

British Motor Club of Utah

December 1998

Volume 11 Number 5

Happy Holidays!

There is not a club event in December. The BMCU crew, newsletter, and board, wishes you a happy holidays.

It's renewal time

Well, almost. For those of you new to the BMCU, each January we send out a postcard with a newsletter. If you want to remain on the BMCU mailing list, you MUST return the postcard. This is how we prune our mailing list so that only the people interested in the club stay on the mailing list. It also allows us to update our addresses, phone numbers and car list owned by those on the mailing list.

It is amazing how many people call in June or July and say "I am not getting the newsletter anymore!" We check the computer list, and they're not on it. Then we sort through the postcards and find they never returned theirs. Now we know why they aren't getting the newsletter. We are VERY serious—if you don't return the postcard by the date the March newsletter is mailed, you are off the list.

The best thing is to send that postcard back the day you get it.

Want to be more involved with the BMCU?

In February we will hold our annual "pot-luck dinner" and business meeting. This is the only business meeting that the BMCU holds in a year. At this meeting we elect a Board of Governors. This board deals with

all the BMCU business for the year. Normally there is not much, maybe a telephone call or two. If you would like to be on the board, get yourself nominated. We usually elect whoever is nominated. The board then elects its own Governor General and off we go for another year.

Want to help out, but don't want to be on the board? How about leading a trip? We need about a dozen people a year to lead trips. These range from the more involved, like the 2nd Annual Southern Utah Tour over Memorial Day weekend, to a day trip to Huntsville or Antelope Island. A few events have a group working on them, like the British Field Day or Alpine Loop. The BFD (that used to have a different meaning) has a committee of that organizes the event. This group meets regularly for a few months before the event. Call Bill Davis, 364-1816, if you want to help with BFD. The Alpine Loop always needs someone to write letters asking for donations of gifts for the raffle.

If you want to be more active, the newsletter is always looking for help. The present editor has put it together for ten years and is getting tired, burned out, and totally out of new ideas. If someone would like to help out by writing some articles for the newsletter he would even come over and help you wash the underside of your car. Now that is real appreciation! Seriously, we need some writing help with the newsletter. There is strong group that lays it out (Nathan Massie), copies it (Andy Lindeman), and mails it (Bruce Schilling). A few times this year Mark Bradakis has saved the editor with stories, but we need someone to help out on a regular basis. If you are at all interested, please volunteer.

Many thanks to the newsletter group, and

this year's Board of Governors: Nathan Massie, Andy Lindeman, Bruce Schilling, Mark Bradakis, Jim "Pugs" Pivrotto, Gregg Smith, and Marty Van Nood. Bruce and Marty both do double duty, Bruce in mailing the newsletter and, also, as membership director, and Marty, as a board member and Chancellor of Exchequer. Marty just loves that title. Thanks also to all those who ran events for the BMCU during the year: Roy Beale, Mark and Karen Bradakis, "Pugs" Pivrotto, Kees Versteeg, Bill Davis, Mike and Nathalie Odernheimer, Floyd and Kathy Inman, Dan and Sharon Forster, Greg and Susan Chester and Mike Bailey, and who helped Bill Davis out with the Field Day: Jon Hermance, Gregg Smith, Duff Lawson, Roy Beale, Bruce Schilling, Joe Martinez, and Jeff Smith. If we forgot someone, many thanks to you, too.

Tearing Engines Apart

A good-sized group turned out to see Mike Bailey disassemble Gary Lindstrom's TD's engine. Gary's TD had not been running well for several years. Shortly after starting, we started to see why. First it looked like a burnt piston, but after removing the oil pan, a small supply metal pieces appeared. Looking up into the bottom of the piston made it clear where the metal had come from. Finally, upon removing the piston, parts of two rings were gone and part of the piston skirt. When a 1250 engine only has 75% of it working, power is going to be down.

