



# THE DIPSTICK

JANUARY 1980

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Happy New Year and New Decade, guys--

Hope the '80s are better than the '70s have been, or we'll have to turn our beloved little cars into planters and salad bars.

From Old Number 2400, 4270, 7085, and VM199--

Christmas is upon us as evidenced by the party hosted by the Barrows. It was delightful as always, Dave and Helen--thank you! My having been out of town two of the previous three weeks caused Brenda and me to depart early. It seems that we missed the best part of the party. Reports have it that at 1:00 a.m., all was going strong.

It was great to see Ron and Rosemary Eaton after six months or so; I wish that they could be with us more often. As usual the Christmas party brings out some of the folks we rarely see. We did miss Roosevelt and his new bride Doris. Congratulations, Doris. By the way, they are our new neighbors, having bought the house down the street.

During this cold period of the year as winter dashes upon us, there is one group of us who are not resting following an active 'T' year. These folks are the Activities Committee. A report appears elsewhere in this issue of the Dip Stick (Ed. note--Andy will get you for that). Come prepared to express your views and preferences for the events of 1980 at the January meeting.

Again let me wish you all a very happy holiday season and a prosperous new year.

Jim B.

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AULD LANG SYNE, MY FRIENDS!!!  
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THE CHRISTMAS PARTY--The Barrows' player piano is my own private little joy at this affair and so I must say a special thanks to Dave and Helen for their more than super efforts at having the piano back on the premises (following some repairs) in time for our annual sing-along. Must say the piano attracted more than its usual chorus of caterwaulers, especially for those rousing beer-hall and bar songs, "Those Were the Days" and "The Whippenpoof Song." Perhaps this was a case of joining what you can't lick.

As usual, the food was an epicurean's delight. As self-appointed food monitor, Mike Ash met each arrival at the door so as to ensure that each dish was placed where he could get at it easily. Ever diligent in discharging his official duties, Mike nobly volunteered to consume all food he considered less than delicious, merely to get rid of it so no one else would have to suffer. I don't know whether being Catholic is a requirement for having one's name offered for canonization, but surely whoever decides these things would overlook that one shortcoming in the face of such sacrifice for humanity. While I've got Mike on the block, might as well alert the mob that both he and Robert Davis were seen (by sources which shall remain anonymous) in a coat and tie, simultaneously, at the same time. Now that these two have succumbed to good taste, who will set our standards for the future?

As it always does, the Christmas Party brought out some of the strangers. Ted Hughes and Louann Merton put aside their respective medical texts for the occasion. Although only in his second year, Ted has already delivered twelve

of his own babies--er, twelve babies on his own, plus assisted in a couple dozen more. "Anyone can deliver a baby," Ted stated modestly, downplaying his achievement, but I thought it was rather neat.

Bob and Peggy Pellerin showed up in their new 1967 Avanti (what kind of MG is that, Bob?). Bron Prokuski brought his kibbee (an Assyrian dish, I believe he said at one time, a kind of cold meat loaf dipped in a chick pea sauce that was quite tasty). Al and Ginger Alvarez struggled in under an arm load of scrumptious crab dip, and Doug Hand proved that he really does have a wife named Connie. The distance award goes to our dearly departed ex-prez and wife, Ron and Rosemary Eaton, who drove down from northern Virginia for the affair. Now that they have adjusted to the hectic pace in the D.C. suburbs, they are very pleased with their new life. They are planning to become active with our Chesapeake friends, but still miss the old Tidewater faithful. Fortunately, they aren't so far away that they can't just drop in for a Christmas party now and then.

About midnight, just as the party began winding down, the Barrows' Healey friends stopped by with some movies of, what else, car races, involving Healeys of course. But that didn't stop a few of the group from enjoying the films while others gathered around the fire in the den for a few late night hysterics, not to be recounted in a family newsletter.

Thanks to Dave and Helen. They never fail to be the most unflappable of hosts, even when the banshees start howling in the piano room.

THE JANUARY MEETING is WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2, at 8:00 p.m. at the home of Ted and Vicki Spilman.

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CONGRATULATIONS, ROSIE AND DORIS!!  
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UPCOMING EVENTS--

January 26 (SAT)--The Fourth Annual Wicker Basket Affair. I keep trying to get the membership to drop the \$2.50 per person charge for this event, but am always voted down. Maybe next year. In the meantime, we are still asked to pay \$2.50 per person.

