



THE TIDEWATER MG 'T' CLASSICS

PRESIDENT: Ron Eaton (420-2405)  
VICE PRES: Jim Banvard (340-6737)  
SECRETARY: Tom Lund (480-3090)  
TREASURER: Helen Barrows (428-3250)  
EDITOR: Susan Boswell (486-1293)

JUNE NEWSLETTER

Hello, T-ers--

It's that time of year again, gang. Dues are due starting June 1. We'd like to have everyone paid up by July 1, but we're also realists and allow a grace period until September 1. Anyone not paying their \$10 (such a deal!!) to Helen Barrows by that date will not receive the September newsletter.

Next, as you will see from Andy's meeting report, we are about to embark on a "Name-the-Newsletter Contest," the winner to receive a suitable MG related prize, perhaps a custom fender job courtesy of Robert Davis. By phone mail, or T-express, get your suggestions to me before July 1, which is the deadline for the July newsletter. I will publish them in the next newsletter and we will vote at the July meeting. Contributors' names will be withheld to protect the innocent. Remember that the July meeting will be held a week later than usual because of the July 4th holiday.

FROM OLD NUMBER 5078--(Ed. note--It is with great sadness that I must publish not Ron's usual cheery message, but his letter of resignation. Ron is retiring from the Navy on June 4 and has accepted a job near Washington, D.C. During the few months I worked with Ron, I was very impressed by his enthusiasm, activism, and concern for the club. His projected two years at the helm would have been worthy ones. We will all miss Ron, Rosemary and the boys. Fortunately, Washington's not so far away, and they promise to keep in touch. Good luck, Eatons, in all your endeavors and keep on T-ing.)

23 May 1979

Mr. Thomas Lund, Secretary  
Tidewater MG "T" Classic Club

Dear Mr. Secretary,

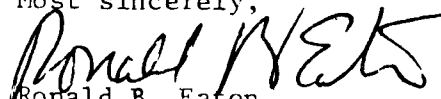
It is with deepest regret that I must tender to you at this time my resignation from the office of President, with an effective date of June 6th, 1979.

I will be leaving the Tidewater area to accept a position with a firm in McLean, Virginia.

My four year association with the Club has been a most pleasant experience and I certainly hope to keep in touch with the membership by mail and occasionally in person.

My family joins me in thanking you all for the friendship and hospitality we have enjoyed with this fine "Gathering of the Faithful."

Most sincerely,

  
Ronald B. Eaton  
President

(Ed. note: Thanks to Andy Wallach for covering the May meeting for me.)

Two TCs (including Flack Logan's making its initial appearance), five TDs, two Ys, one TF (Steve Campbell's making its post restoration debut), four F and two Bs, along with about 32 people, attended the May meeting at Roy and Marilyn Wiley's. During the tire kicking session prior to the business portion of the meeting, one anonymous young lady with a British Accent was noted stating, "Watch your mouth, people. Andy's taking notes."

Helen Barrows reported \$617.87 in the treasury and that next year's dues would be payable shortly. Tom Lund went over the minutes of April's meeting, which were then approved. Robert Davis reported that he moved four distributors during the previous month and stated that Phase I gives good discounts on Lucas parts. He then related how his TD, newly back on the road, does not mix well with the Richmond disco crowd. We sympathize with you concerning the vandalism, Robert. Jennifer Ash presented the upcoming events. Those still upcoming include the June meeting at the home of Ross and Ann Haines and a Funkhana to be held June 10 at NAS Oceana or NAS Norfolk. The driver of the 2nd place car in the Bay Bash Funkhana will be out of town so you all have a chance--especially if you get his navigator. The Funkhana should provide a fine chance to test your mettle and metal. Levi Tarr and Richard Hall volunteered to represent the club at a British Affair in Annapolis, promising to sing both "God Save the Queen" and "God Bless America."

Jim Banvard, presiding with the aide of his "independent auditor" Richard Hall, held the vote on the new by-laws which were approved 27 to 1. During the vote some notable quotes: Steve Campbell, "He's (Jim Banvard's) complaining about getting attention. I thought they would pay attention to an old guy." Jennifer Ash, "Michael, stop that!" Roy Wiley, after Tom Lund showed his nice needlework of a 'T' made by his new wife, Jeanne: "You've got an in," to which Tom replied, "You can say that again."

