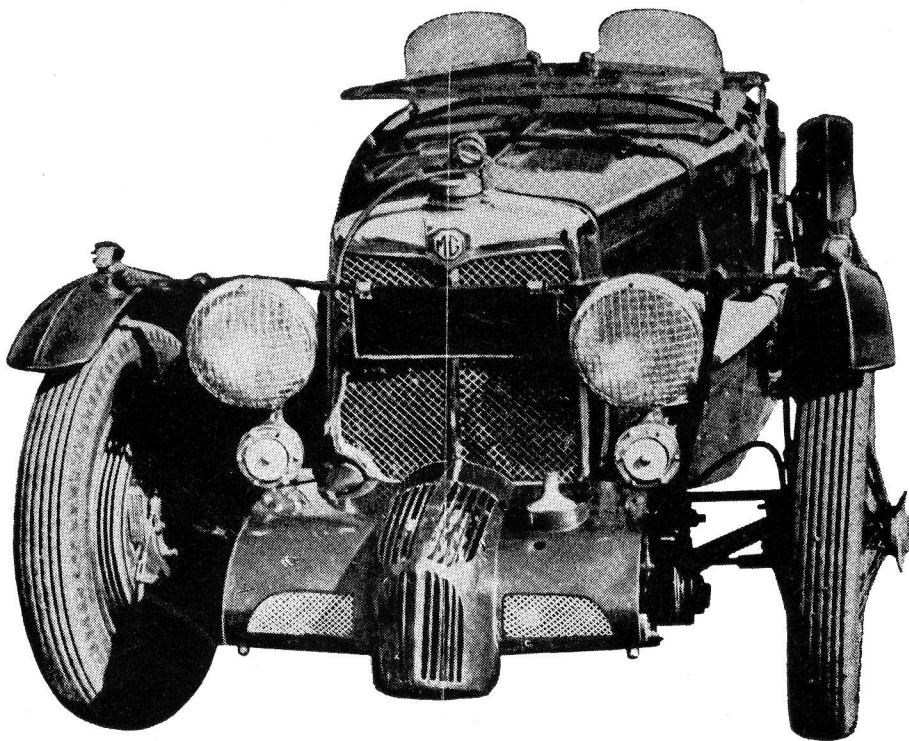
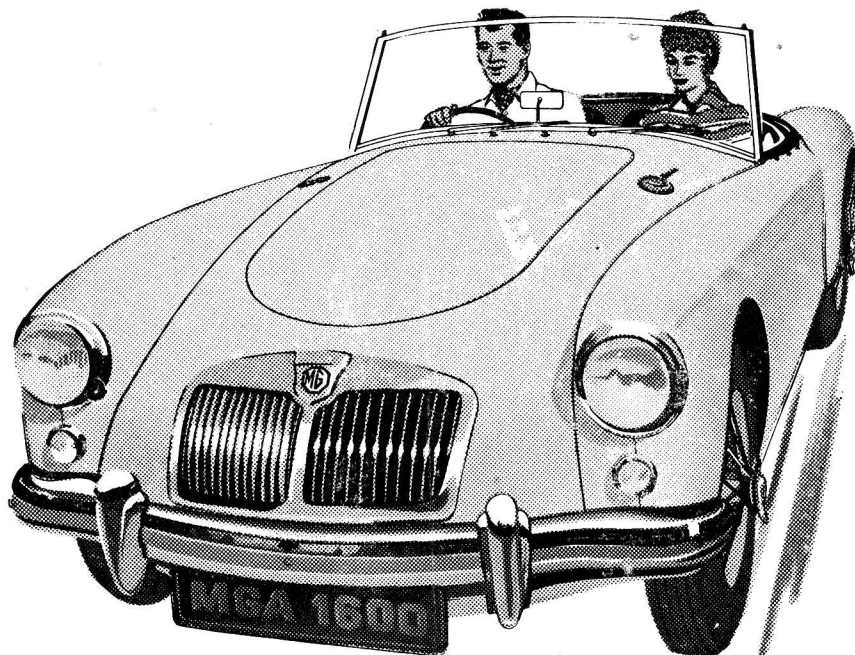


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The Official Journal of the M.G. Car Club (Queensland Centre)





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THE OCTAGON

JULY 1980

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(Queensland Centre)

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F O R E W O R D

A reminder to members that there are plenty of ash trays in the Club Rooms. Please use them, as the House Committee already spend a lot of time keeping the tables and floor clean for you.

