

# The Dipstick



“The Newsletter of the Tidewater MG Classics Car Club”

www.mg.org

Volume XXXIII, Issue 12

Dedicated To Preserving The Marque Since 1973

December 2006

## MARQUE TIME

Many thanks to Anita and Ron for hosting our November meeting. Yet again the weather had an effect on the number of MGs present, but it certainly didn't stop the members from showing up.

Speaking of the weather, it seems that lately Mother Nature has not smiled fondly on the MG community. As I recall, the August meeting was too hot, September meeting too wet. October saw Waynesboro rained out and the November meeting was cold and wet. Then this past Sunday Beckey and I were planning to meet Colin in Williamsburg to drive his 'B to Virginia Beach for the winter, but again the weather didn't play along. I do have a solution however. Seven years ago, our current Activities Coordinator was the President of the Kellam High School Band Parents Association. It was the responsibility of the Band Parent President to ensure good weather for each performance. Now I'm not one to give secrets away, but it did involve a certain kind of dance the night before a performance. Maybe if she danced the night before an MG event.....

Colin's 'B did make it to Virginia Beach for the winter. He felt an obligation to let his landlord use the garage during the winter, and didn't want his MG sitting outside, unprotected. At least that's his story and he's sticking to it. I'm sure it's coincidental that I found a wish-list of “things that I would like done to the MG” on the driver's seat when Robin and I went up to Richmond to pick it up.

At least I have an MG in my driveway again. My 'B has had its bodywork completed and I must admit it looks great. Now it just needs to be painted. Maybe by the time we have the Holiday Lights drive-out....

I hope each and every one of you had a very happy Thanksgiving and I wish you all a very happy holiday season.

Safety Fast,  
Alan

## UPCOMING ACTIVITIES

Check www.mg.org for the latest info!

- Dec. 8** Holiday party at Jim & Betty Villers'. Map on back page. See your invitation for more details.
- Dec. 12** Dipstick Deadline
- Dec. 27** Holiday Light Tour. See page 3 and watch for details by e-mail or snail mail.
- Jan. 2** Meeting at Frankie's Place for Ribs
- Jan. 12** Dipstick Deadline

*Happy  
Holidays!*



## Officers and Committees

President	Alan Watson	426-2600
Vice President	J.D. Hawthorne	723-0630
Secretary	Michele Peters	482-1012
Treasurer	Jim Villers	481-6398
Editors	Peggy Craig	226-7755
	Susan Bond	482-5222
Membership	Robin Watson	721-9277
Activities	Beckey Watson	426-2600
Historian	Susan Bond	482-5222
Technical	Mark Childers	432-9155
Regalia	Becky Hassler	874-1477
Clubs	Mike Ash	495-0307
Webmaster	Mike Haag	mikeh@whro.net

# NOVEMBER MINUTES

Michele Peters

We began our November meeting at Ron and Anita Struewing's home at 8:12 PM on the 7th. The Struewings have a lovely home in Virginia Beach. We all thought we had died and gone to heaven when we got a look at all the scrumptious food that awaited us after the meeting. You will be able to see that these Minutes are probably the shortest in my illustrious life as MG Club Secretary....there is definitely a reason... and I'm not the only one that sort of rushed through the meeting so we could get to the victuals sooner. Anyone who attended the meeting and got a mouthful of Anita's offerings will agree...the food just keeps getting better. Now that alone is enough to encourage anyone to attend one of our meetings, even in the pouring rain, like it was that night. Dark, wet, nasty...but the rewards were oh, so g-o-o-d ! Thank you both, for a deliciously, relaxed monthly meeting (Anita, do you cater?)

