



TIMES



APRIL 1991

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

As predicted the season is now upon us and many people are still rushing around trying to put cars back together in time for our first meeting on Easter weekend at Harewood.

Optimism is definitely the buzz word for the season as there are so many plans on the table for development at Harewood and the hopeful upturn in the economy, that we must view everything optimistically and with a positive mind, in order to ensure continuance of the development programme.

Although not very well attended, our Annual General Meeting brought about many constructive points which the committee are now actively looking into along the lines of providing more for the membership.

I will reiterate what I said in my last letter that any ideas regarding new venues, club nights and social occasions will be most welcome, in writing or via the telephone to myself or any other member of the Committee.

It goes without saying to wish you all the very best for the forthcoming season, and look forward to seeing you at Harewood at Easter.

Tim Thomson

BARC: YORKSHIRE CENTRE COMMITTEE MEETING 4th MARCH 1991

TONY HODGETTS

Porsche Club of Great Britain are using our May hillclimb as part of their International 356 Meeting.

We are looking for a volunteer to take charge of the training of Junior Members (like Keith Chippendale used to do) and bring them into marshalling and motor sport. Any avuncular soul who likes working with young people will be most welcome if he or she would care to contact the committee.

FRANK HALL

Frank Hall has asked me to thank all those who have sent cards and letters and rung to enquire about his health.

He is slowly improving and, if the weather is warm for one Harewood meeting this Summer, Frank and Peggy will pay us a visit at the hill.

He can now walk up the stairs, at one go, without getting out of breath and he is looking forward to getting back to his photography again.

We all wish him a speedy return to the paddock.

EDITORIAL

This month's edition of the 'Times' has been filled with contributions from you, the members and I would like to extend my grateful thanks to all those who have sent in articles. It is most rewarding when you involve yourself in what is, after all, YOUR club magazine. If any member wishes to contribute to any future edition, please feel free to do so. We have many members who are not only involved in hillclimbing but race, rally, compete in Sporting, Classic and Production car trials, drag race etc. As we are all motoring enthusiasts it is important that all these disciplines get their fair airing in the Yorkshire Centre Times. The Centre itself has been involved in all the above at sometime in its history. So please, don't be shy, any article however long or short will be greatly appreciated.

We were delighted to see Barbara Mason at the AGM after her recent illness and also we received a phone call from our other invalid, Frank Hall, who is also making good progress.

The Marshals Training Day was a huge success. The simulated accidents were speedily and efficiently dealt with but considering the state of the course, they were fortunate that the incidents were simulated ones. In future years, after the use of the venue for the RAC or any other rally, some thought must be given to the cleaning of the course before Practice Day, for although the marshals strove valiantly to clean the course, it was beyond their power with the equipment they had available.

Pat Kenyon

Collingham
9.3.91

Dear Pat

Many thanks indeed for the kind thoughts and good wishes expressed in the March 'Times' during my recent illness.

I am pleased to report that I am making good progress and hope to be back to my old self within the next few weeks.

I would also like to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to all the Club Members who sent me cards and flowers and enquired about my progress.

Yours sincerely

Barbara Mason

GORDON GARTSIDE

It will be a source of great regret to our older members to learn of the death of Gordon Gartside on 17th January 1991 at the age of 87.

He started his motoring career at a remarkably early age when he built a motor bike to ride to school. This did not last long as the police seemed to object! His first competition was at the Sutton Bank Hillclimb on a P & M motor bike - in the early 1920's but without any success.

After World War II, he started making good trials cars, which with Ford 1172cc engines he called Garfords which came in several series. The outstanding feature was that he successfully made 'Fibre Glass' bodies - probably the first cars to be made in this material.

A later development had a Consul engine with very good performance in which he, and later his son, Geof drove not only in Trials, but also in Sprints, Autocross and Driving Tests with many good results.

By 1967 Gordon built a racing car to the new 500cc formula with which Geof raced in the top events with fair success against the best drivers of the day. By 1960 a new car for Formula Junior was built and although driven well was losing to the better financed teams.

