

EDITORIAL

THE congratulations of us all to Mike Sutcliffe and Roy Fidler on their excellent performance in the Alpine. I feel slightly contrite for publishing that photo of them falling off Mont Ventoux last month. But perhaps Mike will forgive me and perhaps it will encourage us lesser brethren to know that even winners of Coupe des Alpes can make mistakes. Well done, Mike and Roy! Now let's see what you can do with the Liège. At the same time as Mike was winning his Coupe, a remarkable thing was happening. During that week Britain had three major motoring successes. Jim Clarke won the Belgian Grand Prix in a Lotus; the Morleys won the Alpine and Healeys took the team award; and in Sweden, Mini Coopers collected an outright win and the team award in The Midnight Sun. I reckon this is the first time any manufacturer has won two International Rallies and two team prizes in one week. Bully for Britain. Bully for Jim Clarke and Lotus, and Bully for B.M.C.!

You will note the fully International flavour of this month's Circular with reports on Nurburgring, the Alpine and the Acropolis. And I was going to comment on the Le Mans organisers' shoddy treatment of Colin Chapman and the Lotus 23, but I feel it might prompt me to unworthy language. Let's just say that the Lotus 23s were, to everyone's eyes bar the organisers', as much within the spirit of the Regulations as the winning Ferraris and well-placed Porsches. The answer is that the Lotus's would have won the index, the only prize the French can still win. The Monte organisers have done this sort of thing as well. It's just rather French.

BISHOP'S MEDITATIONS

SOMETIMES I sits and thinks . . . and there doesn't seem to have been much time for thinking this time . . . Rumour has it that Sid Henson has signed Rene Trautman; this combination could be very dangerous, and Mercs. may well be shivering in their shoes. Rene is a very fine rally driver indeed, and has consistently beaten other drivers in cars much faster than his own . . . On the other hand, Eugen Bohringer has done very well since he stopped playing second fiddle to Schock and Moll. His performance in the Acropolis, which was not a big car rally, was outstanding . . . Eric Carlsson appears to be ahead in the European Rally drivers' championship, but several other people must be hard on his heels, among them Bohringer, Trautman, Walter, Moss and Morley, but there is still a long way to go . . . and so there is in the Formula One World Championship, but Graham Hill tops the bill at the moment . . . Did I tell you about the pal of mine (I have some, you know, even if no one on the Social Committee is speaking to me) well, this mate worked with a wealthy boss who had a Facel Vega, and both mate and boss are car mad as they say. Well one day, boss turned to mate and said take the car out and wang it up in third a bit, it doesn't seem right to me. Mate, while following these instructions along a straight but narrow road with wide grass verges, observed a car parked on one side and a bus at a stop a little nearer on the other side. However, there appeared to be a gap, and as the Facel was now wound up, rather over the ton, mate headed for the gap. Simultaneously, the bus left its stop and the car became unparked with the result that mate's gap was rapidly ceasing to exist. He decided on a Slotemaker and carried out the plan successfully ending up on the grass without a scratch. He said his prayers and joyfully decided that boss need never know, until he moved off, when he discovered that the car seemed to have square wheels. The spin had put a great big flat on each tyre. They still don't know what the fault is when its "wanged up" in third . . . Liège Regs. are out. The route is exactly the same as last year, but some time schedules are slightly easier, others are a little harder. The mixture is much as before, but

this year there will be no massed start from Sophia. As usual they are handing out the guff about hoping there will be more finishers than usual, when do they think we were born? . . . Rover conductors for the Liège, Ken James and Mike Hughes, Bill Bengry and Dave Skeffington, Johnny Cuff and Jeff Howarth, Ronnie Adams and Peter Rivière, a strong team indeed. . . It will be good to see Ken James back in rallying . . . Messrs. Ondura Limited at Hardings Road, Keighley, Yorks., have successfully remoulded some Durabands. Derrick Astle has a set of these, and while they are as yet untried, they look and feel alright. This could be very useful . . . and sometimes I sits!

MULLARD TROPHY RALLY, 23/24 JUNE

THE 2300 Club put on their Mullard Trophy Rally, which was a 200-mile event, starting from Mullard Works, Blackburn. The first car away at 11 p.m. being last year's winners, R. Kirkham and H. Beighton. There being no less than 39 competitors classified as Experts and Novices.

