



Tire Tracks

President's Letter

Thank you to David and Rachel Lombardi and to everyone who worked on the car show and to all of you who brought your beautiful classics for us to drool over. It truly was a great show with 91 cars registered, 85 of which attended. This year we honored Chevrolet in celebrating their 100th anniversary. Twenty-one Chevrolets were shown. A 1957 Chevrolet 2 dr. hardtop, won the best Chevrolet award and first place in the Premier class.

Thank you Steve for putting the pictures on the web site. Great idea.

There have been concerns expressed by some of the entrants, past and present, about chances of winning an award against SCC entrants. This year twenty-one SCC members entered twenty-four cars of the 85 shown. Thirty-three awards were given. SCC won nine of them. Moreover, three of the fifteen classes had only SCC members in them. Obviously, no bias is shown toward our members.

Our beloved member and friend Al Moss passed away on September 25. He lost his battle against brain cancer and pneumonia.

Al was a past president of the car club and other positions on the executive board. Most recently, he was tour & events chairman, a position he held at other times in the past. He will, of course, be greatly missed by all of us.

Larry



OBITUARY

Al Moss passed away Tuesday night, September 25, 2012. Al's presence is still palpable and always will be. He was the founder and spirit of Moss Motors Moss Motors, but he didn't start out to build a restoration parts business for "foreign cars". If he had bought a Ford instead of an MG TC things might have turned out very differently.

As a young man living in Los Angeles, he found the lure of the TC, known as "The Sports Car America Loved First," irresistible. After reading about successful road rallies on the East Coast, Al decided to organize one on the West Coast. That was the summer of 1948. The first rally, ended in Santa Barbara and put Al in touch with a new bunch of fellow MG enthusiasts. Besides their passion for British cars they all shared a common problem—parts to keep these early post-war vehicles on the road were unavailable locally. Al saw an opportunity to combine his love for sports cars with the need to make a living. He started a shop, for working on front ends and the repairing the occasional TC for his friends.

When the very first Moss Motors sign hung outside the door, Al's British-car buddies started to hang out there, More than once the shop closed its doors for an afternoon sports car tour. Under Al's leadership this bunch became the first sports car club in California.

Moss Motors was soon doing a great deal more than just front end work. Al was bought and sold a few cars. In the spring of 1950 He became the West Coast distributor for Allard Cars and then became the L.A distributor for Hillmans, Humbers and the Sunbeam-Talbot lines. The Allards were fast and Al raced one with some success, but a serious accident in January 1951 in other pursuits. He sold the concentrate on what he loved the Al moved to new facilities as the Although service work was still Motors, parts he started buying up manufacturing some items. With support his service needs, and a who undertook their own prospered.

Al relocated Moss adjacent to Santa Barbara in mail-order catalog in 1962. The expanded rapidly, so he dropped Before long Moss Motors Moss British sports cars. In 1978 he concept. His catalogs illustrated, that would ever be needed for changed an ordinary catalog into reference guide By 1978 Moss British sports cars to customers

become so large that it ceased being fun for Al and became more like work! His long-time friend, Howard Goldman, offered to buy the entire Moss Motors operation. Al accepted the offer and entered into semi-retirement to spend more time restoring and racing his collection of British sports cars. He moved to Sedona, Arizona. At the age of 80, Al wrote his very readable autobiography: [The Other Moss: My Life with Cars and Horse.](#)

There are certainly many additional stories of his adventurous, thoughtful and humor-filled life. Al Moss lived vibrantly! We are saddened by his passing but our lives have been enriched by knowing him.

The above is an adaptation of a piece prepared and distributed by Al's friends and associates at Moss Motors. It was condensed and edited for Tire Tracks. The original can be viewed on the Club website. RLB



convincing him that his future lay distributorships in order to best - the service and parts work. business outgrew each location. the prime function of Moss lots of obsolete parts and even a dependable supply of parts to growing demand from people restorations and repairs, business

Motors to Goleta, a small town 1961. It seemed right to produce a mail order side of the business the service side of the operation. was a leading source for all introduced a novel marketing and listed, virtually all the parts these cars. The new format a valuable restoration tool and Motors was supplying parts for world-wide. The business had



Highlights of the 31st Annual Car Show



To see more photos and details on award winners, go to the website: sedonacarclub.com.

