

When Petchy became Chairman I thought Potts' nattering to issue a Mag. would end. Oh how wrong I was!

Might as well start with some good news, Heepy's gearbox now works. The fifth time we rebuilt it, all the new bits were chucked out and second-hand ones used. Works a treat now! Still had reverse gear selection problems for the following event, but a very over-engineered modification of the remote sorted that out. It's never been so good! Many thanks to Roy Heath for his help, patience and the use of his garage and facilities. Brownie points were at an all time low with the approach of five consecutive weekends competing through May and June, but sadly Trackrod's Autotest was cancelled and the current Mrs E got a new kitchen sink fitted instead.

Halfway through the year now and the Larkspeed League Championship is looking better for us. It's difficult to find reliable information on standings, but after 3 events Beverley were lying in 7th place. There are three events still to be added, the PCT on 15 June, Curborough Sprint on the 29th and our own Armstrong Massey Rally. We scored points on all these events, which will hopefully keep us in contention this year.

Another bumper issue with lots of different authors. Makes my job easier and introduces an element of variation to the reading. There's a penguin's eye view of the Armstrong Massey, which ran with it's usual clockwork precision. Part 3 of the Deep South Table Top Rally, with the answers to part 2 – many thanks to Graham Gardner for his efforts to further educate our navigators. Jo Briggs has a couple of reports on her and brother Carl's recent successes in the Escort. There's an interesting article from Lloyd Walker with an exclusive offer to BDMC members wishing to become more involved in marshalling at the top level (see Pirelli British Rally Championship). Talking of exclusives, 'Wheels' has the scoop of the year, with pictures, revealing the private life of one of our club members. Don't miss it! Petchy has the usual Chunterings along with his report of the recent Witch Way Rally – have a bag ready!

Plus of course all the usual features.

Read on.

Howie.

Chairman's Chuntering

June 2003

I've not got a great deal to chunter about this month. Can life really be that good? (See above date – *Ed.*)

Rallying has been quiet for me since the last event, which was way back in May. That was the Witchway, see report elsewhere in this magazine hopefully. As you will see, it was not my most favourite event ever. Unfortunately I didn't feel at my best during the event, Andy's driving not being the main reason, although if you've sat with him you might think the opposite! I have total confidence in his ability; I just hope we don't ever meet his driving double on the way home one morning after an event!

I hope to do much better in July on the Armstrong Massey and Westmoreland Road Rallies. A good result on our home event would be nice, but with an array of our 'top crews' entering, it will be a very competitive night out. Not forgetting of course, the many other quality entrants. Please come out and support the club by marshalling if you are not entering, I'm sure the boys will be around to see you!

Matt Blood has organised some B.D.M.C. leisure-ware. Sweat shirts, T-shirts, Polo shirts, Caps, Jackets, and Underwear etc, all with the excellent RS 2000 logo. Look closely and you'll see it's actually Mr Beaumont's, reproduced in great detail (no Mini's then? - *Ed.*). These are top quality items at sensible prices. See Matt for samples and prices. It's what everyone's wearing this summer, so don't miss out!

Finally, if you have any event results from the first part of the year, get them to me soon if you want them including in the Competitors Championship, then I won't be trying to work them all out at the end of the year.

Have a great summer!

Mike Petch

The Lion Stages - Sunday 11th May 2003

I was looking forward to doing this "cheap" event, then the regs arrived and that was my life savings gone, but it was worth every penny.

The run up to the rally was smooth, apart from one mishap. But I'll let Carl tell you what he did to his bonnet!

I was dreading camping for the night. Last year it was colder than Iceland, but this year I'd come prepared, 3 quilts, 2 sleeping bags and a woolly hat. I slept fine (the alcohol probably helped as well).

We arose in the morning to a very wet day, but by the time the rally started it had brightened up a bit.

Just before the start I was handed the pace notes. I've never seen pace notes before and I was ready to pack up and leave, but after reading through them they started to make a bit of sense.

Stage 1 wasn't too bad, even with my first attempt at pace notes. Carl's intercom plug came out and I had to try and reconnect it in mid stage, but we didn't do too bad time wise. The 2nd stage was only a short one and not quite so much fun, but good practice on the pace notes.

Back at service we found that the connection to the starter motor had broken, but as long as we didn't turn the engine off during the stage we would be ok.

Half a mile in to stage 3 - we stalled and, of course, it wouldn't start. Carl had to get out and restart it again, which cost at least a minute. Our troubles weren't over. Despite being another short stage we managed to damage the exhaust during it. So back to service again.

The exhaust had actually cracked so we had to root through the bin looking for an old drinks can to make a sleeve for the exhaust, but it didn't work. Then we cannibalised my dad's van. Just near the gear stick is, or rather was, a metal plate, which doesn't really do anything but block the view to the road. Now he has a permanent view of the road and it solved our exhaust problem.

On route to the next stage we got stuck in a traffic jam - even though we were in the middle of a forest. Another competitor who had retired early decided he was going to try and get his car back to service and blocked the road. This made most cars late to the stage start - I hope he learns for next time!

The final 2 stages went really well, especially the last one. We got it together and really flew through. Pace notes definitely make the stages faster - I can't wait to use them again.

The journey home was long and right at the beginning Carl got stuck up a hill. He'd been following another van, which was struggling to get up the hill and had stopped and so did Carl. He had to reverse back down the hill with the trailer on the back, which was quite amusing, it was even more funny when ten minutes later, Carl passed us at some speed on the back of another van and trailer!

