

NEWSLETTER OF
THE THOROUGHbred
SPORTS CAR CLUB.



top

gear

No. 6
April 1984

Monteverdi the Magnificent The Swiss Car without Holes!!

In 1974, Road and Track writer, Paul Frere, wrote:

If distinction lies in exclusivity, then the most distinctive cars in the world must be those built in Peter Monteverdi's workshops in Basel, Switzerland: they added a mere 45 units to the world's automotive rolling stock in 1973.

However, normal output is around 70 units per year, as when Monteverdi 375L, 2+2 GT, chassis number 2037R, was completed in 1971.

There is no such thing as a Monteverdi factory. Peter Monteverdi, a former motor

racing driver and a successful BMW and British Leyland dealer, engineered and conducted all of the experimental work. He designed the bodies in collaboration with Fissore in Italy.

The bodies were fabricated by a small specialised coachbuilder in



Turin – the chassis space frames were produced in Basel.

Mechanical components all come from outside suppliers: powertrain from Chrysler, brakes from Girling, steering from ZF, front suspension from Alford and Alder, the limited slip differential is Salisbury, and alloy wheels from Borrani.

Final assembly takes place in the Basel workshops.

This car was imported into Australia in 1972 and exhibited for sale at the Melbourne Motor Show that year at the modest price of \$32,000 (at that time a Mercedes Benz 280SL cost \$12,000). The importers' rather ambitious but unsuccessful intent was to create a market for the Monteverdi marque in Australia.

My purpose in buying the Monteverdi in June 1978 was to restore all components and to keep the car for exhibitions and for driving for sheer pleasure. The complete restoration has taken four years.

Initially the car was given to John Leffler, Australian Gold Star champion who completely rebuilt the suspension to specifications. He also repaired all faulty mechanical components with his typical thorough and professional approach. The original Carter carburettor was replaced by a high performance quad-throat Holley.

Then, as time and finances permitted, electrical parts were refurbished, including the starter motor, alternator, regulator and cutouts.

The final restoration involved the drivetrain, the interior and body work, so the engine, gearbox and rear end were removed. The engine heads were removed and planed, the bottom-end fully inspected and found to be in excellent condition. The gearbox and differential were dismantled and rebuilt to specifications, except that a lower differential ratio was installed. This improves acceleration and also compensates for the larger profile rear tyres – high speed no longer being possible on Australian roads.

Prior to respraying the car all rust was removed and all filler replaced by new metal panels.



The car was then completely sprayed with BMW 'gold' enamel and given further coats of clear lacquer to resist fading in the Australian sun. All leather upholstery, which had deteriorated even though constantly waxed, was removed, and the car was fully re-upholstered in beige and brown suedette material, and re-carpeted.

Although larger than most four-door sedans, the Monteverdi does not feel like a large saloon. The performance, handling, excellent visibility and driving characteristics see to that. However, it does have many sedate qualities due to sound proofing, air-conditioning, automatic transmission, power brakes and steering.

Therefore, it is possible to enjoy the Monteverdi in the city or on the open road, the latter being the most attractive. Because the speed

limit of 100 kph requires only a little over 2000 revs per minute and there is no such thing as an up-hill, one is never aware of travelling any distance (or of speed for that matter).

Being designed for Autobahns, it is a handful on tight, twisty roads, although the suspension geometry is excellent and the limited slip differential most effective for power-on driving. It is possible to drive hundreds of miles non-stop, and step out feeling relaxed and fresh.

High speed handling is surprisingly good for a car of this size, due to the low unsprung weight, and the use of a precisely located De Dion rear axle with inboard disk brakes, parallel links and a transverse Watt linkage. Adjustable Koni shock absorbers are concentrically inserted in the coil springs all round.

The reliable Chrysler 7.2 litre (440 cubic inch) engine is modified to give 375 brake horsepower (hence the 375 designation) and drives through the Chrysler 3 speed Torque Flite automatic transmission.

Maximum acceleration can be achieved by hand-shifting the gears, but this would rarely be necessary. There is no wheel-spin, the torque of the engine just thrusting the car forward smoothly and consistently. No jerky gear changes, simply a drop in engine revs and you are already going too fast.

