

P R O G R A M M E

<u>MARCH:</u>	12th	Movie Night - Clubrooms 8.15 p.m.
	14th	Motorkhana Rd. 1.
	19th	Nightrun - Clubrooms 8 pm.
	21st	Motorkhana - closed.
	26th	Natter Night - Clubrooms 8pm.
	28th	Closed Rally - (DDSCC) Day Run.
 <u>APRIL:</u>	2nd	Bowling Night.
	4th	Lakeside Races.
	9th	Nightrun - Clubrooms 8pm. (Please note)
	10th	Open Novice Rally.
	11th	Lakeside Sprint.
	16th)	National Meeting (Easter)
	17th)	
	18th)	
	21st	Close of entries - Hillclimb.
	23rd	Hillclimb Preparation Night.
	25th	Closed Hillclimb.
	30th	Natter Night - Clubrooms 8pm.
 <u>MAY</u>	2nd	Biggenden Bush Bash.
	7th	Film Night - Clubrooms 8pm.
	9th	Open Motorkhana.
	14th	Natter Night - Clubrooms 8pm.
	16th	Surfers Paradise Races.
	21st	Night Run - Clubrooms 8pm/ =====

EDITORIAL

As this will be the last Octagon before our braver members sally forth into the wilds of Tasmania, we must wish them all bon- voyage (they are going overseas), safe journey and good luck in the competition.

This magazine will bring you full reports, if someone will write them. Failing that, you will hear many tall tales on Friday nights after Easter in the Clubrooms.

Talking of Easter, remember the Clubrooms will be closed on Good Friday 16th April and therefore the April night run will be run one week early on 9th April. Be there!

Have you been to the Clubrooms lately?

If you haven't, you're in for a nice surprise. The place has been re-decorated and very nicely too.

The entrance and walls have been completely re-painted, the floor scrubbed, the tables and chairs repaired and painted, new curtains were ordered and will probably be up by your next visit. The whole place looks like new.

What is required now is suitable material to grace the walls. Photo's of M.G's, old racing cars and the usual paraphernalia associated with car clubs. If you have anything suitable please contact a committee member so that the right atmosphere can be created. Also a few more members full of tall tales and true to lean against the bar.

See you there soon.

ALLAN & COLLEEN CONWAY

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ARREARS OF CLUB DUES

PLEASE NOTE THAT IF YOUR CLUB DUES ARE NOT PAID THIS WILL BE THE LAST COPY OF THE OCTAGON THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE. THE CLUB CANNOT AFFORD TO SUPPLY MAGAZINES TO NON-FINANCIAL MEMBERS.

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FEBRUARY NIGHT RUN.

On the night of 20th Feb. 1976, we all gathered at the flooded end of Fortitude Valley for the Presidential Night Run of 1976. All the top teams were there and nervous about the threat of the two all girl teams and numerous other new teams which were entering for the first time.

Don Webster was there with his TD - but no navigator. Frantic words into everyones ears by Don finally he convinced Paul Raper that the heavens wouldn't drown him, and they set forth.

First section took the teams on a tour of New Farm where few had trouble, although some didn't read their questions properly and failed to get the 2nd LIGHT pole number, thus dropping 10 points.

From New Farm the field travelled through Kangaroo Point to Norman Park where a number of crews had difficulty with some hard, hard right instructions. This difficulty was just sorted out when up popped question 7. Beware of? A lot of competitors failed to recognise the one-way section of Wynnum Road and were seen being very cautious not quite knowing what to 'Beware Of'.

A quick loop to Balmoral Heights where an ambiguous question had some navigators writing down every pole number in the street, and then back to the club rooms for the usual tales of mad navigators and bad drivers or is it mad drivers and bad navigators?

Nice to see lots of new faces including D. Robinson & R. Llewellyn, A. Scott & D. Flockhardt and P. Frazer and L. Wise who all finished the run, which is good, considering some were on their first ever night run. (We don't know your first names yet - but we'll catch up with you!)

