

Official magazine of the M.G. Car Club (Queensland Centre)

Affiliated with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport

Proprietors: THE MG CAR CLUB (PROP) LTD., GREAT BRITAIN

Patron: Lord Lambury of Northfield

Gen. Sec: F. Wilson McComb.

OFFICE BEARERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1967

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CLUBROOMS

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P R O G R A M M E

October 27th FILM NIGHT

October 28th CONCOURSE D'ELEGANCE AND BARBECUE

NOVEMBER 26th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

December 2nd TROPHY PRESENTATION AND SUPPER DANCE

WORK AT MT. COTTON IS REACHING A CLIMAX - THE CLUB NEEDS YOU.

. . this critical time .. by brian tebble

As the end of each year approaches, conscientious members of the Club start to think about the Annual General Meeting, and the possibility of new Office Bearers and Committee, to take over the responsibility of managing the Club.

Members of the present committee also start to think about the election - they have no choice, as their decision has to be made - whether or not to stand for re-election.

To those who have not 'served' on a Club committee, particularly on one which administrates the complex matters of Motor Sport, the decision may seem easy, but this is not so. A committee member's decision may rest on the time he knows will be available to him whether or not he has other commitments for the ensuing year - an impending marriage perhaps, or further studies. Usually, decisions are based on personal feelings; some find the responsibilities too much, or inconvenient. A few find that the responsibility is incompatible with their way of life, these however are usually early year 'drop-outs' and certainly the 1967 committee of Management has not been made up of such members.

We have enjoyed one of the most united and successful committees in the Club's history during the past 'Club Year' - and members will have good reason to be pleased if the present committee decide to continue 'as a whole' for 1968.

Perhaps this is wishful thinking - but if the majority are able to continue, then we'll be off to a good start.

1968 will be the most exciting and significant year in the history of the Queensland Centre of the Club. The Mt. Cotton Hill Climb is probably the best 'spectator' climb in Australia and would rank among the best for drivers. It is an ambitious project finance-wise, and will require exacting standards of organisation - our present Committee are capable of meeting these standards (with help from members). Presuming that one or two members of the Committee are unable to continue with the job, it is vital that members of equal calibre are elected into the vacancies - as I have said, 1968 will be a significant year for us - we must be sure of handling it right.

The first few months of a new 'membership year' is a time of uncertainty for the Committee; a time of wondering how much money will be

this exploration such questions as "What is different about the house on left" reared their ugly heads. We found that apart from having no fence, it also had a leaking cystem and borers in the roof. Most of us were running a few seconds late - but we know we weren't lost like all the rest of the field.

Ted Holliday, the vile inventor of this circus, confused the issue still further by driving around and peering at the lost souls. He returned to the Club rooms, with a happy smile, to wait for the first car to arrive back - assuming it could negotiate the lanes off Petrie Terrace.

When we were three miles from Ipswich the instructions read, "Turn left at next tram line!" The speed with which they carry out track extensions these days left us speechless - after we had talked to the navigator! We returned to the Club to find the rest of the large field holding extensive post-mortems. Hope we do better next time, but why don't YOU have a go?

RESULTS

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. B. Crotty - D. McLean | 3. J. McCarthy - B. Ibbotson |
| 1. M. Shearer - N. Shearer | 6. R. Gettons - C. Carnegie |
| 3. M. Campbell - J. Campbell | 6. G. Cowen - K. West |
| 3. R. Hiley - H. Hiley | 8. D. Thomson - I. McBride. |

BODS AND ENDS

Scott and Wendy Mathers have just arrived back from their honeymoon during which they spent a week on the Hawkesbury River in a cruiser, fishing.

Even though the M.G. Car Club representation was not high on a Formula Minor night run in September, never have I seen so many competitors get so lost, so early, in such a run. (As a matter of fact just after the 2nd turn).

Discussing night runs, it's amazing what keeps people amused. Ted Holliday, organiser of our recent navigation run, talked four other members and himself into driving around Brisbane, deliberately trying to confuse and lose members contesting the run. Whilst performing these antics the occupants of the Grey Rust Bucket were kept in fits of laughter.

It is pleasing to see our hardworking secretary is out from behind

see over

the bars of the hospital after contracting a rare elbow and shoulder disease of the thigh. Incidentally, the nurses were slightly relieved also. One day I walked in to find Geoff almost at his last gasp. Five minutes later he was chasing the maiden, sorry, the matron around Ward 15.

Gary and Devon Cowen broke the long standing record from Perth to Brisbane after their round Australia honeymoon.

