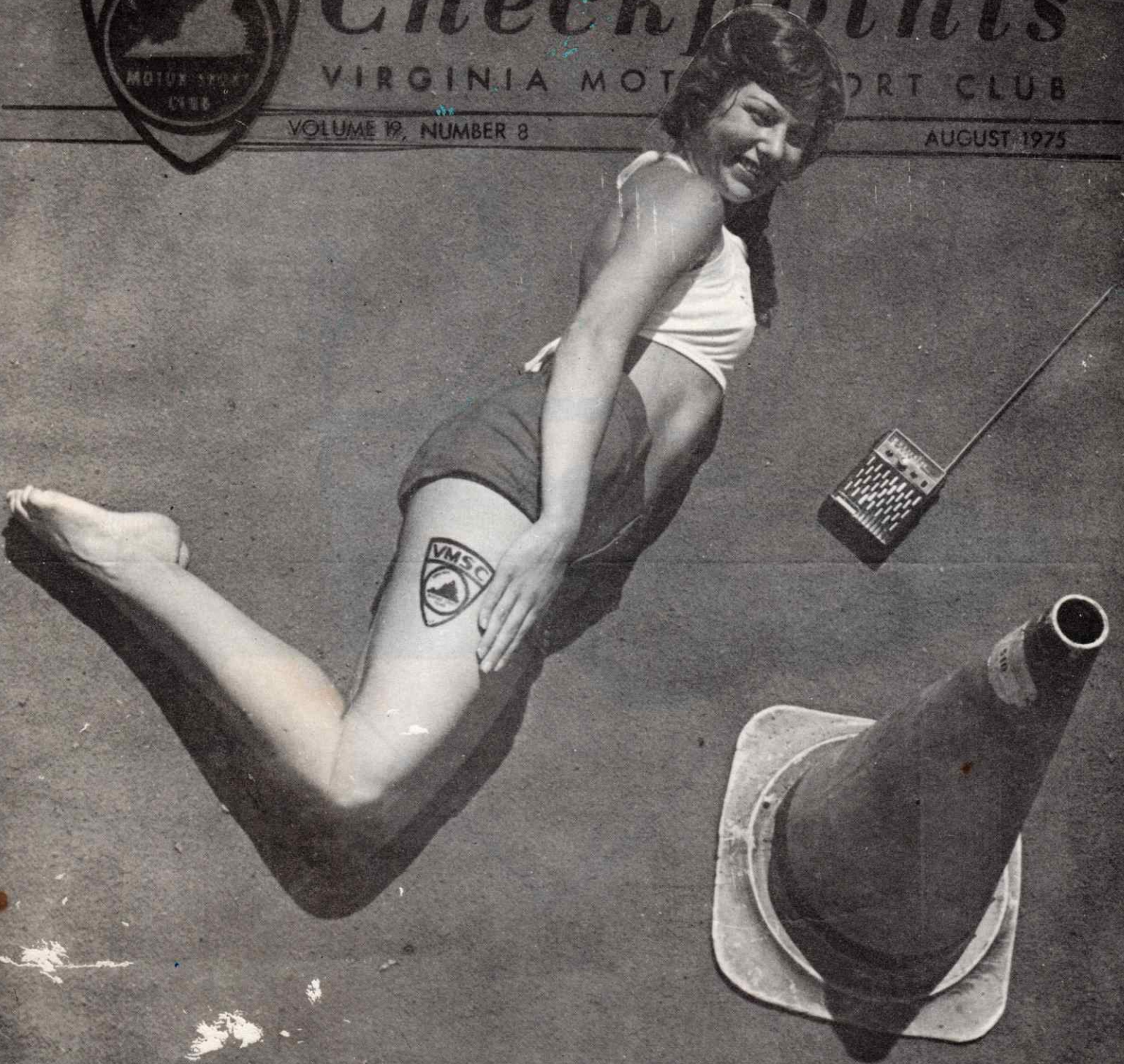


# Checkpoints

VIRGINIA MOTOR SPORT CLUB

VOLUME 19, NUMBER 8

AUGUST 1975

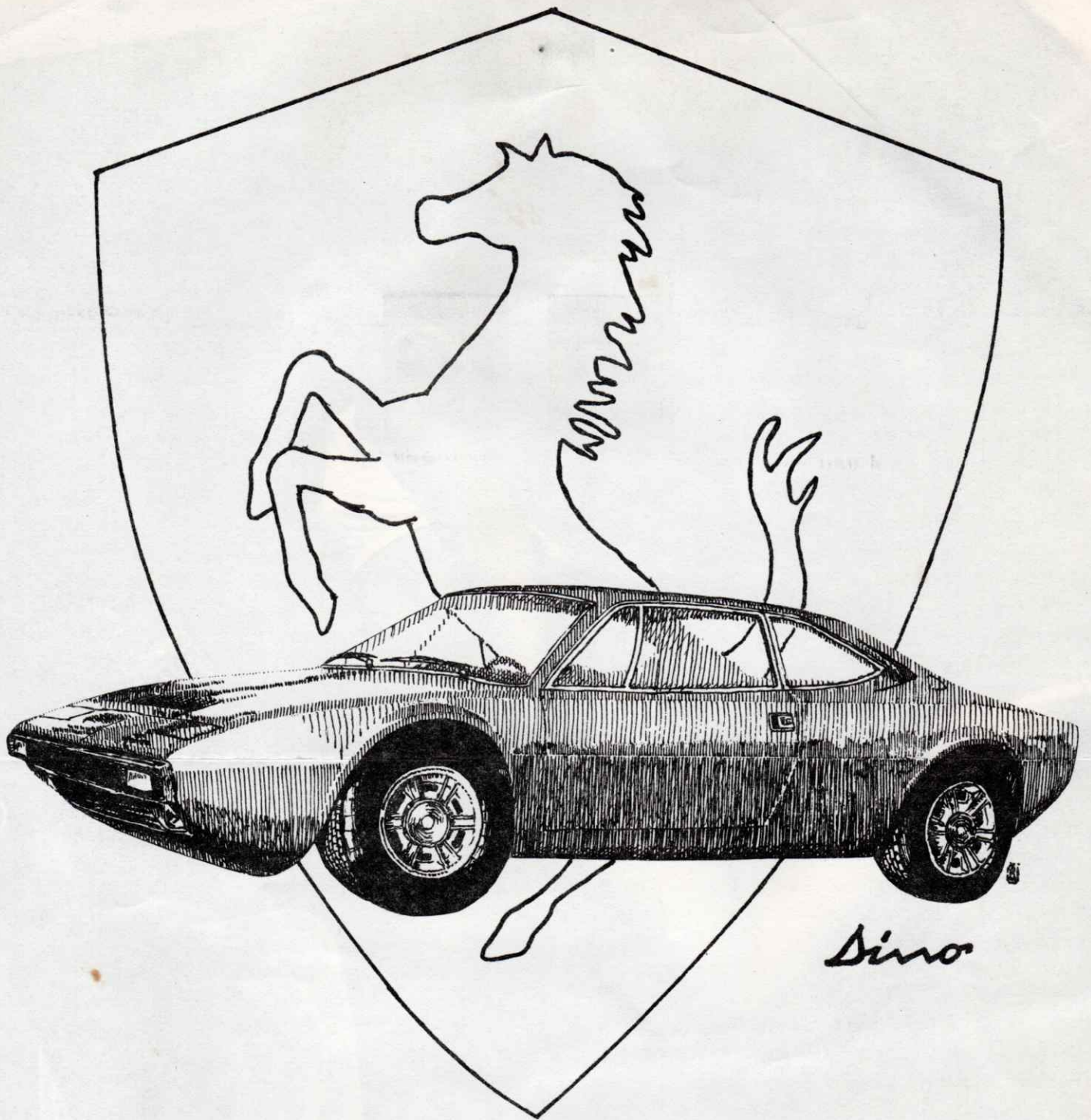


McCLINTIC ON VMSC

WANTLAND ON RALLYING

US ON OONA

EVERYBODY ON I-195



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# PLAYBULL

Nineteen years ago this month, Checkpoints was born. The first issue contained 4 pages (printed one side only) and it cost two cents to mail. As We embark

on our 20th year, you are holding the biggest, heaviest, thickest, most photographic Checkpoints to date, not to mention the most expensive to print and mail. There is a piece of paper for every year, like candles, and you can set them on fire and try to blow them out.

A regular reader may recognize this month's format as resembling, somewhat, that of Playboy. The intent is not to parody (that would be presumptuous) but, rather, to do Checkpoints the way Hefner might. As a consequence, you will find the rallye report masquerading as Checkpoints After Dark, a picture story on a Checkpoints Pad, a piece on the recently opened Interstate 195, jokes, a Ribald Classic, this month's Checkmate, and much, much more.

The amount of planning that goes into an issue of this size has given us an understanding of why some items in the national magazines seem so dated by the time they are published. We have had our own problems in this area, i. e., the table of contents does not fully reflect all the contents; be sure to read the article on the Shentons (Stopwatcher's improvement on Jones and East) on page 33. Also there are results from the autocross on page 36 and, lo and behold, another letter to the editor on page 37.

There is a great number of people to thank for this issue who are outside the club and would go unrecognized without mention here: Patt Bloom, Ann Leonard, Tom Kennard, Tim Timberlake, and the good folks at both Systems Printing and Bill Fabry Reproduction and Supply.

The club has two big events coming up for enthusiasts at both ends of the scale. The Silver Anniversary Eight Hour Rallye will take place on October 5, 1975, starting and



JONES



EAST



PARSLEY



GREENWOOD



GREENWOOD



DeBARDELEBEN

ending at the Willis Road Ramada Inn (I-95 exit 6-A). Advanced registration is \$15.00 per car which includes an awards banquet the finish of the 200 mile TSD event. Further info and a registration form

can be obtained by writing Toni Wells at 3042 CuiVer Road, Richmond, Virginia 23224 or by phoning her at (804) 231-3651. Also a Great Autocross Series at the Atlantic Rural Exposition Grounds will commence with the first date of October

12. It will be one of the biggest areas VMSC has had to work with in many years, and further information can be extracted from Lewis Parsley by phoning him at 285-4301. Flyers and registration blanks for both events will be published in September's Checkpoints.

If, like most people, you can't wait, you can run the River Run Picnic Rallye and Camp-in, which will run this month. See the flyer on page 26 for pertinent details. Also there is a tentative field trial scheduled for September 14th Oded by Mike Castleberry and Will Greenwood. Should firm commitments materialize, flyers will be sent out.

For those who prefer indoor activities, Art and Diane Wingo plan to have an indoor autocross at the next club meeting, entitled "Handjob #1" and "Handjob #2". The titles alone are enough to pack the meeting. Under the "Help Wanted" column, Rob DeBardeleben is in need of a driver for rallyes; anyone interested can call Rob at 329-3211.

Last but not least by any stretch of the imagination, We would like to thank Bill Enos, Our business manager; Bill told Our advertisers what We were planning to do with this issue and still managed to talk all of them into running a full-page ad. For some strange reason, he didn't want his picture taken. Also thanks to the companies that appear herein, since they have paid for the bulk of this issue. Welcome back to Tom Stanley at Jefferson-Jones, Inc., for this special issue and welcome to Joe Heishman's Ferrari for the remainder of the year. ▣



