

# MiniNews Nov 83

MINI OWNERS OF AMERICA — LOS ANGELES P.O. BOX 91785 LOS ANGELES, CA 90009



VOLUME 14

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DICK

RALLYE

1983

How does a blown transmission, Alex Karras, the Dukes of Hazzard and roasted jap-flaps fit together? It was all part of the First Annual Dick Rallye.

The day began high atop the Holiday Inn on Sunset Bl. with breakfast and a great view of Los Angeles. As the 10 o'clock deadline rolled around, head Rallye Master Mike Gaffney could be seen sneaking off to "prepare" the course. NOTE: the motion sickness pills that were passed out at the beginning of the rallye were later

revealed to be micro-dot tabs of LSD!(this may explain why Jeff and Irma Cuison were two hours late to the final check point.)

The course made its way from Sunset and the 405 Freeway into Beverly Hills and Bel Air through the Hollywood Hills, down into Universal City, over to Glendale, La Canada-Flintridge and finally up Angeles Crest Highway to Mt. Wilson where the beer and food were consumed.

George Capatanis(seen flashing one of his best Greek smiles) rode with me(TP) on clean up and I had one of the best times I've had in a long time screaming through the canyon roads.

As the rallye started up into the hills of Hollywood we encountered about a mile of unpaved road. At the beginning of the dirt you could see a smouldering transmission with a huge hole in the case. The tranny, it turns out, was unknowingly donated by George when he couldn't decide which way to turn at the Queen Mary and went head-on into a concrete planter! I'll always remember George's words when he saw his transmission lying beside the road; (in his best Greek accent) "Son of a beech! That's a my transmeeeshion!" The road wound its way up the canyon and dumped out on Mulholland Drive and took us over into Universal City via some outrageous twisties, up and downs, and great views on both sides of the hills. From there we took 134 to Glendale and Chevy Chase Drive over to Angeles Crest and up to Charlton Flats Picnic grounds.





The weather started turning a little on the cool side so George torched up a fire by talking so fast the friction of the air flowing across his teeth soon had a blaze going that bubbled the paint on my trunk. The scores were added up and winners announced with a tie between Wild Bill Gilcrease, Cathy Gilcrease navigator and Jeff Cuison, Irma Cuison navigator. The tie breaker was determined by a fight to the death with hot embers from the fire. Bill took 1st, Jeff 2nd and Tony Swisler 3rd. After that Dash Plaques were handed out and an afternoon of good company and good food ensued.



THE DUNCE TRIES ON A NEW HAT





JEFF & MIKE EXAMINE "EVIDENCE" IN TP'S TRUNK



REDO OF DEAN'S INFAMOUS FLAMING MINI TRUNK





BILL ABOUT TO FRY TP's JAP-FLAPS



WHY IS THIS  
CLOWN SMILING?



## OCTOBER MEETING HIGHLIGHTS

- We had a good turn-out for last month's meeting. The treasury report was bleak, but if we get those of you to cough-up with dues and subscription fees, we can look forward to more good events in the coming months.
- We discussed the possibility of moving the meeting place. A hand vote showed about half and half Orange county and LA county residents. We talked about a more central location-possibly a food establishment where members could eat and drink. Please take the time to fill-out the survey on the back page and send it to the address given. Your input is appreciated.
  - Looks like TP will repeat as President of MOA-LA. The remainder of the officers will be pulled out of a hat.
  - A new member as of last meeting-Greg Tuttle of Rendondo Beach. He owns a 67 Cooper 's' and is working to put it into running condition. Welcome Greg.
  - Entertainment for the evening was a video tape of the LBGP. We enjoyed it very much-much good action.
  - This year's Christmas party will be hosted by Tony Swisler. It will be on December 10th at 6:00pm. More details later.
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This year's TOPANGA TURKEY TOUR promises to be a thriller. TP has mapped a course that would make Victoria Principal envious of its curves. This run is not for those with





queazy stomachs. Lunch will be taken at the "Rock Store" (the No. 3—a stone and 3 pebbles with white wine sauce is a favorite). We will meet for breakfast at the Holiday Inn at Sunset Blvd and the 405 Freeway at 9:00am and leave same at 10:00am. This is not a rallye or a timed run. It is a follow-the-leader run. Look forward to a great run! Dash plaques will be awarded at the conclusion of the run.

