



# Braking News

Volume 2, Issue 4/October-December 2005

## A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

The summer has been a whirlwind of activities for Susan and me. We finished the Great Race in a respectable 33rd place out of 100 cars. The race was filled with miles and miles of beautiful roads and the opportunity to meet many new friends. The McQuay-Norris ran very well with not a single breakdown -- a tribute to Greg Coston's great preparation and constant maintenance.

Our next adventure was the Peel Meet on the Isle of Man. I was more than a little worried about shipping the car in a crate minus a few pieces and then arriving on the Isle of Man to reassemble it. Of course, I worried about nothing except the leaking gas tank. Yes, when I reinstalled the gas tank on the Isle of Man, it leaked. Panic set in for a few moments until I realized our host Sam Knight was not going to let this little problem keep us from the rally. Sam said, "Take the tank off my lawnmower." And so I did. The car ran beautifully the whole time and everyone was so nice to us that it turned out to be a very special weekend.

Magic of the Machine on July 30th let us spend the day demonstrating vehicles and giving rides. I believe everyone enjoyed the LARC-LX demonstration. I think it would be fun to do it again next year and try crushing a car.

Lane Motor Museum attended the Donelson Bike Show on Sept. 10. We brought the famous Wind Wagon to attract the Harley Davidson crowd. Also in the show that day, we had a 1975 Hercules WR200 and a 2004 Honda CB50R.

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## In This Issue:

**Jeff Drives the LARC, Part 2**

**Bill Pryor Drives the Targa Florio**



*Above: The McQuay-Norris in Louisville  
Below: The Peel Trident on the Isle of Man*



## A WORD FROM THE CURATOR

Many exciting things are happening at Lane Motor Museum. One change you have probably already noticed is the new masthead on this newsletter. It was designed by one of our members—Donnie Whiteman. We appreciate the many ways our members enrich the Museum.

New arrivals to the Museum include: 2000 David Austin Hillclimber (a new autocross toy for Jeff); 1966 Honda S600 Roadster (complements the S600 coupe); 1956 IFA (East German make); King Midget (U.S. microcar) and accompanying microboat; 1967 Morris Mini Minor Traveler (a nicely restored "woodie" wagon); 1930s Mochet Velocar (both pedal and 50cc motor scooter powered); 1960 Morris "Mini" Mini (a custom Mini with the back seat removed and chopped to half the length); Peugeot Tri-puter (three-wheeled, right hand drive French make); 1937 Praga Baby (another Czechoslovakian make); 1970s Renault 4 Savane (demonstrates the progression from the 4CV to the Dauphine); 1948 Skoda (Czechoslovakian make); 1980 Tatra T-613 Ambulance (fully outfitted with a stretcher in the back, blue lights and siren!); 1967 Willam Acoma (3-wheeled fiberglass microcar).

Activities at home and abroad kept us busy this summer. Lane Motor Museum hosted the Willys-Overland-Knight International Meet in July. A gathering of over 60 classic W-O-K enthusiasts came from as far as California, Florida, and Canada.

The Peels to Peel Rally saw 20 Peel automobiles from UK, Scotland, Austria, and the U.S. return to the Isle of Man. Seven of "the world's smallest cars" completed a lap around the famous 37 mile TT motorcycle course.

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....President, Continued from pg. 1

The Helicron is finally resting comfortably in the middle of my workshop. I have removed the engine cowl and the bent front axle. Some rudimentary inspection shows more than a few deficiencies that we will have to correct before it is roadworthy. I have a feeling that the completion date will be the coldest day of the winter . . . but stay tuned.

The Museum has acquired a host of new cars in the last three months. One of the most interesting is the "Stationette" which is a small 3-wheeled car made entirely of wood. It was James Martin's last attempt at making a small production car. It was a failure, as only one Stationette was built. We are now restoring it, and when it is done, it will join the Martin Aerodynamic Sedan on the floor.

See you on the road driving your classic car!

Jeff Lane



1950 Martin Stationette

...Curator, Continued from pg. 1

We attended the 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Tatra Registry UK Rally in England. A 1932 Tatra T-57 was waiting for us at the host hotel. The Museum recently purchased it from a UK club member. We completed the weekend rally across moorland fields and rolling hills in the oldest Tatra participating. We then boarded an overnight ferry to the Netherlands and dropped the car off to be shipped to us in the near future.

The Museum's first completed restoration project, a 1965 Matra D'Jet 5, was presented to the public for the first time at the Lexington Concours d'Elegance. This rare French sports car is important as it was the first mid-engine production car.

