

The *Unofficial* Race Series Newsletter

I n t e r n a t i o n a l e d i t i o n

Everything I wanted to know about S** but was afraid to ask ...

Club motor racing is a bit like being in the army by all accounts – early starts with short periods of intense activity followed (and preceded) by much longer periods of waiting around with very little to do. Added is a total lack of information about what is happening to those most involved, compounded by a certain brusqueness from the officials.

So it was at Spa. Practice scheduled for 8.30am with a race at 6.30pm meant there was time for even OK Racing (had they been there) to have had their car fully fettled in time. It certainly separated the fettlers from the rest – for Simon OG and me it meant a long breakfast and a doze in the sunshine, for Stephen Lockett it meant time to remove his sump and fan, for Keith Ahlers time to look for the source of an oil leak, for Simon McDermott time to find and buy a new battery, for James Edgerton and team time to isolate an electrical fault, for Peter Sargeant and Will time to find a Go Kart track, not quite enough time for David James' son Greg to convince him that the wrong James was driving and for Christian Bock and Reiner Wierling time to walk from one end of their awning to the other.

It had all started early the day before (Friday) when, in convoy with Kate and Simon Orebi Gann and Peter Sargeant and his son Will, I set off to lead the way to the 8.15 am Dover/Calais ferry. The convoy though fell apart shortly after we left, as my speedo decided not to work and the combination of my fiddling with the leads under the dashboard and trying to remember what 4500 revs in 5th translated to in mph, meant that the others sensibly decided to drop back and preserve their licences.

Sarge, being the organiser, was of course without tickets (but highly confident of collecting them at the port) so we left him behind at the entrance. Going through to the queues (after I was pulled over for a security

check and released only reluctantly by dubious Customs officers convinced that my side bars contained illegal substances), we found David James and Greg there before us who, until they checked in, thought that they were booked on the 8.15 ferry. They were in fact booked on to the 9.30 ... which had been cancelled. So with David in the stand-by queue, Peter off finding his tickets, that just left Simon & Kate and me to fall into line behind James Edgerton and Anna who had arrived even earlier together with their friends and pit crew, Tom and John. Stephen Lockett and Frank then appeared from another line of cars and this made up the expected complement of Morgan drivers for the ferry.

Travelling elsewhere was Simon McDermott, who had left the day before from Hull with his standby HGV driver *[Ed: you weren't supposed to mention that]*, Christian Bock and Reiner Vierling who had travelled down from Germany in the world's biggest transporter on the Thursday and Keith Ahlers who had come over from Jersey.

Peter Garland had been due to drive out but, after the addition of yet another young lady into his household, he is now in a definite minority and can easily be outvoted *[Ed: speaking from a household where it's 4:1 against, I can only say that it gets worse]*.

Once at Calais, and with Sarge's Plus 8 almost the last off the boat, we set off on the predominantly motorway route to Belgium. The total journey to Spa is about 220 miles and takes between 3 and 4 hours depending on the route and whether you are pulling a trailer or not. Having had a couple of stops we arrived at the Hotel Le Beau Site at Trois Points and checked in, then were off to the circuit (15 minutes away) where there was rumoured to be a half hour of free (untimed and at no cost) practice at 5.30pm.



That corner

Signing-on and scrutineering

The one drawback was that one had to have signed on and be scrutineered before going out on the track. No problem, I thought. Home of the EC, so bureaucracy must be down to a fine art. Keith suggested I get a move on as it had taken him over an hour to sign on in the morning, so off we went and struck lucky – just 2 people in front of us. But these 2 people had either not got a licence or not sent in their entry forms or perhaps were just incredibly attractive to the three ladies behind the desk, because nothing much happened for the rest of us for the next 20 minutes – except that the queue behind us got a lot, lot longer. Finally signed on, we went off to get scrutineered.

Where's the queue? That double line of cars going round the corner which hasn't moved because the scrutineer's not here? Oh.

Practice at 5.30 and it's now 5.15. Well it's just a bit of fun isn't it. Yerss, but Spa's 4.5 miles and I have trouble remembering my way round Mallory.

5.40pm and the cars that were scrutineered in the morning are out on track. Oh look, there's the scrutineer, looking more than a trifle hot and bothered and there's someone walking up the line saying, "Were you at Brands 2 weeks ago? Yes? Right answer. OK here's the label stuck on your car, put your helmet on, turn left and go out on to the circuit that way". (Sarge said 'yes, but not in this car' and still got the instant OK!) Having no tonneau and just 12 minutes of practice left, I thought that the only place for my race folder was to sit on it – which was not only uncomfortable (ring binders can be quite vicious down there) but meant that I was about 4 inches taller than usual. Not unwelcome if I had been standing up, but it did make my driving even less predictable than usual.

