



Editors' Note

Please remember that all newsletter submissions are now due by the 15th of each month for inclusion in the following month's issue. This will allow us to distribute the newsletter at the beginning of each month instead of the middle.

Miatas in Europe

HIS TAKE...

By Phil Daoust

It seemed like a dream then and it still does now – joining 29 Miatas last July for an eight-day tour/ rally in Europe. The thought had always been at the back of my mind to see Europe by car, so when I got word that a guy from the Belgium MX-5/Miata Club organized such tours, I contacted him. Sure 'nough, he was leading a tour featuring the Alps and had room for a Yankee! (SDMCers Ed and Michel Langmaid and Tom and Stef Gould had attended previous tours with Ronald elsewhere in Europe with glowing reports). Why not? And Gina was ready for a well deserved break from the tedium of being "The Music Lady" seven days a week!

Our plan: Sandwiching the rally in between three relaxing days in Salzburg, Austria and, after the rally's end in Venice, a leisurely train ride and a few

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Photography By Phil Daoust & Gina Seashore

more days lounging on the Italian Cinque Terre coast before heading home. Ronald, our leader, was a mastermind at planning. We were given a guide book delineating each day's choice of activities with maps and GPS data. Special meals and hotels accommodating the whole group were ready and waiting at the end of each day of driving. All Gina and I had to do was enjoy the adventure.

Miatas from all over Great Britain and Europe (Scotland, England, Germany, Italy, Sweden, France, Belgium, Austria and Switzerland) converged the first night at a bucolic little hotel at the base of the Alps. A huge, flowered meadow just off our room's balcony was the landing zone for hang gliders descending from the peaks above – a picture in my mind I'll never forget.

Each morning the group met for breakfast and broke off into small groups to pursue whatever driving sight they were interested in. My favorites were the small villages with castles, skirting the peaceful lakes and beautiful, high mountain meadows with cows everywhere having been herded up the Alps for summer grazing. (Yes, they wear cowbells!) The

roads were amazing and seemed to be made for leisure driving tours.

The world famous Stelvio Pass was my favorite and upon reaching the top, people gathered to celebrate their ascent and view the miles of endless switchbacks just driven. In talking with people enjoying the view, many bikers and sports car drivers said they had been up and down the pass many times that day. It's that iconic! My favorites were two beautiful "frauleins" who had just made it to the top on in-line roller-skis and poles training for the Olympics...an unbelievably strenuous feat!

I think the fondest thought I have of our adventure, is the Miata culture. Members went out of their way to make sure we always felt welcome and part of. Of course we enjoyed the cultural diversity of the group. We especially enjoyed the dry humor of the English contingent, and the all-out party attitude of the Belgian host club members. But the one culture we all shared was that of the Miata. There were guys who washed their cars every night before putting them to bed just like some of you guys here. And sharing the latest aftermarket goody was a daily

(Miatas in Europe *Continued*)

ritual. The sense of caring and “watching out” for one another and cars was of great comfort. And to think this magic melding was made possible by a little sports car! Miata, we love you!

P.S. Prior to the trip, we spent six months trying to procure a rental Miata (with help from European rally members), but when we arrived at Hertz Rent-a-Car in Salzburg, we were given a 6-speed diesel Volvo V70 convertible (they knew we wanted a convertible)! A great ride but a far cry from a twisty, happy Miata. The others on the rally good naturedly welcomed our car as the “prototype ND” and named her “Das Boot” for the way she navigated the twisties!

FROM THE PASSENGER SEAT...

