

**Beverley & District Motor Club**

**WHEELS**



**APRIL 2003**

**Web Site [www.bdmc.org.uk](http://www.bdmc.org.uk)**

The only reason this is such a bumper issue is 'cos it's about 2 months since the last one! Petchy was actually discussing who the next Editor might be the other night. Excuses? Hey, I've got heaps.

Since the last issue most of my spare time has been spent pulling out and replacing Heepy's engine. The gearbox has been rebuilt 4 times now, and the bugger still jumps out of reverse! Only at about 5,500 revs though. You may laugh, but come the Bolton or Bury autotests and that's what I'll be doing in reverse. Got the engine removal down to a fine art now. From a standing start, me 'n Roy can pull the thing out and split the gearbox off it in 1½ hours. We've applied to Ferrari for a seasonal job. A recent shakedown event at Acaster Malbis seemed to go okay, but then there wasn't any high speed reversing – apart from the two occasions when the gear linkage broke and I had to drive back to the paddock in reverse. After the second breakage I called it a day. Pity really as I was leading at the time.

There's one other problem we've suffered, which I would love someone to solve for us. When we first had the gearbox rebuilt and slotted the engine back in, the clutch decided it wouldn't clear. Everything went back in as we'd removed it, so work that one out. We eventually had to replace the flywheel and pressure plate with some old ones Roy had kicking about before it'd work. I've used the same lightened, balanced flywheel and pressure plate for the last 25 years in various marques of Heepy – so why should it suddenly not work? Answers through the normal email channel **please**.

One other mitigating reason for a lack of Mag was the annual strapping on of foot planks and seeing how fast the buggers'd go down a French mountain. My luck changed on the Wednesday when a young French woman took me out. Unfortunately I was doing about 25 MPH down a red run at the time! Good old Dr Jean-Rene Mabboux told me the x-rays showed my left arm *wasn't* broken, I could continue skiing and stop acting like a tart! The physio isn't impressed with me competing on 12 Cars, autotests and pulling out engines. He's about to dump the electric shock treatment and is threatening a hydrocortisone injection soon!

So what's on the menu this issue? Hooray! Not much autotesting, but loads of Road Rally reports. Some go back a long way, but I did promise Matt Blood I would feature his two reports, which missed the last edition. Our new Chairman has come up with a substantial amount of fodder, some slightly controversial, but an interesting read nonetheless. Graham Gardner continues to be patient with me and is still coming up with articles of interest. We have the next instalment of his navigating quiz, plus the answers to the last one. If you've used them to further your technique, please make a point of mentioning it to him at the club, you'll recognise him as soon as his hair grows back!

The 'after' frightening picture of how he raised £200 for Comic Relief can be viewed within this very tome.

The Cunningham's latest rallying exploits can be found in this issue along with Jo Briggs' latest stage rally report. It'll be nice when Carl's car actually finishes an event! Hell, we've even got some karting news this time. Isn't that the page in *Motorsport News* that everyone skips? But not this one as it's from our very own Richard Walton.

We've only had one Larkspeed event so far this year, a stage rally with no points scored for Beverley. The next event, an Autotest, was planned for 27 March, but has had to be postponed due to a lack of entries. It clashed with Bolton-le-Moor's event, which is a round of the MSA, BTRDA, ANCC, etc. Championships, after Bolton were forced to move their event due to venue problems. I've been assured that the YSCC event will be rescheduled later this year. So I'm now doing the Bolton event.

Well, if I want keep my job, I'd better start the next edition now!

Read on.

*Howie.*

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**Brief highlights from recent MSA road rally study group.**

4 WD turbo's not to be banned.

Reminders to all events regarding noise tests during events, further discussion required as noise is by far the biggest cause of complaints from the public.

Regional associations to appoint observers to night events to ensure regulations being followed by clubs (as per C13, K13.2).

Rallies committee to look into viability of an MSA scrutineer and / or steward on each event.

Further discussion required regarding the future of regularity sections on night events.

Looking into the possibility of a new type of event, allowing modern cars to compete on 'tests' on private land, linked by road sections (like daylight historics do now). Intended to fill a gap between road and stage rallies, not to replace existing events.

A number of people were unable to attend, but it was still a very worthwhile exercise. Most people seemed to be coming from what I consider 'the right direction.' The aim to ensure road rallying can continue for as long as possible was shared unanimously. There was clearly more to discuss than we could fit into one day, so we meet again at the end of March.

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## Chairman's Chunterings

So, another month has passed since the last action packed edition of WHEELS. Strange how the months seem to have anything from 6-8 weeks in them these days (cheeky sod! – *Ed.*). The reason for this is to accumulate enough material to fill its illustrious pages and therefore generate a huge amount of interest in its content. Primera-ly though, and this is to have a friendly dig at Howard, for no other reason than to expect he'll edit this out or give me a load of stick back. This would be fair because it was me who talked him into delaying it so that I could have time to write all my reports. Anyway, this is 'Chairman's Chunterings', so it's what I'm doing, chuntering, so tough!

January and February had me thinking about writing an article on how *not* to navigate on Road Rallies, including as many ways as possible you could mess an event up, highlight all the mistakes you could make and explain any traps it was possible to fall into while under the pressure of competition. To carry out my research for this valuable document, I deliberately attempted to make as many mistakes as possible as the opportunities arose during the last three 12 Car Rallies, as well the Bruce Robinson Road Rally.

Come the 16<sup>th</sup> January and Tim Rodgers' 12 Car on Map 107, I was riding with Howard in the Hoofmobile. An easy mistake to make early on in an event when you are not fully switched on, which is a mistake in itself, was to miss an early grass triangle code board. To make this worse there was a control straight after it so we couldn't go back. I now had to choose whether to pick up a fail or lose lots of time going round another way. It's best to lose time. This sort of mistake is made worse when you have to look at the silly grin on the face of the Marshal, especially when they are called 'Gibbins'. The same expression was later to be seen during February on the face of Dave Cunningham in Allerhorpe Woods during his son Rodgers' 12 Car event.

Back to Tim's event and another opportunity to demonstrate possible error. When reading the event regulations, and make sure that you do, note clearly any information that may be relevant later. In the heat of the event, an instruction such as, 'turn left after TC8,' means just that! If you forget and turn right you may miss the code board in the small loop through the lay-by. The final opportunity came at the last control. Don't let the Marshal rush you into taking a time before you've worked out what you really want, just because another car is coming. The result you risk is booking into the control too early and dropping time or even picking up a fail. Despite these 3 errors, plus another that my failing mind has forgotten, we were somehow declared provisional winners. How stupid must everyone else be, I'm thinking? We were later demoted to 3<sup>rd</sup> as the protests started to come in about an off plot black spot allowing the competitive use of Brandesburton village instead of going around as we did. Despite us being on the intended route, this was also now classified as an error. Even when you're right, you can still be wrong!

Next was Carl Briggs' 12 Car on Map 100. A superb fast route taking us further north than ever on a 12 Car Rally (we even saw some penguins! – *Ed.*). The mistake here was to not stick with what I knew was correct. Having seen other competitors go wrong, we came into Richard Walton's control as 1<sup>st</sup> car on the road. As we had set off Car 6 where had they all gone? Richard had arrived late, just before us, so nobody else had been issued any route. I spent too much time trying to make 4 map references fit the route I suspected went around Cockayne loop. Failing to realise they were black spots until it was too late to stop us dropping time. We should've just gone instead of worrying where everyone else was. Had they gone to the pub, having had no route issued? (The snow 'corridor' was spooky too – I wasn't kidding about the penguins – *Ed.*)

Part of the problem is also about pre event preparation and fitness of mind. Overdosing on Paracetamol, Lemsip and Kleenex in the days prior to an event is not recommended. In an Olympic drug test I would have been disqualified. Having performed on an event, even with all these drugs pumping through your body to continue this abuse prior to an important opening round to a National Championship event is really stupid. Namely the Bruce Robinson Road Rally. You cannot stay awake and function 100% all night in this condition. You end up chasing up and down roads all night like a headless chicken, while your driver gets crosser and crosser, mumbling and grunting obscenities with copious amounts of violent handbrake turns (see Matt Blood's report – *Ed.*).

After this it was time for some days off at the Home Clinic and some cold turkey.

All appeared okay for Rodger Cunningham's debut 12 Car, a clear determination on my part to finish my article with some really good experiences to reflect on. Don't assume that if an event seems to be too easy that it will be! This is when you relax and miss something so obvious you will feel really stupid afterwards. Everyone else will think you are stupid too. If you think a 'white' road might exist, check it out thoroughly before giving in and assuming it doesn't go! Also slow down when near 'not as map' instructions so that you can see them clearly otherwise you end up with 2 silly grinning faces looking at you.

A final tip from this event was kindly forwarded from Mike Ogram, himself a very able mistake-maker on occasion. If you get a map reference, plot it in the correct square, otherwise a lot of time is dropped, along with missed code boards while you are travelling on a totally different route to everyone else. Thank you Mike, a valuable addition to this article.

