

Newsletter
July
2022

Tamar Valley



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Owners Club



This year TVMGOC marks its 40th anniversary. How many thousands of miles and how many MG runs club members have undertaken in that time is anyone's guess, but for sure if our club could be measured in driving pleasure and fond memories then we have done very well.

In this extended newsletter we look back, we celebrate the present, and briefly look at what the MG of the

future might be like. Members were asked to send in stories and memories from their time in the club and life with MGs. Only a couple were submitted but these are featured here with gratitude.

Also this Month:
Committee reports
Upcoming events
Lunch run to Dartmoor Lodge
Llanerchindda gallery
Moor2Sea
John H's 3 shows in a month
Cape Crusaders



Gavin asks us to guess what this contraption inside the MGB is for.

The answer is at the end of the newsletter.



ENJOY YOUR MG MORE WITH TVMGOC



Secretary's Report



Looking out of the window, we are currently enjoying a classically English mix of summer sunshine together with what we continue to call unseasonal rain. I don't know why we just don't go for 'seasonal rain'. This of course tests the skills of the soft-top owners on a run, while allowing BGT and saloon owners to look on in amusement. At the more complex end of the top-down to top-up exercise in our club is probably David's MG TD, closely followed by the MGAs (these first two are something of an art form), with MGB/RV8 somewhere in the middle, whereas MGFs aren't much more difficult to get the top up than closing a sunroof on a BGT. Either way – it seems to me that it is always worth the effort of getting as close to the open air as we can in our wonderful part of the country. Not that ours is the only pretty corner of the UK, as club members found in the very successful club visit to the excellent Llanerchindda Farm (ask B to pronounce it). Over four days at the beginning of June we once again enjoyed the fantastic driving roads of the Brecon Beacons and Cambrian Mountains, together with good food and fun evenings together. I am sure that we will be back! Club activity closer to home continues with the advent of the show season.



We enjoyed supporting the St Luke's Hospice event at Flete House and are looking forward to the ever-popular Powderham Show, followed by Rosemoor RHS and then Fowey. Another charity event of note is club member Sue P, who having very sadly lost her niece to cancer, has signed up for a 10k 'race for life'. Those who would like to support, in however small an amount, will find a link later in this newsletter.

As you know, this year is the 40th Anniversary of our Tamar Valley Club. With new members swelling our ranks and more than compensating for those who move away or sell their MGs, we are looking forward to the future with great optimism. I have been looking back over our records and it is interesting to see how some of the issues endure! In our time, we have suffered membership crises, down to four members attending on one occasion, but we have bounced back strongly. We have changed venues for our meetings eight times, starting at the Holland Inn, then the Notter Bridge Inn, the Mayflower Inn, The Mill (apparently our low point), the White Thorn and finally the Moorland Hotel, the Moorland Gardens and when that closed back to the Moorland Hotel. We have also met on different days, before reverting to the first Wednesday. Almost all of our issues have come up before, whether it be parking, venue closure or disappointingly low attendance at things which have frustrated committees of the past. Our club foreign travel has taken us to Brittany, while the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man have also been visited. Our longest standing Committee member is understandably our Chairman, who joined as a young Members Rep 2 in March 2008. Pleasingly, we have always recovered from lows, and we are as healthy now as any time in our history. Here's to the next 40.

Simon

Should you need to contact our club secretary, for example to send in club subscriptions, first call or email.

01822 852843

clubsecretarytvmgoc@gmail.com



Notes from your Chairman



Hello everyone,

I hope you are managing to get out and about in your MGs and getting seen on the road, as disappointedly our club activities have taken a bit of a hit recently, what with the cancellation of the Cream Tea Run to Helen and Iain's house due to Covid and also the cancellation of the planned 40th Anniversary Cruise up the River Tamar, due to lack of support.

Alison and I joined Tamar Valley MGOC in 2007 and this was the year the club was celebrating its 25th Anniversary. Unfortunately, we joined too late to take part in the arranged Dinner and Dance and the celebratory car run. Incidentally, this run has now morphed into our bi-annual run, which we now know as 'The People and Places Run'. Next year the club will be hosting 'People and Places No 7'.

As I have said before, joining the club and getting back into MGs, well our MGB, was one of the best things we have done and having enjoyed so many events with the club and weekends away over all these years, we still get a buzz out of our membership and car ownership. The friendships forged along the way have also been very important to us and our enjoyment.

As you will all be aware, we have now arrived at the club's 40th Anniversary in 2022. This achievement needs to be celebrated in some way and the Committee have decided that your club will host a Cheese and Wine evening at the September club meeting. This will be for members only (which includes partners as your membership is a joint one) although any prospective members will still be welcomed. The evening will be a purely social event with a noticeable lack of any formality (although tick-sheets may still be circulated), where we can mingle freely and have a good natter, whilst raising a celebratory glass of wine to toast this milestone. We will of course need to know expected numbers attending, so a tick-sheet for this will be available to get your names on, hopefully in time for the July meeting.

My friend and fellow member Richard M has got me hooked on reading the MGOC forums, particularly the MGB one. This has led me into checking the age of my tyres and purchasing a new set of boots all round. I am not going to tell you how old my tyres were but let us just say that they were close to the club's 25th anniversary year.

The MGB forum mentioned that the Falken Sincera 382s 165/80 R14 85T tyres were getting good reviews but unfortunately they were now getting hard to find. This got me on the hunt for some and after an exhaustive search online and by phone, I finally managed to order a set at 'Plymouth Protyre' at Coxside.

Having never used this firm before, I have to say they were very professional and careful with my MGB. The best bit was that they actually had the correct cones for balancing my wire wheels. If you need new tyres for your B roadster, at the time of me ordering they had just 20 tyres available within their national network. You may get lucky if you are quick.

Looking ahead to our club visit to Powderham Castle Historic Vehicle Gathering on Sunday 10th July, I will be leading a convoy run from Lee Mill, Tesco carpark up to the showground. We will leave at 08.30. I have got the individual tickets and wrist bands for our attendees and will bring them along to the July meeting for collection.

