LOUD



April 2004

Membership Magazine of Oregon Region Sports Car Club of America



Story and Pictures - page 6

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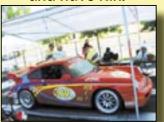
On The Cover:

(L-R)Paul Eklund, Kala Rounds, and Gary Reid take a break as they cross the arctic circle on the 5000 mile Alcan Winter Rally.

Also In This Issue:

Oregon Region takes an important step towards owning our own track - page 5

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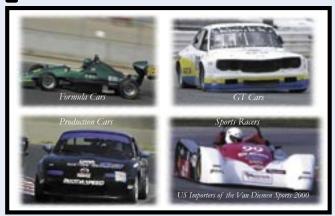


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1						
Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday 3	Sunday
			ORSCCA Board of Directors Mtg		NWR School/Regi	onal @ Bremerton po Center
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16 CSCC Friday Niter Rally		18 Rally Highwa Cleanup - Exit 99 Wa hool and Regional
Pro	Drive School at PIR	- contact ProDrive for	availability	Pro-Drive Test Day @ PIR	at PIR - No	rth Paddock
19 Deadline for the May Loud Pedal	20	21 ORG Mtg -TBA	22	23 PCA @ PIR	24 Oregon Re Oregon Trail Pro Hillsbo	25 gion SCCA and ClubRallies ro, OR
26	27	28	29	30		

May 2004 Event Calendar

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
,			•		1 OMRRA	2 Races at PIR
3 ORSCCA General Meeting Sykart - Tigard	4	5	6 ORSCCA BoD Meetin	7 ProDrive Test @ PIR	8 Rim of the World Ral Lancaster, CA CSCC Ra	9 lies ces at PIR
10	11	ProDrive Sch	13 nool/Test at PIR	14	15 RSCCA National/RegionsCCA	16 ional @ PIR Solo2 @ PIR
17 Deadline for the June Loud Pedal	18	19 ORG Meeting	20	21 CSCC Friiday Niter rally	22	23 NWR Solo @ BR
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30 NWR Solo @ BR

Welcome New Oregon Region SCCA Members!

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Carlo & Taryn Sparacio, Federal Way
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Loud Pedal

The Membership Magazine of Oregon Region Sports Car Club of America

Produced by Falstaff Publications

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Ad development services available at extra charge.

LOUD PEDAL April 2004 Page 4

Taking Steps To Secure Our Future



By: Holly Remington, Regional Executive

EMAIL: re@oregonscca.com

Pear Oregon Region Members,

This column is to update you on the current status of our project to develop a new racing facility in our area.

In 2002, Oregon Region hosted a meeting of concerned users of PIR. We took the lead in the effort to build a new facility oriented around the needs of clubs and participant-oriented motorsports. At that

time, the region impaneled a committee to research what it would take to build a new track, similar to San Francisco Region's Thunderhill Raceway.

The committee researched dozens of counties, cities, towns, and sites, from as far away as Medford and Pendleton to as close as Clark County and settled on the area around Goldendale, in Klickitat County, WA. Klickitat County is part of Oregon Region's SCCA charter.

The City of Goldendale actually contacted us before we contacted them. They are thrilled about the possibility of hosting Oregon Region and our sister

clubs in the area at a new racing facility. They are doing everything they can to help us make this facility a reality.

On Thursday, March 4, your board of directors voted to form a corporation to obtain land and construct a multipurpose, motor sports park. The new company will be seeking investors this I-84 and is a two hours drive from the Portland area. The location offers the kind of terrain associated with world-class racetracks. Fantastic views of the Goldendale valley, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood combine with low wind to make this an ideal location.

We are still a long way from realizing our dream of actually having a track, but this is an important first step.

"We are still a long way from realizing our dream of actually having a track"

year and hopes to build the track in 2005. The planned price for investment shares in the company is \$10,000 each.

The park will eventually include facilities for multi-venue use, including Club Racing, Autocross, Rallycross, and Performance Rally. We are planning a 3-mile track that can run in either direction or run as two 1.5-mile loops, similar to Buttonwillow Raceway or Thunderhill. We believe this facility will be used by many amateur racing organizations.

The new company will make a purchase offer on 700 acres of farmland just outside Goldendale. The site is convenient to

One thing to make very clear is that we are not contemplating leaving PIR. Not now, and not in the future. We will continue to race at PIR, and provide staffing for pro racing events. This new facility is a means for us to secure our future.

