

Jerry's SKY Club Conquers Route 66

Contributed by Rich M
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Mathematically, it is impossible to orchestrate any event where 40% of one club's cars are driven by guys named "Jerry," so for this weekend and this weekend only, we decided rename our club the "Jerry SKY Club."

According to the Social Security administration Name Database, today the name "Jerry" ranks about 300th in terms of birth name popularity, somewhere below Gustavo and Zion and Jaxon (with an X) and Lukas (with a K). However, in the 50s and 60s, Jerry was consistently in the top 50 names, so due to an axial alignment of the planets during a blue moon plus the affects of a Sedona Vortex that draws certain people to Arizona, our club has an inordinate proportion of Jerrys, most of which drive SKYs.

From speaking to other participants, this is the FIRST year that any Saturn SKYs participated in the Arizona Route 66 Fun Run, which drew more than 900 participants this year. There have been several Solstices in the past, and we did see a red one and a yellow one at various stages of the event, but we weren't sure if they were both officially registered and were never able to really speak to the owners.

On Saturday morning at 10:00 AM, four SKYs from Phoenix and one from San Diego started up Route 66 from Seligman, which is the known as the official start of Route 66 (need to research why). From there, we drove across mostly rolling landscape toward the "gathering" in Kingman, where the entire History Route 66 section of town was shut down for a huge party. While there, we walked and looked at the cars during the judging of the car show, and then ate lunch at a local tavern, where one of the Jerry's was serenaded by a restaurant full of birthday well-wishers. We decided that since 2008 is Jerry L's "big" birthday year, in the Jerry SKY club, all gatherings are either officially or unofficially Jerry's birthday events. Later that night in Laughlin, we ate dinner at SaltGrass Steakhouse, but Jerry didn't show up for dinner, so we wondered if maybe our serenade wasn't so serene.

On Day 2, after breakfast at Denny's our nearly-1000 car caravan left from Kingman and drove to Oatman, which is possibly the most pristine and original part of Route 66 that is remains today. The road wasn't in great shape, with sheer cliffs and no guard rails, but what it lacked in safety it made up for in breathtaking canyon views. In Oatman, we shopped for shirts and hats, and stopped at Judy's Salloon leaving just before the noon gunfight. Leaving Oatman, we saw nearly a dozen wild burros grazing along the road.

Between Oatman and the finish, we stopped by Marion's mom's house in Golden Valley, who invited us in for drinks, before leading us over to Hooch's watering hole (for lunch and still more drinks). After adopting Marion's mom as the Jerry SKY Club "official mom," we went to the finish where we learned that we didn't win any awards, not a stinking one, zip, zilch, nada!

From the finish line, Randy & Lori raced home, and Tim & Lori from San Diego headed back to the hotel in Laughlin, leaving the two Jerry's to lead the way to Lake Havasu for a photo opportunity at London Bridge.

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