# Checkpoints

VIRGINIA MOTOR SPORT CLUB



2/3 OD's p.26



See you in 20 p.12



Oona p.14



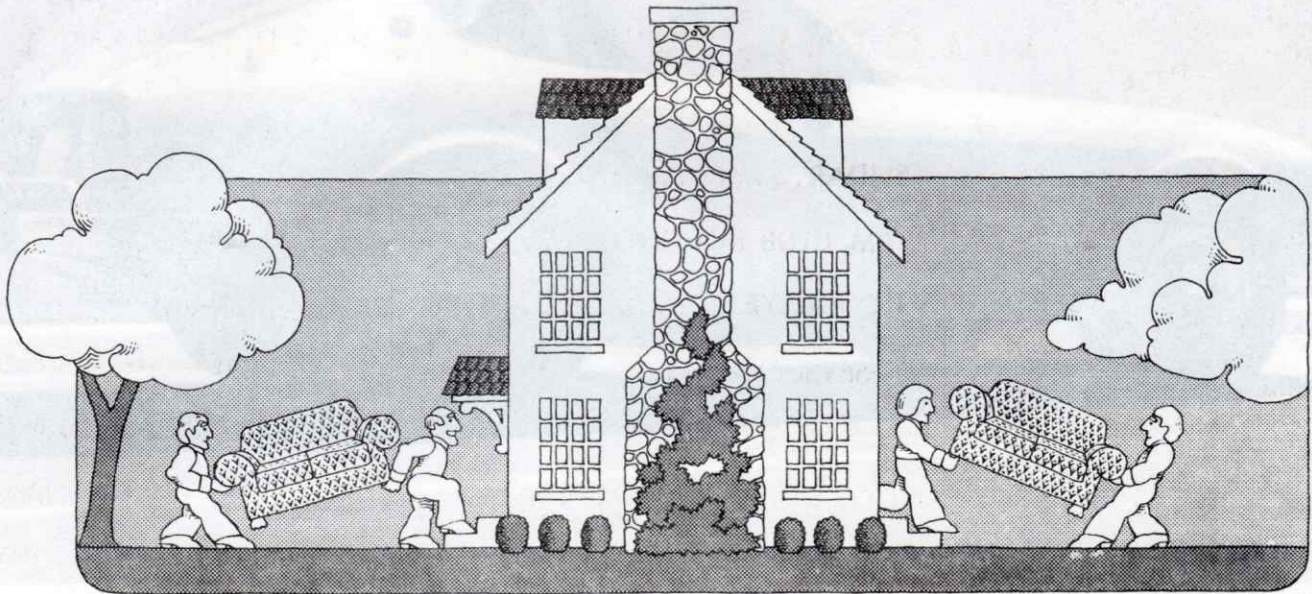
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PICNIC RALLYE .....	RALPH, ELLEN & BILL, AUGUST 23
VMSC-SEVSCO RALLYE .....	PETE & LIBBY, SEPTEMBER 21
GREAT 8 HOUR RALLYE .....	LEN & LEWIS, OCTOBER 5
FAIRGROUNDS AUTOCROSS #1 .....	LEWIS, OCTOBER 12
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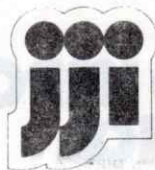
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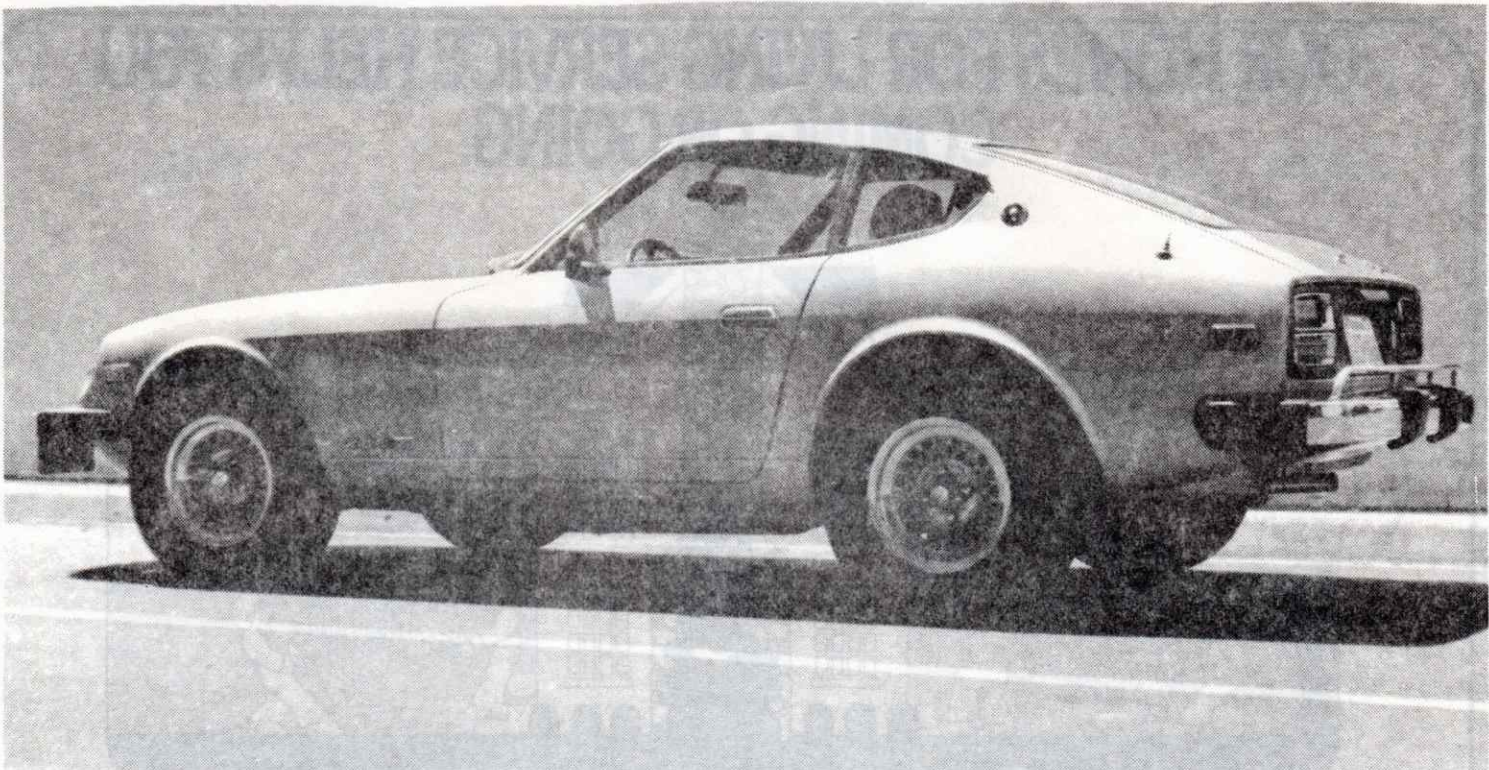
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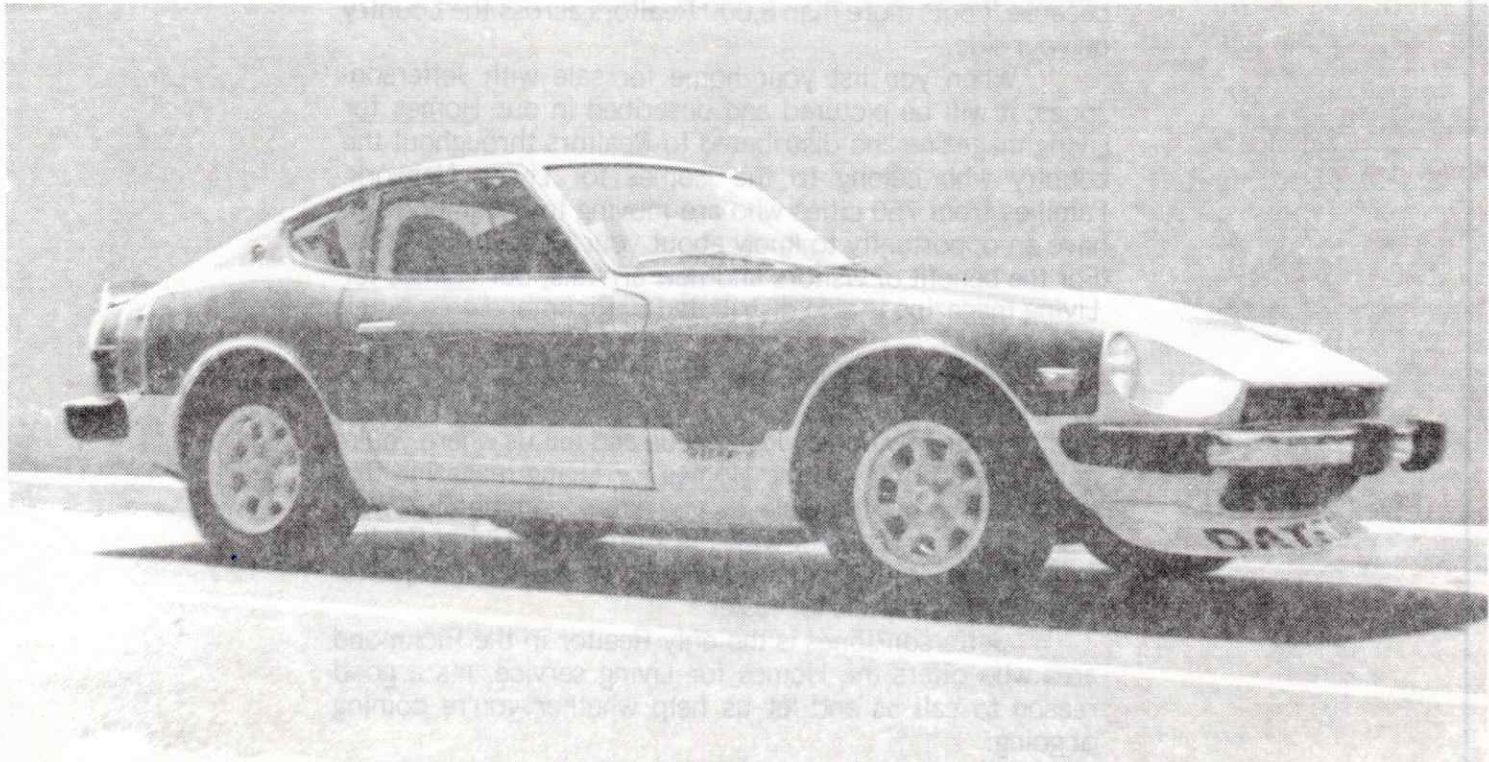
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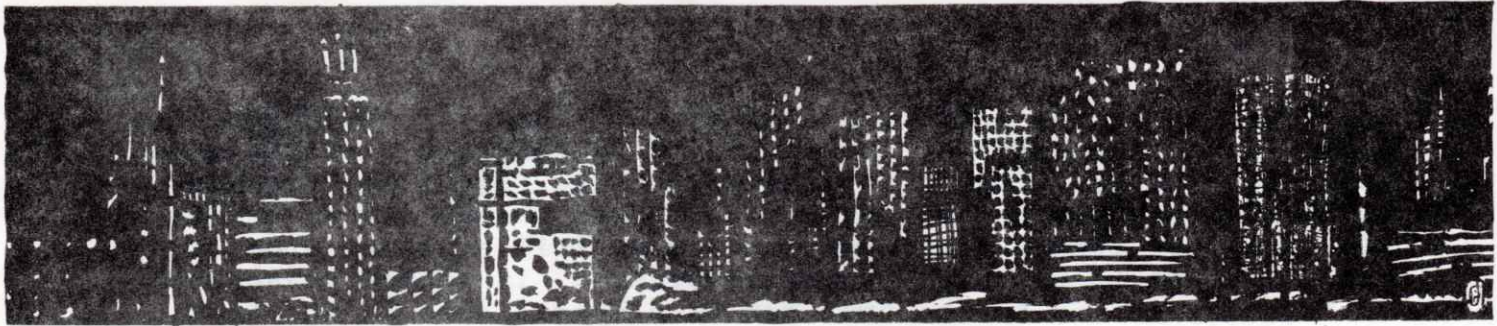


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# CHECKPOINTS AFTER HOURS



Year before last, Jim Muller and Gordon Paterson walked away with Rally of the Year for their "Great Right Way." They came out of retirement a few weeks ago to try again for the brass ring with "Tempus Fugit."

Muller and Paterson refuse to be bound by tradition, and so came up with a course-following concept which was a bit out of the ordinary and refreshingly so. Numbered Instructions (NI) were used in the usual fashion (execute once each, in ascending sequence and at the first opportunity.) NIs were interspersed with Unnumbered Instructions (UI) which were turned on by completion of the preceding NI and which were turned off by beginning execution of the succeeding NI. The NI thus had priority over the UI which meant that UIs might not be executed ever at all. Both UIs and NIs could cause course-following actions, but course-following was itself unlike our recent practice in that route numbers were never used.

All of this meant that the rallymasters could exert as much or as little pressure as they liked, simply by inserting bogus UIs. They could melt the pressure magically away by turning off the extra UIs simply by quoting a sign. This made for wild swings in the amount of attention required which kept the contestants wide awake.

A couple of pleasant traps:

UI: Travel 0.50 then decrease average speed by 1.

If the contestant remembered that UIs were to be executed as many times as possible, he decreased his speed eight times (once each half-mile, until the UI was turned off.) If he forgot, well, he was pretty early at the next control.

Another trap which nailed a few was an UI which called for a speed change at a mileage but which was never executed because the following NI began (but didn't finish) execution before the mileage came up.

The rally was altogether pleasant in concept, but faltered somewhat in execution in that the route instructions contained some ambiguities. Consider the instruction "2nd R." Where does the execution of that begin? With the first R? Or is it executed in its entirety at the second R? It mattered by about 100 points and, to this writer's mind, can be argued effectively either way. Consider also the instruction "Go away from railroad track. R." The generals didn't tell us how to handle multiple course-following directions within one instruction. Besides, there were, at the point in question, multiple ways to go

(Continued on page 35)

## CHECKPOINTS INTERVIEW: MADISON McCLINTIC

Sometime within the next couple of months, VMSC will celebrate its twentieth-fifth anniversary. In an effort to find out a little about what the club was like in its early days, we sought out Madison McClintic, who was an original member. Mac turned out to be not old at all by COFTRA standards, and to be full of tales from the old days, not to mention a surprise or two. It seemed reasonable to begin by asking how he ever got into sports cars in the first place, and so that's what we did:

McClintic: I've always thought that a car ought to be something very personal. I remember reading the funny papers and seeing Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse running around in a little car that they could just fit in and I thought that was neat. I grew up in Farmville and I had the first foreign car in town - a Hillman Minx. I went to a convertible from that but it wouldn't do because it wasn't a real sports car, and so I went to an MG TC. Of course, one of the things to do back in those days was to go up to Richmond to Trans-Port to hang around - that was the only foreign dealer there was in town.

Checkpoints: How did the VMSC get started?

McClintic: Well, there was Bill Hawthorne here in Richmond and then there was Bob Harper up in Charlottesville. Bill opened his doors in December 1949 and Bob got started just afterward. They heard that in England people got together and had rallies and things like that and so in between them, they began sending out cards announcing events. There was great common enthusiasm among the car owners - we had something in common, we were willing to do our thing, going against the grain so to speak.

Checkpoints: Are you saying then that the primary interest among the initial members was in the cars and not in the things they did with cars?

McClintic: That's right. You've got your toy and now you have to find something to do with it. You've got to be pretty crazy to buy a car like that. I mean, it's your transportation and if it breaks, then there you are on the street. So, we had a kinship. Then rallying, we had a rally after virtually every meeting. We had meetings every month and sometimes we'd rally on the weekends and gradually we learned to have gymkhanas. We had a gymkhana down at Bellwood which I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the first one. And we would have them at Southside Speedway. I recall having one there with a Cadillac El Dorado competing. We weren't prejudiced, seriously, you could drive anything you wanted and the club aimed very distinctly at being a club for people who were interested in automobiles. And as to what we did with them, that was a social sort of thing. Something to do with them.

Continued on page 28



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# THE CHECKPOINTS ADVISOR

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**Ever** since I was old enough to know what they were for, I've wanted a car. I've looked at enough of them, goodness knows, flaunting themselves at me on the street, sitting seductively on the used car lots. But I've never had the courage to just walk up and say the words that would make one of them mine. I'm forty-two now and feel ridiculous about never having scored. What do you recommend?-- J. B., Personchester, Vermont.

Lack of courage is often used as a front for a deepseated desire to avoid automobiles and other stimulants. We suggest you get a good grip upon yourself; face up to yourself; look yourself in the eye and attempt to determine whether you really want an automobile or whether this curious fetish of yours is, in reality, an odd transference of your youthful desire for you sister's trike.

**My** friends tell me it's OK to work on my car in my Robert Hall three-piece pinstripe, white-on-white long point shirt by Klien and my green four-in-hand from Tie City, but they say the white socks are gauche. What do you say?--R.R., St. Albans, W. Va.

Custom suggests, never dictates. If your auto is one of the finer imports, then your friends are right and black or dark blue Ban Lons might be more appropriate. For lube jobs or work on one of the simple (but pleasing) domestics, your white fuzzies are certainly acceptable. Learn to trust your own taste.

**What** is a MacPherson strut?--P. B., Nitro, West Virginia.

An obscure step named for its inventor, Quasimoto MacPherson, a free-lance dentist from Boston who, in 1963, was clipped in the back of the head by a tray of hors d'oeuvres borne by a drink-crazed waiter in the Dew Drop Inn in Rye, New York. Staggering briefly, MacPherson invented the step which swept the nation for a day or two. Coincidentally, the bop was invented at the same time (Advisor, March, 1972) and the strut

has been lost in the mists of time and obscurity.

**A** friend just back from the Big Apple told me about a kinky parts place he stumbled into. Would you know its name and where it is located?--P. O., Strict, Mass.


