



DECEMBER

1998

Monthly Feature

MEMBERS MOPAR'S

“SANTA CHAMPIONS A MOPAR”

Ho Ho Ho, have you ever heard a song too much?
Even a song with a good beat and such?
Delbert, my chief elf is a bum from the beach.
When making toys he thinks of girls and cars each.
His vacation itch was burning like a Chevy clutch.

He played that beach music on his boom box.
‘Shut Down’, over and over ‘til it curled my socks.
I used to like that surfer band.
But the harmony was getting out of hand.
And the sound was screeching from that Audiovox.

“Delbert!” I said with a great big roar.
“I just can’t take it anymore.”
“We all know that plastic car can’t win.”
“Not with a little mouse engine.”
“Not even with four on the floor.”

“OK old man.” he said, tearing off a glove.
“I’ll call my friends, friends Wilson and Love.”
“We’ll show you Mama’s boys once and for all.”
“The race won’t even be a close call.”
“You’ll see our win light shine from above.”

“Fine!” I slammed my fist and shouted.
“We’ll settle this thing, no doubt about it.
You call those off key surfers boys.
You tell them to bring their off brand racer toys.
But I tell you my big Dodge will win just as I touted.”

He howled “There you go, cheatin’ again.
You know the song says the 413 can’t win.
Just go ahead and bring out that 471 HEMI,
But I don’t want you to think it’s a gimme.
We’ll just bring our nitro engine.”

Boy that got under my collar!
To accuse Clause of cheating made me holler!
“Fine” I shouted “We’ll call the lady from California.
But she’s a racer, I think I should warn ya.
Her 413 will whip you bad and make you a squaller!”

“It’s a deal” he laughed. “You bring the old hag.
We’ll never lose, not to a racer with a hand bag.”
He was thinkin’ hard and not through yet.
He said “I think it’s time we laid down the bet.
And we need a Christmas tree start not just a flag.”

“Pomona it is!” I interjected.
“And bring the right car, the one that’s fuel injected.
A one month expenses paid vacation this winter
goes to you or me which ever is winner.
But the car’s get teched and I mean inspected.”

So the big day came after much preparation.
I was so looking forward to my Hawaiian vacation.
The Beach boys were there as were Jan and Dean.
Rudolph swore it was the craziest sight he’d seen.
A quick win here would insure snowbound liberation.

Where ever Granny was it was getting late.
With one week 'til Christmas no time for a new date.
Now we could hear the sound for which I longed.
That big Max Wedge was comin' on strong.
She was doin' 80 when she came through the gate.

"Stage 'em up quick before we lose the light."
He said "We're gonna show you some mouse might."
Granny stepped out dressed in brilliant red.
A matching shinny helmet strapped to her head.
Her Christmas spirit was in plain sight.

"Just a durn minute!" I exclaimed
"We agreed to some rules before we came.
It is time for the tech session you know."
But their driver was suiting up for the show.
I'd swear I knew his face, a ringer of Johnson fame.

"Who's that driver and what's under the bonnet?
You promised to be fair doggon it"
But I was wasting my breath with all that screamin'.
And Granny looked mad, mad as a demon.
"Don't worry Chris, all I've got to do is step on it."

Each drag car rolled into the staging beam.
And then I smelled something odd and screamed.
Granny was running on racing high test.
I could smell nitro methane from that rat's nest.
"Don't stage!" I shouted, "You're gonna get creamed!"

They had rolled out their cheater and a ringer too.
My vacation was shot and I was feeling blue.
The cars were staged and ready for war.
And poor Granny was unaware of the score.
I blurted "Delbert you cheat! I'm gonna get you!"

The lights came down in a regular rhythm.
Yellow, yellow, yellow, green is not a given.
But they were away clean as a whistle.
The big Super Stock Dodge just like a missile.
The Chevy left sideways, hard to be driven.

Granny was quick with a light of .560
And the Big Wedge had a sixty foot of 1.50
Ole K.J. wasn't the kind to just quit.
He peddled that Corvette quick a as whip.
That Delco man could drive, he sure was nifty.

As the smoke cleared from the Chevy's lane
I could see he was flying like a jet powered plane
The ole gal had hit second gear hard.
She was lookin' for WINNER on her score card.
Her lead was small and causing me pain.

