Alcan Rally: The Saga of Red Dog

North America Gets the Compact

Swap Meet & Go-Kart Day
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**Boilerplate**

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**Calendar**

- May 26: Instructors' Clinic at BMW Seattle. See Dan Alvis' article.
- May 27: Deadline for June *Zundfolge*.
- June 1: Track Night at SIR. Our first of the year.
- June 2: Board Meeting hosted by Gary Parr.
- July 6: Track Night at SIR.
- July 31: Concours d'Elegance at Columbia Winery in Woodinville. Start polishing!
- August 14: High Performance Driving School at SIR. The most fun you can have with your clothes on.

BMW ACA events are partially supported by a generous grant from BMW of North America, Inc.
Swap Meet and Go Cart Day

SWAPPIN' AND SHOPPIN', KARTIN' AND MORE!!! Yes, it's almost time for the First Annual BMW ACA Swap Meet. It's going to be a great day of fun and adventure. First, there is, of course, the swap meet itself. All club members are invited to bring any and all BMW car or motorcycle related stuff. Members are also invited to purchase any and all said stuff for whatever purpose they choose. Personally, I'm looking for a few more model cars and maybe a set of carbs to go on one.

OH, BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

The location of the event is Point Defiance Park, T-N-T Go Kart Track. This go cart track has over 15 Honda powered carts to maneuver around a ten-turn course. All ages can participate, but you must be ten years old to drive. If your child is under ten, he or she can ride with someone else in a two seater! The normal price is $3.00 per five minute ride. For the BMW ACA, T-N-T is lowering the price per member to $2.50. And they will let us ride longer than one.

Kartin' and more!!! Yes, it's ACA Swap Meet. It's going to be a lot of fun for the whole family. So set your watches and calendars for the 22nd of May, a Sunday, starting at 9:00 am at Point Defiance Park. I must also mention that the park has a wonderful zoo, a scenic drive, kids' playland, and a beach walk all at your disposal. It's a neat place to visit.

To get to the neat place from north of Tacoma: drive on I-5 south just past the ferry docks and you will see the go cart track on the right. Turn into the parking lot and that's where the Swap Meet will be.

If you are coming from south of Tacoma, follow I-5 north to the 38th Street Bremerton exit. Follow the signs to HWY 16. Follow HWY 16 to the 6th Avenue exit. It is the same as the above instructions. Hope I see you there. If you have any questions call me at (206) 582-0803. If the day of the event you need additional directions call T-N-T Go Karts at (206) 752-6413.

— Dan Alvis

around Cheney Stadium to the 6th Avenue exit. At the light at the end of the exit, turn left on 6th, get in the right hand lane, and turn right on Pearl Street. Follow Pearl up and down the hill until you see the entrance to Point Defiance Park. At the entrance you will see a sign

1994 TRACK EVENTS APPLICATION

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PLEASE REGISTER ME FOR:

- 6-1-94
- 7-6-94
- 8-24-94

COST: $65 for one event, $120 for two, $170 for three.
Make checks payable to: BMW ACA.
Mail form and check to: PO. Box 1259, Bellevue, WA 98009

Wednesday Nighter

THE DRIVING SEASON IS AFOOT! The first of four driving events this year is right around the corner: the first of June, Wednesday, starting at 3:00 pm, at Seattle International Raceway in Kent. This is an event for those drivers who have been to a previous school. However, if you want to come and see what you're missing, feel free to come out. We often give rides to spectators and family members. You can always work a corner and learn plenty from just watching.

For those of you who have been waiting patiently for your next chance to focus on your driving skills and develop yourself into a responsible, highly skilled, extremely safe operator of a motor vehicle, the time is near. Remember the basics: 1. Get your car ready. Check the brakes and tires and fluid levels. 2. Bring a helmet with a Snell rating of 1985. 3. Pre-register by sending $65 dollars with the application above. 4. Bring fluids to drink. I would also like to emphasize that this is a non-competitive driving event and is designed for street driving, driver awareness, and skill development.

For those of you who plan to do more than one event you can send in the application for up to three Wednesday night events and save some money. For two events send $120, for three events send $170. If you show up at the track the day of the event it will cost $75. The event will go rain or shine. For more information call Mike Helton at (206) 643-4729 or me at (206) 382-0803.

Drive Safely.

— Dan Alvis
“Good morning. I’m Dr. Schnotz.” These dreaded words greeted me and Sygmund, the infamous ’72 2002SC (Mr. Nast’s 2002 with a supercharger-ed), as we made our biannual trip to the Washington State Department of Internal Affairs and Proctology (WSDIP).

“This should only take a few minutes,” we are instructed, having spent the better part of an hour in the crowded waiting room. WSDIP runs clinics, and does not believe in or make appointments.

That Dr. Schnotz is a quack becomes immediately obvious. Sygmund, you know, is rather well-endowed physically; there is no mistaking the chromosomes. So I was overcome with disbelief when asked if he was a diesel; this seems like asking Arnold Schwarzenegger if he is a girl. The younger (and, frankly, less virile) cars in front of us were told to take off their bras and open wide for inspection, and I suppose such an invasion would make it clear to even the meanest charlatan the nature of the victim, er, patient. But since Sygmund is nearly of medicare age, he is spared this embarrassment and is merely asked what’s under his skirts.

In fact, another practitioner (to whom we were not introduced) had uncapped the gas tank of the car in front of us, and was waving a wand around the opening. She winces, and immediately obvious. Sygmund, you know, is rather well-endowed physically; there is no mistaking the chromosomes. So I was overcome with disbelief when asked if he was a diesel; this seems like asking Arnold Schwarzenegger if he is a girl. The younger (and, frankly, less virile) cars in front of us were told to take off their bras and open wide for inspection, and I suppose such an invasion would make it clear to even the meanest charlatan the nature of the victim, er, patient. But since Sygmund is nearly of medicare age, he is spared this embarrassment and is merely asked what’s under his skirts.

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BMW 600

The BMW 600 was the four-seat alternative to the Isetta. The 600 was introduced in August 1957 and deliveries began in November. It had a front-opening door, but also had a side door on the right rear. The two-cylinder engine was basically two Isetta engines. With 582ccs it produced 19.5 hp. A curb weight of only 1250 pounds allowed a 62 mph top speed.

One technical innovation was the semi-trailing arm rear suspension. From 1957 to 1959 34,813 units were produced. In 1959, the 600 was succeeded by the 700. BMW 600s are very rare today.

Bavarian Beer Tasting

By David Lightfoot

June 25th is the date for what will be a very special event. How special? Well consider these elements that will be part of the event: a formal tasting of some outstanding Bavarian beers, a host who is one of the most influential people in the world of beers, a beautiful setting, a fully restored BMW 600, some snacks to complement the beers, and lots of BMW club members. All this for only $5. Interested? Read on.

