

The Brisbane Sporting Car Club

MAGAZINE

CAMS AFFILIATED

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CLUBROOMS

BSCC Clubrooms are located on the corner of Reid and Hawthorne Streets at Wolloongabba, and are open every Wednesday from 8.00 pm.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

The annual membership subscription is \$15.00 for ordinary members and \$6.00 for associate members. Associate membership is offered to the wife, fiancée and/or children of ordinary members.

CLUB BADGES

The following club badges may be obtained from the club captain:-

Reflectorised bumper bar stickers	\$0.80
Metal Lapel Badges	\$1.00
Embroidered cloth badges	\$2.00

Editorial

No matter what sort of drivers we are, good, bad, fast or slow there is only one thing which makes us observe our speed, ensure that our road behaviour is faultless, and generally wakes us up to the fact that millions of people use the highways, and that the vast majority are BAD drivers, who could do anything silly at any time, and that one thing is a POLICECAR.

The sight of the boys in blue reminds us that the road laws were created for the general good, and that any flagrant breach of these laws or of courtesy or commonsense will be put down severely. Therefore, the editor views with dismay the reintroduction of the police using unmarked cars in Brisbane. A policeman in such a vehicle ceases to be the protector of law, order and all we hold dear, he becomes a revenue collector, and whereas the other monies gathered by the state are used for schools, hospitals and other generally worthy aims, one suspects that the piffling sums collected by the police will be used to provide themselves with bigger, flashier, 'Q' cars.

The blacker side of course is that the police may start acting in a provocative manner to encourage the hapless motorist to fall into their grasp. I understand the car is a Torana SLR5000 so keep your cool if one starts challenging you around town.

The editor would like to say that he's never been booked for a mobile motoring offence, and if he thought that the car(s) in question would be used to apprehend drunks and drivers guilty of shoddy examples of showmanship, he would be delighted.

Two Major Forthcoming Events....

Both Rallyists and Motorkhanaites are catered for on SUNDAY 19th JUNE when the following fixtures are to be held:

B.S.C.C. Queensland Motorkhana Championship Round 4

To be organised by the old firm of Larry Stinson and Greg Carpenter this is the fourth round of the championship and the first to be organised by us. To get to the venue take the following course: Up Oxley Rd heading into town away from the Oxley Tavern, take the first on the left after Bisley and Pikes, past the sewage farm and its on the left. The entry fee will be \$4 (dont forget you need a competition licence for this event) and the supplementary regs will be out soon.

RALLY SEMINAR '77

Supported by Yokohama Tyres, the Commonwealth Bank and TAA this seminar will be presented at the Gateway Inn (where there will be ample parking) at 1000hrs. Attendance will be by registree's only and registration will open at 0930 at the same venue. The cost will be \$7.50 (which includes lunch and tea) and the chairman, Max Stahl, will be presenting a day full of interest for Competitors/Sponsors/Officials alike. The itinerary includes an official opening by a governmental minister, and guest speakers of state and national standing.

This months cover.....

A Triumph Dolomite Sprint aviating low over Wales heralds the road test within, also theres BY HONDA ACCORD TO THE LUTWICHE SHOPPING VILLAGE RALLY and Dave Morris's view of the Biggenden Bush Rally.....

Next month we have an indepth study of the big rallies results, as well as a report by John Hall who navigated Neil Swaysland to third overall. I'm also hoping to have report by Boyd Ovens on what its like to be plastered for a few weeks.....

Thanks to his association with the organisers, ex Cooper S rally pilot Wayne Blake arranged for the B.S.C.C. to provide a Motorkhans at the Mt Tamborine show, the organizing of the event was taken over by Keith McConnell and Larry Stinson, and it was held on the smooth grass of the centre ring.

Owing to a weekends dreadful weather, and the counter attraction of racing at Surfers, the turnout at the Motorkhans was terrible, only 10 entries being received. Even then, I believe we outnumbered the spectators, the whole show being almost a washout.

The event began in rain, and moved onto cloud so thick, that after lunch, proceedings were halted till the start officials could see the furthest marker. During the thickest of the weather a rendering of timber was heard as a large limb fell from a tree, luckily it caused no damage but the whole affair was a trifle spooky.

Entries were as follows.....

Mr Sutherland	Toyota Corolla
Peter Snell	Mini Special
Big Ed	Datsun 1600 - borrowed from a mate whose joining the club soon
Alan McConnell	Cooper S
Betty Snell	Mini Special
Lee Drummond	Mazda
Wayne Blake	Mazda
Rod Hannifey	Torana
Steven Snell	Mini Special
Marlene Ryman	Honda Civic

The wet grass provided little traction and the dollops of the other didnt help either - one of the younger Ryman's said that the grass was covered in manoeuvre, which was correct on both counts.

Rod Hannifey was the first to spin, his 3 zillion horsepower Torana switching ends very easily - he subsequently called it a day as he was getting giddy.

Lee Drummond as always, was a pleasure to watch, his placing of the Mazda being very precise.

The Snell's special proved to be rather tricky under the damp conditions.

Marlene was the only one not to get horrendous wheelspin, slowly, slowly catches monkey (If you like that sort of thing).

I think everybody had special knobbly tyres except me - well thats my story anyway.

TIMES (L) denotes LADY driver A, B denote class

Test 1	Test 2	Test 3
Sutherland A 27.2	P. Snell A 44.8	P. Snell A 49.5
P. Snell A 29.2	Drummond B 47.2	Sutherland A 49.5
Drummond B 30.0	Sutherland A 48.5	McConnell A 50.2
S. Snell A 32.1	S. Snell A 48.8	Drummond B 57.5
McConnell A 32.6	B. Snell (L) A 50.0	S. Snell A 57.8
Blake B 34.0	Blake B 52.6	B. Snell (L) A 59.8
Ryman (L) A 34.0	Ryman (L) A 52.9	Ryman (L) A 61.5
Hannifey B 35.0	Hannifey B 54.3	Blake B 68.9
B. Snell (L) A 36.0	Big Ed A 60.2	Big Ed A 70.0
Big Ed A 37.2	McConnell A 69.0	

Test 4	Test 5	Results
Drummond B 27.0	P. Snell A 35.0	P. Snell A 188.0
McConnell A 28.2	B. Snell (L) A 35.2	Drummond B 200.1
Sutherland A 29.5	Ryman (L) A 35.2	Sutherland A 205.7
P. Snell A 29.5	S. Snell A 38.0	S. Snell A 210.7
Ryman (L) A 29.5	Drummond B 38.4	B. Snell (L) A 212.1
Blake B 30.5	McConnell A 39.2	Ryman (L) A 213.1
B. Snell (L) A 31.1	Blake B 48.0	McConnell A 219.2
S. Snell A 34.0	Big Ed A 50.2	Blake B 234.0
Big Ed A 36.9	Sutherland A 51.0	Big Ed A 254.5

Mini Ads
4 Michelin XAS
185 x 14
2 half worn
2 well worn
B. Mallett
221 5211 - work
Navigator Wanted
for Torana
Bob Handford
265 3028n, 266990d

Big Ed's Column...

