



Party **T**IMES



August, September & October 2020

Issue Highlights

Chairman's Cable	2-5
MG in America	6-8
Ales of the UK	9
Information & Humor	10-12
Classifieds	13-14



Although Elliot & Marty Grover have sold their lovely T Series, the cars do occasionally get together with their new owners in Florida!

Famous Racing Quotes:

"The crashes people remember, but drivers remember the near misses."

Mario Andretti

From the Editor

Well, they've been saying for the last two months (at least the Doctors & Scientists) that a second wave of this scourge will be back by the fall, and perhaps by our own stupidity, we've moved that timeline up to midsummer. There is a way to open up again, but we have to be smart about it, wishful thinking that it will "just go away" isn't going to cut it. Just ask the people in Florida, Arizona & Texas how opening up the bars and restaurants early despite health care officials' warnings worked out. Face it, until there is a vaccine, wearing a mask, social distancing & keeping our hands clean will have to become second nature. That being said, social gatherings in our British cars don't have to end, but it will take a bit more effort to do it safely. Recently I planned a drive with some local members of the BCNH here in NH. My first priority for the drive was a starting point with plenty of room for social distancing during the drivers' meeting. I also made it a prerequisite that all participants needed to wear masks when social distancing was not possible, and also to bring hand sanitizer. I scouted the pub we were headed for to make sure there was ample outdoor seating and space to enjoy a meal in safety. A little more work, but worth it for the added safety.

Safety Fast!

Chairman's Cable



Dreams of Vanished Doggerland—Motoring Peradventure in 2020 The Year that Never Was.

...

According to "[Searching for Doggerland](#)," by Laura Spinney, [National Geographic](#) (December, 2012):

"For decades North Sea boatmen have been dragging up **traces of a vanished world** in their nets. Now archaeologists are asking a timely question: What happens to people as their homeland disappears beneath a rising tide?"

"Cut off from ancestral hunting, fishing, or burial grounds, the people would have felt a profound sense of placelessness. How did Mesolithic hunters, so attuned to the rhythm of the seasons, adapt **as their world began to dissolve around them?**"



"The story of that vanished land begins with the waning of the ice. Eighteen thousand years

ago, the seas around northern Europe were some 400 feet lower than today. Britain was not an island but the uninhabited northwest corner of Europe, and between it and the rest of the continent stretched frozen tundra. As the world warmed and the ice receded, deer, aurochs, and wild boar headed northward and westward. The hunters followed. Coming off the uplands of what is now continental Europe, they found themselves in a vast, low-lying plain."

Today, in the midst of all the uncertainties and seemingly uncontrollable changes wrought on our own land by the novel coronavirus, SARS-CoV-2, I think we are all, in a way, "**Searching for Doggerland**" and our own lost way of life before COVID-19.

While we perhaps cannot go far, there are adventures to be had in some of our favorite nearby places. Here is one of mine:



Approaching the "Ocean Lawn" with MaryBeth and Graham.

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of the Atlantic Ocean, Manchester-by-the Sea, the North Shore coastline, and, on a clear day, the distant Boston skyline and Cape Cod.

I have enjoyed many visits over the years to this



lovely spot, including, a memorable Mother's Day picnic more than 15 years ago, that was a smashing success and a cherished memory dear to my heart.



Another "mini-adventure" I had recently involved some quality time spent with my old Aluminum-bodied Series truck and seeking out the road less

"Keep your face always toward the sunshine—and shadows will fall behind you." --Walt traveled.



Another path leads to a sandy beach in Manchester by the Sea.





My Series IIA Land Rover 88" Station Wagon enjoying an impromptu suburban "Safari" on a proper "dirt" way, Chebacco Road, right around the corner from my home. Below: [Some things that make me happy.](#)



MG Parts Department Shop Bike



Morris Garages (MG) Super Sports



**THE ULTIMATE
ANTI-THEFT
DEVICE...
LUCAS ELECTRICS**

**The 3 position
LUCAS SWITCH**

So, if anyone says to you:



"When everything seems to be going against you, remember that the aeroplane takes off against the wind, not with it."
--Henry Ford

"The best way out is always through."

Tell them, Charles says:



-Charles



When Kjell Qvale met the MG and gave sports cars a foothold in America

[Editor's Note: Received from Alex Gottfried, this is an excerpt from Peter Grimsdale's High Performance: When Britain Ruled the Roads detailing a pivotal moment in sports car history: When Kjell Qvale stumbled across his first sports car, the MG TC, and made a deal to sell them in America.]

