

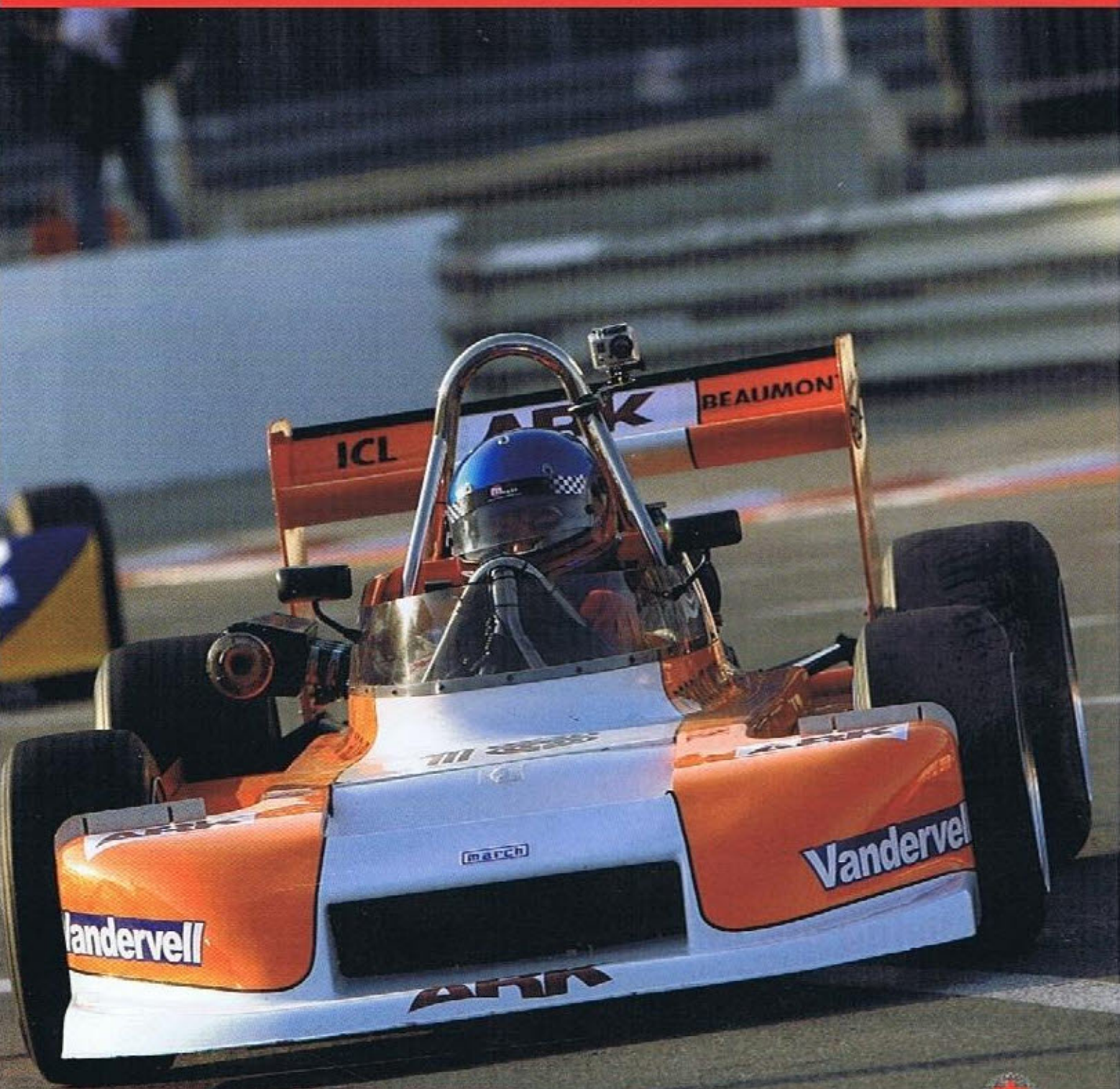
Lloyd's Motor Club

Volume 2, Edition 1

Review

December 2012

www.LloydsMotorClub.com



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Motor
Club
Founded
1951



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WELCOME

to the November 2012 issue of the LMC Review.

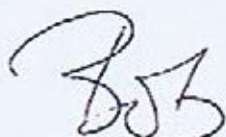
This edition features more exciting competitive exploits by LMC members, as well as something from a spectator's point of view. We've also included an article reprinted from the club's archives giving a historical perspective of the club's foundation.

The wealth of racing activities undertaken by our members is simply breathtaking, yet I wonder whether we have even scratched the surface. More articles will always be welcomed to fill future pages and if you have a story to tell but don't feel up to writing it, please do get in touch and one of us will make notes over a cup of coffee or something stronger. Interesting photographs too will be gladly received for publication.

Our membership database is constantly being corrected and updated but, once again, we ask you to please let us know if you have changed address, work or email.

Please also check our website www.lloydsmotorclub.com regularly, as this is the best source of the most up-to-date information about upcoming events.

Please note the date for the Club's 2013 Dinner, the 1st March, our Star Guest will be John Surtees.



Bob Bradbury

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Brno - MotoGP

The circuit itself is built on the top of a plateau with the track running down one side then a steep climb back up to the start. Such is the layout, it is great for spectators with as many as four corners in view from one vantage point. Much like circuits the world over, you do not get a true idea of the topography on the television. The power of Dani Pedrosa's Honda up the hill on the final lap was enough to secure the Spaniard the win.

Neither do you get the sensation of the speed of a MotoGP bike and the sound of them from your TV. They certainly would not pass a noise test at a track day! They really are phenomenal bikes to witness first hand. The speed of the factory Honda's gear change was clearly and audibly faster than anything else out there.

Back at our 'local' restaurant that evening, we had another chance meeting with none other than Valentino Rossi's crew chief, Jerry Burgess. Whilst he was not letting on just why and how difficult it had been to sort the wayward Ducati out, it was great nonetheless to meet one of the legends of the paddock.

For anyone who hasn't experienced a MotoGP race live, it's definitely recommended. The bikes are incredibly fast and the sound is just something that can only be conveyed in the live environment. The cost is probably less than a weekend away in the UK and, who knows, you too may get to meet a legend.

Cheap flights, cheap beer and a free bus ride to the circuit from your hotel on race day. What more could a MotoGP fan want from a Bank Holiday weekend?

The Automotodrom Brno Circuit in the Czech Republic was the venue for the 12th round of the MotoGP Championship. Just under a two hour flight from Stansted and £1.30 a pint it is a great circuit to visit. Following the announcement of Casey Stoner's retirement, my brother and I thought it would be a great way to spend the Bank Holiday. However, with both Casey Stoner and Nicky Hayden out with injuries from the previous round at Indianapolis, it would be a depleted field and a small disappointment not to see Stoner in action.

The results from the races are well known, but it was great to witness Britain's Cal Crutchlow getting his first podium and the first for a British rider for many years (18 in fact).

With a free bus service from the centre of Brno to the entrance of the circuit, it's a well organised event (UK organisers could learn something here). The weekend ticket for qualifying and race day was only EUR90, which meant plenty of local currency left for entertainment...

Our hotel was in a great location in the centre of town and opposite a great bar/restaurant. A perfect venue for sitting outside with a cold one and watching the world go by after the qualifying. A chance meeting with the British Eurosport team of Julian Ryder and stand-in Steve Day rounded off a great day. It is always good to talk to people with inside knowledge of the paddock.



Austin Wren





Club Lunch

Friday 9th November 12:30 for 13:00

Lloyd's Motor Club is very privileged to have Captain Eric Brown as our celebrity guest at lunch when he will regale us with tales from his extraordinary life and answer questions about a few of the more momentous moments of his remarkable career.

Captain Eric 'Winkle' Brown RN, CBE, DSC, AFC, MA, Hon FRAeS, born in 1919, is one of the most remarkable test and combat pilots of all time. His work covered the most exciting years of aviation - the period from 1940 to the Apollo landings in 1969.

He holds the world record of having flown the largest number of different aircraft types, 487 (although over 500 including variants) and was the first to land a jet aircraft on a carrier. He also holds the world record for aircraft carrier deck landings overall at 2,407. With an MA in German, he was ideally suited to test-fly the numerous captured German aircraft, including jet and rocket planes and in the closing months of the war, piloted several advanced German aircraft back to Britain. Thereafter, he was in the front line of analyzing German secret research and planes, and being fluent in German, helped interrogate the former Bergen-Belsen Camp Commandant and his assistant, Josef Kramer and Irma Grese, both later tried and hanged for war crimes. He also interviewed many senior Germans after World War II, including Wernher von Braun and Hermann Göring, Willy Messerschmitt, Dr. Ernst Heinkel, and the top Luftwaffe fighter ace with 352 victories, Erich Hartmann.

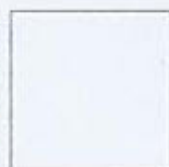
Captain Brown's career concluded with his appointment as Naval Aide de Camp to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in 1969 and 1970.