For many years Gordon worked in a very large shed he had built on the old coal siding of the disused Staveley Railway Station. Here he did many ingenious repairs and was most helpful in making a road sweeper for the Hill Climb in the late 1960's as well as other jobs on the Farm. Even in the last few years he was often at work in the shed although he felt the cold very badly. He was still happy to see old friends he would regale with tales of past days.

He will be sadly missed by all and we send our condolences to his wife and family.

Arnold Burton



Gordon Gartside, Arnold Burton and Geof Gartside
admiring Gordon's Formula Junior Garford.
Photo courtesy of Arnold Burton

MONTE MAGIC THE 2nd MONTE CARLO CHALLENGE

DAVID PRICE

Peter Herbert obviously enjoyed his visit to Scotch Corner when competitors in the 2nd Monte Carlo Challenge passed through. It's a pity that he failed to notice car 112, a blue and white 1963 Austin Healey 3000 MkIIA. That was me!

I really could write a book about 'the week of the event', however in the 'Times' all I am able to do is describe some of the highlights. They all prove that, as with everything to do with motorsport, it is usually the non-obvious things that go wrong and for which one hasn't got spares.

Our journey to Monte Carlo started in Oxford on Saturday the 9th of February. The journey north as far as Carlisle was uneventful since we were running in a rebuilt engine. However, once on the A7 in the Borders it started snowing very hard, which of course, was when the windscreen wiper motor all but packed up. We managed a jury rig and the 60 mile drive on snow covered roads to Edinburgh with the 7" Lucas spots turning night into day was quite exciting.

The start was in the square in front of Edinburgh Castle. We were on parade by 7.30 and

left at 9.16 at the back of the field of 120 cars. The route via Tushielaw and Langton to Alston was snow covered and a white Alvis Speed 25 had to be pulled out of a ditch by three cars. The B6277 was shut due to snow and the journey to Scotch Corner was a bit tedious. There were plenty of spectators taking photographs on Sutton Bank and it was pleasant to drive from Hovingham past Castle Howard. Many readers will remember the BARC/YSCC sprints there (at which I marshalled) during the early 60's. The next time control was at 'Ye Olde Bell' at Barnby Moor, and the only thing which enlivened the drive to Dover was a 1 mile tailback at some roadworks in south Lincolnshire, the circumnavigation of which entailed some inspirational navigation!

At 10.30pm we arrived in Rochester needing a replacement speedo cable. The car's original speedometer, having worked satisfactorily for 28 years, chose to sheer its internal drive. I then discovered that Healey's aren't as simple as MGB's to work on, but we managed to drive the Halda direct from the gearbox with a spare cable.

In Belgium, it absolutely bucketed it down with snow and we had a 200 mile journey down to the Ardennes by motorway. The poor guys in a 3 wheeler open Morgan had to bale slush out every time a lorry went past them. The weather cleared up in the hills and we had a good run over the Eifel mountains to the vineyards above the Moselle at Piesport. Being at the back of the field we rarely saw other competitors, but suddenly in the middle of the village, at least 10 or 15 other competitor's cars came from nowhere, all going in different directions, and all trying to find this obscure back road out of Piesport! It was just hilarious, the locals were jumping up and down having been asked the same question in fractured German all day!

The route then went over 'C' class country roads in the hills north-east of Saarbrücken and down to Baden-Baden. I have to say that the best German maps we could all get were 1:200,000 and they are quite dreadful in comparison with our OS.

By this time it was getting towards 9pm and we had had no sleep since getting up at 5.30am the previous day. We arrived at Johanniskreuz passage control up in the hills to find a French crew in an Alfa Romeo Guilia with no dynamo and hence no lights. They asked if they could follow us to Baden-Baden and they were very brave to undertake the drive since it never stopped snowing. However our generosity cost us 150 points since we had to miss a passage control to get them safely to Baden.

