



cam journal

The Official Newsletter of the
Lotus Car Club of British Columbia



Lotus Car Club of British Columbia

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Advertising :

	<u>Single Issue</u>	<u>One Year</u>
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Meetings: The First Wednesday of Each Month at 7:30PM

May 2, 2007 – Wednesday – 7:30PM	June 6, 2007 – Wednesday – 7:30PM	July 4, 2007 – Wednesday – 7:30PM
Mike Sattler	<u>TBA</u>	TBA
New Westminster		

LCCBC Main Web Site: <http://geocities.com/lotusclubofbc/>

LCCBC Members Only: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/lotus_car_club_of_bc/

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Calendar 2007

JANUARY

- 1 New Year's Day
- 3 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM

FEBRUARY

- 7 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 14 Valentine's Day
- 17-18 Thunderbird Rally
www.rallybc.com
- 18 Chinese New Year
- 19 President's Day (USA)

MARCH

- 7 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 17 St. Patrick's Day
- 18 Australian Grand Prix F-1
Melbourne Grand Prix Circuit

APRIL

- 4 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 6 Good Friday
- 8 Malaysian Grand Prix F-1
Sepang International Circuit
- 9 Easter Monday
- 15 Bahrain Grand Prix F-1
Bahrain International Circuit

MAY

- 2 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 4-12 www.onelapofamerica.com
- 9 Colin Chapman's Birthday
- 13 Mother's Day
- 12 Spanish Grand Prix F-1
Circuit de Catalunya
- 19 ABFM - Van Dusen Gardens, Vancouver
- 21 Victoria Day (Canada)
- 27 Monaco Grand Prix F-1
Circuit de Monaco
- 28 Memorial Day (USA)

JUNE

- 6 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 10 Canadian Grand Prix F-1
Circuit Gilles Villeneuve
- 17 US Grand Prix F-1
Indianapolis Motor Speedway
- 17 Father's Day
- 29-30-1 SOVREN Vintage Races
Pacific Raceways Kent, WA

JULY

- 1 Canada Day
- 1 French Grand Prix F-1
Circuit de Nevers Magny-Cours
- 4 Independence Day (USA)
- 4 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 7-8 Portland Historic Races
Portland International Raceways
- 8 British Grand Prix
Silverstone Circuit
- 22 German Grand Prix F-1
Nürburgring

AUGUST

- 1 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 5 Hungarian Grand Prix F-1
Hungaroring
- 6 Civic Holiday (Canada)
- 17-19 Historic Automobile Races
www.laguna-seca.com
- 26 Turkish Grand Prix F-1
Istanbul Park
- 31 Club Lotus NW Track Day
Portland International Raceways

SEPTEMBER

- 1-3 Columbia River Historic Races
Portland International Raceways
- 1-2 All British Field Meet
- 3 Labour Day
- 5 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 8-15 www.targanewfoundland.com
- 9 British Car Picnic in the Park
Hougan Park Abbotsford, BC
- 9 Italian Grand Prix F-1
Autodromo Nazionale Monza
- 16 Belgium Grand Prix F-1
Circuit de Spa-Francorchamps
- 22-23 Vancouver-Whistler All British Run
- 30 Chinese Grand Prix F-1
Shanghai International Circuit

OCTOBER

- 3 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 7 Japanese Grand Prix F-1
Fuji International Speedway
- 8 Thanksgiving (Canada)
- 8 Columbus Day (USA)
- 21 Brazilian Grand Prix F-1
Autódromo José Carlos Pace
- 30-31-1-2 SEMA Show
Las Vegas Convention Centre

NOVEMBER

- 7 Monthly Meeting 7:30 PM
- 11 Remembrance Day (Canada)
- 11 Veterans' Day (USA)
- 22 Thanksgiving (USA)

DECEMBER

- 25 Christmas Day
- 26 Boxing Day (Canada)

Dave Rush – Europa S2 – President's Point of View

We hit a new milestone at the February meeting at Hugh McLellan's – we didn't even make it out of his garage and into the house. A new Lotus and a 7 with many, many new pieces will do that. Our April meeting was hosted by our local purveyor of fantastic autos – Weissach. In between we had a meeting at Ron Solomon's and our thanks go out to all the venues' Hosts. We have always had good turnouts at our meetings and lately the attendance has been slightly buoyed by the Elise. Of the 4 Elises in the LCCofBC, 3 are owned by pre-Elise members so there is not a big influx yet. According to Mike Sattler's ear the Australian ground, it takes about 4 years for the Elise to significantly swell the membership.

We need content for a DVD we will send out at the end of the year. Anything Lotus is good – videos, stills etc., just Email them to me unless the file is huge in which case a CD is good.

Every politician anywhere near an election these days are painting themselves green and trying to avoid getting pictures taken in Lincoln Navigators. Lotus has been way ahead of all this PC BS for decades building efficiency into every bit of every product they make. Look at the original Elite: way fast and winner of the efficiency index at LeMans in it's day. Look at the Elise: way fast and efficient in the present day. Lotus present-day products have all the real-world thrill of a \$500K supercar for a fraction of the environmental footprint and \$ cost. I am pretty certain that few 500HP supercars ever have their neck wrung for more than a couple of seconds at a time whereas an Elite's can be unwound for a dozen seconds at a time.

This is the month of our pilgrimage to the ABFM. Mark May 19 on the calendar before something else gets marked on it that includes you. I didn't and I will not be there.

