



Checkpoints

VIRGINIA MOTOR SPORT CLUB

VOLUME 21

NUMBER 1

JANUARY 1976

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"Happy New Year" is a wish which is mouthed with about as much sincerity as "How are you." However, as it applies to V.M.S.C., I believe this is a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

In sharp contrast to some previous years, we begin the year with an enthusiastic group of members, and a sizable sum of money in the treasury. Also, thanks to O.P.I.E.C., there appears to be no dire shortage of gas in the immediate future.

Our notoriously slow starting group of prospective rallymasters has already volunteered in such numbers that most rally dates are already taken. If we can now persuade our faithful workers to come out into the cold to operate our new digital rally timers, then the rally freaks will be in fat city.

Flush with success and treasure from the first Series 3 Roadcross, the autocross nuts are even now planning the next one.

Afterall, VMSC is the same age as Charlie Brown.

With all this going for us, how can we go wrong? No way!!!! UNLESS----- YOU, the CLUB, fail to support its activities.

VMSC is truly embarking on a happy new year. May it last for the next 25!!!!!!

Len Wells

The people who make the day-to-day decisions about the Club's business are, for the most part, members of the Board of Directors. Seven members of the Board are elected by the general membership, the remainder are appointed by the president. Some members head committees, some do their thing solo, others are members-at-large. We present herewith this year's Board.

President
 1st. Vice-President
 2nd. Vice-President
 Treasurer
 Secretary
 Assistant Secretary
 Immediate Past President

Len Wells
 Lewis Parsley
 Marian DeBardleben
 Art Wingo
 Pam Jones
 Libbie Wilson
 Chuck Hoelzel

Editors, Checkpoints
 Publicity Chairman
 Media
 Competition Chairman
 Rallys

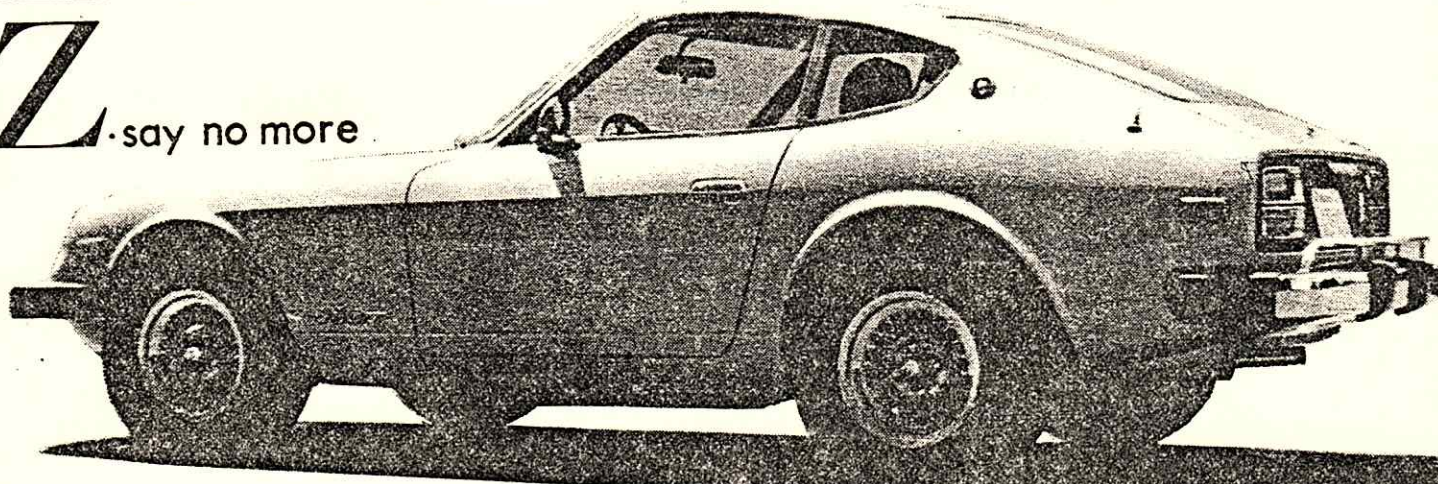
Judy McGowan, Bill Enos
 Sheila Hunter
 Jack East
 Lewis Parsley
 Barbara Greenwood, Fred DeBardleben,
 Bill Britton, Jack East, Ralph Vawter
 Jim Rowe, Peter Wilson, Bill Enos,
 Bill Hunter, Tom Blot
 Neale and Martha Dickinson

Speed

Indoor Activities
 Historian
 Membership
 Checkpoints Business Mgr.
 Trophies
 At large

Jim Rowe
 Ellen Hamilton, Ralph Vawter
 Jim Rowe
 Diane Wingo
 Toni Wells, Brad Peasley, Wilt
 Greenwood, Tom Blot

Z say no more



BOULEVARD IMPORT SERVICE 7903 W. Broad St.-270-4700

- January 11 WRC Winter Series #1, OD'ed by Harry Bacas. Starts at Boulevard Medical Center in Fairfax. Registration and info from Mike Humphrey, (703) 978-8241.
- January 15 Regular monthly meeting. St. John's Wood Club House, 8:00pm.
- January 17 VMSC Annual Awards Banquet.
- January 25 WRC Winter Series #2.
- January 25 VMSC Rally - DSDD - OD'ed by Beth and Mike Castleberry. Starts at K-Mart, on Rt. 60, 1/4 mile east of Chippenham. Registration 11:30, FCO 12:31. \$5.00. Call 320-0108 for more details.
- February 14 St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Registration and information from Concours Plaines Rallye Team, P. O. Box 378, Murrysville, PA 15668. Flyers from Marian DeBardeleben.
- February 15 WRC Winter Series #3.
- February 19 Regular monthly meeting.
- February 22 VMSC Rally - Spirit of '76 - OD'ed by Sheila and Bill Hunter. More details later.
- February 29 WRC Winter Series #4.