The Bavarian Beer Tasting will be hosted by Merchant du Vin, an importer of European specialty beers and wines. Merchant du Vin is located at 140 Lakeside Avenue, Suite 300, in Seattle's Leschi area. The Merchant du Vin headquarters is a veritable beer and wine museum. It's a working office but filled with historical memorabilia. There's also a tasting area with a bar. The office is almost right on Lake Washington and adjacent to a park. With any luck, we'll have nice weather.

We will have driving directions next month, but Merchant du Vin is on the western shore of Lake Washington and between the two floating bridges. It is near Daniel's Broiler and the Leschi Lake Cafe. Since the beer tasting is from 3:00 to 5:00, you may want to consider having dinner at one of these restaurants. They're within a block.

Our host will be the owner of Merchant du Vin, club member Charles Finkel. Charles will conduct a formal tasting for us. The featured beers will all be specialty beers from Bavaria, which seems appropriate. Highlighted will be beers from Ayinger. Ayinger is a small village south of Munich. The Ayinger brewery and guesthouse are the "industry" of the village, employing almost everyone in the village. Ayinger produces eight types of beer. These are not "factory" beers, but beers made in small batches and with distinct character. Your Zundfolge editors tested three of these beers (somebody had to do it) and can recommend them.

Charles owns a BMW 600 which he uses as a promotional vehicle (who could resist?) for Ayinger beer. The car will be outside the Merchant du Vin offices. It's not every day you see a BMW 600.

The admission to the tasting is $5 per person. None of this goes to Merchant du Vin, who is donating the beer. The club will spend the $5 per person on snacks to accompany the beer. We will also have some soft drinks for those who don't drink alcohol. However, you must be 21 or over to attend this event; sorry, no children.

Advance registration is required! You may not simply show up and pay at the door. So send in your reservation soon, using the form provided.

Bavarian Beer Tasting Reservation

Name

Send this form with a check for $5 per person, payable to BMW ACA, to: Lucetta Lightfoot, 2041 39th Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98199.
Beer Tasting Host: Charles Finkel

Charles Finkel is chairman and creative director of Merchant du Vin, a company he founded in 1978. He has pioneered the introduction to America of a selection of authentic beers that represent the major brewing styles. Beer writer Michael Jackson has described Merchant du Vin as “the most adventurous beer importer in the U.S.” Merchant du Vin represents traditional breweries in England, Scotland, Belgium and Germany. Charles acts as marketer, agent, and marketing consultant for the brewers he represents.

As a graphic artist, Charles’ designs have appeared on packages, clothing, glassware, and in books, brochures and magazines worldwide. Charles has produced two books: Ale Art and Marketing Imported Beer. He collaborated with Christopher Finch on Beer, A Connoisseur’s Guide to the World’s Best.

Charles also lectures on beer, wine and food, as well as entrepreneurship at the University of Washington, Washington State University, The Grape Growers’ of Washington, The National Restaurant Association, The National Micro brewers and Homebrewers Association, and at the Herb Farm. He also makes radio and television appearances and publishes articles in many publications.

Charles began his career with Monsieur Henri Wines in New York. In 1969, he created his own firm, Bon-Vin, Inc., to import “boutique wines.” Charles coined the term “boutique wines” to describe newly emerging wines of America’s small, quality-oriented independent wineries. Charles introduced Americans to Chateau Ste. Michelle, Sutter Home, Dry Creek, Kenwood and Fetzer wines. In 1974 Charles sold Bon-Vin, Inc. to U.S. Tobacco Co. who simultaneously acquired Ste. Michelle Winery. He remained at Ste. Michelle through 1977 as a Vice President. While at Ste. Michelle, Charles designed the Woodinville facility, the guided tour, the tasting room, and the gift shop, in addition to his responsibilities for marketing, advertising, and public relations.

Charles is also the founder of the Pike Place Brewery, a micro-brewery in the Pike Place Market. The authors of Real Beer and Good Eats, The Rebirth of America’s Beer and Food Traditions said, “Finkel is a legend among beer-lovers. The energetic, sartorially elegant beer marketer, writer and promoter is one of the most important figures in the American beer scene today.”

And he’s a nice guy, too.

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The 1994 Alcan Winter Rally: The Saga of Red Dog

By Steve Norman

These are my recollections of probably the greatest adventure of my short life. I do hope to have greater adventures, but if I don't... well, what the hell! I have gone to Inuvik, in the Northwest Territory of Canada, been in -31F temperatures, and found that I did not have the fear that perhaps I should have had. I would do the trip again (and probably will!).

I believe that the primary reason that we did so well in the competition—we finished first in our class, and second overall by a mere six seconds after a week of rallying—was our equipment. We would have been a very long way behind the professional drivers had we been in anything but the Red Dog, my 1988 BMW 325iX.

Wednesday and Thursday, February 23 and 24, 1994:

Satch Carlson and other members of his Alaska Rally Team came to BMW Seattle to do final preparation on the various cars on the team.

Looking at the itinerary it seems pretty simple:

**Fri Feb 25, Driver Breakfast - 7 am**
West Coast Camlin
Start 8:30 am
Overnight: Quesnel B.C.

**Sat Feb 26, Quesnel Solo II - 9 am**
Gold Pan Speedway
Depart Quesnel - 10 am
"Mile 0" Break - 5 pm
Dawson Creek B.C.
Overnight: Fort Nelson B.C.

Then I got the shock of my life: I began to look at the rally instructions! The first night ended at about 9 pm, after 538 miles; the second night ended at about 1200 miles, with the last 200 miles beginning at about 8 pm after a 28-mile TSD (Time-Speed-Distance) called "Looks Like Kansas To Me, Toto." I did not look any further in the rally instructions!

The professionals and the experienced included the whole crew of Car Number One, nicknamed the Jerky Boys, running an Isuzu Rodeo driven by Johnny Unser and Paul Dallenbach and navigated by Tom Grimshaw. These two drivers have more driving experience in their 20-some years of life than I do in all of my 36.5 years of driving. Tom Grimshaw, on the other hand—the only one older than me—has 243 years of experience navigating in comparison to my 0 years’ experience. For an Old Fart with some really great young drivers, they were super nice people.

Car Number Two—usually just called "Billy" on the radio—was driven by Billy Edwards and navigated by Greg Lester, both well experienced and professional.

Car Number Three—the Red Dog, my BMW 325 iX with a very experienced navigator in Satch Carlson. (His experience as a navigator is only surpassed by his experience as a driver, writer, promoter, organizer, storyteller, trivia player, pool shooter, and total control freak.) Our transit driver was Dennis Gunu, who knows well the ways of the road, and of Satch.

Car Number Four—White Trash, was driven by R. Dale Kraushaar of Portland and navigated by Russ Kraushaar of Corvallis, with Jules Moritz as transit driver. Russ Kraushaar had navigated and co-driven the winning BMW 2002Ti in the summer Alcan 5000 Rally of 1993. R. Dale was a heavy-weight contender for National Championship points in the SCCA PRO Rally series, co-driving for international hot-shoe Rod Millen.

