

R.A.C. RALLY, 1964
Greystoke Forest
(or down in the forest Knowldale stirred)

As in previous years, Knowldale were invited to organise the Special Stage in Greystoke Forest, near Penrith, on a Monday night during early November.

This, of course, is a wonderful opportunity of seeing the "lads" in action, and also of giving encouragement to competitors from the Club, such as the two Mikes, Sutcliffe and Duckworth, the Bishop and John Clegg, Don Grimshaw and Roy Fidler, and other "county members".

An advance party of members went up on the previous Sunday to arrange the details, such as laying out the course, charming sundry animals back into the woods, and make the acquaintance of the "little ones" that kept popping out after we had passed to knock down arrows, change the signs, and put a few logs here and there.

Mr. Harte and No. 1 son, Stewart, did their usual very thorough job laying out communications between start and finish, and finish to stop line, stop line to start, and so on, etc.

Chief Marshal Harold "Gum Boots" Watson gathered his marshals together at the start entrance, and shepherded them through in a dirty great crocodile—fortunately without losing any of them.

The turnout of members and friends to help run this stage was tremendous, and my sincere thanks must go to all, particularly those who had struggled through extremely foggy conditions to get there. Suffice it to say that there were over 70 people engaged in the organisation.

On approaching the start control I was alarmed to hear harsh words of command being barked out, and people running in all direction. But all was well, it was the i/c start, "Bilko" Crux, giving his team a run through. I really felt sorry for the little chap who was running with the card from the clock to the car, either he wore himself down 6 ins. or made a groove in the gravel, but he certainly worked hard. At that moment the order was disturbed by some "Noddies" (drunks) in Mini-Vans, who came screaming through, only a matter of

minutes before the first car was due. Arthur Ridy gave chase in true James Bond style, but without radar screen and machine guns in side lights was unable to find them, until at one corner he came across them waving beer bottles and things at all and sundry. Your forest commander (Eroll Flynn-type) tackled them, verbally, and on receiving instructions on what to do with certain parts of his anatomy, retired ingloriously.

And then it began, cars proceeded through the forest to the accompaniment of assorted crashes and crunches, with the observers muttering at each noise, "Hairpin, Culvert, T-junction". With a great deal of satisfaction, we checked up at the end to find that only three cars had come to grief, and one was a marshal.

Proceeding to the finish caravan, I found the team there really "roughing it", exposed to the elements, fighting tooth and nail, for what? Why, food, worthily prepared by Margaret Hutchinson and Willie Lowick. It was then we found that after all the Hartes' hard work, some individuals had cut the plant wires, which meant more hard work for Stewart, who literally ran his new Mini-Van in, going from start to stop line and back.

But all was well eventually, and the cars continued to come through with very little delay until closing time arrived, and suddenly the forest was still and quiet again—until 1965.

Bill Turner and Jack Duckworth join me in thanking all the people who turned out to organise a really successful stage. Please come again, same place, same event, same time.

Best Club entrant story of the Rally. Comments on the poor quality of his auxiliary lamps on one stage, on reaching finish, grabs Lucas representative and bellows biblically, "Fix my lights", and said representative replied luridly, "What b— lights?" They had all dropped off.

Any member who feels he is entitled to R.A.C. badges and year bars please forward names and requirements enclosing 4½d. stamped, addressed envelope. 1964 year bars will be available very shortly, but I have some stock of 1963 and 1962.

A. J. RIDY.