Location: Minster Exchange, Minster Pavement, Mincing Lane

Price: Tickets are priced at £50 each including wine. There will be a paying bar before and after the event

Booking: To book for this event please contact Charlie Miller at: charles-miller2@supanet.com

Charity Prize Draw: There will be a quality prize draw in aid of charity, so please do come armed with a £20 note for the prize draw.



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Lloyd's Motor Club Karting Day

The sixteenth annual running of the LMC's popular Karting Day took place at Buckmore Park, Kent on a beautiful early September day. As usual, the event was split into two elements - a solo sprint in the morning, followed in the afternoon by a three-hour team endurance race.

A record entry of 60 drivers arrived bright and early for the sprint, with each driver having just five laps to make their way to the front of the field in each of their three 15-driver heats in order to amass sufficient points to qualify for the Grand Final. The track was dry and with clear blue skies being the order of the day, the action was fast and furious from the off.

After the twelve heats had been concluded, the fifteen top-scoring drivers were back on the grid for the ten-lap Grand Final. Christian Ringer (pictured) escaped from the pack at the start, and maintained a steady five-second gap over the battle for second place between Paul Griffith and Tom Joyce which went all the way to the flag: just three tenths of a second covering the two after ten hard-fought laps. In addition to his winner's trophy, Christian received a limited-edition "Union Flag" presentation bottle of Lanson Champagne from Alex Cook of Copylogic.



After a short break for lunch, qualifying for the afternoon's three-hour endurance race was under way. The morning's protagonists were joined by a number of additional drivers to make up a grid of 24 karts competing for the Copylogic Cup, with teams representing all areas of the London insurance market. After the 30-minute qualifying session, last year's winners Miller 3 were again the fleetest of the four teams from the massed ranks of the Miller squad, snatching pole by two tenths of a second from the sole entries from QBE and Canopus.



When the lights went red to start the race, these three teams traded the lead over the opening exchanges, with tactical driver changes and refuelling stops breaking up the field as each team sought to perfect their strategy over the course of the three hours. As the race wore on, Miller 3 eventually emerged with a narrow lead, with QBE staying on the same lap throughout but unable to close down the leaders, just 35 seconds separating them at the flag.

Such was the pace at the front that these two teams crossed the finish line five laps clear of the rest of the field. Catlin came through the field from eighth on the grid for a popular third place, narrowly ahead of Miller 2 and Canopus. Just 11 seconds covered these three teams, and the next eleven teams all finished within five laps of the top five!

With Copylogic providing trophies and Champagne for the podium finishers (see picture), the event drew to a close as the sun started to set on another action-packed and closely-fought day of wheel-to-wheel racing. Watch out for details of next year's event for your chance to get involved in one of the highlights of the Club's year!

Brian Hunt





Gavin Pickering has an eventful but ultimately successful 2012 "Spa 6 Hours" in his Lotus Cortina!

Gavin and I, with co-driver Spencer Marsh alongside, arrived at the magnificent and historic Spa Francorchamps circuit, home of the Belgian Grand Prix, with our Series 1 Lotus Cortina full of hope and anticipation. Gavin and Spencer were ready to take on a variety of 104 cars which had raced in period between 1946 and 1971. Among the many "hot racers", Ford GT40's were there in abundance so our drivers were going to be using their mirrors diligently!

The event kicked off with a 90 minute qualifying session and we set fastest lap for our class, qualifying both drivers within the first 30 minutes, so we "parked" the car and departed for an early dinner to discuss race tactics.

Race day came and the usual Spa morning mist (it is in the middle of the Forest of the Ardennes, after all) cleared throughout the day to reveal clear skies by 4 o'clock for the rolling start. Quite a "busy" and exciting time as 104 cars "gun it" to get away.

After 90 minutes, Gavin brought the car in for our first driver change in 43rd place, having started from 62nd.

We were over a lap ahead of our nearest rivals in our Class, for 'under two litre' saloons. Spencer drove well for the next hour, but then disaster struck as he began to lose gears. An enforced visit to our pit box revealed that a spring had broken away in the clutch and found its way from the clutch to the inside of the gearbox; not a recipe for smooth, nor indeed any, gear changes!

However, the AWS team (Alan Strachan Engineering, our race-car preparers) did a fantastic job. The clutch had welded itself to the gearbox, but after frenzied work and with just over an hour to go, we were able to return once more to the fray and at the flag brought the car home a highly creditable 2nd in Class and 82nd overall.

The clutch/gearbox problem had robbed us of a Class win, but the battle had shown that the car is improving all the time and early suspension, brake and engine problems appear to be behind us. With a little more testing, the car should be race ready and raring to go in 2013, so watch this space.

Tony Pickering



Virgin Racing



Clive Willis describes his route to becoming a first-time Lotus on Track Racing Drivers Club - Elise Trophy racer.

Where am I and what's going on?

It was a very familiar situation that was somehow feeling more alien by the second. I'm sitting in a track briefing and, on the surface, everything appears to be normal and run of the mill for any track day, which I've been attending for years. There are introductions from a representative of Lotus on Track, and also someone from the circuit - Silverstone in this case. These guys are going through the motions of describing the circuit, asking for a show of hands to pertinent questions, rubbish but still funny jokes rolling off their tongues easily. Then the talking takes a new direction with discussions on 'series rules', 'penalties' and 'starting procedures'. My stomach goes a little queasy, and I awake from my 'attentive' daze. This is no track day. This is a race briefing and I'm sitting with all of my new racing buddies in a brand new fire-proof boiler suit. Then, and only then, it hit me that a long held ambition to race, was finally becoming a reality.

An idea is born - the long wait to go racing

It all began in Chantilly, France, over a New Year's trip, a few years ago. I'd ventured abroad driving for the first time, in foul weather, pitching seas and darkness, to take part in the Chantilly New Year's parade with some of the guys from Lotus on Track. On the first night, conversation turned to the subject of a new race series that was going to start in a couple of months' time with the support of Jonathan Palmer's new Motorsport Vision Racing venture. To me, this news came out of the blue, and I couldn't quite get my head around the fact that this was really going to happen. If it was, then the opportunity of racing appeared to be a possibility, and I potentially just needed the funds to do it (which unfortunately took some time to materialise). Well, the news turned out to be true, with an official promo video released two months later, filmed on track at Brands Hatch no less. I ended up spending that New Year's day wheel spinning down Chantilly high street with, as it turned out, two of the main first season contenders in their yet-to-be-completed race cars.

Finally - a race car of my own

Well, years went by in which track days started to lose their appeal, and the need to have a go at racing grew greater and greater. Finally, last year, the long awaited opportunity of funds presented itself, and I did what any level-headed male would do: ignored all practical avenues for this available cash, and bought a race car. It had been campaigned within the Elise Trophy since the end of the first season, so had all of the right bits on it, and had been developed to some extent over time. However, being at the more budget end of the production class Elise's available, it was a bit scruffy inside and out and needed some tidying up. My father and son race support team, affectionately known as the 'Edwards Boyz', would need to be drafted in later to do this.

Get qualified and prepare to do battle!

Now that I had the car, came the small hurdle of getting my licence. An ARDS day was hastily arranged for early December. Despite freezing weather (my instructor literally had to avoid one of the Silverstone staff manually salt spreading in the shadow of the 'Wing'), a head instructor trying his best to make everyone extremely nervous and informing us all 'you're not race ready', plus a high failure rate, I managed to pass - hurrah! Next it was off to the Autosport show in January, smiling away because 'I'm going this time as a competitor you know', and got my medical done and licence application submitted on the same day.

Meanwhile, the Edwards Boyz managed to get my race car finished in time for a pre-season competitors track day, again at Silverstone. This included a lot of technical tidying up, some bodywork repairs, and the solution to my reported handling issues. It appeared that although there were other problems to be sorted, the main handling issue was that one rear damper was on a completely different setting to the other three - doh! Anyway, the Silverstone track day was a revelation, and I got into driving a car with a more racing orientated suspension set up than I'd been used to. My racing series decals were also applied, including the

necessary big black on yellow novice cross on the rear of the car, and my allocated number 6 stuck on to give the full race car effect.

Finally the weekend of my first race arrives. The car is ready, and the Edwards Boyz are on board to provide race support for myself and fellow racer Chris Mayhew. I had also taken the opportunity of having a go at the initial round of Lotus Cup UK as well to get a full weekend of racing in the bag. This would give me valuable race experience, and also an opportunity to give Steve Edwards a chance to co-drive with me, as a thank you for the Edwards Boyz support, since two drivers could enter this hour-long racing format. What happened to us both during the races? Well, read on and find out ...

Saturday - Elise Trophy Qualifying

The Elise Trophy format consists of one 20 minute qualifying session, and two 20 minute races from a standing start - no practice sessions. So, I set out on my first ever qualifying session. I tried to keep at the back of the pack and 'create my own space'. The sage advice to just get three good laps in the bag were ringing in my ears, so I just cruised 'round to get a time. Started pushing a bit on lap 4, but then some of my fellow competitors started going off track. Two of them stayed there, one at Copse and the other at Vale (I think) and yellow flags shown from then on, so I didn't feel as if I could really improve my time. Sure enough, I set it at lap 5 and ended up 34th.

