

Julian and Malcolm's American Adventure.....

by Malcolm MacAdam

Earlier in 2005 Ron Earp came and stayed with me primarily on a business trip of his but we had booked a day at Donnington for Ron to drive my car and have some fun in a 40. Needless to say it chucked it down with rain and the car was initially un-driveable but eventually with a bit of sun and disconnecting the front anti roll bar completely we reclaimed a driveable car and had a good day out.

The discussions during the day though, began to evolve into a talk about going to America to race in an endurance race later in the year. Six months later that is exactly what Julian and I packed our bags to set off and go and do! What an adventure it turned out to be.....

Beforehand a number of problems had to be solved. Julian had a race licence but had never used it in anger and I didn't even have a race licence! You can't do a 13 hour endurance race without a licence. So off to Goodwood and one ARDS exam later I was a National B race licence holder. No good for international events though. An appropriate application to SCCA (Sports Car Club of America), the Motorsport sanctioning body for the whole of America and upon supplying various references and meeting the Chief Steward before we drove, an SCCA licence waiver was issued to both Julian and me. I couldn't believe it, I was now going to be racing in America. In a car I had never sat in (even a road going version), on a circuit I had never seen, with 62 other cars on the starting grid and for 13 hours! Bloody hell, what had we signed up for? This was going to be our first ever car race, talk about jumping in at the deep end!

The schedule we had booked went something like this.

Wednesday – fly out and arrive at Ron's house at 6pm. Sit in car for first time.

Thursday – Up at 5am and go to circuit for a full test day

Friday – Be at circuit by lunch time for official practice and headlight setting (6pm) and qualifying (8:30pm)

Saturday – Be at circuit by 7am for race start at 9am to race finish at 10 pm.

Sunday – fly home just after lunch, straight to work for Julian.

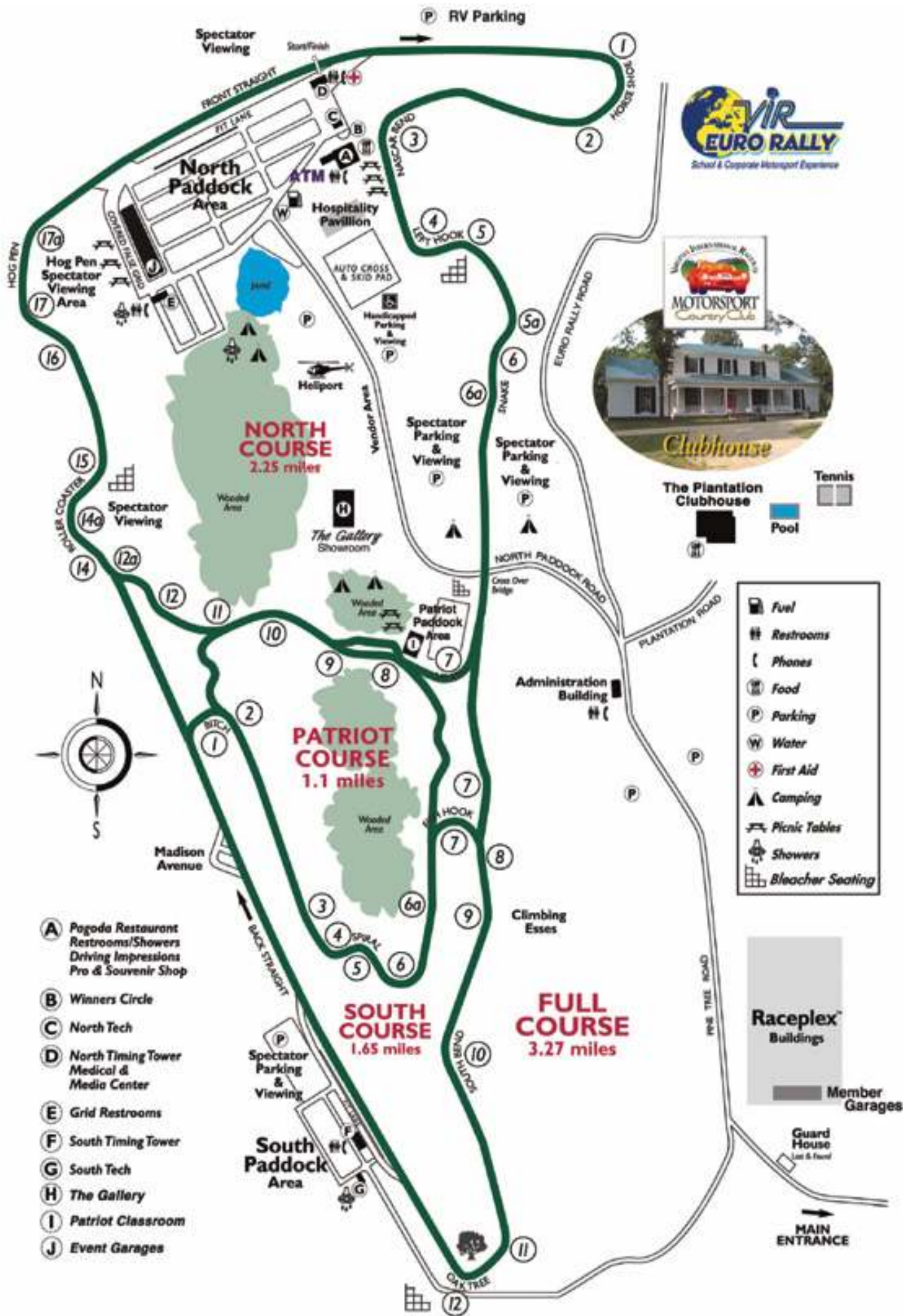
Monday – back at work for Malcolm.

This could get tiring and it was made worse by missing the connecting flight and not arriving to Ron's house until 9:30 pm!

I talk about "the Circuit". In fact the circuit is Virginia International Raceway and is one of the top circuits in America. The web site for this circuit is at www.virclub.com and is well worth a visit. The circuit we were to use is the Full Course at 3.27 miles with 17 turns and 130 ft of elevational change, although still smaller than the Grand Course configuration which is over 4 miles and the largest course in North America!



A fabulous circuit. When Ron was driving at Donnington he felt the barriers and tyre walls were too close for comfort. I asked him why? He said he could read the advertising hoardings as he drove round! Now having seen VIR I knew what he meant by adequate run off! Acres upon acres of run off. (Maybe it is because Americans aren't so good at corners compared to Brits? Just a thought..) (**Ouch! - Ed**) However the big run off areas were re-assuring for us novices. The circuit layout follows:



The full course is the track layout without using any in-field sections although the longest circuit variation is the Grand Course, which is basically the Full Course but $\frac{3}{4}$ distance down the back straight you join on to the Patriot Course and then rejoin the Full Course at turn 14. That course is even more hilly and challenging! Maybe next year, this year we had the Full Course to learn. That would be enough to keep us occupied for three days as it was.

We had been sent some notes from Ron and his friends prior to leaving and these are reproduced below.

1. Down front straight in the 110 mph range. "Safe" brake at 350 or 400 yds for turn 1. Late breaking would be 250. I've seen Miatas go as far as 200 yds and then trail brake, but I'm not there yet. Two downshifts to 3rd gear. Carry the car straight almost to the end of the track before turn in, turn in under full throttle if you can, and late apex about 2/3 of the way around the fish hook shaped bend.

2. Exit turn 1 about mid track but don't pinch the car down to the right and scrub speed. Plenty of time to get it straight for turn 3. Up shift to 4th, go through the slight bend to the left, point the car at the dirt patch on right side of the track and get ready for turn 3 which is fast and difficult.

3. Turn 3, stab the brakes briefly before you run out of track, you can stay in 4th, but a downshift to 3rd works too but unsettles the car some. Late apex -- in fact stay off the curb and carry the car WAY out to the right.

4. Short straight down to turn 4, a 90 deg. left hander. Important thing about this corner is to end up on the left hand side of the track when done. I use 3rd gear here at Mark's suggestion after using 2nd for a long time - Mark is right, 3rd doesn't unsettle the car.

5. Turns 5-6-7 is perhaps the most important complex on the track. You need to be flat out from the exit of turn 4 through the uphill esses (ie breaking for turn 10). Turn 5 is tricky. Stay left as long as possible. Look right. When you can see the track open up some, turn in at full throttle. If you spin here, likely you will be in the tire wall on the right. Shift to 4th I believe right after turn in at 5.

6. 6-7 are non events. Full throttle.

7. 8-9 constitute the uphill esses. Very fast (100+ mph). In the Miata, you can be in 4th or 5th. I think 4th is sufficient and pulls up the hill better, plus you get better engine braking for nasty turn 10. Esses are not too tricky in the Miata. Get a nice right/left rhythm going and you will be fine.

8. Turn 10 is a bitch. I've seen the tire wall there about 90 mph. Ron spun on his way up there last time. At the top of the uphill esses, once the car is under control, move it to the right side of the track. 10 is a blind corner to the left that is off camber and drops away to the right. You need to apex mid corner, but DO not be early -- you will push off into the valley on the right. If you are too late, you will have to turn the car too much and the back end may snap spin on you. The best Miata drivers take this corner near flat out.

9. The 11-12 complex is known as Oak Tree. Lots of time to be made in 11. It is fast right hander coming up a hill. You should be in 4th gear. Brake hard once at the 100 yd marker, and turn the car. It will feel wrong, but it will stick. Then, drive straight for the curbing that is directly ahead of you to the left of the huge Oak Tree. Downshift to 3rd, break and dump out to the far left under full throttle on the LOOONNGG back straight. In a Miata...have a cigarette....pick your nose...admire the scenery...think about your retirement account. Miata hits an air wall at about 110 and doesn't go much faster.