The elves had covered their faces.
This one was bigger than all other races.
Delbert was leaning hard on the starting line fence.
Being behind was making him wince.
We were watching hard to see their places.

By the thousand foot mark it was tied.
It was about then that I just could have died.
It was looking real good for the Chevy.
The big steel Dodge was just too heavy.
My vacation dream had just been fried.

The blue haired lady hadn't come to lose that night.
She punched the last button on her torqueflite.
You could hear all eight barrels gasping for air.
She just had to be the lead car of the pair.
The big block 413 sure had the might.

Mystery resided under that plastic hood.
The rat powered bow tie sure sounded good.
A man of true talent rowed through the gears.
With lessons learned throughout the years.
Win? It sure looked like they could.

And just then a win light did appear.
We knew the Stingray had drawn near.
Posting a 10.98 @ 114 miles an hour.
But the Polara showed 10.975 as it past the e.t. tower.
And from my eye came a salty warm tear.

She had done it, I had seen her.
That little old lady from Pasadena.
The crowd went wild and shouted with glee.
They flooded the lanes and tore down the tree.
I turned to Delbert and said "see ya".

If you hear a bunch of commotion on Christmas Eve.
It's just old St. Nick in a hurry to leave.
Presents for Luke, Michael, Shane, Mariah and Fie.
Then the reindeer taking me and the Mrs. to Maui.
With poor Delbert left at the north pole to grieve.

WHAT ABOUT NEXT YEAR?

1999 WILL BE HERE BEFORE YOU KNOW IT. THE DRAG RACE IN THE SPRING OF 1998 WENT WELL AND THE CAR SHOW IN THE FALL WAS GREAT. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO NEXT YEARS EVENTS. ALSO, IT'S TIME TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP FOR NEXT YEAR. THE DUES ARE PAYABLE BY THE JANUARY 1999 MEETING, BUT IT IS NEVER TOO EARLY TO GET STARTED. YOU CAN USE THE MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION BELOW. JUST PUT AN 'X' BY RENEWAL, FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND IT WITH A CHECK FOR \$24.00 TO THE ADDRESS BELOW. YOU CAN ALSO UPDATE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR MOPARS AT THIS TIME. IF YOU JOINED AT THIS YEARS SHOW YOUR ALREADY PAID FOR 1999 SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. SO LET'S START MAKING PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE NOVEMBER MEETING.

WAYNE HALL, V.P.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT

NAME _____ PHONE (____) _____

ADDRESS _____ AGE _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NEW MEMBERSHIP _____ RENEWAL _____ MEMBERSHIP # _____

YOUR MOPAR'S INFORMATION:

YEAR	MAKE	MODEL	STK/MOD
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

RETURN WITH \$24.00 ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEE TO:
MUSIC CITY MOPAR CLUB
P.O. BOX 625
MADISON, TN. 37116

FYI

AS PRESIDENT OF THE MUSIC CITY MOPAR CLUB I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I DO NOT KNOW MONICA LEWINSKI. I DO NOT KNOW LINDA TRIP. I DO NOT KNOW KEN STAR, HENRY HYDE OR ANYONE ELSE IN WASHINGTON. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU WON'T HAVE TO SPEND \$80 MILLION DOLLARS INVESTIGATING THE PURCHASE OF MY RURAL LAND, HOW I PAY FOR BUSINESS TRAVEL OR WHAT FRIENDS I INVITE INTO MY OFFICE AFTER HOURS. TO GET RID OF ME ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SHOW UP TO THE DECEMBER MEETING. AS YOU WILL REMEMBER IT IS NOMINATIONS MONTH FOR NEW OFFICERS. I KNOW OF SEVERAL GOOD PEOPLE THROWING THEIR HATS IN THE RING. YOU MIGHT WANT TO DO THE SAME OR MAYBE RAILROAD ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS INTO OFFICE. IN ANY CASE WE WILL BE NOMINATING OFFICERS AND WE WILL BE FINALIZING DETAILS FOR THE 1999 SHOW. THE MEETING WILL BE AT THE RIVERGATE HOOTERS ON 12/22/98. EAT AND GREET STARTS AT 12:30 AND THE MEETING STARTS AT 2:00.

