

Exhaust Notes

December, 2015 Edition

The official magazine of



Wrapping Up the Year

Chairman's Report—Nick Kammer

As our Chapter wraps up 2015 we can look back on a very eventful year with some very interesting and well attended meetings. **January:** Voss Chevrolet, **February:** Our annual Chapter Dinner at Carvers this year, **March:** as usual a very interesting meeting at Ault and James engine shop, **April:** Carillon Brewing Company, **May:** Our annual Chapter Judging Meet at Voss Chevrolet and our monthly meeting at my garage in Spring Valley, **June:** Bill Mercurio's place in Beavercreek, **July:** Mike Barr's Metal Bright metal finishing, **August:** Opie's in Middletown, **September:** after such a great turnout in April ...a repeat performance Carillon Brewing Co., **October:** My place again just because we can. **November:** Andy Manganaro's for a look at his very special exotic car collection, **December:** Our traditional meeting at Jeff Bernhardt's Restoration Station with a little holiday cheer and significant others invited too. Even though NCRS Chapters are only required to have 4 meetings per year we manage to hold a worthwhile meeting month in and month out, year in and year out. Your input and suggestions for future meetings are always welcome and encouraged. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Upcoming Events

Miami Valley Chapter January Meeting

The January Membership meeting will be held on Tuesday, January 12th at 6:30 pm at Voss Collision Center in their conference room. Craig & Jay Kellog will present their ownership story of their 1954 Corvette. If the weather is cooperative they may actually bring the car so that we can view it along with their presentation. Food and drinks will be provided.

Miami Valley Chapter February Meeting

The February Membership meeting will be held on SATURDAY, February 13th at Chappy's Social House at 7880 Washington Village Dr. This is our annual Winter Party so the spouses and significant others are warmly invited. We will start our festivities at 6:30 pm with cocktails and begin dinner around 7:00pm. Your refreshment & dinner are at your expense.



MVNCRS December Membership Meeting—John Engle

Tuesday, December 8th found us gathered at the infamous Restoration Station for our monthly Membership meeting, hosted by proprietor Jeff Bernhardt. Since this was our last meeting of the year and everybody was in the holiday spirit we endeavored to step it up a notch in order to celebrate another successful year for the Miami Valley NCRS. We invited the ladies and significant others to join us in the festivities. In addition to the tasty Marco's pizza we had some wraps, fresh relish tray and an apple waldorf salad to die for. And, for dessert, we had a tasty selection of fresh cookies, homemade banana cake and homemade candies. So as not to go thirsty during our noshing we consumed an assortment of soda, adult beverages and a sherbet punch that DID have some punch. Some people may be impressed by dining out under starlight but they have NOTHING on us as we dine under Corvettes! After our sumptuous feast Jeff gave everyone that was interested an update on the many Corvette projects that he can now house in his recently expanded shop.



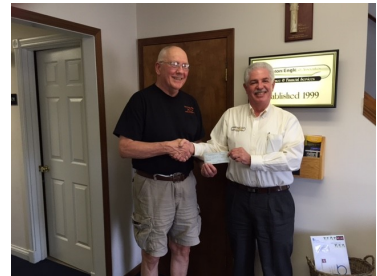
Sept 26 Road Tour—Mike Mills

The cloudy weather on September 26th did not scare off 11 drivers for the fun filled adventures of the annual Club Road Tour and Dinner. We had 4 Mid-Years (Jerry Swain/Mike Mills, Al Katona & Andy Manganaro), John Engle's C3, Gary Whitaker's C4, Mike Mills' C6, and 4 C7's (Mike Ammer, Jerry Michaels, Andy Manganaro & Ron Fadell). The cruise went through the back roads of Spring Valley, Bellbrook, and Waynesville along with Country Club of the North. The cruise involved some elevation changes, tight turns and long straight a ways, perfect for putting the Corvette through its paces. The cruise was 45 minutes and the group stayed together from start to finish. We arrived at Stone House tavern where Tim Tschanz & Joe Koleck met us for the dinner. As we sat down to dinner, the fine misty weather turned to a drizzle rain that forced all tops up. The dinner was on an outside covered porch with Corvettes in sight and overlooking ST RT 42 in one direction while the mighty Buckeyes played on the big screen in the other direction. Many accolades came from the quality of the food & the great service. The rain began to let up as dinner was finished and some headed for home. Others stayed to continue to socialize. With the success of this event despite the rain, you can count on another cruise next year for all those who missed it.



