



FEBRUARY 2016

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South Jersey Camaro Club

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For more photographs and additional information about current events, visit the South Jersey Camaro Facebook page



First 2016 Club Meeting

Our first club meeting for 2016 is on
Wednesday, February 3, 2016 at

Victory Bar and Grill
795 New Jersey Route 73
Berlin Township



www.victorybarandgrill.com

Meeting start time is 7:30.
As always come earlier if you are coming for dinner.

Joe Cavallo – 2011 Cyber Grey RS



Besides growing up with literally thousands of Matchbox cars and Speed Racer, I wasn't born into a car family like many of you but rather a truck family. My father managed a trucking company and warehouse in Camden and it's where I grew up. Before I had a license, I could drive a B-Model Mack, Forklift and Front End Loader. I used to spend my summers driving anything I could in the fields, around the warehouses and the docks, learning the hard way...grinding gears. Although my family has a history in the Automotive industry, I didn't live close enough to get fully involved:

My first car was a 1970 Chevy Nova which I spent a year fixing up before I got my license only to have it stolen less than a year later. Other than hanging with neighbors who had a Road Runner or AMX, I got into the car scene by happen stance. While working at a local hardware store, I met a guy who was buying individual stainless and chrome bolts. From talking to him, I learned that he was restoring a 1963 Corvette not too far from the store. So upon his invitation, at 17 years old, I stopped by to lend a hand. This turned into a regular night spot working on his car or anyone else's who happened to stop by. Through him and one of his friends at Ben Pilla Speed Shop, I became part of their "pit crew" at Atco racing a 1968 Camaro. Later as things progressed, we would do custom car shows with several of the modified cars he worked on and when he opened his Corvette restoration shop in Pennsauken, I was a 'grunt' pulling engines, cleaning, detailing, etc. While working for him, he gave me a 1973 Corvette Convertible to use which fired my passion for Corvettes and it still burns today. While his business went under (for various unscrupulous reasons I won't mention) and I moved onto building a career, the passion remained with me but the car didn't.



When I was older and living in Maryland, I had the means to purchase my first true muscle car. You guessed it, a 1973 Corvette Convertible. Through the local car club, Annapolis Corvette Club, I delved head first into shows, restoration and racing. During this time, my wife asked for her own car and we found a 1967 Mustang Coupe which needed restoration. So, while working a 60 hour work week and trying to build a career, I embarked on restoring her car (in the parking lot of our townhome community which didn't go over too well) and became active in the Corvette club. As with many of our stories, my son was born and something had to give. We sold the Mustang first then my job was being relocated from Maryland to New Jersey. With the cost of living being so dramatically different and needing the cash, I sold the Corvette.

Advance many years later and I'm ready to try the car scene again. I purchased a 1996 Corvette in California while visiting on business and drove it back across county. Nothing better than a Corvette, great tunes and the open road.

After five years with the Lakes Corvette Club, numerous car shows, pseudo racing (Atco, Auto Crossing - nothing serious)...I decided it was time for a new Corvette. One trip to Elkins to see a salesman friend and while discussing options for a new Corvette he suggested I look at the Camaro. Not one to turn down the opportunity, I took one for a test drive and the rest as they say, was history.



Still new to the Camaro scene I began making changes towards the vision that I had. The first was vertical doors. Through a unique situation, I met Reme from the TV Show, Unique Whips and took my car to him in Long Island for the doors. That started the transformation to tires/wheels, ground effects, spoiler, etc. leading to what you see today. What will tomorrow bring? I'm not 100% sure if I will invest in performance (keeping in mind it's only a V6) or sell it and buy a V8, but one is for sure....it will be unique...it will be the results of a vision....it will continue to fuel my passion.



Which do you prefer?

OLD SCHOOL

NEW SCHOOL

CAMARO
american muscle



Duc K. design 2008.



Duc K. design 2007.

CHEAP CRAP

Why doing stuff on the cheap is usually a bad idea...

