



THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF M.E.T.A.

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The season is now in full swing, the weather is doing a reasonable imitation of summer... and our very own first CART event is looming ever nearer. It is wonderful to see so many new faces at each Westwood event! Having missed our June meeting (some fool planned high school graduations to coincide with a M.E.T.A. meeting. Try finding a babysitter for love or money...) and been "on the other side of the fence" during Vintage, I am feeling unpleasantly out of touch, and look forward to the next few events as opportunities to meet as many as possible of our new people.

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Somewhere out there is an undiscovered literary genius who wants to be my assistant editor. It is not a particularly demanding position - mostly supine, to be precise - but one that needs filling. I need someone who can help me round out the Mayday with new ideas, and who can relieve the tedium of entire issues written in my verbose style. He or she must also be willing to spend an evening or two each month brainstorming, while sipping fluids of a temperature appropriate to the season... and should have enough strength of character to make sure that these strategy sessions do not end up as excuses to rewatch the last Formula 1 race.

Danielle

WESTWOOD HISTORIC RACES
Les Belles Autos

The 10th Annual Historic race weekend at Westwood, July 7 and 8, took place under sunny skies, which in itself makes it worthy of note. Saturday morning was marred by a serious incident in Turn 4, involving a Lotus Super 7, no. 42, and a Jaguar, no. 17. The driver of the Lotus, Mark Wright, was injured when his harness gave way on impact. Latest reports on his condition are encouraging - he has been transferred to Lions Gate Hospital and although he remains in Intensive Care, he is responding both to treatment and to conversation.

Thankfully that was the only serious mishap, and apart from some bent metal here and there (including in the paddock, when the front of one entry encountered the rear of another...) the rest of the weekend went smoothly.

For us it was a weekend to celebrate. Olov and I had been looking forward for months to this event, and after our fiasco with the Formula 440 we were somewhat anxious. Roger's Lotus had been painstakingly and lovingly prepared, during which process we had discovered all sorts of hair-raising things... all of which we were comfortably sure we had fixed. Roger had been given several opportunities by the less confident driver of the team to change his mind but, whether due to kindness or stubbornness, had remained firm. I had driven the car for a few days on the street, and on a couple of occasions on the track, and thus was not in my usual position of doing so for the first time in practise on Saturday morning. Somehow that seems vaguely improper - rather like sex on a first date.

We arrived amid Saturday morning's drizzle to find that every pit was occupied, some by more than one race car. Fortunately the Shell tent looked official enough that no one had ventured into it, so we made ourselves at home. What palatial splendor! A roof! Picnic tables! Front row seats, and unimpeded inhalation of Vintage motorcycle exhaust!

My group was first out, so I struggled into my suit and Olov packed me into the car. The difference in our heights necessitates some creative adaptations when we share a car, and I felt rather like a tea cup on moving day. It was comforting to be familiar with the car, but I was still tense as we rolled through the paddock. In pre-grid my mood tends to mirror that of the workers there, and if they are stressed and irritable I quickly find myself feeling likewise. My intense mental preparation for driving is focussed in pre-grid entirely on the car (which, God willing, is not doing anything to warrant it) and on the pre-grid personnel, who provide my only information in the last minutes before the race begins. Perhaps as I become more experienced I will lose some of this anxiety, though I know it is common even among veteran drivers. In the meantime I hope that the pre-grid marshalls are aware that they can influence the

entire tone of a race, and also that (to the best of my knowledge) no one has ever purposely stalled on the grid...

The track was still slightly slick during that first session, and I had had my fill of automotive "freestyle figures" in the Formula 440, so I started off cautiously. All my previous practise in the Lotus had been kept within the limits required by a recently rebuilt motor, and I was amused to note that my ear had become so attuned to the sound of 3900 rpm that I now had to remind myself that I could let it go higher. To my chagrin the engine began "bogging" as I exited Turn 3... and Turn 4... and Turn 1... Although Olov tried everything he could think of to remedy the situation, we were plagued by it all weekend.

