

TRACING MOTOR CLUB

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FUTURE EVENTS

Due to the fuel crisis, it is very difficult to plan events in the New Year. Unofficial noggins are, as always, up to you, but perhaps we should alter this venue too. Ideas, please! The following dates are therefore provisional, but unless the situation gets worse (what do you mean, how could it!) they will stand. All competitive events are off until "further notice".

JANUARY 6th - Noggin @ The Jester, Harrogate Road.

Within struggling distance of everyone, we hope, perhaps we might have another darts match. ('cause I won the last one, so there!)

JANUARY 22nd - Noggin - Tom Porter's Wine Lodge, under the Corn Exchange, Leeds. Smack in the middle of town, just fine for everyone except us yokels. Never mind, we can always share our horse and cart, and if we set off Monday night.....

FEBRUARY 8th - Dinner/Dance - The Mansion House, Roundhay, 7.30 for 8.00. Dress informal. Presentation of awards, two guest speakers, both from the motoring press, good food, all those loverlee cups and things, but chiefly YOURSELVES. Your club's grand social event of the year, bigger and better than before. Tickets from any committee member, buy now to avoid disappointment. A really great evening in prospect for us all here, and not far to travel. Disco etc. until the small hours (Disco we provide, etc. you can find yourself!) Grand prize raffle; you could be a lucky winner. Tickets too could win a prize. Harry and Cindy Buckley go free this year, they had the winner last year. Don't forget, Friday, 8th February. See you there.

FEBRUARY 26th - Indoor Rally - we hope that this will be the first of the Ford series, but confirmation will be in our next.

No point in going further at present, but we are not short of ideas to keep you amused, when we can do some definite planning! Would you believe table top autotests!

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We hear that the Mintex Dales is off, maybe until May 18th. We were due to run two stages in this, Stang East and West. Ah, well, Stang in the spring doesn't sound so bad. Won't be the same without all that ice, though.

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Our Hon. Ed., Steve Mills, is still indisposed, with his recurring stomach bug. Our sympathies to him, and very best wishes for a speedy recovery (especially from Hon. Sec. who finds it difficult to wear two hats at once!)

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SECS FOOT

As you all now know, the fuel crisis has dealt us a body blow this month. We are very disappointed, especially about the Markel, which is fated not to run, it seems. We don't know how long these restrictions will last, but you can be sure that we will restart competitive events just as soon as we can. Meanwhile the social scene goes on, so easy on the right foot to save enough gas to come to them. It helps too, if you can fill your car with other bods; keeps down the usage. And if you can develop a handy sized nuclear reactor to fit under the bonnet in your spare time, I'm sure we'd all appreciate it.

But before all this blew up, we had a fine time. Our P.C.T. on the 4th was a pretty good event by any standards. No complaints anyways. A pity we didn't have more marshalls, though, we could have run more tests than the six we had. So make a note of next year's date NOW, its October 27th, and KEEP IT FREE. This is your club's BIG event, the only one at present. We have had enquiries from the B.T.R.D.A. about including it in their series. So lets really try to build it up. An international P.C.T.? well, we did have a F.I.A. licence holder competing this year. It could be done!

Then we had the Shell League Final Autotests at Brighouse, where we fought off the challenge from B.A.R.C. and Sheffield and Hallamshire to take fourth spot for the second year running. But the event itself was not up to standard, the tests were not just tests of skill, but mainly memory, and the delays between tests were atrocious. And my 'B' tried to turn itself inside out at every reverse. So I was a bit fed up with the whole day. However, Richard Ineson and David Taylor stayed consistent to be 8th and 10th out of 27(!) in Class I, while self Ken Goodall and Geoff Dickinson were 6, 10 and 11 out of 13 in Class 3. Enough to see off our competitors on the League, anyway. And Paul Hargreaves complimented us on a very consistent performance afterwards. Of course, we haven't won any loot at this game yet, but time will tell (we hope). Seriously though, fourth is very, very good indeed, against the local clubs. Well done, and special thanks to everyone who competed for Trackrod in this year's league.

