

**NOVEMBER
2019
EDITION**



**THIS MONTH
The Exmoor Rut
MGs in Northern Spain
Tulip Trophy Run to Elfordleigh Golf Club
The Classic 75, D-Day Gardens Rally
Operation Cotswold Caper 2020
Book ideas for Christmas
Caption Competition**



ENJOY YOUR MG MORE WITH TVMGOC



Secretary's Report



Hello Everyone.

I am writing this on a horrible wet and gloomy day, the lovely summer we had is fading to a distant memory. Looking on the bright side (which I always try to do) there is a Sunday lunch run to the Wrangaton Golf Club this month (being organised by John and Bee) and then it's the Christmas Dinner Dance, hurray! Janis is organising it again this year, and we have the lovely Mrs Jones singing again. Please come along if you can, as it is always a great evening with lovely food, great company and a fabulous atmosphere. Even if you don't like dancing it is a good evening for catching up on the chat and hopefully winning something in the raffle. If you can donate something for the raffle that would be very welcome. I'm afraid Neil and I will miss the November Sunday Lunch as we will be going up to Yorkshire for my sister-in-law's 60th birthday, and then we will be dog-sitting for my daughter and her husband as they are going to St. Lucia for 2 weeks (it's all right for some). While we are near London, we hope to have a pre-Christmas 'catch up' with Neil's cousins. I love being retired, *(so do I! Ed.)* and next year I get my bus pass, hurray again *(you don't look old enough Pam. Ed.)*

Looking forward to seeing you at the meeting.

Best Wishes & Happy Driving

Pam 1 Buena Vista Close, Glenholt, Plymouth, PL6 7JH

01752 651216 clubsecretarytvmgoc@gmail.com



Notes from your Chairman



Dear member,

Alison and I took the opportunity in October to go to Spain via Santander and drive our MGB on the wrong side of the road. We had a fantastic 10 days away and the driving experience was fabulous.

Driving through mountain passes, up steep ascents and down again was breath taking and exhilarating at the same time. The scenery was wonderful and we had a sensory overload. Our tour organisers guides Beth and her son Andrew made it so easy for us to just come along and enjoy the wonderful daily drives. This was a trip that will live long in the memory. If you ever get the chance to do something similar then grab it with both hands.

The only downside in going to Spain was that we had to miss the Exmoor Rut for the first time in years. I hope that those of you who entered had a great, dry day out.

For October's Tulip Run and Sunday lunch we had 34 members sitting down for lunch. Keat and his friend Peter devised a great route and the questions gave us a chance to discover some interesting facts that we normally just drive straight by without a second glance. The run was well supported and the start venue at the Rock Inn was really good and gave us a chance to chat in comfort over a tea or coffee beforehand.

The weather was superb for a day out in our MGs and those who could enjoyed some top down motoring.

The lunch venue at Elfordleigh Golf Club was excellent and the staff were so welcoming.

Alison and I managed to win the Tulip Trophy for the very first time since we joined in 2007, beating Simon and Charlie on the tie-break question. We look forward to organising the next one in 2020.

Despite my requests in the September and October newsletters no one has approached Pam our club secretary to enquire about the club secretary's role and what it entails. Please do consider taking this role on.

The club really does need you!

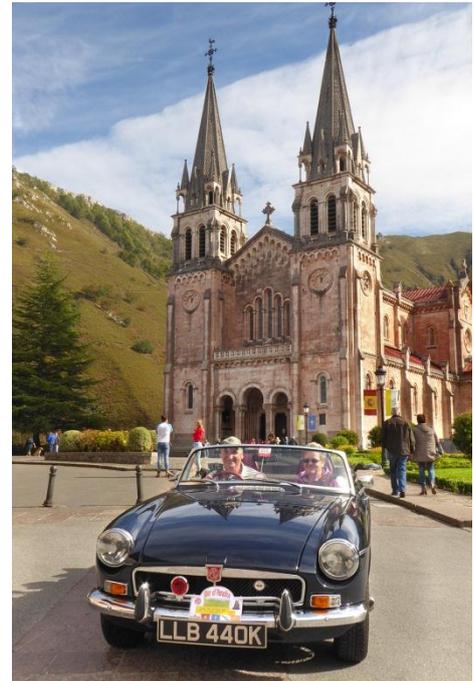
If you value being a member of our fine club then what better way to show this, than by joining the committee and helping to shape the future of Tamar Valley MGOC.