10. At the end of the back straight you will crest a hill. Pick up the braking markers on the right. Safe break at the 3. Late brake at the 2. Insane brake at 1, but it is possible. Stab the brakes once, off brakes, turn left onto a short chute to Roller Coaster. Once car is straight, hard on the brakes and two downshifts to 3rd.

11. Turn 14a is a cool descending right hander. Late apex under throttle. You can stay fairly well left and still make 15. 15 is also downhill, left hander with a dip in the middle. Use the dip, there is grip there. You should be flat out through here, trust in the force....

12. 16 follows a short straight. You shift up to 4th on the straight. I stay in 4th through the 15-16-17 Hog's pen complex. Stab the brakes before turn in at 15 (a left) and then don't touch them again until turn 1. Start applying power before the first right hander (17). If you are early, don't try to keep the car on track to the right. Car will snap spin into the wall on the right. Just carry the car off to the grass on the left. Lots of room there. Full on throttle as soon as you can, and out onto the front stretch you go.

There you have it...

Julian and I studied these notes over on the flight out and pretty much worked out what was being said, but of course it is one thing to read about it and then to do it for real! And these notes were written by someone who was familiar with Maitas and VIR so had colloquialised his thinking which would take some laps to fathom out!

Once we did actually arrive at Ron's house late on Wednesday evening the first thing we wanted to do was go sit in the car.



The Miata - Purpose Built for the Occasion

The car, as mentioned above, was a Spec Miata Racer, or for the UK reader, a Mazda MX5 in race trim. Ron Earp had bought this car and prepped it purely with this event in mind. By the time we had arrived, the car had had about 200 hours of work done on it and had completed a couple of shake down tests and a sprint race.

Simply put the car is pretty standard in tune with just sensible changes to make the car safe and so that it will last a good distance. My mind's eye of an MX5 before I drove this one was the stereo typical hair-dresser's car but that soon changed when I saw the car and then I became impressed when I drove the car.

Our car (number 43) started life in Ron's workshop with 192,000 miles on the clock! Ron re-built the top of the engine paying particular care to the timing gear. The engine runs pretty much as a stock item, but from Ron's experience crate motors from Mazda vary considerably in horsepower. Of the three cars that Ron's team (RTP Racing) was running our car had a middle horsepower readout of 105 bhp, 8 bhp down on one and 10 bhp up on the other car. Quite a variance when there isn't much bhp to go round.

The interior is stripped out and then painted matt black to cut down reflections. Gear shift lights, window safety nets, fire suppression and a full roll cage are fitted as well as a race seat with full harness. I had

stripped my 40 of its telemetry and intercom system and these items were wired into the Mazda on Thursday and Friday. Having an in car lap time readout would prove massively useful although the benefits of the ability to talk to the pits was discussed endlessly all weekend! Ron had wired up a pit signalling lamp as well as luminescent roundels on the car. The latter items became a good talking point but for

the wrong reason as we approached the start line....

The brakes are nearly standard but use uprated brake pads and it was expected that a single set of pads would last the whole race distance. The tyres however would not. We had two sets of tyres for dry use and a set of road tyres in case it rained. Because there were two Limeys in the team, if it rained it would be expected for us to be the quickest people on the circuit as after all, all it ever does

Ron Celebrating! - I think...



is rain in the UK. Hmm not so sure but what the heck! The dry tyres were a mixed bag! Our first set were Hoosiers and were deemed to be the grippier make compared to our second set of tyres made by Toyo. Initially we had been planning on running one set of Toyos all race which would last the distance but at a penalty of about 3 – 5 seconds per lap due to harder rubber compounds. At the last minute we were able to grab a set of Hoosiers to improve things but unfortunately it was not possible to get two sets and so do the whole race on the grippier tyre. I wondered how we would handle the change of grip levels half way through the race especially as by then we would be in the “groove” and quite adrenalin’ed up!

So Julian and I had eventually made it to the States, got through customs with loads of dodgy looking electrical gear stuffed into crash helmets as carry on luggage, seen the car, slept for four hours and then the alarm clocks went off signalling it was time to get up and go see the circuit for the first time. I have never woken up so easily and with such great anticipation....

End of part one!

Malc, Ron and Ron



Malcolm and Julian's American Adventure - Pt 2

by Malcolm MacAdam

So now we are on the road to Virginia International Raceway for the first time to have some unofficial practice. The official full day's practice for the race had been cancelled due to clashes of scheduling at VIR, leaving novices like us with a bit of a problem to solve. Fortunately an enterprising chap had found



a spare date and booked a track day and made it open only to those who were racing in the 13 hour endurance. Somehow we had managed to buy a day's practice from a team who had pulled out at the last minute. Phew! Can you imagine if your first drive of an unknown car would be as your first stint of a race? No thanks.

Space - That was my first impression of arriving at VIR. The circuit has about 1250 acres of land around the circuit, about the one and a half times the size of Silverstone. But here it is lovely woodland and rolling country side. You drive down the approach road and pop out the trees crossing the bridge into the infield and suddenly you just get a feeling this is going to be

FUN! The ambience of the place hits you squarely between the eyes and the heart starts to race.

We unload the car from Ron's trailer and start to set up. Ron had modified the exhaust so that the tail pipe did not stick out the rear of the car too far. If you are nudged he was concerned that it could get bent. However the modification was not to his satisfaction so it needed some more TLC. Julian and Ron set to work with the welding gear. The result was not pretty (neither was the "lady" that had pulled Ron the night before in the bar!) but it turned out to be effective (just like the "lady's" approach to Ron, although he claimed it was safer to have the drink than not to have the drink! The drink was called Sex with an Alligator!).

The test day was actually quite similar to our track days here. Only six cars allowed out on circuit at a time and sessions of half an hour each. Obviously there were no noise restrictions (you need neighbours for that!) and there were no forms to fill in as we have here. The briefing was very simple and went along the lines of this is a test day so there is no excuse for incidents. Have a good day.....

And before you know it, it is my turn to get in the car and head out onto the circuit for the first time. I had looked at the layout, read the notes and still you wonder which way the track will turn at the next corner. Your perception of scale from a paper print out to reality throws you a curve ball as you approach turn one at what seemed a sensible speed but the corner is a bit tighter than you realised and I was grateful no one was on my tail as I ran a curious line round the first couple of turns. But this IS going to be great, and as I put in about 10 laps in my half hour, things began to settle down. I always find the anticipation of something worse than the reality and that was the case here. I can drive, and I am aware of what to do on a circuit. Now I was doing it for real, the butterflies went and my experience of track driving kicked in. Now to be quicker than Julian....



But no one had a watch on me and the lap timer wasn't working. The lap timer caused me problems right up until the end of qualifying on Friday evening. The cause? Having the infra red bacon and the timer on different channels. No signal being received so no times to display. However it was eventually sorted

and would be fine for the race.

On Thursday we actually didn't get as much track time as we had wished for and Julian and I were left feeling that we needed more practice to get a feel for the car but at least we now knew where things were and the basics of the cars handling. Some issues though were cropping up. We were slow.

Friday gave us our only lie in for the whole trip. Up at 8 am and after breakfast it was down to Wal-Mart for last minute provisions. Julian and I were bemused to see next to the toy and baby section the gun and ammo department. They also did a good line of camouflage netting and hides! Apparently you need this



kind of equipment to go fishing in these parts.....However Wal-Mart did have a good automotive section and we were able to get the things we felt were missing on the Thursday but Julian and I could not persuade Ron to buy a set of twist wire pliers or side cutters.

We arrived to join the now long queue at VIR around lunchtime on Friday. Teams were rolling in from all over the country. It turned out that 18 cars had been withdrawn after the awful effects of the monster hurricane that had recently swept through the southern parts of America. If all had made it that would have been about 80 cars on the grid!

As we were sitting in the queue, a massive pick up truck just drove past everyone and into the circuit. Ron says "Oh, that's just Ricky. He doesn't like queues, he's in our team! See that container in the back? That's our petrol can." This turned out to be the understatement of the year. Julian and I just looked at each other and took deep breaths.

There are three cars in our team, all Miata's (MX5's). Each car can hold 10 gallons. There would be 10 pit stops per car with full fuelling at each stop for each car. 300 gallons required. How many jerry cans? The answer? One! The petrol can in the back of Ricky's pick up was a metre cubed plastic container in a metal cage. It had a screw on cap on top and a tap put in the base. Out the tap ran a 1 ½ inch plastic hose. The jerry cans (USA versions of what we call jerry cans at least) would be filled up from the pick up truck and then carried just the short distance to the pits. This meant that we would have a full 275 gallon fuel container (the other 30 gallons of fuel would be in the cars prior to race start) sitting in our pit. I thought this a teeny weenie bit of a fire hazard and said so. Yeah, they all agreed it could be. At least I saw that it had been properly earthed. It turned out that Ricky had just driven into town to a fuel station, filled up the container with petrol from a pump, paid the \$700 odd dollars and driven off!. It had taken 45 minutes to fill up and no one had even so much as raised an eyebrow! Try doing that here in the UK.

During the afternoon we got to meet all the other drivers in our team and our crew. We would have a crew chief and two mechanics looking after two of the cars with the third car being looked after by a crew chief and one mechanic. From the outset of this adventure, Julian and I had always said we would be willing to get our hands dirty in any work that needed to be done, but with our very competent and enthusiastic crew and the good preparation before hand, it turned out that during the whole trip, very little spanner work was required. They clearly have good oily rags in the USA, must remember to get some next time over.