NOV. 20TH

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Tony Swisler and Shelly Staatz recently attended the 1st Annual All-British Car Meet of Southern California and submitted this article.

The 1st Annual All-British Car Meet of Southern California was very well attended with representation from about twelve different car clubs, covering a veritable gamet of British cars. There was in the neighborhood of 200 cars, including; 43 Austin Healys, 42 Morris Minors, 54 Mini Coopers, 16(divided by 2) Mokes, a 1937 Austin Seven(see picture), a Griffin, Morgans, MGs, Rolls Royces, and Phil Hill's super-charged 1923 Bentley which received the peoples choice award. In All it was a very enjoyable day, with good surroundings, beautiful cars and interesting people. As I reflect back on the meet, I realize how appropriate it was the have the meet at Paul Revere Junior High-THE BRITISH ARE COMING! THE BRITISH ARE COMING!!

Sunday, Nov. 13th is another British Car meet at El Dorado Park in Long Beach.





ALL-BRITISH CAR  
MEET  
OCTOBER







## EDITORIAL

After taking my first fun ride in my Mini, I felt compelled to share with you my thoughts and feelings in a story I wrote soon after. For you long-time owners, this may bring back memories of your first ride or serve to reinforce the reasons for owning a Mini. Without further adieu, ladies and gentleman, I give you "THE BLAST".

### THE BLAST

Two weeks ago I had the opportunity to experience a blast. No--not the kind of blast you might have the morning after a big Mexican dinner. This was my first chance to drive my 1966 Austin Cooper 'S' balls-out on a twisty mountain road--A BLAST.

First let me explain that until that day my mini driving habits had resembled those of a quadrapelegic in a motorized wheelchair. Forty miles per hour on the freeway(when I dared to venture on), and always five miles per hour below the posted speed limit in town--just waiting for something to go wrong. I figured the slower I went, the fewer people I would mame when the engine dropped out or the steering wheel came off in my hands (this is my first English car).

Tony Pearson asked if I was interested in an early Sunday morning BLAST on the



Ortega Highway (from Mission Viejo over the mountains at about 2700 feet elevation and down to Lake Elsinore on the other side). Not wanting to sound like a pussy and not thinking fast enough for an excuse, I accepted.

We left my house at 7am and took the 55 freeway south to the 5 freeway. I had to drive fast (55-60) to keep up with Tony--my teeth gritted all the while, my pack of Roloids rapidly dwindling. On the transition between the 2 freeways I saw my first glimpse of Mini handling at its best. Ahead of me Tony ACCELERATED on the 270 degree curve! Now, this is the same curve I take at 25 miles per hour in my Rabbit! I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Well, I figured if his car could do it, mine could too, so I put my foot to the floor--my left foot, that is. I used it to brace my small but muscular body and prayed I wouldn't fall out the door. I blazed around the ramp at a blinding 35 miles per hour but I felt I could do better. Tony slowed to allow me to catch him (I secretly think he drove the rest of the way in second gear but was too nice to mention my driving--or lack of same.

Once on Ortega Highway we stayed fairly close until Tony felt the racing urge. Two corners later he was gone. On the wide turns I could catch just a glimpse of his white car several turns ahead. I couldn't swear to it, but I think I saw a single flash of red. Just a quick flash before a hillside obscured my vision.





To this day I'm still not sure if it was a brake light or flames emanating from the rear on Tony's car.

For myself, I was exhilarated by the feeling of cornering in a car faster than logic would dictate. I found myself smiling and even giggling on the tight turns. The feeling is not unlike that of a carnival ride--not a carousel, but a ball-buster like Space Mountain. The G-Force (as opposed to the G-Spot) was something I hadn't experienced in the past.

The most gratifying turns were on the backside, descending to the lake. I began to experience the car's handling potential--brakes were not necessary on every turn! In fact the brakes were necessary on damn few turns. I found myself just cranking the steering wheel while trying to hear myself say a few "Hail Marys" over the screeching of my 145-10 Metzlers.

At the bottom, we took a break--more for me to catch my breath than for Tony to top up his oil. Tony could tell I was excited by the way I described my experiences on the curves. Then we discussed our driving.

The drive back was much the same except that we came up behind a van full of Joy-Riders from Fairview Mental Hospital who refused to yield to us on the turn-outs. Oblivious to Tony's air horns and bright light signals they pondered at a snail's pace until we could pass on a small straight. The pass again produced a shot of adrenalin, a feeling I had become accustomed to



that morning.

