



WHEELSPIN

May 2018

www.hccc.org.nz

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COVER PHOTO

Otago Classic 4WD podium, guess who was 1st

Committee is third TUESDAY : 1841 Disraeli Street Johnsonville, 7:30pm, everybody welcome

Club night 1st Tuesday of the month, 1841 Disraeli Street Johnsonville, 7:30 pm.

Wheelspin is the official magazine of the Harbour Capital Car Club, PO Box 4102, Wellington.
Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Club or Committee.

To other Car Club Editors: While we do not object to other magazines using articles or material from our Wheelspin, we do appreciate recognition of the source of said material. Originals are usually available on request.

DEADLINE

The Deadline for Wheelspin articles is the 20th of the month approx.

Major Change Clubnight now on 1st TUESDAY each month

CLUB NIGHT

1841 Pub (Upstairs)
1 Disraeli St, Johnsonville (next to the BP)
TUESDAY 1st May 2018 @7:30



I've had a spectating only month, for a change of pace.

I headed up to Kaihinau Road to help out with scrutineering, and get some rides too. With the Corolla in gravel height, sensible brain suggested strongly to me that as much as I enjoy that bit of road, trying to do so while on the tippy-toe height car that likes to lift random wheels and attempt to kill me.

I did a couple of runs with Haydn in the Mirage, and a couple with Loren in the Sti coupe.

Has to be said, that Loren's car has a good few ponies under the nose, and with four wheel drive, it can seriously get off the line.

Though I still think that four wheel drive is the devil's work, and no good can possibly come of it. All attempts to leave the line in a hurry, should be accompanied by loud noises, but almost no actual acceleration happening. Preferably accompanied with tire smoke, and the vague wish that the car has more power.

We worked out a couple of hand signals, to let Loren know the couple of corners that can arrive as

a bit of a surprise, since the Subaru is pretty loud inside, and this was Loren's first time at that road.

The corners before the farmhouse straight were suffering from lack of stones, and excess tar. This made things a bit exciting for a few people, as it started out not too bad, and then rapidly turning into slide central.

Webster had a big slide, and then Neil Rush actually departed the seal entirely. Returning to the start line with a good collection of mud onboard.

My second lot of car watching was somewhat further away, as I headed down to Dunedin to watch Rally Otago.

Originally it was Graeme and I heading down as a dynamic duo, but a family emergency meant that he had to stay at home that weekend.

So I headed down solo, with a horrid Nissan Tiida rental car awaiting me at the airport.

It already had a decent collection of dents and scrapes, and I had the excess lowered. So that definitely reduced the level of caring about driving down gravel roads.

Friday was playing tourist day, along with a small nap, due to a combination of Sea Legs and a late night the day before. Don't go to a planetarium show (reclined, warm room, person droning on) when you're already pretty sleepy, that's all I will say.

The car line-up at the Octagon was again, excellent. They had around 115 cars due to start, with a great collection of Group A four wheel drive cars, as well as around thirty classic cars. There were a few of the AP4 cars missing which was a bit of a shame, as they're good to watch, and I'm loving that with the new generation of cars, there are manufacturers other than just Subaru and Mitsubishi running in the top class.

A couple of the classic field were a bit of a departure from the usual suspects, with Deane Buist running an early VW Golf, there was also what looked to be an early 1970's Merc, and an Austin 1800!

There was also an Altezza running, who was over from Aussie.

Having owned an Altezza, I was interested to see how that got on. They're not a light car, but with heaps of revs, and rear drive, they have potential entertainment value (and unlike most of the cars out there, not actually already an uncommon or terminally rusty vehicle). Though they do need to have smaller brakes put under them, to fit a 15" rally tire on them, which is a must, unless you feel like spending several arms and legs on relatively rare rally tires.

They didn't actually start out too well, as he went for a swim on one of the first stages. He slid wide before a ford, did a fair impression of a skipping stone, and then came within a small fraction of going upside down in the river.

Jilly reported extremely high levels of carnage in the early stages, both of the mechanical gremlins, and the vanishing into the scenery type of incident.

I braved the cold, and headed in to the first viewing point in the first stage, to stand in the remains of snow, while regretting my life decisions. I ended up talking to a lady who was over here being a tourist, then discovered that there was a rally on. She was actually a navigator and volunteer over in Washington. Petrol-heads are definitely the same breed the world over.

I Cruised on down to service, caught up with ⁴Adam and Jilly and their crew at service, and

then headed in way too early into the next stage, and stood around for 40 minutes in a paddock before the first cars turned up.

It was a great corner, with a lot of corner cutting, and wheel lifting going on.

Several hundred photos later, and a phone that dived down to 6% battery life, I jumped in at the junction and headed through the stage as it opened.

Holy moly do they have fast roads down there. Even in the horrid rental, it was pretty easy to sit on 80-100k (other than the brows), on the rock hard and swept roads. As much as it would be a cool rally to head down to do, I suspect that if I did try to actually compete in the rally, I'd be in a perpetual case of chickening out. The roads around here are largely second and third gear twisty stuff. So my stock of brave pills we run out very quickly trying to drive around corners in third and fourth gears ...

Sunday was largely the same, but with different roads and corners.

I took a shed-load of pretty bad photos (because I decided to travel light, which meant no real camera), drove a couple of stages, had a few arguments with my GPS, had a few rocks thrown at me by various cars, ate delicious snacks, and drove a very disappointing rental car around.

