The Midget Chassis

David Edgar, Editor 1454 Chase Terrace El Cajon, CA 92020



First Class Mail



Photo probably from a British newspaper. Original caption reads: The U.S.A. is rapidly becoming an enthusiastic market for the M.G. Midget Series "TC." This is a shipment of 50 which left the London Docks recently for Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. on board the Royal Mail Line's *S.S. Loch Ryan*.

Guessing this is around 1948 before EXU models were produced. Note the

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fog lamps missing. TCs leaving the MG factory for export were either driven to the docks (London, Bristol, or Southampton) in convoys, or sent to the Nuffield Exports facility for preparation for shipping. Fog lamps, and oftentimes headlamps were not installed for shipping except headlamps were believed installed if cars were driven to the docks from the factory.

How I Got My First TC

We are looking for your write up on how you got your first TC. What led you to want one, how long did it take to find one, etc. Looking for short (several sentences) or long descriptions. Jim Crandall shares a story here on page 10, part of which includes buying his first TC. Send what you want (including photos if you have any) and we will share it.

Send to: djedgar@pacbell.net





Peter Brock's First Car - a TC



Excellent story on Peter Brock's first car, a TC. Not allowed to reprint, but read on Classic Motorsports Magazine's website.

classicmotorsports.com/articles/peter-brock-my-first-car/



MIDGET CHASSIS Jan/Feb 2019

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The Midget Chassis is published eleven times a year, bowing out to the full size Classic Chassis occasionally

All contributions: articles, letters, advertisements, and captioned photos for the next issue should be sent to:

> The Classic Chassis c/o David Edgar, 1454 Chase Terrace El Cajon, CA 92020

email: djedgar@pacbell.net

New TCMG Officers and Chairs for 2019

President	Sandra Loe 818-790-2332		
Vice Pres.	Stan Belland 818-780-1752		
Secretary	Richard Loe 818-790-2332		
Treas/Memb	Joyce Edgar 619-593-8255		
Director/Web/Events	Steve Simmons (see directory)		
Director	Larry Einhorn 818-883-9999		
Ex Officio	Curt Sorensen 818-991-6152		
Editor	David Edgar 619-593-8255		
Historian	Don McLish 818-352-3741		
Regalia	Linda Simmons (see directory)		
Sunshine Chair	Bobbie Simon 818-708-2033		
Hospitality <	Jan Sorensen 818-991-6152		
	(need co-chair on this - please volunteer)		

fordydelux@yahoo.com stanlaw@earthlink.net fordydelux@yahoo.com djedgar@pacbell.net mail@mgnuts.com goodeats@usa.net curtwlv@aol.com djedgar@pacbell.net dmclish1@hotmail.com linda@mgnuts.com simonbobbie@yahoo.com janwlv@aol.com

Sandra Says

Congratulations to our 1st female TCMG president



A president that does not drive a TC (but has), does not work on a TC (but has), and in reality is the right hand

man (or woman in this instance) to the TCMG member, TC driver and mechanic puts us in an interesting position. I may not help keep your

car on the road, but I plan to lead us through a memorable year.

In reviewing the past 12 months many members have stepped forward to keep decades of traditions moving forward. A big thanks is owed to everyone *Working on the TC*

who helped with the success of 2018. We started in January with Gene Olson's game night and the Lame

Duk Kup won by the Simmons. As we moved into spring Toni and Mel Appell shared their love of Cruising, we motored to Julian for a Double Day event starting with lunch hosted Gorden Bundy and June Wennekamp and in June, Cindy Henkels' picnic.

Continuing into summer Kay and Larry Einhorn hosted us for Chicago Hotdogs, we went to the All British Car Show in Oxnard, Dave Simon made a presentation on celebrity cars, and some of us participated in GoF West held in South Lake Tahoe. In the fall we met ARR in Fish Camp for Conclave, celebrated Halloween with

more games, and learned a little about the Loe's car collection. Two tech sessions hosted by David Spiegel and Steve Simmons completed the 2018 schedule. However, most of all, these activities are most memorable due to being with our TC friends.

