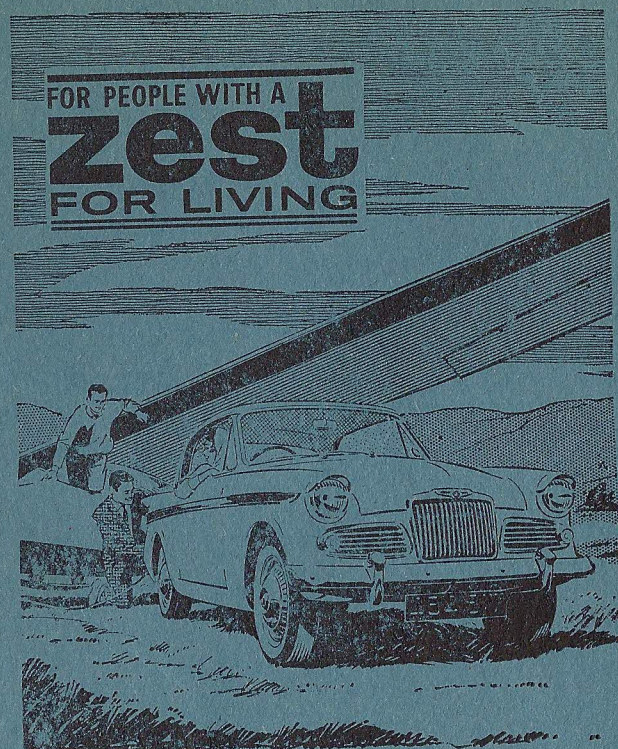




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MARCH, 1962

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Editorial

THIS is it, our club magazine. And if it is going to "go", then it needs your support. Let me know if you will write a rally report for us. If you disagree with our comments, write and tell us. Let's have a lively correspondence column. Our editorial staff will be delighted to hear from any members. If we are going to keep up to date with what is going on, then the news has to get through to me, so please don't sit on information which might be interesting, useful, or amusing to the rest of us.

What a great Rallyist Erik Carlsson is! Very few people would dispute his driving ability, for although he has never been European Champion, he always seems to be knocking on the door. He has, of course, won the two most recent championship events to be run, the "R.A.C." and the "Monte". Reliable sources report that on the Monte Erik had a minor collision with a rock face on the Col de Turini. He pressed on to the end of the stage, recording a rapid time, and then drove on to his service car which was a mile or so outside Monte.

He was earlier than expected and his mechanics were not around, so Erik and his co-driver removed a battered wing, headlight and door, and replaced them with the identical parts off the service car. They then washed down their car and left the scene in just over twelve minutes.

By the time you read this, no doubt it will be old news, but it has just arrived here by special messenger from Flossies. Triumphs are to re-open their comp. shop, with Graham Robson in command, and John Spinzel as number one conductor. The job of running a Comp. Shop and a team in International rallies is a very difficult one, and often rather a thankless task, and it usually goes to someone with some experience in International rallying, and it is certainly a bold step on the part of Triumphs to ask Graham to do the job. For he has done very little International rallying. Did somebody say he had done two? And it is brave of Graham to take on the job, but he has shown in British rallies that he has considerable ability and, of course, he knows most people in the game, which will give him a good start. I certainly wish him every success, and it will be good to see Triumphs back again. John Spinzel will, of course, be a tower of strength to the set-up, with his vast experience of continental rallying, women, etc.

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THE MINI MONTE, 27th/28th JANUARY

by David Ralphs

WHEN competitors signed on at the Crescent Hotel, Illsley, a list of black spots was handed out. These were to be avoided. At 6-50 p.m., car number one, the Grimshaw/Ralphs Alpine, collected the first route card and went to the first control just out of town, which they were due to leave at 7-15 p.m. The rally headed north via Grassington, Kettlewell, and Wensley, to Gow Tree, and then west via Dent by-pass, this time not flooded as it was two years ago, to the end of the first section just south of Kendal. In Kendal competitors enjoyed supper at the Kendal Hotel, where the topic of conversation was "Any advance on 40 clean sheets?" Route card two was handed out at Priet filling station, 20 minutes before competitors were due to leave. From here there were several "tight" sections of 4, 5, or 6 minutes en route to Ulpha. Between controls 29 and 30, the Grimshaw/Ralphs Alpine stopped as the front bumper started to bend against a dry stone wall. The comment of the crew caused the passengers' window to open.