The club's Christmas Dinner (4th December) arrangements have now been promulgated to you all by Janis our vice-chair and organiser. Please try and make the effort to come along and support this event, particularly as the last few years' dinners have been a great success.

Looking forward to seeing you all on the night.

Happy MG motoring.

Alan





Event Secretary keeping it wheel



Dear all,

Following on from What Alan said about our Spanish trip, it came about when early this year, Jan and I received an email from our friend Beth. You may recall reading about her in last November's newsletter as she organised a tour of the Picos de Europa that Jan and I took part in and greatly enjoyed. Beth is famous in MGA Register circles as someone who simply will not allow disability and the passing years to stop her from embarking on ambitious long-distance adventures in 'Mavis', her MGA Coupe. She works around her limitations and maximises her abilities. Frankly both woman and car are an inspiration.

In her email she was asking a few of her friends to join her on another trip to Northern Spain and luckily this year's included four couples from Tamar Valley MGO. As this was not my 'gig' it was not my place to invite anyone else and Beth wanted to keep the party small.

You can read all about this utterly wonderful MG adventure in Simon's report later in this newsletter (I have added extra photos to encourage other members to consider a similar trip in their MGs), but there were lessons learned. Firstly, the bloomin' obvious - make sure your car is thoroughly well maintained. Don't think you can leave it in the garage all year and then set off expecting it to take you over a thousand miles of steep mountain passes without problems.

As we arrived in Santander the first mishap arose. It's no surprise that if you accidentally leave a car light on during the 24hr crossing from Plymouth, your battery will run flat. But fear not - Brittany Ferries carry a power pack to jump start you. Who in our party this happened to...well, I'll spare their blushes.

In spite of doing vital pre-journey checks, we did have a variety of small problems. As the years pass, various bits work loose and vital fluids tend to leak – no not me, I'm still talking about old cars! One or two of us experienced small petrol leaks, Simon's clutch played up a bit and I had a radiator overflow issue making me understand that our car really needs an expansion tank. I also conked on an insanely steep hill at night, but quickly deduced that a wire had come off the petrol pump - a fiddly but quick fix. A few days later, although the brake fluid was replaced last April, the brakes temporarily faded on me and need bleeding again. Perhaps a thorough overhaul of the braking system is due (*it was! Ed.*).

Carrying vital tools and spares is another must, as is sharing a list of what you carry. Another beautiful MGA, owned by Warren from Bristol, refused to re-start on the top of a mountain. Fortunately his passenger Douglas is an enthusiast mechanic - he currently drives a Morgan. Doug systematically worked through possible faults until he diagnosed a failed electronic ignition module. In most circumstances this would have resulted in a trip home on the back of a transporter truck, which would likely have taken many hours to arrive given our remote mountain top location and the fact that it was a public holiday. But by pooling knowledge and parts – to everyone's amazement I carry a spare electronic ignition kit - we had the necessary to fix it ourselves.

On the return ferry we all made sure to check our car lights were off. For some reason Roy was especially careful to do this.

So, as you'll read later, we all had an amazing time, but it might have been different without proper car maintenance and preparation.

Back in the New Year I wrote three articles entitled *How MG and other sports cars helped save a nation*, about MG's vital role in revitalising post-war Britain by exporting cars. If you are interested in this era, see also the book I recommend later in this newsletter about Abingdon's war-time activities. In addition, the October issue of *Enjoying MG* has an interesting feature on how the company redefined itself after the war.



Irene Williamson Memorial Trophy

After November's lunch run on the 17th, members will have the chance to vote via email for their favourite club run of 2019. This is for our normal lunch and supper runs only and so excludes Drive It Day which brings its own glory to the organisers. We also need to remind you that membership includes any adult living in your household, so that usually means each cohabiting couple gets two votes, and they can of course be different, but no arguing please! At our Christmas dinner on 4th December, this year's winner will be awarded the Irene Williamson Memorial Trophy for the best dining run of the year. As a reminder for you to think about, here is the list of this year's eligible runs.

