



Abingdon Rough Rider Review

October 2010

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October is Conclave time

(But by the time you get this it will be over, so read about it further on)

Sunday November 14

Sonoma County Tour

This will be a run around Sonoma county, with a stop at Dick & Rochelle Nyquist's barn of cars. They are conveniently located across the road from a winery
Further info coming in the November newsletter (I am late on this month's)

Also

Stay tuned for information next month on the holiday party, a brunch at the Swackhamer's San Jose home on Sunday, December 5

Our web site: www.abingdonroughriders.org

Coming Events

November 14–

**A tour of Sonoma with a stop at Dick & Rochelle Nyquist's barn of cars
Our fearless leader is John Taylor**

December 5–

Holiday Brunch at the Swackhamer's in San Jose – more to come

54th Annual TCMG/Abingdon Rough Riders Conclave

Another gathering of the TC faithful. We had a very nice turnout of cars – 15 TCs

The following folks were there:

Terry Sanders & Cindy Weiss, Howard & Carolyn Shempp, Joe & Pat Marcotte, Jim & Norma Crandall, Rick & Judy Storms, Allan & Linda Chalmers, Ed & Karen Pohle, Norman Tuck & Brenda, Bill Traill, Barry & Sue Swackhamer, Kern & Betsy Matlock, Carol Borgardt, new members Brian and Jane Sonner - and from the TCMG: Gene & Deana Roth, Ron & Bobbie Simon, Kay & Larry Einhorn, Leo & Martha Pedersen, Dave & Suzie Coleman, Gene Wescott, Steve & Linda Simmons

After a nice warm run across the valley, over back roads where possible, we Bay Area folk stumbled in to Oakhurst at about 4, with one dead alternator (a bit of poking fun at Terry, something about Lucas alternators as opposed to reliable generators).

We kicked a bunch of tires, exclaimed at the fabulous job Brian Sonner and Lawrie Alexander did on Brian's TC (see Brian's Oh No! moment further on). After a very lively cocktail party on the Chalmers' rather springy deck, some folks stayed and ate at the Inn, others whistled into Oakhurst to Tod's BBQ, a place we found two years ago. Larry Einhorn entertained us with his ability to eat a huge dish of chocolate covered huckleberry ice cream after a serious amount of BBQ'd meat.

Following breakfast at the Inn, most folks took the narrow gauge train ride next door, some did the hike from Mariposa Grove to Wawona in perfect weather, some worked with Terry trying to find an alternator (no). The Simmons' enjoyed a run around Bass Lake.

Saturday's banquet was preceded by yet another cocktail party, this time in the Chalmers' room due to, OMG, rain!

Sleep was not enjoyed by everyone – the rain persisted along with a nice display of lightning and thunder.

Next AM, still raining a bit, we tried to get our cars dried out and sorted for the run home. Terry bought an extra battery, but didn't need to use it. Apparently we all got home safe. More pictures will be on the web site.





Cocktail party no.1



Cocktail party no.2



Hardy hikers



Soggy TCs



The line-up



What's a little rain?

Suspicious Confirmed

When I purchased my TC and began the process of restoring it, several friends said that I should take a look at the Abingdon Rough Riders web site for information. After looking at the monthly Abingdon Rough Rider Reviews, I noticed that in almost all of the pictures the cars were on the road somewhere and the drivers were smiling. The articles reflected a high level of camaraderie and love for driving these cars. So I joined immediately.

The first event Jane and I have been able to attend was the 54th Conclave. The pre-event email banter was worth the price of admission. We hooked up with another couple (the Shempps) for the drive down from Sacramento, always good to have company. You cannot imagine our delight when we passed a gas station en route and saw 3 TCs sitting there. It put a big smile on our faces.

To our delight the Conclave was everything that we had hoped. We were introduced to people from all over California who have owned and driven these cars for a long time and understand that they actually can be driven long distances for pleasure. It was obvious that everyone knew one another well and had shared a lot of quality time over the years. I kept asking people when and how they got their TC's. The answers were broad ranging and quite diverse: "It was my father's and he gave it to me a few years ago. I am gradually restoring it." "My husband gave me the key to a car under restoration in a Tiffany box for our 30th wedding anniversary, so I got to pick colors and everything." I could go on but you know the stories better than I do.