Following the interest generated last month by my mini test of footwear, I carried out an in depth survey of spectators on the recent Lutwyche Shopping Village Rally. The following results were obtained, 58% wore shoes and boots with a tread pattern, 10% wore hard soled smooth shoes, 12% soft soled smooth shoes, 9% wore thongs, 3% had bare feet (and peeled banana's with their feet - I think they were spectators, it was rather dark), 1 1/2% had steel tipped boots and 1/2% wore ballet shoes with the words "Hello Sailor" picked out in sequins. Over the first two stages the tread patterns forged ahead, gaining traction over all the others except the steel studded boots who were close behind. On stage 1 the ballet shoes were impregnated by a thorn and minced off, visibly shaken. The barefooted spectators (?) had already been disqualified for taking to the trees. As the going got rougher the tread patterns filled with mud, and by stage 4 the studded boots were ahead with the two varieties of smooth sole and treads in a gaggle. The thongs were lagging behind, and ran out of time limit when the piece of plastic which goes over the foot pulled out of the sole. Stage 6 was very rocky and saw the demise of studded boots who could get no grip, in a fit of chagrin they frightened an old lady and escaped on a motorbike. Treads fell further back here, but hard smooth sole and soft smooth sole were very nearly equal. It was not to last however for stage 8 was wet rocks, and hard smooth sole lost control, and plunged into the undergrowth. Soft smooth sole raced ahead and narrowly beat treads who had gathered speed downhill on packed earth. Another triumph for soft smooth soles (I wonder when Hush Puppies declare their dividend etc).

As an aside to the rally, when I was doing my bit for God and Country (Or in this case Gary Connelly and the club), I noticed that fully 50% of the cars at our first control had a piece of spiders web running from the end spotlight to the front wing. Dr Chalk and I made a point of staring at this point and commenting on the quantity, or lack of, a web. Several drivers, seeing this performance, and not knowing its object, became quite agitated, but how, in all honesty, could we explain what we were looking for. Come to that, when did the arachnid (or arachnids) do their weaving, and how could such a fragile strand withstand a 100 mph gale?

Last months competition had surprising results, after the third special delivery the post office asked me to collect my own mail. After spending seconds sifting through them to find a winner, the lucky member transpired to be that well known club member Miss Tootsie Wootsie of Hampton Park. She will be wending her way to Laurel St to collect her prize, when the wife is at Yoga classes.

Scoop....Scoop....Scoop

At Last It Can Be Told, The Saga Of The KOMI INSERTS, by BIG ED (The man they couldnt gag).....

Little did I know when I walked into Olbis's premises just after Christmas, that the front shock absorbers they got me would take 4 1/2 months to fit. The first shock was that the Honda's front struts were one piece creations, and I had to get twould type dismountable ones. Upon trying to fit the inserts in I found one of the struts was bent so I spent weeks phoning the wreckers for another one. By accident I found that ONE OF THE NEW KOMI INSERTS WAS BENT, and not the much maligned strut. I returned the insert to Olbis and it was returned to Melbourne, after some more weeks the strut was returned by Koni with the news that the thing was never bent and they'd renewed a valve at a cost of \$10. Added expense on a shock absorber that had never been on a vehicle! After much duress I paid the money because these !!!! things were hanging round my neck like an Albatross. Still the insert wouldnt go in the strut, eventually I had to have the inside of the strut bored out to fit it and I had them put on today (12.5.77). Ye Gods! If anybody asked my advice I'd stay stick to Honda and face the inevitable break-ages, after all whats a bit of money compared to going loony?

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong
(Ecclesiastes IX 4)

The Light and Dark of the Dolomite Sprint

The Sprint has been in production in the U.K. since 1973, being introduced here a couple of years ago. The heart of the car is the Design Award winning 4 cylinder, 2 litre, 16 valve engine. All these valves, (4 per cylinder of course), are operated by only one camshaft, half the valves working direct and half being prompted by very short pushrods. My introduction to the sporting aura of 4 valves per cylinder was in Italy years ago when I spied an old Bentley sports undergoing attention. The mechanics raised the mighty cylinder head and the short one said "Quattro porte" (excuse the spelling), and seeing the old girl in a different light they commenced work with a new zeal. Where Triumph have been very clever is in the placing of the spark plug, Peugeot were the first with 4 valves per cylinder (in 1914) but this had two camshafts and the valves at a considerable angle. The first such engine with S.O.H.C. was a Mercedes, but this had 3 spark plugs around the rim of the piston. The Triumph has one very accessible plug in the middle of the combustion chamber, it being surrounded by valves - all very clever indeed.

The car is a trifle old for a demonstrator, having 11,000 kms on the clock and the registration falling due this month. Even so, the finish had a few blemishes, a spot of glue here and there, and a touch of rust at the back where the roof joins on. One receives a vinyl roof with the ensemble, a thing I'd avoid if I could. Merely as an aside, did you know that the "Dark night" sooty paint applied to Bomber Command Lancasters during the war took about 30 mph off the top speed?

The engine leans over at a fair angle to lower the bonnet height but the cars body is still rather tall and stalky. It has been in production since 1964 (in various guises) and it is a trifle dated, but I thought it was jolly handsome, and although I wasn't too keen on "Mimosa Yellow" this colour is a big bonus when it comes to being seen during the day, and therefore scores heavily on safety. If the outside is old fashioned, so is the interior, gloriously so. My Jowett Javelin has a fine wooden dashboard and bags of instruments, so the Sprint struck a deep cord of pleasure within me. The driving position is positively AI, the seat moves up and down as well as backwards and forwards, and the steering wheel is adjustable in all planes too. The seats are of deep cloth and are wide and comfortable. Properly seated I felt quite high, not a bad thing as I could see all four corners of the car and it proved to be very easy to reverse. The pedals felt a little close at first but I never noticed any discomfort when on the move.

Driving off in the Sprint I quickly made a very pleasant discovery, the car has a four speed gearbox with overdrive on 3rd and the top and all those little valves chattering away, means that one can trickle around town quite happily in overdrive top at 1500 revs. As the overdrive works by a brilliant switch on top of the gearlever, all the inconvenience of going up and down the box is halved. The gear change wasn't terribly quick, but the box is coping with 127 bhp and it provides a nice notchy - now we are in gear - feel. The gearbox is a compliment to a wonderful engine, and I couldn't say more than that.

We'd bought Aunt Bessie a rather strange burrowing Budgie, so we took the run down to Mermaid Beach and back over the mountains again. My wife thought the car was noisy inside till I forcibly pointed out that this powerhouse didn't make noise, it made music. Playing boy racers in the car, and taking it up to the permitted 6500 revs in the first three gears provided pleasure in so many different veins. The W-U-U-M, W-U-U-U-M as the engine burst up the rev range, each gear (including third) taking only seconds to reach its peak. The chirrip from the rear Goodyears at EACH gearchange, and that big hand pushing you back in the seat. Ye gods,

any other discrepancies apart this is motoring for MEN (and hairy ladies).

I approached the drive over the mountains with some trepidation as Triumph's sporting cars have a rather unforgiving reputation. However, my aim, as always, was to establish whether the car can usefully be used for enjoyable fast touring, and not to drive round on a limit dangerous to other road users. So at my own low limits, on smooth, but wet, bitumen. The coil springs at the front and the four link live axle at the rear provided ample adhesion, although the lack of a limited slip differential means that on some tight corners the inside rear wheel would ZZZZZ away for a second, before the car rocketed on. Now any fool can drive hard uphill bringing the tail sliding out a little in second gear, but doing the same in third and top requires talent. Most of the ascent was covered in 2nd and 3rd, the upper gear being eminently usable from 2500 revs upwards. Going fast downhill in third the first doubts began to set in, the car was easily disturbed by pieces of rough road and one didn't feel in tune with the chassis, the car felt nervous, and a nervous car makes for a nervous driver. However all was forgiven on the run over the plateau as the Q.I. headlights pierced the low cloud, and the car gave its best as a point and squirt machine between corners and crests. The pot-holed road between Canungra and Waterford kept my speed in check, the car feeling most unhappy over hard braking on the bumps, whilst I was crawling along at 3000 revs in top (120 kmph, but these things are relative) a Datsun saloon shot past me and I gave chase keeping about 100 yds astern. He was really belting along, whatever he'd done to modify his barge had been very successful as he looked and sounded just right, but I wasn't too happy at all, the Sprint was manifestly unstable with the tail trying to wag the dog. In the U.K. Sprints are very successful in Group One (Or standard) rallying, so the cure for the wayward feeling is there, what a pity Triumph don't do something about it.