Knowldale produced a very good entry, there being 10 all told. Unfortunately some were A.W.O.L. before the finish. The first out were two new members of Knowldale with a Ford Special. After control one, they stopped to make adjustments to the timing when they suddenly realised they had a Ford Prefect in their boot, no more than a local who had been to his boozer and on his way home had fallen asleep! Second out was the John Grimshaw/Dave Ralph's Mini, who went straight on at a left-hander (due to Dave not knowing the road which had been altered since the map was last revised); luckily, it was a grass banking, but nevertheless it modified the front suspension (do more rallies on 94, Dave!) and they retired home.

So the rally pressed on to the Petrol Halt, where at this stage there were no clean sheets. At the Petrol Halt the Geoff. Hutchinson/Jeff Smith Herald was about to retire after considerable trouble with twin carbs that had only just been fitted and arrived 26 minutes late to learn that only 10 competitors had gone through. So they decided to carry on for the second half of the rally, trouble free, like a bomb! (did someone say it needed one?).

The second half of the rally found the Ted Rowland/Don Grimshaw Mini over Barbondale with Don feeling sick, which left Ted driving and navigating himself for two or three sections. It is rumoured that Don said "You know these next few sections, Ted, carry on". Don's sickness may have been due to eating too many chickens on the Friday or Ted driving. (Which was it, Don?)

The second half was now producing a much easier rally, nevertheless two more new members to Knowldale and on their first-ever rally, Mike Heap/Pete Kay in a Mini which they managed to roll on its roof at a tight right hander over Malham Moor. Being keen and enthusiastic, they put it back on its wheels to carry on to the finish, which to their amazement found they had come Third in their Class.

After a very good rally on Sheets 89, 90, 94, 95, and the Saturday night gale, Knowldale did not come away empty handed. The Geoff Hutchinson/Jeff Smith, Ted Rowland/Don Grimshaw taking the team award, and Heap and Kay taking the third Novices' Award.

The Provisional Results of Knowldale Members on going to Press was: J. R. Kirkham/H. Beighton, 3rd; F. Grange/D. Barrow, 4th; E. Rowland/D. Grimshaw 5th; P. Noad/B. Culcheth, 7th; G. Hutchinson/J. Smith 8th; M. Heap/P. Kay, 3rd Novices.

A protest being made at the finish could alter the positions. The rally being won outright by Halliwell/Cook, subject to . . .

G. H.

THE ALPINE by MIKE SUTCLIFFE

CERTAIN modifications and improvements had been carried out on the TR 4's since the Tulip, and the 2.2 litre engine was in use, resulting in a marked difference and a top speed of well over 100 m.p.h. We were reasonably confident of keeping our Coupe on the first two tight sections. Unfortunately, the Police closed the wrong road and made the first considerably easier. On the second we, as No. 8, were in the first batch of cars milling around a village looking for the start control. It turned up with 5 minutes to spare, set up a Frintogines and opened for business. Roy soon found that the clock was jumping 2 minutes at a time. It jumped the minute Pauline Mayman wanted and sent her into hysterics. We set off with several minutes in hand so that our only worry was that we would appear to exceed the maximum speed allowed.

Apart from the timed climbs, there was nothing more of interest on the first section which took us to Brescia, in Italy.

After a night's rest and a 5-15 a.m. start, we started with a 20-lap speed test at Monza. It was my first experience of this famous circuit and I was scared of its reputation, but needlessly, because the TR's took it easy as they had no one in their class to beat. The following trip into the Appenines was a mile-waster, but pleasant, with an Autostrada stop at a slick Motta cafe, and a two-hour snooze in the sun to use up gained time. There were some very silly special stages through Saturday afternoon traffic which drivers found easily on but they had to have a go with crash hats and the full treatment just in case!

During the night there were three tight stages, each over loose, twisty surfaces on roads which climbed into mist before descending to the next Control. On the second we went back to make sure a Passage Control had marked our card properly and very nearly lost a valuable minute. On the third we overtook an Alfa and a Porsche in the fog. John Sprinzel passed the Alfa but was rammed up the axle by it on a hairpin turn-off. John, livid, never stopped to see the Alfa's damage, but his own twisted spring mounting shortly afterwards put him out.