For Richard and me one of the noteworthy events of 2018 was breaking the left rear spring perch of TC 5970 on the way to the June event.

This ended 4 1/2 years of consecutive Motoring Guild participation driving a TC. We found life goes on and we still had a good day in Santa Paula with Motoring Guild friends.

Looking forward to 2019 we will hopefully repeat some of these favorite activities and

add some new ones. Our calendar of events could go from the desert to the mountains and to the sea with

anticipated trips to
GoF West in Prescott,
AZ, possible conclave
location in Morro
Bay and a Double
Day event to be
determined. We await
with great anticipation
to see what is coming
for our group this year.
If anyone would like to



Steering the TC in Funkhana

share their interests, skills, or passion please contact one of the executive council members. It seems we can have fun even if we do not drive or work on our MG, but are willing to turn up and share a little of ourselves. I believe 2019 will be another great year.

TCMG President 2019

Tues, Jan. 22nd 8:00 PM **Game Night**





Gene Olson is back with the ever popular TCMG Game Night. Everyone always enjoys his creativity in games. Do not miss the laughs and thrills while you learn interesting facts about TCs and our club.

Photo shows the Wheel of Misfortune game (with an actual TC wire wheel). Wonder what the game it will be this time?



36th Church of Christ Scientist 4032 Whitsett Avenue Studio City, CA 91604

About a mile south of the 101 Freeway and two blocks north of Ventura Blvd

Use the parking lot on corner of Wilkinson and Valleyheart. Meet in the Community Room (labeled school).

Dues Time

55 members (55%) of our members have already renewed their TCMG dues for 2019 at this point. Dues were DUE on 12/9/18, the day of our "Annual Meeting" and holiday party.

As always, prompt attention to this saves work for the Treasurer and is much appreciated. Thank you to those who have already renewed.

The Motoring Guild has made it easier by making PayPal available. Just go to: tcmotoringguild.org/membership/renewal

Or do a Zelle transfer to: TCMG@TCMotoringGuild.org through most major banks.

WHERE ARE THE POST OFFICE WE GOING IN SUCH A RUSH? TO MAIL OUR ANNUAL DUES! Geoffrey Locquenutte & Melson: On the Road

Have you renewed yet?

\$26 for local members* and \$22 for non local (unless you want all local event mailings and then it is \$26).

* Local is Send to: zip code Joyce Edgar 90000 to TCMG Treasurer 9.3.300 1454 Chase Terrace El Cajon, CA 92020

FROM THE FRAME UP

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Doug Pelton

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Visit our web for valuable tech tips and videos.

www.FromTheFrameUp.com 480-588-8185

Members who have not renewed as of Jan 14. Note that grace period ends March 26 to be included in the 2019 TCMG Directory.

Bailey, Mike & Sharon Belland, Stan & Esther Brinkerhoff, Kevin & Julie Burton, Steve deBruyn Pete Eicher, Bob & Judi Henkels, Cindy Hill, Bunker & Kathy Jones, Roy Kaplan, Sherman & Daveen Kershaw, George & Kevin Kosters, Warren & Deborah Kupferman, Steve & Meredith Larson, Bruce & Marlene Lloyd, Arthur

Marcotte, Joe & Pat McKarney, Nancy Morse, Roger & Lynn Arnold Norton, Leverne & Ruthann Ockwell, Charlie Ogden, James Olson, Gene Pate, Larry Pelton, Doug & Carol Pohle, Edwin & Karen Poteet, Steve & Tootie Pulver, Doug Ramos, Gus Roehrl, Charles & Susan Roth, Gene

Santarelli, Tony & Eniko Schrieberg, Stephen Simon, David & June Smith, Dottie Sonner, Brian & Jane Storms, Rick & Judy Sullivan Jim & Jan Tooke, Mike & Pam Traill Bill Uniack, John Williams, John S. & Phylis Williams, Willie Wong, Ronald Wright, John & Linda Youens, John & Nancy

