



Kaleidoscope

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CORVETTE ASSOCIATION

Volume VI, Number three

Well, gang, a good many more moons have come and gone since last we went to press. And ye-old-Editor is in a "reminescence" mood. What about you say? Well, it all started when the mailman dropped the following in my mail box, direct from San Rafael and our own Marie Hoy.....

Closed Event - 1961

Despite the slow but steadily falling rain, nothing seemed to dampen the air of expectation that was quite obvious (along with a few liquid refreshments) at the El Rancho in Santa Rosa on the morning of Saturday, August 26th. A few brave souls, in the persons of our favorite helmet runner, Ronnie Piombo, Norm and Lilas Davis, and the Beshgetoorians, ventured into the pool. (No, Jack R. didn't make it this time!) Skip Mathews got top time of the day as ice-cube runner and Jack Smith was 1st in class keeping glasses filled.

Meanwhile, out at Cotati Race Ways, a crew of more business minded members cussed and discussed setting up the course and, believe me, it's no easy job to set out chalk lines in the rain!

The cocktail hour (hmmm...sounds like a lot of drinking, as I look back) proved to be quite a social hour with past members renewing old friendships and new members making even more acquaintances. (Which only proves if you have a Corvette love in common, that's all you need.) There were, of course, the ever present comments such as, "How about Red running in mens first time out?" ...and... "Where's Cliff? I saw his car..(silence)..WHO bought it?"...and somehow we never did get a Women's First Time Modified Class (meaning the car, kids!!!)

By the time we all sat down to enjoy our buffet dinner it was amazing that our esteemed "Pres" could be heard over the din, but somehow the voice of Riis won out to do the honors in introducing past presidents, members and guests. The past members who no longer were the proud owners of one of those lovely Plastic Pachyderms occasionally brushed aside a tear or two in reminising.

N.C.C.A. prayers were answered as Sunday morning dawned without rain and as if that weren't enough of a surprise, Stu Stevenson and Ron Craven showed up EARLY at breakfast, bright eyed and (so they said) wide awake. The process of getting the course and personnel organ-

ized proved to be somewhat rugged (to put it mildly) and those of us who were new at working an event found there was a lot to learn and not much time to get it all accomplished. Seemed like experienced help was hard to find, or maybe there just weren't enough indians.

Fellas, one bit of propoganda for the female members of our organization...seems like women just naturally volunteer a wee bit more easily than the male contingent. (O-kay, so I'm a little prejudiced!)

The excitement we expected was available for all with a number of colorful spins on the back turns. Then there was Jim Laguna who decided Sue Balboni's car wasn't quite HOT enough for him and promptly started a fire in the engine, but our own "Rescue-8" team saved the day. The women, too, got into the act when Carolyn Price had a small stalling problem while Don Huffman (guess whose car she was driving) wasn't a bit nervous as he turned a noticeable shade of green. Not to be out done, Mike T. decided to study the course (but during your run? REALLY, Mike!) All those working start-finish had a few rugged moments, also. "No! No! the course is over THERE!"

Combine all these and you have a pretty full day, as well it proved to be for our Course Marshall, Walt Krizman, who took the whole business so seriously he roared onto the course and promptly dropped his gear box.

As the last of the 53 cars crossed the finish line (with Mike T. taking top time of the day) and we headed back to the El Rancho for a final dip in the pool. I think most of us felt that this was the type of event that would be well worth working for. Those of you who couldn't make it missed a real treat.

Marie "always a pylon and never a trophy" Hoy

(See what started this mood I'm in? - Editor)

The mail also delivered this bit of action for the press:

YOU LIKE ACTION? WATCH!!!

OKAY, set the scene: The pits at Cotati a windy Sunday, May 13, 1962
Sound Effects: much roar, rumble and racket
Principal players: to be revealed

On. very well prepared XKE (better known in some circles as a "Jag" or in other circles as an "E-type") and one very well '57 Corvette which shall be identified here as beautiful, blazing Number 6.

For those who missed the spectacle of that particular event, let us recount. From the moment the engines were started until the checkered flag dropped, all eyes were on the XKE vs Corvette action, and action in was! A few of us even rushed to the edge of the grid several times to personally assure ourselves that Paul hadn't hitched a ride on the back of dear 'ole Jag for a time through a few of those Cotati turns...that is what we thought until that glorious moment four laps from the finish when beautiful No. 6 got sick of the view and lost taste for E-Jag exhaust. As Paul roared past, over the

confusion in BMC pits and chaos in the Corvette pits, we knew the race was clinched. For a final testimonial, Kurly doffed his goggles for the victory lap. (now, I ask you, how much more confidence can you ask for in your pit crew?)

As the cheers died down and all Corvetters paraded around with a "Vette-That-Ate-The-Jag" look on their faces, we had a nice warm glow to carry home and another time to say, "Well, Paul, you did it again!"

Your XHBattered Mystery Reporter.

Ah, sweet memory, can't you let me be???

How about when member Pal Beshgetoorian took off with over half of the beauty queens in the "Miss San Leandro" contest parade? For those who didn't get the story straight from Paul (and who did?), here is a brief resume.....