We left Brescia for the second time after a further 36 hours' rest, at 11 p.m. Everyone expected this section to be the toughest, and it was, starting with a storming climb over the Vivione: not as frightening as I had expected, but then I was too busy to look over the drops! Nearly 50 per cent of the cars left in the Rally were damaged at door level by an infamous rock, and David Seigle-Morris descended on a rear wheel disc and a prayer after a puncture.

There was nothing in the Regs. to stop cars booking in early within certain limits, but it was up to the Marshals to keep us to time when booking out. One tubby gentleman who had his own name stamp let havoc reign as cars booked in and out as they fancied. He was cursed up and down as this let saloons in front of the sports machinery.

Luckily, everything was put right on the Col d'Izoard, where we had to wait for another Control to turn up. The tit-bit we had all been waiting for was the double Entrevaux and Quatre Chemin section on which all the remaining clean sheets were lost except for 5. After it we had to take a "light" tow to Cannes due to a burnt out dynamo.

Everyone knows the result and about the mannequin show at the party, but here is a tale with a happy ending.

Dougy Watts was kind enough to run us back to the Gray d'Albion at 4-30 a.m., and just after he left us a Dauphine came out of a side turning ramming his A.110 at front wheel level. Dougy decided the mud-guard would pull out and was all for going home, but not so the Frenchie who demanded gendarmes. It was then discovered that that gentleman's insurance had expired at midnight, and Doug waved goodbye to him in his cell.

STANDARD TRIUMPH'S LATEST —

THE VITESSE

THIS car was kindly lent to your Editor for two days a week or so ago by Clarke's Motors, of Manchester Road, Rochdale. I picked up the car on a fine afternoon and was told that it had only 1,800 miles and was still a bit stiff. Since it was fine, the hood was lowered and the tonneau cover fitted over all but the driver's seat. The hood is very easy to operate and the well-fitting tonneau cover makes the car look neat and stops draughts circulating round the feet. The wind-down windows are a good thing, too. Like the Herald, the Vitesse is very easy to drive. One very soon feels at home in it. The two front seats are very comfortable, while the back seats are definitely of the occasional variety. I don't think there is enough adjustment on the driver's seat. I feel it should go further back. Also because of the larger clutch housing, there is nowhere to rest the left foot when not operating the clutch. But these are details, and I set off feeling secure and comfortable and enjoying the sun. Cruising down the East Lincs. at plus 80, the band was easy to hear and I enjoyed some music and the six o'clock news, all this with the car open. The all-round visibility is very good with the hood up, in fact, exceptional for an open car. The pedals are well placed and it is easy to heel and toe. The switches are well placed and once the lights are switched on, the twin headlights are operated on an arm from the steering column which also dips them. This arrangement I liked very much indeed. In hectic moments I have too often double declutched on the dip switch. The steering lock on the Herald is well known, and the Vitesse is similarly equipped. The gear lever is short and stubby and comes easily to hand, but I found the change a little stiff at low speeds. However, I think that this was just newness. The six cylinder motor was smooth and tractable and went very well, especially at the top end and will no doubt improve as it loosens up, but knowing that the car was new, I would have liked a rev. counter. Third takes you easily up to 70 m.p.h. and I am told even faster, but if you change to top at 65 or over, the car is already pulling well. The brakes, I think, were suffering from lack of use, for they were not impressive, but new disc pads can be difficult.

The steering was quite light, but not quite as positive as I had expected. This is not really a criticism, as it is perfectly satisfactory. The car rides very well and is impressive on a loose surface. The roadholding is very good until the point of breakaway. Let me emphasise that you can corner it fast without sliding, but when it does go, the back goes first, and it is not a very pleasant sensation. I think with the wheels set at the normal camber angle, unfortunate things could occur. However, it may be possible to do a slight adjustment, and anyhow, many people don't want to do that sort of motoring. The Vitesse does about 28 m.p.g., and is easy to maintain. The boot is adequate and the engine accessible. With the right driver and the right tune, these will go well, and ladies! this open model is just the job for you. Very quick for shopping and so easy to park. Just leave it anywhere.

