



FEBRUARY NEWSLETTER

Hi There, Fellow Enthusiasts!

February has been a very active month in the Club, with still one more event to go, as of this writing. The month started out with an impromptu rally run by Bob McClaren on Sunday February 1st. Bob called around and the result was a turn-out of 3 TF's, 2 TD's, a Y-type and a baby brother (MGB-GT). The rally took place within roughly a 10-mile diameter and took about an hour to complete, ending up at a pizza parlour where we downed pizzas and beer. It was unanimously agreed that such a rally should be run again and that any member who wants to compile an impromptu rally should be encouraged to do so; he should have copies typed up then get on the phone to the membership a couple of days ahead of the anticipated date and tell us all where and when to show up, and have a rain date set up, just in case. Thank you Bob for a fun rally.

The monthly meeting was hosted by Dennis and Janet Duff and 14 members in 5 T's and other warmer cars, were in attendance. We welcomed a new member to the club that night - Ken Bartlett. Ken owns a 53TD, but we will write a few words about him in the "People" column (if I can get him on the phone; no luck so far!). We also received 3 more applications for membership this month - Ron & Rosemary Eaton, (who will attend a meeting as soon as we have one coinciding with Ron's being on shore), D. E. Moore (who will be back from the Mediterranean sometime in May) and Mongo Hodges, who is an out-of-town member. I will write about each of these new members as soon as I can get in touch with them.

O. D. Dawson presented the Treasurer's Report and we have a healthy balance on hand of \$266.44. The income of the club is derived solely from membership dues, badges and T-shirts (all colours - \$2.50 each!). Disbursements are for postage and printing of the newsletter at present. The average monthly cost of printing and postage is \$30.00 and as we mail to almost 80 - members, out-of town-members, associate members, other clubs and prospective members (the latter, 3 times only) - the cost per letter averages 38¢; multiply this by 12 and you will see that this cost is adequately covered by our dues. However, should there be a significant increase in printing and mailing costs in the next year, it might be necessary to increase dues; this is only a gentle preparation - not a certainty!

The up-coming rally, on March 14th, was discussed and it was agreed that it should be cancelled in case of rain and a rain date will be published on the flyer and a number to call if you are in doubt about the weather; this will be done with all events in the future, with the exception of monthly meetings of course.

Mike Ash announced that he has some catalogues from English parts houses; if anyone is interested in knowing what's available, and at what price, please call him - 424-1660.

The meeting adjourned so that those present could get at Janet's mulled cider, brownies, cake and all manner of goodies.

On February 8th, we had a breezy drive-out over to Fort Monroe for brunch at the Officers' Club. We were a party of 19 - members and children - in 2 TF's, 1 TD, 1 Y, the aforementioned baby brother, and a couple of other warm cars. The Officers' Club had set us up in a separate room with a long refectory table, log fire and all the trimmin's. It was a pleasant atmosphere and the company and the food were excellent. After brunch a couple of cars left the party, but the rest of us drove on up to N.A.S.A. Langley, where we enjoyed the space exhibits and some very informative films related to the history of flight and man in space. At N.A.S.A. we met Steve Campbell and his family, who couldn't make it to the brunch. (Incidentally, Steve's restoration on his TF

is coming along very, very well.). It has been suggested that we could perhaps start more of our outings that take us over to Hampton with brunch at Fort Monroe; we are certainly made welcome there and it does give members chance to socialize, wives too, which only happens on sporadic occasions at present. Meetings are spent talking T's, and of course that's our main objective, but it is good to socialize too.

Is anyone interested in going to the mini-GOF at Strasburg, Pa. This event takes place May 14 through 16th. We are hoping to get a group to drive up there together; please call Jim Banvard (340-6737) or Mike Ash (424-1660) if you are interested in joining the group. These mini-GOF's are loads of fun and if you've not been to one before I can only say - try it, you'll like it! We will have some applications in a few weeks.

That about wraps up my February ramblings.

