

## Bonneville 2010



Off we go again. FJC, Jim English and Dick Evans left Gill Sunday August 8th at 7:10 am- ten minutes late. This year Bob Parker is racing and so Dickie has agreed to serve as assistant driver. Jim English would like to drive, but I told him Jim Cosgrove vetoed it, and I agreed.

We have a new trailer, forty-two feet of aluminum, orange in color with flames down the side. An observation deck, self-contained generator, microwave, television, sound system and air conditioning are available. The old trailer served us well, but it became rusty. So, Jim and I bought this used for \$14,000 +/- and added new brakes, a couple of tires, E Trac, refined the winch. We feel an aluminum trailer should last indefinitely.

Parker left yesterday for Ozzies' to have his car aligned. We anticipate meeting him past Syracuse, N.Y. around noon. FJC is driving and talking with Dickie. Jim English is in back listening and snoozing. We can't seem to get Bob on the phone. It's some snafu I can't remember- maybe calling his home phone number. So we get some lunch at a diner that is much farther from the thruway than the lady at the toll booth indicated. We returned to the tollbooth and fuel and wait for Bob. He arrives and informs us that his rear wheels hit the body. They are new wheels he received but didn't install until he got to Ozzie's.

Off we go heading to Ashtabula and the HO-Hum. Dickie assumes driving duties, and to show my confidence in him, I take a nap. Next fuel stop turns out to be around Erie, PA. Bob's truck only holds half the capacity of mine. I refuel anyway and prepare to leave when I'm informed Bob's truck won't start. We push his truck out of the way and unhook my trailer. I tow his trailer out back at this truck stop and leave it- re-hook up my trailer. A ramp truck arrives and takes Bob, Bill and Bob's truck away.

We resume our travels heading to the Ho-Hum. It's getting late. We find a place to eat. By the time we arrive at the Ho-Hum, it's dark. The locusts are making a big noise. Dickie is not suitably impressed with our accommodations until he hears the price. He'll learn the rules: #1- will the truck fit, #2- can we walk to a restaurant and #3- can the three of us stay for under \$100.

Monday, August 9<sup>th</sup>      We head out to the Interstate 80 and have breakfast at a familiar restaurant. Off to Cleveland at morning rush hour. It goes okay and we move across Ohio and into Indiana. At lunch

I notice a sign welcoming us to Michigan. I'm thinking it's Michigan, Indiana, but it turns out to be Michigan himself.

We talk to Bob and he's on the road for a mere \$800- new fuel pump. Our plan is to visit Rad Rods by Troy. It is south of Chicago and we arrive mid-afternoon. This shop's focus is now on customs and race application of cars from the 60's and 70's. Plus he prepares and races Blowfish for George Poteet. We get a good tour from a young man who's associated with Christian Rodding- something Dickie could use. No one appears to be working. Three finished cars welcome us the owner's haven't taken delivery of. I wonder about his collections. At the end of the tour we open our trailer and Troy himself appears, and we have a good conversation about Bonneville and racing issues.

We return to the road and head west. Bob is catching up. Carter Lloyd's gang are catching us- they go out in record time. Tonight we stay at the Ohawa, Il. And eat at a Cracker Barrel. This is two dry restaurants in a row, and I've had it. Bob has caught up to us.

Tuesday, August 10<sup>th</sup> On the road again. FJC driving in the morning, Dickie after lunch. An uneventful day. We stay in Nebraska in the town past the big bridge-like structure over I-80. There is some kind of historical restoration here, and I think we should check it out until I find out it doesn't open til 9:00 am.

Wednesday, August 11<sup>th</sup> Simard and McKuch are on the road with Ken's sons Matt & \_\_\_\_\_. They left Monday and plan on reaching Cheyenne tonight. I want to get further than that so we can get on the salt Thursday. We make it to Rawling, Wyoming. It's about halfway across the state, so we're at least four hundred miles from Bonneville.

