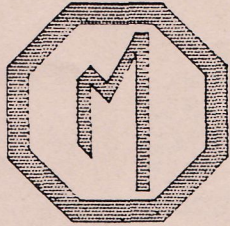
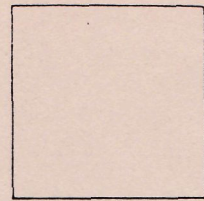
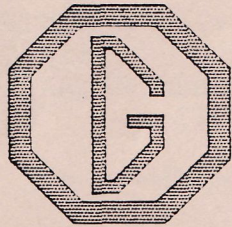


LA. MG C.C.  
P.O. Box 641095  
Kenner, La. 70064

June 1988



MORRIS



AZETTE



TO:

JOHN & KATHIE WINTER  
2029 GENERES  
HARAHAN LA 70123

88-01  
A

The Official Newsletter Of  
The Louisiana Centre Of The  
MG Car Club

M  
G G

F O R S A L E

--- 1978 MGB, 74K MILES, Call Dillard Wright at 244-8605

--- Complete interior trim kit for 1968-70 MGB, black, NEW \$75.00

Clutch disc, plate and bearing for MBG, NEW \$40  
Call Jimmy at 885-6849

--- The Club copy machine a XEROX 660 is up for sale and must go, tons of toner and paper, we will deliver; \$50 or best offer Call Bob at 831-7713

THE LOUISIANA CENTRE OF THE MG CAR CLUB

NEWSLETTER JUNE 1988

PRESIDENT . . . . . JIMMY BRUNO  
885-6849  
VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . . ROGER GIBSON  
888-2725  
TREASURER/SECRETARY . . . . . MICHAEL CENAC  
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738-5169  
NEWSLETTER EDITORS . . . . . BOB HUGHES, MICHAEL DELACERDA  
831-7713 738-3246

\*\*\*\*\*

New Membership - \$25 first year  
Regular Membership - \$20 annually  
Correspondence(outside 50mi radius)- \$10 annually  
Call anyone above for an application, or join is for a  
monthly meeting.

CLUB REGALIA AVAILABLE

MG Club T-shirt (cream colour) - - - - - \$ 7.00  
MG Anniversary Sport Shirt (red) - - - - - 12.00  
LCMGCC Cloth sew-on patch - - - - - 2.00  
LCMGCC Window Decal - - - - - 1.50

MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG

**Trip to Bush - June 18th**

I hope everyone knew that the picnic was postponed due to Bill Netherland being under the weather. We did make a nice trip to the North Shore, anyway.

A caravan made up of four MG's (Mike S., Leyon T., David D., and Jimmy B.) crossed the Causway to meet Cliff H. in Covington. Cliff's '60 MGA looks great. Good going Cliff!

We went to the Seafood World Restaurant in Covington for lunch. Before departing everyone lined up in the parking lot for a few pictures. We then made our way north to Folsom and west to I-10. The weather was hot so we split up in Slidell and crused home.

The drive was nice, the people were great and the food delicious. Mike brought along a tow vehicle driven by Almita and his mother just in case the mysterious MG ghost attacked his MG. It ran fine the whole way.

Jimmy

MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG MG

C A L E N D A R   O F   E V E N T S   F O R   1 9 8 8

JUN 18 - - - - - GENERAL MEETING  
 JUL 23 - - - - - NIGHT RALYEE ???  
 AUG ?? - - - - - TUBING, THE WATER'S  
 O.K.  
 SEP 17 - - - - - JACKSON MS, BRITISH CAR DAY  
 SEP 24 - - - - - GENERAL MEETING  
 OCT 8 & 9 - - - - - British Car Show, Memphis, Tenn  
 Contact Jimmy Bruno  
 OCT 15 - - - - - Antique & Classic Car Show, UNO  
 OCT 22 - - - - - N.O. Austin Healy Club's  
 British Car Day  
 NOV 6 - - - - - Eldridge Reynolds Memorial Rallye  
 DEC 10 - - - - - Annual Christmas Party and  
 General Meeting

OUR NEXT GENERAL MEETING WILL BE AT 7:30 ON JUNE 28TH  
 AT SHONEY'S; 3410 WILLIAMS BLVD.; KENNER. Y'ALL COME!!

