

**COUNTY
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**U. S. Share
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[title in a series]
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he annual report of
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Shows Costs
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ovember, 1955:

number of persons	Cost for month	Avg. per person
95,956	\$2,348,625	\$24.58
55,890	2,034,598	36.73
1,484	109,547	73.82
2,368	196,806	84.23
95,193	\$4,691,676	\$49.28

number of recipi-

New Styling in Station Wagon



The Plainsman, an experiment in station wagon styling by Chrysler corporation, will be displayed at the Chicago Automobile show.

People and Events

Thomas M. Thomas, partner in the law firm of Kirkland, Fleming, Green, Martin & Ellis, was appointed chairman of the general, industry, and business sections of the 1956 Chicago Boy Scout finance drive beginning Jan. 18. Goal of the campaign is \$454,181.



Thomas

David S. Mackie was appointed assistant vice president of the New York Central railroad in charge of freight sales and service with headquarters in Chicago.

H. H. Hasselbacher will retire as general superintendent of the Burlington railroad's communications department and will be succeeded by T. W. Wigton.

Appointment of Jack L. Camp as chairman and Bryan H. Doble as vice chairman of the 1956 World Trade conference to be held Feb. 28 and 29 in the Morrison hotel was announced. Camp is assistant director of foreign operations

**NEW CHRYSLER
PLAINSMAN HAS
REAR VIEW SEAT**

An eight passenger, two door "idea" station wagon called the Plainsman, featuring an "observation seat" that faces the rear, has been designed by Chrysler corporation and will be put on public display for the first time at the Chicago Automobile show.

The show, which will be held in the International Amphitheater, Halsted and 42d sts., will open tomorrow and continue thru Jan. 15.

In keeping with its western name the Plainsman has a Palomino beige metallic exterior finish. The interior is trimmed with reddish brown and white calf hide upholstery.

The rearward facing rear seat is electrically operated and folds under the rear deck floor when not in use. Tail gate and rear window also are electrically operated.

**ADMIRAL UNIT
WILL MOVE TO
NEW LOCATION**

Appliance Distributors, Admiral corporation's distributing division for the Chicago area, will move its offices, display rooms, warehouse, and service department over the week-end from 3838 51st st. to

**CHICAGO TITLE
NET EARNING
HIGHER IN 1955**

**Record Peak Set
Gross Income**

Net income of Chicago Title and Trust company in 1955 rose to \$3,433,536, or \$5.77 a share, from \$3,070,040, or \$4.94 a share, a year earlier, company announced yesterday. For the third consecutive year gross income reached a new high, climbing in 1955 to \$16,435,370 compared with \$14,749,186. During 1955 company paid a record high quarterly and extra dividend totaling 3 million dollars \$3 a share.

List Total Assets

Net worth of the company at year-end was \$67.33 a share compared with \$66.48 a year ago and \$59.40 at the end of 1953. This was based on market value of marketable securities and book value of investments in associated companies. Cash and marketable securities at market value totaled \$3,268,000, compared with \$5,232,000 at the end of 1954. Total assets were \$69,341,000 against \$65,390,008 at the end of 1954.

Activity Level High

The annual statement to stockholders, signed by Chairman D. Pettibone, chairman and Paul W. Goodrich, president, said: "The high level of estate activity and favorable general business conditions which accounted for the company's expanding income

Henry Shane

From: pete@petevicari.com <pgvicari@yahoo.com>
Sent: Wednesday, June 24, 2015 10:07 PM
To: Henry Shane
Subject: Fw: Plymouth Plainsman
Attachments: Buick Landau.jpg; buick-car-show-02.jpg

From: Bill Warner <bwarn@ameliaconcours.org>;
To: Pete Vicari <pete@petevicari.com>;
Cc: Donnie Gould <donnie@rmauctions.com>; Brandt Rosenbusch (bjr@chrysler.com) <bjr@chrysler.com>; Mark Becker <MBecker@ameliaconcours.org>;
Subject: Plymouth Plainsman
Sent: Thu, Aug 7, 2014 8:55:23 PM

Dear Pete:

I enjoyed our conversation today and congratulations on buying the Plymouth Plainsman. That is probably the most traveled concept car in the world (Cuba, Australia, US, etc.). By copy of this note, I am advising Mr. Brandt Rosenbusch at Chrysler that you have the car and intend to restore it. We would certainly like to have it for Amelia in March, but time is short for a full restoration. That will be your call, but when it is done, we'd be honored if you would debut it with us on Amelia.

