

# AN OILY INGLISTON

THERE IS NO DOUBT that DART are out not only to win the Shiela Whyte GT Championship at Ingliston but the Callands Trophy Formula Libre Championship also. The latter became even more of a reality at the August meeting when John Miles and the dark blue Chevron B19 once again dominated the meeting. At the end Miles and Tommy Reid in the Irish Racing Cars Brabham BT30 tied for top points.

The meeting generally was well up to standard and the great pity is that the crowd was relatively small. It must still be remembered, however, that crowds for club meetings at Ingliston are far in excess of the crowds seen at the Southern meetings. Part reason for the lack of interest could be seen in some of the races, notably the GT event where the bulk of the entry was beginning to look frayed at the edges and Miles had little or no competition.

Practice was lively as usual with Bill Donald (Imp) becoming as popular as a skunk in a scent factory by dropping oil about. The area around the esses was one big oil slick, and though the marshals worked hard the resultant goo proved to be just as slippery as the straight oil. Certainly Geoff Temple has reason to remember the meeting, as his Chevron skated off the road at the kink on the main straight. This held up practice whilst some major track surgery was done, but it is fast coming to the stage when we will have to burn all the oil off the surface of the track.

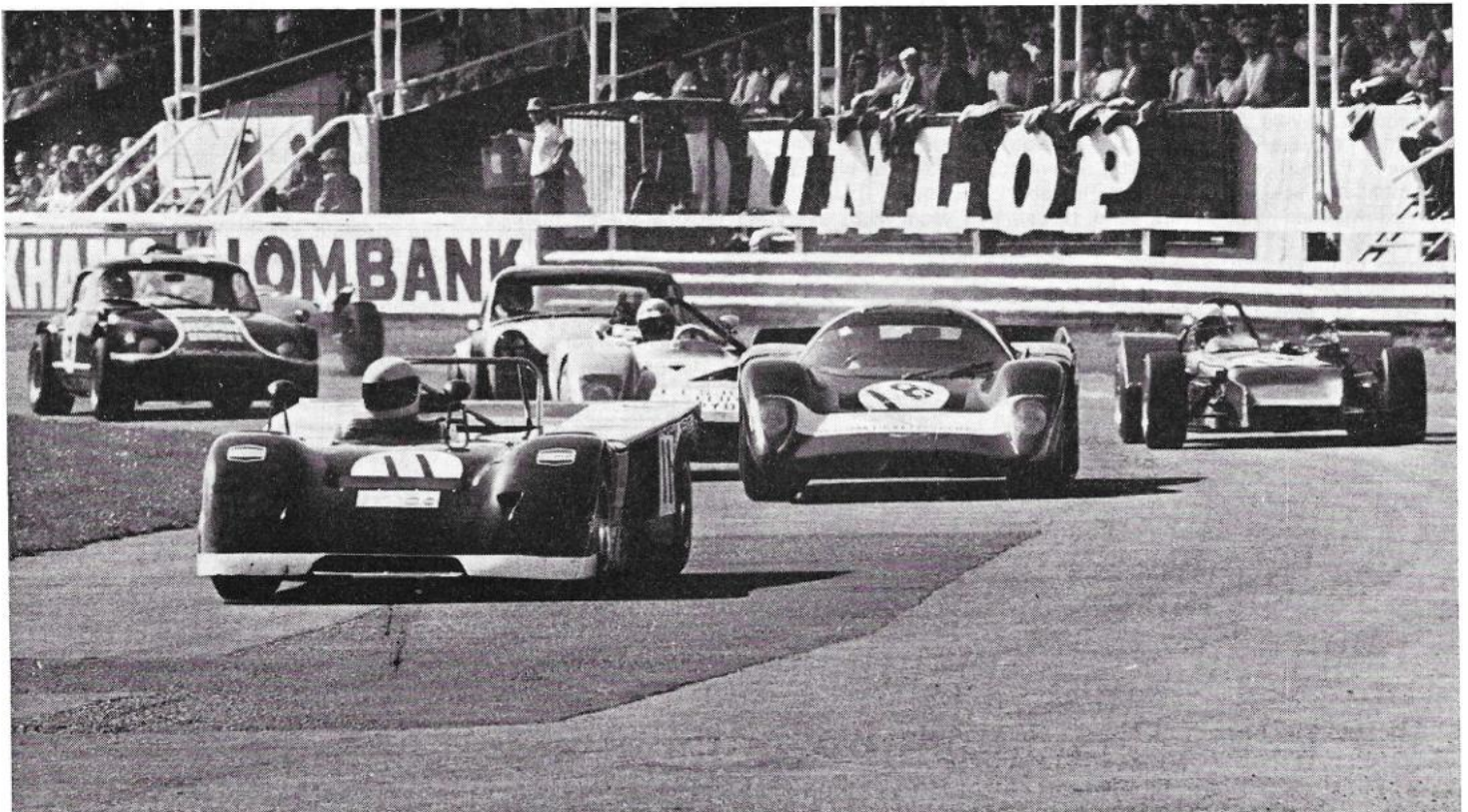
There were no new records in practice, the track appearing slower than on the July meeting, but then perhaps the oil caused this state of affairs. Times were relatively predictable, but in the FF practice favourite Neil Ginn was down to fourth overall with his Lotus 69.