Enjoy seeing old friends and old and new British cars at the ABFM.

-Dave



Keith Robinson starts making plans for his next ice racer

Photos: Dave Rush

Dave Rush – Europa S2 – President's Point of View



Dave Rush – Europa S2 – President's Point of View



Ian Green – Elise 111R – Editor's Expletive

Last weekend in April, I needed to help my nephew move, so went to rent a truck. But the van that I had booked did not come back at the scheduled time. Fortunately my nephew didn't have any furniture, just music and books, (remember those days?), so I grabbed a big honking pickup truck. Chevy crew cab, 4X4, 6 litres of diesel V8 and an Allison tranny, 8 foot bed. I swear the Elise will almost fit in the box of this thing. I haven't driven anything this huge in years.

Now wait a second here, I'm not supposed to be enjoying driving this oil burning dinosaur... Damn it, this is fun. Boy, the world sure is different up here... I'm a king, invincible, I look down on people. What a rush. I can get used to this in a hurry. Wonder what a used two year old costs? Hmm. So a few hours later, I'm finished. Got to put some diesel crude in the tank before I return the rental. Figure \$25.00 will bring me back to the half tank I began with. Damn, the gas gauge needle has hardly moved !!!! Still want one though. OK, shoot me for not being enviromentally respectful, but this is why Canada has Alberta... :-) Where's my gun rack?



Ok, just kidding. Don't worry, I'm not buying cowboy boots yet. But I am thinking of running for Mayor of Port Coquitlam. Just wish I had taken a picture of the 4X4 beside the Elise in the driveway. Maybe next time.

This issue; Dave Rush with pictures from our visit to Weissach, Jim Blair with a quick update on his Europa S1 rebuild, Sacha Fassaert's last entry on his bike trip, Keith Robinson's car alarm, Bob Wilson on whether a Lotus is green, Hugh McLellan reports on the Weissach Track Day, Mike Boyle complains about Wiffy designs, Malcolm Muir refers to an Elise road test. David Ellis, sorry.. but I could not open the picture that you sent.

That's about it. Pretty quiet. Recognize the signature below? If you don't, you need to be slapped.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Colin Chapman". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Sacha Fassaert – Esprit Turbo – 25 Days on a Bike Part 5 of 5

My original plan was to hook up with Jeff here in California on my way south, do some business in LA and then head east but an emergency put Jeff in Louisiana near the beginning of my trip, necessitating somewhat of a reversal of my route. I needed to spend at least a day in Los Angeles, and as luck would have it, the approaching weekend was the Memorial Day holiday, the first 3-day weekend of the year, replete with the kind of monstrous holiday traffic only L.A. could generate. If I didn't go now, my trip could easily last a week longer than I'd prefer, so I gathered my resolve and decided to head to LA the next day.

The proximity and sheer size of Los Angeles was apparent even sitting in the hot tub at night, as the clouds were well lit from the west by the city's lights, despite being a 2-hour drive away. LA's presence was similarly unmistakable next morning, driving HY330, into the city down the west face of the mountain. The clear delineation between pristine mountain air and the layer of gray brown smog at about 5500' is possibly the most dramatic example of massive air pollution you're likely to see on the planet. Travel through L.A., for the uninitiated, is a white knuckle affair, due to the incomprehensible amount of traffic necessitating the need for manifold superhighways - often packed to the limit of their capacity - by people flagrantly exceeding the speed limits - and often punctuated by abrupt and unpredictable traffic jams. One saving grace in California motor law is the condoned practice of 'Lane Splitting' by motorcycles, an initially terrifying but ultimately time, sanity, and patience-saving legal anomaly that has to be experienced, as a motorcyclist, to be understood. I found it to be a bit analogous to being a fast moving pebble in an avalanche of automotive boulders, only to be awed by the speed at which the local riders (of sportbikes, typically, not hogs) passed me...truly not for the faint of heart. My first stop was Burbank, where I wanted to visit VHT, a boutique guitar amp company that has had a picture of me on their website for a couple of years (I have a bunch of their gear). Close to there was, I think, the only place I came close to being hit on the whole trip, and ironically only because of my own impatience to get out of traffic. VHT turned out to be small outfit without any roadfront presence, a couple of Mexican ladies hand wiring the amplifiers in the back, storage for a couple of Harleys, and a friendly but silent (no product showroom!) tour through the facility that including chatting with the owner of the company, Stevie Fryette. It was a fun visit. Thanks, Marcus for the stickers and t-shirt! I then headed south to Santa Monica and briefly visited west LA Music, being warmly greeted by their drum guy, Sean. Good luck buddy, and thanks for the amazing chat.

The night before I had been introduced to one of Jeff's neighbors, R.D., in Fawnskin, and he was kind enough to phone ahead and ask his wife to welcome me to stay at their house in Los Alamitos, a suburb of LA. Since it was at least an hour and a half south of where I was, and rush hour was upon me, I decided to kill some time and headed to the coast for a few hours, exploring from Santa Monica up past Malibu till near sunset. By the time I finally got back thru traffic to Los Alamitos, RD's wife, Wendy, who preferred the city to the mountains, had made me dinner and welcomed me like an old friend. The next morning I was treated to breakfast at the Hilton hotel in Huntington beach, where Wendy's daughter Dana was a waitress. Truly spoiled by the generosity of strangers, it was a gift to have met and been taken care of by your overwhelming hospitality, RD and Wendy, thanks again.

