake fluid works well in the hydraulic system, any leak in the system or spills during servicing will result in damage to the car's paint. Hydraulic fluid isn't generally recommended because it can become gummy and cause problems with time. Lincoln experts Narragansett Reproductions (www.narragansettreproductions.com) has been using Marvel Mystery Oil (www.turtlex.com) in Continental window lifts since 1960. Its experts report that the hydraulic systems work well with the oil and that spills and leaks don't cause paint damage. 📖

The Unanswered Question:

Does anyone have a 1948 DeSoto Model S11C Convertible? Questions like this one can often be answered by meeting people through a single-marque club. In this case, it's the National DeSoto Club (www.desoto.org), which includes a message board and classified section in addition to other useful features. However, if one of you *Hagerty's* readers has a '48 DeSoto Model S11C Convertible or knows someone who does, please send your contact information to editorhagertys@hagerty.com.

GETTING A GRIP ON SPECIALTY TIRES

Your special car may need special tires. Here are some tips.

Story >> Jonathan A. Stein

AUTOMOTIVE COLLECTORS, like automotive collectibles, come in all sizes, shapes and ages. But whatever your fancy – '32 Ford highboy, 1959 Ferrari 250 Testa Rossa, 1936 Cord or 1970 Boss 302 Mustang – you can't drive or even display your car without handsome, hand-picked tires.

Tired Out

Most state laws say it's time to replace a tire when only 2/32nd of an inch of tread remains. By then, the tire has long since lost its grip and wet-weather ability. However, because collector-cars are driven only a few thousand miles a year, their tires dry out and harden (due to ozone and UV light) long before they wear out. They also develop flat spots from long storage without being moved. And when tires develop a brownish or whitish hue or begin to show cracks ("checking") in their sidewalls – or whenever they're 10 years old or more – it's time to replace them.

To prolong your tires' life, you should maintain their correct air pressure and keep weight off them during long storage. You should also prevent direct exposure to sunlight and avoid storing your collector car near active electric motors. Electric motors give off ozone – poison to rubber parts.

Where Have All The Tires Gone?

If you're planning on new rubber for an upcoming event, don't wait until the last minute. Buying tires for your collector car isn't as simple as driving to the local tire dealer or discount store. They stock sizes and types suitable for modern cars. On the other hand, virtually any dealer can order the tires you request from a collector-car tire specialist, though it might take a week or more.

While most tire dealers and discount stores can order tires to fit your collector car, they might not know the size and type you really need. You're also better off working through a specialty company or having your new tires sent to a restoration shop familiar with such wheels if your car has a split rim or delicate alloy wheels.

Several companies are characterized as "full service," meaning they can probably offer tires and advice for anything from a 1903 Oldsmobile to a 1970 Dodge Challenger. More important, if you're not sure what tire you need, they can help you make a good choice. Companies like Coker Tire, Lucas Automotive and Universal Vintage Tire have reference materials that include the original factory tire size, rim manufacturer and correct wheel offset. In some cases, they can even provide tires and tubes for early race cars and motorcycles. 📖



Specialty tires from Coker Tire for street rods, late models, '40s and '30s wide-whites or red-stripe American muscle ... at your command.

The Tire Pros

Thanks to websites and UPS, you don't need to live near a collector-car tire specialist to gain access to the ideal tire for your antique, classic, hot rod, sports or race car. These six companies aren't the only sources for tires, but they are among the best known.

Coker Tire
800-251-6336
www.coker.com

Lucas Automotive
800-952-4333 (Long Beach, CA)
800-735-0166 (Springfield, OH)
www.lucasclassictires.com

Roger Kraus Racing
800-510-7223
www.rogerkrausracing.com

SascoSports, Inc.
877-377-7811
www.sascosports.com

Universal Vintage Tire
800-233-3827
www.universaltire.com

Vintage Tyres Unlimited (in Nova Scotia)
902-228-2335



TRANSTOCK (3)

AT NEARLY \$5,000, a nicely equipped Hemi 'Cuda convertible qualified as out-of-reach to most horsepower-happy minds in 1970. The engine option alone cost about a grand, enough to convince all but the boldest buyers to fill their need for speed elsewhere. That year, Plymouth sold only 14 'Cuda convertibles fitted with the legendary 425-hp 426 Hemi. In 1971, only seven more sold before Chrysler's bad-to-the-bone big-block V-8 was cancelled. Gone but not forgotten ...

