

# CORVETTE NEWS

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FOR CORVETTE ENTHUSIASTS







# CORVETTE NEWS

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VOLUME 9 NUMBER 6



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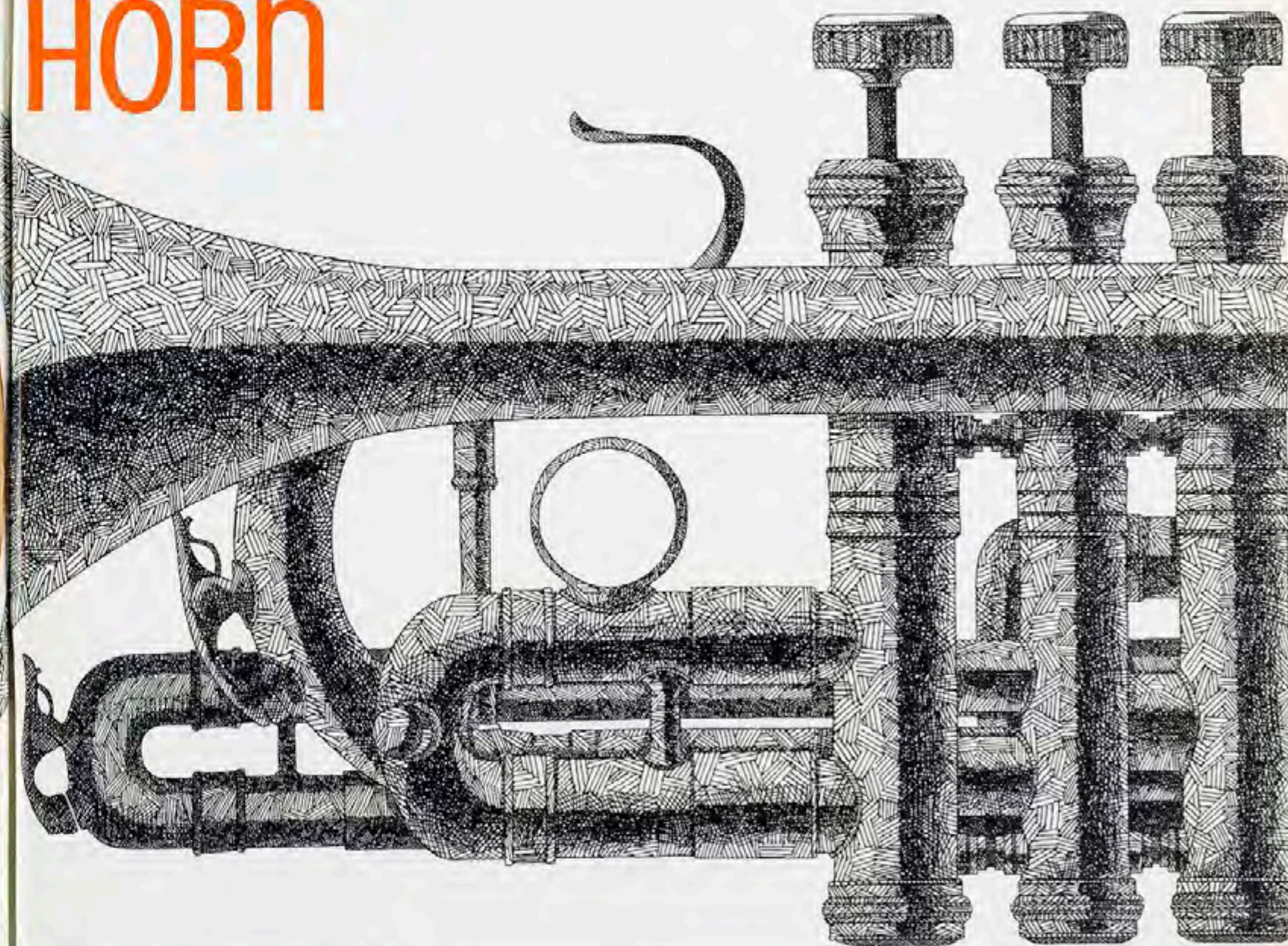


**COVER**—Howard Fetterolf streaks upward and onward in the Jefferson Hillclimb. Photo by Glenn Daly.





# COME HONK YOUR HORN



Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! No. 26, a metallic green Sting Ray, squats and jerks nervously at the line. The starter signals the driver. The driver puts his foot to it and the Vette disappears with an odor of burning rubber and two black stripes on the road as it streaks up the hill. Another driver runs over and says, "Old Doc really honked his horn that time."

This was Doc Peterson's first trial run and a sample of what watching the

Second Annual Jefferson Hillclimb was like; plenty of record-breaking times and lots of stick-your-foot-in-it driving. Sponsored by the Schuylkill Valley Corvette Club, the Jefferson is the steepest and fastest hill climb in the country, and it makes a sharp contrast to some others that are nothing more than uphill gymkhanas. With an emphasis on power, the climb starts gamely with a tricky uphill getaway and makes a beeline for the top, slowing up

momentarily for an infamous hairpin. Coming out of the hairpin, it's all business again with a 32° grade to the top.

The course is a strip of Pennsylvania blacktop that crests the 600-foot rise of Jefferson Hill in only six-tenths of a mile. So it takes a car with plenty of power and a driver with a lead foot to really do the hill justice. That's why the Vettes were almost six seconds faster than the smaller cars . . . why they won every class they entered.





Jefferson Hill is located 85 miles northwest of Philadelphia in John O'Hara country (his *Appointment in Samarra* was set just nine miles north of the hill in Pottsville, Pa.). It's just south of the bustling hamlet of Schuylkill (*skoo-kul*) Haven, on the southern edge of the Appalachian highlands.

Coming up from Philadelphia, if you get lost, just stop and ask anyone in the Schuylkill Haven area. The Jefferson Hillclimb has become a well-known event. Local radio stations broadcast results; one station even features continuous reports throughout Saturday and Sunday. Spectators turn out in droves on Sunday. There is no admission for the climb. Proceeds come from donations and entry fees. The Jefferson Hillclimb is the only climb in Pennsylvania sponsored by a Corvette Club. What makes the sponsorship even more remarkable is the fact that the Schuylkill Valley Corvette Club is one of the smallest Corvette Clubs in existence, boasting only 25 "Team Schnapps" members who are spread out over an 80-mile area. Directed by president Paul Fetterolf and vice-president Jerry Moser, the SVCC gets help in running the hill climb from the Schuylkill Haven Jaycees.

The Jefferson is sanctioned by PHA (Pennsylvania Hillclimb Association). Howard Fetterolf, last year's Schuylkill Valley Corvette Club prexy and a resident of nearby Gordon, Pa., was the climb chairman; John Bolton, PHA president, was course chairman; and Richard Fehr, Jr., was the Jaycee's representative at the hill climb.

Production classes were determined by using 1966 SCCA General Competition Rules. Touring, Modified, Formula and Ladies' classes were in accordance with PHA 1966 classes.

Saturday, May 21, the first day of the event, opened as bright as one always imagines tomorrow will be. Registration and car inspection began at 8:00 a.m. and continued until 4:00 p.m. The temperature was in the high 70s... perfect for a hill climb. From 8:00 until 5:00 in the afternoon, drivers sized up the hill, making their two required trial runs. During the lunch break, driver Tom Morgan was asked what he thinks about hill climbs and he rhymed, "Hill climb, dash dash dash, excuse for a bash."

By evening, 109 entrants had qualified to run for the glory on Sunday... the last being a Cobra entrant who

arrived late and couldn't qualify until early Sunday morning.

Drivers ranged in age from 21 to 62, with some ladies competing directly against the men.

Some quick times were posted on Saturday and it looked as though Sunday was going to be a real record-setter. Doc Peterson unofficially broke the course record on his second try with a run of 36.6409 seconds. Gene Miller was second fastest with 37.7622 seconds, and Al Loquasto, last year's PHA A Production champion, was third with a 38.6653 time.

On Saturday night Tom Morgan got his bash. A sumptuous buffet dinner served at the Jefferson Grange featured a choice of turkey or ham plus all the trimmings. It was suds city, too, and all free. As the bash progressed, Howard Fetterolf spoke of the way the Jefferson treats driver entrants. "We like to treat drivers like kings," he said, pointing an open jackknife toward the remnants of the buffet and neatly slicing off the bottom of Al Loquasto's tie.

"Yes," said Al. "Some other events seem to have the idea that drivers are unimportant."

"That's right Al," said another man who walked up behind Loquasto and ripped his shirt-sleeve off. At this point, your *Corvette News* writer got his hat.

Sunday came up bright and sunny, too, with temperatures in the mid-70s. Tieless Al Loquasto ran his 327 Sting Ray early Sunday morning. Al's first run was a quiet 38.2, but his second was a blistering 34.1. Doc Peterson, upset by the difference in Al's times, filed a timing-device protest. Doc discussed the protest with Al.

