

CAMS AFFILIATED

PRICE 20c

BRISBANE
SPORTING
CAR
CLUB

EDITOR:

P. LAURENCE SMITH

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REGISTERED AT BRISBANE FOR POSTING AS A
PERIODICAL - CATEGORY E

AUGUST 1977

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It describes the use of statistical techniques to identify trends and anomalies in the data, and the importance of using reliable sources of information.

3. The third part of the document discusses the role of the auditor in the process. It explains that the auditor's primary responsibility is to provide an independent and objective assessment of the financial statements. This involves a thorough review of the records and a comparison of the results with the applicable accounting standards.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of communication in the auditing process. It explains that the auditor must be able to communicate effectively with the management and the board of directors, and to provide clear and concise reports on the results of the audit.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the importance of ethics in the auditing profession. It explains that auditors must adhere to a strict code of ethics and must be able to resist pressure from management or other parties to compromise the integrity of the audit.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of continuing education in the auditing profession. It explains that auditors must stay up-to-date on the latest developments in the field and must be able to adapt to changing circumstances.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of the public interest in the auditing process. It explains that the public has a right to know that the financial statements of companies are accurate and reliable, and that auditors have a responsibility to protect this interest.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the importance of the regulatory framework in the auditing process. It explains that the regulatory framework provides the rules and standards that govern the auditing profession, and that it is essential for the public interest that these rules and standards be strictly followed.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of the role of the auditor in the financial system. It explains that the auditor's role is to provide an independent and objective assessment of the financial statements, and that this role is essential for the integrity of the financial system.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of the future of the auditing profession. It explains that the auditing profession must continue to evolve and adapt to the changing needs of the public, and that it must maintain its commitment to integrity and objectivity.

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1977 OFFICE BEARERS

	<u>Phone Number</u>	
	<u>Home</u>	<u>Work</u>
PATRON		
PRESIDENT.....Chris Goodreid	355 6016	33 4519
VICE PRESIDENT.....Garry Connelly		221 6899
IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT.....Gary Blower	48 3214	
HON. SECRETARY.....Jeff Tremain	38 4858	221 6899
ASSISTANT SECRETARY.....Hank Kabel	30 2617	343 4344
HON. TREASURER.....Charles Blake	38 2693	
CLUB CAPTAIN.....Glen Carpenter		370 6576
COMMITTEE.....Dave Ambrose Boyd Ovens		
Lee Drummond Larry Stinson		
Allan Lawson Barry Torrens		
Greg Weale Warren McKewen		
Colin Young Greg Chalk		
GAMS DELEGATE.....Garry Connelly		221 6899
HON. AUDITOR.....Nev Johnston		
PROMOTIONS OFFICER		
PROPERTY OFFICER.....Warren McKewen	355 1086	
REGISTRAR.....Gary Blower	48 3214	
<u>BUILDING SUB-COMMITTEE</u>		
Chairman.....Gary Blower	48 3214	
<u>FINANCE SUB-COMMITTEE</u>		
Chairman.....Charles Blake	38 2693	
MAGAZINE EDITOR.....Peter Smith	208 1721	275 2255
<u>MOTORKHANA & SPEED EVENTS SUB-COMMITTEE</u>		
Chairman.....Larry Stinson		378 1274
<u>OFF-ROAD SUB-COMMITTEE</u>		
Chairman.....Greg Chalk	355 3116	224 5688
<u>RALLY SUB-COMMITTEE</u>		
Chairman.....Allan Lawson	57 3261	
<u>SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE</u>		
Chairman.....Marianne Fahey	277 3768	48 8995

POSTAL ADDRESS: All correspondence for the club should be addressed:

The Hon. Secretary,
Brisbane Sporting Car Club,
P.O.Box 314,
WEST END. 4101
Brisbane

CLUBROOMS

BSCC Clubrooms are located on the corner of Reid and Hawthorne Streets at Woollahra, 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

Recently whilst returning home after visiting the bottle shop of that Mecca for lovers of culture and good taste, the Woodridge Tavern, I found myself squinting into the dazzling beams of one of the multitude of heavy trucks that prefer using the back streets of Woodridge, to the negotiation of the "Wizard Smith was here" 1920's railway 'bridge' on the Compton Road.

I let the Civic overrun some speed off and moved over to the left, and then about 50 yards from the truck its drivers side headlamp was obscured for a fleeting moment. Much puzzled by this I braked all my speed off and crept along in second, once the truck had passed by I found the obstruction in the road to have been 4 stupid children all riding pushbikes without lights.

Now, if one of them hadn't interposed himself between me and the headlamp, my abated speed would have led to a juxtaposition between the truck, myself and the shower of morons at the point where the road narrows because of ditches either side of the road. The resulting carnage would certainly have resulted in my spending at least one night in a square, grey room with bars, the Queensland Police taking a dim view of child squashing.

This may seem a minor amount to pay for moronicide but kids who ride bikes at night without lights will get no sympathy from me, so YOU keep your eyes open too.