January lunch	To The Church House Inn at Rattery	Peter & Jenny
February lunch	To The Little Fox Hotel at Tregantle	Keith & Sally
March lunch	To The Moorland Hotel at Wotter	Alan & Alison
<i>April</i>	<i>This month featured Drive It Day which is not included</i>	
May supper	To The Cuddy Shack	Alan & Alison
June supper	To Turtley Corn Mill	Peter & Jan
July supper	To the Who'd Have Thought It	John & Linda
<i>August supper</i>	<i>Cancelled due to bad weather – rescheduled for January.</i>	
September Lunch	I-spy a Cornish Day Out to Lanhydrock Hotel & Golf	Howard & Jan
October	Tulip Trophy Run, Elfordleigh Golf Course	Keat & Peter Alan & Alison
November lunch	To Wrangaton Golf Club	John & B



Upcoming events

The most up to date and detailed information on all 2019 events can be found and downloaded on the [Event Diary Page](#) and the [Entry Forms page](#). See: www.tvmgoc.org.uk

NOVEMBER 2019

8-10	The Lancaster Insurance Classic Motor Show NEC Birmingham
14	Club Sunday Lunch to Wrangaton Golf Club organised by John & B. – closes for entries 6 November

DECEMBER 2019

4	Club Christmas Dinner at Moorland Garden Hotel – see Janis for tickets!
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See also later in this newsletter details of next year's club weekend away.
The entry form for the Moor2Sea run on 31 May 2020 is now on our website.

Happy MGing!

Howard

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



The Exmoor Rut

In previous years The Rut has been put on by the Healey Drivers Club, but this year this popular run was organised by Devon & Cornwall MGCC.



It was a damp, drizzly, grey morning when we arrived at The Dartmoor Lodge Hotel, Ashburton along with Martyn and Janet to see John and B walking towards us so it was nice to have three club cars setting off. We had half an hour before our start times which were one minute apart so we signed in, collected the route books and had a cup of coffee whilst deciding where a good comfort break and spot of lunch might be. We estimated that there were 50 cars altogether, not all MGs.

Despite this run being called The Exmoor Rut, our first glance at the route indicated that only the last section of the 116 mile run would actually involve Exmoor. At Cummings Cross near Old Liverton 6.8 miles in we came across our first hurdle, a 'Road Closed' sign. This caused some initial confusion until the car behind us, a local, told us to ignore it which we did. We carried on into the Teign Valley where there were glimpses of yellow, gold and orange as the trees were just starting to show off their autumn colours. Our route was also that of a cycle race with few places to pass them by. Luckily we weren't stuck behind them for too long but just as we thought we were able to pick up speed again at 16.3 miles near Lower Ashton we came across another 'Road Closed' sign and this time the road was blocked. There was no alternative but to turn right.

Now, this is where John and B had the advantage as they were ahead of us and used their Sat Nav to get them out of this fix. Martyn and Janet were immediately behind us and by the time I had looked at our map and worked out a way out of this problem, to eventually emerge further up the route at Longdown, so were several other run cars and they all followed close behind. This detour turned out to be a challenging part of the run as we went down narrow muddy lanes with plenty of lying water and few passing places. I had been worried that I would be adjusting mileage for the rest of the day but as it turned out we were only 0.2 miles adrift. John and B actually covered 2 miles less on their alternative route.

For the next 14 miles we went over and under the A30 five times with lovely views of Dartmoor from Whiddon Down and then oops - we turned right into the services instead of the A3124. Immediately realising our mistake, we turned around and then saw that Martyn and Janet hadn't so we pulled over and waited for them but then gave up after 10 minutes so carried on. It turned out Janet had rung to say they were stopping but I hadn't realised that I still had my phone muted from a meeting earlier in the week! We carried on to Morchard Bishop where we pulled in to The London Inn for lunch. John and B had also decided to stop there so we joined them, followed by Martyn and Janet. Last to leave, we missed the turn to Black Dog which was right next to the pub, and no it wasn't the drink, but quickly realised our mistake.

Near Knowstone we were in wind turbine country and at last the sun started to shine through the grey and there were glimpses of blue sky. After driving down a very rough, potholed road parallel to the A361 at 72 miles more than halfway, we at last crossed the A361 and headed towards East Anstey and Exmoor. We were alone with no cars ahead or behind for many miles and then the route took us down a narrow lane with grass down the middle and little chance of being able to pass oncoming traffic. Down into the lovely old town of Dulverton it was more like driving along a river bed as water was pouring off the fields and running down the road. Everywhere we went the rivers were brim full and fast flowing.

At last we were on Exmoor heading towards Wheddon Cross and then over Dunkery Beacon where we stopped to take in the fabulous view. The weather was good to us then as we were able to see clearly all the way across the Bristol Channel to Wales, windy but lovely. Exmoor was very brown compared to the lush green fields of the farms in the valleys all around. It was then on down to Porlock and up the hill, passing the famous AA Box no 137, into Lynmouth but with no time to stop. Finally on to the Old Station House Inn near Woody

Bay Railway Station and a buffet cream tea. This turned out to be a huge selection of different tray bakes and scones already prepared the Devon way much to our Cornish friend's horror. The cakes were all scrummy but just a bit of advice, avoid the cream tea if you ever call in there. We were supposed to sign off but as there was no sign of anyone doing this we had our tea, second helpings of cake all round and then said goodbye to John and B who were rushing back home to let the dog out. We hadn't covered much of Exmoor and certainly didn't see any rutting deer but we had enjoyed the run.

