



Rob Szakonyi 1951-2025

Rob was an active member of the Lotus Club for many years, a familiar sight on back road Runs. Members often remember other members by the Lotus those members drive. Rob's Lotus 23E was more likely known by its driver. What follows are members' **Tributes**; a heavily annotated album of photos: **Rob through the years** covering Rob's lifelong affair with Lotus; and a reprint from 2011 of a story Rob wrote for the LOTUSletter: **My GETTYSBURG Adress: LOG 30** about winning a Concours 1st place after a 15 hour trip fraught with mech-anical problems. Reading his account you hear Rob talking again.

Editor

PHOTO M. EDDENDEN

LotusClubCanada
Special Supplement



Rob Bassett

Friend / Co-worker / Fellow Club member

"I wanted the Lotus Club members to know that our dear friend **Robert Szakonyi passed away peacefully October 25, 2025.** On behalf of his family and myself I want to say a few words, and express my deepest condolences to his sister Lucielle Csonka, and his children Christa and Ryan.

My association and friendship with Robert spans almost 45 years. We were the original employees of an Ontario research and development company (privately owned) that was contemplating getting into the electric car business! Fortress Scientific was the company and Robert Szakonyi was hired for his electronic and mechanical expertise. He had previously worked for Johnson Controls and saw an ad in the paper looking for an individual wanting to become part of a unique start-up team developing electric vehicles. (Eat your heart out Elon.)

Robert and I created the assembly line for the company. while the first electric prototypes, vehicles for the disabled, were created by a five man team : Robert, myself, a mechanical engineer, an electrical engineer, and at the helm, company owner Leo Smith.

Robert and I became instant friends not so much because of our employment, but mainly because of our shared passions for sports cars. At that time mine were motorcycles and my beloved Triumph TR-6, while he was a passionate Lotus enthusiast.

The Tributes

The emails are from Lotus Club of Canada members. Some knew Rob for decades, others only a few months but characteristically he made a memorable impression on all of them. Boyd Jarvis' account is given more space, despite being obscurely technical at times, because it shows in Rob's own words what he was like, how skilled he was, and how far he would go to assist another enthusiast. Not many would.

EDITOR



Remembering Rob

Robert was naturally gifted with rare talents. He was entirely self-taught. Despite having no formal training those who were closest to him quickly recognized an exceptional electrical and mechanical genius. Yet he was one of the most humble individuals who I have ever met. Robert introduced me to the world of Lotus.

He certainly had his idiosyncrasies and quirks, like the rest of us, but that never weakened our friendship or prevented my passion for Lotus & Caterham sports cars from blossoming! As the saying goes the rest is history. I will miss his laughter and the countless conversations we had that span many decades. Those spirited Runs in the beautiful Ontario countryside with Robert were all magical, and left impressions that will forever remain ingrained as fond memories of a lifelong passion shared with a rare individual that we will all sadly miss.

Outside of Robert's family life, and passion for Lotus cars, he spent much of his spare time painting. He was a passionate artist, and as far back as I can remember it was his refuge or escape from the pressures of life throughout his life. The hobby became an obsession and expression of who he was, a true individual. I'm told by his sister Lucielle that during his life Robert painted 22 canvases each one telling a poignant story or specific event that had significant meaning in his life ." R.B.

RIGHT

Rob Bassett driving the prototype electric car, Winter 1980, with **Rob Szakonyi** passenger. The battery compartment and front drive unit were off a Mini with an integrated electric motor.

PREVIOUS PAGE

Rob holds Rob Bassett's son Jamie. Bronte 2000. Ryan Szakonyi, Rob's son, is sitting in the passenger seatbehind.



Remembering Rob

Chris Marson

Friend / With Rob, a founding member of the Club

“Rob and I first met in 1977 when I was driving my Elan Plus 2 to my apartment and I had stopped to pick up a couple of groceries at a nearby convenience store. Rob and his girlfriend, Suzy, were peering into my car as I exited the store. He told me about a Lotus Club that had only a couple of members and told me where the next meeting was. After meeting the soon-to-be Club President Diane, I was hooked on Lotus for life! Rob and I spent time together and he met my parents and Kevin several times at the family home in Ancaster. While he was eccentric, he would do anything for you especially if it was Lotus related. Our families grew closer together as my wife Irene and his wife Judy and their two children became friends. We spent time going to the beach, camping and, of course, driving our cars on various Runs. After we bought our 1988 Caterham Super Seven, I started the Canadian Group of Sevens and Rob was on many of our Runs. It was always interesting to visit Rob at his home near Paradise Lake where he would show his latest projects(s). Rob will be missed.”

RIGHT

Chris Marson’s Elan Plus 2 and Rob Szakoni’s Elan S2 circa 1979.



Boyd Jarvis

Fellow restorer / Lotus enthusiast / Club member

“I was very sorry to hear of Rob Szakonyi’s passing. I spoke with him many times but only by phone and email; I never met him. Rob Bassett, a Club member with a Caterham 7 introduced me to Rob in 2023. I had bought an unrestored and completely dismantled 1962 Lotus 7, and well into the rebuild of the car’s Ford Cortina GT 1600 cc engine I needed Advice & Help! So when Rob B. praised Rob S’s abilities with engines, carburetors and mechanics I contacted him.

The engine had a new (still Parkerized) cam of unknown lift and duration and had come with a pair of Weber 40DCOEs that had never been on this engine. It came partially assembled and had been bored 50 thou over. Weber DCOEs have eight or nine parts offering many variations & sizes that change the carb from mild to wild. Rob had a lot of experience with these carbs but he needed to know the cam’s lift and duration of cam, whether the exhaust was stock or free flow, what pistons were in it and so on. He introduced me, on paper, to the “*Burtonpower*” valve timing wheel (a homemade wooden disc with 360 degree marks) and walked...

Continued next page.

Remembering Rob

me though the task of measuring the lift of the push rods. The results were ballpark but successful. I emailed Rob photos of the cam I'd installed in the engine and he wrote back..

"Now that looks good!

io 15' ATDC

ic 138-140' BTDC (40'ABDC)

eo 140' ATDC (40' BBDC)

ec 15' BTDC

Looking at the GT? #s it has around 130' overlap at BDC area compared to your 80' overlap and around 54' at TDC area where you have no overlap for 30'. So I don't think I was too far off in my impression of your cams visual appearance that it did not have really long duration and not overly pointed, don't recall if you actually came up with an accurate lift. In my humble opinion, it looks like a reasonably but not overly torquey cam that is not ultra high revving by virtue



of the overlap size so it's not going to require huge chokes for better breathing or all the variable stuff that would have to go with it. If the cams were more pointed you'd probably need a reduction starter like my Cosworth cams did. Looks like a good all round profile with approx. 205 total cam degrees compared to 272 for the GT? (going by the other set of #s.) Rob followed this up with a chart with three different but same-sized engines showing the many variations of those previously mentioned Weber parts. I set the engine up, started it, and despite a glitch in one carburetor, Rob's suggestions seemed to do what he had hoped. I say 'seems' only because the Seven had to be put to bed until Spring when I will tune it as per Rob's instructions. I am confident all will be well.

Rob devoted a lot of hours to helping me and felt it was a challenge to get things just right. I really appreciated having his smarts to lean on. I did keep him busy for a while.

I would have loved to meet Rob and see his vehicles and talk one on one. Everyone mentions how mechanically apt he was but he was also just plain interesting.

We spoke often and I will miss his friendly banter. When we weren't talking about my engine problems, we talked mostly about cars and old times, but also quite about of his art. He was quite passionate and spoke about a huge painting, that was taking forever, of his late wife. He missed her greatly.

At times I worried he was a little down, and tried to engage him as a distraction, but then I had no indication Rob was in poor health.

How about a toast to Rob?"

Boyd Jarvis

Remembering Rob

Duncan Lamb

Friend / Fellow Club member

"It was in the early 1980s that I joined our Lotus Club and soon met an interesting group of enthusiasts. Rob Szakonyi was one of them. Now, some 40 years later I am saddened by his passing. Rob was an individual you didn't forget. A passionate Lotus fan, Rob participated fully in Club events be they country Runs, track days, BBQ's, garage tours and the like. His technical abilities, his sense of design, his unique sense of humour, set him apart. After his move to B.C. Rob kept in touch through his emails to Michael Eddenden [and Rob Bassett] but sadly I never saw him again. My condolences to his family and friends. May he rest in peace."

RIGHT

Duncan Lamb and Rob Szakonyi discuss the gauges on Rob's Elan. Pee Break on LCC Fall Run 2014.

PHOTO M.EDDENDEN



Rob Cattle

Fellow Club Member

"I was not expecting this. I didn't know Rob Szakonyi well but having been a fellow member of the Lotus Club for 46 years now. I always admired his passion for the marque and anything mechanical. He seemed to have a way of figuring things out and to revel in solving problems. I really appreciated hearing Rob Bassett's poignant notes and history of their relationship in the last newsletter."

Remembering Rob

Michael Eddenden

Friend / Editor

I was acquainted with Rob the way most members were, bumping into him at Bronte or a Run over the years. It was only as editor I got to know him. I looked forward, eagerly, to Rob's contributions to the newsletter. There were too few of them and they stretched what editorial skills I have to the limit. Every member writes in their own way; Rob's style was was idiosyncratically eccentric. The average email is often uninhibited by grammar or logic but Rob's were unique. Often they seemed to be the words between the lines, not the lines themselves. It wasn't disconcerting because I knew Rob, but it was puzzling. I deduced what was meant. Follow-up emails with questions did not always clarify and could amplify ambiguities. Especially when he didn't want to say something outright, yet couldn't resist implying how he felt. Rob couldn't resist annotating his stories. He commented on what he was writing as he was writing it. Once he commented on a comment on a sentence he had not finished writing. He even heckled himself. Sometimes the annotation got there first and the sentence lagged behind like a bored child. Sometimes I only understood the commentary, a surreal effect. Rob thought too impulsively for his words to keep up.

He was an idealist. If he felt someone behaved badly, he saw it morally. Then his temper could get the better of him, his imagination acting as a catalyst. He is the only member I ever had to censor. But then editing Rob was a challenge always worth the effort. He told interesting stories. And he had stories to tell because he was interesting himself. I will miss them and him.

Rob's unique story of his drive to LOG 30 in 2011, *My GETTYSBURG Address*, is a fair example of the way he expressed himself. Once the digressions, tangents and joking comments were pruned back, a great story emerged. I left enough, I hope, of Rob's annotations for members to hear Rob. His commentary was highlighted in blue italics and put on the side—new layouts had to be invented to accommodate Rob's stories. It's reprinted at the end of this Special Supplement. It was the most ambitious story he wrote, thirty pages over four newsletters, so it is abridged.

RIGHT

Rob and Michael share some quip, Ancaster 2010. Rob's son Ryan is less amused. Rob's Lotus jacket was given to him by Lotus driver Gunnar Nilsson at the Canadian Grand Prix in 1977.