The Monteverdi is a beautiful classic car visually, and is constructed with the precision and care of a Swiss watchmaker.

To again quote Paul Frere of *Road and Track*:

Real exclusivity and a car that will never be dated must be worth something to those who can afford to pay the price.

Chassis: Rigid box-section space frame

Independent front suspension, parallel wishbones, coil springs, adjustable Koni shock absorbers, stabiliser bar and power steering. Rear suspension with De Dion Tube, Watt linkage, parallel upper and lower trailing radius arms, coil springs and adjustable Koni shock absorbers.

Wheels: 15" x 7" Borrani alloy, splined with knock-ons
235/60.15 Goodrich TA low profile radials, front
255/60.15 Goodrich TA low profile radials, rear

Dimensions: Wheelbase : 266 cm (104.7")
Track : 150 cm (59.0") front; 146 cm (57.4") rear
Length : 480 cm (188.9")
Width : 179.5 cm (70.6")
Height : 127 cm (50.0")
Ground Clearance : 15 cm (5.9")
Turning Circle : 1190 cm (39')
Weight : 1680 kg (3630 lb) empty
Fuel Capacity : 1151 litres (25.5 gallons)

Brakes: Dual circuit, dual vacuum - servo power assisted disks (inboard at rear)

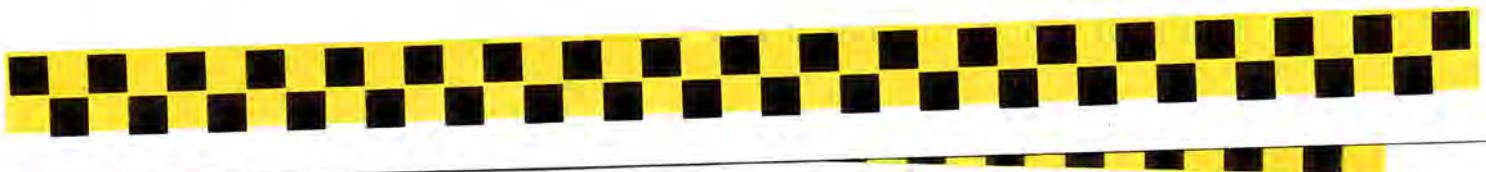
Engine: Chrysler 'Magnum 440' 90° V8
Bore : 109.72 mm, stroke 95.25 mm
Displacement : 7206 cc (440 cubic inches)
Compression Ratio : 10.1:1
Carburation : Holley 4 barrel (small primaries, large secondaries)
Power : 375 bhp (SAE) at 4600 rpm
Torque : 480 lb ft

Gearbox: Chrysler 3 speed Torque Flite automatic

Drivetrain: Salisbury power lock limited slip differential

Performance: Top speed : 250 kph (155 mph)
Acceleration : 0-100 kph (60 mph) in 6 secs
Standing km (0.621 miles) in 25 secs
Fuel Consumption : 16-20 L/100 km (11-15 mpg)

Accessories: Air-conditioning, power windows, radio/cassette, power aerial, rear window demister, electric engine cooling fan, air horns, sports steering wheel



A Mirror full of SCIMITAR (and a whole lot more!)

Red . . . it was red . . . and it would not stay in one place. Suddenly, on the left, then the right – getting closer . . . gone! Where? Has he spun or is he inside me again, cheeky devil! Hasn't he read that there is no substitute for CC's? Didn't I demonstrate that very clearly when I out-accelerated him to the first corner?

And now he has caught up to me and is attempting to get past on every corner. Here I am, holding on for grim death, on (if not over) the limit, drifting towards that cement wall, and he's actually ahead, passed me.

I'll show him!! I'll get away enough on the straight to hold him off again. So – put the boot in . . . retake the lead . . . wave to the adoring fan club (6 girls, 5 of them under 13) . . . onto the brakes and into the sweeping left-hander. But what's that red blur in the corner of my eye? He has out-braked me and is closing rapidly. We are back where we started – except why are my brakes requiring pumping? I am going faster but losing time drifting and being untidy. He is not moving from side to side – I am.