Car Number Six—a Chevrolet Blazer driven by Linda Williamsen, Edith McElrath and Kim Hawley. These women had driven the summer rally and must have enjoyed themselves. As a result they became Car Number Six that participated fully in everything.

Car Number Seven—a Saab 9000T using the call name of Pigs on Ice, was driven by Russ Huntoon and Brad Yuill of Nevada, and navigated by Tim Winker of Duluth.

Car Number Nine—Blackbird, a Saab SPG was driven by Jim and Christy Breazeale of Seattle and navigated by Adrian Crane of Modesto.

Car Eleven—Subie, a Subaru 4x4 Wagon, was driven by Justin and Colin Brost, a father-and-son team from Stanwood, and Susie Fouse of Birch Bay, a woman who holds several ice-racing championships and who is well experienced.

Car Thirteen—the Rooster, was driven by Ron Clyborne and Michelle Andersen of Edmonds, and navigated by Ed Botwick of Oxford, Connecticut. They were perhaps the most comfortable in the Audi 5000 Quattro.

Talking to all of those who would speak to me—sometimes difficult to find, if you’re hanging out with Satch—made me realize that I was in the wrong place at the wrong time: I did not deserve to be in this competition!

Friday, February 25

(Annie's Birthday - Happy Birthday!)
A week away from Steve!

Annie, my wife, took me to BMW Seattle to take the Red Dog out of impound to make the rally start at the Camlin Hotel. Annie’s birthday breakfast consisted of the Driver’s Breakfast at 7 am in the Camlin.

Finally the start: The Heavy Hitters (Unser, Dallenbach and Grimshaw) in their perfectly prepared Isuzu Rodeo were first out, covered by local media and special film crews provided by Isuzu.

The next car out was the Edwards/Lester Ford Explorer.

Then it was our turn.

We pulled up to the line and the camera crews closed in, asking questions that they thought were appropriate to some doofus who had never driven in a rally before, and whose only claim to fame was that he had Satch Carlson as a navigator. They probably thought that I would drive around the corner and let Satch or Dennis into the driver’s seat, and never be seen again until the arrival in Alaska.

Fortunately, we just drove north on the
freeway while Satch was doing "some o'that navigator shit." This is his description of the highly professional and intricate job of calibrating our computer to the wheels and tires of the car, and correlating this information with what the rallymaster has defined as the distance between two points.

Did I mention that it was snowing?

We continued up the highway, all the way toward Concrete. At Rally Mile 86.12 (plus or minus a bunch in real miles) we turned left toward Concrete and approached a bridge which was the end of the odometer calibration section and the start of the first TSD section, a simple course usually run in dry conditions, ordinarily not much challenge to the navigator and downright boring for the driver. It was called "Sauk It To Me"—and it did.

Did I mention that it was snowing?

Our time to start came up and I accelerated across the bridge and on up the hill to the left, then further up and to the right. Our assigned speed for the first 15.68 miles of this TSD was 48 miles per hour. "Well, shit," said Satch. "Looks like it's gonna be a driver's rally."

"What's the difference," I asked, "between a driver's rally and a navigator's rally?"

"A driver's rally—LOOK OUT! YOU'RE GOING TO GET US ALL KILLED!" he explained "is one where the navigator finally folds his arms and says, 'I'll let you know if you ever get anywhere close to being back on time.'"

Did I mention that it was snowing?

And that it had been snowing for several hours?

I crested a hill to the left and down into a gully with the road going up and to the right. I learned later that the correct line would have been to go into the curve wider and late apex, going into the corner under power . . . well, that's not exactly the line I took: I was all over the road! The car got very quiet. If Satch had not already seriously considered putting me in the back seat, having Dennis navigate, and doing the driving himself—he has done a lot of this stuff, and holds a couple ancient ice-racing championships in his checkered past—it was now probably on the minds of the two gentlemen who had allowed me to risk their lives. Instead, having been to big-time driving schools, as well as having spent years driving in winter conditions, both Dennis and Satch began to gently tutor their novice driver, using pedagogical terms like JESUS CHRIST and HOLY SHIT and one of Satch's particular favorites, YOU GOT TO DRIVE THE FRIGGING CAR! (This is the Zundfolge version. Actually, Satch rarely says "frigging."—Ed.)

At rally mile 107.37 we took a left at STOP and ended the TSD. Satch asked that we stop and wait for the remainder of the Alaska Rally Team (ART), to arrive; he is such a gentleman that he implied that he was concerned about the ability of the other drivers to make it through the course in one piece (especially since two crews were driving his cars, the Mazda and the Saab 900). But I suspect that he really had to get out of the car to gain control of his heartbeat, or maybe his sphincters. He did not exactly kiss the ground, but he was definitely seen to leap in the air, wave his arms exultantly, and scream, "WE CHEATED DEATH AGAIN!"

As the other ARTists arrived, I took the opportunity to write my name in the snow, and as a result learned a bunch about our whole team. The comment—from Russ Huntoon—was "Yeah, that's Steve's name, all right—but it's Dennis' handwriting!"

Great fellows all: they knew they had an absolute rookie on their hands, but I was definitely part of the team.

We began our transit to Williams Lake. Up to this point, I thought the tough part of the rally was going to be the TSD sections. Boy, was I wrong! A transit, to those of you with the same level of experience that I had, is a high-speed (the correct rally term is "brisk") tour in the company of a bunch of great drivers; in fact, I think they use the TSDs as a means of legitimizing their being on the road between TSD sections. The rallymaster's real responsibility is to set TSDs as far apart as he can, with as little time as possible to get from one to the next. Great fun!

As we drove the 363 miles to Williams Lake, Satch and Dennis tried to teach me as much as possible in a very short time. I am indebted to both of them for their patience in this effort.

When we arrived in Williams Lake, at around 8 pm, we started the Soda Creek TSD, a seventeen-mile drive on wide smooth gravel roads that quickly deteriorated into narrow, hilly treacherous roads going under bridges and quickly turning to tight uphill climbs. My only responsibility was to drive the road at the assigned speeds—which varied from 40 to 36 to 32 to 36 to 32 MPH—and to keep the screen in front of me reading 0.00, which meant that we were exactly on time. (If it went up to 0.01, we were a hundredth of a minute ahead; if it fell to 9.99, we were a hundredth behind perfect time.) Well, I did better than I had during Sauk It To Me,
DNF. What a great way to gain the respect of all the superiors in attendance! (Fortunately, Satch came up with a stellar performance on the track, so we did not lose too much in the way of points. Besides, most of the assembled crowd thought he was the one who stuffed the BMW into the berms).

