

“Mayday”

The M.E.T.A. Newsletter

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Well, we almost didn't have a Mayday this month, but due to some quick thinking and writing, here it is! Two new contributors have helped make this issue the largest so far (long-winded lot). One is Susan Martinson, a super new communicator and the other (who may be persuaded to become a contributing editor) is Pre-Grid's own Arlene Young. Stay tuned for more craziness.

TWO RACES AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I DID!

Sounds more like a party than a race phrase. However, two races have gone by, one Conference and one CASC and there isn't an article to be found on them anywhere. Suffice to say that we found out just how rusty we were at working and are on the road to getting the kinks out. Remember all you motorcycle race workers, a blue flag means last lap to them! A lot of promise is being shown by new workers, on the corners and top-side - keep up the good work.

AND NOW - OUR CLUB SONG

(sung to the tune of "White is the Colour")

White is the colour
Racing is the game
We work at Westwood
And safety is our aim
We flag them on through the sun and rain
Cuz META, META is our name

♪ Dum da Dum Dum Dum Dum ♪

That's the first verse. The Mayday is running a contest for all you fledgling songwriters who can't get their tunes published! Come up with a few lines, a verse or two and win a prize. So far, first prize is a case of something brown, cold and really great after a hard day at the track.

NUTHER WORK PARTY

Just a few more things to do before the Atlantic weekend, so if you can help, please be up at the track on Saturday morning, May 24th.

SPOKANE CANCELLED

Due to Mount St. Helen's total disregard for the worthwhile sport of auto racing, Spokane's Conference race has been cancelled. The thought of driving through inches of ash is probably as comforting as negotiating your vehicle through an oil dump from 5 Corvettes.

FORMULA ATLANTIC COUNTDOWN - 9 days left!

CONFERENCE RACE - VICTORIA - May 10, 11

There must be some good reasons why I never went to Victoria before this weekend but I can't remember what they are! I know that it will take something short of a volcanic eruption to keep me away from the next race. Western Speedway is what can be called "interesting", both in terms of racing and working. They don't have their workers very well organized and the track is only .8 of a mile long. Even a 3 car race isn't too boring because the cars are around so quickly. I'm sure all who went will agree it was a good (if not great) weekend. The race entries weren't huge but the weather and hospitality provided by the Victoria Motor Sport Club more than made up for that one minor detail.

There were also a few highlights that we will all remember for some time to come.

For Instance:

- 1) Can-Am Frisbee Championships. They started at the track on Saturday morning and finished at the campgrounds that night. Doug Blackburn from Portland will never be the same again. Neither will Brian as he had a run in with some broken glass and had to be rushed to emergency by Roger's Ambulance Service to have his elbow stitched. Fortunately, there were no fatalities, just a lot of tired, thirsty people.

(By the way- we have been challenged to a Can-Am baseball game in Spokane so if you are planning on going, remember to take your baseball glove, etc.)

- 2) Odd happenings on Communication included Grace referring to the "roundy-rounders" who also race at Western Speedway on Saturday nights. Very disrespectful Grace! I would like to overlook it but unfortunately yours truly somehow turned the radio set off and caused a minor flap in Turn I and a lot of running around and shouting by Dave. (Sorry 'bout that chief) For those that have never worked Victoria before, their Scramble situation is called in over the radio as "delta, delta, delta". It is a good thing the situation never arose because I know I kept forgetting the words.

The day was over by 4:30 which was a real treat as it gave us time to relax and unwind before winding up again for the party!

3) Camping and the Dance

Getting to the campgrounds is interesting. I wouldn't recommend trying to find it on your own without maps, a compass, survival gear and extra gas. If all that is not available then just follow Fred or Roger. They seem to have the route memorized.

The dance was a good one (I think). There are a few blank spots in my memory that must have been caused by too much sun. I should also mention that all drinks were only 75¢ each. (That should explain for the rest of the antics throughout the evening).

