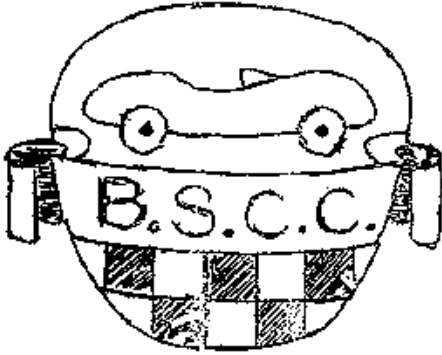


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EDITORIAL

This could be my second last issue, you lucky people, because my arithmetic tells me that the annual general meeting and attendant elections are but two months hence. Free at last from the slings and arrows of outraged readers, perchance.

This issue may cause some what of an outrage, especially the C.A.M.S. in Perspective article which is designed to promote action and stimulate what is euphemistically called meaningful dialogue. I would sincerely appreciate some discussion on the aspect, preferably at competitor level and hopefully at C.A.M.S. level. Anyway I'm sending them a copy of the rather hysterical article.

Then the used car dealer comes into the spotlight with a jaundiced article which is hopefully entertaining. Don't take it to heart fellows, I really love you, especially those of your ilk who support the club.

After that I was going to launch an attack on the new club-rooms, but out of loyalty to the committee, I will hold my tongue and let majority rule.

That leaves the magazine itself, which you'll have to admit is different (probably not better). This is how I like the magazine to be but maybe it's not how the members would like it to be, and that is something which vexes me for a micro second from time to time. Well, you'll all get your chance come election time to give me the bullet, that is if I stand for re-election!

Last, spare a thought for my dear wife who types the thing. Poor girl was threatening to type it exactly as writ but she wasn't sure you'd be able to handle the Shield Phonetic non-punctuation thumbnail-dipped-in-tar-system. Depending on how you look at it, she is the one you have to thank or blame for making this readable. Behind every editor there stands and exhausted wife and a smoking typewriter.

Then there is myself - arrogant, know-all bastard that I am, frankly I enjoyed nearly every minute of it and thank you for your readership.

For the final issue, I am planning something completely "far out" but at this point in time, it is an embryo in my head, a micro cosm within a macrocosm or should that be the other way around. Anyway watch out for the last Shield Magazine folks!

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PRESIDENTS REPORT.

September is a very important month for the Brisbane Sporting Car Club, and usually a highlight of the clubs activities. This year will not be an exception.

All clubmembers are getting behind the work that is to be done to organize and control the Brookside Warana Rally. We are very fortunate to have a sponsor like Brookside Shopping Centre, and as a promotional Manager of Pat Hetherman helping out in organizing the so necessary promotional material.

On Saturday afternoon September 22nd at 3 p.m. you can all see the best drivers of Australia and Queensland compete in a Motorkhana type sub-event, specially put on for the spectators, so tell all your friend to be there.

One other item of interest being our new Club-rooms. I would like to report that the negotiations have not yet been completed with the Council, but expect an early decision, so we require a bit mor patience. Hope to see you all at the Brookside Warana Rally.

STOP PRESS LATE NEWS ON WARANA ENTRIES.

Entries received todate make things look very interesting for this years Warana. Of the well known Competitors we have Stewart McLeod, Colin Bond, Evan Green, Ed Mulligan and Peter Lang, all should be there. It would be hard to pick a winner from that lot.

Then we have the Queenslanders, with entries all over the place. For example Alan Pryde from Cairns, P. Robinson from Rockhampton, Bruce McCubben from Home Hill (in an XUI no less) Tony Perrett will be down from Toowoomba (Flushed with his Success in B.P. no doubt. From G afton we will see T. Friar in a Datsun Coupe. As for cars, well so far it is a mixed bag, with the usual Holdens, Datsuns, Mazdas etc. Of the unusual type is the Citroen GS 1220 from Maxim Motors. Then the oldest car is so far a 1957 Vauxhall, and Syd Smith takes out the second oldest car with the old Zephyr.

Another interesting battle is the one shaping up between the identical Mazda 1300's of John Shera and Chris Meadows. Speaking of hot contest, the open class should be a battle royal between the usual open contestants. i.e. Mike Chapman, Paul Trevelthan Fred Thompson, Brian Michelmore and Bryan Evans. (Yes the Datsun will be mobile) So that's how it stands at the moment, half the field is full, and the way entries are pouring in it looks like some people will miss out, so if you read this before the entries close, you'd better get yours in before it's to late.

Yours in Motorsport
Hank Kabel.
President.

By courtesy of Brian Gemmell and "THE HUB" (April '69)

CONTROL OFFICIAL

by
Nigel Collier

Something stirs in the stillness of the chill winter night. Very vague, almost too faint to detect - the sound coming and then vanishing like a will o' the wisp. It's only the imagination - no, there it is again, but stronger than before. Far away, deep down in the mountain ravine, a pale glimmer disturbs the icy blackness.

Two blanketed figures huddled close to a small fire, suddenly hear the sound, clamber up and peer down into the valley below. A small wooden table stands close by; from its centre the cheerful glow of a Tilly lamp casting eerie shadows on the surrounding countryside. The foliage on the nearby trees is a brittle white, the delicate ice crystals sparkling like tiny diamonds. The table top is one frozen sheet, even to the base of the lamp, long icicle fingers descending in profusion from its edges.

The sound is much more definite now, a muffled roaring waxing and waning on the frosty air. A long shaft of light playing across the distant ridges. Yes - here they come - this is definitely the first car. The time seems interminable, the car, almost snail like is gradually wending its way up the twisting alpine pass. Sometimes coming towards, sometimes away, the bright red winking of the brake lights now quite evident from above.

