



TWISTS & TURNS

The newsletter of the San Diego Miata Club

Volume 12 Number 4

April 2007

Brilliant Black Pack hosts Black History Run

JERRY STANDEFER

Even under the overhead heaters, the night air in Pat & Oscar's patio was frosty. We had just completed the Holiday Lights Run, and were sitting down to a typical SDMC after-run meal. During our bits of food and conversation, Les Smith realized that all the folks at our end of the table were drivers of black Miatas. This was how the Brilliant Black Pack was born, and, between snide remarks from certain yellow car owners, Les revealed to us his idea for the Black History Run.

In 1992, Mazda introduced Brilliant Black into the Miata lineup. Now in 2007, the color is celebrating its 15th anniversary. February is also Black

History Month, so why not combine all of it into a run that includes the Martin Luther King Jr. freeway? (You should hear some of Les's other ideas.)

Two months later, the ever-growing Brilliant Black Pack met at Les and Dyanna's house for some cake decorating. Two half-sheet cakes were purchased from Costco, with special instructions that the chocolate buttercream frosting be provided separately. It took three jars of black frosting coloring to turn that thick, sweet ooze into a brilliant black opus. As I added the last jar of coloring, I remarked how much the jars looked like Mazda's touch-up paint. After several agreeing nods, some of us had to take a second look at those jars, just to make sure they really weren't touch-up paint!

Some rather embarrassing photos were taken that night. Perhaps they'll surface someday in some cruel Miata-related blackmail. Harold Schwartz, who may be our next club president, was snapped with a mouthful of that black frosting. His dentist would cringe at the blackness overtaking his teeth and tongue! During the cleanup, I was caught with hands covered in black, green,

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LET THEM EAT CAKE. The Brilliant Black Pack provided sweet inducements to join their run. Photo: Jerry Standefer

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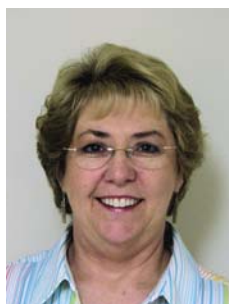
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Submissions to the newsletter are welcomed and encouraged. When possible, please e-mail your submissions to the newsletter editor. Submissions may also be mailed to the club's post office box.

Submission deadline is the 15th of each month. The Editor reserves the right to edit all submissions.

Contact SDMC

On the web

www.sandiegomiataclub.org

24-hour voice message line

619-434-2007

By mail

P.O. Box 180833
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Club e-mail

Most club communication is conducted via e-mail through a Yahoo Group named SDMC-List. A free Yahoo account is required. Follow these steps to join.

1. Go to <http://autos.groups.yahoo.com/group/SDMC-List> (capitalization matters!).
2. Click "Join This Group!"
3. If you have a Yahoo account, log in. If you do not, click "Sign Up" and follow the instructions.
4. After logging in, you will be returned to the SDMC-List "Join This Group" page.
5. In "Comment to Owner," state that you are an SDMC member.
6. Complete remaining selections, perform Word Verification, and click the "Join" button.
7. Your SDMC membership will be verified. The verification and approval process may take several days.

For more detailed instructions, see the club's website.

Membership roster

The membership roster is available to SDMC members only. Follow these steps to access the roster.

1. Go to <http://autos.groups.yahoo.com/group/SDMC-List>.
2. Log in and click "Database"
3. Click on the most current table in the tables list
4. To print, click "Printable Report." The printed copy will be 15-20 pages.

For more detailed instructions and options, see the club's web site.

Membership Information

New Members

Welcome to our newest members (since the previous newsletter):

Louis & Mary Arathoon, Escondido..... 1999 Pure White
Christine & James Ray Bernardo, Carlsbad 2007 Galaxy Gray
Fred & Jenni Buchner, Vista 1999 Sapphire Blue
Luis Aybar & Nicole Ann Revelle, San Diego 2005 Velocity Red
Billy King, El Cajon 2003 Silver
Bob & Kathy Lorenzini, Escondido 2007 True Red
Michael & Janet Snare, San Diego 1990 Classic Red

As of March 15, 2007, we have 219 memberships (74 single, 145 dual) and a total of 364 members.

Monthly Meetings

Our monthly meetings are a great opportunity to meet your fellow club members, ask questions, and share stories. Meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month, except in November and December when we meet on the third Thursday.

We meet at the Boll Weevil restaurant, 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., in San Diego (between I-15

and SR 163). To contact the restaurant, call 858-571-6225.

Many members arrive around 6 p.m. to enjoy meals, snacks, or beverages while chatting with their Miata friends. The informal meeting starts at 7 p.m. We guarantee you'll have fun.

This month's meeting date:
Thursday, April 26

Annual Meeting & Elections

Saturday, April 21, 2007, 10:30 a.m.

San Diego Automotive Museum
2080 Pan American Plaza in Balboa Park

Lunch will be provided by Pat & Oscar's.

Cost: \$10 per person — prepaid only.

Mail check or money order (payable to "SDMC") to:

Brenda Kay, 6867 Fashion Hills Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111

Mailed payments must be postmarked no later than April 14.

Lunch tickets can be picked up at the door. To have tickets mailed to you, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your payment.

Dues

Dues are \$35 per calendar year, for either an individual or a dual membership (two members in the same household). Members who join the club in the first half of the calendar year (January through June) pay \$35 for their first year; those who join in the second half of the year pay \$20 for the remainder of the year.

Badges

Have you noticed those engraved plastic name badges that other members wear? Would you like to get one?

Badges are available in colors to match your car. The cost is \$9 each for badges with safety-pin closures, or \$10 each for badges with magnetic fasteners. Prices include shipping to your home.

Vicky Krueger handles the ordering. Badge request forms are available at the Regalia table at monthly meetings and on the club's web site. All orders must be prepaid.



Our Mission

The purpose of the club is to promote the enjoyment of, and enthusiasm for, one of the world's most exciting sports cars—the Mazda Miata.

Owning and driving a Miata is one of life's great pleasures, and adding the company and camaraderie of like-minded enthusiasts only enhances the experience. Won't you join the fun as we enjoy the beauty of San Diego County from the seat of a very special little roadster?

Let's have fun driving our Miatas!

Moving on

SUE HINKLE, PRESIDENT



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE that my second term as the club's President will shortly come to an end, and our membership will vote in a new Executive Board. Several of our members have stepped up to volunteer and declared their candidacy to run for an elected office. For the first time in several years there will be more than one member running for the offices of President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. The newly elected board will bring to the membership their visions and creative ideas for leading the club into the next lap.

Many changes

2006 has been a great year for SDMC. We successfully moved to an annual membership month, which began in January of last year. Membership was also given the opportunity to come up with a name for our newsletter, and in April 2006, the SDMC newsletter was printed with its new name, *Twists & Turns*. The year was also filled with many new events and runs hosted and organized by our members. I thank all of you for your enthusiasm and continued San Diego Miata Club spirit.

Many thanks

It takes a lot of folks to keep the wheels turning. I owe a debt of gratitude to my board companions Scott Lewis, Judy Ryan-Lewis, and Brenda Kay. It was a pleasure to work with these individuals. We were a great team, and I'm grateful for their support and friendship.

Special thanks to our newsletter staff: Jerry Standefer, Larry Clark, Bruce Lewis, Kelley Raymond, and Barry Billingsley. These individuals

dedicated hours every month to produce a top-notch newsletter. Proofreaders Robin Faircloth, Carl Martens, and Cindy Jennings made sure that there were no misspelled words, grammatical errors, or incorrect punctuation. Every so often a typo does slip through and, sure enough, our newsletter staff immediately kicked off a contest to find the mistake—what a clever idea! *Twists & Turns* is a publication that we can all be proud of.

Thanks to our membership duo, Jerry and Janice Boster, for keeping our membership records up to date, printing and laminating all the new membership cards in January, and making sure that our members receive their newsletter at the beginning of each month.

There always seem to be new items at our regalia table, and our regalia gals, Linda Payne and Mary Clark, have come up with some great new items this year—flasher units have been big sellers. Thanks to both of these ladies for keeping us well dressed in car-club fashions, and for running the regalia table at our monthly meetings. Thanks also go to Vicki Krueger, our badge lady, for ordering those membership badges.

