



# Orient Express

**NISSAN**

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The official newsletter of the Datsun Z Club Inc.

P.O.Box 24-176, Royal Oak, Auckland, N.Z.

Issue 79, February 2011

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# Orient Express

01/02/11

Issue 79

## **Club Patron:**

We are honoured that our club patron is:

Steve Millen

## **Committee:**

President:	Dee Collins	09 636 5443
Vice President:	Dale Maxwell	09 634 3338
Secretary:	Murray Chapman	09 535 7279
Treasurer:	Andy Mygind	027 475 7744
Club Captain:	Luke Pascoe	09 296 2961
Events Coordinators:	Brian Schou	09 266 5132
	Sheryl Schou	09 266 5132
	Imogen Hewlett	027 289 8440
	Bernie Kant	027 508 6675
Wellington Coordinator:	Mike Cartmer	027 442 5750
Membership Coordinator:	Andy Mygind	027 475 7744
Website Admin's:	Luke Pascoe	09 296 2961
	Mike Lucas	09 427 5534
Technical Advisers:	Dave Turner	021 266 9671
	Anthony Baker	027 497 6951
Magazine Editor:	Luke Pascoe	027 426 6649
		luke@pascoe.net.nz
		24 Wellington St
		Papakura
		Auckland

**<http://www.zclub.org.nz>**

*The views expressed in the "Orient Express" are those of the contributors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Datsun Z Club Inc., unless stated as a point of policy. The Datsun Z Club Inc. accepts no responsibility for the information or advice given in the "Orient Express" or by club officials or committee. Readers should exercise their own judgement when considering technical matters and modifications affecting their vehicles. It is recommended therefore that if in doubt on any technical matter, owners should consult the Official workshop manual for their particular model of car.*

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# Zeditorial

TAUPO TAUPO Taupo Taupo taupo taupo....

That's right, we're gearing up again for the annual foray to the middle of middle earth in a quest for speed. It's going to be another great day out on the track, with driver training and timed practice. You're guaranteed to get as much track time as you can handle.

Full details at <http://taupo2011.zclub.org.nz>

It's just \$100 for a full days entertainment, it even includes lunch.. You wont find a better deal than that. See you there!

In other news, Matts wedding went off without a hitch and he is now a kept man. Good going Matt!

At the last club AGM our long serving club captain, Kelvin Healy, stepped down due to external commitments. We thank Kelvin for his tireless efforts over the last few years, he certainly set a high standard for the club that I think stands it in good stead and will be very hard to follow. He remains on the committee (you don't get out that easily!)

If you're wondering who stepped up to fill the vacancy, he's got 2 thumbs and a word processor; THIS GUY! I certainly have big shoes to fill.

Also at the last AGM our treasurer, Judith Horne, stepped down. Judith has done a wonderful job keeping track of the various financial comings and goings over the last few years. Thanks again Judith!

Andy Mysind has stepped up and so far is doing great.

We're always looking for new committee members, so if you think you can help keep this great club great please let us know, we WILL have something for you to do!

2011 is the Z Clubs 30<sup>th</sup> year and we're still going strong. We have plenty of events over the summer as usual, so keep an eye on the website for all the details and we'll see you out there!

*Luke aka. 'Pest'.*



*The pot-plant is hiding the shackle*

# Coming events

## February Z Club Committee meeting

**When:** Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2011, 7:30pm

**Where:** South Auckland Car Club Rooms, 1 Great South Rd, Papakura

This is our monthly committee meeting.

All members are invited to attend.

## Galaxy of Cars & Z Club Concours d' Elegance

**When:** Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> February, 2011

**Where:** South Auckland Car Club Rooms, 1 Great South Rd, Papakura

**Where:** Motat 2, Motions road, Western Springs, Auckland

**How much:** Drivers of show cars = free, (2010 spectator prices were \$8 p.p., \$2 child)

**Things to bring:** lunch and refreshments, gold coins donation for our charity St Johns.

Not only will we be hosting a public club display, this will double up as our annual Concours d' Elegance so make sure your ride is extra-extra-shiny!!

