

If you have any questions or enquires you can call:

President:

Peter Vigor on 47237646

Vice President:

Steve Cruttenden (Creto) on 0428615128

Treasurer

Ken Long (Stumpy) on 47737404

Club Captain

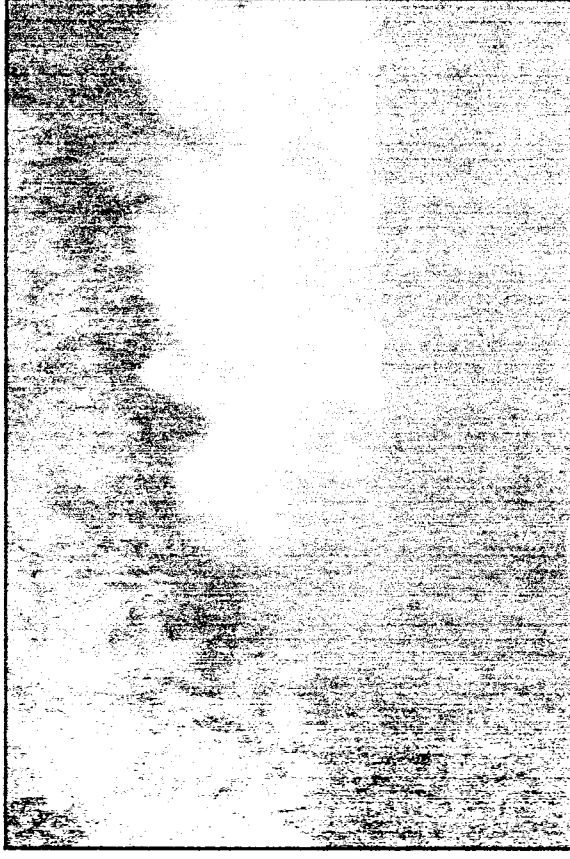
Tracie Poore (Poor Tracie) on 47240469
0415219629

WHEELSPIN

JULY 2003

Official Newsletter of the Twin Cities Autosports Club

Can You Spot the Car?



Booze Cruise Social Event

Cruising around Magnetic Island and Cleveland Bay on board the Goon-dooloo.

When: Saturday 16 August 2003

Where: Boat leaves from the Townsville Motor Boat and Yacht Club, Plume St, South Townsville

Time: Cruise starts at 6pm sharp
Board the Vessel at 5.45pm
Returns to the Motor Boat Club at 10pm

Cost: \$30 per head - 4hou Cruise and finger food/nibbles
Drinks available to purchase
Maximum of 48 passengers - first in best dressed.

Conditions: TCAC promotes safe drinking. We encourage everyone to drink sensibly and have an enjoyable evening. Any damage that is caused by inappropriate behaviour will result in the organiser being responsible for any cost incurred and the charter will be terminated. Common sense basically!!! (stated in the terms and conditions of hiring the vessel)
All money is to be paid by Friday 1st August, so catering numbers and confirmation of the booking can be finalised.
There will be a rattle on the night and also some fantastic prizes to be given away. Special thanks to our sponsors

- Birch Carroll & Coyle
- Hogs Breathe Cafe - Canon Park
- John Barr Tyres
- Quest Apartments - Townsville
- Reading Cinemas

Hope to see you there! Tracie Poore (m) 0415219629

Redex Reunion and Hill Climb 28th & 29th June 2003

Well it was to be all hands on deck to help with all the cars that were participating in the Redex Reunion when they arrived at Woodstock on Saturday afternoon.

A few of us decided to camp out at Woodstock on Friday night. Which of course meant dinner, drinks, talking nonsense and a late night. We even had to drag the 44 gallon drum over and light a fire because it was definitely quite cool - even through alcohol haze we were all in!

We were up early the next day - starting with a good walk around the track, a nice hot cup of coffee, and then breakfast - bacon, eggs, toast, tomato - delicious.

Then we all had to work - fix the water truck (again), grade the track, wet the track, put bunting up all over the place to define the track, fix the flooded toilet (further repairs will be needed there!), clean the toilets (ohh-pool!) and prepare the food for the starving hordes we are expecting.

The Redex cars started to arrive at around lunchtime. Some pretty fine examples of some beautifully restored cars. Most if them were scrutineered, and then they emptied their camping/traveling gear out and had a trash around the track. Even the original "old" drivers had a go. They all seemed to enjoy themselves and they all ate heaps of our delicious hamburgers and sausages in bread. (Get back the the kitchen Lance!) Some of them have strange eating habits like - "I'll have a steakburger thanks with no steak or onion", "I'll have a sausage on bread with no sausage." or "Can I have a steakburger with only lettuce and tomato?" We were all watching these people trash around "our" track - we did get a bit envious. So, finally after the last car left at 4.30pm. Some of us jumped in Belinda's Beauty and had a trash. It was a great end to the day, thanks Belinda - sorry about the bit of cross country driving. I did! The Peugeot, plus two Volkswagons, one

- Holden, one Jaguar and one Mustang all went off to tackle Mt Stuart - I hope they enjoyed themselves. We certainly did. Mind you we did have an early night that night because we had our Hill Climb up Mt Stuart the next day, not because the night before had been a late one.
"Did I tell you Lance came **first** in his class! No? Well, Lance can 1st!!!

