

Points and Plugs

Volume 37-3 October,1 2020

Indiana Chapter NCRS

All Events To Be Determined Later

Mike Treece
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Chairman
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June 20-22
Indianapolis

Bloomington Gold
IMS

Rick Coker
2732 White Oak
Ft. Wayne, IN 46825

Judging Chairman
emma1950@comcast.com
260-484-1000

August 10 **Canceled**
Jamie & John's

Mini Meet
Hamilton Lake Location

September **Canceled**

Chapter Road Tour

Vice Chairman

October **Canceled**
Larry Gerig's

Chapter Judging
Roanoke IN

Judy Waggoner
1261 Hillview Dr.
Franklin, IN 46131

Treasurer
ncrs@ncrs.org
317-736-4263

October 5 **Canceled**
Mounds State Park

Chapter Picnic
Anderson, IN

Tim Hull
3108 E 400 S
Lebanon, IN 46052

Secretary/Editor
cthull@tds.net
317-919-1231

November 7 11:30
MCL Cafeteria

Annual Business Meeting
Castleton

John Waggoner
1261 Hillview Dr.
Franklin, IN 46131

Membership Mgr
ncrs@ncrs.org

December 7
TBD

Chapter X-Mas Party

Message From Mike Treece, Chairman

October 24th at 10:00 AM, I am doing a virtual judging school on corvette emblems, go on line at events registration to sign up. This is for Heart of Ohio and Indiana chapters.

November 14th I have a scheduled visit to D and D Classic Automobile Restoration in Covington Ohio. Starting at 10:00 AM. At 1:30 PM a visit to Glazier Pattern and Coach Works, where old woody cars are restored. If any one is interested, please Email me at mltreece@yahoo.com

I have just spoken with John Waggoner, we are all set for our annual business meeting at MCL Cafeteria on November 7th at 11:30 AM. Masks are required.

Mike Treece

Message From Rick Coker, Judging Chairman

Since COVID-19, there is not a lot to report. Everything we enjoy has been stopped thanks to the Virus. One bright spot has been the Webinar Judging events. Mike Treece has presented 2 events, Air Cleaners 1 and 2. Several other chapters have had similar virtual events. They are a great way to earn one point and tap into the vast knowledge of other members from around the country. Be sure to check the events page at NCRS for more on-line events. I genuinely hope next year we can return to normal.

Ginger Sleeper has sold Ken's 1993 corvette to a local Auburn individual. I was present when he purchased and picked up the car. He was beaming from ear to ear. Ginger reports she sees him around Auburn still smiling.

I attended a chapter meet in Virginia hosted by MAC (Mid-Atlantic Chapter). They had 4 incredible cars, one of them was an original 1971 LT1. The judging was not at a normal pace due to the COVID restrictions, but everyone had a great time.

Rick Coker



“Rest Stops and other musings from the traveling hippie chick”

Let's begin with Oklahoma..... a wonderful state. Driving through Tulsa at night is amazing. Tulsa certainly places a priority on transportation and it shows. Tulsa also has a Dealership named Route 66 Chevrolet, I liked that. As with most states, their best rest stops are usually the first ones, aka welcome stops. In Oklahoma this holds true as well. Except.....the toilets. I'm almost certain that the toilets electric eyes have been reprogrammed by the producers of Candid Camera. Let's just say that in my mind, Oklahoma is synonymous with surprise high pressure flushes.

Desert Trail Heads in Northern Scottsdale AZ are well marked, the trails, not so much. The desert calls me. I love them all, the Mojave, Sonoran, Chihuahuan, etc.. Naturally, I pulled into the Fraesfield Trail Head Parking lot, gathered my provisions, canteen, binoculars, tripod camp stool, hat, snack baggie of Goldfish crackers and headed out for my 1-2 hour out & back hike. Amazing sights, lots of rattlesnakes, bunnies, Jack Rabbits, Coyotes, etc... after 4 hours of wandering, I realized that I had lost the Whiskey Bottle Trail. I still had plenty of battery and signal strength, I wasn't lost, I was merely 6 miles off of the trail. I was hoping that Wind In His Hair, from Dances With Wolves would happen along and give me a lift back to the parking lot. Fully understanding that it was highly unlikely that Rodney Grant, in costume, on horseback, would canter up anytime soon. I made my way back to the trail and eventually the truck. Slogger garden shoes filled with Cholla cactus spines, to be pulled out later, I headed back to the Airbnb.