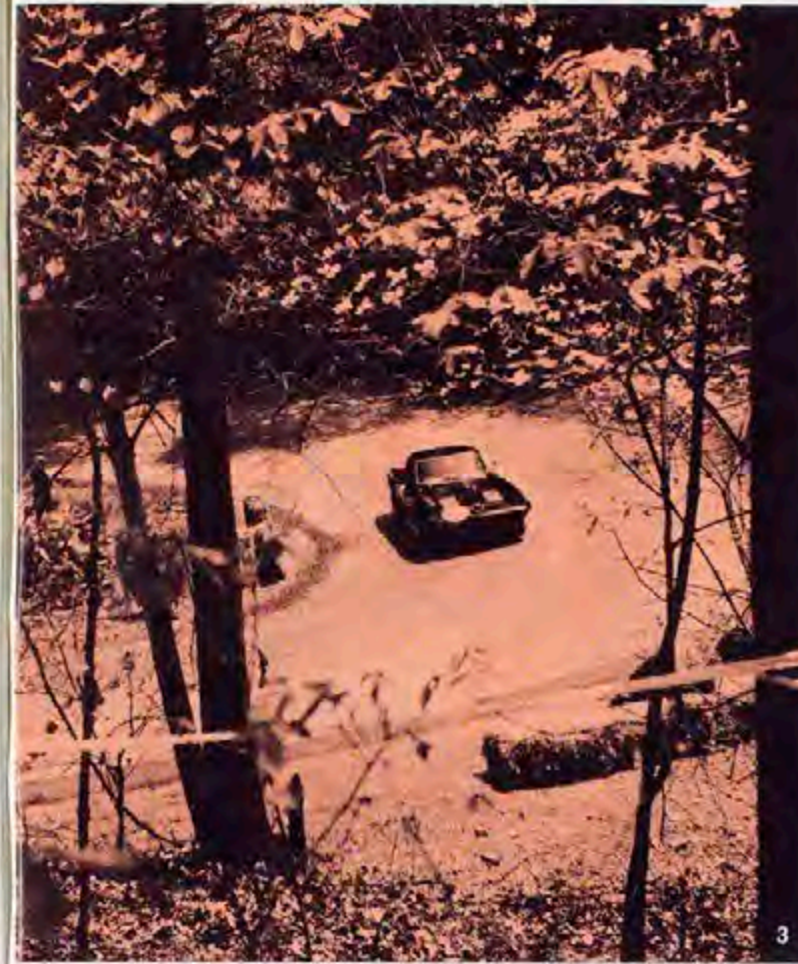
Doc: "Look Al, you just don't cut four whole seconds off your first run."

Al: "But I had my foot in it all the way from the hairpin turn. You said yesterday when you clocked 36.6 that you let up on the top left-hand turn."

Doc: "Don't believe everything I tell you!"

The protest was upheld by the PHA contest board, and Al's rerun was timed at 37.4734, enough to give him a second place in B Production.

The starting line was a crucial point in the race. It was partway up the hill and many drivers lost time literally spinning their wheels. Another crucial point in the climb was the treacherous hairpin. Each of the drivers seemed to have a different way of navigating the turn. After examining the recorded



hairpin times, it was clear that the cars with the best times in the hairpin turned the best overall times.

On his second run, Doc Peterson driving his 427 Vette knocked a whole second off his first hairpin record (7.8 seconds vs. 6.5) and set a new course record for A Production with 36.6556. Last year's record for A Production was held by John Bolton in a 327 Corvette (37.320).

Jefferey Wildonger, from Allentown, Pa., placed second in A Production with a 396 Corvette. Howard Fetterolf, the Skitch Henderson of the Pennsylvania Vette set, placed third in A Production in his black and white No. 15 Vette. Jack Strouse drove a Cobra to a fourth-place finish in A Production.

Gene Miller, from Birdsboro, Pa., kicked his "Little Angel" '63 Sting Ray 327 to a first place win in B Production Marquee class. Gene, by the way, is chief mechanic at Emerson Chevrolet in Reading, Pa., and drives a honey of a Sting Ray. He has 84,000 miles on the car, and it's never been torn down. Runs like a top, too, as proved by both his Saturday and Sunday times (37.76 and 37.14 respectively). His second and winning run was faster than the best time last year. Gene belongs to the Skyline Drive Corvette Club in Reading, Pa., and is doing very well in his

second year at PHA events.

Steve Elfenbein, from Chester, N.J., placed first in B Production II, in a '60 283 Corvette. Lou Fronina, from Reading, Pa., placed second in B Production II, with a Jaguar XKE. Craig Smith, last year's B Production PHA winner, placed third in a '59 283 Vette.

In Modified III class, John Bolton toured the course in 35.9734 seconds and strolled away with the fastest time of the day and first place in the class. John, who was last year's runnerup for PHA fastest time championship and runner-up in A Production, drove a Corvette assemblage with a Devin roadster body. His car, called the "Mongoose," boasts a '58 Vette front-end, a '63 Vette rear-end, a Hillborn fuel injection setup and a tuned exhaust with a Racer Brown roller cam. It weighs in at 2,300 pounds.

Bud Flail from Sinking Spring, Pa., came in second in Modified III with his Chevrolet 283-powered Stangvellini. His car looked as though it was held together with masking tape and bailing wire, but it was good enough to get a second place at the Hershey Hillclimb and two firsts at the Christmas Village and Bushkill Pines sprints. A modified 327 Sting Ray guided by Ron Brobst from Emmaus, Pa., came in third in the Modified III class.

The heroine of the day was Doc Peterson's wife, Joanne, honking Doc's Sting Ray to the tune of 39.8772.

How about you and your Corvette? If you're looking for a hairy challenge, or if you're looking for an event where drivers are treated like kings, then have a go at the Jefferson Hillclimb. Test yourself and your car on the most challenging power hill in the country. Come honk your horn!

1. Chairman Howard Fetterolf looking very much a sport. 2. A look-see for spectators at the hairpin. 3. His form on the hairpin helps Gene Miller to a class win. 4. Doc Peterson honks his horn at the start. 5. Copping the laurels: Gene Miller, B Production; Doc Peterson, A Production; John Bolton, Modified III.







# boss gun\*

\***Lingo:** when Smokey Yunick talks about engines, the faithful listen.

*Editor's Note: Depending on your era for frame of reference, you can name various greats in the automotive world of speed. The present racing fraternity numbers many one-shotters; few true greats. One of those greats is a tall, lean, affable ex-Pennsylvanian . . . Smokey Yunick. And this is his personality sketch.*

One problem crops up when trying to describe Smokey Yunick, his life and accomplishments. How do you accurately categorize a man who, in 43 years, has flown as a test pilot in B-17s, fished from a helicopter, deep-sea fished with a bamboo pole (so he says, anyway), rode a smoking motorcycle when a mere 15 years old (hence the nickname) and now prepares engines that have no peer in the country for various racing projects? Oh yes, and just for fun and money, operates a highly successful GMC truck dealership and automotive service center in Daytona Beach, Florida. Uh, and also writes a column in one of the monthly science magazines. Well, we also forgot to mention that Smokey also participates in engine development work for various automotive biggies . . .

The problem baffled *Corvette News*, at least temporarily. Generally in the previous profiles, the subject lent a theme to the story through some outstanding trait or group of them. But from the previous paragraph, it's clear that a different approach was needed. So out went a writer from Detroit to Daytona Beach to talk firsthand with The Man. (That's how he's regarded in some circles — especially among the younger magazine-reading engine fanciers.)

Smokey Yunick is probably best known for engine and car preparation. He's been involved in the business of making all of the various "Big Three" cars go quickly; and also with marques now extinct—Hudson

Hornet, Packard (yes, Packard!) and Offenhauser. More recently, he's been doing things with Pontiac, Ford and Chevrolet engines—like making them develop all sorts of horsepower with reasonable reliability. This phase we'll discuss in some detail later on.

When Smokey was 15, home was Pennsylvania. As he relates, "When my father passed away, I had to sort of get by the best I could. I went to work in a garage where there were always some racers around, like Ted Horn and others. I went to races with them for food and just a place to belong. I got interested in motorcycle racing on my own. I was racing somewhere one time and the announcer couldn't remember my name (it's Henry). But the motorcycle I was riding was smoking, and since he couldn't think of my name, he just said, 'There goes Smokey.' So the guys in the garage where I worked started calling me Smokey. It was kind of a joke, because when I put the motorcycle's engine together before the race, there was too much clearance or something that made it smoke. The name stuck."

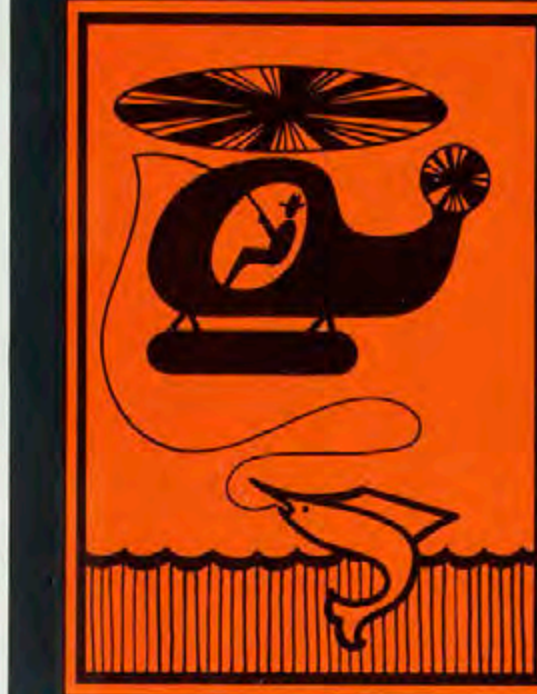
With a nickname like that, it would have been only natural that Smokey gravitate to some sort of fame as a cycle rider. Not so, Smokey says he became tired of bike racing, thought it wasn't really the way to make a living and decided to take up welding. A natural enough desire since he had made friends with Steve. Smokey doesn't remember Steve's last name, but Steve did teach Smokey how to weld. And well enough to earn an Army-Navy welder's certification during the Second Resumption of Hostilities. When this quibble began in earnest for the U.S., Smokey became an Army Air Force Cadet. In time, he not only learned to fly, but became a B-17 Flying Fortress test pilot.

