

**JUNE
2020
EDITION**



This Month:
Committee reports
~~Upcoming events 2019 !~~
News snippets
Club cars out & about
Your stories
Car Dingbats Answers
And finally...



ENJOY YOUR MG MORE WITH TVMGOC



Secretary's Report



Dear members,

It's a funny old world. Lockdown has certainly restricted our lives, and it is painful not seeing loved ones, but in our idyllic part of the world we have had an enforced period of reflection which is not all bad. I have found that I am appreciating our surroundings: trees, streams, birds, as never before. I was tuned into this spirit of oneness with nature as I pedalled my road cycle slowly up Pork Hill, heading for Princetown, MGR safely tucked into the garage. The hot tarmac shimmering before me was a ribbon through glorious moorland, the tors tracing the horizon with ragged grandeur and at 5mph I was drinking it all in. Then from the other direction with a glitter of British Racing Green an MGBGT V8 shattered my reverie. In my zen like state I should have objected to this mellifluous mechanical intrusion but, like a small boy, I smiled broadly and waved, thinking in that instant how I might more sensibly have left the bike in the garage and given the MGR a run. Beauty is not restricted to our wonderful countryside, at least from this committed sports car owner's perspective.

So, onto club matters. We remain in a state of suspension with regard to large gatherings, in company with the rest of the classic car world. While our cars can now be used to travel to a place to walk with someone from another household, normal business seems a little way off. In the interim I hope that you will forgive me repeating the text of my email on the subject, at least so it is retained in our club records. Suffice to say that I am delighted to be associated with such generous people.

I am delighted to make a final report on our very successful fund raising and wash bag making activity in support of our Derriford Intensive Care Units, as Howard and I dropped the last shipment of goodies to make nurses' and doctors' lives a little easier over the next few weeks. The TVMGOC sewing bees' washbags ensured that their PPE could be washed safely and the mixture of snacks, fruit, coffee and a range of drinks allowed people to eat quickly in their short breaks. Lip salve and hand cream at a time when such things were difficult to source completed the package.



Those who made the deliveries can attest that the ICU staff are extremely grateful to all of you for thinking of them at what has been a most challenging and frightening time for many. With one more death reported in Derriford tonight, COVID 19 is far from over, but the lock down has achieved its aim of preventing the NHS from being overwhelmed. Nevertheless, working in PPE, particularly in this weather, is hot, uncomfortable and unlikely to change soon.

Thank you to Tim A for the idea in the first place and to all of you for being so generous - you gave over £1000 and have made a real difference to NHS morale.

Keep Safe,
Simon

Should you need to contact our club secretary, for example to send in club subscriptions, first call or email.
01822 852843 clubsecretaryvmgoc@gmail.com



Notes from your Chairman



Hi everyone,

What a lovely spring we are having, and it really does go against the grain to adhere to lock-down restrictions but needs must.

At home we have spent the time getting the garden in shape and decorating. Well to be fair the decorating is still continuing and has become a major project. A bit like painting the Forth Bridge I suppose.

I am a bit embarrassed when Alison tells me how many years have passed since we last decorated our hall, stairs and landing. To save my blushes, please do not ask her.

Currently I could actually burgle someone's house without wearing gloves and not leave any fingerprints. Mine have been worn away whilst wielding the sanding sheets.

We did have a break the other day from our endeavours and took the Lotus out for a spin. We wanted do a bit of food shopping and have a walk. That was an expensive trip as we were hit by another car on a really narrow lane and now we have insurance claims to deal with. Fortunately, we were unhurt, but I am reluctant to venture out again and will continue with the decorating instead. It's cheaper and safer!

It does seem strange that we have been unable to use our caravan given this brilliant weather we have had. When we are able to get away once more, I expect we will be back to some really wet weather.

How wonderful it will be once we can all meet up again in our cars and get our car club functioning again. We should get some good turn-outs as you will want to show off your gleaming handiwork. Hopefully, once the MOT extension runs out there will be no nasty surprises.

I am hoping that you and your families can continue to remain safe and well.

My very best wishes to you all,

Safe MG motoring,

Alan



Event Secretary keeping it wheel



Dear all,

There's something missing this month. Yes, it's my Events list, and I'm sure I don't have to explain why. However, whilst we are not yet in a position to put on a social distanced run because of the restrictions on getting together in groups (STOP PRESS – 6 ain't enough!), some of you have been out and about in your MGs and have kindly sent me photos. Please keep them coming in. Also, thanks to those who have sent in stories about their car experiences. Once again, more please. They really are appreciated.

I hope you enjoyed my second Colour Supplement and that you don't object to me sending out all this daftness. I know some are enjoying them, judged by the fact that I am receiving more jokes and videos back in return, but please do say if you don't want to receive them and I'll remove you from my mailing list for these.

Jan and I have taken to cycling as a way of enjoying the sunshine and getting exercise. We have invested in a couple of electric bikes, though at the time of writing mine still hasn't arrived. As Jan glides along helped by a battery, I've been ~~powering up hills~~ struggling to keep up, riding her old folding bike. That's because I donated my old but perfectly usable bike to an NHS worker as a means of getting to work avoiding public transport.