Talking about our July club meeting, Janis has arranged a speaker who will be giving a talk about the Tamar Bridges. These are something we have all seen and used without giving a thought to what goes on behind the scenes to keep us safe whilst using them. It should be a good talk, so please try and come along and give the speaker a good audience.

Happy MG motoring,

Alan



Event Secretary - keeping it wheel

Dear Motorneers,

After joining in 2016, what does this club now mean to me? I'll keep it short. When I retired I knew I'd have to find something that would fill a gaping hole in my time. My MGA and membership of TVMGOC has not just filled that hole but it has in part given me a new purpose in life. I've said before regarding club membership that the more you put in, the more you get out and that has certainly been my experience. I devote a lot of time to general club matters, keeping track of the growing numbers of classic car events, organising runs, and compiling this newsletter, which keeps my old script-writer's itch scratched, and I love it all. Best of all though are the fabulous trips, here and abroad, that we wouldn't have done if not for the MG, and the many friends I have made in the club. I have a lot to thank TVMGOC for. What our MG cars and the club will be like in another 40 years, only time will tell. Moving on...

I'm sure you will remember the 1979 Rupert Holmes Piña Colada song which has the line, *"You like piña coladas, and gettin' caught in the rain."*

Whilst you were getting caught in the rain in early June here in the UK, I thought you'd like to know that I was living the spirit of the song.

"Me and my old lady," were sweltering in 30°C sunshine in Lisbon, and here am I pictured sipping a whole pineapple full of Piña Colada cocktail comprising white rum, coconut milk and pineapple. It's a hard life.



And from the same song I can't help also imagining you were all *"Making love at midnight, in the dunes on the Cape..."*. As I try to rid my mind of that thought and the consequential sand, I have to say this is no place for 'what we did on our holiday' pieces. However, as Jan and I were on a bit of an epic road trip and as this is a car club, perhaps a few words about the drive are appropriate as I hope this may inspire you to explore Northern Spain and beyond.

You may recall that we had caught the ferry to Santander to drive (not in the MG this time but in our estate car as we needed 5 seats) to Porto in Lisbon to meet up with our daughter and family. First Jan and I started driving westwards along the north coast of Spain before sweeping down to Santiago de Compostela dodging numerous pilgrims along the way. What was remarkable on this route was that even at the beginning of June the season hadn't started, and many hotels and restaurants were still closed. Shuttered holiday homes were everywhere.



After Porto we continued down to Lisbon and the incredible town of Sintra. Now if you have not already been, please put Sintra on your bucket list of places to visit. It is easily one of the most remarkable and beautiful places we have ever seen, and that's saying a lot! It's a hoot to drive around and get lost on the twisting on-way lanes.

I also want to say a few words about our long journey back to Santander.

From Lisbon we drove hundreds of kilometres through the plains of Portugal and Spain (there are literally no border controls between the two countries). This might have been boring but in fact on almost empty highways the vast endlessly changing landscapes were stunningly beautiful as we passed through massive arable farms and vineyards topped with endless skies.

Sometimes there were huge ancient olive groves, with wizened trees, some over a 1000 years old, set amongst sun scorched grassland. This area reminded me of Kenya's Masai Mara, the name of which comes from the Masai language meaning "spotted" as the landscape is dotted everywhere with acacia and thorn bushes. We didn't spot any giraffes, lions or elephants among the olives though.



After overnighing in Leon, our route took us through the Picos de Europa. You may recall that Jan and I have toured the Picos twice before with others in our MG on trips organised by our old friend Beth. This region is close to the ferry and a perfect classic car touring area.



We passed through narrow rocky canyons and over high mountain passes via Pots & Pans, as Beth called them, AKA the valley villages of Potes and Panes. The views were breath-taking, as were the precipitous drops at the sides of hairpin after hairpin bend.

Though we had no time to linger except to stop for a quick photo, I was reminded why I love this area so much and why I recommend that you too plan a motoring trip here.

Previously we had visited in October, which was quiet and mild, but now in early summer the Picos are ablaze with wild-flower colour and the meadows and forests are yet to become dry and yellowed. One remarkable place is Riano, a modern town that sits looking over a huge reservoir. On our previous two visits in the autumn the waters had almost disappeared, but at this time the level was high, and it looked stunningly beautiful.



Soon we were in Santander. Having read the news that fuel prices in the UK had risen again to record highs, I refilled the Merc with diesel, paying about 1.60 Euros a litre, a saving of almost 40p a litre over the UK price. Make of that what you will.

The ferry to and from Northern Spain is also a good place to spot classic cars - almost as good as going to a show. Amongst modern supercars such as a Ferrari and a brace of Astons, there were a trio of TVRs, a red BMW Baur convertible just like Keat's, and on a tour from the Isle of Man a rally prepared TR4, an early Lotus Elan and my favourite, this stunning 1967 Maserati Quattroporte.

I wouldn't say no to one of these - 60s Italian styling at its most elegant. It's so me, but you know that. Ciao.



Happy MGing!
Howard



Upcoming events

The most up to date and detailed information on all 2022 events can be found and downloaded on the Event Diary Page and the Entry Forms page. See: www.tvmgoc.org.uk

Please also see the local event list which has been emailed to all members.



Our club website features an article about how Tamar Valley MGOC was set up back in 1982.

You can download it here:

<https://www.tvmgoc.org.uk/about-1/>

A car in our time

Richard M reflects on club membership and his problematic MGC. It's not all Enjoying MG!

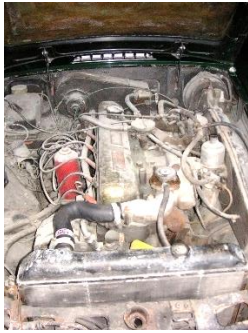
I can honestly say that some of the highlights of MG ownership have come through the supper runs and Sunday lunch runs arranged by the club. They have taken us through parts of the locality that we would not have considered visiting as well as introducing us to pleasant people that we would not otherwise have met.