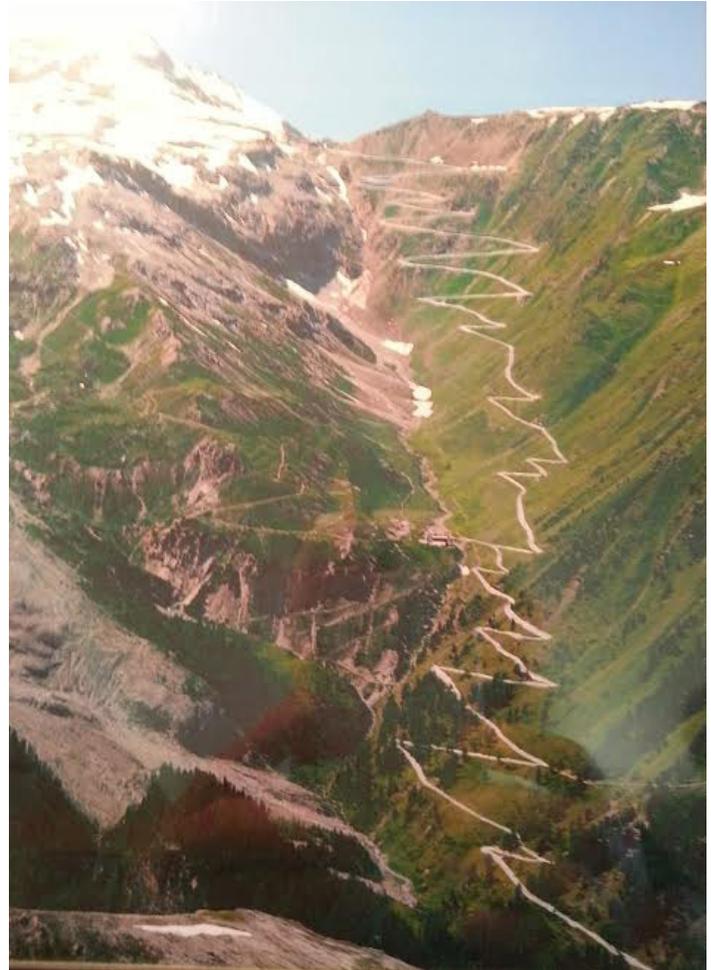
By Gina Seashore

Before last summer, my experience with driving in Europe consisted of admiring bus drivers maneuver through the smallest of cobblestone streets. But, my better half, Phil, convinced me that joining the Belgian MX-5/Miata Club for a drive through the Alps would be an awesome experience! That meant that he would drive and I would navigate.

We arrived in Salzburg a couple of days before the trip – just in time to scope out the car rental agency and realize it was cheaper to buy a GPS unit than to rent one with the car. We found a Garmin GPS that seemed like it would do the job. Unfortunately, it didn't come with an (electric) charger, so I had all of five minutes to set it up once we were in our rental car. We were off, with the GPS unit speaking at us in German!

We managed to get to the hotel where our group would stay the first night – about an hour away from Salzburg, across the border into Germany. And that was just fine with me – I'd gotten my navigator feet wet, but was still relatively sane! My question is: How did people manage to get anywhere in a foreign country before GPS?

Overnight, I was able to change the GPS language



Photography By Phil Daoust & Gina Seashore

to English and, with the help of a couple of club members, figured out how to program all the coordinates for the next day's drive. After a bit of very nice German freeway driving we got off onto the back roads. We learned that programming the GPS for “no freeways” meant driving on some very narrow streets through small towns.

A couple of days into the trip and we were ready to tackle Stelvio Pass in northern Italy. At 9045 feet, it is the second highest pass in the Alps and features 60 hairpin curves. The road was very narrow, and curves were literally blind so Phil started honking the horn before rounding each bend just to be safe. (You can YouTube people trying to race drive it, but even professional race car drivers have a hard time.)



Photography By Phil Daoust & Gina Seashore

At this point, my job changed from navigator to camera-woman. When I wasn't feeling dizzy, I videotaped out the car window – until just after beginning one of the hairpin turns, we came face to face with a huge bus. "Oh, no," I thought. We are definitely NOT going to back up. The bus driver gestured at us (and not in a friendly way) and we finally maneuvered around each other. A few miles later, I realized in my panic, that I'd forgotten to videotape the encounter!

All went fine until the day we drove to Lake Como (Italy). The GPS started to behave "erratically" just before we reached the north end of the lake. We had to resort to our not very detailed map to figure out which way we were supposed to go around the lake – all the while seeing signs for towns not even on the map. We managed to get to mid-lake (Menaggio) where we parked the car and took the ferry across the lake to Bellagio.

To our dismay, upon returning the car later that afternoon, the GPS wouldn't even turn on. We tried navigating by the seat of our pants to the hotel where we were to meet the rest of the group (using the not-so-detailed map). We eventually threw up

our hands in frustration and stopped at a gas station. Fortunately, there was a very nice young man there who spoke English. He explained that we weren't that far from the hotel and proceeded to draw a map. But by the time he got to the third traffic circle, he must have seen my eyes glaze over because he offered to hop in his car and lead us there. We were definitely ready to tip the man but once we were at the hotel, he just honked, waved and drove off.

Despite the frustration of being totally lost, it is these moments that give me hope for humanity. (I hope that we are as nice to foreigners in this country – surely the Miata Club members are!)