During one of the stages that I drove though as soon as they ran the sweep car though, I caught up (literally) with Mads Ostberg, who was being towed out after rear suspension issues. He was a pretty chill dude, and took some photos with a random fan who was pretty excited to have Mads wave his flag.

The weather on Sunday was really windy, so between the two days, I kept a ridiculous number of layers on, topped off by wind / rainproof gear. But managed to not actually get rained on other than a few showers during the last stage I took photos at.

I reckon that even if you're only going to head down there with a camera, rather than a rally car, Otago is a truly excellent event. I'm pretty sure that this will become an annual pilgrimage for me now. Leap on cheap plane tickets as soon as they release the date, and make a really good eating, watching, and driving weekend of it :)

I'm actually not sure when my next event is going to be. Potentially it is looking like it could be Puketiro Road in mid May. With going for a much higher focus on gravel, rather than just doing everything, it really has freed up my weekends a lot! Though given that it will give me less to write about, you guys and girls might have to do the occasional half pager, to cover the stuff that I don't go to.

That's it from me for now.

See you at a place with cones and / or gravel!

Leon

- ◆ I read that 4,153,237 people got married last year, not to cause any trouble but shouldn't that be an even number?:
- ◆ I find it ironic that the colours red, white, and blue stand for freedom until they are flashing behind you.
- ◆ When wearing a bikini, women reveal 90% of their body... men are so polite they only look at the covered parts.
- ◆ Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y?
- ◆ America is a country which produces citizens who will cross the ocean to fight for democracy but won't cross the street to vote.

Driving the Nullarbor – David Reid

05holdenman@gmail.com

Following a recent visit to Adelaide, my wife and I set out to drive the Nullarbor. Not just one-way to Perth, but back to Adelaide as well. Why? Because it's there. For me this was a 'bucket list' item. For Julie it was probably a case of 'OMG! What have I agreed to?' Our steed for this epic road trip was an August 2016 built Holden Caprice, with NSW plates. So we were always going to stand out from the crowd.

With the 6.2 litre purring nicely we set out from Adelaide on the Sunday night. Our first stop was



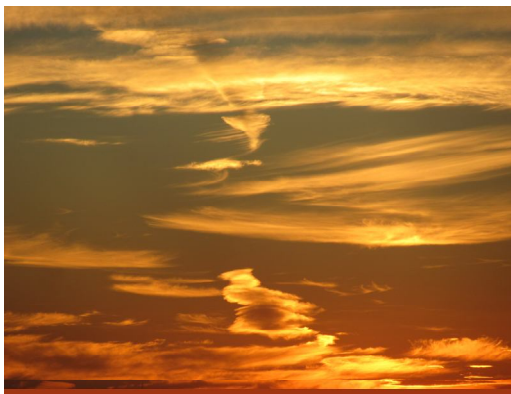
Port Augusta which gave us a good launching point for the following morning. As it turned out it didn't much matter. Following a wrong turn, and going 140 kilometres out of our way, we finally made the Western Australia border somewhat later than intended on that first night. Lesson learnt – we used the Satnav after that, nicknaming the unit Florence.

From a driving perspective we found getting on the road by 7am each day meant we got lower temperatures and the wildlife had gone for the day. We met one driver heading from Perth to the Gold Coast for a funeral. He'd encountered red kangaroos between Cocklebidly and Madura, a 92 kilometre stretch. It's all relatively flat and the roos just pop out of the low vegetation. We suspected he'd given himself a major scare.

The Nullarbor Plain is flat and barren. The vegetation is scrappy and low. I never understood how close you travel to the coast. Indeed a detour of 500 metres can take you to a view of the Great Australian Bight. Only being a flat, it is also susceptible to the breezes that



vegetation before short over The open plain come through. Nullarbor



does have a roadhouse and we stayed here on the way back. Everything is expensive, all blamed on transport costs. Yet the meals are enormous. While I had the fish, Julie had pork chops. Just as well I'd brought my A-game that night as I ate the second chop. The roadhouse pumps up and processes 27,000 litres of water a day for its use. Being so far west, you are in South Australia by

this stage, there is a long twilight. That has consequences for the following morning when daylight only happens about 7.30 am. So that meant a delayed departure and careful scrutiny of the landscape for wild animals.

The unexpected find here was a Tesla. I spoke with the owners, an ex-pat Kiwi couple. Fully charged overnight it had a range of 400 kilometres. They spoke highly of the vehicle and

proselytised over its features and benefits. But to honest, I'd fuelled up and Mundarabilla, where they'd recharged the night before, and still had fuel beyond Ceduna which was their next overnight. The frunk [front trunk] contained four cables for charging depending on the ampage available at the outlets they used and amply filled the space available. They did say NZ was way ahead of



be
to get
stop.

Australia in thinking, acceptance and infrastructure to support such vehicles. It is now possible get from Wellington to Auckland with a single fast charge in Taupo. There is another traveller crossing the Nullarbor in April and they'll be the 13th Tesla to do so. Yet it does take careful planning and time, something not everyone has in spades. So it may be happening, but will take some time to achieve widespread acceptance.

The Ninety Mile Straight is exactly that. The variation is the unending undulations as the disappears off into the distance. It's along we had a close encounter with an eagle. It snacking in the middle of the road. Its mate on the verge similarly snacking. And there no way he was going to leave his meal. I'd already slackened off the pace and went for



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gap between them. It's only as we got almost abreast of him that he left the lunch table and all we could see were the expanse of wings and enormous legs as he rose into the sky. Shortly after he landed back on his meal that we'd so rudely interrupted.

