

The Silver State Race

I hear the phone ringing, loud but yet far away
It's dark, who calls at this time of day
"It's the front desk, its 4" I hear someone say
I rise with a start, hey its Sunday, race day

Mind starts to work and I think of each thing
That the check list from Gail sez I must surely bring
A scanner, warm clothes and water that sustains if we stop
Into the clothes that provide safety if a tire should go pop

Helmet, gloves and shoes are stacked on the chair
Where I left them last night to be sure they were there
I don't want to forget them so I gather them up
And toss them into the Vette when the back hatch is up.

The morning is dark and the air is quite cool
Of course I'd left my jacket in the room on the stool
Our bags in the pickup are long gone on their way
So we fire the blown stroker, sounds good I must say

We roll slow past the Jailhouse, the four 7s behind us
And other cars at the park serve to quickly remind us
We have long looked forward to this day of unique fun
But deep inside a small voice sez "do you know what you've done?"

In line now we roll out more numb than excited
We go on to the main road where the "highway 6" sign is lighted
Ely is quiet and the whole world seems peaceful
But the feeling is fleeting and the image deceitful

We turn onto the highway and a big block growls
Somewhere in the group a huge V12 howls.
A black RX7 and white Opel join as we thread through the canyons
They sing the high notes to lead the choir of companions

Lane's truck stop's ahead shinning bright in the darkness
The Vette club is there and they're ready to park us
In line now by speed we cruise toward the start line
Do we have our stopwatch? We need it to keep time.

Lund is dark with deep shadows and ever so quiet
If the race cars make noise the natives will riot
The NDOT Control Point is just south of town
The police check for wrist bands so the window comes down

The cattle guard is illuminated by the cop cars red light
We roll past the cruiser, into dark sightless night
A Vette Club member appears in the gloom
She explains how they'll park us, we don't have much room

They warned us last night that grid parking would test
It seems like a contest to see who can back best
We back and pull forward as we must get this right
The cars line up neatly, or' the rise out of sight.

The sun rises slowly and tops the low hill
The warmth is soon on us, relieving the chill.
We meet folks in cars parked near our assigned space
They have come from all over and are here just to race.

Because they are close they must be in our class
They seem like nice folks but we realize at last
These people are here to put it simply, just beat us
Some seem new but the vets seem the ones most apt to defeat us.

It's 9 AM and Frank sez the event start is late
Then Dawg does a burnout, we're on, ain't this great!
We watch so excited as the fast cars pull out.
Then "Get ready to go" we hear Sally shout.

On goes the helmet, glove and harness with ease
The clip board and stop watches at hand if you please
The water bottle's secure but if needed it's ready
On direction we leave parking going slow but so steady.

We approach the safety crew, no smiles, they seem so serious
They tighten the five points till I get slightly delirious
Then roll through 360, inspecting each tire for a nail
Steve said they would parks us if this check should fail.

As we roll up to the start line, the heart rate grows faster
Where are those stop watches? If lost its disaster
A sigh of relief as the Nav holds them up tight
He clicks double zeros, "God I hope we did that part right".

I stomp on the throttle and the blower does whine
The stroker's so strong we leap off the start line
The rpms rise like the temp in Death Valley
We're off to the races in this time for speed rally

That first lefthander is on us, quite quick in deed
How the air noise comes up as we add on the speed.
Blow right past target we have time to recover
Mile markers come fast, one after another
Nav sez to speed up we are 9 seconds slow
I hammer the stroker I know she won't blow
The speeds coming up, we are starting to fly.
The course workers waive as we go flashing by

We pass Station 4 as the flow masters roar
GPS sez 150, Orange Thunder wants more
Now its 160, still legal, wow this is fun
I lift slightly by reflex when I see the speed gun

The miles roll by and the time sure does fly
An orange flag waves as we go blasting by
I lift just a little and set up for the sweeper
I know it's off camber and a treacherous sleeper

We charge toward the narrows at a strong 125
The yellow traffic sign sez "slow down, stay alive"
I lift and dive into the first sharp left hander
The Kumhos all squeal and then tend to meander

Down into third to keep rpms high
The road starts to straighten, my pants will soon dry
The hammers back down and it's no time to blunder
The rock walls of the canyon reflect the stroker's sharp thunder.

The rising right hander sweeps up and away
We're out of the Narrows it's now safe to say
There's marker 24, it's time to get tough
Get rid of the errors, is 17 miles nearly enough?

Up over the hill with but one small error
Down toward the finish, the tension breeds terror
We've heard all the stories, one second off and you lose
How do we focus, we've forgotten the clues.

The finish line flashes by, no one punched the watches
Oh just another one of those well known "Gotchas".
But we choose no to fret as the error will be righted
At the banquet tonight all times will be cited.

We roll on to the pits where we meet Bunny and Gail
They greet one and all with a smile without fail
We park, then it's quiet, thank God there's no smoke
We reach for some water, still taped in our poke.

We lie to our buddies, "yep our error was near naught"
We look at each other an we know that's pure rot
But on to R Place and fill up with gas
My stomachs still hurting but I know that will pass

We roll into Vegas for a quick change of duds
Then onto Sam's Town for wine and some spuds
But thought soon turns to the upcoming show
And we wonder how slow a trophy winner could go.

Blue and Kelly keep the talk light and so sunny
And the rest of the night these two are sure funny
Then trophy in hand the awards get passed out
The times are just great, some guys do stand out.

There's Hille who trapped over 200 again
Weeksie clinches his jaw but he and Hille are still friends
The parade of winners goes on, most drive big Corvettes
Others drive Mustangs, Panteras, Vipers, Lambos and one a Ferrari to cover their bets.

Now our speed class is on call, everyone seems so pensive
If we don't win a thing this could be sad and expensive
Blue reads off a time. We are facing disgrace
But he call out our name, we have taken Third Place

Now that it's over and we've calmed down just a little
We are ready to go again feeling fit as a fiddle
And we know in the future we must raise the pace
Come on every body bring on the next race.

Dale Foust
SSCC Life Member
Car #101, Orange Thunder
383 stroker with 8 psi Procharger