A motion was made by El Presidente to approve the October minutes, but, unbelievably, an objection was made to MY minutes...I couldn't believe my ears, and frankly, I think the entire convened membership was in *shock* at the objection. The room went silent; no one knew what to say. What was to be done? Where had the objection emanated from? We all looked around the room in disbelief, and lo and behold, the culprit called out again, his objection to the minutes as published...can you believe (all of you who were not there) that it was ROBIN WATSON?! Robin piped up with the *correction* that the \$107.28 disbursed to him had been for printing *The Dipstick*, not the directory. Well, *E X C U S E me*, Robin!! Gee, out of the pages and pages of information that I am required to report on a monthly basis, I got ONE thing wrong...yeah, that's bad...hey, why don't you FIRE me..after all, I did get ONE thing wrong now...come on, step up to the plate, buddy, you wanna make an issue out of it, come on, now...let's see whatcha got...Yeah, that's what I thought; ain't too big to complain, but when it comes to doin' something about it, now that's a different story....

**New Members and Guests:** There were no new members or guests this month, which worked out very nicely, as there was more food to split among fewer people (I think I had this same emotion last month...). Of course, we actually DID see Mark Childers for the first time in, well, let's see... it's been so long...hmmm...it was sort of like we *did* have a new member...

**Vice-President:** J.D. was absent; wow, too bad, J.D., you missed truly *awesome* food...

**Treasurer:** Jim Villers was present without Betty (where were you, Betty? We missed you!) and advised us that we had a balance forward from October of \$2,977.59. Our receipts included *nothing* from raffle

and regalia (What the *heck*, Becky?!) and \$100 from dues. Disbursements included \$105.23 to Robin Watson for mailing and printing (I have no idea WHAT was being mailed and printed, and I am not about to presume...), \$326 to Beckey Watson for the Pig Roast, \$63.00 to Beckey Watson for *The Dipstick*, \$166.95 to Robin Watson for mailing and printing (again?...who knows what?), \$40 to Ron Struewing for the November meeting and \$40 to Becky Hassler for the October meeting. Our new balance is \$2,336.18.

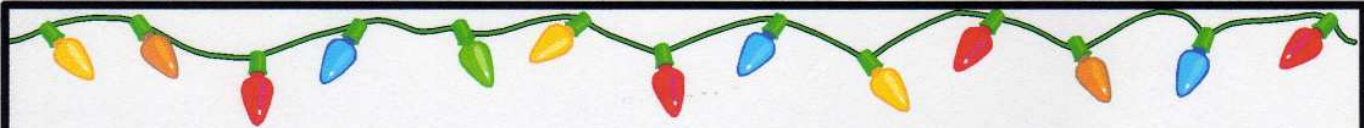
**Activities:** Beckey reminded us that the last Tech Session of the year will be at Jim and Betty Villers' home on Sunday, November 19 at 10:00 AM. Somehow, I was just scratching my head and El Presidente jumped on that and assumed I was raising my hand to volunteer to write up that event. Well, I actually was just scratching my head, but it's so hard to dispute our fearless leader....so, I caved.

The Holiday Party is also at Jim and Betty's. I think Becky said that it was going to be on December 8<sup>th</sup>, but I'm not sure about that (even though I have had to endure great heartache because of my last *faux pas*, I will be courageous and make the call...yes, I say it is December 8<sup>th</sup> (but you may want to check elsewhere in *The Dipstick*, just to make sure). By the way, we are supposed to bring our gifts to the Holiday party for the various folks who could use some help this season, such as a single mom with twins, senior citizens, another mom who has four children and was burned out of her home, and others who could really use some care and assistance this season. Anyway, I hope that more information is available in this issue...

Don't forget the After Christmas Holiday Lights Top Down Cruise, this year at the Norfolk Botanical Gardens on December 27. We are hoping to have them open up the restaurant for us so we can stop over for some hot cocoa (and whatever you may wish to surreptitiously add to your hot cocoa...). Robert and I didn't get to go last year, but I understand it was a lot of fun, and we always love to drive with the top down, whenever possible. We are slated to meet at a diner before we set out for our chilly tops-down ride. Hopefully someone else has the information on which diner and where and when, cuz I sure don't. (OK, I might not be the greatest Secretary this club ever had, but aren't I cute?)