The young ex-U.S. Navy pilot had arrived from California by train. He was early for his appointment, so he hung about on the sidewalk in downtown New Orleans that January morning in 1947, watching the traffic go by. Kjell Qvale (pronounced "Shell Kervahley") was twenty-eight and living the American dream. Born in Norway, he had arrived in America at the age of ten. "The only words I knew were 'yes,' 'no' and 'stick 'em up.'" His family settled in Oregon and in the depths of the Depression he delivered the Portland Oregon Journal and sold vegetable graters and phonograph needles door to door, making enough to buy himself a bicycle.

An athletic blond with piercing, steel-blue eyes, he became a track and ski star at school and won a sports scholarship to the University of Washington, but when the Second World War intervened, Qvale enlisted in the U.S. Navy, trained as a pilot and flew every kind of machine going. But it was cars that became his real passion. Back in civilian life, he needed to make some money. With the \$8,000 he had managed to save plus some help from a friend's father, he leased premises in Alameda, California, and opened a Willys Jeep dealership. But he soon decided he needed a sideline. One of his mechanics had heard of a foreign motorcycle that was going cheap. So Qvale bought a ticket on the Sunset Limited train from San Francisco to Louisiana, with the intention of tracking down the agent. "All of a sudden, this cute little car pulled up. I had never seen anything like it. The driver got out and I asked him what it was. He said it was an MG sports car. I asked him where it was from. 'Made in England,' came the reply."



Qvale had never heard of MG. The only foreign marques he knew of were Rolls-Royce and Mercedes-Benz. In fact, even the term “sports car” was alien to him. Qvale asked if he could take a ride. It was only a ten-minute spin, but it was enough; he was hooked.

There was nothing new about the MG TC; in fact, quite the opposite. Its design was an evolution of the 1932 Midget, one of the first affordable sports cars to be built anywhere in the world. It was willfully archaic, a basic primitive machine. But what Qvale saw in it was a more sociable version of the motorcycle: “It had no bumpers, no roof, its steering

wheel was on the right, but it gave me the biggest thrill of my life.” Its vintage-style 19-inch wire wheels, cutaway doors and open top offered a bracing, wind-in-the-hair ride. He was immediately besotted. And, happily, the driver turned out to be the son of the man he had come to see.

In downtown New Orleans, Jocelyn Hambro cut a most unlikely figure. Born in 1919, he belonged to the third generation of a City of London merchant-banking dynasty who divided their time between Mayfair, Sussex and an estate bordering Loch Ness. When he was thirteen his mother was killed when her motorboat exploded on the loch; her body was never found. Despite this tragedy, he developed an early appreciation of the good life. At Eton he became the school’s de facto bookmaker and after going up to Trinity College, Cambridge, he was more often to be found at Newmarket or on a grouse moor. When war was declared he enlisted in the Coldstream Guards. He proved to be an unexpectedly capable soldier and rose to the rank of major. As a tank commander he landed at Juno Beach shortly after D-Day and won a Military Cross for his part in the capture of Hill 309 in Normandy. But then a stray Allied anti-aircraft shell blew off his left leg. For Jocelyn, the war was over, so he joined the family bank.

Pulling in dollars to shore up the post-war British economy was the priority for the City. But the Hambros had no presence on Wall Street; their interests were all in Europe and the Far East. So they decided to bypass New York and go west.

In the summer of 1945, Jocelyn set sail for New Orleans, the largest port in the Deep South, armed with a \$10,000 float to establish a trading post from which to import British goods. On no more than a hunch and his own personal enthusiasm, he began with Scottish kippers, but these were judged too small for American plates, rotted in the warehouse and had to be dumped in the harbor. Undaunted, he moved on to jars of honey, which overheated in storage, fermented and exploded. Then there were crystal-glass ornaments, which got smashed en route. Finally, he tried MG sports cars.

There was no reason to expect that these undersized, anachronistic vehicles would be anything other than yet another disaster. American cars in the mid-'40s were all about bulbous curves and chrome; the MG's minimal bodywork had straight sides and sharp edges that had more in common with a veteran Model T Ford. And even in Louisiana, in the Deep South, Hambro soon discovered that established dealers all had franchises with Detroit's big corporations which forbade them to sell imported autos alongside domestic brands.

