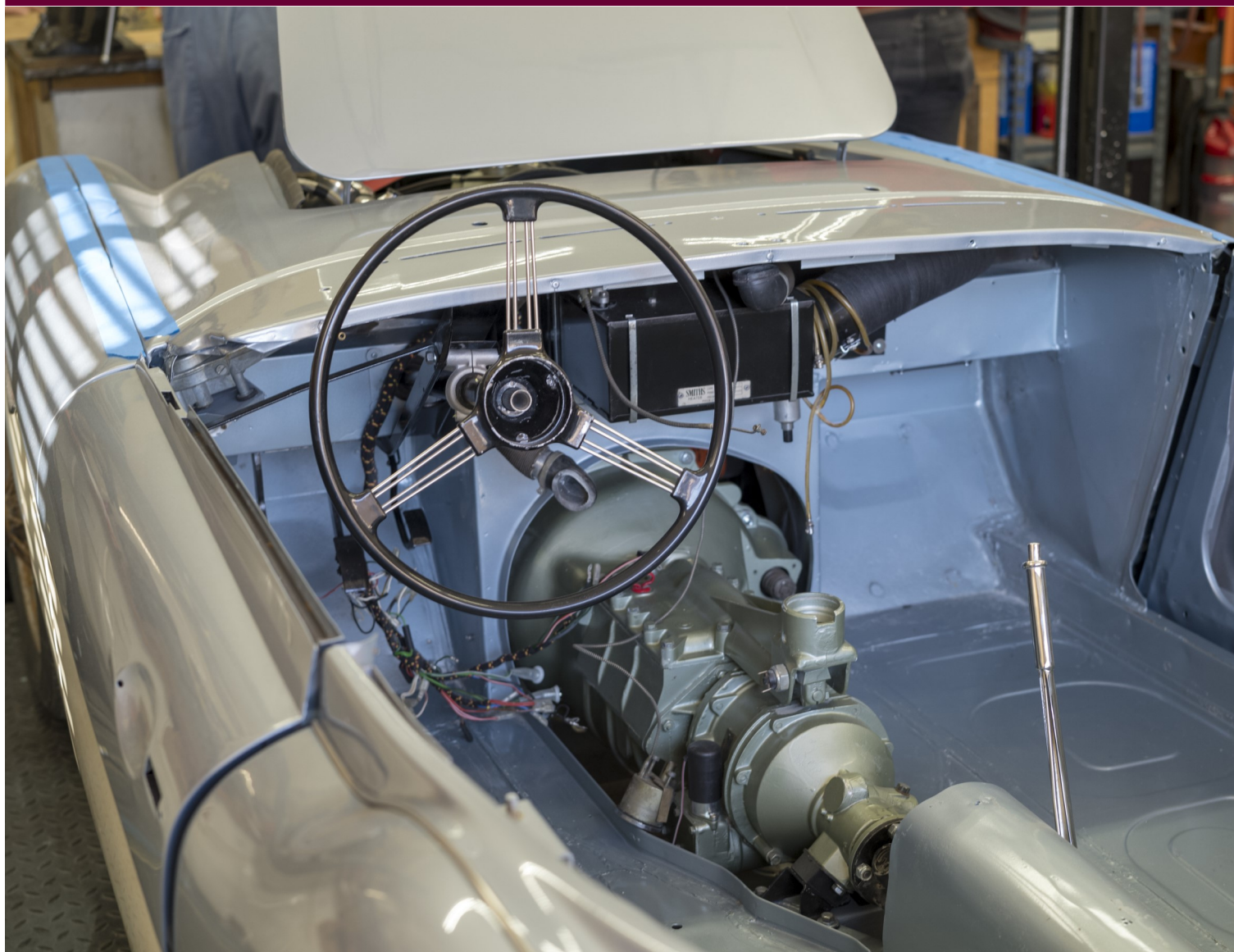




# The Spanner

The official newsletter of the British Auto Club of Las Vegas



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**MISSION STATEMENT**

The British Auto Club of Las Vegas consists of British Car owners and enthusiasts dedicated to promoting the hobby of British automotive sport. The Club promotes Information and networking and revels in the social elements of British car ownership. You don't need to own an LBC (little British Car) to be a member, just love & admire them.

Club members, prospective members and British car enthusiasts are encouraged to attend our meetings and events. We discuss events and activities, swap Lucas stories, exchange advice on repair problems and enjoy socializing with one another.

Membership Meetings are held at 9:AM on the *last* Sunday of each month at

The Wildhorse Golf Club  
2100 Warm Springs Rd.  
Henderson Nevada

Any change in location will be noted in the Spanner and our website.

**Board of Directors 2018**

President: Jonas Payne  
president@baclv.net

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**President's Message**

*By Jonas Payne*

*Editors' Note: Rosie Johnson stepped up writing this month's message. She has a broad perspective that is much appreciated. She reminds us that our club aids and builds upon multi-faceted relationships, enriching us all.*

Michael and I are in disbelief that our corporate event planning company celebrated its 10<sup>th</sup> year. Thousands of hours and days spent at our desks and travelling have paid off! We are blessed and can't give ourselves all the credit. Thank goodness we have patient, supportive and understanding family and life-long friends, as well as friends we made through BACLV. We have missed being together for birthday celebrations, holidays with loved ones, BACLV events, and even our own wedding anniversary several times in our eight-year marriage.

When we are home, we will attend many social and BACLV events. We are often asked, "How are you doing?" Our repetitive answer is, "We are tired and overworked but happy to be home." I realize now as I write this message, that our answer should always be, "We're happy to be here!" More than ever, our club and its events are important to us! Since joining BACLV in April 2017, club events allow Michael and I to reconnect with each other. They are much-needed mini vacations away from our deadlines and responsibilities. We aren't work colleagues for a short while. We will show up and happily engage as a couple!

Michael enjoyed serving as Vice President in 2018 and I enjoyed assisting him. Helping people come together is what we do professionally. Being on the Board enabled Michael and I to connect with all the members and not just with those who sit at our table at Membership meetings. We learned what brings us all together and why we continue to convene. We saw opportunities to improve how we promote events and increase participation.