We could complain about the lack of support we get at some of the Socials we organise, and it is these, after all that keep the Club going financially, and incidentally, there were quite a number of so called officials at the Hill Climb who we never see at any of our Social evenings. Give them a band for their arm and anyone would think they were the very being of the Club. The Social Committee are working all the year round for the Club, so please no more of these unkind remarks.—Yours etc.

MARGARET ASTLE.

SOCIAL NOTES

Friday, 20th July, is Crazy Nite at the Oldham Rugby Union Club, Keb Lane, Oldham. (Map Ref. 101/931019). For this we have booked "The Strollers", the same young group who played at the Barbeque last month. Admission 5/- inc. Refreshments.

If you went to last month's Barbeque you certainly will not want to miss the next one. So make a note of the date now, Friday, 7th September, at the Riviera Swimming Pool Norden.

My apologies to Dave Gregory for calling him Dave Powell in the last issue, I can't think why. Also to Geoff Crux for making a cox of his name.—Editor.

NURBURGRING 1000 k.m. RACE

Sorry, having been away for a month I have no gossip for you but I can relate my experiences and the happenings before and after the above race. I accepted the drive without thinking much about it but naturally when I did think I was a little apprehensive. However after my blunder into international racing at Oulton Park in April the entry list didn't feel half as frightening. Also of course on a circuit which is fourteen miles round you don't see so much of anyone, in fact on occasions I began to wonder if everyone else had gone home and I'd missed the chequered flag or somat.

I was to co-drive for a chap called Jed Noble of the Octagon stable in a M.G. Midget. I didn't know any one but at least I was familiar with the little M.G. and was frankly looking forward to racing it on this tricky mountain circuit. Jed turned out to be a very tall chicken farmer—unmarried—obviously looked after very well by his mother, despite all this he was a damned good trooper, had prepared the car with his own two bare hands and very well too. Only one thing I wasn't too happy about his choice of tyres, Durabands. O.K. in their place and I don't think that a circuit is the right place. However we agreed to differ on this point and use them anyway. The rest of the Octagon stable were a mixed lot, in fact a typical crowd you would expect to meet in any motor club, good fun, enjoyed their motor racing and were very devoted too it. Two had their wives with them and for ten bob for four days provided me with a mid-day meal, endless cups of tea and coffee, but that was all!

Official practice started on Thursday and we managed three or four laps apiece in the very, very wet conditions and were performing at around 14 mins. 60 m.p.h. With a very low back axle ration our top speed (keeping to 6,500 revs.) was only about 90 m.p.h., and we were obviously loosing out on the straights (although the ring is a very twisty circuit, in a slower car a lot of the bends become flat and in consequence a lot of the course becomes "straight"). In conference after practice we decided on a higher axle ratio to give us a top speed of about a ton. This took half of the following day's practice time but proved to be well worth it.

We got on the circuit for practice at about one o'clock, enough time for us to use a tank of petrol each. It was dryish and we expected to get our times down. As soon as Joe Soap got in to burn up a tank, of course down came the rain. Even so we got our times down to about 13 minutes which we considered was a reasonable improvement although by no means satisfactory. It was, however, the end of practice and we could only anticipate that during the race we would continue to learn the course and in consequence improve our times. Can you imagine our surprise when we were credited with a lap time of 10 mins. 4.4 secs! This meant that in the line up for the Le Mans type start we would be up amongst the big boys. In fact I think we had Baghetti's Ferrari on one side and Rodriguez on the other. It looked impressive enough but I was very pleased that Jed had the honour of starting. All that night he tossed and turned no doubt wondering how he could make a good start as this was essential to get some publicity from the timing error. We had already said "pull to the right and don't look to the left", can you imagine that angry pack roaring up at you. Cor' mate!

The day eventually dawned and it looked promising, the sun was shining and we thought we were in for a fine day. As the race starts at 9 a.m. we had to be up early and at the track by 6 a.m. to get all our gear to the pits, etc., etc. In the traffic that mills around in the paddock you can imagine that all of this time is necessary.