"I wasn't one of those crazy guys who'd dive them straight down, but after they went through maintenance, I'd take them up for checkouts. My appendix broke when I was in Memphis one day, and after the operation to remove it, I lost my crew when they went overseas. There was some kind of Army rule that after an operation you couldn't go into a combat area. So I stayed an engineering test pilot. It was really boring, making the checks—you checked this and you checked that and they'd be all the same. So when I was testing the 17s out, I'd go for rides and look the country over. I looked at Daytona Beach from the air and it looked so good that I thought I'd like to go there after the war; I did, mainly to get out of racing. I stayed away from it about a year when a local driver, Marshall Teague, found out I knew something about race cars.

"He started coming around about one thing and another and I started helping him. I think it really came about one time when he was scheduled to run at Darlington. He was supposed to be there on a Wednesday, and by Tuesday night, there wasn't a piece of the car put together. He had a few leaks or something. He was worn slap out and asked me to come down and help him. With another guy, we put the car together in time to run. One thing led to another, and then Hudson Motor Car Company figured I was pretty good on engines, so they offered me a job working on some. That's how it all got started. That's how I got back into racing."

"Pretty good on engines" is a modest personal talent assessment. Yunick-prepared Hudson engines won two of Hudson's four NASCAR championships during 1951, 1952, 1953 and 1954. And this was against potentially hotter overhead valve V8 engines which were appearing on





the tracks at that time, Herb Thomas and Dick Rathmann were top drivers then for the Hudson-Yunick combine.

In August 1955, after a lot of preparation and hard work, Smokey took a '55 Chevrolet stock car to Darlington, South Carolina, and won the race with Herb Thomas driving. Smokey relates, "That was when the Chevy thing took off. So the next thing we did was go after a 24-hour record they wanted, which we got for them at Darlington in '56."

After about a year working for a competing auto company, and another record—this one at Langhorne, Pennsylvania, stood until about 1964—Smokey went up to Indianapolis for the first time with Paul Goldsmith as his driver. As Smokey likes to tell it, "Paul qualified the car about 15th fastest. In the 1st lap we got in that big wreck in the number three turn where they wiped out 15 cars. Paul was one of the 15. We also won Daytona's last beach race in a '58 Pontiac."

But the fever didn't stay arrested for very long. "In '59, we went with Pontiac and won with that. I think we won the first Atlanta race and maybe something else. We ran with Pontiac until late '62. We won the big race down here (the Daytona 500) twice with the Pontiac and the Firecracker twice. That started out as a 250-mile event; now it's a 400-miler. All four races were on that big Daytona track."

Once they've tasted the call of Indy's bricks, apparently some builders like Smokey never get it out of their system. Smokey likes to recall, "In '59 we got a brainstorm. I built an Indy engine that ran backwards. Just ran the other way. It was new then, but today they all use it. Running the engine backwards gives an effect known as 'reverse torque.'"

"Instead of wanting to lift the left front of the car, the engine torque tends to work just the opposite. On the left-hand turns,

the car wants to stay in better."

How did it work out? "We ran seventh."

If engine building, both in conventional and reverse rotation, wasn't enough, other mechanical ideas occupied his time.

"During 1959, I also got carried away with power steering, and we built power steering for race cars which were to be used on dirt. Nobody uses it any place else. We had to change it around to where it could take the high rpm. You turn the engines so much tighter on race cars than you do on passenger cars, so we had to change the pumps and make arrangements for cooling



the fluid. And we had to get the thing so that it was easy to adjust for feel from driver to driver. On passenger cars, the feel is too light for race cars. Now we have them so you can't do anything without them on the dirt."

Do they use them on the big tracks? Smokey tells it best in his own words. "I used them on the big tracks, but we don't any more. On the other hand, I don't

think there's been a championship race won on the dirt in the last three years without power steering. I also used power steering on a couple of Indy cars and other championship cars."

Some of Smokey's mechanical innovations met with sad fates, no matter what their contributions to the racing scene might have been. Most seem to have fallen victim to technical inspectors. With a smile, Smokey says, "I worked on a new power brake between '58 and '62. We also worked on a levelizer. But NASCAR made us take it off. I guess they didn't understand it. But it worked! When the car rolled in a turn, the levelizer straightened it back up. One day we went to Charlotte; the inspector told me to take it off. He said it was illegal. I took it off, but I never could get an explanation why. We also used to put air jacks on the cars. A car would jump off the ground so we could get a real fast tire change. We never made it through inspection. They made us take the jacks off. We started using aluminum radiators in 1958 or 1959, and they got disqualified for some reason."

In 1960, Smokey managed the pit crew for Jim Rathmann's Indy entry. And a quick perusal of the records shows none other than Jim Rathmann in the win column that year. In 1961, Smokey's entry sported power steering and power brakes. "Rathmann was leading the race until the magneto blew." In 1962, 15" wheels appeared on Yunick's entry—smaller than those used by the other drivers. The small wheels were protested. Smokey had to use 16" wheels in front, 18" in the rear or not run. For some reason, the car didn't run like Smokey wanted it to, whether for the wheels or something else. Smokey's evaluation of the car's performance that year was simply, "The driver

ran like an old lady going after a bottle of Hadacol, and we ran about somewhere in the first 10."

In 1963, Smokey returned to the 500 classic with an independent suspension car which, as Smokey laments, "Curtis Turner got behind a Novi that blew, dumping oil on the track in practice. He hit the oil and the wall. In 1964, I got a little wilder and built the capsule car. It was just a pencil with a fuel cell and an engine and drive train. Hung on the side was a capsule where the driver sat. Bobby Johns got through his driver's test with the capsule car, but a wall got in his way during qualifications. That thing looked so funny after he got through with the wall that we had to throw it away. In 1965, Ford got into it so strong that I just decided to watch. I watched again this year, too."

At this point, you might think Smokey Yunick can't admit to a big mistake. Not so. "When Ed Cole first showed me his engine (the original Chevy V8), I wasn't too warmed up by it. I thought it looked pretty flimsy with those stamped rocker arms. I told Ed we'd have to put regular rocker arm shafts on it to make it stay together. Well, I guess that's about the biggest mistake I ever made. Those arms turned out to be some of the best things in it. The longer we fooled with it, the more we got to appreciate it. Light parts were just one of its secrets. The rest is history."

What does Smokey have to say about the Turbo-Jets? "Just about the best engines in the country from an engineering standpoint."

Better than the hemis? "Yes. We took our Turbo-Jet Chevelle to Atlanta August 7. Curtis Turner blew the hemis off in qualifications and set a new record—149.25 mph—to win the pole. We led 100 of 175 miles we were in.

A broken distributor spring forced us out. But we proved that the Turbo-Jet had it. And you can buy every part we used at any Chevrolet dealer."

Much is made of the driver-mechanic relationship in the story of racing. Since Smokey, whose credentials certainly make him an outstanding member of the mechanic's fraternity, has worked with some of the world's top drivers, we asked him about this relationship. "This is a combination that doesn't last very long. It gets broken up and doesn't last. The driver gets to a point where he trusts his mechanic with his life completely. One mistake on the mechanic's part is like sticking a pistol to the driver's ear and pulling the trigger. Most drivers don't trust their mechanics and they are constantly looking the car over for some mistake. They evidently feel a little shaky. But when they do have complete confidence in their mechanics, they communicate. The driver can tell his mechanic his problems and the mechanic can make the fix. But there are too many cases where the driver describes the problem incorrectly. You have to try to interpret what the driver is trying to say, and in most cases, the problem can have from two to five answers."

"Once in a while you'll find a driver and mechanic who get along real well and their personalities will be right for each other. Guys like Parnelli Jones and Johnny Paulsen liked each other, understood each other. And boy, it was hell."

"But it's usually the driver who breaks it up. He gets so impressed with his results that he becomes a little harder to please. The seat belt doesn't fit just right. Or he has to bend his legs a little farther than he used to in the car. He starts nagging. I guess the mechanic gets fed up about this point, because in his mind the driver

is making all the dough and the mechanic spends more time on the car and less time in the bars. Where he used to get his work done by 7:00 p.m., it takes 8:00, 9:00 or 12:00 or 1:00 a.m. You'll find that the owner has to be in harmony with the whole thing, too. But sometimes when the driver and mechanic break up, they can't find another combine that works as well."

To many enthusiasts, Smokey's talents haven't been solely confined to engine building or the other facets presented in this article. Many know of Smokey's popular automotive column, "Say, Smokey—" in *Popular Science Monthly*. Smokey says he gets about enough mail from that column every month to fill a 10-yard dump truck. So much for the column's popularity.