The girls fought it out for 11th & 13th spot and got plenty of help with their queries when they returned.

Final results were:

P. Rayment -	Delia Manamnu	0
H. George -	B. Vandenberg	0
K. Potter -	M. Spiden	0

FEBRUARY NIGHT RUN RESULTS (CONT'D):

A. Conway	-	C. Conway	0
M. Boothby	-	R. McMurdo	10
A. Scott	-	D. Flockhart	10
D. Morgans	-	A. Clarke	10
D. Webster	-	P. Raper	10
G. Findlater	-	J. Curtis	20
D. Robinson	-	R. Llewellyn	28
V. Irvine	-	D. Austin	42
P. Frazer	-	L. Wise	43
L. Park	-	L. Erskine	51

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We welcome the following new members to the Club and would love to see you at any of the events listed in our programme.

Dan Mayer  
 Noel Tuckey  
 Malcolm Hopcroft  
 Robert Ritchie  
 Leigh Craig  
 Dave Huntress  
 David Kemp  
 Robert Scott  
 Dale Johnstone  
 Phil Hutchinson  
 Peter Hockey  
 Peter Tyquin  
 Robert Window  
 Bruce Bayliss  
 Sheryl Andersen  
 Glen Mayer

Tony Scott  
 Bob Ferguson  
 Ian Abercromby  
 Julie Curtis  
 Vivienne Irvine  
 Tony Wise  
 Alan Howes  
 Tom Starrie  
 Geoff Russell  
 Jeanette James  
 Robert James  
 Craig Silcock  
 Tony Hayes  
 Laura Stroud  
 Peter Nolan

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NEXT NIGHT NAV. RUN

FRIDAY MARCH 19TH

CLUBROOMS 8.00 P.M.

REPORT FROM OUR ROVING (RAVING!) CORRESPONDENT.

Commonwealth Day Weekend 1976 saw the first race meeting for Historic Cars and Bikes. So, three adventurous chaps resigned themselves to venture forth into C.S. territory so as to be in attendance on that particular day. The Tamworth area was a little damp so down good old No. 1 they went. The result was two bent rims (N.S.W. & Sydney are infested with tremendous pot holes for Pot Pot) and another eatery on our list of no go's - not a patch on Peters Café at Hornsby.

After a very saturated Saturday (both inside and out), the galloping crew, with 270lbs of grape juice in the boot - apx 95 bottles, along with 5 cameras, luggage and camping gear for three, welcomed a beautiful Sunday - worth enduring the misadventures of the previous da

30, armed with telephoto lenses - a heaven sent invention to the connoisseur for observing the well endowed female species which was in plentiful supply on that beautiful day. Ah! Oh yes - the racing was just as captivating.

It would be impossible to truly describe but to give an idea of the vintage racing here goes ..

The notor bikes, of which I know extremely little, were tremendous. I was particularly impressed with a 'Charlie' named Duncan Read who rode rather than raced his 1935 1200cc Harley Davidson complete with flared guards. Atremendous range both in age and machinery was present. Machines such as 1938 Nortons, AJS's, B.S.A. Ariel up to 'Modern' 1958 Triumph Tiger 110's or 7R A.J.S's. What really captured the imagination were the riders.

Elmer McCabe (1949 350cc 7R A.J.S.), Allen Burt (1936 500cc G45 Matchless) and Jack Saunders (1955 496cc G45 Matchless) racing for the lead over 7 laps and not sparing their poor machines for any second of the race. One name I did recognise was that of Bill Reynolds aboard his 1951 349cc Manx Norton. Nobody knows Bills age, but he rode in the 1928 Isle of Man T.T. The Clerk of Course completed his laps on a 1928 A.J.S. with period bathers and deerstalker (you too may acquire your Blarney hat - deerstalker - from TO'Gorman & Sons Ltd., Cork Ireland) (??Ed!)