We have a plethora of forthcoming events this month, but the biggest organiser of them all (and therefore worthy of the most attention) is Charlie Blake's.....

AUC

Day Run, Barbecue and Fund Raising Function - Sat. July 27th

The event starts at the clubrooms at 3pm on the day aforementioned, the public may care to gather by 2.30pm for an evening of chance, fun and conviviality.

The subscription is \$6.00 single, \$9.00 double and all food and refreshments are provided free. There will be many games and prizes and a lucky door prize.

The proceedings start with a treasure hunt for which the first prize is \$15 worth of games tokens, those people not wishing to partake of the motoring portion will be given instructions as to how reach 'Adventure Land, Samford' where the treasure hunt will finish and the festivities begin at 5pm. Charles expects the event to run till the start of the club Motorkhana the next day! (However should the Au Pair expect you home earlier this can, of course, be arranged.)

Charles says "Please support the club" and this does seem to be an excellent idea.

This month's cover.....

The Night Boat at Rest

Within the magazine you'll not find a club personality, because the editor couldn't organise a pogrom in a ghetto (the object of my attentions kept wriggling away). We do have the recent Kriticos Rally, a fairly full report of which appears within, we also have a road test of the Monaro GTS and reports of the Crew Autocross plus hosts of forthcoming events and the usual nonsense.

I outlined our motives for entering this event last month, however this didn't prevent us feeling a bit silly as we lined up for the start in our bog standard, unsumpguarded Civic with 2 small Hella spotlights. One felt quite embarrassed as the man doing the start - line commentary groped for words to say about a couple of loony's content to tackle the forests in such an unlikely steed.

The previous night we'd been told that The Incredible Mrs Smith needed a competition licence after all (I wish I could remember who'd said she didn't need one) so we had an early and frantic morning trying to find a photo-booth at Garden City or Sunnybank, this was a hopeless task so I had to cut up the only available photograph, one of Tricia trying to drink a Darwin stubby whilst balancing a meat pie on her head, and we took that along to the CAMS office which was opening especially for us. This, plus the fact that we hadn't been scrutineered meant that to start from Caboolture on a Novice Rally at 1739hrs, we left home at 1215hrs.

The honourable scrutineer had a good laugh and said he wanted to see the car we intended to do the rally in (Ha!Ha!Ha! - knee in the goolies - AAAAAH) and a most intelligent youth remarked to his pals that he wouldn't rally a new Honda Civic - as the car is 2 years old I pressed a golden sovereign into his hand for being so observant.

Why, I ask, is it that rally crews have to suffer such dreadful toilets whilst on an event, the gents at the start was really grotty and it didn't flush either, I gave up studying Richard the Thirds when sewerage was installed in Woodridge last year.

Before the start, knowing that whilst Mrs Smith isn't too slow, she's not too quick either, I imagined I'd have to do a lot of cutting and running as we approached our maximum lateness - also we knew we were going to be caught quite quickly so we were all prepared for leaping into the bushes when necessary. I took the rear vision mirror for the event as I wanted Mrs Smith looking forwards rather than backwards.

Afflicted somewhat with stage fright, Mrs Smith got into a right flap whilst lining up for the start, thank heavens for Marlene Ryman who took her mind off the immediate situation. Our time to depart arrived and we got away in the correct direction with ^{out}stalling, and that was the worse bit over.

My attempts at navigating for Daryll Kelly last year were punctuated by a lot of chucking. Daryll chucked the car about and I chucked my stomach out of the window. At the very start of this event however I knew I wasn't going to be sick, the atmosphere was totally different and I rate it as one of the most enjoyable events I've ever done, it was all so relaxed, we knew we didn't have a hope of winning and we just wanted to finish, plus of course doing the event with the charming Mrs Smith who believes in doing 60 down the straights and 60 round the corners, I was honestly surprised at her pace, especially when we came off on the first corner (always a good sign). It took far longer than anticipated for anyone to catch us and even on the 36km section we were

only caught by 3 cars. Spectators caused a reduction in speed (The opposite effect to the male reaction) and we had a dead short which stopped the motor stone dead twice. The Honda doesn't have a Halda and we had to take our distances from the zeroable trip which was 3% out, so for every kilometre on the instructions I had to add .03, this succeeded in keeping me awake.

The clubs ace rallyists (precluded from this Novice event) manned a very boisterous control which we visited twice, seen in attendance were messrs Goodreid, Reidel, Moir, Brown, Hall plus a whole host of larrakins. The first time in we received a gigantic cheer and it was hard to find anybody capable of signing anything, after a nice map reading session we visited the control again and I was warmly welcomed by a chap who insisted on shaking my hand, this I did and I received a thick coating of pongy, horrible Vicks Vapour Rub (Mrs Smiths nostrils flared with pleasure), to describe me as livid at this point would have been an understatement, although I have since seen the humour of the situation (My guvnr at work cried with laughter when he heard about it). We were seen off by a wavering Ian Reidel who, dressed in a combat jacket and US Army tin helmet, waved us goodbye with a sparkler - a truly remarkable occurrence.

