



Nottingham Classic Tour

# Nottingham Classic eNews

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## NOTTINGHAM ROUTE IS READY AND WAITING –Still time to enter

The most important part of any event like ours is the driving and navigating and we can confirm that the route for the 2007 Nottingham Classic Tour has been finalised. Overall it runs out a whisker short of 110 miles over 95% of which is rural. By changing the start venue we have an added bonus of running straight into the country lanes.

Consisting of three legs, the route will take us through the Amber Valley area, skirting round Derby to the north and west before dropping south into Leicestershire and the Battle Line Railway Museum at Shakerston. At 45 miles, this is the longest section. Most of the roads will give some challenges to both driver and navigator, but with our usual high standards of route instructions there is

no reason to get lost.

The second section from Shakerston to Mallory Park is the shortest but no less picturesque, heading out into the lanes west of Leicestershire with the majority of route new to this event. We have kept this section short so we can marshal everyone into place at Mallory, should good fortune shine upon us and we get the track time for parade laps we are hoping for.

The final leg is back to Nottingham Castle, through the lovely Charnwood Forest and the open lanes of South Nottinghamshire, distance around 40 miles.

We have confirmed cave tours for those of you who missed last years, but even if you have done it before, it is well worth a



**Co-organiser Brian Hodges in his Sunbeam Alpine**

second look. The art gallery will be open to us and this time we have also confirmed that the Sherwood Foresters Regimental Museum will also be open for us.

A slight change to the timing to get better control of the route will mean a 9.30 start for first car, but more details will be in your final instructions. These will be posted out one week before the event.

### Diary List

Contact numbers are as follows:

August 12th  
Nottm Classic  
01773 785927

September 23rd  
Sherwood 41  
01773 785927

Email if you would like back issues of the

Nottingham  
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- ◆ The 2007 Nottingham Classic Tour is supported by Millers Oils Ltd
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## SHERWOOD 41 –route planning progresses

Richard English, Clerk of the Course for the Sherwood 41 advises that the route planning is well advanced.

Totalling approximately 100 miles it will be a straight north south run with many roads we haven't used before and an option of three brand

new control venues. Whether or not all three are used is yet to be decided, but you can be assured of a quality run to our usual high standards. Entry forms are now available. The cost of the run will be £25 per car (two people).



**Andy Smedleys' Herald in good company. 2006 Nottingham Classic**

## **SUE & JOHN'S AMERICAN ADVENTURE—PART 2**

### **The 91st Indianapolis 500– Sunday 27th May 2007**

It was rather tongue in cheek when I suggested to Sue that as our planned trip to the United States corresponded with their Memorial Weekend, equivalent to our Remembrance Day, it would be suitable and apt if we included a diversion from our journey to Seattle and pay a visit to the Brickyard to witness one of America's greatest sporting and memorial day spectacles, the Indianapolis 500 Motor Race. It was after all, a mainly motoring holiday.

I've already spoken of Sue's disinterest in motor sports but unhesitatingly, she agreed "if that's what you would like to do, we'll do it" she said. Not really surprising I suppose after 35 years together. So, armed with the royal seal of approval, I stormed the internet to find a suitable package and flight itinerary and came across Premiere Sports Travel of Cary, North Carolina, they offered us a package based on two nights hotel accommodation, transfers from airport and the circuit and good seats in the infield Tower Terrace. No flights of course but at just over £600 for the two of us, I snapped their hand off. This was autumn 2006 so the wait until May 2007 seemed interminable. But, it finally came and Continental Airlines flew us out of Birmingham into New York Liberty bang on time. The rumours of security check nightmares never materialised and we were very quickly into the gate for our connection to Indianapolis where we waited and waited, then we waited and the three hour layover became five then six due to severe storms over Manchester? (Missouri that is). Still, this is a holiday so just go with it, pity Liberty is such a depressing place to get delayed.



