

MARYLAND AUTOMOTIVE MODELERS ASSOCIATION

Volume 10, No. 4, December 1997

by: "GTO"

(The *Maryland Automotive Modelers Association* is a chapter of the *IPMS* in addition to the *MAA*)

Well gang, the November meeting was jam-packed with both people and entertainment. *IPMS* member *Tom Kolk* put on a *slide show* of a *large car museum* out in the Cleveland area, along with a *motorcycle museum* as well. Anyone who stayed I'm sure will tell you how interesting it was. Following that, our own *Harold Bradford* gave a short *seminar on polishing decals*. Thanks to both you Tom and you Brad for entertaining the troops! We 'preciate it! Check elsewhere in this newsletter for the 1998 meeting dates which I promised you all last month.

The raffle raised \$53.50 (as well as \$38.00 from the box). The club would like to thank the raffle donors listed below: *Mike Hemp, Ron Bradley, Brad, Joe Atwell, Ronnie & Bonnie Palmer, Chris Whalley, Jim McGuinness, Ami Pacifico (FasTrack Hobbies), Replicas and Miniatures Co. Of MD, and yours truly.* Special thanks also go out to those listed below:

Kevin Brey,
Hobby Works
354 Domer Ave.
Laurel, MD 20707

Tom Walsh,
The ERTL Company
Highways 136 & 20
Dyersville, IA 52040-0500

Mike Perkins,
RPM Craft House Corp. (Lindberg)
328 N. Westwood
Toledo, OH 43607

Ed Sexton/Bill Lastovich,
Revell-Monogram Models, Inc.
8601 Waukegan Road
Morton Grove, IL 60053-2295

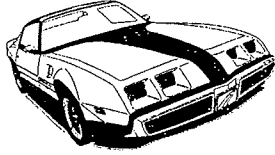
HAPPY HOLIDAYS



'98 MEETING SCHEDULE

Well guys, here it is, just as I promised ya! Ain't it great when things work out like they are supposed to? Thanks to Mat Guilfoyle for his hard work in ensuring that we have a place to meet every month next year! Yup, we are back at the **Greenbelt Community center** multipurpose room for the dates listed below. As usual, the meetings start at noon, and last until 3 or 4 P.M. (*and maybe even later, depending on what is going on!*).

January 17th
February 21st
March 21st
April 18th
May 16th
June 20th



July 18th
August 15th
September 19th
October 17th
November 21st
December 19th

From the Baltimore Beltway (RT 695): Take Exit 7, Route 295 (*Baltimore-Washington Parkway*) south towards Washington approx. 18 miles to Route 193 (*Greenbelt Road*), and exit. When on the off-ramp, stay to the right and merge right onto Southway (see below).

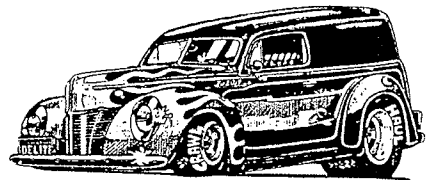
From the Washington Beltway (RT 495): Take Exit 22 north, towards Baltimore. Stay in the right lane and take the first exit onto Route 193 (*Greenbelt Road*). When on the off-ramp, bear to the right and take Greenbelt road west, towards College Park. Stay in the right lane and immediately after passing over the Parkway, make a right (*at the light*) onto Southway (see below).

Once on Southway: Go straight to the second (*2nd*) STOP sign. Make a left onto Crescent road. Go to STOP sign and make a right into the parking lot behind the Greenbelt Library. Once in parking lot, look to right. The large, white building is the Greenbelt Community Center. Enter building using doors near fenced tot lot. The multi-purpose room is on the second floor. There is an elevator to the left of the entrance.

SNEAKIN' A PEEK!

