



Eden Valley Motor Club



<http://www.edenvalleymotorclub.org.uk>

September 2016 Newsletter

Alex's Crack!

Hi there and welcome to the new motor club newsletter. This is only the second edition of the newsletter so would very much appreciate some feedback from you all! This month's newsletter is full of exciting reports old and new that I have been sent by members. Thankyou.

New Car time for Alex! After owning a vast amount of constantly broken and run down cars I have finally given in and spent some money (much to my despair) A couple of you will have seen my fresh wheels and a couple have given me some stick for converting to diesel! (Mr Wilcox' cars radiator even had a wee when they met!).

This month myself and Evan entered the Blue Streak Targa Rally along with two other teams from the motorclub. We had an absolutely fantastic time! Having only ever entered a small number of 12 Cars and only having the £70 dream machine for a small amount of time. We were absolutely gobsmacked to come in at lunch on our first ever event in 9th position. And even more shocked when we found out we had come 8th overall in a field of 36. A special thanks to the Marshalls especially those from EVMC (and wakka for such helpful enthusiasm!) The little green starlet was faultless all day (more than I could say for my navigating) and now with a light bar securely mounted it is ready for its first few night events.

Look out on the EVMC Facebook page for details on the first 12 Car which will be held in October.

Motor club Events

Monday September 5th – Motor club monthly meeting, The Crown, Eamont Bridge 8pm

8th Sep 12 Car Rally N Cumbria
spadeadammotorclub.co.uk

11th Sep Tarmac Rally Warcop
www.pendragonstages.co.uk Marshalls wanted!

11th Sep Stage Rally Melbourne lindholmemsc.co.uk

11th Sep Sporting Trial Nr Penrith nptcc.org.uk

15th-17th sept Rally IOM

17th Sep 12 Car Rally Northumberland hadrian-motorclub.co.uk

Mull Rally 14th-16th Oct

16th Oct Classic/Targa Rally Cumbria
wigtonmc.co.uk

16th Oct 4x4 Trial Nr Egremont nl4x4.co.uk

17th Oct 12 Car Rally West Cumbria
wcmcrallying.co.uk

22nd Oct Targa Rally Nr Catterick
stocktondmc.co.uk

24th Oct 12 Car Rally North Yorkshire Whitby Motor Club

31st Oct 12 Car Rally North Yorkshire
maltonmc.co.uk



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Blue streak Targa Rally – Paul Schatz

The newly formed EVMC Targa rally team made its competition debut on the Spadedam motor club organised Blue streak event last Sunday. The day started badly when my navigator hadn't even managed to find his bed the night before and had slept in the passage from the bathroom, needless to say he was not at his most alert.

We met up with Evan and Alex, team Toyota, and had a quiet run to Brampton, the day didn't get any better when we couldn't find the noise test and had to resort to asking directions. Once we found the noise test we both passed easily and we redirected to the scrutineer who turned out to be very thorough checking the cars over and even asking for the spill kits and warning triangles which was a bit of a bugger as neither of us had one, never mind though because he didn't see my vertical hydraulic handbrake (it was cunningly disguised as a hat stand)

Signing on and breakfast next and that went well.

So on to the event, a tulip road book and maps were provided for the road sections but my navigator was still struggling a bit, I blame the alcohol. Test 1 was a trip around a haulage yard with 16 cones to manoeuvre around, easy eh? Well yes actually it was a good start and both team cars managed well although the Toyota was struggling with a poor handbrake, on to test 2.

For test 2 the organisers had managed to get Brampton town centre closed off and had set up a complicated test for us with 22 separate cone manoeuvres to perform including 1 full 360 and a fast 180 so our handbrake got plenty of use, our navigation problems started on this test as the drunk in the passenger seat got lost and we got our first wrong test. Evan and Alex were still without a decent handbrake and we're close to running over a few spectators when trying the 360, but did get the test correct.

