

Wires & Tyres

February 2021



www.memphisbritishcars.org

British Sports Car Club, LTD Memphis, Tennessee

BSCC Officers 2020-2021

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

Membership Meetings

Coletta's Italian Restaurant, 2850 Appling Rd.

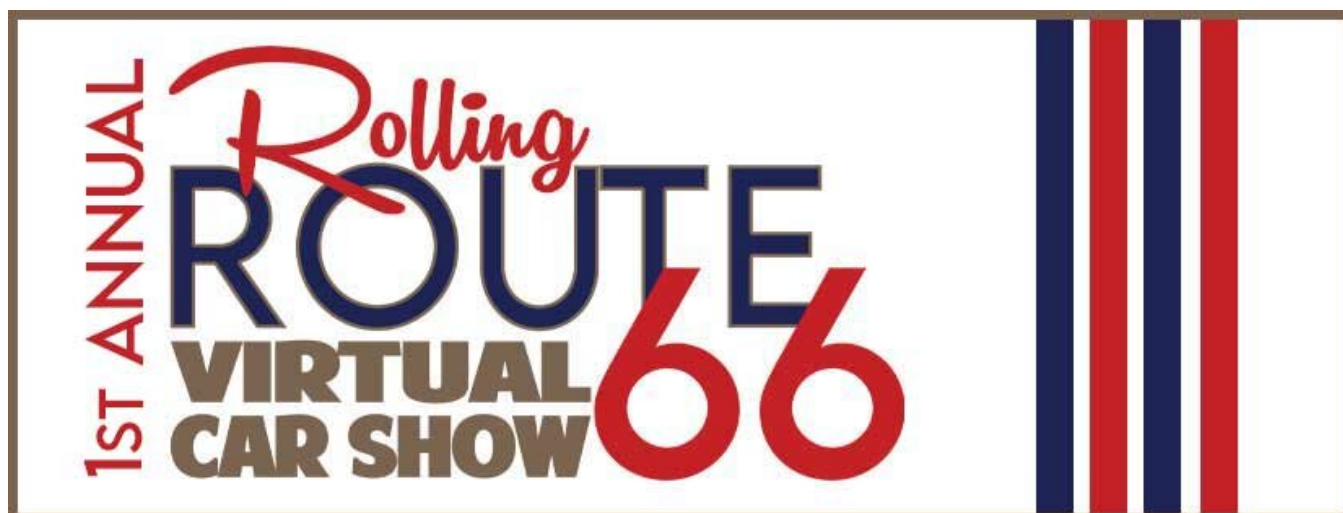
3rd Monday of each month
6:00 p.m. if you wish dinner
7:00 p.m. for our program

Mark your calendar

For now, write TBD on all calendar pages!!!



First, a few announcements -



Here's an upcoming on-line car 'show' suggested by Bob Watkins and Richard Vinings - From February 8th to the 28th, we'll travel "virtually" to a different Route 66 state (going east to west) with updates on the newest cars to register as well as which cars are in the lead for "best in show." These videos will be posted to Facebook, YouTube, and emailed to anyone registered or anyone that has voted.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO BE "FROM" ANY OF THE 8 ROUTE 66 STATES TO ENTER! We're just using the "show" as a way to highlight Route 66!

It's basically a way to see a bunch of great Route 66 stuff and a ton of great cars and trucks. It's like a cruise-in every few nights in a different town along the Mother Road!

For details and registration info, go to <https://www.rollingroute66show.com/>

While registration and details aren't open yet, the **Natchez Euro Fest** is slated for Friday-Saturday, April 9-10, 2021. Their web site is - <http://www.euro-fest.net/natchez/form.php>

The All-MG convention is still slated for June 14-17 in Atlantic City, NJ. With the plague hoped to be waning, this may be a gathering of well over 500 MGs of all stripes from the triple Ms to the MG-F. In the non-COVID history such events have drawn more than 1,000 MGs.