Elise Trophy Race 1

I was a bit nervous to say the least in the assembly area for my first ever race, but luckily had some company to see me through. I'd been given some great advice on what to do at the start that really paid dividends, and allowed me to make up a few places straight away. The back of the field were a bit nervous on the first lap, and I took a few more places, especially at Vale and Village / The Loop. I was having such a good time that I forgot to drive properly coming out of Village on lap 2, put the power on too early and spun across the circuit. This overheated my rear tyres, so with no grip at the back I plodded along not cornering very well until they cooled down a bit. Once normally-ish had been restored, I caught up with a group of three cars, and had a bit of a ding dong with them - finally coming home 24th.

Elise Trophy Race 2

The starting advice was going well, but everyone was a bit more on the ball this time, and I found myself in a bit of a pack. Still, I managed to gain a few places, and then trade some, getting to 24th on lap 6, when I forgot to drive again trying to out brake another car into Brooklands, but couldn't find 3rd gear. When I eventually did, the rear broke away and unfortunately I made a full right side glancing blow contact, and spun out. I then prayed that my parts would hold out looking back up the circuit, hoping that no one would hit me as I could not be sure what damage had occurred. Luckily this turned out to be a bit of scuffing, a bent rear rim, and the geo out a bit. DNF.

Sunday - Lotus Cup UK Practice

The Cup UK format was different and consisted of a 20 minute free practice session, then 20 minutes qualifying, before the 1 hour endurance race with a rolling start and mandatory pit stop. In addition, Cup UK consists of a number of classes from 'Production (me) to 'V6', basically

racing spec Evoras, one being driven by Martin Donnelly, no less, so there are some big speed differentials to deal with. Some fast race support action in the morning got the car ready for the practice session for Steve to have a go. Out he went on a very cold morning, on a track he had never driven before, in a car he had never driven before, and posted a time two seconds faster than my ET qualifying time the previous day - I've got soooooo much to learn!

It was up to me to set the qualifying time and start the race, so I was hopeful of getting to my race pace of the previous day to start a bit further up the grid. So, with my better set of very second hand tyres on the back, I followed the previous day's advice and got three solid laps in before yellow flags came out again. As warned and expected, this was immediately followed by the fast boys muscling their way past, which 'Prodes' like me are instructed to move out of the way and let through. Result, same time as Saturday and 38th.

Lotus Cup UK Race

I was nervous again as this was a rolling start, which presented much less opportunities for me to overtake, and I ended up in a train of cars. The larger number of cars at each slow corner gave a much better chance of a major collision, so I calmed down a bit, and let the race settle down. I soon found myself having a fantastic scrap with another car, continually swapping places, and side by side in a number of corners - great clean racing. Anyway, the other driver got fed up with this after a while, and gave me a light tap at Vale, where I had another parts moment - this time waiting for the Open / 21 / V6 leaders to hit me head on. Having survived this, I turned 'round, carried on, and started to wonder where my pit board had got to for Steve to take over, just about then I discovered that the pit lane window had now closed, and I finally saw my board being waved just where you brake and turn in for Copse (i.e. where I am not going to be looking sideways) - bugger. Penalty time, and less time for Steve. Meanwhile, back at the ranch ...

... Steve gets his foot run over by Chris Mayhew's car -

but without Chris or any of our squad directly involved next door-but-one, who were demanding more space. A TV crew, providing coverage for the series, started getting interested in why the idiot newbie (me) had not come in to pit, and my support team quite rightly take the opportunity to run away. When the coast was clear, I rolled in, handed over to Steve, who then tried to carry on with a very bruised foot. Result, a three lap penalty and we finish last - otherwise we would have done OK.

And finally

Well I finally made it through an action packed weekend. All in all a fantastic time, and a real dream come true for me. I still have seven ET rounds to compete in for 2012, with plans to fettle the car further and apply a massively upgraded livery. However all of that, as they say, is another story.



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LONDON TO CAPETOWN



A rally of 45 cars driving 10,000 miles through 14 countries in 29 days, against the clock, without any service support and over some of the roughest roads in the world was always going to be quite a challenge.

The London to Cape Town Rally had been 3 years in the organising by long distance international rally driver Philip Young. Cancelled in 2011 due to political instability on the planned African west coast route, Phillip planned instead to enter Africa from the Middle East and a route down the east coast. Of course, he couldn't have foreseen the problems of the Arab Spring or the issues developing in the Sudan and regional conflict surrounding Somalia. Even in the few weeks before the start, the route through Syria had to be changed to Egypt, which carried its own problems. His hair got visibly more grey during the event, as he fought daily to keep the rally on track.

Navigator Bob Duck and I had some history in long distance rallying. We'd competed on two previous events, firstly from the North of Sweden to Aqabar in Jordan on the Midnight Sun to Red Sea Rally and secondly on the London to Sydney Rally in 2004 with a 3 car team supported by Toyota South Africa. We were, therefore, well versed in what was to be expected on a tough event like this. However, we were not prepared for servicing and maintaining a car over that punishing distance ourselves. I'm a lawyer and Bob is an engineer. Neither of us are useful car mechanics.

We had a very tight budget for the event and I spent some significant time talking to those in the know about a suitable car that would fit well within the regulations and be competitive. We eventually chose a Subaru Impreza, a reliable model we had rallied previously on UK events and which was relatively easy and inexpensive to prepare. Moreover, there are lots of proven rally parts available.

It was never going to be a fire-breathing machine though. Turbos were not allowed on petrol cars so we were going to be looking at no more than 160hp and with a lot of extra weight on board; carrying spares and equipment for 29 days plus the facility to carry an extra 30 litres of fuel. Our first stroke of luck was finding a cheap non-turbo low mileage Impreza on eBay. The non-turbo 2 litre Impreza Sport is basically a 250hp WRX less the turbo, so the 4x4 drive train is understressed, making it ideal. The car was a professionally repaired insurance write-off due to a rear end shunt but, considering what we were to do with it, that didn't worry us too much.

After parting with £3,000 for the car and driving it around for a few months, it was transformed into an "Africa-spec" rally car while maintaining an unchanged engine and drive train. We knew from our previous rallying experience that Impreza's were dependable and this model in standard form could run on relatively low octane fuel as found in Africa. The budget was, therefore, spent on serious underguarding, chassis welding, beefed-up suspension, a roll cage and the removal of superfluous weight. It wasn't our intention to build a normal rally car as would compete on UK events; it was stronger and had to be reasonably comfortable for 12 hours a day (and very often more) for 29 days. The total budget was £10,000 and the work undertaken by Langworth Motorsport in Lincoln.

Other cars on the event included some seriously prepared 4x4's such as Toyotas and Nissans with Paris-Dakar tested suspension and big tuned diesel engines. These looked like serious competition and would be fast in Africa over rough terrain, though they were perhaps a little heavy and would be cumbersome over twisty roads. However, being diesels they could run turbo's (and be chipped for more power). Then there were a number of well-prepared Porsche 911's

(one a beautiful Tuthill car) a pair of well-driven Datsun 240Z's, some Merc 280 coupes (one rumoured to have works support), a Morgan, several rally-stalwart Peugeot 504's and a gaggle of more modern MG's. A high percentage of the crews were experienced. One 911 driver had done the Paris-Dakar rally 8 times and had entered a second car to act as his service crew.

The rally started on a wet and windy 1st January from Brooklands Museum. From there, the 45 cars travelled to the Houses of Parliament for the official start. Then followed one of the toughest nights of the event in the narrow minor lanes of Kent. Many of the foreign crews really struggled on this part of the event and indeed some of the fastest cars incurred penalties in excess of an hour for getting lost and missing controls. One crew's car left the road and hit a tree, ending their rally just 20 miles from the start.

Fortunately for us, my navigator Bob had cut his teeth in British road rallies more than 20 years before and had won several of the leading British road rallies in that time. I'd never seen anyone enjoying himself more as we carefully navigated our way to each control through extremely narrow lanes to the ferry in Dover. We had incurred minimal penalties and were laying a handy third at the end of day one.

The European section through France, Italy and Greece, consisted of long road sections interspersed with special competitive sections to very tight timing. In Italy, a series of very complicated day/night sections criss-crossing a mountainous region called on all of Bob's navigational skills and the car's standard brakes suffered

terribly in runs down tight mountain hairpins. The Subaru was burdened by its relative lack of power to weight compared to some of the other cars. We were carrying almost every imaginable spare part we might need in Africa. Nevertheless, we'd gambled on our car being good overall, rather than exceptional in any particular conditions. We also knew that the rally would start in earnest in Africa.

From Greece, the rally embarked by ferry to Egypt. Lying off Alexandria, we heard that there was rioting in the city and the ferry captain refused to enter the port. After some negotiations, we eventually landed late in the day and the rioting stopped for our arrival. We had visions of a short term truce while the rally passed through after which normal rioting was resumed. The country was obviously in a delicate state and only two weeks after the rally had left Egypt, several hundred people were killed in further rioting, very near to the route we had taken.