During 2006, founding member Mark Booth announced his resignation as Events Coordinator, and long-time member Tom Thompson volunteered to take over the position. Thanks to Tom for working with our members to organize and host events for all of us to enjoy. Thanks also to Mark Booth for keeping the Events Calendar up to date, and for continually serving as the club "cheerleader."

Keeping our members informed and providing a means for member communication on the Internet is key to our organization. Thanks to

our two technical guys: Dan Garcia for keeping our website fresh and up to date; and Bob Kleeman for serving as our postmaster with Yahoo Groups.

Another change this year was the role of Historian. Elinor Shack volunteered to take over this position from Bruce and Debbye Lewis. Elinor's photo collage displayed at the club holiday party highlighted many of the club's activities during 2006. Thanks to Elinor for taking on this position, and for maintaining the club history albums.

Behind the scenes

Last, but by no means least, I must recognize and acknowledge my best friend and love of my life. During the past year, Jack has continually supported me in my role as club President. His last two years were mostly behind the scenes: hanging banners, carrying boxes, purchasing awards and gifts, and keeping our Miata in tiptop shape.

Grand finale

This will be my very last President's Message for the newsletter, and while I was composing this message, a song kept playing in my head: "Thanks for the Memories," sung by one of my favorite celebrities, Bob Hope, at the close of his weekly TV show.

So I say to you, our membership, thanks for the memories. The last two years have been filled with great memories, and it has been a rewarding experience for me. Thanks to all of you for your friendship, and for making the San Diego Miata Club an organization that I am proud to be a member of. It has been an honor to serve as your President.

Remembering how easy we have it

JERRY STANDEFER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



A FEW WEEKENDS AGO, I did a favor for a coworker and replaced the spark plugs, ignition wires, and ignition coil on her 2001 Mercury Sable. The engine had developed, according to the stored code in the engine computer, a misfire in cylinder #1. She had taken it to a Lincoln/Mercury dealership to be diagnosed and repaired, but they wanted just over \$800 to perform the work—\$800 she didn't have.

I thought they were insane to be charging that much for such simple work. The parts could be purchased for \$150 at an auto parts store; even purchasing Motorcraft parts at the dealership barely topped \$200. The rest of the repair bill was for labor, and it didn't include the \$95 they charged for the diagnostic. I figured I could do the work in a couple of hours at most. Boy, was I wrong.

My friend's Sable is equipped with the 3.0L Duratec DOHC V6, which was a fine engine for its day (but can sadly still be found under the hood of so many brand new Ford, Mercury, and Mazda vehicles, even though the competition has moved on to much more powerful, refined, and efficient engines). Being front-wheel drive, the engine is mounted transversely, meaning one bank of cylinders (and their spark plugs) resided below the base of the windshield.

To make matters worse, the intake manifold is mounted so that it blocks access to the rear cylinder bank. And guess where that ignition coil sits? That's right, behind the rear cylinder bank! Now I understood why they were charging over \$800 for the work.

After unplugging half a dozen sensors, removing the air inlet tube,

and several soft and hard vacuum lines, I was able to remove the manifold so that I could work blindly to replace those rear spark plugs. Just replacing the protective sheaths on the spark plug wires took an hour.

Needless to say, it ended up taking all day. It didn't help that we decided to replace just the plugs and wires first to see if that would fix the problem (it didn't), so everything was done twice. In the end, the misfire was still occurring, and back into the dealership the car went. Well, at least she didn't have to spend \$800 to find out that wasn't the problem. They ended up replacing several vacuum lines, the intake manifold gasket, and a couple of sensors before the problem went away, and those were covered under her extended warranty (apparently, the coil, plugs, and wires are wear items and are not covered).

So why am I writing about this? To remind ourselves (or myself, anyway) that we are so lucky that Miatas are relatively easy cars to work on in those rare instances when they do need work. Replacing our coil, plugs, and wires is a simple affair. And the Mazda engineers are generally very simple with their designs. Having owned several Mazdas over the years, I found that just about everything in their cars can be handled with a 10mm wrench. That Sable exercised my tool collection; I even had to dig out a set of Torx drivers for this general maintenance work!

Last weekend, I installed a stainless steel mesh grille, added a Mazdaspeed cold air intake, and changed the oil in my NC. All of this required removing the entire front clip, the whole front bumper structure, and a chassis brace. The sheer scope of the work took the

whole weekend, although I was hindered by taking photos of everything, and having to decipher terrible Mazdaspeed instructions. In total, there were just over 90 fasteners (most of them plastic, in case you were wondering how Mazda kept the weight down), and yet it was easier and required far fewer tools than what I had to do with that Sable.

I do wish Mazda would make it easier to change the oil in Miatas. With the NAs and NBs, adding a filter relocation kit solved a lot of the hassle. With the NC, Mazda made it a little easier to access the oil filter, and it's not mounted sideways anymore; however, you must lift the car to get to it. Moreover, Mazda has added a chassis brace beneath the engine, which must be removed to turn a wrench on the drain plug. Still, it is easier overall than it was on my '04 Mazdaspeed, so I shouldn't complain. Perhaps installing a drain valve and a filter relocation kit will make it simple. Now if only someone will create a relocation kit for the NC (hint, hint ... Tom). I can't imagine what changing the oil would be like in that Sable.

I'm sure the Miata has some areas that are a lot harder to work on than most other cars. I imagine most backyard mechanics are not going to venture into those, or if they do, they'll realize they are over their heads before it's too late. That's why we have guys like Larry and Rocky—the real mechanics. Heck, they're probably reading this and laughing. I bet they could have changed the plugs, wires, and coil in that Sable in less than an hour, and for far less than the \$800+ the dealership wanted. Next time something goes wrong with my friend's Sable, I'll be sending her over to see them.

Coming Events

Cruisin' Grand

Date: First Friday of each month, April–September
Time: 6:00 p.m. for dinner, 7:00 p.m. to cruise
Meet: Tom's #23 restaurant in Escondido (SW corner of Centre City Parkway and 5th St.)
Contact: Steve & Laurie Waid, 760-432-0727, swaid@cox.net

Details: On Friday nights from April through September, Escondido opens up Grand Ave. for cruising. On the *first* Friday of each month, SDMC members meet at Tom's #23 at 6:00 p.m. to eat before leaving at 7:00 p.m. to cruise Grand. After taking a spin up and down Grand a few times, we park and then walk Grand. You will see hot rods, street rods, muscle cars, restorations, motorcycles, and more. A fun "blast from the past."

After cruisin' and walkin' Grand, we will drive a short distance to find dessert. This will be a full evening of car fun for car people.

SDMC Annual Meeting

Date: Saturday, April 21
Time: 10:00 a.m.
Meet: San Diego Auto Museum, 2080 Pan American Plaza (Balboa Park)
Contact: Sue Hinkle, 760-735-9456, president@sandiegomiataclub.org

Details: This is our annual meeting, where we will elect officers and consider revised bylaws. Food, fun, raffles, and door prizes, too.

Lunches must be prepaid by April 14. Please see announcement on page 3.

Miatas in Moab

Date: Friday–Sunday, May 18–20
Meet: Best Western Canyonlands Inn, Moab, UT
Contact: Wanda Bates, 801-489-1915, wahbates@compuserve.com

Details: Join the Utah Miata Club for three days in Moab, Utah, gateway to Arches and Canyonlands National Parks. Visit Dead Horse Point State Park and see the dramatic red cliffs. Fill your days with short or long drives. There are plenty of roads to go zoom-zooming.

Each day we will split into small groups and do whatever activity suits our whims at the time: shopping, hiking, fishing, biking, river rafting, winery touring, or horseback riding—whatever tickles your fancy. Each evening we will gather for a social hour or two and share our stories.

UMC's web site currently lists 267 cars from 47 clubs, including 23 cars from SDMC. Several travel groups from SDMC are currently forming.