The Can-Am Caldwell D-7 made an historic appearance at The Rolex Vintage Festival at Lime Rock Park presented by BMW. Driver Sam Posey delighted the crowd with demonstration laps as designer Ray Caldwell commentated. 2006 is the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Can-Am racing, and the D-7 hopes to make a few more public appearances.

The Glenmoor Gathering of Significant Automobiles invited the 1934 Aero roadster to participate in its 11<sup>th</sup> annual Concours d'Elegance held in Canton, Ohio. Show organizers presented the stunning Czechoslovakian car with the James A. Conant Award for Outstanding Tour Car after it completed a 75 mile countryside tour the day before the show.

Our next event is a 10 day driving tour through France. We will be participating in a pristine 1963 BMW 3200S. Jeff is excited to rally in this beautiful saloon with flowing lines and V-8 engine; I'm excited about the overnight stays every evening at a chateau.

With the beginning of Fall already here, be sure to take out your favorite car and enjoy the cooler driving weather!

Susan Lane



**Above: Sam Posey in the Can-Am Caldwell D-7 at Lime Rock Park.**

**Right: Jeff and Susan were dressed to the nines as they showed the Aero at the Glenmoor Gathering of Significant Automobiles.**



## HOW I GOT TO THE TARGA FLORIO, PART I

After a recent visit to the Museum, I was particularly intrigued by the magnificent new addition to the Lane Motor Museum, a 1932 Lancia DiLambda Dual Cowl Phaeton, an extraordinary car in extraordinary condition.

My interest in Lancias goes back to the first car I ever raced, a 1963 Lancia Flaminia Zagato 3C 2500 Sport.

In 1962, I met Toly Arutunoff in our little sports car club in Nashville. He was a student at Vanderbilt University, the son of a Russian aristocrat industrialist who barely escaped Moscow during the 1917 revolution, came to America and struck it rich. Toly ran club races in his Porsche Carrera, two-liter Alfa Romeo and Lotus Seven. (This should have been a clue perhaps Toly had a little more money than most of us.) When he graciously offered me his new Lotus to run in a driver's school in Florida, I jumped at the chance.

In the late '50s and early '60s motor racing was highly fashionable, a glamorous pastime for young gentlemen, the envy of the beautiful people, the jet-setters. Drivers with noble titles such as Baron, Count, Duke, Earl, Marquess or Prince raced wheel-to-wheel with flamboyant international playboys such as the Italian film director (and Ingrid Bergman's lover) Roberto Rossellini; Peter Revson, the handsome American heir to Revlon Cosmetics; Augie Pabst, whose family owned a Milwaukee brewery; and the dashing Lance Reventlow, the son of Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress.

In the mid '50s, motor racing ruled. English racing driver Stirling Moss got press coverage throughout Great Britain second only to the queen. He is likely the most celebrated sports figure England has ever had. He was the idol of every teenage sports car enthusiast I knew. Moss's career ended in a crash at the Goodwood circuit in England on Easter Monday, 1962. He spent a year in hospital, came out, tested himself at Goodwood in a Lotus 19, decided his skills were impaired and announced his retirement.

In this era, the World Manufacturers' Championship endurance road racing series for sports cars was more popular than Formula One. The International calendar had one World Championship race in the United States at Sebring, Florida. To college boys of the day, Sebring in March was a holy pilgrimage. Toly and I had to do it.

Once there, it was a week of sensory overload. At night famous teams actually worked on cars in downtown gas stations. We came face to face with glamorous international drivers and their exotic girlfriends. We actually got to see Stirling Moss in person and watch him drive. It was impossible not to fantasize about being one of them. I, however, entertained no serious thought it could ever happen.

Then, in late 1962, Toly bought a Lancia Flaminia Zagato 3C 2500 Sport, a proper exotic dual purpose sports car to race at Sebring, but it was delayed in shipping.

"It'll be too late getting here for Sebring in March, so I've entered it in the Targa Florio in Sicily in May."

"Great. Who's going to co-drive with you?"

"You are," he said casually.

"Get real. The big international races require an FIA license. I can't get a license. I've only been to one drivers school. I've never even driven a race, and the Targa is the most difficult race in the whole damn world."

Toly took no notice. He had friends in high places. Phone calls and letters got requirements waived, and my international license came in the mail from Paris.

The Targa Florio, the oldest of the classic road races, began in 1906 and continued until 1974, when the Vatican stopped it because of danger, although its fatality record was the lowest of all races in this series.