Each team had to have a pit representative who



would be the focal contact point from the organisers to each team. Each team also had to provide a crew worker to help the organisers in any capacity they choose, be it as corner worker (marshal) or as timing assistant or anything else they felt was necessary. This is something that was new to Julian and me but it did help in teams realising just how much work the organisers had to go through to put our race on.

The whole team consisted of Ron Earp, Malcolm MacAdam, Julian Kingston Smith, Ron Munnerlyn as drivers of #43, and Mark Whight, Jeff Young, Robert Mitchell as drivers of #39, and Ed Palombo, Paul Palombo, Michael Palombo, Lynn Larsen, Chris Stamper, and Bobby Mangum as crew for #43 and #39.



We could not have fallen in with a friendlier and welcoming bunch of people anywhere. This friendliness extended to everyone in the paddock. As early evening came on, there was an SCCA supplied dinner to everyone there, all 250 of us. That would be followed by an SCCA supplied breakfast the next day prior to the race. Obviously the food was not up to CarPark Catering standards that Julian and I were used to but it was a pleasant time to chat and mingle nevertheless. We met up with Ginny Condrey who was the local SCCA official who had helped us get our license waivers and get us through the red tape and into the event. A lovely person and ever so willing to help us out. By this time Julian and I are already talking about next year and I mentioned that I would be unlikely to be allowed back without Wendy, which also means with Rebecca and Grace. Ginny said no problem, she would arrange a crèche for us! Wow.

Before we could take part in any official part of the event i.e. driving, we had to go see the Chief Steward (our equivalent to Clerk of the Course). This very friendly gentleman welcomed us to the event and asked us if we knew what the various flags meant. We replied yes and that was the meeting over with! Perhaps a bit less of a briefing than we had been lead to believe.

6:30 pm approached and Julian was strapped into the car for the first part of the light testing session. Julian had driven really well and was quite keyed up but we both were wondering just what it would be like in total darkness. No light pollution here or street lamps to show you the way round the circuit. So off Julian went to go out to the grid prior to being flagged off for his 15 minutes of driving. 3 minutes he was back in quite a stressed state. "Where the F*** do you join the circuit, they've closed the gate!" Ron comes running over and after a quick look around he points Julian in a completely different direction, up to the hill compound and off back he goes. We all go to the pit wall to wait and as the other cars roll out and are flagged away we cannot see Julian. Ron runs up to the hill compound to find him. Julian is out of the car and fiddling with something behind his seat!

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Remember I mentioned the home designed illuminated roundels and visor strip that Ron had

made? The device ampage and wires/circuitry were not compatible on this version so they had caught fire after a few minutes of running time. Julian had realised that the car was now on fire so had jumped out and with his gloves had suffocated the fire out. Fortunately for all, no real harm had been done and Julian was able to get back in the car, strap himself back in and join the other cars on the circuit. But he was a bit pumped up now! And Ron's pride and joy of glowing roundels were out of action for the rest of the race. They looked fab whilst they worked!



....and waiting

Julian comes in after his now ten minute session and hops out. I don't get much time to talk to him as I am strapped in but I do hear him shout that it was quite a bit different to driving in daylight! And then I am off down the pit road and pulling out onto the front straight, pedal to the metal. Fear not, this is not daft as it would be in a GTD 40. I said earlier we were slow. We had long discussed this and found a few things that were wrong, not with the car but with us. Very wrong indeed.

Julian and I run, give or take, 400 bhp GTD 40's and have done so for years. This is what we are used to driving on circuits and our instincts have been set by this previous experience. But we were losing monster amounts of time in braking and in cornering! Anyone can go fast in a straight line as it takes no brain or bravery at all to accelerate in a straight line. Ok, ignore drag racers please! What was happening was that as we were used to track day driving we were way too early on the brakes, leaving a track day level of safety margin. Only solution to this is that we would have to up our ante and improve here through more time behind the wheel. We would get plenty of time behind the wheel.



Minutes to go now

In the corners we were feathering the throttle. Well this is just plain wrong in a Miata. There are only two throttle positions in a Miata. Foot flat to the floor or completely off the throttle and on the brakes. It doesn't matter how short or long the throttle is required for, what angle the car is at or where it is in a corner, because as it is rather lower on power than a 40, if you are to touch the throttle for what ever reason, MASH IT! No if's or but's, MASH IT. It was interesting to see just how long it took Julian and me to overcome our issue with this but we did so in the end and between our first drive on Thursday and for when it began to matter,

i.e. Friday night qualifying, we were much quicker than before.

Finally there was push. It wasn't that bad at all but on some corners it was worse than on others. The instruction we were given was if it pushes, just turn in more. Sounds wrong to me but it worked. I tried to induce lift off oversteer but with not much success. Sawing at the wheel was also not that effective.

So I am heading off to turn one in the pitch black with a pair of headlights way, way behind me, and I am thinking, "You can do this, you can do this, you can do this". Then this pair of headlights thunders past as a Pontiac Firebird with no silencers on it out brakes me into the corner. Where the F*** did that come from? One thing you will learn from race driving at night is that depth of field is a bit different

from race driving by daylight. The Pontiac had really never been that far away after all and had had the full length of the front straight to build up to a much higher speed than I had achieved coming out the pits. Welcome to the race world!

Our lights needed a bit of adjustment. We were finding that on some of the really tight corners, even with the extra headlamps on the car heavily angled to the side of the track, you just couldn't see the apex points. Later on we looked at other cars and saw they had really radically mounted lamps that almost pointed perpendicular to the direction of the track, but clearly they were like this to give illumination on these tight turns. Turn one and eleven were the least well lit for me but in time we were able to get used to placing the car correctly in day light and then repeating the action effectively blindfolded at night but knowing that it would be ok.

Some cars had really big lights and some had complete rally bars full of lights. A Miata does not have a great top speed. Putting a massive light bar on will slow you down considerably on the long VIR straights. A tested example of this would be that compared to running with the pop up headlights down on the straight to running with them popped up would make a 3 mph difference. Top speed is only about 110 mph so 3 mph is a big deal. That figure would greatly increase with a big row of lights so Ron had gone for the smallest lights and least number of them that he thought we could get away with. You are not allowed to recess them into body work so the guys who had 12 inch search lights fitted on their car would clearly see the other cars with smaller lights going past them on the straight!



We had survived the light testing session and now we drew lots to decide who was to qualify the car. We still had to get the lap timer to work (it was on the last session of qualifying that I succeeded) so we were doing this without real knowledge of times. Drawings matches was agreed upon as the answer so Julian and Ron Munnerlyn were to qualify our car, with myself and Ron Earp sitting out.

With our total lack of experience of car and circuit and Ron Munnerlyn's comparative lack of experience at this particular circuit, the qualifying time was actually more a practice session than a meaningful qualifying for a top grid position. The toss of the coin put us 41st on the grid with qualifying laps in the 2:37 range. We had 13 hours to improve upon this.



Early next morning we meet up for a team breakfast. It is way too early in the day for talking so we just eat and head on out as soon as we can. The day has dawned bright but cold, a good day to lose ones race virginity. The banter begins as excitement builds up, checks are made to the car, and the fuel tank is fully topped up. The pit position is made ready with the spare sets of wheels, fuel cans and other ancillary stuff not put out the day before. Security is not an issue here and all the teams' tool kits have ben left out overnight without concern. And like the trailers and transporters, the pit side set ups are mighty impressive.

Some teams have built timber platforms so that their radio and computer guys can see over the heads of the crew. Tool chests the size of UK garages are opened up ready to do their surgery. Racks of tyres are pulled around behind carts and quad bikes. We just pass our gear over the fence as it is less far to carry it!

The pit positions for each car are not car sized. If the whole grid comes in at once, it will be mayhem. And with all that fuel sloshing about, it could get lethal!

Ron has got the first stint. He is cool about this, having done it before and he knows VIR as it is his local circuit. The whole team is keen to get the car to the end of the race and to do that you need to survive the start. Ron has stated that it is 50/50 whether the car will last mechanically for the whole race. No need to jeopardise those odds with daft driving into the first turn. Ron E is trusted to get us to the first pit stop. I will be second in the car, Julian third and Ron M fourth.

The cars form on the grid. 63 cars with eager drivers are raring to go. The pace car is a modern Mini Cooper. The pole position car is a Factory Five Daytona Coupe which is brand new and untested. It is however about 30 seconds a lap quicker than our car and about 10 seconds a lap quicker than the next car on the grid.



Pace laps behind the Mini



A wide variety of cars took part

Other cars on the grid include a good handful of variously aged Porsche 911s and derivatives. BMW 325s are well represented too. There is an old Mercedes saloon, a very modern and full raced prepared Honda Civic and a group of enclosed bodied single seater Fords. There are 17 Miatas. They are the ones we are interested in.

The grid rolls off and Julian and I go to the area between turns 3 and 4 as you get a great view of the exit from turn one all the way to turn 6. If it is going to happen in these opening laps it will be quite likely to be happening here.

About 3 laps of pace car and then the Mini Cooper turns off its roof lights and heads in.

Next time around it is the start of the race. You can tell what is happening as the roar of 63 engines thunder down out of turn 16 and 17 towards the start line. No overtaking until you are past the start. The slowest cars make over 100 mph down to turn one, a slow third gear corner. Even the aged Sirocco, aka the mobile chicane, is quick here.