Mike did a good job of explaining what he was looking for as he disassembled the engine, and things that he would automatically replace: rocker shaft, rocker

bushings, oil pump, water pump, rod bolts, etc. We all also got to stick our fingers into the oil and see what was going on. Many thanks to Mike.

Enjoying the last event of the year were: Mark Bradakis, Gary Lindstrom, Mike Odernheimer, Tustin Borg, Andy Lindeman, Greg Chester, Bill Walton, Al Gordan, Jon Hermance, Steve Nelson, Bob Lux, Bob Steven, and Bill Van Moorhem.

The Ultimate Stoplight Grand Prix

I borrowed my wife's Geo Metro last night. One liter of raw power, 3 cylinders of asphalt-tearing terror on thirteen-inch rims. It's stock, alright, but it pushes the barely 2000 pounds of Metro around with AUTHORITY. I'm always catching mopeds and 18-wheelers by surprise...

I was headed back from Baskin Robbins with my manly triple-latte cappuccino blast ("No Cinnamon, ma'am, I take it BLACK"), when I stopped at a streetlight. As the Metro throbbed its throaty idle around me, I sipped my bold beverage and wiped the white froth my stiff upper lip. I was minding my own business, but then I heard a rev from the next lane.

I turned, made eye contact, then let my eyes trace over the competition. Ford Festival—a late model, could be trouble. Low profile tires, curb feelers, and schoolbus-yellow paint. Yep, a hot rod.

The howl of his motor snapped my reverie, and I looked back into the driver's eyes, nodded, then blipped my own throttle. As I tugged on my driving gloves and slipped on my sunglasses (gotta look cool to be fast, and I am "damn" cool, hence...), the night was split with the sound of seven screaming cylinders...

Then the light turned... I almost had him out of the hole, my three pounding cylinders thrusting me at least a

millimeter back into my seat, as smoke pouring from my front right tire... my unlimited slip differential was letting me down! I saw in the corner of my eyes, a yellow snout gaining, and I heard the roar of his four cylinders. He slung by me, right front wheel juddering against the pavement, and he flashed me a smile as his .7 extra liters of motor stretched its legs. I kept my foot gamely in it, though, waiting for the CHECK ENGINE light to blink on in the one-gauge (no tachometer here!) instrument panel. I saw a glimpse of chrome under his bumper, and knew the ugly truth...He was running a custom exhaust—probably a 2-into-1 dual exhaust... maybe even cutouts! Damn his hot-rod soul! The old lady passing us on the crosswalk cast a dirty look in our boy-racer direction...

Yet still I persisted, with my three pumping pistons singing a heady high-pitched song, wound fully out. Though only a few handfuls of seconds had passed, we were nearing the crosswalk at the other side of the intersection, and I heard the note of his engine change as he made his shift to second, and I saw his grin in his rearview mirror fade as he missed the shift! I rocketed by, shifting, and nursed the clutch gently in to keep from bogging, keeping my motor spinning hot and pulling me ahead, now trailing a cloud of stinking clutch smoke. Not ready to give up so easily, he left his foot in it, revving, and I heard one wheel "almost" chirp as he finally found second and dropped the clutch. We careened over the crosswalk, now going at least 15 miles per hour. A bicyclist passed us, but intent on the race as we were, neither of us batted an eye.

He pulled slowly abreast of me, and neck and neck, we made the shift to third, the scream of motors deafening all pedestrians within a five foot circle. He nosed ahead as we passed 30 miles an hour, then eased in front of me, taunting, as we shifted into fourth. I was staring up the dual 6" chrome tips of his exhaust, snarling, my cappuccino forgotten, as he lifted a little to take the next corner.

I saw my opportunity, and counting on the

The Lucas Calendar

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

January 16. Tech Session. We need a subject.

February 13. Pot-Luck Dinner.

June 14-18, 1999. National MGA Convention at Lake Tahoe. Contact Steve Nelson, 801-773-7100(H), for information.