The greatest drivers in the world would be there driving the most legendary sports-racing cars on earth. That's when fear set in. What if I don't have any talent? What if I should get in the way?

Toly was waiting when I stepped off the plane in Luxembourg. We headed off for Sicily in the Lancia and a rented Fiat station wagon. After three days of twisty mountain roads driving full-left-lock, full-right-lock down the length of Italy, and a ferry ride over to Sicily, we pulled into the gravel parking lot of the Jolly Hotel in the picturesque Mediterranean fishing village of Cefalu. We were greeted warmly by the organizers.

A natty little bearded Englishman walked up. "You chaps must be the Americans. You're the only Yanks here, you know. I'm Denis Jenkinson." He didn't need to introduce himself, we recognized him instantly. "Jenks" is the famous English journalist who navigated for Stirling Moss in the awesome Mercedes 300SLR when they won the 1955 Mille Miglia. That race, last run in 1957, was a single lap of 1000 miles over public highways in Italy.

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Moss and Jenkinson had been brilliant together, and everyone considered Stirling's drive that day to be one of the great feats in the history of motor racing. Jenks joined us for lunch and regaled us with stories of Moss's fabled drive and the terror of riding with a maniacal genius in an open car at insane speeds over narrow mountain roads lined solid with people standing on the shoulders. He brought us up to date on Moss's condition; he was still in the hospital from his Easter Monday crash at Goodwood more than a year earlier.

That afternoon Toly wanted to see the roads we were to race on, so we took off in the Lancia, driving west down the winding narrow coast road toward Palermo to reach the sections of road that were to be the race course.

The roads were open to traffic, including slow trucks and horse carts, but all seemed to know a hustling Lancia was no doubt some racing drivers out doing a reconnaissance run, so they would pull well over and wave us on. At forks in the road, carabinieri in spiffy military uniforms enthusiastically pointed the way to any car running at obscene speeds.

Toly flung the Lancia about with reckless abandon. My terror was divided between his driving and my checking out the difficulty of the road on which I was expected to begin what I hoped would become a racing career.

The 44.7 mile course was roughly triangular. The first side of the triangle climbed up into the mountains for about 18 tortuous miles. Just beyond the start, the road ran straight through Cerda, a tiny village where doors of buildings open right onto the pavement that was the race course. Whitewash graffiti praising Sicilian native sons – Bandini, Scarfiotti, Vacarella, Pucci – covered walls, buildings and the road itself in every little town. Signs were posted that read, "Mothers, watch your children." At the mountaintop was Collesano; the course wound through narrow streets in the center of the village, then back out onto the open countryside.

The second leg of the triangle descended 18 miles through Campofelice and back once again to the Mediterranean coast. The third leg, a high-speed stretch with one four-mile straight followed by about six miles of high speed swooping turns, got you back to the start.

After our initial lap, we returned to the hotel, where even more notable people were hanging out... renowned journalists Bernard Cahier and Henry Manney were interviewing drivers Jo Bonnier (Porsche) and Willy Mairesse (Ferrari) – and **us**, the kids from America. We were treated as equals.

In the weeks before the race, Toly and I each practiced five laps a day, two in the mornings, three in the afternoons, one in the Lancia, the other in the Fiat, switching cars daily. It took me a while to get used to blasting 130 mph through villages past people leaning on buildings three feet away.

When we returned to the hotel after practice each day, mobs of fans were always waiting. A craggy-faced local man with only a few teeth held up a small boy, maybe six years old, so he could see over the crowd. I motioned for the man to put the child in the Lancia and put my helmet on his head. The kid cranked the wheel and made terrific car noises, revving to the redline before each perfect gearshift. From then on, father and son were waiting for me every day after practice.

Then late one evening, the dining room was nearly empty when a lone figure... **Stirling Moss!**... strode boldly in and came straight for our table. "You must be the American chaps Jenks told me about. May I join you?"

Moss had just been released from the hospital and stunned the world with his announced retirement. He sported a new beard and had a terrible scar across his face. The BBC had brought England's greatest sports figure to the Targa to film a Moss documentary.

We saw Moss around the hotel, the town and the race course several more times during the days before the race. Partway through dinner one evening, Stirling mentioned he had never driven the new Flaminia and could he drive ours sometime. The quick-witted Arutunoff said "How about now?" The three of us abandoned a fine meal in progress and bolted to the parking lot, crowded in and took off through the night down the coast road toward Palermo, Moss driving and talking incessantly.

