



The Dashpot

April 2018

This issue of *The Dashpot* is another multi-page edition (usually they're only 1-pagers). However, several contributions from local and not-so-local sources gives me the opportunity to share some great reading articles with you. Thanks to club President Trish "the Wave" Adams (she's a local, eh!) and to Doug "Winston" Campbell (a wonderful chap from Virginia) and to an anonymous author via club member Mike "Flattery" Price.

March Meeting News:

A bunch of BCCI Long Distance Award plaques were presented to club members, having accomplished the necessary 3000+ miles in 2017. Membership renewals were accepted and those folks that did renew received their copy of the OMGC full colour calendar for 2018-2019. Several slideshows were presented, including some funny stuff and a review of the 2017 OMGC events.

At the time of publishing this edition of *The Dashpot*, the 3-to5-day weather forecast was miserable, but the longer term outlook, towards Sunday April 22, showed improvement. The [OMGC Driving-Season Kick-Off Get-Together](#) and the [Ancaster British Car Show & Flea Market](#) are both on that date. If you don't go to **Ancaster**, do drop by the **Driving-Season Kick-Off Get-Together**, and be sure to wear your name tag, and be ready to chat about the 2018 driving season!

[with typically more than 300 cars participating,
several club members have enjoyed the Ancaster show, including Bob Corral and Todd & Jen Steeves]

Looking Forward:

April 19:
[OMGC Monthly Meeting](#)

April 22:
[OMGC Driving-Season Kick-Off Get-Together](#)

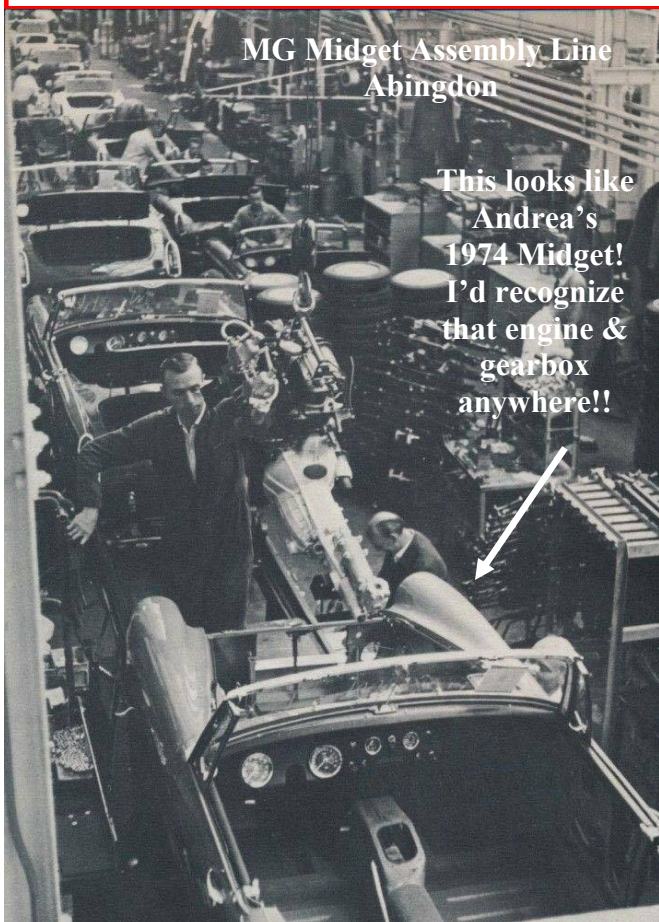
April 28:
[OMGC Spring Tune Up](#)

May 5:
[Drive Your MG-eh! Day](#)

May 6:
[Boot'n'Bonnet AutoJumble](#)

May 12:
[OMGC Tech Session & AutoJumble](#)

May 17:
[OMGC Monthly Meeting](#)



MG Midget Assembly Line
Abingdon

This looks like
Andrea's
1974 Midget!
I'd recognize
that engine &
gearbox
anywhere!!

[Click here to read about and see pictures of the 2018 Amelia Island Concours D'Elegance](#)

[thanks to Robert Lloyd-Rees for this link to the PDF story]

The Official British Leyland Inspection Sheet

MGA LOVERS
wishing you a
"Safety fast"
driving year.