Report from our Roving (Raving) Correspondent (Cont'd):

Now for something not altogether different - the cars. Of the 17 events 10 were for cars, 6 were for bikes and the grand parade for all. The regularity trials, sponsored by Laxettes, which are not races, saw tremendous manoeuvring between John Whiting (1924 3 litre Bentley) and the Alvis 12/50's of Alan Griffin and Max Houston. Being vintage cars the participants circled regularly sans roll bars and seat belts but they did wear their full face helmets, Sunday best and cravats. With this paraphernalia the lads toured the circuit, remembering that it was not a race, but just trying to outbrake each other at Rothmans corner each lap. Have you ever seen a Bentley with its tail out? Fabulous stuff!

Race 3 saw the age old MG v/s Austin battle (remember the 1920's). Unfortunately, it was a TC not an M type against the Austin 7's. The race was taken out by Rod Robertson (1947 MGTC 1290cc) after an exhilarating burst up hill past David Holyoakes (1949 MGTC 1250cc) who was lapping a fellow competitor. Third was Peter Rae (1939 Morris Special 1050cc) which stops on the proverbial 5c piece. Ah! But with inflation now probably a \$5 note! We stood amazed as he regained precious yards lost to the TC 's down the straights. He was followed by Ken Watson (1929 Austin 7 Special 803 cc). Action like this kept the crown enthusiastic all day - it wasn't the usual esky worshipping crowd but the real enthusiast.

The following races produced Michael Ryves (1958 Lotus 15) David Lowe (1959 Nedloh - that's a Holden which has spun - actually a home made special with solid oak pistons). The Lotus Formula Junior of Bob Butcher and John Bladen, the quick MGTB Special of Paul Chaley and John Dawson-Damer produced a 1960 Lotus 18 which sadly suffered an internal haemorrhage. Melbourne restaurateur Lou Molina - he is still around - produced his TC special. Other cars were a 1925 Rolls Royce Phantom, 4 Jaguar XK 120's the Ian Cummin C type Jaguar, numerous MG specials and Alvis's - they were plentiful enough to have an Alvis only race. The only Ferrari of the 1950 vintage left in Australia, the Super Squalo from Giltraps Auto Museum was present and when Noel Tuckey got up it it really went. Circuit cars from the past were a Lotus VI, Salmon Singers, Buchanan Holdens, Nota Din, Buckles and Stan Rumble in the ex Brabham Cooper Climax.

Report from our Roving (Raving!) Correspondent (Cont'd):

The Grand Parade produced some old faces such as Barry Garner (?), John Martin (for the younger members he raced Lola's in the 1960's), Spencer Martin (Gold Star Champ 1966/67), Sid Howard (Mr. Marie Louise Geoghegan), Clubman racer from the sixties)Leo whats-is-name and Harry thinga-me-bob. Sorry we couldn't locate Romsey Quints, the day may have recommenced columns from his infamous typewriter.

Well, if you are doing nothing on the lost weekend next year, why don't you gallop down into C.S. country to see racing as it used to be and spend an enjoyable few days in yesteryear.

Afterthought: Where are all those forgotten raving machines which graced Queensland tracks more than a decade ago? Surely now there is an opportunity to race without being blown sky high by some Formula 'thing' and most important - really enjoy yourself.

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SIDE LIGHTS

At the Historic Meeting many people drove to the circuit, raced, and then drove home. One, like Cameron McMillan (1934 Bugatti Type 57) was escorted by 4 very desirable young ladies. Talk about Bugatti Blues!

As always on an interstate trip the tennis game was in progress. Who won a game whilst asleep?

Heard between wineries - "What are you doing?"
"Resting my palate"

Only sad point for those adventurous chaps was some idiot in a C.S. and unroadworthy MG Magnette which rammed three cars whilst trying to clutch start his 'thing'. The lads car was one that suffered. Yes the world is full of trifles.

Amaroo Park saw no slick tyres or noisy tin tops on this day. The commentary was excellent with histories of cars, drivers and past races echoing off the hills around the circuit. Would you believe 5000 people attended the race meeting.