By Sunday therefore I believed that the car had a Jekyll and Hyde character, the charming and persuasive Dr Jekyll when the road was smooth, and the dangerous Mr Hyde when the surface was less than first rate. To help boost the club's entry's at the Tamborine Show Motorkhana, I retraced my tracks Sunday morning and ascended upto Mt Tamborine, the mountain road, slippery with rain but well constructed giving the Sprint a taste of its forte. What a magnificent drive it was, the fabulous engine pouring the car up the lower slopes in third and O/D third. Entering a bend very fast in O/D third the big brakes would steady the car, and flicking off the overdrive gave heaps of engine braking as the four big pots slowed the car dramatically. The ideal steering coped easily with the tight twirls at the top of the climb and I arrived on top of the world (both literally and metaphorically) feeling idiotically talented. In its element it provides endless pleasure, damn those roads that are ghastly, they can only get better and every mile of road that is improved will give the lucky Sprint owner a bounty of enjoyable motoring.

I am told the Sprint is going out of production soon in Australia, so act quickly if you want a 200 kmph car for a reasonable figure, and it won't be long before 1984 is upon us and we all have to buy what the Government thinks is safe and proper - the Sprint may be new wine in an old cask, but surely vintners do that to give the wine body ?

Car supplied by Annand & Thompson, Breakfast Creek....52 0161

At last the Biggenden Bush rally and our guest artist this month, Dave Morris presents.....

A REPORT FROM THE REAR - BIGGENDEN '77

Or "Car 44 where are you?" (Datsun 1600's are great cars !)

Section 1 : drv - "When d'ya reckon we'll pass car 43?"
dvr - "In section 1 - what else?"
nav - "You do and I'll get out an' walk!"

Official -

E.O.S.C. No. 1 - "Ya seen car 43 anywhere?"
Nav - "UH ! OH !"

and so began the annual saga of Biggenden-in-the-sticks.

My navigator in the great event was none other than the intrepid young Noel Lawson (son of the famous whatsisname). After the delightfully fast 1st section our journey took us past the enchanting friendly neighbourhood radar trap who wish to thank Mr T. Jewels for his kind donation to their beer and prawn fund.

All I remember of the remainder of the 1st Division were some really great roads; quick - with a few tight twisty bits; a gate which automatically shrank by 2 feet the instant it was opened; the launching pad for Apollo IV, which was very carefully camouflaged to look just like a cattle grid; driving around and around and around somebody's farm searching for "Road on right" (The owner expressed his thanks for his new roundabout, though he couldn't figure out what the hell to do with it); sitting in a deep, deep creek crossing for about 10 minutes spraying C.R.C. all over the place (The tyres, the radiator, the headlights, the exhaust pipe, the ignition key, and, as a last resort, we even sprayed the engine); (Datsun 1600's are great cars).

At the Division break I had the steakburger and coffee and Noel had a chocolate malted milk. (Remember folks, you read it first in the B.S.C.C. newsletter)

We dropped 26 minutes in the 1st Div. going close to maintaining our position as the last car.

The second division was fun, fun, fun. We had the roller coaster (What goes up doesn't necessarily come down - and vice versa), which was an experience to say the least. We had a few nasty moments in the first few sections.

Scene: Car 44 careering from side to side - some how, mysteriously completely out of control (Datsun 1600's etc, etc), Suddenly Car 44 heads straight at gap in trees and brakes hard, reverses back onto road and continues on rally.

Dvr - "Whew, whats the next instruction Noel?"

Nav - "Duh, duh, uh, duh, duh, uh, etc etc" a little later See the car coming around the bend,

It is coming very fast around the bend,

It is coming too fast around the bend,

It is off the road. It has stopped.

It cannot go forwards. It cannot go backwards. Why won't the car go?

Because it has got a bloody great log jammed under the front wheel, thats why. See the driver get out of the car. It is Car 44 (Datsun 1600's

are great cars !). The driver is jumping up and down, the driver is saying rude words. He is not happy. He is jacking up the car. He is pulling the bloody great log out from under the front wheels and throwing it into the bush. See the car driving away again towards section 6 (Drum roll, dramatic music etc..)

Section 6 will stay with me for life as the approximate equivalent of the sinking of the Titanic or World War 2. After surviving a few minor excursions we finally came hurtling over a small crest, "Creek" yelled my navigator as all four wheels sank into the mud "crossing ahead" he said. After much manouvering, we finally extricated ourselves from the creek only to get stuck on the exit, a steep hard right which we finally conquered only to miss a turn and finish up in a paddock surrounded by cows. The turn was finally located both by brilliant navigation and sitting at

the bottom of a hill watching where the lights of the next car disappeared to.

However, at this stage our fuel was running low, we were running out of late time and decided to cut and run, finishing with the loss of a mere 468 points. Imagine how thrilled we were, when, on checking the results we found that after starting last car we had worked our way up through the field and finished 2nd last...Makes it all seem worthwhile doesn't it?

Seriously though folks, Noel's effort in navigating his first rally was excellent. With a little more experience and teamed with a good young driver, he will be a top class navigator.

Datsun 1600's are great cars !!!!!

(We didn't even have a sump guard)

DAVE MORRIS

BIG ED'S EYE VIEW OF THE BIGGENDEN BUSH RALLY :

When I lightly suggested to Mrs Smith that we venture upto Biggenden to spectate on the rally, I had no real idea of our destinations whereabouts but vaguely imagined it to be a little beyond Ipswich. Imagine my horror therefore, when, on the day of the rally, I was rudely dragged from my slumbers, forced fed a plate of wheaties and by 0850 found myself enroute to a destination so far north, that all the map could say of the area was "Here Be Dragons", admittedly the map was old (Brisbane was down as Brisbaneum) but I managed the snide remark to the disturber of my sleep that she, at least, should feel at home.

My bad mood enroute wasn't enhanced when at Inala the Honda coughed the last of its petrol, however fortune smiled upon us because the Angel Gabriel lived in the house outside of which we'd made our involuntary stop, he cut up his garden hose and syphoned off of petrol out of his Holden so we could reach a coin pump. Therefore, if any club member sees a white HK in difficulties by the side of the road, please stop and help, it could be him.

The saga of the Koni strut inserts hasn't ended yet, so we had to make the trip with very little damping on the front, being broad and short the car still had excellent cornering properties but when pulling 6500 (downhill !) in top any sudden disturbances in the road can lead to a busy moment or two. This may sound a bit desperate but not once did I see the true barometer of fast travel - Mrs Smith's white knuckles clenched round the grab handle.