August 2-6, 1999. GoF West at Whistler Ski Resort near Vancouver, British Columbia.

innate agility of my trusty steed, I pulled wide into the number two lane and kept my foot buried in carpet. Slowly, I inched around him, feeling my Metro roll slowly to the left as I came abreast in the midst of this gradual sweeping turn. I felt the Geo ease onto its suspension stops, and felt the right rear wheel slowly leave the ground - no matter, though, because my drive wheels, up front, were pulling me through the corner, and around the Festiva ...

The Ford driver beat his wheel in rage as my wife's car eased past him on the outside, my P165/85R13's screaming in protest, as we raced to the next light. We coasted down, neck-and-neck, to the red light. I tightened my driving gloves, ready for another round, when this WIMP in the next car meekly flipped his turn signal and made a right. Chevy (Suzuki) superiority reigns!!!

I drove off sipping my masculine drink, awash in my sheer virility, looking for other unwitting targets.... Perhaps a Yugo, or maybe even a Volkswagen Van!

Thanks to Andy Lindeman, who obtained it from the Lotus email list.

The "True Blue" Enthusiast

Editors note: The following was taken from the first of a series of Tech Tips and stories from Best of British, Inc. This is best read with tongue firmly imbedded in cheek.

Whilst driving in a rally the gearbox of our beloved MG started to make funny noises. Not wanting to pay the exorbitant prices asked for second hand gearboxes, I went down to the local wreckers and bought a gearbox from an M10. It took a bit of time to work out which parts to use, etc., but when it was all assembled and in the car we found that although on paper the ratios are lower, if we drove thoughtfully and carefully, we couldn't tell the difference.

The car was going very well, so you can image our dismay when, on the next rally, the engine made funny noises. Now I wasn't born yesterday so I thought that if I fitted the M10 engine I could save great bags of money. So down to the wreckers to see about the M10 engine. We got it home and in the car in next to no time. Although on paper the M10 develops less brake horsepower and torque, we found that if we drove thoughtfully and carefully, we couldn't tell the difference. Now, I thought, no more troubles with a new motor and gearbox, but would you believe that at the late night shopping center we found that some nameless fool had backed into and demolished the mudguard and grille of our beloved MG. This sort of person wouldn't understand what a TRUE ENTHUSIAST is and probably thought, "Ah! It's only an old bomb." On getting the remains of our beloved MG home and inspecting the irreparable damage to the front, I thought, "I know down to the wreckers" where I bought the M10 front guards and grill.

I thought I had a bit of hassle changing oils over in the gearbox, but nothing like fitting the M10 panels! However, this is

where the TRUE ENTHUSIAST really shows his stuff, and with great ingenuity I soon had the job finished. I found that if we wore a patch over our left eye (fashionable too), drove thoughtfully and carefully, we couldn't tell the difference.

Our trials were not over yet however as my wife rolled the car over into a Tramway excavation. The body (the MG's, not the wife's) was really a mess. Now, as all TRUE BLUE ENTHUSIASTS know MG bodies aren't sold at the local milk-bar, but by this time I knew all the tricks. Down to the wreckers where I bought a very good M10 body. Now this was going to be an easy job and, being an Enthusiast, I didn't rush the job. It took much midnight oil and oxy-acetylene before I was satisfied with the rebuilding of our beloved MG. We gave it a coat of beautiful red paint and were ready to try it out.

Imagine our ecstasy when, upon driving the car, we found that with a pair of blinkers and careful and thoughtful driving we could tell the difference.

Left Over Parts

We need a subject for the January tech session. Any suggestions? Call the editors, Bill or Julie, at 582-9223.

Thanks to Andy Lindeman for copying the November newsletter.