Anyway I can't write anything about the hill climb for the Redex guys because all we did for that was to make sure the dunny was delivered safely on the Saturday, - picked up and guarded (who would steal a used dunny) that night and returned for the Sunday hill climb. Lance did get a phone call from a friend of ours though, to ask for Lance Melrose at Shit House Builders!

As you know we took part in the hill climb on Sunday as part of the NQ Bitumen Series. While Lance was racing I hitched a ride up to various other parts of the climb to take photos. It would have been good except the digital camera I had borrowed to "play" with didn't work properly so I had to go all the way back up to take more photos with my "real" camera. Pain in the neck!

Mind you it meant I could wake Daniel up and make sure Cameron was doing his finish line job properly. The last corner really is a good one with everyone really sliding around the corner with the power on. Lance slid so much that a circle of rubber peeled off his rear tyre and was flapping against the car - very much like a flat tyre noise. We had to get the scissors out and remodel the tyre so Peter could race. New tyres now!!

Well we had a great weekend and it was good to see all the old Peugots. It's good to camp out at Woodstock prior to an event - a bit of fun and relaxation.

See you all next time.
Deb and Lance

Club Outing to Kirwan Ten Pin Bowling June 2003

Well, a small group of club members turned up in their best bowling gear for the club outing at the Kirwan Ten Pin Bowling Alley. It was to be a night of display of true talent!!! (NOT!) But I'm sure that in amongst the hodge-podge of players that were there that there is a lot of hidden talent!! But only one person stood out from the crowd – the rest of us were in the categories ranging from pathetic to average. Belinda overshadowed us all!! She could aim that ball and knock down any pin she chose. I'm impressed!! Mind you she did have some weird ball manoeuvring techniques – like running off across the next lane to convince the ball that it should go in that direction! Perhaps I should have tried that – goodness knows I needed some help.

There were some pretty awesome techniques on display. Including Lance trying to bowl two balls at once in a desperate attempt to knock down more pins. He also managed to bowl the ball backwards as well. Steve had "lack of finger to put in hole" problems but he did overcome that. Deb had severe problems with the "getting the ball bowling bit" even happening - minor traction problems meant slipping over was a real possibility, and just getting the "run up" co-ordinated was a challenge. Hopeless really!

Greg had his trendy blue ball and fancy "proper" shoes (he still needed more help than they could offer). Bill had an interesting bowling style – it really looked like his arm was going to dislocate and fly off into space. Look out Bill, one day I will beat you! I'm letting you live in fear!!!

Peter had his very own cheer leader/support crew (his son) and he was trying to teach him to clap whenever he bowled a good ball. He's got a fair time to learn because good bowls were just not happening!

Nathan and Karen were a good team their average score wasn't too bad – Nathan, stick to driving the water truck.

As you can see we had a really fun night. It was a shame that more club members didn't come and join us though. Thanks Tracey for organising the night, you did well – but perhaps if you hit your head a bit harder getting into the car next time you will bowl better than Belinda.

Deb and Lance

PS: Tracey – did I win a prize? No hope? Thought so!

Calendar of Events

Date	Event
August	
10	Hillclimb
16	Booze Cruise
18	Club Meeting
23/24	Woodstock
September	
6	Bitumen Sprint
15	Club Meeting
27/28	Iron Man???
October	
?	Bathurst

SHAME SHAME Stumpy SHAME

Well, sports fan. It was on again. The Annual Tarago Trip to Rally QLD. We had four new candidates for this year. Bruizer (Bruce McCanthy) and Lombie (Chris Harrison). After years of telling us they were going to come with us, made good on their promise. they were in Lombie's flash new avalon. While in the trusty targo newies were Fidget (Phil Mason) and Richard Wall. Stumpy had the first driving stint with Fidget co - driving. Goof and I settled in the back row with a cold carton of Bundy and Cola's while Richard and Poor Tracie kept guard of the engel fridge. Fidget swapped seats with Stumpy at Mackay. Fidget gave the Tarago's bumper bar a bit of a work out when skippy walked across the road. At Rocky Fidget and Stumpy got the very back seat while Goof and I played scissors, paper, rock on who was going to drive. I lost as usual. Stumpy's snoring kept me awake while I was struggling to drive. So was Lombie. So a swap of driver happened at Gin Gin. Richard took over in the Tarago while Bruizer took the wheel of the Avalon. A dislaster nearly happened a short time later. Richard braked hard to dodge skippy standing in the middle of the road. It then hopped behind the tarago and straight in front of Bruizer. After a quick change of Y fronts in the Avalon, it was off to Gympie for breakie at Tracie's aunty's place. She really looked after us with a good feed of bacon and eggs. After breakie we waved goodbye to Tracie as she was off to the Dingo Creek Winery with Auntie. We headed down the road to Caloundra to our accomodation. When we went to book into our room we got a talking about last year. "Someone played up on the Sunday night. There was swearing and loud noises. We hope you are going to behave." Stumpy said "We know who that was and we have not brought him this year. So we will be our normal quiet selves." After throwing our gear into the room we headed off to scutineering to check out the cars and run into some friends. After scrutineering we checked out Rally HQ. Then it was time for a kindy nap.