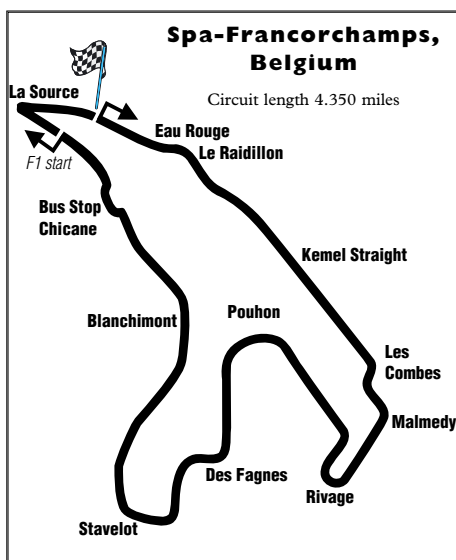
Anyway I turned left as instructed only to find a gate across the road with a Marshal in a car alongside (he'd clearly sloped off



I tell you, I did see an oil drip



Sarge major, David James, Edge and Sarge minor



for a cigarette and a read of the paper) who languidly waved me back the way I had come. I followed another Morgan and eventually there were 6 of us touring the various Paddocks before we were let out on to the track by an official who had watched us go by at least once.

Down into Eau Rouge, that epic and much talked about corner. So epic and so talked about that I felt that I knew it already – unlike the rest of the track which is incredibly confusing the first hundred times. So down into Eau Rouge hugging the right hand pit wall, big drop down to clip the left hand apex, then up the hill bringing the car gradually across the track for the right hand apex and then letting it drift over to the left again where the side of the track is ... somewhere. I'm actually fairly convinced that they move the side of the track around a bit because, despite my test driver-like ability to hit exactly the same point each lap, sometimes my wheels were on the track, sometimes they were on the painted kerb and

sometimes they were on the nasty rough stuff outside the kerb which means that the final bit (Le Raidillon), where you straighten up to blast down the Kernel Straight, gets a bit iffy. As it's blind until you're there, it can come as a nasty shock if you get it wrong.

But there's always the long drag down to Les Combes / Malmédy to calm the nerves with a fairly simple right, left, squirt and right again at the end. Which is about as far as I could remember, despite the Autosport Guide and a few goes on GP1 (I simply do not believe that Jacques Villeneuve could drive a Williams at more than 50 mph round Spa after using a Play Station a few times). For example, these games give no indication that Spa is not flat. Well, I can

assure you it certainly isn't. Eau Rouge we all know about, but Rivage is a 180 degree corner going downhill and Rivage 2 is a quick left hander going downhill and Pouhon is another very fast 180 degree left hander which if it's not downhill is cleverly sloped outwards (and these are public roads!!). Pouhon is in fact a double apexer and surprisingly quick. It's another of those corners where, on the exit, the car is drifting so far across the road that it's a major relief when it finally stops this side of the grass.

Along further to another right, left (Des Fagnes) then another squirt of the loud pedal to the last slow right hander (Stavelot 1). Out of there and then full power on round Stavelot 2 for the blast round Blanchimont, which doesn't look much until the car drifts closer and closer to the edge and the armco seems to creep forward as if preparing a welcome.

Hard on the anchors for the toughest entry to a chicane I have come across. Incredibly narrow and with fierce, uncompromisingly high concrete kerbs that threaten to demolish your car. But you can power out of the Bus Stop as the exit kerbs are flat