The glass company I was referring to is Fox Fire Glass LLC, 3071 W. Thompson Road, Fenton, Michigan 48430, PH 248-332-2442. They are on the internet....google "Fox Fire Glass". They do a lot of prototype work for the manufacturers.

Brandt: If you have any material on the Plainsman, Pete would be much appreciative of images to assist him in the restoration:

Pete Vicari
1900 Destreham Ave.
Harvey, LA 70058
(PH: 504-329-6098)

Pete: If you have not heard, the Dodge Granada show car will be auctioned off on the 20th. Not a pretty car, but built about the same time as the Plainsman, in case you are looking for another project. Google

“Dodge Granada” and it will pop up.

Attached is a shot of the Buick Landau I once owned. Nice car, but just not my style.

Please keep in touch and let me know how the restoration progresses.

Brandt: As always, thanks for the help.

Bill

Bill Warner

Founder and Chairman

The Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance Foundation

3016 Mercury Road South

Jacksonville, Florida 32207

Ph: 904-636-0027



About The Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance

Winner of Octane Magazine's 2013 International Historic Motoring Event of the year, the Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance is among the top automotive events in the world. Always held the second full weekend in March, "The Amelia" draws over 250 rare vehicles from collections around the world to The Golf Club of Amelia Island and The Ritz-Carlton, Amelia Island, for a celebration of the automobile like no other. Since 1996, the show's foundation has donated over \$2.5 million to Community Hospice of Northeast Florida, Inc. and other deserving charities on Florida's First Coast. The 20th annual Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance is scheduled for March 13-15, 2015. For more information, visit www.ameliaconcours.org or call 904-636-0027.

INTRODUCTION

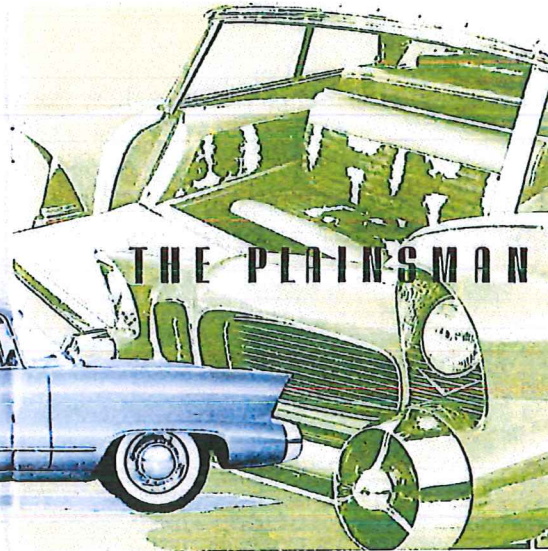
(Or... How I First Fell In Love With The Plainsman!)

By Leon Dixon

A BOLD NEW CONCEPT IN STATION WAGON DESIGN, the Plainsman "Hot Station Wagon" reflects the colorful and casual way of life that typifies the nation's western movement. It seats eight passengers in "action seats" and features such striking innovations as an "adjustable rear" rearward-facing third seat and a spare tire mounted in the right rear fender. Third seat and

tailgate operate electrically, safety doors need no entry the rear seat. Slippers hold the end of the bumper when the tailgate is closed. Interior trim is natural calf hide with leather hubcaps and the all-new center cap. It has a third covered by plush white fabric. The Plainsman's exterior finish of Palomino beige metallic fully complements its western flavor.

Over all length 181 inches
Overall width 72 inches
Over all height 62 inches
Wheel base 108 inches
Engine 300cid Chrysler Corporation V8
Transmission Power
Maximum engine deck height 16.5 inches 62 inches
Cargo deck height with 2nd row folded down 52 inches
Maximum cargo deck width 48 inches
Spindle 5.00 inch diameter
Brake 4 wheel disc



My maternal grandparents lived in a very large three-story house with a side yard on Iroquois Street in Detroit, Michigan. It was just one of a number of avenues that ran through the middle of a very posh residential area known to Detroiters as Indian Village. Thus the names of the streets: Iroquois, Seminole, Seneca, etc.

The very top floor of the house was actually done up like a bachelor's apartment wherein the walls were trendy (at least for those times) knotty pine. Everything on that top floor had a kind of male-ness about it. But I don't mean man-cave, as it is understood today. No. There was a record player, but no big-screen TV—that hadn't been invented yet.

Colorful silk ties hung from a special rotating holder. Shirts and suits in the closet were neatly hung from wooden hangers. Glistening polished shoes sat in a tilted rack along the base of one wall. The leather of each shoe was stretched taut by wooden shoetrees.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

Anyway, the third-floor quarters were kept sanitary and as neatly arranged as a military barracks. My Uncle Louie lived here.