Our film show on the 13th was marred by the non-arrival of the film of the '71 R.A.C., yet again! However, our very sincere thanks go to Kleber Tyres and Jim Littlewood for putting on their club night for us. A very good film of last year's R.A.C. too.

Then, of course, this year's R.A.C.. A great event, blessed with fine, if cold, weather, with drama right up to the last stage. An incredible drive by Alen gave Ford their 1,2,3 though Clark would have won apart from hill cold! Tony Fowkes also put in a fine drive for eighth, a real tryer this fellow. Phil Cooper and Bob Bean were also well placed in their Mexicos, and how about Malkin in the Avenger at 17? 'Our' stage went smoothly, the local 'fuzz' being very co-operative indeed.

That 24 oz. let itself down a bit, by misbehaving in all the 22 stages till it retired. It provided the best action photo of the rally, though, jumping at Bramham. Alec Johnson's Ascona ran well in the clubman's section to finish 12th out of 35 or so.

A good end to the year for Alex, who is runner up to the 1973 A.N.C.C. Rally Champoin, now that all rallies are off. Consistent performances in the series have gained Alex and Derek Brader the place in the face of very strong competition. Well done indeed, a real boost to Trackrod's 'Image'.

So now we wait impatiently for the Arabs to release more oil, or the miners to return to full production, while we think on the successful year abruptly ended. Ah well, gives us that bit more fettle time, I suppose.

Cheers,

Steve Lloyd

#### CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

At a time of one crisis after another, it is important that we do not lose too much spirit, and that we support to the best of our ability the club activities we are able to run.

We must endeavour to run more indoor events, such as the indoor rallies and quizzes. Your ideas and offers of organisation in this regard would be appreciated.

Our final placing in the Shell League was again fourth, but a commendable performance when one considers the increase competition. Our own event in this current series, our first of Restricted Status, the P.C.T. organised by Richard and Steve was a winner, and to them I offer my grateful appreciation.

The R.A.C. Green Paper Report on Rallying is in my mind a tragedy; they have gone too far with it and the committee of twenty only had one Road Event competitor on its list. There is a certain amount of anti-Rallying feeling but need they have gone to these extreme lengths? It is difficult enough to get entries without them cutting down the number of events and competitors taking part. They also recommended decreasing the mileage and eliminating Targa timing. They are not preserving the sport as we know it, but going back to the origins of Rallying with Regularity timing. Stage events have not been affected, but some people prefer road rallies. I can also see a problem with stage availability, and a worse problem of obtaining entries.

A copy of this report is being circulated to all committee members, and we will decide whether to officially complain at our meeting. If any club members feel strongly enough on the subject, I would be pleased to hear from them.

Our Treasurer informs me that it is our year end, and our subscriptions due. May I therefore take this opportunity of thanking you for your support in the past, and express my hope that we will have your continued interest and co-operation in 1974.

It only remains for me to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Let us hope it is not too long before the crises are over, and that we are all back to normal.

Yours sincerely,

Richard Jackson

LADIES COMMITTEE

This past year saw the formation of the Women's Social Committee. Starting slowly but gaining momentum throughout the year. We were all a bit dubious at the beginning, but have had such good support from everyone in the club. In fact, we were getting quite involved in what is taken to be a male sport. Why this should be when everyone knows that women are much better drivers than men (No comment from the Ed., please.)

We hope we have widened your Inn knowledge. Unfortunately, we don't know many places in Leeds, so any suggestions will be gratefully received.

The club P.C.T. on November 4th marked the start of something else new, our attempts at Outside Catering. How many people have tried to boil 5 gallons of tomato soup on a domestic hot plate; it seems to take hours. Amazing how much some people eat on these occasions.

We hope the Christmas party will be as successful as last years, more food, more games, more drink!

As mentioned elsewhere in the newsletter, we have plans for table-top rallies in the New Year, and will keep everyone informed.

DON'T FORGET THE DINNER DANCE - FEBRUARY 8TH.

DAFT DEFINITIONS:

Cabaret - Taxi Rank  
Cadastral - Ungentlemanly ghost  
Cantata - Bye Bye, tin  
Archerly - a blood vessel  
Assegai - that's him!