***We're here! Mrs T outside the Indianapolis Hall of fame—note the size of the ticket, almost as big as Sue***

Plane arrives, quick turn around and we climb aboard, a bit cosy only being a regional jet with 30 odd seats but another pleasant flight, this time to Indianapolis with a spectacular view of the empty racetrack at dusk as we approached the runway on finals. Airport checks over, everyone being so nice to us, we check in for the transfer to the Hampton Inn. Within minutes, a long white Lincoln Limousine arrived and we were off to our hotel. As you would expect, nice, comfortable and everything included in the price. Switch on the telly and watch the weather news, bad!! Storms expected tomorrow, race day and if it rains, they don't race, everyone comes back the day after if you can, a) get more time off work if you are a local or, b) if you are a tourist like us, try and reschedule flights, hotels etc. Prospect not looking good. Watching the weather advance block by block on early morning TV at breakfast encouraged a sombre mood, the rain is in almost biblical proportion. Pictures of drenched race fans already entering the Speedway filled the screen and it was not yet eight in the morning.



***Wet policeman escorts crazy foreigners to watch motor racing***

The gates at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway open at 6.00am and the time is signalled by a bomb being set off by the Army, they are quite mad really but I suppose tradition is tradition. All looked gloomy, but our luxury coach came, collected us and took us to a secret (well Sue and me had no idea where it was) rendezvous point where we were given a Police escort across downtown Indianapolis right to the circuit. Every junction was closed off by the local Sheriff's Department and the coach was whisked into the VIP parking area, amazing, imagine that at Silverstone!

Once off the coach we had one road to cross, six lanes bumper to bumper and a mass of humanity heading for the same security checkpoint. No one dare cross the road until the Policemen's whistle sounded the all clear, they are so disciplined. The security checks, to see if your beer bag is greater than the permitted 14 inches long were quickly dealt with, ticket check next and in a matter of minutes we were stood inside this massive complex, soon to be joined by another 249998 people.

Another ulterior motive was behind my suggestion to visit Indy, and that motive is my lifelong obsession with all things Lotus and in particular, the era of my teenage years of Jim Clark and Colin Chapman. So Indy was to me, hallowed ground. I wasn't expecting to see a great motor race but here lives a memory and a car to go with that memory and residing inside the Indianapolis Hall of Fame is the 1963 Lotus 29 driven by Clark himself to second place, the first time Lotus raced here. So, armed with our Hall of Fame tickets included in our VIP package, Sue and me entered. The little green and yellow Lotus sat there as if it had been waiting my attention, the other exhibits were, well, just ordinary to me but no doubt special to thousands of other race fans. Lots of pictures later we emerged into bright sunshine and increasing temperatures, Hopefully we would have a motor race after all.

It was still over two hours before the race so Sue and me had a good look round after checking where our seats were. The grandstands are huge towering five storeys with lifts (sorry elevators) to take you up to the top levels. Behind and underneath the grandstands it is like a busy village market. All along the void are food outlets selling everything imaginable and more besides in the area of fried and barbequed. The stink was enough to put us off fast food for ever! We stuck to a bag of chips and a pint, that's 16 ounces in the US and guess what? No rip off here either, a pint for two quid!

Before we left UK I visited Classic Team Lotus and bought one of their sixties replica team shirts, green and gold with 'TEAM LOTUS' across the back especially to wear at Indy. It was incredible the amount of people who spoke to me about it, still in awe of the Jim Clark years after all this time such is the great reverence and respect in which he is still held by race fans. Whatever you might think about the American style of oval racing, these people are fanatics and take it very seriously. The programme—again another bargain at around a fiver, presented in a waterproof sleeve and so thick I still haven't completely read it and it is now July— lists

every volunteer who helps at the Brickyard and I counted over 400 names. Here again, everyone you speak to couldn't help enough, they were knowledgeable, well briefed and polite with just a couple of exceptions. Usually it was those who had been given the awesome responsibility of controlling the official whistle at crossing points in the pit area who transcend above mere mortal status and were a tad on the jobsworth side, but overall they were great.



***These bobbies are big buggers!  
Indiana State Troopers  
making sure Mrs T is behaving  
herself.***

Race time was approaching but the track had still not dried from the early morning onslaught, the temperature along with the humidity was rising and things looked in the balance.

