

Wires & Tyres

January 2021



www.memphisbritishcars.org

British Sports Car Club, LTD Memphis, Tennessee

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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!!!



Did you see the movie 'Groundhog Day'? Living with the COVID pandemic is like that—each day begins and ends like the day before, day after day after day.

Looking up the word 'stasis' in the Cambridge dictionary yields - "a state that does not change." The BSCC keeps chugging along, but we don't seem to make progress. Guess we're in stasis.

There is the hint of light on the horizon. The COVID vaccine is in the hands of our public health services locally, and an uncertain distribution has begun. Maybe it isn't a light at the end of the tunnel yet, but there is a sure promise of a less restrained future.

When? Who knows, but surely before hot weather arrives? Until then we just keep holding our breath and doing our part; essentially staying calm and carrying on.

Two notes of bad news reached us—two former BSCC members have recently died. Word that Lane Purser has passed away came via social media shortly after the new year began. Then we learned that Sandy Marion, wife of former BSCC President Tony Marion (and dear friend of your editor) died on New Year's Day.

The Traveling Midget

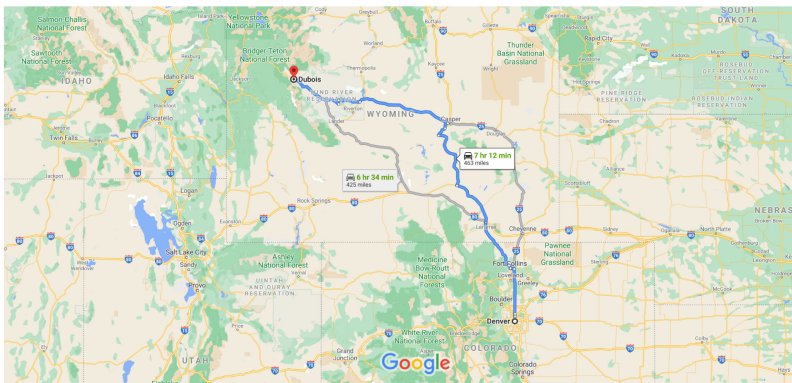
By Tyler G. Hicks-Wright

Picking up where we left off, we find Tyler Hicks and his dad in 'Rosie' the Midget headed for Seattle via a circuitous route from Denver. There are international soccer games, international travel, a girlfriend, and mechanical scares along the way.

Leg #1

Our plan was to drive 465 miles to Dubois, Wyoming, maximizing our time in Grand Teton and Yellowstone the following day. I took the first shift, driving north along the foothills to meet my sister in Fort Collins for breakfast.

Google Maps Denver, Colorado to Dubois, Wyoming Drive 463 miles, 7 hr 12 min



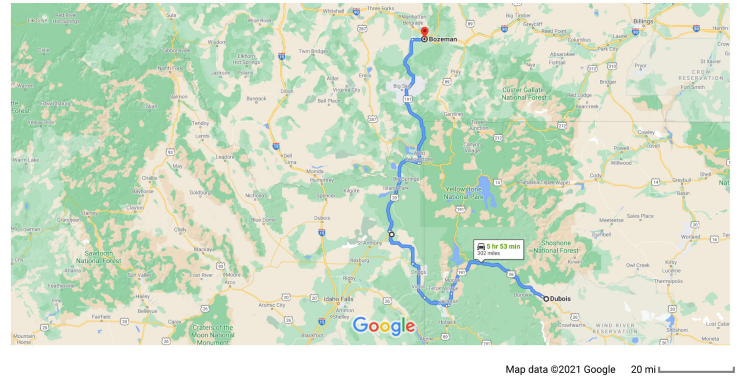
Somewhere between Medicine Bow and Casper, the peace was broken by the sound of a punctured tube and a rapidly deflating tire.



We pulled over onto the side of the two-lane highway to find that Rosie's right front tire was completely flat. Because she wore original chrome wire wheels, I had to use tubes in her tires. Unfortunately, one of the spoke heads had worn a hole in the tube, leading to its failure. The upside of the wire wheels was they were easy to change. Jack the

little car up, apply the oversized wrench to the oversized center nut, remove wheel. Soon we were back on our way, figuring we would likely find a tire shop in the next town

Google Maps Dubois, Wyoming to Bozeman, MT Drive 302 miles, 5 hr 53 min



on our route.

By the time we pulled into Dubois, we'd driven 527 miles over thirteen and a half hours. Aside from the flat tire, Rosie had done well, and my father and I were working well as a team. Tired, but content, we found a small restaurant for dinner and then got to bed.