1. Place this sheet under your MG's engine.
Leave overnight.
 2. Remove and inspect the sheet before driving your MG.
- If the MG logo above is covered with oil drips, check your oil level and top up. Now, go for a drive!
 - If the MG logo above is clean, do NOT drive the MG!
The oil sump is empty.

Note: This sheet can also be used with the gearbox, rear differential or anywhere else fluid flows in your MG.

The next Regular Monthly Meeting of the Ottawa MG Club is [Thursday, April 19th](#) at [The Verona Pizza House](#)

Read about Winston's Trip - Coast To Coast



Winston's Trip—Coast to Coast

By Winston Campbell

Hi everybody. It's me again. My name is Winston and for those who don't know me, let me introduce myself. I am a black 1958 MG Midget 4 door sedan. I guess most of you didn't know that MG made more sedans than roadsters. Few of us made it to this side of the pond. But I'm straying from what I wanted to tell you.

Each year the MGAs and Midgets gather for a Get Together (GT), kind of like a family reunion. These are in a different place each year and I love them as I get to see new places and go with those cute MGAs. I consider this trip an opportunity to get out with my harem. This year the GT was in Solvang, California. I had never gone on a trip that far and was worried that at my age (I'll be 60 next year) it might be too much. I'm not sure if my keeper was foolhardy or just had a lot of trust in me, but we decided to go. After a bit of preventative maintenance we were ready.

As the journey **Coast to Coast** began in Virginia Beach we left a day earlier to head there. It felt cold to me (60+ degrees) when we gathered at the statue of Neptune to start our journey with a picture. I got left out of the picture, it was only for humans. As there was a bit of traffic, the cool mist felt good as we headed to Mount Airy, NC. I had been there before on the way to Asheville for a GT. While the others went to see "Mayberry," I rested from my first day. My keepers went out with Nelson Wilson and his wife Sally for supper at a winery. You remember Nelson. He was our club president a few years ago.

Our next day was on to Maryville, TN. The best part was that we were going to do the Tail of the Dragon on the way. I didn't know what to expect as I think I'm afraid of Dragons. It turned out to be a real challenging road with

over 300 sharp turns in 11 miles. Sports cars and motorcycles love this road as it challenges them. I am neither a sports car nor a motorcycle but I had fun. I got enough speed up that I was low on one side through the turns and actually squealed the tires on one turn. That was fun.

Another night to rest before a trip to the Jack Daniel Distillery. I was told this is only for adult humans so once again I got left out. That's ok, as I'm a bit older I do enjoy an afternoon nap. After my nap we went to Fayetteville, TN for the night.

I was a bit apprehensive about our next day's adventure. We started off with a drive around Memphis, TN. They had us scheduled for a long excursion around the city of two lane secondary roads. Luckily sane heads prevailed and we went on interstate highways. After all it was Sunday morning. The rest of the day was just uninteresting miles. We did about 380 miles today getting to Searcy, Arkansas.

The next day looked like another day with nothing to do but roll. Oh no, one of my MGA girl friends just hit a big dog that ran out in front of her. I was shocked by the amount of damage to my friend. The humans were resourceful though and used something called a scissor jack to push the front wing (fender for yanks) away from the front tyre (tire) so we could get back on the road. We slept in Shawnee, Oklahoma that night.



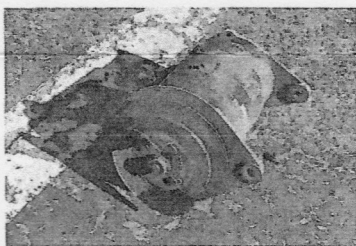
On day 6 we left Oklahoma for Amarillo, Texas. Flat, hot, booring... I got to rest that night while the humans went to the Big Texan for supper. They actually got there in a limo. Not me though I stayed at the hotel.

After a short ride we stopped beside the road so some of the drivers could walk across a field and look at the upended cars at the Cadillac Ranch. I just couldn't understand it - why would someone treat such good cars that way? This was a long day as we drove for over 425 miles. Still hot, still uninteresting for me. I got to rest that evening in Gallop, New Mexico.

Finally I get a short day - still hot though. We took a drive through the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest. I'm still confused though as I was expecting a bit of shade from the trees, and just where are the trees?