And he is on the right line, I can see him out the side window. Cannot help thinking of Brock's Valiant's attempts to hold off Moffit's Mazda which climbs all over him in the corners but can't keep up on the straights. Thank God neither Jim nor I want to bingle – we do not have wealthy sponsors to pay the repair bills (is it because we don't smoke?).

Back to reality. He has recognised that a sideways Monteverdi does not leave much room for passing and has instead set himself up for the final corner as I fight for control (that cement fence looks awful hard).

He is inside me again; I am drifting wider; he has taken the lead; we are onto the straight, accelerating hard, side by side; over the line together and the crowd goes wild. It is a photo finish.

We both know that we have won, and had a great dice. I think I would rather fill someone else's mirror next time, nibbling away, and being able to see what is happening – being goliath is hard work.

I do not know how Jim talked me into it, but am pleased he did.

Next time . . .

Garry Bruce



FLYING HIGH V

For the ten members (and their partners) who braved the early morning elements on a sleepy Sunday morning, a fun day was in store.

Some of us met at 7.40am at the Prospect Hotel (in the carpark) to drive to Bathurst in convoy. On the way it was fortunate our beloved Secretary needed a comfort stop just before Lithgow – a radar trap was obscured around the next corner.

At Bathurst, although the day was fine it was cool, with a gusty crosswind adding to the excitement flying down Conrod Straight.

The organisation for the event was typically 'club/casual' – adequate, and at times

entertaining. In consideration of our long trip home, our members were allowed to run in the morning session.

By far the best performance of the day was by Siggy Schuler, and he also recorded fastest time in his class and for our club. In fact, he was only beaten by a Holden Monaro (by 30 kph), a Torana, a Cortina, and three Falcons – thoroughbreds all!

The Bathurst light car club demonstrated little respect for our shiny, pretty, expensive cars and if they are not careful we won't compete against them again.

For those of us that participated, it went like this.

The start for the run-up is on the last curve after Forest elbow (the actual beginning of the straight). On being given the nod,

wave or thumbs up, it is a matter of pushing the foot through the floor until it hurts, it is time to change gear, something goes bang, or it is time to stop.

Therefore, the more intelligent entrant has little advantage except that bangs may be less likely. Photoelectric cells record your entering 'the traps' (unless your name is Trevor Larkey who apparently flew over it), and leaving same, such time then being converted at a later time to kph. For we old fellows, we then have to convert that to mph so we know how fast we went.

In the production 2851 cc and over class, in which all of our cars were grouped, Siggy (216.87) reigned supreme, being fastest on every run (there were 4), but Les Johnson in the Aston (212.39)



really gave him a nudge on the second run, being only .63 of a kph slower. Some say money changed hands as Les then slowed down a fraction, whilst Siggy went faster. I had hoped the Monteverdi (209.30) might give the Aston some competition, but could not extract that extra 3.09 kph needed, and I certainly pushed my foot to the floor until it hurt, and it was flying over the Conrod humps.

There was close competition in the group, with Mike De Cross' E-type recording 202.82 to lead Trevor Larkey (201.68), Vicky Larkey (220.00), and Ray Ross' E-type (199.45).

The superior technical expertise of our members was evident at the event, with Trevor debating whether to remove his air-cleaner, Ray averaging only 75 mph on two runs until he slammed the bonnet in disgust to get the extra 50 mph – it goes on and on.

Next, we had our competition Secretary pushing the graceful

Jaguar XK140 through the traps to record an impressive 182.74, to beat the Scimitars of David Muir (173.91), and Jim Peters' coughing and spluttering 169.41.

For those males who scorn women drivers, how is this? –

T. Larkey	(Mrs) V. Larkey
201.12	199.45
197.80	195.65
201.68	196.19
199.45	200.00

Congratulations, Vicky on knowing when to slow down, even if you do not know where the red line is.

I found travelling at 135 mph over the Conrod humps complete with crosswind a little frightening. But my erstwhile companion, Karin, found being a spectator more frightening as she watched several cars virtually jump from one side of the straight to the other, including the well known Cheetah racing car of Brian Keegan. One BLCC member managed to spin his Sprite at the end of Conrod after an

exhilarating 134 kph (84 mph) run, to our amusement and his embarrassment.