Louie Curtis had been a Navy man in World War II, but he lived with a certain discipline even in civilian life. Louie was also a diehard Plymouth fan and bought a sporty new Belvidere coupe in 1953. It was bright red.

After leaving the Navy, Louie went to work for Chrysler Corporation and ultimately moved to Ohio to help start a new Chrysler plant there. He would remain at the company for the rest of his career and never bought anything but Chrysler products. My Uncle Louie lived, ate, slept and breathed MoPar. But there were other diehard Chrysler fans in my family.

Two flights downstairs back in the big house on Iroquois was a grand living room with a big fireplace. To the left, over in the corner was a big, overstuffed leather armchair. Next to it was an end table with a tooled leather top. This table held a rather grand pipe rack, accompanied by the faint aroma of Cherry-blend tobacco. It was my grandfather's favorite place to sit when he was home and not running his massive electric trains layout in the basement.

My grandfather, Rod G. Shuster, had founded an insurance business in the 1920s and he had done quite well for himself. By the 1950s, R.G. had become known not only for the success of his business, but also for his love of Chrysler products. By the 1950s he bought one nearly every year. Grandpa had a particular soft spot for Imperials and bought several of them.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

So as you might imagine, the Chrysler salesman made it a point to arrive each year at my Grandpa's office to take him (and sometimes me as well) to see advanced showings of the new Chryslers and Imperials.

Back in those days when cars changed every 365 days, Detroit's car companies held next year's models in ultra-tight secrecy. New styling changes were treated as closely guarded secrets. So it was a big deal to see the new styling and features—especially if you got to see them before the general public.

At new model time, cars were kept fully covered on trucks and stored well away from prying eyes. Dealerships would either cover their showroom windows or fog them over. For instance, ample amounts of "Glass Wax" cleaner worked well if smeared with a rag or sponge and allowed to dry on the inside of the windows.

Then with the view safely shielded, top salesmen would fan out invitations to their premium customers in hopes of making an instant sale. Such a customer would be brought in and ushered past the fogged-up windows and temporary partitions all to be wowed by the newest models.

But in my case, the super sales treatment was not the only benefit I experienced. Because of my grandfather, I was one of the youngest people in the country on the Chrysler Press Preview list in the 1950s. I would often receive invitations for special showings. Accompanied by my grandparents, I not only got to see next year's cars but ultimately Chrysler dream cars as well!

Now, my grandmother had a brand-new Dodge in the garage, but she rarely drove it—especially if she was going downtown. She preferred using taxis for such outings. And so it was not a surprise one day to hear a taxi tooting its horn out in the driveway.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

But other than the taxi, the day at hand was a complete mystery for me. All I had been told was to dress up for a trip downtown (we did these kinds of things back then). My dad dropped me off early at my grandparents' house, so all morning long I had been waiting in eager anticipation.

No encouragement was needed because I was ready to go! So, quickly we spilled out of the front door, down the porch steps and into the back seat of the waiting taxi.

Unlike today, this taxi was incredibly clean inside. One might even say pristine. It was a spotless, shining 1952 Plymouth Checker taxicab in dark green color. It had a dark red vinyl interior. As further evidence of the time, there was no glass partition. Nor was there a full front bench—only a driver's seat. To the right on the passenger's side was a rather large rear-facing jump seat where I was invited to sit for the ride.

The uniformed driver smiled and asked if we were going to Hudson's. My grandmother replied, "Yes, driver... J.L. Hudson's. I'm taking my grandson downtown for a surprise." The cabbie acknowledged and backed out of the driveway as smooth as one could imagine and headed for Gratiot Avenue.

Now, J.L. Hudson's was a landmark in Detroit, Michigan. Hudson's was the largest department store in the world. It was also the tallest department store with twenty-five floors. Nearly everything about Hudson's was big. The store took up more than an entire downtown city block and was composed of multiple buildings all stuck together.

At certain times of the year, Hudson's would display the world's largest American flag draped across the front of the building facing Woodward Avenue. At Christmas time they had a gigantic toyland and Christmas display that was unparalleled.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

A shopping trip to Hudson's could very easily occupy an entire day. There was floor after floor, department after department of everything imaginable from perfumes and women's clothing to household goods and appliances to lawnmowers. If you wanted to buy a parrot or an iguana, they had a pet shop there. If you wanted diamonds, there was a very large jewelry department. If you needed your watch fixed, they had an old European watchmaker there with a clock and watch department.