"On a straight but undulating road you don't concentrate on the next brow, but the one after that and anything in between you will (or should) have taken account of long before you reach it....."

Michael Costin on driving the modern, high speed, competition car.

THE RILLY SONG

1st Verse

When Mexicos are nice and new  
They don't go very fast  
So we drive at a lick and give them some stick  
And make it a right old blast  
Then when the motor's nicely loose  
And its smoking like 80 a day  
It burns so much oil that you need your own well  
But its really the only way.

Chorus

To heel and toe, to have a go,  
And drive a Mexico.

2nd Verse

When I was thrashing a Mexico  
In darkest Breconshire,  
I often went to seven plus  
In third and second gear,  
But when I sped down <sup>N</sup>orfolkes Lanes  
With the throttle against the stop,  
Twas then I cried as the motor died  
And I wished for two cams on the top.

Chorus

3rd Verse

Sometimes we go a-staging  
Through forests so slippery  
We twitch and slide from side to side  
without an L.S.D.  
and if we go a-jumping  
when we fly off the top of a bump  
The next noise we hear is the one we all fear  
Of the crankshaft tapping the sump.

Chorus

4th Verse

But when the thrash is over  
And its Brookes, or Rockey, or Bean,  
Well, we're glad that we came, and it won't be the same  
when we're all in those Nippon machines.  
So a toast to Stuart Turner,  
Fomoco, and Henry Mk <sup>V</sup>IV,  
But just one small change, prizes right down the range,  
'Cause I'm always about 54!

Chorus

"The use of a conventionally sloping rear window enables parcels to be carried on the shelf beneath, and there is ample room for passenger's heads, should they wish to drop off during a journey".

From a road test in a contemporary magazine.

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OF RALLYING: There seems little point in driving hard all over the countryside all night only to find oneself in the morning very near to the spot one was at on the previous evening,

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Y.S.C.C. Shell League Final Autotests

11th November, 1973

An excellent entry of 51 assembled at British Motor Auctions, Brighthouse on a bright but rather cold morning, needless to say it didn't stay bright and by golly it did get colder!

Our team for the day comprised yours truly, David Taylor, Steve Lloyd, Ken Goodall and Geoff Dickinson. Paul Adelman non-started owing to some malfunction within the bowels of his trusty Escort.

The tests were laid out on several industrial forecourts on the Light Industrial Estate at Armytage Road. Competitors started in groups at several test sites and the event turned into what must have been the biggest waiting game of the season, such was the size of the entry.

The faster Minis were going very well, Peter Ballance (driving for B.A.R.C.) was as tidy, precise and fast as ever - the nearest I got was 1 - 2 secs on time but he touched a rare pylon that test (test 9) which put me 8.8 secs in front - on that test! - but what the hell - he beat me by at least 5 sometimes 10 seconds on all the other tests! Poor David Taylor was accused of and penalised for touching a pylon he didn't go anywhere near (a rather strong wind was to blame but his penalty stood) and Ken Goodall got off to a bad start with a washout on his first test. Geoff Dickinson was finding his Mk III Cortina rather large on tests which didn't really lend themselves to that class of car. Steve Lloyd openly admitted that he just didn't like the tests - I must confess they weren't very imaginative. Test five saw the downfall of my own machine - started to jump out of reverse - just you try reversing a Mini reasonably fast through a wiggle-wobble with one hand on the wheel, one on the gear lever and trying to look out of the back window kneeling on the seat - damn awkward I'll tell you! However, test nine proved a bit harsh on machinery, adverse cambers, sump cracker just before the finish round a nasty, tight, brick wall end. Gordon Chippendale (Y.S.C.C.) had the misfortune to break his diff on this one, rather spectacularly too - full bore into a 360° turn round a pylon all roar and wheelspin - Bang - stopped, out jumps Gordon and asks for his mechanic - who just happened to be stood in the crowd! So ended his day together with that of the next competitor - didn't seem to have any cogs in his 'box.

Things wound up round about 4.30 - one hell of a long day for only ten tests. However, the "team" managed to uphold the name of Trackrod finishing 4th in the league (same as last year) but much more competitive this year.

