

MG

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

Last month's meeting was a large success with a wonderful turnout. I was a little nervous being on the working side of the table, but you were all a great help.

I was asked after the meeting how much work the committee chairmen and members would have to do. It was also joked that the first thing you get with your membership card is a committee. Yep, that's about it! Please let me clarify. The committees are designed to be specific areas of interest to club members. The committee chairmen should be recruiting members and converts to their special interest in the motor sport, be it autocross, restoration, social, etc. Each committee should have as many members as they can interest in their specialty. How much work does the job require? How interested are you in your hobby, how interested are you in sharing your hobby with others? That's how much work is required.

So let's all find "a committee" and have some fun.

Jim Van Sickle

MINUTES FROM JANUARY MEETING :

The January meeting of the LAMGCC was called to order at 8:20 p.m. All members present stood to introduce themselves and tell what type of car/cars they drove. Jim Van Sickle, 1985 president, announced his goals for meetings in 1985. Treasurer's report and November minutes reading were waived. Mr. Van Sickle announced that committees were being formed in all interested areas of the club. He urged all to try and belong to one or more committee of interest. The committees and their chairpersons are as follows :

Rally committee - Snubbs & Peggy Bienvenu

Autocross committee - John Winter & C. Taravella

Restoration committee - Jim Clark & Rodger Talley

Membership committee - Connie Zimmermann & Will Senn

If you would be interested in joining any of these committees, you should contact a chairperson.

The LAMGCC is in the process of planning events with the Healey Club and other British sports car clubs, in particular - a British Sports car day/crawfish boil like last year.

Jack Kennedy has suggested Raul's Import Car Repair Inc. for parts and service on foreign cars. He said that he gave him a very fair price on parts.

MINUTES : (cont.)

LAMGCC were pleased to have a guest speaker at the Jan. meeting. He was John Manahan. He showed members a very interesting video tape on the Pro Rally series. The tape was about some friends of his who rally in a Volvo. Members present found the film very interesting and informative. Thanks John!

The 50/50 was won by John Manahan. The entrance prize (which was a car clean-up kit) was won by Snubbs Bienvenu. There were 18 members present. The meeting was adjourned at 9:20p.m.

DISCOUNTs

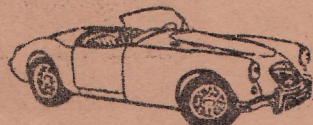
(A Special Thanks)

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Tom D'Aquin, Assistant Local Manager of Genuine Parts in this area. He had read the January issue of THE MORRIS GAZETTE and has issued an invitation to us. He has invited club members to tour the NAPA Distribution Center on Shrewsbury Road. We have set it up for Saturday, March 9th at 1:00p.m. We hope that all members will take this opportunity to visit them because they have been very supportive of us. A special thanks also because they have set up a special cash account for members of the LAMGCC. Club members will be given 20% off manufacturer's suggested price when they want to purchase parts from Genuine Parts. The account number will be given to you at the meeting. You should write it down on your membership card so that you will have it when making NAPA purchases. If you ever need the number, you may contact me. I can't tell you how much we appreciate Mr. D'Aquin's interest and hope for his and NAPA's continued support.

THANKS ALSO TO :

SLACK IMPORTS
3612 18th st.
Metairie, LA.

DOCKSIDE
3443 Tchoupitoulas St.
New Orleans, La.





TEN COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt not store thy cars out-of-doors, except for thy wife's modern iron.
- II. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's car, nor his garage, nor his battery charger.
- III. Thou shalt not love thy cars more than thy wife and children; as much, but not more.
- IV. Thou shalt not read thy Hemmings on company time, lest thy employer make it impossible to continue thy car payments.
- V. Thou shalt not despise thy neighbor's Eissel, nor his DeSoto, nor even his Triumph.
- VI. Thou shalt not allow thy daughter's nor thy son's to get married during the holy days of "Cajun Country Weekend".
- VII. Thou shalt not deceive thy wife into thinking that thee is taking her for a romantic Sunday drive when, indeed, thou art going out to look at another car.
- VIII. Thou shalt not tell thy spouse the entire cost of thy latest restoration, at least not all at the same time.
- IX. Thou shalt not promise thy wife a new addition to the house and then use it to store cars; thou shalt not store cars in the attic.
- X. Thou shalt not buy thy wife a floor jack for Christmas.



FORUM

By Jim Schaible

The demise of the British auto industry has been a favorite topic for nearly 20 years, and there are as many theories for the demise as there are theoreticians. The blame falls on everyone from the British trade unions to Winston Churchill, and so far no one has offered a really credible explanation. Here is mine, and it is every bit as logical as all the others.

Advertising. The Brits simply don't use the right advertising. Sure, they probably had the best ad persons in the business working on it, but all the voluptuous women, animals, ex-fighter pilots and parachute drops were not going to sell British cars in the Colonies. Their marketing people are still baffled, I suppose, as that sort of garbage sold cars faster than free beer here in the States ever since Ned Jordan dreamed up the now-famous "Somewhere west of Laramie" line for the Jordan Playboy. But British cars? God Himself couldn't sell them to us. I hear you saying, "Sure, we've heard that line a hundred times; what's your excuse?"