This column appears as frequently (*or infrequently!*) as new releases from the manufacturers. The idea behind it is to give a "thumbnail review" of the releases as they hit the shelves with a more detailed review to follow at a later date (*hopefully!*). We'll see how it goes! (*Ed. Note: The kits are listed in no particular order*)

- **1997 Ford Mustang GT** (*AMT #8065; 1/25th scale SnapFast Plus*): Molded in purple....reissue of '96 GT....'PONY' CO, 'SPORT' GA plates, '4.6L' logos...."How to build a (real) Mustang" video included.
- **'Street Rod' Assortment** (*AMT #8457*): Molded in Lt. Gray and white....set includes '34 Ford 5-window (*Lt. Gray*), '40 Ford sedan delivery (*Lt. Gray*), and a reissue of the '37 Chevy convertible (*White*)....engine choices consist of 6-cylinder or blown fat block....clear up-top, and hood....rolled and pleated interior pieces....stock parts seem to be included....'37 CHEVY' Maine, 'BIG&BAD' TX, and vintage 'ONLINE' TN plates....'PWR UP' AZ, 'GONE BYU' NEB, '40 SEDAN' FL (*'40 Ford*) and 'SMLBLK' WA, 'HI BOY' IL, '34 FORD' TN (*'34 Ford*) plates, all vintage.
- **Plymouth Prowler** (*Revell-Monogram #85-7631*): Molded in Purple (?!)....very nice 19" and 20" Goodyear GS-D Prowler tires mounting incorrect chrome rims....clear lenses, uptop glass, clear red tail lights and CHMSL....rear bumpers feature 'Plymouth Prowler' engraved in 'em....underhood bracing present....nice, 12-piece 3.5-liter V-6....drop-in door panels, 2-piece dash, 1-piece seats (no backs)....dash gauge face decal.
- **'31 Ford Model A Woodie** (*Revell-Monogram #85-7637*): Molded in white....bright chrome....stock flathead 4-cylinder, along with vintage speed parts....opening doors, side mount spare....woodgrain molded in as well as included as a decal, along with '31 WOODY' CA, 'BMW 608' CA, and 2 more vintage CA plates....clear acetate for windows.



- Gary Densham's "NEC Communications" Avenger funny car (*Revell-Monogram #85-7652*): Molded in white....reissue of earlier Avengers, lacks blower blanket, top hat retainers as in new Firebirds....colorful "NEC" decals....incorrect dual wheelie bars.
- '97 'Official Revell Nationals' Firebird funny car (*Revell-Monogram #85-4126*): Molded in white....molded in white, and limited to 1 of 7,500 (*including certificate*)....reissue of excellent Firebird w/Revell Nationals markings.
- "Citgo Top Dog!" Thunderbird (*Revell-Monogram #85-4113*): Molded in white, limited to 1 of 10,000 (*including certificate*)....reissue of excellent Thunderbird w/Dalmation markings.
- '98 Corvette convertible (*AMT/ERTL #8329*): Molded in Lt. Gray....front and rear bumpers (and license plate cover) separate....'waterfall' interior piece (between seats) separate also....same nice small block as in hardtop....disc brakes at all corners....1-piece exhaust, simplified front and rear suspensions....platform-style interior (complete w/huge sink mark in steering wheel center, obscuring nicely engraved Corvette logo)....2-piece (each) bucket seats....nice, chrome 5-spoke wheels, mounting Goodyear F1 tires....clear parking lights, uptop, clear red tail lights....'345 HP' NY, 'TOPLESS' TX plates, (2) crossed flag logos.
- '97 Mustang GT & video gift set (*AMT/ERTL #8066*): Molded in Lt. Gray....reissue of '96 GT kit, meaning same, nice 27-piece 4.6-liter V-8, multi-piece chassis, platform-style interior....taillights two pieces each....front and rear glass is protected by a piece of clear mylar wrapped over them!

1967 Chevrolet Impala Street Machine

(*AMT/ERTL #8208; 1/25th scale; modified reissue*)

Do you remember kits with more than one building version? Well, the concept is still here, except that the optional parts are either sold separately by the aftermarket, or the parts will be included in a purpose-versioned kit. Such is the case with this kit. A few months back, I reviewed, and built, the stock version of this kit. As with many modelers, I exchanged some of the stock parts with selected custom upgrades (*i.e. wheels, tires, steering wheel, etc.*). I also modified the suspension to sit lower to give it the right 'attitude'. AMT/ERTL did a similar number with this kit. Now, even though the box art model is ugly in my humble opinion, most of the replaced parts in the kit will enable the modeler to build a pretty nice model. I'll go over the differences between this kit and the aforementioned stock version.