I had been looking forward to day two since I started planning the trip. We only had 250 miles to cover, and most of it would be in Grand Teton and

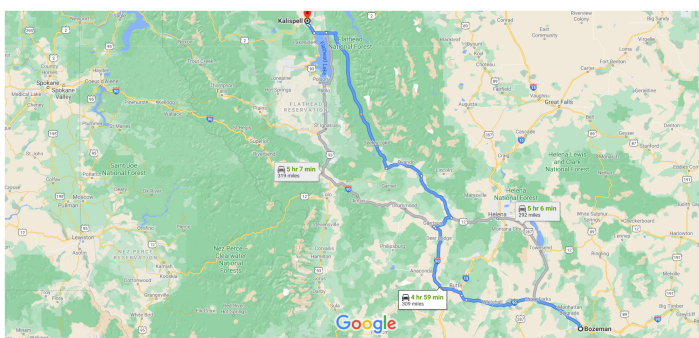
Yellowstone National Parks. One day was hardly enough to see those two parks, so we took our time enjoying the sights along the main road. Unfortunately, with so many things to see, we couldn't stay in any one place for long.

As daylight faded, we reluctantly left the park and turned toward Bozeman, two hours north. Without the sun, the weather got cool, and we stopped to put on our jackets. We bundled ourselves to the chin, but we refused to put the top up.

We left Bozeman the next morning, following the interstate west. My dad, who had taken the first shift, tried driving on the interstate to see how Rosie would do. As we got up to interstate speeds, the steering wheel began

shaking, a symptom of the wire wheels working themselves out of true after so many years. The first semi that passed blew us off course, forcing my dad to abruptly correct. Several more trucks

Google Maps Bozeman, Montana to Kalispell, MT Drive 309 miles, 4 hr 59 min

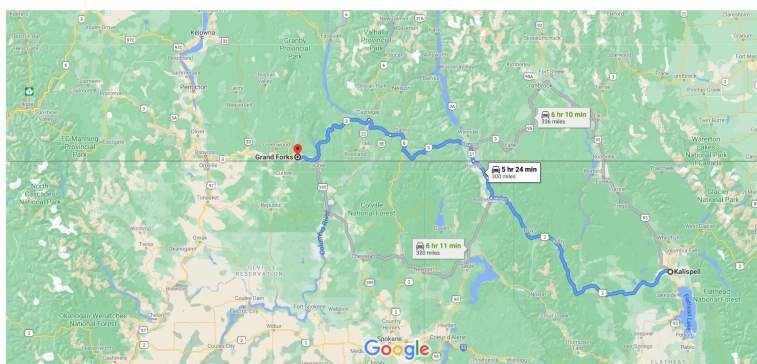


passed with the same effect. As we approached the next exit, we decided that the frontage road was more of our speed.

Our route for day three had us driving through hills and mountains on curving, two-lane roads. We passed through Kalispell without stopping at our hotel and continued on to Glacier National Park. On day four, we planned to go from Kalispell to Spokane. But we called an audible. Eastern Washington is known for being dimly empty. Neither of us was looking forward to it. So we crossed into Canada and follow the border west. Instead of 200 miles of empty farmland, this route would put us in the rolling hills between the Rocky and Cascade mountain ranges.

Shortly after our border crossing, I smelled something metallic burning. I began checking everything that came to mind. The brakes were good, the clutch was still working, and the transmission was shifting smoothly. But Rosie felt a lot more sluggish than usual. I was about to

Google Maps Kalispell, Montana 59901 to Grand Forks, BC, Canada Drive 300 miles, 5 hr 24 min



pull over to the side of the road, again in the middle of nowhere, to diagnose the problem, but then I looked down. In my excitement crossing into another country, I'd forgotten to release the handbrake after the border stop. Feeling silly, I lowered the lever and Rosie perked right up. She got us to our lodging that night in Grand Forks, British Columbia.

We left Grand Forks for our last day of driving. Later, we got caught in Sunday afternoon traffic, as everyone who spent the weekend in the mountains was returning to the city. Soon, the windy mountain roads turned into suburban freeways and city overpasses. We had reached my brother's house in Seattle and the end of the first leg of my trip.

