

## TILTING AT WINDMILS

Gavin Henderson was looking a little bleary eyed this morning. But, after his travails yesterday, it was a miracle that he was here at all. He and Diana feared that they'd be looking at a short rally hiatus at least whilst they worked out what to do with their stricken Bentley.



Photos: gerardbrown.co.uk

Salvation came quickly however, in the form of Ewen Getley, who flew into Spain with the requisite parts and worked his magic until 4.00am. Furthermore, after a couple of hours sleep they were back under the bonnet to put the finishing touches to the job!

Breakfast virtually morphed into an evening meal for these nocturnal Bentley Boys but, for the rest of the rally, who'd enjoyed a slighter longer night, the dawn brought more sightseeing and photo opportunities thanks to our lofty location.

Once the camera's had been stowed however, a look at the route book showed that there was another full day scheduled, with hours of free flowing and empty roads for the crews to enjoy.

The first Passage Control was at the Posada Real de Santa Maria and on the way there, giant roadside amphorae gave a clue as to the nature of the local industry.

Endless olive groves and vines swapped places in the vivid red earth with a green and brown patchwork of ploughed fields and fallow meadows. And, in the soft morning light the views through the windshield were stunning.

In true *Rally the Globe* style, we were well off the main roads, but our route was straight and fast nevertheless, as we crossed into the province of Ciudad Real and on to the second passage control by a windmill, whimsically named Donkey Oatey. The benefits of a classical education were obviously not wasted on The Clerk of the Course, John Spiller.

There was time to gather ourselves at the Time Control at Villahermosa before the Wildcat Pass Regularity. So named because this area is home to the very camera shy European lynx. Set on a wild and remote hillside, the crews thoroughly enjoyed this slightly feline escapade and at the days' end, we're happy to report that no marshals were harmed in the running of this section.

The lunch Time Control in Los Olivos was a fine one where we sat down to a simple but delicious selection of grilled lamb, pork and local sausage with wholesome bread and a tomato salad. Between mouthfuls Andrew Laing and Paul Hartfield commented that they were both delighted with the route so far and the quality of the road surface.

After lunch then it was reassuring to see that praise such as this wasn't misplaced. The route to the second Regularity at Las Sierras was stunning as we crossed over the 1300m Puerto las Crucetas where the road was lined with green and yellow poplar trees all the way to the border with Andalucia.

The Regularity itself though was a stunner. It suddenly "all got a bit Monte Carlo" (albeit without the snow) as the increasingly narrow and twisty road shot upwards and, the little red Saab of Roland Singer and Bernhard Ziegler took us all back to the halcyon days of Erik Carlsson.

Dry stone walls, jagged cliffs and vertiginous drops kept the drivers focused, whilst the navigators sat with eyes glued to the schedule.

The end of this section marked the end of the day's competition but the run into the night halt in Ubeda was anything but dull. This is truly a stunning landscape and the hilltop town of Segura de la Sierra was picture postcard perfect and with some sensibly relaxed timing there was ample time to make there most of the many photo opportunities.

There were some tired crews this evening but, most importantly, they were all happy crews and after a refreshing drink or two they sat down to yet another excellent dinner and, after the fashion of Don Quixote himself, reimagined and retold the day that they'd just had.



Graham and Marina Goodwin, 1927 Bentley Speed 3-4 1/2



Sholto Gilbertson and Caspar Killick, 1964 Jaguar E-Type



Jeremy and Jenny Clayton, 1966 Ford Mustang

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