



The newsletter of the San Diego Miata Club

Volume 16 Number 6

June & July, 2011



Interesting metaphor, but I can't take any credit for it. The movie soundtrack for "Cars" propelled the Rascal Flatts version to the top of the charts and it still resonates nicely with me. Maybe it's the gritty realism, maybe it just speaks to the sense of wanderlust and exploration many of us in this club seem to possess. Credit one such exploration in particular for this article. For those of you familiar with my writing style, here's some friendly advice: adjust your seating position, buckle up, and settle in for the long haul. My son, the publisher, promised he'd make room for my effort.

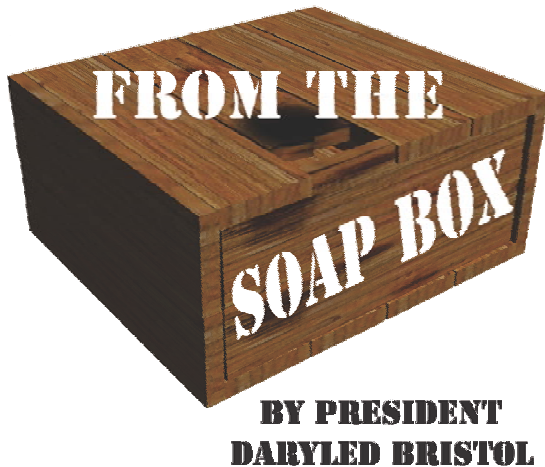
Initially, it was just a small troupe of adventurers taking a bite out of life on the open road. I remember the heightened sense of anticipation of a road trip, even as a small child. Sort of like the anxiety that always stirred on Christmas Eve. My Dad loved to drive and road trips were always special. I don't know who got less sleep the night of May 13th, but at least he was tossing and turning in his bed away from home. Me? I was still packing, making final arrangements, and cleaning my eager Miata until 1:30 AM.

The alarm sounded at 3:00 AM, the beginning of a very long day and our first 640 miles on what has been billed and regaled as the Ultimate Miata Road Trip. On to our rendezvous point in Escondido, departing 4:30 AM – full tank of fuel, empty bladder, and an obligatory cup of coffee. The Waids, the Booths, and a pair of *well-worn* Genes...the plan was to rendezvous with Wayne and Joy Russ further down the road, meeting up with Greg and Mandie Lee, along with Alan Kagan and Jill "I *am* the weather girl" Wilson in Chicago. We wouldn't be docking with our new President Daryled and Carlan Bristol until we hit Oklahoma – the state, not the musical. (Some of us are already "tittering" at the inside joke; and there are plenty of them. Did he say "tittering"? YEP!)

Convertible top down (yes, I'm that committed – or, should be!) and cold, moist air washing over my face, I could have even done without the coffee; I was finally away from the daily grind at work and re-living my childhood once again. Even apart from the bonding experience these trips seem to deliver, I wanted to further explore the very route that Dad drove in bringing us to California in 1959. We were exchanging the harsh winters and cold of New England for the warm and welcoming arms of the Golden State. We were incredibly better off than those escaping the Dust Bowl of the 1930s; they too headed West, but they were down-trodden, abused, and gritty in their determination to make a better life. John Steinbeck's saga *The Grapes of Wrath* no longer applied when we traveled the Route; no matter how you pronounced it, California had become the *promised land* to much of the country.

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President's Message



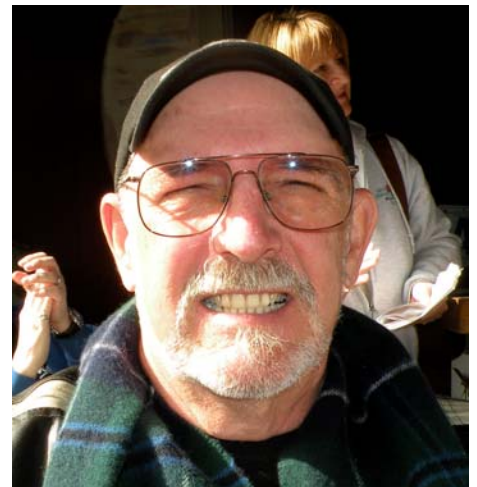
Welcome, summer is upon us and it is time to enjoy the convertible life so let's do some drive time. Last month I enjoyed the companionship of members who enjoy driving, maybe to the extent that borders on insanity. Come on, 4000-plus miles trapped in a tin coffin? What was I thinking?

