



February, March & April 2018

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GOF Mk102
June 27th—July 1st
Lebanon, NH

Words to Live By:
 “Time you enjoy wasting, was not wasted.”
 John Lennon

From the Editor

What a bizarre winter so far! December was frigid with a ton of snow while January was warm and rainy. Who knows what February & March have in store. For my part, I'm hoping for snow soon as I've been cleared by my Doctor to begin limited snowshoeing in February as my ankle is finally beginning to heal. But let's not forget, February is also the month that Pitchers & Catchers report for Spring Training, meaning the driving season is just over the horizon, so if you've been putting off those winter projects on your T-Series, get cracking!

Speaking of the driving season, the location for GOF Mk102 has been announced and it is right in our back yard! The GOF will be held June 27th - July 1st in Lebanon, NH. Aside from some lovely scenery up & down the Connecticut River, Lebanon is minutes away from what I believe is the best hamburger on the planet...Worthy Burger in South Royalton, VT. Believe me, it is well worth the pilgrimage!





MG T-Party Annual Events Planning Meeting and "Potluck Lunch" **Sunday, March 18th, 2017**

New Earlier Start Time: The building will be open at **11:00 am; Lunch will begin at 11:30 am; Business Meeting Call to Order at noon
to be held at the:**

Wilmington Council for the Arts

219 Middlesex Ave. (Route 62), Wilmington MA

Join us for our annual meeting and event planning session. Come with ideas, suggestions or just to support the rest of the board as they get down to work setting up the year's events. We have secured the Arts Council building to give us room to spread out and accommodate a big attendance by the members. We specially invite all of our new members to join us and meet some of the club members in a relaxed and fun setting. **Bring your ideas for an event to share with the group.** As we did last year, we will have a "working lunch" to plan what the club members would like to do this year. **Please bring a dish to share with everyone.** The food is always good and the informal meeting is a great way to enjoy lots of car talk and catch up with our MG friends. We always have too much food but it's fun to try to make it go away!

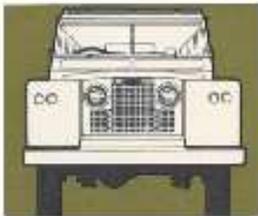
There are no provisions for heating up food in the building so if you want to bring a hot dish, a crock pot or other heating device will need to be brought with the dish. We look forward to seeing you all there!



Please note that no alcohol is allowed in the Arts building by city regulation. Take Exit 40 off Interstate 93. (Route 62, Middlesex Ave) Go West on Route 62, through two sets of traffic lights. The Arts Council is a white building on the left side just past Wildwood Cemetery. (The Congregational Church is across the street on the right.) If the WCA parking lot fills up, it is OK to park in the church lot. There is a small refrigerator in the conference room, and two large coffee makers. We have folding tables, and plenty of chairs.



Chairman's Cable



**If Chaucer Drove
a Land Rover—**

**[The Commuter's
Tale](#)**

**Being a Modern
Day Lost Story from [The Canterbury
\[Sollhull\] Tales](#) with a Lesson for the
Would Be Land Rover-Owning Pilgrim:**

***When Water is Tougher
than Steel***

***"Bring WD40, a Butane Lighter,
a Bottle of Hot Water, and
Gasoline"***

You will get a kick out of this. With the recent Siberian temperatures, daily driving a nearly 50-year-old British vehicle can present its challenges. I am, of course, talking about my 1967 Land Rover Series IIA 88" Station Wagon. I literally do drive it every day, all-year-round—for the two-mile jaunt to the MBTA train station. You'd think being such a short trip it wouldn't present so many opportunities for misfortune and misadventure. Sadly, you'd be wrong in your thinking.



So, in January I got off the train in Hamilton on a not quite bitterly cold Wednesday evening after work. I'd been up since 4:30 AM and it was the night before the last big winter blizzard (of recent hyperbole and news-cast 'bombogenesis' fame). Of course it was already dark

out in the parking lot where the faithful old Rover truck is parked, dutifully waiting to take me safely home, no matter the weather, ever ready to overcome whatever obstacles an ever-playful Mother Nature might have in mind.

Only, I couldn't get into my Land Rover. Water had gotten into the door latch mechanism and frozen solid. Not surprising, really, as water invariably drips onto my left leg whenever it rains or otherwise finds its way inside the truck in copious amounts. But, this was winter and when residual moisture left behind from melting snow on the truck's roof had found its pathway down the inside of the door, dropping temperatures meant trouble. This wasn't a simple case of moisture freezing the car door to the weather stripping—though that has happened on more than one occasion to me with this very vehicle—essentially gluing the door shut.