Indeed, the Cotswold Caper is a good example; no tourist would have thought of going down some of those roads, preferring instead to take main roads to the next "tick box" town on the list. People and Places too even though we have explored much of that with the club supper and Sunday runs. That trip around the estuary that we ran the other way around [*reversing the P&P route*] to the Cuddy Shack was spectacular.

My first venture into the world of MG took place around 2013 although first thoughts were actually directed towards buying a "frog-eye sprite" or possibly a Midget or Healey equivalent. It soon became apparent that the cheeky "frog-eye" did not offer good value for money, and that getting in and out of the later versions was likely to be more difficult as time passed, so focus soon turned to the MGB. The search ventured far and wide (Knott-End on Sea, Yeovil, Guildford, Dorchester, Chichester, Birmingham, Heathrow, and Stilton in Cambridgeshire to name a few further afield as well as those closer to home in Cheshire) and in all approximately 17 vehicles must have been viewed in various states of repair with one being the remains of the shell and the engine "over there". I left one notable viewing vowing never to go back after the vendor took us for a reckless trip around the block, setting off almost before the door closed and certainly before seatbelts could be clipped in.

After all that, the first vehicle proved to be not as good as expected and a replacement was subsequently identified and in general that vehicle has proved to be sound. However, whilst searching for the MGB and holidaying in France the vision of a quintessential British sports car passed across the end of the sunlit street; an XK120, Healey 3000, or perhaps even an MGA. The nature or particular model of that car was never discovered but the thought of that vision and the homeward trip up the French Autoroute just managing to keep pace with a Healey 3000 in an Audi A4 revitalised a dream of owning a MGC as seen when searching for the B.

Since only 9000 of those cars were made the choice or selection was limited based on experience searching for the B. A suitable, or so it was believed, vehicle was identified. That vehicle needed quite a lot of TLC but should not have needed too much bodywork repair.



As presented at a club meeting soon after joining Tamar Valley MG Owners Club (TVMGOC) the facts could not have been further from the truth. Although basically sound, when delving deeper into its previous life the car was found to be “wearing a false identity”. After suffering the indignity of reporting the discovery to the local police they could not have been more helpful.

It is inappropriate to report the details associated with that here, but it was a very uncomfortable period in time.

It also delayed the use of the vehicle until Brexit had started to dominate matters. Despite that a decision was taken to restore the vehicle to a higher standard and most of this was handled by a restorer on the East coast. Although initial assessments made by the restorer confirmed the general condition of this vehicle was good, that impression was soon dispelled and it entailed a lot more work than envisaged. The end result you can see in the image with shiny green paint and rejuvenated engine and engine bay and looking forward to trips out with the TVMGOC.



The journey home to Devon for the first time as the proud owner soon deteriorated into a 9 hour wait in a lay-by on the A404 near Marlow for recovery back to Devon.

The cause of the A404 breakdown was soon resolved and led to the next breakdown in Princetown following its first TVMGOC expedition, when the thought of temporary overnight accommodation in Dartmoor jail crossed one’s mind after a heater valve failure led to loss of engine coolant.

More problems followed as a consequence of a poor-quality gearbox restoration by a Midlands firm (nothing to do with the East coast restoration). During Covid lock down, the opportunity to use the vehicle for “click and collect” was explored and this reinforced the sensation that the brakes were applying themselves without any effort from the driver as experienced once before when returning from a TVMGOC club night.

Whilst numerous problems with the brakes and other defects (too many to mention here) were “informative” they detracted from what was expected to be an experience to enjoy.

A blow out on the M4 caused yet more frustration and disappointment although it did have its more amusing moments . The RAC rescue service responded with “where are you?” and after informing them that I was west bound on the M4 approximately 100 metres from a marker post and two miles from Chieveley services, they asked “What’s the post code?” This was followed up with more ridiculous requests for local information.



The previous string of what seemed to be continuous breakdowns and problems, the appearance of Covid-19 on the scene, and COP26 tended to change the rose-tinted spectacle view of the future. Time had passed and the ease with which one might take the car on long continental trips (something the car a 2.9L GT was well suited for) had disappeared over the horizon.

A decision was made to sell the vehicle and the last image is one where we say a reluctant farewell as it is collected by the purchaser.

Richard



Janis's MG Adventure

My history of MGism begins in 1986 when my late husband Len went out to exchange our three-year-old Ford escort for a newer model; he was so upset by the salesman's offer to upgrade that he left the sale room swearing he would not buy a car from them again. He never did go back.

Instead, he saw a yellow MGB peeping out of a small garage on his way back to the office and on the spur of the moment he stopped and asked what they would give him as part exchange for the escort against the MGB. It was much more than the Ford garage had offered. Credit to him he did not do an instant swap, instead coming home full of the joys of spring to see what my opinion was.

After pointing out that we had three children, two 11-year-olds and a 15-year-old plus two dogs (a Labrador and a Great Dane) so a two-seater sports car was not the most practical choice, he countered that with the fact that he drove to work and back, a 60mile round trip, Monday to Friday on his own, and after suggesting that he would stop smoking (he did for about 3 months) I agreed to go and look at the car. You can see what the result of that trip was.



Len joined the Edinburgh MG club, and dragged me along to his first meeting, as all 6ft 4ins of him didn't want to go alone. Everyone was friendly and it wasn't all technical stuff so I enjoyed it.

Then we went to the Scottish MG weekend in Doune. This was a brilliant get together which included BBQs, Disco, concourse competitions and driving tests. This was before Health and Safety became prominent and was done on grass.

It was more or less driving round a route laid out by cones with reversing, chicanes and roundabouts as fast as possible without hitting any cones. Some daft guy insisted I did the course in his Midget. I can't remember who he was, I maybe never met him again, but I took the keys and drove round, doing a handbrake turn where needed and came fifth in the lady's competition. That was me hooked.