JENNIFER ASH

TECH SESSION: This is the last event for February. The theme is "Spring Tune-Up" and will be held in Jim Banvard's garages on Sunday, February 29th; bring any ailments you might have (car-type, silly, not the 'flu!). If you plan on staying long bring a sandwich or some cookies and Jim will provide the coffee. (Brenda provided some scrumptious snacks last time, but we can't expect it twice in one month, nor should we.) Map to Jim's is enclosed.

NEWS FROM OUT-OF-TOWN MEMBER: We had a letter from John & Carol Newman, in Ohio - a couple of Tidewater members washed inland, as John says! They managed to attend the Ohio Chapter's two mini-GOF's last year and ran into some friends they'd met at our Williamsburg gathering. (Maybe we'll see you at one of the mini-GOF's we plan to attend this year, John?) Right now John's TD is resting up for the winter with just a weekly turn-over to keep it happy. They say a big HI to all the gang, and if any of you are ever in Columbus, Ohio, the welcome mat will be out.

Thanks for writing, John; it was good to hear from you. Our best wishes to you all.

CARTOON CORNER

MGTC: 1949; completely restored from frame up; restoration completed June 7, 1974, 100 point car; won best of class and best restored car in show beating out myriad of other restored classic Rolls, Packards, etc, at Concours D'elegance, Hotel Ambassador, LA, June 8, 1975; won best MG, Pebble Beach, August 1975; car finished in black nitro cellulose lacquer paint, same finish underneath fenders, frame, etc, tan canvas, tan cowhide leather, 50 hours in sanding|block|alone; completely rechromed, including wire wheels; all parts of car black chrome where chipping possible including wire pipe, door hinges, brake drums, etc; engine sleeve back to standard; every mechanical part either rebuilt or replaced from other TCs; 100% original, including tripod lights, horn, fog light, air cleaner, tools, racing radiator cap, Darrington steering wheel, etc; driven only 4 miles, never on road, but only on to trailer and pick up cups and ribbons at shows; over \$20,000 plus hundreds of extra hours put into restoration, not including original cost of car; restored by MG expert Mike Goodman and in museum condition; can be driven daily; extras include louvered hood top and trailer; hood top on car not louvered; will part with car in vicinity of \$20,000. Write: Richard Tumpowsky, 4314 Marina City Drive, Marina del Rey, California 90291, PH: 310 278 2300 week days 213 821 8250 weekends.

Well, we thought it was funny!!

SALES/WANTS

For Sale: Rear Shock absorbers, \$25 pair; call Robert Davis 423-2705.

For Sale: New, original manufacture XPAG crankshafts, \$375 each; call Mike Ash 424-1660

NOTE: Deadline for ads is now 15th of the month. Call Jennifer, 424-1660.

MARCH EVENT: This will be on March 14th, and will be a rally with prizes and dash plaques. Details will be published in a flyer a week before the event.

