Wheelspin

December 2004

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http://groups.msn.com.au/TwinCitiesAutosportsClub
Official Newsletter of the TWIN CITIES AUTOSPORTS CLUB Inc.
PO Box 7697, Garbutt QLD 4814



Twin Cities Autosports Club Inc.

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Directors:

Peter Vigor
Greg Van Dinter
Neville Bannah
Curly

MAGAZINE SUBMISSIONS:

Anyone wishing to submit Articles, Information, For Sales, etc. for the next magazine please call me or send the article. Closing deadline for magazine is the Thursday following meetings.

Ph & Fax; (07) 4725 2745(H) E-Mail: deblance@austarnet.com.au

I am open to suggestions for articles in the magazine eg. Tech Tips, News and Views, etc. so don't be shy. A club magazine is the lifeblood of a club; it informs members, sponsors (I hope you give the people that support you a copy) and keeps the interest up. So if you have something to say, say it in the magazine so ALL members get to know about it.

PRESIDENTS REPORT

Well, we have a November Report so that is definite progress!

EDITORS REPORT

Merry Christmas to you all and hopefully 2005 won't pass by as fast as 2004! With luck, the Club will manage to keep to the Calender of Events next year, so that what is printed is actually correct and actually takes place!! Here's hoping!!

Deb & Lance Melrose

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Quite simple, really - there isn't one! Again!

Calendar of Events

Monday January 10th – Club Meeting

To further organise event dates

Sat/Sunday January 29th/30th – Motorkhana Whitsundays Car Club More details later

Sunday 13Th February – Khanacross Woodstock Contact Greg Wright 47752202 Monday 14th February – Club Meeting

Monday 14th March – Club Meeting/AGM

Please could all club members attend

Sat/Sunday 2nd/3rd April – Rally Sprint Charters Towers
Contact Heckler 47734663
Sat/Sun/Monday 30th April-2nd May – Kirknie Rally

PLEASE NOTE: To participate in the Rally Sprint, all drivers must have a **National Rally Licence** and Co Drivers must have a **National Navigators Licence**. All vehicles must comply with CAMS regulations for Rally Sprints. Consult your CAMS manual or ask a club official

^{*} Club Meetings are held (second Monday night of the month at the Townsville Drag Club Yarrowee St Currajong at 7.00pm). All welcome, and why not bring along a friend or sponsor.

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Observation Run Xmas Party Sunday 28th November 2004

And what a good day it was too! Even if I may say so myself!

Well done Deb, Lance, Murray and Susan - quality organisational skills are evident here!

Well, fourteen cars turned up for the observation run and they all headed off across the horizon to zig-zag their way through Townsville's streets - and there were some streets in the run that some people just couldn't seem to find - so they made up answers to the questions! Oddly enough the answers were wrong! All the questions were quite simple but boy did they trigger some loud arguments, and queries at the end of the run. Of course, everyone thought that their answers were correct!

But everyone seemed to have a good time and they were all definitely laughing, talking, disagreeing and discussing things over a few drinks at the end. Once everyone had settled down we had the buffet dinner, that Murray and Susan had organised. Apart from the prawns being a bit "on the nose" the food was great and there was lots of it. Even Rebel the dog got a takehome pack of chicken bones to munch on. (Doggy bag).

We had the club prize giving after we had successfully stuffed our faces. Included in amongst the serious prizes we had the "interesting" prize winners.

They included:

Best Spin - Ian Ogilvie

Least Events Entered - Peter Vigor

Best Off - Robyn White

Biggest Handicap - Ken Long

Most Knowledgeable Mum - Steve Robinson's Mum

Most Entries by a Female - Tracey Poore

Most Bad Luck - Matty Carruthers

Most Alcohol Drunk - Justin Snell

Most Problems - Peter Vigor

The prizes for these were very varied and quite funny. For example lan got given a spinning top, Peter Vigor received a matchbox toy car, because it will be more reliable than his car, Stumpy was given a trophy with a little man sitting on a fuel line on it. Robyn got a trophy with a smashed up matchbox toy car on it, Justin a certificate for his membership to Alcoholics Anonymous and Tracey her very own remote controlled car to race because she hasn't got her own. It was fun giving out their prizes.

The prize winners/placegetters for the Observation Run were:

First Place - Phil Mason
Second Place - Peter and Julie Vigor
Third Place - Ron and Robyn White
Last Place - Shane and Cody Satchwell.