Thursday, August 12<sup>th</sup> Someone notices one of Bob's rear tires is low. Bill inspects the tire and proclaims it wouldn't pass inspection. At the speeds we are travelling at one must have good tires. So we hang out while he gets two new rears. Not what I had planned. We're off sometime after 9:00 am. We go along well, down through the pass into Utah. Skirt Salt Lake City to the north and end up in Tooele for lunch. Dickie takes over and we head to the salt. Jim is already there. Steve Straw has reserved a place on the front row for us and Carter's gang is setting up. They greet our arrival. The location is perfect at the 3 ¾ mile marker on the long course.

We set up our area. Bob and my trailer doors face each other, so we have a common pit area. Carter is behind Bob and Dave & Ken set up behind us. Dennis and Bob Quindazzi are here. We prepare our pit area and get DAS BULLET ready for inspection early tomorrow. Carter gets his car down for Thursday inspection. There are problems. Most notable is his ability to get in and out of his car. He also, like Bob, has a tire clearance issue. The DAS BULLET crew is scratching their heads.

After much criticism of my design of the observation deck, Dickie manages to get that into shape. It's Bob Q's first salt visit. He has supplied the motor for this years effort. It's a four cyl Audi with diesel crank and 20 valve head around 2.15 liter. It is capable of 800 HP at 35 lbs boost. I don't think we need

that much but it's nice to know its available. We ran this motor at Maxton and had problems. The motor ran unevenly- the intercooler leaked and two cylinders weren't sealing well. We still did 188 mph.

Three weeks before Bonneville we tested a refurbished engine on a chassis dyno and worked out our problems. One final pull to see how much power were making destroyed the fourth rod bearing.

Bob produced a new motor. We installed it, started it up and it didn't sound right. After much analysis and guess work, we removed the engine. Bob took it home, found the problem, solved the problem and had the engine back to us in record time. When we re-fired, it sounded great. However, this chain of events wasn't great for one's confidence. This motor was extensively tested on Bill McCurdy's dyno. Matter of fact, it had the shit beaten out of it and it didn't blink. Now we were heading off with a semi untested motor. I should mention that Bill pitched in on both occasions when the motor was being removed and was a great help. On the subject of the engine, let me say that it performed flawlessly. Any engine issues had more to do with our race-craft, as I'll describe later.

Friday, August 13<sup>th</sup>      We arrive on the salt in a prompt fashion. Today is inspection day and although we've been through this on a number of occasions a low level of tension exists. Of course the waiting doesn't help this situation. After several hours the process begins. Jim Travers, an obvious old timer is the main man. Usually Jim deals with this guy because his hearing and memory are better, however this year I'm with the chief inspector, and Jim is distracting the other guy which didn't appear to take much.

We have a couple of things going for us in inspection. Our car and demeanor appear professional, and our car is different and complicated enough that I don't think the inspectors are entirely sure what they're looking at. Das Bullet is approved.

Back to the pits, Carter and Bob are working on dilemmas. We don't have a lot to do. Usually I walk around and look at other cars now. It's a good time to do that as all the cars are in the pit and most teams are hanging out.

I'm not focused; tired from the trip. After a while its back to the Nugget, Jim and Dennis will position the car later for Saturday racing.

Saturday August 14<sup>th</sup>      I oversleep, should have gotten wake up call rather than rely on an unfamiliar alarm clock. After some rushing around gathering supplies for the day I arrive on the salt for the introductory ceremonies and the drivers meeting. Not much new here although the report on the amount of salt is a bit discouraging.

The meeting ends, drivers tour the track, and we await the start of racing. This year there is one long track, one combination long/short track and one short track. Vehicles that exceed 300 mph get special consideration by invitation. This system worked quite well. The lines were do-able even early in the week.

So we get into racing mode. Warm the oil, run the car to near operation temperature. Install the oxygen sensor, get the driver ready, ice the intercooler and then deal with the uneven pace of the line to race.

Around noon we are off. The car sounds okay. We're thinking Test Run. We are not thinking 188 mph is all it will do. We collect the car and return to the pits. The laptop boys go to work.

