

British Motor Club Of Utah

Volume 5

Number 6

January, 1993

It's postcard time!!

Whenever the calender gets this short, it is time for the annual membership postcards. *If you want to remain on the newsletter mailing list, you must return the enclosed postcard!*

This is our way of eliminating people from the list who no longer own or are interested in British cars, those who sent in the membership form only because it was free, and those who really wanted to join the Salt Lake Birders and got put on the wrong mailing list (Julie edits their newsletter). We are really serious about this — no postcard and you will be off the list in March.

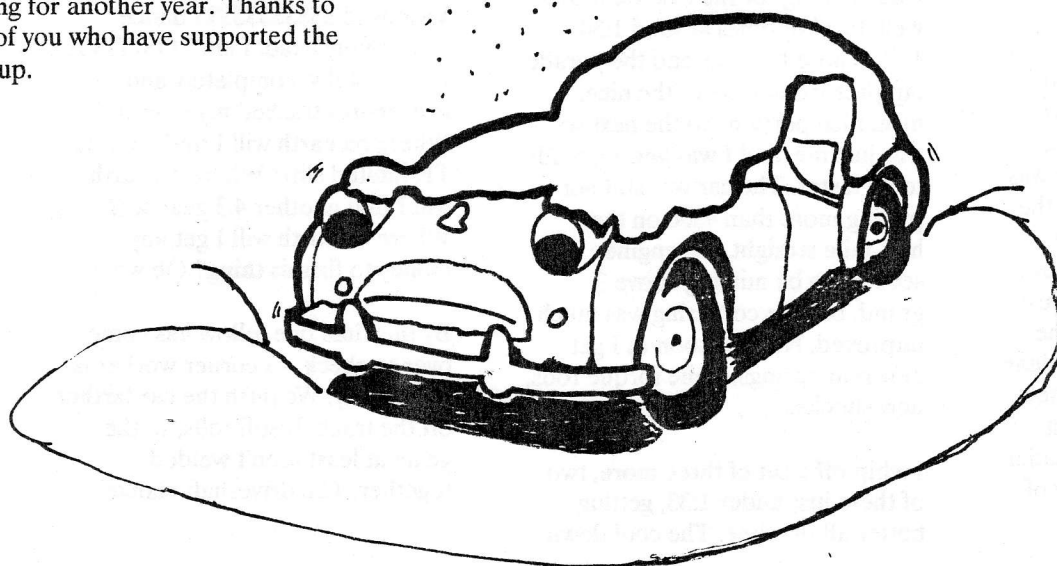
Although it is not a requirement, many people who have not been active in the group during the past year also take this as an opportunity to send in a contribution to help support the newsletter. We greatly appreciate this and it helps keep the group going for another year. Thanks to all of you who have supported the group.

VRMmmm!

This month's technical session will be on improving the performance of your British car. We are going to try something new by having several people discuss this from their own point of view and expertise. We have a group of three to attempt this: Larry Moulton who is currently racing a Turner; Roy Beal, from Mr. British, who has worked on British cars, both for street and track use, for many years; and Bruce Schilling, from Parts Master, who has raced British cars, knows the parts end of the business and can also tell us about the problems you will have with emission tests. The session will be at Parts Master, 1350 South State Street in Salt Lake, on Saturday, January 23 beginning at 2:00 pm.

Note the date change.

Pre-war MG owners talk about MMM cars. What are MMM cars?



More VRMmmm!

In anticipation of the upcoming session on increasing performance of our beloved bolt buckets, I blew some of the dust off this old story, written in the summer of 1988. It tells of an incident I endured during a tune & test session one day on the road course out at the Bonneville Raceway.

Well, it was nice, nice, nice, not so nice this last Sunday at Bonneville raceway. After countless, agonizing hours spent in torturous labor (okay, so I was out of beer for an hour) I finally fixed a few of the problems on the Old Red Rust Rocket, my '65 TR4. In a previous adventure at the track, I made only a few laps at a somewhat snailish pace, hampered by large billowing clouds emanating from under the tranny cover to torture the driver. Said clouds did have one redeeming value in that they would obscure the temperature gauge which seemed to be welded to the "H" mark.

