

Race Results



Date	11 th July – 14 th July 2011
Location	Southern 100 – Billown Circuit _ Castletown Isle of Man
Conditions	Dry, sunny, Excellent
Passenger	Robert Lunt

Practice 1 (11/07/11)	
Lap	Time
1	
2	
3	3.30.940
Max Speed	72.532

Practice 2 (11/07/11)	
Lap	Time
1	
2	3.34.870
Max Speed	71.206

Practice 3 (12/07/11)	
Lap	Time
1	
2	
3	3.11.174
Max Speed	80.032

Race 1 (12/07/11)	
Lap	Time
1	
2	3.15.398
3	3.16.914
4	3.20.437
5	3.15.307
6	
Max Speed	78.338

Practice 4 (14/07/11) Un-timed	
Lap	Time
1	
2	
Max Speed	

Race 2 (14/07/11)	
Lap	Time
1	
2	3.22.792
3	3.19.414
4	3.17.833
5	3.17.870
6	3.22.350
7	3.15.011
8	
Max Speed	78.457

Summary	
Quickest Lap	3.11.174
Slowest Lap	3.34.870
Average lap Speed	80.032



Race Report

Making History

With the weather being excellent on the Saturday prior to racing the decision was taken, to go down to the Southern and set up camp. The reason being Stig said I had worn at path in the carpet of the hall pacing up and down like a caged animal. So armed with the van and Oscar, car and a mini hovis camper van loaned by good friends Aiden and Glenn we set off on our adventure. Having a well earned pint in Castletown that evening of course. Our horticulturalist in the team Miss Canipa was not to avid of the farmers grass cutting skills of the sidecar paddock and on Sunday morning the camp was a woken to a "Honda" with 4 wheels. A path was cut from the road direct to Team Oscars new awning through it and out the other side. Where upon we hired out Miss Canipa to the professional teams, debt collection at a latter date. I would like to comment at this time the flowers pots and the solar powered lights added a touch of class and femininity to the camp, and were admired by many fans. Thanks Julie.

Sunday afternoon was spent relaxing, with only a small job on Oscar. Which was changing the gearing as I felt we were under geared. Unfortunately whilst using a screwdriver and being impatient according to them who must be obeyed. The screw driver slipped going through the middle left finger to the bone and the sprocket I was holding then fell and the metal cut and went through to the bone on the right hand little knuckle. Oops..... With nurse Janet's attention I didn't have to go to the vet and the wounds are healing very nicely.

Upon leaving the paddock on Sunday evening with Robert Lunt (Ghandi) the passenger, Stig, and Helen robs wife, Glyn Jones shouted to us as we hit the road. "Flat tyre". Very slowly we pulled in to the holding area to find very large nail in the rear tyre. " Well if that's the only bad luck we have this week, I take it!" was heard. Then off to attend final Instructions which consisted of, riders briefing, helmet, boot, gloves, leathers, transponders, and identity disc inspections and signing on at the football stadium. Then a lap around the circuit in a car with race organisers warning us of black flag locations, hazards, bumps, and pulling in procedures. Tea was very kindly supplied by Julie and all had an early night.

Monday morning was spent with Chris Hibbert who very kindly came to assist in shortening our race chain, as the new sprocket would not tighten up. At the same time a rear break pad change was required.

Chris also offered to take me around the course for a couple more laps in his car. Which I did. Helped to settle the nerves, which were beginning to tangle a bit to say the least. Our good friend Dougie Jewell had done the same a week or so before, with Robert and myself. People like Chris and Dougie their knowledge and experience is so valuable to newcomers like ourselves and we would like to take this opportunity to thank you both.

Upon hearing an electronic wizard was in the camp, Dipash Chauhan we asked for his help in trying to sort an electronic dual gauge. A new water sensor was installed with Chris Hibberts help once again and Dipash knowledge of buttons and the temperature gauge came to life. Oh by the way Dipash... need to sort the oil still.lol.

Everything in order went to technical scrutineering, where a small problem arose. An objection from another team about our air box. Well what was good for "Team Past it in this years TT and Nigel Smith in the past was good for us. ACU handbook out and a few words from Nigel Smith and some common sense by the officials and into the race area we proceeded. The two sighting laps that you have to do as newcomers was also accompanied by other crews who wished to run engines in or familiarise themselves with the course. I can honestly say I didn't particularly enjoy the laps "oh my god is this what its going to be like". No amount of people saying how bumpy the course is can prepare you. Because you are doing slow speed you seem to find every bump and hollow. Well time for first practice, Robert and myself ready. Signals between us understood. A bump of fists between us. Stig and Julie pushing an Oscar roared into life. Down to the holding area. Behind the quick guys. Pat on the shoulder by the two start marshals and then the signal GO! Keeping thoughts in my head give it only 70% keep things in reserve. Greg lamberts words "put it up a gear if in doubt and be smooth rather than rag it". Before long the flag was out and headed back to paddock. People asked were you frightened? What was it like to drive on a closed road? To be quiet truthful I never gave it a thought I was concentrated on driving and gearing and braking and other sidecar teams. Robert was exactly the same, where when and how. I would say I was nervous, excited, scared, exhilarated,

focused, and turned on.... Oh yes. And so mentally drained.