MVNCRS Gives to Charity

Dave Engwall stopped by to pick up the \$200.00 check for the local **FISH** charity. **Faith In Serving Humanity** began in England in 1961 with the Mission Statement of "...existing to assist individuals and families to obtain basic necessities to survive". The local Beavercreek FISH is celebrating their 40th anniversary this year, starting in 1975 by local volunteers. It is NOT supported by the government but by the community and ALL monies and food donations collected are passed on to needy individuals as there are NO overhead costs. The local FISH provides grocery **Gift Cards** for purchase of fresh food, delivers **Food Kits** containing canned and dried foods, provides occasional **Transportation** and actually helps with **Financial Assistance** for such things as rent, medical bills, school fees, utility bills, etc. They are helping the elderly, battered women, single-parent families, unemployed, etc. and are a 501(c)(3) charitable non-profit corporation. They VERY MUCH appreciate the donation from the MVNCRS organization.—John Engle



Corvette Club,
We would like to Thank You for your very generous donation to The "Shoes That Fit" program.
In the last seven years we have provided over 900 Pairs of Shoes and socks to The children of East Dayton!! Thank You,
Sue Labatzky
President - EDC

Mike Ammer (our judging chair) presents our check to Sue Labatzky representing the "Shoes That Fit" program

inspire confidence. create opportunity.

October 2015

Nick Kammer
Chapter Chairman
Miami Valley Chapter of the National Corvette Restorers Society
5245 Sears Road
Spring Valley, OH 45370-7722

Dear Mr. Kammer,

You and your members do more than restore cars – you restore hope for local job seekers!

Thank you for making Clothes That Work one of your charity beneficiaries for 2015. The \$200 you and your membership donated will help dozens of local job seekers get the professional outfits they need to make a winning impression during their job interviews. We deeply appreciate the support and the personal visit from your Board Secretary John Tuss!

Thank you again for your philanthropic effort, and thank you for your partnership with Clothes That Work. Together, we are helping unemployed and underemployed job seekers make their career goals a reality.

With Sincere Appreciation,

Paula C. Cosby
Executive Director
Clothes That Work

Gentlemen -
Thank you so very much!

Our Chapter gave and had matching funds to the following charities:

- FISH Ministries (Faith In Serving Humanity)
- Brigid's Path (Helps Heroin addicted babies)
- Hannah's Treasure Chest (Services children through social services)
- Target Dayton (helps poor and homeless)
- Clothes That Work (helps clothe people for job interviews)
- Shoes that Fit (Shoes for less fortunate kids)



Editorial - "Study of the Corvette Bystander"

- Jeff Bernhardt

Let me start by saying the car made me do it, because I never was this way before—at least not to this extent. As Corvette owners we need to be extremely aware of our surroundings while we're out on the roads in order to keep our cars safe and damage free, not to mention the same to ourselves. We watch out for the other guy and anticipate his actions, because he certainly isn't watching out for us and doesn't anticipate watching his own actions anytime soon. It's this practice of being exceedingly observant that has led me to "study" people I encounter. Not to judge them or label them unnecessarily—for they certainly don't ask to be judged, but to group them or categorize them harmlessly. I find that there are two kinds of people out there. Yes, only two. Car guys (and gals) and not car guys (and again, gals). Now I am fortunate enough to have some serious seat time in many different years of Corvette due to my occupation, and the few cars I own. I am able, therefore, to see the actions and reactions of people that see what I'm driving ; a true mix of generation, body style, color and exhaust note prominence. I observe everything from jaw-dropping awe to total indifference, and it leads me to research an answer to this disparity in human behavior. Here's an example: Once I was test driving Tim's car, a client and friend of mine with a National Top Flight '63 340hp red / red coupe, beautiful in every way. I forget what we had done to it, but it needed to be taken out for a drive and evaluated. My test drive (and people observation) went as follows:

I catch up to a car already waiting at the traffic light— another middle-aged guy in a silver Tercel with his hands on the steering wheel at 10 and 2 just like he'd learned in driver's education 4 decades ago, looking straight out the windshield as if he were reading text off a computer monitor, perfectly oblivious to all of earth's offerings surrounding his little world. I come to a stop and am looking over at him expecting eye contact and prepared to nod back or mouth a "thank you" to him, because all middle-aged guys are car guys. Right? But he's not looking back. Perhaps he somehow didn't hear me coming. Or, he has no peripheral vision, as if he had his eyes closed while enjoying his high-end Bose 10-speaker audio system with twin 10-inch subs mounted mid-cabin beneath the leather –clad rear seats. Wait. It's a Tercel. The only thing beneath the rear seats is bare sheetmetal and some scratched-off lottery tickets. And the audio system; It's like 60 watts and 3 speakers. The cheapest Wally World bolt-in Kajunk car audio system sounds just as good. No way he can't hear the cam overlap (think potato potato potato) of my high compression Corvette engine going through 2-1/2" exhaust, or the Riverside Red paint as the bright sunshine lights it up like the glow of a nuclear bomb. Heck, he should just feel the heat off of it. After what seems like a minute, I realize that this guy—I'll name him Eugene- only because I don't know any car guys named Eugene—couldn't care less about this classic Corvette icon sitting right next to him on an otherwise beige traffic day. But Why? So the study begins. I begin to wonder about Eugene, what went wrong many many years ago when he should have been following the path of wheels and mechanics like all boys did at a young age? You know, when you find something, anything—around the house and take it apart. Just because, that's why. And never mind having permission. That's how being grounded was invented. And what was he doing as the rest of us found a dirt pile to make roads on with our Tonka trucks. The little truck tire tread marks in the dirt were awesome, and they would even kick up dust if you pushed them just fast enough. Eugene was probably conducting science experiments on neighborhood cats in his basement. He wasn't the kind of kid that skinned a knee skateboarding down the street, and never got dirt under his fingernails digging for worms to fish with. Not the kind of kid that got picked early on for any neighborhood kid games. Today he's probably the kind of guy you don't want to play scrabble with either. I arrange my tiles to spell the word *plate*. He arranges his to spell *sesquicentennial*, then looks at me with a little pity because *plate* was the best I could come up with using my 33 tiles. Yeah, I could do better if misspells counted. Before the light turns green I give him one more chance to notice Tim's car. No dice. Kind of pissed –off at him, I hammer it just a little bit from the intersection as the light turns green so he has to notice me—if for no other reason than so he tells the office crew around the water cooler that "some kind of red car drove away from the traffic light in great haste. I don't know what kind it was, but he doesn't care about conserving fuel!" Results of the study on Eugene—"lost cause".

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Editorial - "Study of the Corvette Bystander" continued

I drive my bright red '60 from time-to-time back and forth to work when I know I won't have a bunch of errands to run that day or any parts to haul or pickup. My errands usually take me to the highway with all of the perpetual construction projects going on and the state flower lining the lanes of the road. (The state flower of Ohio is the orange barrel). "Left lane ends—move right" is a translation of the old English Anglo-Frisian dialects that means "hurry and get into the left lane, stand on the gas and pass as many cars as possible". Most do this while texting, or maybe they're taking selfies of themselves and the cars they pass, I don't know. Anyway, this is not a welcoming environment for a classic fiberglass car with a little 283, even at 270 hp. So driving the back roads is usually what I do, and it lets me collect more "data" on the behaviors of the common bystander. Sitting at intersections is the best study environment, but not the only environment. I have had 20-something females hold their phones out the window while driving down the road and take pictures of me. Yes, me..... at least I'm pretty sure they're taking pictures of me. Ok, maybe they were taking pictures of the car. And me. If I did that to them I would be locked up in the slammer and the subject of an upcoming Dr. Phil episode. These young ladies clearly have no idea what kind of car this is, have never seen one before, and are no doubt saving this picture to ask someone they know who's a car guy. Someone that's old—like 40.

Now my '60 is not exactly a shrinking violet. As I have said, it's red, has the off-road exhaust option and a solid-lifter cam with more lift and overlap than the stock 270 "097" cam. This gives it a wonderful lope at idle, or as someone I know calls it; "bloop". I don't know what "bloop" is, and as I write this, my spellchecker doesn't either. So there it is, I can tell this guy that "bloop" isn't recognized in the English language.

