

AlCan 5000 Rally

It is bitter cold,

*Satch discovers
why Shakespeare
never made much
of a rally driver*



and I am sick at heart

Whoever diggeth up these scribblings:

Herewith followeth the chronicles of arduous and ordeal encountered by the honest crew in service to the flags of Sweden, Canada, the U.S.A., and maybe Wales in their endurance of incredible assaults to soul and person; how they treated one another with such courtesy and honor, all the while preserving their noblesse oblige in fond regard of lower classes all around them; where they wandered, how they fared; what they did there, what they saw, and of what manner of adventure there befell them; how they came at last again to home unable to relate to those who stayed behind some true recall of their meanders; yea, and those of other worthy thanes as well; and how one blessed with many bytes came at a certain time to write these very chronicles and cast them out into the world. All here is true and well vouchsafed, for I had pledged my honor and would never be forsown. Your trusted servant further saveth naught. Or naught much, anyway.

Mad call I it; for to define true madness, What isn't but to be nothing else but mad? ... That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true.

Hamlet

It's history, now, this rally: History. There will never again be the first AICan 5000 Rally, though there will be another AICan 5000 Rally. There'd damn well better be. I intend to be in on it.

This is not turning out right. I mean, I swear, to give an accurate accounting, an objective reporter's view of this event, which was a revival of the endurance rallies that saw their peak on this continent in the days of the Shell 4000 and other transcontinental sagas. And though from its inception I had not intended to compete, I had an interest in the proceedings, since the course would

wind through Canada into my own backyard and back to the Flatlands again.

But maybe I'm getting ahead of myself.

If we go back to Journalism 101 who-what-where-when proper style, I ought to start with, "Tim Paterson and his brother Douglas won the first-ever AICan 5000 rally when they made the proper turn at the proper place and time in the very last mile of the very last section of the event, beating Alaska State Trooper Dan Goodwin and Kentucky marketing vice president John Kelley by less than a quarter of a minute after 4,700 miles of rallying."

But if those are the facts—and they are—they are surely less than the story, the understanding of what it was like and what it meant and how we felt about it, how we're going to feel, those few of us who threw good sense aside and hit the road with no legitimate excuse: I mean, the winners took home—wow—a free entry to the 24 Hours of Mexico rally, and the rest of us got—

We got history, is what we got. Now, as I say, I'm getting ahead of myself, and maybe this is incoherent, being written as it is by somebody flying home on the airplane with a couple of busted ribs and no good future, but—well, we have to start somewhere, I suppose.

It starts with Jerry Hines, probably the best rallymaster in the Pacific Northwest. He has been muttering for years about putting together an endurance rally, something that would run the Alaska Highway and back again. But only in the past year has he figured out how to solve the problem of trusting far-flung scoring crews: He did it by traveling with half a dozen reliable crews and leap-frogging the rally; for 4,700 some-odd (some quite very odd) miles we would see the same crews at the side of the road (too late), the same faces (welcome) at the rest stops. Jerry Hines' Traveling Rally Circus.

I got in on the action when I wrote a column about the whole affair and one or more of the 400 bosses I have around this place suggested that I ought to have what Walter Huston called "a look-see" in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (which, when you think about it, was also about progressive insanity). A few phone calls made, a few very thin strings pulled, and I had borrowed (we avoid the use of the word "conned") a Saab Turbo from Len Lonnegren, Saab's long-suffering director of public relations. (It is not true that I said Bob Sinclair, the president of Saab-Scania U.S.A., had promised me the evil black 16-valve turbo he drove on One Lap of America. It is true, however, that I did try to get my greedy little hands on it. Fat chance. Good thing, too, as it turns out.)

I'm getting ahead of myself again. Maybe we need some chronological sequence here. There is such a thing as lineal cohesion, after all, though I have never been accused of it. Accordingly, then:

Day One:

This story shall the good man teach his son.

But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers . . .

Henry V

Actually, it all starts the night before the rally. Dave Griffith, who as owner of Alan BMW-Saab has somehow become party to this adventure, picks me up at the airport in a BMW. He does not know where the Saab is, the silver turbo which Lonnegren has sent up from the San Francisco press pool. But the car does exist; it has been in and out of Griffith's shop and Jerry Hines' Safety Devices, where it has been fitted with a borrowed rollbar.

While I am waiting for Griffith, an earnest young fellow comes up and asks, "Are you Satch Carlson?" I puckishly say no. Some of these people turn out to be bill collectors. Before I can turn and say, "Wait a minute, I was only joking, heh heh, I really am he," the kid disappeared and Griffith has arrived.

The kid is Mark Joslyn. He, of course, has the Saab.

By morning, order is restored; all of us have found each other, I have apologized, Griffith is reassured that the car has not been whisked off to be black marketed to Norwegians, and we are ready to start the rally.

Everybody is laughing at my tires.

