

Lloyd's Motor Club

Volume 3, Edition 2

Review

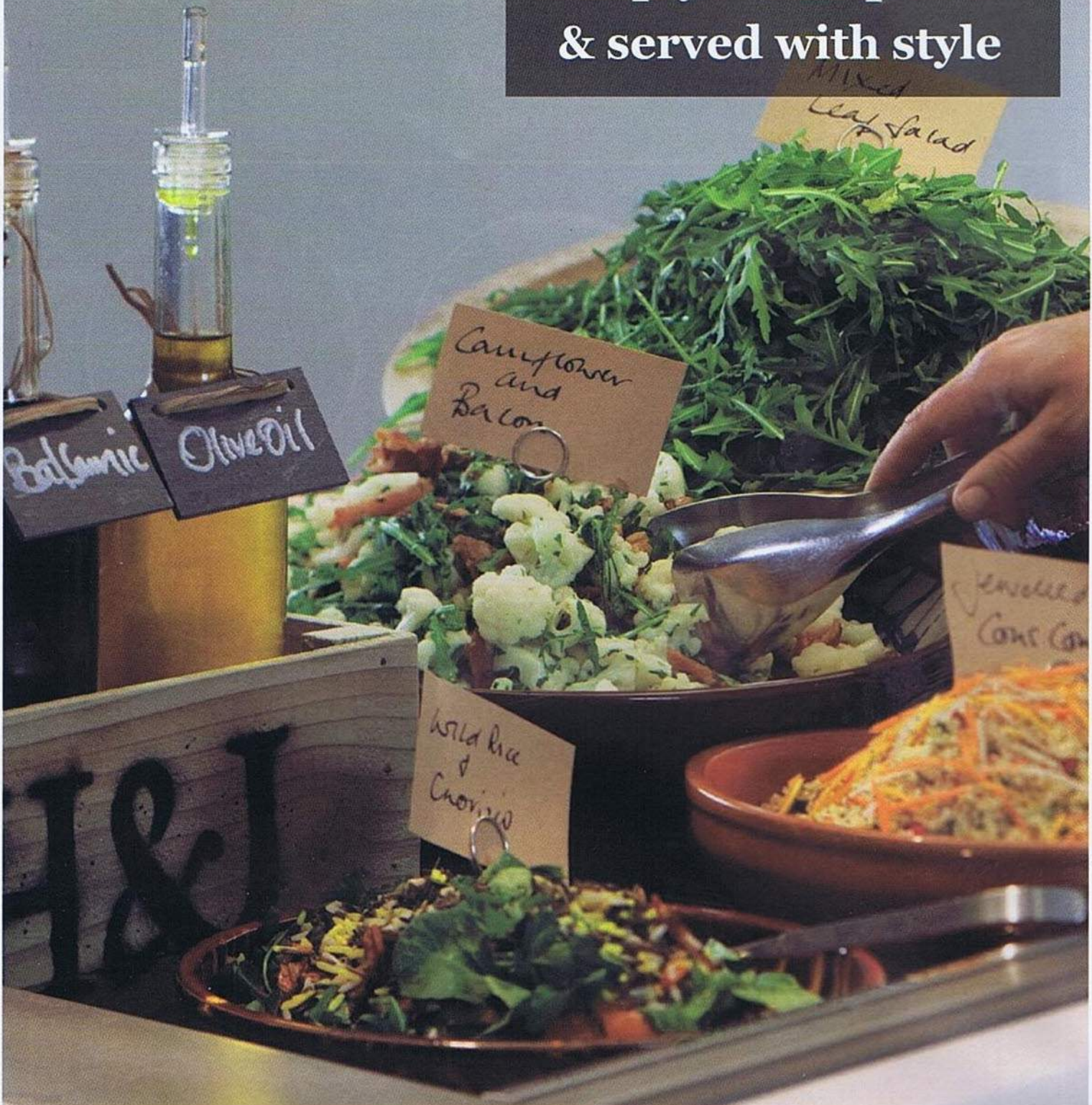
July 2013

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WELCOME

to a slightly delayed spring issue of the LMC Review.

There are an amazing number of Lloyd's Motor Club members active in motor sport of one kind or another. Some have contributed articles to this or previous LMC publications and others come to light through conversations at various events.

There was a large LMC contingent at Le Mans to watch the 24 hour race and at least two participants in the support races, Paul Latimer and Gavin Pickering, who both collected class trophies. On the same weekend and closer to home, Paul Simmonds was participating in the Mini Festival at Brands Hatch and some members who couldn't make the journey to France were cheering him on from a suite where they could shelter from this summer's dismal weather.

We had a good turnout to the Peter Leake Jaguar presentation at the Classic Car Club and there will be an article in the next edition reporting on living with an XK150 Roadster, which was the prize draw from the night.

Please continue to send information on your motoring exploits for publication in this or the annual magazine. More articles from existing and new contributors will always be welcome.

At the risk of repetition, please let us know if your contact details change and please keep a regular eye on our website www.lloydsmotorclub.com to keep abreast of LMC events.

Bob Bradbury

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Lloyd's Motor Club

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Friday, 1st March 2013 saw a very special Lloyd's Motor Club event – one that hosted a unique celebrity guest: the only man in the history of motor-sport to win World Titles on both two wheels and four, the great John Surtees OBE, accompanied by his wife Jane. Around 200 LMC members and guests attended and were rewarded with a truly memorable evening.

John won seven World Motorcycle Championships between 1956 and 1960, during which time he also won 6 Isle of Man TT's outright, generally regarded as the world's most demanding and dangerous race. Converting to four wheels, he went on to win the Formula 1 World Championship with Ferrari in 1964, came 3rd at Le Mans 24 Hours the same year, also with Ferrari, and was the first CanAm Champion with a Lola T70 in 1966.

This was the second biennial dinner to be held at the beautiful and historic Merchant Taylor's Hall in the City of London's Threadneedle Street and our celebrity guest was on sparkling form. To questions posed by guest master of ceremonies for the evening, Ed Foster, associate editor of MotorSport magazine, John held the assembled diners spellbound for the best part of 40 minutes as he recalled wide ranging and exciting reminiscences from his remarkable career. He generated much laughter in doing so, especially regarding his enduring period with

Lloyd's Motor Club Dinner 2013

Count Agusta and particularly his at times demanding relationship at Ferrari. All felt it was a great evening and a memory to be savoured and long treasured.

That was underlined by the result of the raffle, held LMC style at the end of dinner. The evening realised a substantial sum dedicated to the Henry Surtees Foundation. John's son Henry, an emerging and talented young racer in Formula 2, was tragically killed in a freak racing accident at Brands Hatch in 2009, aged just 18. John set up the Foundation in his son's memory with the aim of helping youngsters with accidental brain and physical injuries by providing them education and training in technology and engineering. This is aimed at developing their skills and capabilities so that they can participate in society as independent and responsible individuals. The Foundation also raises funds for the Kent, Surrey and Sussex Air Ambulance Helicopter Service and has recently provided the service with its first onboard blood transfusion facility. The LMC was delighted that it could support the Foundation to that extent thanks to the support and generosity of its members and guests that evening.

The pleasure of the evening was further enhanced by the generous sponsorship by the Catlin Group of the wine for each table throughout the evening. The star prize in the raffle was donated by the Chaucer Group - a Tag Heuer Formula 1 watch, engraved with John Surtees' signature - together with the menu cards. John himself gifted a superb signed print of him on his MV Agusta in the 1956 Isle of Man TT (which he won), and the Club provided two pristine John Surtees autobiographies and a 1950s classic sports racing steering wheel; all signed for the fortunate winners by John as well.