The leg from Baden to Aix les Bains on the Wednesday was fantastic. I had a great drive over 3 cols in the Vosge including a regularity run up and down the 400ft Ballon d'Alsace. When one starts, the target speed in kph is given, but since one never knows when the section is going to end, one has to keep as near spot as possible. I got within 7 seconds of the target time over the 30 minute run, which was equal 7th out of 120 competitors.

In the late afternoon and evening, blating over snow covered minor roads in the Jura doing anything up to 100mph was great. The roads up and down the 4500' col Grand Colombier just north of Aix were very icy and although I

gently stuffed the offside wing into the snowbank twice, many others weren't so lucky. If you go through the snow, you don't get a choice of which tree you are going to hit! At last we came to the main valley road down to Aix which crosses the railway line four times. At the first level crossing the barriers were just beginning to come down as we approached. Needless to say the wellie went down - good job we were in a low car. The large goods train thundered past 15 seconds later!

Suffice to say that we arrived in Aix at 10pm with 15 minutes in hand; I had driven 8½ hours without getting out of the seat - and 'cleaned' everything; a drive which I shall always remember. At this point we were lying 24th out of 120 and well placed for a top 10 finish.

We had brilliant sunshine throughout Thursday and, having got within 8 seconds of the target time on the Col du Granier regularity everything augured well. Then - disaster. We were about 20 cars ahead of our slot and had caught up a well driven A40. I stopped momentarily in a village called St Pierre D'Entremont, to allow Chris to check a road sign. I started off, so did the A40, which then stopped dead to look at another road sign. Bang. We were only doing 20 or so, but the impact separated one rib of the radiator core from the header tank, water and antifreeze everywhere. To cut a long story short, we removed the rad, and I took it in a taxi to a specialist in Grenoble 40 miles away. It took him 10 minutes to repair - free of charge, but this stupid accident cost us 4 hours and some thrilling motoring by all accounts.



David Price and navigator enjoying the 'Challenge'

Being determined to finish as well as we could, we dove down to Ribiers near Sisteron to rejoin the rally. A good meal put heart into us and we duly set off at midnight. I have to say that the drive for the next 4 hours was unforgettable. A full moon was out, the stars were shining, the engine was pulling like a train - what a night for mountain driving.

Whilst the Col du Volonne was closed by the police, being reputedly covered in black ice from top to bottom, the rest of the route set by John Brown via St Julien, the Esteron valley and

Puget-Teniers was magic. We cleaned five very difficult timed sections with seconds to spare (one of only 14 crews to do so) and Chris did a sterling job with the maps. The navigation skills required as the rally drew to an end were really formidable. There was absolutely no room for mistakes. Then, so near the end, with one regularity to go and other crews dropping behind like flies, we stopped to investigate a problem with the front brake pads and found the brake callipers seized!

We DID finish. We ran from St Martin de Vesubille to Monte Carlo on the handbrake and, despite all that had happened to us, we still finished in the top half of the field.

Lastly, the weather this year made the Monte Carlo a 'Challenge' indeed. It was won by Ron Gammons in an MGA navigated by Paul Easter who had navigated Timo Makinen to victory years before.

A VERY PECULIAR PRACTICE

PETER HERBERT

Some go winter testing at Estoril, others go to Paul Ricard but real men go testing at Harewood; and so it was that forty or so brave souls blew away the winter cobwebs at a damp and greasy Stockton Farm on Sunday March 10th. As my new 1400 screamer was still separated from the rest of my Westfield by twenty odd miles. I was forced to assume the role of a good humoured spectator, dispensing encouragement and cheer throughout a damp paddock.

Star of the show was Chris Seaman the younger. Having relentlessly picked Brian Kenyon's brains for the last twelve months, the Able Seaman has prepared a Midget capable of showing Brian a clean pair of Avons. Sampling the delights of slicks for the first time, Chris was one of the few to complete the climb in under 50 seconds in the slippery conditions. Indeed such was his enthusiasm for the hill that he was up and down more often than a lady of the night's undergarments. Of equal interest was the Seaman trailer. Clearly the product of a disturbed mind, reputedly that of Steve Openshaw, it bore more than a passing resemblance to a muck spreader, while the loading procedure was more complicated than the plot of Twin Peaks.