No doubt it is the Leathermobile at 47th and Market Streets, known city-wide for its trip-wire entrance and line of parts catering to true freaks. Besides a complete line of leathersgoods for the discriminating masochinist, they offer interesting variations on such old standards as the rack and pinion and the recirculating ball.

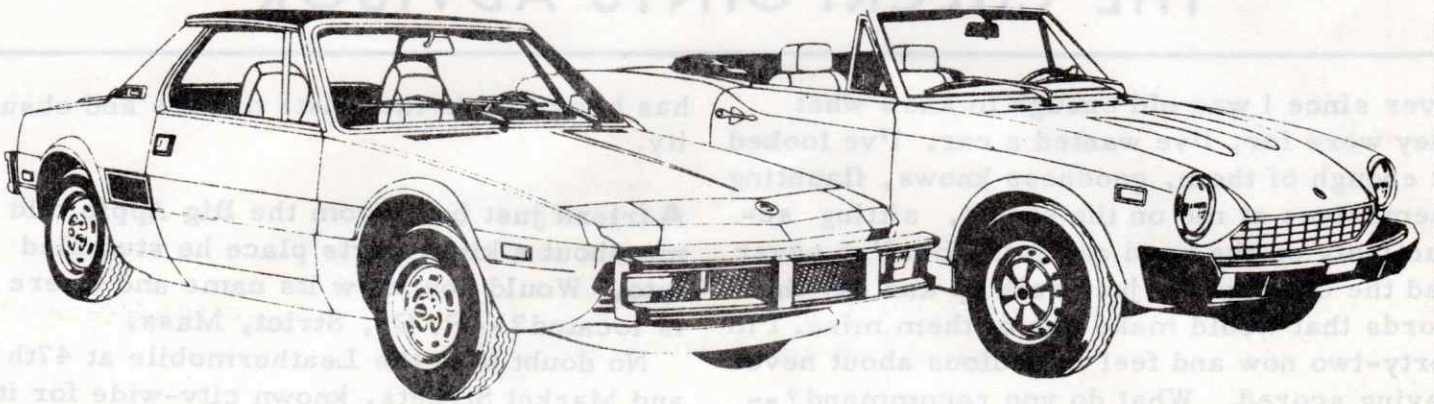
**My** girl says that the best way to extract a siezed piston from a neighbors Volvo is with a 14 millimeter thin-wall socket and a little Vaseline; I have always felt that the astride or equine, position was superior. Who gets the piston?--B. A., Nevada, Virginia.

Such depends on the neighbor, and the Volvo. If you are confronted with an older 122 or a recently pregnant neighbor, then you are likely to meet with greater success in a prone, or supine, position. Recommended equipment includes a Craftsman quarter-inch chisel, an ample supply of gasket oil and Comfort's newest: Joy and the Art of Volvo Maintenance. A more tolerant neighbor or a P1800 (with the famous side-hinged hood) would permit a greater variety of positions and tools. The newer Volvos aren't yet dealt with by Masters and Chilton.

**I** go off in my car two and three times a day. Am I normal?--C. J., Virginia, Nevada.  
No.

---

All reasonable questions-from fashion and sports cars to dating dilemmas- will be answered. Addresses of inquiries are available on a high bid basis to all governmental and law enforcement agencies. Sealed bids may be mailed to Checkpoints, 1815 Aeronca Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23228. 



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## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS CHECKPOINTS?

He is unclean, possessed of strange tastes. Wallowing in sub-mediocrity, he is struggling mightily to escape but lacks the means. Minimum income, poverty level, low IQ, poor taste - they all describe the man who reads CHECKPOINTS. Reaching dozens of these low brutish characters each month, CHECKPOINTS is the perfect medium for the advertiser who has mountains of tasteless, shoddy, over-priced merchandise most people are too smart to buy. Women? Women don't read CHECKPOINTS. The sort of man who reads CHECKPOINTS doesn't attract the sort of woman who can read. (Source; Common Knowledge.)

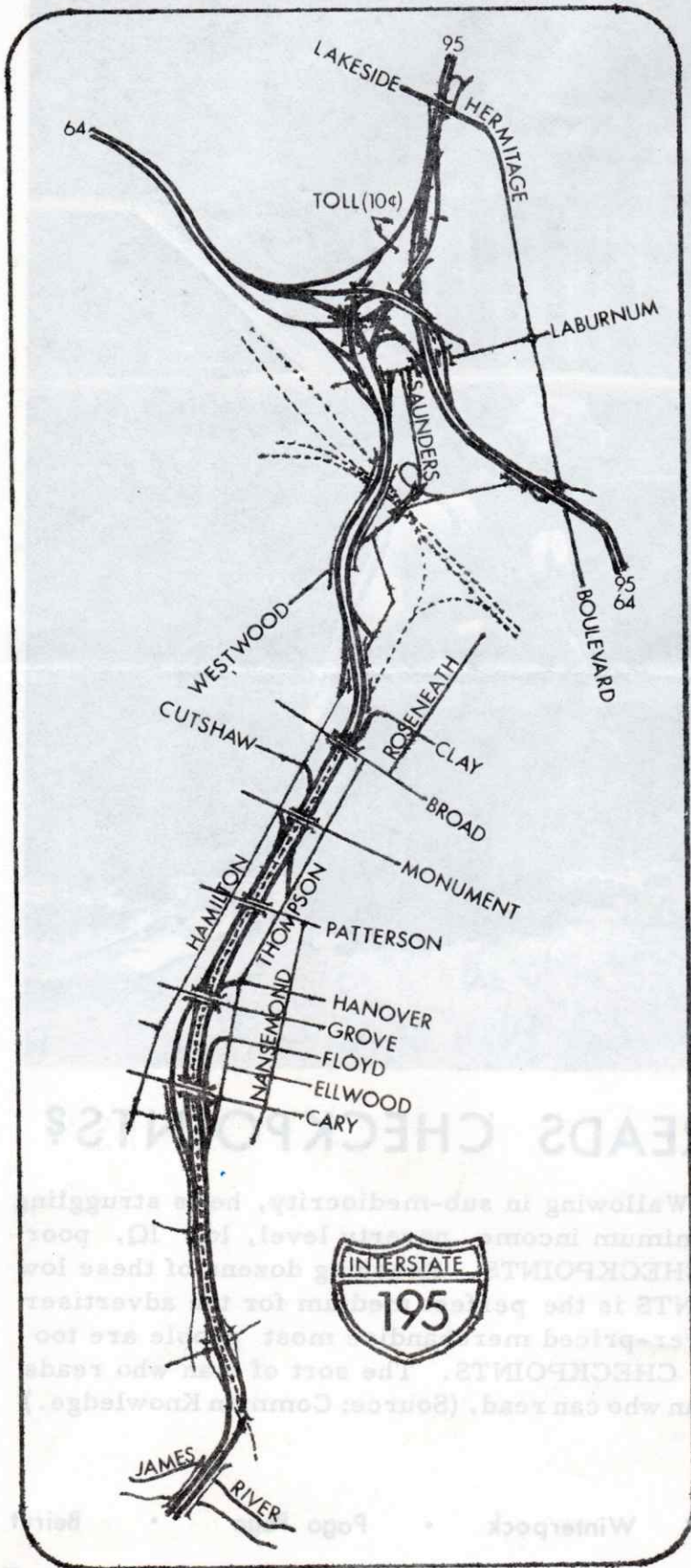
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checkpoints

# CHECKPOINTS TRAVEL: SEE YOU IN TWENTY MINUTES, WHEREVER YOU ARE

IT COST \$15,000,000 A MILE to build (none of it from club coffers), and took 16 years from conception to fruition (VMSC is only 9 years older), but from its razzle-dazzle maze at Bryan Park to its link up with Powwhite at Cary Street, I-195 is VMSC's dream come true.



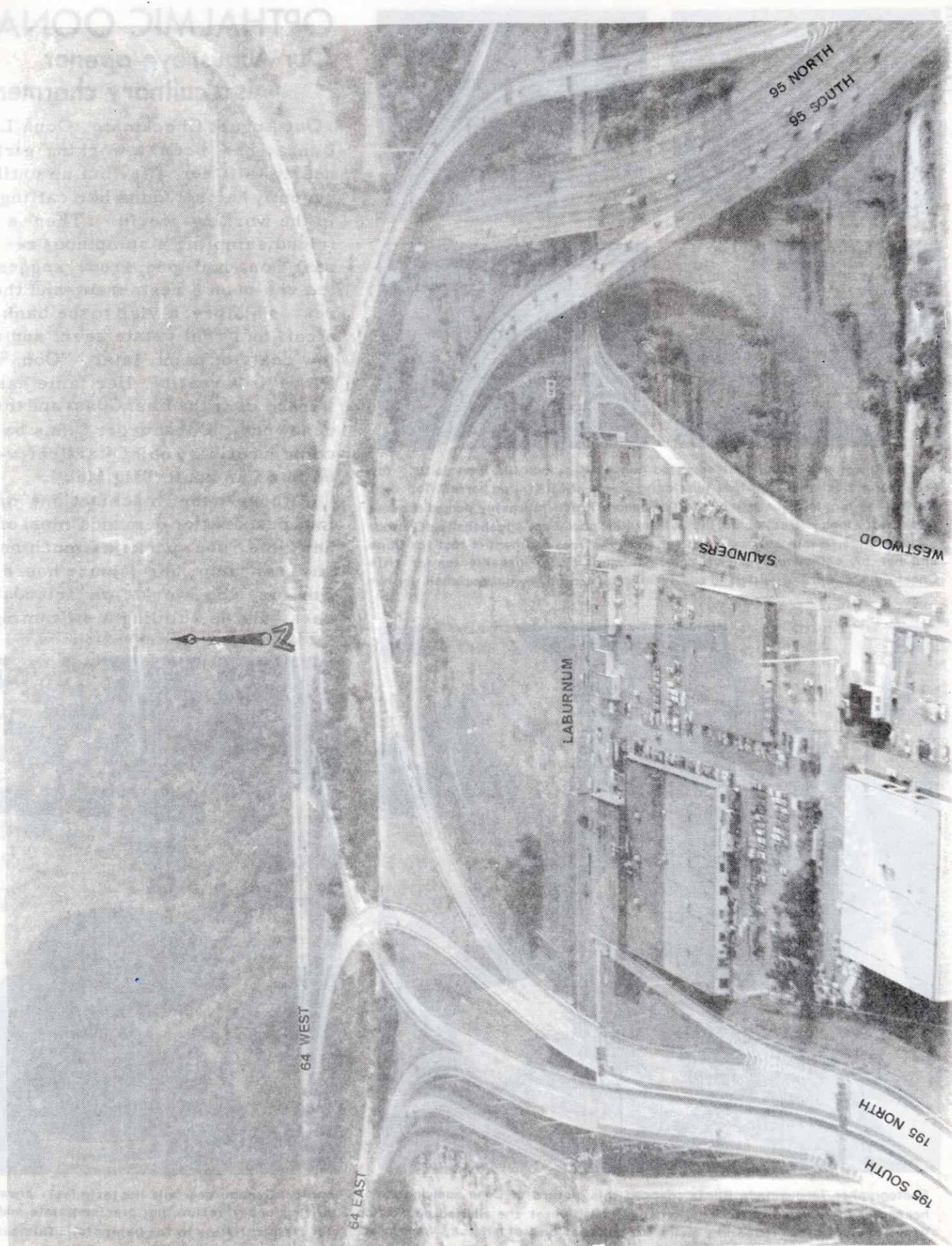
From north of town, you can get on the Beltway south from any direction of I-64 or I-95, Laburnum Avenue, Cutshaw Avenue, Monument Avenue, Cary Street and Douglasdale Road. Exits are provided southbound at Hamilton Street north of Broad, Cary and Douglasdale (for a 10¢ toll). Northbound you can get on I-195 at McCloy Street (alias Douglasdale, for another dime), Thompson Street between Monument and Patterson and at Hamilton Street. Exits for northbound traffic are provided at McCloy, Cary (eastbound only), Floyd, Hanover, Clay Street, Laburnum and any direction imaginable on I-64 or I-95 (hence, the mass of lines at the top of the map at the left: "... Oh, what a tangled web, etc., etc.) The Douglasdale exit-McCloy entrance is actually part of the RMA's Powwhite and, thus, cost 10¢. Also, if you get on I-195 from I-95 South or onto I-95 North from I-195, you have to contribute a dime to the Richmond-Petersburg Turnpike Authority, a paltry sum for the convenience.

You will probably have to traverse the Beltway several times before you become oriented: things just happen too fast. The usual stop-and-go, light-to-light, across-the-James jaunt is so familiar to club members that you will be incredulous the first few trips. You will be amazed how close Broad Street is to the James River. The half of Us who lives in the boonies at Laurel made it to the entrance of St. John's Wood at Jahnke in 17 minutes, spending a mere 30¢ and encountering one stoplight at Parham Road and U. S. Route 1 (red, at that!).

I-195 means quicker trips to club meetings and rallye starting points and, considering the diversity of location of its members, it's like it was built for VMSC. [ ]



Photo by Tim Timberlake





The leisure hours of Our multitasking August Miss look like work to us. Top left: Oona electrifies ten-foot hurricane fence she installed herself. Top right: No job too big, Miss LaBonza applies broom finish to freshly poured sidewalk. Above left: Oona extracts chlorine for her new pool from eggshells and Oonaburger drippings. "Waste not, want not," she says. A rare moment of rest for Oona and her toy chihuahua, Farfel, above right. Most of her sizeable fee for this Checkpoints spread will go to pay for a long overdue thyroid operation for him.

# OPHTHALMIC OONA

Our August eye-opener is a culinary charmer.

Our August Checkmate, Oona LaBonza, has been a working girl nearly all her life, but up until recently had not found her calling in the working world. Then a friend, sampling a sumptuous repast Oona had prepared, suggested she open a restaurant and the rest is history: a visit to the bank, a call to a real estate agent and a few coats of paint later, "Oona's Place" is a reality. Her fame has spread over the East Coast and the renowned "Oonaburger" has become a culinary objet d'art referred to as an adult "Big Mac".

Although the machinations of food preparation demands most of her time, she packs as much as she can into her leisure hours. For fun, she works on friends' cars, and is building a swimming



Photographer Torquemada Blintz snapped this picture of Oona applying one of her secret ingredients to an Oonaburger. Although upset, she allowed publication of the photo, saying "That's like giving ice cubes as part of a Harvey Wailbanger."



Another Oonaburger fails the taste test. Always striving for perfection, her precise palate makes for frequent trips to the Dempster Dumpster.

