

LIFE IN THE SLOW LANE

BY JAY KLEHFOTH



AND THE WINNER IS...

Getting you wife's permission to bring home an old car is a great accomplishment. Two issues ago, I attempted to provide tips that worked for me and for others in securing said permission. While the suggestions were admittedly lame, it was my attempt at providing a public service.

Getting permission is one thing, but to have your wife be not only enthusiastic about bringing home that car of your dreams—but thrilled about it—takes this subject to a new dimension. These occurrences are fodder for Ripley's "Believe it or Not" stories. And when I checked with Ripley's, they said that to their knowledge, such an occurrence has never been reported.

Then I received an e-mail from my friend Keith Townsend in Gresham, Oregon, complete with pictures to document his accomplishment. Here is his e-mail:

Last Saturday I threw a surprise birthday party for Yvonne. We had a terrible ice storm, so only about half of the guests showed up. However, most of the rest of them called during the party to wish Yvonne a happy birthday. We drank a LOT of hot buttered rum...

Anyway, I had a gift table set up in the family room against the window, which faces out back. The last gift she opened was a pair of aviator-style driving goggles from me. As she was looking at the goggles (and trying to figure out why I would give her goggles), I pushed the concealed garage door remote and all the guests could see her car in the lighted garage. When she turned around and saw it, she just said, "No way, no way!" and of course everyone had to run out into the freezing rain to check it out.

It has a standard Rootlieb body and lowering kit, Frontenac Model R (I think), Stromberg OE-1 carburetor, Livingston V radiator, aftermarket 19" wire wheels of unknown origin, Muncie 3-speed transmission, outside brakes, Corvair steering box, and a custom made seat adjuster for drivers under 4' 11". (Ed. Note: Yvonne is about 4' 11" and Keith is pushing 6'.)

Special thanks goes to Ollie who let me store the car and work on it in his barn for the past four months!

I shared this e-mail with some of my friends. The quick consensus was that Keith had pulled off the hobbyists' equivalent of winning eight Olympic gold medals

and the Monterey Concours 'd Elegance at one time. A few cheers went out — "All Hail to the Mighty Keith."

Move over, Alan Carberry, along with your DC-3. You are going to have to share your hero's podium with another!

Go Keith! □



Keith's, err...Yvonne Townsend's new speedster. Below, Yvonne happily smiles from the driver's seat.