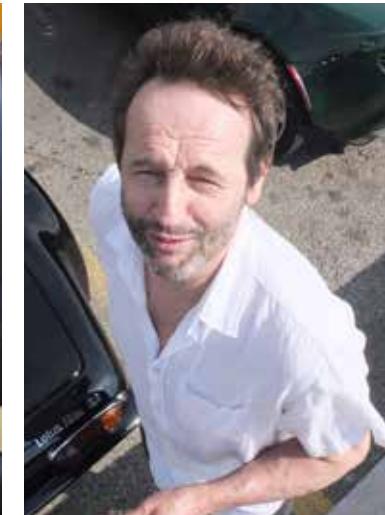
PHOTO MIKE MCGRAW

Remembering Rob





Rob through the years



The album that follows of Rob Szakonyis life with Lotus and LotusClubCanada is flawed. It suffers from too many shots of British Car Day, too few of other Club events like Runs and gaps: there are no photos from monthly meetings. There are rare photos like those taken at the Club's Track Day at Shannonville in 1978. Quality varies. Some pictures are from film

cameras with their photos scanned, some are from digital cameras both point & shoot and full frame, and some are cellphone shots. Unlike Mike Potter's album many of Rob's photos have captions so members can appreciate their significance. They start in 1977 and end in 2025 and are only roughly chronological. Unattributed photos after 2003 are likely by the editor.





LOTUS CLUB of CANADA IN THE BEGINNING

TITLE PAGE

1978? Track Day Shannonville. Rob and his Elan, front row. Behind is Chris Marson and his Plus 2. "That photo was taken with my camera and developed by me in my basement apartment kitchen," wrote Chris.

ABOVE

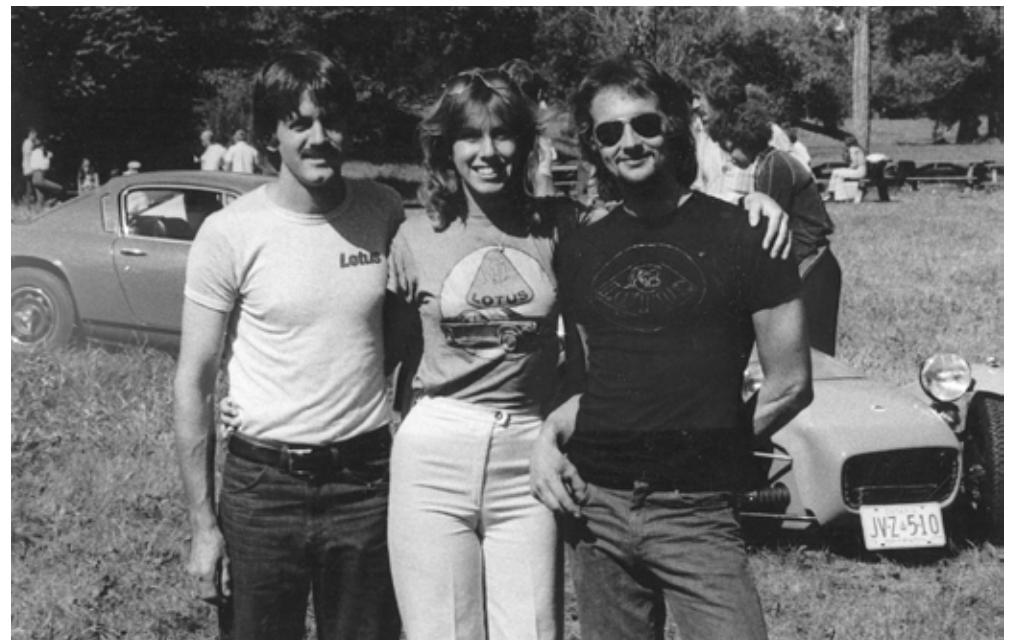
1977 An early meet, Lake Simcoe. Rob Szakonyi's Hart-engined Lotus Elan S2 is parked beside Chris Marson's first Lotus, an Elan Plus 2

LEFT

1977 Rob Szakonji, most likely taken at the Canadian Grand Prix, Mosport in 1977 where Rob met Colin Chapman. (See story **HISTORY LESSON**, a few pages on.)

BELOW

1978 Chris Marson, Suzie, Rob's girlfriend and Rob Szakonyi.



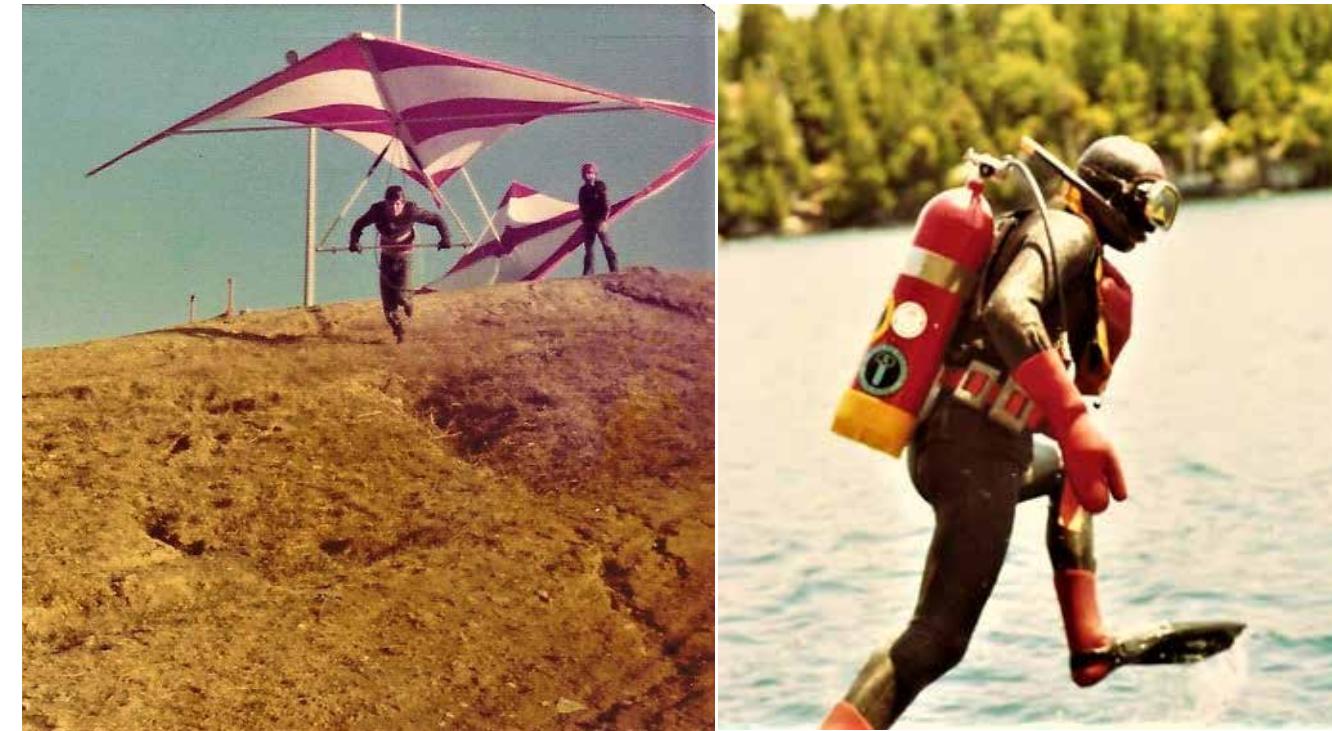
EARLY DAYS

"This was one of many Runs we took up north. From back to front: Robert's Lotus Elan, Chris Marson's Caterham Seven, Kevin Marson's Caterham Seven Twincam, my Caterham 7, and Les Babinchuk's Elan. The picture was taken almost 40 years ago, about 1988." **Rob Bassett**



"The old photo is from the late Seventies at Centennial Hill, which was a nice place to learn hang gliding unaided...I took my last flight [at Georgian Peaks.] I was overexuberant...Concerned about chairlift cables on my left, I overcompensated. I lifted and banked hard up to the right—performing a perfect flat stall thirty feet up into a welcoming stand of coniferous trees. I got down OK but bent my glider...it sat in storage for years. Then I got married. Life insurance, I found out, didn't cover you if you glided! So I sold the hanglider." **Rob Szakonyi**

Scuba diving, another early interest of Rob's, was given up for the same reason.
His passion for Lotus survived. **EDITOR**



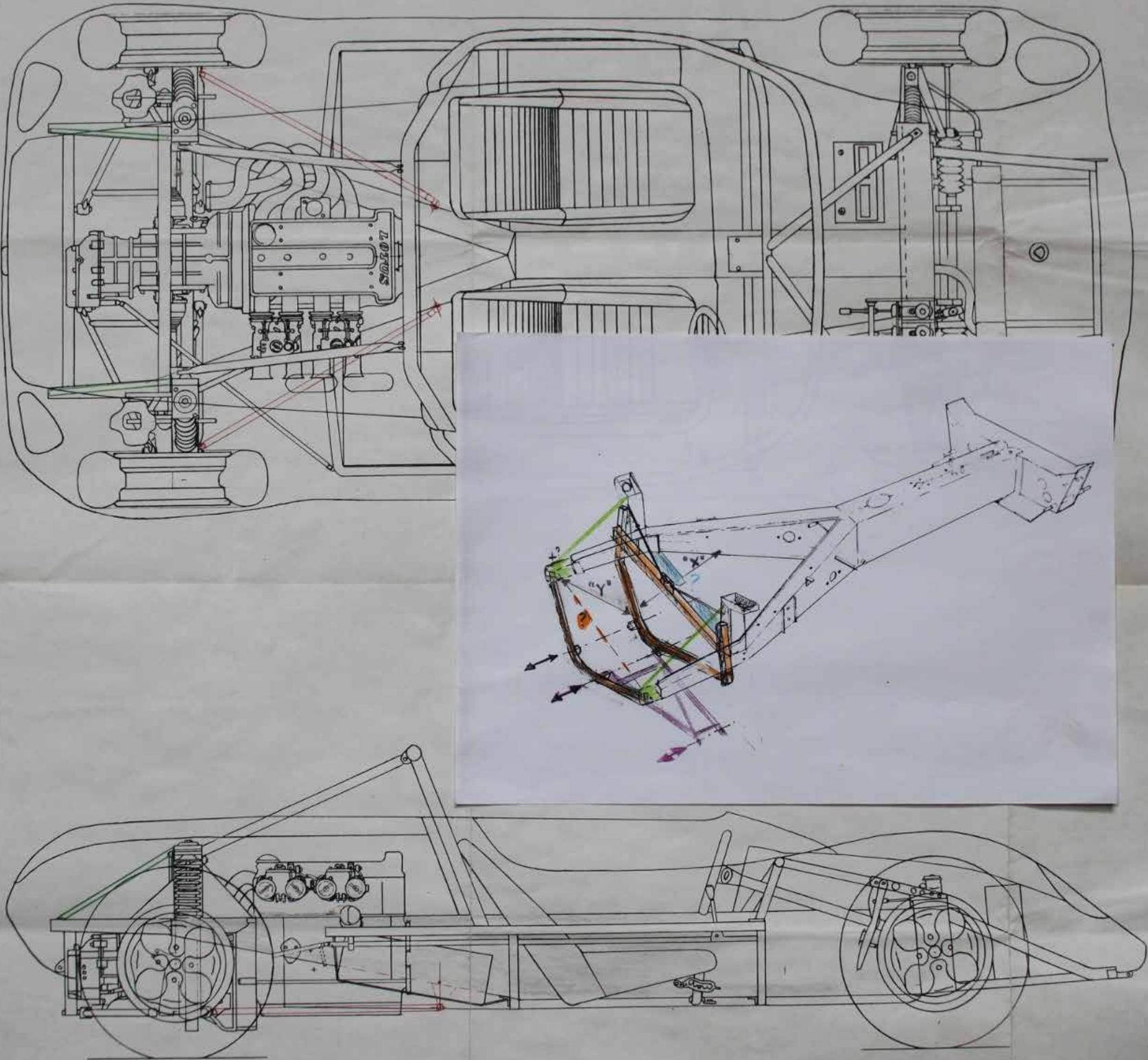
ROB'S UNIQUE LOTUS SEVEN S4 was rescued by Rob after a fire destroyed the fiberglass body. This posed an intractable problem: replacement bodies for Series 4 did not exist. As Rob Bassett, seen in the far right photo posed with the S4's remains explains, "I am standing beside the frame of the burned out Lotus Seven S4 that

Robert bought from a neighbour. He solved the S4 body problem—there wasn't one—by restoring the car to pristine condition as a Series 3, a very large Series 3." This is even more daunting than it sounds. The S4 was significantly longer and wider than the S3. In the photos Rob sits in the burned frame in 1981, and in the restored car in 1988. Yet happy in both.