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English

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TC Birthdays (Build Dates)

Happy 70th, 71st and 72nd Birthdays

114447	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	-ma Birmaay o
Nov 18, 1948	TC 7149	Allan & Linda Chalmers
Nov 19, 1947	TC 4103	Stan & Esther Belland
Nov 23, 1948	TC 7175	David Mathison
Nov 25, 1948	TC 7220	David & June Simon
Nov 28, 1946	TC 1877	Don McLish
Nov 29, 1946	TC 1882	Ron Wong
Dec 01, 1948	TC 7255	James Ogden
Dec 15, 1948	TC 7383EXU	Joe Douglass
Dec 15, 1948	TC 7385	Reed & Phylis Dickinson
Dec 16, 1948	TC 7409EXU	Kpj & Susan Hermance
Dec 16, 1948	TC 7410exu	Doug & Carol Pelton
Dec 17, 1947	TC 4314	Ernie & Elizabeth Page
Dec 19, 1946	TC 2014	Ed & Dee Koskie
Dec 23, 1948	TC 7474EXU	John & Georgia Bowyer
Dec 23, 1948	TC 7481	John & Donna Visconsi
Dec 30, 1946	TC 2040	Tom & Emily Wilson
Jan 5, 1949	TC7517	Jim & Jan Sullivan

Richard Messer



Build dates listed are when the TCs began near the beginning of the assembly line and assigned a number.



TC 7537

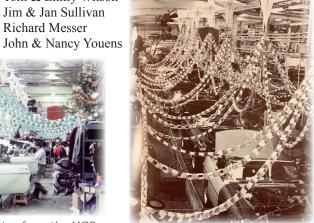
TC 4438

Jan 5, 1949

Jan 6, 1948

While these are MG factory photos from the MGB era with holiday decorations, I wonder if they also did this when TCs were being built? Note the Christmas tree on the right and the huge Santa on the left.





These photos as well as the one on the cover were taken from a Facebook page called "MG Factory Abingdon Remembered" Look it up. Many photos and remembrances of the factory from the 1930's all the way through to the MGBs. Some very interesting photos and stories there. You do have to subscribe to see the postings though.

Racing Hunsberger TC

TCMG member, Kregg Hunsberger, says this is a reprint of a story of his father and his 1947 MGTC, written by his mother and published in The Northrop Recreation Sports Car Club (N.R.S.C.C.) Course Marshal September 1963 issue.

HERE'S THE STORY OF THE CLUB'S OLDEST VINTAGE CAR – HAL'S MG TC.

THE DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES

By Beth Hunsberger

THE DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES is dedicated to Hal Hunsberger and the time he was single, footloose and racing his

yellow MG TC.

1949-1952 Hal was extremely active in the Sports Car Club of America, whose members were such greats as Jack and Ernie MacAffee (not related) Beel Pollack. Tatcher Darwin, Chuck Manning and Arnold Stubbs. At that time Jack MacAffee was driving a Blown Modified Black T.C. with the well-known number 88, and Arnold Stubbs drove another T.C. called 2

JR.

This was Hal's big competition in all their events. Palm Springs at the time held one of the South land first Sports Car Road Races, but Hill Climbs seemed to be the favorite of most of the active SCCA Members.

One particular Hill Climb will always stand out in Hal's mind. It was Sunday, April 11, 1952. The Sport Car Club at Gorman on the Ridge Route. To be precise, the event covered ½ mile **8** on the old Ridge Route which went

thru Sandburg (an old stage coach stop and later a layover point for the early tourists). The road wasn't a surface road as known today. It was concrete section with soft shoulder and steep

ith Kregg

incline on the one side and soft shoulder on the other.