I didn't do the entire Route 66, just the southwestern portion. About 10 days with like-minded individuals and their co-drivers. Many hours spent on the stoop swapping tales and reliving the day's adventure. Sometimes just dodging lightning and twisters but a great time was had by all and one lucky couple happened upon their dream car at a dealership in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Now that is good "Drive Time". We waited with them while the haggling took place, the paperwork was complete, and the gas tank was filled and the car freshly washed. This brings up a point that I wanted to address.

Previously we enjoyed another run with the club and one of the participants experienced a mechanical failure. A number of us stopped while the remainder of the run continued. We attempted to get the car running and determined that it would take more than duct tape and a little skill to return to the road. The driver called for AAA and a flat bed tow and urged us to continue.

Now at this point I have to admit that I was torn between the run that I wasn't sure where it was going or how long it would take us so I left them along the side of the road. If I remember correctly it took another three hours for the tow truck to arrive. I know that there is not a single thing I could have done to make that happen any sooner, but at the same time I know that I should never leave another driver alone along the side of the road. It just ain't right. I have been in both positions and I appreciate the company as much as anything. I hope that if the situation ever presents itself again, I will respond differently. Misery loves company, if for no other reason than just to keep from talking to oneself.

The San Diego County/Del Mar fair is fast approaching so lets shine 'em up and go for a ride!



Membership update for 4/15/2011 thru 5/26/2011

Perry Willette & Susan Krizek	Escondido	1994 Montego Blue Mica
Lila Podlewski	Carlsbad	1992 Sunburst Yellow
Chris Smith	Carlsbad	1993 Mariner Blue
Joe & Jeannie Vaccaro	Murrieta	1999 White
Penn Hulburd & Helen Green	La Jolla	2010 Black
Ric Kaimimoku	San Diego	1990 Classic Red
Kao Vang	San Diego	2003 Sunlight Silver Metallic

We currently have 160 memberships (49 single, 111 dual) for a total of 271 members.

Well, it was the best of both worlds in one day! I'm talking about the Patriot's Day Parade and Run that Les and Dyanna Smith organized on May 21. Les has taken this over from Linda Payne who was the originator of the Tierrasanta Parade a few years back. (And now we do it in memory of Linda, and her grandson drove her Miata.)



You think of Tierrasanta as a small little community and how big could their parade be??? Well you would be totally shocked to see so many throngs of folks lining the streets. The parade itself seemed even bigger to me than the one we do for Veteran's Day in San Diego. I was at the last part, carrying a school principal. The parade was humongous, and very impressive. It gave me a good feeling to think of so many folks with so much support, enthusiasm and goodness within as we drove the streets. Participating in parades restores my faith in mankind and our society. Anyway.....



After some ice cream at the Dairy Queen, we all got going for the second part of the day. I think throughout the whole day we averaged about 12 cars. Some came for one part; others for another part. But the best part was having three new cars amongst us. It's always fun getting to know new folks and exchanging stories and watching the joy

they have as we drive some of our favorite roads.

Les and Dyanna took us on some oldies and some that I hadn't been on before. About 75 miles of just FUN,FUN FUN ! It was just a glorious day full of blue skies, white billowing clouds and perfect temperatures.

Our pit stop at Simpson's Nursery was just too short. Lots of beautiful old cars in the museum to admire and a wonderful nursery to explore ... We just have to do another run up there, please ??

And a very big THANK YOU to Les for making our driving directions in extra large print ... I loved the way you wrote these directions with the large "Q" on the sides for our queue stops as well. Excellent day from start to finish !





The 14th Annual Puke is now a memory. Per our resident “fashion plate” and President, Steve Waid, we’ve never had rain, fog (low clouds), snow, sand, and run-off for our annual running of this signature event. For me, this was my seventh edition, my third time as sweep, and my favorite to date. Among the SDMC faithful, these are arguably weak statistics. Weak though they may be, “The Puke” occupies a special niche in my memory and experience.