The Lotus was cursed. "The gentleman who bought the Seven took it out shortly after it was purchased and ran it into a curb altering the integrity of the frame," writes Rob Bassett, "When Robert heard what had happened he was furious. I believe he washed his hands of the fiasco after that!"

PHOTOS BASSETT / SZAKONYI





ROB WANTED A LOTUS 23. Finding or affording one slowed him down but didn't stop him. After hundreds of hours considering the problem he drew scale plans and late in 1995 sent them to **Ron Hickman**, who designed the Lotus Elan and the Black & Decker Workmate. Ron answered with a four page letter and a hand-drawn coloured drawing, with suggestions and advice. Ron started off by describing Rob's proposal:

"Let me see if I've got it right. You take a **Series 2 Europa chassis**...and adapt it to take a Ford 2ohc unit; then you take almost of an **Elan rear suspension** (including the rear chassis cross-member which is cut into two pieces and bracketed to the engine-gearbox unit) and the rear suspension geometry complete. You provide your own solution for the rear wishbone pivots, which includes reversing the wishbones in plan-view-and as far as I can make out involves lengthening of the cantilevered (parallel) bits of the chassis at the back end (coloured green on my sketch). You then add **M20 (Plus 2) front suspension** elements. And finally-having braced the chassis with a quite comprehensive perimeter cage-cum-rollbar, from the front T-member as far back as about the midpoint of the engine, you clothe the whole with a **Type 23 body**. Would that be a fair description?"

If Rob's previous project, rebuilding a burned out Lotus 7 S4 as a S3, was a practical answer to a problem (replacement S4 bodies don't exist), the Lotus 23 project was the fulfilment of a dream. The Seven was daunting, the 23 audacious. By 2003 the car was finished, licensed and on the road if only sprayed with a matte black primer. A few modifications followed: the legally required windshield (from a Plus 2) was replaced with the authentic plastic wind deflector and the car was painted British Racing Green. The 23 was a fixture on Lotus Club Runs after that until Rob moved to B.C. during Covid and took the car with him. Its future is unknown. Is it a Lotus or a replica? Not being made by Lotus it's a replica, but all the parts are Lotus so it is a Lotus. Like its owner, the 23 is authentic in its own unique and complicated way.

LEFT The Historical Documents : One of several sheets of Rob's 1/7 scale drawings for the proposed Lotus 23, and Ron Hickman's coloured drawing.



LOTUS 23E

LEFT

Rob Szakonyi and the Lotus 23E in final form, British Car Day 2007.

RIGHT ABOVE

Mono Cliff Inn after the 2003 Lotus Club's Fall Run, the 23's first LCC event.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:
Stephen Rodger & son,
Michael Eddenden,
Kevin Marson,
Duncan Lamb,
Chris Marson,
Rob Szakonyi

RIGHT BOTTOM

The Lotus 23E
LCC Fall Run 2003.
Note the black matte
primer and windscreen

NEXT PAGE

Rob and the Lotus 23,
British Car Day 2013.
His son's girlfriend,
Shiloh, is the passenger.

PHOTO MIKE MCGRAW





ONTARIO
LOTUS 23

ROB NEVER STOPPED DRIVING THE ELAN.



You never knew if he would appear at events in the 23 or the Elan. The Elan did have a HART tuned Twincam with a 10,000 rpm redline unlike the 23's regular Twincam but Rob frequently swapped engines between cars. It was confusing. I couldn't keep track which car had which engine unless I happened to be behind him when he revved to 10,000rpm; that sound was unmistakable. Rob lived too far from Toronto to attend meetings and missed most Winter Parties but car events like Ancaster and Bronte, and the Lotus Club's Fall and Spring Runs almost always drew him.

LEFT

Elan, Rob and Andy Ball. Ancaster 2008. Chris Marson, left.

BELOW

Keith Marshall, Rob Szakonyi, Rob Bentley. Ancaster 2013.

NEXT PAGE

Left and Right: Fall Run 2014

PHOTOS MIKE EDDENDEN







BRONTE

LEFT

Rob could often be spotted at sports car events like Ancaster and Bronte by looking for a gathering of Club members having a lively discussion, like the one here at British Car Day, Bronte in 2012 with Andy Ball, Rob Bassett, Chris Marson, Kevin Marson and Duncan Lamb. Rob wears the same shirt as Rob Bassett. They shared an obsessive fascination with Chronometric Gauges due perhaps to too many viewings of *Grand Prix*.

NEXT TWO PAGES

Page One

Rob Szakonyi: Bronte 2013 (back) / Bronte 2012 (front)

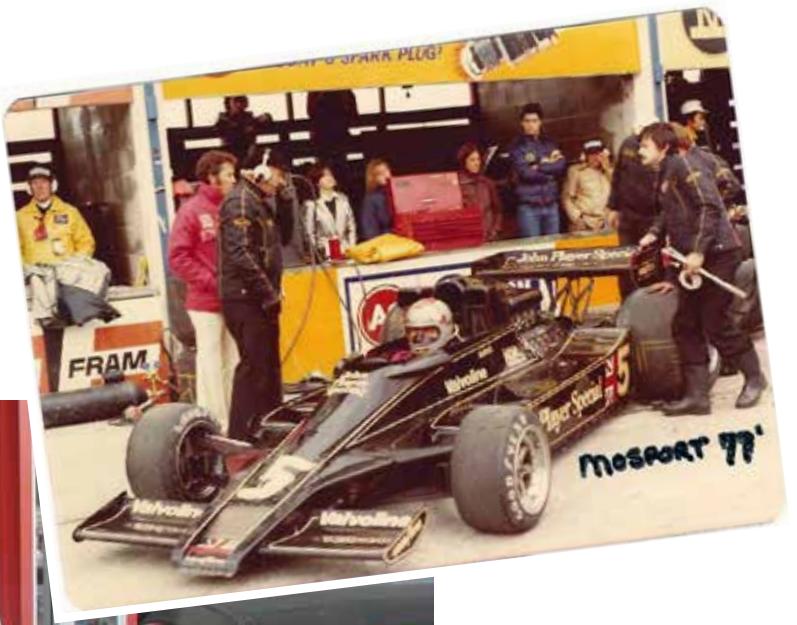
Page Two

Wide shot of the crowd at Bronte in 2007.

PHOTO MIKE MCGRAW







ABOVE

The pits, Mosport 1977, Mario and Lotus 78 with the side panel Rob bought.

BELOW

Mario Andretti holds the panel off the Lotus 78 he raced at Mosport in 1977. Rob Szakonyi beams. Mario has added his signature alongside Gunnar Nilsson's.

Mario's is famous, Gunnar's rare: a valuable, oversized piece of memorabilia.

PHOTO PATTY REID

HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE 1

Gunnar died of cancer in 1978.

HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE 2

Rob Szakonyi, Chris Marson and Mike Forrester were founders of the Club.

HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE 2

"Rob and I were among the volunteers from the Lotus Club to help with the race," wrote **Chris Marson**. "We helped line up the cars but I don't remember whose car I was assigned. Now they use girls. Pretty girls."

This article has been abridged from the **Christmas 2014 LOTUSletter**

HISTORY LESSON CANADIAN GRAND PRIX MOSPORT 1977

"I met **Colin Chapman** that day," wrote Rob Szakonyi, "even if there is no photo record showing him signing the photo of my Elan. Not like **Diane Barrett, the Club's President**, who was quick-witted enough to get a shot with him, and a Team jacket... Mario Andretti, Lotus' Number One driver, led from pole for 77 of the 80 laps and set the fastest lap. Then his engine decided it was time for an oil change—all over the track..."

The race over, teams began selling off anything they could not use. I tried desperately to get a Team Jacket but they were all gone by then. My friend **Mike Forrester** however, bought a JPS rear wing and when I heard that I ran back to the paddocks and jumped at the chance to buy Andretti's side panel. \$35 was the outrageous price.

I found Mike later, outside the Team Lotus RV, chatting with **Gunnar Nilsson**, Lotus Number Two driver... I was very happy with my panel *but I still wanted a Jacket*. After telling Gunnar of my want and desire, he went back into the RV and came out with a Team Jacket and gave it to me. It has been a cherished item for many years. Gunnar signed the side panel for me with a ballpoint pen. It really should have been signed by Mario as it was his car. " Rob Szakonyi

37 YEARS LATER ROB FINALLY MET **Mario Andretti**.

This time Mario signed both the Lotus 78's side panel and the Lotus 23E's dash.



Mario Andretti seated in the Lotus 23E.
Rob and side panel are reflected in Mario's sunglasses.



ROB MOVED TO B.C. during Covid to be near his son and daughter. He worked on his paintings, especially one that showed everyone important to him in his life (left). In September he drove across the country in a restored Ford Econoline van to give it to his sister in Newfoundland. The shot of the Douglas Fir and Rob's reaction was taken on Vancouver Island.



October 24, 2025

I've been visiting comfort places... Kind of nice. Yesterday and today I've seen more rainbows than I have in 60 years. They never last long, [yet] actually seeing them and [being] quick with the phone, which is usually off to save the battery, I've still been able to grab some fleeting shots.

Take Care,

Rob

Rob's last email. Two weeks later Rob Bassett wrote to say Rob had died peacefully October 25.

EDITOR



Rob Szakonyi & Lotus 23E enroute to LOG 30 in October 2010.

LOG 30 My GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By Rob Szakonyi.

PHOTOS: TONY & BRIAN VACCARO, ROB SZAKONYI, DON HORNE, PAULETTE KIRBY

In **Part One** Rob set out in the Lotus 23 for Gettysburg and LOG 30. **Part Two** where we pick up the story, begins at **TONY VACCARO'S** house outside Buffalo, N.Y. where members of LOONY and LotusClubCanada have gathered for the run to LOG 30. It is 9am. The reception starts in nine hours and is hundreds of miles away. Rob has already driven for three hours from his home west of Kitchener in his **Lotus 23E**, an open, topless car, with a wind-deflector, not a windshield. It should be remembered that Rob built his 23 so technically it's not a Lotus, but a replica. On the other hand it was made only using parts from other Lotus so it is a Lotus. Very little about Rob Szakonyi was merely straight forward or uncomplicated. Or boring.