We stopped in Winslow, Arizona for lunch. Apparently there is a song about a street corner in Winslow. The humans had to stop and get pictures of them beside two statues. Didn't make any sense to me. My driver told me that the lunch they had there was exceptional. Very upscale but at extremely reasonable prices. Couldn't prove it by me. I've gotten progressively poorer food on this trip. Some gas stations only sell regular gasoline. I didn't like that. As I left Winslow I heard a loud bang. My keeper thought we had driven over a piece of metal. But no, I heard it again as we left town - my temperature kept rising - I wasn't feeling good. My keeper got off the highway and into a gas station with a very small bit of shade and popped my bonnet (hood) only to discover that the pulley on the front of the generator had disintegrated. This pulley is needed for the fan and water pump. They called two other members of our group. One of them was carrying a spare generator and pulley. After some repair work I was on the road again. I had been worried that I would be stuck in Winslow until a new pulley could be shipped in. I was so glad to arrive in Flagstaff for the night. It was still hot, but now I also had to climb some good hills. Hot temperatures and hill climbing do not go well together for me. I got very hot when climbing, but cooled down going down the other side of the mountains.



The rest of the crew were going to the Grand Canyon the following day. I wasn't because my keepers had been there before so I had an easy day of short trips to two museums. After the museums I went on the interstate to Seligman, Arizona on old Rte. 66. I beat the MGAs to the motel. It seems that one of the MGAs had fuel pump problems at the Grand Canyon. They pushed the car out of the road onto a sidewalk and worked on it until they finally got her going.

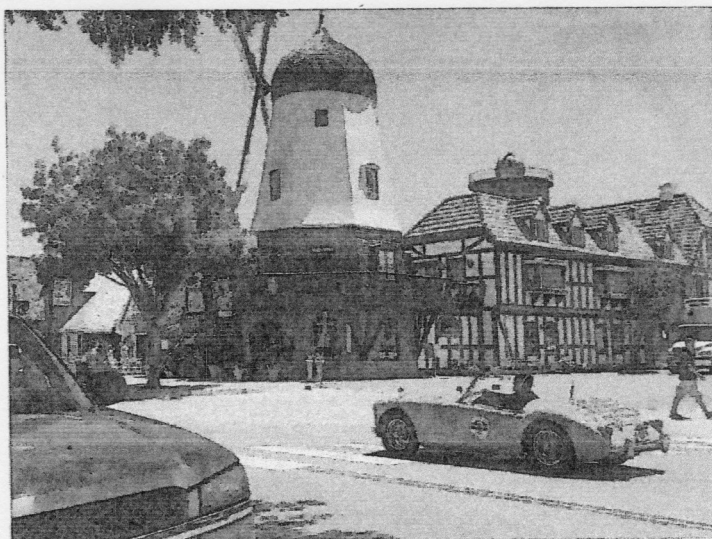
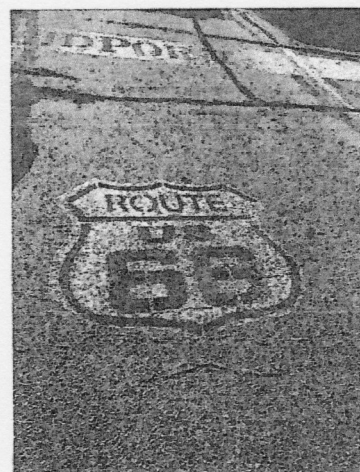
They keep Seligman old looking for us tourist. There were old cars everywhere for display only as rust is very important I guess. Now it was really hot outside. Our plan called for an extensive trip on old 66. We had split into two groups by this time. Our four cars wanted to leave very early before breakfast as our owners had heard about the forecast temperatures - they didn't tell us but I figured it wasn't good. We drove on a good portion of the route, but when we came upon Interstate I-40 we decided that the temperatures were just too much for both our keepers and us. We drove directly to Barstow, California where the high that day was 106. We were told that we

had been in areas where the temperatures had reached 112. I don't want to do that again. The rest of our group did more sightseeing and arrived at the hotel 4 hours after us. They were REALLY hot.

After Barstow we only had about 300 miles to go to get to Solvang. I was never happier than to see our destination - now I could rest in the small bit of shade I was parked it.