All in all it was a great way to spend a Sunday afternoon, even if the answers to the questions still haunt me whenever we drive down a street that was mentioned in the run!

Deb & Lance Melrose

Things that are DIFFICULT to say when you are drunk

Innovative Preliminary Proliferation Cinnamon

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Things that are VERY DIFFICULT to sy\ay when you are drunk

Specificity
British Constitution
Passive-aggressive disorder
Transubstantiate

Things to say that are DOWNRIGHT IMPOSSIBLE to say when you are drunk

Thanks but I don't want to sleep with you

Nope, no more booze for me

Sorry but you're not really my type

No kebab for me thank you

Good evening officer, isn't lovely out tonight?

Oh, I just couldn't – no one wants to hear me sing

Thank you, but I won't make any attempt to dance, I have zero coordination

Where is the nearest toilet? I refuse to vomit in the street

I must be going home now as I have work in the morning

Squiddy Tripping to WRC: Forget the Tarago, boys & girl(s)

Friday 5th November – The Squiddy or Squid C or when it's washed Mr C Squid, (these are the new names after the Datsun 280C transplant) is fully packed up; trailer loaded with the last Datto and a ton of stuff we forgot to put in the container or couldn't sell at the Garage sale and wouldn't fit in the skip, is raring to go. At 6:30pm we hit the road and were doing some low level flying, considering the bus had well over a ton on the back and she was fully loaded up inside we were hitting 110 kph without a worry. Those that know the bus will know she's never been past 85kph in its previous life and never past 70 towing anything. So we were pretty confident. We stopped at Charters for some fuel and noticed a small water leak from under the second radiator (The Squid has got so much engine packed into the engine bay that a second radiator had to be fitted beside the gearbox at the back, it's out of a Hyundai of all things, but its evolution is a whole other story). Anyway, on the way to Bellyando Crossing we stopped on the side of the road to put some water in, it only took a mouthful and we were off again, then we were getting real hot bums and the gauge was climbing quickly and it felt like a steam bath with the pleasant aroma of "bars leak". We can't have problems, not now; we've only just started!!!!

Note 1: When driving tired, work in tandem at everything, including putting the radiator cap back on and not leaving it on the floor of the car.

So another 4 litres of water went in, off down the road looking for a place to camp, because neither of us were alert enough to be behind the wheel, so we camped at Bellyando and hit the road again at 7am full of enthusiasm. We drove all day & night, stopped at an industrial bin somewhere in the middle of nowhere to off-load some weight, a spare axle for the bus, heaps of tins of paints, polish, oils anything that might lighten the load. Why, if we were flying along so well would we try to lighten up? Well because at this point we realised that the new and improved formula was a juice guzzler. But with things going so well we figured it was a small price to pay for going the speed limit. We dismissed a few strange smells and stopped just out of Walgett for the night.

Breakfast at Walgett, have you ever wondered why truckies are big blokes: coz truck stop "small" is more than Cretto eats in a week. We got talking to one of those big blokes and he told us the shorter way to Broken Hill. At Brewinnia a small smokey electrial burn exposed the backyard mechanics capabilities with wiring too many things into the radio (including the spotties, CB, thermo fans, and the little fan in the roof) at which point we stopped for about 30 mins to pull the dash apart and fix it. No dramas, we were expecting a few tests along the way.

Back on the road, still flying along still drinking fuel like a rally driver who won a race (or crashed and finished early). Stopped at Bourke to fuel up and this is where the fun started! Went to get back in the bus to motor off and a couple of litres of water dropped right on our feet. Righto, back in the store to buy refreshments while Cretto pulled the cover off and discovered that a small blocked off water hose had split. The next surprise was that a portion of the loom had fallen yet again (this happened in Townsville days before we left) onto the exhaust. We re-joined all the blackened and melted wires (you can imagine that the loom was looking like a dogs breakfast at this point) and had to go to another servo in town because this one didn't have any heater hose. So we limped across town and spent the next hour tidying up and putting the new hose on. That challenge done, turn it over to fill the radiator up and she cranks but no go. What Next!!!

