

# Wynes & Tyres



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

The British Sports Car Club, LTD - Memphis, Tennessee

*Mid May 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

June 15th, 2020  
July 20th, 2020  
August 17th, 2020



## Featured Member

Look to your left when you enter the meeting room Coletta's has for the British Sports Car Club. The gentleman you see anchoring our left wing is this issue's Featured BSCC Member. You know him, his is the mellifluous voice extolling the virtue of the 'Best Loved Little Car In The United States and Parts Of Pennsylvania.



Leslie (Les) Dale has

been a BSCC member since about 1994 when he first acquired the red 1951 MG-TD of which he speaks. He is often in the company of Susan, the daughter who lives locally, but sometimes you'll see him with Stella, the daughter who lives in North Carolina, or with his special friend Karen.

Les' love of all things automotive might arise from the time the passenger door of his father's 1928 Ford Model-A flew open in a turn, dumping Les out on the road. Maybe his



harmless escape in that adventure lies behind an interest and love that continues today. The next car that Les' dad brought to their Goodlettsville home was a 1937 Ford two-door sedan – the 'slant back' version. That car was equipped with Ford's flathead V-8; the standard 60 HP edition, not the powerful 85 HP variety.



While Leslie's mother claimed he was 'precious', his dad was a leading voice in shaping the love of cars and speed. Les' introduction to speed came via the Soap Box Derby while the U.S. was transforming from the Great Depression toward WW-II. Four consecutive years saw the young Leslie Dale getting official wheels and axles down at the local Chevrolet dealer, and with his father's guidance creating a streamlined and friction free downhill racer. Rarely do examples of one's youthful



experiments survive into adulthood, but Leslie's dad made space in the family garage to preserve the SoapBox cars. Les' 1940 racer lives today in an honored niche at Memphis' Edge Motor Museum.

Continuing his interest in race cars without fenders, Les faithfully attended the Indianapolis 500 race for 44 consecutive years! His first Indy 500 happened when a friend convinced Leslie that a trip to the fabled race was more important than studying for college finals. Thus three college-age fellows drove an 1949 Chrysler Town and Country (think woodie)

convertible from Nashville to Indianapolis almost on a whim, top down all the way. The top was probably up on the drive home afterward because rain shortened the race to only 345 miles while Johnnie Parsons held the lead.



Leslie was a student at Middle Tennessee State University at the time; previously he had attended UT and later worked on a PhD at Vanderbilt. And, he was working nights while going to college full-time. If you've done that, you'll recognize what a tiring grind that is. Eventually, Les decided that enough was enough, left school in 1952 and joined the U.S. Air Force.

Electing to avoid the officer route, Leslie was assigned to Lackland AFB Texas for basic training. He must have thoroughly enjoyed Lackland AFB because he spent his entire four-year USAF active duty time there. After finishing basic training, he became a training instructor himself, ending up with Tech Sergeant stripes. All the public speaking entailed in conducting training stood him in good stead, and Les has gravitated toward the front of the room and leadership roles throughout his adult life.

Immediately on discharge from active USAF duty in 1956, Leslie was hired by the



Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Unlike today's world where people change jobs almost as often as they change shoes, Leslie Dale spent 37 years, and moves to several cities as he led various sections and

divisions of the Southern Bell arm of Ma Bell. His Bell / AT&T career took him, and family from Memphis to Clarksville to Oak Ridge and eventually back here to the Bluff City.

Rather than even try to condense Leslie Dale's life work into only a few paragraphs, let's just talk about an example of what he did while heading up Bell's Oak Ridge, TN center. This was in 1967 which marked the 25th anniversary of Oak Ridge's creation. Les was tagged to lead the city's celebration – from planning spectacular events, advertising, minting special coins, to inviting and arranging for special guests.

One notable dignitary Les invited was General Leslie Groves, the U.S. Army engineer who, in leading the famed Manhattan Project, not only created the uranium enrichment works at Oak Ridge and Hanford, WA but also led the creation of the atomic bomb at Los Alamos – all on the heels of building the Pentagon in less than 18 months and under budget. General Groves, thus, was a singular VIP for Oak Ridge, Les was sure the General would enjoy a guided tour of the National Laboratory to see all the changes in the city and lab in the quarter-century since the General had led its start.