The first half was mostly smooth, although the long section caused us to slow a lot as we didn't want to knock hell out of it. I made a right shambles of the run into the halfway and we dropped 3 minutes and about 6 cars further behind whilst I sat on the municipal bogs (very nice) whistling the opening bars from Chopin's Polanaise in A Major (sometimes known as the Militaire).

Halfway Results showing the leader and BSCC members only - will any club member who finds himself constantly ignored in these round ups please ring the Editor and abuse him soundly...

=1	T.Garbett	/ J.Tremain	Subaru	1
=1	G.Smith	/B.Smith	Mazda	1
=4	T.Peel	/M.Dwyer	Datsun	3
=6	G.Trigger	/R.Trigger	Honda	4
=6	B.Ovens	/W.McKewen	Mazda	4
10	R.Istria	/B.Flynn	Datsun	5
=11	C.Reeve-Smith	/H.Walker	Datsun	6
=11	R.Tindal	/J.Blake	Datsun	6
=11	N.Singleton	/A.Howlett	Fiat	6
=11	R.Haywood	/J.Pead	Torana	6
=16	R.Jewels	/T.Best	Subaru	9
18	R.Gynther	/L.Tindal	Honda	10
=19	K.Harvey	/M.Ward	Datsun	11
=19	G.Somerville	/P.Street	Torana	11
=21	M.Lonsdale	/S.Lonsdale	Cortina	12
24	J.Baker	/G.Nugter	Torana	14
=27	R.Worthington	/B.Fullerton	Corolla	17
34	G.Law	/R.Handford	Corona	28
39	Mrs Ed	/Big Ed	Honda	45
=40	P.Goopy	/B.Whiteman	Cortina	49
=40	R.Hannifey	/D.Ambrose	Torana	49
42	D.Ashwell	/J.Bowley	Datsun	50
43	M.Ryman	/D.Morris	Honda	52
45	A.Kabel	/C.Moody	Mazda	87
47	R.Walker	/R.Ferry	Triumph	136

The second half was much rougher and the timing was much tighter, we dropped about 50% more time than we did on the first half. After one control we made our only navigable blunder when we took the left turn prior to the one we needed, whilst puzzling at a X roads that should have been a T junction, a Torana raced across our bows so we retraced our footsteps. On this half of the event we were passed by such notables as Hannifey/Ambrose, Tindal/Blake and Ovens/McKewen and many others.

At the finish I rated it a most enjoyable and competantly organized event, (Mrs Smith didnt rate it at all falling sound asleep the moment the ignition was switched off). The service at the Wimpy Bar on the highway near Caboolture was both speedy and civil, and they make a very nice burger (and at 0245 thats all we want).

Big Ed

Results

1.	T.Garbett	/ J.Tremain	Subaru	10
3.	N.Singleton	/ A.Howlett	Fiat	14
6.	B.Ovens	/ W.McKewen	Mazda	22
7.	R.Haywood	/ J.Read	Torana	22
8.	R.Tindal	/ J.Blake	Datsun	23
9.	C.Reeve-Smith	/ H.Walker	Datsun	24
11.	K.Harvey	/ M.Ward	Datsun	26
13.	R.Istria	/ B.Flynn	Datsun	28
14.	M.Lonsdale	/ S.Lonsdale	Cortina	28
17.	R.Gynther	/ L.Tindal	Honda	35
20.	J.Baker	/ G.Nugter	Torana	38
22.	R.Worthington	/ B.Fullerton	Corolla	42
26.	G.Law	/ R.Handford	Corona	63
27.	R.Hannifey	/ D.Ambrose	Torana	66
33.	Mrs Ed	/ Big Ed	Honda	112
36.	M.Ryman	/ D.Morris	Honda	135
37.	A.Kabel	/ G.Moody	Mazda	172
38.	D.Ashwell	/ J.Bowley	Datsun	313
40.	R.Walker	/ R.Perry	Triumph	670
	T.Peel	/ M.Dwyer	Datsun	DNF
	G.Trigger	/ R.Trigger	Honda	DNF
	P.Goopy	/ B.Whiteman	Cortina	DNF
	L.Garth	/ B.Wraith	Mazda	DNF
	P.Cadell	/ T.Hazeldine (?)	Datsun	DNF
	R.Jewels	/ T.Best	Subaru	DNF
	G.Somerville	/ P.Street	Torana	DNF
	G.Smith	/ B.Smith	Mazda	DNF
	R.Gardner	/ W.Bentley	Mazda	DNS

Kriticos Kries

O those BSCC larrakins at THE control, they jacked up Boyd Ovens back wheels so as he attempted to leave, he snickered up through the gears (finding the car acclerating remarkably quickly) and when he had it up to 140 kmph Warren stepped out to discover why they weren't moving. Poor Marlene Ryman received a lap of icy water and one of the stewards found himself in an embarassing positinn.

Did anybody see the rat-bag who pinched Tony Hazeldine's helmet at the start ?