The two figures nod to each other, check the time on their clock, blow into their cupped hands and rub them briskly together - but this fails to quell the nervous tightening in the base of their throats.

The car is much closer now, a crescendo of fury as the machine accelerates along the short straights, the staccato exhaust barks as it slides into the corners. It is seventeen degrees below freezing but perspiration dampens the brows of the officials. Suddenly a dazzling inferno of white fire shatters the black night; a million candle power of halogen lamps drenching the landscape in instant daylight. The engine screams - down another gear - tortured brakes squealing in anguish. Wheels locked, gravel flying, the rally car hurtles toward the control. Blind panic - which way to run - but the car has stopped miraculously, abreast the table. The officials struggle to regain composure whilst the navigator springs from his seat - the driver blips the throttle and the motor dies away.

The dull glow of red hot discs emanates softly through the vented wheel centres. The navigator grabs his route card and sprints for the car. The engine roars into life again and with a screech of studded tyres and a cloud of swirling frost, the car rockets away - a giant orb of light rapidly diminishing into the gloomy night.

The tension is over but no time to relax. Already another car is almost here and three more are coming up the mountain in close succession. The night's work has just begun - the frozen hours of waiting rewarded.

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SO at TNavigators Corner"Two Heads are Better Than One?"

What would happen if you were to field a car with a crew comprising of two ace navigators? If they were comfortable, I think good results should be forthcoming, but the danger lies in the lack of a defined leader figure.

Dinosaurs (now extinct if you've been wondering why you haven't seen one lately) were equipped with ~~two~~ brains in order to navigate its considerable bulk around. Problems arose when the brain in the bum decided to go on the left side of the tree while the brain in the front liked the right side. Because of their bulk more often than not, the tree was uprooted (much to the trees' distress) but if the object was totally unmovable, the dinosaur would starve or die of exhaustion because the bum brain and the front brain were locked in mortal combat as to whom was the real navigator.

The same applies to a freak two-headed snake which strikes an obstacle, its bilateral brain makes it easy prey. Or for instance the famed Noble Prize Winning Salamander, with two heads, was doomed to extinction. But we're talking about dumb animals, what about reasoning human beings?

Say, for example, if you were to team Bob Dancer and Brian Gemmell in the one car with Brian driving and Bob referring all his decisions to Brian, it wouldn't matter how slowly Brian drove because he would (should) be on course 100% of the time.

It is all very well to have a driver that is capable of maintaining a 100 m.p.h. average, he'll be averaging 100 m.p.h. in the wrong direction if the navigator is no good. It's a case of going a few yards with a slow driver, to a few miles with a fast driver.

So let us consider a driver who thinks like a navigator. The guy in the lefthand seat could plot the course and show it to the driver. In an instant he would take in all the details of the route and have the majority of it committed to memory. If there was a dicey situation, he would contribute to the decision, making progress rather than just sitting there blipping the throttle and flexing his muscles.

That would be an interesting experiment. Two navigators in the one car - they should be an invincible team after all they are superior, you know!!!!

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A greyhound was on the way by train to the dog track when he suddenly realised he was going in the opposite direction. At the next station he tried to alight, but hundreds of Pekinese dogs surged in preventing him from getting through the door. This happened again at two more stations.....before he finally managed to get out. He went and complained to the station master.

The S.M. replied coolly, "Well, what do you expect when you travel at Peke periods?"

RALLYING - A Form of Pollution

I am fairly sensitive to matters Environmental, after all it is how I make my bread and butter, therefore I was very interested to note Hannu Mikkola's comments in a recent issue of N.M.I. Basically he said that as greater pressure from the environmentalists mounts against rallying in Europe, would cause Australia and New Zealand to come more into the spotlight of International rallying.

Now I would imagine that this prediction could well be true, but unfortunately it may be the feast before the famine, because the same pressure groups will form here even if there is some time differential.

How does rallying upset the environment? There are several obvious areas:-

- (a) Noise pollution,
- (b) Optical pollution,
- (c) Road damage,
- (d) Disruption to domestic animals,
- (e) Disruption to natural fauna.

Fortunately Australia is a sparsely populated country but already we have an instance where it is necessary to zone rallies, e.g. there are certain non-rallying areas, one presumes because of public relations (read environmental) difficulties. There are other rather sensitive areas that will possibly become non-competition areas, i.e. Mudapilly, Lowood, Perserverence Dam, etc.. So it has already started, and will continue to get more involved as time goes by. Eventually it will be necessary to start a rally at Toowoomba and have a transport stage to Dalby, but that is a couple of years off, I should hope.

The trouble with Environmental Matters is that they have the public eye and are therefore highly political also they are very subjective and involve complex value judgements. For instance, which is more important:- the recreation of 120 people who choose to travel a road at 2:00 a.m. at speeds that would be considered excessive by the average motorist, or the farmer who lives beside that road. The answer is clearly the former case from our point of view and the latter from the point of view of the bleary-eyed farmer. By definition, I believe that we are committed to a system where the most good for the greatest number should apply, we are in the majority if considered against the views of one farmer, but if one considers the collective views of all farmers along the route - well that's a different story.

What we must clearly avoid is the current environmental hysteria that sweeps the public opinion polls. To do this we must keep in mind a suitable perspective for our activities. An urban resident usually has to put up with one noisy party per year, so it is not a great hardship for the farmer who has one rally pass his front gate per year. A rally certainly does more damage to the road than an equal number of normal drivers traversing the same route at moderate speeds, but how much more is difficult to determine. If it is wet then there certainly will be a great deal of damage, but in dry conditions there is probably no real consequence of a rally passing. And so it goes on, and I believe that right is still on our side, rallying is no more harmful (in fact less so) than trail bike riding, but one spark of public

Ballying - A Form of Pollution (continued)

unrest could spell trouble. How we avoid it is the responsibility of the governing bodies, the directors and car clubs. Up to now they have been doing a fine job, let's hope it stays that way.