Test 3 the Brickworks was marshalled by Richard and the EVMC team so we needed to put a good show on (once we'd administered first aid drugs to one marshal who was probably just hungover eh Ratch?) This test was on gravel with 19 cones so should be fun, we got half way round ok but then got lost again resulting in another bloody wrong test, so far not so good! True to form Evan and Alex had another good test, the lack of handbrake was not bothering their times much and they were flying.

Test 4 The Peat Moss. This test was all concrete and 0.7 of a mile long with 22 cones. We had a good go at this one and got the route correct, the down side was the muppet driver hit a cone so more penalties for us, meanwhile team Toyota were still flying and posted another great time, the boys were doing really well.

Test 5 was held on the same venue and was also 0.7 miles long, this one had 26 cones to deal with. Driver error saw us hit another bloody cone so a good fast time was wasted, again.

Test 6, the Peth, 0.4 miles with only 15 cones on mixed surface, seemed like a decent run, the marshal said "Good fast run that shame you hit that cone" Bugger.

Test 8, back to the town centre but with 30 cones to navigate this time. To quote Top Gear we were "enthusiastic but rubbish" another wrong test, our day was not getting any better. Evan and Alex were having a great day getting top 2 or 3 times on a lot of the stages and getting the navigation right, wonder if they give lessons? Oh well time for lunch.



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Evan did some work on his rear brakes to give him a better handbrake for the second half but he and Alex were well pleased with their performance so far. At the halfway point we were a very poor 29th while the £70 skiplett was an excellent 9th O/A. Titch and I had a crew meeting and came up with a cunning plan to improve our performance, GO FASTER!

Test 9. Back to see the EVMC guys at the Brickworks, 0.6 miles similar to the first time but with an extra loop almost like a stage with 29 cones. So remembering our plan we attacked, and thanks to lots of shouting and arm waving from Chris Walker the plan worked (Titch being sober now might also have helped) correct test and no penalties, about time.

Test 10, back to the town centre for the last time, 22 cones this time. Sticking to our new plan seemed to be still working, only one stop to reverse when I missed a cone, correct test and again no penalties.

Tests 11 and 12 were back at the Peat Moss for a repeat of 4 and 5, we had decent clean runs this time with Evan and Alex doing pretty similar times and enjoying themselves more now the hand brake was working well.

Test 13 was back at the Haulage yard and our luck was still in with another decent time and no penalties.

14, 15 and 16 were on MOD land at Mossbank with the EVMC crew running 15 and 16, 15, run by Richard, Dave and Martin was a slalom with 25 cones on a single track road and quite fast and flowing and we managed a clean run. 15 and 16 were a bit of a sting in the tail, 15 had 9 handbrake manoeuvres with kerbs hidden in the grass if you went too wild, this was the only glitch for team Toyota as they picked up their only penalties on here, the 16th and last test was run by our youngest marshal Ratch doing the start and finish having recovered from her morning hangover with Chris and Joe Walker in test shouting instructions or abuse not sure which, 18 cones with a double lap of the middle bit that baffled me a bit but Titch was on the ball and kept us right with another clean run.

Back at the finish Evan and Alex finished 8th overall and first in class, we made 6 places back in the afternoon to finish a poor 23rd overall and 5th in class.

We all had a great days sport and will deffo be having a go at another targa event, we can only improve.

Many thanks to all the marshals especially our team who ran 4 tests at 2 venues also thanks to the Spadedam organising team for a very enjoyable event.

The Jim Clark Memorial Rally 2003

(The censored version in case Ballsey gets his hands on a copy!)

We all went to Scotland, either on Thursday or Friday, put up our tents, had a few beers around the campfire, then watched some rallying. Absolutely no-one tried their hardest to get into young Miss Ballsey's heavily guarded Knickers. Then we all came home.

The end. By Tom Wilcox.



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The Jim Clark Memorial Rally 2003

(These papers will automatically self-destruct after you have read it!)