Practice started at 8:00 with one timed practice run and two official timed runs. Hal was most interested in MacAffee's

time as it was one of the fastest times recorded for practice. Hal went through: his time was ½ second faster than MacAffee's.

Hal felt now would be a good time to go through for an official time.

To anyone who is interested in how to drive a Hill Climb, here is an eye witness report.

I had a wonderful vantage point at the second S turn where we stood listening for Hal's number.

At turn one everyone felt he could easily better

his practice time. As he came into the straight away and nearing the S turn he was awfully close to the soft shoulder. As he came closer we could see him kicking up dust. All of a sudden his front wheels were in the sand and the car was out of control. (Remember, this is an eye witness speaking.) Hal claims he had full control of the car. But the next thing we knew Hal was on his side with wheels spinning.

All of a sudden the crowd on the hillside was down at Hal's side, but assistance was something he didn't want. He snapped his



Caption reads: "The next thing we knew Hal was on his side with wheels spinning."

safety belt and climbed out. To look at the T.C. it looked like something that wouldn't be driven again for a long time.

The mob got the car back on its wheels, and a disgusted Hal started to check the car over. A few scratches on the left side, left fender about six inches higher than the right fender.

Hal decided to try to drive it off the course, then we saw what was really wrong. The two front wheels drifted to the left about 9 inches from the back wheels... (Do you follow me?) Well, that wasn't too bad. The only time there were complications was when we wanted to turn right. So we drifted down Highway 99 back to South Gate at 30 M.P.H.

The car was taken to International Motors for repairs. To this day the T.C. still goes down the road sideways. With ¾ of the body being wood, they never could straighten it right.

In 1953 Ken Miles wrote an article for one of the men's magazines, HOW NOT TO DRIVE A HILL CLIMB, and guess whose picture was on the feature page. None other than Hal's. But Hal didn't feel too bad: Arnold Stubs 2 JR was the other picture in the article.



Caption reads: "All of a sudden the crowd on the hillside was down at Hal's side."

Caption reads: "The mob got the car back on its wheels."

This TC still drives around today as son, Kregg, now has it and enjoys taking it out.



Member Profile - Jim Crandall

This artile was first run in the Classic Chassis Sept/Oct 1990 issue and reprinted here.

That evening the

tired. little caravan

returned to L.A. in a

driving snow storm,

and to my surprise,

of humor. We all

knew we had shared

something special.

We spiraled down from an altitude of eight thousand feet in hot pursuit of the Red Baron. Little Red Wagon was close behind.

It was one of those exhilarating, mountain descents in the late twilight, the old XPAG engine purring melodiously, beating against the exhaust notes of the MG TCs ahead and behind.

My image of that evening past is clear, but strangely surrealistic. It returns now and then, complete with sounds and smells. but somehow lacking in reality as thought I dreamed it. That part of my brain that stores TC memories is full of such images. Though specific dates are often lost, the places and faces are vividly remembered. The place was the road winding down from

Glacier Point in Yosemite, the faces were Clarence Weiss, the Wimers, and of course, Norma, who has been in the picture for thirty four years.

Long before that pleasant evening in 1989 during the annual TCMG/ARR Conclave, my TC "memoirs" began. The year was 1960. We had been married just over four years, and had recently moved into our

first real house in the new community of Woodland Hills, California. We had started our family, built our fence, planted our grass, furnished in "early Akron" and, to make the California dream complete, contemplated the purchase of our first sports car.

It was gleaming white. The wings swept up gracefully in front and tucked in modestly at the rear. The doors raked back and the windscreen tilted forward. The huge spoke wheels magically complemented the

angular assemblage of shapes and spaces. It was just as I had remembered from my high school days a decade earlier when I had coveted a brand new, 1948 MG TC belonging to a well-to-do classmate. A small "for sale" card was taped to the glass. My heart raced. Then, at my side, I heard Norma say, "I love It!" and I thought to myself, "Yes, there is a God!"