An outstandingly successful evening and grateful thanks must go to Merchant Taylors for the venue and outstanding cuisine.



Future Events

- 6 September** : 2013 Karting Day at Buckmore Park
- 19 September** : Motor Forum in the Lloyd's Library
- 27 September** : Weald Driving Day in Essex
- 4 October** : "Gentleman" Jack Sears Lunch at the City Club
- 23 October** : Henry Surtees Foundation Buckmore Park Event
- 4 November** : Motor Forum in the Lloyd's Library
- 4 November** : Goodwood Track Day

See Website

www.lloydsmotorclub.com

or

Contact:

committee@lloydsmotorclub.com

for more details

Noble Forum

On Monday, 4th February, Noble Automotive had the pleasure of presenting the Noble M600 to Lloyd's Motor Club. The car was beautifully positioned in the Chairman's car space (after repositioning the Chairman's more prosaic carriage, of course) directly in front of this iconic building protected and watched over by an ever present scarlet liveried "Waiter".

After some rather comic attempts at protecting and corporately branding the car with our usual café banners (this pathetic marketing ploy rendered useless by the rather high wind factor) the car was ready for display. It was most rewarding to hear the many enthusiastic and positive comments of passers-by. Although most spectators were aware of Noble, they had never had the opportunity to see this most rare of home grown supercars, "in the flesh". There was a great deal of speculation on how we achieved the "bare" carbon sported by the CarbonSport model on display, some even concluding, obviously quite erroneously, that it must be a "wrap" of some kind...oh, if it only were, how simple our lives would be!

However the physical presentation of the car was the easy bit... now to try to entertain one of the "best dressed" and knowledgeable of audiences whilst speaking in one of the most intimidating and grandest of rooms, the Lloyd's "Old Library".

In the event I think all went well, apart from the MAC to PC problems. Apparently and



most rewardingly the turn-out was a LMC record with over 120 people in attendance. It was particularly gratifying to have such an enthusiastic question and answer session and meeting many of the attendees for a post talk drink, courtesy of our Insurance brokers H.W. Wood. Often these corporate presentations can be somewhat sterile, but it was a real privilege for us and Orenda and Noble Automotive to have such an enthusiastic and knowledgeable audience who chuckled good naturedly in all the right places. We look forward to meeting in the near future at least two of those esteemed LMC members present; Peter Cordiner and John Jeapes who won the card lottery (coincidentally both sitting in the same row during the talk, but not a fix I can assure you) winning a factory tour, lunch and a spin, (hopefully not in the literal sense), in the M600 at the Bruntingthorpe Proving Ground.

Many thanks to all for such a warm reception and hospitality; we really enjoyed meeting you all.

A big thank you is also due to Stuart Rouse, Group Chief Operating Officer at H.W Wood Ltd, for kindly sponsoring the post event wine reception.



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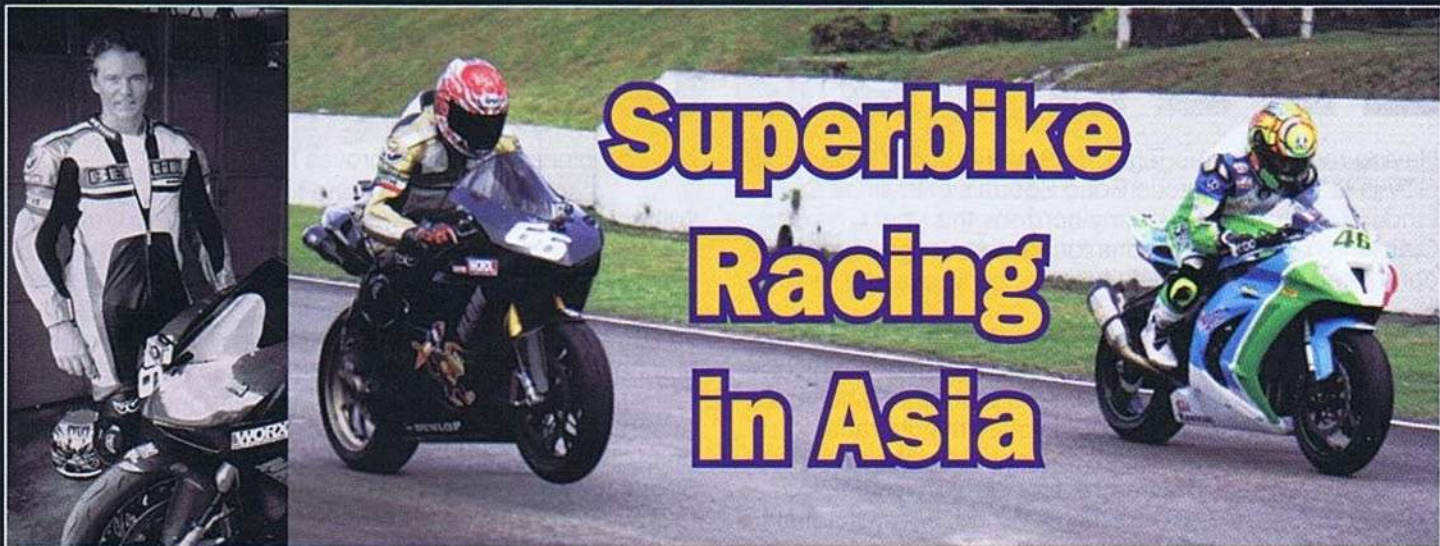
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Ben Crookenden moved from London to Singapore, where he is an insurance broker on weekdays, but becomes a committed Superbike racer at weekends.

Having enjoyed a decent fix of petrol since being a young chap and various car and bike track days over the past decade, I finally took the plunge and started racing Superbikes in the Singapore National series run by the SMSA at the Pasir Gudang Race Circuit (Johor Circuit). I had been riding track days at Sepang on a Ducati 848 but, due to the engine size, this falls between the Supersport (600cc) and Superbike class (open), so a new bike was needed.

Having joined the series half way through 2012 and only tested the 165 bhp Ducati 1198sp race bike twice (imported from Dubai

in May 2012), I was so nervous about coming last and letting the team down that I ended up on the podium taking first place (novice) after a battle right down to the last corner of the 10 lap half wet / half dry race. Due to travel commitments and some 'electronic issues' during a very wet end of season race, this was disappointingly the only result of a late entrance into the 2012 race series.



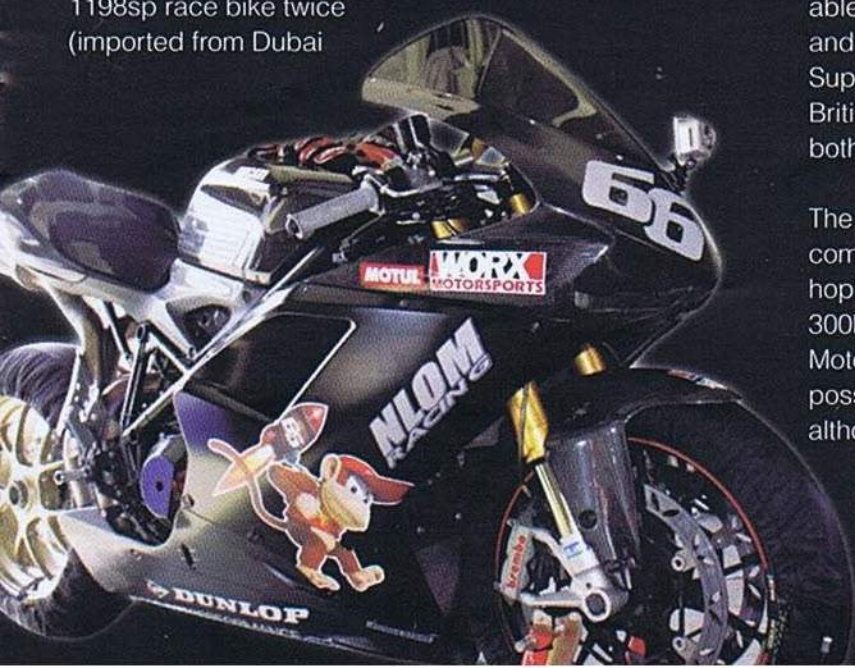
Outside of the races we completed some decent testing sessions during 2012 which unfortunately included a big crash (high-side) while testing in December at Sepang in the wet while chasing down Sandra Stamova, the fastest woman on two wheels.

