

Brisbane Sporting Car Club

» MAGAZINE «

CAMS AFFILIATED

PRICE 20c



The Editor Writing his Leading Article

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BRISBANE SPORTING CAR CLUB

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POSTAL ADDRESS

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 Brisbane Sporting Car Club
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WEST END

QLD 4101

CLUBROOMS

BSCC clubrooms are situated on the corner of Reid and Hawthorne Streets Woolloongabba, and are open every Wednesday from 8.00 pm

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

The annual membership subscription is \$20.00 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

Brisbane Sporting Car Club

Magazine - November 1978

Editorial

This is another of those Editorials wherein the Editor must absolve the club from the opinions stated.

The Holden Torana Car Club was very kind to invite us to Eagers Recreation Hall for a "Meet Peter Brock and John Harvey" evening.

It was very naive of Mrs Smith and myself to be disappointed, but no sooner had the meeting got underway than we were embroiled in the Holden/Ford rivalry and, of course, all from one side. To us this rivalry is a deliberate policy played on, and exacerbated by, Ford and Holden.

Peter Brock came out with two particularly stunning statements; "Bondy could go back to driving a Torana tomorrow", said in a note of wonder, amazed that there are people who feel, as Tricia and I do, that the difference between Holden and Ford, two giant concerns who make common-or-garden tins tops for the GAP, is so slight as to be negligible, a fact proved month after month by the very small difference in sales, and dont tell me that 0.1% equals 1000 cars because it is a meaningless statistic. The other strange statement was "If there was a Ford Falcon with the keys in it blocking my Holden, I wouldn't get in the Falcon to move it out of the way", this I thought, is fair enough. A man driving for the Holden Dealer Team just cannot afford to have a photo taken of him driving a Ford no matter what the circumstances. But then he blew the whole thing by saying "Because I cant stand Falcon seats" - ! Wow a load of rubbish.

Perhaps Peter was playing to the Holden Club for they certainly appreciated his more cretinous statements, but what made the evening really drag was the interminable discussions about Gemini racing - racing with a very small r indeed.

We found that far from being an interesting evening about International racing, it turned out to be a dull job of whitewashing Holden, and another nail in the coffin of serious motor racing which will (has become) replaced by a circus - complete with clowns.

B.S.C.C. - Christmas Party

9th December

This climax to the years social calendar will be held at the home of Dennis Browns parents in Daisy Hill. It will start about 8pm and tickets are available from any Committee member. Dennis isnt sure as to whether he should cook the pig under, or above, the ground. So it'll be either a Hangi or a Spit so it could be a Spangi. For the cost of \$5 everything is thrown in, food, drink and an Arabian beauty to while away the hours.

This Months Cover

A tense scene during the last Magazine Sub-Committee meeting. Don and Sandra Milner can be seen sitting on a Lizard just left of centre, I'm not sure what they're doing, but whatever it is a bucket of cold water should stop it.

(Our ace photographer will be out during the Christmas Party taking pictures for the December cover, so be warned).

Goondiwindi Results Summary

Competitors reports on the Goondiwindi BP 400 ar'nt exactly flooding in with every post, so I'll do the results summary now and append all the reports later.

Lap 1 (Position O/A, Crew, Class, Points loss, Class Position)

1	Stuart Tucker/Patsy Tucker	1	3	1
5	Eric Bond/Selena Bond	2	27	1
6	Dave Chadwick/Debbie Chadwick	3	28	1
8	Neville Wilton/Grant Fahey	2	30	2
13	Don Allison/Tont Besy	5	39	4
=14	Colin Wilton/Neil Swaysland	1	40	= 2
20	Jim Adness/Ian MacFarlane	1	45	= 4
=25	William Daley/Carol Swiney	4	49	= 3
=27	Gary Wolfe/Ian Baker	1	52	= 5
	George Croucher/Gucken Schmied	2		= 8
=34	Brian Mannion/David Farley	1	60	= 8
=36	Cedric Loy/Pat McCreery	5	61	= 8
40	Paul Watkinson/Burt Goostrey	2	63	= 8
=41	Paul Crompton/David Creery	1	64	14
	Bruce Taylor/Nev Hamlin	1		= 9
54	Kavin White/Warren Blackbourne	2	96	= 9
56	Colin Leavey/Warren Tegg	1	101	17
60	Charles Wilcox/David Dunn	1	111	16
63	Laurie Faulkner/Brian Keilar	1	138	17
64	Greg Chalk/Max Castles	2	160	20
68	Steven Blackburn/Theo Van Doore	1	356	22

Lap 2

1	Craig Martin/Michael Gaffney	2	19	1
= 4	Jim Adness/Ian MacFarlane	1	23	= 2
= 7	Stephen Blackbourne/Theo Van Doore	1	27	= 5
	Colin Wilson/Neil Swaysland	1		= 5
=10	Neville Wilton/Grant Fahey	2	32	= 4
13	Dave and Debbie Chadwick	3	35	= 2
=14	George Croucher/Guterabfertigung Schmied	2	36	= 6
	Eric Bond/Selena Bond	2		= 6
=17	Cedric Loy/Pat McCreery	5	40	= 1
=20	Kevin White/Warren Blackbourne	2	42	= 9
=22	Paul Watkinson/Burt Goostrey	2	43	10
	Don Allison/Tony Best	5		3
=26	William Daley/Carol Swiney	4	49	1
=31	Paul Crompton/David Creery	1	60	10
=35	Bruce Taylor/Nev Hamlin	1	63	11
51	Greg Chalk/Max Castles	2	120	18

Lap 3

1	Doug Reddy/Darrell Yates	1	13	1
= 3	Jim Adness/Ian MacFarlane	1	17	3
6	George Croucher/Gurtelpanzer Schmied	2	25	3
8	Bruce Taylor/Nev Hamlin	1	31	4
9	Don Allison/Tony Best	5	32	1
10	Eric and Selena Bond	2	33	5
=11	Paul Watkinson/Burt Goostrey	2	34	= 6
	Kevin White/Warren Blackbourne	3		= 6
	Dave and Debbie Chadwick	3		2
=16	Cedric Loy/Pat McCreery	5	36	2
=21	Gregg Chalk/MaxCastles	2	42	9
=27	Paul Crompton/David Creery	1	46	12
	Neville Wilton/Grant Fahey	2	46	8
35	Colin Wilton/Neil Swaysland	1	53	9

Lap 4

1	Craig Martin/Michael Gaffney	2	11	1
= 2	Jim Adness/Ian MacFarlane	1	13	= 1
5	George Croucher/Gurke Schmied	2	20	3
6	Paul Watkinson/Burt Goostrey	2	24	4
8	Kevin White/Warren Blackbourne	2	28	5
9	Dave and Debbie Chadwick	3	32	1
=13	Neville Wilton/Grant Fahey	2	37	7
15	Eric and Selena Bond	2	39	8
16	Bruce Taylor/Neville Hamlin	1	40	4
21	Cedric Loy/Pat McCreery	5	45	4
27	Don Allison/Tony Best	5	51	6
31	Paul Crompton/David Creery	1	62	7

Results

1	Craig Martin/Michael Gaffney	2	96	1
2	Jim Adness/Ian MacFarlane	1	98	1
5	Dave and Debbie Chadwick	3	129	1
6	George Croucher/Guenter Schmied	2	133	2
7	Eric and Selena Bond	2	135	3
= 8	Neville Wilton/Grant Fahey	2	145	4
12	Paul Watkinson/Burt Goostrey	2	164	5
13	Don Allison/Tony Best	5	165	2
15	Cedric Loy/Pat McCreery	5	182	3
19	Bruce Taylor/Nev Hamlin	1	198	5
20	Kevin White/Warren Blackbourne	2	200	8
28	Paul Crompton/David Creery	1	232	7

Rally School

Colin Bond will be providing the tuition at the clubs first Rally School to be held on January 6/7th - this will be an excellent opportunity for all the rally members to prove their skill and safety.