All the cars were lined up. Two minutes to go. Down comes the rain. Most of the faster cars were equipped with the wrong type of tyres and the car next to the M.G. decided to change them with only about 90 seconds to go before they started. Even though they baulked Jed a little he made a good start and was away with the Ferraris, Porsches, Astons and what-have-you. His tall head and shoulders towering above the rest. By the time he had got round the long hairpin and down the straight at the back of the pits he was in about 14th position and as they sped with roaring exhausts around the mountain I sat patiently twisting my thumbs whilst Jed did the first 8 laps (almost a tankfull) and in he came. I was of course all ready to take over, waterproofs on, crash hat, visor, gloves, etc. As soon as Jed was clear and on the pit counter I jumped in, settled into the seat and prepared for my 8 laps.

A sharp tap on my helmet and I was off, it was still wet but drying and this was a pleasing, and I may add, comforting thought. The ring is very slippery when it is wet. 2nd gear, third, brake, accelerate round the sharp left hander, a quick dab again, then a steady acceleration round a bend which is almost a full circle, as soon as the outside of the straight appears down goes your foot, in you go and right across to the outside of the track, accelerating all the time into top and down the back straight behind the pits. This is undoubtedly my own way and probably very different to the experts way, but it felt a treat, right or wrong. I was thoroughly enjoying it, and with all the crowds watching started to imagine myself a real racing driver. You know, "and here comes Gerret Van Astle, lapping the Ferrari in his little 1000c.c. Midget", round a left hander quite fast, a little right and over! "And there goes Astle a little sideways at the moment being passed by Reg Harris on his bike."

That soon awakened me, and made me realise that Motor Racing is dangerous. So I settled to improve my speeds by knowledge of the circuit rather than by verve. From the afore-mentioned left hander the circuit twists its way down hill through a wood and eventually comes out after a left hander at $3\frac{1}{2}$ Kmonto, a straight over a bridge, uphill over the brow, and immediately right. This they say was flat. I couldn't bring myself to hold my toe down yet however, but even so within a few hundred yards under the bridge leftish and leftish again downhill, I was up at max. revs. so had to ease off, still with about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile of straight to go. This is where in a small engined car one gets a little frustrated. Another easy left, but not so easy at 100 m.p.h., and into a sharp right-hander at Aremberg for which you need to brake fairly hard. I was pleased that Jed had decided on discs! Immediately we get a series of slight bends all downhill and flat. By this time I was steeling myself and holding the accelerator to the boards, down, down, down, the little M.G. fairly streaking away up to max. revs. very quickly. Into the bottom where you must hold the power on despite the natural tendency to lift, a sweeping left-hander, a little sharper right, and another short downhill straight (if this seems to be all downhill don't believe it), and up to a longish left which looks easier than it is and then into a sharp left. I have missed a bit out somewhere after the long downhill which incidentally is called Fuchsrohre, one gets an easy right with a wicked left and a sharpish right, this is called Adenaur-Forft. Here I found in the M.G. it was better to reduce to 2nd and get out of it as quickly as I could.

Honestly to go all through the circuit, detail by detail, would take up all the magazine. I have only described about a third of the circuit, and the easiest part at that. One of the most awkward parts to get right is the Karrusell which again is almost a full circle, but with a steeply banked concrete inside to it, once your in it's not too bad, but getting in needs prompt decision and action, no hesitation is allowed because half-in means you are out and amongst the trees. Since I had no excursion you can imagine I was straight up and in, round and out the other side like a blinkin jack rabbit (what's a jack rabbit?). I can only describe it as similar to using a Ski-lift for the first time, you know if you do it wrong, you don't half feel a mug with all the people watching. Once, upon entering this device I heard a pip of a horn and quickly dodged to the right to let a benignly smiling Graham Hill through, during the one-thousandth of a second that I had time to think of waving back I found myself in a heck of a predicament trying to get round the unbanked part of this very tight circle at about 60. Just doesn't do! With much twitching and side-ways motoring, curses, amusement of the audience, sweat off my brow, the road to my relief stopped bending. I was so relieved at still being on the road and in one piece I almost stopped, but suddenly remembered that I was in a motor race. I would add that the German audiences are very much appreciative of the private demonstrations of unskilled rally driving on their racing circuits and appeared to be clapping no end. Unless of course they were all trying to get their hands warm. I hared off after Hill intending catch him and shake my fist as I passed, but somehow my thoughts came back to the job in hand.