I'm not sure what took place during the GT as I spent a lot of time getting my energy back. There was a car show though, right beside an old Spanish Mission. I got to talk with 5 of my brothers. They were so envious of my trip (I embellished it a bit when I told them) as they were all from California. I was a bit surprised in how tired looking several of them looked. I guess living in California must be very hard on cars. One was very unique as he had seats with head rests and a boot (trunk) that was very luxurious - nothing like what my makers had envisioned for us.

On Thursday night after the closing banquet for my keepers, they told me I had won 1st in class for the Marnettes. I was as surprised as they were. I guess being hard working and original does have virtues. On Friday we drove to the Hearst Castle, or so I was told. They wouldn't let me go up to the castle so I have to take them at their word that there is a castle - I couldn't see it.



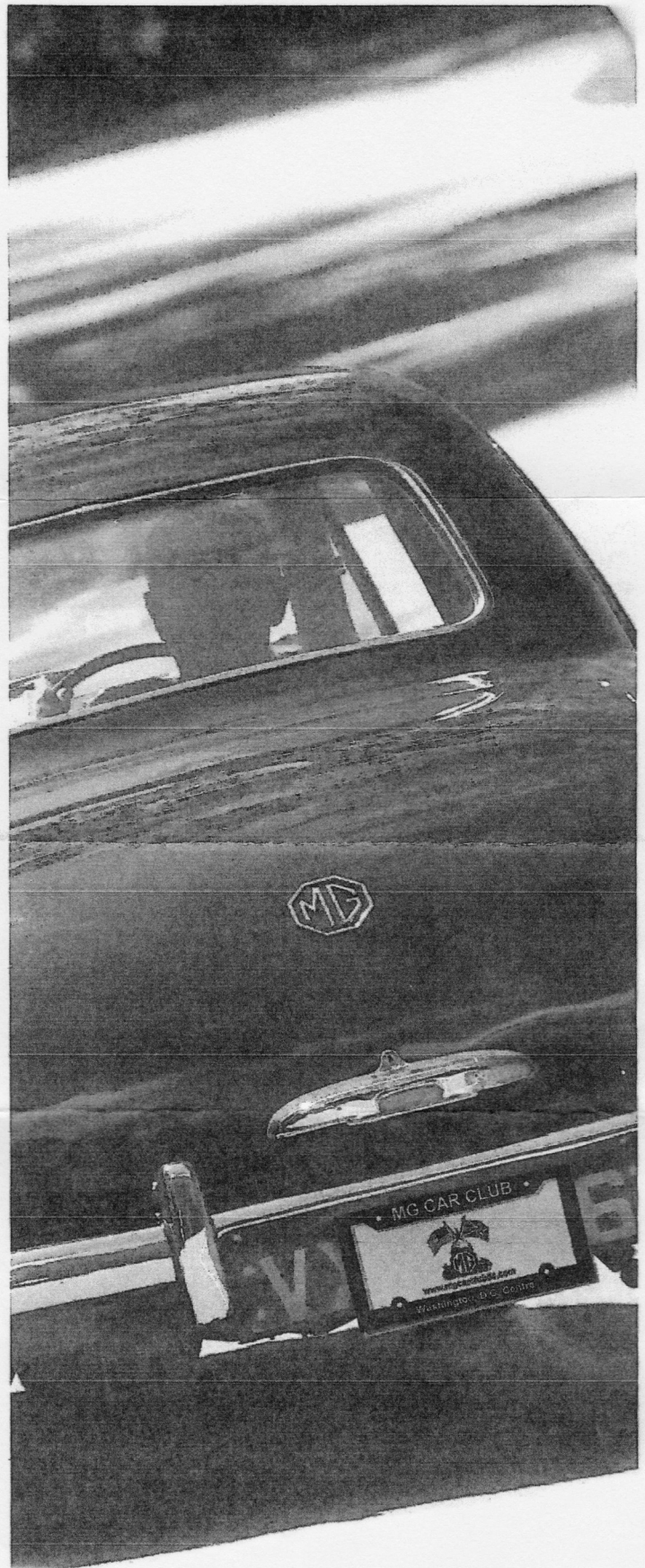
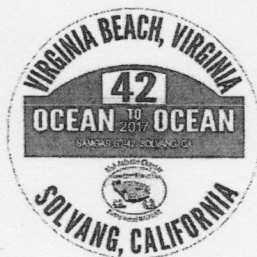


Now my time was running down. I stayed at Vandenberg, AFB that night. What a dead place. I got fed (they only have 91 octane out in the west) but my keepers had to hunt on base for a place to eat. They roll up the sidewalk here at night.

