



**JULY-AUGUST 2017
NEWSLETTER**



**CHAR AND ED LENZI,
OUR NEWEST MEMBERS,
AND THEIR 2008 VELOCITY YELLOW Z06**



Meetings:

SCC meets the 2nd Wednesday of each month at 6:00 P.M. for a dinner meeting.

Meetings are held at:
Gainey Ranch Golf Club, Ballroom C
7600 Gainey Club Drive
Scottsdale, Arizona

2017 Board of Directors

President -

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July-August 2017

A Newsletter for Corvette Enthusiasts

148 Members

www.scottsdalecorvetteclub.com

Dorinne Dobson, Editor

ddobson58@cox.net



In this issue...

New Cruisers

Dedication to Kathy Cartell

Memorial to Bob Findsen

From the Driver's Seat

Members with New Vettes

Indy Car Race at PIR

Route 66 Fun Run

Race Day at Octane Raceway

And Much More...

SCOTTSDALE CORVETTE CLUB MISSION STATEMENT

To enhance the experience of Corvette ownership through the support system and fellowship of its members. This is achieved in an interactive social environment of monthly meetings, activities, road tours and a newsletter.

This forum invites the sharing of experiences, knowledge and fun, while creating an atmosphere that perpetuates the leadership position of America's only true sports car. All that is asked of its members is professionalism, integrity, personal ethics, and a love of the Corvette.



FIND NEW ROADS

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SCC BIRTHDAYS!



Cris Mingie	July 3
John Parker	July 6
Dennis Brink	July 9
Rollie Trayte	July 9
Chris Mead	July 12
Gary Ronquist	July 12
Mark Bales	July 13
Fran Harder	July 16
Walter Juessen	July 23
Jim Gargano	July 24
Ed Luse	July 25
Sherry Nelson	July 31

Hugh Anderson	August 1
Dorinne Dobson	August 7
Suzy Poulter	August 13
Sheryl Brink	August 21
John Ainlay	August 22
Jim Voice	August 22
Carolyn Santarossa	August 26
Mark Shaw	August 26
Jane Anderson	August 27
Mark Chulew	August 30

COMING EVENTS!

July - NO MEETINGS OR ACTIVITIES

August 9 - Club Dinner Meeting and Car Show

August 12 - Pine & Dine Day Trip to Payson

August 16 - Vette Vixens Dinner & Men's Poker Night

August 23 - Board Meeting

Sept. 13 - Club Dinner Meeting

Sept. 20 - Vette Vixens Dinner & Men's Poker Night

Sept. 22-24 - Prescott All Corvette Show

Oct. 11 - Club Dinner Meeting

Oct. 18 - Vette Vixens Dinner & Men's Poker Night

Oct. 21 - Queen Creek Olive Mill

Oct. 25 - Board Meeting

We have included the Board meeting dates in case you have a topic you would like the Board to discuss. Just let a Board member know prior to any of the Board meetings.



The SCC Store utilizes Lands'End because of its reputation for customer service and the quality of their merchandise. The feedback from our membership has been very positive, and we plan to continue to use this site as our Club store.

For new members only, you'll need to create an account. You can do that by clicking on the following url:

<http://business.landsend.com/store/scottsdalecorvetteclub>

Once there, go to the top of the page and click on MY ACCOUNT, and select CREATE AN ACCOUNT. Complete the information, submit it, and that will be it - and here's the best part: You can immediately start to shop. Should you have any issues, please contact Lands'End @ 1.800.587.15417 and they are available weekdays 7 a.m. - 7 p.m. CDT.

**THIS ISSUE OF THE SCOTTSDALE CORVETTE CLUB
NEWSLETTER IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR FRIEND AND LONG-TIME MEMBER
KATHY CARTELL**



It is with deep sorrow to report that my wife, Kathy, lost her battle to Ovarian Cancer on Tuesday evening, June 27, 2017. As many of you know, this journey began a little over five and a half years ago, and we are thankful for all the support, understanding and prayers received from our wonderful family, friends and associates over this time.

... It was Kathy's desire that her fight serve as an inspiration to all those individuals and families facing this terrible disease and for all to support efforts for the early detection, prevention and a cure for Ovarian Cancer. Therefore, in lieu of any flowers, we respectfully request that donations be made to True Colors / Broadway Fights Ovarian Cancer at <https://www.gofundme.com/true-colors-2> or your local Ovarian Cancer Foundation.

God Bless and thank you again for all your great support and prayers to our family during this difficult time.

Rick Cartell



New Cruisers

I'm sure you checked out the front cover of this issue, so you've already seen Char and Ed Lenzi and their 2008 Velocity Yellow Z06. Here's the photo again, in case you missed it...



Ed says: We bought it new at Van Chevrolet, and it has been on the 2009 Corvette Caravan.

Be sure to say hello to Ed and Char when you see them at the next meeting or event!

WELCOME TO SCOTTSDALE CORVETTE CLUB!





JUST A HANDSHAKE AND A SMILE!

By Frank Tasnadi
SCC Membership Director

Remember when you were new to the SCC, how for the most part you knew no one? When you first came to a dinner meeting, your eyes probably scanned the crowd looking for a familiar face. For many of us there was no recognition. Sure a few newbies are fortunate enough to have a friend or two already in the Club, but the rest are strangers. A sea of 60 to 85 strangers can be daunting to the most out-going among us.

The good news is our new potential members are easily recognizable. They are all wearing a name tag like Homer below. I would guesstimate about 85% of our visitors become members. When you see someone with this style badge at a meeting or event, please take a moment to give them a smile and extend your hand in friendship. What will most likely ensue is at least a small conversation about each other's Corvettes. If you see them wandering around just prior to dinner and you have an open spot at your table, invite them to join you.

Mark Bales did just such a thing for a new member last year and discovered they attended the same high school back in Illinois during the same years!!! As membership director, one of the things I proudly tell every prospective member is we really don't have "cliques" in this club. You can do a lot to prove me right by giving them a handshake and a smile!!



**BOB FINDSEN**

Many of us remember Bob Findsen fondly. He and his wife, Judi, joined the Scottsdale Corvette Club in 2000, so they were almost charter members. Bob served on the SCC Board of Directors for the years 2002 and 2003 as Treasurer and Membership Director. The Findsens dropped their membership in the Club at the end of 2016 due to Bob's failing health. On June 14, 2017, Judi posted on Facebook that Bob had taken a turn for the worse and had been diagnosed with an infection of the blood that, because of his age and physical condition, was untreatable and inoperable. He was moved to their home with hospice care, and Bob passed away at home on June 17, 2017.

Condolences may be sent to Judi Findsen, 24424 North 80th Place, Scottsdale, AZ 85255, or posted on the obituary website at <http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/name/robert-findsen-obituary?pid=1000000185929864&view=guestbook>.