We then retraced our steps with Martyn and Janet and arrived at the Rockford Inn, Brendon, in the Doone Valley where we were booked in for the night. This quaint rather tired looking little pub, nestled deep in the valley right beside a raging river, is a perfect spot for walkers to spend the night as there are footpaths leading off in all directions. Our rooms were comfortable and clean and after a brief rest we met up for an evening meal and planned the next day. Breakfast was superb but it started to rain again so finding somewhere for a short walk was out of the question. All was well until this point then alas, our lovely car which had behaved itself all the previous day decided not to start, we had forgotten to pack the jump leads, the pub was closed and there was no phone signal! Luck was on our side though as just then the Laundry Van arrived at the pub and the driver and his mate were up for a bit of excitement and offered to tow us up the hill to a nearby farm which we were assured would have jump leads. Our tow rope was duly fitted and off Bill went, being towed out of sight round the bend in a very narrow lane up a very steep hill. I followed behind on foot and Martyn and Janet waited until the coast was clear. It wasn't long before I heard the joyous sound of an engine roaring into life and luckily the van had managed to pick up enough speed for Bill to jump start the engine, phew! We thanked the Laundry chaps and then off we all went. What a beautiful valley it was, just such a shame that it was raining all the time and very misty. We emerged onto the A39 just before Porlock and headed across Exmoor to Simonsbath and on to Dulverton where we stopped for coffee and more cake. Dulverton is certainly worth visiting as it has some lovely shops including a deli with Christmas goodies already on display including nets of chocolate sprouts and tangerines if that takes your fancy.

Luckily the car started this time so we said our goodbyes and once we got to Exeter went our separate ways. It poured with rain all the way home which as you know is no fun in our little cars especially on the major roads. That is probably the last outing for us this year as having recently moved we have rather a lot going on at home.

Sue P.



Tulip Trophy Run to Elfordleigh Golf Club



The run started from The Rock Inn Yelverton. When we arrived the coffee cups were all out waiting to be filled and the tables arranged for us to sit down. It was not an early start, which is a change, and with the coffee ready and waiting we had a very civilised start to the day. Keat warned us at the start that we might see wild life and pheasants and that it could get a little mucky. So we set off.

The day started out a little cold and cloudy but as time passed the sun came out and it warmed up considerably. The run passed through wonderful old woods with old gnarled trees and the usual "Cornish Motorway" with grass in the middle.



Peter L's MG-badged Merc was fooling no-one!

There were very interesting questions to be filled in as we went along, which meant that I had to get John to get out of the car and retrieve the information now and again!

All went well in our car, all questions answered, potholes all missed, until we came to an instruction that saidTL, SP Blaxton. We couldn't find the sign post and where there was a possible turning we saw MGs backing up the track.



The official photographer (our events secretary) who was taking photos very near the turn couldn't help...it's some sort of circle that brings you back around was the best he could do.

After carrying on and finding a dead end we decided to get the sat-nav out and make towards the A386 to get back on track. In other words we chickened out but it worked and we only lost about 1 mile on the route.

We all arrived safely at the venue with very filthy cars and stories of how people got around the problem we had found. Many people, of course did the route absolutely correctly and Keat came and explained where we went wrong.

The meal at the Elfordleigh Golf club was very good, with friendly, excellent service.

Thanks to Keat and Peter for a very good day out, enjoyed by all.

B

But who won the coveted Tulip Trophy? Richard M wasn't able to complete the whole run but he too wanted to write a run report so here's his take on the day.

The Sunday TVMGOC October run to Elfordleigh Golf Club started at a very respectable time with a coffee at the Rock In in Yelverton where we were made welcome and were able to take the opportunity to chat & catch up with "news and views". Our leader for the day briefed us on the nature of the course and what to look out for on the way.



We departed at around 11:00 following the instructions that were to lead us to our lunchtime venue. The route commenced by proceeding northwards taking the turning towards Walkhampton before crossing Huckworthy Bridge and passing Parlby Arms Cottage that was once a local Inn. As we continued on our way following the clear directions it soon became apparent that we were in some way re-tracing our steps from a previous run and as we passed through the golf course on the approach to Tavistock we could not but think of what the rules of golf might have to say if "livestock" took a shine to the ball that had just been played! The course itself obviously offers some fantastic scenery and what must be classed as a "good walk".