Overall the rally was excellent, we came 3rd in class 2, but unfortunately it wasn't awarded. Anyone thinking about rallying next year should definitely do this event. And will anyone who has a spare plate for a transit van let us know, my dad has never suffered with travel sickness up until now!

Jo Briggs

Editor's apology

Trackrod Stages 2003

My *Editorial* in the April issue of 'Wheels' included a brief report on recent results in the Larkspeed League Championship. It was reported that the Trackrod Stages rally on 16 March had produced no points for the Club. Unfortunately the website from which the information was obtained was incorrect. I would therefore like to apologise to competitors Carl Briggs/Richard Simpson and Andy Townend/Paul Hutchings who competed on that event and scored valuable points for our Club.

Howie.

Witch Way Road Rally

12th May 2003

It seemed very strange to be travelling so steadily to Gargrave in convoy with Danny and Gibby to the start of this round of the A.N.C.C. Championship. Normally we're racing and dicing with each other in somewhat crazy fashion. In fact, too fast and too furious seems like a fair description. It's a wonder nobody has made a film of us all yet! I needn't have worried though, because no sooner had we diverted down a 'yellow' to by-pass the road works on the A65 at Gargrave, we were off in normal style, up and down, left and right, forwards, sideways, everyway but backwards (is he still talking about driving? – *Ed.*), just! Then suddenly, there was a car coming towards us, still broad daylight, very blind and narrow, loads of braking. Danny nearly rams Andy from behind (probably not for the first time!). That was close! Suddenly, slight left, over brow. S**t! Not-as-map Vauxhall Zafira just over the brow and filling the road. Danny could see it beneath the airborne Proton as we came in to land, Andy desperately trying to retrieve some steering control to get us past down the hedgerow. That was very close! One day!

Arriving at the start, it was nice to see so many B.D.M.C. members out marshalling. Even Gav Smith came out to take a look prior to his long awaited return, joining Messrs. Gardner, Potter, Blood, Adamson and Vine. Even Andy and Angela trekked across from Scarborough for a night out. Joining us in the entry were Tim and Rodger along with Roger and Lee. Getting popular this, four crews and as many marshals out in support. Mike Ogram was also competing, but I'm not sure if he's still a member or not. (See club secretary for membership list).

Our new club strip was much in evidence, courtesy of Matt Blood, all of us looking very impressive and most noticeable as we paraded ourselves around the start venue, twirling to the massed crowds, bringing forward many admiring remarks!

Everyone then sat down to dinner, forcing down the hugest burgers. That was everyone, except for Gibby and myself, both of us opting to resist for obvious reasons. Not that it would make much difference anyway! Still felt sick and Ian was too!

Eventually we got onto the rallying. It always seems like there's more to report on prior to or after the event, than actually during it. This is probably because it's all so very, very scary that I mentally block it out so as not to be a gibbering wreck. As yet there are not enough people who've sat in a car with Andy Beaumont to set up a victim support group!

First car was away at 22.45 with a full hour to drive up the A65 to Kirkby Lonsdale for the competitive start, having been issued with four sheets of map references to plot on the way. These would take us to the first petrol halt and include exact locations of all the route checks listed on the time cards. We arrived with nearly 10 minutes spare, allowing me to finish plotting the last few points and then we were off. It was very fast, arriving only just on our minute to start with, but quickly dropping time thereafter. Early on we picked up a puncture as the tyre ripped apart on a pot hole, dropping 6 minutes as I again had to struggle with a stupid Proton jack. (Get another one for next time please Andy!) The route up to first petrol was all timed to the minute, with no neutral sections. This proved very demanding and we suffered a further time loss when a handful of us had to reverse and get out of the way as a huge milk tanker came up the road, blocking it and losing us 6 more minutes. We managed to get away in front of the others but lost out as we overshot a 90° right, Andy too wound up to hear the corner being called! It made very little difference really, it's just nice to be in front.

By first petrol we were well down the order with time dropped and I felt a bit rough. Not sick, but not well! Unfortunately, with pre-plot to complete up to second petrol, the navigators would get no break. As all this was to be sections timed to the second, one after the other, it looked like I was going to be busy. I wasn't feeling too bad yet, but very soon found myself opening the window slightly and trying to take in some fresh air. We also came across an extra code board, very near to, but not on the correct plot. I noted it down but soon found the right one on the correct plot. Carrying on we came across another extra board. With no spare places on the time card, I noted it at the side and we continued. Andy then mentioned that they were all red letters as opposed to the others being black. My mind was now telling me that they're maybe dummy boards as we had an exact reference for the correct ones. With no box for these, were they trying to trick us into putting the wrong code board down? (Unfortunately I read too much into this and stopped recording the 'wrong' ones. When the results were calculated I was penalised 5 minutes for every one not recorded. If it had been a Beverley 12 Car I would have been right! It just shows how the mind works, we convinced ourselves we were right!)

Not yet realising we were wrong, Andy was throwing us all over the twisting lanes. This was not doing me much good. I'm now struggling to speak, gasping for air and unable to communicate the road to Andy, saving myself to point us the right way at junctions and slow us for route checks. By the time we reached second petrol, I was about ready to give up. I didn't want to, so decided to carry on, again spending the petrol halt pre-plotting the remainder of the route rather than resting and trying to pull myself together. At least we were parked and not moving for a while. Time was now very tight for plotting, as the petrol halts were also time recovery sections. This meant any time dropped came off your time for plotting. I imagine some less experienced crews would find this very difficult to complete in time as I was struggling!

