



Tire Tracks



Pix of Seligman, thanks to *Steve Blank*.

President's Letter

Sunday, August 26, was a beautiful day for a drive to Seligman and Jerome. Steve & Sharon Blank, Larry & Vicki Currie and Phil & Sharrie Wadsack enjoyed the tour. What were all our other members doing? Sleeping in?

Seligman is the birthplace of Historic Route 66. The Historic Route 66 Association was formed to protect, promote and preserve the Mother Road. There are old cars parked all up and down the main drag. Oh yeah, the cars were dressed up like the cars in the movie "Cars". It seems that almost every business in town is devoted to selling memorabilia, especially tee shirts and caps.

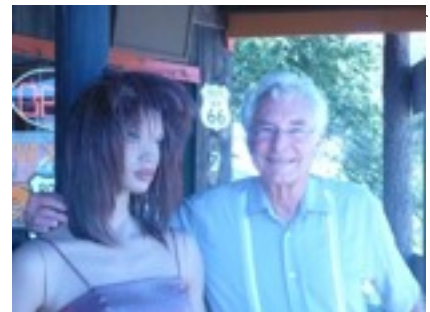
The town was crawling with the foreign visitors. After taking in the sights (I forgot to bring my camera), we went to lunch at Westside Lilo's Cafe, which had good food and friendly waitresses. After lunch, we went the back route into Sedona via 89A, which was exactly the kind of drive we were looking for, up through the mountains to Jerome. There Vicki and I stopped for an ice cream cone and investigated Quince Grill & Cantina. As we were still full from lunch we didn't eat there, but, we're going to try it sometime.

Our annual car show is September 15, so polish up those beautiful classics. If you haven't applied, go to our club web site, www.sedonacarclub.com, download the car show application and send it in. While at the airport on the 15th, stop at the terminal building and check out the SAGA art exhibit. Vicki plans to put four paintings in that show (She told me to say that!).

Notice! For those of you who don't read my e-mail, there is a change of e-mail address.

It is: lcurrie@centurylink.net.
The old address will no longer work.

Larry



31ST ANNUAL **SEDONA** CAR SHOW



Photo Courtesy of The New England M.G.T Register

Saturday, September 15, 2012
10:00 AM to 2:00 PM
AT THE SEDONA AIRPORT



ANTIQUES • CLASSICS • EXOTICS
SPORT CARS • RACE CARS

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR ENTRY FORMS, PLEASE CONTACT DAVID LOMBARDI AT dandriombardi@gmail.com

Note: The deadline for entering your car in the judged classes is past. However, you are encouraged to wash up the bus and bring it as a display only vehicle. Your award will be the satisfaction that comes from supporting the Club's programs. See you there!

David Lombardi

The Easy Out **A tale of modern (adolescent) ethics** **Continued from August, 2012**

In Parts 1 and 2: Bud, started on a simple car repair, which revealed itself to be something else. We rejoin Bud when he is beginning to fear that he is in over his head, and will very likely end up looking weak and foolish. His fears were well founded when efforts to remove the cylinder head produced a lot of studs snapped off level with the block. He had to call on an old "family friend" who might help, or he might use the opportunity to teach him a lesson. He helped, and we now rejoin him next day.

Part 3.

After about three hours of sleep, I was back on the Frazer job. It was real early, and the sun was givin' strong hints of the heat it held in store. But, OK! I had the right tools and Shorty's directions and his little vote of confidence had given me a great attitude. Still, a small voice in the back of my head was saying, "Do you really think you can make a go of this job? You'd be smart to quit now. You could tell them you was in over your head. Nobody could blame you. They might even respect you for being honest, you know, and not trying to be something you're not. Don't set yourself up. Get real! Give up!"

To that, I could only reply, "Going back on my commitment, quitting just because it is harder than I thought, these things," I told myself, "they're what's not possible! I'm here, now. It's early and it's cool and I'm ready to get started." That's how naive I was, those days.