The next day took us through (or around) over 100 traffic circles. No kidding – we stopped counting at 100. But on the plus side – there weren't many traffic lights. The GPS was working again (turns out it just needed a good charge) and on approaching a traffic circle, the voice would announce, "Take the third exit!" I have yet to figure out how they counted the number of exits out of the traffic circle – certainly it wasn't my way of counting. After navigating a couple of wrong exits, and incurring glares from Phil, I learned to just follow the little car shape on the GPS and when I could see we were getting close to the exit, I would yell "now!" Sometimes we had to go around the circle an extra time or two. Our destination, Lake Iseo, was well worth the drive and was one of our favorite places in Italy.

The last day of fulltime driving took us on narrow, winding roads through green hills and eventually, through a national park. The road through the park was so narrow, that we thought maybe it was one way. We soon found out, it was not one way, and literally held our breath as we passed an oncoming car with an inch to spare! We crossed our fingers we wouldn't meet any other cars, but began the honking routine again, just in case.

Just one more adventure that day – figuring out which lanes to use to pay the toll and get on the freeway. After that, it was easy freeway driving to Venice. Even the (northern) Italians follow the

freeway rules. And there were interesting rest stations on overpasses above the freeway.

We stayed two nights at our hotel outside of Venice and finally the day came to say goodbye to our new friends and return the car. My last fight with the GPS came when we were within a mile of the Hertz rental return location. We just couldn't get there – the GPS kept taking us to a dead-end road. We again stopped at a gas station. This time, I got directions

in Italian. Fortunately, I understood “across from the railroad station.” We parked the car and let out a sigh of relief!

Having lived through this adventure – I now agree – it was an awesome experience. We saw scenery and towns we would never have seen by bus or train. Definitely not for the faint-hearted, though. And, next time, I will be perfectly happy to let someone else do the driving (er-I mean navigating). ●

The SDMC Car Show Season is in Full Swing!

By Steve Waid

Because the San Diego Miata Club is primarily (as Gene Streeeter, Ferris Bueller has defined) “a driving club with an eating disorder”, its' members do not participate in a lot of car shows. However, we seem to do more and more each year. Because the car hobby craze really started in southern California, and San Diego is in southern California, there is a LOT of car shows to consider every year. After the release of the movie *American Graffiti* in 1973, more and more car clubs and car shows started popping up as the boomers became more nostalgic regarding their teen years when cars were so important in our social growth. That is, if we ever grew up.

MCRD Car Show on the Bay

The first car show of the year for SDMC was the MCRD Car Show on the Bay on June 22nd. This has been a nice little car show for a number of years that benefits the families of the Marines. We have had club members support the show to some degree in the past. In 2014, SDMC member Brad Kuller was “honored” by the Corps by being selected to run the show (pun intended). He was told that he might be able to expect 120 to 150 cars. Through Brad's guidance, the show benefited from an improved venue at MCRD, and a much more effective marketing campaign. The result, which even surprised Brad, was over 300 total cars and 18

or 19 Miatas. The Miatas were all parked together in the center of the show and made quite a display. With all of our chairs making an oblong oval we were continually interacting with people as they walked by. Mark Booth's 2001 deservedly received the top Miata award and was presented it at the monthly meeting. Dennis and Maryanne Garon's 2012 was voted the Peoples Choice award. After several appearances in car shows with their Miatas, this was the first trophy that they had received. And this was accomplished between their hosting of the Wine Tasting Fund Raiser in late May, and the Annual Picnic on July 12th. Who would have thought they would find time to clean up their car.

Brad now has some work to do if he plans on making the 2015 MCRD Car Show on the Bay match this success. I think he probably will pull it off. Confidence is high!

Miatas at the Fair

For, I don't know how many times, SDMC has been invited to show cars at the car show at the San Diego County Fair in Del Mar. In fact we were invited for two days. As show organizer, Bob Meigs, explained to us when we were there, we were in the largest car show in the world. Over 1.5 million people come to see our cars. The show is so enthusiastically attended that hundreds of vendors want to be there to take advantage of the show. Of those vendors,

many of them are provided specialized food for the spectator's consumption. There are so many children that come to the car show that they have to set up rides and entertainment to keep them occupied when they are there. This is a BIG DEAL!

We had 8 cars participate each day and we also were able to take advantage of everything that was going on around the car show. As much as I talked about it, I really never did have a cinnamon roll or a bacon wrapped churro. In fact, I did not eat myself into a diabetic coma. The weather was great, and we all came home with a photo plaque showing our car on display.

