Kaleidoscope

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CORVETTE ASSOCIATION

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Well, it looks as if I have survived the first six months of being President of the N.C.C.A. Physically, I might look the same, but mentally there is some doubt. Little did I know what trials and tribulations would befall me. After the installation meeting, I thought everything was set for the year and with committee heads picked, that would be all I would have to do. Well, twelve meetings and two Corvanas later, I realize what a mistake in thinking I made. Not that I haven't had fun doing these things, but it certainly takes more time than I thought. The president's first job is to make sure everything runs smoothly, both at meetings, and social events, and to this end I feel that too much responsibility is left to one man, meaning the president. Without the help of some of the older members who corrected my mistakes and the newer members who by word of mouth and letters tried to show me the type of meeting they would like to attend, I am now sure I am on my way to bigger and better meetings for the balance of this year. Our meetings this year show an increase in attendance and that is always gratifying to the president. The meetings held at Chevrolet dealerships, with never less than eighty in attendance, have shown the dealers that we appreciate their facilities. We now have other dealers asking us to hold meetings at their establishments at any time we wish. Our dinner meetings so far this year have been outstanding. This, I believe, is due in part to the challenge to the members of those cities in which they were held. I am looking forward to our coming reunion on August 26th and 27th at the El Rancho and believe this should become and annual event. Our Membership Chairman, Ron Craven, at the last meeting handed me our membership roster as of July 18th which now stands at eighty-one member cars and two applications. Ron states this is a 24% increase over our standing at dues dedline. Now, if I can take the time to write a report to the members, perhaps the members themselves can send something newsworthy to Shirley McCarroll to help make our Club and It's paper something that we all can enjoy. .....Do your part and the Club will grow into the kind of organization we can all be proud of saying "we belong to it". Thanks.

Your President

Jack J. Riis
1961

The LAST of a classic Annual event Series

WINNAMUCCA

As most of the "Older" members know by now, Winnemucca was a "going affair". But for the "newer" members, and for those that weren't able to attend, here is a brief resume of the event of "WINNEMUCCA - 1961, 4th Annual, 5 State Sport Car Rally."

The Humbolt County (Nevada) Chamer of Commerce, with the assistence of N.C.C.A. sponsored a 5 state sport car rally on May 27, 28, and 29th, 1961.

A little over 100 cars total participated in the 3 day affair, with approximately 40% of those being Corvettes. (Most from NCCA too!) Some of our gang started from the Bay Area Friday to spend a little time and cash in Reno, Sparks, etc., and the remainder leaving home on Saturday morning.

For those that wanted, a rally was run from their home starting point, to the finish line in Winnemucca, and sad to say, this was the only event that Detroit Iron didn't turn to gold.

The highway pavement temperature from Reno to Winnemucca (165 miles worth) must have reached 1000° F. from those Corvette "Burning" up the road at various speeds of 65 to 160 mph. (so some drivers claim) but a real laugh was in store for those at start - finish in downtown that Saturday, from the expressions emmitted by driver and passengers as the run came to an end. Like: "Keee-rriiissstt" or "my tach was on 7000 all the way", or "if I had retractable landing gear, I could have gotten anouth 10 mph. out of it", or, as Stu Stevenson said after he collided with a boat in the middle of the desert - "What's he doing here?"

Tech inspection was capably handled downtown that Saturday with very little trouble. "What do you mean, seat belts anchored to the frame?" - (For those new members that don't understand this, I will be glad to elaborate at the next meeting - Bill) One conversation overheard at inspection between a non-Corvetter and an inspector was: "That oil has been on there for months and hasn't caught fire yet."

Any how, Saturday evening was "on the town" night with everyone having a ball. Paul Beshgetoorian pushing more film thru his cameras than aspider pushing web after spring cleaning. President Jack Riis and Cliff Valin cleaning up on the crap tables before Cliff said the "I do's". Not to forget Mike Tsirlis's search for an aluminium welding expert for his way-ward transmission. (Thanks to the C of C for help on this one.)

An old Winnemucca native (member of NCCA, so he shall remain nameless) conducted a tour of the "Better" places in town for those that were able to keep up with him. Need-less to say, a grand pre-race evening was had by all.

Sunday morning slipped by rather painlessly for some, but for otheres - WOW!! But anyhow, Sunday was Race Day. And as the results show, Tsirlis got the most rest Saturday night by staying sober to fix that transmission. Two First Place Trophies, Class B. Not to overlook Ed O'Shea, ditto Class C.