That's enough material for now. Having recovered from needing the drugs, there was sufficient time to recover before the next ANCC Championship round in March, the Moorlands and Meadows Road Rally. Unfortunately I think other people had been on drugs that night!

Mike Petch

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### **Beaver 2002 – Matt and Andy's Lucky Streak!**

Well I did agree to do the Beaver with Andy Beaumont on one condition – we were doing it in the Escort. Having done St. Wilfrid's with him in the Proton, I had vowed never to do another event in a Proton! They seem to have a reputation for making navigators ill.

#### **Time Card No. 1**

We were at NTC2, having just done the transport section from the start at Maple Garage, through Sproatley in the Proton! Never mind, I was pumped up with travel sickness pills and had an empty stomach!

We're off, and in true Beaver style, Andy knows were it's going before I even have the route in my hand! Through Lelley and towards Lelley bottoms. We caught up with the police car towards the top of the hill (good start). At Lelley bottoms Plod turns towards Burton Pidsea, we head towards Burstwick. I'm convinced I've got it plotted wrong already because we're heading towards Hedon from Burstwick – but all was OK and we booked into the control after our first competitive section with no problems.

A Transport Section took us through Thorngumbald, and towards Cherry Cob Sands. This was timed to the second and could only go one way to the Keyingham Marsh Junction – and we both knew the roads. The navigation was Horizontal and Vertical grid lines – excellent! I had it plotted very quickly (despite what some people may think!). Andy was on a flier. We caught and managed to push our way past car 16 before Marsh Cottage, then past car 14 at Keyingham Grange, just coming onto the first white. I don't think Andy could have driven it any quicker and it shows – we were 23 seconds quicker than anybody else on this section and it proved to be the deciding factor for us for the whole night.

IRTC 5 and into STC 6. I nearly booked us into the control early. It was only the marshal telling me what time the car in front (car 15) was taking that made me stop and question what time I was asking for. The brain was still not totally in gear. STC 6 to STC 7 proved hard to plot, although in many ways it could only have gone one way. Still determined to mess up the times, I was again ready with a time earlier than I should have, only realising just as I was asking for it. If I carried on like this, my luck was going to run out.

STC 7 to STC 8 and I was still having trouble with the plotting. I convinced Andy it was definitely turning right at Little Newsome. Luckily Car 15 turned the same way. I next instructed Andy that the route went round by Willow House Farm, only to look up from the maps and realise that we had already passed it and were stationary at the standing give way (a first for Andy!) on the main Withernsea road. We took the left and passed car 15 round by the water tower and up the right turn towards Rimswell, which as all of you will know is a 90° right hand bend (I believe Mr Petch can sympathise with this).

The route was then straightforward through Tunstall and Roos, although we were surprised not to see any spectators at the slot right to Tunstall. I remember spectating there one year back in the late 80's and watching three cars end up in the ditch! We passed a stationary Gav and Oggy in Roos, who followed us into a wrong slot at the crossroads. They got turned around quicker than us and pulled away into the distance. I seemed to be struggling with the herringbone and had it plotted through a farmyard at Owstwick – not that unusual, because Danny knows the lads who own a workshop on this farm and Danny has been helping with the route. It was only the fact that I couldn't get it to plot after this that made me question it.

We headed down the Owstwick white with spectators coming towards us. They soon decide to park in the field, rather than tackle us. There was a good crowd of spectators on the 90° which, in true Beaumont style, Andy put on the handbrake display. Off the white and towards the grass triangle, to be taken the long way, then into the control.

I couldn't get the next section to plot at all – we pulled up so I could concentrate, but car 15 came past and Andy was getting agitated. After a little bit of heated debate Andy was off. We had no idea where we were going now, couldn't see the taillights of car 15, so we took a guess and it paid off, we found the control.

Out of the control and we still don't know where we're going, but couldn't go through Lelley Bottoms again and there were only two ways into Elstronwick. One takes you through the village, one doesn't - so decision made. Short way around the triangle, up past the mill and headed off towards Humbleton. We passed the Humbleton triangle and headed up to Flinton. No control. A quick look at the route instruction again and there was a map reference and approach direction. After bit of careful consideration we went tearing into the control regardless – luckily from the correct direction! That was time card 1 – back to petrol for a breather!

### **Time Card No. 2**

From MTC 14 the route was a bit of a local knowledge guess again. Beaver always goes down Jackie Lane and we had an instruction to go the long way round the triangle at Coom Hill (at this point we hadn't realised that not all the grass triangle instructions we'd been given earlier in the night were going to be used – luckily this one was!).

Through Old Ellerby, past Ellerby Grange and turn right up to New Ellerby. We stopped briefly in front of the lay-by to consider the approach direction for

the code board in the lay-by, only to be overtaken by that car 15 again. I convinced myself we'd got it right, took the board and into the control on the lay-by on the opposite side of the road. During the transport section through New Ellerby to the top of the triangle at Rise, I tried hard to convince Andy that we really didn't have to go around the big triangle (towards Whitedale) because it had been black spotted (good luck Mike for the ANCC next year!).

Out of the control, Andy went as fast as he could pedal the poor little Proton, chucking it in hard at the junction outside Rise Hall gates, trying to throw off that bloody car 15 again! Up to Huddlecross Plantation, and I'd got it plotted towards Catwick, the long way around the grass triangle – oops, we ended up nose to nose with car 15, and the code board was pointing the wrong way – no, I'll re-phrase that – we were pointing the wrong way. Backing up we swerved around another car that was obviously waiting to see which of us had the correct route, got the board and off again. The route then took us up to Pasture House, the short way around the triangle, passing car 15 who was taking it the long way! On to the main road we turned left, though the lay-by then back on ourselves, through the control, turn left and up to Brandesburton roundabout to the next control. We left the control, stopped to plot before the roundabout – car 15 passed us.

Off we went again, through both lay-bys on the main road and collecting the code boards. Over the brow we overtook a stationary car 15 – stopping to plot? No, it was a bloody control! Slamming all on, I dived out the door and ran back up the road to avoid getting a WD. Back in the car we set off again, turning right then back down to Lord Mayor's Whins. This was fast, Andy had it flat, and he wasn't lifting. We had our first airborne moment of the night before breaking hard for the junction. Then up through Nunkeeling and back down to Bewholme before catching up with car 15 again!

Out of this control we headed up towards Skipsea before looping back towards Dunnington and were soon crawling all over the back of car 15 again. I couldn't get the route to plot and asked Andy to pull up whilst I sorted it out. He was getting agitated again (good luck Mike!). I finally got it plotted, and off we went with a very agitated Andy. Because of this, the next bit was quick! Back onto the main road, overtake car 15 again, chuck it in right up to Frodingham and that was the end of timecard No.2.

A slow drive up to petrol at Armstrong Massey gave me time to throw in another wrong slot, requiring a handbrake turn go back and take the slot right into the lay-by for noise check. At petrol the results from Timecard 1 had us placed 28<sup>th</sup> because we picked up a fail for booking in early. Thinking back to my performance earlier in the night, I convince myself that this was right, shrugged my shoulders and thought, "Well I'm only here for a laugh." Andy was not so pleased and wanted to throw in the towel and go home. I convinced him that having done 2/3rds of the route, we were going to finish.

### **Time Card No. 3**

Starting from just outside Skerne, the first part of the route was a long straight on a single-track country road. We are not 100% committed now considering the result so far – a good job really, because in the distance we could see a



very small green light. "What the hell is that?" asks Andy. "It'll be a light on one of the level crossings, there's a few around here," I replied. As we got closer all became apparent – it was in fact Plod again, sat in his car at the side of the road, resting his speed gun on the door mirror of his Volvo estate. We sailed past without being stopped at somewhere between 70 – 80 mph. Whether anything will come of this in the coming days or weeks, we will have to wait and see. He could at least have put out a 'Photo' board!

The route then took us through Cranswick Common and back towards Watton. I expected the next control to be before the junction, so told Andy to keep it flat until he saw it. Unfortunately the control was *not* before the junction, so the first thing we noticed was the line of tree's in front of us opposite the standing give way. I don't even remember *seeing* a Give Way sign? A bit of frantic braking to scrub the speed off saw us stop at the line. We could see the control on the right hand side and in we went.

From Watton we doubled back on ourselves and headed towards the river, around the back of Beswick. Then up that notorious bumpy straight (does anybody actually like this road?) onto the main road taking the middle of the three left hand turns into Beswick and to the next control. After Beswick we headed east taking a left down the long straight towards Etton. Again we were not 100% committed down here because the thought of the speed camera was still in the back of our minds, and whatever happened, we were not going to finish with a good result, so there was no point in taking chances.

