

Wypes & Tyres



www.memphisbritishcars.org

The British Sports Car Club, LTD - Memphis, Tennessee

July 2020



2020 BSCC Officers

Terry Roberts	President
Jeb Blanchard	V. President
Jerry Farrar	Treasurer
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Tom Wilson	Empire Marque Leader
Dave White	Jaguar Marque Leader
Paul Burdette	MG Marque Leader
Jon Brody	Triumph Marque Leader
Chris Irving	Lotus Marque Leader
Joe Reed	Historian
Jim Duke	Secretary

Membership Meetings

Coletta's Italian Restaurant, 2850 Appling Rd.

3rd Monday of each month
6:00 p.m. if you wish dinner;
7:00 p.m. for our program

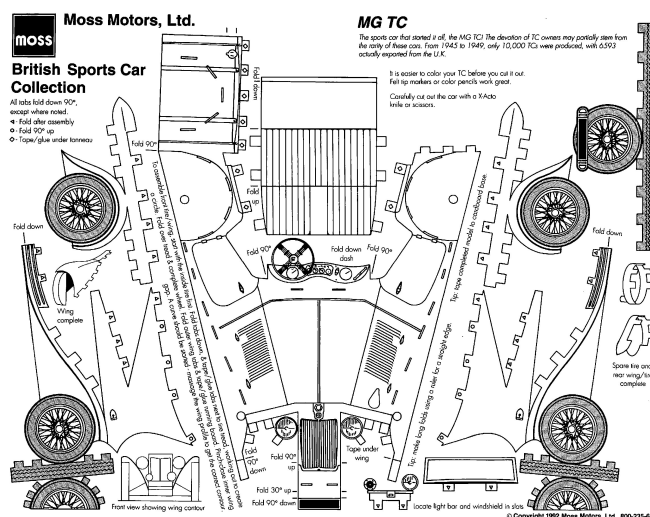
Mark your calendar

July 20th, 2020 ???????
August 17th, 2020
September 21st, 2020



Playing With Paper Dolls

Back in 1957 The Mills Brothers released their big hit song, 'Paper Doll', in which they sang they'd rather "buy a paper doll than have a real live gal." Maybe not the same kind of doll, but Moss Motors still offers paper cut-outs of British sports cars to download, cut out, and assemble into your own little car.



So, if you're getting cabin fever from social distancing, head on over to www.mossmotors.com/papercar-cutouts

and download a 'restoration project' of your own.

(some assembly required)

Gordon-Keeble Cruising

Continued from last issue.....

Charles Wells, Oxfordshire, England

Although pre-booked into Chateau des Avenieres at Cruseilles, there was no way that we were going to take a 30 mile taxi ride and abandon the car to its fate. The Quai du Mont Blanc is pretty smart, and it was a toss up between the four nearest hotels. The Hilton got the vote, because it has secure parking. With difficulty I coaxed the G-K into subterranean security. No sooner installed in a fine room overlooking Lac Lemman, with Room Service working overtime, than we were called by the RAC - help would be available if I was prepared to be outside the hotel at 0700 the following morning. I slept soundly.

Barely light, I teased the car to ground level at 0630. A thunderous V8 broke

the early morning silence, and a handsome breakdown outfit rumbled to our aid. More dexterous than I, new fuses were quickly fitted and both fans whirred into life. Although the engine now sounded extremely sick, attention to the unit would have to wait until another time. Meanwhile we toggled up for the wedding, thankfully just around the corner, paid the hotel bill (a staggering 1,100 Swiss francs), and heaved a huge sigh of relief.

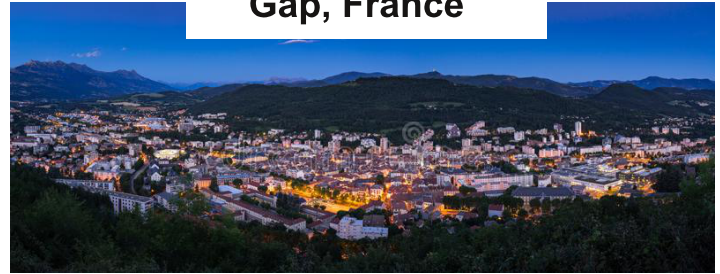
After an excellent wedding reception at the Chartreuse de Pomier, a splendid spot if you can



Digne Les Bains

find it, we drove on unknown roads in torrential rain at two in the morning to find our billet at Chateau des Avenieres. Fortunately I had not touched a "drop" all day, because the G-K's splendid lights picked out continuous uphill

Gap, France



hairpins as we sluiced through rushing rivulets. After a night constantly disturbed by Thor's roar, we awoke to thick mist and yet more rain. In fine weather I am sure that the Chateau, perched high above Cruseilles, is an idyllic spot, but I

couldn't wait to be out of the place. Without demur, the car whisked us through the downpour, via Annecy, Chambéry and Grenoble, to

Gap for a most welcome stop and a warming cup of coffee.