I knew this road, and I knew Moss was driving way too fast. There was a treacherous little narrow stone bridge up ahead, over an abrupt hillcrest. The road dropped steeply, then turned hard right onto the bridge, hard left coming off, and up the next hill.

***Does he know about the bridge? That scar looks bad. Is his brain all right? We'll never make it through the bridge.***

The car got airborne as we topped the hillcrest before the bridge. At that precise moment Moss casually said, "I'm only five-seven, I can't see out of this bloody cahr." **(Stay tuned for the next issue of Braking News to find out how the story ends!)**

*Bill Pryor  
Lane Motor Museum Member  
and Freelance Auto Writer and Reviewer*

## The Monday Report Greg's Experiences on the Great Race 2005

"What is it?" was almost always the first question. Then, with a look of disbelief; "and they're going to drive it across the country in the Great Race?" At first I wasn't really sure if it was the car, or that hundreds of its parts were strewn around the shop that brought something between a smile and a frown to the face of those who would ask. I have to admit, I did the same thing when Jeff told me he wanted to use the 1934 McQuay-Norris for the for the 4,200 mile trek across the country. Surely, I thought to myself, this teardrop, car/bomber looking thing that has almost no rear visibility and hadn't been seriously driven in years wouldn't be the choice. But I was wrong. With a few short months to get it ready and have it in Washington D.C. for the start on June 25, 2005, I got to work.

Looking back at the challenge of preparing the McQuay-Norris with its Ford chassis and running gear for the race doesn't seem as challenging as it did then. But at the time, I was facing pulling the engine and transmission for repair, re-wiring the electrical system, overhauling the brakes and suspension, as well as attending to a hundred other details, so I was just a little nervous. After all, anything not done, done poorly, or within possibility of going wrong, would have to be dealt with on the road. So I went to work, first removing parts, then repairing and slowly putting them back together. Soon almost two months had passed. I finished the repairs only four days before I was to leave for D.C. with just enough time for Jeff and me to take it out for a few miles of driving and speedometer testing.

Then, it seems, in the blink of an eye, Susan, Jeff and I were standing in front of the United States Capitol for the start of the race with the McQuay-Norris perched in the middle of the pack of about a hundred old machines looking unusual even among the unusual. With what would become the usual fanfare, the cars were sent out one by one for the start of a convoluted course that would end on the other side of the Country. As the McQuay lumbered down Constitution Ave, I made my way down the tree lined avenue taking in the sights, feeling glad to be there and looking forward to all the travel to come before reaching the Pacific coast.

Out of the city, the miles rolled by, each morning a new destination and each night a new community to greet the traveling show. Each evening, the cars would come in one at a time in random order, different each day. Although on most nights there were a few things to fix, the result of rough roads and thousands of miles on the old machine, the Lanes completed every section of the race and drove through the finish each night. I would see the odd nose of the McQuay in the distance and feel a sense of relief. At one unusual finish in Ubana, IL, Jeff and Susan pulled through the finish with a small gas tank on top of the engine cover. Near the end of the day the fuel pump had given out; Jeff quickly fashioned a gravity tank and brought the McQuay through the final leg of the day's competition. Fortunately for me, one of the local sponsors was the owner an automotive garage called Peter B's and offered us and other racers the use of his facilities. It was a great place to work -- far more comfortable than the customary dimly lit hotel parking lot.

On the final day of travel, I made my way from Walla Walla, WA by way of the Columbia Gorge through Portland, OR, ending in Tacoma, WA for the finish. It was by far the best day of travel for me. The spectacular scenery coupled with the anticipation of the finish the next day, left me feeling pretty great. That night, the Lanes pulled through the finish gate with about 90% of those who had begun the race two weeks before to an atmosphere of quiet relief for all the competitors. The Great Race organizers like to use the expression, or slogan, "to finish is to win," and they say it so often that it starts to sound a little commercial. It's only when you've completed it with so many others who have also faced similar challenges that the expression is truly meaningful.

*Greg Coston  
Restoration Specialist*

### Calendar of Events November and December 2005

November 5	Platter Up! Fine Food and Fun Cars. Food and wine event at the Museum featuring tastes from countries represented in the collection including Italy, France, Great Britain, and Germany. This event will benefit Nashville RBI which provides the joy of baseball and soft ball to innercity youth. The event will begin at 6:30 p.m. Tickets are \$50 per person and may be purchased at Lane Motor Museum.
November 11	Free Day for Veterans. In appreciation of their service to our country, Lane Motor Museum will offer free admission for veterans and active members of all branches of the armed services.
December 3	Member Appreciation Day. Bring a friend and enjoy a special day at Lane Motor Museum. Refreshments will be provided.