Now, before you say electric bikes are cheating, just try cycling up some of the hills in these parts! Yes alright, Simon can, but for the rest of us puny weaklings the electric bike is a terrific invention. You still have to pedal

all the time so they are far from being a free ride but going up hills you can dial in a bit of help. I tell you, it removes all the pain of climbs and encourages us to go farther and longer and makes it a much more enjoyable experience. Well it will when I get mine. I know that a few other members are also converts to sparky bikes.

There is quite a waiting list for new bikes these days (just see the queues outside Halfords) and they are not cheap, but Jan thinks they are the best thing since padded shorts. (*Those are on my birthday list. Jan*).

As I suggested last month, one benefit of this predicament we are all in is that Jan and I have discovered parts of Plymouth we've never explored before. If you have not been to these already, here are a couple of suggestions for nice easy walks. I have been astounded at how beautiful Ham Woods are. Mature broad leaf trees loom dizzily above whilst the forest as a whole seems wild and untamed.



We also walked around Warleigh Point Nature Reserve which has stunning panoramic views over the Tamar and Tavy. Both walks have good paths.

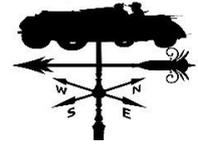
Happy MGing!

Howard

Send submissions to eventsecretarytvmgoc@gmail.com or mediatvmgoc@gmail.com



OUT AND ABOUT IN OUR CARS (and a narrowboat)



John I. drove his car to Pentillie Castle.



Peter and Jan went out to celebrate their car's 45th birthday on the very day it rolled out of Abingdon.



Having cured an intermittent ignition problem, Simon & Charlie's RV8 roared over Dartmoor.



Clive drove around Whitsand bay towards Rame Head.



Howard & Jan toured the South Hams, Slapton Ley and Dartmouth.



Now able to move their honorary MG narrowboat after lockdown, Val and Ade have passed through Birmingham and Wolverhampton and are out in the countryside on the Shropshire Union canal. This is Lock 20 of the Wolverhampton 21 flight.



Tim P. took this on Roborough Down.



Jim & Margaret at Mevagissey.



Richard has been driving over Dartmoor experimenting with his dashcam (see below).



Iain and Helen's MGB sparkles in the sunshine as the sea mist clears to reveal Bude.



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Jan and I enjoyed a picnic on Exmoor, with panoramic views to Dartmoor and in the hazy distance Bodmin Moor, almost 60 miles away as the crow flies.



Looking towards Porlock

This was a run I'd wanted to repeat for a while, namely the 2016 Rut, because of the truly spectacular views you get from Exmoor.

The notes we had made on the 2016 route instructions highlighted various errors and mistakes and we attempted to correct these along the way. However, we had to retrace our steps a couple of times, so our mileages are still out a bit. I can heartily recommend this trip, though it is very long (over 100 miles, plus the drive home from Lynmouth). Please ask for a copy of our amended route if you fancy doing it.



News snippets



Enjoying MG – Ethanol and MG cutaway drawings

Members of MGOC who receive *Enjoying MG* can read technical guru Roger Parker's analysis in the May and June editions of the problems ethanol can cause in older engines.

There is also an article about the Eagle comic's series of fabulous cutaway drawings of various MGs.

What every hip MG driver will be wearing soon (or not)

In some circumstances we are obliged to wear facemasks. In our market-led economy it should be no surprise that someone sees our current health crisis as a money-spinning opportunity masked* as a service. Now you can get your very own MG themed face mask to help protect you from the dreaded carowner virus.



They cost £10.40. Scroll down the page for more designs from here: <https://www.redbubble.com/i/mask/The-MGA-a-mid-1950s-style-icon-by-Bigs66/39007170.9G0D8?asc=u&fbclid=IwAR2mds53EciYleJSY5dxrKfXtdX7WaarIzPPq5UytWg4zuLWz7drllp9XfU> * (masked – geddit?!)

MG / Rovers – how many left, now and later?

Here is an article that tracks the dwindling numbers of MG Rover cars that are left on the road. It had plundered <https://www.howmanyleft.co.uk/> and contains various lists of how many models are still known to be running. The piece is too long to precis but you can read it here: <https://www.aronline.co.uk/opinion/mg-rover-how-many-left/>

Wanted: The nation's oldest MG Midget

Here's a date for any Midget owners in our club. June 2021 will mark the 60th anniversary of these popular MG and Austin Healey cars, and The Midget and Sprite Club is looking for the oldest examples still on the road. The 'Big Weekend' on the 25-27th will be based at the Mere Golf Club Resort and Spa in Mere, Cheshire and will include displays and scenic drives. If you are interested please follow updates from the

midgetandspriteclub.com. Fingers crossed it can happen! It could be that the MGOC and MGCC also hold similar events around this time.

Classics for Carers

This is a charity fundraiser group, put together to help support brave and selfless NHS carers, through our passion for motoring. After holding a virtual car show on social media, Classics for Carers raised an initial £13,500. On June 7 they are holding a second event where classic car owners are being asked to post pictures of their cars in a micro-motor show.