Engine-The big change for the 427 cu. In. V-8 is a *billet tuned port fuel injection system* along with *matching valve covers*. Depending on the finish you desire, you could leave these parts chrome, or you could refinish them in your choice of finish. A billet-type air cleaner and a high-energy ignition system are included, but curiously, tubular headers are not.

Frame- Dropped spindles, shortened springs, and repositioned rear control arms give the car a lower stance. A real time saver here!

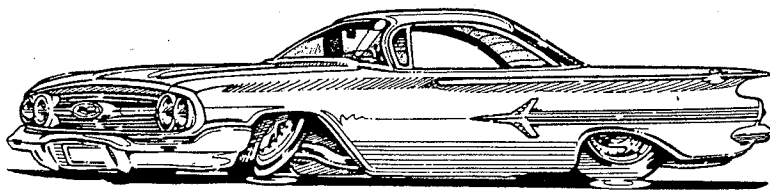
Interior-Stock, with the exception of the addition of a *billet handle* for the *floor shifter*, a *billet steering wheel* in the style of the *Billet Specialties*® "Terminator", and stereo upgrade equipment consisting of rear package shelf speakers, a bass tube, power amp, and a graphic equalizer unit. Curiously (*again!*), the heater hoses included in the stock version are not present here.

The exhaust system differs in that the rear pipes have chrome resonator tips in lieu of the rear resonators with turn-downs.

Body-Consists of shaving the exterior door handles, the addition of stripes, and the addition of a rather goofy looking hood scoop. I'm glad that AMT left the hood ornament on the chrome tree.

Rolling stock- Consists of a set of billet wheels styled similarly to the *Billet Specialties*® "GT-85", or the *Budnik*® "Tusk", with AMT's ubiquitous Goodyear GS-C tires.

Despite that goofy-looking box art model, the model in the box is actually pretty good, and the upgrade parts will find their way onto many a model.



By: Ron Hamilton

BUCK FIFTY-FIVE

(The following entertaining tale was plucked from the Internet and while very entertaining, shows that some people have 'way too much free time! None of this was changed to suit, merely retyped to insert it into this newsletter for your entertainment!)

The Midwest Summer sun is setting as a battered old pickup pulls up to the desolate farm house. A lone figure exits the truck and strides toward the concrete block garage on the back side of the property, his tall frame silhouetted by the orange-washed sky, footsteps accented by the rhythmic crunch of gravel under his rattlesnake boots.

A credit card-like shape is removed from his wallet, and slid silently into the alarm box. Keyboard numbers are depressed, and a green bulb lights, indicating the sophisticated security system has been deactivated. Two more punches on the keyboard opens the door, and energizes the full-width fluorescent lights, illuminating the sanitary warehouse interior.

The figure strides purposefully across the polished concrete floor with long, rhythmic strides, heading past the work benches, tools, racks of engine parts towards the opposite side of the garage. He stops at the flowing shape hidden beneath the black car cover, reaching down to remove the mask of invisibility. The cover is quickly removed and folded away. The nasty glint of chrome, and highly polished Midnight Blue lacquer reflects the figure's image in its muscular sides. The driver's door opens, and the figure settles into the supportive Recaro seat, fastening the racing harness and cinching it tight in one fluid motion. The cockpit of this road machine is unlike any other car on the planet, a veritable cornucopia of switches, lights, gauges, scanner James communicators, and other high-tech devices expressly designed to aid him in beating the system.

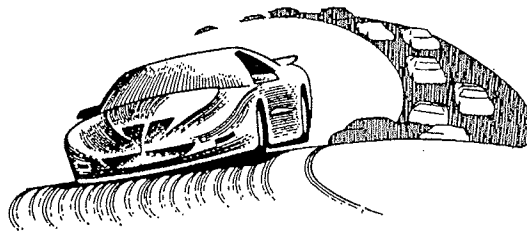
A gloved hand reaches for the key, twisting it to bring forth the wicked, barely muffled rumble of pure, unadulterated horsepower, emanating with a raspy lode from a *fully-built 455 CID powerplant*. The garage takes on an eerie, menacing countenance as the machine idles, filling the stillness with its' methodical, long-arm lode.

