



Checkpoints

VIRGINIA MOTOR SPORT CLUB

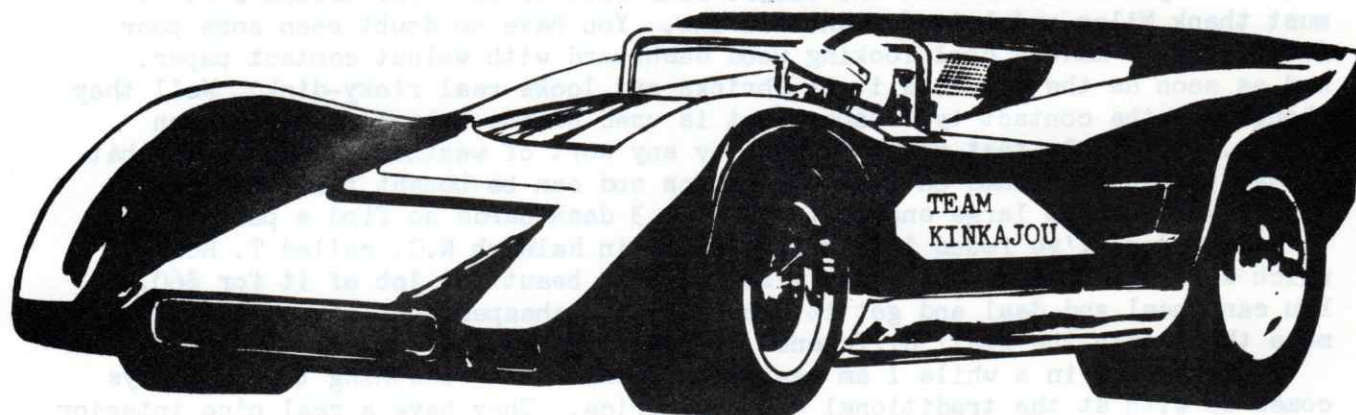
VOLUME 15

Number 7

July, 1969

EVENTS CALENDAR

- July 17, 1969***July VMSC Meeting at the Branch House, Monument and Davis Avenue 8:00
- July 17, 1969***THE NIGHT STALKER RALLY leaving from the Branch House at approximately 9:00 after the monthly meeting. O.D.'s John Bergeron and Reggie Williams promise this to be an interesting TSD Rally. Emphasis will be on course following so bring a good light and your best "night stalking" navigator.
- July 20, 1969***ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS--this year O.D.'ed by Mike Castleberry. Each year this event has been such a success that it has become somewhat of a VMSC tradition. Mike has arranged to hold this year's issue on the air strip at Sabot, Va. This site offers wide open spaces and soft green grass (try that for traction). Our Mustang driving friend promises no Mickey Mouse antics on this one so come on out and enjoy the wide open spaces. Event starts at 1:00 pm and to get there use these directions. Go west on Route 6 (Patterson Ave) about 11 miles from the stop light at Ridge & Patterson (Or 2½ miles beyond Manakin). Turn right onto route 644(dirt road). Go about ¾ of a mile and turn right at the pylon. That's all there is to it.
- August 21, 1969***August Meeting Rally O.D.'ed by Lewis Parsley. Details will follow in next issue.
- August 24, 1969***Annual Picnic Rally combined with Concours D'Elegance. Traditionally this is a fairly low pressure rally suitable for taking along the wife and kids. The picnic following is always looked forward to by the wives and kids and father (alas the poor soul) cleans the last remnants of dust from assundry counties to prepare his vintage Mercedes for the Concours. More details will follow on this event.



CHECKPOINTS is published monthly by the Virginia Motor Sport Club, Inc., and mailed free to members. Subscriptions to non-members are \$1.50 per year. Meetings are held at 8:00 P.M. on the third Thursday of each month at the Branch House, Monument and Davis Avenues, Richmond, Virginia. PRESIDENT--Chuck Edwards, 3312 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Virginia 23221, telephone 355-0932. EDITOR--John H. Bergeron, 4814 Stuart Avenue, Richmond, Virginia, 23226, telephone 359-3847. Letters should be addressed to the Editor and received no later than the last day of the month prior to publication.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

THEY COME TO ME AS THEY COME TO YOU, AND THEY WANT TO KNOW..... There's something about that line I like. I picked it up a few months back from Dickie Smothers' article in "Car & Driver" in which he as a sports car writer was addressing us as sports car enthusiasts. And he used that beautifully worded lead in to express the fact that he like all of us are from time to time asked about thus and so used car. We can surely take that a step further because indeed they do come to us for all manner of automotive information. And the more we know the better we can serve the cause.