Donations can be made here: justgiving.com/fundraising/classicsforcarers

Post pictures on Facebook here: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/classicsforcarers/>

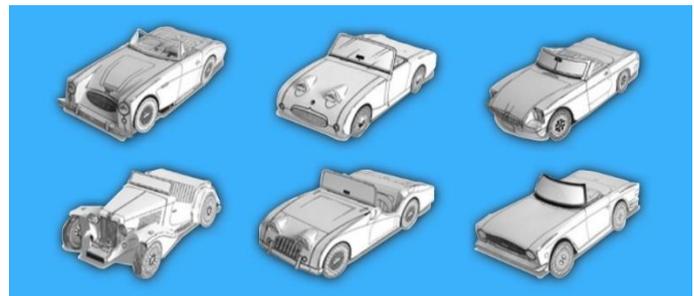
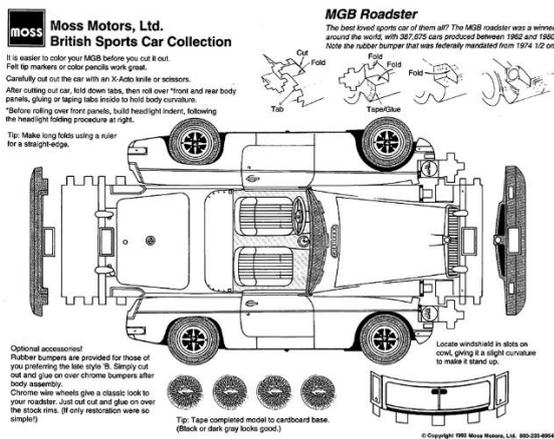
Post on Twitter using the hashtag #classicsforcarers

Practical Classics Classic Car & Restoration Show, with Discovery

As a consequence of the COVID-19 pandemic, this is now postponed to 26-28 March 2021.

Simple pleasures are often the best

MOSS are providing some good old-fashioned fun to keep you entertained indoors. These free downloadable templates allow you to make and customise models of your favourite classic sports cars including an MGB and an MG TC. No-one will mind if you prefer to pretend it's a small gift for a grandchild!



Simply download the PDF of your chosen car, customise it on your computer or print it out and get colouring, then cut out your design and fold it into shape! Find the templates here. <https://www.moss-europe.co.uk/paper-car-cut-outs>

If you are really keen to do this, put away those crayons; I'll pre-colour one for you in Photoshop in your favourite body and seat shade prior to building. Reg. number too if you like. It only takes me about 5 minutes to do each one, so just drop me a line.

Howard

Page fillers



Which major global figure might suggest such a thing?



Your stories

If you have an interesting story to share, please send it in for future newsletters



Totally T-Type & Tom to the rescue!



Club member Tom E. sent us a link to a newsletter - *Totally T-Type* is a free bi-monthly technical publication compiled for MG T-Series. It's a smashing read and can be seen here: <http://ttypes.org/ttt2/>

But what makes the second edition really special, is that Tom and Christine's car features, following an incredibly generous offer to a friend. Read all about it...

Loan of a 1954 TF and Consequences! (by John Murray)

Whilst chatting about the article on spark plugs in Issue 55 of TTT 2, my very long-standing friend, Tom, commented most kindly about my article in the April 2019 Issue on the Circuit des Remparts at Angouleme. He asked if I was participating this year and the sad response was "no as I didn't have a car". Tom then drew my attention to the loan scheme idea, also in Issue 55. I said I didn't think anyone would be very happy about their car being taken abroad and hadn't given it any more thought. His reply was to the effect that as he was going to spend the summer sailing, 'JDR' (his beloved TF is JDR 500), would just be sitting in the garage. So, why didn't I take 'JDR' to France and participate with her?

Now, although Tom is a good friend, 'JDR' is his baby, he having owned her for over 50 years, and I was somewhat taken aback by his offer. Indeed, his wife Christine had to sit down when she heard this! My own dearly beloved was also nervous about taking Tom's car, worth a considerable sum of money and thus quite a responsibility. Nevertheless, Tom was quite happy and was soon on the telephone to the insurance company who were delighted to extend his cover at little extra cost.

As keen as I was, I had to tell Tom that I would be returning to France the following week and wouldn't be able to get his car back until October/November at the earliest, thus depriving him of its use for several months. No problem, he wouldn't need the car this summer. Besides, the insurance cover was for the whole year anyway. So, that settled the matter.



Next problem was to beg, borrow or "acquire" a suitable trailer. Again, problem solved - another MG enthusiast acquaintance offered the use of one.

Knowing the legendary French bureaucracy, the necessary paperwork had to be sorted. Now in France, cars over 30 years of age are categorised as classics and only need an MOT (or CT as it is known) every 5 years.

But, in the UK cars over 40 years don't need any MOT and 'JDR' didn't have one.

The thought of trying to explain that to the French authorities when they wanted to check 'JDR's' paperwork was worrying. So, 'JDR' went to see Matt at Autotest with the request to "check everything please", the idea being that if there were any issues, they could be dealt with before departure. 'JDR' passed with flying colours!

So, armed with a new MOT, a letter of authorisation from Tom, insurance certificate, assorted other paperwork, trailer and a still very nervous wife, we set off for France.

Ready for the 'off'

The journey went without mishap and 'JDR' was unloaded and given a test run just to check everything. So, you're in rural France in the sunshine with a superb 1954 MG TF. You just have to drive, don't you? Well, it just so happened that the local French club that we belong to had a rally. A perfect opportunity to give 'JDR' a good test run and see how she coped with temperatures up to 30 deg. C. I have to confess at this point that I don't like 30 deg. C plus but, well, when you've got 'JDR' sat in the courtyard....