The truth is, that first TC was pretty rough. Its front fenders had been "creatively" reformed by a body-and -fender man who had never seen an original, the canvas was in sad shape, the steering was sloppy, but all in all, it was a strong car and it saw us through our fledgling years in sports motoring. Within weeks of our purchase, we met Clarence and Barbara Weiss who introduced us to the TC Motoring Guild. I was impressed by its motto, "an organization

dedicated to the restoration, maintenance and use of the MG TC. I had done my best to "restore and maintain" our new acquisition: new tires, belts, hoses, spokes, patched canvas and a coat of paint for the engine and undercarriage that could be accessed without total disassembly. Now, we were ready to "use" the car. and the T.C.M.G. provided our first opportunity.

no one lost their sense

A forty knot crosswind buffeted the TC from side to side across the narrow, desert road. It was difficult to control with a steering box that pre-dated the Tompkins Kit and the Moss modification. Even so, it was an awesome experience for me, sandwiched between seven or eight TCs racing in tight, noisy formation toward Lake Isabella. At the lake, it began to rain, making it necessary to have our lunch standing in a County Park shelter, where, as we ate our cold meal, everyone excitedly shared their versions of the morning run. Some veteran

TCers assured me that "they all steer that way." That evening the tired, little caravan returned to L.A. in a driving snow storm, and to my surprise, no one lost their sense of humor. We all knew we had shared something special.

Our initiation run turned out to be a real test, and we had passed. The TC had held together and so had we, and through we didn't know it at the time, we became inextricably bonded with people who were to become our closest friends for the next thirty years.

After "paying my dues" on newsletter committees, event planning, and various other club posts, I became President of the TC Motoring Guild in 1966. The selection process in those days was an awkward one. The membership was provided with a choice of at least two candidates

for each office, but this resulted in the elimination of half the members willing to serve. In the late seventies, the system was changed to the one we have today. A Board of Directors was selected, and they met in private session before their term began, to divvy up the jobs. The protocol during those meetings was for everyone to modestly deny one's ability to take notes, balance books, organize events and especially, to act in a leadership role. The last time I was included in this group, there was a conspiracy. Of this I have no doubt.

The ambience was warm and friendly, and a spirit of camaraderie filled the room. Six of us had just been chosen by the membership to guide the Club for the following year, and we all waited apprehensively for the "dance" to begin. Suddenly, a strange thing happened. Instead of the traditional ritual of self-deprecation, people started to volunteer! "I'd like a whack at the books this year," said the first. "You got it! Treasurer." "I'll give the Secretary's job a shot, "said another, "and put me down for Membership Chairman while you're

at it." "Great!" "I can't be at all the meetings, but I can sure handle V.P. with no trouble." "That's the spirit!" I had never seen anything like it! The enthusiasm was over-whelming! I was speechless! When I awoke from my momentary trance. I realized that all eves were upon me. I'll never forget the satisfied smiles on the other five faces. One especially sincere face said,, "How about you, Jim?" "What's left?" I mumbled, knowing the answer before the words were even out of my mouth.



The Crandalls with their white TC

After my second term as President, I took on the iob as newsletter editor for the third time. It was our first computergenerated CLASSIC CHASSIS, and it met with mixed reviews. As a publication, it was clean and organized with content that was quite satisfactory,

but as graphic design, it was somewhat controversial. The jagged headlines and unfamiliar fonts created on my primitive dot-matrix printer drew some criticism, and I couldn't help but recall earlier days when concern over the type style, text legibility and cover design was nearly non-existent.