For those of you who view our Face Page you will be familiar with this story. But it like, just happened and it's a terribly relevant rant. Today was an epic and monstrous failure. In trying to dig out some nugget of wisdom from this sloppy mess, I thought a bit and tried to see what all these seemingly unrelated things had in common. I rarely think at all, but when standing in very cold mud, covered in tomatoes as both the light and temperatures faded to dangerously low levels, there is little left to do but listen to the sound of your American made Thorogood boots squelch in the mud and think as you wait for your wife to bring you the 2 things you need to find your way home so you can sit in front of a computer and type drivel. Damn, Abe Vigota or whatever his name is from Barney Miller died. See what you get for checking the spelling of your American made Thorogood boots?

I woke up at 3am. This by itself could certainly be enough to bum rush my day to crapville, but I've always had a knack for overachieving. I saw several people at work moving quickly. This immediately set off my spidey sense as movement and rapidness are not traits that commonly present themselves at my place of employment. It is admittedly my job to inspire these things to happen, but I've come to realize I have a better chance of my dog whistling the theme to the A Team than doing anything close to inspirational. As I approached the general location all these people were headed, I found it quite odd that I could no longer see and I suddenly felt warm. One of two things had happened to me: I'd both died and pissed myself or some sort of malfunction had befallen the hot water and steam system. My general discomfort reminded me that I should go to church more, and

MY DAD ALWAYS TOLD ME IF
YOU ARE GOING TO DO
SOMETHING DO IT RIGHT.
ACTUALLY, HE ALWAYS TOLD
ME I WAS A DAMN IDIOT, BUT
THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO
WITH THIS ARTICLE.

perhaps I was standing in a very bad spot under some very hot water. On either account I did what most of you would do which was scream and run like a girl. I had the odd thought that my feet were rather well protected and comfy considering the circumstances. Either my stupidity or heroism kicked in and I ran back at the bad thing. In short order we concluded that a push type crimp fitting had worked its way loose and as we say in the technical circles, blew the hell up. Some very astute readers will begin to ask why a push type crimp connector was used on a very high pressure industrial 4" pipe carrying the hot water that is absolutely required to operate, oh the whole damn plant? Well, people are cheap. See where I'm going here?

Not nearly enough time had passed when I saw yet again another person moving with uncommon urgency telling me I needed to "come see". I feared I was going to walk into a CSI episode and my fears were quickly realized opening the door to a red goopy mess covering everything. My first thought was Jamie killed a hooker and now somehow thinks I'm going to figure out a way to help him. My second thought was why did Jamie have a hooker at work? My third thought was, "oh tomatoes". If you have never seen almost 3000 pounds of diced tomatoes spilled on a floor I can tell you your brain does some very strange things in trying to quickly ascertain exactly what in Merlin's Beard is going on. There is simply no good reason that can explain what your eyes are processing. It's kind of like watching a Boy George video. In this case a supplier had reused a shipping tote enough times that it just gave up. Why? It's cheaper to use stuff way past its expected lifespan. Cleaning up the mess I thought to myself, man this stuff is not sticking to my boots and I really should be slipping and sliding around here.

Finally, and I do promise this will make some tech sense, I was driving my daughters car home when I felt a severe tug (don't go there Ed) and the car was all over the place. I found out later that her front wheel broke in 2 places. However, before we get to the cheap comment and how nice my feet were doing, I want to point out that when I tried to remove this wheel, I twisted and cracked all 5 tuner purple lug nuts. By hand. With a tire iron. Imagine if you will the base of the lug nut being welded fast to the tire. Now also imagine I am a steroid fueled sasquatch-gorilla hybrid conceived in a festival even Billy Speed would not watch. Take this creature, force him to down a Red Bull, then hand him a tire iron and watch him twist the ends of the lugs nuts without gaining any appreciable

distance between the lugnut and wheel. This is what happened. I am not however, a sasquilla nor do I possess any extraordinary amount of strength. That crap was just cheap. Hella frush cheap. And again, standing in freezing mud contemplating my life and wondering if my wife can correctly identify a 19mm deep well socket I can use to beat said purple tuner hella frush lugnuts into submission with, I realized my dang feet were warm and comfy.