C.A.M.S. IN PERSPECTIVE"Is C.A.M.S. a Case of the Tail Wagging the Dog?"

When you look at it, C.A.M.S. like the Police Force, are actually your servants, appointed to take care of your interests. Yet, with my limited dealings with C.A.M.S. (hereafter referred to as Big Brother), I have come away with the distinct feeling that they were doing me some magnanimous favour. For some reason one gets into a subservient kick, whereby you become the lackey who is always trying to gain the favours of Big Brother.

Let's look at it in perspective (MY perspective; and at this point I would stress that the club need take no responsibility for my words, it's a purely personal but at the same time, an increasingly common attitude among my peers.) We pay the bills, in fact we are always shelling out for Big Brother. It starts with your club subscriptions, then your C.A.M.S. licence, then part of your entry fee goes into B.B.'s pocket, your night runs cost money, and so it goes on in subtle ways that we, the competitors of motor sport, are the financiers of C.A.M.S.. We pay the bills, yet we are somehow forced into a subservient role.

I see Big Brother's role as legislative and judiciary but do they have to be so high and mighty about it. It is a difficult job and they make a mediocre attempt at doing it. You may gather I have not got much confidence in B.B.'s ability, you are right, things like the regulations for the A.R.C. series, etc. have robbed me of any trust. Some of their less than brilliant decisions have helped hinder various aspects of motor sport and alienate the small man. Yes, it is the little guy that is continually stood on, and it's also the little guy that is the backbone of the sport. I'm glad I'm not involved with motor racing, I'd be a cot case by now.

Next time I contact Big Brother, it will be with all the aloofness and arrogance I can muster because I will then be paying them back in kind. I consider their attitude unreasonable, bureaucratic and difficult, and this is reflected in their office hours; 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. weekdays for a location like Rosalie is ridiculous, we are all working people and the trek over to Rosalie is an insult when one considers that without us B.B. wouldn't exist. Surely commonsense dictates that they could at least be open on a Saturday morning.

What solutions can I offer; well, criticism should be constructive, so here goes.

- (1) Change the office hours to suit the competitor and not C.A.M.S.
- (2) Make an effort to streamline some of the paper work (at present the Public Service flavour pervades).
- (3) The whole organisation could well troop off to a human

C.A.M.S. in Perspective (continued)

relations and sensitivity course.

(4) C.A.M.S. could get it into their organisational head that they are the servants and not the masters.

So I've said my bit and my paranoia makes me wonder how THEY can get back at me for opening my mouth. "Ve haf vays and means off making people zoe our point off view".

All I can say is, it is a sorry day when such a mild mannered and basically innocuous character as myself gets into a militant state as I an now, I saw the light along time ago and my view has been reinforced by the activities of not only our local organisation but the whole national set-up.

I was at an extraordinary general meeting of another club where a motion was put that said club should be disaffiliated from C.A.M.S.. The motion was defeated but only because there was no other solution to the insurance problems that attend motor racing. The fact that no one could see another reason for remaining with C.A.M.S. is surely a terrible indictment on that organisations public relations.

So it goes on; I have recently read Jack Brabhan's book and his view of C.A.M.S. was far from complimentary. I have talked to many fellow competitors and they are not very happy about Big Brother. News has reached me that there has been yet another change of secretary, the reason for this is unknown and one can't really quote hearsay about the how and why of it all, it is just part of the Dark Cloud that obscures the real issues.

As a final suggestion, if Big Brother wants to put our money to work, how about hiring a management consultant to look at the function of the organisation and the best way of achieving it, and while he's at it, he can take a look at the consumer's (the competitors) and decide how relations can be made more harmonious and fruitful. The thing I regret most is that we, the members of C.A.M.S., have little say in its organisational structure, we may pay the bills but we aren't blessed with the power to hire and fire, let alone control the organisation. "Big Brother is watching you" comrade, so have another victory gin and behave yourself like a good little competitor that you are.

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A patient went to see a psychiatrist and said: "Doctor, you've got to help me. For years I've been thinking I'm a horse."
"Good grief," said the psychiatrist, "How many years have you thought you were a horse?"
The patient thought for a moment, then slowly lifted his right leg and stamped his foot on the floor three times.

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Husband (to wife): "We can stop trying to keep up with the folks next door - he's been run in for embezzlement."

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Reputation is character, minus what you've been caught doing?

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GOIN' UP THE COUNTRY

When you look at it, we have quite a few country members who would get little else out of the club save this magazine (poor devils! Pass that bottle of gin lad, damn this cursed heat and other appropriate phrases of pity).

So let's send a special message to all those brave souls in the wilderness but better still let's hear from you. This way we'd have special correspondents in Bundaberg (Tony Best), Townsville (Gerry Byrne), Adelaide (Chris Goodreid), Biggenden (Don Sanders and Lloyd James), Home Hill (Ian and Bruce McCubbin), Wellington New Zealand (Bruce McPherson), Alexandra Headlands (Mark Murray), Cairns (Alan Pryde) and Beaudesert and Calamvale (not really the wilderness) (Ian Shirley and Peter Snell).

Now I'm willing to bet my left ventricle, (those who rush for the medical dictionary will be disappointed - thought I was going to say something else - shame) as I was saying there must be some form of motor sport going on in these localities, for example - through Tony Best we know of Don Sanders' latest escapade, but there must be a whole lot that we're not hearing about. OK youse guys, do I have ter come up there in poison and make wit' da muscle.