From Etton we headed back North on the main road to Holme-on-the-Wolds. Different to the guess I had taken before we got the new route instruction, expecting it to go into the top of Etton. We now had another straight to contend with past Holme Wold House, and again were not 100% committed. Into the grass triangle, this time taking it the short way. For some reason we now suddenly upped the pace a bit. I can't remember why, perhaps because I had eventually finished plotting the section and were having a quick run down to the crossroads at Money Hill, taking a left towards Grannies Attic. At the next crossroads we took a right to avoid the black spot given to us earlier in the night, although we could see a pair of tail lights disappearing into the distance straight on and a set of headlights coming back towards us. Seems the black spot caught a few people out. Flat over the next crest we were confronted by a control in front of us and a queue of cars! A moment of heavy braking stopped us just in time, though slightly worried about more cars coming over the brow behind us especially as we were 2 or 3 minutes early and not about to be moving anywhere.

As cars left we moved to the front of the queue. The Dimbleby's came into the control behind us. They booked in and went straight out (one of the many who had headed through the black spot to begin with?). I don't know what it is about the Dimbleby's, but we usually meet them coming in the opposite direction on 12 cars – unfortunately it always seems to be us who are heading in the wrong direction, even if I haven't realised it at the time! Another competitor, I can't remember who, but it was a Peugeot 205 (not that it narrows it down – about 40 of the starters were driving 205's) actually passed across the front of us at the junction. A bit strange, as they must've been heading from Goodmanham or Arras. Always makes you feel better seeing somebody do this, because it means you are at least doing better than one other crew.

We headed towards Etton, taking a right at the crossroads and dropped down towards Cherry Burton Wold. Then across the A1079 and on to North Newbald, thankfully taking the short route (straight on) at the grass triangle on the way down as the other route is a very bumpy car wrecker!

At first I couldn't get the route to plot after the standing give way at the bottom of the hill, but after spotting the hidden white in Little Wood we headed back towards Walkington.

Now on the last section, I was trying to plot the selection of black spot and spot heights, but Andy seemed to have made his mind up where he was going anyway. After a bit of heated discussion (Good luck again Mike for next year!) we carried on regardless.

Between a few lucky guesses and a bit of plotted route we tore into the last control. (It's strange how Andy drives faster when you wind him up!)

### **The Breakfast**

We got to the Dog and Duck and checked the results. After the second time card we were lying 21<sup>st</sup> overall. At least we'd pulled back a few places so tucked into our breakfasts.

The fail earlier in the night was bugging me and I decided to make enquiries as to where and how I'd got it. It turned out to be a time that had been written badly on our time card by a marshal. A quick look at the check sheet for that control confirmed that in fact we had not booked in early! Fail scrubbed!

So where did that place us? We jumped from 21<sup>st</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> overall! And because the top three places take their own awards, we took 1<sup>st</sup> in class!

The wait until prize giving was a long one due to a protest, but it was worthwhile and we headed home tired, but absolutely buzzing.

Apologies to the fella's at Kingswood roundabout for the display on how to go round it in the wet. Perhaps they should have practised a bit more before planting their BMW convertible in the fence at McDonalds!

### **The Conclusion?**

All I can say in conclusion is, if you haven't done a night event before, have a go! This one was only my 5<sup>th</sup>. Other than that I've persistently tried at the 12 Cars with varying results from first to last in no particular order. I still class myself as a relative novice to the game.

The Beaver was more a combination of local knowledge, lady luck and a nutcase for a driver rather than all out experience and skill. But a good result is a good result and Andy needed it for his ANCC points, promoting him to 5<sup>th</sup> place in the driver's championship. My position? Well it pushed me up from 19<sup>th</sup> to 17<sup>th</sup>, which is better than a kick in the teeth considering I've only done three events this year (more than I've done any year!).

I wasn't going to do Three Swans, but Andy twisted my arm again.

Matt Blood

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### **January 2003 – a mixed month.**

Two events this month, and a severe attack of reality. The first event put on for our delectation and delight was the Spectrum 12 Car, organised by Tim Rodgers, starting at Maple Garage. Deg was doing the honours as chauffeur for the event, and a good result was confidently expected. Local knowledge (Deg, not me – I still consider it a triumph if I can find the start unaided) and a good set of results to date, what could possibly go wrong? Plenty, as it turned out.

I hate H and V navigation. The first section of the event used this technique, and could almost be fitted to the map three ways (isn't that the idea? –*Ed.*). Our first attempt at the section took us out to Flinton, where we stumbled across the back of the codeboard at the crossroads. Time to plot again. Our second attempt took us out to Fitling, where we stumbled across the back of a codeboard near Fitling Hall. Third time lucky, and we found a route round Lelley and Elstronwick that did not approach any boards from the back, and we even found a marshal. We were running seriously late, and I was stunned to be given what looked like the complete works of Dickens by the marshal. On second inspection it proved to be the list of black spots for the remainder of the event. No time to plot them now. We will check the list against possible alternate routes as and when we need to. Note to fellow novice navigators. The experts don't do it this way. They make the time to plot the black spots, because they understand that it is IMPORTANT. Anyway, back to the event. We already had an idea of where the route would be going, because we had found some of the codeboards, and the first section of route took us on beyond our present location. Note to fellow novice navigators. NOW is the time to get the black spots onto the map, particularly when your driver can complete the section blindfolded. This is how the experts do it.

There were no problems with the navigation between STC3 and STC 6. For us, it was grid lines in order, Tulips in order, and a straight herringbone. We managed to cause ourselves additional problems, because Phil had casually mentioned to his dad that he would be at a particular location during the evening, and the navigation did not take us there. Deg was clearly faced with a dilemma. Should he believe his navigator, who had got everything completely wrong so far, or his son? It seems that Phil must have been bluffing, because we got the right route, but lost more time. Just as well there was a Make-Up section to follow (mascara running? –*Ed.*). That got us back to something like our correct time, but we were running too late to make it all back.

After a Neutral section through Leven, we had a set of four spot heights to find on a short (seven minute) section near Brandesburton. This was where our troubles really started. If you have been following closely you might have picked up on the fact that I did not plot the black spots given out at STC2. This was causing a huge problem now. I couldn't find the spot heights I was looking for. I looked all around. I checked the white road to Rotsea (a black spot that I had not plotted), Mount Pleasant Farm near North Frodingham (a black spot that I had not plotted), the A165 north of Brandesburton (a black spot etc.). The only route that was left, once the black spots had all been dodged took us to the control, and I didn't really need to solve the navigation. The stupid spot heights in square 1247 still come and go depending on how closely I study the map. Note to fellow ageing navigators. This is a sign of advancing dementia, and signals the need to stop navigating. Take up something less demanding, driving perhaps (thanks Graham! –*Ed.*).

We contrived to lose all the time we had clawed back, and only just avoided running OTL at STC8, but were still in the event. Relief all round and relaxed just enough to miss the instruction to turn left at the next junction. What the hell! We'll sneak in the far end of the lay-by and collect the board. Nobody will see us. Note to fellow Novice Navigators. When an organiser gives a specific instruction regarding a junction within sight of his control, obey it, or you'll receive a FAIL. We received a Fail for Wrong Direction, and compounded this by passing the black spot in Riston Whins, which of course I had not bothered to plot.

The remainder of the event passed without incident and we got to the finish, after a quick run over to Mappleton to check the other arm of the Burton Empire. The horrible truth was revealed at the finish. We had got the whole event wrong and finished at the wrong end of the field. This does not reflect on Deg. He drove with his usual smooth speed and kept us within OTL despite my best efforts to keep the marshals from their beds/pints. A result to forget, and hopefully one to drop at the end of the season, but an evening to remember and learn from. Full concentration is called for and I'm looking forward to getting back into the groove (or what passes for the groove at my level) on Carl's event.

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My second event in January was very different. Our beloved Chairman wanted a chauffeur for the Lindholme MC Scatter on 29<sup>th</sup> January. I subsequently found out that his prime motivation was financial. He was flogging draw tickets like there was something worth winning (Oooohh bitch! – *Ed.*). Anyway, we met up at Doncaster North Services in time for signing on at the Start in Darfield and took our navigation at 7:48 p.m. This gave us a finish time of 9:48.

We split the navigation, which was all eight-figure map references, and plotted all 20 of the route check locations in about five minutes. We were required to visit a maximum of 15 of these and it was up to us to decide which ones. No two crews should make the same decision; hence they leave the start and scatter in all directions, giving the event its name. We could now start planning tactics. Which route checks could we reasonably expect to reach in the allotted time, and what was our best route? The skill in a scatter is getting these tactics right, or at least having a plan and sticking to it. The worst thing you can do is change your mind half way through an event.

The search points turned out to be in two clusters either side of Barnsley. We could attempt the northern cluster or the southern cluster. There was no way we could get to the high scoring points in both clusters, so a clean sheet was out of the question.