So I have reached a high water mark by putting all my editorializing and philosophizing into one measley paragraph. I'll use that paragraph though as a springboard to say a few words on things to spread around when as Smothers says "They come to me as they come to you".

Most of us are involved to the hilt with sports cars and do this despite a near empty pocketbook and a raging wife. It comes as a pleasure to us then when we can come up with a weekend project which will improve our mount and keep us occupied at a minimum of expense. Let me therefore spread the word to you on some auto stuff I've picked up lately which may be of interest to you and if not, keep it in the back of your mind for the next person who comes to you as they come to me.

Just yesterday L.A. Shell showed me a front spoiler for his Corvair which looked some kind of neat. He and Miles Turner had dreamed this one up to stop some front end lift problem L.A. was having at high speeds. Interesting thing is that it came off a Camaro and it sells over the counter for only \$14 and it looks like it could easily be fitted on many makes of cars. This is a great deal when you consider that the Camaro rear spoiler sold for around \$70. I must thank Miles and L.A. for another one. You have no doubt seen some poor fellow try to make a cool looking wood dashboard with walnut contact paper. And as soon as the sun hits it it shrinks and looks real rinky-dink. Well they thought of the contact type paper that is used on the exteriors of station wagons. Obviously that won't be hurt by any sort of weather. They found that a really good kind came on Plymouth Wagons and can be bought for \$14 also. This gives a sheet large enough to do 2 or 3 dashboards so find a pal.

Best deal I've found lately is a place in Raleigh N.C. called T. Hoff, which will widen your wheels any size and do a beautiful job of it for \$60. You can wheel and deal and get it done a little cheaper, but the quality is more than worth the small difference in price--believe me.

Every once in a while I am really impressed with something that Pep Boys comes up with at the traditional Pep Boys price. They have a real nice interior rally light now that sells for only about \$4. They also have a paint on undercoat that is more trouble than spray on but infinitely cheaper. It is a sure way to pick up points at the Concours and protect the old hoss also.

On the subject of Concours tricks, I've been impressed recently by Hammertone paint and Wrinkle-finish paint. Both can be bought at Virginia Paint Store at about \$2/can. Hammertone silver is real good for wheels and wrinkle-finish is great for valve covers, oil breathers, etc.

Maybe you have seen the 25 cent book in the back of Car & Driver called "Handling-What it is and how to get it". Send for it cause it is well worth the money. It is written by some people who have real good prices on front and rear anti-sway bars.

Speaking of handling, I've been toying with an idea I heard a long time ago. Pick up a couple of old Chrysler Product torsion bars from a junk yard and some old telescopic shocks with good sturdy mounting brackets. A good welder and some ingenuity can make a swell set of traction masters for the rear of your stormer. When you figure out how to do it, come see me cause I haven't tried that one yet.

I hope you will find these tid bits of auto knowledge of interest and further hope you will scribble a few of your own down and drop them to me for the next issue.

THE RALLY SCHOOL RALLY

Promptly at 1:00 (or was it 1:15) the rally school began. Our assemblage included experienced instructors, experienced ralliests, partially experienced ralliests, a few free loaders waiting for beer, and still fewer novices. Getting underway, Brad Peaseley discussed course following at length: first explaining basic rally instructions and later more complicated gererals, priorities, and concurrencies. The larger group then broke up under several navigational "experts", and the two major groups received instruction from Wilt Greenwood on the Stevens, and Hart Grundy on the Curta.