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FRIDAY - 28th MAY

A N E X C H A N G E O F O P I N I O N S

B E T W E E N

F O U R R A C I N G D R I V E R S

SUBJECT: THE CAR I WOULD CHOOSE TO DRIVE IF I WAS
GOING TO START RACING IN QUEENSLAND AT THIS
TIME.

QUESTIONS, BUT NOT DISSERTATIONS, WILL BE WELCOMED FROM THE
AUDIENCE AFTER THE PROTAGANISTS HAVE REACHED AGREEMENT OR A STATE
OF EXHAUSTION.

You are asked to be seated by 8.15 p.m.

The committee would like to invite some guests for this occasion.
PLEASE give us a call or put your name down in the Clubrooms if
you are going to attend, so that we'll know how much room we have
to spare.

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WATCH OUT FOR THE TOADS.

This is a true story, only the time, names and facts have been changed to protect the guilty.

Back in the never never when the sun did shine the club motor mower started to play up. The No. 1 Team Driver started to voice some peculiar remarks like "Look out for the toads, its time for a cup of tea".

The mechanic was diving for cover to miss the flying soft drink cans, but alas, it was a beer can that dropped him to the ground with a severed left leg. I was told thats what it felt like.

Then in the ensuing three years, two months and eight days, the green rocket started to play up. It would idle then cough, cough, chug! Having another go it was the same reply. Cough, bang, chug. Ha -Ha! they said when it came in for a pit stop. The thirty mechanics eagerly pounced on the job at hand. Three were later treated for multiple cuts and abrasions. A couple actually even tried to fix the trouble. The minutes turned into hours, the hours into days, the days into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years, the years into decades, the decades into centuries - they kept plodding on.

By this stage the mechanics had very sore feet but otherwise were in good condition. Maybe its dirt in the petrol, fluff on the plugs. I had to be something. Then after many tries by the driver to drive it, yes the problem was thought to be found. Would anyone really believe what the problem was? Yes, it was the main jet unscrewing itself and stopping when it sat on the needle valve.

So with this adjustment the No. 1 driver took the snarling beast for a few slow laps. The power under foot was tremendous. Curse these ants. They were lifting up my size 15 boots and carrying me off. This was terrific but then - what is that tinkling noise. "Quickly, back to the pits" Off with the flywheel cover - no rub marks here. Curses! What can it be. Start it again. There - its idling beautifully - then it happened. "Tea up" - so the mower was stopped and off to have a cup of tea. Beautiful!

Start the mower again. If only cars were that easy to start.

Watch out for the toads (Cont'd)

Clang, Clunk, Clinkle. Thats a funny noise. With that the mower stopped. I wonder why? Turn fly wheel - that feels funny.

Better pull the side off the engine - then the truth was laid bare. Oily - but bare. THE CONROD HAD BROKEN INTO ABOUT EIGHT PIECES! The camshaft in two.

It was truly a sad day. The green monster was pushed into Gasoline Alley, till it has new life put into the chassis, it can only mow in the big lawn in the sky and dream of what it was previously like..slashing through trees, eight foot high, grass beer cans. The fun of it all. Oh sigh!

The moral to this story is: WANTED - One 4hp Briggs & Stratton motor - to suit Rover Rider slasher mower!

RETURN OF THE PLUMDINGER..

Gary Labudda's purple XU1 was found in a rather naked condition near Marburg. With engine, gearbox and dashboard missing; along with various other accessories, we found it rather difficult to start. After spending many hours jacking the car up to put some wheels on (while the smiling constable looked on - offering advice), we hitched rope to crossmember (seeing there was nothing else to hitch rope to) and merrily towed her away to Brisbane. Thank goodness they left the brakes intact. The car is now being stripped further by the owner and will only be seen on the circuit in the not too distant future.

For those who want the finer points of car theft - take a 12" length of water pipe to straighten out the crook-lock, and any old Holden key switch. Remove plug from original switch and place on spare switch. Drive car to some isolated spot, remove wheels, etc., carefully roll on side, shop through exhaust system and remove motor and gearbox complete.