The Conclave was filled with meeting new people, reacquainting ourselves with some we had met at GOFs, talking cars, and enjoying the outstanding accommodations. Thank you to the Chalmers for making this first event so memorable. Our special thanks also goes to all those in attendance who welcomed us into the fraternity. That many T-series cars lined up in a row, even in the rain, was fantastic. (Jane thinks that I need to work on my windshield wipers, but that is another long story.) We are definitely hooked.

Brian Sonner



KernMatlock, Leo & Martha Pedersen, Brian & Jane Sonner at the train station

Small World news from Bill Traill

Last Monday I stopped in at Orchard Supply's old main store on San Carlos St., San Jose. I needed to replace one of the vent tubes I installed on my TC's differential when I did the Morris 4:55 mod. The tube had broken off as it had a conflict with the spare parts tray I placed under the deck.

I was disappointed to see OSH was letting their supply of 1/8 pipe fittings decay to almost nothing. The man in charge of the plumbing section asked if he could help me. I mentioned I was saddened to see the 1/8 pipe fittings allowed to deplete. He said it was the 'bean counters' decision as there was little demand these days. We entered into a discussion of how OSH used to be when the founding Smith family owned the store and we discussed politics and modern business philosophy in general.

As I turned to leave he asked what it was I was trying to do. I almost replied it was just a simple project and I will try another approach. Instead, I said it was a vent tube as part of a modification on an antique car. He asked what kind of car, I replied it was a 1948 MG TC.

He exclaimed "my dad had a 1948 TC". He went on to say how he and his brother and sister loved riding in the TC and it was his favorite of all the sports cars his dad brought home. He then asked if I remembered the old San Jose BMC dealership on the corner of Bascom and San Carlos. Yes, I remembered it; I bought a lot of MG parts there. He said his dad was general manager of that dealership for awhile. I asked his dad's name...T C Browne !!!

We spent the next hour till closing time, talking about his dad. When the store manager came around we discussed plumbing; she was becoming suspicious of us.

He told me of how TC borrowed a motorcycle and drove it to the southern tip of South America. How he decided to hitch-hike from somewhere in the south Sahara to Cairo. A big black Mercedes stopped and gave him a ride to Cairo; hundreds of miles. The whole way the driver of the Mercedes berated TC about how you NEVER hitch-hike in that part of the world!

The family lived in an "Eichler home" in Palo Alto.

One day the family were all at the dealership and TC took the kids home in a Aston Martin that was on the lot. His wife drove the family car. TC drove up Middlefield Road at over a hundred, crossed the railroad tracks in a flying leap. The next day the chief mechanic told TC that the Aston had severe cracks in both front wish-bones and he should have not taken it home...to dangerous.

TC was asked to 'check-out' a Talbot and he took it into the mountains above Palo Alto. He returned with a piglet and gave it to the kids. Where the pig came from was a mystery. The kids raised the pig to become a couple hundred-pound monster; the pig thinking it was a dog.

One day, the older brother was shooting bobby-pins across the street and hit a car passing by. The car came to a screeching halt, the driver jumped over the yard gate, glaring at the kid. He had landed in front of the pig. The pig gave a grunt and lunged toward the man. He jumped back over the gate, ran to his car and took off never to be seen again.

Apparently TC's father was a writer of renown, details I forgot.

I mentioned his dad's TC was still in our TC club and how we met his dad in Santa Barbara along the high-way by coincidence a few years ago. I took a picture of TC looking at his old TC, but the photo was in my blown-up disc drive (anyone have a copy?). He shook his head and said he hoped the wiring his dad had done on the car was replaced!



TC with his, now the Pohle's, TC, in our chance meeting

Another TC unearthed

Terry has taken on the resuscitation of a mothballed TC. Margene Chmyz (pronounced Schmitz) of Palo Alto contacted Terry about her's and her late husband's car, laid up for several years in their garage. She decided to bring the car, they've owned since 1962, back to life, because she wants to drive it. Yay!

Norman and Terry checked it out and she and her son, Andy, agreed to have Terry get it back to good running order.

Terry and I took the trailer down the other day and brought it back to the Sanders' warehome. More to come, I'm sure.



First time out of the garage in over 20 years



Elliot Sopkin, an owner of four MGs, including the YT that Barry Swackhamer's dad, Dave and the Chalmers' had owned, turns out to live across the street! That's Elliot and his TF, Terry, Andy Chmyz pictured.