They all make it to turn two. From where we are standing (for Julian this is on top of someone's quad bike!) the cars are shuffling quicker than a deck of cards. I suspect it is actually calmer looking from within the car as the relative speed between cars is slower than to spectators looking in from afar. We spot Ron and he seems to have gained three positions with no paint trading. I guess if you hesitate in this situation you will get swamped and would likely cause an incident. Keep the pace up and you will be better off for race position and survival. Turns two to six all happen with twin columns of cars

streaming past our view point. Then the dust is left hanging in the air as the thunderous sound fades slightly as the pack head up an over the hill.

Next lap you can hear them long before they appear. And the Daytona Coupe is way out in front with straight speeds over 35mph higher than the next fastest car. Then the rest come now in a single line with some cars changing places under breaking in turns one and three. It is still a crowded place out there but Ron is now further up the field.

Laps go by and Ron has 1 hour 20 minutes before the first planned pit stop. We go back to the pit and I get myself ready well before I should be needed. I don't want to be rushing my build up and so not be comfortable in my head as I get in for my first stint. Sit down, chill out and think calmly about what I need to do.



20 laps in and the Daytona Coupe is out with a spectacular engine failure that Ron witnessed (and breathed a lot of) at the entrance to Rollercoaster. Last year the Honda Civic on steroids won and suddenly it is now in the running today.

Its lap 26 and after about 1 hour and 40 minutes in the car Ron is coming in early lap wise but late time wise due to all the pace laps and sitting on the grid.

Ron has managed a best lap of 2 min 27.6 secs, with an average of 2 min 31.5 secs. This is at an average speed of 77.7 mph.

All I have to do is get Ron out the car by removing the window safety net and making sure Ron does not get tangled up as he climbs out. A pit stop involves getting the driver out, fuel going in with no work being done on the rear or that side of the car, next driver getting in after fuelling is finished, whilst the crew check oil level and anything else that needs checking. Average pit stop length is about 5 mins 20 secs. Not quite F1 standards. Fuelling takes between 1 min 30 secs and 2 mins. Pit stops by rules are mandated to 1 min 30 seconds minimum.

Fortunately I am strapped in the car before the bonnet is closed so no panic there. I am waved out and now I am heading for the pit exit and my first ever race. My GTD40 is retired from hill climb and sprint competition during the next 3.27 miles. After 13 years, it is as simple as that.

I am now happily mashing the throttle as required but my braking distances still need to be improved upon. Trail braking is something both Julian and I are comfortable with so we really need to be later on the brakes and drive the car more loosely all round to pick up speed. This is my aim during the first stint. I have never had such a long period of time uninterrupted in the car and with the car in front acting as bait the incentive is there to eek out those braking points.



I apologise to an unknown driver. He was my first overtaking victim and as I went past, not only did I drop him a place (of course it must have been for position!) I also slew him with a tirade of verbiage

which equated to Michael Schumacher jumping for joy on the top step of the podium. Pop goes the cherry and if you have raced you will know just the feeling I had experienced.

I am using the mirrors a lot. I believe these three little items on the car are a very important part of keeping the car in one piece. See a much faster car coming up on you and plan where to let him past will not only reduce the risk of an incident but also will lose you less time as with care and an element of luck that car will be past in a flash leaving you to carry on as before. I think this worked for me about 80% of the time.

I settled into a rhythm and my times did improve. I chipped away at these breaking points and tried to carry in more speed to the corners. I was still below the ability of the car. All too soon the hour meter shows my stint coming to an end and I am called into the pits.

For the incoming driver Ron had stuck a list of items to do as you come up pit road. I failed miserably with most of these items. My lack of flexibility meant I could not reach to the fuel cap release lever or release the seat belts AND still steer the car. I needed to be stationary and to be able to lean about, ok in the pits but not at 50mph coming down pit road. You also needed to stop with the front wheels straight ahead so that when the removable steering wheel went back on, it would be correctly aligned. In the heat of the moment this is quite a job list!



Julian pulls me out the car and all I tell him is that this is FUN. Not very constructive but the car is running strongly and has no vices. He will be fine, I know.

I climb back over the pit wall with a grin from ear to ear. Ron hands me a cold water. Best lap was 2 mins 29.9 with an average of 2 mins 33.1 and 76.9 mph. Ok but I want better.

It is now 11:40 am and 11 laps into Julian's stint the safety car goes out for a full course yellow. The monster Pontiac Firebird with the 6 litre engine has begun the erosion of its bodywork. This was the start of a pattern

that continued all race. By the end of the day we weren't sure if all the panels on this car had been changed but it was a pit regular for realignment/replacement of its aerodynamic devices!

Four laps later we went green again and Julian's times dropped as mine had. He was getting in the rhythm too. But he seemed to see more action on track than I did. My stints became quite regular with no full course yellows or spins right in front of me. Julian kept these all to himself, which by his description of some the spins he saw, he was most welcome to keep.

And then on lap 80 Julian spins the car at turn 17, also known as Hogs Pen. If you can remember from the first part of this write up, this corner is a faith corner. You just have to believe the car will grip on the exit as it will slide about all the way up to the last foot of tarmac. But faith doesn't mean you won't make a mistake and it was Julian's privilege to be the first of our team to spin here. You are going downhill into this corner, quite steeply. No kitty litter to catch you, just grass. Julian slides a long way off the

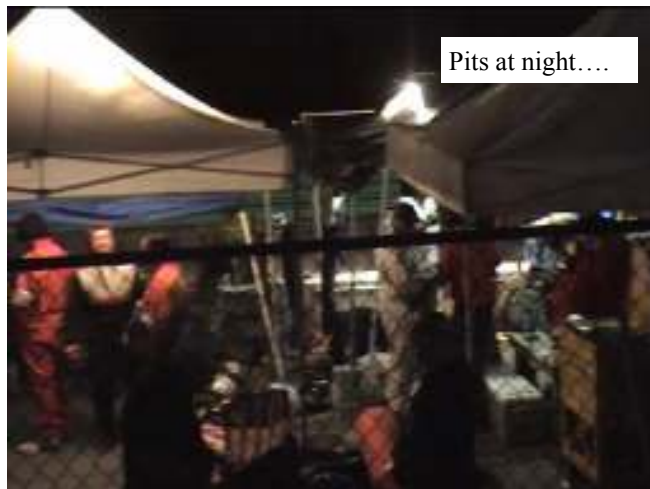
track cutting grass and it adds about 15 seconds to Julian's lap time to recover and drive back to the circuit.

Ten laps later and he is off again and looking at the clock, comes in straight away to hand over to Ron M.

Julian's average lap time in this stint is an irrelevancy as he had a long pace car period. However his fastest lap of 2 mins 29.4 secs is welcomed by the team. Julian, too, has broken his race virginity and is very happy with life. And the car is still in one piece!

Ron M goes out and his first three laps are all within 2/10ths of a second of each other! 2.34.8, 2.34.7 and 2.34.9. Consistent. And then he lowers the times as he gets into his groove and finds some space. Plot a curve to his lap times and throughout his stint the general trend is one of generally lowering lap times up until his last couple of laps. Not to say that Ron M didn't chuck it off the circuit too, adding 12 seconds to his lap time!

Ron averaged 2 mins 32.6 secs at 77.1 mph, with a best of 2 mins 28.7 secs.



I didn't get a chance to talk to Ron when I pulled him from the car at the end of his stint as it was my turn to get in again.

Ron Earp should have been getting into the car now but he had switched teams as car #39 had a driver problem. Jeff had been very sick. Whilst driving, inside his helmet! The heat of the day was kicking in as we approached the half time marker. Jeff had been one of the quickest Miata drivers out there with a best lap time of 2 mins 22 at 83 mph. Only one other car and driver could better this time so Jeff had really been giving his all. But it looked as if he had eaten Kermit the Frog for breakfast and his cream overalls were now well and truly limed! He had to rest and for the rest of the race he only managed shortened stints. Julian and I helped with supplying some medication, a combination of Imodium and Kwell Airsickness tablets. The doses we gave him, he must have been "fine" for weeks afterwards!

I was to drive the last of the true daylight left in the race. Having survived my first stint and having had time to now talk corners and techniques with the others in the team, I was really keen to see how I could improve my driving and my times.

If you are in the slower half of the grid as our car was, then the faster you go, the less traffic you will get passing you. I was able to prove this theorem in this stint as I had a good amount of time lapping by myself. This gave me time to think for improvements. I tried being slower into some corners so I had better car control through them and hence a quicker exit speed to carry down the long straights. I tried some manically late braking points and the car responded by slowing as I hoped for. These brakes were just amazing. In traffic you could be passed by the Honda Civic tussling with a Porsche 911 down the front straight and they would be a good 50 yards ahead by the time they began braking for turn on. But the little Miata out braked all the other cars on the circuit and I actually found on a number of occasions having to brake earlier than I really



wanted to because a “faster” car was having to brake earlier than me. I cannot overstate just how good the Miata brakes were. I was able to use this car advantage to pass a number of cars in late braking battles and that is really satisfying.

Whilst this stint was clearly my best stint of the race, I still threw the car off the tarmac a couple of times! The first was at turn three. I was trying an alternative line to turn in on and just had too much speed and around I went. This is about the most embarrassing place to spin as it is a popular viewing point for spectators and it really must have looked a pathetic piece of driving.