Link: www.utahmiataclub.com/miatastinmoab

BLACK HISTORY *(Continued from page 1)*

yellow, and white frosting. Without a cake in the background, I could easily be mistaken for a kindergartener indulging in some finger painting. And don't worry ... we did use utensils to decorate the cake; there's no getting around touching the frosting while taking apart the bags and decorating tips at the end.

Les and Dyanna brought the cakes to the February monthly meeting the following night. I must admit that the cakes looked much better the following day; I certainly was not happy with them the night before. For the most part, it

appeared that the members enjoyed the cake. There was a bit of hesitation when first presented a piece, and who could blame them? If I hadn't been present for the cake decorating, that black frosting would have frightened me as well. But, you have to admit ... that frosting was certainly brilliant. I think the only way that could be topped is if the Yellow Miata Owners Support Group presented a yellow cake lit on fire. You know ... so it could be blazing yellow!

Two days later, the Brilliant Black Pack welcomed Miatas of other colors to the starting point of the Black History Run in Rancho San Diego. Well, everyone was there to

welcome others except me. I was stationed at a Starbucks in Lemon Grove, which was originally announced as the starting point of the run. You see, despite appearances, the Pack is not without flaws. During the pre-run the weekend before, we noticed that it was very convenient to jump onto the westbound lanes of 94 from that original meeting point. However, we wanted to head east, and that onramp was nearly a mile away, negotiating through four turns, merging lanes, a panicked scurry from one side of the road to another through several lanes of very heavy traffic, and seven stoplights. That was a nightmare with just four

Miatas during the pre-run; it would have been a disaster with the large group that showed up for the actual run.

My job was to collect anyone who showed up at the original starting point and bring them to the revised location. Les had announced the change over e-mail and at the monthly meeting, but that doesn't cover everyone. Luckily, only one member showed up at the Starbucks, so the two of us hurriedly made our way to Rancho San Diego, where the main group was impatiently waiting.

Finally, we were on our way (and for you readers, I'm *finally* writing about the run). The weather was just on the cool side, but the sky was clear and the sun cast a glow that was just warm enough for comfortable top-down driving. The recent rains had turned San Diego's gorgeous east county into rolling hills of green grasses, which offered a sharp contrast to the somewhat barren mountains and the burn areas that have never quite recovered.

Beginning from Jamacha Road in Rancho San Diego, Les led more than three-dozen Miatas onto Willow Glen Drive, and then onto Steele Canyon. Next up was Jamul Drive, followed by our first infiltration of Lyons Valley Road, Jefferson Road, and then 94. We were only five miles into the run. Are you lost yet? I certainly was, and I went on the pre-run! I may have been lost mentally (not much different than normal), but I was still with the group. Unknown to us, we had already lost a small group of Miatas. This won't be the first time.

After a brief queue-up, we blasted eastward down 94, out of civilization and into some beautiful countryside. There were Miatas ahead and behind as far as I could see, all pretending to be Brilliant Black for the day. (They just didn't know it.) The sun blessed us with warmth as the wind ruffled with our topless condition (the cars, not us ... that camp was further into the

run). The picture-perfect cruise was ended by a turn onto Honey Springs Road, where we headed up into the mountainous twisties that we all craved.

As we approached the stop sign that signaled our ascent up the Skyline Truck Trail, a gaggle of Miatas appeared out of nowhere and made their way into our group. To this day, we're still confused as to how we lost them and how they hunted us down. Isn't this area known for UFO abductions? Aliens need their Miata fix too! You never know.

After a high-speed sprint west on this old truck trail, we made our second appearance on Lyons Valley. A much-needed queue-up in a school parking lot allowed for a bit of stretching, and then we proceeded to attack the undulating twisties that Lyons Valley has to offer. Up and down waves in the road, combined with the quick left-right, right-left transitions, were like a roller coaster at a Six Flags amusement park! As much as I love the North County twisties, this has definitely become my favorite—although who stuck that massive, Irish-named rock jutting out into the road like that?



Les Smith, the Brilliant leader of the Black Pack, tells everyone where to go at the drivers meeting. Photo: Kari Streeter

We completed one side of our pretzel as we passed through an

intersection that we had crossed earlier, only this time we were heading across our earlier path. After passing Les's place of employment, the Barrett Honors Camp (he gets to drive this everyday!), we encountered several bicyclists whom we had to pause to pass to ensure oncoming traffic wasn't barreling around the blind curves. A left onto Japatul Road, followed by another left onto Dehesa Road, was followed by yet another left—this one unscheduled—into the Sycuan Casino parking lot.

Somewhere along the way, Bruce and Debbie Lewis experienced a flat tire and had to leave the group. Kelley Raymond, our Texan sweep, was nowhere to be seen. Were the UFOs at it again? We reached Kelley on the CB, and she was supposedly waiting for us at the casino entrance, but we never saw her again. (She apparently made a brief appearance at the Choo Choo Run, so she did make it back to civilization at some point.)

Back on our warpath, we eventually turned onto Harbison Canyon Road. Those in attendance who wanted to personally share their Miata's topless condition were invited to do so as we passed a "clothing-free" resort. No wonder we kept losing cars!

Arnold Way, South Grade Road, Alpine Boulevard, and finally Willow Road endured our shrinking swarm, and we pulled into the Viejas casino parking lot, our destination. From there, the group slowly split up. Gabe and I eventually made our way home later that afternoon. I forgot to mention that this was Gabe's first ever drive on one of our fun runs. Now that he has his own Brilliant Black NC, he's hooked forever.

Overall, the 70-mile run was terrific. Great curves, beautiful scenery, possible alien abductions, nudist camps, outlet shopping, eating, and casino gambling ... what more could you ask for—and we did it all in Miatas. What a club!

Candidate Statements

The following statements were submitted by members who plan to run for seats on SDMC's Board of Directors. They are presented exactly as received, without editing except for layout. The order of appearance was dictated by layout considerations.

For President: Harold Schwartz

Let me introduce myself, my name is Harold Schwartz and I am declaring my candidacy for President of the San Diego Miata Club. I am a new member and have attended a number of meetings and club activities. I am making new friends at every event and enjoy the friendship and camaraderie at all the outings of San Diego Miata Club.

As a member you're probably asking yourself, who's this new guy and why is he running? Good Question...needs a good answer!

I really like what I see in the members of SDMC and would like to contribute to the betterment of our club. To the founders of SDMC I think you hit the "nail on the head" when you setup the original club. I've heard nothing but good things

about SDMC, how it is run and how having fun is the number one concern of everyone. I only hope I can move the club forward while continuing our old traditions. You have many and should be proud of all of them.

Let me list into my qualifications:

Age: 62

Education: MBA

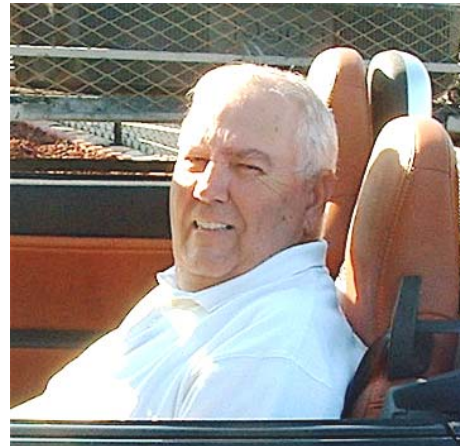
Present Employment: Cardinal Health, Corporate Trainer

Past Employment: IBM, retired 29 years

Automotive Experience: Crew Chief, NASCAR Super Late Model, and Street Stock.

President: San Diego Mended Hearts, Web Master, and News Letter Editor

Organized the SDMC Choo Choo run



The above is some of who I am and what I have accomplished in life. I would like the honor and privilege of leading the San Diego Miata Club forward to even greater heights. Thank you for your consideration.

For Vice President: David Streeter

"Never be afraid to do something new. Remember, amateurs built the ark; professionals built the titanic."
- Anonymous Author

It is in this spirit that I wish to announce my candidacy for Vice President of the San Diego Miata Club.

My name is David Streeter for those of you that I have not had the pleasure of meeting yet. I've tried to convince people that I am shy, but have not been successful, especially since I rarely keep my mouth shut.

