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Forthcoming Events is on a separate sheet, due to pressure on space, time and printing schedules; also there are several last-minute developments which would have needed such a sheet anyway!

Published on the last Wednesday of each alternate month. Copy should be in the hands of the Editor on the 12th of the month of publication.

COVER PICTURE

Paul Swift kicks up the dust on Test 1 (Sherburn) of the 1975 Scarborough weekend.

(Photo : Tony Hodgetts)

COMPETITION CHATTER

Reproduced below is a section from the August issue of R.A.C. Motor Sport Club News: "A further reminder is given to all Scrutineers to enforce the new helmets specification rules. Please impound unacceptable helmets for the duration of the meeting, where doubt as to actual use cannot be established. Recent accidents have indicated that Scrutineers would be well advised to check the chin strap mountings of the **Griffin Grand Prix Helmet**. Although the same problems may be apparent in all helmets, recent accidents have occurred with this particular type. Particularly: (1) The competitor who has dismantled a helmet for painting has overtightened the fittings, so that the screw mounting is proud **inside** the helmet, thus potentially being a spear directed at the man's temple. (2) The competitor has replaced the already marginally-safe fitting with untested or smaller units, thus causing the strap to snap off under light pressure. (3) The painting of helmets is not encouraged, as it reduces the surface strength, and therefore the value of the helmet. (4) The use of chin cups is not to be encouraged; in a recent incident the helmet was released by the chin cup coming out of place, and the helmet came off the driver's head before the incident had finished".

Read and note the above; you have been warned!

The Centre's own Racing Championships seem to be gaining strength and support, and after our race meeting at Croft on the 10th August the leading positions are:-

B.A.R.C. Northern Formula Ford Championship

1. Mick Starkey	33
2. John Simpson	21
3. John MacGilvray	14
4. Richard Phillip	5
5. = Chris Lawson	4
Stuart Lawson	4

B.A.R.C. Northern Clubmans Championship

1. = John Muirhead	4
Roy McNab	4
3. = Ken Brown	1
Ray Edge	1
Geoff Friswell	1
Chris Hart	1
George Valente	1

Nobody has scored any points other than these few!

B.A.R.C. Northern Formula Libre Championship

1. Bruce MacMichael	21
2. Andy Barton	20
3. David Morgan	9
4. John Calvert	5

B.A.R.C. Northern Saloon Car Championship for the Wendy Wools Trophy

1. Eric Smith	22
2. Gerald Clark	19
3. Simon Davy	18
4. = Dave Horsley	17
Norman Hodgson	17

With prize money for the Formula Ford, Clubman's and Formula Libre Championships of £75 for 1st place, £50 and £25 for 2nd and 3rd places respectively, the competition should be keen at the final round at Croft on the 7th September. In particular the Clubman's Championship is wide open for anyone to win. If more than six cars start the race a full nine points will then be on offer for the race or class winner, so get your clubmans cars out chaps. (Mind, I don't think we will be able to tempt Barry Joell back from South Africa).

The prize money for the Saloon Car Championship is provided by one of our long term race sponsors Wendy Wools of Guiseley through Council member Peter Griffin. Wendy Wools have donated the "Wendy Wools Trophy" plus £100 to the winner, £50 to second, £25 to third and £15 to fourth place man.

Marking for all the Championships is 9, 6, 4, 3, 2, 1, in each class or overall as the case may be if there are more than six starters in the race.

Whilst we are talking about racing championships, now is a good time to mention that Richard Thwaites, long-time centre member, is leading the Speed Merchants Classic Car championship in his Elva-BMW, still running under the Eastern Carpet label, against the likes of Willie Green in Anthony Bamford's Ferrari.

In the Guyson/B.A.R.C. Hillclimb Championship Colin Rogers is still in the lead after the ninth round at Pontypool, with 50.00 marks. Creeping up into second place is John Meredith with 48.69, displacing Roy Lane to third still with 48.14. Two to watch next are Nicky Porter with 42.18 and Richard White with 42.15. Roy Lane cannot be beaten in the F.T.D. Championship for the "Sandblast Trophy", with 57 marks. Second is Chris Cramer with 47 and looking for a few more points to close the gap. Third at the moment is David Franklin with 34.

At Shelsley Walsh on the 17th August, Roy Lane made sure of being R.A.C. Hillclimb Champion for 1975, by bringing his total score to 89 from Chris Cramer's 82. I think that everybody will join in to congratulate Roy on winning the Championship he so richly deserves. A mention here to wife Bette and the children who have done so much to help Roy on the way. The Woking Motors Leaders Championship was also settled with Alan Richards with an unbeatable 66 points, from Barry Brant with 44 and a calculator-wielding Russ Ward at present third with 39.

J.M.E.

THE SCARBOROUGH WEEKEND 1975

Scarborough has long been known in the North as "The Queen of Watering Places"; the interest of the majority of our members and the members of the other motor clubs invited to participate in the Scarborough Weekend seems to centre round another liquid, but coincidentally a scenic tour of the East Riding (I don't like these new-fangled artificial counties) and motoring diversions provide suitable entertainment for all tastes. Scarborough in fine weather takes a lot of beating — if one could guarantee sunshine there would be no need to go abroad for holidays — and this year the sun was in attendance most of the time, which made everything more enjoyable.

The event started from the Half Moon at Sherburn, which to me seemed the pleasantest start venue for some time, and without undue scrutineering bothers the cars got under way. There were a few class changes, notably Simon Clark, entered with father in a Clan Crusader (belonging to their dentist, which is a good reason for keeping it in one piece) who decided that he didn't believe it was going to materialise, and turned up in the Capri for safety. It did, though, and provided a new approach to driving tests along with the Lotus Europa which also was working on the basis of making up on corners what was lost through restricted rearward vision.

The first site was at Sherburn, and provided a new test on a good firm concrete surface, liberally covered with limestone dust, which caused a plume of white cloud to follow the progress of each car though the test. The route then went through Stillingfleet and Naburn to Raylor's yard on the outskirts of York, where two tests "around the houses", or around the piles of plant, were laid out again on a good smooth surface. Test two featured the dive down and up the ramp and "yump" before a reverse into a bay where a pile of scaffold poles gave sonorous warning when the pylon was dislodged, and test three explored various avenues back and forth among the stock.

