

Chairman's Chat

What a great shame that the weather was so terrible on the day of the Abingdon Show that we had to call the trip off. I understand the show went ahead but low cloud, heavy showers and a bitterly cold wind would have made it a long and uncomfortable day out for us so it was a good decision to abandon this year. Perhaps we can try again in 2011.

My MG activities have been a bit limited since then because I have been busy carrying out some internal decorating in the house. However when it came to the time to buy a couple of tins of paint, and the closest supplier was in Frome, I took the opportunity to get the MGA out for the journey. Slowly but surely the minor glitches following the engine rebuild and gearbox change are getting sorted out and I am more pleased with the way it is running now. One item still causing annoyance is that the new gear box appears to be knocking on the underside of the transmission tunnel but I have not been able to identify exactly where. Hopefully I shall get to the bottom of it shortly. I had overlooked renewing the MoT certificate for the MGF and so a test was hurriedly arranged last Friday and I'm pleased to say that all went well, a new wiper blade

being the only requirement to secure another twelve months motoring. To celebrate we took a trip down to Weymouth the following day and despite approaching its fourteenth birthday the car still gives quite a buzz to drive. However, I must arrange to get the timing belt changed soon, as it is getting on for five years since it was last done. When I asked the last chap who did the job for me if it was a difficult task he said that if I could imagine wallpapering the hall, stairs and landing through the letter box in the front door, then that would give me a pretty good idea of the degree of difficulty. Which takes me back to decorating!

25th Anniversary invitations to past Members have been sent out and as yet I have received no responses, but it is early days. However, let me remind you all again that friends and relatives are very welcome to join us in the celebrations so tell them all about it and try to sell a few tickets.



For your diary in the coming month

May

24th Club night - Tenpin Bowling.

June

5th MG Live Silverstone.

20th Calne Classic Car Show.

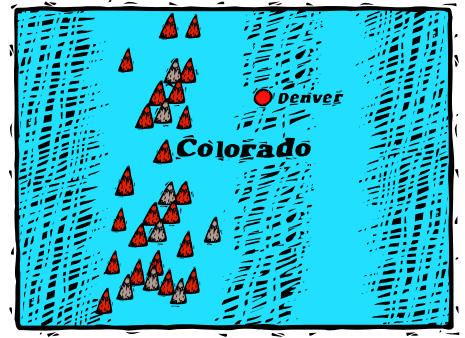
28th Club Night BBQ

For the next Club meeting we meet initially at the Christie Miller Sports Centre at Bowerhill at 7.30 for tenpin bowling, returning to The Bell afterwards for the usual natter.

Gordon

Rocky Mountain High

I didn't know that talking a shower could be so profound, but there it was printed on my small piece of soap " **Start your Big Day with clean hands**". Now wow, that's profound... I think? But I am in Colorado, on the Great Plains, where the buffalo used to roam, so maybe there's a bit of political soul searching here or maybe its just America.



My flight from Heathrow was on time thankfully, even more so since



BA had demanded checking-in 4 hours before departure. Two hours into the flight and I was presented with a meal tray which contained an aluminium container with a picture on the top of what the meal should have looked like but didn't. Carefully crafted at Gate Gourmet by a non indigenous brown Slough person, I think they were getting their own back for having to work on a Sunday! I really think that with a ticket price of £2600 BA could just do a little better.

With 10 hours to kill I watched Avatar, not a bad film actually, set in the future about a greedy human race with very strong American accents trying to kill off a blue indigenous race of really nice people (probably with good cooking skills) to get hold of their precious minerals. Of course the blue guys won in the end and the bad US military-type guys got their come-uppence.

We dropped into Denver late afternoon, having flown over the plains and were impressed by the new airport, designed to look at night like Cheyenne tepees on the skyline. Really nice actually.