The first event I attended was at the request of my father for the Puke in 2005; he was in need of a navigator and companion. Prior to this event, I did not have any interest in becoming a Miata owner. I teased my dad that they sounded like a bunch of angry mosquitoes. After all, I was the proud owner of a

Mustang GT convertible at that point in time, and active as possible in a non-driving club in Orange County. This was not what I had envisioned, cars were made to be driven, not just be paraded around like a prized pony. Upon meeting members of the club, I had felt instantly welcome and enjoyed being a part of the event. Although I did not live up to the name of "The Puke," I had come to another realization during the day of twisties - the Miata was a fun car and I had to have one! I was not willing to be a passenger for another event. I purchased my Razor Blue NB that August. Although I was still attached to my Mustang, it became my "Garage Queen" and spent most of it's time just parked in the garage. There were too many Miata events to attend. So, in April of 2006 my



Mustang and I parted ways and I purchased a Winning Blue NC that would enable my wife to drive on events as well.

I had never pictured myself purchasing one Miata, and certainly not two of them. I have been captivated by cars for as long as I can remem-

Candidate Statements

ber, but the Miata has taken a special place in my heart. They are the only cars that I have owned that I have completely personalized by adding two sets of flames to our NB and racing stripes to our NC.

I previously owned and operated a limousine company called Executive Touch Transportation Services for two years. I had not realized

how much I missed my weekends - until I got them back upon selling it. I also currently own and operate a web design company, Streeter Consulting, which provides me with my play money to go on events and customize my rides. I have been employed full time as a Marketing Manager for the past 10 years in the mortgage industry.

I truly believe that I can bring different insights to this position and become a better person for it. So when it comes time to vote, please don't let my lack of experience in years fool you, I can make this club proud and would be honored to have the chance.

Thank you for your consideration.

For Vice President: Dan Garcia

Hi, Dan Garcia here. I have been a member since October of 2003, right after Chris and I purchased our 2003 Shinsen. A few months after we joined the club, the webmaster position opened up and I immediately offered my services and was accepted by the board as the new webmaster. Steve Kennison, the president at the time, expressed a desire for a new look for the website and I said 'yes sir' and some time later the new site was launched. I have been maintaining the website ever since and now I feel it is time to take on a second position if you will have me.

I am running for the position of vice-president. You should know

that I have never held such a position before, however I have been on a church board in the 'at large' position. It was during a very difficult time because of the loss of the Pastor's wife. One other thing you should know before you decide to vote for me, I will be a retired 'old goat' by the time the annual meeting is held and Chris and I are planning many trips in our RV, with one very long extended trip to her roots up in Northern Minnesota. We will be gone from two to four months, depending on how we feel, so if I am elected, I will be an absentee vice-president. I will be available by way of cell phone and email as I will need to keep in touch to maintain



the website. Please take this into consideration and if this is acceptable to you vote for me!

For Treasurer or Secretary: Kit Licata

My name is Kit Licata, I have a 1991 White Miata (with that red and black interior that everyone seems to like. I have been a club member for over one year and enjoy every aspect of the club.

I wish to announce that I am willing to run for the office for Treasurer and/or Secretary and I will list below my qualifications for each position. My work experience has stems from over three yrs on College and 12 yrs for Cox Cable, and three years as a Financial Counselor. My experiences have always gave me great pride in knowing I can keep such detailed records and balance family with work. But now I

am retired.

Treasurer qualifications

I am the current Treasurer for the autocross team named SCAT.

I also handle all the monies collected, deposited recorded and paid when we have our scheduled events. I provide the autocross a detail report on a monthly basis at our meetings.

I am also the registration Chief at our events and with my other SCAT members we can register over 100 individuals per day. I also in the last three years performed a detail audit for SCCA/Solo II Committee, I have served two years as their Treasurer

in 97-99. There are some Miata members that also belong to SCAT and we all enjoy our Miatas.

Secretary qualifications

I have been the Secretary for SCAT for over 6 years. I generally tape the meetings but provide a written report at our monthly meetings. I handle all necessary SCAT Club records. Many of those records go back 6 yrs or more. I am also the membership chairperson even though we only have 20 plus active members. I send reminders, create flyer calendar meetings etc. I just finished preparing, and hosting the 2006 Solo II Banquet at the Butcher

Candidate Statements

Shop, finding the place, doing the flyer, collecting the funds and preparing the final report. They had 91 attendees.

I live by four calendars and very quick on the computer. I hope all this information will let you see

who I am. Also I was born here in San Diego.

Kit did not submit a photo. —Ed.

For Treasurer: Jack Hinkle

Hello, I've been a member of SDMC for the past 12 years. I have never held an office or have been a member of the extended board. I've always used the excuse of heavy travel to justify my lack of contribution to the club. Perhaps it's been my sensitivity or my fear of rejection that's kept me from coming forward.

However there comes a time in everyone's life when they must reach out and overcome their feelings of self doubt and failure, and step up to plate to serve the community that they have benefited so much from. There comes a time when one needs to carry on the tradition of service as those that have done so before them; to accept the

personal sacrifices required and to say "I am here and I am ready to serve".

Therefore I am announcing my candidacy for Treasurer of the San Diego Miata Club even though this may require two or three hours a month of dedicated service. My qualifications are as follows:

I am quite versed in advanced mathematical skills of problem solving such as $6+4-2=8$. I am also capable of little known accounting techniques such as moving the decimal point right or left to multiply or divide by 10. I can read an account statement. I understand accounting principles used by CFOs of companies such as Enron, World Com, and Global Crossing to tell the public if



they're in the red or in the black, or to hide either when appropriate.

Borrowed from the words of an Olympic gymnastic coach, "You can do it". I am ready and "I can do it".

For Secretary: Gabe Rivera

I would like to take a moment to announce my candidacy for the position of Secretary. For those of you that don't know me, my name is Gabe Rivera. I have been a member since June 2005. I had a beautiful 10AE that I purchased from a wonderful person you all know by the name of Barb. Thanks Barb, you're the best! I had to part with my 10AE and became a copilot with Jerry Standefer our wonderful Editor in Chief of a very outstanding newsletter. But I just couldn't sit in that copilot's seat, I had to go out and purchase one of my very own. So, I dialed Barb's number, "OK, what do you have?"

You know our Barb, "I have this and this, oh I have a great deal on these two Brilliant Black Miata's." Of course, I was just going to look and after the course of 3-5 hours I

was leaving the Escondido Mazda dealership with my new Miata. I love this vehicle. So, now I am a full member. Thanks Janice for my Club membership card. I'm privileged to be part of the Brilliant Black Pack. Thanks go out to Les and Kelly for the acceptance into your color scheme.

I would like to be an active participant of the San Diego Miata Club. I would love to see the club continue to grow in a good direction. I have often heard that there is so much that the President has to do and I feel that I could be a strong support for our future President.

My professional background is in Property Management. I currently manage a community that houses 264 units. I deal with handling multiple tasks as well as handling resident issues that arise on a daily ba-



sis. I believe in working hard to get the job done. I feel that I would make a good candidate for the secretary position. In my line of work I need to be able to look at both sides of any issue and make fair decisions.

I hope that I can count on your vote. Thank you.

Choo Choo Run partly derailed

MIKE SCHWARTZ

It started out on a clear, bright, and sunny morning. A group of SDMCers is going to head out to Campo and ride the train. This run was one of the more unusual ones in terms of changing conditions. Harold Schwartz had laid out plans, made phone calls, printed run instructions, and even had pens to sign the waiver form. As much planning as Harold could do, he could not have foreseen some events that transpired during this run, but as they say, the show must go on.

We all gathered together for the 9:15 drivers meeting. Everyone got instructions for the day, even with those yellow car drivers heckling things along. As we were getting ready to leave, I think there were about 25 cars joining us for the leisurely drive out to Campo. It was quite a site to look back in the mirrors and see this long line of brightly colored Miatas stretching as far as you can see. We twisted and turned, and everyone was having a grand time.

As we headed farther east, the fairly light wind from the starting point increased quite dramatically. This was the first event that no one had truly counted on. Normally some wind would not even faze a driver, but these were approaching the 50–60 mph range. Dipping up and down and twisting around on the road, you would get these unexpected blasts of wind. It was funny to see how many people rolled up their side windows to help combat the wind. Aside from this little inconvenience, the drive was very nice.