Construction and trade workers, a mix of 30 and 40-somethings are a mixed bag. They may "sneak a peek" while sitting next to me at an intersection, or call right out 'NICE CAR'. Personality types—introvert vs. extrovert; type A or type B will help dictate the response, but so does the culture of a car guy. If they're into NASCAR and have stickers on their truck, they'll make sure I don't see them looking at my car if they don't support Jeff Gordon or a Chevy team. And if they have Rams Horns, Mopar logo or are into Chryslers in any way, forget it. A Chrysler car guy cannot be seen looking at a Chevy of any type even if it has 4 blown Buick nailheads mounted to the front end like TV Tommy Ivo's 60s dragster, or they'll be kicked out of their Chrysler club immediately.



Chrysler guys don't like anything but Chryslers, no exception. It's the Chrysler code. Chevy guys with personalities will usually engage in a story of someone somewhere at some time in their past that they knew who had one just like it, and will continue talking until the light turns green and the guy behind him blows the horn. I try to be polite and listen, then just wave and say "thank you" as I drive away. I kind of feel bad about doing that, but the guy behind me is blowing his horn.....and he's a Chrysler guy.

My observations led me to the ultimate "not a car guy" I saw while driving down to Cincinnati to a vendor's store one sunny weekday in my beater '67 Camaro. It's a fun driver with a 5-speed Temec installed, so it's quite capable of highway speeds at low rpm for ease of engine and sip of fuel. The highway traffic slowed to 20mph while we all had to negotiate construction that closed two lanes of the highway—for work that wasn't even being done on the highway. The flowers sure were pretty, though. Anyway, in my rear view mirror was a 30-something male wearing a black hat and dark black sunglasses. Nothing here that would gain your attention yet. This guy was driving a clapped-out black 2-door Hyundai of some type—maybe an Accent I think. I don't think it even had badges on it, or they might have been rattle-canned black along with the car a few years back by a buddy of his that's a real good painter. One could do a paint job just as well with a bucket and a broom. But here's what got my attention: The pulse wipers. Yes, this bottom budget econobox has pulse wipers. And they are on. On a bright sunny day. When you don't need them. In the 20 minutes or so that we crawled our way down I-75 I saw his wipers take a stroke on the hot, dry windshield every 19 seconds. Didn't seem to bother this guy in the least. A car guy would rather have forks stuck in his eyes than to see the wipers stroke a dry windshield. Yes, I know, maybe the switch was broken and he couldn't turn them off. Hmm, gee, what could be done about that? How about fixing it?!. At very least, pull the fuse! A car guy would. This guy was content with the situation and to him there was no reason to change things. He probably didn't even notice it—and wouldn't until the rubber blade inserts peeled off and hung off the ends of the blades like the streamers on a little girl's bicycle handles. Am I the only one that was bothered by this? Probably, and this might be reason for concern.

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Editorial - "Study of the Corvette Bystander" continued

So how does the young generation of today respond to the Corvette? The obvious answer is that it varies according to year and style, but my surprising observation is that it doesn't that much. Whether there's a response depends on the individual, not the car so much. Our neighbors across the street have a small boy (Scotty) who I'll put at 10 years old. He has seen me on occasion jockey my '67 Camaro out of the garage and onto the driveway, only to stand across the street intently waiting for the right moment to yell "I like your car"! He doesn't come from "car people", as mom and dad drive vanilla envelope A to B cars. The lumpy-cam car gene in Scotty must have skipped a generation back to granpa. Scotty has said the same about my '60 Corvette, and my wife Karren's new car. This instills a small amount of confidence that the Corvette hobby as we know it will live on. Like when we had our post-board meeting one Tuesday night in the summer and we board members had our 9 or so Corvettes lined up in single file on a service road to the back of the retail strip and adjacent to the bar and grille patio we were sitting on. A Cadillac with a family in it pulled ever so slowly up the service road taking in all the different Corvettes, their generations, styles and colors. I watched a young boy hanging out the rear window of the car just gazing wide-eyed and mouth agape at our Corvettes. I then watched Mike Mills help instill our Corvette future by walking down to this family, introduce himself, and after a brief discussion and sharing of beliefs and philosophies, seated and belted this young boy in the passenger seat of his 2013 427 convertible and take him for a ride. This boy was walking 5 feet off the ground when he climbed out of Mike's car upon their return. Dad was beaming as well.