Many have asked me if I found the drive boring. Not at all! We'd drive two to three hours and then have a break. If I felt tired I'd split the distance to the next stop into 50 kilometre sprints. Travelling at 110 kph means that's only of 30 minute duration so the time and distance passes quite quickly. Besides many road trains we also encountered some large loads under escort. One in particular took up three quarters of the road and was accompanied by two Police escorts. The first was a kilometre up the road on the correct side of the road. The second was five hundred metres ahead on the wrong side forcing traffic to pull to the side. You just had to wait patiently until directed to pass. We also found the truckies most obliging indicating when it was safe for us to pass. There were also quite a number of women driving the rigs, so no longer a male only bastion.

After 16 days we'd travelled over 7,500 kilometres. Many may consider this an expensive exercise, yet an analysis of the fuel costs and consumption suggests otherwise. Petrol cost AUD1059.92. Consuming 746.65 litres over 7,575 averaged out at 10.14 kilometres per litre. Longer, and probably heavier than my Calais, I did notice the Caprice ticked over at a higher RPM and that will account for a higher fuel burn. Yet in the end the comfort and ease of driving this car

far outweighed the use of a smaller vehicle. Yes we were tired, but we weren't exhausted. Yet again we proved that large cars are not expensive to run. By maintaining a constant speed and judicious use of cruise control fuel consumption was never a major issue.

Having completed an epic journey we're still speaking to each other. to surprise me further Julie has suggested a road trip from Perth to

Darwin, albeit not a return. I'd like to drive Brisbane to Darwin. Completing that would mean I've circumnavigated our western island over many trips. Again this establishes a target for the future.

Would I recommend the trip? Of course I would. While you could complete it in a motorhome the journey will be much slower. The benefit of this is it does allow you access to road side stops for the night. But my preference is to complete such a journey by car and once at the overnight stop enjoy a beer, even at AUD8.50, and a meal that someone else prepares. So all in all something we enjoyed as we look forward to doing something similar in the future. And the added bonus – no tickets, so far! Now that is tempting fate.



of

And

Murphy showed up at Mass one Sunday and the priest almost fell down when he saw him. He had never been to church in his life. After Mass, the priest caught up with him and said, "Murphy, I am so glad ya decided to come to Mass. What made ya come?"

Murphy said, "I got to be honest with you Father. A while back, I misplaced me hat and I really, really love that hat. I know that McGlynn had a hat just like mine and I knew he came to church every Sunday. I also knew that he had to take off his hat during Mass and figured he would leave it in the back of church. So, I was going to leave after Communion and steal McGlynn's hat."

The priest said, "Well, Murphy, I notice that ya didn't steal McGlynn's hat. What changed your mind?"

Murphy replied, "Well, after I heard your sermon on the 10 Commandments, I decided that I didn't need to steal McGlynn's hat after all."

With a tear in his eye the priest gave Murphy a big smile and said; "After I talked about 'Thou Shalt Not Steal' ya decided you would rather do without your hat than burn in Hell?"

Murphy slowly shook his head.

"No, Father, after ya talked about 'Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery', I suddenly remembered where I left me hat!"



Napier Motorkhana

Many times in my life I have been called many things. Crazy, Mad have been used to describe me a few times, well quite a few but let's not go there. So to drive up to Napier for a 4 test Motorkhana is a little crazy but hey why not.

As part of the development program for Kea (The name I have given My Green City) I was keen to try it out on a tarmac motorkhana with the stiffer front springs. So a phone call to the Brent Redington to sort out a few details and the trip was on. Since the event was a 2pm start, no need to leave too early so a 8.20am start from home was all good. I hit rain going up the Rimutakas which soon turned into total white out which looked like snow but was probably hail. Wheel spin good fun. The rain stayed until Masterton and patchy from then but by the time we hit Napier the sun was shining with a little wind. Time for some lunch at Taradale shops; then on to the Venue at the Mainfreight depot with plenty of time.

This must be one off the most unique Motorkhana venues in the country. The large loading dock which is coved makes for a great pit area. This coved area extends over part of the yard so our first test started and finished under cover. Running out into the yard with some tight turns linked by a hoon around the outside of a long curve with just enough room to be a little wild before dozens of trucks lined up like a bunch of spectators at an old race meeting. Test two was a sort of slalom but a garage to reverse into but what made it fun was the 40 foot container that made up the end cone. Now I love honing close to big solid things so running down the side of this container to flick around the end with the hand brake and back up the other side made my day.

Brent asked me to design the next test so I had to use this container so I just deleted the garage for an extra turn cone and made it so you slalom down and back twice for double the thrill. Then to finish it all off ever increasing circles with our 40 foot mate in there as well made the trip well worth the effort.

With a bunch of fwd. cars from Japs to Euros and a couple of V8 commodore's the 12 entries was a good mix. So Mr Brent gave us all a driving lesson on how it should be done but I did come away with a few tips and things to think about. KEA ran well all day and seems to be much improved, sitting nice and flat with good turn in and not lifting wheels like a dog going for a piss, so we are heading in the right direction. Second 3.5 seconds behind Brent was a good result even if he was in his back up corolla which rolled about like a dingy in a storm.