So please write and tell us what's going on, every letter will be published (censorship and libel laws permitting). How about it fellows, what do they do in Cairns, Townsville and Adelaide? What sport do they have in Alexandra Headlands? (watch it Murray) and then there is Home Hill, surely you McCubbins have something going! What was the Heathway like to watch?

So folks keep those cards and letters rolling in.

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COMING EVENTS

- 9th September: Interclub Motorkhana
- 12th September Night Run. Charlie Blake. I would wager that this night could be won by some enterprising chap or madam who took the trouble to follow Charlie's truck around for a day. This is one of those instances when Charlie got stuck - er volunteered, to help out at the last minute. So be in it.
- 17th September Briefing and draw for the BROOKSIDE WARANA RALLY at 8:00 p.m. in the club rooms. All people are welcome especially competitors, control officials and service crews.
- 19th September Open Night - come along and discuss the forthcoming Brookside Warana, be scared silly by the directors tales of elephants hired from Bullens to lend a safari flavour to the event. Hear about the Honda swallowing creeks, the Monaro sized gaps between the trees, the dust, etc.

SO at T - (ANOTHER THOUGHT) - "Staying Awake".

Unless you have got a tame chemist, staying awake in some of those longer events can become a problem, especially with a safe driver. There are proprietary lines available in waky-waky pills, (no doze, alerts, dynamo tablets) and these are generally not a great deal of help, they have limited effect and you need a pretty sizeable dose to feel the benefit. They are mostly a gaffine base which is the same stuff you find in coffee, so you could well drink sizeable quantities of coffee for a similar effect. Better than coffee would be Coca Cola. Coke contains twice the caffeine per unit than does a strong cup of coffee, in fact a can of Coke contains a larger amount of caffeine than does one No Doze tablet. So Coke is a good waker, infact if you imbibe sufficient quantities (alcoholic additives) you should be able to keep awake. A typical Coke intake programme would start with a can at lunchtime on the day of the start, a can at the start, a can at the end of the transport, one on the road during first division, a can half way and so on. Even if the caffeine doesn't prove effective, the bladder pains provide sufficient stimulus to staying awake, especially on the longer sections where E.O.S.C.'s are a fair distance apart. Try it, you've got nothing to loose!!!

AT LONG LAST someone else has contributed an article to the Newsletter. But the member who wrote it wishes to remain anonymous.

SPONSORS AND SPONSORSHIP

The above headline was written after several minutes contemplation of a blank sheet of paper. I felt I wanted to write something for the Newsletter, yet was at a loss as to a topic. If my pen follows the course of my present thoughts I could tread on a few toes, both sponsors and sponsored.

Rallying needs sponsors for two obvious reasons, the first being concerned with finance - finance for individual competitors and for events. Secondly, sponsors bring publicity. Now, while we may feel that sponsors could or should provide more money than they do, we can hardly claim that they are getting more than their money's worth in exposure or publicity.

Which brings me to what I feel is the crux of the matter. Publicity. My thoughts here may follow somewhat along the lines of an article in a recent R.C.N. or similar magazine, however, I am not cribbing and am attempting to align my ideas with a local basis.

Anyhow, let's look at the sponsor's side of things for starters. Although sponsorship can come from anywhere, the bulk of the local variety is based on the motor trade - dealers, service stations, spares etc., so we will restrict our examples to this area. Starting with Leach Motors who must be one of the most involved firms in Brisbane, how often do you see the Belmont on display? I pass Leach Motors showrooms on both sides of town fairly regularly and have yet to see the car elsewhere than competing in a rally or in Mike Chapman's backyard. If Leach's

Sponsors and Sponsorship (continued)

can't find space for it, I'm sure Spencer's Tyre Service would love to park it out front to show how their tyres are used.

Similarly, Lloyd's Monaro is virtually unseen from rally to rally. Imagine the impact value towards Logan Road users, were that beast parked on the lawn out front of Zupps, with the front wheels on ramps and a big paper maché elephant mounted on the roof and a sign saying, "I'm the Biggest" Rally car !!!

And the Alfa is always parked up the side street beside John French P/L.

Hank Kabel and Ron Brazier know what they're about. Hank's car is nearly always out front of Stones Corner Motors, where it can be seen by inbound traffic on Logan Rd. And it is eye catching. Meanwhile Brazier's Mazda doubles as an instruction car at "Ace" and can be seen regularly on the roads of our fair city.

Bryan Evans uses the 24 oz as his road car, so the Ira Berk signs get plenty of exposure. But Bryan goes further. He was the only Queenslander in the B.P. South Eastern to score a photo in each of the three motor sport magazines. The story goes that he kept the respective contributors happy with a bottle or two. Food for thought, that. It doesn't cost much to look after the press and it pays dividends.

It is to be hoped Ann Thomson's Marina will show up occasionally at the new northside Grand Prix Autos premises.

Of course any of the sponsors concerned above who can't find a way to present their car at the Motor Show and R.N.A. Exhibition is missing just about the best opportunity going. Remember Adrian Taylor on the Bennett-Honda stand last year. Sure Barry Farrell baited him pretty well but if Barry had used his head he'd have been getting up there with Adrian telling everyone how well the little Honda went in the wet B.P. Rally and how this year's event was going to be better and they could all join the B.P. Automobile Club and see the action themselves and how he hoped Adrian would be in there trying again in future B.P. rallies. Sure it's a load of bull but have you ever heard a vacuum cleaner salesman spouting his spiel. Man, they're making a fortune. The more gunk you spout, the more you suck in the gullible public.

Perhaps I digress somewhat, but the above should demonstrate the type of situation a sponsor or competitor should keep an eye out for.