Lucy arrived for my birthday in 1988, At the time I was suffering from severe back pain so couldn't drive, and she was suffering from a poorly clutch so I didn't get to take her out for a while. I did visit daily while she was being fixed in our local garage and pestered poor Jimmy (the owner) to explain what he was doing.



At the same time we became very friendly with another member of the club, Helen, who had a MGBGT and a MGT RV8. She had done all of the mechanical restoration on the V8 herself and gave me the motivation to try things myself, so using the workshop manual as a sort of recipe book I began to do routine stuff.

Being honest, I had to borrow some muscle from Len to loosen things sometimes and for advice, but he was very good and let me get on with it, apart from when I was replacing the front springs, He said that would take too much strength to control and if they shot out it could result in serious injury. He also insisted on checking the trolley jack and axle stands every time before I crawled underneath.

I discovered the local college was running an eight-week basic mechanic evening class so went along to enrol. I enjoyed the course and can still remember how to do tappets, and use an oscillator to clean out valves, do an oil change and brake pad renewal. Not that I have done those for a long time, and I admit that since Len died and I haven't had someone on tap to check things and give advice, I lost my confidence, and now lying under a car on a concrete floor has lost its appeal.

Our MG family continued to expand as even with two MGs we couldn't take all the kids out at the same time so we bought a MG 1300 saloon in 1992. The girls named him Hew, he served as a family car for quite a few years and was restored in 2002 so Rachel could have him as her wedding car. This is him auditioning for the Italian Job at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. He went to the Jersey rally in 2003 and eventually was sold to the East Fortune classic car museum in East Lothian when I moved to Plymouth in 2014 as I didn't have room for three cars. We were lucky as the house in Scotland had a 4-car garage and a drive that could take another six so space was never an issue.



You would think we would give up then but no. 'MGitis' was still a problem and we decided that an MG big enough to tow the caravan would be useful and Len had a hankering for a Farina Magnette, mostly because there weren't many left: for a good reason I add as they were rust buckets. We eventually found one down in Bridgwater and our MG family increased to four.

He was big. Len could fit into the boot comfortably so if ever I need to smuggle him anywhere I knew it could be done. He had a few quirks: the handbrake was on the right hand side of the seat, dip switch for the lights on the floor, the bench seats didn't work well with shell track suits (don't laugh, they were all the rage in the nineties!) so going around the corner was a sliding door experience.

We fitted seat belts as it just felt very unsafe without them, but not inertia ones as they would not have been quite right.

We used Magnus as a winter MG car but Scottish salt and ice took its toll and when Rachel asked to have Hew restored for her wedding we had to sell Magnus to make room in the garage and provide some funds for Hew's restoration.



From 1986 to when Len died in 2009 we drove to Jersey 14 years in a row, taking a different car each year except the Magnette. In an average year we would go to Aberdeen show, Harrogate, Jersey, Preston, and all the local ones, we made many friends from all areas, most of whom I still keep in touch with.

We joined forces with our friend Brian from the Lake District and organised the Lakes and Borders Weekend rally. It was supposed to be a one off: 10 years later having run out of routes from coast to coast we changed it to a one-stop weekend with circular routes each day; the last one was in 2010 as a memorial run to Len.

Early on in our MG adventure Len was elected onto the committee where his computer skills were put to use designing the newsletter, the club badge and various other things, and as the wives of our committee members will verify, I was kept very busy in the background. It became the norm for us to host New Year's Eve parties for up to 30 people, some of those lasted three days, including BBQs and we also acted as a B&B for local shows.

One year we managed to take all four cars to the last Doune classic show. Len drove Magnus with the caravan on the back, my Mum drove Bumble - she was so thrilled to be allowed to do that - Guy drove Hew having passed his test a few months earlier and I drove Lucy.

Lucy had an argument with a tractor and trailer in 1994 and lost, but poetic justice prevailed and the farmer was later fined for leaking diesel onto the road at the field entrance. Mine was the 4th skid on that patch of road in two weeks. Lucy went into K & I coachworks for a total rebuild - not a reshell as Heritage hadn't made midget ones back then, and apart from the odd touch-up, the original respray that Brian did, is as she is now. Fast forward to 2014.

I moved to Plymouth and joined Tamar Valley Club, made lots of new friends, elected onto the committee in 2015 and continue to be an active member to this day. Apologies where necessary! Since then Lucy has had a new engine in 2016, fitted by Tim Kelly, a new halfshaft, new steering rack and all the usual bits that need replacing.

The Bumble didn't leave Scotland. Guy our son now has her, inheriting it after his dad died. She now has chrome bumpers and wire wheels. Still the same number plate though,

Magnus was sold to be restored when we needed the space to do up Hew. I hope he was but didn't hear from the guy who bought him so I don't know for sure.

Hew is (I hope) in the Motor Museum in East Lothian along with a lot of MG model cars, brochures, posters and other bits and pieces that Len had collected over the years, the unfortunate result of downsizing I'm afraid.

So I have been a member of the MGOC since 1986, that's 36 years, and I intend to continue for quite a few more.

Janis



Llannerchindda Farm club holiday

By all accounts the four-night club outing to Llannerchindda Farm was once again a great success. For the benefit of newer members, this is a farm that specialises in holidays for car and motorbike clubs. They provide well-thought-out routes in and around the Brecon Beacons and Cambrian Mountains.

The family-run farm is situated in the heart of the countryside near Llandovery and is a firm favourite with members who have been before.

It was a pity that not all the rooms available to us were taken up, but we live in strange times. If we ever go back again then do think seriously about joining us – this is UK classic car motoring country as good as it gets. Here is a gallery of just a few of the photos from the trip concentrating on the drives and location rather than cars.



