



Photo - Leon

# WHEELSPIN

November 2018

[www.hccc.org.nz](http://www.hccc.org.nz)

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## COVER PHOTO

Rex & Flying Fish (Again) – Watch video on

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xEGz\\_b21KQ0&feature=youtu.be&fbclid=IwAR1ZRgKwMryu6B\\_NY0YEuTecAQdkETYSn-4UnQ7r4d-pyWgLLU9ceUBjaFI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xEGz_b21KQ0&feature=youtu.be&fbclid=IwAR1ZRgKwMryu6B_NY0YEuTecAQdkETYSn-4UnQ7r4d-pyWgLLU9ceUBjaFI)

Committee : 3<sup>rd</sup> TUESDAY : 1841 Disraeli Street Johnsonville, 7:30pm, everybody welcome

Club-night : 1<sup>st</sup> TUESDAY of the month, 1841 Disraeli Street Johnsonville, 7:30 pm.

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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.

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## DEADLINE

The Deadline for Wheelspin articles is the 20<sup>th</sup> of the month approx.

# CLUB NIGHT

**1841 Pub** (Upstairs)

**1 Disraeli St, Johnsonville** (next to the BP)

**TUESDAY 6th November 2018 @7:30**



A pleasantly busy month has inflicted itself upon my time and money: Sort of a bit of everything this month.

First off, Wellington Car Club ran their annual Shelly Bay Sprint, which is always an enjoyable bit of road, despite it being on that pesky "sealed" surface, rather than gravel. To be fair, I guess if you wanted to drive on the beach, you could make it a gravel event. But I would very much hint to you, that this might not be a brilliant plan, for your health and mental wellbeing (and wallet).

It's an event that I quite like, just because it's a nice road with a lot of variable corners, and is nicely local. That I have to be there anyway (because I am the scrutineer) is an extra bit of motivation to enter. Plus the Corolla has been in tarmac trim for a few months, due to a drought of gravel events. Shelly Bay is probably my second fave, after Kaihinu Road (where I can usually do a lot better in class, due to bravery).

Decent turnout; with about 30 entrants, from a couple of monster Skylines, to a Ford Cortina.

People mostly stayed out of trouble for the day, with only Steve Jopson in the orange mopar encountering the scenery that I am aware of. As it was, he only suffered a flesh wound, which is a solid achievement if you've nerfed a bank on that particular bit of road.

I was a distant last in class, due to a combination of lack of bravery, and very elderly tyres. But it was still a pleasant enough drive, and I didn't have any particularly scary moments, which is about all I can hope for.

It was actually even a fairly pleasant day out on the coast, which is something to appreciate. Given how often "Scorching Bay" is a grossly misnamed destination.

My next event was back on gravel at Mangahao Dam (Levin Car Club) one week later.

So that week saw a fairly tight timetable, as I tried to get the car back onto gravel suspension,



aligned, and a new WOF, all in time for the following Sunday.

The changeover went pretty well compared to last time. Last time involved all of the swears, the brake pads in the hydraulic handbrake caliper (I run two calipers on the rear of the Corolla) coming out in multiple pieces. So to my relief, it wasn't a job that made me want to set fire to the car.

It's always an obnoxiously early start when you're doing a 90 minute drive to an event, and this time around was no exception. Nothing that a BP Otaki top up, and pie can't make you feel a bit better about.

Turned out to be quite a busy carpark, as there were also a bunch of kayakers doing their thing on the river as well, so we had the carpark divided in two, which meant rather snug car arrangement was encouraged.

The road was in rather interesting condition, with quite a few water flow ruts running across the road, and generally a light covering of gravel over a very hard base.

My first run was using my worn out front tyres, which was pretty sketchy, and rather a bad idea. Rather undermined my confidence, and gave me that whole "hey, I've forgotten how to drive on gravel and I'm going to die" vibe.

Those tyres were retired to the sidelines, and the really good Dunlop's (thanks Neils Wheels) went from the lawn, to on the car.

Len (El Editorio) jumped into the passenger seat for my first official timed run. Well, when I say jumped, I mean climbed carefully and painfully into the narrow passenger seat, that is far too close to the dash.



That helped my confidence by a factor of infinity + 8, because his notes reminded me of the pattern of slower corners, meaning I could push on a bit rather than second guessing myself. 21 seconds were trimmed off my time, and my gravel mojo returned.

The road was getting pretty brutal even then, with some really big rocks being deposited on the line, and a high level of mechanical abuse being called for even during the careful drive back down the hill.