The crash left me unconscious, with bruised bones and some slight internal bleeding, but still

able to tentatively test the new BMW the following day and make commitments to sign up for the 2013 Malaysian Super Series (MSS), the Asian platform into the world of British Superbikes, held up at the Sepang Circuit where both the Malaysian Formula 1 and MotoGP take place.

The 2013 season starts on May 3rd and I will be competing in the Superbike Open Novice Class and hoping for some more podium finishes on this very fast 300kmh circuit. The highlight of the season will be the MotoGP support race on 11-13 October. There is also a possibility of competing in the 2013 SMSA championship, although this will be budget and time dependent.

Ben's exploits can be followed on Facebook under **NLOM Racing** (Naughty Little Orange Monkey Racing) and under **benyc13** on YouTube.





Tour Britannia

Having raced my road legal 1969 Alfa Romeo Giulia 1750 GTV in the HSCC Historic Road Sports series since 2010, I thought I would broaden my horizons this year. The Spa Classic 6 hour race beckons for September and I recently completed the Tour Britannia.

The Tour offers a good entre to the world of on road rallying and is affordable. Quite a bit more than a typical race weekend, but you get to spend perhaps 10 hours a day in the car instead of a couple of 20 minute races.

With entry accepted, I searched for a co-driver. Missus D declined. I would say politely declined, but "you must be joking" is stretching the term polite. I nearly snared my occasional HSCC spanner man, Peter Freeman of Guy Carpenter, but his wife also opined "you must be joking". The wife's brother in law, Ian, is very keen and his wife seemed happy for him to join me. He is actually an ex side-car rider, seems to know something about navigation and a good deal more than me about spanning. So we're all set.

Exciting newsletters start to arrive in our in boxes. Some rather impressive cars are entered and some drivers who I've actually heard of. I start to wonder if we were right to jump straight in to the "competitive" section of the event and not to serve time in "Regularity", but we're in now.

Ian has no licence, but as he does not intend to drive, all he has to do is get a "co-driver non-driving licence", if that isn't a non sequitur.

The car is prepped regularly before and between each HSCC race, so there is 'not much extra to do'. After all what is the difference between one 20 minute race over one weekend and 11 hours a day of non-stop driving over two full days? Umm... quite a bit, I realise, as the event draws closer.

Only on the day before the event one thinks about reading the final instructions and the other please "read these important notes" notes. The morning of the drive up to Silverstone, I thrash about a bit and try to get the final few

bits and pieces. A spill kit proves hard to find.

With the Alfa trailered up behind the trusty Land Cruiser, on Thursday 9th May I set off up the M1 to the Warwick Hilton. The car park is full of executive cars and at the far end I see the growing queue for scrutineering. There are trailers everywhere, dozens of transit van support vehicles and not too many organisers in sight.

At scrutineering all is well except that the passenger seat belts are out of date. Of course in HSCC Historic Road Sports they don't scrutineer passenger belts. A mad dash to Silverstone ensues to buy one new belt and we do make it back in time for the 7pm briefing that night. Five minute penalty straight off if one of you does not turn up for that pre tour briefing.

We eye up the competitors as you do. There are three events going on, "Regularity" which involves only timed sections without the full on racing and without all the special stages. There is the "Competition" section (the event we are in) it seems to have about 37 teams, six or seven 911's in various states of tune, vintage and budget, two Ferrari's, several hot Escort Mexico's, five or six Alfas, Morgans, a BMW 2002, a Ford Falcon, Elans. A wonderful and very varied field very familiar to me from HRS type race weekends. There is another category called "Targa" - those guys are post 1976 and do pretty much the same stuff as the pre 1976 "competition" machinery. There is quite a disparity of cars in the event and we are all allocated some kind of performance index to recognise that some cars are heavy and underpowered (us) and some cars are lighter and more suitably powered (not us). Sadly there is no allowance for talent, that category seems to be played on a level field. You're a better driver and typically you do better - very odd that. A large number of the team have transit van support with people ready to assist. We only have a bag of spanners and feel slightly under prepared.

The Alfa is running HRS legal Yokohama road tyres (195/60/14) and the standard road tyre was I think a 175/70/13. Consequently the 44 year old speedo



reading is miles out and anyway reads in kilometres only. Previously I've stuck little stickers where with GPS assistance I thought 30 mph was, etc. The stickers are at least 35% out of position for the Alfa's calculated clock readings.

After about 30 minutes of briefing, my outlook has changed from completely care free to rather care worn and beginning to feel slightly worried. It seems almost everyone else in "competition" has done this before. There are no such things as stupid questions, the cliché goes, but we refrain from asking some that we have in mind.

At 10pm the bar has emptied and we think we'd better turn in. As we walk to our room, we meet a man who is marking each way point on the maps to supplement the tulip maps that we've all been given. Amazingly, he has with him a complete spare set of maps for each special stage and each day. 20 pages in total. Equally amazingly he gives us that spare set. Again I wonder if other people are better prepared than us.

At 6am the alarm goes off. We're down for breakfast and eagerly awaiting our start time. The car park is packed and there are support crews fettling most of the other cars. We think we'd better do something so we clean the front screen, check our oil and get in.

We are to be sent off at one minute intervals. As car 34 we're due off at 7.50am, mileage reading 87,879km. We've thrown a Sat Nav in the tool bag just in case (at risk of expulsion no doubt). We also have the 20 pages of maps from our mate and 117 pages of tulip maps! I'm not exaggerating.



Off we go – we look at the tulip maps and think we'll just have to see how far out the Alfa's trip meter actually is. 23.1 miles or 37.18km to the first special stage – all on public roads and a theoretical average speed of 40mph allowed. You need to get a wiggle on to average 40mph in rush hour traffic. As we check each tulip map and indicated instruction amazingly our 43 year old trip-meter seems to be spot on.

First special stage is Arbury hall, a 1.85 mile dash through the grounds of private parkland between and under trees, with 7 chicanes to negotiate, a hump back bridge and a flying finish. No practice, just up and at it. Very exhilarating and a definite sense of we could go faster. Luckily we get two runs.

Leave Arbury to head for Mallory Park for the first actual race. I've visited Mallory the week before on a track day to get some idea of when to turn right and left. 15.6 miles to go and again a prescribed time allowance is given.

Mallory special stage involves 1¼ laps and a dash

through the car park all against the clock. I'd like to think I was driving the car quickly but not recklessly. We don't hit anything on the first run through and we seem to be doing OK.

Second go at the same special stage and I'm overtaken by a 70's Road Sports Morgan V8 who I know to be quick, Maybe I should be going quicker, but he goes straight on and through the bales at the bus stop chicane. "Cold brakes" he says when asked afterwards.