The highlights of the day, though, were the BLCC guys in their modified beasts. The winning Monaro achieved 154.64 mph (274.42 kph) on its second attempt, to the absolute delight of the locals and shock and horror to our members. Strangely enough, both the Monaro and an innocuous country Falcon ute, which achieved 218.84, looked as stable as the Ferraris – so they were not simply big bangers. However, you would not catch me in either of them; I like to have a lower control of gravity.

With the cars back in road trim (tools and esky back in boot), we make our way east over the other mountain. For several of us, the cars have gone back into their respective garages to await their next sporting event.

We all had a pleasant Sunday drive and picnic, with a few 'cheap thrills' thrown in. Let us hope next year we can find more than ten starters.

Games Evening

A highly successful fund-raising evening was held at Marshall Manor during the year, at which the roulette wheel rolled, the baccarat table barked, and the crown and anchor table hauled in the cash.

This evening was extremely well supported by the club, with nearly 100 members and friends dressing in flamboyantly formal attire. We were delighted that everyone went to the trouble of dressing accordingly. The quality of the outfits was stunning and most appropriate to the spirit of the evening. The house was arranged and furnished in the best tradition of a high-class Casino, a live pianist adding to the atmosphere.

Approximately 30 members were involved as croupiers, bar attendants, bankers, and general management. Many of these members spent the entire evening at their stations and ensured that the evening ran smoothly.



The profit for the night, after expenses, was approximately \$980, somewhat assisted by the generosity of Antoine Kazzie and his friend. The banker noted only one member cashing chips for

'money' – these Scotsmen are so tight! Not to mention the horny dress his accomplice poured herself into . . . so tight she had to lie on the back seat of the Aston Martin. I thought they were better





Eyes down for a full house



organised – but perhaps the car had not yet been ‘christened’?

John and Jenny Lahan arranged the photography for the evening, but unfortunately many members did not take this advantage – a great pity as the costumes were truly fantastic and set the whole night off to a T. I am pleased to be able to report that I have checked the silver and all appears to be present and accounted for.

Shirley and I were relieved to see the cleanup crew arrive on Sunday morning and would like to thank the Williams’, Roland Clark, and Chris Johnson for their assistance in cleaning the house and refurbishing.

All in all we had a wonderful, elegant, profitable evening. I must mention in particular the Larkeys who provided a wonderful supper and arranged all the catering.

The supper was absolutely superb. I have more recently visited their North Sydney shop which is definitely not for dieters!

Thank you everyone for a memorable evening.

Bill Marshall

The Jenolan Caves Weekend

Being one of the more recent members to join the Thoroughbred Car Club we naturally participated in the Observation Run which was destined to end at Jenolan Caves House. Coming second in the rally held no advantages, we soon found out, when Bill Marshall promptly allotted us the task of writing the story.

An observation run **can be** an exhilarating and humorous event as each car battles the clock to obtain the correct answers within the given time. Up early on a Saturday morning to meet your rivals, or beat them, whichever the case may be, can easily tax one’s system. However, Jim and Val Peters were first to arrive, and being the only ones there

apparently, headed for the closest and only cafe lounge for a hot cuppa before leaving.

With 5 minute intervals the 15 or so cars and their occupants were on their way, leaving Kurmond Garage behind. For the next 55 miles we were all subjected to freezing temperatures as we ran through an old cemetery and round and round Foo’s Loo in search of signs and clues to answer those tricky questions. After all, what else would grandfathers like than grannies?

Everyone finished at Hampton Halfway House, relieved to be out of the cold and in front of the fire. Later, we all met up at Jenolan Caves House – best described as a grand old motel with spacious

dining facilities. I note the dining room is probably most remembered for the time we seemed to spend in there.

After a walk through the caves or along a bush track it was almost time to eat again. Dinner at 7.30pm, being a July Christmas Dinner, was most successful, followed afterwards with the announcing of the winners to the rally. Unfortunately, ‘time’ was the deciding factor out of the 3 cars in a tie. Jim and Val managed a quick 2 hrs 17 mins, Scott and myself not far behind on 2 hrs 20 mins.

The victory, as you noticed, was not ours but when we saw the trophy donated by Trevor Larkey we felt more than victorious. That ‘eye’ can remain with Jim and



Val for as long as they wish – all they need now is another to make a pair!

