

# Wynes and Tyres

JANUARY 1986

**GENERAL MEETING:** January 13 - 7 P.M.  
Hungry Fisherman  
I-40 & Sycamore View

"HAPPY NEW YEAR" - Once again we find ourselves with a whole new year in which to accomplish all the things we want to do. New year resolutions are made and, I'm sure, implementation has already begun - right? For those of you who have muddled along and been lax about attending the general meetings, we do hope that being more active was on that list of resolutions.

Last month we were privileged to see a video of the Jackson, MS. car show. We want to thank Jimmy Jones and Mike Ramage for taking the time to do this for us.

This month you will be informed as to all the rewarding and challenging goals for 1986. It will be a good time for you to determine what you would like to do in the coming year for your club. Randy will be asking you for your input Monday night.

**CHRISTMAS PARTY - WHAT A PARTY !!!!** Kittie Hadskey and Emily Minor were given the challenge to entertain this group and what a superb job they did. This club has lots of good dancers who danced the night away til two in the morning. Lots of door prizes were given away and each couple had a goodie package under the tree. Beautiful and delicious is the only way to describe the food. These ladies deserve a big hand and might as well start on next year's plans. Just one thing - please don't let George Petech wear that rainbow-colored wig next year. It didn't even match his suit.

**SOUTHAVEN CHRISTMAS PARADE:** Only one brave soul - Brian Brazelton. Brian, Gary's son, braved freezing weather and represented our club in Southaven. What he knew that you other guys didn't was that those who showed up were privileged to escort a pretty princess in their car.

**JANUARY JAGUAR EVENT:** Super Bowl Party - January 26 - 12:00 Noon  
When the weather is too bad - stay indoors. That's what we're going to do January 26. So come on over to Nina and Lamar McQuirter's, 3502 Twinkletown for a heckava good time. Do come early - any time after 12:00 noon. The only requirement is to bring food and it's B.Y.O.B. and you must have a good time. Setups will be provided. At the present chili is the menu but do call Carol Sheppard at 386-8360 to find out what is needed. And, please, no crying after the game. Lamar can't stand to see grownups cry.

**FEBRUARY THRIUMPH EVENT:** Valentine's Day Rally - February 16  
More about this later. Larry Franks will be working on this project in the absence of a Triumph marque leader.

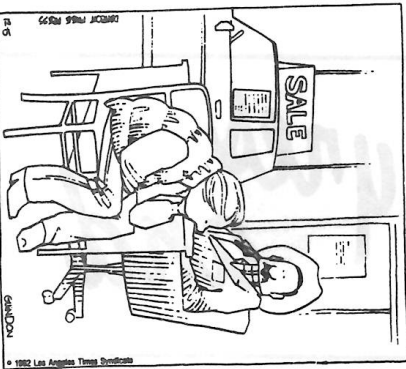
**CLUB HISTORY IN THE MAKING:** Do you have photos, slides, tapes or other memorabilia of club activities? George Callow is working on the club history and needs anything you can furnish from days gone by. If you do, please bring your items to the meeting and give to George. Copies will be made of items that you wish to keep. You may also phone George at 274-4412 or 725-6400.

## WANTS & GOTS:

For Sale - 77 Pontiac Grand Prix - one owner - 72,000 mi. \$1500  
Call Danny Thorpe at 377-7311.

For Sale - 65 Midget MG - Wire wheels - Black on black - Black top

## Quindon



"Don't think of it as a \$6,000 car. Think of it as \$20,000 in parts if purchased separately..."

# FORUM

By Jim Schablie

If the rumors have any substance, the folks at Austin Rover Group and Honda may soon collaborate on an open-top version of a Civic, hang an eight-sided badge on it and call it an "MG." Not a bad idea that, and the car could sell briskly. But not to those of us who love the marquee.

A topless Civic will sell. College-bound young bloods, seeking romance and excitement, will sign on the bottom line. Affluent fathers will buy them for their daughters, who think the cars are "cute." But true MG affectionados won't touch them with a 10-foot spanner. Why? Civic/MGs will refuse to break. Running practically forever with no more than an occasional oil change and ceremonial fire-kicking, they will endure themselves to the masses, who can't understand why anyone would want to own a car so recalcitrant as "those old MGs."