By dint of thrashing on a bit we made the start as car number 4 left. The start had adequate area although the grass was a bit long, but the location gave the competitors the fun of a competitive section straight away from the start. When we arrived all the spectator instructions had gone (tut-tut) so I wandered down the track and onto the airfield which the competitors circumnavigated before disappearing into the forest. I learnt that the next spectator point was in the Lady Elliot River Forest a few miles north of Childers. So after watching Ryan's Torana, McCubbin's very potent sounding Holden Ute, Tony Jewel's Subaru, Neumann's Civic and Hank Kable's very quiet Mazda rush past I retraced my steps and had some lunch. Two well known club members had non-started the event, Alan Lawson/Greg Weale were missing a part (gosh !) and all sorts of rumours were flying around about Daryll Kelly, the best one was that his service crew had realised after he'd departed that they'd left undone those things they should have done up, and when the police (who'd been alerted) tried to stop him at a road block, he'd smashed his way through, brandishing Alan Rolandson and shouting "Come and get me copper". They finally holed him up in a tenement warehouse in the Bronx, and it took his wife and children plus four priests singing selections from "The Sound of Music" to get him to give himself up. A damn good rumour that, I must start some more sometime.

The Lady Elliot etc wasn't on the map so we headed towards Childers at a moderate rate which would either let someone catch us, or let us catch

a heavily laden service barge, either way we would have someone to follow. The latter happened first and we came across a considerable entourage the majority of whom were servicing for Ruth Tindal. There was a Datsun Ute groaning under the weight of Laurie Tindall and Roger, the Tim Bailey Alfa plus a Civic and something else. When the Ute had a puncture the side of the road resembled a used car lot, while the weather was fine we watched the proceedings but a sudden cloudburst sent everybody scurrying off leaving Laurie mouthing the most frightful things as he changed the wheel. We stopped at the Shell Roadhouse, Childers where I managed to pinch some spectator instructions (they had beetroot stains on them which should help anyone who lost theirs). We had a little dice with a Torana enroute to the forest and when he overshot the entrance we managed to sneak in first.

I always feel that the state forest have a certain air of excitement about them, an atmosphere rendolent of past forays into their depths, after all trees are living things and who knows whether they recall the exciting atmosphere of brave men being brave.

We walked about half a mile in and came to a crossroads, being the first people on hand it wasn't apparent which of the exits they would take, but the one straightahead looked very rough and that to the left went through creek, so we stationed ourselves on a couple of sheds conveniently on the exit to the righthand turn. Having a look at these sheds in the depths of the forest gave me a considerable shock, they were two in number, a little one and a big one - inside the big shed (and I kid you not) was another small shed - MARSUPIAL SHEDS - obviously our sudden arrival had caught the other small shed by surprise and it was lying doggo on the surface, shaking or dropping a rivet in fear. Anyway the sound of an oncoming motor smote our ears and the Brown/Ryan Datsun rushed into view and performed a very nice flick left through the creek as he turned away from us. Curses ! before the next car came along, we ran across the junction and tip-toed through the creek - I kept a firm grip on Mrs Smith (lucky devil !) because she was wearing her ribbed walking shoes again, and I didn't want another week of her smelling like a VICKS advert.

The Thompson/Kortling Escort 2000 came through in fine style sounding very nice (what a pity it hasn't 16 valves). McCubbin had got his Torana past Vandersee's but he was the first of many to overshoot the junction, as I've said the junction was deceptive on foot, so in a vehicle it would have posed serious problems. McCubbins Ute overshot and then slewed round on a great plume of water, he had entered the creek on 8 cylinders and left on 3 or 4. It was about this time that those two well known faces, Dave Ambrose and Greg Weale emerged from out of the trees. Seeing me with a camera Dave stood about a foot in front of me while Greg tried to bite my wife, goodbye peaceful afternoon ! Hank and Simon Kable whistled through in the Mazda 323 "with the speed of a thousand racing pigeons" while Tony Jewels with the guvnor in the hot seat was faultless (naturally). Suddenly, driving downhill to the creek (in the face of the rally traffic) appeared a tatty old forest runabout, whilst from the opposite direction and about to turn left through the creek appeared Ian Reidel, Women Fainted, Strong men bit their lips, Greg Weale bit my wife, but with great presence of mind an Official at the entrance to the junction managed to stop Ian and the old jallopy was moved out of the way with all speed. Such excitement ! seeing that there was a steward at the junction I shouted an order for a beer, and I think, by his actions, he was asking if I'd like two.

So we retraced our path and returned to the start of the section where Dave Morris was, well, quiet about it all, and Ruth tried to soak us by rushing through a creek as we passed by. We drove through Childers to the next spectator point, but it was on a wide fast piece of public road not anywhere near as good as the forest. I think Ian Reidel was the only one who came past us who didn't back off the throttle, and the cars being 2 minutes apart made it all a bit dull, so we went back to the Shell, Roadhouse where some charming ladies did us chips and burgers. We sat outside and watched, amongst others, the amazing Daryll Kelly who had a little

boy in his Golf (I tell you the Childers Shellroadhouse will serve you with anything as long as your prepared to wait). Despite the temptation of another spectator point we decided to call it a day and returned via the highway to Brisbane. Enroute I overtook a vast yank tank who fastened himself about a foot from my rear bumper, he was so close I could hear Saint Peter calling I could almost smell the flowers, but thankfully a few corners appeared and a bit of late braking and earholing left him behind.

There are things I learnt from this outing, Gary Blower has at least four doppelgangers, because everywhere we went Gary was there organizing (and very nicely too) and Greg Weale should eat BEFORE he goes out, my wife will recover in time and we just hope that the bones stuck in his throat.

.....Biggenden Bumlings.....

Tony Jewels made a quick trip back to the start after starting the event, wonder why ?

Seen at the start (and being jolly rude to your editor) were John Hall who commands the bar of a Wednesday night, he was navigating for Mr Smallman in a 1.6 Escort, and one couldnt help but notice that his service car was the replica of the competition car, I smell something fishy here ! and Warren McKewen who was navigating for our President in a Cooper S. Warren was very busy so I asked a string of totally inane questions until he told me to go away - or words to that effect.

Mr McKewen was one of many navigators who, during the night mistook a particular T junction and got himself into a knot over it. The Club President, not being a vindictive man cut off all his toes and fed them to his Raven.

Ruth Tindal took the left hand fork of a Y junction by mistake and spent 30 minutes getting the Datsun back onto terra firma

The major placings were as follows.....

1)	I. Reidel / R. Moir	Holden Sunbird	38
2)	H. Kabel / S. Kabel	Mazda 323	45
3)	I. McCubbin / D. Guyatt	Holden Ute	51
4)	T. Perrett / R. Pugh	Datsun 1600	54
5)	T. Gynther / P. Cox	Fiat 125	56
6)	G. Bates / S. Smith	?	60
7)	F. Thompson / D. Kortlang	Escort RS2000	61

.....a truly remarkable effort by the two most standard cars on the event.

WOMEN WANTED...WOMEN WANTED...WOMEN WANTED...WOMEN WANTED...WOMEN WANT

The clubs president, Chris Goodreid mentioned to me confidentially the other night that he very much wanted a women.....to enter Miss Qld Motor Sport Personality contest, judging isnt till October so if your hearts delight has a bit of a sparkle about her let Chris know. Remember this is NOT a beauty contest (although Frankenstein's mother might have trouble winning it) but a personality contest so all the bon femmes can have a go.....if your unsure as to whether your beauty is eligible the editor will be delighted to give her the once over (subject of course to Mrs Smiths approval and/or disappearance).

By Honda Accord to the Lutwyche Shopping Village Rally...

(The Editor appoligises for putting his contributuon first, but typing schedules are pressing...)