RACE				Race time	Behind			Best				
Pos	No	Driver	Car	(mins:secs)	Laps	(secs)	kph	mph	lap	on	kph	mph
1	43	Chris Conoley	TVR Griffith	28:59.483	10		144.208	89.61	2:52.197	6	145.67	90.52
2	58	Keith Ahlers	+8	29:34.283	10	34.80	141.380	87.85	2:54.153	2	144.04	89.50
3	71	Roy Stephenson	Aston Martin	29:41.221	10	41.74	140.829	87.51	2:55.977	7	142.55	88.57
4	89	Jan de Jonge	MGB GT v8	29:49.708	10	50.23	140.161	87.09	2:56.432	9	142.18	88.35
5	91	Peter Cox	MGB GT v8	29:53.705	10	54.22	139.849	86.90	2:56.542	9	142.09	88.29
6	87	John Palmer	MGB v8	30:01.394	10	1:01.91	139.252	86.53	2:56.790	4	141.89	88.17
7	8	Kelvin New	Marcos GT	30:21.457	10	1:21.97	137.718	85.57	2:58.393	9	140.62	87.37
8	40	David Booker-Carey	MG Midget	30:21.905	10	1:22.42	137.684	85.55	2:58.137	9	140.82	87.50
9	30	Bruce Montgomery	Austin Healey	30:46.895	10	1:47.41	135.821	84.40	3:02.658	8	137.33	85.33
10	28	Hall Stephen	TR6	30:48.092	10	1:48.61	135.733	84.34	3:01.320	8	138.35	85.96
11	17	Alan Tomkins	TR4	30:48.399	10	1:48.92	135.711	84.33	3:01.715	8	138.04	85.78
12	80	Doug Smith	MGB GT v8	30:48.691	10	1:49.21	135.689	84.31	3:00.528	7	138.95	86.34
13	53	Peter Hiley	MGB	30:54.847	10	1:55.36	135.239	84.03	3:03.118	9	136.99	85.12
14	15	Alan Charlton	TR6	30:56.648	10	1:57.17	135.108	83.95	3:02.474	10	137.47	85.42
15	70	Roy McCarthy	MGB	30:58.365	10	1:58.88	134.983	83.87	3:03.216	10	136.91	85.07
16	24	Bert Smeets	TR4	31:16.819	10	2:17.34	133.656	83.05	3:01.864	10	137.93	85.71
17	19	Jim Forrester	Marcos GT	31:22.306	10	2:22.82	133.266	82.81	3:02.022	9	137.81	85.63
18	63	Chris Acklam	+8	31:26.273	10	2:26.79	132.986	82.63	3:01.580	10	138.15	85.84
19	55	Barry Sidery Smith	MGB	31:29.116	10	2:29.63	132.786	82.51	3:03.981	10	136.34	84.72
20	75	Mark Ashworth	MGB	31:50.161	10	2:50.68	131.323	81.60	3:07.620	9	133.70	83.08
21	46	Chris Roche	MGB RV 8	31:51.080	10	2:51.60	131.260	81.56	3:08.367	4	133.17	82.75
22	59	Simon Orebi Gann	+8	32:04.240	10	3:04.76	130.362	81.00	3:08.576	5	133.02	82.66
23	74	Neil Cawthorn	MGB	32:50.711	10	3:51.23	127.288	79.09	3:06.629	9	134.41	83.52
24	77	Justin Rockett	Jag E Type	29:04.008	9	1 lap	129.451	80.44	3:10.012	4	132.02	82.03
25	18	Simon Knowles	TR6	29:16.279	9	1 lap	128.546	79.87	3:09.551	6	132.34	82.23
26	49	Mark Burnide	MGC GT	29:27.572	9	1 lap	127.725	79.36	3:09.919	9	132.08	82.07
27	7	Jeremy Welch	Austin Healey	29:30.734	9	1 lap	127.497	79.22	3:13.928	7	129.35	80.37
28	35	Robert T'Hoen	Healey 3000	29:42.906	9	1 lap	126.626	78.68	3:13.303	8	129.77	80.63
29	60	Christian Bock	+8	29:52.741	9	1 lap	125.932	78.25	3:14.204	9	129.17	80.26
30	50	Paul Hendrickx	MGB GT	29:55.221	9	1 lap	125.758	78.14	3:14.283	7	129.11	80.23
31	2	Spencer McCarthy	MGB	30:12.264	9	1 lap	124.575	77.41	3:17.081	6	127.28	79.09