A NOTE FROM OUR HOSTESS (Old Number 6900)--

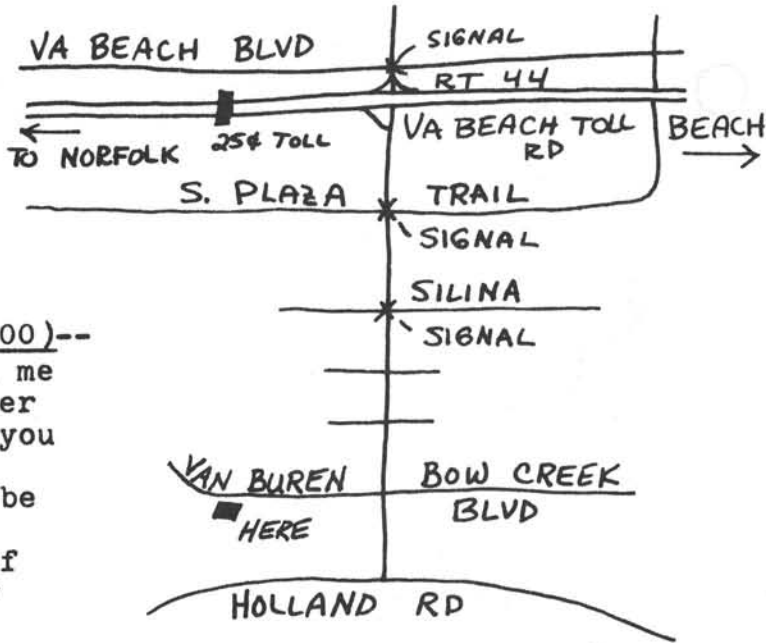
January 26 is the big affair. Call me at 441-2537 (8-4:30) or 340-6737 (after 6) by January 20 to let me know what you would like to bring--hors d'oeuvre, meat, vegetable, dessert. There will be coffee, wine punch, water, and beer. And this year, I will make a variety of breads. Riding to the Christmas Party in my TC brought to mind--"Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh..."

Brenda

FEBRUARY 23 (SAT)--Casino party.

MARCH 23 (SUN)--Daffy Duck Pin Bowling.

These dates are very tentative. Elsewhere in the newsletter is a very tentative full schedule of the next year's events.



ROSEMONT RD EXIT OFF RT. 44!

4th ANNUAL WICKER BASKET AFFAIR

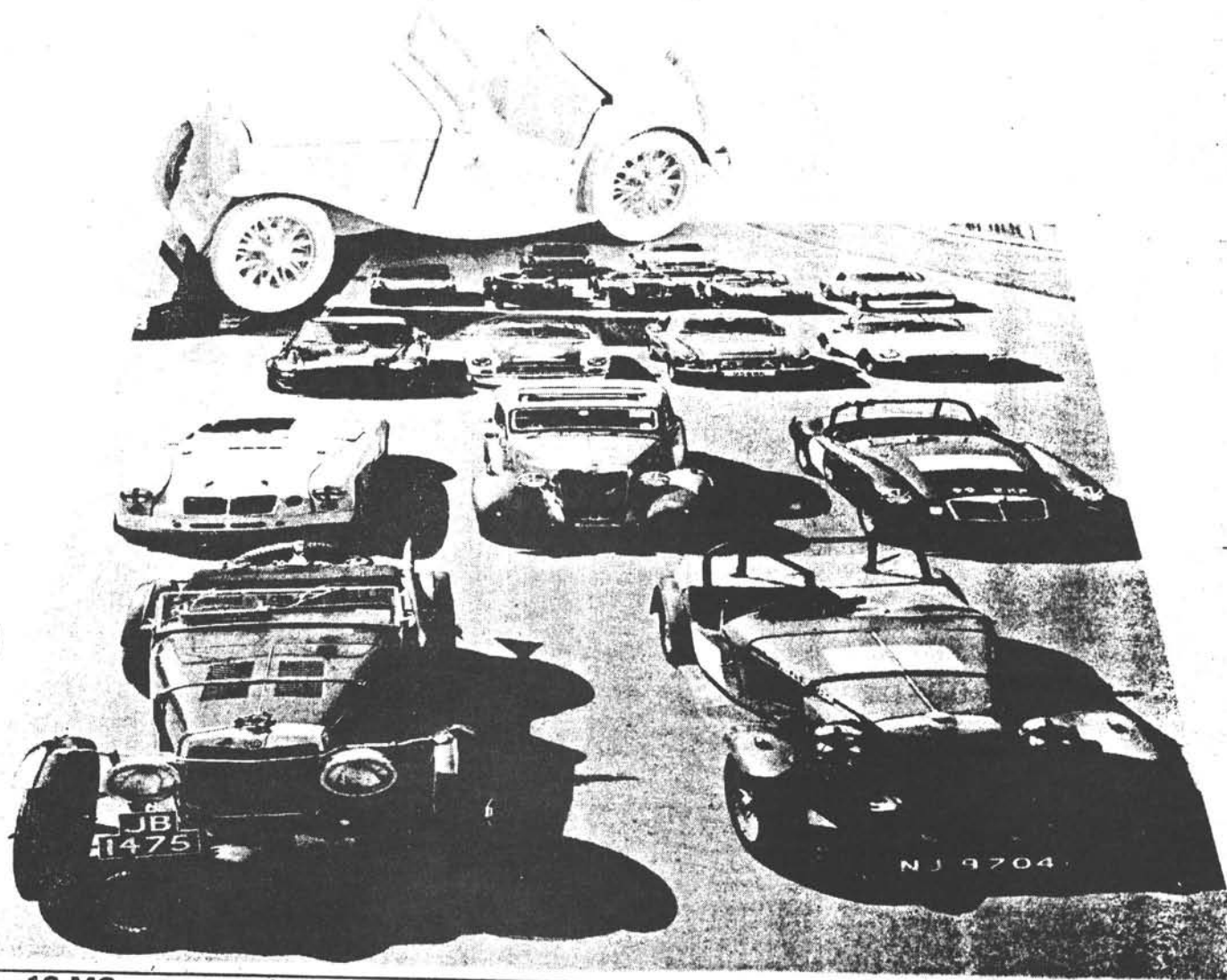
JIM & BRENDA BANVARD  
3633 VAN BUREN DR

340-6737

SATURDAY--JAN 26--7:30 p.m.

