

# Wyres & Tyres



[www.memphisbritishcars.org](http://www.memphisbritishcars.org)

The British Sports Car Club, LTD - Memphis, Tennessee

*Mid August, 2020*

## 2020 BSCC Officers

Terry Roberts	President
Jeb Blanchard	V. President
Jerry Farrar	Treasurer
Jim Hofer	Austin Healey Marque Leader
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

September 21st, 2020??????  
October 20th



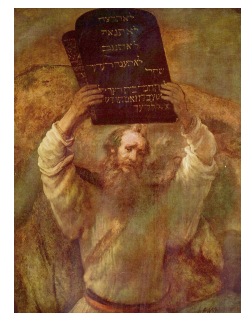
## August Is Half Over!

Wyres & Tyres should be full of reports of BSCC events and activities. Reaction to the SARS-Covid-2 pandemic, however, has kept these pages empty of such news because our cars remain quarantined by social distancing rules.

Actually, our cars aren't under stricture, we are.



Our confinement has been so long and dreary that the opening lyrics to a famous Soggy Bottom Boys tune have become an ear bug; "I am a man of constant sorrow, I've seen trouble all my day.." Alternately, lines from the Old Testament book of Lamentations come to mind, "He has walled me about so that I cannot escape. He has filled me with bitterness."



The only bright spots on our British car horizon seem to be two out-of-town gatherings coming up.

First, you need to act quickly because discounted early registration for the Southeast



British Car Festival will end on Sunday, August 15th. The Festival will be in Dillard, Georgia from September 17th to the 20th. Hosted by the Peachtree Registry of NAMGAR/NAMGBR, the festival promises

more than 200 British cars in a delightful mountain setting (a group from the BSCC had a lot of fun at NAMGBR convention in Dillard a few years ago.)

Direct your web browser to [pmgr.clubexpress.com](http://pmgr.clubexpress.com) for details and registration.

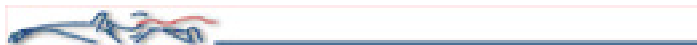
Next comes the Renaissance Euro Fest Classic European Auto and Motorcycle Show.



That fest will be October 9th through the 10th in Ridgeland, Mississippi. It's a perfect time of year to be outside, strolling through the Renaissance, and viewing gorgeous autos and motorcycles.

This year the event will be on Saturday, October 10th from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The show is open to all European Marques with no registration fees and is free to the public.

Again, you can point your browser to [euro-fest.com/ridgeland](http://euro-fest.com/ridgeland) for details and registration.



## This Just In From Leo Goff!

Well, I'm in the hospital.

This has not been a good day.

After spending six months dealing with this covid protocol crap, protests, not being able to play a live gig, all the everyday drama; enough is enough.

So, I went for a motorcycle ride.

It turned out to be a horrible mistake!

I got on the motorcycle, and started out slowly, but then it got crazy windy.

I went faster and faster & before I knew it I was going as fast as that bike would go.

I couldn't take the pace and fell off, but caught my pants on the foot peg beside the crash bar.

I was being dragged and was bouncing all over the place. The motorcycle just would not stop!

Thankfully, the manager at Dollar General came running out and unplugged the machine!

Then, he had the nerve to take the rest of my quarters, and my bottle of "Two Buck Chuck" (which costs more than two bucks nowadays) so I couldn't try to ride the fire truck, the horse, or the clown car.



I've got a few scrapes and bruises, but I broke nothing.

I'll wear a helmet next time.

And I'll skip the Two Buck Chuck.

# The Journey Really Is The Destination

Jim Duke

We had 60 miles left before our planned stop for the night. We're two MGBs heading west on Interstate 40 between Cookeville and Nashville. The late June weather is about what you'd expect in a middle Tennessee afternoon—hot. We began the day in southwest Virginia; now we're hot, sweaty and on that long downhill run from the peak the Cumberland Plateau.

Jack was leading the way, a quarter mile ahead, when I glanced down to see the MGB's water temperature gauge pegged in the red. Holy Smoke! I fast exited onto the highway shoulder, came quickly to a stop and turned off the engine. Steam was boiling from edges of the bonnet which I speedily lifted in search of the source.