Seventeen brave and hearty souls were on the Corvette trail that morning of April 7th, loading up with the finalists for the "Miss San Leandro" contest parade. Each and every car had a beauty sitting up on the trunk, waiting for the police escort to lead the way thru the streets of that fair city. "Engines running? OK, let's shove off!" One by one the cars slowly pulled out in proper fashion, as parades normally do, one following the other in most orderly fashion. BUT-----after just two blocks, the whole procession came to a halt, when the police escort asked, "Where's the rest?"

It seems that when the question was asked, "Engines running?" everyone answered "yes" except one. And that one was still cranking away with the 12 volts and getting nothing. Meantime, everyone else took off down the street and TURNED. When "Cranking Paul" finally got his engine going (with half the parade still behind him) the first half of the parade was far from sight. Away they went down the street, but didn't turn. We understood Paul led HIS half of the parade very well through-out the town looking for the first half. One police cruiser, in a car full of "Whoois" for the event spent half an hour looking before they found them, and what was the first thing our boy Paul had to say?... "What's the matter, you guys get lost?"

Anyhow, after a little shuffling around, and instructions for every one to keep his eyes on Paul, the parade turned out a real success.

Or...

How about the Easter Seals "Pick Up" day? As most everyone has heard by now, the turn-out was not as well as was expected. (A special thanks to the "E-Bird" for helping replace one of our "Ailing" Corvette drives. Anyhow, after the work was done, Bill and LaVerne Roebor from down San Leandro way invited the group over to their "Backyard" (with swimmie pool) for a little rest and relaxation. There were bathing suits for those who didn't bring their own (a Corvetter without a swim-suit in his trunk? shame, shame.) and beer, sandwiches, beer, potato chips, beer, cheese pips, beer, swilling,

beer, bull-sheshons, beer, loads a talk, beer and MOORRE BEELEER.
 (Followed by "ashbrins" in the morning.) And, AND, AND for the male
 members of the group, there was "Peggy" in a BEERINITT!!!

That was one day that the "Worker-Bees" had their day for Employees' Benefits!!!

Or.....

How about that Winery Tour through "my" own Napa Valley?

Bright and early 12 Corvettes and a Corvair (true spirit) started from the Bay Area with one purpose in mind. (Ah-ha!) First stop in the valley was a very educational one. Especially for yours truly. (I have lived in the fair city of Napa for over 21 years and had yet to take my first winery tour.)

Christian Bros. Winery were very gracious to make a "special" tour for us, after which we all got a "little smarts" from the tasting room. Next stop was Beringer Bros. Winery, just down the road. Whereupon a repeat performance was made prior to lunch. Another tasting room visit while the charcoal was fired up for those who brought food, and for everyone, a bottle of wine on each picnic table, compliments of the winery, no less. When the food was gone, and everyone had just about enough of the liquid refreshments, a fast tour of the back roads over to Sonoma County and Italian Swiss Colony at Asti. Boy! did that tasting room get worked over! By this time, of course, EVERYONE thought he or she knew everything there was to know about wine. EXCEPT ONE THING...it leaves a beautiful hang-over!!!

This was the last stop for our first winery tour this season, with another still scheduled for Paul Masson Winery on November 12th. Don't miss it!

One of the latest socials still lingers in my memory...namely the Dinner Meeting at the Pioneer. One still wonders how anybody can put on an "honest-to-goodness-steak-dinner" for just 89¢. Our social chairman gets a great big "Gold Star" for that one. Miss it? That's a shame! (By the way, Pres, I remember the dinner, but what happened to the meeting?) Oh well, all is forgiven when my memory goes back to the dance floor that evening. There was our girl "Peggy" again, doing the "Twist" no less!

And yet, YET, YET comes the memory of Jack Riis' house on July 4th. There is memory and a half to bring back. Talk about a show up... WOW! And so far as yours truly knows, NO ONE TIPPED OVER THE WHEEL BARROW! (For those who aren't "hop", that means the wheel barrow that Jack had filled with all the goodies, like toonie iced tomatoes, green onion, radishes, carrots, etc., etc., and lots of ice cubes to keep the above cool.

Anyhow, everyone seemed to have a good time watching Jack Smith get himself cooled off the easy way (clothes and all) in that swimming pool of the Riis' beautiful home in Oakland.

And talk about "chow"..wow! Bar-b-qued chicken with all the little extras that made for a real party. Good show, NCCA, and a special thanks to Jack and Elsa.

Too bad that the 4th of July can't come in the other eleven months of the year, too!

Oh, yes, gang, as most have heard by now, Ernie Grabstein and Howard Hill had themselves a real cool time, too, a couple of months ago. Namely, their trip to St. Louis and the Corvette factory to pick up a couple of new '62s for themselves. Ernie and Howard have promised me an article with all the details of their trip (serialized, since there is so much to tell) but it looks like SOME of the details can't be told! How about it fellas???

If I have skipped anything in my memory (so far as what can be put in print, that is!) it's because so much goes on in NCCA that every thing seems like it should take first place in everyone's memory as the BEST. (What stood out with you as your best time with NCCA, gang? Drop me a line, and let's put it in print.)

In the mean-time, want some good reading? (That's a slam against myself, if I ever heard one!) Pick up a copy of "Car and Driver" (August 1962) and read "The Car in California". (This is NOT a promotion for that magazine, as I said "read" and NOT "buy". After you have read the article, put it back in the rack, if you like.)

Well, gang, sign off time again.

See you at the next session...

Bill Kendall

P.S. Don't forget, send your "newsy notes" to me at:

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