APRIL 2ND ————— TEN PIN BOWLING
SEE A COMMITTEE MEMBER.

FORMULA 5000

We hope the sale of Hobby and Toyland doesn't mean Bruce Allison's withdrawal from motorsport.

There must be some keen sponsors out there who need a value for money promotion. Performances of Bruce Allison in the past seasons show that he is truly a great Australian Driver with a possible world future.

What a shame he didn't get the opportunity to show what he can do on his home track. His excellent driving ability gained him pole position at practise but alas, the Sunday racing was cancelled because of rain.

The Club wishes him all the best for the future.

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Lets look awhile at the sunny side

Did I say sunny? Anyway, street scene. Location - Surfers Paradise Mall. Time - 11 a.m. on wet windy day. Action- Local Radio Announcer interviewing passers by. Dialogue - L.R.A. to little girl: "Where do you come from?", little girl "Melbourne". L.R.A. "How do you like being up here in Surfers Paradise?" L.G. (doubtfully) "Its alright". L.R.A. "Where would you rather live, here or Melbourne?" L.G. (decidedly) "Melbourne". L.R.A. (surprised) "Why wouldn't you prefer to live here in Surfers Paradise?" L.G. (emphatically) "It rains too much"!!!

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MARCH 28TH

DAY RUN

ORGANISED BY A LITTLE OLD LADY

HER MOTHER

100 MLS. BAR-B-QUE B.Y.O.

ABOUT ALL THAT RAIN.....

Heard someone moaning the other day with the theme "its always the hillclimb that gets rained out".

Distressing though it may be for us and our competitors, how much worse was it for the promoters of the Tasman Race Meeting or the Stanthorpe Apple and Grape Rally?

In fact, due to the very heavy rains, considerable concern is being felt over the condition of a great deal of the best rally country.

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I R O N M A N C O N T E S T

Keep the weekend of 9th/10th/11th July free.

This one was Gary Whittakers brain child and will be an extension of the usual Sprint-Hillclimb held at this time.

If all goes well, there will be four events - all of which will count towards club trophies.

As well as an outright award there will be a special trophy for the best result by a person driving the same car throughout the competitions.

Start getting into training for this endurance event!

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Do your feet smell??

Does your nose run???

If your answer to the above questions was YES - watch out!

YOU WERE BORN UPSIDE DOWN.

(You're feet are supposed to run and your nose to smell!!)

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BODS & BENDS

Gary Whittaker wishing that the Surfers Paradise Tasman Meeting hadn't been cancelled. He went to Lakeside for some private practise when it was cancelled and found his car can eat posts. Damage not too serious we hope.

Derek McCreary off to Canada. He left today (10/3/76) and already we miss him. He is not here to help with the magazine. Derek's help will be missed in more ways than that though, he is a mean front end loader driver too and not bad on the jokes. We all wish him the best of luck in Canada.

Who dropped their keys down the lift well of a multi storey building??

Which white MG was seen throwing great screaming 'U' turns on Wynnum Road during the last night run. Tut! Tut! That's not good for the club image.

Photograph of the Year must be the one in the Sunday Mail 7/3/76 of Max Stewart presenting Vern Schuppan with the trophy for his 'Rothmans Series' win. Both were up to their waist in water!!

Jormef Octagon Editor, Phil Heath, seen at the Clubrooms recently. How salty! A yacht salesman yet!

M.G. (N.S.W.) will have to watch their publications or Premier Joh will ban them. Nude Centrefolds!!

I've heard of Bush Week but.....

I hope you all had a very happy Bush Holiday on the 5th. We did. Oh yes, we had an authentic Bush Day with morning tea of vegemite sandwiches and orange cordial out of enamel mugs under copious array of gum leaves and to top it all we enjoyed our after morning tea 'Aussie Pink'.

Afternoon tea was spent sipping Coke - yes very commercial. Ah well! We trust you had a very pleasant and enjoyable "Bush Holiday" and trust you are looking forward to it in 1977 when our special guest will be none other than Dame Edna Everage, Housewife Superstar.