The International **Drive Your Triumph Day** is an annual worldwide driving event in honor of Sir John Black's birthday of **February 10**, 1895.

So, get your Triumph out, take some pictures and then email those pictures to Rye Livingston with the Triumph Travelers Sports Car Club, San Francisco Bay Area, at driveyourtriumphday@gmail.com

Be sure to include your name, the year and model of your car, and the location of the photo. If you are a member of any Triumph or British car clubs, make sure to include that information as well.

The photos will get published in The Vintage Triumph and on-line at <https://driveyourtriumphday.shutterfly.com>

In May of 2021, for only the second time, AHCA is staging Conclave in the state of California. The Austin-Healey Assoc. of SoCal will be hosting Conclave 2021 in Big Bear Lake, May 16-21. This event promises to be the largest Austin Healey event of the year, and we are expecting over 200 cars and 375+ people to attend.



All Roads Lead...

to British Car Week

British Car Week Info Page



www.britishcarweek.org

May 22 - May 30th British Car Week

This year marks the 25th British Car Week, first initiated when Mr. Peter Egan published his classic story in his Side Glances column, titled "Seldom Seen Cars" in the March 1997 edition of Road & Track magazine. In his

story, he shared his then-recent thoughts about reminiscing in the dentist's chair with his mouth full of gauze. After all, what else is there to do? He was thinking about what has happened to all of the old cars he used to enjoy seeing on the roads in his local town. He thought about the times when he would regularly see classic marques such as Morgan, MG, Jaguar, Porsche, Triumph, and even the likes of an old Woodie Wagon on the streets of his community.

The above story is what inspired the creation of British Car Week. With the thought of having a target week for all British car owners to get their cars out of storage and get them prepped for the upcoming driving season. If all goes as planned, they would then take their cars out for a drive within their communities to enable others to enjoy them as they drive by. These classics are a sight to behold and appreciated whenever they are spotted driving by. It is no secret they are even rarer today than when Peter originally wrote his article twenty-five years ago. With so many rapid changes occurring within the automobile industry today, we can only hope that older model classic cars will continue to be permitted on the roads for many years to come.

Thanks to all of the enthusiastic owners of classic British cars, we continue to keep our hobby going. With 2020 now behind us, we can now have hope that 2021 will be a better year for all and that we will soon be rekindling our friendships with other British car enthusiasts at events.

So be sure to top-off your dashpots, and plan a drive during British Car Week 2021!



Just Plain Wacky!

Think about it - what is the wacky connection between a small outboard boat engine, the chrome and formica dinette sets of the 1950s, Morris Minors, and MGs? Answer—a northern Indiana industrialist named Stanley Arnolt.

Stanley Arnolt, with three employees, began his engineering company in Chicago in 1932. Then, in the late 1930s, he gained patents for the 'Sea-Mite', a light-weight outboard motor as payment for work he had done for Waukesha

Engineering. Showing a flamboyant sense of promotion, Arnolt showed the value of the tiny engine on the thick foggy morning of September 26, 1938. He hooked one of his engines to a 13-foot boat and left St. Joseph, Michigan, headed across Lake Michigan for Chicago.

Fighting waves and dense fog, he made the trip in four hours. Boatmen along Navy Pier shook their heads in disbelief, stating that he had more nerve than they did. On arrival at Chicago's Navy Pier, newsmen greeted Arnolt with, "Hallo there, Wacky!." The headline of an

article that day in The Chicago Daily News read, "Wacky Comes Through in Fog; Crosses Lake in 13-Foot Boat"... and the nickname stuck. Hence "Wacky" Arnolt was born.

