

Wires & Tyres

Mid January 2021



www.memphisbritishcars.org

British Sports Car Club, LTD Memphis, Tennessee

BSCC Officers 2020-2021

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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!!!



We've gotten a handful of responses to our query about what members have done LBC-wise during our COVID hiatus. Here's a sampling:

Jim Hofer says, "I have been working hard on the RHD Bugeye. Jeb and Steve Feltman came over and helped me get the engine in. Jeb has been helping with the wiring, which is totally foreign to me and to him. I have wired 3 big Healeys, but the bug-eye is totally different. Since I did not take the old harness out, I'm feeling my way through this one. Anyone who would like to help call me."

Paul Burdette reports, "I try to drive my MGA every weekend because I'm afraid bad things will happen if I don't! Sometimes that means Amy goes with me in the MG to a restaurant. We were going to the Collierville classic car on the Square gatherings regularly before it got cold and they stopped. I have taken the MG to a few Cars and Coffee. I hope to get to this new one at the Agricenter regularly. We have also been attending Porsche Club dinners every month since June...we also have a Porsche."

Sandra Roberts isn't as sanguine, "I will tell you we're doing ok, although there are no more walls to climb! There has been no blood shed and Terry still looks pretty good with no hair after pulling all his hair out because of NO CAR SHOWS! I think we'll make it another year."

Jerry Farrar says, "My garage queen has turned into a garage bi*t**. Haven't been able to get it started! Working on it today. Wish me luck." Last thing heard was that the 'garage bi*t' was

still refusing to fire up and run smoothly, and that Jerry was turning to Steve Feltman and Joe Reed for potential guidance.

We'd like to hear from more members about how they and their British car have gone through our 'Winter of Discontent' (look up the winter of 1978-1979 in the U.K, to get a full feeling).



Messing With The English Language

Be prepared to groan—but enjoy!

Two antennas met on a roof, fell in love, and got married. The ceremony wasn't much, but the reception was excellent.

A jumper cable walked into a bar where the barman said, "I'll serve you, but don't start anything."

Two peanuts walked into a bar, and one was a salted.

A dyslexic man walked into a bra.

"Doc, I can't stop singing The Green, Green Grass of Home."

"That sounds like the Tom Jones Syndrome."

"Is it common?"

"Well, It's Not Unusual."

Two cows are standing next to each other in a field. Daisy says to Dolly, "I was artificially inseminated this morning."

"I don't believe you," says Dolly.

"It's true; no bull!" exclaims Daisy.

An invisible man married an invisible woman. The kids were nothing to look at either.

I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day, but I couldn't find any.

A man woke up in a hospital after a serious

accident. He shouted, "Doctor, doctor, I can't feel my legs!"

The doctor replied, "I know. I amputated your arms!"

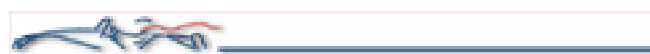
I went to a seafood disco last week . . . and pulled a mussel.

Two fish swam into a concrete wall. The one turned to the other and said, "Dam!"

Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. It sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it, too.

A woman had identical twins and gave them up for adoption. One of them went to a family in Egypt and is named "Ahmal." The other went to a family in Spain where they named him "Juan." Years later, Juan sent a picture of himself to his birth mother. Upon receiving the picture, she told her husband she wished she also had a picture of Ahmal. Her husband responded, "They're twins! If you've seen Juan, you've seen Ahmal."

And finally, there was the person who sent ten different puns to his friends, hoping at least one pun would make them laugh. No pun in ten did.



The Continuing Adventures of the Traveling Midget

Picking up where we left off, we find Tyler Hicks in the Midget 'Rosie' continuing their big adventure and heading south from Seattle to San Diego along the PCH.

The great red span of the Golden Gate Bridge

Leg #2

From Seattle to San Francisco Rosie and I would be on our own. We had 1,100 back-

road miles to drive, and I had to meet girlfriend Shelby's plane in three and a half days. Before setting off, I removed the air cleaners from the carburetors and adjusted the mixture on Rosie's twin SUs. Now that we were at sea level, she would need a bit more fuel to compensate for the additional air that we were lacking at a mile high in Colorado. After I put the air cleaners back on, I went to the other side and loosened the distributor. We had picked up a bit of engine knock under heavy load, so I retarded the timing slightly. It hadn't occurred to me earlier, but the increase in atmospheric pressure at sea level affected the timing. The charge going into the cylinder was denser, causing it to combust faster, which created the knock. Adjusting the timing quickly cured that. Rosie felt strong with more air in her lungs.