Margene says she will be joining the club.

FOR SALE

Custom enclosed, *air-conditioned* trailer for MG T series cars. Tie downs and wheel blocks set for MGTC. Tandem axels (4 wheels) electric brakes, interior cabinets and racks for tools and accessories, ramps, tires and wheel hubs and bearings with less than 2000 miles, dual power (DC and AC with exterior AC hook-up, checkerboard linoleum floor, CD player and other extras. Original construction early late 70's early 80's. located and registered in East Bay San Francisco area. Trailer space in Moraga, California can be transferred to new owner/ Asking \$2375. contact: tc Syd@sbcglobal.net (925) 786-7805

Clock Repairs

From: Mike Eck <compudes@optonline.net>
Date: September 20, 2010 4:59:33 PM PDT
To: Norman Tuck <norman@normantuck.com>
Subject: Re: MG - TC Clock

Hi Norman,

You are correct, the clocks in the MG-TC are the same mechanism as the Jaguar clocks of the same vintage. I have upgraded many TC clocks; as a matter of fact, there is one here right now. My latest upgrade uses a crystal controlled microprocessor to control the original clock mechanism, which allows the clock to keep accurate time. It also works with either positive or negative ground. I don't replace your clock, rather I refurbish your original clock and add a circuit inside. To all outward appearances your clock is original, with the original hands, mechanism and time set stem. The cost is still \$75 postpaid in the US.

Thanks for your inquiry!

Mike Eck

New Jersey, USA

www.jaguarclock.com

'51 XK120 OTS, '62 3.8 MK2 MOD, '72 SIII E-Type 2+2

Concours News

At the recent Danville Concourse d'elegance . In the all British Class member Gary Kennedy's black and red '47 TC won the Best British car. Judging was done by docents from the Blackhawk Auto Museum. Only ten awards were given out.

The case of the Selector Shaft Spring (A study in common sense)

It was a dark and stormy night. Well actually it was a rather warm afternoon, June 24. This “project” had started back on 1 February when I purchased a 1948 MG TC. After 4 ½ months at the body shop, we received the frame with tub and fenders mounted on June 14. During the prior months Lawrie and I had overhauled the engine and transmission and had sent everything out for work that we did not intend to do ourselves. Everything was back and we began the process of putting it together: wiring, upholstery, engine/transmission install, radiator, fuel system, hydraulic systems, etc. All was going according to the plan Lawrie had developed that would result in finishing the car the first week in July and allow time to drive it to San Leandro for Jim Silva to build the side curtains, tonneau, and install the top prior to departing for GOF at Big Bear Lake on July 10. I was assigned jobs he felt were within my skill set; he took on the tough ones.

In order to install the engine/transmission with the tub and fenders attached it was necessary to remove the top gearbox cover, gearshift lever and associated parts. It was time to put the cover back on the gearbox and move on with other reassembly. My assigned job that warm afternoon was to clean the surface in preparation for the gasket, check to ensure that the three selector shaft springs were in place, and then to install the gasket and the top gearbox cover. As I was wiping off residue, my cloth caught one of the springs and “twang” off it popped, down into the depths of the gearbox. After a long ghastly silence I said, “Lawrie you are not going to believe what I just did.” A horror novel was written in the expression on his face.

Magnets, flashlights and expletives did not produce a solution to the situation. Lawrie explained that the limited space and assembly lube would keep this spring from being retrieved and that the only approach was to pull the engine/transmission and disassemble the transmission. And, the process would take about 3 days to get back to where we were in the project, which meant, to our great disappointment, no GOF.

That morning Jim and Jimmy Costigan had come over to look at our progress. I started the removal process when the phone rang. Lawrie and Jim began a conversation with “you will not believe what Brian just did.” I continued to remove the apron and radiator trying to hold the “sailor” talk to a minimum. After a little while, the conversation ended and Lawrie said that Jimmy had suggested that we simply remove the drain plug and blow an air hose down through the transmission. It sounded too easy. Lawrie did not think it would work because the assembly lube is so glue-like. But, what the “#\$@%”, I was going to have to take the plug out later anyway. I removed the plug and plop, a significant amount of assembly lube landed on the rag I was holding below the hole, but no spring. The heavy lube jelly had collected at the bottom during the time since we had rebuilt the transmission a couple months before. I slid my finger up into the hole and was able to slide it around, but no spring. So Lawrie took the air hose and gave it a quick blast and “ping” out popped the spring. We just stared at one another in disbelief.