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OUR BLAST FROM THE PAST - Spring of 1970.-----
The Crumpet catcher and I

By Colin Quarrington (Part I)

I well remember, as a boy of seven, gazing at an old copy of Autocar and seeing an ad for a TC. I was enchanted - was it possible to really love anything other than this splendid creature, could anything ever be quite so delightful? Apparently it was and it it could, for I fell in love two days later with a sweet six year old called Beverley, and T-Types were shelved as this courtship whirled. Complete waste of time, of course, nothing came of it.

Some fifteen years later I met KRD 133, a TF 1500. She was distinctly black, very beautiful, with only three other men in her life. And, it seemed, still time for a girlish romp with someone new. While she blushed prettily as I inspected her for possible defects, we got acquainted better. Then a leisurely stroll down the highway while she chatted away about what a good bet she was and how, if only I'd hand over the money to the nice man, she would cherish and protect me all the days of my motoring life.

She was christened 'Crumpetcatcher' that very day.

Since then, our love affair is still remarkably healthy, having survived tearful sperations, the usual feminine tantrums, an indulgent pocket, various crumpet and an awful lot of fun.

Small boys adore her, adults offer to buy her, and girls....well, girls just tolerate her, even policemen pet her - there was, for instance, the one who asked to inspect her engine. Shutting the bonnet, I noticed a silence as though the man's mind was on other things. He seemed far away. Almost distant.

Together we gazed at Crumpetcatchers windscreen, shamefully displaying a tax disc five months out of date - Crumpetcatcher having the grace to blush a good bit and generally look a bit sheepish. Anyway, the nice man helped put the windscreen flat again and we tip-toed off, Crumpetcatcher being perfectly

The Crumpetcatcher (Cont'd)

nauseating as she crooned about "our wonderful policeman" and so on. Well, so he was.

She was off the road for a very long time, undergoing a certain amount of facelifting treatment, emerging sleek and beautiful at the end of summer. She was trembling at the thought that the Motor Show would distract everyone's attention away from her incredible beauty. Her few proud moments were shortlived as she is now a workhorse (from necessity) and her glitter has gone. She had a stab at catching crumpet but it was a bit feeble as summer had gone. Her latest passenger, in fact, virtually adopted Crumpetcatcher rather than vice versa, if you see what I mean. This one has no previous experience of T-Types but does realise that Crumpetcatcher has a far better pedigree than me.

Crumpetcatcher doesn't know it, but I'm toying with the idea of racing her next season. I feel sorry for TF's - the last of a distinguished line, it seems to have been the only model never to have distinguished itself in any way at all. There should be at least one TF trotting gamely round the track. It's unfortunate that Crumpetcatcher views any form of competition with great suspicion, pinning back her ears and refusing to listen.

She is absolutely standard in all respects because I don't care for bastard T-Types. I know that a number of TF's have been supercharged but I wish one of their owners would tell me what it involved, because that is Crumpetcatcher's next modification.

She uses Duckhams and STP in the engine (because I like Duckhams and not what you think), and Castrol elsewhere. She also sports Cinturatos and I would never have any other now. Really, she is very ordinary indeed and not nearly as exciting as some of the cars we read about in these columns.

But she's a T-Type - let her loose on a winding road with the windscreen flat on a cold Autumn day, with the exhaust burbling happily behind you, and that's what motoring is all about.

The Crumpetcatcher & I (Part II)
by Sheila Hamilton

I hope you all enjoyed that touching little story about the little boy gazing wonderingly at an ad for a TC. Female readers of this T)Type love letter will not believe it any more than the other tales from "T" enthusiasts. (So I nipped past this Aston, kept third until 8,000, hurled through the hairpin, took to the grass to miss a truck, skipped across this ploughed field to shortcut the traffic lights, and never saw the Aston again.....").

But leaving that aside for the moment, what of Crumpetcatcher? My T-Type motoring so far has been confined to Autumn conditions and I suppose, as a means of getting from A to B there could be a more unpleasant means of travel. None come to mind at the moment, but I'm sure there are.

