

When you get a sudden, mad urge to go nowhere in particular . . . burn up the miles . . . feel the whip of the wind. Is it love, fate — or a slight touch of the compulsive, highly contagious MGB? Is yours a restless, driving, nagging, aching, longing to proceed immediately to your nearest MGB showroom? Why fight it? Remember: MGB drivers rarely travel alone. (You may have noticed it).



**The Octagon Spirit . . .  
the irresistible force  
of a highly movable  
object.**