Entering Tavistock from a different direction to one that was familiar to us we continued on the route turning southwards at the Sir Francis Drake statue and crossing the Tavistock Canal where we took the turning leading indirectly to Bere Alston with glimpses of the River Tavy to our left hand side. Leaving Bere Alston and heading for Weir Quay we noted a single isolated Red Telephone Box reminding us of times gone by.

On reaching the shore line of the River Tamar we were treated to a high tide and the tranquil setting of boats lying to their moorings suggesting that the ebb might have just commenced. Leaving that river behind us we ventured onwards via Bere Ferrers before heading in a northerly direction and briefly following the River Tavy

on our right hand side. Following this route we were treated to a road with high banks, lined with trees on the banks themselves. If memory serves correctly there was no shortage of mud on the road during this passage of the route although it could have been elsewhere! Vehicles would surely have found the passage challenging.



One of us must be going the wrong way!

After completing the loop around Bere Alston we proceeded in the general direction of Buckland Monachorum and Milton Coombe leaving the Who'd Have Thought It Inn behind us and following the quaint village road. Exchanging pleasantries with our organisers for the day we turned right in the general direction of Lopwell and sadly after this the writer has to confess that we struggled to identify the next left turn correctly and although some managed this we were not alone in our confusion.

After reviewing the possibility of completing the route as planned we opted for "safe passage" to our final destination.

On our way we had the inevitable interaction with other members of the public enjoying the country air on horseback and cycle. Our passage was briefly interrupted by cattle choosing to scratch themselves on the bridge parapet immediately prior to the turn for Shaugh Prior, with the cattle totally blocking the road for a few moments.

The remainder of the route passed without incident and we arrived at our destination Elfordleigh Golf Club to be guided to a reserved car park spot where we were able to discuss details and experiences with other club members relating to the route we had followed (some noting that they were glad they had taken the trouble to ensure that the car was clean prior to the run out!).



This year's winners of the Tulip Trophy Alan & Alison

We were made very welcome by the Golf Club Hotel management and staff who had clearly gone to some trouble to ensure that our experience went without any hitch. The meal was well presented, most welcome and very enjoyable. All in all an excellent day out made more enjoyable by the welcome break in the weather. Thank you to all who made it possible.

Richard M



Galicia flag



Asturia flag

MGs in Northern Spain

At the invitation of the extraordinary Beth from Exeter who planned the trip and led the charge with her son Andrew in her 1961 Old English White MGA 1600 Coupé, a number of MG enthusiasts embarked on a Spanish adventure from the Port of Santander. The party included three MGAs - Beth's coupé; from Bristol Warren in his 1960 Red 1600 roadster with friend Douglas who embarked as tour mechanic (*thank goodness! Ed.*); and Howard and Jan's Old English White MkII 1600. There followed two (or arguably three) MGB roadsters: the 1972 midnight blue of Alan and Alison, and Roy and Sonia's 1970 Old English White.



Andrew & Beth



Finally our Woodcote Green MGR V8 provided the final MGB derivation and an interesting contrast in exhaust note to the rasp of the B series in the other cars.

After a crossing of the Bay of Biscay marked by not one but two casualties being evacuated by helicopter overnight, the delayed arrival in Santander at dusk allowed only a glimpse of the scenery to follow. Tall cliffs rose in the gloom as we climbed, exhausts crackling evocatively against the mountainside as we made quick passage to our first stop in the converted monastery of Aguilar de Campoo.

A fine repast awaited our tired crew and prepared us for the excitement to follow.



The dawn broke with mist swathed over the tranquil monastery, the MGs covered with dew which experienced campaigners used to assist in cleaning their gleaming steeds for the road ahead. This first proper driving day criss-crossed mountains and lakeside vistas using backroads in top down sunshine, via Riano for lunch and ending in Leon – where the original Kings of Leon have their tomb. Excellent MG routes all, for those who care to get off the beaten track.

From Leon the MGs passed many pilgrims, charity walkers and other enthusiasts on a Camino de Santiago, westward past the cathedral at Astorga as we climbed from the plain through mountain passes and Ponferrada, heading for the picturesque Sil Valley. It surprised us that very many, from fellow motorists to walkers, waved, shouted and clapped as our convoy passed – proof of the enduring attraction of the marque.