The remainder of the route was fully competitive, timed to the minute and gave no margin for rest. I struggled on as before, gasping for air, eventually making it to the finish. I didn't care how we'd done, I just wanted to go home to bed. I'd had enough. Amazingly, I was now hungry for my breakfast and slowly came round after some food and coffee. I hadn't actually been sick, unlike Gibby, who'd stopped numerous times. The result was 2 poor performances, dropping us down the Championship order, just when a good result may have closed us up to 2nd and 3rd. Never mind!

I've never before competed on an event where there was not one minute from start to finish where you could take a break to clear your head and re-focus yourself. It wasn't particularly enjoyable from that angle, maybe it was from the driver's position with some fantastic demanding roads, leaving poor Andy's arms aching. How sad! I hope I do better in July on the next round, the Westmoreland, the week after our own Armstrong Massey Road Rally. Rumour has it that Gavin may use his Porsche, so I think maybe Andy should use his Mercedes, as the RS 2000 isn't ready yet. But it won't be long before it is. Hope I can navigate looking out of the side windows all night to see where we're going!

Mike Petch

Sunday 15 June 2003 Not One Of The Safest Places To Be
Production Car Trial
Larkspeed League Championships
Airedale & Pennine Motor Car Club

At last, a Larkspeed event to have a go at! They seem to have been in short supply this year.

A slight change of plan was needed to procure a vehicle this year, our usual supplier having moved the goalposts. But thanks to Twilly, Sunday saw Jon Meacock and myself heading for the hills of West Yorkshire in a Ford Focus. It was a somewhat larger car than expected, but then we've come to accept this.

We were both surprised at how well the thing turned into corners as we headed onto the Beverley by-pass. It would prove useful later on.

I gave Jon the handwritten directions to the venue I'd been using for the past few years, so he could keep me pointing the right way. It was a beautiful warm sunny day and we were both looking forward to bashing a few hills.

The day-trippers and Sunday drivers were out in force, but we were making fairly good time. The last bit of road seemed to go further than last year and I didn't remember all the signs to Grassington. We pulled in to consult the map. Yep, we seemed to have missed the field entrance just north of Bolton Abbey.

No matter, it wasn't too far to go back. As we got nearer I saw the sign for Strids Wood, a local beauty spot bang opposite the venue – soon be there. When we arrived at the hole in the dry stone wall there was a gate across it. Hell, we couldn't be *that* early. Jon and I looked at each other as the realisation hit us – we were in the wrong place! Sudden panic. Where *was* the venue? How far away were we? I managed to find a place to stop in the narrow lane and frantically rummaged around the back of the car looking for the regs. We should've been at a place near Laycock, south of Keighley. Bugger! We frantically searched the map (which, fortunately, I'd thrown in the car) for Laycock and, thankfully, it was only about 10 – 15 miles away. Day-trippers and Sunday drivers would make that a very long journey though.

After some fairly hairy moments testing the Focus's handling (see '*Quotes*') we arrived at the correct place, beating the 10.30 signing on deadline by 15 minutes. We left Cottingham at 7.50 and it usually takes us an hour and 35 minutes!

The Focus was emptied of everything we could legally throw out (including the headrests), tyre pressures were sorted and scrutineering done. There was some debate over which class we should've been in, but Jon came up trumps and found a specification sheet in the car proclaiming a 1398cc engine, allowing us into the heavily supported Class 3.

Walking the hills is advisable (yes, I *know* they're not autotests!) to plan the best way to tackle each one, but our lateness meant they were ready to start shortly after our arrival. Thankfully the running order gave us time to look at them whilst the first few cars attempted their runs.

It was a surprise to see so many entries from NHMC at this event, they must be running well down in the Larkspeed Championship! Mind you, they had more crews there than Beverley.

Robert Newlove and Steve Young were thrashing a Mini round all day whilst Ken Sturdy and Richard Wood used a Skoda Favorit Estate – honest. Ian Sadofsky and James Reynolds shared a more suitable Nova.

Jon Meacock thought complimenting a female marshal would assist his success and set about the task with some gusto. You'd better ask him who the marshal was and if his tactics worked.

There were lots of autotest competitors attending and some Jon knows from his exploits on the Sprints he does.

After a slightly shaky start we got into the groove with some success. Due to both of us having a go at driving and passengering, we trailed behind a bit. This actually helped us as the tests dried out more with the passage of each car, thus allowing more grip. After the first run Jon was ahead of me, having only dropped 12 points to my 14. This was about par for the course in our class.

Due to the large entry, when it was time to do the second run of the 7 tests, my stomach was telling me it was time to eat. Jon kindly allowed me to have just *one* of my sandwiches before dragging me off to the hills again.

Always a dangerous time when the tests have dried out from the first run. The course is usually changed very subtly to incorporate new areas of grass, thus reducing grip. The problem is it's all too easy to follow the dry line and find yourself outside the test and incurring penalty points. Despite Jon's excellent directions I spoiled a perfect score by doing just that, dropping 1 point. Jon unfortunately dropped two leaving us 1 point apart after the second run. Now we could have lunch proper. It was even hot enough to remove the shirt in an attempt to avoid a Hank Hill.

For the third run the tests were changed again to utilise new grass and reduce grip even further. This was not the best run for Jon, picking up 12 points to my 8, test two being a particularly tough one for him (see '*Quotes*'). It was about this time that Lorraine Leeming's Sierra lost its full exhaust system from the manifold to the tail pipe! Thankfully no one was foolish enough to attempt to pick the thing up. It was difficult to tell whether hubby Chris subsequently bothered to refit it for her, the car being fairly noisy anyway. Surprising the number of cars competing with prices written on their windows. One way of evading the dreaded upgrade I suppose!

