

## -----◆ The Domain Hillclimb ◆-----

Yes guys, there *is* a God, and she smiled on us on Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> May at the club's Hobart Domain Hillclimb. It went off so well that next year we're expecting to be asked, nay, *begged*, to organise the Australian Grand Prix ...

In the last edition we gave you an idea of some of the early organisation work that went into the event. Between then and the big day, there were more planning meetings, track inspections and liaison with officialdom (done by our Chief Diplomat, Norman Henry), and in the final week the email traffic between the organisers got so high that Dave Mitchell had to email us to stop sending him emails, so that he could get some work done.

By the start of the final week everything was looking more or less okay, with only two worries – the weather, and the haybales required by CAMS to protect cars from traffic control devices like tree trunks, guide posts and rock banks.

Norman left no turn unstoned in his efforts to source the necessary 100 or so haybales, finally (like, in the last week) locating a farmer at Baskerville who would lend us the bales, in return for a slab of beer. Free bales, and so close to Hobart!

Steve Caplice saw to the scrutineering in the Fogarty's workshop and did all the associated clerical work, as well as collecting entry forms and payments from competitors.

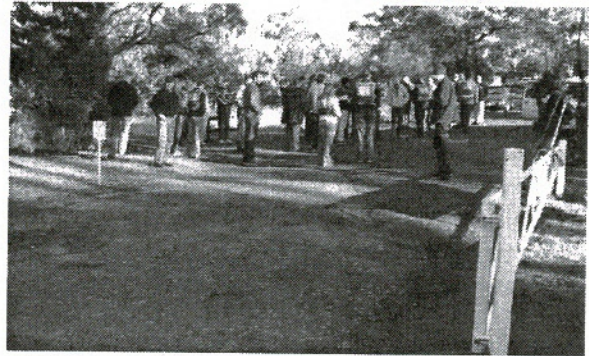
Come Saturday before the big day, KB and Tristan lined up to provide their Range Rovers and borrowed car trailers (thanks, Col) to cart the bales. Alasdair Grenness's dad Malcolm also brought his truck along, and a small group of us choofed out to Baskerville Road and braved the rain squalls to load the bales. Even Norman was seen actually lifting a bale! Several helpers checked their eyes to see if it was an hallucination (or in Matt's case, a touch of the Royal Swans) but no, it really happened. *I was there!! I saw it!!*

We were lucky to have club member Graeme Byrne's Liverpool Engineering yard available just down the hill from the course as overnight storage for the well-tarped bales.

Our only remaining worry on Saturday night was the weather. If Sunday produced the same freezing rain squalls as Saturday, we'd be buggered – volunteers preferring their bedclothes to bright Targa bibs; ruined hay

bales; cars skidding into trees; miserable competitors ...

But Sunday dawned bright and clear, and our volunteers *did* turn up, and were soon setting up the officials' tables at the start and finish lines, placing the witches' hats and haybales, gift-wrapping trees in anti-spectator tape (which also has magical car-repelling powers), checking the stopwatch and two-way radios and generally making the place look like a motorsport venue.

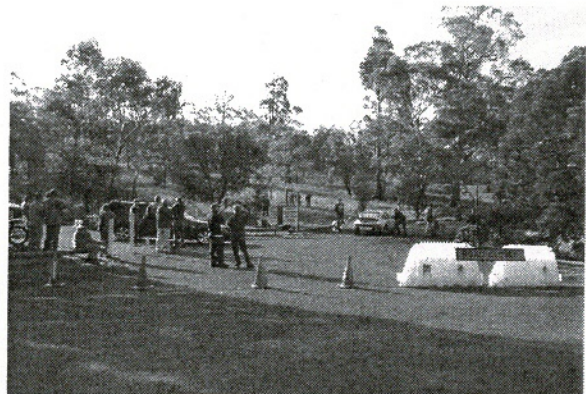


*Hordes of helpers lined up for their free (for a day) marshall's jacket*

*Snow Drake pic*

Barbie Queen Janice Cook had thought about the needs of the inner man (and woman) and had brought along home-cooked egg-and-bacon pie and other goodies for the crew, which was a fantastic way of helping keep out the early morning chill before the sun got the air temperature into double figures.

While Steve Caplice completed the last minute scrutineering arrangements, Tristan took control of the gate and directing competitor traffic along the disused road that provided our marshalling area and parc ferme'. He'd be an asset for any road gang or school crossing. It's just as well we didn't give him a lollipop to wave too.



*Tristan's amazing gate*

*Jan Dallas pic*