With that notoriety, enthusiastic salesmanship, and an excellent product, Arnolt won a major contract to supply outboard engines to the U.S. military during World War II. By war's end, he had two manufacturing plants working 24-hours to keep up with demand. Arnolt moved his manufacturing to Warsaw, Indiana in 1939 and created the Atlas Steel and Tube Division for the production of tubular frames for casual furniture and dinette sets. By 1942, production had so expanded that the company moved to a new and bigger manufacturing plant. Arnolt still kept a sales office on N. Lake Shore Drive in Chicago.

At the beginning of the 1950s, Arnolt, who had a passion for cars and was a racing enthusiast, stopped making boat motors and devoted himself to selling English cars. He founded S.H. Arnolt, Inc, and became the main MG, Riley, and Morris importer in the Midwestern U.S. Later, he added Bentley, Rolls-Royce and Aston-Martin to his distribution.

In 1952 Wacky Arnolt visited the Turin Automobile show in Italy where he met Nuccio Bertone, chief executive of Carrozzeria Bertone,



an Italian automotive design and constructor company. At the time of the Turin show, Bertone was experiencing severe cash-flow problems. Changing economic conditions threatened to destroy the company, which had been in business since 1912. As a last gasp, founder Giovanni's son Nuccio created an elegantly

designed prototype coupe and convertible fitted on MG TD chassis for Turin.

When he saw the Bertone design, Arnolt's uncontrolled enthusiasm supposedly stunned the coachbuilding family. According to legend, he asked if the cars were for sale. Bertone asked if he meant both of them. "I'll take 100 each if you can build 'em," Arnolt said. Production of the handmade cars began in



1953, and Bertone eventually shipped about 103 of the Arnolt-MGs (67 coupes and 36 convertibles). Out of those, the fate of 36 is



unknown. Though it sported a strikingly handsome body and interior, the Arnolt-MG couldn't match the speed and handling offered by a standard MG TD. The Bertone body was heavier than the stock MG, while the Arnolt-MG still relied on the stock XPAG 1250cc engine.

Continued production of the Arnolt-MG wasn't possible because MG stopped making the TD model and had begun production of the MG TF - the TF chassis was not available to Arnolt.

Thus, Wacky needed to find a different chassis to supply Bertone. The Bristol Aeroplane Company, headquartered in London started building automobiles to continue in business after WWII. Bristol had gained the rights to produce a variation on the BMW 327 series sedan with its 2-liter 6-cylinder engine.

Arnolt contracted with Bristol to supply modified Bristol 404 chassis to Bertone for new coachbuilt bodies. Bertone had his chief designer, Franco Scaglione, design a body for the new Arnolt-



Arnolt Bristol in Race Trim

Bristol. From mid-1953 until August 1955, 142 Bristol chassis went to Bertone. Scaglione's challenge was to solve the problems created by the tall Bristol engine while designing a sleek sports car. His team came up with a very aerodynamic body with a design flow that allowed a minimal hood height to clear the cars' three single barrel Solex 32 carburetors.

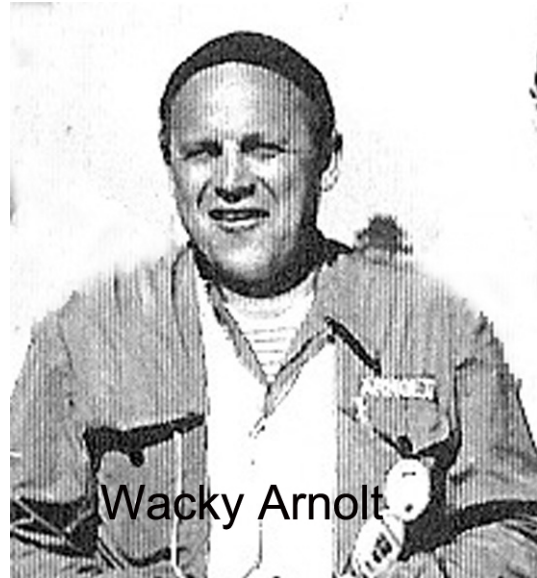
Arnolt-Bristol cars had a highly successful racing career. Wacky Arnolt formed a racing team for