Despite starting to feel the pull of home, Jeff's invitation to travel back and hang out on the coast at another of his friends' places for one more day was too much to resist. His friend Bruce, at 57, is one of the most experienced First Camera Assistants in Hollywood, having just wrapped his fifth consecutive season on the series '24', and we could hang out in Carpinteria with he and his wife Anita, a riding instructor, visit the Santa Barbara beach, and talk shop. Blown away once again by the hospitality, we were treated to a gourmet home cooked meal by friends of Bruce's that evening, up the coast, at their luxury condo overlooking the grounds of a polo club and the ocean...sipping drinks by their outdoor fireplace... Later that evening, I wound up giving an impromptu guitar lesson to Bruce's teenage son Cameron, a very keen and precocious self-taught beginner. I hadn't picked up a guitar in a month...

[View slideshow days 16-21](#)

Day 22; Carpinteria to San Francisco

The day had finally come to gather up and get back to Canada. After the obligatory goodbyes and pictures, Jeff and I had breakfast at the IHOP, and then I hit the road (HY 101) from Carpinteria, which I had already explored a few times on this trip (PCH). The weather was intermittently overcast and a bit foggy, as it often is along here. I had to go by Cambria again to collect my copy of 'The Chosen', as I had forgotten it...and as it had been given to me by my girlfriend Lynne, I wasn't gonna lose it, but I also hadn't finished reading it.

Sacha Fassaert – Esprit Turbo – 25 Days on a Bike Part 5 of 5

After making another stop in Goleta to pick up some Lotus parts from JAE, the ride to Cambria seemed to take a long time...after dozens of miles of rolling green California coastal scenery, Morro bay eventually came into view with it's defunct power station's three distinctive smokestacks. It felt like in another life that I had been here last to attend the Lotus club meeting. After a brief but heartfelt goodbye to Jeff, who had preceded me to his house and was already embroiled in the day's effort to improve the place for the upcoming arrival of his wife, I headed north along the Pacific Coast Highway. I stopped briefly to take a bad shot of the Hearst castle. It always seems that I take too few pictures, especially when I'm on a mission like I was today, to get all the way to certain destination, in this case San Francisco. Just north of the Hearst Castle the road starts to develop the gnarliest twisties as it hugs the hillsides above the mid-California coast, never once offering anything but stellar views of the ocean and coastline. This may well be one of the most beautiful rides in North America, if not the world, and is not to be missed if one is traveling around here, regardless of the conveyance, although there is actually a sign that discourages semi-trailers from using the road as it is simply too twisty for them...

Bouncing between forested turns and breathtaking ocean views, the road winds it's way through perhaps a half dozen remote but expensive looking resort villages, the largest of which is probably Big Sur. I finally forced myself to stop at the gorgeous Bixby Bridge to take pictures, as the place had captivated me since my last trip 13 years prior, and is often used as a location for car commercials. North of here the road finally relents and turns inland a bit as you pass through the towns of Carmel and Monterey, to make the approach to San Francisco. I called ahead to my friend Roy, and he told me there was a landslide blocking the coastal road a ways north so I'd better head along a more inland route, so I bade farewell to that amazing road, and somewhere around Santa Cruz I finally exited HY 1, and committed myself to the developing snarl of SF traffic.

Even before Los Gatos the volume of cars was starting to mount and I found myself in the same sort of maelstrom as I had experienced in LA, but this time it was more of a roller coaster with steep hills and corners to navigate whilst avoiding large trucks and rush hour drivers. The enormous San Francisco bay came into view at one point, accompanied by very high winds and lots of chilling banks of fog, even now in the late afternoon. For years Roy has been one of the most friendly and communicative members on the Yahoo Turboesprit list and also perhaps the only penpal I've ever had- and we were about to meet.



Sacha Fassaert – Esprit Turbo – 25 Days on a Bike Part 5 of 5

Despite the best of intentions, I'm sure, Roy's directions left me confused and after a few hours wasted navigating poorly through one district after another, and ultimately having my cell phone die, I finally had gotten close enough for Roy to jump in his Esprit and look for me- we finally hooked up just a few blocks from his house, his immaculate 1988 Pearl-on-two-tone blue 40th anniversary special edition approaching from the north in a poorly lit residential district as sunset faded into night. Flashing my lights at him, we finally met and I followed back to his rented house where I locked up the bike and hopped in the passenger seat of his Esprit, a pretty rare thing (esp. as an Esprit owner) for me, and only the third one I had ever ridden in.

While riding in a high performance exotic is always a rare experience, this was testimony to just how different two (iterations of the same model year) Esprits could be, as his had a gutted cat, an open header and a BOV, yielding a distinctly less subtle sonic experience than one would experience riding in, say, my car. Either as a result of all these performance mods or perhaps as a testimony to how difficult it is to shift smoothly in hilly San Fran, I found the ride to be very uncomfortable, as my head swung wildly between the seat and the windshield during almost every shift, or maybe it was just the way Roy liked to drive. I'll never know, as the likelihood of his offering me the wheel was about on par with his sharing a girlfriend or a toothbrush- that is to say, never.

Indeed, with rare exception, the only people that have ever driven my Esprit are my current mechanic and me. After the compulsory drive down Lombard street (nominally the world's twistiest road, which he had to navigate with the Esprit's manual steering whilst fielding a phone call) we stopped by a Motel he recommended. Unfortunately it wound up being the third most expensive on my trip, and by far the worst fleabag I've ever set foot in, but there's the big city for ya... and then had to withstand the obligatory "how come you lookin' for a cheap room after you pull up in a new Lamborghini?" from the clerk. Right. If people only knew...