The figure fine tunes the motor by way of a bank of knobs and gauges housed in a special overhead console, precisely setting the voracious motor's timing, fuel mixture, and spark control. A quick inspection of the interior reveals this to be a serious road machine, the perfect projectile for triple-digit running. Everything you see flat screams performance. Augmented by the underhood roar of *500 horsepower*, Hurts four-speed shifter, and tall 2.41 rear axle, this *modified Indian* will see the *better side of 160 with no sweat*.

A check of the instruments indicates the *Trans Am* is ready to roll. The figure slides the shifter into gear, and coaxes the *snarling Poncho* out into the brisk, early evening air, the last bits of sunlight reflecting off the horizon and then vanishing as the now black Trans Am heads for the Interstate.

The driver maneuvers the Trans Am through the small-town traffic, activating the dual radar detectors as he approaches a stop light. To his right is a *big-block Chevelle*, to his left a *late-model Corvette*. All eyes scan the Trans Am and its' pilot as the rumbling Bird comes to a stop.

The Corvette's challenge the Trans Am, but noting the embroidered leather jacket. "*That's the one who blew off his 'Cuda when the cops blocked the looks over again, this time driver's icy stare. He backs*



driver leans over to his passenger stops him, 'RPM' on the pilot's black guy Rob told us about. The then vanished into nowhere road." The 'Vette driver met by the Trans Am down. The Chevelle driver is

not enlightened and revs on the Trans Am as the cross-lights go yellow. The R's come up on the big Pontiac motor, the driver's razor-sharp reactions side-stepping the clutch the instant the light goes green. Both cars take off in a haze of tire smoke, the Chevelle's 4.11 gearing giving it a slight edge as they cross the intersection. Sixty, Seventy, Eighty miles per hour, both drivers are slamming gears as their powerful road rockets do what they were built for. Running past the town's city limits, and out towards the Interstate. The Chevelle gives it a good try, but it's apparent he's all done by *125 mph*, and now, it's time for the Trans Am to take over. The gloved hand activates a console-mounted toggle switch, electrically opening the headers. Another switch is armed, and the 455 is fed a richer mixture of racing fuel, matched by an increase in ignition timing and fuel pressure to awaken those additional sleeping ponies. The Chevelle gamely tries to keep up as the Trans Am sprints ahead, putting three car-lengths on the struggling Chevy.

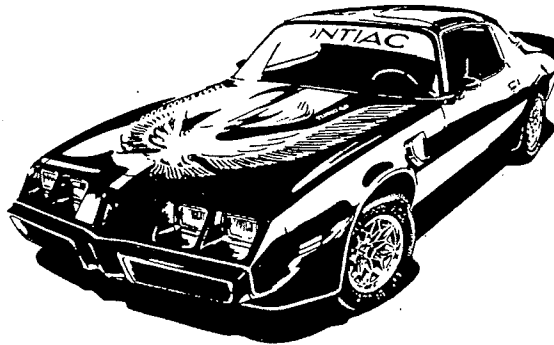
Now is the time that the Trans Am pilot usually backs off....he's proven his point. But not tonight, not yet, anyway. The radar detector is going crazy as the two cars crest a rise, the state trooper's short-range 'K-band' radar gun aimed directly at the racing duo. The Trans Am's radar jammer does it's best to convince the officer of their innocence, but he's not buying that '55 MPH' flashing on his screen, pulling onto the pavement and giving chase as the dueling pair rocket past.

The Trans Am driver's right hand reaches over and pops the dash cover off above the glovebox, revealing a multi-channel police scanner. With the flip of a switch, it comes to life, informing him of the troopers' every move. They were waiting for him tonight, it seems, with two behind, one coming from the opposite direction, and a fourth waiting some five miles ahead. Time to say bye-bye to the Chevelle.