NEWS NOTES:

The regalia arrived and the following are to see Jimmy about their orders: Dehoog, Eckerd, Flannery, JR, Gibson Perschall and Webb.

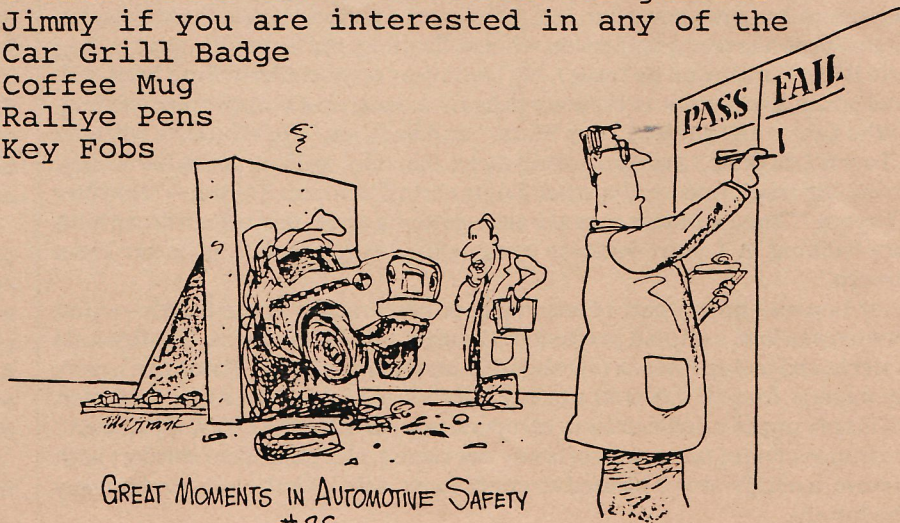
We hav several extra items available for general purchase. See Jimmy if you are interested in any of the following:

- Car Grill Badge
- Coffee Mug
- Rallye Pens
- Key Fobs

**Jaguar trio wins**

Jan Lammers of the Netherlands and Britain's Andy Wallace and Johnny Dumfries drove a Jaguar to victory in the Le Mans 24 Hours for the first time since 1957, ending Porsche's domination of the endurance race.

With thousands of British fans cheering it on, the Jaguar XJR-9 of Scotsman Tom Walkinshaw's stable won a furious battle with a Porsche 962 driven by West Germans Hans Stuck and Klaus Ludwig and Briton Derek Bell.



GREAT MOMENTS IN AUTOMOTIVE SAFETY  
 #26

June 12, 1985  
 The Department of Transportation  
 tests the 85mph bumper.

CARTOON BY FRANK A. TROISE

# WEEKEND RACERS

Nobody ever said life was  
all checkered flags and champagne

By FRED REED

Photography By JEREMY GREEN

SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

MAY 1987



**M**id-afternoon at Road Atlanta—near Gainesville, 40 miles north of Atlanta—more than three miles of twisting, hilly, sports-car track. Team 20 has been on the road eight hours from Farmville, Virginia: two vans with Triumph race cars on trailers, tool boxes and welding rigs stacked everywhere, radar detectors in the windshield, CB radios smoking. Team 20 is at home on the big roads as much as truckers are. From Farmville on, they have plugged into the net of cop-watchers that extends from the beginning of every interstate to its end. The voices seem to come from nowhere in particular, the accents changing as the traffic blends and separates. "Local bear southbound at mile 25."

"Yeah, just got him on radar."

"Another taking pictures by the underpass, mile 46."

"Hey, rollerskate, guess what's pulling up behind you." Law and order is one thing, but what those state troopers do is meddling.

