



OUR CORVETTE STORY

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**Southern Colorado
Corvette Club**

**Mailing Address:
2566 Taylor Lane
Pueblo, CO 81005**

**We Meet every 3rd Tuesday
at the Pueblo Public Library
100 E. Abriendo Ave
7:00 PM
Come Join us.**

Dinner following Meeting



Lucky & Jannett Schneberger with their 1963 Roadster

It all started back in 1958 when I (Lucky) saw a new Corvette, owned by the rich guy in the small town in Nebraska that I grew up in. Fast forward to 1968. Married for two and a half years by now and employed as Styles Director for a chain of hair salons of which Jannett was the manager of one. On an early spring day as I was driving past a used car lot on my way from one salon to another, I spied a Red 1963 Corvette Convertible and stopped to look at it. I was smitten, bitten and afflicted by it. We lived about 25 miles from where we both worked and as we drove home that evening test driving the Corvette, every u-joint in it was bad. We shook, rattled and rolled all the way home, with Jannett saying over and over, "you are not going to buy this thing are you?" So much for listening to my wife. Well \$1,400.00 later we were the proud owners of our first Corvette (with new u-joints installed before purchase).

I drove the Corvette back and forth those 25 miles every day until we moved to Lincoln in 1976. that year I stripped the paint and painted it Red again. We joined the

Nebraska Corvette Association in 1977. We were made honorary members when we moved to Pueblo. We were then the oldest sustaining members of the club. I joined the National Corvette Restorers Society that same year and continue to be a member at large. We joined the Southern Colorado Corvette Club in February of 2007.

We have owned a red 1964 Coupe, which we auto crossed. A 1963 silver Split Window Coupe, that after owning for ten years sold to Pro Team. A 1985 red Greenwood, and currently we still have our first one, now in it's original color black and a 2000 black Convertible. Our lives have been greatly enriched by our Corvette activities over these past 30 plus years. I could go on and on with tales of the many adventures that we have experienced. We have meet many fine people and consider all of them friends. As with any organization, you get out of it only what you put into it, so enjoy your Corvette and the fine people you meet along the way.

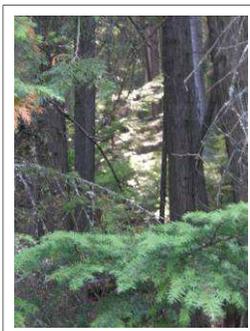
"Save the Wave"

Jannett & Lucky Schneberger

Trivia 1:

The hood scoop on the big block '67 was exclusive to it's year.

True or False?



“another guy asked us if we wanted to race his Vega”



Trivia 2:

What year did the Mako-Shark II influence production?

MONTANA IN THE CORVETTE

Sometimes life can be broken down into four rules. One, no interstates. Two, no fast food. Three, no national flag motels. Four, no maps. We've found following these four simple rules is a wonderful setup for high adventure. Back roads, mamma-papa places and stops to ask folks what's the prettiest way to get where we're headed. Not the fastest, the prettiest.

Over the last two weeks of September, Vicki and I loaded about four days of clothes, our camera and some snacks into our Vette and began a journey that would end 3,000 miles later. During those two weeks we got to know each other again, got to know more about living in a Corvette and saw a whole lot of very marvelous country.

I was born & raised in Montana and had not been back for over 30 years, so this was a journey down memory lane for me and all new to Vicki. We started with a side trip which took us over our favorite Colorado pass – Slumgullion, between Creede and Lake City. A nice relaxed drive on a mostly deserted road opened the vacation in grand style as we both enjoyed the fabulous handling of the Corvette in its natural habitat – a winding mountain road. That smile would last for two weeks.

We cruised past Flaming Gorge, thru Utah's lodgepole pines, then thru Idaho and into the southwestern corner of Montana. Here, the Wet Mountains border the east side of the San Luis Valley, and the San Juans the West side, about 100 miles apart, giving that valley a grand feeling. There, the Bitterroots define the Western border of Montana, the Beaverhead Mountains 100 miles to the east, then the Bear Tooth Mountains another 100 miles to the east of that. And beyond them, the Gallatins. It's known as the Big

Sky Country because of the grand scale of the country up there. I stood in the Big Hole Battle-ground where the Nez Pierce were ambushed by the 5th Cavalry, and remembered being awed by that scale as a kid. Neither it nor I had changed any. We spent a couple nights visiting friends in Dillon and walking where Lewis and Clark met Sacajawea. That night, frost on the car announced that we left a long, hot summer behind us.

Then, up toward a childhood summer hang-out for me, Flathead Lake. Along the way we stopped for lunch in Missoula. It's a bustling, mountain university town of some 35,000 friendly folks. A guy hopped out of his beater Caprice and asked if we just came from North Dakota. Seems he had just traveled through from Chicago as the Corvette gathering in Spearfish was ending and he was gushing over describing all the Vettes he had seen along the way. Again, before we could get out of town, another guy asked us if we wanted to race his Vega. He then smiled and said he had to sell his C4 and was about to get another one. There just weren't many Vettes up there and it made his day to just see one in town.