On Wednesday afternoon when six members of the Royal British Outdoor Caravanning Club pulled up to an extremely peaceful field just west of a tiny village called Coldingham, their dreams had been made, they each filled their boots at the thought of seven days of blissful tranquillity. It was so quiet that they could hear the waves breaking on the beach over half a mile away, 'we shall have to write a report to the club about this one' they thought, 'it will be so entertaining'. Little did they know that within 24 hours they would be confined to their fancy egg cartons with wheels, for the fear of having their personally engraved plastic cutlery stolen, or worse still, their sewage barrels siphoned! (See last months joke column in the newsletter, barf!) Within twenty minutes of the arrival of the first 'young tear-aways' as they called them, the mesh had been fitted over the caravan windows, and multi-coloured line of anti-tow-away devices had been hastily fitted. With nothing but a barbed wire fence separating the two fields, there was little they could do. The quickly escalating fear levels must have reached epic proportions by midnight on Thursday as the troops continued to pour in, just imagine these levels on Saturday, when the army had grown to forty people, and the six residents had not seen daylight for 48 hours. Let's just say, the sewage containers were probably due to be siphoned! Barf!

The annual EVMC pilgrimage had begun, if you were unlucky enough to miss it, you have no choice but to leave our club and join the BROCC mentioned above. Happy caravanning!

Of the four previous years of me attending this rally, I have only had the unfortunate experience of driving once, and even then I didn't drive back, (combination of sleep deprivation and alcohol poisoning, although this was when the event was tailored for the hardcore marshal, thus it was swiftly changed when Schatzy started coming; stages would run all night, and we would sleep all day... well, at most, for a few hours... no change there then!). So inevitably my turn to drive must come around occasionally, this posed a minor problem, or more to the point a large problem in a small car; how do you fit three peoples camping equipment into a Starlet... simple, ask your next door neighbour, who runs a taxi firm, to take it for you, cheers Helen!

So Johnny B, Daniela, and moi met the rest of the 51st battalion of the royal anti-caravan attack squadron at halfords car park in Penrith for a pre-war briefing. Captain Schatz lined us up for a quick kit inspection before letting us know how the war was progressing. The battle the previous evening had been bloody between the two sides; apparently the first line of attack from the opposition had been a smoke bomb, although it was thought that an insider may have been responsible for this, (Oiler was the prime suspect, reports were that of at least one permanently wounded casualty), we were told to be aware at all times as he may strike again. The reports then continued to mention how as the ammunition supplies (Carling) had gradually been consumed, the field officer (Geoff Balls) in charge of the Thursday night offensive had fled for cover in the thunder-box (Porta-loo), fearing that the worst may happen. Well, it did! Just as Geoff was



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finishing off, or nodding off, or something else off, on the thunder box, a precision attack of the highest SAS (Shake And Splash) quality occurred, the rugby tackle to the thunder box left Geoff's tackle... need I go on... those caravanner's really know how to retaliate, the assailant was not caught, once again the fears of an insider began to grow. Luckily for Geoff, the laws of gravity were on his side!

So, all fired up and ready for war, we jumped into our vehicles and set off at the usual steady pace associated with the motor club outings, little did we know that sabotage had already occurred, as we stopped in Kelso to do another U-turn in order to re-find the correct route, Binney's car began to billow out smoke from the engine bay, a quick check over revealed that a power steering pipe had been pin pricked, allowing a jet of oil to be sprayed directly onto the exhaust manifold when on full lock, as no-one was carrying any spare power steering pipes, and Col's kitchen sink was too big to be used as a deflector, we decided to continue. Upon arriving at Dun's, Binney thought it would be a good idea to pull into a petrol station in order to buy some more fluid in case it ran out through the weekend. It didn't seem to bother him that a small pool of oil had gathered under his car as he parked up, and was gently burning away, the rest of us took cover behind a very thick brick wall, seventeen miles away!