A word about tires: When the boss said, "Hit the road," he did not say, "Go around asking for freebies." We are very sensitive around this place about the appearance of selling our ink for a ride. "Buy any tires you want," he says, and I tell him I am going to call Ed Jacobs at BF Goodrich, because he has supplied me with tires before. Sometimes they cost something and sometimes they don't, according to Jacobs' mood, I think, but I never lie about them or the relationship. "No, no," the boss says, "We'll pay for the tires. Get whatever you want."

"Terrific," I say. "You can pay for the BF Goodriches, then." Me, I hate changing tires, and I have never had a BFG flat on my rally car. Others have—in fact, John Fouse once blew away so many T/A Radials in a single event that he still chalks "DEATH TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN GOODRICH IF HE AIN'T CROAKED

ALREADY" on bathroom walls—but I like the tires. I like Ed Jacobs. I am rather fond of Athene Kares, who as a *director* of the company ought to be making big bucks and taking me away from all this, fer chrissakes. And I like the BF Goodrich bozos, the guys you see at the races and rallies who are having such a good time getting drunk and chasing women and making general fools of themselves in the name of Positive Public Image. My kind of people.

So, naturally, I call Ed Jacobs and tell him what I'm doing, and he suggests something about the size of tractor tires, and I insist they be studded, so as we start the rally everybody is laughing at my huge snow tires and snickering at my studs, which are illegal in Washington anyway. (I figure I can get out of the state without too much trouble; an Alaska drivers' license and an air of unbelievable ignorance are powerful armor.)

The first day's section will take us up the pavement to the small B.C. community of Williams Lake, a sort of no-counties tune-up run. At this point the other cars are anonymous numbers, and the people in them anonymous competitors. "How'd Number Five do?" somebody might ask along the way, but Number Five has not yet evolved into real people.

In my car, the Spirit of Eric Carlsson, CB handle Silver Bullet, I have my semi-ex-brother-in-law, Craig Chanslor. I have decided to teach him how to navigate, since he understands computers and stuff. He is one of the few members of The Family who still speaks to me. He is also the only person I know who says "Sure!" when I call him a week before the rally and ask him if he wants to go.

The rules of the AICan 5000 (there is actually only one rule: Ask Jerry) allow us three people in the car, and the third member of Team Preposterous, Jim Cucurull, having been unable to wrangle two Saturdays off in succession, has devised a tortuous airplane route that will take him into the heart of Canada and allow us to pick him up later, so Chanslor and I spend our first day adjusting the odometer. A rallyist is only as good as his instruments, and we adjust our correction factor and readjust it and pull our hair and curse (the car, the odometer, each other, but most of all the rallymaster) before we accept the Awful Truth: What we got here is Rubber Miles.

Day Two:

Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night shall be drunk to bed.

Antony and Cleopatra

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AICan 5000 Rally

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Since here begins the Real Thing, we decide to adjust our mileage using the Ultimate Weapon: The tape library. See, in modern endurance rallying, what counts is *comfort*. What counts is *easing driver fatigue*. And we know that there is, in what is fast coming to be called The Other Saab, the turbo crewed by Bill Brooks, Bill Banger, and Tom Grimshaw, an odometer which gives them good, accurate mileage. Which we could certainly use. What we have is decent cassette tapes, and we have been melting down the Clarion. Grimshaw has been twitching ever since finding out we have Joe Cocker's *Greatest Hits*, so after a bit of horse-trading we adjust our odometer to match the one in the Other Saab, hand over Joe, and hit the road.

Oh, Jesus. Awful.

The thing of it is, I have shown Chanslor how to use a Curta calculator, cranking up mileages and reading out the times we're s'posed to be there, but he has never cranked under fire. The first of what Jerry calls *regularities* (we need a better name; the Texans in the Shiner Beer truck keep calling them "regulatories," the rest of us keep forming images of 40% Bran; what these sections really are is the part of the rally in which you are

penalized for being early or late and the observation controls can be found anywhere) is a brisk up-and-down gravel section with two or three speed changes. Within half a mile I am driving on blind instinct and prayer. (In fact, I am so confused I let Rod and Lee Sorenson past me thinking I am too far ahead of time, then blast by in the gravel, destroying my windshield and theirs, thinking I am behind, when actually I am finished with the section. I never said I was good at this.)

"This isn't working," I say. "Tell you what: Next precision section, you drive and I'll crank." Which we do. Only this time I have neglected to tell Chanslor just how hard it is to lose half a minute—and that half a minute counts against us every time we pass a control. Four of them, altogether.