TEAM RESULTS

<u>NO</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>CAR</u>	<u>PENALTIES</u>	<u>CLASS POSITION</u>	<u>NO. IN CLASS</u>
<u>Class 1</u>					
13	D.W. Taylor	Mini 1000	488.6	10th	27
16	R.F. Ineson	Cooper 1000	477.4	6th	27
<u>Class 3</u>					
32	K.J. Goodall	Mexico	594.0	10th	13
44	S. Lloyd	M.G.B.G.T.	548.4	6th	13
33	G. Dickinson	Cortina Mk III	609.6	11th	13

R.F. INESON

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Autocar once had a letter from an Australian whos car required servicing every 500 miles. His nearest agent, at some place with an odd name like Wirramorroo, was exactly 250 miles away.

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This bloke just bent the wing on his new German luxury car, when along came his friend and pointed out philosophically, "Wehl, Old Boy, that's the way the Mercedes-Benz".

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TABLE TOP RALLIES

You've probably noticed the rush of offers by Ford, B.P., Esso etc. to run table top rallies for clubs during the enforced period of "parc ferme". We have applied and you will all be informed in due course, when the gen is received, what it's all about. Start brushing up on your O.S. sheets now, 600 m.p.h. selectives can be fun! But you also need to know the difference between the county boundary and a power line! Its all good fun though and not too serious, we hope.

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Virgin - approaching the edge.  
Varlet - mixture of blue and red.  
Sub-title - U-beat 242.  
Scanty - large shrimps.  
Lubricator - dislikes brick-built toilets.

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After the recent criticism of wheelbase in Autosport, which is only the same thing we have been saying for years, we offer the following for your delectation and amusement. We understand it to be the draft copy of a script for a bumper Christmas edition of the programme. It was found in York recently, in among a stack of travel brochures, holiday tour details etc. Now read on.

Programme opens with shots of British motorists trundling up the snow covered M1 at a steady 50 in long convoys, queues at petrol stations, the Mobil economy run going up Hardknott Pass. Ends with shot of snow-bound cars on Snake Pass getting buried in drifts.

Cut to scene of C.M. on hotel balcony, in background blue sky, palm trees, golden, bikini-covered beach - C.M.: - "Well, here we are again in the middle of a typically British winter. As the cold nights get colder with power cuts and as you wait for the buses, having no petrol for your cars, you're probably thinking - what can we do about this fuel situation, is it going to get worse, it's all the miners fault, I wonder if I can sit next to that blond dolly this morning? Well, to find the answers would be too boring even for this programme, so we invited Lord S. along to the studio again instead".

Camera tracks in to close up of palm tree and fades out.

Fade in to close up of studio flowers, track back to shot of Lord S. seated six inches away from M.F.

M.F.: "Lord S. it seems that the poor, long suffering motorist is being clobbered again, now he can't even run the car he's paying so much for, his road fund tax money is going down the drain, and the cars that are running fall apart every other week unless they're German or Japanese, so I would like to put this question to you, as this sentence has gone on far too long already; why haven't I been offered an XJ12 for long term test yet?"

Lord S.: "well, you know, I don't accept that British Leyland cars are that bad, I mean, look what the Europeans buy, Italian assembled Mini Coopers, they know what they want, all we need is a ban on German, French, Italian and Japanese imports and you'll soon see where the British motorist's loyalties lie. Incidentally, we're just bringing out the Empire Marina, finished in red, white and blue, with automatic sensors which play, "Bridge over the River Kwai" whenever a Japanese car goes by. As it's only £300 more than a basic model, which you can't get anyway, we expect a big demand".

M.S.: "Thank you, Lord S. and back to that lucky so and so C.M. in the Canaries, or Bahamas, or Rio or wherever".

As shot fades, M.S. is heard saying, "How about this XJ12 test....."

C.M. appears on his balcony.

C.M., "Thank you, and when you've done as many sports, travel and chat shows as I have, you'll be able to swan off round the world at the Beebs expense like me too, so there. And I'm only in Capetown, which isn't your Las Palmas by a long way. Now although there's no sport at home, and the Monte's off, we remembered that the first Grand Prix of 1974 is at Kyalami, probably somewhere near here, well, in South Africa anyway, so we sent B.G. to investigate."