We then have a "normal" race at Mallory. We run well and move up a few places, as a few people come off or crash out.

We head off for Gaydon, 38.2 miles and once again a time is prescribed. No real time to gas up or have any kind of comfort break. This becomes the theme for the event. How the hell do you find time to do anything but race from A to B?

Our Gaydon event is to be run in the Heritage Museum car park, a very short sprint through cones in a cordoned off area. Sunny and quite a big crowd. The 911's win the day, with times of about 30 seconds. Sort of thing

you might see in a supermarket car park outside Manchester on a Saturday night at midnight. We are told we can now have a break and have lunch in the Museum. A beautiful DB4 GT lightweight in the car park; get chatting to the owner and he has just finished the Tour Auto in it. Next year, I think.

Lunch break over, we head off for the Porsche Experience tracks at

Silverstone. 28.4 miles to go - you get the picture. We've been set off at 1 minute intervals but we do bunch up a bit on arrival. The idea is that the co-driver runs out and gets the time clock stamped if you find yourself in a queue at the Time control. We're getting the hang of this. So far no penalties and we are doing OK, we imagine.

The Porsche Experience stage is like a large go kart track and involves a skid pan and an ice simulating part raced over just 2 laps. Once again, no practice just balls out off the line. Once again we do OK.

Stoneleigh back to Silverstone - 35 miles. We are looking forward to another "proper" race.

We do OK and beat the lovely Renault Alpine. Honour is restored as they had beaten us yesterday at Mallory. The 911's run away with it and the event leader continues to extend his lead. Phil Hindley and Andy Bull - one of them is a pro driver who last year won the Porsche Carrera Cup. The other is presumably the owner.

The 911 of choice seems to be a 911 SC rebuilt to pre

76 FIA paper spec, blue printed engines and top prep. It seems to be possible to spend about £100k preparing these cars. As long as you have a support team with you to swap race tyres to road tyres back to off road tyres it is perfectly possible to win this event. Or you can throw a set of spanners in the back and have a go...

We complete the race and return to the car park. The car is running well – rattling a lot more than usual, I think. But I'm not surprised, we've just completed a full 20 minute race with a shortened practice and that is after 11 hours yesterday and 5 hours this morning of pretty full on use. We're still in the event and onwards we go.

Silverstone to Arncott Ministry of defence army base. 22.5 miles and we need fuel badly but we have no time. It is 11.30am and we're knackered again, having done special stages and a full race already.

Arrive at Arncott on time, no penalties and await our turn. Once again this Special stage is a surprise to us as no pre event recce is allowed and we have not mugged up on the road book. This stage is quite close to an off road event, even though it is on paved roads. Just more gravel than the previous special stages. Two runs and finish off with much needed lunch in the Army barracks.

We leave after lunch and really have to stop for fuel. We've been running on fumes, we tank up and then have to gun it on the public roads to catch up the time. It is 48 miles to go and we are allowed just over an hour but

we've lost 10 minutes already. It is for the first time raining quite heavily. The car steams up, of course, as we belt up the motorway back to Stoneleigh.

Two more goes at Stoneleigh the 29 right hand, left hand 90 degree bends. We're tired but complete the runs at slightly better times than we had estimated for ourselves earlier.

We leave Stoneleigh at "approx" 2.57pm and head back to Packington. 12.2 miles to cover. Two more runs at the Packington Hall (think Quartet hotel) and this time in reverse. Not actually in reverse gear but from finish line to start line. The bends you thought you knew are not quite so familiar when attacked in reverse. It is raining quite heavily now and the narrow path is very greasy. The parkland deer have come to have a closer look as well.

The last stage completed we head back to the hotel. We know no beer will be allowed enroute as we know that we will have 19.7 miles to cover in 30 minutes.

We arrive back and complete our final time check, we're exhausted but strangely sad it's over. It has been amazingly hard going and frankly astonishing that the car made it.

We finish the event 13th.

Johan Denekamp

THE NEVER ENDING STORY OF A TRIUMPH 2000 RACER

My earlier tale of woe was written for the December issue, when a more positive epilogue to the 2012 season was planned.

The final two races of 2012 were indeed encouraging.

I entered a 45 minute HRDC TC63 Touring Cars race at Mallory Park and qualified ninth out of twenty, which is surprisingly high up the grid for me. This series does not include cars such as the Lotus Cortina or Alfa GTA's of the HSCC HTC Pre '66 series.

The Triumph saloon was up to seventh before the mandatory one minute pit stop for a driver change (that's if you had a 2nd Driver, which I didn't). Unfortunately, when I switched off the engine, it caught fire. Only a small petrol vapor fire, but this necessitated opening the bonnet, grabbing the small hand held foam extinguisher, quickly snuffing it out and refastening the bonnet. The Marshall, being a stickler for the rules, then pointed out that I hadn't shut and re-opened the door; the bonnet doesn't count. Obviously I lost more than the one minute, which is about a lap of Mallory. Still, I was happy to get back out there and recovered to finish tenth. Huge fun, plenty of overtaking action and the car was 'on fire' in more ways than I would have wished for.

The last race of 2012 was the HSCC/HTC Silverstone finals and the car had gained an overhauled middle 45 Weber. Dreadful conditions for the qualifying session, so being far too cautious I qualified thirty-second of the thirty six entries. Very disappointing, but the sun came out and we had a dry race.

Qualifying badly resulted in plenty of dicing and swapping places and the car was really going well. I finished twentieth, just ahead of three American muscle cars. We were on the short circuit so they couldn't use all their power. Brilliant fun.



One slight regret was that when I switched off in the paddock, it caught fire again!

Over the winter a new middle 45 Weber carb was fitted along with a fuel pressure regulator and a modification to vent more fresh air into the engine bay.

The 2013 Season started at Donington with the HSCC/HTC in March. Conditions were not good. Damp track, slightly icy. Still qualified twenty-third out of thirty, which for me is not a disaster.

In the assembly area, whilst waiting to go out, a marshall visited every car individually and kindly informed us all that, in addition to the damp, the Historic Formula Fords had dropped oil all round the track and this couldn't be dealt with effectively due to the damp, which meant that the track was very slippery all around the circuit. Nice! Even the Green Flag lap was scary; lots of slipping and sliding.

I decided, what the hell lets go for it and dropped the clutch at the start with gusto. Bad move as I sat still with spinning wheels while every other car shot off into the distance towards Redgate. I spent the rest of the race failing to catch up, with the Triumph snaking on the straight and sliding frighteningly at every corner. I was just happy to see the chequered flag even though, not surprisingly, I finished twenty-seventh and last.

Some good news, the engine didn't turn into a barbeque!

Two weeks later we were off to Thruxton with high hopes. This circuit has the fastest bend of all with the BTC cars cornering Church at 130 mph. Qualifying was scary as we hadn't raced here for 10 years or more. I confess to being just a bit scared, which wasn't helped by the throttle cable sticking fully open near the end, causing the engine to scream to about 8000 revs. I qualified twenty-sixth out of twenty-seven.

With the help of a couple of other racers, we fixed the problem and all seemed OK for the Race. Not so. On the Green Flag lap, I lost all throttle and pulled off at Marshall post 7 thinking that was it. Five hours to get there and it looked like it would be straight back on the trailer. But the Marshals dived in, we found the problem and we sorted it only for the race to start with out me. Rude words were said.