Besides the precision sections there are Monte Carlo sections, long stretches with no controls except at the end, and transits, where we can be early but not late. It is such a transit that takes us toward the second overnight stop: Fort Nelson. We are a bit late, since we have hung around to get yet another mileage reading from The Other Saab, but we are able to arrive on time in spite of driving through three inches of slushy snow. This is also the part where we see the bears: A large, lumbering black bear and her cubs go galumphing across the road in front of us. Mama and one cub disappear in the trees; the other cub inchworms his way up a birch as if auditioning for a Walt Disney movie. When's the last rally you saw a bear?

(I must admit to a certain gleeful cackling in this section, by the way. "Laugh at my studded radial snow tires, will they? I spit on your gummy P6s! I scoff at your UniRoyals, Dumlumps, and assorted other rubber! Forget it, boys and girls, I know this road!" I have conveniently forgotten what it was like to slide out of control from one end of a steel-planking bridge to the other, skipping about on my studs. I mean, that was the day *before!* THIS

is NOW! THIS is what it's all ABOUT!)

Arriving in Fort Nelson, about the halfway-up point of the northern segment, we adjourn to the bar in the company of Cucurull, who has indeed arrived. There we meet other rallyists, start putting names to the faces: Bill Bryan and his son, Dave, who are committing themselves to this madness in an off-road pickuplet. Danny the Cop and John Kelley, who are moving up in the early standings in a rented Colt (rented from Jerry, of course). There's a pattern here somewhere). Other names, other faces: They'll come in time.

We meet Barbara Young, more about whom later.

We meet Kokanee beer, a potion I'll swear is brewed from dead salmon. (It has its effect; before the evening is over, I find myself shouting, "AutoWeek magazine wants to buy y'all a round!" I not only get *Southrin* when I drink, I also tend to forget about the boss' approach to expense account entries.)

We meet the bitchy hostess. She is the one who keeps trying to throw us out of the bar. She finally announces, after every possible dollar has been extracted from the Yanks, "Some people are trying to sleep, you know!"

"Name three!" I say. That Kokanee's dangerous stuff.

Day Three:

Light and lust are deadly enemies.

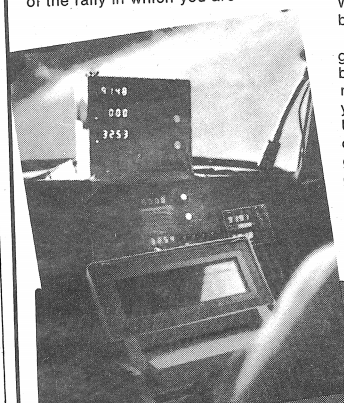
The Rape Of Lucrece

A

ll right. No more Mr. Nice Guy. It is obvious that some of these people are taking things entirely too seriously. "What's this thing in the trunk?" asks Chanslor.

"Rally computer," I say.

It's an aging Zeron 550 with more buttons and readouts than a NASA control console; I have brought it



along because it was loaned to me by a well-meaning friend, who had of course lost the directions to the damn thing a few years back.

"How's it work?"
"You got me." The only thing electric I understand is the tape deck, and it's already fluttering weirdly on cold mornings. Chanslor says no more, but he keeps staring at the 550.

We start with Cucurull in the driver's seat, Chanslor navigating while he tries to figure out the Zeron, and me in the back hunched over my Hewlett-Packard 110.

Let me tell you about the Hewlett-Packard 110. I first ran into one of these numbers last summer, and now I am in debt again, and the only way anybody will ever get me to part with this machine is to pry my cold, dead fingers from its keys. We're talking 272,000 bytes of fully portable computer; I am sitting in the backseat letting Hewpie crank out our time and distance calculations, though at nine pounds it is sliding all over my lap on the turns.

My primary use for this machine, however, is not calculation. It's writing. This box will store the Great American Novel, for heaven's sake, and I can write on the road. Literally. Let me give you an example, an unretouched sample from later on in the rally:

For instance, this is exactly howbthis stuff comes out when I am typing a genuine on-the-course-recounting of things; at the moment this is being written, I am wedged behind Woide-body Klie's seat in Orca, the BF Goodrich van. Since mt typing is never too hot to begin with, and since thereis a certain amount of boncingand sliding around involved, this may not be exactly what we call Clean Copy in thejournalism bidness—but I thought you might like to see what authentic On-the-spot coverage looks like.

Well, I nevr said i could type. But it could be worse:

all were writing in pen or pencil, on the other hand, this paragraph would look like this:
to paraphrase Mark Twain, "It's easy being authentic."

Anyway, as I say, we are starting to get the hang of things, and this is the right time for it; this is the 24-hour push from Fort Nelson all the way to Anchorage, where we will have one night's layover before turning south again. Within about 10 miles, Chanslor has the 550, a Zeron from the days of woolly mammoths and bone microchips, figured out to the point where he can set the time and mileage. Within another mile or so he has figured out the count-up/count-down time clock. Another half mile and he understands the driver's readout.