Several other trips ensued and as the date for the Remparts drew near, excitement mounted. The group we would participate with are termed the 'Rampartiers' and this year we would be joined by several cars from the Kent Sprite and Midget Club who came as invited guests and had been on a tour of Europe, culminating with the Circuit des Remparts.



The early morning "meet up" before proceeding in convoy to the start point. Mike Inglehearn is on the left standing next to his newly acquired TD MK11. The Sprite & Midget Club are in the background. The 2CV is owned by one of the 'Rempartiers' and has been immaculately restored. 'JDR' is in the middle.

Now came the moment everyone involved with group organisation dreads. There were two cars missing. One was an MGB roadster driven by Richard & Helen Norman who were regular participants and, more worryingly, the other was the Club President and group organiser! Then the mobile phone rang..... Richard had a serious problem with the 'B' and wouldn't be able to take part. Then, worse still, the President was "hors d'combat" and wouldn't be there either! That left me in charge! The President went on to tell me that he'd been in touch with the executive of the Remparts and told them I would be the club President for the run and would lead the group as I had done the Rallye before and knew the ropes. Yeah, but I didn't speak fluent French and 'she who must be obeyed' wasn't happy about navigating and leading a group. She likes to see the countryside, not have her head buried in a route book. Now I'm in the doghouse and I've got a group of 18 cars expecting me to know what I'm doing. Excitement now turned to worry! Surely it can't get any worse? (oh yeah!).

So, we head off in convoy to the start point with Mike leading, as he said he knew the way. You've guessed it – two roundabouts later and we're lost in Angouleme. Somehow, we blundered our way to the start, at which point I am separated from the rest of the group. It's explained that, as the Club President, my car is to be displayed in front of the main building with the cars of the other club Presidents and invited special cars. I find that I'm parked next to a row of rather exotic – and very, very, expensive – cars. Indeed, the car next to me was the Renault Le Mans prototype and on the other side a genuine C type Jaguar! Surprisingly, the little TF attracted a lot of interest from the other participants and the public. All well and good, but my group is now parked some distance away and I can't get near them.

After the necessary French petite dejeuner, (an essential at all Rallye's in France), it was time for the off. However, because of the huge number of cars, over 400, it had been decided that there would be a staggered time start. So, 'muggins' found himself being sent off first without my group! Ok, I thought, I'll tootle along and let them catch me up. The Marshalls and Gendarmerie had other ideas. I found myself being ushered through road junctions and roundabouts like royalty and soon was miles away from the still-waiting-to-start group. Indeed, I was so far ahead that I was at the lunch stop for over 45 minutes before the first car in my group arrived. No problem, wait until all the group arrive and have lunch, then set off on the afternoon run together me thinks. The organisers had other ideas. The "Presidential" cars were to parade through the centre of the village before the afternoon run. So off we went, separated again.

By now the temperature had started to rise, unseasonably so. Soon it was 38 deg. C, something I'd never experienced in the 3rd week of September before. I've already said I don't do temperatures much over 30 deg. C and I was worried about 'JDR'. With Tom's agreement 'JDR' had already been filled with Castrol 4 life coolant which has a much higher boiling point than water. Boy was I glad as I watched the temperature gauge of the TF rise towards the 100 mark. As long as we kept moving all was well but any hold ups and the temperature shot up again. We, despite factor 50 sun cream, large hats and copious drinks, were also feeling the effects of the heat. Now I know you can drop the windscreen but I'd left flies-in-the-teeth motoring behind when I'd graduated from motorbikes. Besides, there are some interesting and large insects in the Poitou-Charentes region and I didn't want a face-to-face encounter with an angry frelon (think hornet but much, much bigger and with a nasty disposition). So, the screen stayed up. Eventually, after not a few anxious moments with the temperature gauge, we reached the finish. Unbelievably, we were the first car to arrive – we even took the organisers by surprise as we weren't expected for at least another 45 minutes!



'JDR' resplendent at the finish – looking, quite rightly, a little smug and pleased with herself.

All good things come to an end and all too soon it was time to return 'JDR' back to the UK and Tom. The journey back was uneventful and she is now snuggled down in her garage, albeit fitted with a new multi-bladed fan from a late model MGB to improve cooling, as Tom would like to take part next year.

My grateful thanks to him for his trust and generosity.

Conclusions: be prepared for any and all eventualities, especially with old cars and high ambient temperatures that T-Types were never designed for.

I cannot recommend Castrol 4 life highly enough* although, to be fair, 'JDR' didn't falter. We did have to do running repairs to Mike's TD, and a Midget blew up its battery in the heat. But that's another story. However, 'she who will be obeyed' has decided - having sat in Mike's car - that a TD has slightly more room than a TF and so I am permitted to look for a TD for next year. Now, I wonder who might be persuaded to.....

**I also use 4 Life in my car and, even with our bilge blower blowing cool air over the carburetors, I was grateful to this coolant's higher boiling point whilst climbing mountains in our MGA in the Picos de Europa. - Howard*

MGA mods 1



Neat!