The final round was not a good one for me, picking up 5 points to Jon's 3. Still a fairly good attempt though, bringing Jon's total to 29 against my 28. This is the very first time I've ever beaten any of the people I've teamed up with. Jon reckoned our scores would put us about mid-field in our class. We left before the results were declared however, anticipating a slow drive home. We weren't mistaken – it took 2½ hours! Mind you, that did include the usual car wash to remove some of the evidence – maybe we should've left the windows open to wash the inside too!

Unfortunately we had to wait almost 2 weeks to find out how we fared. Neither Airedale & Pennine's website nor The Larkspeed one offered any clues before the paper results were received. Jon's 9th and my 8th place out of a class of 16 ensured some valuable Larkspeed Championship points for the club and a good day out to boot.

YSCC dominated our class with Martin Grimwood, Jon Graves and Carl Davis, along with Ilkley's Malcolm Rainworth, all on 21 points. The furthest cleanest rule was applied to give Martin the class win. Autotest champ Dave Mosey and PCT exponent Ian Waddington left everyone else behind in class 1, taking their Mini to joint 1st for Ilkley. Adrian Tate also notched up valuable points for Ilkley, taking his Golf to an easy class 3 win. York's John Heppell spoilt the Ilkley party by sticking his Mondeo at the front of class 4. Class 5 had nothing *but* Ilkley members in it, John Spencer's Clan making most of the hills look flat on his way to 1st overall, dropping just one point all day.

Thanks to Jon for his continued support, although, unlike autotests, he does enjoy this sport, and to Twilly for the 'wheels'. Hopefully we'll find the right venue in September! Who knows, we might even have some more members competing.

Howie.

“Quotes”

“D’you fancy joining our club and doing the Armstrong Massey for us?”

A clearly desperate Robert Newlove tapping Howie up at the Laycock PCT. Maybe he saw Howie driving to the PCT. Did he want a driver or navigator?

“We can’t afford to drop any points Jon.”

Howie not putting any pressure on Jon Meacock after he failed to clean one of the hills at the Laycock PCT.

“The camber’s slightly wrong on this road.”

Jon Meacock on the way to the Bolton Abbey/Laycock PCT in the Ford Focus just as Howie hit a fast right, with bump and fast approaching dry stone wall.

Saturday 21 June 2003

What time d'you call this?

ANCC Inter Association Autotest

Alwoodley Motor Club

Hey, a full weekend of autotesting – what could be better? And only having to travel to Rufforth airfield – 50 minutes tops. The current Mrs E was in Nottingham watching some tennis, so a slightly messy house was no problem!

I woke up just before 7.30, surprised I'd slept so late. The sun was blazing behind the curtains. After a quick wash I was dressed and ready for my brekky. As I left the bedroom I spotted the wife's alarm clock, it said 5.40! The hands on *my* alarm clock are both white and almost the same length. When I first woke up it was really 5.35! Must start wearing those bloody glasses. So, I got undressed and went back to bed for a couple of hours. D'you think Terry will send me a TOG sweatshirt?

To the uninitiated, the Inter Association events are run between teams of three cars drawn from 4 classes. All teams must field a car from class B, saloon cars over 11 ft. Steve Morten brought out his Nova from retirement to join National Autotest Champion Dave Mosey in his Mini Special, with me in Heepy representing the ANCC A Team (no, I wasn't the one wearing all the gold). Steve's son Ben had commandeered their Sylva Striker to form the ANCC B Team with Jon Graves and David Sowman. There were teams from all over the UK driving for their respective associations such as ANECCC, ANWCC, WAMC etc. There was even an ANICC representation from across the Irish Sea.

Alwoodley MC had set out 4 tests on the airfield, with the same ones being run all day. It was a later than usual start to give competitors time to travel from their locations across the UK. First car due to start at 12.00 – and guess who that was – me!

The tests were very long and technical so I walked them over and over 'cos I wouldn't have the benefit of seeing anyone else do them first. As the drivers briefing was being called I decided to have a last look at tests 1 and 2. Absolute horror gripped me as I realised I'd been walking test one wrong! I'd been entering the second gate from the wrong side. It wasn't much of a change, but could throw the whole thing into confusion if I didn't get my head round it.

As I sat on the line Dave Mosey came over to check I was okay with the test, I reckoned I was. My time was only good for about 7th fastest, but I was pleased just to have got round without a mistake. Not for long.

Head still unsettled from the first test, my confidence was low as I sat on the line for the next one. ANCC reserve, Richard Wood acted as my next coach. Twice I ran the thing through my head and was convinced it would be okay. About halfway round I reversed off a stop-astride line and instinctively knew I was going the wrong way. Bugger! Then I could hear Richard's voice yelling

directions from the start line and somehow managed to retrace my route and correct the mistake (as per BTRDA rules). The damage was done, however and the time taken was not much short of a washout. I was gutted. It's bad enough on any event to get a test wrong, but much worse when other people are relying on you.

The organisers had split the entry up so that half of us started on test one and the rest on test 3. Thus I had the benefit of watching some competitors on the next two before I had to attempt them. By comparison test three went well with quite a respectable time, but a reverse chuck at the wrong gate on 4 left me shuffling Heepy to get back on route.

Steve Morten admitted he was struggling to get back on terms with the Nova after competing for the past few months in a rear-wheel-drive sportscar. The extremely hot weather was also playing havoc with the Nova's cooling, Steve having to rest it between tests. Meanwhile Dave Mosey was just getting on with the job as usual. He's not National Champion for nothing. At the end of test 4 he was in the lead after swapping fastest times with Paul Swift, a mere 1.3 seconds adrift.