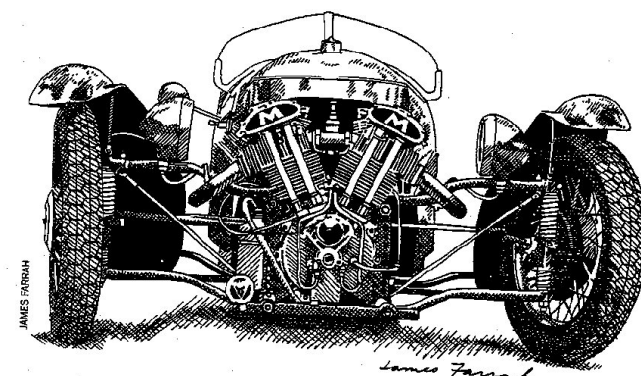
We spent the next four days watching international soccer matches, visiting with friends and family, and seeing some of the highlights of Seattle. We took Rosie on the ferry to Port Townsend and back. Then it was time for everyone to leave.

Stay tuned for more amazing adventures from the cockpit of Rosie the Midget in the next installment of Wyres & Tyres.



What's orange and sounds like a parrot?

A carrot.



Time Machine Classified Ads from the early 1990s

1952 MG TD—Owner of 26 years will sell to a good home. Rebuilt engine runs great. The green paint with tan leather upholstery is beautiful and according to original specifications. Good top, window, tonneau cover, car cover. Photos from restoration process. Texas car. \$15,000.

1973 Triumph Stag—In super excellent condition. 65,000 miles. Original California car. No rust, repainted beautiful white. Nothing missing. Has factory mags, automatic, hard top, runs excellently. \$5,800.

1971 TR6—Assembled in Belgium, sold new in Germany. California title and is presently smogged with new US spec engine. Overdrive trans in excellent condition. Koni shocks, more. Includes original 150 HP fuel injection engine and complete injection system. \$7,000.

1980 TR8—One owner treasured automobile. Continually updated in great repair. New top, fresh paint, runs great. 52,000 miles. Asking \$8,500.

1962 TR4—Early TR4 model. New red exterior and black interior. Original engine, transmission, etc. Excellent electrical, good running condition, potential show car with some TLC. \$6,300.

1959 Austin Healey BT7 2+2 - Complete restoration. Bright red exterior, red interior, black top. Never exposed to salt or sand. \$25,000.

1965 3.8 S Type Jaguar—In Primrose yellow, saddle interior, C.W.W. Auto, good body and mechanical condition. Could use some leather repair. \$7,000.



Detecting British Cars

“History is moving pretty quickly these days, and the heroes and villains keep on changing parts,” said James Bond.



Bond, James Bond is likely the most famous crime-fighter of British fiction. Noted for good taste, elan, and dash, Bond strode through the pages of Ian Fleming’s novels, and across the world’s movie screens. Bond’s automobile choice reflected his restrained but acute sense of taste. Appearing in Fleming’s early novels, Bond drove a powerful 1930 ‘Blower’ Bentley. The gadget



filled Aston Martins, Lotus, and Sunbeam Tigers appeared in the Hollywood films.

The first fictional British sleuth was Lord



Peter Wimsey. Created by Dorothy L. Sayers in the 1930s, Wimsey drove a 1927

Daimler Double-Six (12 cylinder) four-seater as he chased about solving murder crimes.

Masterpiece Theater on PBS brought Inspector Morse to American shores. The idiosyncratic Morse loved the Opera, classical music, the London Times crossword puzzle,



and his Jaguar Mark II 2.4L saloon.

Martha Grimes' creation—Inspector Richard Jury, as a member of the constabulary, drove a government issue Vauxhall with “questionable provenance with a million miles clocked.” However, his friend and alter ego



Melrose Plant pattered about in his elegant Rolls Royce.



Also on Masterpiece Mystery programs,

Inspector Lynley drove a Bristol 410 and a 1973 Jensen Interceptor. We find, though, Elizabeth George's fictional character driving a Healey-Elliott through the pages of her novels.



Not to be left on the sidelines, Douglas Adams created his own fictional police officer—Dirk Gently. On TV we see Gently driving a 1970s Austin Princess car in which



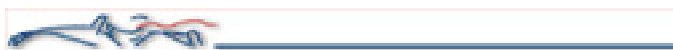
he had to stop for repairs more frequently than for petrol. In Adams' novels, Gently drove a 1980s Jaguar saloon.



P.D. James wrote novels about the exploits of Inspector Adam Dalgliesh. James equipped Dalgliesh with perhaps the most unusual British car—a Cooper Bristol. Just so you know,



the great majority of Cooper Bristols were purpose built F2 race cars, although a handful were widened to accommodate more than one passenger and had enclosed bodywork added.



A goldfish goes into a bar and flops onto the bar.

The barman asked, "What can I get you?"

The goldfish gasped, "Water!"

Wyres & Tyres is a publication of the

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