



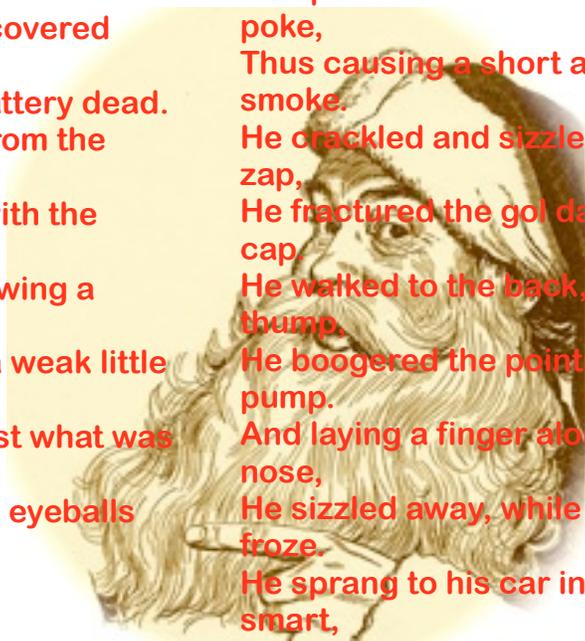
Tire Tracks

A VISIT FROM ST. LUCAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and
 out on the street
 Sat my poor little Jaguar, all covered
 with sleet.
 The starter was frozen; the battery dead.
 And clusters of icicles hung from the
 head.
 Mama with the cables, and I with the
 crank
 Were trying to start it, but drawing a
 blank.
 The best we could raise was a weak little
 clatter,
 And we couldn't determine just what was
 the matter.
 When what did our wandering eyeballs
 perceive,
 But a fat little man you just
 wouldn't believe.
 His cap was made of a bundle of wire;
 The tails of his coat were crackling with
 fire.
 His eyes were like lightbulbs (and one
 didn't work);



A glowing face with an electrical smirk!
 He was so badly wired that I knew in a
 wink
 That this poor apparition was from
 Lucas, Inc.
 He opened the bonnet and started to
 poke,
 Thus causing a short and a cloud of blue
 smoke.
 He crackled and sizzled, and giving a
 zap,
 He fractured the god darn distributor
 cap
 He walked to the back, and giving a
 thump.
 He boogered the points on my old fuel
 pump.
 And laying a finger alongside of his
 nose,
 He sizzled away, while the two of us
 froze.
 He sprang to his car in a move oh-so-
 smart,
 We almost expected the darn thing to
 start.
 The starter turned over; the engine
 roared out,
 And over the clatter we heard Lucas
 shout:
 "Out, Healey, out Jaguar, out MG and
 Sprite,
 Out Lucas Ignition, this cold winter's
 night!"
 And we heard him exclaim, as skyward
 he roared:
 "So long, crazy Yanks! I'm powered by
 Ford!"



(Thank you, Al.)

President's Letter

Well, as I am writing this, Thanksgiving has just passed. I hope everyone had a nice Holiday. Rachel and I did. We were invited to a friend's home for dinner and ate ourselves silly. We also took time to ponder the things for which we are so thankful - our life here in Sedona, our family and friends, our health and all the blessings Rachel and I enjoy together. Our hope is that everyone of you be as fortunate as we are in every aspect of our life.

Soon it will be Christmas, another wonderful time to share with family and friends. I am looking forward to our Club Christmas party. It is always a great event because it brings so many of our members together at one time, a chance to visit with friends one doesn't see often enough.

The Christmas Party will be my final event as President of the Sedona Car Club. I am very proud to have been president of your club. Since cars are such an integral part of my life, being president of the car club has been an honor. I hope you felt I served you well. I want to thank the other board members and every club member for making the past two years so enjoyable for me.

I want to welcome the new president and new board members. I am sure that they, together with the continuing current board members, will perpetuate the great traditions of the Sedona Car Club.

David Lombardi



On behalf of everybody in the Car Club, let me express our gratitude and appreciation for the many many hours David, and his first lady, Rachel, have spent on our behalf over the past two years. Your smiling faces have never failed to lift our own spirits and your sense of purpose have given us the finest kind of leadership. Thank you and godspeed.

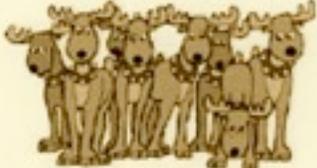
RLB, Editor



Thanks to Les Peck



CHRISTMAS IS COMING!



And so is our annual Christmas Party

The Date: Tuesday, December 13th
The Time: Happy Hour at 6pm; Dinner at 7
The Place: The Golden Goose. 2545 West 89A



In September, Al Moss ... our roving ambassador of British automotives ,,, trailed his Austin Seven over 1,200 miles to show it at Brits in the Ozarks , an annual charitable event in Fayetteville, Arkansas, raising \$14,000 for Lou Gehrig's Disease. Good show, Al!