32	27	Robert Mills	Austin Healey	30:24.315	9	1 lap	123.752	76.90	3:18.486	2	126.38	78.53
33	67	Stephen Lockett	+8	30:32.460	9	1 lap	123.202	76.55	3:16.487	4	127.67	79.33
34	64	Peter Sargeant	+8	30:37.879	9	1 lap	122.839	76.33	3:18.121	4	126.61	78.67
35	22	Mike Reason	TR3A	30:38.512	9	1 lap	122.797	76.30	3:18.866	8	126.14	78.38
36	133	M Sinke	Austin Healey	30:39.094	9	1 lap	122.758	76.28	3:17.757	8	126.85	78.82
37	66	Reiner Vierling	+8	30:41.525	9	1 lap	122.596	76.18	3:18.039	6	126.67	78.71
38	23	Colin Sharpe	TR4A	30:41.756	9	1 lap	122.580	76.17	3:18.770	9	126.20	78.42
39	57	David James	+4	31:09.730	9	1 lap	120.746	75.03	3:22.100	9	124.12	77.12
40	54	Andrew Boggis	MGB	31:12.708	9	1 lap	120.554	74.91	3:17.847	8	126.79	78.78
41	93	Nick Parrott	MGB GT v8	31:15.628	9	1 lap	120.367	74.79	3:01.842	8	137.95	85.72
42	37	Ian Montgomery	Jag E Type	31:27.549	9	1 lap	119.606	74.32	3:03.565	8	136.65	84.91
43	68	Jim Lowry	MGB	32:08.179	9	1 lap	117.086	72.75	3:29.542	4	119.71	74.39
44	94	Nick Pannell	MGB GT v8	23:56.794	8	2 laps	139.671	86.79	2:56.627	7	142.02	88.25
45	51	Michael Van Ofen	MGB GT	29:01.402	8	2 laps	115.239	71.61	3:30.805	8	119.00	73.94
46	10	Rod Longton	MGB	29:21.285	8	2 laps	113.939	70.80	3:31.036	8	118.86	73.86
47	25	Albert Stermerding	Honda S800	29:24.721	8	2 laps	113.717	70.66	3:29.341	7	119.83	74.46
48	78	Bernard Wilhelm	Jag E Type	29:59.219	8	2 laps	111.536	69.31	3:36.724	3	115.75	71.92
49	29	Veronica Newson	Austin Healey	30:05.725	8	2 laps	111.134	69.06	3:24.734	8	122.52	76.13
50	20	Barbara Lambert	MGB	30:29.706	8	2 laps	109.678	68.15	3:42.128	6	112.93	70.17
51	16	Dave Saunders	MGB	24:48.378	7	3 laps	117.976	73.31	3:20.267	3	125.26	77.83
52	92	Hans Van Der Burg	MGB GT v8	20:21.531	6	4 laps	123.213	76.56	3:12.681	5	130.19	80.90
53	32	Peter Komer	Austin Healey	20:24.358	6	4 laps	122.929	76.38	3:19.375	4	125.82	78.18
54	62	Simon McDermott	+8	14:31.330	5	5 laps	143.945	89.44	2:51.811	2	146.00	90.72
55	9	David Ellsmore-Petty	Marcos GT	14:12.013	4	6 laps	117.767	73.18	3:04.888	3	135.68	84.30
56	76	Keith Guerrier	MGB	15:05.324	4	6 laps	110.832	68.87	3:24.369	3	122.74	76.27
57	31	Karl-Eric Roslund	Austin Healey	9:41.105	4	6 laps	172.669	107.29	3:07.985	3	133.44	82.92
58	85	Bernard Joskin	MGB GT v8	9:58.206	3	7 laps	125.800	78.17	3:03.534	2	136.68	84.93
59	65	James Edgerton	+8	10:44.071	3	7 laps	116.842	72.60	3:04.668	2	135.84	84.41
60	14	Keith Files	TR6	12:35.790	4	6 laps	132.761	82.49	3:03.881	3	136.42	84.77
61	45	Graham Grove	MGB RV 8	7:20.826	2	8 laps	113.808	70.72	3:18.512	1	126.36	78.52
62	4	Car 4		3:17.136	1	9 laps	127.246	79.07	3:17.136	1	127.25	79.07
Fastest lap				(mins:secs)		kph	mph					
62	Simon McDermott	+8		2:51.81		146.00	90.72					



