

# Tidewater MG Classics



# 2001



# 2001



## Calendar

9 January	*Meeting
7 February	*Meeting
25 February	*Wicker Basket Affair and Meeting
25 March	*Tech Session
30 March to 1 April	*April Fools' Tour
4 April	*Meeting
22 April	*Tech Session
1 May	*Meeting
6 May	Boulders Show, Richmond
17 May	*Ice Cream Rally
19 May	Williamsburg Show
2 June	Brits on the Bay, Virginia Beach
6 June	*Meeting
14 June	*Ice Cream Rally
2-6 July	MG2001, Minnesota
3 July	*Meeting
20 July	*Ice Cream Rally
21 July	TSCC Tulip Rally
1 August	*Meeting
16 August	*Ice Cream Rally
19 August	*Tech Session
4 September	*Meeting
23 September	Brown's Island Show, Richmond
29 September	Wings and Wheels, Topping
3 October	*Meeting
5-7 October	Waynesboro Show
14 October	*Pig Pickin and Rally
27 October	Driver Days
4 November	*Tech Session, Bonfire and Meeting
14 December	*Christmas Party

President	Barry Tyson
Vice President	Mike Haag
Secretary	Doug Kennedy
Treasurer	Jim Villers
Editor	Ed Kehrig
Membership	Alan Watson
Activities	Peggy Craig
Historian	Susan Bond
Technical	Mark Childers
Regalia	Frank Linse
Clubs	Mike Ash



# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR

30 and 31 March and 1 April, 2001



Susan & Terry Bond, Peggy & George Craig

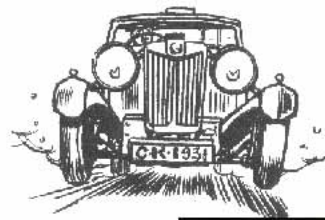


Dan Kirby and Barry Tyson

Friday we met at Cosmo's on  
Portsmouth Boulevard



Terry Bond, Jim Villers, Barry Tyson, Dan Kirby,  
Rory McCormick, Beth Kirby



We didn't get very far before 007 MGB decided it didn't want to play anymore.



Sleepy Hollow Farm



The Hidden Inn



Saturday it was check fluids (and a few other things) and off to tour.



Jim Villers, George & Peggy Craig, Barry Tyson

# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR



Tom & Marie Early, George Craig, Jim Villers, Susan & Terry Bond

30 and 31 March  
and 1 April, 2001

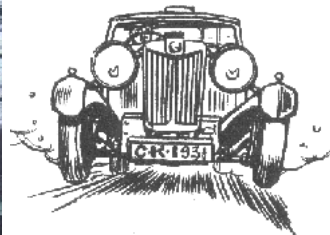




First stop was Ash Lawn-Highland, home of James Monroe.

# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR

30 and 31 March and 1 April, 2001



# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR

30 and 31 March and 1 April, 2001

Then it was  
back to



to tour



Jame Madison's home



Rory McCormick

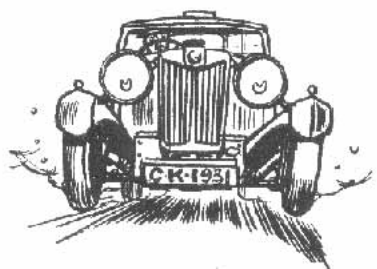


# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR

30 and 31 March and 1 April, 2001



Barry Tyson's Miata, the Villers Mercedes, the Kirbys BGT



# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR

30 and 31 March and 1 April, 2001



We were too late for the winery tour but we did tour the Barbourville ruins.



George Craig, Susan Bond, Dan Kirby, Peggy Craig, Terry Bond

Sunday was a leisurely tour home by way of Keswick



The Villers Mercedes, Mike Haag's B

The Craigs Acura, the Kirby's BGT

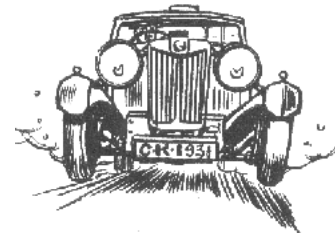


## April Fools' Tour

Peggy Craig

# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR

What a great fun, yet relaxing, long weekend we all had. Dan Kirby did a fabulous job of organizing this trip. He seemed to be familiar with every back road between Tidewater and Charlottesville – even some the Highway Department hasn't discovered yet!



We met at Cosmos' Diner in Portsmouth and were finally on our way at 12:25 on Friday – Sue and Terry in Sue's MGB GT, Dan and Beth in their MBG GT, Barry in his Miata, Mike Haag in his MGB, Rory and Cathy in an MGB, Betty and Jim in the Mercedes and George and I in the Toyota. Marie and Tom Earley joined us later in their MGB in Gordonsville.

It didn't take long before Sue and Terry provided our first "adventure" of the weekend. Shortly after leaving, we encountered a newly erected "detour" (a horror to any rallymaster). Dan took it in stride and led us down all kinds of interesting trails to get us back on our route. As we approached a stop sign, everyone stopped – for a long time. We saw that Sue's MGB was heading up the line. The "B" had stopped and refused to start again. Everyone pulled off at various parts of the intersection – much to the dismay of the police who stopped by and requested we "rearrange" the cars of this sympathy crew. After a few hours with many heads under the bonnet, AAA was called for a tow home. Sue and Terry met us later in their van – a much better vehicle for antiquing. Terry must have planned this little fiasco from the start to provide him more room for his anticipated roadside purchases.

We spent the afternoon traveling backroads (sometimes little more than trails) heading toward Gordonsville, but our great leader knew where he was going – we hoped. Just as dusk was setting in and we were picking up speed to arrive at our destination before total darkness, we headed down into a creekbed out in the middle of nowhere, we could see a small bridge and a lot of blinking BLUE LIGHTS. An accident, we all thought and hit our brakes. As we approached, it was not an accident at all but a roadblock – checking licenses and whatever. Dan was first and passed. We heard later he told them the guy behind didn't have his license (Barry). Barry was busy finding documents and unhooked his seat belt. As he approached the checkpoint he was sure they would get him for no seatbelt. But all went well, the police were friendly and let us go unscathed. We proceeded toward our B&B's. What a welcome sight. We stayed at the Sleepy Hollow B&B. A few poor souls in our group stayed at the Hidden Inn B&B (actually, the second "B" should be left off). The Hidden Inn just changed hands and had not quite mastered the "breakfast" part of the "B&B" (imagine that??) as we were to hear the next morning while we were expounding on the bountiful food served at Sleepy Hollow.

# APRIL FOOLS' TOUR



Most of us met at the local Italian place for a quick supper and then fell into bed. George and I had the “ghost room” on the second floor across from Mike and Barry. Everything was scrumptious but no ghost. The next morning George said he kept waking up to a ghost telling him to roll over and quit snoring. Guess he was the only one that experienced “the ghost”.

All arrived safely and the next morning we started out with Marie and Tom now joining us. We sped (I mean SPED) along the roads – remember, Dan was leading -- to visit Ash Lawn, James Monroe’s home, and then on to a wonderful tour of Montpelier, a home of James Madison. The weather was a little dreary but temperature nice so we really enjoyed this laid-back afternoon walking the gardens, etc. I still wonder what Betty was going to do with the huge boulder she was carrying back to the car from the grounds. Did Jim find room for this “rock” in the Mercedes?? And, what excuse did you have for wanting to bring home a “rock”, Betty, not to mention the fact that you were pilfering part of historic property.

Time was running short so we hurried on to Barbourville Vineyards, just as they were closing. The fact that our fearless leader passed the entrance -- leading us to believe he knew something we didn’t so we all followed – may have contributed to our late arrival. We did tour the “ruins” and got a glimpse of the tasting room. George quickly bought me a pair of socks with grapes and wine glasses and a bottle of Chardonnay so not all was lost.

We returned to our B&B’s for an impromptu wine and cheese before leaving for the Tolliver House for dinner. It’s an old house turned restaurant and quite pretty and interesting. The owner came to our “room” and greeted us, telling us they feature a different country monthly and serve cuisine from that country during the week and the British Isles was this month’s feature. We headed back to our beds after a very nice day with stomachs full.

Sunday morning we stopped by Keswick, a posh country retreat – too rich for our wallets. As we drove onto the grounds, the doorman was eyeing us all and we thought we would be escorted off the grounds. However, they were as nice as can be and invited us to tour the building and grounds.

At this point, George and I left the group and started toward home. Took a wrong turn near Richmond and made a rather interesting tour of the city before we could get on Route 5 and make the leisurely drive home past all the plantations and shaded roads.

Dan did a fantastic job of organizing this great weekend and for those of you who missed it this time, there will be more, so hope to see you then. We’ll have a great MG weekend – AGAIN.

# Tech Session

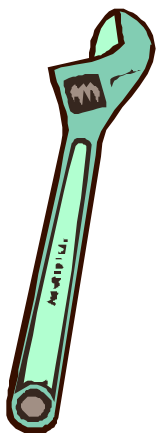
April 22, 2001 at the home of Frank Linse



Lots of supervisory staff



Under the bonnet of James Simpson's Midget



# Tech Session

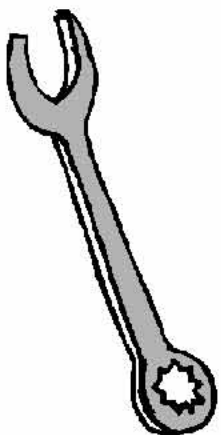
April 22, 2001



Neighbors joined the fun



The all-important food



# Boulders 2001

May 6, 2001



Barry Tyson's Miata, Susan Bond's BGT, Mike Haag's B, Rory McCormick's B - and a Triumph - at Hardees

Organized by  
Richmond Triumph  
Register



Frank Hurley and Susan Bond



TD's of Doug Wilson and  
Frank Hurley

# Boulders 2001

May 6, 2001



Bill Hoggard



Triplets!!! Mike Haag's  
B and friends

## Boulders 2001

Barry Tyson



It was a cool and cloudy day when we departed for the Boulders car show in Richmond from Cosmo's. A day that felt as last year, English in nature, a day that makes British cars feel at home. By the time we reached Boulders, the overcast remained with the clouds trying to break up. Unfortunately my MGB did not make it due to problems in my newly acquired and installed overdrive transmission, so the Miata made the trip. The turn-out this year was sufficient but lacking in MG's and not as large as previous years. Our club members garnered several awards. Bill Hoggard was awarded a 1st place for his 1968 green MGB in the chrome bumper MG class and Doug Wilson a 2nd place for his pristine and newly acquired 1953 green-with-black MGTD in the early MG class.

# Williamsburg

# 2001



Organized by  
The Colonial  
Vintage British  
Car Club at New  
Quarter Park,  
Williamsburg



Bob McClaren and Bill and Rosa Hoggard

May 19, 2001



# Williamsburg

May 19, 2001



Barry Tyson repairing the exhaust bracket on his B



Organizer Doug Wilson  
(also a TMGC member)



# 2001





Williamsburg



May 19, 2001



Bob McClaren's CGT,  
Peggy Pickle



Susan Bond

2001



Bob Stein restoring  
his B on the field



# Williamsburg

Mike Haag's B

May 19, 2001



Frank Linse and his prize-winning B

Frank receiving his award



TD's of Doug Wilson and Frank Hurley



# 2001

*Williamsburg*



Stop on the way home: Williamsburg Winery



LBC's on the Jamestown-Scotland Ferry

*2001*



May 19, 2001

## Williamsburg 2001

Susan Bond

For the run to the second annual car show of the Colonial Vintage British Car Club on the 19th of May, we met at Cosmos in Portsmouth (breakfast optional). Bob Stein, Mike Haag and I were joined by Barry Tyson, who had stopped to put gas in the MG and had a run-in with a bump on the way out — the exhaust had suffered, the middle hanger in particular. Since he had just put a rebuilt engine in the B and was running it in, he led us on back roads no one else had ever been on to get to the Monitor-Merrimac tunnel, then went through Hilton Village and some more back roads till he realized we were running a bit late and got on 64 for the last stretch. There is no direct route from 64 to New Quarter Park and the show field, so it was back to the back roads for the final miles. The directional arrow said straight ahead so we sailed past the show field, made the loop and arrived to applause, the last of the expected guests to arrive.