Telephone rings, C.M. picks up receiver. "what do you mean, no sport here either.....really.....well, don't tell the Director General, I've hardly got a decent tan yet." C.M. puts down receiver, realises camera is still on, smiles nervously and -

"Over to B.G. at Kyalami racing circuit".

Cut to film of B.G. standing in front of empty Grandstand, dressed in Fordsport tee shirt and cap, with "we love Stuart Turner" badge on peak.

Noises off of Formula one cars.

"Here at Kyalami preparations are well advanced for next year's season. Now that Jackie has hung up his helmet, who will take his crown, will it be Ronnie, as so many think, or will he bend too many motors and provide us with exciting shots like this". Shot of Ronnie spinning the Lotus in the snow at Silverstone,

B.G., "Of course, that wasn't very exciting because he got away with it. However, it can't be long before he does something like Jody". Cut to shot of carnage at start of British G.P.

B.G., "That was more like it. Now, who else is there. Well with all the car changes going on, it's difficult to spot the winner, except when they're actually racing, because then he's the only one you see in shot for the whole race. Unless someone has an accident lower down the field when we show you the driver climbing out of the wreck and being sprayed by the fire marshall. I always enjoy that bit. Still, just to show you what a with it commentator I am, next year watch out for Emerson, James, Carlos, Wilson, Graham, Mike, Jacky, George....." Fade out as camera tracks back to show empty circuit and sound man playing tape of Monaco G.P. B.G. still talking. Cut to shot of J.J. in Africal village. J.J., "Hello from darkest Africa. we thought we'd make a good job of this trip, so here we are on the route of the Safari rally. At least, I think that's where we are, though I haven't seen Tony Fall anywhere, and my husband hasn't been past either. However, I found a very nice guide who was dressed in traditional costume of leopard skin right down to the claws, and he brought us here. It's very picturesque, these people are so poor, they're almost in the Stone Age. In fact, they often prove that when the rally comes through. Seems a long way from anywhere though, Oh here comes my guide with some of his friends, I'll just ask him what they think when they see the rally cars worth about £15,000 each being driven to destruction through their village. Now then Amin, what do you.....hey stop at that, no.....(sounds of a struggle) my husband will be along any minute.....stop, where are you taking me...." Fade out shot of J.J. being carried on ceremonial litter into hut. Cut to C.M.

C.M., "That's taking local colour too far. The rest of that film can be seen nightly at 'Girls a Gogo', Greek Street, Soho, if you're interested, Back to economy motoring. Many people must be thinking of trading in their big saloon for a small economy model. To find out how they perform, G.W. has been trying out a Fiat 600, I mean 126, here in Capetown. Well, you don't expect him to stay at home with old M.F., they're at each other's throats the whole time since that unfortunate affair at Brooklands, Still, that was before my time. Over to G.W."

Cut to shot of tropical flowers in close up, which changes to long focus shot of cloud of dust on a dirt road in a jungle. Cloud of dust passes making whirring noises. Cut to shot of G.W. driving 126. G.W.'s mouth moves but no sound is heard over engine noise. Shot goes on for two minutes. Cut to shot of speeds showing 64 m.p.h. with G.W.'s boot flat on floor in inset. Cut to shot of 126 bouncing sideways around hairpin bend. Cut to another close up shot of leaves again changing to long shot of side of mountain, with cloud of dust travelling along it. Cloud moves slowly along camera pans to follow it and changes focus to bring mountain stream into shot. Cut back to C.M.

C.M., "So there you are, that's economy for you but not for me, you'll never get me up in one of those, as the Actress said to the Bishop, ha-ha. We've come to the end of another great programme full of controversial views, news of the sport, hard-hitting interviews and fine scenic views. Oh yes, and we did actually have one car in this week, But we'll put that right in future. Next week the programme will come from the Island of Fiji, where we will investigate rumours that the R.A.C. rally will be held there in 1975. Until then, good night".