[View slideshow day 22](#)

Day 23 San Francisco to Crescent City.

Finding my way to the Golden Gate bridge to continue north in the morning was an absolute cakewalk, as easy as turning right out of the motel. Unfortunately, the bridge itself was completely esconced in fog, obliterating any hope of a decent view or even less a picture. I had been lucky enough to sail under it in '93 during my stint playing jazz on the cruise ship 'Sky princess' so I didn't give it a second thought as I rose up into morning sunlight and blue sky approaching Sausalito. I turned off HY101 almost immediately and wound back to the coast on HY 1 on what would have been a spectacularly twisty and challenging sportbike road if it weren't for the ubiquitous fog. The road itself was in dire need of repair in places, which slowed progress all the more, but I'd be never get caught on an interstate if I could help it, even as much as I wanted to get home.

Eventually visibility rose to more than a hundred feet and the road straightened somewhat, yielding the occasional glimpse of ocean under overcast skies. It was time to dig out the cooler weather gear that had been so much ballast for much of the last three weeks, but I was glad it was still there, buried in my old orange Norco panniers- the very same ones I had purchased for a bicycle trip to Tofino in 1977. The coastline here, while cooler than yesterday, was virtually the same in terms of its beauty and remoteness but perhaps less sparsely populated than yesterday.

I finally stopped for delicious croissant breakfast in a quaint town somewhere north of Point Reyes station, but paid cash, got no receipt, and cannot remember its name. An hour or so later, once well clear of the fog, I was joined and summarily passed by a grey haired senior and his female companion in a late model grey Porsche that seemed to have little, if any, regard for the posted speed limit. I decided to try and keep up, and was amused for a few hours by his intensely passionate and skilled, aggressive driving, which sometimes topped 90 mph between the need to pass lesser, saner drivers. I finally lost sight of the car somewhere far ahead, halfway through the day, and settled back into a more relaxed rhythm, the weather never giving more than a glimpse of sun and the sleepy seaside communities blurring into a continuum of rural ubiquity-

Which is perhaps a funky way of saying I don't remember many details about it, as I made precious few stops, only for gas and a Starbucks. The day was later made memorable by the amazing stretch of road between Fort Bragg and Leggett, perhaps the most inspired piece of sportbike-approved roadbuilding I've ever had the privilege to ride...unbelievably twisty, isolated, almost completely without traffic, this ribbon of quality, banked, forested, 2 wheeled bliss is a destination I will never forget...indeed I had hoped I would find it again after riding it in '93...Highly recommended.

Sacha Fassaert – Esprit Turbo – 25 Days on a Bike Part 5 of 5

My day wound up at Crescent City after witnessing a spectacular golden halo of light that surrounded a huge rock off the coast, minutes before sunset, one of those moments that are just impossible to adequately convey through photography. Looking for a motel, I almost took out a moronic teenager on a bicycle that seemed to not understand the danger of crossing a major highway against a red light... and chose the Penny Saver Inn, at \$47.50, and had a completely private dip in it's warm 'hot' tub and algae-ridden pool.

[View slideshow day 23](#)

Day 24; Crescent City to Astoria.

One word. Rain. Ugh. Almost all day, along the entire Oregon coast... My luck had finally changed, and the day was finally upon me-I either had to ride in drenching, relentless rain or stay in the motel all day.

I chose the former, as I really wanted to get home. This trip was already almost a week longer than any other bike trip I'd ever taken and home was only a sweet 2 states away. Any details of the ride today were rinsed from my memory save for a few: stopping to buy a bottle of Rain-X to help alleviate the fog...the fog that developed inside my helmet's visor at any speed lower than 60kmh... starting to keep track of my gas mileage-and getting immediately frustrated in that effort by a stupid female gas station attendant that didn't get the concept of manually writing out a receipt after the pump failed to automatically spit one out- and the constant wringing out of gloves. Lunch, thank my camera for the reminder, was at a tasty greasy spoon in Coos Bay called Willetts diner, where there was one of two brief respites from the downpour.

The Astoria Dunes was my home again, \$55 this time, and the lady running the place (Elaine?) was kind enough to lend me change for their washer and dryer on my way to the hot tub and not have to deal with my soaking clothes a minute longer. Nice. I met a retired francophone all the way from Quebec called Roger that had a similarly wet day on his Yamaha Venture, and told him what I knew of Death Valley, his ultimate destination.

[View slideshow day 24](#)

Day 25; Astoria to Vancouver. The Ride Home.

The final day of the ride had come, replete with gray skies and a hint of rain at first, and many thoughts of how the trip had been. Returning home is always a bittersweet experience, as the adventure comes to an end, mixed with the happy thoughts of seeing my girlfriend, my Dad, and my 18 year old cat, who's chronically lonely when I take trips like this. I headed out sans breakfast at about 10:30, just wanting to make tracks, shooting over the magnificent Astoria Bridge into what was to be some of the only blue sky all day. I avoided the coast at first but then went west from Raymond (almost stopping for fresh raw oysters YUM!) along HY 105, finally hooking up with HY101 all the way up around the north side of the Olympic Peninsula, mostly forestry country.