What the hell does all this have to do with tech? A whole heckuva lot. I am constantly seeing cheap crap being thrown at us to put on our cars. I don't want to offend anybody by calling out some products, but there is an incredible amount of absolute junk out there and in my current position I've had the pleasure of fondling a good bunch of it. Before I go on, let me state that I totally understand that most of us are poor or pretty close to it. This is a Camaro club after all and I'm sitting in front of a Dell sipping rum out of a Ball Mason jar. Somewhere my alternate self is part of the Lamborghini club sitting in front of a Macbook lapping Crystal off the breasts of some Bulgarian stripper. Lol Crystal. I seriously don't even know what rich people drink. Maybe Dave McNally can help me. In this world we are surrounded by a Walmart mentality where the good people want a \$300 TV. When the \$300 TV breaks in a year, they just go get another one. We do not demand quality. We do not expect things to be crafted. We expect cheap instant gratification. If I made something, and someday I will, it will be the most expensive something you can buy. I would be proud of that and say yup, its American made. I encounter so many failures due to skimping. I just saw a \$100k car with over 900 wheel horse fail because of a kinked 1/2" hose. When is the last time any of you guys went to a parts store and touched hose? Besides Billy who is always touching his hose, probably not many of you. Go do this. I have and it simply leaves me almost speechless. It's not reinforced like it used to be. Its crap. Utter, absolute crap. I built my motor in about 4 days. It has taken me 4 months to plumb a heat exchanger for my blower because I can't find quality hose. I've imported silicone from some hippy country called California. My 90 degree bends are all reinforced smooth pieces. Its craft. Its art. And it damn sure wasn't cheap. Most "hotrodders" are going to bitch if their hose costs hundreds of dollars. We drive the products. Don't buy crap and crap will go away. But we will, and we will wallow in it. I know people want to do what they can afford to make their car unique. But sometimes it pays to run away from these super deals. You guys know how many coil over systems I've seen fail? Wheels? Shit, I mean stuff that can kill you. I had another wheel shatter on my Camaro. I politely explained my experience and was basically publically ridiculed by the vendor who jumped in the post to make sure people knew that I was making the whole thing up about the product. Whatever, I'm not going to argue with a bunch of interweb experts. The cheap crap keeps selling and we get suckered in. Surely the vendor importing some dog shit knock off from China has our best interests in mind. I'd also caution that expensive does not instantly mean good. Do some research, ask around. Don't listen exclusively to the interweb experts I constantly see self-justifying their crappy purchases. When RJ tells ya only to only to buy ARH, Kooks or LG headers, listen to him. Although at least two of the 3 have started using some pretty shady stainless, they are still pieces that fit and will take a beating.

I realize this is not exactly tech but my experiences today have really depressed me. We are surrounded by crap. I think we owe it to ourselves to stop the madness.

I will close with 2 things: It took me weeks to find a pair of American made boots for work. The first pair I bought were Doc Martins. I have a 17 year old pair I wear all the time, made in the UK and still going strong. The work boots I got were made in China and lasted 2 weeks (still had the Doc name). The second pair I purposefully researched and ensured they were made proudly in the USA. They cost 150% more than most boots but the damn things have yet to fail me. They are comfy and as stated throughout my story have reminded me over and over again that you can still choose to find quality and craft. It's just getting hard. Find craft with your Camaros.

IF YOU WANT TO DO THIS
RIGHT, IT'S NOT CHEAP OR EASY.
BUT JIM IS.