The second spin began at exactly the same place and foolishly, only two laps later. However this time I caught the slide and with one wheel on the dirt and three on tarmac, I eventually managed to haul the car back into a straight line. I felt quite good about this recovery but only for about 1/10th of a second as I



Pontiac Firebird receiving more attention

realised I now had zero braking time for turn 4, and carrying too much speed into this corner and around she goes again, sliding about all through turn 4 and down the micro straight towards turn 5. To avoid trouble I let the car run backwards off the racing line and onto the side of the circuit. On my first spin no one had been following me so it was quickly back onto the track. This time however cars seemed to appear from nowhere, and now here I was on the outside of turn 5, just inches off the tarmac at the turn in point. I am looking through my windscreen, head to head with cars coming straight at me with them turning in at the last second. I am sure they actually gave me a wide berth under the waving yellow flag but it felt like looking down the barrel of a

gun at the time. I didn't wait to be asked to rejoin the circuit, I was back on at the first hint of a gap.

Others didn't fair so well at avoiding impact. On one lap I came round turn 3 and into turn 4 under waved yellows to see a Porsche 911 with its nose sticking way up in the air having ridden up the tyre wall. Speaking to the driver after the race, he said his air filter had fallen off and jammed his throttle wide open at an inopportune moment. A sad sight, seeing the front of what seemed to be a prepared race car all crumpled up.

Julian would also report a fellow competitor's spin during his next stint but not before my last piece of drama.

Well it was not really a spin as such, more of an excursion. If you run wide at Oak tree, turn 12, it is actually quite simple to keep the car in a straight line and gradually bring it back on track. And with the grass dry you could, as I had been informed, keep your foot well and truly buried on the throttle as there was grip. What they did not tell me was the undulations of the ground! As you get close to the track again having collected the car back into a straight line, and having checked your mirrors to see if anyone is now passing you as you come back to the track, you are about 50



Our pit, front left tyre being checked

yards along the main back straight. The end of the exit curbing is approaching so you encourage the car to the right very gently. And then Wham Wham Wham! These undulations are the ploughed furrows that encouraged Citroen to make the 2CV! Your spine is rammed into your head and your head is thumped into the roof as the harness straps pull you down back into your seat. It is violent. The car sounds as if the exhaust is being detached and crushed all at the same time and, as you have time on the

back straight to recover your senses, you really do wonder if you have done any major structural damage to the car. Not one to be repeated, but like Hogs Pen at turn 17, most team members try this out for fun at least once! And fortunately you don't really lose much time on a lap for doing this.

I decide to use the maxim, three strikes and your out but in reality my stint was due to end about now anyway. I head for the pit lane having indicated by the pit light fixed to the car that I am coming in.

What? No one is there to greet me! I am amazed by this as this is a bit of a cock up to say the least. Someone leans in and asks what's up? I inform them that I will be doing one more lap and that Julian needs to be there when I get back as it is his turn to drive. The pit stop goes smoothly and Julian heads out into the twilight. It transpires that the discussion I had about how long I should be out for was a separate discussion to the one how long I should be out for that began after I was out driving. A classic communication mishap not helped by the fact that now the batteries on the walkie talkies were dead so we had no way to talk car to pit or vice versa any more. Next year we shall have hard wired in communications?



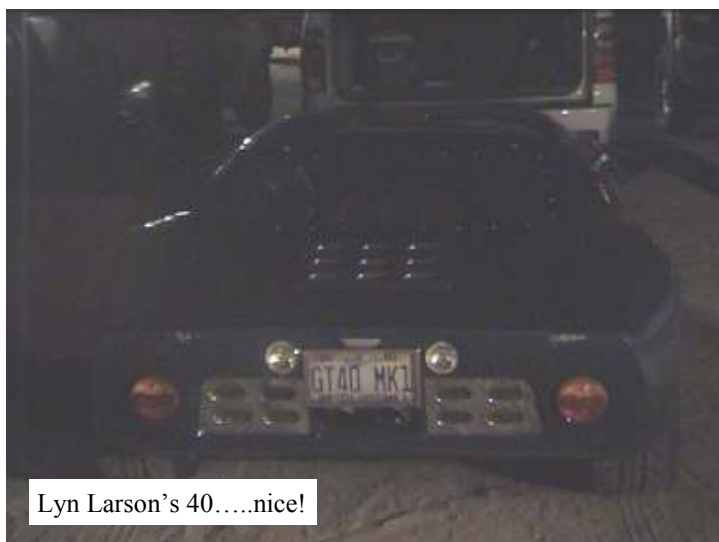
Typical team support vehicle

Even with my mistakes, and the pit lane cock up, that was my best stint of the race, with a best lap time of 2 mins 27.8 and an average of 2 mins 31.6 at 77.7 mph. I am having so much fun!

Julian takes the car into the sunset. As the sun falls Julian suffers badly from glare into his eyes at a couple of corners. He later reports that he cannot see the corners at all and drives from memory and rhythm when he is totally blinded by the sun. He does not enjoy these moments. But looking at his lap chart, he drives the most consistent section of the race out of anyone on the team albeit a couple of seconds per lap slower. No spins at least for him. He does however report that the Pontiac Firebird does a colossal spin exiting turn 10 which is really not a good place to spin and yet again that car takes off another good sized chunk of body work, using the tyre wall for a set of spanners. Safety car and Julian checks the time and at the first opportunity pits under a full course yellow. This act will save the team over a complete lap in terms of time as when a pace car is taking the field round, lap time's drop to over 4 mins 30 secs. Ron M gets out just ahead of the pace car and so can lap at an intermediary pace catching the field. It is a fairly short pace car period and soon Ron M I on it again. But his times are not good. Consistent yet much slower than expected. Something is amiss.

Night time driving is different to day time driving. The top drivers though don't slow up one bit. However us mere mortals do. It is your own experience levels that dictate by how much but things are not helped if you have "a moment".

What seems to have transpired is that after the safety car had come in Ron had lapped at the same pace Julian had in the twilight. But after just three laps at this ok pace, the times collapse by 3 to 5 seconds per lap and Ron M was most unhappy. Ron pegs his lap times at this slower rate and when his stint is over, and he comes in very early, like half an hour early, he yells to the crew to switch tyres. The Hoosiers had given up the ghost and it was time to switch to the Toyos. Now this should be interesting as the Toyos are not nearly as grippy as the Hoosiers and whilst it was



Lyn Larson's 40.....nice!

scorching hot during the day, now the sun has set, it is getting noticeably colder and we are putting on a hard compound tyre.

I get in the car thinking that I must take it easy for the next few laps as I am going into unknown territory for me. I am long since belted in and ready when the crew drop the car off the jacks and I am immediately waved out pit box by Ron Earp.

It is night time. To my right is the pit wall and beyond that the glare of headlights rushing past, from my seat it looks very Le Mans like indeed! To my left there are the pits with high intensity lights shining into concentrated pools for each pit space. Cars are being worked on up and down the pit lane with seemingly hundreds of people keeping life in the cars and monitoring those on track. It is a take home memory. I past the end of the pit lane and the pit lane marshal signals that I can MASH the throttle. It goes very dark around me, but I have that reassuring roar from our little 1.6 litre engine.



Malcolm in car during a pit stop

I check the mirrors thoroughly to see just what is coming up behind me this time and I make space for a couple of Miata's fighting for the last braking point available. I turn into turn one and yes it is quite a bit different. The tyres now squeal which they didn't do before and the car really pushes to the outside of the track. I turn more and more lock on and get round the corner. This will take a few laps to adjust to. I use the in car lap timer to monitor my lap times and am pleased to see that I have dropped just 7 seconds per lap. The team said to expect to drop 3 seconds per lap for night driving and another 3 to 5 seconds per lap



Waiting for a car to turn up

for running with toyos instead of the Hoosiers. I was on target but I had a very long stint ahead of me. Ron M had come in early and I had to eek out my stint to put us back on track for our pit stop strategy. We did not want an additional pit stop if it could be avoided. But I could have put us out of the race by a momentary lack of concentration.

I was on full throttle coming up the hill through turns 6 and 7. A car was a short'ish distance ahead of me but not one to worry about catching or passing on this lap. As you pass under the service road access bridge you take the car to the right hand side of the circuit. I had been checking instruments here frequently during the race and did so again. However this time when I looked up, the circuit had veered left and I went straight on into the unknown, and I mean into the unknown. I completely lost sight of the track and any car I could see before had disappeared. I was doing 90 mph across a grassy slope and I was sure that a marshal's post was about here somewhere. Surely I need to go left a bit and I should rejoin the track after turn 9? Four pairs of wide eyes belonging to startled and bemused corner workers watch me hurtle past their post, about 90% closer than any other car has got to them in the preceding 10 hours. I am a good 100 yards off the tarmac! Just how did I get here? But my intuition is correct and sure enough I rejoin at turn 9 and in fact I only lose a handful of seconds that lap. Phew!

Other times through that same section I have a serious racing experience. I am at the back of a procession

of three, may be four cars and we are all nose to tail. It is pitch black except for the glare from my headlights on full beam shining off the rear of the car in front not more than 3 feet in front of me. Our convoy



is accelerating from 85 mph towards a top speed in this section of about 100mph. I am paying full attention now. I can only judge the approach to the next corner by what I can see out the side of my car. I certainly can't see the normal turn in point and as soon as the car in front twitches to begin his turn in, I dive in behind him, not lifting. I have followed the cars in front for a couple of laps now and I have caught them up. I know that I am faster. We go through turn 8 nose to tail but instead of following in turn 9 where you are meant to keep right for the approach to turn 10, a left hander, I let the car go a cars width to the left and leave my braking as late as I dare. I brake hard and I am more

than alongside the car in front. Now I have the inside line for turn 10. All I need to do is keep the car stable as I am off the normal racing line. Get it wrong on the exit and not only could I spin off, with a hungry tyre wall nearby, but I could take out the other cars about me. The tyres keep their grip and I re-join the racing line down to turn 11. I have carried quite a bit more momentum through that corner than the car I was passing so he is now quite a way behind and I can now pass the cars that were holding him up on the long back straight. That pass really gets my adrenaline pumping!