The TA driver shifts into fourth, the car accelerating for all its' worth, *bending the stock speedometer needle 'way past its' 140 mph limit, resting on the trip odometer reset knob at the bottom of the gauge.* The officers' voices fill the vehicle's interior, as the scanner barks out their communications, unaware their every move is being monitored by the one they want so much to catch.

A glance in the rear view mirror reveals the hard truth....two state police cars directly behind the unlucky Chevelle, escorting him to the shoulder, and then on to jail. Their illuminated images shrink quickly from sight at this speed, a *buck fifty-five*, but the ride isn't over yet. There are still two more uniformed hunters ahead. The center console is again opened, and a series of switches flipped, dousing the mega-watt aircraft lights and blackening the Trans Am's tail lights, leaving only a jet-black figure, nearly invisible against a quarter moon-lit landscape. From the overhead console, the driver retrieves his infrared goggles.

The troopers are for the Interstate, to run for make their move to cut off smiles as he hears the police scanner, then serious as he realizes what 120, then hammers the four-wheel discs Am with the G-force a road racing car, dash-monitoring the steadily-temps as the powerful TA disguised in its cloak of darkness.



expecting him to head the state line, and they his escape. The driver directives come over his suddenly becomes he must do. He slows to brakes hard, the massive decelerating the Trans normally associated with mounted readouts increasing brake pad comes to a stop, still

The driver's hand moves to activate the header cutout switch, returning the exhaust note to a more subdued rumble, but, is it too late?! The scanner again comes alive with the anxious voices of the troopers, wondering what happened to their quarry. They regroup and begin to converge on the spot where they lost sight of him, and the driver knows it is time to move. He swings the Trans Am across the median and into the opposing lanes of traffic, heading back towards town....and into the path of the pursuing patrolman.

Traffic is very light this night, leaving the Trans Am very little place to hide. The driver will have to use all his tricks to 'avoid the Noid' which hasn't happened in his many years of banzai running. He's been chased dozens of times, but never captured. Not since building his stealth-racer Trans Am. He can't let it happen now. The Trans Am cruises at 65 mph until he spots his target, the red lights of the patrol cars on the opposite shoulder, escorting the Chevelle driver into the back seat of the lead cruiser.

The Trans Am pilot waits for the precise second before instigating his final assault, listening intently to the trooper's commands over the increasingly busy scanner. A helicopter is called out to aid in the search for the 'perpetrator', described only as a 'fast, dark car', heading west on old 140 near the Interstate, possibly driving without headlights. A gloved hand again moves to the center console, opening it, and re-activating the header cutout switch, disrupting the still night air with the unmistakable din of big-time horsepower. Instantly, the driver attempts to put his foot through the firewall, opening up *eight barrels of Holley induction*, throwing the engine into a high-pitched roar and sending the tach needle soaring to the upper reaches of its' travel.

The four officers on the opposite shoulder look over in total surprise as the dark road machine screams past, engulfed in a torrent of intake and exhaust noise that lets you know that this car is moving, and moving hard. Two of the officers run to their units to give chase, screaming into their police radio that they've sighted the villain. Their *smog-laden 351-powered Ford Crown Victorias struggle to accelerate*, barely reaching *60 mph* by the time the *Trans Am is at 130*.

The chopper is radioed into position, arranging to intercept the Trans Am at Gallman bend, five miles ahead. More fuel is fed to the big 455, the myriad coolers and backup systems serving the duties they were

designed for, keeping the motor alive. Tonight, an overheated engine, failed part or seized bearing would mean instant penalty and the game would be over. Suddenly, a flashing red light appears on the car's dashboard, alerting the driver to a problem. Quickly, display buttons are pushed, and the exact temperature is displayed on the screen. The oil temp was on the rise, and it was a number the driver didn't want to see. A green button on the overhead console is depressed, and the temperature drops off, once the auxiliary oil cooler kicks in to give the necessary relief.