We opted to go south (always a good decision in my opinion) and enjoyed a relatively trouble-free run. A couple of the features were difficult to find, but no worse for us than for any of the other crews. I was driving, so I don't have much of a clue where we went. We were certainly kept out of mischief for the two hours allowed though. We picked up our twelfth and last route check in an industrial estate with about five minutes of our time remaining and scampered to the marshal, where we had time to fill in the remaining three permitted answers with guesses. There is no penalty for getting an answer wrong other than not being given the marks for it, so a guess is at least as good as a blank answer. We nearly got one of the guesses right! We guessed 11 miles as the total distance on a signpost. The correct answer was 10½.

As I had never competed on a Lindholme event before I had no idea how we had done. We hadn't wasted much of our time, but were the regulars all demon plotters? Or worse, locals who could answer the questions at the search points without even going there? That's always a potential danger with fixed features and my own preference is for hidden codeboards on scatters. That's the way we do it down south, so it must be right. As it turned out, we had done pretty well, winning the event by 10 marks. The best was left till last. They award prizes, in the form of sweeties. I like sweeties (really – you would never have guessed). First place equals a large Toblerone each, far better than championship points (though championship points have less calories – *Ed.*).

Thanks are due to the team at Lindholme for a well-organised event and friendly welcome. I look forward to renewing some acquaintances on the Cunningham's' 12-car, which will have taken place by the time you read this. Thanks also to Mike for pointing me in the right direction and not moaning about my lack of pace as a driver. I did pick up on the subtle encouragement, however. Calling a 400 metre straight as 200 metres, and 90 degree bends as 30's etc (I fell for that one last year! – *Ed.*). The marshal at the finish commented on the smell from the brakes.

Graham Gardner

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### Pro-Kart Endurance Race. Three Sisters Race Circuit. Wigan

Sunday 12th January saw a 5.45am rise on a very damp and cold pre-dawn to get to Selby by 7.15am to join Simon, his kart and Steve for a 4 hour Pro-kart Endurance race held at the Three Sisters Race Circuit near Wigan.

For the interested, Pro-Kart has been going for 8 or 9 years and is basically a good solid Corporate kart type chassis, adjustable for caster, camber and rigidity, using two Honda GX160 engines with centrifugal clutches and certain compulsory spec items – no tuning, set gearing, minimum weight all-up of 175kg and Bridgestone YDS slick tyres, in all conditions at some tracks – like Three Sisters!

Race day is a simple format. Arrive 9.00am, practice 9.30am to 10.30am, 10 minutes qualifying, race starts 11.30 – unless the track is completely covered in ice! Hmm.

By 10.30am the grit and salt had made some impression on the ice, so we got on with practice as the organisers hoped the karts would spread the salt. After much fiddling with caster, camber, tyre pressures and ballast we did manage to qualify eighth on the grid, or best of the rest, as the regular locals were 3 seconds a lap up on us at this stage.

Racing on ice and moisture with dry tyres is very exciting indeed. If you touch the dry racing line at any sort of speed you're off, so overtaking was a bit of a lottery. Howie's sketch of the test at Melbourne in the last mag looked like an overhead view of one of my 65mph backwards offs at the end of the main straight. I had to wash the mud off my crash helmet afterwards! (Sure it was mud? – *Ed.*)

We divided the race time equally into three 80-minute sessions, refuelled each changeover and had a thoroughly enjoyable day. All three of us were within three hundredths of a second of each other, just with varying amounts of time on the grass and shale! We only pulled

ourselves up one place from qualifying. But the day was a great learning experience.

Next race is 8<sup>th</sup> March so let's hope it's a dry day and we can really show the locals. Provided the chassis is straightened in time!

If we enter as BDMC, do I gain Competitor's championship points in Karting? (Is the Pope Jewish? – *Ed.*)

Richard Walton

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### **THREE SWANS 2002**

There had been a few sceptics about Andy and myself finishing 4<sup>th</sup> on the Beaver, so we couldn't resist doing Three Swans to prove to ourselves that we were really capable of a good result together.

The start was at Selby DMC clubhouse on Brighton airfield, with a short drive to the first competitive section starting on the B1228 just north of Bubwith.

We were given eleven envelopes at the start containing the route instructions. These envelopes were to be opened en-route during the night. Opening the envelopes was only allowed at the controls marked on them and had to be witnessed as still un-opened by the marshals at that control – so no cheating! The route instructions for the whole night were relatively straightforward and, because each set of instructions contained 2–3 sections, I was able to get a lot plotted. This enabled me to read the road to Andy more than I normally would.

The route was wet and in some places very muddy. It rained for most of the night, but luckily not too heavily – although I expect some of the marshals may disagree with that.

We were heading into Bishop Wilton and although it didn't seem right, the route appeared to plot through the village – as we drove into the village my suspicions were confirmed by seeing Gav and Oggy heading in the opposite direction. Another look at the route instructions had them plotting totally different to first time, so we turned around. Several other competitors had obviously done exactly the same thing, as we passed them heading into the village or in the process of turning around.

As we got back on route, we had car seven in front of us. Almost straight away we encountered a code board. Car seven missed it and promptly started to reverse back to come and get it. The problem was that his

reversing lights were not working, so we were unaware of what he was doing. When we realised, Andy hit the brake pedal. The ABS kicked in and we both braced ourselves. It was close, very bloody close, but we did somehow stop just short of him. Needless to say we were both seeing red mist after we got going again and at the point where I am normally telling Andy he's getting to close to the car in front. I seem to remember shouting, "TAKE THE B\*\*\*\*\*D."

Just after Bishop Wilton we found ourselves heading down the A166 to a control in the picnic area on Huggate Wold. Funny how Proton windscreen wipers stop being effective at speeds in excess of 100mph (sorry officer that was a typo).

We came across a stationary Police car at the side of the road, complete with blue lights lit. As we slowly passed him we found that John Haden and Steve Coupland in the Subaru Impreza were parked in front having a friendly chat. As the story goes, the officer apologised for stopping them in a competitive section and he was the same one who'd been out on the Beaver. When John explained to him that he had actually won the Beaver, the officer congratulated him and sent him on his way! (Hey! This is a factual magazine not fiction -*Ed.*) Can anybody get hold of this officers shift rota, so local clubs can organise events when he's on duty?

As we dropped into the crossroads at Millington village there was another ABS moment. We ended up not only sideways through the standing give way, but sideways through the give way on the opposite side and a close shave with the grass bank. Luckily no observers. Apparently we were not on our own in doing this – were we Mr Robinson? And you didn't have the problem of ABS Mr Robinson, did you? (Bet you never expected the Spanish Inquisition did you Danny? - *Ed.*)

Millington – Andy knows the road like the back of his hand, and told me to get on with the plotting rather than reading the road. The only problem is that his brain was travelling faster than the car. Andy's driving never seems to bother me, even when I look up from the maps to see trees, fences, grass banks or any other stationary object passing the windscreen sideways. So when I looked up to see the line of trees in front of us, I naturally looked down and got on with the plotting. So when Andy whispered, "Oh s\*\*t," I looked back up and yelled, "OH S\*\*\*\*\*T". This was possibly the closest shave I've had for many years. Andy was thinking slight left, but it was actually 90 left! We saw the trees, we saw the grass bank, we saw the drop off the side of the road. We went sideways, very sideways. Andy wound the opposite lock on and the opposite lock off and somehow he managed to keep it on the road – we looked at each other and laughed – but looking back?

Out of the first control after petrol we headed straight down the yellow from Market Weighton bypass towards the roundabout on the Holme On Spalding Moor road. It's a long straight road and we set off at full pelt. Unfortunately we needed the slot left about half way down this road, but I didn't have it plotted until we reached the roundabout. So round and back we went. Funnily enough, neither of us could recall going down this road before, so neither of us gave it a second thought as we passed it – proving again that local



knowledge is not always a good thing! This section turned into a quick one. As we took the correct slot, we pulled across in front of car seven, which proved very hard to shake off. Surprisingly quick for an XR3i, especially around the large triangle at North Cliffe, eventually managing to pull away from him down the road to Woodlands Café.

After a short transport section, we set off from a control just after the level crossing at Woodhall, north of Hemingbrough. Andy remembered this section from last year's event, which he'd done with Danny in the RS. This is not usually a great sign and we set off flat out. I seemed to be plotting each junction after we'd passed it and in my frustration I thought a code board had been missed. I was just about to get Andy to turn round and go looking for it when it suddenly appeared! Drivers be warned – don't rush your navigator! We can make or break the event in a split second (What I really mean is – Slow down Andy! I don't know where we're going!).

The route looped around the back of Wistow. At this point we were catching Bob Marshall and Roger Hage in their Corsa, who were having slight problems with their brakes (they didn't have any!) They pulled over to let us past on what seemed to be a very narrow piece of road. Not surprising, seeing that Andy was crawling all over the back of them in usual Andy 'Red Mist' style! We now found ourselves travelling at a high rate of knots on a very muddy and slippery road. In fact it may have been a farm track. John Haden and Steve Coupland in their Subaru Impreza were crawling all over the back of us, but there was no way Andy was letting them past! Considering the state of the road, I would have liked to see them try! The end of this section was in Cawood, but the route instruction through Cawood was puzzling me, as I couldn't understand the approach direction into the next control. I was fairly unflustered by this because both Roger Hage and Steve Coupland were sat next to us trying to plot it as well. If they couldn't get it straight away then it must be difficult. They both set off at the same time, I convinced myself that it also plotted the way they were going and set off after them!

