

RALLY CHAMPIONSHIP POINTS CLAIM FORM

DRIVER NAVIGATOR

EVENT DATE

ROAD: RESTRICTED: 15 OTHER: 10

STAGE: MULTI-USE: 10 MULTI-VENUE: 15 NATIONAL: 20
INTERNATIONAL: 30 RAC: 40

CLASS: ENTERED AS KCC? YES / NO

POSITION IN CLASS: No. of STARTERS in CLASS:

KCC CREWS BEATEN: (6 POINTS EACH)

Fill in on dotted lines and circle event details as necessary. Give or send to Steve Tweedale within one month of event. Official results must be available. Please write a brief review for the newsletter.

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KNOWLDALE CAR CLUB

NEWSLETTER



MAY 1993

Quiz of the Month:

What has Paul Stringer done to get behind Angus Deayton every week on 'Have I Got News For You?'

HAYDN'S FAMOUS FIVE SCARBOROUGH FAIR

A BLOWN OUT OF PROPORTION NOVEL BY ERNIE

The Names of characters in this story have not been changed to protect the innocent from ridicule by those who are in the know.

STARDATE 28.03.1993

Are we all sitting comfortably, then I will begin:

Once upon a at time on a gloomy cold night somewhere in Rochdale the gang of five stood talking around an unfinished project that resembled something of a MK1 Escort from the early 70's, suddenly a large shadow appeared in the door way.

"Quiet" said Haydn "someone's coming". It was big Tel.

"What are you Planning this time 'H'", he grunted.

"As a matter of fact Big Tel we're going on a picnic to Scarborough". As the words came from his mouth a flash of intense light appeared in the far corner of the den, an outline came forth.

"Hi there everyone " a voice shouted.

"Shit, it's Ernie", Mike yelled out still holding a shaky torque wrench.

"Just been transported from the planet Rallyon, what's doin down here " still clutching his toy phaser in his hand.

Mike piped up "Were going on a picnic to Scarborough - Coming ?"

"Your darn right I am ".

The group of five packed up and loaded everything conceivably possible that could be loaded into a transit van.

The rally bimbo asked. "Shall we take the dog ?"

"The dog has been dead you plonker for over three weeks", Stringer shouted.

"Well what's this fluffy thing here ?"

"Probably Terry's dinner from last week!"

Haydn called the group together.

"We'll meet here at 5.30am on the dot everyone and we're not waiting for anyone, so be here on time."

He said with a grin, he knew that if any of us got caught climbing out of our windows at that time in a morning we were done for. Stringer came sauntering across to Ern.

"Hey Ern, I don't like heights maybe I can pinch the key for the front door and get out that way".

"Stringer you live in a bungalow you idiot "

"Oh yes I do".

It was 5.30am the morning was crisp and bright the gang all arrived in time carrying goodies for the day, we all jumped into the Transit van and set off for our adventure to Scarborough. Who knows what was in store for us when we got there. My story continues. The van screamed its head off as usual, in its bright orange paint, looking like a portable advertisement for Fanta, we had only a few requests for stop me and drink one.

Stinger shouted, "hey what are those bright fluorescent triangle things".

"I'm not sure" Haydn answered still trying to release the hand brake from the last roundabout.

"Lets go and take look". We followed the signs with eagerness to find ourselves confronted by a man wearing a bright yellow plastic bag, with no sleeves in it and tied up with a bit of string. Behind him was a huge sign 'MOD property keep out RAF BASE ".

"Wow" the Bimbo said, Probably the only ride she would get today!

"What do you lot want " he said, still clutching his foot from where the wheel had flattened it.

