

Well, what can I say? It's been a busy month! I've started school for my Graphic Arts degree, and we've installed new officers. I didn't have the minutes of the last meeting as of press time, so I'll recount as best I can...which ain't much.

First and second, we seemed rather unanimous in agreeing that in order to keep the club alive, gather new members and preserve the Classic Chevys we love so much, we need to both be more open and welcoming to potential new members; it was suggested in that vein that we go so far as to keep fliers promoting the COCCC with us to distribute to potential members we might encounter. (Personally, I think that's a wonderful idea...we could print 2 fliers to a standard sized page, cut them and promote the Club at every opportunity!)

Next, I asked for your help in starting a club for Full-Size Chevy owners, a branch of the National Impala Association. So far, I've received only two answers, both from the Guthrie area. I'm giving the OIA (Oklahoma Impala Association) idea till the end of this calendar year, then I think I may have to pack it up. Just doesn't seem like the interest is out there, for whatever reason. That having been said, I am most happy to include anyone who has a full-size Chevy from ANY year to join, though the proviso of joining the National Impala Association must still apply to keep the charter.

OK. 'Nuff said on that. Now, I'd like to be impertinent enough to ask another question. In order to not be VISUALLY perceived as STRICTLY a Tri-Five club, I'd like to re-introduce the idea of modifying our logo. Below are two ideas I've had (both of which still hold true to the Chevy logo, font and style) that both hew to our Chevy roots without seeming stuck on Tri-Fives as a membership criterion.

I only ask that the idea be considered in line with our objective to expand our hobby and the COCCC. Thanks.

-Chuck



INSIDE:

1. Photos and Notes from the Perkins Car Show.
2. Part Two of the Great Klasek Chevy Road Trip Across Route 66.
3. Photos from the last meeting (even if I don't remember what happened besides the great food and laughs we had at Rancho Myers!)

Perkins Car Show, September 24, 2005:

--Annette Myers

Members from our club attending the show were: Larry & Annette Myers, Ken and CC Monroe, Rudy & Gloria Escalera, Rodney & Martha Duerksen, Robert Bogardus, and Johnny Hewett.

Rudy received an award for being the first to register for the show, while Larry received an award from the Chevy dealer for best Chevy at the show. Johnny Hewett placed with Original Truck 1950-1969.

In the 1955-1957 Classic Chevy Class, top three were: Larry Myers, Annette Myers and Rodney Duerksen.

The club won the Club Attendance Trophy and cash award! After the cars were judged at the high school, everyone drove downtown to be at the end of the parade. We parked in the middle of the downtown street to show off the cars to those who attended the festival afterwards!



...How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Trip, Part Deux

By Chuck Klasek, ***Dashboard*** Editor

Ok, now where was I...? Oh, yeah... recovering from heatstroke in Tucumcari, N.M. Anyway, when I got up, I was feeling a bit woozy, but a fair bit better than death, so we pressed on. The next two days were literally and figuratively a bit of a blur, as we saw sights in the New Mexico and Arizona deserts one won't see anywhere else on Earth.

Let me sum up the majority of the N.M.-AZ part of the trip on 66 like this: *GO!* If you're REALLY adventurous, you may want to take a truck, possibly a 4X4, to see the entire Route in its bypassed glory. The buttes, Painted Desert, and just the abandoned structures along the Route itself will magically transport you to a time where what kind of car you drove didn't matter...and you all at once feel as insignificant as a bug and as awesome as a deity for all the grandeur and beauty around you.

Granted, there ARE long stretches of nothing but nothing but cactus and buttes, canyons and caves, washes and wide-open spaces, but I'm sure if you have the adventurous spirit to go, you'll understand why you went.

That having been said, the northern parts of the aforementioned states are truly beautiful and both states pay great homage to the Mother Road, most especially New Mexico, as many things will attest: the preservation of Route icons, the signage, the décor and decoration of the roads and bridges that line/bypass/cross over the Route...and the businesses that have sprouted up along the Route to cater to the rediscovery of the most famous American road in the world.

Despite the scenery and the awe it filled us all with, the highlight of the trip (even greater than traveling the Oatman Highway from AZ into CA...yes, it's part of 66, and we'll get to that next month...) for your intrepid Editor was going through Seligman, AZ, and meeting that icon of the Mother Road, Angel Delgadillo.