Unfortunately we just missed the Amilcar Club of France, who had been running around the area earlier in the day, without weather protection, in their rorty little racers: I felt a bit of a wimp in the

Gordon-Keeble. For rally enthusiasts Gap is always evocative, even on a wet Sunday afternoon. With what must be one of the best stocked bars in France, Le Fameux Cafe du Lycee Bar and Restaurant has hosted many rallyists who have just tackled the tortuous climb to this historic town in the

Provence-Alpes. Still, with no time to dally, we

pushed on through Sisteron to Digne-les-Bains, where we were to spend a marvellous couple of days exploring the surrounding lavender fields.

We were staying at the Villa Gaia, just out of town on the road to Nice, which is a little old-fashioned but full of charm. Built in 1730, three generations of the owners have crammed the place with antique furniture, pictures, and souvenirs of their travels: a real home from home. There is no television in the bedrooms, but a "salon de television" is available together with a music room and good library. It obviously appeals to the more elderly, because Jan and I were the youngest by several years. Nevertheless we thoroughly enjoyed it, particularly Madame's cooking.

Whilst in Digne, the first task was to have the car's wheels switched around. Although I am sure that the "odd" Dunlop Sport had nothing at all to do with it, the car's downhill descents in torrential rain had been quite disturbing with a tendency to plough straight on, under the most gentle braking, at every corkscrew turn. In truth I was probably becoming a little paranoid. However a visit to the local Cote Route Ayme had me quickly sorted - spare wheel off, puncture fixed, Avon wheel back on, balanced - for 15 euros.



With warming, bright-blue skies permanently overhead, we slid back the Webasto roof and

headed for the Cote d'Azur. Leaving Cannes and Antibes aside, we ducked into Mougins for a quick look around the Musée de L'Automobiliste. The Museum has a wide variety of cars - vintage, veteran, sports, and racing - but nothing truly unusual except the unique, radial-engined, Guidobaldi racing car of 1951. The Museum does have, however, a rather good bookshop that stocks many hard-to-find titles. I departed somewhat poorer.



Next stop on our motoring mission was the Mont Ventoux Hill

Climb, near Avignon, the oldest hill climb in Europe that is a little over thirteen miles long and rises 5,289 feet with an average gradient of one in seventeen, which was won for the first time in 1902 by Chauchard, at an average speed of 29 mph, on his chain drive Panhard-Levassor. The event became so well known that it gave its name to a Bugatti body style, and even a Renault motor. Nevertheless, at the time of our visit, the venue had not been used competitively since 1976, when Mieusset averaged 93 mph in his March, because it was considered that speeds had become unsafe, and the hill ceased to be used except by bicyclists on the Tour de France.

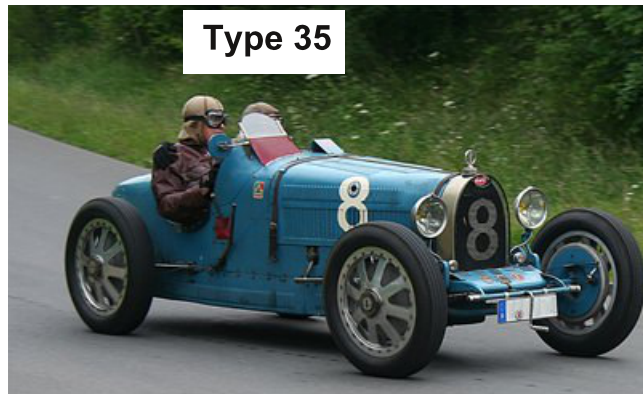
Leaving Mont Ventoux behind, we ran into the most horrendous storm between Montelimar and Valence: the water gushed through the Webasto roof, although tightly closed, soaking us to the skin. Unlike in Britain, all vehicles most sensibly left the autoroute seeking shelter until the storm had passed. Once clear, the car really got into its stride, cruising at a steady 100 mph with the occasional burst to 130 mph. The rain seemed to have perked it up and the Dent d'Oche was

quickly reached, where we put up at the



charming Le Bois Joli in Saint-Paul-en-Chablais.

