

Off-Side Undo



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BRITISH CAR DAY NEW ORLEANS

Dennis Loftin, Frank Peel, the Wade's and the House's recently attended the Second Annual New Orleans British Car Day this past May.

Despite the dreary weather, the show had a good gathering of MG's, Triumph's and Jag's with a Sunbeam Tiger thrown in for good measure. The relaxed atmosphere was most refreshing, as we had an opportunity to visit with old friends and make many new ones.



The English Motoring Club fared well in the awards, with a first in the Austin Healey's going to Craig and Jane House with their 100. Our New Orleans member, Jim Clark, also took a first in Triumph's with his 1957 TR-3 small mouth and Tere Wade's 1980 Rover took a third place in the "All Other" class behind two MG-T types.

Normally, at this point in my articles I like to recount all of the mishaps that befall our cars during a caravan like this. As it turned out, we did not have a bit of trouble for the entire trip. Sorry gang, no exciting break-

downs this trip.

But we still managed to have a good time!

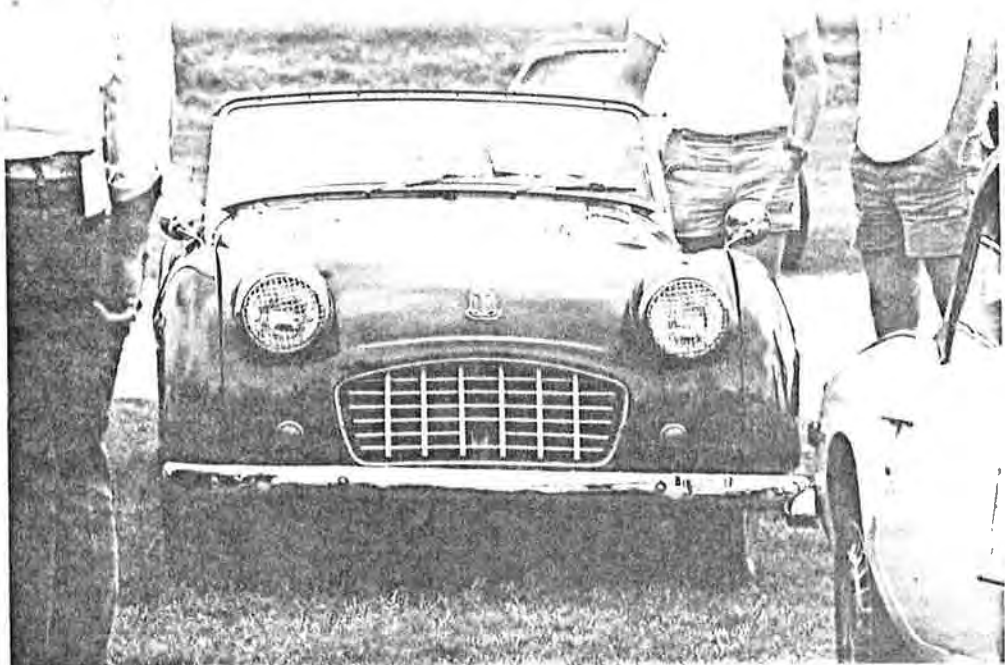
IN SEARCH OF . . . DONALD HEALEY!

Picture this: An invitation to spend an afternoon in a Pensacola pub, knocking back a few beers and rapping with a dozen other Healey enthusiasts about their favorite subject, in the company of their favorite subject - Donald Healey! Intrigued? Then read further . . .

Our short story begins in Biloxi where Alex Jr. and I teamed up with Jack and Bridgett Pool.

Jack, ever the complete enthusiast, drove his Healey down from Natchez and gave us a good going-over for driving our Japanese iron down from Brandon to meet Donald Healey. (Well, there was this cloud, see . . .). After an obligatory tirade about sportsmanship, tradition and God Save the Queen, Jack calmed down and we settled back at the nearest pool-side bar to relax.

As planned, we had decided to make the trip to Pensacola as a two day trip. This left plenty of time for wining and dining, long walks along the beach, tennis, and . . . well . . . GOOLY Golf. This all made for an enjoyable weekend and



a suitable preamble for the next day's drive to Pensacola.

The next day, we met up with our hosts, the Austin Healey Club of Louisiana, at the Alabama border and caravanned on toward our destination. (It was interesting to note that not everyone drove a Healey, causing one member to remark "The man probably knows what one looks like.")