interpart
STEBRO
ARMOR ALL
CAROUSEL
Covercraft
CIBIE
minilite
sport
BOSCH
BILSTEIN
BUG PARTS, INC.
 IMPORTED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS & MOTORING ACCESSORIES
 VOLKSWAGEN • DATSUN • OPEL • TOYOTA • PORSCHE
 2001 SEMMES AVENUE • RICHMOND, VA. 23225
 PHONE: 804 - 233-7607

Fin & Feather

PET CENTER INC.

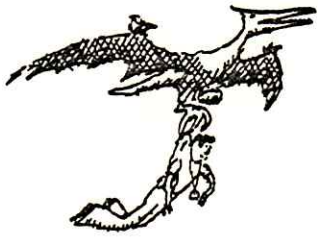
PUPPIES
 FISH
 BIRDS
 AQUARIUMS

Supplies for all pets
 Grooming and Clipping
 Small animals boarded
 DISCOUNTS TO
 VMSC MEMBERS

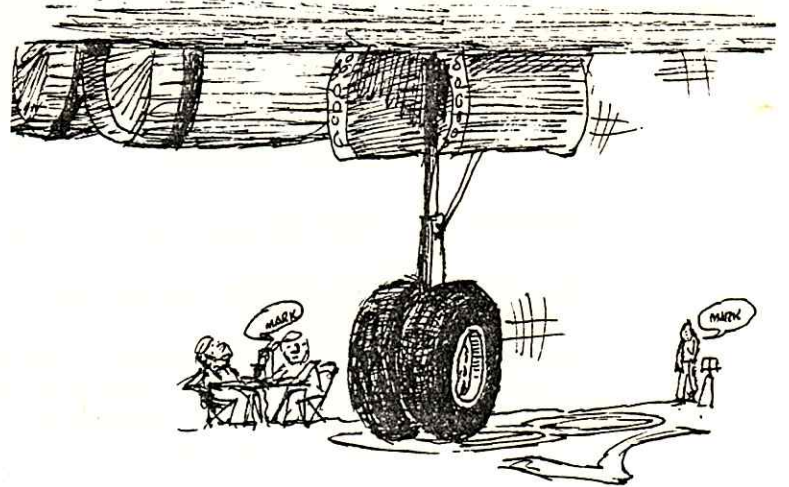
Hours:
 10-8:30 Mon.-Fri.
 10-6 Sat.

5208 LAKESIDE AVENUE
 PHONE 262-6681

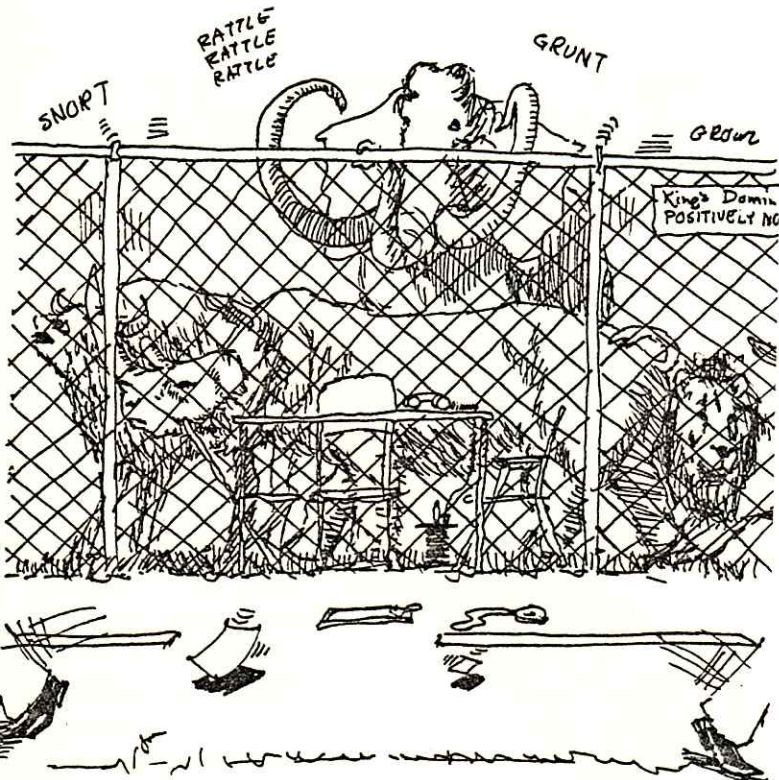
mastel charge
BANKAMERICA



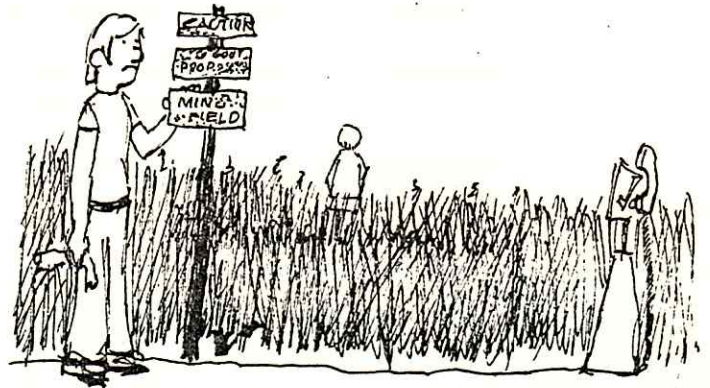
...an apteryx flies off with the control captain.



