



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

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President's Message

By Jonas Payne

Volunteers needed!

As you know, Margaret Klenk has admirably served as our "Web-Mistress" for over 5 years. She has been signaling for several months that she would very much like to move on and hand the baton off to another member, and while I hate to see her go, I am very much supportive of her decision and greatly appreciate the fantastic job she has done for the BACLV and am grateful for her commitment of time and energy on our behalf.

The website is a mission critical part of the BACLV. Over the past few years, it has become **BY FAR** the primary way in which new members find us in our rapidly growing metropolis of Las Vegas. Without it, the fact of the matter is that we will cease to have an online presence, which is absolutely critical to the continued existence of the car club that many of us cherish.

In addition to a volunteer to host the website, we are looking for 4 new officers (President, Vice President, Secretary and Member at Large) for the 2020 calendar year. It is time for the membership to start thinking very seriously about stepping up and thinking about the direction the BACLV is headed in as we enter a new decade. If the BACLV is something that you enjoy and would like to continue to enjoy, it is time to volunteer and take action. Your club needs your help, and by volunteering a few hours a month, you can guarantee that we will all be enjoying what our club has to offer.

On a different note. As most of you know, I am afflicted with a pretty bad case of British Cars. In the past six years, I've purchased six of them. A 1957 Triumph TR3, which was restored and sold, a 1971 Triumph TR6, A 1970 MGB, which I got running and quickly sold, a 1961 Triumph TR3 that lives in storage is currently available, free of charge (just come and pick it up), a 2013 Morgan 3 Wheeler and my latest purchase, a 2016 Jaguar F-Type S. These last two are clearly the result of brain damage on my part.

Because I wanted something more reliable than my 1959 Triumph TR3 and I have 2 seemingly never ending restoration projects, I figured that a later model British car would fit the bill. Yeah.....right..... the 2013 Morgan spent more time at the Dealer than my garage for the 1st 2 years I had it as they worked through a series of.....wait for it.....ELECTRICAL PROBLEMS! Now sorted, I have very much enjoyed it for the last few years.

Fast forward to 2019 and the bug hit again. I traded in my Hot Rod Chevy SS for a very Low Mileage Jaguar. Note that the Chevy was very fast, comfortable, had a 6 speed manual, and in nearly 4 years of ownership and 55,000 miles, required only tires and a set of brake pads. I've had the Jaguar for about 3 weeks. Within a week of ownership I started having.....wait for it.....ELECTRICAL PROBLEMS! After some quick internet research, I was able to find out that late model Jaguars and Land Rovers are prone to electrical issues (imagine that!), but thankfully, most of these issues were related to batteries. After some quick diagnostic work on my part, the verdict was a bad battery. After taking the car completely apart to find and remove the offending battery, a new one was installed. Happily, my electrical issues have disappeared and I am very much enjoying "State of the Art" British Motoring.

Thank you!

Wow! Did the spirit of volunteering come out for the Spanner. So many volunteers, and such great contributions.

Ron Couturier blessed us again with his bi-monthly Tech Talk—carefully researched and as always, fascinating.

Brian Nass wrote an amusing treatise on driving adventures and shared the best steak joint out of

town; way out of town.

Charles Williams described his adventures with multi-Mini ownerships and why the Mini is a milestone in automobile design. Judy Sandgren offered a personal family touch.

Steve and Aly Kennedy provided an exposition on St. Pat's Rallying, the scavenger hunt kind; the best St. Pat's Rally ever.

Shelley Heistand and Jim Shope

illustrated Reno Red love at first sight and why Healeys are cherished.

Peter Szekeres offered insight into the life and times behind the Iron Curtain and thoughtful personal philosophy and experiences we owe our children.

Many others contributed photographs and helpful suggestions.

This month's Spanner is truly a group effort. Thank you all. Hap

EDITOR'S NOTE—A special thanks to the many BACLV members who contributed articles and photos to the Spanner. Your contributions are much appreciated, and needed. Thank you all. Pat & Hap

Cover:

The Mini 1000 (1959-2000) started the transverse engine, front wheel drive parade. Initially 848 cc, 1358 lbs of fun. Considered the second most influential car after the Ford Model T. Photo by Hap Polk

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.

April Birthdays

Peter Soderquist	Bruch Covey
Greg Wood	Millie Polk
Peter Szekeres	Ron Bonelli
Pat Klenk	Harald Albrecht
Jim Hughes	Skip Yarema
Susie Rostoff	Barbara Headrick
Al Seminatore	Ron Couturier
Kenneth Baker	Daniel Stillwell

April Anniversaries

Steve & Sandy Kilgour
Charles & Jeri Williams
Steve & Aly Kennedy
Ron Bonelli
Wayne & Barbara Headrick
Pat & Margaret Klenk

May Anniversaries

Bill & Katrina Goodman
Dave & Pat Kunde

From the Editor's Desk

Pat Klenk & Hap Polk

Millie and I went on an adventure to find a new destination for a BACL V event. This year it rained in Las Vegas more than any year since 2005. Surely there must be wildflowers running riot over the hillsides. But where are they?

We went looking. We didn't find them. But we did learn a lot and had a great time.



Colorado River's Lake Mohave from El Dorado Canyon overlook.

Nelson, Nevada is noted for its wildflowers. Favorite wildflower vistas are found around Nelson, and closer to the Colorado River at El Dorado Canyon and along the shores of Lake Mohave, a dammed wide spot on the river.



Mountain Tansy Mustard next to quartz bearing rock hinting that gold, silver, and copper bearing quartz inclusions may be in the hills above.

We followed the trail seeking wild flowers. We found bunches of yellow mustard plants, the Mountain Tansy Mustard; some purple flow-

ers, the Desert Lupine, looking lonely; and two, yes two, red flowering plants, the Scarlet Milkvetchs. And much more green vegetation than we have ever seen before in the Southern Nevada desert. But vistas of riotous color. Nope.



Lots of abandoned history. El Dorado Canyon mines' ore concentrate processing barn where hard rock mining was done by hard as rock men.

We enjoyed the El Dorado Canyon mines' our fanciful collection of junk: so much junk, artfully arranged as if dispersed by a gaggle of children. All rusting peacefully, if slowly, in the Nevada desert.



Five hundred men worked here until the 1940's. Apparently they drank a lot of Coke and ate a lot of fish from the Colorado—all left for us to ponder.

We said to each other, "This could be a BACL V destination!" A fun, British car friendly road, curvy and with almost no traffic. An interesting hodgepodge of a destination. A local barkeep lady looking like she has become rooted there. A bunch of trinkets for sale. BUT, no food, no beer, no shade—no dice. She has a picnic area for rent, but no

roof, no respite from the sun. So, not good for a potluck feast either.

We went on, looking for a more congenial spot. We followed the curvy sports car road down to the river edge. Great views of the widened Colorado. But no facilities.