RHYTHMS OF THE PRAIRIE

Continued from June/July issue. Bud spins a tale of his uneven experiences as both hero and outlaw in elementary school.

Bud:

But I've been drifting away from the story. Sorry! Let me think ... I just told you about Chuck being called in to the principal's office for stealing money from her pocketbook, and how I was sure that my neck would be on the block next. After going home for dinner I dragged myself back to school. I was sure that I'd be called in too, but the afternoon dragged on and eventually we were dismissed for the day. That night I was plagued with a recurring dream that I was in reform school, that somehow Chuck had turned the whole blame on me. Nobody would listen to my side of the story and I spent my days shoveling coal from one side of the coalyard to the other, and then back again. I woke up after a fitful night, and tried to beg off from school, claiming to be sick. I really did feel sick and probably looked it too. But that went nowhere so I washed my face and hands, and headed out to whatever waited for me.



In class nobody seemed to have the slightest idea that anything different was happening. They were just going on as if it were any normal day. Couldn't they tell that my life was upside down? Mostly, I just sat there with my head on the desk and worried about reform school. Maybe it wouldn't be as bad as the bad kids had said, the ones that had really been there. But that seemed unlikely so I just waited for the call of doom. It came at about 10:30. I was taken in to the principal's office.

John Law:

I got a call in mid morning to drive over to the elementary school and see Nellie Garvey, the principal. She was older than dirt and had been at that school for so long she thought she was the school. She was principal when I went there, so many years ago. Secretly I called her "Old Nellie" which is my euphemism for the devil incarnate. When I got there she was fuming with rage, something about a boy, Chuck, who was one of mine, and had actually robbed her. It took a while to get the drift of her story and, against my better judgment I agreed to talk to the boy. But she wouldn't shut up long enough for me to even hear his story. She demanded that I send him to Reform School, RIGHT NOW! There was no pleasing her or talking the problem through, so I packed him into the car and took him down to the county jail where I locked him up in the women's section. After he had a few hours to cool down, I got his story.

What do you have when you cross dumbness, ego and sadism? Why, Chuck! Of course! But before you begin to doubt my intelligence, objectivity and compassion, let me share a bit about Chuck's background. Chuck was the youngest of four children left with his mother after the father disappeared. He had three sisters, all at least five years older. At some point a stepfather had entered the scene. He was a mean, sour-looking, shifty-eyed fellow. Slago was his name. He drank and brutalized his new family daily.

The only remarkable thing about the mother and sisters was their cowed manner. Every time I saw them in their home they wore a cloak of invisibility, as if to say, “You don’t see me, you don’t hear me and you don’t speak to me!”.

Neither Chuck nor the girls were allowed to invite friends home. Only Slago could spend time with them. I could tell what was wrong in the picture. I had already seen too many families like this one, ruled by fear and violence. I later found out that he had done some prison time where he had polished his skills in dominance and sexual/status games to impose shame and fear among those who were his intimate victims. How far Slago carried on with the girls, and what role the mother played in it, I can only speculate, but the “family” was run like a harem or a herd of wild horses. I had to wait for an opening before I could intervene, and that fact was almost more than I could stand.

When Chuck mentioned Slago, it was with a slurred, sneering snarl. Chuck looked a lot like his stepfather. Both were on the small side, and wiry tough. It seemed that he was always trying to endear himself by adopting Slago’s demeanor, and even the set of his eyes, the sneer on his lips and his strut when he crossed the room. If that was his intent, it was misdirected, because the nearer to puberty Chuck came, the more he was treated as a rival. Slago’s herd already had its stallion. It was only a matter of time and Chuck would have to go. Meanwhile he offered minor amusement and was a convenient punching bag.