The commercial side of Smokey Yunick takes a more conventional shape—that of a GMC truck dealership and repair facility in Daytona Beach. When this *Corvette News* writer was talking to Smokey in his office, a friend called long distance to order a big rig. Just as smoothly as changing one of his Texas-style hats or an ever-present cigar, Smokey carefully assessed his friend's problem, told him the kind of truck he needed and promised delivery that day from his stock. "I got one of my boys going up near you anyway, and he can drop off the truck for you." Twenty-one people work for the GMC deal; Smokey says only two work for the race car section. But all of the mechanics' carefully pressed uniforms sport a modest motto: "Best Damn Garage in Town." And while some might raise an eyebrow at this possible lack of modesty in a business never known for that trait, Smokey's record, more than anything else, backs it up. After all, he's been there. Cyclist. Driver. Mechanic. Builder. Boss gun.



# engines

like to be  
warm...  
part II



#### Editor's Note:

This is the second part of a two-part article taken from an SAE paper by Joseph C. Brabetz and Donald S. Pike of Chevrolet and GM, respectively. Presented at the SAE National West Coast Meeting in San Francisco, the paper dealt with the results of extensive testing and research on the effects of various engine operating temperatures. The first part showed the harmful effects of too-low operating temperatures and how they accelerate engine wear and sludge formation. It also showed that these too-low temperatures adversely affect gasoline economy. One of the major reasons discussed for too low temperatures was the false assumption that a thermostat should be removed to keep an engine cooler. It was also pointed out that short-trip driving is also a major contributor to the problem.

In this part II, we will take a look at how the cooling system plays its role in keeping the engine at proper operating temperatures. The importance of proper cooling system maintenance to keep wear and sludge to a minimum will be explained.

Years ago it was common practice to install sheets of cardboard in front of the radiator to raise the temperature of the coolant. The difficulty of adjusting these covering devices to satisfy the unstable cooling demands of varying speeds, loads and atmospheric conditions resulted in the development of more satisfactory engine temperature control devices.

These developments have included the introduction of a thermostat, a radiator pressure cap, radiator bypasses and a relatively recent advancement in the thermomodulated (temperature-controlled) fan.

Figure 1 shows a typical thermostat in its housing. An extruded pellet of wax-base plastic material is compressed into a copper cup, which is assembled in the cylinder of a power element. Expansion and contraction of the pellet result in the desired opening and closing cycles within the pre-selected temperature range.

The pellet type thermostat is not affected by the pressure in a modern cooling system. And for this reason, it has replaced the old bellows-type thermostat which was affected by pressure.

When the thermostat is closed and the coolant flow is blocked off from the radiator, it is necessary to keep the coolant circulating in the engine. There are three reasons for this:

1. To provide a uniform rate of warmup throughout the engine.
2. To prevent excessive coolant system pressures from building up when the engine is operated at high speed.
3. To eliminate hot spots, steam pockets, or thermal stresses which would tend to form if the coolant were to remain inert under heavy load conditions during warmup.

Bypasses around the thermostat and radiator are provided to keep the coolant circulating under these conditions.

The internal bypass system, shown in Figure 2, is the type used on the 327-cu.-in. Corvette engines. It consists of a small fixed passage within the cylinder block casting which allows coolant to return directly to the water pump inlet. It is operative whether the thermostat is open or shut. This bypass is small, flowing only a fraction of the coolant that normally is circulated when the thermostat is fully open. However, it is adequate for most passenger cars because no sustained heavy loads are encountered in day-to-day driving.

An external fixed bypass (Figure 3) is used on the 427-cu.-in. Corvette. Operation is similar to the internal bypass, except that the coolant is returned from the engine to the

pump inlet by an external hose. This system has more design latitude for greater flow through the use of a larger hose.

In a shut-off-type bypass system, all of the coolant flow can be directed to either the radiator, when full cooling is needed, or recirculated within the engine. When the thermostat is closed, as shown at the left in Figure 4, the coolant is bypassed to the water pump inlet. When the thermostat is open, the coolant flows to the radiator. The coolant flow rate in this system is unaffected by the thermostat valve position.

One of the most important components of pressure cooling systems is the radiator pressure cap (Figure 5). The cap combines several important functions in one simple device. It provides an easily removable closure on the radiator filler neck, a pressure relief valve, and a vacuum relief valve.

The pressure relief valve is held against its seat by a spring of predetermined strength, and it serves to protect the radiator by relieving the pressure whenever it exceeds that for which the cooling system was designed. The vacuum or atmospheric valve is held against its seat by a light spring, and it opens to admit air as the radiator cools and vapor condensation reduces pressure in the system to slightly below atmospheric. This prevents damage to the radiator by limiting the magnitude of reverse pressure.

The principle that the boiling point of a fluid increases as the pressure over that fluid increases is illustrated in Figure 6. Water is the cooling fluid. Everyone knows that water boils at 212°F at sea level. Not so well known is that water will boil at 185°F at 14,000-ft. altitude, or around 187°F on the Mount Evans auto road. To get more "down to earth"—water will boil at about 200°F in Denver, Colorado.

A 1-lb. pressure increase in a cooling system increases the boiling point of the coolant by approximately 3°F. Current Corvettes are equipped with 15-psi caps. Using a 15-lb. pressure cap, the coolant would have to reach about 250°F before it would boil at sea level.

In spite of the smaller radiators brought in by styling trends, the effectiveness of cooling systems in removing engine heat has been increased. This is due to the better heat transfer characteristics of radiators that operate at higher temperatures in pressurized systems. With the reduced airflow, however, there's a need for larger engine cooling fans under certain conditions of idling and low speed because of little or no ram airflow through radiators. The requirement for additional cooling is increased in cars with air conditioners where the condenser, located in front of the radiator, raises the air

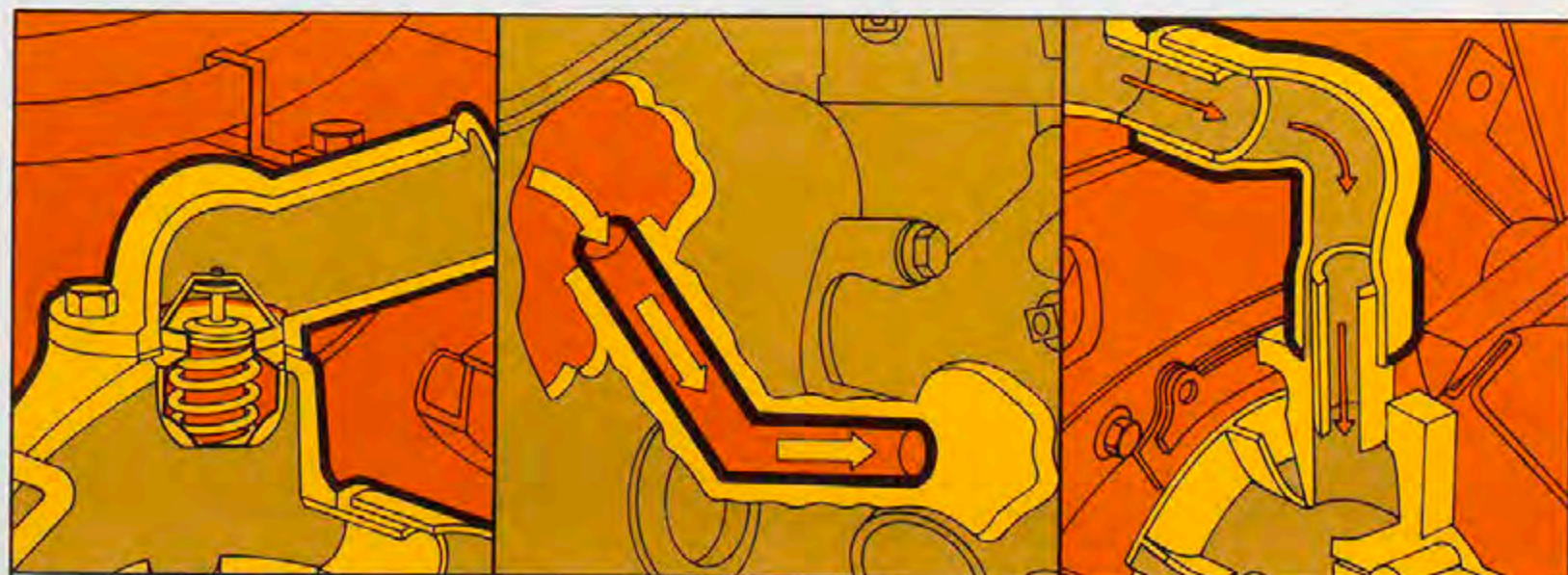


Figure 1. Cutaway of typical thermostat in its housing.

Figure 2. Internal bypass system (typical of 327 V8).

Figure 3. External fixed bypass system (typical of 427 V8, 396 V8).