Thanks to Brent and Paula Redington for running the event and then putting up with me for the night. Brent's turn to cook; so that translates to a drive down to the local roast shop. An easy drive home on Monday in the sunshine if a little windy in places, so all up a great trip which I just may have to do again some day.

Neil Roots.

- ◆ You know that tingly little feeling you get when you like someone? That's your common sense leaving your body.
- ◆ Did you know that dolphins are so smart that within a few weeks of captivity, they can train people to stand on the very edge of the pool and throw them fish?
- ◆ My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll see about that.
- ◆ I think my neighbour is stalking me as she's been Googling my name on her computer. I saw it through my telescope last night.
- ◆ Money talks ...but all mine ever says is good-bye.
- ◆ You're not fat, you're just... easier to see.
- ◆ If you think nobody cares whether you're alive, try missing a couple of payments.

RALLY FAMILY

I have always regarded Rally people as "Family"

It is so nice to travel around the country and be welcomed by so many friendly faces, all of them ready to offer help advice or "friendly guidance".

When we started with the Starlet, all of my family was involved, servicing etc. Through this we met more families so are now fond friends of the Guest family (Cy, Barbara, Mick and Kiri), plus the Swans, the Rowes etc.

Over the years as a co-driver I have been included into the Jones Family Kingsley, Austin, Cambell, Ron and Nathan) (all Mitsi fans except Austin with the WRX).

The Burnett family, Dave, Joanne, Richard and Kenneth; who I co-drove, other son Richard now co-drives a Starlet, Dave drives a Starlet too and he & Joanne regularly administer RNZ events.

The Kibble family are quite notable. I knew Harvey back in the 70's and have driven with Jamie and Debbie.

Then there is Dave Robb who borrowed Adam's Starlet for the Top Half series and won. I met Dave through Brian Rowe 17 years ago, have watched his son Liam grow from a baby into a teenager. Dave has been building a Datsun 240Z all these years, and promised me the first ride in it (it may be in a coffin unless his rate of progress picks up!). Dave is a RNZ scrutineer.

In 2016 I was welcomed to Bryn Smith's family; we did Whangarei together (and won). His wife Sue treated me like royalty.

Then there is the other Smith family, Marty, Katherine and Kylee.

Last year I was inducted into the McLean family, co-driving Mike, on rallies they all support him, mum Tena, girlfriend Tegan, brother Cameron and dad Don who has his own WRX.

The most recent family to welcome me is what I will call the "Stewart" family. Dedicated to the late Malcolm Stewart, and his co-driver Mike Fletcher.

This team formed by Mike's widow Sue, races an Audi Quattro using Malcolm's crew and some of his vehicles. What an amazing team, Ray Wilson driver, Doug and Donna usual co-drivers. I shared time with them all at Otago this year.

I am racing with Rex Vizable this weekend, he and his wife Cate, son Finn, have been a friends since 2001.

I have met many others, Drivers, Co-drivers and their crew, as well as Time control personnel, mostly regulars who turn up everywhere. I must mention Mal Clunie and his RESQUCRU.

I am so proud and fortunate to be a part of this great rallying family.

I'm sure to have left some out, I blame "geriatricity" (a new word I've invented)

Flying Fish

Donald Trump is walking out of the White House and heading toward his limo, when a possible assassin steps forward and aims a gun.

A secret service agent, new on the job, shouts "Mickey Mouse!" This startles the would-be assassin and he is captured.

Later, the secret service agent's supervisor takes him aside and asks, "What in the hell made you shout Mickey Mouse?"

Blushing, the agent replies, "I got nervous. I meant to shout "Donald, duck!"

Wellington Motorsport Association Calendar 2018

As at February 2018

	5					
May	6		Race (Charity Classic)	MG	Manfeild	
	12					
	13		Gravel Sprint	Wairarapa	Puketiro Road	GS
	19					
	20					
	21		WMSA Meeting		Hutt Valley Motorsport Clubrooms	
	26		Race/Single/Dual Sprints	Triumph	Taupo Tack 3	
	27		Autocross	Hutt Valley	Trentham	
June	3		Race (Winter series)	Manawatu	Manfeild	
Queens B'day	4					
	17		Sealed Autocross	Manawatu	Manfeild (4.5 km circuit)	
	24		The Surgery Sprints (Round 2) Autocross	Hutt Valley	Manfeild Trentham	IM
July	8		Gravel Sprint Race (Winter eries)	Levin Manawatu	Waiorongomai Road Manfeild	GS
	15		Autocross	Manawatu	Manfeild (back track)	
	29		Autocross	Hutt Valley	Trentham	
August	5		Race (Winter series)	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	12		The Surgery Sprints (Round 3)		Manfeild	IM
	19		Autocross	Manawatu	Manfeild (back track)	
	20		WMSA AGM/Quarterly Meeting		Hutt Valley Motorsport Clubrooms	
	26		Autocross	Hutt Valley	Trentham	
September	2		Race (Winter series)	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	16		Circuit Sprints	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	30		The Surgery Sprints (Round 4) Autocross	Hutt Valley	Manfeild Trentham	IM
October	14		Gravel Sprint Sealed Sprint	Levin Triumph	Mangahao Dam Wainuiomata Coast Road	GS
	20		Race	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	21		Race Sealed Sprint	Manawatu Hutt Valley	Manfeild Port Road	Nat DM/Sc
	28		Sealed Hillclimb	Wairarapa	Admiral Hill	DM/Sc
November	3		Circuit Sprints (Multi event)	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	4		Autocross/Motorkhana (Multi)	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	10		Race (MG Classic)	MG	Manfeild	
	11		Race (MG Classic)	MG	Manfeild	
	19		WMSA Meeting (Calendar)		Hutt Valley Motorsport Clubrooms	
	24		Drift tutoring	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	25		Gravel Hillclimb The Surgery Sprints (Round 5)	Wairarapa	Dorsets Road Manfeild	GS IM
December	8		Circuit Sprints	Manawatu	Manfeild	
	9		Race (Summer series)	Manawatu	Manfeild	

