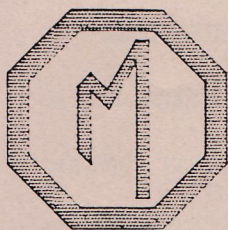
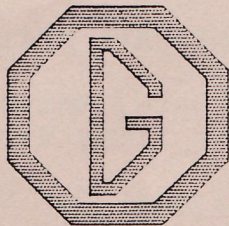


LA. MG C.C.
P.O. Box 641095
Kenner, La. 70064

July 1988



MORRIS



AZETTE



TO:

JOHN & KATHIE WINTER
2029 GENERES
HARAHAN LA 70123

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

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ANNOUNCEMENT

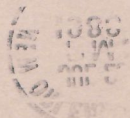
Kevin Gambino of "Gambino's Foreign Car's" will attend our July General Meeting on 7-26-88. He will be available to share his 20 years of MG experience with us. The floor will be open to questions and answers. He will share with us many helpful time-saving tricks-of-the-trade.

SALE SALE SALE

PASSPORT FOREIGN AUTO PARTS WAREHOUSE INC.

30% off list on BAP/GEON parts to MGCC and SCCA members.
Offer good through August.

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THE LOUISIANA CENTRE OF THE MG CAR CLUB

NEWSLETTER JULY 1988

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888-2725
TREASURER/SECRETARY MICHAEL CENAC
469-1882
MEMBER-AT-LARGE JOHN WINTER
738-5169
NEWSLETTER EDITORS BOB HUGHES, MICHAEL DELACERDA
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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
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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

**MG
GARBAGE SALE**

August 27, 1988
12:00 - 3:00 PM

6400 Blanke St.
Metairie, LA
885-6849 Jimmy

Many, many parts
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with satisfactory results. Racing stresses equipment, and only expensive equipment will stand up to it with anything resembling reliability. Things break. Years ago, when I first encountered Team 20 in the paddock of Summit Point Raceway in West Virginia, the adversity of the mechanical had asserted itself. Tony had been ready to garotte his race car. This was in Team 20's early days, and each race meant a lot. On that day, Tony had been eager and set to trot: engine tuned and ready and almost legal—and the miserable thing wouldn't start. A hazard, one of many, of low-budget racing.

Tony was outraged, ready to dismember existence in its entirety if only he had known where to grab it. Around him, drivers chatted by their trailers and campers, happily remembering past races. Children played and dogs romped. But Tony gazed at his TR-250 with dark thoughts of murder. Not a sign of life. Vapor lock? Ignition short? The innate resistance of life to motion through it? Who knew? Tony scowled. Even then, he had a capacity for disgust approaching the paranormal.

"I'm gonna take that damn machine and burn it," he said. "Don't believe me? Where's some gas?"

Fletcher had looked on phlegmatically. All Fletcher cared about was winning, which meant putting up with obstreperous buckets when necessary and running them hard when they worked. A broken car, his or Tony's, was just a broken car.

But that was back then. Now, in the cool gloom of the garage, it was different. At least Tony could hope it was. This engine he was working on—recently built by Sandy with loving care, handcrafted and sweet to the ear, a thing of precise tolerances and sudden torque—was the best he'd ever had. It would work. It had to.

"Fletcher and I are different," Tony said, loosening head bolts as he talked. "Me, I race for fun, and I don't make any bones about it. When I quit enjoying it, I'll get out of racing. This is my way of relaxing. I put in 10- to 12-hour days at my job, and I want to do something I like in my time off.

"Maybe it seems like a strange way to relax, but that's what it is, for me, anyway. Fletcher's obsessed by it. He's got to win. Some places, like one place in Charlotte, I let up. I just won't do it. He keeps it to the floor. He wins more than I do, and he's a hell of a driver. But racing is my hobby, not my life."

A fearsome drone interrupted him. He stopped to eye a huge hornet—a mean, striped thing with an ominously drooping hind end like a pointed thumb—that had come to investigate the coolness of the garage. Philosophy is fine, but those things are aerial agony. There was a nest of them nearby.

"I'm gonna have to speak to those things some night with a can of gasoline," Tony said, and then: "You got to understand what 'low-budget' racing means. It don't mean cheap. What it means is, you can barely afford it on a salary—cheap enough you can still do it, but expensive enough that it hurts—oh, how it hurts—when you blow an engine. Going to Atlanta's gonna cost me, hmmm, probably \$500. That's just the trip, not counting what I have in tools and cars."