Setting up the in-car camera shots

ing to buzz with activity. The weather was being very kind to us – no water of any kind anywhere, just clouds and a cool wind taking the warmth out of the occasional interval of sunshine.

Then into the collecting area and off with 62 other cars [*Ed: eat your heart out Serena*]. These could easily be divided into those that had been before, and were giving it death, and those who hadn't, who were tiptoeing round wondering what came next. By virtue of trying to keep up with whoever came past I managed to remember a few of the corners, though not necessarily in the right order, and ended the session reasonably happy.

Others were less content. Simon McDermott was losing power in 3rd and 4th possibly due to electrical problems, Stephen Lockett was losing oil and overheating, James Edgerton was suffering from a distinct lack of power generally, Keith discovered he was dropping oil in the paddock and Sarge came back to find that where he had put his windscreen had left it safe from

drunken revellers but not those reversing with helmets still on. But there was so much time that we all retired back to the hotel for a proper breakfast and various ablutions.

The fettlers were soon back in the paddock, fettling away as is their wont, while the others, either idle or ignorant (or in my case both) sat

in the sun and read. Sarge was out meeting and greeting the local populace – who made their presence felt rather too closely in the case of one motor scooter rider who drove up the inside of a line of stationary traffic, hit Sarge's rear wing and did a neat dive forward and headfirst into his front wing.

Everyone got back to the paddock though in time for Barry Sidery-Smith's briefing in the smart VIP room in the Uniroyal Tower (courtesy of MG Holland) at 4pm.

However, as a long silence fell over the track, we soon realised there was a serious problem. In an early afternoon practice session one of the single seaters had run over the ferocious kerbs entering the Bus Stop and the car had broken up, with a piece of debris flying off and killing a nearby Marshal. All track movement was halted while the circumstances of the death were examined by the police and a magistrate and it was a distinct possibility that the whole meeting would be cancelled as a result. After an hour and a half though, the decision was taken, with the Marshals consent, that the meeting could continue. All credit to the trackside Marshals who voted to carry on but who must have been devastated at the loss of a colleague.



Edge



Morgans on the first 3 rows of the grid

The delay of course had totally wrecked the timetable and, as the last race of the day, we were getting worried that we would either have our race cancelled or have it postponed until Sunday. In the event, it was the Porsche Classic race that was rescheduled for 8am next morning, leaving our race just 20 minutes later than planned.

Up to the Uniroyal Tower to watch the start of the first race which featured Craig Jones in his Chevron. What an amazing spectacle! Sixty Chevrons, Lolas and similar in a rolling start was a visual and aural spectacle that would have made John Prescott and Greenpeace weep in despair. The noise was beyond deafening. The buildings shook, people covered their ears, children ran screaming to their parents and nubile young ladies clung on to the arms of their escorts *[Ed: get a grip Acklam]*. It was much too grown up for me so I went back to the paddock to get ready for our race, which was the next to be called, and to try and get my breath and nerve back.

15 minutes before our race was due to start, the Collecting Area officials appeared and, with lots of rushing up and down, shouting into their phones and gesticulating, tried to organise 63 cars into far too small a space. Inevitably they failed. Comprehensively and totally. I'm told they fail at this each year and for each race.



Simon 'Orange' McDermott

So anyway, there I am at the end of a queue of cars going on to the track to form up on the grid. No probs. Happens all the time back in the UK. Just get to the grid and drive on to my spot (no 30 out of 63). But no, when we get there, there are some even more harassed and perspiring officials blocking any movement of cars forward until they had checked the forms on their clipboards in triplicate and had long conversations by phone with their colleagues about ten paces away.

But we British are used to waiting patiently in line, are we not? Well, yes. But when, with one accord, all the Marshals threw up their arms in the air, walked to the side of the track and climbed over the safety wall, I felt distinctly peeved.

If I recall, my mental processes went something like: "Hey, where are you all going? You haven't finished yet. This is a joke, isn't it? YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE. I'M (counts) 18 CARS BACK FROM WHERE I SHOULD BE." Pause while it sinks in and the cars move off, then I can hear a continuous stream of muttering from beneath my helmet which doesn't finish until we're back in the paddock – it sounds like a cross between James Joyce and Jack Kerouac, but somewhat more profane. Amazing what a sense of injustice can provoke.

The race, as always, was a bit of a blur but the one advantage of starting out of position is that you get to overtake people, which is nice (and unusual for me).

Up at the front Simon was upholding the Morgan honours by giving the pole sitter Chris Conoley a hard time. Although Simon could challenge for the gaps on the corners the TVR would pull away on the straights, so they stayed together battling it out like this until lap 5 when they started to lap the back markers.

Then Simon, perhaps overconfidently, mixed an overtaking move and a spot of left foot braking on the outside of Pouhon, which drifted him some way into the gravel trap. A shame, as he was having a great time but he had, at least, the consolation of gaining the fastest lap of the race.

This left Keith in second place. He'd been behind watching the

scrap all the time but couldn't match the power or the grip of the TVR (which was on slicks). He finished a comfortable second which was a magnificent achievement for him in his first race at the circuit. Back in the paddock he had a grin that ended some way above his ears and, for quite a time, he seemed to be



Keith with his trophy and bottle of champagne





Christian and Reiner with their modest van ...

walking around about three feet off the ground!

