

The Alfaholic Newsletter of the DSARC

Welcome to *The Alfaholic*!

June, 2007

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President's Column

Hey Y'all!

What a busy few months! A rally *and* a concourse! Things are really starting to come together for our club. Good folks, great cars, and good times. Each of our gatherings is filled with laughter and enjoyment. Like Dave Spruill says, "The cars are the glue that holds us together, but it's really about the people." He's right. I wonder how many other car clubs have members that will drive their classics for hours and hundreds of miles for a club event. My gratitude and respect to all those who are willing to travel such distances!

We have an article from Tim Spruill on the rally that Bob Simonds so kindly organized again this year (next year we'll have more cars Bob, I promise!). We also have a story from new member, Charlie Durning about the concourse that Ed Migon organized. Everything was great Ed! Our final report is from Dave Spruill and his '71 spider. I suppose he's put more miles on that car in the last two months, than he had in the previous 15 years. Hey Dave, its fun isn't it?

Our next meeting will be another tech day at Joe Stianche's place in Ellisville, Mississippi on July 28th. I'll send a map and more details as plans firm up. Bring your car if it needs some work, or just come along to learn about these cool cars and hang out with the club!

We are anticipating the arrival of our very own website too. Brittaney Spruill is going to be our webmaster. Thanks Brittaney! More to come...

Hope to see you at the next meeting!

Andy Menapace
President, DSARC

The 2nd Annual Deep South Alfa Romeo Club Fun Rally

By: Tim Spruill

Photo: Brittaney Spruill

So there we were, sitting at the beginning of a long line of Alfas (Ok, so there were **only** three cars). Engines were purring. Each driver and navigator team was getting ready, trying to fight off the nervousness. The spiders were fired up and idling, each one slowly coming up to temperature. The Milano Verde "S" runs hot enough on its own and is sitting quietly, key in the ignition, waiting for the last possible moment to explode into life. In a nearby driveway sits a perfectly restored Duetto.

The clock is ticking. I am snugly belted into the Recaro racing seat the Italians saw fit to put in the Verde. My copilot is sitting next to me, securing loose items and prepping for the arduous task of reading, riding, picking out landmarks, answering questions, and not getting car sick all at the same time. We are handed an envelope with course directions, and given a few minutes to review before setting off. I fire up Maura, the only V6 in the group, and she gladly responds, instantly dwarfing the sounds of the four cylinder cars. (An old rusty exhaust with an ANSA in the back helps out) They take a reading of our mileage, record the time, and off we go!

So what is going on here? It's the annual AROC Deep South Chapter Spring Rally. Well that does not help much. So maybe I should elaborate some more. Somewhere between a trip to the grocery store in a strange town, and the Dakar Rally through the Sahara is the Deep South Rally. Once a year a group of Alfas and others get together and try to decipher the riddles of a crazy Alfisti who is only known as "Rally Bob". The idea is simple: get from point A to point B as fast as you can. Answer a few trivia questions along the way for extra points, and have a good time (no points for that). Of course when you have no idea where point B is, things get a little bit more difficult. And trying to answer questions while looking for tiny



road signs and such is even worse. You see, the directions are written in riddles. Bob has gone through great lengths to put together stanza after stanza of rhyming literature worthy of a Shakespearian sonnet, three legs worth!

So off we go. The other two cars will follow shortly at regular intervals. That being said, if we see them again, we can assume we are that many minutes behind, not good. It did not take long before we saw them. We could not find the next turn and were back tracking to the last place we knew was right. They past us going to where we had just come from. Both cars circled around the area trying to find the right path. At some point in time we both saw the other spider go by and not come back. Eventually we lost the other spider and found our way. At the first check point we asked how long since the other cars had gone through. He said we were the first ones there!!! Wow!!! We were in the lead!!