## Down History Lane Gasoline: Trash or Treasure?

It's hard to believe with gasoline costing so much nowadays that at one time it was a wasted by-product of crude oil refinement dumped into rivers and streams, burned off in pits, and disposed of in fields. The earliest forms of gasoline were called *stove naphtha*, *benzin*, and *petrol*. The need for lamp fuel, also known as *coal oil*, brought about gasoline, not the need for fuel for cars! Considered to be a nuisance, stove naphtha found limited use as a fuel for special cook stoves and street lamps. The huge demand for coal oil created the king of refined crude oil, *kerosene*. The production of kerosene created a lot of gasoline. Because of its highly explosive nature and limited need for distribution, manufacturers disposed of the gasoline rather than try to sell it.

Crude oil refinement for lamp fuel began when the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy developed oil wells in the early 19th century in the eastern province of Galicia (located in modern day southern Poland). The world's first refinery went into operation in Galicia in 1858. American oil production began in 1859 when Edwin Drake dug his first oil well in Titusville, Pennsylvania. John D. Rockefeller piped Drake's crude oil to Cleveland, Ohio for refinement into kerosene and then distributed the lamp fuel through his company, Standard Oil. Rockefeller's company discarded the gasoline viewing it as an unusable by-product.

It wasn't until 1892 that gasoline gained recognition, as it proved to be the most suitable fuel for the internal combustion engine in the automobile. By 1899, gasoline became a profitable commodity with thirty manufacturers building cars in America, producing 2,500 motor vehicles a year. By 1920, there were 8,000,000 registered vehicles on the road and 15,000 filling stations pumping gas around the country. Gasoline ceased to be a nuisance as its distribution became a profitable necessity. Today, Americans use 375,000,000 gallons of gas every day making it a billion dollar a year industry in our country alone.

For more information on the history of gasoline, check out these great sources: *The American Gas Station* by Michael Karl Witzel (available in our gift shop) and two websites, <http://chemcases.com/fuels/fuels-06.htm> and <http://inventors.about.com/library/inventors/blgasoline.htm>.

*Jimmy Carter*  
*Gift Shop Manager*

### Visit the Lane Motor Museum Gift Shop for your holiday shopping needs.

We have everything  
for the car enthusiast on your shopping list  
including books, models, toys, artwork, and gift certificates.

Our gift shop is open  
Thursday through Monday  
10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Remember, Lane Motor Museum Members receive a 10% discount.

## Sexy and Frugal?

With the price of gasoline passing the three-dollar per gallon mark, fuel economy is on everyone's mind. The latest trend in the auto industry is to make hybrids, today's fuel efficiency kings. Hybrids have a conventional gas engine as well as a battery pack and electric motor. The combination results in better fuel economy for a given vehicle at the price of usually reduced performance and a higher initial purchase cost. But let's face it. While they are cost efficient at the pumps, they are not good looking cars. The Toyota Prius is simply ugly. The Honda Insight (on display at LMM) is also aesthetically challenged. But the question is, can cars that are economical to drive still look good?

While looking through the Museum collection for sexy convertibles to drive on recent weekends, I found two extremely fuel efficient cars that also look awesome: the Toyota Sports 800 and Burton-bodied Citroen 2CV.

The Toyota averaged 46 miles per gallon and the Burton got over 50 miles per gallon during recent weekend drives. Neither of these cars has a sophisticated engine management system, in fact both use carburetors something not included in new cars because they will not meet emissions requirements. The engines are both 2-cylinder, air-cooled and provide modest but adequate power. The key to the amazing fuel economy is weight and having just enough power to keep up with traffic. These cars aren't going to win a race with any new car, but they will certainly get you more attention than anything being sold today.

The styling of the Toyota belies its age. The car was made in 1967 and was often mistaken by other motorists as a new car. Finished in red with a contrasting black removable targa-style top, the 800 looks quite stylish. The interior is surprisingly spacious, even for me at 6 feet and change. The steering is light and precise as is the gear change. The car is a delight to drive.