We did an interesting 'White' through Gascoinge Wood Mine, which, as we had been warned at the drivers briefing, was extremely wet, with some huge puddles on it. We'd been told to keep to the left down this track. As we turned onto it I reminded Andy to keep left – he promptly went right, following the 205 GTi in front of us. It didn't take long to realise that this route was not going to work and, in the time it took us to get back onto the left, we had been passed by three or four cars! A lesson to be learned there! The track went through a short tubular tunnel, vaguely reminiscent of the 'Italian Job!'

The last section had a loop in it, easily missed, and only determined by an approach direction on a code board. Funnily this plotted quite easily and we passed a few stationary competitors trying to plot it. Which concerned Andy. "Are you sure?" "Are you *definitely* sure?" "Are you *sure* your sure?" "Andy, I'm sure. Just take the bloody slot left and go for it!" "Hope you've got it right Matt – everybody's following us." "Andy, shut up and drive!" (Cue for a Country & Western song – *Ed.*) Luckily it was right and I didn't end up looking stupid!

The finish was at De Lacy MC's clubhouse. There was a bit of a mix up with the trophies, but we came away with 5<sup>th</sup> overall and 2<sup>nd</sup> in class (Expert).

The result secured Andy 3<sup>rd</sup> overall in the ANCC Road Rally Drivers championship. Well done Andy, especially after saving our bacon down Millington! It also pushed me up to 15<sup>th</sup> in the ANCC Road Rally Navigators championship, which I'm quite proud of, seeing as I've only been out on four events this year.

This is the second trophy in two weeks to be positioned in the middle of the mantelpiece, much to Jayne's annoyance, Wonder if she'll clean it for me as well? Think I know the answer to that one!

Matt Blood

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## **12 Car Rally – 16<sup>th</sup> January (round 5)**

Well, the night of the 16<sup>th</sup> proved to be much more eventful than either myself or regular driver and younger sibling John could have expected. Considering for a moment that we actually managed to turn up at signing on with plenty of time to spare was an added bonus, but the lack of petrol in the tank of the V6 White Beast added a certain edge of despair. Fortunately Deg Burton came to the rescue and kindly opened the pumps at Maple Garage so the Sierra could slake its thirst. Cheers Deg, we owe you one. (You mean you didn't pay? – *Ed.*)

On receiving the route info from Tim at the start, we set about marking up the map with the various bits of information. I even went as far as highlighting various sections and taping them to the dashboard so I wouldn't forget them. Some hope!

After the first section of horizontals and verticals, we stopped just west of Lelley Grange whilst trying to decide whether to turn left, right or go straight on. Eventually the decision of left proved to be the correct one and we pulled into the first control having dropped little time. From there on in the navigation proved a lot easier to plot straight onto the map and we spent the rest of the night fighting for road space with Gav and Oggy in their nippy little Peugeot and Chris and Mark in the Mk2 Escort. With each section working better and better and the Sierra now able to stop quickly from high speeds for code boards, we reached the control outside Leven. After waiting of a couple of minutes we were off again and unsurprisingly chasing Gav. A miss-printed black spot in Brandesburton sent us down the wrong road and we subsequently picked up a wrong code board, but ended up the other side non-the-worse. Harking back to the information I had taped and highlighted on the dash board, I totally forgot

about it and, instead of turning left and immediate right into a lay by for Tim's secret check, we turned right and missed it out completely. Maybe next time I'll tape the info to my head! The following sections proved to be great fun and the excitement increased as with each subsequent control we found we were running higher and higher on the road. The last section from the top of Withernwick, looping round to Great Hatfield provided a test of nerves for John as we both vividly remember what had happened on the previous event. But with successive barracking and derisory comments from yours truly, John put his foot down and managed to clean the section with time to spare. Plus we never left the road (except on the yumps!) So to the finish.

On pulling into the pub car park, we were mildly surprised to see only Howard there, but the results proved to be much more exciting. After Tim had worked out the provisional results, both John and I were glad to have finished at all, let alone in fourth place. At that point our best finish yet. But, due to an unforeseen error, Tim rightly decided to cancel one of the fails that most crews got for the previously mentioned dodgy black spot. After some recalculations were made, I was amazed to find that the Cunningham Crew had been elevated from fourth to second! Did better than I thought then. My thanks must go to Tim for putting on a cracking event and to the marshals who turned out.

Rodger Cunningham

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## ANCC Oscars Awards Night

An array of local motor sport celebrities attended this annual glitzy bash. With media attention drawn to who's with who and who will win what.

Arriving together in the stylish Cavalier Automatic Limousine was that familiar rallying couple, 'Mad' Gavin Smith and Mike 'Oggy' Ogram, always an explosive pair at a posh function such as this. Howard Everingham had opted not to travel with these two due to the ciggy smoke generated by Mike when in his company. Instead Howard decided to risk sitting in the back of Andy Beaumont's Mercedes. Andy took this opportunity to check if the cruise control still worked properly at warp speed (To the tune of 'War Of The Worlds' – *Ed.*). Andy, accompanied tonight by his partner Les, had probably never been quite so fast in the car with someone sat behind playing gooseberry.

As usual at this Awards Ceremony the press and paparazzi were out in force to be rewarded with a very public fall out of one of the most flamboyant couples present, namely 'Mad' Gav and 'Oggy'. Having wowed the waiting hordes with their stylish arrival, everyone was desperately wondering which designer labels were on show tonight. Little did they know they would later be worrying if this was the end. Not since the break up of 'Take That' and 'Boyzone' had there been such sorrowful faces and so many troubled souls.

Rumours abounded of others involved in the split, but many simply believed that their vast fortune and fame had caused them to argue over who should pay for the after show meal and party. They alone will be the keepers of the full truth - until the Autobiographies are completed that is.

Our interest this year was in the nominations for best Autotester, best Road Rally Driver and best Supporting Role in a rally car. We had 2 nominated performers this year for best Road Rally Driver, the award going to Gavin Smith on the night for his performance in 'Peugeot 205Gti,' The Movie. Andy Beaumont just missed out this year, despite his critically acclaimed performance in the remake of the 1970's classic 'SIDEWAYS TO VICTORY.' If an original 1970's Escort RS2000, critics suggested, rather than a more modern vehicle had been used in the car chase scenes, he would have been victorious this year. Howard Everingham, always in the running for an award took another Autotest trophy. Unfortunately, Best Supporting Role in a Rally Car was snatched away from Mike Ogram's clutches. Going instead to Iain Tullie for his part in, 'THE SCHUMACHER APPROACH TO RALLYING'. Always ends up a winner this one!

Efforts will now be made to prepare material that will result in even greater success in 2003.

*MP*

## **Deep South Tabletop Rally – Part 2**

The navigation for each section is variations on a single theme. In the following edition of Wheels, I will give the answers and results of the previous section. Don't assume that the sections will follow on from each other on the map.

### **Graham G**

#### **Rules**

- All navigation is on OS sheet 106 Series C
- Unless otherwise instructed, the navigation uses all roads.
- For any answer that is a grid reference, I will allow a tolerance of  $\pm \frac{1}{4}$  compared with my plot.
- In the event of a smartass navigator finding an excuse to dispute an answer, I will review the evidence, and then stick to my original decision, UNLESS I AM DEMONSTRABLY WRONG.