The second leg was just as exciting as the first, except this time we did not get lost. I guess we are getting better with practice. We never even saw another car. There were some awesome Alfa roads out in the country side that just begged to be used to their fullest. We pushed at ten tenths the whole way. By the time we found the check point, my brakes were getting really noisy and my navigator was not feeling so hot. The brakes had some good squeak before we started so that was no big deal, but the navigator issue was huge. Not only did I need her for the rally, but it was going to be a long ride home with a green and unhappy wife. Apparently the constant hard on gas, hard on brakes, and back hard on gas was harder on the passenger than the car. Time spent at the check point does not count against us, so a short rest is in order. This gave us a chance to take a closer look at the gorgeous Duetto again. Ironically, the trip to the check point that had made my passenger feel a little woozy had actually made the Duetto puke! Not sure what happened, but it was not a problem for the rest of the rally. For the third leg, I took it easy on the driving to save the navigator. This one was just as exciting as the first two. Towards the end, there were a few weird directions. One involved a question mark. You had to see it to believe it. Turn right at the question mark it says. We are both looking for the question mark. Perhaps it was a question, and the landmark would be obvious when we got there. Maybe there was a big question mark in the grass or on a bill board. Nope, wrong, forget it! At the intersection, there was a big street sign with a giant question mark on it. We are still not sure what the sign means, but we sure as hell went right! The next direction confused us even more. I cannot remember exactly what it was, but we missed it. We went into town and tried to figure out where we were supposed to be. We ended up on a road near the water and decided to turn back. We finally found the turn and ended right back on the road we had just driven several extra miles to get to and come back from. The end was at a giant yellow submarine. Once again, we were the first ones there, except this was the time that really counted! It was a little while later and the other two cars showed up. Rally Bob did some quick math and we came out ahead. We won!!! What a come back! Not only did we finish, we finished first!!

What a come back? What does that mean you ask? Oh yeah, did I forget to mention that last year we drove the spider, and did not quite make it to the end of the last leg. In fact, we did not make it home either. We had to leave the spider in a shop and bring back parts the next weekend. My navigator was not pleased. Now you know why I was so careful with her this time!

So, now that we have come back from a dnf to a first place finish, what is next? A celebration of course!!! For the September/October meeting/event we will be hosting a feast at our new Alfa garage with attached living quarters (Britt calls it a house, but she is confused). Details will come soon on the new website. Everyone will be challenged to bring their favorite Italian dish or make it on the spot. We have a full kitchen and a grill in the back so chefs are welcome to work their magical arts. We will come up with a set of courses and let people sign up so we have a well rounded meal. And of course no Italian feast is complete without plenty of fine Italian beer and wine! So come hungry and leave happy!! If we can find some time we might even have a few nice drives on some curvy country roads too!

First Annual DSARC Concours d'Elegance Written and Photographed By: Charlie Durning



I don't know who took this photo of the Concours winning car, but it sure is pretty! (ed)

The 1st annual DSAROC Concours d'Elegance at St Francisville was a rousing success. It's clear that Ed & Cyndi Migon and Holly Hanford made all of the arrangements as a labor of love. My thanks to you all. This years Concours had all of the elements required for a successful event. We had a wonderful setting,

great weather, good food, Italian wine, engaging conversation, beautiful cars, and fast women. (I must have missed out on the fast women, ed.)

My weekend started as usual with a 5:00am wake up call. After the morning routine, Sherilyn and I were off to meet up with Andy and Bonnie Menapace at their digs in Brandon. After a short exchange of pleasantries and a visit to the outhouse we were off. Our first stop was in Clinton where we topped up our tanks and dropped our tops for our trek down the Natchez Trace. We took a vote and Andy was elected to lead the way.

The day started out cloudy and a bit nippy but the decision to go topless was a wise one. The drive down the trace sure can be relaxing. The posted speed limit is 50mph which makes one slow down and enjoy the scenery. Did we do that? Naaah, we blasted down the Trace. There were times where we had to exhibit restraint so we wouldn't get hauled by the feds for speeding. It's tough to blend in when driving "Cop Caller" red Italian Beauties.

Though there was no traffic, the drive wasn't without hazards. Our first hazard was encountered at a well placed 'BUMP' sign. To his surprise, Andy discovered exactly what the sign meant. In an effort to evade the same fate as Andy and Bonnie I discovered that my new tires had a crappy grip when attempting to make a panic stop on marbles. As it turned out, crews were fixing the roadway and they weren't quite finished yet. Mental note: slow down for the BUMP sign.