Gad. We've become equipped. Through the day and into the night we roll, stopping only for gas and food; we are now able to stay within half a hundredth of a minute of perfect time (not that the route could possibly be measured that closely), but we are of course out of contention with people who have not picked up two minutes' worth of penalty points on the first day. On and on and on and on and on, past

Whitehorse, past the historic route of the Klondike gold rushers, out of the sunset and into the moonless night, scurrying toward the border—and—

What the hell is that?!

It's the Northern Lights. My God! In display so spectacular there are half a dozen rally cars, cars which could be making up time, parked by the side of the road in total blackness, their drivers standing around stiff-necked, staring at the heavens. Awesome. If you think my having lived up here for nigh onto 20 years makes me immune, you're wrong; this is the most dramatic display of the aurora borealis I have ever seen, and I don't know how Jerry Hines arranged it.

Later we run into our own mystical lighting phenomenon: The driving light circuits have somehow been routed through the headlight

relay, which surrenders and melts. We are not the only ones with electrical gremlins; Ed Botwick and Mark Wojtkiewicz (that's the spelling I have; you try to pronounce it!) are having similar blindness in their Audi Quattro 4000, another veteran of One Lap of America, so we form a train behind the ridiculously fast Mazda RX-7 of Terry Collision and Greg Mankin and make the next checkpoint with plenty of time to spare. Which we use, of course, in running jumper wires here and there to rescue some headlights.

The Mazda isn't the only fast car in the rally; as I roll toward Anchorage out of the rising sun, a car appears first in my mirror, then in the lane to my left. (Since I am holding a steady 80 or so, I suspect this is another rallyist. I'm quick in the mornings. Besides, I know how

Alaskans drive.) At first I think it must be Peter Hill and John Sim in Sim's mother's 5.0-liter Mustang, or the Sorenson brothers in the Supra, with whom we've been playing tag for 2,000 miles. But no: It's the Rally Queen!

Barbara Young is co-driving for Jim Arnold in this turbo Mitsubishi Starion, see, and it's her first rally. But she is no stranger to insanity: This is a lady who makes her living as a motorcycle drag racer. She is also *beaucoup de cute*, as we say on the beaches, and already the sexist pig dog lackeys of the Rally World have been making crude remarks behind her back, mostly along the lines of "How'dja Like Tuh Heh Heh Heh" and casting ballots naming her Navigator We'd Most Like To Have Get Us Lost In The Boonies. A tough

Continued on Page 30

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Car-nal Knowledge

Q: In 1906 the fastest car in
the world ran 127.66 MPH at
Ormond Beach, Fla. What was
it?

A: A Stanley Steam Car.

Q: What in automotive
terms, is a Christmas Tree?

A: The system of white, yellow,
green and red (foul) lights
used to start a drag race.

Q: What was the first closed
track used for auto racing in the
United States?

A: The Narragansett Park in
Rhode Island, 1896.

Q: What make of car has won
the most Monte Carlo Rallies?

A: Hotchkiss, six times.

—Excerpted from 505 Automobile
Questions Your Friends Can't Answer
by Wm. Neely with John S.F.
McCormick ©1984 by Wm. Neely.

AlCan 5000 Rally

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league, this. Young holds her own
with ease.

Day Four:

*I prithee, shepherd, if
that love or gold*

*Can in this desert place
buy entertainment.*

*Bring us where we may
rest ourselves and feed.*

As You Like It

As we roll through
the morning into
Anchorage, we are
already gearing up
for the second leg.

We have free time
here, a concept
that can be appreciated by those who
have been driving on the clock for a
few days. We remount the Zeron 550
in my garage, rewire the driving
lights, throw in another headlight
relay. Then we turn to more important
tasks: We revise the cassette
tape library.

I have already discovered that I
drive best to Rossini overtures when
we have to make up time, with a
little John Cougar Mellencamp to
break up the monotony. Chanslor
has hidden the 1812 Overture
somewhere in the car for fear I will
leave it behind, and Cucurull is
pushing hard for George Thorogood
and the Delaware Destroyers. We
compromise: We take everything,

leaving but a reel or two of Chopin
nocturnes for those whose job it is
to tend the fires 'til we return.

After a night that features a
reception at Eero Porsche + Audi, a
party at Castle Pretentious in case I
have too much champagne and
Heineken left over from last New
Year's, and a frontal assault on Mr.
Whitekey's Fly-By-Nightclub (my
favorite dive; it is here that Bill
Bryan goes truly nuts and buys up a
year's supply of Fly-By-Nightclub T-
shirts and a double order of Spam
Du Jour), we rise with all the
enthusiasm we can muster, fill the
cars with Road Food, and turn them
back to America.