We started on the ferry back across Puget Sound to Bainbridge Island. On the other side I turned north, away from my destination of Long Beach. Instead of going direct, I wanted to take the long way around the Olympic Peninsula. At



a place called Ruby Beach, I got my first glance of the Pacific Ocean. The dream of driving Rosie down the Pacific coast was becoming a reality!

My excitement was short-lived, however. A sign just outside of the logging town where I got lunch showed that it would be 40 miles to the next service station. Some mental arithmetic said I had 60 miles in the tank; plenty to make it, with the better part of a gallon to spare. 40 miles came and went with no sign of a gas station. Several miles later, still without a sign of gas, I began to worry. There didn't seem to be

anything out there, and I had no cell service. To make it worse, Rosie's gas gauge became less reliable the lower it got. A misreading of the gauge or a bit of errant math earlier in the day, and I could end up on the side of the road with my thumb in the air.

Anxious minutes ticked by. Finally, hope arrived, "Gas 1 Mile." Rosie's tank was teetering just above the "E". As the gas station came into sight, I breathed a sigh of relief and pulled in. From there, I should have been able to reach Long Beach on one tank, but I didn't want to risk adding more undue stress to my day, so a few hours later I stopped for another top-up. As I was filling the tank, I heard a familiar rumble behind me. A 1969 MG Midget had pulled up next to the adjacent pump. The dark red paint was much more worn Rosie's, but it sounded to be in good mechanical condition. I chatted briefly with its driver, a local high school student. He had gotten the car for a senior project and was working on fixing it up to take to college. I hadn't thought about it until that point, but that was the first MG I had come across in nearly 2,200 miles.

The next day, I didn't plan on doing much in Oregon. None of the landmarks I'd planned to stop at were along the route; it was just a day of driving. But what a day! My route took me down Highway 101, also known as the Oregon Coast Highway. If Highway 1 in California has a rival, it's the Oregon Coast Highway. The road wanders back and forth between the dense forest and the stunning coastline. In the forest it twists and turns before spitting you out onto a scenic overlook to beaches and bays below. It was spectacular, even more so because I hadn't expected it.

In Crescent City, California, my overnight stop, I opened the bonnet to investigate a high idle and rough running we'd picked up in the last couple of hours. I pulled off the air

cleaners to check the carburetors, but couldn't find anything. On the other side of the engine, I was about to start adjusting the timing when I noticed a bit of fraying on the vacuum advance line. Looking more closely, I found the rubber line had split, causing a vacuum leak. That explained the Rosie's symptoms. Fortunately, there was enough slack in the line to cut the split end away and reattach it. When I started her up, she was back to her happy purr.

Part of the reason I didn't have any planned stops in Oregon is because I had some big ones on the itinerary for the next day in northern California. When I was a kid, my dad told me that there was a tree that you could drive through. Now I'd have the chance to do it myself, and there was no chance Rosie wouldn't fit. I found the first drive-thru tree on my route. The tree was



absolutely immense. Standing at its base, the trunk reached endlessly for the sky. I drove through the hole carved out of its trunk and got out to take photos. I could easily open Rosie's doors all the way without them touching the tree.

Not too far down the road was the 'Avenue of the

Giants', a 31-mile stretch of road surrounded by the densest stand of virgin redwoods in



the world. Already a Midget, Rosie was dwarfed by the massive trees. Felled trunks could be hollowed out to form a garage for her.

Of course, all good things come to an end, and we got back onto 101 to continue our journey south. The freeway was much less fun. Speed was not an option, it was necessary. Straight, boring, wind-screaming speed. In other cars, that might be where the fun is, but with only four gears, it becomes stressful. I broke up the stress with a lunch stop.

A bit further on was the tiny town of Leggett and the start of Highway 1, commonly known as the Pacific Coast Highway. At that point, though, there was nothing coastal about the highway. In fact, for the first 21 miles of Highway 1, I couldn't see any coast at all. Instead, the road wound through a dense forest. Shadows from the leaves dappled the road, and the canopy came completely together, casting the road into deep shade.

The highway twisted and curved as it climbed up and then back down the last inclines of the Coast Mountain Range. We found ourselves in a pack of other sporty cars enjoying the turns and hairpins. Pushing through the corners made us feel like racing drivers while only doing 30 MPH.

As the trees opened up, the road rose into a gentle left hand curve, and the great

expanse of the Pacific Ocean opened in front of us. This was it, the Pacific Coast Highway.