If you would like to offer input on this process, or to find out more about investing in this project, please contact your Road Racing, Solo2, or Rally Director, or contact me or New Track Committee chairman Jeff Zurschmeide directly.

Thank you for being a member of Oregon SCCA.

The Northwest & Montana Regions, SCCA



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8:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

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April 2004 LOUD PEDAL Page 5

Ringers, Geeks, and Geezers



By: Kala Rounds

EMAIL: miatagirl | 3@yahoo.com

he days preceding the Alcan 1 5000 Winter Rally were full - full of excitement and anxiety for Team Subaru.

At the ice slalom practice on Barnes Lake in BC, I was happy to help us learn some valuable lessons before the Alcan began, like how to hook the tow strap onto the Baja's tow hook so it wouldn't fall out, and how maybe we should remove the fancy PIAA fog lights BEFORE we drive into snowbanks at the ice races.

Challenge Driving **Events** hosted a yummy 'last supper' for our team, friends and at the Redhook

Brewery Monday night. We listened to Rallymaster Jerry Hines' winter survival tips and Alcan tales of yore. We checked out each other's cars and

websites like a team of Huskies sniffin' butt and called it a night.

Day 1 - Kirkland, WA-Quesnel, BC 540 miles

I learned a lot on this first day, still attempting to use the

Northwest

Page 6

EZ Rally Timing Method.' I had the 'method' down, blindfolded with arms strapped, but the madness continued. I made a decision that would change my whole MO for the rest of the rally. The EZ Rally Timing Method was imperfect! Not by a lot, but this was a competition where we couldn't be

Flexible Technologies

wrong. I decided I would calculate every TSD for the entire rally. In advance. In the bar every night while everyone else was having fun. Yay me. However, I can't say I regret piloting a calculator class car to third overall, chewing up and spitting out computer-aided navigators the whole

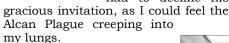
We ended the day at 'The Shark' bar and grill in Quesnel. That was the night I began to understand what the Barons Rene and Lionel von

"Gary and I got in the habit of celebrating with Gary's chocolate and a nip of my Fireball"

Richthofen were about. The German father and son team descendants of the Red Baron von Richthofen. No joke! It was nearly midnight, and the

> Baron pulled up in his Audi S4 with signature trailer in tow, waving his arms and exclaiming in his sexy German accent, 'Come on! There is the most fabulous discotheque downtown!'

Unfortunately. had to decline his



The Alcan Plague is like a combination of the Grippe, the Dreaded Lurghy, and

> infection you ever had. It's brought on by the cold dry air, unfamiliar germs, and fatigue. Avoid it if at all possible.

see the scores and find us in 3rd overall tied with

our teammates in the STi, flextechnw@netzero.com The Baja was tied for 2nd.



(L-R) Paul Eklund, Kala Rounds, & Gary Reid with their Subaru Forester

The other top spots went to our best team competition in BMW X-3s with veteran TSD rallyists Ronald Ahrens, Garv Webb, and Peter Schneider in

one car, and Oregon Region members Satch Carlson and Russ Kraushaar in another.

Day 2 - Quesnel, BC-Fort St. John, BC 400 miles

It's ice race day! We begin the day at Gold Pan Speedway, an icy oval track. The deal on these ice races is that each car gets four runs, no more than two per driver, so Paul and I each took two. The winning team gets a score of 0 (that's a good thing in TSD rally). We all battled it out with fractions of seconds, and my boy Slippery Paul took the win. I literally took the car for some spins and cheerfully jumped back in the co-driver's seat.

We were challenged by our first DIY (Do-It-Yourself) TSD section on this day. Paul and I have learned from experience to switch the acronym to

> stand for Do Yourself This was technique: Paul would fly by the landmark at comfortable speed, hollering out the miles, tenths, and hundredths, and then take a wild guess on thousandths. Gary and I got in the habit of celebrating with Gary's chocolate and a nip of my Fireball, wondering how badly we'd Done Ourselves In. If anyone saw the Forester weaving back and forth across the WHOLE road during

a DIY, no one was driving under the influence of Fireball, it was just Paul adding mileage to our odo!



