



NEWS

Volume 28 Issue 6

A Car Club for the Chrysler Corporation and American Motors Enthusiast (est 1992)

June 2020

Upcoming Events

- CCM General Meeting
Tuesday June 2
cancelled
- Bunch Brunch?
TBA
- CCM Board Meeting
Tuesday June 16
cancelled
- The Lunch Bunch
TBA
- CCM Day in the Park 27
Saturday June 27
cancelled

Ed note re COVID-19

Many parts of California are starting to re-open after our Stay-At-Home.

This is great PROVIDED we continue to follow safe practices:

- Maintain Social Distancing
- Wear your mask in a group
- Stay home if you don't feel well

Some people are out acting as if this never happened. That's not good. This will only work if we all continue to be careful. I don't want to be the one that gets sick because someone crowded in and spread this plague. I don't want you to be the one either. We ALL need to do our part.

Pay attention to the news.

Be careful!

Stay Safe!

Cap City Mopars has cancelled all our events through the June Car Show, due to the Covid-19 pandemic. Future events are uncertain, so please be sure to "check in" with every event prior to coming out. Some health organizations are projecting we should continue to practice 'safe space' into July or beyond. Other sources warn this may be the norm for as long as 18 months.

Please follow recommendations and stay safe.

Please watch the CCM Newsletter and website for future announcements.

Even if we can't meet, it's important to stay in touch with your fellow CCM members by phone, e-mail, text. Don't be a stranger.

THE GREAT RACE AND VINTAGE RALLYING (part 2, continued from last month)

Restarting a New England tradition with The Great American Mountain Rally Revival

[Editor's note: This story comes to us, via Hemmings, from Dr. Gregory Davis, a dentist and 1948 Hudson Commodore owner from Maineville, Ohio. The 2018 Great American Mountain Rally Revival was the first time-speed-distance rally entered by Greg and his wife (and navigator) Lynn.]

Shortly after that s-l-o-w pickup, we got miserably lost. We simply could not find the called for turn off onto Route 49 east. We drove back and forth multiple times. We talked to a random lady at a gas station. We consulted our trusty 1955 Mobil Gas map we had been given on Day 1. Finally, after nearly an hour's lapse, we had found a round-about path of our own onto Route 49 and back onto our route instruction sheet. By now however, our errors, combined with our leisurely pace on the non-timed sections of the day's drive, were catching up with us. There was a good chance we would not even get to Lincoln by 2:00 p.m., let alone have time for a nice lunch break.

We entered the fourth timed Regularity Section

along an uphill, pothole-filled forestry path called "Tripoli Road." We may as well have been with the U.S. Marines on the bomb-pocked "shores of Tripoli." It was a burden to safely come anywhere close to the prescribed 20 MPH on the Tripoli Road ascent. The rally official at the end of the session seemed to have given up hope that we would ever show up. He reminded us in no uncertain terms, that we were late and needed to make up time.

It was 2:05 p.m. as we rolled into the Lincoln city limits. In spite of our tardy arrival we simply had to make a bathroom and gasoline stop. We didn't have time for lunch but the Hudson was hungry for fuel. As we made a bee-line toward the closest fuel station we passed Car 8, Christopher and Hans in their 1973 Mercedes Benz 450SLC. It was the first of our rally brethren that we had seen in hours. Clearly, they too were running late.

Full of fuel we jumped immediately back onto the route instruction sheet. We knew we were behind. We started and completed the fifth timed Regularity Section without incident.

We turned right off of Route 302 west onto Boltonville Road and found the green sign for the launch of the day's sixth Regularity Section.

continued on page 3





Member: Association of California Car Clubs & California Automobile Museum

GENERAL MEETING

June 2, 2020

Board of Directors

Officers

President - Bob Berry
Vice President - Mike Allen
Secretary - Cindy Lenz
Treasurer - Norm Benedict

Directors

Car Show Coordinator - vacant
Editor - Mark Perry
Membership Director - Richard Teerlink
Activities Coordinator - John Riordan
Web Master - Anthony Garcia

Staff Members

Sales – John Riordan
Competition - Michael Moore
Legislative Coordinator - Horace Tutt
Sunshine Coordinator - Cindy Lenz

Property Manager - Norman Benedict -
Publicity - Norman Benedict
Historian - Norman Benedict
Member(s) at Large - John Gerson
Steve Archer

Call Meeting to Order: 7 PM

Roll Call

Introductions: New Members and Guests

Guest Speaker:

Minutes: Secretary

Reports:

1. Treasurer
2. Newsletter Editor
3. Membership
4. Web Master
5. Legislative
6. Competition
7. Activities
8. Car Show - vacant

Club Business:

OLD:

1. Mopar Day in the Park 27 - Sat. June 27, 2020 - **cancelled**
- 2.
- 3.
4. Events for July and August?

NEW:

1. All CCM meetings and events for June - **cancelled**
- 2.
- 3.

TABLED:

1. Car show coordinator position - vacant
- 2.

Announcements:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
4. Shriners toy run - collecting all year

Open Forum / Bench Racing

Raffle

Adjourn

*This month's
meeting is
cancelled due
to Museum
closure and
COVID 19*

2020 Calendar (tentative)

Jan. - Happy New Year
- Brunch Sun 26
Feb. - Brunch Sun 23
March - Brunch Sun 15
April - **Brunch Sun 19**
- **ACCC Conference,**
Wed-Thur, 22-23
- **CCM host lunch Wed 22**
- **Lunch Bunch Wed 29**
- **Nevada City / Empire Mine**
cruise Sun 26
May - **Maxwell car show, Sat 16**
- **Brunch Sun 17**
June - **Mopar Day in the Park 27,**
Sat 27, 2020
July –
Aug –
Sept – Mopar Shootout, Sat
Carmichael park picnic, Sun 13
Oct – Poker Run, Sun
Nov - CAM potluck, Sun 29
Dec – CCM Holiday Party, Sat 5
- Shriners Toy Run, Sun 6

Lunch Bunch - 11 am Last Wed
each month

Rolling along at the prescribed average speed of 45 MPH, I followed a 90 degree curve in Boltonville Rd. and hustled on. Lynn, my navigator realized immediately that I had screwed up. At the 90 degree curve I was to have continued on straight, onto the gravel covered North Bayley-Hazen Road. I hit the brakes but there was absolutely nowhere in sight for me to make a turn around. I decided immediately to attempt to turn around within the parameters of the roadway, jockeying back-and-forth in small steps until we were headed back in the proper direction. About halfway into my efforts, while attempting to shift from reverse to first gear, I didn't get the clutch out fast enough and the Hudson's rear wheels slowly slumped off the roadway and into the soft soil of the adjacent ditch. We were STUCK!

We debated what to do. I called Gary Hamilton, one of the rally-masters but got his voice-message. I left an impassioned plea for assistance. Within five minutes we heard the roar of an engine coming toward us from further up Boltonville Road. Around the corner, off in the distance came Christopher and Hans in Car 8. They too had missed the gravel North Bayley-Hazen Road and were thundering back in an effort to salvage a reasonable score on their Regularity Section timing. Since the Hudson had their path partially blocked they stopped to check in with us. They offered to help push us out but I assured them that it would take more than we could muster to get the hind-end of the Commodore back on pavement. We encouraged them to get back on their way. They told us they would let the rally official know of our plight, and off they roared in the Mercedes.

It was while I was talking to Gary Hamilton's voice message a second time when a young man in a big Ram pickup pulled up alongside the disabled Hudson. "Anything I can do to help?" he asked. "I'm afraid not, unless you have a rope," I replied. "Nope, I don't have a rope (dramatic pause) but I do have a chain!" he responded. Five short minutes later the Hudson was back on terra firma! I was embarrassed that my wallet was deplete of cash. I badly wanted to reward this young Vermonter for his heroism. We both thanked him with the utmost of sincerity. He drove off with one simple instruction. "Pay it forward." Earlier in the day, during the third

Regularity Section, we had been delayed by the pickup truck from hell. But that score was more than made even by our rescue by the pickup truck from heaven!

Even though our "stuck in the ditch" detour had stolen perhaps a grand total of just 20 minutes of our day's time, we soon discovered that the rally official for that sixth Regularity Section had given up on us and moved on. We later completed the seventh and final Regularity Section only to find that once again our tardiness had sent the official packing. We were destined for maximum penalties for sections six and seven of Day 2's challenge.

Even in the midst of a rather rough day, there were occasional sites that simply demanded a brief road-side camera break.

As we drove along late that day, Lynn and I reflected on our frustrations. We had been careless with our time. We got lost on multiple occasions. We were delayed by a pokey pickup. I put the car in the ditch, for crying out loud. And yet, for me, in hindsight, I had an absolute blast! We had lived a true rally kind of day, fraught with turmoil and mishaps. I found myself thinking of the 1955 GAMR pictures I had seen the night before of the big Hudson Hornet stuck on the snowy slope. Like Lynn and me, he too had experienced a "no good, very bad day."