Obviously, the odd member or two that I have seen stamping out cigarette butts on the floor does so unconsciously, so, to repeat myself, please make the effort to use an ashtray and so lighten the work of an already overworked House Committee. The Editor.

SECRETARY'S CORNER.

Once again I have to put into words, what I just haven't got to say in any case. Without wanting to steal anyone's thunder, I feel that I must mention some of our non-competitive events, which are coming up between now and the end of the year. Barbeques, for instance, have provided, in the past, a whale of a time for everyone and I think that anyone who has not been to one of these 'dings' at the Muller Ranch, have missed seeing an ideal setting. However, you have your chance on August 6th and October 8th. Film Nights on 9th September and 21st October should provide a change of routine for the T.V. Addicts. It is usual to say 'please be early' but, in this case, I want you to be a little late since I always seem to miss out on a seat. I doubt whether some of you would let me keep a seat if I did manage to arrive early enough to claim one. I think I should say 'any of you'.

For those of you who have been pestering me, I say "DON'T" because I still haven't received stocks of car badges or Overall Pockets. We still have a few scarves on hand for those who drive open sports cars on cold nights.

Due to a vacancy on the Committee, Craig Lind has been elected to fill the vacancy and we look forward to many years of working his finger to the bone. Congrats, Craig!.

Congrats, also, to Keith Anderson and the abovementioned Mr Lind for their work on the new forms for film nights. These forms may not be as comfortable as chairs but they are more practical for solving seating problems.

Any other members, who wish to lend a hand with Club organisation in any way, can be satisfied, readily, by just whispering a word in my pink ear. It is much easier to offer than to be picked out and 'volunteered'.

The above is a request from YOUR Committee to help YOUR Club.

The Editor has just walked in and put a stop to my prattle so, until next month.....

= = = = = = = = = =

PROGRAMME.

JULY 31st	Inter-club Gymkhana	Stanton Road. Tingalpa 11 A.M.
AUGUST 6th	Barbeque at the	Residence of Mr & Mrs Muller at Bardon. 7 P.M.
AUGUST 21st	Gymkhana	Stanton Road Tingalpa.
AUGUST 26th	Lecture on	Tuning by K.J. Turner.

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

NEW MEMBERS

GYMKHANA Cont'd.

ever-popular Autocrosse.

Healy Sprites were well to the fore, as usual. How about some of the 'G' boys showing up some of these monsters for a change. After all, this is the M.G. Car Club, so come on you M.G. men and stop dragging your feet.

And another thing! What fiendish-minded person designed that Autocrosse What a corker! I was quite giddy after navigating this, worse than Petrie. ^{Bright}

By the way, for the benefit of those who did buy their cars out there,there has been a team of hard working enthusiasts at the Gymkhana grounds every weekend since, as they (the grounds, not the bods) will be in good condition for the Inter-club Gymkhana on the 31st.

So roll up, chaps, and lasses, and come and cheer our team on, then turn-up yourselves for the next one.

RESULTS.

CLOVERLEAF.	1st D. Coles	24.7 Seconds
	2nd V. Appleby	25.3 "
	3rd B. Appleby	25.9 "

FORWARD BENDING	1st D. Geary
	2nd D. Coles
	3rd T. Thiesfield

FORWARD & REVERSE BENDING	1st P. Lillcrap
	2nd T. Thiesfield
	3rd B. Tebble

AUTOCROSSE	1st D. Geary	50.6 "
	2nd K. Horgan	51.2 "
	3rd B. Weston	52.4 "

	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
FILM NIGHT					by				Phil M. Spule

The usual 'G' Club film night scene-- a grand collection of hammering machines outside and a good collection of bods inside was observed.