We arrive in Campo to very high winds. I personally could not recall the last time I had been in winds this high. We all get parked in the lot, which happens to be dirt. Well, let's just say I can't remember a run where all the tops went back up. At this point, a number of people headed for the bathrooms and the rest to buy tickets for the train ride. Due to lighter traffic then normal, we were a little early. As we gathered around waiting to load up on the train, some of those

yellow car guys—OK, maybe guy—started making jokes. Everything was in good fun, and it helped pass the time. I do recall someone making a comment about remembering where your car was parked, as when we would come back they would all be one color ... silver (referring to bare metal). After a short wait, we all got on board the train for a relaxing ride up to Miller's Crossing. It was nice to be out of the wind and cold. It was around the upper 50s this day, but, according to the one of the train crew, it was *much* colder the previous weekend—dipping into the 20s at night.

We meandered along, taking in all the sites and beautiful scenery. Most of us in the front car got to hear all the facts, trivia, and folklore from the conductor. We learned a lot about Campo, the train, and the area. It was like having your own personal guide. We arrived at Miller's Crossing, which I believe was named for the dirt road we crossed.

We stopped to allow the engine to do what is known as a "run around." The engine was uncoupled from the front of the train, moved further up the line to clear the siding switch, and then head back down the siding to pass the cars. Once it cleared the far switch, it would back up and recouple to what was the rear of the train. Now all of us were in the rear car and facing the wrong way. What to do, you might say? Well, the car had these really cool seats that allowed you to move the back to face the correct way. Very high tech ... if you realize these were from the '40s. Heading back down to the station took less time, since it was now all downhill. We arrived back in Campo a little later than expected. A few members got off to check out the museum as they were going to head their own way when done. The rest of us were ready for the rest of the run to the Golden Acorn Casino for lunch ... or that was the plan.

Here came the second event that Harold could not foresee. Our fearless

yellow car driver, Steve (you would have to be fearless to drive a yellow car), had left a few minutes before the rest of us. The next thing we notice is this yellow Miata coming back down the road. Hmm ... did Steve lose his way? Nope. Just a few hundred yards east of Campo, the direction we were headed, the CHP had closed the road for what we assumed was an accident. No traffic was allowed this direction. It was a very nice gesture from Steve to come back and warn us of the closure. We needed a change of plans. Since it was already later then we were expecting and everyone was hungry, a quick drivers meeting ensued. We decided to drive back Highway 94 to our starting location and eat lunch at TGI Friday's.

As we drove back west, I noticed an interesting phenomenon. Driving at 55–60 mph and putting your hand outside the car, there was little or no wind resistance. This would indicate the vehicle and wind speed were about the same. That was weird, to say the least. Eighteen of us descended upon Friday's with a hunger for some good food.

The Friday's staff was quite accommodating to our surprise group, and did very well on getting us seated quickly. It was a nice time enjoying good food with friends. Lots of stories were shared, and everyone agreed that we had a great time despite Mother Nature and the CHP throwing us a curveball.

We Miata folks are resilient and flexible, and just go with the flow. We enjoy our cars, the friends who have been brought together because of them, and just being able to get out and drive.

A big thanks goes to Harold for planning and arranging the Choo Choo Run. He commented that we will need to redo the run, minus the train ride, later in the year. For now, it will be known as the Choo Run. Stay tuned for the second part later this year. Get out there and drive. Zoom Zoom.

Choo Choo Run renamed

HAROLD SCHWARTZ

Well, the day started bright and blue with a gentle breeze along the coast. I was in the driveway cleaning the dust off my Brilliant Black 06 when I noticed the more I cleaned, the more dust was arriving. Oh well, a *mild* Santa Ana should make for a nice day. I headed into the house and checked on Janet and her preparations for some top down fun.

We took off from home and headed eastward towards the Rancho San Diego Town Center. There was really nice weather on the back roads getting to the freeway. We headed down 805 and out 94, anxious to meet up with the other members who were going on what would be my first planned run. I was hoping the directions and flyer were going to be what the folks wanted, so we could have a run with no lost members or wrong turns.

As I approached Spring Valley, I noted the wind was picking up a little, but, so far, so good.

Janet and I, and son Mike and Lisa, arrived a little early, but on time for me. There were a few other Miatas there, and we all formed up in the parking area for some pre-run camaraderie. The weather was a little gusty, but so far no big deal. I handed out the instructions, and I made sure everyone had a copy and could understand where we were headed for the day. I asked Les Smith to sweep for me, and he graciously accepted. So off we went on a nice casual run to the San Diego Railroad Museum at Campo.

The further we went on 94, the stronger the wind blew. I phoned ahead to make sure the train was running, and they said everything was OK and there were only mild gusty winds.

The CB chatter was a little different. Comments such as "Branch in the road," "tumbleweeds rolling left to right," and "tree hanging low" sounded like the soundtrack of a disaster movie.

Well, we finally arrived at Campo, and I'm not sure those folks out there understood the meaning of "mild gusty winds." The parking area was composed of sand and gravel, and at times resembled the "dust bowls" of west Texas. To say the wind was howling is an understatement, but they assured us the train wouldn't be blown off the tracks. But there was no guarantee that any of our cars would still be



there when we returned from the train ride!

So, all aboard and off we went at a blazing 15 mph. Inside the rail cars, it was a delightful ride, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves and the historical commentary

by our knowledgeable conductor. When we returned to the depot, some of our members availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the museum. The rest of us headed back to our cars in the parking lot. A few members said they were leaving the run at that time and logged out with me. Steve Waid and his lovely yellow car was one of them. As I started the second drivers meeting, Steve returned to the parking lot and informed us that eastbound Highway 94 was closed by the Highway Patrol to all vehicles, even low profile Miatas.

Bummer! What to do? Several people offered suggestions, and we finally agreed on retuning to our starting point and having lunch at TGI Friday's. So we headed back west on 94 for some food for our empty tummies. Overall, everyone said they really enjoyed the train ride, and even though "Mother Nature" tossed me a curve with the weather, I thought my first run was a success, especially considering how it took both the California Highway Patrol and Mom Nature to shut me down!

Now you see why it was renamed the Choo Run ... we only completed half the trip.

How I spent my Saturday

TED KESLER

So this guy I don't know is throwing a run. Have you noticed how often that happens lately? Somebody you don't know is throwing something? Or maybe it's just me getting stuff thrown at. Then I hear this guy is Chevy Mikes' Dad. Chevy Mike in a Miata club is weird enough. His Dad putting on a Miata Club train ride just seems right, doesn't it? Sue sez we gotta go, it sounds like fun. Sue channels Steve Waid sometimes

... that Dude thinks everything sounds like fun. His big deal every year is called *The Puke*; Sue doesn't channel that part. But this run being on a full moon and all, I'm in.

Saturday morning we do the usual Carl's Jr. stand in the parking lot, check out the locals driving to Target checking out the funny little cars, set up the CB, sign the lawyer sheet (there's one; "lawyer sheet", aren't they all?)—the usual pre-run stuff. Chevy's Dad Harold (I told ya

I didn't know the guy) makes the proper intros, and his wife Janet (I don't know her, either) hands out a really well done trip sheet, and away we go. They planned everything but the weather.

Did I mention Kelley was there talking about her hot date later, which was why she couldn't do the run? Maybe we'll hear about how she spent her Saturday? Did she really need to rest up *all day*? We wanna meet this guy!

OK, we'll settle for just the story.

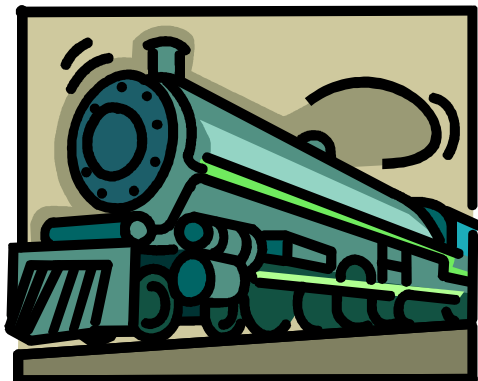
Taking 94 east to the Tecate turn-off (dime novel title: *Tecate Turnoff*) is a great way to meet every Mexican NAFTA truck driver trying to make up for lost time. And then the road gets skinny. The straight part after Simmons' Nursery has a great dip about midway. Separates the men from the speeding boys right there! Ask the guy in the Toyota pickup.