We began our transit to Dawson Creek, where the mayor was waiting to welcome us at 5 pm. That was only some 295 miles in less than 6 hours. This is where the navigators do their best work; they look at the distance, and they look at the time, and they say, “We only have to average approximately 73.75 MPH for an hour or two, and then we can cruise... but that translates into about 115 KPH, or was it...?”. Then they get on the radio and call some other navigator and find out what they got from doing all this navigator shit. Jerry Hines had called ahead, and the mayor agreed to show us an hour later than the scheduled time so that we could make a safe transit—but we were all there before the originally appointed hour, which says something about driver mentality.

After coffee and cookies with the mayor, we headed out to the TSD: “Looks Like Kansas To Me, Toto.” This is another section we’d been warned about, since it has a tricky hillclimb. Kansas was 26.75 miles long, was 86 miles outside of Dawson Creek and started at 7:30 pm. Offhand, I cannot remember anything about this TSD, since Satch spent most of the time making suggestions, which is the most polite way I can describe his authoritarian style of keeping a driver on time.

We began our trek to Fort Nelson Motor Hotel. It was only 218 miles, and it gave me another opportunity to figure out how to drive in snow and ice; I think that I was beginning to get the idea. (And we had reached Alcan Mode, wherein one can refer to such a transit as “only 218 miles.”)

Both Dennis and Satch were giving me advice on things to do to become a safer driver, and Dennis, anyway, was patient and supportive.

Fort Nelson looks like an Eastern Washington town except that it is 10 to 20 degrees below zero. What a cold place! And the bar was closed to us because a bunch of local women had taken over the bar in order to ogle a collection of male strippers; moreover, the bar across the street was overloaded with truckers, so a local bootlegger was retained to acquire beer at $60 Canadian for 24 cans of the worst beer—actually potent Canadian malt liquor—I have ever had. (Of course, Satch puts it differently: “It’s like sex,” he says.

“The worst beer I ever had... was WONDERFUL!”

Thus we congregated in Dennis’ room and listened to the old, experienced navigators tell us about the Olden Times, when it was such a hard life that when the rally drivers and navigators were mooned, they took it in stride, but when they were mooned by some guys and flashed by their dates, the navigator refused to continue the navigating until the driver would go back to the flashing ladies for another look. I sure hope the stories are true.

Sunday, February 27:

Day Three dawned a long time after we had departed Fort Nelson. We were on our way to Whitehorse—a mere 600 miles away. We drove and we drove, each mile giving me more knowledge. It was somewhat important—to us, anyway—to be among the first to arrive in Whitehorse, since the hotel had indoor, heated parking for only a few cars. It should come as no surprise that the BMW was safely tucked away in its warm garage, and we were safely in the bar, before half a dozen other cars had arrived.

Being Sunday, and being Whitehorse, there were very few establishments open. Satch—naturally!—had convinced the operator of the hotel bar to stay open, and we ordered pizza, drank beer, and played pool. Being the next-to-oldest in attendance, I went to bed early, trying to figure where my energy went. Tom Grimshaw, aka the Geezer, aka the Old Coot (and sometimes known simply as God to those of the navigator persuasion), is so old he was around for the invention of dirt. So naturally he and Satch teamed up and took on all comers at eight-ball until the proprietor closed the place at 2:00 am. This is called Proper Navigator Conditioning.

Monday, February 28:

Monday morning found the Red Dog about 300 to 500 pounds lighter because of the elimination of a lot of ice. We began the Long Lake TSD about one mile from the hotel. This was a short TSD, simply going up one hill, turning around and coming down the same road. Seems simple, doesn’t it? Well, we didn’t win that one, either; we took seven points in less than five miles! I am still not sure why, but Satch assured me it had more to do on the surface of the Yukon River. (It was frozen. People who live in southern climes don’t often think about driving on rivers, and it takes some getting used to. It only made some funny noises after we had been there for about two hours. Loud cracking noises.)

The game here was to drive a road course about a mile long in the shortest time possible. By this time I had figured how to drive the BMW iX on icy surfaces; at least I didn’t stuff the car into a snow-bank until the second lap. Then it was only a semi-stuff, because I backed out, stalled my engine, restarted and ended up the lap at only 10 seconds off my first run. Ice-and-snow driving is a bunch of fun.

We did OK in the competition in Whitehorse; in fact, Satch had the fastest time of the bunch, period. But the screwy scoring system meant we came away from the Yukon with more points between us and the Jerky Boys than we took on either of the other two ice-racing courses, where our times weren’t the fastest! Nevertheless, we were cheerful on our way to Dawson.

Tuesday, March 1, 1994:

Looking at the route instructions, it appeared the fifth day of the rally would be relatively simple:
- Mile 2141 Left on Front Street to Hwy 2 South
- Mile 2165 Left on Klondike River

An IX will go almost anywhere, but there are limits.
Lodge on the Dempster Highway (Highway 5 North) toward Eagle Plains.

NOTE: The Dempster Highway is difficult and remote, and if you have any doubts about your vehicle please consider a ride with another car or spend the day in Dawson City. The penalty is 100 points for missing Eagle Plains or Inuvik.

- Mile 2397  Eagle Plains Lodge (gas and food)
- Mile 2421  Arctic Circle crossing
- Mile 2512  Fort McPherson on the left - gas available
- Mile 2627  Inuvik, population 3,400. END DAY #5

This was the toughest and scariest day of them all. We were told to make sure that we had enough fuel for the transit. We were really sensitive to the potential danger because we had had a chase vehicle go off the road on Day 2, injuring a paradmedic. The temperature on the Dempster Highway was reported to be in the minus 20's and 30's, and the wind was blowing, causing the snow to drift over the highway.

The group was led by Blackbird, the Saab 900 owned by Satch. As you may know, the Saab SPG has a great spoiler in front. The car is low and sleek, probably the best looking Saab ever. With Jim Breazeale driving at ample speeds, and with the depth of the drifts difficult to determine at warp speed, several pieces of spoiler were spotted in holes in the snow drifts. The spoiler damages were not critical to Blackbird, so they continued on their way gently placing trail for those of us that followed.

A minor incident involved White Trash, the white Mazda 323 (also owned by Satch!). At the top of a hill, a drift caught the car, causing it to spin at least 360 degrees, ending up in a snowbank. Pigs on Ice were first on the scene, and were working to extract the car when we arrived. Since it was -31F, we hoped that the Trashmen could just drive out. But that didn’t work, so we got out and helped push out the Mazda, and everybody learned (the hard way) to take the time to put on hats, coats, and gloves BEFORE getting out of the car! Five minutes at -31F tends to take all the heat out of your body.

All of this excitement took place in the most dangerous portion of the whole trip, and was only mildly upsetting simply because we were all working as a team, communicating well between cars, and knowing that there were not only other competitors behind us but also the sweep vehicles that were part of the whole program.

We proceeded into Eagle Plains with most of the experienced members of the group suggesting that we hole up at Eagle Plains, drink beer, and shoot pool. Instead of continuing the 300-some-odd non-rallying miles to Inuvik. There was too much uncertainty ahead, they claimed, and this side trip really had nothing to do with the rally scores anyway. Why waste the time? Why run the risk?