At the moment the class isnt full so books and full details are available from Dennis Brown on 208 3831 - Home or 208 4587 - Work.

End of shameful neglect ?

The club magazine has two main functions, letting people know what club events are forthcoming, and providing a monthly list of the clubs championships.

In the past two years the latter function has been ignored by the powers that be, but in the forthcoming year the registrarship has fallen to Charlie Blake and he promises to make this a monthly feature.

Lets hope this comes about but cum grano salis until then.

Wanted

Big Ed wants the following for the Javelin :

- Two 5" Headlights - Bulbs not Sealed Beam
- Two 5" Spotlights

In particular if anybody has any of those old 5" or 7" Lucas spotlights with the silver bit in the middle of the glass, I would be keen to hear from them.

Phone 208 1721 when I'm not having either dinner or a shower.

Watch the Cross

Last year our plans to spend a week watching Australia's best free show were thwarted by the call of duty. But this year, with The Booksmith sometimes bringing as much as 30 cents a day in, we were able to laugh at workaday cares and take the trip. In this aim we were considerably, nay totally, aided by Rod Hannifay and Judy who ran the shop for us. Well actually it was Judy who ran the shop, but Rod makes a super doorstop cum draught excluder.

Harry the idiot was shoved into kennels and we drove down after the Saturday morning business was over. As far as I'm concerned you can keep the coast road with its hordes of tourists and all too frequent towns, so we went inland via Tenterfield. TIMS did the driving although she found the last mountainous stretch between Uralla and Wauchope rather tiring, in fact by the time we reached Port MacQuarie she was positively revolting. We had dinner in the Chinese, Tricia had a big mound of something inexpressably ghastly while I had a sensible Ham steak and chips. Then it was off to our first spot.

We arrived at Herons Creek about 2½ hours before the first car was due, so we had forty winks, then as the spectators were massed in the escape road (it was a downhill hairpin left for the competitors) I walked us up the hill for 1½ kms to a fast righthand bend. With an almost full moon there was plenty of light, and soon there came the angry dinosaur roar of an approaching car. The sound grew in intensity until in a blaze of light a Datsun burst into sight. Karlstrom flicked the car through the corner and zoomed off, seeing that alone justified the trip, there's just nothing (Racing, Off Roading, Autocrosses etc) to compare with the skill of a works rally driver. The dust was cleared by a slight breeze and soon George Fury burst past going measurably quicker than Karlstrom or Dunkerton. Wayne Bell was most impressive and I know I'm biased but Bond in a 16 valve Escort really does set the old pulses racing. Because we were rather late into the spectating, already several of the cars we'd hoped to see were out. Adrian Taylor, Greg Carr and Allan Lawson had all parked on the same hill some hours back, so we waited in vain for them but we did see Jims Citroen, Hanks Mazda, the Jewels/Best Subaru and the suicidal nips.

In the big gap between those who can, and those in the event because its there, we heard a strange noise coming up the hill towards us. Shuffle - shuffle - slip. Shuffle - shuffle - slip. A black shadow appeared on the road, weaving a two up and one back course. He stopped at the sight of us and stared intently in our direction. A long 30 seconds passed, then Tricia said "Howyergrowing" and this rum drunk (for such it transpired to be) gave an inarticulate cry and lurched backwards. In our subsequent conversation, he told us that he was sure we were two talking black stumps, and that he was having a close encounter of the third kind. Anyway, as he staggered backwards, we heard the thunder of an approaching car and white lights split the horizon. "Get off the road" we implored. He turned and lurched towards us, his movements as laborious as a deep sea divers. He gained the bank and teetered on the brink as a Lancer flashed past. Such excitement is unwise for a thirty-four year old so we returned to the hairpin left. All chaos reigned here as camera crews and/or idiots turned their cars round in the road. One car from New Caledonia (with a rather pretty lady nagigating) took to the escape road, skating between cars parked and cars trying to get out.

Back to the car where a note from the Marshalls said "See you in The Sandcastle for drinkey poo's", the only drawback was that it was 4am and we didn't know The Sandcastle from my elbow. However Port Macquarie was full of life so we followed the instructions given to us and found old Marshall knocking them back in the doorway.

Wayne (Mr. Fixit) Black had organized two superb units and we got the one with the black and white television. Our room was a tiny little thing. So small that TIMS and I had to take turns in breathing in, but the Marshalls room was a huge affair, with stained glass windows (Fragile; but O so nice), leaping fountains, a Dolphinarium, crouget lawn, and private airfield. Naturally at the time I made no comment about this, neither did I comment on Peters fetish for travelling about with sausages. The latter point reached a climax (5) on Tuesday when, in an attempt to inveigle us on a 100 mile drive to the west, Peters eyes lit up and he said triumphantly, "But I've got the sausages", his leering face a travesty of all that's decent in mankind.

Anyway on Sunday we slept from 5 - 10 am, then Tricia woke me up by scratching her bum, unfortunately in a small room when one gets scratched we all get scratched so I ended up with several red marks across the face. (You may ask what my face was doing up against her bum, you may ask, but you'll not get an answer). She wanted to make a cup of tea, but I forbade all movement till some signs of life were heard, especially as Petes sister (Radiantly lovely, and the best blue eyes I've seen in ages) and her chum were sleeping in the living room. Nothing daunted old TIMS crept down the hallway, looking faintly ludicrous in a pink nightgown with a picture of the City Hall on it (No kidding). She slowly opened the door and found a leg of lamb cooking in the electric frypan. This, I thought, is going to be an odd holiday. On our trip to Melbourne I saw Pete tucking the food away, and at the time I put it down to worms - this would also explain why he can't keep still, and scratches his arse a lot - but I can honestly say that I've never seen anybody who shovels in the grub like he does, he makes Desperate Dan, cowpie and all, look second rate. Wendy isn't quite so bad but I didn't make the mistake Dennis Brown made at Goondiwindi. He pushed his plate away and Wendy is in it like a rocket, stuffing a steak roll in her mouth, while Dennis could only look on, mouth similarly agape. During the course of our stay the Smiths kept a firm grip on their plates, especially in the bush where a light could be 'accidentally' knocked over, and by the time illumination could be restored your plate was licked clean.