I volunteered as Vice President this year because I wanted to fight for continuity and longevity of our club when there was a lack of interest. I hoped to inspire newer members to get involved, showcase their strengths and create new opportunities for all of us. I work late nights at my desk, creating flyers, email blasts, and RSVP lists for event hosts because I know that our club events are the only time some members get to socialize and enjoy each other's enthusiasm for British cars. I serve on the Board because I know this club means a lot to many of us. It has been wonderful to see our event hosts satisfied with the attendance and participation at their events.

Many thanks to all the event hosts who volunteered their time and energy, as well as, in many cases, opened their homes, to all of us! Events strengthens friendships and eliminates the differences between us.

To the all members, thank you for your continued support of the current Board! You are the reason why the club exists. Give your support in any way you can to improve our organization. Host an event! Write an article! Make a presentation! Take and share pictures! Continue to post your progress on your car projects and driving adventures on our Facebook page. Get involved!

Keeping us connected via the Spanner and website is very much appreciated! Thank you for continuing to produce quality communications that so many of us enjoy and rely on. Many thanks to our photographers for always capturing the best side of us! Thanks to all the article writers, for sharing your stories and insights!

Thank you to the present Board and Committee Chairs, it is because of you that our club has maintained its core values while allowing flexibility to change with the current times. It is a great pleasure to serve with you!

To the future Board, thank you in advance for sharing your skills and ensuring the continued success of BACLV! Be yourself. Bring effective, positive change that will enable our club to prosper.

BACLV is a community of people who fearlessly asks each other for assistance on our cars, asks for and generously gives support when we are not at our healthiest and adopts each other into our respective families. Thank you for allowing Michael and I to be a part of it!

**Cover:**

Jonas Payne's Austin-Healey 3000 undergoing restoration. Not his first rodeo with Morgans and Triumphs preceding. A multi-year project when Jonas has some rare free time. Therapeutic? Jonas says so.

Consider Submitting an Article to the SPANNER. Submissions are preferred in a non-formatted Word format, 500 to 1,000 words. Photos are also welcome and should be sent separately in .jpeg format, with appropriate cut line/caption descriptions. The deadlines are typically the 15th of the month prior.

**Commercial fee schedule for advertising in the SPANNER is:**

1/2 page \$150.00  
1/4 page \$100.00  
Business card size \$75.00

*Advertisers supporting the British Auto Club of Las Vegas receive a member's discount .*



## October Birthdays

Pat Kunde  
Thomas Hill  
David Kunde  
Judy Sandgren

Chuck Young  
Mark Short  
Jim Shope  
Christine Shope

## October Anniversaries

Louise & Bill Rice  
George McHarris  
Barbara & Wayne Headrick  
Rita & Alan Bowman  
Kim & Gary Martin  
Sharon & Joseph Adashek  
Donna & Daren Saunders

Lorena & Steven Keltie  
Alyson & Steve Kennedy  
Shelley & Phillip Menser  
Merle & Bruce Mauser

Missed your Birthday or Anniversary or have the date wrong? Please email: bacvspanner2017@outlook.com so we can update our list.

## From the Editor's Desk

Pat Klenk & Hap Polk

### Why Restore an Old Car?

*Curmudgeon says "I really don't understand the appeal of restoring old cars. You are restoring dated technology... It's like choosing to use a 1990's computer with dial up internet instead of a modern one."*

Most restorations cost more than the result sells for. Restorations are hard and take time, space, and energy. I used to say "Are you ready to bleed for this car?" So, why, oh why?

Must be emotional value. Let's explore.

Some believe one can, and some actually do, make money at it. Have a car with history and provenance? Go make money. Have an old mass-produced British sports car? Restore for reasons other than money.

Some believe new cars are too complicated, with impenetrable electronics, all built with a replace rather than repair mentality. Some argue that new cars depreciate at a high rate. Yup! But a restored car tends to appreciate. But that is after one accepts the loss to bring its build cost down to its market value. So, only for a few is money the driving factor in the restore or not decision.

Many restore old cars because they are simpler and cheaper to repair than new cars. That is, old cars are more accessible to owner ministrations than the new black box ones. Absolutely. But will newer 'digital domain' cars become restoration candidates for our children? Will electronic tinkering replace wrenching? What do you think?

I view electronic tinkering to be less satisfying than adjusting a linkage or fabricating a brake line. My 'electronic tinkering' is actually not electronic tinkering. When upgrading my collection of desktop computers, I replace parts. I don't reprogram the firmware or rewire a circuit board. The satisfaction I get out of the computer build process is in not bending a pin and in routing wires efficiently. Frankly, I get more pleasure out of adjusting drum brakes.

So, is that what restoring an old car is about; pleasure? Yes, and yes again.

One pleasure is in preserving history—sometimes personal, most times cultural. For us, mostly British. One commenter asked "Why do people like to visit museums or art galleries? It's NOT to see all the most modern technology. Some old cars represent an era that no longer exists in the world, and some people have an interest in working with tech-

nology that does not require a computer to make it function."

Some wish to preserve the character older cars possess. Modern cars are sculptured by aerodynamics and regulation. The U.S. has specified headlight and bumper heights and mandated crush zones. The EU dictates hood clearance to allow pedestrian heads to deflect sheet metal before attempting to dent engine components. Design freedom was greater before. Want character? Jonas Payne's Morgan Trike, Peter Szekeres's Trabants, and Charles Williams's Issigonis designed Morris Minor Minis reflect old design freedoms.

Some restore old cars because they enjoy a treasure hunt. The joy is in finding that rare original jack handle that first owners threw away as being too flimsy. Treasure hunt joins completion drive joins bragging rights.

Some restore old cars because they love to MacGyver. Let's make it work using common or found materials, tools, and techniques in novel ways. Hey! That works even better than the original part or method! I think our Jim Shope is a natural MacGyver.

Cars are perfectible. Some just want to make it better, impose order, completeness, perfection. I fall into that trap. If it is like this, gee, wouldn't it be better if it was like that? That's the Lance Reventlow hubris. He built his Scarab cars so well, they failed. I remember his car at the 1961 LA Times Grand Prix at the Riverside International Raceway. Universal joint oil leaked out of the right-rear hub during the race, lubricating the tire resulting in a spin and black flagging. The cause? A too hard, expensive aerospace aluminum alloy hub housing held together by too hard high tensile bolts which would not stretch resulted in the housing joint surfaces not crushing together into intimate void compressing contact. Cheaper materials fixed the error.