Indeed, when we arrived in Eagle Plains, the road to Inuvik was closed because of drifting snow and reduced visibility. But by the time we had fueled up ourselves and our cars, we got the message that the road was open. Unfortunately, several big trucks got the message and took off first, no doubt eager to proceed into the greatest excitement of the whole trip.

When you are driving across a great expanse such as the Yukon and Northwest Territories of Canada, the wind will pick up snow and gently place it in the worst possible places. This is compounded by a semi with one or two trailers. They are called “moving blizzards”.

You cannot just drive up to the truck, signal, and pass him. The huge semi is traveling 70 to 80 MPH. To be able to see, you must get beside the truck, and then move up as fast as possible. This is easy if you know that there is no oncoming traffic—but the only way to determine the existence of oncoming traffic is to commune with your God, or to have a communication link in front of the truck. This, too, is easy—if one of your competitors has somehow managed to get in front of the truck and tell the rest of the field when it’s safe to pass.

But about the only safe way for that first car to get in front of the truck is to pass on a hill, or count on being able to determine where the truck is, or being able to see headlights of oncoming traffic. These are great ideas until you have your first experience of pulling out to pass, forging your way into the truck blown blizzard, only to find oncoming traffic with main and driving lights blazing, becoming visible only when they are 20 feet away from you. Hopefully, you are still a bit behind the truck and therefore able to dive back into safety—at which time you decide to let somebody else be the first one around.

While charging across the Yukon, we next heard over the radio that Subie was in trouble. It turned out that it was so cold that the seals between the tires and the wheels were gone, and they were losing air, resulting in an off-road excursion, which damaged the wheels. We came upon the rescue effort, watching while the Blackbird crew completed repairs. Subie was damaged enough to require going back to Eagle Plains for wheel repair, and going back to Whitehorse from there.

The drive to Inuvik was uneventful, and we entered a relatively modern city, with
very nice hotel facilities, and a very pretty downtown area. We settled in for the night, all wanting Caribou steak, but they were all out, or so they said.

**Wednesday, March 2, through Thursday, March 3:**

After a restful night in a beautiful and warm hotel, we prepared to go south on the Dempster Highway. While we were getting gas, it was suggested that we go out and drive north for a few miles on the "road" to Tuk—the smooth-plowed surface of the MacKenzie River! Have you ever been the only person on a 20-lane freeway? One that is smooth as silk, with no speed limit signs (at least that I remember)? We went north a few miles with Blackbird, Pigs On Ice, and White Trash. Beautiful driving!

Now that we had had our fun, we looked at what was in store for us. Very simple: only 2/3 of a page on the route book:

11:00:00
- 2627 Depart MacKenzie Hotel for Dempster Hwy, South
- 2857 Eagle Plains Lodge, don’t forget to gas up
- 3471 Right following Alaska Highway at Haines Junction
- 3677 Stop US Customs Station Welcome to Alaska
- 3767 Left toward Anchorage on Hwy 1, Tok Junction
- 3904 Left toward Anchorage at Glennallen
- 3907 Left in about 2 miles into Caribou Hotel

Pretty simple, isn’t it? Only 1280 rally miles! We were on the road from 8 am to about noon the next day, traveling 1280 rally miles, plus driving the MacKenzie River, plus miscellaneous miles. What fun! What tiredness! Everyone was tired; we all tried to do our share of the driving, and we all slowed down considering the effects of lack of sleep and the conditions.

We checked into the Caribou Hotel and I was in bed for the night by 6 pm. Great sleep is induced by exhaustion. Or so spoke Satch.

**Friday, March 4:**

We departed the Caribou Hotel at about 7 am to get to the Long Rifle Lodge for breakfast. What a place: a great view of the valley, the glacier, and some wildlife. That is, the wildlife was inside the lodge, with bears, bison, deer, all in various stuffed positions. The food was great, too—the largest cinnamon bun that I have ever seen, about eight inches across.

After the Long Rifle Lodge, we headed for Wasilla and the last TSD. It was only 135 miles away from the Long Rifle; we were beginning to regret that the rally was coming to an end.

The final TSD, called Farm Loop Road, was the best to me. In very slippery conditions, every car experiences a certain amount of wheelspin, so you have to constantly adjust the readings of your instruments at any given mileage. Where there are no such mileages given, experienced navigators simply follow their instincts and adjust for whatever wheelspin they think must be taking place. Carlson prefers the "hard" mileage references.

I was applying all my quickly-acquired skills, slowing for the turns on the straightaways, accelerating gently through the turns, keeping my eyes on the exit points and accelerating smoothly out of the turns. My technique must have been much improved, for not once was I reminded that I had to drive the frigging car; instead, Satch was able to concentrate on his instruments and tell me, as we flashed sideways past a timing control, "I got you six down," which meant I was six hundredths late, or a little over 3-1/2 seconds. "If we’re lucky, it’s a three, but at worst it’s a four."

It is a measure of confidence that a navigator can be weighing the odds of winning a section in a situation where he ought to be praying for simple survival, and as Satch adjusted and fiddled, the roads got a bit faster, my driving smoother. So we got more finicky with our margins of error; "six down" might have been good enough for a control stuck in the middle of a series of icy S-curves, but now Carlson and his brother were on my case if my readout wavered even half a digit from that elusive 0.00. I had also
developed the driver's ability to "carry in hand" a second or two, getting just a little ahead of time when headed for a tricky corner and knowing I'd lose the extra time in the corner—but now we were looking for perfection. "You're one up!" snapped the surly navigator. "I want you dead solid zero!"

I had learned a lot in just a few days, and Satch's new quest for perfection seemed to be paying off as well; we showed a zero or a one (that is, 0.00, 0.01, or 9.99) at every subsequent timing control, so we knew we had done well in the section, even if Carlson did keep muttering about how the difference between a one and a zero is sheer luck, depending too much on the hand-eye-co-ordination of the person with the clock. As it turned out, luck was with us: Of the five controls in the Wasilla section, we took a three-second hit on the first one, then zeroed four in a row—the longest "clean streak" in the rally. Our arch rivals, the Jerky Boys, took five points at the first control, zeroed three, and bought three on the last one.

This was beginning to be fun. Too bad that it was ending.

Unfortunately, two members of the Alaska Rally Team stuffed it in the Farm Loop Road. Blackbird suffered a bent rear axle when snatched out of a snowbank; White Trash suffered no damage, but all it was ironic that they were both imbedded in the same corner. "Look!" said one rallyist. "There are Satch's assets, all in one bank!"

The transit to Big Lake was a short 17 miles. We had a huge lake available us. It had been plowed by a local auto club, and we were a very long track available to us on the slickest ice that I have seen. I did fine, except that I didn't stop at the end of the first lap, and had my best time disallowed. My second time was still OK—both my times were faster than Satch's!—so we did fine on Big Lake. I was hoping that we would pick up a place on the competition, since the Wasilla TSD had moved us to within three points of first place, but the oddly-skewed points system, which favored performance on the ice over skill in the TSD sections, resulted in our coming in second overall—by six seconds.