It is quickly discovered that there is no boost. An examination of the car reveals nothing. There is more computer study.

And more computer study. FJC is getting irritated, never a good thing, and finally demands that our computer coach potatoes shut off the laptops and grab a wrench. We take the turbo off, reexamine things and reassemble.

We start the engine. It's boost-less. I'm looking down into the car and the tube going into the intercooler looks wrong. It is. This results in an unprintable exclamation from Jim. It is an easy fix and a perfect solution to the problem.

Sunday August 15th    This morning I'm prepared. A visit to the Smith's; we now have food and drinks. No one seems interested in racing and we get in an early run. But not without the racing gremlins striking. We're on the line and Bob puts his hand in his pocket and discovers the O2 sensor. I get permission to shut down and push a side, we remove the fairing, install the sensor, put the car back together and lose about 2 spaces. If there was more racing activity this could have resulted in going back to the end of the line. Jim needs to go 218 for record purposes and under 225 for license purposes. With the aid of GPS he goes 223 so it's off to impound. It's early and we're first to arrive. We don't have much to do on the car as it ran well. Computer analysis is good.

It takes about 6 hours before Dan Warner senses an open Budweiser. He has too many responsibilities. He signs off on the car and we're out of there.

Monday August 16th    Same routine; out on the salt in the dark. Acquire ice and heat the oil. Move out to the line near the end of the impounded cars. Run the car. Get the driver ready; ice the car. Then things seem to bog down at the starting line. I'm still not sure what the problem was. Fortunately, it's cool and the driver is okay. We're set to go when the gremlins hit. Dennis has misapplied a leg restraint and must redo the belts. The starter is concerned and we get flagged after the run by the race steward to have our leg restraint system reviewed.

Jim goes 237; a new record of 230 and a RED HAT. The car is roaming around and we're not sure to this day if it is us or the salt. Consultation with others yields varying opinions. This roaming is producing some unpleasant chute effects. SCTA isn't warned or hasn't noticed.

So, we're off for the record run inspection which features a measurement of our displacement, our fuel seal and whatever else they want. This is the slowest line on the salt and we are at the end of it because I don't like being rushed in our race preparation. Dan Warner measures the engine and finds it undersize but allows for the inaccuracy of his equipment and the reputation of Das Bullet crew and accepts our numbers. The record is official.

I mentioned Dan Warner has too many hats. He now presents Jim with his Red Hat as a member of the 200 mph club. He states that more people have climbed Mt. Everest this year than have ever belonged to the 200mph club in its history. (Might be true) Tells Jim not to take his hat off, then presents him with a t-shirt which requires hat removal. (a good laugh)

Ed Iskendarian is wandering around inspection. I ask him about Eddie Hovagimian. He doesn't remember but he recalls Laterio, a RI cam grinder. When he meets Bob Quindazzi he tells a story about his start in business and being told that no one with a name as long as his will be successful. Bob can sympathize.

In the pits, we lunch on delicious deli goods from Smiths and watermelon. We decide to check the alignment of the car. The front has 1/8" total toe-in. (that's good) The left has 1/8" Toe-in; the right is neutral. We adjust the right to 1/8"toe-in. I'm not sure about this, I've researched this rear wheel thing but there is little on the subject of Straight line racing. I guess I figure I can't do much harm. When we retest the car seems better although we don't go as fast.

The car is ready to test in the Morning. On the way back to our pit we stop to see the Chilsons. They're a main competitor, run a Volkswagen engine with a transaxle in a dragster style lakester. They are having difficulties; can go about 210 over and over. Say they are bracket racing. I try to hook them up with Bob. (not sure I succeeded) It later turned out that their engine was down of compression.

Hardman is here; runs an F class streamliner. He has gone 300; but unable to back it up. He had rear-end problems ran around 250 I think. Must write him.