MOPARTS

FOR SALE: B-BODY 8 3/4" HOUSING \$100
MT 26-11.5" ET STREET TIRES \$200
SMALL BLOCK A-BODY HEADERS \$50
440 +.030 12.5 FORGED J&E PISTONS \$550
MR. GASKET IN LINE 4-SPEED SHIFTER \$50
340 MOROSO DEEP SUMP PAN W P/U \$50
4-SPD FORM-S WLDS & SHFTR 65 & 66 \$250
S B STEEL CRANK FLYWHEEL \$100
GOODYEAR 31"X10.5" SLICKS (NEW) \$375
TALL NITROUS BOTTLE \$100
440 HP BLOCK \$200
CALL PEYTON 615-754-8655

FOR SALE: 1 SET MAX WEDGE EXHAUST MANIFOLDS. 65 SATELLITE 4-SPEED W/ NO REAR END. DANA 60 W/ 3.55 SURE GRIP. 69 GTX BODY FOR PARTS. CALL MARK 615-666-6134 FOR MORE INFO.

49,000 MILES, NEEDS SOME WORK, SHOWER, SLEEPS 4-6, MINI KITCHEN, GAS STOVE, REFRIGERATOR, AM/FM 8-TRACK. VERY '70'S BUT IN GOOD SHAPE. \$2500 OBO
CALL PAUL @ 615-792-6430.

WANTED: 4.56 OR 4.88 POS 8 3/4 CHUNK.
CALL BUTCH @ 615-746-5874.

FOR SALE: 1992 IBM P/S-1, 486-SX 25Mhz
170MB HD, 8MB RAM. INCLUDES PCU WITH KEY BOARD, MOUSE, MONITOR, 14.4 MODEM, 3.5" DISK, CD-ROM. DESK TOP DYNO AND DRAG LOADED. \$300 FIRM.
CALL BILL @ 615-449-1260.

FOR SALE: 1972 DEMON 440 PRO STREET, BLK, 3.91, 3500 STALL, B&M, DISC BRAKES, 16.5" X 31 MT SPORTSMAN PRO, WELD WHEELS, TORKER INTAKE, BRAIDED FUEL LINES, CP CHROME HEADERS, AUTOMETER GAUGES, 727 REVERSE MANUAL, 6 POINT CAGE, TUBBED, DRIVE SHAFT LOOP, DUAL BATTERIES, MALLORY PUMP, 750 HOLLEY, MALLORY DIST., MSD 6AL, SUPERTRAPS, MONSTER TACH, RUST FREE. \$8500 OBO.
CALL FRED @ 901-644-3080

FOR SALE: 1994 DODGE RAM SLT V-8
1994 PLY GRAND VAORAGER LE V-6 A/T
1990 PLY LASER RS BLACK 5-SPD ALLOYS
1976 PLY DUSTER 340 RACE CAR REDONE
1974 PLY DUSTER 360 4BBL PS PB A/C
CALL FRED @ 901-644-3080

FOR SALE: 1972 DODGE DEMON 440 A/T, BLK PROSTRT, 3.91, 3500 STALL, B&M SHIFTER, DISC BRAKES, 16.5X31 M/T SPORTSMAN PRO, WELD WHEELS, FUEL CELL, TORKER INTAKE, CP HEADERS, AUTOMETER GAUGES, REVERSE MANUAL, TRANS COOLER, ROLL CAGE, TUBBED, DUAL TRUNK MTD BATTERIES, ELEC. FUEL PUMP, HOLLEY 750 DP, MSD-6AL, SUPERTRAPPS. CALL FRED @ 901-644-3080.

FOR SALE: 1969 DODGE CHARGER 383 A/T, PS, PB, MATCHING #'S, NEW TIRES & WHEELS, NEW SHEET METAL, EXHAUST, FUEL PUMP, 650 HOLLEY, WINDSHIELD, CARPET, UPHOLSTRY, DOOR SILLS, TRUNK MAT, WEATHERSTRIP, BUMPERS, ETC., SHARP, MUST SEE. ASKING \$9,900 OBO
CALL FRED @ 901-644-3080.