About 40 minutes later, the Whitehead/Rowland Volvo had a "moment" here. Five minutes was allowed for Hardknott, and 8 minutes for Wrynose. Control 35 at 329016 saw the start of a rather rough white road to control 36 at 308946. From there back to Priet to refuel, and in 10 minutes plot the remaining 15 controls on route card 3, which led eventually back to the Crescent Hotel at Illsley, in time for breakfast.

Before the start it was known that ties would be decided on the "longest wheelbase" and the big argument was, "will it be Volvo, Healey, TR, Alpine, M.G.A. or Morgan?" At 11 a.m., after some tape measuring the results were announced. There were 13 clean sheets, something unheard of in the Mini Monte. There has only ever been one clean sheet before. Although Knowltdale were not an invited club, they had 10 cars entered, of which seven had clean sheets. Congratulations to John Whitehead and Ted Rowlands, the outright winners, and to the other clean sheet boys.

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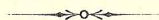
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KNOWLDALE ON THE MONTE

A GREAT deal has already been written about the Monte, so this is not an attempt at a report, but rather a few random observations and comments. The French are pretty good bunglers, but it takes the French and the Scots together to make a proper mess. The chaos over vaccinations in Glasgow is just the sort of thing to take your mind off rallying.

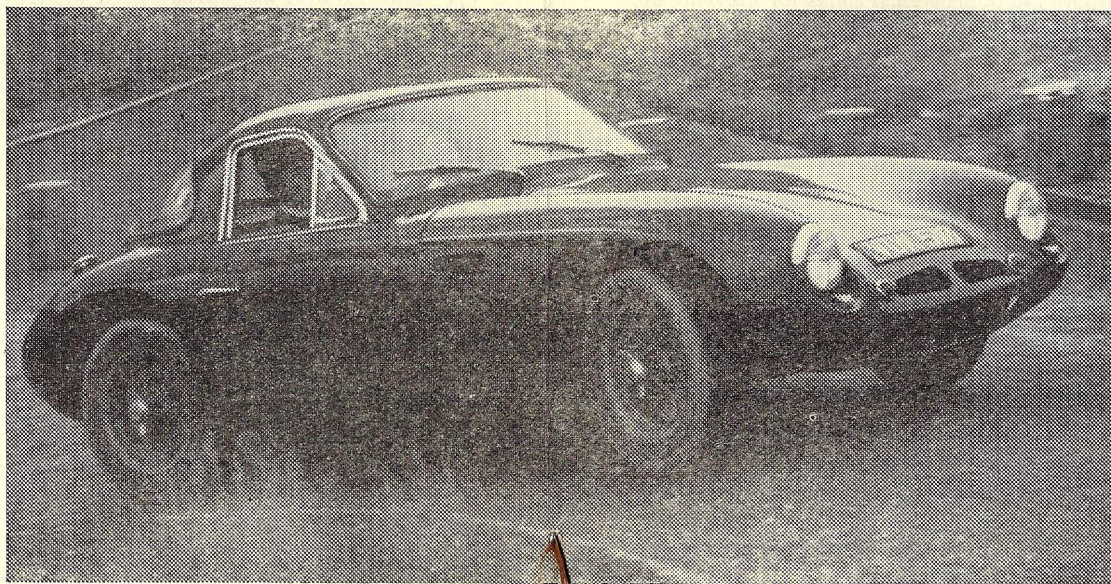
It was good to see Marcus Chambers waving competitors through on the Wetherby by-pass. Most people had an uneventful run to Dover and when we got over the other side, who should we meet but the Bullough/Loxham/Woolley Rapier. The crew had managed to tear themselves away from Paris, but the party still seemed to be going on. I saw Saville at most controls, and he was usually well equipped to keep the liquid content up. I think this crew was one of the few to take full advantage of the French generosity. Free brandy, free champagne, was all accepted with open mouth.

The Tour Alcoholic continued. Saville was having a ball! Anne Hall complained bitterly as it became more obvious that most of the special stages would be free of snow and ice, and that a group one Anglia was not the car for the job. How could she possibly hold Pat and a Cooper? However, she must have driven jolly well to come 40th in the general, and her performance round the houses was beautiful to watch, and very quick. Thanks for missing me when I was twiddling, Anne.

The Astle/Sutcliffe/Glenton B.M.C. Barge made excellent time on the special stages, and would undoubtedly have broken up the Mercedes monopoly in that class had the brakes not failed right at the end of the last special stage. However, in spite of making a very large hole in a beautiful pink wall, they made the finish in the slightly modified A.110.