Gates open 7:30am, all cars to please be there by 9:45am. Drivers are asked to leave vehicles on-site till 3pm.

If you arrive early you shouldn't be stuck in the bulk of the traffic that arrives after 8.30am.

This is always a great fun day out, with many other vehicles of all shapes and sizes to oggle throughout the day.

Please contact a committee member to register your attendance or if you have further queries.

## 38th Intermarque Concours d'Elegance

**When:** Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> February, 2011

**Where:** Ellerslie Race Course, Auckland

The Intermarque Concourse is one of the best displays of classic and vintage cars in NZ. Every year some of the countries best cars are polished up and put out for us to oggle and fawn over.

The club will again be attending and displaying, we have a great spot this year and we intend to make good use of it to promote the clubs 30<sup>th</sup> year.

If you would like your car to be part of this display, please contact a committee member.

## **Z Club Taupo Track Day**

**When:** Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> February, 2011

**Where:** Taupo Motorsport Park

**How much:** \$100 for members, \$120 for non-members (includes day membership), \$10 for spectators. All fees include lunch.

Full details and registrations at <http://taupo2011.zclub.org.nz>

## **March Z Club Committee meeting**

**When:** Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup> March 2011, 7:30pm

**Where:** South Auckland Car Club Rooms, 1 Great South Rd, Papakura

This is our monthly committee meeting.

All members are invited to attend.

## **Annual Prize Giving & Dinner**

**When:** Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> March 2011, 7:30pm

**Where:** To be decided

Details are sketchy at best. Keep an eye on the website closer to the date.

## **April Z Club Committee meeting**

**When:** Thursday 7<sup>th</sup> April 2011, 7:30pm

**Where:** South Auckland Car Club Rooms, 1 Great South Rd, Papakura

This is our monthly committee meeting.

All members are invited to attend.



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# Tongariro National Park Adventure Playground

The plan was, the much anticipated Z ski weekend at Mt Ruapehu, but the weather threw a spanner in the works.

Saturday dawned with howling winds and blizzard conditions on the mountain and closed chair lifts. Plan B, the sub-alpine Silica Rapids walk was our first port of call. Just a cruisey 2 hour wander up to the Bruce Road through the tussock, board-walked swamp and past the yellow shaded rapids. Why yellow? Well, the volcanic Silica causes this unusual furry textured, butter yellow colouration on the rocks.

Add rain, hail and powdery snowflakes dusting our shoulders for a surreal, magical, Spielberg'esk atmosphere. Hey, at least it felt like we were on the mountain, even if we didn't have ski's attached to our hooves. Afterwards, a much needed warming hot drink from the café drew us further up the mountain. Thank goodness for 4WD, as leaving the café our carriage & roads received a heavy dusting of snow.

Heading back down SH48 (the main drag up/down Ruapehu) we stopped for another short wander to more dramatic mountain rapids, with water rampaging down the massive boulders at maximum velocity. What was I thinking leaving the camera at the lodge today??!!! Pure calendar material!!

So much to see, so little time! So off to the inlet at Mangatepopo Stream. Now apart from the dramatic scenery and steeply rising cliff faces, this place has a slightly eerie ambiance to it. Now, I'm not sure if that's due to your mind playing tricks on you and thinking of those poor kids that met their end or just the sheer force and vibration the thundering water creates cutting it's path in the pipeline beneath our feet. Water around here just doesn't understand the concept of moving slowly!!

But wait there's more!! No Ginsu knife though! Haha. 4WD'ing down fantastic 4x4 only tracks, that Anthony and mates normally take the 4x4 toys down.

Enough exploring for one day, back to the extremely well set up "Slopes Ski Club" National Park (home for the weekend), to clean up and head around the corner for some fodder. Now, we were suffering some slight motorsport withdrawal symptoms by this stage you understand, missing out on Bathurst! Can't have that, can we! So we find a bar that didn't mind the fact we're not rugby heads, to nosh and watch the shakedown and a round of pool or two. Is there a club trophy for worst round of pool playing?! I'd win it hands down for truly atrocious rounds of pool. More like a Guppie, than a shark!

