

344-3964



# FULCHAT

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## emerald empire sports car club

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JULY 29, 1970

VOL. 5 NO. 10

- Aug. 5 EESCC Social meeting, 8 p.m. at Pape VW, visitors invited
- Aug. 8 EESCC Webfoot Ramble NWRC championship rally
- Aug. 9 WMC Beaver Trek NWRC championship rally  
Maverick Mustangers OCMC championship autocross
- Aug. 14 EESCC mini-rally, 7:30 p.m. at Villa-Roma
- Aug. 19 EESCC business meeting, 8 p.m. at Pape VW
- Aug. 21 EESCC Slideways autocross, 6-11 p.m. at Eugene Speedway
- Aug. 23 Maverick Mustangers OCMC championship autocross
- Aug. 29-30 EESCC annual camping trip, Kaneta Hot Springs

### MUSTANGERS HOLDING TWO EUGENE EVENTS

The Maverick Mustangers will put on two OCMC-championship autocrosses in August at the Eugene Speedway on Aug. 9 and Aug. 23.

In the first two OCMC championships, Mark Ringsdorf and Marty Vomund each took firsts, giving them 18 championship points each on the 9-6-4-3-2-1 scoring system. Sharon LaFollette has 12 points from the first two events.

### NEXT MINI-RALLY ON AUG. 14

The omnipresent Chuck Pape is putting on the next Friday-night mini-rally on Aug. 14 starting from Villa-Roma at 7:30 p.m. The entry fee is 50¢.

### GULDAGER PIANNING CLUB CAMPING TRIP

August 29-30 is the date for the annual club camping trip which will be held this year at Kaneta Hot Springs north of Redmond.

Kaneta has swimming, horse-back riding, and many other features of interest.

### SLIDEWAYS NO. 7 PREVIEWS MUSTANG EVENT

This month's Slideways autocross will be held on Friday night, Aug. 21, in conjunction with the Mustang autocross the same weekend.

The Slideways will be at the Eugene Speedway, the usual non-existent rules will be in effect, and the track will preview some of the corners Herb Howell plans to use.

Registration will be open from 6-11 p.m. and the entry fee is 50¢ a run. Chairman Cecil Steen is making trophies for the 11 classes, and several True Spirit of the Sport awards will be given out in addition.

Workers are particularly needed for the first part of the autocross; Chuck says he was the only club member there until 7:30 last month.

### WEBFOOT RAMBLE COMING ON AUGUST 8

In the absence of a story on this event, we invite you to read the flyer on the last page of this newsletter. Erskine Wood is the rallymaster.



## KENO HILLCLIMB--A REAL GAS

Bill Guldager

On July 3 Vomund, LaFollette, Ringsdorf, and Guldager toured to Klamath Falls for the annual Keno Hillclimb, along with Pete Geertsen, Jim Mullins, Lynn Sinclair, Herb Howell, Larry Miller, and Ralph Shelley from the Eugene area.

The course is about two miles long and climbs 600 feet. It is just like driving up the old McKenzie Highway, except that you get to use up all of the road.

The big question of the day was, "Is Guldager going to put on a repeat performance of last year and take last place, or is he going to do better?"

As it ended up, he took fourth in a class of seven. Marty Vomund beat Mark in their class, giving the pair first and second place.

Sharon LaFollette was all alone for a fairly fast first-place time in Ladies II.

There were several duels during the day, one being between Pete Geertsen and Jim Mullins in their Corvettes.

Another was between Ralph Shelley in his Formula Ford and Barry Grant in a body-less Cheetah. Ralph ended up as the victor with a more refined and titillating mellow of that match setting a new track record of 1:50.0, which is really fast.

There were 38 entries this year, and if you come to the next club meeting, you will be able to see some of them since we shot a movie of the event.

Those who went to the hillclimb had a great time--the rest of you should try to make it next year.

## MINI-RALLIES IN RIGOR MORTIS

Cecil Steen

The mini-rally series may soon be history due to low attendance.

Working within a nil-type budget and a two-hour time limit, the rallies boast no iron, just a chance for rally fans to put on fun events and to practice up on rally skills.

