

## **Push-it-to-the-Limit Series, Event #3: And Fortune Smiled**

Opal Gamble, PITL Writer

Having learned my lesson at the previous Push It To The Limit Series (PITL) event, I refrained from cheering when my drive in to Mississauga was overcast and threatening to rain.

I'd gotten up late, barely stumbled through breakfast, and hit the highway with my Honda Insight's hatch filled with tires and equipment. With a just over an hour drive ahead of me, I was convinced I was going to be late.

And so, I ignored the less than stellar fuel economy statistics being displayed indignantly on the Insight's dashboard, and kept up with some of the faster traffic on highway 401. Then, about 10 minutes away from the Hershey Centre venue, I zipped through a speed trap. For the first time during my hybrid car ownership, I was sure I'd just earned myself a speeding ticket. However, no one so much as twitched as I went past. Even so, I took the hint and took the last few kilometres very close to the speed limit.

My luck for the day continued to hold as I changed to my borrowed Race Compounds in the paddock. I checked the pressure on the front driver's corner, and discovered that it was a little low—not surprising given that the tires had been sitting in the garage for a month.

After pumping the tire up to the proper pressure, I removed the pump only to be greeted by a hiss and a rush of air. On looking closer, I discovered that the valve was stuck open. I poked at it, hoping to loosen it, but no luck. Air pouring out and the tire's contact patch getting larger by the second, I plugged the problem with the ball of my thumb and yelled over my hood for someone to grab Dave, who was a few cars over.

Though he didn't take too long to come over, the dent in my thumb lasted for at least twenty minutes.

After much running around and begging, a replacement valve core—called a Schrader valve, as I learned later—was procured from Mike B. and a valve remover was borrowed from Jay W. The tire was down to a whole 16 psi by the time my lucky volunteer "tire guy," Brian, finished with the replacement procedure. Still, even with the commotion, I had time to walk the course and finish my tire change by the time the driver's meeting started...I guess maybe being anxious about being late wasn't a bad thing after all.

Event #3's course layout was quite similar to that of Event #2: high-speed and flowing with many common elements. However, as Murphy's Law would have it, the course was shorter and the crowd smaller due to the overcast skies.

Where event #2 had over 100 competitors, event #3 had 66.

How much shorter was the event, you ask? Well, we're talking about eight runs before 3:30. The fastest run of the day clocking in at 34.4 seconds. I really do mean fast!

As usual, there was much amusement over the timing system's comments in the paddock. Travis T. noted that you can go from "Da Man" to "Grandma" in about as much time as it takes to marshal. Frankly, you'd probably be offended by the system, if you could stop laughing long enough to think about what it just said.

While we're on the subject of timing equipment, MSOC's own Ryan M. turns out to be an in-demand guy. If he dares to walk away from the timing equipment to

get in his car for a run, the timing equipment throws a hissy fit until he returns. Talk about a jealous girlfriend.

Among my many lessons of the day—the major one being to never underestimate how well prepared you should be for an event—I learned that one should never, ever do a run to Tim Horton's without asking around to find out if someone else wants a coffee. Apparently an unshared jaunt for java is good for many dirty looks.

I do have an excuse, though, for my lack of caffeine etiquette: I fell asleep in my car between runs and needed the coffee to finish the event. Thanks to Brian L., I wasn't late for my next run; as an added bonus, a power nap seems to be a solution for improving your run times!

### ***Top 10 Times of the Day***

<b>#</b>	<b>Num</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Car</b>	<b>FTD</b>
1	143	Brian L.	2000 White Acura	34.414
2	41	Ryan M.	1991 White Mazda Miata	34.473
3	5	Brent H.	1997 Plymouth Neon	34.566
4	61	Derek B.	1990 Red Mazda RX 7	34.638
5	97	Jeff W.	2001 Blue Mazda Miata	34.799
6	72	Robert T.	2000 Black Mazda Miata	34.841
7	73	Paul K.	1991 White Mazda Miata	35.229
8	28	Darryl D.	1991 White Mazda Miata	35.308
9	78	Alvin L.	2001 Black Honda	35.489
10	75	Curtis S.	1986 Silver Mazda	35.594

### ***Class Winners***

A Stock: Robert T., 2000 Black Mazda Miata, 34.841

A Mod: Derek B., 1990 Red Mazda RX-7, 34.638

B Stock: Cliff S., 1996 Red Plymouth Neon, 36.501

B Stock Plus: Ed F., 2003 White Acura RSX, 37.558

B Mod: Brian L., 2000 White Acura, 34.414

C Stock: Shane L., 2005 Infiniti G35, 37.244

C Mod: Ryan M., 1991 White Mazda Miata, 34.473