

## Race Report by Dianna Munro

I am going to try to catch you up on as much as possible. There was a lot of racing going on, I just don't have many pictures or a good recollection of all of the match ups and time slips. I will do my best to fill you in on all of the facts and the story, as I remember it.

**The Main Event** Thursday, May 6<sup>th</sup> for parking, Friday, May 7<sup>th</sup> – Saturday May 8<sup>th</sup> racing.

It had been about 8 weeks since FKN Michelle had been out of the house due to pretty major neck surgery. I agreed to pick her up and get her home so that she wasn't behind the wheel of a car yet. (I might be a little over protective but if you haven't been allowed out of the house by yourself then you shouldn't drive an hour and half down the river road.) I met my niece half way, in Flag City, for what felt like a custody exchange. My niece made sure I had the latest information about what kind of activities were allowed and what wasn't. She told me to take good care of her mom and please don't do too much. I said I would make her take her medicine and not over do it. I would also make sure she wore her big neck brace for the whole weekend.

This was a BIG money race put on by Monte Fitzgerald, they had 1/8 mile classes going for \$5,000, \$8,000 and even \$25,000 to win. West Coast Pro Gas (WCPG) doubled their pot to \$2,000 to win. That's enough money to bring people out from all over the Western States. We met people from Washington, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. The Champ wanted a slice of the big money so we decided to double dip. We ran 1/4 mile in WCPG B Gas and 1/8<sup>th</sup> mile in the 5.0 class.

We knew it would be a lot of work in the heat but we didn't want to miss the chance at \$5,000 or \$2,000 to win. These 1/8 mile guys do things weird, no qualifying and they meet up after every round to pull chips to get your pairs. There were chips for every competitor, they had number paired together, 2 #1s, 2 #2s, 2 #3s, etc., they were colored, blue for left and red for right. It all sounded cute but they needed to make sure they didn't have too many chips otherwise you will have unmatched pairs.... As they worked out the details, we waited and waited. It was a little bit of a cluster and by the time Monte called the 5.0 class to pull a chip, the track called B Gas to the lanes. Champ quickly pulled his chip (it was a 3, my favorite number) we didn't wait around until everyone pulled a number, I whisked him off to the lanes. We laid down a good 1/4 mile run. We do a quick turn around, top off of the gas, tweak the engine, packed the chute and went back to the lanes for our 1/8<sup>th</sup> mile eliminations. We were a little late getting to the lanes and learned we were against Cliff Boyles, who normally drives A Gas. Here is the other weird part, they make you run in the order of the chips you pulled??? Are you kidding??? There were like 18 pairs of cars and of course we were in the back because we just ran B Gas. With almost all of the staging lanes packed, we had to weave in and out, so we could go to the front of the lanes and line up 3rd? What a waste of time. That run was good but not as good as Cliff's. We were not ready to be done so we did the Buy Back thing. This lets you compete against any loser that wants to try again. If you win, you get back in the ladder. We continued to hot lap, 1/8<sup>th</sup> mile then 1/4 mile. We won our buy back race so that put us back in. When it was time to go back up for our next elimination, we were against Roy Castagnetto, A Gas Champ. It was a good match up but we did not come out on top.

Man did we stay busy! For the 1/4 mile action, we were number 2 qualifier, and made it all the way to the semi finals but that was it for us. When the semis were over, the wind was blowing so hard we decided it was time to just pack up and go home. We were too hot, tired and wind whipped to feed ourselves in the dirt when I lived 4 miles away. We packed up Champ, Steve & Martha and we all headed home. On the way, Greg goes, "Do you want to go stay at the casino?" I said, "What? Are you kidding? I'm not scared." Next thing you know he is pulling up in front of the house, dropping the back door, off loading

the scooters, telling me and Michelle to hurry into the shower. Oh boy, the wind was still blowing and he wasn't joking. After we were all showered, we grabbed a snack, jumped in the truck and off we went to the casino.

We pulled into Thunder Valley parking lot and found a good spot. It was still windy but who cares if you are in the casino? The super bonus is that you can have an adult beverage or three and walk home (across the street) to your bed.