**The interior view (inside) the door and the
offending latch mechanism.**

No, this time a goodly amount of water had frozen (not inside the round tumbler key lock which turned just fine), but inside the entire door handle and latch mechanism itself. No matter how hard I pulled up on the outside door handle, that door simply wouldn't open. No doubt a plug of ice—tougher than steel—was 'iceberged' inside the mechanism above the handle and freezing it (and the triangular tongue latch) in a vice-like glacier of solid ice—on the inside of the door.

I pulled so hard on that outside door handle that I stripped the mechanism trying to move it. The "outer" door handle now broken moved freely, but it didn't move the latch mechanism which was still frozen solid and the latch did not free up, nor the door open.



Note the simple design of the mechanism with an exterior and interior door handle to open the latch.

Now, if you are not familiar with the two-piece Land Rover Series doors, the door top (or sliding window section) sits in an aluminum frame that is held in place with two vertical bolts into the lower door section, not unlike the familiar "side curtains" in our beloved T-Series MG's.



This allows for a certain free range of flexibility or "give" to the side window frame. Taking advantage of

this, with my right hand I tugged on the top of the door frame allowing (whilst standing on my tippy toes) about 1.5 inches of space to jam my now frozen fingers on my other hand over the top of the window frame. Why you ask? On the Series Land Rover, the windows slide open sideways (they do not roll up and down), but are "locked" by a simple pin mechanism, preventing the window from sliding. Fortunately, this locking catch is mounted right at the top of the window frame, and squarely in the middle. A simple twist—or so I thought—and the spring tensioned pin pops back out of the way, allowing the window to slide open sideways. Hey, this could work.



Finally, I get enough grip and leverage with two fingers over the top of the door to twist the locking pin. I am now able to slide the windowpane open and hence reach into the truck cab from the outside to access the other (interior) door handle. Reaching through the now open window, I yank and pull with all my strength on the interior door latch handle. It is frozen solid and doesn't budge. The assembly is full of ice. Not wanting to break or strip the interior door handle, like the now broken outer handle, I reconsider my predicament.

After about 35 minutes of bruising bodily harm (note the next day I find I have large, black, blue and purple contusions on the inside of both biceps from reaching through the window and over the door trying to pry it open), I decide to send for the cavalry.

I said, "Son, Bring WD40, a Butane Lighter, Hot Water and a can of Gasoline—for the Snow Blower—there's a Storm coming."

Not Mrs. Dyer. Definitely not Mrs. Dyer. My son is home from college for the holidays. I dial the house. "Is John home? Put him on."

John, have you ever heard the song, "Send Lawyers, guns and money." I try to explain, the lyrics describe going home with a waitress who is "with the Russians, too." The narrative goes on to speak of "gambling in Havana", with (rather ironically I think) the request that the "Dad" send "lawyers, guns and money " to "get me out of this." The lyrics then claim that the speaker is an "innocent bystander" between a rock and a hard place who is "down on his luck." Finally, the narrative relates that the speaker is "hiding in Honduras" and that he is a "desperate man." The lyrics repeat the refrain to "send lawyers, guns and money," with the final comment that "the shit has hit the fan." To listen to Warren Zevon perform the song on YouTube: <https://tinyurl.com/njtlwsa>

Naturally, I then proceeded to tell my son to bring me:

- (a) A Can of WD40,
- (b) A Butane Lighter ("the extended kind that we use to light the BBQ grill"),
- (c) A bottle of very Hot Water, and—for good measure,
- (d) The near empty container of Gasoline from the garage ("to fill the snow blower tomorrow," I assure him, 'Cause there's a *Shit Storm* coming').

Okay, doesn't have quite the same ring as Warren Zevon's—"Send lawyers, guns and money"—but, under the circumstances, and off the top of my head, freezing my tail off, stranded in a parking lot and (ironically) not "locked up" but rather "locked out," perhaps badass and just clever enough to be a worthy runner up.

Once he arrives, in about 10 minutes, after first trying the butane lighter through the now open window to apply heat directly to the offending latch mechanism without setting fire to the truck, thinking that was wise before applying any flammable and oily WD40, I eventually found success by dumping the bottle of hot water on the interior lock and handle mechanism through

the window (yes, inside the truck) and was finally able to open the door.