I read somewhere that, "Trouble never travels lonesome." I was opening up the job, laying out my tools and doing a little first-steps planning, when I heard footsteps and looked up, surprised, to see Old Man Priebe, who owned the gas station. It was his back space I was using for the job, but I hadn't seen him to talk to until now. I knew my luck was run out when I saw the scowl on his puss and the bad temper in his step. Old Man Priebe was real old, probably 50 or maybe worse. He was a little short guy with the body of a retired middleweight boxer. His bald head was shining even though the day wasn't even hot yet. And his cold blue eyes told of the devastation he had seen ... and maybe made. Scary ... but I had to at least try to steer things my way.

"Howdy! " I said in a clear, hearty voice (which I didn't feel). I started barraging him with a shitload of "thank-you, thank-yous." But before I could even get to the part about how nice he was to let me work on his friend's son's car, here behind his gas station, he lit into me.

"I come by here yeste'day around 3, and you was already gone. I agreed to let somebody do a little job here behind the station 'cause I was told you'd be in and out in one day. Then I found the car half tore down and you nowhere to be found. What's today, the third day, already! I hate liars! I'm not asking, now. I'm telling you! Get this thing out of here, running or not, by sundown, or I'm havin' it towed! I'm not your friend. And I'm not your buddy's friend. I'm only a little bit his father's friend, and not too much of that even. Don't try me, hear?" He paused. "A tore-down car left out overnight is an open invitation to the thievin' trash that lives in this part of town, such as it is."

This was about what I had expected, so I wasn't too surprised. I didn't know he had been promised in-and-out in one day, though. I never would have promised that. I was thinking real fast and I knew that whatever I said, it had to be right, first time. So I took a breath, and started, "There's more to this job than I expected, but I have the right tools now and all the parts I need to get it running today, if nothing blows up in my face. I'm real sorry about the time, but that's what I was doing when you come by, yesterday, getting' tools and parts. And, thanks for letting me work here. I sure appreciate it."

He stood there a few seconds like he might be having some second thoughts, like maybe I wasn't just a pile of crap taking up space in his personal world, after all. Then he shook his head like he was clearing his mind, and turned back on his own tracks without another word. "Wow!," I thought. That was too close." You see, although I've stood up to bullies a few times, and even won a fight or two, I lived in dread fear of getting the crap beat out of me. More than once I had uttered those infamous words, "Feets! Don't fail me now!" so, in my own way, I had just scored a victory. Still shaking with adrenalin, I grabbed my tools and climbed aboard to get those stud ends out of there.

I laid out my tools, ran a trouble light for power, and picked out a drill bit. After a little struggle to get the hole centered and started I ran it down about right, and selected my first EZ-Out. It started into the hole pretty easy - left-handed threads and all, and pretty soon it tightened. I thought, "It must be ready. I set the socket wrench on the tool head and started to turn. "Damn!" I had forgotten the left-handed thing. So I reset the ratchet and got ready to make hay, but it was unreal hard-set, so I shifted my position a bit, and laid some muscle and weight behind the wrench. Still no movement. More of the same, nothing, and finally I reached for my ace-in-the-hole, the 1/6 inch nut-buster. With my back against the fender well, and both feet set solid, I gave it all I had and, the EZ-Out snapped off, leaving a jagged sharp stem just about a half-inch above the cylinder head.

I couldn't believe it - two ways; first EZ-Outs never snap off, and second, I had no idea how to drill out something that is so hard no ordinary drill bit could even touch it. Shorty's words were ringing in my ears, "drill your hole deeper than you think it needs to be or ...".

I knew that if I stopped now to work on a problem with no solution I would waste the entire day. So, sadder and wiser, I took out a second EZ-Out and started on the next stud, being more careful this time. It worked, just like it was supposed to. Pretty soon I had all of the stud holes open except for the one tragic mess - the first one. I must have spent 20 minutes just staring at that broken stub, from every angle, closer, then farther back, from the top, the side and every whichaway I could dream up, hoping for some angle or any strategy to pop into my brain. But the gods were silent, even more than usual.