Arnolt Sebring Team

the Sebring 12-hour race, and in 1955 finished

first, second and fourth in the Sports 2000 class, and won the Team Trophy at their first attempt. In 1956, they took second and third in class. In 1957 the team withdrew after Bob Goldich's fatal crash on the first lap of his stint in the car co-driven by Wacky Arnolt, but a privately entered Arnolt-Bristol finished fifth in class. 1960 brought a final class win, finishing

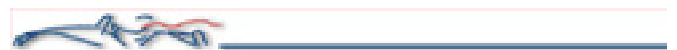


1st, 2nd and 3rd in class.

All the Arnolt-Bristols were built between January 1953, and December 1959. Of 142 cars assembled, 12 were destroyed in a factory fire. Production included six coupes and two aluminum alloy-bodied cars.

Bonhams sold a 1953 Arnolt-MG for \$65,000 in 2019, and another 1953 Arnolt-MG sold for \$67,000 in 2020.

Arnolt-Bristols command a markedly higher price - from 2015 to 2020 they brought an average of \$310,000 but an exceptional 1955 model sold at Goodwoods in 2018 for \$488,000!



If I had 50 cents for every failed math exam, I'd have \$ 6.30 now.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO AMERICANS

from John Cleese

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA:

Britain is Repossessing the U.S.A.

In light of your failure to properly govern yourselves, we hereby give notice of the revocation of your independence, effective immediately.

Her Sovereign Majesty Queen Elizabeth II will resume monarchical duties over all states, commonwealths, and territories (except Arkansas, which she does not fancy).

Your new prime minister, Boris Johnson, will appoint a governor for America without the need for further elections.

Congress and the Senate will be disbanded.

A questionnaire may be circulated next year to determine whether any of you noticed.

To aid in the transition to a British Crown Dependency, the following rules are introduced with immediate effect:

(Look up "revocation" in the Oxford English Dictionary.)

1. Then look up aluminium, and check the pronunciation guide. You will be amazed at just how wrongly you have been pronouncing it.

2. The letter 'U' will be reinstated in words such as 'favour' and 'neighbour.' Likewise, you will learn to spell 'doughnut' without skipping half the letters, and the suffix -ize will be replaced by the suffix -ise.

Generally, you will be expected to raise your vocabulary to acceptable levels. (look up 'vocabulary').

3. Using the same twenty-seven words interspersed with filler noises such as "like", "I'm

all", and "you know" is an unacceptable and inefficient form of communication.

There is no such thing as US English. We will let Microsoft know on your behalf. The Microsoft spell-checker will be adjusted to take account of the reinstated letter 'u' and the elimination of -ize.

You will relearn your original national anthem, God Save The Queen.

4. July 4th will no longer be celebrated as a holiday.

5. You will learn to resolve personal issues without using guns, lawyers, or therapists. The fact that you need so many lawyers and therapists shows that you're not adult enough to be independent. Guns shall be handled by adults only. If you're not adult enough to sort things out without suing someone or speaking to a therapist then you're not grown up enough to handle a gun.

6. Therefore, you will no longer be allowed to own or carry anything more dangerous than a vegetable peeler. A permit will be required if you wish to carry a vegetable peeler in public.

7. All American cars are hereby banned. They are rubbish, and this is for your own good. When we show you German cars, you will understand what we mean.

8. All intersections will be replaced with roundabouts, and you will start driving on the left with immediate effect. At the same time, you will go metric with immediate effect and without the benefit of conversion tables.

Both roundabouts and metrification will help you understand the British sense of humour.

9. The Former USA will adopt UK prices on petrol (which you have been calling gasoline)-roughly \$10/US gallon. Get used to it.

10. You will learn to make real chips. Those things you call French fries are not real chips,

and those things you insist on calling potato chips are properly called crisps. Real chips are thick cut, fried in animal fat, and dressed not with catsup but with vinegar.

