

MSCC Techniques Speed Championship

Club Sprint 2015 – 22nd August 2015

at the Curburgring

by Lord Unstone - Greengrass - Richard Smith

I had been looking forward to this event for a while, especially having been out of the Speedmog scene for three years. I'd been driving my Mog around for the previous week with aero screens, but prudence dictated the replacement of the windscreen and the inclusion of the hood as foul weather was expected, indeed, my wipers were in use quite a lot on the way to Curburgring. However, on arrival, the sky was blue, little wind, and sunny, so I could look forward to the impending arrival of the ice cream truck. The place was sniding as I drove into the site, 'sniding' being a Sheffield expression for heaving, i.e. very busy. The Curborough Breakfast Club was in full swing, with loads of petrolheads enjoying bacon sarnis, coffee and chatting, all looking forward to seeing some proper classic cars whizzing around the tarmac.

They were not to be disappointed. 21 entrants getting nervy itchy with two events on the cards, first the cross-over figure of eight circuit, the second, the 'traditional' two lapper, and two practice and maybe four timed runs over the day.

I was going to be commentator for the event. Wanting to get my own back on folks such as Toony, who, when commentating a few years back, said 'The trouble with Smithy is that he's just tooo fat'. Wanting to be nice to folks such as JBS, by way of apology for giving him the name John Bloody Stephens, for all those time he beat me, plus wanting to give something back to the sport too.

And generally trying to make a good job of it so I can be asked again!

So, with the old crowd to meet up with, to meet new sprinters, and try to entertain, was the aim of the day. Writing this is just a bonus! My plan was to wander around for the practice laps, and commentate for the timed runs.

Andrew Farr was first up, and his first season of sprinting, he knew the drill, had filled in his commentary sheet and wanted to extract a good time. Driving consistently, his runs were all within a couple of seconds of each other, quite a polished performance.

JBS was his normal smooth-driving self, he piled on the pressure, his underlying wish was to beat bogey, and try to take home some silverware otherwise he would be in for a carpeting from his wife.

Ian Hargrave had taken account of his previous times at the Curburgring, and the figures show that he beat his previous times by a couple of seconds.

What can we say about Nigel Housley, the OAP from Ripley, fifteen years a competitor in a car owned by him for 23 years? All that experience, and still drives like someone half his age!

Michele Bailey, the legal eagle from Wakefield. On a charge, making a good case to punish her husband. Thanks for the chocolate brownies, I could make quite a pig of myself.

Rob Stones was making a bid for success, going, going, gone for a third season in the sport.

Meanwhile, Simon Ashby was soldering on, first year in a Mog and showing his mettle as a successful sprinter.

Alan Johnson was certainly not shy and retiring as he powered his way around the circuit. Straight out through the door, set good times each run.

Clive Hall was certainly in charge of the highways, telling me his 4/4 eats Plus 8s. The figure of eight was going to be a challenge then!

Gavin Rintoul, after 6 years in competition was still delivering first class times, posting some of his personal bests,

Chris Bailey gave his normal polished performance, each run glossier than the previous.

Chris Baines, the youngster of the group, slipstreaming his dad's times, his were bound to be quick, as while he is driving, he is not eating.

Rob Toon. Billed as a Tourettes coach from Stroud. What can you say about Rob he would not say about himself? The man from Stroud, who was incredibly loud.....

Tracey Gateson, the token blonde of the group made sure she looked and sounded good, with her lipstick and mobile phone in her race suit pocket at all times!

Clive Glass drove around the circuit with surgeon's precision, and at one time, held FTD.

Alan Foster, admitting to 45 years in motorsport, was so consistent in his times, a genuine Winchester repeater.

Simon Scott was certainly not selling himself short. He is a contender in the race series, and then came into sprinting, but maybe mistook it for rallycross when he took the agricultural route over Molehill. Thankfully, no damage. Nor to the car.

Paul Bryan had surveyed the circuit many times before. Another sprinter who has become a racer.

Paul Clarke was trying to get to grips with his 'new' car, bought as accident damaged, the third outing in this car this season, maybe third time lucky?

Martin McHugh, a self-confessed 'hobby farmer', was trying to make his tyres threepenny bit shaped. More smoke coming from his tyres. Good job he had a trailer, otherwise a bumpy drive home!

Simon Baines, the plumber from Marple, putting his toe down, but not wanting to faucet. His final plunge to the line produced FTD, flushed with success, eh Simon?

Ok, that's nearly it. I thoroughly enjoyed being involved with you lot again, and really pleased that you all stayed safely on the track. Believe me, there is not much worse than seeing a car head off into the bushes, especially when you are commentating. All of you were winners, just for taking part! I was disappointed for you all though when the Breakfast gang disappeared, and there were few spectators left. Precious few Mogs parked up by the track. For a National event of this calibre, a shame.

Good though to see the Club President Peter Chapman and his wife Michele hand out the pots at the end of the day, and big thanks to Julie Baines and the rest of the pit crew for sterling work.

Richard Smith

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