We spent another hour checking and rechecking etc before I rang the NRMA and then spent another 30mins signing the bus up for roadside assist. So, the NRMA guys turns up and pretty much says, "What they hell is that! Not much room in there - they didn't come like that did they?" and then he spends the next 30mins testing and checking everything and eventually says he's a oil and plugs guy and there's nothing he can do til Monday. So ironically we're stuck at the back of Bourke and I was saying choice words that rhyme with <a href="stuck-rechecked-stuck

tested everything. Hassled our own expert, Nathan then got the serious poos with Murphy and his law and sat ourselves down to drink some rum. Not surprisingly we slept very well ©

Up Monday morning, checked and tested everything yet again and waited for the NRMA guys to tow us to the shop. Waited and then waited, then rang up and was told that the driver was having a sickie. You've got to be stucking joking. Enough is enough. On the phone to every local person we could. The mechanic finally came to us, bless him in his little terry-towelling hat, he reminded me of Benny Hill. Pretty much the first thing he said was "What's that?"

He proceeded to test and check everything and scratch his head. Apparently the last Skyline (that's what the EFI is off) came thru town 10years ago but it didn't stop. But we'd all come to the conclusion that the injectors weren't getting the signal to send the go juices in.

Cretto: "Is there an Auto Electrician in town"

Mechanic: "Used to be, packed up one day and never came back"

Sensational – a tow to Cobar was going to cost \$750 and no-one was even sure there was a sparky there. So we rang Nathan again, to hassle him for info. Multi-meter in hand yet again.

Note 2: Always check both sides of every single joiner/connection otherwise it will cost you 24 hours at the back of Bourke. I must add in here, that without Nathan's help and explaining it in English for us, we would've never got going. Thanks Nathan.

An intermittent fault on the red wire! It's always the red wire, or the blue wire or the black wire. So we took a bit of time to put the engine bay back together properly, threw the rest of the crap back in the bus and took off. We drove down to the mechanic cancelled the tow to Cobar and started again still putting away fuel like there's no tomorrow. There's plenty to see in Bourke, apparently, but when you're trying to go from one corner of the country to the other you really couldn't give a toss about sightseeing.

Monday night 6:55pm with the sun blaring through the windscreen at us a trailer guard decided to part company from its 30yr old weld (funny that??), so with two ockie straps and a hunk of crow bar that was handy we motored into Wilcannia. Still guzzling fuel at an alarming rate. We just made the servo, we just made a lot of servo's actually stopping at every town 200k's apart. We took off and stopped at a truck stop to tape the spotties up with tape so it didn't reflect back in the windscreen because they're mounted on the top of the bull bar and then we turned them on and another smokey smell. Well we decided to push on, no radio, no CB and one thermo fan on just so we can see where we're going.

Tuesday 1:40pm, 80km from Ceduna, Murphy or the dodgy wiring guru strikes again: the bus shuts down doing 120kph. Again we stop but this time experience has told us to jiggle all wires at least twice at both ends. The flies thought it was Christmas, I've never seen so many of the rotten things, and it takes 20 more clicks at 120kph to get them out of the car.

8:30pm after fuelling up somewhere expensive and putting some equally expensive octane booster in we charge off.

BK: "I smell fuel, lots of fuel, lots of fuel pull over"

Cretto dumps it into Neutral and coasts along, (after towing a ton for so long brakes [or lack of them] were becoming a concern), while I jump in the back to find a fire extinguisher, [thanks to our club sponsor!] and then the fuel gauge starts its descent. Again off with the cover another 30mins lost because the fuel return line had blown itself off and was willingly spending our money on more fuel as

it was being pumped out onto the road, but we got a bit high on fumes so it seemed funnier at the time. Lucky for us we were carrying a spare jerry can so we had enough fuel to get to the next stop.

Note 3: Stop for fresh air after being poisoned by fumes, otherwise you feel funny as the little white posts whoosh by.

We stopped on the Nullarbor somewhere for a sleep and had breakfast at Border Town that was \$1.48 for ULP, which was cheaper than others at up to \$1.51. A truckie stopped and had a chat about the Datto and how he'd had about 4 in his time, we thought later we should have got his contact details after the bonnet tie downs let loose and flipped the bonnet up bending it badly but fortunately it didn't smash the windscreen – finally Murphy was beginning to be nice.

The rest of the trip was uneventful; finally the bugs were ironed out, into WA on our way to WRC. Slept at Southern Cross and made our way to Northam on Thursday morning to find a house to live in. Headed to Perth to see the opening night of the rally, which was awesome. Chatted to everyone about clubs to join and the number of events to go to. But it smacked of Rallying in Queensland with only 7 WRC cars coming to Australia and by the stages we saw on Friday and Saturday we only saw about 4.