11. The cold tasteless swill that you insist on calling beer is not actually beer at all. Henceforth, only proper British Bitter will be referred to as beer, and European brews of known and accepted provenance will be referred to as Lager.

South African beer is also acceptable as they are pound for pound the greatest sporting Nation on earth and it can only be due to the beer. They are also part of British Commonwealth - see what it did for them.

12. Hollywood will be required occasionally to cast English actors as good guys. Hollywood will also be required to cast English actors to play English characters.

Watching Andie Macdowell attempt English dialogue in Four Weddings and a Funeral was an experience akin to having one's ears removed with a cheese grater.

13. You will cease playing American football. There is only one kind of proper football; you call it soccer. Those of you brave enough will, in time, be allowed to play rugby (which has some similarities to American football, but does not involve stopping for a rest every twenty seconds or wearing full kevlar body armour like a bunch of nancies). Don't try Rugby - the South Africans and Kiwis will thrash you, like they regularly thrash us. No more Orange Bowl, Rose Bowl, Cereal Bowl or Super Bowl. From now on..... get used to the World Cup.

14. Further, you will stop playing baseball. It is not reasonable to host an event called the World Series for a game which is not played outside of America. Since only 2.1% of you are aware that there is a world beyond your borders, your error is understandable. You will learn cricket, and we will let you face the South Africans first to take the sting out of their deliveries.

15. You must tell us who killed JFK. It's been driving us mad.

16. An internal revenue agent (i.e. tax collector) from Her Majesty's Government will be with you shortly to ensure the acquisition of all monies due (backdated to 1776).

17. Daily Tea Time begins promptly at 4 pm with proper cups, never mugs, with high quality biscuits (cookies) and cakes; strawberries in season.

God save the Queen.

John Cleese



The Traveling Midget Concluded - Leg 4 Heading Home



I dropped Shelby off at the airport before 6:00 AM. She had to be back in Denver for a wedding, so Rosie and I would be on our own again for the last leg home. My original plan had been to do a longer drive out of San Diego, aiming for Flagstaff. Unfortunately, a heat wave had settled in over the southwest. Daily high temperatures around the California-Arizona border were over 120°F. Driving in those temperatures could easily kill Rosie. And if Rosie died on a desert back road, I would be in trouble. The only option was to drive at night.

To prepare for the heat, I made some modifications to Rosie's heating system. Since I didn't have a passenger with me, I could vent heat from the heater out the passenger window, keeping both the engine and the cockpit cooler. First, I duct taped the heater and defroster outlets on the driver's side to keep the heat off my legs. Then I joined the two defroster ducts together to form one long hose that I could hang out the passenger quarter light window. This bit of MacGyvery allowed me to blast the heater on full while staying relatively cool.

About 11:00 PM I said my goodbyes, loaded up Rosie, and started the overnight drive. It was still 94°F outside, which confirmed my decision to change my schedule. There wasn't much to see in the dark and the roads were empty, so I did a lot of driving on the interstate. With plenty of fuel stations and the cool night air, Rosie could keep driving forever. But I would race fatigue, while sticking to the interstate to make the trip shorter.

I still had to transition from I-10 up to I-40, which I did on an empty stretch of two-lane highway between Desert Center and Needles. The roads were in great shape, and without traffic, I could make good time. My only stop was to pull over and shut off all the lights to get a look at the stars without light pollution. In the dark and silence of the desert, it occurred to me that this was the sort of place the Lucas gremlins loved to strike. I turned the ignition key, glad to hear Rosie's low roar. I was enjoying the deserted roads, but I was eager to get back to civilization.

I made one detour up the Needles Highway into the tip of Nevada. Since I was passing through every other state west of the Rio Grande, it seemed silly not to complete the map, even if I only spent 20 minutes in the state. Of course, there was a clutch of casinos right at the border.