By now I was getting hungry, so I decided to do the next four tests then have lunch. Halfway round the first one I went for reverse after a stop-astride. I let the clutch go, but Heepy just sat there not moving. Now what! People were pointing, so I reckoned something was bust and got out to push. Mike Holder kindly helped me back to the paddock, the marshal chasing after us with my time card. Further inspection showed the offside drive shaft had snapped, testament to the very grippy surface at Rufforth. With welcome assistance from Dave Mosey and Jon Graves (they actually did most of the work) the offending item was duly replaced and I was ready for battle again. On checking my time card I noticed that the marshal hadn't written anything on it for the last test – it should've been a washout. Feeling I'd had enough bad luck for one day I drew up to the line and handed my card to a different marshal, who I've known for a long time, but shall remain nameless. He said to me in a low voice, "You can't do this test again." I pointed out that no time had been entered on my card. He wittered a bit more about other competitors possibly putting in a protest. I was prepared to take the chance. I did the test and got a reasonable time, no one did protest.

The second run of tests was completed without further problems and some more reasonable times. Heepy was working better than ever since the gearbox problems had been resolved, but the time lost on test 2 would be difficult to claw back. Finally I could have some lunch.

Lunch and the tropical weather didn't do me any favours. The tuna, cucumber and Marmite sandwiches lay heavy on my stomach (hey, don't knock it 'til you've tried it). Suddenly, the sticky tarmac and almost slick Yoko's proved too much for my right arm. I had to turn the wheel with both hands when one of them should've been on the handbrake. I lost a stack of time to my class

colleagues, but still managed to hang on to 4th in class. Dave had now pulled away from Paul Swift by almost 22 seconds, but Steve was still struggling with the Nova 5th in class.

For the final push I decided to break out the Mars Bar, accompanied by a slug of caffeine. It worked! I pulled 10 seconds back from 3rd placed Nick Darkin (his dastardly brother now residing in New Zealand), but not enough to displace him. But for my discretion on test two I would've been in front of him.

The ANICC Team from Ireland kept it together and took the Inter Association Challenge Shield in fine style – does this mean we'll all be driving over there next year for the return match? Watching them load a Nova, Sylva Striker and Mini Special onto a Tranny van and trailer was an education in space saving.

Dave Mosey took FTD from Paul Swift by 29 seconds and, with Steve Morten's 5th in class put the ANCC A Team in 3rd spot. The AWMMC A Team of Roger Holder, Gavin Dickson and Chris Atkinson (in his awesome Scooby Doo engined buggy) took a worthy 2nd place. Best B Team went to the ANCC crew of Jon Graves, Ben Morten and David Sowman.

A cracking days sport and there was still Sunday to go! Back to a messy house.

Howie.

Gymkhana

Who had to pit for new tyres after the organisers chase?

Who mooned at Howie as he passed through the flying finish? (More stripes!)

Deep South Tabletop Rally – Part 3

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 2 answers

1. What is the grid reference of the section start?	940.25 317.50
2. What is the grid reference of the section finish?	978.25 328.00
3. List the last 5 junctions (YYY, YBB, etc)	www,wyy,yyy,ywy,ywwy
4. How many WWW junctions do you use?	9
5. What is the most westerly point of the route? (grid reference)	906.00 299.25

Section 3

Section 3 starts 950m grid north of the end of Section 2

							In Order
							In Order
							Not in Order

Section ends at the next junction.

(Continued over)

1. What is the grid reference of the section start?	
2. What is the grid reference of the section finish?	
3. List the spot heights passed	
4. How many red diamonds are on your route?	
5. What is the most westerly point of the route? (grid reference)	

Sunday 22 June 2003 Do You Get Wafers With It?
Steve Powell Autotest
ANCC/BTRDA/ANWCC Championships
Huddersfield Motor Club

What a difference a day makes. At 6.45 am I woke to persisting rain! A quick check of the clock confirmed it really was 6.45 and not 8.35 (check for yourself). Undeterred by the rain I still donned the wired shorts – yesterday had been so hot it would almost be a pleasure to be cold.

By the time I arrived at the TDM Friction Proving Grounds near Sherburn in Elmet the rain had stopped. On checking the three tests laid out it was discovered they were almost identical to last years event and to be run three times. Much simpler than yesterdays tests so I was looking to redeem myself with some good times. The entry list was huge. Most of the previous days competitors were entered with the notable exclusion of the Irish Team. I think they were hoping to enter on the day, but with a maximum entry of 50 competitors, were refused a run. A long way to come for half a day's sport. The general consensus amongst competitors was they should've been allowed to run.

Those who entered last year were looking forward to test 3, which used one of the perimeter roads and necessitated 2nd gear (or third if you had one and were brave enough to use it!). The difference in surface to Rufforth was very apparent doing back-to-back events. Saturday was very grippy whereas this one had a covering of loose on it. All very chuckable tests though – great fun.

Test three proved to be my undoing. Being allowed to drive flat in second gear obviously gave me more adrenalin than I could handle. At the finish the time marshal got a radio call from one of the line marshals (most of the test being obscured from his view by crops) to tell him I'd only got one wheel over a stop-astride. Only a 5 second penalty, but I was annoyed all the same.

An hour and a half later when the rest of the competitors had finished their first run it was time for my second and the sun was out, accompanied by a very sultry southern breeze. This waiting time is ideal for analysis of the tests to see

where time can be made up. And it was put to good use to shave half a second off test one. This trend was carried on to the second test, which was going perfectly until the last gate. I stopped astride forward and grabbed reverse, dumped the clutch and hit the throttle. All I got was a load of revs and no movement. At first I thought I'd snapped another drive shaft. Then I noticed the clutch pedal was still stuck to the floor – literally. I kicked it hoping it would release – no bloody chance! So I released my belt and reached down to grab the pedal with one hand. It still wouldn't budge! It took both hands to pull the thing free, then I could select reverse and back off the line to finish. The air was a little blue as the marshal gave me a time that he said was looking like a stormer. It cost me around 14 seconds.