**Clubs:** Mike was absent and therefore had nothing to report. Alan reported for him that Gary is joining a Gathering of the Faithful at Jekyll's Island (did I spell that right? Well, if not, just pretend I did) in Georgia in April; hmmm, or was that Gary *joined* a Gathering of the Faithful at Jekyll's Island in Georgia *last* April... OK, just remember, this is NOT a paid position....

**Historian:** Susan noted that she doesn't have her act together. There are no albums. There is nothing. Go away.



## Norfolk Botanical Gardens Holiday Lights

Tentatively scheduled for Wednesday, Dec 27th

Final arrangements are being made as this goes to print so Beckey will send out an email blast to everyone to confirm date, time, place to meet and all other details.

Watch your email for more information!



**Newsletter:** Susan did note, however, that she and Peggy are doing fine (um, OK, Sue that's a little bipolar....), as long as everyone keeps writing. There was more talk about putting *The Dipstick* on PDF format on the internet, and as of this writing, Mike Haag had actually done it and it *looks awesome*, Mike. Now the membership seems to be saying that we *should* put the newsletter on the internet, and not worry about losing the dues that members won't have to pay to read it (but you know what, the members will *have to pay* to go on all the activities cuz *we will all know* who hasn't paid their dues – maybe we can get Robin to post their names, photos, addresses, social security numbers and places of employment on a “bulletin board of shame” on our web site? Now that should keep people paying...)

**Membership:** Robin reported that we have 96 members (OK, I'm shaking in my boots, Robin...did I get this wrong? Will the minutes have to be *objected to* as published and *corrected*?). Robin reports (I think) that we lost 23 members because we started off with 110...hey, wait a minute, that doesn't add up, Robin...uh, are you blaming this on me? I think I got it right...you *did* say we have 96 members and we lost 23 and we started with 110...I've got it right here on paper... Anyway, we did have one new member: Steven Daniel who has a '79B and lives in Chesapeake.

**Technical:** Mark was actually with us at the November meeting. Several of us were blinking in disbelief that this club officer was actually attending a club meeting... whoa! He brought a digital caliper with him for Show and Tell that he bought for \$8 at Harbor Freight in Norfolk (near the Best Buy Square on Military Hwy). Andy started playing with it and promptly

broke it (nice going, Andy; Cynthia offered to reimburse Mark and Harry noted that he thought he had read the paperwork that came with the caliper warning that it was not to be used by anyone under the age of 6...).

Mark also described a contraption that he rigged up for \$3.39 (how's that for precise, Robin?) using a Prestone Flush kit and a tubeless tire valve thing (his words, not mine) to find leaks in the radiator. Well, I guess this was a Leak Checker. Anyway, he described how to make one and everyone but me seemed to nod their heads as if they understood just what he was telling them...hmmm, I wonder.... But, anyway, thanks, Mark, for finally showing up.

**Old Business:** none

**New Business:** none

**Marque Time:** Alan received an email from a guy in DC who wants to buy his wife a Midget for Christmas...of course, Alan emailed him back right away that we were an upstandingly moral club and wouldn't have anything to do with human trafficking.... OK, OK, I know he didn't mean *that* kind of midget... anyway, if anyone knows of one that is “reasonably priced” please let Alan know.

There is now a chat room on the Moss Motors website and bulletin boards (although they aren't live...hmm, it seems like I should have something to say about this, but I don't... well, wonders will never cease).

John Terschak got all wound up about opening his trunk lid by pressing the bottom part of something, I think it was the license plate. He was just effusive in his thanks to Mark for advising him how to do this. Well, there seemed to be an awful lot of excited discus-

sion about how to open your trunk lid among several members, but I don't know, why it was so thrilling was just a bit more than I could comprehend...