There were a lot of very sick navigators about, Barry Wraith's wishes were complied with and he was buried at control No. 11 and quite a few of the retirements were for that reason.

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
to chasten and subdue, And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with joy

William Wordsworth (1770 - 1850)

What a big beast it was, an acre of bonnet lifting into the air everytime that big 5 litre V8 caused the rear tyres to dig in and propel the car forward - and my goodness didn't it propel the car forward !

I was loaned the car by Lloyd Robertson, club member and manager of the Holden Precision Driving Team. The car is to be a future team car and with 200 kms on the clock I was asked to put some more mileage on it, this we did to the tune of 520 kms in a fairly hectic weekend.

I approached the car feeling quite anti about it. It wasn't the SRX 5000 I'd been hoping for, I'm a small car man myself and having driven your ordinary Ford Falcon I'd seen no reason to change my allegiances, the last big car I'd really got stuck into was a Jensen Interceptor, and after that anything costing about 9 grand was going to come off second best, and lastly, that morning I'd had a wisdom tooth out that was so big, nobody at work would believe it was mine but they thought it was a dogs tooth (I always bring my teeth home with me) and I had a jaw that felt as if it'd done 10 rounds with Ali. Ergo I wasn't in the best of moods as I snuggled into the car, grudging myself the knowledge that it had tons of room and that the underbonnet appearance was everything it should be. A red painted V8 with a big carbie in the middle and long semi - headers trailing down each side. The sort of view that makes you want to check the oil whilst the chicks are trolling past down Queen Street. One thing that didn't send me into raptures was that this big fast car (We saw 4700 in top and thats about 115 mph) had drum brakes on the back, I understand that the soon to arrive new model has discs on the back and I should hope so too. Also the rear suspension was a bit basic and before driving it I thought that a sway bar and a transverse link wouldn't go amiss and the rear shockies looked a bit thin too.

As dear its an automatic, I felt sure that the HPDT would use manual cars, I know you can use the hold facility for the lower gears but its such a dead feel and I never seem to get the gear I want, I know I could glance down to see whats what but at the speeds this car is capable of I prefer to keep my peepers firmly fixed to the horizon (And I am sure that the intrepid Mrs Smith would echo that sentiment).

Still lets not look a gift Wombat in the sarhole, the big V8 burst into life and I had my first of many wrestles with the handbrake, this device is on the right, so when its been pulled up the handle has to flop to the floor again, otherwise whilst climbing in and out over it, it could get up your trouser leg and do something very savage to ones collection of bits and pieces. The trick was not in releasing the brake but getting the idiot warning light to go out, we finally found that the last inch or two of travel back to the floor had to be done with a flourish and a flick of the wrist to accomplish this successfully. It appeared to creep forward at about 20 mph so I kept my left foot firmly on the brake as I threaded it through the narrow gap between Lloyd's bonzer residence and the fence. We warbled down the hill and onto the road then I breathed on the throttle and with that strange but exciting big V8 noise it got up and went.

After passing a surprised road gang who'd seen ^{me} arrive in a Tiger Moth and leave in a Fiat I was able to settle down and see what the car felt like. It was shod with massive Olympic radials which between them provided 140 sq ins of contact between rubber and road, these made the steering something less than finger light although my wife had no trouble going to church and back Sunday morning. We both found the steering wheel too thick although of very acceptable appearance, however this is primarily a mans car and I've got small hands.

One thing immediately apparent was that this car, fairly soberly painted in white with black trim (including a clever treatment of the words GTS on the side) but with a rear spoiler and a squat no nonsense appearance, attracted a lot of attention, both from Pedestrians and motorists. Really it had "What speed was I doing through the radar trap officer?" written all over it so I was more than normally careful to keep to the 60 and 80 speed limits. In trips out of town I found that, along with the Jensen, it had tremendous powers of persuasion. It was almost embarrassing to find people almost throwing their cars into the ditch in an endeavour to let us past. This was especially refreshing for me as the Civic usually has the opposite effect. The seats were comfortable both hot and cold although more sideways support wouldn't have been amiss.

Friday evening we went into town to see "Tarantara ! Tarantara !" at Her Majestys'. One could feel myriads of envious eyes and drooling faces turned in our direction as we whuffed through the evening traffic. The car park attendant at McDonald and East's (who has the sort of memory a CIB detective would love to own) said "We HAVE come up in the world".

By sheer coincidence we'd already arranged to go and see Aunt Bessie at Mermaid Beach before I'd been offered the car, so Saturday morning we took the trip up over the mountains through Canungra. This was the reverse direction to that which we normally take, but having seen what the headlights did to darkness (ie - nothing ! if anything they made things darker) there was no way that sunset would leave us with a night on a bare mountain.

As the car got faster so the steering lightened and the car shrank in size, on the fast initial stages we zoomed along and it really began to grow on me, it sounded and went just like a real car should. One advantage that had never struck me before, was that the big wheels made running off onto the shoulder a much easier occurrence than it was with the Civic, the rear suspension couldn't have been too grim because the change from bitumen/bitumen to dirt/bitumen affected the car not a bit, whether under acceleration or braking.