"Send lawyers, guns and money." —Warren Zevon

The next day back in the office I sent a "Skype" instant message to a colleague (for those of you of the T-Series generation, sort of like an e-mail but one that pops up automatically on the recipient's computer screen), regaling him with my latest tale of Land Rover misadventure.

He soon typed back:

—Why didn't you just use the other door?

I responded:

—The bloody clever Brits didn't design it with an external door lock on the passenger side, so it locks and unlocks only from the inside of the door on the passenger side. It's rather agricultural you know—really a farm implement, truth be told. Same with the rear door at the back of the truck. It's got these clever little twisty spring-loaded catch buttons for locking the door handles—from the inside. Really, who's going to steal one of these things.



—And, with the Mother of All Blizzards coming overnight, the line at the gas station (once I finally got in and got the damn truck

started), was four cars deep. To fill a 3-gallon can with gas took me another 35 minutes in the queue.

To which he responded:

--I would have made my son get the gas.

Alas, "The Commuter's Tale" like his perpetual pilgrimage is necessarily incomplete. I should add that just this last Friday, on the way home from the train station, while heading up the long



hill I usually take at full throttle, the truck suddenly seemed to lose power and could barely accelerate with the pedal to the floor. The good news—I knew immediately what the likely problem was. Good, too, because it was a Friday—meaning I would have all weekend to deal with the repair before Monday's commute.

This was an issue that had presented itself, before. The accelerator linkage pivot point is held in place to the inner fender by a bolt that had come loose.



Unfortunately, the "nut" on the other end of the bolt is hidden under a protective cover

This allowed the entire assembly to shift backward about 3 inches, eliminating about 70% of the normal movement and most detrimentally changing the engagement point of the throttle at the carburetor, explaining my sudden loss of

power. The temporary fix (bodge, err "field repair") was to "safety-wire" the whole contraption to the fender to immobilize it—then for good measure I resorted to a stronger "coat hanger" wire, inelegantly twisted into service. At least that should hold for the time being and allow me to drive the truck until the weather warms up enough to make a proper repair. Damn it's cold out.

Well, the temporary fix (bodge, err "field repair") was to "safety-wire" the whole contraption to the fender to immobilize it—then for good measure I resorted to a stronger "coat hanger" wire, inelegantly twisted into service. At least that should hold for the time being and allow me to drive the truck until the weather warms up enough to make a proper repair. Damn it's cold out.



The steed in question. No doubt still dreaming of more verdant days, subtropical rains and warmer adventures.

Did I happen to mention that *The Canterbury Tales* is generally thought to have been incomplete at the end of Chaucer's life? In the General Prologue, "well nine and twenty in a company of sundry" pilgrims are introduced. According to the Prologue, then, Chaucer's intention was to write four stories from the perspective of each pilgrim, two each on the way to and from their ultimate destination. Why not a tale, re-imagined, of a modern day, adventure-seeking, Land-Rovering, suburban pilgrim?

'Weeping and wailing, care
and other sorrow
I know enough, in the
evening and in the morning,'
said the Commuter, 'and so
does many another who has
been married to a Land
Rover.'



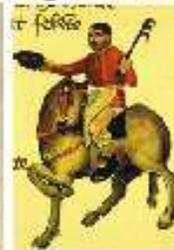
One Land Rover enthusiast actually had a full-scale X-RAY taken of his Series III at a large animal veterinary medical center. Perhaps I should consider doing the same to find what else is ailing my poor suffering daily commuter.

The notion of a pilgrimage is, itself, both geographical as well as metaphorical, or spiritual, because it centers on travel between destinations and because pilgrims undertake it hoping to become more holy in the process. It is the transitional or transformational space between a "real" world and an unknown or imaginary space involving both risk and possibility. *The Canterbury Tales* covers not

only the distances between London and Canterbury (to visit the remains of the martyr Thomas Becket), but the majority of the tales refer to places entirely outside the geography of the pilgrimage. Here the sacred and profane adventure *begins*—and believe me, *The Commuter's Tale* involves *plenty* of profanity—but does not *end*. On pilgrimage, the condition of peril is as prominent as that of protection. The act of pilgrimaging itself consists of moving from one familiar space, through imagined exotic space, to the next familiar urban space with an ever-fluctuating series of tragicomic events and narratives punctuating those more familiar spaces. British car owners, does this sound familiar? The goal of pilgrimage (at least for *The Commuter's Tale*) may well be a religious or spiritual destination at its conclusion, and reflect a psychological progression of the spirit, in yet another kind of emotional space necessary to the human condition—the *journey to safety and home*, like some kind of ritualistic circumambulation moving around a sacred object, by way of high adventure.