To begin with, the one-legged former guardsman's modus operandi was more Bishopsgate (London's equivalent of Wall Street) than Baton Rouge. According to Hambro legend, one illustrious ancestor refused credit to a man with the "wrong color socks." He went bust shortly after. Since many of Jocelyn's potential recruits hereabouts didn't wear socks at all, he had to adopt a more open mind. In Dallas, he signed up a jukebox salesman; elsewhere a beer distributor and a man who sold refrigerators door to door.

The cut was generous: He offered 33 per cent for the distributor against the 20 per cent domestic dealers received. It was still an uphill battle. The MG was just too strange to many American eyes. One potential dealer Hambro approached dismissed the little MG as "two sheets of tin and a bundle of firewood."

Not so to Kjell Qvale; for him, it was love at first sight. Then and there, on the strength of that one run round the block and sealed with no more than a handshake, the young ex-Navy pilot became the MG agent for the whole of northern California. When he headed home he took six cars with him – and sold them all in a weekend. So he ordered fifty more.

It looked like an extremely rash move. The friend's father who had invested in Qvale's start-up Jeep business was furious and the Bank of America refused to give him the same short-term finance to cover his first order of stock. They had never heard of MG, or so-called "sports cars." But Hambro rode to the rescue. Since he was also a banker, he was willing to await payment until after the cars had been sold.

Qvale's hunch was right. "It was the most significant moment in my life," Qvale wrote later. "The beginning of everything I would do

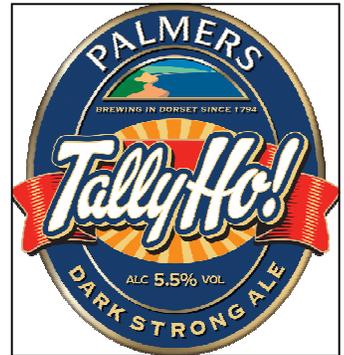


The Ales of the United Kingdom

“Give my people plenty of beer, good beer & cheap beer, and you will have no revolution among them”.
Queen Victoria



**Palmers Brewery
The Old Brewery,
West Bay Road,
Bridport, Dorset,**



Tally Ho!

In 1794, Dorset rope and net makers, the Gundry family, built the Old Brewery on the banks of the River Brit in Bridport. Since then, there's been non-stop brewing on this site. Generations of Palmers have kept the brews bubbling to this day.

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At the original Old Brewery in Bridport, West Dorset we continue to use traditional methods with the finest ingredients. Principles that have built our reputation over 225 years. Today, we skillfully combine this best brewing knowledge with scientific knowhow, to create a core range of five quality real ales and small batch seasonal brews for the 21st century. The Old Brewery is a show piece of how modern and traditional methods can work hand in hand.

Tally Ho is a multi-award winning dark, strong ale, complex and full of deep distinctive flavors. A rich fruit cake flavor from roasted malt. First brewed in the 1940s, this prize-winning dark strong old ale has a loyal following among real ale connoisseurs.

Source: <https://palmersbrewery.com/>

Dear Members of the MGT Party,

On behalf of Bette, my Uncle Tom & myself, I wish to thank you for your donation to The Knudson Churchill Scholarship Trust in my Dads memory. Your kindness & generosity is deeply appreciated by all of us. I know that Dad is smiling upon us all.

Much Love & Gratitude,

Arthur Ruppert

MG T-PARTY STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSE
January 1, 2019 through December 31, 2019

		Starting Balance	\$6,267.51
INCOME			
	Dues (paid in 2019)	\$1,265.00	
	regalia		
	holiday party	\$1,122.00	
	silent auction	\$130.00	
	donations	\$10.00	
		Total income	\$2,527.00
EXPENSES			
	Marque web hosting	\$300.00	
	Newsletter	\$110.77	
	URL Renewal (2 yrs) + privacy	not this year	
	British Marque (paid for Apr 2019-2020)	\$319.00	
	Rental of Wilmington Arts Council for planning meeting	\$50.00	
	postage (newsletter, dues, misc)	\$40.10	
	Tech session food, etc.	\$30.00	
	Charitable contribution holiday party	\$1,643.32	
	gifts for officers		
	Cangiano cup (2019)		
		Total expenses	\$2,493.19
		Ending Balance	\$6,301.32



What happens when Old Car Guys get sent to a nursing home ...