This problem has happened before when part of the pedal catches on the steering rack 'U' bolts protruding through the floor. As I was waiting to do the next test the offending pedal was bent well away from the 'U' bolt. Screaming along in second gear I was determined to make up some time. Slid it nicely over the first line, grabbed reverse and dumped the clutch. There was that high revving noise again! No messing this time, belt off, grabbed the pedal with both hands and pulled it free. Through the red mist I can't remember on how many of the six gates the pedal jammed down - something like 3 or 4 – each time requiring two hands to pull it free. Something was seriously wrong. Not sure what the line marshals thought as each time I stopped astride my head disappeared under the dashboard! Cost me about another 17 seconds and completely wrecked my day.

Back at the paddock, further investigation revealed the fancy new Sparco pedals I'd fitted last year had been catching and slowly wearing away the edge of a metal floor plate until it finally got past, then jammed solid! Absolutely bloody marvellous! A borrowed hacksaw from Richard Wood soon had the thing cured! There's something very bad about this year – think I must've killed an albatross in January or something.

I was not alone in my troubles. Two consecutive days of competition was taking its toll on cars. In our class Nick Darkin was also having a torrid time and even Dave Mosey was seen getting his new Mini saloon crossed up on the second test – didn't stop him from stuffing the rest of us on his way to FTD though.

Over lunch I decided to just have fun for the rest of the day, but the third run of the tests didn't provide any consolation nor good times.

Owing to the large entry the organisers decided to stick with the same tests for a fourth run as setting out and learning a new lot would compromise the number we could get through.

A banzai on the first one saw me pick up another 5 second penalty when I got three or four wheels across a stop-astride line. I remember chucking Heepy through 180° across it, dropping the clutch only to shoot backwards rather than

forwards. I must've automatically slotted the thing into reverse without thinking, instead of leaving it in first – hell, is the brain really going? Answers on a postcard please.

After the fourth run I was determine to make amends on the next one and spent more time analysing where I could improve. Then someone told me the fourth run had been the last! It was approaching 3.30 and it took 1½ hours to get everyone through. Some of the competitors had travelled a long way so it was only fair to call it a day. I was disappointed not to have the opportunity to improve my times though.

After loading up I checked the results. Dave Mosey took a comfortable win from Duncan Wild. Not surprisingly I was 6th out of the 6 in my class. I decided not to hang around for the presentations and sloped off home rather disappointed.

I was even more disappointed when I received the results some days later and spotted a washout for the first run of test two. It was obviously a mistake by the results team, but too late to do anything about it now. Half an hour after provisional results are declared is the time allowed for protests. That'll teach me to check the times before I leave. It would've put me in 5th and, without the clutch pedal problems, 4th. Water under the bridge. Now Heepy seems to be working again I'll just have to look forward to the next one – unfortunately that's not 'til August.

Howie.

Seen Saturday 28 June 9.30 a.m. on Freetown Way, Hull – hover mower waiting on the pavement at a pelican crossing. (No, I *don't* know why it was there – I just report this stuff, okay?)

Sunday 29 June 2003
Curborough Sprint
Larkspeed League Championship
Sheffield & Hallamshire Motor Club

Blessed with one of this summer's many hot sunny days, SHMC put on another of their sprints at this popular venue. Jon Meacock brought out the refurbished Golf Gti, resplendent with many new goodies and looking for more Larkspeed points for the Club.

The three competitors in Jon's class included PCT and autotest competitor Jon Graves who'd brought along his Vauxhall Astra.

Following the usual practice runs on the 1557 yard course, the real meat of the day began. Due to the low turnout, three timed runs were permissible. Throughout the day Jon played around with tyre pressures in an attempt to improve his times. During his discussions with Jon Graves, Jon discovered that he'd been lowering the Astra's pressures for each run whilst the Golf's had been increased.

After the three timed runs, Jon's first run in the Golf turned out to be his quickest, putting him 2nd in class ahead of Jon Graves and notching up more Larkspeed points in the process.

Howie.

The ATS Coracle Stages Rally - Sweet Lamb - 6th July 2003

After a very long journey we finally arrived at Sweet Lamb to be eaten alive by midges. But as it got darker they must have gone to bed.

Carl had arrived earlier and put the car through scrutineering so all I had to do was decided where to sleep (in a tent, on gravel, or the car) and have a few chilled beers.

After another very early start, we got signed on and prepared for the event.

Stages 1 & 2 went appallingly. The words "I'm lost," "not as map" and "oh my god" were frequently heard. Looking down a 200ft drop whilst racing through the stage makes you very nervous! By comparison stages 3 & 4 were excellent. We made up nearly 25 seconds and enjoyed every minute of it. I even managed to keep a track on the map of where we were!

During the lunch break we checked the interim results and were 3rd in class. A good position so far. And, for the first time, we didn't need to repair the exhaust. The exhaust tunnel Carl has fitted seems to be working a treat.

Stages 5 & 6 went really well. We managed to stick to the same times as in 3 & 4, but now the stages were being run the other way round.

There was another short service before the final 2 stages when we had the opportunity to check our times and positions. We were still 3rd in class, 8 seconds behind the 2nd placed car and 35 seconds behind the class leader.