With the heat and time schedule it was decided that I'd go into Los Angeles on Saturday to begin my journey home. Hooray, I'm not driving but instead being chauffeured home on a truck. Getting into LA wasn't high on bucket list but I had to do it. Luckily the traffic wasn't all that bad for a Saturday morning. Once again fate shined on us. The map we had didn't have the street we need. We stopped at a traffic light and there was the cross street we needed.



My keepers turned me over to the shipping company and left. I missed them, but was parked right beside my MGA friends. Twenty-five days and 3,800 miles. Life is Good.



The Sports Car Wave

(Author unknown)

Once upon a time, when I was a young man, sports cars roamed the earth in their natural state, driven daily by people who thought of them as fun cars and real wheels. These were generally happy people. Who wouldn't be happy on a nice day with the top down, open roads and the roar of the exhaust in one's ear? These people knew something others could only guess at – namely, that driving is fun and a good thing, and there is more to the journey than the destination.

On any given day, one would see not only MGs but also Sprites, Triumphs, Porsches, Alfas, cars by Jaguar, Morgan, Healey, Fiat, Datsun, and even the occasional Lotus, Elva, Cobra, and others – too many to remember. The drivers of these cars knew they were involved in something very special, and they knew the other drivers of these cars also knew this. From these special feelings grew a brotherhood and, yes, even a sense of conspiracy, knowing we were different from the people in "sedans" (possibly leading directly to latter attempts of the 60s generation to form into communes, and the whole flower power generation, etc.).

This camaraderie was acknowledged by waving to one another – a practice which seems to have largely died out in the last 25 or 50 years. In the ensuing years, the sports car "wave" has become under used, nay, unused and unappreciated. I have done some field research, and it seems no one will return a "wave" these days.

In the "Good Old Days", the "wave" was widely practiced, learned, and used by each new owner of a sports car. As with most things in the human world, as time went on, the "wave" was refined and evolved into a highly ritualized salute between car owners. In its highest evolution, there were even articles written about appropriate waving between owners of differing makes of automobiles (quite likely in *Road & Track* magazine, among others). Since we are a club of sports car owners and users, it is up to us and others like us to step up and revive this grand tradition. So, I propose to discuss the "wave," its use, and application.

First..., when driving a sports car, it is appropriate to "wave" at any oncoming sports car, or one that is stopped next to you at a stop sign or light. If the other driver can see you, give him or her a "wave". A sports car, for purposes of identification, is any car with its top down and less than four doors / seats, or any other car you recognize as a sports car. All MGs are sports cars, all Ferraris, Maseratis, and Porsches are sports cars, not all Jags are sports cars. Corvettes are your call (the editors refused to add a note here). No Buick, Cadillac, DeSoto, or Lincoln is a sports car. Thunderbirds with two seats didn't use to be sports cars, but we need all of the help we can get these days. Vipers are definitely sports cars.

Second..., the "wave" is hierarchical – the obligation to initiate the "wave" starts with the lesser car and is returned by the greater car. It is understood that some cars are greater (more desirable) than others. Thus, Sprites are to initiate the "wave" to MGs, MGs to Healeys, Healeys to Jags, Jags to Ferraris – you get the idea. Everyone initiates the "wave" to Ferraris, Cobras, and Lotuses. Generally speaking, if you would trade cars with the other guy, then you should initiate the "wave." Younger cars initiate the "wave" to older cars, if you can tell the difference in ages. Everyone should initiate the "wave" to MGTCs; MGBs initiate to MGAs, etc.

Third..., the "wave" itself. Recognizing the hierarchy above, the "wave" between equals is a hand raised from the steering wheel (you are driving with both hands on the wheel, eh?) with the palm facing the oncoming car and all fingers pressed together and extended fully (as opposed to the way some folks do it on the freeway). The hand only needs to be raised a few inches from the wheel. In the event one needs to extend the "wave" to someone up or down the social scale, the "wave" is more or less energetic or exaggerated. Thus, if a Sprite encounters a Cobra, the Sprite driver is expected to initiate the "wave" and may stand up on the driver's seat and wave both hands over his head energetically. The Cobra driver may properly raise a single index finger to acknowledge the Sprite. Although this may be an exaggeration, that's the idea. Thus, when driving your MG, and encountering another MG, "wave" to it as equals; when encountering an Austin Healey, "wave" with the hand a little higher and with a little more enthusiasm; raise your hand higher still and "wave" it side to side when you see an XKE, and so forth.