Simon Orebi Gann moved quite a way through the field in the first few laps but then came to a grinding halt at Eau Rouge when a car was let out of the pits straight in front of him. After that he said it was just like a drive in the country – occasionally, a car would appear in his rear mirror, a long way behind like a computer-generated graphic, so he would speed up slightly and never see it again, although other cars would occasionally appear on the same basis.

Christian Bock and Reiner Vierling in their nicely matched pair of 3.5 Plus 8s also moved through the field and Reiner, in only his second race, improved on his practice time.

Stephen Lockett and Sarge in their matched 3.9s had a scrap that lasted the whole race, with constant changes of position for the two of them. By the end though, Stephen had edged ahead though this was allegedly so that Peter could keep Stephen in shot from his roll-bar mounted video camera.

David James also moved up the field gaining places and had a

particularly exciting moment when Doug Smith got it wildly out of shape in front of him at Rivage.

Sadly, James Edgerton retired early on because of overheating, no oil pressure and an inability to pull above 4500 revs in 4th. Aware that he had to drive the Plus 8 home the next day he decided to be prudent and not risk the engine. A great disappointment but very good to see James and his car out with the Morgans again.

All in all it was a great weekend. A chance to drive one of the world's great GP circuits in amongst 60 sports cars was as good as it sounds. And having the time to meet up with the others over, as Sarge advertised it, "a decent bit of grub" capped it all.

Many, many thanks to Peter Sargeant for organising the Morgan invitation and to Barry Sidery-Smith for putting it all together.

A definite date in the diary for next year.

Chris Acklam

Assembling 63 cars into a space for 30 ...





Simon Orebi Gann in pensive mood

– just make sure you keep away from the armco protecting the pit wall. Then another short blast down to La Source, a Mallory type hairpin but with a very wide exit so you can put down plenty of power for that wonderful, echoing noise of the V8s when you go flat out next to the pit wall down the hill to Eau Rouge again.

Well, we got another lap and then that was the end of free practice. I ended marginally more confused then when I started and with a time that could be measured by a calendar, but happy to have found my way round, more or less.

Then it was time to cover over the cars for the night in expectation of the inevitable Spa mist and drizzle and back to the hotel for an excellent meal with the other Morgan drivers.

Saturday : Practice

An 8.30 am practice meant that we were too early for the hotel breakfast so they kindly just left out coffee and fruit juice which we swigged on the way through at 7am. Into the circuit, via the back roads through the surrounding woods, and round into the paddock which was start-