Pilgrims stop to admire our cars



For our foray into the Sil we based ourselves at the Casa Rosende – near the improbably named town of Sober. This was a very MG friendly beautiful (*and quirky! Ed.*) Spanish manor house and during our stay we enjoyed the warm company of Pete and Pilar, locally based enthusiasts with an immaculate MCGT.



After dinner chat by the fireside in the old kitchen

Every turn in the Sil produced another surreally beautiful vista, with soaring numbers of digital media taken from the cars.





With some sadness we left this lovely region and headed towards Oviedo for an overnight stop – it claims to be Spain’s cleanest city. Next day we had the chance to take the cars to the F1 driver Fernando Alonso’s fascinating museum.



Mountains of the Picos conquered by our fantastic MGs



Our final stop was beside the beach at Ribadesella in the Brit and car friendly Gran Hotel del Sella, where each room had a wonderful view. The MGs shared garaging with large numbers of British motorcyclists over to drive the Picos mountains.

In various day sorties this famous driving experience did not disappoint – scenery which pulled at the soul and filled the senses – making it as much as we could do to tear our eyes away and follow the chicanes and hairpins of the road as we rose and drove to what felt like the top of the world

A simply brilliant tour.

Simon



The Classic 75 D-Day Gardens Rally Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal Launch



Thursday morning was clear and bright when a little convoy of three TVMGOC cars piloted by Simon, Nigel and Peter and their respective navigators: Tim, Libby and Jan, pulled into the car park at Trebah Gardens at 09:30 for the start of the Royal British Legion's "The Classic 75, D-Day Gardens Rally". Clive in matching poppy red jumper and car, and Tom joined us a little later after, in his words, "driving 35 miles to save 10p a litre on petrol"! That part of Cornwall, on the banks of the River Fal, clearly enjoys a warm micro-climate, allowing gardens to thrive with exotic plants and we had passed the entrances to no fewer than three other gardens in quick succession before reaching Trebah.

The object of the rally was to launch the Royal British Legion's 2019 Poppy Appeal and to commemorate 75 years since the launching of D Day in 1944. American troops destined for Utah beach in Normandy embarked at Trebah, the Rally start point, and at Mount Edgecumbe Park some 75 miles away, the Rally end point.

The car park soon filled up with over 40 vehicles: E Type Jags; Triumph Herald; a Poppy decorated Hearse (complete with attendant in full morning dress and medals); Austin Healey sprite (Donald Healey lived at Trebah in the 1970s); a plethora of MGs – TFs, As, Bs, V8s (BGT and RV8) and many more including a lone Military vehicle - a light weight 1970's Landrover tricked out as a British Army Motoring Association (BAMA) rally vehicle. This last vehicle (pictured right) brought back many memories for the author who would be a millionaire if he had a quid for every mile travelled in convoy in army landrovers! Although, he was usually fast asleep with the route details chinagraphed onto the windscreen in front of his driver....



After signing in at reception, followed by a welcome bacon roll and coffee in the café, we stood by our cars for the official welcome by the Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, Colonel Edward Bolitho OBE. We were soon on route, preceded by Legion motorcyclists who stopped the traffic at each major junction and roundabout to allow the convoy to pass. The 75 mile route was not too taxing on the navigators. We followed the A30/A38 for most of the journey with stops at Cornwall Services and Kernow Mill to ensure that the convoy kept together, to refuel, to chat and to eyeball the cars. The last part followed the scenic coast road, in full sunshine, via

Tregantle Fort and Cawsand to Mount Edgecumbe with a final run through the Park to the actual 1944 embarkation site at Barn Pool.

The cars were lined up with military precision by my good friend, former Royal Marine Warrant Officer 1 Martin Pelling who now works for the Royal British Legion in Plymouth. More official speeches and photographs and a chance to meet a spritely D Day veteran who helped cut the poppy red ribbon to signify that the 2019 appeal was well and truly open....

Nigel and Libby's little dog enjoyed the whole trip but could not be persuaded to jump in the sea. We then adjourned for a final cream tea with much banter. A delightful day out in aid of a very worthy cause, in excellent company and very well organised by the Royal British Legion.



We wish them well for the 2019 appeal....