Campo is not as far away as it used to be, but Saturday it was as windblown and dusty as ever. The old west never died in Campo. The train station looks like Deadwood without the bad language, and the people who work there *all look like me*. Bitchin' hair and well chosen hats. I like this place!

Good we got here early. They work like I do on Saturday, too: start out slow and then just taper down. The line is out the door and down the ... dirt, and the ticket seller dude (Strother Martin as the Village People train engineer) is staring down the cash register like it really is Deadwood morning after. But they have a sale on Piña Colada Almond Joys (piña colada almond joys?). So Sue had herself a fitting morning after brunch.

The train is, well, not a train. No steam here, this is a genuine imitation antique miniature diesel-electric switch engine hooked up to two large ... somethings, that may have once been railroad car-like objects. The wind is blowing sand like Lawrence of Arabia, and the thing we're gonna ride looks like Peter O'Toole should be standing on top waving a scimitar. I'm enchanted with the whole scene of course!

We're not the only riders, but we throw some Miata Club muscle around and grab all the good seats in the car with seats. Or, kind of seat-like structures. The bottom is a piece of some material that bends, and the backs are hinged so they can be flung over and the whole thing then faces the other way. Don't enjoy the view or your seat-mates? Grab the upright like a train yard switch handle and with a great crash, that's all behind you. The entire interior is done up in varying thicknesses of a railroad-colored paintish substance that roughly matches the seat covers. The headlight of the wrong-way facing engine hangs on its hinge like a scarecrow, and the other car sounds like an explosion in a Montessori School.



Then the real fun starts.

The Conductor, or at least this dude dressed like a conductor but with a cane instead of a baton (mixed metaphors, get it?), heaves himself aboard and the whole thing creaks and groans and shivers and, and, and *moves*!

And we're off to Miller's Crossing. At about ten miles an hour, or maybe three. We pass Frank Shine's favorite destination: the old rusty truck cemetery and museum.

Then we have what on this day, passes for a fascinating story. According to the Conductor, Mr. and/or his family of Millers—or maybe who used to be millers, or just knew something about milling, or could have simply been there milling about—lived or died or crossed over something sorta near where the train stops to change direction.

There's nothing else there. But the sign sez Miller's Crossing, so that must be the place.

With some authentic, documented (we all saw it) milling about, the train crew and a group of mysterious people known as Cab Riders, succeed in hooking the engine to the other end of the other car and we start back to Deadwood, er ... Campo. We think the Cab Riders had to pay extra so we could sit and watch them mill standing up, but nobody (not the conductor or the millers themselves) seem to know for sure.

It's downhill this way, so there is occasionally a genuine feeling of motion. On the left this time there is a house with what appears to be the remains of a small collection of '50s Jaguars. Or maybe it's a collection of small Jag remains. Full moon, hot crossed millers, Jags, Deadwood, it's all clear to me now.

Jan has been taking pictures of *everything* with this *huge* camera. Top hat, flash tray, tripod, black hood, the whole thing. Jan is in the moment! Actually it's just the Mother of all Nikons, and he gets off at the museum stop. You knew Deadwood would have a museum, right?

While the rest of us do our post-excursion obligatories in the parking lot windstorm, Steve leaves right away to go have more fun somewhere else. But it's too windy even for the CHP, so Steve breezes back and blows the rest of our day. He sez the road is closed between Dead ... er, Campowood and the Golden Acorn (What do Indians have at the end of the rainbow, Alex?) due to high winds, and, just like in real life, we're done.

Sue and I go to the Galley by the Bay and have a tuna melt, a mushroom burger and a couple beers. The rest of the runners go to TGI Friday's. But I don't know what they ate.

When we get home Wally calls to talk about Ziggey's armrest and dead pedal.

And that's how I spent my Saturday.

David Woodhouse, timeless enthusiast

KELLEY RAYMOND



WHAT CAR would you love to drive, that you haven't already driven?

Most self-professed "car guys" could give you a long list of dream cars that they would love to drive. David "Woody" Woodhouse could tell you, first hand, what driving most of the ones on your list feels like; he's driven almost all of them.

Midwestern beginning

Growing up in Freeport, Illinois, Woody was fascinated with all things mechanical, including trucks and construction equipment. Later he became fixated on cars and airplanes. When he was in junior high school, reading Ken Purdy's car stories, he dreamed of driving a Grand Prix Bugatti and flying a Beech Staggerwing airplane. He's done both.

Woody started going to car races in the 1950s, and along the way began studying the history of racing. However, instead of moving forward with his interest like most people do, he found that it was the cars between the wars—the cars of the '20s and '30s—that really revved his engine.

Woody studied mechanical engineering at the University of Illinois, but dropped out just in time to get picked up by the draft in 1964. In their infinite wisdom, the Army sent him to Fort Ord in Monterey, California. Being an avid car guy, the young Midwesterner couldn't get his duffel bag packed and thrown on the luggage rack of his MGA fast enough. Laguna Seca Raceway and Pebble Beach Concours, Uncle Sam? You bet, I'm on my way!

He spent his whole "career" there in a Combat Developments

Command, the unit that tested new equipment. Whatever the Army needed, his group tested it. The Army taught him how to jump out of airplanes, and he had a wonderful time despite the fact that he didn't have any money. When he got out in 1966, he thought, "Well, here I am. I like it in California!" He moved down to San Diego because you can jump here year-round.

Settling in San Diego

Woody needed a job to support his skydiving, and General Atomics needed someone to make nuclear fuel, so they worked out a deal. He moved up through the organization and eventually became a supervisor of the fuel group. Later they shut down the fuels group because their contracts got cancelled; there were no nuclear plants being built.

Woody bounced around with a couple of other groups and made components for space power systems for a while. Eventually he wound up in his current group as a Senior Staff Technician. Woody has been with this group for 12 years and claims it's the most interesting and fun group he has worked with. As much fun as it is, he is diligently working on transferring his 40+ years of knowledge so that he can retire later this year.

Loyalty and reliability are cornerstones of this man's life. Not only has he been employed with the same company for 40+ years, he and his wife Margaret (Maggi) have been together for 36 years (married for 30 of those years). He bought his Datsun 240Z new in 1970 and didn't replace it until 1995 when he bought his 1995 Classic Red Miata.

And he has been friends with G.A. co-worker and fellow SDMCer "Voodoo" Bob Krueger for 35 years. When Woody and VBob weren't sitting around at lunchtime solving

the world's problems, they were lamenting the lack of an affordable, front engine, rear-wheel drive, two-seat, open car.

All of those relationship-building skills, and his unfailing dependability, served him well in the pursuit of two of his passions: cars and airplanes. When Woody was hanging around the track, he would often take pictures of the many cars he was admiring. Upon presenting a car owner with a photograph he had taken, Woody would often receive an invitation to take a ride in the car. So he got to know several of the car owners, racers, and other car enthusiasts like himself.

Dreams come true

Woody's particular favorites are Bugattis. When vintage racing came along in the early '70s, Woody got to know the guys who exercised the cars at the Briggs Cunningham Museum in Costa Mesa. Sometimes they were exercising Bugattis, and he got to ride along.

While he was at the Cunningham Museum, he saw an ad for historic automobile racers at Monterey and decided to go. He recalled, "That was in 1975, the 2nd year. They had the first historics in '74 and I'd have gone but I didn't know about it. We went in '75 and I haven't missed one since."

One year a nice fellow named Bob Sutherland let Woody drive one of his Bugattis, a Type 37A (4-cylinder, supercharged, Grand Prix car). It was late afternoon on a beautiful summer day in Carmel Valley (no, the *real* Carmel Valley) and Woody was changing into third gear.