Sunday morning rolls around, and the weather report, drum roll..... Would you believe, high winds up on the snow clad mountain again! We're not destined to play on the slopes this weekend it seems. Ok, so what next? Caving!!

Off to the forestry 4WD roads off John McDonald Road. Rough as guts, but stacks of fun! The suspension had a good workout, tilting back and forth over the surfaces! So many tracks to nosey down and water inlets, with seemingly space shuttled propelled water to see. The noise is absolutely incredible! It sounds like a 747 in full acceleration down the runway and the vibration it creates is immense!! When I put my face near the grate, the air disturbance was enough to blow my cap off!! Bags not, being within a mile, when the inlets are in full flood the water spurts out of the grates!!!!

Now the highlight of the weekend for me, extremely closely followed by Silica Rapids, was Okupata Caves which is down one of a maze of 4WD forestry tracks. It's a fern grove walk down to the caves. Then down a ladder, and Anthony makes sure it's safe to enter the cave. Meanwhile I'm playing Japanese tourist and disturbing the natives (well not quite), Blue Ducks that is. They really couldn't give a hoot and almost posed for the camera, treating the rocks as a Milan catwalk.

Headlights on, we clamber into the cave, at little more than waist height to start with. Scrabbling between rocks and tree debris, staying mostly out of the water, marvelling at the tree branches wedged into the roof from recent flash flooding. It was quite a treat when we turned the lights out, eat your heart out Waitomo Glow Worms!

After the excitement of the cave, onto 4WD tracks on Pukehinau Road (road is somewhat of a fallacy) and the start of historic walking tracks and down the road a bit further to a locked gate due to the current deforestation. So off to check out some nearby dams and lakes, then Turangi to take in the vista across Lake Taupo. Lodge bound, stopping at rapids below a bridge on SH47 from Saturday to capture them on film.

When you drive around this general area, well, to be honest, it just looks like desolate, barren, scrub wasteland. Captain Jack Sparrow would hunt these many hidden treasure hunters!

Am I sounding like a tourism promoter yet?!! I know, I know, you're all feeling exhausted from the mere thought of all of this walking, we're car enthusiasts right?! What were cars invented for?! As the title suggests, the Tongariro region really is a playground, so take your partner/family/friends, you might even score some brownie points, even if the weather is rubbish up on the mountain there's still a lot to do, summer or winter for kids or the grown up kids!!

Many thanks to Anthony and Lisa for hosting us at the Slopes Ski Club & playing tour guide for the weekend.

Cheers.

*Imogen a.k.a. Bronzee*

# Hallertau Brewbar & Restaurant Cruise

Well my first meet with the club was Hallertau restaurant at river head.

I decided this would be a good time to meet the Z members so with my GPS i set off from Hamilton arriving at the restaurant early. Well time was moving on and no sign of members, getting a bit worried that it might be the wrong day! Then it all happened, members arrived in convoy.

Well it looked like the zeds had arrived. Meet the members, I know a face but names take a while. The meal was great.

After a chat with different people we headed off to river head bridge for a photo shoot. With a bit of jostling we were all lined up for photos; Great day, really enjoyed it.

Regards

*Gerald*



## Backfire

This old butcher in Hokatika was just about to shut up shop on a Saturday afternoon after after a busy week and an even busier Saturday morning. He had tallied up the weeks takings and was rubbing his hands with satisfaction. In the shop window he only had left to sell one smallish leg of lamb, and a handful of sausages. He was just putting these in the chiller out the back when a flustered West Coast lady in her fifties pulled up in an old Land rover and sprinted into the shop.