And so to the competitor. Apart from using your rally car on the road (sensibly of course), the ideal place for exposure is the service station where you buy your petrol. Most service station proprietors would just at the chance to have a draw card of this type parked in a conspicuous position on his driveway. This is also exposure for anyone else advertising on your vehicle.

One glaring abuse of a sponsor which has been bugging me all year concerns a good novice crew, substantially sponsored, yet with no identifying signery on the vehicle. Now, he looks after his sponsor in other ways perhaps, but surely signs on a car must be almost a pre-requisite for sponsorship.

Sponsors and Sponsorship (continued)

The competitor, as well as his sponsor, should be continually alive to the possibility of publicity. For example, a suburban shopping centre (not necessarily Garden City or Toombul) may be having a special promotion. This is the time for any rally driver living nearby to hop in with his additional drawcard. If he approaches the right people they'll jump at the chance. Bingo! More exposure for the signs on your car. And for rallying. Then all that remains is to always drive carefully and courteously (which we do anyway, don't we?) at all times and thereby give all the locals a good impression of our sport.

What about those guys with their Mark I Cortinas - Trevethan, Thompson and Morrison - as a team for display purposes, they would have to make the grade. It's a wonder they haven't already got together in some way.

Looking back on what I have written, I'm not sure that I've got the message across in the way I originally intended, but if I have started a few minds thinking along the right lines then that is enough. Hell! If I was in business and sponsoring a rally car I'd really make it worth my while. There are so many ways.

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ROUND 3 OLD. MOTORKHANA CHAMPIONSHIPS

The non-event of 1973 - washed out under a cloudless winter sky. The mid-week rain left a lake over the venue and this poor scribe and Jeff Tremain spent Saturday afternoon 'phoning competitors. My sincere apologies to those three or four we were unable to contact. The new date allotted is OCTOBER 28th and competitors will be notified appropriately.

This is as good a time as any to thank the sponsors; Tropical Driving School and Motoring News for their support, without which, we probably wouldn't have an event at all.

More on this one when we finally get off the ground - or more appropriately, onto the ground.

T.G.

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NEW MEMBERS

The club would like to welcome some more new members to the fold.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| Kevin McConell | Norman Park |
| Paul Koch | Everton Park |
| Kerry Finn | Wynnum |
| Peter Howard | Stones Corner |
| Rod Stewart | Oxley |

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INTO THE LIONS DEN
OR
BUYING A USED CAR

The best advice one can give when buying a used car is - DON'T, but let us assume that you wish to plunge into a deal and no amount of don'ts can dissuade you, then what next?

First, one must fully understand the used car salesman and his philosophy. They come in all shapes and sizes - from the trendy 18 year old wet look spiv to the dapper, grey-templed father figure, or the world-worn, red-faced, pot bellied down and out to the aloof, haughty, don't-dirty-the-carpet supersalesman. No doubt they all vary but they do tend to use a common vernacular which is handy if you make the correct translations.

For example:-

"English Translation of Used Car Dealer's Phrase Book"

Nice little unit = a real lemon about to fall apart.
Clean = we just put bog over the rust.
Economical = it's running on 2 and occasionally 3 cylinders.
Full rego = it's been off the road for 2 years.
Good goer = the throttle sticks.
Only driven by an old lady on Sundays = she thought it was automatic and left it in first all the time.
One discerning owner = he could see the trouble ahead and unloaded it.
Straight = it's just come off the may rack.
Good rubber = the alignment is so far out that we had to put new tyres on it, but haven't been game to drive it anywhere.
You'll notice the good rubber, sir! = don't look at the overspray and crinkles in the roof.
Don't want to rush you but we have another person interested in buying = it's been sitting in the yard for six months and if you don't take it, it will be there for another six.
I can tell by the grease under your fingernails that you know a lot about cars = you're just the sucker I've been looking for.
Stops well = when the brake reservoir is full.
I can tell by looking at you that you're an enthusiast who enjoys G.T. motoring = we've got a clapped horror over here with go-faster stripes and bonnet pins.
Parts are readily available = in Garoka, New Guinea, that is.
Never involved in an accident = we patched it up so well you won't notice for 6 months or so.
Goes like a dreaan = a nightmare.
Full warranty on parts and labour = we're wrecking an identical model out the back and the bosses idiot son thinks he's a mechanic.
You've got the best of me on this deal, I'll never make a living = 120% profit.

Now you might gather from that, that I don't exactly trust new car salesmen. Let's put it this way, the vast majority are honest but astute business men who have no intention of defrauding the customer. By the same token they wouldn't be in business for long if they did everybody the favours they claim to do. You can be sure that they will get the nest of the deal (they'd starve otherwise) so no customer ever really takes them to the cleaners, although everyone thinks that they have. Infact it is a very brave man who, on reflection, can admit publically that he didn't get a good deal, most people's pride prohibits this.

Buying a Used Car (continued)Who to deal with?

I don't suppose you have to be warned about "Backyard Bert", infact he's a dying breed, thanks to the new legislation. Then there is "Cheapie Clarrie", steer clear of him because he only deals in cheapies and doesn't care how bad they are because there is always some idiot who will think it's just right. So that would lead you to believe that the big firms are a safebet, and usually they are, up to a point. The bigger the firm, sometimes the bigger the run around. You have Credit Managers, Spaze Parts Managers, Complaints Managers, Trade-in Managers and so on until you have run the gauntlet of all these people. It is strange but whenever you ring up to complain, the "manager" you are looking for is stricken with beri-beri and won't be back till Monday. On Monday he's had a relapse.