**SCC MEN!
SAVE THE DATE!
THIRD WEDNESDAY EACH MONTH!
POKER NIGHT!
WATCH YOUR EMAIL FOR DETAILS!**



**SAVE THE DATE - FIRST
SATURDAY EVERY MONTH!**

**SCOTTSDALE MOTORSPORTS
GATHERING**

At 7000 East Mayo Boulevard.
All kinds of exotic cars in the parking lot
for a free drive-up car show.
In the summer the cars arrive fairly early
in the morning - 7:00; 8:00 when it's
cooler. This is change of venue, so here's
a link to show you the layout of this event:
[www.scuderiasouthwest.com/motorsports-
gathering/](http://www.scuderiasouthwest.com/motorsports-gathering/)

**WILL WE SEE YOU THERE ON
SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH?**

Don't forget to wear your Club name tags!
With so many new members,
it helps us all get better acquainted!



**SCC WOMEN!
SAVE THE DATE!**

**THE THIRD WEDNESDAY OF EACH
MONTH THE VETTE VIXENS MEET FOR
COCKTAILS AND DINNER -
DRIVE YOUR VETTE OR NOT**

**THE NEXT DINNER WILL BE ON
AUGUST 16TH!**

HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!



**DON'T FORGET THE MEMBERS' DRAWING AT THE
MONTHLY DINNER MEETINGS!**

**YOU MUST BE PRESENT TO WIN. THE PRIZE MONEY
STARTS OUT AT \$25.00 AND INCREASES BY \$25.00
EACH MONTH IF THERE IS NO WINNER.**

**BE SURE TO ATTEND THE AUGUST MEETING!
YOU MIGHT BE THE BIG WINNER!**

SCC MEMBERS WITH “NEW” CORVETTES

Editor's Prelude: Okay, so who has had more Corvettes in the last year than Rollie Trayte? I can't think of anybody in the Club who's bought (and now we find he's sold two of them) more Corvettes - at least they haven't told me about it if they have. Remember the article in the March-April 2017 issue of this newsletter entitled "Rollie's Bookends"? Here's Rollie's story about his latest acquisition:



I bought a low mileage (39,000) silver C6 a year ago in Albuquerque – a nice car but not terribly exciting. I had heard about a nice silver C5 convertible that a guy in Fountain Hills bought his wife brand new for her 50th birthday in 2000 in Vegas and although only 49,000 miles, they were pretty careless in terms of taking care of the mechanicals and leather, so I bought it and spent more than I'd planned for all new leather interior suspension stuff and deferred maintenance.

A good friend that's on a charitable Board of Directors with me made noise about buying the C6. Lyn wasn't thrilled about having two Corvettes, but I sold it to a gentleman in Cave Creek that had called and came over—he bought it without so much as a test drive.

My buddy from the Silent Witness Board then drove the C5 convertible that now looked like brand new and announced that he "needed" to have the car. Although I hadn't really planned on parting with it since it only had 49,000 miles, it's not often you have someone pestering you to buy a car with a very fair approach to price.

I've always loved the "mahogany" (Anniversary red) of the 50th Anniversary - not too dissimilar to the Spice Red - with the contrasting shale interior. The gentleman I bought it from had five Corvettes including a few ZR1s and learned a few months ago that he's diagnosed with Parkinson's disease -- so he thought it was time to "thin the herd" and was just wonderful to deal with.

So - we've started to chase down all the deferred maintenance on this one - shocks, water pump, balancer, tensioner, all fluids, plugs, wires and general clean-up. (Thank you, Aaron at Black Diamond Detail)

Rollie Trayte





Greetings all,

Gurmit and I never thought the night we attended our first SCC meeting in 2013, we would meet so many great people and make so many friends. Because we enjoy everything the Club has to offer makes writing the rest of this a lot harder.

I now have a better appreciation of the term “Bitter Sweet.” Gurmit and I have made the decision to become snowbirds - which is the sweet part! We are building a new home on the shore of Lake Michigan in Wisconsin (cool summers and beautiful fall colors). The bitter part is we will miss our SCC friends! Normally, snowbirds only fly back east for a few months during the hottest part of the summer. And that will be the case for us next year. However, this year will be a little different since our new retreat will not be completed until September, thus we have decided to stay on in Wisconsin to enjoy the remaining Green Bay Packer season and the holidays with family. When the February north wind blows and the snow is flying, instead of heading back to the Valley of the Sun, we are planning to travel to the Southern hemisphere (summer there) for a few months to visit friends and family in Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia, Singapore and Thailand. We expect to head back to the USA in the spring and to spend the spring/summer in Wisconsin. This is the really bitter part; we will not be back to Scottsdale for more than a year.

As excited as Gurmit and I are to start this new adventure, it is great to have the support of our excellent Board of Directors and Activities Committee members. Their leadership will ensure it will be business as usual at the SCC.

Hope to see you all soon!

John



Want to know more about this beauty?

Check out the link:

https://theblock.com/news/65-years-corvette-meet-2018-corvette-carbon-65-edition?utm_source=Newsletter&utm_medium=Email&utm_campaign=FUEL6



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

By Dorinne Dobson

Sorrow fills our hearts as we experience the recent loss of two of our SCC members, Kathy Cartell and David Blum, and one former long-time SCC member, Bob Findsen, and we all extend our condolences to their spouses and families.

We have a delightful article on the Historic Route 66 Fun Run in May, written by Bill Ng who is a new member of the Club. You will find his insight into understanding the protocol on Club trips interesting, as well as his enthusiasm for driving his Corvette and having a road-trip adventure.

What a pleasure to present Frank Tasnadi's short article entitled "A Handshake and a Smile," encouraging us all to make the effort to welcome new and prospective members each time we see them at the Club dinner meetings and events.

Mike Oster wrote another outstanding article, replete with photographs, on the *Cakes and Carts* event in June. Breakfast at Phil's in Fountain Hills and racing at Octane Raceway followed by awards and lunch - all made for a very fun day.

I screwed up on my intended feature on personalized "vanity" license plates for the July-August issue. I'm hoping to get the email out to everyone to urge all who have interesting license plates to photograph them and send the photographs to me for the September-October issue. Speaking of which, Jim and I are planning to be at the beach in Orange County, California from August 20th until September 10th, so the September-October issue will be somewhat later than usual, and probably will not be out till well after the September dinner meeting.

Frank Tasnadi's article on his water pump dilemma on the trip back from Death Valley prompted Larry Capek to check his water pump while he was close to home. You can read about Larry's foresight, thanks to Frank's experience, on [page 40](#).

Gurmit Walch's article, *Indie Car Race from the Eyes of a First-Timer*, is a winner. What a fun day at the race track!

Thanks to everyone who contributed to this issue of the newsletter! You all are what makes the Scottsdale Corvette Club such a great organization!

Hope you're all surviving the hot summer in style! Until the next issue, Save the Wave!