A Tale of Taciturn Hillbilly Males, and Their Long-suffering Mates

Part two: Vonnegut's Folly, and

Moses on the Hiwassie

Review: While I was deep in a creative trance while working on the next issue of Tire Tracks, I was interrupted by my loyal and uncharacteristically impatient wife. I gave her a flippant brush-off, and retreated into my usual trance. But I am bothered by her comments about my taciturn ways. I wonder if there might be a taciturn character trait passed on through many generations of male progenitors. I decide to use "time travel" and scientific "thought experiments" to investigate the question.

I am four-and-a-half years old and one day my mama tells me to put on my warm coat and snow boots because my daddy is going to take me hunting. This is confusing, because my daddy never took me anyplace before, and he wasn't taking anybody else, and what was "hunting", anyway. But most worrisome is the big old shotgun, a thing I had been warned was very dangerous and should never even be touched. He is taking it along and taking me along. Hmmm! What does he have in mind? I feel a cold shiver, fear of the unknown.

"Pile in!", he says, meaning I should get into the car. I do and we drive in silence for about half an hour, finally stopping on an isolated country road. "Pile out!", he says, meaning I should get out of the car. He heads out onto a snow-covered field, with nothing but dry stubs of cornstalks. I guess that I should follow along so I struggle to keep up but pretty soon he is so far ahead of me that I am afraid I am being left there. I begin to stumble and, falling down, I call out, "Carry me! Carry me!" But he keeps going, neither slowing down nor turning to check on me. Fear and shame flood in on me, and I begin to cry ... loudly and long.

Through my tears I see him turn and come back to where I lay. He passes right by me, heading back toward the car, so I struggle to follow, still crying and making an unholy racket. When he reaches the car, he opens the door and waits for me to catch up. I jump into the car. He says in a quiet tone of resigned disgust, "Bawlbaby!", and slams the door, locking it. He heads back across the cornstalk stubble toward the dark line of trees beyond, and that is the last I see of him for what seems like forever. When he finally reappears he is carrying the shotgun in one hand and a single dead pheasant in the other. He tosses the dead pheasant into the back seat next to me. I choke off my crying, afraid to test the situation any further.

My daddy looks long at me and thinks, "This 'un's no good, but I still got them other two 'uns. And three girls, of course, so ... what the hell?" We drive home in silence. That day I learn what it is like to fail a test.

Coming back to the present I ask myself what have I learned from this first "Time Trip" experiment? I learned that I was a monstrous egotist for such a young thing. But so was he. I have to admit that I learned almost nothing else. You see, Time Travel works off the memories of something you once experienced. But I was trying to learn something about my father's character. My own emotional energies were so strong that my father's thoughts and actions were virtually displaced.

I did learn a few things from this first experiment, however ... my father said very little and explained even less, and Vonnegut's method was wrong for my present purpose. I would have to switch to the "Thought Experiment" method and enter into a situation that existed long before I was even born.

I had just the perfect one in mind. But I was exhausted from my efforts, and would have to try again, later. I'll just fix a cup of hot tea,, and maybe lace it with a little brandy. There, now. Ahhh.

The year is about 1856 and the place is the Hiwassie River valley, in the Great Smokies. My great-grandfather, Manasseh, is sitting by a warm fire, his loyal and patient wife, Mariah, at his side. They are about to discuss a serious family matter. Manasseh had called the entire Clan together for an important gathering where he announced that they were all to "sell up, let the slaves go free, and come back in the Spring, ready to move out to the Ozarks!", in a single wagon train. In all there would be sixteen wagons including several neighboring families and all of their belongings.

He had declared to them that this was necessary because in a matter of a few more years "all hell is gonna break loose hereabouts, and we won't be here to be no part of it. Besides that, things has got just too crowded around these parts. A man can't fart in the woods but what everybody has to talk about it. The Ozarks is almost empty, and there is plenty of cheap land, good hunting and good fishing. It's every thing we need, and so far off that nobody will bother us, no matter how bad things get hereabouts."

The Clan had already departed for their own farms to "take care of what all you have to do." Manasseh's wife had just heard these plans for the first time but she was primed and ready to tell him what she thought.

Manasseh stretched out in his favorite chair, feet to the fire, eyes nearly closed, his mind in a place just his own. Mariah begins.....