Day Five:

*Gallants, lads, boys,
hearts of gold, all the
titles of good-fellowship
come to you! What, shall
we be merry?*

I Henry IV

This is a rally, after
all, not just some
kind of Wonderful
Adventure, and by
now some clear
leaders have
emerged. Danny

the Cop and John Kelley are ahead,
but British Columbians Derek Steel
and Blake McGuffie are right behind
them in the world's second-oldest
Datsun 510. (The world's oldest 510
is out here, too. It is driven by Dave

Fairhall of B.C. and navigated by
Alaskan Susy Fouse. She has never
done much of this before, and the
car is equipped with Early Primitive:
A Haida Twinmaster, most of which
are in museums alongside dusty
Curta calculators. But I have spent
a little time at the Hewlett-Packard,
and at least Susy has about 30 pages
of time/speed/distance readouts to
doodle on.)

This is the day of the Heavy Foot.

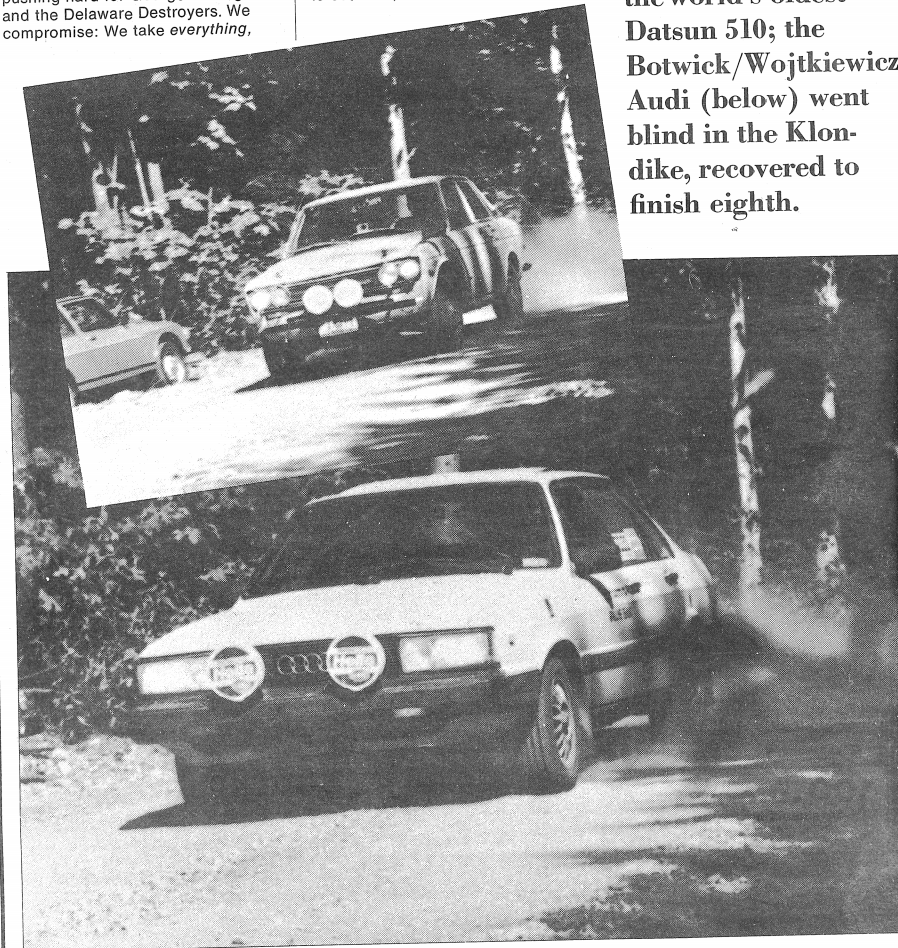
See, a perfect-time rally assumes
no unreasonable delay, and we are
stopped by a construction crew for
agonizing minutes; this means, in
order to make the border by the
prescribed time, some of us will have
to drive . . . uh . . . briskly. It doesn't
help that we are not paying too much
attention to the time; we stop for
burgers, stop for gas, cruise on, da-
dum de-dum.

Thus it was that we found
ourselves a bit over 90 miles from
the checkpoint with about an hour to
get there.

A 90-mile-an-hour-average?!

"Can't be done," says Chanslor, and
he's the one who's driving. But still,
the roads are good, the traffic nearly
nonexistent. We'll see what we can
do. The minutes go by: "You have 40
minutes," I say eventually, "and 60

**Dave Fairhall and
Susy Fouse (left) in
the world's oldest
Datsun 510; the
Botwick/Wojtkiewicz
Audi (below) went
blind in the Klon-
dike, recovered to
finish eighth.**



miles to go." Of course it can't be done, and of course it *shouldn't* be done; we are supposed to follow legal speeds, but still—

Forty miles. We have nearly 30 minutes.

Twenty miles. About 18.

With 10 miles to go, we have just over nine minutes left, and by the five-mile mark we can cruise in at a leisurely 60. We make the checkpoint with over a minute to spare. "Way to go, Von Boot," says Cucurull.