The sun was pretty high by now, and I needed a drink of water - bad. Last night's beer had dried me out and anyway I needed a break. So I climbed out of the engine compartment and found a piece of shade. I knew that my drill bits would be useless against that case-hardened steel, but I also knew that I had to try it anyway, I had nothing else. So I made a grudging effort and proved my own point.

It was back to plan B, except I still didn't have a plan B. I thought for awhile. Sure, the EZ-Out core is too hard to drill out, And I have to be real careful not to ream the hole out too bad, or I'll never get a replacement head bolt to hold. Chiseling was out! And drilling was out! But what about working around the broken EZ-Out, staying as far out from the block as possible? It seemed like the only thing left to try. I looked at Shorty's bit set, and picked two possibles. One was very small and just might go in between the block and the core of the broken tool. But I was afraid it might be too big and would tear out the threads, so I started with the other one, even smaller, and for the next hour it was touch and go. I was like a dentist drilling a little, checking, a little deeper, correcting the angle, trying again, finally going as deep as the bit would go, then moving to the new location and repeating the process, ad lib, ad nauseum. Then, when I was feeling totally defeated, I took a break, threw the tools down and grabbed a ball-peen hammer. Should I give the block a taste of my bad humor? I sure wanted to. I was ready to do anything to feel something besides that helpless frustration that was all I could remember since I had started this little job.

I tapped the hammer lightly against the top of the block, once, twice, then I hit a little rhythm. I was stalling. Then out of sheer boredom I took a solid tap on the side of the broken EZ-out. I swear it moved a little, off to one side. So I tapped it on the opposite side and it moved a little again. Either I was hallucinating, which seemed real possible, or I had solved my problem. Ten minutes later I had the hole cleaned out and was looking for the tap set so I could clean up the threads and start closing the engine. My mind was still numb. I couldn't quite believe that I had found the way and beat the job. I can't even remember re-installing everything, but I got it done somehow ... with only a few extra parts, too! I worked all through the late afternoon and when I was ready to test start the engine it fired off first time, like a dream or something. But, no! It was real! I had faced the elephant, and lived!

That night I delivered the car, running like new. Then I went home, splashed a little soap and water around, and slept like a baby for the first night in a week. The following morning found me still moving around in a fog. I didn't know why, but clearly something was bothering me. In my mind I went back through every part of the job, checking myself to see if I had screwed up on something, but I hadn't. Oh, there were still some loose ends I had to tie down. I had to collect my pay and parts money, pay Shorty, replace his broken tool, and make amends with Old Man Priebe. No problem, really. And I really wanted to tell my friend about how the job had really gone, the good parts for sure, but especially all of the bad ones. But I dreaded doing it. Something wasn't right.

Should I tell him that I shouldn't have took it on because I knew from the first that I might be in over my head, and I might mess up his car bad? Should I admit that I just wanted to play the Big Man, the guy who knows all things and can do all things? I had given in to low temptation. It was only with a lot of help I didn't deserve and a lot of good breaks I did nothing to make, that I even had a running car to turn back to him. But what good would that do either of us?

Maybe I shouldn't look the gift horse in the mouth! Why shouldn't I just take all the credit I can squeeze out of the situation? Don't I deserve some payback for all the hell that I went through? I might just really be a Big Man! Is that so impossible? Do others work as hard as I do to dodge credit when it sails their way?

Maybe I was falling back into the old way of thinking that I was totally worthless? I left that behind years ago, along with the Church Lady! I had once lost my good standing with my friends and classmates by doing crap and blamed them for giving up on me. After that I bought into the notion that I must deserve every bit of crap that life might throw at me. It took a lot of years to get that mess under control. Now I know that I can do the things and be the things I wanted. I have close friends at high school and I am earning the respect of my new musician buddies. Isn't all of that worth protecting? I'd better be watchful. False humility is just as bad as false pride! I want no part of either. This is a good time to head for the river. A long cool walk through the maples, cottonwoods and willows, watching the sunlight flash on the ripples, letting my mind find its own way ... that'll work.