Circuit		Spa Francorchamps		Length		4.330 miles		
Date		23-May-98		Weather/track		Sunny/dry		
PRACTICE				Time	Behind			
Pos	No	Driver	Car	(mins:secs)	Lap	(secs)	kph	mph
1	43	Chris Conoley	TVR Griffith	251.690	10		146.105	90.79
2	62	Simon McDermott	+8	255.594	7	3.90	142.857	88.77
3	58	Keith Ahlers	+8	255.762	6	4.07	142.720	88.68
4	89	Jan de Jonge	MGB GT v8	256.118	10	4.43	142.432	88.50
5	65	James Edgerton	+8	257.351	9	5.66	141.441	87.89
6	71	Roy Stephenson	Aston Martin	257.389	9	5.70	141.411	87.87
7	40	David Booker-Carey	MG Midget	257.461	10	5.77	141.354	87.83
8	87	John Palmer	MGB v8	259.287	10	7.60	139.914	86.94
9	94	Nick Pannell	MGB GT v8	259.539	10	7.85	139.718	86.82
10	91	Peter Cox	MGB GT v8	300.686	10	9.00	138.831	86.27
11	53	Peter Hiley	MGB	301.279	10	9.59	138.377	85.98
12	30	Bruce Montgomery	Austin Healey	301.516	8	9.83	138.196	85.87
13	8	Kelvin New	Marcos GT	301.734	7	10.04	138.030	85.77
14	17	Alan Tomkins	TR4	302.000	10	10.31	137.828	85.64
15	80	Doug Smith	MGB GT v8	302.121	10	10.43	137.737	85.59
16	19	Jim Forrester	Marcos GT	302.286	10	10.60	137.612	85.51
17	93	Nick Parrott	MGB GT v8	303.240	10	11.55	136.896	85.06
18	14	Keith Files	TR6	303.546	10	11.86	136.668	84.92
19	85	Bernard Joskin	MGB GT v8	303.673	4	11.98	136.573	84.86
20	15	Alan Charlton	TR6	303.677	10	11.99	136.570	84.86
21	28	Hall Stephen	TR6	303.875	9	12.18	136.423	84.77
22	70	Roy McCarthy	MGB	304.117	10	12.43	136.244	84.66
23	37	Ian Montgomery	Jag E Type	304.206	9	12.52	136.178	84.62
24	24	Bert Sheets	TR4	304.360	9	12.67	136.064	84.55
25	45	Graham Grove	MGB RV 8	306.533	10	14.84	134.479	83.56
26	55	Barry Siderly Smith	MGB	307.150	9	15.46	134.036	83.29
27	9	David Elmsmore-Petty	Marcos GT	307.370	6	15.68	133.878	83.19
28	46	Chris Roche	MGB RV 8	307.595	10	15.90	133.718	83.09
29	74	Neil Cawthorn	MGB	307.700	9	16.01	133.643	83.04
30	63	Chris Acklam	+8	307.702	10	16.01	133.641	83.04
31	31	Karl-Eric Roslund	Austin Healey	308.191	8	16.50	133.294	82.83
32	75	Mark Ashworth	MGB	308.708	9	17.02	132.929	82.60
33	59	Simon Orebi Gann	+8	308.793	10	17.10	132.869	82.56
34	18	Simon Knowles	TR6	309.358	10	17.67	132.473	82.31
35	7	Jeremy Welch	Austin Healey	312.679	9	20.99	130.189	80.90
36	60	Christian Bock	+8	313.885	9	22.19	129.380	80.39
37	92	Hans Van Der Burg	MGB GT v8	314.297	6	22.61	129.105	80.22
38	49	Mark Burnide	MGC GT	314.777	9	23.09	128.787	80.02
39	16	Dave Saunders	MGB	314.911	9	23.22	128.699	79.97
40	77	Justin Rockett	Jag E Type	315.082	4	23.39	128.586	79.90
41	2	Spencer McCarthy	MGB	316.228	9	24.54	127.835	79.43
42	50	Paul Hendrickx	MGB GT	316.331	9	24.64	127.768	79.39
43	1	Russel McCarthy	MGB	318.528	9	26.84	126.354	78.51
44	54	Andrew Boggis	MGB	318.852	6	27.16	126.148	78.38
45	27	Robert Mills	Austin Healey	319.038	9	27.35	126.030	78.31
46	66	Reiner Vierling	+8	319.503	9	27.81	125.736	78.13
47	32	Peter Korner	Austin Healey	320.944	9	29.25	124.835	77.57
48	67	Stephen Lockett	+8	321.748	9	30.06	124.337	77.26
49	35	Robert T'Hoën	Healey 3000	322.264	4	30.57	124.020	77.06
50	133	M Sinke	Austin Healey	322.706	7	31.02	123.750	76.89
51	64	Peter Sargeant	+8	323.042	9	31.35	123.545	76.77
52	29	Veronica Newson	Austin Healey	324.325	9	32.63	122.769	76.29
53	23	Colin Sharpe	TR4A	324.384	9	32.69	122.734	76.26
54	22	Mike Reason	TR3A	324.964	9	33.27	122.386	76.05
55	57	David James	+4	325.553	9	33.86	122.036	75.83
56	76	Keith Guerrier	MGB	328.000	5	36.31	120.600	74.94
57	68	Jim Lowry	MGB	328.629	8	36.94	120.236	74.71
58	78	Bernard Wilhelm	Jag E Type	331.068	8	39.38	118.847	73.85
59	51	Michael Van Olen	MGB GT	331.586	9	39.90	118.556	73.67
60	25	Albert Stiermerding	Honda S800	333.664	8	41.97	117.403	72.95
61	10	Rod Longton	MGB	335.471	5	43.78	116.418	72.34
62	20	Barbara Lambert	MGB	340.613	8	48.92	113.705	70.65
63	26	John Marschall	Lotus Mk6	352.855	2	101.17	107.727	66.94



What sump gasket?