Thursday 5-5-77

For the organisers, the clubs annual National Rally Championship qualifier is a continuous year in, year out production, culminating in the running of the event. However, I consider that my involvment with the rally really began Thursday afternoon when I collected my transport for the event. A Honda Accord lent to me by Adrian Taylor of Bennett Honda, Rocklea.

The Accord is a strikingly handsome car, one of the few cars to have the new concept in safety bumpers which doesnt look burdened in consequence. The car was in metallic blue and was the actual motor show car, the colour is attractive by day but really comes into its own under artificial light at night, then, the blue turns to a dark lustre with reflective highlights. In the daytime it looks like a week at the Savoy, but by night, its a month at the Ritz.

Internally theres everything you could think of (and its all standard apart from the air conditioning) plus a rear window wiper/washer, a padded coin tray, remote rear hatch unlocker, a computerised hazard control which informs the driver if, A: any of the doors are open, or B: if a brake light has failed, this particular circuit also incorporates a lamp tester. Dials for the driver include a very nice tacho, redlined between 5700-6500, a speedometer which wobbled slightly (probably unique to this car) plus little guages for fuel and water temp. A range of warning lamps covered the other interesting that can happen, like oil pressure or alternator failure. A further row of small indicators show the driver when he should change the tyres round, the oil filter, or the air filter. A very comprehensive range of information for the driver, all housed in a single, well laid out binnacle. The drivers observations in this respect are enhanced by a steering wheel which has its four spokes reaching across the wheel, the wheel itself has a nice leather rim but I found it a trifle thick, granted I've got small hands but there again so have most ladies.

I settled myself into the well padded seat and mad^e myself very comfortable, driving the Accord back to work showed two minor criticisms, the very precise rack and pinion steering was a bit low geared and the door^{was} set a little too far back, necessitating a turn of the head to view it, whereas in the Civic I can see the mirror by just swinging my eyeballs to the right.

Friday 6-5-77

I'd been fortunate enough to be invited to the rally press gathering at Samford so I drove the Accord over from work in the morning. The Accord has five forward gears and it is very high geared. From third upwards the gear ratio's are 1.1, .88 and .72 respectively. Top gear gives 80 kmph at 2500 revs, so flat out at a ton the engine is doing 5000 revs, a very conservative rate and one guaranteed to prolong engine life. Its not just a highway gear either, given the knowledge of a few seconds continuous motoring, fifth can be engaged and the car will trickle around at 1900 revs, its not till the car is down to 1500 revs that this drivers mechanical sympathys forced him to change down, the car exhibited no distress at this speed at all.

A host of camera crews and motoring writers turned up at the Ferny Grove Tavern for the pre rally run through the Samford Forest. Competitors on hand to provide the excitement included Rannsford, Dunkerton, Reidel, Taylor, Dave Jones etc. The main talking piont was Adrians, O so near inversion of the Civic, this was caused by too stiff a front sway bar whcih was causing the wheel to lift. I was fortunate enough to be given a ride in car No.7 the Jones ex Stewart, ex Works Mitsubishi Lancer. The Lancer is a very short wheelbase car, and its also narrow, so it has what is known as a low polar of inertia.

Broadly speaking, this means that the rear wheels have less distance to travel before they overtake the front wheels than they would on a long wheelbase car, therefore the driver gets less warning, therefore if he has reactions like a corpse he will become history very quickly. So through the forest the Lancer proved to have a very nervous chassis, swinging its tail under slight provocation and generally behaving in an unruly manner. The aeronautical equivalent of the car is the Sopwith Camel, this had a small airframe and a large engine, this provided so much torque that a lefthand turn was easier executed by turning right through 270 degrees. An aircraft that was deadly to the beginner but almost uncatchable in the hands of a master. So the Lancer isn't really the car for the beginner and you see few novices driving them with any élan. Dave's one had a low 4.6 diff which gave about 100 mph at 7000 revs, the excelleration up through the gears was very quick and third could be used for practically everything. The bedlam inside of engine, gearbox, stones, teeth and knees was enough to keep one awake through the small hours, Doug chatted amiably away as he tried to make ny death look like an accident. On retrospect I think the competitive Lancer drivers best aspect must be a photographic memory, for apart from brief glimpses of the road ahead as the car changes from sliding to the right, to sliding to the left, his lights would show him nothing but the scenery.

Saturday 7.5.77

I was up at the crack of 9 o'clock, and after the inevitable panic incumbent upon any female going out for 24 hours (I wonder when VICKS issue their dividend, we must be up for a grand at least) we left. After parking the Accord in a position where Adrian wouldn't see we hadn't cleaned it, we went into the Lutwyche Shopping Village for the start. Mouth watering cars (and Ruth Tindalls) stretched into the distance. I thought that the best production was Jim Reddix's big Citroen, immaculate in white with overtones of red and blue with the real racers coming close in covetability. Fury's works Datsun (still with Japanese registration), this had a 2 litre 16 valve engine pushing out nearly 250 bhp, Carr's yellow Escort RS2000 with its pronounced shovel nose, the tall stalky Lancer's of Stewart and Jones, Rainsford's fuel injected SAAB 99ems, the only factory prepared rally SAAB in Australia, Taylor's bewinged Civic, an unlikely looking winner in its context but usually there at the finish when all else has failed, plus many others including a quietly confident Deryll Kelly (you MUST be kidding !). The start was held en masse, and the rally cars streaming down Lutwyche Road nose to tail, gaudy in colours and stickers, made a very brave sight.

Ann Thompson had asked (nay ordered) us to be at Kilcoy by 1500hrs, this gave us a little time to spare so we met Charles and Mrs Blake at the Ferny Grove Tavern and we escorted Mrs Blake to the top of the hill in the Samford Forest. There, we stood her behind a very solid tree from which spot she could spectate in safety. Adrian arrived at the control, which was on a steep gradient, in a very twitchy manner, his progress looking so desperate that I ordered people behind me off of the road - unnecessarily because he stopped in time but it did look desperate for a moment. George Fury's Datsun had a glorious full throated bellow and slid round the last few bends in tremendous style. Rainsford's big SAAB looked staid by comparison, his car sitting on the road instead of darting about over its surface. At the top corner Dunkerton slid the big Datsun through and it was time for Charles and I to be off. We collected Mrs Smith from the exit, learnt from her that Adrian had seen the Accord dirty (curses !), eat a tongue roll (A piece of meat stuck in the side of my mouth, with the result that everything I said was tongue in cheek) and we were off. The amiable Accord took the 3 of us in great style, ambling along in 5th gear, with the air conditioning controlling the atmosphere, at about 3500 revs. It transpired that Charles had been in the air force and wartime aircraft being my abiding passion I enjoyed a good chat about Spitfires, Liberators, Lightnings, Mustangs etc, etc.

After collecting our boards and clocks at Kilcay we followed David Kortlugs Renault along with the McConnell's Falcon (Mel and Alan joining their father for the night's fun) and a Buggy in the drive north to our control position. En route the Renault dropped its muffler and we stopped for repairs in a spot where myriads of Bellbirds could be heard. We eventually arrived at a spot where Ann met us with another gaggle of officials. Then we all set off, apart from the McConnell's whose Falcon had problems with its points, the Range Rover of sweepers Dr Gregory Chalk and Warren McKewen stopped to assist.