General Groves was keenly interested in changes to the K-25 building and facility so it was an abrupt surprise when security guards barred entry – who would have guessed that General Groves would be denied access to one of the major facilities of which he led creation. Les and General Groves had to settle for viewing the city

and lab from a nearby overlook!

Leslie Dale cashed in his telephone company chips and retired in 1994. In that same year he took Kathy Jordan, his long-time girlfriend out to Shelby Farms Park and proposed to her in front of an attendant row of wild ducks. She accepted!



The 1951 MG-TD came into his life the same year. Following up a want ad in the Commercial Appeal, Les found the red car parked on the front lawn of the seller's home. All must have seemed right in his world in 1994 – his lady love, and the most beloved little red car both came into his life the same time. Then, Les saw mention in the newspaper that a group of British car fiends were to hold a car show at the Holiday Inn on Shady Oaks Drive. So, on an October Saturday, Les shined up his MG and headed out. He was rebuffed on arrival, though because he arrived after car show registration had closed. He was too late!

Les Dale hasn't been late to another car fest. He can usually be found perched on a lawn chair near the main tent. Now that the Fest has changed from all British into a Euro Fest, Les sometimes brings his Mercedes as an entry. Maybe it is good that Les sometimes brings his Mercedes to the Fest because the Beloved Little Red Car has left its home. After 26 years of ownership, Les Dale passed stewardship on to a new owner out in faraway

California. Always loved, now sadly missed, the Most Beloved Little Red Car has found a new home.

As mentioned earlier, it is impossible to capture the life, achievements, and adventures of our beloved Leslie Dale in just a few clumsy paragraphs. So, just as an outline, here is a partial list of notable ways Les has affected our world.

Headed the Chamber of Commerce in Oak Ridge, Knoxville, and Memphis (twice!)

Longest serving MIM Barbeque judge

Recognized as Economic Developer of the Year for Tennessee and the Southeastern U.S.

Chaired the United Way Campaigns in both Knoxville and Memphis

Was the longest serving member of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce Board

Chaired the Boards of two Medical Centers

Named Memphis' Communicator of the Year

Attended a formal dinner with the Chinese leaders at the Summer Palace in Beijing

Was the LAST President of Future Memphis

Danced to Tina Turner's "Rollin On The River" with the Mayor of Christchurch, NZ

Won First place with his Grandmother's 1937 quilt at the 2009 Memphis quilt show

Had a dog named Max

One putted the 18th green on the 'Old Course' at St. Andrews

A Vanderbilt grad

A life-long Methodist  
Caught nineteen passes in one season

Chaired the Liberty Bowl Game when it was 18 degrees above zero

Was nominated to the St Jude Board by Abe Plough, Ed Barry, and Danny Thomas

Had both a grandfather and great-grandfather who served in the Civil War

There's lots more!

Here's a short list of awards and achievements

Memphis Communicator of the Year  
Palmer Brown's Hope Award  
Community Leadership from Leadership Memphis  
Paul Harris Award – Rotary Club  
Distinguished Graduate – MTSU  
Memphis Minority Business Council Board  
Library Foundation Board  
Tennessee Hospital Association  
Memphis 'Wonders' Board  
Economic Club of Memphis  
UT Development Council  
University of Memphis  
Christian Brothers University

And, still, his mother thought he was precious!!!!



Three golfing partners died in a car wreck and went to heaven. Upon arrival they discover the most beautiful golf course they have ever seen.

St. Peter tells them that they are all welcome to play the course, but he cautions them that there is only one rule: Don't hit the ducks during your first three months here. The men

all have blank expressions, and finally one of them asks, "The ducks?"

"Yes", St. Peter replies, "There are thousands of ducks walking around the course, and if one gets hit, he quacks, then the one next to him quacks and soon they're all quacking to beat the band.