At that moment, Jack came zooming through a turnaround between the east-bound and west-bound lanes. He had noted our absence from his mirror and made an immediate illegal U-turn and return to where he'd last seen us.

A glance told us the fan belt wasn't the culprit and that the (electric) fans were running. Further



checking revealed that the water pump pulley was sitting at a wonky angle—the impeller shaft had broken within the pump. We aren't going far that way. Fortunately, there was a highway sign advertising an exit in only one mile. Jack and I used



the combined melt water from our coolers to replenish my MGB's cooling system and we set off, hoping the B's engine would make it that far without being cooked.

It did! We coasted down the exit ramp and into a gas station. The locals in the attached convenience shop said there was a NAPA store up the road in Carthage, TN—about 20 miles north of where we were. Looking around, we saw across the road a motel, a Waffle



House, a liquor store, and a McDonalds clustered near the Interstate exit; a grouping made for us.



The four of us put our heads together and decided to check into the motel; then Jack drove me to the NAPA store. They didn't have a replacement water pump in hand, but could have one by 10 a.m. the next morning. So, we ordered one and headed back to meet Sharon and Janey at the motel.

After grabbing a nice bottle of wine from the liquor store, we four had a pleasant dinner at McDonalds. Next morning, we visited the Waffle House, then Jack & I drove back to the NAPA and collected the new pump and replacement coolant.

It's a quick job to replace a water pump on a late-model MGB, a job quickly done with just a handful of tools, which I had in the traveling tool kit. As a result, we had everything all buttoned up and were on the road before noon.



Not bad for what could have been a catastrophic Interstate highway failure. Essentially, we'd made a silk purse from a sow's ear-resolved our

problem and had a pleasant and restful evening before getting back on the road to finish our trip.



## Flights Of Fancy, On Wings Of Imagination

by Richard Lewis

*Panhandle British Car Association*

Your Loyal Correspondent (YLC), likely like you, has had daydreams where he discovered chests of pirates' gold, or came upon long-lost Uncle Henry's priceless stock certificates, or won the Power Ball Lottery for a zillion smackeroos - and having done so, imagined what he might do with all that loot.

Surely after buying that castle in Spain, villa in Tuscany, pension in Paris, a gold-plated mega-yacht and a few other trinkets, one would turn to, being the auto wing-nut that we all are, how he might outfit that stable of exotic cars he has so long lusted after. No more rusted-out MGs, spavined Bugeyes, and smoke-breathing Triumphs; now he could go for the best, regardless of cost.

But, being the eccentric he is, rather than just making a bacchanalian romp through all the multiple cars available throughout the world and gorging himself fat with row after row of cars, he would limit himself to just a handful of the extraordinary or unique cars available - five, to be exact.

His would be not a grabfest of semi-precious and precious stones, but a bracelet of brilliant diamonds, "la creme de la creme". He would limit himself to five, only five treasures. These would be the cars he picks, not the cars someone else might choose.

Where might one look for the fabulous five? What countries have produced lasting works of rolling art?

Italy, for sure. Doubtless the place with the keenest eye for design. With a few exceptions, even their utilitarian cars have style, panache, vigor.

The Brits make it into the list, but not unqualifiedly. Theirs is a hit and miss, with some of the most grotesque to some of the most sublime designs anywhere. The States makes it into the charmed circle, with some gorgeous people-movers, its share of mistakes, and a few great sports cars.

The Germans? Sorry. Wonderfully efficient, but with Van Gogh's ear for design. Japan? It squeaks under the wire with at least a couple or three gorgeous ones. The French hit home again and again, especially early on.

Let's start with the French. Hard to choose among the Delahayes, Delages, Voisins of those early years. They saw their halcyon days in the '30s and '40s, with the Art Déco styling.

They continue today with some gorgeous vehicles, but YLC will settle for the thoroughly impractical 1937 Delage D8 120S, a car with rear

vision almost nonexistent, but with luscious styling.