Thanks to the Ashes for the following articles from CAR AND CAR CONVERSIONS, November, 1979--

3



**Make 18 MG racers, exclusive use of Brands Hatch, and what have you got? A lot of fun for Terry Grimwood, John Brigden, Mike Wilds and Chris Harvey**

If you're the sort of person who spends his time moaning that he'd love to take up motor racing but can't afford it, prepare to meet your Waterloo. After reading this feature you'll be left with only two choices - to shut up, or to join the MG Car Club.

A number of clubs or formulae purport to be great exponents of low cost motor racing, but the MG Car Club actually delivers the goods by offering a range of racing classes to suit almost every financial situation.

In the words of the MGCC: "where else can you take part in a nationwide championship, on an equal basis with your competitors, for virtually no more than the cost of your petrol and entry fee; plus, initially your helmet and racing licence?"

The four principal racing championships within the MGCC are: the F-Register Drivers Championship for F-type cars in two classes, A) standard,

and B) modified; the MGA Racing Championship for all types of MGA, in two classes, A) standard push-rod, B) modified push-rod and Twin Cams; the Midget Competition group for all Midgets and Austin Healey Sprites, in two classes, A) Roadgoing, B) Modified; the B/C/V8 Championship for MGBs, MGCs and BV8s in four classes: A) modified Bs and Cs, B) standard Bs and Cs, C) modified V8s, D) standard V8s and roadgoing modified Bs and Cs.

Each championship comprises a series of eight or more race meetings, sprints and hillclimbs and points are awarded to produce a class winner and overall winner at the end of the year. If you don't like the idea of going the whole way into racing, there is a national club speed championship, composed entirely of sprints and hillclimbs, in classes according to the model and state of tune.

Perhaps the greatest virtue of the MGCC is that it means you can get out onto the

track, or wherever, with a lot of people, who, like yourself, enjoy their motorsport. Everyone is extremely friendly and ready to help each other without reservation, in the true but sometimes mythical spirit of club racing.

If you feel you might like to join, but don't have a suitable car, don't despair, as examples, particularly the Midget can be bought extremely cheaply and are easy to find. Another point to bear in mind is that the car you buy will most probably also be usable as a road car.

The club goes all out to maintain the interest of its members and organises social events, autotests etc., as well as touring holidays and other outings associated with normal road work. It can also help with discount on spares, technical information and produces a first class glossy monthly magazine.

For more information contact Sheila Laurence, MG Car Club, 67 Wide Bargate, Boston, Lincs. Tel: Boston 64301.





### Pre-1940 MG K3 — Philip Bayne-Powell

The K3 and the J2 MGs were built at the same time, but they are totally different. The K3, apart from being far faster with its supercharged 1100cc six-cylinder engine, is a real racing car and feels much more modern. It corners with hardly any roll and the pre-selector gearchange is as good as the best synchromesh boxes. Just move the lever into the appropriate position and, wait for it, press the 'clutch' pedal and *varoom*, it's changed gear. It is so easy and so sensible, leaving your hands free to saw at the wheel, because the K3 is old-fashioned enough to need that through the corners.

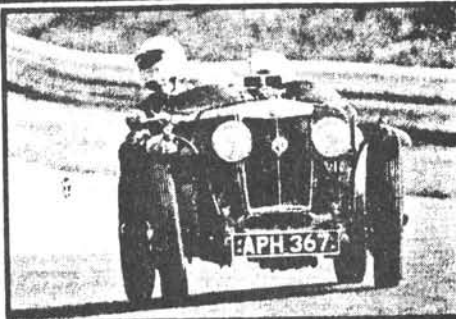
Crash helmet or not, the noise is fantastic, as good as the tearing of calico they are always on about when they describe Bugattis. There's nothing quite like the sound of a supercharged racing car with a megaphone exhaust, and little that goes like this wonderful K3 Magnette. No wonder it won its class in the Mille Miglia of 1933 with Count 'Johnny' Lurani and George Eyston at the wheel.

The cockpit simply reeks of history. Behind that very wheel sat Tazio Nuvolari, surely the greatest racing driver the world has ever seen, when he won the TT in 1933 at such a speed that his time was not beaten until 1951, and then only by Stirling Moss in a C type Jaguar with an engine three times as big.