Under New Business--the naming of the newsletter was discussed. Jennifer Ash related her recent experience in naming the local Red Cross organ "The Main Artery." Some suggestions for our newsletter were "Contact Points" and "Abingdon Follies" as well as the current "January Newsletter," "February Newsletter," etc. A suggested prize for the best name was a trip to a Richmond disco with Robert Davis. Please provide suggestions to Susan Boswell before July 1.

A listing of "Local Chapters of the New England MG 'T' Register Ltd." was handed out and additional copies are available from Ron Eaton. Robert Davis graduates from ODU on May 12 and is seeking employment. (Ed. note: He got a haircut and may even have a job!)

Visitors included Roy's neighbor, Craig Barber, and Bonnie Litchfield who with her husband Bill are our newest members. It was also nice to see our Suffolk members, Randy and Robbin Hicks.

Thanks to Marilyn and Roy for the goodies--especially the strawberries. The JUNE MEETING will be WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, at 8:00 p.m. at the home of Ross and Ann Haines.

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DUES ARE STILL ONLY \$10!!  
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PAST HAPPENINGS--The Bay Bash Mini-GOF as reported by first timers Ross and Ann Haines--

A novice 'T' owner, whose knowledge of the maintenance of an MG is limited, to say the least, had been mechanically preparing his car until midnight for three nights preceding the journey to his first GOF. Finally the day of the great journey arrived. The car was packed and the novice and his wife departed for a rendezvous with one of "the experts" in the club, Jim and Bren Banvard in TF and TC respectively. Five minutes from home, the novice, who by now was already typically late, was advised by his wife that she had left the iron on at home. Correcting that situation made the couple even later and by the time the rendezvous was finally made with the Banvards, the trip was 15 minutes late getting under way.

Trying to make up for lost time in order to meet up with another 'T' (Andy and Carol Wallach) travelling in the soon to be completed caravan, the expert and the novice really poured it on. However, the novice's 'T' decided it wanted to stay home and quit running 5 minutes later. The expert called up to assist in troubleshooting and discovered that the novice decided to hook up only 3 of the spark plug wires while doing his last minute mechanical preparation. Several attempts were made to restart the car with no success. The novice's wife at this point was getting anxious and asked if the problem had been diagnosed (which the novice later found out meant, "What do we need to buy now?"). The expert finally discovered the problem and the travellers were once again on the road. The rendezvous was made with the Wallachs and the journey proceeded without incident for the next 7½ hours.

By that time the members of the caravan were becoming weary from the long drive and yearned for the arrival at their destination--The Great Oaks Resort on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Turning on to the final leg of the journey, the caravan came upon a "Great Oaks Resort" directional sign. One mile later, they encountered a second sign and 2 miles later a third. By then the roads were becoming so narrow and poorly maintained that the only assurance the group had of being on the right trail was the abundance of "You're Getting Closer" signs. One-half mile beyond the previous sign the group was required to stop for, of all things, airplanes! Three more signs and one mile later, we finally arrived.

Saturday morning and the display of cars arrived bringing MGs and owners alike "out of the woodwork." There was a flurry of activity just before judging time with most car owners scurrying about with buckets and sponges to put that last minute gleam on their car. Meanwhile, the novice and his next door neighbor on the display field were simply trying to make their cars presentable and were wondering what in the world they were even doing in the display. It soon became apparent that the Tidewater Chapter was well represented by the Boswells, Banwards, Pellerins, Wallachs, Tarrs, Halls, Haineses, and Bess Mann who arrived with one hand on the door and one hand on the wheel too late to be judged in the display. What a shame! Bess should have been awarded the "gutsy female 'T' owner" award.

Some of the Tidewater members did, however, manage to make their 'T's more than presentable--Boswells winning 1st in the TD class and Brenda Banvard winning 2nd in the TC class. Congrats to you all. After lunch, everyone enjoyed the antics of a Funkhana that was well laid out and excellently planned. Carol and Andy Wallach, driving in their first Funkhana, drove away with an overall 2nd place while Dan Boswell tied for first in one of the specialty events. Hooray for the Tidewater Chapter!

