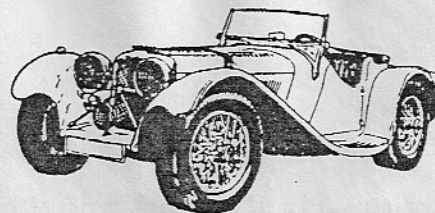


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Squire SS-100 Registry

THE N.A.D.A. EXOTIC CAR APPRAISAL GUIDE

that I reported on last month has been published and has been mailed to the subscriber dealers. I was able to con N.A.D.A. out of a few extra copies that I'm willing to share with the membership on a first-come-first-mailed basis but the postage is kind of high so if you want one mail me \$3.00 to cover P&H and I'll mail them right out as the funds arrive. If the supply is gone before your check or cash arrives, I'll return whatever you sent.

THE SQUIRE WINDSHIELD FRAME

is made of stainless steel and was shipped from Europe with a very low polish, almost satin finish. Stainless is an interesting steel in that the more nickel that's added to the basic alloy, the more it resists discoloration but conversely, the harder the steel and difficulty in forming. European auto makers generally use a lower nickel alloy that makes it more malleable and we have just discovered, makes it susceptible to polishing.

As described in last months newsletter, Jim Dimond has purchased and transported Chassis #9 and it's already dismantled and on the way to a complete body-off restoration. One item for overhaul was #9's windshield and frame which in the past had suffered some serious damage and had been very poorly repaired. Jim brought the frame to my garage to be straightened and re-welded and then stopped at the chrome shop to see if it could be plated before having the glass replaced. Jim reports that the man said he could not plate stainless but put the frame on his buffing wheel and it's just as bright as chrome plating. You folks may want to consider that if and when you need to have your windshield glass replaced.

ANOTHER SQUIRE SS-100 ANECDOTE

has quietly floated to the surface. About seventeen years ago, when member Ed Spielman was still living on Long Island, he saw an ad about a Squire for sale and called, later meeting the owner as a matter of mutual interest. The owner's Squire had been installed with a much later model Ford 240 engine, a redesigned version of our 250s that included more zip but less torque, and an oil pan that cleared the ground by about two inches when installed in the Squire. He was even talking about switching to 16" wire wheels to gain a little more clearance. At the time Ed was thinking about installing two more aluminum strips at the bottom edges of the hood to match the one in the center and the man gave Ed a center hood strip which had been removed from his Squire. Ed lost track of the man and never did install the trim strip but did carefully lug it around the USA on his various re-locations. (Continued)

Enter Jim Dimond and Chassis #9 here in Phoenix. That particular Squire had been owned by Tom Matarese who lived in up-state Pennsylvania. Tom's antique business had fallen on hard times and needing \$\$ to carry him over he decided to sell his beloved Squire SS-100. There is not much market for Squires in small towns in Pennsylvania so he decided to take it to his sister's location on Long Island and sell it there. Loading it on a trailer they hauled it to New York but during the trip by Interstate, the hood strap broke and allowed the hood to come up, break the hinges and skid up the highway, damaging both the fiberglass and the polished aluminum center strip. Now the car is in Phoenix and in a phone chat with Ed Spielman he inquired about what had to be fixed in the restoration of #9. When I mentioned the damaged center strip Ed cried "I've got an extra one!" and promptly wrapped it up and shipped it to me. I've re-polished it and it's now ready to install on Jim Dimond's car when he gets to that point - but it's not quite the end of the story.

Remembering that member John Falk had told me some time ago that his Squire had been changed over to a Ford 240 engine, I called John in Maryland and stretching his memory, he recalled that it was indeed him that met Ed Spielman all those years ago and donated the center strip. I asked John if he'd like it back and he said no, his long term restoration plans do not include the strip. So, using more patience than skill, I've managed to remove most of the warps and dents from #9's original hood strip and after a good polishing, it's now in storage in my attic and ready to donate to the next owner that neglects to have a new hood retaining belt made when needed.

THE SQUIRE SS-100 FOG LAMPS

are once again in the news. Some time ago I reported that the difficult to locate fog lamp bulbs, namely OSRAM #7301 12V-45W were available from F.Paul Auto Parts in Huntington Station, NY. This week, while repairing Jim Dimond's lamps I noted that they were equipped with HELLA 'D' #1107 12V-35W, same size base but 10 watts less power. They may be easier to find at auto supply outlets that specialize in German imports.