It really breaks the tranquility, and If you hit one of the ducks, you'll be punished, Otherwise everything is yours to enjoy. "

Upon entering the course, the men noted that there were indeed large numbers of ducks everywhere. Within fifteen minutes, one of the guys hit a duck. The duck quacks, the one next to it quacked and soon here was a deafening roar of duck quacks.



St. Peter walked up with an extremely homely woman in tow and asks, "Who hit the duck?" The guy who had done it admitted, "I did. "

St. Peter immediately pulled out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed the man's right hand to the homely woman's left hand. "I told you not to hit the ducks," he said. Now you'll be handcuffed together for eternity. "

The other two men were very cautious not to hit any ducks, but a couple of weeks later, one of them accidentally did. The quacks were as deafening as before, and within minutes St. Peter walked up with an even uglier woman. He cuffed the man's right hand to the homely woman's left hand. "I told you not to hit the ducks," he said; "Now you'll be handcuffed together for eternity. "

The third man was extremely careful. Some days he wouldn't even play for fear of even nudging a duck. After three months, he still hadn't hit a duck. St. Peter walked up to the man at the end of the three months, and had with him a knock-out, gorgeous woman – the most beautiful woman the man had ever seen. St. Peter smiled at the man and then, without a word, handcuffed him to the beautiful woman and walked off. The man, knowing that he would be handcuffed to this woman for eternity, let out a contented sigh and said aloud, "I wonder what I did to deserve this?"

The woman responds, "I don't know about you, but I hit a duck



## One Wrong Turn and Then . . . .

Steve Wayne

Well, spring had arrived and it was time to take that sports car out for a spin. I've been itching to explore race-track options here in CT, so I decided to check out Lime Rock Park. It was about an hour and 20 min drive to the upper NW corner of the state with lots of hill climbs,



switchbacks and curvy roads. Along the way I discovered a single lane

wooden covered bridge that is still in service in Sharon, CT.

The covered bridge is perhaps best known for being featured on postcards of New England villages. For those that may remember, the bridge also appeared in the opening scenes of



the 1967 movie, Valley of the Dolls. Twenty minutes later I found myself peering through the fence at Lime Rock Park, nestled amongst the wooded hillsides. This is the track where Paul Newman, the actor and former CT resident, raced for many years.



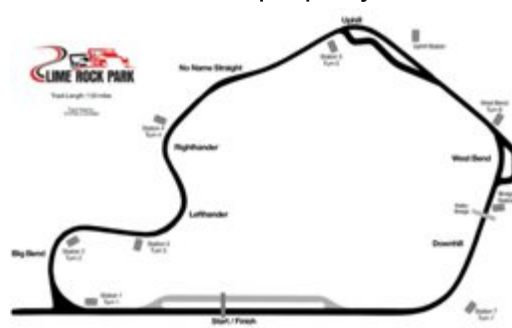
As I did a drive by I found the central gate was closed was but down the road a bit a side gate was open and I saw a car turn



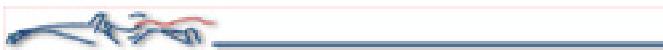
into the property, so after a few minutes I thought it would be OK if I too went into the park for a quick look around. Down the side dirt-road I went, past grassy spectator parking area, over a small bridge onto pavement and then there I was -- on the track, cones and all! I snapped this picture

as I sat in front of the track podium (where the races start) and since I was alone it eerily felt like I shouldn't be there.

Sure enough, a big pickup truck with lights a flashing came from downfield on the track and abruptly cut me off like the police did to OJ Simpson. A BIG guy jumped out and raised his arms indicating I should stop. He then asked what I wanted and told me that I should not be there, asked 'how did you get in', and then went on to tell me there's a \$1,000 fine for him (and me!) if police see use of the track or facilities under the Governor's Covid virus restrictions. So, he escorted me out with those big headlights glaring down in my MX-5 rearview, and then closed the gate behind me. I stopped, played dumb (which is easy for me) and apologized and he was seemingly relieved once I was off the property and he said to



come back when they officially open. I'll definitely return as the track looks like fun to run around on. September 3, 2020 (Labor Day Weekend) is Vintage race day, so I marked my calendar. I now know two ways to get into Lime Rock



