



FORMULA 2 REVIEW

No. 21

October
1977

30p

The Magazine for Formula 2 Stock Car Enthusiasts.



IN
THIS ISSUE

- * Final Top 60
- * Miss F2 Review
- * WORLD FINAL REPORT
- * AND PHOTOGRAPHS

1977 Official Fixture List

OCTOBER

- 2 Newton Abbot 3.00 pm, Rochdale
- 7 Reading mixed
- 9 Taunton
- 15 White City
- 16 Newton Abbot 3.00 pm G.N.C.
- 23 Hartlepool mixed, Rochdale
- 29 Long Eaton, Nelson
- 30 Aycliffe, Hartlepool

NOVEMBER

- 5 White City

NB: Newton Abbot, St Austell and St Day weekday meetings commence at 7.30 pm
S.F.: Semi Final
G.N.C.: Grand National Championship

Winter Fixture List

Friday 4th November

Five Star Promotion Annual Dinner & Dance
to be held at the Honiton Hotel. 8.00pm - 2.00am
Tickets available from Five Star Promotion, Fair View, Honiton Road, Churchinford, Taunton, Somerset.

Saturday 12th November

Formula Two Review Buffet & Dance
to be held at The Race Course, Wincanton.
Dancing to the Wimpole Street Brass, 8.00pm - 1.00am. Tickets £3.75. Licensed Bar

18th, 19th, 20th November

Whoopee Wilf's Weekend
at Painton. Contact Ivor Vaughan for Application Forms

Saturday 26th November

BSCRSA Dinner & Dance
to be held at the Esso Motel (Coventry side of A46) 6.15pm for 7 o'clock Dinner.
Dancing until 2.00am to the Ted Valentine Sound £5.30 per ticket available from Roger Squire (Telephone - Daventry 3175)

Front Cover Photograph

Jubilant Bill Batten with Kevin Stack and Mike Nancekivell at Taunton, 4th September 1977.

Ray Roberts

Back Cover Photograph

Flummoxed 547 face to face with 667.

Ray Roberts

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589 CAR less engine, £250.00, or complete with tyres, trailer etc., £450.00. Rob Lockwood, 37 St. Michaels Road, Melksham, Wilts. Tel: Melks 703070

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1976 FORMULA II Stock Car—good running order with or without engine. Tiny Sanders (588). Ring Mrs Sanders, Barnstaple 4393 daytime (not Fridays)



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FORMULA 2 REVIEW

VIEWPOINT

As in the words of the song, *we're almost there*; yet another season draws to an inevitable close, leaving the winter months free for the festivities and jollifications, as well as I suspect, an awful lot of reflection upon the season.

The 1977 Championship of The World Final has provided us with a new gold roof for William Batten Esq., a very tough race and a deserved win, and in many ways what many would term a classic drive. Bill just kept out of all the incidents and kept going to win. (Full report please see centre pages). So congratulations to Bill and to Five Star Promotion for such a smooth piece of presentation. After that comes the Final of the reorganised Westward Television series, which for some reason seems to have lost some of last season's bite, but at least this year it can't be won before the 2nd of October at Newton Abbot when the Grand Final race takes place. There are also of course the North Eastern Championships and the Grand National to be run and won or lost, and the national points, which is much more wide open than at this time last year.

Once all that has been done then the winter will soon be upon us with the usual collection of social events, a very busy November with no less than three weekends on the reel devoted to wining and dining, which I am looking forward to and I look forward to seeing some of you at these occasions. Time is still left to cast your vote in *your* competition *The Formula 2 Review Personality of The Year* time—in fact right up to November—so please let's be hearing from you.

Finally in bringing this the final edition of Formula 2 Review to its conclusion for another season, I would like to express my sincere thanks to all those that have paid such greatly appreciated assistance during the season. The many new contributors from all parts of the land, our busy sales people, and extra specially to the two people you may never meet, David and Jenny, our wonderful printers, who have afforded us such great cooperation, and indeed been so very patient when we have missed a deadline; enabling us to bring you each month our outlook on Formula 2. So until we meet again, to end as I started with the words of a song *hast ya back you're welcome here*.

Ivor Vaughan

TOP 60

October 1977 Official Grading List

Well, kidders, the game is almost over for this year so it's time to put some anti-freeze in the petrol tank, let down your tyres and discover the Sunday dinner. I think 1977 was again the best yet and come and gone even quicker than last year. Car preparation and the racing has been better, though, for some inexplicable reason there have been rather a lot of 'fence jobs', particularly amongst the high riders. Plymouth is said to be a good breeding ground, so don't delay, crunch today!

Anyway, I'm glad Bill won the WF, cos really, he's a 'good old boy'. Dave gave him as good a race as he could considering the chaotic state of the track, the slippery surface and his overall car disadvantage, but dispute not that 667 drove an immaculate race—one of the few not to drop any clangers. Talking of clangers, the result took some believing, but then again, who am I to criticise?

Big news this month is that the secret of Skivell's age is out! Yes, as published in the St. Germans World News (or something), Mike is—wait for it—53, and doing very well thankyou. In actual fact Mike's recovery from mid-season blue continues and he moves from 7 to 4 on the grading list officio. Also good mover within the reds is Geoff Buck, who is rumoured to have purchased a certain star drivers car having done his own car a lot of no good after collecting a post at Skeggy.

It's been a bit of a poser all year as to who was to be the first red amongst the consistent top blues. All of a sudden, with the removal of the former Champion of the whole wide world and the drop of Illman to blue we have Paddy and Chris Butler getting the red hats, and rightly so. You don't see the latter at Taunton very often—he seems to pick out the 'easy money', but Paddy mixes with us regular, he just hasn't had the luck to maintain a red all year.

What I want to know is why George hasn't got red yet. Anyone who saw his maggot's-ampit-type close battle with Skiv at Newton on 18th September dipped out, cos he was fantastic, every inch a star. Anyway if I were George, I'd try creeping around the official grader, like offer him an engine that has an operating temperature of below 150°C, that might do the trick.

Seems to me that there isn't much stirring amongst the low riders this month except Harvey Raggett, having found a sudden burst of power moves into the blues, as does the new star of Long Eaton. Brian Townsend of all people, who shocked the world with two seconds and a win on September 10th, no less! Surprise visitor to Newton one Wednesday was Andy Horton (574) who'd come all the way from Nantwich, Cheshire, to have a 'Murdie Moder' fitted. (That's another for your dictionary, by the way)

To the credits, condolences to big John Moore, on his fence collection (sounds like a film title, doesn't it?) at Hartlepool. The car didn't look too happy but I'm sure John'll come back smiling. Also similar Dave Brown mishap, get well soon, Bill wants competition. Anyway, that's it for this year. Happy Crumble and I'll see you at the 'do' (on the floor, I expect!)

Alan Benson

Psn/Mth	This	Last	No.	Driver	Finals	Total	Official Grade
1	1	667		Bill Batten	38	1271	**
2	2	686		Garry Hooper	1	782	*
3	3	547		Brian Taylor	3	679	*
4	7	553		Mike Nancekivell	1	578	*
5	4	656		Sid Collings	2	559	*
6	5	628		Kevin Stack	—	535	*
7	8	728		Graham Bunter	1	505	*
8	6	583		Dave Browne	8	494	*
9	14	704		Geoff Buck	4	482	*
10	15	528		Les Palmer	2	432	*
11	13	530		Jeremy Deeble	—	421	*
12	11	662		Rob Randell	6½	408	*
13	10	607		Neale Sillifant	—	386	*
14	18	630		Paddy Parker	1½	364	*
15	17	632		Chris Butler	1½	364	*
16	16	800		Roy Goodman	3	361	*
17	12	784		Ian Illman	1	355	A
18	20	652		George Pinder	—	296	A
19	22	694		Pete Wright	2½	293	A
20	19	75		Wilf Blundell	3	286	Hon.*
21	23	582		Barry Moore	—	285	A
22	25	573		Tony Kirby	—	264	A
23	21	723		Alan Warriner	1½	261	A
24	24	555		Dave Walton	2	245	A
25	27	516		Norm Butcher	—	213	A
26	26	556		Frank Horner	2	210	A
27	31	595		Dave Bunt	—	208	A
28	—	571		Neil Johnson	—	201	A
29	30	613		Ray Lines	1	178	A
30	29	753		Andy Morris	2	167	A
31	28	737		Kevin Duckett	—	165	A
32	32	532		Roy Dyke	—	165	A
33	34	572		Tony Beadle	1	153	A
34	33	685		Des Nicholl	—	153	A
35	37	596		Bob Shipman	—	142	A
36	38	505		Mick Whittle	—	133	A
37	40	542		Brian Holmes	—	129	A
38	—	640		Graham Jude	—	122	A
39	—	733		Jim Barrie	—	120	A
40	42	657		Eddie Fish	—	116	A
41	39	688		Alan Eastment	—	116	A
42	50	777		Harvey Raggett	—	113	A
43	52	710		Brian Townsend	1	110	A
44	35	574		Andy Horton	—	103	A
45	41	683		Ken Chapman	1	99	A
46	36	727		John Honeyfield	1	96	A
47	—	502		Clive Baker	—	96	A
48	45	560		John Moore	—	93	B
49	—	788		Jimmy Cunliffe	—	90	B
50	—	576		Neil Currie	—	89	B
51	43	660		Merv Mags	—	87	B
52	—	523		Stuart Hut	—	87	B
53	48	587		Paul Weekes	—	85	B
54	—	690		Len Wolfenden	—	85	B
55	59	589		Rob Lockwood	—	83	B
56	47	623		Moz Baines	—	81	B
57	44	544		John Lumley	—	80	B
58	54	602		Mike Longstaff	—	74	B
59	53	744		Warren Taylor	—	21	B
60	—	620		Pete Rushby	—	71	B

NB: Final wins are computed from results available—includes 'wins by points at northern circuits' ½wins counted when points total drawn.