MEMBER ED SPIELMAN

noting my appeal for interesting Squire SS-100 stories, has responded with an wonderful account of his twenty five year romance with the Squire. It's long enough that I'll produce it in two parts, part two to follow in the next newsletter. Following on the next few pages is part one and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I have.

From Ed Spielman to the kindred spirits of The Club:

As members of what I refer to as America's smallest (and perhaps most interesting) car club, each of us has a 'Squire story'. How did we become enamored of a car so alluring but offbeat as the Intermeccania Squire SS-100?

After relating to Art the following of how I became 'Squire addicted' decades ago, he asked me to set it down in print. So, here, for the newsletter is:

SPIELMAN'S SQUIRE STORY

* This story requires a preface and an apology in advance. Though it is written with tongue firmly in cheek, it may offend some 'true believers' in our group. I learned long ago that one is certain to alienate friends by talking in depth about religion or politics. But, this is a subject of equal importance. We're talking cars here. So, the gloves are off.

Like many of you, I have always been possessed by the love of 'rolling sculpture'. When I was five, I sat in the window of our ground floor Brooklyn apartment facing Bay Parkway, a wide and highly trafficked boulevard. There, I learned to spot the portholes of a Buick a block away, divined the unique music of a hot rod sporting 'one Smithy and one Glasspak'. I still remember an open wheeled Indianapolis type racer that appeared, as if by magic, on my Brooklyn street in the summer of 1950. Sports car addled since birth, I am admittedly a case of arrested development. Cars in general greatly interest me, but sports cars of the golden age are the stuff that makes life worth living.

Still, when it comes to European sports cars, it is a love\hate experience.

In my humble opinion, sports car lore is built on a good deal of mythology. It is founded on the notion that the classic European sports car is a jewel worth owning. And this suggests that such a machine is probably superior to, say, a Studebaker with rusted rocker panels. Well, I beg to differ.

If reliability is a standard worth upholding, then most European sports cars of the golden age...are junk. I have loved them, owned them, been owned by them and been driven to drink, the AAA tow truck and hell in a handbasket by them. They usually transpose from a wild fantasy...to a grave disappointment. Why? They are **not reliable**. (At least, not in **this country**.)

I know a man who purchased a British classic, long hailed as 'the world's finest automobile'. He waited breathless on the dock. When it finally arrived, it was a veritable vintage poem in chrome and alloy and burlled walnut. When he took possession of it and drove it home, the pistons and crank flew out through the block. That was 'hello'. Many thousands later, it was good-bye.

The concept of mating European coachwork and handling with bullet-proof American power is not novel. There have been many such vehicles. Deep down, even the British and Italians must know that a good American engine will run rings around many of their own in terms of simple 'getting there and back'. Of course, for most purists of European cars, the notion of an American powered hybrid is a heresy of the worst sort.

I, like many 'motor heads', did not immediately go the hybrid route. This, because as a callow youth, I had not yet learned the difference between fantasy and reality. Fantasy is wanting to own a classic Jaguar. The reality is a purgatory of endless lies and suffering.

It is a bit like putting your last dime into wining and dining the woman of your dreams. She has a fabulous face, a flawless body and legs that go on for fifteen minutes. She has wit and charm and intellect and style. She has everything. You've fallen in love. You've made great plans. And then, you find out you've just contracted a social disease. What is wrong with this picture? The difference between fantasy and reality.

So it goes with European power, if you happen to be driving in the good old USA.

My enthusiasm for American standards of reliability came (as with much in life) from experience. My first car, the rolling thunder of my youth was purchased with hard earned money from a part-time job as a Page on the Johnny Carson quiz show "Who Do You Trust". I was making a buck twenty an hour. (Yes, Virginia, that was minimum wage for kids in 1961.) Working nights and weekends, I scraped together \$850. and with this sum, I purchased my dream car ...a 1956 XK140 Jaguar Roadster. It was, then and now, one of the most beautiful cars of all time. It even had an engraved dash plaque announcing that it was an exact replica of the car that had broken the world 'C Production' record in Jabbeke, Belgium. On the rear deck was a cloisonne badge glorifying Jaguar's numerous wins at the 24 hours of LeMans.