The Brits range from the loveable MG TDs and



TFs to the comic Minis and Vauxhalls, to the stately Bentleys and Rolls, to the higher performance Austin-Healeys, McLarens and Aston Martins. The MGA has an unexpected



wall-eyed Brits.

America has made some very handsome cars for the popular market, like the Chrysler Imperial Airflows, the innovative Cords, the Chevrolets of 1955-57, the 1957 Cadillac Eldorado Brougham - the list goes on.

The States have produced a few short-lived sports cars like the Cunningham, and a smaller few like the Dodge Vipers that are still around, but only one major production sports car: the Corvette. While it has gone through some interesting styling, YLC will prove his hip, up-to-date credentials by choosing as his favorite the current Stingray, a car that can do very well against exotics costing three times as much, such as the Ferrari and Maserati.

His pick is the 2020 mid-engine model, a winner in price (given what it delivers) and



sophistication, but the Jaguar roadsters and coupes bear the bell away. It's no wonder the Metropolitan Museum of Art tacked an E-Type on its wall. YLC will settle on the 1957 Jaguar XKSS Roadster as the apex of design for the sometimes

performance.

The Japanese got into the market late for anything except the small, economical, mass-produced cars, like the early Nissans, Hitachis and Mitsubishi's. But suddenly they sent, mainly for the American market, the beautiful 1969 Datsun 240Z (sold in Japan as the "Fair Lady"). This reliable, voluptuously designed, 150hp beauty competed in America famously with the Fiats, Triumphs, MGs, Porsches and other imports, selling by the thousands.

Japan has had some other great sports cars (Toyota 2000GT and Supra, Honda/Acura NSX), but nothing to compare with the Z. While the Miata is another success story, and this delight-to-drive has also sold in the thousands, YLC will stick with the trailblazing Z. His pick? The first,



the 1969 Datsun 240Z, a game changer if there ever was one.

Last, the Italians, designing and producing cars all over Europe. Early interest in racing helped hone Italy's cars, and Ferrari, Lamborghini, Alfa Romeo and Pagani have churned out both some remarkably beautiful racers and GTs. Bugatti and Talbot-Lago, founded and/or managed by Italians (Ettore Bugatti and Antonio Lago), aimed at the wealthy of Europe and elsewhere. They did lots of handcrafted, lavishly appointed cars for the superrich (not to suggest the aforementioned cars could be bought on a motor-man's salary). Their genius is hardly rivaled by anyone.

Today, Italy produces lots of more moderately priced cars like the Fiat, but there is still a great deal of focus on racing. If there ever was a surfeit of riches, it's got to be Italian cars. With lots of misgivings with so many to choose from, YLC picks the Bugatti Type 46, French-built but Italian-designed - a car to lust for.



An  
M

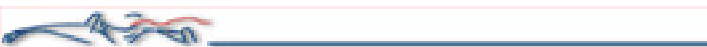


G-RV8

So there you have it: the 1937 Delage D8 120S, the Jaguar XKSS Roadster, the 2020 Corvette Stingray, the 1969 Datsun Z, and the Bugatti Type 46. Quite a lineup of beauties and enough for now. Perhaps the future beckons an addition or two, but this a feast that lasts for quite a while.



A Porsche 550S



A Tesla Model S

On some great and glorious day the plain folks of the land will reach their heart's desire at last . . . .

*H. L. Mencken*

Your editor having just checked, the Tennessee Powerball Lottery stands at \$169 Million at this writing. ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-NINE MILLION! Holy Smoke!

I rarely but sometimes buy a Powerball. Like Richard Lewis, I also fanaticize about winning and what that much money might mean. Following his example, visions of a somewhat different automobile stable come to mind.

For me, the list consists of the following:



An Audi R8



A Jaguar XK-120 Coupe



From the  
Jaguar Club of North American Journal

### PERILS OF AUTOMATION # 1

I recently had to replace the windshield of my Jaguar F-Pace. My insurance company was very prompt in scheduling a third-party windshield replacement service to replace the glass at my home.