I called Jim Costigan and asked to speak to Jimmy. I relayed the outcome and asked him if he were to go out to dinner and ordered his favorite drink, what it would be. He said Johnny Walker. I stopped on the way home and picked up a bottle for him, small payment for three days of labor saved by a new set of eyes on a problem.

Now I know that none of you reading this has ever done something as stupid as this, so I cannot expect you to understand. I do believe we all know that one of the real values of being in a club like ours is the tremendous amount of talent and practical knowledge out there if we are willing to hold up our hands and say, “I did something stupid, anyone have an idea of how to fix it?” Thanks, Jimmy.

Brian Sonner

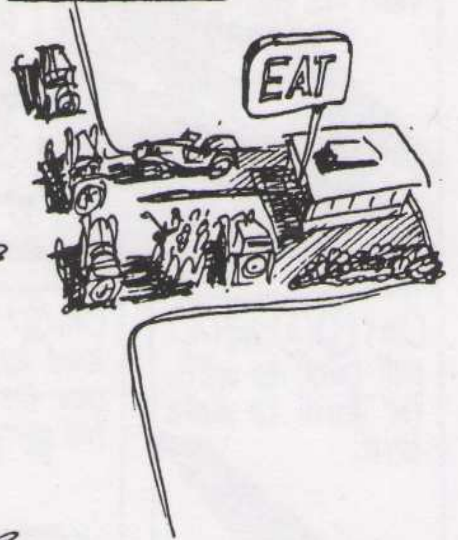
.....

The following cartoon is known by some ARR members, but some haven’t seen it. It was the result of severe confusion returning from a Yosemite conclave 20+ years ago and documented by our late brilliant cartoonist friend, Phil Frank:

Anatomy of a recent touring debacle

The Scene: Lunch counter in "Foothills of Sierras":

Five MG's are gathered outside. Owners discuss best route of return to the bay area from Yosemite conclave.



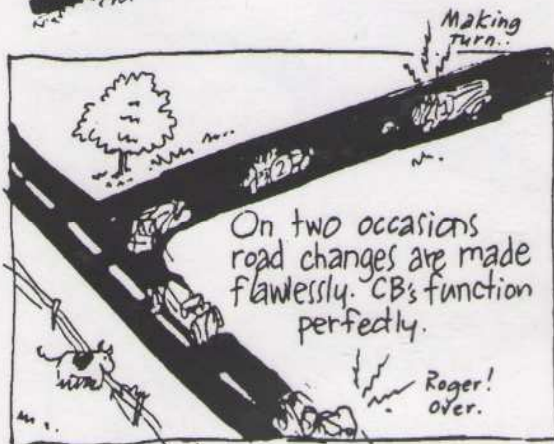
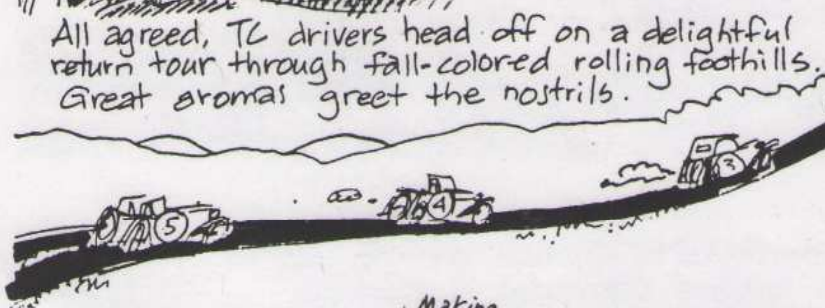
- Cars include:**
- ① Lead car: Pohles (Ed & Karen) WITH CB RADIO
 - ② Swackhamer (Barry & Sue) in J2
 - ③ Altshulers (Stan and Lorna)
 - ④ Frank (Phil)
 - ⑤ Tail Car: Bill Traill (with Sue Frank) WITH CB RADIO



An interesting, meandering route along county roads is chosen by drivers. The decision is made to keep fairly close due to numerous road changes. A stop will be made in the town of Waterford to split off. Cars ② and ⑤ will head for the South Bay. Cars ① ③ and ④ will take a different route North. Sue Frank will change from car ⑤ to car ④.