It feels so precise, you could drive it through a gap only six inches wider than the car at 100mph. If you're good enough, you can place the wheels a few inches from a curb or verge and keep them there all the way through a bend, drifting along on the throttle. It's a real road burner, built to run 1000 miles through the dust and gravel of an Italian mountain pass and through the mud and rain of an Ulster side street. No wonder there are no real road races anymore. They haven't got a car like the K3 to drive in one. Racing a K3 round Brands Hatch is better than never racing one at all, but this is a car that really belongs to the road. It feels so solid, so absolutely dependable, there's no obstacle it couldn't surmount.

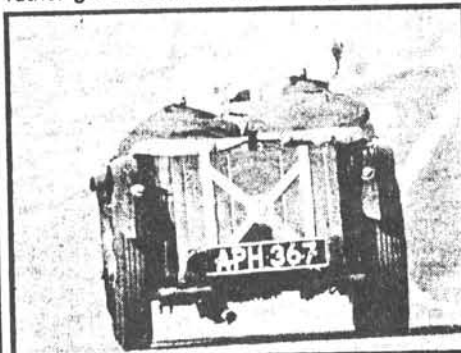
And, sad to say, nobody will ever make a car like the K3 again. It's the sort that legends are made of. All credit to its owner for driving such a machine rather than locking it away in a museum, and all credit to the MG Car Club for providing events for it to contest.

CH



said: "there goes Enzo Ferrari on his Alfa Romeo." It's just like that with an MG J2. You don't really sit in it, you perch on it, then ride the damn thing like the driver on a stage coach, using the gear stick like a whip and the pedals like beating your hooves on a toe board. And I'll tell you this: it's just as exciting as riding the range with John Wayne would have been. If you're going to carry a passenger, he or she had to be a good *partner*. It's all swing together on the corners, with driver and passenger hanging out like the crew on a racing motor cycle combination.

The doors on these narrow little cars weren't cut away just for style: they had to be so that you could lean out to stop the thing falling over on corners. Mind you, it's pretty difficult to turn over one of these incredible machines. They really have got rather good roadholding, although it's



achieved in a completely different manner to anything modern. The suspension is so stiff that the chassis seems to do all the springing and the body hardly feels as though it has anything to do with it. The body just feels like something you could dispense with at any time you liked. And then you'd be riding bareback, which on an MG J2 must

The J2 turned out to be a very forgiving machine. . . . Providing you were proficient at double declutching and could change down fast enough, it could be driven on the throttle with the tail hanging out at any desired angle. The engine was marvellous giving the impression that revs were its birthright, and the brakes on this magnificently-prepared machine worked very well considering their great antiquity.

The J2, with its cycle-type wings, really is the archetypal Midget. You almost wear it like a pair of favourite overalls. It is rumoured that they have hoods, but there is no way that such protuberances should ever be erected. This is a real hair-in-the-air road car that is extremely well behaved on the track. If it can be faulted it is only in that it is so narrow that it almost feels lost in the vast expanses of Brands Hatch. It's really the sort of car that you should drive on a narrow twisty hill-climb like Wiscombe. All you need is 10 feet of road and enough room to lean out and skim the hedge on the way up.

My only complaint about it at Brands Hatch is that they make you wear a helmet. You really need to wear a fiat cap with the peak turned backwards, goggles, and your old silk scarf knotted at your throat to appreciate a Midget at its best. Wearing a modern full-face helmet with a visor makes it all seem like watching a television screen.

CH

### MG TC

You really feel like Biggles in his flying jacket when you sit in an MG TC. Waggle the joystick to check it's in neutral, turn the key, press the button, fire up the engine and feel the good vibrations running through the frame. We're off to win the Battle of Britain!

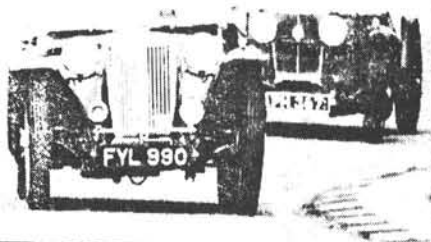


again! No matter that the TC was born a few months after they declared peace, it's absolutely Flying Officer Kite in character. There seems to be no battle it can't win, despite tremendous adversity in positive camber, springs that Charles Atlas couldn't bend, and basic mechanical components designed for a completely different car, a heavyweight saloon. The whole thing shakes and shudders, but it all hangs together remarkably well.

Just like the handling on this beautifully-prepared specimen. You can throw it into corners at seemingly impossible speeds, entering at the angle you intend to depart at.

It's the car that won the West. American servicemen going home after the war took a T-series and started the biggest export boom the British car industry has ever known. Driving a T-series like this one makes you realise why: every mile is sheer fun, no two journeys will ever be exactly alike. The crispness of handling and beauty of line set it apart from bulbous, modern cars.

It's easier to drive than a J2, but very similar in many respects. The main differences are in the gearbox, with its excellent synchronised change, and the body, which although narrow, is a good deal wider than that of the earlier car. The engine feels more flexible, betraying its saloon car heritage, but that *ride!* It really is the



And when you're cornering hard, the wheels actually bend outwards quite dramatically, popping out of the front wings to prove it!