Some restore old cars because they enjoy brute visceral pleasures, not soulless sophistication and technology lacking joy. A commenter said: "...the brute acceleration from my 1970 Monte Carlo SS with the LS5 454 360 hp is somehow more enjoyable to me than the putter of my neighbors' new cars."

Some restore to remember the past. See Bill Wellbaum's reasons here in this issue. Fran Maioran shares her first car love and recapture. Some want to share experiences and the ability to fix things with their children. Peter

Szekeres wrote about that for us.

Rainy Day Auto's 'Techno Barbie' wrote: "...time slips through hands like sand and disappears into the ground just as fast, and once it's gone it can never be re-claimed. ...so to find a 40-year-old car that has survived all the chances of fender benders through its life ...survived scrappers when it was of age to not be worth much on the market or in importance and survives all the twists and turns of life ...it's quite amazing actually. To the restorer, the previous life of the car is unknown but to the restorer the car and the life of the car mean something."

Some personify their car. Men's Health's Dan Neil wrote: "I retreated to my lair, the garage, to spend time with the one faithful thing in my life, a lovely girl with big hips and beady eyes—a red British sports car, an MGA. ... I put her back together, rescued her. [when done] The car had restored me."

Muscle cars dominate our restored car market. For some, it's the unfettered horsepower thrills and status. One wag discussing David Moxon's study said: "It's the American Graffiti effect. Here was clinical proof that horsepower equals panties on the rearview mirror."



Lance at Riverside.

Another said: "This isn't a hobby. It's the quest for individuality." Or: "Working on the hot rod makes me happy. It's peaceful. I can do it for hours."

The all-encompassing answer is "Well, why does anyone have a hobby?" It's a passion. It's a joy. It's physicality. It's a path of discovery. It's a sharing. It's a remembering. It's a feeling of accomplishment. It's making a difference; a real, tangible, physical difference—she leaks less now!

Newsday's Steve Lindon summed it up in 2013: "But the best reason of all is that when someone compliments your car, you'll be able to say Thanks. I restored it myself."

Hap



# OVER THE HUMP PAHRUMP CAR SHOW

By Pat & Al Seminatore, Photographs by Mountain Falls Golf Club and AJ Dowden

Sunday, September 22<sup>nd</sup> was the date for the Over the Hump to Pahrump event held at the Mountain Falls Golf Club.

after which the "Chief" turned in his results and awards were given out.



The Hosts were down at the Grill Room by 10:30 am to get every thing ready for the members.



The weather was perfect for the event; sunny but not too hot.



On the grass was A.J. Dowden and new member Bob Wiecek. Bob has a Jaguar as does A.J., though of different eras.

There were approximately 30 people and 14 cars. We had a record number of Austin-Healeys. There were only two that didn't make it, Jim Shope and Joel Goldberg.



The members had a chance to meet and greet on the lawn before going into the grill room. Pam from Mountain Falls kept the Sunday Brunch aisle open for this event. So folks could go through the brunch line get favorite eggs, meat and fruit.

"Chief", a local character, judged the cars,



1<sup>st</sup> Bob Wiecek and his Jaguar



2<sup>nd</sup> Wayne Headrick and his Austin-Healey



3<sup>rd</sup> Pat Klenck and his Lotus



4<sup>th</sup> Denie Hiestand and his Austin-Healey



5<sup>th</sup> Jane James and her Triumph



6<sup>th</sup> Margaret Klenck and her Jaguar



Al and Pat Seminatore's Austin-Healey

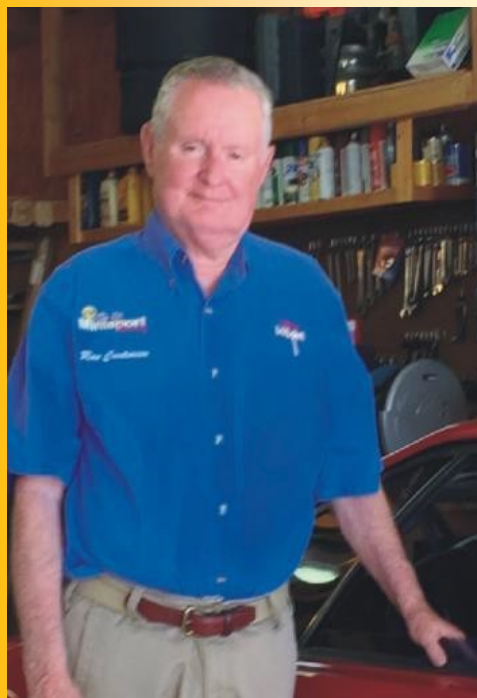
Other attendees included Brian Naas with his Triumph Spitfire, Jonas Payne with his Jaguar F-Type, Neal and Maggie Westfall with their red Lotus, and Dave and Pat Kunde with their cream Mini, among others. Some chose to be judged. Others drove their Little British Cars but chose not to compete. Others chose modern British cars with air conditioning. Some drove German or Japanese; oh well.

Denie Hiestand had a fuel pump failure on the way home. We have a paddle transfer celebration coming up! Brian Naas, the current paddle holder, ever the sportsman, tried to fix the Hiestand Healey within the 10-minute paddle limit, but the fuel pump had other plans. The paddle is an honor. It only goes to people who drive their British cars to BACLV events. Carry on paddlers; adventure awaits!



# Tech Talk

By Ron Couturier



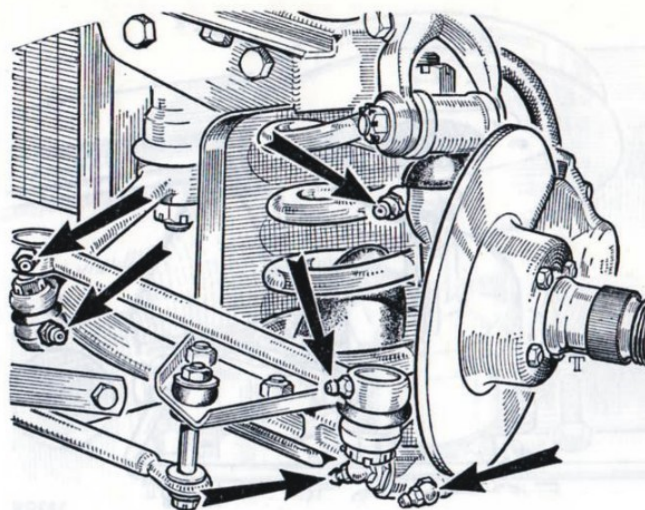
Ron has been writing tech articles for the club many years. He and his wife, Dottie, have been with the BACLV since **1997!**

Visit the club's website to view more of his articles.