On then to the familiar acres of Full Sutton, and the faithful waiting piles of gunge, which this year were rather less glutinous than of yore and caused no arguments about crossing their edges. The long mound was also used for the annual dice down one side and up the other, without untoward incident to worry Hugh Last and his party from De Lacy Motor Club, who were looking after all three tests on this site. A new site was then visited, at Cottam, but unfortunately one of the tests had to be abandoned as the marshals failed to appear, so the convoy moved on to Seamer for a test in the

Tilcon quarry — which raised speculations in one or two minds about the possibility of putting on a full scale Autocross meeting, so extensive and interesting was the site.

Finally the crews arrived in Scarborough, and visited the Albert Road, closed for its yearly rest by the helpful Corporation, and the Seacliffe Road car park, before subsiding into the hotel for baths, refreshments and food. A dinner dance ensued, the details of which are somewhat hazy; which suggests that it was a good party, the high spot of which seems to have been a violent altercation between the chef and the head waiter which spilled over into the dining room and looked at one stage like real front-page gory headline stuff.

When the results team had finished cudgelling their brains and their adding-machines, it transpired that in Class 1, Gerald Taylor held a narrow lead over Gordon Chippindale and Philip Lilley; in Class 2 "Yuk" Hodgson led by a comfortable margin from Roy Webster and Howard Bennett; Gordon Thompson led Class 3 from Melvyn Bolch; Paul Swift was just ahead of Bernard Shaw in Class 4; Andrew Page was heading Class 5 in front of David Naylor, and Tony Raylor was way out in front of Ian Hardy at the top of Class 6.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny — just the day for a scenic tour of the east coast. Starting from Oliver's Mount, the convoy visited the Seacliffe car park, the splendid site at Low North, the Tilcon quarry at Seamer, the old road on the hill top on the way to Whitby, then returned to Oliver's Mount again before finally clocking out with a tricky memory test at Seacliffe.

Once again the results team went into a huddle, punctuated only by shrieks of rage at anyone who dared breathe while the additions were being done, and after a short interval without dramas like the missing card of last year, the results were announced.

York Motor Club produced a grand slam, with "Yuk" Hodgson winning outright, followed by Tony Raylor and Gordon Chippindale. The team award was taken by the oddly named "Hampton Skins" which name was seemingly chosen to be acceptable to the magazine which refused to publish the name they chose last year! There was, as usual, a fair amount of talk about how one can classify cars for driving tests, and in particular moans of the variety of "he's got more money than I have, he ought to be in another class". That always will be a factor, but it must be relevant that the winner's car was being offered for sale during the Sunday at a price similar to the £150 which had been paid



You don't need a large bag of gold to do autotests ! The total investment on this page is only about £400 !
(Photos : Tony Hodgetts)

for it a few days before, and the runner-up's car was also bought as a cheap banger a year before; the third place car has been used for speed events, production car trials, autotests and even a couple of stage rallies, and has been seen taking the kids to school as well! Some of the entry was pretty potent, but some were relatively standard, like David Naylor's Cortina and Andrew Page's Opel Kadett, Graham Horton's Maxi and Paul Smiddy's Mini. I doubt whether they enjoyed the event any less for that.

Results :

The Wilson Trophy :

"Yuk" Hodgson 99-42

The Wilson Opposite Class Cup :

Tony Raylor 98-80

The Wood Cup :

Gordon Chippindale 98-03

Scarborough Cups :

Gerald Taylor 97-77
 Melvyn Bolch 96-50
 Gordon Thompson 95-07
 Paul Swift 95-17
 Andrew Page 95-25
 David Naylor 95-25

Scarborough Plates :

P. Lilley 91-91
 R. Beecroft 83-57
 C. Etherington 93-06

Team Award :

"Hampton Skins" ... Y. Hodgson
 P. Swift
 A. Raylor

CROFT - THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE MEETING

22nd JUNE 1975

This was one of the best club meetings we have had at Croft, from the point of view of the quality of racing, anyway. The racing was always close, and in most events there was a fair amount of place-swapping. If we had had a "man of the meeting" award, it would undoubtedly have gone to Norman Hodgson for his staggering drive after a poor start and more than one lap with a sick engine.

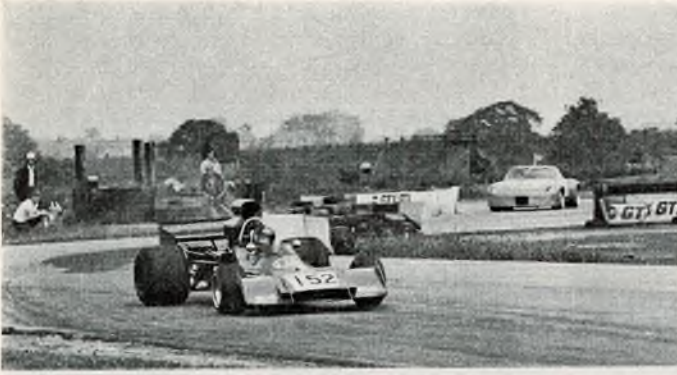
The first race for Formula Ford started with the familiar sight of John Simpson's white Nike in the lead, but it was short-lived, for the second tour saw Mick Starkey in the lead from Neil Williamson, who in turn was displaced by John McGilvray on lap 3. Williamson dropped back on lap 4, leaving Simpson and McGilvray to tussle for second place, which finally went to Simpson, with McGilvray's blue Crossle getting well on the grass at the Chicane in his attempts to get past. Behind them a tight bunch containing Richard Philip, George Franchetti, George Emmett, and Dave Buttigieg circulated, swapping places each lap, until Philip fell right back on lap 8 leaving Franchetti's Hawke to snatch fourth place on the last lap.