I have achieved my aim for that stint. Not only have I adapted to the change of tyres without harming the car, but Ron M had made the right call as my times are faster on average than his last stint on the worn Hoosiers.

I don't really want to come in as this is my last stint. But time is against me and there is not a lot of fuel left in the car. Reluctantly I pit. This time Julian is there waiting and the pit stop is smooth and he goes out for his last stint.

I go over the wall to grab a drink and to see how we are doing. Ron M comes up to me and tells me he is not going out again. He wants me to take his place for the last stint. He is not happy about night driving and doesn't want to throw it all away in the last hour. We talk about it and then I give him about three seconds to change his mind! I go to find Ron Earp to see how his car is running. All is well in the #39 camp, even Jeff is up and about. I tell Ron that I am going to be crossing the finishing line. He pulls a long face. Can't do that, he says.



When Ron had prepped the car, he had sent it away for a suspension and corner weight set up. The car by itself would run about 80 kilos underweight but as the rules dictate that you weigh the car with the driver that crosses the finishing line, we had planned for either Ron M or Julian to be in the car at that point. Both are over

80 kg so we would scrape though any weigh in. Team discussion begins. Are they really going to weigh ever car in the field? Where are we in the field? The whole team get involved in this. It is also a moral discussion as well as a practical discussion as Ron Earp does not like cheating and technically this would



be a cheat if we were even 1 kilo underweight. However if Julian ran long and we fully refuelled the car, then with a short last stint I would also have somewhere between a quarter to half a tank of fuel. This would fatten me up sufficiently to bring the car up to the minimum required weight. It would be ok, I could drive across the finishing line.

Of course if Julian came in early.....

Julian was not having a good time of it out there. He did not like the way the new tyres made the car handle and he seemed to be getting all the traffic and bad moments. He had his last spin in this stint and he chose to do so at the

spot of his first spin, at Hogs Pen, turn 17. He would agree that night time spinning is a bit disorientating and it took him a while to work out which way was best to head off to find the track again. In my last stint I did the exact same manoeuvre at the same spot and I had got so far off track, all by myself, that I had to wait for another car to come by so I could actually see where the track was!

But the most dramatic of Julian's moments was when he was exiting turn 10 chasing down the old Mercedes saloon. The Merc ran wide to the right and put a wheel on the grass. The back end stepped way out of line, far beyond what could be reasonably expected to be caught. Julian was on full throttle expecting to head down to turn 11 and only 6 feet off the Merc's rear bumper. Now the Mercedes is totally broadside to Julian and Julian is hard on the brakes trying to give himself some room and to avoid clouting this now widely spinning car. Julian drives for the space where the Mercedes should be, relying on the theory that by the time you get to that same spot, the spinning car will have departed. It worked and Julian made it completely unscathed to Turn 11. On his next lap he saw the Mercedes buried in the tyre wall having suffered severe damage. Full course yellows followed swiftly and Julian headed for the pits as a pit stop under yellow is less costly than one under green. Snag was, he would be twenty minutes earlier than required.....

In the pits we saw the yellows go out and as Julian went by we saw his pit lamp come on signalling he was coming in next time around. Just a minor flap as got ready. Would there be enough fuel left in after a super long stint to the flag so we would pass scrutineering? No time to waste, out I go very pumped up.

This was now my fourth stint at the wheel and I wanted to get the most out of it. This meant the best possible times to keep the car in position but also to get most enjoyment from driving as the next drive from this was to the airport.



Julian had been able to indicate that it felt like mayhem out on the circuit when he pitted. Up till now I

had had a smooth clear run. And fortunately I was pretty much able to keep things that way. Any car passed gave me a great buzz as I “credited” it with a pass up the leader board. This was a completely unlikely scenario as by now gaps between places was measured more likely by laps than a few metres but it felt great. The ones which perhaps really did make a difference were the cars that had spun off and required tow truck help to get back on the circuit. I didn’t need tow truck help but my final spin of the day was surreal.

Exiting turn 16 going downhill and planning on using the full track width as per normal and I am fractionally out of place. The car feels that it has twisted under braking, front right in a nose down angle with the left rear trying to lift off the ground. No lock ups but a bit ragged! I don’t lose the extra bit of speed I needed to and so when I turn into 17 I put a wheel on the grass and then I am a passenger for a mighty roller coaster of a spin out in to the blackness. I had been lapping all by myself and now I have sitting in a stationary car, engine running, no apparent damage but all I can see is a grass field. Where is the circuit? It really could be anywhere. I look around but see just grass and darkness.

After what seemed like eternity, but I suspect about 10 seconds in reality a car drives by at a distance of roughly 200 metres away! I have really left the circuit this time. But now I know which way to head and off I set back to the track. I rejoin just prior to the front straight and hammer down and off I go for the last twenty minutes. I start to short change as a token to fuel consumption but there is no need as at 10:15 pm I pass a waved chequered to signal the end of the race. What a feeling of elation. When in Rome do as the Romans do so a couple of Yee Ha’s later I am slowing the car down and planning on coming into the pits.

As I drive into the pits I see a mass of people all welcoming their cars home and our team is no less enthusiastic than any other. Ron, Ron and Julian pull me from the car and we give out a team war cry, passing round the beers. It is only now that I actually feel exhausted but that is completely irrelevant in the

joy at the team having brought home our car in one piece. Well, apart from being rubbed by Ricky (just for fun!) after the chequered flag on the cooling down lap, we brought our car home in one piece.



How did we do? Well we went up the order and we finished 7th out of 17 in class and 25th overall. This is a superb result for a first ever race when so many unknowns had to be tackled. Car 39 came in 23rd, two laps ahead of us.

The party went on till about 2 am when we all finally collapsed and with the noise of the engines still ringing in our ears, sleep beckoned.

POST SCRIPT

Julian and I can’t thank Ron and RTP Racing for inviting us over and having two Brits thrash their car. The car was fabulous in every regard. Next year is already booked in as far as I am concerned as nothing can compete for fun and value for money as a race like this.

One thing I have learnt is that you do not need to have the fastest, latest or flashiest car out there to have a great time. The view out of our Miata windscreen is comparable to the view out the front of a GTD because in these circumstances, actually what you are driving is a race car as opposed to a tin box road car. On the road you need to have something to differentiate from the ordinary but when racing all you need is a car in front to try and catch. Just try it and you will see what I mean. It is impossible to go back!

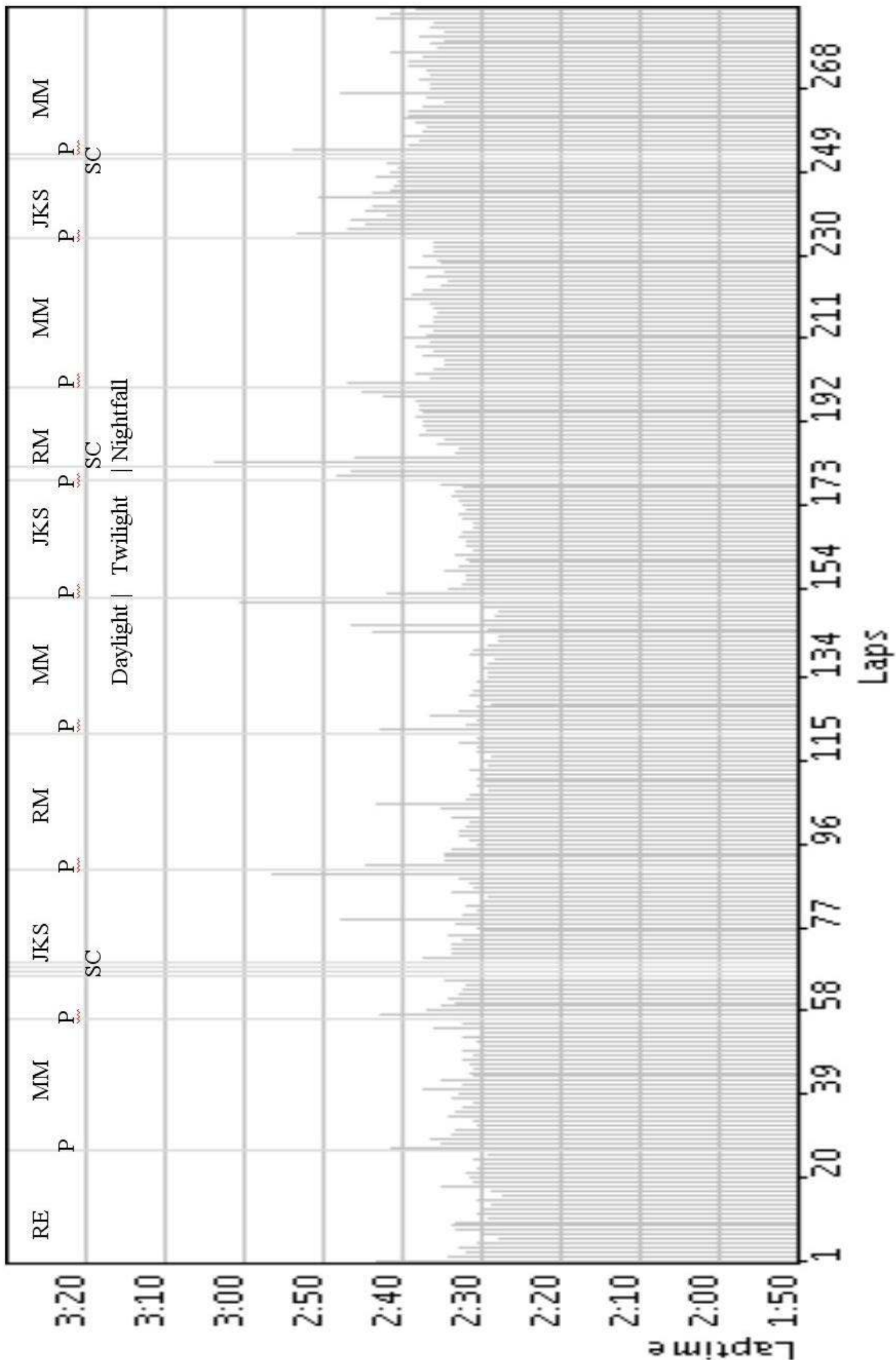
(Looks like you all had a great time over there - Well done to one and all !! - Ed)