This will likely be the last thing I write. Perhaps it's the rum talking, but I'm far too humble to keep doing this. I try to stay away from obvious topics because damn near everything you need to know is about a click away. I also feel like nobody needs to hear me hammer on about stuff like 3 people care about. I'm not smart enough to tell you anything you don't know, and I don't write well enough to entertain you. I will always, always be in the shop to help all of you with anything you need. Keep the shiny sides up and farewell my friends!

rj

**** With Rj's 'retirement' from writing the tech corner, I ask that anyone wishing to submit an article to please send them to me. I will select the one or two for the newsletter and keep the rest for future publications. Thank you Rj for your continued support and friendship!*

Car Shows & Cruises

FEBRUARY 2016

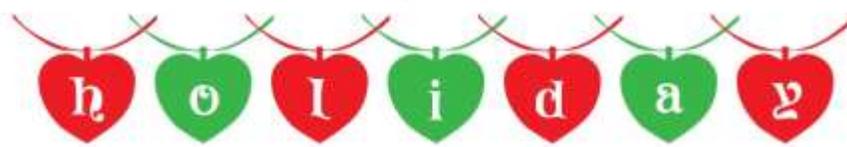
Saturday, February 6 **CRUISE** 8:30 - 'Til? Weather Permitting
High Octane - South Jersey "Cars & Coffee" Cruise
550 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ
Open To All Makes, Years & Models
Web Site: www.highoctanesj.com

Saturday, February 13 **CRUISE** 8:30 - 'Til? Weather Permitting
High Octane - South Jersey "Cars & Coffee" Cruise
550 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ
Open To All Makes, Years & Models
Web Site: www.highoctanesj.com

Saturday, February 20 **CRUISE** 8:30 - 'Til? Weather Permitting
High Octane - South Jersey "Cars & Coffee" Cruise
550 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ
Open To All Makes, Years & Models
Web Site: www.highoctanesj.com

Saturday, February 27 **CRUISE** 8:30 - 'Til? Weather Permitting
High Octane - South Jersey "Cars & Coffee" Cruise
550 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ
Open To All Makes, Years & Models
Web Site: www.highoctanesj.com

the joy of



giving

During this past Christmas Season (2015) our club had the opportunity to be Christmas Elves to seven young men & women from Deptford High School.

I contacted a Guidance Counselor through the Board of Education, he then referred me to the Nurses' Office of Deptford High School. Under the guidance of Mrs Kim Helband, Nurse and Mrs. Grace Quinones, Asst. Nurse they had organized a group of volunteers consisting of teachers, parents, citizens to prepare Christmas through donations to families that have recently had set backs financially &/or health issues. I then asked what can we do? Mrs. Quinones relayed to me that when these seven students (ages 13 thru 17) were asked what they wanted for Christmas they had answered with a generous heart that they wanted their younger siblings to have gifts to open on Christmas morning. When hearing this I knew we could be involved with giving these teens some sort of gift for Christmas. Mrs. Quinones responded with that would be wonderful as they had nothing for these teen students. So I purchased on behalf of the SJCC seven \$20.00 Gift Cards from Walmart (Walmart offers a vast variety of items where they could buy anything needed) than I delivered to the Nurses' Office the gift cards in tiny Christmas Stockings & asked that they be given anonymously to the students.

Recently I was in contact with the Nurse, Mr. Kim Helsand from Deptford High School. Wondering how Christmas had been for the seven students? She informed me that when they returned from Christmas Break they were so happy, excited, and thankful for all that they & their families had received. So that we all are aware these two special women Kim Helband, Nurse & Grace Quinones, Asst. Nurse headed & organized that all seven of these families received & enjoyed gifts for all their children and Christmas Dinner.

I'm sure you all share with me the warm wonderful feeling that only can be felt when opening your heart to the gift of giving & being of service to those that are in need no matter how large or small the gesture.

It has been a pleasure & privilege to be in charge of this service project on behalf of our club.

Thank you,

Gale Gant

"GG"

NOTE: Mrs. Kim Helband, Nurse and Mrs. Grace Quinones, Asst. Nurse of Deptford High School continue their efforts to gather food, clothing, etc... for families of students of all ages in Deptford Township year round. In the future SJCC may want to consider another project of giving.

Holiday Party

January 9th
Villa Nuova Restaurant
Deptford



Special Thanks to.....

Linda Murphy for her tireless effort in putting together a tremendous Holiday Dinner, Party and the awesome GIFTS.



Special Thanks to.....

Gale and Tom Gant for opening their lovely home for the after party.