Racing, popular in the South, falls into categories determined by its sanctioning bodies. At the top are the professional classes—the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA), whose Camel GTP Series (for Grand Touring Prototype) is the pinnacle for sports cars, with one of these machines alone costing up to \$400,000; Championship Auto Racing Teams (CART), whose Indy cars require in the neighborhood of \$3 million to \$4 million for a season of racing—clearly out of reach of weekend drivers; and the National Association of Stock Car Racing (NASCAR), in which precision-drilled teams hurl big American cars around oval tracks at up to 215 miles per hour. While NASCAR also sanctions the kinds of amateur stock car racing that you can see all over the country on Saturday nights, big-league stock car competition can cost a team \$1 million a year. NASCAR folk tend to be blue collar—as do those involved with the National Hot Rod Association (NHRA), sponsor of drag racing in which \$125,000 wheeled machines not really bearing much resemblance to cars reach 270 miles per hour over a quarter mile.

But the latest comer to a region more at home with bourbon than white wine is sports car racing, which is more sophisticated, with a European flavor. For this type of racing, the main sponsoring body for amateur competition is the Sports Car Club of America (SCCA), and a reasonably competitive car in Team 20's class costs in the neighborhood of \$20,000 to \$40,000. The rules are set to discourage really expensive cars. For example, the engines have to be basically the engine the car had when it came from the dealer.

PART TWO:

WEEKEND RACERS

Yet SCCA racing isn't amateurish in the usual sense of the word. A lot of work goes into these cars, a lot of knowledge, and a lot of modifications for performance. Tony's car glitters with Aeroquip lines, Oberg oil filter, expansion tank for the radiator, high-voltage ignition, reworked heads, and various esoterica that mean little outside of racing. He has a full roll cage, a Halon fire extinguisher system, an Accusump to keep the oil pressure up, and a cellular steel fuel tank to prevent fire. The crews tend to be from the practical walks of life, country boys who do their own plumbing, welding, machine work, wiring, concrete, and carpentry. Otherwise they are likely to be engineers and physicists, also practical sorts. Low-

Triumphant racing: Lighter cars are made, but Team 20 sticks with Triumphs.

budget means they can't afford the phenomenal expense needed to maintain a serious racing car.

It also means most of their time and liquidity somehow end up in the car. For example, Tony bought a television camera and built a mount just behind the driver's seat on Fletcher's car. The video of the races is clear, exciting stuff, but that isn't why Tony did it. The team wanted to see what the oil pressure gauge read in the hard turns. As it happened, the pressure dropped as oil sloshed away from the intake pipe. So they dropped the pan, welded on baffles, and finally went to Accusumps, pressurized containers that force oil into the system when pressure falls. The oil pressure stays up now.

"I guess racing is dangerous, sort of anyway, but I don't dwell on it," Tony said, moving from grinding valves in his garage to barbecuing ribs in his yard. Tony's yard is about what you would expect: no grass, just second-growth woods, and patches of red dirt speckled with mica, and anywhere from five to a dozen cars strewn about. Team 20 is like a river, narrowing here, speeding up there, but always flowing through the years, and the used-up cars generally end up in Tony's backyard. The name "Team 20," incidentally, came from Fletcher, who once looked at a successful

PART THREE, NEXT MONTH

SEEMS LIKE I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE. BUT THIS IS MY MG AND IT IS SOOOO PRETTY. WHY WOULD IT WANT TO DO THAT?

WELL, AFTER HAVING "OVERHEATING" PROBLEMS (AT TIMES) FOR A YEAR, I DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. NOW IN MY MIND, "OVERHEATING" MEANS RADIATOR TROUBLE. SO I REMOVED MY RADIATOR, TOOK IT TO BILL'S RADIATOR SHOP AND PAID THEM TO FIX IT. WHEN I GOT IT BACK IT WAS BEAUTIFUL, ALL SHINY BLACK, JUST LIKE MY CAR. I PUT IT BACK IN MY CAR AND BOY-O-BOY WAS I PROUD OF MY SHINY RADIATOR. BUT GUESS WHAT, I STILL HAD "OVERHEATING" PROBLEMS AT TIMES. IT WAS TIME FOR ACTION, A CALL TO GAMBINO'S. PUT IN A 160 DEGREE THERMOSTAT, CHECK TIGHTNESS OF HEAD BOLTS. SO I PUT IN A 160 DEGREE THERMOSTAT AND CHECKED THE HEAD BOLTS. CERTAINLY MY CAR WOULD NOT DARE "OVERHEAT". GUESS WHAT? WHAT ELSE COULD BE CHECKED? HOSES WERE GOOD, ELECTRIC FANS WORKED, NEW RADIATOR, THERMOSTAT AND TIGHT HEAD BOLTS. THAT'S ALL THERE IS. OR IS IT? NO! NO! IT COULDN'T BE THE EXPANSION TANK. THAT THING JUST SITS THERE. NO MOVING PARTS. JUST HALF FULL OF WATER AND ANTI-FREEZE. WHAT ABOUT THE RADIATOR CAP (ON TOP OF THE EXPANSION TANK) YOU SAY? NO, THAT TESTED OK.