Of course the highlight of the day was the banquet with plenty of dry beef and free wine (for those lucky ones of us who could find it and keep finding it...). Tidewater MG owners came out with flying colors with lots of winning raffle tickets netting prizes ranging from parts catalogues to a \$50 bill for the Wallachs. Oh, yes, and by virtue of taking the scenic route the novice and the expert came away with the distance award. Surely there's an easier way to win an award!

The rest of the evening was rather uneventful for most. However, there were those who found it necessary to drive into the thriving metropolis of Chestertown looking for cigars at close to midnight. There was also one couple who had too much of the "free wine" (not that they didn't have plenty of help) and found it impossible to return to their intended lodging place. Some people never learn!

Sunday began as many Sundays do--lazily--and after some local sightseeing, the caravan set out for home. Things went well until the group passed Salisbury and the Banvard TC experienced major engine trouble. Of course the tow bar was where all tow bars are at a time like this--well protected at home in the garage. Has anyone ever tried to find a rope suitable for towing a car on on a Sunday afternoon on the Eastern Shore? It's not easy.

(Ed. note: Jim Banvard takes it from here.)

# The Cracked Crankshaft Blues--or--I'm at the End of My Rope

There are two kinds of noises--friendly noises (those that you can identify) and unfriendly noises (those that are unknown and potentially troublesome). This is a philosophy that the second author has adhered to for some time. An additional category might be expensive noises (unknown noises which can only, in the long run, cause the owner untold expense).

About five miles south of Salisbury, while leading five 'T' types south toward the bridge-tunnel, Brenda, driving the TC, heard some of these expensive noises. Her reaction was magnificent. She immediately shut down the engine and pulled over to the shoulder on Rt. 13. At this point, one TC, 3 TDs and the TF were in single file motionless and pointing homeward with some concern about how the trip was to be completed by nine people in five cars with four functioning engines.

A well known, enterprising dentist was among this forlorn group. He immediately grabbed the bull by the horns and sought a tow rope. After what seemed like just a very few minutes, he returned with two marginally long, motley looking ropes which surely would see the TC homeward bound. After some minor TC disassembly and a review of the boy scout's handbook (knot tying section), the TC was firmly attached to the rear of the TF at a distance of approximately 15 feet. With the Banvard cars in this configuration, the game plan was formulated.

Andy Wallach, driving the TF with Michael at his side, was to tow the TC with Jim at the helm. Carol Wallach and Brenda Banvard, in the Wallach's TD, were to proceed ahead with the Haineses in their TD to be by the phone with truck and tow bar at the ready. The well known dentist and wife Peggy were to ward off the evil spirits (crazy drivers) from the towed pair.

With this plan in mind, the 'T's headed southward. All carried out their assignments flawlessly, although the TC steerer probably doesn't really fall into the flawless category. Given the TC's inherent steering characteristics, the general looseness of this specific TC's steering and suspension, and the experience level of the TC steerer, the whole operation was a swinging one. Aside from the necessity of developing some very careful coordination between the tower and the towee and the multiple rope separations during the trial, all went "uneventfully" for the 90 or so miles to the bridge-tunnel.

The little lady at the tunnel informed us that we weren't towing that funny little car through the bridge-tunnel on that short little rope. Time for the emergency call. Brenda, Carol, and the Haineses had just arrived at the Banvard's when the emergency call came. The trusty truck and tow bar were placed into service.

Coffee was sought by the tower and the towee. When coffee was downed and the time for the truck's arrival was near, it was observed with much chagrin that something was awry in the tunnel itself. Traffic was backing up at a rapid rate on the peninsula side and surely Brenda was finding herself facing the same on the south side. More coffee for the tower and the towee. Approximately two hours after the trouble call, Brenda and truck appeared from the depths of the tunnel and all went well from this point to conclusion.