The Settle Sierra Set were struggling. A combination of sudden turbo boost delivery and a greasy track meant that keeping the white Cosworths off the armco demanded the full attention of Richard Hargreaves and John Garnett. Steve Muir was fortunate to choose the entrance to Orchard to lose the front of his standard Cosworth, a little gravel rash being the extent of his damage.

Why is Phil Bennett called Burglar? Answers on a postcard. Whatever, Burglar Bennett turned up with an ex-works Metro 6R4 which he shared with Richard Jackson. An ideal car for the conditions, the mean looking blue and white projectile was dipping well into the forties in Mr Bennett's hands as he explored its potential.

Another trying hard was Bill Bristow in his bright yellow 1700 push rod Caterham,

Hoosier slicks being tried for the first time in preparation for an assault on the Leaders Championship. On a fashion note, Bill's bright yellow driving suit was the only apparel to outshine Mrs Kenyon's yellow number from the AWS Spring Collection.

The Centre AGM that followed offered competitors an opportunity of seeing inside the building that they usually pass whilst flat in second, and it was sad that more did not take the chance. The meeting also provided the opportunity to gain an insight into the running of the club, and to have a say in the election of the Committee

The good news was that the hill extension and development are looking promising, that hillclimbing may return to Olivers Mount, and sprinting may take place at Croft. The bad news was that Tony Briggs failed to gain election to the Committee. A representative from the grass roots hillclimbing contingent such as Tony would have been most welcome on the Committee, and it is to be hoped that Malcolm Pittwood's excellent suggestion from the floor, that Tony be co-opted as a member of this body, takes place.

Only one ritual now remained to be accomplished, and under cover of darkness, I eased my trusty Peugeot 405 out of the paddock and down to the startline. I was damned if I was to come to Harewood without driving the hill. I ascended steadily and undramatically yet experienced the sudden arrival of Orchard and the complexity of Quarry in the Peugeot's lights. This was a very peculiar form of practice, but it gave me a taste of the season to come.

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size 185/60 x 13
Approximately 4mm so just nicely scrubbed
£30 the set

Tel: Peter Herbert
0325 374656 (Home)
091 386 6111 Ext 330 (Office)

ARTICLES FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE TIMES BY
THURSDAY 18th APRIL 1991 PLEASE TO THE EDITOR:-

MRS PAT KENYON
4 LESLIE ROAD
HILLSBOROUGH
SHEFFIELD
S6 4RB

Tel: 0742 340478

Rossendale
14.3.91

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wetherby
15.3.91

Dear Pat

PRACTICE DAY MARCH 10th

Thank you section:

John Bennett for the loan of a 'C' spanner
Tony Briggs for the loan of a tyre pressure gauge (42psi was a bit over the top)

The start line marshals for their effort in overcoming a dragging brake

The marshals at Country Corner for their prompt reactions when I decided to turn round shortly after passing them

Carolyn Bridgen for kindly enquiring about my welfare and the car (the steam was due to experimenting with no fan rather than any damage)

Chairman Tim for retrieving my trailer from the paddock

Apologies Section:

My fellow drivers for delaying proceedings (see item on rotation)

Forgetting how waterlogged the ground can get and chewing up the paddock in my attempts to tow my trailer out

My wife for being late home for tea

Grievances Section:

Not enough hours in the day to achieve everything

Most Sunday drivers for being inconsiderate, dangerous and downright stupid, and around me on the M62.

It was very nice to see everyone's cheerful faces again and I look forward to meeting you all at Easter.

Best wishes

Jim Godwin

Richmond
16.3.91

Dear Pat

To my complete surprise I recently learnt of the Committee's decision to award me the John Bindloss Trophy. I am unclear as to whether I am considered a promising newcomer, or improving established competitor; however I am most honoured, and feel sure that there must be more deserving recipients.

At a time of year when an anorexic piggy bank and a racing car that stubbornly insists on remaining in component form cast a dark cloud over me, such recognition is unbelievably heartening, and I would like to thank those who considered me worthy of this award.