When we arrived at the battle field, we could see that the 23rd battalion of the royal barbeque and bonfire squadron had been hard at work, and had obviously spent all day digging trenches for us to put our tents on, we were informed that no sightings of the enemy had occurred, although they were obviously nearby as their armoured MPV's were still parked squarely alongside their squarely parked equi-distanced matching caravans. Perhaps they were digging tunnels in order to attack us through the night, or more to the point, were they trying to escape?

We decided to take it in turns to keep a look-out, Toddy's lad took the first 48 hour shift, and the rest of us would then take over, this allowed some of us to stay up until 2am consuming ammunition, while it also allowed some of the 51 year olds in the party to have one beer, then go to bed, funnily enough, he was closely followed by his bestest bestest friend, who shall be known as niloC noswaL to protect his identity.

We awoke four hours later to begin to prepare ourselves for the Ayton stage that we were about to marshal. Stories were being told of how Sproaty had gone to bed slightly before Binney, and crept into Binney's sleeping bag. Then when Binney retired to bed, he climbed into the remaining sleeping bag, and was then heard to mention 'what are all these straps for?' Apparently there was then a sound of a zip being pulled, followed by a muffled scream, and the noise of a sleeping bag being dragged across a field, having said this, they both seemed fairly happy in each others company throughout the weekend?!?

Due to me winding Geoff up about entertaining his daughter the previous evening, me, Helen, JB, and Daniela ended up in the most fly infested swamp that Geoff could find for us. Imagine for one moment being an insect, a hungry one at that, then imagine seeing four extremely large luminous yellow flowers sat on deck chairs right outside your



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house, you couldn't resist checking it out now could you! Cheers once again to my father in law!

Dougi Hall appeared to have lost a few people money on the 'who will crash first' bet between himself and Oiler, the fifth corner of the first stage was the first crash, then it didn't take long for him to do it again, then apparently again, the final time was a good effort, as the roof was apparently creased. Gerald Braithwaite was seen floating around at the end of the stage with a lot of cardboard boxes and a yard brush, can't think why? It would appear that his service crew don't bring tools anymore, just duct tape!

After sitting in the drizzle for the best part of six hours, we decided to head off to Swinton x-roads for an infamous multi-meat burger, we decided to save travelling for miles to get round to the side that we wanted to be at, we would just walk the short distance up the stage from the opposite side, the map for the stage in the programme was obviously not to scale as this distance wasn't quite the three quarters of an inch as it had suggested, three quarters of an hour later, we arrived at the x-roads. I was so confident of the quality of the burgers that we were about to purchase, that I left my oatcakes (generously donated by Schatzy) in the car, it wasn't until we had searched every orifice within half a mile, (Binney and Sproaty disappeared at this point, hmmm?) that we realised that the Burger bar was no-where to be seen! Obviously it didn't take us long to get bored here, and this was rapidly accelerated by the rain. Typically as we decided to begin to head back to the cars, we climbed over the fence at the bottom of the field to hear the sound of a car rolling after a bad landing at the x-roads, the foolish ones of us ran back up the hill to see the car drive off, windowless, whereas, the less foolish had continued to walk down the road, and saw it drive past further round the loop.

We all regrouped on a slippy 90left to watch the internationals come through for the second time, as the boredom, hunger and tiredness set in, we all began searching for somewhere to sit down. Some of us perched on a wooden fence that was extremely good at cutting off the circulation to your legs, whereas the rest of the crew had to look elsewhere. Notably Adam Gravy spoon went looking, and found a wooden box behind a hedge, about 2ft square, perfect he thought, so he sat down on it. After a while, he realised that he couldn't see much from where he was sat, so decided to move the box, luckily for us (and probably more him), as he lifted the box, the top came off, thus revealing the bee-hive inside... he didn't stay there long!

We soon got pissed off, and decided to go and get a nice warm bar meal, we stopped at four pubs, and asked if they would serve a group of eleven, you would think the opportunity to make £200 would appeal to most places, we ended up at a chippy, and having been introduced to the chef in the last pub we tried, we were quite glad to be there instead! Somehow I ended up with a free pizza with my fish and chips, despite declaring to the lady that I hadn't paid for it! When sober, the idea of selling free pizza at £2 a slice at 2am seemed like a real money spinner, when pissed, the idea of giving it away as prizes for doing alcohol fuelled feats seemed like a better one!



