



ECURIE ECOSSE

News From The Mews



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It was a day of thrills and spills when the S.M.R.C. staged their second meeting at Ingliston on 9th May. Thousands of spectators thronged into the circuit with the fervent hope that the weather would show some kindness after the disastrous deluge of the previous meeting. And it did. Not perfect weather, even by Scottish standards, but bearable.

not ready for the race. Instead the battle was left firmly in the hands of Andrew Cowan driving the E.E. Tojeiro-Ford and Willie Forbes, with his Elva-BMW. Mike Beckwith gave a thrilling display in Chris Barber's Lotus Elan, as did Jimmy Veitch (who has been missing from the racing scene too long). Eric Liddel fared better than he did at the last meeting, while John Blades,

Ingliston in May

And what a field day for Scottish motor enthusiasts it was. The programme promised an entry which would probably rate the best at any Scottish race meeting since the international days at Charterhall. Certainly there was a large and varied selection of single-seater racing machinery, including the Ecosse-Climax, Tommy Reid's Lotus with which he has broken a few records in Ireland recently, the twin-cam Lotus-engined Cooper with which Jim Moore has made an indelible mark in the records of some of the southern circuits. The Frank Lithgoe Racing Team fielded two very fast Brabhams for local boy Adam Wyllie and his team mate Alan Rollinson. The redoubtable Malcolm Templeton from Ballymena was there with his Brabham and of course the thundering Russell-Ford created by Jock Russell was very much in evidence, at least during practice. Of the Formula 3 cars, the most prominent were those of Mike Herberson, Roger Sweet, Andy Goodfellow and New Zealander Ross Payne.

In the big-banger class, the threat from Julian Sutton's Attila-Chevrolet did not materialise as the car was in the ex-Chris Meek Ginetta is proving himself to be a very fine driver.

And so to the racing. This was a very mixed bag of good, bad and indifferent driving performances, but all giving the tremendous crowd more than their money's worth. The small saloon car race saw the very battered-looking, but indecently fast Morris Minor of Andy Barton shaking off the Mini challenge from Bill Borrowman and G. Kennedy in similar engine sized cars.

The second race brought out the Production G.T. cars when once again Jimmy Rae of Glasgow in the Joe Potts M.G.B. gave a demonstration of precision driving, finishing some 23 seconds ahead of Blair Donaldson in his home-built Ford Sprite. The Concours-condition Porsche of Ernie Blackadder was third. This event saw some spectacular gyrations, particularly when Gerry Birrell's Perdal Anglia tossed a rod through the side and threw both car and Gerry into a partially erected Highland Show stand. Fortunately only the car was damaged, but this proved to be a popular spot as the Ballantine boys' M.G.A. and Austin Healey decided to wander there too, again with no damage to the drivers.