Soon after the classroom sessions were completed, instructions were given out and the sixty mile fiasco began. Even though the No. 1 Navigator said that Dr. Swetts' wasn't "Dr. Swetts" but Dr Pepper, our 14 mile off course jaunt hardly compared with the female friend and companions trip through the State Prison Camp. (ref. Stopwatcher "Greenwood's Danville")

Instructions on mail box supports, concurrencies, and priorities to turn right and then left in certain county, along with all typical nasties from rallies throughout past years were included. The course, though difficult to follow, was correct in all aspects. O.D. Brad Peaseley and his helpers should be commended for the success of this non-point event in which nine cars participated.

Beth & Mike

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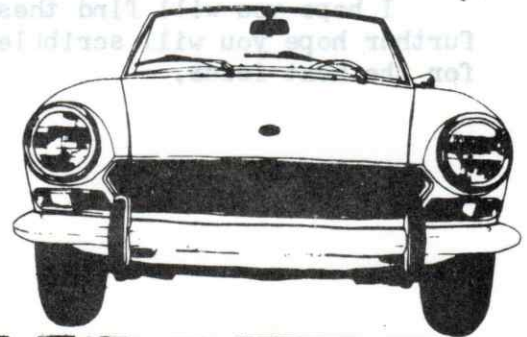
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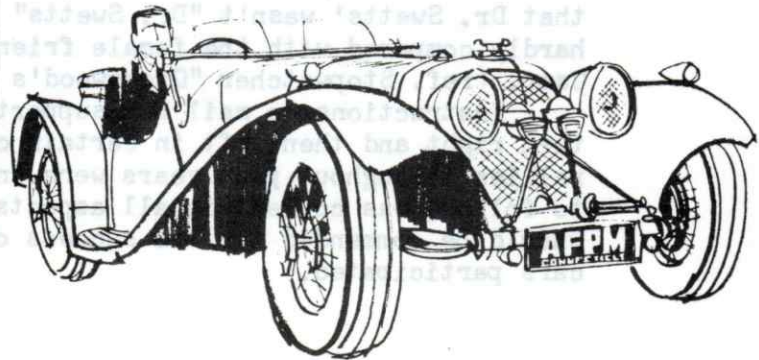
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A TRAUMATIC TRIP TO V.I.R.

A good start towards Danville should not include a lost wheel on your race car, but my "Veteran" Saab did just that to me.

One of the vices of towing a car with all four wheels on the ground is that if you lose one, crutches or a roller skate won't help at all.

After my trusty crew member, Miles Turner, surveyed the situation, he suggested we put the wheel back on. As we were in the middle of Route 360, I agreed wholeheartedly.

By 8:00, I had begun to believe that Friday the Thirteenth of June, 1969, was not my day. At any rate, Miles and I got in my corvaire "tow car?" and started west on 360 once more.

At three o'clock Saturday morning, we arrived in Danville. The trip took seven hours due to certain handling characteristics that show up in a 1963 Corvaire when towing another car.

We met with L.A. Shell and Tom Veazey, my other two crew members, at the Holiday Inn. At eight we rolled out of bed, and headed for V.I.R. for registration and tech inspection. Then and there I became impressed by the professional attitude of the Carolina regional workers. They got 70 of us through tech with an absolute minimum of wasted motion.

Next on the agenda was a meeting and a written test, all handled easily.

We started to get down to the essence of racing next. We rode with instructors in their street cars for our course familiarization. I discovered during this period that nobody at the school had ever raced a Saab, so I was really left on my own.

After this period, we had lunch, and surveyed the skies which were showing signs of "mucho" rain coming down from the hills.

After lunch, we went out in our assigned groups under a "yellow" or no passing, course situation. After a couple of laps, the "green" flag went out on the pit and back straights. We had about an hour of this situation, during which I really discovered the difference in sitting on spectator hill with a cold beer, and being out on that beautiful, treacherous track.

After the last practice session, we had another meeting, and went back to the Holiday Inn to unwind and get a full night's rest. (Your editor would like to express at this point his belief that Jerry Reid is capable of "unwinding", but to further express his utter disbelief that Jerry or anyone associated with him might be capable of getting a full night's rest. Ibid Turner & Shell & Pearmon at Pungo.)