After my second official timed run, I had got down from 6:11 (practice) to 5:40, and I thought I was pressing on relatively well.

Then I did what I don't often do, which is look at the times. There was a Mk2 Lotus Cortina (Pat, down from Wanganui) in my class, and he was a whopping 8.5 seconds ahead of me. I assumed completely wrongly that Greg in the Integra was in my class (nope, 1800cc apparently), and assumed correctly that he was a country mile faster than I was. So as far as I was aware, I was fighting it out for second in class.

Now it was time for some contemplating. I thought I could probably pull out a few seconds, by trying to brutally hook first gear through every slow corner, rather than bogging down in second in a more mechanically sympathetic manner. But I was pretty sure that 8.5 seconds was well and truly beyond the levels of my brave, and probably above what I could expect out of the Corolla.

I decided that I'd throw as much at it as I was willing to try in a car that I'm intending to drive home again.

Had one mild overshoot near the start of the steep section, but other than that the run went well, and I successfully managed to engage first gear on every attempt. It wasn't quite good enough, but I managed 8 seconds of the 8.5 seconds I would have needed.

This was pretty satisfying, and I believe is a good 6 seconds faster than I've ever managed, getting me to second in class behind the Lotus Cortina, and 9th overall.

Now I just need to get under the car, and see why the steering wheel is no longer sitting at 12 o'clock while driving home. Sigh.

There were some very cool cars at the event, along with the Lotus Cortina, Euan was running a Datsun Sunny, there was a Vauxhall Viva, an MR2 running a V8, a Mk2 Escort (unsure if BDA or something else under the hood), a Rover SD1 V8, and an early RX7.

The last run of the day delivered a certain amount of challenge, as Euan put the Sunny quite hard into a bank, Rex and Len clouted the back corner of the Legacy, and another Legacy got stuck off the side of the road. The Rover managed to get his woes out of the way earlier, crashing on both practice, and the first run, before taking the rather battered Rover home for the day due to wheels pointing in interesting and unintended directions.

The top of the leader-board was Rex in the Subaru, Paul in the V8 MR2, Greg in the Integra, and Bryce in the Lancer GSR. Graham's bad run in the Pulsar has unfortunately continued, with another supercharger belt failure bringing his day to an early finish.

Then for me, Labour weekend brought me a complete change of scene, a step behind the scenes of events, and a leap backwards in time back to 20 years ago when I was involved in MOWOG (Mini's of Wellington Owners Group). The annual "Mini nationals" was being held in Wellington this year, and I offered to help out (and also our club supplied the cones, flags, extinguishers, radios and stuff).

Mike loaned me his daily driver Mini, so I was cruising around in an automatic Mini for the weekend. Unfortunately it was running poorly, and actually saw me parked beside the road on Sunday morning with the fire having gone out. But it was funny being back in such a mad little go-kart car again, making the Swift feel like a huge squishy armchair of a thing.

They had an amazing turnout, with I believe slightly shy of 150 cars at the show and shine on Saturday.

I was then the half way point man in the navigational trial on Saturday afternoon out at Makara Beach.

Sunday was a sealed motorkhana and then autocross out at Trentham.

I've supplied some photos which hopefully Len <sup>5</sup> will be able to put in the mag.

That's it from me this month, as I'm sure Len is pacing nervously waiting for this email to arrive...

So you somewhere with either cones, or burgers.

Cheers

Leon

### **The Wit of Qantas Aircraft Mechanics**

Remember it takes a college degree to fly a plane, but only a high school diploma to fix one: reassurance for those of us who fly routinely in our jobs. After every flight, Qantas pilots fill out a form, called a "gripe sheet," which tells mechanics about problems with the aircraft. The mechanics correct the problems, document their repairs on the form, and then pilots review the gripe sheets before the next flight. Never let it be said that ground crews lack a sense of humour. Here are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by Qantas' pilots (marked with a P) and the solutions recorded (marked with an S) by maintenance engineers.

P: Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tire.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit.

S: Something tightened in cockpit.

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed.

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what friction locks are for.

P: Mouse in cockpit.

S: Cat installed.

P: IFF inoperative in OFF mode.

S: IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

P: Number 3 engine missing.

S: Engine found on right wing after brief search.

P: Aircraft handles funny.

S: Aircraft warned to: straighten up, fly right, and be serious.

P: Target radar hums.

S: Reprogrammed target radar with lyrics.

P: Noise coming from under instrument panel. Sounds like a midget pounding on something with a hammer.

S: Took hammer away from midget.