Results :

1. Mick Starkey (ATS Merlyn Sch.) 12:43-0 82-57
2. John Simpson (Nike 10 Scholar) 12:47-2
3. John MacGilvray (Crossle 25F) 12:48-0
4. George Franchetti (Hawke DL12) 12:48-0
5. Neil Williamson (Van Dieman RF75)
 12:52-2

The second race, a qualifying round for the Britax Production Saloon championship, brought out a collection of cars which we have not seen before at Croft. Ford Capris are familiar enough, but Mazda RX3 Coupes, Simca Rallyes and a lone Lada (or Bolshy Fiat) made a very different sight and sound. The familiar figure of Gerry Marshall was in pole position in his Vauxhall Magnum flanked by the equally familiar figure of Tony Lanfranchi (who one motoring journalist recently described as a Londoner, but we know better!) in a raucous yellow Mazda and Jock Robertson in a very smart dark blue one. Behind them were a collection of Capris, which had all looked fast but rather lurid in practice, and more Mazdas.

Lap 1 again brought surprises, for the first car again was Robertson's Mazda, hotly pursued by Lanfranchi, as over the public address came the news that Gerry Marshall was out of his car at Sunny; then he appeared in last place gesticulating frantically towards the front of the car. Pete King's Ronnie Scott entered car also made a bad start, and set about working his way up the field, finally settling for a lonely seventh place, while the three Capris of Stuart Patterson, Marc Smith and Neil McGrath duelled — or should it be trialled — all race long after McGrath had spun away his third place at the Chicane. For much of the race Robertson and Lanfranchi circulated in close company, to the extent that at one stage they came round Sunny almost touching, side by side, but



Bill Wood's been many times before, but some of the saloon car dicers found the Chicane rather tricky. (Photos: Tony Hodgetts)

gradually Robertson drew away to a comfortable lead.

On lap 8, Gerry Marshall locked up on the entrance to the Chicane, stopped, and crawled into the pits to "re-tyre", as one wag put it; at the end of the race, an object which looked like the traditional laurel wreath was being passed round the pits — it was the tattered remnant of the Magnum's off-side front tyre, which had finally cried "enough".

Results :

Class C1.

1. Jock Robertson (Mazda RX3 Coupe) 22:23.8 70.32

Class C2.

2. Tony Lanfranchi (Mazda RX3) 22:33.2

Class B1.

3. Marc Smith (Ford Capri 1) 22:37.0 69.64

Class B2.

4. Neil McGrath (Ford Capri GT) 22:50.4

Class B3.

5. Stuart Patterson (Ford Capri) 22:53.0

Class C3.

6. Bill Sydenham (Mazda RX3) 22:57.0

Class C4.

7. Pete King (Mazda RX3) 25:58.0

Class C5.

8. Chris Jones (Mazda RX3) 22:29.2

Class D1.

9. Neville Knight (Simca Rallye 1) 22:30.4 (14 laps)

Class D2.

10. Simon Kirkby (Simca Rallye 1) 22:34.8

The Modsports race for the Northern Sportscars Players championship was a demonstration of superiority by the Alex Smith team; the Lotus Elan of Andrew Smith led from start to finish, followed by Ken Allen's Clan Crusader and Ian McCullough's Austin-Healey Sprite, each at a respectful distance.

Results :

Class A1.

1. Andrew Smith (Lotus Elan Twin Cam) 12:39.4 82.96

Class C1.

2. Ken Allen (Clan Crusader) 12:53.6 81.44

Class B1.

3. Ian McCullough (Austin-Healey Sprite) 13:11.0 79.65

The second Formula Ford event, for the British Air Ferries championship, was another real cracker. Bruce MacMichael jumped into the lead from the flag, hotly pursued by Rick Morris and Mick Starkey. On the fourth lap, Morris forced the Hawke past into the lead, and on lap 5 Dave Buttigieg took fourth place from John Kent, the whole pack still being within inches of one another.

Tony Rivers spun at Sunny, and came by with his nose cone adrift, then lost it altogether on the following lap, and continued without any apparent ill effects. Then as the tightly packed leading bunch came into the Chicane for the eighth time, the leader locked a brake at the entrance, and clipped the wall sharply, knocking off a front wheel and careering across the track to come to rest on the grass at the exit, unharmed but immobile. The following cars picked their way through the flying debris without significant delay, and continued their dicing, with Dave Buttigieg, John Kent and Eric Horsfield swapping places right up to the flag, at which Mick Starkey was so close to the winner that the timekeepers could not separate their times.

Results :

1. Bruce MacMichael (Crossle 20F Scholar) 18:58.8 82.98
2. Mick Starkey (ATS Merlyn Scholar) 18:58.8
3. Dave Buttigieg (Dulon MP17 Newbridge) 19:12.4
4. John Kent (Royale R.P. 16 A.B.J.) 19:18.8
5. Eric Horsfield (Alexis 23B Ford) 19:23.0

The Wendy Wools championship event for Special Saloons was no anti-climax after that excitement. Stuart Oliver's Escort BDA led on the first lap to be passed first by Eric Smith's Mini GT and then by Brian Whiting's 1840 c.c. Escort BDE. Way back down the field, Norman Hodgson's Escort FVC spluttered sadly round, sounding very sick for the first two laps. Then, on lap 3, the engine suddenly cleared, and the yellow Escort appeared charging through the field; ninth on lap 3, sixth on lap 4, fourth on lap 6 and third in lap 9.

On lap 5, Brian Whiting took the lead and after battling for a further couple of laps, the Mini went off song and gradually slipped back to fourth place. On lap 6, Lionel Dickson's Mini gave up the struggle, and crawled through the Chicane by-pass just as the leaders were approaching. To the dismay of the watchers, he carried on crawling across the track, heading for the pits, just as Stuart Oliver left the Chicane at a great rate; and for a moment it looked as though a sizeable incident was inevitable, but the Escort driver managed to

squeeze round by using the pits approach lane, and continued unscathed. As the flag went down on the winner, most eyes were on the Chicane to see whether Norman Hodgson could make it, and he nearly did, closing up to a matter of a yard on the final sprint, after a tremendous drive.

After Peter Pitman's ever-rapid Imp retired, Simon Davey inherited Class C, and hung on to it to the end. One motoring magazine described this race as a procession. Their correspondent can't have been watching very closely.