Cut to closing titles superimposed on shot of M.F. siphoning petrol and of an XJ12. Ends with usual shot of Fiat coupe approaching camera focusing on headlamps, finishes with screen going blank to sound of breaking glass, tyre squeal and muffled curses.

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DALESMAN RALLY

<u>NO.</u>		<u>POSITION O/A</u>
8	S. Ladle/P. Mann	19
10	R. Blamey/J. Richardson	8
22	A. Pearce/I. Gurnett	13
31	A. Larkin/E. Parkes	23
43	A. Ford/ S. Sayer	-
45	G. Moore/J. Simpson	33
48	J. Burnell/ A. Mitchell	-

You must have seen the Dave Allen show when he comes to a spot where he doesn't know how to introduce a sketch? Well, now I know what he means, just what do you say to start an article - think about it, it isn't easy.

Anyway, here goes:-

This rally is the first, or one of the first to be run by the Leeds Motor Club, and started from that well known greasy sandwich factory known to all as Rainton Service Area(A1)

My driver, Andy (Tie me F.... Kiwi down sport) Pearce and I were the first of the Trackrod members to arrive at the start and, after a bit of wizardry electronics to get the reversing lamp warning light operating, got through Scrute as did the others.

The evening started with good weather conditions, but by the time the first cars set off a diabolically thick fog that prevented any sort of competitive motoring through most of the event, had descended.

Eventually we set off with the route taking us from Rainton through Skipton-on-Swale, Topcliffe and Coxwold to the start of the selective one, by which time I was feeling decidedly "crook", and whilst we were waiting for the start I had to dash into the hedgerow where I was wickedly sick. Had somebody tampered with the hamburger I had eaten at the start to try and sabotage our chances of winning, we shall never know.,

Selective one went up the White Horse and finished at Oldstead, with the route taking us inevitably through Coydale where, believe it or not, the engine gave up after being attacked by that Gremlin known as water caused by entering the Ford at a speed in excess of 40 m.p.h. Fortunately, such eventualities had been thought about, and on hand was a Land Rover and a man in thigh length wellies to wade in and attach a tow rope from the Land Rover to our car and pull us out. Once out, the car gave a sigh of relief and was soon firing on all four, but just to add insult to injury, whilst we were stuck by the side of the road a Mini went sailing (just about) straight through without any bother.

whilst on the subject of Fords, I would just like to apologise to the photographer at the next one who was last seen diving for all he was worth out of the path of a mini tidal wave caused by our car.

To continue, the route continued through Wass, Old Byland and Hawnby to the start of Selective two. This selective ran along a white across the Ham Belton Hills and finished at Kepwick, where a local had stationed himself with a Tape Recorder, which he normally used for recording birds (the feathered type) to provide himself with strong evidence of rally cars emitting excessive noise. I believe he was to be severely disappointed.

From there it was on to the halfway halt at Londonderry (no, we hadn't caught the night ferry) along which route we followed a Mini that decided the road was not for driving on and the grass verge was more suitable. Anyway, we pulled alongside to see if the occupants were alright, and judging by the gestures of the navigator we needn't have worried, but just as we set off he opened his door right into andies 1 month old R.S. causing a couple of slight scratches. This quite naturally did not please my New Zealand driver, but much to my surprise he contained himself with some well chosen swear words and off he went.

It was not long afterwards that we made a right hand turn at a 'T' junction and away we roared reaching a high M.P.H. until we noticed a set of tail lights about 400 yards in front, slightly to our left but running parallel to us. As the lights got closer to us, an awful realisation took place. We were going down a dual carriageway in the right hand lane

a situation which was soon put right. We weren't the only crew to do this partialr trick as Messrs R Blarney/J Richardson can verify, the only difference being that they didn't realise right until the end of the dual carriageway, and they were constantly being challenged by car No. 6.

At the halfway halt, we were met by a nauseating smell coming from a fresh(?) fish wagon, and the usual hord of followers - Pauline, Maragret and Mike Swann.

After a bowl of soup, we set out on the second half, which went north right to the top of Map 91, and then down through Selectives 3 and 4 to an undramatic finish bach at Rainton.