Tuesday August 17th

Time to test our new alignment set up. We get off without gremlins and Jim does a run around 225. Its an early run so the salt should be good matter of fact they might have moved the track. Anyway the driver feels more comfortable with the car. So we're back at the pit and I can't seem to recall that we were accomplishing much; ate and headed back down to the starting line when disaster struck.

We tow out car backwards to elevate the rear wheels and preserve the automatic transmission. This requires locking the front wheels. I will always regret that I didn't take off the canopy and check the steering lock. There seemed to be no need. We had towed the car back to the pits without mishap. We hadn't removed the lock. I grabbed the front wheels and attempted to twist them. Clearly, the lock was in place.

Almost to the starting line I spotted some loose salt on the pit road and slowed the truck. Unfortunately not enough. The lock must not have been fully engaged and that loose salt set off motions that released the lock. The lakester then swerved violently from side to side destroying the ball end in the rack and pinion steering. Some spectators along the road got more than their share of excitement. Their reactions reflected their age.

So we called the team to the site. It was apparent we had rack problems. Bob and I went back to the trailer to get the Chassis Shop book (the source of the rack). We returned to find a tractor trailer car hauler on site.

Jim had spotted the rig from KTR in Harvard, Mass and hailed him. We proceeded to load Das Bullet onto the lift gate and took it back to our pit. Meanwhile I was ordering a new rack from the Chassis Shop. Because of time zone differences, we just got it shipped next day air.

At the pit we examined the car. The rear took a beating from the tow vehicle and Jim inspected that area while FJC and Jimmy proceeded to examine and disassemble the front end. Everything appeared to be alright with the exception of the rack. I was gratified and a little surprised the suspension with stood a beating of this magnitude. We're done for the day – what a bummer!

Weds. Aug 18<sup>th</sup> Where's the rack? We know it was in Salt Lake City at 11:00pm last night. We would have gone and got it but couldn't find out where to go. Somehow Kevin Cosgrove gets involved and he has the clout to find our package which isn't where it is supposed to be. He puts on the pressure and it is special delivered to Wendover Wednesday afternoon. Bob picks it up and we prepare to install it. But the gremlins never leave, they just move around and this rack which is not identical with our old one will not work. Jim spends a lot of time calling about the country trying to find a rack that is correct. It is a rare bird that no-one stocks. Actually went out of production for a period of time. Jim and I can not see anyway to adapt what we have in a manner we would feel comfortable with.

It's a bittersweet moment. We haven't begun to use this motor and we're all done and going home. It sucks!

Tonight is the 200mph club banquet and Jim has invited the team. It's held at the Nugget in a room I didn't know existed. We sit with Steve and Marty. It's a banquet – not especially good. The induction takes a long time and Jim is near the end. He speaks well and can be heard and thanks us all especially FJC. WHAT A DAY!

We have stayed at The Wendover Nugget for years. It was formerly the Stateline Hotel and Casino as it is located on the line dividing Utah and Nevada. Somehow I managed to become Frank Cutting Racing and they allow me to book a significant number of rooms in advance. This is very useful for our team and friends, but it's also a colossal pain in the ass.

Anyway, this year I had 20 rooms booked New Years day. When I called to verify I was told I had no rooms. Then they got me 5 at the Red Garter. Then Margaret Ann came to the rescue and they found me rooms. We used them all.

So Marti and I went to find Dawn with Maple syrup as a token of Thanks. But we found Celia, my contact from previous years, whom I consider a friend and it turns out she was mainly responsible for our good outcome. She has five groups that get favorable treatment; Nish, Poteet and Main, couple of others. We are in fast company.

Celia and I booked 12 rooms for next year (hope that is enough). I must remember to send her maple syrup for Christmas.

Thursday, August 19th

Time to pack up, I think Bob has left or is leaving. It takes us a while to clean and pack everything into the trailer but we're moving slowly, a combination of dejection and pooped. Probably leave the salt around noon.

Everyone else is leaving; saw Simard/McKuch in the morning they made a last run with similar results and some clutch linkage problems. They are going to California for two days; then home. (Nuts!) Carter's gang is gone and Bob is ready to go.