We really pulled it together for the last 2 stages and it paid off. Everything was spot on. We managed to gain 15 seconds on the last 2 stages, so fingers were crossed that we'd gained a place. And we did!

Final results showed us 2nd in class, 13 seconds ahead of 3rd placed crew, but still 35 behind 1st. With 20th overall we were ecstatic. Our best result so far. Andy Carter and Andy Townend also did well, they came 1st in class and 7th overall, a fantastic result.

Can't wait till the next one now!

Jo Briggs

Armstrong Massey Rally 2003 – Graham Gardner

This was always going to be something a bit different. It was my first event with a new driver and just to add to the spice, he was bringing his Porsche out to play. Those of you who know Gav will be aware that he has a phrase; "How big are your b***s?" I was about to find out. In the weeks before the event I received a great deal of helpful information, ranging from 'don't believe what he tells you for letter boards', to 'kiss your ass goodbye'. I am not sufficiently supple to manage the latter, but I challenged Gav on the former and was confused by his reply. "Don't worry," he said, "I've got eyes like a shithouse rat." I don't know many shithouse rats, so I was not sure if this was a good or a bad thing. As it turned out it was a bit of both. He certainly saw the boards OK, but misread about half of them (dyslexia rules KO – *Ed.*).

I was told that the event has a dress code, so I duly turned up in black tie, but it appears that this requirement had been relaxed somewhat. Never mind, at least I could hold my head up, since my man had managed to find a pair of the correct shiny black shoes. I mean to say, one simply does NOT accessorize one's dress suit with shabby tan brothel creepers and C U Jimmy hat.

After much silliness at noise and scrutineering, the event got under way with a run out to Middleton on the Wolds. Handout 1 was sequential grid lines, taking us via Nunburnholme and Warter to the start of Regularity 1 at Millington Wood. The array of cameras and spectators at the hairpin slot left brought out the showman in Gav. He grabbed the handbrake, and the tail came round beautifully. He slotted straight into gear and shot backwards. The next attempt

at a gear got us going forwards again, and we managed to proceed in the brisk manner recommended by our Clerk of the Course, dropping just 1:17 on the section.

Regularity 1 proved to be the highlight of the evening in terms of our position. We dropped 2 minutes on the next section through Meltonby and Great Givendale. I knew where the route would take us, because the next control was a rejoin point with a direction of approach notified, but I struggled to plot the herringbone instead of just going for it. More time slipped through our fingers on the following section. The navigation here was simple, with a list of features to pass through, but in a grid and the sequence was more than my ancient brain could cope with. In the circumstances, a loss of just 4 minutes can be considered an achievement. I suspect that the timing had been eased slightly to overcome a PR problem with a resident in Thixendale. This section seemed to catch out a number of crews, as we saw cars buzzing up and down the A166 in both directions.

The last section on Card 1 was a sequence of via map references, which I plotted too slowly, so a further minute disappeared. Our troubles were just about to begin in earnest.

Card 2 opened with a Regularity that used tulips without directions of approach and departure. I tried to fit this to the map several ways, but had no joy. We got to the staggered crossroads just south of Leppington and found cars approaching from the other direction. Gav asked if there was a control on the road they were approaching from, which there was, so we retraced our route. This involved some more brisk motoring. We still got back to the same point without passing the control, so we failed that section, and had no handout. We plodded off (briskly) in the direction of petrol and my one flash of inspiration took us along the yellow into Youlthorpe, where we found a control, which turned out to be STC15. We were back on route and not too far behind our correct minute. Sadly, we had collected 3 fails and ruined any chance of a good result.

One glimpse at the map told us where the next section was going. Yapham 90's anyone? We proceeded briskly out of the village and found the correct way round the grass triangles. Gav was both amused and irritated by the tyre tracks up the bank on the last, but one 90 left. He was amused that someone had motored too briskly, but irritated because the lucky b*****d had found the only dry bank along that road. Gav's own indiscretion had been into one of the many ditches, costing a win on the Beaver a couple of years back. Did anybody find out whose tyre tracks they were? (He asks innocently) Our time on this section was 1:55. We might have been a bit quicker if we hadn't caught Tim and Rodger along the way, but we might not, as they had spotlights and we didn't. On reflection (pun? – *Ed.*) that didn't slow Gav down anywhere else. Eyes like shithouse rats you know. This is not a criticism of Tim. There was nowhere to pull over even if he'd wanted to.

Petrol was available at Hewson and Robinson in Barmby Moor. We nearly didn't make it that far as the sight of numerous young revellers making their precarious way home distracted Gav. All we can say is that they remained more or less vertical and we got to petrol.

Card 3 could not be any worse than card 2, so we resumed with renewed determination, but I was very annoyed with myself for failing to solve a section. I can't remember the last time I completely failed to plot a control, although I came close on Tim's 12-car.

The first Regularity section on card 3 was more tulips. I sorted these out at the expense of some time, but at least we got the correct route for the rest of the event. Our caution led to a loss of 6:43 on the section, a massive five minutes slower than Andy and Mike. The story was the same on the other two Regularities. I hate H and V navigation and it only makes matters worse when it's called LAT and LONG. Gav must have read these instructions out to me about 10 times, but eventually I plotted something that went past the right combination of grass triangles and Give Ways. We dropped 5:59, but the fastest crew on this section were Tim and Rodger on 3:02, so we were not as bad as all that.

The final fling on the event was a Regularity over Wharram Percy wold. The navigation for this was a page full of map references. I took one look at this and decided to guess the route with a quick check of the black spot and the locations of the Route Checks. We only dropped 1:20 on this section, but Car 1 (Graham Hepworth/Iain Tullie) managed to get within 25 seconds of cleaning the section. I find this incredible, as Iain said he had plotted the whole section and they were out in a Cavalier Diesel. Taking the piss, or what?