We overnight at Beaver Creek, and, of course, nobody says anything rude or derisive. Not this crowd. Steel and McGuffie are now in the lead; Danny the Cop is perplexed by the points he's getting, since he is using a Zeron 770 just like the big kids. Still, he's easily in the running, and we have three days to go. The serious rallyists retire to bed and rest; the rest descend on Ida's Bar, where we get downright hilarious. Tom Grimshaw is still doing German Rally Director routines ("Tonight, we all change underwear. You change mit *him*, you change mit *him* . . .") We are all swapping rally stories. The bartender's getting tired; there's no reason to stay open if we are finished buying. Bob "Widebody" Kline (he's one of the three bizzaros running a BF Goodrich van in this event, a van named Orca) speaks up: "Well, maybe I'll buy a round . . ."

There then ensues a showdown, classic in its subtlety and nuance, as the barkeep tries to get Young Kline to ring the bell, and Kline maneuvers for a discount. "We need negotiations," he says.

"Oh, we've negotiated. Ring the bell."

"But maybe we can make a deal."

"Oh, right, we can, we can! Just ring the bell!"

"But—"

"RING THE BELL!!"

This last is sung in chorus by the barkeep, half a hundred rallyists, and all the locals who could squeeze in to see the show. *Live Tonight: Yanks Being Silly*. The Kokanee again, no doubt. And Kline complies.

Day Six:

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute.

II Henry VI

We start in the chilly morning mists, our breath visible, our windshields covered with freezing dew; it's not quite frost, but it reminds you this is Yukon Territory. It's going to be another long one, pushing on past Whitehorse once again and south, turning from the Alaska Highway down the primitive reaches of the Cassiar, down through twisty gravel sections where the service stations are 300 miles apart. We are headed tortuously toward Prince Rupert, where we will commandeer a B.C. ferry for Vancouver Island and the final day of the rally.

Not all of us make it, however.

First of all, we run into another construction delay, this one the kind so favored by Canadians, with meaningless lines of cars held back for arbitrary lengths of time just for

the hell of it—I mean, it's *boring* out there in the wilderness—when we could have easily picked our way carefully past the construction equipment. Since we have spent time in Whitehorse outfitting for the Long Haul, we are hardest hit. By the time the pretty flagger lets us go, we have no chance in the standings.

However, behind us are a dozen rally cars still in the chase, and our choice is clear: Drive slowly, let them pass, and eat *their* rocks and dust, or keep a quickish pace and breathe clean air. No choice whatever, really. We emerge unscathed, but the construction people are alternately horrified and angry at the sight of hordes of frenzied rally cars dashing hither and yon and dodging the bulldozers, and later there are reports of hammers being thrown at hapless late-arriving rally cars.

There's a reason to run at the head of the pack.

Once through the precision section that we're too late to do anything about anyway—we take a maximum at each of the checkpoints—we can relax, at least, and just roll on enjoying the scenery. Cucurull is driving, Chanslor is in the navy seat, and I am napping in the back, curled up in my blanket, when *something doesn't feel right*. The car lurches sideways, corrects: I brace my back against one rollbar support, my feet against the one on the other side. We lurch again, then slide, then—

Oops.

Apparently, in the twisty, narrow section 100 miles south of Whitehorse, Jim has found himself in a blind corner, facing oncoming traffic. I am hazy on details, of

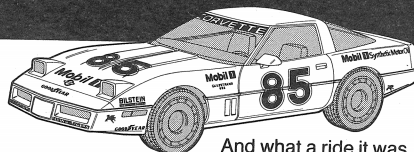
course, since I am in the backseat having dreams involving Miss Drag Racer Rally Queen, but I know when the car leaves the ground, and when it rolls, and when it hits and bounces, does an Immelmann, rolls on a bit, and finally comes to rest all nicely right-side-up and ruined. I am always calm in these situations. "Turn off the key," I say. Then I turn to extricating myself from the blanket and prying my fingers from around the rollbar. I leave the Hewlett-Packard behind only when I am satisfied there is no danger of fire.

Cucurull immediately wins the Duncie of the Year Award when he tells me he wasn't wearing his seat belt, the one time in six days he has forgotten to buckle up when we leave the gas stop. He has been

Continued on Page 49

Mobil® congratulates the Guldstrand Morrison Cook racing team, winner of the 12 hours of Willow Springs.

(Thanks for taking us along for the ride again.)



And what a ride it was. 12 hours of endurance racing, around a treacherous S-turn course.