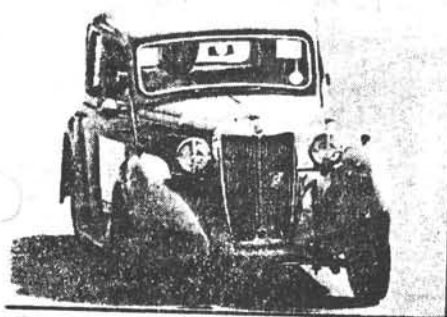
One of the main problems with the TC for the uninitiated is hanging on to it. If you're not careful you can end up sliding all over the bench seat. They really need bucket seats or racing, and I'd reckon that proper accommodation for the backside would be worth a couple of seconds a lap.

This car was painted in the traditional and well-hallowed MG works colours, brown and cream, and, of course, there were octagons everywhere. With machines like this it's easy to see why the world itself should be octagonal.

CH

### Standard YA – Frank Vautier

Driving the YA racing saloon is an incredible experience. Its handling could only be described as in the galleon class: fantastic



at all angles, terminal understeer and quite easy to capsize in some desperate dog fight. But with its T-series racing engine giving something like 90bhp – double the power it was designed to take – it can be cornered in a spectacular fashion providing you have a well-lined right boot. Ease up on the accelerator and you could be in trouble.

The engine felt great and gave the impression that it could take a lot of punishment. It was a good job, too, as this title-modified saloon didn't even have a rev counter! "Just change at 20, 40 and 60mph," said long-time owner Frank Vautier. After a long round trying to keep up with the pack, I came in to admit that I got rather excited and changed up at 70mph at one point. Don't worry, it happens to me too," said Frank.

The biggest problem for me at first was the gearchange. The lever felt like a Scot's walking stick and it was very easy to get the wrong gear. The brakes were excellent, with their heavy, solid pedal. Like the J2, the body did not really feel as though it was an integral part of the car. It certainly felt much bigger, more like a cathedral on wheels in comparison. This feeling was heightened by rays of sun shining through the windows, giving a reflection that made me think the passenger door was starting to open every time I took Paddock Bend!

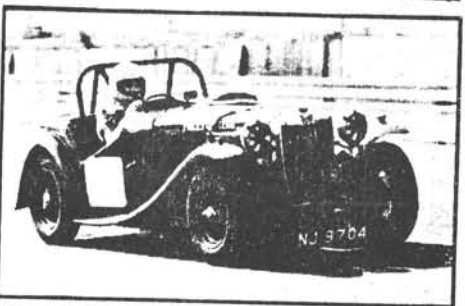
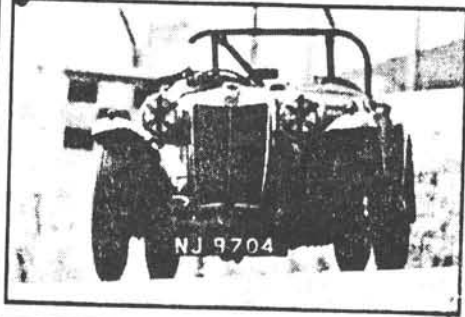
It once I'd established confidence in this eccentric racing machine, it proved how good it can be. The harder you drove it the better it got, proving to be quite controllable providing you kept the power on. And when

the T-series saloons were designed before the war although they were produced after it), doubtless because of its softer (and independent front) suspension, and longer wheelbase. It still felt pre-war, however, with its whippy chassis.

It's a tragedy that there doesn't seem to be anybody else to give this car a race. The YA must be one of the prettiest saloons ever made and it is certainly one of the most charming. Such is the development that goes into the T-series to which it is so closely related and which it competes against, that its bulk and weight proves to be a great handicap. But thank goodness, this one is still racing, it presents such a great spectacle.

CH

### MGTA Standard Class – Stuart Dean



These old T-series cars may be old but by heck they're fun to drive. Stuart, one of the stalwarts of the MGCC, hails from Southend and is a regular competitor at club race meetings.

Quite frankly, having covered a good number of laps in this car, I'm amazed at how much better and more sophisticated it is than a lot of modern cars whose owners/builders should know better.

The amazingly direct rack – 1½ turns lock-to-lock I believe – means that the steering is very heavy (despite the huge wheel) but it is also fabulously direct, while the heavy, rigid chassis and old-fashioned but effective friction dampers make for a great, sporty ride.

The engine may not be the quickest unit in the world, but it works willingly enough, and makes all the right noises, while the

sideways G-forces, but the handling is so predictable that you can have great fun hanging the tail out at genuinely sane speeds. On top of this, you've got all the benefits of classic, open top motoring; it's a shame that T-types command such high prices these days – the National Health Service should prescribe a few laps in one of them as a restorative for depression. . . .

TG

### MGA Standard – Rob Innes-Ker

There were no dramatic times to be extracted from this MGA, which runs in the standard class, simply because it is about as standard an MGA as you will ever see on the tracks.

There has been no fiddling about with the suspension, no changing of induction equipment, in fact no modifications at all besides the addition of the roll cage and seat belts.