The high speed event geing held in the A.M. and the short event in the P.M. Even tho yours truly was quite late to the course, I was still able to see Howard Hill's off course tire marks thru start-finish with my little blood-shot eyes. I understand some spectators were going faster on foot than top time of the day for Corvettes, to get out of there

Anyhow, (results were mailed out ot all) Corvettes left their mark for winners that week-end in Winnemucca.

Sunday evening after everyone washed away their beautiful suntan, there was the Trophy Banquet at the Sonoma Inn (Hotel) Dining Hall. Not only did every-one have their fill of a wonderful dinner, but the lucky male trophy winners were additionally reqarded with a kiss from our cute Trophy Queen. Thanks a lot to Bob Rayzor for bringing his pretty wife and letting her do these honors. Of course the female winners were rewarded in the same manner by "Lover Boy" Jack Riis. (Thanks to you too, Elsa.)

In the mean-time, the mid-night oil was well fired for contestants of the Concours D' Elegance to be held the next day. (Monday)

Here we will say Congrats and Thanks to Jerry Haakenstad for keeping Corvettes in the Winners Circle.

By late Monday afternoon, after judging of the Concour, most of the gang was heading South again. Back to reality and a little rest, thinking about next years trek back to Winnemucca.

Here is where the uninitiated will say "Aw. but we couldn't afford it." But ---can you beat it?: Hotel for two nights, all meals, (including Banquet), entrance fee for all events, coupon book full of free drinks, and gambling change, and a real gold trimmed souvenier ash tray, a tank of gas to insure our ability to leave town, and gosh knows what else, all for $25.00 per single, or $37.50 per couple.

As I said, this is just a brief resume of the event, but I'm sure the memory will linger on for those that were able to attend, and possibly keep the affair in our minds until next year when we can run "Winnemucca - 1962" with the help of our "newer" (and older) members. And until next year, I'm sure that the name "Winnemucca - 1961" will bring a smile to everyones face.

Bill Kendall

YOUR HEALTH

SMALL CARS CAUSE DISTRESS TO DRIVERS

by Harold T Hyman, M.D.

In a letter to the Journal of the American Medical Assn., Dr. Jerome F. Strauss Jr. of Chicago describes two new ailments that he attributes to the increasing popularity of small automobiles.

To avoid the wrath of sports car buffs and teeny-weeny car fans I'll use phony names, although Dr. Strauss did not.

In "panther chest," the victim, usually a person taller than 5 feet 10 inches, complains of pain beneath the breastbone (sternum) and in or around the heart area (percordium).

Usually the pain comes on a few days after purchase of the new car. Often the complainant, who previously operated a car with automatic gear shift and power steering now has to do with a manual shift and an arm-power wheel.

Since examination reveals nothing more than some slight muscle tenderness and spasm in the affected area, it is often necessary to take a chest X-ray and an electrocardiogram before the middle-aged or elderly complainant especially can be assured that there is no underlying damage to ribs, lungs, or heart.

In "schnellgang hip," the victim's complaints are located in the back and left hip.

Here the strain seems to be due to the twisting movement that is required when the person of average height is faced with the problem of entering or leaving the new car and the cramped position that has to be assumed during the drive because of limited leg and head room, especially if a hat is worn.

Unless the physician is alert to this newly described recreational affliction, he is apt to think his patient is suffering from sacroiliac strain, sciatica, lumbago or even the type of "kidney trouble" that is pictured in some patent medicine ads.

Most pathetic of all is the driver who suffers small car-itis in its most severe form. That is to say the combination of "panther chest" with "schnell-gang hip." Here indeed is a person who merits tender public concern!

Might it not be possible for the public relations counsel of some rising (or fading) star to organize an all-night Telethon on behalf of these worthy victims of automotive progress?

FOURTH OF JULY BAR-B-QUE

As it got closer to 9:30 am, the group gathered outside Hy's Drive-In. Zeh & Valin took off to uphold the honors at the "mickey mouse" autocross at Hamilton Field. The faithful were handed their instructions by Cindy and Skip. Did the bunch disband in a hurry!! Where to get 6 dandylions? Bay water? Beer cans? and a multitude of 1st class junk our social committee had listed.

Jim and LaVerne Craven played it safe. Brought in two of everything - alas, only a third place was open. Paul and Shirley Besgetoorian had come in earlier with their "loot". Red & Elaine "cheated" the mostest and copped the checkered flag at 10:35 am!

Soon the pool was filled with pretty gals and boisterous, roudy, "he"-mens. Towels, hats, inner-tubes,anything to splash with, was fair play until "old man" Riis (he stole the title from Red) put a stop to that. Old man Sol took over by the time the few (hundred) pieces of chicken were ready, the gang looked like boiled lobsters.