# Wellington Motorsport Association Calendar 2018

As at June 2018

<b>November</b>	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
<b>December</b>	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		

LEVIN CAR CLUB INC. Quality Keys Ltd MANGAHAO DAM ROAD GRAVEL SPRINT. 14 October 2018											
3rd timed Run. Overall results.											
No.	NAME	CAR	Class	Club	PRACTISE	1	2	3	FASTEST RUN	Class Placing	Overall Placing
43	Rex Vizible	Subaru	E	Levin	11.19.5	5.19.5	5.13.2	5.14.0	5.13.2	1st	1st
74	Paul Tulloch	Toyota	D	Wanganui	6.01.0	5.41.0	5.29.9	5.19.6	5.19.6	1st	2nd
67	Greg Browne	Honda	C	Manawatu	5.35.6	DNF	5.23.2	5.19.7	5.19.7	1st	3rd
65	Bryce Hackett	Mitsubishi	E	Wanganui	5.38.8	5.29.7	5.24.4	5.26.9	5.24.4	2nd	4th
26	Shane Murland	Ford	D	Kapiti	5.37.2	5.35.9	5.25.3	DNS	5.25.3	2nd	5th
27	Chris Bellis	Subaru	E	Dannevirke	5.51.1	5.41.5	5.27.8	DNF	5.27.8	3rd	6th
47	Shane Mackay	Subaru	D	Levin	5.50.0	5.28.2	5.30.5	5.31.8	5.28.2	3rd	7th
48	Pat Dillon	Ford	B	Wanganui	6.08.9	5.54.5	5.32.2	DNF	5.32.2	1st	8th
90	Leon Cast	Toyota	B	HCCC	6.11.1	5.50.8	5.40.5	5.32.7	5.32.7	2nd	9th
19	Euan Beattie	Datsun	A	Levin	5.48.0	5.43.8	5.34.0	DNF	5.34.0	1st	10th
39	Graham Heath	Nissan	D	HCCC	5.41.3	5.34.9	5.55.2	DNS	5.34.9	4th	11th
94	Andrew Lowe	Subaru	E	South Rangitikei	6.03.5	5.46.6	5.37.4	5.41.4	5.37.4	4th	12th
31	Brendon Cantwell	Toyota	D	Hutt Valley	6.02.2	5.47.6	5.49.7	5.42.9	5.42.9	5th	13th
24	Hamish McIntosh	Mazda	D	Manawatu	6.15.1	6.07.1	5.55.0	5.56.1	5.55.0	6th	14th
69	Norman Anthony	Toyota	B	Dannevirke	6.19.2	6.01.6	5.55.2	5.55.8	5.55.2	3rd	15th
33	Brent Miller	Toyota	B	Wellington	6.15.2	6.03.7	6.00.0	DNS	6.00.0	4th	16th
6	Colin Tubb	Vauxhall	D		6.01.2	6.04.5	DNS	DNS	6.04.5	7th	17th
42	Richard Prouse	BMW	D	Hutt Valley	7.04.2	6.36.1	6.37.9	6.29.7	6.29.7	8th	18th
46	Paavo Torkkola	Rover	D	Taihape	12.16.1	DNF	DNS	DNS	DNF	9th	19th

## A funny thing happened on the way to the Forum<sup>1</sup> Bathurst

David Reid – [05holdenman@gmail.com](mailto:05holdenman@gmail.com)

As many of you will have gathered I travel quite often and frequently there is a motorsport event and driving involved. In fact one might almost consider me a semi-professional traveller. Recently it was Bathurst week so there I was on the Friday 'red eye' special to Sydney. Arriving in Sydney to low cloud, persistent rain and general gloom it was a great relief to collect my rental car and get out of town. On this occasion the car was a Corolla. Best described as a rental special it was fitted in acres of plastic. Cabience ambience was not its strong point. Unless you want to travel Parramatta Road, there is no way out of Sydney heading west that does not include a toll road. Minimising toll charges has you driving from the airport along King Georges Road to the M4. Then there's a distance-based toll for about five kilometres. [Don't tell our government, but maybe that's a topic for another day].