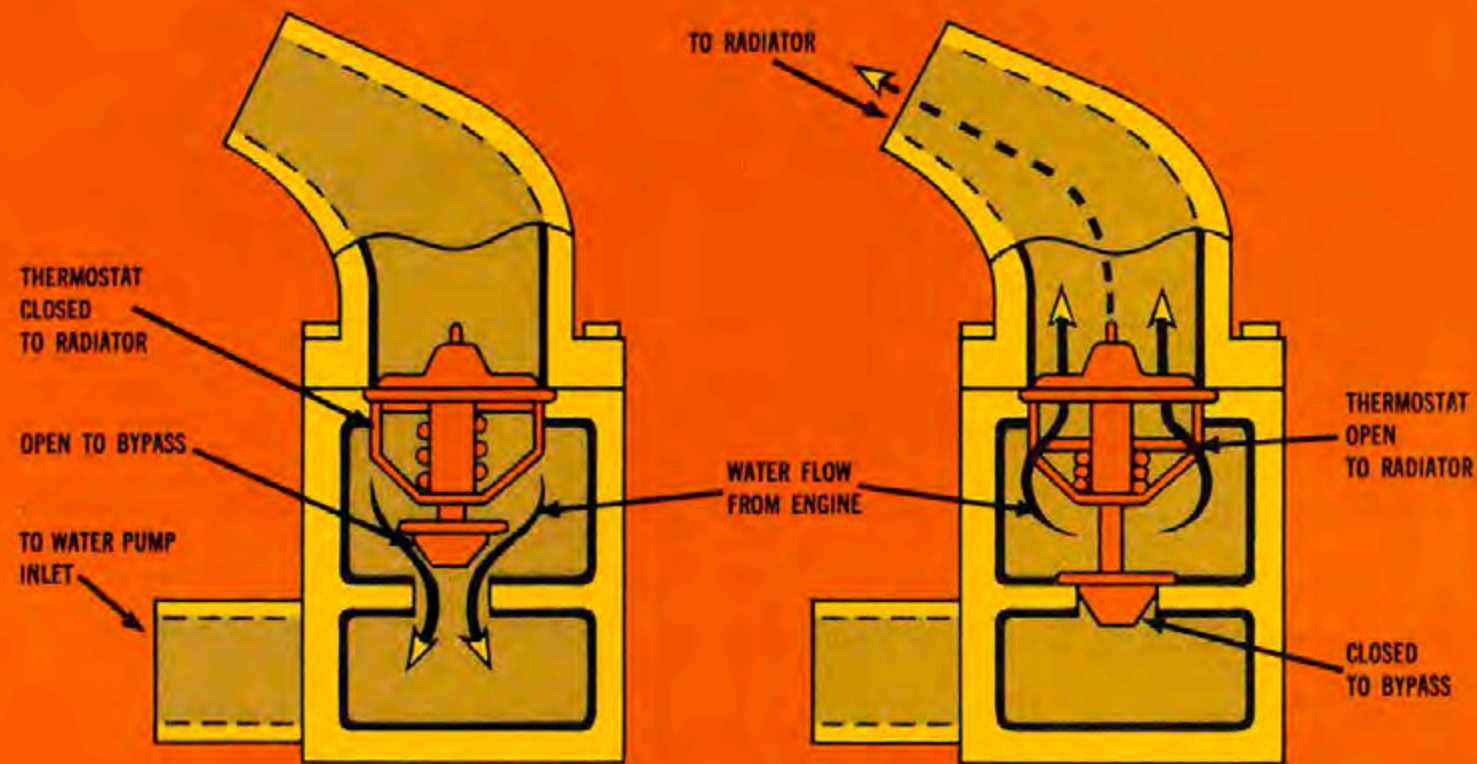


Figure 4. Shut-off bypass system

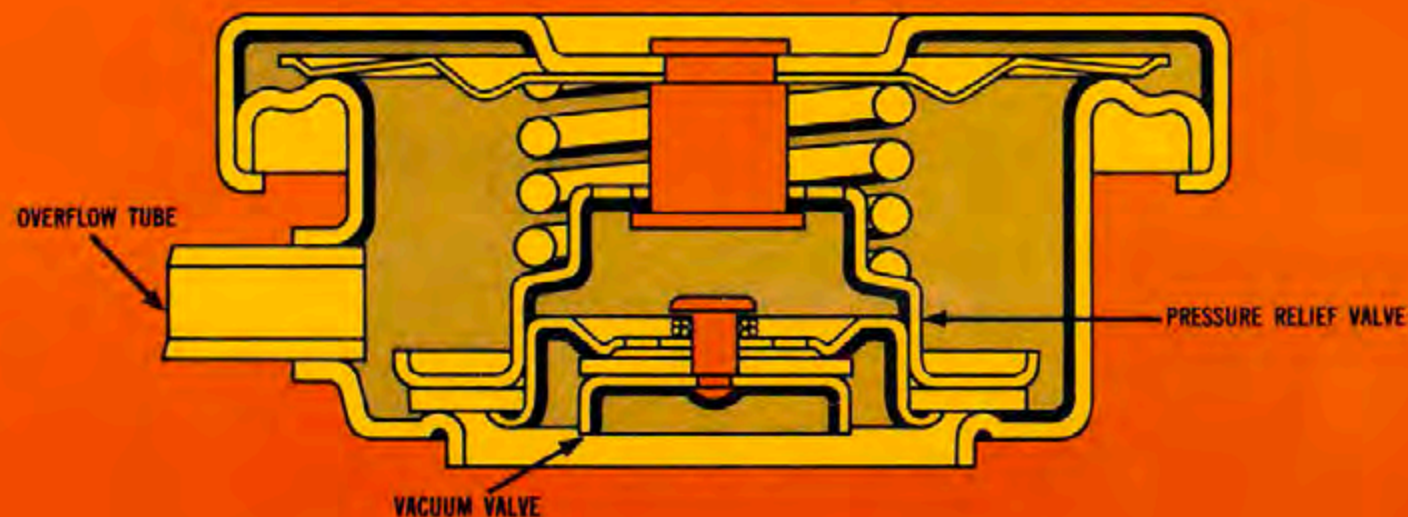


Figure 5. Radiator pressure cap

# engines

like to be warm...  
part II

inlet temperature to the radiator by 10°-15°.

A fan of proper size for meeting idle cooling needs increases the noise level and horsepower requirements to an unacceptable level at higher speeds. So, to help minimize the problem of noise and fan horsepower, thermomodulating fan clutches were developed. Early designs utilized water temperature as a sensing medium, but they required special water pumps and were too expensive and too bulky for most installations. The discovery that radiator discharge air is proportional to, and a direct function of, the radiator top tank temperature led to the development of the present bi-metal sensing devices in the radiator air stream.

Figure 7 illustrates a typical thermomodulating fan clutch and fan in a Corvette. The assembly mounts directly to the existing water pump flange without changes to the pump. In this design, the clutch comprises a body and clutch plate, each having annular grooves machined to mate on one another. They are labeled "fluid drive chamber."

The principle of operation is based on the "shear" of the viscous fluid between the two members. Torque is transmitted from the shaft to the clutch plate through the silicone fluid into the body to which the fan is attached. Speed adjustment is accomplished through filling and evacuating the fluid drive chamber by means of a slide valve actuated by the bi-metal sensor, or thermostat. As the chamber fills, the fan speed increases until the cut-off limit is reached. The proper com-

bination of fan and clutch was determined in the wind tunnel and in road testing at the General Motors Proving Ground. Characteristics of the clutch, such as maximum torque or speed at idle, are varied by changing the viscosity of the fluid and/or the shear area.

*Summary:*

As mentioned in Part I, the efficiency of the cooling system is the most important factor in maintaining proper engine operating temperatures—assuming proper maintenance of engine cleanliness through periodic servicing of the crankcase ventilation system and regular oil changes. To repeat, *the engine temperature thermostat should never be removed* in the so-called interest of keeping the engine cooler. If the thermostat is operating properly, it will open fully, allowing all the necessary coolant circulation under high-heat conditions. Removing the thermostat will not allow any beneficial increase in circulation. Regular cooling system flushes, addition of rust and scale inhibitors, inspection of hoses and connections and testing of radiator pressure caps are the best ways to keep cooling system efficiency at a high level. If the temperature gauge shows that an engine is overheating or that the engine is slow to warm up, it would be well to check or replace the thermostat. Thermostats don't normally wear out, but they can get a little "lazy" in operation after extended use.