I wasn't really sure whether the route would get me home in one day but went for it anyway, damn the torpedoes, there's nothing like a vacation. Quinalt Lake was pretty gloomy in the overcast light, but the road was almost empty, and despite a preponderance of cops, I made pretty good time up the sparsely populated peninsula. I stopped for a stretch and took a hike down the trail to Ruby Beach, a beautiful spot with lots of haystack rocks guarding the coastline, but stopped short of walking all the way over to a romantic spot my girlfriend and I had visited, on another bike trip, the day before 911...it was a lot farther than I remembered, and the weather still wasn't great. I was getting damn hungry by now but pressed on past Forks, where nothing attracted me enough to stop, and after taking a couple shots of the always beautiful Lake Crescent, I finally had a snack while stopping for gas at a Texaco somewhere close to Port Angeles around 4:45. While I had wasted no time getting to the ferry at Port Townsend, unfortunately the boat had just left the slip and it would be about an hour before the next one.

[View slideshow day 25](#)

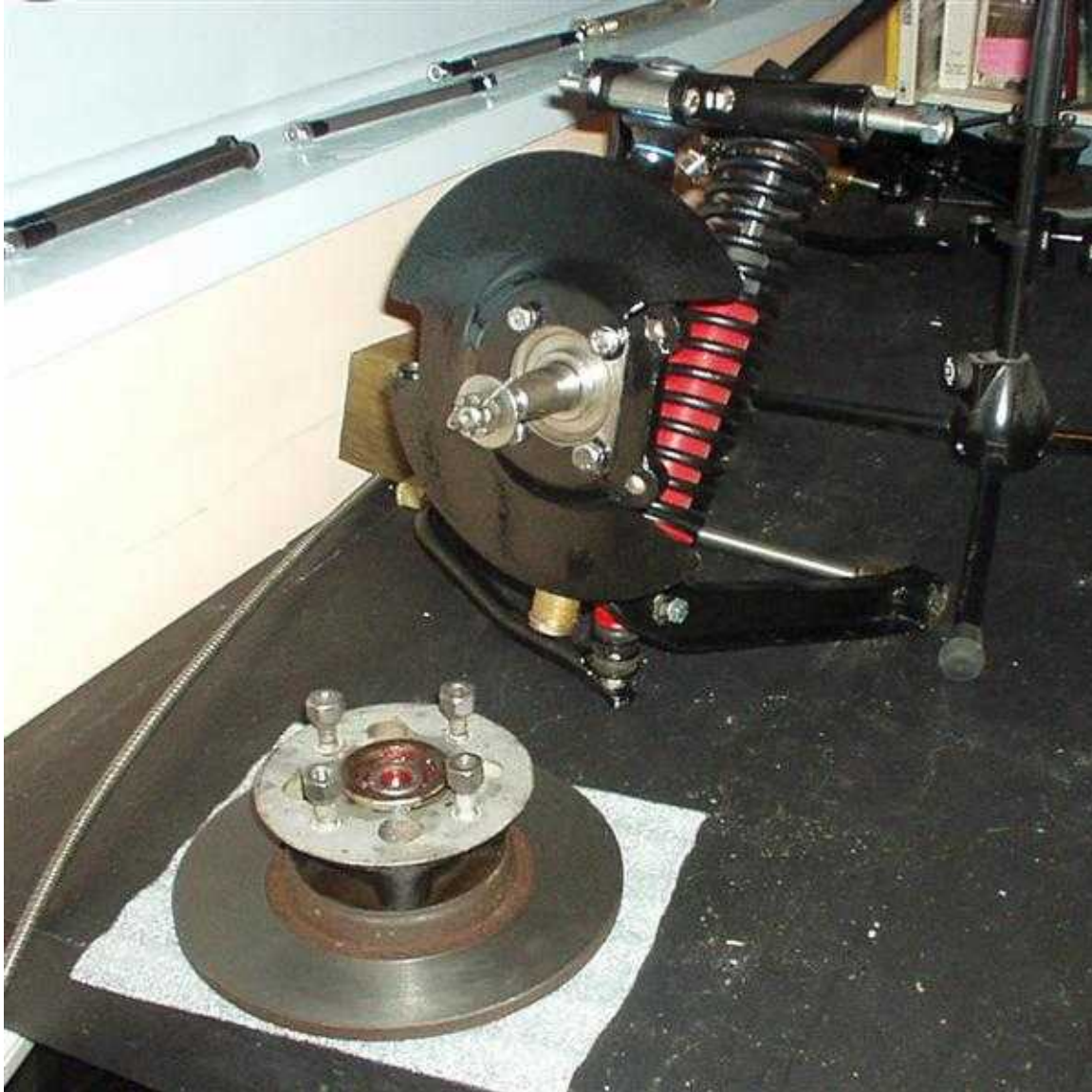
I finally completed this travelogue June 20th, 2006, 14 days after my return, and hope I didn't forget any important names or events, as trips like this don't happen all that often in life. Total cost was about \$2500, tires, hotels, tolls, gas, food, cell bills and all... Shame I lost the pics from Winslow to Needles to Cambria...guess I'll pick em up next time*... Indeed, for some, a trip like this may never happen at all, so I wanted to document as much as I could- not just for my own memories but also for the entertainment of those who might follow in my tracks or simply through their computer. Hope you enjoyed it. I had a ball.

Photos: Sacha Fassaert

Jim Blair – Europa S1 – Progress Report

The Princess may not look much different out in the carport, but she's had a lot of attention in the last couple of months.