GOFs are supposed to be fun! Car preparation in advance is to be expected! Car preparation (engine rebuild) following the event is anti-climactic at very best. A brief look at the bottom end of the TC's engine will reveal to the casual observer a very broken crankshaft. However, time and money heals all wounds.

The turnout at Chestertown from the Tidewater contingent was just super. I think all had a wonderful time and if the others feel as I do, we'd go again next weekend if the opportunity presented itself! (Ed. note: Isn't that exactly what you did, Jim?)

Besides the Banvard TC, we had a few other casualties which were minor by comparison.

Carol Wallach now has the forearms of a lady wrestler, which come from operating a TD windshield wiper manually for five hours in driving rain.

Bess Mann sacrificed her left arm to save her door which flew open.

breaking her hinges. Arms are much more expendable than either doors or hinges.

Elsie Tarr was passing a truck on Rt. 13 when the throttle spring in the ? broke. She completed the pass, then immediately pulled off the road, confirming for the truck driver his belief that all women drivers are crazy!

Boswells had an anti-rattle spring rattling around in the brake drum and blew the manifold gasket.)

THE GOF BY THE SEA--Some people never learn which is why Boswells and Jim Banvard set off the weekend following Chestertown to attend the Sandlapper 'T' Register's mini-GOF in Charleston, S.C. Congratulations are due Mike Finch and his crew for putting together the best mini or maxi GOF ever.

We had a police escort Saturday morning to Charlestown Landing (Charleston's version of Jamestown, developed to commemorate the landing in 1670 of the area's first settlers). The display of cars was followed by a picnic lunch of cold cuts, salads, beer and soft drinks--all free. No rallyes or funkhanas were planned for the afternoon to allow the Faithful to take advantage of the many historical attractions Charleston offers the tourist.

That evening we caravanned over to the Isle of Palms, past the house where Dan and I bought our first 'T' (the TF) exactly four years ago, to a private beach pavilion where we could swim, walk on the beach, or strain our poor flabby muscles in a rousing volley ball game (where Jim Banvard was keeping score--more or less. He has an unusual system whereby he adds 2 points per scoring point for his side while mysteriously deducting one point for the opponents). Meanwhile we were being entertained by an excellent blue grass band which continued the show after supper.

Supper consisted of hamburgers and all the steamed shrimp you could eat, baked potatoes (including sour cream--these people attended to the details), salads, plus beer, soft drinks, and an open bar. While many of us were enranced by a huge orange moon rising over the ocean, the awards--silver Revere bowls--were handed out. We were pleased to take second TD, losing out to a much better car. During the raffle, our donated T-shirt went to none other than Bob Walker.

Mechanical problems were minor and manageable. Sunday morning in the hotel parking lot, we popped a carburetor when the screws vibrated loose and disappeared, but we managed to scrounge up a couple of replacement screws. The TD developed a worse than typical oil leak and went through four quarts on the way home. I won't go into detail about how Jim Banvard took an alternative (and shorter) route with my purse and Dan's wallet in his car. South of Elizabeth City our gas light started flashing. We didn't even have a dime for the tool booth. We rolled into the driveway on fumes.

Only one event marred the entire weekend and that was having to say good-bye to Bob and Ethel Walker who are heading for Arizona in their motor home. After visiting with their children, they're taking their 5½ year old grandson on a summer-long trip to Alaska. Their plans after that are unsettled. We certainly would welcome them back to Tidewater. Their sojourn with us was much too short. We were finally privileged to see their legendary blue TD. I took pictures to prove to the folks back home that it really exists.

Farewell, Bob and Ethel. Have a safe journey west and north. Good luck and good 'T'-ing wherever you go and don't forget to come see us.

TECH SESSION--Not much was accomplished at the May 20 tech session. The Boswells did get their garages cleaned out in preparation for hosting the event. Considering the state of the garages, this was a monumental achievement, probably equal in magnitude to Moses parting the Red Sea (except he did have outside assistance) or Hannibal crossing the Alps. We could have used one of Hannibal's elephants to help get the nuts off Bess Mann's rear wheels, which never did come off. Even Robert Davis, who put them on, couldn't get them off again. Bess also learned how to replace a master cylinder. Her comment when the task was completed: "Gee, it's nice to have brakes!"