MUSCLE MADNESS

*A Plymouth convertible worth 432 times its original price?
That's appreciation! Story >> Mike Mueller*



All that high performance, combined with microscopic production totals, guaranteed immortality – but nobody could have predicted the prices collectors are paying today. At Barrett-Jackson’s Scottsdale extravaganza in January, an automatic-trans 1970 Hemi ‘Cuda ragtop (one of nine built – five others had four-speeds) sold for \$2.16 million. Think that’s high for a 35-year-old Plymouth? Well, at the same auction, \$1.242 million bought a 1970 Chevy LS6 Chevelle SS 454 convertible, and a 1968 Ford 428 Cobra Jet Mustang fastback went for \$513K. Another ’70 Hemi ‘Cuda – a coupe – went for a wallet-wilting \$702,000. Or consider recent auction prices for lesser muscle: \$86,400 for a 1967 Olds 4-4-2, \$81,400 for a 1970 340 ‘Cuda convertible, \$55,080 for a 1967 Impala SS 427

hardtop. How about \$143K for a Hemi ‘Cuda that isn’t even real? Clones, tributes, replicas, recreations – whatever you call them, they, too, bring big bucks.

“It’s simply the muscle car’s time,” says Dana Mecum of Mecum Collector Car Auctioneers. Classics, foreign exotics, even Henry Ford’s Model A, had their moment. It’s American high-performance iron’s turn.

But Roger Gibson sees a more personal explanation: “Muscle cars make people feel good to own them; they bring back so many great memories.” In business since 1980 in tiny Kelso, Missouri, Roger Gibson Restorations has been a one-stop shop for some of the biggest muscle-car names, including Otis Chandler, who started buying muscle around 1986. Late in 2003, a ’71 Hemi ‘Cuda he restored went for \$215,000, then

re-sold for \$500,000. The current owner wants \$800,000 and just might get it. Gibson just shakes his head. Meanwhile, a longtime Gibson customer, looking for a Shelby convertible, decided \$230–\$250K was too much. “I turned to the next best thing, a Boss 302 Mustang,” Gibson says, “– and just like that, Boss 302s went from 40 grand to 80 to 100 and 120.”

Veteran muscle-car collector Floyd Garrett, who runs a shouldn’t-miss muscle-car museum in Sevierville, Tennessee, began collecting in the mid-70s. In 1989, he sold his “Old Reliable” ’63 Chevy Z11 drag car for a then-unheard-of \$300,000. Today he’s preparing to take a fully documented ’63 Super Duty Pontiac, the last of its breed, to Barrett-Jackson. He’s been told to expect from \$250,000 to \$1 million.

Even some sellers admit today’s numbers are

over the top. “A little bit of insanity” is how Mecum describes it. But he believes muscle cars are so strong because they appeal to more than one age group. “On one hand, you have what I call ‘nostalgia buyers,’ guys who remember them when they were new. On the other are ‘legend buyers,’ the younger guys who know these cars from what they read and are told by nostalgia guys.” Mecum believes legend buyers are pushing muscle-car prices up. “They are one generation away from the Great Depression, and they’re not afraid of going broke.”

Drew Alcazar, president of Russo and Steele Collector Automobiles, agrees. “The attitude is: You’ve arrived, you need 6,000-square-foot homes, boats, exotic vacations, aircraft – and, oh, by the way, a collector car in the garage.”

But besides being rich and plentiful, today’s



A pricey Hemi ‘Cuda convertible (above) goes on the block. An engine room full of big-block Chevy (left), good for an advertised 450 horsepower.

TRANSTOCK



BLAIR BUNTING



MIKE MUELLER



TRANSTOCK

Interested buyers go under the hood of a Corvette (top left) at Barrett-Jackson 2006. American muscle favorites: the '67 Olds 4-4-2 W-30 (above) and the '69 Boss 302 Mustang (left).