The caravan on this last leg gave me a chance to reflect upon what I should say upon meeting a living legend. After all, what can one say or ask that he has not heard a thousand times before?

"Do you ever think there will be another Healey?" Uh, no. Bet that one has been used before.

"Why didn't you sue Alfa Romeo for copying your Triumph Straight Eight engine design?" Not bad; let's hold that one in reserve.

"Why are there so many shades of Healey Green engine paint?" Nah. Besides, who cares?

Best to keep things short and polite, I thought, and let him know what an honor it is to meet him. I'll just enjoy hearing him talk about his exploits as a World War One bomber pilot, his years with Sopwith Aviation, Triumph, Humber, and his own concerns. Maybe he'll talk about his rallying years with ABC's, Invicta's, Triumph's and Healey's of every type. Certainly we will want to hear about his land speed record runs and also to hear his opinion about the British motor industry today.

To make a short story even shorter, we arrived



in Pensacola at the designated time and place but, unfortunately, without Mr. Healey. We were told by the organizers, the Pensacola Healey Club, that Mr. Healey had become ill and could not attend.

Disappointed? Of course. Mad? Not at all. We had a safe trip, ate well, met several new people, and were thoroughly entertained the entire weekend. I also got my first opportunity to drive Jack's restored 3000 (it's like driving a toaster across the Sahara) and enjoyed giving it back to him when the weather turned foul.

I'm even looking forward to not meeting Mr. Healey again some day!

SHORT CIRCUITS

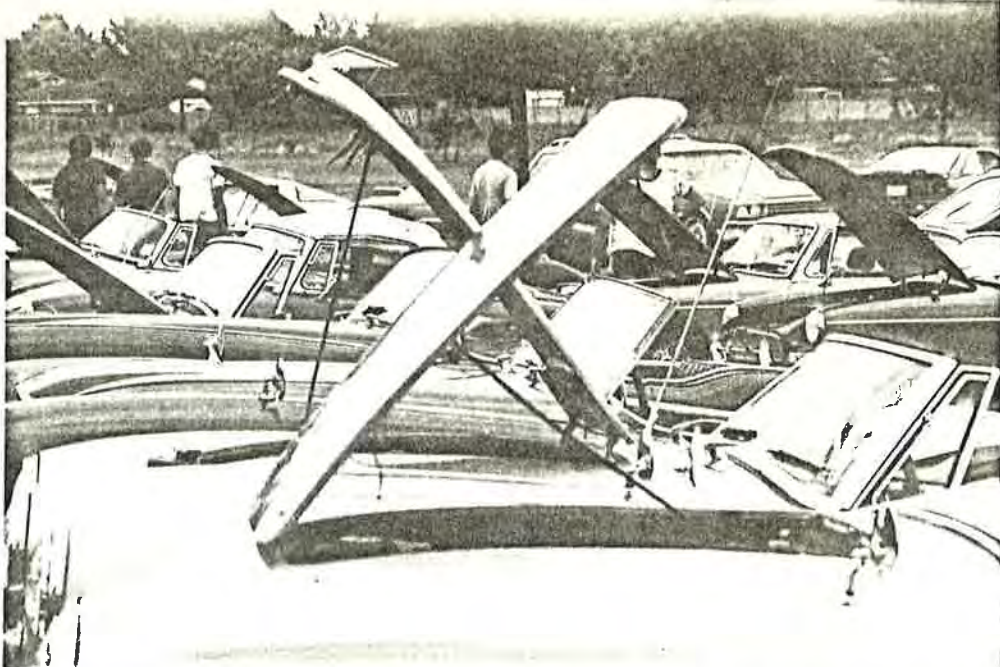
. . . the Healey's of both Bubba Peet and Joe Speetjens have suffered parking lot hit and run accidents . . . Steve Collins is visiting England as you read this newsletter and he plans to visit Coventry, the birthplace of his TR-6 . . . David Peabody's 1970 Rover is for sale (he's interested in a Mini) . . .