Panting, she gasped to the old butcher, "have you got a large leg of lamb left please?" Yes madam I do" replied the butcher". He turned on his heel and shot out to the chiller and brought out the leg of lamb, which he plonked on the scales, and announced, "that's \$18-50 madam"

The lady didn't look impressed and said, "Do you have a larger one". The quick thinking butcher said, "just a minute madam" and shot out the back again with the leg of lamb. On returning with the same leg, which he weighed and announced" there madam,I can give this one to you for \$20.

The lady replied, "It still looks a bit small, I'll take them both please"

# NIZFEST!

*Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> November, 2010*

NIZFEST 2010 was a first attempt at putting together a festival of all things Nissan and despite some dramas, to be expected when trying something out for the first time, it was a great day out for young and old.

Incorporating drifting demonstrations, track time, loads of GT-Rs, trade displays and club displays, there was plenty to do and see.

Sadly attendance at the subsequent Z Club track day (on the following Sunday) was weak due to the inclement weather.

I'll let the pictures do the talking...



Brian and Sheryl Schou did an amazing job on our clubs African Safari themed display!

Our club patron Steve Millen was in attendance with his GT-R Targa weapon



The D1NZ drift boys put on an ear-shattering display



Event organiser Glen couldn't resist the urge to burn up some of his own tyres. He put on a good show at the drags too!

Toyota Corolla repowered with a Nissan SR20DET, nice.



Nissan V8 powered Super Stock. These engines are renowned for being bulletproof in "difficult" environments.

Allan Lewises infamous supercharged LS1 V8 slogs it out with RB powered Skylines.



## Tales of a Wayward Youth, Part 1

Back in the late fifties my parents owned a school bus. They had the contract to bus the kids to school at the little farming village of Hunua, where we had lived prior to moving to Papakura. My Dad got pretty sick at this time and spent a long time in hospital, and Mum got a passenger licence to be able to carry on with the business. I became very keen on learning to drive and when I got the chance I taught myself.

When Mum was out in the bus I was out in her 37 Chevy, first of all just in and out the drive, then figured I had become proficient enough so ventured out on to the road, and like all young guys thought I was a pretty good driver. I also became pretty good at driving the bus as well, when mum was out.

Luckily I had developed a good understanding of things mechanical, as one morning I was woken early to a blood curdling scream. I went outside and found Mum pinned by her legs by the front bumper of the Studebaker bus against a stack of timber along the back wall of the big shed where the bus was housed. I had enough practice to know to put the bus in reverse and wind it backwards on the starter. Mum didn't have any lasting ill effects from this luckily. Apparently the bus wouldn't start, so she had gone around the front and lifted the bonnet. God knows why because she had no knowledge of anything mechanical at all. She must have left the handbrake off, and as the dirt floor had a slope, the obvious happened.

At this time I was also fascinated with guns and things that made smoke, even to the point of making black powder. It wasn't so much black, but a light grey colour. This was a mixture of charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur. Very slow burning and made a hell of a lot of smoke, but hard to put out once lit. A couple of mates and I took a home made gun to the Papakura dump one day to see how it performed. This consisted of a length of half inch water pipe a couple of feet long nailed along a piece of 4x2 with a bolt driven in the back and a tiny touch hole at the back into which went a fuse out of a fireworks cracker. We load this thing with some powder, then a wad of paper and lastly some chunks of lead, aim this thing at some seagulls on the water, light the fuse and run. A bit of a muted woof and we saw some bits of lead land in the water about 20 metres away. Not a howling success.

I wasn't deterred by this failure and turned my hand to pistols, which I fashioned from a three way junction of old electrical conduit pipe, filling the tee shaped junction with melted lead to form a solid lump, which left a threaded socket at the front into which I screwed a pipe about 200mm long to form the barrel, and a shorter piece in the other threaded socket to form a handle. I took two of these devices to an area that we called the "army paddock" this was acres of vacant land with all sorts of neat stuff for boys to explore. It was where they trained the 18 year olds to be soldiers. Anyway I took one of these things from my bag, held it in my right hand and

lit the fuse. A satisfying blast and the dirt and grass moves a few metres away. Safe as. Yea right!! The second one blew to bits in my hand and I was left holding the handle. Lesson learned.