Tuesday was spent cleaning and tending and inspecting Oscar and also doing another brake pad change this time on the chair wheel as only ¼ was being used. All good. I always maintained we were racing the Southern 100 for the experience of a road circuit and also do the sighting lap and the practices and if we didn't get to do the big race that was ok and that the consolation race would be a bonus if we were good enough. But upon finding out no consolation race due to lack of 26 starters was a disappointment. Making the massive 28 secs required to knock of our next two laps was going to be so so hard. But with true Oscar grit Robert and myself and the team gave it everything within reason. Pushed out of the holding area once again with the top teams in front, the hare and the tortoise if you like. It was so hot, bumpy but great fun.

Stig had run to the race office to get the qualification times. Sponsors and friends and the team gathered awaiting the news and I was in the process of taking the battery off and glanced to my right to see Stig shaking his head in disappointment. Missed it by 4 secs.....!Well after 8 laps only it was a big ask. Sean Rideout another newcomer had missed it by 2 secs..... The voice of experience Dickie Gale, Sean's passenger came into my ears "come on gal bring your passenger we are going to speak to the clerk of the course" Of we all went and stood in line very quietly leaving the diplomatic Dickie speaking on Sean's and my behalf. Stating our break problems and clutch problems. Then the magic words " Permission was granted " for both Sean/ Dickie and Robert and myself to start the race later that night. At that point emotion boiled over and was pretty tearful as you can imagine even for the hardened. Back to the paddock where the teams were waiting anxiously where we kidded the folks that we hadn't got in and were promptly booted and battered about the head. Oh my Oh my... fuel to sort, tyres to check, water top up, battery top up and a quick once over with the eye. Then back to technical scrutineering where folks were genuinely pleased to see a baby team of the paddock make it.

Stood with World Champions, European Champions, British Champions, TT Champions and our hero's all seemed so surreal. But when the helmet went on they were just other drivers and passengers of F2 sidecars. Not having a push button start we are very reliant at having a push start and getting the engine hot so you can imagine how embarrassed I was when I stalled it in the holding area. But not problem a short push and Oscar roared once again, a knock of Roberts and my fists and off. Sighting lap and then into position on the grid. Here it is the moment.. The second you have dreamed of all your life.... right in front of you. Bring it home, be steady and safe but enjoy it. Let the other sidecars do what they want ride your own race. We did, Sean/ Dickie were in front of us until a small moment going into Ballabeg where they hit the wall on the exit and we nipped up the inside. Knowing Sean quiet well and also knowing he had this brand new machine of his it was only a matter of time before he would pass us back and they did. One of the codes between Robert and myself was that when someone quick was coming up behind he would give me a one tap. This meant stay on my racing line and then hold the line out of the way, not weaving about this allows anyone safely past. Only problem was Klaus and Neary and Bell caught us up going into Church bends but we stayed out of the way upon exiting the bends letting them through. Then our hero John Holden overtook down the long straight from Ballakaigen but Oscar gave him a run for his money. 3 Others over took on the next laps and I would say not one team cut us up or bumped us or made us nervous at anytime. The chequered flag. Mental exhaustion within 10 minutes of the finish. A hug and a handshake from Robert a job well done. We had done what we had only dreamed of a race and a finish. The scenes of Jubilation and excitement. John Holden came to our awning to present Robert and me a beer finding I had a little more clothes on then Robert. Then kisses and hugs from Stig and all Team Oscar followed and to top it off a three bum salute from two other drivers and a passenger. Laughter all round all sidecar crews home and safe. The team camp was bouncing full of chatter all the bits we had missed like the radio commentators informing the crowd who Team Oscar was and what we had done in the past and our ambitions. Went on for 5 mins apparently. Someone in the crowd turned round and said to one of the team how much had we paid for the advert Free advertising always pays. Robert was aware of spectators shouting and cheering and waving programs at us. Me completely oblivious unless right in front of me. Guess you could say focused. Also the team members at the start finish line also said the crowd was right behind us it must have been that that carried us over the line. A quiet evening was spent around the drum BBQ with the great company of Dips & Dave Hudspeth and the team telling of sidecar stories. Watching onboard footage from Simon and Jasons Race.

Not having much sleep due to a generator being left on until 6.00am. The generator saboteur did try to silence it several times causing much joviality and giggling in our camp. But I can honestly say it was not one of Team Oscar's Team! It would have been someone in the posh bus who doesn't walk to good at the moment. Hey Dips! A fight breaking out in the early hours of the morning in the sidecar paddock also we were pretty tired to say the least the next day and after spending all day cleaning and inspecting and repairing Oscar. A decision between Robert, Myself and Stig decided that going out to practice on Wednesday would not be beneficial to us. That relaxing with family and friends having a good meal and an early night was the order of the evening. As it transpired practice for that evening was abandoned due to a serious incident so we did not miss anything in any case we gain. A great curry made by our catering and hospitality manager Janet was the order of the day.

