

JAGUAR

NORTH QUEENSLAND



REGISTER



POKER RUN
AUGUST 2007

CALENDAR OF EVENTS*

1 August 2007	Meeting, BP Truckstop, Cluden	7:30pm
25-26 AUGUST 2007	ATHERTON TABLELANDS	Details this newsletter
5 September 2007	Meeting, BP Truckstop, Cluden	7:30pm
30 SEPTEMBER 2007	WINE & CHEESE EVENING	TBA
3 October 2007	Meeting, BP Truckstop, Cluden	7:30pm
27-28 OCTOBER 2007	PORT DOUGLAS WEEKEND	TBA
7 November 2007	Meeting, BP Truckstop, Cluden	7:30pm
24 NOVEMBER 2006	CHRISTMAS DINNER	TBA
25 NOVEMBER 2006	CHRISTMAS RECOVERY BREAKFAST	TBA

*Subject to confirmation

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MEETING – WEDNESDAY 1 AUGUST 2007

Meeting opened 7:36pm

PRESENT:

Kevin Fitz Gerald; Richard Dixon, Reg & Jan Fels; Craig Scholz; Peter Dixon, Michael Fitz gerald

APOLOGIES:

Nil

MINUTES:

The minutes of the previous meeting held on 4 July 2007, having been previously distributed, were taken as read and were confirmed.

Kevin Fitz Gerald / Jan Fels

BUSINESS ARISING:



Let's do the Westpac forms this month



Update our details in the State newsletter

CORRESPONDENCE:

INWARDS:



The Running Board



Request to attend a Motorbike club meeting (email)

OUTWARDS:



Response to Motorbike club (email)

Richard Dixon / Jan Fels

TREASURER'S REPORT:

Joe was AWOL. Balance at 25 July 2007 was \$566.12
Cost of Poker Run Trophy \$26.80

GENERAL BUSINESS:

All British Day 2007

Letter of thanks should be sent to participant clubs, 4ttt and Cathedral School

Sunday July 29 Poker Run

Successful. A pair of Queens won the day! Read Jan's article.....

Port Douglas in October

The Munis' from Mt Isa are intending to be in Port Douglas for this get together in October and then intend travelling to Cooktown for a couple days afterwards. If anybody wishes to join them they would be most welcome! Start your planning now and let Jan know your intentions.

Atherton Tablelands Weekend Trip

The Royal Hotel ((07) 4096 2231) is BOOKED out!! If you are unable to secure accommodation in Herberton and still want to come to the Tablelands for the August weekend there is accommodation available in Atherton (15mins from Herberton) or Anne & Richard have a couple of spare bedrooms with queen size beds. Please contact Anne or Richard if you have any queries 40917486.

The following itinerary is adopted (kindly been prepared by Richard & Anne):

Departure time from Townsville is Friday 24 August, 10:00am sharp at the YABULU Mobil Service Station. Be there on time or be late and risk travelling on your own!

Friday 24 August

- > *Travel to Herberton which is approximately 18kms from Atherton and staying at the Herberton Royal Hotel. The cost is \$50 per person per night which INCLUDES bed, breakfast and dinner. Good deal! For those not staying at the hotel, meals will incur a cost of course.*

Saturday 25 August

- > *Cooked breakfast at the Royal Hotel.*
- > *Visit Camera Museum opposite the hotel. Entry is approximately \$6. This may sound a bit boring to some, but the gentleman who owns this fascinating museum is a real Jaguar and motorcycle enthusiast. He has also worked for ASIO and will give a talk and demonstration on his cameras which include spy cameras etc. All will find this very interesting.*
- > *Travel to Irvinebank for lunch and a visit to the John Moffat museum which is extremely well done and very interesting. Entry is approximately \$6. Irvinebank is a tiny old tin mining town 27kms from Herberton with approximately 10kms of dirt road in good condition. For those not willing to take their Jag's on this road, other transport can be arranged. The pub does lunch. If we get some reasonable numbers for the trip we can arrange to have the hamburgers/BBQ done in our honour. They do have dishes such as fish/chips and giant sandwiches for around \$8.*
- > *Back to Herberton. For those interested there is a mining museum in Herberton with a gold coin entrance fee. Also around 20kms from Herberton is the Hypippamee National Park crater. No entry charge and well worth the 300m easy walk if you haven't seen it before.*
- > *Dinner (and drinks) at the Royal Hotel around a nice fire.*

Sunday 26 August

- > *Cooked breakfast at the Royal Hotel.*
- > *Leave Herberton and travel to Tolga (near Atherton). One for the blokes maybe, visit the Tablelands Heritage Centre which is a new centre just established with a very interesting collection of Heritage Farming and Machinery. Cost is around \$2 to \$5.*
- > *On the way back to Townsville visit the Nerada Tea plantation in Malanda. They do tours and a great Devonshire tea.*

Meeting closed 8:25pm

REMEMBER:

Sunday Runs These runs are now only held (Townsville members) if there is interest. If you are interested, or even if you're driving through, give one of the above committee members a call and it may well be all systems go!