The BMCU, in its timely fashion, is starting to develop a way to use the email addresses many of you sent in last February. There actually will be two ways to use email. The first will be a way to send out official announcements of late breaking news and reminders of events. These will be sent to everyone who supplied us with an email address. If you are not getting email from the BMCU and have email, please send your email address to Bruce Schilling, partmaster@sisna.com. The second will be a way for members of the BMCU, and anyone else interested, to chat, sell cars or parts, or get advice on problems. To be part of this second list you will have to subscribe on your own. To subscribe send a message to majordomo@autox.team.net with a single

line in the body of the message, not as the subject. This line should say "subscribe bmcu", just those two words in all lower case letters, no quotes, no signature, or anything else. You will receive a reply message with instructions on using this mailing list, and how to remove your name from the list if you desire.

All MGA owners in the BMCU should have received a letter from Steve Nelson about the North American MGA Register's GT-24 at Lake Tahoe. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to attend a national event. You only have a 700 mile drive. There will be people there who traveled over 2000 miles to get there. Talk to Steve, this event and the trip will be a ball. Get those things you have been meaning to fix on the car and be ready in June. Steve will be contacting everyone again after the first of the year to get those interested in the trip together to do a bit of planning. The GT-24 is June 14-18, 1999.

The MG T-series owners are stating to warm up their engines for a trip to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. All the T-series owners at the Tech Session said they were planning on going to GoF West in 1999. The '99 GoF West will be held at Whistler ski resort, just outside of Vancouver, August 2-6, 1999. The T-series folks are old hands at these trips, but this may be the longest one yet. There will be a meeting after the first of the year to organize this trip. We do need a volunteer route planner for this trip too. We have to check if there are any "new" T-series owners in the group for this year. All prospective GoF goers should check out your half shafts and generators bearings over the winter. We will see who has the best sun-shading hat, warm coat, waterproof trunk, and luggage rack next August.

The editor had no small problems with the charging system, yet alone the carburetor, on his Land Rover, recently. He obtained excellent help, far beyond the usual, from the folks at the Armature Shop, 1531 South 300 West. If you are having problems with generators, alternators,

starters, or regulators, you might check with them. Bill Davis, Great Basin Rovers, finally solved the carburetor problem.

Parts for British cars are particularly hard to find in Salt Lake City now. Several folks may be able to help you find what you need in a pinch: Bill Davis, Great Basin Rover, 486-5049—old Land Rovers use many of the same Lucas electrical bits that other British cars of the same era used; Bill has some of these in stock. Mike Bailey, Bailey's Sinclair, 264-8421, stocks some MGB new and used parts; Mike Morgan, Morgan Sportscars, 487-2401, stocks some parts, Mike can be hard to reach, leave messages or stop by the shop 1552 South 300 West; Bruce Schilling, now running Partsmaster from his home, 486-0425, doesn't stock much, but if it is available in town he can get it for you; and Roy Beale, 964-6313, doesn't stock parts, but may be able to help.

From the Exchequer

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Board of Governors:

Jim "Pugs" Pivrotto, Governor General; 801-486-0547
Gregg Smith, 801-943-2361 email: gregg.smith@slc.k12.ut.us
Marty Van Nood, Chancellor of the Exchequer; 467-0525 (H)

Newsletter Editors: Bill and Julie Van Moorhem, 582-9223 (H), 581-7687 (W) email: van@stress.mech.utah.edu

Associate Editors: Mark and Karen Bradakis, 364-3251 (H)

Newsletter Layout and Art: Nathan Massie, 486-2935 email: nmassie@wpmail.code3.com

Membership director: Bruce Schilling, 486-0425 email: partsmaster@sisna.com

This Newsletter is published by the British Motor Club of Utah, Ltd., a non-profit corporation of British automobile owners. The group holds monthly events such as drives, picnics, technical sessions, and more. We welcome owners (or potential owners) of British cars, in any condition, to the group. Membership 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 a list of British cars owned to Bruce Schilling, 917 East Mill Creek Way, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106, or to Bruce's email address shown above.

British Motor Club of Utah

1322 South 1400 East
 Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

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 U.S. Postage
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 Permit No. 6160
 Salt Lake City, Utah



Gary, Sandy & Daisy Lindstrom
 915 Third Ave.
 Salt Lake City, UT 84103-3916