Abbreviations		Club Contacts		Wgtn/Wair Stewards	
KN	Kim Naylor Autocross Series	Levin	027 442 1639 (Chris)	AW	Alan Wright
DM	Duncan McKenzie Sealed Sprint Series	Hutt Valley	027 439 7616 (Neil)	GG	Gordon Gandy
ST	Stewards Trophy Motorkhana Series	Wellington	021 717 676 (Jody)	GM	Gus McMillan
VB	Vesta Battery round of ST series	Harbour Capital	027 6996 838 (Leon)	JR	John Rapley
GS	Gravel Sprint Series	Kapiti	027 446 9986 (Bryan)	PT	Paul Te Punga
RT	Road and Track Sprint Series	Wairarapa	027 4397616 (John_	SM	Stephen Marks
RS	Rallysprint Series	MG	04 970 8644 (Terry)	TS	Tracey Stringer
IM	The Surgery Intermarque Sprint Series	Intermarque	027 232 2523 (Alan)	WG	Wayne Gair
Nat	National meeting	Dannevirke	j_pperformance@hotmail.com		
NT	Night Trial Series	Manawatu	manawatucarclub@xtra.co.nz		
Sc	Ron Scanlon Trophy Series	Wanganui	barbaramgray@gmail.com		
ERS	Engine Room Series	Hawkes Bay	donna_elder@clear.net.nz		



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Playday Southern Tour 2018



Its late February 2018 and the forecast does not look good, it's a week out from the start of the tour and every weather app I can get my hands on says we are going to get wet, and to complicate things even more, the Kaikoura coast road is closed....again.

Oh well no bother worrying about that now, can't change the weather or can I?, no wait, just Googled it and apparently you can't. Spoiler alert....as it turned out, not a drop of rain fell on us on each of the days we were at the tracks, in fact it was seriously hot on a couple of the days, I must have done something right in a previous life and it proves you just can't trust technology...unless it was built by Toyota of course.

So off we go on a 10 day tour of the south island in a well worn Altezza with the intentions of setting the pace and leading the field at four race tracks we have never been to before. Doesn't hurt to have lofty goals, but with a proviso, we have to drive this car to each of these tracks, and back again to Wellington at the end, what could possibly go wrong in that scenario. Confidence was so high we didn't even bother with a plan B, no really, if we messed this up, we were on the bus home.

So here we are, my brother and I are standing in the pits at Teretonga on day one of the Playday on Track Southern Tour 2018, (technically its day three for us as we have just driven from Wellington to Invercargill over the past two days but who's counting) and we are checking out the competition looking over the other vehicles on the tour. Hmm.... one Ferrari, two Ferrari, three Ferrari, Porsche, oh dear you get the picture, we may have brought a knife to gun fight, not that my beaten up old Altezza isn't a fairly capable knife (Leon says I can now officially call it a "championship winning car" since I picked up my Rubber Duck trophy the other night), it's just that in this company it may as well be a horse and cart.

Oh look, a bunch more Porsches just turned up, and a lambo and just to add insult to injury an 800hp Commodore (nope, not a typo!) rumbled to a halt beside us, sigh..... if only I had chosen a different career path or robbed a bank (or two), I could hang with these guys. No wait, salvation, in rolls a 1500cc Hillman Avenger, ah ha, at least we won't be the slowest, that takes the pressure off.



Ruapuna, Grid – who says there is a housing crisis in New Zealand, I count three parked right here.

As it turns out, you can have just as much fun in a \$2000 family car with worn out semi slicks and stuffed ebay coilovers as you can in a car that costs more than my house. This is probably not news to most of you and is the primary reason we decided to come on this tour in a car that if we broke it, we could afford to abandon it on the side of the road and complete the tour in a rental if we had too, it takes the stress out of worrying whether or not that next 9000rpm gear change is really a good idea or not, hey the car has a rev limiter for a reason, why not use it.

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The group of guys (and plenty of girls) on this tour turned out to be a great bunch, the fact that some of them were prepared to go full balls out fast two inches from the pit wall in a \$300,000 plus supercar showed how committed they were to having fun at any cost. Though it was on occasion a bit embarrassing for some of the elite class guys when a dirty green VF Commodore sounding like a Messerschmitt ME109 on steroids blew past them on the front straight at speeds normally reserved for space shuttle launches. The lovely grandmother who was driving it told me she ran out of nerves as the speedo climbed past 265kph when she reached the braking marker at the end of the front straight for the first time, even her husband couldn't hang with her lap times on his turn.....respect!.

Teretonga was a blast, a good way to start the tour and blow the cobwebs out of us and the car, and it just confirmed that we had made the right choice to go with working (just) air conditioning over a roll cage. I have to admit, it's a pretty good day when the hardest decision to make at the start of the tour is which of the three race cars you own you should take (#firstworldproblems).