For \$20 we have the truck and trailer washed at the edge of the salt. They have no provision for interior cleaning so Marti and I go to the in- town car wash. FJC pulls a bonehead move and tries to enter the establishment only to hang-up the trailer. Marti calls the Boys and Triple A. I get nervous and use my head for a change and start jacking and blocking. This works and frees the trailer. Marti cancels the wrecker but as we leave we think I see it in the area.

It's off to Smiths to stock up for the Trip. Marti walks down to the package store. When I head down to pick her up I discover another car wash. We go back to this and vacuum the interior. I decide parking at the Nugget will be too much of a hassle and park down the street. We are surprised when Jim arrives and takes up back to hotel. He's probably concerned we'll get into more trouble if left to our own devices.

In the evening, we cross the street for the last buffet. In the morning Bob and Bill will be taking Chet to the airport really early. Jim and Dennis and Jimmy have afternoon flights. We say our goodbyes.

Friday, August 20, 2010

Marti and I have breakfast at the Nugget and are on the road around seven. We plan to meet Bob at Bingham Canyon Mine, Kennecott Copper operation. It's further from Salt Lake City than I remembered. Bob and I have been here. The trip to the top of the excavation challenges the truck and driver. We meet Bob and Bill and peer into the crater where monster trucks appear as toys. They have an excellent visitor center and video presentation.

Our or my plan for the return trip is to head north through Idaho to Montana, go east to Michigan's Upper Peninsula, then south to 80/90 and home. After some difficulty we find Interstate 15 and head north. This Salt Lake City area is a growth part of the country, lots of new housing and

business development and lots of traffic. We pass Smith and Edwards. This military surplus outfit was where das bullet began. Somewhere North of Ogden we stop and finish off the cold cuts for lunch.

This highway is running up a fertile valley with Mountain ridges on either side. We have the bitterroots to our West and the Rockies to the East. We see some potatoes as expected. Alfalfa and some grain crop already harvested that looks like wheat but seems the wrong color. An enormous red grain elevator appears on the horizon and as we close on it. We read Budweiser. So I surmise we are viewing barley.

Tonight we stay in Dillon, Montana within the Beaverhead Deerlodge National Forest. We are staying in a not so Super 8 selected for its parking. The nearby restaurant is within walking distance is Mexican. We set out and find the place. It's a converted School Bus, dining indoors or out. The food was only okay, no beer. I think Bill is about to mount a boycott of all food Mexican.

Saturday, August 21 We proceed North on Interstate 15 to Butte, Montana, where we pick up Interstate 90. We are traveling through various national forests which vary in vegetation but aren't particularly lush. The truck is working as we cross several 7000 feet passes through the Rocky Mountains. North of Yellowstone we stop in Livingston and visit the Yellowstone Gateway Museum of Park County. It's full of old stuff and worth our time. I meet an old codger in a Northern Pacific Railroad shirt and we have an interesting conversation about railroads. At some point I feel like I'm hearing the same stories over again so I scrutinize him closely to make certain it's a real person.

After lunch and fuel, we return to the road. We have a new companion, the Yellowstone River, one of the few rivers that remain free of dams. We drive by wheat, corn and sunflower fields. We see some cows and a few antelope. The railroad here is busy. There is a mystery crop. Bill suggests turnips but FJC is doubtful. That evening we find out its sugar beets.

This evening, we are in Forsythe, Montana. It is hot (100 degrees) and very windy. These conditions have existed for several days. We dine at Fitzgerald's Pub. Food is okay, FJC is running out of Gin (a serious problem. In Montana, you can buy booze in bars. I can't understand why I'm out since we bought booze in Wendover but the bottle disappeared; one of those mysteries that occurs with age. Truck and Trailer parking tonight is on the street. Bob is complaining but it's less of a problem than the Railroad about 100 yards from our door. The railway crossing requires five blasts on the horn.