Main Street America

For the fourth year in a row, SDMC has taken the Club Participation Trophy at the annual show put on by the Corvette Owners Club of America. New SDMC member, Craig Moya, has been organizing this show for years now, and it is the favorite of SDMC members as well as many others in San Diego. Held at Embarcadero Park, the venue is unrivaled. This year the 380 show cars, including 23 Miatas were treated to a sudden thunderstorm that had everyone scrambling to put their tops up and find shelter. Fortunately we had 3 canopies and actually enjoyed the experience.

Jordan Estencion took home the first place honors in the Miata class. If you have not met Jordan yet you are in for a real treat. At the car show he wears a t-shirt that says, "Sorry, I don't speak Spanish, I'm Hawaiian". Mark Booth earned second place in the Miata Class, while Steve Waid was awarded 2nd Place in the Race Car Class. SDMC members won too many raffle prizes to mention individually, but needless to say it was a great time had by all.

Looking ahead

One more car show that SDMC has consistently supported is coming up in early August.

Saturday, August 2nd is the annual Greatest Show on Turf put on by the San Diego County Council of Car Clubs. SDMC has been a member of the council since we began as a club. The GSOT is a show that recognizes and supports the car clubs of San Diego. After a rough show in 2013 (venue was not up to the standards of the past) 2014 looks to be back on track. My hope is that we "show our colors" as we have in the past, with a large turn out.

The Greatest Show on Turf details are in the club calendar on the club web site at www.sandiegomiataclub.org Go there to find out how to register. ●

SDMC @ MRLS Update

The Miata's 25th anniversary is almost here, and it's not too late to join the celebration. At last count, 99 people and 56 Miatas from SDMC will be joining over 1,100 total Miatas at Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca on September 5th through the 7th. It is going to be an event packed weekend which includes our first chance to see the upcoming

ND Miata. To get all the scuttlebutt about the weekend's activities, or to sign up just go to <http://miatasatmazdaraceway.com>. Once you are signed up, or if you have already signed up, contact Mark Booth (markbooth@cox.net) to get in on SDMC's preferred group registration, and be with the group for this piece of Miata history. ●

“Walter Mitty” Me - High Desert, High Speed Exploits



Photography By Sandy Bagnall

By Gene Streeter

Defined,... a fictional character in James Thurber's short story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", first published in The New Yorker on March 18, 1939; ... a meek, mild man with a vivid fantasy life; ... the character's name has come into more general use to refer to an ineffectual dreamer, "an ordinary, often ineffectual person who indulges in fantastic daydreams of personal triumphs".

You've heard me use this reference before. It seemed to suit me; it meshed with my fantasies of being a capable, if not accomplished racing driver, the likes of Gurney, Foyt, Stewart (Tony or Jackie), or ...

I've got it, Wally Stevens. You've also heard me say, publicly and sincerely, "When I grow up, I want to be just like Wally." For the record, transplanted

Kentuckian Greg Lee makes the same claim. Walter "Wally" Stevens, I recently learned, has been executing on his sports racing dreams for decades, beginning with a 1956 Corvette he campaigned in SCCA hill-climb events and beyond, to America's premier road courses. For the literati among our eleven faithful Twists 'N Turns readers, you already know that author James Thurber based his Walter Mitty character on good friend Walter Mithoff.

Me? I'm basing my "Mitty" short story on the more contemporary character, "Wall-e," of SDMC and screaming yellow sports car fame. It was Wally who insisted I attend my first Flyin' Miata Summer Camp nearly three years ago. My "Big Dog" swagger only developed after last year's track day in the wet. I stayed on course, hit my marks, and improved with every run; Steve "Obi" Waid doesn't dole out many compliments, and I'm not in the habit of receiving

them for my driving skills – real or imagined. The “big dog” handle was his idea. Just imagine my reaction when Wally invited me to be his navigator for the Nevada Open Road Challenge a few months prior to the event...I was flattered, but I wasn’t looking to mark any territory. I made certain Wally knew I’d never done this before.

Marking Time and Territory

My role as navigator meant that it was my responsibility to keep us on pace over the entire 90-mile section of Nevada’s US 318 that runs between Lund and Hiko during Sunday’s road race, May 18. In golf parlance, it’s akin to getting “closest to the pin” in all but the Unlimited speed class. Entered in the 115-mile per hour class, it was my job to call out the features of the course, watch for animals or debris, and somehow translate mile markers and our elapsed time into the precise average speed of 115 mph. I was experienced and/or capable in only two out of three.

I was also qualified to keep “our” supercharged, in-your-face yellow, 2008 Z06 Corvette clean and presentable over the other events we were committed to – tech inspections, parade through the city streets of Ely, car show in the park, mandatory meetings and two very different speed events. Arriving in Ely late Thursday morning, there was quite a bit of down time as well. Wally himself documented one such moment via his Facebook post of me catching some Zzzs and (potentially) any flying insects in the area. Oh yeah, and two certain speed contests – both Friday and Sunday mornings.