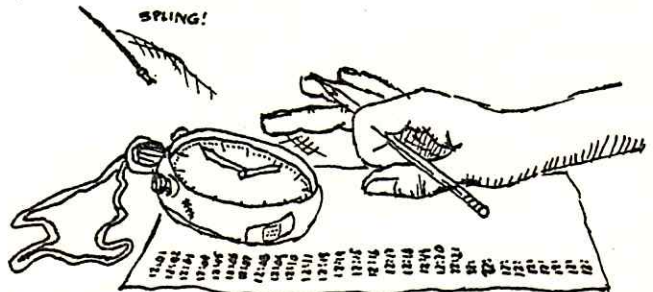
...those big numbers you thought the OD painted in the road turn out to be big numbers the City of Richmond painted on the southeast runway at Byrd Airport.



...you find out you really do know wild animal mating calls.

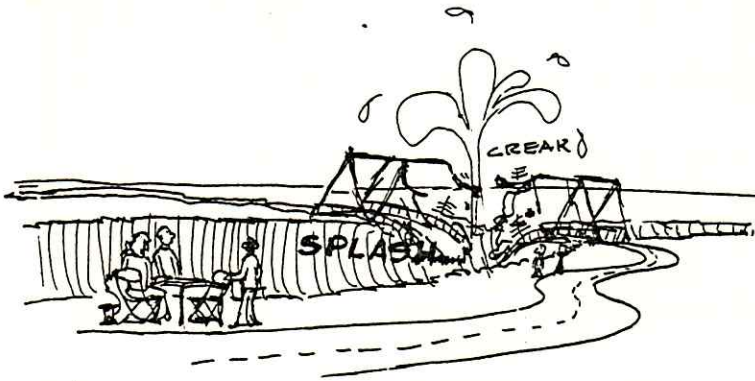


...the old rusty sign you found laying in the ditch tells you your control captain is relieving himself in a mine field.

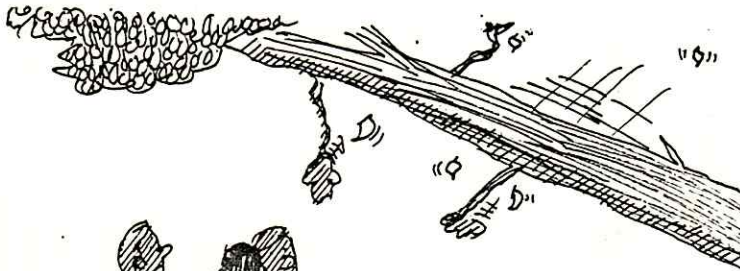


...the twig you just flicked off the face of your watch turns out to be the seconds hand.

You know your control will be thrown out when...



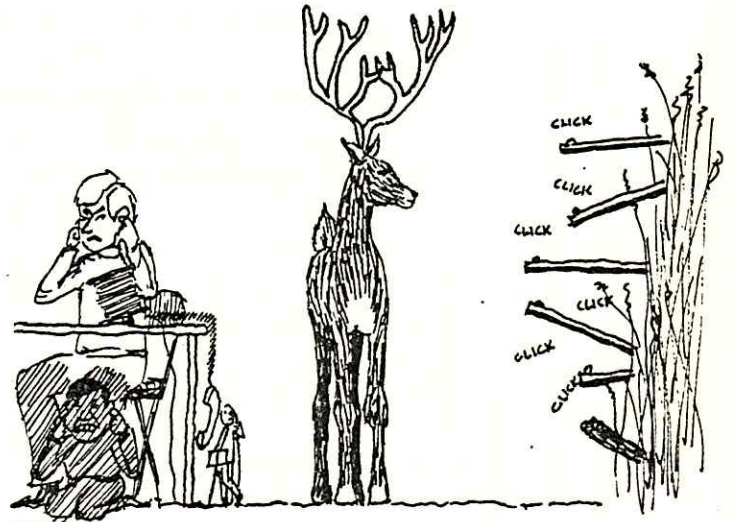
...the last ditch effort by the highway department to update the state's one lane bridges ran out of money before it got to that last ditch before your control.



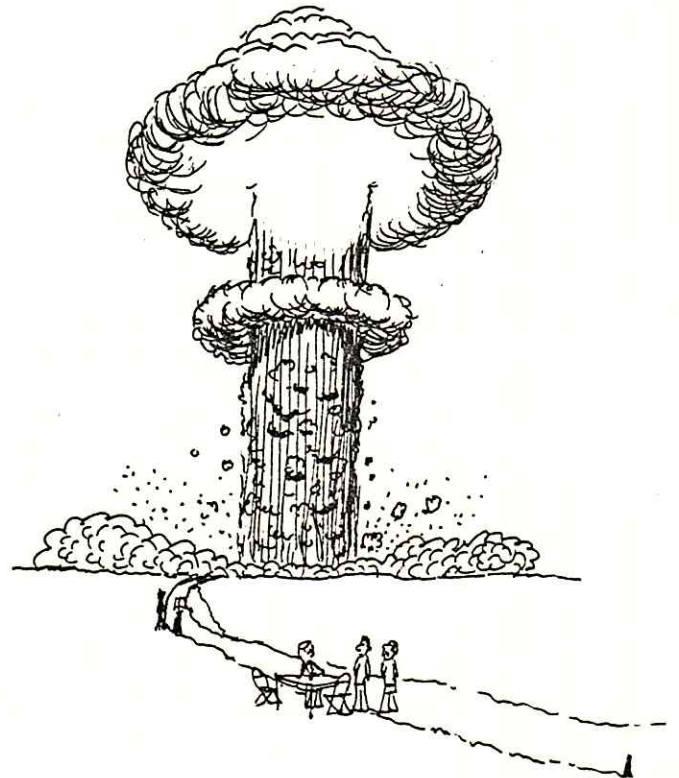
...that snide comment you made about destroying the forests was overheard by a lumberjack that just happened to be destroying the forests near the timing table.