All agreed, TC drivers head off on a delightful return tour through fall-colored rolling foothills. Great aromas greet the nostrils.

Sweaters come off. Suntan lotion is spread on. Virtually no modern traffic interferes with the drivers' pleasure of the open road.



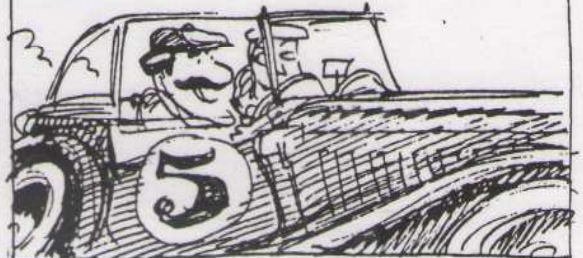
On two occasions road changes are made flawlessly. CB's function perfectly.

Roger! over.

PLOT THICKENS EAST OF TOWN OF SNELLING



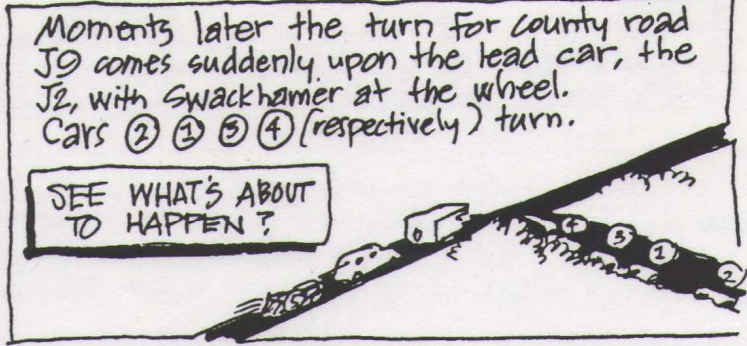
In Car ⑤ Bill Traill and Sue Frank are deep in a conversation about the virtues of side curtains..





As they chat they drift farther from the pack...

A camper and a large American sedan wangle their way between cars 4 and 5

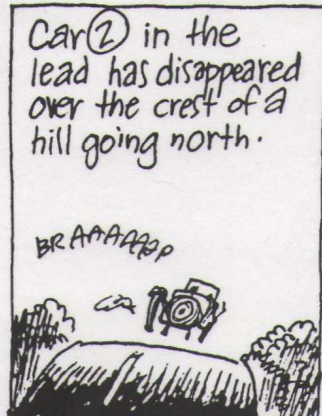


SEE WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN?

Moments later the turn for county road J comes suddenly upon the lead car, the J2, with Swackhamer at the wheel. Cars 2 3 4 (respectively) turn.



Cars 1 3 and 4 pull over to wait for Trail to make turn.

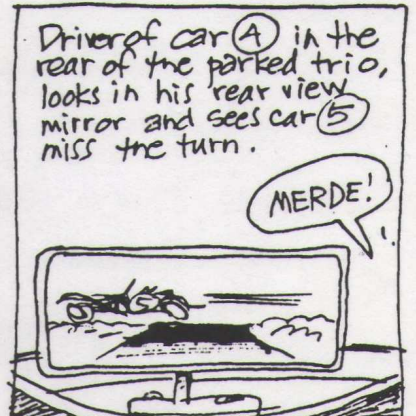


Car 2 in the lead has disappeared over the crest of a hill going north.

BRAAAAAAP



Car 5 with occupants chatting away, shoots by intersection.

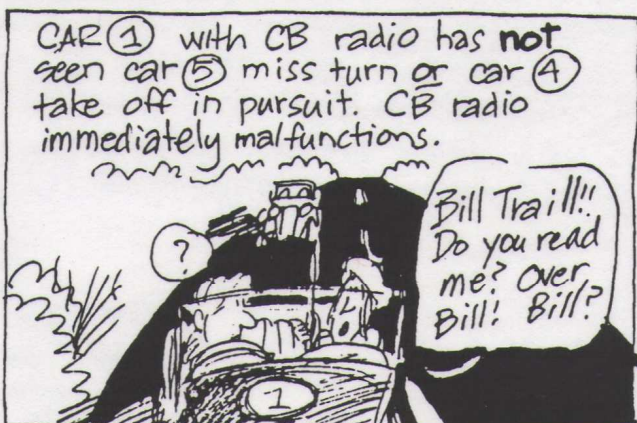


Driver of car 4 in the rear of the parked trio, looks in his rear view mirror and sees car 5 miss the turn.