#### **Section 1 Answers**

1. What is the grid reference of the section start?	887.00 221.00
2. What is the grid reference of the section finish?	940.25 217.00
3. List The spot heights passed, in sequence	43, 4, 23, 19
4. How many times does the route cross Easting 93?	5 times
5. What is the most southerly point of the route? (grid reference)	940.75 203.25

#### **Section 2**

This section starts 10.05Km grid north of the finish of section 1

Via 94 93 44 92 92 92 31 91 9 30 91 30 92 30 93 30 30 94 94 29 19 14 94 28 28 95  
2828962797272443982898299797971193011496309530319596

Nottingham, Kings Lynn, HVHVHV, to section end at York

1. What is the grid reference of the section start?	
2. What is the grid reference of the section finish?	
3. List the last 5 junctions. (YYY, YBB, etc) If the section finishes at a junction, include it.	
4. How many WWW junctions do you use?	
5. What is the most westerly point of the route? (grid reference)	



15	Trevor Faulkner	Lincoln	m 1	1 3	m 2	35
16	Guy Robinson	Matlock	1 0	1 2	m 1	25
17	Nichola Hillier	Lincs Louth	1 6	1 4	1 3	
18	Terry Martin	Clitheroe	m 1	1 5	1 1	25
18	Abe Shenker	Eastwood	7 1	m 1	1 0	25
20	Simon Tate	Ripon	1 0	2 7	1 1	
20	Dave Tubman	Stockton		1 4	m 1	25
22	Bill Chadwick	Pendle	1 0	1 6	1 0	1
22	Stew Dale	E.R.O.	1 2	1 2	2 4	
24	Steven Featherstone	Malton		3 5		
25	Gavin Smith	Beverley	3 1			
26	Antony Baren	Malton		2 5		
27	Peter Reeson	Eastwood	1	1 7	1	
28	David Howell	Ripon	1	1 4		
28	Bernie Watkins	Ripon	1		1 4	
30	Jamie Gratton-Smith	Eastwood	1 3			
30	Chris Dunn	Beverley		1 3		
32	Craig Whitehead	Whitby	1	1 1		
32	Alastair Crosby	Selby		1 2		
32	Adrian Ancliffe	Eastwood	6		6	
35	Martyn Langley	York			6	
36	James Ashton	Lindholme	1			
36	Andrew Hawden	Beverley			1	
36	Dave S. Jones	E.R.O.				1
39	Stan Appleton	Ilkley				





14	Steve Porter	Matlock	1	m	3		25
			1		1		
16	Roger Hage	Eastwood	3		2	1	
			3		1	1	
17	David Wilson	Lindholme	1		1	m	
			9		0	1	25
18	Charlie Tynan	Hadrian			2	m	
					7	1	25
19	Chris Faulkner	Lincoln	m		1	m	
			1		3	2	35
19	Charlie Wheeldon	Matlock	1	1		m	
			1	2		1	25
21	Ian Beech	Lindholme	m		1	m	
			1		2	2	35
22	Simon Bentley	Alwoodley	3		1	1	
			1		3	1	
23	Dave Broadley	Lincs Louth	1	1		1	
			6	4		3	
24	Graham Gardner	Beverley	m		1		
			1		7		25
24	Steve Brown	Eastwood	7	m		1	
				1		0	25
26	Richard Wilson	David Brown	1	2	7	1	
				0		1	
26	John Tubman	Stockton			1	m	
					4	1	25
28	John Chadwick	Eastwood	6	m		6	
				1			25
29	Lee Hudson	Ripon			1	m	
					0	1	25
30	Adam Roper	Ripon	1	1	1	1	
					4	4	
31	Alan Edwards	Hadrian	1	1		1	
			0	6			
32	Mark Edwards	Beverley			1		
					3		
33	Jason Turner	Selby			1		
					1		
34	Steve Pashley	Rotherham				8	
35	John Thornton	York / Selby			6		
36	Stephen Taylor	Ripon	1				
36	Christopher Brown	Lindholme	1				
36	Angela Cammish	Beverley			1		

39	Alastair Crosby	Selby
39	Stan Appleton	Ilkley
39	Heather Appleton	Ilkley
39	Stephen Bye	Pendle

*Last Updated on 17.04.03*

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## 12 Car Rally – 6<sup>th</sup> February (round 6)

Well I'm sure most people will agree that Carl's event was probably the trickiest one of the season (not too sure if he made a pact with 'Him upstairs' for the fog though). After reaching the picnic area for the start, it was a gut feeling that told me this was going to be good fun. And by God it was. Once everyone had turned up and signed on the crew seeding was done. John and I were both surprised to be last on the road. As it happened we met several crews on the route who looked totally baffled and lost (a normal 12 Car then – *Ed.*).

Sat in the picnic area, I could hear all the cars were turning left and going left again up the hill, so I dutifully told John, who subsequently forgot! (He reckons he just missed it.) After a quick bit of reverse driving we were back on the right route, picking up the first of a small number of code boards, ending up at TC2 with a couple of minutes to spare.

From the next handout I noticed we were going near the Castle Howard Straight. As John had never been down it flat out in the dark' it could be fun. After missing the first exit on the A road we wound up at the crossroads from a different direction and came across Chris Dunn and Mark Edwards in their Escort. On a hunch I thought there would be a code board down the road we should have taken. So we turned round, went back to the 'A' road and then came down the right route to the crossroads. No code board! This time we happened upon Jon Vine and Tom Adamson. Ah well. And so to the lovely Castle Howard Straight. Once on the straight John was quietly confident from driving it in the daytime in the past. We didn't know Sierras could fly so well! After passing another crew at the first gate, the pedal definitely hit the metal and by the second gate we were travelling. Fast! Unfortunately I forgot about the dip after the gatehouse. It was a case of yes, Sierras *can* fly, as all four wheels left the ground by a good foot and a half. After touch down it showered sparks all over Jon Vines' poor car, which was following directly behind us! The next problem was the Obelisk. I knew about it from previous road rallies I'd done in the area and once the headlights had picked it out of the gloom, I told John to hit the brakes hard on top of the crest and steer hard right. The advice worked and we missed it. Jon Vine came a little closer though, as he was driving on dipped beam behind us (what a Gent – *Ed.*) and with our naff headlights he didn't see the obelisk at all until we swerved around it allowing him to put main beam on. At the finish he told me that all he saw after we disappeared was a large lump of stone that appeared from nowhere! Luckily he missed it and carried on. Only one more obstacle on the Straight and that was the secret check just after a blind brow. Good job the Sierras got better brakes now or we would never have stopped!

Yet more subtle navigation led the pack up to Hutton-le-Hole, where the fog piled in good and thick. This led to us missing the slot left and instead of taking the short route to Gillamoor we ended up at Low Mill. Not to worry

though. After meeting Gav coming the opposite way through Gillamoor, I decided it wasn't too bad. I was wrong. The last section took the Cunningham crew up the long and rarely used Cockayne Loop. With fog that night, we were definitely not taking it fast. We subsequently lost yet more time, but were quietly confident that most other crews would have done so too.

We reached the final control on the same minute as Deg Burton and Graham Gardner (according to Matthew it was a case of a couple of seconds) and were told to go to the Feathers in Helmsley. Of course I had no idea where that was so we decided to follow Deg and Graham, only to find they didn't know where it was either! After asking a pedestrian, the pub was spotted. The thirst was quenched and we dutifully waited for the results which, considering the weather, weren't too bad. Yet another good finish in one piece. My thanks go to Carl for putting on a superb event. Just wonder how the Cunningham's event will go.

Rodger Cunningham

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## BRUCE ROBINSON ROAD RALLY 15<sup>th</sup>/16<sup>th</sup> February 2003

An attack force of 4 cars from Beverley & District Motor Club descended on Lincolnshire for this event. Gavin Smith stepped in with a late entry, driving Simon Bentley from Alwoodley Motor Club. Andy Beaumont and myself were in the Proton, whilst Danny Robinson/Ian Gibbins and Tim Rodgers/Rodger Cunningham brought along their 205 Gti's.

The run down to Lincoln from the Humber Bridge was hotly contested, with the lead swapping many times before arriving safely, just in time for noise and scrutineering. Rodger was glad he was now a member of Beverley. We just have such a good laugh going to the events, let alone during them, this was his main talking point. Simon I think was glad he wasn't, believing us all to be as mad as Gavin. Surely we can't be!!!

It started to go wrong early for us, hesitating and turning round to check we hadn't gone wrong, as the two cars in front were coming back again. In the heat of the moment, the instruction 'NOT AS MAP OVER RAILWAY BRIDGE,' made me certain the bridge we just went *under* was wrong. We were right to start with as it happened. Valuable time was lost here. We ploughed on, my mind not working as fast as I would have liked, with heavy 'flu' symptoms still lingering. Following a number of detours during the first half, I was sat in the car at halfway, cold, shivering and desperately wanting to go to sleep. I felt unsociable, but didn't care too much.

The second half wasn't much better, lots of overshoots, wrong slots, vicious hand brake turns and many mumbled obscenities from Andy along the way (See Matt Blood's report – *Ed.*). Couple that with two airfield sections where we could hardly see the route or control boards, found a very cautious Andy on the rough tracks, muttering even more obscenities. I was glad when I could sit down to enjoy an excellent breakfast at the finish. Sometimes it just doesn't come together on the night and it certainly didn't on this one. We manage to finish 14<sup>th</sup>, which under the circumstances wasn't too bad, but could generally have been better. Congratulations to Gavin and Simon in 3<sup>rd</sup> with an excellent 6<sup>th</sup> for Tim and Rodger and 9<sup>th</sup> for Danny and Ian.

The run home was as equally exhilarating as the drive down and probably better than our efforts on the event itself.

Mike Petch

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## **February 2003 – quietly satisfying**

Very little action to report this month.