We put the veggies in the oven and went back to mingle with the mighty at The Sandcastle. While I was mingling with Greg Weale and other giants of the sport, Peter comes out with the news that we're doing a road block about 50 miles away. This news was calmly received till he realised that times was pressing and we had to depart. What of the roast lamb you cry, well we had to put the veggies to one side and take the meat in sandwiches. O how are the mighty fallen. Wendy went a sort of livid colour at this desecration.

Sid, the Marshalls Galant, was tossed through the bends enroute to wherever we went. We sat in the back singing "O CAMS our help in ages past". Eventually we arrived at the spot to find we only had 1/2 hours to wait. Just like being in the army.

The competitors were turning fast right at a crossroads and our job was to block the other two arms off. I built a rather fine roadblock, it had a distinct eye-catching appeal, but Petes one was a rather tatty pole flung cheaply across the road. Soon we were joined by a forester with his four rascally offspring, and then a Transit van came lumbering along, this was driven by a bearded chap who parked it by the

side of the road and had a free cup of coffee and a look at the action.

Once again you just had to be impressed. Everytime we saw Colin Bond the front wheels were locked up on the entrance to the corner, and this time the Escort flicked from side to side as cadence braking was combined with the opposite chuck into the corner, too beautiful for words. We then walked down the track to where some giggly youths, with a high euphoria, attempted to set fire to some sodden branches. This kept us amused for a while then we set off again.

The chap in the Transit was very keen to go to the next spot so I volunteered to navigate him. We set off agreeing to meet Sid in Kempsey where we would be guided to the next spot. The Transits driver was called Colin, and he was tripping about on two months holiday. He described how he woke up that morning and found the world grey and dismal, and a great feeling of loneliness swept over him. I nodded sympathetically, "How long have you been on the road" I asked. "Two days" he said, and he was quite serious folks, from the way he carrying on I thought he was "The flying Aussie" condemned to travelling through New South Wales in his Transit van for all time.

We found Kempsey, found Sid, Sid lost us, we got through ? by driving round the rim till we found the appropriate railway bridge, then I bypassed one stage and discovered another was cancelled so we turned round and retraced our footsteps. On narrow roads I found that shouting out "Service" in a panicky voice opened all doors. Colin, never having seen a rally before in his life, didn't understand this, so I told him that I was pretending to be the Mobile Rally Chapel run by the motorists Vicar, The Very Reverend Jaguar Hubcap. By the end of the event Colin was probably Australia's most devout spectator, and on Wednesday we found him dipping his beard into a tin of Castrol 'R' so he could carry the flavour of competition everywhere.

There being no sign of TIMS, Sid or the Marshalls we had fishcakes and chips in Kempsey, then I fell asleep with stern instructions to Colin to watch for Herons Creek. We duly found the stage, turned the Transit round and parked for the 2½ hour wait. A cup of tea seemed like a good idea so we brewed up on the Gaz stove, and wonder of wonders, in the fridge was a packet of chocolate Tim-Tams, of such things are heaven made. It was just right that as we comfortably sipped, and I tasted the exultation of warm tea melting dark chocolate, that the others turned up. It soon became obvious that Mr Marshalls grunted was very dis'd. He came stomping into the Transit, accompanied by his jaffle iron (and Tricia on banjo) so they had Jaffles all round, while we reminisced about the superb dinner we'd eaten as they looked all over for us. Of course it was all MY fault that they'd spent 3 hours looking for me by the side of the road, but that just made dinner taste all the better.

At this spectator point a whole cross-section of the BSCC's connoisseurs were on hand. Skulking in the bushes were Geoff Smallman and Warren McKewen, while across the road were the BOOTMs from Flat No.9, a party of people whose heads would appear round the brickwall while we were eating a typical Peter Marshall breakfast, have a quick look, turn green, and disappear. Anyway the cars came sliding past, as if to the manner born, whilst we crouched behind Warrens esky.

Back to Port M in the small hours (anybody fool enough to be awake during the night, invariably finds the hours anything but small) and I think we slept till about midday on this occasion.

Then it was off to The Sandcastle for a brandy and a look at the results to date. In the Parc Ferme were some battered and bent sights, not least of which was Bruce Fullerton in T shirt, shorts and Ugh boots. Ugh !. A party of schoolchildren came down to look at the cars and they were led by a school-teacher who was a positive stunner. Bruce and I looked on open mouthed, then he crouched down, stuck his thumb in his mouth, and waddled about, looking more like a chimp than any human of any age that I've ever seen.

We just had time for a quick sneer at the local secondhand shoppe then it was off to the woods again.

This stage had a narrow track leading to it, and being a daylight one just about everybody went there, so we had about a kilometre to walk. Peter Marshall went grey at this prospect and reversed Sid up the road till he found a spot up a 7 foot bank to park. Meanwhile TIMS and I plodded on, the dust rising from our faltering footsteps. Tricia turned heat burned lips towards me, "Great Western, Great Western" she muttered, which just goes to show what breeding does for you.

We both stood on a stump on the entrance to the corner. Colin Bond came past with an obviously flat front tyre, Dunkerton hit his elbow on the window and Ayabe was suffering from a slight itch up his left nostril - you see everything if you get close enough. We walked back up the track just as a car came along, I scuttled into the bushes and hid under Meg O'Shaunesseys bosom. These impact resisting barriers proved to be the ideal viewing point, shady and breezy, and if the noise was all too much then raising the head a few inches cut all the commotion off.

The next viewing point was about 150 kms away so we set off only stopping at a pub in Thingy where Colin knew the landlord.

After driving for what seemed to be all day we arrived at the forest. We were following Sid, and he missed the right turning completely and took us down a grotty little track that had the sumpguard (Put on only for show) playing Knick-knack-paddywack on the ground. When we finally came to a halt and got together Petes hand slid stealthily inside his jacket, "I've got the sausages" he said yet again. He produced a string of fat bangers and began rubbing them over his chest. His eyes glazed over and a thin trickle of saliva ran down his chin. Suddenly Wendy snatched the sausages away from him and he fell against the car babbling "Sausages, sausages". Wendys voice, charged with pity, (Only 20 cents a charge) said "Not in public Peter, other people dont understand".

Tricia then cooked something on the portable stove. We all eat it stoically but as she hurled the remains into the forest I couldn't help but notice its similarity to a boy scout.

This bit of viewing involved a climb up a steep face to a ledge - it must have been easy to climb because we saw Glen Somerville up there. The road at this point was cut into an island so that the competitors had to turn left, and immediately ignore one on the right. Our bank, and the island were full of spectators, and also, alas, was the road inbetween. The people on the road were pressing onto the road used by the competitors, and certainly caused them to slow down greatly, thereby making their presence unpopular with the rest of us. Imagine therefore our delight when one of the cars overshoot the left turn and elected to go round the island. The mob standing in the road suddenly found lights on their back, and a big Toyota hatchback thundering towards them. Sidnt they move ! Women and children last ! They scuttled off leaving our Japanese speedster to pick his way through some abandoned eskies and aluminum folding chairs - best laugh of the night.