Once checked in and parked, Bob proceeded to restore his car — he even bought a new grill from a vendor and installed it. All the B's were together and we found Frank Linse, Bill and Rosa Hoggard, Jerry Johnson and Bob McClaren (with Peggy Pickle) already there. In the early MG area were Frank Hurley and Doug Wilson's TD's. There may have been more members, but I didn't get pictures of them so I don't remember. After pondering the situation, Barry decided to tackle the exhaust problem. Several tool boxes were produced, and a rather large hammer became the tool of choice, as the exhaust is not stock and had a peculiar hanger which had broken. But MG drivers are resourceful — and strong — and the hammer did its job. It is a good thing he fixed it, the speed bumps we went over later would have taken it off completely.

The day was overcast, so not as hot as last year, but the no-see-ems were out in full force. I was very popular, I had some Skin-so-soft in the car! The Boy Scouts had pizza imported for lunch and sold peanuts and candy bars. They are resourceful too, they fed us without actually cooking. Since my son was a scout I was quite happy to support them.

2001

Doug Wilson and friends counted all the ballots and awarded Frank Linse a second in the B class. We wondered about that, he was parked right behind the first place winner which was painted the same color. Both red, tho not fire engine red this time. All the festivities were over much earlier than we expected, and the host club was quick to clean up the field while everyone left. Except us.

Bob Stein left before Mike, Barry and I could figure out how to get to the English Pub in Williamsburg. Finally Frank Hurley gave us directions and we were off. We found it without trouble, but it didn't open till 5 and it was only 3:30. So we thumbed through the literature in the packet we had gotten at the show and found an ad for the Williamsburg Winery which none of us had ever been to. Off we went again, back over a speed bump in the parking lot that was not constructed with LBC's in mind.

Hungry by now, we first dined in the winery tavern. Gourmet sandwiches and wine, what could be better? We were there til it closed and then some. Next was the winery tour. We wandered around the gift shop before it started, then got to see a video, the largest wine cellar in Virginia, the barrels and tanks, and the new hall which can be rented for events. Then the important part, the tasting. For the \$6 fee we got a souvenir wine glass and lots of samples, and cheese and crackers for palate cleansing. Not being a connoisseur of red wines I stopped when they came out, which is probably just as well since we still had to drive home. We were in the last tour and by the time we got back to the cars the parking lot was empty so we lined up the cars in front of the new hall for a Kodak moment.

Since we were only a few miles away from it, we decided to take the Jamestown-Scotland ferry home. While waiting on the causeway we watched ospreys on their nests. The ferryman let us park together and we enjoyed the beautiful evening and talked to another passenger who used to own LBC's. For the first time that day, we were not the last ones as we drove off the ferry and took back roads home. We were home before dark, but just barely.

# Brits on the Bay

June 2, 2001

Organized by the Tidewater  
Triumph Register



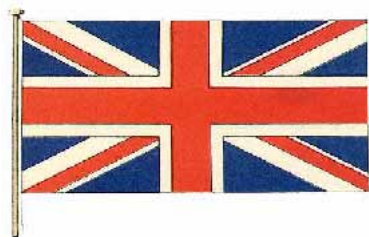
Frank Linse checking in



James Simpson's Midget



MGF

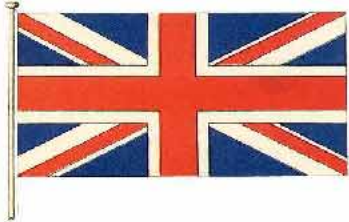


# Brits on the Bay

June 2, 2001



Susan Bond's black BGT, Sherry Guay's yellow B



Frank Linse's red A



Barry Tyson's yellow B

Bill Hoggard's B



# Brits on the Bay

June 2, 2001



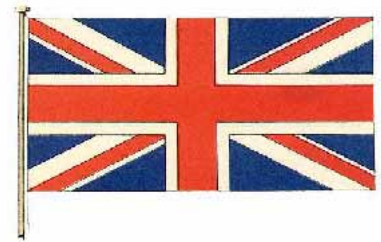
Bob McClaren's TC



Vince Groover's Y



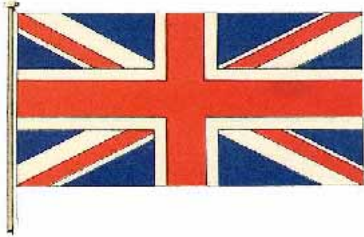
Twins! Jerry Johnson's B



Paul Thiergardt's TF

# Brits on the Bay

June 2, 2001



Susan Bond's GT



B's of Doug Wilson  
and Mike Haag

Rory McCormick's B



## Brits on the Bay

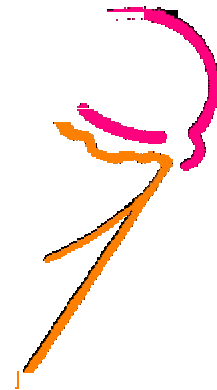
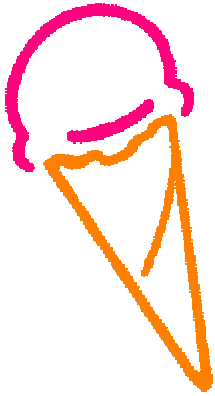
Barry Tyson

It seems that MG's "ruled" in the month of June. MG's "ruled" both in the numbers that turned out and some of the special MG's that turned out at the Brits on the Bay British Car Show sponsored by the local Tidewater Triumph Register Club. In particular, the MGF that showed up attracted much attention. Several of our club members received awards: James Simpson was awarded a 1st place for his green 1974 MG Midget. Mike Studley was awarded 1st place for his black 1952 MGTD in the early MG class. Bill Hoggard was awarded a 1st place for his green 1968 MGB in the early MGB class. Vince Groover was awarded a 2nd place for his black YA in the British closed sedan class. The Brits on the Bay had a nice turn-out, was well organized and was considered a success.



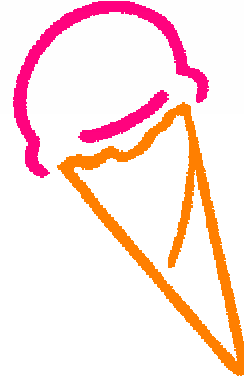
# Ice Cream Social Run

June 14, 2001



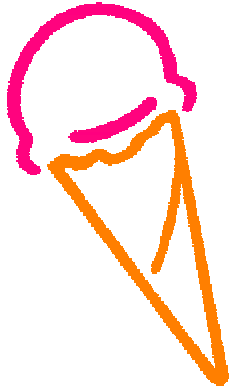
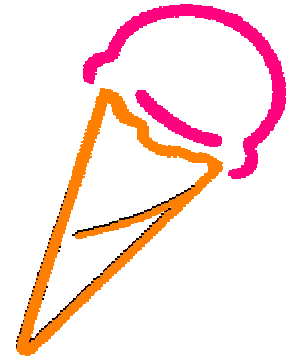
# Ice Cream Social Run

June 14, 2001



# Ice Cream Social Run

June 14, 2001



George Craig, Beth and Dan Kirby, Paul and Carmon Thiergardt, Peggy Craig

# Ice Cream Social Run

June 14, 2001



Jim Villers, Terry and Susan Bond, Jennifer and Mike Ash, Betty Villers



Mike Haag, Robin and Olive Watson, Alan and Beckey Watson



Ivan Joslin, Frank Linse, Becky and Jack Dawson



# Ice Cream Social Run

June 14, 2001

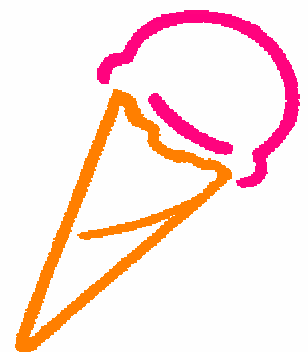
Randy Brackett, Marty Rutkowitz, Sarah and Beth Vander Haeghe (Tino took the pictures), Carolyn Grimes



Fabulous prize winners  
Alan and Beckey Watson



Fabulous prize winners Terry and Susan Bond



# Ice Cream Social Run

**“The best-laid schemes o’ mice an’ men...”** (Hey Dan, who wrote that?)

Susan Bond

Dan Kirby thought it would be a good idea to have short, during-the-week runs which ended up at an ice cream store (I still say the only reason we have the cars is to get to restaurants) and from which we could be home before the Prince of Darkness could cause problems. Little did he know that the chosen destination of this run (Berkeley's) would be closed for graduation. He had to come up with a new destination, a new route and new questions at the last minute. He works well under pressure.

We met at the now-closed Brewer's East restaurant parking lot. This time there were more MG's than TR's, 7 to 2 by my count, and a crowd of 30 (no, they were not all crammed in the LBC's). Dan handed out the sheet with the rules (the rally master is always right!), the directions, and the obscure questions we had to answer to win a “fabulous prize” - none of the answers were to be found on the route.

We took winding back roads through Virginia Beach while trying to remember why Brewer's East is called Brewer's East, who George Mason was, who Princess Anne was, who John Galt was, and what kind of business used to be where Pungo Pizza and Ice Cream is now. We went past the Watson's house, scene of great pig pickins, and ended up in beautiful downtown Pungo at Pungo Pizza. We swamped the place and it was busier than Dan had ever seen it to begin with. But the porch was empty, not even any bugs, so we sat at picnic tables and ate ice cream and nattered. Dan “graded” the answers to his questions and read the best ones to us, some serious and some hilarious (if you really want to know ask Dan, and don't miss the next run). For 3 right answers and 2 twisted ones, Terry and I won the “fabulous” Johnny Lightning model MGB. Alan and Becki Watson won a “fabulous” model MGF.

We were reluctant to leave, but darkness was closing in and I still don't have any turn indicators, so we headed for home. Thanks Dan! We had a great time!

Driving MG's were:

Alan and Beckey Watson

Mike and Jennifer Ash

Frank Linse

Paul and Carmon Thiergardt

Beth, Dan, Stephanie and Curtis Kirby (he drove the van so the whole family could attend)

Ivan Joslin (the president of the TR club drove his MG!)

Susan and Terry Bond

Driving TR's were:

Randy Brackett and Carolyn Grimes

Marty Rutkowitz

Not driving LBC's (see the title of this article)

Mike Haag

Tino, Beth and Sarah Vander Haegh

Jack, Becky and Lauren Dawson

Robin and Olive Watson

Peggy and George Craig

Jim and Betty Villiers (I didn't notice if he had the octagon on the front of the Mercedes this time)



# MG 2001

An MG Odyssey organized by the MG Council of North America



Rest stop in western Illinois



The B's made it to Minnesota!