MERDE!

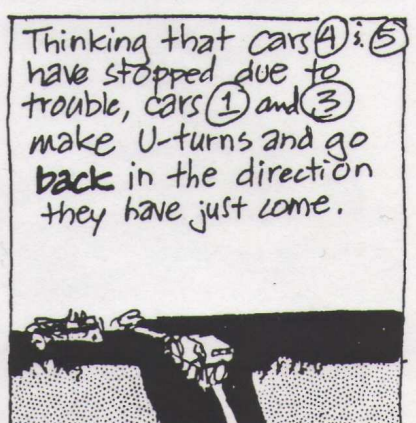


CAR 4 makes a U-Turn to catch car 5

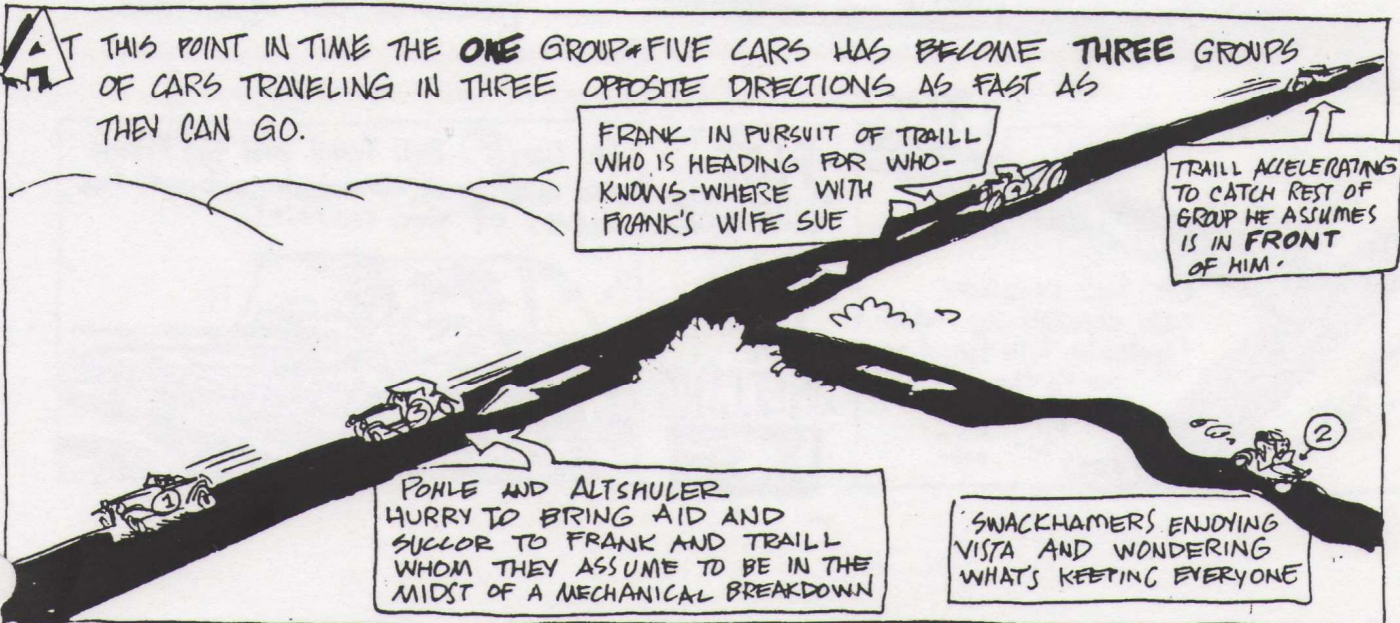


CAR 1 with CB radio has not seen car 5 miss turn or car 4 take off in pursuit. CB radio immediately malfunctions.

Bill Trail!!! Do you read me? Over, Bill! Bill?



Thinking that cars 4 & 5 have stopped due to trouble, cars 1 and 3 make U-turns and go back in the direction they have just come.