HERE'S THE ANSWER. YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE "ELBO LIKE" TUBE STICKING OUT OF THE EXPANSION TANK. THE THING THAT LITTLE HOSE CONNECTS TO. THE THING THAT GETS HIT AND KNOCKED AROUND WHEN YOU WORK ON YOUR ALTERNATOR, ETC. YEP! IT HAD COME "UNSOLDERED", SPRUNG A LEAK AND WAS RELEASING PRESSURE. I TOOK IT TO BILL'S AND FOR \$8 HAD IT REPAIRED. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE DIFFERENCE.

SO IF YOUR MG HAS A PRESSURIZED SYSTEM WITH AN EXPANSION TANK, BE CAREFULL. IF YOU ARE "OVERHEATING" CHECK THAT EXPANSION TANK.

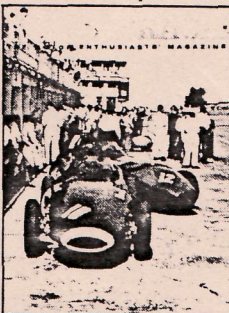
Years Ago

ROGER GIBSON
1980 MGB

THIRTY YEARS AGO

the cover photo featured Vanwall Formula 1 cars at the 1957 German Grand Prix in Nürburgring. Notice number 10 in the foreground; it was piloted to a 5th-place finish by Britisher Stirling Moss. Also from the UK was the \$1639 Hillman Husky, the first of our two road test cars; the second, another import, was Peugeot's \$2245 403 sedan.

We hedged our bets in our Le Mans preview by predicting the winner would be either a Jaguar, a Ferrari or an Aston Martin. As it



turned out the 3.0-liter Testa Rossa won; the driving of a Santa Monica hero during the night hours was the turning point of the race. *The Star-Spangled Banner* blared from loud speakers as the crowd cheered the winners: Belgian Olivier Gendebien and America's first sportsman to win the 24-hour classic—Phil Hill.

Letter From the President

Summer in New Orleans is here. Hot days, rainy afternoons and muggy evenings. Not too great of weather for MG cruising. Not only do the MG's not like the heat, but top down driving during the day can be hazardous to the driver.

We haven't scheduled any events during July because of the heat and vacations. For August we have two events. On **AUGUST 13-14** we will have a **TOUR TO THE GULFCOAST**. There is a waterpark in Gulfport we will probably go to. For those who want to we'll spend the night at a hotel and let the fun roll all night long! Sunday morning will be spent around the pool or on the beach. We'll head home after lunch. This should be good get-together for everyone. We'll pass around a list at the meeting. Sign up for this one. Call John Winter at 738-5169 for details.

The next event will be on **AUGUST 27th**. This one will be for the car buffs. Everyone needs something for their MG and everyone has a part they want to get rid of. Well this is the answer - An **MG GARAGE SALE!** Bring any car parts if you want; if it's too large, bring a picture. This will be at Jimmy Bruno's house, 6400 Blanke Street, Metairie, 885-6849. The club will run an advertisement in the newspaper and the sale will be open to the public. Invite anyone you want to.

Tag your car items with your name and a price. Ten percent of all sales will go to the club to help defer the costs of the ads and beer & cokes. This is an event every member should come to! Even if you don't sell/buy what you want, there will be some good free B.S. available. Remember - anyone is invited. Maybe we will end up with a few new members. **TIME: 12:00 - 3:00 pm.**

IN MEMORIAM

WITH THE DEATH OF KEN HUGHES IN JULY, THE CLUB LOST ONE OF ITS GOOD MEMBERS. KEN, A MEMBER SINCE 1986 WAS ACTIVE IN CLUB AFFAIRS, WAS A LOYAL FAN OF M.G.'S (HE DROVE HIS 1978 BLUE MGB EVERYDAY). KEN WAS ACTIVE IN CIVIC, SOCIAL AND LEGAL MATTERS, SERVING AS UNITED STATES MAGISTRATE (JUDGE) FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF LOUISIANA FROM 1976 THROUGH 1983. WE EXTEND OUR CONDOLENCES TO HIS WIFE LILLIAN AND THEIR CHILDREN.