July 2-6, 2001



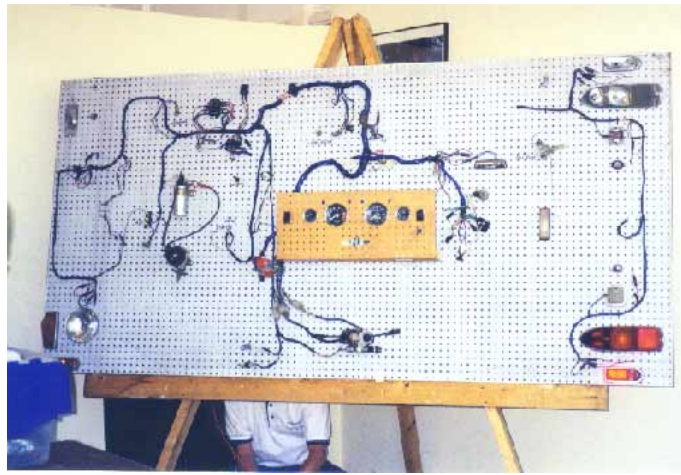
Talent show



New and old MG's on display

# MG 2001

July 2-6, 2001



'74 B wiring harness



Susan Bond and John Twist

Show time!

Seminars



Barry Tyson



Mike Haag





# MG 2001

July 2-6, 2001



2001 MG



Morris dancers



Barry Tyson points the way



# MG 2001



Susan Bond and the Double Twelve



July 2-6, 2001



Group photo



Mike Haag and the Morris Garage



# MG 2001



Race day



July 2-6, 2001



Minneapolis



Mall of America



Banquet



# MG 2001

The trip home



at the Mackinac Bridge



Mike's B turned over 100,000 miles and celebrated by stopping - broken clutch springs.

July 2-6, 2001



Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village



# MG2001, An MG Odyssey. You Betcha!



By Mike Haag and Sue Bond

Before we knew it, and before we were really ready for it, it was time for the long road trip to St. Paul MN for MG2001. Barry had spent most of June away from home on travel, and had very little time to finish up all the little details associated with installing a new engine and properly breaking it in. After some last minute timing and carb adjustments, and a head gasket seepage that appeared to be drying up, he decided to go for it. For myself, I had spent most of the previous month or so working on the house in Virginia Beach I had just bought, trying to get it ready to move into. My car would turn over the 100,000-mile mark during the trip, and with a front-end suspension that squeaked and groaned I had my doubts as well. I performed the usual fluid and filter changes, greased the suspension, checked this and that, and after a last minute right side rear axle seal replacement, determined that the car was about as good as it was going to get for this trip. We'll have plenty of time to attend to all those other things later when we get back (yeah, right!). With our boots full of tools and spare parts, we were ready and determined to drive to St Paul.

## The Trip to St. Paul

We figured that if we could average a little over 400 miles a day, it would take 3 days to reach the Minneapolis/St. Paul area. We left on the morning of June 30th. With only about 350 miles on his new engine, Barry wanted to drive up Rt. 460 before getting on the Interstate to help break it in further. About 35 miles into the trip, my speedometer quit working. Great! Just what you want to happen at the beginning of a 3000 mile trip! This happened before, and I fixed it by removing the right angle speedometer drive (although it seemed to work fine) and installing the longer overdrive speedometer cable. So, I drove by the tach and kept pace with Barry, as he was leading. After we had stopped for lunch, it started working again, for 6 miles. Once we got on I-81, Barry radioed back that his car was running rough at higher RPMs, and his tachometer needle was doing somersaults and the charging light was flickering. After getting back on I-64 past Lexington, we pulled off at the first exit to have a look. We couldn't see anything obvious. We cleaned and re-installed the connector to the alternator, and re-dressed the spark plug wires away from the alternator. This seemed to help some, so we pushed on. Soon after entering West Virginia, we encountered a thunderstorm, but thankfully it didn't last too long. We pushed on until we got a little west of Charleston WV, where we booked the last 2 rooms at a Comfort Inn in Nitro WV.

Before leaving the hotel, I pulled out the inner speedometer cable and inspected it, which looked fine. I suspect that the inner shaft of the speedometer drive gear (NLA) which accepts the drive cable is slightly worn, so any wear on the drive cable causes intermittent or no readings. I crimped the end of the cable with a pair of pliers to flatten it and elongate the edges to help engage the drive gear better. This seemed to work, as the speedometer began working and worked just fine for the rest of the trip.

Sunday morning we continued west on I-64 into Kentucky, past Lexington, on towards Louisville where we picked up I-65 North towards Indianapolis IN. At a construction scene in southern IN, we encountered a long delay and lots of stop and go driving. This was a good opportunity to test out the new electric fan I installed prior to the trip. It has more airflow than the 2 original fans and consumes about 1/3 the normal current. Thankfully it kept the temperature gauge at a comfortable mid-point between normal and Hot when standing still in hot weather. About 30 miles or so south of Indianapolis, the sky turned very dark and threatening. We half expected a funnel cloud to drop down out of the sky at any minute. What did fall down though was rain, torrential rain! Many cars, and even some SUVs, were pulling off the side of the road. We kept on motoring, dodging the leaks from our tops and wiping the inside of the windshield with towels. Actually, we were too afraid to stop. Afraid we would get even wetter inside just sitting there, or not being able to re-start the engines. Once we got on the bypass around Indianapolis it let up, and west of the city it stopped. The sky turned blue again, and we had a great drive through western IN and into IL. Except that Barry radioed back saying his car was now running even worse. We continued on, stopping in Bloomington IL for the evening where we dined at an Indian restaurant eating "who knows what?" and drinking Taj Mahal beer.



Monday morning we headed northwest towards Peoria IL (isn't there a song or joke about Peoria?). At a rest stop in western IL, we decided to take another look at Barry's electrical problem. After re-cleaning and re-connecting the alternator plug, and moving wires around and much head scratching to no avail, we didn't have a clue. While the engine was running, I happened to see some arcing around one of the starter solenoid connectors. Finally putting my BSEE to good use, I commented "Gee, that isn't supposed to be doing that!" Barry crawled

under the car, and sure enough, the spade lug connection on the big brown wire that feeds the alternator was loose and barely making contact. After removing the female connector, cleaning, tightening, and re-connecting it, the problem disappeared. Much relieved, and considering ourselves near geniuses for fixing it (actually, it was just dumb luck), we motored on into Iowa, where near Iowa City we picked up I-380N towards Cedar Rapids.

After stopping for lunch in Waterloo IA, we got on Rt. 63, a two-lane road that would take us north into MN for the final leg of our trip there. We stopped for gas in northern Iowa, as Barry was running on fumes since he didn't fill up earlier when I did. Now, we had been traveling for 2 ½ days and hadn't seen any other MGs along the way. As we were about to leave, 3 MGs pulled into the gas station: an MGA roadster, a BGT, and a LE. We stopped and talked to them for awhile. They had left that morning from St. Louis, so we decided to caravan together. The "safety in numbers" thing. North of Rochester MN, they decided to stop for a rest break and get something to eat. I told Barry I wanted to press on so we can get to the host hotel before dark, as I noticed the voltmeter (I installed one years ago in place of the rusty old cigarette lighter) was reading below normal, and I didn't want to have to use the lights in case there was some kind of charging problem developing. We arrived at the Four Points Sheraton around 7:30 Monday evening, where we "high fived" each other for actually making it there. What a feeling of relief! Before too long, out comes a familiar face heading our way in the parking lot. Sue saw us out a window and came down to greet us. It was great seeing someone we know there. After some initial unloading of the cars, the three of us headed down to the bar for some food and a microbrew or two.

### The Convention

Minneapolis is beautiful in the summer. After 90-degree weather at home it was marvelous to get off the plane to 68 degrees, sunny and breezy. Since Lucas was not involved in my trip, everything went smoothly and the rental car was waiting. I found registration at the Fairground but Mike and Barry had not checked in yet. When I finally got them on the cell phone, they were in Rochester only 1-½ hours away - they made it in 3 days! Not wanting to get back in a car, we had dinner and tried some local brews in the motel restaurant.

Tuesday was a seminar day in Kimber Hall. Our own Mike Ash did the "Tuning SU Carbs" seminar and did an excellent job explaining what to do and why. He emphasized making sure everything else (points, plugs, timing, hoses, etc.) was perfect before messing with the carbs because they are very seldom the cause of the problem and really don't need to be adjusted unless you have rebuilt them or changed something else. This was the third in a series he has done on SU's, and it is great to have so much knowledge in our own club.

After so many encounters of the Lucas kind, "Troubleshooting Electrical Problems" was a great seminar. The presenter had a sheet of pegboard with a '74 harness attached, including all the lights and grounds, just like the car. He could detach a ground and show all the weird stuff that happens when you turn on an indicator or hit the brakes. He even had a dashboard that folded down so you could see all the wiring behind it, a real improvement over scrunching into the real thing. The only thing missing was a chance to play with the board and find out if those 3 white wires in one disintegrating connector caused my non-starting problem on the April Fool Tour.

One of the highlights of the event was 2 brand new MGs imported just for us to see, a 4-door saloon and an estate. Impressive. We all filled out surveys on what we would like to see in the way of MGs in the US and, in return, received a pen with the MG logo on it. At least some of us did. They discovered that most of the pens were marking their territory right on the table. They didn't

issue a recall, but substituted key fobs for the late comers.

That evening we attended the official opening of the show at Piccadilly Circus, with the usual speeches by the executive director and all the register chairs. But then it got interesting, a talent show. We were introduced to the local lingo and were encouraged to incorporate "Uff dah", "You betcha" and "JA, sure" into our everyday language, which we did enthusiastically, though Uff dah was a bit obscure and we ended up asking a barmaid what it really meant. The Old Speckled Hen club did - what else - the chicken dance. The Minnesota Moosepoopers Scandinavian Rap introduced more new words. According to the state trooper from Oregon (who drove a B), "Two beers" is the standard answer when pulled over for erratic driving, though he may ask you how big they were. Jimmy Stewart - yes, that is his real name - sang big band hits, and a Magnette-driving family did a tableau on the finer things in life. We heard Ole and Lena jokes, and decided they were universal, only the names had been changed to protect the guilty. When we got back to the hotel it was still light so we cleaned the cars and enjoyed the late sunset and some local brews we had found - 150 choices and so little time!

Wednesday was car show day. Mike parked right in front of Kimber Hall but Barry was way across the way, by the non-MG cars - the field layout guy must own a rubber bumper. The fairground had paved streets wide enough for us to back in to the curb on both sides and shade trees to keep us cool, though we never did sit down, there was just too much to do. With 796 cars on the field, we saw everything from 1930 to 1980, including a Double Twelve, Tickfords, racers and more GT's than I have ever seen in one place, including rubber bumpers and a British spec '75 Jubilee. We shopped in The Works and the autojumble, buying parts and souvenirs and talking to friends - we saw the Woodsons and Ashes and Alan Betchelder from New Castle, whom we see in Waynesboro every year. We caught the end of the "Power Tune Your MG" seminar and learned some neat ways to increase HP without spending a bundle.

The evening entertainment was labeled "British Invasion" so I expected rock bands. What we got was a pipe band and Highland dancers. Didn't have us dancing in the streets like the guard who wouldn't let my rental car in said we would, but it was fun to watch. We were supposed to get in the cars and drive to the fireworks, but that seemed a little too much like work. The Ashes had invited us to the hospitality suite of the A register at the Ramada Inn that "looks like it's closed" but was undergoing renovations. We met the owner of the Jubilee GT (who also happens to be the owner of Scarborough Faire) and got the story of its arrival in the states. Besides, they had free beer.

