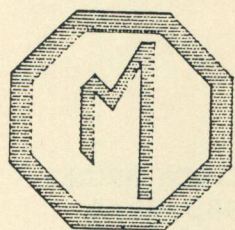


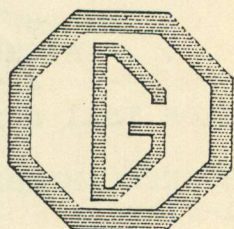
LA. MG C.C.
P.O. Box 641095
Kenner, La. 70064



FEBRUARY 1989



MORRIS



AZETTE



TO

JOHN & KATHIE WINTER
2029 GENERES
HARAHAN LA 70123

DUES
DUE! 88-01
A

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

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FOR SALE

MGA PARTS - Fenders, wiper motors, bare 1500 blocks,
transmission and miscellaneous electrical
parts

MGB PARTS - Tach, metric speedometer, transmission,
voltage regulator, etc...

CALL Richard Kilpatrick at 1-748-8223

MGA PARTS - radiators, hoods, doors, trunk lids, top frames
and other miscellaneous items;

CALL Michael Delacerda at 738-3246.

PARTING out 1957 MGA (used to be Jim Van Sickle's)
CALL Craig at 347-6317(days)

ALSO - 1 pair of Midget carbs with intake and linkage \$30;
CALL Michael Delacerda at 738-3246

THE LOUISIANA CENTRE OF THE MG CAR CLUB

NEWSLETTER FEBRUARY 1989

PRESIDENT JIMMY BRUNO
885-6849
VICE-PRESIDENT ROGER GIBSON
887-2725
TREASURER/SECRETARY MICHAEL CENAC
469-1882
MEMBERS-AT-LARGE LEON TSAI & SHELLY DEHOOG
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 AVAILIABLE

MG Club T-shirt(cream colour) - - - - - \$ 7.00
LCMGCC Cloth sew-on patch - - - - - 2.00
LCMGCC Window decal - - - - - 1.50
MG Car Club Old-Fashion Glasses - - - members \$2.50
non-members \$3.00

MINUTES JANUARY 24TH MEETING

Meeting started at 8:00
25 MG's in the parking lot!
Discussed Eldridge Reynolds
Covered the MG history tape showing and carb rebuilding tape
Discussed the MG Car Club article in the Times/Picayune
Able's still searching for British Casr to part out
Mike Loden gave a presentation on obtaining Antique
license plates and antique auto insurance
Introduced new members
Discussed possible events for 1989:
Tour to NASA
Auto-cross
MG Repair Clinic
Natchez Trace Tour
University Motors Summer Picnic
All Cars Picnic
2 Rallyes
Austin Healey Clubs' "Bridge to Bridge" river road tour

CALENDER OF EVENTS FOR 1989

FEB 26	- - - - -	CARAVAN/TOUR TO NASA (See Details in Newsletter)
FEB 28	- - - - -	GENERAL MEETING
MAR 18	- - - - -	MG REPAIR CLINIC
MAR 25	- - - - -	AUSTIN HEALEY BRIDGE TO BRIDGE TOUR
MAR 28	- - - - -	GENERAL MEETING
APR 8	- - - - -	NATCHEZ TRACE TOUR
APR 22	- - - - -	CRAWFISH BOIL AT ROGER GIBSON'S HOUSE
APR 25	- - - - -	GENERAL MEETING
MAY 5-7TH	- - - - -	VICKSBURG EMPIRE TROPHY RALLYE
MAY 20	- - - - -	SWAPMEET AND GARAGE SALE
JUN 11	- - - - -	ZEMURRAY GARDENS TOUR
JUL 22	- - - - -	OPEN
AUG 12	- - - - -	BRITISH CRUISE NIGHT
AUG 25-27	- - - - -	UNIVERSITY MOTORS SUMMER PICNIC

OUT NEXT GENERAL MEETING WILL BE HELD AT 7:30 ON
FEBRUARY 28TH AT SHONEY'S, 3410 WILLIAMS BLVD, KENNER.

