

ATSPEED

Emerald Empire Sports Car Club

P.O. Box 1204, Eugene, Oregon 97440

WWW.EESCC.ORG

January 29, 2021

2021 EESCC Club Officers

President Robert Jacobson

Vice President Email: President@eescc.org
Hope Mueller

Email:VicePresident@eescc.org

Treasurer Jim Mueller

Email: Treasurer@eescc.org

Secretary Peggy Steck

Chief of Registration Email: Secretary@eescc.org
Bonnie Mueller

Email: Registrar@eescc.org

Chief Safety Steward Keith Olsen

Email: SafetySteward@eescc.org
Chief of Timing
Tim Steck

Chief of Timing

Tim Steck

Email: ChiefofTiming@eescc.org

Upcoming EESCC Events

MONTHLY MEETING 6:30 PM Feb 3^{rd h}

Please go to the Website for the Location It will be online for sure

ICEBREAKER AUTOCROSS March 7th

Valley River Center

Please be aware that due to covid restrictions this event is <u>NOT</u> a certainty. Check the website for updates.

ADOPT A HWY CLEANUP 9:00 AM Apr 10th
Meet at the Gas Station Near Milepost 3
Highway 58

Autocrosses 2021

Please be aware that this season, especially earlier in the year, is very much up in the air. As of now it is not feasible to host an autocross due to the State of Oregon's restrictions. We are hoping that they will be

2021 EESCC Autocross Series Sponsor



* * * In this Issue * * *

- ➤ 2021 Officers of EESCC
- Upcoming EESCC Events
- ➤ Autocrosses 2021
- > Twas the night before Race Day
- > Our Early Days of Autocrossing

relaxed sometime soon., and allow our events. We ask for your patience.

Twas the Night Before Race Day By Lorin Wamsley

Twas the night before race day, and all through the shop, The activity was teeming and could not stop; The owner had finally gotten off the dime, And hoped that the car would be finished

Continued on next column

Continued on page 4

EESCC Sponsors - Support our Sponsors!!

















EESCC Sponsors - Support our Sponsors!!





















on time.

There were car parts and tools all strewn about, And the location of any was always in doubt; Oil jugs and spray cans of all sizes and shapes, And various rolls of various tapes;

There's hoses and brake lines and wires of all sorts, And the short ones are too long and the long ones too short; The wrenches within reach are all the wrong size, and that "one size fits all" thing, doesn't, That's no Surprise!

The work continues well into the night, When the racer panics with a terrible fright! He's all on his own with nowhere to go, Cuz the parts store closed an hour ago.

He'll rely on the accuracy of that specialty kit, And hope and pray that it will all fit, He tries it this way, then that way, then ponders a bit, But alas, we could have guessed, it just fidn't dit. So out comes the hammer, the grinder, and drill; Getting it together is done by sheer will. Put that over there, and this over here, Then stop for a minute to finish a beer.

The noise is horrendous and the neighbors are pissed, Thing aren't going well and he's pounding his fist; He'd like to give up, but knows that can't be, He runs in the morning and prepaid the fee.

He spent all that money for new tires and brakes, So not getting it running would be a mistake; Maybe an injector, a valve, or a wire, or Maybe he could just set the whole thing on fire.

The insurance would cover most of his cost, And a non-running car isn't much of a loss; Other ideas go through his head, Like taking up basket weaving instead. But alas he's a racer and pride plays a part, So come hell or high water the damn thing will start. So, he tries what he tried and then tries it again, and lo and behold the crank starts to spin. The sound is like music from Carnegie Hall, With the exhaust resonating off all the garage walls. He tunes it and tinkers

with a smile on his face, knowing full well he's ready to race.

Now he knows what we knew to always be true, There are certain things that we racer must do. The right combination of swearing and sweat, And blood from the knuckles, and way too much debt, Will get the results that racers strive for, A sweet running engine and traction galore.

After many long hours at this common quest, He's thinking it's time for some much needed rest. But after a last sip from a cold coffee cup He exclaims rather loudly "Oh Crap, the sun's coming up"!!

Our Early Days of Autocrossing by Jim Mueller

I'm going to attempt to go back into those unused portions of my mind and try to give you an idea of what autocrossing was like in the early seventies.

Then as now, sites were hard to get, but people were more tolerant of noise and automobiles. My first event was the 1972 Plaza II autocross at the Shasta Plaza in Klamath Falls, Oregon. I drove a 1969 Mustang Fastback with a 305 V8 and an automatic. I have no idea how I placed, but I loved it.

My next event was the 1972 Chargers autocross, at the same site. Little did I know, Bonnie Bergstrom was participating in her new 1972 Pinto 2-liter hatchback. I don't remember how either of us did. I didn't even know who Bonnie was.

Well later that summer I did meet Bonnie, and because our club, Sports and Imports of Klamath Falls was going to Eureka, California for an event, she asked if she could tag along. Of course, I said yes. They had a great site, Somoa airport, which they still use. I actually drove Dan McKennie's Gremlin X, which was a V8

powered beast. That car would smoke my Mustang and outhandle it as well.

This was actually Bonnie and I's first date. (I guess that worked out!) Winter came and went and the next spring we started racing again. I traded in the Mustang for a Ford Courier pickup, because I knew in June I would be marrying Bonnie with her Pinto.

We were always looking for more sites. We had one site that wrapped around Payless Drug Store. Part of the course was on one side, and the delivery access road connected it to the other side. Not super safe, but we had no problems. The stores even remained open for business!

Another site was the snowmobile parking lot near Lake of The Woods. Small but it did have some nice drop offs on three sides.

Then in 1974 something wonderful happened. Jackson County built a sports park, which included the go kart track that they still use today. We were at the first event there. The pits were on the opposite side towards the hill. We had a barbeque and slept in our sleeping bags on the ground. (Although if I had known there were rattlesnakes, that would not have been an option.)

I graduated in 1973, but Bonnie was going to college at Oregon Institute of Technology in Klamath Falls, but being frugal with our money(not) we bought a 1974 Porsche 914 in 1975. We autocrossed it for a few years. In one of my great regrets, we traded it in on a Honda Civic to go road racing.

Bonnie graduated (during the ceremony the Blazers won the championship.) and we moved to Eugene to continue our saga with Via Curris, now Emerald Empire Sports car club, but that is a story for another time.