



My love affair with racing began at a very young age. My Dad and Grandfather were always tinkering, building, re-building, buying and selling British motorcycles. My Dad has always been the best thing since sliced bread and the moment I was born I have been daddy's little girl, and always under foot in the garage. Growing up in rural Massachusetts in a town called Barre, there were already legends in the racing world like Dick Gariepy and Joe Bolger building and racing vintage machines that to me were a shiny, bold escape from small town doldrums. Sitting atop my Dad's shoulders in turn three at Loudon watching the Vintage Celebration I could never imagine the angst turn three would cause me in my future.



In my teens the Carroll's British fleet grew to cars and motorcycles, and with the purchase of my 1979 Spitfire I was hooked. Summers became too short and top down convertible rides turned into preparations and long nights watching my Dad wrench his ice racer in the summer kitchen. As we turned the last screw into the last tread on the ice tires, I looked around realizing other girls were opening shopping bags and make up in their kitchens not carbonators, and cases of Torco.



When my Dad returned to racing at Loudon with USCRA, we were also working on an Austin Healy bug eyed sprite to race at Lime Rock. The project never really came together, and I was still drawn to the USCRA. The people that had been in my Dad's clubs such as the annual Matchless Jam Pot Rally and others were also putting bikes on the track. So it was like seeing family just with different geography. Then it happened.



While I was watching my Dad's solo race wrap up, this amazing noise and low riding machine came flying out of turn two, bearing down into three. It was Tommy and Una on a sidecar. I was locked and totally captivated and in my mind now, I see it so clearly, in slow motion, the delicate balanced dance with a beast. I could feel the sound, as every fiber of my being knew at that moment, I had to run to

the garage and tell my Dad what our new adventure was going to be, together. My Dad looked at me like I was crazy, but with a little charm, and the promise to part with the Austin Healy, my Dad located a ready to roll rig in California, with quite a pedigree.

When our shiny, apple red BSA came to its new home the race modifications and the birth of the 747 rig started at the Mohawk Garage in Becket Mass under the tutelage of Pete Talabach. With the race modifications under way, and my sidecar studies, which included hundreds of questions to experienced monkeys like Denise, and Carol, and my Dad sitting me in front of the old black and white movie *The Chairman* shifting from right to left on the floor of my living room over and over again until I could see the Isle of Mann TT in my sleep, race day had come. Now with all vintage race stories nothing is ever ready to roll. Our carbonators would flood, we would stall and as the practice sessions drew to a close, my first experience ever on the track, was my first race at New Hampshire motor Speedway. Being a Father / Daughter Team made our trust work, and over the years made us fast. That was seventeen years ago this year.



The smile I get when I get off my now BMW Super Vintage sidecar is the same smile I had all those years ago. Being part of Team Mach 1, with racers and mechanics that only a girl (like me) could dream of, is one of the most rewarding things I have ever been part of. Vintage racing has shaped who I am as a person. My race family has picked me up when things were down, and stood beside me to climb to the top of the sidecar racing community. I have traveled all over the

country and Canada enjoying every moment. I have become a role model for girls in a heavily

male dominated motorsports world. All I really ever needed to know about life, I learned at the Mohawk Garage. Best of all, I get to spend my race weekends next to my hero, doing what I love the most. Trying to pick a favorite track would be impossible. Barber, Shubbie, Loudon, all are dear to me.



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picking hey out of my helmet and gravel out of my teeth, having enough x-rays to almost make my whole body out of film, laughing till my stomach hurts on a bus full of racers heading to Mid-Ohio seeing "Amber waves of Grain" and to every race start looking down the track over the shoulder of the best damn sidecar driver I have ever known, my Dad, are the memories that will stay with me way past my time here.

My Team, Mach 1 racing, the feel of Autumn in the air on a crisp morning practice round in the bowl, the three wheel drift coming out of the roller coaster as the fans cheer five deep at the fence under the hot Alabama sun, the number 747, feeling more comfortable in my leathers than anything else in my closet, being called crazy, literally flying over turn three,



I firmly believe that racing is in my genes, and that one of my biggest fans watches from the best seats in heaven for all my events. I am so fortunate to have a Dad that proves over and over that being a crazy sidecar nut is a family trait. My grandchildren may never remember what size my house was or if I could bake cookies, but they will remember that I was a sidecar racer with my Dad. Hopefully the genes will continue on, but the 747 Father /

Daughter team from New England will always live in my heart.

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