Just as Wally introduced me to Summer Camp and Grand Junction International Raceway, Sandy Bagnall introduced him to the Vegas ‘Vettes club and the SSCC – Nevada’s Silver State Classic Challenge – the September bookend to May’s Open Road Challenge. Both events depend heavily upon volunteers and especially on the Vegas ‘Vettes club members. Sandy pleaded with Wally for years before he took up the challenge. Now in his 5th year and

9th event, Wally’s seen four podium finishes with four different navigators...no pressure for someone like my alter-ego Ferris Bueller, but this fact weighed heavily on my Walter Mitty persona.

Despite Wally’s customary modesty, a few of you might know that John Conn, Greg Lee, and Phil Daoust have all preceded me in this role. I can’t speak for John, but I know that Phil and I had to “dig deep” within to get this done. Greg had answered the “need for speed” call long ago. How ironic is it then that Phil and I both managed class wins our first time out?

“...eyes were as big as saucers ...”

Friday morning was clear and crisp at the 6200’ elevation. We were to meet at a local Mexican restaurant by 9:00 AM; they were opening early for last minute, er, pit stops and suiting up in our personal safety gear. By virtue of our early arrival, we would be the 1st car of the 1st group to run the Half-Mile Shootout, looking for top speed in the three runs allowed.

I don’t know whether the restaurant ever did open prior to the lunch hour. What I do know is that nature was still calling when it was announced we would light off in ten minutes. Picture this...I quickly stripped to my underwear out in front of the locked restaurant, pulling on my borrowed and bulky fire-resistant driver’s suit and shoes. I slithered into the passenger seat just as Wally was pulling away to the starting line and yet another tech inspection. Even though I had test-fit the 6-point racing harness yesterday, the driving suit, like a television camera, added at least fifteen pounds to my anxious frame. Enter the Vegas ‘Vettes tech duo of Ken and Al, our personal safety valets just short of the starting line and the drag race “Christmas tree.”

Ken helped Wally with his HANS device, while Al went to work on me. My heart was pounding, my anxiety was palpable, as all my belts were finally buckled together and arm restraints were cinched-



Photography By Sandy Bagnall

up. On came the Nomex headsock, then the helmet. It wasn't lost on me that the rules required my name and blood type to be prominently displayed on the outside of it. True to form, my high-tech titanium-framed glasses weren't cooperating. The more I stabbed them rearward toward my waiting ears, the more they bent as designed. I was anxious and equally apologetic for holding up the event. Al began reassuring me that it was "OK...just relax; you can do this." He later confided in Sandy "his eyes were as big as saucers." I probably made actor Marty Feldman's exophthalmic profile look somehow normal.

To the starting line, a green flag, and the roar of 657 brake horsepower...Wally had the dyno report from Carroll Shelby's tuning facility to attest to our potential. We launched hard, courtesy of the 591 rear wheel horsepower and gobs of torque. All three upshifts abused the rear tires; the field of orange cones signifying the 1/2 mile timing trap came up in about 18 seconds. The acrid smell of burning rubber enveloped us in the cool down area. At least it didn't

smell like clutch material.

The anxiety began to drain away, even though I remained tightly buckled-in. Wally and the patrol officer stationed at the intersection re-told the story of the competitor who went straight into the adjacent field and unsuspecting outhouse last year, never slowing or making the turn as directed. It wasn't lost on me that he was driving a Mustang ... think about it. We waited our turn and proceeded back to the starting line. The 2nd run felt much better. Hurry up and wait...three times and off to lunch... we wouldn't learn the results until the Sunday evening banquet. The sum total of my contribution to this event? About 185 pounds of ballast.

Required Car Show, optional pancake breakfast?

Early lunch, a bench-racing session, and the acquaintance of another screaming yellow Corvette owner preceded our return to the Jailhouse Motel & Casino parking lot. Before my well-deserved (and photo-documented) nap, it was time to detail our 'Vette for the afternoon's annual parade through town and candy toss; also for the car show early Saturday morning. For those of you thinking such perverse thoughts ... no, I never lost control of any bodily functions. I know this audience well enough to remain on the defensive.

Those of us that have driven in the various holiday parades are familiar with crawling along city streets, waving to the sometimes appreciative adults, and tossing candies to eager children. Those of us familiar with Cruisin' Grand would feel at home as well ... while burn-outs were strictly verboten, revved engines and low-restriction exhaust systems were the order of the day, save for the two Tesla Model Ss participating. The candy toss portion was my responsibility, so I directed the candy and my attention to a broad cross-section of women and children.