Thanks, Ron, for your dedication to the club.

<https://www.bacvl.net/tech-articles>

cumbersome task was too often. The cute Mark 1 Austin Healey Bug eyed Sprite which was produced from 1958 to 1961 had at least 13 grease points, which included: the steering rack, tie-rod ball joints, swivel axel, front suspension outer fulcrum, propeller shaft, rear brake balance lever, and hand brake cable. Automotive technology advanced. The last Austin Healey 3000s Mk III, which were produced in 1967, had 8 lube points. By 1976, the Triumph TR-6 had only 5 grease nipples, which included: steering unit, upper and lower ball joints and propeller shaft.



## STEERING AND FRONT FRONT LUBRICATION POINTS ON AN AUSTIN HEALEY 3000



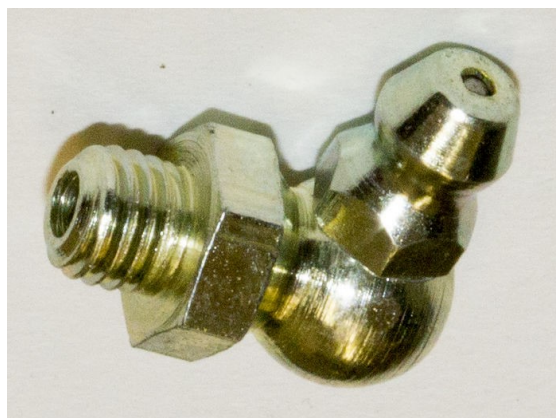
**GREASE** - Conventional greases used a petroleum based product such as mineral oil, whereas modern day synthetic greases use a lubricant such as silicone. Today's synthetic greases are able to withstand temperature extremes and pressures and do a much better job protecting parts needing lubrication. Name brand synthetic greases display excellent stability and performance properties and exceed specs by the National Lubricating Greases Institute, also known as NLGL.

**GREASE ZERK** - These fittings are also called grease nipples and sometimes Alemite fittings. They are usually made of either, zinc-plated steel, stainless steel or brass. Zerk is kind of a strange word, so where did it come from? In 1929 a patent for the Zerk fitting was granted to an engineer/inventor by the name of Oscar Zerk who was affiliated with the Alemite Manufacturing Corporation. The Alemite Company had been marketing a ball check valve since 1919 to accept grease from a grease gun to be used on cars and truck chassis lubrication points. As it turns out the Zerk fitting designed by Oscar Zerk was of an improved design and worked much better at lubricating grease points.

## LUBING, GREASE GUNS, GREASE, and ZERKS

Lubing is probably one of the least favorite maintenance tasks on our classic British cars. With advancements in automotive technology, lubing is just about a thing of the past. Starting in the 50's, 60's, and into the 70's, lubing points on cars gradually decreased. Typically in the heyday of British classics there were numerous lubing points, some of which were somewhat difficult to get to, plus the mileage interval for accomplishing this

**GREASE GUNS** - There are actually three types of grease guns, but for our purpose let's stick to the manual or lever type. In choosing a good, dependable grease gun, stick to a name brand. Today there are many Asian grease guns being produced at a cheap price, purchasing one of these will only lead to giving you a stressful headache and result in a disappointing job. Things to look for in choosing a grease gun are: rugged construction, which includes a strong trigger handle and follower spring, an air or check release valve, and a flexible hose for proper positioning on a grease nipple, which is also called a grease Zerk.





# WURSTFEST CAR SHOW IN BOULDER CITY

Article by Alan Bowman, photos by Hap Polk

The Boulder City Sunrise Rotary Club's 23<sup>rd</sup> annual Wurst Festival had wind gusts but otherwise sunny 80 degree plus weather.

Representing BACLV with their Little British Cars were Bill Wellbaum and his Triumph TR-6,



Denie & Shelley Hiestand with their Healey 3000,



Maggie & Neal Westfall with their Lotus Elise,



Pat & Dave Kunde with their Mini,



Peter & Shelley Szekeres & kids with their Healey 3000, Bugeye Sprite, and Burkus car hauler,



Dean Barnes with his Healey,



Jane & Simon James with their Triumph TR-8,



and Brian Naas with his Triumph Spitfire on the street. Other folks attended without their LBCs, including Gary Martin, Bill Mahler, Jim Oswald and Millie & Hap Polk and your host, me.

I brought my Corvette. It has a BACLV decal on its windshield, so guys, give me a break. 🐞



BACLV made its eighth appearance as a group with eight British cars, maybe nine with Brian Naas' unseen Spitfire. Dean Barnes seemed to have been lost for a while driving around the show before finding the rest of the group. After detours, Dean parked in the second row of BACLV cars and joined us for convivial fun.



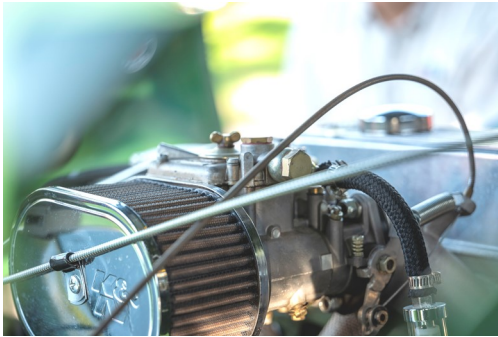
Although the wind caused some discomfort, especially for Shelley Hiestand who chose to wear a stylish but very wind-unfriendly dress, BACLVers enjoyed each other's company, chatting, having a beer or two and a brat.

The LBCs, as usual, were popular. Peter Szekeres' East German Burkus car hauler with a bug-eyed Sprite on its bed attracted a lot of interest





and speculation, especially with their coordinated green and yellow livery. Maybe an East German truck carrying a British car is subtle comparison of British versus East German engineering?