Jim Banvard and Roy Wiley drove Roy's VA over to Jim's house where Jim will start installing the wood. I'm surprised they weren't challenged to drag by a kid in a souped up '57 Chevy. Minus fenders, doors, hood panels and all the interior except the driver's seat, all Roy would have to do is paint flames on the roof and jack up the rear end and he'd have a drag strip funny car.

The rest of the spectators included Ashes and Tarrs, Andy Wallach, Pat McDonald and daughter Kelly, Peggy Bradford, Mike West (here for three weeks of school) and Dave Barrows.

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DON'T FORGET TO NAME YOUR NEWSLETTER!!  
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UPCOMING EVENTS--

JUNE 10 (SUN)--FUNKHANA, 1:00 p.m., Fentress Air Field. Bring a picnic lunch and beverages. No alcoholic beverages are permitted at Fentress, so you'll have to suffer through this non-sense sober. Sorry!!

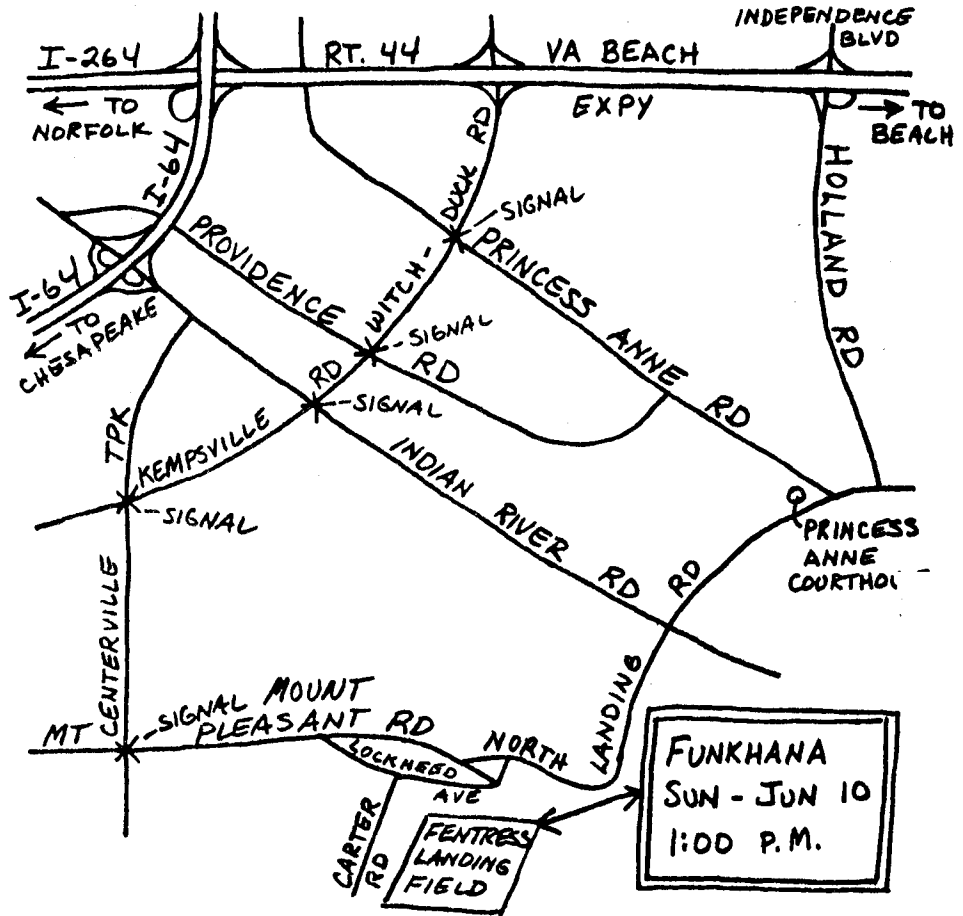
JULY 20 (FRI)--BEACH PARTY/COOK-OUT at Dave and Helen Barrows (rain date 27 July).