In jailhouse vernacular, Slago punked Chuck. Chuck seethed with hatred and bottled up anger. He dreamed of becoming top dog himself, someday. What else could he dream? He wanted to best Slago at his own game. But he didn’t stand a chance . Slago was the master.

Chuck admitted the theft, and displayed no remorse. He also implicated a boy called Buddy, who was new to me. Apparently Buddy, something of a cipher, had become Chuck’s sidekick, and his role was mostly helping to spend the money on a sugar binge, and then keeping his mouth shut. I would let Chuck cool off in the jail for a few days, giving me time to talk to the Judge, and then send him back home. Maybe Old Nellie would go along if I agreed to let her send Chuck to “The Opp”. Officially it was called the Opportunity Room, but it was a dumping ground – a room out behind the boiler room - for kids who were too freaky to be seen, too unruly for a regular classroom or too young to be expelled. I didn’t have much choice, but The Opp was the next step on Chuck’s career ladder. And tomorrow I would have a talk with Buddy.

Buddy:

The same sixth-grade girl escorted me to the principal’s office and then the secretary led me into the inner office. Old Lady Garvey sat behind her big desk. She looked like she had been sucking on a green persimmon. Next to the desk a chair had been placed facing the door. There sat a middle-aged man, probably about twenty-five years old or worse. He had a bland look on his face and he was watching me very closely. I stood a few steps inside the doorway waiting to be told what to do next. Nobody said a word. Time seemed to freeze and an image flashed before me of the three of us, now grown very old, still facing off in total silence. But I could handle silence and I could wait. In time the man shifted in his chair. He glanced over to Garvey who finally spoke.

“My name is Miss Garvey. Sitting over here is John Law [no joking]. He has some business with you. I am certain that you know what it is about. You are in a lot of trouble. You could be sent to Reform School. We are going to decide today whether you go or not! If you admit to what you did and ask for a second chance we may be more lenient, but ...”

John Law broke in at this point. “ Good morning son. Do you like to be called Buddy, or should I use your school name? We’re going to be talking for awhile, just you and me, So maybe we could find a chair for you.” He nodded at Garvey who reluctantly called to her secretary to bring in another chair. We waited in silence. The chair appeared and I sat down facing the pair of them. She was scowling. He still wore his bland face.

John started, “This will certainly take a lot of time because there are so many questions to consider.” Looking straight into Garvey’s cold eyes he continued. “I hate to take over your office. I know how much work you have to do. But, leave us alone now, if you please.”



I thought Old Lady Garvey was going to explode right there in front of us! Her eyes were wide as windows and there seemed to be fire-arrows shooting out at John Law, but he sat there with the same bland look, and stared her down! I loved the man; I would have followed him into the fiery furnace. No kidding.

Garvey had flinched, and she had no recovery so she muttered, “ I think that the library is not in use today, so you can go there. Check in with my secretary when you leave.” At that, she fled the office. I loved the library so I was jubilant. It was my favorite place to be, and even talking to John Law

wouldn’t be so bad, there. We headed up the stairs and down the long hall to the library where we both chose chairs and got started on what would be the most important talk of my short life.

(to be continued in the November / December issue)

Announcement

My experience is probably the same as others’ who have been active in The Sedona Car Club over the past decade. To be more specific, I made some inquiries about the Club and was encouraged to check it out. As an inducement to get involved, people around town were telling me that Al Moss was an active member. As a restorer of an MGB-GT I knew the Moss name well, but I am always wary of meeting persons whose reputations are “larger than life”. I have usually been let down. This time I was not. My memories of Al’s tours and events, and the years of his Presidencies, are special and enduring.

The November/December issue of Tire Tracks will feature a “page” for members’ recollections of Al. Every one of you is asked to send me a line or two, signed or not, for inclusion in the tribute to Al’s leadership and support to the Group. Send yours to: RalphB@sedona.net . Thank you.