Emails If you have an email address and can receive newsletters *or* if you change your email address *please* let the editor know. It saves time *and* the club money. You're also guaranteed to get your copy of the newsletter much earlier via email.

AUGUST 2007 NEWSLETTER

THE POKER RUN

Story: Jan Fels, Pictures: Peter Dixon

For our poker run last Sunday we had 10 cars. It was a beautiful day for a run up Hervey Range Road and great to see Kerry & Jo in their Mini Gold Traveller, Clint and Mark in their Yellow Mini clubman and Jenny with Minnie & Moffat in her Blue Mini. Garry was up here from Brisbane and he drove with us until the Tearooms at the top of the Range where he had promised his Mother some Brekkie. So we left them there and the rest took to the road heading up the Range until we hit the Gregory Development Road and about here we started having some fun!!!



At the start of the run each car was given a playing card and at each stop another card was given out and the person at the end of the trip with the best hand would win the trophy. As we turned right onto the Gregory road and headed for the Blue Water Springs Roadhouse that was 12 kms up the track we met our first road train. We were travelling on a single bitumen track and next, up loomed a monster bearing down on us at tremendous speed.

There was only one area for us to head and that was over onto the dirt. These trucks are carrying three "dogs" and are huge. At this stage I was wondering how the minis were getting on as they had left before us so I was hoping they had missed these monsters. Kevin got the shock of his life when the car in front went off the road and headed far to the left and with the dirt and dust he was blinded for awhile and next thing looming up in front of him was a guidepost. Thankfully he missed it by inches. But it was frightening going off the bitumen and next thing seeing guideposts right in front; we presumed these were culverts so the thought of hitting them was scary.



At the Blue Springs Roadhouse we had morning tea and prepared ourselves for the next leg of the trip. This was 103 kms and 63kms of it on the rotten single bitumen “track”.

When planning this trip it had been suggested we stop at the 24hour Shell Roadhouse in Charters Towers for lunch and fuel. During the week I rang this place and warned them to expect 9 to 10 cars. So when leaving Blue Springs Roadhouse every one wondered where this Roadhouse was and having rung the place I said go on the Hughenden road and it must be somewhere there.

On the trip to the Towers we again met the Road Trains. They travel huge distances from Garnet and Surveyor Mine some with lead & zinc but mainly copper. Those that have been crushed will travel down Hervey Range Road and the others go on the road to Charters Towers and their load is crushed at Salanger. Then we presume they head to the Copper Refinery. Every 10 kms the road does widen out for a stretch so one is able to overtake, but it does require a good clear run as the trucks are so long. Apart from that the scenery is lovely and 40kms out of the Towers the road widens and it’s a good run in to town.

It was here we all ran into trouble because no one could find a 24 hour Shell Roadhouse. I thought it was the one up on the Hill on the way to Hughenden but that turned out to be Mobil. So there we were all going around and around the Towers trying to find that elusive Shell Station. In the end the Minis headed for Townsville thinking of the Fuel place further out and somehow the rest ended up near the Mobil so we went there. And guess what!!! That used to be the Shell Station. Kerry & Jo from the Mini club eventually found us and were able to ring the others who decided to have lunch where they were.

After lunch we headed for Mingela where we were to get our next card. By this time people were getting anxious to receive the right card and I thought some might have tried to bribe me. But no, every one was honest so I was left to buy my own drink!!!

On the road again, but not before Peter approached Reg worried he might run out of fuel, his tank was dry. Reg then turned Peter’s car on and pushed a button and low and behold there was fuel. Funny how these Jags have two tanks! We had a good run into town and our last stop was the car park at the Stuart Hotel where everyone was given their last card. And the lucky winner was...Jean and Bill Honniball, who won that





It has been suggested that next time we give our mobile phone numbers to other members so we can keep in touch and hopefully not have the mix-up we had this time. We just have to remind Reg to turn his mobile on.

See you at Herberton...

magnificent trophy. Congratulation and a big thankyou to every one for coming. Apart from Shell being Mobil and having a photo to prove it I think everyone had a good day. Hopefully next time the Minis and other club members will join us.



THE OLD GIRL ON HOLIDAY – PART 2

Craig Scholz

G'day Jag Lovers. Here is the next thrilling instalment of the Old Girl on Holiday. Having arrived in Alstonville amongst the lush, green rolling hills and valleys of the Northern Rivers, I was looking forward to cruising the beautiful roads in Daimler style and luxury. What a disappointed boy I was. Since my last visit in the Old Girl, the roads have deteriorated severely. In fact, driving between the village of Federal and Alstonville, the Old Girl shook and rattled so badly, that for a moment, I thought I was in my old FJ45 Landcruiser ute. It is certainly a truism of life that Labour governments forget and ignore everyone and every thing outside the capital cities.

However, I didn't let that worry me, after all, I'm used to it, I'm from North Queensland. I didn't let it detract from the wonder and enjoyment of driving through the whole area, drooling at the lush pastures, full dams, running creeks and fat cows. Drought? What drought? Not a chonky apple, rubber vine or sand blasted paddock in sight. I brought back a swag of real estate brochures to convince Virginia that we should retire there.