Alienation of Affections

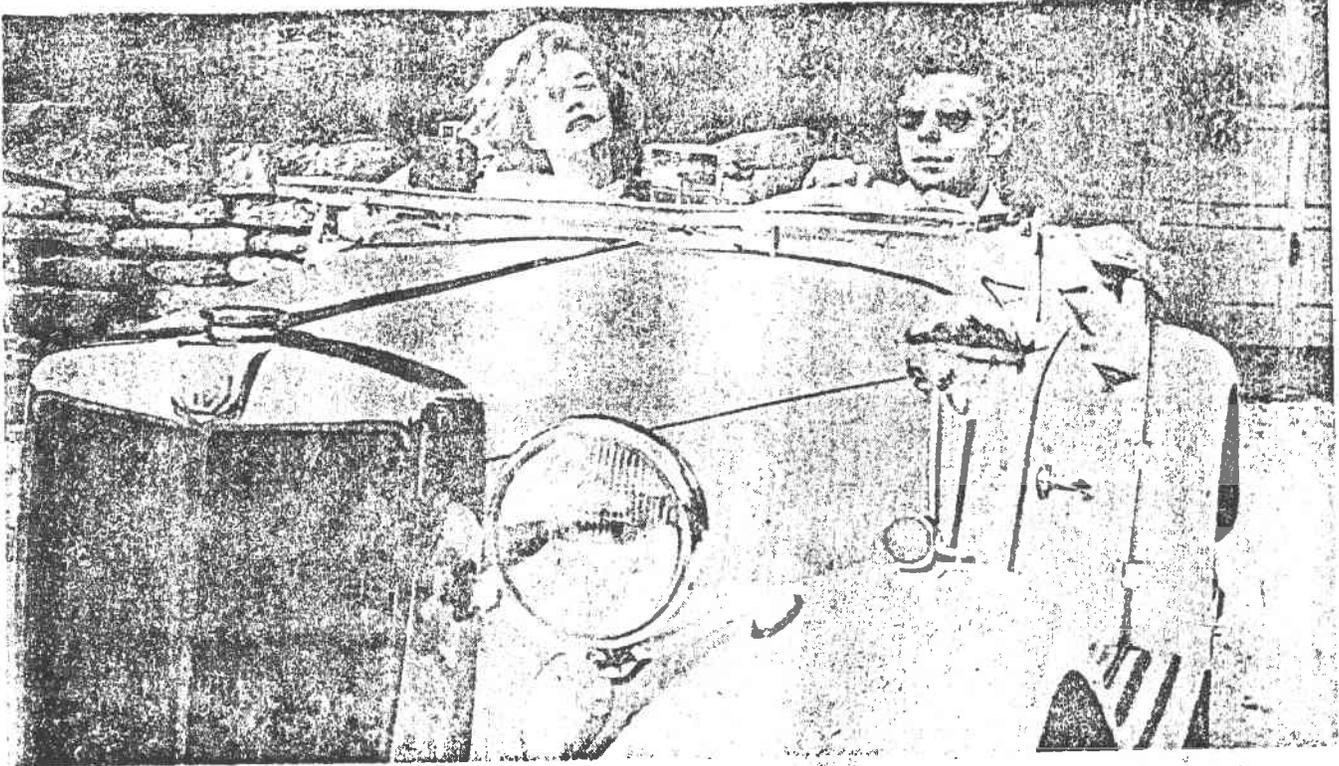
**A car was just a car in this family and the
Mrs. was top-kick until hubby's roving
eye fell upon a pert little white MG**

By BARBARA MONTAIGNE

THERE was a time, only a few years ago, when we owned a third-hand Ford and I came first in my husband's affections. Then the car was a car, a means of getting around when we needed it and otherwise parked in the garage and left there. Cars and engines he loved even then, but not in the same way as his bride—or so I fondly thought. But they were great big American cars, with soft upholstery and plenty of cylinders, shiny and purring and costing at least a year's salary. Drive one of those little English jobs? Not my Bill. He was American through and through. But came a day when we stopped for gas at a garage where a little white MG was on display, and, literally, then and there I lost my man. With the help of our small son, I finally discovered him snuggled into the driver's seat of the little car, pushing buttons, fondling the steering wheel, and talking in reverent tones to the mechanic about cam shafts and twin carburetors. We never did finish our drive that day. Instead, we loaded up with pamphlets and statistics on road tests and racing records of the little MGs, and spent two hours of the lovely, sunshiny day in a dark newsstand while we searched for more data in the auto magazines. My man had fallen in love and this time not with me. But it wasn't until after we had actually bought the MG that she showed herself as the designing female she really is. Right from the beginning the fates conspired to make me look my most unglamorous when we were out together with our man. On my first approach, as she sat there glistening in the sunshine with Bill holding her door open invitingly for me, I found that she has all sorts of unfair tactics ready for our private war. What girl can keep her poise when, after walking gracefully up to such a smart looking little car, she finds that to get inside she must turn her rear to the door and sneak in backwards? Knees and feet must then be maneuvered into place and the lady meanwhile has to keep a firm grasp on her skirts to keep them off the ground. On windy days this procedure is even more complicated and if there is a stray ground wind, the safest place to board an MG is in the privacy of your bedroom unless you are