Tony DeMuth, one of Team 20's drivers, is in the lead van with a cup of stale coffee on the console and sausage biscuits from Starvin' Marvin's drying beside him. Tony, an accountant for Universal Leaf, is 40 and looks like a close-coupled Hunter Thompson with hairline going north for the summer. Behind comes Fletcher Williams, sharp-faced, in his mid-40s, graying, slightly paunchy, the winningest driver on the team. Fletcher's wife, Sandy, chief wrench and engine builder, sleeps in the back. Racing days start early.

We drop down a steep hill in the vans, and there, spread beneath a Georgia sun that will slowly roast the unwary brain, is the wide tapestry of sports car racing, colorful as a medieval fair: big, purple Vette on jack stands, open-wheeled Formula Fords like water spiders on wheels, flashing, red Super Vs, guys rolling a white IMSA Porsche off its trailer, big Goodyear semi-trailer selling tires, tall, red tool boxes, generators, everybody in jeans, a decal on a bumper proclaiming, "He Who Dies with the Most Toys Wins," and another, "He Who Dies with the Most Toys is Still Dead." Stacks of racing slicks, rain tires, welding tanks, barbecues, children, big truck marked Panther Engineering, Ichiban Toyota—"Number One Toyota." The Japanese cars are eating racing alive, fast tube-frames with factory backing. A T-shirt declares inarguably, "Hog's Breath is Better Than No Breath."

Motor homes—now a part of any outdoor celebration in the South—squat everywhere in low, lumpish profusion: Honeys, big Winnebagos, Southwinds with sleek, spaceship lines, a few slide-ins on pickup trucks. These are pricey gypsy wagons, from \$10,000 for a used El Dorado to \$50,000 for a new 34-footer, which is only upper-middle-class in campers; you can drop \$200,000 if you want. These things civilize three days of foully hot racing, sleeping six in comfort with a gas stove, a refrigerator, a blessed air conditioner, safety for the kids, and privacy for the family.

Team 20 putt-putts down to the lower paddock with Tony yelling, "Whatcha

know, there's Varble! Hey, Fletcher, Joe's here! Man, gonna be some hard racing Sunday....I will be damned, there is Mona—hey, sweetheart, how's it going?...." Some of these folks have been racing together for decades. It is hotter than a skillet at a church breakfast, and people are drawing chalk lines around their pit areas, air conditioners humming on motor homes, and here and there a race car *whoppawhumpawhap* chokes into asthmatic, cold-block life, and lurches off a trailer. Red Porsches, dark green Camaros, electric-blue Batmobiles from every boy's early imaginings. We are truly, definitely, at the races.

THREE DAYS BEFORE. Tony had been in his garage in the woods outside of Farmville. There in the scrub flats of south central Virginia, he lives in a small trailer with a large garage, which accurately reflects his priorities. He keeps his car in the kitchen: camshaft in the sink, bearing inserts next to the instant coffee, cylinder block by the dog food, and a piston, a gaping tear in one side, upside down on the table as an ashtray. Some races don't go as well as others. As Tony grows older, it becomes possible to see patches of kitchen through the overlying car, but in his youth there was only car. A purist, he drinks nothing but good bourbon and water. For the hopelessly barbaric who want a mixer, he keeps a bottle of cheap stuff under the sink with the Drano. "A bourbon-like substance," he calls it.

Tony is a college graduate, the son of a dentist in Farmville, but he slips easily into the "ain'ts" and "me and him was talking" of a rural boyhood. His trailer looks as if he cohabits with a tornado—books, tools, dogs, and fuel pumps everywhere. Sitting on the couch requires shoving aside six issues of *Road & Track* and rearranging Amber, Tony's overweight golden retriever. Amber has no obvious function in the scheme of things but does have a sweet disposition. Viciousness takes effort, which she avoids like poison.

Racing is one of those hobbies to which the rest of life somehow becomes an appendage. Grabbing a couple of beers, we headed for the garage, where Tony plunged into the job of grinding valves. It is possible to work on a car without having a beer on the fender, but it isn't proper.

And low-budget racers spend a lot of time working on their cars, not always

part 2, next month