JULY 29 (SUN)--Tech Session

AUGUST 17 (FRI)--Pool Party at Bob and Peggy Pellerins. This was originally scheduled under Ron and Rosemary Eaton's sponsorship, but since they will be gone by then, Bob and Peggy have volunteered.

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And now, Episode VIII of MG FEVER by Robert Davis (When we left our picaresque hero, he and Mike Ash were legalizing the Y for road travel...)



I enjoyed the YB more than any other car I had ever owned. Weeks after its arrival, we played the HMS HERMES in rugby. The HERMES is a medium sized carrier but could only put up one side on a Thursday afternoon. Mike and Jennifer Ash came and watched about half the match. We expected the Royal Navy side to be weak and played our second side against them. We lost by at least 20 points. Mike and Jennifer didn't attend the party, but I more than made up for their absence. I was playing first side then and was not selected to play in a 'B' side match. So I was all set for the party. We had a great time at the party and later moved to a local bar. Everyone had left and I was suddenly confronted with ten or so British officers needing a ride to the Officers' quarters at the Norfolk Naval Base. I thought they were going to be well behaved, but in my state dancing on the tables was well behaved. We went to Burger King and all got crowns (the ones they give to the little kids). Next we piled all the luggage, rugby shoes, etc., into the trunk and when I pushed the lid shut the back seat came forward. We all piled in the car. Two of the passengers had to stand up through the sun roof. We sang songs and upon arriving at the gate, the passengers threw about a dozen or so beer

cans and one jock strap at the marine at the gate. He and another marine started jerking everyone out of the car. Everyone was a lieutenant or better and the ring leader was a lieutenant commander, The marine found this out when he looked at everyone's identification. He said we could go ahead if we behaved ourselves. Then he told us we could all be arrested and the car impounded. The word 'impounded' shot through me like a gun. I could picture it all with both of us behind bars. I wasn't sure my mom and dad would bail me out of jail, much less my car.

We finally acted straight enough to leave. I noted the driveshaft rubbing on the tunnel when we pulled off. The Royal Navy had been a guest of the YB and ranted and raved over the car. I would have, too. The price of the cab fare was right.

A year later Ron Henry came over and brought two rear springs. I had looked under the car several times to try and find out why the driveshaft was rubbing under a load. Ron saw right away that my problem was a broken spring. The Royal Navy had put too much weight on the spring and it failed. I should have never loaded the car up with so many passengers. I told Ron I had been driving for about a year on the broken spring. All the leaves were broken except one. A high speed collapse of the leaf spring could have been disastrous--fatal even. I fitted a new spring and everything went along fine.

There is another report on the engine which will be discussed in the next issue.

Has he worked on the Atlanta TD? Has the YB engine blown? Does the YB need a temperature gauge? Has this column gone too far off the deep end? Tune in next month for:

The engine going out and a new one going in--or, Didn't you do a rebuild once before?

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CANDID CAMERA IS COMING!!  
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,Ed. note--Due to lack of space, I will have to contin the painting article next month.)

ODDS 'N ENDS--NEW MEMBERS--Welcome to our newest members, Bill and Bonnie Litchfield, 1534 Michigan Ave., Va Beach, VA 23454 (425-8463). They have a 'B' and would like to get a TF.

ADDRESS CHANGES--I publish an addendum to the roster with new members and address changes and half the club decides to move. As for the Wests, I propose the following amendment to the by-laws. Mike and Nita West are limited to three address changes a year.