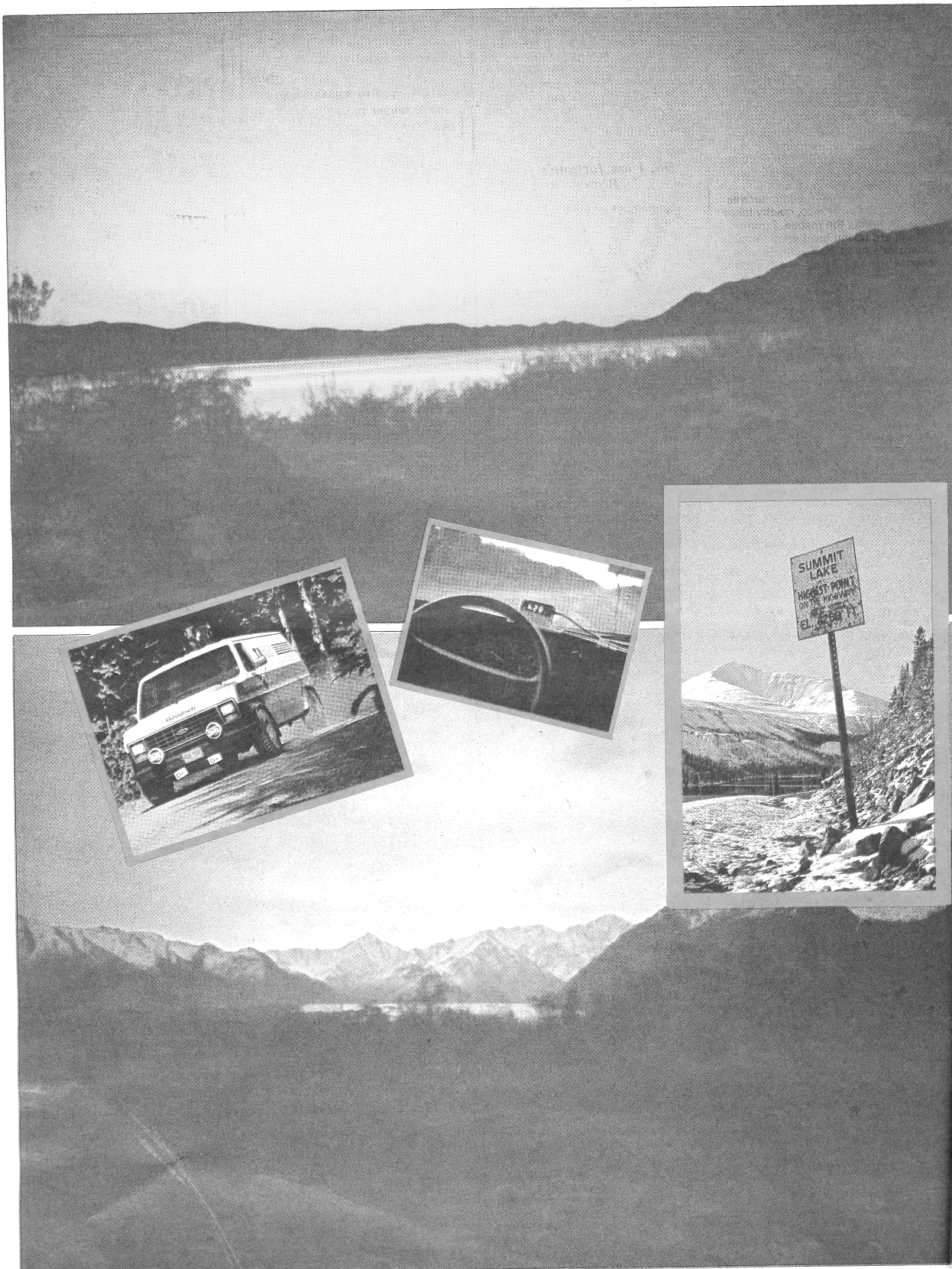
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AICan 5000 Rally

Continued from Page 31

thrown through the side window of the car, fetches up on his hip some 20 feet beyond it. About 1,000 ways he could be dead, but all he does is bust a hip. You figure it out. "Way to go, Von Boot," I say.

Chanslor has a cut on his head, and I feel like I've been riding in a cement mixer; we set in to use up all the first aid kits. No real bleeding, breathing OK, treat for shock, immobilize: Dr. Jim Hampton arrives from the Shiner Bronco, quietly takes charge, directs the rescue. Several people are taking turns bandaging Chanslor's head. Half a dozen people are wrapping bandages and splints around me 'til I look like a wickiup. Susy Fouse is worried; she is Florence Nightingale all over again, having never got over her years as an EMT. "I'm all right," I tell her.

Barbara Young arrives. I slip a little quaver in my voice: "Mom... is that you?" She grins. Nice try.

It takes a few hours for a helicopter to arrive—by that time Cucurull looks like a mound of blankets with glasses—and the ambulance attendants and RCMP begin to look around. I slide up to Chanslor. "We can either stick around, in which case these guys are going to want to take us to the hospital and keep us under observation and take pictures of our innards and feed us terrible food," I say, "or—"

"Get in the van," he says. Thus we continue on our route without a car, but happily in the company of loons, who are overjoyed to carry us in Orca once they discover we have rescued the tapes and thereby saved the van from more assaults by Les and Larry Elgart.