For the drivers, the rallies provided a variety of challenges, a fun way to spend a Friday evening, and an inexpensive way to entertain a navigator.

However, if the low attendance keeps up, the series is going to be disbanded. Perhaps there will be enough club interest to resurrect the series at some later time.

## REPORT: CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE '70

Jerry Finigan

The Concours this year began for me at 10 p.m. Saturday night as my wife frantically stitched together a dress until 2 a.m. in preparation for the event.

"I haven't a thing to wear," was, I am sure, of invaluable assistance in the fruition of this all-important project.

"How are these buttons? Do you think it should be shorter?"

Whatever the reason, 6:30 a.m. Sunday morning was never so early. I was secretly afraid I might not enjoy the Concours this year, fool that I was. Didn't I enjoy car-watching almost as much as I enjoy girl-watching?

I think I finally woke up just before I helped with the judging. (Or was it just afterward?)

In the meantime, my impression of the auto show was that the golfing green was interrupted with bright splashes of vivid color. Some of the splashes moved along with an intermittent and irritating cheg-a-cheg-a-cheg-a-pop-a-cheg . . . and some with a more refined and titillating mellow . . .

My first recollection of detail was when the observant and ever-vigilant Kirk Rupp called my attention to a crocheted see-through maxi-dress covering a cardinal red bikini.

With my powers of observation thus aroused and tested, the splashes of color on the green took form and became elegant, dream-inspiring machines. This was fortunate as judging was minutes away, a task requiring the ultimate in observation of detail.

But the best way to approach the Concours d'Elegance is not as a pickayunish judge trying to find drops of oil or dust, but as a lustful dreamer picturing himself behind the wheel.

Us egoists, who aren't afraid to admit we love to be stared at by pedestrians as we drive by, long to be owners of the "erati" or "1912 roadster."

The afternoon was taken up by ambling spectators and a fashion show featuring midis, which means the girls in the audience were of more interest than those in the show.



## LOMC STRIKES OUT

Marty Vomund

Lake Oswego Motor Club staged their first 1970 WOW-championship autocross at Damascus on June 28.

Damascus go-kart track is rather tight to begin with, and for this event pylons were added to make it more so.

The Slideways autocrosses, lackadaisical-type events by intent, offered a better course, better awards, and a less-expensive entry fee than this event.

Need I say more about the above WOW-championship autocross?

## AUTOCROSSERS WIN MINI-RALLY

Last month's mini-rally saw Bob Andreason and Sharon LaFollette walk off with the honors in Bob's Sprite.

Cecil Steen put on the rally, and the turn-out was strictly underwhelming.

## MUSTANGERS INVADE FRUITLAND TRACK

The weather threatened all day at the third OCMC championship autocross of the year July 26 at the Fruitland track near Salem.

Marty Vomund and Sharon LaFollette carried the colors for EESCC at the event, which drew a fairly small crowd. Including time-only's, 82 runs had been sold by 4 p.m.

While almost none of the classes were full enough to award three trophies, those in the top three in each class who didn't get trophies each received five quarts of Castrol oil.

## WMC THROWS SALEM SPEEDWAY AUTOCROSS

Art Tegger, Marty Vomund, Rich Gehrke, and Sharon LaFollette represented our club at Willamette Motor Club's WOW-championship autocross on July 19, the date EESCC had staked out for an autocross until Concours reared its pretty head.

The course was beautifully set up for second and third gear with some great corners. But like most autocrosses this year, the crowd was smaller than it should have been.

Whether the courses are too tight this year or whatever, participation in autocrosses definitely seems to be down from previous years.

## SLIDEWAYS NO. 6--FUN UNDER THE LIGHTS

When Dave Anderson pulled his pickup camper onto the track at the last Slideways autocross, he looked like a cinch for the slow-time-of-the-day.

But the truck was only there to tow the Corvette in which he had already set the top time for the event, a 1:20.1, slicing 1.2 seconds off Pete Geertsen's top time of the previous event and taking the award away from Marty Vomund who had a 1:20.9 in his Speedster.

Robyn Rupp was temporary owner of the top time award for women with a 1:29.0 on her only run, but Sharon LaFollette ended up with the honor on her third try with a 1:27.1, knocking 2½ seconds off her best previous run.