Angel has been featured on many television shows and documentaries about Route 66, and he (with brother Juan and Angel's wife Vilma) and his family have dedicated their lives to preserving their own part of 66. In short, Seligman was

passed by (like so many other towns) by the new Interstate Highway System, and was in a state of slow, protracted, painful decline. Juan and Angel pooled the money they had (Angel still runs a snack stand/restaurant and barber shop) from their Seligman businesses and bought up as many of the buildings that had gone (or were going) out of use as their owners left for greener pastures. They determined that Seligman wouldn't die, but would at the very least live as testament to what Route 66 meant to the America that gave birth to it and now seemed ready to cast it aside.

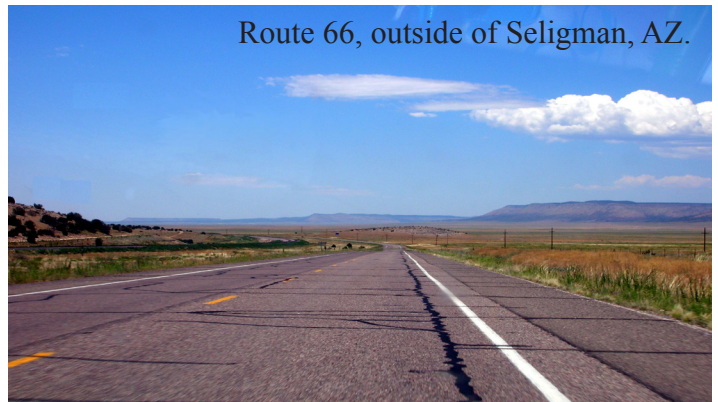
Over the years, that dedication meant life to Seligman, and with the emerging "retro" culture and rediscovery of that brief moment in time known as the History of America, Seligman is coming alive yet again. Slowly maybe, but surely as the Road Runners scamper across the Arizona desert, the town of Seligman is indeed coming back to life - even expanding.

Angel just happened to be there in the gift shop when Cathy, Jose and I drove up. He was puttering around, working the crowd as it were, and I just felt moved to walk up to him and (rather shyly, I might add) introduce myself. I felt as though I were a pilgrim talking to the Dalai Lama as he grew misty-eyed telling me how glad his heart is that America is rediscovering its past, and that he - and Seligman - have been a part of that journey for so many people. He will talk as long as you'll listen on Seligman history, the journey the Delgadillos have taken along with their town and the Route, and how much that means to them. You'll also be amazed at how, even today as the world grows ever closer, the Delgadillo family stays as close as can be as the majority stay in tiny Seligman, breathing life into history in a way no theme park or brass plaque can.

You really, REALLY need to make this trip.

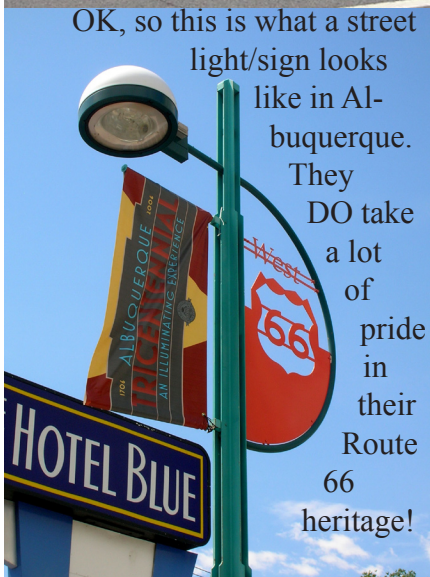
Next Month: The Oatman Highway, crossing into the Mojave Desert and our only mechanical breakdown...35 miles from beautiful (???) downtown Needles, CA.

Route 66, outside of Seligman, AZ.