particularly proud of your underwear. Sometimes I think that Bill is almost in cahoots with the MG against me. I have shoulder-length hair, very thick, and the sort that breaks teeth out of even the strongest sort of comb. Bill has thick hair, too, of the springy-curl variety which just loves to have wind whistling through it. So we drive with the top folded back into its little nest, with the gales breaking around and over the windscreen. If I say meekly that it seems to me that there wouldn't be quite so much breeze if we put up the side curtains even if we must leave the roof open to the sky, he just snorts. What's a sports car for if you can't drive with the top down? That finally did it. I now have a rather quaint, short hair-cut, not even remotely glamorous. In other words, I've been tailored to suit the MG. The MG just isn't cut out for anything so unladylike as to carry much luggage. Two suitcases is just about all she will put up with, so when we go on a trip all the extra packages go on my lap or at my feet. I can't even move over close to Bill because, right between us, rears the long brake handle, a most efficient barricade against intrusion. I have been able to drive a car since I was eleven years old and haven't met with one yet, car or truck, that I couldn't handle. Aha, my girl, I thought grimly, just you wait until I get behind that wheel of yours and we'll see who is the boss around here! Bill was asleep one Sunday afternoon when I pulled her starter button, but her voice, unlike any other car in the neighborhood, gave me away. Out the door shot our man, coming to her assistance. "You know what those gauges are for, dear? You have to watch them, you know." "Yes, dear." "Now don't try to put her in gear until the rpms. get up to here." "Why, dear?" "I thought you said you could drive a car!" "I thought I could." "It doesn't sound like it. Here, get over and let me show you . . ." I moved dutifully over. "Now, let the rpms. get up to here before you put her in gear." And so on it went. I was vanquished and I knew it. Under the hand of her beloved, the little car sputtered and snorted and purred and headed out into

the windstream. I never tried to drive her again. Ever since that day, I have remained the extra lady in this triangle. When Bill and the MG go out alone, he comes back from their outing smiling and tanned and warm. When I am allowed to go along he still arrives home in the same good spirits, while I sneak upstairs and put sunburn cream on my untannable hide. When we are out together and a raincloud appears, Bill always has his side of the top safely in place and has climbed inside to tighten the top screws when the first rain starts to fall. I am usually outside as the storm gets underway, still wrestling with snaps and buttons and the baby-carriage brackets of the top. I secretly concede, though, that Bill is right when he says that it's not the fault of the car. I am only about one per cent mechanical genius and out of practice at that. Then the storm clears. I should point out that driving in the rain is rather pleasant once you have put up the top, but storms very often end these pleasant interludes by folding up their clouds and putting them away again. Which, of course, is the signal for Bill to want his little car to get some lovely freshly-washed air—and so out we climb again to unscrew screws and unsnap snaps. "No, dear, it folds *this* way first. Undo your piece and start again." And, unfortunately, he's right. There is only one possible way to pack the top of an MG with any hope of putting it back where it came from. And I swear the canvas on my side is much bulkier than it is on Bill's. His folds so easily and I have to fight mine like a thing possessed. In the winter time, of course, we drive with the top up in our northern climate. And the MG possesses a neat little heater, scaled to her size, placed right smack between our two sets of feet. But here again she plays favorites, because the heater vents face directly backwards, one between the compartments in which our feet are placed, and one opening directly on the driver's feet. The front vent warms a small patch on the outside of my left thigh. I use that patch to warm my hands on. The only successful foot warmer for the extra lady I have yet found was once when we were carrying a small dog for friends—I put him down in my foot compartment and took off my



Once the apple of his eye, the Mrs. complains that the glamorous MG has come between her and the Mr. That hair-do was a thing of beauty—before they took off for a spin. Life was different when their third-hand Ford was part of the family.

shoes. He and I were both very comfortable. We ourselves, unfortunately, only have a large dog.

And so we go merrily on our way. The large dog rides in the luggage compartment, small son rides on the brake now that he is too big for my knee. We just don't take holidays because it is impossible to put both suitcases and the dog in the luggage compartment. At one time we started to order a luggage rack that would fit on the back, but after studying some pictures of the gadget, Bill decided that it would spoil the lines of the MG's rear end, so he ruled against it. It would never do to give our little lady an ugly rear end.