We got settled, poured ourselves cocktails to get started, (Michelle was going easy because she hadn't been out since the surgery.) and we moseyed across the street. This is where things went a little wonky... I step onto what I thought was a little trail through the low bushes, I take 4 steps and I am on the other side. Yea for me! Michelle tries to follow. She steps one foot between the bushes and starts to lean, uh oh.... In super slow motion, she tips over and fell right into the bushes. It happened so slow, right onto her hands and knees. I started to laugh (she was fine) but the way it happened in super slow mo (like it was a sports replay). I couldn't stop laughing. Greg helps her up, she says, "That bush smells amazing! I think it is honeysuckle and it was SO soft!) I couldn't stop laughing, I couldn't breathe! You know the kind of laughing that makes you gasp for air and makes your belly muscles ache? That's what was happening to me! I couldn't take 3 steps without stopping to hold my gut, laughing and gasping for air. The next 100 steps took more than 5 minutes. My gut hurt sooo bad, tears were streaming down my face, and I couldn't seem to catch my breath. Michelle was so astonished that her tommy tip over was so easy, she didn't hurt her hands, didn't hurt her knees, the only draw back, she lost her drink. Thank goodness she had a disposable cup.

Fast forward to the morning, my belly still hurts from all the laughing, I thought I would be in trouble for causing injury to Michelle and I would have to explain what happened to her kids. (She probably wouldn't be allowed out with me again.) I feared she would be a walking, talking bruise. There was nothing. No marks, not even on the knees! She was lucky and so was I! Now it is time for coffee! Greg drops the backdoor and we are enjoying coffee on my lanai (Hawaiian for porch).



### **March Meet in May – Bakersfield May 25<sup>th</sup> – May 30<sup>th</sup>**

I am going to start off by saying March Meet should only be held in March, NEVER in May!!! No one should be outside during the day, in Bakersfield, in May. I was super glad to have the trailer, I made sure it was full of ice, water, liquor, and plenty of gas to run the air conditioner. We got a great parking spot near the road. Our camp was Champ & Mrs. Champ, Steve & Martha, Weasel & Rob, Greg and I with FKN Michelle. I guess I didn't hurt her too bad on her last outing, her kids let her come out and play with me again. We brought our Juggers at Play sign, custom made to make sure no one runs over us while we play in the street.



There were a lot of Juggers on the property! Juggers' flags everywhere. The Chrysler boys were in their usual spot, Sandy was right across the way, Dan and Harold just around the corner and Weasel was parked next to us.

I watched and learned a lot this year parked next to Weasel. The reasons to park next to Weasel:

1. Watch Weasel use the wireless remote to level his camper and pop his slide ALL the way out.
2. Watch the parade of characters that come by to see how he's doing, bring him food or wander home with him after a walk in the dark.
3. Watch the drama that happens when 5 different people try to tune his car.
4. Watch 3 men figure out that his awning has NEVER been used and is still sealed from shipping.
5. Watch those same 3 men try to teach him how to finally open the awning on his 'Hotel Hilton' camper, even the one over the back door.
6. Listen to him tell his stories. I don't think I have heard them all yet.
7. Watch grown men stumble out of the Hotel Hilton. This one guy was hilarious, (The names have been hidden to protect the guilty.) He stumbled out, got into his borrowed golf cart to drive home, he stomped on the gas (a lot harder than he should have) and everything in the back scattered out all the way down the road. Tools, straps, ice chest, boom box everything scattered down the road. He just kept driving, it took him quite a few minutes to notice he didn't have tunes. He turned around and had to collect the scatter of stuff he had left behind.
8. Watch Dakota love all over Rob while she turns to treat Weasel like a chew toy.

I also learned the reasons NOT to park next to Weasel:

1. Weasel's exhaust blew HELLA dust, even with a mat underneath it. (I think we used an entire bottle of wax to try to keep the racecar looking red.)
2. He had visitors ALL NIGHT long and they were not quiet. (It might not be his fault, because I think there were people there while he was sleeping, but still...)
3. People either waking up or going to bed, made plenty of noise before 6am.
4. If he can't find a tow car for his monstrous beast, he will be using what ever is available in your camp. One of these days, he will get his own golf cart on steroids to tow that beast. (We weren't going to let him down, no matter where we were parked. We disconnected our pickup and let him use it.)
5. Then there is the full moon that is visible all day and all night. Someone needs to buy this man a belt, and a long shirt or something! I had no idea that such a small man would have such a large crack! (He is a plumber after all, I guess I should have known.)

The heat was ridiculous!!!! THANK GOODNESS for the trailer! Let me tell you, I set the A/C on 70 degrees and sat right under it... It got so cold that I had goosebumps and had to go out to warm up. I did not dare say out loud that I was cold! I just went outside to check on Weasel. That man melts when it gets over 72 degrees. He looked like he was sweating so much he would waste away to nothing.