Janis feels the chill

The Motor Cycling Club's London to Edinburgh trial 1995

In 1904 the MCC began a reliability trial run to test the new motorcycles. Cars were allowed on the trial from 1906. This rigorous drive of over 500 miles from London to Edinburgh was originally more or less a straight run up the A1 to Edinburgh and was a real test of man and machine. In its early years the competitors also had to return to London.

The modern version of the run was popular in the 90's and organised by couple who called themselves The Roadrunner Club. They put on a variety of runs for classic cars. I think they were part of the Harrogate Club, although the run was done privately by them, in much the same manner as Len and I with our friend Brian from Cumbria organised the Lakes and Border Marches run for 15 years. The London to Edinburgh tended to follow the A1 from London to Harrogate with a few loops to incorporate the original road where possible, from Harrogate there was poetic licence using as many small roads as possible to have a bit of fun.

One evening in January 1995, Richard from Derby, a good friend of ours, phoned asking for help. His navigator for the run was ill, did we know anyone who could step into the breach and sit in the passenger seat the coming Friday. He could manage to Harrogate but really needed someone after that. Len couldn't get time off work at that short notice but he volunteered me. So very early Friday morning he dropped me at Waverly Station and off I went to Harrogate.

I had done the trial a year earlier (1994) with Len in the MGB, raising money for Cancer research, having been sponsored by various friends on the condition that we kept the hood down. I thought it was cold then, but 1995 was much colder. I also assumed that as Richard drove a GT it would be warmer. Big mistake!!

In 1995, the first day followed the A1 as much as possible with various loops onto the original road but a fairly straight run to Harrogate.

The second day was leaving Harrogate on the A61 to Ripon, then the A6104 through Masham, Leyburn and onto Tan Hill Inn, famous as the highest pub in England and used in the original Everest double glazing adverts of the 80's.

From there the route wound across the Pennines to the M6, where the cars could open up their throttles for a few miles before turning off onto the A7 and heading for the Scottish Borders, going to Moffat (famous for toffee) on the A701. It then moved onto a single-track road around Talla Reservoir, past Meggat water and St Mary's Loch, re-joining the A7 for the last stretch to Edinburgh.

On my arrival at Harrogate, late because of snow on the tracks, the taxis were all busy and the hotel only a 5-minute walk away so off I trotted, or rather slid, trudging through a few inches of snow, wishing I had waited in the taxi queue.

I arrived at the hotel just in time to get changed, meet up with old friends for drinks and dinner which was followed by the obligatory dancing, A good night had by all.

Midnight: I got into bed, just snuggled down to sleep as we had an early start in the morning, when the fire alarm went off. Uttering a few choice words which I will not repeat I pulled my pilot jacket and boots on over my PJ's and went down to the Hotel lobby, where everyone was congregated.

There was some dispute as to whether it was a real fire or someone playing silly buggers (not the MG crowd) There was also a beer festival going on in the hotel, so we blamed them.

Whilst we were milling around a fight broke out in the car park, we could see it through the windows with two or three guys really laying into another, bouncing him off cars. Not the MG's so don't panic. I grabbed the phone at reception and called the police. Blue lights and sirens resulted, police and ambulance. While the ambulance took the beaten-up guy away, the police came to take statements. Richard and I plus someone else could describe the perps, so the police asked us to go in their car and see if we could spot them in the neighbourhood: at 1.30 in the morning, what else was there to do? So in our pyjama's, there we were riding around Harrogate city centre in a police car. What fun!!!

The next morning we woke to a blizzard, resulting in some people deciding to take the easy way and follow the main A1 up to Edinburgh.



Richard and I with a group of about 10 waited to see if the route would open. We were told we could follow the route but advised to stay in groups of at least three cars. We set off on a reasonable A-road for a few miles then yellow roads to Ripon and on towards Richmond, stopping off at The Tan Hill pub, famous for the Everest Double Glazing advert, and the Highest Pub in England. This was also covered in quite a bit of snow but we had a welcome break sitting around the log fire, with gloves, socks and boots drying on the fireguard while we toasted toes and fingers, eating pies and drinking hot coffee.

We had to push the cars out of the car park back onto the road, then off we went to finish the run. I honestly can't remember very much of the route apart from the M6, until we got to Scotland.

Then we headed up to Moffat, where we had been advised to miss the bit that went up into the Liddesdale Valley, a single track road, going around the Talla reservoir, Meggat water and onto St Mary's Loch, however being intrepid adventurers we (that's the group of three cars) thought we should at least have a look.



It was a good job we did. Halfway up the mountainside we found a lone MG stuck in the snow. So much for travelling in groups. With the help of a trolley jack and combined muscles the car was shuffled into the middle of the single-track road. Of course, by now it was obvious that we couldn't get any further so four cars reversed about 3 miles down this winding road, and then proceeded to take the sensible route to Edinburgh on the A702.

We made it to the Dalmahoy Country House Hotel early evening just in time for the posh dinner. Another night of good food, booze and dancing (typical MG stuff really). The end of an exciting weekend!!! Well not really because, as I went into my room, kicked my shoes off and turned the light on, **Bang** all the lights went out! I made my way to reception, 3 floors down, in bare feet, fumbling along the bannisters trying not to trip (OK I confess I had had a few whiskies) with half the hotels guests complaining about whoever it was that fused the lights. As if I would know.