Chuck Pape's trophies were model cars mounted on pedestals attached to wood bases, and he cleverly arranged to have the model Volkswagens go to the Corvette classes.

Although Mike Ellis won one of the trophies, his most vivid memory of the event must have been smacking his Datsun into a fence head-first, although the damage was limited to the front bodywork.

Handicapped by clutch problems, Ted Long was as consistent as ever with a spread of only .2 seconds over three runs, but was consistently too slow to beat Ellis. Just wait until he gets those Blue Streaks on the ground!

Kirk Rupp debuted his Firestone-shod Datsun 2000, and Bob Andreason brought his super-clean Sprite for several laps around the course.

Marty, Ted, and Sharon introduced a mixed-doubles competition to the event at the end of the autocross, and the evening ended on a light-headed note at Rico's where Chuckie Babe, who claims to have been elected treasurer as a candidate of the liberal party, announced that his next bid for office will be under the auspices of the Beer Party.

## Trophy Winners--July 17 Slideways

A	Dave Anderson	G	Herb Howell
B	Loyd Kruse	H	Erich Kaufman
C	Marty Vomund	I	Marlene Bauer
D	Richard Sealock	J	Sharon LaFollette
E	Mike Ellis	K	Sandra Kaufman
F	Joe Bettis		



## NOR'WESTER--THE AGONY & THE ECSTASY

Nancy Wood

On June 19 at 5 p.m., Erskine once again trusted me with his precious Porsche, and once again I proved that driving is not all it is cracked up to be.

The occasion was the three-day rally known as Nor'wester held annually by Rainier Auto Sports Club of Seattle.

We should have known something was going to happen when we were turned down at Pape's for servicing--no more Porsches accepted.

Anyway, we got as far as Albany before the car started heating up, but since it was a rather warm day, we assumed this was normal--the indicator was still well out of the red zone.

By the time we drove a few more miles, we began to lose power, and when I pulled into the passing lane, that was it--the rpm needle began acting as if it had just died.

I pulled back into the right lane rather sharply and babied the car over against the guardrail. Erskine got out to look at the car and muttered something like, "It's blowing perfect smoke rings from the exhaust."

No help being available on a busy freeway and having no antenna to which we could fasten the AAA-recommended white cloth, we abandoned the car and hitch-hiked into Salem.

The first ride took us to the Salem exit and the second was a TR-6 that took us downtown to the WMC meeting in progress where Paul Donkin offered to drive us back to Eugene where we hoped to pick up the Corvair and drive up the McKenzie to pick up our Datsun.

To make a long story shorter, the Corvair wouldn't start, so Paul drove us to the Datsun and we headed north with a tow chain in the back seat.

We towed the car back to Albany and left it at the T & R, shifted all our gear to the Datsun and decided that if we could pass the tech inspection, we were going to enter the rally anyway, since our entry fees were paid and motel reservations made.

Eleven hours after we left Eugene for the first time, we pulled into Tacoma. The rally itself was a ball, and once we got the Datsun's speedometer calibrated so we knew what speed we were going, we began doing fairly well.

At least we ended up eighth in our class, which is better than we did two years ago on the same rally.

Sunday night we once again picked up the Porsche and towed it the rest of the way home. The result of our weekend was four blown rings and one piston with a hole in it.

Needless to say, we bought parts from Valley Core Co. in California and not through the Porsche dealerships. To top it all off, we were told that if we had received the service we had asked for, and had the timing set before leaving, we wouldn't have had any of this trouble.

It really makes one wonder if Germany is so smart to get into a dealership mess like the present disaster in the first place, doesn't it?

WEBFOOT WHAT ??

Chuck Pape

When I saw that only two cars entered the guinea pig rally for Webfoot Ramble, I did a rapid mental calculation which showed that we could finish no worse than second. So with that thought in mind (and not much else), away we went.

I was navigating for Richard Gehrke, and Max Vaughn was navigating for me from the back seat. Sharon LaFollette and Bob Andreason completed the starting field.

One short nap and three hours later, after taking in some of the most exotic scenery in Oregon, we pulled into the lunch stop and made a bee-line for the local IGA Foodliner for a cold case of canned foamy which abruptly turned warm in the 90° heat.