Lap	Lead	Lap Tm	Gap	Diff	Speed		
1	1	02:43.4		15.88	72.037	Ron	
2	2	02:34.4	-8.938	6.822	76.255	Average	02:31.5
3	3	02:31.8	-2.516	4.306	77.518	Best	02:27.6
4	4	02:32.8	0.914	5.22	77.054		
5	6	02:30.6	-2.215	3.005	78.188		
6	7	02:27.9	-2.612	0.393	79.568		
7	8	02:29.6	1.602	1.995	78.719		
8	9	02:33.2	3.685	5.68	78.823		
9	10	02:33.9	0.7	6.38	78.474		
10	11	02:33.5	-0.433	5.947	76.89		
11	12	02:29.4	-4.122	1.825	78.806		
12	13	02:30.8	1.456	3.281	78.045		
13	14	02:30.0	-0.888	2.413	78.497		
14	15	02:28.9	-1.097	1.316	79.075		
15	16	02:30.6	1.702	3.018	78.181		
16	17	02:27.6	-3.018	Best lap	79.76		
17	18	02:28.8	1.265	1.265	79.102		
18	20	02:35.2	6.349	7.614	75.988		
19	21	02:31.1	-4.097	3.517	77.823		
20	22	02:31.5	0.427	3.944	77.703		
21	23	02:31.9	0.356	4.3	77.521		
22	24	02:30.7	-1.133	3.167	78.104		
23	25	02:30.1	-0.583	2.584	78.407		
24	26	02:30.9	0.794	3.378	77.995		
25	27	02:29.4	-1.556	1.822	78.807		
26 P	30	05:41.7	03:12.3	03:14.1	34.455		
27	31	02:41.7	-2:59.958	14.152	72.798	Malcolm	
28	32	02:35.1	-6.639	7.513	75.915	Average	02:33.1
29	33	02:36.5	1.409	8.922	75.232	Best	02:29.9
30	34	02:33.9	-2.595	6.327	76.5		
31	36	02:33.5	-0.365	5.962	76.682		
32	37	02:30.8	-2.749	3.213	78.08		
33	38	02:31.2	0.459	3.672	77.843		
34	39	02:34.2	2.945	6.617	76.356		
35	40	02:33.4	-0.807	5.81	76.758		
36	41	02:32.5	-0.911	4.899	77.217		
37	42	02:31.2	-1.278	3.621	77.87		
38	43	02:33.9	2.634	6.255	76.538		
39	45	02:33.1	-0.681	5.574	76.876		
40	46	02:37.3	4.204	9.778	74.822		
41	48	02:32.3	-5.006	4.772	77.281		
42	47	02:35.1	2.81	7.582	75.881		
43	48	02:31.0	-4.092	3.49	77.937		
44	49	02:31.5	0.453	3.943	77.704		
45	50	02:31.1	-0.367	3.576	77.893		
46	51	02:31.7	0.618	4.194	77.575		
47	52	02:32.5	0.755	4.949	77.191		
48	53	02:31.1	-1.413	3.536	77.913		
49	54	02:32.7	1.607	5.143	77.093		
50	55	02:30.3	-2.441	2.702	78.346		
51	56	02:30.9	0.621	3.323	78.023		
52	58	02:32.4	1.518	4.841	77.246		
53	59	02:29.9	-2.514	2.327	78.542		
54	60	02:36.1	6.209	8.536	75.418		
55	61	02:32.6	-3.526	5.01	77.161		
56 P	63	05:16.4	02:43.9	02:48.9	37.202	Julian	
57	64	02:42.9	-2:39.696	15.281	72.249	Average	03:00.5
58	66	02:37.0	-5.828	6.453	74.971	Best	02:32.2
59	68	02:36.1	-1.875	7.578	75.689		
60	67	02:33.3	-1.232	6.346	76.84		
61	69	02:34.2	0.983	6.809	76.37		
62	70	02:34.1	0.021	5.889	76.969		
63	71	02:32.3	-0.865	4.731	77.301		
64	72	02:32.2	-0.193	4.589	77.362		
65	73	02:34.6	2.701	7.298	76.01		
66	74	03:35.7	01:00.8	01:08.1	54.561		
67	75	04:36.6	01:00.9	02:09.0	42.56		
68	76	04:41.5	5.208	02:14.2	43.776		
69	77	04:40.6	-0.893	02:13.2	41.022		
70	78	02:37.4	-2:05.441	9.812	74.806		
71	79	02:33.7	-3.647	6.385	76.591		
72	81	02:33.9	0.091	6.289	76.539		
73	82	02:34.0	-0.21	6.468	76.431		

Lap	Lead	Lap Tm	Gap	Diff	Speed		
73	81	02:33.6	0.091	6.259	76.559		
74	82	02:34.0	0.21	6.468	76.431		
75	83	02:32.9	-1.063	4.783	77.278		
76	84	02:34.2	1.824	6.607	76.263		
77	85	02:35.3	-8.818	2.789	78.9		
78	86	02:30.6	0.215	3.067	78.387		
79	87	02:33.5	2.89	5.897	76.715		
80	88	02:47.7	14.281	20.178	70.183		
81	89	02:32.6	-16.178	5	77.168		
82	90	02:30.8	-1.754	3.249	78.003		
83	92	02:32.2	1.38	4.806	77.355		
84	93	02:29.6	-2.541	2.065	78.678		
85	94	02:29.4	-0.167	1.879	78.773		
86	95	02:33.9	4.386	6.244	76.543		
87	96	02:31.1	-2.677	3.567	77.897		
88	97	02:31.6	0.527	4.094	77.637		
89	98	02:31.6	-1.378	5.472	76.828		
90	99	02:30.8	-29.761	29.293	86.688		
90 P	101	05:05.1	02:08.3	02:37.5	38.589	Ron	
91	103	02:44.6	-2:20.454	17.05	71.517	Average	02:32.6
92	104	02:34.8	-9.813	7.237	76.05	Best	02:28.7
93	105	02:34.7	-0.118	7.119	76.108		
94	106	02:34.9	0.183	7.302	76.019		
95	107	02:33.8	-1.029	6.273	76.527		
96	108	02:30.9	-3.032	3.241	78.066		
97	109	02:31.5	0.682	3.903	77.725		
98	109	02:33.0	1.526	5.429	76.949		
99	110	02:32.8	-0.203	5.226	77.051		
100	111	02:32.2	-0.537	4.689	77.323		
101	112	02:31.5	-0.783	3.928	77.713		
102	113	02:33.9	2.389	6.295	76.516		
103	114	02:30.1	-3.719	2.576	78.412		
104	116	02:35.2	5.02	7.596	75.874		
105	117	02:43.6	8.417	16.013	71.97		
106	118	02:32.1	-11.431	4.582	77.378		
107	119	02:31.4	-0.734	3.848	77.753		
108	120	02:29.4	-1.988	1.86	78.787		
109	121	02:30.8	1.418	3.279	78.047		
110	122	02:30.4	-0.455	2.823	78.283		
111	123	02:30.9	0.502	3.325	78.022		
112	124	02:29.8	-1.082	2.243	78.586		
113	125	02:31.7	1.861	4.104	77.622		
114	126	02:29.3	-2.348	1.758	78.842		
115	128	02:30.0	0.718	2.474	78.465		
116	129	02:28.7	-1.326	1.148	79.165		
117	130	02:30.5	1.832	2.99	78.201		
118	131	02:30.8	0.225	3.205	78.084		
119	132	02:32.9	2.093	5.299	77.015		
120	133	02:30.6	-2.298	3.06	78.16		
121 P	135	04:41.8	02:11.2	02:14.3	41.773		
122	136	02:42.7	-1:59.079	15.174	72.341	????	
123	137	02:32.1	-10.615	4.559	77.389	Average	02:31.6
124	138	02:30.8	-1.32	3.239	78.067	Best	02:27.8
125	139	02:36.5	5.725	8.984	75.211		
126	140	02:32.6	-3.754	5.21	77.06		
127	141	02:30.7	-2.019	3.191	78.092		
128	143	02:29.1	-1.674	1.517	78.969		
129	144	02:29.6	0.565	2.082	78.67		
130	145	02:31.5	1.845	3.927	77.712		
131	146	02:31.0	-0.449	3.478	77.843		
132	147	02:30.4	-0.607	2.871	78.258		
133	148	02:30.7	0.231	3.102	78.138		
134	149	02:29.3	-1.341	1.761	78.84		
135	150	02:29.4	0.051	1.812	78.813		
136	150	02:29.7	0.38	2.192	78.613		
137	151	02:29.2	-0.541	1.651	78.898		
138	152	02:28.4	-0.802	0.849	79.324		
139	153	02:31.5	3.118	3.967	77.692		
140	155	02:30.8	-0.573	3.394	77.987		
141	156	02:29.1	-1.808	1.586	78.932		
142	157	02:28.2	-0.962	0.624	79.444		
143	158	02:27.6	-0.265	0.359	79.587		
144	159	02:43.7	15.782	16.141	71.914		