"What going on round here sheriff mate " Mike said

"I'm not a sheriff I'm a marshal" Ernie pulls out his phaser,

"Martians, Let me have'em"

"Marshals not martians, empty head", said Mike still gazing at the size of disc brakes on a Meteor Jet plane

The President was standing proud on the hill top slugging and shouting at the clouds, "go away ", or something in french or dutch, it made no difference the clouds stayed put. The team of agents arrived and made there way over to the presidents aids. "When is the briefing taking place", Bond asked "In about ten minutes, I suggest you all go to the caravan over there and sign in ", one of the aids replied The president marched in with the usual trail of brown nosers lagging behind looking as if they are important but on the face of it you'll get more sense and attention out of stuffed parrot. He made his way to the front of the men and addressed them, "I live at 34 the manor !!!, sorry men just a joke""Some ...king joke, get on with it", agent stringer thought to himself "Well then, as you can see by this venue there is a carnival parade taking place here today ", "How observant " one of the agents shouted " and many of these vehicles being old and past there will not make the steep hill so take care as you trot around, the organisers have made a runway for these guys to charge up the hill and presumably to have as karioke for the rest of the day, but our task is to watch over them and see if the KGB operator who we know is in the parade makes his or her move and passes the micro film onto the crowd, I'm in no doubt that this agent can be captured this afternoon, thankyou for your attention men and you agent Stringer can come down off that door case."

The President made his way to the door were a pilot escorted him to the awaiting and very warm Apache Gunship helicopter armed to the teeth with weapons and doughnuts. Stringer took the floor and designated everyone to there post. "... and Agent Bond and Yoric can watch over the second hairpin. Right men lets get to it."

All the cars were shuffling around trying to get pole position to charge up the hill, a few dents bangs and some loud voices could be heard amongst the din of roaring engines. The first car attacked the hill and made it over the top, cheers came from the other drivers, car after car in the appalling weather they attempted the HILL, more and more cars passed agents Bond and Yoric. An hour had passed then Bond realised that one of the drivers had been up the hill on more than one occasion. "Heh Yoric, see that red escort over there, if I'm not mistaken the that driver has been passed us three times now, it's pretty obvious to me that this Sunday driver needs a visit from us ." The Tart who's code name had been adopted for this operation made her ascent to the hill, on her approach Bond pulled something out of his pocket. "What's that Bond", Yoric asked "It's a time freeze capsule that 'Q' sent, watch this". he waited for the car to come closer and smashed the capsule to the ground, in a flash everything around stood still, perfectly still, agent Yoric was like a gate post, birds were suspended in animation, flags stood like cardboard, no rain no sound ,the red car with the Tart inside was motionless, no wind or rain. Bond ran to the car opened the door and searched for the micro film, he searched the Tarts body in all places, well why not, it's not every day you get the chance to poke around a woman's hand bag and get away with it. He found the film strapped to the gear lever, he removed it and made his way back to Yoric and waited for the time lapse to fade, 5.4.3.2.1... the sudden rush of noise startled Bond, Yoric was not aware of what had happened, Bond didn't explain.

"Look here Bond old chap", Yoric demanded, "I'm freezing my nuts off here and I suppose the rest of the unit are as well, lets call it day, I don't think we can do any more here and I'm totally drenched" "OK then lets go back to base I've done my bit " Agent bond sent the micro film by carrier (Big Tel's Cycle Service) back to MI5 Head Quarters. All the other agents squelched back to their vehicles and drove off. No one said goodbye kiss my butt or anything else, mind you would you say anything after standing in the pouring rain a sub zero temperatures on a bloody hill they shouldn't have bloody built in the first place, well believe me or not you should have been there.

THE END

Watch out for the next episode in the adventures of Haydn and his motley crew in "Thunderbirds are GO !! " coming to a Car Club near you.

fire, to be thwarted by a group of eager and bemused marshals. We meanwhile were left to park up for the fourth and final time, with the rally and season in tatters. Despite all the problems (and there other mud related ones too numerous to mention here, we thoroughly enjoyed our first multi-venue, first two-day, and first time on pacenotes rally.

Thanks go to Superwaterproofman (Dave Pedley), and Jane (our service crew), and Steve, Mike and Nik for lending us various bits to help us along.

Maybe next year!

Paul GRIFFIN, Roger EMERY

PS If anyone's got a spare Manta rally engine they don't want, please contact either of the above and we'll do our best to blow that into small pieces as well!