Yours sincerely

Peter Herbert

PS I would be interested to know who Mr Bindloss is or was.

Pontefract
16.3.91

Dear Pat

As a newcomer to motorsport I would like to record my appreciation to all those who made my first participation at the Practice Day so enjoyable. I was able to thank some of the marshals ie: at the bottom of the slip road and the start, personally, but would offer my thanks through the 'Times' to all the others.

My especial thanks go to Tim, John, Mike and others who spent Saturday sweeping, by hand, the track of the mud and gravel left by the cars on the RAC rally. Without their efforts the track would have been far more slippery than it was.

Yours sincerely

Don Burt

Dear Pat

It was really ever so kind of that nice Mr Bendelow to ask in the March Times how Mervyn was getting on with his racing car. Although Mervyn didn't quite manage to get it ready in time for the Practice Day we did go and watch, and Mervyn actually said hello to Mr Bendelow while we were watching the rescue team practising on John Bennett. It was so real that Mervyn didn't realise that it was all pretend, and when John gave a horrible groan and said he couldn't feel his legs any more, and then someone said could they have John's watch if he didn't make it, Mervyn went all over green and funny and had to go and sit down for a bit with his head between his knees.

Mervyn has done quite a bit of work on his Formula Fred (is that really its right name?) during the winter, although he is still having a lot of bother with this Hewland thing. It seems to have a lot more cog wheels and other bits than he can get back into it. The only time he did manage to get all the bits back in, it wouldn't go at all, and a friend said he had got it stuck in bottom gear, top gear and reverse gear all at the same time. Mervyn felt quite proud when his friend said he'd never met anyone else in his life who'd managed to do that without really trying.

Mervyn took the wheels off just before Xmas, and all those nice shiny rod things that connect them to the rest of the car. Did you know that all those clever little swivel joint things on the ends unscrew and come out? Anyway, after I cleaned and polished all these rod things and Mervyn put it all back together, the wheels didn't seem to point the same way as they did before. The two front ones both lean outwards at the top, and the back ones point in two different directions at once. Mervyn says it will be alright, but I think it all needs adjusting or something. I'm trying to persuade Mervyn to talk to that Mr Staniforth who writes books and does adjustments and things, but he's a bit shy about talking to strangers, specially those who write books.

My mum accidentally pushed this little red button the other day when Mervyn was sitting in his car on our drive practising his Stirling Moss look, with gestures. Honestly, Pat, you'll never guess what happened next. All this white powder stuff came out from everywhere, and covered Mervyn all over. My mum laughed so much she had to go and sit down and have a port and lemon to recover, and my dad said he looked like a Home Pride flour grader on overtime. I think Mervyn must have been practising his Highway Code or something, because he said 'bollards'. At least, I think that's what he said.

Anyway Pat, I'll close now because Mervyn wants me to help him practice getting out of the car in 5 seconds like the RAC book says you have to. So far the best he's managed is a minute and threequarters but, like he says, practice makes perfect and a stitch in time saves nine, or something like that.

Hoping we are ready in time to enter for the Easter Weekend meeting, I am, as always,

Yours ever so truly

Worried Blue Eyes.

PS. If you see that nice Mr Bendelow, please give him a cuddle from me for being so friendly.

WHERE HAS ALL THE HORSEPOWER GONE?

TONY BRIGGS

I sat on the hillside last July, and watched with awe as the good ole boys of Class 17 rocketed through the speed trap at well over 110mph, still accelerating hard. My best speed, as a Class 14 runner, was 74mph, and my envy and admiration of the superstars was unbounded.

I took heart a little, however, when I looked back a further 12 months to July 1989 when we had an extra timing beam 64ft from the start, and were able to measure acceleration off the start line. The mega-powered cars with slicks a yard wide were not then that much faster off the line than those of us with mouse-powered skinny wheeled cars, and some were indeed a little slower. It may be, therefore, that the power actually used to give that initial sprint away from the line is much the same, regardless of whether you have 100bhp or 600bhp behind you, and is probably quite a bit less than you might think.