At the previous spectating point we'd noticed this nice looking girl with big norks. Well while we were sitting on the bank she began circling round us making low growling noises at me, and eventually she sat down on my left just out of harms reach. In the dim light of Warren McKewens nose, her well filled white T shirt leapt ahead; obviously the poor kid was infatuated with me. "Ho-hum", I mused, "If you've seen one poor, star struck kid, you've seen them all".

After about 6 cars had been through, a party of four came walking along for a look. Two blokes in Safari suits accompanied by a by a couple of tres smart sheilas who'd, presumably, been picked up in Coff's Harbour or somesuch. One of the girls was, we think, Canadian. Anyway the smooth sophisticated male of the group - the one who opened his tin of grog facing away from the ladies - was telling them about rallying from the navigators seat. Cor what a lot of wind. Eventually one of the cars sprayed them with a bit of muck so they exited brushing their garments.

Peter had wanted to go onto four or five other spots that night, but enroute back to the-pub-where-Colin-knew-the-landlord Tricia and I revolted because we both felt f-f-fagged out. So we confronted Peter with this information and Wendy sided with us! Peter narrowed his eyes and said "Mother was right after all". Despite our entreaties he wouldnt go off with Colin but looked painfully noble as he said we'd all go back to Port M.

Up early and feeling quite human for once. We took the opportunity to look round Port MacQuarie. The convict built church, the shopping centre, half a dozen bits of stock for the shop - more like a holiday. After lunch we visited the Hastings and District museum, a truly splendid and absorbing display. The 45 minutes we had to spare didnt even scratch the surface of this fascinating collection.

Tricia had been whining that she wanted to look at the star drivers. (I did point out that she already knew Hank). So we trotted down at 3 o'clock. George Fury looked a bit taken aback when this loony looking dark haired woman, with a nervous tick, came and stared at him. We expected them to turn left out of the car park, but no, and suddenly there he was pivoting the Datsun on Tricias size nines. He flung her a smile and from then on it was George Fury this, and George Fury that, till Colin and I were sorry we'd ever taken her.

We went to a stage South of Wauchope. This was another hairpin left for the competitors. We were looking for a viewing possie when my attention was caught by somebody hitting me with a brick. It was BSCC member Graham Nordling, now President of the Officers Mess at RAAF Richmond, hiding behind a big log. When I first joined the BSCC Graham (along with Daryll Kelly) was one of the few people to talk to me. So I ducked behind the log and I called Tricia across just as George swung round the corner (So I could collect her superannuation). I shot off a film here, including 3 pictures of Hank and 4 of the remaining Civic. A lovely afternoon spectating with the sunlight dappling the trees and Warren McKewen shouting rude things to Wendy.

Back to Wauchope for a beer, then despite the promise of more sausages, we went back to town with Colin while the Marshalls went off to order people about at a service point.

We spent an interesting evening, having dinner with the Australian terrier in the pub, trying the electronic machines in the Amusement arcades and watching an Italian film about El Alamein. The film ended up with the Italians mopping up the Australian troops

as they covered the Germans panic retreat.

The next day we packed up the Civic and we departed for Brisbane, but enroute we took in the final stage, and this really was the best of all.

A night of rain had left the muddy track like glass and the 90 left was covered in loose muck. The aces poured through with George and Ross rubbing the bushes on the exit. Ayabe was the first one to go bush, the big Toyota stopped inches from a tree and spun its wheels fruitlessly as it tried to reverse away. An overhelpful spectator jumped to the road, lost his footing and slid down the camber to within inches of the Toyota's rear wheels. The Toyota began creeping backwards with this chap on all muddy fours clawing to get away from the flashing wheels. Then four cars came off in a row, Hank drove past without looking in the slightest ruffled, 3 more cars disappeared into the bush and finally the Civic drove past with FWD confidence.

A splendid close to an fine few days. Colin went off to pick beans, we went to Brisbane and the Marshalls moved into Jim Reddix's palatial suite. Hard luck story of the rally for our club was the Tony Jewels/Tont Best Subaru which was lying 13th on the penultimate night when something went wrong. Our best result was the Kable's almost standard Mazda 323 which came 14th

I really must quote you from the Sunday Times business supplement published on October 29th. The article was Leyland: the beginning and the end?

"The early post-war period was marked by two outstanding innovative designs of passenger cars, the brilliant little rear-engined Renault 4cv and Gerald Palmer's Jowett Javelin."

Such a relief to read something by somebody who really knows what he's on about.

Ipswich West Moreton Auto Club

Currie Motors 1000 Rally - Oct 28/29th

What a weight!

I had managed to land myself a plum seat in this event. It was on the lefthand side of Killeen Kimeklis's XU-1 Torana. After the troubles experienced on the Yokohama the fuel pipes were now all in gleaming metal and I felt in my bones that I had a foul nights work ahead of me.

I've now become rather fed up with rallying and its because of the interminable waiting that we have to indulge in. Get to the start 2 hours before the first car sets off, then wait 1½ hours for our turn, a long transport leads to another long wait and so on. This event was particularly badly served in this respect owing to the cancelling of a 180 km competitive. So I arrived at the start at 1pm and by seven hours later we'd spent 7 minutes on competitive sections and I was worn out with boredom.

I like long competitive sections, so I was pleased to see that despite the exclusion of the 180 km stage, and the adoption of a 9 km spectator stage, that the average stage length was 39.9 kms. This must be an advantage to the organiser as he needs less trained personnel to run things.

The first stage was held around the coal heaps of the Swanbank Power Station. It was a very fast stage that used a 4.5 km course twice, the departure for competitors being timed so as not to coincide with the passing of competitors finishing their first lap - well that was the plan, but as Paul Cadell/Charlie Blake screamed up in the Datsun a car was sent off right in their path. Standing on the verge I didn't know whether to leap in the road and try to warn them or what. However I reasoned that if Charlie Blake saw me trying to slow him down they'd go even quicker, so I stayed put, heart in mouth. When Paul saw the other Datsun, he braked hard and the last I saw was as he disappeared into the other cars dust cloud. When our turn came I felt distinctly nervous. Spectator stages have dozens of instructions in only a short distance and I always make a cock-up of it. Well we went round, sometimes taking the correct route, with the XU-1 swinging from side to side through the corners. On the hairpin right between the slag heaps, we tried a reverse swing, and on both occasions ended up broadside and almost stationary at the exit of the corner, this performance was accompanied by a strong clutch smell. We cleaned this seven minute stage as did most of the others.

The field was held at the end of this stage for a period of 2 hours.

The next section was an 80 minute transport to Helidon. En route we stopped for some food and then when we got to the Competitive start we had a 48 minute wait.

This was just too much so I wandered off up the track for a spectate. Paul was just lining up to start, so I told him I wanted to see some action then I walked up the track. Once out of sight I ran as fast as I could till I heard the Datsun coming then I stood nonchalantly by, thus giving Paul and Charles the impression that I was a bionic walker. After half an hour I returned to find a party searching for me in the bushes.