So where does that leave you, dear reader. Well, I guess you can deal anywhere if you're sharp and alert, but if you're like me, you'll have to be careful. The best thing you can do wherever you deal is - keep your eyes open and your ears and mouth closed.

NEXT MONTH - How not to look like a pushover.

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MOVIES

The Pawnbroker (Lemut)
 The Third Man (Reed)
 2001 A Space Odyssey (Kubrick)
 Through a Glass Darkly (Bergman)
 Dr. Strangelove (Kubrick)
 The Hill (Lemut)
 Cassablanca (?)
 Citizen Kane (Wells)
 Ballad of a Soldier (")
 The Trial (Wells)

For the noment I'm tired of talking cars, so I put my top ten movies up there in the hope that someone will say, "why did you pick such and such?" Then we can get off the topic of shock absorbers, W.D.'s, 24OZ, etc., (24OZ must be a Freudian slip). So please someone who would like to discuss Griffith's 'Birth of a Nation', Laurel and Hardy, Bogart, Steiger and Julie Christie, step forward. The same could be said for music. I'd like to hear what other people like in that sphere, what about politics, religion, art? Any topic other than cars. Perhaps we should set a night aside where members have to talk about anything but cars, and any reference to cars would cost the speaker 20 cents. We'd pay for the club in no time.

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Most people don't lose any friends swapping wives. It's when they try giving them back that the trouble starts.

 Traffic statistics prove that 90% of all people are caused by accidents.

THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

Hank, Bruce and myself have been out in the wilds of ?????? putting the finishing touches to the Brookside Warana, which is fast stacking up to being a real mind bender. I am confident that everyone will be really impressed by the course and in some cases the novel (for Queensland) features incorporated in the event.

We played the wag from work and headed off into the sunrise, three wise men with a mission - to set the service car instructions. At the end of the day we were wondering if we should give a prize for the best service car, because they will have a minature rally themselves. All we hope is that they don't do anything foolish, like overdriving because they will traverse a first class rally road to get to one service point.

This year's service is particularly well covered and competitors should be able to make full use of their service crews at various points along the route. So there will be plenty of work for everyone.

+ As usual a host of control officials will be required for
+ the event, interested parties should contact Hank Kabel as soon
+ as possible - Phone 30 2617.

One sidelight was the incident at the fallen tree where Bruce proved to be the best axeman of the party (Hank and I are too smart to demonstrate our real skills). Bruce was chopping (chipping?) his way through an 18" hardwood log when along came a four wheel drive Falcon with a young girl at the helm. (Estimated age 15 years). Quick as a flash we had the Falcon hitched up to the tree and when the clutch smoke cleared, Lo and behold! the tree had parted. You should have smelled the fried Perodo - Daddy would be pleased, anyway we (Bruce in particular) thanked the young lady because there would have been a whole lot more chopping before we were mobile. Next time Bruce is bringing a chain saw.

THE METAPHYSICS OF FORESTS

Forests are like organisms, they grow, breath collectively, they are an ordered developement of vegetation, they mature become senile and die. (Man was ever thus). Trees when forced to order take on a personality, a feeling, an atmosphere. What I am at pains to express here is difficult because of the usual betrayal that lurks within every human frame, the path between head and hand bears many false trails and what I mean to say I never do; it is always and approximation.

Forests have different connotations in my Id. They have effects on my mental state, my moods, in other words they communicate feelings. For example - Peechey Forest reminds me of Bach, with its discipline order and rhythmical symmetry, in the western half I hear the Fuge from Tocatta and Fuge in D Minor. The Tocatta is across the road where the trees are much more grand and imposing. Monsoldale Forest fills one with dread, why is uncertain, but there is in my mind no reason to loiter within. It does not welcome intruders and treats them as alien.

The Metaphysics of Forests (continued)

Blackbutt and Benarkin impress me for their Wagnerian drama, they are moody, heavy, but not entirely forbidding. Yarraman on the other hand sweeps waves of joy across my mind, it is magnificent, triumphant, like the second movement of Beethoven's 5th. (especially the 1st piano transcription played by Gould).

Imbil reminds me of Thelonius Monk's music, innocent yet tangled, lumpy, dissonant and remote. Mt. Glorious to Kilcoy is a fabulous run, and whenever I do it I hear the Iron Butterfly's "In a Gadda Davida". It goes on and on "won't you please take my hand".

Glasshouse somehow seems ravaged, perhaps by virtue of the main road running through it. It is common, viewed by all with no modesty. There is no achievement in visiting here, no intimacy or solitude, it reminds me of a trite pop song, something easily forgotten. Connondale on the other hand is a triumph over all. It is proud, resolute, it resounds in the head like that much maligned phrase from Beethoven's 9th. (the Song of Joy thing).

And so it goes on, somehow everyone is different from all the others, but one day when you are not in a rally, stop in the forest, feel the cloistered feeling in the womb like greenness, feel the remoteness and if you are like me, you'll find a sadness for your own loss of innocence, a poste coitum Triste. Things past will never be the same and neither will you be. The visions you see through silken veils that obscure the view and fill your mind with the twilight of your naivety.

All is quiet, the stillness settles like a green shroud and you are at eternal rest, your heart muffled and almost stilled, and suddenly like a charging monitor lizard, two yellow foglights for eyes, a hiss from its engine like its battle cry, with a slither and a twitch, big fat tyres scrabbling among the leaves, the car has passed leaving eddies and swirls of dead leaves stirred from their last resting place. We ralliests RAPE FORESTS!

Shield is mad? He was ever thus.

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He lay with his head on the guillotine block waiting for the terrible moment when his head would be severed from his body. A postman dashed up at the very last moment and said, "Here's a letter for you"

"Just put it in the basket" replied the condemned man, "I'll read it later."