Thursday morning the car show trophies were awarded. We arrived just in time for the B's. I was glad to see the Jubilee GT got a first, but didn't recognize anyone else. The Woodson's won with their A. All of the first place winners were displayed at Piccadilly Circus for best-of-show voting. Norm Ewing, from South Africa, showed slides of his trip from SA to Norway, done in an MGA in the early seventies. His wife is a real trooper, she had a baby while they were on the road! We sat in on the power tune and electrical sessions again, picking up a few more tips. Mike and Barry went to the wire feed welding session, but were unimpressed. We also listened to John Twist and I bought his technical book, I need all the help I can get. He even signed it!

The evening's entertainment was an auction, but we got back to the motel so late we didn't have time to eat and return to the fairground, so we headed for the Rock Bottom Brewery downtown. The state trooper from Oregon heard us discussing it and said it was a chain that started in Portland and the beer was good. He was right. Good food, too. When we got back to the motel it was too early to turn in so we took our chairs and coolers to the central patio. It would have been nice to have a hospitality suite in the motel, or a gathering in the parking lot in the evenings, socializing is half the fun.

Friday was panorama picture day. It was sort of cloudy and a bit cooler, so standing around in the fairground parking lot while the cars arrived wasn't as bad as it would have been the day before. The brand new cars were centered and the racecars arranged around them. Everyone else's place depended on when they got there. We timed it right and ended up right behind the old MGs in the center. The photographer used a 1933 camera to take 3 pictures, with several kids running around behind him to get in both ends of the picture.



Then it was race time. We all migrated to the grand stand to watch the old cars do about 5 laps each. First off was a B (Group 44) that had been parked since it was a national winner 18 years ago. The local club had talked the owner into getting it back on the road, and helped out. He made it around the regular track, but when he hit a speed bump on the pit road - taken to avoid a stage set up on the track - it died. So he did the rest of the narrating while his friends worked on the car. It did finally make its 5 laps. I was never a race fan, but watching these old cars was neat. Some were newer, very loud, A's and B's. The older ones like the Double 12 were quiet. But it sure looked like fun. I especially like the purple one driven by the lady who owns it. She had a blast. The last lap everyone hit the track, led by the 2001 models. Then they parked and we could talk to the drivers and look at the cars up close. What a great finale!

We all had bus tickets to go to the Mall of America on Thursday, but didn't want to miss any of the action at the fairground. So we hopped in the rental car on Friday afternoon and had no problem finding it. It is everything we had heard about and then some. Three floors around a court that held amusement park rides - indoors! We stopped in all the shops offering Minnesota souvenirs - can't go home without a T-shirt - and the Lake Wobegon store. With 3 of us to remember where the car was parked, we found it easily and made it back in time to change for the closing banquet, which was held in the unairconditioned Works building. There were cars in the hall, one of which was celebrating its 50th birthday, complete with cake. A big neon MG sign was the backdrop for the speakers who announced the best of show and the raffle winners (no, we didn't win the trip to England). Old Speckled Hen was on tap and the owner of the Jubilee GT and her mother and daughter sat at our table so the conversation was lively. Too soon it was over and we headed back to the motel. Had to call it an early night so I could get to the plane on time in the morning. What a week!

### The Journey Home

While Sue flew home on Saturday, Barry and I decided to spend one more night at the host hotel, and relax and check our cars out before hitting the road again. Barry's car still had a slight seeping of the head gasket on the right side, and his radiator had a pinhole leak at a solder joint. On the way up, he put in some Bars Stop Leak to stop it, but it didn't. In fact, it developed the unsightly habit of "throwing up" (it literally looked like, well, you know what) out of the overflow tube every time he cut the engine off. He developed the procedure of idling his engine for a minute or two before cutting it off which seemed to curtail the regurgitations of foamy looking coolant. We applied some radiator sealer/solder seal stuff to the offending area and this seemed to stop the radiator leak. I replaced the valve cover gasket on my car, as it began leaking on the way up. I tightened the fan belt slightly, but the voltmeter still showed a lower than normal reading after being driven for awhile, but, since the ignition light didn't come on while it was being driven, I left it alone. It worked like that all the way home, another thing I'll have to fix later. I noticed a little bit of coolant near the base of the thermostat housing, but decided not to bother with it and put a little gasket sealant around it instead. Mistake. The next morning after breakfast, I checked and the leak was a little bigger. So, we spent an hour at the McDonald's parking lot replacing the gasket, luckily I had a spare. We were finally on our way late Sunday morning, heading east on I-94 into Wisconsin. We basically drove straight across WI, through mostly farmland, to north of Green Bay. There we headed north up into the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where we stopped in Escanaba for the night. Since the only restaurant in town that served beer had just closed, we walked over to a family diner and had a seafood dinner of locally caught fish. A couple of days later, we heard a warning on the radio cautioning parents about letting their children eat fish from the Great Lakes. Oh well, it's been a longtime since either one of us was a kid!

Monday morning we continued driving east on Rt 2, hugging the Lake Michigan coastline. In some parts it looked just like the Outer Banks, with sandy beaches and large sand dunes next to the road. We crossed over the Mackinac Bridge into the Lower Peninsula and decided to take Rt 23 south, hugging the Lake Huron shoreline where, about halfway down the state it would intersect with I-75 South. About an hour into the drive, at an intersection just outside of Rogers City, I went to shift into 1st gear and CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH. I couldn't get the transmission into any gear. UFF DAH! Big time! I put the flashers on, got out and pushed the car through the intersection to the side of the road. The unbelievable thing was that NO ONE blew their horn the whole time this went on. Maybe they saw the British car and took pity on me. I radioed to Barry that I was dead on the side of the





road, and he came back. We checked the clutch hydraulics, all ok. The only thing to do was call AAA and wait. A guy in a jeep stopped and asked if he could help (actually he was the second person to offer help). He was retired, and I guess had plenty of time to kill as he hung around until we left. He had been stationed in Norfolk when he was in the Navy. The tow truck driver came about 20 minutes later, and said he knew of an import auto repair shop that specializes in European cars about 35 miles down the road in Alpena. He called the owner who said he could fix it and start on it right away. So, with the B loaded on a car trailer, we headed south to Alpena MI. When we pulled into the parking lot, I was a little relieved when we saw 2 Jags waiting to be worked on. The owner, a German named Jurgen, said they had just replaced a clutch on an MGB the previous week. We called up Moss, and got the parts shipped overnight. Since the engine/transmission had to come out, I told him to go ahead and replace the rear engine seal, the engine mounts, and fix an exhaust rattle. Barry and I headed into town and booked into the Comfort Inn, or was it a Days Inn? They all start to look alike after awhile. I called the next morning and Jurgen said the parts came in and they were working on it. Barry and I went to the local museum to kill some time where we met one of the volunteers who had owned a Midget, and who has a late model B stashed in a barn somewhere in MI, or he thinks it's still there. We went down to the marina and looked around, walked around town, and basically goofed off. I called Jurgen and he said the car would be ready by noon on Weds.

Sure enough, we went to the shop at noon on Weds, and the car was done. I couldn't even tell the engine had been pulled! He showed me the old clutch disc where 2 of the springs had broken loose and jammed things up. I saved it as a memento/reminder of Alpena. Thank GOD for plastic, and we were on our way again. The car shifted smoothly now, better than it ever did.

We made it down to Dearborn MI late that afternoon and got rooms at the Best Western Greenfield, about 2 miles from the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, our next destination. We spent all day Thursday at the museum, it reminded us of the Smithsonian. I wish there had been more cars and a few less steam engines and vacuum cleaners, etc, but still it was an incredible display of mostly American technology. That evening we ate at a local German restaurant. Unfortunately, they didn't have any German beer (non-alcoholic doesn't count!) Ach du lieber! On Friday we went to Greenfield Village, Henry Fords recreated village of important Americana. Included were some of the buildings from Thomas Edison's labs at Menlo Park, homes from famous Americans such as Ford, Firestone, Daniel Webster and others. A plantation house from MD, several old homes from New England, a courthouse from IL where Abraham Lincoln practiced law, examples of sawmills, machine shops, an electrical power house, locomotive roundhouse and others were all open to the public. There were Model T and A's being driven around, along with old Ford trucks and buses. Quite a sight!

We left Dearborn on Saturday morning and headed south towards Toledo OH, then due south towards Columbus, where we got on Rt 33 heading southeast towards WV. This eventually turned into a 2 lane road, but the traffic wasn't bad, and the scenery was changing from flatland to hills the closer we got to WV. We crossed the Ohio River and got on I-77 South. Since it was only 5 PM when we got to Charleston, we pressed on to Beckley about 40 miles further east, where there were a lot of hotels to choose from. Unfortunately, there had been a flood in the area, and all of the hotels were booked up with FEMA and relief workers, and the usual summer hikers and white water rafters. We called and found 2 rooms in Lewisburg, 50 miles further east. Got there a little after 8PM, where we spent the last night on the road. We left Sunday morning for the final leg back home. We got back to Portsmouth around 3:30, I pressed on to Virginia Beach.

All in all, this was a wonderful MG adventure. The weather was great, we met old friends in new places, and made new friends along the way. We drove approximately 3200 miles in two weeks in our MGs through parts of the country we had never seen before. Some people thought we were crazy for doing this. Maybe we were, but it was a trip that the both of us will long remember and cherish.



Next year the NAMGBR convention will be held in Dallas TX. After watching the Weather Channel for 2 weeks and noticing how hot it was in that area (100 degrees), I think next year if we go, we'll fly down. We're not that crazy!

# Ice Cream Social Run

July 20, 2001

## Ice Cream Social, Western Style

Susan Bond

We met at Redwing Park in Virginia Beach on Friday, 20 July, for the third Ice Cream Run of the summer. At least some of us did. This time there were no strange questions to answer and no tricky course to follow, which also meant no "fabulous" prizes. Rats. All we had to do was follow the supplied directions to the Farmers Market. Just to be safe, I followed rallymaster Dan Kirby. But Dan was thinking about the rally he was directing the next day and not the directions. So I went straight over after him, turned at the wrong road and got caught by a light while everyone honked as they passed - on the right route. We all made it, tho touring the parking lot which had speed bumps built with much higher cars in mind was noisy and a few mufflers were a bit the worse for wear. We found several members who had gone directly to the market - remember, no "fabulous" prizes - and headed for Bergey's dairy store to catch up with them in the ice cream department. While standing around eating, we were entertained by a band in the center of the market. As Dan said, they played both kinds of music, country and western. People were dancing and having a great time, tho I didn't see any members on the floor. I guess we were too busy doing what we do best, eating and talking. The weather was perfect and we lingered after the band had finished - since I now have turn indicators we didn't have to leave early. Thanks Dan!

### MG members at Redwing Park

Jim Simpson and Emily  
Mike Haag  
Susan and Terry Bond  
Dan Kirby  
Frank and Anna Worrell and Morris

### TTR members at Redwing

Fran and Helen Manno  
Tino, Beth and Sarah Vander Haeghe  
Randy Brackett and Carolyn Grimes  
Ivan Joslin

### Meeting us at the Farmers Market

Frank Linse  
Barry Tyson  
Vince and Pam Groover

If you were there but are not on the list, make sure I see you next time!