In an amazing show of organisation, all twenty of the DELPHI RACE RESCUE TEAM trucks, took to the circuit driving at a steady speed in a particular formation lap after lap dispersing the surface water, this must have taken an hour. Then, three trucks, again in formation and one in the pit lane emerged towing giant jet engines on the back with nozzles directed on the track blow drying the surface! The noise was incredible and thank goodness for ear defenders but it obviously works and is well rehearsed, so much so that the annual pre race memorial ceremony started on time.

This being the US it was big, 150 matching Chevrolet pick up trucks toured the circuit at almost walking pace. Each truck filled with military personnel taking the applause from a fiercely patriotic crowd. Everyone stood, everyone applauded and kept on applauding the troops. We flew our Union Jack and joined in, getting a very warm reception from the people near us in the grandstand, special relationship and all that, it was supersize goose bumps all round. No one sat until the parade had finished.

The razzmatazz that is America's greatest sporting spectacle continues virtually unbroken from 8.30 am with lots of bands, a bit like our version of the 'Dagenham Girl Pipers'. The stars of the show, 33 Race Cars, make an early appearance in the pit lane at 10.30. There is also a lot of singing to do, fortunately all the words are on big screens but even more fortunately, there is just enough background noise to drown out those who are convinced their surname is Sinatra. It is a sad fact however, that every country, proud though they may be about their national anthem or patriotic songs, always seem to get some arty farty progressive singer to make a pigs ear of it, when I'm sure the vast majority would just like to hear the thing sung properly and recognisably. Indy is no exception to this as we endured 'God Bless America', the National Anthem and 'Back home in Indiana' before a short service of remembrance like we have in November. After the last verse of the National Anthem four USAF jets scream down the main straight in Missing Man formation and once again the crowd explodes in a mass of patriotic euphoria. I missed the picture, they were just above our grandstand roof !!



***Stuff of legend, Jim Clark's Lotus 29 on  
display in the Hall of Fame — Indianapolis  
Motor Speedway***

***Sad bloke in matching shirt looks on***

***Ask Sue who it was that slept through the last fifty laps stretched out fully in the grandstand?  
Noise, what noise? Has it finished yet, can we go now?***

I apologise, if this Indy story is dragging on a bit, but I found it so fascinating, I just had to tell it.

We were now finally approaching the main event at Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the 91st Indianapolis 500 Mile Motor Race, and the possibility of a Brit walking away with the spoils was a good bet, represented by Scotsman Dario Franchitti (grandad must have been an Italian POW), and two Englishmen Darren Manning and previous winner Dan Wheldon. Franchitti occupied the third spot on the front row with Wheldon right behind him with Darren Manning still a respectable fifth row. After the USAF flyover the announcement 'drivers to your cars, is given at 12.57 precisely followed by a blessing at 12.59 . The famous 'Gentlemen start your engines' is at 1.03 but of course is now 'Ladies and Gentlemen start your engines'. The parade lap starts at 1.04 with the final pace lap at 1.09. The pace car peels off and the green flag waves at 1.11pm .I mention these precise times because they are strange to an unknowing observer but most likely steeped in as much tradition as anything else.

This was my first ever live experience of oval racing, the sound, the speed all familiar to any race fan. 33 Cars all vying to put themselves in the exact same position lap after lap. It would be wrong to compare this with any other type of race except to say that it inevitably takes the same amount of courage and confidence to succeed. Unlike F1 for instance the lead and track position constantly change during the race as well as when the pit lane is open. Any one of ten drivers could have won but luck and judgement was in the end on the side of the Scots. In all, the race featured 8 accidents, 11 cautions under the safety car, 9 race leaders, 23 lead changes and scores of near misses. It was madness in May. After 113 laps the heavens opened again and the red flags came out. The deal now was that if the rain stopped, the race organisers have two hours to dry the track and resume racing. If the race is stopped before 101 laps and the rain doesn't they all come back tomorrow until they find a winner. If the race is stopped after 101 laps and the rain doesn't, they can declare a winner under the half distance rule. It rained, and rained for another hour, then it stopped again. Out came the DELPHI RESCUE TEAMS and the same display of track drying took place for the second time that day. By six pm, the track was ready and the race was on again, as it progressed it was fairly obvious from the colour of the sky and the rising humidity, that yet more water would soon be heaped upon this small corner of planet earth with the intention of spoiling the fun for good. More laps passed, more accidents and yellow flags and safety cars. The best chance would fall to the team who read the weather patterns and this honour fell to the Andretti Green Racing Team with Scot Dario Franchitti at the helm, the heavens opened again on lap 164, the safety car deployed and through the gloom Franchitti emerged in the lead on the 166th and final lap at a crawl, no one could pass him under caution and so he entered the record books as the first Scot to win the race in 42 years and the fourth Brit to win the famous Borg Warner Trophy and drink the milk in Gasolene Alley. The chequered flag finally fell at 7.00pm in the evening, phew ! what a day that was !