Overlooking a valley full of cows with clanging bells, I uncorked a bottle of wine and Jan and I lounged on our balcony savouring the early evening air. Suddenly the inimitable sound of a Bugatti Type 35 disrupted our reverie, its driver shifting expertly up and down the gearbox as he threaded around the hairpins beneath us, leaving a whiff of Castrol R upon the breeze. Magic! For me, the highlight of the trip. After an excellent dinner, a bottle or two of surprisingly good wine, and a



Having arrived rather late, we were directed to the far end of the parking area. Pursued by a swirling crowd, we took up our place next to a full-race AC Cobra. Unwashed and travel-stained, the car was descended upon from every direction - bonnet up, bonnet down, cameras

clicked endlessly. Wisely, Jan drifted off to join friends from Geneva as I fielded questions from a very knowledgeable audience. Although they had never seen a G-K before, they knew its history backwards. I was most impressed, if a little humbled.

The car was voted Star of the Show!



Adulation ringing in our ears we

headed north for home, where we checked statistics. Total mileage: 3,021. Average mpg:



digestif in front of a roaring log fire, we retired mellow to bed. The following morning, and without warning, we were greeted by the first

14.5 (imperial). It had been an expensive trip, but worth every penny!

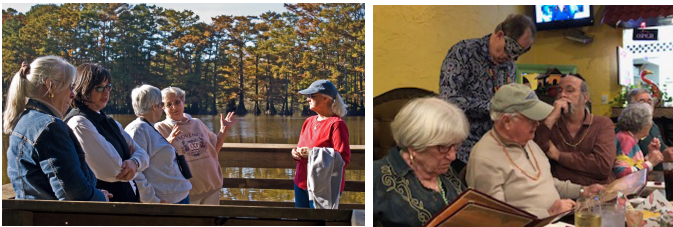
To savour fully this trip, it is probably worth googling a few of the spots at which we stopped, as some of the locations are quite spectacular and capture well the atmosphere of that part of Europe. I attach a few photographs of the car to illustrate the article.

The Bible is the world's most shoplifted book.

Aging Out?

Jim Duke, editor

A perennial and often stated concern among BSCC members has been over how few younger persons join us, and who seemingly



have little interest in classic British cars. A quick glance around at BSCC membership meetings, Taco Tuesday gatherings, or any club event will demonstrate the demographics of our club. We don't have to check member ages – just note that our collective hair color is grey!



Does the British Sports Car Club have a future, or will our group slowly disappear like one of the 'last man standing' groups from WWI or

WWII? First let's compare the BSCC to other auto interests, then we'll briefly look at a hopeful countermeasure.

We're not alone being concerned, everyone in the classic, collector, and antique car field shares the worry. As baby boomer car buffs age out, Meguiar's and competitors like Turtle Wax, Mother's, and others are facing a generation that is the first to generally find car ownership a headache and driving a chore – and see cars as an encumbrance rather than a status symbol.

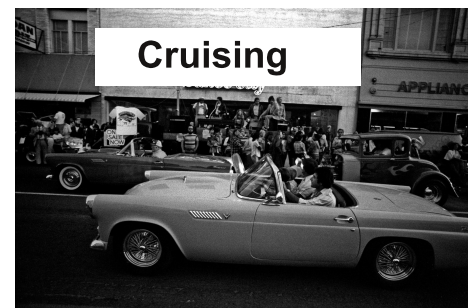
The warning came about ten years ago. As sales softened, the Turtle Wax conducted a study and found attitudes shifting between generations, and within generation.



Others in the car industry also saw the market change – car show attendance was dropping, car magazines failed, and cars no longer grabbed the

imagination of kids. According to Meguir's, "There is a mass consumer where a car is just transportation, and there is another person to whom it is a passion, far more than a box with wheels."

"The automobile just isn't that important to people's lives anymore," says Mike Berger, a historian who studies the social effect of the car. "The automobile was once the means for teenagers to live their own lives. Now, social media blows any limits out of the water. You don't need the car to go find friends."



Much of the emotional meaning of the car, especially to young adults, has transferred to the smartphone, says Mark Lizewskie, executive director of the Antique Automobile Club of

America Museum in Hershey, Pennsylvania. "Instead of Ford versus Chevy, it's Apple versus Android, and instead of customizing their ride, they customize their phones with covers and apps," he says.