Results :

- Class A1.**
1. Brian Whiting (F. Escort BDE) 12:42.2 82.65
- Class A2.**
2. Stuart Oliver (F. Escort BDA) 12:57.0
- Class A3.**
3. Norman Hodgson (Ford Escort FVC) 12:57.0
- Class B1.**
4. Eric Smith (B.L. Mini 1275 GT) 13:08.4 79.91
- Class B2.**
5. Gerald Clark (B.L. Cooper S) 13:30.2

The final Formula Libre race was another of those which was much more exciting to watch than the lap chart suggests. Bill Wood's thunderous Trojan out-dragged Andy Barton's March from the line and kept just in front sometimes only by inches, all the race, and everyone else kept discreetly out of their way. Harry Gilbert chugged slowly into the pits on lap one, and then suddenly reappeared on lap six, going like a bat in the middle of a bunch of other cars, and created havoc with all the lap charts! John Muirhead in the Mallock was the only car on the same lap as the leaders when the race finished.

Results :

- Class A1.**
1. Willie Wood (Trojan 101 Chev.) 11:128 93.64
- Class B1.**
2. Andy Barton (March 73/74B Barton BDA) 11:13.4 93.56
- Class C1.**
3. John Muirhead (Mallock U.2 14/16 Holbay) 12:16.4 85.55

The thoughts for the day include the conclusion that Croft is quite a pleasant spot when the sun shines, that competitors who insist on having their sponsor's wavelength as a race number are a nuisance, and must be bending the rules about advertising, and that it's hard to compete for spectators with Church Fenton's air display, Metro '75 and a traction engine rally as well as the lure of the seaside!

HAREWOOD - NATIONAL SHELL SPEEDCLIMB

6th JULY 1975

The Harewood round of the R.A.C. British Hill Climb Championship was a real vintage event — in character, that is, not as judged by the age of the cars. A good entry, the sort of glorious sunshine which makes one wonder if there is a place as nice in the whole of Europe, and keen competition for the top honours. It really was hot; the dress for the day was as little as possible, which resulted in some enticing sights in the paddock, and several competitors suffered from overheating in one form or another. One sweating driver was heard to remark as he clambered out of his car, "I need something long, cool and wet — like a blonde in a cold shower".

The photo-transistors in the start timing gear felt rather the same way, and went on strike several times, causing some delays to the proceedings, but the meeting kept up a fairly brisk pace and finished on time without untoward incident. David Kennedy might not agree with me, as he was red flagged three times as minor happenings occurred in front of him, before he at last managed to record a time. There was also an errant calf which seemed to think that we were putting on a wild west show of which he was the star.

Roy Greenwood was all by himself in class 1, and class 2 fell, as is customary, to Nick Porter, with John Casey not far behind. Alan Forrest took class 2 by a comfortable margin from Bill Lord, and in class 3 Geoff Farmer's Imp beat John Edmond's Cooper "S". Jim Thomson only had one good run, but it was enough to secure the class for the Firenza by a comfortable margin from Bob Bartram's hairy Escort. Mike Gleave pipped Mick Merrills in the thinly supported small "Marque" class, and Robin Gray was three seconds clear in the middle one; the large "Marque" class went to Malcolm Trewitt's M.G.C, which led Paul Tankard's T.V.R. Tuscan by three tenths of a second.

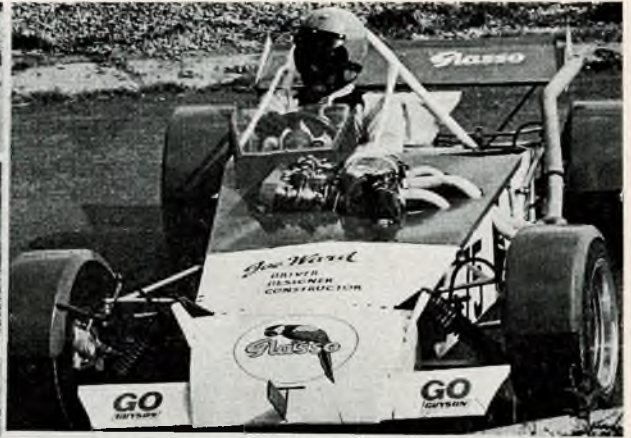
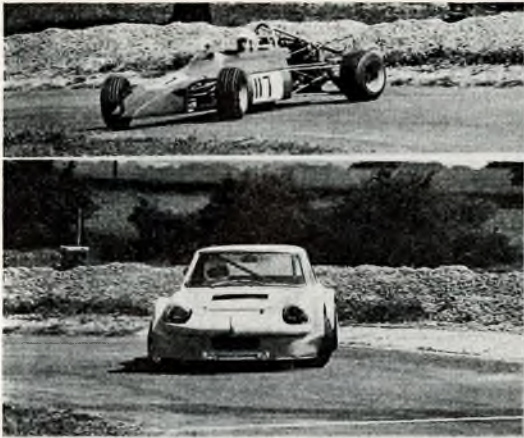
Norman Galbraith was really trying with the blue Ginetta, crossing the finish line sideways; which was as well, for he beat an equally determined and nearly as sideways Chris Seaman by only six hundredths of a second, with Maurice Ogier's Clan Crusader in third place, getting it right after an excursion at Farmhouse on the first run and much frantic tyre-changing in the paddock in between ascents. Robert Speak again took the larger Modsports class with Michael White's very spectacular Porsche 911S three-wheeling into second place not far behind. Third was Jim Gathercole, who thought he'd discovered a new technique for inducing oversteer on slow corners

until he found that his boiling radiator was overflowing on to the near-side rear wheel. Bob Prest, Mervyn Bartram and Joe Ward finished close together at the top of the Clubman's class, and Dennis Pegg's venerable Lotus 11 led the smaller G.T. and Sports-Racing class. Stephen Madge took Class 13 from John Pascoe, and Richard Brown was really flying at the head of class 14. On Barry Bryant's first run he found a new way round Quarry, but as this involved going behind the gravel bank instead of staying on the road, his efforts were not rewarded with a time. He made amends on his second try, to take the class from Colin Myles. Not all my colleagues approve of 500's, but I find them entertaining and very good value — you really can see the driver at work.