It was satisfying to come in and be able to give my crew chief some useful information on how the car was behaving. His vastly superior technical expertise can be a little intimidating! My mechanical experience has consisted mostly of plunging into the murky depths of the vacuum cleaner when it is suffering from hairballs. Hopefully this will soon change.

We looked over the car in hope of solving the bogging problem, without success, and removed all the "packing" required by the shorter member of the team. Just before sending Olov off to pre-grid we decided to check our fuel level... and then realized that all our extra gas was safely stowed in the back of Roger's van at Turn 3. I explained our predicament to Mike Zosiak (in my most humble and servile tone) and he, to my enormous relief and gratitude, promised to retrieve it for us. Thus we got Olov on track, on schedule. Unfortunately his session was cut short by the crash in Turn 4, so we spent the rest of the morning puzzling over our recalcitrant motor and wondering how the Turn 4 crew (and everyone else) were feeling.

At lunch our pit was transformed into a sort of sidewalk cafe, as a steady stream of workers dropped in to say hello and reconnoitre the cookie tin. Roger bore up patiently under my barrage of gratitude and enthusiasm - I think he felt rather like someone had handed him an untrained Saint Bernard puppy. Afterward we went to a drivers' meeting at which we were reminded that the checkered flag is not equivalent to a stop sign. I began to have some serious misgivings about Vintage racing. However my race, apart from lots of maniacal passing in some of the most unorthodox places, was uneventful. My lap times improved encouragingly, though I knew that this was due more to the snail's pace I had started at than to any emerging brilliance.

Sunday dawned sunny and warm and much too early. Having assured ourselves of such performance advantages as having adequate supplies of fuel and air, we once again performed the packing ritual and I was ready for practise. To my satisfaction my lap times were even better during this session. I was still ten to twelve seconds off Olov's pace, but knowing that I was improving was enough for me: Ayrton Senna needn't lose any sleep... yet.

Olov's practise was probably as much of a challenge for me as for him, as I struggled to take lap times with our Vintage stopwatch, and get a few photos as well. Afterward we settled down to watch the motorcycles and the relay race - along with the other 45 people who suddenly congregated in our pit. Occupational hazards they don't tell you about in Driver Training: having your lunch either trampled or sampled by sweating hordes of rabid race fans, your meticulously kept lap sheets used for paper napkins, and your miniscule work area designated as the meeting place for the Guzzleright family reunion, as you work frantically to prepare your car for the main event. I suppose I could have cleared the tent quick enough by the simple expedient of removing my suit, but one is ill-advised to asphyxiate one's crew chief half-way through race day.

Sunday afternoon's races were handicap events, complete with standing starts. We sat in pre-grid getting hotter and tenser by the minute, and were finally given the signal to roll. My leg was aching from holding the brake and blipping the throttle, and by the time I had spent another five minutes on the grid, it wouldn't follow directions fast enough to keep the car from stalling when the green flag flew. I cannot reach the starter button when I am strapped into the car: luckily Olov was right there and got me going again. With the added motivation of acute embarrassment I motored out of pit lane as fast as I could go. The Lotus was grateful.

The race, like every session I've spent on track, was too short. (We haven't tried an enduro yet...) I had a wonderful time trying to stay ahead of David Isselhard in his red Austin Healy! Having him snapping at my heels sped me up a little, too: I discovered later that my best time Sunday was a full five seconds better than Saturday's. I still got plenty of practise pointing people by, but it was very satisfying to leave even some considerably quicker cars behind through Turns Two and Three. Altogether a great boost to my spirits!

Olov arrived in pre-grid to find that someone had apparently forgotten that this was a handicap race, and had put the slowest cars in the last group to start. But he drove consistently well and managed a very respectable finish in a car that really belonged in Grid A.