# CHECKPOINTS WINE AND CHEESE PARTY JOKES

It was the cocktail hour at the swank lounge. A curvaceous blonde walked over to a real estate agent seated at the bar and, rubbing her ample form against his left arm, said, "I bet you I can make you say an indian word," to which the agent replied, "How?"

Our Una'crossed Dictionary defines checkpoint as a place where surface traffic is stopped for inspection.



The office swinger showed up at work fully an hour late and looking as if he had been run over by a steam roller.

"Alright, Jenkins, what's the excuse this time?" the boss demanded.

"I was run over by a steam roller," Jenkins retorted.

Our Una'crossed Dictionary defines anaplasia as a reversion of cells to a more primitive or less differentiated form.

Our Una'crossed Dictionary defines a creep as as obnoxious or insignificant person.



A male acquaintance of ours tells of a recent visit he made with a lush young thing to the Shockoe Slip's cocktail district. Spying a particularly lush establishment, they stealthily slid up to the oak and glass entrance.

"Knock, knock," he offered, not a little anxiously.

"Who's there?" countered a voice from within, soft and sensual.

"Wilt and Barbara," he retorted.

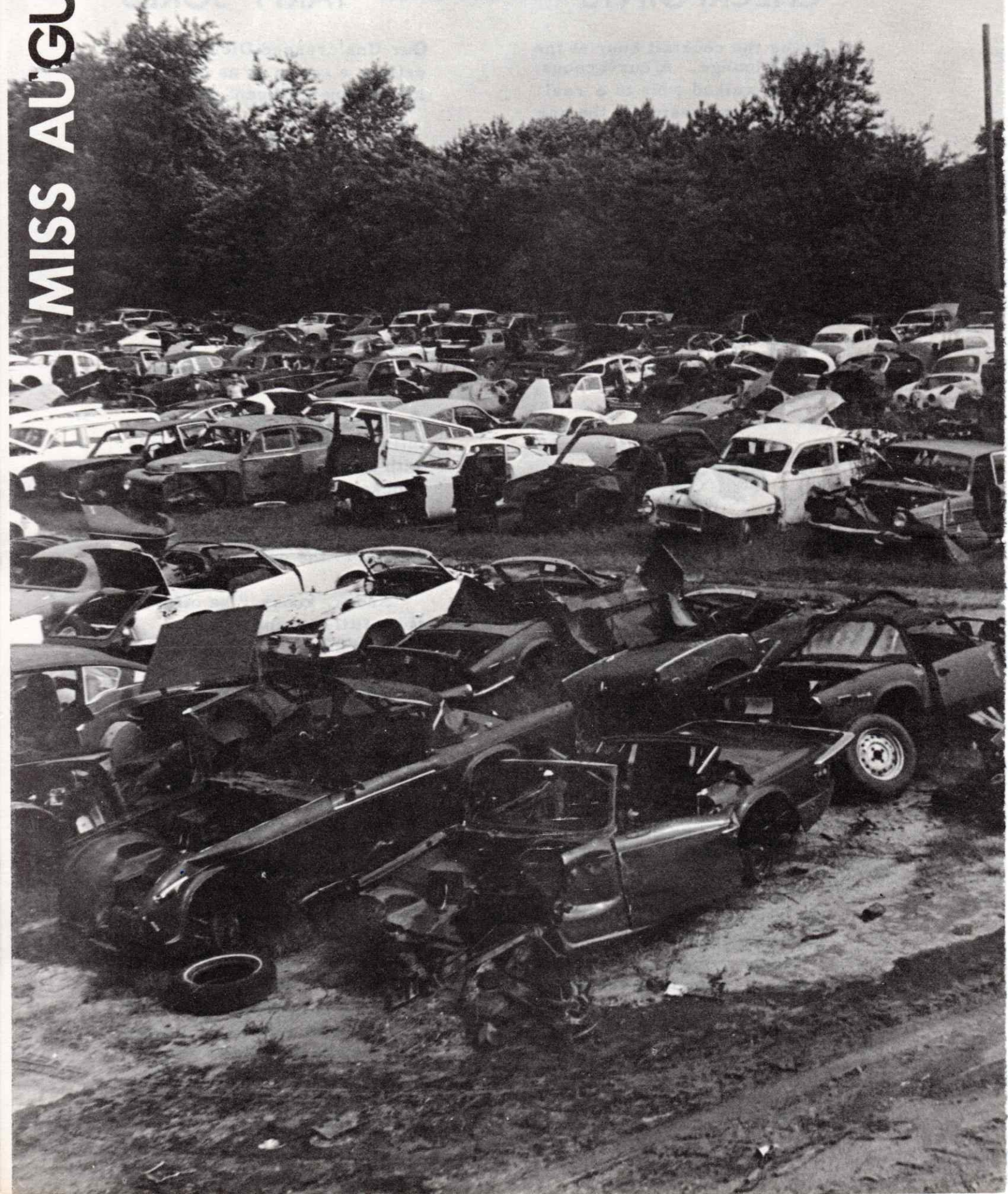
"Wilt and Barbara who?" mused the shrouded nymphet from within.

"Wilt and Barbara Greenwood," replied our witty comrade.

Heard a good one lately? We obviously haven't or we wouldn't have printed this trash. If you would like to see one of your favorites reprinted here, send it along with a check or money order made payable to Jones-East, a Limited Partnership for \$50. See you in the funny papers. ☑

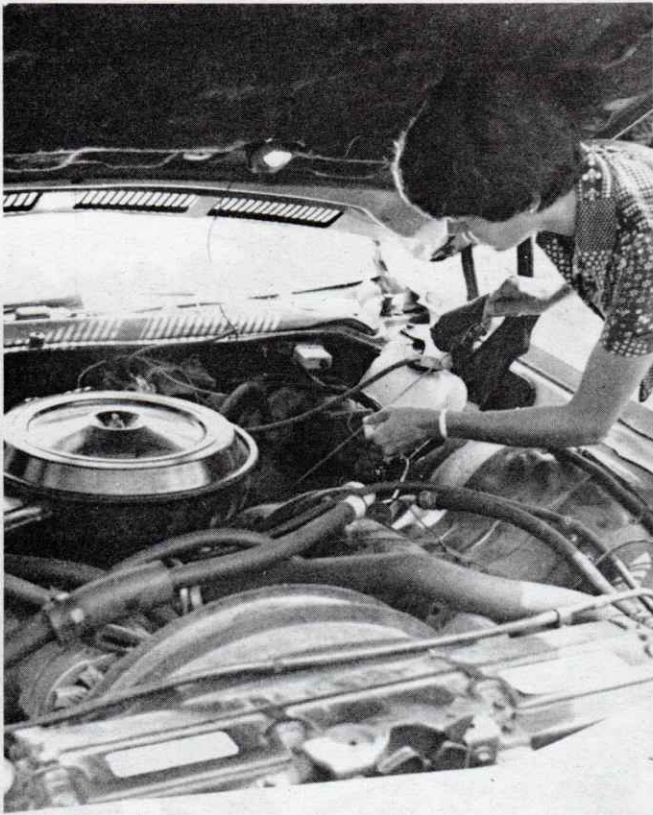
# MISS AUGUST

CHECKPOINTS' CHECKMATE OF THE MONTH










Machinery is no stranger to Our gate-fold, either; she often works on friends' cars, and is shown here extracting a siezed piston from a neighbor's Volvo.



Our proclitic, appealing pretty prepares to pour part of the pad around her profuse pool. Plentiful precipitation prevented its completion.

pool in back of her spacious Winterpock home. "The hurrier I go the behinder I get," said Oona; the recent rains have not helped either her business or her construction program, and the three day photography session at the Checkpoints mansion in Laurel was "a long overdue Vacation."

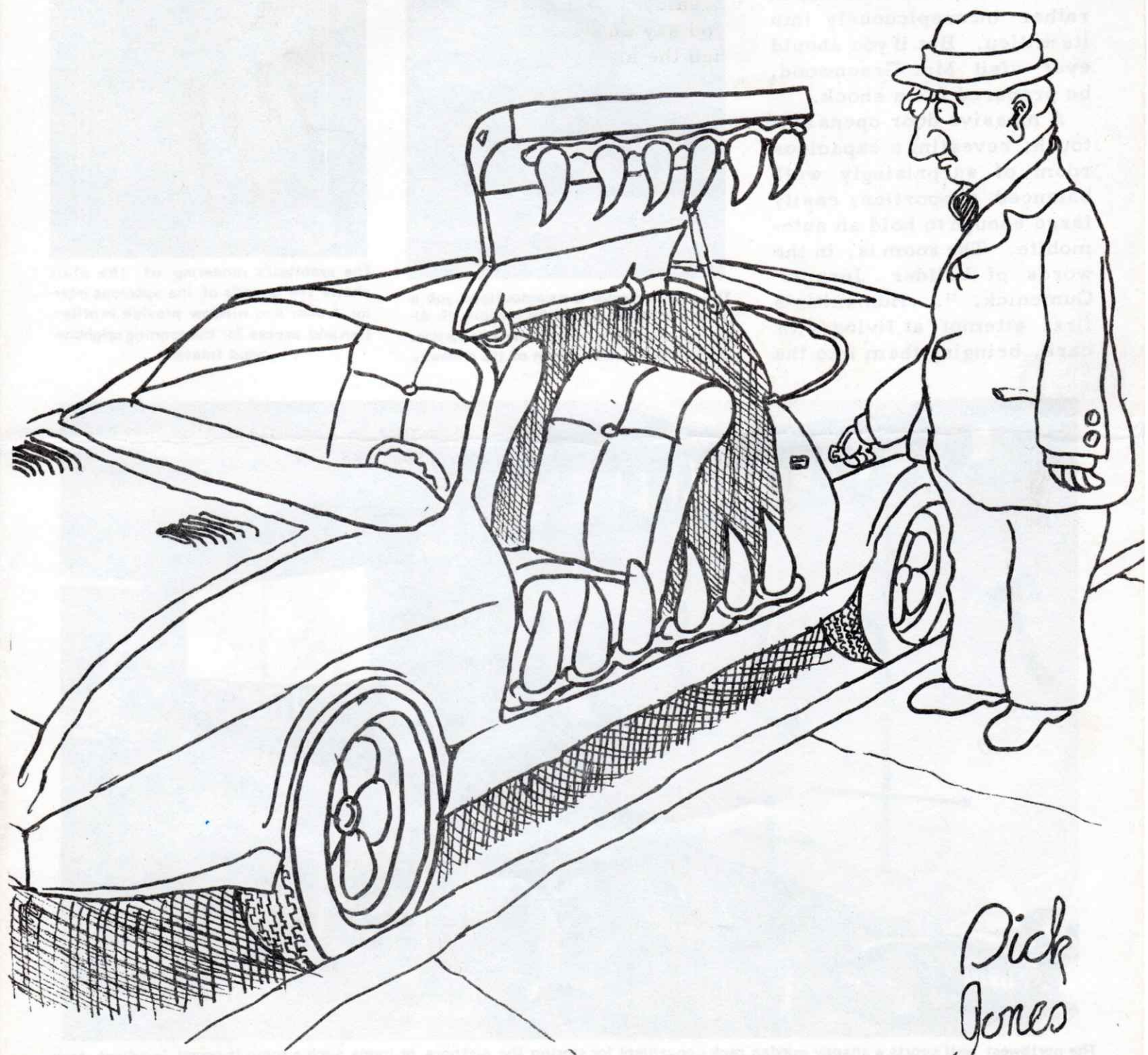
Her plans for the future include a chain of "Oona's Place's" with forty- seven new restaurants opening next month. The recent articles in Checkpoints seemed to have helped, drawing in backers for the chain, reportedly including Ray Krock, owner of MacDonaId's. "What he really wants is to cut in on the competition, but as long as he's got the coins, I don't mind going along for the ride." Judging from Our centerfold, We certainly can't argue with that. 



A deject Oona mourns loss of her diving board to a band of black market pool suppliers that have been terrorizing the neighborhood.

THE ULTIMATE AUTOMOTIVE ACCESSORY

A CHECKPOINTS TAB  
Some of Mr. Greenwood's  
suggestions are going to be  
satisfied when they read  
this. You see, the editor  
of Mr. Greenwood's paper is  
not all that spectacular. As  
a matter of fact, it is  
rather ordinary. The  
editor is a man of  
average ability. He  
is not a genius. He  
is not a great  
thinker. He is  
not a great  
writer. He is  
not a great  
speaker. He is  
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leader. He is  
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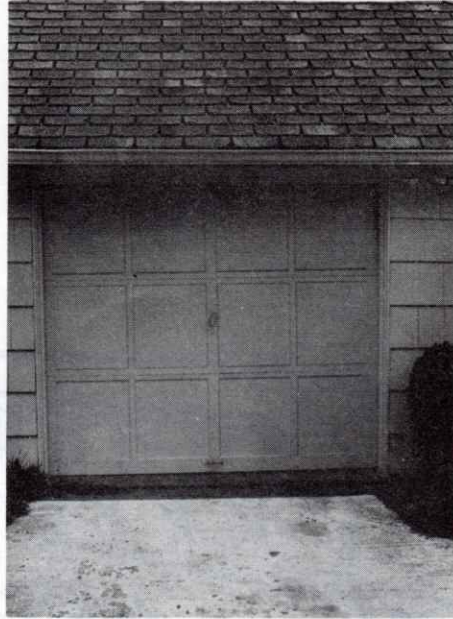
Dick Jones

The author of this story wishes to thank the publisher for giving the picture the same treatment as the story. The author is a man of average ability. He is not a genius. He is not a great thinker. He is not a great writer. He is not a great speaker. He is not a great leader. He is not a great man. He is not a great person. He is not a great being. He is not a great thing. He is not a great idea. He is not a great word. He is not a great deed. He is not a great virtue. He is not a great vice. He is not a great sin. He is not a great crime. He is not a great punishment. He is not a great reward. He is not a great punishment. He is not a great reward.

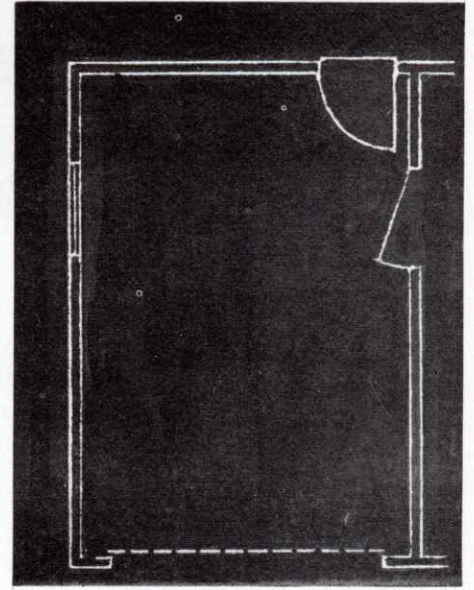
# A CHECKPOINTS PAD: THE ULTIMATE AUTOMOTIVE ACCESSORY

Some of Wilt Greenwood's neighbors are going to be surprised when they read this. You see, the exterior of Mr. Greenwood's home is not all that spectacular. As a matter of fact, it blends in rather inconspicuously into its milieu. But if you should ever visit Mr. Greenwood, be prepared for a shock.