For us unsophisticated folks who haven't even seen a Bugatti, much less driven one, the steering wheel is on the right side, and "the gear lever is outside the car, so it's a

right-hand gear change that comes up and goes through a slot." By the way, the wheels are exposed—just perfect for zipping the skin off your elbow when you're changing gears. For an enthusiast like Woody, the only appropriate response, is, "'Hey, that's really neat.' So then you learn to keep your elbow out a little bit."

Fortunately for Woody, the American Bugatti Club realized there were enthusiasts who couldn't afford the rapidly rising costs of owning a Bugatti, so they decided to allow the president to select two non-owners annually to join the club. Woody was one of the first two chosen; that was in 1986 and he's still a member today.

Head in the clouds

Woody's passion for aircraft is for planes from the same era. His favorite Beech Staggerwing is a 4-seater, fast biplane that would have been like a Learjet of the mid-1930s.

Before he met Maggi, Woody lived in a house in Lemon Grove with three other skydivers. One of his roommates managed a flying service at Brown Field and gave Woody a flying lesson as a gift. After that, he soloed quickly and went on to earn his private license.

Woody met Maggi at a "jumper" party. On one of their first dates, they rented an airplane and he took her up and let her fly the plane. Maggi eventually completed about a dozen jumps, but decided not to pursue it further.

Woody competed at the national skydiving championships in 1970, and he and Maggi were on staff at the 1972 world meet. He also competed on a 10-man speed star team at the '73 nationals. Woody logged 1,200 jumps and more than twelve hours in freefall during his dozen years in the sport.

One day, Woody learned from a G.A. co-worker about someone who

was restoring one of his beloved Beech Staggerwings. When the restoration was complete, Woody went to admire the plane and took some pictures. Sure enough, when he gave the owner the photographs, he invited him to ride up to an air show in Chino with him. The following year, the owner again invited Woody to ride up to the Chino show, but this time Woody got to actually fly the plane.

"The last airplane I flew, I got to fly a Stearman, which is a WWII, open cockpit biplane trainer, and the owner let me loop it. I'd never flown a loop by myself before. I'd ridden with people doing it, and I just thought that was wonderful. And I like to drive racing cars," said Woody.



David Woodhouse has been longing for a car like the Miata since before they were introduced. Photo: Kelley Raymond

Miata madness

Which brings us back around to cars. While he was hobnobbing with car people all over Southern California, two of the people Woody got to know were Mark Jordan (on the California Miata design team) and his dad Chuck (retired Styling Vice-President at General Motors).

Luckily for Woody, VBob, and the early Miata community, Mark and the guys would say, "Come on up to Irvine and we'll show you what we're doing."

VBob got his Miata first and confirmed for Woody that the car delivered everything that they had envisioned and talked about during

all those lunch breaks at G.A. When it finally came time to replace the 240Z, Woody called up VBob and told him that he had ordered a new 1995 Classic Red, and would pick it up in a couple of days. The next day at work, VBob walked in and put his now nearly legendary shift knob on Woody's desk. Mind you, Woody still didn't even have the car yet. But, when he finally picked the Miata up and drove it home, the first thing he did was unscrew the factory knob and put on Voodoo's shift knob, and it's been there ever since.

He and VBob were in the "Internet loop" that preceded SDMC, and that's how they both ended up being in the group of founding members. Woody served

for a while as the liaison to the San Diego Automotive Museum since he's on the Board of Directors of the museum.

His favorite thing about his Miata is that it's just fun to drive. Woody thinks that if you have a car that you have to drive daily, it should be fun. Some of his favorite SDMC runs are the annual Twilight Run, the Petersen Museum run, and the Palomar

Mountain Observatory run.

Woody and Maggi live in Mira Mesa. Their oldest daughter lives in Chula Vista with her husband and three daughters. Their younger daughter lives in Mountain View with her husband and twin sons.

What Woody would like folks in the club to know about him is that he's honest, pays his bills, likes fun stuff, and is an adrenaline junkie.

What I can tell you about Woody is that he speaks about these cars and airplanes with such enthusiasm that it's fun just listening to him and watching him light up while he's talking. Get him to tell you a story or two.

Time-tested Temecula Rod Run

GENE STREETER

It could have been the 7:45 a.m. drivers meeting and departure ... it could have been the scheduling conflict with Tech Day at Dennstedt's ... or, it could have been the Miata faithful weren't quite ready for another car show. One thing's certain: last month's *Twists & Turns* feature article "Why a Car Show" wasn't to blame. There were just six of us in four colorful roadsters (two flamed and two brilliant red, apparently needing no adornment) making our assault on Old Town Temecula for their 20th Annual Spring Car Show.

This marked the third SDMC run to the Temecula show since my brief association with our club. Those of you with good memories may recall last year's "Fall Leaf Run" was well attended. A week later, Editor-in-Chief Jerry Standefer pontificated on the notion of Miatas becoming classic cars in his monthly treatise. For the record, just four of us braved rain, hail, and snow to attend this event in February 2006. No matter,

David and Kari Streeter are niche marketers—in a variety of ways. I'll let them explain on their own time.

Saturday morning was both the perfect day for a car show and a spirited blast down some well-chosen country roads. Egged on by Steve Waid and Wes Tewksbury, David provided a preview of the upcoming Puke throughout



This '49 Ford has yellow flames. Haven't we seen those before?
Photo: Kari Streeter



POWERED BY FORD. The Cobra club had a Tiger in their midst. Photo: Kari Streeter



Beneath (and above) the hood of the Monkees' slightly modified GTO. Photo: Kari Streeter

my head being tossed from side to side!"

She was much more civil during the recent Choo-Choo Run into Campo and beyond.

Note to self: Don't bring Bonnie on the Puke without a HANS Device ... maybe cheaper to send her shopping.

Once at the car show, we never saw Wes again. He was simply absorbed into the appreciative crowd. There

much of the 34 miles, Sammy Hagar's "I Can't Drive 55" blaring from his speakers and exhaust, and even losing his sweep car in the process. In defense of my driving abilities, it was Bonnie's fault. You see, she was in charge of sweep communications and she was definitely up to the task.

"Slow down! My neck's hurting from

were some 800-odd cars on display, most pre-1974 in accordance with the rules. Ask Steve about how many non-compliant C3, 4, 5, and 6 Corvettes were in attendance. Or, for that matter, about the larger-than-life restored Monkee-mobile, loosely-inspired by the 1968 Pontiac GTO—on your own time. Fair warning: owing to his frequent conversations with Jim Wangers, Steve has a lot of knowledge about the GTO and muscle car genre. Owing to our ages, both of us were able to share a few muscle car tales.

Speaking of the "appreciative" crowd, when my visual senses weren't being drawn to gleaming chrome, stunning paint, or well-executed cus-

tom mods, they were being assaulted by their human equivalent – gleaming skin, exotic tattoos, even body modifications thrown in for good measure. Event organizers expected 60,000 visitors over the three days of the event. I have no reason to doubt that number.

Apart from the music and physical attractions, there was the automotive equivalent of a Mother's Day Buffet at our own Hotel del Coronado. The metaphor persisted with the asking prices of some of the vehicles sporting *For Sale* signs. Automobiles from A to Z, Austins to Zephyrs (didn't think I could pull that one off, did you?), drag-race Fiero to Willys, Lamborghini Gallardo to Corvair, Metropolitans to massive Cadillacs and Lincolns, maple Woodies to the very best in fiberglass, SMC, and carbon-fiber. Fresh leather interiors and the occasional revved engine rounded out the feast for all the senses.

An early lunch at Rosa's Cantina was a well-deserved break in the action. It didn't hurt that we avoided the long lines that formed

only half an hour later. Sometimes it's all about timing, good food, and good company. The two wives present were certainly good sports about the time we spent in Old Town. They stayed close, avoiding a multitude of antique and specialty stores in the bargain. (I apologize in advance for that one.) Steve never strayed very far either, owing to the family size bag of kettle corn I bought early on. Leaving *la casita* at 6:45 didn't leave much time for breakfast. Besides, kettle corn smells terrific ... tastes great ... less filling.