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CARAVAN/TOUR TO NASA IN MISSISSIPPI FEBRUARY 26TH, 1989

We have set-up a caravan/tour to the John C. Stennis Space Center(NASA) in Mississippi. We will meet at the Whitney Bank in the Northeast corner of Lakeside Shopping Center at 1:00 on Sunday February 26th. We will take I-10 to U.S. 90 and wind our way to NASA. We will tour the NASA facility in Mississippi and return to Slidell around 5:00 or 6:00 pm. We are planning to stop at Kelly's Catfish Corner, those wishing to may join in or those not can continue back to N.O. If the weather is anything like it has been, this should be a very enjoyable drive. You can call Jimmy Bruno if you have any questions. Hope to see you there!



Now in his early 50s, Bill is a widower and he seems to see many of the values and the charms and the cleverness his late wife saw in the sheetmetal of the cars she loved.

His car, designated to lead the parade, was just a good 'ol Austin-Healey 100-6, a 1960 BM7 Mk1. Um, er, with some cleverness added, as in the aluminum body panels. And some charm, specifically the magneto ignition and the Ruddspeed intake manifold, and triple one-and-a-half inch S.U.'s. Cheater car? Don't you believe it. There wasn't a set of concrete-filled tires in sight. You wouldn't have suspected the car of a breach of manners from its behavior, much less its demeanor. A scrutineer's conundrum indeed.

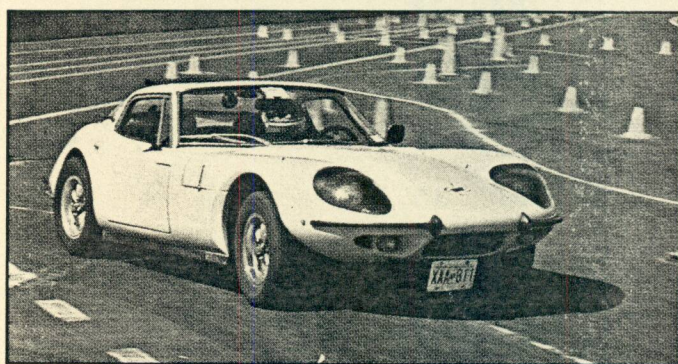
Inevitably things began to change. Of all activities with the automobile it was racing more than anything that brought change about. The primitive prescription in the SCCA's General Competition Rules for a borax dip in which to fireproof your balloon-loose Dunlop driver's suit gave way to something a little better through the magic of chemistry. Pete Snell's death at Arcata propelled Dr. George Snively to investigate helmet standards and to set new ones according to real world tests.

You may be sure that through it all there was a howl set up that reached the moon on dark mornings in the tech lines. "Put a rollbar in this car? Ruin the looks of my LeMans? Whose head is it anyway?" Ah, my, the arguments. The disputes. The debates. The endless exhausting floor arguments from Westport to Oakland.

The cost of progress is the pursuit of sanity. Sanity and safety. How long has it been that someone has been killed at Indy? The cost of progress is the end of isolation, the end of recalcitrance, the end of fierce independence, the end of tribal government, the end of individualism.

Jerry Cathey has the prettiest Healey of the lot. And there are more nice ones here than Donald Healey saw in a week's oversight of the plant. It's just what it should be: A red and black LeMans. Cathey is a vintage racer, an autocrosser, a British Field Meet participant. He plain loves cars. He is president of University Hardware, a TrueValue marketer, and he is a Roberto

Not all Meet exhibits were two-door roadsters; Land Rovers made a strong showing, as did Bill Bolton's 1960 Austin-Healey (above right) which led the parade. Marcos showed off on the track (right)



Guerrero fan. The field meet, taking place a week before Guerrero's accident at the Speedway, is thus innocent of the shadow of Roberto's crash. Cathey is not yet cast in its gloom. He is in discussion about an upcoming vintage race in Seattle.

Cathey has met Roberto and he likes him. He is unaware Guerrero is a full-bore safety fanatic. Listen to a middle-aged man who has realized his dream in the LeMans on the same subject. "A rollbar? In my LeMans? Well, you know I have a removable one and I use it, but to put in a permanent bar would mean cutting into the rear deck and I won't spoil the car's looks.

"Yes, I know. Yes, I've heard the arguments. But it is my head, isn't it?"

"Probably doesn't make much sense. Still, I've wanted this car forever. Isn't it nice?"

Sometimes the early car clubs, they weren't all SCCA regions by a long shot, would stage a strange event called a concours. Originally, the progenitor of the SCCA required that the owner of a car must offer it to another member before selling it on the open market. But that was long discarded practice, and at the concours there was some surreptitious looking and lusting and, well, if you have to know, buying and selling. Not much mind you. Some. After all, how else were you to get a used sports car? They were available at the stores that sold them new, but it wasn't the same. Buying at a car store just didn't provide a sense of being admitted to cult membership. It wasn't about making friends. You passed money and signatures. Nobody passed signs and secret handshakes.