I settled in the Torana and one of the glamorous ladies at the control walked up to tell me something I already knew. I told her that my guilt for causing her this unnecessary exercise was only increased by the fact that such a lovely figure didn't need any further exercise to be perfect. Before you knew it she was breathing hotly into my left ear as she studied my route chart. I discovered that she was in the RAAF and serving as a dental assistant at Amberley, O if only my teeth had been rotten.

The stage was a real Torana one. 32km in 25 minutes on smooth, fast forest tracks. After getting in the groove we leapt along, the Fiat who'd started ahead of us was lying on its side, at one point I looked up to see a thick vine hanging in the centre of the road. I ducked, but it must have been thinner than my overheated imagination allowed for. At the spectator point we did the traditional "striking of the bank", but this one was sand and softer than some others we've hit.

Division 1 Section 4 32.4 km - 25 mins

Rocky outcrops and an abundance of wildlife

= 1 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	0	=18 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	3
= 4 Brown/Moir	Datsun	1	Kineklis/Big Ed	Torana	
Neumann/Best	Datsun		=23 Iaw/Lawson	Corona	4
Worthington/Full	Mazda		Thomson/McNeil	Torana	
= 9 Downing/Sams	Torana	2	=30 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	5
Singleton/Howlet	Fiat		=39 Castle/Goopy	Cortina	8
Thompson/Goodrei	Escort		41 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	11
Kable/Weale	Mazda				
Gardner/Ainscung	Cortina				

Then we had a 60 minute transport with half an hours wait at the end of it.

The next competitive was a stinker. 39 km in 30 mins using a lap system that had us passing the same water tank three times. The dust was awful and several times we had to come to an involuntary halt - this always gives me a prickly sensation in the back of the neck as I can visualise someone with more guts than brains slamming into us. Inevitably at one point the road veered left and we didnt, the Torana fell into a ditch full of big boulders and ended up with the diff on top of a big one. We lost exactly 26 minutes (I counted them) jacking the car up and removing the bigger ones so we could return to the road. When we did get going again we found the steering was bent but manageable.

There was a 5 minute service break on the next transport so a quick visual was carried out.

Shortly after Tont Hazeldine had sent us off on the next competitive we came unstuck. Normally when the car gets crossed up on the dirt Roger lets go of the steering wheel; lets the car straighten itself grabs hold of the wheel and off we go. Well this time owing to the bent steering, instead of straightening it turned very sharp right ans disappeared over the edge. When silence had returned we found the XU-1 perched precariously on the bank with a stump through the grill.

We walked back up the stage till we found Neil Howard and a mob of spectators. Two of the latter were most keen to help so we got in the back to see if he could pull us off. We set off down this stage in a 1960's Valiant at full chat. Roger and I, seat-beltless, clung to each other speechless with horror. True to form on the first 90 right the car speared off into the bush, and rocked and swayed over some big boulders. In the back we were crapping ourselves as it really looked as if it would roll at any moment. We managed to slow him down a bit after that and thankfully returned to the Torana. The Valiant had no chance of pulling us off so we went him to the Division break, and I walked (No way I was getting in there again) to the road. While I was sitting in the dark along came a Toyota accompanied by a competing Cortina with a damaged strut. They very kindly stopped and the Toyota had us back on the road in a trice. The fan had nicked the radiator but the Torana was driveable on a temporary basis. So we drove towards the Division break meeting Rod Hannifey and the boys enroute.

Division 1 Section 6 39.1 km - 30 mins

Undulating surface in places

= 3 Reddiex/Lowe	Citroen	9	=10 Worthington/Fuller	Mazda	12
= 5 Downing/Sams	Torana	10	=19 Gardiner/Ainscough	Cortina	14
Neumann/Best	Datsun		Cadell/Blake	Datsun	
= 7 Brown/Moir	Datsun	11	Thomson/McNeil	Torana	
Singleton/Howlett	Fiat		=30 Castle/Goopy	Cortina	
Kable/Weale	Mazda		=37 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	
=10 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	12	=39 Kimeklis/Big Ed	Torana	26
Thompson/Goodreid	Escort	41	Law/Lawson	Corona	30

Division 1 Section 8 49.3 Km - 37 mins

Beware of cattle

= 1 Reddiex/Lowe	Citroen	7	=19 Singleton/Howlett	Fiat	14
Neumann/Best	Datsun		=25 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	15
3 Worthington/Fuller	Mazda	8	=28 Thomson/McNeil	Torana	17
= 5 Perrett/Tindal	Datsun	10	30 Kabel/Weale	Mazda	18
Downing/Sams	Torana		35 Thompson/Goodreid	Escort	21
=8 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	11	39 Law/Lawson	Corona	48
=15 Brown/Moir	Datsun	13			

Division 1

1 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	16	=14 Kabel/Weale	Mazda	31
= 2 Neumann/Beet	Datsun	18	=22 Thompson/Goodreid	Escort	35
= 4 Worthington/Full	Mazda	21	=25 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	36
6 Downing/Sams	Torana	22	28 Thomson/McNeil	Torana	40
= 7 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	25	32 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	46
Brown/Moir	Datsun		39 Law/Lawson	Corona	82
=10 Singleton/Howle	Fiat	27			

Division 2 Section 2 61.6 Km - 47 mins

Beware of cattle

= 2 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	11	= 8 Kable/Weale	Mazda	16
Worthington/Full	Mazda		=10 Thomspn/Goodreid	Escort	17
= 4 Brown/Moir	Datsun	13	=15 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	19
6 Singleton/Howle	Fiat	14	=21 Thomson/McNeil	Torana	22
7 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	15	23 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	23
= 8 Downing/Sams	Torana	16			

Division 2 Section 5 54.7 Km - 41 mins

Wildlife in abundance, sharp drops off edge in places

1 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	11	=12 Thompson/Goodreid	Escort	19
4 Worthington/Full	Mazda	16	Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	
= 5 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	17	15 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	20
Downing/Sams	Torana		16 Kable/Weale	Mazda	21
=10 Singleton/Howle	Fiat	18	=17 Brown/Moir	Datsun	22

Division 2 Section 7 40.9 Km - 31 mins

Sharp drops off edges in places

1 Worthington/Full	Mazda	10	= 7 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	15
= 2 Downing/Sams	Torana	13	=10 Thomspn/Goodreid	Escort	17
Singleton/Howle	Fiat		=12 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	18
6 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	14	Kabel/Weale	Mazda	
= 7 Brown/Moir	Datsun	15	=23 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	23

Division 2

1 Worthington/Full	Mazda	37	= 9 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	50
= 3 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	45	=11 Thompson/Goodreid	Escort	52
Singleton/Howle	Fiat		Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	
6 Downing/Sams	Torana	46	14 Kabel/Weale	Mazda	55
8 Brown/Moir	Datsun	49	16 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	59

Results

1 Worthington/Fullerton	Mazda	58	1st Recognized
4 Reddix/Lowe	Citroen	61	3rd Classified
5 Downing/Sams	Torana	68	2nd Recognized
6 Singleton/Howlett	Fiat	72	
7 Brown/Moir	Datsun	74	
8 Perrett/Tindall	Datsun	75	
10 Kabel/Weale	Mazda	86	2nd Clubman
11 Thomspn/Goodreid	Escort	87	
=15 Cadell/Blake	Datsun	95	
19 Rollinson/Ovens	Datsun	98	

Currie Chuckles

Laps in the dust were a very unpopular subject after the event, even Russell Worthington came off and gave a tree a wallop. Dennis Brown had Ross Moir out with a white stick - so the comments after the event were not the most complimentary.