Carl organised his 12 Car Rally on map 100. If the start at Leavening was a trek from Sproatley, the finish at Helmsley was something else, but Deg agreed to give it a go. Logic dictated that we couldn't do any worse than we had last time out, but I did my best to get it wrong as usual. I'm writing this towards the end of March and I can't remember a huge amount about the event, except that I took an early time at Matthew's Control and picked up four penalties, dropping us from a potential win, to fourth place. The evening was very cold, the start car park was more suited to Torville and Dean than to cars and there was snow, ice and fog on the Cockayne loop. The route was full of excellent roads, but challenging for the marshals, as it ran more or less due North West, and gave hardly any time to get from one control to another. By the way, whose bright idea was it to put those chicanes and the unmarked column in the road past Castle Howard?

As the Cunninghams were organising their 12 Car Rally on my doorstep, I offered to marshal, accompanied by Richard and so made sure of qualifying for the championship. The event finished in Gilberdyke, and our early control allowed us to have a stab at the quiz being run in the local pub, before the rest of the marshals and competitors got back. This event started what I hope will become a tradition, with the landlord providing us with food at the end of the event.

I also stood out in the cold and dark on the Bruce Robinson Rally in Lincolnshire, to get a feel for ANCC events. At one stage it looked as if I might get a ride round on the event with Gav Smith, but he sensibly jumped at Simon Bentley's offer to navigate and got third overall. Gav has obviously had second thoughts about letting me navigate for him and has come up with quite an elaborate excuse to avoid events for the first half of this year. Get well soon.

By the time you read this, the 12 Car Championship will be decided and I will have competed on the Ryemoor Rally (ANCC) with Graham Burton. I'm getting quite a collection of Burtons but they all share the same Proton Coupe, or maybe they don't want to let me near anything more precious. I should also have had a bash at another Lindholme Scatter, with Graeme Potter, and done a bit of stage marshalling in Dalby Forest.

**Graham Gardner**

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## MOORLAND AND MEADOWS ROAD RALLY 1<sup>st</sup>/2<sup>nd</sup> March 2003.

From an excellent start venue at Barnsley Metrodome, marred only by the cramped noise check and outdoor scrutineering area, we departed MTC1 with 4 sheets of pre-plot information for the full first half of the event at 11.05pm. The pre-plot information consisted of 4 sheets of tulip diagrams and time control map references. This was going to be good!

12.05am arrived and we were off, leaving NTC2. There was nothing left to plot, concentrating on reading the road and going for it, just like the old days. We hit a couple of potholes on the second section, Andy sensed a puncture, but continued until the neutral section where we both jumped out to change it. I struggled some with the cheap, crap Proton jack. Andy said "You're operating it like a girl," but we still managed to reach the next control in time and continued on.

We dropped a few minutes over a couple of IRTC's timed to the second, as did everyone else, arriving at petrol 6<sup>th</sup> overall. Everyone had to cut out the last couple of sections at the organiser's request due to police harassment on the event. This allowed Andy time to hammer his alloy wheel straight and blow the tyre back up at the garage as fortunately, a lad was busy guvvyng at 3 o' clock in the morning. John and David Dimbleby were 4<sup>th</sup> overall, so things were looking good. Chris Dunn and

Mark Edwards were competing for the first time on a night event, but we left the halfway halt before their arrival, so had no idea how they were doing.

A second half section was also cut to avoid further problems with the local constabulary, restarting just before the County Line allowing us to head off into Derbyshire unhindered. Carl Hawkins and Iain Tullie were lucky to be still running, having stopped prior to petrol in a section later to be scrubbed. This allowed them time to reach halfway and carry out necessary repairs to a leaking water hose. One of the main sections of the night through disused mine roads NW of Chatsworth House, with lots of code boards and Not As Map diagrams to traverse, caused a lot of grief when the exit gate was found to be locked. This necessitated us and many others having to pick our way down a rocky gully more than once as we tried to find our way out. The excursion was accompanied by the now familiar mumbled obscenities from Andy, obviously worried about “Wrecking my f\*\*\*\*\*g car.”

We eventually got out, the time loss dropping us back to 9<sup>th</sup> overall at the finish, which also came up sooner than originally intended. This was due to the route instruction handout not being issued for the last two sections to take us across towards the finish. It was a shame that the police interference and a couple of organisational errors spoil an otherwise excellent route.

However, we enjoyed ourselves and tucking into a fantastic early morning fry up made it all worthwhile. As the protests came in, we were happy to be promoted up to 5<sup>th</sup> overall. Unfortunately John and David failed to finish, having broken a drive shaft on their Fiesta near the mines. A good nights work by Chris Dunn and Mark Edwards in their Mk 2 Escort saw them finish with no fails and ahead of Car 2, Guy Robinson and Charlie Wheeldon in their Proton 4 WD Turbo, who picked up a fail for driving straight past a control without stopping.

Mike Petch

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## Return to the Three Sisters - March 8<sup>th</sup> 2003

Another before crack-of-dawn start saw Simon and myself – only two of us this time – arrive at Wigan before 9.00am for signing on for another bash at four hour Pro-Kart endurance racing. This time it was to be a dry race and we would show the locals – remember? Well the snow, whilst crossing the Pennines, gave us a clue that dry it would not be, but we did make it through practice and qualifying before the rain started in earnest. Ninth on the grid this time, out of twenty-eight, with Simon to start. Two stints each of seventy-five minutes to clear the general refuelling windows, then two final stints of forty-five minutes each to the end.

The race settled down fairly quickly with the track being a lot more forgiving when totally awash, than when it was icy and greasy in January. Still slick tyres only don't forget, but with the added bonus of spray completely eliminating your forward vision. Wiping the visor with a soaked glove served very little purpose especially as it was raining so hard that the inside of your visor was also running with water. This was the MOST EXCITING way of spending a day that I can remember. Well, there was the other thing but that was some time ago now!

Simon pitted after seventy-one laps for fuel and driver change lying in eighth place. I pitted after another seventy-two laps for a final fuel stop, chain lube and driver change still in eighth place. Some errors were now creeping in as drivers were seeing the end, but with some very consistent driving Simon pitted after another forty-eight laps in eighth place but having pulled back two laps on all the Karts in front of us. We had now done all our changes so the only thing I had to do was pull back one more place and we would be no worse than last time. The harder it rained the more we gained, not because we went quicker but the others ahead all went slower or got involved, and I kept seeing the same karts in front as I caught and passed those ahead. No dream ending unfortunately but we pulled up to forth overall at the end after a very, very wet but thrilling race.

Roll on the next race and pray for a dry one. Then we'll show those locals!

Richard Walton

P.S

As we all got weighed at the end the scales revealed that my helmet, boots, gloves, overall, tee-shirt, socks and knickers (*Knickers? – Ed.*) held about 5 kilos of rainwater! BRILLIANT!

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## Ryemoor Trophy Rally 22<sup>nd</sup> March 2003

Scanning down the entry list, it looked like it was going to be a very competitive nights rallying. With most of the top 20 starters looking for a finish in the top 5, let alone the top 10, simple maths said they wouldn't all fit. Beverley had the best turnout on a Road Rally for many years, with six full crews competing, plus 2 carrying our members on the maps (big maps were they? – *Ed.*). Leading our attack at car 5 was Oggy, teamed with local driver Stan Featherstone from Malton Motor Club in a well-used Sierra. Andy Beaumont and myself were at 7, the Dimpleby's at 9, the Rodgers, Tim and Cunningham at 17, just ahead of Danny and Ian at 18. Joining us all for the first time was Graham Gardner, complete with recently shaved head for 'Comic Relief.' He was navigating for Graham Burton, competing on his first night event since 1986. He was either going to remember why he quit or get a taste for more!

Competing on their first event were the new members from Scarborough, Andy Howden and Angela Cammish, wheeling their XR2 with Roger Stoneley and Lee Curtis in an Astra.

So how did we all do? We would all have won but for.....! The main reason *we* didn't win was that Mike Ogram did. At petrol he thought we might win, until we discovered that we had one less code board than Danny and Ian, so it might be them. Tim and Rodger were very very fast but had gone wrong as well, but would have been winning otherwise. Confused? It appeared that our 2 new crews were. They were struggling. Andy and Angela had car trouble, heading for home at halfway.

The route was excellent, five sections timed to the second, including a fast section over Osmotherly Moor, complete with hidden code board. This caught out cars 1 to 4, ourselves and almost half the rest of the field. A section up 'White Horse Hairpins' and back down the 'white' was a bit rough for the Proton. Andy hit it hard anyway until a loud thump on the sump halfway down saw a bit more caution. Everything was going okay, although we knew the missed code board would drop us well down at the finish. A similar fate befell 'The Grahams' and 'The Rodgers,' each picking up a fail on the same section and losing time elsewhere leaving us to finish 18<sup>th</sup>, 19<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Fortunately BDMC honours went to the other 3 'leading crews.' Oggy having guided Stan Featherstone to a win, with Danny and Ian a glorious 2<sup>nd</sup>. Danny grinning wider than you'd have thought possible. The Dimpleby's finished in 5<sup>th</sup>, giving 3 out of the top 5 to Beverley. We all thoroughly enjoyed the night, each with our own exciting tales to tell. Tim having no brakes, Graham having a big spin and all of us going very very fast. Marvellous!