Unlike the coastal stretch in Oregon, the road didn't get any straighter when it met the ocean. It followed the cliffs, staying high above the beaches below. Like a contour on a topo map, it had to turn inland for every river and valley. Signs warned of sharp curves with recommended speeds of 15 MPH. On one of those turns, I was having a little too much fun and gave myself a bit of a scare. I came over a small rise into a sharp left hander with no guardrail protecting the road from the cliff that was eating away at the white line marking the shoulder. Rosie reacted quickly to the sudden steering input, her rear tire making a puff of dust as it reached the edge of the road before shooting back onto the asphalt.

The following morning, I was still fatigued from the previous day's driving. My plan had been to return to the coast and drive to the Golden Gate Bridge on Highway 1. But that route would take twice as long and I had to meet a friend for lunch in San Francisco before Shelby's flight arrived later in the afternoon. So instead, I continued inland to the freeway, making a stop in Petaluma to give Rosie a much needed bath.

Just before San Francisco, I pulled off the main road and climbed the hill above Kirby Cove. I could see the Diablo Mountains in the

distance, behind the great red span of the Golden Gate Bridge. Once we descended back to the road, we were in the land of giants again. The towers soared overhead as we drove through them, with massive cables hung elegantly between them. Rosie's diminutive frame seemed even smaller as I stared up out of the little convertible.

San Francisco was less fun. Stop signs seemed to be placed on the steepest part of each hill. Going up required operating three pedals with two feet. Going down needed a very heavy foot on the brake.



I took the most direct route to the restaurant, relieved to arrive a little early.

After lunch, I drove down to the marina, got a coffee, and went for a walk. Back when I was a grad student at Stanford, I participated in the Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon. The triathlon started with a swim from a boat anchored just off Alcatraz, back to San Francisco. Ten years later I was in the same spot where I had come ashore, but this time I was on a very different sort of adventure.

Soon, it was time to continue on to the airport. Shelby's flight was arriving soon, and I didn't

want to be late. After I picked her up, we continued south to Palo Alto. I wanted to swing by my alma mater, specifically the main entrance to the campus. Starting at the main gates is a mile-long stretch of road lined on either side by perfectly placed palm trees. Palm Drive leads directly to Stanford's main quad and the imposing stone buildings that surround it. Driving down it a decade before



had always felt special. Doing it in a little red convertible felt like being in a movie.

After a quick tour of the campus, we went back into Palo Alto to meet another old friend at the Rose & Crown Pub. I figured it was the most appropriate venue considering our mode of transportation. We celebrated the successful completion of Leg #2 before turning in for the night.

Leg #3

"Don't ever outgrow sports cars!"

It was great to have a traveling companion again. I had enjoyed the time on my own with Rosie, but it was better to share the experience with someone else. When I was on my own, I was willing to put Rosie and myself through long hours because I enjoyed the driving. But with a passenger, I wanted the trip to be more about what we saw and did along the way, so I planned several stops on our route.

Our first was Pigeon Point, a picturesque lighthouse built in the late 1800s. Next stop was a berry farm just north of Santa Cruz. We had the option of picking our own berries, but

we decided the ones already picked were just fine. Being short on time, we skipped the boardwalk in Santa Cruz in favor of Cannery Row in Monterey. But these were just minor stops, though. The big features were just beyond the tip of the Monterey Peninsula. 17-Mile Drive is a scenic loop through Pacific Grove and Pebble Beach. The road follows the rocky shoreline as it weaves between holes of the famous golf course. There's a



small fee to do the drive, but the dramatic coastline and extravagant neighborhoods made it worth the price of admission. Toward the end of the drive, we pulled over at a scenic overlook of Carmel Bay. Framed by massive driftwood and windswept trees, the waves crashed into boulders, sending a fine mist into the air. Carmel-by-the-Sea was just visible in the distance.

But the gorgeous views from 17-Mile Drive were only a warmup for what came next.



Francis McComas described Big Sur as the “greatest meeting of land and water in the world.” I don’t think he’s wrong. Dramatic islands of rock spires and outcroppings punctuate the serpentine coastline while sheer cliffs drop hundreds of feet into the ocean. Around each bend was another breathtaking visage of rugged coastline. Rosie was back in her element, effortlessly nipping the apex of each curve and bend.