On lap three, there was a very scary accident causing a Lotus Cortina to roll end over end and a Red flag. The Marshalls got Race Control to agree to me joining the back of the grid for the restart. Off the start I passed a couple of cars then got stuck behind a magnificently prepared Austin Westminster with a 3 litre Healy engine. More power than the Triumph but heavier. I had four good laps trying to get past and finally succeeded by diving down the inside at the complex, but by then the pack had gone. Huge fun had been had and my thanks go to the marshalls. I finished seventeenth and again No Fire!!!

So, on April 1st I had high hopes for a good season, only to be told that probably due to the over-revving, the cam followers (new, best quality) had started to breakup and had damaged the camshaft. According to the experts a common problem when squeezing 200 bhp out of an engine designed for 95 bhp.

The solution for this engine is to bore out the engine block to take a 20% bigger cam-follower, which is where we are still at.

With an engine in bits waiting on machine shops to meet a deadline, I have missed Cadwell Park and Snetterton, but am praying that we make Brands Hatch GP Circuit on 14th July.

Wish me luck, I need some!

Richard Cross





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Le Mans Legends Race 2013



"I don't think we're going to be racing," I said over the phone to my parents back in Scotland. "We've fitted the standard clutch and flywheel, put the gearbox back on and when the mechanic went to press the clutch the release bearing fell off inside the bell housing. It's a gearbox-back-off job."

In normal circumstances this wouldn't have been a problem. Annoying, yes, but not irreparable. We weren't in normal circumstances, though, we were at Le Mans and in just over 12 hours time we would (should) be peeling out of the paddock, driving down the pitlane and then heading out onto La Sarthe, under that famous Dunlop Bridge and on down the Mulsanne Straight. It's the stuff that dreams are made of, but we were in what could only be described as a nightmare. Let me rewind.

Back in March we were given an entry to the Le Mans Legends race - it's the jewel in historic motor racing's crown, the Grand National for old cars. The entry was for our family MGB that was used by the works department in period as a test bed for new parts. We bought it just under 10 years ago, but for the last two years it had sat up in Scotland under a tarpaulin. Oh how simple it sounded, though - "we'll give it a once over and check it's all working and then ship it south," I said to Paul Latimer, my co-driver for the race in a few months time.



Due to lack of space here I'll save the details, but... The seat and seat belts were out of date, there was play in a front-right suspension arm and the fuel tank had a small leak. Hardly work of a moment. Still, we had it all sorted by the end of May and at the start of June the car was shipped south.

The weekend before the trip to Le Mans was the only time I'd have to check the car was working on a racetrack, but until now it had never given any problems. All should be fine. Or not. At the start of the 'practice' race at Silverstone the clutch started slipping and thanks to a wonderful design by Abingdon that meant we'd have to take the engine and gearbox out. The car was supposed to be leaving for Le Mans in 48 hours.

Gary Davis of GD Motorsport wiped his diary and got to work. Within five hours of starting he discovered that the release-bearing carrier was too long and wouldn't release the clutch, giving you clutch slip. He had it machined down and, with hours to spare, the car was delivered to Andy Prill who was transporting the car to France and supporting us out there.

I've been to Le Mans many times as a journalist and I've interviewed plenty of sports car drivers who have told me how special Le Mans is. That, coupled with the fact that I used to cover my walls with Le Mans posters when I was younger (much to my father's delight and my mother's disgust), meant that arriving in the Legends paddock, seeing the



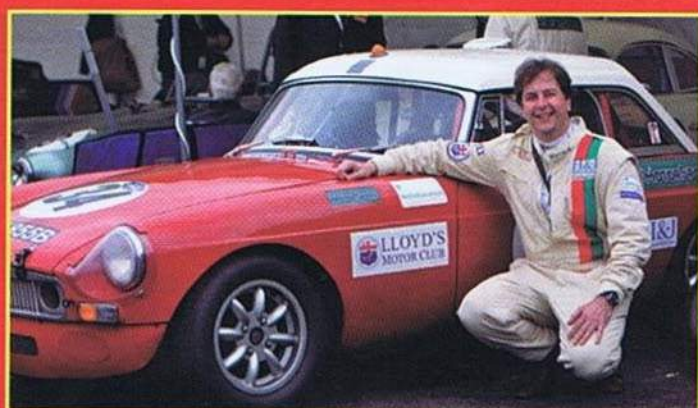


MGB there and knowing that I'd be actually "racing" at Le Mans on the morning of the 24 Hours sent a shiver down my spine. I'd watched the annual Legends race many times, but to be actually doing it? It was a far cry from my usual racing at windy and wet Knockhill.

We had to learn the circuit first and despite everyone telling us that it was "flat through there, flat there" and "definitely flat there", Paul and I decided to go at our own pace. In the one-hour practice/qualifying session any hopes of learning the track were dashed by the end of the first lap, though - the clutch was slipping again. We both set a laptime to make sure we were on the grid and Paul drove the car back to the paddock before we were halfway through the session. I arrived to find him still sat in the car. He looked about the same as I felt.

Once the car had cooled Andy Prill and his mechanic Adam Lichtig got to work. The gearbox was taken off and there was oil everywhere - "enough to paint your house with" apparently. The clutch, despite only being a couple of races old, was looking dodgy so we needed a new one of those and, most importantly, we needed a new rear main oil seal. The next morning was spent trawling industrial estates on the outskirts of Le Mans, but, despite some extremely helpful people, we had no luck.

A quick call to the MG Owners Club and they informed us that they supplied a company near Paris with parts. We tried them and, unbelievably, they had one rear main oil seal that would fit. Five hours and 400km later we had a new oil seal...



By now the afternoon was wearing on, but Colin Elstrop - the owner and driver of the TVR in our class - just happened to have a spare MGB engine on the back of his truck. He lent us the clutch off that and, when we realised it didn't fit our flywheel, his flywheel as well. It's often said that motor racing paddocks can be the friendliest places, but what Colin did for us made the difference between racing or not. It was as simple as that. Thank you Colin...

It's about now that we came in... The clutch pedal had just been tested and the release bearing had just gone 'thump' inside the bell housing. By now I was just about mentally finished and had to walk away from the car and speak to someone away from the track. It just so happened to be my parents, who mentioned afterwards that they had never heard me so down. Not since my mother finally banned the Le Mans posters anyway.

By the time I returned the problem had been solved and we were a matter of an hour or so from being able to test it. And test it we did - down the dual carriageway outside the circuit. We got some strange looks as we hammered past cars, foot to the floor, changing up the gears, but we didn't care - the clutch seemed to be working. "We would be racing at Le Mans".

The race itself was everything that we could have hoped for, bar the on/off rain and the extremely treacherous conditions... We really did get a proper Le Mans experience. I started the race and, despite the formation lap being chaos, I didn't do anything stupid and handed the car over to Paul at the halfway mark. He finished the race and we managed to climb up to 39th overall out of 65 and third in class. OK, there were only three in the class, but still, we did fine considering how underpowered a little MGB was compared to some of the exotica on the grid!

There were moments, when the car was in bits, when both of us wondered whether it was all worth it, whether we would have been better off doing a wet race at Knockhill, but as soon as I finished that warm-up lap, safe in the knowledge that the clutch wasn't slipping, all of those thoughts vanished. The only thought that didn't, and one that remains with me still

now is how lucky we were to be given the opportunity to race on such hallowed Tarmac. It's not often you can say this, but it really was everything it was cranked up to be.

Thank you to the Lloyd's Motor Club for making it possible.

Ed Foster

Just as a postscript, to add to Ed's notes of thanks in his prose which I echo, I just wanted to thank Ed for inviting me to be his co-driver for this amazing event and trusting me with his valuable MGB.