A massive door opens at a touch, revealing a capacious room of surprisingly well balanced proportion, easily large enough to hold an automobile. The room is, in the words of builder Jerome Gumenick, "...Humanitie's first attempt at living with cars, bringing them into the



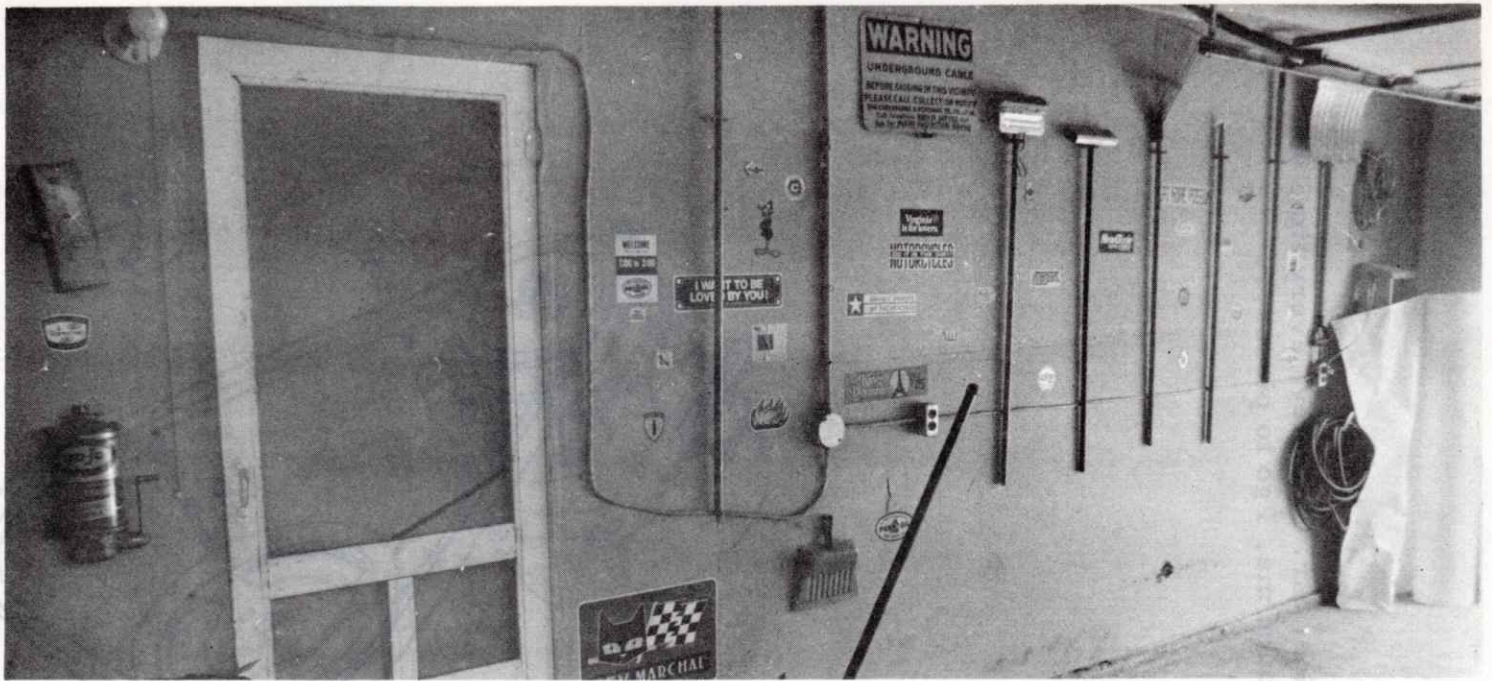
The plain exterior is a camouflage job a guerrilla fighter would be envious of. Although stark, the large panels of the door seem to be a continuation of the driveway.



The architect's rendering of the plan shows the bounds of the spacious interior. A door and window provide ventilation and access for burgeoning neighborhood thieves.

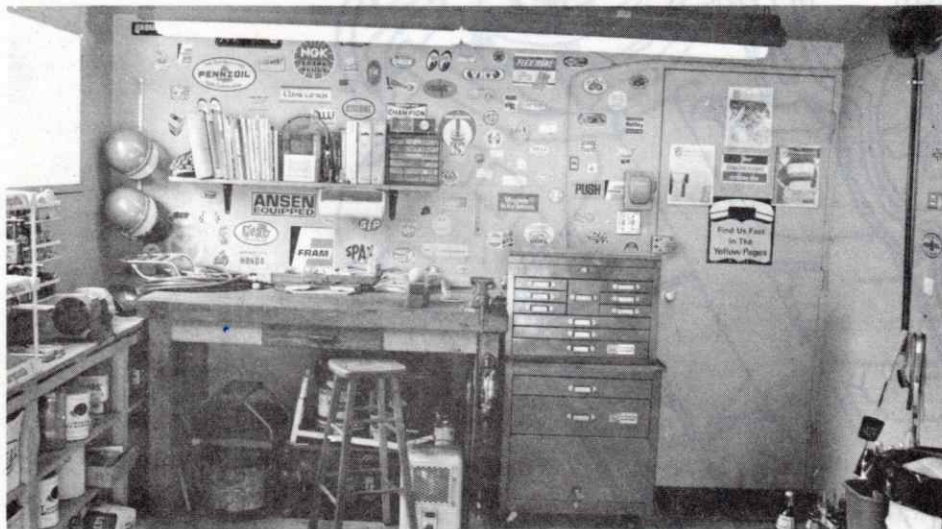
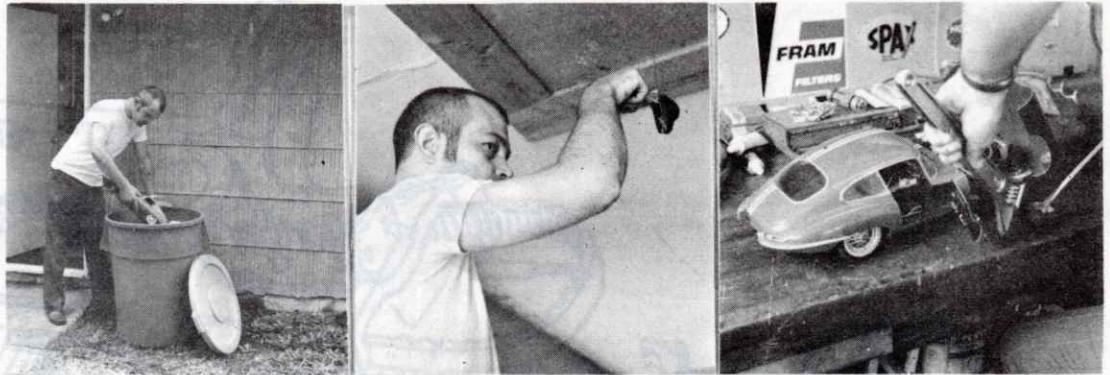


The northwest wall sports a snappy wooden rack convenient for storing the plethora of items such a room is bound to collect. Andy Warhol pop sculpture hangs center right and provides a splash of color to the purposely bleak surroundings. Says Greenwood "No benefit is derived from decor competing with objets d'art."



The southeast wall is replete with a collection of antique automotive tools from the turn of the century. The closeable access panel permits entrance and egress to the family quarters. Screened door discourages insects but allows fumes to enter the living area for those monoxide-snorting parties Greenwood frequently throws.

Rear of garage (right) shows large plastic yard decoration with purpose: weighted down with waste material, it serves to attract flies from indoors. Another prize possession (center right) is antique invention by Tom Edison which adorns ceiling. Greenwood frequently works on friends cars (far right) and is shown here extracting a seized piston from a neighbor's Volvo.

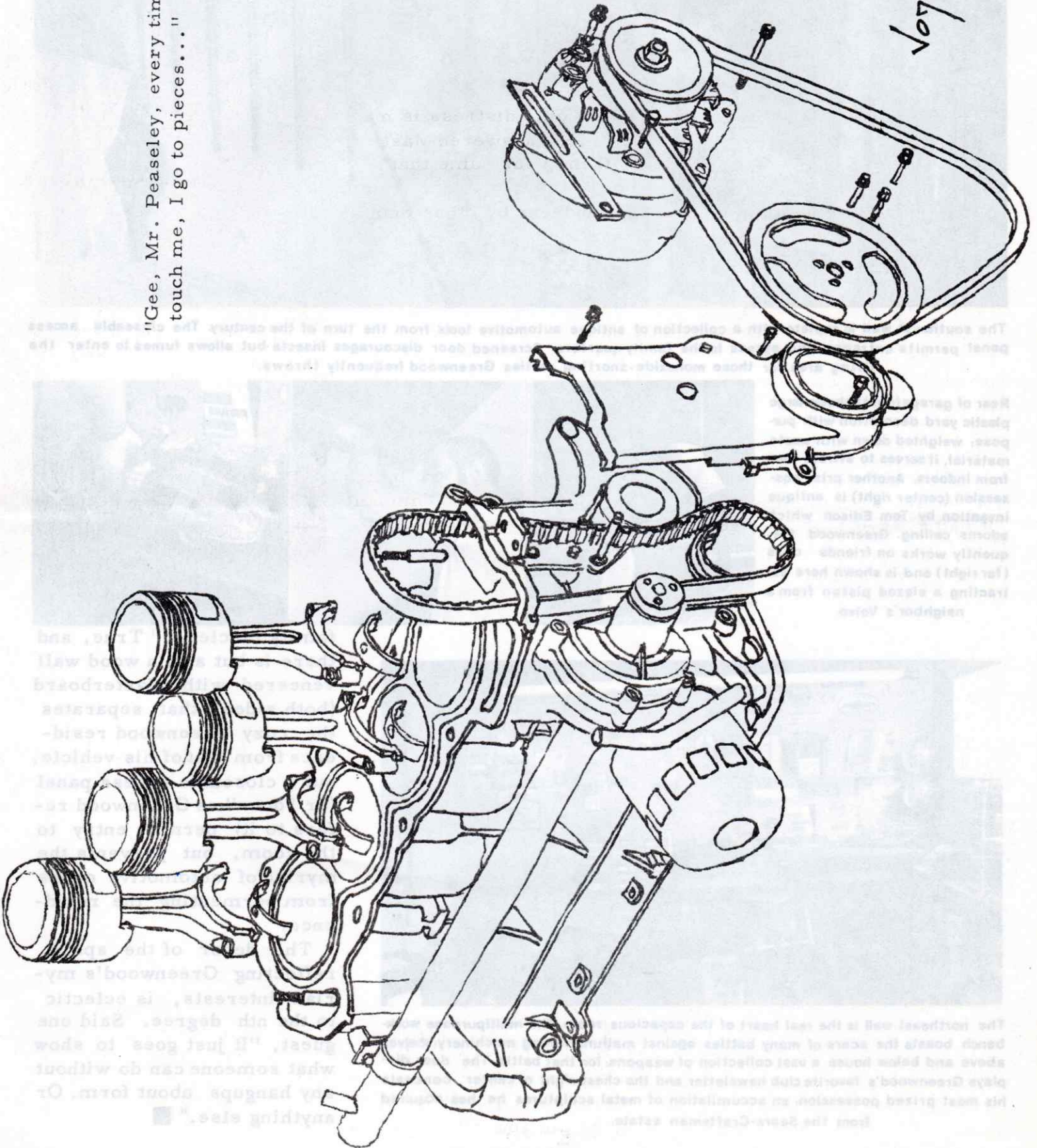


The northeast wall is the real heart of the capacious room. The multipurpose workbench boasts the scars of many battles against malfunctioning machinery; shelves above and below house a vast collection of weapons for that battle. The door displays Greenwood's favorite club newsletter and the chest right of center conceals his most prized possession: an accumulation of metal sculptures he has acquired from the Sears-Craftsman estate.

family circle..." True, and there is but a thin wood wall veneered with plasterboard (both sides) that separates the cozy Greenwood residence from that of his vehicle, but a closeable access panel (or "door" as Greenwood refers to it) permits entry to the room, but prevents the myriad of automotive odors from permeating the residence.

The decor of the space, reflecting Greenwood's myriad interests, is eclectic to the nth degree. Said one guest, "It just goes to show what someone can do without any hangups about form. Or anything else." ✓

"Gee, Mr. Peaseley, every time you touch me, I go to pieces..."



Voices

It was a warm spring day as Mastief stepped from his cottage to sweep the night's droppings from his porch.

"Damned buzzards", he was heard to mumble as he surveyed the treetops of the surrounding forest. Such was Mastief's life since leaving the great city of Stamboul to live a recluse: the clamor of the city and its dishonesty became too much for him to bear and, following the burglary which left him with only his marvelous 'tool', he opted for the seclusion of the deep woods. His guttural curses at the vultures were the only words he had spoken to a living being in three years.

"This sucks", Mastief said of his situation to himself. It had been years since he had used his 'tool' for anything except occasional relief of the bloated loneliness he felt. In the city, he used to peddle the 'use' of his 'instrument' to women of note and stature with beautiful 'carriages' that suffered the disuse of husbands too busy with matters of gold and trade to think there were things their wives needed other than wealth.

A flapping of huge wings roused Mastief from his remembrances along with a strange rustling sound near his hut. He flung open the oaken door and stepped ankle deep in guano. As he looked up to curse the vacant sky and the foul beasts it bore, he saw a beautiful maiden rush into the clearing, her golden tresses flowing behind her, her great, round, beautiful bazoombas bouncing lustfully

before.

"I saw the vultures and thought perhaps someone might be in distress," she called from the edge of the clearing.