At this time I would have been 14 years old, and earning some money delivering the NZ Herald, so soon had enough funds to buy myself an air rifle or what we called a slug gun. I made a platform in the back corner of the bus shed and a hole in the wall overlooking the neighbours chook run, and after she had fed her chooks I sat on my platform and shot sparrows on the netting of the run. We screwed up cap gun caps and put them into the back cavity of the air rifle pellets. When these were fired at a solid surface, for instance the base of the house, the cap would explode giving a most satisfying effect.

My first ride on a motorbike came to an abrupt end. One day a cousin was visiting. He was older than me and rode a 350 BSA. I started it when he was inside talking with mum, snicked it into gear, applied some throttle and planted the front wheel into the hedge on our back lawn. He booted my backside!!

I got a temporary job at a paint shop, while waiting for papers to come through for an apprenticeship job at a coach-building works in Takanini. This place was called Hawke Brothers and they were in quite a big way. A large factory with about 20 tradesmen and 6 or 8 apprentices. Upholsterers, painters, panel beaters, and coach builders, building new buses, ambulances, caravans, horse floats, and doing repairs to any of these. The panel shop was busy doing repairs to the many cars that came through the place. A couple of the panel beaters spent most of their time, fashioning from aluminium, the shaped front and rear roof sections for buses and ambulances. One of these was a top flight panel beater who went on to a business of his own doing vintage restorations. In later life he was still plying his trade at a well known shop in Auckland. Sadly Max Mumby isn't with us any more, and no doubt his skills are missed in the classic car repair world. When I first met Max he was driving a cute little sports car built by himself on an Austin 7 chassis, all from hand formed aluminium. Where is it now?

*Brian Schou a.k.a. Us2*

**More to come in the next issue...**

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**Anthony Baker**

Z Club member (for 20 years!)

**(09) 410-2929 or 0274 976-951**  
**Email: [baker.electrical@xtra.co.nz](mailto:baker.electrical@xtra.co.nz)**



# Wairarapa Cruise

*Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> September, 2010*

The Fell Museum did so by the wayside. We were shorn of the opportunity to luxuriate in Wairarapa fleece, and, most worryingly, there was no gasoline in Heaven (<http://www.gasolineheaven.co.nz/>)!

The press reported the 'biggest storm on the planet' was heading our way and Masterton had a recent outbreak of H1N1. A good time for the Greater Wellington chapter of the Z Club to host a gala event for Brian & Sheryl!

The 'biggest storm' turned out to be a pleasant day (albeit breezy) and the swine flu seemed limited to the ham that was absent from our luncheon sandwiches. And there was real gold at the end of the unforecast rainbow.



Mike organised and as usual his conceptions were immaculate!

The Zeds met at Hayward's Hill layby (intersection SH58 / SH2) and appropriately enough headed over the z-bends of the Rimutaka Hills, where the incline often comes disconcertingly close to the trackside. There're few passing-lanes so jostling for pozzies would have been limited. For those interested, check out the very impressive realignment work underway near the summit:

(<http://www.nzta.govt.nz/network/projects/rimutaka-corner-muldoons-easing/index.html>)

As the first weekend of Spring seemed eager to make an impression, so the Zeds noticed the Rolls Royce, Porsche and assorted Americana clubs out in convoy. Some more impressive than others, but none more so than the Datsuns that graced the highways of the Wairawapwaps.

Lining up outside the Fell Railway Museum in Featherston ([www.fellmuseum.org.nz](http://www.fellmuseum.org.nz)) were Mike (old\_datto\_fan) & Lynnette in the iconic Samuri; the guests of honour, Brian & Sheryl (us2) and Ben the Bichon in their immaculate, looks-original-but-its-so-much-better-than-that 240Z; Michael (Michael) in his dazzling-indigo 240Z; Eamon and Lara (ChargerE37) in their burnished 350Z Roadster and Steve (schift) in his mercurial 350Z made up the heavy artillery while a couple of guests from the Datsun Owners Club ([datsun.co.nz](http://datsun.co.nz)) represented the smaller calibres: Joseph & Paul in a concours d'elegance 1200 saloon and Tim in his scrupulous 'works' C20 van. Unaccompanied by Zedmetal on the day but very much part of the tour were Murray

(ZYX) in his Astina and Nigel (Asyado, of whom more later) in a 240K. Nathan (WickedZ) and K came down from Hawke's Bay to join in as well, but in a very un-wicked Diamante! Your correspondents (who live in Featherston) joined from Carterton in our silver 260Z.