Ann placed us at our spot, this was at the end of a fast piece of road which snaked downhill through the trees, before straightening out on the plain and continuing to our control. We placed the timing marker about 200 yards before the control at the end of a causeway. I thought that I'd either hear their wheels gallump over it or see their lights waver at that point. Charley dished out the jobs, my wife became clock watcher, while I was the despatcher and judge of when they passed the timing marker, Charles himself signed the all important cards. 'Chalky' and Warren arrived to keep us company, then the shadows quickly lengthened and after a cup of Charley's rather (extremely!) sweet tea we were in business.

Suddenly, brilliant lights swept the horizon and a car crossed the ridge in the distance and leapt downhill amidst the most glorious cacophony of pure power. It shuddered onto the plain and burst straight towards me as I stood in the road, one hand shielding my eyes so I could see the causeway by his lights, "Now" I bellowed as his lights wobbled. After passing the timing marker, hot pads clamped hot discs and Fury's mouthwatering Datsun blipped into the control, without wanting to be too frightfully English I'd say that that was the best competition car I've heard since I did my last RAC International in 1971 - mind you, standing in the road and having it bearing down on one is a trifle exciting too. George was some minutes ahead of the others and Adrian was missing, but shortly after the cars arrived thick and fast. I was usually the first to see them coming and I'd shout "Car coming" and try to get any cars in the control to pull round the corner, then I'd call Ready a couple of times incase Mrs Smith was shovelling VICKS into her ears or something, and peering through the ever present pall of dust, I'd strain to see the causeway as they thundered towards me. Warren was busy providing Charles with light and Chalky assisted those crews who had running repairs to make. On one occasion he dished out a pill to Daryll Kelly's navigator, who looked as ghastly as I felt in the same seat last year, the sight of a Golf covered in layers of, well, stuff, made me feel distinctly queasy too. Dean Rainsford (Like Doug Stewart one of nature's gentlemen) got out to give the wheels a quick visual check, my erstwhile provider of thrills, Mr Jones, arrived late and complained of alternator trouble, other people needed a push and a certain lad from down south had definite ideas of gate courtesy, which, he claimed, differed from those in Queensland. Laurie Garth's driver was very vocal also, but this time in praise of his navigator who has a demon way with gates. The last gate before our control was a very complicated device involving a length of chain and barbed wire, Mr McKewen tried to explain it to me, but your editor's mental capabilities snapped when the links had been wrapped around a third object. Every car had a tale to tell but I was a bit busy to jot them down, John Hall was confident while Daryll Kelly was disgustingly cheerful. We heard from Hank Kable the sad news that Boyd Owens had broken his arm - when Hank was coming towards me, the car was so quiet I couldn't understand how a car without an engine could be doing 90mph. The next section after ours was a transport section and so many navigators were using the short break to tuck into some grub that next year, I think I'll set up a pie stall - we'd make a fortune. We had two late arrivals at our control, the Russell Read/Ross Burbridge Datsun 1600 came in with the offside wheel about 30 degree's out of true, they trundled off towards Jimna where a service

area was situated, and the Bob Weston car which had been rumoured to have been rolled, whereas they'd pulled out a tie rod arm. They'd done a remarkable temporary repair by winching the front wheels together, and clamping the winch wire in place with mole wrenches. They clocked in and then departed to Jimna also. Between cars and when business died down a bit, there couldn't be any more convivial companions than the ones assembled there, Warren and Charles have a fund of stories and it was almost a pity when they swept us up.

The Range Rover departed and we packed up our gear and set off for our second point. We had an ambiguous instruction that at a point near Jimna we would find $1\frac{1}{4}$ on a marker. Pretty soon we came across the Read/Burbridge Datsun who'd been forced to make some repairs. As they were about to leave I offered to follow them and prepared myself for a slow trip. However, the Datsun (obviously repaired) gathered speed very quickly, and within a few minutes they'd forged ahead and we were on our own again. One of the Accord's few extra's is Q.I. headlights, and I'd say that the non Q.I. ones fitted to our test car, were the worst headlights I've travelled behind since I sold my 6 volt 1952 Ford Prefect. Behind these terrible glowworms, the roads antics became dangerous at over 80 kmph, and we came very close to collecting a black calf, who wasn't too big but I bet he had more bulk than a Roo. We stopped to talk to the control officials en route but nobody had seen a $1\frac{1}{4}$, and I was feeling a bit cheesed at the thought of staggering around the woods looking for a will o the wisp, then suddenly, just past Jimna we found it, a track to the right with not only the correct numbers on it but Barry Torrens, our Sector Marshal, having 40 winks.

Sunday 7th May

After a bit of whining from me the Accord was parked as far to the left as possible, we put our boards out and then we tried to grab a bit of sleep. Our slumbers were disturbed at one point when a big party of young control officials, in assorted old Holden's and Valiants did two quick laps of the spot where we were parked, all the cars had at least 14 spotlights and they set up a fine commotion. Charles doesn't sleep so he made a fire (on a piece of stony ground away from the trees of course), how he started it I don't know, he must have rubbed two dry boy scouts together. This control was very different from the previous one but just as interesting. The road ran uphill to our height then it levelled off about 100 yards away, just at the brow, the first time round, the cars turned very sharp left and commenced a 20 minute loop. By timing their progress around the loop we could see when we would be busy 20 minutes later. The first car came bellowing up the hill and turned left, then it was a full 10 minutes before the second car followed him, from then on it was at about 5 minute intervals. At about 0330 the first car breasted the rise, swung round the lefthand bend and into the control, it was Stewart in the very healthy sounding Lancer. Our control was also the start of a competitive section, so when Tricia told me there was 1 minute to go, I checked the time by the sweep second-hand of my watch and counted off the last 5 seconds. At my "Go!" Stewart engaged the clutch and swept off to the right, the nose of the Lancer rising and falling as it went up through the gears. At our first control we'd had 46 cars through (of 63 starters) but this time customers were few and far between. Jones's Lancer came in with fuel feed problems and a quick change of pumps was made. Then we had the news that the West Australian driver Brown (?) had rolled his car. Hank came in late and he told us that he and Simon had righted the car, and that Murray Coote had blown his engine and was walking up the road towards us. A few minutes later we heard the sound of a car coming up towards us, not the normal flat out bellow but the sort of gurgling sounds a competition engine makes when on half throttle. Also there was only a glimmer of light and suddenly the weirdest apparition burst into sight. From where we stood we could see two small lights at a little below knee height and two wobbling, jinking lights at about head height. The unknown is what frightens us, and I had the wind up for a moment as

this black apparition came towards us, I honestly thought it was a couple of giant motorbikes whilst Charles said "I thought it was something escaped from a circus". When it came to a halt it transpired to be Mulligans Datsun illuminated by two hand held lights. The crew jumped out to change the power over to a spare alternator, "Have you any tools?" he demanded. None, I cried, ^{confirmation} its not my car. He turned in disbelief "What, none at all!?" upon my ^{confirmation} he dived into the Datsun's boot and came up with his only instruments, a giant adjustable spanner and some pliers, with these in hand he raced up, stuck his face a foot from mine and reiterated "What, none at all!?". With that he began thrashing around under the bonnet, however, their knowledge of electrics appeared to be rather sparse, and I believe they were fiddling with the oil filter when Murray arrived and did the transfer for them in a few minutes. A quick push and they were off. We sat around jawing and avoiding scorpions then Linton and the lovely Mrs Pratt from Toowoomba arrived in their Torana and they returned with Murray to collect his stricken Datsun. After stamping out the fire we closed down and left at 0815.