# TSCC Tulip Rally

July 21, 2001



Ken Bond with the GT's of Dan Kirby and Susan Bond

## Time, Speed, Distance

Susan Bond

The day after our July Ice Cream Social Run, 21 July, I decided to try Dan Kirby's "Tulip Rally" in Pungo. Coastie son Ken was visiting us on weekends while going to welding school in Yorktown and, since he used to drive the MG in our barn, he was happy to go with me. We met at Pungo Pizza for rally directions and safety inspection (the turn indicators decided to work after I jiggled the wires). I asked Ken if he wanted to drive or navigate and he said as far as he was concerned directions were optional. He drove. We weren't sure how the run was being timed and decided to have a good time and enjoy the scenery. The directions were easy to follow, we did not have to speed and did not get lost. We did overshoot a control point, but they took the time when we passed so it didn't matter. We kept getting pink slips of paper with all sorts of numbers on them which the hard-core rallyers with digital odometers in their cars studied intently. I tried to figure it out, but the one leg I thought we did well on was actually the worst. Oh well. Since a rally can't end without food, we occupied the back room at Pungo Pizza where we had dinner and the results were read. We came in first in the MG class (out of one) and seventh out of eight overall. But we had a great time! Ken had a blast driving an MG again (I'd better not let him again or he will want it back when it is finished) and we saw some remote parts of Virginia Beach. Best of all was just driving the MG on a beautiful day!



Dan says the SCCA has more rallies planned, the Sufferin' Suffolk Dash on 22 September, and a Franklin run. Even if you are not into time and speed, you can have a great time in an LBC. Give Dan a call if you are interested.



# August Meeting

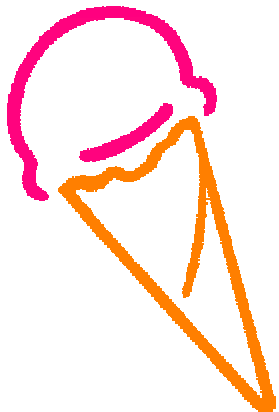
Held at the home of Paul  
and Carmen Thiergardt

August 1, 2001



# Ice Cream Social Run

August 16, 2001



# Ice Cream Social Run

August 16, 2001



Jennifer Ash, Mike Haag, Barry Tyson, John and Carol Moscoe, Betty and Jim Villers



Betty and Jim Villers, Dan Kirby, Mike and Jennifer Ash, Mike Haag, Barry Tyson

# Ice Cream Social Run

## A Scenic Tour of Portsmouth

Susan Bond

We met at D.E. Kirby, just off Greenwood Drive in Portsmouth, for the August Ice Cream Social Run - 5 MG's, one antique Mercedes and one modern convertible with a top that went down with the push of a button, no adventure in that. Dan Kirby has managed to order perfect weather for all his evening runs, not too warm and no rain, and we had a bit of a natter before we left. This time we actually caravanned. He slowed down enough for us to follow the leader, since some of us did not know the area, did not have navigators, and did not want to miss the chance at fabulous prizes. We saw places I had read about in the newspaper, but had never seen. Now I know they exist, but still don't know where they are since the route was definitely not a direct run. We even drove across a golf course, allowing a couple carts the right of way. The sign said "Watch for golf balls", but didn't tell us what to do if we saw one. That problem was solved when we turned the corner and the sign said "Do not litter."

The all-important eating took place at Cosmo's Diner on Portsmouth Boulevard. We occupied all the tables at the end, and answered the "Silly questions" while ordering everything from appetizers to dessert. Portsmouth native Barry Tyson won an absent "fabulous prize" (to be presented at the next club meeting if Dan remembers) for knowing all the answers: who are Ace Parker, Chandler Harper and Cosmo, and what business was located where Cosmo's is now. Jim and Betty Villiers will also get a "fabulous prize" for the most entertaining guesses. I think we upheld our reputation and closed Cosmo's.

Attending were:

Dan Kirby

Mike and Jennifer Ash

Jim and Betty Villiers

John and Carol Moscoe

Mike Haag

Barry Tyson

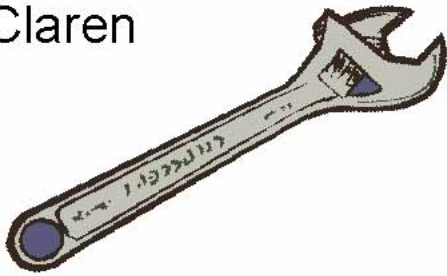
Susan Bond



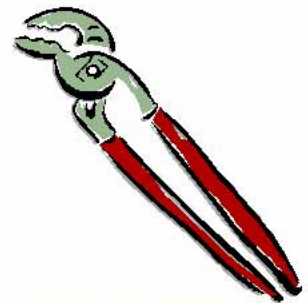
# Tech Session

August 19, 2001

Held at the garage  
of Bob and Pam  
McClaren



Bob McClaren, Frank Hurley



Frank Hurley, Frank Linse, Roy Wiley,  
Paul Thiergardt

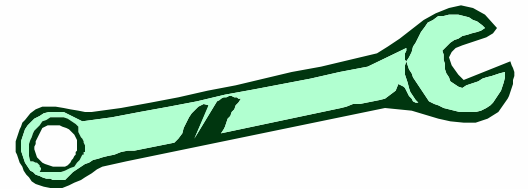




# Tech Session

August 19, 2001

Paul Thiergardt, Frank Hurley,  
Frank Linse, Terry Bond



Vince Groover, Barry Tyson,  
Paul Thiergardt, Frank Hurley,  
Frank Linse

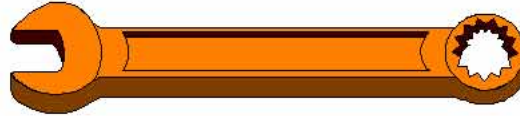


Vince Groover, Frank Linse, Bob  
McClaren, Frank Hurley



# Tech Session

## August Tech Session



Susan Bond

Bob McClaren's garage was the scene of our August Tech Session on the 19th. When I say garage, I mean garage. There were MG's on the street and in the driveway, but no people to be seen when we arrived. They were all enjoying the air conditioned comfort of the garage! Frank Hurley's B was in residence for new weatherstripping under the windscreen. Getting the windscreen out was not much of a problem. Putting it back in took a bit of time. While 3 or 4 people worked on it, the rest of us ate subs and supervised. We checked out Bob's current project, a Jaguar that came from Florida and must have been a hurricane flood survivor judging by the rust, and discussed removing the filler plug in the B's differential. This put Bob on the trail of his "bung wrench", which he eventually found, and we now know what to look for when we need one. Paul tried to figure out why his headlights dimmed and his gauge said the battery was discharging when the TF was idling. Not sure what they decided but he had to jump it to drive home so he may need a new battery. We decided that the brand new flasher unit on my B was defective – it got hot and quit after about a minute. A substitute did not. Duh!

After we left, Barry's B took up residence in the A/C and the back end was jacked up (after jokes about the sagging springs and stuff in the boot). The aforementioned "bung wrench" was applied, along with a hammer, to the differential filler plug. Good thing he did, it was almost dry. After a fill-up, they checked out the temperature gauge and found it to be reading low. Not the thing you want to hear after a 3200 mile break-in trip on a newly rebuilt engine with a leaking head gasket and radiator. That was about all the teching that took place, but it was a nice relaxing afternoon (at least for the supervisors!) and we enjoyed the eating and talking. Thanks Bob!

### Attendees:

Frank Linse  
Vince Groover  
Paul Thiergardt  
Frank Hurley  
Susan and Terry Bond  
Barry Tyson  
Roy Wiley  
Bob McClaren



Barry Tyson, Bob McClaren  
and "bung wrench"