Mike Petch

## North Humberside Forest Rally – 29<sup>th</sup> March 2003

The run up to the event was unusually quiet, which is a good job considering only 3 weeks earlier at a previous rally, the car had to have a new clutch fitted (I've never seen mechanics work so fast before).

It was touch and go as to whether I was participating in the rally due to being ill the week before, but I wasn't going to miss my chance and money.

We sailed through noise check and scrutineering, went to sign on then to the pub for a well-earned pint or 2!

Our journey to stage 1 at Oliver's Mount went smoothly apart from being stuck in Beverley, as Dog Kennel Lane was closed, but got to the stage start in plenty of time.

Oliver's Mount was average, we took it steady. It's not a stage Carl likes, but we did manage to get the bottom hairpin spot on, which other people we know managed to cock up!

Stage 2 was a bit of a disaster. The car wouldn't pull and was misfiring. We lost a lot of time, but after checking the engine, found it was just a loose plug lead, which we refitted then set off for stage 3. Which was brilliant! We were flying and came in after setting a very good time. Finally we got some serious rallying done.

At service we renewed the plug lead, tried to repair the intercom that had gone off during the last stage and topped up the fuel.

Stage 4 was full of problems from the off. About a mile into the stage the car in front of us rolled and blocked the road for 5 minutes. After running up and down the stage trying to slow the following cars (the sight of me in my overalls and helmet is enough to scare anyone into slowing down) and building up a traffic jam, we finally managed to push the car back onto its wheels and out of the way so we could get going again. We were doing really well, even with me having to shout the directions as the intercom had gone off completely (can you imagine!) and even managing to catch up a bit of time when things started going wrong. The temperature gauge was rising fast, the car was misfiring and, again, wouldn't pull. Typical it happened before we'd passed all the marshals we knew and made us look really slow! We crawled to the end of the stage and back onto the road, before the engine gave up. Then struggled to push the car for half a mile 'til someone came to our rescue.

The fan belt had snapped and the engine overheated. We were towed back to our service barge, fitted a new fan belt topped up the water and raced back to the start of the next stage, but it wasn't to be. The engine over heated again and we retired before causing any serious damage, just like last year.

Maybe next year – third time lucky!

Jo Briggs

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# BEVERLEY & DISTRICT MOTOR CLUB LTD

## 12 CAR CHAMPIONSHIP 2002/2003

ROUND 9 THURSDAY 3<sup>RD</sup> APRIL 2003

ORGANISERS – JOHN & DAVID DIMBLEBY

A full entry of 12 cars were entered for the final round of the championship, 11 of them from B.D.M.C. Unfortunately this meant I had to turn down 4 requests from Lindholme Motor Club for entries as we could only accommodate one. Regrettably, as we had two last minute cancellations, we could've squeezed them in after all. Sorry!

Starting from the A18 lay-by out of Scunthorpe, David & John Dimbleby put on an excellent event on Map 112, using some interesting navigation over some great roads, making for an exciting finale to the championship.

Having already secured the Novice Navigators title, Graham Gardner was unaffected by the loss of his driver, opting to marshal instead. However, the Expert Navigators Championship was still undecided, with Matthew Atkinson and Ian Gibbins leading on equal points. An early demise by the former on section 2, when the borrowed Proton expired, gave Danny Robinson and Ian Gibbins a chance to take the championship, providing they won the event. This looked distinctly possible as others began to make mistakes. John Savage/Mike Ogram leading a number of crews, like sheep, down an off route 'white,' giving each a 'fail' for their efforts. Howard Everingham and I also followed, but quickly realised we were wrong, doubling back to collect the missed code board as the rest carried on. This dropped us our only minute of the night, but gave us our first and only win of the season. We had to use the lead of novice crews to help us along when some of the navigation proved taxing. Thanks to Andy Beaumont/Matt Blood for their help, even though we couldn't keep up with them on the last section (I wasn't far behind! – *Ed.*) as they raced with Phil Burton/Graeme Potter, Potts making a rare appearance this season.

Finishing clean on time, but cursed by their 'fail,' Andy & Matt, Jon Vine/Tom Adamson and Chris Dunn/Mark Edwards all could have won. Not that this mattered to Danny and Ian anyway because they hadn't. Despite fairly protesting away a W/D 'fail' at the finish, this still gave the Expert Championships to Richard Walton and Matthew Atkinson, even though they failed to finish the event. The Novice Driver's title went to John Cunningham who had to marshal this final round to qualify for the championship, beating Jon Vine by only one point.

Thanks to David and John for an excellent event, well organised and with loads of marshals manning 20 controls. Of course, I'm biased, having won. But, for various reasons, I haven't enjoyed recent 12 Car Rallies as much as this one. So for me it gets 'event of the year.' Thanks again. Can't wait for next season's championship to come round now.

Mike Petch

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## April Fools Navigational 12 Car Rally 3 April 2003

(From the driver's perspective)

The last round of the 12 Car Championship was quite an event. The start lay-by just outside of Scunthorpe was awash with exotics! A Subaru Impreza, a Porsche Carrera and they were just the marshals! It was a lovely evening, but not really dark enough at the beginning, which caused problems for us drivers.

It was a hectic pace from the word go. Short sections with lots of passage controls. We were running 4<sup>th</sup> on the road and after only a few controls some of the top contenders were missing, but Petchy was on form! Richard Walton/Matthew Atkinson were seen at the side of the road with the bonnet up 10 minutes into the event. An early bath for them. Gibby must've been rubbing his hands with glee, as he needed to win the event to secure the Navigators Championship.

On the deciding section I made an unsuccessful attempt to bully my way past Jon Vine/Tom Adamson at a junction 90° right. Then I thought he was pulling over to let me past, but was actually turning left down a very rough dusty 'white.' When we saw 4 or 5 cars all wending their way down the same 'white,' which was like 3 sides of a square eventually coming back onto the road, our natural instinct was to follow – against Petchy's better judgement. As we were halfway round it Petchy finished plotting the section and realised they were all wrong. Everyone turned left back onto the road, but we turned right to pick up the codeboard the rest had missed.

Danny and Gibby were later seen tearing back in the wrong direction, for the second time that night.

We didn't stop for the local madman on a bike and had a good chase with the two Protons of Phil Burton and Andy Beaumont. Petchy reckons I should get one. I don't think the Hooft's Primera does too badly against a sporty Proton though. And I'm not sure they would make a suitable towing vehicle either. Thanks to Petchy for plotting us to the Primera's maiden victory. It was a much needed morale boost for him to end the season on too. Also many thanks to the Dimbleby's for a cracking event. Matthew Atkinson owes us a pint for saving his championship arse! Our win preventing Gibby from taking the Championship.

*Howie.*

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9 <sup>TH</sup>	GAVIN SMITH	Road Driver	149.09
=10 <sup>TH</sup>	JOHN DIMBLEBY	Road Driver	147.65
=10 <sup>th</sup>	DAVID DIMBLEBY	Road Navigator	147.65
=12 <sup>TH</sup>	ANDY TOWNEND	Stage Driver	104.57
=12 <sup>th</sup>	PAUL HUTCHINGS	Stage Co-driver	104.57
=14 <sup>th</sup>	GRAHAM GARDNER	Road Navigator	100.63
=14 <sup>th</sup>	GRAHAM BURTON	Road Driver	100.63
=16 <sup>th</sup>	CHRIS DUNN	Road Driver	77.84
=16 <sup>th</sup>	MARK EDWARDS	Road Navigator	77.84
=18 <sup>th</sup>	CARL BRIGGS	Stage Driver	56.67
=18 <sup>th</sup>	RICHARD SIMPSON	Stage Co-driver	56.67
20 <sup>th</sup>	LEE CURTIS	Road Navigator	32.23
=21 <sup>st</sup>	ANDY HOWDEN	Road Driver	10.00
=21	ANGELA CANNISH	Road Navigator	10.00

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### “Quotes”

*“I thought you were flashing your lights to pass.”*

**Jon Vine to Howie after the very rough ‘white’ on the Dimbleby’s 12 Car (it was just a fiercely bucking Hooft’s Primera following close behind!).**

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*“S’cuse me Sir, are you the owner of a white Ford Escort?”*

**The Feds, knocking on Petchy’s door at 7.30 one Monday morning investigating a heist at a local filling station. (Petchy had to show them the last copy of ‘Wheels’ to prove he’d raffled the car.)**

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*“I didn’t even have time to cak myself!”*

**Our illustrious Comps Seccy, in the car, on the ‘phone, doing 90 on the M18 as the Police car passed him!**

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*“I’m selling me arse.”*

**Danny Robinson. No further explanation necessary.**

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*“15 seconds. I think you should start your engine now.”*

**Unknown marshal on the last 12 Car, not realising how quiet the Hooft’s Primera really is.**

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