That's exaggeration, of course, but not much. It was probably more true in the east than on the frontier that since a given social cachet came with the ownership of a sports car, it required a certain social standing to be admitted to the circles in which they were owned. It pretty much followed that if you had to be part of the crowd, there remained a sort of vestigial screening process. To say it kindly, the sports car crowd perpetuated itself in the reflections of its fenders.

On Sunday, the paddock area of P.I.R. became the parking lot for the British Field Meet and in it were parked two lines and then three and then four of cars for sale. A nice Bugeye (\$1795 plus T and L new) was \$6995; you could have an MG TF1500 (\$1995 west coast showroom price) for \$18,000; even a '61 Mini had climbed to \$4995, three times and then some what you might have paid in Aquarian dollars.

Jim Feldman showed his lovely AC Ace-Bristol, black with red, and not for sale; but he did say it would bring \$35,000, almost six times what you had to write the check for if you wanted a new one from Hollywood Sports Cars at the end of the '50s.

Do not ask about Jaguars.

The price of admission has risen. And so what? We are older, we are richer, there are more of us bidding for fewer cars. We want as much to belong as we ever did and the rewards of belonging are as great. If anything, the glorious day in the Portland sunshine showed they are greater.

They were "them" then and we were "us".

We are still "us" now, but so are they. ■

Side Glances

BY PETER EGAN

A FEW YEARS ago, when my friend John Jaeger was a crazy single guy, he went to a party and struck up a conversation with an “interesting” young woman. They were getting along just fine when an acquaintance of John’s came up and asked how his Formula Ford season was going. John explained that it was going pretty well, and then someone else butted in and asked if he’d taken a ride on his new motorcycle that weekend. No, John said, he’d gone flying with his friend Bill.

When he tried to resume his conversation with the young woman, John found himself gazing into a pair of eyes that had suddenly turned hard and cynical. “Tell me,” the woman said icily, “do you do anything that doesn’t burn gasoline?”

She then turned and walked away, presumably in search of someone more sensitive who didn’t burn so darned much gasoline.

We both had a good chuckle later when John told me this amazing strikeout story, and, of course, we thought of many clever rejoinders, long after the fact, as we slow-witted types are wont to do. In truth, of course, we felt a little stung, probably because few people on earth have a greater loathing for mechanical inefficiency and waste than sports car types. John and I both drove lightweight, high-mileage cars with two seats, or rode motorcycles, on roads flooded with huge, nearly empty sedans. Minimalism ran through the sports car movement in heavy streaks. Most of us got into this business, after all, because we looked at the size and mass of the front bumper on our parents’ mid-Fifties Buick and sensed that something was very wrong.

But if the woman’s question was a



BURNING THE CANDLE AT NEITHER END

little cruel (because she didn’t wait around for the answer), it was also fair. Cause for a moment of introspection. Did any of us do anything that didn’t burn gasoline? Did I?

The three constant, overlapping passions in my own life had always been sports car racing, motorcycling and flying, all of which clearly burned gasoline. There was reading, of course—I read a lot—but most of that was done at night. By electric light. With electricity from an oil-fired generating station. I also spent a lot of time playing guitar (as did John), but I played an electric guitar at least as often as an acoustic, with a Fender amp plugged into that same

old power station. Each summer, my wife Barbara and I went climbing in the Rockies or canoeing in the Canadian Boundary Waters. Both of these pastimes were ostensible escapes from machines and combustion, but, of course, we had to *drive* to the mountains or the lake country, trips of eight to 24 hours, usually made in someone’s big, roomy gas-slurping older American car.

And when we got into the backcountry, we cooked most of our food on a small Swedish-made stove called an Optimus, which ran on white gas, and we slept in a nylon tent and nylon sleeping bags. (Where do you suppose nylon comes from? Nylon plantations in the Mississippi Delta? I think not.) At least the goose-down stuffing in the bags was probably free from the shadow of the petrochemical industry, though, presumably, goose eggs are not incubated by wood fires or whale lamps. (Whale lamps? Think about that one.) Our Grumman canoe was made of aluminum, which I am told requires vast amounts of electrical power to produce. And then there were the aluminum pack frames, nylon knapsacks and climbing ropes, Gore-Tex jackets, plastic fuel and food containers, Zip-Loc bags, etc. Our campsite was awash in the benefits of oil energy and oil byproducts. Buffalo robes and stone tools were conspicuously absent.