But there were lighter if not bizarre moments during our time in Egypt. On our second day whilst driving round the Cairo ring road, a police car with flashing lights and siren came up behind us. Four plain clothed policemen gestured for us to follow them. For 60 miles we followed the policemen (who occasionally and worryingly waved their guns around), at breakneck speeds down the Egyptian highway network as the traffic parted to let us through. Occasionally, the policemen would pull over and wave us in front and would then follow close behind. All this time with sirens blaring and blue lights flashing. After 40 minutes, they pulled off with a cheery wave and were gone. Of course, the rest of the rally traffic were

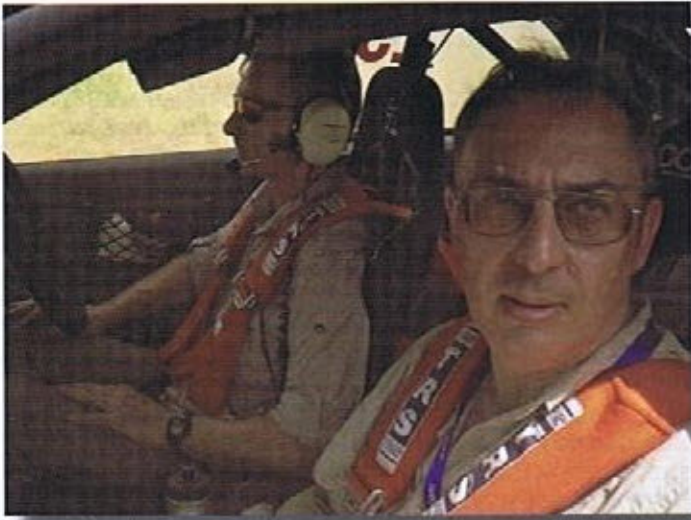
rather confused at this. Some had seen us whizz past with a police car behind and thought we were being chased while others thought we had arranged a police escort to get to the port more quickly. In fact, we found later that rioters had stolen two police cars in Cairo that day and we suspect we were accompanied by one of them.

The border between Egypt and Sudan was closed, so we had to travel to Saudi Arabia and enter Sudan across the Red Sea via Port Sudan. This meant two days in Saudi which was fascinating. It also meant that our two all-women crews were unable to drive their own cars. One night, a navigational device, fitted by the organisers in order to track all cars, was stolen from a hotel car park. The transponders send back a signal every hour to rally HQ giving the exact location of the device, so it was easily recovered along with a suspect the very next day. As we were in Saudi as guests of the Royal Family, the thief was probably not given the easiest of times.

After a late arrival and departure from Port Sudan (each car paying a hefty sum in US Dollars to a local official in order to depart the port) an urgent dash across Sudan was followed by an entry into Ethiopia. Ethiopia was undoubtedly a highlight; one of the most beautiful countries we passed through. The experience for the competitors was heightened by most of the route being lined by thousands of enthusiastic Ethiopian spectators. Police were at every junction and snapped to a salute as each competitor passed.

By this stage, competition was becoming more intense; evening





car repairs were more regularly required and sleep was in shorter supply. Our previous long distance events had been international FIA stage rallies and we had initially been rather concerned that this might not be as competitive. Instead of stages each day, we were to drive 'competitive sections' to a regulated time with penalties applied relative to the target time. Regularity events tend to be more sedate by definition, but we needn't have worried. It was a serious event and, though different, was every bit as competitive as the London to Sydney stage rally in 2004. This was largely due to the need of the crews not only to drive hard during each day but also to repair them each night which kept the pressure on during the toughest sections. This was the format of the original World Cup rallies of the 1960's and 70's in which the world's leading rally drivers competed. We found the pace of the rally on the competitive sections was, at times, little different to a long distance stage event and every bit as challenging.

Even on the ferries, when a breather might be expected, crews were allowed to work on their cars. In terms of general tactics, our plan was to stay in the top 5; keep in touch with the leader to give ourselves a chance. We then intended to push harder in the last week of the event to see if our luck held up. We knew that the real challenge would be in Africa when the going got rough and we paced ourselves accordingly. We weren't too worried about who was leading out of Europe, as hours rather than minutes could be (and were) lost in the longer sections of Africa. The leading car out of Europe for instance (Owen Turner in his extremely well-driven MG), got stuck in the sand of the first competitive section in Egypt and fell straight out of the top 10.

After Ethiopia, we crossed into Kenya and the promise of some of the roughest roads in the world. Nothing could have prepared the crews for just how rough some of these roads were. To drive them at even moderate rally speeds was to risk serious damage to the car if not a catastrophic accident. Most of the roads consist of volcanic boulders and the weather is so hostile between winter and summer that normal roads can't exist for long. They are simply washed away or become broken up. Most cars sustained significant damage in Northern Kenya and required emergency welding or additional dampers and suspension parts flown into Nairobi. We were fortunate in carrying enough suspension parts to be able to exchange the damaged ones and our Bilstein heavy duty dampers certainly earned their keep.

We entered Kenya at the border town of Moyale. There was a petrol shortage at the time in Kenya which left us at the

mercy of the black marketers. As we were running towards the head of the field, it gave us an advantage in negotiating the best price with the local 'oil barons'. Fuel was available in old vegetable oil containers. We were slightly sceptical at the road side salesman's spiel that his fuel was the same as used in Formula 1, but must have looked gullible enough to believe it. We were able to negotiate 20 litres of what we suspected was relatively low grade fuel for \$100 US Dollars. Much to the concern of the salesman, we then put it through our special filter which takes water from fuel (we were told watering down was a common ploy in Africa). More than an inch of water was left sitting in the filter. The salesman said our filter was clearly faulty. Later competitors were paying more than double our \$100 as available supplies reduced further and the loan of our filter earned us lots of free beers.

From our entry into Kenya at Moyale we were guarded by the Kenyan military. We had become increasingly used to the presence of both military and police personnel since Egypt. No one in any country wanted a crew member to be injured or kidnapped on their watch and this was heightened further from Sudan down to Tanzania. We were also quite surprised by the common presence of guns in this region, probably due to the increased military activity in Somalia and fighting in Sudan.

The soldier in charge of our care in Moyale was a lovely chap but I made the mistake of admiring his AK47 assault rifle. There then followed a clash of cultures in which our polite, interested yet innocent comments were interpreted as playing hard to get in respect of his attempts to sell us a new AK47. This culminated in his obviously pained final offer of a new folding stock AK47, ammunition, hand grenades (one of them phosphorous) and the services of a soldier to strip the weapon down and hide it in our toolbox. By now we were backing away down the road, still smiling.

He persevered, telling us that a weapon was essential in some of the areas we were to be visiting. I asked what use an AK47 in pieces would be should we encounter trouble and he suggested that Bob might somehow distract the perpetrators while I was able to run behind the car and quickly assemble the gun ready for action. Eventually, we made a getaway while he shouted after us that he also had excellent deals on 9mm automatic pistols. "Much easier to hide..." we heard him shout, as we ran off down the road. We later found out that this was possibly part of a scam whereby the car is later stopped at a military/police checkpoint, the arms are 'discovered' and significant money is demanded. The road to Marsabit certainly lived up to its billing. The volcanic boulders interspersed with washed out sections





make it impossible to maintain a reasonable speed. Despite thinking that our extra underguarding could withstand a minor explosion, all parts of it were battered and bent and had to be repaired. Some parts were ripped away and suspension parts bent by large boulders. On one section, nearly 100 miles had to be driven at mostly walking pace as the car bumped and scraped its way towards Nairobi. This was where the higher 4x4's had a clear advantage.

We then had a well-earned rest day at Nairobi, mostly spent servicing and repairing the cars. Due to potential terrorist threats, we were advised to stay within the compound of the hotel which was guarded. However, we had to cross Nairobi to meet our contact who had offered to assist us in locating some Subaru parts, new rally tyres and arrange some welding repairs. We hired a taxi and followed it to our rendezvous. Over the space of the day the car was serviced and repaired and the new hard African rally tyres fitted. Prior to this, we had been using reinforced van tyres which, though tough, were simply not up to African conditions.

We also decided to change our rear springs to longer ones - undoubtedly a mistake. The springs we were able to buy were longer but softer and the very next day caused damage that might easily have put us out of the rally. Essentially, the rear springs bound and pushed the dampers up through the top mounts and were in danger of breaking away. At Arusha on the Nairobi/Tanzania border, we were able to get help from a local roadside workshop (or "Jua-Kali"). This consisted of little more than two men with a welding machine operating out of a garden shed. These guys specialise in carrying out emergency repairs to cars that have just travelled on one of the roughest roads in the world and were experts at it.

Using a succession of big hammers, they managed to knock everything roughly back into shape, insert new springs and then weld it up using a machine that had clearly seen better days. With a screwdriver acting as a fuse, the welder was able to see through his sunglasses sufficiently well to get us back on our way. It is testament to their efforts that the emergency repairs lasted without problem for the rest of the event. We were also fortunate in being able to get some stiffer springs brought out by our contact in Nairobi.