First race on the programme was the Modsports event over ten laps and as usual John Absalom's Ginetta G4 was the favourite, but Miles Hopperton in his supercharged Midget and Alex Souter in

the Elan were out on the front row of the grid with him and obviously determined to change the usual pattern. It was Miles Hopperton who squirted into the lead at the start with a fine piece of anticipation and Souter tucked in behind him only to be ousted from second place by Absalom just after the Esses. It wasn't to last, however, as Absalom's diff called it a day on the straight and he trundled to a halt leaving it to a two horse race between Miles Hopperton and Souter. By lap two Souter had recovered his composure and was reeling in Hopperton, so it was no surprise when the black and blue Elan took the lead. However, a few laps later the Elan began to sound rough and Hopperton caught up and passed into the lead whilst Souter slowed and slowed with various coughs and splutters. As he headed for the dead car park, however, the engine cleared—dirty fuel?—and off he went like a rocket again to overtake Tim Rutherford and Bob Hutchinson who had also passed him. So Souter took second and Hopperton confirmed his position as the fastest Midget driver around these parts.

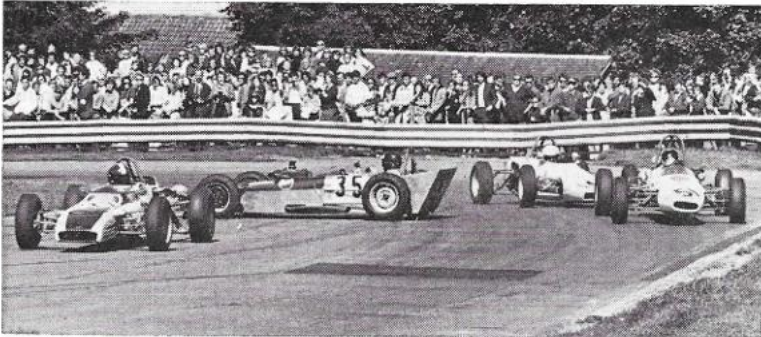
The 1,000 saloon car event saw no Andy Barton and no Bill Borrowman so Seduc Bell took pole with the beaming Jimmy Fewell also on the front row. As the world's oldest racing driver Fewell had obviously pressed on hard in practice even though he claimed he was calling it a day after this one last event—he seems to retire as often as Brian Redman, you just can't keep a good man down. When the flag dropped, however, Jim Howden galloped into the lead only to be squidged out on the Esses by Seduc Bell in his Mini. It just wasn't Jim Howden's day as the determined Brian Coyle then squeezed past in his crimson Imp, but Brian hadn't a hope of catching Bell who rapidly moved away out in front. Jim Howden doesn't give up that easily, however, and he was soon pressing second place and slipped into second

John Miles waves goodbye to the rest of the GT cars on the first lap, before opening a gigantic lead with his Chevron.



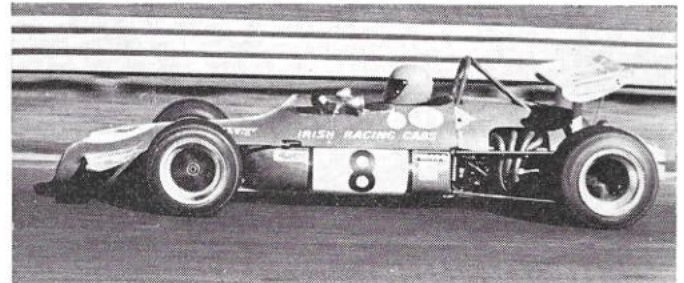


Jimmy Veitch (Viva), F. Gunn and A. Bell scuddle around the Hairpin.



Richard Mallock spins the 9B U2 at Caravan after carving his way up through the field to second place. A further incident at the Lefthander put paid to his attempt to catch Neil Ginn.

Tommy Reid drove his Brabham BT30 brilliantly, and got a standing ovation from the crowd as he came home second to John Miles.



place at Arena after which the positions were frozen, Graham Gordon and Ray Ross, the autocross man, taking fourth and fifth places.