The house hummed with activity. In one room, "reporters" agonized over handwritten stories about recent runs and up-coming events. In another room, a team of "typesetters" pecked at purple master pages on a variety of vintage typewriters. A frustrated "pressman" swore at a reluctant spirit duplicator as it mutilated pages and released acrid, alcoholic fumes into the close atmosphere. Later, a noisy procession repeatedly circled the dining room table as the TCMG NEWS (not yet known as the Classic Chassis) was assembled by a half dozen human collators. Around midnight, a tired but satisfied group folded and stapled a ten page collection of amateurish art, semi-humorous cartoons, hand-lettered headlines and copy complete with crudelycorrected typos. Finally, stamps were 11

(continued on page 14)

November 27th Meeting Minutes

President Curt Sorensen called the meeting to order and circulated the attendance sheet. Member Cliff Lemieux introduced his guest. Bob Brown. Thanks were extended to Karen Olsen for providing tonight's refreshments, to Richard Loe for tonight's program, to Lucy McCanne, Joyce Edgar, and Karen Olsen for organizing the Holiday Party/ Annual Meeting. Curt listed eight local members that own TCs manufactured in November: Appells, Shapiros, Roy Jones, Bellands, Mathisons, David Simons, Don McLish, and Ron Wong. Curt reviewed "things on the table" that include a tappet adjusting tool.

Cliff shared that his TC is drivable and the restoration is almost done.

The October general meeting minutes were submitted and approved as printed in the Midget Chassis.

Treasurer Joyce Edgar posted the Treasurer's report and commented that there are 51 reservations for the Holiday Party.

Editor David Edgar encouraged everyone to submit items for the newsletter. Gordon Glass suggested members write an articles "How I Got My First TC" for coming editions of the Midget Chassis.

Steve Simmons reported there are no new regalia items, however he has a good inventory. He also mentioned the website is updated twice a month and there is a lot of good information included on the site.

Sunshine Chair Bobbie Simon had nothing new to share.

Members impacted by recent fires included Mathisons, Crandalls, Campbells, Sorensens, and the Simmons. All have returned home to tackle the cleanup.

Don McLish, historian, had nothing new to report.

Hospitality Chair has been shared by Jan Sorensen and Bobbie the last few years. Bobbie is retiring and Jan is looking for a 12 co-chair.

Completing the "old business" portion of the meeting was an update on the 2019 election and Holiday Party plans. The Loes have sent the ballots to members and Linda Simmons says several have been returned to her. The Holiday Party is at the Sportsmen's Lodge December 9th.

There was no new business

The meeting was adjourned at 8:17 PM for a break before the program presented by Richard on the Loe car collection.

Respectfully submitted,

Sandra Loe

Secretary



think there were 16 cars Richard presented that night. British iron would have to be another program.



His first car, (before he could drive) and still has, is his '29 Model A Sports Coupe



They own two '29 Roadsters which have been on magazine covers



His latest purchase (had not even picked it up yet) is this '40 Ford P/U

FANTASTIC program and looking forward to the British program.

Annual Meeting/Party Minutes

The meeting was called to order by President Curt Sorensen who welcomed guests True Lawson, Jill Einhorn, and Eric Belland. A big thanks was extended to members that helped make the evening special: Lucy McCanne and team (organizers), Esther Belland (toy drive), Loes and Simmons (election).

The election results were announced: Joyce Edgar, Stan Belland, Richard Loe, Steve Simmons, Larry Einhorn, and Sandra Loe were elected. The 2019 Executive Council was asked to stay for a short meeting after the auction.

Treasurer Joyce Edgar posted the Treasurer's Report.

The business meeting was adjourned at 8:20

The program started with the first of three door prizes. The Thelanders won \$50. During the evening Gorden Bundy won \$25 and the Crandalls won the final prize of \$25.

The awards portion of the evening resulted in the following: Loes - Breakdown, Curt and Joyce - Mason, and the Simmons - Earl Sargent and Iron Bottom.

The auction led by Larry Einhorn and toy drive completed the activities.

Respectfully submitted,

Sandra Loe

Secretary



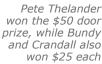
Great company, great dinner, and a great time was had by all

Breakdown Award won by the Loes for a broken rear spring hanger

Earl Sargent Award won by the Steve & Linda Simmons for most participation in club events with their TC (including the party that night)



Tie for the Frank Mason Award* to Jovce Edgar and Curt Sorensen





MANY, MANY THANKS to Larry Einhorn, our auctioneer, for a well done task of getting us to open our wallets.