I would just like to take time to congatulate the organisers, marshals and everybody concerned with the running of the rally upon the superb way the organisation was handled, which was in sharp contrast to a rally I entered recently organised by, Shhh - you know who.

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12 CAR RALLY 17th - 18th NOVEMBER, 1973

The event was run on maps 97 and 103. Starting at Selby Fork (Mini 7 Dales?) The entry list had grown and shrunk prior to the date, but finally 9 cars left MTC1, unfortunately only 4 reached TC1. Funny! A non-marked yellow off the A1 caused many wrong slots, a pastime which was to be popular with many crews throughout the night judging by the degree of apparently random careering around the countryside. Just before TC1, Ron White my navigator, might have uttered a four letter word, he didn't and I did, his would have been "care", mine was ..... Not to worry, they say Imps corner better with negative camber. Martin Kemp, the marshal at the control, said, "I knew it was you," "How come?", I replied. (I think we must have sounded like a "milk float".)

Continuing, the next thing I remember was a very nice white towards the half way, on which we had our only "nasty moment" of the night. The track went to the left over a small hump, we nearly didn't get round, but with the aid of a rather bumpy grass verge, just kept going. "Are we still on?", asked Ron. "I think so", I replied. "Oh, good," (Ron Mackinson also failed to leave the road here, in spite of a very good attempt) This white was really enjoyable, but unfortunately a stone punctured the radiator and caused our retirement shortly afterwards. Other retirements were caused by crews getting lost, running out of time, breaking clutches, or finding the roads of inadequate width.

Congratulations to Danny Churchill and John Rook, particularly as they won in an ordinary road car, coöpted at the last moment to replace a misbehaving Cortina GT. Also to the organisers and marshals for conceiving and running an event which although I only saw half of, I considerably enjoyed.

The damp and foggy weather of this Sunday morning did not look promising, and on arrival at Whin Park, the surface was found to be far from conducive to traction. So much so that some cars required a Land Rover to get them to the parking areas. However, signing on and other necessities we duly completed with the minimum of fuss and the 42 competing cars lined up for the first test.

Whin Park is a very good site for a P.C.T. but it has its limitations in that the variety of tests that may be devised is small. The first test ran parallel to the entry road with a kink to the left at 9, then straight along the side of the hill till 6, then up the hill to the unattainable 1. On this run only Francis Tindell and Norman Milligan made it over the kink both reaching the 4. The second test was a straight along the side of a hill followed by a left turn up it, Speed had to be gained on the straight and then just the right amount of power used on the bend to continue forward motion without the tail (or the front for these odd configurations) moving out of line. The third test was up the inevitable gully, which was in a deeply rutted state. The test caught me out in that the ground clearance of my Imp was reduced by a sump shield and rather too much ballast. Tests 4 and 5 were in the far corner of the field, the former involving a large hole into which the car has to be "thrown". On emerging, having turned 90° you waited for the front wheels to land again, then round and up a short steep climb to the top. Number 5 was the usual zig-zag across the gully, but with the wet conditions most later drivers failed to better 9.

The second round was the same tests with a reverse of running order. These completed, we availed ourselves of the excellent catering put on by the ladies. It was very nice to see such low prices, I gather a good profit was made too! Well done.

With the limitation of the weather only another 6 tests were run, which were the original ones with some amendments. The runs complete, results were quickly available.

It was good to see so many marshals, but once again the comment on competitors, 7 out of a club membership of about 170. There appear to be a lot of members who like to stick Trackrod M.C. on their cars, and yet are not interested in turning up for the events even as marshalls.

Well done Steve, Richard and all who helped to successfully run our first prestige event.

RESULTS:	Wharfedale Trophy	N Milligan
1st Class:	K Waddington D Metcalfe	J Busfield C.C. Naylor
2nd Class:	I Waddington J Waterworth	P.S. Adezman
3rd Class:	G.F. Chippendale	
Best Trackrod:	D.R. Lawton	Highest Shell League Ilkley.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL MEMBERS AND FRIENDS  
OF TRACKROD MOTOR CLUB