Drivers briefing by ODF outside the Fell Museum disclosed a timetable that had gone off the tracks. A quick re-schedule axed the trainspotting and the Zephgazing and went straight for Asyado's playroom and then off to Masterton for lunch and ... a little something extra...



The 'greatest storm' overhype amounted to some gentle crosswind gusts amongst the shelter belts along the Wairarapa highways - not the only Zephyrs missing in action that day! The driving was easy, scenic and sunny. Vineyards and wineries called; cafés beckoned and cajoled, the epicurean endowments of the Wairarapa sang their siren songs and exerted their sensual attractions to no avail. ODF steered his charges

between such Scylla and Charibdys' with the iron fist of captaincy!

The project Nigel (Asyado, in Carterton) has on his hands seemed quite daunting until he explains what he's done before and what he's planning to do. No tyro here! As Brian sagely advised from his own experience: "don't look at the whole job, just look at the bit you're working on at the moment" Nigel's pre-loved 260Z seems to be in as good hands as Murray's 280ZX back on the other side of the main divide. What had been a sleep out combined with a massage therapy (?) room had been re-converted back into Zed rebuild land. Now THAT's holistic! We loved it.

You can't approach Masterton<sup>1</sup>, which proclaims itself the 'sheep shearing capital of the world', without thinking of ovine witticisms. But your correspondents shall not stoop so low. And so we approached Masterton, a grossly underrated provincial centre rediscovering, and unselfconsciously reworking itself<sup>2</sup>.

The Argonauts continued their quest for the golden fleece at the ShearDiscovery museum ([www.sheardiscovery.co.nz](http://www.sheardiscovery.co.nz)). Time was not our friend that day. We sheepishly avoided the baleful stares of the wool wardens and grazed next door. Which was very good too. Nathan and his brother, K (who wouldn't come second in a 'Sly Stallone lookalike contest') engaged Kate, Tim and I with stories of WickedZ's mega squirt and other projects. Amazing and valuable stuff - So far your correspondent's Zed tech know-how is limited to changing wheels (something which

Murray had pointedly noted, I haven't done very well!).

Photos outside. Form up and follow the leader, and off to the amazing Pointon collection ([pointoncollection.co.nz](http://pointoncollection.co.nz)). True gold here. What an amazing find! A family garage business spanning many generations preserved with vehicles, artefacts, tools products pumps and paraphernalia intact! The buildings themselves are of historic interest, being many-times relocated military prefabs. The display is an eclectic, eccentric, esoteric exposition of err.. autoerotica. If you are into that sort of thing. The serious motorophile and the casual fiddler alike will find uncut gems in this cluttered cornucopia of cars, clothes and collectibles. And like all good traders of a certain period, there was 'a little something extra' out the



back. The personal commentary provided by Mr Pointon was of itself well worth the paltry entrance fee. He proved his bona fides and good breeding by commenting favourably upon the rolling collection which had come to him that afternoon.

The afternoon was slipping away and many of us were far from home. Brian and Sheryl & Ben, and Nathan & K were heading North again while the rest of us were Westwards Ho!

A lovely cruise; a moveable feast of fussless flexibility. We learned from this, that:

- a) Aucklanders aren't bad types at all. No, really!
- b) Believe very little of what you read in the papers
- c) You CAN put power steering in a 240Z and it hardly shows!
- d) Sheep do not graze on the verges of the main streets of Masterton, and
- e) We CAN drive past a winery without stopping.