John Crowson's Terrapin was on form to take class 15 from Alan Richards' Gryphon and Sandy Hutcheon's Ginetta, with John Shapley's neat Kawasaki Special in fourth spot. On his first run in class 16, David Franklin put up a time which only Roy Lane managed to beat on the first runs, spinning across the finish as he did so, and finishing up tail-first in the gravel bank. Behind him came Alan Thomson and Peter Kaye, who was driving with very sore ribs after a fall, but not showing it in his performance at all.

The big racing car class started with disappointment for the Clarks, as on Simon's first run "something went bang and it stopped" at Farmhouse, and that was that. Then John Lambert, finishing a neat run, lifted off too sharply after the finish, and spun the Leda across the road and into the gravel, chasing your editor from his perch in the process, and showering the paddock with ballast. I'm told that I covered ten feet in one bound from a standing start — it's a big hairy car, and fear does wonders for one's acceleration! Malcolm Dungworth was on form, with a tidy and undramatic best time of 40.85 to reach fourth place, John Cussins tamed the very powerful Chevron to take sixth, and Alister Douglass-Osborne took third after going off at the entrance to Farmhouse on his first run. Chris Cramer, in the lead after the first runs with the fastest time up to that point, had a moment at Quarry on his second, and shot off across the grass, damaging the road-hugging nose cone and putting a number of dents in the bodywork; Roy Lane made no mistake, and at the end of the class runs, the Fenny Marine G.M.1 held F.T.D.

The top ten runs started with the sparks flying. Peter Kaye spun off at Orchard, and drove gently up with the Brabham's nose cone stuck on the back of the car. Then Alan Thompson after using



It may have been the sunshine, but something certainly had a sharp effect on the drivers' attempts to get round Quarry Corner. Two of these made it; many others did not.

(Photos: Tony Hodgetts)

all the road and a bit more at Willow, coming out with the outside wheels brushing the hedge, stuffed the Chevron into the bank at Orchard. Then things calmed down a little, and everyone reached the top, Alister Douglas-Osborne sliding wide at Farmhouse and losing a little time, and Chris Cramer really trying hard with the inside wheels over the concrete lip at Farmhouse, but with Roy Lane still in the lead. On the second runs everyone improved with the exception of John Cussins, who locked up and came to a halt with the car sounding very unhappy, and David Franklin. So Roy Lane took F.T.D. and the Double Twelve Trophy (which really would be more appropriate for a production car trial, as it could then be used for ballast). Tony

Holden and Terry Rundle dispensed congratulations and hospitality on behalf of Shell, and the party gradually dispersed, sunburned, tired and cheerful. Only the treasurer felt that there had perhaps been too much sun to attract a really good crowd, but all those who did come voted the meeting as good a hillclimb as we have enjoyed for some time.

Awards:

- F.T.D. & Double 12 Trophy Roy Lane 39-06
- 2nd F.T.D. Chris Cramer 39-50
- 3rd F.T.D. Alister Douglas-Osborne 39-96
- 4th F.T.D. Malcolm Dungworth 40-11
- Ladies Award Diana MacMaster

CHAMPIONSHIP TOP TEN RUN-OFF

Name	Car	1st Run	2nd Run	Posn.	Marks
Peter Kaye	Brabham BT35X FVA	Fail	41-16	6	5
Alan Thomson	Chevron B17 Holbay	70-09	43-11	10	1
Richard Brown	Martyn BM8 FVA	41-76	41-60	9	2
Ken MacMaster	Modus M4 Hart 420R	41-36	40-69	5	6
John Cussins	Chevron B32 Chevrolet	41-38	55-83	8	3
David Franklin	Huntsman Ensign Ford	41-33	41-45	7	4
Malcolm Dungworth	Brabham BT35X Repco	40-22	40-11	4	7
Alistair Douglas-Osborne	Pilbeam R15 BDB	41-48	39-96	3	8
Chris Cramer	Grunhalle Lager March 748	39-98	39-50	2	9
Roy Lane	Fenny Marine GM1	39-38	39-06	1	10

Class Awards :

Class 1. 1st Roy Greenwood.	Class 10. 1st Robert Speak.
Class 2. 1st Nicky Porter; 2nd John Casey.	Class 11. 1st Bob Prest; 2nd Mervyn Bartram.
Class 3. 1st Allan Forrest.	Class 12. 1st Dennis Pegg.
Class 4. 1st Geoff Farmer.	Class 13. 1st. Stephen Madge.
Class 5. 1st Jim Thomson, 2nd Bob Bartram.	Class 14. 1st Richard Brown; 2nd Ian Curtis.
Class 6. 1st Mike Gleave.	Class 15a. 1st Barry Brant.
Class 7. 1st Robin Gray; 2nd Ronnie Craik.	Class 15. 1st John Crowson; 2nd Alan Richards; 3rd Sandy Hutcheon.
Class 8. 1st Malcolm Trehwitt; 2nd Paul Tankard.	Class 16. 1st David Franklin; 2nd Alan Thomson; 3rd Peter Kaye.
Class 9. 1st Norman Galbraith; 2nd Chris Seaman.	

THE "E. A. DENNY" PRODUCTION CAR TRIAL

For 1975 the "Denny" forsook its usual haunts in the wilds between Masham and Healey for a site which was more convenient of approach, being only five minutes from the M62, and surprisingly sylvan for an old quarry on the outskirts of Brighouse, but which rather lacked the charm of the windswept moorlands of Wensleydale. With all due deference to the valley of the Calder, it isn't quite the same thing!