I've driven Sydney to Bathurst many times to the point where I think I know where most of the speed cameras and average speed cameras are. [Don't tell our government, oh wait, they're already experimenting]. Arriving in Bathurst the weather had improved to the point where the road was dry although temperatures remained chilly. On track, drivers were still coming to grips with the lack of adhesion following a wet lead up to the event. For me the Friday is about settling in, getting my comfy chair and umbrella and scouting the place out. On most occasions I sit on Murray's Corner – you're always guaranteed some action there. And the large screen is visible. On this occasion I moved slightly and sat between the grandstand and the finish line. Partly this was to do with seeking some shelter from the cool wind and partly to try a different line of sight. The down side was the feral family in front of me. Devout enemies of the Holden brand that was clearly something inter-generational. The worst of the lot were the teenage males, one of whom was clearly leader of the gang. You might accuse me of the same, however this was at a whole new level.

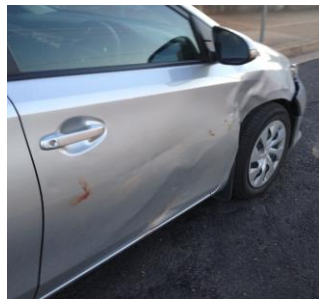
I never stay in Bathurst. One aspect is the immense cost – motel rooms at AUD400 a night are common for this weekend. I stay in the little settlement of Canowindra, about 100 kilometres away. This does mean a bit of a drive each day, although in the vastness of Australia what's a couple of hundred kays a day. I'd woken at 2.30 am on the morning I departed and by the time I got to my accommodation it was 7.30 pm. Keep in mind eastern Australia had yet to move to daylight saving so there was a three hour time difference. Needless to say I was tired, hungry and not at my scintillating best. Saturday dawned a clearer morning and by day's end I was wearing shorts. Much better! I took my time heading to Bathurst and arrived in time for the Toyota 86's. It's great they can put over 30 cars on the grid however I find them less than enthralling. And to be followed by the Super Utes which are even less entertaining. Perhaps I am a dinosaur after all. Yet there are plenty of us as the crowd swells for the V8s. And so Saturday was a pleasant day with no great drama.

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<sup>1</sup> With apologies to the film of the same name



Race day dawned cool and crisp. To get a good position at Murray's necessitated an early start. After a light breakfast, and the rest packed into my bag, off I set. I thought the Corolla's lights did not throw a good light in either brightness or length of beam, even when on high beam. Being out in a country area driving is approached with some deal of caution. The previous day I'd had ducks, a lamb and a roo on the road. So there I was driving along and BANG! Straight away I knew what it was. A flaming roo! I pulled to a halt and opened the driver's door. Fortunately I'm of



fairly svelte shape as the door would not fully open. The damage was clear – front bumper, headlight assembly, bonnet, right front panel and driver's door. The roo, I don't know. I never saw it before the event and never saw it after. I suspect it came out of the trees at the roadside and

straight into the car. It hit me rather than the other way around. It happened so quickly the adrenaline never had time to pump. But there sure was a lot of swearing. This was 6.30 am and I still had 60k to Bathurst. Off I set gingerly with nothing obvious dragging or rattling in the car. Although potholes in the road did create suspension travel and rubbing of the guard on the tyre. Once at Bathurst I secured a spot at Murray's before beginning the process with the rental company. One of the things I do is trawl federated search sites for the best rental car deals. A few days before departure I'd changed my booking from an off-airport supplier to the Thrifty counter at Sydney Airport. So I rang Thrifty who organised a tow and gave me the number of their local branch. Hurrah thought I, I can get a replacement. But that had to be agreed with Sydney. So I called and left a message. I'm still waiting for the call back. The towie took me to the local branch. The agent there noted the roo poo on the driver's door and that I'd certainly given the roo a scare. There was also some blood and the fur had long since blown away. They had a car coming in the following day at 8 pm – no good to me as I was on a flight home. There was one the next morning, only when I explained where I was staying there was no alternative. A ute it was. Not the most elegant or stylish, but wheels all the same. And you haven't seen the credit card yet. That's taken a hammering for the excess. All of this took three hours so by the time I returned to the track I'd missed most of the lead-up to the main event. But I still had my chair in its spot and the ferals for company.

As with most Bathurst 1000's the momentum of the race swung back and forth as the usual incidents and pit stops occurred. In hindsight I'm sure Erebus realise they should have changed drivers at the last pit stop. That they copped a penalty at this stop and later on still had to change drivers anyway destroyed their race result, having been the form team for much of the weekend. That Lowndes won was probably a result many people felt comfortable with. Except for the ferals in front. They were beside themselves. As for me another entertaining weekend at Bathurst, where I was actually part of the entertainment. I headed back to my digs even more wary of that next roo that would leap out at me. Where I passed the place of the "event", not a body in

sight. So if the roo did survive I hope he was plenty sore because my credit card was now in a sling.