A late night for some, we were up early for a hearty breakfast at 8am, followed by a romp through some more caves. Then on to our next destination through the Blue Mountains to the Chalet and another 3 course meal at Medlow Bath. A unique restaurant combined with open fires, a competent piano player, and good conversation as Sunday afternoon slipped away.

All in all, everyone I'm sure had a thoroughly relating and enjoyable weekend away.

Until the next . . . *Susan Larkey*



Christmas Fare

The venue for our club's Christmas Dinner is always a difficult selection for the committee, given our criteria of privacy, dance floor with good music, and, most importantly, price.

This year it came up trumps, thanks to our member Christine McKay's connections with the Southern Pacific Hotel Group and their Travelodge at Camperdown.

On Saturday, December 3, we arrived at the Camperdown Travelodge to find our own private room, delightfully set with circular tables seating ten people, adorned with a beautiful rose for each lady courtesy of Sue Williams and Joan Johnson. The festive atmosphere increased as the 70-odd members gathered to chat before sitting for the dinner. All the ladies matched the occasion in their glamorous evening attire.

The menu had been chosen to reflect the occasion and we enjoyed a traditional Christmas fare of pea soup, turkey with cranberry sauce, and hot plum pudding. This was digested with liberal servings of wine before, during, and long, long afterwards!

Our retiring President, Bill Marshall, was Master of Ceremonies for the trophy presentations of which there were many – all justly deserved by the winners who, however, were a little reluctant at times (or even

lost at times) to say a few scintillating words of acceptance into the microphone thrust under their startled noses, their eyes glazed with the flashing of bulbs from our press photographer, Vicki Larkey.

Our club champion for 1983, Mark Anthony, was unable to be there that night to accept his glittering array of trophies, but it is believed that Jan Belshaw is dusting them in Mark's absence overseas! We know you didn't volunteer, Jan, but keep up the good work!

The serious, but often hilarious, part of the ceremonies over with, the disc jockey from Mobydisc swung into action and so did our members. The dance floor bounced under the gyrations of our physical members. In fact, so much so that the dance floor parted in sections at times, ensnaring the heels of our elegantly shod ladies.

But hasty work by the men soon pushed the sections together again until the next 'parting of the ways'.

Undeterred, we tripped the light fantastic until 12.30am, having all joined in with grace and agility during group efforts for Greek and Jewish dancing, and then rendered the Maori's farewell in voices which would have brought tears to the eyes of a choirmaster.

The evening finished around 1.00am. Those few wise ones who had booked rooms for the night at the motel fought to keep their room numbers from becoming known to the ones who obviously wished to party on (no names, no pack drill). The departure of one of our members has made it obvious that the 'bonnets-up' trophy should perhaps be renamed the 'bottoms-up' trophy, as we refuse to have a new trophy category for mooning!!

A great evening was had by all who attended our 1983 Christmas Dinner and it was a fitting climax to another successful year for our club. See you all at the 1984 Christmas Dinner. *Val Peterson*



The Archetypal Prancing Horse Ferrari 275GTB

The Ferrari 275GTB was one of the last handmade road Ferraris to be produced. The model was released at the Paris Motor Show in October 1964 as what we now call the 'short nose' version. At the Frankfurt show in September 1965, a revised model was shown – the 'long nose' or GTB/2.

The long nose car had been developed to overcome complaints of high-speed instability, occasioned by front end lift. The nose was lengthened and lowered, while the air intake was reduced in size. A new, larger rear window was installed, and the boot increased in size by moving the hinges externally.

There were many technical advances first seen on a road Ferrari when the 275 was unveiled at the Paris Motor Show.

This Berlinetta was the first road-going Ferrari to have independent rear suspension, and was the first Berlinetta to use the combined gearbox differential in a single unit situated at the rear of the car. The engine was connected to the gearbox assembly by a drive shaft, which was to be the subject of several modifications before the final solution, with a torque tube, was seen in 1966. The early cars used the magnesium alloy wheels that were current on the racing Ferraris, and the series 2 cars used the later pattern wheel that was being used on the 1966 racing cars. The 275GTB was one of the first road cars to be fitted with magnesium wheels but Borrani wire wheels were available as an option.