Carreras, the makers of Guards cigarettes, were sponsoring the main

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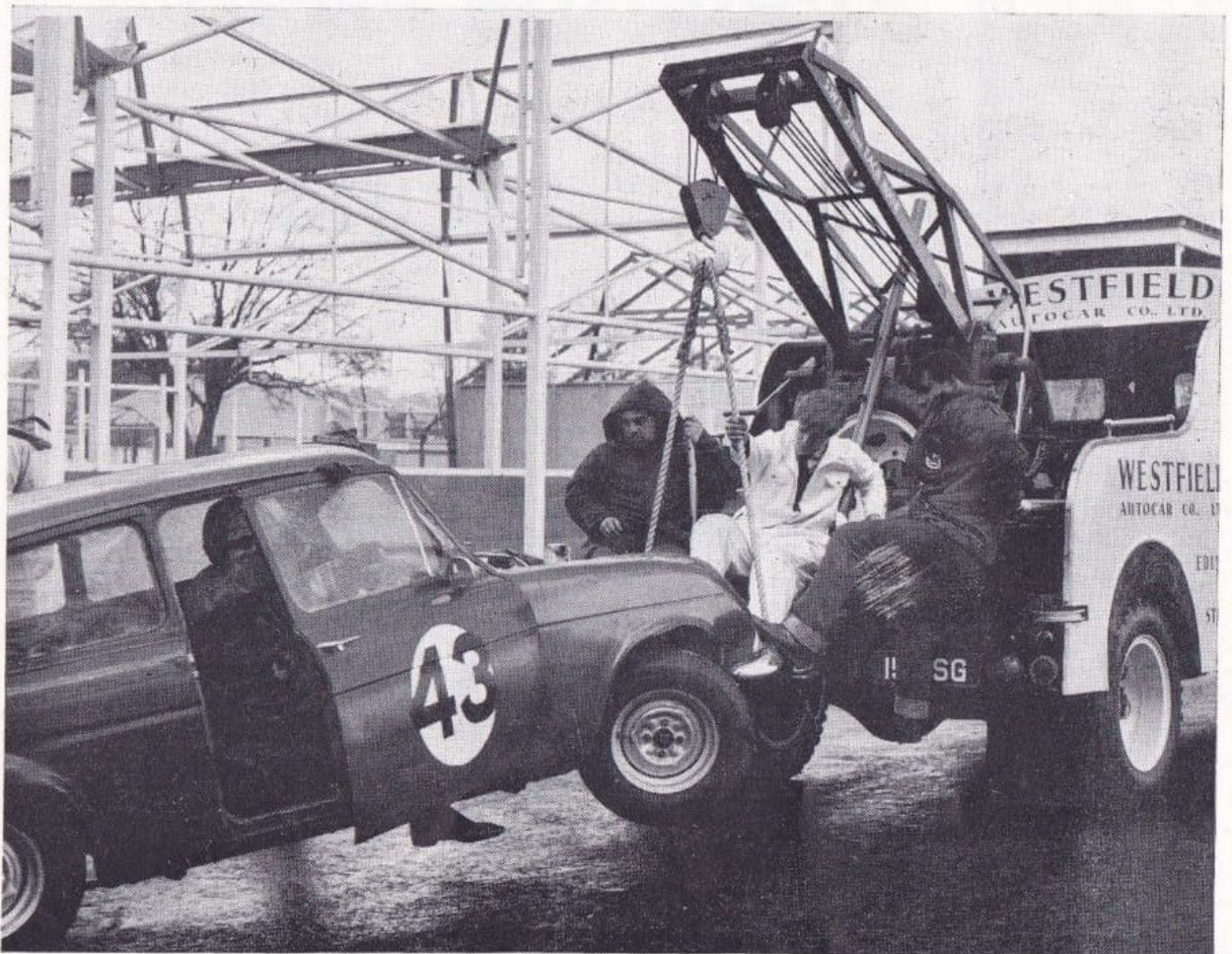
event of the day, the Guards Trophy Race, for which two heats were held, the first of which was for the smaller capacity racing cars. This was dominated by Andy Goodfellow in his 1200 c.c., although Ross Payne in his Lotus 22 was not far behind. M. Herberon (Lotus 22), R. Sweet (Lotus 22) and Flying Officer Gill (Brabham F3) filled the other places for the grid of the Guards Trophy Race.

All E.E.A. members jumped to attention for the next event, the Sports Car Race for cars over 1200 c.c. Andrew Cowan was to have his first race for Ecurie Ecosse in this event, and as the Tojeiro Ford isn't exactly the perfect car for this narrow, twisting circuit, interest was naturally centred on Andrew. In one of the most exciting races of the day, in which spinning cars were

commonplace, Andrew drove with tremendous verve, having a great dice with Willie Forbes throughout the entire race. Willie spun off during the latter stages, which allowed Andrew to take the lead. On the last lap, however, the Wily Willie crept up on the unsuspecting Toj. and passed on the approach to the final corner. Andrew simply had no idea he was being tailed and perhaps the provision of more adequate signalling points might avoid this unfortunate (for EE) occurrence in the future. Nevertheless, Willie Forbes was a worthy winner of this exciting race.

Jimmy Veitch in his re-built Lotus Elite (which he hopes to sell, by the way) dominated the small G.T. race, but Jack Fisher in his hybrid Fisher

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Gerry Birrell's Anglia "hors-de-combat."

[Photograph: "The Scotsman"]

G.T. put up an excellent performance, finishing five seconds behind Veitch. Sandy McCracken in his Ford Anglia (no one quite knows how he got in this race, as he didn't appear on the programme) set a cracking pace, but his enthusiasm was whacked by the circuit and he came unstuck.