The real test however was the winding section of narrow, leafy roads that lie either side of the Advancetown dam road, this I felt would really show the car up, but to my surprise, even allowing a large margin of error for little girls on Horses and people from other states (a weird mob) towing caravans, the car was really enjoyable, showing quite a bit of understeer but those big Olympics really gripped the road and it twirled round, looking, sounding and feeling magnificent. The only fly in the ointment was an automatic box which took any feathering of the throttle as a sign for a quick change of gear, on the apex of a climbing left hander this isn't what one had in mind at all.

All too soon we arrived at Miami, the whole car a revelation to me. By now I even had a few kind words to say about the brakes which had faded a little on the final downhill rush to the coast, but they'd recovered quickly and been utterly silent all the time.

We drove home in the early evening after Aunt Bessie had given us a jolly good lunch and we'd let the sand on the beach get between our toes. To offset the earlier excitements we returned by way of a gentle cruise up the highway, the engine dozing peaceable at 105kmph, but ready at an instant to propel us out of trouble should the need arise.

The next day when Trish returned from Church she said it sounded funny when braking. And when I took it round a private bitumen road after lunch this was proved correct as a hard application of the brake brought forth some groaning and a slight juddering of the wheel. On the closed road the car proved to be rather a handful, understeering excessively and I couldn't break the back away under power. The steering proved to be rather low geared to change the direction of this large car quickly - bear in mind however that the experienced drivers of the Precision Driving Team make nonsense of these quibbles of mine.

I'd made arrangements with Glen Somerville for us to visit the Sanford Forest to obtain a picture of a suitably sporting nature for the cover. However, enroute the groaning and juddering became progressively worse till we reached his house, and then an examination of the front brakes showed that one of the nearside brake pads had a backing plate but no material! Its twin across the disc had about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch of material left. This being so I abandoned the idea of hurtling anywhere and we took some static shots in the park.

The drive back to Lloyds' was enlivened by my stopping the car as much as possible on the handbrake, this gave a lot of stopping power and through the Sunday evening "Its left here Doris, or is it the next one?" traffic I only touched the groaners once or twice. By the time we reached Lloyds' it had faded a lot and it was giving nothing or locking the rears up. Lloyd was aghast to hear of this problem, saying it had never happened to any of the other 70 - 80 cars that had passed through his hands. In this respect GMH are in the hands of their suppliers like you and I would be, although GMH phoning up and saying "We don't like your brake pads" would probably carry more weight than it would if Jim Twit phoned up complaining.

In summary let me first of all throw another quote at you:

Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Sir J. E. E. Dalberg Acton
First Baron Acton (1834 - 1902)

and I do feel quite corrupted, that big V8 in a sensible sized car provided an overall package that was hard to resist. Imagine the beast with a decent carburettor set up (throw away that emission controlled rubbish, why we should pay and suffer to keep Los Angeles free of smog is a mystery), four wheel disc brakes, good headlights and proper calibrated instruments. That would probably provide enough pleasure to stem the tears that such frequent visits to the petrol station would cause.

Big Ed

July the 31st saw another gathering of the faithful, this time for a most enjoyable autocross organised by Lee Drummond and Larry Stinson.

I entered this event because Henry Ryman had earned an award on the previous club autocross, and when I asked him to describe his trophy, he was speechless.

The course was a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile oval hidden in the dunes at Calamvale, it was shaped like an egg and the dirt surface was of a very hard packed nature. To look at before having a go it didn't seem too safe, the track looked narrow and the sizeable drop off of the slightly banked corners was protected by heaps of old tyres. I was car number 1 and in no position to shove anybody ahead of me (The incredible Mrs Smith was at home rewiring the dog) so when practice started I mentally reserved my place downstairs with a shovel, and set off to have a go whilst all the hooligans (except Warren McKewen) crowded the rails (No actually there weren't any rails but thats all my descriptive prose will run to) to make a note of where I came off.

Talk about enjoyable, the old Civic was really in its element, the handling being largely neutral as long as one kept the power on. We were required to do 1 standing lap, $\frac{3}{4}$'s of a flying lap, then we turned left into a wiggle, woggle across the infield, right onto the track back around to the start of the wiggle, woggle, through it and then another lap. The hardest point was that one was turning left all the time, the corner after the start was easily visible because Glen Carpenter was standing there grinning catfishly, however the other end of the 'egg' gradually tightened up (much sawing away at the wheel) until the car was all over the place then it screwed itself into a final 90 left, this was the most exciting piece and the tyres on the outside of this curve looked a bit battered (Perhaps they were pieces of hollow, oval concrete painted black).

After I'd had a practice I saw the aforementioned Henry Ryman wailing his disappointment, because now he's become a bloated capitalist and poses around in a Datsun $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs, he's not got a car to run in. So filled with TMOHK and because I've got great respect for his driving ability I said he could have a go in mine. Little did I know that the champagne, laurels and race track groupies were not for me that day.