You know, you build up memories in your mind and don't know if you have built it up, or maybe down-played it through the years. Flathead was such a memory for me. I could go on all day remembering the Bing Cherry orchards, the cold, clear water, the lakeside fires at night and how long it took dad to get into the water. Suffice it to say the lake was one of the main attractions I was looking forward to seeing again. It was more spectacular than I remembered. Polson, on the south end, used to be a general store, dirt streets and lots of corners with pick-ups serving as flea

markets for the Flathead Indians, with whom I had grown very close. It's all grown up now with expensive homes, and I'd love to have a place there! We found a place on the lake where our friends used to have a place among the orchards and Vicki was about as overcome by the beauty of it as was I.

That night in Kalispell was the end of our flogging-it days. The Corvette had been a magic carpet ride, giving us 30+ mpg, being comfortable and cozy and just simply doing everything we asked of it while seemingly asking, "I've got more – do you want more?" Little did it know that it was about to become a true Montana machine and go four-wheeling.

Out of Kalispell toward Glacier National Park, Vicki had a plan. Seems she sneaked in a map and had found a bison reserve off a side road, so down the side road we went. This was the nation's first bison reserve and was the turning point in saving buffalo from extinction. Its 13 mile loop was all dirt and gravel. What the heck, it was about adventure, right? Vicki drove while I mostly hung out the window, sitting on the door and shooting pictures. Digital cameras and large-capacity chips are really marvelous! This is a good time to slip in one of dozens of great pictures from that little excursion. The other



one is at the end of this article – the “after” picture of this jaunt.

Glacier National Park was clearly the highlight of our trip. The beauty stashed away in every corner of that park is

unique and breath-taking. If you've never been, or if it's been a while, maybe you ought to consider getting up there. From the ferns and the flying squirrels of the cedar forests to the top of Logan Pass at the crest of the Going to the Sun Highway, grandeur awaited us at virtually every turn of the road. And there are a lot of turns! A lot!

The east side of Glacier continued to be spectacular and St Mary Lake, fed by glaciers from above, is even more beautiful than Flathead. Interestingly, we were in the tundra, above the tree line on Logan Pass at 6,300 feet. But that's 6,100 feet above the plains. I've not done justice to this park, but in the interests of getting on with the trip, I'll reluctantly leave this enchanted land and move on to my home town, Great Falls.

The cool thing is I could still find my way around in Great Falls. There's a lot of growth, but downtown, the massive church my dad built and the falls along the Missouri which give the city of 85,000 its name, haven't changed much. Some re-routing of the Missouri River means there isn't any water going over the falls these days, but I remembered the sound and the spray. It was about there we encountered the only problem with the car. We scraped some hard part on the road where we shouldn't have, and inspection found a brace for the bottom of the radiator had worked loose, probably as a result of the years. Surely it couldn't have anything to do with the four-wheeling the day before, right?

The Chevy dealer took us right in, then fought over who got to work on it and even who got to drive it. We were there for about 30 minutes and it wasn't a big deal. The service manager said he hadn't seen a Corvette with over 100,000 miles on it. The 25 or so in town only got driven in reasonable weather

and the highest-mileage cars were around 35,000. He was glad to see one that gets driven and asked a lot of questions about how it has stood up. When I told him we were getting over 32 mpg on this trip he wasn't surprised and said these engines are really solid for at least 200,000 miles. After lots of handshakes and well-wishes we pulled out of the dealer \$25 poorer. It's a little far away to use as my dealer, though. But I'll drop in again someday.

Next up was my favorite town I lived in up there – Bozeman. A couple days just relaxing and doing tourist things, then through Yellowstone. Last time we were up there was the year after the huge fires, and it was good to see how fast the forest is renewing itself. That resonated within me as I was pretty sure something in me was also renewing, as was my romance with Vicki. We blew through in just one day, and that left an appetite for a return before very long. There are still lots of buffalo and Old Faithful is still faithful and the Morning Glory Hole is still one of this planet's true gems.

We came back through Buffalo (ridiculously expensive motels during hunting season!), then down through middle Wyoming. We've been up thru Jackson Hole on the west and Chey-



After

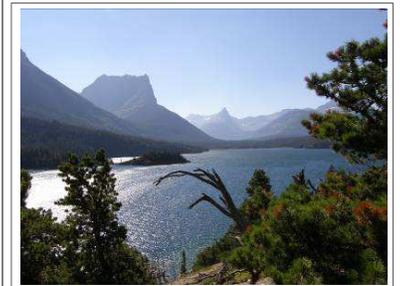
enne on the east, but never through the middle of Wyoming. We've missed something. That has a beauty all its own, with the large vistas and the flow of the rolling hills occasionally interrupted by a volcanic upheaval here and there. Back into Colorado and down the Cache la Poudre canyon into Ft. Collins where Vicki and I met, and the next day we pulled into our driveway. It was the end of the trip, but the beginning of a new adventure for us. We don't know where this is headed, but just like that trip, we know we are going to enjoy the ride.