The reason for it being this way is that Rob Innes-Ker is one of the leading exponents of racing these cars, and feels that to change merely an instrument detracts from his credibility as an expert on the subject not to mention that of the car as a paragon of the marque.

The car is a 1600 version, but reboring through the years has meant that the actual capacity is now nearer 1650cc, but it still uses standard oversize pistons.

Before driving the car I was warned that it possessed a strong tendency to oversteer, so I was expecting a very tail happy car which would feel as though it were balanced on a knife edge. This however was not so, and the car felt remarkably stable, despite having an ancient live rear axle and cart springs.

This particular model was open with an aero (fly) screen which, (while touring round Brands Hatch in about 63 seconds) gave one the impression of great speed.

One of the most enjoyable aspects of this car was to use the long front wing as a sort of mobile gun-sight for the apex of Paddock Bend. Along the straight I found I could fool myself into thinking that hiding behind the aero screen, out of the air stream was actually increasing the speed!

The engine, being a long stroker, was not a high revving unit and only went to 7000rpm; but before I started, Rob told me not to worry about the rpm, as it was most unlikely that I would be able to break anything!



One of the advantages of long stroke can be the consequent benefits in torque, and I found that only third and top gear were required for Brands' club circuit. Second, the usual gear for Druids, was a waste of time. So, it was third at Paddock, third at Druids, third at Bottom, a quick change into fourth, and then back to third for Clearways, before returning to fourth for the straight.

It was certainly not dramatic, but a great deal better than I expected, and a whole lot better than some of the more modern MG offerings. JB

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# Asides

## News and Products



It is no more than coincidence that while this issue hits the bookstalls or lands through your letter box, containing as it does, an MG extravaganza, the national news media has been reporting that MG "must go" in 3L Boss, Sir Michael Edwardes' latest round of cutbacks.

It was also reported, in tones normally reserved for an animal cruelty item, that the MG Car Club had offered to stump-up £500 000 per annum to keep 3L's Abingdon MG assembly line open: a meaningless, but nevertheless true-Brit gesture.

Further evidence of the MG marque's strong and traditional brand-loyalty comes from MG's prime export market, North America, where BL MG dealers have reportedly been considering forming a consortium to save Abingdon. Alas, that too would appear to be a no-go gesture; for Abingdon, with all its emotive connotations, means very little when considered in the stark terms forced on BL's economists.

Abingdon is just one of six BL factories destined for the axe in the near future, while another four have been marked-out for the executioner's attention. BL is currently in the clutches of the National Enterprise Board to the tune of £1 billion, and the planned closure of Abingdon, plus another five, is part of what must be realistically considered as a last-ditch rescue attempt.

Sir Michael Edwardes and his Government backers know that at this time, it is truly do-or-die. The ageing model range has to be drastically pruned and in the process, outdated bit-part factories must be ruthlessly

and immediately chopped.

Sweeping emotion aside, MG represents much of what is so evidently wrong with BL. And it is not any fault of MG motor cars, or Abingdon's loyal and productive work-force. MG's plight is the result of narrow minded, slipshod management decisions dating back to the British Motor Corporation and, subsequently, British Motor Holdings.

Those were the days when the Anglo-Americans (as we used to call them) were busy formulating the model policies and structures which are crippling BL now, while in the industrial heart of the Midlands, British "executives" were — between tea-breaks — shelving one project after another whilst maintaining (with the benefit of hindsight) an amazing lack of awareness of the Mini and its derivatives' potential.

Austin and Morris were churning out totally unrelated, unstructured model ranges while the behind-closed-doors decisions appear to have been of little more consequence than the grafting of a Riley, MG or Wolseley identity to BMC's ailing, knock-kneed, mid-range tanks.

This wonderfully inept management must have regarded MG with fond satisfaction, for Abingdon gave few causes for concern and its products moved from final assembly to owners' hands with little fuss. New sports car proposals were indefinitely shelved ("The MGB's a jolly fine car — who needs any of this expensive mid-engined nonsense!")

The MG name will continue.

but it is unlikely to be any more than the badge-designation of an up-market BL-Honda — and that could turn out to be no bad thing. BL's share of the UK market has fallen to less than 20 percent and it must regain its home market share at all costs.

Unfortunately MG cars play no part in the only obvious strategy — profit, profit, profit.

New factories, more manufacture automation, and a pared model range takes MG (and certain JRT products) ever further from the fray. IS

From THE OCTAGON, newsletter of the Classic MG Club of Florida--

## MG Is Still Around

It looks like the MG marque is going to be around a lot longer than anyone would have thought just a couple of weeks ago.

According to a recent announcement from Jaguar-Rover-Triumph, parent company of MG (now) in the United States, it was confirmed at a recent meeting between British-Leyland of America representative (JRT's parent firm) and MG dealers, that "the MG marque would continue and it is

The spokesman said that B-L management noted the amount of outrage on the part of the U.S., but, he said, it was dealer pressure which was pushing the automotive firm to make the move.

"Another thing you can be sure of is that the manufacturer will probably not be Aston-Martin," the spokesman referred to recent press reports that the dealers were unhappy with the Aston plan to buy MG.