I managed to find a porter, who came up and opened the door again, as obviously I had dropped my keys, change a light bulb and flick the fuse switch. All mended.

The next morning there were a lot of people discussing the excitement and reasons for the lights all going out, but Richard bless him didn't tell anyone and up until now neither have I. Can this be our secret please?

Janis

**Gavin waxes his
out of sight parts***



Gavin's car was not on the road in time for my request for photos of our cars out and about. Instead he sent these pre-lockdown photos of his lovely MGC and told us what he's been up to lately.



During the lockdown I have been working on several MG-related projects. Currently I have got the front end on axle stands as I am working on the splash panels. All is good behind them and there is no rust just Waxoyl! I now have to get the splash panels back in place which is proving to be challenging with the new seals and lack of captive nuts that appear to have been removed in the 1990s.

The focus now is to deliver it to the valeters in Tavistock on 3 June to have the underside steam cleaned and the Waxoyl renewed. It is in a good state but quite oily underneath.



The DVLA finally registered the vehicle after they corrected their records of the Chassis/VIN number. I ordered a set of classic plates from Tippers in Cornwall. They arrived just in time to be mounted so that Rachel and I could take a trip to Tavistock on the Saturday prior to lock down. These were taken at Kit Hill on the way home.

Gavin

Now that's a timely reminder! I need a new plate for the front of our MGA. It's very low hanging and has been knocked off, bent or scraped a few times on kerbs and the like, and is rather worse for wear. A replacement is now on order. Thanks Gavin!

Howard *Sorry Gavin but I couldn't resist this heading.

JOHN HUNT

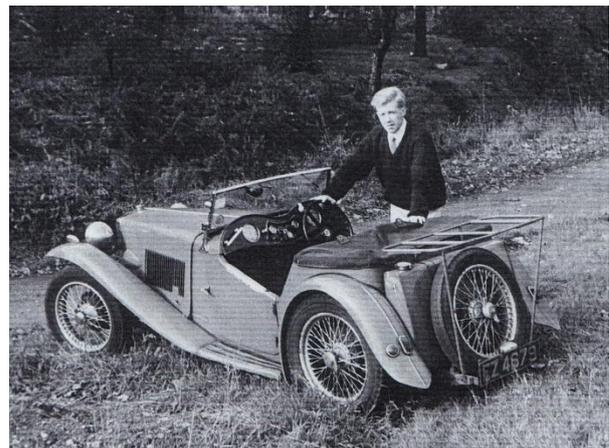
From Leyland Tiger to MGZA Magnette



Other than learning to drive my father's 1950s Hillman Minx, my first introduction to classic vehicle driving was in 1960, tackling Manchester University's college coach, a 1939 Leyland Tiger. What a beast that was. A steering wheel the size of a playground roundabout, with pedals to match, shaped like size 12 steel shoes. I demolished every bollard in sight before I got the hang of it, but it was fun!

A year into our studies, a fellow student and I, after a well lubricated night out, agreed that we would return next term driving an MG sports car, each! Despite my penniless state, I perused the local paper classified advertisements.

Amazingly, I found just what I was looking for, a 1938 MG TA. It was painted red, had wire wheels and a hood that you could strain vegetables through. I had got the 'bug' at first sight! At a cool £90 it was way beyond my means. However, the bank of Mum and Dad obliged, and I gave it its first proper run from Hertfordshire, up the old A1 to Manchester. The journey went without incident, although my left leg virtually froze solid from the draught through the holes in the floor. My friend had made it from Norfolk that same day in a TC. We had many adventures together managing to 'pull the birds' with consummate ease. One of them I am still married to, 56 years on!



MGTA Manchester 1963

Once I left Manchester and moved to Leeds, sadly the TA had to go in favour of a more sensible Austin Mini, more appropriate to a newly qualified, impoverished, teacher. Whilst I was looking around, I had a test drive in a late 50's MG ZA Magnette, but did not think very much to it at the time; my MG obsession was obviously losing its grip

Having moved south to Sussex, as the years passed, I had a Triumph Spitfire Mk 11 which I owned for some time and in which I joined the Royal Navy. I was a bit hurt by the Duty Petty Officer's remark as he 'chopped

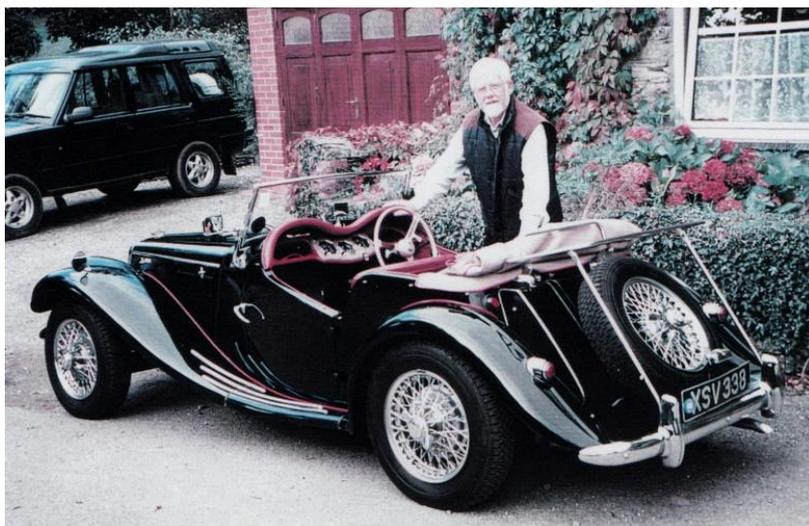
me one off' (my very first salute), "See you drive a hairdresser's car, sir!", as I entered HMS NELSON main gate for the first time.