My God he's got GUTS

I was positively stunned to see a well known BSCC member stepping lightly from a MAZDA RX-7 on the Television Concours D'elegance. My ebullition was tempered with the knowledge of the sheer bravery involved, or is it the price one pays for having a big, muscular dad ?

MGCC Closed Motorkhana - 22nd October

The MGCC were kind enough to invite us to this event and we responded with a will. A late start led the nineteen competitors onto 6 tests laid out in the paddock at Rocklea. I was unable to attend owing to the proximity of my head to the pillow, but I understand everyone enjoyed a good day of that most pleasant of motor sports - Motorkhanas.

Test 1

1	Keith McConnell	Spl	21.3
2	Glen Carpenter	Mini	21.4
3	Glen Carpenter	Spl	21.9
4	Lee Drummond	Mazda	22.5
5	Peter Snell	Spl	23.3
6	Keith McConnell	Mini	23.5
8	Col Powell	Mazda	25.1
=11	Neil McNeil	GTR	26.5
	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	
=13	Graeme Adair	Moke	28.2
	Carol Howard	Mini	
16	Dale Payne	Mazda	28.7
17	Peter Letheran	Escort	29.7

Test 2

1	Glen Carpenter	Spl	26.2
2	Keith McConnell	Spl	26.7
3	Glen Carpenter	Mini	27.3
4	Keith McConnell	Mini	28.2
5	Lee Drummond	Mazda	28.5
= 7	Peter Snell	Spl	31.5
9	Graeme Adair	Mike	31.8
11	Carol Howard	Mini	32.4
=12	Dale Payne	Mazda	32.5
	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	
16	Neil McNeil	GTR	32.9
17	Col Powell	Mazda	33.5
19	Peter Letheran	Escort	38.5

Test 3

1	Keith McConnell	Mini	25.4
2	Neil McNeil	GTR	26.2
3	Keith McConnell	Spl	27.0
4	Graeme Adair	Moke	27.4
5	Lee Drummond	Mazda	27.5
6	Glen Carpenter	Mini	27.6
8	Glen Carpenter	Spl	29.2
9	Peter Snell	Spl	29.8
13	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	30.4
14	Dale Payne	Mazda	33.0
15	Peter Letheran	Escort	34.5
16	Col Powell	Mazda	34.6
17	Carol Howard	Mini	35.4

Test 4

1	Glen Carpenter	Spl	24.8
2	Keith McConnell	Spl	25.4
3	Keith McConnell	Mini	25.6
4	Glen Carpenter	Mini	26.4
5	Lee Drummond	Mazda	26.5
6	Peter Snell	Spl	27.8
10	Dale Payne	Mazda	30.7
=12	Col Powell	Mazda	31.5
	Neil McNeil	GTR	
14	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	31.7
15	Graeme Adair	Moke	32.7
16	Peter Letheran	Escort	33.0
18	Carol Howard	Mini	34.9

Test 5

1	Glen Carpenter	Spl	36.7
2	Glen Carpenter	Mini	39.1
3	Keith McConnell	Spl	40.3
4	Lee Drummond	Mazda	41.1
5	Peter Snell	Spl	41.5
6	Graeme Adair	Moke	41.6
8	Keith McConnell	Mini	43.0
= 9	Col Porter	Mazda	43.2
	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	
13	Carol Howard	Mini	44.6
14	Neil McNeil	GTR	44.9
16	Dale Payne	Mazda	48.5
19	Peter Letheran	Escort	54.7

Test 6

1	Keith McConnell	Mini	25.9
2	Glen Carpenter	Mini	27.0
3	Keith McConnell	Spl	27.4
4	Lee Drummond	Mazda	28.0
7	Carol Howard	Mini	29.2
8	Col Powell	Mazda	29.5
10	Graeme Adair	Moke	29.8
11	Dale Payne	Mazda	29.9
12	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	30.8
13	Peter Snell	Spl	31.2
14	Glen Carpenter	Spl	32.0
=16	Neil McNeil	GTR	34.0
19	Peter Letheran	Escort	39.0

Results

1st	Keith McConnell	Special	168.2
2nd	Glen Carpenter	Mini	168.8
3rd	Glen Carpenter	Special	170.8
4th	Keith McConnell	Mini	171.6
5th	Lee Drummond	Mazda	174.1
6th	Peter Snell	Special	184.6
9th	Graeme Adair	Moke	191.5
11th	Chris Harbeck	Mazda	195.1
12th	Neil McNeil	GTR	196.0
13th	Col Powell	Mazda	198.4
15th	Dale Payne	Mazda	203.3
16th	Carol Howard	Mini	204.7
19th	Peter Letheran	Escort	229.4

WHY SILICONE BRAKE FLUID?

Most modern car braking systems are hydraulically operated because of the advantages of low friction and equal distribution of pressure.

The heart of the hydraulic system, is of course, the hydraulic fluid, and a variety of important properties are demanded of it. For example, it must lubricate and seal the moving parts, protect against corrosion and be compatible with the rubber seals in the system. Most important of all, however, is the boiling point. Disc brake systems are capable of generating enough heat to boil some types of brake fluid and when this happens, the result is a complete loss of braking power.

CONVENTIONAL BRAKE FLUIDS

The brake fluids which are currently in almost universal use, are manufactured from glycol and satisfy most of the requirements of a hydraulic fluid. The top U.S. and Australian specifications call for a boiling point of 260°C and most good quality Australian disc brake fluids satisfy this requirement when new.

Unfortunately, this is only part of the story. Glycol brake fluids have a tremendous affinity for water. Water is absorbed into the braking system through the wheel cylinders and even through the walls of the rubber brake hoses. After a short period in service, glycol brake fluid can contain as much as 3% water and after one year of use, the boiling point is commonly around 150°C-160°C. Under hard driving conditions, brake fluid can reach this temperature, resulting in vapour lock and complete loss of brakes - usually at the most inconvenient moment.

In addition to the safety hazard, absorbed water causes corrosion. When a vehicle reaches its second birthday, one can expect to find costly corrosion damage to master cylinders, wheel cylinders and brake calipers.

One solution to this problem is to change the brake fluid every twelve months, but even this procedure is not entirely acceptable to the knowledgeable owner of a high performance or valuable vehicle.

Another, and more permanent solution is to use a fluid with superior properties and polydimethyl-siloxane - usually called Silicone Brake Fluid comes closest to the ideal.

SILICONE BRAKE FLUID

Two of the most important properties of Silicone Brake Fluid are its chemical inertness and its rejection of water - from these two properties are derived the main advantages:

Corrosion: Even after prolonged service, the water content is negligible and the boiling point is virtually unchanged. The exclusion of water from the system also protects components against corrosion and reduces costly repair bills. The anti-corrosion properties of Silicone Brake Fluid are especially attractive to vintage car owners and off-road drivers.