She is three years old now, which as car ages go is getting along. But she snorts and purrs with all the gusto of youth, and warms the heart of my man by her road manners every time he takes her out. She hasn't a scratch on her fair complexion, doesn't demand any extra oil, and goes a long, long way on a short snort of gas. Which, as Bill says, is a lot more than can be said for me. ☆☆



Not only husband, but son, too, has succumbed to the lure of the temptress. They find her beauty incomparable, her performance something to thrill to.

MARCH MEETING: This will be held at the home of Mike & Jennifer Ash (and not Dave Parsons, as advertised some months back) on TUESDAY, March 2nd at 7.30 p.m. See map enclosed for directions.

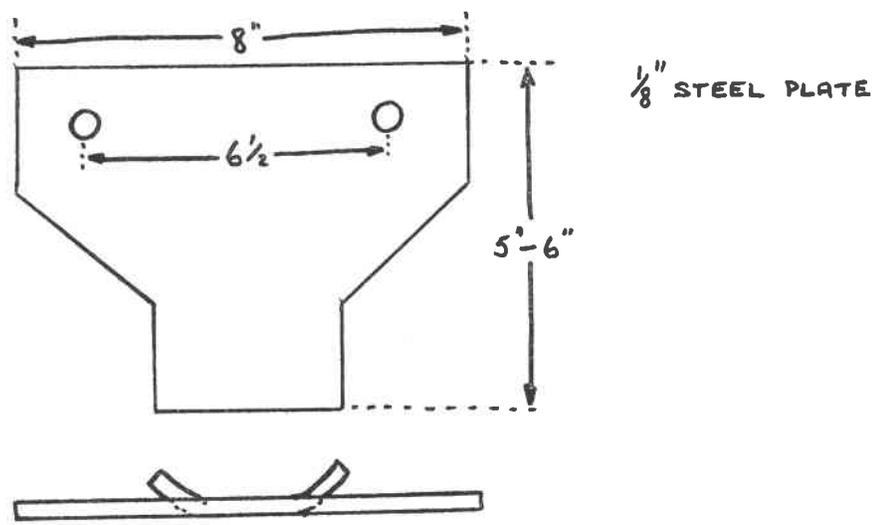
T - TIPS: This hint comes from Dave Barrows.