It was my first-ever SDMC event; ignoring Sue Kesler's sage advice, I decided against the “Daffodil” group and joined a group without any flower-viewing pretenses. It was stressful, to be sure. My palms were sweaty much of the time and I had never even driven the roads we attacked. The best part, apart from safe arrival back at Dalton's? My co-pilot was son David, and he was hooked. Bonnie has never had any affinity for this event...no offense.

David led our group again this year. My “sweep” duties were made easy by the small size and optimal behavior of all five vehicles we escorted. Fact is, I was the only vehicle to get routinely trapped at traffic signals. Interesting factoid: our entire group of seven vehicles was limited to just three exterior colors – silver, red, and, black. Any connection to Aztec basketball colors was purely coincidental.

We were fortunate to have many slower vehicles pull over and let our swarm pass by. The theory I shared with my navigator/daughter-in-law Kari goes something like this – imagine yourself as a slower driver witnessing a group of vehicles approaching with convertible tops in the stowed position, despite the inclement weather. Ask yourself “Are these the sort of drivers and states of mind I'm inclined to mess with?”

I think not...easier to use the next available turnout.

Yes, the weather seemed to keep the overall traffic volume down. And, yes, road conditions forced more moderate speeds on all of us. Thanks to all of you who planned and participated in this very special event.

As Club Treasurer, I sometimes receive mis-directed mail. One such document takes a dim view of our auto-centric recreation. It appears under separate cover.

March 27, 2011

United States Dept of Interiors
Secretary, Dept. of Transportation

Mr. Steve Waid, President
San Diego Miata Club



It has come to our attention that you have planned and conducted the fourteenth annual edition of an automotive event irreverently labeled "The Puke." Further, you were the original architect and remain the continuous perpetrator of this version of motorized mayhem over many two-lane roads in San Diego County adjudged to be the some of the "most dangerous" in Southern California.

Frankly, we don't understand the attraction of driving smallish, vulnerable autos at their performance limits and in a manner that infuriates some of the area residents. The sight of brightly-colored (and even "flamed") vehicles appearing suddenly in their rear-view mirrors and running in formation at speeds well above those posted or prudent and sounding like swarming bees has terrorized many a mild-mannered citizen operating his/her vehicle in a safe and sane manner.

Running packs of 7 to 12 cars in multiple directions and over proscribed routes suggest that your efforts are much more sophisticated than those of the motorcycle clubs and/or "gangs" that travel in a much more random manner. There are concerns that your CB communications are designed, at least in part, to evade and frustrate law enforcement.

Historically, your event has seen vehicles careen out of control, run off the road, spin-out, roll over, and crash into trees, mountainsides, and even other vehicles. And, the *carnage* doesn't stop there. Possum, skunk, ground squirrels, even bats have been seriously injured or sacrificed to your speeding excesses. Area livestock are subjected to your exploits as well; as if the noise of your high-revving powerplants wasn't enough, some of your followers broadcast "moo-ing" noises and raise their arms high in the air whenever clearing cattle crossings to make a mockery of their incarceration behind barbed wire or other types of fences.

To the point, your exploits to promote driving activities in general, and "The Puke" in particular, on behalf of the San Diego Miata Club are propping-up a failing cultural affinity for automobiles in general, and sports cars in particular. At the highest levels of your government, we believe it's essential to break down this emotional attachment in the greater public interest. Automobiles in general, and two-seater sports cars in particular, are not our most efficient modes of public transport.

We ask that you make 2011 the final year of this activity. Further, that you exercise your considerable influence to extol the virtues of "taking the bus" in lieu of less efficient personal transportation. Failing that, please encourage Club members to drive the much-safer interstates and highways that are widely available there.

Sincerely,
Ima Nudge
Deputy Commissioner

Life is a Highway (cont.)



Photo by Laurie Waid

Memory Lane just outside Lexington, Illinois features old signs and sites of old Route 66 businesses now long gone.

I promised myself to a long-overdue performance upgrade on my 2004 Velocity Red Mica 'Speed. Just in time for the trip, my car now sported an additional fifty rear-wheel horsepower (the best kind), an authoritative exhaust note, and an aggressive new attitude thanks to my Flyin' Miata upgrades. Ask yourself, then, "why is it so many of the photos of his red roadster include an adjacent dumpster?" Short answer, ask Mark Booth or Laurie Waid; for the long answer, ask Steve or me. I'll tell you the truth, it's just complicated. Don't look to me to upstage Marilyn Miata in the Newsletter...I love my car, but even with the upgrades, it doesn't talk to me.