Dorinne





From Rollie Trayte:

Nightmare Becomes Reality When Z06 Goes Up in Flames

A fluke mechanical failure engulfed this Corvette in flames, leaving the owner helpless. An explanation from General Motors as to why this Arctic White 2016 Z06 unexplicably went up in flames has not been forthcoming. Read more about it on Corvette Forum and on the following link:

<http://www.corvetteblogger.com/2017/05/25/accident-ny-man-shares-story-corvette-z06-caught-fire/>

**SEPTEMBER 22-24, 2017
11TH HISTORIC PRESCOTT
CORVETTE SHOW**

250 Corvettes on the Courthouse Square on a cool September Saturday in the mile-high city of Prescott. Here's the link to register your corvette and get the details:

<http://www.prescottvettesette.org/2017-car-show>

Watch your email for SCC activities in Prescott for the car show weekend.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 12TH
*Lunch at Zane Grey Steakhouse in Payson
with Dessert to follow
at Mike & Donna Reagan's Chateau
Last call for reservations has already gone out!
Check this link for availability:*
<https://goo.gl/forms/aXacuaK3DXJSFZ1E2>

REMEMBER IF YOU NEED TO REPLACE YOUR SCC NAME BADGE, CONTACT:

Ahwatukee Trophies

Sales@ahwatukeetrophies.com

480-785-5292

Brian or Keely are the two main people to contact

Cost is approximately \$11.00.

Indy Car Race

From the Eyes of a First-Timer

Story by Gurmit Walch
Photos by John Walch

SCC was invited to participate in this once-a-year Indy Car Race series at the Phoenix International Raceway on April 29, 2017. Eleven Club members (6 cars) participated in this event. There was general consensus that we could not have asked for better weather or a better race. The afternoon started with members meeting at Cave Creek and Loop 101 and caravanning to the PIR. It was a fun ride, and we made some heads turn as we rode by.

The host had reserved the Corvette Corral for our members, and we enjoyed the walk to our reserved seats at the start/end point.



SCC Members at the Corvette Corral

John and I were surprised by the pit passes waiting for us when we checked in. We had lots of fun walking the pit lane and seeing some of our favorite drivers – Helio Castroneves, Tony Kanaan, Will Power and Ryan Hunter-Ray were just finishing up their trials. James Hinchcliffe, the runner up at the 2016 Dancing with the Stars show, showed some slick moves of his own.



That's Hinchcliffe behind Gurmit and Castroneves reflecting in her sunglasses



Close-up of Tony Kanaan



Helio Castroneves riding his scooter in the pit area

The race was preceded by the benediction and rousing rendition of the Star Spangled Banner by local talent.



The Pace Car

The race kicked off with a roar but only for half a lap – an early crash took out 5 cars but thankfully none of the drivers sustained any injuries. The fast-paced race, pit strategies and slick driving kept us at the edge of our seats. While some members came armed with earplugs to reduce the noise impact, the rest of us did not mind the noise as it added to the drama of the race.



Castroneves, the pole sitter

Team Penske dominated the top 5 positions with last year's overall winner, Simon Pagenaud, taking the checkered flag.



Simon Pagenaud, the winner!

30TH ANNIVERSARY ROUTE 66 FUN RUN

Story by Bill C. Ng

Photos by Bill Ng, Marie Camacho
and Susan Oster



"Route 66." Just to mention such a name invokes countless images of past histories, romantic stories and personalities, both famous and infamous. This road, while perhaps not mentioned in the same breath as Daytona, Indianapolis, Sturgis, or Le Mans, remains a multigenerational iconic trip among people who just love to drive on beautiful, less traveled roads. Being a "newbie," this was my first road trip with the SCC group, with my anticipation and excitement for this adventure already quite high.

Then an email request from our beloved Run leader, John McClelland: "I have one volunteer slot ... writing up the trip for the Newsletter. I wonder if one of ... our newer members, would take on this duty."

It must have been a heavy drinking, manic Monday, and perhaps I thought I was on my computer casting votes for Dancing with the Stars, viewing The Voice results, or watching something socially significant on Netflix like Mad Maxx. I cannot remember how it happened, but - I opened my Outlook the next morning and read the email reply from John thanking me for accepting his challenge.

I did? OMG!! You idiot! What have I done!?? I am not a writer and haven't written anything since my last college essay when tennis rackets were still made out of wood. Now I am straddled, without a clue, on what and, more importantly, how to write.

I was already stressing about trip preparations: remember the two-way radio (fully charged - check), full tank of gas (Costco - premium, of course), paperwork/registration/blood work & proof of citizenship (check, check, and double check), underwear ("oops" - laundry time). But, now I also have to stress about writing an article about Route 66. How in the world does one write about such a famous road which hasn't already been written, TV or movie done, or star portrayed? What

to write, what to write?

After boosting my courage and new self-fabricated sense of writing ability from my six pack of Modelo Especial (two limes, please), it occurred to me. I realized that neither the route, nor destination, was as important as the experience of the journey and the people who shared the joy and each discovery with me. I am not really writing about Route 66. I am writing about my personal experiences and my own memories of Route 66 and what I shared along with my new travel mates, the other Members of the Scottsdale Corvette Club.

Challenge fully accepted. I tightened my belt, squeezed in an extra third lime into a new cold one. It's time to cowboy up! Gritting my teeth, I declared to myself, "Let's get 'er done!" Larry, The Cable Guy, would have been proud.

So, here is my story of the experiences and my personal reflections of The Historic Route 66 through the eyes of a new, but "well-seasoned" member.

Day One (Friday, May 5th)

We all meet at Albertson's parking lot in Tramonto Market Place on Carefree Highway and I-17 before 8:30 a.m. Everyone waves and greets each other, then waits for the Drivers' Meeting and waiver-signing from our most able leaders, John and Linda McClelland.

We are assigned into two groups with the "blue group" led by John and Linda McClelland in a Night Race Blue Grand Sport with group members John and Gloria Ketterl, David and Becky Blum, Bob Hickerson and Barb Russell, Jack and Carol Jensen, with Frank and Lisa Tasnadi in the sweep car position.

The second group is the "white group" led by Mike and Susan Oster in a White Coupe with group members Mike and Donna Reagan, Richard Smookler, Peter and Lucy Boland, Marie Camacho and me, with John Prenzno and Brenda Brandt in the sweep car position.

We eagerly walked to our individual rides, lit the plugs and rumbled up within our assigned groups. After a final crackle of instructions and comments between the leaders over our two-way radios, we were finally off!

The sight of our Corvettes all in line cruising up I-17 toward Flagstaff was so cool. A moving color palette in waves of blues, whites, reds, yellows, and orange. A sea of C's, all rushing forward in singular formation with similar intent, purpose and destination.



And in no time, the heat and succulents of the low valley transformed to cooler air and the rolling grasslands of the higher plains. As we progressed and climbed in elevation farther north, we finally reached Coconino National Forest. Cresting the highway, the view opened with Ponderosa pine on each side of the highway framing the distant and majestic 12,633-foot Humphrey's Peak still wearing a crown of white.



We stopped at Mund's Park Chevron for a pit stop and gas as necessary. Once in Flagstaff, we all merged single file from I-17 onto I-40 West and continued on for a distance to have lunch at Kick's in Williams. The food was wonderful, climate beautiful with information exchanging among old and newly forming companionships. This was the starting point for communications and learning of, and from, each other. One such tidbit of wisdom is the following acronym as explained by Peter Boland

after he, with great engineering prowess, skillfully solved and fixed our collapsed table umbrella:

"SWAG = Scientific Wild Ass Guess"

I'm sure I must have napped through this presentation during Hydrodynamics 101 class.