Glad to welcome Tommy Hatton back to the Club. Paid his membership Friday night, turned up at the Mt. Cotton working bee on Sunday. That's the way we like 'em.

Keith Turner had his introduction to road events. He was spun, frozen, rained on and lost. Last seen following tyre tracks into the fog with nose to the muddy, muddy, ground, and making noises like slightly hysterical bloodhound.

Seen at the last motorkhana. The Cowen's MGB, by Caesarian section, delivered itself of a bonny, bouncing, baby red Honda. Many rugged individualists donated 20c each to the Hillclimb for the doubtful privilege of chasing it, pushing it and performing wheels stands, to the detriment of rear ends in general.

How lucky can you get? David Thomson and Laurie Veitch finished section 1 of the night run with a flat, and found friendly D****p rep ready and waiting.

Down at the Hill Climb

During a Sunday afternoon when Harry Karry Horgan was showing the workers how to use a digging instrument constructively, he was heard to say "I thought hill climb working bee's were fun?" reply - "They were, until we started working".

A petition is being sent around the residents of Mt. Cotton to see if they would approve the building of an ale-house on our site. This being due to the drinking habits of some of our thirsty members, who think nothing of travelling down to the south coast on a late Sunday afternoon to have a quickie.

Jon McCarthy and Will Charlton are quite good exponents at showing new faces down at the climb the handling characteristics of the Dodge Ute, on the corner overlooking the dam. The drop's only 30'.

Requirements for a hillclimb specialMODEL A.

1. Any old chassis
2. Any old motor
3. Any dis-associated diff. & gear box
4. Jon McCarthy to say "it won't work"

MODEL B.

1. Engineers drawings (incomplete)
2. Quantities of tubes
3. Motor larger than apparent available space
4. Timmy Harlock to put it together.

MODEL C.

1. Light weight space-frame
2. 6,000 c.c.
3. Small drum brakes
4. A glider pilot

MODEL D.

1. A Monster (hairy)
2. V8 engine
3. Built in oversteer
4. Kerry Horgan to drive it

MODEL E.

1. Series Production Touring car
2. A thick hide
3. F.T.D.
4. Homologation Papers - but quick!

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THOSE RIDICULOUS MEN IN THEIR HIGHWAY MACHINES -- or "how to drive from clubrooms to Somerset Dam picnic area in 12 hours & 400+ miles"

This epic commenced on Saturday, 19th August at 6 pm with eleven starters. On a fine clear night these cars, by similar if not the same routes, arrived at Samford - so far so good. About this stage navigators were all asked the same simple question, "Where the Hell are we?" as doubt reared its ugly head - earlier starters passing later ones in the opposite direction some thirty minutes out of Samford. With a nonchalant air of their lost we're O.K. the event

proceeded again via various routes.

After much checking of trip speedos (which can't be read at night anyway) our car finally arrived at Dayboro - navigator said so. The growth of Dayboro in 5 years was fantastic - 4 lane highway and all, but the traffic lights ahead spelt trouble, as one driver and navigator had discovered that even in light traffic it takes 2 hours to drive to Strathpine from the clubrooms. The next 20 miles or so followed the main road to the genuine Dayboro, I think. At this stage, in the distance, were a set of tail lights with offset number plate, which should give an immediate clue. Assuming Mt. Mee as a logical next move further attempts to catch these tail lights were begun - unsuccessfully - once again it got away. Alas, on the twisty narrow Mt. Mee road it grew closer and closer and this large, long, slithering beastie very effectively blocked the road until much later, in fog and rain, it headed for a post and pulled to the side. Finally its headlights disappeared from view.

I still don't know via where, but on marvellous slippery, twisty bitumen roads we descended the hills and headed towards Nambour, early even, so by stopping, double checking distances and time from average speed; end of section one was reached a little too early. Crew at this stage rather smug but this was not to last.

Here (the Shell Driveway on the left coming into Nambour) the stories began to unfold. Tales of "Into Strathpine - no not us," and "Pineapples blocking the road," etc. During the relating of these real life adventures various cars rocketed past, returning some time later - due to thoughtful Main Roads Dept. separating up and down lanes with concrete curbing.

Cars began to leave about 10.15 pm. Gallant TC still had hood down - maybe doesn't have this optional fitting. From Coolum to Tewantin nothing much happened apart from heavy rain, but this is where the story really starts. Inland from the coast the rain stopped, fine clear night again. Following instructions accurately until Cooroy, missed a left turn by $\frac{1}{4}$ mile or so, ended up on correct road, but by this time mileages were not much more good.