A drone shot showing the farm's remoteness



The farm and sun terrace



Martin briefs on the day's route



A visit to the beautiful Hergest Croft Gardens



Noel & Kate and Chas & Janis driving Roy & Sonia's MGB



Simon & Charlie lead Douglas in his Morgan as Nigel & Libby bring up the rear



A photo montage of our cars in the Welsh landscape



A cursory check of levels and tyre pressures the evening before meant there were no undue delays at the outset of what was a fairly early morning start from Plymouth to the venue's start at Kennford, Exeter. I set the alarm for 6.45am, as I was picking-up my navigator, Paul from the other side of the city. I spoke to Derrick Layzell, the Exeter Area Secretary the day before, and was told that first registrations were commencing at 8.30am, so no need to get there before. We set-off at 7.30am, and it felt chilly with perhaps a threat of rain so, as we were travelling along the A38 and didn't want to arrive looking like we'd already been on a 100-mile run, the hood on the Midget remained up for at least that section of the journey, and the heater on!



On arrival at the Exeter Court, Kennford (conveniently right next to the petrol station), I decided to 'top up' before the run. The adjacent car park was ample for all the assembling cars, and Derrick was there to greet the arrivals. All was very well organised, with a large canteen area, and adjoining registration desk along with a long trestle table containing numerous raffle prizes for later. We were handed individual packs containing a plaque and route instructions, which were closely studied whilst partaking of tea & biscuits. There was plenty of time, as the first cars were off at approximately 9.30am.



We hardly saw anyone we recognised, and hurriedly looked through the list of entrants, the Plymouth contingent being depleted this year mainly by the proximity of the Llanerchindda Farm event. However, it was good to see Gavin & Rachel, and Andy. Some had come from as far afield as West Sussex and yes, even Abingdon.

At the start a large menacing black cloud was looming from a northerly direction, so the hood initially remained up, but was soon put down when conditions improved. The route was cleverly devised to split us into effectively two groups, and we were told not to follow the car in front due to this! The route took us up over Old Haldon Hill, in the direction of Dawlish, Kenton & Ashcombe, then Chudleigh, Heathfield, Bovey Tracey, then up over the Moor past Haytor, through

Widcombe-in-the-moor, past Postbridge, through Buckland-in-the-moor, Holne, Hexworthy, past Two Bridges, through Princetown and down to Burrator Reservoir. It was then obvious that some had been sent around the reservoir one way, and some the other, so there was a lot of waving as we passed each other, which added to the enjoyment and amusement of one and all! Then it was through Walkhampton, Warrens Cross and Princetown again and back (hood up due to sudden rain) via Chudleigh Knighton.



A few of us, myself included, got slightly lost on the return trip not far from Ashburton, taking a wrong turning, but found our way to Ashburton, then back to Kennford. Afternoon refreshments were due at 4pm but brought forward to 3.30pm for those returning early. Acknowledgements and a presentation was made to the gorgeous light green MG F-Type, and a round of applause given to the organisers. All in all a very enjoyable day in good company.

Nigel S

Gavin's photo – answer



The glider this pilot is retrieving from the airfield is a Nimbus 3DT, a high-performance two-seater sailplane. He is ex-RAF and a former "Red One" (i.e. The Red Arrows lead pilot.)

The contraption in the MGB (photo at the start of this newsletter) was a glider balance wheel.

John H. was busy attending three shows last month - Launceston, Quethiock and Penzance. What he might not know is that a picture of his car was featured in Classic Car Weekly – love the flags, John!

THIS WEEK p2-10 **OUT & ABOUT**

THIS WEEK
Right now in the classic car world

A GLOBAL PLATFORM FOR OUR HERITAGE
It was great to see classics playing such a prominent part in the Platinum Jubilee celebrations last weekend. The use of older cars on The Mall

for the Jubilee Pageant in particular put the cars we love on a global platform, where millions could see just how big a part they play in the nation's heritage; who wouldn't be won over by a procession of Morris

Minors, flanked by Union Flags and cheering crowds? Celebrations like these show the wider public why classic cars matter.
DAVID SIMISTER EDITOR

MILLIONS SEE CLASSIC CARS MARK JUBILEE
Viewers around the world tuned in to see old cars on The Mall – and thousands take part in events all around the UK

JUBILEE PICNIC IN THE PARK
LONG WALK, WINDSOR, SATURDAY 4 JUNE
Her Majesty might not have been around at Buckingham to see Saturday's Party at the Palace, but if she looked out of the window at Windsor Castle then she might have seen this 70-strong display of classics, one for each year of her long reign.
The display was booked by Land Rovers – the oldest a 1952 Series I 80n, the newest a brand-new Defender – but the real attention-grabbers included a beautifully preserved 1969 MG GT, Carl Bates' superb 1956 Aston Martin DB2/4 – which he's owned for the past 36 years – and a 1992 Jaguar XJ220. The displays also included a selection of vehicles from Windsor's own working vehicles, including a 1950 Ford V8 Pilot used on Royal duties and three classic breakdown vehicles brought along by the RAC.
However you had to get there early to fully appreciate the extent of the classic displays because the park's other big draws – live music performances and a live broadcast of the party at Buckingham – soon had the historic site flooded with thousands of well-wishers.
DAVID SIMISTER EDITOR

JUBILEE SPECIAL

This 1955 MG Magnette ZA was one of two Magnettes taking part in a Jubilee-themed run to Penzance in Cornwall last weekend.

John writes:

I had been looking forward to the celebrations leading up to this rare event. The Magnette had been fully serviced and was ready to embark on a busy schedule, starting with the Steam and Vintage Rally at Launceston. The weather had been brilliant for the first two days of this 3-day gathering. I decided to attend on the final day, Monday. Big mistake! The day dawned dull and gloomy, threatening rain. Undeterred, I set off. Half way there I tried the wipers and they just 'crossed swords' and jammed. In true British spirit I decided to carry on, blind!



On entering the field, I found the rally virtually deserted. Exhibitors covering in their cars, caravans, motorhomes, etc. and under any canvas they could find. I learned later that during the previous two days this large event had been 'rammed' with thousands of punters. After a coffee, I attempted to revive the wipers by changing a couple of 35-amp fuses. To my delight they started working, but after a few lazy swipes they died again, never to recover.