As we climbed the hills away from the sea, the temperature began to climb as well. While the marine layer had cooled us along the coast, we were unaware that the temperature a few miles inland was almost 100°F. Because of my experience overheating Rosie, I was exceedingly cautious not to do it again. Over the previous year, I had become accustomed to using the heater as a second radiator to pull more heat away from the engine. Unfortunately, it dumped that heat directly into the cockpit. Shelby curled up on the seat to get her feet as far away from the heater as possible; I didn’t have that luxury. For 45 minutes we sweated through our shirts, keeping a watchful eye on the temperature gauge.

Not wanting to suffer the heat again, we started our next day in the cool of the early morning. We returned to the coast at Moro Rock and followed the roads inland as they headed to the population centers of Southern California. Outside Santa Barbara, we stopped at Moss Motors. A few employees came out, and we chatted for a while about the trip. Knowing we would eventually hit traffic in LA, we got back on the road. A slight detour through Malibu gave us a glimpse at some famous homes in the area. In Santa Monica we took Ocean Avenue. That’s when we found the traffic. And it didn’t ease until almost Long Beach.

Our hotel for the night was the Queen Mary, the White Star ocean liner moored in Long Beach. We caught a quick glimpse of it as we were crossing the high arching bridges of the Seaside Highway. But it was soon obscured by the colossal machinery that serves the port.

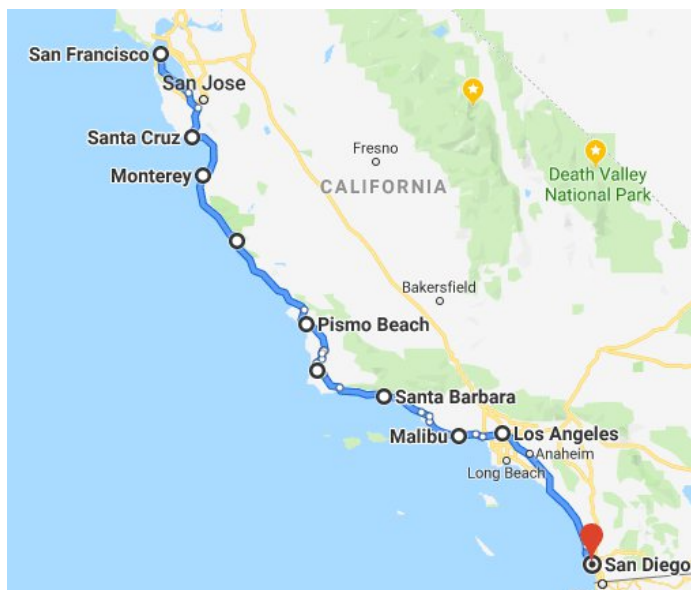
Cranes danced back and forth, whisking shipping containers from one place to another.

We exited the freeway, following the directions to the Queen Mary. As I was looking for our left turn, Shelby started yelling. A semi-truck with an empty trailer was entering our lane from the right, seemingly oblivious to our presence. As the rear tires of his trailer closed in on us, I braked hard and jerked the steering wheel to the left. Unfortunately, the center line was marked with pylons, and Rosie took two of them out with the maneuver. The truck continued on, unfazed by the close call. At the next opportunity, we pulled over to assess the damage. Fortunately, everything was fine mechanically. Rosie’s front bumper had completely flattened one pylon. The other left small scuff on her rear fender, but it was just a bruise. Somewhat shaken but glad to be in one piece, we continued to The Queen Mary.



When I booked the hotel, I wasn’t sure if it would be a good place to stay or more of a gimmick. The reviews were good, so I took the chance. I’m glad that I did; It was by far the best hotel (and museum) of the trip. The ship had been restored and guests had free reign to explore. The rooms were kept in fairly original condition. Since we’d splurged on an ocean view (a \$20 upgrade), we had two portholes overlooking downtown Long Beach. After checking in, we grabbed a drink at the Observatory Bar on the bow of the ship to unwind from the day.

In the morning we enjoyed breakfast at one of the ship's restaurants before spending few hours exploring. Feeling satisfied with our exploration of the ship, we got on the road. We only had to make the short trip down to San Diego where we were staying with Shelby's cousin Karen and her family. We attempted to follow what was left of the Pacific Coast Highway, but soon found that it was just a congested local road, so we returned to the interstate.



At a gas station south of Los Angeles, a black Nissan Z pulled up to the pump behind us. As the octogenarian driver got out, he noticed our Colorado plates and commented on how far from home we were. He proceeded to tell us about how, back in the 1950s, he had driven an MG TD from Washington DC to Los Angeles in the middle of summer. To keep the engine from overheating, he'd hung canvas water bags in front of the radiator, a technique I had started pondering on our infernal drive into Paso Robles. As parting advice, he glanced back at his Z with a smile and told me, "Don't ever outgrow sports cars!"