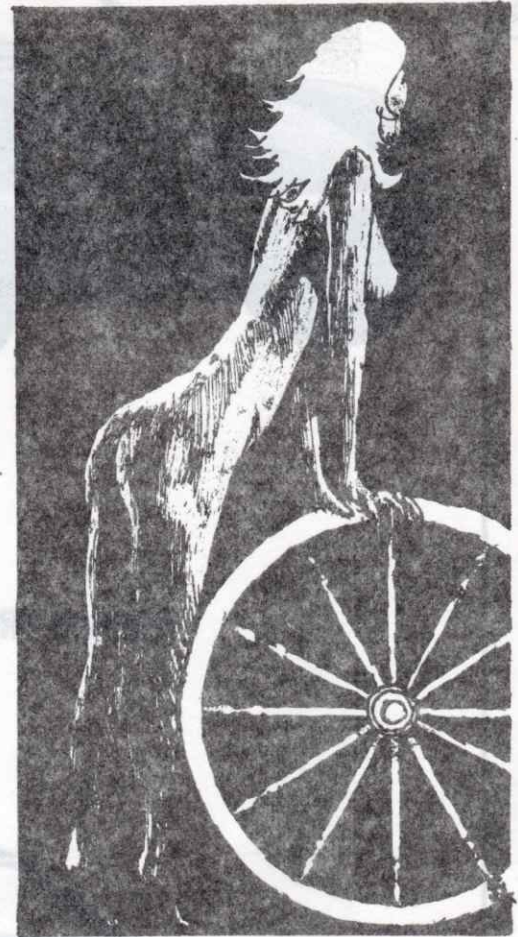
"The only distress is my solitude," answered Mastief. "Tell me your name that I might remember your beauty and kindness by other than a face."

"Lela," she answered, moving closer to his humble cottage. "How long have you lived here?"

In the ensuing conversation Mastief explained his situation and occupation, all the while seeing her beautiful eyes widen and her gargantuan wazoos heave excitedly. "For the moment of companionship you have brought me," he concluded, "I will be forever in your debt."

A gleam came to Lela's deep blue eyes and a smile parted her luscious lips. "Perhaps there is a way, Mastief, for you to repay this debt you insist you owe. At my birth, my parents presented me with a 'carriage' which has grown more beautiful as I have matured, but it has yet to be used and I am afraid that the door is rusted shut. Several of the village boys have tried and failed but none had the wisdom of your years nor did they possess your marvelous 'tool'. Perhaps you could..."

"Say no more, Lela," replied Mastief, raising his hand and jumping to his dung-soaked feet. "I shall be honored to aid you with your 'carriage'. Even now my wonder-



ful 'instrument' glows warm with anticipation of once again being used for its original purpose."

Lela gave him directions to her home and left to prepare her 'carriage' for the arrival of Mastief and his marvelous 'tool'. He was to wait in the woods until he saw Lela enter the barn after dark.

"Hot damn," Mastief thought to himself.

Night fell and the cool dampness of the nearby bog crept through the woods where Mastief crouched. He heard the rustle of Lela's petticoats along the ground, the rattle of the latch and the creak of the hinge as she entered the barn.

(continued on page 28)



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(as of August 10, 1975)

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F. DeBardeleben 7700	F. DeBardeleben 5300	T. Blot 5100	J. Muller 3000
M. DeBardeleben 7050	M. DeBardeleben 5300	L. Wells 4500	B. Peaseley 3000
L. Parsley 6850	C. Hoelzel 5200	E. East 4400	R. Vawter 2600
T. Blot 6400	B. Britton 5100	L. Wilson 4000	L. Wells 2600
L. Wells 6050	L. Parsley 4700	P. Wilson 4000	J. Bergeron 2500
P. Wilson 5900	C. Hoelzel 4200	J. DeBardeleben 3600	F. DeBardeleben 2500
B. Castleberry 5650	B. Castleberry 4100	R. DeBardeleben 3600	B. Hunter 2500
C. Hoelzel 5650	M. Castleberry 2500	J. East 3500	L. Parsley 2500
M. Castleberry 5350	B. Enos 2400	G. Paterson 3200	P. Wilson 2400
B. Hunter 5300	B. Whitehead 2200	R. Vawter 3000	J. Rowe 2200
B. Peaseley 5200	B. Greenwood 2100	J. Rowe 2950	S. McCarthy 2100
R. Vawter 4800	B. Greenwood 2100	J. Rowe 2850	T. Blot 2000
B. Enos 4750	D. Jones 2000	B. Hunter 2650	B. Enos 2000
J. Muller 4700	J. McGowan 2000	S. Hunter 2650	M. Castleberry 1900
J. Rowe 4700	T. Blot 1800	L. Akbay 2600	M. DeBardeleben 1900
L. Wilson 4650	B. Peaseley 1800	E. Hamilton 2600	B. Whitehead 1900
B. Whitehead 4550	J. East 1600	B. Phillips 2600	J. DeBardeleben 1800
B. Britton 4450	B. Hunter 1600	B. Whitehead 2500	B. Glotfelty 1700
S. Hunter 4400	S. Hunter 1600	B. Enos 2400	B. Munnelly 1700
J. East 4150	B. Johnson 1600	J. McGowan 2100	G. Paterson 1700
J. DeBardeleben 4100	P. Jones 1600	B. Peaseley 2100	B. Castleberry 1600
G. Paterson 4050	J. Muller 1400	S. Powell 2000	S. Hunter 1600
J. Rowe 3950	S. Phillips 1400	A. Wingo 1950	J. Klingman 1600
J. McGowan 3800	C. Blot 1350	D. Wingo 1950	D. Bird 1500
R. DeBardeleben 3500			P. Jones 1500
			J. McGowan 1400
			J. Rowe 1400
			D. Wingo 1300



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Finish: Yeocomico Campgrounds. Kinsale, Va.

TIME: Registration and tech open at 9:30am. FCO 10:31

COST: \$5.00 per car

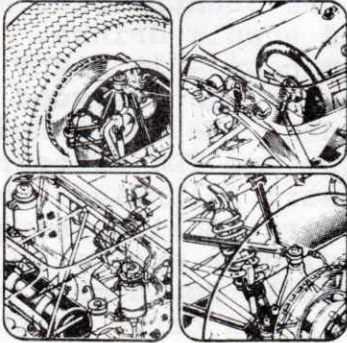
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Checkpoints

**mastief's 'tool'** (continued from page 23)

Hurriedly, he scrambled to his feet and rushed to the barn door. Inside midst the odor of the hay he found Lela and her marvelous 'carriage' before him.

"Quickly, Mastief," she urged, "or I shall die of anticipation."

"Such a beautiful 'carriage'," Mastief whispered in awe to the beautiful Lela, as she stood before him in all her splendor. "Never before have I..."

"Cut the crap, clown," she said, pulling him toward her 'carriage.'

Mastief worked his huge instrument from his garments and approached the threshold to Lela's wonderful 'carriage.'

"Now, Mastief, now."

Mastief strained at the stubborn door.

"Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mpf," he grunted.

"Ooooooooh," moaned Lela.

"Mmmmmmmmpf," he groaned.

"Aaaaaah," she moaned.

Suddenly the door gave way to Mastief's might. "Aaa-aaa-oooh," he moaned.

"Mmmm-mmm-mmm," she purred.

"Naugahyde seats!" Mastief cried.

"Shag carpet!" Lela squealed. "Want a ride?"

"Sure!"--as if told by Wilt Greenwood

**McCLINTIC** (Continued from page 8)

Checkpoints: You said earlier that the dealers organized most of the early events. Would you say that the club was originally a creature of the dealers?

McClintic: Well, the dealers got it going. They had the courage to sell the cars in the first place, and to help create a demand, they organized events. When you went to an event, you took someone who probably didn't have a sports car, you see. The original meeting, as you know from your club history, was in Harper's showroom in Charlottesville. The club was originally centered in Charlottesville, and was for the whole state. People had to come from the whole state in order to have enough for a rally. I represented Farmville. And when we had a rally, people would come from Norfolk, Washington, Roanoke,

Warrenton, Charlottesville, wherever. And we had all kinds of cars. We had a guy there once with a Mercedes 540S - in a rally. And there was a guy there with a Volkswagen - this was 1954 or earlier, maybe. We had a J-2 MG and of course, there were quite a few Jags around. They were 120s. And lots of TCs and TDs because they were the things people could afford. And rallies would end up at the Country Club and the dealers would supply drinks. We had our first gymkhana - it might have been the first ever - at Bellwood and I still have slides. We had a Hudson Hornet and the TCs and TDs of course and we had an Austin Atlantic. The Atlantic was a wierd looking thing, it had a big 4-cylinder engine in it. And Healey thought it would make a good base for a sports car. So they took the engine out of that and put it into a car called the Healey 100 and Austin thought it was a good idea and they called it the Austin Healey 100 and off it went. I had the second one in Virginia. A rich man got the first one, but I had the second one and it was quite a thing in its day.

Checkpoints: How many people would you guess were active in the club during the early days?

McClintic: I guess as many as twenty or thirty. But they were pretty dispersed people. The original president of the club was Mark Congdon, as you know. After Mark left, the club moved to Warrenton. There were some people there who decided that they were going into the foreign car business. They felt that they could support such a business in Warrenton, but it didn't work. There was a lot of money up in the horse country, but somehow imported cars didn't seem to mix too well with the horses and the dealership closed and the club fell apart and nearly died. It was resurrected in Richmond, and that was about the time that I got out of it.

Checkpoints: Talk to us some about rallying then and now.

McClintic: Well, the first time I went to a rally in Warrenton, I didn't know what it was. We went up there and spent a lot of time looking at all

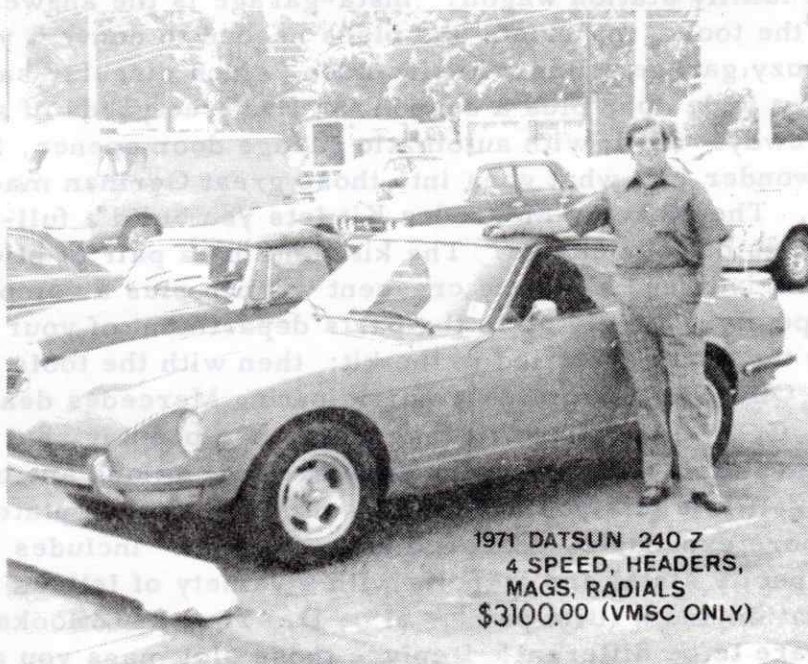
(Concluded on page 33)



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# A V. OF VIEW

by Stan Wantland

Last week we left the end of the odo leg on our mini-school rallye and began running the route. All through these articles we have stressed that the most important things are knowing the rules and staying on course.

After teaching in the Baltimore and Washington area schools, I have discovered two interesting and important points. The first is that novices have a great misconception about rallye rules. They tend to believe that the local rules are going to tell them how to stay on course. This is almost always untrue. Normally, the rules in any area are a series of general guidelines and definitions. If you know the rules, you have the ability to read and comprehend the route instructions. You will understand exactly what the rallyemaster means when he uses terms like Right, Left, Pause, Stop, Pickup, CAS, etc. You will know whether or not private roads, utility pole numbers, mail boxes, dead-end roads, etc. can or can't be used in your area. You will know local check-point procedures and penalty systems, what to do if you enter a control from the wrong direction, how emergency speeds are handled, etc. But they don't tell you how to follow the course on any specific rallye.

The route you take out of any given intersection (that is, how you follow and stay on the course) depends on the course following priorities given in the general instructions of the event. This brings me to the second point I learned during the recent rallye schools. I found that the concept of course following priorities causes novices more confusion than any single point in rallying. So to help you stay on course, we'll attempt a simple explanation of the concept. Let's suppose that today's generals list the following rules in priority order:

1. Avoid roads marked "DEAD END". Decrease speed by 5 mph when you use this priority.
2. Execute the next instruction as long as it doesn't take you in the same direction as priority 3.
3. Follow the road you are on.
4. Go as straight as possible.

This means that, at every intersection, you should examine this list (starting at the top) to determine which direction you should go. You should ask, "Can I do no. 1?" If the answer is yes, you do it. If no, go on to no. 3, etc.

Suppose you are coming to a T intersection, the road to the right is marked "DEAD END," the next instruction (number 20) says turn left at T, and the named road you are following also turns left. You reach the T and will obviously turn left. The question is why? Under a priority system you should first ask, "Can I turn here to avoid a 'DEAD END'?" Since the answer is yes, you do it! The fact that other lower priorities may also fit at this intersection, doesn't matter. Your action is dictated by priority no. 1.

Now let's change the situation slightly. Assume the road to the right is marked "NO THRU STREET." Now when you

ask question 1, the answer is no because the sign is wrong. So you ask question no. 2 - "Can I execute the next instruction here?" Again, the answer is no. Even though the instruction says Left at T, the priority doesn't fit because it also says "unless priority 3 would take you in the same direction." Since the road you are following also goes left, priority 3 would take you that way. So priority 1 doesn't fit and neither does priority 2. So you ask question 3—"Can I follow my road?" The answer is yes. So you turn left because of priority 3.

Now do you see what would happen if you screwed up your priorities? If you didn't notice that the dead end sign was wrong, you would have incorrectly used priority 1. You would be going in the correct direction correctly looking for instruction 20. But, because of the automatic speed change associated with priority 1, you would be going at the wrong speed. If you realized that priority 1 didn't fit, but you incorrectly used priority 2 (executed instruction 20), you would be doing down the correct road at the correct speed looking for instruction 21 instead of 20. You have first fallen into a planned failsafe and you are about to pay through the nose! Only if you correctly used priority 3 are you on the right road, going at the right speed looking for the right instruction.

Well, that's it, the simplest explanation of the concept of course following priorities that I could come up with.

After our mini-school lesson on course following priorities last time, we're ready to take a look at another concept that causes confusion. This week it's "overlap."

Simply stated, "overlap" is the thing that controls when you can begin trying to execute an instruction. Most novices simply assume that you just finish one instruction and begin working on the next. But this is often not the case. There are many possible ways a rallyemaster can do it. At one end of the scale is this system—you must totally complete one instruction before you can begin the next (that is, there is no overlap at all). As an example, consider these instructions:

20. Right onto Fenster Rd and look out for radar traps for the next mile.
21. Left at a red barn.

In this case you would have to execute the turn NAD run out the entire mile before you could begin working on 21. Even if there was an instruction and a barn immediately after you turned onto Fenster, you couldn't use it because you haven't finished 20 yet.

