

Drive Your MGA Day Adventures  
by Michael Rosen

So, my ride was ultimately successful, but started with an embarrassing senior moment. My wife Ryuko and I decided to make the drive a picnic, and tool on over to my Mom's apartment in a senior living development about a half hour away. Mom has a little patio, and the socially-distanced plan was for us to sit in folding lawn chairs in the parking lot and eat while Mom did the same some 20 feet away, all the time feeling the sun's warmth and the satisfaction of having gotten there in our LBC.

So I began my "pre-flight," and was stopped dead in my tracks as I raised the bonnet to check fluids: NO RADIATOR CAP!

I had had the A out a few weeks earlier, and it surely had a cap then. And, crazily, the coolant was present, right up to the normal level! Hmmmm... OK, coming clean here - I eventually remembered that I had been tending to the car (not an unusual activity for us LBC'ers!), had received a phone call, and had apparently put the cap down.

Somewhere.

Of course I searched and searched, but no luck.

So as we couldn't keep Mom waiting, we transferred our picnic matériel to our ordinary 21st c. chariot, and drove off. I texted Mike Crawford, Proprietor of British Motorworks in Uxbridge, MA, the lead restorer of my car, and, not coincidentally, the president of the Boston Area MG Club, to see if he had a cap available to beg, borrow, buy, or steal. Always level-headed, Mike suggested just going to an auto parts place.

So on our way home from lunch, we stopped at Autozone (open, as auto-related services are considered "essential").

I stepped up to the counter, and the following conversation ensued:

"Radiator cap..."

"Year?"

"'62."

"hoo...boy. Make?"

"MG."

"HOOOO...BOY!... Model?"

"A"

[much squinting at computer screen...tapping keyboard...clicking...]

"Em Kay Eye Eye?"

“Yes, that’s it.”

”Yep. We got one, over at our other store...

Hold it for you?”

“Yes!”

So, cut to an hour later, cooling system resealed, Mike and Ryuko cruising by Minuteman Park in Concord, MA, enjoying a perfect afternoon for a ride. And on through Carlisle, Bedford, Lexington, Lincoln, birds chirping, cyclists churning, motor purring, wind in her hair (would have been the same for me as I had the same wind, but, well, not that other part...), and back home after a lovely springtime motoring affair.

Oh, and the radiator cap...  
Under a towel in the garage.

Hmph.

Mike

The MGA at a Cars and Coffee a couple years ago