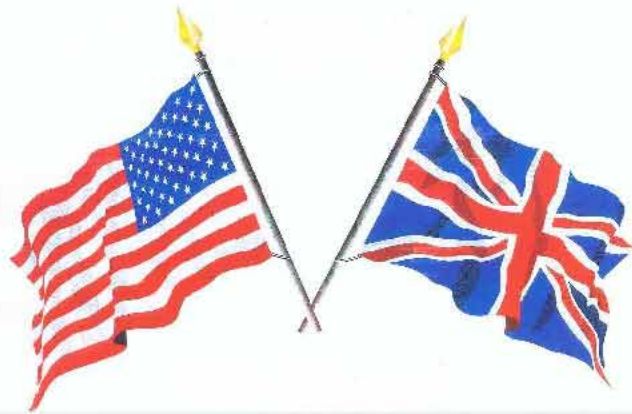
# Brown's Island

September 23, 2001

Organized by Central  
Virginia British Car Club



Vince Groover and Frank Linse



Mike Haag



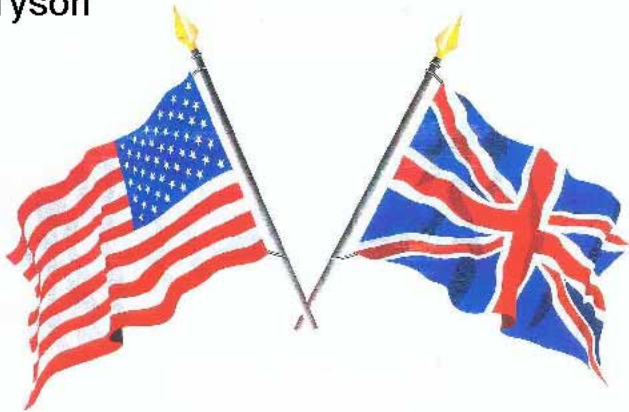
J. D. Hawthorne

# Brown's Island

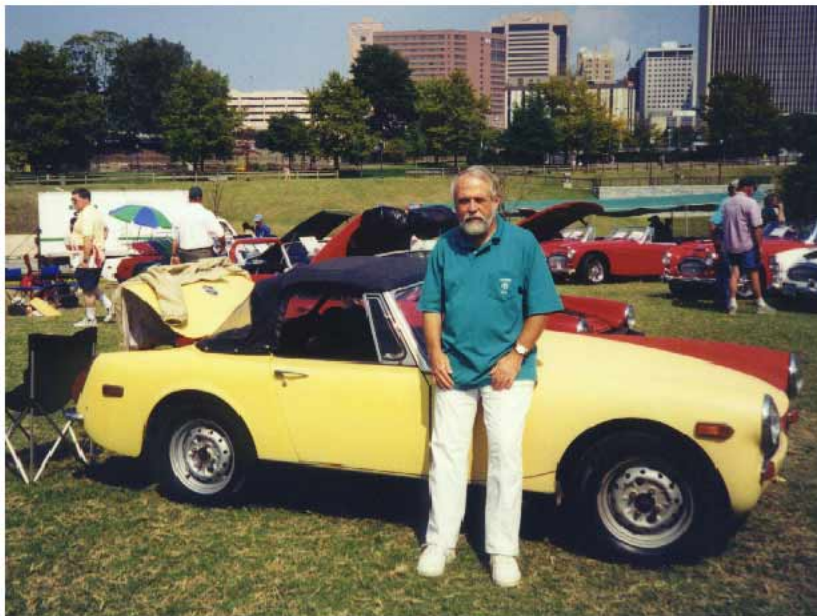
September 23, 2001



Barry Tyson



Kerry and Frank Hurley



Gregg Coogan



# Brown's Island

September 23, 2001



Featured  
Marque:  
Morgan



Gregg Coogan, James  
Simpson, Mike Haag,  
Frank Worrell



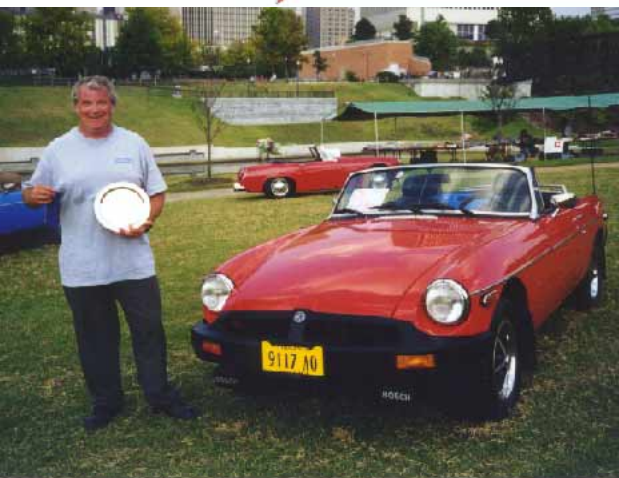
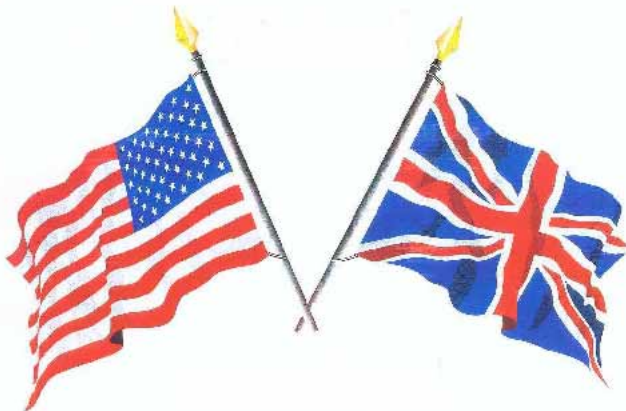
# Brown's Island

September 23, 2001



Bob Stein

First prize winner James Simpson and his Midget



First prize winner Doug Wilson and his B



At the Virginia Diner on the way home: Gregg Coogan's Midget, Mike Haag, Taylor Sumner, Barry Tyson, Frank Worrell, James Simpson

# Brown's Island

September 23, 2001

**Brown's Island British Car Show, Richmond, Virginia**

Susan Bond



There had been a bit of cooler weather the week before, so we weren't sure what to wear to Brown's Island on September 23, 2001, but it turned out to be a top down, very warm, sunny day. My granddaughter, Taylor Sumner, and I met Bob Stein, Mike Haag and Barry Tyson at Cosmos Diner and went up 460, stopping at Smithfield for breakfast. 95 in Richmond wasn't much fun, but Brown's Island is an actual island between the James River and the canal right in downtown Richmond so there isn't any other way to get there. We took the scenic route down some very hilly streets -- we should do this once a year just to remind ourselves that the world is not flat -- and were among the last to arrive on the show field.

In light of the terrible events of September 11, the theme was "United We Stand," and we each got a windshield card with the crossed American and British flags. The featured marque was Morgan, but a good variety of LBC's were there, over 300 in all, and quite a few vendors who were located among the trees along the river. TMGC had a good showing and took home 2 prizes, a first for James Simpson's Midget and a first for Doug Wilson's B. Vince Groover and Frank Linse drove a B and sold it before we even got there. Gregg Coogan drove his newly acquired multi-colored Midget and J. D. Hawthorne had an adventurous trip in his A -- be sure to ask him for details. James, Frank Worrell and Gregg joined us for our traditional dinner stop at the Virginia Diner and we almost made it home before dark.

Members attending:

Vince Groover

Frank Linse

Mike Haag

J. D. Hawthorne

Barry Tyson

James Simpson

Frank Worrell

Gregg Coogan

Bob Stein

Frank and Kerry Hurley

Doug Wilson

Susan Bond and Taylor Sumner

Bill Hoggard

# WINGS & WHEELS



September 29, 2001 at  
Hummel Air Field,  
Topping, Virginia

Breakfast stop - Taylor Sumner,  
Terry Bond, Barry Tyson, Mike Haag



Organized by  
Friends of  
Hummel Field



Doug Wilson puts the hood up  
while Mike Haag, Frank Hurley and  
Barry Tyson watch





# WINGS & WHEELS



September 29, 2001



B's of Mike Haag, Susan Bond  
and Barry Tyson



Terry and Susan Bond with 1912  
Triumph motorcycle

September 29, 2001



## Wings and Wheels 2001

Susan Bond

Cosmo's Diner is a great place to meet so we did it again on the way to Topping on September 29th. This time my husband, Terry, joined Barry Tyson, Mike Haag, my granddaughter Taylor Sumner and me for the trip, Terry in the van with the 1912 Triumph motorcycle inside. We stopped at the MacDonald's on Fort Eustis Boulevard to do some more damage to the MG exhaust systems, then got on back roads as soon as possible. We were among the last to arrive (again) but it worked out fine as we put the motorcycle on the end of the row and it attracted lots of attention. The day was cloudy and windy and, soon after arriving, the Scotch mist did too, just enough drizzle to splatter the dust on the cars and make everyone put their tops up (even Doug Wilson who had said he would never drive his TD in the rain). But it soon quit and the sun eventually made an appearance, tho it remained windy all day.

This year's show was dedicated to the Civil Air Patrol so there were exhibits on the work they do. Also a Coast Guard boat and buoy and an Army helicopter from the District of Columbia. At noon the runway was closed and various radio controlled planes were flown, including a lawn mower (yes, a lawn mower!) and a plane pulling an American flag. We saw a huge variety of cars, including a 2002 Thunderbird and a new \$130K BMW Z8. There weren't as many airplanes this year due to restrictions still in place after the WTC disaster, but a whole flock of yellow Piper Cubs, a Navy trainer which parked next to an old MG racer, and several ultralights managed the trip. There were multiple awards this year, and Terry got the one for "Oldest Car", even tho only half of the title applied. Jamie Barnhardt and friends do a great job and this show has gotten bigger every year. On the way home we stopped at Fast Eddie's used car lot and saw a bunch of American cars and an orange GT way back in the weeds. Then on to Cosmo's Diner for dinner and home before dark.



Rest stop on Blue Ridge Parkway

Car show organized by Shenandoah Valley British Car Club as part of the Waynesboro Fall Foliage Festival



# WAYNESBORO

October 5-7, 2001

Parking lot at the hotel



Unpacking





# WAYNESBORO

October 5-7, 2001

Show time!



Frank Hurley and Doug Wilson with Doug's B



Barry Tyson and Doug Wilson with Barry's B

Mike Haag talking to Vince Groover and Frank Linse who are taking it easy



# WAYNESBORO

October 5-7, 2001

Susan Bond and Barry Tyson





Dan and Beth Kirby on tour with the family

October 5-7, 2001

# WAYNESBORO



Doug Wilson and B





Snapdragon Yellow MG restored by Shenandoah British Car Club and raffled to benefit Make a Wish Foundation

# WAYNESBORO

October 5-7, 2001

At the banquet: Barry Tyson, Frank Hurley, Doug Wilson, Susan Bond, Mike Haag, Frank Linse, Vince Groover, Rosa and Bill Hoggard



# WAYNESBORO

October 5-7, 2001



Oak Ridge



Point of Honor



Mike and Susan at Redhill



Barry at Patrick Henry's office



Mike's family home



We have had so much fun going to the Waynesboro British Car Show in the past that we decided to make it a 4 day weekend this time, 5-8 October, since Monday following was Columbus Day. We watched the weather forecasts all week, hoping for perfect weather -- and we got it! Friday was top down day, warm and clear for the trip up. We gathered at Barry Tyson's house, which gave him time to pack even more stuff as Mike Haag and I fought the traffic to get there. We ate lunch at the MacDonalds near Petersburg and got on 95 just long enough to get to Chippenham Parkway, which we took to Route 6, a lovely country road with lots of great scenery. The mental picture Barry painted in his last Marque Time came true when his little yellow MG hit a patch of sunlight and yellow leaves which swirled up and around against the backdrop of 2-lane road, green pasture and fall-painted trees. Serendipity!

We found the Blue Ridge Parkway and saw another MG enjoying the open road before stopping at Humpback Rocks visitor center again. This time it was a warm walk thru the museum of old farm buildings, ducking the squirrel-lobbed hickory nuts. We got on the interstate to get to the motel in Staunton, which really made us appreciate the back roads we had been on most of the day.

The Friday night social was different this year, they had a very loud band and no videos. We ate the finger food and shouted at each other and arriving TMGC members. Vince Groover and Frank Linse may have set a new land speed record for an MG on the drive up - and they would have arrived even sooner if they hadn't been caught in tunnel traffic. Bill and Rosa Hoggard didn't stay long, she had a bad cold. Doug Wilson and Frank Hurley were with Doug's friends from DC. When the free keg was wheeled away and the band packed up, 5 of us sighed and headed to the bar, into the blare of another loud band. Oh well, who needs to hear any way? I guess 2 bands in one night was too much, we didn't live up to our reputation and left before the bar closed.

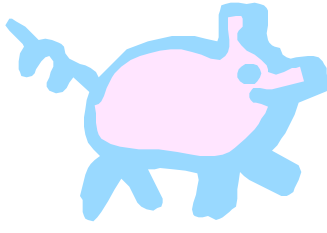
Show day was iffy weather forecast wise. Fortunately we got a bit of "Scotch mist" and then it cleared off with a stiff breeze. Most entrants were caravanning to the show field so we waited till the end of the line and followed them out, turning off one exit down to have breakfast at Mrs. Rowe's -- and 2 Midgets behind us had to figure out how to get back on the road to the field. Doug had called ahead so we got a big table right away. Fortified, we took back roads to the field and found most of the 180 cars were MG's. Mike was not parked under the oak tree this year, but there were a few near misses while sitting under a walnut tree. Frank and Vince reclined in comfort. We did a lot of walking, looking at cars and buying from vendors. The DJ was in fine form and this year played a whole hour of James Bond tunes for me. During the day we saw Dan and Beth Kirby, Jack and Becky Dawson and Gregg Coogan who all came by to see the show, and J.D. Hawthorne who had a car entered. The winner of the Make-A-Wish snapdragon yellow MGB was drawn. We didn't win. As far as I know, none of us won any raffles either. We watched most of the cars leave and finally were too cold to sit any longer as the wind had picked up again. We stopped at Andre Viette's garden center and walked through the demonstration gardens on the way back to the motel, back roads again.

# WAYNESBORO

The banquet was a bit more laid back than in years past (no props), but they did have the caption contest. The picture was a bug-eye Sprite with a Tinkerbell-like young lady on the bonnet. Captions included "The hood ornament almost makes the car worth owning," "Great headlights," "The hood ornament needs a slightly bigger car," "I can't find that after-market hood ornament anywhere," and the winner, "I kissed it, now it is going to turn into a prince." Show award winners included a third place for Frank Linse's B in the chrome bumper class and a first place for Doug Wilson's B in the rubber bumper class. His friend Craig also won a first for his GT (the car that parks next to mine always wins). Proceedings were speeded up a bit when Bill, the DJ, got a message saying his daughter-in-law was delivering twins. He got out of there in a hurry. We lingered, then headed for the bar and the same loud band of the night before. This time there were just 3 of us and we sat next to a couple who spotted our club name tags and started talking (shouting?). This was their first car show so they didn't know any one. Turned out he had been looking for a carburetor in a junk yard and ended up taking home 12 very rusty MG's which he thinks he can get 5 complete cars out of (he is an mechanic in real life). He seemed fairly knowledgeable, even knew about the Springfield Rolls Royce. They left but we closed the bar.