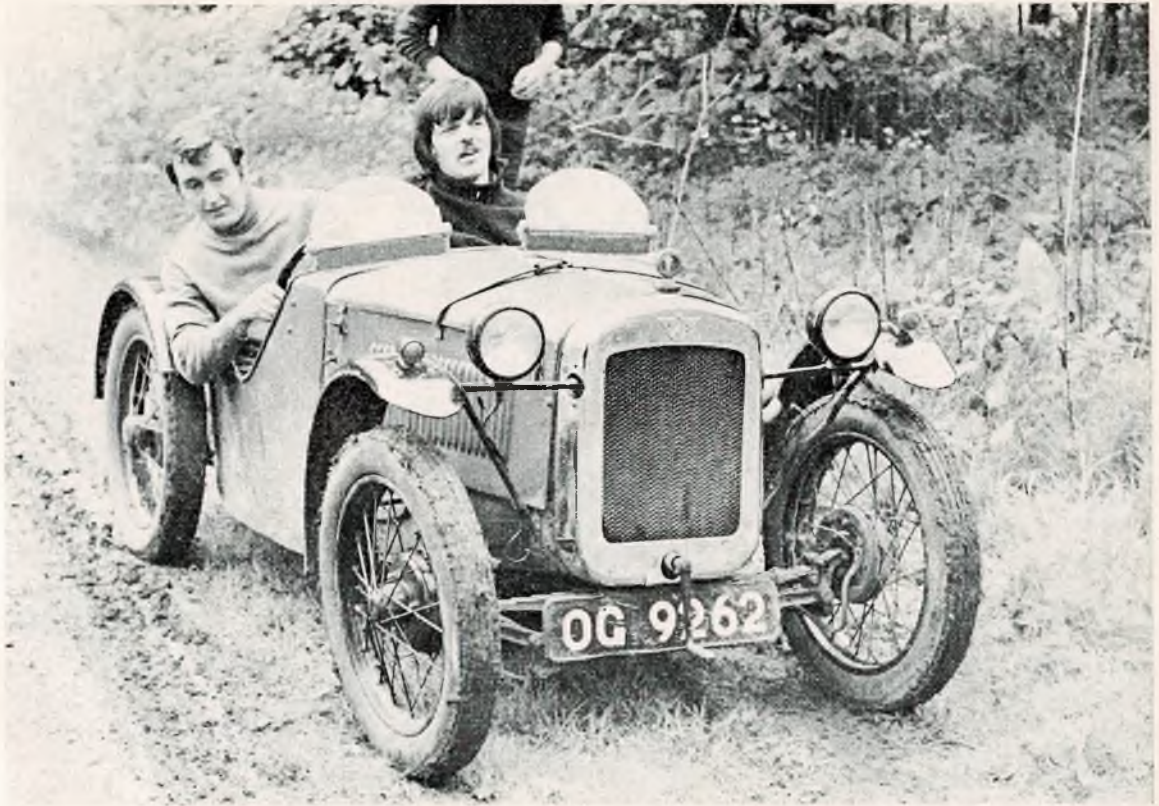
The site was located in Ashday quarry, which devotees of the old sporting trials will probably know better as "Cromwell's Bottom"; and once one had managed to find it, on a bright sunny morning, it was a pleasant enough spot to spend a day. Overnight rain had transformed the sections which on Saturday had worried Clerk of the Course Dennis Hobson as being too easy into rather tricky climbs on the damp grass; and the first test proved rather daunting to the early starters who failed to clear the line at all until Gordon Chippindale showed the way with a storming climb to 8. Later John Busfield reached 7, which stood as the best climb until Mike Hinde in the Imp cleaned the section!

This set the pattern for the morning, and at the lunch break Mike was well in the lead from Edgar

Wadsworth, with a rather surprised Paul Adelman in third place. In the classes John Spencer was comfortably out in front of Class 1, David Metcalfe of Class 2 and John Busfield of Class 3.

After a rather leisurely lunch break, the sections were re-shaped and Mike Hinde gave another demonstration of how to do it, which was marred only by a mistake on test 11, and resulted in an overall loss of 37 marks. Not far behind came the redoubtable Edgar Wadsworth, David Metcalfe and John Busfield tying for fourth place and each winning their class.

As a trial, the Denny was quite a good one, but this year's event was not so social as is usually the case, and would probably have gained a bigger entry had the regulations been distributed a little earlier. The organisers were faced with a difficult choice between the more popular but more costly traditional area and a site which had less aesthetic appeal but some practical advantages. With the experience of this year's event, and a few detailed developments of the accompanying arrangements, next year's "Denny" can be as enjoyable as we have come to expect.



Richard Clark thinks he might just make it — his "bouncer" reckons there's no chance. (He didn't!)

(Photo : Tony Hodgetts)

Results :

Class 1.

John Spencer	80
Harry Mason	113
Gordon Chippindale	119
Gerald Taylor	130
David Wilkin	133
Robin Alexander	146
Allan Mellor	149
Paul Smiddy	152
Howard White	155

Class 2.

David Metcalfe	80
Jeff King	119
John Kelley	120
Paul Hargreaves	126

Class 3.

John Busfield	80
Richard Clark	105

Ian Hardy	116
Nigel Hargreaves	137
Chris Etherington	154

Class 4.

Mike Hinde	37
Edgar Wadsworth	71
Paul Adelman	73
Tim Smith	88
John England	137
David Haigh	139

The E. A. Denny Trophy : Mike Hinde

The Fairfax Trophy : Edgar Wadsworth

1st Class Awards :

John Spencer, David Metcalfe,
John Busfield.

2nd Class Award : Harry Mason

THE GRADIENT GRIND

When the title of the July club night was first announced, one of our more senior members commented that it reminded him of courting on grassy slopes, but he felt it would be uphill work for him these days. He did turn out for the event, though, and was reminded of (if nothing else) the days when Saturday night club rallies were decided on navigation around the lanes of Wharfedale and Nidderdale without resort to "selectives" and forest stages; usually in cars which were required to transport the owner to work on the following Monday.

The jaunt was rather gentler than of yore, but the names on the map brought the memories flooding back to more than one superannuated navigator like your editor: Jack Hill, Brass Castle, Meg Gate, Thornthwaite and Fewston, Dob Park and West End. Time was when every self-respecting navigator knew which way each gate opened on the road from Lindley Green to Norwood Edge, and had the bumps on Snowden Carr marked on the map to within yards.

The event started from the car park of the "Royalty" on Otley Chevin, where the crews were given a photo-copied map of the area, two sheets of clues and a lurking sheet of general questions which many overlooked. On the map were clearly marked a series of locations, each of which was a steep hill. The plot was to visit as many of these as possible, note the details on the gradient sign at the crest of the hill, and in most cases answer also a question which could only be satisfied by observation of the surrounding terrain. In some cases it was necessary to be able to count beyond ten, which for me is an insuperable handicap.