A huge thanks to Andy Prill and Adam Lichtig of Maxted-Page & Prill Ltd for their invaluable support and working well into the evening to ensure the car was fixed, ably assisted by Andy Phillips of Road to Sea who kindly

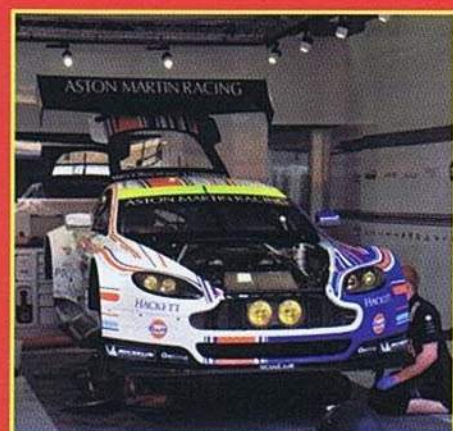
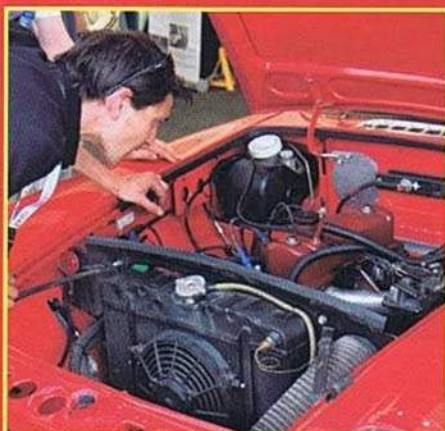
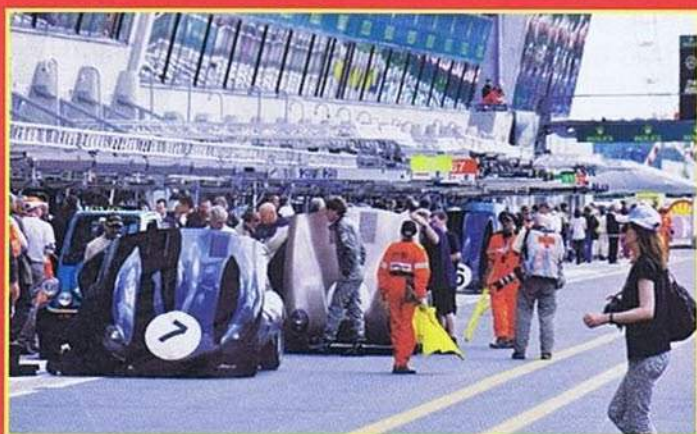
volunteered humour and strength for the heavier elements.

We should also thank Ferrari UK for the loan of the FF from their press fleet, a truly magnificent car with a mere 650 bhp – over four times the power of the B which made for very entertaining team transport!

My sponsors for this year Catlin, Harbour & Jones, JLT Re, Clyde & Co and Bayfield Recruitment without whom all this would be a mere pipedream.

And last but by no means least Duncan Wiltshire and Lindsey Warren and their Legends Team for accepting our entry and putting on such a fabulous event

Paul Latimer





Colonel Adam McRae, being something of a petrol-head and having recently become a member of Lloyd's Motor Club, it seemed a good idea that his send-off should have a motoring flavour about it.

the arrival of its current commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Adam McRae OBE. Colonel Adam has been known in the regiment as "The People's Colonel", an indication of the respect and warmth with which he is

REDEPLOYMENT

The ties between Lloyd's Motor Club and the British Army's specialist bomb disposal unit, 11 EOD Regiment (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) RLC have grown progressively during the past 4 years, particularly since

regarded by his officers and soldiers. During this period, club members have twice been invited down to the regiment's headquarters at Didcot for demonstrations of the skills and equipment of the ATO's and AT's (Ammunition Technical Officers and Ammunition Technicians), a presentation from the colonel himself about their operations in today's theatres of war, and an excellent lunch in the Officers Mess afterwards. Several of us have also attended regimental dinners and other events and members of 11 EOD have often been guests at LMC Celebrity lunches and at our biennial dinner.



It is therefore a little sad that it recently became time to say goodbye to Colonel Adam as he embarked on his last tour in Afghanistan before moving to a new role, most probably at the MOD. But this goodbye was destined to be a little more than just a shake of the hand and a well-wishing for the future.

Renowned historic car collector and racer, Dick Skipworth was the LMC chairman's guest at Didcot for the latest visit by club members (the visit also included Sir Frank Williams and Mike Coughlan of Williams Formula 1). Dick's exceptional collection of historic machinery includes many of the Ecurie Ecosse team cars from the 1950's, among them the Ninian Sanderson Jaguar C Type and he very generously offered to bring the car to the Army's Abingdon Airfield on the morning of Colonel Adam's "redeployment" for him to experience it at first hand. This was to be a surprise and a surprise it was! The colonel's face was a picture of amazement and delight and by the time the next hour tearing around the airfield had passed, it was difficult to work out how the top half of his head remained attached to the bottom half, so wide was the smile on his face.

A return to barracks later that morning saw his officers and soldiers well prepared to put the Colonel through some very military but highly amusing high jinks (best not detailed here), to say their farewells in the way soldiers do, all of which Dick and I had been invited to spectate. This was a fitting exit for a much loved and respected CO; departing his regiment to the cheers of all his officers and soldiers.

The LMC wishes him well in his new posting and looks forward to seeing him at club events now that his membership is confirmed.

Roger Earl



Formula Junior



Picture by Ines Campos Costa



Picture by Kitty Chisholm

James Owen, Aviation Class Underwriter with XL, is competing in the 2013 FIA Lurani Trophy for Formula Junior cars. Formula Junior ran from 1957 to 1963 and was effectively the lead-in to Formula One in that time. With rapid development in period, the modern championship is split into various classes - the last generation of disc-braked, dry-sumped rear-engined monocoque cars being significantly quicker than the early front-engined drum-braked cars.

James' 1960 Elva 200 is from the first generation of rear-engined cars, running drum brakes, it therefore drops into the middle generation, running in Class C2. Despite a modest output of just 104bhp from 1100cc, in a car weighing just 400kgs, sporting drum brakes and narrow period-type crossply tyres, performance is plenty quick enough. Formula Junior is the best supported Historic class worldwide - 98 competitors took part in last year's Lurani Trophy and 127 took part in the UK Championship. An incredible 77 cars entered the HSCC Silverstone meeting in May 2012.

The 2013 Lurani programme is an exciting one, taking in double races at seven of the biggest Historic Festivals in Europe. The first round was at the Jim Clark Revival Meeting at Hockenheim in Germany in late April. I was pleased to finish 2nd in Class that weekend, a great start to the Championship. The second round was at the Grand Prix Historique de Pau in France, a narrow armco-lined street circuit, á la Monaco. I won my class at this meeting, however, with a diminished class grid, it didn't score full points. Two weeks later we raced at the Masters Historic Festival at Brands Hatch, once again I was second. Round 4 has just taken place at the Grand Prix de l'Age d'Or at the fabulous Dijon circuit, and yet another second place resulted.

The other rounds of the Championship are:

August 9-11	Oldtimer Grand Prix	Nurburgring Germany
October 11-13	Classic Festival	Jerez Spain
October 18-20	Algarve Historic Festival	Portimao Portugal

With encouragement and support from both family and employer, I am ambitiously planning to compete at all seven meetings. Technical / logistical support will be provided by Delta Motorsport.