Ever hear of a mandatory car show? As part of the event festivities, all contestants are required

to display their cars in the local park. If you didn't show, you weren't allowed to compete on Sunday. Considering the event registration fees Wally invested, it was an easy decision. “See you in the morning, bright and early.”

It was a social time for contestants and spectators alike. Wally even held court with a Canadian photo-journalist trying to answer the question “Why do this?” for the benefit of his readers back home. The field of 120 cars was spread across the newly-mown field; thirty-one of those were Corvettes. For the record, very few cars were yellow, but they ranged from the aforementioned electric conveyances to purpose-built race cars and a certain twin-turbocharged Lamborghini sporting 1500+ horsepower. We would later learn that highly-modified Gallardo turned 200 mph in the Half-Mile Shoot-out. How's that for a foreshadowing?

Out for A Sunday Drive in the Country

Wally, Sandy, and I enjoyed an exceptional steak dinner Saturday evening in our Jailhouse Restaurant cell, behind some of the same bars that once partitioned the jail when Ely was a booming mining town. Wally and I got underway at first light Sunday morning; as a volunteer course worker, Sandy had to be on the move and in position long before us. Even the modest McDonald's burrito was completely satisfying; my anxieties were well under control, even in the wake of the Saturday afternoon drivers/navigators' meetings designed to heighten everyone's safety concerns.

Off to the nearby town of Lund for the pre-staging and eventual start of the Open Road Challenge, and into the 27 years of history spawned by casino marketing specialist/entrepreneur/racer, Steve Waldman and like-minded thrill-seekers. Hurry up and wait was the order of this morning as well. At final pre-grid, I was actually able to help Wally with his safety gear and prepare myself for launch. It was finally our turn; having practiced synchronizing/starting my stopwatches with the course timer, I was

ready. In my mind's eye, I was a World Rally Champ navigator, cool, calm, collected, and focused on the prize.

At Wally's urging, our Corvette rumbled away from the starting line and into page after page of course notes, mile markers, and speed/distance measurements. Cruise control “on” – check. Air conditioning on and keeping us comfortable despite being wrapped like Beef Wellington – check. We were hurtling south on US 318 – the Silver State Classic Challenge Highway, settled-in for a 90-mile Sunday drive.

Spectators, well off the highway for their safety, were largely a blur; my focus was on the mile markers outside and the digital timing displays in front of me. With the windows up, Wally had no problem hearing my callouts and reassurances. For the radar speed trap, we nudged our speed up to the 140 mph limit the rules allowed. Smooth, with only a hint of residual adrenaline. The vaunted “Narrows” loom ahead, my only real concern because we hadn't done a practice run of the course for my benefit. We would back off to 95 mph through these turns and make it up the last ten miles.

The last ten miles were the fastest I'd ever experienced. I barked out suggestions to Wally – kick it up another notch ... too much, back it off ... more, as I was trying to make the necessary time/speed adjustments. We crossed the finish line nearly two seconds sooner than I had engineered. I was relieved it wasn't worse, but concerned it wasn't going to be good enough for a podium finish. We would learn our fate in another seven hours or so, but not until we had cleaned our chariot one more time. Ourselves as well, though I confess that I stayed in the driver's suit most of the 110 miles back to North Las Vegas.

“Every Good Boy Deserves Favor”

With apologies to the Moody Blues and playwright Tom Stoppard, the Sunday evening awards banquet

(“Walter Mitty Me *Continued*)

was rewarding for Wally and a vindication for me. The Half-Mile Shoot-out awards presentation was first on the agenda. We finished 2nd only to the uber-powerful Gallardo I referenced earlier; there were others more powerful than Wally’s Corvette, but none better-driven. We recorded a 148 mph trap speed, where the twice-as-powerful Gallardo saw 200 mph. The trophy girls were cordial, cameras flashed, and the plated award shined nearly as bright as our toothy smiles. Oh yeah, Wally also took home a certificate for an Optima battery of his choosing. For the record, the One-Mile Shoot-out was also won by the Gallardo, recording 232 mph in the process.

When our speed class (average of 115 mph) was announced, I was anxious all over again. As it turned out, our 1.79 seconds variance (too fast) was good enough for the class win...this time. Our second

trip to the stage had the MC and “my” trophy girl asking the same question “weren’t you just here a few minutes ago?” Once again, Sandy scampered to the front of the ballroom to capture a photo of us. I didn’t try to conceal my obvious pleasure; not that I was capable. I had fulfilled Wally’s expectations of a podium finish. I had fulfilled, no exceeded, my expectations of the event and my capacity for trying something new. There’s a philosophy, of sorts, that advocates “do something that terrifies you ... every day.”