When it finally cooled down, way after dark, we had a movie night. Greg brought one of his favorite DVDs. Guess which one it was? You know the one, with everyone's favorite band of gunslingers, Tombstone! We twisted the TV so it pointed out the door. We set up 4 chairs, in 2 rows of 2 (as close to one another as possible. So close that the back row could kick the ass in the front row). Andy stayed in the trailer and was going to watch from his bunk because it was getting to be past his bedtime. We turned on the outside speakers, and viola we were at the outdoor movie theater....Just no popcorn. I go inside for a drink refill and find Andy. He couldn't make it all the way through the movie.



This was the first time we had a Juggers meeting at the track, it was kind of nice except they would not stop racing so that we could hear everyone speak. Thanks Raina for setting up the virtual meeting so we could see everyone who couldn't make it to the track.

There was a huge turn out at the Juggers' tree for the Memorial. The new engraved plaques were mounted. People shared cherished memories of the members that were added to the list this year. We toasted to them all. It is so sad that any one has to be added to the plaques. I know we can't live forever but can we slow down on adding names to the list, please?



We were lucky enough to race on Sunday, just once but we still made it to Sunday. Not everyone made it to Sunday or if they did, they didn't last long. After we were out, I was done. We packed up to get out of the heat. I heard it was Raina's dad, Wayne, that made it pretty far in the Hot Rods. Great job, Wayne!

### **Samoa Friday, June 19<sup>th</sup> – Saturday, June 19<sup>th</sup>**

It is a long drive to Samoa. We left a day early just so we wouldn't have to drive 300 miles and then go right to work. Really, it was so I could stop by as many casinos as possible so Greg would have something to look forward to. I told him if he was a good boy we could stop at every one. Let's just say, he tried his best but I think we missed 2 casinos on the way up. Oh my gosh, it was so nice to be going into cooler weather. As we drove to our destination, the weather at home was on my phone and the car showed the outside temp. The temp at home got to be 109, the temp outside was 84 and dropping fast. By the

time we arrived, it was a crisp 73. It was amazing! Everyone ended up at the same hotel, Big Bob & his son, Champ & Weasel, Greg, Me, FKN Michelle and Dakota. We were in a bit of a sketchy neighborhood but I needed a place that allowed dogs and didn't want to pay a fortune for just a bed to sleep in over night.

I am not used to waiting for the fog to burn off so that you can race but that is what happens here. It is an adorable hometown track. If you blink you might miss the sign, but don't worry if you miss the sign you are eventually going to run out of road and have to turn around and look for the turn again. Champ felt right at home in the cool ocean air with the nice sea breeze. We get all set up, and wait for the fog to clear. We made a plan to retrieve the car from down the track. Why do you need a plan you say? It is a single lane, barely a truck can go down it without hanging over the asphalt. It gets a little crazy because according to unwritten rules, race cars have the right away over golf carts and tow cars. As people are towing towards you, you must pull over but you have to be careful because it is almost all sand. If you get too far into the sand and try to drive out, you will just spin your wheels and someone will have to come tow your tow vehicle. The lane goes down to a single turn out to that fits about 4 race cars squished together. If you don't make that little turn out then you had to stop the racecar before you got to the end of the asphalt, onto the beach. If that happened, then someone had to come get you from the end of the track as they stop the event.



It was getting close to lunch and I was wondering if the fog would clear, the sun finally starts to shine. We are towing to the lanes and hear sirens. They motion for me to wait, the fire truck rushes in front of us and out the gate? They announce a vegetation fire and we will have to wait for the fire truck to come back in order to race. Needless to say when there is a steady ocean breeze and plenty of vegetation, the fire is going to take a bit to put out. We waited as the smoke rose into the sky, then we heard they shut down the bridge, that was the only way in or out??? The fire department spent all day knocking down the flames and keeping it from coming close to the populated sections of the little island we were on. We waited and waited. We took the puppies for a walk down to the beach. We spent all day hoping that they might find extra resources to send us. We just wanted to make a pass. No luck. We also learned that the beach was not the place to hang out. We were hearing rumors of ticks in the area so we should be safe. Well Jeff Brocheuser said he found one on his leg after the beach, Jessica found one on her leg after the beach. It wasn't shortly after I got back from the beach did they find a tick crawling across my forehead! It was pretty small, smaller than a watermelon seed. Are you serious??? At least it was crawling and hadn't attached itself they kept telling me. No matter the size, no matter if it hadn't attached. I freaked out! I ran to the race car trailer and started removing clothes looking for any additional ticks. No additional pests were hitching a ride but I spent the rest of the day feeling like something was crawling on me. Not to mention, if I wasn't periodically checking my arms, legs, ears, and face, I was secretly walking by everyone in my camp, looking at their necks, and behind their ears to see if they had any. Oh, the highlight of the day, an airplane landed at the adjacent airport and taxied its way

through the pits to its hanger. That was a first for me.