Some speculation as to which car the new MG will be based on centered on a new Austin Morris model. However, the spokesman said, "it's unlikely that this will happen."

The reason is quite simple. The new Austin isn't due out until 1982, and the company's (J-R-T) announcement said the new MGB will "follow cessation of production at Abingdon."

It's more than likely that the new car will probably be based on the Triumph TR-7. This was also pointed to in a Wall Street Journal report on the automaker's continuation announcement.

The spokesman refused to confirm or deny that it would be based on the TR-7, but he did so with a hint in his voice that that report was more than lukewarm.

The British auto industry is famous, historically, for using one model as the basis of another. MG, many times in its history, has used the chassis and running gear of one model as the basis for another.

"Badge engineering isn't new to the British," said the spokesman when asked for comment on the Journal report. And, it seems likely that the new open MG roadster will be based on the TR-7. However, he didn't rule out a closed version either.

By Marc Stern

planned to produce a successor to the MGB to follow cessation of production at Abingdon."

The reason, said a spokesman for the firm, was mainly pressure from the American dealers who said they need the MG to survive. Many of them said that 50 percent of their sales were made up of MGs, whose history dates back more than 50 years.

(They've also decided to extend the production run of the MGB so that there will be enough cars available for U.S. dealers until early 1981.)

Speculation has run rampant in recent weeks that there might likely be a successor to the famed MG, with some stories pointing to Honda as a likely candidate. However, the spokesman said, that isn't true. They have no plans to put the MG nameplate on a Japanese car.

MG will still remain a British-made model and it will still be a two-seat open roadster.

"What you can be sure of," the spokesman said, "is that the new MG won't be made at the famed Abingdon plant, for so long its home. The reason is they need the real estate for Honda parts."

ODDS 'N ENDS--Please make the following additions and/or corrections to your roster--

From Italy, the Pagleys wish all the best of the season and report that they have now added P.O. Box 613 to their address.

Two of our bachelors have moved and as you all know by now, one of them has tied the knot. Congratulations, Rosie and Doris!

Roosevelt and Doris Moseley  
3604 Van Buren Dr.  
Va Beach, VA 23452

Robert Davis  
401 Pallets Rd.  
Va Beach, VA 23454  
486-4461

THE FUTURE--Haines, Haines and Mann have come up with the following tentative (and they stress the word tentative) schedule for 1980. Stay tuned to this channel for further details. Looks like a good year!

- JANUARY 26 (SAT)--Wicker Basket Affair
- FEBRUARY 23 (SAT)--Casino Party
- MARCH 23 (SUN)--Daffy Duck Bowling
- APRIL 13 (SUN)--Tech Session
- 20 (SUN)--Drive-out and brunch at the Cascades
- May 17 (SAT)--Scavenger Hunt and BYOB Party
- JUNE 1 (SUN)--Tech Session
- JUNE 21 (SAT) (Rain date June 28)--Field Day and Picnic at Bayville Farms
- JULY 13 (SUN)--Mini Road Rallye
- 27 (SUN)--Tech Session *Robert*
- AUGUST--Tentative plans for mini-GOF or Beach/Pool Party or Tech Session
- SEPTEMBER 13 (SAT)--British Affair
- 21 (SUN)--Tech Session
- OCTOBER 25 (SAT)--Halloween Party
- NOVEMBER--Oyster Festival in Urbanna, date unknown
- NOVEMBER 15 or 16 (FRI or SAT)--Dinner, possibly at Swains
- DECEMBER 12 (FRI)--Christmas Party

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Meeting Dates--

- JAN 2 (WED)--Ted and Vicki Spilman
- FEB 5 (TUE)--Brad and Peggy Bradford
- MAR 5 (WED)--Robert Davis *? make something*
- APR 1 (TUE)--open
- MAY 7 (TUE)--Bess Mann
- JUN 3 (TUE)--Ross and Ann Haines
- ~~JUL 2 (WED)--open~~ *Jim Rudd + Dondra Cunningham*
- AUG 5 (TUE)--open
- SEP 3 (WED)--open *Pam + Herschel Smith*
- OCT 7 (TUE)--open *Tom Lund*
- NOV 5 (WED)--open

As you see, there are still plenty of open dates, so please call Ross and Ann Haines at 486-1496 and volunteer. How about the old regulars holding off for a while in case someone new would like to have a meeting. If we get desperate, we always know who to draft in an emergency.