We finished up in July 1989 by knowing the time it took to accelerate the car from standstill over a distance of 64ft (John English's table in the September 1989 Times gave values for some 55 different cars in the various classes). In the same issue I showed for any given value of this elapsed time, how to calculate the mean acceleration as a decimal of gravitational acceleration G.

Using the various laws of motion, together with the above relationships and values of time and acceleration, it can be shown that the horsepower used in accelerating a vehicle of nominal mass 1cwt over a distance of 64ft in T seconds is given by:

$$\text{Power used} = \frac{52.46}{T^3} \text{ horsepower per cwt mass}$$

My Sparton FF81 weighs a carefully measured 966lbs and, dressed for battle, I weigh in at a rather shapely 14½ stone. My total start line weight is, therefore, 1169lbs, or 10.44cwt. Since my best elapsed time over 64ft was 2.25 seconds, the power I actually succeeded in laying on the tarmac was:

$$10.44 \times \frac{52.46}{(2.25)^3} \text{ i.e. } 48.1 \text{ horsepower}$$

This is quite a bit less than the last roller brake figure of 93 horsepower at the wheels. Indeed, had I been able to use all 93 horsepower to accelerate the car, I would have covered the first 64ft in a record breaking 1.8 seconds! Peter Harper was consistently by far the fastest off the line in July 1989, with a best elapsed time of 1.89 seconds, equivalent to an almost unbelievable acceleration of 1.12G. I don't know what Peter's Vision weighs, but I assume it's a bit more than a FF1600. I'm sure Peter (and probably almost everyone else at Harewood) weighs a lot less than I do so let us guess a start line weight of (say) 11cwt. From the formula above, Peter would then have been using a mere 85.5 horsepower to achieve his quite remarkable time. Again, I would guess that a roller-brake test would show something like twice that power available at the rear wheels.

Even Roy Lane, with 4 litres and about 450 bhp of DFV tucked behind him to achieve a best time of 2.08 seconds in a car weighing (at a wild guess) say 15cwt with driver on board, could only put some 87 horsepower onto the tarmac. The rest of you can now work out your own power transfer figures using John English's table or your own records, together with the known weight of your own car - don't forget to include your body weight.

The question I now hear you ask is - where has all that extra horsepower gone? Where has my extra 45 horsepower, Peter's extra 90+ horsepower and Roy's extra 350ish horsepower gone? The simple answer is that it has not gone anywhere, because it was never there in the first place. The conditions in the start area are very different from those on the roller brake. There is next to no air resistance to overcome as road speeds are still very low, and the propulsive force that the wheels can exert on the car is limited by the grip between tyre and tarmac. Once that is exceeded by the application of more throttle, excessive wheelspin develops and the propulsive force actually drops slightly. This situation is called 'traction limited acceleration', where acceleration is limited by the grip between tyre and road, and not by the power available. The car can, therefore, absorb only just enough power to accelerate it at or on the point of wheelspin, and no more. Since the car cannot use any more power, the engine cannot produce anymore since, in effect, it has nothing left to push against. The roller brake provides a totally different set of circumstances since the car can be strapped down so tightly that wheelspin cannot occur, and the rollers can then accept all the power that the engine is capable of delivering through the tyres.

The next time your rival tells you that he (or she!) is laying down a hundred or two horsepower off the start line, you can now, in the light of your superior knowledge, give a carefree laugh and respond elegantly with 'Horse feathers'!

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

March 30th	BARC/CCC Championship Meeting at Harewood
March 31st	Harewood National Meeting
May 11th	International Porsche 356 Classic Run
May 18th	Harewood Novices Meeting
May 19th	Harewood Members Meeting
June 8th	Jim Thomson Memorial Trophy Meeting
June 9th	Harewood Championship Meeting
July 20th/21st	Harewood RAC National Meeting
Aug 18th	Harewood Members Meeting
Sept 28th/29th	Harewood Finals Meeting

RAMBLING ON

MITCH ELLIOTT

It was with anticipation that the annual trek to the Racing Car Show was made, at least this year would not entail fighting London's traffic and the NEC was reached without undue drama. Considering the press 'hype' and advertising I personally felt the show was not up to the recent offerings at Olympia, the karting giving it a false impression of size, it also had very little atmosphere despite the exceptional attendance for a weekday. The NASCAR display impressed, now that's what I call a control formula, perhaps the RAC should take a transatlantic sabbatical. Mid-afternoon saw us on the way home, like the outward journey it was hold-up free.