The Mabbs/Aaltonan Cooper went extraordinarily quickly until it happened. They were just a few minutes behind me and overtook me on three of the special stages, so I had some opportunity to observe their performance. It looks, from the figures, as if they would have finished second to Carlsson, had progress been maintained. A vast number of Minis, Coopers and otherwise, qualified for the round-the-houses dice, nearly every race had one or two of them in it. It will be a long time before there is such an easy Monte again.

BISHOP'S MEDITATIONS



"REV. COUNTER JONES" ("THE BISHOP")

(by courtesy of the *Rochdale Observer*)

speeding up the Baitings Dam Hill Climb.

SOMETIMES I sits and thinks . . .

I have a very comfortable bucket seat in my Mini just now I believe these and other goodies can be obtained from Peter Riley, who has an office in the showroom of David Hiam Ltd., Plough Garage, Minworth, Sutton Coldfield. Peter's side of this excellent establishment (where there is a welcome for most Knowldale members) is an offshoot of Auto Accessories, Reading, which is run by Trevor Clark . . . New Zephyrs are entered in the Safari, so they should be announced any day . . . if they are half as quick as "they say", then Mercs. haven't much chance this year . . . The A.D.O. 16, the bigger Mini, must be coming quite soon. I saw one in the "chrome" the other day and prototypes don't usually wear chrome. It had Riley on the radiator . . . and thinking of Riley again, Pete is marrying Ann Wisdom on March 10th. They decided the date just after our dinner . . . I'm sure all Knowldale members wish them every happiness and lots more rallying . . . Special stages are all the rage. They were used on the Yorkshire, and regs. for the Hopper and the Scottish both advertise special stages. And what a good thing, too, if we are to train drivers for Championship events, then this sort of Rallying is essential. Almost every International now depends on special stages, except the Liege, which only has one, starting near the Austro-Italian border and finishing in about the same place ~~two and~~ a half days later . . . In the re-shuffling this season, the names of Riley and Astle have been linked for the Tulip and the Alpine, and perhaps the Liege. What a very strong combination . . . What a very good do the dinner was, such a good party, in fact, that I dare not risk a report on it. It was excellent to see some of the younger members collecting pots. Well done, John Clegg and Bill Lovick . . . Some of the boys went over Yorkshire the other day to collect some pots from a BARC do at the Claptrap Inn or somewhere. Afterwards, the Loxham Jaguar headed for a supper venue, and Mike Sutcliffe went to sleep in the back. He couldn't be woken for supper, and the next stop was Rochdale. A good run was made over the top, and the passengers were just remarking on this when Mike woke up. "Two and a half hours for 60 miles from the Claptrap Inn to Rochdale", says Mike. "I don't call that good . . . I hear Emy Rosqvist is going to Mercs.; are any of the other girls changing their allegiance? I think some of them are . . . and sometimes I sits . . .

THE BISHOP

C-H-I-T C-H-A-T-T-E-R

GOOD old ROY DIXON. His wife has presented him with a baby girl on February 18/19, and both are doing well. Thanks for hurrying up, Mrs. Dixon, we want that husband of yours. He's one of our best navigators, even though he does go on a bit.

DAVID RALPHS and GEOFF PARKER seem to be leading the gay bachelors' life at the moment—in separate directions, mind you—but both with the same object in view . . . Not you, madam, either!

The MAC bloke has just moved to his new address. When's the "house warming", ARTHUR?

Who's the chap called MORGAN in plus fours?

DON GRIMSHAW'S changing his navigator regularly now—You still won't get away with it, mate, when you take Val Domleo on the Express and Star. Your Big Sister will be watching you.

DAVID and JUDY HIAM are expecting an increase in September. Just when he was going to win the Liege, too.

TED ROWLANDS. Anyone heard of this guy rolling any cars lately?

How much longer are MIKE and JACKIE SUTCLIFFE going to put off their house warming?

DEREK ASTLE'S expecting another in March . . . an Austin Healey.

Our newest member, ROBERT GLENTON, hasn't been seen since ASTLE and SUTCLIFFE left him in Monte. Must be delayed shock. Maybe he's rebuilding the pink wall.

No holding JONESIE since he did so well on the Monte. Drives about like the devil (whoops!)

Rumours—ANNE HALL for Rootes . . . TOM GOLD for Triumphs . . . HENRY TAYLOR for Triumphs—direct from the rumour department. No responsibility accepted.

MIKE SUTCLIFFE and ROY FIDLER for Triumphs.