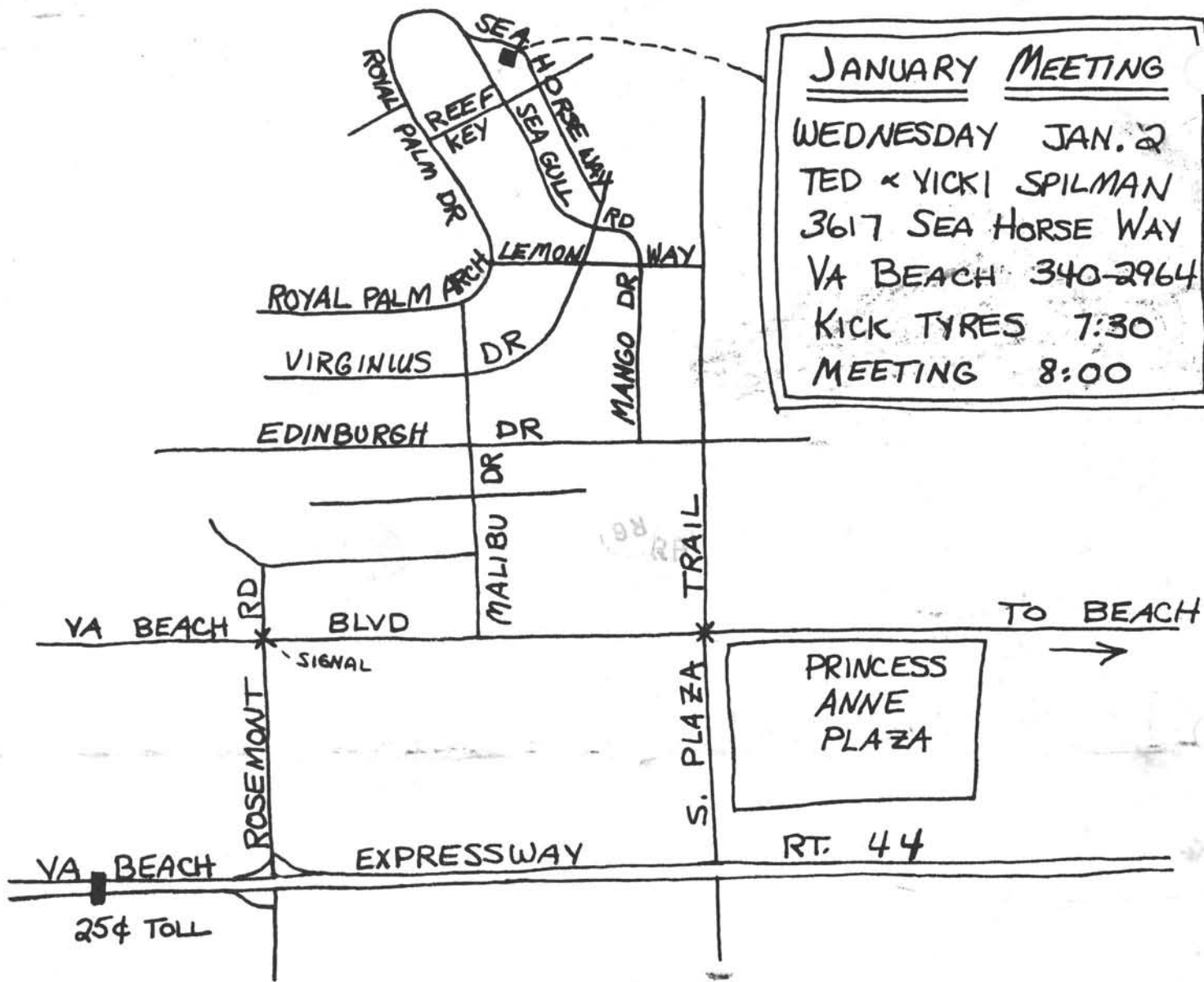
\*\*\*\*\*  
DEADLINE FOR THE FEBRUARY NEWSLETTER IS 26 JAN 1980!!  
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AND FINALLY--

I need contributions. I hate to keep borrowing tech articles, cartoons, poems, etc., from other newsletters, but it can't be helped. So come on, you guys. Give.

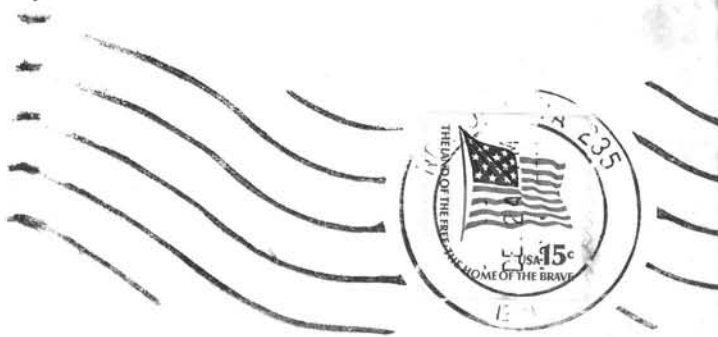
Also, seems that last month there was some confusion as to who was slinging which arrows of outrageousness, so in the future I will be more diligent in assigning blame where blame is due. After all, I don't want our TF toilet papered for something Andy Wallach wrote.

"And so drink a toast to everything since nothing is for sure."



JANUARY MEETING  
 WEDNESDAY JAN. 2  
 TED & YICKI SPILMAN  
 3617 SEA HORSE WAY  
 VA BEACH 340-2964  
 KICK TYRES 7:30  
 MEETING 8:00

TIDEWATER MG'T CLASSICS  
 636 ROYAL PALM DR  
 VA BEACH, VA 23452



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