Though the police cars are nearly a half mile behind, the time for running is over. The city limits are approaching, and with that, traffic, not to mention innocent people. The driver's mission is with the police, so he doesn't wish to involve hapless citizens. He looks intently for the backroad that he uses on occasions such as this, hoping the helicopter won't arrive on the scene for at least another minute. Even with the excellent illumination provided by the night vision goggles, the driver is experiencing trouble locating his turn-off. Light wisps of fog, unseasonably early, begin to cloud his perspective, something which could spell disaster in a hurry. He catches sight of the *small Pontiac crest emblem* on the *mile marker denoting the entrance to his final back road*, and stands hard on the binders to dirt track the Trans Am around the turn. The fog is becoming increasingly heavy as he nears the river, fortunately reducing the police chopper's effectiveness, as evidenced by the futile tones emanating from the scanner's speaker.

In the Trans Am's mirrors, the driver picks up the distant light of the patrol car, staying on his trail with amazing tenacity. The driver likes a good posse, and tonight he's really being challenged. The scanner again crackles to life with the chase car's comments...."if he makes it to Six-Road Crossing, we'll never catch him, there's a million miles of road he can disappear onto. We've got to get him now!"

The Trans Am rockets down the dirt and gravel back road like a champion Baja racer, becoming airborne occasionally as small dips act more like large jumps at the car's *105 mph* velocity. As he approaches his destination, a blue button on the console is depressed, opening the high security garage's door. The driver manhandles the Trans Am around the final bend and into the darkened building's interior, shutting everything down, and closing the door with another push of the same button. He quickly exits the car and walks to a trap door in the building's floor. The hatch is opened and the figure, still wearing his racing jacket and driving gloves, disappears down the short stairway.

The police chopper lands at Six-Mile Crossing, anticipating the arrival of their most notorious enemy, keeping track of the other units' progress by radio. Within seconds, the patrol car races into view, and slides to a stop on the east side of the intersection. The officers hurriedly exit and sprint to the chopper. "Where is he?!" asked the patrol car driver. "We couldn't have missed him!"

"We sure didn't see him!" answered the chopper pilot, "just vanished into thin air....just like the last time." The patrolman is infuriated, ordering his partner back to the car. "I'm not giving up, I'm gonna get him!!" The officer runs back to his car, jumps in, floors the throttle, sending up dirt and gravel from the shoulder. A lone vehicle, a battered Chevy pickup, has to brake sharply to avoid colliding with the patrol car as the big Crown Vic sedan pulls in front of the truck during the dramatic U-turn. The police officers never give the pickup a second look as they fly, throttle-down, towards town. Inside the truck's cab, a slight smile emanates from a lone figure sitting behind the wheel....with the embroidered letters "RPM" visible on his *black racing jacket*.

BITS & PIECES

- 'I didn't know that!!' A more relaxed scan through the new *Revell-Monogram catalog* revealed a few surprises. For example, didja know that the new "Big John" *Mazmanian Willys* is described with *opening doors, hood, and trunk*? That the '65 *Impala convertible* is listed as being equipped with the *409 V-8*? That the all-new '66 *El Camino* is listed as being equipped with a *396 V-8*? And lastly, that the *Harley-Davidson Special Issue* in 1/8th scale is listed as coming with *photoetched parts*? Well, if ya didn't, ya do now!
- "Toys for Tots" Thanks! Thanks not only to all of you who so kindly donated to the campaign last month, but also to *Norm 'Santa Claus' and Mary 'Mrs. Claus' Veber* for delivering them to the drop-off point. I'm sure the kids will very much enjoy your generosity!
- And, speakin' of toys!! How about that new *Sony Suburban*?! It has *unique exterior trim* to distinguish it from more 'utilitarian' Suburbans, but it's what's inside that counts! It's equipped with *fine leather, wood trim, Berber carpeting, high-back heated bucket seats, OnStar communication, and a 480-watt audio-video system, four LCD video monitors, a nine-inch video monitor w/video cassette player, 10-*

disc CD changer, Sony portable phone, and PlayStation game console. And here's the best part-it costs only \$72,975, so place yer orders now!

