



Spent a spell-binding evening not long ago relaxing in the company of my friend, Dewar-two-parts-hydrogen-one-part-oxygen and a few other avid rallyists accompanied by equally intoxicating friends of their own. It was one of those rare weekend evenings when none of us managed to find an event to compete in.

Since we have absolutely nothing else in common, other than comparing notes about the aberrant behavior of our cats, the conversation naturally turned to rallying and in short order was reduced to a very esoteric debate over the state of the sport today. Opinions flew about fast and furiously. More than once my friend Dewar had to duck the slings and arrows of a chap named Jack Daniels on the relative merits of this rallymaster or that one, this club's events over that one's. The conversation turned generic after it became obvious that short of blatant misdemeanors the true merits of any event were merely a matter of opinion. One man's meat, as it were.

Dewar's position was, in my opinion, very elegantly stated and was based on the proposition that sponsoring clubs were no longer communicating with each other on the myriad of organizational issues attached to an event. Dewar went on to say that a destructive form of isolationism among all the rallying clubs had been created. Supporting this position was a pale-faced, gentle-tempered guest named Igor Popov who took the argument one step further. Popov said that unless we band together in support of each other and cease petty regionalism the sport was doomed.

Jack, supported by Remy Martin, a man of passionate if not dogmatic opinions, formed the opposition to Dewar's theory with the pronouncement that regional isolation was not the problem at all. The restrictions of geography, the bureaucracy attendant to putting on an event and the lack of appropriate internal checks and balances were what determined how good or bad an event turned out to be. No amount of information or resource sharing was going to affect that and besides a little regional pride and competition was a good thing.

With the positions now clearly drawn, everyone in the room offered an opinion that supported one side or the other - some more eloquent than others. Examples were cited supporting both theories (rallyists have long memories) and the debate went on long beyond the time the subject warranted.

Then, quite out of the blue, Ginger Ale, a lady known as much for her common sense

as for her ability to get to the heart of an issue, quietly stated that everyone in the room was full of moose marbles. That tended to get everyone's attention. The problem, she revealed, was purely and simply ego.

The hush that fell over the room as she made her pronouncement indicated that a great truism had just been spoken. Even the most cynical of rallyists can recognize a truism when it is uttered. Mostly because they are so few and far between.

Opposing forces and their supporters silently attempted a mind meld to develop ammunition to find some flaw in this logic but the silence was deafening. Bud Weisenheimer, a guest who had long ago taken up permanent residence in LaLa Land, could not even detract from this moment. And he tried.

Having taken the position of observer in this match of verbal jousting, I mentally scored 1 point for Ginger. She had rather nicely put the onus where it belonged and at the same time gave the opposing camps an easy out. Who can compete with ego? It's an elegant solution that gets everyone off the hook.