At the other end of the scale is the system which says—as soon as you have BEGUN one instruction, you may begin the next. In this case, as soon as you turned onto Fenster you have begun 20. You can, therefore, immediately begin looking for the barn in 21. There are obviously significant differences between these two possible approaches and those differences will get you in trouble if you don't realize it.

To make it worse, there are all kinds of variations in between the two extremes given. For example, one commonly used

technique is—there is no overlap unless the specific instruction says otherwise. This gives the rallyemaster the opportunity to do anything that's convenient.

How do you find out about the overlap system on today's rallye? That varies from area to area. For example, in Baltimore the overlap game must be fully explained in the generals. In Washington, it is partially covered in the rallye rules and partially in the generals. The Washington rules state that free zones are automatically always allowed to overlap. But everything else is explained in the generals. So is D.C., if the generals say there is no overlap, that really means there is no overlap EXCEPT for free zones. Which leads us to the answer to our question. The only way to find out about the overlap on today's event is to read BOTH the rules and the generals. And now that you understand the concept of overlap, that reading will give you all of the information you need.

You're supposed to be following the road you're on. So you're screaming along and come to a Y where Rte 646 goes to the left and 648 goes to the right and you can't remember which one you've been on. Or you have just executed instruction 20 and suddenly realize that you forgot to execute the speed change with instruction 18 (or you changed to the wrong speed). So you want to fudge in adjustment, but you don't know how far you've gone at the wrong speed. Or instruction 40 says to turn left 2.4 miles after instruction 37, and you have no idea what your mileage was at number 37. Or you find that you're lost and make a U turn and start back. But you don't know the road names going back, or the mileages or how many automatics you made going out and all those intersections look totally different when you approach them from this direction. Well, as our rallye school continues, we'll discuss one possible method of avoiding such problems.

When we run, I keep log sheets as we go. The objective of these sheets is so that I will always know what instruction we're looking for, what road we're on, what speed we're going and what our mileage situation is. In short, it shows our current and past status at all points on the route. I have drawn up a simple, five column form and Xeroxed copies of it ahead of time. The first column is for the instruction number, the second is titled mileage, third is for speed, fourth is for road identification and the last is for remarks.

Every time we execute an instruction or perform an automatic action, I try to record it on the log. When we execute an instruction, it's Shirley's job to get the road name while I grab an odo reading and execute the speed change (if there is one). I write down the odo reading, the new speed and the instruction number. If it was an automatic (such as avoiding a dead end road or an automatic speed change when we hit dirt), I will put something like "LTA" (left to avoid) or "dirt" in the instruction number column. Then Shirley gives me the road name or number and I put it down. The remarks column sometimes gets useful stuff like

"MM plus .01" (meaning my mileage was one hundredth off of the given margin mileage) or whether I entered a pause or gain. This may sound like a lot to write down, but it really isn't. It only takes one rallye to get used to the form and to develop your own shorthand style. And it only takes about three seconds to do all of the writing.

And when we hit a control, the checkpoint number goes in the instruction column, my out mileage and starting speed go in the remarks column. This gives us a complete picture of our status when we leave the control and start the next leg.

Maybe there are navigators out there who never make a mistake. Maybe they never forget to execute a speed change or never change to the wrong speed. I figure I have at least average ability and do it at least once per rallye. I did it when I ran with a Curta and I still do it now when I run with a Zeron. But the important thing is that I can recover. And because I have my log sheets, I don't have to guess how much to adjust or throw in a fudge factor. I can accurately correct my error because I have a mileage to all instructions and speed changes. In fact,

one time I managed to pull a super stupid and turned off the computer while sitting at a pit stop. Using my log sheets, I was able to reconstruct the entire leg and was still able to leave on time and ace the next control. If I hadn't had my log I would have had no idea when to leave and would have maxed the checkpoint.

When we're trying to follow a road, I know what road we're on because I have it written down. When instruction 40 says turn 3 miles after instruction 36 we're not in a bind because I can look at the log sheet and see what the mileage was at number 36. And when we go off course and have to backtrack, we can do it because I know the names of the roads we came out on and what the mileages were at all of the turns. And finally, when the rallye is over, I can take the route instructions and put mileages, road names, checkpoint locations and information and trap situations on them and have a complete picture of the rallye for the file that we keep.

I have discussed the use of log sheets with a number of people. Some use them all of the time and wouldn't think of running without them. Other people can't see any need for them. But unless you're

one of the people who never makes mistakes or overlooks anything, I'd advise you to try them several times. The odds are pretty good that you'll be hooked on them from then on.

There are two areas that we haven't discussed in our school series—the checkpoints and the end of the rallye. It would seem logical to discuss checkpoints first and leave coverage of the finish for the end of the series. But I'm going to do them in reverse order because when I started to do the checkpoints article I found that it could easily become a series of its own. So this week we'll look at the finish of the rallye and in a few weeks, we'll begin a checkpoint series.

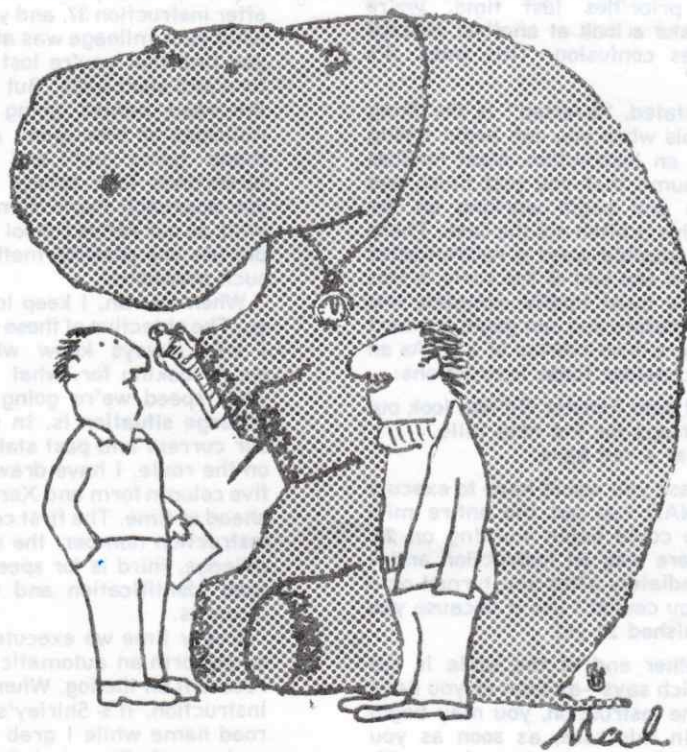
I believe that novices tend to make two errors at the end of an event. First, they miss the opportunity to learn anything. And second, they often cause scoring headaches by doing a poor job of filling out their score sheets.

Both problems must be blamed on both the novices and the old timers present. The novice often doesn't know anyone, so he ends up sitting in the corner, having a beer and then going home. And the old timers often make little or no effort to meet them, help them or pull them into the group. This means that your club is missing a golden opportunity to further the newcomers' interest in the sport or to recruit new members. And for the novice it means that he will get no help in understanding what happened to him all day long.

The rookie knows that he spent much time being lost. He knows that he was trapped pretty often, but he still doesn't really understand the trap. And finally, he knows that things won't be any better next time because, unless somebody explains some things to him, he'll never get any better. So we have some advice for rookies. Spot someone who looks like they understand what went on and ask them to explain what went on. And we also have some advice for the experienced troops. Spot someone who looks confused and try to un-confuse them.

This same advice will also take care of the score sheet problem. When I am rallyemaster, I always stand up at the end and make an announcement concerning score sheets. I ask that anyone who has any questions about filling out the sheets to yell and we will immediately get them help. This usually gets several THEM HELP. This usually gets several instant cries for assistance. Then a club member simply gathers them around a table in the corner and holds an instant score sheet class. It's best if the individual has seen the rallye. We've found that as soon as they fill out the sheets and find that they have big errors on some legs they want to know why they got them. And the teacher then launches into explanations of the traps.

Don't miss this chance to turn the end of every event into a mini-rallye school for novices. We end up meeting people, saving scoring problems and doing a little recruiting. And the novices end up learning to be rallyists.



Mal

"Admittedly, he's not much on time calculations, but we haven't lost a protest yet."



the wild looking cars and they gave us a piece of paper and it had something in it about, you know, go down to the T and turn right and something like that so we got into my Hillman convertible and off we went as fast as we could go. We got to the first checkpoint ahead of time and the people were kind enough to explain to us what we were supposed to be doing. And so we fumbled through the rally and by some terrible trick of fate or chance we won a trophy and that was how I found out what it was all about. Initially we were very primitive because nobody knew how to do it and if we had made them at all complex people would have said, "Oh, to hell with it" and gone on home. Which a lot of people did anyway, but expertise came quickly and we got certain people who won all the time. The team of Harding and Fine, for one, happened to be very good. There was a guy named Jack Lewis who was president of the club for two years and he was a main mover. We began to have two kinds of rallies. Regular ones and gimmick rallies. Of course, there were gimmick gymkhanas, too. I put on a number of those and they are a lot of fun. At least, I think they are. And then we had serious rallies where the time and distance were very tight and that sort of thing and then the Curta appeared. If you could afford one of those you had it made, because all you had to do was stay on course. As sophistication came along, rallies became of more interest to those who were oriented that way and I went off, more interested in racing, but I would still rally frequently.

Checkpoints: There was a special cachet to owning a sports car 25 years ago. Is that gone?

McClintic: I think so. We had, I think, a great appreciation for genuinely fine machinery. That has passed, I think, and people regard it now as a means for getting from one place to another. ■

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## NEW MEMBERS

At the Board Meeting earlier this month, a load of new members was taken aboard, and they are listed herewith, and We welcome them, every one.

Ray Kelley. Ray lives at 2901 Ellwood Avenue in Richmond, is employed by The Computer Company and drives a '72 MG Midget.

Bill Lloyd. Bill lives at 12325 Buckingham Street in Chester, earns his living at DuPont, and gets around on a '75 Kawasaki MCI, a '74 Honda 125, and in a '73 Vega GT.

Mike Jones, Jr. Living at 8913 Old Holly Road, Mike earns enough from The Steward School to transport himself in a '72 Capri.

Burk & Martha Bartels. Employed, respectively, at the Virginia Employment Commission and the Virginia Division of Personnel, Burk & Martha drive a '72 Fiat 124 and live at 1848 West Grace Street in Richmond.

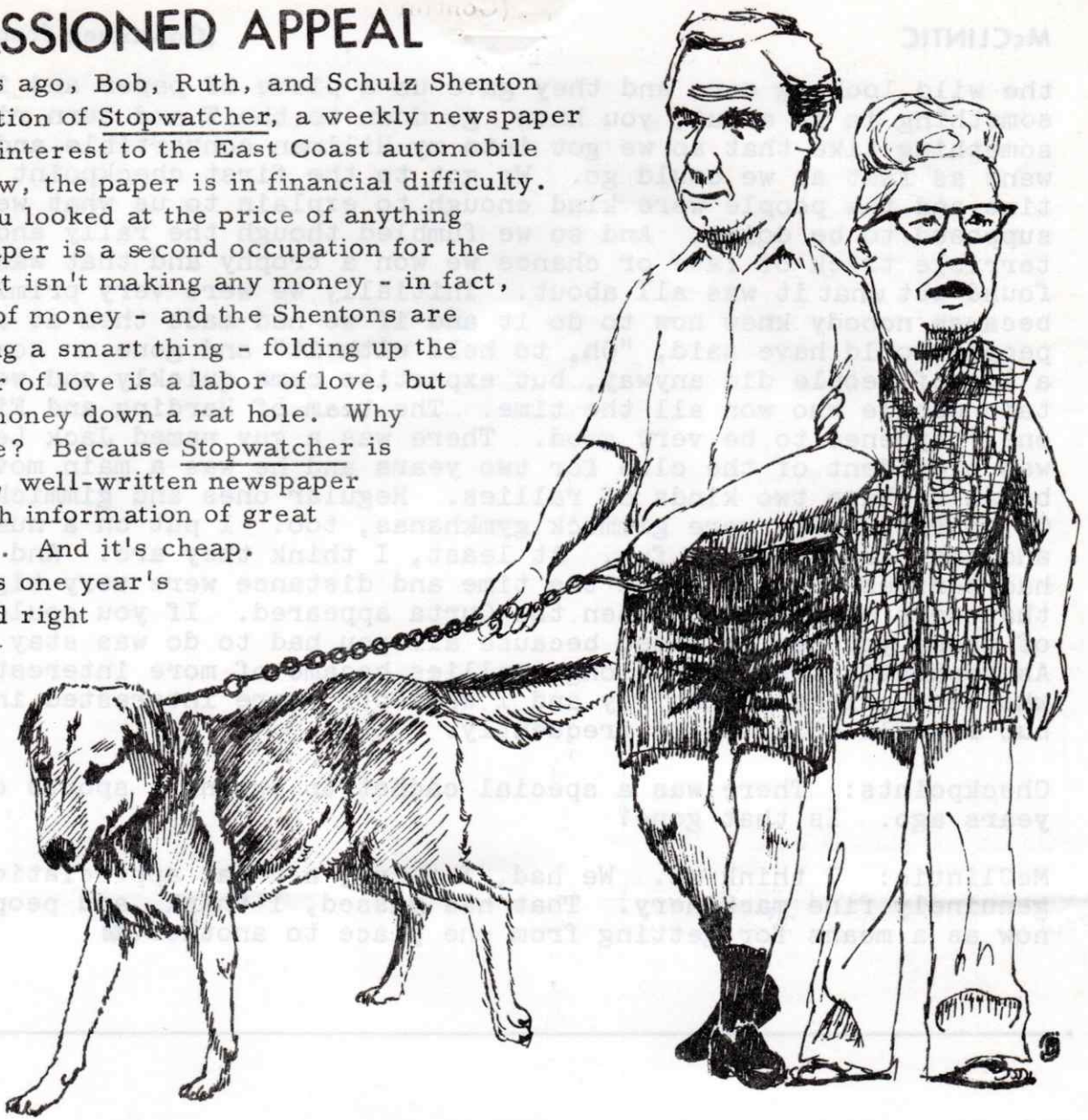
John McClure. John lives at 3924 Simons Drive, works for Concrete Structures, and owns: a '73 Datsun 240Z, a '71 Datsun 510 and a '75 Honda CB550F.