After lunch, we continued west again, finally exiting I-40 to properly drive on historic Route 66 to our first stop, Seligman. While prior travel was with sparse and uneventful traffic, we suddenly encounter old cars, hot rods, motorcycles and other vehicles on the road in front and back of us. Now it is beginning to feel like we've arrived and the party is starting.

I pictured Seligman as a usual quiet tourist town, but not this weekend. Cars and motorcycles, old and new, rumbled up and down all day along with the participating town fire truck, with emergency lights on while announcing different events and foods available. Seligman is a delightful poster town retaining all of the flavor and proudly reflecting the history of its one main and important street, Route 66. I learn that the railroad camp known as Prescott Junction became Seligman around 1895 after the completion of the Peavine Railroad. Around the late 1970's, Seligman was bypassed by the Interstate and in 1985, the Santa Fe Railroad ceased its operations.

While other similar towns have faded away, Seligman and its gift shops, cafes and motels have been survivors of "The Mother Road." It was time for our group to explore Seligman on foot to find out why the attraction, and how this town has preserved the best of the fun days along this historic route.

Some of us were fortunate enough to find and meet one main reason for the continued existence of Seligman - The Angel of Route 66: Angel Delgadillo. He was a barber in his past profession and appropriately sat in his barber's chair while kindly autographing caps for Mike and Donna, Peter and Lucy and patiently posed as we all took turns taking pictures with him.



Susan with Angel Delgadillo, the founder of the Route 66 Association



The Osters and McClellands in Seligman



Above, John and Linda, Frank and Lisa, Lucy, Rick, and Gloria and John

At left, one of the historic shops in Seligman



This unassuming gentleman cared enough to make the big difference. While all the hopes and dreams of the people working Route 66 were in jeopardy when the highway bypassed them, Angel Delgadillo helped start the Historic Route 66 Association of Arizona. Angel was instrumental in starting the Arizona Annual Route 66 Fun Run. This year, which is his 90th birthday, Angel will serve as Co-Marshall and help us in celebrating the Run's 30th year anniversary.

We all spent a couple of hours exploring multiple shops, buying souvenirs, tasting offered samples and basically sharing time getting to know each other. I learned about Mike Reagan's love for fire trucks, while sampling wonderful carrot cake jam with Donna. I took a group picture of some of our gang posed with the owner of a very nicely built and fully operational miniature car.



Top, group posing by old '50's Chevy
At left, signs to faraway places
Above, Mike and Bill playing Fireman
At right, Brenda, John, Bob and Barbara at the Corvette Parking Only sign





At left, Marie, Bill, Peter and Lucy



Marie, Brenda and Barbara with three manikins



Marie and Peter



John, Rick, Bill and Peter

Then, it was time to drive 25 miles farther up Route 66 just prior to Peach Springs and register into our motel, Grand Canyon Caverns Inn, where we had a block of rooms reserved for us.



Brenda and John at the Caverns Inn

All along the way on Route 66, we were entertained by the different colorful landscape, as well as multiple signs spaced about 100 yards apart such as:

30 days
Has September
April, June
And speed offenders
BURMA SHAVE

The one who drives
When he's been drinking
Depends on you
To do his thinking
BURMA SHAVE



Cute!

Once checked in, we drove to the back of the hotel and parked (backing in, as tradition I learned) in front of each of our rooms. The motel is named after caverns located there which some members decided to explore, while others rested up for the evening's activities.

As the evening arrived and the winds picked up, we drove back and arrived in Seligman around 6:00 p.m. We parked (front in first!! - tradition broken) at a garage which John McClelland informed me was part of the inspiration for the Disney film "Cars." Furthermore, Seligman is the town which is depicted in the movie as well. I could easily picture Mater and Lightning McQueen scooting up and down these streets, as well as hear what conversations they may have shared together.

We walked next door to have dinner at Westside Lilo's Café. Ms. Lilo came out to the patio to greet us. She also had her staff quickly re-set the sitting arrangements as there were not enough tables or seats for our group. This certainly was not a great concern and remedied quickly while John Prenzno entertained us with his impression of a human easel and proudly displayed the chalkboard steak menu. The regular menus were also quickly brought out with plenty of dinner and drink choices. Even though the winds continued into the evening, it was a nice 84 degrees and I don't feel any guilt that I left family and friends with 102 degrees behind in Phoenix.



John displaying menu

After dinner, there were options of wandering the town, listening to different bands, dancing and bar hopping on our own. Because of the driving distance to the motel, most everyone decided to safely go back to continue our celebrations with each other. This is when I learned that BYOB was omitted from the list of my preparation instructions. I quickly went to the convenience store to pick up a six pack of something before heading back. Peter and Lucy must have missed that memo as well, as they were there to find some wine.

Once at the motel, the Members split into two groups where some shared drinks while others shared cigars. This is also when I learned an important lesson to share with other newbies.....bring your favorite drinks and don't forget your wine corkscrew and/or bottle opener! (Thank you, Frank). Chips and dips and snacks are optional.

I go back and forth between the groups. But, both groups happily shared stories, life experiences and pride of families allowing us time to enjoy getting to know each other.

"Yes, I actually rode my Harley all that way while my boyfriend trailered his!"

"Great shooting. That's like a 0.5 MOA. What kind of scope is that?"

During dinner, the sun set down while the parade started up with cars, motorcycles and, again, the city fire truck going up and down Route 66. We could view and hear them from our patio seating. Our waitress informed us not to worry if we miss anything as this parade goes back and forth several times.... and, it did. Everyone in the town, as well as our group, was in celebration mode.

At the end of our meal, one enormous dessert came out which was ordered by Mike Oster, and who wisely shared, thereby circumventing potential death-by-sugar overload.



Mike with a piece of the big dessert

"Oh, I agree I LOVE! my Grandchildren. But, they wear me out after a couple of hours."
 "I am not very good, but like playing golf. I'd love to get together sometime. Just don't laugh."
 "That's great. You're also retired. I have been retired for a month now."

As more folks decided to call it a night to get rested up, I sit next to Marie at the picnic table to have a final visit with John and Gloria and Peter and Lucy. All sorts of topics are discussed with the centerpiece remaining family. I shared my motto which is pasted on the back of my phone as my reminder, "Last Day." They patiently listened and smiled as I explained the reason why I finally retired, joined SCC and went on this trip. I am now enjoying every day like it's my

Gloria likes the wine Lucy was drinking, so it's re-corked for her to take back to her room. As the night further cooled down, we said our good nights and ended our first day of adventures.

Wow, I'm on the Historic Route 66 Fun Run. Bucket list updated.

Day Two (Party Continues)

Yesterday was just an appetizer which only piqued our interest of this trip. We wake up today expecting the entrée as more cars with their gearheads, sightseers and curious travelers will unite in Kingman today. As dedicated and proud Corvette aficionados, we take wet and dry towels from our rooms and give our steeds a once-over before departing.

It is a cool and very breezy day. John gives us the morning briefing and explains that once joining the rest of the people in Seligman, the Fun Run starts around 10:00 a.m. to Kingman and will be coming back by the motel. He offered everyone choices to join the main groups leaving from Seligman, join in when the Run passes by, or to explore the route to Kingman on our own.