AT THIS POINT IN TIME THE ONE GROUP OF FIVE CARS HAS BECOME THREE GROUPS OF CARS TRAVELING IN THREE OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS AS FAST AS THEY CAN GO.

FRANK IN PURSUIT OF TRAIL WHO IS HEADING FOR WHO-KNOWS-WHERE WITH FRANK'S WIFE SUE

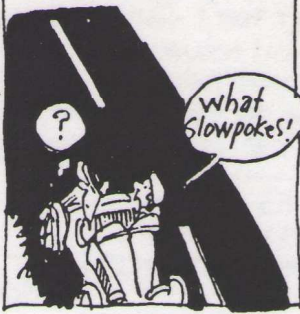
TRAIL ACCELERATING TO CATCH REST OF GROUP HE ASSUMES IS IN FRONT OF HIM.

POHLE AND ALTSCHULER HURRY TO BRING AID AND SUCCOR TO FRANK AND TRAIL WHOM THEY ASSUME TO BE IN THE MIST OF A MECHANICAL BREAKDOWN

SWACKHAMER'S ENJOYING VISTA AND WONDERING WHAT'S KEEPING EVERYONE

AT THIS POINT

Barry and Sue in car ② stop to wait for other cars..



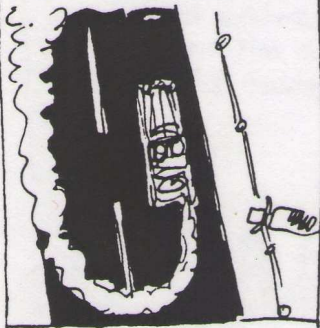
After five minutes car ② makes u-turn to find other cars.



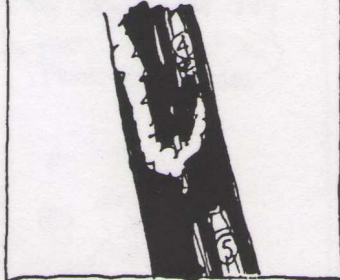
Meanwhile: Trail comes to clear 5 mile stretch of roadway and realizes there are NO TC's in front of him. He is suddenly aware he is in deep doo-doo.



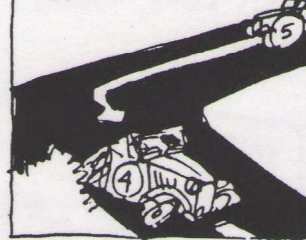
Deciding they have missed a turn, car ⑤ makes a U-turn.



Car ④ speeding after car ⑤ see's TC ⑤ coming towards him.. makes U-turn..



Cars ④ and ⑤ return to original turnoff where Frank in car ④ fully expects to find three cars he left.

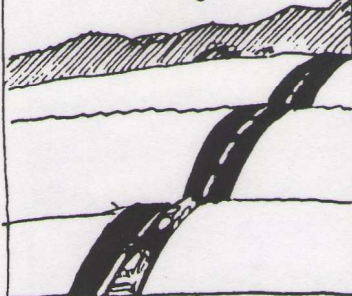


SURPRISE!!

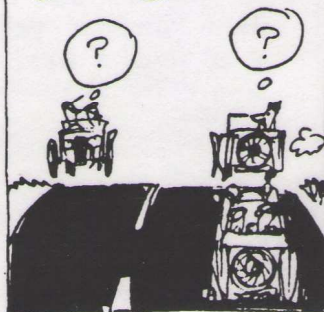
NO CARS!!



Assuming that the other three cars are ahead, car ④ leads car ⑤ along J9.



Suddenly over a rise coming towards them is car ② looking for ① ③ ④ and ⑤



Car ② witnesses cars ④ and ⑤ and makes U-turn while wondering what happened to the two cars that were between him and ④ and ⑤