So, back to Boulder City we went, looking for hamburgers and beer. Millie prevailed so we had a lovely lunch at the Boulder Dam Hotel. We asked around. "Where are the wildflowers?" Our waitress, a lifelong resident, said "They must be along Lake Mead, you should go to the Marina." She later came back and told us that her friend said there were wildflowers near Laughlin.

We kept searching for answers. And we found them! A salesman in the Boulder City Antique Market was a park ranger before retiring into a sales job. His father was the chief park ranger before him. He was overflowing with knowledge and love of the desert. He told us about the spectacular wildflower bloom of 1967 when the desert turned riotously red, yellow and purple.

And he told us the truth. We had a lot of rain so far this year. But it was cold rain here in Southern Nevada. The wildflower seeds, ever so patient, loved the rain but feared the cold. Near Laughlin and in California conditions were warmer so some wildflowers threw caution to the wind and took a chance, but not our watchful Las Vegas wildflowers. They would not risk their one chance in flowering and setting new seeds when the weather was so cold. They would wait for a warmer rain.

If it rains within the next two weeks the hopeful wildflower seeds will be convinced and they will germinate, grow, flower, drop seeds, and wither all within a few weeks; their once a decade gamble. Like most of us Vegas residents, they gamble only with favorable odds. We prayed for rain. But the weatherman declined. No rain forecasted for the next two weeks.

No wildflowers for us this time. But the desert drank heartily and looks great. So, get in your little British car and visit the El Dorado Canyon mines and Lake Mohave. A great drive and interesting destination as the photos reveal.

Hap Polk, Co-Editor

Tecopa Hot Springs Run

By Brian Nass, Photographs as noted

It's half past 12; the weather is sunny and 68 degrees. "What a great day for a drive!", I thought to myself as I pulled into the Albertson's parking lot.

Speed bump! Oh! That's right, I need to find a restroom. Luckily for me there was a orange (or blue) phone booth right there in the parking lot. Time to make like Superman, in-n-out before first person shows up.



Views were great... Chasing down Jonas. Photo by Maggie Westfall

Now standing in the parking lot next to a little British car gets a lot of comments from passers-by (part a the reason we drive them), but after about the eighth one I began to wonder if anyone was going to show up, it's 10 minutes before 1pm now. Then I remembered they're British cars—they will get here when they get here. No sooner after I finished that thought, cars started arriving. I believe it was twelve to fourteen in all, with two dropping off to head back for Michael Bubl  at Spring Mountain pass.



Badlands along the road to the China Ranch date farm, south of Tecopa. Public domain photo

We line up and hit the road at 1:30 sharp (yeah, okay, 1:40, but who's looking). Up, up the mountain we go with me in the lead and Jonas and Kate in their new Jag following behind. Which means I can't see who's behind them. I take it slow up the hill so the older cars can keep pace.

Wow, the road is a mess up here, orange cones and signs warning of "blasting on Monday" loom ominously along the road. 25mph is all we are allowed to go! Wait, what's this, a stop light at the peak of the pass? Looks as though they are not messing around upgrading the highway now. Soon four lanes all the way to Spring Mountain Raceway. (They wouldn't have done it just for Pahrump, must have been the raceway.)

Past the bar, and now the road opens up and it's down hill for the next few miles. No need to keep it slow now, if "they" break down

they can coast down to warmth. (Was a bit chilly up there with the top down). 70mph now till the turn off to Tecopa; easy peasy.

Get comfortable for the ride now its about 20 minutes till the turn. Uh, oh? More orange? That's not a natural color for the desert, but it is in Vegas and I immediately recognize more construction. Down to one lane and... Wait, is that...? Yup, another stop light where one wouldn't expect. Luckily this one was at our turn. As I make a left I notice an Austin Healey sitting along the road a few hundred feet ahead, so I pull over to give everyone a chance to gather up for the next leg.

Whoosh! A grey blur passes by. Okay, well if Jonas isn't waiting, then I guess I should. But now everyone else is starting to pull away too. Drop it into first and let off the clutch and away we go. I get out ahead of everyone else except for Jonas, who is now traveling at a rate "just barely above" the posted limit. I decide to have a bit of fun too and step on it. "Road isn't that bad", I said to myself just before a huge hole in the road opened below the Jaguar in front of me. (I'm driving a Spit'—anything over six-inches is Huge...(That's what she said.))

I swerved to miss it, but not enough. However, only half my tire came in contact with it, so danger averted. Now that my level of attention is nearing ten, I begin to see potholes coming at me at a steady rate. Swerve to left. Swerve to right. Do the hokie pokie around some pot holes and you'll be alright. This gave a bit of road entertainment along with the L.A. to Vegas relay marathon runners who would clog up the road at unexpected points, till we got to the swervy hill climb.



Jane James—Let me out of here, Jonas. Kate Payne photo

Did someone say, "tight blind curves"? No? Well, we should have to to someone driving a new Jag. Luckily the Jag brakes are better than ones on an LBC. And that I was traveling at a "safe speed" in my Spitfire to avoid tasting feline tailpipe. Motorhome collision avoided. Now its downhill for a few more miles to Tecopa with some shrubs lining the road on both sides.

And then suddenly as if out of Western (or a horror flick) an old handmade sign calls out "Stop, Beer". We're here as everyone finds a

dusty little place to park and wonder "What the heck or we going to eat out here? Lizards?" No, my fine LBC club mates, it's some of the best steak you've had in a while and the sides might be even better. I'll let those who didn't plan the event brag so I'm not patting myself on the back for this one.



Tecopa Depot. Public domain photo

Thanks to everyone who came and made this a memorable event.



The photo does not do justice to his red suit.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Like Las Vegas, Tecopa has a spring on the Old Spanish Trail, which became the Old Mormon Road, or Salt Lake Road. The spring water is fresh and has been a resting spot for centuries. By the time the spring water flows into the Armargosa River (Saleratus Creek) it has become alkaline bitter and undrinkable, so the spring is where people rested. In the 1860s, mines were established served by the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad. To support the mines the town was founded in 1875. It was later named after Chief Tecopa of the Paiute Indian Nation. Chief Tecopa first fought the Kit Carson and John Fremont expeditions, but later befriended and helped the settlers. He is remembered kindly to this day. The Tecopa Park in Pahrump was deeded by Nevada in his name, where he and his sons rest in the cemetery within. Today, Tecopa has some 200 residents. Hap

Ubiquitous Mini

By Charles Williams, Photographs by Charles except as noted

The Morris Mini-Minor was presented to the press in April 1959 following a developmental period that began in July 1957. The design incorporated a number of revolutions including the transverse mounted front wheel drive system, a compact suspension, and the maximum possible space dedicated to the passenger compartment. Although improvements were added to later versions, the body design stayed essentially the same. The production of the Classic Mini lasted from 1959 to 2000 when it was replaced by the newer BMW influenced MINI design. The brand is a British icon known (and seen motoring about) world-wide.