These emergency repairs left us well behind the rest of the rally which had travelled on into Tanzania. We had no alternative but to travel across the Kenyan border into Tanzania and onto the next overnight halt at Dodoma at night. As we soon found out, hardly anyone travels at night. It is considered too dangerous. We were advised to try and keep moving should we encounter any unofficial roadblocks. We encountered several and our tactics were always the same with apparent success.

The checkpoints mostly consisted of two vans or lorries pulled across the road with a very narrow gap in the middle and heavily armed guards at each side. We were never quite sure whether they were police or "others" and didn't want to stop to find out. Our tactics were to slow down well in advance to about 10 miles per hour and to lean out of the car smiling and waving, announcing the fact that we were a rally car. As we approached, the guards would look puzzled, look at each other and back at us. We would continue waving and smiling. If they had lifted their guns we would have immediately stopped and adopted a far more submissive attitude. However, on each occasion, the guards rather hesitantly waved back at us as we drifted slowly through the checkpoint. There then would follow a rather tense few

seconds as we pulled away watching the mirrors to see if they might have had second thoughts.

Besides these interesting adventures, the rally proper was hotting up. By this stage we were lying 2nd to Andy Actman and his co-driver Andy Elcomb in their Toyota 4x4. Andy had the advantage of a large turbo diesel engine and much greater suspension travel to get the power down on the rough and bumpy sections, but he was heavier and his brakes and suspension were starting to suffer. We were faster on the less bumpy sections and more nimble. Slowly, we began to reel him in as the road conditions improved into Zambia, Namibia and South Africa. Our tactics to push harder as the rally progressed into its final stages started to have effect. Others too were having to compromise due to the damage to their cars. The leader's original Paris-Dakar spec suspension and brakes had had to be changed in Nairobi to more standard items and he had to be wary of further damage. Andy and ourselves were several minutes ahead of the rest of the field and we were running at the front on each day and then into each competitive section. We tried our best to stay in his mirrors and keep the pressure on him.

Into Namibia the roads were much more to our liking: wide and relatively smooth gravel roads across dry desert terrain. We felt here that the rally heritage of the Subaru would come into its own and Andy's advantage on the really rough stuff would end. On the second to last day having entered Clanwilliam in South Africa, we were informed that we had taken the lead by 4 seconds with just one full and final day to go on the run into Cape Town. The competitive sections on the final day consisted of three tight and twisty mountainous gravel sections before the final road trip to the finish. Andy was determined to claw back the 4 seconds and we were equally determined to defend our lead. Those behind hoped we would either damage our cars or fly off the road in our efforts so as to let them through.

Throwing caution to the wind and determined not to come second, we drove as fast as the car was capable and tried to avoid looking over the many long drops on unguarded corners. The difficulty was in attempting to maintain speed on uphill sections at over 1000m altitude. On several occasions we over cooked it into corners trying to maintain momentum and narrowly avoided sliding off the road. Nevertheless, over the three sections, we were able to extend our lead to 38 seconds, one of the narrowest margins of victory in any long distance international rally. Andy was the first to congratulate us at the final section finish line which was an extremely gracious gesture, considering he had held the lead for over half the rally.

Even then, the drama wasn't over. After just 20 miles of the 150 mile run into Cape Town, we ran out of fuel with the tank showing half full. We were able to arrange a tow to a nearby fuel station but we hadn't realised that the fuel gauge had developed a fault and had we not put in a couple of gallons as a safety margin the night before, we would have certainly run out before the end of the competitive sections. Inadvertently, it also meant that we ran much lighter than we thought (and would have been comfortable with) on the final day's sections. That could well have been worth the 38 seconds over the 30 miles of mountainous competition that day. Such luck is required to win an event like this.

It was a magnificent motoring adventure. Every day was different and threw out new challenges. The camaraderie amongst crews was strong with all helping to keep cars

going if at all possible. Ordinary life seemed rather boring for a time afterwards.

Besides the capabilities of the car, the main reason for our success was clearly Bob's navigational skill and experience. This was a rally where it was absolutely essential to be in the right place at the right time in respect of each and every control. To be early or late incurred penalties. Bob is consistently brilliant at doing this and, moreover, enjoyed every minute.

Driving through Africa was a privilege and we were determined to leave a legacy of some sort. We therefore raised funds before, during and after the rally for our chosen charity, African Revival, which establishes and funds schools in remote rural areas where they simply do not exist. African Revival was also supported as one of two main charities for the event and benefitted to the value of many thousands of pounds to give local rural people the ability

to help themselves by agricultural development and health awareness.

It was a fantastic event with a great bunch of people and organised in extremely difficult circumstances by a dedicated team led by Philip Young whose dream for years had been to run a long distance rally from London to Cape Town. The winning car (amazingly our little Subaru Impreza bought off ebay for £3,000), has now spent several months on display at the Brooklands Motor Museum and may soon go into the Beaulieu collection. It looks exactly as it did when it finished the final competitive section on the final day in Cape Town: muddy, dusty and full of the dents, scrapes and scratches of a truly amazing motorsport event. As Bob said to me when we visited to see the car at Brooklands, "who would have thought it eh?".

Steve Blunt



Lunch with Paddy Hopkirk

Paddy Hopkirk is a legend in the rallying world, famously winning the Monte Carlo Rally in 1964 in a Mini Cooper S, the famous 37 car registration number 33 EJB.

What few people know is that Paddy's racing pedigree also includes six Le Mans 24 hour races, with a best place finish of eleventh in a MGB.

Paddy is a true Irishman. His wit and humour kept his audience enthralled with tales of racing (and life). Born in 1933, he got his first car before the end of that decade.

His racing life in the fifties and sixties was one where he mixed with the other super stars of the day - renting a room in his house in Belgravia to the late great Jim Clark and appearing on "Sunday Night at The London Palladium".



hosted by Bruce Forsyth and with a television audience of 27 million. According to Paddy, that was because as there were only 2 television channels in those days, there was nothing else to watch!

He has raced all over the world including the annual Bathurst 500 in a works BMC car and participated in the London to Sydney and London to Beijing rallies, crossing through Afghanistan where the King closed all of the roads for the competitors.

On 12th October, Paddy entertained a healthy crowd of nearly eighty LMC members and their guests, leaving us all wanting more. A true motorsport legend and a great entertainer.

Charlie Miller

PASSION ■ INDEPENDENCE ■ PERSPECTIVE ■ OPINION ■ AUTHORITY

MOTORSPORT

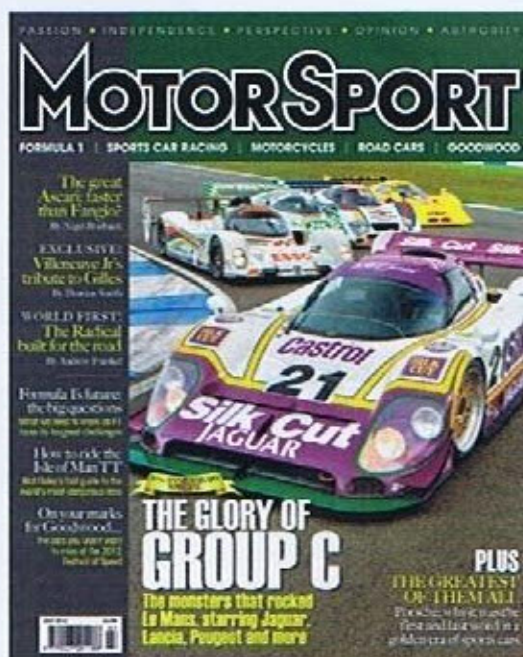
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The trials and tribulations of a Triumph racer

In hindsight, I should never have sold my 1959 Riley 1.5 Historic Saloon Race Car. I was lucky enough to race it in the St Mary's Trophy at the Goodwood Revival in 2002, 2004 and 2006. It was still racing at Goodwood with its new owner in 2008 and 2010 and will no doubt be back in 2012.

I changed to a 1965 Triumph 2000 Mk1, a strange choice but I like to be different. This model had some success in period as a Rally Car in Gp5. Triumph didn't have the funds to spare to homologate it with triple 45 Webers and extractor exhaust manifold etc for it to run in Gp2. It had no success as a circuit racer and could not compete with the Lotus Cortina or Alfa GTA.

I race in the HRSR/HSCC and, for 3 years, raced the car prepared as Appendix K in Class K2. I actually won the Class for those 3 years mainly because it was the only car running in Class K2, but at least it finished every race and not always last! And I have 3 big flashy trophies in the Study. Kingston Sports Cars increased the bhp from the factory 85bhp to 138bhp at the flywheel by clever working on the head and the inlet manifold, etc.

Feeling the need to go faster and get among the pack, the car has been changed to Class B HRSR specification which allows period modifications. Obviously fitting Triple Webers, first 40s then 45s, extractor exhaust, electronic ignition, hot camshaft, much work on the cylinder head, weight removal, suspension mods, LSD etc.