Since I've bought a furry coat, the shriek of cold air blasting up my skirt has been firmly sealed off, and after experimenting I find that balancing the knees on the dashboard prevents my feet being cooked against the engine bulkhead (if that's what they call the lump of metal separating you from the engine room). My school-girl complexion is due for a long life while this cheerful breeze whistles past the sidescreens. I don't mind in the slightest being unable to see where I'm going unless I sit upright and bit by bit, one damn mile after another, one gets used to being closely surrounded by a combination of gear lever, fire extinguisher, hand brake and trouser leg. The dashboard lights are always sweet and friendly and it's amusing to see how quickly the rev.counter will expire on a journey. I see that Colin didn't mention that the rev.counter reduction box only works at all by the courtesy of one Raleigh bicycle spoke and a portion of a Campbells soup tin. He must have forgotten.

I think in time Crumpetcatcher and I could be bosom pals. At first we trod warily around one another like a couple of boxers, but bit by bit we are sorting out who does what and who has the final word. Despite her name, I think she actually resented Another Woman - the first time I went in her (to Castle Combe on 2nd September) she not only hopelessly lost us on five successive occasions while I was navigating, but when I was dropped off home in the evening, she calmly broke down - smirking all over her

The Crumpetcatcher (Part II - cont'd):

chrome face as her man buried himself in her intestines, all the while making visibly Churchillian gestures to me - as much as to say "He doesn't mess around with you like this, hey?", which is none of anyone's business anyway.

I'll give Crumpetcatcher her due.. She is devastatingly pretty, in a boneless, mechanical sort of way, which is probably more than she'd say about me. And she positively beams with goodwill and bonhomie - I've never come across such a car with an amazing enthusiasm for life. Every moment she is bellowing with life, rattling and vibrating with sheer joie de vivre. No use trying to talk against her, we're simply shouted down - mostly we drive along in silence while Crumpetcatcher gabbles on and on (and on and on) about how gorgeous she is, so intelligent, so captivating, etc. Oh, and what about that dear little blue light that means you have hardly any petrol in the tank and-did-you-know-this-is-the-heart-of-Wilts-without-a-gas-station-for-70-miles-ha-ha? Not even expensive eye shadow will rid me of that irritating little light.

Together, we have taken on MGA's, MGB's, Cortina GT's, Mini vans, heavy coaches, Healey 100/4's and TR's, pony and traps and mopeds. And we have been soundly trounced by MGA's, MGB's, Cortina GT's, Minivans, heavy coaches, Healey 100/4's and TR's and mopeds.....

We haven't had any near misses or terrifying moments in her, as Crumpetcatcher is really tremendously forgiving and wouldn't hurt a fly. And it always gladdens my stony heart when I see other T-Types root and wave as they go bobbing past - it's nice to know there's usually crumpet in the passenger seat because it just goes to show that I'm not the only one to find a T-Type quite loveable.

Well sort of, anyway.

Crumpetcatcher (Part III)
by Crumpetcatcher.

Oh, very funny. "The last of the line failing miserably to distinguish herself....cheerful breezes through the side screens....Crumpetcatcher and-I-could-be-bosom-pals...." Ho. Ho.

Lets look at the other side of the coin, then, I may be devastatingly pretty but I can see of a Spridget (Actually I thought Hamiltons crack

The Crumpetcatcher (Part III cont'd)

about pony traps in very bad taste); put me into a tight corner in a cockeyed fashion and who gets the boy out of trouble? Who gives him 32 plus m.p.g. and no breakdowns with a 500 mile a week average. And who, my friends, gets him the Crumpet?

Consider the Hamilton creature - I won her over the first time I nuzzled her knees. In no time at all I'll have her on her knees picking out the lettering on y tyres with gold lacquer.

Still, that's the way it is with you T-Type owners. Utterley selfish and inconsiderate sums it up - wanting your own way and wanting it all the time (ahem). And when a girl wants a little fun and crosses the traffic lights red, you'd think the end of the world had come - you'd think the fellow would enjoy a chase by a patrol bike, the way he keeps bragging.