But a trip to J.L. Hudson's in the 1950s also could amount to a very elegant outing—especially by today's standards. Upstairs there were elegant beauty salons and day saunas. And there was a restaurant that was as chic and posh as one could possibly imagine. Ladies could be seen there wearing things like white gloves and pillbox hats with nets that covered their eyes. They could even have high tea there—as my grandmother sometimes did.

Now if the store name sounds familiar to automotive fans, yes it was owned by the same family of Hudson Motorcar Company fame. But the car connection didn't stop there, as we shall see.

My grandmother tipped the driver as we exited the taxicab and walked through the heavy bronze doors into the perfumed atmosphere of magnificent J.L. Hudson's. But we weren't there for shopping. Instead, my grandmother made a beeline straight for the big bank of elevators. You could tell if the elevator was going to be available by the ball-shaped globe lights that hung over each door. And there was often a special uniformed guide to direct you to the nearest available elevator entrance. Only a few moments passed and it was our turn.

The big brass doors of the elevator slid open with a quiet whoosh as a female operator in a dark blue dress and white gloves smiled and ushered us inside. She asked for our floor as my grandmother looked at me and smiled. "Twelfth floor please!"

The operator acknowledged, "Yes ma'am. You must be going to..."

My grandmother interrupted before the elevator operator could blurt out everything. "Yes... yes we are. It's a surprise for my grandson—he loves cars." My heart began to race as my imagination was now running wild. At least now I had a clue, but cars at J.L. Hudson's? What was this all about?

"Ahhhh!" The elevator operator knowingly said as she first closed the big metal doors and then the clacking brass accordion inner gate. She smiled at me, and then held her white-gloved finger up to her lips in a sign of hush-hush secrecy as she began operating the elevator controls. As smooth as silk, we began to glide silently upward to our floor.

As we finally reached our destination, we could see the lighting coming through the small glass windows with wire mesh inside. The elevator operator skillfully adjusted the height of the elevator to smoothly match the exact floor level. Then she slid the brass cage gate open followed by the big outer doors. We strode out of the elevator as my grandmother reached into her purse and pulled out an envelope embossed with the "JLH" logo. She handed a smiling lady a card out of the envelope as the lady unhooked a velvet rope and waived us into what I could only describe as a combination of museum and dream car show. Now I understood. My grandparents had arranged for me to visit at an advanced showing of a special J.L. Hudson automotive exhibit. We were some of the first people through the door and I was in heaven.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

It was all incredible. Somehow Hudson's had managed to bring real cars all the way up to the twelfth floor and set them up on display. In one direction was GM's jet-like Firebird gas turbine car. Also there was the ancient King car...first automobile driven on Detroit's streets.

Hudson's had magically converted their large auditorium/salon into a kind of car world. For me, it was like entering Disneyland—or at least what I imagined it would be at that time. I looked at the cars and displays and then suddenly... there it was. In shimmering Palomino Beige metallic: the Plainsman dream car!

Now, to some jaded 21st-Century minds, perhaps the wide-eyed wonder of these experimental styling one-offs in 1956 may all seem lost today. But to put things in perspective, dream cars were just coming into their heyday at that time. And as frivolous as they may seem in today's cynical world, dream cars were supremely important.

These vehicles often forecasted what might be coming in the future in design, technology and in features. They excited the public and got people talking about the very notion of the future and things yet to come. They helped car companies to gauge the wants and needs of the market. In short, dream cars made automotive design into a genuine science all its own.

The 1950s was the zenith of the American dream car era and these cars were the talk of the auto shows. Whether you loved them or not, dream cars were the real buzz of the 1950s and 1960s. People like me had an unquenchable thirst in those days for dream cars and knowledge about them. Year after year, I couldn't wait to see what new wild wonders would be unveiled by carmakers. Dream cars were on every magazine cover and vivid in the minds of those who truly loved automobiles.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

Yes, we call them “concept cars” today but the original term we all used to describe these wondrous vehicles was “dream cars.” So if you cared about automobiles, *dream cars* were the things to see back then! It was a very different era. I know. I was there.

And in those pre-cynical days of promise and optimism, there were also many other things of wonder and inspiration about the world of the future. It was a new awakening.

Amazing new electronics debuted that would change the entire world of music. From the recording studio, to the artists, to the instruments like electric guitars it was all just breaking out of a slumber. Les Paul and Mary Ford had a TV show where they showcased not just their talent but amazing new sounds that could come out of a guitar. Les played while Mary played and sang “*How High The Moon*” in what seemed like an impossible, incredible, miraculous futuristic rendition. It was a wondrous time.