After we got to San Diego, we met Karen, her husband Eric, and their seven year old daughter Katya for dinner at a Thai restaurant. After dinner, it was decided that Katya should drive with me in the convertible and Shelby would go Karen and Eric. We strapped her booster into Rosie's passenger seat and took off. As we pulled onto the freeway, she began

giggling uncontrollably. "Having fun?" I asked. "My hair is flying everywhere," she responded, "I would say it's annoying, but really I love it." At an interchange, we got separated from the lead car, but fortunately the precocious 7-year-old was able to give me exact directions back to her house.

Return next issue for the thrilling conclusion of Tyler and Rosie's Amazing Adventure.



THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY! *By Terry Roberts*

We've all had cars in the past we wish we had kept. We remember the pleasant memories we had driving them and of course, then we were younger and more adventurous. One that I regret selling was a 1961 Mercedes 300 SL roadster. Today it would be worth a nice retirement fund, over \$1 million according to the latest Price Guide from Sports Car Market. Needless to say, I've kick myself a few times when I think about that.

In 1976, I was working for Armco Steel on assignment in Genoa, Italy. Sandy and I had an apartment which had a delightful view of the Mediterranean Sea. I commuted to work at a factory in the hills above Genoa, in a small town called Busalla. I was assisting the



IT department upgrade their computer systems to a new IBM 370 mainframe.

One day in Genoa, while out for a walk, we noticed a used car dealer with an interesting car inside the showroom. We went inside, and there it was—a 1961 Mercedes Benz 300 SL roadster, ivory with green leather interior. Even though it was 16 years old, it was still innovative



for its era with direct fuel injection and disk brakes. Of course, I fell in love with it and bought it for millions of lira (a little over \$6,000 in US dollars). I would judge it in number 3 condition, far from concours but a nice driver.

At first the car was a little sluggish, but after running the car with a little STP to clean out the fuel system, it was dynamite! It was so fast that out on the autostrada, I felt like King of the



road! And Italians like exotic sports cars, so it always got lots of looks. Bravo!!! Saluti!!

In 1978 Armco transferred us back to the US of A, to Kansas City, which is the heartland of America. I shipped the roadster from Genoa to Jacksonville, Florida. After clearing customs, I

got on the road to drive to Kansas, but the engine starting making noises. I ended up having the engine rebuilt in Jacksonville, which took about 3-4 months. Once that was done, I drove the roadster to Kansas with no problems.



I held on to the Mercedes for about a year but with normal family living expenses, we sold "My toy" since it was worth quite a bit of money than we'd paid and we had other investment ideas (remember this was the 1970s with high inflation (15%) especially in housing. I advertised the roadster in the "Star", the publication of the North America Mercedes Club and ended up selling it for \$18,000 to a smart guy in California. Not a bad return on my investment for 3 years but compared to today (ouch! I kicked myself again).

I've owned several old sports cars (plus a Model A Ford) that I've enjoyed very much in the 40 years since then. Most of all, I've enjoyed the camaraderie of other car enthusiasts who enjoy the same hobby and interests. But I still remember the Mercedes 300 SL that got away!



I'm watching a TV documentary on how they keep ships together. It's riveting.

Going Vintage Racing



A handful of BSCC members take part in vintage racing, Jim Hofer most notably, while Grant Gongol has raced in the past and plans to get back in the game as soon as his race car is healthy. Former members Buzz Merchlewitz and Glen Sipe were veteran race drivers, too. Various Austin Healeys, mostly Sprites, have been the weapon of choice for these adventurers, but Glen Sipe's last car was a Crosley-engined Devin.

driver waited in the hot pits. Mainly we were spectators.



Spectating at vintage race events is a fascinating way to enjoy the apex of the sports car world, and to relive parts of our not so mis-spent youth. Plus, the races are at spectacular and historic places such as Road America (Elkhart Lake, WI), Virginia

Another handful of members have gone along as 'supercargo' and pretended to be crew.

About all we did was check tire pressures and sometimes hold an umbrella to give shade while the



International Raceway (Danville, VA), Roebing Road (Savannah, GA), Barber

Motorsports Park (Leeds, AL), Road Atlanta (Braselton, GA) and Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course (Troy, MI). Time at the track can thrill, but the off-track time can be just as exciting at many of the locations—makes for a great long weekend, even for the non-driver.