Having just passed the midpoint of the season I have a slender two point lead overall in the Championship, after a solid start to the season, coupled with a little good fortune. However, with only 6 rounds of 7 to count, it is probable that I'll be overhauled when the discard comes into play.

I will also be racing in this year's Goodwood Revival in the Elva, as well as at several HSCC meetings this year racing the 'globe-trotting' Triumph TR5, or supporting my brother's new toy, a Ford Anglia in Historic Touring Cars. If any LMC members are at either HSCC meetings or any of the festivals mentioned above, please come and say hello.

I am running a blog for the season, a link will be found from the LMC website in due course. You will also be able to find in-car footage on YouTube if you search on 'tr5aus'.

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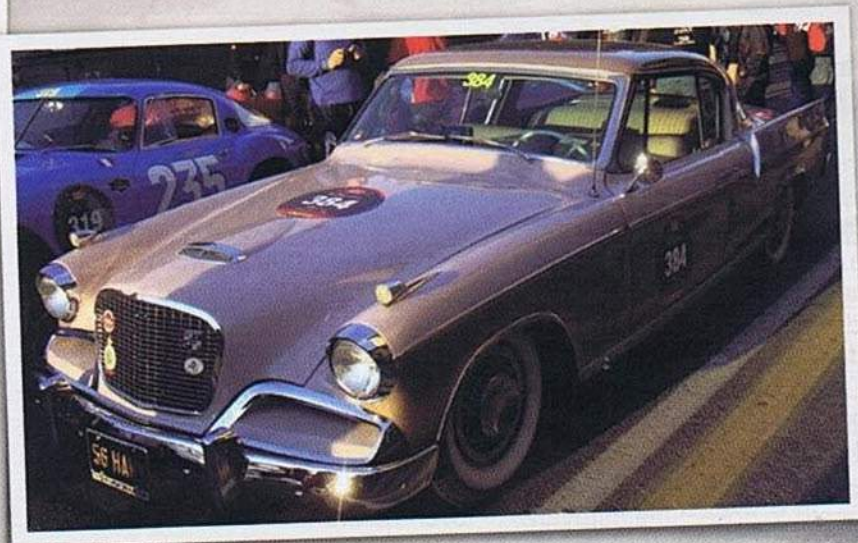
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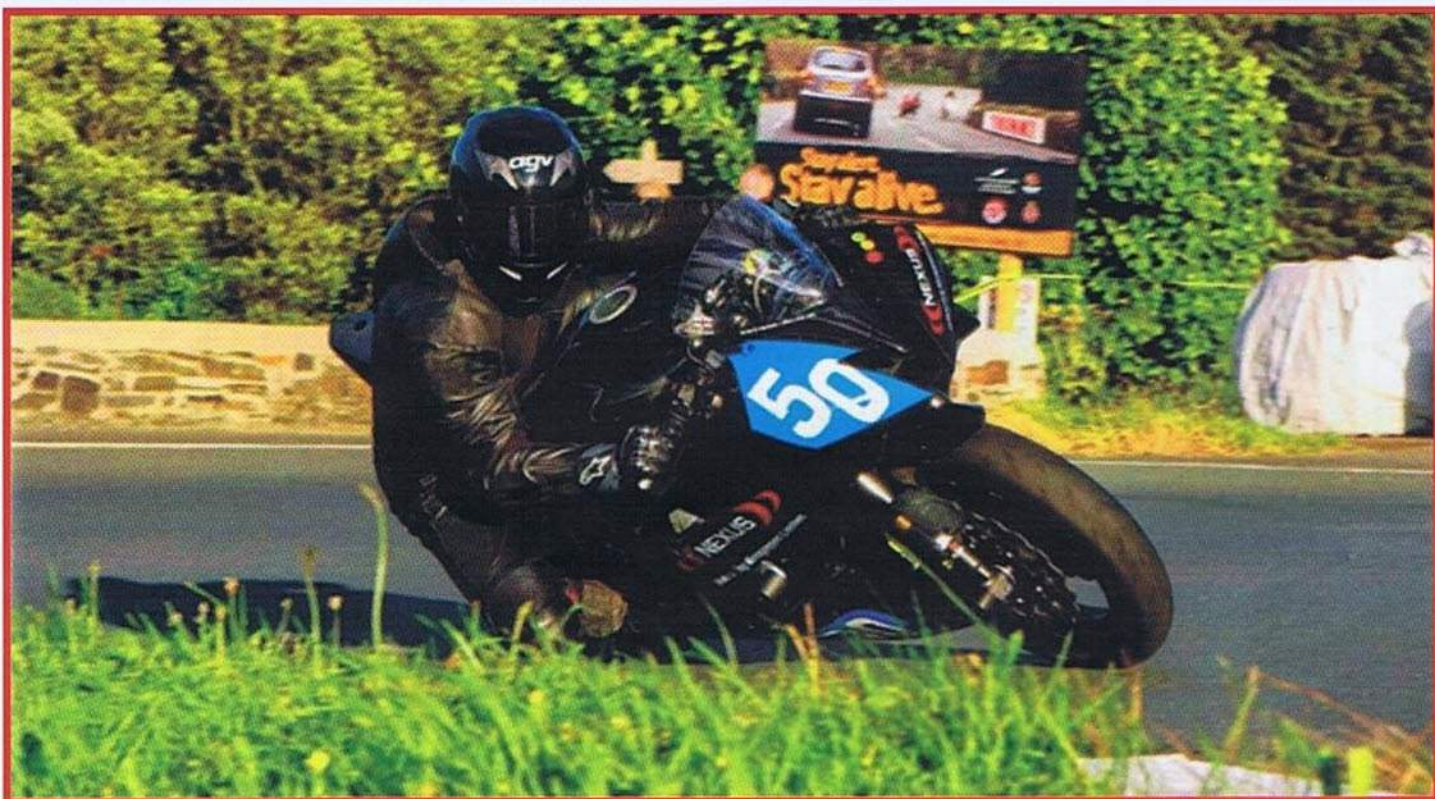
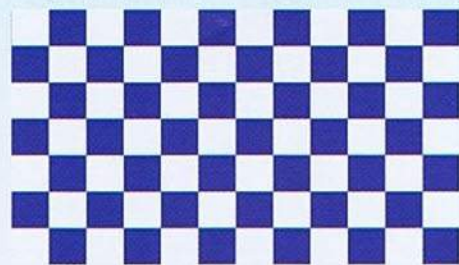
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MANX GRAND PRIX 2012



I had raced the Manx Grand Prix in both 2008 and 2009 and decided to make a third and final trip to the Isle of Man to pit myself against the TT Mountain Course and try to hit the elusive target of a 110mph (average speed) lap that I'd set myself previously.

As a bit of background, the Isle of Man TT Races, first held in 1907, consisted of a mixture of professional and amateur riders, the professionals becoming more prominent as the years passed. This had not gone unnoticed by organizers and they decided to hold a similar race meeting, over the 37.75 mile TT Mountain Course, for 'Amateur' riders only, as they were being outclassed by the 'works' teams, even back then. This idea came to fruition in 1923 with the running of the first "Amateur

TT", and in 1930 its name changed to the Manx Grand Prix.

Today's races differ from the TT in two major ways: firstly the maximum "cc" for the modern bikes is 750, although most ride 600's and secondly, instead of sidecars, classic bikes (pre 1970) are raced, which gives a much different feel to the event than the TT.

With work done on Thursday 16th August, I headed home and loaded up the van and set off with a friend (Guy Kennett) to collect the caravan I was borrowing from another friend.