The prospect of the birth of my daughter, Vanessa, signalled that I had to sell it in favour of something more sensible i.e. a Vauxhall Viva Estate. However, the hankerings for another MG would not quite go away. On my journey home to Ipswich one day, I saw an attractive MG TD languishing on a car sales forecourt. Yes, you've guessed, I bought it the following day. The intention was to smarten it up a bit and re-sell it, at a profit, to another certifiable obsessive. In the event my advert generated interest from a USAF airman from nearby RAF Bentwaters. He trialled it, loved it, and subsequently shipped it back to New England where, I'm sure, it's still running around to this day, nearly 50 years later.

My MG abstinence lasted about 30 years thereafter. I do recall having a short acquaintance with an MG 1100, but it was a classic example of badged engineering, so it did not count!

In 1996, having said goodbye to all things nautical, I was wandering around Liskeard Agricultural show, when I met up with a middle-aged couple picnicking in a very well turned out MG TD2 circa 1953. The whole MG 'fetish' came flooding back to me in spades. By now I was employed by our Local Authority and had a newly matured insurance pay-out burning a hole in my pocket.

I succumbed to the sheer beauty of a jet black 1954 MG TF 1500, as advertised at Beaulieu. The next two years were spent attending just about every classic car show within a 100-mile radius. At Paignton Green I came across a very pleasant set of people on the TVMGOC stand, who lashed me up to sun cream and a cup of tea and made me feel most welcome. I was struck by the fact they did not talk 'widgets', head gaskets, or which way round to fix a jubilee clip, but more about organising social events, cream teas, Sunday lunches and the like. I joined on the spot (20 years ago).



The TF was a wonderful sports car and took me to places like the Channel Islands, the London to Brighton Run, and a 'T' party at the Shuttleworth wartime flying museum. Despite this, I often felt that I was driving an expensive shoe! I was very much the wrong side of 50 and considered I should drive something a little more unselfish which could be equally enjoyed by all the family.

So a 'barn find' in Sussex saw me settle on a 1938 MG VA Drop Head Tickford Coupe...

Yet again a stunning vehicle to look at, a total 'honey pot' at car shows but, alas, virtually impossible to steer. It reminded me of those heady days driving the College bus. Some of my readers (who have managed to get this far) will remember it well. I persevered for seven years, but attempting to drive long rallies and runs was becoming too much for an old man. I sold it to a well-heeled guy in Watford and it was last seen at Blenheim Palace during the MGB 50 event, still looking magnificent.



In addition to the VA, I also bought a 20-year-old MG Montego on eBay for a modest £300, one of the fastest cars I have ever owned and unlike the 1100, was anything but a badged example.

It felt and performed like a proper MG. It was very useful when taking part in the Exmoor Rut, managing the infamous Porlock Hill with ease even in 4th gear! It was also Paddie's favourite car. After 18 months of enjoyable motoring, but with mounting road tax and insurance, I was persuaded to sell it, following an amazing offer of £1200!

So here I am, finally, 12 years a pensioner, and driving the MG ZA model I disliked back in the mid 60's. I'm still unable to shake off the allure of the marque. I think this will be, definitely, my last MG, as I intend to have a sort of Viking funeral in this car, whilst members chuck spanners in the rings of bubbles, as I slowly submerge.



By the way, I'm still taking the pills!

John H.

MGA mods 2





Received entries	From
<i>Tough new policing measures for those refusing to isolate at home.</i>	Howard
<i>Public told not to panic as the Mayor of London has built steps to thwart the Dalek attack. (steps - geddit?!)</i>	Howard
<i>♪ Let me take you by the hand sink plunger, and lead you through the streets of London ♪</i>	Howard
<i>Even Daleks have to adhere to social distancing.</i>	Gavin S.
<i>Socially-distanced queue to see The Doctor.</i>	Jan P.
<i>On the way to the Nightingale Hospital in the latest PPE procured by the government, The Doctor thought that a lot more patients would need sedation.</i>	Jan P.
<i>After lockdown ended, the new PPE gave a distinct advantage to pubs with disability access.</i>	Jan P.
<i>"Time to conquer the world - The Doctor has volunteered to re-join the NHS."</i>	Jan P.
<i>The Doctor wished he'd been on the scientific advisory committee.</i>	Jan P.
<i>The Government's new weapon would certainly exterminate the virus but the cure would be worse than the disease.</i>	Jan P.
<i>...and here they come, modelling the new spring collection of colours. Dalek-table!</i>	Jan P
"Taking over the World is a doddle with Dr Who stuck in lockdown"	B.
<i>This PPE is all well and good dear, but what happens when we get to the underground station?</i>	John N.
<i>Dalek Owners Club exterminate Drive it Day</i>	Simon
<i>"Remember we are the good guys now, exterminate the virus !!!"</i>	Janis
<i>Even Daleks comply with the government's edict on social distancing!</i>	John H
<i>Commuters in London take social distancing a little too far!</i>	Noel & Kate
<i>The metropolitan police are taking extreme measures to enforce the lockdown laws.</i>	Noel & Kate
<i>Even though John won last month, thereby rendering him ineligible to enter this month's competition as he's the judge, it didn't stop him being the first out of the blocks with these suggestions, shown here just for fun.</i>	John I.
<i>1. Boris, this protective clothing is going too far!</i>	
<i>2. This self-distancing queue for Tesco's is too long.</i>	
<i>3. I think I just ran over a Turdis.....</i>	