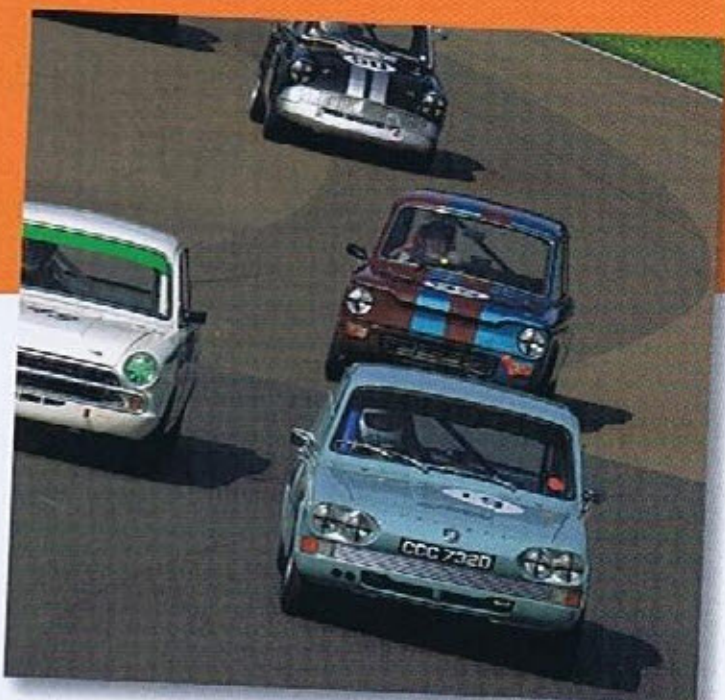
The car now delivers 150 bhp at the wheel, which probably equates to 200 at the flywheel. It handles very well for a big Triumph but, unfortunately, not for long.

The last three years have been disastrous and this year is not looking any better. The car is on its 3rd Race engine, at least. Total Demolition of previous engines have been caused by:

Piston eating the head gasket due to change in manufacture of the gasket – block now machined to take better quality head gasket.

Camshaft eating the front plate. – Cured in next engine by line boring and bushing the camshaft. Apparently, you cannot rev consistently over 7500 without this happening. Shame somebody didn't mention this info earlier.

Camshaft then breaking into three pieces, throwing one piece straight through the block. – Cured by using new, unraced, unmolested block found in Belgium.



Cam chain tensioner detaching itself from front cover and wrecking chain, cogs, camshaft. This was a totally a unique to me fault, never before happening to any Triumph engine!

And finally at Brands Hatch this July the carbon bush in the distributor cap somehow got itself jammed up into the distributor cap at Druids.

I am racing with HRDC at Donington next in a 1-hour race for pre 66 and 63 Touring Cars. As you can imagine I am highly sceptical of my chances of finishing.

BUT, for all its faults this is a lovely car to drive; bags of power off the line, neutral handling and smooth power delivery. It will never win a race, but it is more than capable of staying in the pack and giving the driver huge enjoyment whilst it lasts. Ever the optimist, I keep thinking that all our problems are behind us and plough more money into this potential bottomless pit called Historic Saloon Car Racing.

I am a tad envious of Paul Latimer in his reliable but fast MGB and of my fellow Saloon Car racers in their Cortinas, Anglias, Alfas, Minis and even Imps who all enjoy greater reliability. I just know that the Triumph can get there, It's just a question of will it get there while I am still racing?

At the HRDC at Snetterton this year she went from 19th to 10th on the first lap then ran out of power due to fuel starvation. At Brands she went from 24th to 20th on Lap 1, before the distributor bush incident.

So the power is there and there is no need for more development, but there is a massive need to build reliability. This cannot be 'rocket science'. Once this has been achieved, all the pain will have been worth it.



MGB Racing Chapter 2



What a great year. I have just finished the season on a high at the HRDC meeting at Mallory Park, this oft forgotten gem of a circuit in Leicestershire where I enjoyed two hours twenty five minutes of track time in a one day meeting which is almost unheard of in these days of terrifying track costs, unless you are fortunate enough to be in an endurance race.

Experienced organiser Julius Thurgood certainly knows how to keep his drivers happy and competes himself in an immaculate MG Magnette when time allows. A third place in the last race of his MGB50 series was a great way to round off the season, together with a great battle with fellow MG racer John Sandilands in the Allcomers race.

As at almost every meeting you make new friends with whoever you park up next to. Inevitably, despite loading the car to the gunnels with equipment, whatever you need is at home and you end up borrowing it from someone else. A shared desire to get as much enjoyment out of the meeting as possible means that everyone mucks in at the drop of a hat if any mechanical problems arise.

I have to admit that I've missed not having the help and support of the Trackcars team and the camaraderie with the drivers I've competed with for the last 6 years. Their help is not only invaluable when car set up is crucial, but they also take the stress out of the logistics as well. There is nothing like turning up at a circuit to be greeted by your team with an immaculate car in the knowledge that they have everything they need with them to ensure you get the best out of the day and the car. It does bring added pressure to perform, but equally fires you up to do so and makes you scour your diary for days to go and practice.



The flip side with the MGB is that there is very little that can be done with the car's settings as the FIA rules are very strict. When I asked what settings my fellow competitors used in the wet, they just shrugged their shoulders and suggested that I put a couple of more PSI in the tyres.

Whenever I practiced this year, the day was usually cut short by a minor but day ending issue, so I have just concentrated on competing and didn't bother with the test days before each meeting. In 13 races over nine meetings varying in length from 20 to 90 minutes, I had just one non-finish for a mechanical problem.

At the meetings you just have to check the tyre pressures, wheel nuts, oil and radiator levels and keep filling it with fuel between sessions. Plus, of course, pray that it starts first thing and the scrutineers don't find something they don't like! If something breaks then there is usually someone there who can help you. On one occasion, a fellow competitor, Martin Richardson kindly gave me a new radiator when mine failed after qualifying. It also

helps that Doug Smith and son Tom use the racing as a fantastic advert for MG Motorsport, so are also on hand to offer advice and help at most meetings.

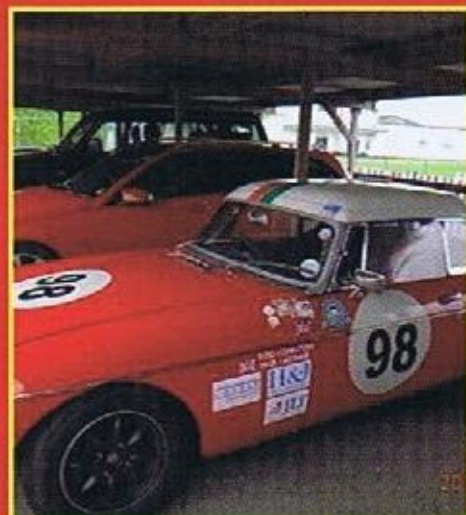
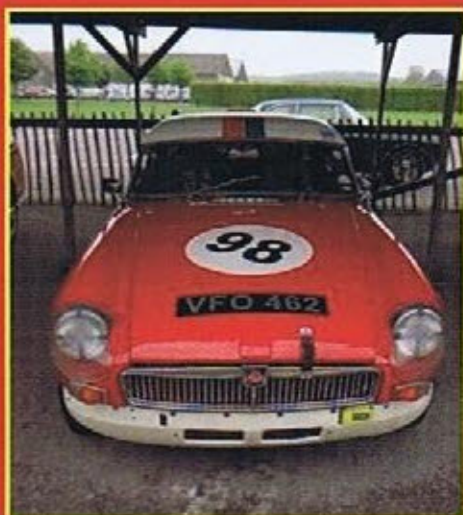
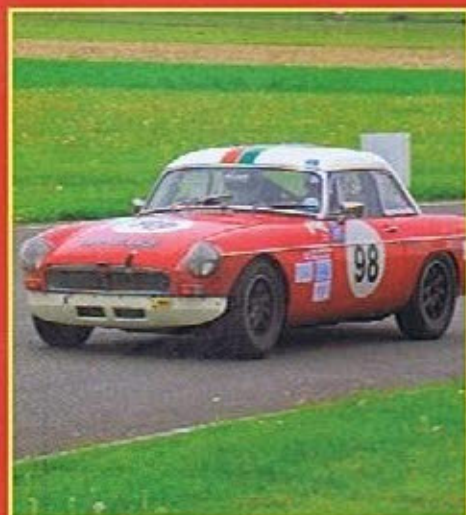
Shortly after I penned the last article, I found out that I had been driving the car too smoothly when Motorsport writer Ed Foster and I took part in the MG Live – MGB 50th Anniversary Race on the Silverstone Grand Prix Circuit. Possibly triggered by my Ginetta G40's tendency to spit me off when I made mistakes, I learnt that day that the way to get the most out of the car was to get the front to bite and turn in with a hard dab on the brakes. Then you can take tremendous liberties with the accelerator as the car then drifts calmly round the corner, with the direction of travel dictated by the throttle rather than the steering wheel.

The MG Live Race was fantastic and set the record for the number of FIA MGB's on a single grid when 58 of us lined up to take the start. MG Car Club's Dave Saunders had

machinery, together with many friends I'd made this year. It seemed to take half an hour just to walk from one side of the paddock to the other, whenever you needed to do so.