Peter S

Operation Cotswold Caper 2020

Peter S. is organising a Club weekend break in the Cotswolds from Friday 10 July to Sunday 12 July 2020. Staying for two nights in the Three Ways House Hotel, Mickelton, Glos (www.threewayshousehotel.com) on a dinner, bed and breakfast basis and taking part in their "World Famous Pudding Club" on Friday evening [Alternative dining available for those not up to sampling seven (yes seven!) traditional English Puds]. We will have a free day on Saturday to explore the Cotswolds and its many delights ending with a Club meal in the hotel. There will be an early start on Sunday morning to drive to the start of the "Cotswold Caper 2020", a 100 mile circular rally organised by the Glos MGOC. We can choose to depart for home on completion of the run or (possibly) stay another night in the vicinity of the rally end point.

Six couples/cars will make this weekend viable and the Hotel has agreed discounted rates for Friday and Saturday of £199 (normally £229) per room per night including Dinner or Pudding Club and Breakfast.

Peter will have hard copies at the November meeting and the Christmas Dinner in December. **Expressions of interest to Peter ASAP please** (contact email below) with completed forms and £50 deposit to Peter by end of December 2019.

This promises to be a great weekend of driving, good food and companionship...in a superb location.

Peter S.

reptvmgoc@gmail.com



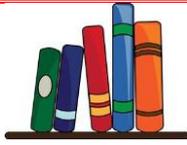
Received entries	From
<i>The newsletter editor does like to keep these competition entries clean.</i>	Howard
<i>Time to "do the Shake n' Vac, and put the freshness back" *</i>	
<i>My wife is always complaining about how I never clean her car. I'm fed up of being nagged about it so I told her to suck it up.</i>	
<i>The wife is a sucker for a leopard skin carpet.</i>	John I. (without hope)
<i>The wife said she was a sucker for a car similar to a Jaguar so I bought her one!</i>	
<i>John wanted to treat the car to a Wabestow roof.</i>	John H.
<i>His wife insisted carpet tiles would be cheaper. Big mistake!</i>	
<i>It's a car pet cleaner.</i>	Jan P.
<i>This latest mod made it a beast to clean.</i>	Alan
<i>She said she was getting on top of the cleaning.</i>	Andrew L.
<i>Mercedes unveil their new hoovercraft...it beeps as it sweeps as it cleans.</i>	Peter S.
<i>Mum was so house proud, she couldn't wait for Dyson to invent a cordless hoover.</i>	
<i>Dad bought a furry Merc but Mum would have preferred a Jaguar.</i>	
<i>This damn carpet fluff gets everywhere....</i>	Tom E.
<i>My husband's dandruff gets everywhere.....</i>	
<i>Think a Dyson would be better.</i>	Roger G
<i>When I said hoover the car, I meant inside.</i>	
<i>Fur coat and no kickers!</i>	Janis
<i>These Mercedes aerials were always difficult to remove.</i>	Noel
<i>A new slant on wall to wall carpeting.</i>	Kate
<i>Careful preparation before exhibition in the trophy room.</i>	Sally & Keith
<i>Darling, I just knew that last birthday present would come in handy.</i>	B
<i>"No comment"</i>	Richard M.

**Sweeping up the glory for the best caption chosen by Keat is new member Andrew. Well done!
He will choose next month's winner**

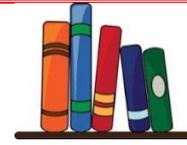
**"Do the shake & vac" was once voted
Britain's favourite TV jingle.*

**Here's next month's photo of a
1925 Austin Chummy,
but it needs a ~~captain~~ caption.
Your entries by email to:
mediatvmgoc@gmail.com**





Bookends



All I want for Christmas

Don't groan, but it won't be long before exasperated family members might ask us the loaded question, "What do you want for Christmas?" Apparently "An e-type" isn't the right answer.

It's made all the more difficult because a budget never accompanies the question. Suggesting something modest like a pair of MG socks is dangerous because that's what you might get. For those of us lucky enough to want for nothing (well, nothing realistic or reasonable!) asking for, say, book tokens is taken as having a distinct lack of imagination, greeted with a sighed groan of "Boring!"

But books are a great gift if, when asked, you are specific. As we are a car club, here are a few ideas for goodies members might like to receive in their Christmas stockings. I'm not including 'car fan books' about specific models and their history. All those mentioned below have proper narratives at their heart and are a good read in themselves. So, are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin.

Once upon a time there was a batch of books I have read and can recommend. The late Tory grandee and Maggie T's favourite MP (and her secret crush?) Alan Clark, wrote **Backfire**, a eulogy to some truly wonderful old cars including Bentleys, Jags, Rolls Royces and even a favourite 2CV. It's a bit of a time-warp tome that offers a glimpse into a privileged life – certainly a life different from mine - but I did enjoy reading how the other half lives, and caustic Clark was an amusing petrol head through and through.