Peter showed off the Sprite's competition preparation, with its DCOE Weber carburetor and tidy engine compartment. Webers are very reliable and efficient with excellent fuel atomization allowing more power. The challenge is selecting the many jets and emulsion tubes and venturies and other changeable bits to perfectly tune the carb to the engine's needs. Apparently Peter has it well sorted.



There was a car judging, but no one in BACL V noticed. We were busy!



The ladies have their own cordial group.



There were many radical American cars on display. Likely, the judging went their way. Last year the weather was very hot, so the modified ice-cream truck did well in the judging. This year? Most showed off their engines. Here's some examples of Americana:



We like Americanized British cars. Peter's Healey 3000 is US powered. It's British style has gained an American aggressive personality.



One car has an affinity to BACL V. It is an English Ford Thames panel truck which run around England in their thousands. This one has been Americanized. Hey, you want to meet Peter?



We did what we do, enjoying each other's company. Lawn chairs and beer coolers were in abundance. Hap handed out member photographs to keep and pass around. We settled in for the long haul, most BACL Vers staying through the day until the 4pm close.



Dave Kunde checking out the scene.



The Westfall's enjoying Pat Kunde's comment.



I spent the day cooking bratwursts with other Rotary Club members. I did check in with BACL V when on break. Wursthfest is one of the many community activities Boulder City embraces. Boulder City is a lovely community, neighborly; full of friends and civic pride. Next week is our annual Art in the Park.

Thank you, BACL V for contributing your cars and friendship.

#### Points leaders through September 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Jim Shope	7375
Brian Naas	6325
Pat Klenk	6050
Charles Williams	5975
A. J. Dowden	5375
Dave Kunde	4850
Jim Lefler	4300
Vaughn Richards	3725
Neal Westfall	3650
Ron Sandgren	3450



# How British Sports Cars Came to Be Sold in the U.S.

Extract from Peter Grimdale's book *High Performance When Britain Ruled the Roads*.

"The young ex-U.S. Navy pilot had arrived from California by train. He was early for his appointment, so he hung about on the sidewalk in downtown New Orleans that January morning in 1947, watching the traffic go by. Kjell Qvale (pronounced "Shell Kervahley") was twenty-eight and living the American dream. Born in Norway, he had arrived in America at the age of ten. "The only words I knew were 'yes,' 'no' and 'stick 'em up.'" His family settled in Oregon and in the depths of the Depression he delivered the Portland Oregon Journal and sold vegetable graters and phonograph needles door to door, making enough to buy himself a bicycle.

An athletic blond with piercing, steel-blue eyes, he became a track and ski star at school and won a sports scholarship to the University of Washington, but when the Second World War intervened, Qvale enlisted in the U.S. Navy, trained as a pilot and flew every kind of machine going. But it was cars that became his real passion. Back in civilian life, he needed to make some money. With the \$8,000 he had managed to save plus some help from a friend's father, he leased premises in Alameda, California, and opened a Willys Jeep dealership. But he soon decided he needed a sideline. One of his mechanics had heard of a foreign motorcycle that was going cheap. So Qvale bought a ticket on the Sunset Limited train from San Francisco to Louisiana, with the intention of tracking down the agent. "All of a sudden, this cute little car pulled up. I had never seen anything like it. The driver got out and I asked him what it was. He said it was an MG sports car. I asked him where it was from. 'Made in England,' came the reply."



Qvale with a TC. Photo courtesy the author.

Qvale had never heard of MG. The only foreign marques he knew of were Rolls-

Royce and Mercedes-Benz. In fact, even the term "sports car" was alien to him. Qvale asked if he could take a ride. It was only a ten-minute spin, but it was enough; he was hooked.

There was nothing new about the MG TC; in fact, quite the opposite. Its design was an evolution of the 1932 Midget, one of the first affordable sports cars to be built anywhere in the world. It was wilfully archaic, a basic primitive machine. But what Qvale saw in it was a more sociable version of the motorcycle: "It had no bumpers, no roof, its steering

wheel was on the right, but it gave me the biggest thrill of my life." Its vintage-style 19-inch wire wheels, cutaway doors and open top offered a bracing, wind-in-the-hair ride. He was immediately besotted. And, happily, the driver turned out to be the son of the man he had come to see.

In downtown New Orleans, Jocelyn Hambro cut a most unlikely figure. Born in 1919, he belonged to the third generation of a City of London merchant-banking dynasty who divided their time between Mayfair, Sussex and an estate bordering Loch Ness. When he was thirteen his mother was killed when her motorboat exploded on the loch; her body was never found. Despite this tragedy, he developed an early appreciation of the good life. At Eton he became the school's de facto bookmaker and after going up to Trinity College, Cambridge, he was more often to be found at Newmarket or on a grouse moor. When war was declared he enlisted in the Coldstream Guards. He proved to be an unexpectedly capable soldier and rose to the rank of major. As a tank commander he landed at Juno Beach shortly after D-Day and won a Military Cross for his part in the capture of Hill 309 in Normandy. But then a stray Allied anti-aircraft shell blew off his left leg. For Jocelyn, the war was over, so he joined the family bank.

Pulling in dollars to shore up the post-war British economy was the priority for the City. But the Hambros had no presence on Wall Street; their interests were all in Europe and the Far East. So they decided to bypass New York and go west.

In the summer of 1945, Jocelyn set sail for New Orleans, the largest port in the Deep South, armed with a \$10,000 float to establish a trading post from which to import British goods. On no more than a hunch and his own personal enthusiasm, he began with Scottish kippers, but these were judged too small for American plates, rotted in the warehouse and had to be dumped in the harbour. Undaunted, he moved on to jars of honey, which overheated in storage, fermented and exploded. Then there were crystal-glass ornaments, which got smashed en route. Finally, he tried MG sports cars.

The MG was just too strange to many American eyes. One potential dealer Hambro ap-



1947 MG TC. A member of the T series midgets, running from TA to TF, from 1936 to 1955. This is a U.S. model TC



1947 MG TC engine. 1250cc, 54.5hp at 5200rpm. At 7.4:1 static compression and mild cam, the engine had lots of room for higher power modifications. Many were raced.

proached dismissed the little MG as 'two sheets of tin and a bundle of firewood'.