The circuit still remains twisty and continues to go up and down (contours) until eventually you come to what is known as the swallow tail—another banked part of the circuit, but a lot smaller this time, this sort of marks the end of the curves for me, for after a couple of easy ones and down a little hill one comes out onto the straight. During my first ever lap I could see the concrete bridge crossing the road about a couple of miles along the straight and thought nowt about it—but as you get nearer the gap between the top, and the road seems to get much smaller until eventually it almost feels impossible to get through, so much so that practically every one ducks. In fact the bridge is further on and down the other side of the hill hence the optical illusion.

During one lap a Porsche passed me at the beginning of the straight and whooshed away into the distance and eventually went over the brow and under the bridge—almost immediately the flag marshal on the brow started to wave his yellow flag frantically—as I came over the brow—Ee lad—what a mess. Bits were spread all over the place and the mangled wreck of the car just finished rolling to a crumpled halt. 'Taint a good thing to come across this sort of thing—bit off-putting like as you can well imagine. I was sure the driver had been written off. (I was pleased to learn after that he had been thrown clear.)

However I gritted my teeth and pressed on. Passing the pits my board read 12-29 and each lap I was knocking about 8 seconds off, there is a limit, of course, you can only knock 8 seconds a lap off if you are going slow to begin with. Mind you we were obviously doing O.K., we were lying 3rd in our class next to the Sprite and not too far behind it. The Lotus was leading and going like a train—not much chance of it falling out.

I remember on the 13th lap thinking what fun it was to tear round a track without a copper being on your tail. Mind you it was very necessary to watch your mirror, these fast boys come and go like the wind and it wouldn't do to get in their way. Round the long right-hander at the end of the pits—down the back straight—and round the comparatively easy and fairly fast left which by now I had off pat. Just like a real racer drifting nicely, or trying to on Durabands. Oohps, whose is that wheel—looks like a Duraband—crikes, it's mine! The car slumped onto the disc and I had to fight hard to keep it under anything like control. I sweated, steered straight, applied brakes hard—hadn't even time for a prayer. Up and over the bank to reveal a nice, steep, soft sweet, lovely grassy bank. Couldn't have made a better landing had I picked my own spot. Everyone came running, but I was O.K. as they soon saw as I hopped out, and incidentally so was the car. Minus the hub, no damage, and right in front of the grandstands too, much to the spectators' delight. I got a hell of a clap, which in spite of everything made me feel very good. I bowled the wheel all the way back to our pit to everyone's amusement. I thought there might be a chance of repairing it, not so however, and we were out after completing only 13 laps. Still it was very good experience and I hope to be back again next year.

ACROPOLIS RALLY

This year, as in the past, the Royal Greek Automobile Club once again excelled themselves with the mixture as before. Identical route to last year, but with the difference that easy sections last were speeded up, and likewise impossible sections were made just possible. The British competitors were Pat Moss in the big Healey, Four Works Rapiers, and our Four Works Anglias, against works teams from Saab, Volvo, Mercedes, Citroens, D.K.W., B.M.W., and Warburg from East Germany and Skoda.

The impressive Start at Athens on Thursday night from the Acropolis setting heralded an easy first day, heading almost to the Turkish border at Alexandropolis for Lunch and back to Serrai early evening before the rally proper commenced, after meeting the Graz starters . . . Immediately into two very fast Special stages very fast and sweeping and drama! The three works Rapiers were out within one mile with big ends gone on number three, but everyone else was through with a few marks dropped by mainly the smaller cars. On through the night to the rough Special stages near Kozani and here the Fords were all intact and apart from Ken Chamber's brake trouble, very sound. However, Mercedes had lost one car, but Bohringer in tremendous form was leading easily from Trautman and Carlsson. Also Skoda and B.M.W. were minus one car each, and Skogh in the Blown Saab was minus brakes and only just made the Control in time. The only Cooper Mini left in was also well down on time.