The group does divide with some folks going back to Seligman, some stay at the hotel to watch the Run pass by. The rest decide to take their own time stopping to individually visit the multiple towns, attractions and shops along the way.

I learn this nice part of SCC Membership in that everyone is respected for, and correct with, their own decisions. There are no rigid rules, nor mandatory obligations during this trip. Except one - Have Fun!

With that rule in mind and remembering that the title of this trip does emphasize "Fun Run," Marie and I decided to take our time in exploration and to savor Route 66 on our own. Other members joined ahead of us, or departed shortly after on their similar quest.

We arrived into Peach Springs around 9:30am, but unfortunately were too early for any festivities. The town was busy with preparations to greet the parade which would be coming along this route later this morning. So, we continue on to Kingman and were inspired with how beautiful this mountainous land is, emphasized with the colors and vegetation along the way.

A beautiful school named Music Mountain appears on the left of the road along with homes sparsely situated all along the way. I could not help to think, "What do people do out here? How do they make a living with what seems to be nothing around?" I will have to do some Google research to find out. There is no denying, however, that they are living in an area which seemingly appears

peaceful and naturally beautiful.

We stop at Hackberry and spot Bob and Barb, along with John and Brenda, in the gift shop. We all spend some time looking, shopping and trying on clothes and hats while posing for each other. There was also a country western band playing on the right side of the store with tables and chairs set up for the food and refreshments they planned to serve visitors. The music was pretty good and inviting enough for Marie and me. I to try remember how to do the Texas 2-step. Too bad it was so early as dancing always seems easier after a couple of beers, but was fun never the less. And, I did avoid stepping on Marie's toes which is always a plus.



Above, Marie and Bill dancing

At right, Barb shopping for T-shirts

Below, fun old cars at Hackberry

Below right, John and Brenda shopping



On the way out, about 20 Harleys begin parking in two rows of 10 in front of the shop. The ever friendly Barb starts a chat with one of them and learns that they all flew in from Denmark and rented Harleys just to visit America and ride roads like Route 66. So, Mr. Walch, a new adventure challenge in SCC should be to get 20 of us to fly to Denmark and rent Corvettes! How's the budget looking, Brenda?



Bob and Barb and biker from Denmark

Just a little way down the road after leaving Hackberry, we spot a couple on the side of the road sitting in lawn chairs under a large umbrella. As we pass, they both suddenly held up "10" signs. OMG! I just got 20 points for my car. I just HAD to turn around and speak with this interesting couple. I learn that they have been sitting at this spot and doing this for three years. All old cars, cool cars and every Corvette gets tens (they love Corvettes - I love them both). They just sit there admiring passing cars for a couple of hours. They only leave after the Run finally passes. Then they pack up and drive to Kingman to join the festivities. Tom and Connie ... stay as cool as you are and hope I am lucky enough to visit you both again next year.



Our next stop was at the Fireman's BBQ (the fire truck parked in front was the giveaway clue) being held next to a convenience store along the way. They were just preparing things and finishing their set up to welcome the line of expectant visitors. Standing there and chatting with them in the open space of this surrounding area just emphasized the wind which seem to be picking up and following us to Kingman which was still about 30 miles away.

Upon arriving in Kingman, I stopped to fill up my beast. Curiously, I toggled the information buttons for the average miles/gallon. 29.3. Granted, I had cruise control on, traveling at a modest speed with possible strong winds at my back and no traffic, or stop and go. However, this is a 427 c.i., 505 h.p. motor and I am getting 29.3 mpg. I am very pleased and happy. Sorry, Elon, I don't need a re-chargeable. This Corvette is my economy car.

After arriving into Kingman, we then drive to our motel, El Trovatore, to check it out. Interesting. But more on that later, so don't touch that dial. The manager/owner informs me that the earliest check in can be around 2:00 p.m. So, I drive a little further down from the motel and there it is: *The Street*. Historic Route 66 Fun Run gathering at the end of Andy Devine Boulevard. The gathering is framed between the Kingman Railroad Museum at the front entrance and Mohave Museum of History and Arts at the back. And in between all these blocks is the Locomotive Park on one side with the Powerhouse Visitor's Center (which houses the Route 66 Museum) on the other side of the street.

All along this street is where all the display cars, vans, motorcycles, trucks (if it had an engine and made noise, it was there) are parked - old, new - altered, stock - plain, audacious - American, foreign. If you love cars, you love this gathering. All the cars must have read the SCC parking manual as they were all backed in and facing each other across this boulevard. The street was secured with barriers, but Security let cars (like us) with the official Fun Run green pass registration (I'm number 405) displayed on our dashboards drive through into the parked display gathering. I proceeded to pass a gauntlet of cars with their headlights pointing at you, as they seemed to be inspecting your ride for worthiness to park among them.



My plan to arrive early ahead of the Run worked as I easily found a parking space next to a black T-bucket. Many of the owners set up chairs, umbrellas, coolers, necessities along with friends and family on the sidewalk behind their car(s). It was a multi-blocks long tailgate party with the main attraction being the Run supported by the cast of cars, engine sounds, rumbling exhausts and people watching.



Top, Bill with his Vette parked

Above left and right, cars and Vettes (we do have to differentiate for the Vettes!) at the Fun Run

Left, interesting Route 66 display and Bill's Official Pass to the Fun Run bearing Number 405

Marie and I walked and talked, inspected, dissected and retrospected (don't bother looking - just made up a cool sounding word which rhymed). "Nice color." "OMG, why would someone do that?" "Wow, maybe we should add these to our Vettes". "Excuse me, how much did this cost and where did you get it?" "Look at this one. A lady used to pick me up when I was about 6 or 7 in one of these every Sunday for church."

We visited the museum, smiled at the children playing in the park and mingled with all these people of same interest and mindset. Everyone was pleasant, helpful and happy. And as we walked further, my stomach suddenly rumbled. Wow, with all this excitement, we forgot to eat. I stopped to ask an elderly couple sitting by their pride and joy who looked like they've been doing this for the last 29 Runs on what/where they recommended to eat. They just looked at me with a puzzled expression like I must have just come from under a rock, or just arrived from Mars. But, after they looked at each other with telepathic prowess, they turned, and with a friendly smile, both just pointed at the restaurant right behind me. Mr D's Route 66 Diner! Ha, ha.....silly beginner.



So Marie and I went in and, noting how crowded the main restaurant was, quickly just sat at the barstool counter. I inspected the menu and ordered some decent items from Breanna, our most capable and friendly waitress: onion rings, chili hotdog, pepper dog, fries, Dr. D's Root Beer float and, of course, Cherry Coke. The food came out surprisingly quick considering the amount of other customers we were sharing lunch with.

The food was evil, sinful and nasty! - covered with chili and peppers, grilled onion on mine, raw onions on Marie's, but with melting cheese oozing over the sides of both. Nasty. The onion rings actually tasted like onions - not just breading. The fries were hot with crispy outside while tender inside. And the drinks....very nasty!! Marie and I smiled at each other as we drank and ate all this nastiness. Guess we like nasty!