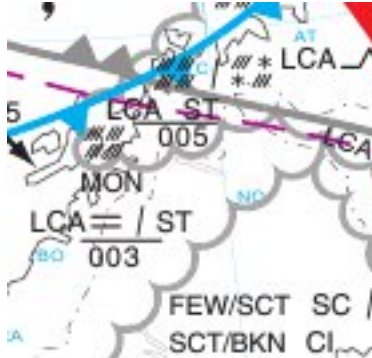
My grandfather was an idea man. He invented the cold air balloon, but it never got off the ground.

## Airport Incursion

Jim Duke

Have you ever embarrassed yourself in an automotive excursion as did Steve? If so, we'd love to hear about it.

His story about the Connecticut driving (mis) adventure made me think of one of my faux pas behind the wheel. My university professor, Dr. Villmow, in an operational meteorology class decided to take students on a field trip to the nearest U.S. Weather Bureau office over at the Rockford, Illinois airport.



Although the class was tiny, there were still more persons than would fit in one van so I was asked to drive one of the two university vehicles we arranged – I had a good idea where the Weather Bureau was located on the airport, hence my driving



assignment. And, Dr. Villmow elected to ride shotgun with me.

We navigated the 50 miles, or so, over to Rockford's airport and were soon driving along with the airport on one side of the road and a corn field on the other. But, I had no idea how to get onto the airport, proper. Spotting a small park on the airport side of the road, I pulled in to reconnoiter, and check a map. We then saw a small drive through some shrubbery at the park's rear and could see it led to an open road

onto the airport.

At Dr. Villmow's encouragement, I took the small road and was soon leading our two-van parade down what turned out to be a runway



headed toward the main airport buildings and air traffic control tower.

It didn't feel right. Obviously we shouldn't be there, but the road had led us there and now I couldn't see a way out of the situation.

A duplicate of Steve's big pickup truck suddenly came barreling down the tarmac toward us, so we halted until the truck reached our parade. The truck driver, in colorful terms asked what the hell we thought we were doing. And, like Steve, the idiot hat



fit me nicely so I just acted lost and said we were looking for the Weather Bureau. The trucker shouted for us to follow him and told us to keep up.

He then wheeled around and blasted down the runway to the terminal building.

It wasn't hard to follow him, there was a big sign that said, 'FOLLOW ME'

That's the **last** time I drove a highway vehicle on an active airport runway.

**We are compelled to ask: Have you ever executed such a bone-headed stunt while driving? Will you own up to it and tell us the story? Inquiring minds want to know!**



## We're Bustin' Outta This Joint!

You just can't keep a good car shut up forever. Pressures build, and eventually a boil-over is gonna happen. So, BSCC members blew the roof off Covid-19 restrictions the first weekend of May, with two explosive eruptions. Both, by invitation from outside agitators, of course.

Youth Villages asked us to help liven the spirits of the kids at their Dogwood Campus. Specifically, YV was organizing a sort of Marti Gras Parade of special cars on Saturday, May 2nd. YV organizers rightly figured sunshine and shiny sports cars would grab the kids interest. The BSCC was just one of a variety of car-interest groups asked to bring five or six cars as part of the parade, and we responded as brightly as the Saturday sun.



Then, we were invited (enticed, lured, tempted) by the local Exotic Italian car group to stretch our car's legs along the scenic, winding roads in eastern Shelby County on Sunday May 3rd. Nearly forty cars of various pedigree massed in the parking lot at





Canale's Store (Home of The Hams) on Raleigh-Lagrange Road that Sunday afternoon.

Setting off, the group took a rather spirited 'Hare & Hounds' trip of about 35 miles through the countryside involving Raleigh-Lagrange Rd., Macon Rd., Collierville-Arlington Rd., and Hwy 57, not counting a very fast run down a section of I-269.



All made it back to Canale's safely with adrenaline flowing, albeit perhaps a bit short of breath.