Those of you with a sense of history or a good memory may recall the construction of Route 66 was begun in 1926. The intentions were to knit small towns and cities alike into a recognizable highway to transport citizens and goods back and forth from the Midwest to the West Coast, specifically Los Angeles, which had begun to challenge both Chicago and New York for bragging rights as a center of commerce. Route 66 reigned supreme as the

Mother Road, the Street of Dreams, and many things to many people. The Bobby Troupe song that surfaced in 1946 became every bit as iconic as "Over the Rainbow" (saw a bunch of those) and captured the hearts and minds of the public, motoring or otherwise. "Getting your kicks" helped small towns cement their importance while creative marketers and carnival antics captivated travelers – youngsters and adults alike. It was the era of Burma Shave, jackalopes, and world's largest ball of twine.

More than a song, or a dream, it was reality for those of us that recently traversed the entire length of this Mother Road and the vast majority of its attractions. I'm going to share only a small slice (I have to use dessert vernacular to ensure some of you will continue reading) of our experience. I encourage you to sample the myriad photos that are out there from the photo mavens that have readily shared; be warned, however. You might be investing hours in the process and run the risk of joining-up for the next run already being contemplated.

Trail Master Mark saw to it that our pilgrimage covered approximately 99% of the still-usable Route and something close to that percentage of the thousands of historic and relevant sites, as catalogued in *EZ 66 Guide for Travelers*, authored by veteran 66er Jerry McClanahan. Lest I forget to say it later, Mark and venerable sidekick, Cathy, did an amazing job of plotting our course, securing the lodging well in advance, providing turn-by-turn instructions and calling out landmarks and trivia as we approached or buzzed past. Should you look up the word "multi-tasking" in your dictionary, I'm confident there is a photo of Mark steering, shifting, glancing at the EZ Guide, his i-phone, and talking on the CB. Oh, and I almost forgot, taking the occasional photo at speed. Trail master Mark was the mantle given him by Greg Lee, who turned out to be a bit of a multi-tasker his own self. If you want the short version of the story, ask Mandie.



Photos by Laurie Waid



Greg and Mandi Lee riding the Wild Jackrabbit at the Jackrabbit Trading Post in Arizona

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Life is a Highway (cont.)



Breakfast at the Summit Inn. Well, soon anyway.



We stop for lunch in a small town in Iowa.
They even have a McDonalds.

The more colorful, and much longer version, comes from Greg himself. I dare you to ask him about our 4-hour tour of Chicago...pack a lunch and prepare to laugh...a lot!

Various bits of literature and museum storyboards satisfied our intellectual hunger. With apologies for skimping on the details, it was General Dwight Eisenhower's visit to post-war Germany (World War II, if you were ashamed to ask) that left him enamored of the Autobahn and concept. Later, *President* Eisenhower launched his interstate highway program in 1958, providing high-speed travel between those same states and regions, but this time the selling point was cloaked in national security. There was political capital in a plan that allowed for the rapid deployment of troops and military equipment within our expansive borders. The net effect of the interstate highway system was the skirting of small towns all along the Mother Road and elsewhere in our nation.

Towns were suffocated, and then died, for lack of customers, most of who were now drawn to the newer, faster, smoother multi-lane slabs of concrete and asphalt. A resurgence of interest in the "old road" was wrought by some of the same folks that witnessed the demise of Route 66 along with their towns and businesses. Route 66 preservation organizations and chapters sprang up everywhere along the route in reaction; you might have read there were plenty of celebrations scheduled this year in honor of the 85th Anniversary of the Mother Road. I encourage you to read any number of good books or magazine articles on the subject. Even *I* can't stretch this story far enough

to do the history any justice.