With this year's 60th birthday celebration for the marque, I became interested in the history and began to consider adding a Classic Mini to our garage. We have owned MINIs since 2011 and have enjoyed them thoroughly. We have several family members who also now own MINIs. MINI was scheduled to release a special edition of the current model in 2020 but the estimated cost was going to exceed what we were willing to spend. This made the idea of a Classic even more appealing since it was possible to find one reasonably priced.



What a nice Mini home.

I found a number of Minis around the US and world that were potential candidates, but something seemed to always get in the way. Either the timing, the location, the price, or the condition never fit the bill. One option that was needed in Las Vegas was air conditioning. I began to look at newer versions because of this. Air conditioning was rarely an option added to cars that stayed in the UK but was frequently included on cars exported to Japan.



I was able to find a Mark IV 1991 Rover Mini at a small shop in Happy Valley Oregon. It had A/C, less than 35k kilometers on the odometer, and a good price. Jet Motors is a dedicated Classic Mini shop with a good inventory of cars and parts. As a plus, can anything bad come from a place called Happy Valley? I spoke to the owner and booked a flight. My visit and the test drive went well and the weather actually cooperated by stopping the snowing while I was in town.



A few weeks later, a truck with an enclosed trailer delivered the Mini to Vegas. The Mini has since been named Copeland (ask me the story but, be warned: it's not a short one). The learning curve between us is still ongoing and there have been a few hiccups (like when the DMV estimated the Mini's value at \$1,000,000) but things are good overall. I will definitely be seeking technical assistance as I try to resolve a few mechanical repairs.



The BACLV badge as prominent as the Mini Cooper emblem. Thank you Charles. Hap Polk photo

Jeremy, the owner of Jet Motors, warned me that it is next to impossible to keep a low profile (even in such a small car). He's right. I frequently get smiles, waves, thumbs-up, and what-is-that-thing stares as I drive it around.

I've even had two people flag me down to ask if I want to sell it. It may happen one day, but I'm pretty sure the guy at the DMV was spot on about the car's true value.



Wesley, Ron & Judy Sandgren's grandson in his Mini Cooper. As Peter Szekeres says in this issue: start them young. Let's get Wesley a BACLV decal for his Mini. Sandgren family photo

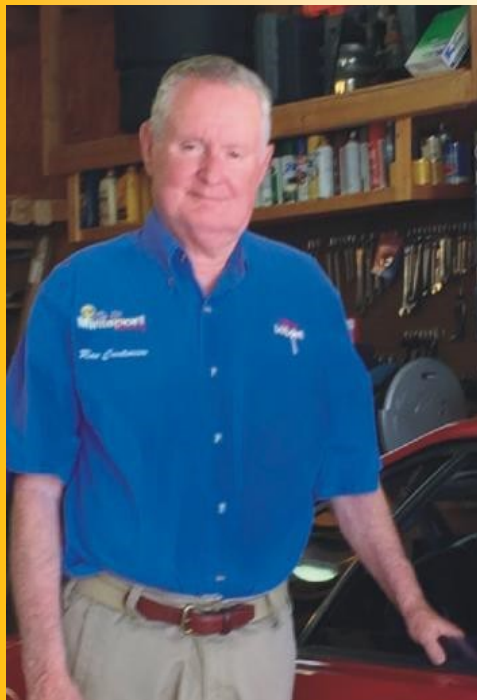


Eighty percent of the wheelbase is used for people. Pubic domain photo

EDITOR'S NOTE—Built from 1959 to 2000 in twelve countries, the Sir Alec Issigonis designed Mini started a revolution in car design. The transverse engine, front wheel drive layout began here. Quickly designed and produced in response to the Suez Oil Crisis and as a competitor to the Fiat 500, it began with a BMC A engine de-stroked to 848cc, making 33hp with a top speed of 75mph. Its rubber cone suspension was innovative, later in 1964 augmented by a Citroen inspired hydrolastic system Issigonis originally intended. By 1991 the Mini Cooper had McPherson front, and torsion bar rear, suspension, 1275cc, 62hp and a top speed of 92mph. One of the cleanest designed, clearest purposed cars ever. Hap

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 BACL V 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>

The STP Story

(Not Stone Temple Pilots either)



called **STP Oil Treatment in October 1954**. The name was short for "Scientifically Treated Petroleum". At the time it was considered a "black art" product that was packaged in a backyard garage at night and sold out of the trunks of these three businessmen during the day. They had invested \$3,000 in start-up money and hoped for the best. The initial selling price of a 15 ounce can was less than \$1.00. Simply put, their product was designed to help a car's engine oil resist thinning at high temperature and pressures. As it turned out, this stuff actually worked, and by word of mouth, caught on, and sales skyrocketed. The chemical makeup was: zinc compounds 10%, petroleum distillates 30%, and mineral oil 60%. This combination resulted in a product which produced an excellent viscosity enhancer. Of course, to this day, the exact formula for creating STP Oil Treatment is proprietary. Racers began using it and the brand's link to racing did much for its popularity. Over the years, STP has been heavily involved with auto and boat racing, having sponsored famous drivers such as Mario Andretti, Richard Petty, John Force, and many others.

By 1960 the company introduced its second product, "STP Gas Treatment". In 1961 STP was purchased by Studebaker Packard Corporation. Andy Granatelli, a multi-talented engineer for Studebaker became the CEO. Granatelli, a marketing genius, who had a racing background, used smart advertising initiatives to increase the brands popularity. Granatelli, well versed in engine design, had developed engines for Chrysler, Cadillac and Studebaker. He literally became the face of STP, wearing a white suit adorned with the red STP ovals to high profile races across the country. Part of

his advertising strategy was to distribute literally thousands of the STP oval stickers at events.



STP Oil Treatment Special racing Formula Atlantic racing 1975—Effem at en.wikipedia [CC BY-SA 3.0 (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/>)]

By 1963 STP products were available in more than 200,000 gas stations. In 1968 sales surpassed \$43 million. In 1969 STP became a public corporation and its shares were being traded on the American Stock Exchange. In 1973 STP sales had reached \$54 million and the brand was being sold not only in the U.S. but also in Canada, Mexico and nearly 100 countries. From 1976 to 2010 STP was sold and acquired by no less than five companies. In 1978 STP added its own motor oil to its line of products. In the fall of 2006 STP fuel additives began being used in Marathon gasoline, which of course, competed with Chevron's Techron additive. In the early 1980s the company expanded its Research & Development programs to further expand its product line. In 2010 Armored Auto Group purchased STP, which in turn sold the company to Spectrum Brands Holdings in 2015. Today STP's products span a wide range of applications which not only include oil filters but seven different oil additives and twenty variations of fuel additives for engine performance and maintenance applications on diesel, conventional, two stroke, marine, motorcycle, snowmobile, ATVs. A lubricant for gearboxes is also available.