Disembarking, we had to walk about 50 miles to reach immigration control, passing endless old photos on the walls of indigenous red people who used to live in the region but were persuaded to move on by some nice white American military people back in the mid 1800's. Anyway the red people thought that the sudden influx of white people would spoil the neighbourhood and cause tepee prices to drop and there was talk of an airport being built nearby so they moved on. In the airport reception hall there was even a cute stuffed buffalo (apparently they lived here too).

A charming receptionist called Brook Wagner who had lovely white teeth was ever so, ever so pleased to see me when I checked into my hotel and Great Day (she clearly didn't know about the yet!). A mere 20 floors up, 17 hours since I lag time difference, I'd made it pretty much



Maybe Denver wouldn't be so bad, even after all they were advertising Newcastle outside and the prospect a conference on war-just had a real ring of appeal to it, and as I was to

hope that I would have a corporate Big Day slogan left home and a 6 hour jet in once piece.

dung and war-paint residues just aren't the main problems any more around here. Despite the subject of the conference there were no green people attending. Bit of a surprise but maybe they had been talking to the red people and decided better of especially since they tend to have long hair.

though it was snowing... Brown on big posters ter pollution in the USA find out, it seems buffalo

Back to the hotel and the first task, turn the air conditioning off. Ah! technological problem here. So having punched all the buttons on the wall control repeatedly I got a confused look from the display and all went quiet. Well actually no.. the air-conditioning vents on the roof of the adjacent building were louder than the unit in my room, so for the rest of the night I enjoyed the 50 cycle hum of venting air through my double glazed window.

Morning for me started around 3am US time when my Blackberry started receiving emails from a 9 o'clock UK.



Totally refreshed... I took to the shower as a prelude to the 7am US time conference start. Wrestling with the shower controls as how the hell to get water to come out of the shower head at a temperature that didn't either freeze your whatsits off or scald your skin I turned, grabbed my soap, saw the slogan and the rest is history.

Well not quite... so how do you get clean hands for your Big Day if the water is polluted? I must ask someone at the conference....

Roger

Man and Machine – *In Perfect Harmony!*

Following on from Paul's report on the his and Anne's pre-check of L'Echarderie in anticipation of The Magnificent Five's visit to Le Mans, I thought it appropriate to mention the repairs now necessary to the grass are underway!

Ever trusting, I was very happy to let Paul loose on my new mower. After all what could go wrong. Not used to hydrologic transmission and in the absence of the mechanical luxuries of an MGBGT, Paul set forth manfully, glass of wine in hand. The wine quickly lost he then proceeded to gyrate, at great speed, in what looked to me to be a pretty uncontrolled fashion, circling trees and taking down the occasional errant daffodil, terrifying the dog and calling out "mon dieu" or something like it.



Finally coming to rest some hour later thanks to a lack of petrol, he declared the cutting complete. The engine silenced I and the dog felt it safe to return to see what had happened. Apparently the driving pattern was planned after all and followed a well known design algorithm design for maximum fuel

efficiency. I should have realised of course.

The re-seeded areas should be well established by the F 5's arrival

Roger

The editor always has the last laugh – sorry word....don't get mad get even – I'm sure there should be a few takers for this month's caption competition! And I hope you like the cartoons I included in Roger's entertaining piece on his Denver trip.....



Isle of Wight 25th Anniversary Run 2010 – A Personal Record

As we pulled into the Devizes Wharf Car Park on Friday morning, we knew our long anticipated holiday had begun. The day was bright but still chilly at 8.30am but there were the familiar friendly faces to greet us and to make us feel part of that happy band of MG owners.



The route having been carefully checked out by pathfinder Paul, we set out via Upavon, Tidworth and the delightfully rural B3084 for Romsey and thence via the M271 to Southampton. Arriving in good time we managed to catch an earlier boat bound for East Cowes and spent a pleasant hour gazing at the ever changing landscape alongside Southampton Water.

Having arrived at East Cowes we negotiated Newport on the way to Godshill where we parked up in our normal meticulous manner and secured our places at The Griffin where both hunger and thirst were satisfied but not necessarily in that order.