**Raffle and Regalia:** Becky's raffle was a good one; well, should I say a GREAT one? This number will go down in MG Club history...349546....my, yes, MY winning number!... yes, my loyal readers, your Secretary actually broke tradition and WON, yes, I WON a prize at the raffle!... I could barely continue to write I was so dumbfounded... I actually WON a prize...(we can't tell Doug; NOBODY tell Doug...) And what a prize it was... I chose the MG emblem poster... awesome! Bill took the coveted license plate holder; Susan opted for the MG rubber stamp, Beckey chose the November issue of MG Owner's Club magazine, Olive decided on the beer mug (that little lady's got real untapped potential...) and Lesley T took the MG patch. Mike Haag won "first in line" and that, by the way, was no consolation prize!

Before we adjourned, Beckey reminded us to be thinking about ponying up for hosting a meeting, a tech session, or planning a rallye in the new year, and at 8:47 PM, to a chorus of "Let's eat!" everyone made a bee-line for the dining room. OK, Robin, I'll meet you out back and we'll figure this thing out like men (uhm well...), unless of course, you'd like to...SUE ME!

(And just in case anyone who doesn't *really* know me is wondering, Robin is one of my favorite people! J)

## Membership and New Members

Robin Watson

### Total membership 97

First, a correction for the new Directory, I mistyped the phone number for the Struewings's it should be 0084 not 0048.

Membership for this month is now at 97. We have had two new members since last month. If you wish to update your new Directory here are the details:

Stephen L. Daniel  
1135 Virginia Ave.  
Chesapeake, VA. 23324  
(757) 543-3237 jodan01@cox.net  
with a 1979 MGB

Dennis Pieschke  
704 S Atlantic Ave.  
Virginia Beach, VA 23451  
dpieschke@hotmail.com  
with a 1975 MGB



## POKER RALLYE AND PIG ROAST

by Michele Peters

Photos by Michele Peters and Susan Bond

October 15<sup>th</sup> was an absolutely gorgeous day, sunny, with a beautiful blue sky. There was a slight nip in the air of about 65 degrees, that portended the coming of autumn, but it



Instructions: Tom Early, Robin Watson, Betty Villers, Olive Watson and Rallye-master Alan Watson

was perfect roadster weather, and we took advantage of it. Now how did Alan and Beckey know that THIS day would be the perfect day for a poker rallye and pig roast?



The Watsons planned out a truly delightful rallye, that obviously took a lot of time and planning, of which we club members were the beneficiaries. We gathered our Poker Rallye Rules, our colored map of the routes to take to find each business that would offer us a card



to add to our poker hand, and just in case we actually needed it (in other words, if we actually got a "hand" worth trying to figure out), we had the Poker Hand Ranking sheet to figure by. We also had cards with "Poker Rallye" chips and a rallye flag glued on so that we could wear these as identifiers for the merchants who were participating in the road rallye

I ♥ my MG!





Rallyeists: Olive & Robin Watson, Alan & Beckey Watson, Sandy & Richard hall, Susan & Terry Bond, John & Leslie Ter-schak, Robert Perrone, Becky & Jack Dawson, Marie & Tom Early, Mike Knepler & Barb Taychert

**I ♠ (dig) my MG** for us. The businesses that participated in our rallye deserve mentioning again; they were kind enough to help us out to have a really fun time: Carrousel Tack Shop,



The Chambers Restaurant, The Country Butcher Shop, McNicholl's Nursery, Napa Auto Parts, PMS Deli, Re-Max Model Home, Salem Food Mart, and Vino 100 Wine Shop, all in Virginia Beach.



Raffle prizes

We had a large crowd participating in the rallye and later, the pig roast. The rallye enthusiasts included Sue and Terry Bond, Becky and Jack Dawson, Olive and Robin Watson, Sandy and Richard Hall, Marie and Tom Early, Me and

Robert, Bill Seib, Barb Taychert and Mike Knepler, Betty and Jim Villers, and Jim and



Linda Freeh. Even more of us showed up for the pig roast, including Bob and Barbara Ross, Pete Olson (one of our newest members), Vince

Groover, Chuck and Becky Hassler, Kate and Carl Fisher, Doug and Eiko Wilson, Craig and Joyce Cummings, and Kent Lacy (who came at the end of the pig roast with a cake; good man, Kent). Of course, Alan and Beckey stayed put, getting everything ready for the pig roast, bless their hearts.