So what did I learn out of this? Thank goodness I changed the rental car supplier. Having a supplier with an agency in Bathurst helped. Yes, I had insurance and I always use my travel insurance rather than purchase the overpriced cover from the rental company. I wouldn't change that approach, although I'm currently carrying the cost of the excess until such time as the repair costs are confirmed and I can complete a claim. And how to beat the roos? I run this gauntlet again in February when I attend the Bathurst 12-hour. I'm told it's been a bumper roo breeding season so I need to find a way to minimise the danger. All part of the warp and weft of living life to its fullest.

October 2018.

David Reid

## VW Golf GTI For sale:



Asking Price \$4,300 ONO	Number plate EFQ556	Kilometres 169,530km
Body Silver, 5 door, Hatchback	Seats 4	Fuel type Petrol
Engine 4 cylinder, 1800cc	Transmission Manual	History 2 owners, Imported
Registration expires Sep 2019	WoF expires Dec 2018	

Contact: Hayden Nicholson

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E-mail : [nicholson@polymer.co.nz](mailto:nicholson@polymer.co.nz) |









## Flying Fish Enterprises Ltd

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 Email [elfish9@gmail.com](mailto:elfish9@gmail.com)

For All Household maintenance & building, including General repairs, Painting, Water blasting, Glazing etc

Ticks off the bucket list

A few years ago the UK based team I bought my Radical SR3 from got in touch with an amazing offer; come and join us at Spa and the Nürburgring in their new car. As you will expect, that got my attention in a big way.

Not long before the event and while we were planning our trip a GT3 flew over the fence at Flugplatz (airfield, an apt name) and the event was moved to Silverstone while the owners of the 'Ring thought over how they were running the track. That didn't work in in with our travel plans so the drive was put on ice. Until this year.

Noel, the owner got in touch again in January to offer back to back events at Spa and the 'Ring, and the timing for the events lined up with a work trip to attend the International Broadcasters Conference in Amsterdam, so it was game on!



Amsterdam is a lovely place to go for a conference and work was going really well, so the trip was off to a great start. Long days, but a few runs along the Amstel River made it easy to beat the jet lag.

Meredith and I then do a bit of a cruise around the Med starting in Marseilles and finishing off in Genoa after taking in Palma del Mallorca and Barcelona. Wow, it's great being in that amazing cities with so much history. if you are wondering about doing a cruise, do it, such an easy way to travel, and making it easy to keep track of work back home. (it's been an interesting experience to realise I can do most of my job from the other side of the World).

From Genoa, we trained up to Milan, then to Zurich. I didn't know what to expect of Zurich, but



what a car spotter's paradise! So many supercars cruising the streets of a lovely city!

I really enjoy travelling by train and being able to just chill and look out the window at the beautiful countryside. But back to car related happenings, this is where we picked up a rental car to handle the next part of our trip. I've only driven on the other side of the road once before, and never in Europe, so it's fair to say that I was NERVOUS as we headed out onto the motorway system and started ticking off countries as we headed to Strasbourg.

Crossing into Germany, this gave me my first experience driving on unrestricted autobahn. Most of the motorway systems through our trip were 130km/h limited and that felt fine. On the unrestricted autobahn I just stayed at the speed of traffic, which was 150 – 160km/h, returning 4.5l/ 100km out of the 4WD TDI Golf on a very comfortable cruise. The kilometres tick off really quickly at speeds that would make me public enemy number one back here at home. After a night in a many hundreds of years old hotel in the old city, we left Strasbourg and headed to the small town of Francorchamp in Belgium to meet up with the UK team that I would be joining.

Three Radicals arrived on trailers, two SR3's and the car I would drive, the only road legal SRX in existence. Yes, road legal! They were accompanied by a couple of 911's and Mercs. One 911 didn't make the trip after accidentally leaving the car in reverse and backing into a lorry. Oops. Arriving with Noel was a good mate of his Phil, who is a very experienced enduro and sprint racer and Sam Webster, World KZ2 kart champion who Noel had arranged to come along for the trip to give some driver training to one of the other SR3 drivers. A thoroughly good bunch of blokes who made Meredith and I very welcome.

A special mention needs to go to Paul and his 500HP LS3 powered brown MK V Cortina. (he's the guy photo bombing me). He's built something awesome!

There's two ways into the iconic F1 circuit, a quick five minute drive which goes through a tunnel under the approach to Eau Rouge, or if you have a trailer a 15 minute drive which takes in a good amount of the old track. I chose to follow the trailers and soak in some history. You can still see the corner markers and ripple strips still have paint on them.