Safe Side Story

He's been threatening to do it for a long time, and finally has achieved his only missing Crown, Billy Batten—World Champion: a champion in every sense who deserves the Gold lid, a driver who smells of determination, skill, professionalism and personality; a driver who uses his front bumper, doesn't move over (doesn't have to) and travels to other parts farther north than Bristol.

What about the race itself? well, unless you are an avid 667 supporter and didn't watch the rest of the racing, it was pretty tame. They were moving over in their thousands, and you could see more bumper work in the car park outside, than what was produced in the race. Even 662 Robbie Randall (who was sure he'd come thirty first) couldn't understand all the moving over. As far as I'm concerned they were all out for a Sunday afternoon stroll, perhaps nobody knew it was a World Final. I really don't understand how Browner was awarded 'sixth' when he and Bill both lapped everyone once; and 583 only lost a few lengths on Bill after losing it; I was sure he was second. Still the judges or steward's decision is Final. Looking back in Retrospect (copyright P.H.) I must have been expecting too much after the Coventry FI World Final the evening before, maybe I'm being a bit hard.

Five Star Promotions certainly did a good job of producing the meeting, and it was good to see a proper programme. (Beer was 'terrible' though).

Now that the juniors (I dedicate that word to Roger Ford who really gets up my nose with his determination to call them juniors; and write derogatory things about F2) are Nationwide next season, I hope to see a Southern Semi, a Northern Semi, and a Midlands Final 'on shale' and in the evening. (Good old L.E.) Hartlepool would also be a good venue for the World Final due to the great track, great atmosphere, and because they pioneered the F2 Nationwide racing.

Reading back through what I've written it sounds like I've really got out of bed the wrong side this morning. "What a miserable sod" you're all saying, "hasn't got a good word for anyone".

Not altogether true, say I. I've seen some real fantastic racing down yer this season, especially at Newton Abbot and Mendips, with bags of bumper,

cars really determined not to move over, and I've got to know a lot more of the drivers and officials, and realised that most of them are a good laugh. (Take that either way), and are great personalities. Even the public (you and me) are at last realising that these F2 cars are worth coming back to see again, and the terraces are a good deal fuller than last year (if that makes sense) causing more frequent treatment at the doctors for neck strain and trodden toes.

One thing that we could have a bit more of, is exhibitionism—not that sort, the sort where the Starter brings the chequered flag down in real style creating a real race to the flag situation, instead of (as seen at one track this year) yawning and dropping the flag slowly missing the winning car completely, and giving the impression he's half asleep—Go watch the starter at Bristol Stadium mate, when the "speedways" on!

When the World Final has gone, it always seems to me the season's nearly finished, but there's still plenty to go yet with meetings afloat. I shall be very sorry that this season I shall not be visiting Hartlepool, but Bath's a bit further than Grantham when you've got a Newsagents and you've gotta get back to do the papers at 5 o'clock in the morning.

So thanks to all the Northern and Midland drivers who've come down yer this season and entertained us, enjoyed it causing havoc, and tried the Scrumpy.

I was contemplating having a go myself next season and had planned buying a car, but after what I've written about drivers moving over and lack of bumperwork amongst other things. I don't think I dare. I've got a feeling I'd be in for a 'reet 'ard time.



Bill Batten after winning World Championship Final
J. Galliers

See you on the terraces and at the do's.

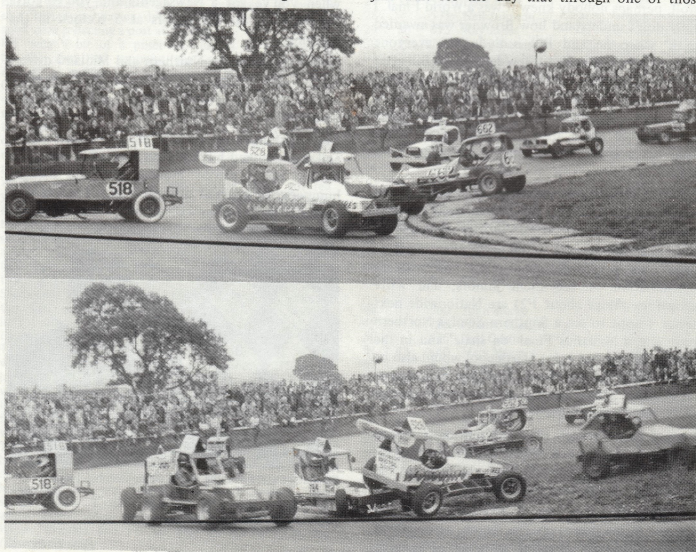
Pete Osmond

This Month with Graham Bunter

As another season draws to a close (he writes, depending on well used clichés), and the results of a year's work are apparent, maybe it is time to have a look at our sport and see whether we are going in the right direction and whether we can look the new season of 1978 in the eye.

What has this season meant to you? Many people would say that it has shown how one driver can totally dominate the racing, and they would be right, in a sense, but I always think that Bill has been no greater in his reign than Tom Pitcher in his heyday; John Marquand in the sixties or Eddie Asling. Before you all say 'who?'—these aforementioned drivers all had exceptional machinery for the period of time that they were at the top, and the only real difference is that maybe they did not travel so extensively. Bill has been all over this country, and stamped his class on every meeting, but if there be any bitterness from the drivers as to his winning the World Title, can we not agree that

he is the best we have got at this moment, and no matter where he appears, people who have never seen him will remember his performance as one of a real champion. Let us not forget all the heart-break and financial insecurity that has led Bill on his long trail to the top. Let us remember the teamwork of John and Doug, and all the many others behind the scenes; workers who have helped along the way. I would go so far as to say that there are many Bill Batten's racing at the moment, who if they wanted to make the total sacrifice that Bill has, could emulate his results. A comment that popped up in conversation today was that if all the drivers had cars of his standard, what an awful sport we would have, because part of the unpredictability of our game is the individual approach to car building and driving. We know that Wilf, for instance, can afford all the luxury items that go into a stock car, and is without any doubt one of the finest drivers by way of courage and determination, but his results will never be equal to Bill's because of his sometimes unpredictable driving! To all the drivers who are discouraged by Bill and his success, I would say, beware of jealousy, and just wait for the day that through one of those



Dave Cook

quirks of racing fate, you beat him, because there is a lot of glory in beating him and Bill will be the first to congratulate you.

Our fellow drivers in the North are using a variety of cars and engines in Formula Two guise due to the uncertain history of the sport in that area under various promotions outside Brisca. There is a feeling that they do not wish to conform to Brisca 1200 cc engine spec. in 1978, and they too have witnessed Bill Batten and assorted West Country stars taking away their trophies. There is a feeling that they can get along quite well without us, but I am afraid that when the spectators write to me and the magazine, they marvel at the skill and ability, and the sheer power and noise of the West Country cars compared to their local cars, many of which are using not only 1500 cc engines, but racing tyres as well. They remember the Aerofolls, the noisy sidedraught exhausts, and the presentation of the cars which come out of the pits spick and span. This is why the West Country are the natural leaders in Formula Two. For the last five years or more, the entire stock car press derided Formula Two as being too light, too dangerous, too noisy, too boring, non-contact, insufficient cars and other things, and we just kept quietly plugging away down here, and we have witnessed this year a new sport that has grown out of its chrysalis into the seventies, immaculate highly tuned race cars, bags of solid bumper work going on, and neck and neck dicing between sometimes a half dozen cars with inches between them. No, the cars don't roll-over much, and they don't automatically run into the fence if pushed down the straight too fast, and the result of this vast improvement in car handling is that more cars finish the races than used to, and they are all good cars. Not everyone has the facilities, time or ability to produce a Bill Batten beater but the drivers are trying to keep their cars tidy, and clean. We have weeded out the old £3.10 specialists who used to buy or build a car for twenty quid and use it for a stadium ticket. You may not have seen them, but a few years ago you could watch them do their customary three laps of heat and consolation and watch the rest of the racing from the best seat in the stadium. However, there is no doubt that cars are pushed very much to their limit, and severe damage does often result but those cars keep coming back looking just as pretty.

Cost is another factor. Try rallying, circuit racing, autocross, and there is not another sport where you can buy a competitive car for five or six hundred pounds. OK, you are not going to win the World Final with it, but if you can drive, and have spent your money wisely, you are going to be in the prize money. The engines do cost a lot of money, but once you have spent it, and spent it with the right firm, you should have a reliable racer you can race two or three times a week without

fear of it endlessly blowing up. To my mind, a well prepared 1100 cc Ford will produce a decent amount of power is better than endlessly searching round for old 1500's that might do a couple of meetings before blowing up, and might not. If you do a proper job of rebuilding the engine, it still hasn't got the power of a high revving little'un.

The organisation of our sport is a very grey area in a lot of people's minds, and having described things a few weeks ago in these columns, I don't propose to go into it all again, with the exception of saying that since the Formula 2 governing Committee was formed direct contact with the promoters has made life a lot easier, but I think that familiarity can breed contempt. The drivers in the North and Midlands are eager to make their views known on the Committee, and no doubt when the annual election comes along we shall see some unfamiliar names on the nomination list.

Finally, what does that average spectator, that unknown and hitherto uncaptured species, want from his stock car racing? Gimmicks, novelty races or plain good organised racing? There is a place for both. See the interest created by the AA/Westward Grand Prix Series, the Rothmans Grand National, the Highweek Handicap and others, and one particular favourite for obvious reasons, the Four Counties Match Race at Smeatharpe. How about a Fan Club Derby, regular two car match races, the occasional timed lap trial or a host of other ideas that are bubbling around in many of your heads?