The Knight



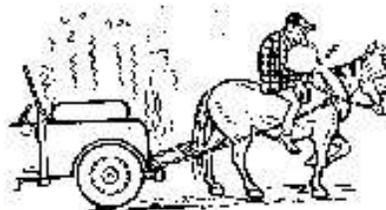
The Cook



The Physician

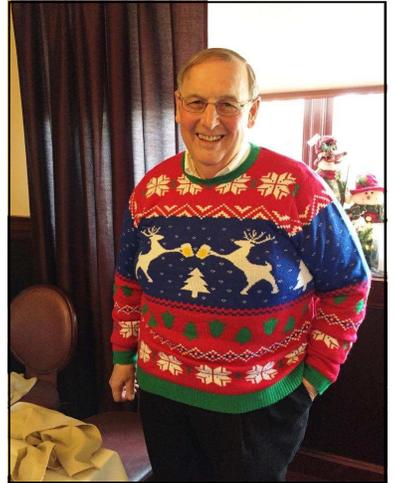


The Merchant



The Commuter

—Charles

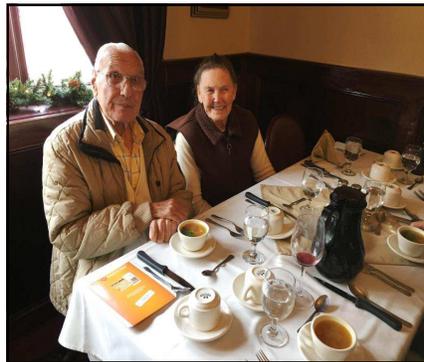


Holiday Party

Once again at the Princeton Junction where the food was good, the drinks even better and the camaraderie best of all!!!



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12/7/2017

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Dear MG-T members,

Please accept our heartfelt thanks for your most thoughtful donation of gift cards, toys, diapers, paper products, wipes, and personal care items to Marguerite's Place. Your donation will certainly fill a substantial need for our organization and is very much appreciated. We are indeed blessed to have such caring friends in our community, focusing on those who are less fortunate.

Through the kind support and generosity of individuals and organizations in greater Nashua, we are able to supplement ongoing programs and services which enrich the lives of residents of Marguerite's Place. We are unable to assign a value to in-kind donations, however you may use this letter as a tax receipt.

We are grateful for this opportunity to continue the mission of Saint Marguerite and the privilege of bringing new hope to the women and children in crisis in our community.

Most sincerely,

Barbara A. Alves
President/CEO
Marguerite's Place, Inc.
balves@margueritesplace.org

Marguerite's Place, Inc. is a non-profit organization under Internal Revenue Code Section 501(c)(3). Your donation may be tax deductible. For your benefit and as required by law, we state that Marguerite's Place, Inc. did not provide any goods or services in consideration, in whole or in part, for this contribution.

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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



Moorhouse's Brewery
Moorhouse Street
Burnley,
Lancashire



Pendle Witches Brew

Moorhouse's Brewery was established in 1865 by William Moorhouse, a Burnley man who took great pride in his town and his craft. He built his own brewery premises in 1870, and nearly 150 years later, Moorhouse's is still on the same historic site, in the shadow of Lancashire's famed Pendle Hill.

The brewery belonged to the Moorhouse family for generations. After the last remaining family member sold up, the business had a swift series of owners who for various reasons were unable to make it work, until sadly in 1982 it was faced with extinction.

Brewery workers had already been given their redundancy notices when Manchester businessman, William Parkinson, first tried a pint of Pendle Witches Brew one legendary lunchtime. Being from Burnley himself and intrigued by the Pendle connection he asked about Moorhouse's at the bar. On hearing of the company's imminent closure, Mr. Parkinson made some enquiries... and within just seven days he was the proud new owner of Moorhouse's, bringing it back from the brink.

We have embraced the traditions and values established by the Moorhouses all those years ago, whilst bringing significant investment and innovation, installing a new brew plant in 1988 and a new warehouse in 1995. The brewery has gone from strength to strength and our beers are now on sale nationwide.

Source: : <http://www.moorhouses.co.uk/>

JUST FOR FUN

This is pretty impressive.....listen for the rev limiter.