Speaking of celebrations along the Route...we certainly did! Every day was a party of sorts. No funny hats, but lots of off-key singing, SDMC-style. Yours truly did a CB version of "*King of the Road*" while Steve Waid entertained with "*One-eyed, One-horned, Flying Purple People-eater*." Note the "eating" theme even crept into our singing. Since you're now dying to know what occasion prompted off-key singing, I'll tell ya'll. Both Roger Miller and Sheb Wooley once called Erick, Oklahoma home and were responsible for the success of the two songs we butchered along the Route. There's an intersection in town of the two streets named for both of them. I hope you appreciate the fact that I just violated our blood-oath "what happens on the Route stays on the Route" for your reading enjoyment. At most every meal, there was dessert, and we didn't miss many opportunities for either. When the CB crackled with the question "Is anybody hungry?" the responses were sometimes unequivocal. Dad would respond with something like "it's been so long since we've eaten that my stomach was starting to think my throat's been cut." On the phone with Mom that evening he'd sing an entirely different tune. "These people eat constantly. It's all I can do to keep up and choke down the next bite." He did his fair share of the lifting, though in fairness we split quite a few meals. One of the best examples of some "heavy lifting" came at a breakfast experience in lovely Cuba, Missouri.

If you're hungry, willing to share (with half the town), and have a certain reputation for visiting dumpsters, this was *the* place. Go ahead; I dare you to order the "pile o' food." No joke, I can't even make this stuff up. It was a humongous platter of biscuits, gravy, ham, eggs, sausage, taters, hash, onions, more gravy, all piled on top of each other...there was little regard for "presentation," if you know what I mean. There are photos in a few of the collections, but you can take my word for it.



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New Member Profile: Mike McVeigh

Mike McVeigh lives in Point Loma and is a Spanish teacher at Scripps Ranch High School. His hobbies and interests include driving, cars, hiking, photography, traveling, and spending time with family and good friends.

Mike's Miata is a 2010 Liquid Silver PRHT, 6MT Touring purchased from Bob Baker Mazda in November 2010. Was the color choice intentional?

"Originally, I went to the dealership to look at a 2011 Copper Red GT soft-top. After I saw the silver 2010 with the hard-top in Touring trim and then realized the deal I could get with that car, I knew that it was right for me. I love the car and I'm 100% satisfied with my decision.

"I wanted a fun, reliable convertible that I could drive on an everyday basis without compromising (limited) trunk space. The PHRT is awesome and I'm still fascinated by the technology! It's been 20 years since I first saw a Miata and I've never lost my enthusiasm."

Previous sports cars:

"I drove a 1999 Mercury Cougar for a while (horrible car) but my mom has owned a 2000 BMW Z3 since October of 1999. I've put about 20,000 miles on the Z3 and I appreciate the car, but my Miata has sharper, more confidence-inspiring handling.

"It was going to be a weekend-only car, but it has soon replaced my Volvo S60 as my daily driver. If things continue, I might sell the Volvo and use the Miata as the only car!

Any driving scares in your Miata?

"Nothing yet in the Miata, but several years ago a Ford Expedition almost drove over me when I was in mom's Z3. Inspired me to do an air-horn upgrade ASAP :-)"

What have you enjoyed about club runs?

"I'm looking forward to meeting new people and having a chance to test my car's handling while doing something I've never done before.

Mike's favorite San Diego County road (so far) is the 78 up towards Julian.

"Honestly, I haven't traveled that many San Diego roads in the car to see what's interesting."

San Diego County "discoveries" while on club runs or just out driving:

"I'd love to learn more about this category!!"



Life is a Highway (cont.)



Photos by Laurie Waid



"stuff" filled the interior of the mechanics bay of the old Standard Station in Odell, Illinois.



On the bridge over the Mississippi River at Dubuque, Iowa going into Illinois

I wasn't hungry again until...lunch time. Some of us had hopes of returning home without needing a new wardrobe. On occasions such as this, we reinforced the notion that SDMC is a driving club with an eating disorder.

One of the most memorable days on the Route had ended the evening before in Cuba. The day started with Dad and I *doing* the St. Louis Arch, mid-day was exceedingly well-spent at the Meramec Caverns in the Missouri Ozarks, then a climactic evening at *Bob's Gasoline Alley*. Bob and Darlene Mullen saw a pack of us roaming around the streets of town as our after-dinner exercise. One of Cuba's claims to Route 66 fame is the collection of super-sized murals decorating the walls of local businesses. Bob and Darlene invited us to come visit their barn and see their collection of gas pumps, signage, etc. Having no idea what to expect, we drove several miles out of town to one of the best collections of garage and auto memorabilia in memory.