NorCal Nostalgia had quite a turn out for their Battle at the Beach event, there were 13 NE 2 cars which made it pretty competitive for our class. Not as many NE 1 or NE 3 cars but probably 20 total. At least one car was missing, Orland Bound. I guess Ruth and Don's motor home went south as they were going north. They were able to get everything home fine and drove up to show their support. If you look close, that blue haired lady is Ruth catching up with Michelle. We were all standing around right after the fire truck left. They called it a day at about 5 pm, by then the fire was away from the road and the road was back open.

The next day, it seemed like the fog burned off quicker and we were ready to go by 10am. We ran a couple of qualifiers, the track was pretty sloppy and had some sand blowing around. We ended up mid pack at #7 with an 8.64. After the ladders were set, we started to get into a good rhythm. It was a little weird not to have Steve & Martha with us but Big Bob and his son helped out when we needed it. Weasel was there for everything else, including the moral support. He mainly told everyone that I was mean to him and wouldn't stop yelling at him. Let me just say, if you know Weasel then you know that someone has to be the one to tell him the truth and sometimes the truth hurts. That weekend I was speaking the truth and sometimes I had to make sure he heard it...

Champ was loving the beautiful weather, I wish we could have weather like that to race in all the time! That is what it must have been like to race at Half Moon Bay. Nice and cool!!! Glad Champ done his job with the good reaction time, otherwise we wouldn't have made it past the first round. It was our 8.66 to the other guys 8.63. Man that was close! Then we won second round. Look out Chrysler boys, we are coming for you. Third round, there are 3 Juggers in the semis! It is us, Jeff B, and big, bad 2 - time March Meet and defending NHRA NE II Champion Terry Lindblad! We are going against Jeff and Terry has some dude named Sam Tucker. They call us up for the semis, with the condensed crew I get to be the BUG this weekend. It is not normally my thing but it was fun. It was extra fun this time, it was a mother, daughter BUG pair. I think everyone in the grandstands heard me tell her, "I love you but I hope we beat you!" Well, it was a good, close race but Jeff beat us. I was going to have to listen to my kid remind me that we lost until we can meet again and try to settle the score. Terry didn't win his race, so that left 1 Juggler in the finals. Jeff against that guy Sam (his name rhythms with an expletive I might have used to describe him in the past.), I wanted this to be Jeff's first event win. Not this time Sam edged him out, to take home a pretty neat wooden trophy. We found out later that Champ won money for going to the semis. Wow, that was cool! Not enough to cover the gas but it was enough to cover some food and better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

#### **Update on the trailer**

Just because I like to keep you up to date on what is going on in my crazy world, the latest on the trailer. Things were going well in Bakersfield, it was the 1<sup>st</sup> morning, and I have my front door open enjoying the

morning air, sun shining in, having coffee, enjoying a morning chat with Steve O. It is time for me to go take care of some morning business. I go back in the trailer, try to shut the bathroom door, it is jammed about halfway open! Perfect time to find out that when the sun shines on a hollow door, they tend to warp and no longer close properly. Greg had to disassemble the door, remove the hinges and move them so the door would come close to closing. It took a little bit to find the exact spot so that the door would work again. You cannot start the first day of a 6 day trip with 3 sometimes 4 people in a trailer without a functioning bathroom door. It got worked out but it is one more thing I will need the repair place look at. After we got home from March Meet the RV repair company called and said the awning was finally in but there was a problem. I needed to come inspect the awning because there was a dent. He explained it was a small dent on the outer cover and the company would give me a \$200.00 rebate if I would accept the awning as is. I went and checked it out, it was minor, really minor. Plus if I tried to get a replacement what if it was damaged worse than this one? It is a 22 ft long awning, the UPS guy isn't bringing it. I appreciated that I would get a rebate and I said I would accept it. It would take about a week and we would be in Samoa and not need the trailer. I get back from Samoa and have a voice mail, he says it is installed and works but that they had to file a claim for a replacement because the center barrel of the awning looks like it was beat with a baseball bat and heavily dented. OMG are you serious? I have a new awning that works and sure enough when you unroll it, it looks beat to shit. Now, I have to wait about 3 more months for a replacement to my replacement. I hope it doesn't look worse than this one.

Until next month, stay safe, stay healthy, tell someone you love them and make the most of every day!