Ordered from the MGCC shop, I recently finished reading the slim volume **MG Wartime Activities**. To do their bit for the war effort, MG suspended car production and turned their efforts to seemingly insurmountable engineering problems due to tight deadlines and lack of specific experience. The diligence of the workers and the initiative of management saw them through this 'backs to the wall time', and the way everyone pulled together to adapt to work they were totally unfamiliar with is impressive, uplifting and inspiring. They knew nothing about complex aircraft construction or heavy-duty armoured plate work for tank production but had to learn quickly, and design and make jigs and tools for each new job. This book will provide further reason to be proud you drive an MG.

Many of the best books are those that work on multiple levels. **Another Fine Mess: Across America in a Model T Ford** by travel writer Tim Moore is every inch a classic road-trip story, but its sub-title could have been 'A journey through Trump-land'. Moore's convoluted coast-to-coast route was designed to take him exclusively through Trump voting counties, meeting the everyday folk who voted red. Moore's quest was to discover why.

In his 93 year old car, rolling along on wooden wheels, lacking even the most basic mechanical knowhow and armed only with a fan belt made of cotton and a head and heart full of naivety, enthusiasm and hope, Moore meets people defined by extraordinary generosity, willing to shift heaven and earth to keep the Model T on the road. Yet this is clearly a nation in conflict with itself (sound familiar?). He meets citizens 'tooling up' with guns in reaction to ever-increasing security fears; he hears about a healthcare system creaking to support overweight sugar-loaded soda lovers, and he drives through disintegrating, rust-belt industrial communities, some of them now little more than blue-collar ghost towns, all but forgotten by the warring media and distant political classes. I thought this was a great multi-layered book.

Go Like Hell by AJ Balme is a corker about the battle between Ford and Ferrari. The conflict was sparked by Enzo. Hinting that the Ferrari company might be up for sale, Henry Ford was salivating at the prospect that he might own Italy's and the world's greatest motor racing marque. But it was all a wind-up. Ferrari was never really on the market. A spurned and furious Henry ordered Ford engineers to build a Ferrari-beating car at any cost. The result was the GT40 and, as they say, the rest is history. There's a British angle too, as the genesis of the GT40 came from our very own AC that Carroll Shelby turned into the Cobra after shoehorning in a huge Ford V8.

Apparently, a movie has been made of this incredible duel of motoring giants called *Ford v Ferrari* but titled **Le Mans '66** in the UK. It will be released on November 15 so there's another idea for your Christmas stocking when/if it comes out on DVD (that's a hint Jan!).

Not in that Car is the story of Roy Locock's journey round the world in a 1977 MG Midget called Bridget. (In trying to remember the name of this book I Googled 'Bridget the Midget' and was directed to something altogether different so be warned!). It was one hell of a trip and one I'm not sure I'd like to undertake, but it's a good read. I think I lent my copy to someone and didn't get it back. Ho hum.

I'd be very happy to receive **Mapping the Roads** by Mike Parker. It's the story of how Britain's love affair with cars remoulded the landscape. Illustrated with pages from period road atlases and long-abandoned proposals, this book is described as a treat as it examines how maps moved into the motorway age (and there's another hint).

I've not yet read **Driven: An Elegy to Cars, Roads and Motorsport** by motoring journalist John Aston. Amazon describes this book as being "as ambitious and far-ranging as autobiographical but it also contains content of interest to a wide range of motoring enthusiasts. It begins with Aston's early days as a teenage car enthusiast and race marshal in the late Sixties before covering the wide range of subjects close to his heart. These include the best and worst of Formula One, the icon that is Ferrari, the writer's NASCAR adventure and the delights of long road trips in his beloved Caterham Seven." In a forthright style he examines the quality of motoring writing and CCW says the book is entertaining and knowledgeable.

Being someone who is very much turned on by photography and form (no tittering at the back - I'm still talking about cars!) our coffee table would doubtless be enhanced by **Art of the Classic Car** by Peter Bodensteiner. It's a bit expensive at around £40 but I'd be happy with a good second-hand copy (hint!). I imagine Jay Leno's **The Art of the Automobile** would be a similar and equally good read.

As far as I know MG didn't build submarines, but we do have submariners in the club who like naval gazing. They might be interested in a newish publication, **Under Pressure: Living life and avoiding death on a nuclear submarine** by Richard Humphreys. All I do know is that it is well rated.

If you have more suggestions for good reads, please let me know.

Ahh. Oh dear...I have just found a hole in my sock...

Howard



And finally...