It was nearly dusk as we turned south on VT Route 108 south, through the famous and picturesque Smuggler's Notch and into the Stowe, Vermont, city limits.

It seemed particularly appropriate that we were destined to stay the night with our Hudson Commodore at Stowe's Commodore's Inn.

Nearly everyone had heard of our exploits by the time we arrived at the inn. The story of the Hudson in the ditch was told over and over again to people who wanted it straight from the 3 Car driver's mouth. We learned from Christopher and Hans that they had come back looking for us, in an effort to assist us during our time of need.

In short, It was a day Lynn and I will never forget. What a gift! What will Day 3 hold in store for us and the rest of the rally teams?

Day 3- It's a Wrap!

Day 3 of the GAMRR broke with a continuation of our "every other day" weather pattern.

Following the rain, drizzle, and clouds of Day 2, we were greeted with dry skies and snappy, crisp temperatures in the mid-30s.

At the Day 3 driver's meeting the previous day's results were posted. After our day of mishaps and confusion we ended up with a Day 2 total of 7:07 in penalty time. Our total penalty after two days was 9:16. No, we weren't the worst, but we were firmly entrenched within the rally's bottom third. Lynn and I were crying the blues when Lisa Colom, driver of the #2 car 2017 Fiat 124 Spider, spoke up and said, "Ya, but you guys are driving the coolest car here!" She talked about how our Hudson was the first car that caught her eye as she and her husband pulled into the Salem Golf Club on Day 1 of the rally. She said she instantly fell in love with the Hudson. Her warmth and sincere affinity for our car touched my heart. We had helped create a new Hud-nut!

The Hudson rolled out of the Commodore's Inn parking lot at precisely 8:03 a.m. heading south on VT Route 100. Roughly 25 miles into the journey we turned off to the east on Moretown Mountain Road and quickly passed through a trio of covered bridges near Moretown, Vermont.

Our first timed Regularity Section for Day 3 was our most precise of the entire rally. We were off perfect time by a scant 5 seconds. The second timed Regularity Section brought us a 24 second penalty. Day 3 was off to a pretty good start for a couple of rookies.

We soon turned back toward the west on Lincoln Gap Road where the third Regularity Section commenced. It was here in the fabled Lincoln Gap where some of the most hair-raising tales were generated from the original 1953-1957 rallies. Weather during the 1953 inaugural run of the GAMR was rather mild for late November. It was only here in the Lincoln Gap where drivers encountered snow and had to strap on the tire chains. We found the road was very narrow with an abrupt ascent. Using my lower gears I felt I was able to keep the Commodore rolling along at our prescribed average speeds of either 20 or 25 MPH. It was when we came to the other side of the slope, and an equally aggressive descent, that I got worried. Gravity plays nasty tricks on an object as massive as a 1948 Hudson. Keeping the car restricted to that 25 MPH without overheating those 70 year old drum brakes was a challenge. By the time we met Steve McKelvie,

the assigned rally official at the bottom of the mountain, we were smelling hot brake pads and I was standing on the pedal with all of my strength. Even at that we coasted past Steve's station by about 40 feet. Steve declared that he was "so relieved" to see us. He had been a skeptic that the mighty Hudson would be up to the Lincoln Gap challenges. But we made it! Our penalty was 47 seconds over a rather long run. We felt pretty good about that.

At Ripton we found the famed Ripton General Store and turned west on VT Route 125. Heading south on VT Route 100 and US Route 4 we came within a couple of miles of crossing our Day 2 route. It was here that we turned off on a narrow, unlabeled, gravel State Forest Service road. The #6 car, a 1968 Porsche 912, turned in right behind us. Our mountain ascent went smoothly once again and the Hudson pulled the slope without any issues. During our descent however, it became clear that Peter and Carl, the Helmetag brothers behind us, were gaining on us. As a rookie, it made me doubt my pace and I picked up the speed a bit to maintain a uniform distance between us and the Porsche. In the end, I should have trusted my own instincts. This was one of the few times that we were too fast on a Regularity Section. We received 1:57 in penalty time.

Soon after that final Regularity Section we turned south on US Route 7, heading south toward the rally's terminal destination, Bennington, Vermont. It was a relaxing romp of 30 or so miles on level smooth roads. It provided time for participants to reflect on the rally experience. I talked with Lynn about the Hudson's primary rally limitations. A good rally car needs an odometer that is both precise and "zeroable." A good rally car would have a speedometer with a steady and accurate needle, or digital readout. The Hudson has neither.

And yes, the Hudson's old drum brakes and three-speed manual transmission are not ideally suited for such events. But such are the challenges and pleasures of showing up for the event with one of just two old "original" cars. If we rally again with a vintage car we will need to determine how we respond to those challenges.

Rolling into Bennington, Vermont, our target was the headquarters and Sunoco gas station for Hemmings Motor News.

As a service to his car buddies, Ernest Hemmings began putting together a small list of old cars and car parts available for sale back from his Quincy, Illinois, home back in 1954. That initial effort grew into what became a monthly publication that today is the bible for serious automotive hobbyist around the globe. They have been headquartered in Bennington, Vermont, since the late 1960s. Hemmings has been a great supporter of all things automotive across the years and they welcomed our rally team in at the close of Day 3 for our final rally wrap-up ceremony.

Ed Owen, driver of the 10 car 1986 Mercedes Benz 190E talked to me about how impressed he was that the Hudson rolled right along with the 70 MPH traffic along US Route 7. Conversation turned to the Hudson engine, a 308 out of a '51 Hudson Hornet, and I raised the hood.

Immediately Ed noticed that I had fuel dripping from the fitting between the carburetor and the glass fuel filter bowl. It was dripping down onto the exhaust manifold. Not a good situation and a genuine fire hazard.

Matthew Koops, driver of the #7 car 1974 Dodge Monaco police cruiser, came to my rescue. Matthew makes a living restoring automobiles and came equipped with a more exhaustive tool kit than I had. He had a roll of Teflon tape that I was able to use on the threaded fitting into the side of the carburetor to eliminate the fuel leak.

After lunch the rallymasters shared the final rally results and handed out the event trophies. There were to be first, second, and third place trophies for both the driver and navigator within each of the Original, Classic and Modern categories.

Third place in the "Modern" category went to Sebastian and Harold von Langsdorff and their Mercedes Benz GLA. There was some speculation that 16-year-old Sebastian just could be the youngest driver to win an award in an SCCA-sanctioned Road Rally event.

2nd place in the "Modern" category went to Lisa & Luis Colom and their Fiat Spider

And winners of the "Modern" category were Ed & Douglas Sain with their Toyota Highlander

3rd place in the "Classic" category went to Jeff Givens and Danny Taylor with Jeff's Triumph TR-3

2nd place in the "Classic" category went to

Mathew & MaryAnn Koops with their Dodge Monaco Police Cruiser


And winners of the "Classic" category were David Wells & Peter McGuire with their Volvo 1225

Because there were only two cars in the "Original" category there was no third place finisher. As I reported on Day 1 of the rally, Lynn and I were destined to finish second in the "Original" category with our Hudson, and we did!

Not only did Jim Gately and navigator Fred Gallagher win the "Original" class, they had the lowest and winning score for the entire rally with Jim's 1937 Cadillac. They each received individual cups and Jim also received the Champion's cup which was adorned with the names of the teams who won each of the original 1953-1957 GAMR events. Their penalty total for the entire three-day event was a scant 38 seconds! Simply stunning!

In just three days this group of 26 strangers had become good friends. Hands were shaken, backs were slapped, photographs were taken, and congratulations were exchanged. Everyone was thrilled with their overall experience and the extremely varied roads selected by the rallymasters. There was discussion concerning whether there would be a 2019 running of the GAMRR.

Lynn and I pulled the Hudson around front to the Hemmings Sunoco station and fueled up in advance of our departure. At the close of our ceremony we got back on the road, pointing the nose of the Hudson toward Ohio. By sunset on Sunday we were rolling into Rochester, New York, where we spent the night. The following morning, the rain clouds returned, keeping our weather pattern alive. But we set out for home and rolled into Maineville at about 4:45 p.m. on Monday. Following the electrical repairs in Erie and my quick taping of the carburetor fitting at Bennington, the Hudson behaved like a champ all the way home. In total we had put exactly 2,300 miles on the car's odometer. It really had been an adventure.

Since arriving home we've been informed that there is a plan for a 2019 running of the GAMRR. I'm hoping that maybe I've lit a rally fire within some of you! If you're interested, set aside October 25-27, 2019, on your calendar. GAMRR email address is GAMRRRALLY@gmail.com. 



CHECK FIRST

Many CCM and other events have been cancelled or postponed due to the effects of the COVID-19 pandemic and social distancing orders in place. Please do not assume any event appearing in this month's newsletter is happening as scheduled or announced. In ALL cases, check with organizing or sponsoring personnel before you come out to any event. Stay Safe.

Father's Day . 25th Annual "Show & Shine" Car Show

Sunday, June 16, 2019 • Julliard Park, Santa Rosa, CA • 9 am—4 pm

PLATINUM CHEVROLET Show Case Sponsor

Drinks & Food Trucks, DJ, Raffles **Free to Spectators**

Sign in: Cars enter from South 'A' Street 7:00 am—9:30 am
Confirmations not sent out. Deadline to register is June 8 or when sold out—Only 400 cars accepted

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Proceeds help support the ECA Safety & Community Relations program
No personal BBQ's or outside alcohol allowed in the park
No refunds after June 9

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Show & Shine Car Show

June 6, 2020
10:00 Am-1:00 Pm

free

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Awards

LIVE MUSIC

For More Info Contact Carletta : Prairie City Landing 916-438-0303
643 Willard Dr Folsom, California
mccresidentservices@prairiecitylandl.com

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August 4-9 Reno & Sparks

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contact Scott or Karen 916-363-1364



Here's our updated event schedule, for what it's worth. Almost all car show/events have been cancelled in June and probably for the month of July due to the COVID-19 shelter in place rules. We've also heard that many car clubs have cancelled club meetings and gatherings due to concern surrounding this modern plague.

Cap City Mopars has cancelled our meetings through June. As future events are uncertain, the rest of the schedule remains. However please be sure to "check in" with every event prior to coming out. Some health organizations are projecting we should continue to practice 'safe space' pretty much indefinitely.

Stay safe and happy motoring.

date	event	location	more info / contact
6/2/20	CCM General Meeting	CA Auto Museum	Bob or Norm <i>cancelled</i>
6/14/20	30th Annual Mopar Rally	Mopar Alley, Cupertino	(408) 981-3326 <i>cancelled</i>
6/16/20	CCM Board Meeting	RT Pizza on Manzanita	Bob or Norm <i>cancelled</i>
6/16/20	NCECA Show & Shine	Santa Rosa	nceca.org
6/27/20	CCM Day in the Park XXVII	Rancho Cordova	CapitalCityMopars.com <i>cancelled</i>
10/10/20	Rods-n-Relics	Lincoln	www.rodsnrelics.net <i>new date</i>



Miss Mopar speaks
by Michaela Brass ("Miss Mopar")

I have always felt as though life is seen with greater perspective when you're looking through the windshield and over the hood of a Mopar.

I was hardly two weeks old the first time I rode shotgun in "The Big C," my dad's 1962 Chrysler 300. My car seat was chained in (seatbelts were an option when my Poppop purchased the car new off of the showroom floor at the dealership where he met my grandmother) and my mom excitedly snapped photos from the back seat as my dad took me on my first Chrysler cruise.

Fast forward about four years and I would anxiously await those warm summer nights when my dad would take me into town in his 1970 Dodge Challenger Convertible. The memories remain as vivid as the glossy red paint and as strong as the carbureted exhaust fumes. He would cruise me down to the ice cream shop, order me an orange sherbet in cone with rainbow jimmies. I would eat it as fast as I could as I simply could not wait to get back into the Challenger and cruise around town.

I was only four years old, yet something about the sight, smell, and feel of riding shotgun in that Dodge just electrified me inside. It was thrilling for me to watch my dad shift gears and to feel my hair whip into my face. We would ride around for what felt like hours, though it was likely only fifteen minutes or so, and when he picked me out of my car seat and stood me on the ground, I would stare in wonder at that magic carpet forged in American steel.

As I grew, I found myself immersed in any form of Mopar I could find. My dream came to life in October of 2010 when

I purchased a 1972 Dodge Charger- a barn find with trees growing out of the manifold, two cat skeletons under the seats, and a twenty-one year old full tank of gasoline. I had my work cut out for me and I could not have been more eager to get a little grease under my french-manicured nails. As my dad and I began the restoration process, images of my future children eating ice cream cones in the front seat as we drove off into the summer skyline flashed in my head. With every bolt I tightened, I felt a step closer to achieving everything I had ever wanted.

I will never forget the night my dad and I finished the engine rebuild. It was late and my mom had called us in for dinner. I was so thrilled to watch that Dodge move under its own power for the first time since 1989. What was even more magical is that my dad and I rebuilt the engine together; this was something that I could never put a price on. As we ate, my dad shared stories of when he restored the Chrysler 300. It was a magical evening, one that I would never trade.

Just about six weeks after my mom's untimely passing, the family got together on a cold and dreary day, circled around my Charger, and waited for me to take my maiden run. I was shivering as I held that key in my left hand and my mom's prayer card in my right. I tacked it on the dashboard and as the engine cranked, the sun peaked through the clouds and I smiled for the first time in a long time as that engine roared to life. It was enchanting. I could feel my mom's presence as I drove down the driveway in my very own Mopar muscle car.

I had intended my Dodge Charger to be a cruiser — not worthy of any trophies, but cool enough to enter in local shows. As time went on and I dealt with my grief, I found that there was no place that made me happier than being in the garage, working on that Dodge. I began to envision my dream Mopar — triple black with red accents, dual exhaust, and that kind of rumble that you feel in your heart when you rev it up. Along with my dad, I dedicated countless hours to turning that barn find into a showpiece that would go on to be known as The Little Black Dress.

As I neared the final stages of the restoration, I was asked to participate in the Female Owners Display at Carlisle's All

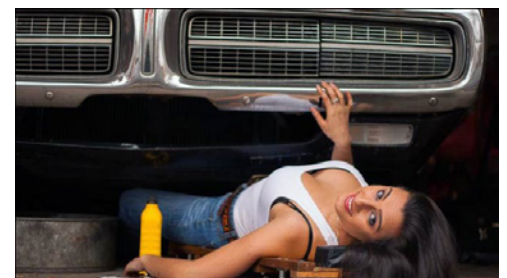
Chrysler Nationals 2013. To this day, I consider that the happiest weekend of my life. Had my mother been alive, I think that I would have experienced pure perfection.

Miss Mopar speaks, continued.

Just like people, Mopars make their way into your life just when you need them. Some stay forever, and some stay for just a short time. As I finished restoring my Charger, I was eager to start a new project. As other auto enthusiasts can understand, I needed some time to let my funds replenish themselves. In July 2013, almost as if it was sent from a particular angel, a gentleman with a 1974 Jeep CJ5 Renegade contacted me and asked if I would be interested in restoring it for him. It became a special project as it healed me in many ways.

As I progressed through the restoration, it reminded me of working on the Charger and all of those times that my mom would call into the garage and ask what I wanted for lunch. When we rebuilt the engine, it reminded me of that happiness I felt starting up the Charger and how something as simple as a restoration acted as the world's greatest form of grief therapy for me. To be able to complete another restoration and relive all of those salutary emotions was a wonderful experience for me.

Mopars have served as many things for me — they've been an unbreakable father-daughter link, a form of divine intervention, a social media outlet (visit Facebook.com/MissMopar), and a career (I am currently the fourth generation of my family to work for Chrysler). But, most importantly, they have been a therapeutic means to help me survive the hard times, celebrate the good times, and to urge me to keep on dreaming those gasoline powered dreams that I had when I was just a little girl.



Joe Giuntini

Regional Account Representative
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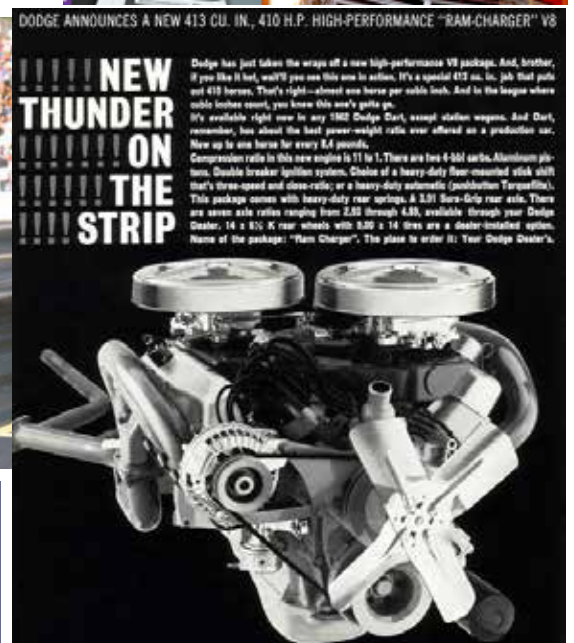
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message regarding all events

Many CCM and other events have been cancelled or postponed due to the effects of the COVID-19 pandemic and social distancing orders in place. Please do not assume any event appearing in this month's newsletter is happening as scheduled or announced.

In ALL cases, check with organizing or sponsoring personnel before you come out to any event. Stay Safe.

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Next CCM Meeting
to be announced