We spent the day following Teretonga doing something I never thought I would ever do (or would conceivably want to do), that was working on the side of the road in an Invercargill carpark trying to fix a stubborn Mazda RX8 that refused to start. The car belonged to a really nice father and son duo on the tour with us who we ended up forming a friendship with that saw us hanging together for the rest of the tour. We were roughly evenly matched for times on the track which meant we could follow each other around and get some really good in-car video footage of each other from behind. Unfortunately as it turned out this would be far from the last time on this tour I would be under the bonnet of this car in a carpark trying to get it going for the next day. I had never really worked on a rotary before this, did you know those things don't have any pistons!, that's crazy man, no wonder the bloody thing wouldn't start half the time.



Teretonga, Dummy Grid – 1999 Altezza..\$2000, 95 octane fuel used getting here...who cares, hanging your arm out the window as you wait to get on track...priceless.

The jewel in the crown of the tour was the next stop...Highlands Motorsport Park in Cromwell, and by all accounts the reason why most people came on the tour in the first place. Getting access to what is without a doubt the premier racetrack in New Zealand was everything we hoped it would be. This place is amazing, the presentation is immaculate, the pit area has polished concrete slabs without a single oil stain in sight (until the poor chap in the 289 powered FIA Shelby Cobra beside us lunched his gearbox which spewed trans fluid all over the place!) and the owner Tony Quinn has a hot tub on the deck of his private apartment which sits above the viewing gallery on the front straight. This guy redefines the term "one percenter" he is living my, and most likely your dream. The bit that really caught my attention though, was the Japanese zen garden appearance of the sand traps, I kid you not, someone had spent time raking the gravel into spiral patterns like you would see in a bunker at Augusta, not what you expect to see at a race track.



Highlands, Pits – Disneyland eat your heart out, this is the real magical kingdom!

This track has everything, straights and corners (kind of goes without saying really), but also ups, downs, bridges, tunnels and a carrousel modelled off the one at the Nurburgring (albeit a little smaller). I spent the first lap just checking out the scenery before realising I was there to try and break the existing lap record....now wait, I'm pretty sure the track manager said in the briefing at the start that if we broke anything we bought it, this was of course followed by the obligatory chorus of people offering to drive into the nearest wall if Mr Quinn would accept \$50 and some loose pocket change for the track. Apparently \$25 million is closer to the asking price and I was a little short that week so decided to try and keep the car out of the scenery for now, that lap record can wait till next year, I was only 45 maybe 50 seconds off taking it, pretty sure if I drop some more pressure out of the rear tyres I can probably get there.

Due to an unfortunately timed visit from a former PM and an unidentified minor member of the royal family who got to do some hot laps of the track while we waited patiently in the pits, I didn't get my full complement of sessions on the track, but even so I left at the end of the day feeling satisfied that I had ticked one off my bucket list and could die a happy man. When I close my eyes I can still picture every curve and bump on the track and the background song being sung by the Toyota straight four trying to toss all its valves out of the cylinder head as the rev limiter subtly reminds me that I should perhaps consider another gear sometime soon.....yeah yeah I'll get there, just don't ruin my moment....ah bliss.

A couple of days off now, then the group re-gathers at Timaru for an assault on Levels Raceway. Well, well, now I should have paid a little more attention to the locals when they said that turn one off the front straight can be a little tricky to get the hang of. Screaming out from the infield through the bus stop at maximum velocity right on the edge of grip and across the start finish line on the front straight a little smile comes to my face as the lap timer indicates I have just nailed a PB on my third session out, coincidentally it's at about this time that I realise that little bit of extra speed onto the front straight has thrown me off my intended line into turn one.....what did that guy say again?....oh crap!

It's probably also about now that I also realise that the rear brake pads are a little bit more worn than they probably should be for track work, and as I begin to accept the fact that I have just hopelessly run short on talent and resort to mashing the brake pedal down as hard as I can to scrub off speed before the inevitable infield detour I'm about to take, the rear wheels briefly lock...uh oh. Now I am a passenger in a one and a half ton missile about to launch off one of the nastiest rumble strips you have ever seen.....backwards.

All is not lost, you know there is that moment of clarity as the world slows down around you just before it all goes tit up, and for a fleeting second you think; "I've got this".....nope, I was spinning one way, and now all I have managed to achieve is that I'm spinning the other way just as fast...bugger. At least I'm away from the main viewing area and no one will see this....wrong again, bloody in car camera! — shot myself in the foot there.

The car skidded on its underbelly across the mount Everest of ripple strips and came to a rest in the middle of the track on the other side of the corner still miraculously facing in the right direction. Grab first gear and off we go like nothing happened, nope foiled again, engine had stalled, fire it up and off....like a boss! if I say so myself. Unknown to me at that time; as I was still mentally processing what had just happened, but the right front suspension has compressed so far that the tyre slammed the guard and bent it out of shape.

Lucky for me the later application of a carefully placed knee followed by a few judicious whacks with the hammer and we were as good as new (minus some paint) and going the \$2000 beater option proves to be the winner again!

Levels done and dusted (quite literally where I spread a large section of the infield over the track) tonight is straight hit from Timaru to Christchurch as we have back to back days here and we will be at Ruapuna tomorrow.



Levels, Turn One- Apparently it is recommended to keep your hands on the steering wheel when trying to hit the apex, I say it depends on what part of the car you intend to hit it with!, I chose to go with the driveshaft and exhaust in this particular manoeuvre.