It has been suggested that young women under 21 should be allowed to join free.

NOTE FROM ADVERTISING MANAGER

As your advertising manager, I must remind you all that we can only go to print through the generosity of our members who have taken advertising space for the first twelve month period. As you will also see several of our trade friends are also supporting the magazine, and I think they deserve your support wherever you can give it. Please bear this in mind when buying your new car. Read the adverts, please. You may also be able to pass business in the direction of other advertisers, too. We still need more advertisers, please.

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SOCIAL NOTES

THIS year for the first time, the Annual Dinner and Presentation of Awards was combined with the Annual Dance, and proved a great success. The meal was excellent, the speeches were short, as usual the bar was busy, and even some of the "Circus" were seen dancing. There was a good party somewhere afterwards, which carried on until breakfast time, we hear. No map references were given, just the name of the town, and at 3 a.m. a line of cars was seen parked at the traffic lights in Heywood, the occupants still trying to figure out just where this party was being held. A search party was out looking for them, so no doubt they made it before breakfast!

Our next event is a Social Evening and Potato Pie Supper immediately following the Annual General Meeting, on Wednesday, March 28th, at Birches Hotel. For our April Social Evening we are organising a Select Dance at Crimble Cottage Club, Bamford, on April 25th, 8 p.m. till 12 midnight. 5/-. So come along and join us.

This is what some of our Socials look like to our hard working Social Committee.

This is what they would look like if more of our members would come along and join us.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

March 3/4	Targa Ruciana—Rally.
March 28	Annual General Meeting, Birches Hotel.
April 14/15	Trio Rally—Joint Knowldale, Blackpool, Furness.
April 25	Dance—Crimble Hotel.
August 25/26	BARC N.W. Rally.
September 8/9	Hawthorn Rally.

ANNUAL AWARDS

NITE-LITE TROPHY.	RON WILSON
TWI-LITE TROPHY.	REG. McBRIDE
KNOWLDALE TROPHY.	PETER PROCTOR
RUSSELL HAWORTH TROPHY.	BILL BENGRIY
TURNER TROPHY.	
(Aggregate Sprint Award)	
MERCURY TROPHY.	ARTHUR RIDY
DONALD HEYWORTH TROPHY.	ROGER SUTCLIFFE
(Winning Navigator)	
MOTOR TRADERS' AGGREGATE	JOHN CLEGG
TROPHY, 2nd.	
MOTOR TRADERS' AGGREGATE	ARTHUR RIDY
TROPHY, 1st.	BILL LOVICK
CRABTREE TROPHY.	
(Best performance in International event)	Mrs. ANNE HALL
SESTRIERES TROPHY.	
(Best BMC in International event)	DAVID HIAM

AGGREGATE TROPHY POINTS

Driver :	Navigator :
BILL LOVICK 68	JOHN CLEGG 68
ARTHUR RIDY 63	ROY DICKSON 59
ROGER SUTCLIFFE 59	
DON GRIMSHAW 50	
PHIL CRABTREE 50	

THE YORKSHIRE RALLY by DA3

THIS can only be written from a driver-competitor's eyeview. The night was clear, despite the organisers' prayers for snow, ice, fog, or any element that would make the rally a more appalling task than any other previous Yorkshire. The fog had lifted and all my fears as a driver were gone. The usual hustle of navigators marking maps, newcomers signing in, crowds jostling for position to get a good look at the marked maps displayed at the start of all Yorkshires. I left all this and took my car for scrutineering—never very thorough. I wonder why they bother. "Go on, give the throttle a blip" shouts the man on the noise meter. I obliged. "Watch it 99%". Now a Healey is always 99%.

Sutcliffe, last year's winner, is No. 1 off, Grimshaw, Astle, Fidler, etc., etc., all Knowldale members. First thing I remember was at the first control. Waiting for our time to come up before clocking in we heard a gentle "bleep" of a horn; nearly time for off. "Blow the marshal, he'll have to wait now." Bleep, bleep, very gentle. Quick look in the mirror. A Mini, "Crikey, it's Mike"—with a blushing Crabby we hastened to let them by before shooting off into the dark and adventurous night.

All night long Mike drove like a rabbit being chased by a pack of wolves. Two great howling, squealing, red Healeys. We found some rough roads reminiscent of the R.A.C. special stages, but of course, at nothing like the same average speed.