Even apart from my more recent efforts with the bylaws review committee, I've taken a lot of heat for the length of my run reviews, the Rose Run being the best example to date. Editors Jerry and Larry accused me



Bonnie Streeter prefers the green flames. Photo: Kari Streeter

of being in league with the printers, driving up production and distribution costs. One of the proofreaders had to spread her effort over two nights to digest and debug the entire article. Those with short attention spans, take heart. This article is the shortest one to grace these pages under my byline. Depending upon the feedback, maybe I'll work on the vocabulary next. *Just kidding!* See you at the next event.

Tech Day delights dozens

TOMMY AANENSON

Before I start writing about the terrific tech day at Dennstedt's Auto Repair, I want to thank my beautiful wife, Veronica. March 10 was not only the date of the tech day, it was also our seventh wedding anniversary. My presence at the tech day is proof of what an awesome woman she is. Thanks, Veronica!

I want to thank Larry and Rocky for all of their hard work in putting together such an awesome tech day event. Having the event at Dennstedt's Auto Repair gave all the SDMC members that were in attendance a safe and professional environment to work on the many projects that were going on. Safety is, and should always be, first and foremost

when it comes to working on or doing any projects on our beloved Miatas. Again, thanks to Larry, Rocky, and other members for their vigilance towards everyone's safety with all of their safety tips. Such as Ted Kessler and his tips on the proper lifting points on the Miatas when jacking up the cars, and putting them on stands so as not to damage the cars or to injure ourselves. Other than a few scraped knuckles and wrenched fingers, there were no real injuries.

I started preparing for the tech day as soon as the notice for the tech day was posted. I called Larry Dennstedt and informed him what project I had in mind. I wanted to replace my stock shock absorbers on

"Carnie," our red '90, with performance ones (that I had purchased from Mike Heinitz at a great deal) and retain the stock springs. I did this in order to reserve a piece of concrete to jack-up the car on level ground.

Having made my RSVP, I then made a list of tools and supplies that I thought I would need. I kind of over did it on the tools and supplies, because I brought way more than I really needed. Of course, I'm from the school of thought that if I didn't bring it I'd end up needing it! In the long run, I was glad that I did. Some of the other members there made good use of some of the things I did bring along, and I still ended up borrowing a flex head ratchet with

more leverage than the one I had from Rocky.

The evening before the tech day, I loaded Carnie with a bucket of tools, four jack stands, aluminum "racing" floor jack, two folding chairs, and an easy-up. Yes, I said *racing* floor jack! I have never personally seen a floor jack race, but it sounds very interesting. Could it be a NASCAR event? I don't know. What I do know is that there was a miniature *racing* floor jack for sale that was a "Mini-Me" of my floor jack at the swap meet that was set up at the front of Dennstedt's. I'm not positive who bought it. I think it was Mark Booth, but I could be wrong. I just hope it gets plenty of hydraulic oil so it can grow up to be a strong *racing* jack like mine. I was interested in one of the items that was on sale: a protective nose bra for an NA. It was sitting real pretty on the fence, but apparently I sat on the fence too long, and when I got ready to wheel and deal it was gone.

On tech day, I left our home in Ramona early enough (7:00 a.m.) to be one of the first to arrive at Dennstedt's, but to my surprise, there was at least a dozen Miatas already there by 7:35 a.m. I went the speed limit, I swear. OK, I went the flow of traffic. Oh yeah, there was no traffic and hence why I got there in such a timely manor. But, I did travel at a rate of speed that was prudent and safe for the conditions of the roads, traffic, and weather. That's my story, and I'm sticking to it!

As soon as I arrived, both Larry and Rocky directed me to go to the back entrance, where Rocky backed Carnie, to my surprise, onto the lift. I felt honored to be given the coveted lift to complete my project on. I then got myself situated and started in on my project. The only regret that I might have had about tech day is that Veronica, my beautiful wife, was not able to attend. Eleven days prior to tech day, Veronica underwent major surgery on her left leg to remove two stainless steel plates, thirteen screws, and two washers.

Otherwise, she would have been right in there with me wrenching on Carnie. I took the bag of hardware that was removed from her leg to work with me the next day after her surgery, and I kept getting the same question from all of my fellow associates, "Where on your Miata do those parts go?"

I had researched my project and the various ways to do the removal and installation of shock absorbers on a Miata. In fact I almost did the project at home in my own garage. Looking back, that would have been a mistake and here's why: You really need an extra pair of hands to do this project, and I would not have had access to the expertise of the veteran autocrossers who know all of the shortcuts, or the professional guidance and patience of both Rocky and Larry. These are also just a few of the things that make this club as great as it is. I had a lot of fun at tech day with my project, and helping others with theirs. If I had done this at home, I know that it would have just been total frustration. Instead, it turned out to be a great day of fun and camaraderie with everyone. There was a donation can that floated around to collect enough for the pizza fund. I believe Scott Lewis took charge on this project to feed the hungry mass, and a great job he did. The pizzas were delivered just in time for lunch. This gave

e v e r y o n e
elbow deep
into their
projects a
chance to
t a k e a
breather and
socialize a bit.

After I was done with my project, it was Leo's turn to put his NA on the lift. That's a very clean engine, Leo. I believe the engine in

Leo's car was recently built by Larry. I'll help with those frame rails soon.

I was amazed at the number of different projects that was going on, and I'm sure that was the general consensus. Some of the projects that I witnessed were complete brake jobs, brake master cylinder exchange, transmission and differential gear oil change, oil changes, fuel injection system cleaning, in-depth wiring of an ECU piggy-back unit, and many others from simple to very complex. I believe at one point there were 40 Miatas on the premises.

I had the opportunity to see a few passers-by and their expressions were that of awe. All in all, the one thing that kept ringing through my head was what an awesome club to be a part of. There wasn't anyone at the event that was not prepared to lend a hand wherever it was needed. I stayed long enough to help put everything back into the shop and to push in the cars that were moved to make room for all the club members' cars. From what I've heard since the event, it seems some of the real diehards stuck around and talked shop for an hour or two afterwards.

Now I need to come up with another project for the next tech day event. It won't be hard as I have plenty of projects in mind, and Carnie will always be a WIP (Work In Progress).

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Many vendors offer discounts to Miata Club members. The club does not endorse these vendors, but lists them as a membership benefit. Some offers may require you to show a current SDMC membership card.

Businesses that wish to be listed must offer a discount from their normal retail prices to SDMC members. Listings are limited to five lines (about 30-35 words). Contact newsletter@sandiegomiataclub.org for more information.

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Send ads to newsletter@sandiegomiataclub.org. Ads will run for four months unless canceled, and may be revised and resubmitted.

Address

APRIL 2007

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2 Passover	3	4	5	6 Cruisin' Grand Good Friday	7 NO Run
8 Easter	9	10	11	12	13	14
15 MAY 7&7 DEADLINE	16	17	18	19	20	21 SDMC Annual Meeting
22	23	24	25	26 Monthly Meeting	27	28
29	30					

MAY 2007

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4 Cruisin' Grand	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13 Mothers Day	14	15 JUNE 7&7 DEADLINE	16	17	18 Miatas in Moab	19 Miatas in Moab
20 Miatas in Moab	21	22	23	24 Monthly Meeting	25	26
27	28 Memorial Day	29	30	31		

DATE	EVENT	TIME	MEET	CONTACT	PAGE
Fri 4/6, Fri 5/4	Crusin' Grand	6:00 p.m. (eat) 7:00 p.m. (cruise)	Tom's #23, 5th St & Centre City Pkwy, Escondido	Steve & Laurie Waid 760-432-0727	6
Sat 4/7	Run	POSTPONED		Steve Kennison 858-271-8498	
Sat 4/21	SDMC Annual Meeting	10:00 a.m.	San Diego Auto Museum, 2080 Pan American Plaza	Sue Hinkle 760-735-9456	3
Thu 4/26, Thu 5/24	SDMC Monthly Meeting	6:00 p.m. (eat) 7:00 p.m. (meet)	Boll Weevil Restaurant, 9330 Clairemont Mesa Bl.	Sue Hinkle 760-735-9456	3
Fri 5/18- Sun 5/20	Miatas in Moab	All weekend	BW Canyonlands Inn, Moab, Utah	Wanda Bates 801-489-1915	6