In a situation where I could see what was happening, the Accord was very good on the dirt. It treated the deepest convolutions with disdain, and its road manners inspired added respect as it proved to be nimble and stable over rough terrain. The rest of the trip back to Brisbane was covered at high speed, the car feeling a little bit soft under hard highway braking and cornering. We dropped Charles at home and I was asleep by 11am. The most entertaining nights marshalling I've done.

The prizegiving

Any doubts I had as to the clubs response to the prize giving, were soon dispelled because the large function room at the Ballymore Rugby Club was packed. It was a case of who wasnt there, rather than who was. The prizes were presented in fine style by our new honorary member Max Stahl of Racing Car News and the whole function, indeed the whole Lutwyche Shopping Village Rally were fixtures that the club can remember with pride.

I returned the Accord (with great regret) to Adrian Monday morning. Over the whole 725 km of the test, the car consumed approx. 13 gallons of fuel (and standard grade at that) and therefore gave about 34.5 mpg a truly great figure. So in summary, whilst my Civic may be slightly faster between two remote points over give and take roads, in the Civic one arrives feeling heroic, whereas, in the Accord, one would arrive feeling human.

Lutwyche Locality

Before we rip into Tony Hazeldine's snippets, lets give three hearty cheers to the Kable's who dropped from 5th to 9th because they spared the time to put the West Australian Datsun back on its wheels. The need to draw this sporting action to your attention, highlights the intrinsic lack of Sportsmanship in Rallying, seventies style.

....Observations by Tony Hazeldine.....

Daryll Kelly was noticed to be out of place in line at controls ! (first part of rally) and he must also have had a severe cold as he wasnt detered by smell inside the car.

3 Datsun 1600's lined up in strange positions on a hill and it took us about 1/2 hour to push them back upto the road.

The rally proved one thing, anyone who doesnt wear a crash hat has to be a goose. After some of the off road excursions it is only a matter of time before someone is killed. Helmets are compulsory on autocross where speeds are slow - WHY NOT ON RALLIES - (competitives only).

At one stage around 4.30am I found myself going into a dream and when I looked at Bob Istria (navigator) I found that he was asleep. At the time there was about 4kms between instructions although he still insists that he wasnt asleep. Apparently Dennis Brown had the same trouble and had to

get his navigator to drive !

A panel beater who should know reckons that there would be about \$100,000 worth of damage done to cars that night !

The most amusing thing I saw in the way of accidents was the yellow Datsun 1600 (Novice) who parked it on its side with apparently very little body damage.

The rally was one of the best organised I've been in, though the sections were very tight, both time and road wise. A lot of people seem to forget that it is an A.R.C. round and designed to find an Australian Champion. If Novice/Clubman reckon they can drive that good, they should be competing for the A.R.C. and not destroying their cars trying to prove how good or bad they are.

The spectator point in the Beerburum forest must have been difficult as lots of people had trouble (Col - Reeve Smith and Hugh Walker in particular).

One of the most fortunate aspects of the event was Ian Baker and Greg Chalk using their 4 wheel drive vehicles as sweeps or recovery tenders (whichever was the most appropriate).

This is the Official Communique issued by Dr. Jekyll at 15.30 hrs.... Boyd Ovens has a severely bruised (and a possible fractured) arm. The accident occurred on the 1st Competitive of the 2nd Division. The Datsun of Peel was stopped by the side of the road, and after passing the obstruction a shade too much power was applied, with the result that the rear wheels left the road and the back of the car collected a tree. It then performed a series of gyrations that would be a credit to Nureyev and fell on its roof. Mr Ovens confirms that next time they will have a FULL rollage.

Whilst Ann Thompson was rushing around organising (and being a tower of strength), a large Boar leapt into the road ahead of her and raced ahead of the car for two Kms, they did hoot it, but it put on a spurt and covered the windscreen in something ghastly. I do wish my wife would leave her friends at home.

After Adrian's woopsi on Friday he told his service people that the "front end was lifting a bit", it wasn't till someone saw the news that they realised he was talking in feet rather than inches.

Mr McConnell covered no less than 1023 kms doing his two controls during the night, I sometimes feel that the officials have all the fun without the expense of actually doing the event.

Ian Baker had a thrilling night in his Land Cruiser, I hear he was having an animated conversation with someone in the back, when they disappeared through a fence. His navigator, apart from falling to his knees, was too dumbfounded to raise a squeak.

Mr McKewen has a couple of unlikely story's to tell. When Dr Chalks Range Rover had all four wheels spinning Warren leapt out and pulled it uphill by the winch rope ! He maintains that the Rover's air conditioning is so good that a warm can can (do you offenbach ?) be cooled by rotating it in front of the vent ! He arrived back in Brisbane to catch half an hours drinking time, and when he finally reached home he found that his mother had left a chook on the table (whether it was cooked I never found out) Sic Transit Gloria Chook.

Next Month we will have a full tabulation of the results as well as more follow up news....

Round 3 of the Queensland Motorkhana Championship will be staged by the Darling Downs Sporting Car Club on Sunday 22nd May. The venue is at Kearney Street, off Nelson Street, Toowoomba and the event gets under way at 10.00hrs

Club Characters...No 1...IAN REIDEL

Ian Reidel comes across as the thinking mans rally driver. He looked astonished and faintly alarmed when I asked if I could interview him as our first club personality.

Ian is 28 yrs old and was born in Brisbane, he currently lives in Oxley where his business Leider Automotive is situated. ('Leider' is German for 'unfortunately' and I was puzzled about 'Unfortunately Automotive' till the obvious fact that Leider is an anagram of Reidel was pointed out by a superior intellect).

He joined the B.S.C.C. 6 - 7 years ago after a spell with Ipswich /West Moreton, he opened his competition career 9 yrs ago in a Cooper S on his sole excursion as a navigator. He professes no great interest in motor sport before he got his licence, no picture of Brabham, McLaren or Hulme graced his walls as an inspiration in his youth, but once he'd got his licence in 1966 things began, albeit slowly at first, to move. He had a couple of years in the Cooper and then he changed understeer and twitchability for the ponderous growth and straightline speed of a 186 Monaro - Ian acknowledges "A lot of difference" especially on the ordinary street radials that were the wear then. This 'small' Monaro was used for a couple of years and then, for preparing Lloyd Robinson's 350 Monaro he was allowed to use the big beast on novice events and duly won the Novice Rally Championship in 1972.

He had a break from competition for 18 months while he was with the Holden Precision Driving Team, asking how many shows he performed obviously produced memories of long months living out of a suitcase, he closed his eyes, looked very weary and said "endless shows".

Back in Brisbane he used his heightened and sharpened skills by driving his Torana to two straight state rally titles, in 1975 he was also Recognized Champion. This year he has taken a major step in undertaking the 1977 Championship in a Holden Sunbird which has slightly modified breathing and standard suspension apart from Bilsteins at the rear. This may at first seem a rash move, but the Sunbird has twice the suspension travel of the Torana, so in places where the latter would have to be slowed to preserve the car the Sunbird can be pushed through at high speed, crew comfort is considerably improved too. The car is sponsored by, and remains the property of, Leach Motors.

Ian has a reserved aim to do the National Series but not at the cost of ignoring his business, he always drives to finish and says with pride in his voice that he's "never been the fastest over a section" although personally I still think he's a damn fast tortoise. (ie - on the Biggendon Bush Rally he suffered a carburettor malfunction which jammed the instrument open, despite having to drive on the ignition switch he lost only 4 mins). He does give the impression of being a very BUSY driver, he prefers bright warning lights because he hasn't time to look at gauges. His views on navigators are very definite, "I've lots of time for them, it's something I can't do" which is a frame of mind more drivers could emulate.