We got to the track at 10:00 Sunday, had a short review session, and went out for solo practice on a "green" course. This was the best session of the school so far. All day Sunday, we drove in thunder showers, and the track was extremely slippery, but I was thankful for the opportunity to learn to drive Under wet conditions. Slipping and sliding through the downhill chicane in a top heavy Saab with Firestone dry weather tires during a pouring rain is an adrenalin producing experience.

Another unique experience is aquaplaneing. When I came down the Pit Straight at close to a hundred, and hit a puddle for the first time, I wasn't prepared for that instant feeling of helplessness when I lost all traction.

My group consisted of A-E Production, A-D sedan, and A-D Sports Racing, so I spent lots of time learning how to wave faster cars by. During the last practice session, I was pushing hard through the uphill "esses", when I glanced into my mirror and almost had a heart attack. An "A" Sedan Mustang was one inch off my rear. I almost broke my arm waving him by. I became very attentive to my mirrors after that.

We ate lunch and came back for another rapid solo session during which they used every flag in the book.

We were ready to begin practice starts after that session. I was gridded "dead last" for the first practice start and surprised myself and five other people by beating them to the first turn. We practiced some more rolling and standing starts, and were now ready for our first sprint race of two to be held.

By this time (In a "D" sedan yet...) I was suffering from a "Mario Andretti complex". We gridded up, and when the flag was dropped, I found myself directly in front of a C Sedan Mini-Cooper. I had delusions of grandeur when I looked in my mirror through the uphill esses and saw that he was falling back.

The next thing I knew, I had taken a wierd line through the "Oak Tree" turn, and was sitting in mud about a hundred feet off the track, and the Mini was disappearing down the back straight. That one incident taught me to respect that course more than anything else could have.

During the second sprint, I stayed on the course and finished 10th out of 20 cars running.

We packed everything up, and I headed back for Richmond from a weekend I'll never forget.

I spent three hours and forty-eight minutes on the course, and was rewarded with a logbook that said, "Satisfactory job under wet and dry conditions".

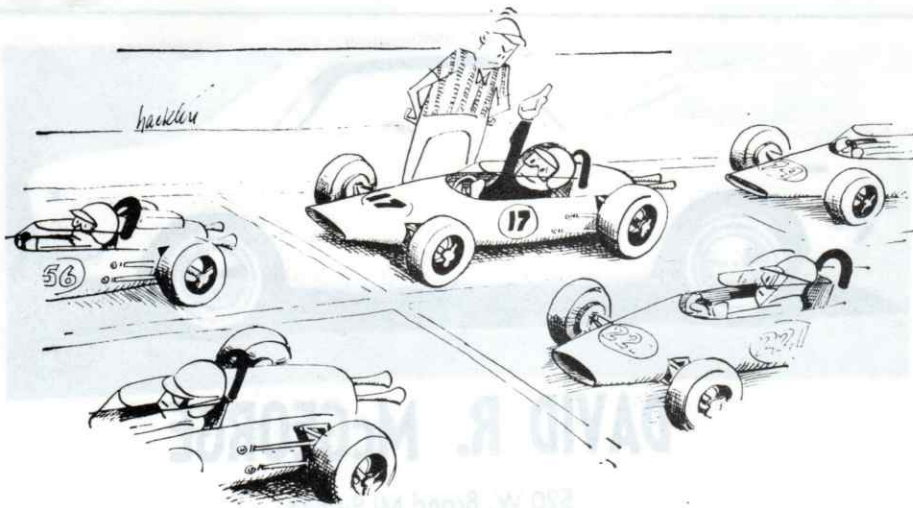
EDITOR'S NOTE: For those of you who may not know Jerry Reid, let me point out that Jerry has kindly submitted the above article about his first trip to Driver's School at Danville. I am sure you will want to follow his progress in the familiar red Sam Perry Saab.

RESULTS-RALLY SCHOOL RALLY

June 29, 1969

DRIVER	Navigator	Finishing Position	Total Error
Mike Castleberry	Beth Beverage	1	39
Scott Powell	Peyton Carr	2	227
Judy Dickinson	Neale Dickinson	3	324
Bob Purgason	Joanie Purgason	4	325
Bill Britton	Lewis Parsley	5	422
Bev Glass	Barbara White	6	457
Chris Young	Driving Alone	7	1207
Warren Garland	Nancy Garland	8	DNF
Robert Coffey	Par Lee Coffey	8	DNF

HI GANG!