Finally, your magazine. Well, all right, my magazine! We are delighted to receive your letters, and we print as many as are relevant and can be used. We run competitions and other amusements which we hope add to the joy of opening it each month. We try to report the goings on as fairly as we can, and sometimes we bring things to the surface that may well have otherwise stayed buried. We try not to indulge in the type of journalism that is prevalent in other magazines, which often turn out to be a series of 'in' jokes and bitching matches that go on and on. We make mistakes, and we shall no doubt continue to, but we are only a bunch of enthusiastic amateurs who like seeing our names in print and hope to enhance your enjoyment of the sport as you flip idly through the pages. We need people to write and tell us their feelings and help fill our pages. We would love to have fifty pages all written by different people, but we cannot find these people. It could be you we seek, so write to Ivor or myself in the winter if you fancy a go.

That is enough. I hope you have enjoyed the season, and will be around next year. I hope to see you at the Buffet Dance, or at any of the other functions coming up in the winter. Above all, remember, it is only a game, and games should be fun for all.

SEEN AND OVERHEARD



Ironical it may be, but that is the way things often turn out. These pages carried a verbal discussion between the magazine and Mrs Rose Illman that got somewhat heated at the end, but we feel, that Ian's victory in the Formula Two Review Trophy Final at Smeatharpe was well deserved and very well won. Out of a field of thirty odd cars, Ian waited his time and took the pot from under the noses of many of the best drivers around, including our own Graham Bunter, who took third, and we hope that byones can now be byones. Taking another well deserved second place was the so much improved George Pinder, who withstood some very heavy Geoff Buck bumperwork, and when Geoff passed him, gave one back to take back to Manchester!

Extraordinary how BBC Plymouth and BBC Bristol who both appeared at Smeatharpe for the World Final with all their tackle, used bits and pieces of each others film, transmitted them both at the same time on the following Monday evening, and produced two entirely different stories of the same event. Highlight of the filming was the on-track sequences done during practice, with Mike Nancekivell longingly aiming his bumper at the Pace car carrying the film crew, and blasting past down the outside!

A considerable rebuild was necessary on the Dave Browne car following this plunge into the Pits gate at Newton Abbot on Bank Holiday Monday evening, but Martin Farrell and team had the car out again on the Tuesday, and at the Rothmans Final at Newton on the Wednesday, looking like it had never been damaged.

A blue roof to complete the season for Plymouth's Graham Jude, whose spirited performances have led to him being a bit unpopular in some circles.

Graham won a subscription to this magazine on one of the sponsored laps in the 667 Supporters Club Trophy Final, as well as a goodly sum of sponsor money. We hear that a new 640 will be used next year.

Northampton clashed with Smeatharpe on 14th August, and Ray Lines, who normally does not race at the Taunton Venue, took the opportunity that fate offered and went to the Midlands to literally clean up! Ray was in the middle of his traditional late season fling, when he also took the Highweek Hotel Handicap over two weeks at Newton.

After a lot of recent engine trouble, both Kevin Stack and Ian Illman certainly got it right for the World Final, with Kevin being runner up to the new champ, and Ian being placed, and taking the meeting Final.

Quite a few cars on the market at the moment, as drivers prepare to build afresh, or to some we shall be saying au revoir. Rob Lockwood is intending to retire, if he sells the car, so we hope it won't be too long before we see him back, and we can also reveal that the Championship winning car of Bill Batten is sold, and will not be travelling very far in Cornwall. You read it here first yet again, Read on in number 22!

Vic Mitchell, who is now recovering from the badly damaged hand after his rollover the fence at Bristol would like to thank all the well-wishers and the helping hands that have aided him in this difficult time. Vic hopes to be back in 1978.

Another injury, this time to the Blandford lad, Richard 'Archie' Archer, who almost severed his left thumb and first finger in a circular saw accident. It looks like he will make a full recovery, so its best wishes again and see you in 1978.

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both at 3:00pm**

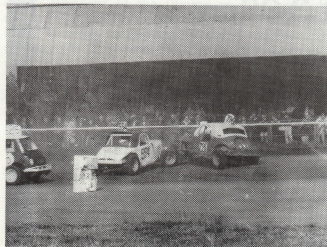
Plus full supporting programme



STOCK CAR STALWARTS

Bill Pitcher

Nearly all true fanatics of Stox will have come across this month's personality at some time or other during his long and varied association with the sport; for this month the pen comes to study, for a short while, the activities of Mr. Bill Pitcher. Back in the days when stock was stock, Bill helped his son Tom assemble a car which took a first, if maybe small step, toward the eventual World Championship form of 795 Tom Pitcher—one of the drivers we all remember so well and miss so much. And sure enough back in 1964 the Pitcher family were dropped into stock racing when Tom got his first drive at Ringwood. Like father like son, people are apt to say, but Stock Cars always prove the exception to any rule, for Bill became more than just amused to watch Tom out on the track trying to bend all last week's hard work, and promptly went out and got a car and a licence, put his car into shape and before long he too was at Ringwood sorting it out.

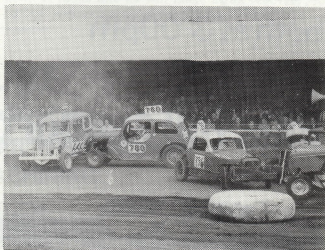


Bill was never a great race winner. Indeed, at the risk of being proven wrong, to the best of my knowledge never did actually win a race—but if given the opportunity will smile with pleasure when asked about the time at Swindon when he crossed the line in second place, holding Tom off to come in behind. Racing under the cover of a yellow roof, Bill raced at Plymouth, Swindon, Ringwood and indeed anywhere else he could get a booking if he was free to race. Wherever he went without actually cleaning up every race, he was featured in the placings with a fair degree of regularity, until he gave up active racing at the end of 1968. Since that time Bill has played a big part in helping or indeed actually building cars for such people as John Holley, Pete Vincent, Roy

Goodman, Jim Murray and of course ex-world champion Tom Pitcher.

Perhaps a natural extension of his activities within the sport came in 1974 when a new name appeared among the list of promoters. Five Star Promotion, with its boss Roy Goodman, enlisted the many years of connection and knowledge that Bill had, as Steward at his newly opened track high up in the Blackdown Hills at Smeatharpe Stadium. Since that time more than a few drivers have had cause to cross paths with Bill whose eagle eye never leaves the track during racing and does not hesitate to call a driver to task if an infringement of the rule book occurs. Indeed such is the vigour of this man that he has been known to argue out any of the stadium officials as well in order to ensure that all aspects of any meeting he is responsible for are correctly implemented. In many ways it is an unusual sight to see, as often happens at Taunton, a driver going along to see the Steward purely for one particular piece of advice or information. But such is the respect that Bill Pitcher is held in by many people associated with the sport.

This pleasant, jovial personality, (dare we say father-like person) is quite likely to turn up just about anywhere the sport is run: often complete with car and caravan, travelling from his home just on the outskirts of Matchams Park in western Dorset. During the winter before this article went anywhere near the printers office, Bill was heard more than once to make thoughtful noises about setting out and building a car for himself to come back and try his luck again. So who knows, maybe when you read this article 796 may indeed be back in action. In any event, of one thing you can remain certain—as long as stock car racing is about —Bill Pitcher will be in the circle somewhere.



Readers Letters



Dear Zur, Twas proper bootiful fer to zee wrote up in the Formula Burke all they wurdz we d'use fer to tell the tale down along o'we; and after us's Maid wrote up to tell 'ee all about they vurniners twas specially appropriate.

When we'm sot amongst the grockles gidden the buys some support they de look at we 'zif we'm mazed, and you should zee the lurks when we blaws our ooter.

Corse the emmets dawnt zee the viner pints to this ere spart; most times they can't ehm tell the redruths from th'ole snaw wides.

Twas a purty bit o' wriden any how, oo done it, I bet twas that Penny buy wadn't it?

Keep up the good work any road up, we'm looking forrard to zeein the Batten buy with e's gauld ruth — so long as e dawnt go scatting stopp'd cores up there to Smetherp. (Even though Snozzel's really e's best track).

A Local Supporter (assisted by Graham Lang), Not far from Holmwood, 10 Downs Road, West Looe.

P.S. Twill be interesting ter zee if the buys from up North do write up to ee so's we can ear how they tell about stock cores, dawnt they say things like Ee by goom, and ecky thoomp?

TRANSLATION

Sir, It was most pleasant to see in The Formula Two Review the Glossary of West Country Stock Car phrases, and this after a young lady wrote commenting on the preponderance of Foreign spectators, was especially appropriate.

When seated among the Holiday visitors giving the Drivers vociferous support, we are looked at as if we suffer some mental aberration, not to mention the expressions when we sound our air horn.

Unfortunately the visitors are unable to appreciate the finer points of our Sport, and often are unable to differentiate between the Star drivers and the Novices.

It was a particularly well composed piece, was it written by the ubiquitous Mr. Penny?, one suspects it may have been.

Please continue with your good efforts, and we would mention that we are looking forward to seeing Mr William Batten with the World Champion's Crown, provided that he avoids colliding with stationary cars at the Smeatharpe Stadium. (He drives best at the St. Austell Circuit really).

P.S. It will be interesting to see if you receive any correspondence from North Country drivers who can enlighten us as to their colloquialisms, among which it is understood are included "Ee by goom" and "Ecky thoomp."

Dear Mr Vaughan, First of all, everyone here wants to congratulate Bill Batten on his tremendous drive to win the World Final at Taunton. Despite a spirited drive by Dave Brown, it looked to be Bill's race from flag to flag. The remarkable scenes following the race with spectators carrying the 667 car on it's lap of honour showed what a popular win this was. Fantastic!

However, whilst not wishing to decry a super day's racing it seemed obvious to me and to many of the other fans around me that afternoon, that the race was somewhat spoilt by the inclusion of several inexperienced drivers and too many cars on the small Smeatharpe track. I appreciate the promoter's need to invite the international contingent to make it a real 'World' Final, but what is the point?

Surely the title of British Champion is enough for the winner of our premier race of the season. The inclusion of half-a-dozen foreign names in the programme, mostly driving uncompetitive cars on an unfamiliar track, (like the Irish driver, John McGlinchey who had only four or five laps of practise in a car that was new to him and never having raced at Smeatharpe before) spoilt the race for me, rather than adding glamour. I would prefer to see an ultra-competitive field, driving for the premier title and doing the out-and-out battle that makes stock car racing, and not getting held up by slow and inexperienced backmarkers, to do the title the justice it deserves.

Finally, can I commiserate with our driver, 528 Les Palmer, who had a wheel knocked off early in the race but came out later to win the Consolation in fine style and then came second in the Grand Final. There's always next year, Les!

Yours sincerely, Tony Young, for Wonderfire (Gas Logs) Ltd., 99 Queens Road, Bristol BS8 1LW.

Dear Readers, It was with some surprise I recieved a phone call recently from Hastings, requesting FII pix, to go with an article. The gent who telephoned was one Paul Huggett, editor of *Short Circuit Motor Racing Review*. Soon after, copies of the magazine arrived, and what a magazine! For just 18p you get what must be the most interesting and comprehensive review of the South Eastern action, with lots of photos, of FI Stox, Superstox, plus *All* the supporting classes.

Roy Goodman has provisionally accepted Short Circuit's challenge to show why our bangers are the best, and we await Trev Redmond's comments on his Jaguars being classed as "nearly stock cars" due to shunting — and hope he will arrange for them to meet the stock rod Jaguars from the South East.

Anyway, if you want copies of this publication contact: Paul K. Huggett, 19 Linton Crescent, Hastings, E. Sussex.

Yours, Wendy Wilkinson (Motofoto)

Graham Bunter Engineering

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1977 WOR

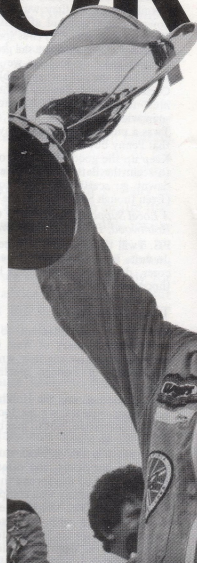
Taunton 4th September

After years of being "so close—yet so far", Bill Batten, reigning points champion, drove 30 laps to a victory which no stock car fan would ever forget!

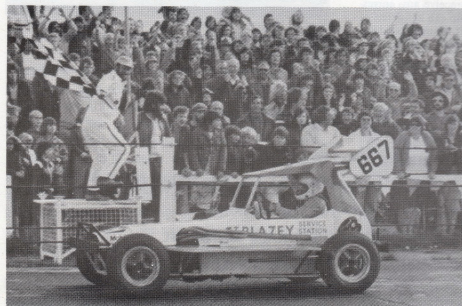
Yes, he's done it, a brilliantly calm drive on a track packed with cars jostling for places, though coming under great pressure from another superb driver on several occasions—twice champ, Dave Brown.

Thirty-one cars raced, so that number of drivers, plus personalities, had to be introduced to the crowd. That took time, and the atmosphere when the "off" came was charged to a peak!

They raced for the first bend, and a quick off the mark Wilf Blundell (75) was first in. He drifted wide, letting through Dave Brown (583) who was shifted out to let in Bill Batten (667) by the end of the first lap. The long tail-back of cars caused a fracas at the first turn, around a dozen found trouble. Les Palmer (528) rejoined already a lap down as George McGivern (IOM 13) spun out. Barry Moore (582) came to a standstill on the home straight and the order was 667, 583, 75, then Kevin Stack (628) and Graham Bunter (728). Brown starting closing the gap as they lapped Marius Lubbersen (HOL1) and Rob Lockwood (589). The other Dutch competitor Joss Souren (HOL2) found himself piled up with Frank Horner (556). These were lapped along with the South African contender Michael Scott (SA1) by our leaders who were now as one, and pulling away from the rest of the field. Batten pushed Tony Kirby (573) into Dave Bunt (595) in a desperate bid to get away from the ready Brown bumper, and Robin Randall (662) was another man lapped. With Brian Taylor (547) and Peter Wright (694) in a tangle Bunter had Sid Collings (656) in a battle whilst Brown was in with plenty of pressure. By this stage—only one third—next placed man was still Blundell who was half a lap back. Bill then managed to split his duel with Dave by using backmarkers Kirby and Dick Parker (630), and Bill then lapped sixth placed Bunter. Blundell met up with John Honeyfield (727) and John McGlinchey (IOM75), and just after half way retired from the race. Bill got away from Dave for a while, but the gap was soon whittled away as the 667 car took stick as it entered a gaggle of back-



Ray Roberts



Ray Roberts

10



S. Roberts

LD FINAL

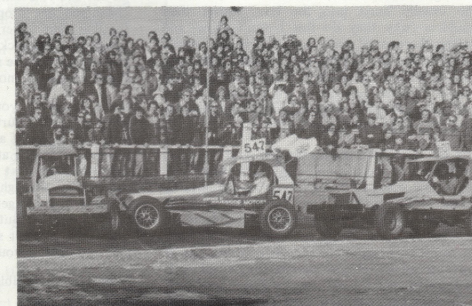
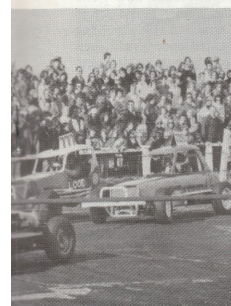


markers. The Batten fans waited with breath held, and their hero emerged unscathed and coasted past the two-thirds mark with an effortless lap. Backmarker Ian Illman (784) was pushing Stack, and Batten joined in! Brown closed, Illman was disposed of, and a train formed—628, 667, 583! By now the crowd were screaming, and the 583 bumper stabbed again and again! in it dug again, but Bill slipped inside Kevin and Dave in a similar manoeuvre rode wheels, spinning round and on to the infield! Screams of anguish mingled with cheers as, the 27th lap completed, Batten kept his line in front, cheers of anticipation encouraging him to his goal! Surely he must do it?! the boards were stuck at him in a rock-steady hand—2, 1, 310 yards to go... and the packed crowd exploded as he took the chequered flag. He had done it! The traditional clenched fist shot from the cab, "I'm champ!" it signalled. The red flags denoting the end of the race came out. Batten coasted to the infield, and sat, dazed. Then came the fans. First a few, then a trickle, then dozens, men shouting, women and girls, tears streaming, stumbled and collapsed over their idol, trying to drag their man from his cab. 'Twas no use, there were too many! So the car was lifted by the throng and carried—yes, carried—a quarter lap and then at last, chequered flag jammed in fist, the man was hoisted shoulder high. They clapped him, cheered him, sounded them funky horns, then did it all again as he went on his lap of honour!! Make no mistake, Bill Batten is the new Formula Two World Champion!

John Penny

Official Result

First	BILL BATTEN	(667)	6th	Dave Brown	(583)
Second	KEVIN STACK	(628)	7th	Brian Taylor	(547)
Third	MIKE NANCEKIVELL	(553)	8th	Ian Illman	(784)
4th	Richard Parker	(630)	9th	Tony Kirby	(573)
5th	Graham Bunter	(728)	10th	Sid Collings	(656)
			11th	Dave Bunt	(595)



Ray Roberts

11

Lap Scoring – from the Hot Seat

Ah! the very title should draw the attention of many interested parties! Is she going to moan or have a sly dig? Well, maybe—that's for you to decide, but I will cover my tracks by saying this article is intended to come across in the lighter vein. If there are any instances where you think it is with reference to yourself—well if the cap fits—wear it! On the other hand this is not going to be one big apology for past mistakes either, I am certainly not going to say sorry for doing my job.

I have come to the conclusion after attending stock car meetings for seven years, and lapscoreing for four of them, that every one hates the lapscorer. I suppose in every walk of life the participants have to point the finger at some one, and inevitably it is the officials at a stock car meeting. "They think they know it all—go and tell them". Ever heard that or even muttered it yourself? I know I have. Needless to say without them there would be no racing—then who would there be to moan at and take the blame, for every single thing that does not happen to go just the way you want it? It never ceases to amaze me that track officials bother to attend the next meeting—I nearly didn't; being accused of partaking in sexual deviations and having my parentage doubted reduced me to tears. But after consideration I decided that being called names has no relevance to the sport of stock car racing and looking back one can laugh at the accusations. As Ray Lines would say "its all part of growing up and being British". I would like to point out that not all complainants are unpleasant. In fact the majority are very pleasant and courteous and drivers: if you feel your place is incorrect, please do bring it to the attention of the lapscorer.

If any of the mechanics, Mums, Dads, third cousins, wives, great aunts or even members of the audience who usually burst into the box, square their shoulders (why they do this I don't know) and declare there must have been a mistake, would like to have a go, you will be welcomed with open arms, as there is a shortage of diligent lapscorers. If there is interest, cultivate it for the good of the sport and perhaps if I were to explain what happens we might be inundated with offers!

First off—when you reach the box you are given the best seat in the stadium—right on the finish line. This is important as that's all you are going to be looking at for the next three hours. Let someone else worry about the straights and the bends, that's the Steward's job. Next, some one hands you a pen, a FREE programme and an ominous pile of empty lap charts—all just waiting to be filled up!—hundreds of naked little squares staring you right in the face, daring you to move out of that chair;

which incidentally has suddenly become hard, unfriendly and uncomfortable. The only way your bum is going to leave its rest is at the interval or when you stand to honour the Queen. The Queen is put on the turntable and you stand to attention, and meanwhile you're trying to decide whether you ought to have had that one last wee—well too late—now the meeting is about to begin.

The Grand parade, always popular with the crowd; it's a chance to see their favourite driver, as those pretty little cars trundle quietly past you, their owners wave and smile from the nerf rail—make the best of it, they may not be smiling in ten minutes time! Some leave the track and go back to the pits, the remainder line up in their grades. The drivers don their helmets, climb aboard, belt themselves in and start their machines. Suddenly they are not pretty little cars but snarling monsters, monsters, revving like mad. They move off slowly, don't be fooled, they're just waiting for the green flag to drop, then all hell will be let loose. But agony of agonies, they have to do the rolling lap again. Some naughty person tried to queue jump.

The pen you are holding slips through your sweaty little puds and you hastily try to dry them on your clothes, but it never works. The green flag has dropped and they're away. As they roar past you at unbelievable speeds you write down their numbers. All goes well for a few laps, and your heart stops beating its tattoo against your ribs, then on about the twelfth lap the reds appear and as you fill each lap on the chart you can see their progress. Now if they would only stay like this—all the cars on the same lap—but no, they never do. Suddenly you have to start filling in two columns on the chart and then three, and if those stars are really on form, sometimes four! While you are striving to do all this as you start the column headed "fifteen" you yell "Five to go". The boards go out and you think "not much longer now". The chequered flag drops as the winner bursts across the line right under your nose and still scribbling frantically you pick up the tail enders, and then you motion for the red flag to be put out. Its over! Phew, only seven more to do.

After you've lit your tenth fag of the day, you allow yourself a furtive peek out of the corner of your eye to see if any overalld and overwrought people are coming at you. No? thank god for that! Meanwhile the next lot are creeping out to line up, and you go through it all over again! One consolation is that you get paid for doing it and believe me you earn it. But the best pay I ever received was when a driver said to me "thanks for doing your job right—I wouldn't want it".

Now there's a sensible man!

P.R. Bunter

MISS FORMULA 2 REVIEW 1977



Yes, at last we can reveal the identity of our number one lovely lady, the one selected from the Semi Final winners to be *MISS FORMULA 2 REVIEW 1977*.

After the initial judging of the two Semi Finals by our panel of judges, the photographs of the winners were sent along to our sponsor Mr. W.

Blundell and he has had a very difficult time in making the choice, but after much deliberation has awarded the title to Miss Sandy Griffin. So on November the 12th our duly elected Queen will be presented with her sash and her tickets for the weekend holiday during the winter, and will be carrying out the presentations at our buffet and dance to the winners of our other competitions.

AA/WTV GRAND PRIX

Fifth Round 14th August, Taunton
With Bill Batten having taken the first four rounds, the question was, could he make five? We were soon to get the answer! Bill had started at the rear with Dave Brown in front of him. Graham Jude (640) put in yet another spirited drive and led until a pile-up ensued on the top bend. He crashed into the stationary Kevin Stack car, and Batten—right on his tail—swerved inside but broke his suspension on Jude's rear bumper. Brown was on Bill's tail and made it okay, and the casualties were many. Les Palmer also broke suspension, and Gary Hooper made his exit, whilst lower graded drivers also found trouble. Plenty of bumperwork and Sid Collings (656) grabbed and held second, and Brian Taylor (547) with spectacular slides came third. Brown? he was miles away!

John Penny

Results

1st Dave Brown 583	6th 784
2nd Sid Collings 656	7th 728
3rd Brian Taylor 547	8th 640
4th 530	9th 607
5th 573	10th 553

Top Ten After Five Rounds

1st 667 – 80pts	7th 686 – 34pts
2nd 583 – 56pts	8th 656 – 32pts
3rd 784 – 46pts	9th 728 – 28pts
778 – 42 pts (retired)	
4th 547 – 40pts	10th 528 – 24pts
5th 553 – 36pts	607 – 36pts

Twenty-one drivers have scored so far in the series.

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DID YOU KNOW



From time to time during a season, it all gets a trifle depressing. We seem to live in a world of giggles and heated moments, and so it is pleasing to see the better side. I had the pleasure to come upon a nice piece of friendship recently when Brian Taylor limped into the St Austell pits with a very sick Daimler tow car. Once the stock car and trailer was attached to the rear of Gary Hooper's bus for the homeward trip, willing hands descended from all over to make sure Brian was not stuck for the ride home. Nice sometimes to see that there is indeed some good in the world.

Just to settle any fears among the drivers, I have no intention of acting as judge in our car of the year award. This task I have asked the scrutineers of all Brisca tracks to do for us, so if you see me gazing with interest at any particular car there is no need to come over and offer to buy me a drink, it will do no good at all.

After a little investigation of late, inspired by the Bunt family from Plymouth, it would appear that David scores as one of, but not the youngest ever competitor in a World Final. Also to compete at the age of 17, I found in a Swindon programme for the 1964 Final that Mike Hilborn was also 17 at the time. Any others I wonder?

Whilst thinking of young David Bunt 595 it was pleasing to see him score his first race win during the consolation at Newton Abbot on August 24th. Perhaps that one was a record, youngest race winner. Anyone got the answer? I would like to find out just for the interest.

With the approach of the World Final, I have received some varying quotes from one or two of the contestants. Bill rates his second row grid position as "couldn't be better" and reckons the race could be all sewn up during the first three laps, counting his main opposition as coming from Dave Brown; "but you never forget about old Wilf". Mike Nancekivell rates it as "anyones race" and is also quite happy with his spot "at Taunton there is a need to be right up front or way back, so I am quite happy". Also saying that this is "best ever starting position and could well be the worst finish I have ever had, if I finish".—Dave Brown. Sadly I seem to have been in all the wrong places at all the wrong times to speak to Dave, but if I know anything at all he will be set to go as quick as he can and could well set the pace for quite a lot of the race. Talking also to Colin Higman who unhappily won't be there for reasons we all know about, Colin also sees it as "anyones race". So I am not alone in my unwillingness not to pick a winner.

One big apology to a friend and real hard worker on behalf of stock car racing. The Semi Final photos reproduced last month with no credits attached were all taken by number one cameraman Ray Roberts.



Ray Roberts

Skegness

Recent communication from our friends at Pacemaker Promotions enable us to bring you a little more up-to-date with the happenings at Skegness. Maybe in the South and West the racing is dominated by a master and from the top ten it appears that Skegness is home and winning country for Robin Randell who heads well on the list, although not too far away from Geoff Buck. Really it is a great shame that I have not had the opportunity to visit the stadium this year (a situation to be remedied), for one of the very interesting things must be the opportunity of more regular racing our Northern friends are certain to keep moving up the points tables and

MEETING REPORTS AND RESULTS

the situation where so many of the "stars" come from Devon and Cornwall may change even further. Having seen many of the Skegness "regulars" at other tracks, I know that the potential is there and well done to Frank Hughes for making it happen.

Skegness Top Ten as at September 1st				
662 Robin Randell	168	632 Chris Butler	51	
704 Geoff Buck	148	505 Mick Whittle	48	
630 Richard Parker	93	727 John Honeyfield	42	
694 Peter Wright	75	555 Dave Walton	38	
723 Alan Warnner	57	753 Andy Morris	30	

So very briefly there it is, a fine track, with some very fine drivers and I look forward to a trip that way next season
JIV

Newton Abbot

10th, 17th, 24th, 29th, 31st August and 7th September

What action did we see then? Well the climax came with the Rothmans Grand National Final—this season-long competition saw the qualifying drivers in a battle for £200 first prize—£500 total—all on one race! The winner was Les Palmer (528) driving the magnificent "Wonderfire" sponsored ex-Colin Higman car. What a race! with favourites going out, Batten after a tangle with Ray Lines (613) and Brown, also getting caught up but managing an eventual fifth. That was on the last day of August, and Graham Bunter (728) took the meeting Final, spinning out Dave Brown neatly on the pits bend. Brian Taylor (547) also made it to the list of Final winners by clinching it on the 17/8. His own firm's trophy, would you believe!! Batten and Brown took the heats, but piled themselves up into an enormous pits bend shunt. Rothmans sponsored Clive Baker (502) managed to get himself together and did most of the running, with Brian snatching victory off him at the last moment. Brian handed the trophy to Clive, being slightly embarrassed about it—but he handed it straight back! With Brisca now just about "Nationwide" we were treated to visits from North-East men Warren Taylor (744) Bob Shipman (596) and Spalding's Robin Randall (662) and Richard Parker (630). None scored highly, but rated it as a worthwhile experience. On the other hand the Postmaster General from Ipplepen, a mere stones-throw away, Barry Moore (582) has got some great placings and some wins too. Just look at the results, especially 29/8 when he dropped just two points. Heat win, Final second, GN win. Excellent performances from this blue top. Batten celebrated his "Gold" win by a heat/Final on 7/9 and George Pinder (652) as always was entertainment at its best. Les Palmer was going like the wind and Brinley Vowles (610) somehow kept going, I, like the rest, look forward to '78, the sun, the holidays—and every Wednesday night at Newton Abbot.

John Penny

Results					
10th August					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	528	583	530	583	553
2nd	744	728	537	573	728
3rd	686	573	576	547	530
4th	523	553	536	728	547
5th	688	547	—	553	656
6th	662	656	—	640	686
7th	596	607	—	744	528
8th	587	640	—	607	628

17th August					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	667	583	571	547	530
2nd	613	553	523	502	553
3rd	582	502	576	516	595
4th	516	573	610	553	547
5th	686	530	—	686	516
6th	691	547	—	571	777
7th	652	509	—	530	686
8th	777	728	—	613	573

24th August					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	800	553	595	667	547
2nd	571	667	573	582	686
3rd	547	502	587	547	640
4th	652	516	576	686	530
5th	582	640	777	691	667
6th	691	784	685	530	691
7th	542	686	624	784	516
8th	523	530	537	640	502

29th August					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	582	667	75	667	582
2nd	547	728	656	582	728
3rd	528	573	800	528	553
4th	628	553	607	75	667
5th	571	530	576	728	75
6th	685	595	537	553	547
7th	523	686	504	800	607
8th	624	777	644	530	685

31st August					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2*	Con.	Final	GN
1st	691	528	530	728	528
2nd	589	547	516	502	553
3rd	558	652	685	528	502
4th	688	728	640	656	652
5th	537	583	656	553	686
6th	501	553	502	686	516
7th	644	582	576	516	728
8th	567	573	523	628	628

7th September					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	528	667	523	667	573
2nd	573	728	640	573	652
3rd	652	595	576	528	667
4th	547	553	587	553	516
5th	628	516	547	728	628
6th	686	656	537	686	686
7th	624	558	568	652	528
8th	520	644	504	523	547

* £500 Rothmans Grand National Final

St. Austell

2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 20th August

August, at the Cornish Stadium, St. Austell, will be remembered as the month of the psychological battles between National Points Champion Bill Batten of Pen-silva, and former World Champion Dave Brown of Looe. They needed to prove to themselves that they could win the World Championship and at the start of the month it was Brown who held the psychological advantage gaining some good wins over the over-anxious Batten.

On August 3 they put each other out of the running when way out in front in the Rothmen's Final and allowed Brian Taylor of Ottery St. Mary to slip through to his only trophy win of the season at St. Austell.

On August 9 it was Brown who won the St. Blazey Service Station trophy and, once again, Batten finished up in the fence with a badly damaged front suspension. It was a night of balancing acts. Dave Taylor, King of the Weelies, showed his mastery of his motor cycle by riding nearly two laps holding the front wheel in the air.

Not to be outdone, Charles Williamson somehow managed to balance his stock car on the safety fence. It was so fine a balance that as he tried to get out the car rolled off the fence onto the track. Fortunately he managed to get back into the car as it started to roll and climbed out unhurt when it stopped.

Then Batten started to come back to form, giving ample warning of his determination to win that gold roof. He began to drive with more reserve, biding his time before overtaking.

In the absence of Brown on August 16 he dominated the racing to claim the Old St. Austell Motor Club trophy. But this meeting was more interesting because of the return of Neil Johnson of Plymouth.

He collected 27 points, nearly half the total he had scored at St. Austell this season.

Promoter Trevor Redmond brought 17-year-old Londoner Eddie Kidd to this meeting. Without apparently trying, he leapt his motor-cycle over a number of volunteers lying on the wet track—a sort of preview to the fantastic leap he achieved at Longleat to win the World Motor Cycle Long Jump championship, a feat you may have seen on television. On the 23rd Batten took the Mazda (V.R.S.) trophy and again it was Johnson who provided the strongest opposition and picking up another 30 points.

Batten made it a hat-trick of trophy wins on August 30 collecting the Stock Car Drivers Dinner and Dance Trophy. He won that Final so convincingly that the psychological advantage over Brown must have been complete. He was third on the third lap and slipped past Gary Hooper of Exmouth and Brown on the fifth lap and from then on Brown had no chance of catching him—tactics which were to pay off in the World Final.

This was a meeting of note because of a new system of handicapping. Autosped Circuits tried out over the two meetings at St. Austell and Newton Abbot for the Plymouth Home Engine Tuning Trophy.

It worked quite well with 13 cars finishing within 20 points of each other and with Batten being pipped for the trophy by Barry Moore of Ipplepen.

That was quite a feat when you realise that Batten concluded August 150 points ahead of his nearest rival at St. Austell. The top ten points scorers at St. Austell, up to and including August 30: were 667 Bill Batten, 401; 553 Mike Nancekivell, 251; 686 Gary Hooper, 234; 547 Brian Taylor, 223; 607 Neale Sillifant, 183; 628 Kevin Stack, 177; 583 Dave Brown, 165; 778 Colin Higman, 163; 530, Jeremy Deeble, 140; 656, Sid Collings, 138.

Gil Griffin

Results

August 2nd, Rothman's Cornish Championship Round 1					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	547	583	502	547	583
2nd	667	582	553	686	553
3rd	686	784	777	583	686
4th	792	530	628	595	792
5th	595	607	568	792	595
6th	644	685	653	640	777
7th	—	553	537	777	547
8th	—	640	—	537	537

August 9th, St. Blazey Service Station Trophy					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	667	583	640	583	530
2nd	582	530	568	530	656
3rd	547	686	630	547	582
4th	656	685	643	656	686
5th	662	607	544	582	607
6th	792	640	—	686	744
7th	—	587	—	607	544
8th	—	568	—	744	—

August 16th, Old St. Austell Motor Club Trophy					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	667	613	—	667	571
2nd	571	686	—	553	553
3rd	553	595	—	571	667
4th	530	607	—	613	686
5th	595	530	—	530	530
6th	777	502	—	607	607
7th	568	542	—	595	542
8th	542	777	—	777	537

August 23rd, Mazda (V.R.S.) Trophy					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	571	528	—	667	571
2nd	667	686	—	571	530
3rd	530	777	—	547	667
4th	595	607	—	530	777
5th	656	542	—	595	685
6th	777	647	—	686	547
7th	688	—	—	777	537
8th	537	—	—	685	—

August 30th, S.W. Drivers Dinner & Dance Trophy					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	583	667	—	667	583
2nd	571	582	—	583	571
3rd	553	686	—	553	553
4th	595	607	—	582	686
5th	589	573	—	607	667
6th	537	523	—	589	607
7th	567	530	—	530	530
8th	—	589	—	523	589

Smeatharpe

August 29th

What a pleasing set of results came from this meeting. Bobby Cross, a new white top in only his second meeting wins the consolation. Roy Goodman wins a heat and a Final, for the first time in a long while. Wilf Blundell over from the Isle of Man racing a new car, one that was dogged with engine troubles, but his injured arm showing remarkable signs of recovery.

Heat one was led out for seven laps by this new and very interesting white top Bobby Cross until Bill Batten took it up but Cross held second right on to lap 12 when Kevin Stack, Wilf Blundell, George Pinder and others came past in a big gaggle.

Heat two and Roy Goodman's first win for an awful long time, but one that he never sowed up until lap 12, when

after steadily picking his way through the field he managed to pass first Roy Dyke and then Tony Kirby. Time also for a quick word about Robin Pearce who led them all for about 5 laps, he could win a race yet.

What a splendid Final! led for 14 complete laps by Roy Dyke, hopes of a Goodman, Batten battle died when Batten retired on the 7th lap leaving Goodman to set after Kirby and Dyke. Wilf Blundell also was forced to retire with engine problems and Gary Hooper suffered the misfortune of having his starter fall off and puncture his sump.

Barry Newnham

Results					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	667	800	546	800	667
2nd	628	573	640	532	589
3rd	75	532	520	573	593
4th	652	656	545	628	576
5th	547	686	589	576	688
6th	576	777	700	685	685
7th	644	685	729	700	545
8th	587	688	548	546	523

4th September, World Final

With a fine day for the World Final, the supporting races, all trophies to the winners, were well contested by a truly National field. Heat One contained Tony Beadle from afar and Tony Hooper back for a brief sojourn from Saudi, and it was Tony who finished second to the flying Des Nicholl, who took the 547 Family Trophy with ease. For the HETS (Plymouth) trophy on Heat Two, Geoff Buck didn't make the stadium on time, and it was left to George Pinder to sort out a good field, when early leader Robin Pearce managed a gentle rollover on the pit bend, Doncaster's Andy Morris showed his liking for the circuit with second, and Brian Townsend made third on his first appearance here.

After the big event, the Consolation for the Jacks House Trophy was a star studded affair, with Geoff Buck arriving for his first drive of the day, and battling it out with Hartlepool's Pete Wright and Sid Collings, with winner Les Palmer taking the pot. The Grand Final for the Formula Two Review Trophy was the largest field ever seen here, with thirty two starters. Chaos reigned early on with Brian Taylor out in a pit bend tangle, and Sid Collings doing his utmost to destroy the remaining runners, but it was Brian Townsend leading when the dust settled. The race was stopped around lap 15 when Dave Browne bought the fence in a big way, wrecking the car, and had to be assisted from it, and the run off over the last laps lined 710, 640, 528, 652, 704, 784, 728. Off they went again with Buck trying all he knew to shift Pinder and Jude, and Brian Townsend faded under pressure.

Sid came scattering all and sundry, as Illman played a waiting game with Bunter behind him, another pit bend affair changed the order again, and on the line it was Ian Illman, followed by Les Palmer and George, with Graham Bunter fourth after a last bend collision with Colin Gamm who was still trying to get to grips with 515. The Steward then docked 528 and 640 two places for overtaking on the yellow flag, so it was George Pinder for the SSC pot, and Graham Bunter for the Raysons Radiators Trophy.

Graham Bunter

Results					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	FII Review Trophy Final	
1st	685	652	528	784	
2nd	527	753	694	652	
3rd	223	710	656	728	
4th	688	504	704	528	
5th	530	644	573	573	
6th	545	640	777	640	
7th	520	008	686	527	
8th	729	624	595	704	

14th August, Bill Batten Supporters Club Annual Trophy

The meeting commenced with round five of the AA/WTV Grand Prix (reported elsewhere in this issue).

Next came a Four Counties Race, four representatives from each of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset and Somerset. Graham Jude won the race—but the Dorset "nobs"—Bunter, Dyke, Pearce and Archer had 2nd–5th, and took the Trophy.

Onto the meeting proper, with the first heat gridding 14. This turned out to be a brilliant battle of the giants, with all eyes focussed on the Batten/Brown duel, the former stabbing the latters rear bumper time and again until just managing to squeeze past on the top turn. Graham Jude took another turn with the flag when he won the 20 car second heat. Leading virtually of the line, Roy Dyke and Graham Bunter chased like mad but made little ground. Novice Bobby Cross (546) led off the line for the consolation, but he, and everyone bar Georgie Pinder (652) gerzonked something moving or stationary and results were decided by force and not speed.