The straight side of things consisted mainly of B.P. films of various circuits and places.

FILM NIGHT Cont'd

All and sundry, viewed such scenery as Oulton Park, Silverstone, Brands Hatch and Presscott Hill Climb etc.. "Cheese"! "Lookatdat"! and other exclamatory outbursts were heard during the dicy 500 c.c. class 'ding' at Brands Hatch circuit. For a moment, we thought "ol' Brier" was running the film in reverse as those pint sized racers were travelling tail first for nearly the whole race owing to a very wet and slippery track.

We had to use squeegees to remove the drool from the Club Room floor after enthusiastic members saw some glorious machinery in the shape of Bugattis 'oodling' up that Hill Climb circuit. Most noticeable was the gigantic vintage Bugatti saloon, but still, I'd settle for anyone of them. We also managed to look partly over the 'Princess of Tasmania' (through courtesy of a film, of course). (Ugh)!

Large type 'yukking' was heard from that certain Woody Woodpecker fan behind the bar (he's a bird dog!) and everyone had themselves a good laugh at Donald Ducks doings too. So much for the funnies.

We weren't too pleased to see that gent in the 'G' argue with that solid looking tree on the Presscott Hill Climb. He was on the right, too! The tree apparently didn't know the right of way rule. (Who Does?)

We also saw the 'panelbeaters friend', Castelotti, in one of his more profitable moods - winning races-- not unexpectedly leaving them.

Our thanks, as per usual, to Brier Thomas for providing us with some very good films and our congratulations to the House Committee for their very successfully organised Donation running from which a couple of lucky guys walked off with a bottle of polish, chamois and a tyre gauge to their good. Oh well! I wouldn't want them, anyway, much!! We all enjoyed the nights films and our thanks to the lady-type people for the good old cuppa brew and bikkies.

+ + + + + + + + + +

HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

by

G.A. Newton

ITALY! To most of us, this one word conjures up in our minds a picture of some sort or other. To the imaginative, perhaps, the legions of Ancient Rome, to the romantic, probably Gina Lollibrigida but to us it means 'Motor Sport'. So, on our journeying through

P.T.O.

Holiday in Italy cont'd.

Europe, it was like a magnet- drawing us to the mecca of motoring enthusiasts; the home of motor sport, 'MODENA'!!!

It was not surprising, then, that one sunny day in May we found ourselves driving north from Pisa through the delightful sleepy countryside of Northern Italy, speculating among ourselves as to what we would find.

Passing through this lazy area, we found it impossible to believe that such a spot could produce such rapid machinery. Here and there, a peasant leading an old donkey, or more often, his wife leading while he sat on its back. Somewhere, a fat old woman, dressed in black, was shouting noisily at some equally noisy children. Between the hours of noon and two there was even less activity, as men, women and children stretched out for their mid-day 'siesta'.

This, then, was the picture as we approached Maranello, one of peace and tranquility. Maranello, some seventeen kilometres from Modena, is nothing more than a rural village- except for one man. To us, his name is Enzo Ferrari. His factory looked innocent enough as we approached, a large red-brown brick and concrete building with odd bits tacked on here and there. We stopped the Vauxhall outside his rather impressive entrance, to see what might happen. We were not disappointed, for within minutes there was a deep roar from within, the gates were swung open to release a beautiful new G.T. machine for road testing. The Test Pilot for I am sure he had wings, turned the magnificent machine onto the road and very rapidly departed. He must have all but wound the needle off the clock in the bottom two cogs for I was left standing with a camera in hand gazing in awe and wonderment through a pall of tyre smoke and the mingled noises of tortured tyres, cam-shafts and exhaust reverberating through my ears. To my amazement, I found the locals completely unaffected by this bewildering sight. An old man continued picking his teeth and nearby, the donkey went on grazing.