After lunch, we once again ventured forth into the unknown. Figuring the second part of the rally was as easy as the first, we were just buzzing along when all of a sudden SOCK-O!--we were lost. But misery still loves company--Bob and Sharon were right behind us.

When we pulled into a small park by the creek, the order of the day was a foot race between the tired and hot ralliests for the creek and a wading session.

When the big hand pointed at the right number, we left the creek with heavy hearts and once again blundered our way to the end of the rally, getting there some nine hours after leaving Valley River Center in Eugene.



## CLUB BUSINESS IN JULY . . .

For the second month in a row, the honorable club secretary has failed to give me a copy of the minutes. Maybe our activities championship should have some negative points in it . . .

We do have some new members, like Rich Gehrke, who lives at 1526 Main #59 in Springfield. Rich is active in both auto-crossing and rallies.

Gary and Judy Crakes, who are very active rallyists, have also signed up; their address is 951 W. Seventh #12 in Eugene.

And S. James Long is back wearing a Sprite after a couple years absence from the club; his address is 199 Natchez Court in Eugene.

Terry Borge has calculated the up-to-the-minute activities points, including articles for this newsletter; the standings are:

1. Burt Johnson	141
2. Chuck Pape	133
3. Erskine & Nancy Wood	117
5. Mark Ringsdorf	110
6. Kirk Rupp	104
7. Marty Vomund	99
8. Pierre Jolley	98
9. Bill Guldager	91
10. Robyn Rupp	87

I didn't get a report of the rally points, and the autocross points are unchanged from last month since no one turned in any points. Sharon LaFollette leads with 37, followed by Marty Vomund with 31 and Pierre Jolley with 18.

## BUCKSHOT . . .

Lots of car news--Bob Andreason bought a 1967 BRG Sprite, and the man who used to make loud, derogatory remarks about Datsuns is now driving one--Bill Lovell.

Steve VanNuys found his new Alfa Duetto sporting some definitely non-stock dimples which have since been removed.

Mark Ringsdorf has his MGB at the paint shop getting a coat of Fathom Blue while he is bolting new super-fast goodies into the engine in the garage.

And our own soiled senior citizen himself, Chuck Pape has his zoom-zoom movies of Apollocross and Concours ready for showing at the August social meeting--including Team Whipper, spinning Corvettes, and that crocheted dress at Concours.

## PROFILE OF AN AUTOCROSSER--CECIL STEEN

S.S.S. boasted two TR-3's and a Sunbeam and was Cecil Steen's first sports car club. The initials stood for Steen, (Jim) Scadding, and Steen (Cecil's brother).

In 1962, he signed up with Francis and together they took the TR-3 to McKenzie Auto Club meetings before moving to Albany in 1963 and joining S.C.A.M.P.

A year later, they moved to Newport and helped form the YMCA club there. Cecil still holds the record on the dirt motorcycle track and fastest time on the Toledo go-kart track.

Cecil and Fran became charter members of EESCC in 1965 and promptly had their luck turn bad as other cars seemed to be suddenly attracted to the old Triumph.

When an Oldsmobile ran a red light and caved in the entire right side, the TR-3 was traded in on a Spitfire. Cecil had just gotten the old Triumph up to the point where he was starting to win trophies, and now had to start over in a new class with the Spitfire.

But the Army stepped in with an irresistible invitation, and the Spitfire had to go. Of all things, the Steens ended up driving a '53 DeSoto.

Cecil claims to have enjoyed the Army, especially exploring the jungle and making spears when he was stationed on Laboga Island about 12 miles off Panama.

In spite of the reputation of Army while in Washington was their daughter, Fran claims she still thinks Cecil is a good cook.

From the tropics, Cecil moved to Washington, and the family car was a Rambler which had a fear-limited top speed of 50 miles per hour and got 25 miles to the quart (of oil).

A more welcome addition to the family was their daughter, Dena.

Back in Oregon, Cecil bought a '69 Datsun 510 sedan. The TR-3 is still his favorite car and he constantly keeps an eye open for a good buy on another one, but in the meantime he is doing suspension work on the Datsun and autocrossing the sedan. Cecil has been a meat cutter since 1962 and is now employed by Springfield Slaughter.

