



SCARCE Newsletter No 18 May 2013

Firstly A Big Thank you: Now we can go whatever the Weather

For those members who attended the Recent Gawsworth event it will not have gone unnoticed that a good amount of the area we had allocated was taken up by a space age looking structure. This being our new Coleman Event Shelter.

As you know we are club which does not charge any subs so have to depend upon the generosity of our members when items are needed for the Club. For some time now we have been talking about a weatherproof shelter so that we can keep dry when it rains and cool in the heat of the midday sun (when summer arrives).



We are very grateful therefore to:

Mals Custom classics and Jordan F1 detailing in donating the cost of the shelter.

<http://www.facebook.com/Mals.custom.classic>

Mal's Customs & Classics

Unit 6 Cromford Business Estate
Cromford Road
Oldham
OL1 4EA
07791385662

<http://www.jordanf1detailing.com>

Unit 2 Ryecroft Business Park
Ashton-under-Lyne
OL7 0BU
07540565756

Both of these companies offer competitive rates to members but more of that in a later newsletter.

Gawsworth May 6th 2013 (report by Gerard Marsden)



If there is one event in the motoring calendar which is becoming something of a “pilgrimage” it must be Gawsworth Hall.

Perhaps it's the fact

that last year it was postponed due to waterlogged fields and the later event turned out to be a bit of a damp squib anyway or perhaps it was the superb weather laid on for us all last Monday. Whatever, it is a very special and interesting affair if a little odd. There is no booking required (unless like S.C.A.R.C.E. you reserve an area in the main field). This means one turns up, pays four quid and enjoys the company of hundred of like minded souls with an outstanding range of vehicles from Austins to Astons, Vauxhalls to Velocettes, sports cars saloon cars and hairdressers cruisers for the rest of the day.



Upon arrival Deryck and I managed to park up in the S.C.A.R.C.E. area to be confronted with



the ongoing erection of a structure somewhere between a gazebo and a circus big top. This device seemed to have a will of its own however and it took the combined efforts of our whole team to put the thing up, with one or two serious domestics narrowly avoided on the way. It seems this was its first erection (no innuendo here please) so we were lucky it was a fine day.

There were some 12 S.C.A.R.C.E. cars entered, the Bentley ¾.5 litre, Aston Martin, Triumph TR6, a couple of MG'B's Jags, my MG VA tourer and others scattered around the field ,so good turn-out chaps. It was a pity that a certain committee member had bathroom priorities that day!

Once the tent was up it was time for a wander. This is where Gawsworth scores. Walk twenty yards and you meet someone you know and thus it continues throughout the day. Being the first big show of the season everyone seems to make an effort to get out there and Deryck and I found it difficult to complete a circumnavigation of the main exhibition areas, delayed by gazing at the machinery and picking up conversations with owners and old friends not seen since last year!

For those unfamiliar with the event we should start with the house. An eclectic mix of style from the early 1500s this stately pile features architecture through the ages as the various owners added to it over the centuries. The current owner Rupert Richards is a keen motorist and invites many of his motoring chums to attend. This ensures a wonderful array of class

Vintage machinery parked outside the front door (see pics.). The entry fee includes a tour of the house, which is well worth the effort. Much of the hall is typical Cheshire half-timbered with other parts in mellow sandstone. There is decorated internal timber & plaster pargetting some 500 years old. The house is a manor house rather than ancestral seat and so it has not been associated with a single family all of its life. The Richards family purchased it in a poor state some fifty odd years ago, having lived in several other houses in the area before procuring the Hall. It is a tribute to the family's tireless effort and enthusiasm that the house and gardens are in such lovely condition today.



Back to the cars. There are four main areas of exhibition, in front of the house to the north, to the west side and south of that on a promontory lie the trade & "rust" stalls, as my dear wife refers to them. ("Oh no! not more rust; and where are you going to put that?")

To the east of the house are tearooms and kiosks, south of which are two enormous fields where most of the exhibits are parked. This includes designated areas for car/one make clubs and there was a splendid collection of Rolls Royces as well as military vehicles, Alan and Fran's Austin Champ being one of the best exhibits in that section by far; most impressive. Morris Minors, Triumphs, Jaguars, on and on go the lines.

Toward the end of a tour sitting in reflection of all that is seen, one plays the inevitable game – which vehicle would you most like to take home? Inevitable this is a difficult choice to make. All kinds of considerations have to be made. Do we like a particular car for its originality, its flashiness and its turn-out or do we succumb to pure whimsy? For me the choice was between a 1928 Rolls Royce 20/25 short chassis fixed head coupe and a 1938 Bertelli short chassis Aston Martin 15/98. The Rolls was such a beautiful time warp, with exquisite interior, perfect for this old gentleman. The Aston – well its an Aston and I succumbed to the thrilling sound of that 2 litre engine, wind in the hair and a fast drive home, screen folded down. I'd make the rake's progress; it was the Aston for me.



See you all there next year (but I doubt I'll be in an Aston)!

Gerard

V.S.C.C. Spring Rally 27th April 2013

(Report by Deryck Pickup)

This event was the first event of the year in the VSCC season. Gerry Marsden had asked me some weeks ago if I would like to navigate on this rally and during a moment of alcoholic weakness I agreed, and an entry was duly submitted. The VSCC being the VSCC however, we did not receive acceptance of our entry until the Monday before the rally took place on the Saturday. This didn't leave us much time for all the necessary panic preparations/collywobbles, like obtaining up to date maps and penetrating the ultimate depths of the junk cupboard in search of my map magnifier, map board, romer etc. last used around 1974.