I now have the front suspension mocked up on the workbench. All bushings, ball joints, and wheel bearings have been replaced, and I'm awaiting trunnion kits. At that point, I believe that the front suspension is ready for installation.



The rear shocks were disassembled, cleaned, painted, and reassembled. One of my friends works at a local spring shop, so he did the spring work. Plus he removed and replaced all the suspension bushings. It's amazing how much progress can be made when you have access to the right tools! He also supplied the metal sleeves to fit the new Energy Suspension shock bushings.

Shifter linkage parts are all cleaned, but some are in pretty rough condition. Sometime in her past life, a nasty repair was done, so I haven't quite decided on how I'm going to approach this part of the project.

The new motor mount sections for the Toyota engine mate perfectly with the new "chassis-side" mounts, and the transaxle mount has been cleaned and, as usual, painted with POR15. The header for the 4AGE is on it's way, and a new gas tank has been ordered.

Jim Blair – Europa S1 – Progress Report

The steering rack has been cleaned, painted, and been treated to new tie rod ends and bellows. I also installed a grease nipple rather than continue to use the original pinion cover bolt.



Jim Blair – Europa S1 – Progress Report

The rear brakes are also mocked up, and contain new wheel cylinders, springs, and shoes. I finally found a set of new calipers for a reasonable price, and am expecting them to arrive early in May. Braided hoses are also on order.



New bushings have been installed, so the trailing arms are ready to be reintroduced to the rest of the rear suspension. The hub carriers are spotless, and are waiting to have the new bearings installed. U-joints are on order, but I still need to have some machining done before the rear end goes back together.

Now that the weather is sort of cooperating, the bodywork is going full steam again. I finished filling pinholes in the high-solids primer, and we are ready to start blocking the body. All bodywork, top to bottom, including primer, will be finished by the end of May. Then it comes off the blocks, and I may actually be able to sit in it for the first time!

The Princess even had an esteemed visitor from across the water. Dave Rush paid her a visit recently (and as usual, whenever I see Dave, I learn a whole bunch of helpful new things about Europas).

Until next time....

Photos: Jim Blair

Keith Robinson – Elan +2 & Europa S2 – Alarm System

I can leave the door open; take your chances trying to steal my +2 !!



Photo: Keith Robinson

Malcolm Muir – Elise Road Test



2006 Lotus Elise Road Test
by Trevor Hofmann, auto123.com Canadian Auto Press

I'd thought I'd driven a true purists' sports car before, having piloted everything from Mazda's pesky little MX-5 Miata to Ferrari's superbly crafted F430, and most everything in between on the street and around race tracks, but while each has been wonderful in its own way, nothing could have prepared me for the ultra-light Elise. In North America, anyway, nothing as inherently visceral exists. No car connects as intuitively to its driver, or relates as much information about what it is doing and what it's about to do. Certainly Mazda's little roadster is minimalist compared to an everyday midsize family hauler, and Porsche's Boxster is about as much fun as any open-top luxury sportster can get, but believe me when I tell you that even the agile Porsche feels like it's wearing lead boots when put side-by-side with the Elise.

Due to copyright issues, I won't post the entire article.

<http://automotive.mytelus.com/automotive/roadtest/view.spy?make=Lotus&artid=61806>

Hugh McLellan – Seven & Elise 111R – Track Day

I attended the Weissach Track Day on April 16 at the Mission Race Course. I must admit I have not been to this track for a few years. They have added three extra turns at the end of the main straight that makes the track more interesting. I had not driven on this track before, so I was looking forward to trying it out. There are still too many concrete walls for my liking, but I still had a lot of fun.



The day started in the dry, but by late morning it was raining, so the weatherman was accurate. Nevertheless there were 9 Elises, 2 Lambos (including a brand new LP640 that made a wonderful sound) and a bunch of P Cars. The participants were put into Novice and Advanced groups. As my son was sharing my car, we went in the Novice group. The Novice group started with a presentation on the track and proper driving principles, while the Advanced group went right to lapping.

After the presentation, the Novice group did an warm up slalom on part of the track while the Advanced group worked on other corners. Then the controlled lapping started with an instructor in our car showing us the line and then swapping to other cars while we followed the instructor. After that the instructor just took turns sitting in the passenger seat commenting on our progress. Lunch was served under a tent. There were four more track sessions so we had plenty of track time. Given the extremely wet conditions, safety was emphasized.

The cost was \$350 and I would highly recommend this experience. It is a great way to see how your car will perform to its maximum in a controlled setting.

Photos: Hugh McLellan

Hugh McLellan – Seven & Elise 111R – Track Day



Bob Wilson – Europa S2 – Is an Elise Green?

Well, we know Ian's is, but what about that pretty yellow Elise I saw last week. Could it be green too?