Anyone who went to the pig roast might wonder where the pig was.



Becky informed me that it is called a pig roast because that is what it was years ago, but she doesn't really like a whole pig in her backyard staring at her, so she gets the catered BBQ instead...good call, Beckey.

Olive and Robin Watson with their winning hand

**My MG is a ♦ (diamond) in the rough!**

Well, the best hand and winner of the rallye went to Olive and Robin Watson, with a flush of hearts. As their prize, they chose the Old Speckled



Hen bottle of beer. Door prizes went to Tom and Marie who won a poster, the Hasslers who won notecards, Sandy Hall who won notecards, and Linda and Jim who won the MG emblem drawing.

The food was delicious, the company was fabulous, and the whole event was so much fun. We are all looking forward to the Poker Rallye and Pig Roast of 2007. If it is even half as much fun as this year, it will be awesome! Thank you so very much, Alan and Beckey, for all your hard work and the time you put into this event. It showed, and we all greatly appreciate the great day we had.

MG ♣ (club)

## Link of the Month

An article in *Old Cars Weekly* said that Hagerty was starting a web site devoted to ethanol in gasoline and how it affects antique cars. So I clicked onto [www.hagerty.com/ethanol](http://www.hagerty.com/ethanol) and learned more than I expected about the additive. There are FAQ's, a place to tell about your experiences, and a page for the latest info. Ethanol been around for years – since Model T times – and rubber parts sold since the 80's are compatible with it. So it looks like we can put it in our MG's. Not that we have much choice in our smog-prone area.

## British Vehicle Records

Susan Bond

Reading my October *Enjoying MG* (I may never get caught up on my reading) I found a letter from Peter Cope stating that the status of any British car could be found at [www.vehiclelicence.gov.uk](http://www.vehiclelicence.gov.uk) (Note that they do not spell license the same way we do.)

I plugged in the registration number (this is the number on the license plate which stays with the car, not the owner) and make of our '80 Mini Clubman and found out it was last licensed in 1989. I was amazed it lasted that long, it needed a new engine when we sold it in '82. We had avoided registering the '35 Morris when they switched to computers before we left Scotland because we didn't want to surrender the paper logbook, so it was not listed. When I remember the number of my '56 Austin A30, I will see how long it lasted. As long as you know the number plate number and make of a car, and it was registered after about 1981, it should show up in the records. Happy hunting!

## Traveling on I-95

Did you see the article in the *Virginian-Pilot* on November 19? The book, **Drive I-95** is your complete guide to finding necessities, like motels and gas stations, and the quirky, like chocolate shops, battleships and zoos – everything you need to know when traveling on this interstate, north or south. The authors, Stan Posner and Sandra Phillips-Posner, also have a web site, [www.drivei95.com](http://www.drivei95.com) which updates gas prices and weather but I couldn't get the links to work, maybe it doesn't work with Firefox. But if you are planning a trip get the book. It may take you a week to get to Florida, but you will have more fun, especially if you are driving your MG.