Well. After all the dust has settled, most of us have agreed that the main reason Americans don't buy English cars is that the damn things are just too much of a pain to have around. As I have owned a '73 MGB since it was new, I think I can call myself something of an authority on the

Jim Schaible is an Illinois resident with a British car, a British motorcycle and a British mother.

After all the dust has settled, most of us have agreed that the main reason Americans don't buy English cars is the damn things are a pain to have around.

beasties. An MG is a fair representation of what to expect in British cars, as they share the same basic electrics, carburetion, interiors, etc., and most of them suffer the same indignities on the assembly line. Of course nobody wanted them; what good was a car that might not get you home after you signed your life away for it?

Therein lies the secret. Driving a motorcar that was built by app't to H.M. the Queen is no small responsibility and cannot be taken frivolously. The advertising could have reflected this basic truth. Instead of soft-focus shots of a TR6 tearing through the sets for *Upstairs, Downstairs*, the scene might have been St. Paul's Cathedral, complete with full boy's choir, the Bishop of London officiating as the new buyer signs the title. The gravity of the occasion would be lost on no one. One does not just buy an English car, one makes a genuine commitment to the marquis; one does not own an English car, one lives with it, for better or worse, and actually to get rid of one's motorcar is a painful experience best not thought about until the time must come.

For quite a few years following the Second Great War, British cars were given the respect they deserved in this country, and their owners understood the heavy responsibility that ownership entailed. Somewhere along the way, however, American drivers lost the commitment that being a British Car Owner requires. While American cars were getting

faster and more reliable, the offerings from Over The Water remained cranky and obstinate, likely to let their mates down at the worst possible times. Thus began the long slide from celebrity to notoriety, and all the king's horses and all the queen's marketing executives didn't have a prayer. They tried, and can take credit for that, but a couple of new models and a lot of words just weren't enough, especially when the newest cars they could build were no better than the old ones.

Had the Brits been bolder, their ads could have made capital from all this. Picture a sturdy band of pioneers, their Austin Minis rolled into a circle and turned on their sides, already peppered with arrows, while the staunch defenders prepare for the final onslaught. The Minis had, of course, failed to start, or the hapless pioneers would have been long gone. How about a full-page ad featuring Clara Barton rushing to the aid of the wounded, on foot of course, her MGB GT mired in the mud a quarter mile back with a drowned ignition system? Or Teddy Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill, a Triumph Spitfire at the bottom on blocks, its transmission scattered about on the ground, never to shift again? The possibilities are endless.

Human nature being the perverse critter it is, this approach to advertising might have been successful. We Americans like to pride ourselves in respecting honesty, and having the truth laid out in such a straightforward fashion might have hit a responsive chord.

By telling us straight out that their cars were likely to fail after giving their all, and leave us marooned, the British manufacturers could have turned the tide of public opinion.

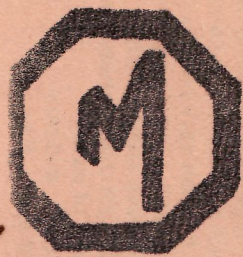
"Where's that pioneer spirit we hear so much about? Would Lewis and Clark have stayed home just because their canoes might sink? Did Lindy worry about engine failure and take a boat? Does A.J. drive less than 110 percent for fear of massive mechanical failure? NO! What are you, a bunch of sheep? What would John Wayne think? Now show us that you're Real Americans and get out there and drive those British cars!"

It might have even become fashionable. Gucci shoes are said to be no less than torture to wear, but that doesn't stop the Beautiful People from wearing them.

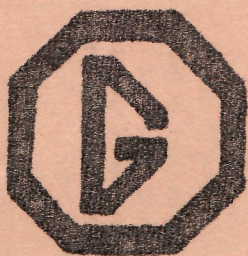
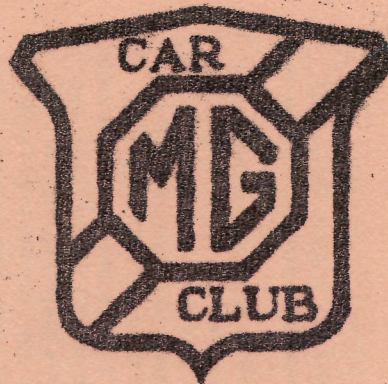
Similarly, being hopelessly stranded in Outhouse Pit, Wyo. by a dead English car could have been considered a privilege and an adventure, to be recounted with relish if/when the brave driver got back to civilization.

Sadly, none of this came to pass. The American market the British auto industry so desperately needed to survive dwindled, and then virtually disappeared, leaving only a few staunch enthusiasts to carry on. A shame; English cars can teach a person so much, such as patience, resourcefulness and humility. Perhaps we got that pioneer spirit knocked out of us a long way back, and now we'll never know. Pity.



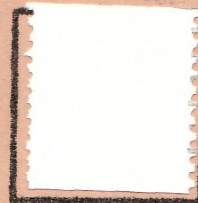


MORRIS



AZETTE

LA. M.G.C.C.
P.O. Box 2112
Reserve, LA. 70084



TO:

