

## **“Alas Smith and Jones”: a Mogcast from Curborough, an RS’s feed**

Following my fall at Aintree, I was very keen to be involved with the Annual Club sprint, and I was delighted when I was pressured into being allowed to commentate, along with my pal John Porter, known to many as the Arthur Daley of MSCC.

Initial plans to broadcast a bit of music were soon thwarted by the Shenstone & District official *“We don’t allow no music sonny”*, just as I was playing “I’m a Morgan Driver” downloaded from the Morganville site hosted by Tony McLaughlin from his Alabama home. “I got me a Mog” was the second tune that also wasn’t heard on the day. Ho hum, to the task of just voices then, but armed with a few notes from some of the entrants, and “Smithy knows all about me” from others, we felt able to make some sort of commentary. It’s always a disappointment that the competitor cannot actually hear the commentary, so it was my plan to commentate on the car before while the car after was on the track. There were a few no-shows, Steve Macdonald, Ray Eatock and Martin Whaley were on my players list but were not there for various reasons. Clive Hall arrived, but a close inspection of his engine bay with oil pouring out from places he didn’t know he had places meant that he went for an early ride home on the back of a flat bed. At least it saved him a bit of petrol. The news that the first bacon sarnies of the day were delayed because the local idiots had broken into the Greasy Spoon and made a mess added a bit more disappointment to the day. The first, and thankfully only, enforced retirement was Simon Moore, whose steering failed just after the first bend, meaning he left the track just before the molehill and disappeared into the undergrowth eventually stopped by a tyre barrier. Watching such an event is a sickening thing, especially when you have likewise been involved, it is also worrying for those on the start line who have counted a car out, and failed to count one back. Thankfully, Simon was shaken but not stirred, but his car was a bit of a mess, Arthur Daley came to the rescue with the Unstone trailer and took Mr Moore home, meaning I was in the commentary hut alone, until I was rescued by young Samuel Harrison, who took control of the mike and entertained me and the substantial crowd of onlookers exceedingly well.

With only 4 events left on this year’s calendar, there is no guaranteed winner, but at the top is Cornetto Bailey, closely followed by John Bloody Stephens, with Andy Miller and Paul Bryan still in touch. Nice to see John Cocks back on the track: his first event of the season, and for this event to survive, we need competitors like him to swell numbers, we have lost quite a few sprinters to racing, luckily Simon Baines and Clive Glass still join in the sprint fun. Oh, sorry: Hairy Baines too. Mike Hughes and Nigel Hyphen-Hyphen have taken part in only a couple of events too so far, but always good to see them.

So to the track: first run times varied greatly, from 87 seconds down to a smidge over 62, though most competitors improved ..... and got worse, as the day progressed. The most noticeable time drop was after lunch, when everybody went slower! With only 17 competitors fighting it out, they had plenty of chances to improve, and try for the class run-offs at the end of the day. The weather luckily stayed fine, though there was a threat of imminent damp, but luckily not enough to need coats on. The Baines Boys were carrying out their own private battle, and a new award has been mooted: The Baines-Marigold Award, the holder of this having to do the washing up for a week. Subsequently, young Hairy was awarded this honour, but knowing him, I doubt he knows where the washing up bowl is. Eventually, the class winners were identified as: Nigel Housley, John B Stephens, Cornetto, Andy Miller, Clive G and Tim Harrison. The winner of this was the one who improved most on the previous best, and turned out to be.....drum roll..... Nigel Housley. Congratulations to him on a superb effort. Tim Harrison failed in his attempt to do a sub60, but was the FTD, and for a 2 litre car to gain this over other faster and bigger-engined Mogs was surely testament to the way the car has been prepared and driven. Along with cries from the crowd: “C’mon Timbo”!

So, a big thanks to the entrants, an even bigger thanks to the organisers, a really big thanks to the hoards of supporters and spectators, but the biggest thanks of all goes to the marshals and trackside crews, without whose dedication, none of this would happen.