The Classic proved what a great first step the MGB is into Historic racing in that it is second only to Goodwood in popularity and I was sharing a garage with five other cars for which the collective total value would not have had much change from seven figures. Needless to say, they were a fantastic bunch and when we needed any help of any kind there was plenty forthcoming. The trusty B only gave up the ghost once it had passed the finishing line when a drive shaft failed.

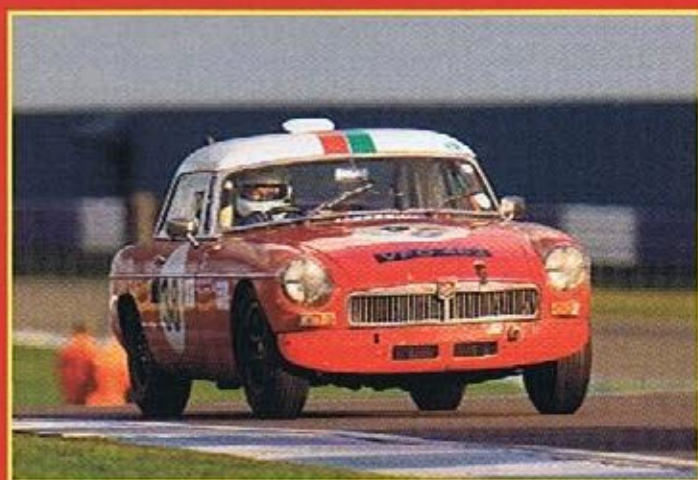
I can certainly conclusively report that the options available to Historic Racers are tremendous. All five organisers (HSCC, HRDC, AMOC, Masters and MGOC) I raced with this year were very welcoming and helpful. I'm already looking forward to next season, when hopefully an overseas event will be thrown into the mix.



worked tirelessly to ensure that it went off without a hitch and it certainly was a great spectacle for the huge number of MG enthusiasts present. Sadly, we paid the price for no practice and only qualified mid-field, but the 13 places we made up in the race were very rewarding. Paddy Hopkirk was on hand to congratulate us all afterwards as he was very successful in the car in period, notably achieving a Le Mans finish of 11th with Andrew Hedges in 1965.

This light bulb moment led to knocking three seconds a lap off my time around the Brands GP circuit when I returned for the Historic Sports Car Club's Historic Superprix, resulting in a class win in the Guards Trophy and a second in class in the Historic Roadsports. I also knocked a similar amount of time off again when I returned to the Silverstone GP Circuit for the Classic, where my team mate Pat Gormley and I were rewarded with a second in class and a "you look a bit young for this" from the presenter – certainly a first in my racing career!

I enjoyed the Superprix immensely because there were so many friends and fellow racers from the market in different



Once again it simply would not have been possible without the generous support from my sponsors, Catlin, Harbour & Jones, JLT Re, Clyde & Co and Interactive Space.

Paul Latimer

Je suis un pilote....

Since 2006, the ACM (Automobile Club de Monaco), the body which organises the F1 GP, has run a full weekend meeting for historic F1 cars biannually on the full GP circuit. The event also has races for the lesser Formulas that historically made up a Monaco GP weekend and the last 2 historic meetings have included a race for F3 cars built prior to 1984.

In all, there were over eighty F3 entries submitted and a total 49 cars were accepted on a provisional list, with the organisers expecting some drop outs when the final entry fee was due. However, a week before the event, we were informed that the field would be split into 2 qualifying races on Saturday and a final race on Sunday. Practice and qualifying was to be done on Friday, which indicates the size and importance the event has now reached with the Monégasques, as this basically shuts the whole town for the day!

In April and with the entry accepted, we were left with around 6 weeks to get the car ready. In the UK we race our cars to MSA regulations, but the Monaco Historic GP is a full FIA meeting and as such we knew we had to make certain changes to the car to comply, including a new FIA certificated Kevlar fuel tank, a larger fire extinguisher and a new roll hoop.

The romantic thing to do would have been to load the car into a trailer and take a few days to tow it down through France, but I decided to take the practical route and contracted Delta Motorsport, a race team running 2 other F3 cars at the event, to take the March 793 and all the wheels, spares, fuel, tools and race kit in their 4 car transporter. I flew to Nice first thing on Wednesday and headed to Monaco in a very, very blue (thanks Eurocar) Twingo. Arriving at the "circuit", I encountered the first of the weekend's Gallic organisational skills. The paddock, had been well laid out with individual sections, each one signed for the appropriate car. However, the organisers deemed that the paddock was out of bounds for any vehicle other than the race cars (or restaurant delivery vans), so the entire swimming pool section of the track was filled with lorries, trucks and trailers unloading race cars, tool chests, wheels, fuel drums, etc. and pushing, manhandling, rolling them up to half a kilometre to their allocated spots. Chaos!

With confidence I showed the scrutineering team the car (new fuel tank, new extinguisher, new roll bar etc.) to have it all shattered as they declared it "non eligible". On F3 cars the air to the engine has to pass through a restrictor hole 24mm diameter which forms part of a carefully created intake. To test it, a tool of the correct diameter is

pushed into the hole. If it doesn't go in, it's legal! On my car it went in, just. It was so tight they initially couldn't get the tool out. Then they measured it with a micrometer - 24.05mm! So, in my best French (and appropriate hand gestures), I indicated we would paint it with varnish and they could retest. This is what we do in the UK as a layer of dry varnish will "narrow" the hole to legal limits. The reply was a little shocking. "Non, not permissible, has to be original metal". I wasn't the only car failed, and the UK cars definitely seemed to be coming off worse. So most of Wednesday afternoon was spent in discussion with other British racers to see if they had spare intakes and making phone calls back to the UK for people to bring out any spare air intakes they had. Wednesday night at the hotel was rather subdued.

The thought of a long journey without racing had me back at the circuit early Thursday morning. We had "dressed" the hole with a little clear nail varnish the night before and resprayed the whole thing to make it look like a replacement. The paint was still drying when the team of scrutineers descended on the car and I noted a "new" man using the hole tester. He offered it up, met resistance and declared it "ok". Ten minutes later, the team had ticked all the boxes and the car was declared "legal". A lot of jokes were made about men with tools and holes, most very inappropriate.

At 3pm Friday, all the hard work of 2 months and the huge build up of anticipation was over as I went out for practice. In the pit lane waiting to go out I noticed a slight miss from the engine but assumed it was just cold. Now on the track, in what should have been the racing experience of a lifetime my heart sank as the miss got worse and with 'pick up' problems I literally "chugged" up the hill. Thoughts of "why now" and "it will clear" ran through my head but unfortunately the sick engine persisted through the session. With only 15 minutes for this session there was no point in stopping, but I headed back to the paddock at the end fairly despondent.

We had 3 hours till the next practice and it was decided to empty the fuel system and remove all the things that we thought might cause a problem. Concerned about the fuel we had used we opted to use a new batch and although the engine now sounded cleaner on start up, we could only hope it would be good for the 2nd run.

Out again at 6.30pm for another 15mins and to my relief the engine was on song. Overall I went 5 seconds faster than my first outing, but was dismayed to find I'd actually gone backwards to 22nd. However, the sun was shining, we were in Monaco, there were beautiful people in fabulous cars so, after preparing the car for the next day, we went off for a very enjoyable meal at a restaurant close to Mirabeau corner. I felt a little awkward as the rest of our party had changed into their finery and I was still in my work clothes. I heard someone on a nearby table say something about the fact that it must be a racing driver

party and they "must be taking the mechanic out" – note to self "Dress the part".

Saturday, first race day. At the track I had the pleasure of being stopped by the Gendarmerie and hoards of men in official shirts. With great satisfaction I waved my pass at them with a cry of "Je suis un pilote", to be directed through the barricades in my little hired Twingo.

At 6pm, I was lined up on the grid for the race. I can't really put into words what this felt like, but sitting on the grid of probably the most famous Grand prix track in the world, looking up the road and seeing the view with people leaning out of their apartment balconies and office windows was like a dream come true.

The green flag lap was completed in the same slightly dreamlike state and I was just getting back to reality when the red lights went off and we were racing. I made up one place off the start and felt I could do more. Down the main straight for the 1st time and into St Devote and mayhem ahead, a spinning car and two slow cars to avoid. I slipped past one there and passed another up the hill only to be overtaken myself by my friend Richard Piper on the run to Casino. I spent the next 7 laps tucked behind Richard looking for a way through, but didn't feel the risk of trying a pass and taking us both off was worth it. So the slowing down lap was mixed emotions, I'd had a great experience, a great race with Richard (ex Le Mans C2 winner) but probably hadn't done enough to make the final on Sunday. Still the sun was shining and seeing the marshalls waving their flags and the people applauding in the stands and on the yachts was quite something. Good times.

Back in the paddock, Richard and I were of the same thought. It would be a big dinner tonight, pack up early tomorrow and have a nice day spectating. At some time after 7.30pm the news filtered through to us...come back tomorrow, you'll be in the final. Seems the second heat was slower and lots of cars had failed to finish.