*Rob's story first appeared in the **2011 LOTUSletters**. Due to its length, 30 pages spread over four issues originally, the story has been abridged, and Parts 1 & 4 omitted. Those who prefer to read the original uncut version, and I encourage you to, should download the 2011 newsletters archived on the Club's website in the Member's Only section.*

PART TWO

An enthusiast's account of his trip to LOG.

In the driveway : two Caterhams, an Esprit, a convertible Plus II, and my BRG Lotus 23. In the garage : an Elan up on a lift, an Elise underneath...along with a not too happy Tony. We were behind schedule and hadn't even started. We made our introductions.

I glanced around at the diverse team and realized that even today, more than 50 years later, you can still find people who have an appreciation for the simpler Lotus things in life, as in the unrivaled joy of negotiating a turn at the limit in a beautiful well-sorted machine chasing another one.

Sure, sometimes there's the technical crap but you're a better person for it.

You learn more and knowledge is power.

Soon we were off in search of fuel. Probably some oil as well judging from the blue air...We make a number of turns, wasn't counting, and take a few different roads all the while just enjoying the view: Esprit, Sevens etc. like a passenger who doesn't take...notice of which way they are going, just watching the scenery roll by. Tony was noticeably very watchful of my need to refuel, which was comforting as I had told him I'm only sporting a 6 gallon tank, Imperial... *Imperial sounds bigger.*

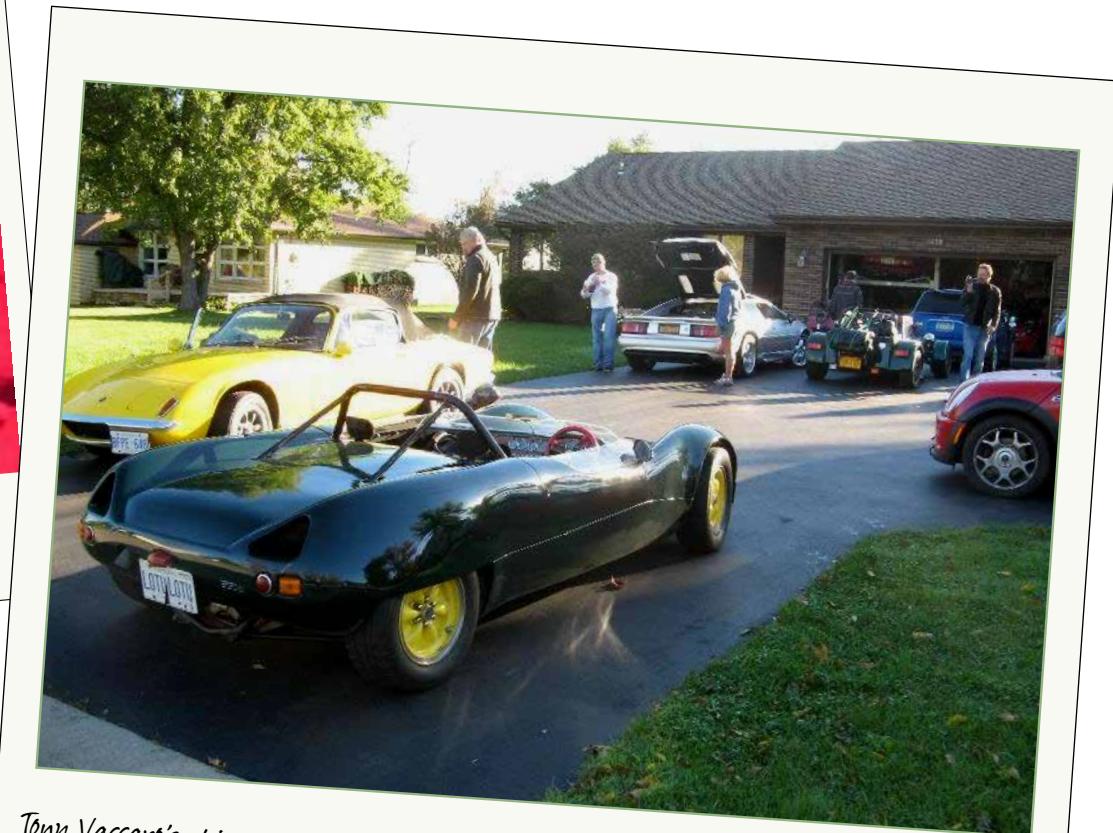
I will find out later he may have had other motivations...

We turned into a sunny open plaza parking lot...and were confronted by this very pretty red Elise...and an owner who apparently was accustomed to waiting for Tony: Nate, an easy going gentleman who had the best taste in the colour that one should chose for an Elise. While we all stretched and had a better look at each other, and me at my loose muffler tailpiece weldment. Tony took pictures.

Tony must have forgotten to take one of me installing a nut and bolt for the wired up muffler on his Seven under the heading: "We can't seem to stop anywhere without a bonnet opening."



Tony Vaccaro at Bronte, 2012
PHOTO M. MCGRAW



Tony Vaccaro's driveway as it looked the morning the LOONYS set off for LOG 30 in 2010. The Lotus 23E is in the foreground alongside Don Horne's Elan Plus II convertible. Rob can be seen in the background having a drink; he has just driven from Kitchener.

PHOTO: TONY VACCARO

Now with a full compliment of six Lotus cars, we meandered on our way to automotive nirvana. The only thing more breathtaking than the foliage was Don's exhaust.

All is forgotten though when you are very nearly hypnotized by the endless turns and dips in full acceleration, and just as quick downshifts, while trying to keep a sporting distance from the car ahead. Somewhere between insane tailgating revs addict & "Oh SHIT."

At some point I enjoyed the rear view of the Esprit. Joe had done some work on the exhaust and engine which gave it a lovely throaty sound under backing off, with an even more pleasing whistle at the dumping of the waste gate. His very 'serious' mechanical concern was a small nut that supported the exhaust which seemed to loosen a little and cause a bit of a rattle.

I think he only worked on it so those of us with slightly more of a concern didn't feel bad.

I was somewhat surprised, looking into my mirror at one of the tighter sharp downhill left hand 10 mph turns... *Right after a 60 mph burst.*

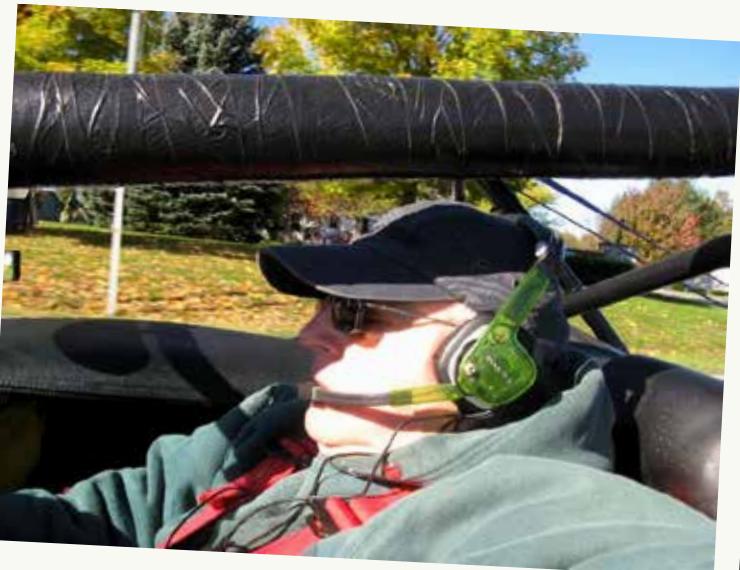
as to just how many bugs Joe had on his Esprit grill, one would have thought he might have washed it a bit better for LOG! Also quite noticeable on these beautiful corkscrewed roads was the sudden appearance of a remarkable number of very large trucks in great haste, going the other way, driven by people who should have had a much greater regard for the speed limit than we did. One of the more entertaining slowdowns through this autumn amazement

were two rather large snow ploughs... *Snow ploughs that seemed to be searching*

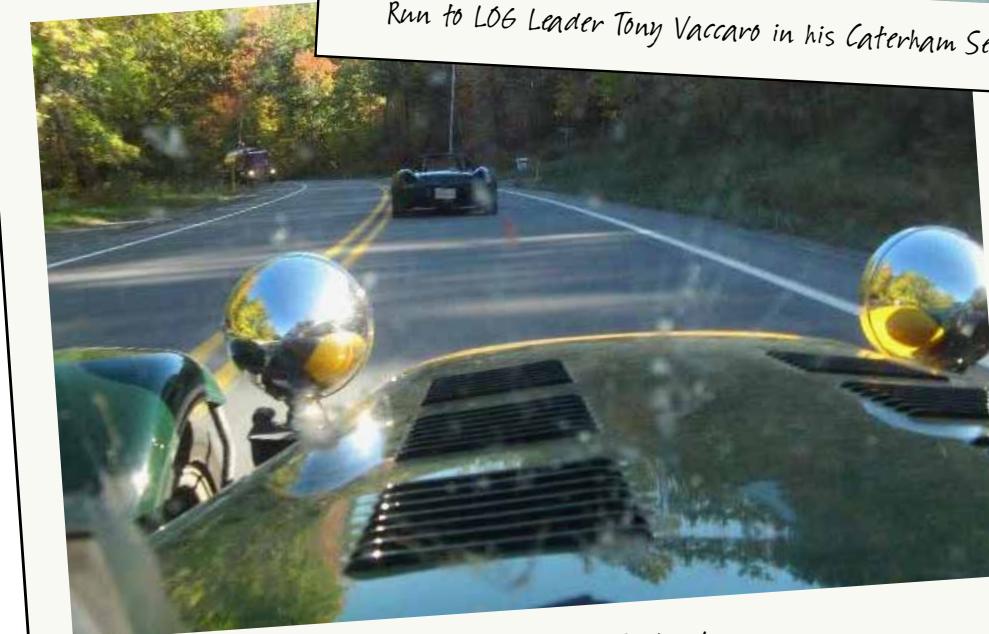
[which] effortlessly, in very slow motion, managed to separate the group just enough to make the catching up memorable...I remember Tony warning us that fuel would be scarce so top up... *Wise words he should have heeded.*

I have to admit that in half a dozen instances I laughed right out loud which was not easy, because I had been grinning so long, breathing with bared teeth, that my lips were actually stuck to my teeth and it really felt like I had ripped a layer of skin off my lips. I felt my mouth to see if I was bleeding! It was giddy euphoria, usually reserved for people on a roller coaster ride when it's just a little more than they are ready for and can't quite decide if it's fun or not.

*Truth be told, some were
my fumes being
drawn into
my cockpit.*



Run to LOG Leader Tony Vaccaro in his Caterham Seven.



Rob and the Lotus 23E ahead.

...We stopped at a beautiful lookout that put our position into true perspective, for the sky was flawlessly blue, the sunshine was set to max, we were very high up in the mountains and below us was a dense forest with leaves most definitely set to Fall!

We were all impressed by the practical presence of an outhouse.

It was getting warm, so I took my driving gloves off. My right hand was pink and itchy.