And that is what I did. It was all just business anyway, wasn't it? I only did what needed done. I am no better - and no worse - than I ought to be. It was finished now and nothing else needs saying, to anybody. Later that day, I returned the borrowed tools, collected my pay and paid my parts bill. I still had my pride and I had no worries about being "found out" because I made no claims I couldn't settle later on. Finally, I resolved that I would never ever again work on a friend's car, for money, because friendship trumps both money, and the pride of false heroics. Besides, there is no way I could ever tell this whole story. Anyhow, who would care? Sorry I brought it up ...

RLB

Santa Fe, the Palace of the Governors Garden



HISTORY OF THE CAR RADIO

Cars didn't always have radios. One evening, in 1929, two young men named William Lear and Elmer Wavering drove their girlfriends to a lookout point high above the Mississippi River to watch the sunset. It was romantic, but one of the women observed that it would be even nicer if they could listen to music in the car. Lear and Wavering liked the idea.

Both men had tinkered with radios. Soon they were taking apart a home radio and trying to get it to work in a car. But it wasn't easy; automobiles have ignition switches, generators, spark plugs, and other electrical equipment that generate noisy static, making it nearly impossible to listen to the radio when the engine was running. One by one, they identified and eliminated each source of electrical static.

They took their first working car radio to a radio convention in Chicago where they met the owner of Galvin Manufacturing Corporation. He made a product called a "battery eliminator" that allowed battery-powered radios to run on household AC current. But many radio manufacturers had started making only AC-powered radios. Galvin needed a new product to manufacture. And he believed that mass-produced, affordable car radios could become a huge business.

Lear and Wavering set up shop in Galvin's factory, and when they perfected their first production radio, they installed it in his Studebaker. Galvin went to a local banker to apply for a loan. Thinking it might sweeten the deal, he installed a radio in the banker's Packard. But half an hour after the installation, the banker's Packard caught on fire. They didn't get the loan, but Galvin didn't give up. He drove his Studebaker nearly 800 miles to Atlantic City to show off the radio at the 1930 Radio Manufacturers Association convention. He couldn't afford to rent a booth so he parked the car outside the hall and cranked up the radio so loud that passing conventioners could hear it. That idea worked! He got enough orders to put the radio into production.

That first production model was called the 5T71. Galvin decided he needed to come up with something a little catchier. In those days many companies in related businesses used the suffix "ola" in their product names. Galvin decided to do the same thing, and since his radio was intended for use in a motor vehicle he called it the Motorola.

But the car radio still had problems. When Motorola went on sale in 1930, it cost about \$110 uninstalled. Also it took two men several days to put in a car radio -- The dashboard had to be taken apart so that the receiver and speaker could be installed, and the ceiling had to be cut open to install the antenna. The early radios ran on their own battery so a hole had to be cut into the floorboard to accommodate it. The installation manual had eight complete diagrams and 28 pages of instructions. At that time you could buy a brand-new car for \$650. Selling complicated car radios that cost 20 percent of the price of a brand-new car wouldn't have been easy in the best of times. The country was plummeting into the Great Depression. Galvin lost money in 1930 and struggled for several more years. Things picked up in 1933 when Ford began offering Motorolas pre-installed at the factory. In 1934 they got another boost when Galvin struck a deal with B.F. Goodrich to sell and install them in its chain of tire stores. By then the price of the radio, installation included, had dropped to \$55. The Motorola car radio was off and running. The company name was officially changed from Galvin Manufacturing to "Motorola" in 1947.

Galvin developed many new uses for car radios. In 1936, he introduced push-button tuning, and the Motorola Police Cruiser, a standard car radio preset to a single frequency to pick up police broadcasts. In 1940 he developed the first handheld two-way radio for the U. S. Army. A lot of the communications technologies that we take for granted today were born in Motorola labs in the years following World War II. In 1947 they introduced the first television designed to sell under \$200. In 1956 they introduced the world's first pager and in 1969 they supplied the radio and television equipment used to televise Neil Armstrong's first steps on the Moon. In 1973 they invented the world's first handheld cellular phone. It all started with the car radio.

Elmer Wavering and William Lear, ended up taking very different paths in life. Wavering stayed with Motorola where he developed the first automotive alternator to replace inefficient , unreliable generators. That invention enabled such automotive features as power windows, power seats and air-conditioning.