Hemi Mopars are probably the best-documented vehicles in the market, which explains their record prices. Buyers know they're getting something truly scarce.

muscle-car hunters are well educated due to the Internet and television coverage. Barrett-Jackson senior executive vice president Steve Davis says, "It's all about awareness. Awareness equals demand: More awareness, more education equates to more people in the hunt." Knowing how rare Hemi 'Cuda or LS6 Chevelle convertibles are, buyers flock to them. But rarity must be backed by full documentation. Hemi Mopars are probably the best-documented vehicles in the market, which explains their record prices. Buyers know they're getting something truly scarce.

Nearly all involved feel these cars are going to good homes. Like Davis and Mecum, Alcazar thinks today's market is driven more by enthusiasts than speculators. "People previously thought collector cars were commodities; some who bought and sold them never actually set eyes on them," claims Alcazar. "We're not seeing this today. Genuine enthusiasts are buying them, enjoying them."

Soaring values make auctioneers happy, but what about average collectors?

"These record prices are good for the people who own and sell these cars but bad for those buying them," chuckles Garrett. Alcazar says, "Fifteen to 20 grand could've bought a really neat car just a couple years ago."

But Davis says Average Joe is still in the game. "There are still very affordable muscle cars left out there. As an example, a '68-1/2 Cobra Jet Mustang is a high-priced car, but a 428 Cobra Jet Torino sells for a fraction of [the Mustang]. In the Mopar group there are 340 Dusters; over at GM, there are plenty of Chevelles and Impalas." And with muscle cars gaining value, driven by the elite machines, more models will be worth restoring.

By many accounts, the muscle-car market is slowing, but most agree values will remain strong. "Short of an economic tragedy, I don't see things cooling off a lot," Alcazar says.

And some collectors will simply keep on keeping on, purchasing the models they know and love. "When it comes to buying, I'm a car person," Garrett says. "I worry about the money later."



The Cartercar used a drive wheel operated by foot pedal to increase its drive ratio; there were no gears to grind.

FACT AND FRICTION ABOUT THE CARTERCAR

Anyone can grind gears; with the Cartercar, there are no gears to grind.

Story >> Beverly Rae Kimes

MOST NEW AMERICAN car owners in 1903 were first-timers whose previous driving experience involved reins. And learning the rudiments of the tiller or wheel of an often-balky motorized buckboard was daunting. Even if the machine performed flawlessly, the operator usually didn't.

But Byron J. Carter thought he had the answer: a huge drive wheel, operated by foot pedal, whose speed selection was accomplished by a lever traversing the wheel from the inside center of the flywheel (low) to the outside edge (high). Carter was granted a patent for his friction drive in 1904, and by 1906 more than 100 Cartercars had been delivered to customers. Production nearly tripled the following year.

Motorcar Company was the name Carter chose for his Detroit manufacturing venture, in part because he believed his invention would revolutionize the automotive industry. And friction drive had significant virtues: It was simple, inexpensive to produce and virtually maintenance free. It required just a little grease and replacement of the paper-fiber rim every 4,000 miles.

"Doubtless the greater part of its success has been based upon its performance under adverse circumstances," *The Automobile* wrote of the Cartercar in 1908. Various well-publicized climbs up government-building steps promoted the Cartercar. Auto Ajax, a strongman whose specialty was physically preventing a hard-accelerating automobile from moving forward for a full minute, met his first defeat trying to stop one.

The death of Byron Carter in 1908 robbed the Motorcar Company of its driving force, and Cartercar's acquisition by General Motors in 1909 presaged its 1915 demise.

"They say I shouldn't have bought the Cartercar," GM's founder Billy Durant lamented. "Well, how was anyone to know that the Cartercar wasn't the thing?"

But as cars became heavier, friction drive became less tenable. With the introduction of beveled gears and synchromesh transmissions, gear shifting became far less unsettling. Still, this writer will cheerfully admit to preferring a non-lurching Cartercar in the late '50s when, alongside a stern-faced instructor, she tried her baptismal gearshift in driver's ed.



Carter named his venture the Motorcar Co., signifying his intent to revolutionize the industry.