These cars underwent a steady evolution, with several recognisable variations of the original concept being evident. The first change appeared about mid-May 1965 (S/N 7543) when a ZF limited slip differential replaced the earlier dog and pawl systems. The long nose prototype was introduced in late June 1965, and shortly after, the clutch was changed from the Fichlel and Sachs to a Borg and Beck system and the drive shaft modified.

In November 1965 another series of changes were introduced, which included modified cylinder heads and pistons, alterations to the fuel tanks, a new steering assembly, and oil pump and springs for the front and rear. The final major improvement came probably on 1st January 1966 when the torque tube and transaxle were introduced, necessitating a revised block, crank and clutch assembly. This last series, ie the long nose torque tube cars, were the most desirable.

The total production of 275GTBs was approximately 455, of which about 29 were of the right hand drive, GTB/2T variation. My car is the fourth last 275GTB assembled, and the only one of its type (GTB/2T) in the country.

The 275 engine was the final flowering of the original 1946, 1.5 litre, single overhead camshaft V12 engine designed by Gioacchino Colombo. In the following 20 years, the output from this fantastic engine was increased from a respectable initial 75 bhp at 4500 rpm, to a staggering 390 bhp at 7500 rpm in the special 1962 Le Mans-winning GTO. During this gestation period the engine appeared in many forms and increased its output more than fivefold. In 1949, this 1.5 litre engine was fitted with twin overhead cams and twin superchargers to develop 310 bhp at 7500 rpm. Subsequent modifications led to the 250 series (3 litre) which powered many of the sports and racing Ferraris of



the 1950s and early 1960s. The 275 thus descended from an impeccable heritage, its ancestors having won every race of note from Formula 1 to sports car racing.

'Racing improves the breed' is no more aptly portrayed than with the 275 Ferraris.

The 275 engine first powered the highly successful 1964 275P.

A prototype is, by definition, a small production experimental sports racing car. The first series 275LM (Le Mans) – also known as 250LM – sports racing car, was a 275P with a roof, and was subsequently produced as a direct development of the prototype. The 275P was improved for 1965 as the 275P/2. The 275GTB incorporated many of the developments which had evolved during the 275P and the LM series. In passing, only 32 275LM racing cars were built.

Aesthetically the 275 series continued the classic Pininfarina body style that had been immortalised by the 250 series cars. In particular, the GTB looked almost identical to the mighty 250GTO (1962-64) – the last real front engine racing Ferrari. The long phallic nose, the voluptuous hips of the rear wheel arch, the upswept trailing edge of the boot lid forming a rear wing, are obvious similarities between the GTO and GTB. The same beautiful lines are also evident in the 275P and 275LM – but of course these cars are rear engine.

The 275GTB had a very impressive racing history, especially at Le Mans where it

won the GT class in 1965, '66, and '67.

Even more meritorious is the fact that 80% of the 275GTBs entered at Le Mans finished the race, where it is not uncommon for less than 25% of the cars to finish. The 275GTB won a number of important races, including Class wins in the 1966 Targa Florio race, the International ADAC 1000 km race at Rennen 1966, the 1967 1000 km Monza race, etc.

My car (S/N 8961) was originally delivered new to a middle-aged Italian signor from Alessandria in Northern Italy. The only problem that this gentleman had was a minor altercation which required the replacement of the nose from the mid-wheel arch forward. The car was then acquired by Peter Gentry through Achilli Motors in Milan. It stayed there for about six months before being imported into Australia. The car was subsequently sold to Les Miller, before passing to its next real

owner, Colin Morris of Sydney, who lavished considerable care on the car before passing it on to Geoff Illingsworth and thence to myself. The car is just completing a full rebuild, and will appear in February in its new red livery, replacing the original dark blue.

The engine has been rebuilt by Rolly Boldy of our club, and Classic Autocraft undertook considerable bodywork – with a price tag to match!

More importantly, Western Bodyworks has just completed the most immaculate paint job. The quality of the work that Western has done cannot be faulted, and I cannot recommend this company highly enough. The interior is being completely renewed by John De Vine and should be beautiful. My mechanic, Peter Simms, will be completing the restoration. Peter has recently taken over the preparation of my cars and what an immaculate job he does.