Approaching Kenilworth Junction on main highway, spot Falcon arriving from Gympie side. Race Falcon to Junction despite 20 MPH sign, beat Falcon to Kenilworth road and thinks, "This is bound to be the Law", slow down to speed limit, slow down even more as Falcon approaches fast. Thinks "Not at this time of night, surely", pulls over and Falcon passes hurriedly. Falcon utility covered in masking tape, Blast!

Follow Falcon to Kenilworth. Mileages now causing much concern. Products of Doubts = Assumption (fatal) and Guessing (even worse). Drive past left turn marked Obi Obi, check mileage - no one mile early. Proceed past thru Kenilworth, looking for sharp right hand bend 1.8 miles past correct left turn. Find 3 right and 2 left - none of them sharp - at 2.8 miles. WHOA. Turn round, passed by Falcon Utility, who we are sure must be lost. Back thru Kenilworth. Map light off as we sneak past T.C. pulled off road. Off along Obi Obi road? (track) find very sharp right turn at exactly 2.8 miles. This must be it, thinks everybody else is lost. During this lost time, assumption and guesswork and coincidence all agreeing, decide Maleny is the place to go. Still 41 minutes early, so attempt to get there via Palmwoods and Montville.

Fog and rain set in. Driver lost - just follows road. At about 2.30 arrive at T Junction. Says to nav., "People up here love late parties", as three cars approach from right. Turns left and proceeds at 15 - 20 MPH. Cars catch up. Thinks locals probably know the road and pulls over; immediately passed by two MGB's and a Lancer. Curses!! Stop at next junction - Peachester 6 miles on right. Decide this will catch aforementioned vehicles, but due to fog can't find other part of T Junction. Ah, to heck with it! Change mind, follow other cars. Clear, well defined sign says Mt. Mellum. "Oh well", says nav. "Try this turn". Immediately commence steep descent on bitumen - to gravel - to wheel tracks - pass farm complete with dozens of yapping dogs - end up in paddock. Nav. says, "They went this way". Driver says, "Not without Landrovers". Nav. gets out (freezing cold) and inspects ground. Returns to car muttering about winter treads and four wheel drive (Shorelock Holmes type). Turn around gingerly on low tread tyres and wet grass. Drive from Mt. Mellum up steep climb to other road. Driver by this time doesn't know any direction except up and down.

With car at or near Landsborough approach railway crossing - also 1 sprite, 1 Cortina and 1 Lancer. They're lost. Elimbah is definitely the "E" in instructions. Roar off down Highway, cross railway at Beerwah, drive west two miles, nothing fits and return to Beerwah to find 1 Sprite, 1 Lancer. Head off down highway towards Elimbah, in process find 2 MGBs and 1 TF. Only cars not yet sighted are one with offset number plate, 1 Falcon, 1 TC and 1 Sprite. This circus continues with all cars bar 3 in the Landsborough area, looking for a road where railway crosses it twice. Frustrated by locked gates at four crossings. Decide President obviously marked out route during day when gates open, and this is cause of all the trouble.

Meanwhile, MGBs, Sprite and TF all tearing up and down Bruce Highway in the rain, hopelessly lost and having a marvellous time. Nobody admits being lost. Keep the others bluffed as long as possible is the clue. At 3.45 with fuel falling rapidly, stop. Look at map. Decide we could possibly be wrong, and as we are now late anyway, open emergency instructions. Read "Somerset Dam Picnic Area". No flash emphotographer to capture looks of sheer amazement. Ah well only 47 miles off course, and even if we had fuel, have lost 500 plus points. Before getting under way decide, with 1 Sprite, to abandon hope and head for home.

Meanwhile other Highway Patrol members had re-fuelled - one at Caboolture and one at Calounra (!) and head for Kilcoy, at last the instructions now fit. However, due to a slight blank in the typists mind, control sneaky is not where it should be but 8 miles down the road. Eventually all cars bar the retirements reached the President at the finish. I believe the last came in after 8 o'clock on Sunday morning.

The conclusion: everybody had a marvellous time; got lost - 1st or 2nd sections; drove over all sorts of roads (free of public and, I trust, men in uniforms) in rain fog, etc. Even the TC kept his hood down. I believe he has very long, thin hands with short stubby fingers as his gloves ended up fitted on his feet. Who said TC owners don't drive off bitumen roads and in all weathers? The competitors all asked one question next Friday night "When are we having the next one?"

xxx xxx xxx xxx

Would the author of the above please note that the monster with the offset number plate did, at least, finish.

xxx xxx xxx xxx

RESULTS

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. R.Quilter - S.Waite | 5. A.Thomson - K.Turner |
| 2. R.Hiley - H. Hiley | 6. W.Charlton - R.Gettons |
| 3. R.Horton - M.Conway | 7. P.Raymont - G.Vavro |
| 4. D.Thomson - L.Veitch | 8. J.Maher - F.Sullivan |

THE OCTAGON

12.