Four weeks later saw us battling the weather to get to Donington, unfortunately the weather on the Friday was the winner, Lincoln was very snowbound, but this eased once we had crossed the River Trent. Several vacant 'plots' at the show were evidence of the conditions nationally, this unfortunately took the edge off what would have been a good show, two cars in the 'sale' were tempting, an Imp powered Delta in hillclimb spec and a very tidy ex-McCrae Chevette HS.

The competition year began with a day spent at the Peugeot (nee Hillman, Rootes, Talbot) competition department at Coventry, this was open day for Peugeot Challenge competitors and service crews. This year will see me as service crew for a competitor, so close attention was paid, there is one problem though - car and driver are in Southampton, service crew and navigator are in Lincoln, we will see how things go.

Next on the agenda was a single venue all tarmac rally at Cadwell, the Lincoln Club has invested in proper timing equipment for doing finishes, what did we do, you've guessed it, the start! It was a warm up for the Talkland and for the first time we were entrusted with a start on an International. 1.00am on Saturday saw everybody meeting up at the regular Yorkshire spot, Pickering Market Place. An hour later we were setting up in a very wet Cropton Forest, 13.30 saw the cars waiting for the 13.45 start, Colin McCrae was running at No 1, his commitment off the line and the car's grip were only just matched by Russell Brooks. 15.00 saw all the cars through, a 'less wet' spot was found and the barbecue was set up.

On the second pass through things started to get painful, the well chewed-up start area began to produce some nice fist sized rocks, the back of my left knee was tender for some time from the resulting shower created by the frantic Nova. A somewhat depleted field saw us packed up and exiting cropton by 20.00 hours.

The recent spell of bad weather brought about the usual mayhem, it never ceases to amaze me. I acknowledge our winters (and snow in particular) are spasmodic, but the breakdown in everyday lifestyle is appalling. Local Radio provides an invaluable service but they do add to the drama. During the recent spell I had occasion to leave Lincoln late in the day, the route for those who do not know Lincoln includes Lindum Hill past the Cathedral, no difficulty was encountered except for a slight accumulation

of slush in the gutter and centre of the road, yet within ten minutes of clearing the city boundary local radio was giving warnings to take care due to the condition of the hill. I have got to the point where if they report bad conditions than I can expect it will be OK.

Two discussions at work during the icy spell with young colleagues gave me cause for some concern. In the first, a fellow resident of the same village was asked if he had problems travelling, his reply was 'no, once I got off the estate it was alright, I don't know why people were travelling so slow'. It took a while to convince him that he had driven on sheet ice with a covering of snow on top!

In the second incident I was asked where the 'stuff' for screen washers could be bought, as neat water froze. He was somewhat taken aback by my reply that he walked past it everytime he paid for his petrol, and what's more, if he was that blind, he ought not to drive. To me both situations were accidents waiting to happen, is the basic instruction lacking or are we at fault for not talking enough to them afterwards. I personally believe that the car test should be radically overhauled and include basic theory and practical on 'how it works' plus a skid pan element. Anyway, I am sure that I have bored you for long enough.

TIMES BOOK REVIEW

MITCH ELLIOTT

UPHILL RACERS

by

CHRIS MASON

Publisher : Bookmarque

'Santa' came late for me this year (at the Autosports Show) to be precise, suggesting a suitable present was always easy, this book was top of the list from the day it was announced.

Although far from cheap I do not think anyone could complain at the value for money, to date I have not actually started to read it in depth. The whole book oozes quality, both text and photo's are excellent. It appears to chart not only the history of hillclimbing but also the early days of motorsport in general. The book exudes 'atmosphere' and has a 'living' feel which no doubt reflects the TLC which went into its compilation.