The event was based out of the F1 pits. 240 cars, mostly professionally run race cars including factory teams from Lamborghini and Aston Martin and a Ferrari FXX with huge transporters lined up along the pits. The number of 911's at the event was amazing, twenty were 911 911 GT2RS alone!

The weather was very cold (4 deg C) and foggy as we set up and went through doco. A Kiwi license caused some surprise and a really nice welcome from the organisers. Noel is well known to them as one of the quickest and most experience drivers they have at the event, so being brought along by him was a good thing.

When the fog cleared enough for it to be safe to go on track I jumped in the car with Noel driving for some sighting laps. Noel talked me through the course, then pulled in after a few laps and said "Off you go". He's not the best passenger in the World, but he agreed to passenger with me for a few laps for some extra track training before I started off on solo sessions. All the laps on games and sims over the years really payed off her, the elevation changes are of course not well represented in the sims, but I was very tuned in on where all the corners went. Sims are not Noel's thing, but after he saw me go through the tricky double apex Pohoun corners a couple of times he was pretty happy I wasn't going to wreck anything.

As I wrote, most of the cars were Pro teams, but there were a large number of rich boys in their very fast toys who spent the day proving that just because you can afford a super car doesn't make you able to drive one fast. The track was closed for two and a half hours during the day to sweep up broken cars whose drivers ambition outweighed their ability. One session had me out with so many dubious drivers I pulled the pin and headed to the pits, it just didn't feel good. I was very intent on keeping Noel's car in one piece! But many laps were had, 36 all up, so I started to get a feeling for the track. The process during a clean-up was to throw a full course yellow unless it was bad and then a red flag. 2.5 hours of red flags... Spa is known as the track that sends people to hospital (it did that day), and I wonder if it is on purpose that they run Spa before the

'Ring event to reduce the number of incidents at the much more demanding 'Ring.

The SRX is powered by a RPE 1500cc based on a 'Busa, similar in performance to the 1441cc I had in my SR3, but with the latest aero it was more stable at high speed. Other than a paddle shift it felt very similar to my old car, and I've gotten used to a paddle shift in my Juno, so I felt very quickly at home. The SRX is much easier on the driver than the Juno!

Exiting the pits the first thing you realise is Eau Rouge is REALLY, REALLY STEEP and Radillion could go very, very wrong! From the driver's seat in the SRX all you see is sky. I used a 'V' between two trees as a marker to aim for. I never got the confidence to do as Noel and Phil did, and go through flat in 6<sup>th</sup>, but 190KM/h was OK. Kemmel Straight is long and fast. The full course yellows worked in my favour during the early sessions as it allowed me to build up a good picture of my surroundings and brake markers and Les Combes allows a Radical to shine, no matter what the supercar has just passed you on the straight, you are back through before Bruxelles, the highest point on the track. The corner with no name and Campus are a dream, but don't be greedy at Stavelot or you compromise the rest of the lap as it steadily increases in speed through Paul Frere and the flat in 6<sup>th</sup> Blanchemont. Bus Stop is tight as is La Source, patience is definitely needed to keep the car positioned for maximum drive onto the straights. It is long, fast and impressive! Join up Manfield and Hampton Downs and you still need a good chunk of Taupo to get to the same track length.

The car went back on the trailer, and I got out of my race-suit with a huge smile on my face. We all headed back to the Hotel for a good dinner and a few quiet ones. Next morning was a pretty early start to make the less than two hour trip to Nurburg. Staying at the Motorsport Hotel, which featured pictures of McLaren, Hulme and Amon in the breakfast room, we were just to the side of the main straight and under the gaze of the Nurburg Castle. Lunch in Adenau, the lowest point of the track was followed by sign on and driver's briefing. Noel was rightly nervous about letting a Nordschliche novice loose in a Radical as their first experience of the insanely long and difficult track. We went to RSR to check out hiring a car for me to have something that would allow me more of a chance to see of the blind crests, bumps and off camber corners that don't appear in any version I've driven on a computer. That wasn't possible to arrange as the day was fully subscribed by 260 cars with 30 waiting in the winds for an entry if someone dropped out. Given the number of cars not making their way from Spa, I guess a few of those guys got on.