* Presented to club members who most exemplify the aims of the Motoring Guild in the perpetuation of the TCMG

Member Profile on Jim Crandall (continued from page 11)

licked and stuck, sighs were heaved, and dessert was served.

Today, a much smaller group of skilled volunteers electronically assembles high quality headlines and scanned art on a Macintosh computer and prints a near-professional quality newsletter on a start-of-the-art photocopier. But that is not the only "progress" we have come to take for granted. When we travel, modern cars often outnumber TCs, and we sleep in comfortable hotels instead of tent cabins. We read "TECH TOPICS" with interest and watch passively at meetings as experts

refresh our memories on TC maintenance, but the old, hands-on "shop nights" are almost a thing of the past. Are we getting soft? Are we getting lazy? Are we getting old!? What does our future hold?

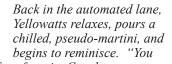
A dozen, late-model Rocketdyne touring capsules race down the automated, ocean causeway connecting Santa Barbara to the Palos Verdes Peninsula, leaving the old Pacific Coast Highway to

the congestion of slower, soar carts and ponderous, methane-guzzling pleasure pods. The sleek "T-Caps" on the "magway," moving at two hundred kph, are all metallic gray, designating the status of the elderly drivers. The are returning home after a pleasant. TCMG/ARR Conclave Week at the Cambria/Morro Beach Resort. Their annual meeting with the Alameda Robot Riders is always fun, and, as usual, dominated by talk of the "good old days of gasoline." Suddenly, a soft tone alerts one of the aging drivers that the on-board computer is about to speak. "Excuse me again, Mr. Crandall, but your propulsion charge is dangerously low." "Did I detect a note of sarcasm in that message?"

14 remarks the balding, portly driver to

his wife, still at his side after thirty-four years. "Remind me to get that voice chip changed." He touches a switch on the back of his controller, and speaks into a voice-activated, audio/video transmitter in the center of the console. "Little Red Rocket, this is Yellowatts, over." The face of the lead driver appears, his mop of snow white, curly hair only partially visible on the tiny screen. "Problems, Jim? "Yeah, sorry, but I forgot to plug in last night, and I need a quick fix." "Ten-four" At a pre-arranged signal, the twelve-capsule caravan of the prestigious, Touring Caps-Montrose Group" simultaneously switches to manual

drive, slows to 100 kpm and moves into an emergency lane. "Yellowatts, this is Electric Eye. I'm right behind you. Ready to lock?" "Ready" "Locked" Seconds pass. "Charge complete" Thanks a bunch" "You owe me a Stoli." "Anytime. Red Rocket, this is Yellowatts, ready to go back onto the magway." "Roger. Over we go...... now!"



know, one of my favorite Conclaves was at Yosemite back in '89. We were touring down from Glacier Point in the old MG TCs just after sunset, and" "Oh god, he's going to tell the story again." One by one, video screens dim and audio systems are placed on "Silent Standby." A button reclines the musing driver on a cushion of air, and he drones on. "Clarence was in the lead, and Doug was behind, and that old XPAG was purring like a kitten." In most of the other capsules, the only sound is the quiet hum of the environmental system and the faint whine of the electric turbine echoing off the blurred guard rail.



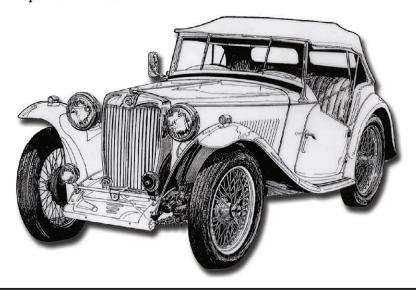


Jim and Norma who go by Yellowatts with their future touring capsule. But who recalls their TC CB handle?



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