Many thanks to all attendees and once again to Mike for the shepherding.

Cheers!

*Ross a.k.a. RVP1*

1. Some say you shouldn't at all...
2. Be here next province anniversary for one of the best air shows north of Wanaka.  
[www.wings.org.nz](http://www.wings.org.nz)

*Get your game face on!*



# *TAUPO TRACK DAY*

*Sat 19<sup>th</sup> Feb 2011*



*Full details at*  
<http://taupo2011.zclub.org.nz>

# Nissan Rally History

*A very brief history of Nissans involvement with the Rally up to the early seventies, and some of the 240Z story.*

The East African Safari Rally is probably one of the most gruelling races in the world, with up to 90% of cars not finishing. The course has taken various routes of 3000--4000 miles in length, taking in Tanzania, Kenya, and Uganda, starting in Nairobi, Kenya. The race is held on the long weekend of Easter, which is in the rainy season, so the roads can be either choking dust or slick with a gooey red mud, which has the ability to make even the best prepared teams come to a sticky end.

Starting in 1953 as the Coronation Rally to honour the crowning of Queen Elizabeth, it was renamed East African Safari Rally in 1960. In 1963 the first Nissan teams to be entered drove 311 Bluebirds, and none of the Nissans finished, which was not surprising as the torrential rain and floods dealt to 77 of the 84 cars that started.

In 1964 a Nissan Cedric came home 21st. Just to finish the Rally was considered to be a great achievement, and Nissan were proud.

Fast forward to 1968 when one Nissan Cedric was placed 5th and an all woman team came home in 7th. This year from 93 starters there were only seven to finish again.



1969 was the start of a different and new era for the Nissan rally teams. In this year the 510SSS took six of the top 13 places and heralded in a new driver for Nissan who was to go on to become one of the greats in the event, Edgar Herrmann.

In that year, Herrmann was to race for Porsche but Porsche withdrew just before the start, leaving Herrmann and his co-driver without a drive. They managed to get a drive with the Datsun team in a practice car, a 510SSS, and they had to start at the back of the field, and driving blind in others dust. By halfway they had advanced from 90th to 14th place and at the finish they were in third place.

Herrmann and his co-driver Hans Schullers performance guaranteed them a drive

the following year and in 1970 a total of 28 Datsuns entered the race, mostly 510SSS. Having been stuck on a slippery patch and slipping out of the top ten, things looked grim for Herrmann and Schuller. The Nissan team fitted tyre chains for the next stage, which proved to be a wise move. After that stage what with other cars dropping out for various reasons, Herrmann was up to 2nd place, with only a Porsche to catch, and that car too dropping out, leaving the 510 of Herrmann and Schuller to drive to victory.

In that year only 19 cars finished from 91 that started.

1971 ushered in the 240Zs with number 11 driven by Herrmann and Schuller and a 240Z driven by Shekhar Mehta and Mike Doughty and another by Rauno Aaltonen. Herrmann worked his way up to 3rd spot when a race marshals error nearly cost him dearly, but for the intervention of Idi Amin, the infamous dictator/ president of Uganda, who overruled the marshall and flagged Hermann and Schuller back on the road without penalty.

After the two leading Porsches both crashed, leaving the two 240Zs driven by Hermann and Mehta to battle it out for the final honours Herrmann and Schuller broke a half shaft, allowing Mehta to pass, while they removed the broken shaft. They were able to continue because of the limited slip differential. Then while in the lead Mehta managed to get his 240Z stuck, and waited 20 minutes to be towed out. Herrmann ran into the same hole and was pulled out immediatly, losing no time.

When the 240Zs pulled into the finish in Nairobi, there was only minutes between the two top cars, with Edgar Herrmann and Hans Schuller in first place, and Shekhar Mehta and Mike Doughty in second, with another Datsun 240Z in seventh place.