It had been a very satisfying weekend. We had discovered that it is possible to have two drivers in the same family, and I had overcome the demoralizing effects of our last race weekend. My clearest memory is of enormous exhilaration, and a feeling of pure happiness, like nothing I've felt since holding my newborn babies in my arms. As always I came in with my determination stronger than ever that I will find a way to go racing...

PRACTISE NIGHT SCHEDULE

If you cannot work your assigned evening, and you have exhausted all other possibilities, call Rick Smale (R), Grace Lassen (G), or Dave Forster (D), and let them know!

(R)	(D)	(G)
<u>July 24</u>	<u>July 31</u>	<u>August 2</u>
John Mocyk Barb Moewes Lori Newby Stephen Newby	Rick Neyedli Fran Pelletier Gerry Rohlings Nick Roche	Roger Salomon Angela Sluka Rick Smale Al Stewart
<u>August 7</u>	<u>August 14</u>	<u>August 21</u>
Mark Walters Bruce Yeo Mike Zosiak Jo Adair	Danielle Baxter Robin Bentley Charmaine Defry Dave Forster	Bernie Hamm Donna Hartson Kerry Hutchings Ben Johnson
<u>August 24</u>	<u>August 28</u>	<u>September 4</u>
Glenn James Kimmo Kauppi Mikko Kauppi Vic Kennedy	Kevin Kochi Grace Lassen Laurie Lamb Brian Meakings	Russ Mitchell Raemar Mitchell John Mocyk Barb Moewes
<u>September 11</u>	<u>September 18</u>	<u>September 25</u>
Lori Newby Stephen Newby Rick Neyedli Fran Pelletier	Gerry Rohlings Nick Roche Roger Salomon Angela Sluka	Rick Smale Al Stewart Mark Walters Bruce Yeo

NAME TAGS... NAME TAGS... NAME TAGS... NAME TAGS... NAME TAGS...

To be sure that anyone who finds you wandering the pits in a daze returns you to the right place, get your name on the list for M.E.T.A. Name Tags. Call Robin at 581-6849. (Otherwise, between your peculiar white clothing and the tire tracks on your rear end, you never know what conclusions they might jump to...)

SPEED READING: Things to do instead of cleaning the house...

August 3/4/5	Player's Pacific, etc.	Westwood
August 11/12	SCCBC Drivier Training	Westwood
August 11/12	ICSCC	S.I.R.
August 11/12	Superbike Nationals	Calgary
August 18/19	Motorcycle Nationals	Westwood
August 18/19	Player's GM/Honda Michelin	Calgary
August 25/26	ICSCC / CASC	Westwood
August 31/Sept. 1/2	Vancouver Molson Indy	Vancouver
August 25/26	Classic/Vintage Show/Race	Calgary
September 1	Season Championships	Skagit
September 1/2/3	ICSCC	Kennewick
September 8	Vintage	Westwood
September 15/16	Motorcycles	Westwood
September 15/16	ICSCC	Portland
September 15/16	Player's GM/Honda Michelin	Calgary
September 22/23	3 Hour Enduro / CASC	Westwood
October 6/7/8	7 Hour Enduro / CASC GM East-West Shoot-out	Westwood

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Over the weekend of the first Vancouver Molson Indy, we can expect (among other things) lots of visiting workers needing places to stay. If you can offer your hospitality, be sure to let people know - pass the word around! I have room for a couple of people inside and a tent or two outside, if anyone would like to stay 5 - 10 minutes from the circuit... call me (Danielle) and let me know.

Parking for workers' vehicles during the Vancouver Molson Indy is an issue still being discussed - unfortunately I have no definite news yet. There are rumours that a lot will be available near the circuit. All workers are warned that parking in the residential areas in close proximity to the circuit is in most places already by "Resident's Permit" only, and these areas are frequently patrolled. So if you plan to car pool to the site, or whatever, watch where you leave your car!

Among your other preparations remember to call Dave Forster (at 942-2350) and let him know that you are coming. Anyone who does not put their name on the worker list may have to live with disappointing consequences!

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