- **New Ford Thoroughbred?!** John Coletti of Ford's SVT group, was seen at the latest SEMA show in Las Vegas flaunting a new Mustang in front of Chevy Race Shop's guru Jon Moss's nose. The 'Super Stallion' as it is called, can lay claim to being the *fastest flex-fuel vehicle on the planet!* The 5.4 liter supercharged V-8 puts out 545 hp! And, if it is run on E85 Ethanol, the output jumps to 595 hp!! Other features include a *fully-independent pushrod rear suspension*, and *huge disc brakes*. Don't ask when you can buy one like it, 'cause, sadly, there are no plans for production. Thanks to Autoweek for this one.
- **"Got BIG Bucks?!"** An ad spied in the same issue of Autoweek which gave us the item above, was an ad with a definite 'Dynamic Duo' for sale (*I ain't talkin' Batman & Robin, either!*). How about a 1996 Dodge Indy pickup (you know? The one with the Blue/white paint job?) and a matching Viper GTS Coupe?! The asking price? Only \$85,000, but that includes delivery! *Hey Matt! Get out the club checkbook!*
- **MORE Big bucks!** Heard from a friend who visited a Chrysler-Plymouth dealer in Laurel about the latest idiocy. Seems as though he went there to view Plymouth's retro hot rod, the Prowler. In conversations with someone at the dealership, he was informed that the dealership had *turned down an offer of \$80,000 for this car*, which has a sticker of only \$38,000!! If this was not bad enough, the same person also informed him that a dealer in Virginia managed to sell a Prowler for \$101,000!! The American Free Enterprise system at its' finest, eh?
- **Diecast Fifties!** Well gang, surprise, surprise, the guys at Matchbox Collectibles are at it again! This time, with *The Classic 1957 Chevrolet 40th Anniversary collection*. It includes a Corvette, a '57 3100 pickup, '57 Bel Air convertible, '57 Bel Air hardtop, and '57 Nomad. They cost \$24.95 each, (plus \$2.95 shipping & handling). You can order 'em by calling 1-800-858-0102.
- **And that's not all!** Another Matchbox set by the name of *The Great American Giants pick-up collection*, includes a '57 Chevy (*American Airlines*), '53 Ford (*Genuine Ford Parts*), a '55 Chevy (*Harley-Davidson*), '55 Ford (*Caterpillar*), another '55 Chevy (*Genuine Chevrolet Parts & Service*), and a '54 Ford (*Pennsylvania Railroad*). To order, see the phone number above. By the way, these sets are both in 1/43rd scale. Unfortunately, no word on cost.
- **Still more diecast (*I promise, this is it!*)!** Matchbox is set to release the *Officially authorized! Harley-Davidson Kenworth Tractor Trailer*. In this case, this truck is in 1/58th scale, making it approximately 12" long. The rear doors open, and the trailer and cab can be displayed separately. Again, for info, see above for number. Price? Oh, almost forgot! *3 monthly installments of \$24.95 each.*
- **"Don't try this at home, bikers!"** Didja hear that Harley-Davidson is suing the maker of an X-rated movie that *shows sex acts on its motorcycles and rugs bearing the H-D logo?!* Scenes from the movie "Gang Bang girl No. 20" tarnish Harley-Davidson's reputation and may mislead the public into thinking Harley authorized the film, the company said in a lawsuit filed in federal court on December 1st. Harley is seeking all copies of the movie, as well as all purchasers of the movie be turned over to them.
- **"Plug it in!"** With the government pushing its' "Green" agenda, more car manufacturers are pushing the current crop of *electric vehicles* on the masses. For example, in California where Honda's EV Plus and GM's EV-1 are only available for lease, the car companies actually pay the *accident insurance, regularly scheduled maintenance, and replacement tires and wiper blades*. And when Saturn reduced the monthly lease payment from \$530/month to \$399/month, it also did so for current owners as well. Even considering this, in 1997, only about 300 electric vehicles were sold or leased in California in 1997.
- **Kia pets?!** I recently found out from the 'younger generation' (my son Nick) that they refer to Kia automobiles as *Killed In Action!* Well guess what, gang? A recent story in the Wheels section of The Prince George's Journal discusses *Kia Motors money problems*, and the fact that the *Korean government has placed Kia into receivership!* They are apparently hoping to sell Kia to one of its' rivals-Daewoo, Hyundai, or Samsung. The company is currently operating on a cash basis (*it can't borrow any more money*), and as many as *18 suppliers have gone bankrupt!* *Guess maybe those 'Killed in action' guys knew more than we did!*
- **LoJack Hijack?!** Most car owners would be thrilled to know that their car was equipped with a LoJack anti-theft device. But not Michael Lloyd Jackson of Conyers, Georgia. He reported his recently purchased used Mercedes convertible had been stolen. It didn't take police long to find the car-all they had to do was *follow the LoJack signal to Jackson's basement!* Police also found *three other cars which had been reported stolen*. Jackson was arrested on two counts of theft by receiving stolen property.