Breakfast is served in the lobby, a room about 10 by 10 with four leather easy chairs for seating. The egg scare is on but we don't know where the bad eggs are from. We pass on the eggs and are hungry by 10:00 am.

Sunday, August 22

We're on Interstate 94 now and have been since Billings. Montana is one BIG state and we're several hours from North Dakota.

Medora, North Dakota located in Theodore Roosevelt Nation Park is a typical clip joint tourist trap. Unfortunately, I need fuel and the only station in town is small and busy. After a considerable battle to

get to the pump we await a twerp from New York. Of course, he attempts to clean his windshield with a sponge/wiper from the bottom up. We have stopped here to tour the Badlands. There is a road through them as part of the park. Off we go with our trucks and trailers. First confrontation is with Prairie Dogs, cute little critters, very busy. Then we enter a valley this is the Little Missouri River. We are in the headwater region for the Missouri River for quite a while. Quite a large herd of bison reside in this valley. The road is curvy, up and down, with some nice vistas; colorful sandstone. We approach some wild horses. We would have gotten a better view but for some horses' asses in a car stopped in the middle of the road. Bob says they would have seen more but the orange trailer scared the horses away.

Back on Interstate 94, it is hot (101 degrees) and windy. At least it's a following wind. Trapper's Kettle for lunch features many mounted heads of local animals and other outdoor stuff. A large trap serves as a door handle for the entrance. Food is good.

We lost the Yellowstone River as it went north to join a substantial series of lakes to become the Missouri that goes south through Bismarck. Somewhere in North Dakota we confront a wild fire. Its apparent long before we get to it. Too much wind today to fight this thing.

Stay in Jamestown???

Monday August 23      In Fargo, North Dakota we leave Interstate 94 to State Road 10. Fargo actually has street trees and students returning to school. There's another fly in the truck. I suspect Bob's putting them in on the sly.

We enter Minnesota. It's still windy. More sugar beets and corn. The land is more rolling with lakes, a high water table and center pivot irrigation for hay. There is a yellow mystery crop and some trees and there appears to be a poultry industry here. Tamarack and Birches appear and it looks like Down Maine, except the fields are in production.

Towards the end of the day we reach Duluth and Lake Superior. Once a major iron-or port, we traverse an extensive Bridge network and stay in Ashland, Wisconsin in a Super 8 overlooking the lake. Take out Chinese for supper, way too much food. We'll eat it later which never happens.

Tuesday August 24      After fuel, our first stop is to inspect one of the landing piers that extend into the lake. Apparently, ore ships docked beside these high piers and railroad cars unloaded the ore above them directly into the holds of the ships. It is a huge abandoned structure. Must have been quite efficient.

Traveling on Route 2 into Michigan we discover the Indians of Bad River have sowed up the liquor, cigarette and casino business. Who gave them this monopoly and why? The forest now includes some evergreens, white pines and hemlock and there are a few ski hills.

In Vulcan, Michigan we decide to stop at Iron Mountain. This mine ceased operation after World War II. We escape the gift shop and board a mining train and go 400 feet into the mountain. We are guided through tunnels about 7 feet square to a huge cavity that contained quality ore. In the days before core sample drilling the procedure was to dig tunnels and hope for the best so the passages after the railroad wonder around.

We are traveling through Hiawatha National Forest along the northern shore of Lake Michigan which we see from time to time. St Ignace is our destination and Bob's GPS actually works. We stay at a nice Days Inn with rooms fronting on Lake Huron at a very reasonable price. Marty approves.

Wednesday August 25 We leave Michigan's upper peninsula and cross Mackinac Bridge to Lower Michigan. For some reason this bridge makes me very nervous. This part of Michigan is kind of dull, lots of trees (oak). Looks like Gypsy Moths are at work here. Up north the deer had cleaned the white cedar up as high as they could reach, not so here. As we near Saginaw Bay the land flattens out and soybeans and corn return.

Marti is on the phone and makes contact with the Bergstroms and Scotts. At a truck stop we confront this Monster truck. I think it is capable of transporting 240 tons, it has a pusher engine and each fifth wheel joint (5) is hydraulically steerable.