We spent a few hours trying to absorb all that was on display...perfect row after row and shelf above shelf. The only thing to overshadow their collection was the Mullens' hospitality and humility. They were wonderful people, willing to share their town, their stories, and their time with us; to varying degrees, people were like that most anywhere we went on the Route. Talk about sensory overload – it was *akin* (ahem...sorry) to visiting the Egyptian Pyramids, the Grand Canyon, and the Smithsonian all in one day. We hope Bob and Darlene can visit with us here in San Diego on one of their business/buying trips.

At most roadside attractions, there were the obligatory t-shirt and curio purchases. There was a constant procession of specially-posed and orchestrated photos, especially those that announced SDMC was here - staged cars, tour attendees, Mother Roaders all. Looking for the perfect photo of the neon Wagon Wheel motel sign in Cuba (*Oh, What a Night!*), Mark and I collaborated (along with half the neighborhood and the visiting GTO Club) on a time-lapse photo of the sign with my tail lamps adding an artful streak below...you have to see this one. "What was my role in the photo?" you ask. Drive the same turn over, and over, and over, until we got it right. The historic bridges we encountered and sometimes crossed received an extra dollop of attention, but well short of the effort required above. Museums were a staple everywhere we went (brain food) and historic cafes were the daily equivalent of MECCA.

Our cars were part of the attraction in many places we visited. Of the sixteen days of driving I participated in, my convertible top was up less than five hours. I still have the dust, maybe even some errant tumbleweed fragments, in my interior to prove it. We could interact at every signal, stop sign, etc. People opened-up to us, were eager to hear of our plans and exploits – were envious of our adventure and our custom-made Route 66 magnetics, if not our colorful, slightly extroverted chariots. On occasion, we gave as good as we got. I drove for multiple blocks in St. Louis alongside a vehicle sporting

the name "Miss Magnum" in vinyl across the tinted liftgate glass. I absolutely made her day when I hailed her with "are you a beauty contest winner?" It provoked one of the biggest smiles and the best "thank you" of the entire trip. She confessed it was simply the name she gave her car.

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Life is a Highway (cont.)



Photo by Laurie Waid

Here we all are at the Will Rogers Monument on the bluffs in Santa Monica overlooking the Pacific.

Yes, the trip was designed to experience every possible mile of Route 66. The photos chronicle every day, every notable stop, and very nearly every shared experience. I subscribe to the theory a “picture is worth a thousand words.” Those pictures will help trigger the memories we’ll treasure every bit as much. Apart from the places, our trip was special because of the people – our interactions over meals, wheel-to-wheel, and *on the stoop* in the evenings. We shared fears and anxieties as well. I had never experienced the tornado sirens that heralded our arrival at our Edmond, Oklahoma motel. If that wasn’t un-settling enough, the next morning we drove soberly on the periphery of the damage done to nearby Joplin. We experienced the Heartland and its people – creative, resilient, and optimistic for the future.

People along the route were memorable as well. We encountered a substantial group of 20-somethings from France on rented Harleys making their own pilgrimage; a family from Belgium found us both entertaining and welcoming; a couple from Canada confessed to doing the

Route because of Mark’s blogging about it – their NC was welcomed into our fold for the better part of the day, leaving Seligman, Arizona. There were six full-size tour buses there when we arrived on the scene on Memorial Day. Locals and tourists alike were snapping pictures of our Miata motorcade. It’s one thing to feel welcome by tourism-minded folks and business owners, but witnessing international enthusiasm for us and our compact time machines was over the top. There are so many more stories to share. Some of the best will be shared in knowing glances, buzz words, and mentally

replayed, at will, between now and the next *Ultimate Miata Road Trip*. Me? I’ll take a thematic page from Willie Nelson’s songbook, with a little SDMC twist:
***On the road again
Just can’t wait to get
on the road again
The life I love is
touring with Miata
friends
And I can’t wait to
get on the road
again!***



Photo by Laurie Waid

The Baghdad Cafe, made famous by the movie of the same name.

Upcoming Events

2011 Rancho Bernardo Spirit of the 4th Parade and Fun Run

Rancho Bernardo's Spirit of the Fourth Executive Committee has requested San Diego Miata Club's participation in this year's 4th of July Parade. We are pleased to confirm that 15 SDMC members have volunteered their time and cars to drive VIPs in the Rancho Bernardo parade on the 4th of July.