"He can't afford most cars," a situation quite common among Americans younger than about 35 these days. Stagnation in income growth, along with erosion in

purchasing power due to inflation has made the automobile more luxury than necessity, particularly in the urban centers of both coasts. "With tuition and student loan debt, young people can't afford a car," says John B.

Townsend II, longtime spokesman for the AAA Mid-Atlantic. Plus, there's the sky-high cost of car insurance, an average of \$1,100 nationwide.

The number of vehicles on American roads rose every year until the recession hit in 2008. Then the number plummeted. Similarly, the number of drivers has leveled off.

The percentage of 19-year-olds with driver's licenses has dropped from 87 percent two decades ago to 70 percent in 2017. Most now don't get licensed within a year of becoming eligible, according to a study by the AAA Foundation for Traffic Safety. Think back to when you got your driving license – how many of us couldn't wait even a month past our birthday much less more than a year after becoming eligible!

Unsurprisingly, the nation's car museums and auto clubs struggle to attract younger

participation. "We're trying to figure out what we can present that people can't get from a website," says Terry Ernest, president of the National Association of Automobile Museums and director of the Wills Sainte Claire Museum of Classic Autos in Marysville, Michigan. "Certainly, some museums are going to fail."

Remember the wonderful Tupelo Automobile Museum!

"Twenty years ago we had 200 members—we're at 85 now," said Horseless Carriage Club president

Pete Eastwood. "Kinda the whole car thing's shrinking, ya know, aging out."

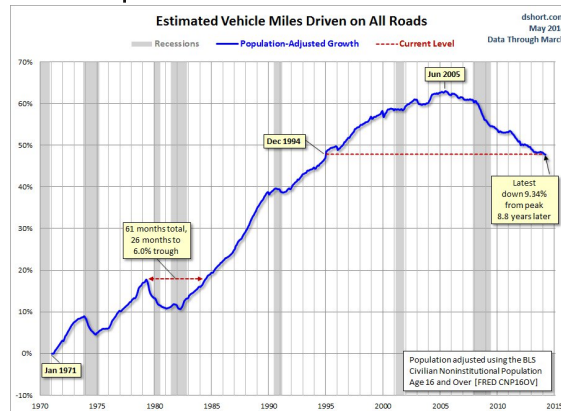
There was a time when our annual car show, then called the "British Car & Cycle Fest" regularly drew more than 200 and as many as 250 entrants. Now we struggle to get more than 50 British cars our show.

There may be another side to this. How many times has another driver approached as you were fueling your beloved British car at the local gas station. We can almost predict the first admiring comment, "Nice car, I (my brother, cousin, friend) used to

have one of those; wish I had it back again." Alternately, if the other driver is quite young, "Nice, what kind of car is that?"

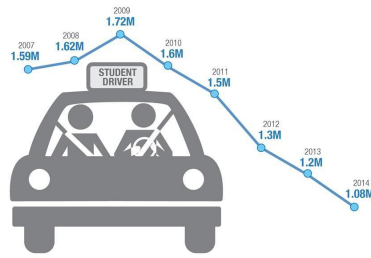
Young drivers have little opportunity to see, recognize, and appreciate classic British cars because British cars are either not made and sold any longer, or they are not imported to the U.S.

It seems to me, that we are accidentally part of the reason for, ". . . the whole car thing's shrinking, ya know." Many, probably most of us keep our classic British car(s) safely closeted in a secure garage rather



AMERICA HAS THE FEWEST 16-YEAR-OLD DRIVERS THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE THE 1960's

The Federal Highway Administration (FHWA) published new data showing a record-low 8.49 million teenaged licensed drivers in the U.S., including 1.08 million who were 16 or younger in 2014.



Source: FHWA, Highway Statistics Table D-22 <http://www.fhwa.dot.gov/policyinformation/statistics/2014/022.cfm>
For More Information: <http://www.fhwa.dot.gov/policyinformation/statistics/2014/>



than put it on the road regularly. Hidden away in secure storage is no way to promote love, admiration, and participation.

Remember Ann Landers old mantra - "Use it or lose it"? That phrase resonates with our British cars, by not being seen regularly they slowly fade out of public appreciation. While it is probably overly simplistic, my view is that we will foster more widespread interest in classic British cars by driving them more routinely.