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What is the difference between a lousy marksman and a constipated owl the lousy marksman shoots but can't hit.

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Do you know the difference between mashed potatoes and pea green soup? Anyone can mash potatoes

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WHEELIN' - N' - DEALIN'

FOR SALE...FOR SALE...FOR SALE...FOR SALE...FOR SALE...FOR SALE

225 x 13 Ultra Grips (4) - Almost new. 6 inch rims - suit Cortina or Anglia.

Halda Trip Master. ANGLIA for sale also. WHAT OFFERS?

Contact Tony Jewels Phone 68 0141.

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ALSO FOR SALE -

Anti sway bar for a Datsun 1600.

Contact John Jardine Phone 70 7747

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ALSO FOR SALE -

Super Osca with 100 w bulb and 1/4" perspex protector -

\$40:00

100 w bulbs - new - \$8:00

One super Osca 1/4" perspex cover - new - \$6:00

One Osca early type case - \$19:00

Contact Greg Nickel Phone 24 5797

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THE SCRAP YARD

John Suominen and Bryan Evans have been quietly setting the December Rally (Stones Corner Motors) and reports have been filtering through of a red 24 oz. in Blackbutt Forest area. Very interesting!!! Which is it to be - driver's or navigator's type rally? Knowing Evans, there will be a hillclimb somewhere.

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Sue Hillman, globe trotter and European correspondent, says that Mike Chapman looks more Turkish than Italian. "Have you been Turkish delighted lately?"

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Which 'Percussion' driver is in the habit of being chauffeured around by a well known T.V. personality who is renowned for her juvenile following. Gas and groovey, hey Shorty?

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THE SCRAP YARD

Some people have bad days, a certain Cortina/Mazda driver struck a bad patch recently. It would appear the the person concerned had just finished adjusting his car's brakes and was putting the tools back in the boot when the car started to move. Shades of Tarzan, he grabbed the boot lid in a desperate bid to arrest the errant juggernaut's progress, but to no avail. It is reported that two heel marks can be seen in the road outside his place and they stop abruptly at the neighbours front fence. Not out of the woods yet, our fearless friend was pressing on to Mackay at a million mile per hour, when he passed a blue blurr seated behind a grey box. You've guessed it. Radar! Sent the needle off the scale, oh well, if you go for a dollar you might as well get your monies worth.

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invitation to club members from Biggenden.

Don Saunders from Biggenden has issued an invitation to B.S.C.C. members to compete in the Biggenden Rose Festival Rally on Sunday 14th. October.

The event will be about 110 miles in length and instructions will be similar to those in B.S.C.C. night runs. However, Don has warned that the event has been set mainly for local competitors in their family cars and speeds will not be high, in fact competitors will be penalized for speeding.

Any crew entering this event should gain some knowledge of the Biggenden area which would be of assistance in Round 1 of the Rally Championship next year.

The event will start at 9:30 a.m. and will be followed at 1:00 p.m. by a race meeting at the Biggenden Speedway Circuit, scene of last section of this years Biggenden Bush Rally.

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PAST EVENTS - RAY LUCKHURST'S MONTE CARLO NIGHT

It was very disappointing - the turn out that is, twenty-five people laboured their way through unlimited quantities of beer, prime steak, fresh crispy bread rolls, tangy slaw and a host of other delights.

For the ridiculous price of \$1.50 you could have consumed mountains of food, oceans of drink and enjoyed stirring company. All those who attended unanimously agreed that it was a great night.

THANKS to Ray and Mrs. Ray who worked so hard for so little reward. Hope the next one is better attended.

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IT WAS ALL HAPPENING

The black mud had a consistency of molasses, each breath seared the lungs, as exertion caused the vision to blur. Feet scrabbled for grip in the slime, the car would not budge, not even the clicking winch made any headway. Further up the road, the angry roar of motors, mingled with curses, and shaddowy figures laboured in the same futile manner and all the while the clocks ticked relentlessly on and late time limit became more critical with every futile attempt to free the cars.

This, then, was the 6th B.P. Rally of Queensland and it came close to being the best event I have ever been in, inspite of all the trauma.

For weeks before the event one heard rumours about how it wasn't going to be on, how the organisation was on the point of collapse, that the roads would be impassable, etc. I wasn't keen on going all the way to Miles, it was too expensive, unrealistic, rotten country, two nights and there were a thousand other reasons why I didn't want to go but I'll never pass up a chance to compete in a rally so I couldn't afford to miss it. So at Garden City it started. Our jolly Lord Mayor waved the B.P. flag and we were on our way to the applause of the crowd.

The transport to Esk saw our service car expire (at the Esk turn-off to be exact), so we were on our own. Section one was on old familiar run along good roads which presented no problems, a good warm up section which wasn't particularly difficult. Then it rained, or should I say stormed and the wind was incredible, what was most worrying was that the storm had come from the west, how far west was the burning question.

The roads were particularly sloppy and even at Car No. 3 there were lurid wheel marks in some of the corners, testifying that Messrs. Evans and Neumann were having a ball. We were also having a ball with several near spins, the occasional waltz up a bank. It was great fun until the car went sideways on straight bits of road. The most eerie feeling indeed, and there was absolutely nothing to do but sit there and wait for it to sort itself out.