Prior to the parade, at 1:30 PM, the drivers and their guest will attend an invitation only VIP reception. The parade will begin at 3:30 PM and is expected to conclude about 4:30 PM. Invitations to the VIP reception, recommended reporting time, parade instructions, and a map will be sent to SDMC parade participants in the near future.

Jan and Jeff Frederick are the SDMC points of contact for our club's participation in this parade. They will also lead a fun run following the parade. The fun run will begin in Rancho Bernardo in the parking lot of Carver's Restaurant (11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive). The driver's meeting will be held about 5:00 PM (exact time is dependent on when the parade concludes). The fun run will last about an hour and 15 minutes and will include 45 miles of country roads in the North and East County.

The fun run will conclude at Jeff and Jan's house where ice cream desserts will be served. At 9:00 PM you can view Rancho Bernardo fireworks from their front yard, so bring Miata chairs if you wish. The fun run is open to all SDMC members. You do not have to be a parade participant to join in the fun run and the ice cream at Jeff and Jan's.

For questions about the parade and/or fun run, contact Jeff/Jan at (858) 675-0607 or 2freds.sd@gmail.com.

Jan & Jeff Frederick



Run to the Annual Picnic

We're all going to the picnic, right? Well why not go there together on a bit of a circuitous route! Rick and Diane Spurgeon are organizing their first-ever Miata run! Rick's getting magnetics for his birthday!

The details are still being worked out, and we'll have a lot more information by the July meeting. What we do know is this:

Date: Saturday, August 20

Destination: Gypsy Wayne and Gordon Long's house
9361 Lemon Avenue, La Mesa, CA 91941

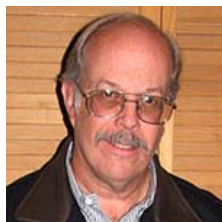
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The SAN DIEGO MIATA CLUB is a California nonprofit corporation. Twists & Turns is the monthly newsletter of the SAN DIEGO MIATA CLUB. Use of articles or stories by other Miata clubs is hereby granted, provided proper credit is given. Submissions to 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.

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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

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

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!

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.

July's Monthly Meeting is:

July 28th

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 \$10 each for badges with safety-pin closures, or \$14 each for badges with magnetic fasteners. Prices include shipping to your home.

Sue Hinkle 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.

Twists & Turns Printed By:



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Heat Wave Ahead...

Upcoming Events *(cont.)*



July 1st	Cruisin' Grand	6:00 - 9:00PM	Tom's #23 Escondido	Steve Waid swaid@cox.net
July 2nd	Del Mar Fair Car Show	All Day	Del Mar Fair Grounds	Steve Waid swaid@cox.net
July 4th	Spirit of the 4th of July Parade and Fun Run	1:00PM - 9:00PM	Carver's Restauarant 11940 Bernardo Plaza Dr.	Jeff & Jan Frederick 2freds.sd@gmail.com
July 9th	2 Hours of Twisties followed by Fund Raising Event	1:15PM - ?	Arco Station Deer Springs Road	Dennis and Maryanne Garon dmgaron@cox.net
July 23rd	17th Annual Twilight Run	3:30PM - 8:30PM	Albertson's/Target shopping center in Rancho San Diego	Mark & Cathy Booth markbooth@cox.net
July 28th	Monthly Meeting	7:00PM - 8:00PM	Boll Weevil	Daryled Bristol president@sandiegomiataclub.org
August 5th	Cruisin' Grand	6:00 - 9:00PM	Tom's #23 Escondido	Steve Waid swaid@cox.net

Member Discounts

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 additional information.

Automotive Services

Allen's Wrench. Mazda Master Technician. 1620 Grand Avenue, San Marcos. 760-744-1192. Discount: 10% (except oil changes).

American Battery. Miata batteries & all other batteries. 525 West Washington, Escondido. 760-746-8010. Contact: Jeff Hartmayer. Discount: Fleet discount on all products.

Auto Image Paintless dent repair, leather/vinyl/plastic repair, headlight restoration & paint touch up. Free estimates at your home or work. Contact Britt Colton. 619-244-2227. Discount: 10%

Dent Time: fast reasonable paintless dent removal. 800-420-DENT (3368). They come to your door, provided quick and professional service.