We were first in our class, of course, and it's certainly no shame to finish behind drivers named Unser and Dallenbach, or a navigator named Grimshaw; besides, we were somewhat consoled by knowing that if the rally had been scored separately, we'd have won it clean. As it was, the autocross sections, which were originally added to the event as an extra sort of "tie breaker" activity, provided over a third of our total penalty points! (About the time I start muttering about how they ought to call this thing the Alcan Autocross, it's going to sound like sour grapes, so I'll stop.)

Then began the most dangerous portion of the whole trip.

Because of the fun of Big Lake, and a few individual competitions on the ice, we were running late to get into Anchorage. We suddenly realized that we had to transit 58 miles in about 40 minutes... through Friday afternoon Anchorage rush-hour traffic! The rallymaster hemmed and hawed, and finally grudgingly gave us an extra ten minutes, but in order to make it on time we would still have to break the laws of the State of Alaska, according to Satch, who was actually beginning to figure out some of that navigator shit.

I wonder if the Nuremberg Defense would work in Alaska. "Your honor, I was only following the rallymaster's orders."

Actually, we soon figured out that the ten-minute extension would get us to the finish on time at a legal average speed. But by that time we were so pissed off at the rallymaster for having put us in this flagrantly antisocial position that every team caught in this time crunch independently decided what the hell, I have to step over the line a little to get there on time, might as well take a giant step and see if we can get there when we were supposed to in the first place. So there we were, four or five cars cruising through freeway traffic over icy roads at about thirty over the limit, snow blowing everywhere, sort of not really giving a damn, you know? Somehow, once you've driven the Dempster, once you've driven the MacKenzie River, once you've cheated death again as many times as we had, you start to feel a little invincible.

It will come as no surprise that we were all able to make the finish with time to spare. Satch and Tom Grimshaw began to calculate the overall winners of the Alcan Winter Rally, so the banquet held no surprises.

The conclusion to be drawn is obvious: I got to get me one of them navigators.  

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### Points

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<td>Kraushaar, Kraushaar, Moritz</td>
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1994 May ZUNDFOLG LE 13
So Many Cars, So Little Time

This is that wonderful time of year when there are lots of great car events. Featured here are short summaries of information about events of interest to local automobile enthusiasts.

Classic Motorcar Rally

Over Memorial Day weekend, the second annual Classic Motorcar Rally will be held. The rally is sponsored by the Mayflower Park Hotel, Classic KING FM, BMW Seattle, Phil Smart Mercedes-Benz, and SOVREN to benefit Children’s Hospital.

This is a T-S-D rally for vintage and classic cars. The rally starts May 28th, Saturday, at 9:00 in front of the Mayflower Park Hotel at 4th and Olive (across the street from The Bon). The start will probably be the best place to see all the cars.

There are some very interesting cars entered. Two BMWs will participate. BMW Seattle owner Steve Norman plans to enter his newly restored 1937 BMW 327 Cabriolet. Mike O’Hara from Portland is bringing up a very rare 1967 BMW/Glas 3000 V8.

The rally ends Sunday, May 29th, back at the hotel.

Kustom Kulture Exhibit

Currently running at the Center on Contemporary Art is an exhibit featuring the work of Von Dutch, Ed “Big Daddy” Roth, Robert Williams, and other hot rod artists. Von Dutch was the inventor of modern pin striping. Ed Roth is best known for his Rat Fink character and custom cars, especially the Beatnik Bandit. Robert Williams worked with both Von Dutch and Roth, but is also known for his Zap Comix underground.

Local customizers and skateboard artists are also featured. There’s even a BMW in the show — a restored and customized 1958 Isetta convertible.

The show runs through June 4th. COCA is located at 1309 First Avenue, across the street from the Seattle Art Museum. Call COCA at 682-4568 for times.

SafeStrip Open House

SafeStrip Technology Corporation is hosting an Open House on June 4th, Saturday. SafeStrip offers a stripping service which uses plastic beads to strip metal of paint and rust. Complete bodies can be done. The metal is not damaged and it’s a lot easier than sanding. This would be especially interesting to anyone considering a restoration.

The Open House includes a “show and shine” with about two dozen car clubs invited. Food and music will also be provided by SafeStrip, and trophies will be awarded.

The demonstration of the bead blasting process will take place about lunch time. SafeStrip is located at 1400 S. 192nd St. in SeaTac (the new city near SeaTac Airport). Starting time for the event is 9:00 am.

Historic Races

The sixth annual Pacific Northwest Historic Races will be held July 2nd and 3rd at Seattle International Raceway. This is vintage racing at its best. The participants race everything from beat up MGBs and Triumphs to multi-million dollar Ferraris, Ford GT 40s, and Formula 1 cars. It’s quite a show.

Our club will have a special parking area, right next to the pits, on Sunday, July 3rd. To park in the club corral, your car should be in good shape and clean. It’s not a concours, but it is considered a display.

The first annual Mini-Grand Prix has been set for August 21st. The beneficiary is the Seattle chapter of the Arthritis Foundation. Similar events are held in nearly 50 cities, all to benefit the Arthritis Foundation. Some races have drawn 20,000 spectators.

The race vehicles are small formula cars, powered by five horsepower gasoline engines. Top speed is about 25 mph. Commercial sponsors buy a $4,000 package which includes the car and the entry fee. The car can be entered in subsequent events.

The course location has not been announced yet. But KIRO TV has signed on as primary sponsor. If you want more information, call Gary Crum at 622-1793.

— David Lightfoot
BMW Magazine

BMW of North America has arranged a special discount price for BMW ACA members to subscribe to BMW Magazine. The regular price is $16, or $4 per quarterly issue. Club members are entitled to a 25% discount, making a year of four issues only $12. A two year subscription is $22.50.

Sign me up for BMW Magazine!

As a current member of the BMW Car Club, I am entitled to a 25% discount on my subscription to BMW Magazine.

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Mark Dennic '77 320i
K. Dennis Wu '88 325isx
Marlin Huisinga '88 735i
Gary & Penny Tisdale '92 325i
Lawrence & Adwina Pang '86 325i
Ben & Wendy Bain '89 325ic

Joel, Lindsay & June Povick '88 528e
Randall & Cheryl Tada '94 525ia
Junichi & Ayumi Okubo '93 318i
Joe & Judy Perry '90 525i
Jim Davidson '91 535i
E. Y. Nev '90 325ic
Ken Wallick '79 525i
Elizabeth Childress Bowman '85 735i
Charles Wiemeyer '79 320i
Norm & Karen Hardy '79 320i

Instructors’ Clinic

A CALL TO ARMS! This is an invitation to all driving instructors and those with experience who want to be instructors. The BMW ACA will hold an instructors’ clinic on 26th of May, a Thursday evening, at Seattle BMW on Pine Street in Seattle. At this clinic we will discuss the rules of the club events, the responsibilities of instructors, safety, tech, and the line. Many other topics will be discussed. We will get your shirt size at that time to order your instructor’s t-shirt. Bring pen and paper because volumes of good info will be thrown around the room. In addition, an information packet will be passed out. Please call and RSVP so we can plan for seating. RECAP: Driving instructors’ clinic; 26th May; 7:00 pm; at Seattle BMW; all past and future instructors are invited to attend.