...you find out you're eating a box lunch upwind of a den mother.



...the cute deer your son coaxed over to the timing table brings along some friends.



...Jack Anderson publishes an off-color joke Nixon told Bob Haldeman in reference to Breshnev's mother.

Event Result Report

Name of Event Metric Special # of Entrants 18 @ \$ 5.00, _____ @ \$ _____. Date of Event 7 December 1975

O.D.'s Chuck & Charlotte Hoelzel Helpers Jack East, Neale & Martha Dickinson, Jim & Janet Rowe, Sally Youngs

Art & Diane Wingo, Brad Peaseley, Mike Williams, Pam Jones, Dave & Anne Glenn, Toby Williams, Bill Enos,

Official Check Jack & Ellie East

Unofficial Check Neale & Martha Dickinson

D/A	Class Pos'n	Car #	Make	Driver	Navigator	CONTROLS														TOT.	
						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
1	1E T	1	Datsun	Marian & Fred	Debardeleben	181	4	0	0	4	0	--	1	4	3					197	
2	2E T	6	Porsche	TCG Wagner*	Rita Wagner*	186	2	3	3	0	1	--	1	2	1					203	
3	3E	10	Audi	Barbara & Tracy	Greenwood	500	259	33	30	6	1	--	10	3	1					843	
4	4E	21	Datsun	B. Phillips	P. Westbrook	236	53	112	13	69	291	--	171	4	22					971	
5	5E	15	Porsche	J. McGowan	B. Gronning	1	0	3	1	3	1000	--	34	33	3					1078	
6	1U T	3	Camaro	D. Jones	R. Debardeleben	220	64	126	7	56	60	--	97	97	486					1213	
7	6E	18	Datsun	J. Majka *	R. Sailey *	186	44	70	21	57	49	--	1000	15	6					1448	
8	2U T	7	Dodge	P. Wilson	L. Wilson	142	44	81	70	21	38	--	1500	186	6					2097	
9	3U	20	Dodge	Wilt & Steve	Greenwood	373	54	57	2	214	1000	--	500	18	63					2281	
10	4U	5	Datsun	J. Debardeleben	C. Craven*	360	218	17	242	71	72	--	1500	114	11					2605	
11	5U	17	Datsun	R. Osborne*	S. Osborne*	500	87	304	81	247	85	--	1500	6	198					2978	
12	6U	13	Datsun	T. Wells	C. Blot	307	37	422	500	1500	42	--	1500	7	63					4388	
13	7E	4	Datsun	L. Parsley	B. Britton	1500	14	3	8	3	38	--	1500	1500	7					4573	
14	7U	11	VW	B. Stout	G. Stout	500	140	202		8	1500	--	1000	150	181					5181	
15	8U	14	TR 6	R. Bowen	P. Winters	178	157	305	147	115	591	--	1500	1500	1500					5993	
16	8E	12	Datsun	L. Wells	T. Blot	1500	25	1500		1500	1500	--	1500	1500	1500					11025	
17	9E	16	Datsun	B. Goodwin*	C. Goodwin*															DNF	
18	9U	19	Vega	R. Ellis*	G. Beck*															DNF	
	*--Non VMSC			Novice award withheld, only novice				DNF	ED					T--	Trophy						

Deliver 1 copy to each of the following within 1 week of the close of the event: Club Secretary, Editor of Checkpoints, and non-club member participants.

In October, 1973, the following letter was anonymously sent to the CHECKPOINTS editors. It is being reprinted here for the purpose of determining if the author is still a member of VMSC and if his or her sentiments are still unchanged. We would appreciate it if the author reads this, if he or she would kindly send this year's editors his or her comments. Obviously, we have no way to determine whether the response we receive is written by the same individual, so if anyone reading this letter has ever experienced the same reactions, we would like to hear from you, also.

"As a new member in VMSC, I don't know whether I should speak out or not, but after observing some really absurd happenings in the last few months, I just have to say something.

I joined the club because I love autosports, and to meet some nice people with similar feelings. I was told that the people put on good, fun events and that the people were friendly. The events that I have been in so far, with the exception of the "Balloonman", have left me cold. The majority of the members I have met were equally cold and I was either ignored or was spoken to only after I spoke first. I would now like to list a few of the things that have upset and confused me. In the "8-hour" rally a certain sign was so obscure that almost everyone missed it. If deliberately losing contestants is the name of the game, then I was misled as to what rallying is all about. Also, I have never been in any organization where non-members have voting rights in club policies.

I did not run the picnic rally but I was surprized when the awards turned out to be dash plaques. It wasn't so advertised and no one knew about this until after the event. Had I run and received one of them I would have been really disappointed. Doesn't the Board think things like this should be know(n) before an event or is it policy to deceive the members?