OCTOBER, 1967

T H E C O N C O U R S D ' E L E G A N C E

On Saturday, 28th November, at 2 p.m. the M.G. Car Club will have the honour to host the first Combined Clubs Concours to be held in Queensland. It will be held at the Woolworth's Toowong Shopping Centre.

COME AND SEE

BULLY YOUR MATES ALONG TOO

Admission 40c.

After the Concours there will be a barbecue arranged by Club member John Muller at his home, 89 Carey St., Bardon.

Admission 75 cents.

Includes Steak, Dancing etc.

Amber Fluid Available.

B R I N G A P A R T Y

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COMMITTEE DECISION

In view of the poor support for hill climb working bees only members who have attended and worked at five official working bees at Mt. Cotton before the end of this year (1967) will be admitted free to hill climbs in 1968.

- Those members who have already qualified are:-
- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| Geoff Hawley | Bruce Ibbotson |
| Dennis Bright | Jon. McCarthy |
| Ross Horton | Graham Vayro |
| Lester Whittaker | Mike Smallsman |
| Will Charlton | Gooff Gettons |
| Ann Thompson | Brian Phillips |
| Ray Lovejoy | |

If your name is not on this list let us know why not - and make it good!

THE OCTAGON
CONFIDENTIAL

13.

OCTOBER, 1967

Bellcasp Oil Co. to all representatives, technical staff, dept, heads, etc.

A recent investigation by an independent laboratory into the claims made by Bellcasp Oil Co. in respect of their Glug Lubricating Oil has now substantially confirmed the Company's published statements in many respects.

With reference to the extent of corrosion caused by all oils except Glug, it has been found that any person with acute hearing standing within 3 feet of an engine containing old fashioned oil can almost hear a very faint noise, like the sound of a multitude of small white mice running over the ceiling of a public convenience. This noise provides supersonic evidence of the relentless progress of internal corrosion, and it is estimated that after approximately 74 years exposure a general loss of metal amounting to .0000112" would occur on all surfaces wetted by oil. Thus, in a period not exceeding 17 light years, the entire engine would be reduced to a mere cobweb of metal, thereby improving power-weight ratio with some sacrifice of mechanical strength.

Alternatively, similar tests on an engine containing Glug indicate that the reverse process occurs. The engine, instead of corroding away, increases slightly in all dimensions. The Company, with characteristic forethought, has applied for patent rights in respect of an elastic-sided chassis specially designed to provide for this contingency.

The additives used in Glug are of a variety of types and include Black Sauce (Australasia only), chlorophyll, oil of peppermint, cantharides and a small dash of good lubricating oil obtained from one of the other oil companies. The full formula of the "Zeta" additive featured in Bellcasp publicity may not be disclosed. It has been created from a formula discovered by Bellcasp Research in a 17th century manuscript. It is compounded by an alchemist imported by Bellcasp from a Peruvian Monastery and is known to contain bat's blood and a substance found in the adrenal glands of a small grey goose.

BURKETT DICING ANALYSIS. From 750 M.C.

- 1/10th Elderly Dodderer taking it easy.
- 2/10th Elderly Dodderer going somewhere
- 3/10th Commercial Traveller, concerned mainly with mileage between overhauls.
- 4/10th Most leisurely progression practised by "One of Us"
- 5/10th Slowest form of Rally driving, when right on time.
- 6/10th Everyday motoring when a trifle late, or getting time-in-hand on a rally.
- 7/10th No risks taken, and could maintain all day, but glad Elderly Dodderer is not in back seat
- 8/10th Keen type taking Editor of Motoring Journal for demonstration run
- 9/10th Racing driver doing his desperate best under a "Faster" signal from his pit
- 10/10th Dangerous motor-bandit hotly pursued by entire C.I.D. in Ferraris.