Our first bit of undoing was on one of these like roads. Rough as hell, with long, deep, filthy, black, muddy, oversized puddles. Swoosh! one plug misfires. Swoosh! two more plugs lose their spark of life. Splutter, swoosh, gurgle, swoosh (much deeper and longer). Utter and complete darkness as the filthy, black, inky, muddy water covered our windscreen. It seemed ages before the wiper blade came back and cleared the screen. The engine fluffed to a complete silence, no response whatsoever to the starter, or my cursing and swearing. Out and wipe the leads was the only answer. It was hellishly muddy underfoot, but fortunately for us, there were no more cars in sight from the rear and Don Grimshaw's lights were rapidly disappearing in the distance after booking in at the control, which was only about five or six hundred yards away. A quick wipe, bonnet down, strap fastened—and off! But no, the engine still wasn't responding to the starter at all except for that odd fluffy bang through the exhaust. Another quick wipe and lucky for us the engine burst into song. With muddy feet slipping from the pedals we pressed on to the control knowing full well that this was goodbye to our clean sheet.

Two minutes we were late. All so stupid because we had plenty of time to get to the control. During all this time no one passed us, although we could see the lights of our immediate followers in the distance. This gave us heart. It meant that at least the next two competitions had lost marks. We speed on into the night, now a little light drizzle had decided to test our wipers and battery. We take a slight wrong slot, in my haste to ensure losing no more marks I over-cooked it on an unannounced long right hander which tightened up, turned chicken, lifted and turned understeer to oversteer and proceeded toward the left bank broadside on, only in sheer desperation did I manage to accelerate. Whew! This is the sort of thing best left to Continental rallies in works cars. Still, we had to press on if we didn't want to lose any more time, so we did and immediately came upon a right-hander

which looked a fast one. It was, but immediately we came upon a wide, deep looking ford. Now it may not have been wide or deep, but in the fleeting glance that I got of it coming out of the corner all crossed up, it looked like the English Channel. I managed to get it straight before we hit it . . . Swoosh! we were through, all wet and dripping, engine dead and rolling up the road freewheeling. Never get to the control like this. Another quick wipe and to our amazement it started at the first touch of the starter. By now, of course, we have developed a system, by mutual understanding rather than by words. I was trying the engine whilst Frank kept the bonnet open. Soon as it started, slam went down the bonnet. Trickett was back in and we were off. Unfortunately this little episode cost us another minute. Still, no one else passed us, so we pressed on undaunted.

Now we come to the first special stage. We had no idea what to expect, but fortunately it turned out to be a good surfaced road on a War Department tank testing ground, I think. Off went Mike, then Don. It seems ages when you are waiting for the Red starting light to change to green. Plop! and we are off. The first straight wasn't as long as it appeared, but we got round the sharp right hander O.K., accelerated away, easy left, easy right, easy left, over a bridge. Bailey bridge, too, with wooden boards for a surface. Velly nice, velly greasy. The car twitched and we got over it O.K. Not so some of the following competitors, however. On we sped, faster and faster, sharp rights, lefts, seemed never ending, and then in the distance a white finishing marker. Hurling towards it for a flying finish, I suddenly realise that it is only to mark a very bad right! Good job we had discs, otherwise I fear we would have gone hurtling straight on. We grovelled our way round the corner somehow and over the cattle grid to the finish, only to find that the timing mechanism had failed and had to do it all over again.

Off again, and into a wrong slot almost immediately. You know the sort. When you're in, you're in, and boy, were we in. Touching the chassis, so that the slightest acceleration dug the wheels in and all traction was lost. Cost us 10 minutes, and I must say knocked all the interest out of the rally for both of us. To add insult to injury, the battery went flat through a slipping fan belt, and for the rest of the night I drove with hardly any lights at all, often following other competitors without lights. And we do it for fun!

After breakfast and during the dreary run in we did the second of the two announced special stages. This was a first class and well-devised effort. On a disused airfield not using the main runway, but the roads which run around the hangars, airmen's and airwomen's billets, etc. Most of the roads were covered with moss and not Miss Moss either, the green clinging type which made the roads very slippery indeed. One particular stretch which, I am sure, went behind a toilet, was abominable. 'Twasn't nice, 'twould have been better had it been ice.

Pat Moss, with David Stone navigating, won the rally from Roy Fidler and John Hopwood, who were second and Don Grimshaw and Horace Beighton, who were third.

No. 34—Retired. Hit wall at Wass, and demolished front end, also 30ft. of wall.

No. 48—Retired. Shortened Wheelbase.

No. 103—Retired. Sump Plug no longer plugged.