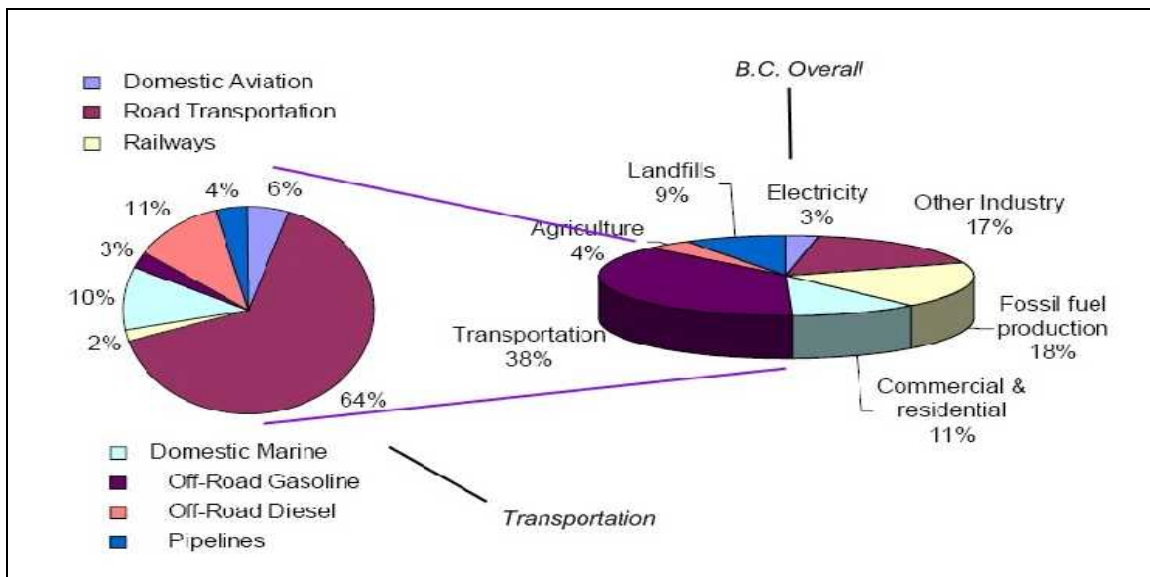
Some of us car enthusiasts are feeling pretty conflicted about global warming. On my one hand, I admire performance cars and like to drive them. On my other hand, I'd like to be environmentally responsible. If you're blessed with two hands like mine, you might want to keep reading.

I keep hearing that governments can't address global warming alone. Indeed, my consulting work gives me a tiny role in spreading the message that everyone has a part to play in reducing greenhouse gas emissions. We're emission hogs here. In the virtual greenhouse gas world, each Canadian drives a Range Rover. Thanks to Alberta's energy industry, our emissions of CO₂ are the fourth highest per capita on the planet. Don't just blame them though – we all burn the stuff, which could be my story on another day.

California emission standards were in B.C.'s throne speech this year, and our Premier has formed a mutual congratulations partnership with Governor Arnie. The 2007 model year saw the final phase-in of what are called the Tier 2 emission standards here in Canada and to the south. One result was no more diesel VW cars, no more diesel Smart car. California standards would decrease what's available even further. For example, the Mercedes Bluetec diesel, the only 2007 diesel car we can buy, would disappear from B.C. showrooms because it isn't California-legal. To all intents and purposes, new diesel cars would be gone. That's not my story today either, though. Lotus doesn't make diesels, and this story is about Lotus cars and greenhouse gas emissions, not the emissions covered by AirCare. Did you know the federal vehicle emissions standards don't regulate CO₂?

Why are cars and trucks such visible targets in the fight against global warming? It's the sad truth that our transportation is the largest single source of CO₂ emissions. Here in B.C., transportation produces 38% of all greenhouse gas emissions. That's as much as the emissions from oil and gas production, electricity generation and other industry combined. And cars and light trucks are by far the largest source within the transportation sector, despite what you might have heard about the ships in Vancouver Harbour. Ships are part of that other story.

Figure: Vehicle use is the largest single source of greenhouse gas emissions in B.C.



Bob Wilson – Europa S2 – Is an Elise Green?

The base year for the Kyoto protocol is 1990. The Kyoto targets, which we can't possibly meet now, are calculated against 1990 levels. Canada's Kyoto target was, still is, a reduction in greenhouse gas emissions of 6%, calculated as the average for the period 2008-2012. However, transportation emissions in B.C. have grown 42% since 1990. That's a big whoops, and it's our collective fault because people drive more cars than the government.

The good news is that we're getting the message. Statistics Canada says that B.C. residents drove only 85% as far in 2005 as they did in 2002. Partly we have public transport to thank for this, partly it's the densification of Vancouver, which reduces the need for commuting, and partly it's the rising price for gasoline. Incidentally, if you're wondering how you stack up, the average B.C. car or light truck does 15,875 km a year.

Driving less won't be enough though. We need to change what we drive. CO₂ emissions are directly related to the amount of fuel used. The more gasoline we burn, the more CO₂ we emit. It's a linear relationship, except for a couple of insignificant factors that only an engineer would invoke. To reduce global warming, we should burn less fuel. It's that simple.

Here's an interesting piece of trivia to bring up the next time the conversation drags at your party. What do you think the gas mileage of a 1908 Model T Ford was? The answer will surprise most folk – it got 32 miles per Imperial gallon, or 8.8 L/100km. That's in the city, because there were no highways and, anyway, a Model T can't go at highway speed. After a century's continuous technological improvement, you'd think today's cars would do better but they don't. City mileage for the average 2007 model car is about 9.6 L/100km. Light trucks do a lot worse, but the only use we Lotus owners have for them is as tow vehicles, right?

The reason for this dismal performance is, in a word, weight. Other factors come into the equation, but weight is the main enemy of fuel economy. The Model T weighed only 545 kg, almost 20% less than my Europa.