We took a sighting lap in Noel's tow car with Phill at the wheel of the Range Rover during a tourist session. In these sessions anyone on a bike or car can rock up, but a 20 Euro lap pass and head on track. This is when the big accidents happen. And not only is it expensive to repair the armco you bend, the car recovery and repair bills are going to be big. No trips to the hospital were needed to the best of my knowledge, but a bike did high side in front of our team mates just a little behind us on the lap. They were running a very impressive, very new RS6 wagon that doubles as tow car! Sub 10 minutes on a tourist lap is quite something in a Range Rover! The times you hear during tourist laps are bridge to gantry, unlike the event we would be doing the next day the three KM Dottinger straight isn't used. In our event the whole 21KMs and 150 corners of the Green Hell were there to use.

The sighting laps had definitely given me cause for thought. I had a good feel for where the corners would go, but as I have been told quite a few times, it takes your first 200 laps to get a real idea of where they go, and the next 500 to really start learning it. After 1500 you've started to get a feeling for it. Noel has done over 5000 laps here over the years and if you watch the in car video, just watch his hands. Consider that we are looking for corners over blind crests and you will quickly understand why I am rating his as the best driver I've ever been on track with. He knows exactly where the car needs to be at every point of the track.

The day started with a short Indian file session to check the track out and I was in the passenger seat again. And Noel was right, a Radical is not the car to first see the 'Ring from. We were one of the first in the queue when the track went green and I came back from a very quick lap with my eyes on stalks!

A chat followed with Noel and Phil and I said I was very happy to stay in the passenger seat all day.

One of the bits of local knowledge required is that you may not refuel in the pit area. Road cars head a short drive away (on a heavily speed policed bit of public road that is parallel to the straight) to a very well placed petrol station, but the Radicals had to pull off at T13, a small pit area that you would recognise as the starting pits in the PlayStation game, at the point you go straight on to the F1 track or hard right onto the Nordschleife. There's no team access, so the driver or passenger needs to be able to get themselves in and out of the car without assistance. I had a good job as fuel transfer technician that game me plenty of track time! It is that intimidating, and I was very clear in my head how much I didn't know. A good thing I think! We'd talked it through the night before and the plan would be for Phil to be in the passenger seat giving pace notes from memory. Thank goodness for a really good intercom! After a track closed session, one of several, to replace barrier and sweep up a car I was ready to jump in the car on the left hand side and do fuel up for Noel at track open. Instead I was put into the driver's seat at the front of the session queue and off I went for three of the most startling laps I have driven in a race car. Forget thinking of this as a race track as we know it here. It is a tarmac rally stage. And if I go back I will supplement the very good advice I followed from local 'Ring expert David Glasson to learn the name of the corners so you can accept advice from other drivers with a very good set of pacenotes and a car suitable to read them in. I think I would then be able to quickly gain confidence around the track and a much safer way. (I'd love to have Nathan Thomas back driving me in a rally car there; that would be crazy stuff! but not as much as I'd like to have him in the passenger seat 😊).

I must have been OK on my poor passenger because he kept on shouting flat 6<sup>th</sup>, and that is quite something to hear! Occasionally I obeyed. The only things passing me were Ring Taxis. Flugplatz is very well named, and the off-camber blind crest section through Kallenhard to Wehrseifen was something that the PS3 had not prepared me for. I knew that the elevation change was big (1000 ft from highest to lowest point) and the Radical was relatively short geared to give it enough grunt to climb the hill. The steep downhill is the reason the fastest point on the track is not the long final straight, it is on the back of the track. We maxed out at 214KM/h. The first time I saw Karussell was quite a feeling (stay high in a Radical or you damage the floor)

Phil did an amazing job of talking me around, and I was very happy to bring the car back to the pits all in one piece and having done a flying 8:30 lap. Sam, the other 'Ring Novice did 8:16! Noel was doing 7:40!!! Please bear in mind this is in traffic and being pretty careful. I never felt like I was on the limit with the car, I could see the new sections of Armco that show the places the track sides magnetically attract cars regularly to, and my game plan was to enjoy this fantastic opportunity that was extremely kindly offered to me. Not to be a hero to zero, there was enough of that happening as it was. Another piece of local knowledge is that lap times are only discussed after the day has ended.

If you have the opportunity to drive these tracks, grab it with both hands (I know you will). You are going to experience motor racing nirvana. It is even better than you think it will be. The cars you will see in the pit areas alone are worth the trip. But trust me, you want to get on track!

There is in car video on my YouTube channel [www.youtube.com/richard7k](http://www.youtube.com/richard7k) if you would like to see it.

We finished our trip by driving back across several Countries to Amsterdam, completing over 1300Kms on the road. Would I do it again? All of it, in a heartbeat!