COMING EVENTS

- **March 7th- The Birmingham Classic NNL Model Car Show and Swap Meet** sponsored by the *Magic City Modelers* and *IPMS Birmingham*. Themes are *any vehicle that is lowered (we're talkin' on da ground!), and weathered vehicles (a.k.a. 'Down and Dirty!)*. For show info, contact Tommy May at (205)591-8038 or write Magic City Car Modelers at 5605 12th Avenue South Birmingham, AL 35222. For Vendor info, contact Dan Morgan at (205)739-1819 or write Magic City Car Modelers at P.O. Box 988 Cullman, AL 35056.
- **April 24th & 25th-7th Annual Mid-Atlantic NNL model car show and swap meet** sponsored by the *Maryland Automotive Modelers Association* at the Ruhl Armory in Towson, MD from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. Themes this year are *'1967' Cars*, and *50's Customs*. For vendor info, contact Norman Veber at (410)768-3648, and for show info, contact Lyle Willits at (410)796-2768, or e-mail him at MAMAprez@aol.com.
- **May 1st to 3rd- The North American Model Car Championship** at the Holiday Inn-Livonia West, 17123 N. Laurel Park Drive, Livonia, Michigan 48152, (313)464-1300, or (800)465-4329. For info, send *two first class stamps* to Contest Headquarters, 205 East Hibbard Road Owosso, Michigan 48867, or E-mail siegman@shianet.org.
- **June 7th-Twenty-fifth Annual Antique and modified Chevrolet Car show and flea market** at Sport Chevrolet in the Montgomery Auto Sales Park on US 29 & Briggs Chaney road. For info, call Jack Thompson at (301)384-1932, or Maureen Blades at (301)262-5148.

CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED- Magazine articles or what have you on *Arnie 'The Farmer' Beswick's racing Pontiacs*. Will carefully copy and return! Contact Tim Sickle at (301)249-3830.

FOR SALE- Magazines-HOT ROD, November '88 thru October '95 (complete), and September '87, as well as Car Craft August '89, November '89, October '94, December '94; Popular Hot Rodding June '88-\$1.00 per issue. See Tim Powers at a club meeting, or call him at (410)255-3976.

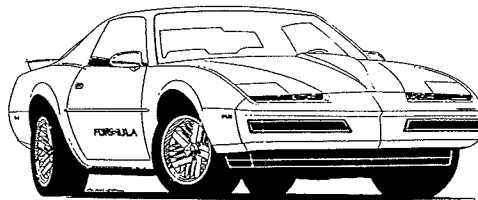
FOR SALE-*Thinning collection* (not quitting), list available. Contact Harold Bradford at (301)604-8591 or see him at a meeting!

TRADE-*GM or Ford engines for Mopar V-8's* (1/25th scale plastic, of course!). Call Ron Drechsler at (410)255-7369.

WANTED- Old redline Hot Wheels cars, buttons, accessories, tracksets, catalogs, Georgia Highway Patrol police car pictures, Monogram show gum cards. Contact Kenneth King, 2803 Dee Peppers Drive, Knoxville, TN 37931 or e-mail to cking@usit.net.

Anyone having an item for the newsletter, whether it is a Bit, a Piece or even a Classified, it can be included by contacting one of the individuals listed below:

Timothy C. Sickle
15905 Ark Court
Bowie, Maryland 20716
(301)249-3830



Norman F. Veber
317 Roosevelt Ave., S.W.
Glen Burnie, Maryland 21061
(410)768-3648

Ed. Note: *And that's all, folks! Hope you all have a Happy Holiday, and I guess we'll get geared up in January for a real great '98!!*