Entries for Pembrey

Scrutineering: 8.45am

Practice: 9.51am

Race 4: 1.45pm

Class A*

Keith Ahlers
Simon McDermott
Chris Springall
Chas Windridge

Class B

Malcolm Paul
Grahame Walker
Rob Wells

Class C

Tony Howard
Peter Sargeant
Doug Taylerson

Class D

Chris Acklam
Rick Lloyd
Simon Orebi Gann
James Paterson
Leigh Sebba

Class E

Jack Bellinger
John Clarke
Peter Horsman
Barry Sumner

A noticeable absentee is Peter Garland whose car had an interesting time at Prescott by all accounts. The car was feeling underused, as it had not managed to get to Spa, and so was borrowed by one who shall remain nameless (but he's not short and stocky). Coming out of the Esses (so I was told) it swapped ends a few times and then inspected the bank at close range. And to think of all that work over the winter spent making it pretty! Word is that it may be ready in time for Pembrey but it will be a close-run thing.

A noticeable addition is Chris Springall in his new Class A car. A whole new image for Chris, so he's painted it black to contrast with his white Class D car ...

Lucas Box

Lucas are again kindly allowing us the use of their box for our races at Donington and Silverstone (though not on Sunday 23 August).

As Peter Sargeant cannot be at Donington (due to a prior commitment in a three-legged race [Ed: keep it clean]) we need one or more volunteers to look after the bar for us.

Peter will be ordering the drinks and arrange for it to get there but someone is needed just to keep an eye on the till during the day.

If anyone can do this for any length of time, please call Peter on tel/fax 01531 650760.

Spare Tickets

*Any spare tickets for
Pembrey please send to
Brian Jenkins at Elm
Cottage, 37 Norton Road,
Mumbles, Swansea SA3
5TQ who has kindly
offered to distribute them.*

Zandvoort

One of the more intrepid racers at Spa was Albert Stemerding in his tiny Honda C600. Speaking to him after the race he told me that his club, the HARC in Holland (which organises the British Sports Car Festival in September) had news that Zandvoort has finally won the approval of Netherland's High Court to extend the circuit.

He was confident that 1999 would see a much longer track at Zandvoort – going straight on, as it used to, over the dune at Hunserug before looping back.

Something to look forward to!

Garland's Prescott Record Intact

Despite desperate attempts by two keen Morgan owners, on their first ever Hill Climb, the record set some years ago by Peter Garland remains intact.

It would probably have done so even if times had been recorded: as it was, on the simple nature-provided stopwatch of "one, bloody hell, two, bloody hell, three, bloody hell gravel trap (again), four and a half, bloody hell," neither the Plus 4 of Vic Champness of Black Phey nor the Plus 8 of Simon OG seems to have bettered Peter's time. Chris Acklam had been expected there, but decided to pull out at the last minute when he discovered that there were no Belgian Marshals to supply him with bottles of Red Mist.

For those who don't know it, Prescott is an 1157 yard driveway to an old manor house, bought by the Bugatti owners' club in 1938 after the Bentley boys decided they couldn't afford it. Despite selling the house some years ago, the club retains the driveway and with the addition of a tear-drop shaped hairpin to lengthen it, it is pretty much as it used to be raced by the local squires competing for the hand of the manor virgin. Before the start line is a practice area of about 15 yards for Class A type Morgans to practise starts, check whether they are in the right gear and generally psyche themselves up. Class E cars would probably be the most at home on the track, which is about 12 feet wide for most of its length, so track position does not vary a huge amount. Run off areas are limited, except round the final 180 degree right hander, where there is about 100 yards of run off on one side - the disadvantage being that it is a steep hill.

The day was typical for the area: it poured half the time and was sunny the rest. Fortunately, the rain was between runs, leading to the interesting picture of cars with water slopping around inside them unsettling the (Morgan) drivers' expert balancing on a nearly dry track, apart from the odd collection of soggy leaves under attractive, and rather close, trees. Each driver had about 8 runs, followed by helpful and entertaining criticism from the instructors.

For those racers who feel they want to see how the other half lives, try a day at Prescott.

Videos available - at a price! (From a roving reporter who just happened to be in the area) [Ed: Thanks Simon!]

Spa results

For those who were at Spa I have enclosed a copy of the official results that were posted on the Sunday (courtesy of Keith Ahlers) and which differ significantly from the results used in the prize giving (3 people having been credited with 10 laps initially and later with just 9).

There are also small adjustments to times. Interestingly also, either they shortened the track between practice and the race or they used a different calculation to work out the speeds, because these don't seem to tally from one to the other.

Morgan Motor Company Challenge

Any information, stories, photos or anything remotely interesting to participants in the race series to Chris Acklam at
The Old Vicarage, Sellindge, Ashford, Kent TN25 6EH.
Tel: +44 (0)1303 813803 Fax: +44 (0)1303 813737
email: chrisack@cix.compulink.co.uk Compuserve: 100021,3206