The STP Brand 1971 Porsche 917/10 4.9 litre CanAm ex-Joseph Siffert - Photo: Brian Snelson [CC BY 2.0 (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/>)]



It All began in 1953 in Saint Joseph Missouri when three businessmen, Charles (Doc) Liggett, Jim Hall, and Robert De Hart formed a company called Chemical Compounds. They began selling a product

ST. PATRICK'S DAY RALLY

By Steve & Aly Kennedy, Photographs as noted

Our curse is we are competitive when it comes to rallies. Competitive enough to chance coming in second and that's just what we did last year. With the "Great Honor" of the Murphy in hand we decided to do something different. One of the first events we did over a decade ago in the club was a scavenger hunt and we won it! Kind of like the first winning hand of video poker locks in the sucker for life.



Our intrepid hosts, Steve & Aly Kennedy, waiting for contestants to arrive at the Devine Café overlooking the Springs Preserve and the strip. Margaret Klenk looking on while Pat does the photo honors. Thanks Steve & Aly for a great event.

Recently we did another scavenger hunt with Aly's work and decided to do it for the "Rally" this year. Truth is, they are easier to run and this way everyone else in the club could participate since our son Andrew and his girlfriend Kayla were more than enough help.

We met up at Cars and Coffee on Eastern for a look around and an early start.



Cars & Coffee goes a bit beyond Little British Cars. Great guys; interesting cars; fun looking around and meeting people. This guy is in St. Pats livery. Lots of cars with attitudes driven by nice people. Cars & Coffee photos by Hap Polk



Well, they started out as British.



BACLV was represented at Cars & Coffee. Bill Madden's Birkin built Lotus 7 replica was there displayed by Bill Madden and Dean Barnes.



Cars & Coffee had a variety of vehicles.



A beautiful Jaguar E-Type V12. Soon to be a new BACLV member?

We filled everyone on the rules of the game.

They had two-hours and thirty-minutes to collect as many photos of the hunt items and make it to Springs Preserve Devine Café without loosing points by being pulled over by informed law enforcement.



Steve explaining the rules while Aly, Andrew and Kayla look on perplexed. Pat Klenk photo

We had a solid turn out with thirteen cars competing and a few people just showing up at the end for the festivities for a total of about forty people.



Mike and Linda Hanley ready to compete.



Jim Shope invited his daughter Sandy to navigate. Families who rally together...

EDITOR'S NOTE—I wanted to add my kudos to Steve and Aly Kennedy for a great job with the St. Patrick's Day Rally. This year was one of the most fun St. P Rally's ever. What was especially delightful was a lack of tension in the cockpit. It was a delightful two and one half hours of driving and easy discussion with my partner Margaret. No telling where to turn, no telling what to watch for and to end at the Springs Preserve was a delight. Thank you Steve and Aly (Andrew and Kayla) for a great day with friends and fellow gearheads. Join us next year to see what Brett and Drew come up with, both have very creative minds. Pat

ST. PATRICK'S DAY RALLY

By Steve & Aly Kennedy, Photographs as noted

Several teams couldn't make it back in time and lost some points but still had some very strong scores, although no perfect scores.



Andrew and Kayla checking scores. Is that beer for winners behind them? Hap Polk photo



What we do. Good friends, good food, good conversation, great times. Richard Vaughn, Cleone Johns, Dave and Clara Ogle, and Mike and Linda Hanley enjoying the camaraderie. Pat Klenk photo



The view from Devine Café. Hap Polk photo

It was a beautiful day for a drive and good food and drink at the café but did get a bit chilly in the shade. In the end I think everyone had fun and enjoyed the change of pace.



Announcing the winners. Hap Polk photo



The winners! Chris Tunison and navigator Dave from Sin City Mini—always strong contenders. Hap Polk photo

The Mini club always has a strong competitive group which is cool because they host an awesome event when they miss the mark and come in second, but not this year. Chris Tunison and navigator Dave from Sin City Mini won first place with 695 points which earned them a \$75 Brio gift card and some brews.

Third place with 495 points earned Chuck and Melody Young a \$25 gift card and some beer also.

The real honor of the Murphy and a \$50 gift card and not nearly enough beer was awarded to Brett Harris and his Navigator Drew with 620 points. Brett and Drew looked "thrilled" but we know they are going to do an awesome job next year. It was the first time I have seen his MG back together since paint work and it looks amazing!



Brett Harris and Drew looking thrilled. They will put on a great St. Pat's Rally next year. We are looking forward to what they devise. Hap Polk photo



That's the spirit. Hap Polk photo



Jonas and Kate Payne sharing a laugh with their guest of honor, John Nikas. John is affiliated with Moss Motors, an expert on British cars and industry, owner of the Donald Healey archives, author, sportsman, Goodwood Festival of Speed participant, restoration enthusiast, and long-time friend of Jonas. Color me impressed. Hap Polk photo



How do we know that John is a good, very good friend with Jonas? Look who's driving the Morgan Trike! And using Jonas in his new Jag as a wind break. Think the Morgan Trike is small? Compare it to Brian Nass standing in the distance. So what did John have to say about driving the Trike? "I couldn't see over or through anybody!" Pat Klenk photo



John Nikas sharing his experiences with the group. Interesting man—interesting experiences—interesting talk. Thanks John. Pat Klenk photo



Success well earned.

We did it!
Thank you all for coming out and enjoying the day.

Reno Red Austin Healey 3000

By Shelley Heistand & Jim Shope, Photographs as noted

Denie has always loved cars. It has been a passion of his, his whole life. When I met him he introduced me to his love of cars and slowly I started to understand his fascination and become passionate myself.

What kind of car did I want to buy? What color? What make? What turned me on?

I decided on a Porsche and have always loved driving it. I feel sexy, sassy, and get a lot of thumbs up from people when I fill up at the gas station.

We have both always admired the old classic cars too and have attended the Rolex Monterey Classic Car race several times. I just love seeing the stunning, loved, immaculate, cars from the 1920's to the 1960's still racing, still alive and loved. Here were old car lovers who still took their cars onto the track and raced them. Many of the owners were well into their 70's and still racing. I said to Denie, who is fast approaching his 70's—here's something you could do! Get involved with classic car racing. He bought a fire-resistant suit and started researching what old race cars were available within our price range.

We both fell in love with a blue 1960 Austin Healey bug-eye sprite in Colorado. It took some months of planning to get a trailer; finally pick up the bug-eye from Colorado and get it race ready. We signed up for the Vintage Auto Racing Association (VARA) and attended their High Performance Racing School in California. I did it in my Porsche and Denie did it in the bug-eye. I got to do some track time with the bug-eye too and fell in love with it, and racing!