After a brief wander round this attractive if rather commercialised village, we all set off again for our final destination for the day, The Hermitage at Rine's Down, just above Chale and Niton. This a successful merchant, Michael Hoy, who Russia and he erected the Alexandrian Pillar - Monument in commemoration of a visit by the 1860 the main building was burnt down and today in 1895. (Until the outbreak of WW II, been used by the Hitler Youth!) After a mile or we suddenly came across an enclosed area of woodland with this lovely old building attractively positioned in the centre which was to be our home for the next three nights.



the top of St Catherine's was built in 1813 by traded mainly with known as the Hoy Russian Czar. In was rebuilt as it is the building had also two of narrow lanes

Having unloaded and had a cup of tea, the choice was either to flop or to explore and several of us decided, with a certain rectitude, on the latter activity. Through a slight misunderstanding and some conversationally inspired pedestrian deviations, a motley crew found its way to St Catherine's Oratory (the rocket shaped remains of an old church, the Oratorians being a religious society of secular priests) from which we could see right along the southern coast line towards Freshwater Bay. The fact that we thought we were walking towards Hoy's Monument did nothing to spoil the magnificent view or the moment! On the return walk we were rewarded with sightings of both buzzards and kestrels and these kept us engaged until practically back to The Hermitage when we finally found Hoy's Monument and posed for even more photographs.



Spirits were high and cheeks reddened by the exposure to all that fresh air (our faces had also benefited from the sunshine!) as we gathered for pre-dinner drinks. Excited talk over dinner in the magnificent dining room was of what we had seen and what to do on the morrow. After dinner we retired to the elegant lounge, where thanks to Roger and Lynne's planning, we played Call My Bluff which exposed our individual talents, or lack of, in embroidering lies to seem like the truth – bit like bankers really only funnier and cheaper.

Next morning we all tucked into an excellent and hearty breakfast as we gazed out on yet another glorious day and then went our various ways with nearly everyone deciding to go to Osborne House, Queen Victoria's "palace by the sea". Later reports confirmed what a good choice that was even for those who were not normally attracted to country houses. However June and I felt the need to be outside in the



sun by the sea and as we had never been to the IoW before, we took off for Sandown. Having just parked up, we immediately got talking to one of the eight owners of MGs on the island.

Enjoying the superb weather along the front towards Shanklin, we sat to watch the various beach activities. One wet-suited surfer began wading out to sea with his surf board when his dog jumped on board for the ride. Having walked out to chest high water and with some decent waves rolling in, the man pushed off the surf board with his dog standing on it and there was our first sighting of a surfing dog (see photograph). Apparently the dog had been trained since the age of 6 months to surf and was now a natural.



June and I then went to the famous Garlic Farm and had a delicious lunch and then met a few Wessex stragglers on the way to the agreed meeting place for tea – the Lavender Farm. There we caught up with everybody's news and suitably refreshed we returned to our hotel for a bath more circuitous had started pinking there were the in-experts tried to dis- self, tried to learn tuitously Kevin had Island, so was able outing to the west of the Island. After dinner Call my Bluff was again on the agenda plus some novel games introduced and led by Sue and Roy McDine and we all enjoyed a hilarious evening.



The next morning was again sunny and warm, so fortified by another substantial breakfast, most of us set off for the south coast road, also called the Military Road, which provided a magnificent sweeping view of the coastline and cliffs along towards Freshwater. There some of us ended up for coffee where we espied a certain couple in a green MGA who were clearly plotting more fiendishly clever after-dinner games under the pretence of reading the paper! Five cars then took



off for Alum Bay which itself is a rather large car park with a sort of shopping centre attached but provided access to the beach where a boat (at a discounted price) took us up to, but unfortunately not round, the Needles. The search was then on for a pub lunch. Here we struck gold as the pub (The Highdown Inn at Totland) not only served 'til 3pm but was



able to provide anything from half a lobster to excellent sandwiches in a secluded garden. Suitably refreshed we motored on to Shalfleet via Yarmouth and then to Newtown's nature reserve with its organised bird watching facilities and evidence of oyster beds and old salt pans – a truly atmospheric and tranquil place to spend some time with friends. Another welcome meal together back at the hotel was followed by further fun and games.