The fact is that most of us, even in our back-to-nature phase, were burning or using a lot of petroleum. I had neighbors who cast a jaundiced eye (sorry, Leon) on my racing activities as being wasteful and anti-environmental, but led a field trip from Wisconsin to the Florida Everglades every year so that high school students could study the fragile nature of that endangered ecosystem. By

driving 4000 miles, round trip, in a big Dodge van that got about 8 mpg. This little jaunt, though admirable in its mission, required more fuel than I burned in three seasons of racing. While exposing the poor Everglades to the ministrations of teen-agers.

When it came to burning oil, we all had our own little islands to protect—a truth that became evident during the first great fuel crisis, when the public cried out against auto racing. Until it learned that jet-setting football teams and their intrepid, hard-driving fans used more fuel than racing teams and their fans. And then there were high school teams, with all those buses and cars . . . (Life without football? EEEEEEEEE!! That certainly quieted them down.)

But even if we were all in this oil-consumption thing together, I still felt a little badly that everything I did burned gasoline. The ring of that accusation echoed in my consciousness for years.

Until the other night.

I got up from the dinner table and went out to the garage to work on my Lotus Seven chassis. While pondering my night's work, it suddenly

came to me, in one of those small thunderclaps of enlightenment, that I do at least one thing that not only doesn't use gasoline, but also saves literally hundreds of gallons of the stuff every year.

I restore old cars.

That's right. Never has any occupation kept so many people off the street for such extended periods of time so successfully. Look at the evidence:

Item 1: Before I bought it, my Lotus Seven spent three years in the shop, absent from race track and street, undergoing mechanical restoration. I bought the car a year ago and immediately disassembled it for paint and cosmetic restoration, which won't be done for probably another year. That's five years of non-gasoline-burning for the car, and five years during which its owners were stuck in the back of a garage, hunched over a workbench, while others were out having fun, driving to shopping centers, taking romantic weekend vacations, water skiing, motorhoming, installing bicycle racks on their cars, jetting off on Club Med vacations or driving to the Everglades.

MGA HORNS

By Michael Delacerda

Baron my tired old E-Type roadster two years ago, and no one has seen him, or the car, since. He says it'll be done in another year of weekends and nights.

Item 3: John Jaeger bought a 1966 Mustang Fastback last month, and when I stopped by his house the other night, he had the dashboard in his living room. Can you imagine how long *that* car is going to be off the road?

Simply put, old car restoration is probably one of the most conservation-minded hobbies you can undertake. You'd use more fuel raising *bees*, for God's sake, what with those high-tech bee-smokers they use. Not only does car restoration keep one away from the gas pumps indefinitely, but it has the beneficial effect of recycling something old, saving it from the smelter.

Theoretically, of course, a car will eventually be restored and driven. But I can assure you from long experience that most refurbished cars spend about two years in the garage for every 15 minutes of actual driving time.

And, in this respect, British marques tend to save a lot more gas than some of your less socially conscious brands. ☐

If the horn in your MGA doesn't work, try cleaning the contact points located inside the horn, with a fine grade sandpaper. If the horn still doesn't work, make sure the horn push button is grounded properly behind the dashboard. Also check the ground of the horn itself against the frame, by making sure all contact points are free of paint, rust or corrosion. If necessary, you can run a short grounding wire to the horn from where the wiring harness grounds to the frame. Good luck!

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NOTES FROM THE PREZ

The calender for the coming year is shaping up. Check the calender for new listings. There'll be plenty ti do this year

We've been having our meetings at Shoney's for the last few years. The people there have been very accomadating and patient considering we take up their whole parking lot. (You should have seen the MG's last month, it looked like a dealership!) Shoney's does not charge the club for the use of their meeting room. I think everyone should make an effort to order at least something. This is only fair. We can't continue to take up all that space and not eat.

Come early,(7:00 to 8:30) and put in your order so that they can get the food served before the meeting begins at 8:00p.m. We can have our regular parking lot conversations after the meeting instead of before. Give it a try.

Bring those MG's to the meeting!

Jimmy