It all sounds fairly simple, and it was sufficiently straightforward for all to enjoy the run without having to cudgel their brains too hard; but there was enough concealed guile to sort out the entry quite thoroughly, and produce a fair amount of head-scratching at one or two points, like the road at Meg Gate that you can't see on the O.S. map without the eye of a hawk, let alone on a Xerox copy. The moors looked delightful in the evening sunshine (I gathered that it rained heavily in Ilkley, which is a lesson to the members from that elegant watering place — come on the club night next time) and as the cars arrived at the finish at the White Hart in Pool a cheerful party developed both inside and out, which lasted until well after the results were announced.

Once again the traditional type of club night proved a winner, for it was suitable for any sort of family car or combination of passengers, and

provided mild intellectual stimulation coupled with a tour of some of the pleasantest scenery in the county, which means in the country, and a sociable gathering on a warm summer evening. Full marks to Tony Riall for putting on the sort of event which is attracting more members out to enjoy the club nights, and to all who entered for rising to the spirit of the occasion.

It is no great surprise to those who have competed for some time in club nights to learn that John Suttentall won, with Ed Spencer in second place, but it was the sort of event where the results were almost secondary in importance to the pleasure of just being there and taking part.

Results :

1.	J. Suttentall	74
2.	E. Spencer	72
3.	G. Taylor	71
4.	G. Chippindale	69
	D. Easthope	69
	M. Lanfranchi	69
7.	H. C. Mason	68
9.	M. Rogerson	67
10.	B. Marsden	66
11.	P. Smiddy	65
12.	H. White	63
	J. Busfield	63
	T. Smith	63
	B. Hardcastle	63
16.	A. J. Hodgetts	62
17.	Miss J. Lee	61
18.	M. H. Whaley	59
19.	S. Clark	26



Yes . . . it looks as though it was designed by a committee.

(Photo: Tony Hodgetts)

BARCounter



One of the nice things about the summer sunshine is that it brings out the little birds in their summer plumage. But we haven't quite reached the stage of topless beaches yet.

(Photos: Tony Hodgetts)

After the recent Croft saloon car race, the principal protagonists, who have been around for some time (in more ways than one) were re-living past triumphs and encounters in the bar at some length. After listening for some time in some incredulity, one of our cynical young members left with the cutting comment "Talk about the over-the-hill mob!" On hearing this Mr. Marshall was moved to the rejoinder that he at any rate was built for stamina, off the track as well as on it!

Howard White has volunteered to act as co-

ordinator and team captain for the Shell League events in 1976; Malcolm Rogerson will continue to look after this job for the rest of the season.

A familiar face was seen at Harewood recently, prospecting the hillclimbing scene for a possible return; Ken Monkman, the genial host at Low Hall, plans to start competing again in the near future.

There was a party after practice at Harewood; it must have been a good one, for one young lady was in so happy a state when she arrived home that she stopped to pat the cat after parking her

car, and found herself impaled on the spines of a large hedgehog, which gave her a very disapproving look as it fled into the night.

Phil Bennett was recently delivering a Porsche 911 S from Middlesbrough down the A19, with a part-time driver aboard; and after they reached Thirsk in a time so brief it's better not quoted, he asked the lad what he did for a principal occupation. Came the innocent reply "I'm a policeman". The remainder of the journey was conducted at a considerably lower velocity, round about the legal limit!

On the same subject, Phil's new car, which he described as being "built by that chap who makes those Durex things go quick" is nearly ready for its debut. Only one piece of development remains — its driver is still terrified of it!

Alan Mountain appeared on a beautiful vintage Rudge motor bike which aroused much interest and envy; but his other mount, an ex-racing M.V. is even more desirable, to the extent that a motor cycle police patrolman who got into conversation was more interested in what it would do than what it had been doing.

Richard Thwaites paid a visit to Harewood to keep a fatherly eye on his course record, and spent some time sunbathing on the roof of the sumptuous Guyson Motorhome in the Paddock. Observing the Thwaites torso after the protective ministrations of the young ladies with whom he was sharing a bottle of Nivea, a bystander remarked "I see Richard's well oiled again!"

On a more serious note, our thanks to Josephine Lee for towing the Medical Caravan to the Harewood meeting, in spite of several difficulties.

We overheard a beautifully scathing description of someone whom the speaker did not regard very highly "He's so thick that if you sent him for some molecular weights, he'd go!"

Andy Nichols and Brian Marsden have started rallying again after a year's lay-off, using the ex-Phil Cooper 1972 RAC Rally car. So far they have managed to finish in every round of the A.N.C.C. Championship in which they have competed, in spite of suffering steering damage on the "Snowdrop" Rally (for which your editor used to be the Clerk of the Course some years ago) which resulted in the car's turning sharp left after every brow. As all navigators know, drivers always make sure that cars go navigator's-side first into trouble!

Wedding congratulations this month to Martin Curtis, who married Janet Owen on June 30th at Baildon.



Last-minute plotting for Andy and Brian at the start of the "Bury 100".

(Photo : Doug Marsden)

At a recent race meeting at Oulton Park the telephone rang in Race Control in the lunch break, and a girl's voice said "Dave Millington's head will be at the gate at one-thirty; will you tell his mechanic, please". Must have been Salome . . . wonder whether the head came on a charger . . .

Paul Adelman's bought a very second-hand Imp, and says he's going to go as far as he can without damaging his bottom — and he'll have a crack at production car trials as well.

Please note that David Easthope's work-time telephone number has changed to Leeds 33997 (Traveleads to the uninitiated) as David is now devoting himself full time to his various enterprises.

SILVERSTONE 1975

Three days of thrills and excitement — the British Grand Prix was a success despite its eventual outcome. There were novelties galore, the Woodcote chicane being the chief one. Opinions on this device varied — I witnessed Tony Lanfranchi, Yorkshire's own, express his views in vehement fashion by ploughing straight through it during practice. He even wanted to continue with yards of catch fencing trapped underneath his "Yank Tank" until prudence prevailed! Brian Henton was another to test the catch fencing, this time at Becketts, on Friday; his efforts in caning the aged Lotus to a reasonable time provided very dramatic viewing. Brise's driving was similarly entertaining, although his aggression was tempered with more professionalism.