Worth pointing out is that Dennis and Kittye Norris brought their recently acquired Morgan Plus-8. Look at the gleam off that car's grille in the photo!!



Looking at my face in a mirror is like reading in a car. Fine for a couple of minutes, then I get sick to my stomach.



## Picture This!

There were five entries in our first photo contest – our LBCs nestled in the garage. And, the winner, with 7 votes was Joe Reed & his MGB.

A nice pair of fuzzy dice, ideal for dangling from a rearview mirror is the coveted prize for winning the inaugural contest.



Now, onto the second round – a **picture of your car in front of a notable building or sign**. Eleven members sent entries, and we've gotta say that they are some really nice

images. Take a look, judge for yourself. Which do you like best?

Send your vote, for your choice to [dukemeteo@gmail.com](mailto:dukemeteo@gmail.com) – another coveted prize awaits the highest vote tally.

For our third photo contest assignment, how about getting a nice image of your car and a **monument or statue** in the picture? Take your time with this one, we'll hold the contest open until after Memorial Day. Just send your photo to [dukemeteo@gmail.com](mailto:dukemeteo@gmail.com) by May 27th to qualify for the prestigious award.



*Chris Irving's Lotus at the famed Jones Peach Orchard*



*Paul Burdette's MGA in the Old Town section of Cordova*



*Joe Reed's MGB at the Old Cordova Grocery*



*Jerry Chandler's MGB in Collierville*



*Pam Mattingly's XK-120 at the University Club*



*John Morrison's MGB caught in the paint booth*



*Bob Mednikow visits Paris in his TR3*



*Jeff Meridith's TR4 on the Collierville square*



*Dave White's Bentley visits a historic Mississippi Church*



*Steve Wayne's MX-5 at the Revolutionary War Office*



*David Vondenberger's TR3 found an appropriate sign!*



*Jerry Farrar's MGB strikes a patriotic pose.*

There ya go folks. Beautiful photos of beautiful cars. Which one is your favorite?

Send your vote for best to [dukemeteo@gmail.com](mailto:dukemeteo@gmail.com)

Be sure to vote!!!!



## Wants N Gots

*Things ya got & Things ya gotta get shut of -*

**Kim Shepard** is still offering handmade masks for this time of the dreaded Corona Virus.

When purchasing a mask, you can pick your fabric and choose between ties or elastic. They cost \$8, have a metal nose wire, and a pocket for a filter.

Text Kim at 901 283-6762.

## Free To A good Home –

Our own John Morrison offers an MGB 4-speed gearbox. Only 67k Miles and in excellent condition. Replaced by a T-9 5-speed conversion.

Contact John Morrison, (901) 489-9828; [N8856R@bellsouth.net](mailto:N8856R@bellsouth.net)

Did I say it was FREE?

**For sale: From Mr. Brian Kuhn**, a 1965 Triumph TR4, family owned for 45 years; since 1975. Stored in the garage, for the most part for the last 25 years; has not been started for the past 7 years

Retired, we are thinking about downsizing and won't have a three car garage.



*Jerry Billmeier's Bentley at the Germantown station.*



*Larry Flemming's XK8 on the road with a tour bus.*

The TR4 is in good, but not **very** good condition. There is rust beneath the doors so patch panels will be needed. Paint is from the early 80s and



could use refreshing. It has TR6 seats - came that way when bought. Replaced the Stromberg carburetors with Weber street issues about 35 years ago, but the Strombergs go with the car.



Asking \$11,500.

Contact Mr. Kuhn at [blknbk2002@gmail.com](mailto:blknbk2002@gmail.com)

**Al Ross** is reluctantly parting with his 1997 Jaguar xk8 convertible. It shows only 67 k miles, and has a clean car fax. Recent improvements include new ball joints, water pump, a fresh battery (with a



battery tender), and a new ABS module.

Beautiful black color. The Jag runs well and always turns heads.

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

What's the difference between a hippo and a zippo?

One is big, ugly, and is really heavy; the other is a little lighter.

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