I shouldn't have used fiberglass batt as a towel this morning. [In Part One, fumbling in his dark garage,

*Rob had indeed,
accidentally dried his
hands on an old piece
of fiberglass
insulation.*

EDITOR]

I applied some sunblock which cooled it momentarily and then became a three alarm fire, mostly on its backside. The more I tried to wipe it clean the more it gets irritated.

I quietly toughed it out until the next stop and washed it in a sink that had probably been used to do oil changes on 1947 Chryslers in their day. The water did the trick but there were are still hundreds of very tiny red dots on the back of my hand.

The exhaust note was now getting much louder and the fumes were so bad my eyes were watering constantly. I frequently held my hand above the windshield to deflect some fresh air onto my face, along with the occasional bug.

I blame Don's Plus II to some extent for my

*eye problem. He was
running a bit rich
but that's
another story.*

Although the 23's windshield does deflect most things just above my eyes I was astonished by a shape that swiftly flew remarkably true to the shape of the 23's nose, half an inch above the body line, following the curves perfectly, and swooped up and over the edge of the windshield, then took a decided dip

landing squarely across my mouth. **SHIT! THAT STUNG.**

I spit quickly but it had already dropped onto my chest. I thought for a moment that it was a huge beetle but soon discovered it was dragon fly, the size of a well fed hummingbird. I picked it up... *I held it high above my head so Joe and Lynn, following behind in the Esprit,*

*could see my trophy,
as if they'd be able
to figure out
what the hell
I was holding.*

I focused on the swelling in my eye sockets, trying to see the Lotus ahead of me in what had suddenly become a torrential down pour! I rubbed my eyes and the rain was gone!

Gotta do something about my exhaust leak —no denying it!



The View.

Many years ago I read an article about Jimmy Clark and his first outing in the Lotus 23 at the Nurburgring. He was more than twenty minutes ahead of everyone and suddenly went off the road, due to being overcome by exhaust fumes.

Yes, in a convertible!

Apparently his exhaust pipe had cracked. I'm here to tell you that it CAN happen. For reasons only an aerodynamicist can explain, the cockpit appears to be a negative pressure area and draws the air and the fumes from the engine bay. The two rear body openings don't help much to vent gases to the rear since they both have forward facing deep tunnel tubes which are much better suited for air flow when traveling in reverse. Just then we made an abrupt stop at the side of the road as the second Seven had all of a sudden lost all oil pressure, or signal? This was not an easy thing to check as the electrical sender is well hidden under the modern contrivances that grace the entire top of the engine. This engine has substantial power and equally large, and I do mean LARGE, converter and muffler hanging on the right side of the car.

A full size long watermelon comes to mind.

Passengers may prefer to get in on the left side and climb over the drive shaft tunnel as it will definitely minimize the leg burning possibilities.

See photo above.

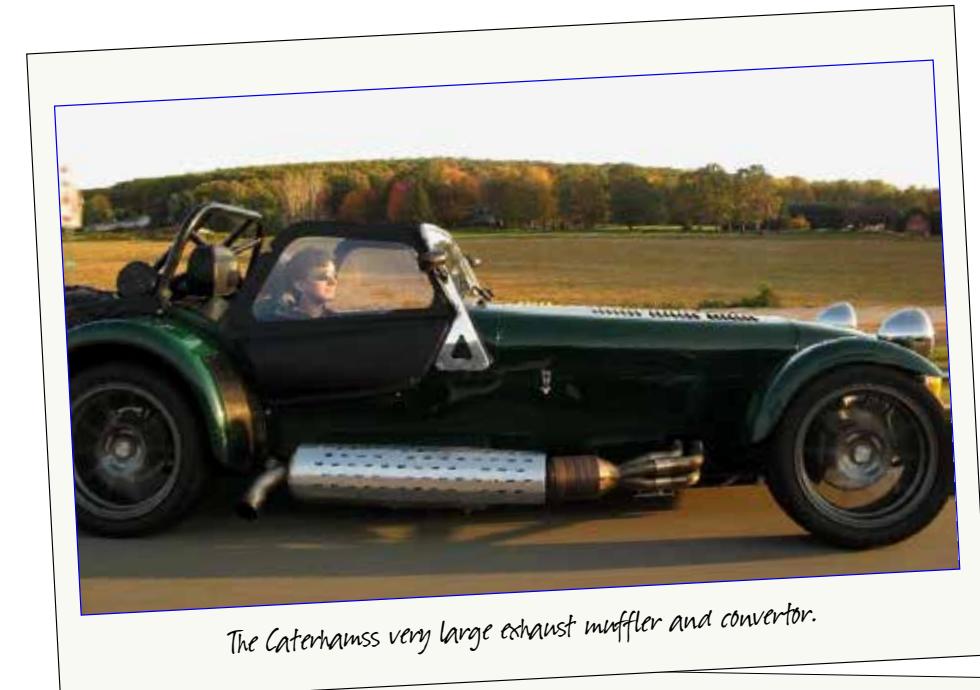
The pressure came back as mysteriously as it departed and so did we. I now implored the team that I must find a welder or welding facility as I was totally EXHAUSTED. With some reservation, after passing a place one of the other drivers also noticed we didn't stop at, we rolled up to a garage that can only be referred to as truly Dire Straits.

Would that Mark Knopfler was there.

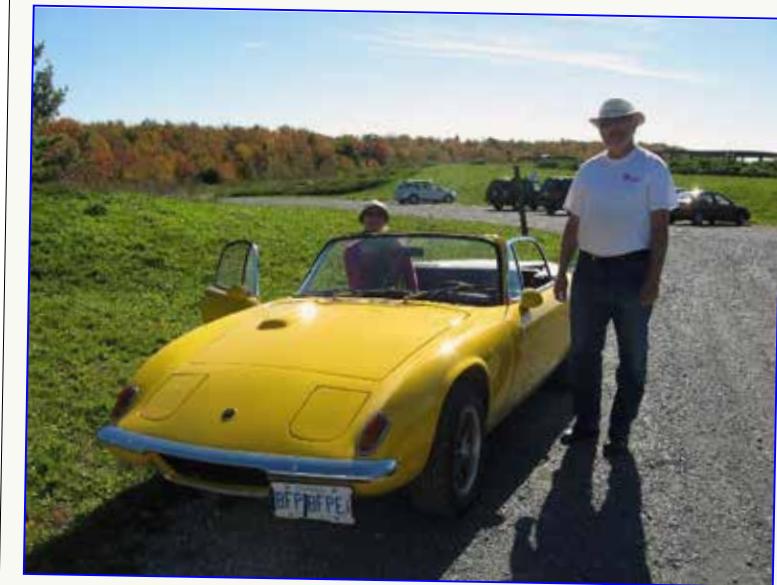
It was a two car, one bay shack with the appearance of having been at one time, a going concern. Loitering outside of Hell's Garage were three air-consuming denizens: only a DNA test could absolutely confirm my deep suspicion,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX of reproduction XXXXXXXX
XXXX I say that only because, after having greeted these persons XXXXXXXX in a particularly open and friendly manner (since I was obviously in need of assistance and they might have the means to help), their response was that they were 'Too busy'.

No doubt discussing their date options.



The Caterham's very large exhaust muffler and converter.



LCC members Paulette Kirkey, Don Horne and their convertible Lotus Plus 11

I asked if I could use their welder but was quickly rebuked. They suggested that up the road we try at a fairly large facility that was 'Not busy' and could use the business. Or words to that effect. Trying not to focus on the obvious we got into our cars and made our way to the next affirmation of my previous assessment: they're all cousins and their parents never told them!

Tony commented that if I'd given him \$100 he would no doubt have welded it...

Moving on, we then pulled into a large barren expanse of truck and trailer territory with the maintenance garage in the middle of the yard. We parked in a small group to the side of the building.

I walked into the business end of a long three bay garage. The smell was an indisputable mix of gear oil, diesel fuel, dog urine, nicotine and cheap beer. I can say that without reservation since I saw the spent cans of *Old Milwaukee* and an unfortunate dog in the corner. At the far end of the bays, some 45 feet or so...below some very dirty window glass were a couple of Really old, well compressed, soiled sofa chairs, both occupied. On the right was a weathered counter with an equally weathered man behind it. The parts I suspect, from what I could see of the softened paperboard containers, were not of current manufacture. This appeared to be a very real *Twilight Zone* setting ...

I was deeply disappointed not to see Rod Serling step forward, holding his cigarette, to deliver his opening monologue. You know, a step back in time to make you rethink your present path, where you realize you are about to enter a worst case scenario?

Once again in my best tourist demeanor I greeted these incarnations of incubus with what zeal this exhaust-sucking Lotus enthusiast could muster. You know the routine: I greeted them in jovial fashion, "Hey, how ya doin'?"

Any chance I could get a little welding done on an exhaust pipe?"

I actually got one to get up...He swayed back and forth as he plodded farther away from the sanctuary of his well soiled chair, listening with minimal focus as to the welding that was required. He cleared the building wall and saw the cars.

I was not watching at that precise moment, but if I had been, I'm sure there would have been a discernible change in posture.

That is so wrong on so many different levels: what would the next poor traveler pay for say, a hose clamp ...\$200?



The six cars that made the Run to LOG 30, four LOONYS & two Lotus Club Canada members.

He bent over, stuck a finger into the exhaust pipe hanging loose outside the body and flicked it up and down a couple of times in quick succession...

A spiritual violation at the very least.

“Can’t help you.” he said without looking up.

“Oh, you said you have a welder.”

“He’s not here.”

“When will he be back?”

“Don’t know.”

“Oh.”

“There’s a guy down the road after the bridge in a brown building, can help you.”

“Oh, OK, thanks very much.”

It might have been this stop or the previous one but I asked Tony, since he might have some insights, ‘What the Hell is it with these guys?’