Express Tire. Auto repair, tires. 12619 Poway Road, Poway. 858-748-6330. Manager: David Dolan. Discount: 10% on parts and labor, including tires.

Good-Win Racing LLC. Miata intakes, exhausts, shocks, springs, & goodies from Racing Beat, Moss, and more. www.goodwin-racing.com. 858-775-2810. Special club price on everything.

Hawthorne Wholesale Tire. Tires, wheels, brakes, and suspension. 877 Rancheros Dr., San Marcos. 760-746-6980. Discount: 10%

Kesler Customs. Miata chassis braces, adjustable dead pedals, hide-away license plate brackets. Installation of aftermarket parts, fabrication, light welding. Ted Kesler, 619-421-8472. Special club prices.

Knobmeister Quality Images. 3595 Gray Circle, Elbert, CO 80106-9652. Joe Portas, joe@knobmeister.com. 303-730-6060.

Langka Corp. Guaranteed paint chip and and restoration products. 800-945-4532. www.langka.com. Discount: 30%.

Rocky's Miatomotive 4283 41st Street San Diego. 619-284-4911. Discount: 10% on labor.

Lutz Tire & Service. Alignment specialist, tires. 2853 Market Street, San Diego. 619-234-3535. Ask for Mike. Discount: 10% on parts (tires not included).

Magnolia Auto Body. Restorations, body work. 476 West Main Street, El Cajon. 619-562-7861. Ask for T.J. Discount: 10% on labor and parts.

Pitstop Autoglass Rock chip repairs free to SDMC Miata club members for club Miatas. Must show valid membership card. In-shop only. Non-Miatas save 25% off regular prices. 858-675-GLASS (4527)

Porterfield Enterprises Ltd. Brake pads, rotors. 1767 Placentia Ave., Costa Mesa. 949-548-4470. Discount: 15% on Porterfield & Hawk brake pads; \$10 off rotors; \$9.25 for Motul 600 brake fluid (1 pint).

Smog Squad. 3342 Rosecrans, San Diego. 619-223-8806. General Manager: Jose Munoz. Discount: \$10 on smog tests.

Thompson Automotive. Cool accessories for our cool cars; oil filter relocation kits, gauge kits, air horns, brakes, Voodoo knobs, & MORE. www.thompson-automotive.com. 949-366-0322. Discount: 10%

Tri-City Paint. Professional detailing, products, paint, airbrushes, car covers. West Miramar Area: 858-909-2100; Santee, Mission Gorge: 619-448-9140. Discount: Body shop pricing #CM6660.

World Famous Car Wash. Complete professional car care. Complete detail, hand wax, leather treatment, free shuttle service. 7215 Clairemont Mesa Blvd, San Diego. 858-495-9274. Discount: 10%

Mazda Dealerships

Mazda of Escondido. 760-737-3200. Discount: 20% on most parts; 15% on labor (not including smog certification). For purchase, ask for Barb and receive free SDMC membership for 1 year!

Westcott Mazda. National City. 619-474-1591. Discount: 15% on parts or labor (except oil changes).

Other Services

Coldwell Banker Real Estate. David T. Bryan, Realtor. 619-334-4625. david-bryan@coldwellbanker.com. Free market analysis. No transaction fees for SDMC members or referrals!

FIRST BRAND Inc. Web/Logo Designs and Development We are currently offering a 10% discount off our promotional packages listed on www.FIRSTBRAND-inc.com or you can call us at 951-672-6677.

Rosin & Associates. Attorneys at law. Accidents, insurance issues, general civil law. No recovery, no fee. Anita Rosin, anita.rosin@rosinlaw.com. 619-543-9600.

Classifieds

Buying or selling your Miata or Miata accessories? You can do it for free on Miatamart—the Miata for Sale web site, run by SDMC member Rainer Mueller. Check it out at www.miatamart.com

Classified ad space is provided at no cost to SDMC members only. Ads must include first and last names, telephone number, and e-mail address, which must agree with current club roster. Send ads to davidstreeter@yahoo.com Ads will run for four months unless canceled, and may be revised and resubmitted.

SAN DIEGO MIATA CLUB
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Postage

Address