In Arizona, I made a beeline for I-40. I took frequent breaks to make sure I wasn't getting too fatigued. About an hour outside of Flagstaff, my focus started wandering. It was just after 6:00 AM and I'd been on the road for about 7 hours. I stopped in Seligman to get some breakfast at a greasy spoon off the interstate. A plate piled high with eggs and hash browns and a bottomless coffee perked me back up.

The downside to driving on this schedule is that there's no hotel ready for you when you arrive. Not knowing quite what to do with myself until check-in, I drove into the center of Flagstaff. I stumbled across a farmer's market in a neighborhood park, so I found a shady spot to park and wandered around the booths. On the other side of the park was a pet adoption event, so I walked over and found some puppies to play with. I still had some time before my hotel room was available, so I walked back to the shady spot where I'd parked Rosie and got the tool kit out. I had started the night at a few hundred feet above sea level, but now I was at 7,000 feet and she was feeling the change. A quick adjustment of the mixture and timing got her engine running smoothly again. I took a short drive to test out the new tune, stopping to grab a couple more photos for the Moss scavenger hunt. By the time I circled back to the hotel, my room was ready, so I checked in, went up to the room, and climbed into bed.

One of the best drives I'd ever done was through Monument Valley in southern Utah four years earlier. I was driving to the Grand



monuments themselves.

The formations vary from delicate rock spires to massive mesas. For the most part, the rocks are



red, contrasting with the green and yellow desert plants. One of my favorites was Mexican Hat, near the end of the valley. On top of a small mesa was a boulder with large circular rock on top of it, the profile of a man wearing a sombrero. Not long after Mexican Hat, I crossed



back into Colorado. I had visited 10 states; the only one missing was my home state of New Mexico. Fortunately, a short detour south brought me to Four Corners and the Land of Enchantment.



The next day was the last day of the trip. Since I would be traveling through the mountains, I wasn't worried about heat, so I took my time

eating breakfast. As I got on the road, I heard the whistle of the train ahead of me and saw the smoke in the distance. Always up for racing a train, Rosie's engine hummed as we passed the steaming locomotive.

The road out of Durango turned into the Million Dollar Highway. The road winds through towering mountains, deep valleys, and old mine sites. For most of the drive, the



rocks and earth that make up the mountains are a deep red. As I approached Denver, I noticed a pile of large thunderheads over the city. Checking the weather on my phone, it was clear that I would be arriving about the same time as the peak of the storm. I decided



to stick to surface streets in case I needed to put the top up quickly. I was planning to meet Shelby and Jeff at one of my favorite bars as a small welcome home party. Even with the detour, I was on schedule to meet them there at 6:30 as planned. Twelve blocks away, the storm hit, and it hit hard. I pulled under a tree and got the top up before the interior got too wet. It was starting to hail, so I tried to find refuge in a gas station, but it was full of cars already doing the same. I pulled under a tree,

but found little shelter there. The hail was getting more intense.

I remembered that a grocery store a couple of blocks away had a parking garage. I zipped out from under the tree, across four lanes of traffic, up two blocks, and into an illegal parking space in the garage. Soon, the garage was completely filled with cars hiding from the hail.

I waited as the peak of the storm passed over. There was so much water that geysers were forming in the parking lot. Fearing the streets would be flooded, I waited a bit longer. When cars started leaving the garage, I thought it might be worth trying to get to the bar. I pulled out of the garage. There was water flowing swiftly through the gutter, but it wasn't very deep. I stayed to the right, merging into the turning lane to turn right. The lane had some water on it, but I could still see the street.

As I came around the corner, it became clear



that I had made a mistake. The street was completely flooded and it was too late to stop. I chose what I thought was the shallowest route and gave Rosie a little extra speed. My hope was that a little more momentum would carry us onto the crown of the road, where the water would be shallowest. We made it about halfway before the engine cut out. The water was almost up to the floorboards, but the wake of the front wheels had sent enough water into the engine bay to cause problems. I turned off the ignition, grabbed my raincoat, hit the hazard lights, and got out. I was close to one of the other garage entrances, so I started pushing poor disabled Rosie back to shelter. I got her to the curb, but I

couldn't get her up the incline. A good Samaritan had seen me and got out to help.