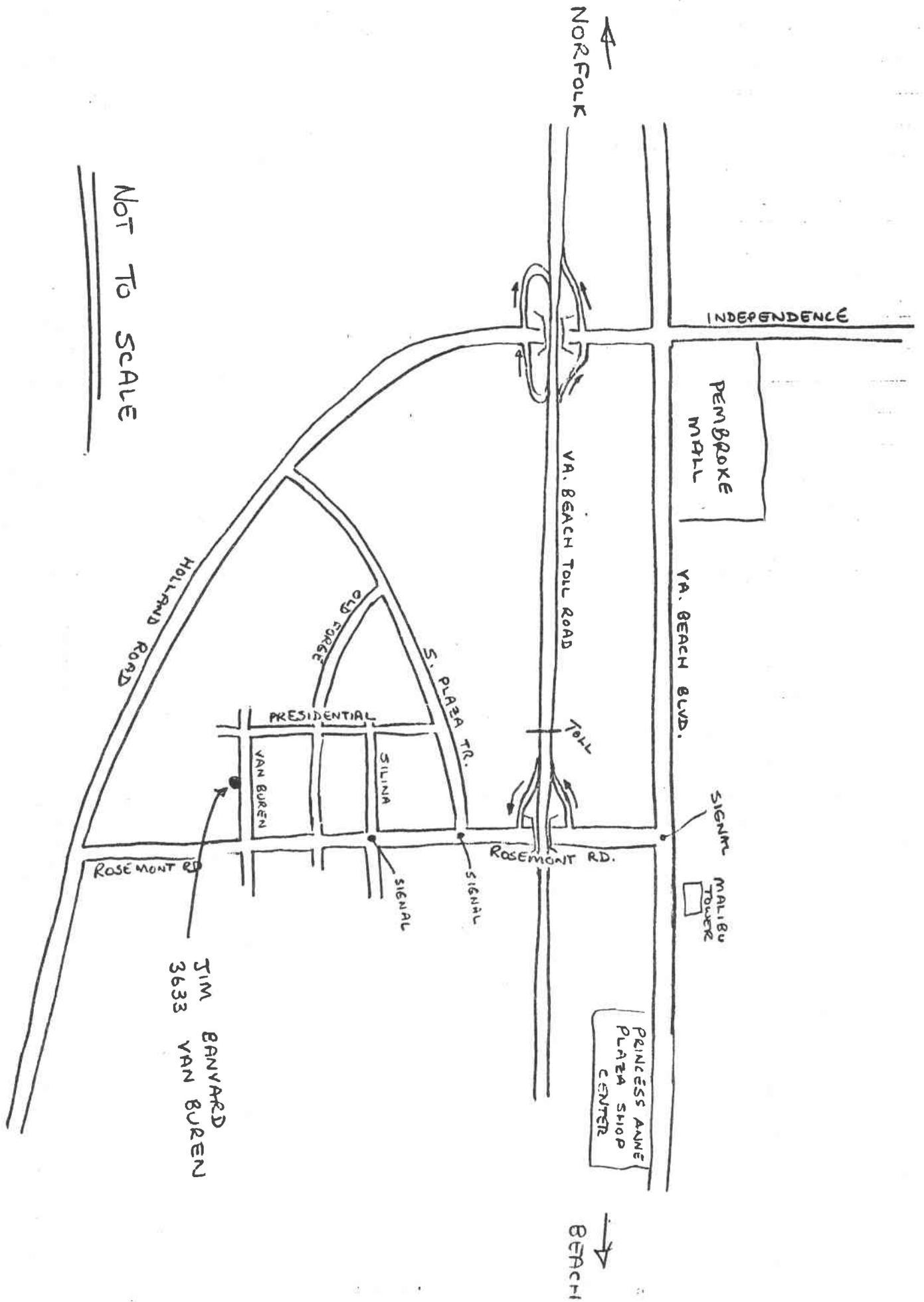
'FIX-IT'- TD/TF TRANSMISSION TIE-DOWN: Excessive clutch shudder in 1st and reverse can be caused by a broken or loose rear engine mounting (at the rear of the transmission). A loose mount can be caused by bad support rubbers (#2)* or a loose nut on the fork end bolt (#3). Both will respond to tightening, although bad rubbers may eventually have to be replaced.

If the fork end bolt or the transmission casting is broken (a not uncommon malady) a fix can be effected without removing the transmission from the car.

1. Make a plate as shown in the sketch (check measurements on your car). Hammer the narrow section to a slight curve as shown.
2. Slip the wide end of the plate under the rear engine bearer bracket (#1), with the narrow end of the plate toward the rear of the car. This will require the removal of the bolts securing the bearer bracket to the frame, and jacking up the transmission slightly.
3. Align the holes in the plate with the existing holes in the bearer bracket and replace and tighten the bolts. Remove jack from under transmission.
4. Wrap a large (12" to 14") hose clamp around the rear of the transmission and the narrow end of the plate such that when tightened the transmission is held down securely. Put rubber (from an old inner tube) between places where the clamp touches the transmission and the plate. Tighten the hose clamp, and the job is complete. Check tightness after several days of use.