Sunday, after breakfast at Mrs. Rowe's, we headed down route 6 and 29 to Oak Ridge, the 200-year-old plantation owned by John Holland of Suffolk. The main attraction was the last day of the inaugural harness racing season on the restored race track. The stands haven't been rebuilt yet so we took our chairs and binoculars and enjoyed the races, and sampled wine and cider from the vendors. There was betting but we didn't try that. At 2:30 several car loads met for the run to Oak Ridge house. The historian gave us a detailed tour of the first floor and grounds, all of which had been unoccupied for almost 40 years and required complete restoration, a still-ongoing job. There was even a private train station. We thought the MG's in front of the house was a great photo-op and snapped away until the historian informed us he was ready to lock the gates. Last to leave as usual.

After spending the night in Lynchburg we toured Point of Honor, an unusual 1815 Federal style house with a great view of the James River through big bay windows. After an excellent tour we checked out the kitchen, where apple fritters were being made over a very smokey fire, and the garden. Next stop was Redhill near Brookneal, Patrick Henry's last home -- actually a recreation of it, the only original building was his office. The grounds were lovely and it was so quiet! After lunch in Keysville we dropped in on Mike's sister's family at the 100 year old house they grew up in and got a tour of the house, grounds and some of Mike's project cars. They even let us park on the front lawn for a photo-op. Dinner at the Virginia Diner and we could relax, we were within 100 miles of home and free AAA tows, and none of the cars had had any problems. Almost 600 miles of carefree motoring through beautiful country in great little cars -- it doesn't get any better than that!



Rallyers met at  
Green brier Mall



# Rallye and Pig Pickin'

October 14, 2001



The rallye took us to the home of Mark and Debby Childers, somewhere in Chesapeake.

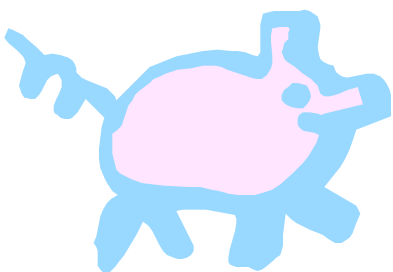
Doug Kennedy and Sam in the "back" yard, complete with a garden and 3 horses!



# Rallye and Pig Pickin'

October 14, 2001

Eating and socializing



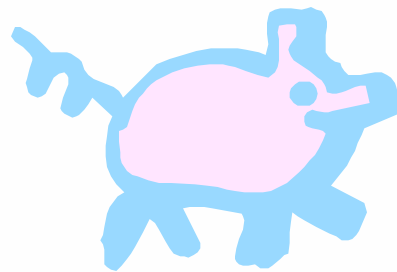
# Rallye and Pig Pickin'

October 14, 2001

Mark Childers and Gregg Coogan



Awarding the "fabulous" prizes for the rallye



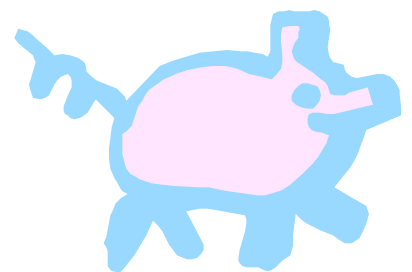


Car show in the front yard

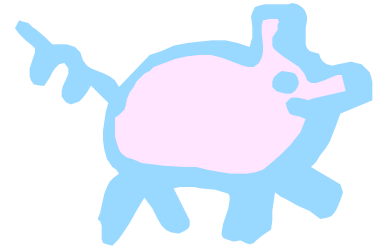


# Rallye and Pig Pickin'

October 14, 2001



# Rallye and Pig Pickin'



## "Rallye to Nowhere" and Pig Pickin'

Susan Bond

The "Rallye to Nowhere" started in the middle of somewhere, Greenbrier Mall to be exact. 3 MG's and one modern tin were up to the challenge. I arrived sans navigator and Alan Watson volunteered his father, Robin, who bravely buckled himself into my GT. Rally master Dan Kirby read us our rules and promptly left to coach a soccer match. We zeroed our trips and were off! It was a glorious day for a drive in the country, but first we had to get out of Greenbrier and Great Bridge, looking for clues Dan had slyly put in no particular order. Traffic was dense, but once we got on Cedar Road it thinned out, and on Bells Mill we were on our own and enjoying every minute. After Shillelagh we were on roads I hadn't been on in years, there were houses sprouting everywhere. We missed one turn and had to back track, carefully keeping track of our mileage, and were almost last to arrive. To avoid penalties we had to write down the same mileage for the rally that Dan got with his high-tech rally equipment. Allowing for the fact that my speedo doesn't read the way Dan's does, Robin figured it one way, and I another. We took the average, which later proved to be a good choice.

"Nowhere" turned out to be Mark and Debby Childers "ranch" off Ballahack Road, lots of garage space for horsepower, and real horses in the back yard. Other members joined us there, but not nearly enough to eat all the pig and chicken. Eating on the back deck, with the horses watching, we devoured as much as we could, then waited while Mark, the designated rally tallyier, calculated the results. After a bit of confusion, Robin and I won a "fabulous" prize because our mileage guess was dead on. Second were Andy Wallach and Cynthia Faschini, third Alan and Colin Watson (non-British) and last, but not least, Bill Hodges and Teresa — hey, they ran the rally. Where were the rest of you?

Thanks Dan, for the great route through rural Chesapeake! Thanks Mark and Debby for hosting this annual event!

# DRIVER DAYS

October 27, 2001



B's of Susan Bond and Barry Tyson, with  
TD of Mike Studley behind



## Driver Days

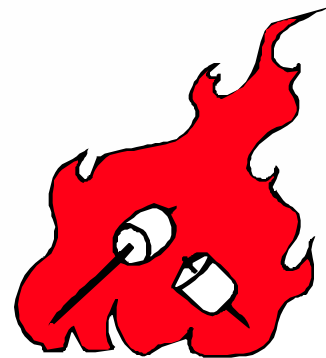
Susan Bond

Thousands (literally) descended on the crossroads village of Driver on October 27th to stroll the streets (which were closed to car traffic), ride the mule-drawn wagon, watch re-enactors and browse through craft stalls set up in front yards and the shops. And look at antique cars. We were parked on the grounds of the Berea Congregational Christian Church so we had homemade breakfast and lunch real close and got to use a real restroom. I was accompanied by my granddaughter, Taylor Sumner, who wanted to see everything, tho the Old West gun fight had her worried -- she was afraid the bad guys were really dead. There weren't many British cars this year, but Barry Tyson and Mike Studley brought their MG's and we camped out among the VW's. Driver is a fun show to go to — there is lots to do, you get a free T-shirt and almost every entry won a raffle prize. We saw lots of friends from other car clubs, and caught up with Jack and Becky Dawson who were MG-less, but having a good time anyway. Even if you can't find a 5-year-old to share this event with, it is an enjoyable day.



# Tech Session, Meeting and Non-Bonfire

November 4, 2001 at the barn of  
Susan and Terry Bond



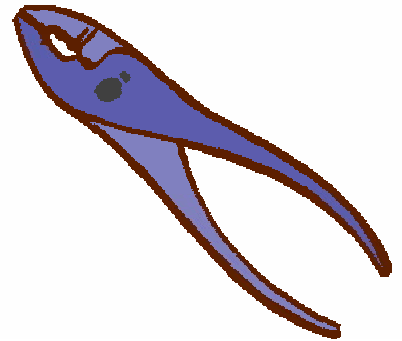
The Guest of Honor - "The Other Guy" -  
with the "Bonfire by Lucas"

# Tech Session

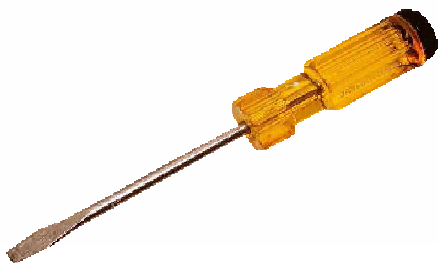
November 4, 2001



Frank Linse, Jack Dawson, Roy Wiley, Paul Thiergardt, John Jones, Robin Watson



Jack Dawson, Roy Wiley, Terry Bond, Frank Worrell, Jerry Johnson, Frank Linse



Teching in the front yard

# Tech Session

November 4, 2001

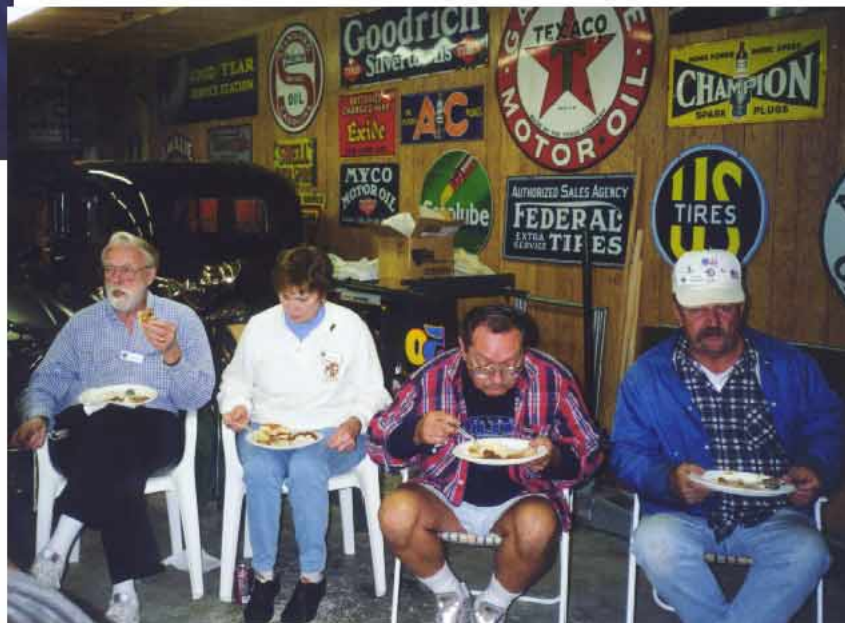
John Jones and Debby, Jack and Becky Dawson, Frank Worrell



Phillip & Ellen Ford, Olive and Robin Watson

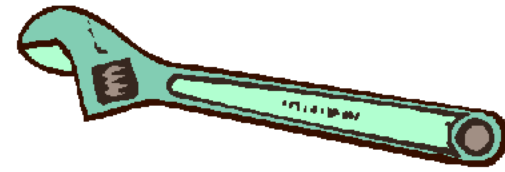


George and Peggy Craig,  
Frank Linse, Vince Groover



# Tech Session

November 4, 2001



## Straw Man Escapes the Bond Fire at November Tech Session

By Barry Tyson

On Sunday, November 5th, a straw man, named Guy Fawkes escaped his fate in the flames of the Bond's bonfire due to unexplained lack of rain (open burning was not allowed due to the area drought conditions). The burning was to take place as darkness fell during a ritual meeting of a group of many anglophiles who are devoted to the mark of the octagon encircling the letters MG. The straw man said he would have had some comments but he lacked a brain. Robin Watson, the creator of the "Guy straw man", gave the final decree, "let him burn when the restrictions are lifted". "A penny for the Guy." The full Guy Fawkes story is at [www.bonfire.org](http://www.bonfire.org).