Thoughts turned to getting back on the coach, the rule is , coach leaves one hour after chequered flag but we needn't have worried. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway disgorged it's quarter of a million temporary residents in almost an instant, crowds and cars and camper vans (hundreds as you would expect) melted away into the evening , no frustrating hold ups, just good traffic management with lots of space to do it. By 8.45 Sue and me had arrived back at the hotel, washed, changed and were sitting in Bobby Joe's Texas Steakhouse, knawing on a couple of sirloins.



***Humans as far as the eye can see, same the other direction too ! Captivated by sound, speed and spectacle***



***Told you!***

***If you have a motoring story you would like to share, let me have it and I will publish it in a future edition of Nottingham Classic News ————— John Thornhill—Editor***

## Nottingham newcomer waits for the call up!

Most of you will be aware of the plans indicated by the classic side of Carlton & District Motor Club to bring some local vehicle 'relics' back to life as living, useable exhibits. The best example is the 1904 CELER that we have entered into the 2007 London to Brighton Run. The restoration project is well underway (progress report later).

During discussions with The City Council, we discovered other gems lurking in the archives including a basket case Brough Superior and a partly restored Raleigh Safety Seven, both of which have been earmarked for restoration if the CELER project is successful—and it will be!

Whilst looking round the City's storage areas, Brian and Andy came across this other jewel. A 1958 Wolseley 15/50, given to the City in 1983 by a resident.

Not having any significance to the City, meant that this 'gift' has been sitting undisturbed in the Gresham Works on London Road all of this time.

Of course, Brian's' mind slipped straight into overdrive and a proposal was made to the Council for the car club to take over the stewardship of the vehicle on behalf of the City and recommission the Wolseley to a new suitable career, i.e. Classic Motoring Events.

Deal done and with a little help from Norman Cox who owns and runs the Essex Street Garage in Eastwood, the Wolseley is sitting in my garage with a current MOT certificate waiting patiently for the registration documents to arrive. It hasn't run since 1990 and will need some gentle nursing for a while as well as a bucket full of



**1958 Wolseley 15/50 Under the stewardship of Carlton & District Motor Club**

leather feed and Autoglym but, very soon it will debut on the runs and for a donation toward running costs, will be available for use by other club members and appropriate organisations.

*Carlton & District Motor Club invite all Classic Car Enthusiasts to become full members. The annual fee is only £12 per person or £15 per family.*





**Special Offer**  
*Our range of Nottingham Classic Tour Clothing is now available with traditional polo shirts, including Ladies cut, together with short sleeved shirts, sweats and tee shirts. Colours: navy, light blue, white. These are embroidered to order and take around three weeks. Order now. See price list. Cheques should be made payable to Carlton & District Motor Club Ltd.*

Garment	Price including postage & packing
<b>Gents Polo—small/med/large/xlarge</b>	<b>£14.00</b>
<b>Ladies fit Polo 10/12/14</b>	<b>£15.50</b>
<b>Unisex Sweatshirt—small/med/large/xlarge</b>	<b>£15.50</b>
<b>Unisex Tee Shirt—small/medium/large/xlarge</b>	<b>£10.50</b>
<b>Classic short sleeve shirt—small/med/large/xlarge</b>	<b>£15.50</b>

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