The Burton's styling also confuses the beholder. It looks like a low-slung pre-War roadster, something a movie star would rumble up in front of MGM in, but it was actually built in 2002. The hood is long, with fenders bulging out over nicely chromed wheels, and giant insect-eye like chrome headlights, leading back to a too small but very cool looking aluminum and wood Moto-Lita steering wheel. The back of the Burton is as graceful as the front with fenders swooping elegantly back. The body is stunning enough, but when finished in bright yellow it is over the top. "Ohhhhh, it's SO cute!" is the usual exclamation from the ladies. The car drives nicely and handles quite well with little body roll, surprising since it is based on the 2CV. There is plenty of leg-room . . . maybe too much since it is difficult for anyone under 5'6" to comfortably reach the pedals. With its giant trunk, the Burton is a practical grocery-getter, if you don't mind being inconvenienced by curious gawkers at every stop.

After experiencing the delight of both of these fine automobiles, I have to think that automobile manufacturers have gotten more than a little complacent about developing cars that are fuel efficient, yet appealing to the eye. Their thinking is very "middle of the road," aimed at the general public who is waiting for the next SUV or minivan to roll off the assembly line. Maybe they should talk instead to some poor college kids who need a ride they can afford to drive through the week, but has the necessary sex appeal to see them through the weekend.



*The Burton on display in front of Oakland's Historic House Museum in Murfreesboro, TN.*

*James Green  
Automotive Preparation Manager*



## Jeff Drives the LARC-LX Part 2

*For Part 1 of this article and a picture of the LARC-LX, visit our website at [www.lanemotormuseum.org](http://www.lanemotormuseum.org).*

Almost immediately, we have another challenge as a single car is parked on the street illegally, and we are not sure if we will be able to clear it. Carlos Lewis and Sons Movers say there is enough room, so I creep ahead. Slowly, we squeeze between the telephone pole (which I can see) and the parked car (which I cannot see). Again we make it through with inches to spare.

Once in a while in downtown Nashville we would stop and let traffic go by. This was my only chance to look around and notice how high we are and see the lights of the city around us in a way that I have never seen them.

It's now time to make a hard left onto Church Street. There is also a light pole in the median we must go around, and I stop to tell Robert that I don't think I can make it. The turns are getting tough now. I want to go on the other side of the street light and across the median. Robert is afraid we might crack the concrete median, so I agree to try it. About half way around, I have to back up once and then forward again and I am clear. It never ceases to amaze me how sharp the LARC turns.

A short drive down Church Street staring at the second floors of all the buildings and I make a right on 8th Avenue. It's now going to be a long, straight shot to Lafayette Street and then bear left. No more sharp turns till we get to Fesslers Lane.

The straight sections are not without their challenges, however. I am constantly zigging to miss red lights. A few lights we have to tilt forward so we can clear them. We go under the bridges at Second and Fourth Avenue and some of the poles on the deck touch the bottom of the bridge. That was close.

As we approach Fesslers Lane, we are all breathing a little easier. We are almost there and the LARC is running fine. There's just one little problem, which is my arms are starting to cramp. I'm not sure if I can make it the rest of the way but I also realize that at this point, it's not fair to ask Greg to drive. The hardest turn into the Museum's back parking lot is yet to come.

Left onto Fesslers Lane and right onto Elm Hill Pike, we go up a steep hill but the LARC tackles it with no problem. I'm steering with one hand and resting the other now. We turn right onto Arlington, and slowly cross I-40 because this is a 2-lane bridge and the telephone poles are close on both sides.

The right turn into the Museum is going to be the hardest. Our neighbor has a 30 ft. wide gate we must go through as we are turning. The first challenge is to get his gate open as no one seems to know how to work the combination lock. I climb down to give them a hand and get it open in a minute. Back on the LARC, I creep through the gate very slowly and amazingly I make it on the first try. Through the neighbor's parking lot and we are in the back parking lot of the Museum. Success and everyone is smiling. It took us 3 1/2 hours to go 6 miles and it went smoother than we would have ever predicted.

It was a big move because it was a big vehicle but there were many people along the way that helped us out. Sam Albert from Cherokee Marine did everything in his power to make it possible. Without Sam's knowledge and patience, we would not have made it. Elliott Crane did a superb job of getting the LARC out of the river. Greg Coston spent weeks working on the LARC getting it road worthy, and its reliability shows what a great job he did. Also, I want to thank Jimmy Carter, David Yando, Tim Nelson, and LMM Member Paul Collins for coming out and helping on a dark January night. Finally, Charles Lewis and Sons Movers made the impossible move look easy.

If you haven't seen the LARC in person, I hope you will come visit us really soon.

*Jeff Lane  
President*



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**Coming Next Quarter: More of  
Bill Pryor's Adventure With  
Sterling Moss!**