The generals to the "Moonshine" rally were atrocious. They were both long and confusing. The course was enjoyable but all the close mileages were a bit to (sic) much to us novices. I have noticed that a lot of generals are repeats of previous ones and when I asked why a set of constant rules couldn't be written, I was told that this would be unfair to non-members and out-of-towners. I feel that if non-members are really interested they will obtain these rules before they run and if we must run our club to suit out-of-towners we are in worse shape than I thought.

At an autocross at Carousel and at another at Ninth Street, I noticed no rules or classes posted. How are we to know whats going on? I also saw several people speeding around the spectator area. Please lets not kill each other.

On September 30, came the most amazing bit of foolishness I have yet seen. First the flyer about the location did not say that it replaced the one at Carousel and this was a bit confusing. Second, again no rules posted. Third, people still speeding and in some cases crossing Ninth Street rather recklessly. Fourth, why can't people be given numbers in order as they sign up? Having no first heat at all was also a bit confusing. Fifth, running over all the pylons on purpose was nothing less than childish, yet this could have been avoided if the rules had been better known. Also, why is it some people have been allowed to get back in line in past events but others couldn't? This isn't very consistent O.D.'ing.

At a meeting a while back, our president asked that the members please pay for the beer they drink. Yet, at that meeting and subsequent meetings and at the end of the Moonshine rally I saw many people drinking without paying. Maybe we should appoint a bartender?

At several meetings, we have been asked to quit bitching at the end of the events. Yet, the very person who requested this was the loudest griper at the end of the Moonshine. Come on gang, either follow your preachings or quit preaching. Remember that its your officers that must set the examples.

I could go on some more but I'm sure I've already upset enough people and I think maybe I've gotten my point across. I'm sure that the above is not true of all events and happenings, I hope not anyway, but there are just to (sic) many incidents like those. Maybe the Board has some ideas and could share them with us and we might have some to share with the Board. Also, maybe the Board could work a little closer with the membership or ask around for general feelings on important decisions before jumping head long into things.

One last thing, our public image is very important to the growth of our club. At the end of the last autocross I overheard a spectator say, "I wouldn't want to join that club. They act like a bunch of kids." This attitude isn't going to help us at all.

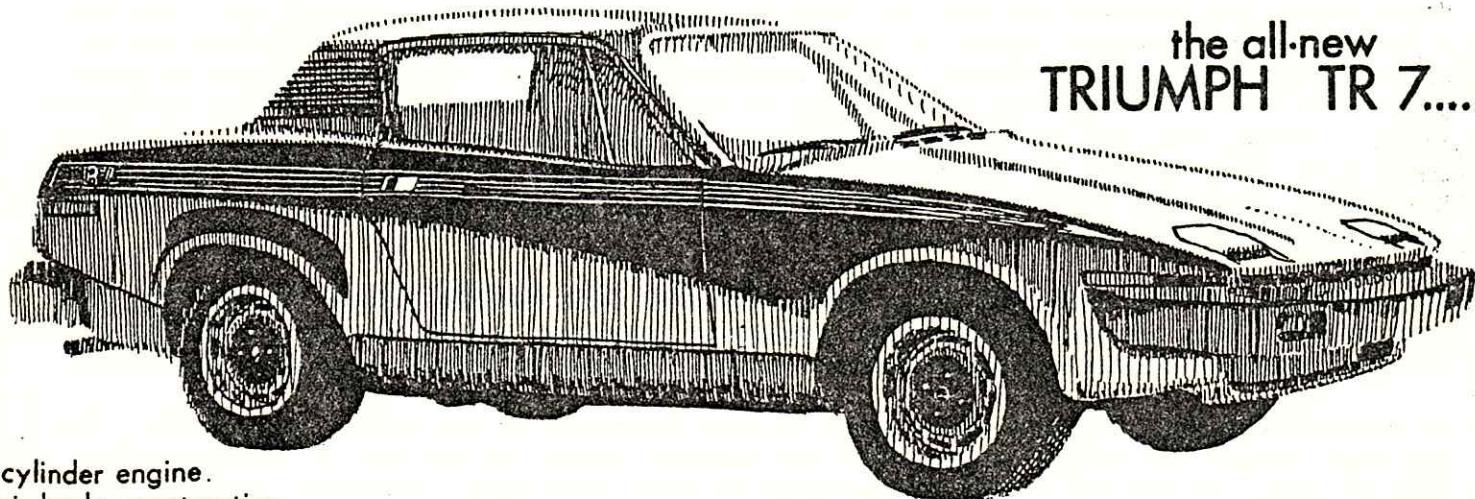
Please Board, help lead the way. Please Fellow members, help the officers and the club and each other. If all of us get off our butts or pedestals and pull together, like writing down your thoughts and sending them to checkpoints, maybe we can stem the trend of apathy. Maybe we could grow up and have fun events and maybe we could get to know each other and be proud of our club instead of ashamed and disgusted.

confused and angry,
new member

I am not signing this so as not to set up armed camps of pros and cons. Also, so that others who may have wanted to write in but were afraid to do so because they didn't want to sign their article may take pen in hand, namelessly. Come-on everyone, speak out.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Balance as of December 1, 1975	\$ 1,544.93
Receipts	755.84
Disbursements.	1,191.51
Petty Cash	25.00
Balance as of December 31, 1975	\$ 1,134.26



the all-new
TRIUMPH TR 7....

