

## *Foreword*

At the end of the 1996 racing season, the handful of GM of Canada-sponsored teams running in the CASCAR Series had been struggling to maintain their winning ways. As then-Manager of Motorsports Technical Activities, it fell to me to kick their game up a notch, so I proposed to the Marketing Manager whose budget I intended to plunder that a vehicle preparation/racecraft seminar be held to bring the teams up to concert pitch. To my considerable surprise he agreed, and with the start of the season fast approaching, I embarked on a precipitous search for the "Professor" who could impart a couple of decade's worth of experience in two days.

Recalling the glory years of the Player's/GM Motorsports Camaro/Firebird series five years previous, I remembered a persistent phenomenon in our Western Series, where several teams in succession rose from the ranks to win races and a championship in this ultra-competitive series, only to subside again into mediocrity. The common cause of their rocketing performances proved to be the peerless guidance of one Warren J. Rowley, Crew Chief/Race Engineer Extraordinaire, and their equally meteoric descent the result of his "firing" each team in turn for failing to live up to his exacting standards. This, then, would be my Professor, literally so in that he was a Professor of Music at the University of Calgary. (He has since retired because: "I can make more money in three months working with race teams than I could in twelve as an academic.")

Negotiations were quickly completed, and on the appointed day Warren appeared at GM's Oshawa headquarters with mountains of handouts, reference materials, suspension models and innumerable other teaching aids. He proceeded to mount a two day, multi-media blitz that left these top teams slack-jawed over the depths of their former ignorance and pleading: "Please sir, may we stop now? Our brains are full!" Sessions spilled over into dinner and beyond, many napkins were covered with illegible diagrams, and plans made for further consultations and track sessions. Once they had absorbed all they had drunk (albeit through a fire hose!) from this fountain of knowledge, the teams all agreed it had been a most amazing exercise, one that would have huge long term benefits for their programs.

Reviewing the project afterwards with Warren, two main themes emerged. He said: "There is so much more I needed to tell them! A week wouldn't be nearly enough!" His second comment was: "I can't believe how much I learned; far more than I taught them! Every time I wrote down something I 'knew', to be true, I ended up back in the shop, building new models, proving or disproving accepted 'facts'. This has been an astounding learning experience for me."

My observation was: "You realize, Warren, that since you're just bursting to share all this lore and data you have amassed, you absolutely must write the last definitive book of the century on race car design and preparation?" His reply: "Absolutely not! Never! Will Not Happen!"

In the ensuing years, Warren has designed and redesigned many racecars, done increasingly high-tech consultations for an ever-growing list of teams in many of the top North American series (none of whom would appreciate having their names mentioned here) and as we now learn, writing ceaselessly. A mere 6 years later, you are holding the Book That Would Not Be; the product of so much sweat, tears, blood and midnight oil that it ought to be printed in muddy red ink. He tells me he has learned so much more in the writing that at least four more volumes are circling his brain, pounding on the walls and screaming to be let out...

William Wordsworth wrote:

"And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine."

Warren is the possessor of that all-seeing orb, and we readers will be the beneficiaries of its vision. Enjoy!

-Bill Ball, October, 2003