Other owners are the same - you go flashing by you and your birds waving hysterically at us, while we T-Types nod glumly to one another and pray for better days.

And if he thinks for one minute he's getting me within two feet of a race track, he's in for a tearful disappointment. When you are as gorgeous as me, you don't feel its important to go belting round Silverstone with some randy great MGB in pursuit.

Me for the quiet life - chatting up the Hamilton a yarn with the petrol pump attendants, the occasional solitary evening curled up in the garage, a couple of pints of anti-freeze around Christmas time and that, my friends, is living.

8,000 in third - and a Churchillian gesture to the lot of you!

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LAKE SIDE SPRINTS

APRIL 11TH

CONTACT A COMMITTEE

MEMBER

FOR SUPP RECS.

HILLCLIMB CANCELLATION

WE APOLOGISE TO THOSE MEMBERS WHO WERE DISAPPOINTED LAST WEEKEND. THE OFFICIALS OF THE MEETING DECIDED THAT THE CONDITIONS WERE DANGEROUS. IN TWO PLACES, COLLAPSE OF THE TRACK SURFACE WAS POSSIBLE UNDER LOAD. THE RETURN ROAD WAS UNUSABLE AND ACCESS DIFFICULT. THE NEXT HILLCLIMB WILL BE HELD APRIL 25th.

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PLAYHOUSE OF THE MONTH.

Scene 1: Well known Car Club Treasurer sitting in comfortable chair. Woe is she. "Fancy being incapacitated like this. Stupid knee. Dumb Doctor. Why didn't he cut my leg off and then I could have a wooden leg and no knee to pain me so" she moans.

Scene 2: The chairside telephone is ringing. Well known incapacitated Car Club Treasurer answers it thinking "Ah! someone to console me and my paining knee".

W.K.C.C.T.: "Hello"

CALLER: "Surprise! Surprise!.. Congratulations!
 You have just won 3 free DANCING lessons"

W.K.C.C.T.: "***%&??!!%*!&@%*!!".

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MOVIE NIGHT.

FRIDAY MARCH 12TH

CLUB ROOMS 8:00 AM.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear People,

I read with interest and amusement your re-run of "The Wettex Special" in the last edition. I think I can offer a little more colour to the story which is true!

The TC involved was a quite nice old dear I bought from Denis Geary. My reasonable experience with MGs is that you'd need a good reason to buy and drive a TC at any time, and I did it because the TD I raced was vile to drive around on the road and attracted every cop and boy racer in Brisbane anyway, due to full race cam, undisclosed compression ratio, extractor exhaust and the like.

After realising that anything was really better to drive than a TC, I sold it to Iain Corness together with mumbled warnings about low oil pressure - which he proceeded, typically, to ignore.

Remarkably it took about eighteen months for him to drive past the ladies Teacher Training College and introduce the inside of the engine to the outside. I'm not sure whether that testifies to the remarkable strength of the XPAG engine or the combined talent of the young things attending college that year. Perhaps both, but anybody who drove in anything with Corness in those days would know that a rev-counter had only one end to him.

He even ran the TC in motorkhanas with the wettexes rammed in the side of the block with a packet of spares in the passenger seat!

If I may offer a little history to your hillclimb fans concerning Corness's megendary 'Super Bee' - I can testify that that great car never ran at Mount Cotton with the twin-cam head - in fact it had only standard gear ratios and was in an early stage of development. So to dissappoint those who compare any times made now with Bees, but I'm afraid that we'll never know what the combined talents of the Wettex driver and that incredible twin cam would have done at the Mount, but with my knowledge of all maybes I suggest about 48 seconds, maybe some less.

We can at least have fun wondering.

Yours sincerely,
BRIAN TEBBLE.

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NEXT RACE MEETING.

LAKE SIDE

APRIL 3RD & 4TH.

The Official Magazine of the M.G. Car Club (Queensland Centre)
 Affiliated with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport.

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