



GHS

*Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'
From the Editor's Desk*

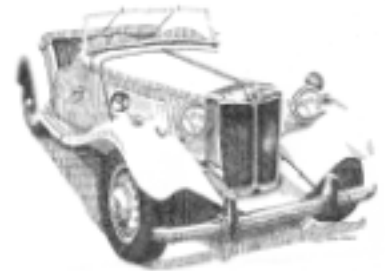
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Thinkin' 'bout da Hood



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MGBob does stand for the MG car. When I started with email, I was editor for our CT MG Car Club newsletter, so it seemed appropriate. I have, still have, the TD that my parents owned during the GHS years and an MGB GT. Others who drove MGs, at that time, included Dale McLeod, MGA; Harry Newman, TD (his father owned the schoolbus company); Mike _____, TD (whose TD was blue and fitted with supercharger, he lived in



Shorelands about six houses from Jeff Ferris). Nancy McGee's father had a red MGA, Guy Cardin's mother drove an MG-Y saloon. Jim Kerr (a year or two younger) had an Austin Healey 100-6. Scott Osler, also a couple of years younger, had a succession of MG 1100 sport saloons and an MGB. Cynthia Deems had a VW convertible that was unusually good at backfiring when ignition was switched off and on. Her mother never could understand why a muffler lasted only 100 miles. Tom Gorin's father had a 356 Porsche coupe.



High school was not an experience that I would want to undergo again, a feeling that I notice has been mentioned by several others. It's not that GHS was evil or mean-spirited, it's just that I never seemed to be

in step with it. The final break for me was getting suspended for the Sr Skip Day to Jones Beach when I was in school all day that day. I carried a grudge for Andy Bella for years and years. Then the most surprising thing happened..... I met his former wife, then his daughter, Andrée, a most lovely woman. Talking





with her I mentioned Andy Bella, what an unusual name and I had a HS principal etc. So right away she asked what my terrible experience with him had been. And I told her. A couple of weeks later, she and her husband drove over to my farm and, a wraith from the past, Andy Bella himself, got out of the car. His first words to me were "Son, I understand I owe you an apology." How thoughtful, how gracious, how gentlemanly of him to do that. As an adult, maybe aged 34 or so then, I could so much better understand the complexities of running a zoo with so many different temperaments and patterns. Having lunch with him then was an uplifting and relieving experience, and I am now one of his boosters, no

longer a detractor. Perhaps being married to a teacher causes one to have a greater appreciation for principals. Mr Bella gets great marks in my book. I've lost contact with her, but Andrée lived at Board Landing, Belfast, ME, when last I saw her, raising two youngsters, sheep and llamas.

The most difficult part of anything that we write about, when talking about our MG's, is the spelling of Cognew augh (sp?) Road; the most fun road in town. There never was enough power available to get



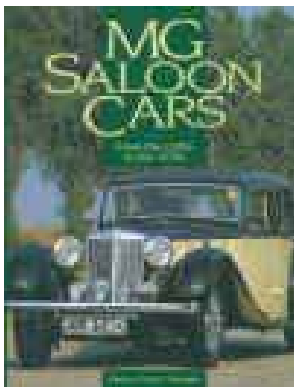
these 1250 cc engines out of second gear, so top speed was probably 30-35 mph, but their revving engines sounded fast and powerful, so it was very rewarding for those of us who really wanted to be reborn as Stirling Moss.



Who was Mike _____?

I don't think the Mike _____ was Mike Trumbull, as you wrote in your eMail. Didn't he live up in the vicinity of Eastern Jr HS? Didn't his family have a Hereshoff sloop in a Victorian barn off to the left side of their handsome white house?

This Mike _____ of the blue, supercharged TD, lived on Grimes Rd (that's the main road into Shorelands, isn't it) in a small house on the right that was set back behind the row of houses that was closer to the road. He was short, dark, and irreverent and drove fast.



The book jacket, yellow & black car, is a WA or SA series saloon. MG discontinued them at the beginning of the hostilities in 1939 and the first saloon after the war was the Y saloon. It's a fine book, very well researched and it has the photographs that one needs to have handy for restoration work. There aren't many saloons in the US. The silver grey car, Y saloon, belongs to Steve Neal, who lives in or near Boothbay Harbor, ME and that is the model that Cardin's mother drove. Hers was originally green with black wings, but Guy repainted all light grey, close to Neal's car's color.

The MGB is pretty timeless, its variations being slight, so sure, go with this one. Mine is the GT, the fixed head coupe, but that is of no consequence since most people don't recognize them as there were

comparatively few imported to USA.

Also timeless are MGA's. Their grilles and tail-lamps changed, the external markings indicating different engines, but the bodies remained the same throughout production. TD's were also almost the same from 1949-1953, except for details that only we boffins note. Run with that movie first picture.

If you want to poke around the MG world, check out CT MG Club's website, www.ctmgclub.com. You'll actually find a couple of pix of my TD. It's silver-grey with red wheels (red wheels are give-away, since very



few cars had anything but silver). One is titled TD and Dog, featuring large expanse of my hairless head. Others are at the club picnic of two weeks ago, with different people driving it. Somewhere there is a red GT in a photo. Since there are only two of them in our club, 50/50 likelihood that it's mine (actually Kristen's). Hers has all-chromed bumpers; the other has those immense rubber hooters that the US rules forced on MG for 1974, one year only.



We still haven't figured out that mystery Mike. Wonder if he might have been a class younger? I went through Compass without recognizing his face, though I recall that his name was mentioned in one of the first newsletters I received from you---can't recall the context.

Who was Mike _____?

Do you have the answer?

Please write and let us know...

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