# AN IMPASSIONED APPEAL

About ten years ago, Bob, Ruth, and Schulz Shenton started publication of Stopwatcher, a weekly newspaper meant to be of interest to the East Coast automobile fraternity. Now, the paper is in financial difficulty. Why? Have you looked at the price of anything lately? The paper is a second occupation for the Shentons, and it isn't making any money - in fact, is losing a lot of money - and the Shentons are thinking of doing a smart thing - folding up the paper. A labor of love is a labor of love, but nobody pours money down a rat hole. Why should you care? Because Stopwatcher is a good, timely, well-written newspaper containing much information of great interest to You. And it's cheap.

Only \$8.50 gets one year's worth delivered right to your door by an agent of the U. S.

Government. If you want two years, it's only \$14. We very much recommend that you subscribe. Send now to 4522 Amherst Ln, Bethesda, Maryland, 20014. 



## PROTEST COMMITTEE REPORT - GOT 'CHA AUTOCROSS

The following cars were reclassified by the Protest Committee because they were improperly classed based on the modifications indicated on their registration form.

- Car 8 - Honda 600 - Non-stock springs and cylinder bore - changed from D/S to F/P.
- Car 9 - Lotus Europa - Europa not stock under our system - changed from A/S to A/P.
- Car 13 - Datsun 1200 - Non-stock wheel diameter - changed from D/S to F/P.
- Car 38 - Datsun 1600/2000 - the engine swap of the 2000 cc engine from the Datsun 2000 roadster into the Datsun 1600 roadster was ruled illegal - changed to B/M.
- Car 66 - Corvette - Two four-barrel carburetion on this car is not allowed by SCCA, therefore the car must run in A/M. Changed from B/M.
- Car 70 - Datsun 510 - The car had modifications to the fenders which are not permitted in the prepared class. Changed from F/P to C/M.

**AFTER DARK**

(Continued from page 7)

away from the tracks - one of them being a U-turn (legal, according to the generals.) In case you were wondering, the rally masters meant for the contestant to first turn to avoid the tracks, then to turn R at the next opportunity. As reported below, this was protested.

On balance, Muller and Paterson done good. Their concept was inventive, well thought out, and used to advantage. One could only wish that they had had better luck in the error-catching department. ❑

ODs: Jim Muller and Gordon Paterson  
 Official Precheck: Vawter & Hamilton  
 Helpers: Nick Buchholz, Pam Jones, Pat Kelly, Scott & Carolyn Martin, Dick & Alice Jones, Henry Van Gils, Lisa Van Gils, Ralph Vawter, Bill Enos, JudyMcGowan, Steve & Tracy & Barbara & Wilt Greenwood, Mike & Beth Castleberry, Miles Turner, and very special thanks to Lale Akbay.

**PROTEST COMMITTEE REPORT**

Two protests were received by the Protest Committee. The first claimed that speed changes caused by unnumbered instructions were temporary if the unnumbered instructions were temporary or if the unnumbered instruction was cancelled prior to being executed in its entirety. The protest asked that the OET of Leg 3 be adjusted. The Protest Committee ruled that the general instructions were clear on this point; that unless the unnumbered instruction contained a distance over which it was to be effective, all speed changes were to be considered permanent, and the protest was disallowed.

The second protest concered Leg 5. It claimed that NRI 24 (Go away from railroad track. R.) could be executed in more than one valid way. The Protest Committee agreed that the instruction was ambiguous and the protest was allowed and Leg 5 was discarded.

O/A	Class	Car	Marque	Contestants	1	2	3	4	6	7	T
1	1 E	12	Datsun	G Oberta/G Bell	1	1	2	1	3	1	9
2	2 E	5	Datsun	M/F DeBardeleben	5	1	4	0	1	28	39
3	1 U	1	MGB	P/L Wilson	24	36	0	22	86	6	174
4	2 U	20	Opel	J Kennedy/P Burkholder	4	43	141	18	35	39	280
5	3 U	19	Datsun	L Wells/T Blot	28	33	87	42	94	4	288
6	4 U	9	Honda	B/S Hunter	12	160	37	49	51	45	354
7	5 U	8	VW	N/M Dickenson	116	93	7	49	68	36	369
8	6 U	3	Toyota	D/A Wingo	74	175	20	14	99	8	390
9	7 U	4	Datsun	J/R DeBardeleben	80	115	83	11	30	83	402
10	8 U	14	Vega	J/J Rowe	154	18	47	101	102	6	428
11	9 U	13	Porsche	J McClure/R Glotfelty	238	123	7	51	31	42	492
12	3 E	10	Dasher	C/C Hoelzel	2	1	90	16	400	31	540
13	4 E	7	Datsun	L Parsley/B Britton	277	5	142	33	95	24	576
14	10 U	2	Honda	E/J East	7	81	76	6	400	20	590
15	11 U	16	Datsun	B/S Phillips	400	16	86	4	102	14	622
16	N	18	Datsun	W Johns/F Albert	16	176	199	132	108	83	714
17	13 U	11	Porsche	D/V Armentrout	400	44	60	58	198	1	761
18	14 U	15	Pontiac	M Sedonic/J Merrill	256	400	52	39	400	22	1169
19	15 U	17	Spitfire	D Lakey/D Jackson	375	811	77	196	6	261	1726
20	16U	6	Jeep	G Wyatt/ W Van Gils	129	247	48	400	800	800	2424

## GOT 'CHA AUTOCROSS RESULTS

Marque	Name	1st Time	2nd Time	3rd Time	Index.
A/Modified					
Austin C @	Bob Williams	38.558	37.736	37.445	
Phantom	Tom Silva	38.241	39.020	39.352	
Corvette	Bill Mizell	42.413	50.291	50.721	
Dune Buggy	Richard Dooley	DNF	47.236	47.138	
B/Modified					
Triumph @	John McGregor	43.290	40.863	DNF	
Triumph @ *	John Hagerman	DNF	DNF	41.357	
TR-4	John Bergeron	44.555	45.167	41.806	
Corvette	Roger Garrett	DNF	46.124	42.648	
Triumph	Jim Rowe	42.747	47.264	DNF	
Datsun	Al Seim	44.857	43.696	44.142	.94449
Triumph @*3N	Dave Preston	46.419	44.141	45.934	.93833
Triumph	Janet Rowe	49.707	45.904	44.431	
Sprite	David Giannini	45.303	DNF	DNF	
Sprite	Leslie Irwin	50.131	46.370	46.066	
C/Modified					
Capri @	Michael Jones	44.192	45.392	45.589	
Datsun	Mike Haas	46.410	47.087	45.521	
A/Prepared					
Porsche @*	Brad Peaseley	40.429	41.943	39.815	
Porsche	Kevin Seeber	43.718	44.035	44.662	
Lotus	Lee Copeland	45.608	44.151	43.981	
Lotus Eu	Daniel Claridge	DNF	46.015	50.786	
B/Prepared					
Mustang @	Robert Morgan	43.750	42.809	42.315	
Camaro	Edward Duval	46.327	44.561	46.434	
C/Prepared					
Austin Co @	Mike Martin	42.217	41.688	41.201	
Austin Co	Herb Hicks	45.240	43.553	42.552	
Honda	Bill Hunter	44.697	43.865	45.231	
Austin Co	Andy Campbell	54.873	DNF	46.098	
Honda	*10N Shelia Hunter	46.498	48.443	46.250	.90543
D/Prepared					
Datsun Z @*	Tom Blot	42.890	41.817	41.726	
MGB @*	Peter Wilson	43.036	43.194	42.313	
TR-6 @*	Ralph Vawter	43.772	42.659	43.215	
Datsun Z	Fred DeBardleben	42.781	46.902	45.434	
Datsun Z	David Bird	DNF	43.044	43.288	
Datsun Z	Marian DeBardleben	44.419	44.273	44.462	
Datsun 2000*	Art Wingo	DNF	44.273	46.313	
Datsun Z	Butch Cobb	44.760	44.753	45.632	
Datsun Z	David Locks	45.279	45.326	45.335	
TR-6	*7N Ellen Hamilton	49.031	46.937	46.469	.91468
MGB	*8N Libby Wilson	DNF	47.664	46.709	.90998
Midget	Thad Evans	46.765	48.005	47.675	
Datsun Z	9N Danny Davis	47.352	47.274	46.874	.90678
Sprite	Stiilwell	51.944	DNF	48.282	
Datsn2000	*11N Diane Wingo	49.437	50.588	49.065	.86629
Datsun Z	David Bird	42.352	42.505	42.614	fun runs
Marque	Name	1st Time	2nd Time	3rd Time	Index
E/Prepared					
Fiat 124 @	Burk Bartels	45.262	44.463	43.313	
F/Prepared					
Datsun510 @*	Mike Castleberry	46.628	43.260	43.889	
DatsunB210@	Frank Keyser	DNF	43.435	43.319	
Pinto	Mark Degan	DNF	43.436	44.074	
Datsun1200 *	Len Wells	43.865	43.659	47.471	
VW @ 1N	James Gilchrist	45.194	44.359	45.959	.97879
Datsun510 *	Lewis Parsley	46.225	45.970	44.697	
Fiat 850	Robert Fields	DNF	45.563	44.866	
Honda	Andy Moore	51.175	50.600	46.204	
Honda 600	Alan Armstrong	47.888	46.973	48.562	
Datsun510 *	John DeBardleben	DNF	DNF	50.126	
Datsun1200	*12N Toni Wells	55.383	53.755	53.151	.81688
VW	13N Brian Farrington	61.478	DNF	DNF	.70624
A/Stock					
Camaro @	Dennis Gilchrist	45.523	44.344	43.512	
Camaro	David Sanderson	46.106	DNF	46.384	
B/Stock					
Fiat X1/9 @*	Jim Muller	45.071	50.017	43.701	
Datsun Z @*	Baxter Phillips	44.125	43.948	44.036	
Fiat X1/9 *	Steve McCarthy	46.486	44.799	44.628	
Porsche	Judy McGowan	DNF	47.418	46.879	.93884
Triumph	Richard Donaldson	DNF	48.364	47.444	
Fiat X1/9 *	Bud Munnely	47.721	DNF	47.644	
C/Stock					
Mazda RX2 @*	Bill Enos	45.124	45.142	44.087	
Mustang II@	Charlie Alligrant	44.642	45.034	44.368	
Datsun1600 *	Joe Klingman	46.519	46.079	44.545	
Toyota	Dave Sweat	46.675	46.010	44.319	
Vega	@ 2N Bill Lloyd	50.191	48.334	46.786	.94757
Manta @ 4N	Gene Potter	47.358	48.444	47.218	.93890
Mustang II	Don Angelina	DNF	49.113	47.591	
Toyota	Steve Hairfield	DNF	52.732	51.119	
D/Stock					
Pinto @*	Bill Whitehead	46.228	43.479	44.051	
VW @	W D Potter	45.998	46.084	45.548	
Marta	Bill Armstrong	50.799	47.898	47.284	
Gremlin	Baird Grubb	49.098	48.489	48.168	
Datsun 710	Wayne Johns	DNF	49.504	49.175	
Mercedes	Leonard Albert	DNF	55.005	49.323	
Astro 95	Truck Bobby Tumlinson	1:11.259	1:07.048	1:10.249	

@ = Trophy Position \* = VMSC member

H. Scott Powell, Jr.

P. O. Box 711, WHITE STONE, VIRGINIA 22578

July 17, 1975

Letters to the Editors

Mr. East & Mr. Jones

Checkpoints

Virginia Motor Sport Club, Inc.

1039 Leicester Road

Richmond, Virginia 23225 U.S.A.

Dear Letters:

First, let me say I think you're doing a hell of a job. Checkpoints is more artistic, more interesting and funnier than previous volumes I can remember and you should be commended for the fine work you're doing in these respects. (The praise ends here)

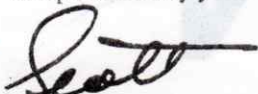
After carefully reviewing the July issue, I've come to the conclusion that "Checkpoints" is a financial fiasco. With over 10 pages ( 5 sheets) of pure unadulterated, unnecessary garbage such as 80% of page one, 15% of pages 3 & 4, and 100% of page 7 through 12. The flyer on page 13 could easily be put on 1/2 a page; Granny's Dent is fine if you have 1/2 a page and nothing to put there, otherwise leave it out. The international signs on page 16 aren't worth the cost of the match to burn them. The Map contest is fine but, when have we had more than four people enter? I've entered every contest this year except the "belly button" last month, but if less than 1/2 the club enters, I say forget it. The only thing on page 17 worth printing is the Checkpoints order form - but next month put in the price. Also, I think it was very wise to leave 1/3 of page 18 completely blank so the members could write in their own articles.

Finally, I'd like to mention that if you drop the 5 sheets of paper that are not worth writing, much less, printing, we could save 1/2 of the postage. I suggest we take the money we save on Checkpoints and put it toward the rally trophies that keep getting smaller and smaller. At least, that way, someone would benefit from the money we've been flushing down the toilet every month.

Dear Scott:

Your letter came just in time. We had not yet sent Checkpoints to the printers and were able to cut back from 59 pages to 38, simply by removing all of the non-essential material and articles. Also, the contracts drawn up and signed by the naked models were void since We didn't use any of the pictures, thereby saving the club \$975.00.

Respectfully,



H. Scott Powell, Jr.

Counting postage, printing, and fees, you have saved the club somewhat in excess of \$1200.00, enough to run the club for an entire year, meaning that we can spend the balance of the club treasury on Checkpoints.

Thank you very much, Scott.

Sincerely,

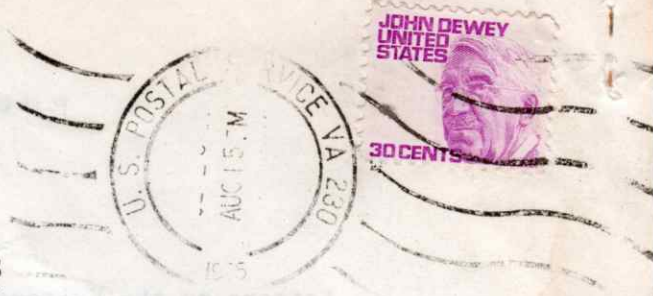
Rob & Jack

Jones & East  
1815 Aeronca Avenue  
Richmond, Virginia 23228

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

FIRST CLASS

Madison McClintic  
7200 Beechwood Dr.  
Richmond, Va. 23229



**PLAIN  
BROWN**

(USE YOUR IMAGINATION...)



Counting postage, printing, and fees, you have saved the club somewhat in excess of \$1500.00, enough to run the club for an entire year, meaning that we can spend the balance of the club treasury on Checkpoints.  
Thank you very much, Scott.

Sincerely,  
*Bob*