Thursday arrived at 7.30am and George Peach and his committee had organised a new race day schedule and there was to be a three-lap practice in the morning. Where we decided to run the fresh oil around the system and check the brakes out along with the clutch. Back to technical scrutineering again and out we went for two laps. Back at the paddock we were greeted by worried faces as why only two laps but we had done what we wanted and no point using up the energy, save it till the afternoon. Back to technical scrutineering again for a final time then to sit quietly in the awning with team Oscar fans and family and friends arriving by the minute. The ears pricked up at sidecar engines starting, and we had been warned to expect early starts to races. So gathered bits and bobs and back to the holding area where a marshal uttered the words by the way you are reserve in this race! Hug and kiss from Stig as always, a hug and some profound words of wisdom from my dad and on with the helmet. Bang of Roberts and my fist and in the zone ... reserve in deed.....forget it. Down to the holding area and another marshal gave me a massive thumbs up and said good to go I knew what that meant. Visor down, Oscar purring, Robert poised and off out the gate we went for the final time on a warm up lap. Some of the top boys must have really slowed down going into great meadow because when 3 of us at the back came hammering up brakes had to be applied rather sharpish and that got the heart pounding for sure. A 8 lap race lay ahead of us, the most Oscar had ever done at anyone time, but knowing for sure the top boys would lap us meant 7 laps in prospect. Could Oscar keep going could we do it? Be safe ride in the zone.

Twice within that race Oscar was shaking all over so violently Robert actually thought I had broken Oscar. But no! The chair wheel is supposed to bounce a foot up in the air; Oscar is supposed to squirm all over the place. Head shaking so that the fillings fall out. Brain shake is my new excuse for those forgetful moments. Twice within the race I did think oh I don't like that too much, and that was round Ballanorris after you get it lined up to do the left it hits a ridge which then points the unit at a solid manx end of wall head on. Then a waved yellow in front of us was another wake up call followed by another seeing a sidecar parked on the pavement and marshals and a stretchers running down the pavement. Karl and Lee did some dancing on oil 360-degree spins and dodged a few walls. Both I can report are ok, Lee has a sore heel. Then oil flag at the Billown Dip all the way out to church bends a massive slick even the Americans would have been proud of, care of Mr Roy Hanks and Dave Wells. So tried to stay off it as much as possible. The clutch started slipping in lap three and at one point I thought oh no not here please, up he came and off we went. I was so pleased to see the last lap flag, and prayed all the way round everything would stay good. Listening to the engine noises, feeling my gloves were too big for me, telling myself off and to relax. Hoping Robert was within the fibreglass. Then that final blast down great meadow where they had caught us in speed trap in the very first practice on the third lap at 105mph round stadium corners, more Oscar fans than Castletown corner and down the final straight over the line. Get in there..... Emotion on and unbelievable scale. We had made history, the baby team of the paddock. Champagne corks were popped, kisses all round, hugs all round. Unbelievable. And my dad and Stig both said they were proud of me... truly a tearjerker.

Tea consisted of a BBQ supplied and prepared by Helen Lunt enjoyed by all and washed down with a pint or two or the remains of the champagne. Team clothing on and a stroll into town to the square for the presentation, trying not to upset the locals Stig. Robert and I were duly called to the stage to receive our Finishers Award and to be honest it was one of the proudest days of my life. A job well done Team. Cameras flashed, people shouted out Roberts and my name, autographs signed. Our heroes one by one all up on

stage receiving well earned cups and trophies. A tired team returned back to the camp to sit around the drum BBQ and talked into the early hours, and others retired to their tents for work in the morning. Normal life was just 4 hours away and this all would be a memory, or at least until next year.

Robert is away to Scarborough with Father Fagan this weekend. Good luck fellas hope those smiles are wide. A race meeting at Jurby GP circuit on the 31st July 2011 is next on the cards for Team Oscar. Then quiet probably having been asked by the organisers and also mentioned by a top sponsor an entry into the last round of the 2011 British ACU FRSA F2 Sidecar Championship at Croft on the 15th and 16th October. Then the final outing of the year Mallory Festival of Sidecars 29th and 30th October. Then some major decisions if they have not been made already.

Is it TT 2012 or the British Championship?

Will we find a Top Sponsor who wants and knows how determined we are to achieve great things?

Do we stay with trusty Carbs or do we go fuel injected?

Will we have a garage to do our race preparation instead of the car park?

As they say watch this space! We will write the history book.....

Thanks to everyone for coming down to the team awning with words of encouragement plus your messages and support and sponsorship, this one was for you.

"First Manx Born Female F2 Driver ever to complete the Southern 100"

Love and hugs to all the Team, could not have done it without you. Stephen Cowin, Robert Lunt, Julie Canipa, Janet Jones, Tony Corlett, Stuart Angus, Helen Lunt.

Back in the box!