Sunday and back to the track. For three days the sun had shone brightly but today it was overcast and humid. Rain was forecast. At 4.30pm we lined up in the collecting area and went out for the lap to line up on the grid. The rain had held off and we all started on slicks.

Off we go on the green flag lap and I'm just pleased to be in the main race. Two aborted starts later, we were underway and immediately I moved up a few places, due to stalled cars and drivers getting a little too excited in the first few corners. I closed up on the cars ahead and had thoughts of getting past them, but there really aren't a lot of places to pass – not if one wants to keep the car in one piece. I lost a little distance to the cars in front after a 'moment' through Tabac and not long after saw the leaders closing behind me. Now 9 laps in and I arrived at the Swimming Pool to see marshalls waving yellow flags for a car sitting in the middle of the track without its nose.

As I came onto the straight the Safety Car board was being shown and I have to say it was quite welcome; a chance to do a couple of slow laps, close up on the cars ahead and then have a few laps to see whether I could get up a few places. One lap behind the safety car without incident and next time round the track was clear. I thought we would soon be racing again but was surprised by flashes of light as we entered the tunnel. I thought it must be cameras going off, but it turned out to be lightening. Then the rain came. The first drops hit my visor as we went up the hill from St Devote and by Casino it was a deluge. I touched the brakes at Mirabeau and went very wide but got round.....just! The thought of hitting the barriers behind the safety car still haunts me. A couple of less fortunate cars did exactly that. The red flags were out by the time we got to the hairpin and we tiptoed around the circuit. There was lightning, thunder and it was raining "chats et chiens". So, along with those cars left, I got back to the pits, undid my belts and climbed out. As far as I was concerned the adventure was over. Met by a "it might be restarted" my view was that I'd had a great weekend, I'd raced round one of the most challenging circuits I'd ever done, the car was in one piece and undamaged - I'd call it a day. About 2 minutes after I made my decision the organisers took the same view – race over. So, started 39th and overall I'd climbed up to 29th place and was a finisher. Definitely could have gone better – maybe next time!

The rain came down so heavily that everything in the paddock, tools, kit bag, clothes etc. got drenched before we got back from the pits to cover it up. However, with the help of lots of people everything was loaded into the truck for the long journey home in an hour or so. We went back to the hotel, washed and dressed to go to the black tie Gala Dinner that night at the Sporting Club of Monaco, after which a huge fireworks display over the harbour signalled the official end to the weekend. Some display it was too!

I can't really finish without thanking all the people who helped out, especially my brother Hugh, who despite his huge disappointment at not getting an entry, cajoled and assisted me before and throughout the weekend (and along with Keith surely won "best dressed pit crew"); Hugh's wife, Judith, who fed me so often when I was working on the car and the rest of the party who came for the weekend and offered so much support; Delta racing for providing me with more help than I can describe; Jade Motorsport for fabricating the new roll hoop, ARK for putting up with me at work and helping with some travel costs; and all the other British racers and mechanics who went out of their way to help.

Without doubt it was the racing weekend of a lifetime; a one-off experience. Now, how are we going to get an entry in 2014?

Jonathan Price



Lloyd's Motor Club



T. H. Watson

"I see Berkinslopp has joined Lloyd's Motor Club"

Eleven members of the Lloyd's fraternity under the leadership of Mr. Eric Thompson and Mr. John I. Bremner, forgathered at the office of John Poole & Sons, Ltd., on Apr. 3

for the purpose of discussing the formation of a Lloyd's Motor Club. It was their opinion that the increase in popularity of motor sport in this country since the end of the war should make the support for a motor club at Lloyd's quite considerable.

It was decided to ask the Chairman of Lloyd's to become the patron of the club, and to ask Mr. Kenneth Poland if he would be the club's first president. These two gentlemen were approached on the following day, and graciously agreed to take office, the Chairman of Lloyd's promising to place the first club car badge on his Daimler.

A notice was put up on the board in the Room to the effect that a Club was to be formed, and asking those interested to give their names to Mr. Bickle, Mr. Toon or Mr. Oldworth, who had kindly volunteered to act as "Post Officers". In the space of two weeks the number of persons interested swelled to eighty-six, which more than came up to the expectations of the original eleven. A general meeting was arranged on the morning of Apr. 25 in the Library at Lloyds, and this was attended by well over fifty people. Mr. Kenneth Poland addressed the meeting, and said how he and several other Lloyd's motoring enthusiasts had arranged a drive to Worthing in 1913 on a varied assortment of machinery, mostly on two wheels, and as far as he could remember only two vehicles survived the round journey. However, such was the enthusiasm of those who took part that they decided there and then to

form a Lloyd's Motor Club, but this was unfortunately cut short by the 1914-1918 war and somehow was never revived at a later date. Mr. Poland said that as far as he

could remember the only members of that historic run still serving actively at Lloyd's were himself and Mr. E. I. Bremner. He was, therefore, delighted that at last, after all these years, a Lloyd's Motor Club was to be formed and that he had been asked to be its first president.

The meeting then got down to the business in hand, and the secretary treasurer and committee of five were elected, the secretary being Mr. J. I. Bremner, treasurer, Mr. B. Bowring and the committee men Messrs. E. Thompson, A. Oldworth, J. G. Hinton, D. E. Magill and A. C. K. Featherstone.

It was agreed by the meeting that club rules should be drawn up by the committee as soon as possible and entry forms printed and circulated to all those who had already made known their desire to join the club. Those present were asked to submit ideas for the design of a club car badge and or tie incorporating the Lloyd's motif to the secretary.

Those members, associates and substitutes of Lloyd's who have not heard of the formation of this Motor Club, and who are interested, should get in touch with Mr. J. I. Bremner of John Poole & Sons, Ltd.

The above article is reprinted from Lloyd's Log, May 1951.

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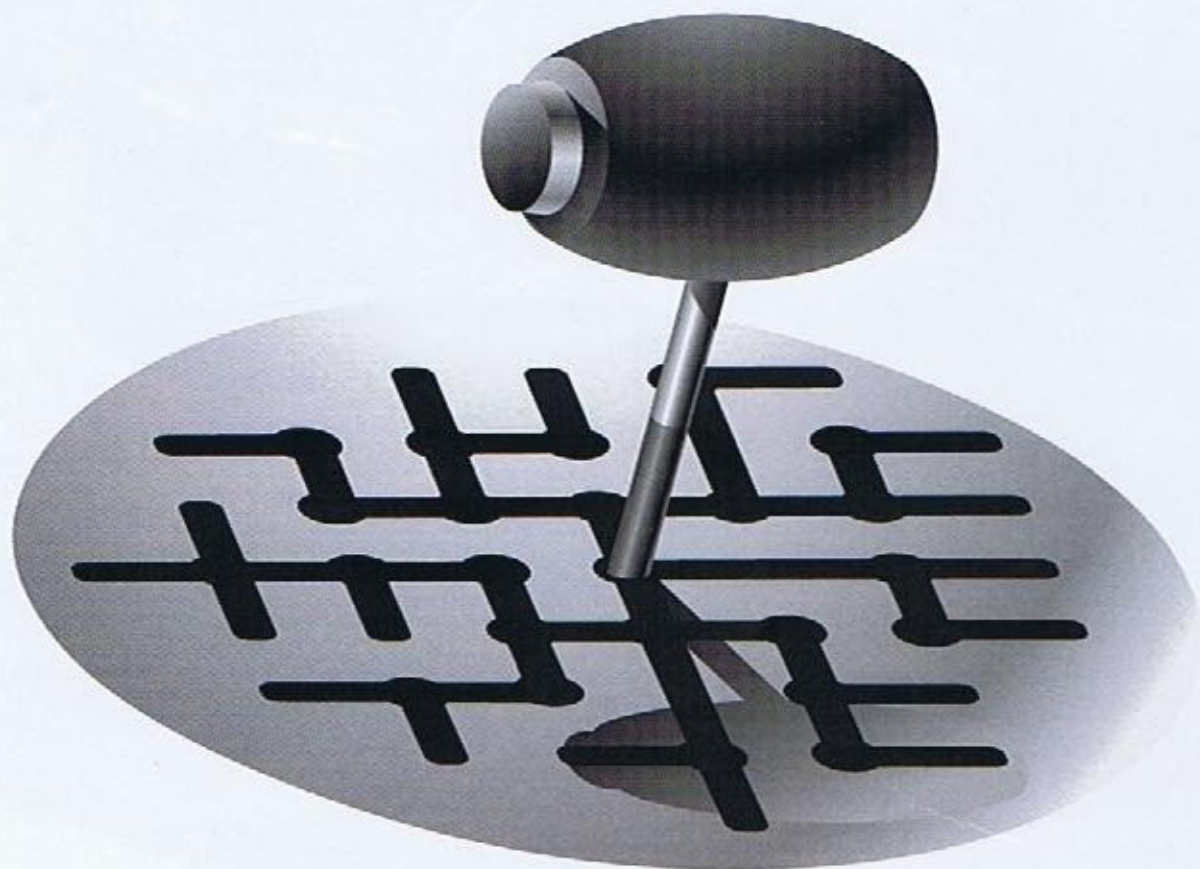
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