Undaunted, and as the rain had eased, I decided to have a brief look round and take a couple of photos. You will note (above) that a rather smart TR4 in the background of this sad line-up,

deployed his matching foul weather equipment, namely a large umbrella covering the whole of the cockpit whilst the owner cowered inside.

In addition, I came across another exhibit which really summed up the whole day; a Commer Dormobile sporting 'designer' rust everywhere. The suspension had seen much better days too. Amazingly, it was awarded 1st in its 'sconky' class!



Our drive home in heavy rain was a nightmare. One does not appreciate windscreen wipers until one hasn't got any! Mercifully, the problem was later traced to a defunct isolator switch.



Barely a week went by before the Magnette was required again, this time to support the Jubilee Carnival in my local village of Quethiock, with seven classic cars, each representing one decade of the reign (a Series 1 Land Rover, MG Magnette, A35 Van, Alvis Continental, Morris Mini Pickup, Triumph Stag, and a new Mini Cooper S) together with a variety of other floats and girt big agricultural vehicles.

My daughter Vanessa took charge of 'feeding the 5000' by producing over 250 BBQed sausage baps. A cavalcade tour of the village followed, with most of the residents very vocal in their appreciation.



Finally, Sunday 5 June was the 'Biggy', the event I had really set my heart on. My friend (another John) and I set off for Bodmin Priory Park, there to meet up with 69 other British classics cars, one from each year, produced during Her Majesty's reign.

The event was organised by Bodmin Rotary and involved a non-stop run down to Penzance. On our arrival we were met by welcoming crowds which extended the full length of the promenade for about a quarter mile!



The organization was impeccable; rally plates, goody bags, breakfast, the lot.

By 1100 we were flagged off by the mayor, wielding a splendid Union Standard. Built in 1955, we were 5th in line, with a 1956 Magnette hot on our heels. Surprisingly there were no MGBs, just a lonely A and F. Unlike many of the entrants, we decided not to go off piste following the north coast, but simply stuck to the A30 all the way to Marazion.

The car went like a sewing machine, and we soon arrived opposite St Michaels Mount. I was hoping for a photoshoot here in order to enter Howard's photo competition. However, although it was dry, what little sun there was, was not in my favour.

After a relaxing picnic lunch on the dunes opposite the island, and admiring the pin sharp views from Mounts Bay, we saddled up for the final 3 miles to Penzance promenade.



The last quarter mile took us 35 minutes, such was the traffic and crowds enjoying the warm sunshine that had finally appeared. With the temperature gauge creeping towards boiling, we turned on to the promenade. Once again, the Rotary Club organization kicked in and directed us to our named slot overlooking the sea. Just as well, as massed holiday crowds rolled in after us determined to witness this one-time event. All 70 cars had made it. A very memorable day.

You will be glad to learn that on the return journey, despite numerous biblical rain showers, the wipers coped with ease.

John H

Typo

John I. was not the only person to comment on an email typo when I referred to the Rosemoor Classic Cat Show.

Judging by the picture he sent me, perhaps this is something that might catch on. I wonder if this cool moggy is driving a Jag, AKA a big cat?



Howard

Flete House Open Gardens fundraiser for St Luke's Hospice

There is just enough space here to squeeze in one picture of our club day out last Sunday. Whatever your reason for not joining us, feel sad because you missed a truly lovely event.



The weather was great, and warm too, the location and house first class, lots of visitors took a real interest in our car display and we enjoyed great company and conversation. As car club days out go this was up there with the very best and was a reminder that club membership can be enormously pleasurable and rewarding, just as long as you take part.

There will be more pictures of this fabulous place and our MGs next month.



Sunday lunch run to the Dartmoor Lodge



Not every club run really merits a full-blown run report so for this one I will just record a few salient points and share a few photos.

Usually in the summer we replace Sunday lunch runs with Friday supper runs, but the genesis of this outing began before last Christmas. You may recall at our dinner dance in December that something called Omicron was beginning to make its presence felt. Jan and I had already planned a Sunday lunch run for January but come the New Year we all felt it prudent to play safe and cancel this event.

When I called the Dartmoor Lodge with our decision, the response was a very sad acceptance, and exasperation that through nobody's fault their business was really struggling due to pandemic cancellations like ours.

Frankly, I felt sorry for them, and so decided to not to cancel the lunch but to postpone it to a time when I hoped all would be safe once more, namely this June.

And so it was that our merry band met up at the Dartmoor Diner for a pre-run chat and chill over coffee. It happens that 12 June was Jan and my 46th wedding anniversary and I hope she felt lucky that I was taking her out to lunch to mark the occasion!



The route we had devised was simple and really designed for a January outing; over the Moor to the Warren House Inn, hang a right towards Manaton, through the woodlands past Becky Falls then back up over the moor to Haytor before turning south towards Ashburton. In winter the lanes allowed wider views than when the hedges are summer lush, but I was delighted that everyone said how much they enjoyed the fine views on that summer morning.



The Lodge is a great venue for our club. Their carvery is excellent and so makes the booking simple for an organiser, the staff are delightful to deal with and flexible, which was just as well as six of our members who had signed up for the run failed to turn up or notify me they would not be attending. I'll not name names but that's really not on.



On the way home I spotted Janis flagging me down in a layby. She was parked up next to a yellow Midget that I didn't recognise. Janis had spotted a young couple who had broken down and pulled over to see if we could help. Iain and Helen also stopped, and we quickly diagnosed a completely jammed alternator. The fanbelt was rubbing so tightly that it was smoking. The couple had only bought the MG a month ago and clearly knew nothing about motors. Methinks they'll have to learn!



They were on their way to the Lizard for a holiday but sadly there was little we could do to help. Most of us carry a few spares but that doesn't run to a replacement alternator. We left them to call the AA with strict instructions to say what the problem was in the hope of a quick fix.