We avoid Detroit and rejoin Interstate 80. The farms here have houses on them unlike in the Dakotas. At the 80/90 Interchange Bob and Bill head out for home. They've been good traveling companions, have inquisitive minds, always willing to check something out. Unfortunately, they meet travel gremlins and have to replace an alternator but after that make a successful return to Freetown.

Marti and I make it to Wadsworth Ohio and stay at a Ramada Inn. We've been here before on another trip and know the Galaxy Restaurant next door is a goody.

Thursday, August 26 We'll be having lunch with the Bergstrums. Lance is a fraternity brother and we got to know each other when he was President and I was V.P. We don't see them often enough and it is a leisurely start to the day for a change. FJC spends some time attempting to create a wiring diagram for the trailer.

We eat at the Galaxy and spent 2 ½ hours catching up. On the road to Erie, we go Interstate 76 to Interstate 80 then North on Interstate 79 to see the Scotts. We stay at exit 24 on Interstate 90 where Nick seems to own everything. He books us into a Garden Hilton Inn by far the nicest room of the trip for \$79. We visit the pool and hot tub, dine and retire.

Friday, August 27 Nick and Kim Scott meet us for breakfast at the Hilton. They are well and one of their sons stops by the table. They have a big family and a number of them are involved in Scott Enterprises. Nick takes us on a tour on the Highway Intersection which he seems to own. He explains how his investment almost grew by accident. He owned one hotel here and then when faced by outside

competition, made defensive purchases. We tour wet and wild and Nick makes sure I get to see the pumps and plumbing. He also owns a Quaker Steak, which we tour.

Their new home is on a bay of Lake Erie. The last time we visited many years ago, they lived on the lake but their yard was falling into the water. It's a problem for one of his children now. It's a spectacular old house with additions, spacious yard and Nick's photographs from around the world. The garage features a Lamborghini, an Aston Martin, and an Acura NXK (?). He says he drives them.

It's a short drive to the Yacht Club where we see Scottfree, the biggest thing there. He says it charters for \$65000/week. My tour starts in the engine room. Nick enjoys telling everyone how I hopped up his corvette in College. We say our goodbyes at Applebees where Nick sets us up for lunch. He obviously still very much involved in the business which is an American success story. Good for him and his family.

We head out on Interstate 90, make it almost to Syracuse in the town of Weedsport. After some difficulty getting parked I meet construction dude from Ohio who's working on the thruway and is a racer. He gets the trailer tour. We walk downtown through a small cruise to a restaurant with a good menu and Johnson and Wales chef.

Saturday, August 28 By the time we get to breakfast which isn't very late, it's all gone. Oh well. Today we are going cross country to Kingston, NY to see the Johnsons. The route will take us through, Ithaca, where we went to school. Every trip we threaten to run out of fuel and this one is no exception. It is very pretty along the Cayuga, but no fuel. Our computer says we have 10 miles to empty when we find fuel.

Lunch in Whiney Point and into the Catskills, where the hills are long. There's a substantial reservoir for NYC on the east branch of the Delaware River that borders the road. It takes a long time to get to Kingston. No straight roads; our choice.

We stay at a Holiday Inn, we know well from Rhinebeck Goodguys. It's the most expensive accommodations of the trip. I love New York.

Paul picks us up and we go to their home for cocktails. They always take us to a different place to eat. This meal is a mystery and not very good. We chat about old times and old friends. Paul is a retired car dealer and still has interests in town. His hotrod is under a pile of junk, it hasn't been out for a while. They are disgusted with Obama and NY politics. I'm somewhat surprised that Paul shows no interest in inspecting DAS BULLET.

Sunday, August 29 Breakfast at the Holiday Inn. We cross the Kingston Bridge over the Hudson River, last major bridge and use familiar back roads, route 22, to arrive at thruway and then the Mass. Pike. We are home around noon. GOOD.