Graham Hill's retirement announcement was an unwelcome feature of Friday afternoon. He did

however emphasise at the press conference that he had not excluded the possibility of competing in charity races and suchlike. His decision was prompted by Brise's practice times at the Belgian GP, which showed him how fruitless it was to compete against his own drivers. He intended to give his sponsors value for money, and as managing the Embassy team was a full-time job, he really had little choice.

The weather on Thursday and Friday had been viciously alternating between bright sunshine and heavy rain. Hence in the Saturday session most teams practised their tyre changes. I was standing by the Ferrari pit and Reggazoni was the guinea pig for their attempts. When the Italians thought they had everything sorted, Regga was signalled in. He flashed down the pit lane, six Italians descended on the car with pneumatic wrenches, tyres changed, the jacks came down, the signal to go was given, and Reggazoni accelerated towards the exit. Disaster! One mechanic was holding a wrench, the cord of which was still stretched across the Ferrari's airbox. Sensible Italian that he was, he let go. But the cord unwound itself until the connection at the airbottle broke, and the wrench flew off the car. Reggazoni was probably unaware of all this, but his pit crew was reduced to a gang

of leaping jabbering idiots. Tony Southgate of UOP Shadow watched all this with glee; as he said later — "It's nice to see Ferrari in a panic for once". To complete the shambolic display, two pitstops later, they dropped Lauda off the jacks with only three wheels on the car!

Highlights of the supporting races were undoubtedly the driving of Barrie Williams and Win Percy, and the dice between the Alfas and the Avengers in the Touring Saloon car race. The look on the faces of the Formula 3 drivers will also remain with me for a long time — lean and hungry.

The atmosphere of those three days was encapsulated in the behaviour of an aristocratic lady of advancing years (not Lady Hesketh), who was supported under the one arm by a young man wearing a Hesketh Racing anorak, and under the other, by a lady of the same age as herself, wearing a Hesketh T-shirt. Presumably they were heading for the dubious haven of the baronial helicopter . . . However, this inebriated lady slowed the trio's progress by slurring "Hello!" to each car that they passed in the paddock. Such was Silverstone!

My grateful thanks go to Messrs. Bentley, Dalrymple and Marsden for their help.

Paul Smiddy.

PEARCE TROPHY

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	Q	R	S	Total
1. A. Hodgetts	3	—	7	5	—	8	5	3	6	—	3	3	3	—	3	3	3	3	58
2. J. R. Hardcastle	3	—	3	3	—	6	4	6	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	55
3. P. Adelman	—	—	3	6	—	3	3	3	3	6	3	3	3	3	8	—	3	3	53
4. J. English	—	—	—	6	—	6	3	6	3	3	3	3	3	—	6	—	3	3	48
5. T. C. D. Smith	—	—	3	6	—	3	3	3	3	5	—	3	—	3	6	3	3	—	44
6. D. Scatchard	3	—	8	7	—	—	4	3	—	3	—	3	3	—	3	—	3	3	43
7. M. S. Wilson	3	8	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	8	3	3	—	3	—	3	3	42
8. H. C. Mason	—	—	—	—	—	3	3	3	3	7	3	3	3	3	—	3	3	3	40
9. G. F. Chippindale	—	—	—	3	—	—	3	—	4	6	—	—	—	8	8	5	—	—	37
10. B. Marsden	—	—	3	8	—	3	7	3	—	—	—	3	3	—	3	3	—	—	36
S. N. Clark	—	—	—	—	8	—	3	—	3	—	3	—	—	6	4	3	3	3	36
H. White	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	7	3	3	—	—	5	4	3	5	3	36
13. N. Higgins	—	—	—	8	—	3	—	3	3	—	—	3	3	—	3	3	3	3	35
14. D. Easthope	—	—	8	—	—	3	3	3	—	—	—	3	3	—	—	5	3	—	31
15. R. Soper	8	—	4	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	3	3	—	—	29
16. K. Gibson	—	—	—	3	—	6	—	—	3	3	3	6	—	—	3	—	—	—	27
A. Page	—	—	—	—	6	—	3	—	5	—	—	—	—	8	5	—	—	—	27
P. Smiddy	3	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	4	3	3	3	27
19. D. Townsend	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	3	—	—	—	—	3	6	—	—	3	3	24
20. R. A. Riall	—	—	3	3	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	8	—	—	20

A Jan. Club Night; B Feb. Club Night; C March Club Night; D Sleuth's Mug; E Col'ham Disco; F Croft, Mar.; G April Club Night; H Harewood, Easter Meeting; I May Club Night; J E. A. Denny Trial; K Harewood Practice Day; L Spring Bank Holiday Meeting; M Harewood, Vintage & Novices; N June Club Night; O Scarborough Weekend; P Croft, 22 June (Marks not included); Q July Club Night; R R.A.C. Championship, Harewood; S Harewood, 10 August.

Any queries should be directed in the first instance to the Centre Office.

Dates for your diary

YORKSHIRE CENTRE PROGRAMME

Date	Events and Status	Centre Competitions
September 4	Club Night — Treasure Hunt	PC
7	Croft Race Meeting. (R)	PK
14	B.A.R.C. Hillclimb Championship — Wiscombe.	
21	Cricket Match — Harewood.	
28	Harewood Championship Final Hillclimb.	PK
October 2	Club Night — Treasure Hunt	PC
5	"Greenwood Cup" Production Car Trial. (CJ) with Y.S.C.C.	PCK
26	Autotests	
November 6	Club Night — Table-top rally.	PC
22	R.A.C. Rally starts — stages at Harewood and Dalby.	
26	R.A.C. Rally finishes.	
December 4	Club Night — Social.	
6	Annual Dinner Dance.	

Status: N=National; R=Restricted; C=Closed; CJ=Closed Joint Promotion.

Centre Competitions: P=Pearce Trophy; K=Ken Lee Trophy; C=Chippy-lola Vase.

A=Arnold Burton Trophy.

Entries in Restricted, National and Jointly promoted events must be made in the name of BARC to qualify for marks in annual competitions.

Regulations for all events will be distributed automatically to Yorkshire Centre members as they are published.



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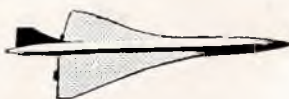
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