Team Car - Subaru Baja Photo by Jake Engstrom

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Tire Change on the WRX - Photo by Jake Engstrom

We ended day 2 holding on to 4th overall position with high hopes to

gain a spot in the days to come.

Day 3 - Fort St. John, BC-Whitehorse, 830 miles

I can feel the Alcan Plague coursing through my veins as I awake four-friggingsomething in the morning. Who? Why? How could



Buffalo Along the Alcan Highway Photo by Greg Hightower

The Team in Liard Hot Springs

Photo by Greg Hightower

they do this to us? I had no answers, so graciously drank the hot coffee Paul brought, grabbed some OJ for the road at the front desk, and strapped on my headlamp. Game On!

We made it through the early TSD in a bit of a daze, and I peeked ahead at the rest of the day's route instructions. My grittiness vanished when I saw 'Right to Liard Hot Springs Park.' I convinced the rest of

the team via radio that we needed to pick up the pace to allow for time to

enjoy nature healing mineral pools.

down ran the icy boardwalk to the hot springs. It was a wonderful reward, but enjoyment was kept to a minimum by the time crunch.

We finally arrived in Whitehorse, checked in, and tried to hunt down a car wash. Paul

was visibly perturbed at finding every car wash in town locked up for the night. I was ready for food and rest, and tonight I got my way.

Back at the hotel bar, over a delicious bowl of chili and shot of whiskey, I learned our messed up DIY was our

best TSD score ever, but we were still stuck 4th place. I put my Alcan-Plagued self to bed early in a cozy terry hotel robe.

Day 4 - Whitehorse, YT-Dawson, YT 380 miles

We pressed on to the ice race at Fish Lake. The whole track was glare ice; most of us fell on our asses trying to walk around, so driving was even more fun! Paul set top

> time on his first run, but got too excited on his second try and had back out of a snowbank to continue. damn quick, but even with my pirouette across the finish line we didn't have a quick enough cumulative score to take it this

time.

It's officially road trip time now - no competition for the next two days. The countryside is getting whiter and more amazing as we head north. Wildlife sightings include a silvery-red Arctic

"Wildlife sightings include a silveryred Arctic Fox. several Moose. and numerous Buffalo"

Fox, several Moose, and numerous Buffalo digging in the snow along the

highway for grub. We actually drove through a herd of caribou. Our PIAA lights were lifesavers, allowing us to pick out critters a half-mile down the road in the blackest of night, and sunset was coming earlier each day as we journeyed north.

It's becoming a real winter rally now with two cars out. A BMW had to stay behind in

Whitehorse and wait for a replacement control arm. Mike Miller, Paul Duchene, and Katy Wood hitched rides for the remainder of the rally and pimped out

parts spare from their car, allowing their teammates to What continue. really matters is that everyone was able to make the trip to Inuvik

and Tuktoyaktuk, even if their vehicles were not.

The coolest thing about Dawson was the high-speed internet connection

wireless hub in the bar. Everyone had their laptops out, checking e-mail and uploading pics and updates to their websites.

We were in the bar about midnight when Jake poked his head in and proclaimed the Aurora Borealis was out. We were out in a flash looking up at the night sky. The evening ended perfectly with a magnificent display of the northern lights. The massive green curtain of light was spread across the heavens and in constant motion. I felt so small, yet significant for having the opportunity to witness the spectacle. My mantra for the remainder of the rally became, 'What did I do right to deserve being here now?

Day 5 - Dawson, YT-Inuvik, YT 570 miles

Here's how to start off the day on the

wrong foot: It's still dark and the road's empty. Suddenly the Forester bucks and lurches under us and all the dash lights go haywire. Apparently the lowoctane gas we've been putting in the car caused the engine

to misfire, setting off the computer diagnostic system. You're lucky just to find gas up here, and anything better than 87 is non-existent. Octane boost is our good friend, but obviously not good enough. We unplugged the battery for awhile and the system reset. We were back on the road, but not without a few miles of raised heart rates and worry.

After our long trek up the Dempster Highway, Team BMW hosted a 'halfway' dinner that included local favorites of Musk Ox, Caribou, and Arctic Char fish. I'd heard that the Alcan Rally wouldn't be the same

> without Satch Carlson, and he was our featured guest speaker for the evening, spinning yarns from the past and sharing sage advice for the future. He'd decided on a theme for our event: 'Ringers, Geeks, Geezers.' Most



Buying Gas in Tuktoyaktuk Photo by Gary Reid

of us fit into a category: Hot-shot ringer driver, whiz kid geek navigator, or Alcan veteran geezer.