And, that will be a fun way to promote both interest in British cars and to attract a broader demographic to the British Sports Car Club.

The Goodyear Blimp is the official bird of Redondo Beach, California.

The Queen owns all the swans in England.

An idea stolen from the MG Club of St Louis:

Famous people in British Cars -

Queen Elizabeth in Range Rover



James Garner's Mini



Local singer in an MGA



Prince Charles in an MG TD



Marilyn Monroe on a Singer

Steve McQueen in his XKSS Jag



George Harrison's Rolls



A blurry shot of Paul Newman in his TR6 racer

If you sneeze while traveling at 60 mph your eyes are closed for an average of 50 feet.

Grille Badges Redux

A handful of BSCC members don't yet have their grille badges in hand, but most do and a few are already gracing the front of British cars (Joe Reed has cleverly fixed his to the rear of his MGB!).



Give Jim Duke a call and come by to grab yours up unless you wish to wait for the next club gathering to get your badge.

One-quarter of all your bones are located in your feet.



Wants N Gots

With the Coronavirus pandemic in resurgence, we're supposed to wear a mask to help limit spreading the disease. Kim Shepard, with Carolyn's help is still selling bespoke masks. You



can choose your fabric and whether the mask has elastic or ties. At \$8 each, they come with a metal nose wire and a pocket for a filter

Text Kim at (901) 283-6762.

FREE ... FREE ... FREE ... FREE ... FREE

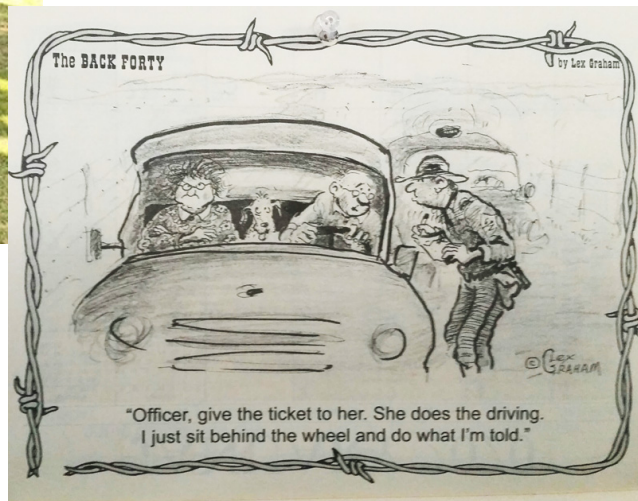
John Morrison sadly needs to reclaim garage space from when he replaced the 4-Speed transmission in his MGB-GT. It is a good, solid example of the basically bullet-proof MG all-synchro gearbox – Starting in 1968 MG installed the transmission designed to handle power from the MG-C, hence a universally sturdy component.

Maybe John will share one of wonderful homebrewed beers with you.

FREE @ (901) 489-9828

Beautiful 1997 Jaguar XK8 Convertible for sale. Only 67K two owner miles, recent enhancements include a new ABS module, new ball joint, new water pump, new battery with battery tender. Deep black color and always turns heads. Clean carfax!

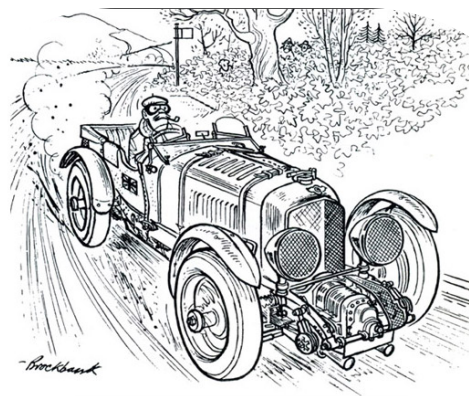
Call Al Ross at (901) 386-6402 for a very special price.



FREE ... FREE ... FREE ... FREE ... FREE

Free to a good home, one lightly used harmonic balancer / gear puller. Includes all the necessary bolts. And, also free – a nifty tie-rod end separator. Easy to use and spares the rubber boot around the ball.

Call Jim Duke (901) 428-6905 and leave a message.



Wyres & Tyres is a publication of the

British Sports Car Club, LTD

P.O. Box 38134, Germantown, TN
38183-0134

www.memphisbritishcars.org

Contact the editor via
dukemeteo@gmail.com

And finally, it is illegal to carry an ice cream cone in your back pocket in Kentucky.