Levels, The Bus Stop – One of the coolest corners at any track, how do we get one at Manfeild?

A few of the guys on the tour were locals to Christchurch and they warned us to stay away from what they referred to as the “kerbs” at Ruapuna as they had a tendency to rearrange suspension components and throw cars off the track into the scenery at random. Holy f*#@#@#k, they were not kidding, those things are ramps not ripple strips. I have to say though, of the tracks we drove on this tour, Teretonga was angry and fast, but not really mentally challenging enough, Highlands was nirvana but is generally unobtainable to the public, Levels was immense fun with a really technical infield that had the Altezza wagging the tail all over the show, but it was the full course at Ruapuna which I really gelled with. Ruapuna was never going to be as good as Highlands (lets be fair, nothing in the southern hemisphere short of Mount Panorama is), but it had enough variety and was long enough on the course we ran that I had a complete blast there. What it really showed me is that here in Wellington we need another track and that Manfeild is not maintained to the same standard as the southern tracks (excluding Highlands of course which to be fair had nicer bathrooms than my house and you can’t compare that to anything else in New Zealand). Who do I need to talk to about this?...oh Lotto ticket you say, fair enough.

After the first couple of sessions of the day it became apparent that the back to back days at Level's and Ruapuna had taken their toll on the car, one of the semi slicks was starting to let go on the edges where the tread began to lift and you could feel it vibrating on the straights, but more urgently, the rear brakes started wailing like an banshee and the middle pedal started to lengthen notably. A quick trip to the local BNT between sessions and a new set of rear brake pads were in, and the old ones as suspected, were shown to be almost non-existent. Now I'm not silly and I had brought spare front pads after figuring 3500km including four track days was probably going to wear a few things out, just not rear brake pads, and as I had circumspectly checked the condition of the rears after Highlands and thought we were good, I was obviously very wrong (minus one point for the pit crew).

No harm done and we were back for the afternoon sessions but at a reduced pace to try and preserve what was left of the tyres. We had made the decision to use the semi slicks for the drive back to Wellington because they were better on the road than the now heavily worn road tyres I had and we were expecting some crappy weather on the way home.



Ruapuna, Pits – Looking for those extra few tenths through the addition of some non-standard sized rubber.

At the end of the day at Ruapuna, vehicle and pride still intact it was back to the hotel in Christchurch for a social event to wrap up the tour before the drive back to Picton the following morning.

In the end, the car held up remarkably well considering how much we ragged on it over the week, my only complaints were that the air conditioning didn't work well enough (once again #firstworldproblems) and that we had to make a stop to buy an extra cushion for the race seat becausewell just because...we are softies alright!.

A huge shout out to Gary and Rae who run the tour, I know it's a business and they are doing it to make a living, but they have a great product here and they are really passionate about what they do which makes this such a pleasurable experience to those of us that went on the tour. I cannot recommend this tour enough, my brother and I intend to go again next year, but this time we will probably take two cars to get maximum track time. If anyone is planning to go next year, get in early as it sells out real fast and feel free to contact myself or my brother Lee if you want any tips or hints on what you can do around pre planning to maximise the experience.

Dean Herd

Team Driver and Chief Mechanic
BCBC Motorsport

P.S. If anyone finds the wheel nut I lost in the pits area at Levels Raceway in Timaru, could you please mail it back to me. Its silver and about an inch long with threads on the inside, should be easy to spot. I'll send you the money for the cost of the stamp.

Some Nostalgia from Dave Wilce

REFLECTIONS OF A NOVICE

Well as the year comes to a close, I thought it was about time I put pen to paper again and write another article for the club mag.

As I look back over my first year in H.C.C.C., I realised I have helped in almost as many events as I have competed in. My first event being Manfield 1993, I was introduced to the timing box. By the time you read this I will have done timing at Manfield for the third time, having only raced there once.

After doing a few autocross's in Alastair's Lada I was offered a fulltime drive in the 555 'ProDrive' Subaru team, but not wanting to jump ahead too fast, I formed the Subaru 1400DL 'SloDrive' team instead! This was slowed down (even more) by the roof, and both sides of the car deciding that they all wanted turns at seeing what it was like to be the bottom of the car. They obviously didn't like it because they gave the job back to the floor, who was the only one smart enough to have wheels between it and the ground. This mutiny happened during the Aotea Autocross. It sat for three months before I got round to fixing it. The only cost was \$6 for a can of spray paint (which I haven't got round to using yet)!

Earlier in the year Graeme got us roped into helping with the Ohakune rally. We cruised up in the Subaru to help with the starting of the special stages. Graeme controlled the incoming cars, while I checked the cars in on their reporting time. This was our first involvement with the central region rally series. We enjoyed ourselves so much, we decided to help with them all.

After being unsuccessful contacting the organiser of the Hastings rally we volunteered for the Wairarapa rally. This time both Graeme (sporting his broken leg) and I were checking the cars in from their touring stage before they started the next special stage. Again we cruised over in the Subaru. It had just been repaired from its rollover. Now it has been lowered 60mm in the front and 70mm in the rear with heavier strut oil, and sporting new Rino tyres on the front. We would be traveling on closed gravel roads, so this would be a good test for the lowered and stiffened car ... not to mention a bit of fun.