That is the difference between them and us. To them, a car that isn't utterly reliable should be traded as soon as possible. To us it should be understood, as parents understand their children, and forgiven its periodic lapses of behavior. They see cars as potentially traitorous servants, while we look upon our MGs as lovable, somewhat eccentric family members. They could never understand the pro-

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spective MG buyer's fantasies of long, lovely afternoons in the driveway amid parts, tools, wine and cheese, working on the car merely for the joy of doing it. The reality usually involves bleeding knuckles, beer and curses, but those are quickly forgotten. The next weekend finds us out there again, fishing wrenches out of the inaccessible places we've dropped them.

How to explain it to them? How do we tell them that a newly delivered MG should have its floor mats soaked with sea water? My British mother took one sniff and promptly fell in love with my new "B," and wondered why all new cars didn't smell so nice. So the rusting process started immediately; tradition is tradition.

And those SU carburetors. No other part of our new MGs provided so much mystique. Perhaps the world's simplest carburetors; they supplied us with endless hours of twiddling. We waited for the engine to hiccup so we could pull over and twist the screws a little more. It usually took about four years to learn how to set them properly, and another two or three to realize that, once working right, SUs didn't have to be touched until they wore out. Except, of course, to top up the dampers with oil.

To those who drive Japanese cars and wonder how we can tolerate those unreliable MGs, I only say, "Where's your sense of adventure?"

A Japanese car is totally predictable. It offers no surprises. An MG, on the other

hand, challenges one's mechanical ingenuity constantly. Often, just starting the car is an event. MG owners never know from one time to the next if the ignition switch will make contact, if the starter motor will spin, or if the ignition system will provide enough fire. As our MGs get older, we tend to park them on hills, "just in case."

Keeping an MG running often takes near-heroic measures. On most cars, the electrical system just does its job, rarely causing any concern. But our MGs' Lucas electrics are always foremost in our minds, and we remain constantly prepared for hijinks from that direction. Almost all of us have stories of limping home in the dark with wires twisted together after some switch or another disintegrated. The British subscribe to the "just enough" theory of electricity, so as soon as we bolt a couple of hundred watts of extra lights to the bumper, the little alternator screams and dies. The cure for this condition involves something heftier; say, a Chrysler alternator which, surprisingly, fits quite well with only minor tinkering.

When we tell those Japanese-car drivers about our MGs, they give us an expression midway between pity and contempt. That's all right, because while they consider us a bit daff for remaining so loyal to such beastly cars, they will never know what they are missing.

Romantic interludes, for instance. How can they use the "out of gas" ploy when their fuel gauges never fail? Ours do,

regularly. And beyond that, we have a whole host of options, from drowned ignitions on a rainy night to stopping to tighten the wire wheels on a clear one. The fact that these excuses are realties lends weight to their verisimilitude.

They will never have to carry a hammer behind the passenger seat to smack the floor in order to get a dying SU fuel pump going again. They will never manufacture gaskets from cardboard when the thermostat freezes shut. They don't carry toolboxes and bags of spare parts on trips. They drive appliances whose histories go back only as far as the scrap-metal yard that provided the raw material from which their cars were stamped.

We drive remnants of an Empire. Stiff upper lip, muddling through, the sun never sets, 1066 and all that. Our MGs somehow provide a tangible link with the past that, coupled with shared inconveniences and disasters, creates a kind of camaraderie that only British-car drivers can share. MG owners are among the few drivers who still flash their headlights to one another in greeting.

My MGB sits beside my house now, Illinois winters, the Arizona sun and unloiled miles have taken a heavy toll. The front end is shot, the body is rusted beyond repair and the engine burns oil at a nightful rate. As it stands, the car is almost worthless, and it is time I look for another. An MG, of course. A British one.



Handwritten notes: "p226.854" and a signature.