Boiling Point: Current American and Australian specifications recognise the detrimental effect of water absorption and require measurement of the boiling point under two different sets of conditions. The "dry" boiling point is measured on completely moisture free fluid, and the "wet" boiling point is measured after extended exposure to atmospheric humidity of 81%. The U.S. DOT 5 brake fluid specification is the most stringent in the world and sets "dry" and "wet" boiling points of 260°C and 180°C respectively. Silicone Brake Fluid with "dry" and "wet" boiling points both in excess of 300°C is the only fluid to meet DOT 5 requirements.

In a vehicle, brake fluids are subjected to extremes of temperature. Conventional glycol fluids suffer a considerable fluctuation in viscosity as a result of temperature change and at ultra-low temperatures may thicken to the extent that brake operation is impaired. By contrast, Silicone Brake Fluid maintains a more stable viscosity and this helps preserve a consistent pedal "feel" - a most desirable property for the competition driver.

Compatibility

Brake system seals used worldwide by the automotive industry utilise natural and synthetic rubbers and have been developed for use with glycol brake fluids. Due to its chemical inertness, Silicone Brake Fluid is completely compatible with these seals and produces the desired seal swell effect. For similar reasons, silicon fluid is non-toxic and does not damage car paintwork.

PERFORMANCE COMPARISON

	Aust Stand 1960 Grade 2	U.S. DOT 5 Standard	Typical Disc Brake Fluid	Silicone Brake Fluid
Dry Boiling Point	260°C	260°C	265°C	300°C
Wet Boiling Point	155°C	180°C	160°C	300°C
Viscosity cs at -40°C	1800 max	1500 max	1240	300
100°C	1.5 min	1.5 min	2.3	15

Changeover Procedure

Although Silicone Brake Fluid and conventional glycol fluids are quite compatible, all traces of glycol should be removed for the best results.

1. Disconnect brake lines and hoses.
2. Remove master cylinder, wheel cylinders and brake calipers. Dis-assemble, remove all trace of old brake fluid with clean dry cloth. Fit new seals. Re-assemble.
3. Remove proportioning valve (if fitted) and flush thoroughly with Silicone Brake Fluid.
4. Remove flexible brake hoses and discard. Blow through brake lines with clean dry compressed air.
5. Re-assemble system, using new brake hoses. Flush with Silicone Brake Fluid then bleed system.

WARNING Do not use solvents to clean the system.
Coat all components with Silicone Brake Fluid before assembly.

If circumstances do not permit the full procedure to be followed, a shorter, but less effective procedure can be adopted.

1. Drain entire system.
2. Clean inside master cylinder with clean dry cloth.
3. Fill system with Silicone Brake Fluid and bleed. Flush sufficient Fluid through each bleed nipple to ensure that all traces of glycol fluid are removed.

If necessary, re-bleed system whilst hot. Entrapped air is released more slowly from Silicone Brake Fluid because of the slightly higher viscosity.

The Crisbame Spurting Boar Club

Report of the Annual General Meeting

82 members attended the A.G.M. which was 34% of the total membership. Several interesting points were raised during the course of the evening/night/day.

The first point raised, that the bar remain shut until the meeting was finished, was defeated by a show of 121 hands, 3 feet and 1 buttock. It is not thought that the consumption of alcohol had any bearing on the reason why discussions as to whether packets of chips should be sold at 31 cents or 32 cents per packet, went on for 14 garrulous hours.

We then had a couple of hardy annuals, Clubmember Mr Barrel Belly took the floor and demanded the right to run 12 spotlights on his PC Hockey. This was duly taken down by our 'Tappet' (The Australian Peoples Performeng Elephant Troupe) representative who promised to bring it up at the next meeting, and then a member took the floor, a member who never does a single event-and never comes to the club, a member whose only seen at the A.G.M., and he demands more social events, ignoring the fact that we have a successful social event every Wednesday night, and also that we see quite enough of each other then, and at events, to repeat the dose elsewhere. I'm delighted to say that on this occasion the Social events motion was thrown out, and the lacklustre Social Sub-Committee was disbanded.

Then we came to the voting for Officials, and the allocation of jobs. As we couldn't find the hat this year the front row of Officials swapped seats with the back row. This gave us Barrel Belly as Treasurer, Mauve Dorris as Secretary, Rita Parcel as Off Road Sub Committee chairman, Bony Tastybean as Promotions Officer, Drumpet Crummond as Magazine Editor, Behan O'Fond as Rally Sub-Committee chairman, Deaf Greentrain as registrar, Din Goodcreed as Property Officer, Tennis Drown as Building Sub-Committee chairman, Barry John-Holly as Hon Auditor, Chocolate Flake as Motorkhana and Speed Bvetsss Sub-Committee Chairman and Excreta Sniff as President, Vice President and immediate Past President (He's not known as Big Arse for nothing). The Committee, several of whom needed a referdex to find the club, were voted in en masse.

The Annual Reports were as follows :

The President said it had been a splendid year for Boar Spurting, after the initial run had been rained of in January the season had settled down to its usual cut and thrust to see who was to be 1978's chief spurter. The competition had settled down to be between Bim Jellybex, Tennis Drown, Boy Wonderwee and Brussels Swerveingbum. At the time of writing Brussels appears to be spurting all over them - and we only hope he cleans it up afterwards.

The Secretary said that it had been a disappointing year for membership as we were 16% down on last years figures. He blamed this on the club magazine, a weak and sycophantic rag which contained more matter egocentric to the editor than to spurting as a whole. At this the editor, a formidable figure with his flowing black beard and yellow dress, took to his feet - he'd been rather fond of them in the past but it was only now that he realised what magnificent structures they were - his mighty voice boomed out as he agreed wholeheartedly with the Secretary.

The Treasurers report was found to be rather dull, dealing as it did with numbered accounts in Swiss banks and the allocation of 'Sweeteners'. His report summarised that after running 105 assorted Spurting events during the course of the year, the club was financial to

the tune of \$16.22. This amount of money, sufficient to buy 27 cans of beer, raised little interest, and those members with lined brows doing sums on the back of the agenda were dealt with by the black-shirted Klub ErsatzKommando.

The final 26 hours passed quickly, and then, with an offer to unbolt the doors ringing in their ears, the members voted the Brisbane Sporting Car Club year of 1978 a re-sounding success.

Club Motorkhana 12th Nov

Ian Fink put on this very successful event which was a great success as successes go. The day was dry/wet and everybody had a good/lousy time -- our closed Motorkhanas are the ideal way to meet people in the club folks.