1956 was the year I first saw the iconic sci-fi movie, “*Forbidden Planet*” when it debuted at Detroit’s Grand Circus Theater, just a few blocks from J.L. Hudson’s. Not only did the movie have a serious treatment of science fiction, but also everything up on the screen looked real and believable. And it had *Robby, The Robot*, the most iconic robot ever. Detroit opened an “*Automat*” fully automatic electronic restaurant where you bought pre-made meals, drinks and treats behind little clear plastic doors in a wall. And I also saw the Ford Mystere and the Packard Predictor that year. And now upon seeing the Plainsman, my hunger for the future and dream car close-ups was satiated—at least for the time being.

Dixon/Life & Times of the Plainsman

But just like those other dream cars and wondrous marvels of the 1950s I had seen, there was an indelible memory attached. I would never, ever forget how magnificent the Plainsman looked while cowgirls in Stetsons and fringed white leather outfits pranced around it. The Plainsman glowed and shimmered in the lights and it seemed so very modern. Like the incredibly popular minivans that would follow it from Chrysler decades later, the Plainsman had anticipated every possible need or want. It seemed that Chrysler had thought of everything with this dream car.

The Plainsman almost seemed to say, “Hello! Welcome to the future...I’ve been waiting for you! Whatever you want in a station wagon or family car, I’ve got it—and more!”

And the best part of all was that this was no science fiction car. This was a car that looked as if you could just climb in and drive off into the sunset. From that moment on, I fell in love and fantasized of someday owning the magnificent Plainsman. And I never stopped dreaming.

Whether you lived in the 1950s and loved it as I did... or missed the era but still love the cars, I invite you to turn the pages of this book and see it all through eyes of wonder. Come travel back in time with me to a place where no GPS will ever take you. And for the first time ever, see the story of one of the most iconic dream cars of the 1950s—as seen not just by someone who was there, but by someone who rediscovered the car decades later when everyone said it had been destroyed. Come back with me now as I tell you the story of the Plainsman as you have never seen it before...

Leon Dixon

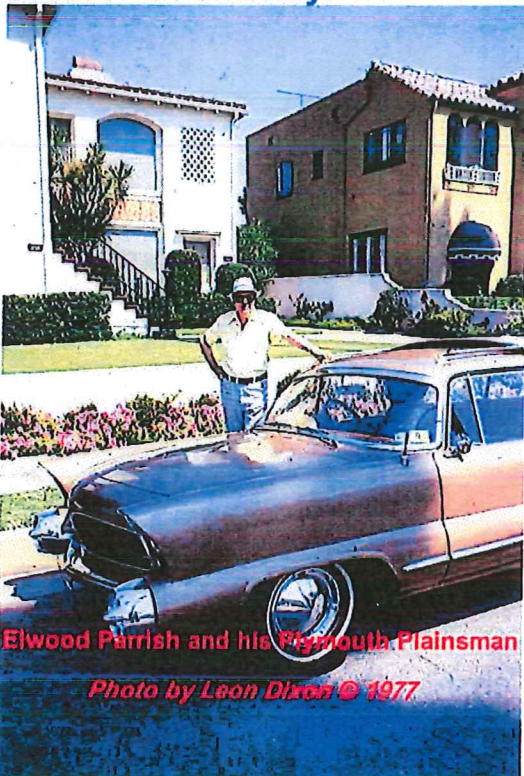
Henry Shane

From: leeedy@aol.com
Sent: Tuesday, December 05, 2017 4:41 PM
To: Henry Shane
Subject: Re: Mike Parrish

Hello Henry,

I'm still doing formatting today, having wasted a little time with this silly banker assassination stuff and emergency eye surgery last month.

I'll call Mike and see what he has to say. But I have no intention of getting into a peeing contest with him. I'll be cordial, but I'm not buying the bullet-proof glass and assassination story.



Here is a shot of Woody that I took in front of his house in SoCal. You will note at the time that the dash was covered in calf hide and the car was still in right-hand drive configuration. You will also note 1972 inspection stickers on the left side of the windshield. You will also note that the car is NOT painted diarrhea butterscotch. By the way... when we went to lunch or dinner, we went in the Plainsman.

Regards,

Leon Dixon



-----Original Message-----

From: Henry Shane <HenryS@1st-lake.com>

To: leedy <leedy@aol.com>

Sent: Tue, Dec 5, 2017 1:46 pm

Subject: Mike Parrish

Leon

I have raised the Banker issue with Shane Parrish who finally gave me Mike his dad's phone number.

Shane has suggested that you might want to speak with his Dad directly.

Mike Parrish's office phone number is 909 987 9000.

Please let me know how the phone call goes.

Henry