His hobbies include guns, sports cars, model cars, writing short stories, and looking for that elusive TR-3.



## PRE-GRAND PRIX

Cecil Steen

The sleepy engine grumbled as the starter shook it awake. The Datsun snarled and sputtered, then grew silent.

As the key was turned again, all 96 horses leaped to life. The steady drone of the engine brought shouts and curses from the nearby spectators as the tiny car darted along the gravelled drive toward the track.

The long, black ribbon of pavement lay silently sunning itself in the early summer hour. One lone car slowed and stopped for gas as I revved the Datsun's engine and released the clutch.

The car eagerly darted onto the pavement. The tires squeaked as the speedometer rapidly climbed toward its maximum speed.

The small sedan responded beautifully as it sped along the black ribbon, down the straight toward the hilly section, and through the corners.

The engine roared defiantly as I downshifted into third for a left-hand corner. Along a short straight the car sped, darting across a bridge, drifting through a sharp right-hand corner, and around another left turn.

The engine functioned perfectly as I sped through another series of turns and entered the hilly section.

Soon the hills were behind, and as another long straight beckoned, I answered its call with increased pressure on the gas pedal.

Perspiration beaded on my hands and forehead as the car eagerly responded to my demands. Soon I let the engine relax as the car slowed slightly and I toured the course.

Soon it'll be for real, I realized as I stopped for a traffic light. The light changed and I turned onto a side street and stopped in front of the store where I work.

Come five o'clock, I smiled as the engine became silent, come five when there's competition out there, I'll beat them all home.

\* At current production rates, an engineer making \$10,000 a year can pay his salary by finding a way to save two cents in the production of a car.

## A LETTER FROM ELLIOTT LONG

How is everything in the sports car world today? My poor Mini must really be getting out of shape just sitting at home with nothing to do.

Right now I am in a hold-over period and have about three weeks of this nonsense before coming home. I should be back on the block about the 18th of July and will try to get around to see everybody I can.

I have to leave about July 29th to go back East to Fort Belvoir for my OCS training; after that, the kid will be a second "luey" for the rest of my time.

Other than this, not much is going on except the everyday, run-of-the-mill type training.

For the personal-effects part of this letter, I have obtained the sheer rank of Private First Class and am an aide and instructor for the next cycle of troops.

Well, must go now, hope to see everybody soon. Bye.

Peace,  
Elliott

## MISCELLANEOUS MUSINGS . . .

One of these days I'm going to have to throw a party to celebrate a couple of occasions--one being my coming of age (the age when the draft no longer breathes so warmly down my back) and the other being the completion of a master's degree in physics.

If anyone is interested in a drive to Central Oregon, I'd be glad to have you visit the Pine Mountain Observatory where I'm working this summer.

Strictly speaking, we're hired to run the 24-inch and 15-inch telescopes doing research projects, but as it turns out, night assistants are also expected to be carpenters, electricians, plumbers, and several other things, so the job often degenerates into a basic 12-hour day, starting about noon and running until dawn.

Bill Friday will be happy to give you the address--he's located about 15 miles away as a fireman-lookout on Fox Butte and gets his mail at that address, care of Fort Rock, Oregon.