These VSCC rallies are what is known as regularity events, where a specific average speed is set between control points, and penalty points are given for every minute early or late at these controls, whose locations are not divulged to the competitors. It will be apparent, therefore, that it is important that you drive at the exact speed required because the next control may be three miles up the road, or just around the next corner!

To achieve this you need to have an accurate means of measuring mileages and time.

There are available modern electronic instruments which perform these tasks, but the VSCC regulations preclude the use of anything that was not available in 1940, which predates the invention of the silicone chip by several hours. We therefore used the car's odometer and a hand-held stopwatch.

To enable you to average the set speed you need to know how long it takes to cover each tenth of a mile at the required average. To this end Don Barrow has produced a set of average speed tables which cover every speed from about 15mph to 40 mph in 0.1 decimal increments. If, for instance you have been set a 23.1mph average you open the book at the 23.1mph page and you will find the time taken for every distance from 0.1 miles to 49.9 miles tabulated for your enjoyment. I was fortunate enough to be able to borrow a set of these from a friend.

I hope you have all paid close attention to the above, because its the last time any of this will be mentioned, as in practice, the navigation aspect of the event, ie, merely finding the route, was in itself far in excess of anything my addled brain cell was capable of handling.

To the day of the rally then. The start and finish were at the Commercial Vehicle Museum at Leyland, where the more venerable amongst you will recall they used to make trucks.



We duly arrived there after having Gerry's 1937 MG VA Tourer scrutineered, a process which ensures the vehicle is roadworthy and also complies with the VSCC rules. We met up with Alan Judson, a friend of Gerard's who wanted to sit in the back to see what its all about, and then lined up in the company of other vintage and post-vintage cars such as Bentleys; Alvises; Rileys; Frazer-Nashes etc. before going inside for a bacon butty.

The first car was due to start at 10.00a.m. And as we were car 33 our start time was 10.33a.m. As we were entered in the novice class we were allowed 30 mins to plot our first half route onto the map, semi-experts were given 20 mins and experts a mere 10 mins to get the route down.

At 10.03 therefore we duly received our route card, and this is where our day proceeded to go downhill rapidly. The route information does not consist of a series of map references as you may expect, but of a series of devious symbols known as herringbones (because of the visual similarity to the fishbones Tom and Jerry used to comb their hair);

a series of spot heights, churches or maybe telephone boxes to be visited in order; a selection of tulip diagrams; various grid squares to pass through or grid lines to cross. Imagine having to complete the Telegraph crossword in order to plot the route onto the map and you won't be far out! The first ten minutes of plotting time I spent variously thinking "how do I get out of here"; "am I the right man for the job"; " you devious b-----ds etc.", before the herringbones untangled. The net result of this was that as we departed the start I only had half the route down on the map.

Nevertheless, it was a fine day and we were in a beautiful vintage car with the top down traversing some lovely countryside via some really nadgery lanes, what could be better?

Well, actually what could have been better is that I should have had all the route plotted and still had sufficient spare mental capacity to pay attention to the average speeds and the maintaining thereof, but you can't expect everything of my remaining brain cell!

For the first half of the first half things didn't go too badly. We would suddenly come round a corner and there would be a time control, and as timing was on sight we just took the times given, which it turned out weren't very far off the times required. Note the average speed tables have not been out of their bag! However, to ensure that the devious set route was adhered to, at various critical places the organisers had positioned a code board with three letters on that had to be recorded on your timecard. The penalty for missing one of these was 15 points per board.

We soon reached a point where we had to pull up whilst I plotted the rest of the route.

This resulted in being 4 mins late at the next time control.



Before you could say “
Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlantysiliog
ogogoch “ the first half was completed and we found
ourselves at the lunch halt at the rather posh Formby
Golf Club, where the control was manned by our own
Mike; Martin and Bill, and butties were taken.

After an hours halt the morning procedure was
repeated in that we were given our route 30 mins
before departure. Morning procedure was also

followed in that I only had half the route down before we left. The departure control was again manned by Mike, Martin and Bill, by whom I have been severely abused for turning right out of the Golf Club rather than left, as apparently most of the other cars did. These helpful souls never said a word and as I was still plotting the route whilst we waited for our time and no direction of departure was specified I told Gerry to go straight back down to the main road so I could carry on plotting. The abuse you get for original thinking!

The afternoon's route instructions were even more devious than the first, and also the timing was slightly faster. By this time the weather was starting to look fairly grim, and sure enough we soon found ourselves being pelted by hailstones. We stopped to erect the hood whilst I plotted the remainder of the route. Suffice to say my plotting took far longer than hood erection.

Unfortunately there was one cryptic clue on the route that I couldn't sort out which resulted in our missing a time control, which incurs a 30 point penalty.

Eventually we returned to the finish at the Museum and handed in our timecard, and swapped stories with the other competitors.

After a short time the awards were announced from the Popemobile, and to our immense surprise we found we were second in the novices class. No matter how badly we thought we had done, all bar one of the other novices had done even worse! The missed control and the time spent at the roadside plotting cost dearly (30 mins and 24 mins respectively) as our penalties were 151 and the first novice was on 112. To put everything in perspective the event overall winners (Tom Fort & Annabel Jones in a Riley 9 Monaco) only dropped 5 points all day.

Overall it was a good day out. I never knew there were so many tight little lanes around in the Southport hinterland Ormskirk area, it took us to places we would never otherwise have seen.

Would I do another one? Probably, its like banging your head against the wall, its pleasant when you stop!

Deryck

Don't Forget:

Deryck's Run:

The Wrigley Land to Bronte Land Run on Saturday 25th May.

Forward Notice:

June 1st Harewood House Hillclimb

June 2nd Tatton Classic and Club Picnic

Martin Bradbury

Scarce Secretary

martin@bradbury31234.fsnet.co.uk