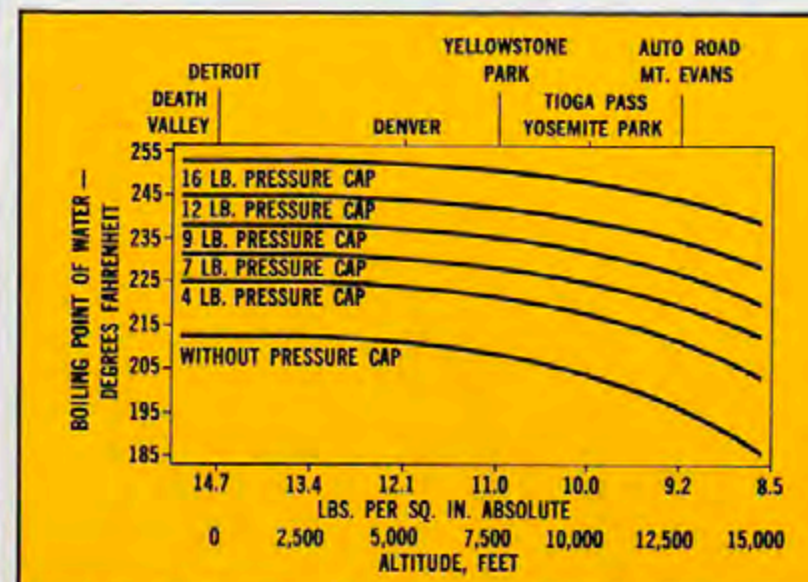


Figure 6. Water pressure and temperature

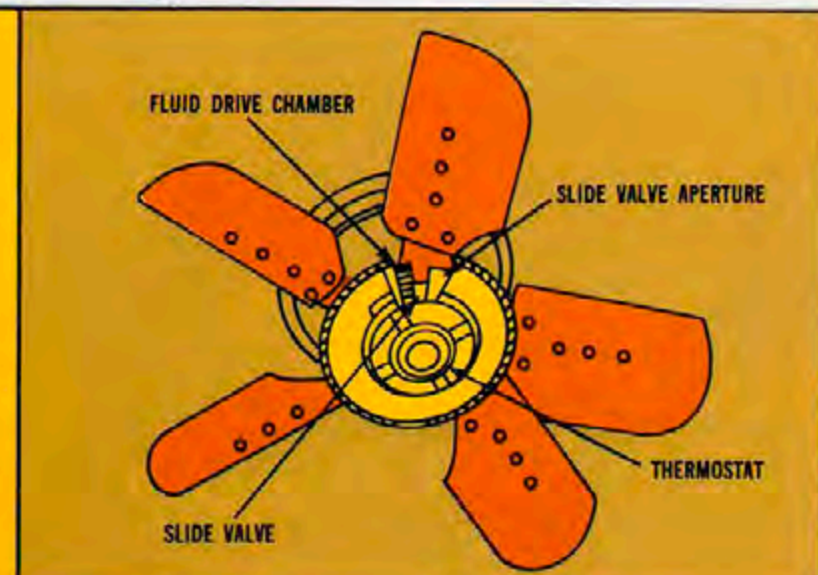


Figure 7. Thermomodulating fan clutch



# THE UNSONGS AT ELKHART

**SWEEPERS, BEEPERS,  
FLAG-WAVERS AND  
WALKIE-TALKERS.**



Unsung they are; unnecessary they aren't. They're the vital army of people who donated their time and efforts to make Road America's June Sprints one of the finest road events in the country. Starting with the headquarters of Road America, Inc. (which is the only part of the whole setup actually *in* the town of Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin), there were signers-in, organizers, compilers and recorders working with the person who is the most "sung" at Elkhart—Clif Tufte. Clif is president of Road America, Inc., and his full-time job strictly concerns the two annual events held at Road America. In addition to being one of the main forces behind the operation, Clif also seems to have taken on one other very important function. No one knows whether he makes some kind of incantations or burnt offerings to the sun god, or whether he does a ritualistic sun dance, but his formula for keeping clouds away is almost legendary. "The sun always shines on Tufte." And, as usual, it held true at the recent June Sprints.

The town of Elkhart Lake, with a posted population of approximately 600 people, is actually a few miles north of the road course. It's a resort town that doesn't really open its eyes until the weekend of the June Sprints. And this year, Road America attracted upwards of 35,000. Many of the thousands spilled into town on Saturday night, making it one of the swingiest places around.

Practically buried in the horde were the thousand or so, mostly from the Chicago Region of the SCCA, who actually made the June Sprints go. Registration and Technical Inspection were the first two jobs to be carried out. It was all done at the county garage, located on the highway between Elkhart Lake and the Road America course. Bert Eisenhower signed 'em in. Then came the nail-biter for the drivers.

Harry Lydick headed the "scrutineers." Harry's group comprised the second largest contingent at Elkhart and was from the South Bend, Indiana, Region of SCCA. Every year his crew has the job of passing on cars' and drivers' fitness to enter the races. Over 35 individual checks are usually made of each car, driver and safety equipment. The final check calls for the driver to accelerate to approximately 30 mph and, with his hands in the air, lock the brakes. If the car swerves, or if one wheel slides prematurely, it's a sure turn-down. Scrutineers also are on the lookout for any skulduggery, like making sure the driver isn't holding the car steady with his knees jammed against the steering wheel during the brake test. As you watched these proceedings, it was often easy to pick out the cars or drivers who were "in" and those still "out." Some drivers' reactions practically emulated Leo Durocher's performance with umpires as they'd go nose-to-nose with an inspector. But like the umpire, the inspector would stoically turn on his heel and walk away without a word. This eloquence says, "You lose!" Rules are rules in the SCCA, especially when it comes to safety.

South on Highway 67 from the inspection station is the actual Road America layout. This is a four-mile course, considered one of the finest around. The rolling hills afford a multitude of vantage points for spectators as they watch the cars twist over the course.

In the infield area on the June weekend, you could see the smoke coming from the famous broiling bratwurst. This juicy sausage is almost as famous as the beer in Wisconsin. The concession stands themselves were manned by still another brand of unsung . . . people who did it for free, with proceeds for charity and community projects.



The concession stands are just outside the paddock area, which was manned by Dick Beverly. As Paddock Marshal, Dick kept people out of car places and vice versa. Here, too, you were within earshot of the PA system originating from the pagoda. The announcer said that a new policy was to be followed this year. "From now on," he said, "no courtesy announcements could be permitted, such as, 'We have a request for a such-and-such for a so-and-so.'" Then Kim Dyer, a regular for many years at Elkhart, continued on with his famous flood of information about Elkhart, cars, drivers and other interesting sidelights about the sport. This year it took not quite 15 minutes for the following to come over the PA system: "We have had a desperate request for anyone knowing where a head gasket for an Alfa can be obtained." Then he continued on as if nothing had happened and described how Star Koerner was in charge of getting cars into position on a false grid in the paddock area. In this way, Kim explained, the cars would come out onto the track already in their proper starting positions. Jack Welch and Jim Scott, assistant stewards, assisted in this operation (when they weren't assisting the Chief Steward, Burdette Martin).

"Burdy" (who works in real estate management in "civilian" life) had a gargantuan management responsibility at Elkhart. Once the Course Marshal, Bob Ballenger, turned over a "clear course," it was

Burdy's decision to start or stop the race for any reason. He also presided over the Stewards of the Meeting on any situation requiring a decision during a race. Some of his other duties included overseeing the conduct of the race, coordinating crowd control and dispatching ambulances or other equipment to some location on the course.

Bob Ballenger, as Course Marshal, was a behind-the-scenes worker who, in the jargon of the sport, must "sweep the course." Specifically, he supervised the removal of any obstacles or hazards such as disabled cars, tree limbs, oil, gravel, car parts or anything else constituting a danger. One of the hazards this year was a wayward deer that kept wandering near the course. Between heats or events, Bob and his assistants drove the entire length of the course for a personal inspection. These workers also double-checked to make sure all hay bales, guard rails and markers were in place. An appearance at Elkhart every year has been Bob's record, including one in 1955 as a driver when he won class F Production in a 2-liter Ferrari.

Once Bob turned over his "clear course" to the Chief Steward, it was Burdette's job to turn over the race to the Chief Starter. Bud Seaverns' job as Chief Starter is the one most closely associated with racing—that of flag-waver. Bud is a flag-waver among flag-wavers. In fact, he's president of the National Starters Organization, as well as chairman

of the Contest Board of SCCA. Besides waving the drivers on their start, Bud, or his assistant Jim Westlund, always stands on the bridge at the start/finish line and counts the number of cars as they come out onto the track from the paddock area. With this count, any missing cars originally scheduled to start, but not appearing, can be identified. The count also keeps the field clear of interlopers who might have signals mixed up and try to start in the wrong race. The first car out for the feature was Mak Kronn in his Corvette-powered car. Having had the fastest qualifying time of any car during the two days of racing, Mak was on the pole. The final count was then relayed to central communications for recording.

To say that the communications network at Elkhart is a work of art is no cliché: it is *the* work of Art—Shogren—that is. And it is one of the most advanced communication systems in operation at any course. Let's follow this network during the feature race in this year's June Sprints to get an idea of what is involved. When the race was turned over to the Chief Steward, he started cars off on their pace lap, with the pace car in the lead. No unsung, the pace car driver was Dick Doane. Dick has made his marks as a Chevrolet dealer, SCCA Corvette and Corvette-powered sports car driver and owner. For many years Dick and his cars seemed to have a spot reserved in the winners' circle.

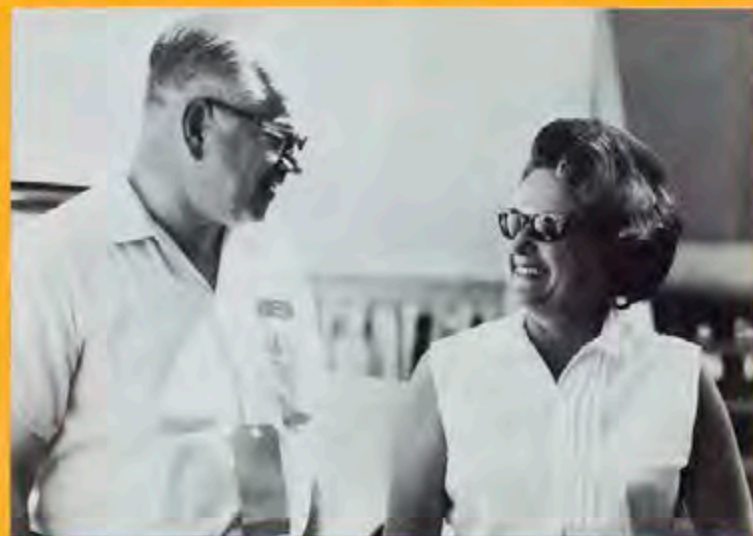


As the cars passed each station, it was reported back to central communications. Progress of the pace lap was recorded by the stations until corner 14 (one of the 17 stations and the last corner before the main straightaway) reported the field going by. Just past corner 14 is the timing/scoring shack.