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Motorkhana 17th September

The last motorkhana of the year turned out to be "something dry and something rough, something dusty and something tough". As the organiser claimed the events were supposedly "expertly laid out to suit only Minis", Mort SNOOPY Shearer destroyed this image by hurling the tried but tidy TF around to turn out worthy winner overall. And all without losing the everpresent sunglasses and old straw hat (reputed to contain an automatic pilot from an F111)

The cars entered were a varied bunch ranging from the usual horde of Sprites and B's, through Minis (the best one had XK-E tailpipes and a handbrake that its female pilot could never find), up to a wild and woolly 3½ litre H****n. Of course, there was a F****n Ute, but more of that later. Then there was an ex-racing Morgan and a special Mini with chundacolour wheels that was

stripped of all extraneous gear (except the driver - and at times he wasn't necessary either). MGY Racing Pty. Ltd. made a showing and its two immaculately presented monsters shattered their aid of dignity by tearing up and down the dirt in no uncertain manner, chauffeured by "Snoopy" Shearer and "Red Baron" Charlton. In each duel, "Snoopy" managed to shoot down the "Red Baron" who, at times looked almost ready to bail out (he had the canopy top open).

All there had an enjoyable thrash-about in the 7 event programme and, with the great volumes of dust around, each car appeared to be doing a Hopkirk on every turn of the wheel. Campbell's Cooper looked a bit wild in its reverse spin turns, regularly showing 6-or-so inches of daylight under one wheel. The bigger cars found things a little tightish, but their drivers seemed unworried by the conditions and recorded quite creditable performances. Tommy Hatton found he couldn't quite get 1 million H.P. onto the dirt, whilst Maher found that about 6 turns of lock can make one quite tired. Kay "Christabel Carlilse" Hawley drove the Broadspeed GTS very well and was first lady home in each event - well she was the only one game enough to try.

And all the time, "Snoopy" Shearer plodded on unobtrusively, almost casually - winning, winning and winning.

Gary Cowan turned up sporting a wife, an MGB, and a hairy "go-kart" scooter. After showing all his speedway talents, Gary sat back to watch the others try their skill (or luck!) Malcolm Campbell should have stuck to his Mini with its full harness, because that scooter threw him end-over-end and inside-out ("I didn't know it had brakes"). Rod Daniels wasn't thrown so far but managed to tear a lump out of his knee - the bigger they are the harder they fall. Twiggy Charlton had a drive but the scooter couldn't carry him fast enough to get into trouble. He couldn't fall off though, because there was so much of him hanging over the sides.

Later Garry proved that the Scooter was only 2.8 seconds slower than his MGB around the fast (but only for MINIs and Sprites) autocrosse. Kay Hawley was first to run in this event and set an astounding time that, apart from equalling her (007) husband's best run, was a mere 1.4 seconds short of Greg "Hippy" Runnegars ultimate record of 24.6 seconds. What's this bit about women drivers.....?

The Bob-a-Ding was cleaned up by Malcolm Campbell, who set a scorching, wheel-lifting 23.8. Maher in the F****n Ute tried to equal this under Whopping Will's instruction - he didn't come near

that record but would you believe 12 inches of daylight under a front wheel and more than 15 inches under the back - we blamed chock-a-block' Charlton's weight in the passenger's (oops! I mean instructor's) seat. Maher immediately drove to the little huts at the far end of the field - returning some 20 minutes later.

All in all, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves even though what seemed to be a healthy sun-tan turned out to be quite a thick layer of dirt and grime. But still, a little dirt never hurt anyone, even if the sports cars had a 4 inch carpet of it!

Well, if you missed that Motorkhana - and quite a few did (we hope they were at the Hill Climb) - you'll have to wait till next year. So, for all the spare weekends you've got now, take a wander out to Mt. Cotton for your entertainment. All you'll need is a shovel or something, an Eskey, and a few yarns - and you'll have a good time - it's guaranteed!

RESULTS

Overall.

1. M. Shearer
2. W. Charlton
3. G. Hawley
4. M. Campbell
5. J. Campbell
6. G. Runnegar
7. R. Robson

Forward Bending

1. G. Hawley
2. W. Charlton
3. R. Robson

Rev. Bending

1. M. Shearer
2. G. Hawley
3. W. Charlton

Clover-Leaf

1. M. Shearer
2. J. Campbell
3. M. Campbell

Forward and Reverse Bending

1. W. Charlton
2. J. Campbell
3. M. Campbell

Forward Bending/

Spin Garage

1. M. Shearer
2. G. Hawley
3. M. Campbell

Autocrosse

- | | |
|----------------|-------|
| 1. G. Runnegar | 24.6 |
| 2. M. Campbell | 25.0) |
| 3. W. Charlton | 25.0) |
| 4. M. Shearer | 25.5 |

Bob-A-Ding

- | | |
|----------------|-------|
| 1. M. Campbell | 23.8 |
| 2. G. Runnegar | 24.2 |
| 3. J. Campbell | 25.0) |
| 4. T. Hatton | 25.0) |