I had a few beers with another Team D pair, Rob Dunn and Nick Marcuse. I learned that they aren't interested in

Paul and Kala at the

Arctic Circle-Photo by

Jake Engstrom

other rallies, they just live for running the Alcan in their Mazda 323. Talking to them drove home another of Satch1s

points: unlike finer some rallies, our fondest memories and stories of the Alcan will always be about the people, not who

Day 6 - Inuvik, NWT-Tuktoyaktuk, NWT-Eagle Plains, YT 570 miles

Kala and Paul Wow, is it time for yet Photo by Gary Reid life another amazing experience? Ice highway, here we come! The only access to Tuk (as it's called) by car is during the winter on 100 miles of frozen MacKenzie River, which opens onto the frozen Arctic Ocean!

The highway is just a wide plowed path down the center of the river, snowbanks on each side, gently

curving to keep traffic slow...Yeah, RIGHT! Hurtling across what's supposed to be an ocean is pretty amazing, especially when there's really no way to damage the car.

Tuk was indeed a remote village, and one thing that struck all of us was the lack of advertising. Everyone where knows the general store is, and

there's only one in town. Why have a sign on it? Same with the gas station. We tooled around for awhile before we

figured it out. We had time for a quick photo op at the Tuk sculpture cemetery. sundogs in Tuk almost encircled it in a halo. Our return trip down

thing and a final gaze at the sundogs over frozen ice crystals in the air reflect light on either side of the sun, and the really good

the MacKenzie came too quickly.

Day 7-Eagle Plains, YT-Destruction Bay, YT 600 miles

So far, this rally has been exhilarating, completely people, the

competition, the scenery, and even exhaustion. Today our team took our first and only downer for the trip. It was obvious that somewhere along the wav our Baja driver R. Dale had caught the Alcan Plague,

way worse than I had it. We left R. Dale and his partner Francesca from the STi team at the doc's in Whitehorse. R & R and lots of antibiotics were



R. Dale Kraushaar Photo by Jake Engstrom

the only answer, so Jake stepped up to drive the Baja for the rest of the rally. It saddened us all, especially considering all the hard work they put into making this team a reality, but we knew they continued with us in spirit.

Day 8 - Destruction Bay, YT-Fairbanks, AK 550 miles

Today I finally I realized the rally was quickly coming to an end, and I was pissed. It didn't help that we took a few points at the last checkpoint of the morning's TSD.

Soon we were on the road to my home town, North Pole, Alaska and the

Santa Clause House. Santa wasn't in, but we borrowed his sleigh for quick photo op, and continued our trek to the Ice Hotel What a Chena. spectacular piece of gothic architecture! Everything is made of ice, the chandeliers, beds, bar, and barstools with reindeer pelts, which actually kept yer bum warm, or maybe it was my Bombay Sapphire Martini in the ice glass. Paul was first to belly up to the bar and order a drink.

I promptly followed his lead and was slightly taken aback by the \$18 price. But the ice martini glasses were huge, this was a very cool place, and our bartender FILLED them! It must've been at least four shots of booze, but we insisted on finishing them before the drive back to Fairbanks. We even managed to save the glasses, keeping them chilled on the roof rack.

Day 9 - Fairbanks, AK-Anchorage, AK 350 miles

It was an 'out at six am' morning, and I awoke vaguely recalling my drunken calcs from the night before, so did some quick checking of my math. Damn I'm a good navvie, they were all perfect! I found the 'End of day 8' results that Paul had brought back sometime after I passed out, and we'd held onto our 3rd place.

The early morning TSD had us stuck behind some traffic, which Paul handled brilliantly. By the end of the stage I was convinced that as a team, the three of us couldn't have done anything better, we were the be-all and end-all of calc class TSD rally. We stopped for gas, apologized to the local driver we'd passed on a blind corner,



Changing a tire

Photo by Jake

Engstrom

and hit the road for the Big Lake ice The transit through took us Denali National Park, where we witnessed another breathtakingsunrise over mist-shrouded mountains.

We were one of the first cars to arrive at the lake, welcomed by a big yellow sign

with a skull and cross-bones that read 'Keep off thin ice!' with ribbons and cones blocking the track. Our trusty organizers showed up shortly thereafter and moved that bothersome stuff out of the way so we could go racing.