And that brings us back to the Elise. The Elise, as we know, is the featherweight of performance cars. At 901 kg it's just 69% the weight of a Boxster. More importantly, it's just half the weight of the average new vehicle in today's market. Does its low weight make the Elise less carbon-intensive to build? Probably not; the CO₂ emissions from producing aluminum are five or six times the emissions from making steel.

The best opportunity most people have to help reduce global warming comes when they buy a car. Whether it's new or used, its CO₂ emissions per kilometre driven are the benchmark for greenness. The Elise emits 208 grams per km while a Boxster produces 248. Less is better. At the red end of the spectrum, a Ferrari F430 scores 420, more than twice as high as our Elise. The difference is not just a function of weight, because engine performance and efficiency play an important part in fuel economy, but the lighter car does better. How about a Honda Civic, then? Though it weighs more, a Civic hybrid emits just 109 grams of CO₂ per km.

You can calculate the CO₂ emissions for your daily driver. It's 24 times your average fuel economy in litres per hundred km. At 35 mpg, which is 8.1 L/100km, the calculated CO₂ emissions from my Europa are a bit lower than the Elise's: 194 grams per km. If it weren't for the other emissions that aren't part of my story today, I'd be greener driving my 1970 Europa than my 2003 Mercedes, which produces 202. Those emissions would overbalance the scale though, another good reason a Europa isn't for every day.

So is an Elise green even when it's yellow? No, sadly it's not, but it is the greenest of today's high performance sports cars. That should count for something.

Mike Boyle – Esprit V8 & Europa TC – Wiffy File

The intent of this article is to introduce a useful, if little known, records management concept to the Cam Journal. The concept is the Wiffy File, so-called for the WFI-prefix, standing for What F%#*ing Idiot?! to identify the file originator. A good example of a Wiffy File design is the air boxes that contain the air filter elements in the Esprit V8. Bear in mind that this is a new design as the filter installation from the 4 cylinder engine could not be carried over to the V8. That part makes good sense as the eight cylinder engine has two air intakes and filters, one feeding each bank, as opposed to a single filter for the older engine. However, a bit more thought to the maintenance consequences of the new design would have been welcome.

The accompanying photo shows the air box on the left side of the Esprit engine compartment. It is a shaped plastic assembly held in place by five 8mm bolts. The keen eyed observer will see one of those bolts set in its own recess in the top dead centre position of the box. However, the observer will not see a corresponding bolt at the bottom of the box. That is because, although the bottom bolt is there, you cannot see through the approximately 8mm gap between the air box and the edge of the cam cover. You also cannot reach the bloody thing through said gap.

As it is, replacing the air filter elements would be quite easy if one had a small 8mm ratchet and fractured forearms for flexibility. Eyeballs on stalks would also help. To make matters worse, the fact that there is a box on each side of the car means that one of them has to be done left handed regardless of which is your dominant hand. It points out the wisdom of the old saying that I'd give my left arm to be ambidextrous .

Now, I appreciate that the air box needs to be tightly sealed for optimal filter efficiency. But it also seems to me that when the Lotus engineers designed the box to fit in the admittedly tight quarters, they could have used a tab and slot arrangement to hold the bottom in place. Something like the two curved metal tab that fit into slots to hold the top of the roof panel in place. A panel that is quite air and water tight even at high speed. Enough complaining about a simple job made difficult. It is not impossible to live with, but I suspect that most automobile engineering departments, including Lotus, are replete with Wiffy File designs. Feel free to contribute your own, and perhaps this can become a recurring Cam Journal feature.



Mike Boyle – Esprit V8 & Europa TC – Wiffy Files



Photos: Mike Boyle

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Car is complete, rear end disassembled. Some new brake parts included. Comes with factory Workshop Manual, original Owner's Manual, 5 original wheels. Stored last 7 years. Asking \$5000 Cdn. Powell River, British Columbia, Canada. martinstretton@shaw.ca

For Sale – Richard Chong's 1982 Lotus Esprit Euro Turbo

<http://www.europa24fps.com/lccbc/rchongesprit.pdf>

Black 1982 Euro Turbo Esprit, Dry sump, really rare factory system, with tan interior, 77000 kms, new Dunlop Sport 8000 tires. Motor has been redone, new crank, dry sump pump, pistons & liners, trans has been rebuilt with new ring and pinion, clutch and syncro rings. New factory carbs and turbo has been rebuilt, new waste gate diaphragm and spring, blow off valves, ac works, will convert for new owner, drivers seat has been redone on side bolster. Just added a variable boost controller inside, great for blowing off pony cars yet trackable in town. Needs the dash repaired, has pulled away in the corners and need a clock, missing when I bought it and has not been a priority to replace. Most of the work and repairs were done when I purchased the car 11 years ago and I have driven it for maybe 5000 kms. It's been in dry storage for years and I take it out and drive it for a few weeks every year. I just feel that it's time for some one else to really enjoy this car. It is now sitting in my garage at home, cause my storage area is full. You can also get vintage plates for the car as there was only 200 produced this model year. I know for a fact that this is a Euro car because I knew the original owner, he traveled to Europe for a year and ordered the car through MCL and picked it up at the factory and drove it through out Europe and shipped it back. I was involved in the certification for the Canadian market. I can tell the purchaser the whole history of the car. \$24,500.00 Cdn. Richmond, British Columbia, Canada. richmondauto@telus.net

For Sale – Tony Cockshutt's 1968 Lotus Europa S2 with Toyota 170 HP

SOLD.

Lotus Car Club of British Columbia

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