Fourth..., all sports cars are to be waved at. Even those from "other countries," including the German ones. Yes, the Japanese cars should be waved at.

Fifth..., since the habit has withered away and it is necessary to reintroduce it to the world at large, I suggest we temporarily rat-hole all of the distinctions as to what to do to what car and "wave" at all sports cars. At some time in the distant future the ritualization of hierarchical status will undoubtedly creep back into the practice. But for now, take the initiative and "wave" to everything with the top down. Democratize the process and expose someone to another of the joys of sports car ownership.

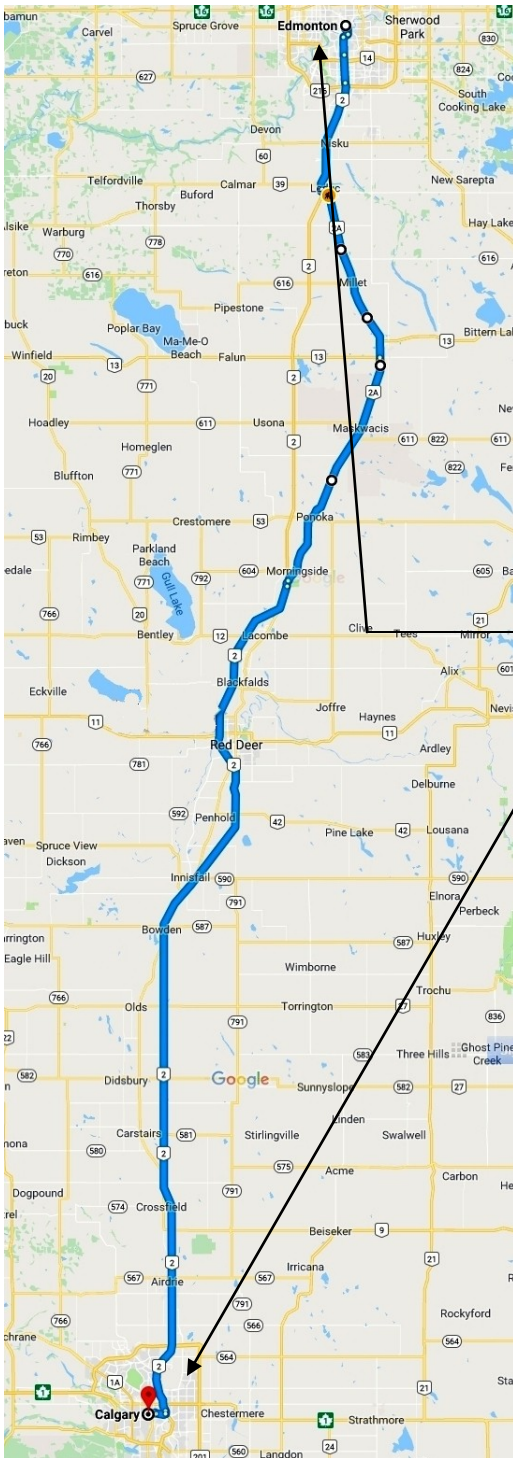
Remember, not everyone has had the blessings that we have, and we must forgive them if they don't know the rules. People driving Miatas, Z-mobiles, and Porsches haven't been properly introduced to what sports cars are all about; they thought they were buying a car, or transportation, or even status (may God help them!) when they should have been buying into a lifestyle.



← the wave, the right way



no politics are involved→



FLATTERY'S MAIDEN VOYAGE

Before plunging into the adventures of "Flattery's" maiden voyage, I should perhaps explain that one sunny Saturday afternoon, a cheque for \$100 was signed and a little 1949 Austin was ours - this was only the beginning of our problems. That same afternoon, with the car perched precariously on a hoist after breaking down two miles out of town, we were advised by a pessimistic mechanic to return the car immediately, or to scrap it; hence the car was christened "Flattery".

Why? Because experience has shown that "[Flattery will get you nowhere](#)".