Biggest event of practice was Glen Carpenters two massive spins on the 'fast' corner. Afterwards the following conversation took place:

- Me - Dont you get any messages when its about to let go ?
 Glen - No (Abruptly)
 Me - I do (Smugly) the Honda sends me a postcard when it intends to do something silly.
 Glen - Well I think my car sends me a telegram
 Me - Oh I see, and your too busy to open the envelope ?
 Glen - Something like that (thinks - !!!!! Pomnie !!!!!)

Henry had a practice in my car whilst I held Marlene Ryman in a comfortable half-nelson (In case of accidents). By some amazing coincidence Henry had turned up with his crash helmet in the Datsun, perhaps he wears it driving down Queen Street? so he was saved the problem of picking my nits out of his hair.

True to form I made a shambles of my first run and carried away by the ecstasy of it all I did an extra lap, well, I always find it such a hard number to count to, I mean it's gone before you know it. Anyway times were accumulative so I'd be lucky not to finish last. Glen, who was signalling the finish with Lee Drummond's wanky tied to a stick (Very sophisticated, and anybody who gets things that colour out of his nose should see a vet) proved to be very cool as I came out of the final bend anything but straight. He stood his ground firmly, or at least he was still there when I closed my eyes.

Being number 1 and the first runner, for a period of about 2 minutes I was holding the laurels for Fastest Time of Day, then Ian Bond took his understeering Baja Buggy out and knocked my time through a cocked hat.

Adrian Taylor was entered in the all singing, all dancing rally Civic with 4 carbs and about 120 bhp. Now I like a laugh more than most but this thing sounds more like an Escort BDA than any Civic I've ever heard. Perhaps it's a paper-mache Civic body over a RS 1800? Anyway it went like a rocket (see results) and his knobbly tyres performed as if they had two contracts to fulfil. One was to get their way to England (Hullo Muvver) and the other was to supply lust to the spectators (If you've heard Greg Chalk singing "California here I come" once you've heard it for life). My own theory for Adrian's speed is that when he caught his own dust cloud up he went 50% quicker because he thought he was catching the bugger.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in half spinning myself, watching Alan McConnell and John Blake going round like tops. Keith McConnell certainly looked to be going well but the stopwatch thought otherwise. Noelle Heales gave Lee a fright when she spun at the entrance to the wiggle, woggle (I waved a 10 dollar bill (borrowed) under his nose and he quickly revived). Carol Howard was very cool and calm, deservedly taking the Ladies award. Ruth Tindal waltzed around in a small Datsun and Peter Snell found his mini special a bit of a handful, and talking of handfuls, Marianne Fahey found her Civic took some taming. Mr Henrys multi-coloured Mazda provided some oversteer for a change and Henry Ryan's not getting a mention because he was not only a lot faster than me but neater too (pig!) Ian Ruth hit a flag yet again but this time he managed to leave it where it was, and messrs Chalk and Baker in the Tow'd showed what instant acceleration was all about. Most enjoyable...

Results	Car	Time	Pos G/A	Pos Cls	Fastest Lap	Time
A.Taylor	Civic	4.03.4	1		A.Taylor	1.20.2
H.Ryman	Civic	4.08.4	2	1	H.Ryman	1.21.8
G.Carpenter	MG 1300	4.15.9	5	3	G.Chalk	1.23.6
I.Bond	VW/JA	4.16.6	6	2	I.Bond	1.23.8
P.Snell	Sp	4.18.8	7	1	P.Snell	1.24.2
I.Baker	Manx	4.22.5	10	2	Big Ed	1.24.3
K.McConnell	Cpr S	4.23.6	11	5	Glen Carpenter	1.24.3
W.Henry	Mazda	4.25.8	12	1	K.McCONNELL	1.25.1
I.Ruth	Mini	4.28.5	14	6	I.Ruth	1.25.3
C.Howard(L)	Mini	4.29.2	15	7	I.Baker	1.25.9
G.Chalk	Manx	4.32.0	18	3	C.Howard(L)	1.27.2
M.Fahey(L)	Civic	4.37.5	19	9	W.Henry	1.27.4
J.Blake	Datsu	4.39.5	20	3	J.Blake	1.28.9
Big Ed	Civic	4.45.6	22	10	M.Fahey(L)	1.29.5
N.Heales(L)	Mazda	4.46.5	23	4	N.Heales(L)	1.33.3
R.Tindall(L)	Datsu	5.00.1	26	5	A.McConnell	1.34.2
A.McConnell	Cpr S	5.06.1	27	12	R.Tindall(L)	1.39.1

New Members

A warm B.S.C.C. welcome is extended to these people who joined the club during the month .

Ian Goble Taringa
Keven McKnight Taringa
Peter Rayner Tocwoomba
W. Sinn Clayfield

A brief summary of the DDSCC John Humphrey Memorial Rally

Ray Vandersee romped home the winner in this event, his XU1 coming home ahead of Ian Reidel in the Sunbird, Murray Coote was third in his Datsun and Norm Singleton won the Clubmans - Novice award.