This is a car with style. This is a car with heritage. This is a car that ate me alive.

What sex appeal. It can run day and night and win races and laurels all over the world. The only problem is, should **you** get one and go to the supermarket for a box of cheerios, the entire vehicle must be mechanically rebuilt from the ground up. And this, at a cost like the gross national product of a developing country. This is what the British call 'routine maintenance'.

Somewhere, someone's Jag broke the 'C Production' speed record. Mine broke my wallet. My gorgeous Jaguar ate clutches and balljoints like hypoglycemics eat bon bons. The only way to keep such a load running was to have a master mechanic living above the garage. And here, the British have even mastered the elusive Art of Metaphysics. The 12 cylinder Jaguar is eighteen times more trouble than the six cylinder. How do they do that?

A few years later in my Brooklyn youth, there was a kid around the corner by the name of Mark who owned an XK150S Jaguar drophead coupe. Why do they call it this when it's obviously a convertible? What's wrong with them? Can't they speak English? Maybe they still want to screw 'The Colonials'? Anyway, the disc brakes on this tub were so lousy, that it spent fully half of its mechanical life jacked up on a quartet of milk boxes. Mark dubbed this particular excrement wagon with the less than affectionate nick-name..."The Sled".

I know a man who reached the limits of his endurance when his fabulous coachbuilt Freestone and Webb Bentley ate its 9th Lucas gizmo and would not start. This poor fellow lost his mind, went into the house... and came out with a .357 magnum. After firing a few rounds into the block, he dumped the car. Summary justice. This is not an apocryphal story. I know the guy who did it.

Such cases are not unique. A car buff of my acquaintance, once literally begged me to buy his fastback Bentley Continental (one of the most beautiful cars of all time) because it was "ruining his life".

On a less dramatic note, when Bonnie and I lived in Greenwich Village, I bought her a cute little Sunbeam Alpine (too dumb or cheap to buy a '289' Tiger). Before I knew it, I had sent the son of the neighborhood foreign car mechanic to Yale.

I, like legions of suffering enthusiasts before me, have been made to look like a complete schmuck when the Jag, Alfa (or whatever classic Euro trash I was driving) quit cold at the side of the road. And just when I was beginning to think that this one "would be better".

To those club members who still own British and other Euro powered vehicles, I offer my sincerest apologies... as well as condolences. But, this conviction (although offered in jest) comes from having lived that tale of woe. I pushed that Jag as much as I drove it. And the same for the many other 'exotic' vehicles that followed.

The words of an Italian master mechanic still ring in my ears. I had pushed my Jag into his establishment with the aid of my friend, Jay Kolin, who had graciously borrowed his father's Pontiac Bonneville to help me. (Please note that it was not the Jaguar that was used to assist the Pontiac.)

After diagnosis, this kindly and distinguished Master Mechanic in a white surgeon's coat (no kidding) looked down at the newly impoverished boy enthusiast that I was, and he offered some sage advice. (This accompanied a bill that was 2/3 of the car's purchase price.) His words registered like laser beams. And here, I quote:

"Younga man, dere's a rule ina life. When it comes to a becootiful woman and 'una bella machina', a becootiful car...if you don't hava money...you can't have them."

Close quote. Simple and succinct. Right there was the epiphany. That's where I made the turn. What good is a car if it's in the shop on a sunny day? Why should I spend my entire adult life with a wrench in my pocket and 'thirty weight' under my fingernails? Why should my foreign car mechanic's mother go shopping in Cancun with my money? Why suffer and call it joy?

The answer? AMERICAN POWER.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

THE duPONT REGISTRY

After Squire Sunday II in New York last Fall, member Mike Sher sent the duPont Registry magazine photos taken by Michael Lindgren, of the eight owners attending. All were standing beside their Squires and holding copies of the duPont Registry. Jerry Britt, Marketing Director of duPont, sent Mike a nice thank you note stating that one photo was hanging in his office and the other was on display in the duPont lobby in Tampa.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER

that the British have stayed out of the computer business because that can't design one that leaks oil.

Phil Hall