The workers in the shack actually counted each individual car for which they were responsible and recorded its number as it passed. This information was relayed back to central communications. And when Bud Seaverns dropped the green flag at the end of the pace lap, spectators could hear nothing but the roar of engines with the coal being poured on. Again all the stations reported as the field roared by. After the first lap or so, the stations no longer reported except when some incident occurred.

At the corners' communication setups, one of Art Shogren's most recent innovations was in use. Earphones used by the corner workers had a special connection which pulled out easily, allowing workers to make a run for it if a car got out of shape and started off in their direction. Formerly, the workers had to jerk off the earphones and then run, or run and have the earphones jerked off their heads. This not only damages earphones, but it "don't feel so good." Happily, Art's device didn't get a "test under pursuit."

During the fourth race of the June Sprints, one of the drivers went for a harrowing ride out into the boondocks. Corner 14 Captain Al Reithmaier, from Chicago, and his assistant Dave Dutton, of Oak Park, Illinois, flashed the word back to the pagoda. This action by the corner workers alerted the Flag Marshal, Dr. Wally DeNyse. At the same time,







operation is one of the most exacting jobs of all. Don Nixon, from the South Bend Zone of SCCA, is a perennial Chief Timer/Scorer. Second in command were three "number ones" . . . Chuck Hill, Jim Matson (scorer) and Dave Davies (timer). A commercial printer by profession, Don also holds the title of Chairman of Timing/Scoring for the entire SCCA organization and is on the Board of Governors. Approximately 150 people worked for Don at the June Sprints, and the group was charged with keeping records on the time, number of laps and position of each car. All official results were taken from the records of Don's group. Ruth Nixon, Don's wife, and Dorothy Ellick were two of those unsung who painstakingly classified and recorded the results.

As the race went on, John Wessale (pronounced "Wesley") handled the sometimes sticky situations. But dealing with stickiness is nothing out of the ordinary for him. Sorghum syrup's the reason. John manufactures it. As chairman of the Stewards of the Meeting, he was, in his own words, "first in a group of equals." His equals included Bob Birmingham, Al Weaver, Pete Burgess and Charles Langenskamp—all official SCCA representatives. They handled all protests and disputes during and after the race and gave recommendations to the Chief Steward for final disposition. They also made sure the event was run under the General Competition Rules and Supplemental Regulations.

corner 14 workers who were designated "safety men" rushed over to give the driver assistance. Upon approaching the slightly bent, smoking car, the driver/owner was questioned and reported his only injuries—pride and pocketbook. Fire extinguishers had their seals removed for instant use. However, the smoking stopped and the extinguishers were not used. The corner reported that the driver was indeed OK, that the car was far enough in the woods to present no hazard to the course.

Wally DeNyse, an M.D. by profession, was the man responsible for all corner workers and their equipment—fire extinguishers, fire blankets and gloves, oil-soaking-up compound, crowbar, water buckets and all the various flags (actually colored paddles at Elkhart) necessary to keep the race orderly. As in the case when a fire extinguisher seal was removed during an incident, the Flag Marshal directed that a new extinguisher be placed at that corner.

At the 1966 June Sprints, Dr. Wally's assistants were Dr. Jack Sheehan, Jack White and Fred Fiala. All these unsung earned their position by "graduation" from the corners. The corner workers themselves "graduated" from corner workers' school. The school instructs all the workers, including phone operators, phone observers, safety men, flagmen and backup men.

Back at the timing/scoring shack, the worker assigned to keep track of the car that disappeared into the hinterlands noted that his charge had not gone by on schedule. This fact was relayed to central communications (which already knew the fate of the car from the corner workers). It's all part of constant surveillance and double checking to make sure every car is accounted for. In a sense, the timing/scoring



Any alterations of schedules or modification of the rules had to go through the Stewards of the Meeting. The stickiest portion was to determine penalties for infractions by drivers.

All during the race, one could hear the frequent blasting of an air horn. Come to find out, it was Mike York, one of the official "beepers." His job required not only a sharp eye, but a strong thumb as well. Mike stood several hundred feet from the entrance to the pit road and sounded his blasts whenever a car came charging into the pit area sans brakes or whatever. This gave pit workers a chance to get ready to scatter.

During the second race which was for A, B, and C Production, Mike's thumb got a real workout. An almost endless parade of cars kept coming in, including Ted Kohler who came in at least six times in his Mustang with a full head of steam in his radiator. During the feature, the story was pretty much the same because it was the longest and Mak Kronn set such a fast pace that cars were breaking just trying to keep up.

After Mak Kronn took the checkered flag, he was trailed over the line by quite a few more Vette-milled cars. One of these was one of the few remaining Corvette Gran Sports. It was piloted to a third-in-class finish by Marv Shoenfeld. All these figures were posted and the final results certified for awarding of trophies. These were only three of a dozen or so jobs of David L. Morrell, Race Chairman, one of the most important



people at Elkhart. All week, Dave is president of his own acoustical firm. His job? Soundproofing telephone booths. If such a job would bring on a severe case of claustrophobia, it's easy to see why Dave takes so readily to Elkhart. At Road America, Dave can spread out all over the 523 acres of the layout. The entire course is at his disposal as he plans the events themselves. Of course, there are a few other responsibilities, such as getting sanctions for the event, paying fees, arranging for insurance, coordination activities with the promoter, plus, as Dave mentions casually, "tying up all the loose ends."

There were many of the unsung at Elkhart who never get their names in print, but they're always a vital part of the efficiency of the event. There was Chuck Regan, who disseminated information to all news media. Dick Kreps was another. He's from Grand Rapids, Michigan, but shows up every year at Elkhart as the official point recorder for all the national point standings. And George Harford. No official title: no official task. He wore a badge that said "maintenance" and he did any job that needed doing. About the most any of these unsung ever get is a large pat on the back and possibly a small plaque that mounts on the instrument panel of their personal cars. It's purely a labor of love for the individuals, but it's an overall effort that must surely set an almost impossible standard for outright efficiency.







When it comes to getting things settled, the early pioneers would have been no match for the Western States Corvette Council. Whereas it took the frontier folk several generations to establish the area, the Council is out to organize all the Corvette Clubs west of the Mississippi in one year.

By the time of the Council's first convention in Denver, July 8-10, about 30 Corvette Clubs had joined the Council. Recruiting didn't seem to be much of a problem because Corvette friends have a natural inclination to band together and the Westerners felt a need to organize at a higher level than their local clubs. Everyone agreed that this was not an attempt to buck the National Council of Corvette Clubs, Inc. It's just that time and tire wear make it impractical for those on the far side of the continent to participate in Eastern affairs.

For the Council's purposes, Denver was an excellent place for the initiation. Climate and interesting environs made it ideal for outdoor activity. Geographically, it was not too far for those from the coast; politically, it was close to those areas where the Council wants to pick up new members. The convention opened with registration and cocktails on Friday. The Corvette Club of Colorado took care of the myriad of details involved in setting up such an affair and sponsored a concours d'elegance and chicken picnic at Eldorado Springs on Sunday.

Saturday morning, over 50 Corvettes lined up for a scenic 250-mile rally sponsored by the Cornhusker Corvette Club from Nebraska. A minimum time and mileage factor was set and the route was over paved roads all the way. The first leg was a gradual approach to the foothills and into the mountains along U.S. highway 40 west and 34 north. The only checkpoint turned out to be a one-hour transit zone for fueling, eating and sightseeing at Grand Lake just inside the entrance to Rocky Mountain National Park. From there, rallyists continued on 34 as it gained altitude and ran north - paralleling the North Fork of the Colorado River.

After Timber Creek, the route twisted up and through a 4-mile run of continuous S-curves, then on to Iceberg Lake - at 12,183 feet it's the highest point on Trail Ridge Road. The road, by the way, is closed in winter. On the way down, many crews stopped at Rainbow Curve to gape at and photograph the view of Hidden Valley. Here one could see other rallyists - 5 and 10 minutes ahead - as they descended the mountain. In effect, the rally was a beautiful drive. Towering peaks, flowered meadows, alpine lakes, sculptured mountain valleys, rugged gorges, plunging streams and wild creatures were touted in the brochure handed out at the entrance to the park. They were all there, too, although the wildest creatures sighted were the typical weekend wheelers who swarmed over the mountains. Just as wild was a string of classic cars trying desperately to rendezvous at the top . . . or bust.

The temperature in the mountains was a cool 55° and the patches of snow on the shady sides of the peaks resisted the heat of the sun. Back at the motel the reading was in the mid-nineties and part of this might have been attributed to the warmth and enthusiasm of the group when they got down to business at the afternoon meeting. For a fun convention, delegates sure were serious about staking their claim to the future of the organization. Almost as soon as Council President Bob Wingate could say, "Welcome to Denver and the WSCC," two contingents were promoting sponsorship of next year's convention. Albuquerque and Las Vegas boosters vied for attention and a decision has yet to be made. However, the emphasis given this matter and all other business leaves no doubt that the Council is going to represent the Western U.S. Corvette contingents in new and exciting ways.