HAYDN BOND IN THE MI5 BY ERNIE

Agent Yoric had agreed to the night before to meet with agent Bond at the safe house precisely at seven forty five am., the pass code being four knocks at the front door or a brick thrown at the top window. Yoric arrived at the given time at the safe house, he made sure that no KGB operators were on his tail. He approached the entrance, knocked four times and waited. No answer from Bond came, He knocked again, no answer. He stood back and looked around for a suitable object to target for the upstairs window, he found what he thought was a small lump of wood, not knowing the size of the dog next door, he proceeded to carry on. He crossed the road and worked out the trajectory to the window, that was OK, the distance, that was OK, he launch the projectile, the wind wasn't OK, sending the missile slightly off course, At this time the neighbour next door opened the window fully to be met by a lump of animal waste travelling at around Mach 2, "what the dam was that", she cried out, as the bits bounced off her forehead, "Christ it stinks."

Agent Yoric in true MI5 tradition made for the rear of the safe house slipping on the remains of what he had not thrown. During the commotion agent Bond answered the rear door. "Ah alas poor Yoric you look wet come inside and dry off and wipe that crap off your feet as well". "Had a late night Bond". "Just a bit, got chased around town by two KGB operators." "Well then Bond we've got a job to do, all I know is that we must retrieve a micro film from one of our agents and we are to meet agent Stringer, and the Clone Rangers at eight this morning and it's getting late so lets move"

Bond and Yoric set off to meet with the other agents, the rain and wind was at is worst, a black plastic bag was blown down the street but on closer inspection it was a dog blown inside out. The Agents met in some low down back street cafe, they all sat with there backs to the window slurping tea. One of the clone rangers spoke, "I believe Agent Le'Trekky is due to arrive soon, wow what in the name of Christ is that." The rear of the cafe lit up like an atomic bomb. "It's only Le'Trekky", agent Yoric called "loves to make an entrance you know, one of these days he'll arrive in bits, that'll sort the sod out". "Hello men, H.Q sends their greetings, I've been given this device for you Bond, Q tells me that you know what it's for and be careful it's the only one in existence." "Thanks le'Trekky." "What is it" the second clone asked "I'll show you later, anyway were are we going le'Trekky" "It seems we have to meet the President at the the "HILL" "What THE HILL", Yoric gasped "Sorry men but that's our orders the president will brief us when we arrive."

"Your not coming in here unless you've got a vehicle to compete in this great once in a life time Treasure Hunt", Haydn's eyes glared, you could see the thought bubbles rising out of his head, it would have been his hair but its a bit thin to hold such thought,

"Here's one I prepared earlier", he said. We all looked out of the back window and saw that 'H' had sneaked a trailer on the back of the van loaded up with smaller Fanta machine with a label stuck on the back of it .. 'Nova Corsa'..

"Let's go for a ride then boy's and girls", he cried Stringer had just arrived back from the men's room not knowing what was in store for him, Haydn handed him a map, some books and a bag of butties

"Were going on a treasure hunt Stringer, you read the map and I'll drive".

"Oh are we"

"Yes" The rest of the gang unpacked their goodies and put the kettle on, Mike and Haydn rolled the gleam machine off the fragile bogey which was attached to the van with zip ties.

"There's a lot of aircraft around here" Ernie said armed with a phaser to slice samples from the airframes on display.

"I'm quite sure Star Fleet will like a few samples of relics for their museum".

"Put it away" the Bimbo said

"I've not got it out yet", was the sarcastic reply. Strapped to the roof of the van was a large blue box with a roll cage bolted around it, just then it came loose falling to the ground just missing the Bimbo.

"What the hell is this thing" she said with her hair still on end.

"That's Stringers proto-type rally car", Ernie pointed out, still reading the lettering on the side 'Portaloo' "I'm not getting my tools full of crap servicing that" was the remark Mike made still measuring the diameter of the disc brakes.

"You lot"! One of the sheriff's's called, "Let's take a look at your car, better put some lights on it'll be dark when you get back".

We got out the cello tape and stuck four Ever-ready torches to the bonnet. It took another hour or so to fit a commode into the navs seat before Stringer would get in, when he was satisfied they loaded the car with goodies, spare pampers and some maps.