This entire experience nourished the “Walter Mitty” part of me. I believe I’ll do it again next year, and be even better prepared. Better yet, Walter Stevens has invited me back, even asking if I was OK moving up three speed classes. My answer to both? “Oh, yeah!” ●

Welcome To Our Newest Members

Art Papesch & Carolyn Bennett	Oceanside	1990 Classic Red
Jackie Eder-Van Hook & Bob Van Hook	San Diego.....	2007 Stormy Blue Mica
John Flavan & Lauren Youngberg.....	San Diego.....	2008 True Red
Thomas Marchisa & Jennifer Grodberg	Carlsbad.....	2013 Crystal White Pearl Mica
Jeff Royer & Tamilyn Daniels.....	Escondido	2007 Galaxy Gray Mica
Fred Santillo & Tina Massey.....	Laguna Niguel	1997 Twilight Blue Mica &
.....	2011 Liquid Silver Metallic

And WELCOME BACK to returning members...

Gerri Causarano & Peter Jurow	Summerville, SC.....	1999 Twilight Blue
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The San Diego Miata Club now stands with

162 Memberships

(38 single, 124 dual)

for a total of 286 members.

Boogieing Thru Boogies and Beyond

By Steve Taft

On Saturday July 12th thirty-six members and guests convened at the Park and Ride behind Fallbrook's Mobil station off the I-15. We left promptly at 11:30 AM with twenty cars and a two wheeler.

Miatas are not meant to go straight and so we twisted our way, left and right, up and down through Fallbrook as best we could. Thirty-five miles, thirty-three turns, fourteen stops, five signals, and seventy-five minutes later we reached our Comfort Stop. Your Daddy's Buick would have done it in five

miles, two turns, three signals, and six minutes. And the back of his shirt wouldn't be soaking wet! Yet we would be wearing the smiles.

At the Micky D's we exchanged fluids and picked up another Miata that had just missed our 11:30 AM dust off. After a quick diversion northwest to "Fun Run" over the tummy of Fallbrook's "Sleeping Indian" skyline, we were getting hungry for Mr. Waid's favorite, Mexican. So we straightened the road a bit through Bonsall and "Beyond" arriving at The Garon's shortly after 2 PM for our Annual Club Picnic. ●

Upcoming Events

Date	Event	Time	Meeting Location	Point of Contact
Saturday, August 23	Tech Day at Rocky's	8:00AM – 4:00PM	Rocky's Miatomotive, 2951 Garnet Ave., San Diego, CA 92109 (Pacific Beach)	Rocky Murphy, (858) 273-2547
Thursday, August 28	SDMC Meeting	7:00 – 8:00PM	Boll Weevil Restaurant, 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., San Diego, CA 92123	Neal Mills, nealmills@aol.com
Friday-Sunday, September 5-7	Miatas at MRLS	All Day	Events will be held at various locations in the Monterey/ Seaside area, including Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca	Mark Booth, markbooth@cox.net
Saturday, September 13	Scared Twistless Run	Run 3:00PM Dinner 5:00PM Play 7:00PM	Run – TBD Dinner – TBD Play – San Marcos Historical Society's Connors Hall in Heritage Park, 1952 Sycamore Dr., San Marcos	Dawn Coats, k9sndj@yahoo.com, Christy Pluciennik, Christy.pluciennik@gmail.com, Todd Pluciennik, t.pluciennik@gmail.com
Saturday-Sunday, September 20-21	Coronado Speed Festival	7:00AM Both Days	Tartine's, 1106 First Street, Coronado	TBD
Saturday-Sunday, September 20-21	Coronado Speed Festival	7:00AM Both Days	Tartine's, 1106 First Street, Coronado	TBD
Thursday, September 25	SDMC Meeting	7:00 – 8:00PM	Boll Weevil Restaurant, 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., San Diego, CA 92123	Neal Mills, nealmills@aol.com

SDMC Officers



President
Neal Mills



Vice - President
Christy Pluciennk



Treasurer
Laurie Waid

Secretary
VACANT

Executive Board

President - Neal Mills 858-536-1836	president@sandiegomiataclub.org
Vice President - Christy Pluciennk 858-201-8430	vicepresident@sandiegomiataclub.org
Treasurer - Laurie Waid 760-432-0727	treasurer@sandiegomiataclub.org
VACANT	secretary@sandiegomiataclub.org