## WSCC MAPS STRATEGY AT FIRST CONVENTION



# Record-Breaking NCCC Convention



## attendance

Between the waning (and waning) hours of Wednesday, July 13 and Sunday, July 17, 1966, the environs of Baltimore, Maryland, became 320 people, about 159 Corvettes and 29 Corvette Clubs richer. Descending upon the Holiday Inn West at suburban Catonsville in droves, the above-mentioned people held a four-day festival of fun and frolic during the sixth renewal of the National Council of Corvette Clubs, Inc. annual convention.

The attendance by 320 members set an all-time record. So did the number of clubs represented — 29. And distance traveled —

more than 3,000 miles by Dave Borden and his wife from the San Gabriel Valley in California. The heat and humidity must have set some sort of record, too — if only in the fact that most of the motel's air conditioning refused to keep pace. However, conventioners didn't seem to mind the 100° heat with a swimming pool only a leap away. And with the weatherman calling a moratorium on rain — except late one night in time to catch many Corvettes with windows down — a seeming Camelot-like situation existed to make the 1966 convention a top-flight affair.

## MEETINGS

While the general idea of a convention is to seek fun in all forms, meetings hold genuine significance whenever the NCCC conclaves. Two governors' meetings and a general report by the president, Gary Cross (pictured above), to the general membership on Saturday fulfilled the work sessions. The governors' first session concerned itself with details within the Council. Recommendations were adopted and plans were made to implement suggestions — mainly concerning increased coverage by the Council's magazine, BLUE BARS. A new size, publishing schedule and editor were all adopted. The second meeting, held on Saturday, set up two future governors' meetings. The first, scheduled for September 10-11, will be held at Prudhomme's Resort, Vineland Station, Ontario, Canada. On November 5-6, another governors' meeting will be held in Chicago, Illinois. Details on this meeting will be sent to all Council governors.

At Saturday's luncheon, President Gary Cross told the entire assembly of NCCC attendants that the Council is pleased with its

progress to date and plans to keep expanding. Secretary James Sell had contacted every non-Council club since taking office last November and the results were gratifying.

Gary recounted his trip to Denver, Colorado, to visit the Western States Corvette Council's first meeting and told of his satisfaction in their initial efforts. Gary expressed his hope — and that of the officers of the National Council — to meet with representatives of the Western States Council. Explained Gary, "The National feels that the Western has strong ideas to offer on competition and other areas. We have strong ideas on communication, publication and overall organization. I look forward to a meeting of both groups with the definite idea of merging the two into a single, forceful organization."

Gary finished his conversation with the members by suggesting that 1967's convention site be somewhere in the West — possibly Kansas City or a similar locale — and spread over a week's time to allow more events, more business and more fun.







# PARTIES

They started Wednesday night (some members insist before then!), poolside, at the Holiday Inn. Refreshments, a band, the pool itself and hundreds of partygoers enthused until, well, at least 3:30 a.m.

Certainly a new note of partying was introduced by the host Baltimore club when Thursday evening's festive time was devoted to a pleasure boat cruise on Chesapeake Bay. Riding from convention headquarters to the boat dock in air-conditioned buses (with bus drivers allegedly trying to do "wheelies" during the trip), NCCers boarded the "Port Welcome" cruise craft and set forth for fun on three decks. Topside was peopled with shore-gazers, while immediately below decks, "The Playboys" captured and held the attention of fruggers. Bottom decks were devoted to the students of water and liquid refreshments. And Sam Woodward, a cheerful Corvette Club of Baltimore member, viewed his world through yellow sunglasses while hawking beverages in the best "carney" fashion.

Friday evening was devoted to Chevrolet's annual dinner, preceded by a reception. This was, of course, a dress-up affair. More than one convention-attender (male type), plus members of the CORVETTE NEWS staff, noted with some awe the mild metamorphosis that some finery brought to many of the female contingent. The banquet-goers were treated to a sumptuous repast, music and plenty of refreshment. They were welcomed by members of Chevrolet's Zone wholesale organization headed by E. A. Snyder, Zone Manager. Chevrolet Central Office was represented by Joe Pike, Chevrolet's Assistant National Merchandising Manager and editor of CORVETTE NEWS.

Saturday afternoon was spent at "the ranch" — the farm owned by the Baltimore club's sponsoring Chevrolet dealer, A. D. Anderson. Mr. Anderson, now retired from active business participation, proved to be a man who acted half of his reported 73 years by driving a covered wagon around the grounds. The swimming pool, volley ball and badminton areas plus the grand scenery entertained the Corvette folk until sundown when a buffet supper was served. A concours was held in the afternoon. Winners: Lance and Betty Korzilius from Kalamazoo with their immaculate '61. After the dinner, attention focused on a patio area adjacent to the pool where another musical group, "the Lafayettes," captured the hearts and feet of the dancers until midnight. During it all, one of the clubbers, surveying the fabulous layout, was heard to mention, "Well, there's certainly a great deal to be said for the selling of Chevrolet sedans at retail."







# event

Friday was the day for the Corvette owners who, after driving many miles to Baltimore, wanted to take a busman's holiday and drive in a competitive event. The event, called variously a gymkhana, autocross or speedkhana, depending on the area of the country drivers hailed from, was loosely shaped like a giant figure "8."

About 50 or 60 cars participated. Rain threatened for a while, but held off (save for a

# AWARDS

few drops) long enough to complete the running. Classes were: Ladies; Men's A, B, C, AA; and Modified, depending on Corvette model and engine. Typical of the entire convention, the event was run off quickly, smoothly and accurately with help from a timing van owned by the Chesapeake Sports Car Club. Laurel Race Track (for four-legged horses) was the scene for the flexing of the mechanical horse muscles.

An annual and eagerly awaited session is the awards presentation at the National's conventions, and this year was no exception. Tom Henry, Corvette Club of Baltimore Convention Chairman, hosted the luncheon meeting and turned the award presentations over to various NCCC members and officers.

The autocross event generated seven trophy winners: Nan Jones, Corvette Club of Michigan, in the Ladies' Class; Tom Henry, Corvette Club of Baltimore, in Men's Corvette Class C; Bob Kovach, Tiretown (Akron, Ohio) Corvette Club, in Class B; Bob Hardy, Huron Valley Corvette Club (Michigan), in Class A; Bill Mayo, Corvette Club of Baltimore, in Class AA; and Tom Kennedy, South Shore Corvette Club (New York), in the Modified Class. John Firment, Corvette Club of Michigan, took top honors with Fastest Time of Day.

After grab-bag presentations of Corvette-engraved cigarette lighters, Gary Cross awarded the convention's most sought-after awards. To Corvette Club of Iowa went the National's competition trophy for earning, as a club, the most NCCC competition points.

It came as no surprise when Royal Young, Corvette Club of Iowa, also copped the National's individual member competition trophy as well. In NCCC Regional tilts, Corvette-Cleveland's Bob Gray took top honors for the Ohio Region.

The annual attendance award was retained for the second straight year by the Corvette Club of Michigan. Ralph Henning, CCM's governor, accepted on behalf of the 46 CCMers attending. The lone NCCC member traveling farthest was, by nearly 2000 miles, Dave Borden from Clippinger Corvair-Corvette Club of San Gabriel Valley, Inc.

A series of special awards was given to the

following NCCC members: Bob Wingate, Clippinger Corvair-Corvette Club; Richard Goranflo, Kentuckiana Corvette Club; Lance Korzilius, Kalamazoo; Don Hoskins, Corvette Club of Iowa; Gil Roycraft, Corvette Club of Michigan; and Tom Henry, Corvette Club of Baltimore. These awards were for various outstanding tasks performed on behalf of the Council during the previous year. Tom Henry, Convention Chairman, gave his trophy to his wife, Melia (Mike) Henry, claiming, "After all, SHE did all the work!"

The two most coveted of the Council's awards are the President's Trophy which goes to the member who, in the president's opinion, contributed the most to the Council and a similar trophy, known as the Steuben Glass Trophy, given to a member club for the same reason. The 1966 award went to Jim Sell, the Council's membership chairman, who since taking office in November, 1965, toiled tirelessly evangelizing among the non-member clubs. Results to date: 11 new member clubs, many possibles. In a fine gesture, Jim gave full credit to his wife Beverly for her efforts. Both received a rousing ovation from the members.

The Steuben Trophy was presented to the Corvette Club of Baltimore. Mike Chaney, Baltimore's president, and Bud Hosford, the sponsoring dealer's president, accepted amid a standing ovation from the members.

When Lord and Lady Baltimore established the settlement in the 17th century wilderness that has carried their names, they quite correctly didn't realize the impact they would have on 20th century America. However, history (and legend) recounts that they were swingers. And if they had been present at the 1966 National Council of Corvette Clubs convention, they would have felt right at home.



# CORVETTE CLUB DIRECTORY



THE SYMBOL SHOWN ABOVE IS USED THROUGHOUT THE CORVETTE CLUB DIRECTORY TO DESIGNATE CLUBS BELONGING TO THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

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