Not so to Kjell Qvale; for him, it was love at first sight. Then and there, on the strength of that one run around the block and sealed with no more than a handshake, the young ex-navy pilot became the MG agent for the whole of northern California. When he headed home he took six cars with him — and sold them all in a weekend. So he ordered fifty more."

\* \* \* So the British sports car rage in America was born. First West coast, then East, then middle. Qvale remained in the bay area selling many British makes from Austin-Healey to Rover while providing support for British car racers in SCCA events. My DOHC Hunter-Healey engine came from him.

Hambro and Qvale; two unlikely entrepreneurs who built an industry. -Hap

Editor's Note—Quoted text courtesy of Simon and Schuster, UK, from Peter Grimdale's book *High Performance When Britain Ruled the Roads*.



# RESTORING A BSA B46 MOTORBIKE

Article by Bill Wellbaum, photos by Hap Polk

It has been said that classic English cars and motorcycles are a sickness for which there is no known cure. Whether you collect them, restore them, or just maintain and drive them, the result is the same. You get hooked and they will not let go. These vehicles introduce you to a whole new world that is at the same time challenging and exasperating, but also rewarding and certainly not boring. If you have owned a classic English vehicle for a long period of time you can certainly relate to that. And if you are new to the hobby then life as you know it is about to change.

And believe me ownership of one of England's finest is not for the timid or weak. In order to really enjoy the stewardship of one of these machines you will need to be strong willed, will need to possess boundless patience, and you will need to be outgoing. Do not be afraid to ask for help from others who claim to be enjoying the English motoring experience, particularly when you are broken down on the side of road.



Jonas Payne and Gary Martin setting the ignition points timing. No timing marks! Set ignition timing, then try to start the engine. No start? Change setting. Once running, you can use a timing light.

resulting from infrequent use. Hard starting, massive oil leaks, poor throttle response, gasoline fumes, slipping clutch, worn gearbox synchronizers, the list is endless.

But these are the irritations that you tend to remedy so as to make the daily experience more enjoyable.

It is the car or bike that sits unused in the garage for weeks or months on end that creates the problems that are legend in our hobby. Bottom line is if you want to really enjoy the vehicle you have invested in you need to exercise it religiously and that does not mean just bringing it up to operating temperature while sitting in the garage. Your vehicle will age and depreciate more quickly if ignored than if driven regularly.



Bill's original restoring impetus—his first motorcycle, a BSA, and a poster explaining it best. A garage-wall shrine.

Using a classic English vehicle as a daily driver, or almost daily, is probably the best of all worlds for the driver and the vehicle as you typically will be quick to eliminate all the little nagging problems—the driving annoyances

Restoration of these vehicles is a completely different topic. I have cleaned up and made roadworthy several classics including a Caterham Super Seven and a 1971 Norton Commando. Both had fallen into a state of disrepair and had been orphaned by their owners—meaning they had been pushed off to the side of the garage somewhere and forgotten.

I found the Caterham sitting in the back lot of a BMW dealer who didn't quite know what it was nor what to do with it. I found the Norton sitting unused in a garage in Sparks. There is something about a vehicle relegated to orphan status that pulls at my heartstrings. In that moment they are unloved and unwanted. Makes me sad—particularly since in most marketplaces they would have value if cleaned up and running.

So here I come to the rescue. Both were freshened up, made to run, en-

joyed for a few years, and then moved on to new owners. I sold the Caterham online to a guy in Atlanta, and I gave the Norton to my son living in San Diego. Both vehicles are being enjoyed by new caretakers.

The 1971 Triumph Trident restoration which I finished a year ago and the 1970 BSA Victor Special that is almost complete are another story all together. Both were orphaned by their owners and were crying out to be rescued and given another chance in life. I found the Trident sitting on the front porch of a guy living in Oatman, AZ, who had owned the bike for about a year and had been making preparations to get it back on the road. He admitted it had become too daunting a project and had lost interest. It didn't run but it had a title and was a rare bird in these parts.

Enter the rescuer of lost causes. The BSA turned out to be a two-bike purchase, neither of which were running but both of which had titles. Not certain why but Pilar even bought into the notion that they both represented potential value as they were bought right, and because the market for this particular model is ticking upwards. So, we loaded



Trying to start the bike. Two starter motors drive rollers to turn the rear wheel while in second gear. This device is mostly used for starting high-compression race bikes. Starting a 441cc single cylinder engine with bad timing is more frustration and muscle aches than success. Good move, Bill.

them both into my pickup and brought them home from Lake Isabella, CA. I felt like I had just hit the mother lode.

It has also been said many times, and has proven to be true, that the restoration of a classic vehicle will easily take twice as long as you think and will cost twice as much as you have budgeted. And, referring back to the first paragraph, the restoration process will be challenging and exasperating, as well as a whole host of other emotions along the way. It will never be boring and the best part—the rewarding part—comes in little bits and spurts along the way as you successfully overcome the latest obstacle and move onto the next.

More about reward later.

**The Trident.** My first task with this bike after getting it home was to give it a thorough degreasing and a scrub to see what condition the bike was in. It was rough all right but the 'orphan/rescue/hope' syndrome kicked in and



The B46's primary drive. Pointing to the crankshaft timing marks on the alternator cover. One is correct, the other

Continued on page 11



From page 10 in the light of a new day I decided to overlook the years of neglect and decay and to press on with getting it back on the road.

There is another expression associated with restorations that I find to be etched in concrete and it goes something like this... "Well, while I have this apart, I may as well take care of this too." A perfect example would something like... "Well, while I have the wheels apart (waiting for new stainless steel spokes);

- I may as well have the rims rechromed,
- may as well replace the wheel bearings,
- may as well bead blast and repaint the brake drums,
- may as well replace the brake linings, and
- may as well order new tires, tubes, and rim strips."



*The beast. In that circle are the ignition points driven off the camshaft at half crankshaft speed. Set the points timing by rotating the points plate on the camshaft's tapered end. No markings! Set the ignition dwell by gapping the points at the high point on the distributor cam—it has a mark. Try to start the engine. Use a timing light pointed at the alternator cover on the other side of the engine. Note how much the timing is off and in what direction. Turn off bike. Rotate the points plate on the cam taper just a little. Did you go in the right direction? Try to start it again. It runs! Check timing with timing light. Adjust some more. Repeat until successful or defeated. Bill and Gary were determined. A key attitude in restorations.*

Or, another of my favorites—"Well, since I have the bike completely taken apart I may as well bead blast the frame, epoxy prime it, and spray paint it in the paint booth set up in my garage."