Thence to Volos in the early morning and the fabulous two Special stages where drama always unfolds itself. Anne Hall was leading the class, Sam and I were just second from the D.K.W., with Ken fourth. Henry Taylor was also going well in the G. T. class lying second to Walter's Porsche. The time schedule here was the tightest of the Rally and took in two Hill Climbs at the start. On the rough stage one of the Citroens damaged itself badly but kept going, Rosemary Smith in the last Rapier lost it, and spent 30 minutes retrieving the car, and a B.M.W. rolled and was out. We were going well until we had a puncture just before the first stage, within a mile of where we had one last year. Through the stages, penalties on the first, clean on the second, flatters for the Control is 17 kilometres. Three to go, flatters through left hander, whoops! sharper right, lost it, got it, lost it, crash, bang, stop! Through wall on Railway. No way off, down the line, round corner, cyclist on Railway, what's that B.F. doing here, Horn, Cyclist over wall. Stop. Laughter and swearing. Start, Stop, Gang of Workmen, car back on road. Control—just made it. Mechanics, three new wheels, slightly twisted car and bent Stub axle. On we go slower, only two teams left.

Into next Special Stage and more swearing, no steerage. Stop. Another Flat, only this time New Wheel had bad valve, curse Dunlops, lose 178 marks. By this time, we only had to keep going to win. 450 miles! Through 3 stages and one hill climb. We made it, with 5 wheel bearings replaced due to the Stub Axle, and a little time lost. The Finish, with 32 cars arriving, on to Sunday and the Race and Final Hill Climb, with Citroens and the Anglias the only two complete teams. Take it easy on the Circuit and finish, were the instructions, and success. Back to the Astir and the Water Ski-ing, just made it! Celebration, and thanks to Sid Henson and the Ford team mechanics for wonderful support and organisation, to give Sid success on his first trip.

Congratulations to Bohringer on a wonderful drive, to Pat who just got the Ladies from Anne, and all concerned with the rally.

PHIL CRABTREE.

IF YOU WANT TO GO RALLYING . . . AUGUST :

18th/19th—Bolton Rally Bolton-le-Moors. M.
25th/26th—North Wales Rally B.A.R.C. M*.

SEPTEMBER :

1st/2nd—Jeans Gold Cup Liverpool M.C. M*.
8th/9th—Hawthorn Rally Craven M.C. M.
8th/9th—Illuminations Rally Morecambe C.C.
15th/16th—Godiva Rally Godiva C.C. M.
22nd/23rd—Burgess Bowl Rally Glossop & Dist.
29th/30th—White Horse Rally Airedale & Pennine M.C.C.
29th/30th—Waterloo Cup Waterloo & Dist.
29th/30th—Border Counties "200" Rally Oswestry & Dist. M.C.

OCTOBER :

3rd/4th—Regent Rally Stockport M.C. M*.
6th/7th—Dowty Rally Dowty M.C. (Cheltenham)
13th/14th—Black Trophy Cavendish C.C.
20th/21st—MINI MIGLIA KNOWDALE C.C. M*.
27th/28th—Dusk 'Til Dawn Rally Huddersfield M.
27th/28th—Norwester Rally London M.C.

NOVEMBER :

10th/11th—Donald Healey Trophy Austin Apprentices
24th/25th—Fiona Ellison Cavendish Car Club
M.—Motoring News Championship Events.

* B.T.R.D.A. Silver Star Events.
G. B.T.R.D.A. Gold Star Events.

—OR HILL CLIMBING . . .

Aug. 19th—Baitings Dam KNOWDALE C.C.

—OR SPRINTING . . .

July 28th—Aintree Sprint B.A.R.C.

—OR AUTOCROSS . . .

Sept. 23rd— ? Lancs. & Cheshire M.C.

Anyone who would like regulations for any of the above events, please mark and return to Competitions Secretary : G. D. Grimshaw, 28 West Drive, Seedfield, Bury, Lancs. If the regulations are not to hand they will be forwarded as soon as possible.

If you cannot compete in any of the above events, perhaps you would like to marshal. If so please contact A. J. Ridy, "Aysgarth", 203 Manchester Road, Rochdale.

EGERTON ARMS

(CHAPEL HOUSE)

Ashworth, Rochdale

Free House

::

Tel. Norden 58202

Come and have a Pint of Your Choice with the Knowldale Crowd

Whitbread's, Flowers', Tetley's Bitters

Ramsden's Best Mild, Younger's No. 3

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ANY NIGHT IS CHAPEL HOUSE NIGHT

: Large Car Park :