I sat there taking in all the experience of this diner, while listening to the jukebox blaring oldies in the corner. I enjoyed reminiscing about other diners I have experienced while growing up. I enjoyed watching the wait staff hustling back and forth with trays full of food and drinks while avoiding collisions within the organized mayhem. I enjoyed the ambience along with the noisy chatter from all these people sharing this fun. I contentedly sat on my bar stool with a smile on my face, sipped on my Cherry Coke, and just enjoyed.

Belly full, sugar levels at all-time high. Time to look at many more cars that just parked and join the continuously growing crowd. We walked down the side of the street as more cars rumbled by in the middle. It appears that the Fun Run from Seligman has caught up. Hey! There's a yellow Corvette approaching that I recognize. We wave at Peter and Lucy, but not sure they saw us blended into such a large crowd. I begin walking toward the same direction as they were driving, hoping that perhaps we can rendezvous with them after they park. No luck. Afterwards, Peter shared that they were looking for us as well.

For me, the wind was the only dire and unpleasant part of this entire trip. It was blowing relentlessly and gusted from time to time. At one point, both Marie and I felt like we were being sand blasted on our legs as we wore shorts. All the walking and wind wore us down so we found a comfortable bench sheltered by a building to relax for a little. After 10 minutes or so, Carol and Becky from our group came walking by. We all greeted each other and exchanged our information and experiences of today. After Carol and Becky departed, we sat for about 10 more minutes before returning to our car to head over and register at the motel.



As I mentioned earlier, the motel was "interesting," but the owner more so. He explained that each room is dedicated to, and decorated with, a movie star. He shows us a book of room selections with among them: John Wayne (cool), Clint Eastwood (dude!), Audrey Hepburn, Clark Gable (cool), Marilyn Monroe, Elvis (very cool), etc. Marie informs the owner on how much she loves Audrey Hepburn. (As I've always expressed to my twin sons and fellow brethren, "You can be right, or you can be happy.") I wisely decided: Audrey Hepburn it is!



Taco, his excited Chihuahua, runs amok on the couch and entertains us with tricks upon the owner's

command. The owner then continues to explain that the motel is also famous for the Waco bombing guy who stayed there. TMI! (Way Too Much Information). Just hope he did not want the Audrey Hepburn suite.

The motel and outside of the rooms were painted with bright colorful murals. Some had cartoon characters outside the room entrances as well. Our colorful fleet of Corvettes lined up outside each room only added to this rainbow of colors.

We opened our room door as Audrey Hepburn greets us with her face from five large pictures hanging on the walls around the room. I did not remember how big her eyes were. Her constant gaze followed me as I walked around. A little disconcerting.

Did I mention that this motel was interesting?

After some rest, we all met outside our rooms and proceeded to walk to our dinner location about two blocks away. This might have been a very nice walk except for the persistent and bothersome wind that followed us from Seligman. Adding to the discomfort was the unexpected temperature drop which some of us failed to prepare for (author included).

The wait staff sat all of us as closely together as possible among three tables. We all proceeded to enjoy the food, drinks and, again, each other's company. Then I learned about the restaurant's origin and name from John McClelland (he is so smart....could be a nuclear physicist, or something when he grows up). John continues that the owner (before he bought it) really loved coming here. He spent so much time with his buddies here that his wife just referred to the place as that "damn bar." HA! Business genius. So, tonight we are dining in his aptly named Dambar & Steakhouse.



Diners from left, Donna, Lucy, Carol,
Jack, Peter and Mike
Standing at the end of the table is Mike Oster



Diners from left, Mike, Bob, Barb, Marie and Donna



Lucy with the keyboardist

After dinner, all of us began our short walk back. Some ladies were arm in arm, other folks huddle to gain warmth, all feeling the cold winds and anxious to finally make it back to the motel. Once under the shelter of the motel patio, we gather to visit with one another again. Drinks come out of each room, cigars are lit once more and our SCC personal party comes alive. Bob shares his Jack Daniels with me. I share a flavored miniature cigar with Barb, who is drinking wine which comes out of a can (yes....a pop-top can). Peter is drinking champagne, while Marie is sipping on a bottle of water.

Lisa comes over to sit and chat with all of us. We share stories of our grandchildren, life experiences and bucket lists. Top of her list? Alaskan cruise. I tell her to take warm coats and prepare for actual adventures de-boarded all along the shoreline. Frank must have ultra-sensitive ears, as he walks over to join us just shortly after. Happy, happy - he shares his bot-

tle opener with me again as I share a bottle of Dos Equis from my beer cellar with him. So Barb, Peter, Bob, Lisa, Frank, Marie and I just hung out to enjoy this evening.

I think to myself that this is one of the reasons for my membership....fellowship with new and interesting people who enjoy similar experiences and memories of times we have shared together. So, my advice to other newbies is not to hesitate, or be apprehensive to join in. Memories seem to be that much more meaningful when shared with others who also care to share.

The high wind has been constant all day and now the night air is getting colder. Other individual members decide to retire for the night. After about 30 more minutes of conversation, our group

decides to finally say "good night". As I lock our motel door, I think how quickly this second day of this wonderful trip has ended.

Good night, Audrey.

Day Three (Our Last Day)

We wake up disappointed to find our Corvettes spotted with dust similar to what happens in Phoenix after a light shower and a Haboob covers you. The car wears a leopard skin. This coat is too much to try and wipe off with a wet towel. And, it is actually cold with the wind still whistling by. Marie and I decide to drive and try to find a car wash. We drove to the other side of Kingman, passing under I-40. After driving for quite a while, we stopped to ask the locals for information. The recommended carwash was backed up with cars with the same thought and idea. After all, this is a Fun Run and you should have a ride to be proud of.

We decided not to wait for a carwash since brunch with the group was scheduled soon at Mr. D's. Mr. D's???!! Wonder if it's too early for a chilidog and a Cherry Coke. We arrived and visited with the gang. I have a chance to chat with other new members, Jack and Carol Jensen who were sitting with David and Becky Blum. Wonderful! Fellow wine drinkers. We exchanged information, experiences and tales of our wine discoveries in Napa and French vineyards. I also learn that David and I have a personal connection with his past business of building furniture in the same city where my youngest twin son is presently teaching English - Guangzhou, China.



At Mr. D's Dinner:

Top left, Jack and Carol and Becky and David

Bottom left, Mike, Susan, Linda and John

Upper right, the McClellands and the Tasnadis

Bottom right, Frank and John



There have been so many outstanding people I have met and chatted with along this adventure. Our Membership is comprised of people with eclectic interests, vast experiences and varied backgrounds - both personal and professional. And, to think that there are about 120 more folks in our club for me to meet.

The trip to Oatman was an easy and leisurely 45+-mile drive through some pretty mountain and butte formations. One can imagine how it must have felt in the past as drivers and passengers viewed this expansive land of desert sagebrush and colorful rock formations on their way from the East to West coasts and back. With most of the traffic now favoring nearby I-40, the drive on this abandoned historic route and the views were just sweeter. It was not a fast run, but there was so much pretty scenery, so what was the rush? And the goal remained the same - to enjoy this road along with the companionship of our fellow drivers.