The next encounter was with wild turkeys. Andy went blasting into a flock of about 30 birds standin' in the road. To our surprise, those suckers had no intention of moving out of Andy's way. Finally the horn did the trick and Andy was on his way. Then I got stuck among the birds. One would have thought that they would have cleared out but no, not these birds. Another dose of horn and I was on my way. As we traveled the Trace we discovered that the turkeys were out in full force so we had to keep our vigilance.

We did make one stop along the way at the Sunken Trace. There is a lot of history along the Trace and it's worthwhile stopping along the way to take in a little history. One thing we did discover is that there is no outhouse at the Sunken Trace so we hurried along to our next stop.

Our next stop was in Natchez at the City Café for a rest stop and breakfast. The City Café is a nice place but it only has one restroom, so plan ahead to avoid the potty dance. The gals chose a table on the upper level so we could keep an eye on our cars and watch as the passers by stopped to have a look at our unusual rides. After a nice breakfast at a reasonable price we were off for the 1 hour drive to St. Francisville.

The St. Francisville Inn was easy to find, located in the middle of town and next to the park. The Inn is a perfect setting to show off our Italian beauties. Ed

Migon was there to meet and greet us, along with Holly Hanford. Our arrival was too early for check in so we decided to walk down to the local Mexican restaurant (it was Cinco de Mayo). As we understood it, the restaurant is a short walk towards the river. Laurie, the Inn owner commented that we must be nuts to walk all that way. Hey, it's just a couple of blocks, what's the big deal. Well about half way there we decided that Laurie was right. The girls conversed about girly things while the guys talked about manly things, mostly cars and airplanes. After eating too much we headed back to the Inn. Some how the walk back seemed to be a lot longer than the walk out. Next time we'll drive.

By the time we got back Bill Sims and Linda had arrived with a nice pale blue '57 Giulietta Spider on a trailer. At first we accused Bill of not trusting his car to make the drive when he stated that he was planning on hauling antique furniture back on the trailer for the house. Yeah right. I never saw any furniture. The Giulietta is a work in progress but we convinced Bill to show it anyway. I'm glad that he brought it along. It reminded me of my long lost '64 Giulia Spider, may it rest in peace.

It wasn't long before the parking lot was full of Alfa Spiders. Bob and Pauline Simonds showed in their elegant '66 Duetto, David & Lynn Spruill showed in their '71 Spider sporting a new top, and a little later Tim and Brittaney showed up in their green barn find Spider. After settling in and a little fussing (actually Bob did a lot of fussing) over the cars we were off to eat again at the restaurant across the street.

The food was good and the conversation was lively. One topic of discussion was what to do after chow. We all agreed that we would terrorize the town like a bunch of crazed bikers. Only problem is that nobody has loud pipes. Oh well, Andy led a tour of the high points in a subdued style. Somehow I think that we visited the same high points several times. I suppose that's one of the joys of being in a small town. We soon retired to the wine tasting room for more conversation. The party was finally over at 9:00pm. So much for the night life.

The next morning we were all up bright and early and full of anticipation of an exciting morning. Ronnie and Sue Broussard arrived with their wonderful '88 Quadrifoglio, John Ferguson also arrived in their very nice '76 Spider, and Tim and Brittaney rejoined us in their '88 Milano Verde. The judges Vick Bostick and Gary Hanford also joined us.

I noticed that several folks attempted to bribe the judges. I would never stoop to such a low tactic. I just prompted Vic to choose the red Spider. Hey it doesn't hurt to give the judges a little guidance.



Ed Migon took this shot of the Alfa line-up. Five red spiders...

Soon Andy gathered us up and had the cars lined up on the sidewalk in front of the park according to ascending vintage with Bill Sims '57 first and Tim Spruill's '88 at the opposite end. Andy was careful to put the red cars together in an obvious effort to confuse the judges. The field was set and the competition was intense. To add a little spice to the line up, David Worrell crashed the party with his fabulous Aston Martin Vantage. Needless to say he drew quite a crowd.



Aston Quad-cam V-8



While waiting for the judges to inspect the cars we all took some time to watch the passerby's admire our unusual collection of Italian beauties. The tour busses came by in droves, the cops slowed down to inspect our lineup, and various strollers stopped to get a closer look. All of this was going on while several of us were across the street admiring a collection of antique domestic cars.