And so the Final. Every lap sponsored (totally £64) and Paul Goldsmith (679) secured the first few. In came Jude who kept going and going... cuz those nasty red tops were nearly a lap down! Batten came through, pressured Jude, hard, harder, but he held it! All this time Brown was able to draw closer, ever closer... The 640/667/583 battle grew more savage—until a top bend incident saw the first two out. Brown was away, Dyke came through, Batten restarted. He caught and overtook Roy Dyke, but where was Dave—he was too far to catch! The first three were presented with trophies on the line by John and Barbara Williams of the 667 Supporters Club, and all received well deserved cheers. Twenty made the last of the day, Batten charging through but retiring with engine trouble. Brown came from nowhere to a brilliant win and a third wave of the teacloth, whilst Pinder held Hooper up for second. A great meeting with plenty of races and 38 cars all having several drives.

John Penny

Awards:	Best 'C' Grade —	Paul Goldsmith (679)
	Best 'B' Grade —	Graham Jude (640)
	Best 'A' Grade —	Roy Dyke (532)

Results—Four Counties Match Race: Dorset					
Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	667	640	652	583	583
2nd	583	532	686	667	652
3rd	595	728	518	532	686
4th	547	528	679	553	656
5th	530	685	700	593	532
6th	607	553	691	686	553
7th	509	656	542	656	640
8th	589	516	523	652	509

White City

27th August

The various F2 regions were all represented in this 19-car meeting, with Gary Hooper for the South-West, Chris Butler for the Midlands, Robbie Randall for Boston, Tony Beadle for the North-East, and of course, the many North-West drivers. Rob Rowell and Ray Lines, who were listed in the programme were 'no-shows'. It's a long way though, isn't it?

Maybe next time. 16 cars gridded for Heat 1, including an exact replica of the Stu Smith F1 car, bearing the number 791. It wasn't Smiffy driving it, as the unknown driver started behind the reds. Even so, he put up a good show, the car looking very potent in the hands of an experienced driver. Could it be Smiffy's out for a road-test? Ian Baker (153) led the race as Mike Court did his usual first bend spin. Geoff Buck whizzed past on lap three, chased by Chris Butler and Robbie Randall, as Ken Chapman and Andy Morris tangled. As the race progressed, Randall and Wilf Blundell showed some great bumper

work as they fought for third place, with Wilfie getting it in the end. Tony Beadle from Co. Durham came out for the 18-car second heat which was led by Jim Cunliffe and Jim Carroll as Mike Court and Wilf Blundell both took to the grass on lap one. Geoff Buck was third on lap two and he nipped past both early leaders on the back straight to take the lead on lap three to take the flag ahead of Randall and Blundell.

Heat three was a cracking race, with seven leader changes up to lap 11. Wilfie spun on the fourth bend as Jim Carroll took the lead, only to spin out on the same bend, the lead passing to Walsall's Barry Baker (503). Andy Morris overtook him on the third lap, and next lap it was Gary Hooper who took the lead. Lap five and it was Morris again until Hooper retook him on lap seven. Geoff Buck was steadily working his way up the field and was behind Hooper on lap nine, finally overtaking him on the 11th to win the race ahead of Andy Morris and Hooper.

As has been said before in White City reports, a bit short on cars, but in my opinion, great racing with a good selection of drivers.

Fred R. Fletcher

Results	Heat 1	Heat 2	Heat 3	Trophy
Psn.				Winner
1st	704	704	704	Geoff
2nd	632	662	753	Buck (704)
3rd	75	75	686	with
4th	662	632	75	24
5th	686	686	572	points
6th	753	222	222	
7th	153	572	620	
8th	698	788	698	
9th	—	503	153	
10th	—	683	—	

Hartlepool

28th August

Perhaps due to the fact that this meeting was not on any of the official fixture lists there was a very poor crowd, despite the fine weather, and they missed a very good meeting. Heat one lined sixteen drivers, including the first appearance this year of last season's stalwart, ex-F1 driver Derek Balbach (776) but with a very rapid oil-leak had to go off again, and was able to take no further part in the meeting. White top 712 from Hinckley, Leicestershire, took the lead, and kept it till lap four when Geoff Buck took over. Peter Wright was in close pursuit followed by Richard Parker (630), and when Peter became hooked on Eric Brown (566), Richard went through, but was too far behind to catch Geoff Buck. Heat Two also lined sixteen, and featured the appearance of Frank Horner Jr. for the first time this season, in a very smart new car, cosmic wheels as well! He took an early lead, but engine troubles forced him to pull off, and Brian Bird (543) took the lead, before being overtaken by Dave Walton. Robin Randall forced his way through to second, followed by first-time visitor from the Midlands, Mick Whittle (505).

No red tops, and just one blue, Bob Shipman (596) guaranteed plenty of fun in the consolation and chaos ensued, with just ten finishers. Eventual winner was Bob Shipman, followed by Alan Ord (565) and Tony Kleban (698) on his first race of the afternoon. All the qualifiers came out for the Final and first into the lead was John Braham (579), but Geoff Buck was soon through, followed by fellow red top Robin Randall, Richard Parker, Tony Beadle, Dave Walton, Mick Whittle and Bob Shipman. With Geoff quite far ahead, an exciting battle was going on for the next few

places; Richard Parker took Robin Randall, who then hit the fence (almost his permanent spot at Hartlepool!) Tony Beadle was also spun out and Geoff Buck won quite comfortably. The same bunch of drivers took part in a re-run of the same race, with Peter Wright winning from Tony Beadle. A first class meeting, spoilt only by the poor crowd.

John Goodman

Results	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
Psn.					
1st	704	555	596	704	694
2nd	630	662	565	630	572
3rd	694	505	698	555	555
4th	711	708	579	694	596
5th	560	543	722	596	505
6th	572	542	540	505	704
7th	550	602	608	550	744
8th	566	544	581	581	579

Bristol

28th August

Ideal conditions once again for Mendips action, and as we've come to expect—action is the name of the game at Mendips. Heat one produced bags of action and a scorching win for 583 Dave Brown with Barry Moore not too far behind. A lot of lower grades doing well in this meeting, and with ten qualifying places to fight for, what do you expect? Heat two produced another scorcher from Bill Batten showing that he can get around just as fast as Dave Brown. Ray Lines led for most of this one, going really well, but eventually being taken by 667 despite a hefty shove.

Only eleven cars for this one, but a good race for the lower grades, with no reds and only two blues. 644 led for most of the race with 520 and 691 continually battling. Robin Pearce got through and got away. 532 and 685 were coming through slowly but surely and soon started picking away at 691 Robin's lead, but they never quite got there and Robin took the flag.

The Final produced a race and a half for 667 and 583. I think Dave Brown was putting pressure on Bill for the next weekend. Lap after lap the bumpers clashed, and the crowd enjoyed every second of this race. Further back another tussle between 547 and 728 was being fought out and in fact all the way around the track cars were fighting for positions. With only ten laps to go a terrific mix up saw 516 and another car, which escapes me, flying though the air, 516 did a real end over end and the race was stopped to extract Norman Butcher from the car. The race was restarted and 667/583 went around as one, scorching and burning rubber all around the track, until Browner hit some oil and went into the sheet steel. 667 took the flag.

Only fourteen cars mobile for the GN won by 583 with comparative ease, nearly catching up on 667 who had a lap handicap, and came second.

What more is there to say?—a great meeting.

Pete Osmond

Results	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
Psn.					
1st	583	667	691	667	583
2nd	582	728	532	547	667
3rd	516	613	685	728	582
4th	595	547	504	582	553
5th	553	652	624	532	547
6th	564	589	520	624	652
7th	545	660	644	691	728
8th	534	688	548	589	545

7th August

Heat one saw 667 take the lead early on leaving the others scrapping for the positions left, but on lap 10 Art Falcon (515) came in on 667 with the bumper hard pushing him wide, Bill came back and in an attempt to return the compliment to 515 was caught grass cutting and was forced to retire. Jeremy Deeble and Sid Collings tussled for the lead with 530 coming out on top, while 520 disappeared in a cloud of blue smoke. Heat two, and still action all the way. Ray Lines (613) led early on, only to spin on the bottom bend, Paddy Parker was having a battle with Gary Hooper which ended up with 630 going skyward and losing a half shaft on landing. Brown and Bunter were really going out front, as was 595, Ray Lines was pulling back the places, and an entertaining race was had by 679 and 691. Brown eventually pulled away to take the flag.

The consolation was the best yet with 586 leading for most of the race until he flipped over the fence in a nasty roll. Paddy Parker was going well but smoking and 723 was lashing the bumper everywhere. P. Townsend (710) performed the next up and over and Goodman spun out, what a race.

The Final was a real cracker, with close fast contact racing. Robbie Randall turned over early on and 667, 652 and 583 chased 573 who was really shifting. 652 George Pinder was in second holding up everyone. Kirby was caught and tremendous use of the bumper constantly changed the positions. 583 and 628 tangled but 667 still got there first.

The grand national gridded twenty four cars and very soon one car had done a circuit and also passed the other twenty three, passing second placed George Pinder on the last couple of laps. On the last lap 547 spun 583 putting them both out, and 667 took the flag—another really good Mendips meeting. Congrats to Gerry Dommett.

Results	Heat 1	Heat 2	Semi-Final	Con.	Final	GN
Psn.						
1st	530	583	75	667	667	667
2nd	656	728	553	686	652	652
3rd	509	595	628	630	583	528
4th	564	613	582	547	573	728
5th	534	679	607	652	686	686
6th	542	685	573	660	728	691
7th	585	691	662	723	547	564
8th	513	688	532	727	656	542

Rochdale

21st August

Nineteen cars gridded for the first race on a windy, showery afternoon which produced quite a number of spins on the rather damp shale track.

Jimmy Cunliffe was the early leader until he spun out on the third bend and Paul Broatch became the sprinter. The fourth bend attracted a number of cars which put paid to the 'Rochdale Cowboy', Ken Chapman's chances when, lying in second place, he clipped the abandoned 300 car leaving Eddie Fish and Alan Warriner to follow Broatch home.