— Dan Alvis
BMW has confirmed that it will bring a version of its new Compact hatchback to North America. Also confirmed are plans to build a roadster at the South Carolina plant. The U.S. version of the Compact will be powered by a 1.8-liter engine and will go on sale in the spring of 1995. South Carolina production will begin with the 318i sedan, with the roadster to follow later. (AutoWeek)

BMW-Based Java? If the Bentley Java concept shown at Geneva sees the light of day, look for BMW to be heavily involved. BMW chairman Bernd Pischetsrieder said his company may supply 5-Series flooorspans for the new coupe.

"We have a long-standing technical relationship with Rolls-Royce and would certainly be prepared to help," he said. "If they want a donor floorpan, or a donor engine block, we'll help. We may help in many other areas, too."

However, Pischetsrieder gave no hint of the major financial assistance Rolls needs. It will take at least $150 million to put the Java into production. Chairman Peter Ward said Rolls is looking for partners. (AutoWeek)

The first American-market M3s should be in the area dealerships by the time you read this. Go see 'em if you want to be the first on your block to own one of these rockets.

The new Compact hatchback will arrive on American shores in the first quarter of 1995. It will be powered by a 1.8-liter engine and be priced in the low 20s.

The car is handicapped by the old semi-trailing arm rear axle which seriously impedes handling. The new dashboard also offers no significant benefits. (Automobile)

Rover Come Over
BMW's long-term strategy vis-à-vis the Rover purchase includes these possibilities:

- Range Rovers will be made available through selected BMW dealers in North America.
- BMW acknowledges the need to produce smaller front-wheel drive cars, but worries its upmarket image could be damaged. The BMW E1 could re-emerge as the next generation Rover Metro.
- The Rover 800 (Sterling) will be replaced with a very British looking sedan based on the 5-series platform.
- The Discovery and/or Range Rover chassis could also be modified to carry a body special to a BMW model and be badged as such. (Sports Car International)

Three-time F1 champion Nelson Piquet has signed to drive a factory BMW 318 in the 24-hour touring car races this year at the Nurburgring (June 5-6) and Spa (July 23-24). (AutoWeek)

ROVER COME OVER
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The M3 convertible goes on sale this month in Europe. Price is $54,000. (Car & Driver)

There are currently no plans to bring the M3 convertible to the U.S., but it's such a natural, you've got to wonder. It seems logical to assume it would be built off the tamed-down U.S.-Market M3. (Sports Car International)
BMW of North America announced the introduction of the BMW Mountain Bike, a BMW branded full-size mountain bike that folds, sold through authorized BMW automobile dealers nationwide. Produced by Montague Corporation, a manufacturer of full-size, high-performance bicycles that fold, the BMW bicycles use the Montague patented Concentrus seat tube design. The design preserves traditional bicycle performance while adding a unique folding feature. The new bicycle bearing the BMW emblem is being offered at a suggested retail price of $595 and folds to fit in the trunk of all BMW cars.

The BMW Mountain Bike folds easily in as little as 30 seconds, without any tools. To fold the bicycle, riders simply remove the front wheel, unlock two quick-release levers on the seat tube and swing the front half of the frame around. The bicycle folds to a compact and portable size of 3' x 3' x 1'. At the heart of the patented folding design are two concentric seat tubes that pivot, one inside the other, retaining the strength of a traditional bicycle frame.

BMW first introduced the bicycle in Germany in 1992. By the end of 1993, more than 10,000 units had been sold. Robert Frisch, Manager of Aftersales Development for BMW of North America, commented, "We are very excited about this new addition to our BMW line of accessories. BMW owners are becoming increasingly concerned with health, fitness and the environment."

Our new bicycle allows BMW owners to own a high-quality mountain bike that fits in their closet and in the trunk of their BMW to complement their active lifestyle."

The BMW Mountain Bike is available through BMW automobile dealers nationwide. (BMW NA)

The BMW Mountain Bike weighs 32 lbs. and comes in 18-1/2" and 20-1/2" frame sizes. A separate carrying case is available.

The New BMW Mountain Bike

BMW of North America announced the introduction of the BMW Mountain Bike, a BMW branded full-size mountain bike that folds, sold through authorized BMW automobile dealers nationwide. Produced by Montague Corporation, a manufacturer of full-size, high-performance bicycles that fold, the BMW bicycles use the Montague patented Concentrus seat tube design. The design preserves traditional bicycle performance while adding a unique folding feature. The new bicycle bearing the BMW emblem is being offered at a suggested retail price of $595 and folds to fit in the trunk of all BMW cars.

The BMW Mountain Bike folds easily in as little as 30 seconds, without any tools. To fold the bicycle, riders simply remove the front wheel, unlock two quick-release levers on the seat tube and swing the front half of the frame around. The bicycle folds to a compact and portable size of 3' x 3' x 1'. At the heart of the patented folding design are two concentric seat tubes that pivot, one inside the other, retaining the strength of a traditional bicycle frame.

BMW first introduced the bicycle in Germany in 1992. By the end of 1993, more than 10,000 units had been sold. Robert Frisch, Manager of Aftersales Development for BMW of North America, commented, "We are very excited about this new addition to our BMW line of accessories. BMW owners are becoming increasingly concerned with health, fitness and the environment."

Our new bicycle allows BMW owners to own a high-quality mountain bike that fits in their closet and in the trunk of their BMW to complement their active lifestyle."

The BMW Mountain Bike is available through BMW automobile dealers nationwide. (BMW NA)

The BMW Mountain Bike weighs 32 lbs. and comes in 18-1/2" and 20-1/2" frame sizes. A separate carrying case is available.

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The new 3-series Compact hatch is nearly identical underneath to the roadster to be built in South Carolina. The car uses the old semi-trailing arm suspension from the old 3. The reason isn’t money—there’s only a 10% saving—but packaging.

The new one-piece dashboard in the Compact will also carry over to the roadster. The dash is more sporting and better finished than that on the current 3-series cars. There will be a five-door version of the Compact by year end, BMW plans to sell about 10,000 Compacts a year. (Car & Driver)

**MEXI-BIMMERS**

BMW is scouting sites for a knockdown-kit plant representing a $175-million investment. Under NAFTA rules, BMW couldn’t sell cars in Mexico until 2004 unless it also assembles them there. BMW has not specified the vehicle it would produce in a Mexican plant. (AutoWeek)

**BERND GETS A GOLD CARD?**

Some have said that BMW’s previous CEO, Eberhard von Kuenheim, would never have bought Rover. But Kuenheim’s successor, Bernd Pischetsrieder says, “Herr v. Kuenheim followed the negotiations closely. The outcome met with his full approval.”