Lear holds more than 150 patents. But what he's most famous for are his contributions to the field of aviation. He invented radio direction finders for planes, aided in the invention of the autopilot, designed the first fully automatic aircraft landing system, and in 1963 introduced the Lear Jet, the world's first mass-produced, affordable business jet. By the way, he had dropped out of school after eighth grade.

The preceding article (source unknown) was sent to Tire Tracks by club member, Victoria Clark. Thank you from all of us. I have taken the liberty of rewriting portions of the original to fit our newsletter format. RLB

When you are in Santa Fe, ride as the Santa Feans do!



CLUB NEWS and ANNOUNCEMENTS

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

Happy Birthday To:

Sharon Blank: 09/20

Bill Fobair: 09/27

Caroline Giberti: 09/10

Rachel Lombardi: 09/19

Joan Miller: 09/07

Jon Orr: 09/30

Dan Otts: 09/12

Happy Anniversary To:

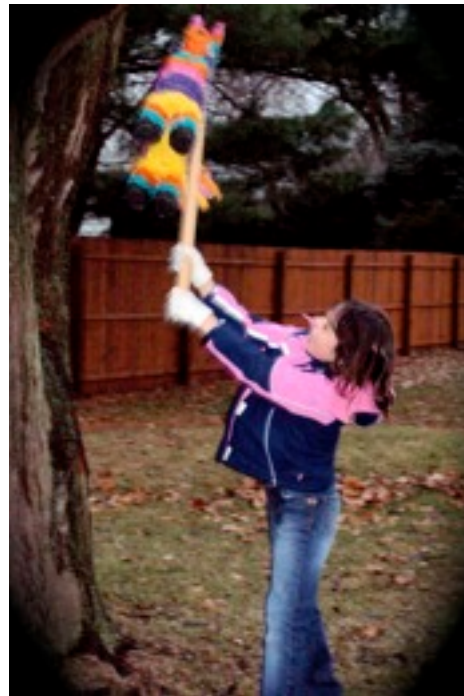
Duane "Duey" & Carol Roland: 10/04/08

Bob & Amy Duncan: 09/14/57

John & Judy Gain: 09/08/62

Egon and Deotila Hagemann: 09/14/60

Vince & Betty Monaci: 09/05/59



If you do not see your information when you expect to, it may be that you did not include it on your membership application, or it may have been misplaced in our spreadsheet. There are some blank spaces on our spreadsheet. Your Editor may have committed an error. Some random error also occurs. Whatever the reason, it can be corrected by contacting the Editor at: ralphb@esedona.net.

New Members

Duane "Duey" and Carol Roland have applied to join the Club, and you may meet them at the September meeting and the Car Show. They drive a 2002 Porsche 911 Carrera. Please make them welcome. Contact: DueyRoland@gmail.com.

Upcoming Vacancies - Board of Directors

The normal cycles of change require occasional replacements, as terms end and personal situations change. Vacant positions will include Editor of Tire Tracks.

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.

Update on Ed Pittman and Al Moss

Ed is recuperating from his broken pelvis, at home. He's been OK'd to drive, "some". He has worked very, very hard and long to arrive at this point, so give him a big "thumbs up"! Al's also at home, but he is having some good days and some bad ones. It would be good to send him a card with a note of encouragement. Everybody gets the blues, yes?

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!

SEPTEMBER MEETING: PROGRAM

September 11th, 7 PM, Sedona Library .

Our September speaker will be from the Sedona Library Speaker's Board, which is a brand new marketing forum for the Sedona Library. Our speaker will be showing a power point presentation on new classes, programs and resources available through the Sedona Library. For example, one of the classes is on how to download e-books for free onto e-readers.

The library is giving all Sedona non-profit groups the opportunity to arrange materials on their group and functions in one of the glass cases by the library check-out desk. This is a great way to attract new members to our club for FREE. Our speaker will give us a handout on how to display the items for our club. You might want to spread the word to other organizations which you support.

submitted by: Victoria Clark

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