<http://hardnoxandfriends.com/2017/11/27/presidents-limo/> Thanks Norm

After a tiring day, a commuter settled down in his seat and closed his eyes.

As the train rolled out of the station, the young woman sitting next to him

pulled out her cell phone and started talking in a loud voice: "Hi sweetheart. It's Sue. I'm on the train". "Yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting".

"No, honey, not with that Kevin from the accounting office. It was with the boss".

"No, sweetheart, you're the only one in my life".

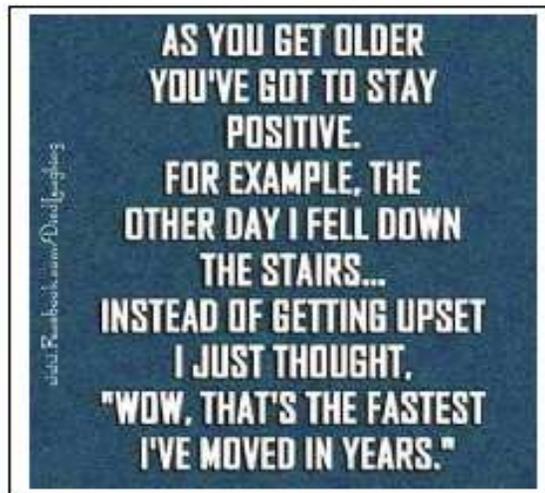
"Yes, I'm sure, cross my heart!"

Fifteen minutes later, she was still talking loudly.

When the man sitting next to her had enough, he leaned over and said into the phone,

"Sue, hang up the phone and come back to bed."

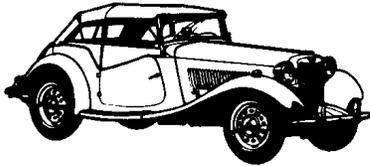
Sue doesn't use her cell phone in public any longer. Thanks Norm



NEW YEARS FOCUS

As the year comes to an end, I urge you to take good care of yourself and avoid accidents because spare parts for old models like us are no longer in stock.

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Positions Available

The Club is actively seeking Members to fill the following positions:

Historian

Contact Alex Gottfried
alex_gottfried@msn.com

Activities

Contact Steve Neal
skyhook114@comcast.net

T-Party Key Personnel

Charles Dyer, Chairman

329 Essex Street
Hamilton, MA 01982
(978) 468-0156

dyer-charles@comcast.net

Alex Gottfried, Vice Chairman

6 Larnis Rd
Framingham, MA 01701-3419
978-764-4702

alex_gottfried@msn.com

Activities

Position Open

Judy Krongelb, Treasurer

55 Parker St
Acton, MA 01720
(978) 263-2519

kronwasser@yahoo.com

Historian

Position Open

Maryellen & Rick Pelletier, Membership

22 Walton Road
Plaistow, NH 03865
603-819-6418

mpelletier23@myfairpoint.net

Chris Nowlan, Technical Advisor

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Amherst, NH 03031
603-673-0939

nowlanc@comcast.net

Rick Smith, Technical Advisor

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Dedham, MA 02026
(781) 326-9055

(603) 253-6524 weekends

tech_guy1@mgtparty.org

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(603) 524-2543

bjbutler@metrocast.net

Bob Dougherty, Editor

105 Garden Circle
Laconia, NH 03246
603-948-2078

rdoc2mg@gmail.com

T-Party Classifieds

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.....	\$0.50

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



YT, 1950, EXU3030, engine XPAG 20438, owned since Nov. 1992, but terminal illness forces sale. Total ground up restoration by British car professionals, incl. Steve Hardy and Rick Smith, Boston, completed 1998. Modifications include front disk brakes, f/r sway bars, electronic ignition, 5 speed transmission, rear end 3.9 ratio, directionals, safety rear lights. Car can be returned to absolute original condition with spares, transmission, springs, brakes, all part of this sale.

Have complete documentation of every cost and work done.

This car a prize winner, incl. Register Premiere, Greenwich Concours d'Elegance (Best British Sports Car), Cape Cod British Car Club First Place, Tanglewood British Motorcar Festival First Place (2011).

Currently in absolute mint condition & roadworthy with today's traffic requirements. Undertook Register trips, including Skyline Soiree, Calgary Stampede, Run Around the Rock (Newfoundland). Photos on request. Asking \$35,000

#10901 John Friedler, Bedford, NY (914)234-0962 or Johnf72@gmail.com.

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



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