So some work was definitely in order. First, I ran the car up on ramps to take a look at the underside. I mean, one can only peer at the carbs and valve cover for so long before the neighbors reach for the Yellow pages, thumbing for "Mental Health." An extremely subtle clue was found upon crawling under the old car. Every part of the engine, frame, and ancillary equipment which was even with or below the level of the oil pan gasket was covered with dripping oil. All those parts above this line were clean and shiny, just like the day the car rolled off the factory floor — well, at least as clean as they were when I installed them. And for those of you who might know about such things, the header collector falls into the category of "below".

"Aha!", sez I, I wonder if the oil pan gasket may be leaking? It might just be possible that the engine is blowing oil onto these here headers, right about even with this line of thick black crusty stuff along them? Nah. Well, just to be sure, I'll check it out. So eventually, about 2.354 minutes before the first guest arrived for the potluck BBQ, I had removed, cleaned, scraped, glopped and replaced the gasket and pan.

The next day I flushed the radiator (a replacement may be on the way) and put in a new thermostat. That helped immensely, as well as the aluminum shrouds I fab'd up for the thing. So, fully loaded and ready to go Sunday morning. On the drive out, I was no longer in shake and bake mode: though the shake was still there, the bake was reduced considerably. And those new steering bushings really did make a difference, as well as welding the front crossmember back to the frame. Can you guess what happens when the engine torque is taken by the front steering rack? Can you say "darty" or even "dangerous"?

Well, the parade laps went fine. A friend along for a ride was suitably impressed and might give it a try. The first and second set with Chuck along for the ride went quite well, turning times around 1:34 - 1:35. Those two sets and the parade lap pretty much cover the nice, nice, nice portion. So the next set was just me, and I was getting ready to go faster. The car was still not pulling more than 4500 on the half-mile straight, the engine seemed to be missing above 3 grand, but the cornering was much improved. Now, as soon as I get new rear springs, some torque rods, new shocks...

I whip off a set of three more, two of them just under 1:33, getting better all the time. The cool down

The Lucas Calendar

This calendar works about as well as its namesake, so use it with care. Club events are in CAPS. The others you may find interesting. All events are subject to change.

JANUARY 23 - NOTE THE DATE CHANGE. TECHNICAL SESSION. IMPROVING THE PERFORMANCE OF BRITISH CARS. PARTS MASTER, 1350 SOUTH STATE, 2:00 PM.

FEBRUARY 13 POT-LUCK DINNER

lap, and I'm heading into the chicane. Fourth gear, I'm usually in third for the timed laps, nearing redline, but now I'm putzing at maybe 3500 rpm. I let up on the gas, coasting, and there is a noise. A big noise. A LOUD noise. A terrible and gut-wrenching noise. I coast to the side (luckily there is a lot of pavement in this area) to get well off the track. I hop out, take a look underneath, and there amidst a pool of oil is my driveshaft hanging from the frame, the rear end dribbling its precious fluids onto the indifferent asphalt. Visions of \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ dance through my head. I am POSITIVE I have totally, completely and irreversibly trashed my rear end. Where on earth will I find another TR limited slip? Where on earth will I find another 4.3 gear set? Where on earth will I get any money to fix this thing? Oh woe!

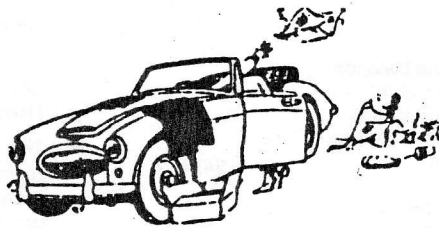
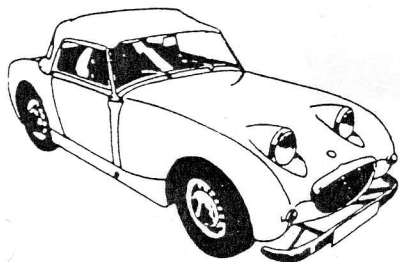
By this time one fellow has come over to check — a corner worker is on the way. We push the car farther off the track. It still rolls, so the gears at least aren't welded together. The driveshaft clanks

helplessly against the frame, a death knell for my charge cards.

I wander back to the pits.

Checking out the times for that set is a bit of a lift, as they were my best yet, 1:32. I find someone with a truck to tow it back to the pits, as it failed only a few hundred feet away. We drag it back, I get out some tools. The plan at that time was to wait for the event to end, tow it to the spectator lot, and I'd whip out my trusty AAA card. I'll have to read the fine print, see what it says about "competitive events."