He soon realized that he had lost his little blue bug-eye to me and proceeded to hunt around to find another he could race. We found one, a 1959 white Austin Healey bug-eye sprite, in Grass Valley, belonging to Don Raccine of Mini Mania. We drove there in a snow storm to pick it up.

We did our first official race with VARA in March and loved it! Denie won his class, in his first race ever. And I really challenged myself and got faster and faster on the track, the more I got comfortable driving. I feel empowered and excited to be a race car driver! Especially as a woman! So few women race car drivers out there. I truly felt the passion of speed, exhilaration of the challenge of the course, and self pride that I did my personal best.

The weekend was so much fun and brought us closer together, doing something we both love.

We decided that we had to sell one of the other cars we owned and took it to the local car show on Eastern, in Vegas, to show it. What a great gathering every Saturday. Everyone who is in to cars, whatever type of car, age or condition, is there! Such a collection of people who love their cars. Awesome to see people connecting through their common interests. Such diversification in makes and models, yet the common connection is that they are all car lovers.

One awesome gent, Rick, found out about our passion for the Austin Healey cars. He gave us a brochure for the British Auto Club of Las Vegas and then I met two members from the club, the Paynes, whom also have a

New Zealand connection. They took me to meet other members of the club before heading out on their St. Paddy's run.

There, I fell in love! It was truly love at first sight! Jim Shope was driving his gorgeous Reno red 1963 Austin Healey classic and said over the roar of the engine, "It's for sale!"

We went round the following day to visit Jim and the Austin Healey and it was immaculate. My mother had recently passed and left me some money. I thought, what a great investment! A gorgeous classic car that has been so loved and cared for that can only appreciate with age. Plus I thought again to our future... Car rides in an old classic with the top down—another opportunity to spend time together and enjoy our older years doing something we both love to do.

We are both looking forward to many wonderful times with the latest addition to our family, our red 1963 Austin Healey, and many future exhilarating chapters in our racing life with our blue and white Austin Healey bug-eye sprites.

Red, white and blue! In true English fashion! My heritage is 83.5 percent UK (according to 23andme and from what my parents told me). So is it any wonder that I have such an affinity with British classic cars! Here's to many fabulous miles in them. Cheers!

Dr Shelley



Looking happy. So are we. Reno Red is staying in the family. Denie Heistand photo

Jim's story

Mort Zwick bought this car in 2003 and I bought it from him a couple of years ago. Mort was my neighbor and he would stop by every once in a while and opine as how he wanted an Austin Healey and would I help him find one.

I said yes, of course, and tried to blow him off, but he kept bugging me. One day he states he has bought a car in Portland and wants me to fly up with him and look it over. We flew up and were met by the owner, Keith Martin, who is the publisher of Sport Car Market magazine. He took us out of Portland to a restoration shop where it was garaged. I looked it over and told Mort to buy it as it looked totally restored.

Our trip back to Las Vegas was a real saga and is recorded in one of the 2003 Spanners. Frying a generator was the only real problem, which turned out to be no problem, as we drove the last 200 miles home on the battery.

Once it was here in Las Vegas, I set to work cleaning up a few items requiring attention. on the way down there was a noticeable shake and I assumed it was tires (wrong), then wheels (wrong), then brake drums on rear axle (wrong), then discovered the differential flange had been slightly bent, which was causing the drive shaft to be unbalanced. A new flange and seal fixed that problem.

Mort also wanted to know why the wire wheels on my car were shiny and his were not. I told him it was because I had \$1500 to buy new chrome wheels and he didn't. He admitted he did not but Marla did, so for his birthday in August that year we put on new chrome wheels. About the only other things done to the car were standard maintenance items such as brakes, tires, filters, etc. We did put on a new stainless steel exhaust after I ran over a hose protector at harbor freight and tore off the old system. That was fun. Other than some bling items that was all that was needed. It always started and ran fine after I played around with the carbs and ignition.

Mort got sick about 2007 and the car sat in his garage about seven years with me driving it around the block to keep it limbered up about every six months. A few years ago he decided to sell it. I knew he did not want to deal with the tire kickers or "bottom-feeders" that always come out of the woodwork to beat the price down, so I beat the price down and bought it from him. I had thought I might keep it, but that severely restricted my garage space, so I decided to sell it.

I was at the St. Patrick's day rally in March where we met at Cars & Coffee. This very pretty lady was walking around looking at all the cars and was really smitten with my red Healey. When I casually mentioned that I would be putting it up for sale soon, she got very excited and took my phone number and said she would tell her husband about the car. I figured that would be the last I saw of her, but the next morning I got a call and they wanted to come see the car. They drove it around a while, said they wanted to buy it and put a deposit on it. Two weeks later Shelley calls and says her money has arrived and they want to pick up the car. we met at Cars & Coffee the next morning and I turned over the title and they drove off in a beautiful red Healey. Everybody happy!

Jim



Our new owners Denie and Shelley enjoying their Jim Shope prepared Austin Healey 3000 MkII. Hap Polk photo

What About the Kids?

Text and photos by Peter Szekeres

I grew up in Hungary behind the Iron Curtain. It wasn't as bad as you think.

Car ownership wasn't out of the question by the late 70's. My grandparents paid for their new Trabant and took delivery only five years later (Trabant is a 2-stroke 2-cylinder air cooled car made in East Germany utilizing German engineering and dirty Russian cotton for its side panels). My Grandparents took me with them to pick up the new car. I was about 8 years old. I still remember the new car smell. It was a smell that was chemically burned into my brain; most likely a blend of the actual horse hair used in the seat cushions and the fresh resin-cotton mix from the roof and the side panels.



Building a car together is a good way to create long lasting memories

Fast forward to age 13. We lived in a 1970's communist block house in the outskirts of Budapest.



1970's concrete panel housing in Budapest

My Dad just got the old Trabant passed down to him because my Grandparents took delivery of a new model. It still looked the same but now without the hubcaps... It was the middle of winter and had just snowed a few days ago. My Dad's "new" car didn't like the cold and had a hard time starting. So, he told me, "Son, the car won't start anymore, go down and change the piston rings. Here is a shop manual." I said, "Sure Pa, but what the heck is a piston ring?!" He told me that it was about time to educate myself in the matter and pointed at the shop manual. He also gave me a bunch of bicycle wrenches and a hammer just in case...

Now the temperature warmed up to about 20F, so I was able to get to it. I Removed the front grill, air filter housing and the engine cover. After pulling off the individual cylinders, I finally got to the afore mentioned piston rings. Since I promptly broke every one of the new rings, I had to walk to the

parts store and purchase new ones.

That's when I learned that the "large jug" can be drilled out bigger and new larger pistons could be used... So, I had to walk home and grab a piston so the clerk would know the exact size. It wasn't all that easy to "just grab the old piston" as it turns out... I had to remove two omega rings so the wrist pin can be pushed out (by finger). One of the wrist pin omega rings snapped away. So, I bought a new one with the proper piston that had the new rings already installed...