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

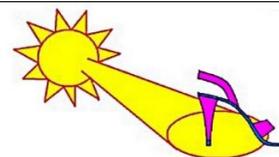
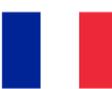
No picture in need of a caption this month...but dry those tears.
Here's an alternative challenge.

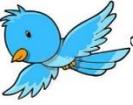
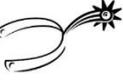


Famous film composer Hans Zimmer has been commissioned by BMW to come up with a soundtrack for their new i4 electric car. The silent running of such vehicles can be a hazard for pedestrians and other road users who can't hear them coming. It may soon be illegal to drive a completely silent car. But, what sound should it have? It doesn't have to be an engine sound – it could be a tune, a cool sci-fi sound or anything. What do you suggest, remembering this is supposed to be a witty challenge?

If this doesn't fall on deaf ears, please send your entries by 23rd of the month by email to: mediatvmgoc@gmail.com

CAR DINGBATS ANSWERS (For the quiz emailed a week or so ago)

1 		Abarth Spider
2 		Datsun Cherry
3		Singer Gazelle
4		Triumph Spitfire
5		Vauxhall Cavalier
6		Hillman Husky
7		Sunbeam Tiger
8		Austin Healey Sprite
9 		Chevrolet Road Runner
10		Bond Ranger
11		Austin Princess
12		Sunbeam Stiletto
13 		Citroen Dyane

<p>14</p> 	  	<p>Lancia Stratos</p>
<p>15</p>	 	<p>Mini Cooper</p>
<p>16</p>	 	<p>Land Rover</p>
<p>17</p>	  	<p>Reliant Regal</p>
<p>18</p>	 	<p>Morris Minor</p>
<p>19</p>	 	<p>Singer Chamois</p>
<p>20</p>	   	<p>Bentley Flying Spur</p>
<p>21</p>	   	<p>Hillman Avenger</p>



And finally...



Learn Something New Everyday

In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship. It was also before the invention of commercial fertilizers, so large shipments of manure were quite common.

It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, not only was it heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by-product is methane gas. As the cargo was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen.

Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOM!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, bundles of manure were stamped with the instruction "Stow high in transit" on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water coming into the vessel would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term 'S.H.I.T.' (Stow High In Transit) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day.

This was penned by Alan's daughter's father-in-law, Reuben.

Corona virus - the brighter side

I wandered, lonely, as a cloud,
But not too far, that's not allowed.
I could have walked with kith and kin
But, needing break, left them locked in!

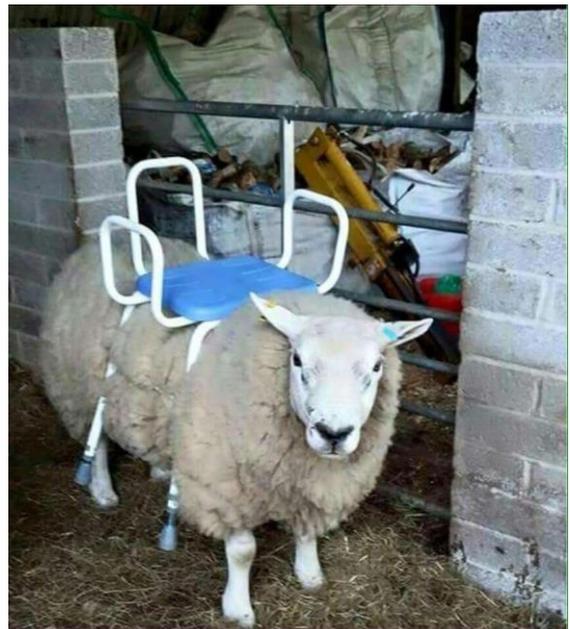
The avian chorus, free to sing,
With cars and planes not butting in,
Reminds us how things used to be,
Before swamped by technology.

When meeting people on the path
'Tis good to greet, with smile, and laugh.
Tho' where 'tis not two metres wide
One's scratched by brambles at the side!

Communication's now much quicker.
Zooming chats with friends much slicker.
When raising glass at home, I've found
One no longer has to buy a round!

(With apologies to William Wordsworth)

FOR SALE: RIDE ON LAWNMOWER £300



*Ewe got to be joking!
You're being fleeced!
Now I'm in a baa-aa-aa-ad mood!
I'd rather you sat on a Lamb-baa-ghini.*

There was a bit of a ruckus on Cleethorpes beach recently. Some lady was attacking a man with a baton. A policeman turned up and she attacked him too!!
Then a crocodile appeared and ate the sausages.