"You've really done it this time! You've made some bad decisions before, but not like this 'un.. And you just told everybody that this is what we-all is gonna do, because you've thought about it and you decided it's the right decision. Nobody else can think ... just you? Two of them slaves you want set free belong to me, and you can't tell me what to do with them. Just tell me. this... after we all sell our slaves, who is goin to do the work? I heard one of your cousins sayin', "Who will take care of the horses and the dogs so's we can be off huntin and fishin? This bunch is not goin to give up their huntin and fishin! You know

they won't! And we womenfolk depend on our "help" to peel the taters and swamp out the kitchen. Who's gonna do all o` that? I'll tell you who! Your womens and childrens, that's who!! We'll be your new slaves if you have your way. There won't be nothing out there when we get there, and we'll have to make everythin ourselves. No house, no barn, no fields or fences for the livestock. Just nothing` for miles and miles! And what makes you think that if this big trouble comes like you say its gonna, it won't spread to every corner of the land, no matter how far off. Far off just might be the best place to have real big battles, anyhow. And stayin here just might be the best thing, because out there we will have nothing and nobody but ourselves, but here we have houses and barns and neighbors, and if our sons are caught up in it, they'll be fightin with people they know. Out there, they could all get snatched up by different sides, and could end up fightin each other. Did you think about that? Don't just sit there, dozin off like you always do. Damn you!

Answer me!!!

Manasseh leans forward a little, opens his eyes some, and sighs. " Well ... I reckon we'll be takin off next Spring, just like it's planned. All except that one cousin. He's been in Georgia, too long, so he prob'ly won't set his slaves free like he was told to. He'll sell them off, but he'll come anyhow. About all the rest of this, God's will be done! We're goin`!

Back in the present, I am so excited about this experiment. Old great-grandpa didn't say much, but his actions and the words he did offer were like a treasure chest. And, great-grandma Mariah ... Good God, what a woman! But back to Manasseh, what an egotist! He clearly was a man who kept his own counsel, spent most of his free time (apart from huntin and fishin`) in a silent reverie; and huntin and fishin is mostly reveries, too, so he clearly fits the taciturn role type. He saw no need for dialogue or discussion. He also had a penchant for solitude, the kind you can only get out on a frontier.

I was so excited I decided to launch directly into my next experiment. I had read about the first of my ancestors to emigrate to America, in 1640. He was my namesake, and I can't wait to meet him. I wonder what kind of a man he will turn out to be. On to the next experiment!! (to be continued)



CLUB NEWS and ANNOUNCEMENTS

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

Happy Birthday To:

Marcelle DesRosier, 12-16

John Ossenfort, 12-15

Karl Scheinuck, 12-12

Happy Anniversary To:

There are no December anniversaries
among our members.

LITTER LIFTERS

Luke Lukich has agreed to assume this
role in 2012. This is your call to volunteer.
Dates will be announced.

CLUB MEETING

The December meeting of the Sedona
Car Club will be held at the Annual
Christmas Party. Be sure to attend.

BOARD MEETING

The Board will meet Tuesday, December
5, 2011, at 8:30 AM, at the Cousins'
clubroom. All members are invited to attend.

New Club Members: 2011

At the beginning of 2011 your Club
initiated a drive to increase total
membership. Many members were
helpful by inviting prospects to visit, and
join. The results are 14 new families
comprising 21 new members.

Steve and Sharon Blank

Ron Clark

Richard Cramblet

John Duff

Bruno and Caroline Gilberti

Chris and Janice Gruneberg

Gary Lamb

Rick Lamont

Luke and Diane Lukich

John and Lynn Orr

Dan and JoAnn Otts

Suzanne Owens

Don Schaefer

David and Pat Shyrock

Please make it a personal goal to
meet and welcome each new member.

OFFICERS AND BOARD

effective 1-1-2012

PRESIDENT

LARRIE CURRIE

FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

MARTIN GLINSKY

SECOND VICE PRESIDENT

RALPH BLANKENSHIP

TREASURER / MEMBERSHIP

SAM PIETROFITTA

SECRETARY

GREG ZUCCO

HISTORIAN

STEVE BLANK

TOURS & EVENTS

AL MOSS

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

RALPH BLANKENSHIP

HIGHWAY CLEANUP PROGRAM

LUKE LUKICH

MEMBER AT LARGE

ED PITTMAN

Upcoming Events, Tours and Meetings

As of Friday, November 25th, we have 47 reservations for the Christmas Party. If you haven't sent in your reservation and check, remember the deadline is December 5th.

As usual, our club will be participating in the annual Cottonwood Christmas Parade on Saturday, December 3rd.. As of now, we have ten cars signed up (Blank, Blankenship, Carson, Currie, Lombardi, Moss, Orr, Pittman, Wachs, Wachs). If you haven't signed up, just show up on Saturday, December 3rd. We will meet on Navoti Drive, in back of the Medical Center, to depart @ 9:30 and line up at the parade ground @ 10:00. Lunch after the parade at the Golden Dragon, in Safeway Center.

The first event for the new year will be our annual trek to Scottsdale to ogle the beautiful cars at the RM auction. Friday, January 20th.

Al Moss

TIRE TRACKS

Sedona Car Club

P.O Box 748

Sedona, AZ 86339

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