TECH TIP

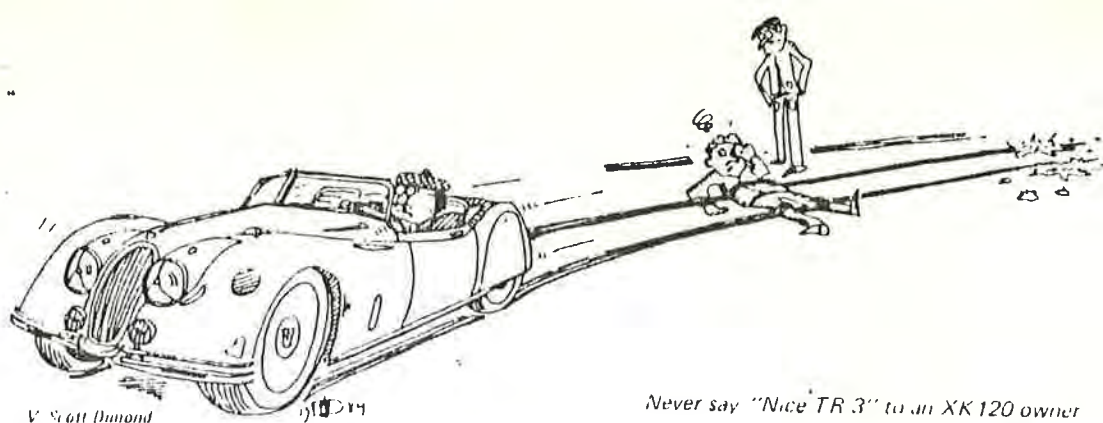
Stuck clutch?

To remedy this common problem, try using assistants to rock the car back and forth while the transmission is in first gear and the clutch is depressed. If this does not break the clutch free, try driving the car about in a safe area with the clutch depressed while you blip the throttle.

If all this doesn't work, try squirting water onto



the clutch and pressure plate through an access hole or plate. According to Edward Kovalchick of Kovalchick's Auto Repair in Monroe, Louisiana, this trick works every time - just make sure that you allow the car to heat up adequately afterwards to allow the moisture to evaporate.



V. Scott Diamond

Never say "Nice TR 3" to an XK120 owner

BRITLETS

KABOINGOIDS - forehead bumps caused by trying to remove wire wheels with a rubber mallet.

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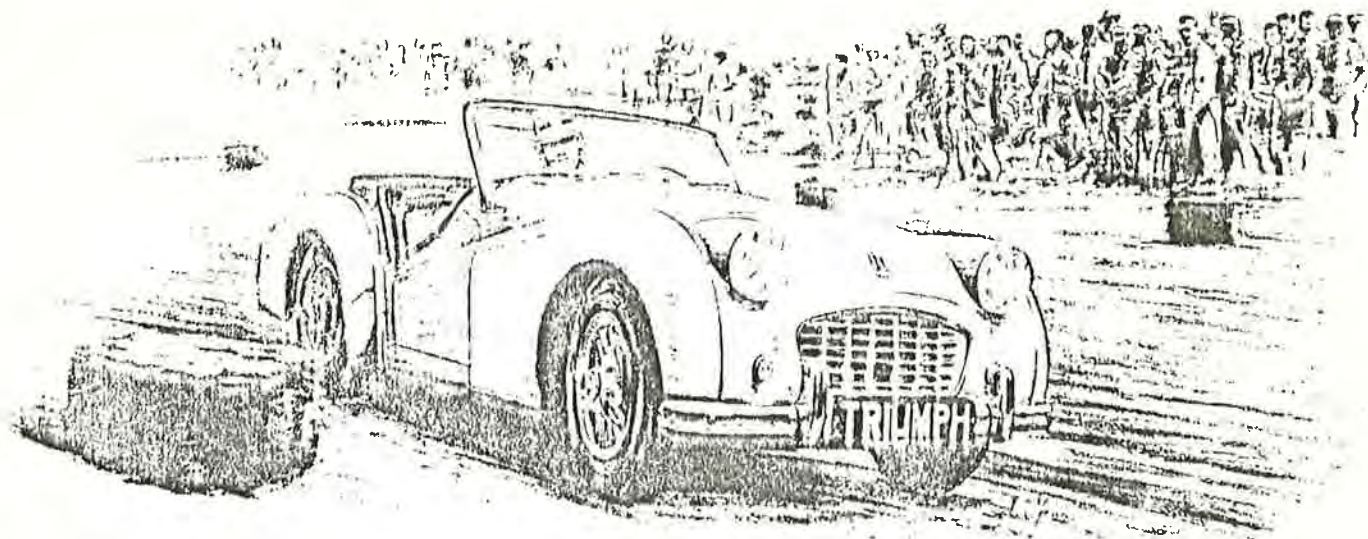
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