Tony replied, without much surprise,

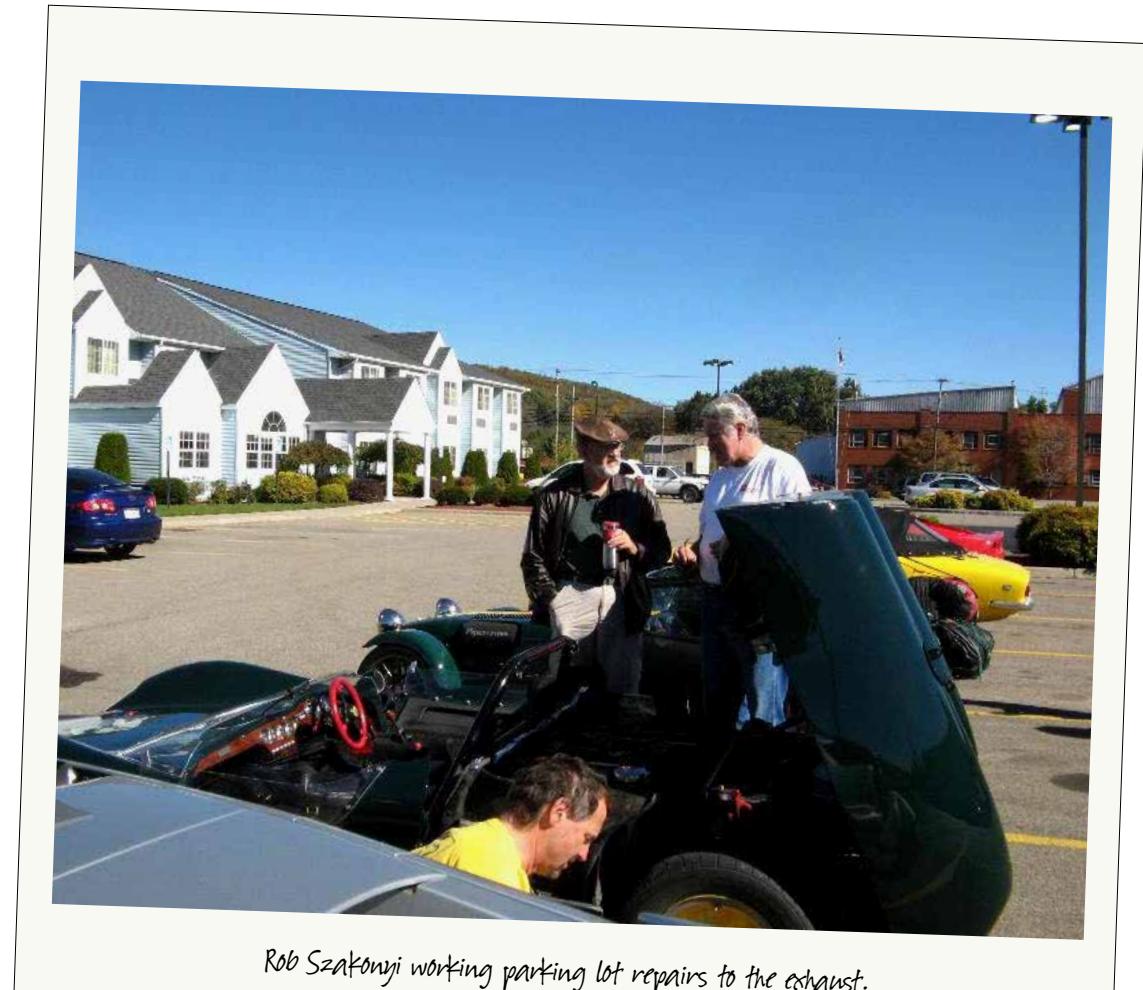
“We are driving small sports cars in middle America.”

...This is where the group split up. Some may have been in the restaurant, Paulette was getting seriously hungry. A few of us went ahead, me along with providers of moral support... We drove for quite some time.

No brown building materialized so we waited for the others in a small town while those on cellphones tried to realign the misdirected proponents of GPS. At this time my focus now turned to any other possible ways to remedy the situation as local options had quickly expired.

While driving it occurred to me that since the tailpiece was just loose and slopping around inside the hole, that if screws were installed around the pipe in between the pipe and the hole, a hose clamp could squeeze down on the screws and tighten it up in the hole. AHA!

*I thought to myself, ‘Does the term
Squeezing mean anything to you?
I have never seen, nor wish to see,
the movie Deliverance,
Anybody wants to see
But from what I have heard I can
only surmise Squeezing
Squeezing
Squeezing
Squeezing
Squeezing
Squeezing
Squeezing*



Rob Szakonyi working parking lot repairs to the exhaust.

...We found an automotive jobber *who had no screws*. Hm. It was discovered, after serious questioning of unknowing witnesses, there was a hardware store down the road...Venturing forth I did find the elusive hardware store. After less than half an hour the screws were set, hose clamp tightened. I was very pleased to see Don Horne had caught up; his nice yellow convertible Plus II graced the parking lot. The social graces were performed with the supportive locals who directed us to a short cut to the wrong way to the highway, which involved doubling back and going the other, right way. After this, Don explained that the other members of the expedition tried to find me but were unable and carried on so as not be tardy for the Reception & Frivolities. For those that have never been to LOG the Reception is a grand, fully catered affair, with excellent food and beverages, and is probably a good portion of the LOG fee, so missing it would definitely be unfortunate! Somewhat crestfallen,

I realized that at least Don and Paulette had upheld the standard! *When not posing for pictures...*

I can say with true belief and firm conviction that when drivers of the LOTUS marque in Canada go on a venture, no matter how short or long

it's part of our intrinsic pride...

...that we stand and declare ourselves for the one who has faltered, and we can feel more fulfilled by that act than in a timely arrival at our destination for the Festivities; you don't have to be a Klingon to understand honour and camaraderie when it comes to the basics of survival in yours or a distant land.*

Took a while to come up with the right words here, elbows on desk, folded fingers under chin.

* *This rosy picture of LotusClubCanada members is only aspirationally accurate. At times we fall short of Rob's chivalrous depiction.* EDITOR



Rob Szakonyi jury rigs his exhaust. The Elan is his other Lotus.



The virtuous Don and Paulette pose during the run.

*Pretty well anything over
three feet could
be considered
towering
when seated
in the 23.*

Once on the well-guided path we made remarkable time considering

I couldn't see the road at all because it was TOO black!

And then there wwere the rolling-undulating-back turning-corkscrewing-Holy
crapping pickup truck on my ass-mountain roads which were very close to being
totally overwhelming, when OH SHIT!, we were forced to SLOW RIGHT DOWN
on a long hill past a collection of flashing police lights.

Someone had gone seriously wrong, with a house trailer no less.

...Being somewhat low to the ground any headlights from either
direction can be blinding so it's frustrating when the person behind you...

has to prove that he can corner as well as anyone else. For the better part of 45
minutes there was a pickup on my ass with his driving lights on, so close I was going
to ask him for sun block. He appeared determined to show us that pickups can out-
corner anything, until a couple of seriously abrupt 10mph turns did bring some gut-
wrenching-long brake squeals. After two of those he backed off...We passed uniquely
named towns such as Mummasburg, Ickesburg and Biglerville until at last we were
cruising through Gettysburg, USA.

I was overly conscious of my loud exhaust all the way through the scenic tourist-filled
focal points of town until we rolled into thel hotel parking lot.

AM I REALLY HERE?

I thought again about my desire to turn back after the first 'locals' encounter
and realized that this was a sight that had to be seen in person.

What a feeling to see all those Lotus cars neatly parked, from all walks of life,
just resting. Enough Elans, Europas, Esprits and Elises to satisfy any enthusiast.

LOG 30, finally.

15 hours in a Lotus 23.

*Thanks to navigator extraordinaire Paulette
and Don Horne,
the possessed-dark
night-rally champ
leading the way.*





My GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

PART THREE

By Rob Szakonyi.

Photos: Tony/Brian Vaccaro, Glen Schostak, R. Szakonyi, Anonymous.

Illustration: M. Eddenden



5:45 AM UNTIL 8:45 PM IN A LOTUS 23 : 15 HOURS.
ST. CLEMENTS TO GETTYSBURG : 450 MILES.
AM I REALLY HERE?

LOG 30

This was a sight / site, that had to be seen in person. What a feeling. To experience all those Lotus neatly parked in row, in the dark just resting. Enough Elans, Europas, Esprits and Elises to satisfy any enthusiast. Condensation was already forming on some of the bonnets exposing the reinforced ribbing by virtue of the absence of moisture. Even though I was exhausted I had to take a quiet walk amongst the cars, parked quietly in neat colourful rows, at the ready, to do what was required when their owners demanded. And if oil had to be burned then burn it with a vengeance! Reluctantly, I left the sleeping warriors...

From my hotel room window I could see the night reflecting on dozens of prized and pampered Toys that were aging remarkably well, considering how much time they had spent in the sun! Not an age spot among them.

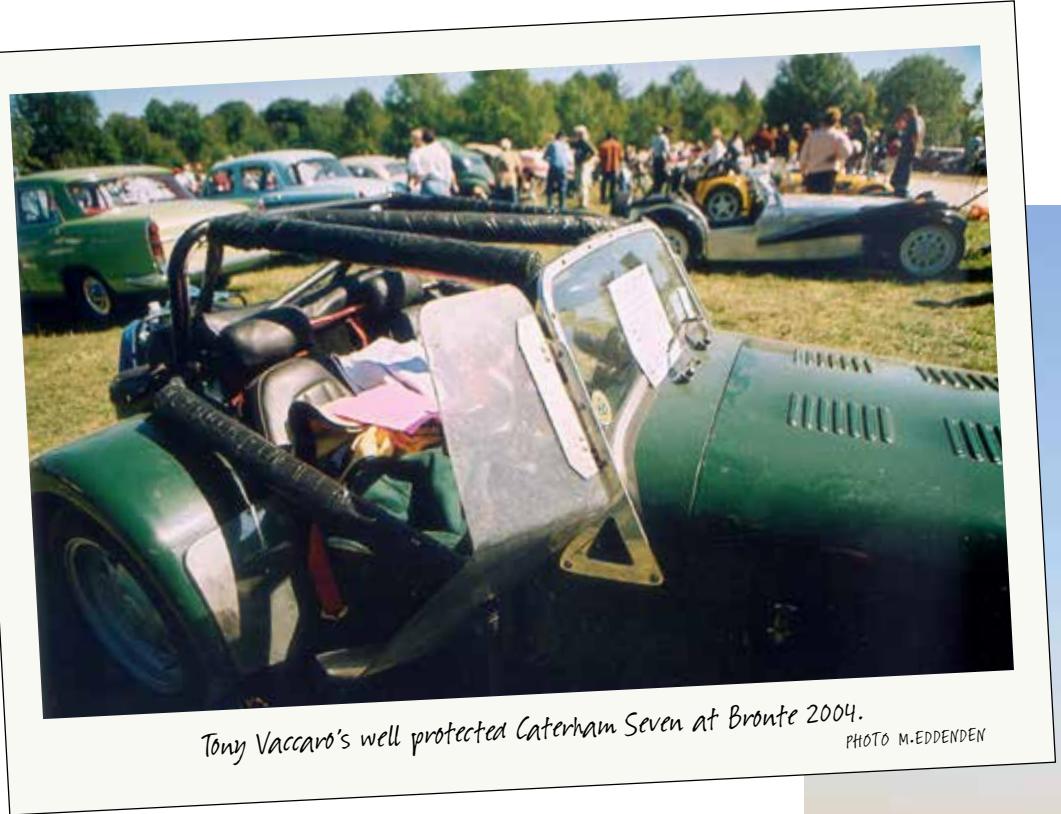
The occasional stress mark but who hasn't got that?

Sleep came quickly as I thought of finding welders and welding equipment tomorrow.