Only 32 of the 75 starters finished the rough and dusty event several failing to do so because of accidents. Tony Jewels rolled the Subaru and both the Honda Civics of Adrian Taylor and Dave Morris came off on the first selective - Adrian had his accident in the middle of nowhere within a few yards of where two nurses were camping (Hells Bells !) and they bound up his sprained wrist while he surveyed the \$400 worth of damage he'd done. Amidst all this carnage Rod Browning quietly ran out of petrol.

Recent clubnights have included a very popular wine and cheese night, where the cultured palates of the B.S.C.C. Metho squad (Stand up and be counted) enjoyed a variety of plonk. Mrs Smiths favourite was 'Crackling Rose' although she said it must be stale because she couldn't hear it crackling (And while we're on the subject of my wifes unfortunate choice of words, at the Ekka, on the Maserati stand she said that the 3 litre V12 Merak looked like a "Pick-up van" - I hope that the following night spent with the dog in the garage taught her the error of her ways), however I digress, a good time was had by all and whilst chatting up an attractive air hostess, I noticed that the first person to stumble against the table and generally make an ass of himself was Mr Howard of photographic fame ! (What was that, no 1 negative will be ample).

Charley Blake's expert nightrun saw a runaway win for those experts with the instructions and the Mk.1 eyeball Peter Snell and Les Barron, Simon Kable and Salome followed in second spot. I asked Peter what the event was like and he pointed to a fresh crop of grey hairs and grunted.

The Open night on the 10th August was very well attended, Greg Weale was sporting a Vincent Van Geth beard (although the effect will be spoilt till he hacks one of his ears off) and Adrian Taylor had his arm well done up in bandages. Boyd Ovens was still telling everybody about his success on the Kriticos Rally (Wake up Ambrose I'm not suffering this alone) and Henry Ryman had very little to say (being at work at the time).

Because the television stations have very little idea of what they have coming on I've abandoned 'Armchair Motoring', the 30 mins of the British Grand Prix showed what a basically drab old circuit Silverstone is, and Barrie Gills commentary was just too biased to the poms to be true, he didn't actually say that a deficit of 6 seconds over Nicki Lauda was easy for James Hunt but he wasn't far off.

Now I've never been one to complain but all the information I've had about forthcoming events this month I could have written on the back of a stamp, so the following statements have an element of guesswork about them, and any organiser who feels himself hard done by had better front up with a spare can in his hand before I'll listen to any complaints.....

The first forthcoming event wasn't mentioned before because the editor made a howling shambles of things last month. It is the Aug 21st Para - Quad Rally which you may have time to do something about before its run. We join in association with the MGCC for an annual outing in aid of the Paraplegic Welfare Assoc. It is a daytime event and reading between the lines on the regs anything that can stagger through scrutineering can run, officially the entries have closed but I'm sure a phone call to the Director Mrs Ann Thomson at 378 1368 will not be fruitless - sitting here typing things out at the last moment I believe that crews will be comprised of a driver, and a navigator drawn from the people at the centre. The event finishes at Taralpa Park, Everton Park at about 1330 hrs and if you can't enter lets see you at the finish for this event means an awful lot to a lot of people who haven't got an awful lot.

On Sunday 28th August at Samford (phone Larry Stinson Work 378 1274) for the exact venue) beginning at 10.30am we have another very enjoyable club motorkhana, all you need to run is a club membership, card, a small amount of money and any old car as long as it has nothing silly wrong with it (like the battery ready to drop off).

For Sunday 11th Sept we have an Off Road Rally at Camira scheduled, finding out whose organising it was a very hard task so before journeying up Old Logan Road, Camira for an enjoyable days spectating it might be best to phone Greg Chalk at 355 3116 (home) 224 5688 (work) to ensure that the event is in fact running. If it is I can guarantee an exciting days outing, after the event a barbecue will be held so bring your tucker and GI lime.

Discovering details of the BSOC organised "Yokokama Rally" made the search for the Holy Grail seem tame by comparison. The event is run over the weekend of Sat/Sun 17/18th of September, it'll start from Toombul and run through the Gympie area forests, the best man to phone for details of spectator points and any other details is Ian Genn at 48 2805 (Home - I think)

On the 18th September the dynamic Lee Drummond is organising another pleasant Sunday do at Samford, see him for more details or phone one of the boys on the Officials page.

Another forthcoming event but rather out of the main stream of things is the Miss Queensland Motor Sport Personality Ball to be held on 21st October at 29 Murray St. Wilston. The editor is delighted to announce that we have an entrant in the quest, the lovely Mrs Ingrid who, if the editor is any judge (and a quick look at Mrs Smith will confirm that he is a judge), stand a bonzer chance. Double tickets are restricted to 280 and they cost \$25, the person to contact is Joyce Lawson at 573261 - I could well go myself but only the the understanding that the girls don't mob me.