Karren and I were fortunate enough to fulfill one of our 'bucket list' items this past fall when we ordered a new 2016 Z51 Corvette convertible. We checked the R8C box for museum delivery and had an absolute blast with the experience—the VIP plant tour, the museum tour, and of course the delivery by NCM expert staff. It was 9 hours spent at the very birthplace of the Corvette, and we saw and spoke with the very people that put it together. What a great experience! Mike Mills and John Tuss, fellow MVNCRS board members called me at work and told me our new Corvette is on camera at the museum, and forwarded me great screenshots of the entire delivery process. How cool is that?! How this new generation of Corvette translates to the younger generation wasn't evident to me until I was planning this year's route for my yearly Fall Colors Road Tour. I had stopped at the Caesar Creek Visitor Center to obtain a permit so the Tour could stop at one of the boat landings for our 1/2-hour midway break—something I was told I had to do by the ranger of the park a couple of years back and have done each year since. I spoke with the personnel on duty about the event, and they asked "what is the nature of the activity you want the permit for"? I thought for a moment and replied "relief". "Relief" they asked? "What kind of relief"? "The kind of relief you need after drinking water or soda and then bumping around in the firm suspension of a Corvette for an hour and a half" was my reply. "Oh, well—ok, how many are in your group"? "Last year we had 275 cars; this year, well, there's no way of knowing" I replied. "Hey! Didn't you used to stop in this Visitor's Center a few years back"? This question came from an early 40's man that had a spark in his eye and keen memory of the Corvette entourage of 150 or so a few years back. We were able to herd this group into the Visitor's Center parking lot to use their facilities at the time, but we outgrew it. This man was intent on finding a way to accommodate our much larger group of Corvettes so we would return to his facility so he could see the gathering—by opening up an adjacent service road, parking on the grass or creating space some other way, but it was to no avail. Just not enough room. It was after this meeting that my confidence was once again boosted about the future of the Corvette hobby in our young generation. You see, I happen to have been driving Karren's new car (our 2016 convertible) on this errand, and was backing out of my parking space when I noticed a school bus unloading 5th graders on the sidewalk.



Editorial - "Study of the Corvette Bystander" continued

A lot of school field trips end up at Caesar Creek to learn about frogs, insects, snakes and other wildlife native to Ohio, so this was nothing unusual—so far. And since these are school kids, I pulled down the parking lot adjacent to the curb these kids were lined up on at no more than 5mph. Of course I was in manual mode (8-speed automatic pulled down to manual mode) and kept it in 1st gear. Track mode was selected so the NPP exhaust option was open. Yes, because it sounds awesome and makes me smile. As I approached these school kids, two boys—almost in unison and giving no credence to the teacher's instructions about keeping quiet, standing straight and still and listening to her instructions—yelled out "OH MY GAWD! LOOK AT THAT!" It made me feel like I was in a glowing ship from another planet and hovering 10 feet off the ground. These two boys could not contain themselves, and this experience took me back to my youth when I saw Skip Hibbs drop off my older brother late one night and did the longest burnout in front of our house I had ever seen. Of course at 14, that was the first burnout I had ever seen, and it was awesome! The upper octaves of the 400 cubic inch high-performance Buick engine breathing through the functional hood scoops combined with the scream of tires broke the night's silence like an air raid siren. I couldn't get back to sleep for hours, getting up and looking out my bedroom window at the two black positraction stripes under the street lights. I later learned that Skip was banned from driving his dad's new '69 Buick Gran Sport for life. One thing is for sure though; these two boys will remember seeing this 2016 sleek, powerful and sinister looking Corvette with the throaty exhaust on their Caesar Creek field trip forever, and will forget the habitat of the Gray Treefrog in a week. I would bet too that these two boys will be Corvette owners some day. Not new ones, at least not at first. And maybe their cars might need to be "fixed up" one way or another. Maybe they'll join a club with other people with similar interests. Maybe these club members can show them how things are supposed to look and function on their Corvette, like with a manual or something that shows diagrams and part numbers, colors and finishes. Maybe there will be events that they can take their Corvettes to and have them looked over by men and women that are very good at looking them over and have knowledge of how things are supposed to look. Maybe they'll even score their cars so they can have a record of what's right and what needs attention so they can sort things out and return some time later to improve their score. Maybe these people will have similar clothing on, clothing with a logo and the letters NCRS. Hmm. Just maybe.

OH MY GAWD! LOOK AT THAT!
OH MY GAWD! LOOK AT THAT!



**The Miami Valley Chapter NCRS
Board of Directors wishes you a
very safe and happy holiday season
and a great new year for 2016!**