Well, I figure I might as well disconnect the driveshaft from the tranny. But first I'll assess the damage to the rear, see if the casing blew up or what. So, the car goes up in the air a bit, and I dive under. Oh, glorious day, oh what joy! The nut holding the flange to the pinion came loose! The pinion looks reasonable, the flange is a bit battered but serviceable. I scrounge some tools and a cotter pin. A bit later, the 4 is roaring about the pit once again, though slowly. No great gnashing, there's hope yet. I mean, it is difficult to torque the nut to 95 ft. lbs. with an oily crescent wrench, and it did lose some oil. But, I load the car up and motor (slowly) home, not a word of complaint. So, a little more work on it in proper conditions, and we'll be ready once again.



Left over parts

We sent out 242 newsletters for December. Thanks to Jim for copying them.

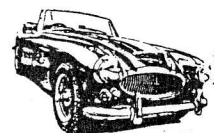
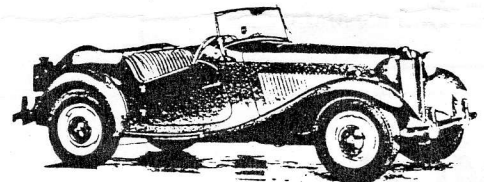
This month's new members include: Sydney Stuck, she and her husband have a '70 MGB-GT and are looking for a Healey; Lynn Saunders, Lynn has a '70 MGB; David Quist, David has a '67 TR-4A with overdrive, a '68 TR-250 with overdrive and a TR-6 without overdrive.

Again, a reminder about grill badges — we really have them and would like to get them to J. Jennings, P. Janney, Russ Maher and Mike Cady. Mike has talked to me about his. The question has arisen if we will be buying more. Sure! But they cost the club near \$20 each that we have to pay when we order them, and we actually make a couple of bucks on each. The minimum order is 25, and if you compare the approximately \$500. cost to the money in the exchequer you will see the problem. To keep the club solvent we have to have at least half of the 25 bought and paid for before we can order. We will try to put an order together, again, in the spring if there is sufficient interest.

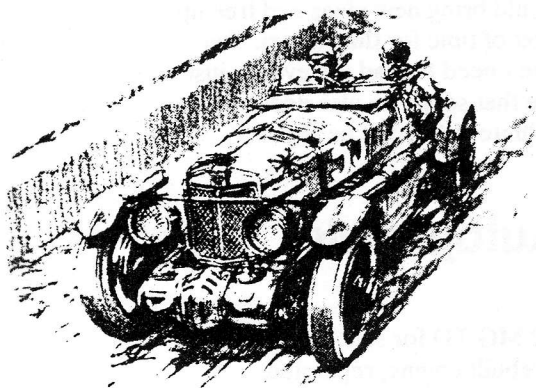
We could use a person to help coordinate events. The editors have been doing this, and it really hasn't taken much time, but a new person would bring new ideas and free up a bit of time for the editors. You don't need to lead the events, just see that someone else does. Any volunteers? Don't be shy.

Autojumble

'52 MG-TD for sale. 1500 miles on a rebuilt engine, repainted, complete and in excellent condition, except for the upholstery which needs to be replaced. Stored the past four years. Contact Lyle Walderon, 942-2110.



From the Exchequer



Accurate balance as of 11/30/92 (Exchequer has \$385.22, Editor has \$89.52)	\$474.74
December newsletter cost	-\$68.44
December donations	+\$0.00
Balance as of 11/23/92 (Exchequer has \$385.22, Editor has \$21.08)	\$406.30

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This newsletter is published by the British
Motor Club of Utah, a loosely organized
group of British automobiles owners. The
group holds monthly events: drives,
picnics, technical sessions and more. We
welcome owners (or potential owners) of
British cars in any condition to the group.
Membership in the BMCU is free, but we
ask for a donation at events to support
the newsletter and other activities. If you
would like to join the group, send your
name, address, and British cars owned to
Reed Baier, 11360 Drystone Avenue,
Sandy, UT, 84092 or call Reed at
572-3047(H).

*During the '30s MG built three
sized cars, the Midget, Magnette
and Magna from the smallest to the
largest. Thus the MMM cars.*



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