I spent much time wandering near the Airbnb which was on the edge of the Tonto National Forest, Navajo Reservation land and the Rio Verde River. There were many homes back in this area where cattle trails are euphemistically called roads, and they like it that way. It keeps development out and most of the time, riff-raff like me— all systems have their weak spots. One neighbor had horses, a mini, a quarter horse, a saddlebred and a couple of others that I did not meet. I met the lady of the house, a fabulous photographer, her children and most of her domestic pets. she kindly allowed me to treat some of her horses with apples. The other neighbor had chickens, at least one rooster and numerous other creatures that I failed to make

Continued from page 3

contact with. Someone nearby had a herd chatty donkeys. Sunrise and sunset were the times to be out on the patio. That's the time the coyote packs are calling out or back their members, the owls are readying for hunting and and bobcats are settling in for the night. Without city light pollution, the star gazing was so clear and crisp, the nebula Coat Hanger could be seen with the naked eye.

After saying goodbye to the Greater Phoenix area and the old friends I had visited, and the new ones made, I headed east on I-10. Making my way to Las Cruces NM and the spectacular Rest Stop called Scenic Overlook. Scenic Overlook Circle did not disappoint, gazing at the city lights for almost an hour, then catching a few hours of sleep. Up before the sun rose, I was on my way up I-25 towards ABQ. Having been through ABQ numerous times, I decided to peel off on Old US Route 60 and make my way to the Abo Ruins, a Pueblo Mission Settlement National Monument site. In my mind, thinking that a US Route designation meant good, smooth road, I was wrong. The road rose and wound its way up into the cloud desert of Manzano Peak, elevation 10,000 feet, mostly in the Cibola National Forest. When the signs that depict only the silhouette of a cow, every 1/4 mile, the New Mexico Department of Transportation wants you to know that they are NOT kidding! Or, that cows use constant dense fog as camouflage. Sure enough, I rounded a sharp curve, to find a very large black longhorn standing idly in the opposite lane. On one side of the road there was a high rock cliff, on the other side of the road a sheer 200' drop, with no guard rail, I had a decision to make. I knew immediately that her/his horns didn't work, so should I anger or worse frighten her/him right off of a cliff, with my *working* horn? Should I try staring her/him down into *I Am King of This Road* submission? Considering that morning rush hour consisted of me and 1 lane hogging cow, I put on my thinking cap and decided to charm the ample bovine over to the far side of the other lane with some bite sized crumb cakes. (At this point, I could visualize a call to the husband saying that I was ok, but the truck had been T-Boned..... by a cow.) Fortunately, the Hostess Crumb Cakes worked and I bid my newest homie adios. The Ruins were great, although not technically open yet, I got my photos and headed up NM State Road 41 towards I-40 and some correctional facility that prompted signs to NOT pick up hitchhikers. I kept my

Continued from page 4

eyes peeled, in case the opportunity to be a get-a-way driver might come up but, clearly, security methods were working. Not one felon on the lamb in sight.

I-40 eastbound through New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma is boring after a half a dozen runs or so. However, the 1-44 Turnpikes always seem to have a surprise or two. This time around the surprise arose at the Alton Rest Stop near the Missouri line. I had stopped at the Will Rogers Turnpike Travel Plaza for a couple of hours of shut eye, gas topped off and headed east to where I knew there were several nice rest stops for a quick change of clothes and toothbrushing. I knew these rest stops were nice, with usually low traffic. I arrived at the Alton stop, spent some time gathering my quick change supplies out of the bed of the truck, tossing it all into a Dollar General reusable shopping bag. As I unfolded the cargo bed tonneau cover and locked up the truck, I felt as though I was being surveilled. I looked to the few other vehicles there and noticed a white 16 passenger van with 2 men standing outside, glaring at me. These two guys were glaring at me in a way that made me think that I was about to be jumped from behind so, I scanned my perimeter, all clear, and glared back at them, until they looked away. I walked into the building and then into the women's facility, it was then I realized, the reason for the 'glaring stares' moments ago. The restroom was filled with Prison Chicks on a potty break during transport to places unknown to me. The fact that most of them were sitting on the floor, under baby-changing stations pecking away on cell phones, was one clue. Teardrop tattoos on numerous faces, put it all together for me. This did not slow me down, I had a task at hand. The fact that I considered leaving my dollar general bag inside, going back outside and pecking away feverishly on my phone while looking back down the interstate, might be fun.... 😎 However, considering that I'm 60, and the possible take-down by 2 plain clothed correctional officers could break bones, I decided against it. I did find it amusing that I had been scrutinized as an aging Sons of Anarchy type hippie chick with nefarious intentions. It wasn't until mid way into Missouri that I realized that I had missed my opportunity to learn how to fashion my toothbrush into a Shank. C'est la vie.

After eating up, in the neighborhood of 4,200 miles of pavement, sand/dirt mix and some gravel, this voyage to the Sun is in the archives.

Continued from page 6

**Abo Ruins, Salinas National Monument
Abo, New Mexico**



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