We went to the promotional start at Kings Beach. There was plenty of food and heaps of wine. We had an early night and woke up early for our first day in the forest. We packed the esky and loaded the Tarago and headed off to meet Tracie at the Imbil Showgrounds. We found the merchandise truck which lightened our wallets. The lerry Springer Girl managed to get her photo taken with Simon and Sue Evans. Sue Evans put up a good fight as Trac was trying to take over the co-driver's duties. This year they had a bitumen stage in Imbil near the service park. We took up positions on the showground fence with He-Leigh and She-Leigh Achterberg and Father Lou. Tracie was having difficulty knowing what side of the fence she was on. It was decided to give her an honorary set of balls for the weekend with the instructions of no rubbing your eyes first thing in the morning.

We headed off to the forest and you wouldn't believe it. We thought our nasal passages were safe. We had left Boxhead and his dirty arse behind but Lombie decided to fill the void and nearly killed us. The SES bloke didn't bother to check our spectator passes he was more concerned that we had a decomposing body in the car. We met Eugene Rutland. we set up at the first spectator spot Goof had borrowed Lochies Bob the builder chair and he fitted in it perfectly.

SHAME SHAME: Stumpy SHAME CONT

Stump reckons he wears Angle's undies as well. All was going well until Lombie thought it was too crowded around us and cleared the area. Some thought the Portaloo had overflowed.

We watched the whole field go past then it was time for historic cars. K.C. (Keith Callahan) and Mary Ann had the beautifully prepared HR monaro were competing. Goof cracked a woody when the B.D.A escort came full nose down the road. We could hear the monaro leave the start and for most of the stage. John Spencer was his visual brilliance throwing the Datsun 1600 around. The historic cars were more spectacular then the 4WDs. We packed up and headed to Cutters Camp. The esky was very light. "Where are all the beers boys?" "We left them in the Tarago," they replied. Trace smiled, "I know how you feel. Last year these bastards left my drinks in Caloundra, lucky for them they didn't do it this year."

Lombie tried to kill everyone on the bus with a sneak gas attack. We arrived at Cutters Camp and met up with the Achterberg clan.

Lombie cleared the crowd for us. The funny thing was the bloke from the food tent came up and started to roll the rubbish bin away.

He reckoned there was a bad smell starting to come from it. If he only knew.

We left Cutters Camp early to catch the cars at the Noosa Hill Climb. After a slight navigational error, well basically Fidget cocked up and we arrived late. Oges had the crowd cheering with his driving style. After the Hill Climb it was back to Caloundra to service park to check the damaged cars.

Sunday morning meant being up nice and early. After we packed plenty of the necessary supplies we decided we would go back to

Cutters Camp for the morning. Stumpy decided he was going down to the creek to get some photos.

While he was gone we thought it would be best that we hide Stumpies scotch bottle, considering what he did last year. We poured his bottle of scotch in an empty rum bottle. Stumpy returned from the creek very thirsty only to find an empty bottle, I can't write what he called all of us but it wasn't nice and he would make us suffer. Bruizer made some rum and cokes that tasted like scotch. Sticking with tradition Oges was dually mooned by Lombie and Goof. Only problem being that, Oges gave the back end a bit of a flick and showered them with rocks. Simon and Margot Knowles were the next victims. Margot thought they were packing slots for mac trucks. The chief spectator marshal was not happy about two half moons in the forest and was happy that we were leaving. We headed to the Imbil pub for lunch and some more drinks. When Stumpy walked in the bar the owner warned the staff to keep an eye on him. We headed back to Caloundra with Stumpy driving and true to his word he was making us suffer with his driving style. Someone came up with the bright idea. Let's drink Stumpy's scotch so he has to behave himself tonight. Not a good idea when the bottle has been sitting in the hot tarago for three hours. Poor Tracie's eyes watered at first then she wouldn't give up the bottle. Sunday night was quiet compared to last year. Lombie reckoned we didn't party hard enough for him - he passed out on the couch at 7. A 2am start Monday morning. Tracie came out rubbing the eyes as her balls dropped off at midnight and she was feeling very unwell. For 600km Tracie visited every toilet on the Bruce Highway and wasn't even game to sneeze. When we dropped Goof off home Lochie was more worried about his Bob the Builder chair than his dad. AND WE WILL DO IT ALL AGAIN NEXT YEAR!!