The editor will a talent for mediocrity only exceeded by his ugliness plumb forgot to tell you last month that Peter Snell and Les Barran came second on the Iron Man Nightrun -

Big Ed's Coloumn

People are urgently required to fill the cast for the motor club pantomime which will be staged at the Ennogera Army Camps Officers Mess on December 20 - 27 (except holidays - venue by courtesy of Chris Goodried on the strict understanding that should Fiji attack Australia during the course of the production, then all of the cast except Marianne Fahey could find themselves up at the front.

The production is entitled "Warren's Return" or for our Brooklyn readers "Dere's a boyd in der oven", a 3 act melodrama with a distinct Victorian motoring flavour.

The cast is expected to be as follows:-

Squire Jasper Blackone - Warren McKewen
Lady Rumpo Blackone - The incredible Mrs Smith
Chaffeur to S. Blackone - Ian Reidel
Rent Collector - Keith McConnell
The evil blob in the shed - Kerry Packer
Sir Roland Butter - Boyd Ovens
Archie Pelago - Glen Somerville
The Insurance Salesman - Jeff Tremain
A visiting Mandarin - Don Choy
Haystack Harriet - Marianne Fahey
Policeman - Charley Blake

Directed by Big Ed, Produced by Chris Goodried, Music by Ike and Tina Turner and Fitter, Available at all hours - Miss Tootsy Wootsy of Hampton Park.

A quick summary of the plot goes as follows:

Squire Jasper Blackone covets not only the land of Sir Rolland Butter but also his mistress 'Haystack' Harriet - a girl who can frequently be seen pulling them down at the local pub (I'm sorry there should be a comma between them and down in the preceding sentence), so he traps a simple passing Insurance Salesman into insuring the life of his wife, Lady Rumpo Blackone, a woman he now detests because of the smell of Vicks Vapour Rub she takes everywhere. He murders Lady Rumpo and persuades the police that the crime was committed by a visiting mandarine (Oranges were out of season). With the insurance money he buys Sir Butters mortgage from the bank and casts him and his faithful servant Archie Pelago into the snow (The action is set in Stanthorpe of course). After doing all sorts of naughty things to Harriet (a scene available in postcard form for \$50 the set) his chaffeur and rent collector, whose hearts have been won by her courage and offers, tell the police the truth and in the final scene as he is led off shackled, all the cast sing the final song "When I said you bust my braces, I really meant the ones on my teeth" and just as the song finishes and everybody waits for the curtain to fall, Lady Rumpo appears miraculously restored to life, not for long however as the insurance salesman stabs her because he cannot be bothered with the attendant paperwork.

Final Curtain - End - Applause, applause !

Its got everything, Pathos, humour, murder, songs and drama. It cannot miss, if you want to be in the cast send Big Ed \$20 and a signed note declaring that you are over 21yrs of age and of an unsound mind. Rehearsals begin on September 31st at Henry Ryans Pizza Hutt.

The Editor is disappointed to announce that all references to aircraft during "The Secret War" have, to date, been totally correct.

COMING EVENTS

- Sun 21 Aug MGCC Para - Quad Day Run
- Wed 24 Aug Expert Night Run by Peter O'Connor and Chris Goodreid
- Sat 27 Aug Day Run, barbecue and fund - raising function
- full details elsewhere in the magazine.
- Sun 28 Aug Closed motorkhana at Samford starting at 10.30am
- Wed 31 Aug. General Meeting and Motor Sport films at the clubrooms.
- Sat 3 Sep CQMSC Capricana Rally (Open)
- Tue 6 Sep Committee meeting starting at 6.30pm
- Wed 7 Sep Bob Jane Corp. Movies and Talk Show at the clubrooms.
- Sun 11 Sep Closed off - road event at Camira
- Wed 14 Sep Novice Night Run by Dave Morris
- Sat 17 Sep BSCC - Yokohama Warana Rally - (QRC QRRS)
- Sun 18 Sep Closed Motorkhana by Peter Snell
- Wed 21 Sep. Open night at the clubrooms
- Sat 24 Sep Day run by Allan and Noel Lawson
- Sun 25 Sep QMROA Queensland Motorkhana Championship round 5
- Wed 28 Sep Expert Night run by Larry Stinson
- Tue 4 Oct Committee meeting starting at 6.30pm
- Wed 5 Oct Social night at the clubrooms
- Sun 9 Oct Lakeside Races
- Wed 12 Oct Novice night run by Rod Hannisey
- Sun 16 Oct B.S.C.C. - B.P. Off Road 400 at Goondiwindi.
+Full details next month on the running of what
could well be an Off Road classic+
- Wed 19 Oct Open night at the clubrooms
- Sat 22 Oct IWMAC Open Rally, (QRC and QRRS)
- Sun 23 Oct BSCC Closed Autocross
- Wed 26 Oct Expert Night Run
- Sat 29 Oct CQMSC - Lyn Perrin - Open Rally
- Sun 30 Oct QMCC - round 6 of the Queensland Motorkhana Champ.