4 cylinder engine.
Uni-body construction.
10 colors to choose from.
29 mpg in EPA tests.
In our showroom now.

E. G. BRADLEY
621 W. MAIN STREET
648-7255

RALLY REPORT

The fact that December 7 dawned cold and rainy may have helped limit the turnout for the last rally of the year. But then again it may have been the dire aspersions cast in the coming events calendar of the November issue of CHECKPOINTS. In either case, Judy McGowan and I plus seventeen other cars braved the threatening weather to run Chuck and Charlotte Hoelzel's Metric Special. The rallymasters decided to give VMSC a taste of how things will be when all rallies are run in kilometers instead of miles.

Although the rally was measured in kilometers, the general instructions consisted of the standard fare for course following, etc., and except for one definition, were clearly understandable. That one definition, however, generated enough inter-club telephone calls to postpone the next C & P rate increase request for the next 6 months:

Route Number - A multiple digit number assigned by the erecting agency to identify a road. For course following purposes, each digit is to be considered separately.

Now, just what does that last sentence mean? Right up to the time we and the other cars leave the start there may have been no generally agreed upon method as to how any of us would handle the numerous situations that the definition could fit. As it turned out, we didn't need to worry about this or any of the other potential "traps" contained in the generals. None of them occurred! In fact there was only one trap in the entire rally. It was appropriately placed in the first route instruction.

Instruction 1 gave us 30 minutes to complete instruction 13. Instruction 13 besides ending the odo leg also had a 2.00 kilometer free zone so we could "make room for other contestants". Teams who left the end of the odo leg after 30 minutes instead of the 2 kilometer free zone had to make room for 185 points on their score cards..... Now that all of you readers have returned from checking the first leg scores in the official results, it just goes to prove that you can't let one bad score get you down. Fred and Marian DeBardleben along with Doc and Rita Wagner overcame this small oversight and went on to finish one, two. They far outdistanced 3rd. place finishers Barbara and Tracy Greenwood who in turn were cleaning up on the other Greenwood duo in an inter-family clash.

The Metric Special was not hard as rallies go. It was nevertheless smoothly executed by the rallymasters and ably supported by the many club members who helped make it a fine event.

Bill Gronning

(In the interest of soothing the tattered nerves of our new CHECKPOINTS editors and help them in their quest for "filler" material, I have granted them exclusive rights to the publication of my mental diary of what REALLY happened during the Metric Special. In keeping with CHECKPOINTS' family image, references to certain people, along with some language has been deleted or partially censored.)

Reflections of a Re-Retired Navigator

OR

No Matter How You Measure It, It Still Hurts

Leg 1: Things are about to start a long down hill slide. We pickup our route instructions. That's nice, only 2 1/2 pages. If I take out the odo leg and the finish instructions, there's only a page and half left. I tell Judy there's no way we can lose this rally. Since I've told her this a dozen times in the last week, she's beginning to believe it. I mark-up the route instructions as we run the odo leg. I only go to lunch break. I'd rather help Judy stay on course. I have noted the 30 minute trap when we received the instructions, but haven't said anything to her. I'm not sure Chuck means it. By the

end of the odd leg I'm pretty sure that it really is a trap. I tell Judy and we discuss whether we should ask the Wagners or DeBardelebens about it. They're familiar with Richmond rallies aren't they? We run the 2 kilometer free zone. We decide to keep mum. I go over the situation again with Judy and try to sound confident. I'm not. We re-read the route instructions noting once more that the three special rules which are in effect for the remainder of the rally will require us to check each intersection. Rule 1 is simple: just get onto Route 602. Rule 2 says to turn left when we can change 2 and only 2 of our route number digits. Rule 3 is to turn right when we can change only one. We relax and await our time out. Without telling Judy, I have been watching the Wagners and DeBardelebens leave in front of us. I check our readout as they pull out. Someone is going to be unhappy at the first control. What Judy doesn't know won't hurt her. It's time to go. We go off course at the first intersection. It's 2 digits to the left, one to the right. We only go a few hundred meters. U-turn. Don't worry Judy, we'll make it up. Our error would not have been so gross, except that the intersection was within sight of where we had been parked for the last ten minutes. We watched the other cars all go straight. Intersection 2. We are batting 1000. Off course again. U-turn. I forget to reverse the computer. Don't worry Judy, we'll make it up. I get the distance back on at the next instruction - 3.73 14. L onto 651. I pull out the calculator and start working on the computed time. Damn, I can't get used to kilometers. Each time I pick a distance to correct up to, we're by it before I'm finished. I look at the computer. It reads 8.56 kilometers. "Did you see the church at 8.28?" "What church?" I go back to trying to correct our time. We are getting better at applying the specials. I get the computer fixed finally. I hope. I'm beginning to remember why I stopped navigating. We come to another instruction with a margin distance. We are on course and on time. It must be time for a checkpoint. Hey, there's Barbara Greenwood. She's coming towards us. She's also on the wrong side of the road. She's also in a ditch. We squish to a stop. Someone has already stopped to help her. Everyone looks OK. I am unfamiliar with Richmond rules. I roll down the window and ask the woman standing next to her if we can take a pause claim to help push her out. She looks at me. I look at her 1969 Ford convertible. Judy's impressed. We push and pause. Finally, a checkpoint. Judy goes across the timing line with the readout at 000. The balding gentleman hands me the checkpoint slip as I hand him our score card. He is sitting under a beach umbrella. He's cold. I note that we have gotten a zero if his time agrees with ours. I try to stay cool and collected as I tell Judy. I can't quite do it. The score card comes back. We have a one. "See you later, Brad".