We were up at 5am after a heavier night on the beers than I had intended and set off for Heysham. Guy managed to get us a mention on Radio 2, which broke the boredom of the five hour drive. We were one

of the first at the port, which meant once we were in Douglas we were also first off the ferry, for which I was glad as getting set up in the paddock was not as pre set as I had been led to believe. The paddock was very wet and we got lucky with a pitch near the top of the hill and by 8:30pm we were set up and eating a hot dinner thanks to my friends wife.

Saturday was the usual signing in and kit scrutineering. I had a bit of a panic when the scrutineers looked over my two crash helmets and commented that they were a bit old. In the end they said that the helmets were OK, but wouldn't be next year, thank heavens for that.

Due to the poor weather the island had experienced since the TT, practice didn't happen. There were





reports of water coming up through the tarmac at Keppel Gate; a real shame as that evening the weather was excellent.

Sunday was a day off and Monday was the next scheduled practice day, but due to poor weather conditions only the Newcomers went out for their escorted sighting lap.

Finally on Tuesday we were able to get out for the first two laps

in a slipping clutch, so a quick trip up to Slick Performance and my bike was sorted by Carl Foggarty's race engineer, Slip Bass, within an hour.

Thursday I went back to my original gearing to give the clutch an easier time and still managed a 102.84mph lap. Regrettably one rider who crashed in practice died of his injuries that evening. That was it for practice, weather conditions for the rest of the week meant no bikes went

my visor up. As I headed out on to the course, I hit it down too hard and it came disconnected on one side, so I had to pull over in a safe place, remove my gloves and helmet, fix the visor back in place and then put the helmet and gloves back on and then finally wait until the marshalls would let me pull back on to the course. I lost three minutes; that blew any thoughts of getting a Replica Trophy.

I managed to get a lap of practice



of practice. Conditions were still difficult, with water running across the road in several key places. We were all told to take it steady, which I did. Neither of my laps were close to a usually easy to achieve 100mph lap.

For Wednesdays practice, I decided to modify the bike's gearing to improve the top speed, which resulted in me being clocked at the end of Sulby Straight at 153mph (my previous best was 145mph) and a fastest lap that evening of 102.93mph. However, it also resulted

out again until racing began after the Bank Holiday Monday.

The Junior race should have happened on Bank Holiday Monday but due to poor weather, was delayed until the next day. On Tuesday the weather was good, but there were still damp patches all around the course. I really enjoyed the race and with a fastest final lap of 104mph I was confident for a good time the Senior race on Friday.

I did mess up in the race though, as I left the pits after refuelling I'd left

on Wednesday after the racing had finished; I only mention this as it's the first time this had happened for me. The other times I'd raced there, practice had been cancelled for various reasons, mainly weather. Regrettably, in the Supertwins race that day, one rider pushing for the lead crashed and later died from his injuries.

Race conditions for the Senior on Friday afternoon were looking changeable, so I went with intermediate tyres, and a good thing too as one lap in it began to rain.



Many of the top riders had gambled on getting round before the rain started and this did not pay off; it was carnage by the time I was three laps in.

In total, 14 bikes went down with 11 riders hospitalised - thankfully most were released by late evening. I had issues with my own bike with a holed radiator after two laps. When I came in for fuel, a scrutineer spotted the brown water down the side of my bike, but OK'd me to continue. I took it easy on lap three and the temperature remained steady but half way round

lap four of the 37.75 mile course, the temperature crept up, so I nursed the bike back to the finish line. I was lucky that the conditions on the Mountain were appalling. The cold mist helped keep the bike cool, but doing over 100mph with little visibility really tests your circuit knowledge.

All in all I was happy just to finish and come home in one piece. I'd not got the practice I'd wanted, so my average speeds were well off what I had hoped, but I'd had a great time. Without the holed radiator, I feel I could have got round fast enough to

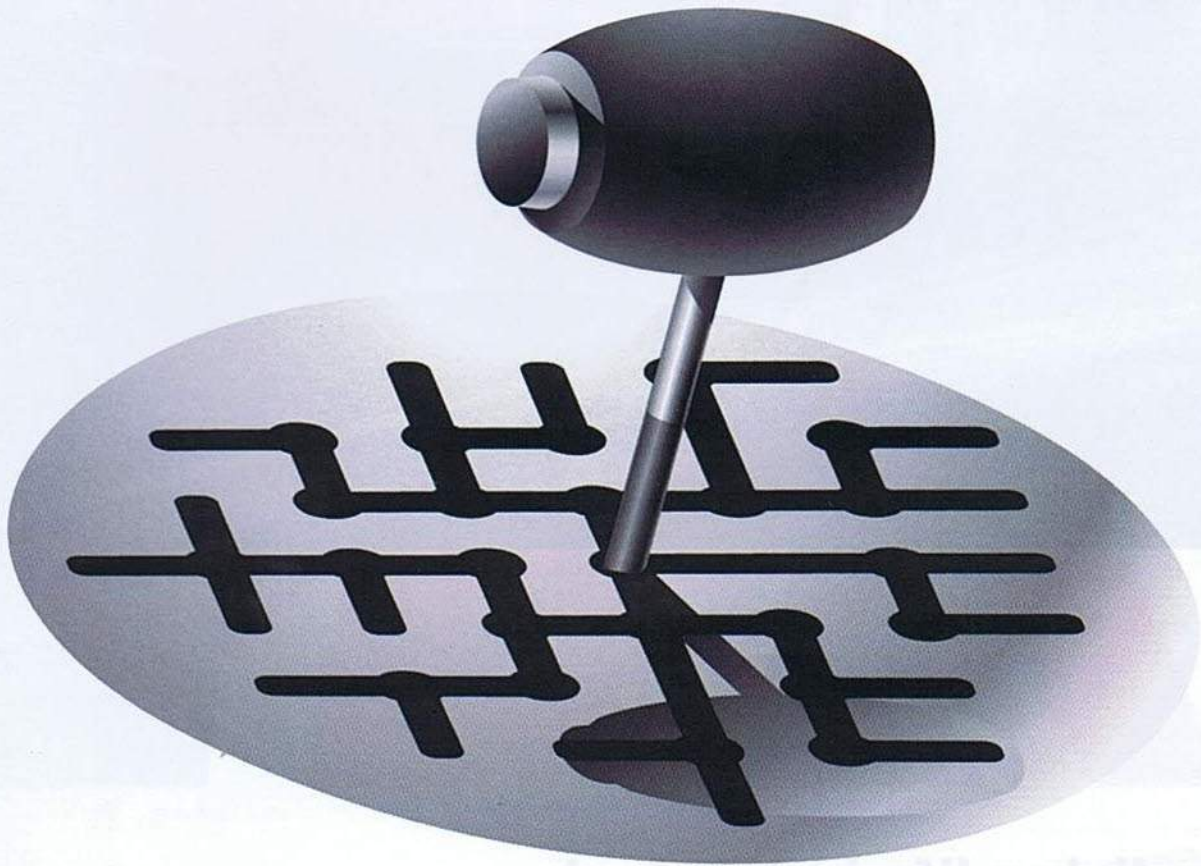
get a Replica Trophy, which would have been a great way to finish things off. A massive thanks to my sponsors Nexus Underwriting Management. Without their help I would have struggled to have participated. Also, a big thanks to Vere Kennett for looking after me for the two weeks and making sure I was fed properly. Finally, a big thanks to Richard Beard (of Howdens) and Guy Kennett for all their help and for being my (very calm) pit crew.

John Coleman



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