Vicky and Uwe gave us a great impression of the "Rock Lobster" complete with rolling around on the floor. (That much I remember!) Vic ran around with his huge jug of "refreshments" and wearing sun glasses that had little red blinking lights in them. (Strange!) Fred happened to drop Vicky on the floor during one of their obviously well-rehearsed disco moves. Jim Sheldon spent a fair amount of time drooling over a lady in a silver jump suit. Did you ever find out who she was Jim? Tony was unusually quiet but then he did have at least 4 drinks lined up in front of him every time I looked. Maybe he was passed out--who can tell the difference? Don was his typical zany self, trying to stay one step and one drink ahead of himself.

Eventually Roger, Grace and Brian returned from the hospital however we were all too far gone to take much notice.

4) Sunday - Race day

I was rudely woken up by a lady bug stomping around near my pillow and things just got worse from there. The only accurate description of my condition is "hangover". There seemed to be a few slow starters around so I can assume a few people felt as crummy as I did. Eventually we all convened for breakfast at a restaurant somewhere in the vicinity and several of our workers took on spare time jobs as waitresses and/or waiters. Grace, Vicky, Brian, Fred and Don should all be commended for their excellent service. It was a breakfast that I discovered that Rick has an obsession with Peanut Butter (of all things). It makes me wonder if it is actually oil he always seems to be sweeping at the track. I have heard of "grease sweep" but "peanut butter sweep" seems to be carrying things a bit too far.

Anyways, we eventually made it to the track and actually spent some time doing our designated jobs as Corner Workers.

Dave had a few hectic minutes on Turn 1 when he had to cross the tack and his hat blew off in the midst of at least 378 Sports Racers. That was just about the end of his "Cowboy" career however both cars and hat came out unscathed.

5)

B.C. Ferries

We all headed for the Ferry at the same time in a sort of convoy but for some reason Roger, Grace and their passengers ended up on the truck ferry with all the racers and race cars. I understand that they had an excellent dinner consisting of fabulous meat pies while the rest of us on the regular car ferry had to make do with the smorgasbord consisting of such mundane things as prime rib, potatoes, shrimp salad, soup, rice, cold meats, carrot cake, etc, etc. Too bad Roger!!! We had one casualty on the ferry in that Steve never found us all until about 15 minutes before the ferry landed. Hopefully he wasn't hungry.

Landing at Tsawwassen was anticlimactic as we all had to go our own way with good memories, sun burns, hangovers and of course--dirty whites.

Remember - July 19th & 20th -- here we go again!!

See you all at the Formula Atlantic and "Roundy-Rounder" race on May 30, 31 and June 1.

Arlene

A NEWCOMER'S LOOK AT WETWOODS

Taking the tragic step and becoming a corner worker was a turning point in my life. Which way it is turning; I'm afraid to find out. I have learned so many new things since meeting all of the crazies clad in white.

Coming to mind first, the Track Worker's Life Support System, consisting of cold beer, ear plugs, high blood pressure, leather skin for all types of weather, a death defying attitude and a warped sense of humor. I am hesitant to say that I have now joined the ranks with the rest of the lunatics who depend on such systems.

Workers must also have an aversion to sleep. If you are lucky enough to find time for it between the races and wild nights, GO FOR IT! Something else I have learned is what a "RACER CHASER" is. I am happy to say that being such a newcomer I am now taking lessons from a master in the art. I hope to advance soon to the ranks of a "PROFESSIONAL RACER CHASER". Thanks for the lessons Arlene; class has been fun.

With all the new experiences I have had there are a few things I would like to pass on to any newer comers than I. Don't ever call the Crash Truck a Trash Truck. They'll never let you forget it. And when a male co-worker volunteers to teach you flags, get three arms. Two to flag and one to keep his hands off.

Other than that, track clearances can be anything from green and bored to wet and frantic or cold and painful, but thank God they're there.

From one of the newly fallen angels in white.