I had a ball flitting in and out of the numerous antique shops and doing the garage sales. I picked up some nice pieces of old English china and Australian art pottery. What I did notice, however, was that Jaguars appear quite scarce on the roads down there. BMWs are as common as arseholes, everyone seems to have one. Maybe it's a yuppie thing.

When I left Alstonville to drive back to Brisbane, I took a little detour through Warwick. Yes, I know it's more than a "little" detour but I wanted to drop into a transmission place that had been recommended to me. As you know, thus far on my journey, I had been driving without a speedo or cruise control. The problem that I had identified, was that the "custom made" speedo cable that had been fitted during the transmission conversion, would not attach to the transmission. A number of Townsville mechanics had looked at it but hadn't been able to correct it. I didn't take it back to the mob who fitted it because warranty or not, I wasn't going to let those losers ever lay another spanner on it. The general consensus of opinion was that I had been given a "dodgy brothers" speedo cable.

To cut a long story very short, I ended up at Mal Brown Transmissions in Warwick. They had the Old Girl up on the hoist for less than 45 minutes and fixed both the speedo and the cruise control. It turned out that the mob in Townsville who did the conversion, didn't replace the damaged speedo cable fitting on the transmission when they rebuilt it. They had just bodgied the cable on...twice. All it took was to take the fitting off, grind down 2mm of damaged thread, bolt it back on and screw the cable onto it. Fixed! Amazingly, I couldn't find anyone in Townsville who could work that out, so I ended up driving around for months with no speedo and had to take the car 1600 kms to get it sorted.

After leaving Warwick, I zoomed over to Ipswich, as I was staying with Virginia's sister that night. What a contrast from the Northern Rivers. The country between Warwick and Ipswich was as dry as a dead dingo's donger. All the cattle I saw must have been living on sticks and rocks. I'm certainly not going to retire to that area. When I got to Ipswich, at about 11.30 am on a Wednesday, I experienced first hand some classic fuel price gouging. When I arrived, I phoned Alix and she told me that she was in the process of getting petrol. She was happy that she had got unleaded at 112 cents per litre. That afternoon as we were driving to a Chinese take-away, the price had gone up to 126 cents per litre. How's that for a rip-off? Quite normal according to Alix. That's why she always gets her fuel before lunch on Wednesdays.

After leaving Ipswich I drove to Brisbane. I had to catch up with my cousin Sharon and some friends in West Wynnum. I also had to pick up some leather from Acacia Ridge to re-cover my front seats. What a nightmare it is driving around Brisbane. I got lost heaps of times because I was too tight to spend \$35.00 on a UBD. Given the extra kms I covered through getting lost and that fact that the Old Girl spent most of her time in 1st and 2nd, I reckon I spent more on fuel in Brisbane than I did on the rest of the trip. But I got off very lightly. I left West Wynnum at 6.00 am to drive back to Townsville. I had just cleared the northern end of the Gateway Bridge when I glanced over to the southbound lane. The traffic was literally bumper-to-bumper and both lanes were chockers. What's more, they weren't even moving. When they did inch forward, it was so slowly you could watch the wheel spokes rotate. This went on for over 25 kms. I was heading north at 100 kph, looking across at these poor Lemmings going through their daily ritual. I wouldn't live in Brisbane for quids.

After clearing the Lemming migration, I wound up the Old Girl and headed home. I didn't record the actual distance covered during the trip or the fuel used but I can say that the Old Girl performed faultlessly. She drives like a new car. I am now satisfied that the upgrades that I've carried out are certainly worth it and should ensure that she'll still be purring and growling for another 26 years.

PS: No photos or fines have turned up in the mail, so it looks like I live again.

CLASSIFIEDS:

These classifieds are free to advertise and items don't have to be Jaguar related. Ring or email Richard to have your items inserted in next months issue. Photos are welcome for inclusion too.


For Sale:

Slightly dead Series 2 XJ6 motor and Borg Warner gearbox free to good home. Anybody? Phone Joe 4778 1072

Good '78 XJS body, no engine but 350 Chev plated, no exhaust or battery, black interior. Asking \$2800 but will look at offers. T400 gearbox for \$350
Phone Paul Khan 0407 960 602

Free maps sensor in working order for a D Jetronic EFI (1981 V12). Call
Craig on (07)4729 0908 for information

Wanted: NIL



A BEER BEFORE IT STARTS

A man came home from work, sat down in his favorite chair, turned on the TV, and said to his wife, "Quick, bring me a beer before it starts". She looked a little puzzled, but brought him a beer. When he finished it, he said, "Quick, bring me another beer. It's gonna start."

This time she looked a little angry, but brought him a beer. When it was gone, he said, "Quick, get me another beer before it starts." "That's it!" She blows her top, "You bastard! You waltz in here, flop your fat ass down, don't even say hello to me and then expect me to run around like your slave getting you beer after beer. Don't you realize that I cook and clean and wash and iron all day long??"

The husband sighed and said, "Oh shit, it's started".