We had a short stop at the Cool Springs gift station where Lucy spotted the same lady who played keyboard and sang for her in Kingman. They were surprised and happily greeted each other again as she dedicated her next song to Lucy and their new friendship. *(Ed. Note: see photo of Lucy and her keyboardist friend on page 33)*

We entered the last part of the road known as Sitgreaves Pass which was about 10 miles outside Oatman and consisted of extremely twisty, narrow, two-lane mountain switchbacks and blind turns. We were deftly led by Mike and Susan Oster through this section which tested passengers' trust in their drivers, as well as drivers' confidence in their skills.

I am sure our acrophobes tightened their seatbelts and braced themselves as there were no shoulders on the road and scarce guardrails which only highlighted the steep drop-offs. This was not the time to show off that you knew how to drift, nor be texting on your phone. Vigilance, steady hands, a clear head and a great car (Corvette!) made this run much safer and more fun. Marie and I thought it was actually the most fun section of the trip for an avid driver, or adventurous and brave passenger.

Arriving in Oatman, we all took the first opportunities to park. We all walked about three very short blocks into town. Peter and I were enjoying our chat together so much that we were not paying attention to the rest of the group walking behind us. After initially peeking to ensure that they were following, Peter and I crossed the street. After we crossed, we looked behind us and the group was gone!

Peter and I looked into all the stores and bars as we walked back and forth. After ending up at the far end of Oatman without finding the group, we turned around to head back to our starting point. I used the two-way radio several times without success. I found out that it was just too noisy in the bar for John or Mike to hear my calls.

Finally, Marie found us and led us to the Dollar Bill Bar of the Oatman Hotel. Peter and I had already looked for them there a couple of times, but the room they were in was in the back of the hotel. The entrance to the bar from the outside had no markings nor indication of the bar. Peter and I missed the drinks and the group's Farewell Toast to our trip. Bummer.....



The Farewell Toast
to the Trip in Oatman



At left, Bill finally makes
it to the party - after the
toasting is done!



Another lesson learned. Read and re-read the agenda information. Take pictures of agendas and location information on your phone for reference. Stick with the group or keep a close eye on where everyone is going. Unless you're sure of the destination, do not get distracted and lose the group.

The bar reminded me of the flavor, style and was also covered with dollar bills similar to Superstition Restaurant and Saloon in Tortilla Flats. The cowboy entertainer stopped singing and began his fascinating, and lengthy, dialogue on the establishment and history of Oatman. He offered so much interesting information and his delivery was very smooth and well done. It was obvious that he has presented this story many times to remember so much information and specifics for Oatman's existence



There are always burros in Oatman



The group finally parted with everyone having different plans or final destinations. Pictures were taken along with hugs, handshakes, phone numbers, goodbyes and well wishes exchanged. We headed back to our cars and began our individual trips. Marie and I were in a small caravan with Richard Smookler, John and Linda McClelland heading to Flagstaff, while Peter and Lucy Boland would be joining us to Wickenburg.

The trip back on the switchbacks did not seem as apprehensive as we were hugging the inside lanes. Or perhaps, as John jokingly radioed over to our leader, Richard, it was due to the fact that Richard's C4 was not even fast enough to keep up with the pickup truck in front of us. Hey, wait a minute, I also owned a C4! Driving on I-40, we were going at an appropriately fast pace except for several miles of construction delay east of Kingman. Once past this delay, we were only 15 miles where Highway 93 would split off to Wickenburg.

Richard and John continued eastward on I-40 to Flagstaff and their final destinations, while I led Peter to the exit and onto Hwy 93 to Wickenburg. We all radioed goodbyes and well wishes to each other. After several miles, Peter and I radio back and forth to learn that he and Lucy plan on stopping along the way in the upcoming town of Wikieup. We then say our goodbyes and wishes for safe drives home.

While I was already going at a pretty good pace, a BMW passes me with a Mercedes and a Lexus in tow. Wow, they must really be in a hurry. I decided to join in the fun. I work my way into the rocking chair position behind the Mercedes. The road winds leisurely around the mountains with occasional stretches of open road where we easily zipped by occasional trailers, SUVs, and family sedans. We all continue on together toward Wickenburg, as I easily and comfortably kept up while hitting speeds of 100 and more. I smugly think to myself "Ha, ha, there is no replacement for displacement."

Of course, I realize that we may have legal and law enforcement professionals in our Membership, and perhaps even including a Judge or two, who may also be reading this article. So, as disclaimer, I want to clarify that I completely made up the previous paragraph with all statements as pure fabrication with the sole purpose of merely adding spice and interest to this story. As we all know, Corvette owners are strictly punctilious law abiding, conscientious safe drivers and would NEVER recklessly exceed the speed limits. Therefore, now you know. The previous paragraph,

statements within, are fake and never happened. Sorry.

But, for some reason, the drive certainly did not take very long to finally get home. Loyally, I carry on tradition and back my Corvette into the garage. I looked at my trip odometer - 689 miles. I turn the ignition off as Marie and I knowingly smiled at each other before exiting. It was a great trip. As soon as I get out of the car, I head directly into the kitchen to find, and immediately add, the key chain bottle opener to my set of keys.

Now I am ready.

Let's go again!!

Bill

Postscript:

I learned about David Blum's passing just a couple of days after completing this article. While sharing only this short time on this trip getting to know him, David was very congenial and a pleasure to travel with. I know he will be missed by his family and friends. My condolences to them all.

In Memory of David Blum

David Blum, one of our newest members, passed away on Wednesday, May 17th, of a massive heart attack. David and his wife, Becky, participated in their first SCC event on the Historic Route 66 Fun Run on May 5-7, and according to Becky they really enjoyed the adventure. As Bill Ng said in the above article, he and David had found numerous areas of common interest and were just getting acquainted. David will be missed.



Editor's Note: Here's a short article written by Club member Larry Capek as a follow-up to Frank Tasnadi's experience which he wrote up for the May-June newsletter and related at the May dinner meeting. I'm sure you'll find it of interest.

One of the neatest benefits of membership in the SCC is the sharing of information regarding both positive and negative experiences with the Corvettes. At the May meeting Frank Tasnadi shared his experience with having the unanticipated need for a new water pump during the return trip from the SCC trip to Death Valley. He also shared the fact that the Kingman Chevrolet dealer didn't have a replacement in stock and the resultant delay in completing the repair until a new pump could be shipped from GM. Also shared was the need for multiple trips from Kingman home and back.

As a result of hearing about that experience, I began observing my under-the-hood environment on a regular basis. Today I noticed a small amount of spray on the underside of the hood and on the right side of the inner fender, theorizing it might be a coolant leak (engine temps were still normal). I took the car to Van Chevrolet, and they confirmed that the water pump required replacement. The rest of the story is that they didn't have one in stock and neither did their local source. They are currently searching for a pump.

At this point I must compliment Van on the courtesy of their staff in keeping me informed of the repair status, providing a timely shuttle home and the offer of a loaner until repairs are completed.

My Corvette is a 2015 Z51 coupe with 18,000 miles.

I suggest SCC members with similar engines consider watching for coolant leaks and possible overheating so that in the event either occurs they will hopefully be in the local area as opposed to out in the boonies.