The final morning, after another hearty breakfast came a realisation that our time together was coming to an end and a confirmed diagnosis that Paul's car had indeed blown its head gasket and would have to be transported to the ferry and home.

A sad outcome, particularly as he and Ann had worked so hard to make the weekend such a resounding success and we all owe them both a debt of gratitude for their hard work and for taking on the responsibility for organising for such a project which isn't always easy.

We left the hotel in hood-down weather yet again and managed to all meet up again at East Cowes for the journey home, hoping in the meantime that Paul's journey home with the MG would be straightforward. (I think most members are by now aware of the end of that particular story). Having driven about 100 miles from hotel to home in the warm sunshine, we arrived back at about 4.30 feeling refreshed and invigorated by the whole experience but absolutely wacked. Thank-you everyone for making it such a special time.



Jeff Rattle

A Wild Goose Chase

Heartfelt thanks goes once again to Gordon and Sandra for planning and organising this year's treasure hunt which took us through lush Wiltshire countryside and quaint villages. The first 3 clues were all within 50 yards of The Bell so there was much skulking around, collaborating and watching other teams but no-one got the first clue which was a bench mark on the pub itself!



The Wild Goose Chase took us first to Norrington Common where we did indeed see wild geese as well as ducks and guinea fowl around the pond. It was completely natural and unspoilt with no tourist attractions which contrasted with that of Biddestone which we were to later pass through. Skirting around Chippenham we saw plenty of farms with unusual names, in particular Swerve Farm which is what we were doing to avoid a fast jeep heading towards us on the narrow road. The first part of the run gave us written instructions of which roads to take and we ended this section on the Quemerford side of Calne. It was particularly interesting for me as we passed the cottage (which is now for sale) in which my father was born and his parents lived until old age.

The second part gave us 'tulip diagrams' and from Blackland we headed towards Devizes past The North Wilts Golf Club, which incidentally was founded in 1890! We circumnavigated Devizes going through Horton, Coate, Urchfont and Market Lavington before we crossed the A360 to end up at Great Cheverell all the while looking out for toadstools and spheres.



The Bell at Great Cheverell was our final destination where we all enjoyed a Sunday lunch fit for a Queen. In fact the chef, in a previous employment at Buckingham Palace, had cooked for the Royal family. Gordon then announced the results in traditional reverse order. Vic and Jeni who were last year's winners took 3rd place, Paul and Danela came 2nd with 59 points and Roy and I with just 1 point more won the golden egg. We were presented with a delicious hamper, beautifully put together by Sandra, which we delved into that evening, our boys and their girls inviting themselves along too.

Sue McDIne

Caption Competition



Paul Adams:

"Even though he had streamlined the Ariel for those vital extra inches, it quickly became apparent that Paul actually had no idea how tall his car really was"

Or

"Paul Wheel tries out his new hands free sunroof opening device (patent pending)"

Roger Binney:

"Bloody hell who threw that Zulu spear? It nearly scratched my paintwork!"



A Winner in our Midst – *Too Modest*

Ron took his immaculate MGC to the MG ERA event at Brooklands in April, with his son as passenger. Whilst he was there he met up with



Philip Bussey (not sure whether Gina was with him or not). Ron parked his car inside the Brooklands site with all the other MGs.

When he returned to the car, there was a notice stuck to his windscreen, announcing that he had been awarded 2nd place in the post war category of



MG cars. He was also requested to attend a presentation ceremony at the Brooklands Club House. Official photographs were taken and should appear in one of the magazines. Philip loaned me his memory card to download pics of the event – unfortunately I couldn't download them. Until we see formal pics of his award, I asked Ron to pose with his trophy for the newsletter.