But since I'm going that far; I may as well send off the fuel tank, fenders, and side covers to be painted by a specialist in classic bike painting in Oklahoma City.

This all takes more time than planned and, of course, adds big time to the cost of the project. And then there is the biggest unintended expense—the engine. Since this bike only had a few thousand miles indicated on the speedo I thought that the engine would be ok and it shouldn't be too tough to get it running.

This brings to mind a couple other phrases appropriate to this narrative that you hear a lot at car and motorcycle auctions and see in online ads: "It ran when parked." No one knows how well it was running when parked nor can they tell you why it was parked. Critical bits of missing information. And the sec-



*It's running! Check the timing. Is it advanced or retarded? And by how much? No marks!*

ond phrase is "Indicated mileage is thought to be accurate." In this case the indicated mileage was a pipe dream and it must have been making lots of bad mechanical noises when parked. I had to have the engine rebuilt with new clutch, new bearings, new pistons as well as new seals and gaskets. The restoration of this bike took 7 years from date of purchase to the day I got it back into the garage, certainly longer than I had anticipated. But it all came together on the day I started the engine for the first time and rode the bike around the neighborhood. It is hard to put into words the emotions you feel at the first startup and ride. And that is the reward. (Sold to a bike enthusiast in the UK.)

**The BSA.** The two Lake Isabella bikes were identical to my very first bike I purchased new in 1970. Neither ran but both had titles.



*Say it again, Sam. Another timing reset. Getting closer.*

One had been running up until 5 years ago (ran when parked!) and the other hadn't been on the road since 1974, but indicated low mileage (thought to be accurate). I decided to get one running and use it for a daily rider in its original state. It was rough and oily, but I got it running with minimal expense and have enjoyed riding it on Vintage Rides where originality is preferred.

I decided to restore the second bike to the same or better condition as the bike I owned some 49 years ago. It has been six months now and it has been taken completely apart and put back together with all new fittings, bearings, paint, rubber, powder coating; the works.

And what about the engine on the very low mileage bike? Seems that the device that drives the speedometer/odometer had given up early in its life so the indicated mileage was clearly understated and the engine that had been 'running when parked' needed a complete rebuild when turned off the last time some 45 years ago. I have that engine apart on my work bench awaiting new parts.

So, what have I learned in the past 15 years or so? Several expensive lessons:

- "Ran when parked" probably means you should expect the worst-case scenario. What noises was it making when parked?
- "Indicated mileage thought to be accurate" is going to depend on whether it is the original working odometer or not. And whether the odometer was rolled back.
- Unless you do restorations for a living—and are very good at it—you will probably not make much of a profit when you factor in the value of your labor.
- The best reward for me, when all is said and done, is to sit in my garage with a couple of beers and to stare at the vehicle I saved from the corner of someone's garage, or salvage yard. Expensive both in terms of time and money, but still worth it.



*Success! Made it around the block. Runs pretty good. Minor adjustments and it's copacetic. Bill, Gary, and a fellow British Iron Rebels rider rejoice. Another long, successful restoration. Pilar photo.*



# Three MGB's

Article and photos by Fran Maioran

## 3 MGB's Here goes the stories

I'm originally from the "Garden State", New Jersey. A wonderful place to grow up and live in. If you have never experienced the best parts of NJ; it has farms, beaches, woodlands mountains, and many hills and valleys. Very historical areas with our most famous resident being the first President of the United States of America, President George Washington.

When I was a Senior in High School, I meet Joe, my first real boyfriend. He had graduated from the same High School 4 years before me. Joe had so many toys, Corvettes, racing cars, a Henry J Kaiser and trucks. They were all stick shift vehicles. I just learned how to drive on my Dad's automatic '57 Chevy Bel Air. Joe wanted me to learn how to drive a stick shift in one of his Gigantic work trucks. Going down a steep hill, I saw my life going by in front of my eyes. I eventually got the hang of it and Joe gave me one of his Corvettes to drive to school instead of walking 4 miles each way. (no school buses) I was a nervous wreck; the car was too much for me especially at hills and red traffic lights.

Graduation Day was on the same day as my birthday. Joe drove to my house with a brand-new car, a cherry red 1965 ragtop MGB. I did not know what to say other then did you ask my parents about this gift? He answered yes and that this car would be perfect for me.



**I LOVED THIS CAR.** So did my girlfriends. I would put the top down and we would have a blast driving at the beach. Funny thing though, every time I put the roof down, a summer shower seemed to show up. I would have the girls jump in the car to save my leather seats and drive out of the rain. So many fun times.

Well the story isn't over yet. I was tooling down a one-way street, under 20 miles an hour and BAM a big Lincoln Continental went through a stop sign and hit me. I swerved to the right; skidded into an oak tree and wiped out the passenger side of my car. This was a really bad day yet a lucky day for me that I

did not hit the driver's side, or I would not be telling this story. Needless to say, my car was totaled out. I was one with my car and very devastated to lose it. My friends and family had a memorial service for my little red MG.



Time passed, and in my last year in college my Dear Aunt whom I was named after passed away. She left me an inheritance from



her and my Uncle's estate. His name was Michael Gallia initials (MG) The sign was there for me to buy another new MG. I purchased a new 1971 British racing green MGB-GT. I had the car for 10 years and the mileage wasn't even 60,000 miles. I was living in the woods and worked 74 Miles away in New York City, so I used mostly public transportation.

We never really connected like my red MGB for some reason. I would receive a \$500 check from my late Aunt every Christmas and the car would break down every Thanksgiving and cost close to \$500. The car hated me. It loved my

husband but not me. The joke in the family that it must be a female car. Every time it broke down, I would tell him his girlfriend broke down again.