In the garage, I waited for a few minutes, and then tried to start her up again. Her engine wouldn't fire, but at least it was turning over, which meant that it wasn't hydrolocked. Good news. A couple more minutes and I tried again. Again, no luck. With the streets still flooded, even if she did start back up, I couldn't drive her anywhere, so I grabbed my computer bag and jogged over to the bar where Shelby and Jeff were waiting. Our celebration was dampened by the news about Rosie. Still, it was good to be back in good company.

After a drink, Jeff drove me back to Rosie. The streets had finally cleared; if we could get her to start I could drive her home. We spent a couple of hours trying to get the engine to fire. We checked the cylinders, the distributor, the spark plugs, the coil, and the carburetors. A couple of times she sputtered, but she wouldn't start. Defeated, we strapped Rosie to Jeff's Outback and he towed Rosie the last five miles home.

Rosie drove 5,332 miles across eleven states, one Canadian province, and six national parks. She conquered 12,000 foot passes, 100-degree deserts, dense rain forests, winding coastline, and rugged mountains. She had done everything I asked of her and more. In my optimism and eagerness to finish the trip, I had failed her. We pushed Rosie into the garage and I pulled the spark plugs to let the engine dry.

In the morning, I reinstalled the spark plugs. Climbing into the driver's seat, I pulled the choke all the way out, inserted the key, and turned it. Rosie roared to life, defiantly spraying the remaining water out of her tailpipe. I adjusted the choke and got out to inspect the engine. Everything looked good. I gave her a proper tune up, feeling grateful that my impulsiveness the night before had caused no permanent damage. When I finished and everything put back together,

Rosie and I drove back towards the garage where we had taken refuge. We passed the spot where the engine cut out and continued back to the bar where I stopped for a proper celebratory drink.

I had known Rosie and I could make this journey together. What I didn't expect was how well she would do it. Of the few minor problems we had, and one major one, not a single one of them should be attributed to the little car. I couldn't believe how tough she was.

When I started planning this trip, it was a bit of a lark. Taking a quirky old British roadster around the whole of the western United States was just a little absurd. But piece by piece, different parts of my life fell into place to make it happen. I was joined and aided by some of my closest friends and family; I visited places I hadn't seen since childhood, and it reminded me of memories I hadn't thought of in ages. And all along the way, I was making a whole new set of memories that I will never forget.

After the bar, Rosie and I turned for home. It was a sunny day, and her engine was purring as happily as it had when we set out three weeks earlier. We had made it.



Never criticize someone until you've walked a mile in their shoes.

Then, when you criticize them, they won't be able to hear you from that far.

And, you'll have their shoes.

Cars & Coffee Memphis

A casual gathering of Memphis area car owners. All makes/models are welcome free of charge!

No burnouts or acting stupid leaving the event!
Please help us keep this going!

Time 8am-12pm

*1st and 3rd Saturday: the Butcher Shop-107 S Germantown Pkwy, Cordova, TN 38018.

*4th Saturday: Germantown Performing Arts Center (GPAC)- 1801 Exeter Rd, Germantown, TN 38138 or NAPA Bartlett-7415 US-64

On the Edge: Cars and Coffee the 2nd Saturday of each month.

Time: 8am - Noon.

Monroe Avenue was the 1st Automotive Row in Memphis, TN, where all marques opened their first dealerships.

Please park your car in one of the rows in the parking lot across from High Cotton, right next to the old Kudzu's Bar & Grill.

At the pop-up tent near the street, you'll find a hot cup of coffee, some donuts.



Wyres & Tyres is a publication of the

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