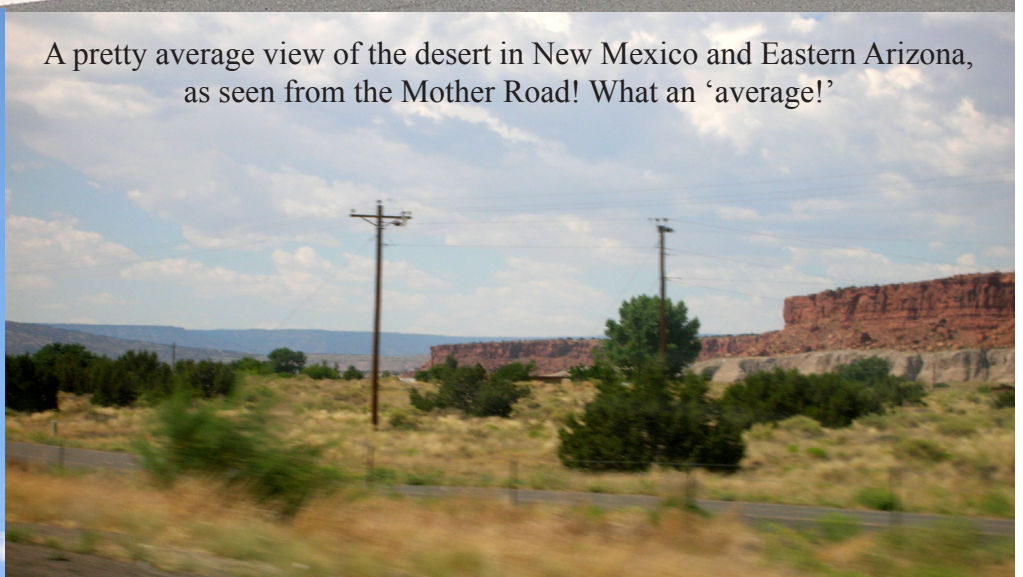




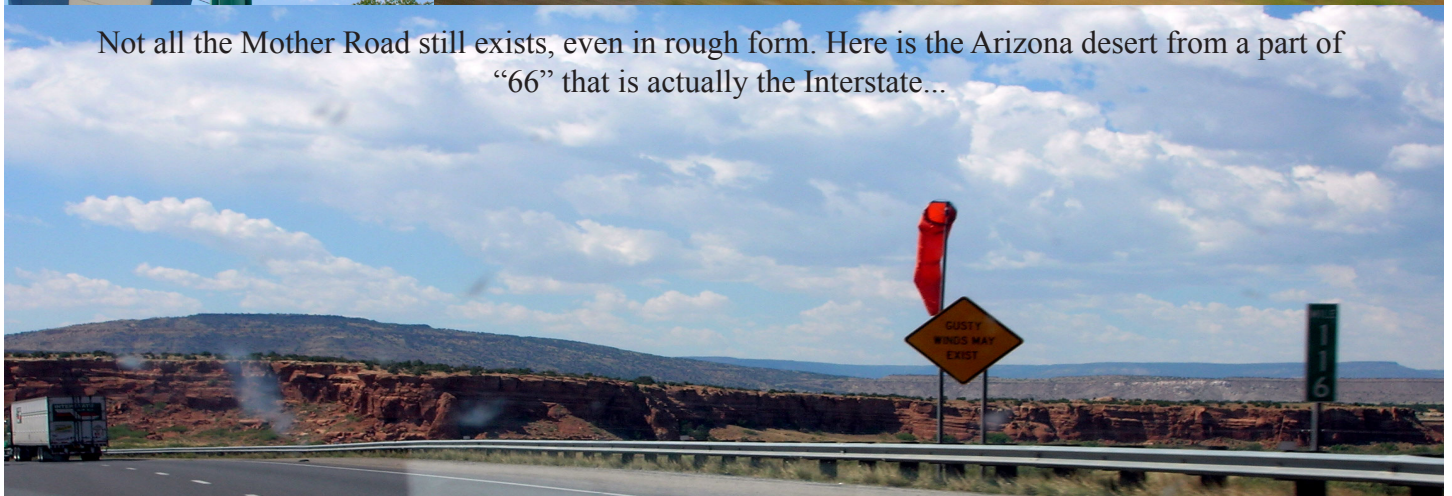
Beautiful downtown (?) Seligman, just past Angel's place. Kitschy, but the cars are cool!



OK, so this is what a street light/sign looks like in Albuquerque. They DO take a lot of pride in their Route 66 heritage!



A pretty average view of the desert in New Mexico and Eastern Arizona, as seen from the Mother Road! What an 'average!'



Not all the Mother Road still exists, even in rough form. Here is the Arizona desert from a part of "66" that is actually the Interstate...

Angel Delgadillo's Burger Stand, Seligman, AZ. The famous Delgadillo Barber Shop (one chair) is to the right of the photograph.



Coming into Seligman, this Texaco sign has been there since the 1920s....just check the famous photo from LIFE Magazine about Route 66 in the Depression days...the building behind it is Angel's place...



The man...the legend...Angel Delgadillo. I dunno who the Michelin Man-wannabe is...



These two photos are from the back of Angel and Vilma's place...it is a living chronicle of the Delgadillo's life in Seligman and their dedication to their home...