By Dalby we were quite glad to stop and the big question was - how were the tailenders getting on? They came in steadily enough, very muddy but still intact. Michelmore/Dancer were very pleased and Shera/McCloy had also distinguished themselves. Ron Brazier was also happy. Charlie Lund, Hank Kabel and Alan Lawson were right in there still. Mike Chapman and Rod Browning weren't so pleased because they had missed a passage, Lloyd Robertson and Laurie Garth were a trifle unhappy, but little did they know that points would amount to literally hundreds by the end of the Second Division. We were in about the middle of the points range which started at 11 and went to about 40 or so. The Second Division started quietly enough, but on the Second Section all hell broke loose. It was all because you were on course that you got into trouble. If you found the passage, you then had to turn north along a fence on a surface that was like black clag. We were seduced up there by the sight of tail lights which looked like a passage, but in actual fact it was Bryan Evans and Mike Chapman - at that stage, bogged very securely. After an hours' winching,

It Was All Happening (continued)

cursing and gasping plus some mutual help from Gordon Cottrell and (?), we managed to get back on firm ground. It was clearly a case of cut and run but the next disaster followed rapidly. In an effort to calculate our next move I was plotting ahead, I had told Alan that we wanted to go R at T in about two miles. I wasn't watching the Halda, and we were flying along when Alan said, "Cross roads ahead", I was in the process of saying that it should be a T when we were suddenly in mid air, the road had vanished into a steep drain and we had shot twenty feet across it, without touching the bottom, rammed the bank on the other side, went another 30ft. into a ploughed field without touching the ground. After a dazed inspection I couldn't believe that the front wheels were still on the car let alone believe that it was mobile. Things were bent but nothing had broken, they are incredibly tough those Mazdas.

Mike Chapman came along after finally de-bogging himself and although he was very near LTL, he offered assistance. I would not have blamed him if he had not, but being a sportsman he soon had the Mazda flying backwards over the ditch, it was the fastest the car had ever moved in reverse and it was skating down the road with all wheels locked up. Those Holdens have plenty of guts.

Next disaster was Bryan Evans' accident. It was very much a case of one of those pieces of foul luck, a matter of the wrong combinations of seconds and inches. I was much relieved to find Bryan was relatively unhurt, he must have a tough head because the laminated screen had a cranium shaped bulge. The car was a sorry sight, it was quite sickening. I was thankful that he and John were O.K.. Let's hope that he'll be mobile and giving it heaps again soon.

From there on it was up to Miles and see if we could beat our late time limit. Spirits were very much at low ebb. At Miles it had become apparent that the rest of the field had fared fairly poorly also. Charlie Lund was hopelessly bogged somewhere. The only happy people were those who had made the correct decision and had not ventured up the black soil roads. Hank Kabel and Ced Reinhardt had been one such crew.

All that was left to do was sleep and head off into the next division. Most people looked very downcast and one of the few annoying aspects of the rally tended to jangle already frayed nerves. No one could find out who was doing what score wise. There was no score board and no real way of finding out how you stood L.T.L. wise.

After a very tasty smorgasbord at B.P. Miles, it was on to battle. Battle was the word because the rally plunged into Barakula Forest and for navigators it was pure hell. A million O.O.B.'s, a thousand vias, minds just snapped. This section saw the downfall of Lloyd and Laurie, they were bogged somewhere on a blacksoil road. Others found folly here including yours truly, we went 10 yards down that road, decided it was wrong, tried to turn round and out came the winch. As we were in the process of extracting ourselves, Lloyd, Mike Chapman, Ron Brazier, all steamed past, I lowered my deer-stalker and had a minutes silence for those lost in the gravox.

The pressure was really on for the rest of the division

It was all happening (continued)

but it was real grown-up stuff for hairy chested navigators only. If you got through it you learned a lot.

Kingaroy was a welcome sight and the kind people and hamburgers and coffee going. One division to go and by this time we were first car on the road. Somehow we had managed to be about 40 minutes ahead of the next car and there were a few problems with meeting the set up car, as they tried to put controls in place. In fact I'm sure the first passage control wasn't set up when we passed through, but no one believes me.

The last division was no anticlimax, pressure was kept up all the way. The second last section had a tree across the road which caused a few cerebral haemorrhages for very tired navigators. Then it was down Seventeen Mile Road and the end came.

To sum up. I said at the beginning that this rally came close to being the best, but on reflection the 6th B.P. Rally of Queensland was without reservation, the best rally I have ever been in. It was tough but I learned so much. Barry Farrell did a magnificent job, I must admit that at the beginning I had severe doubt but they proved groundless. Thanks should go to all those control officials who stood out in the rain, the service crews, the Army, the people of Miles, Dalby and Kingaroy and a very special thanks to Greg Nickel whom I understand worked above and beyond the call to make the event a success.

I hope there is a 7th. B.P. of Queensland, I hope it goes to Miles and I hope that it doesn't rain.

PROVISIONAL RESULTS.

1. Hank Kabel and Ced Reinhardt.
2. Brian Michelmore and Bob Dancer.
3. Ron Brazier and Gerry Shannon.
4. Tony Perrott and Rod Pugh.
5. John Shera and Brian McCloy.
6. Alan Hall and Mark Shield.
7. Ann Thompson and Ross Moir.

DIVISION RESULTS

First Division 1. - Michelmore. First Division 2 - Kabel.
 First Division 3. - Michelmore. First Division 4. - Hall.

Chivalry will never change from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and Good Queen Bess. A man will still lay his coat at the feet of a pretty girl when the opportunity arises the only difference is that nowadays his intention is to keep her back from getting dirty.

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He knew the marriage was in trouble when, on the morning after their wedding, he brought his bride breakfast in bed, and she said, "Dammit, you can't COOK as well as the best man, either."

stop press

ALTERATIONS TO COMING EVENTS

Wednesday 26th September - Navigation Run.
Bob and Margaret Dancer have set
this one, so enter who dare.

Friday 5th October - AMOCO KENMORE RALLY Presentation of
Trophies to be held in the clubrooms
(Vulture St.,) and commencing about
7:45 p.m.

That's all folks!