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Welcome to 1984. This being my first President's Report, I feel I must start by thanking Bill Marshall who, as President for the first three years of the club, saw a 'lot of action', and to the committee members who worked to make the year successful.

1983 was an eventful year with a full racing calendar, social events, and the Motor Show. Membership increased, with club member card no. 80 being issued. Throughout the pages of this

magazine, the unforgettable moments of '83 will be revealed – read on.

Looking forward to the 1984 programme, we have tried to further increase the variety of events and we have one drag meeting, two hill climbs, one flying fifth, four Oran Park, three Amaroo Park, five Motorkanas, five weekend aways, one fishing trip, two dinners, one concourse, three boat trips, twelve club meetings, six movie nights, Motor Club Show, observation runs, and many more.

I know it is an old story, but all of these events will only be as good as members make them. Being a good club member means participating.

Elsewhere in this magazine is the complete itinerary, together with the organising person to contact for these social and competition events. Decide now, and register your interest early.

Make 1984 our most successful year yet.

I hope you find the calendar of events interesting, and I look forward to seeing most of you at all of the events.

Jim Peters



THINGS TO
DO TOGETHER

CALENDAR

1984

FEBRUARY

24-26TH

FRI-SUN



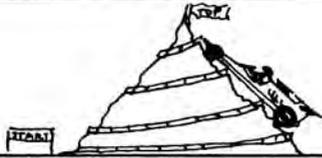
HAWKESBURY RIVER WEEKEND

Akuna Bay and away.
Need indication of numbers
immediately. Bookings due to close
by February 10th. Ring now.

MARCH

10-11TH

SAT-SUN



CANBERRA HILL CLIMB

Around in circles till you reach
the top.
Dinner with the host club, and a
chance to be on TV at no extra
cost, plus a day at 'The Races'.

MARCH

17TH

SAT



ST PATRICK'S DAY DINNER

Curzon Hall, Marsfield
Green or orange potatoes on MENU.
20 to 40 heads.
Private room.

APRIL

28-29TH

SAT-SUN



CONCOURSE WEEKEND

Annesly Westwood Guest House
Bowral
Booked 20 heads, \$20 per double.
Dinner Sat night, \$7 per head. BYO.
Safe parking for your valuables.

JUNE

23-24TH

SAT-SUN



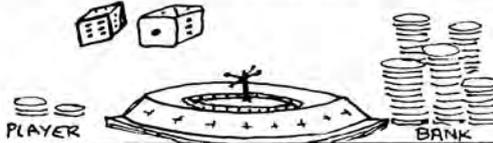
JENOLAN CAVES WEEKEND

Where Else? Formal
Booked 20 heads.
\$79 per room with 100 or
\$53 per room without
Dinner Sat night at \$18 per head.

AUGUST

25TH

SAT



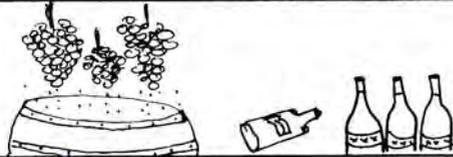
GAMES NIGHT

If You Are!
Venue to be found.
Nothing illegal.
Cheaper than Las Vegas.
Bankcard not accepted.

OCTOBER

26-28TH

FRI-SUN



HUNTER VALLEY WEEKEND

Grape View Lodge
If you are still over .05 on Sunday,
you can stay the night at no extra
cost.
Booked for 24 heads @ \$50 each.

DECEMBER

15TH

SAT



CHRISTMAS DINNER

and (SUR) PRIZE giving
DINNER-DRINKS-DANCING
Venue to be announced. We can go
back to the 1983 location (for a
change).



BOOKINGS - QUESTIONS

GARRY BRUCE 439 8333 (BUSINESS HOURS)



STOP
PRESS

Support your Mag.

Engage brain in gear and start writing - Exposures, Scandles & Blackmail
all considered as long as the Editor gets his percentage. Saucy pictures,
naked cars - please forward for the editor's perusal.

Attention - The - Editor Geoff Belshaw,
Anthony Simpson Graphics, 5 Bryson Street, Chatswood 2067 Tel: 411 4228