I found it amazingly ironic, you know how you go to a rally and the spectators only stay to see Atkinson, Crocker and Evans and then they all bolt off to the next stage, and the die hards stick it out to the last car. I'm not sure how the top ARC drivers feel about the droves of spectators that leave after the WRC cars come through, but I sort of felt like it was a kind of justice for all the other ARC cars that never get seen on TV, don't have a budget, don't have the fastest car, don't have a huge support crew and truck, but still manage to race time and time again even if no-one is watching, all for the love of it. We hung out for the last Mini ever in a WRC but it never arrived.

We saw Carlos Sainz do his last lap of honour, Petter "Hollywood" Solberg, hang out the window and wave while driving at the same time, true to his reputation. KC was treated like a god in that Monaro, the crowd just loves the sound of it and seeing it go sideways. We bought T-Shirts and programs and paid \$8 for beers, and now they sell bloody Fourex over here too. I said hello to Coral Taylor who was a spectator like the rest of us, she seemed to be enjoying the opportunity to be on the other side of the fence sussing out next year's competition. Ran into Kayess and Leandra from Cairns and overall I wouldn't have missed it, thanks Murphy for letting up in the end and getting us to Rally Australia on time.

And the bus, well Mr C Squid did a marvellous job in the end, and is off for a proper service, tune and paint, out of respect for how much dodgy stuff it had to put up with from us.

THIS MONTH'S JOKE

A couple attending an art exhibition at the National Gallery were staring at a portrait that had them completely confused. The painting depicted three very black and totally naked men sitting on a park bench.

Two of the figures had black penises, but the one in the middle had a pink penis. The Curator of the Gallery realised they were having trouble interpreting the painting and offered his assessment. He went on for nearly half an hour explaining how it depicted the sexual emasculation of African Americans in a predominately white, patriarchal society. "In fact" he pointed out, "some serious critics believe that the pink penis also reflects the cultural and sociological oppression experienced by gay men in contemporary society."

After the Curator left, a young man in a West Virginia T shirt approached the couple and said, "Would you like to know what the painting is really about?"

"Now, why would you claim to be more of an expert than the curator of the gallery?" "Because I'm the guy who painted it." He replied. "In fact, there are no African Americans depicted at all. They're just three West Virginian coal miners, and the guy in the middle went home for lunch."

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NET TOTAL

PRESIDENTS REPORT

Well, we are at the end of the year already and planning the workload for next year. I would like to thank all those that contributed to the running of events throughout the year, from directing and officiating to catering and helping out. Every job is important and without any one of these people the task of providing fun and enjoyment to competitors would be even more difficult. So from ALL competitors, thank you very much.

I would like to hope that we all have a serious think about how we can advance and develop our club into the future and what we can do to encourage others to volunteer to learn how to run events.

Without the injection of new blood to run events and become Officials, the usual 'doers' will burn out and our club will just stagnate and enter into a downward spiral. So please consider having a go. There is always help available.

We plan to try and get as much training as possible up this way next year so have a think about what category of Official you would like to become and stay tuned.

Finally, I am hoping that 2005 will be a milestone for our club in it's development with lots of new members and lots of events to retain interest and leave you with one thought to ponder over the break. "What can I do to help increase the number of events next year"

Update on what's happening.

- Thuringowa City Councils has replied to our letter requesting a clubhouse advising noting available at present but will advise if something become available.
- Procurement of 6x3m shade is underway.
- I attended a workshop on Thuringowa City Councils proposed 'Motorsport Precinct'. They are serious about providing a large scale venue and sounds promising.
- The TCC have filled and levelled the spectator area at the Hillclimb.
- I am in the process of applying for a grant to purchase 4 Rally clocks, more radios, a photocopier and a laptop and printer.
- State Office advises the process to follow in expending the \$1200 for safety equipment from previous QRC registration is to purchase the equipment and we will be reimbursed.
 I am looking at such things as vests, more radios, signage, etc. If you have any ideas please let me know.

Remember that a club is only as good as it's members, so if you have an idea or a suggestion, please raise it.

Have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Ron

FINAL EDITION OF KIWI CORNER FOR 2004.

By now you should all be fluent in this truly amazing language. Go on, give it a go and use your new skills in your everyday language!

Brudge – structure spanning a stream or river
Tin – one more than nine
Ear plane – large flying machine
Sivven sucks sivven – large Boeing aircraft
Sivven four sivven – larger Boeing aircraft
Cuds – children
Cuttin – baby cat
Munce – usually served on toast