Then came the most extraordinary race of the day, a race that even the commentators gave up as a bad job, a race in which only two of the original ten starters finished the twelve laps. Because of low practice times (see D.M.'s report) Bill Stein was fairly well back on the grid, with the Ecosse-Climax, the car he drove to victory in *The Scotsman* Trophy Race in April. Half way round the first lap, it happened. Tommy Reid in his Lotus was biffed slightly by a car squeezing through on his inside, and spun in the path of Adam Wyllie, who also waltzed around a bit. Close on their heels came Bill Stein who threw everything he knew into braking, and all but succeeded—all but! They say a miss is as good as a mile, and Bill did not miss. He hit Wyllie fair and square, and damaged the nose of the car so badly that he could not continue there and then. And so, as the cars came round, Jim Moore, Alan Rollinson and Willie Forbes appeared—then silence. Eventually Malcolm Templeton came round and that was the lot. The race progressed with Jim Moore setting a cracking pace, hotly pursued by Alan Rollinson and Willie Forbes, but the result almost seemed a foregone conclusion. On the last lap, three-quarters of the way round the circuit, Jim Moore's engine threw a rod, spewing oil over the track, and coasted one hundred yards into the pits. Rollinson succeeded in getting by, but Forbes spun on the oil. However, he managed to restart and tore after Rollinson to take second

place, almost 40 seconds behind (almost a lap!). By this time Tommy Reid and Adam Wyllie had restarted and finished behind Malcolm Templeton in 4th and 5th places, while Bill Stein managed to get in one further lap in the hope that he might qualify for the final. A vain hope, as it transpired.

To follow this race with something equally exciting would have been impossible, but the sight of seven Mini Cooper S's and three Lotus Cortinas battling round (and all finishing, strange as it may seem) did much to keep the temperature up. T. R. Featherstonhaugh was a worthy winner followed by Tom Christie, making a welcome return to circuit racing, and the *other* Jim Clark in the Seton Mains Garage Mini.

Quite a battle raged in the next event, between the Ginetta of Johnny Blades and the Elans of Eric Liddell, Sandy McCracken and Mike Beckwith, the latter two having a spinning time and altering the shape of their vehicles in the process. Mike Beckwith survived the fray, but Sandy McCracken fell by the wayside in the latter stages of the race, leaving the way clear for John Blades who finished only two seconds ahead of Eric Liddell, Mike Beckwith taking third place.

The final of the Guards Trophy was not quite as spectacular as the second heat, but between them, Alan Rollinson and Willie Forbes gave the customers their money's worth as they duelled for the lead, and indeed this provided the closest finish of the day, a mere four seconds separating the two cars when the chequered flag fell and so it was the man from the Frank Lithgoe team who carried off the Guards Trophy, charmingly presented by Edinburgh Charities Queen, Miss Jean Davidson.

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BOOK REVIEW

The Art and Technique of Driving

(Heinemann 25/-)

Pat Moss and Erik Carlsson have collaborated to write a book on the art of driving. Though it is aimed at the entire motoring public, this book will probably only find favour amongst the keener sporting drivers. As one might expect, they do not regard 'speed' as a dirty word but rather tend to condemn the slow crown-of-the-road drivers as the real cause of many accidents. They point out that if you are driving at 40 m.p.h. in a 40 zone and someone tries to pass you, it is wrong to attempt to stop them. "They are probably bumptious, arrogant and thoroughly bad drivers," the book points out. "In any case your speedometer may be inaccurate."

They also advise, quite seriously, that if you do not feel capable of conducting your car at 45 m.p.h. along a dual carriageway in good

conditions, then either you or your car, or perhaps both of you, should not be on the road. One might expect some people to be rather annoyed at statements such as this, but to judge by letters appearing in some popular motoring magazines some people seem to regard their whole system as heresy.

In my opinion, however, this book is a serious attempt to improve the standard of driving in this country. Although it is written in a light-hearted style and treats the subject realistically, it is in no way irresponsible. It points out that slow driving can kill, but does not attempt to conceal the fact that excessive speed is the cause of many accidents. I think every driver should read this book, if only to show him that he is not as good as he thought he was.

D. G. W.

INGLISTON (concluded from page 15)

The final two races of the day were for Saloon and Sports Cars, up to 1200 c.c., and were won by R. S. Blaylock (Ford Anglia) and J. Nicholson (Lotus 11) respectively.

The day was rounded off by a jazz concert given by Chris Barber and Otilie Paterson, and believe me,

there were more people on the track for this concert than there were at Brands Hatch last year! It was a first class idea and one which I hope will be repeated many times. Again the organisers deserve many thanks for a wonderful day's sport.

WENDY JONES.