Ron and I went to the Bristol Classic Car Show at the Royal Bath & West Showground in his MGC, more of this next month.

Ed

WESSEX MG 2010 EVENTS LIST				
Date	Event	Club Event	Venue	Details
24/05/2010	10 Pin Bowling	YES	See Details	The Christie Miller Centre Bower Hill. POC Gordon Newman.
05/06/2010	MG Live	YES	Silverstone	There is a club run on Saturday 5th. 3 Days of live action on and off the track organised by the MG Car Club
20/06/2010	Calne Classic Car show	YES	Calne	To include BBQ at Tom's house. See details below. POC Tom Strickland
28/06/2010	Club Night (BBQ)	YES	The Bell	Bring your own food to prepare on the BBQ
18/07/2010	Club Picnic	YES	Gaydon	Gaydon is cancelled as a picnic destination
26/07/2010	Club Night	YES	The Bell	Mystery run.
07/08/2010	Families day RAF Lyneham	YES	RAF Lyneham	TBA - POC Paul Wheal
08/08/2010	Club Run	YES	Athelhampton Bournemouth	TBA
23/08/2010	Club Night	YES	The Bell	Boules
29-30 Aug	Wings & Wheels		Dunsford	Provisional entry in events list
11-12 Sept	25th Anniversary Celebrations	YES	See Details	The Lydiard Conference Centre
26/09/2010	Driving test	YES	TBA	POC Vic Wright
27/09/2010	Club Night	YES	TBA	Review of IofW trip and ideas for 2011.
25/10/2010	Club Night	YES	TBA	TBA
27/11/2010	AGM	YES	TBA	TBA
11/12/2010	Christmas Dinner	YES	TBA	TBA

MG Live

I said I would arrange the MG Live club run. Unfortunately the event coincides with our first weekend away in Scotland of a 2 week holiday. The day we planned to go to Silverstone is the Saturday; the entry fee for the day is £20 in advance for non MG Car Club members, £25 on the day and £15 for members. I think members are able to take guest at the £15 rate. Last date for advance tickets is 24 May.

Control click on the link below should get you on the ticket site.

http://mglive.co.uk/index.php?option=com_wrapper&view=wrapper&Itemid=141

Ed

Secretary's Scribbles

Last month I was having Petrol Pump issues with the ZB – well they continued as the pump I tried to fit was a plastic bodied pump and ripped its threads as I tried to fit the pipe unions to it – I now have a proper metal one and everything is great – incidentally in this case Moss wins as they supply these good metal pumps at the reasonable price of £53. Then when most of the club was jetting off to have head gasket troubles on the Isle of Wight I was zooming up the M5 to Birmingham when I noticed that the Ignition warning lamp had come on. I was lucky as the next junction was the one I needed and there was a lay-by straight away – I was expecting a loose belt! On opening the bonnet there was no belt at all! I of course had no spare- doh! The RAC arrived in 20 minutes carrying a variety of belts and off I was to my destination.

My BGT also seemed to be fixed and working perfectly when I wrote last month only to also develop an ignition warning light issue – well of course it was the Alternator which had slowly stopped charging. I had noticed that the lamp stayed on to higher revs than normal then one day it didn't come on at all. I checked for charging and it wasn't – Paul Wheal came to the rescue here as he realised there was something called a service repair kit for alternators and even offered to do the repair for me – he obviously has too much time on his hands now – or maybe the ash cloud had grounded his flying passion! My thanks to Paul for this! All is now well and both cars are running.

I was the only Wessexer to attend the rather washed out Abingdon Show – on the negative it was a wash out and very poorly attended and I was wet and cold all day (requiring a hot shower to give me back my life blood). On the positive there was a good turnout of Midgets and I made some good contacts and had my first peer at another ZB. There were in fact about 15 Z midgets at the show despite the rain and wind. Those who decided not to go almost certainly made the right choice!

A reminder that if you wish to attend the Calne Classic car show then you must let me know asap.

Tom