Everything went back together relatively easy. And to my surprise the car actually started right up! Well it ran real nice until it came to an abrupt stop just about 10 seconds later from a relatively high RPM. So again, front grill off, air filter housing off and so on... One of the cylinders required a tire iron and a hammer to separate it from the new piston. The snapped away Omega ring was embedded in the piston... At least now I knew not to drop the omega ring and what kind of a piston I would need once again...

This was my very first car repair experience. It taught me many things that I used later in life. The most important lesson was not to be scared of any task that looks undoubtedly impossible at first. This helped me tremendously when I learned English and flying at the same time to become an Airline Pilot.

Based on my (mostly) pleasant memories growing up with Trabants, it's no accident that now I own two of them. I sold the third one last summer after driving across Europe with my Daughter Andrea (Talk about massive memory deposits!)



Our Trabant in its natural habitat



Vacationing with an East-European trailer.

Unfortunately, the prices of our British cars went through the roof so it's almost impossible for any young person to join the hobby. And why would they even want to?! Unless

they play a video game and see a car in it... But even then, they will most likely be more concerned about housing, their career, or starting a new family.

Perhaps our last hope is our own kids or grand kids. I think if we want them to like what we do, we will need to involve them. Perhaps offer them money or the prospect of ice cream for washing the car with you. Then go for a ride and point out the WWII fighter planelike instruments on the way to the ice cream store. Ask their help to change the spark plugs. Explain every step and reason for doing something.



William torquing down the BN7 head

Or even better! Ask them to change the piston rings! Or just simply teach them how to drive one of our classics. Hell, if you know how to negotiate a stop sign on an uphill in a Healey or a Triumph with a barely working parking brake, you can pretty much drive anything! And when someone asks your kid when he or she will be 45, what was the first car he or she drove, you know what the answer will be.

Think about it. Do you want your kids or grand kids to sell your cars once you no longer can drive them or do you want them to hang on to them with their dear life because of all the memories you had in it together? If they can't connect the dots in their heads, your car will end up on the auction block in a hurry. It's scary (at least it is scary to me).



Trick or treating on a whole new level with our 1926 Model T

Now that I have sufficiently scared every one of you, it's time to change the brass floats in my BT7... I just need to wait until my Son William separates himself from his iPad...

Peter Szekeres

BRITISH AUTO CLUB OF LAS VEGAS

Proposed By-Law Amendment

Proposal to change secretary position from 2 year term to 1 year term

Historically most positions on the BACLTV board were two year positions; Secretary, Treasurer, and Vice President/President. The President and Vice President positions have been changed to one year positions after a vote from the membership.

In order to encourage more interest in the position of Secretary the proposal now is to change the term to one year.

Proposal to change secretary and treasurer position term year to serve from July to June

Historically most positions on the BACLTV board were two year positions, terms of the president and vice president were off-set by one year from the secretary and treasurer. This was to ensure continuity of information and projects undertaken by the board.

In order to maintain some continuity during the Board transition the Proposal is to change the secretary and treasurer terms to run July – June. There will be no changes to election process. Candidates will be elected at the end of year elections, but will not take over position until July. For Treasurer's position this is to allow for all Statutory filings to be complete for the previous year prior to the change of position.

This would mean that current Secretary and Treasurer would serve until the end of June 2020.

Current Article IV Article 3 Policy/Language:

"The term of the office shall be one year for the President, Vice- President and Officer-at-Large. The terms for the Secretary and Treasurer shall be two years. Voting for Secretary and Treasurer however will alternate annually. "

Proposed Revision:

"The term of the office shall be one year for all positions. Voting for all positions shall occur annually. Term of President, Vice President and Officer at Large shall begin on the 1st of the year. Term of Secretary and Treasurer will be deferred until June 30 to insure continuity of the board during the transition of one Board to the next.

EDITOR'S NOTE—These proposed changes to the By-Laws of the British Auto Club of Las Vegas are being put forward for ratification by the General Membership by the Board of Directors. They will be read and voted upon at the General Membership meeting and the By-Laws are not altered until such time as they are so ratified.

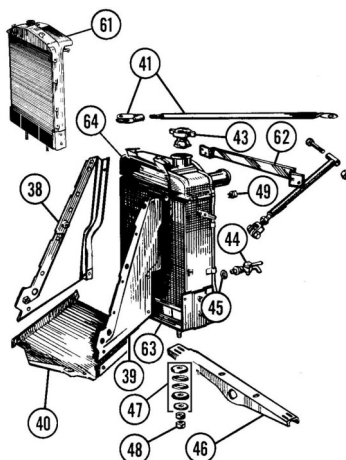
If you have questions, or require clarification of any of the proposed By-Law changes please contact Jonas Payne, president@baclv.net or the Secretary, secretary@baclv.net and they will respond accordingly.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTS FOR MEMBERS

The Board of Directors would like to solicit the interest of the membership in running a "CLASSIFIED AD" section in the SPANNER. This service would be at no charge to current members of the BACLTV. The member would be responsible for submitting to the SPANNER all written text and photographs. This service would be for both cars for sale and automobile parts. This service would be limited to British cars and car parts only. The SPANNER co-editors will have final determination on included content and photographs.



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Mel Torme Road Tests the Austin-Healey

Reprinted from *Car Life*, June 1954 issue



Mel Torme... Road Tests the Austin-Healey

The singer and sport car enthusiast puts the British import through its paces

By Mel Torme

A few months ago I read a road-test report on the then new Austin-Healey '100' sport car.

On the heels of that report came similar reviews concerning the car and praise glowed like a hot coal bed.

Having owned an MG-TC in 1947, which was exchanged for an XK120 Jan in June of '51 and having experienced the normal woes that every sport car owner resigns himself to when he purchases one, I had to rub my eyes in disbelief when well-known and widely respected auto authorities branded the Austin-Healey 'bug-proof,' 'faultless,' 'superb' and 'exciting to drive.'

All things being equal, it seemed to me a bit premature to attach so many laudatory adjectives to a new import whose only proven feature over a period of time was its engine, the redoubtable Austin 90hp, four-cylinder overhead valve powerplant which has reaped for itself a number of honors while residing in that equally vindicated family job, the Austin A90.



The drive shaft of the ground-hugging Austin-Healey divides the roomy seats.

Acting upon the assumption that it is literally impossible to tell how a sport car will hold together after having road-tested it for a

mere day or two, the Editor of *Car Life*, who is from 'Missouri' like me, asked me to take my newly delivered A-H on the road, drive it to my engagements, live with the car for a few months and then write a road-test report based on usage and trial.

This I did, and whether you contemplate purchasing one of these babies or are simply an interested spectator, I think the following may be entertaining or even enlightening to you.