I decided to join my family who relocated to Las Vegas since I was the last of the Mohicans. So, on my last day of work, I drove my car to NYC. You can park and ride from the Jersey Meadowlands, Home of the NY Giants. When the day ended there were very light snowflakes falling on the city, when I got back in NJ it was a full-blown storm. The stinking car would not start; no one was around and only one more bus back to NYC. I went back into the city. Had to stay overnight and took a very long train ride back to New Jersey and called a friend to pick me up to get home.

The next day I called my mechanics to get my car for me. It took 2 days to get the roads open and they went to pick up the car. I went to their shop and handed them my signed bill of sale, told them to keep the car. I didn't want it anymore even though I made shipping arrangements to Vegas. They didn't want it claiming it was cursed. I said deal with it and left. Moved to Vegas without the nightmare car.

I purchased a 2001 Datsun 200 SX with a ZX engine and, of course, a 5-speed. Loved it. It lasted 13 years and 75,000 miles. Donated it to PBS when my nieces bought me a green Hyundai Accent. They thought I would be happy with the green MG color and stick shift.

But nothing really compared with my little red MGB, I always kept the photo on my fireplace mantel.

Two years ago, my man of many years asked me what I wanted for my birthday besides my little red MGB. I said I did not need anything but him. He told me to go to a place called Atomic Motors—that they can find one for me and he would get it for me and pay for any restorations. I was in shock and had to think about it. He asked me every day if I contacted them. He would go but he didn't know what I would want. So, I went, and they found me a little red 1971 MGB that looked just like mine and we bought it and Atomic did the restoration. Thanks Bill & Cat Biler.

Every time I get to drive my car, I hug the steering wheel. I got my soul back.



# Upcoming Events

## BACLV TREK TO KELSO DEPOT IN THE MOJAVE NATIONAL PRE- SERVE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 2019

The Kelso Depot, now also the Mojave National Preserve Visitors Center, is located in the Mojave Desert within the National Park Service Mojave National Preserve, on Kelso Cima Road at the junction of Kelbaker Road in Kelso, California.



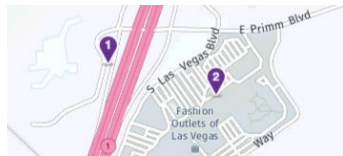
The depot was opened in early 1924 and was built to provide services to passengers and railroad employees, and a water stop for the steam locomotives.

The Depot has two floors of museum so you can spend an hour or so wandering around and learning about not only the history of the Depot but the surrounding area as well.

There is no restaurant but there are picnic tables outside and decent restrooms.

Departure would be from the M Resort in the parking lot at the corner of LV Blvd and St Rose Parkway with a departure time of 9.30 am.

The first stop will be in Primm for gas. We will stop at the Chevron gas station on the south bound side of the freeway. See the map. Number 1 is where we will stop.



The travel distance from Primm to the Kelso Depot is 51 miles each way and there is no gas at Kelso Depot so you need to get there and back on a tank of gas.

## BACLV Halloween Party

Saturday, October 26, 2019 at 5:00 PM

**Proudly hosted by Ron and Dottie Couturier**

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Main dishes and bottled water will be provided.  
**BYOB**

Please RSVP and contact Dottie Couturier at  
[dottie\\_wsci@hotmail.com](mailto:dottie_wsci@hotmail.com) or (702) 324-5153  
with your selection of side dish or dessert item  
by Friday, October 18, 2019.

4705 Green Diamond Circle, Las Vegas, Nevada 89118

## Atomic Motors

### Fall Festival

Car & Motorcycle Show

Family Fun Day

Saturday, Nov 2

8:00am to 4:00pm

*Free Food & Live  
Entertainment*



**Location:**

**704 W Sunset Rd,  
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**702-826-3811**

[www.atomicmotors.net](http://www.atomicmotors.net)

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2 buildings full of classic vehicles to view  
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# Shelby Museum Factory Tour



**Saturday, November 16<sup>th</sup>, 9:30am**

Factory tour hosted by the Shelby official historian—very special selected for us.  
Many factory tours are hosted by general office Shelby employees.

Walk the factory floor, not stand behind a barrier.

Learn details about the many Shelby upgrades to new Ford products, including trucks, and SUVs in addition to the traditional Mustang modifications. See how Shelby American, Inc. designs and installs high-performance equipment. Learn why the modifications were selected and the engineering challenges overcome.

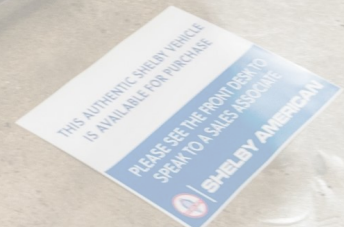
Questions encouraged. Have a conversation with the historian. Learn about Carroll Shelby's fascinating life, and accomplishments, automotive related and not.

Photography encouraged. Just don't photograph customer car license plates.

\$35 per person. Lunch at the Yardhouse in Town Square afterwards.

See you there!

**SHELBY AMERICAN, INC.**  
6405 ENSWORTH ST.  
LAS VEGAS, NV 89119  
(702) 942-7325



## HOLIDAY PARTY AND LUNCH

**Saturday, December 7<sup>th</sup>**

**Forge Social House, Boulder City**

**Voluntary gift exchange**

**\$25 per person**

**The event of the year!**



# Atomic Motors photos

Article and photos by Hap Polk



Atomic Motors is a great place to photograph. Friendly people. Graphics rich activities.



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Thank you, Bill & Cat Biler for supporting the club and encouraging British car buyers to join.



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### October -19

- 11th&12th BACLV Garage Sale, The Stillwells hosting
- 16th BACLV Board Meeting, 6:30, Location to be determined
- 19th Kelso Depot Cruise, Jane & Simon James hosting
- 26th Halloween & Fall Mixer, Ron & Dottie Couturier hosting
- 27th General Membership Meeting, Wildhorse Golf Course

### November -19

- 13th BACLV Board Meeting, 6:30, Location to be determined
- 16th Shelby Museum & Factory Tour with Shelby historian, Hap & Millie Polk hosting
- 24th General Membership Meeting, Wildhorse Golf Course

### December-19

- 7th Holiday Party. Forge Social House—Voluntary gift exchange following luncheon
- 14th Santa Cruise and Toy Drive
- 18th BACLV Board Meeting, 6:30, Location to be determined



British Auto Club of Las Vegas  
P. O. Box 90973  
Henderson, NV 89009