Five days later a "new" engine was picked up in a scrap yard for \$20 and work began (under the direction of a competent, mechanically-minded friend) on the rebuilding of this "new" engine. Work was completed in just over one week, naturally this was not the end of our troubles; though some of the major ones were solved by the great day when "Flattery" was to make her maiden voyage, destination CALGARY! (about 185 miles)

Account of the journey taken from the Log Book: April 17th, 1959

Destination: Calgary Estimated time of arrival: 10:30 pm

Driver: D.E. (license holder) Navigator/assistant driver: J.M. (no license)
Passenger: E.B.

VEHICLE ITEMS OUT OF ORDER: Brake lights, horn, signal lights, windshield wipers, heater, speedometer, fuel gauge, small fuse missing (this accounts for many of the defects), steering very loose, brakes a little shaky, otherwise car in top shape. (ps: front shock absorbers are non-existent)

Gas tank: Full - 8 gallons Oil pressure: 40 lbs/

4:25 - Amid wild cheers and tearful farewells from friends, we left Edmonton (weather cloudy, windy and threatening rain).

5:01 - Leduc - sun shining, oil pressure down to 30 (hope it does not drop anymore).

5:07 - Almost passed truck on highway, but it turned off before the big moment.

5:10 - Kavanagh - cars passing continuously, oil steady at 30. Estimated speed 35 m.p.h.

5:20 - Millet - weather clearing.

5:23 - Bounced over Pipestone Creek.

5:28 - Car with 2 boys and a girl (in curling pins) just passed and raised eyebrows in contempt. Fools!!

5:35 - Passed two hitch-hikers; pointed thumbs to ground as we passed.

5:36 - Wetaskiwin - sun shining in West; estimated speed 40 m.p.h. Oil still 30 (thank goodness).

5:45 - Changed drivers; gear box (transmission) seemed to be grinding a little while car standing still!

5:58 - Hobbema - speed estimated - increased to 37

(should perhaps explain speed was estimated by spotting mile posts and timing distance with stop watch).

6:05 - Menaik - N.A.D. [nothing abnormal detected]

6:11 - Waved at approaching MG but no response - wonder why?

6:14 - Ponoka - Sun going down in the west and blinding the driver.

6:26 - Morningside - uneventful journey from Ponoka - cars still passing continuously, oil-steady at 30.

6:33 - Passed freight train going north carrying oil and Lacombe sign.

6:40 - Lacombe - stop for dinner with Mr. & Mrs. M. (J.M.'s Grandparents) only 10 minutes late on schedule, driver, assistant driver-navigator and passenger replenished with jellied-pork and chicken.

7:37 - On our way again; change of drivers, checked oil, water, etc. OK. Filled tank again - 2 3/4 gallons - having done about 92 miles in over 30 miles per gallon, pretty good!

7:40 - On the highway again; stopped to check lights: OK! Strange noises coming from car - passengers nervous.

7:50 - Blackfalds - pity... thought it was Red Deer. Speed estimated at about 35-40 m.p.h. Beginning to get difficult to see to write. Oil fires burning all around us.

8:00 - Red Deer - right this time!; speed estimated about 42 mph. Car has been behind us for some time.... why doesn't it pass? We must be going too fast!

8:05 - Hit stone; driver nearly had a fit; thought back axle had gone! Almost dark now. Passenger asleep. Too dark to write - times and events of remainder of trip memorized and noted below.

9:00 - Round of good hot coffee from thermos - welcome relief for driver who was beginning to feel draft from floor boards and badly fitting window.

9:10 - Changed over drivers (J.M. was driving); sugar spilt on floor in process; also coffee cup; plus coffee shut in glove compartment by mistake; discovered only when driver reached forward for cup that was not there!

10:00 - Truck making very heavy weather about passing us.

10:00 - Contemplated passing same truck which seemed to be having difficulty on hills, but it got away so we consoled ourselves with more good hot coffee.

10:20 - Lights of Calgary in sight. Drivers changed over; D.E. driving again.

10:30 - Pulled in at "[Crossroads](#)" for coffee, phone calls etc.

11:00 - Arrived at Motel, after hair-raising drive through city.

SUMMARY: WE MADE IT - WITH NO MISHAPS!

1949 Austin A40 Devon