Day Seven:

Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough... You must not think then that I am drunk.

Othello

After a night of narrow bridges and twisty, cratered roads, we roll into the charming town of Prince Rupert in plenty of time to get on the boat. Doc Hampton dresses Chanslor's head again—a white towel and racer's tape may be effective, but he's an unnerving sight—and I make a few phone calls, one of them to Saab. Remember that silver turbo you used to have? Well, heh, heh, heh...

The boat is still another respite from the road. I love the B.C. ferries and their counterparts on the Alaska Marine Highway System, but "state-room" is a euphemism for "cell." Consequently we spend most of our time in the lounge, where the currency exchange rate produces a marvelous phenomenon: A large mug of beer costs \$2.50, so you give the bartender \$10 Cash American and he gives you the beer and \$10.25 Canadian in change! We all experiment with this miracle, trying to turn money into free beer and more money until we have none left,

about which time I get through *The Cremation of Sam McGee* with almost no mistakes and Widebody Kline and Scott Visniewski (another Shiner Texan) decide to raise the cultural imperatives of the B.C. ferry lounge by concurrently mooning the assembled multitudes, but I missed it. I was asleep. Big day ahead of us tomorrow.

Day Eight:

*Oh, I am fortune's fool.
Romeo and Juliet*

W

e disembark at Port Hardy for the last day's run, a stretch of driving that

will take us from coast to coast on Vancouver Island and deliver us to the Embassy Hotel in Victoria. Danny the Cop is once more leading the event, since the construction delay has dropped Steel and McGuffie back to around 10th place. I am in the van; Chanslor has gone on ahead with Jerry Hines to get pictures at the checkpoints, though we are not too confident in the Nikon, since we picked it up in the rocks some 50 yards from the Saab. I try to help the BFG guys, since they are obviously novices, but they soon ignore me when it becomes clear that I am usually wrong in my calculations. I attribute it to the lump on my head.

Up and through the mountains, a glorious day, a couple tight precision sections. Finally there's just one stretch of 35-mile-an-hour driving and a transit to the finish. Piece of cake! But then we come across Jerry's Trap.

Jerry's Trap is an unassuming diagram on the route book; it tells us to take the farthest right of two exits from an intersection. Ah, but the routebook is flat, and reality is three dimensions; the proper road goes down the hill and is easily overlooked; the other road goes up the hill, and seems the obvious choice. We go bounding up the wrong road, only to meet Bill Bryan coming down, so we know something's afoot. We back and turn, and back and turn, and finally get the van turned around and go back through the intersection properly—

—and zero the damn thing, since we had been running a bit too early. This is the only zero scored by Orca in the whole rally.

Most of the other cars fall into Jerry's Trap as well, and it proves to be Goodwin's undoing: 15 seconds up on the wrong road, 15 seconds back, a half-minute error: Enough to drop him from first to second place by 14 seconds behind Tim and Doug Paterson in the world's most clapped-out Mazda RX-7. (If the Mazda people saw this car, they would be prying their emblems off of it. They would be plastering it with Fiat decals instead.)

Just five seconds behind Goodwin and Kelley, the Sorenson brothers tie with the Shiner Texans (whose third member, Willie Williams, will forever be remembered for his farmer's bib overalls with the Porsche emblem across the front). And after them came—well, it really doesn't matter, does it? After them came the rest of us who can hardly wait for 1986 and the second coming of the AICan 5000 Rally.

Hello, Len?
You got a car?



Car-nal Knowledge

Q: Who holds the record for breaking records?

A: Cannonball Baker, who drove 117 different makes of cars and motorcycles to national records.

Q: What American car had the most successes in international racing in the early '50s?

A: Lincoln, which won its class in the Mexican Road Race in 1952, 1953 and 1954.

Q: Why was the first Indianapolis race 500 miles long?

A: The organizers wanted to get the crowd in and out while it was still daylight; 500 miles was the most they could run and do it.

Q: What is the FIA?

A: The Federation Internationale de l'Automobile. Among other things, the FIA sanctions international car racing.

—Excerpted from *505 Automobile Questions Your Friends Can't Answer* by William Neely with John S.F. McCormick ©1984 by William Neely.

PORTUGUESE GRAND PRIX

AT ESTORIL, PORTUGAL

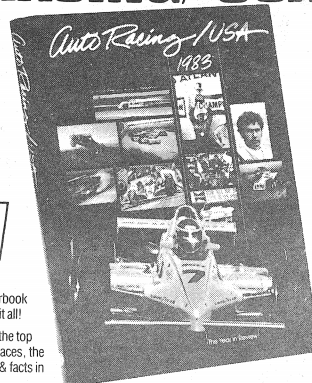
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