After finishing our job on starts we joined the detaping crew. These guys follow the last car picking up all the tape used to block driveways and gates etc. As we were following the back of the rally we were, again, driving on closed gravel roads. This is a definite advantage of helping with a rally.

After I parked the Subaru in a ditch and Graeme showed me how to take a corner at $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the speed you should. (Boy did he have my attention)! Four corners later we had slowed down enough to gain control of the car, and we decided the suspension mods were a success.

We wanted to help with the Taupo rally but had a prior engagement that weekend. After taking part in the Levin car clubs 'Taupo Challenge Reply' both annual events. The Subaru hadn't been repaired from its roll at this stage so I went up for the social side ... and to help naturally. This was my first experience flag marshalling. I didn't really know what I was doing, but it got me close to the action, and helped out. I only helped on the first day as I wasn't needed on the second day. I became a spectator until I was offered a chance to go out with Dave Manze in his 4 age powered DX Corolla. 3.9kms of Pumas/Sand through forest pruning tracks on road tyres. I spent the first 3kms holding on telling myself I trusted Dave and that he knew what he was doing ... then I relaxed. I was even going to wave to a video camera as we went round a corner but didn't want to disturb Daves concentration. It would not have made too much difference as we went off the track, into the rough on the same corner. Dave throttled off for a second until he saw a path back onto the track. Just as he planted boot again I found my chest was being crushed by my harness, as I saw the windscreen smash, showering me in glass splinters. We had hit a tree stump, which was hiding in a shadow. Unfortunately it destroyed Dave's car. But fortunately we were both OK. So was the tree stump, which didn't even notice we were there. I now have a copy of the crash on video, and it is amazing to see the difference between what I remember, and what actually happened.

The next big event was the Day Breaker. Do you think we would miss out on spending uncountable hours standing out in the rain and snow all night? No way! Our services were offered again. This time we were doing the flying finish. We would stop the clock as the car crossed the line, record it and radio it through to finish control. This becomes fun when you have found cars coming through in 13 seconds in the dark and only two clocks to stop. We only got three of the car numbers, but we managed to get their times OK. This happened during stage two. Then we headed off to the far north Waiouru stage 8. This trip took us a lot longer than expected, due to an inaccurate map. Dawn broke as we cooked our breakfast on our camp stove (we were prepared with all the comforts of home). This time we could see the cars as they past which made it easier to get the car numbers. Our third stage had the finish line halfway through a hairpin bend, with Graeme and I sitting up a side road, so we didn't get hit by any stray cars.

Our job was done and we hadn't had enough so we set off in search of Brian and Mini, who were playing crew for Neil and Andrew. We stopped to take photos of Brian Stoke's Escort in very secondhand condition. We joined Brian and Mini at the end of the second to last stage, and followed through to the finish, where

there was much socialising and celebrating. Not to mention a few stories. After some tea and more socialising Graeme and I decided to drive home. Brian did well with 30 hours without sleep as we were just on the lower side of 40 hours without sleep, and we can't wait to do it all over again next year!

The Wellington street race? You bet! We signed up straight away. Flag marshalling all three days. This got us free passes close to the action and we learnt how to flag marshall properly. Not to mention the new friends we made, it was an exciting and most enjoyable weekend.

The moral of this story is that an event doesn't run itself. It needs organisers, marshall and time keepers. Yes it is fun to race but helping is also fun and can be very rewarding. Not to mention a way of meeting new friends.

Ringin an organiser to offer help can be like telling him he's won lotto. For some reason it doesn't happen very often. If your pocket is hurting from your race car (when doesn't it) take a break and help run a few events. You never know you might like it. If you are wanting to get into rallying, get involved in running a few. It helps you understand how it works and why you do the things you do.

I challenged you all to get involved in 1995. Maybe help run an event that you wouldn't normally compete in. The more organisers we have the more events we can run.

Thanks for a great year. I have found the car club scene to be full of very friendly and helpfull people. A group I am proud to be involved with. And by the way it's your fault that I will now be broken for the rest of my life!

A special thanks to Graeme for all the work he's done on the Subaru.

Cheers

Dave Wilce (Team 'Slodrive')



A Nottingham woman (pictured here) has lost her case at Nottingham magistrates court today, after she tried to sue "NUH Queens Medical Centre" after her husband went in for an operation which left him unable to have sex with her afterwards.

Mrs Minger of Bulwell aged 67 said to reporters outside court this afternoon "Me and me 'usband Fred 'ave 'ad bangin' sex till 'e went ta 'ospital and 'ad 'is operation, now 'e's not interested 'n me and it's all down to them twats" !

The surgeon who performed the operation and attended court to give evidence said "all we did was removed Fred's Cataracts" !



People often complain about the police, but you rarely hear about the positive things they do, such as this incident involving a biker and a frozen carburettor.

Last January on a bitterly cold winter's day, a Scottish Motorcycle Patrol Officer came upon a motorcyclist who was stalled by the roadside.

The biker was swathed in heavy protective clothing and wearing a full-face helmet to protect the face from the cold weather

“What’s the matter?” asked the Officer.

"Carburettor’s frozen," was the terse reply.

"Pee on it. That'll thaw it out."

"I can't," said the biker.

"OK, watch me closely and I'll show you." The Officer unzipped and promptly warmed the carburettor as promised

Moments later the bike started and the rider drove off, waving.

A few days later, the local Police Station received a note of thanks from the father of the motorcyclist.

It began: "On behalf of my daughter Jill."





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