Thank you again to Noel and Phil for letting a guy from the other side of the World experience something amazing in a truly capable car. I look forward to returning the favour when the visit here, but we'll need to do a few tracks to give them the same kilometres.

Thank you to David and Elton Goonan for your advice before I even went to the tracks, that really made a difference. And most importantly, thank you Meredith for indulging my motorsport enthusiasm and putting up with a few days in what is not your ideal holiday destination.

Richard Kelly

October 2018

## Motorsport quiz

David Reid – [05holdenman@gmail.com](mailto:05holdenman@gmail.com)

Recently I drove from Adelaide to Melbourne and thought up this quiz along the way. Enjoy!

1. What is the name of the motorsport complex at Tailem Bend, South Australia?
- 2.
3. How much was spent on developing the complex?  
a. \$100m, b. \$110m, c. \$120m
4. The Peregrine Corporation owns the track. What's another word for peregrine?
5. The Supercars ran a 4.9 km track. What is the actual track length?
6. This South Australian track hosted the Australian GP in 1961. Where is it located?
7. Which retired supercars driver was born in Murrayville, Victoria?
8. In what year was the Australian F1 GP first run in Melbourne?
9. What Auckland high school did Jim Richards attend?  
a. Manurewa, b. Papakura, c. Papatoetoe
1. In which Melbourne suburb was Peter Brock born?  
a. Richmond, b. Ringwood, c. Rippon Lea.
10. Siberia and Lukey Heights are corners on which race track.

Answers:

1. The Bend Motorsport Park, 2. \$110m, 3. Foreigner, traveller or pilgrim, 4. 7.7 km, 5. Mallala, 6. Larry Perkins, 7. 1996, 8. Manurewa, 9. Richmond, 10. Phillip Island.





There was a businessman who was getting ready to go on a long business trip. He knew his wife was a flirtatious sort, so he thought he'd try to get her something to keep her occupied while he was gone, because he didn't much like the idea of her screwing someone else. So he went to a store that sold sex toys and started looking around.

He thought about a life-sized sex doll, but that was too close to another man for him. He was browsing through the dildos, looking for something special to please his wife, and started talking to the old man behind the counter. He explained his situation, the old man. "Well, I don't really know of anything that will do the trick. We have vibrating dildos, special attachments, and so on, but I don't know of anything that will keep her occupied for weeks, except ..." said the old man, and then he stopped.

"Except what?" asked the businessman. "Nothing, nothing," said the old man. "C'mon, tell me! I need something!" protested the businessman. "Well, sir, I don't usually mention this, but there is the 'voodoo dick,'" the old man said. "So what's up with this voodoo dick?" the businessman asked. The old man reached under the counter, and pulled out an old wooden box carved with strange symbols. He opened it, and there lay a very ordinary-looking dildo.

The businessman laughed, and said, "Big fucking deal. It looks like every other dildo in this shop!"

The old man said, "But you haven't seen what it'll do yet." He pointed to a door and said "Voodoo dick, the door." The voodoo dick rose out of its box, darted over to the door, and started screwing the keyhole. The whole door shook with the vibrations, and a crack developed down the middle. Before the door could split, the old man said, "Voodoo dick, get back in your box!" The voodoo dick stopped, floated back to the box and lay there, quiescent once more.

The businessman said, "I'll take it!" The old man resisted and said it wasn't for sale, but he finally surrendered to \$700 in cash. The guy took it home to his wife, told her it was a special dildo and that to use it, all she had to do was say, "Voodoo dick, my pussy."

He left for his trip satisfied things would be fine while he was gone. After he'd been gone a few days, the wife was unbearably horny. She thought of several people who would willingly satisfy her, but then she remembered the voodoo dick. She got it out, and said "Voodoo dick, my pussy!"

The voodoo dick shot to her crotch and started pumping. It was great, like nothing she'd ever experienced before. After three orgasms, she decided she'd had enough, and tried to pull it out, but it was stuck in her, still thrusting. She tried and tried to get it out, but nothing worked. Her husband had forgot to tell her how to shut it off.

So she decided to go to the hospital to see if they could help. She put her clothes on, got in the car and started to drive to the hospital, quivering with every thrust of the dildo.

On the way, another orgasm nearly made her swerve off the road, and she was pulled over by a policeman.

He asked for her license, and then asked how much she'd had to drink. Gasping and twitching, she explained that she hadn't been drinking, but that a voodoo dick was stuck in her pussy, and wouldn't stop screwing.

The officer looked at her for a second, and then said, "Yea, right. Voodoo dick, my ass!"



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