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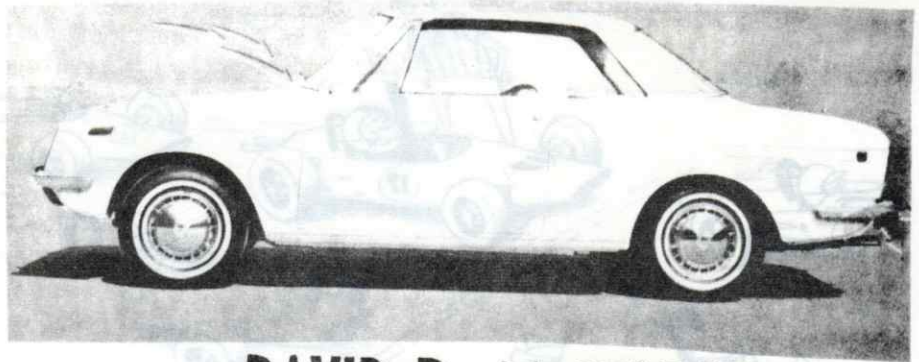
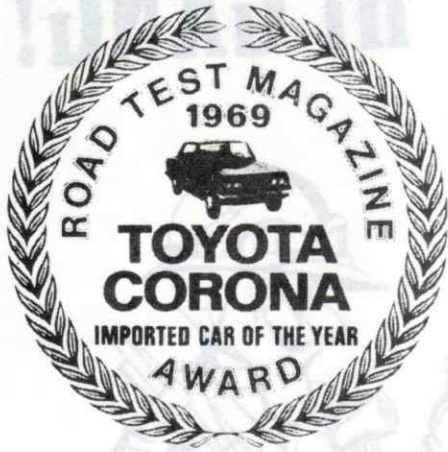
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Luray Caverns
Luray, Virginia 22835
phone- 743-6551

'I Did This for Safety'

Down in Atlanta Virlyn Motes decided he'd had enough troubles with his 1967 Detroit-made automobile—a well-known make—so with appropriate funeral ceremonies, he buried it in his yard! Mr. Motes rented a bulldozer and gulped out a "car-deep" hole in his front lawn. He decided to bury his "mistake" after spending more than \$1,000 on repairs over the past year and after the automobile company refused to guarantee a new motor, just installed at an additional cost of \$688.

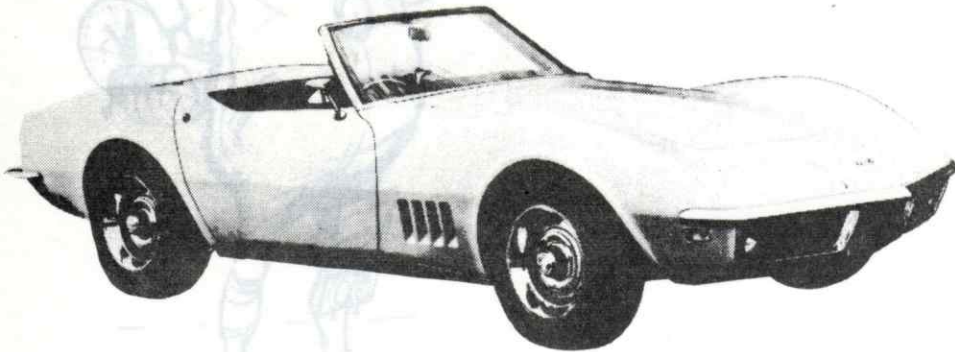
From the graveside Mr. Motes told a television crew and 50 spectators, including grim-faced company representatives: "I did this for safety." Mr. Motes would rather bury his car than himself.

This brave act of defiant protest, which many other Americans would like to emulate if they had the courage, and money, is a modern-day manifestation of the indomitable human spirit. All hail, Mr. Motes. May his tribe increase.



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'I Did This for Safety'

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