Randy and Robbin Hicks  
512 Butler Ave.  
Suffolk, VA 23434

Bob and Ethel Walker  
P.O. Box 207  
Ladson, S.C. 29456

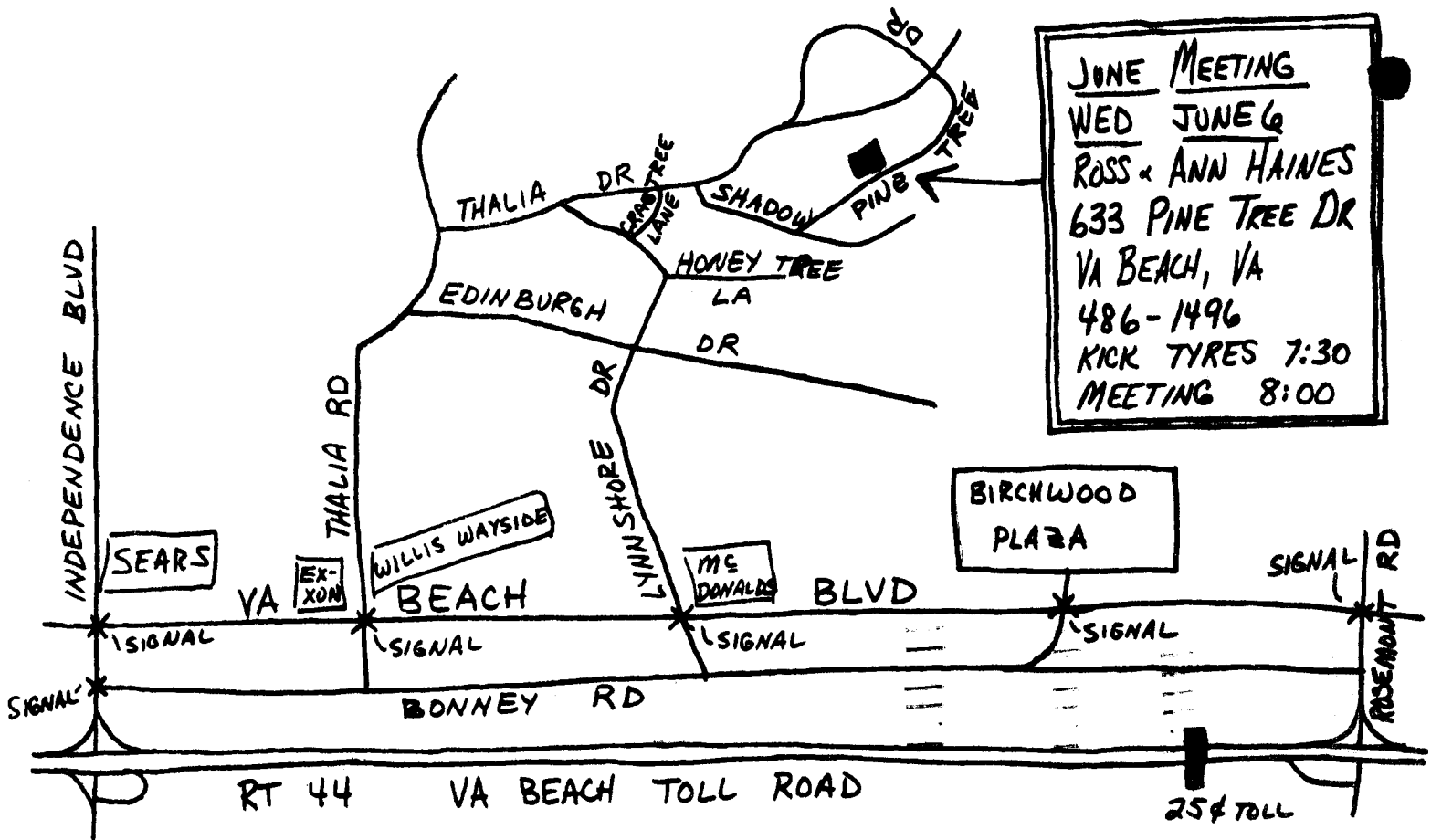
Herschel and Pam Smith  
1501 Seaford Cove  
Va Beach, VA 23462  
467-0135

Mike and Nita West  
56 Parkwood Ave.  
Charleston, S.C. 29403  
803-723-8226

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DEADLINE FOR THE JULY NEWSLETTER IS 1 JULY 1979!!  
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AND FINALLY--

The last time I drove in my 'T',  
Some guy started craning to see.  
I primped at my hair,  
Checked my lipstick with care,  
But the 'T' was his fancy, not me.



TIDEWATER M. G. "T" CLASSICS  
 636 ROYAL PALM DR.  
 VIRGINIA BEACH, VA. 23452



ROSS & ANN HAINES  
 633 PINE TREE DR  
 VA BEACH VA 23452