In fact, von Kuenheim first identified Rover as a potential takeover target some five years ago.

Pischetsrieder inherited v. Kuenheim’s job and office on the eighteenth floor of BMW’s “four-cylinder” headquarters. Even the Sixties-style furniture of the office hasn’t changed.

But the style is different. Pischetsrieder is much more casual and approachable than the aristocratic Prussian von Kuenheim. (Automobile)

**David Donohue, son of the late Mark Donohue, won the Bridgestone Supercar race at Long Beach. His M5 had to be rebuilt after a serious crash during qualifying.** (AutoWeek)

BMW’s aluminum V8 will replace the aging ex-Buick V8 used in Rover sedans, beginning in a few years. (Sports Car International)
If you like to fly low on your automotive journeys, you might want to consider avoiding the self-titled Great State of Oregon. In the name of highway safety, but in reality to put a Band-aid on a flood of red ink, the state legislature has just raised traffic fines. A citation for 78 in a 65 zone will now set you back a staggering $329, up from $168. By comparison, that same violation will lighten your wallet to the tune of $281 in California and $68 in Washington. Those who don’t even drive could feel the sting: a jaywalking citation in Portland is now almost $100.

While most of the burden will necessarily fall on the locals, the Oregon State Police’s well-deserved reputation for targeting out-of-staters should make travelers wary. At the least, investment in a good radar detector would seem to be in order.

People in this state should not rest easy, however. Oregon figures that the new fee schedule will bring in an additional $16 million over the next two years. This will certainly pique the interests of money-hungry Olympia legislators hamstrung by the provisions of the recently passed Initiative 601. It’s unclear whether raising fines would be subject to the initiative’s provisions, and even if they were it is certainly conceivable that the supermajority requirements of the initiative could be met and a Oregon-style fine schedule become law. Even legislators opposed to tax increases in general would be hard put to resist this one, particularly when the safety zealots and their media lackeys would spin it as a traffic safety issue. (Tom Williams, with special thanks to RADAR)

Adolph Prommesberger was named manager of BMW M, replacing Karl-Heinz Kilbfell who was promoted to BMW’s marketing department. (Roundel)

It’s dog-eat-dog when it comes to solutions to motorisive by SA.YS MrnCEs pREfERS TO

Now Boys, Stop It

Dietl Zetsche, head of Mercedes-Benz passenger car development, called the new BMW 316i Compact little more than a 3-series made less expensive by elimination of its truck. Zetsche says Mercedes prefers to find new solutions to motorists’ needs and thus is building its Vision, which he promises will be a “different approach.” Meanwhile, BMW research and development chief Wolfgang Reitzle, at the European launch of the new 316i Compact, compared the M-B Showcar and the BMW offering: “Our competitor has a ‘Vision’ in 1993. We have reality in 1994.” (AutoWeek)

Dinan Engineering, based in Mountain View, California, is working on an 850 horse power supercoupe. The V-12 will be given the twin-turbo treatment and related engine modifications. The expected 600 horsepower monster should be good for 0-60 times in the low fours, quarter mile-times in the low 12s and a top speed of around 200 mph. Body, wheel, interior and suspension upgrades will bring the price to around $200,000. (Sports Car International)
1990 Jeep Cherokee Laredo 5-speed. Full package. 2 door, power locks & windows, air, cruise, new tabs. Joined the BMW family, one real car is enough. $12,800 with 2 years left (May) on the warranty. Call (W) 473-5622 for more details.

1983 528i Original Owner, 39,700 miles. Fully loaded, auto transmission, cared for like a baby, all tires and battery, has been garaged and only hand washed, mint condition, must see to appreciate. $5995. Jerry (206) 582-9276.

1983 528e 5-speed, 85,000 miles, sunroof, Bahama brown with mocha leather interior, new tires and battery, has been garaged and only hand washed, mint condition, must see to appreciate. $5995. Jerry (206) 582-9276.

1983 528e 5-speed, 102,000 miles. Sunroof, Bahama brown with mocha leather interior, new tires and battery, has been garaged and only hand washed, mint condition, must see to appreciate. $5995. Jerry (206) 582-9276.

1977 320i. Nearly everything perfect or re-done. In family since new. All records, lowered, Tii header, MSW 15" wheels w/50 series tires plus full set winter studs on stock alloys. Planned entry in July 31 Concours if it doesn't sell. No one under 40 has owned or driven this car. $4000. Ken Nelson (206) 881-5649.

1976 530i. 4-speed, solid running car in average condition. Strong engine. Interior needs some TLC. New brakes all around. Passed emission test in April. Great starter or do-it-yourself project car. Asking $2950. Call Gor at 752-6858 leave message.

1974 3.0 CSA (VIN 4335120) Restoration-in-process. Terrible paint, fair body, Eurocloth interior, 5-series wheels and steering wheel, engine overhauled by Greg Mierz just completed, Weber carburetors, new exhaust, smog certified, 110,000 miles, over $5000 new installed rubber trim included. Bad looking, great driving! $8000 OBO. Kirkland 828-6658 (days); 889-2681 (evenings).


1972 2002. Malaga, auto. trans., second owner for 18 years, needs paint and engine work. However, has had brake overhaul front/rear, radiator core, alternator, fuel pump, gas tank cleaning and repair, and water pump. 90% left on four all season tires. $850. Call Joe (206) 833-5055 after 8 pm.


Parts For Sale


1981 320i. Engine fire, I don't have time to fix. Great for parts, all fenders and glass in good shape. $450 OBO. (206) 678-8788.


Coupé or Bavaria Zenith 35/40 INAT carburetors, recently rebuilt, with linkage. $100/ pair. Kirkland 828-6658 (days); 889-2681 (evenings).


Wanted

3.0CS clean, good condition to good home. Ken (W) 233-0860, (H) 633-4223.

1973 or later BMW 3.0 CSi in good to excellent shape. Manual transmission only. Will consider 2800 coupes or non-fuel injected engines as well. Faithfulness to original equipment and color specs a plus. Call and leave message (206) 326-2689.

One Pirelli P600 tire with approximately 30,000 miles. 225 60VR15. Please call Steve at 481-0549.

Deadline for the June issue is May 27.

Classified Advertising Policy:
Classified ads are free to members in good standing (paid up dues). There is a $10 fee to non-members. Photo classifieds are $15 to members, $25 to non-members. Ads will be run for two consecutive months, space permitting. Zundolge staff reserves the right to edit all classified ads. Ads must be typed or neatly printed and sent to Zundolge, c/o Lucetta Lightfoot, 2641 39th Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98199. Attn: Classified ads. Make checks payable to BMW ACA.
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