"Put your helmet on Stringer there maybe some rocks falling later, we don't want to break the fall with your head do we". The sheriff's called them over to start looking for the treasure, 3-2-1 they were off. Stringer was hanging on for his dear life shouting out things like 90 left, watch that bridge, hairpin, oh Jesus, more pampers. Haydn was yelling were are we going,

"I don't know", was the cry. "There's a man over there with a flag one of the sheriff's's deputies, Stop the car and I'll ask". The deputy came to the car and give Stringer a number or something, Haydn said "Write it down on the card", Stringer thought 'ah' this must be another clue to the treasure. He wrote it down and drove off into the distance at a leisurely pace, not a cactus or chicken was in sight.

"Lets find a quiet spot to empty the commode Stringer" He agreed and they went in search for somewhere to dump the nuclear waste. They found a large area of ground with lots of vans and other waste disposal vehicles driving back and forth dumping waste with yet more marshals and deputies waving flags and clocks, in the far corner of the disposal area they could see the bright orange Fanta Van and drove up to the rear. Mike, Ernie and the bimbo leapt out to meet them. Stringer ran to the nearest public relief point. "Found any treasure yet" bimbo asked.

"No not yet, I've found a few used pampers on the floor of the car, must be Stringers, anyway a chap give us a number of were to find the next clue so were going off to see if there is any treasure there, you meet us at the sea front and I'll let you know how we get on". Mike, still shouting at Ernie to put the Gameboy down.

"One more Klingon to kill and we are on our way" Ernie said totally engrossed in the next century.

"Lets fill up then, See you at the sea side 'H'". Haydn and Stringer took off looking for the next clue to find the treasure, the rest of the gang made tracks for the sea front.

"Thirty yards turn right and the sea front should be in front of us" the bimbo called out. As Mike indicated to turn right he applied the brakes, the van didn't stop at first, the spares did, arriving on cue to the shoulders of Ernie, the Bimbos head and the wind screen.

"Crazy bast***" we yelled. "Listen! A megapin is coming down the street". Just as the window was wound

down mike popped his head out and saw to his amazement a postman on his Honda 90, Flat out, head on the handle bars, the postbag flapping like a wind sock in the air doing about forty M.P.H. "Megapin my foot" the Bimbo said still rubbing the back of her head from where the oil can had hit it. "Park up on the side of the road over there and we'll wait for 'H'" Mike parked up the van, Told some kids to sod off, we don't sell drinks, he switched on the radio and we waited, and waited, listened to the radio and waited. Two hours had passed then we saw a small figure of a man on the horizon running down the road, there was something wrong with him because he was not running in a straight line, he aimed his body towards the van and poked his stupid head through the window, the man couldn't stop laughing, he knew something funny had happened then he mumbled out some words.

"Pick Haydn up at the mount" The Bimbo thought for a moment 'Mount'

"Stop Dreaming" mike said "I know the place pretty well" We set off at such a rate of knots that we forgot to untie the rope that was tied to the fence that was still tied to the van that was bouncing down the road, by the time we arrived at the mount the rope was only two foot long and no fence was attached.

"Where's the bloody rope Mike", Stringer said "Some kids must have pinched it"

It was pretty obvious by now that the Fanta car was bent a little here and there "Never mind then, put the car back onto the bogey, and zip tie it back onto the van". Somewhere on the M6 the gang was not singing and being jolly as usual, faces were as long as Terry's list of jobs to do this week.

"What's up with you lot then", Ernie asked. Haydn replied with a trickle of a tear in his eye, well both actually "My dads going to kill me when he sees what I've done to his car"

"Never mind 'H', maybe next time" The gang arrived back at the den somewhere in Rochdale, Ernie beamed off to some unknown planet in the galaxy, everyone said cheerio see you next week. They all went home quietly and all lived happily ever after, Till next time that is. Don't miss Haydn Bond the M15 affair coming to a Car Club near you!

The Real End

Although this was Stringers first attempt at navigating he enjoyed every minute of it, including all the trips to the urinals, the spin off occurred at the Oliver's Mount Hairpin damaging the body work a little and puncturing the oil cooler, because of lost time we ended the event after this stage, the other two stages had good times putting us in the running for first or second place. Who knows. Only 'IF'..... Next stop Manx?