Test 1

1 Glen Carpenter	Spl	F	36.0
2 Alan McConnell	Spl	F	44.0
3 Lee Drummond	VW	B	44.2
4 Colin Powell	Mazda	C	45.4

Test 2

1 Alan McConnell	Spl	F	41.0
2 Glen Carpenter	Spl	F	41.5
3 Colin Powell	Mazda	C	44.9
4 Lee Drummond	VW	B	48.3

Test 3

1 Glen Carpenter	Spl	F	27.7
2 Alan McConnell	Spl	F	32.1
3 Lee Drummond	VW	B	33.2
4 Colin Powell	Mazda	C	35.0

Test 4

1 Glen Carpenter	Spl	F	26.0
2 Alan McConnell	Spl	F	26.0
3 Lee Drummond	VW	B	27.4
4 Colin Powell	Mazda	C	32.4

Final Results

1 Glen Carpenter	Spl	F	131.2
2 Alan McConnell	Spl	F	140.1
3 Lee Drummond	VW	B	153.1
4 Colin Powell	Mazda	C	157.7

The event took 8 minutes to run and most competitors were back home for a late breakfast.

The way things look at the moment I think we'll have a blank sheet in this edition, sorry but this really has been put together late.

New Members

Andrew Bright of Slacks Creek is our only new member this month. Welcome to the Club.

Annual General Meeting

All members are reminded of the Annual General Meeting of the Brisbane Sporting Car Club to be held in the BSCC clubrooms, corner of Reid and Hawthorne Streets, Woolloongabba, on Wednesday 29th November 1978, commencing at 8.00 pm.

The business to be conducted at the Annual General Meeting shall be:

- (1) The consideration and adoption of the Annual Report;
- (2) The discussion and adoption of the Accounts of the Club for the last year;
- (3) Selection of Office Bearers, other members of the committee, Auditor, Auditors and Life Members;
- (4) Consideration of motions of which notice has been given;
- (5) Any other general business.

Notice of Motion

In accordance with the rules, notice is given of the following motion for consideration at the Annual General Meeting:

That Rule 55 be added to read as follows:

The Club shall be dissolved in the event of membership being less than 10 persons. It may be dissolved upon the vote of a nine tenths majority of members present and entitled to vote at a General Meeting of members of which notice specifying such dissolution has been given in accordance with these rules."

Secretary's Report

Twelve committee meetings were held during the past year. The following is a list of attendances at committee meetings:

President	Ø	Allan Lawson	11
Vice President	Ø	Garry Connolly	11
Immediate Past President	Ø	Chris Goodreid	4
Honorary Secretary	Ø	Jeff Tremain	12
Assistant Secretary	Ø	Dennis Brown	11
Honorary Treasurer	Ø	Charlie Blake	12
Club Captain	Ø	Ivan Holmes	8
Committee	ØØØØ	Wayne Black	1
	ØØØØ	Ian Bond	6
	ØØØ	Murray Cox	6
		Lee Drummond	9
		Tony Hazeldine	9
	ØØØ	Peter Hines	3
	ØØØØ	Peter Marshall	4
	ØØØ	Dave Morris	4
	ØØØ	Larry Stinson	2
		Laurie Tindal	7
	ØØØØ	Fred Thompson	2
		Barry Torrens	9
	ØØØ	Greg Waale	2
		Colin Young	6

- Ø Retiring in accordance with Rule 31
- ØØ Retiring in accordance with Rule 32
- ØØØ Retired during the year
- ØØØØ Appointed during the year and retiring in accordance with Rule 35

In accordance with the rules, the President, Vice President, Honorary Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Honorary Treasurer, Club Captain and half of the committee men shall retire from office at the Annual General Meeting, but are eligible for re-election. The committee members who will automatically remain in office for 1979 in accordance with the Rules are Lee Drummond, Tony Hazeldine, Laurie Tindal, Barry Torrens and Colin Young.

The following nominations have been received:

President	Garry Connolly	
Vice President	Allan Lawson	
Honorary Secretary	Jeff Tremain	
Assistant Secretary	Warren Tegg	
Honorary Treasurer	Charlie Blake	
Club Captain	Lee Drummond	
Committee	Ian Bond	Dennis Brown
	Paul Cadell	Marianne Fahey
	Chris Goodreid	John Hall
	Ivan Holmes	Graham Neville
	Glen Somerville	

} 5 to be elected

Membership for the year stands at 286, consisting of 244 ordinary members, 27 associate members, 5 life members and 10 honorary members. Membership is a little down on 1977 figures.

The major events organised by the club during the past twelve months were the 13th Stones Corner Motors Rally, the 1978 Lutwyche Shopping Village Rally, the Wynnum & District Autumn Novice and Clubman Rally, the Yokohama Tyres Warana Festival Rally and the 1978 BP Pff Road 400. We also joined the MGCC as co-promoters of the Stanthorpe Apple and

Grape Harvest Festival Rally. Our major social function during the year was the 25th Anniversary Dinner.

Other events organised by the club include an open motorkhana and 4 closed motorkhanas, a closed autocross and 6 closed off-road events, 10 expert night runs, 9 novice night runs and 29 indoor nights at the clubrooms. Other social functions included the Annual Christmas Party and Childrens Christmas Tree, a trade Night at Castrol and a darts competition against the Brisbane Speedway Club. The navigation school was again conducted, and the clubrooms were used on numerous occasions for functions such as committee meetings, sub-committee meetings, rally briefings and presentations as well as being made available to GAMS for the recent scrutineering seminar.

COMINGEVENTS

- Wed 22 Nov Expert night run by Peter McMahon and Warren Tegg
- Sun 26 Nov DDSCQ Queensland Motorkhana Championship Round 6
MGCC closed hillclimb; BSCC invited
- Wed 29 Nov Annual General Meeting at the clubrooms
- Sat 2 Dec Stones Corner Motors BSCG Silver Jubilee Rally - QRC 6
Plenty of action for spectators at Garden City 3pm,
and then at the Jimna firetower 30 kms north of Kilcoy
on the Jimna/Murgon Road, from about 8pm onwards
throughout the night. Officials still needed, phone
Peter Marshall on 202 6932
- Tue 5 Dec Committee Meeting, 7.30 pm
- Wed 6 Dec Pre-Christmas social night at the clubrooms
- Sat 9 Dec BSCG Christmas Party at Dennis Browns
Full details elsewhere in the magazine
- Sun 10 Dec Closed Motorkhana at Rocklea
Great fun for beginners to Motor Sport
Venue is behind the Southern Cross terminal near
the junction of Ipswich and Granard Rds - start
about 10am.
- Wed 13 Dec Novice night run by Ivan Holmes & Allan Lawson
- Sun 17 Dec Children's Christmas tree at Eatons Crossing
See Below

Christmas Tree

Dont delay, make sure that Winkie, Pinkie and all the other Kiddy-Widdy-winks go to the Clubbie-Wubbies Chrissie tree to get their pressies from Santie.

Yes it is that time again; and I'M sure this years Christmas tree will be as successful as it was last year. Again the event is being held at Eatons Crossing and should begin at about . Of course the event is a fun time for all, not just for those who have children - so come one come all for a fun day. It has been noted in the past that certain club members have arrived home more exhausted than the kids after this annual event. Don't forget your lunch and refreshments.

Name Address

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Number of Adults Number of Children

Boys Girls Other

My Children believe/do not believe in Santa and eat/do not eat Kosher food.