18 cars for the second race which was led from start to finish by Jimmy Cunliffe to win a comparatively incident-free race ahead of Len Wolfenden and Ken Chapman.

Again in the final race, it was Cunliffe all the way, with Jim Barrie spinning out on lap two and Len Wolfenden shedding a wheel into the crowd. Alan Warriner and Peter Rishby had a ding-dong battle for second place, which saw great bumper-work from 723 which put Rushby down to fourth place behind Eddie Fish.

All in all, not bad racing, but a few more cars wouldn't have come amiss.

Fred R. Fletcher

Results	Heat 1	Heat 2	Heat 3	Trophy
Psn.				Winner
1st	722	788	788	Dead-Heat
2nd	657	690	723	with 16 points
3rd	723	683	657	between:
4th	690	733	620	Jimmy Cunliffe
5th	745	737	683	(788) and
6th	222	723	722	Alan Warriner
7th	737	620	737	(723)
8th	620	657	799	

Aycliffe

29th August

Twenty one drivers came out for heat one, including long distance men Geoff Buck, and Brian Holmes (542), from Dunstable, Bedfordshire, who had made a North-Eastern weekend of it. First into the lead was Paul Broatch (722), closely followed by Frank Horner Jr. (577), who had to pull off with engine troubles. Warren Taylor then took the lead, hotly pursued by Frank Horner (566). Frank took the lead, followed by Peter Wright, who spun out shortly afterwards. Frank proceeded to build up a very big lead, so when he was forced right out onto the centre green, he was able to rejoin the race and still win with ease, from Bob Shipman.

Heat Two had Geoff Buck coming to grips with the very bumpy Aycliffe track, and getting away quick enough to make it impossible for Frank Horner to make up the difference. Both drivers had some difficulties catching Warren Taylor who made a very fast start, seeming to prefer Aycliffe to his own Hartlepool!

Next race was designated as the Final, and there was to be no stopping Frank Horner who lapped every driver except second-placed Geoff Buck. Incidentally each race established a new track record, which must be some sort of record in itself. The last race of the day was a team race with five drivers representing Hartlepool, and five representing Aycliffe. (Incidentally, one of Aycliffes team was Brian Holmes, from Bedfordshire!?) Aycliffe's Frank Horner did his usual trick of disappearing into the distance, followed by Hartlepool's Peter Wright and Warren Taylor. Unfortunately, Dave Williamson (747) and Bob Shipman (596) both Hartlepool men went out, and the Final score was Aycliffe—29, Hartlepool—23.

John Goodman

Results	Heat 1	Heat 2	Heat 3	Match
Psn.				Race
1st	556	704	556	556
2nd	596	556	704	694
3rd	572	744	744	744
4th	555	579	560	560
5th	704	602	542	602
6th	744	555	722	542
7th	543	722	602	722
8th	550	560	540	540

Hartlepool

"Well Sir, how mad are you?"—so went the query addressed to me on a letter received from our esteemed Editor concerning the possibility of a coach trip to Hartlepool from Cornwall for the North Eastern Drivers Championship on September 11th. With my enthusiasm so put to the test, I was certainly questioning my sanity, when at 4.45 on that Sunday morning, I found myself on the Parade in Liskeard, swapping suspicious glances with the Panda patrol, awaiting

the appearance of "the Coach". The Coach wasn't too late for a 5 o'clock start but, no chuckling please, it seemed someone's alarm clock failed to operate in the approved manner, and just when some of us were wondering if we'd been "had" by an Ivor type joke, the man himself roared up, just a little over half an hour behind schedule and covered in confusion. That small discrepancy by an alarm clock was to be the only real hitch in our mammoth day-trip (!), which only those who had the pleasure to be part of will know how hard Ivor had worked to arrange. One can't spend nearly eighteen hours in a coach with fellow sports fans without discussions and musings and I hope that the following musings salvaged from the day will give some idea of the keenness and following for Formula Two Stox which the West Country has fostered for so long and has now developed into what can be described as Nation wide again.

Rumours and reports of which Drivers were travelling up were already circulating as we made our way onward and upward. (Here it might help to explain that some of us were certain that Hartlepool was very near the Arctic Circle and thus all reference to its location are related to the top right hand corner of the T.V. weather map and a point somewhere above Keith Best's toupee). That it is a long way there is no doubt, but in the air conditioned, all singing, stereo equipped Darley Ford cruiser (plug), the miles passed quickly, and then some, with minimal stops at M-way service stations specially selected for their supplies of diesel and baked beans, and other necessities of life.

Then—Ivor found the Coach had a microphone and took the opportunity to inform the captive audience of the facts on one of the main rumours of the day—a match Race was arranged between "our" Bill and someone called Stuart Smith as part of the day's entertainment. Whether Mr Smith was going to run around the track or drive a Blundell car was still to be clarified, but the information certainly increased the anticipation already building up.

Strange to relate, the world "Pole" had not appeared on the signs we were following up the A1(M) to "The North", and some 7½ hours from Liskeard the word Hartlepool became a reality on the signposts. Scotch Corner, until then seeming the only other interesting sounding destination for some. Thanks to Stuart Prout's "little lead boots" we found ourselves, right on schedule again, entering the picturesque Port of Hartlepool (sorry Hartlepool!).

Our party deployed for action, picking various vantage points and prepared to let the North East know we'd arrived. We managed to converse sufficiently with the bar staff—thanks to having watched the relevant episodes of "When the Boat Comes In"—to obtain a few pints and then went out to watch the action.

The BBC in the North East are obviously well informed, for they were already in attendance and filming the World Champ for inclusion in the Teeside version of Spotlight South West. At 3.00pm the action started with a series of match races including "Wilfie" racing for the West Country Team. (I knew we were in the far North but . . . !) Then the first Heat and the 22 car field included G. Bunter and that man Smith. To give the home supporters some encouragement, Graham allowed (?) Geoff Buck and "Paddy" Parker to precede him to the flag.

Heat Two and 21 cars, with one Gold roof, five Reds—with the exception of "Rockin' Robin" all West of England racers; and a large pack of Blues, Yellows and Whites ahead of them. No problem for Bill, although Pete Wright took second ahead of Gary Hooper.

A change of racing machinery next and "their" version of what looked rather like worse for wear Auto-Rods, known as Stock Rods, and here a novel way to make the cars more unmanageable—race them a la Stockers, left handed and don't 'er tars skwale, oops pardon the vernacular.

Next it was time for that bit of History which we were to

be privileged to watch—the Stu Smith of Formula Two, versus the Bill Batten of Formula One Match Race. To describe Smithy as a showman is an understatement; he turned out in unbelievable gold and silver overalls, variously described by non partisan observers as looking like a (expletive deleted) Christmas Tree or Gary Glitter, and got the inside for the five lapper from a clutch start and a short wheel victory over Bill. Hmmm! we all thought, wait 'til the Final.

The Consolation for Stox and the West rules again, with Stephen Street getting his second lap of honour in a week. But oh! Stephen, you'll never be famous if you won't take the ride on the roof, and breaking Mr Henderson's flag too! Then—Shock! Drama! as we heard that "due to mechanical problems" Bill Batten would take no further part in the Meeting. So, the question is still unresolved as to who is the top man in FII/FI—for the moment (or is it?) With 667 out of the reckoning, the Trophy Final was still watched with considerable interest as Smith, in the Blundell car, clouted all before him. This maybe OK with 1½ tons of young lorry in motion on the F1 track, but such tactics with a Formula II's front bumper are not a pretty sight. If *these* are the tactics advocated by the "use your bumper" brigade, then the development and sophistication of FI stox in the last two or three years has all been wasted; it would be interesting to see 391/500 involved in bumper swapping with some of the less forgiving lads in the game!

Still, he cleared the road and, unfortunately it was through heavy bumper work that the race was brought to a premature end with Robin Pearce high on the fence and Smith in the lead.

Graham Bunter went to some lengths to explain to the man in the shiny suit, after the race, the "way we do it isn't quite like that" and for his troubles almost missed carrying the cloth in the GN heat, because again that man, from his full lap handicap passed everyone, one way or another, except Graham, which an otherwise on the ball Mr Henderson failed (?) to notice. Still justice prevailed and all that was left was a Destruction Derby, which kept the large crowd entertained to the last. We didn't really stay to watch it (!), and it was back on the bus and down hill now, following some nifty bumper work of our own, necessary to get out of the Car Park!

Three and a half hours of really great entertainment, despite the fortunes of some of the lads and because of the fortunes of others. We met some really great Folk and saw the start of what could be a continuing battle in the sport, much to the amazement of many that we should travel so far.

Graham Lang

STOP PRESS

Late Result: Granada Services to Marsh Mills Match Race—1st. 667; 2nd, 530; 3rd. Darley Ford Coaches!!
after a photo finish!!

Comment

For once here am I stuck for words, except to say—glad you enjoyed it, and I hope all the others who did venture gained as much pleasure. Also time to express my thanks to Darley Ford Coaches for allowing me the opportunity.

Ed.

Results

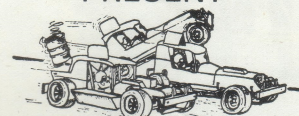
Match Race Championship R. Goodman (800)

Psn.	Heat 1	Heat 2	Con.	Final	GN
1st	704	667	523	500	728
2nd	630	694	691	632	500
3rd	728	686	662	728	632
4th	632	530	560	630	523
5th	500	688	542	622	686
6th	596	555	537	596	662
7th	565	572	544	686	630
8th	723	753	505	523	688

5 STAR PROMOTIONS

Roy Goodman

PRESENT



FORMULA 2 STOCK CAR RACING at SMEATHARPE STADIUM

TAUNTON

SUNDAY OCTOBER 9TH at 3.00P.M.

Photographs used in this magazine may be obtained from:

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