In my brief association with hillclimbing I never actually met Jim Thomson but from what I have read and gleaned from others, this is my loss. With his untimely departure from this world so close to the date of publication, the book is a very fitting and just memorial.

No doubt the limited run has upped the publication cost, even so it is still worth every penny.

THE INCLUSION OF ANY ARTICLE IN THIS PUBLICATION DOES NOT IMPLY THAT THE CLUB, ITS OFFICERS, ITS EDITORIAL STAFF OR ANY OTHER MEMBER SHARES ANY OPINION EXPRESSED THEREIN.

HAREWOOD PRACTICE DAY

DAVID BAILEY

This year's winter preparation was kept to a minimum for three good reasons: 1) Whilst the car was running so well, I was reluctant to touch it for fear of altering things the wrong way

2) Many of you have, no doubt, used the well worn phrase 'It's too cold in the garage at the moment, I'll start work when the weather gets a bit warmer' 3) The most valid reason of all was that I'm still paying for last year's rebuild!

After much thought, I decided to invest in a new set of plugs and to change the oil and filter. And then I cleaned it. Winter rebuild complete. I then set about preparations for the Practice Day.



Intensive care for 'accident victim' John Bennett at the recent Marshals Training Day.

Photo: Anne Paterson

It's amazing that after such a short break how hard it is to remember the usual things you take with you for a day's competing. As per usual, I ended up taking far too much and nearly filled the whole van!

Once we had arrived and unloaded, it was nice to see all the familiar faces once again, even a few aboard new cars. This year, there appears to be an influx of 'modern day' Formula Fords with 85 and 86 Van Diemens the norm. John Bennett and Colin Wright appeared with new cars

Identical in model and colour. Most confusing!
I'm glad I don't have to commentate this year!

Dad and I will be watching with a great deal of interest the progress of those new cars. Possibly with a view to changing ours for next year? Are you listening Dad? It appears that those newer cars are a lot stiffer in their set-up and, therefore, a little bit more nervous to drive and perhaps not as forgiving?

Having sat in John Bennett's car, I was amazed at the lack of space and room to manoeuvre your arms etc compared to our car, some 7 years older, you're sat a lot lower in the chassis and space for gear lever, instruments etc are at a premium. I mean, there isn't even a place to put Dad's pipel

Anyway, despite the best efforts of the Yorkshire weather to put a damper on the day, everything ran fairly smoothly (for us that is). I've no doubt there were a few early season teething problems experienced by some competitors. Fortunately we only had a seized clutch to contend with, which was soon rectified. Incidentally, how true is the saying I've heard regarding the weather at Harewood? - 'If you can see the Control Bus in the Paddock, it's going to rain and if you can't see it, it is raining!'

Here's hoping we have as good weather this year as we were lucky enough to get last year. See you all at the Easter Meeting.

Best wishes to all competitors, marshals, organisers and everybody else involved with Harewood Hillclimb for a safe and competitive 1991 season.

DAVID AND MAGGIE GRACE

are:

Pleased Relieved Surprised Loathed

To announce that they have had a lovely bouncing:

Boy Girl Baby Marrow Other

WILLIAM DAVID

All three participants are said to be doing:

Well Badly Time The Time Warp

Maggie and David hope that one day it will become:

Prime Minister	A Pop Star
Self Sufficient <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Quiet
A Prize Winning Marrow	Other*
	(Please specify)

Maggie said that the birth was:

OK	Just Wind
During Eastenders	Still Taking Place
Like All The Others	David's Fault
The Last <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Another's Fault*
	(Please specify)

David was:

Present at Birth <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Racing
In His Car	Not Told
At The Wrong Venue	The Father <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
The Midwife <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	At Work

BOOKINGS FOR BABYSITTERS ARE NOW BEING TAKEN

William was born on Sunday 17th February at 1.55am, weighing in at 8lb 7oz (ouch!)