Administrative Board

Membership - Chris Jones	membership@sandiegomiataclub.org
Events Coordinator - Jan & Jeff Frederick 858.675.0607	2freds.sd@gmail.com
Club E-Mail - Bob Kleeman 619.501.9776	postmaster@sandiegomiataclub.org
Webmaster - Dan Garcia	webmaster@sandiegomiataclub.org
Club Regalia - Steve & Laurie Waid 760.432.0727	regalia@sandiegomiataclub.org
Historian - Elinor Shack 858.485.0278	mshack@san.rr.com

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Contact SDMC

The Web

www.sandiegomiataclub.org

24 Hour Voice Message

619-434-2007

Mail

P.O. Box 261921
San Diego, CA 92196

E-Mail

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

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

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

The SAN DIEGO MIATA CLUB is a California nonprofit corporation. Twists & Turns is the monthly newsletter of the SAN DIEGO MIATA CLUB. Use of articles or stories by other Miata clubs is hereby granted, provided proper credit is given. Submissions to the newsletter are welcomed and encouraged. When possible, please e-mail your submissions to the newsletter editor. Submissions may also be mailed to the club's post office box, Submission deadline is the 1st of each month. The Editor reserves the right to edit all submissions.

Our Mission

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

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

Monthly Meetings

Our monthly meetings are a great opportunity to meet your fellow club members, ask questions, and share stories. **Meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month, except in November and December when on the third Thursday.** We meet at the Boll Weevil restaurant, 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., in San Diego (between I-15 and SR 163). To contact the restaurant, call 858-571-6225. Many members arrive around 6. p.m. to enjoy meals, snacks, or beverages while chatting with their Miata friends. The informal meeting starts at 7 p.m. We guarantee you'll have fun.

Next Monthly Meeting: August **28, 2014**

Dues

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

Badges

Have you noticed those engraved plastic name badges that other members wear? Would you like to get one? Badges are available in colors to match your car. The cost is \$10 each including magnetic fasteners. Add \$2 for shipping to your home. Badge request forms are available at the Regalia table at monthly meetings and on sandiegomiataclub.org in the "Regalia" section. All orders must be prepaid.

Member Discounts

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

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

Automotive Services

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

Auto Image Paintless dent repair, leather/vinyl/plastic repair, headlight restoration & paint touch up. Free estimates at your home or work. Contact

Britt Colton. 619-244-2227. Discount: 10%

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rocky's Miatomotive 2951 Garnet Avenue, San Diego, CA 92109. 858-273-2547. Discount: 10% on labor.

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

TJM Enterprises (formerly Magnolia Autobody). Restorations, body work. 10027 Prospect Avenue, Santee. 619-562-7861. Ask for T.J. Discount: 10% on labor and parts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mazda Dealerships

Mazda of El Cajon. 619-590-3700. Discount: 20% on parts and labor. VIP Membership: 3 oil changes for \$19.95 with \$5 going to Rady's Children's Hospital.

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

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

Other Services

David Bryan your friendly neighborhood REALTOR; Pacific Sotheby's International Realty. I sell garages with homes! I will provide SDMC members who buy or sell a home through me with a free 1-year home warranty. DAVID BRYAN 619.334.4625 DavidBrealtor@cox.net DRE#01009295

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

Classifieds

FOR SALE 2002 Miata

Yellow with 80,000 miles, Cold side Carb legal supercharger, 6 speed, AFCO suspension, Roll Bar, 17inch Mazdaspeed wheels with new Direzza tires, A total of over \$16,000 in good stuff added to this Miata, Send me you email and I will send you a complete list, Maintained by Rocky since I bought it in 2006. Never damaged. \$14,000

CALL WALLY (619) 203-2801 or WALLYMIATA@GMAIL.COM

SALVAGE PARTS

Mainly 1990 to 2005 parts, at least 50 % off of cost new. Some 2006 and newer parts including tops, seats and trim. wallymiata@gmail.com or 619-203-2801 Wally Stevens SOCALM & SDMC member.

17" rims off MX5 2010 Grand Touring

One pair, stock, perfect, \$75. DavidPlank.pastordavid@pastordavid.com, 760.505.2555

14" inch original Equipment 1999 Rims and Nexen Tires (almost to the wear bars) \$80 OBO for set.

John & Phyllis Lord johnlord@calvarychapel.com 760-275-2324

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

San Diego Miata Club
PO Box 180456
Coronado CA 92178-0456



Photography By Steve Waid