The beautiful crisp and clear fall day provided the perfect backdrop for the MG event that was a Tech session, November meeting and a day early celebration of Guy Fawkes Day. The Bond's two large dogs, Angus and Tattoo, and three cats, Princess, Tiger and another one appropriately named Lucas (the "feline of darkness") scampered around in the dappled sunlight over the carpet of colorful leaves among the trees and in and out of the barn. The fourth cat, Oki, was on station by the hearth in the house at the Bond's country estate near the village of Great Bridge. The woodlands on the property, I am sure are the home to gnomes, elves, sprites and other magical woodland creatures, especially as darkness fell. Enough magical creatures to fill the imagination of the young and young at heart.

Against this backdrop of fall color and magical woodland there were MGs and legends of MGs. Mike and I discovered some of the secrets of the "Black GT" (how does this MG climb mountains so easily? Is it magic?). There were tours of the Bond's antique "automobilia" museum. There was fun on the tire swing, enjoyed by Sam, Doug Kennedy's son. There was even an attempt to work on Paul Thiergardt's MGTF. But because the problem with the MGTF was electrical and there was a lack of the required items to conjure up a spell, the effort was quickly deferred to a later time. In addition, there was agreement among the "druids" of MG; how can a MG be a real MG without electrical gremlins? Progress was examined on MG projects of "epic proportions" through personal observation and photos (the Bond's GT and Jack Dawson's TD).

Then there was an interesting meeting with the new president, Mike Haag, presiding, and with stories of Hershey being told. As darkness fell, in the barn, a harvest festival feast of sorts began. Inside the barn was a "groaning board" with a banquet of "Bangers" (hot dogs), barbecue, chicken and an assortment of delicious dishes and sweets. MG adventure stories were told around a contained fire and the participants departed to return to the realities of life with the warm, reaffirmation of MG friendships.

# Christmas Party



December 14, 2001 at the home of Paul and Carmen Thiergardt



Carmen and all the wonderful food!



Stevie Giffin, Paul Thiergardt, Jennifer Ash



Marilyn Wiley,  
Cynthia Faschini



Phillip Ford and Mike Ash



# Christmas Party

December 14, 2001



Andy Wallach, Carmen Thiergardt, Cynthia Faschini, Pam McClaren



Mike Haag, Jerry Johnson



Becky Dawson, Debbie, Pam Groover



Carmen Thiergardt, Sherry Guay

Robin Watson, Paul Thiergardt, Olive Watson, Ellen Ford



# Christmas Party



December 14, 2001



Susan Bond, Carmen Thiergardt, Debbie Childers, Pam Groover, Faye Davis



Hanging out in the garage!



Phillip Ford, Mike Ash, Paul Thiergardt, Robert Davis, Andy Wallach



Jennifer Ash,  
Doug Kennedy,  
Betty Villers



Anna & Frank Worrell, Mike Haag



# Christmas Party

December 14, 2001



Carmen Thiergardt, Cynthia Faschini, Mike Ash



Jim Villers, Mike Ash, Hank Giffin

Vince Groover,  
Becky Dawson,  
Jack Dawson



Jack Dawson, Pam Groover, Mike Haag, Barry Tyson



Christmas Party  
Mike Haag

The mild weather of early and mid-December belied the fact that Christmas was soon approaching. Upon arriving at the Thiergardts' house for the Christmas Party, and seeing all the festive decorations, any doubt as to what season it was soon evaporated. Many thanks to Paul and Carmen for hosting this year's Christmas Party! The food was delicious and abundant, and it appeared that everyone had a great time eating, relaxing, and conversing with members of our extended "MG family."



# Sacred Octagon

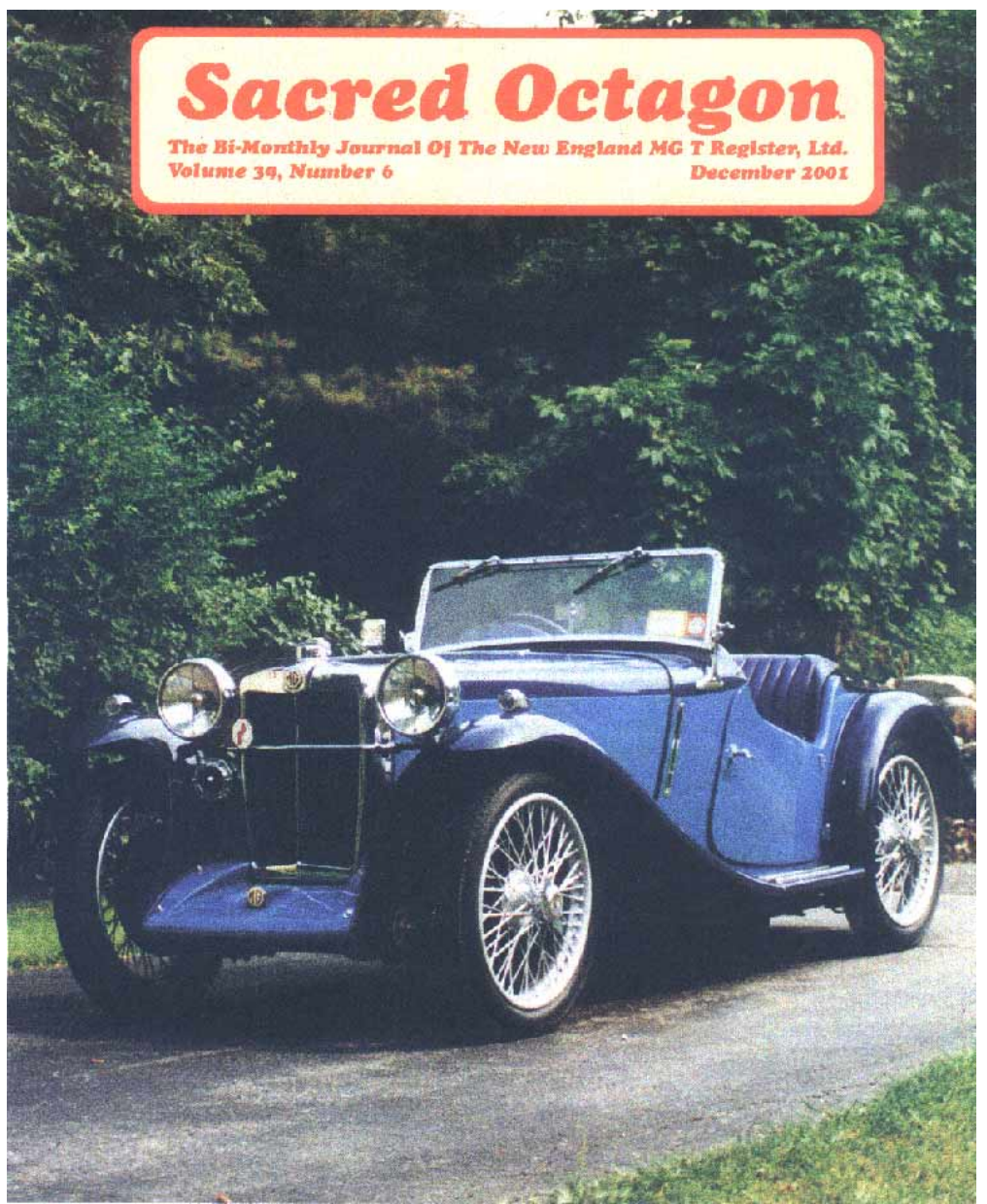
The Bi-Monthly Journal Of The New England MG T Register, Ltd.  
Volume 39, Number 6  
December 2001

## **Tidewater MG Classics**

Peggy Craig

The Tidewater MG Classics Car Club, located in the Hampton Roads area of Virginia, turned 28 years young this year. We maintain a membership of over one hundred and about a fourth of those members attend our monthly meetings.

Our officers this year include President, Barry Tyson; Vice President, Mike Haag; Secretary, Doug Kennedy; and Treasurer, Jim Villers.



This year we were very fortunate to have an honest-to-goodness, "Rallye Master", Dan Kirby. He provided our membership with some great fun with challenging rallyes and drive-outs.

Unlike last year when near-hurricane weather threatened to all but cancel our annual Barbecue and Rallye, this year could not have brought more perfect weather--which in turn brought out many M.G.s with hungry owners. Sixteen cars left the starting point, went through all the paces Dan challenged us with and all made it to the Barbecue at least before the food was gone. A total of 27 British cars were on display as about 70 people ate their hearts out on the grounds of Alan and Becky Watson's country home.

Our Christmas party was held at the lovely home of Jim and Betty Villers. This year the Norfolk Women's Shelter of the YMCA, which shelters battered women and their families, benefited and we brought items from food to diapers to light bulbs and checks. AND THE FOOD! was incredible, as always! Sometimes I wonder which we members enjoy more, the food or M.G.s.

This year we had a shortage of people willing to accommodate over twenty-five very hungry people with numerous little cars parked in their yard, driveway and up the street so we held our January and February meetings at a local Mexican restaurant. It's surprising how fast a meeting can be concluded as margaritas are being served.

Several of our members attended MG2001. Minneapolis provided wonderful hospitality, much fun and friends, both new and old. Our little group experienced many MG adventures both to and from this event.

Our annual events really keep us in touch with long-time members who don't make all the meetings anymore and the Wicker Basket Affair is one that brings out the best of us. This year Peggy Craig just couldn't conjure up the perfect MG weather she's arranged the past several years. It was a cold, rainy day so attendance was smaller than years past. But weather never kept us from eating so we still enjoyed the gourmet potluck we all look forward to. A few less people and a few less dishes but none of us left hungry and the camaraderie couldn't be matched.

Thanks to Dan, we enjoyed a fantastic "April Fools" Weekend Tour/Rallye from Portsmouth to Charlottesville. We had the usual MG adventures along the way — unexpected detour signs, MG breaking down in the middle of nowhere, police accosting us (twice) and roads that the Commonwealth of Virginia didn't know existed — before we finally arrived at two B&Bs nestled in the foothills of the area. One of us drew the "Ghost Room" which was the room where a Civil War nurse who lost her love was supposed to have appeared many times. At breakfast the owners said the house had been "blessed" several years ago and she has not appeared since. Sure wished they'd told us that the night before. The next day we drove around the outskirts of Charlottesville visiting Ash Lawn, Montpelier and Barboursville Vineyards. We met for a delicious dinner and retired to our B&Bs. A really great weekend and, hopefully, one of many more to come.

Our Rallye Master devised a good way of getting members out for a short drive (rallye) to destinations that served any kind of ice cream you could dream up. These usually took place in the middle of the week and brought out many members in search of their just desserts. This proved to be a popular summer mid-week diversion with sinful destinations.

We hold three tech sessions throughout the year so members can bring their "troubles" (alias M.G.s) to find solutions. These start on Sunday mornings and end sometime before the next meeting. We can fix (and break) just about anything during that time.

Our members attend many area events throughout the year, providing a steady stream of activities to supplement our own events, and we've brought home many notable awards and memories.

We're very proud of our website. Check us out at [www.mg.org](http://www.mg.org). Our great monthly newsletter, "The Dipstick", is edited by Ed Kehrig, and provides us all with up-to-the-month news.

We are located in a very transient area so if you find yourself in this area as a permanent resident or just passing through, please visit us.