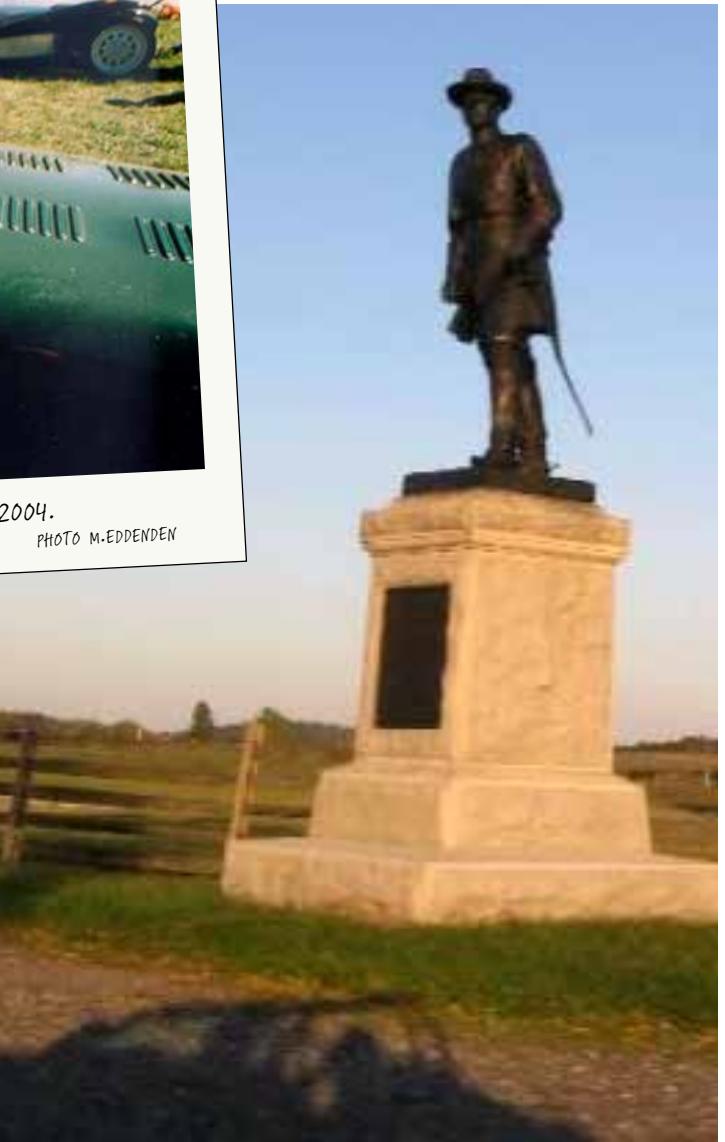
* * * *

Few sounds can bring a smile to a Lotus enthusiast more quickly [on first awakening in the morning] than hearing the starting of the familiar Twincam engine. The almost simultaneously alternating suction of the Webers forcing a raucous spurting of power through the headers, followed by quick cracks and bubbles out the tail pipe. I awoke once again to that marvelous sound of a distant past, when racing cars didn't have any names on them and Team colours represented the pride of the country they were from...

In the early morning crowd I saw Tony [Vacarro] who we lost track of yesterday afternoon. Tony had replaced the gas tank in his Seven and in the one his son was driving with fuel cells. I don't know if it's because of a fear of exploding in an accident or for handling purposes, but knowing Tony's concern for safety (which prompted his substantial roll cage), it may be the prior reason. Focusing on fuel levels, I discovered, is also a favorite pastime for Tony, as there is no really accurate way now to



Tony Vacarro's well protected Caterham Seven at Bronte 2004.
PHOTO M.EDDENDEN



tell the fuel level! If you have a heavy foot you get a lighter tank, in less distance. The U.S. contingent of the group, which had forged onward yesterday to be sure to make the Reception, had apparently run out of gas and had stop to buy a gas can, fill it, and take it back to the thirsty member...Tony got to the hotel about fifteen minutes...after Don and Paulette and I did.

*Ironic Note : Don in the Plus II was carrying a gallon of gas,
just in case anyone ran out.*

The light car cover was totally soaked as if someone had put the garden hose to it. I carefully took it off and wrung it out. Then I changed the clear headlight covers for the green ones. I was lent a bucket that had seen many years of ceremonial cleaning of a very beautiful dark blue Elan; I believe it won the prize many years ago at the College Park LOG. Dragging the chamois over the car I started to fret about getting the welding done.

The hotel staff were not car people and could not fathom locating something called a 'welder' but once I mentioned 'Exhaust', the word MIDAS burst forth—there was one about an hour away, it was Saturday and they closed at twelve. Hmm...calling them, getting directions, getting lost, they close early... All these thoughts raced through my head when she said in a southern drawl, "*Thar is ay motorsihcal deelership dawn tha rowd.*" Believe it or not, those words were music to my ears.

Strange music but music nonetheless.

Getting back to the Bike shop, I decided to walk...and took the back way I saw a lot more cars than expected which were not with the front row entrants. Videoing as I walked I dropped my jaw and did a

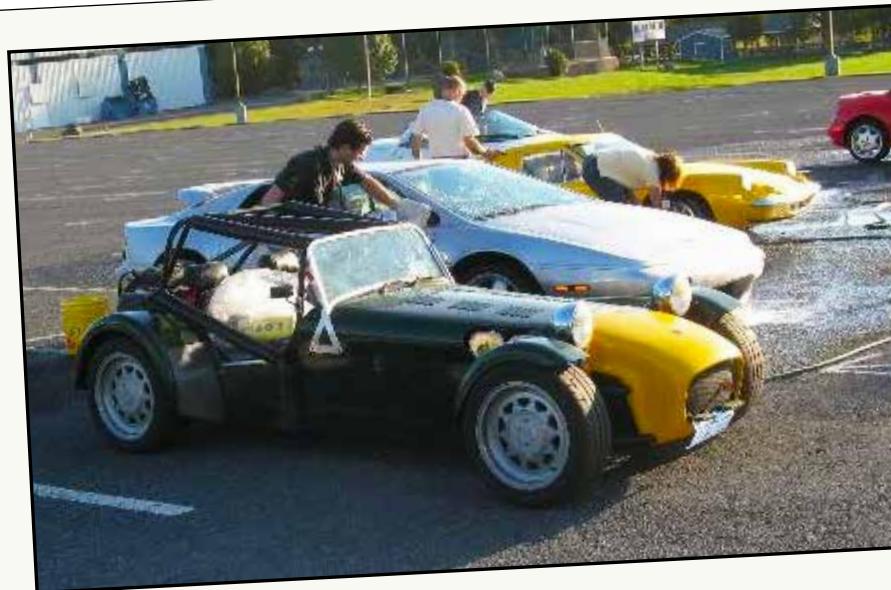


PHOTO GLEN SCHOSTAK

double take when I saw the Hawaii licence plate! Thinking just how is the owner going to explain this trip? He, Paul Sears, did get Longest Distance Traveled plaque: 4,921miles.

I made it to the Bike Shop in no time, just in time to see two guys pushing some very shiny bikes up to the front lot from their sleeping quarters in the rear garage. The owner stood behind the cash register busily arranging stuff for the start of the day. As always on a cheery note, I asked if they had a welder...

It was **YES!** *First base!*

Then what type? MIG. **YES!** *Second base.*

Would you be able to do a small welding job? **NO!** *Hold at second base.*

"ED!" he called out. Ed was a tall thin man with generous lines on his face.

"I can weld but not that well." *Almost feel third base under foot...*

"I can weld it if there's a chance you would let me use your welder."

"Do you know how?"

"Of course. I'm a mechanic."

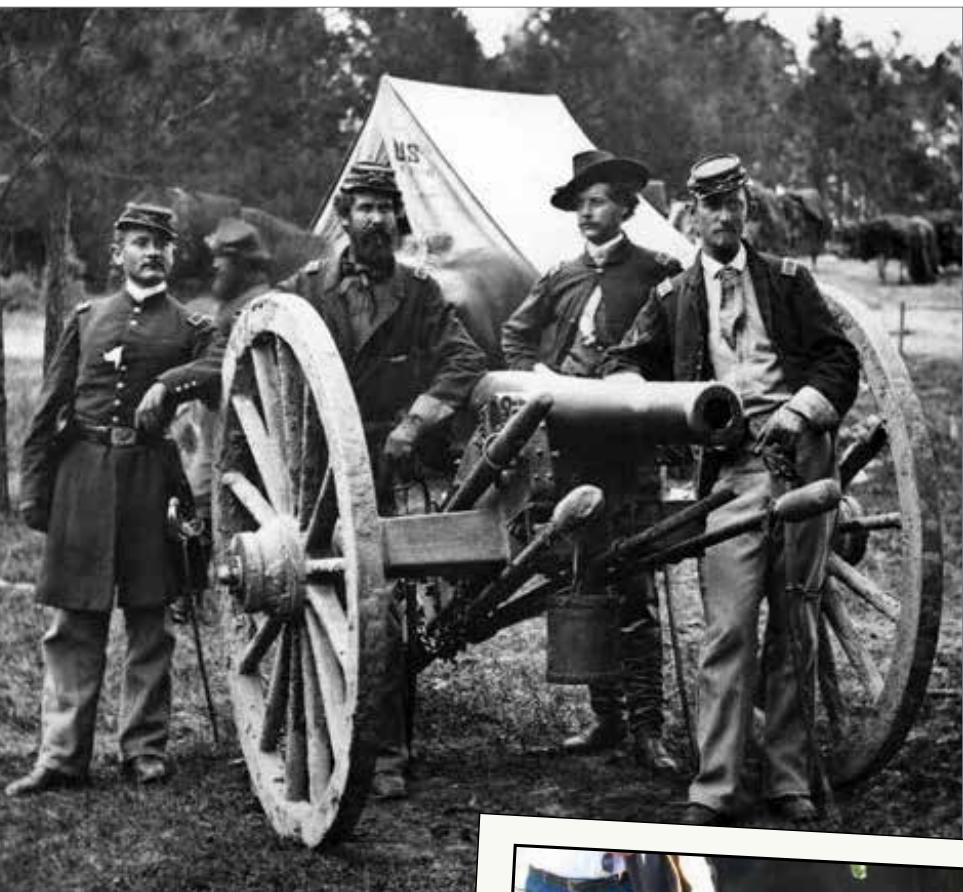
"O.K. Bring your car over and we'll set you up." *Safe at Home!*

I floated back to the car and drove back greatly relieved. They had it all set up and were no end of helpful. Once I put my coveralls on it seemed to quell any fears. I had the right attire so I must be O.K. It was a pain crawling over the transaxle and tires in a most unbecoming position. I welded the reluctant pieces using the shot method as the parts were aluminized and splattered like wet sparklers on the 4th of July. *I'm in the USA, in Gettysburg, so the date works.*

I needed their vice and hacksaw which Ed graciously loaned me...I put the welder back as found... the manager sent me back to use their hand cleaner and sink. I thanked him very much and asked what I owed him.

"How's \$25 sound?" he asked.

"Sounds great to me." I thanked him again very much, gave him \$5 for coffee for the two mechanics, thanked Ed again... and drove off as fast as I could.



I hastily headed for where I thought the photo shoot was going to be...Glimpsing a fully elevated skyjack I turned...into the parking lot behind a huge rustic building. I was impressed. What it must have taken to set it up: people with headsets, people with chalk lines, everywhere people scurrying around. I asked what group I was in. "Uh, Sports Racer," he said.

I stuttered. All of a sudden there's a call from the PA.

"Sports Racer! Move him beside the 9."

I was ushered beside the only Lotus 9 I had ever seen in Real Life! WOW, it was excellent! It looked all original and I'm sure Colin had his hands on it at some time. Wow, beside him was the shiniest 6 I have ever seen; it was beautiful. It was an honour to park beside them. *Talk about prized company!*

All of a sudden they were moving cars. *Crap now what?*

They put the 6 and the 9 beside the 7's and I was now at the end of the row, the front row at that! I just got in place, and... Mr. Chadwick's panoramic camera was rotating...of course there was someone making the mad dash to be in both ends of the picture!