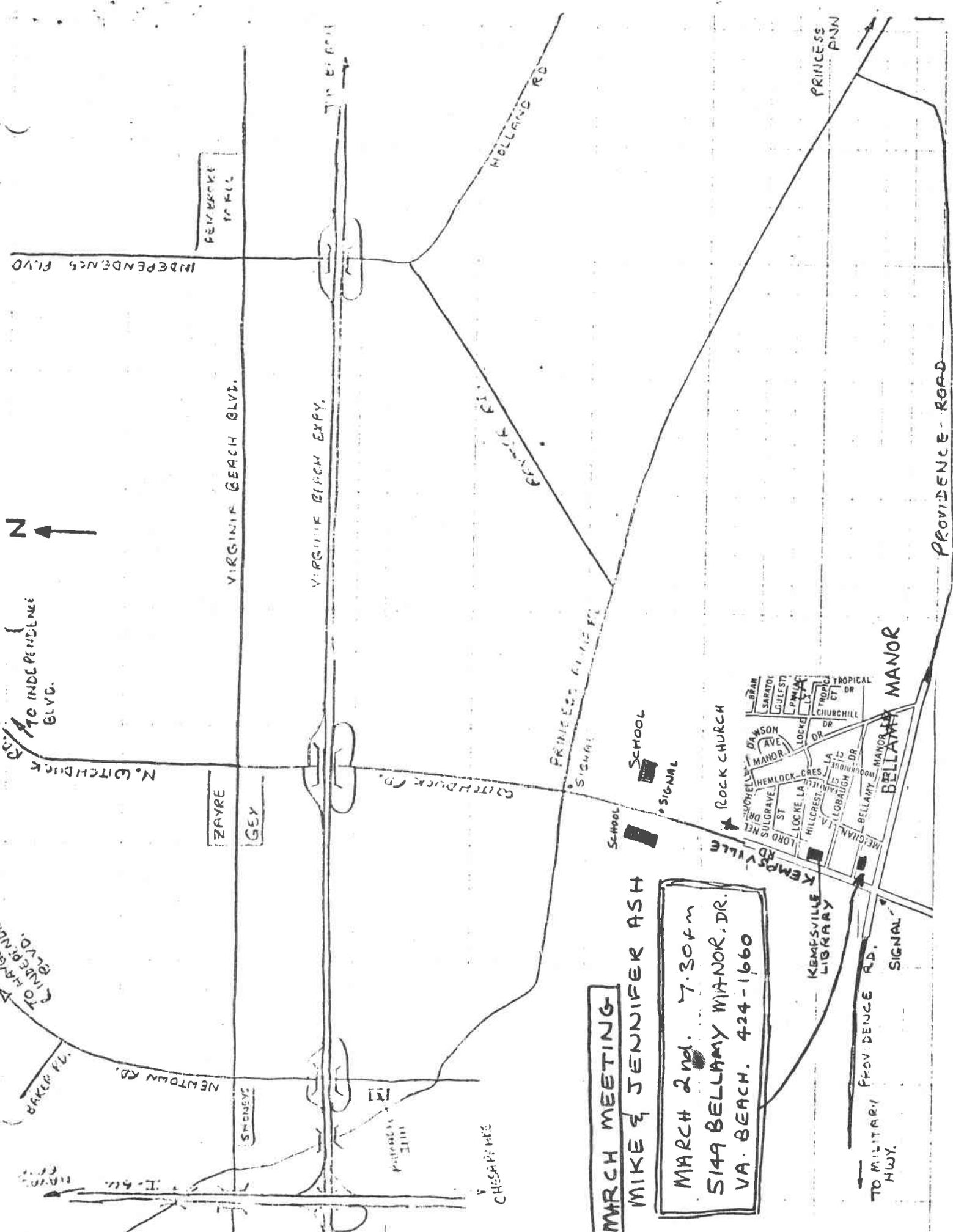
* Nos. refer to picture in TD/TF shop manual. Page F.4





NOT TO SCALE

JIM BANVARD
3633 VAN BUREN



MARCH MEETING

MIKE & JENNIFER ASH

MARCH 2nd. 7:30pm
 5149 BELLAMY MANOR, DR.
 VA. BEACH. 424-1660

TO INDEPENDENCE BLVD.

TO HARGREAVES BLVD.

PEW BACK TO ME

VIRGINIA BEACH BLVD.

VIRGINIA BEACH EXPY.

HOLLAND RD

PRINCESS ANNE

PROVIDENCE ROAD

BELLAMY MANOR

KEMPSVILLE LIBRARY

ROCK CHURCH

TO MILITARY HWY.

ZAYRE

GEX

SMOKEYS

11

PHOTOGRAPHY

CHESAPEAKE

SCHOOL

SCHOOL

SIGNAL

SIGNAL

SIGNAL

DOWN TOWN NORTH

I-66

DOWN TOWN NORTH

DAVE & HELEN BARROWS
116 86TH ST
VA BCH VA 23451

TIDEWATER M. G. "T" CLASSICS
5149 BELLAMY MANOR DRIVE
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA. 23462