All that is said just to introduce the following snippet from a Richard Lewis article in a 2013 edition of the Panhandle British Car Association's newsletter.

by Richard Lewis

“Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?” OK, so it's a bit obscure, but fans of the medieval poet, Francois Villion, will recall this line from the thief, convict, rogue, and magnificent vagabond poet as he asks the perennial question, “**Where are the snows of yesteryear?**” Indeed, where are all those past years, dim memories, fleeting images, and half-remembered illusions we all have as we move through life, especially as we enter our September years? And what are such ruminations doing in a sports car article, your loyal correspondent is sure you are asking yourself now? What nerve this fellow has to quote poetry in a publication dedicated to recounting all things British motoring? YLC is coming to that. Be patient.

YLC is on his way later in the month to Road Atlanta for the 2013 Atlanta Historic Races, which, for at least part of the billing, will feature the cars from the 1950s, 60s, and 70s, cars such as the early Corvettes, Maseratis, Porsches, Elvas, Cunninghams, Ferraris, Cobras, Cooper-Climaxes and maybe even a few of the cars we could actually afford to own; the MGAs, Renaults, Hillmans, TR 4s, Singers, Sunbeams, and the likes.

This event draws quite a few seasoned drivers, perhaps even some from those eras, as they compete in what we all hope will not be a do or die competition. The mere thought of seeing these cars again in competition caused YLC to dial back to those early years when he labored mightily to come up with the gate fare at places like Sebring, Summit Point, Venice, Florida (yes,

little Venice had a brief heyday of racing back in the late 40s, 50s and early 60s, held at the old airfield outside town, as were so many of the early races), and Tampa, where entry fees for racers were not astronomical as they are today, where safety equipment was rudimentary, rules far more casual, and where the whole experience had a certain amateur flavor to it, as drivers sometimes showed up in their daily transportation, tricked out for competition, with a minimum of spare parts, no pit crew, and often only one set of tires, those on the car.

That's not to suggest there were no professional drivers and high-end cars present in those halcyon days of racing. Places like Sebring and Riverside attracted drivers and cars from all over the world, with luminaries like Sterling Moss, Juan Manuel Fangio, Jack Brabham, Phil Hill, Wolfgang von Trip, and Innes Ireland competing. But usually not for princely prize monies. For example, at the 1959 United States Grand Prix, winner Bruce McLaren in his Cooper-Climax won \$6000, plus several acres of land adjoining Sebring Lake (likely swampy, as was much of the Florida land being sold at that time.)

YLC was lucky enough to have a fraternity brother working for the Tennessean Magazine during those heady times, and after a bit, Norman wrangled for him a part-time job (paid for in seed corn), which allowed us both to go to some races as journalists.

Admittedly, YLC was flying under false colors, but that little badge and a highly visible Speed Graflex got us into the paddock area, the pits, and the refreshment tents. So much better than going as another of the groundlings, peering over barricades. We could get up close to the cars, talk to the drivers, swill beer and eat sandwiches in the news tent, and wander in places where we surely had no business. It was wonderful. Still in his files, YLC has some photos he took of Phil Hill, Sterling Moss, and the movie star handsome Maurice Trintignant (brother to actor Jean Louis Trintignant, star of “A Man and A

Woman", a great car film which features that beautiful Ford GT40). Most of YLC's photos had a certain shaky quality to them, but, for whatever reason, these are great.

Those lost days can be momentarily glimpsed again at these Vintage Races, and it is a fond hope that, for a moment at least, the smell of castor oil and gasoline will waft over those remembered airfield courses and it will again be days when we thought the roar of those engines would never end.



Breaking News - Jacksonville, FL –

In light of current developments both locally and around the globe, the 26th Annual Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance will move to May 20-23, 2021.

Wants N Gots

For Sale: 1966 Morris Minor Traveler (Woody)

Fresh restoration, it was imported to Canada as a right-hand-drive model and underwent conversion to left-hand-drive configuration. It passed through several hands until being purchased by fatto gatto racing in April of 2017.

Originally fitted with an 850cc engine and "magic wand" gearbox, a 1275cc engine (the engine was built by Dean Snepenger of Littleton, Colorado) and remote shift gearbox were installed by a previous owner. Over the past three years it has undergone major renovations and improvements listed on the Fatto Gatto website - [www.http://fattogatto.com/](http://fattogatto.com/)

Green with grey interior.
\$15,500.

Pictures and details at
[www.http://fattogatto.com/](http://fattogatto.com/)

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