An Aston Martin DB5 Vantage



An AC Cobra 289

And, drum roll please, a 1956 Chrysler 300B



Looking through my list, you'll find cars that you might be comfortable driving on streets today, albeit carefully driven.

How about you? After satisfying your desire to enrich children and relatives, would you have special automotive lusts?



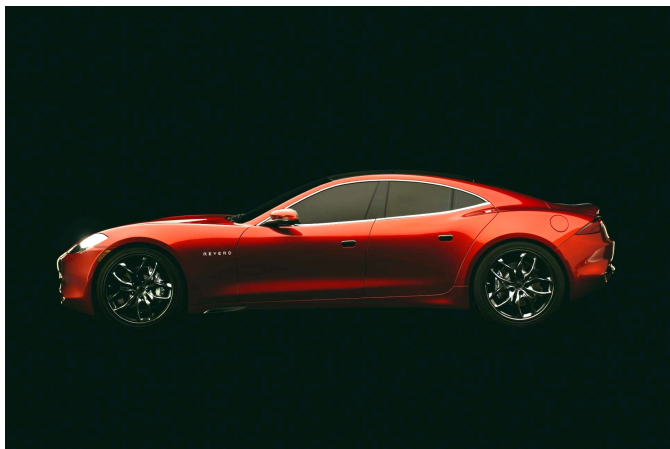
However, although the service assured me that the glass was the same as the original glass, the replacement rendered inoperable all the automated systems that use on the forward facing camera: adaptive cruise control, auto hi-beam, lane departure warning, traffic sign recognition, auto rain detect, etc.

After ten days of calls we ended up replacing the windshield a second time at the local Jaguar dealership and all systems were restored. If you ever have to replace your windshield glass and you have the driver aids package, I recommend that you use your dealership for the replacement and save yourself and your insurance company time and money.

(Your ed. looked up the windscreen price - \$1400!!)

### PERILS OF AUTOMATION # 2

This week I took part in a test drive of a 2020 Karma Revero GT as the back-seat passenger. The interior is very compact, but I could fit myself into the back seat which had slightly less space than rearmost row of coach class seats on an airplane.

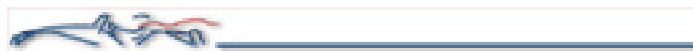


Off we went for the test drive around the 17-mile circuit, expertly driven by fellow JCNA member Phil Endliss. We completed the scenic drive to the accompaniment of the Karma rep's facts and figures and arrived back at the end of the drive.

I waited until Phil exited but got alarmed when he opened the driver's door.

The steering wheel swung up and the power seat scooted back to let Phil out.

However, the motion reduced my legroom from half an inch to minus four inches! But for Phil's swift work on the seat switches, I would have been trapped at least and possibly injured. So, beware unexpected results from some automated features, or you may be trapped in the rear seat of a Karma Revero for the rest of the day.



## Wants N Gots

With the Coronavirus pandemic still raging, 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.

**Bobby Prior** says, "The '67 E-Type Jag is long finished being restored so I have many leftover parts both large and small for engine, body, electrical, or mechanical, including nuts, bolts, and screws that I need to sell."

There are just too many to list.  
email me at [ROPAJ@ATT.NET](mailto:ROPAJ@ATT.NET) or text to 901-832-4212.

For wants, I need:



a C23874 aluminum crankcase breather that mounts to front of engine and a C21251 oil dipstick for 4.2 Jag engine. email to [ROPAJ@ATT.NET](mailto:ROPAJ@ATT.NET) or text to 901-832-4212.

Wyres & Tyres is a publication of the British Sports Car Club, LTD  
P.O. Box 38134, Germantown, TN 38183-0134  
[www.memphisbritishcars.org](http://www.memphisbritishcars.org)  
Contact the editor via [dukemeteo@gmail.com](mailto:dukemeteo@gmail.com)



For Sale- Delorean, only driven time-to-time



A guy walks into a bar and finds a horse serving drinks. The horse asks, "What are you staring at? Haven't you ever seen a horse tending bar before?"

The guy says, "It's not that. I just never thought the parrot would sell the place."