## Why I Respect Engineers

Geoff Wheatley

I recently read a very interesting article that was critical of the way Automobile Engineers are viewed. Designers get most of the credit for any attractive car be it new or old. We talk about the "Truly Classic Look" or the "Ultra Modern Design", but seldom refer to the good old basic engineers who create the engines or braking systems or seats or what ever. Well, I for one have nothing but honest respect for this hard working Band of Brothers. Why? Simple! I have been around cars for about fifty years, fifty-five if you count the 1936 Morris Ten that my Father owned from new. This car never saw rain or snow, not that you ever get much snow in England. On average it snows about once every seven years in company with the same time ratio for a hot summer! Millie, as the Morris was called, remained in her garage location from Monday through to Friday while my Father took the bus to work, but on Saturday she was wheeled out and washed from top to tire by yours truly as physical payment for my weekly allowance. No one was allowed to even open the doors of "Millie" unless the Master was present and the total driving experience each weekend was to go shopping on Saturday afternoon, which in reality meant two hours of walking around looking in Department Store windows followed by tea in the local cake shop. Woolworth's was my favored destination where Six Pence, the full amount of my washing allowance, (about fifty cents in real money!), would acquire a host of goodies. Sunday was a afternoon trip into the country which, looking back, meant a twenty-mile drive to some deserted place to eat squashed sandwiches and fight off the ants. In September 1939 "Millie" went the way of all luxury items and was placed on blocks in the garage until the War ended. Dad went off to do his stuff, what ever that was, and we grew up without ever seeing a banana or a pineapple. Strange how such things remain with you so many years later! In 1945 the war ended and "Millie" came out from under her dust sheets almost as good as new. As gas was rationed to about three gallons a month for the next few years, "Millie" led a sheltered life. Trips to the country were a special treat but as I was now in my teens such things were not important.

Around 1953, as life became a little more pleasant, my Father decided that a new vehicle was in order and after a couple of trips to see the local Bank Manager, a new Austin A 40 turned up on the doorstep. "Millie" was sold to a rela-

tive and her modern counterpart (it had a heater and radio) took up residence in the garage. I don't think I mentioned the fact that we resided close to the sea and the salt air was considered detrimental to the health of the Austin A 40. Mom made a set of woolen seat covers to protect the imitation real plastic leather coverings and a shroud was purchased to protect the light blue paint with a white window boarder, very popular at that time, from any sea breeze that might pass our way. Around this time duty called in the form of National Service--better known to you Yanks as the "Draft". Every able bodied male between the ages of 18 and 27 was required to do two years service in one of Her Majesties Armed Services, or if you did not want to take the "Kings Shilling", (in the days of the American revolution and before, the only way to get any sane individual to join the Army was to place a silver shilling in his mug of ale and when he drunk the pot the shilling was visible for all to see and he was set for five years service. The now popular tankard with a glass bottom was a product of this caper. You could lift the tankard and see if there was a coin at the bottom covered by the free ale provided by the recruiting sergeant!) you could go down the coal mines for two years to help Britain back on its economical feet.

As I don't like dark places or working two hundred feet below the sunshine, I selected the Air Force that had a rather smart uniform and light blue was always my color! On one weekend leave I managed to meet a rather attractive female on the train and utilizing all the Wheatley charm got a date for Saturday evening. Now this was 1953 and in Britain very few young blades like myself ever owned a car. A motor bike perhaps but seldom a car, so when I suggested that I collect the girl in my car for our night on the town the arrangement was secure.

My next problem was to get the Austin A 40 for the evening. To my knowledge no one had ever driven the car apart from my father until that fateful day. His first reaction was a firm NO, but thanks to Mom and a couple of pints in the local pub he softened and with sacred promises not to damage anything and only drive a few miles on his ration of gas, I obtained the Austin for my Saturday evening adventure--and that is certainly the right word to use! Dressed to kill in my pressed uniform I took off to collect my date. She was waiting at the allotted location next to the central bus stop and looked like a million dollars in her new dress and equally new matching shoes. A quick dash round to open the door and the evening commenced. As previously mentioned, gas was not easy to find so I restricted our trip to a few miles stopping at one or two locations for liquid refreshment then a sharp turn off the road onto the beach to watch the sunset. If any of you can recall, the front seat of the Austin A 40 was, at best, intimate. In fact the best companion for any long distance ride was either a dog or a small child, but not both!