After having driven the poor Austin people in New York slightly crazy with repeated requests for delivery of an A-H, since I had seen it in Herb Sheiner's International Motor Sports Show early in '53, I was finally promised delivery on September 15. When the 15th rolled around, however, production was slower than anticipated and none was to be had. I had sent my wife and son on the California and when the possibility of no-delivery arose, I suddenly broke out in a cold sweat. I had a picture of myself stranded in the Asphalt Jungle with no way out except by train, plane, boat or llama.



The wire wheels of Torme's special job are chromed but the production models come with painted wire wheels. Mel's car also has an all-aluminum body but the regular Austin-Healey "100", with an eye to traffic hazards, has steel fenders.

Seeing my predicament, Mr. Menlton, head of Austin in New York, and Dave Guthrie, their dynamic little public relations director, came to my rescue. They sold one of the few hand-made jobs that had been especially for introduction to the American market. The car had been driven a few hundred miles and was on its way to being broken in. As coincidence would have it, it was the actual car I had seen many months before at the motor show, the very one which was awarded first prize as the most beautiful new sport car.

Unlike the production models which have steel fenders, my buggy is all-aluminum, which may be an advantage in competition, but could be trouble-some in normal traffic where dented fenders are an every day occurrence. Austin wisely foresaw this possibility and has re-enforced the body of the production model with enough steel to make any encounter a fairly safe one.

The wire wheels of the prototype are chromed, and although to date they have proven completely satisfactory to me, I am told that Austin turned out the production models with painted wire wheels because the chrome had a tendency to flake and crack when exposed to weather and rough driving conditions, thereby increasing the stress and

decreasing the strength of the wheel.

Further production modifications include a polished aluminum cockpit cowl trim, in place of chrome that glares too much in the sun; a master electrical switch, in the truck, which positively cuts off all electrical power; a steel rear deck lid; steel hood lid; an ash tray placed between the bucket seats in the drive shaft; a four-bladed fan, and a larger radiator for cooling purposes.

I took delivery on September 16 and looked forward eagerly to my tour which took me from New York to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Dayton, Dallas, Birmingham and Los Angeles—7,500 miles that would serve to acquaint me with the fineries and foibles of the Austin-Healey.

Al Pellegrini, my piano play accompanist, merely growled unintelligibly. He owns an Olds 88.

We left New York and made fairly good time on the road to Cincinnati, but around fifty miles out I began to hear a clanking noise on the left rear side of the car. I thought the tail pipe or muffler had come loose and made a mental note to have it checked in Cincy the following day. It's lucky I didn't forget it. We nearly got clobbered the next day, thanks to that supposedly loose tail pipe.

On the way to the Austin dealer in Cincinnati (Foreign Auto Imports) I had to stop for a red light. I put on the brakes.

No brakes. No nothing.

In the meantime, assorted and sundry bunches of Detroit iron started coming at me as I rolled into the middle of the intersection at 30 mph.

Pelligrini, in one of his rare moments of perception, had presence of mind to grab frantically at the hand brake which protrudes between the seats and we did a cute little half-spin on macadam which was just drying from a morning rain and come to a stop scant inches from a hulking brute of a Packard whose driver berated us noisily.

I turned to Al and said, "That's using the old eye, Kid. That's being on the ball, Boy. Atta Fella!"

Pellegrini growled again.

We proceeded cautiously to Foreign Auto Imports and discovered what that loose tail pipe noise was and why we had no brakes.

There is a steel plate welded to each side of the box frame in the rear of the car. From each plate extends a bracket which in turn holds the shock absorber. The brackets were, unfortunately, too thin to properly support the shocks, and the left rear one had broken, leaving the shock to dangle uselessly and clank against the frame.

Apparently, the free-swinging shock had, at one point, made a complete turn around the solitary bolt that kept it from falling off entirely and had sheared the flexible hydraulic brake line, which brake line immediately relieved itself of all the brake fluid as quickly as a second baseman's double-play peg to first. Hence...no brakes. What laughs!

In all fairness, I should remind you that my

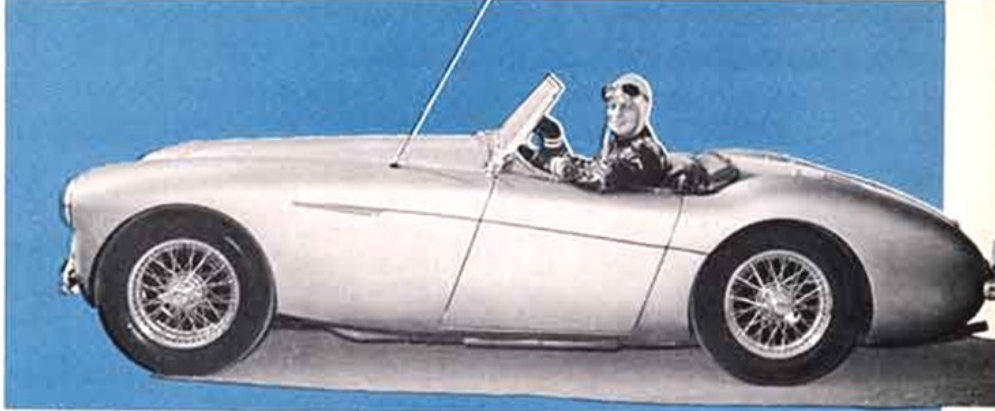
Mel Torme Road Tests the Austin-Healey

Reprinted from *Car Life*, June 1954 issue

Austin-Healey was a sample model and the Austin people assure me that the fault was corrected before the production cars were put on the market. In fact, friends of mine who have purchased production Austin-Healeys have experienced no brake difficulty.

which the overdrive unit takes hold), the toggle is in the upper or 'overdrive' position.

The great saving of gas and wear and tear on your engine will make you bless this unit many times over.



Torme drove his sleek beauty 7,500 miles cross-country to learn all of its fine points and foibles.

At any rate, I had the bracket welded and the brake line repaired and drove on to Indianapolis.

As it turned out, 1953 AAA champ Sam Hanks was in town, running tire tests for Firestone at the Indianapolis Speedway. Sam and I had become friends when I played Indy during race week of last year, and when he and Bill McCrary of Firestone invited me out to the Brickyard to watch the tests I jumped at the offer.

Next day I drove the '100' out to the mammoth Sixteenth Street oval. Hank took one look at it and remarked, speculatively. "That's a cute buggy you've got there, Mel. What'll she do?"

"Why don't you find out for yourself, Sam?" I replied. He said okay and climbed into the driver's seat, while I moved over. We went into the first turn at 50 and came out of it onto the back-stretch at 70. Sam put the accelerator down to the floorboard and kept it there.

The tach and the speedometer began to climb and I kept waiting for him to back off. He just sat there, calm and relaxed, doing 95 as we hit the north-west turn and we went into it flat out. We stayed that way until we reached the pits, and we rolled in with Sam nodding approvingly and me looking slightly green around the gills. (I make a lousy passenger!)