Ian rates his proudest moment as winning the recent Biggendon Bash Rally in such a production standard car and with a new navigator too although he thought the daylight running was a bit too dangerous. Asked how the club could be improved Ian noted the lack of any full time staff in the club and also the fact that there is nowhere to entertain sponsors.

The final word belongs to Ian, "I build my own car, this is my biggest advantage, I build them - destroy them - then build them again."

The Editors congratulations go out to Gary Jackson who has become the proud father of a 5lbs 6 ozs baby girl. Actually the weight is what I think it is because I was told it was "5 6" it could be 5.6 kgs (12.32 lbs) or even 5.6 Kms - Gary's a big lad (far too big to annoy) and anything is possible.

RECENT CLUBNIGHTS (A Work of Fiction - by Iver Cough)

April 20th.....Open Night

The author couldnt attend this function as his goat had chillblains. However several members enjoyed a good nights entertainment. When can we have the roof back please ?

April 27th.....Experts Night Run by Ruth Tindal and John Blake

12 decrepid crews ventured forth on this night run. Hearts beat faster as some of Brisbane's top drivers accepted the challenge, thrills and spills of this gallant competition. The competition went through South Brisbane-Milton-Roselea-Cowboy's Creak (but only when they wear corsets) and numerous dirt and ash roads around the Ferny Grove dump and cemetary. The editor has no results to hand.

May 4th.....Family Film Night

Hank Kable organised the film, projector, screen etc but what a pity he couldnt organise the audience. As it was the gathering was quite sparse to see . A hush came over the auditorium as the projector clattered into life, and the flickering shadows on the sreen began their pursuit of the American Dream (I copied that from LIFE).

The first short film was about ice skating in the 1940's (No, honestly) and I think the commentry was by Mickey Spillane, he was talking so far out of the corner of his mouth, I thought his ear was a ventriloquist's dummy. This film had been spliced to the big picture which began without title or credits, so began rather abruptly. One minute we were skating between a girls legs (What odd tastes the chaps got !) and a moment later we were in a car driving through the Tennessee Woods. A little after the film began, one of the characters tilted his head back and I half expected him to be looking at a giant pair of knickers in the sky. The films subject was the true story of Sherriff Pusser who a large number of people were keen to rubout. So we had some fine photography of cars leaving the road at assorted angles, and my ex-manageress thought the flowers at a funeral were very nice. The film scored very low on the Smithometer, (the incredible) Mrs Smith being fast asleep 4.48 minutes after it commenced. However, I found it to be an agreeable night out, as, I am sure, the other children in the audience did.

May 11th.....Novice Night Run by Noel Lawson and Tony Kable

The fortunate 15 competitors faced 8 bewildering questions on this nocturnal foray, several heads wre observed being scratched and the hospital did a roaring trade in removing splinters. I left before the full results were available so keep looking next month.

Forthcoming Event....

The second round of the Queensland Rally Championship is being organised by the Darling Downs Club on the weekend of May 28-29th. It starts from Dalby Auto Sales, Drayton St, Dalby at 1700hrs and finishes at the same venue about 8½ hrs later. Spectator information should be available at the start and the event is run completely on the Dalby army map.

Mr Glen Carpenter wishes to become the owner of a vintage motorbike, so if, in your shed, you have such a mode of conveyance built between 1925 - 1950 give him a ring, his work number is 370 6576. Naturally he would prefer a tatty old one, he can while away a few pleasenthours re-building

A Warm B.S.C.C. welcome is extended to the following new members:

Wayne Bentley.....Chermside
Grant Davidson.....Fig-Tree Pocket
Robert Handford.....Boondall
Greg Hodder.....Sunnybank
Lynette Lawson.....Windsor (Associate)
Kim Llewelyn.....Stafford
Robert McMurdo.....The Gap
Mark Sperling.....Buranda
Ruth Nielsen.....Tennynson

A critical look at the telecast of the USA (West)
Grand Prix broadcast by Channel 9 on 30/4/77

I fostered myself onto my long suffering father-in-law so I could watch this transmission in colour.

Australian television isnt over extensive in its coverage of motor racing, but what we do get is of extreamly high quality, the best Productions I've ever seen. The announcer no sooner mentions that car No.73 is lying 22nd overall, and leading class G for single cylinder saloons upto 9 litres, than the producer locks a camera onto it and we follow it around for a short while. The American coverage of the Grand Prix didnt have this same flexibility, agreed it was an exciting and dramatic race, with Scheckter's gold striped Wolf-Cosworth narrowly leading Andretti's Lotus-Cosworth, and the Ferrari of Lauda for 78 of 80 laps. However, for all we saw of the other 20 odd cars in the event they neednt have bothered to start. They also missed Reutteman's classic SNAFU at the start when he tried to outbrake his teammate, only to sail straight on at the first corner. And surely theres no need on coast to coast television to say "There's Stuck (Which should be pronounced Shtuck anyway) stuck in the pits". Later the commentator said that Reutteman had gone to the pits for service, one had visions of an oily Ferrari mechanic saying he couldnt look at it till Thursday week.

Still lets not look a gift horse in the north and south, how about some more of the same for Monaco ?

Armchair Motoring.....

May	24th.....	Channel 2	at 8 p.m.	a new series of TORQUE
	28th.....	"	2 at 3.30 p.m.	a repeat of the film about Barry Sheene
	28th.....	"	7 at 8 p.m.	the motion picture "Grand Prix" (1966)
	31st.....	"	2 at 8 p.m.	Torque
June	7th.....	"	2 at 8 p.m.	Torque
	14th.....	"	2 at 8 p.m.	Torque
	15th.....	"	9 at 10p.m.	a film about Indianapolis 500
	21st.....	"	2 at 8 p.m.	Torque.

Rob Haywood has for sale his newly built Torana GTR rally car, to say it has every conceivable extro is an understatement, details are on the notice board in the club or Rob can be contacted at 382236 home
\$4000 or very near offer 399055 ex 37 work

COMING EVENTS

SUN 22 MAY DDSCC Queensland Motorkhana Championship Round 3

WED 25 MAY Expert Night Run organised by
Peter O'Connor and Chris Goodreid

THUR 26 MAY Working Bee at the Clubrooms starting at 7.30 pm

SAT 28 MAY DDSCC Dalby Auto Sales Radio 4GR Rally (QRC 2, QRRS 2)

WED 1 JUNE Social Night at the Clubrooms

SUN 5 JUNE MGCC Queensland Hillclimb Championship

TUE 7 JUNE Committee Meeting starting at 6.30 pm, new members
welcome night.

WED 8 JUNE Novice Night Run organised by Tim Bailey

SAT 11 JUNE RPCCT Townsville Pacific Festival Rally (Open)

WED 15 JUNE Open night at the Clubrooms

SUN 19 JUNE Rally Seminar - Full details elsewhere in the
magazine

SUN 19 JUNE BSCC Queensland Motorkhana Championship Round 4
Full details elsewhere in the magazine.

WED 22 JUNE Expert night run - Organisers required

SUN 26 JUNE Lakeside Races (ATCC 7)

WED 29 JUNE General Meeting Clubrooms at 7.30 pm

TUE 5 JULY Committee Meeting starting at 6.30 pm

WED 6 JULY Social Night at the Clubrooms, Motor Sprrt Movies

SAT 9 JULY Day Run to Walloon

8-10 JULY Iron Man Weekend - Full details later