Finally, after some intense moments and short speeches, the winners were announced. 1st went to Bob and Pauline Simonds and their gorgeous '66 Duetto. 2nd went to Charlie and Sherilyn Durning and their survivor '82 Spider. 3rd went to John and Sue Ferguson and their beautiful red '76 Spider. In addition to the hardware, David and Lynn Spruill donated a couple of bottles of Italian wine to the winners. Our thanks to judges Vic Bostick and Gary Hanford, and score keepers Cindi Migon and Holly Hanford for a job well done.



Photo: Brittany Spruill

In celebration, we all took to the streets. Our initial plan was to strut our stuff at the local park where there was some sort of a ta'doo going on. We hit the park with a vengeance but no body noticed. They were too busy eating. Clearly, if someone had loud pipes we would have been noticed. We need to work on that for next year. We closed out the weekend activities by eating. We gathered at the restaurant across the street for our closing good by's and, more conversation were Marc Zebouni joined in.

As we all went our own ways home I could only think that the 1st Annual DSAROC Concours d'Elegance was a weekend well spent. I hope to see you all next year.

Alfa Romeo Club

Big Red Rides Again!

By: Dave Spruill

Photo: Lynn Spruill

I was first smitten by the Alfa bug in the late '60's when I used to pass by a white Giulietta Spider on my way to college classes. I wasn't sure what it was but I knew it was the most beautiful car I had ever seen and I immediately reacted with "I want one." I did get a white 1963



Giulia Spider but that's another story. Fast forwarding to April, 1986, "Big Red," our 1971 1750 Spider, entered our life.

Like the Phoenix, the bird in Greek mythology that symbolizes immortality, resurrection, and life after death, Big Red refuses to die, having been resurrected several times in the past 21 years. The latest incarnation began with our last drive together, about 12 years ago, when the brakes suddenly failed while exiting the interstate. I can vouch for the robustness of Alfa emergency brakes, which got me home that day. Being the consummate Alfanut, I disassembled the entire brake system, bagged up the calipers and master cylinder, ordered new kits, and promptly moved on to something else.

Fast forwarding again to 2006, Andy Menapace and his trusty Silverado (also red!) helped me by towing Big Red from Baton Rouge to Memphis where, under the expert care of Tim Tilley at Import and Sports, Big Red was resurrected and now rides again. It now sports new brakes, a new Pertronix ignition system, new tires, and a brand new top, installed by Manny, Moe, and Jack (aka Tim, Andy, and me). The car made the recent 11 hour round trip to the Concourse in St. Francisville without incident (well not entirely). Aside from a belt adjustment and losing bits of Guibo on the return trip to Oxford, it was a joy to be inside an Alfa, hearing the sounds, enjoying the looks, and plotting the next repair job.

Thanks to the wonderful members of the Deep South Alfa Club for rekindling my love of Alfas, and special thanks for the unending passion of our younger members Tim and Andy, who work tirelessly to keep the flame going.

Upcoming Events

- July 28, 2007** **Tech Day at Joe Stianche's, Ellisville, MS**
We'll learn how to pull an Alfa engine, and give our Alfas a check up with a compression tester and ignition timing light. I have to change out a fan blade. Who knows what else we'll get into? It'll be a full day of fun in the garage and relaxing around the pool!
- July 20-22, 2007** **Porsche 250, Barber Motorsports Park, Birmingham, AL**
Bonnie and I are planning to go to the Porsche 250 in Birmingham. Give me a call if you are interested in joining us.
- September, 2007** **Italian Food Festival, Tim and Brittaney Spruill's, Zachary, LA**
We decided to drop the Fall Rally idea for now, and instead have a Italian Food Festival. Bring your favorite Italian dish and enjoy the fellowship with other Alfisti.
- November, 2007** **Annual Meeting**
That time of year is coming around again. We need to set a date and location for this meeting, and get input from our members about events and activities for 2008! This is also our time to elect officers, so give it some thought.
- P.S. Write an article for the *Alfaholic* and send it in!** 🇮🇹

Alfa Romeo Club