A few of us met at Janis's gaff for tea and chinwag and it's safe to say a good time was had by all.

Howard

PS. Thanks again to Nigel S for extra photos as I'm often too busy organising and talking to take many myself!

Cape Crusaders

It is marvellous to welcome new members into our club.

Earlier this summer Nick and Nan P. took part in Cape to Cape and they have shared this report of their adventure. The organisers said in advance The Grand Tour Cape to Cape has been described as the toughest classic car tour in Europe and promised this fifteen-day 2,700-mile event would probably live up to its reputation, but did it? Back in April around 40 cars set out from Cape Cornwall...

Nick and I have just completed the last ever Cape to Cape event in our 1967 TR4 and covered 3200 miles. The event was the brain child of Dennis Greenslade (an experienced rally driver and navigator) with the aim of raising funds for Macmillan Cancer Support following the death of his wife from the disease. It was to be his last rally (14 completed) and his aim was to reach the one-million-pound target.

Every entrant was asked to raise as much money as possible from donations and hosting events etc. It seemed a big ask but gradually the total increased and at the gala evening he announced that the final total was £1,104,172 and maybe more to come, an amazing achievement. The rally is called an endurance navigation event and the endurance part was well named!



It started in Cornwall and we drove via by-roads, lanes, tracks (best suited to horses not low old sports cars) to Cape in Scotland then crossed to Northern Ireland, Southern Ireland, Wales and back to Cornwall for the big finish. A different hotel every night for two weeks, up at 6.30 every morning and driving over 200 miles a day with no stops for coffee or lunch, coupled with tulips, hill starts, driving tests, trials and obscure roads with the most dreadful road surfaces short of the moon!

Some tense moments when the navigator (me) slipped up and caused reversing and back tracking (we had to find clues and also hidden marshalls in obscure places and were fined if any missed - more money for MacMillan) but despite all odds neither of us killed the other.

Although a lot of maintenance took place before we left, it seemed a few times that our trusty TR might have to retire defeated. We spent two hours getting through Huddersfield in the rush hour and I was informed that the brakes had failed (not what you want to hear!) but when we got to the hotel Nick took out the master cylinder (in the hotel car park) and bled the brakes and fingers crossed we would be able to stop the car when needed! Although not perfect Nick learned to drive with the brakes as they were, and all went well until we were going to board the ferry to Belfast and the clutch went!



Another car park repair was called for and Nick took apart the slave cylinder (in the rain) and changed the piston. All well apart from a slight leak so we kept our fingers crossed that we would make the finish.

We have met some lovely people from all walks of life and seen some amazing scenery from roads that we would never have travelled on by choice. The camaraderie and help from everyone made it a very special two weeks and the weather gods were kind to us as we only had rain twice so hood down nearly all the way. A big Thank You to everyone who contributed to the fantastic total raised. It will make such a difference to so many people.

Nan

PS. Jan and I saw some of the Cape to Cape cars in Cornwall as they passed by after the finish. They certainly looked intrepid, and travel stained! Ed.



Sue P writes:

Most of us are now affected by cancer in some way and only last month after a very long battle I lost my niece who has two young children. I ran or should I say walked the 5K Plymouth Race for Life last weekend and have now signed up for the 10K Portsmouth Race for Life with my sister on the 3rd of July. She tells me a pink tutu is compulsory!!

Any donation however small would be much appreciated.

Thanks. Sue.

If you would like to sponsor Sue, donate to Cancer Research UK here:

<https://fundraise.cancerresearchuk.org/page/susans-race-for-life-327469395>

Jim Clapp has these MGTF parts he'd like to sell. If you are interested call him on: 0172661100

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|---|------|
| Set of four wheels with tyres "passable" | £150 |
| Original size front discs and the larger rear discs complete with fitting kit | £80 |
| Lexus rear light clusters for TF | £50 |





We have to face the facts. Like it or not, no modern mass motor manufacturer with an eye on the current and future market is going to introduce a sports car that is powered by biofuel.

The current Chinese owner of MG, SAIC, has been teasing a new MG sports car since 2017, but it won't share a shred of DNA from the British MGs that come from, it must be said, yesteryear, nor will it have an internal combustion engine.

Times change, and the auto industry is in a turbulent and uncertain period. But people also change. It has been widely observed that many young people today are just not as interested in cars as previous generations. So, if you were in charge of the future of MG aiming for a world market, and being mindful of climate change and clean air legislation, how might you excite the interest of a new generation of drivers? How likely is it that you would conclude that what they want is an "affordable performance car" that is fuelled by petrol?

SAIC's Head of Design, Shao Jingfeng, feels a car must look stunning and perform really well, but that is no longer enough. "I want to talk to young MG fans," he says, pointing to the explosion of connectivity, alternative powertrains, and autonomous vehicles. "Future car design must be based on the expectations of the next generation, their interests, tastes and world view." Clearly these are the considerations that will shape the second (or is that the third?) age of MG cars. However, perhaps for most of us the MG future is in the past.

New electric MG Cyberster roadster to "take brand back to its roots"

The all-electric two-seat MG sports car is poised to follow the likes of the MG TF, perhaps by 2024. AutoExpress has exclusive images that preview how it could look.

It won't be a 'proper' MG as we aficionados know them, but if you want a new, relatively inexpensive 2-seater EV sports car this could be the only one on the market. You might buy it for that reason, if not for the badge.



See: <https://www.autoexpress.co.uk/news/352253/new-electric-mg-cyberster-roadster-take-brand-back-its-roots>

Jaguar should sell cheaper rebadged MG electric cars

So runs another AutoExpress headline, and this is not a story from April 1st. Apparently Jaguar are selling just 1000 cars a month and will become an all-electric brand by 2025.

"Land Rover [Jaguar's Indian-owned stablemate], armed solely with a line-up of SUVs, absolutely slaughters Jaguar. However, these two famous British marques both sold 42 per cent fewer cars here in the first five months of 2022 compared with Jan-May 2021."