After shifting the gear lever a few times from my rear end and my companions equivalent anatomy we removed ourselves to the rear seat where in great expectation most of my immediate needs would be fulfilled. Note the term "most", in those days was an important factor that all healthy young studs had to remember. The term "Free Love" was certainly used in the media but as I recall it was never free and for most of us impossible to find! As we found ourselves locked in a passionate embrace she, my companion, suddenly leapt to her feet (not easy in the rear seat of an Austin A 40) and announced that her feet were wet! How silly! How could

they be? But they were!

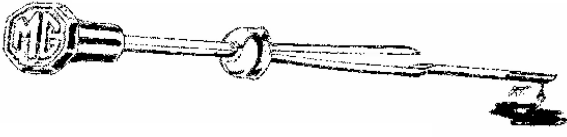
At some point during the beach escapade the tide had turned and the North Atlantic was quickly filling the floor pan of the Austin A 40. The nearly new carpets were already floating around and, on opening the door a large wave managed to complete the picture by lifting the rear seat off its pressed steel base complete with my companion. Quick, into the front driver's seat with all available speed adjusting my attire at the same time.

My companion stayed in the rear trying to climb onto the floating seat without much success. Now for the interesting part relating to the brilliance of the engineers who created the working bits of this vehicle. Two turns of the key and the engine burst into life, all 1200 cc of it. Into first gear accompanied by a cloud of sand and water we took off straight up the beach, much to the delight of the evening strollers who even raised a cheer as we hit the sidewalk and came to a rather undignified halt. Water seemed to be flowing from every seam of the vehicle and steam drifted through the floorboards where the almost new carpet once resided. My companion was reluctant to allow me to escort her home or even to the central bus stop so with what I assume was a friendly wave she took off into the evening twilight never to be seen by this scribe again. Now for the important stuff, how to make the Austin A 40 look like it had never been near the beach or for that matter any other beach? No problem, a few buckets of water to get rid of the encrusted salt and a little spit and polish would do the trick.

Once safety installed in the garage work commenced and with all modesty within an hour you would never have known that any mishap had ever happened. OK, so the car was a little wet but in the warm summer air that would be resolved by morning. Sundays are not my usual time for early breakfasts or early anything. God never made man to breath the cold morning air at 6:30am on his day of rest but I guess my Father was not aware of this fact. Before the cock could crow or the morning breeze fluttered the Saturday washing on the yard line, I was awakened by a torrent of words that the Editor of this publication would never allow me to print! Regretfully, the warm summer air was not sufficient to dry out all the wet bits and where it did there was a firm layer of white salt that did nothing to enhance the appearance of the interior! However, returning to the brilliance of the engineers, the engine started like a highly tuned top and all three gears were in working order. The factory-fitted radio blasted out the Sunday service when switched on to show Dad that nothing serious was amiss, but for some reason that I have never been able to sort out over the years, that was the only station that it would select. This sea water stuff can do some funny things to mechanical devices!

Needless to say, I never set my rear end into that car again until Dad passed on to the big drivers club in the sky. By then I had a modern car of my own and a family to carry around so the Austin A 40 did not quite meet my requirements. It was passed on like "Millie" to a member of the family and I am pleased to report that both of these cars are still on the road, in fact I drove the Austin about two years ago on a visit home and she was as good as ever, a credit to the engineers that put her together. However, I did notice that the carpets had been changed in company with the radio. I guess nothing lasts these days!

# The Dipstick



## The Tidewater MG Classics

Susan Bond  
541 Forest Road  
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Affiliated with



North American MGB Register

Winner of *Old Cars Weekly*  
"Golden Quill Award"

## FIRST CLASS

**TMGC's Holiday Party**  
**Friday, Dec 8th**  
Social: 6:30pm  
Dinner: 7:00pm  
(Check your invitation for more details)

Jim & Betty Villers  
3133 Inlet Rd  
Virginia Beach  
481-6398

Shore Drive  
Inlet Rd  
Broad Bay  
Adam Keeling Rd  
Great Neck Road  
Va Beach Blvd  
I-264  
Lynnhaven Pkwy  
Rosemont Rd  
Independence Blvd