A stumble and miss first try; tried and succeeded in the second shot.

Now to relax and browse the sale items. I meander into the big rustic barn... I've never seen so many teddy bears...the building was full from top to bottom. It was a nice place to have lunch and gaze out the window past all these car nuts with the tell tale sign of belonging: the Lotus neck strap with I.D. Card in plastic. Reminds me of retired couples taking a bus tour and waiting to get in line to see the 4th version of Wayne Newton's hairdo at his inaugural Las Vegas run.

Alright, that's a bit harsh... I guess I have a problem with having a label hanging around my neck! I wouldn't do it for anything other than a Lotus Owners Gathering. The Vaccaros, father and son, didn't seem to mind.

Walking along the rows of brightly polished gems [cars] one could not help but eavesdrop...

Don [Horne] openly confessed his Plus II's gas tank follies [leaks turning right] but he was able to wipe away the signs of the RH turns...I hoped my Hewland shifter rod oil leak would not cause an international environmental incident.



I was also greatly pleased with the outpouring of positive comments about the car. The 23 has always appealed to me, but it was nice to know my finished product satisfied almost all that looked at it. Only one gentleman found it "interesting." [More about him later.](#)

I kept hovering around the beautiful Lotus 9, and after some hesitation, managed to ask the generous owner if I could sit in it.

"Sure," he said.



LEFT

Don Horne & Rob Szakonyi pose with their LOG I.D. cards. Other LotusClub Canada members at LOG 30 were Iain Thomson & Christine Thickett, Claude & Nicole Gagné

BELOW AND RIGHT

Rob's British Racing Green 23E prominently displayed at the end of the Sports Racer row.





ABOVE
Don Horne, Paulette Kirby and their Elan Plus 2

LEFT
*A very happy little boy.
Rob Szakonyi grins helplessly seated in the Lotus IX.
He got to drive it... almost.*

PHOTO GLEN SCHOSTAK





I felt like Rod Taylor getting in his Time machine...The smell was right, the steering

[*The reference is to The Time Machine, 1960, a favourite movie of Rob's. ED.*]

wheel was right and *Holy Crap* look at the size of the Chronometric Tach!

It was bliss, I was in a place I had only seen in photographs, I *almost* got to drive it to the trailer! but for his friend who reminded him that it had earlier been promised to him. I climbed out reluctantly and watched, and listened, as his friend drove it away, down the wrong road. Was he making a break for it?...He turned around and drove back into the lot.

I thought to myself, I'd have gone much farther before I turned around!

It was time to start heading back; long drive, at least 1000 ft! It was especially nice to hear the two race cars go back down the street in full song to the hotel! We headed back as well and found enough empty parking spots to give you some choice as to how close to either door of the hotel you wanted to be. One of the things I have always found very satisfying at any LOG...

Unfortunately I've only been to three physically, but spiritually to all!

...is the opportunity to just walk up to any owner and just start talking about their toy. It's lovely common ground and everyone has knowledge or experience to bestow, or questions to ask that might help you both. These cars are a hands-on experience, whether it be with wrench or steering wheel in hand, they crave complete involvement. Which is why I'm sure a majority of us have them. I always look forward to reading about LOG in ReMARQUE but I have to admit I am left wanting more as often the articles don't paint enough of a picture: the settings, sounds, smells and the characters my mind requires to recreate the event.

Call me unimaginative.

[*Rob could be said to be many things but not that. EDITOR*]

It is always a wonderful compliment to see people form a group around your car...

And a bit of an ego boost, which can be just as quickly diminished by a part falling off the car because it can't resist gravity.

First you check the car to see if they are 'concerned' because they have noticed something you haven't? If nothing is blatantly wrong you walk up slowly and listen in to see if you want them to know its your car. Finally you realize they like it. Then nonchalantly you enter the conversation trying to be humble and appreciative of their comments. One of the people I was enjoying conversation with was Julie (London) who kept reminding me of Sally from the show *Third Rock From The Sun*. She was an outgoing person who made me deeply envious of her children whose pictures she just happened to have on her phone and they just happened to be sitting in THE LOTUS 79. Hmm. Then there was Peter (Hoag) who's enthusiasm for the car was really uplifting as was his amazement as to having driven it from Canada. Both Peter and Julie were from *Sports Car World* in Texas. They were the only people I had ever met from Texas; I was disappointed they didn't have a serious accent!

Then there was the old gentleman who looked at every point in detail as if he was:

- A) is thinking about buying it.
- B) may have owned it at one time and it was stolen.
- C) is currently in the process of building one and realized he forgot something.
- D) is truly amazed at the end product but doesn't want anyone to know.
- E) is planning on stealing it but can't figure what the shift pattern is because the shifter is inside the right hand 'door.' The only comment he made and kept making was, "That's interesting."

The Chronometric gauges I believe were the only item he actually verbally identified as a point of interest. After he completed 2 ½ trips around the car I was getting dizzy, so I left.



I'm still not sure what he was looking at with each repetition of the statement.



When dinnertime came and I showed up, both Joe and Lynn were somewhat ticked off because though they had signed us up for the table properly, some people of less than expected decorum felt that table reservations did not apply to them and took our places...

Probably 'guests' of Lotus owners. I sat with Don and Paulette.

My focus was jumping around from table to table looking at the wide range of people there. They all looked very normal! The eccentricities of Lotus ownership are only sometimes outwardly visible. There were even entire families, Mom, Dad, two teenagers and a youngster. I wondered, how many Lotus cars did they bring? And who drove?

There was a constant drone of hundreds of voices...as with a choir getting ready to build to a glorious Halleluiah...Everyone was quite attentive. Especially when the Concours awards were being handed out. I don't know about everyone else but I can't help but sit there and hold a faint hope that maybe the car I brought might get some award. Looking at some of the other facial expressions when the classes were being announced I don't think I was alone. When they announced, "*Sports Racer Class!*" there it was again, the faint hope.

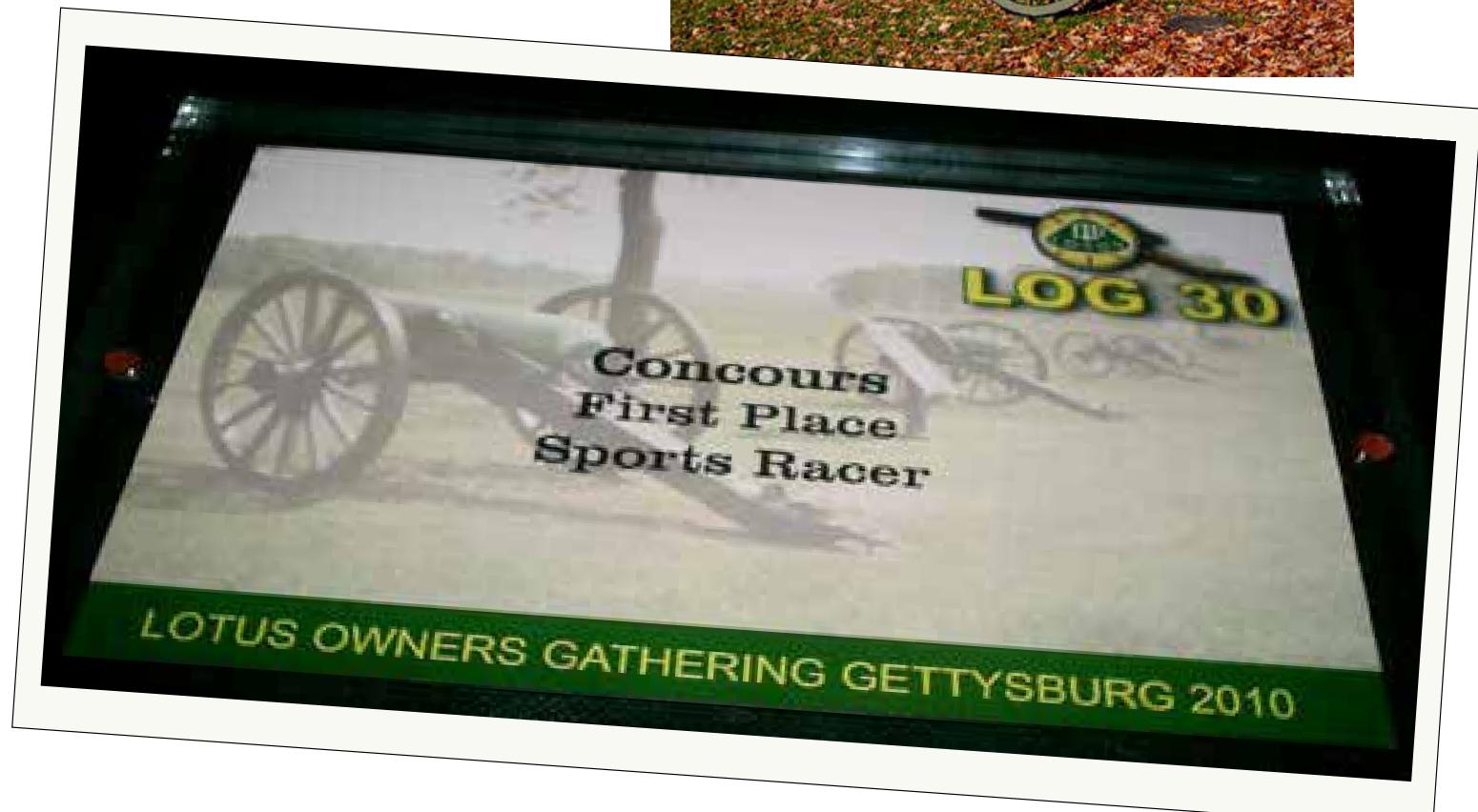
But of course I knew, not a chance.

This is not feigned humility but fact. Other cars were much more worthy: the gleaming Lotus 6 that was impossible to look at in bright sunlight, and the original Lotus 9 with all the history that set the standard for the rest of us for years to come were true icons of the marque. The pause before they announced First Place seemed unusually...long.

When he said my name I thought, *'It's a mistake'*. Then I stood up and a plaque was put in my hands. Dazed, gripping *My Plaque* tenaciously, I sat down.

THE END

*Could the old gentleman who examined the 23E
so thoroughly have been a LOG judge?* EDITOR



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MONTHLY MEETINGS

WE MEET LAST WEDNESDAY,
MOST MONTHS TO TALK SHOP
AND HAVE A BITE AND A BEER.
VENUES CHANGE REGULARLY
SO CHECK THE WEBSITE FOR
THE CURRENT PUB WE ARE
PATRONIZING.

DUES ARE CHEAP: \$20/YR.

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THE CLUB...WHICH PROBABLY
WON'T BE HARD TO GET.

THE CLUB STARTED IN 1977.
WE ARE NOW IN OUR 49TH YEAR.
IT IS AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN
RUN BY VOLUNTEERS

lotusclubcanada.ca



Rob Szakonyi finally met **Mario Andretti** in 2014, 37 years after he bought the side panel off Mario's Lotus 78 at the Canadian Grand Prix in 1977: this time he had Mario sign it. Mario also sat in Rob's Lotus 23E—and got stuck. He'd put on weight. Fortunately, if with some effort, he managed to squirm into the seat. The woman in charge of PR, Patty Reid, caught the moment.

LotusClubCanada