Leg 2. I knew this rally was going to be easy. It looks as if the whole event will consist of being alert for the three specials. I try to lead us astray once more, but Judy is wise to me by now. A simple "Left" or "Right" is no longer sufficient. I must be able to back up my decisions with proof. A 510 passes us three times in three kilometers. We watch 2 cards go off course just before the checkpoint. Judy crosses the timing line at 000 again. She's good. It must be from all the practice yesterday. (We have devoted 2 hours Saturday night to "zeroing" every mail box, speed limit sign and bridge abutment on a 5 mile stretch of route 623 south of Ashland.) The infamous VMSC checkpoint watches try to give us a four. The equally infamous Zeron computer has calculated four in the opposite direction. We get a zero.

Leg 3. The same old stuff. Our score is a 3. Judy remarks about the timing in a derogatory tone of voice. It's only the third leg and she's beginning to think like a genuine rallyist. Jack East is the checkpoint captain. He was also the official club checker and I know that this event was not one of his favorites. He tries to elicit a positive response to his opinions. With four points to here, I tell him I think the rally's great.

Leg 4. I have sinned. I have broken one of God's original Rally Commandments: "He who has one glass of water, one orange juice and two cups of coffee for breakfast cannot expect to find a morning break on a VMSC rally. He who tests this law shall find himself in pain by the fourth leg." I am. I note in passing that we get a 1 at the checkpoint. Who cares.

Leg 5. I do not remember one meter of leg 5. A score of 53 at the checkpoint momentarily

returns me to the rally. I check the leg review slip. Our mileage is perfect. Judy does not yet have the killer instincts of a true rally driver. The proper statement for her to make at this time is: "Maybe the rallymaster has calculated the time incorrectly". Translated this means: "It was either him or you, but it was probably you, turkey." The navigator should then grab the Curta from the back seat and announce that he will back up the computer on the next leg. If the Navigator is the builder, designer, owner of the computer, homeostasis returns to the car. Judy does not know how to play this game. It doesn't matter; the time really was miscalculated. Our score is 3.

Leg 6. At last, the lunch break. I begin to loosen my seat belt and clear away the clipboard. "I don't care what the gas station looks like, Judy. Stop." That's funny, I can't find any reason to take a break in this free zone. The instruction only says that we "may" have time to stop. I re-read the instruction that starts us into the supposed break. I can't find a pause or restart time. I double check our time out from the checkpoint. Maybe they have given us a delayed time so we can lunch. No luck. I am becoming frantic. "Hell. I don't know what's going on, Judy. There's the Texaco station listed in the instruction. We'll just have to get down and make it up." The station is closed. I kick the men's room door. It's locked. We are a minute late. To our right is the Mr. Swiss parking lot filled with rally cars. I can't see any choice other than to drive over and ask someone what's happening. The first person we meet as we enter Mr. Swiss is Art Wingo. He is smiling. "Why am I here, Art?" "I can't tell you anything, I'm working on the rally." Art keeps smiling. He looks like the cat in Alice in Wonderland. I remember Art repossesses cars from little old ladies in the dead of night. "RUN, JUDY!!!! It's the old 'you don't come into the break the first time' trap." We are 3.45 down as we peel out from the parking lot and through the deserted Texaco station. I hastily explain how the trap works. It's like this, Judy: We run through the free zone, go into a checkpoint and they give us a late time out so we can loop back by Mr. Swiss for our break. I'm not sure she understands what's going on. She is going fast. What more could I want.? I could want her not to demonstrate her version of the One-Eighty Syndrome. I wish in vain. She has warned me that she is occasionally afflicted with this common rally malady. Her's flares up. "We have a right turn coming up at 0.62 kilometers, Judy.....four tenths to the turn....three tenths to the right....two tenths....there it is ahead at the crossroad.....this is it...RIIGGGHHHTTTTTUUURRN." We go left and lose all the time we have made up. Five kilometers later we are back on time. I am worried. We have been getting farther away from the break. I sense disaster. "Here's the checkpoint, Judy. I didn't see a checkpoint sign, did you?" "Well, there's Brad again!" I see Chuck's car. I guess we better stop. They are surprised to see us. "Why am I here, Chuck?" He takes the route instructions and points out that I have missed the change speed to 4 kph at the beginning of the break. Well, nobody's perfect are they, Judy? It was sort of hidden down there on line two wasn't it? Remember the circumstances! Thanks for being such a nice guy and showing us where we erred, Chuck. "Oh, by the way. Since you're not open yet, I think we'll U-turn and see you good folks later." I pit at the first big tree. Reason and sanity return. Don't worry, Judy. The old pro is still going to get us out of this. I have all the data necessary to calculate our time except the kilometers for the intersection where the free zone begins. We'll have to go all the way back and get it. I make a quick guess at the distance. It probably gives us about 40 minutes for the break we aren't going to have. That's plenty of time. We go back to the wrong intersection and repeat the free zone. There's Barbara Greenwood. Let's check our time with hers. They differ by over ten minutes. We don't have time to try again. "Do you have the kilometers, Barbara?" She doesn't. I'm not sure who is wrong. We only have one chance left. "Let's drive around and try to get the distance from another rally team." We pick the Wagners. Stay here, Judy, this is a job for someone who will stoop to just about anything to keep from blowing a leg. "Hi, Rita. How's it going?....Yeah, we are, too....It sure was bad form for the rallymaster to start that 4 kph free zone without giving us the kilometers...Heck, if we miss it by 50 to 60 feet, it can mean a thirty point penalty at the next checkpoint....What was your distance there?....87.41? I think that's pretty close to what we had. Well, I'll see you later." I told you I'd save us, Judy. I whip out the calculator. Four speeds over four distances gives us four times. I write down the four numbers in column form. "Check me as I add these numbers." Judy, the accountant, checks. I, the engineer, recheck. We don't carry a one into the ten minute column. We max. We deserve every one of those thousand points.