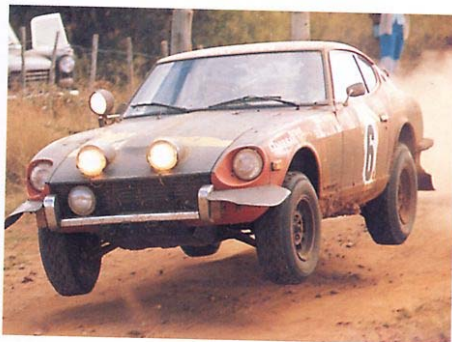
The 1972 rally saw the team of Herrmann and Schuller come seventh as their car broke two halfshafts. 40 of the 85 entrants that year were Datsuns.

The 240Z returned to victory in 1973 in the hands of Shekhar Mehta and Lofty Drews.

These great Datsuns are still being put through their paces in this same event held every two years, now called the Safari Classic Rally.

Our small display at NiZFest, whilst not exactly correct, was a tribute to these legendary cars and drivers.

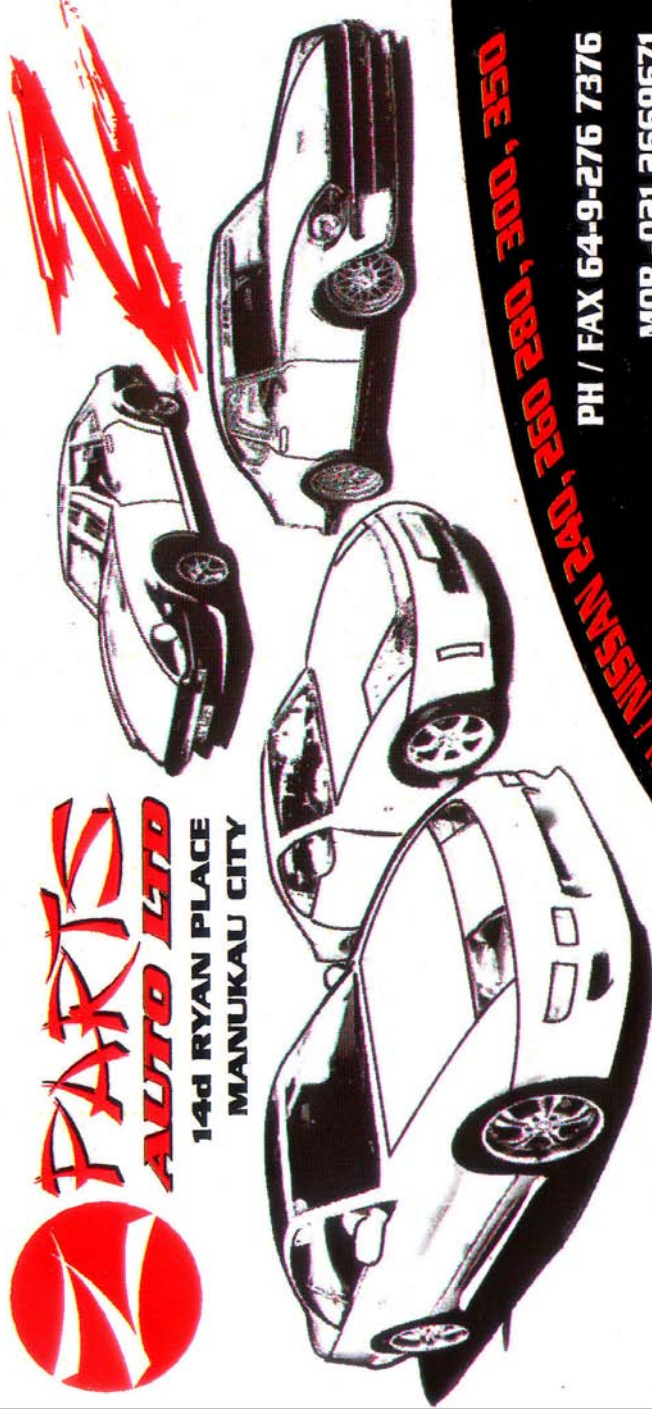
*Brian Schou.*





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