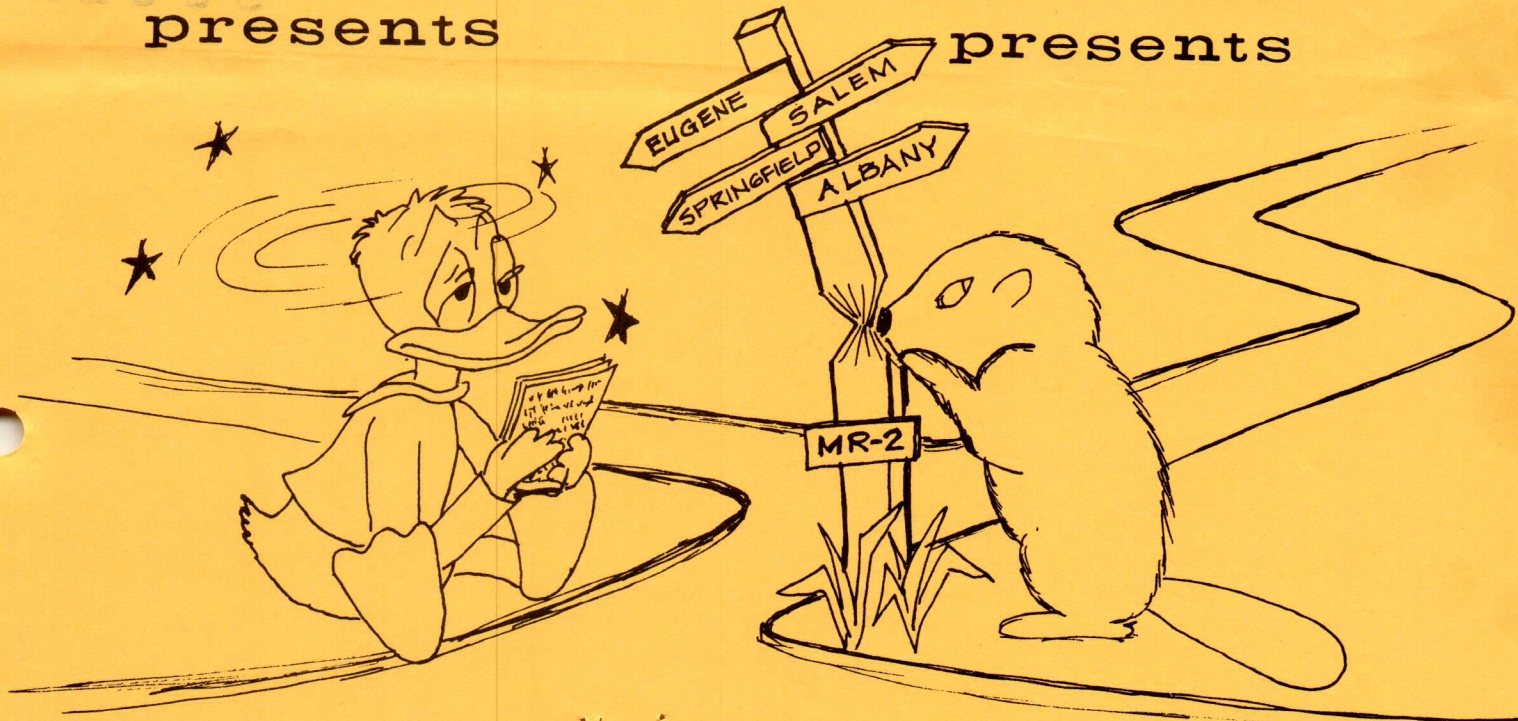


# Northwest Rally Council Championship auto rallies

**AUGUST 8 & 9**

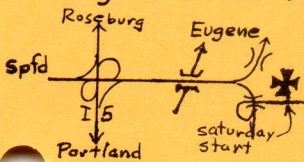
**saturday**  
**emerald empire**  
**sports car club**  
**presents**

**sunday**  
**Willamette**  
**Motor Club**  
**presents**



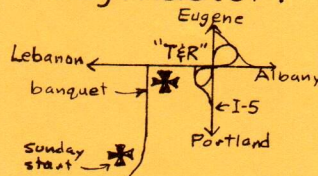
## **WEBFOOT RAMBLE**

Start: Valley River Center, Eugene  
 Registration: 9:30 AM  
 First car out: 11:01 AM  
 Entry fee: \$5<sup>00</sup>  
 Rallymaster: Erskine Wood  
 1993 Kimberly Dr.  
 Eugene, Ore. 97405  
 (503) 344-9280



## **BEAVER TREK VI**

Start: Timber-Linn Park, Albany  
 Registration: @ sat. finish & 8-9 AM  
 First car out: 9:31 AM  
 Entry fee: \$5<sup>00</sup>  
 Rallymaster: Tom Artherton  
 725 Capitol St. N.E.  
 Salem, Ore. 97301  
 (503) 363-0930



## **TROPHIES - - - CASH AWARDS**

Saturday finish, banquet, and overnight headquarters will be at the Swept Wing Motel, box 207, Albany, Oregon.

write to above names for preregistration or more info.