Does a perfect man really exist, Mom?



Of course, Darling. They all drive MG's.

*An MG you say?
I couldn't possibly be seen
in anything else!*



The MG Prayer

God Bless our little MG car,
and guide us as we travel a far.
Help us find the roads we seek,
and please don't let the oil leak.
Save us please from Engine trouble,
and mechanics that will charge us double!
As we travel on our way,
Bless us with a sunshine day!
Lead us to good fun & Friends,
and when at least our journey ends
Grant our roadster a sweet rest,
until the next endurance test!

TM
BEETLE-INK



Work progresses on both Jack Horner's & Roy Crane's projects. Jack's MG TC is coming along handsomely as is Roy's BN1 Healey 100-4. I guess a quarantine can be a good thing when you have projects to finish!



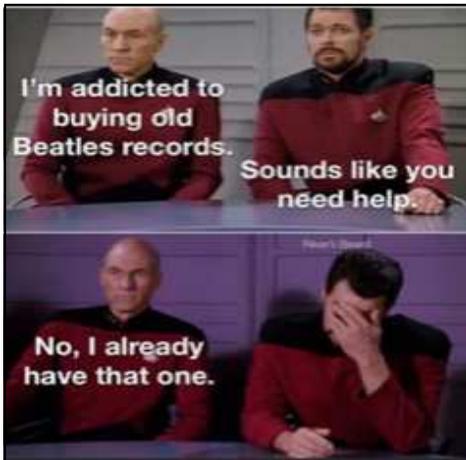
T Party Regalia

There are jackets, shirts, car badges, cloth pins and now pens available for purchase. That MG fan in the family might just fancy something from our collection.

Jackets.....	\$35.00
Add a name to the Jacket.....	\$5.00
Shirts with pockets.....	\$28.35
Shirts w/o pockets.....	\$27.50
Car Badges.....	\$30.00
Hats, Navy bill w/teal upper, MG T-Party (lettering in white).....	\$9.50
Pins.....	\$2.50
Cloth Patches.....	\$1.50
License Plate Frames.....	\$1.00
Pens.....	\$.50

Add **\$5.00** per jacket/shirt for shipping & handling. Other items will be billed actual postage.

Contact Betty Butler to purchase Regalia.
bjbutler@metrocast.net



Aero Cycle Cars of England Aero Merlin Morgan three wheeler replica. Built by Steve Neal in 2014 with a Moto-Guzzi 1947cc engine with 3500 miles. Two seats side by side with disk brakes all around. Square steel tubing frame, yellow fiberglass sides with aluminum bonnet and stainless steel fenders. \$18,000 OBO. Steve Neal SKYHOOK114@comcast.net



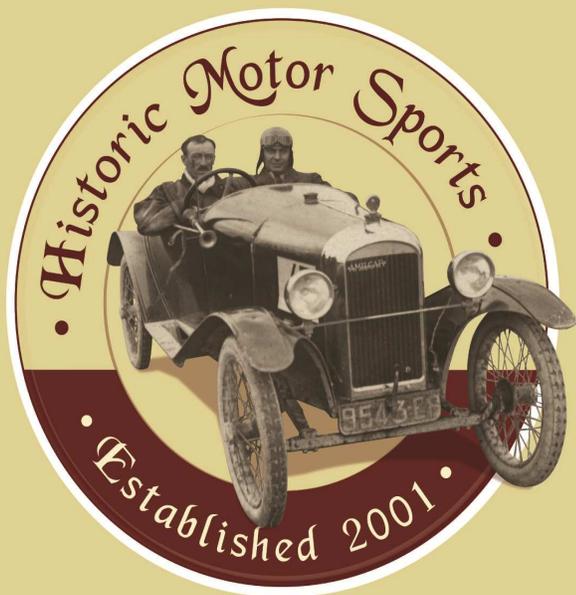
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Supplemental Regalia available from KP Creative Stitches

KP Creative stitches is a home based embroidery studio that has digitized the T-Party logo so it can be put on items that are not currently stocked by the T-Party Regalia. Currently we can offer the logo on denim shirts (\$35) & sweatshirts (\$40). kathy@kpcreativestitches.com Special orders accepted
Kathy Ahrendt 603-426-8568 or Priscilla Guenther 828-728-4927