Larry Capek



A great big THANK YOU to all who contributed articles, photographs and/or other items of interest or information to this issue of the Newsletter! Those who contributed to this issue are:

**Mark Bales
Larry Capek
Marie Comacho
Jim Dobson
Ed & Char Lenzi
John McClelland**

**Mike & Susan Oster
Steve Rabin
Frank Tasnadi
Rollie Trayte
Gurmit Walch
John Walch**

COOL RACERS ON A HOT DAY

Story and Photos by Mike Oster

Saturday, June 17, dawned hot and clear, like the water I was boiling for the coffee I hoped would stop the pounding in my head...

No, wait... wrong article.

But it was hot and the heads of our celebrants were clear as we gathered for breakfast at Phil's Filling Station to start our day of 'Cakes & Carts.'

With their game faces on were Peter "Pitstop Pete" and Lucy Boland, Frank "Crash" Tasnadi, Team Rabin (Steve "The Rabbi" and our photographer, Jennifer, and terrific kids Alex & Rachel), Jim "Max G Stingers" Lingley (he has 2 Stingrays!), Richard "Smookdog" Smookler, Ed Luce and Jan Kellogg, Gary and Kathy Ronquist, and Susan "Dixie" and Mike Oster.

Unable to contain itself at the sight of us, the big Fountain Hills water feature did what it does best, and we retreated to our private dining room at Phil's for carbo-loading before the competition.



Chowhounds at the Training Table: Jim, Mike & Susan, Jennifer, Steve & Alex



And more Chowhounds at the Training Table: Alex & Rachel, Jan & Ed, Rich, Peter & Frank

Departing under the watchful eye of Maricopa County Sheriffs, we proceeded majestically to Octane Raceway to be first in the door at their 10:00 a.m. opening.



After a briefing by Sean, our Octane host for the day, we formed into two groups for two races of 10 laps each. Our contestants were more than up to the challenge.

Well, most were up to the challenge...

Can someone please help Frank with his helmet liner?...





Susan “Dixie” in a shot she calls “a total waste of makeup.”



Ed demonstrating an intense combo of Focus and White Knuckles



“Top Turtle” Lucy exhibiting style and grace on her trophy lap



“Crash” Frank showing proper hand position and the forearm strength necessary to post almost-winning times



Dueling through the “esses” and running low on electrons,
“Pitstop Pete” bypasses his crew

The results are in and we have our Winners!



Fastest Man: Jim “Max G Stingers” Lingley

Top Turtle: Lucy Boland

Fastest Woman: Susan “Dixie” Oster

Additionally, Style Points were awarded...



...and promptly retracted.

The rest of us received a drink ticket, a Participant Award, and Lunch.



A fun day of Harder-Than-It-Looks Racing, Trash Talking and Camaraderie for the Scottsdale Corvette Club.

Mike Oster

PHOTOGRAPHIC ADDENDUM TO THE ABOVE ARTICLE

Steve Rabin says: "We had a blast." He sent the following photos for me to share with you all. Thanks, Steve!



At left, Jim; above, Alex with a daredevil look as he races around the track



Above left, Rachel
 Above, Steve
 At left, having lunch after the races
 At right, Alex and his mom, Jennifer



Walter and Mark's Vettes all decked out for the Fourth of July parade in Mund's Park



THUMBNAIL BOOK REVIEWS

By Dorinne Dobson

What Alice Forgot by Liane Moriarty. You all will think I'm in a rut if I suggest another book by Liane Moriarty, but several friends mentioned this book to me, and I must tell you I loved it! Alice is a mother of three, heavily involved in running her household and family. She's efficient beyond belief, with a personal trainer and a very fit physique. She's in her spin class at the gym, when she falls off the bike and hits her head. When she wakes up in the hospital with a concussion, she thinks it's 1998 (it's really 2008) and she's pregnant! The oldest of her three children is going on ten years old, and she doesn't remember any of them! This all makes for a very interesting premise and a story you won't want to put down.

A Piece of the World by Christina Baker Kline. You've probably seen Andrew Wyeth's most famous painting, *Christina's World*, shown below. I doubt that you had a clue what this painting represented though. Christina Baker Kline's historical novel, *A Piece of the World*, was inspired by the painting and the woman who is the subject of it, Christina Olson. The novel spans the period from 1900 until the late 1940's and takes place on a remote farm in Cushing, Maine. This is a very engrossing story by the author of last year's successful novel, *Orphan Train*. I hope you like it as much as I did.



The Horse Dancer by Jojo Moyes. I cried a bucket over this one. I hate that when I'm reading and riding the bike at the gym! If you are a fan of Jojo Moyes (remember how much you loved *Me Before You* and *After You*?), this book is right up your alley - wonderful character development and an interesting commentary on the importance of trust, discipline, love, and persistence in our relationships. The story is also a primer on the little known classic art of French dressage, an elite form of horsemanship, which also explains the title of the book.

Happy reading!

Dorinne



CLUB TRIPS/ACTIVITIES FOR 2017

Courtesy of Your Club Activities Committee



January 21

Another year,
another Mystery Trip!
We don't know where we're going,
but we'll see you there!

February 25

A Special Dinner



March 17-20

Trip to Death Valley!

April 2

Copperstate 1000



May 5-7

Route 66 Fun Run

June 17

Octane Raceway



July
NO ACTIVITIES!

August 12

Chill out on the 'Pine & Dine'
Day Trip to Payson!
Cruise in your Vette
and Enjoy a Cool Lunch in the
Pines of Payson



September 22-24

Prescott All-Corvette Car Show



October 21

Queen Creek
Olive Mill

October 28

House Party at
Dorothy Durby's



November 18-19

Trip to Titan II And
Pima Air & Space
Museums



December 2

Toy Run to Van Chevrolet
And Holiday Party





ROAD TRIP GUIDELINES

Scottsdale Corvette Club promotes safe driving in all our events. We are careful to plan driving events and trips that adhere to proper safe driving guidelines and the enjoyment of our trips. We encourage all members to wear seatbelts and drive safely & courteously. Members are responsible for their own road safety by obeying the traffic laws of the regions in which we travel.

Caravan Staging

1. Arrive at the designated meeting place on time
2. Arrive with a full tank of gas
3. Bring an SCC-approved two-way radio (not FRS)
4. All Drivers must attend the Drivers Meeting
5. The Lead car(s) and Sweep car(s) will be announced
6. Be ready to leave on time

Caravan Guidelines

1. Keep the cars in front of and behind you in sight at all times
2. If you have lost sight of surrounding drivers, notify lead
3. Make smooth transitions onto and off of freeways
4. Do not pass the Lead or fall behind the Sweep.
5. We generally will travel in the #2 lane at appropriate speed
6. Always use your turn signals
7. To expedite left-hand turns, double-up in double turn lanes
8. When approaching a stoplight, double-up at intersection
9. The Lead will announce upcoming changes of direction
10. Keep radio chatter to a minimum near the destination
11. If you need to fall out of the group, notify Lead via radio
12. If you become lost, notify Lead via radio or cell # provided
13. If you are having trouble, notify the Lead and Sweep via radio
14. If a vehicle is having trouble, the Sweep car will pull over to assist



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