In a roadside Cafe, opposite the factory, I was to learn (over a bottle of Vino) from an American boy, that this was a common occurrence. All Ferraris were road tested along this very good 15 kilometre stretch, even to G.P. models, which are also driven into Modena for practice on the Autodrome circuit. Unfortunately, I was unable to gain admission to the factory at that time, so after a very pleasant hour, or two, in the cafe with our friend we ventured forth once more onto the road and headed for Modena.

Modena is not a tourist town and could not, even by its most ardent supporters, be considered famous for its accommodation. In fact, the converse is most likely to apply. It was not surprising then, that, after

Holiday in Italy cont'd

much frantic searching, the only accomodation within our means was by courtesy of the local priest in his 'Boys' Town'. At least, we had a roof over our heads and a bed, of sorts. Unfortunately, the only English-speaking people in the entire establishment were John Bob and myself. This, as you can imagine, was somewhat a disadvantage and made conversation with our kind and friendly hosts rather laborious.

To dress up sufficient Italian to convey to the kindly old soul in the kitchen, that all we wanted for supper was a couple of eggs and bacon and NOT the 100 yards of spaghetti she was about to put into the pot was sufficient exercise to exhaust us for one evening.

Next day, after a breakfast of rolls and coffee, and much grinning, nodding and pointing with our hosts, we ventured forth into the lovely and deceptively quiet little town to try our luck.

We established contact with three local boys from the University whom we had met the previous afternoon. They all spoke good English and were to become our friends and constant companions during our stay in Modena. My first impressions were that the dour old women of the country had been agreeably replaced by pretty young ladies in gaily coloured frocks and the donkeys had given way to Alfas and Fiats.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* * * * *

" ODE TO AN ULSER" by The Poet Laurie Ate Worthwords.

Here I sit parked for a function
Helping shop at Annerley Junction
Lazily stying in the "F"
Watching cars go right and left

Knowing 'drivers', I can't be wrong
To say my peace won't last too long
Lady 'drivers' are sure to see
The vacant space in front of me.

With dithering dills out on the loose
If I stay here, They'll cook my goose
You'll soon see why, there's failing hearts
For now the story really starts.

My horrid thoughts just couldn't go wrong
For a 'lady' driver comes along
She stops a while to survey the space
A look of confusion on her face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* * * * *

STRICTLY SOCIAL

by

Chit Chat

Richie Stokes had an unusual query the other day. Would a Lotus body fit on a 1938 Oldsmobile chassis? It would be O.K. if Richie could stretch a point.

"Over-revs" Mc Geary made a Boo-boo t'other day when he told a firm that he required 1000 gallon tank to store petrol. The new Mc Geary Petroleum Co should prosper.

Many new members for the Square Eyes Club. The newly wed Davis and Riordans are very obvious followers of the cult.

Believe a certain dimly lit coffee lounge in town has become the unofficial headquarters of a Section of the Club.

Eugene Blunt has changed the T.C. for a Sprite and Greg Newton now has a T.F. to ornament the garage.

Jim Anderson recently did some sightseeing in the Cairns complete with overcoat who said his veins didn't hold alcohol.

John Abrahams is contemplating one of the new Detroit Monsters bearing the Ford label. I suppose the Zephyr had to receive the pension one day.

[illegible]

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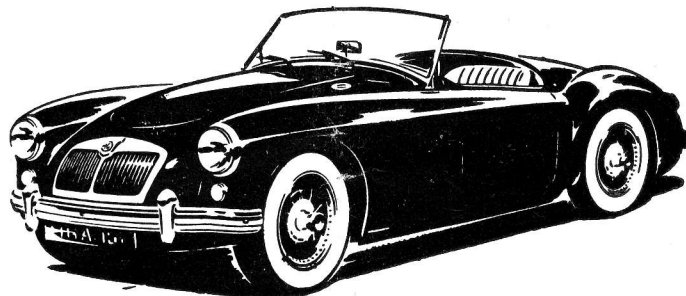
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