With sales of new Chinese-made MGs increasing 80% year on year, AutoExpress suggests that Jaguar should modify and re-style MG EVs and brand them as their own.

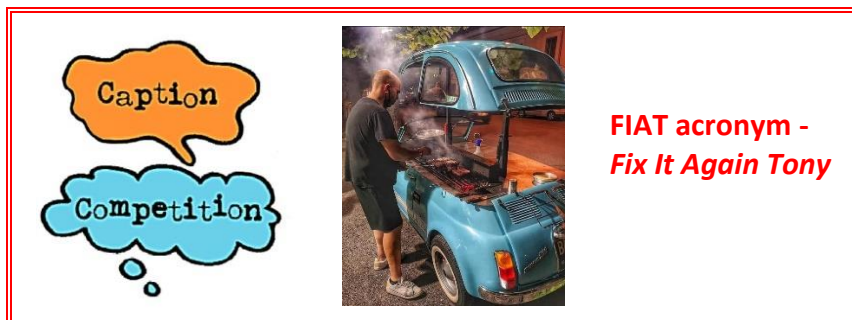
See: <https://www.autoexpress.co.uk/opinion/358217/jaguar-should-sell-cheaper-rebadged-mg-electric-cars?amp>

As I have not owned a newish British built car since about 1974, when I traded my Austin 1100 for a Beetle, I can't get sniffy about foreign-made cars or those owned by foreign companies. In 2017 the AA listed just three car companies that were still British. No longer. Morgan is now owned by a European consortium, Caterham by the Japanese, and McLaren by the shareholders of Bahrain Mumtalakat Holding Company. A sign of the times is that McLaren have just announced their first electric Formula E race reflecting their goals in innovation and technology.

There may be good reasons not to buy a Chinese MG – their record on human rights, expansionist plans – but simply being foreign-made and an EV is not one of them. And yes, I know electric cars are not a panacea and bring with them a whole range of issues of their own.

If you feel strongly about this, then stick to your British classic MG.

Howard



| Received entries | From |
|---|-------------------|
| <i>The Fiat spontaneously caught fire (that's Italian electrics for you) so the owner put it to good use.</i> | Howard |
| <i>Fiat introduce a new multi-purpose car that also runs on charcoal.</i> | Howard |
| <i>A new Fiat Multipla</i> | Howard |
| <i>The bangers are worth more than the car</i> | Richard M. |
| <i>It's a Fiat - what more did you expect?</i> | Richard M. |
| <i>The latest undercover operation by Fiat</i> | Richard M. |
| <i>The engine got a little overheated and air cooling needed assistance</i> | Richard M. |
| <i>Bridge that gap with Cadbury's snack</i> | Andrew L |
| <i>I really wanted a rag top</i> | Roger G |
| <i>"Hey, Blue, throw another banger on the barbie"</i> | Peter S |
| <i>"I thought it was running a bit hot!"</i> | Clive |
| <i>With petrol prices at an all-time high, Fiat announce their new hybrid motor. Runs on two bags of coke and a squirt of ketchup</i> | Peter S |
| <i>"Strewth, those spicy hot wings don't half blow the roof off..."</i> | Peter S |
| <i>The latest EU directive: All classic cars must be converted to run on hamburgers.</i> | Douglas |
| <i>If it's a service he's doing, it's a dammed sight easier than on a Midget.</i> | Keat |
| <i>This utility car is aimed at the driverless market - pity it has no passenger seats.</i> | Keat |
| <i>"It's at times like this that I wished I'd stuck to traditional bag-meals for the family"</i> | John H |
| <i>"Kids, your dad is Frying In Axle Treatment, again".</i> | John H |
| <i>The attempt to fuse 'The Car's the Star' with James Martin's 'Saturday Kitchen' started well, which is more than could be said for the original 500.</i> | Simon |
| <i>I knew I should have put a fuse in the circuit.</i> | Noel & Kate |
| <i>And they say MGs suffer with overheating!</i> | Noel & Kate |
| <i>I bet that makes one hell of a mess on the upholstery.</i> | Noel & Kate |

**And the winner of last month's competition chosen by John I. is Richard. Well done!
He will choose next month's winner.**

Gird your loins for next month's stirring photo of the 1863 Brighton Swimming Club as it requires a caption.

Who will be the first to make a joke about members?

Beat you to it. Ha!

Your entries by email to:

mediatvmgoc@gmail.com





And finally...



Some of you know our friend and club member Douglas. He drives a Morgan and along with his caption competition entry said this:

*"While on the Llanerchindda trip, I was told that Morgan stood for **Massively over-rated, good at nothing**. Hmmmm. However, I will concur with the comments of one of my passengers:*

"The Morgan isn't transport, it isn't even a toy. It's a means of moving the engine from A to B with the least possible comfort."

On the plus side, it did keep up with Simon's RV8 (just about), even if I now have to rebuild the front suspension and brakes. Still, it could be worse and probably will be tomorrow.

Anyone got any Morgan jokes? Probably not, they're not funny.

Cheers

Douglas

Well, there's a challenge. I Googled Morgan car jokes and nothing appeared (clearly a humourless lot) so I have made up my own & adapted a couple. Ed.



Great Scott Marty!!! Look at that!!! I'd no idea we could go back this far in time!!!

OR

Little Aled and his dad Dai were walking in the Brecon Beacons when a blue Morgan drove past. Little Aled looks up to his dad and says, "Dad, when I grow up, I want to be a Morgan driver."

Dai looks down at him, shakes his head and says, "You can't do both, son."

OR

Why does a Morgan have a heated rear boot lid?

To keep your hands warm while you're pushing it.

OR

It's not that Morgans shouldn't leak oil. It's their way of marking their territory.

OR



*They say when one door closes, another one opens.
Other than that, the Morgan is a pretty good car.*



The Morgan knock, knock joke.

OR

Typical of Morgan owners – Pist'n broke.