Schoolchildren

We had ample time to put on our two new spare tires sporting fresh studs to carry Paul swiftly across the ice for his grand finale. His stellar performance put us miles ahead of the competition. He doled out maximum penalty points to everyone and we each stuffed the car only once.

One DIY later, we descended into the Matanuska Valley, where one could spin in circles and never see a break in the magnificent mountains. We received a warm welcome at Continental Subaru in Anchorage, and Paul did cookies in the parking lot and made damn sure our ice martini glasses were busted up good. All I wanted was a hot cup of coffee and to give big ol' hugs to Jerry Hines for organizing this whole fiasco, and John Hubach for making our team possible by footing the bill. I sailed through the rest of the evening high on the experience, through the getting dressed up, banquet, and awards.

Oh yes, awards: Team Forester and Team Sti both took 1st in our classes, and Team Baja took 3rd in class. We ended up with the Forester 3rd, Sti 4th, and Baja 6th overall respectively.

The team trophy was the snazziest - a big ol' moose antler with a road map of our trip carved in it. We decided right then that Glenn and Greg would deliver it to R. Dale and Francesca in Whitehorse on their trip home.

Paul was feeling the onset of the Alcan Plague. We called it an early night. I dreamt of ice highways, sundogs, and the northern lights with endless strings of numbers running across them.

Epilogue:

It was discovered a few days after our return that Paul's plague had actually developed pneumonia. into Even though he was spitting up in the morning, he hadn't figured this out. Finally his trusty navigator repeatedly insisted he visit a doctor.

A few weeks, lotsa antibiotics, and one ClubRally later, he has fully recovered and still just coughs a little each day.

R.Dale and Francesca drove back to Arizona without incident just a few days after the end of the rally. The moose antler trophy that Team STi had delivered did cause a closer inspection at the Canadian border though: "Yes sir, we have a moose antler to declare...'

The View From Team BMW - By Russ Kraushaar

We've all experienced it, a flashback aroused by one of the senses; the smell of bacon takes you back to a childhood camping trip in the Ochocos, or an old song reminds you of a special rendezvous and those green eyes that captured you completely. Usually it's an unexpected diversion that sets your mind gently adrift. A mental journey that puts a smile on your face and reminds you that life is good - reminds you that it's probably time to plan your next vacation!

After running first Winter AlCan rally in 1992, ľm struck with one of these sensory triggers every year when the first frost hits us in late autumn. in the biting

the

with

Forester -Photo by Gary Reid

step out the discusses strategy with drivers door to get Henry Joy (left) and Satch the morning Carlson (right) at Fast Eddies in paper, draw Tok, Alaska - Photo by Gary Reid

cold air, and recall the same crisp burning sensation at minus 15,

watching the northern lights in the Yukon. Life, indeed, is good. And it must be time for another road trip to the land of the midnight sun.

For 20 years now, rallymaster Jerry Hines and the hard working members Rainier of Auto Sports Club have orchestrated legendary road trips. They call it the AlCan Rally – a marathon time-speed-distance event

that starts in Seattle and travels north of the Artic Circle. This year a total of 16 teams gathered to celebrate the 20th anniversary and a few lucky

Oregon Region members were on hand for the 8 day, 4700-mile party. I was fortunate enough to land a ride in one of BMW's new X3's with Satch Carlson and Henry Joy, as part of a three-car team fielded by BMW North America.

BMW wanted to test the X3, get some spectacular pictures, and win the rally. I wanted to drive like a fool, drink some beer with my friends and refresh my memories of the great

white north.

Despite a few difficulties along the way, we were both successful.

BMW X3's held the top two positions from day one and were never beaten. Not bad considering the cars were delivered to us just two days before the event. A bent lower control arm, caused by a moment of excessive exuberance on day 2, was our only challenge. it snapped on day 5, our teammates Katy Wood, Paul

Duchene and Mike Miller in car 12, gave us theirs and hitched rides with

> the rest of the party goers. While they may not have finished the rally, Katy and crew didn't miss any of the adventure.

strongly encourage you to do the few up а friends,



Trust me, you need to do this!



I Navigator Russ Kraushaar

Satch Carlson prepares to race - Photo by Greg Hightower