Lap	Lead	Lap Tm	Gap	Diff	Speed		
145	160	02:29.4	-14.296	1.845	78.795		
146	161	02:46.6	17.248	18.093	70.64		
147	162	02:29.7	-16.94	2.153	78.633		
148	163	02:28.2	-1.521	0.632	79.44		
149	164	02:27.8	-0.382	0.25	79.645		
150	166	02:29.7	1.864	2.114	78.654		
151 P	167	03:00.7	31.044	33.158	65.142		
152 P	168	05:19.8	02:18.9	02:52.0	36.837	????	
153	169	02:42.2	-2:37.326	14.891	72.558	Average	02:33.0
154	170	02:34.2	-8.027	6.664	76.333	Best	02:30.9
155	171	02:32.4	-1.837	4.827	77.253		
156	172	02:32.1	-0.299	4.528	77.405		
157	173	02:31.8	-0.185	4.343	77.498		
158	174	02:34.7	2.758	7.101	76.117		
159	175	02:32.9	-1.715	5.388	76.971		
160	176	02:31.7	-1.241	4.145	77.801		
161	177	02:32.2	0.523	4.668	77.334		
162	178	02:33.4	1.213	5.881	76.723		
163	179	02:31.2	-2.243	3.638	77.861		
164	180	02:32.2	0.977	4.615	77.361		
165	181	02:32.2	0.053	4.668	77.334		
166	182	02:33.1	0.847	5.515	76.906		
167	183	02:32.7	-0.404	5.111	77.11		
168	184	02:31.1	-1.562	3.549	77.907		
169	185	02:30.8	-0.194	3.355	78.007		
170	186	02:32.3	1.437	4.792	77.271		
171	187	02:33.0	0.652	5.444	76.942		
172	188	02:32.0	-0.997	4.447	77.448		
173	188	02:32.7	0.701	5.148	77.091		
174	189	02:32.8	0.07	5.218	77.056		
175	190	02:33.8	1.082	6.28	76.524		
176	191	02:33.3	-0.505	5.775	76.776		
177	193	02:32.8	-0.783	5.012	77.18		
178	194	02:35.3	2.703	7.715	75.818		
179 P	195	07:27.0	04:51.8	04:59.5	26.334	????	
180	196	02:48.6	-4:38.443	21.034	69.827	Average	02:46.8
181	197	02:46.8	-1.834	19.2	70.585	Best	02:32.7
182	198	04:46.1	01:59.3	02:18.5	41.152		
183	199	03:03.7	-1:42.408	38.098	64.1		
184	200	02:46.0	-17.867	18.429	70.922		
185	201	02:33.4	-12.542	5.887	76.72		
186	202	02:32.7	-0.704	5.183	77.073		
187	203	02:35.5	2.748	7.931	75.711		
188	204	02:34.7	-0.797	7.134	76.101		
189	205	02:37.8	3.138	10.27	74.589		
190	206	02:37.0	-0.8	9.47	74.968		
191	207	02:37.5	0.517	9.987	74.723		
192	208	02:37.7	0.129	10.116	74.662		
193	210	02:38.3	0.625	10.741	74.367		
194	211	02:37.7	-0.618	10.123	74.658		
195	212	02:37.8	0.215	10.338	74.557		
196	213	02:38.0	0.148	10.486	74.487		
197	214	02:38.2	0.184	10.67	74.4		
198	215	02:42.4	4.17	14.84	72.48		
199	216	02:45.1	2.891	17.531	71.308		
200 P	220	08:02.4	05:17.4	05:34.9	24.401		
201	221	02:47.2	-5:15.272	19.62	70.417	????	
202	222	02:36.5	-10.718	8.902	75.241	Average	02:37.1
203	223	02:38.3	1.847	10.749	74.363	Best	02:34.3
204	224	02:36.1	-2.25	8.499	75.435		
205	225	02:34.8	-1.2	7.299	76.02		
206	226	02:35.0	0.138	7.437	75.952		
207	227	02:37.5	2.548	9.983	74.725		
208	228	02:36.3	-1.221	8.782	75.308		
209	229	02:38.5	2.229	10.991	74.25		
210	230	02:36.7	-1.864	9.127	75.133		
211	231	02:40.0	3.352	12.479	73.558		
212	232	02:37.0	-3.059	9.42	74.993		
213	233	02:36.4	-0.624	8.796	75.292		
214	234	02:37.8	1.588	10.385	74.535		
215	236	02:36.4	-1.587	8.798	75.291		

Lap	Lead	Lap Tm	Gap	Diff	Speed		
216	237	02:36.1	-0.257	8.541	75.415		
217	238	02:35.7	-0.388	8.175	75.582		
218	239	02:36.3	0.58	8.755	75.312		
219	240	02:36.5	0.194	8.948	75.219		
220	241	02:39.8	3.074	12.023	73.77		
221	242	02:38.8	-0.751	11.272	74.118		
222	243	02:37.8	-1.223	10.049	74.894		
223	244	02:35.1	-2.463	7.586	75.879		
224	245	02:34.3	-0.799	6.787	76.272		
225	246	02:37.1	2.787	9.554	74.929		
226	247	02:34.8	-2.23	7.324	76.008		
227	248	02:39.2	4.273	11.597	73.987		
228	249	02:35.1	-4.095	7.502	75.92		
229	250	02:35.7	0.625	8.127	75.618		
230	251	02:37.7	1.988	10.095	74.672		
231	252	02:36.3	-1.357	8.739	75.32		
232	253	02:36.1	-0.238	8.5	75.435		
233	254	02:36.4	0.308	8.808	75.288		
234 P	257	05:11.1	02:34.7	02:43.5	37.84		
235	256	02:53.5	-2:17.561	25.988	67.834	Julian	
236	259	02:46.8	-6.692	19.294	70.555	Average	02:44.0
237	260	02:45.0	-1.859	17.435	71.35	Best	02:40.5
238	261	02:46.8	1.787	19.202	70.584		
239	262	02:42.2	-4.588	14.634	72.582		
240	264	02:44.8	2.641	17.275	71.419		
241	265	02:43.8	-1.077	16.198	71.889		
242	266	02:40.7	-3.017	13.181	73.238		
243	267	02:50.8	10.035	23.218	68.934		
244	268	02:43.8	-8.977	16.239	71.871		
245	269	02:41.5	-2.267	13.972	72.879		
246	270	02:41.0	-0.537	13.435	73.123		
247	272	02:40.7	-0.285	13.15	73.252		
248	273	02:43.2	2.494	15.644	72.133		
249	274	02:41.4	-1.778	13.886	72.927		
250	275	02:40.5	-0.909	12.957	73.34		
251	276	02:42.2	1.734	14.691	72.558		
252	277	03:43.6	01:01.3	01:16.0	52.849		
253 P	278	06:59.8	03:16.2	04:32.3	28.041		
254	279	02:53.7	-4:06.131	26.133	67.777	Malcolm	
255	280	02:39.4	-14.307	11.826	73.861	Average	02:38.7
256	281	02:38.2	-1.214	10.612	74.428	Best	02:34.9
257	282	02:40.0	1.851	12.463	73.587		
258	283	02:37.8	-2.429	10.034	74.701		
259	284	02:37.2	-0.405	9.629	74.893		
260	285	02:38.8	1.387	11.018	74.238		
261	287	02:39.8	1.083	12.079	73.744		
262	288	02:39.2	-0.475	11.604	73.964		
263	289	02:39.2	0.025	11.629	73.952		
264	290	02:37.4	-1.756	9.873	74.777		
265	291	02:34.8	-2.479	7.394	75.973		
266	292	02:37.1	2.125	9.519	74.946		
267	293	02:47.7	10.683	20.182	70.181		
268	294	02:36.7	-11.017	9.165	75.115		
269	296	02:36.8	-0.133	9.032	75.179		
270	297	02:37.8	1.294	10.326	74.582		
271	298	02:36.5	-1.334	8.992	75.198		
272	299	02:37.1	0.566	9.558	74.927		
273	300	02:39.5	2.407	11.965	73.798		
274	301	02:39.2	-0.322	11.643	73.946		
275	302	02:37.3	-1.887	9.776	74.823		
276	303	02:41.5	4.187	13.943	72.893		
277	305	02:35.8	-5.926	8.017	75.869		
278	306	02:36.5	0.915	8.932	75.227		
279	307	02:34.8	-1.612	7.32	76.01		
280	308	02:37.8	3.055	10.375	74.538		
281	309	02:34.8	-3.074	7.301	76.019		
282	310	02:36.8	1.934	9.235	75.081		
283	311	02:36.1	-0.683	8.552	75.41		
284	312	02:43.3	7.144	15.896	72.11		
285	313	02:41.5	-1.786	13.93	72.898		
286	314	02:38.4	-3.111	10.818	74.33		



And having enjoyed VIR, Malcolm now has another TOY..



3.0L 24v V6 Cosworth Ford

Circa 300BHP

Very Nice!!

**“I bet he’ll scare the crap out of himself in that!!” - Ed
(and others!....)**

**Words + picture captions: Malcolm MacAdam
Video (from which pictures captured): Julian Kingston-Smith
Presentation / Layout: Paul Thompson - GTD40 Car Club Magazine Editor**