I can not think of another car I would rather make that trip in. The Vette was trouble-free, save the loose brace, gave us excellent mileage, was comfortable, drew a lot of attention – most of it good, but a few frowns from some Highway Patrolmen who discovered that the cruise control at the speed limit (or less sometimes) meant no help with the quotas. It isn't that I didn't leave a few black marks on some asphalt occasionally, but I was prudent when I let the kid out to play. But the best part was that the car was a part of the fun. It was more than just getting somewhere with great memories or beauty, it was a big part of what made this trip a trip to remember for us.

Bob & Vicki Adams

Trivia 3:

The 1981 Corvettes from Bowling Green were available in two-tone only. True or False?



“The Chevy dealer took us right in, then fought over who got to work on it”



Trivia 4:

Were courtesy lights standard on the '60?

OIL, THE OTHER ESSENTIAL FLUID

Following last month's article on fuel it seemed worthwhile to talk a little about another fluid essential for the survival of our Corvettes, engine oil. At first glance it all seems pretty simple. Keep the oil level up where it should be on the dipstick and get it changed regularly and life should be good. But as for most things mechanical things can get complicated. With all of the types of oil on the shelves, which ones are the best to use? How often should the oil be changed? What about all of those oil supplements on the shelves? Are any of them worth the money?

THE BASICS

Two basic guidelines to live by. The best thing you can do to prolong engine life is to keep an adequate supply of clean relatively cool oil in the pan. Number two you can never go too far wrong by using the oil recommended in your car's owners manual. It is important to remember that an engine oil has four primary jobs: to provide a thin lubricating film between rubbing parts such as cam and lifters, to provide an actual "cushion" or wedge of some thickness between heavily loaded rotating parts such as crank shaft or rod bearings, to cleanse by suspending and carrying contaminants to the filter, and to help cool the engine. One final note of caution for you racer types; do not "buzz the motor" until the oil temperature has reached at least 200 to 220 deg. F.

WHAT'S IN THERE?

Most companies use the same basic petroleum stock as the foundation for all of the standard engine oils they market. What then

separates one brand or type of oil from another is the additive package that might be included. Additives include compounds to stabilize viscosity (VI improvers), detergents and dispersants to help the cleansing process, antioxidants to slow undesirable chemical reactions, and antiwear agents. Whatever base and additive is used it must meet either automobile manufacturer or American Petroleum Institute (API) service classification standards. Most modern oils meet both. Markings on the bottle such as SL or SM identify the severity of service for which the oil is blended. Look for markings of SL, or SM. The SM rating is the latest, introduced in 2004 to meet manufacturer's requirements for 2005 and later engines.

VISCOSITY

Viscosity is a measure of the resistance of an oil to flow. The higher the viscosity the slower the oil will flow. 30W oil is "thicker" or will resist flow more than a 20W. Multi weight oils were developed to have the low temperature flow characteristics of lightweight oil but the high temperature characteristics of heavier weight. As an example, a 10W-30 will flow like a 10W at cold temperatures but maintains the viscosity of heavier 30W at an operating temperature of say 250 deg F. Multi-grade or multi-viscosity oils provide better flow and lubrication protection immediately after engine start up in cold ambient temperatures. It can take a relatively long time for a 30W or 40W to reach all of the critical lubricated parts when the ambient is 0 deg. F. The heavier weight or viscosity charac-

teristics are very desirable, however, when the engine and oil are hot and parts are under heavy load. Some amount of viscosity is lost as the oil does its job in the engine. A portion of this viscosity loss is only temporary as the oil is hot and working and some is permanent, with viscosity gradually decreasing as the oil ages. The higher quality oils undergo less viscosity reduction of both the temporary and permanent variety.

The higher the viscosity the thicker the "cushion" of oil between moving parts. Many engine experts believe that the thicker cushion provides extra insurance against a degradation of the protection under heavy load and high operating temperature. Some vehicle owners also believe that a single viscosity oil is more reliable under severe conditions (such as racing or trailer towing) because the viscosity index improv-

ing additives in a single grade oil do not degrade as readily as those in a multi viscosity oil. That may have been true in the past, but is much less of an issue with modern products. A single viscosity oil may still be a good option if the engine is not normally operated in cold ambient temperatures, but the bottom line is that for most vehicles that are used for every day transportation a good multi grade oil is the better choice. Engine wear will be less and fuel economy better because less energy is used just to move that heavy oil when it is cold. In fact most of the modern racing engines (Indy Racing League, NASCAR, etc.) run a 20W-50 synthetic because of the small but measurable increase in horsepower.

To be continued. . .

Next month: SYNTHETICS.

Kevin Koch



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February 2008

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

Wild Wings
6:00 pm

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

SCCC
Meeting

24 25 26 27 28 29

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

Carol Romero Feb 5th
Gina Dutcher Feb 13th
Jannett Schneberger Feb 23rd

March 2008

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

2 3 4 5 6 7 1/8

9 10 11 12 13 14 15

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SCCC
Meeting

23 24 25 26 27 28 29

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