CLUB NEWS and ANNOUNCEMENTS

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

Happy Birthday To:

Ralph Blankenship: 10-19 Mike Johnson: 10-22
Lyle Branch: 10-5 Don Schaefer: 10-14
Egon Hagemann: 10-21 Geoffrey Roth: 10-28
Gayle Heyer: 10-12 Jane Tusso: 10-20
Jeanie Uhlir: 10-6 Greg Zucco: 10-16
Mike James: 10-23

Happy Anniversary To:

Sam & Rose Pietrofitta: 10-14
Herb & Rica Soltero: 10-20
Carol & Duey Roland: 10-4

If you do not see your information when you expect to, for any reason, contact the Editor at: ralphb@esedona.net.

New Members

John Crawford: 928 284-2096. "99 Jaguar XK8
Mike James & Ann Asbury-James: 928 284-0872. "94 Nissan 300ZX
Bill & Deborah Johnson: 970 948-1111. "86 Porsche 928
Lee & Sue Ridell: 602 400-5466 "66 Jaguar E-Type Cpe.
Jan Thompson: 928 634-4579. "55 Thunderbird

Upcoming Vacancies - Board of Directors

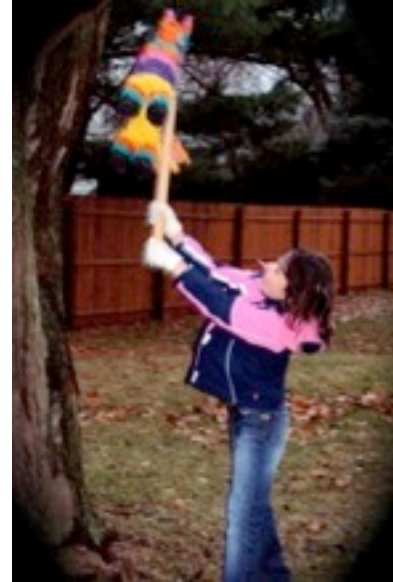
The Nominating Committee reports that progress on developing the slate of candidates to serve on the Board. It is not too late to volunteer. There is no better way to become involved in any club than serving on its Board. Please consider stepping forward. You may do so by contacting David Lombardi at: DandRLombardi@gmail.com.

Christmas Dinner

Christmas Dinner, our annual event, is planned for the second Tuesday of December (12-11-2012) and will be at The Golden Goose restaurant. More details are forthcoming. Contact: Steve Blank, SL_Blank@msn.com.

Celebration Of Life: Al Moss

Lynda McEvoy is developing plans and details for a Celebration of the life of her partner, Al Moss (see Obituary, p. 2) At this time the date is set for October 27, 2012. At this time, the location is set for the Sedona Creative Life Center. The details may change as necessary. Updated details are expected at the October Club meeting. Car Club members are especially invited.



BOARD MEETING

The Board meets on the first Tuesday of each month, at 8:30 AM, at the Cousins' clubroom. All members are invited to attend.

CLUB MEETINGS

The General Meetings of the Sedona Car Club are held at 7 PM on the second Tuesday of each month at the Sedona Library, except in June when our meeting is the Annual Picnic, and in December when it is the Annual Christmas Party. We do not meet in JULY. Be sure to attend. Bring a car-loving friend!

LITTER LIFTERS PROGRAM

Luke Lukich, coordinator for the litter lifting operation, has scheduled an outing of volunteers to meet at 8:30 AM, at the turnout on Hwy. 89A. He will provide details at the October Club meeting.

SEPTEMBER MEETING: PROGRAM

October 9th, 7 PM, Sedona Library .

Our October speaker will be John Conway, who is a very rare person in that he was born in Sedona and has lived here his entire life, since about the '1960s". His father was the first osteopathic physician to practice in Sedona, and John graduated from Jerome High School when that was the only one for this part of the Verde Valley. He has been an involved activist on all matters of Sedona;s growth and development. You may have heard his voice on KALM radio, the local Sedona TV Channel, or any of the commercials and PSA's he has produced. He will share his impressions of life in Sedona, what it was, what it is, and what it can be. Be sure to have questions in mind, for he will welcome your input into the program.

Victoria Clark

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