Leg 7 and 8. My adrenalin level is zero. The max has taken a lot of the "fun" out of this rally. As we begin leg 7, the local sheriff is terminating the existence of checkpoint 7; he doesn't know it, but he is about to save us from another max. We are looking for a right after "Cook's". There is only one problem - Mr. Cook no longer owns Cook's Market. It seems that he has been watching Chuck and several of the club checkers demonstrate their bountiful driving resources for the last several weekends. On the Monday before the rally, Mr. Cook learns that the rest of VMSC will be coming by on Sunday. On Tuesday, Mr. Cook sells his market to Mr. Farmer and moves his family to another state. Mr. Farmer dutifully removes all traces of Mr. Cook. The lead car dutifully erects a 3 by 5 card with the word "Cook's". We are 9 minutes down when we regain the course. We cruise past the location of the deceased checkpoint 7 at about 90 or 100. (That's khp.) The sheriff is still there. I watch him pull out behind us in the distance. I wonder how many points Judy has on her license? We never see the sheriff again and we make up all but 34 hundredths before hitting control 8. Judy admits to going XXX (CENSORED) kph.

Leg 9. I have chosen to name this the Mother McGowan Memorial Leg. Judy has realized that I am responsible for the vast majority of the trouble we have suffered. Her compassionate nature can be restrained no more. She shall have pity on me and do something for which only she can take the blame. The Porsche will be sacrificed. She will drive into a ditch. A scenic, downhill road with several tight S turns is selected. She tells me later this is her first time. I can't believe it. She is a Master. The standard procedure is followed by first edging the right rear wheel off the pavement and onto the wet leaves. A quick turn of the steering wheel to correct for the slide puts the right front wheel into the leaves also. Mother nature and the laws of motion take over. We have stopped. Except for the swish of the wiper blades there is no sound. You're sweet, Judy, but, really, you shouldn't have. How come the NAVIGATOR always has to push? A miracle happens and we extricate ourselves. Judy makes up time much slower than before. I try to compensate for all the wheel spinning that went on backing out of the ditch. I don't even come close and we get a 33.

Leg 10. This is a very mundane leg. All we do is execute route instructions, stay on course and stay on time. We don't even have a flat tire. It's the last checkpoint. Even our score is good, a 3.

EPILOGUE: Several beers have made the event seem more remote. I swap "if only's" with the other losers. My official "if only" for this rally is, "If only I hadn't missed that 4 kph speed change." I use it many times. It doesn't make me feel any better. Judy and I decide to go have supper so we can commiserate with one another in private.

"Thanks for all your time and effort, Chuck. You, too, Charlotte. We really did have fun."

We leave and stand together outside the front door looking across the parking lot. It is raining harder than ever. A lake has formed around the Porsche. So, what else is new?

Bill Gronning

CHECKPOINTS is the monthly publication of the VIRGINIA MOTOR SPORT CLUB, INC. It is mailed free to members and advertisers. Subscriptions to non-dues paying members are \$2.00/year. Please send all articles and contributions to the Editors, deadline the weekend after the first Thursday of each month. Inquiries regarding advertising should be directed to the advertising manager, Jim Rowe. Ad deadline, the first Thursday of each month. Ad rates: \$8.00/month/quarter page; \$45.00/6 months/quarter page; \$80.00 year/quarter page.

EDITORS:

Judy McGowan
404 Cleveland St., #6
Richmond, Virginia 23221
355-5629

Bill Enos
5616 Indigo Road
Richmond, Virginia 23230
285-4301



"Let us pray."



"Barbara, why don't you and I...."



"...., You take one down and pass it around,"



"Now, class, first you connect the widgeit to the tigdiw, then...."

FOR SALE: Xeron 440 Computer, \$500. Blaupunkt
 CHU converter, picks up CHU in 2 places, and WWV
 in one. \$25.00. Autopacer unequipped rally tables,
 \$10.00. AMF 10-speed ladies bike, like new, \$50.00.
 See Mike or Beth Castleberry. 320-0108.

CHECKPOINTS celebrates its 20th. Anniversary in August, 1976. In order to glorify its conception as well as VMSC's 25th. Anniversary was done (?), we would like to urge all the members of VMSC to contribute some little tidbit (or big tidbit) to be included in the August, 1976 issue. Now, don't be bashful, afterall, we will monthly put ourselves in the position for nominations for the DAM Award, so how about a little competition?

Please read this issue in its entirety.
 It's your only link with the outside world.

Enos & McGowan
5616 Indigo Road
Richmond, Virginia 23230

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

FIRST CLASS

DISCOUNTS
TO
VMSC
MEMBERS

Foreign Car City Incorporated

"SPORTS CAR SPECIALISTS"



IF WE DON'T
HAVE IT
WE WILL FIND
IT FOR YOU

LOW DOWNPAYMENTS

BANK FINANCING

JERRY ADOLF

2305 W. BROAD ST.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23220
355-2809

JOHN WHITAKER III