I cannot remember a drive that I enjoyed so thoroughly. I have just begun to know what you more experienced Mini drivers have long known--the Mini is a special automobile with handling characteristics quite different from most others. A thrill to drive and (usually) a pleasure to own.

My thanks to TP for introducing me to "THE BLAST".



*'If the good Lord had meant cars that size to do 100 m.p.h. He'd have given them larger wheels.'*





### THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

(thought you'd lucked-out and gotten an issue without this, right? Not so, brake fluid breath!)

Meanwhile back at the sleazy bar somewhere near Irwindale, your President attempts to BS his way out of a chain fight about to take place on his head with a half dozen drunk Hell's Angels. The biggest one yanks a 620 chain of a rusty Moto Guzzi in the parking lot and comes screaming over the bar stools at your beloved President...

But first, it's time for this month's President's Message.

Boy, what an exciting month October was. First it was the all-British Car meet hosted by the Morris Minor club. Then came the First Annual "Dick" Rallye. Not to mention all the German beer with Olga.

This month look forward to an all new Topanga Run. This will be the third year in a row for the Turkey Tour with some all-new twisties and of course the old stop at the Rock Store. Hope to see you all there.

TP

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We regret to inform you of a great loss recently suffered by all of us. Last week Lynn Amos died. Our deepest regrets and sorrow to his family.



# MINI MEET 1984



## EAST MEETS WEST

A celebration of 25 years of Minis is happening in Denver, Colorado, the week of July 1-7, 1984. This is the event not to be missed for any true Mini fanatic. The Meet will be headquartered at the Sheraton Hotel at the Denver Tech Center. The tentative schedule of events is as follows:

Monday, July 2	evening	Registration	Thursday, July 5	morning	Drag Race
Tuesday, July 3	morning	Registration	afternoon	afternoon	Funkhans
	afternoon	Concours preparation	evening	evening	Awards Banquet
	evening	Concours d'Mini	Friday, July 6	morning	Sight Seeing Tour??
		Group photo lineup			
		Cocktail Party			
Wednesday, July 4	morning	Rallye			
	afternoon	Autocross			
	evening	Tour to fireworks??			

Mini Meet '84 is being coordinated by Mini Owners of America, San Francisco Chapter, in conjunction with Rainy Minis Montreal, Vancouver Mini Club, & the Ohio Mini Owners. Send inquiries, suggestions, comments & offers of help to MOM-54, c/o Jack & Teri Holdaway, 6046

—We anticipate needing help in: Concourse planning, Rallye writing, manning the Hospitality room for four days, publicity.

Registration & information packets will follow. PLAN NOW TO BE THERE!!



## TECHNICAL TIP



### THERE IS A METHOD TO THE MADNESS

When tracing your way through that spaghetti pile of a wiring harness, have you ever wondered what the colors represent? Believe it or not there is an explanation for the color code. Each major circuit of the electrical system has a basic color code which represents its function.

The feed or source wires of a particular circuit have a solid color; the switched wires of that circuit have the identifying main color with a second color tracer which identifies the sub-circuit. Ground wires are almost always black. Circuits which are switched on the ground side of the load such as the horn usually have a black tracer color.

BROWN	Battery and charging circuits
White	Ignition Circuit
Blue	Headlamp Circuit
Red	Side and tail light Circuit
Green	Aux. circuits supplied thru ignition
Purple	Circuits supplied directly from the fuse block (terminal 2)
Black	Earth circuits
Light Green	Turn signal circuit, instrument circuits

This is quite useful on Minis with the plastic insulated wires. But if you have one of the early models with the braided fabric insulation that inevitably fades beyond recognition, you will have to depend on the trusty ohm or continuity meter.

Thanks to Mini Owners South for the article



SURVEY FOR FUTURE LOCATION OF CLUB MEETINGS

I like the current location and want it to stay  
the same. \_\_\_\_\_

I would like the meeting location changed to a  
different, possibly more lively location. \_\_\_\_\_

My suggestion for a new meeting place is:

PLEASE REMOVE AND SEND TO PO Box 91785, Los Angeles,  
California 90009

**MOA-LA MINI NEWS**  
**P.O. BOX 91785**  
**LOS ANGELES, CA 90009**



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