All in all, the car made six circuits around the 2½-mile course and the consensus was that she ran and cornered like a race car. Sam said he'd driven a Jag around the track once and that the Austin out-handled the XK a good 10 to one. Having owned both cars, I concur.

The Laycock-De Normanville overdrive unit particularly intrigued the Firestone bunch. The key to the unit is a simple toggle switch placed conveniently on the dash at the driver's fingertip. In usual city traffic the switch remains in 'normal' position. On the road or at speeds in excess of 40 mph, (the speed in

For instance, in normal drive the engine turns 3,000 rpm. At 60 mph. In overdrive, the same 60 mph. is accomplished at 2,000 revs. Likewise, she'll do a 'grunt-and-groan' 100 mph. at 5,000 laborious revs in normal, while overdrive gets it done at 3,700.

The highest speed I was able to attain was on a strip of excellent divided highway between Texarkana and Dallas, at which time I pushed her at 111 mph. (speedometer, not clocked) and she stuck to the road like glue.

I have a feeling if a perfect car were invented the automobile companies would be thrown into a bigger panic than Black Tuesday back in '29 ever hoped to be. I'm sure that from the humblest Crosely owner to the most regal possessor of a Pegaso, mutual notes could be compared on the subject of "what's wrong with my car." Austin-Healey owners will be no exception, and it's perfectly natural.

For, paragon though she may be, the Healey



The simplicity of design in the new Austin-Healey is graphically shown in this front view. Torme is at the wheel.

'100' is, like every car I ever drove or owned, guilty of a number of minute bad habits and a few glaring faults.

On the tiny side of the ledger are trivia like insufficient weather stripping and nearly ineffectual brackets to hold the convertible top down. Beside making the car an icebox at night, despite the excellent heater that's provided as standard equipment, these brackets kept loosening and slipping off the little knobs which protrude from the windshield. On one occasion, with no warning, both flim-

sy brackets slipped while I was doing about 80 and the wind nearly ripped the top completely off the car.

Also, the windshield, when lowered into a 'scuttle' position for competition, is useless. On top of hindering your vision, it offers no protection from the wind at all, and you find yourself struggling for breath if you drive over 20 mph.

On a more serious side, the motor heat makes the cockpit about as hot as a Marilyn Monroe calendar. At times the heat is so unbearable you have to stop and turn the engine off.

The production models have some asbestos sheeting appended to absorb some of the heat, but I've a feeling Austin will have to figure out something more satisfactory.

A few more relatively unimportant points would round out the above, but why carp? The Austin folks and Donald Healey are well aware of what is wrong and much of the trouble has been alleviated, as witness the foregoing comments earlier in this report as far as the production models are concerned.



Despite the compactness of the Healey, the rear compartment affords plenty of room for luggage and spare tire. A master switch in the trunk cuts off all power.

Your \$3,000 investment begins to look awfully good, by the way, when you take your car in for servicing at your local dealer's establishment. Having had to grit my teeth in the face of some of the snottiest treatment ever to mar the escutcheon of the sport car clan when I had my Jag, I'm here to inform you that the service, courtesy, understanding and interest I received at the hands of the various Austin dealers around the country was indeed gratifying.

Hollywood Auto Accessories, (Austin dealer in Dayton) serviced my car with authority and promptness, and so did the dealer in Indianapolis. Lawrence Falvey, head of Falvey Motors which handles the Austin franchise in Detroit, met me on a Sunday to discuss the shock absorber situation and to help determine the most effective solution.

The gold star winners however, for my shekels, are Foreign Auto Imports in Cincinnati and Clarence Talley Motors in Dallas. John Talley, of the latter concern, would not let my car leave the shop until it was right. Getting it right after the long trip from Dayton took

Mel Torme Road Tests the Austin-Healey

Reprinted from *Car Life*, June 1954 issue

the better part of three working days and I was only charged for that work which was essential to making the auto run properly.

Little items which I know I would have been billed for by other sport car handlers were simply not mentioned in my bill. There were a lot of little items.



A nostalgic reminder of the early days of motor-ing, with garages few and far between, is this rather complete kit of fine tools which comes with the Healey. As a teenager I found them so crum-my that I tossed them—dumb. Hap

Likewise, Bill O'Mallion of the Cincinnati firm started work on my car on Monday morning at 11 o'clock and finished after midnight. On another occasion, a few weeks later, I passed through Ciney and brought the car in to him again. He worked on it most of the day and part of the evening. Oh, yes, one more thing. That was a Sunday. If you think I got that kind of treatment because my Healey was the first these people had a chance to work on or for another reason, you can just forget it.

Bill O'Mallion summed it up for all the agen-

cies when he said, "So much damage has been done public-relation-wise in the sport car sales and service field that we think it's about time the customers got a fair shake,



not only in the process we charge for servicing their vehicles, but in our attitude toward them."

"After all, if it wasn't for them there'd be no Foreign Auto Imports of Cincinnati and our merchandise should be sold to them as pleasantly and attractively as any other standard product on the American market."

Wise words, Bill! I have a feeling the other large agencies are feeling the brunt of such extraordinary behavior as yours. I'm not surprised at all that the big posers in Coventry, England, and after viewing the beautiful lines and the moderate price of the Austin '100' lowered the price on their pride and joy by \$800.

When they get a load of the excellent service and reasonable prices to be had under the Austin aegis, radical measures will probably be taken in that department, if they hope to compete successfully with the Austin product.

Hey, I'm starting to sound like those enthusiasts I mentioned at the beginning of this article, but I can't help myself! I am sold! Nine weeks and nearly 8,000 miles later, I am more than willing to admit that the Austin-Healey '100' is Britain's best buy!

EDITOR'S NOTE—Article originally published in the June 1954 issue of Car Life. The article was recently reintroduced to the Healey community via comments on the autox.team.net Healey forum. Mel's Healey is one of the few AHX## prototypes made, being one of two for the '53 New York Motor Show. Anyone know which one? Boy, does this article illustrate how much U.S. culture and expectations have changed since the '50s? Hap

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- 6th St. George Run—Hosted by the Klenks
- 13th Highland Games—Hosted by Jim Oswald
- 28th Monthly Membership Meeting at Wildhorse Golf Course

May 2019

- 11th Mother's Day Brunch—Hosted by the Ogles
- 13-17th California Healey Week in Temecula, California—Hosted by the Austin-Healey Association of Southern California
- 26th Indy 500 Party & Informal Membership Meeting—Hosted by the Couturiers

June 2019

- 1st Father's Day Brunch & Mt. Charleston Cruise—Hosted by the Seminators
- 12th Board Meeting
- 30th Monthly Membership Meeting at Wildhorse Golf Course



British Auto Club of Las Vegas
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