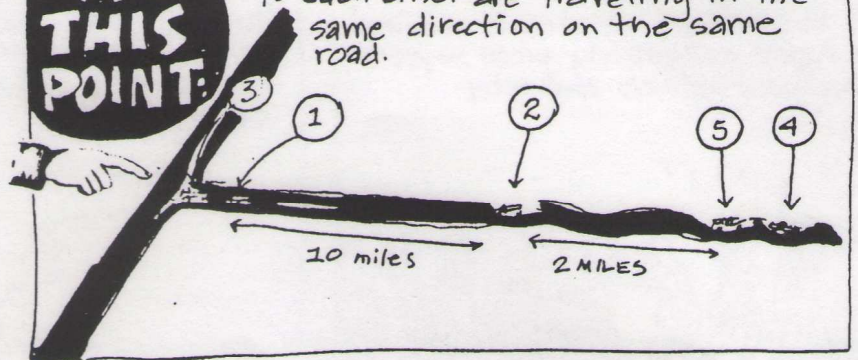
NOW

POHLE AND ALTSHULER, TRAVELING AT HIGH SPEEDS TO BRING SOLACE TO THEIR INCAPACITATED COMRADES, REALIZE SOMETHING IS AMISS. THEY MAKE U-TURN TO RETRACE THEIR ROUTE BACK TO THE J-9 TURN.



AT THIS POINT

All 5 cars, totally unbeknownst to each other are traveling in the same direction on the same road.



At a deserted intersection cars ④ and ⑤ wait for car ②.

Here drivers of ④ and ⑤ discuss original missed turn.

Drivers now discuss the mysterious disappearance of cars ① and ③ with occupants, Potles and Altshulers. Extraterrestrial abduction is considered as one of the options.

It is decided by all three drivers that the other two cars, seeing car ④ give chase to car ⑤ (WHICH THEY DIDN'T SEE) followed car ④ to Snelling then headed towards Waterford on an alternate road (WHICH THEY DIDN'T) and would be joyously waving to them as they drive into Waterford (WHERE THE OTHER DRIVERS AREN'T!)

SNELLING ALTERNATE ROUTE TO WATERFORD AND OTHER TC'S

A blood oath is now sworn by the drivers of cars ②, ④ and ⑤ to stay close (VERY CLOSE) to each other.

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL!!

Twenty minutes later the welcoming visage of the city limits signs of Waterford, our rendezvous point, looms on the horizon.

HURRAH!!

Waterford
population: debatable

Crestfallen, the TC owners and occupants stand in disbelief, searching the town for any sight of the missing TC's. (It being a town of about 20 souls, the search is short.)

TEN MINUTES THAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY LATER:

The Potles and Altshulers crest the hill and spot- and are spotted by- remaining TC's....

Sobs of joy! Exhulations and curses! All ring the air as people clutch each other amidst yells and expletives. It is a seldom seen sight for the locals and draws a sizeable crowd.

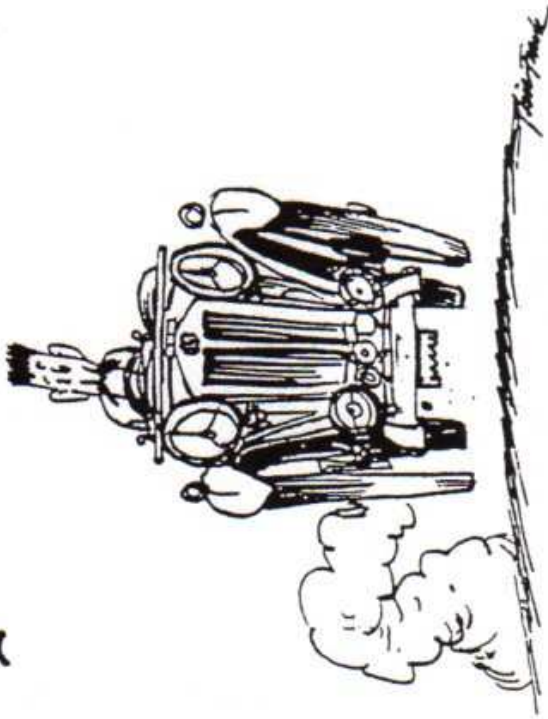
A full fifteen minutes is required to figure out exactly what happened, who went where and why.

Hugs, kisses and waves, and cars ② and ⑤ head off towards the South Bay as cars ①, ③ and ④ head towards the North Bay with one final CB salute..

Adios, Bill. Over!
Bill are you there? Bill?

FAITHFULLY INSCRIBED BY
YOUR LOYAL SERVANT Phil @ Frank


ABINGDON



**ROUGH RIDER
• REVIEW •**

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Dedicated to the perpetuation of the MG TC