Gav was pleased to get to the finish with his car intact, although he thought for a second that he had creased the rear nearside wing. We had landed heavily on the road out of Birdsall and a glance at the wing during a pit stop while we were waiting for our minute nearly caused him to pee himself, as well as the verge. The crease he could see was the rally number, so end of panic.

All that remained of the night was breakfast and wait for results. Matthew's results service is renowned as the quickest in the World and we were amazed that the results were available before the teapot and infinitely more worth waiting for. Our 4 fails (some fool booked us into a control early) put us fourth in class and with the first 3 picking up 1st – 3rd overall, we were promoted to 1st Expert. You don't need to know that we were beaten by 2 Semi Expert crews, or that the Dimbleby's retired from 2nd overall after ¾ of the event. You do need to know that the organisation was slick and that the event sponsor (who I had not previously met) lives 2 doors away from me. He (Peter Billam) is not anti-social, so it must be me. Thanks to Gav for a wild ride and what a fantastic car. Team Penguin could be here to stay!

Graham Gardner

“Quotes”

“.....At one ‘o’clock, which is really midnight.”

Matthew Atkinson clearly suffering from a lack of sleep on the Armstrong Massey road Rally.

“It's huge, can I hold it?”

Miranda Krestovnikoff from Channel 4's ‘Wreck Detectives’ getting excited about a copper rod.

“Dramatically increase the life and effectiveness of your septic system.”

The bloody email I keep getting from someone called Lathrop Wertenberger. Hope he/she reads this.

Wheels exclusive!

Club member named in sex romp!



These explicit pictures were obtained by 'Wheel's editor *Howie* in a recent visit to the home of club member Danny 'Boots' Robinson. They feature Mr Robinson with an, as yet, unnamed co-respondent plus a pair of knee-high black boots. The offence allegedly took place at the abode of Mr Robinson on an undisclosed date during 2003.

In a tight-lipped interview Mr Robinson refused to answer questions put to him by the Editor. However, in response to the question, "Why were you all wearing dressing gowns," Mrs Robinson blurted out, "We'd just had a bath!"

H.E.

12/13 July 2003 Where's The Wedding?
Armstrong Massey Road Rally
Larkspeed League Championship
Beverley & District Motor Club

A low entry didn't detract from the enjoyment crews got from this event. More akin to an oversubscribed 12 Car made it a very friendly atmosphere throughout. And great weather to boot! A hot sunny day, evidenced by Andy Beaumont's striped torso, gave us a warm evening at the new start venue of The White Horse Theatre Bar in Hutton Cranswick.

Cutting a fine dash at the start were Beverley crew 'Mad' Gav Smith and (must be equally mad!) navigator Graham Gardner, resplendent in full tuxedo. With the Peugeot 205 waiting for a new engine, Gav brought out the Porsche for an airing. We all held our breath!

Dry dusty conditions didn't deter Andy 'Stripy' Beaumont/Mike Petch from taking an early slender lead from John and David Dimbleby after the first time card with Ilkley's Graham Hepworth/Ian Tullie being almost a minute behind the leaders. Beverley's Chris Dunn/Mark Edwards, debuting their 205, picked up their first fail of the evening putting them 2nd Novice crew behind Malton's Richard Wardle/Gareth Frank in their Nova. After clouting the front of the car on the last section before petrol, some frantic searching for a loss of coolant gave Chris and Mark a fright, but thankfully only needed a top-up.

Gav and Graham weren't being 'mad' enough. A general lack of pace being blamed on poor lighting (hell, there was enough from the bloody moon to pedal it quicker!). Tim Rodgers, aided by Rodger Cunningham, was also having a bit of a lacklustre night. The pace was there, but two fails on the first card leaving them languishing in 12th. The field was down to 15 now with the loss of Chris and Paul Turner's Astra, a lack of retardation spoiling NHMC's only entry.

At the end of the second time card however, the leaderboard looked quite different. Graham Hepworth/Ian Tullie had hauled their Cavalier to the top

whilst displaying great frugality in their use of diesel. No topping up for them at the fuel halt! Petchy had a tough time on the maps, dropping him and Andy to third behind the Dimbleby's. Chris and Mark were still looking good despite picking up a second fail after Novice leaders Richard and Gareth notched up 3!

By the finish however, The Dimbleby's had sadly retired. The car was still running, but the XR2 had been seen with its bonnet up earlier, a suspected broken engine mounting being a possible culprit. This promoted Andy and Petchy into 2nd, some 5 minutes behind winners Graham Hepworth and Ian Tullie. Ilkley scored themselves some further useful Larkspeed points with Dave Chapman/David Taylor rounding off the top 3. David & John Tubman took the Semi Expert class whilst Chris and Mark unfortunately picked up another fail, dropping them behind Novice winners Richard and Gareth, 5th and 6th overall respectively. A good effort nonetheless.

Gav and Graham kept the tuxedo's and the Porsche in pristine condition, taking the 1st Expert award, Gav intending to use the Armstrong Massey 'Stage' award wind up his brother Mike. Tim & Rodger hauled themselves back up to 8th by the finish to take the 1st 'East Riding' trophy.

The route was generally declared enjoyable by the crews although Gibby's navigation proved a bit tough for some. No matter, the organising team did their usual thorough job despite having to convert it from a stage event earlier in the year. Hopefully a venue can be found to restore the event to its original format for next year, but the word on the street is not good.

Howie.