PS. We did see Dave Pedley. Hi

Pipe Specification

A pipe should be made of a long hole surrounded by metal or plastic, wood is generally not recommended.

All pipes should be hollow throughout the entire length and should not have holes of a different length than the pipe. The ID (inside diameter) of all pipes must not exceed the OD (Outside diameter), or the hole will be on the outside. Pipes should be obtained with nothing in the hole, so that water, steam, or other stuff can be added later. Pipes should be bought without rust, this can be readily applied at the job, although some suppliers are able to supply pre-rusted pipe, which may save time.

Pipes over 500ft in length should have the words 'LONG PIPE' painted in the middle, so that it is not necessary to walk all the way to the end to find this out.

Pipes shorter than 1/8th inch are very uneconomical, requiring many joints, however they may have a use in the motoring field and are there known as washers.

Pipes over 6ft. in diameter should have the words 'LARGE PIPE' painted on them so that they can be distinguished from small pipes.

THE IMBER RALLY WITH TEAM BROKEN CON-ROD *Or Team 889S Eats Another Motor!!*

After two seasons of trying hard to break into the stage rallying game and only managing to break engines (and body panels!), this year Roger (Emery) and I (Paul Griffin) decided to attempt the Clubmans Tarmac Challenge. Six rounds of tarmac rallying were on offer on some of the best tarmac rallies in this country short of full Motoring News Rounds. We had bitten the bullet and bought a 2.4 all steel motor for the old Manta and even had it resprayed! What follows is an account of the first event, the Imber Stages on the 11th/12th April.

We left sunny Manchester on the Saturday afternoon and arrived in damp and dreary Southampton late Saturday night. Sunday dawned even more wet and pissy/miserable. We travelled up to Salisbury with a van full of big slicks but only 6 TB's and a pair of wets (borrowed from a very nice man known as Nik Cheetham) to be used only in emergencies. Hence as we got through scrutineering and documentation at an impossibly muddy Salisbury Racecourse, we were praying for dry weather. It didn't come.

The first stage was over the army ranges through Imber village at about 7 o'clock Sunday evening. We got through it well, only flattening one direction arrow in front of hordes of spectators and men with big guns, and survived getting sideways at over 100 mph on a patch of standing water, on an enormously long straight known as the American Road (probably because it was so straight!)

The second stage was delayed by about an hour because the army was still on exercise forming human chicanes for Peter Lloyd and friends in 6R4's. Back in M62 style traffic jam at stage start was navigating with a hand-held interior light jerry wired with the live for the CB and the earth from the horn, since I'd left my Poti in the van and vans weren't allowed anywhere near the route on the Sunday night.

Once into the stage in total darkness the alternator mounting broke leading to fanbelt throwing type overheating problems. We managed to get through the third stage (a repeat of the second) and acquired and fitted a spare alternator from a friend's chase (sorry, management) car. Our service crew (both of them), Superwaterproofman (D Pedley) and Jane arrived in a friendly spectator's car after a violently abusive and stressed phone call to him had totally confused him as to our whereabouts, to provide and fit a spare fanbelt (we'd used both of ours.) We had minus three minutes to cover the next 13 mile road section. We made it with a couple of minutes penalty lateness (!) and completed the last two stages and returned to Salisbury to effect proper repairs and sleep four in the van.

The next day dawned wet and pissy/miserable (again), but by the time we reached the first stage it was sunny and dry and we were still on intermediates. In the second stage the gear linkage broke, and thinking for the second time we were out Roger managed to jam it in second, so we completed the stage in 2nd, got a puncture and broke the connectors on the starter. Again well into lateness we attempted the 3rd stage in 2nd gear only (last on the road), finished it, and since the next stage was mercifully cancelled, moseyed on down the 10 mile run to first service. Here SWM excelled himself and fashioned a new linkage out of a 1/4 inch piece of steel plate. Halfway through the rally and we were so late on the road the course closer was tied to our back bumper!

With all four gears now, we returned to Avon Park for the next loop. But here disaster!!! struck. Coming down a long straight a con-rod made a bid for freedom and did its best to set the MOD testing ground on