Grabstein, Hill and Schraeder were playing darts for Dollars until the target gave up the ghost.

The gals, Sherwood, Anderson, Wetton, Zeh, Cross, and Eagleson, "et al" had a gab session going until they were put to work on the salad. A wheelbarrow load of the finest celery, onions, olives, radishes - mmmmmmmmmmm!

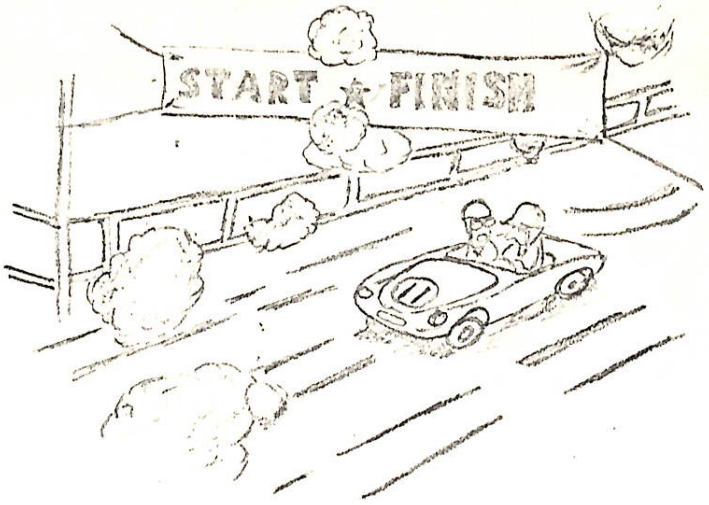
Ron & his cronies, Stu (of Course) were holding down the beer concession. (made no money on this!)
Sherwood put the greater part of a half gallon of Riis finest wine in his "little ole belly" (on top of countless steins of beer) and then tried to crawl into the bottle.

Chow down, no line - not much. How the chicken did go, potatoe salad, beans, (no snappers left) bread and more food. If you missed it, you missed a wonderful day.

The trained seals McCarroll, Matthews, Carlens, Cooper, and Vonder Mehden entertained the crowd. Jean Coyle played nurse to Vera Carlen's -- To many beers, fell down and skinned "old knobby knees" as Barbara would say.

Be there next year - shuffleboard - eats - drinks - swimming - scavenger hunt and a wonderful gang of the finest people on earth - THE CORVETTE CROWD.

"The Redhead" himself



"I thought you had the keys"

THE THREE HOUR ENDURO

One P.M. approached and the drivers walked slowly across the track. Everything had been done - gas tanks topped off - oil checked - tire pressure rechecked - brakes adjusted - windscreens cleaned - last minutes instructions to the faithful "pit crew". Wait now for the green flag to drop. Some stood still, others, nervous, much like a sprint runner, attempted to clean a couple of places from their feet. John Luce walked out - the blood jumped a little faster and harder, the green flag went up - all 45 drivers tensed their muscles - down it came and the "ENDURO" was on.

Across the track, open the door - left foot on clutch - in - right hand on starter - on - engine on - snap seat belts - observer taps "OK" on shoulder and out comes the clutch - foot on the gas - left hand closes the door - oh so gently and away for turn one goes the Corvettes pursued by some thousand screaming horses in various marques. First - second - third - fourth - brakes hard - third - still on the binders - second - off the brakes and into Turn One. More gas, watch the tach - 6000 - into third - shut off markers coming up - brake hard; set, left through turn two and back on the gas - hard - marker two, break hard, shift down second gear, off the brakes, easy into turn three - gas - not too much - chicayne coming up fast - brake like hell - through the butt out to the right and back onto the gas - not too soon! Through turn four - 6000 - shift to third gear - marker TWO! Brake hard - down to second gear - kick the butt to the left and back on the gas easy - remember new tires - wind out 6000 - second gear - 6000 - third gear - 6000 - sneak a peak at the pit crew. High gear and now relax for a few seconds until Marker 5. Well we're through the first lap - 100 to go - 13 shifts per lap -- 1300 more and it'll be over - gas stops - driver changes - oil - brakes - tires (two in 38 seconds) and the checker is out! Three nasty old Detroit Irons against 42 of Europes finest.

Results: 2nd and 3rd overall!

Its over - pack up pieces - repair - bailing wire - away to home where we can spend the next couple of weeks getting ready for the next race - - - -

Fun? Sure ------It helps to be crazy though.

"Red"