The Firestone Trophy brought out the Formula Ford cars, most of them wearing Firestone Torinos and bringing a warm glow to the sponsors. For once this season, Neil Ginn was not on the front row, having had a run across the grass in practice. Front men were Richard Mallock in the 9B U2, the fast improving Graham Cuthbert with his Hawke, and Donald MacLeod's Mackinlay's sponsored Dulon. It was good to see Donald up front again, and it was he who took the lead on the opening lap with Ginn breathing down his neck and almost scraping the paint at the hairpin. Mallock had a lousy first lap, being outdragged from the line. Ginn stayed in second looking for a way round the Dulon which seemed to have sprouted a ten-foot-wide rear track, but finally he got through at South Stand. Once through he pulled out ahead, leaving MacLeod to deal with the rest of the pack led by Damien Magee's Paliserl and Cuthbert's Hawke. Meanwhile, back amongst the Indians, Richard Mallock was cutting and thrusting his way up. He passed a startled Graham Cuthbert and closed in on Magee who, everyone knows, is a hard man to pass at Ingliston. Mallock made it, however, then whipped past MacLeod into second place after a great drive. He now began to catch Ginn, we all sat back for a cliff-hanger finish. Alas, Richard was attacked by the Trolls again, for he lost it at Caravan then went a-wandering at the left hander. In this latter incident he hit the sloping bank at an angle and literally flew through the air, landing with some furry fibreglass at the front end. So Ginn won and almost assured himself of the Kings Cup FF Scottish Championship in the Lotus 69 he prepares along with his father Bob Ginn—a former Mallock U2 driver!

The special GT race wasn't really very special as John Miles drove the DART Chevron B into the distance, never to be seen by anyone unless when being lapped. Even Andrew Fletcher in the

beautifully prepared Chevron B16 had to resign himself to second place. Behind those two Edward Labinjoh put on one of his brilliant performances in the Fisher Spyder to win the small class, his fastest lap being only two seconds slower than Fletcher's Chevron. Miles Hopperton took a good fourth and Peter MacNaughton drove a fine race in his Lotus 7 to take fifth. Poor John Mackie in the Clubman U2 had a bad race after a promising start. The radiator cap was loose and he had to call into the pits twice to have it fixed.

The big saloon field looked empty without the Wylies Escorts, but as both have been sold in Scotland—we believe—they are likely to be seen again. This meant that Bill Dryden and Douglas Niven would be the main combatants, but we tend to forget Alec Poole's Complian Mini; we didn't for long. Bill Dryden's SMT Viva was first to roll, but quick-witted, heavy-footed Niven got the power on in his Team Forbes Perald Escort and squirted into the lead. Poole had a slow start but picked up in the early laps to pass Dryden into second place. This gave a high speed crocodile of Niven, Poole, Dryden and Eric Smith's Mini out front with everyone looking for an opening. On the sixth lap Poole made a false pass on the back straight then switched sides to pass Niven cheekily on the entrance to the hairpin and so the positions froze to the finish, both Jim Dryden's Mini and Hodgeton's Escort being beated for cutting the verges and losing 30 seconds. Ronnie McCutcheon's fruity sounding V6 Escort had already been penalised for a push start.

In the Formula Libre race there was a raft of Irishmen. With his sights set on the Formula Libre Championship John Miles in the DART Chevron was on pole with Tommy Reid (Brabham) and Brian Nelson (Crossle 18F) next up. Ronnie Mackay in the twin-cam Brabham BT30 was getting used to the car and managed the second row alongside Brian Cullen's Brabham BT30.

The start, let's face it, was a bit of a brouhaha. Miles and Reid arrived at the esses together but Miles pressed on and took the lead only to slow momentarily

on the exit, forcing Reid to run on to the grass and nudge the barrier. Whether as a consequence of all this or not, Ronnie Mackay's sump plug loosened and he spread oil across the road around Caravan bend. Meanwhile, back in the ruck Brian Harrison had spun his Vixen and landed beside Reid. A lap later and Miles almost found the oil at Caravan and swerved to avoid it, but he had the race in his pocket after that opening incident. Reid, on the other hand, restarted and put up a performance which could only be described as inspired. He worked his way right through the field. Bill Wood's ex-Forbes Lola seemed to be teaching its new owner a lesson as Bill found himself spinning more than once. However, it looks as though once it is tamed it will be back up there.

Reid was picking off back markers and was aided in his sprint to the front when Brian Cullen had a beauty of a spin at the Esses in the BT30. He, too, returned to the race having lost his third place and desperately trying to make up ground. Reid, however, had closed on Nelson and was doing his usual shuffle at the end of the straight to pass the Crossle on braking for the hairpin. So Reid took second and the crowd rose to him, having forgotten that Miles was securely in the lead and had now placed himself equal to Reid in the Formula Libre championship.

Finally there was the Hartley Whyte saloon car race and the promise of a Poole-Dryden-Niven re-fight. Again Poole was slow off the line leaving Douglas Niven and Bill Dryden to fight out the lead with Niven opposite locking the Escort in his usual manner at the stands. Alec Poole didn't quite make it this time as his suspension collapsed on braking for the hairpin and he slithered to a stop.

Jim Howden was going well with the Chrysler Coupe and was leading his deadly rival Sedic Bell (Mini Cooper), but there was more drama to come as Niven's gearbox ground to rest after the hairpin on lap 13 and a jubilant Bill Dryden in SMT's Viva took the lead and became a popular winner.