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The morning soon came around again, another generous four hours in the cot, what is happening to us, we would have scoffed at this in years gone by! Perhaps it is the lacking attendance of the JC veteran, and previous years iron man of the Saturday evening award holder, Mule, who was sadly missing due to PMT, or a hair washing appointment or something. Anyhow, a very steady drive to the stage of Bothwell saw us wake up gently, once in location the sun was shining, so we set up stall for the day, deck-chairs, music, food, and of course, sun tan lotion... then it clouded over! Helen sat there sniggering at me and Johnny covering every visible part with factor 8, but guess who had the last laugh! Cherry red springs to mind!

The one comical moment of the day was seeing the final car of the internationals come through on the first run, being caught by a radio crew in a camper van as they had turned up late. Whilst getting his van banked over to about a 45° angle with the tyres screaming for mercy around the hairpin in front of us, he somehow found the time to give us a wave?!?

Once the stage had finished, we headed back to the campsite to pack up our tents, a quick check revealed that the caravanner's were still in shock, and then we began the depressing journey home. In order to liven it up, we thought some of us would go back to the Greyhound at Shap for a meal to finish us off. This was a great plan until we hit a traffic jam on the M6 about ½ a mile from the Shap junction, we could have walked to the pub, had a meal, and walked back in the time it took Kevin Oven's to turn up and clear the carnage. Do you charge them from the moment the phone rings?

Anyhow, another good weekend was had, only slightly dampened by the weather, but in usual JC style, the crack was good, can't wait for next year!

By Tom Wilcox

If anyone has any questions or enquiries about this month's newsletter, send me an email! Equally if anyone has anything that they wish to share with the Motor Club then please contact me and I will try my hardest to include it!

My email address is;

Zesty1194@hotmail.co.uk

Pendragon Rally- 11th September

Marshalls are required to help with our very own pendragon rally on the Warcop army range!

Help is also required on the Saturday (10th) to help set up the event!

For more details and to offer assistance please contact Tom Wilcox on 07968342425



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Kirkby Lonsdale Motor Club Ltd

DEVILS OWN RALLY

Saturday 8th October 2016

In association with motorsportmugs.co.uk

**Round 12 of the 2016 HRCR HAGERTY Insurance
Clubmans Road Rally Championship**

- Event starts and finishes at Crooklands Auction Mart.
- Early afternoon start, with a packed leg of private land tests and a couple of regularities to get the navigators warmed up.
- Pre-plot evening section of regularity sections on OS sheet 96.
- All cars finished by 10pm for an evening meal and awards.

Route designed by Kevin Savage and Martyn Taylor who both have their roots in night rallying. We aim to get back to basics; no tricks, minimal speed changes and the majority of the route pre-plot, designed to test the driver's skills behind the wheel and the navigator's ability to read a map.

Regulations will be published on the 25th of July, with entries opening on the 1st August. For more details visit www.devilsownrally.co.uk

We will need lots of marshals on the day, so to book a prime spot on a test or timing point contact Miles Whitelock at hotel@heaves.freeserve.co.uk



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Eden Valley Motor Club Ltd Application Form

Please accept my application for membership.

If elected I agree to abide by the rules.

Please note; Any information given may be stored on computer but will not be released to any other persons/organisations.

Name:.....

Address:.....

.....Postcode.....

Tel. no.:

Home..... Mobile.....

Email..... To assist with

event planning please state your interest in the following, Rally, Autotests, Marshalling etc. as a competitor, non-competitor or both.....

I enclose the subscription fee of £10.00 single £15.00 family

Please return completed form to; Richard Glendinning, 14 Parklands Crescent, Penrith, Cumbria, CA11 8SL Or come along to our club night, 1st Monday of the month at The Crown Hotel, Eamont Bridge at 8.00pm



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