

Off-Side Undo

English Motoring Club

Vol. 9302 4305 Woodside, Vicksburg, MS 39180 Apr 93



A Festival
of British Cars
the British Lifestyle
and the odd bit of Nonsense

The English Motoring Club
4305 Woodside,
Vicksburg, MS 39180

PAT & BARBARA CASHMAN
237 MICAULEY,
DICKSBURG MS 39180,



PL Letter from the Editor- the Tops Down Party ?????

Well, the annual Tops Down Party was held on Sunday, March the 21st, at the home of Steve and Julia Cappello in Brandon, Mississippi. Now I know that you are all expecting an in-depth article on the blessed event from your trusty editor, but I'm afraid I must be honest with you. The Simmers contingent didn't make it to the Tops Down Party. In the tradition of good journalism, however, I will give you my version of the day instead.

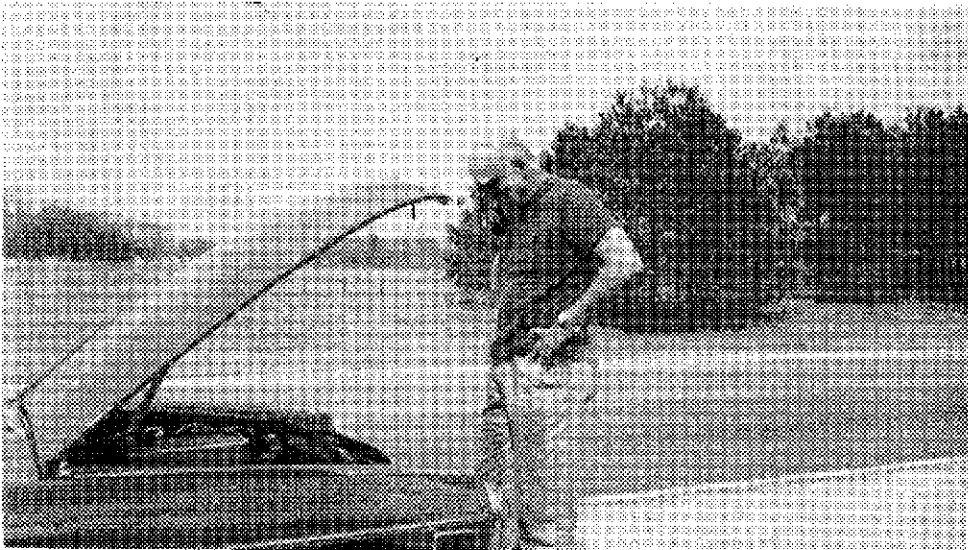
Armed with directions in hand, we set out from Vicksburg to Brandon, my father in the MGB-GT, followed for posterity's sake by my boyfriend and myself in his decidedly un-British car.

Things seem to be going along uneventfully, when suddenly my father signals and pulls off into a small gas station with what seems to be a large population of regulars drinking beer and tinkering with various broken down cars in the parking lot. My father leaps from the car, muttering something about temperature gauges. He opens the hood and peers in, reaching for the radiator cap. My boyfriend grabs my arm and pulls me out of the way, just in time to see my father engulfed by a huge "sploosh" of hot water. This needless to say, does not please him, and a volley of quite imaginative curses spew forth as my father hops around indignantly, the expression on his face similar to that of a wet cat.

Having been present during, and having caused many of our car problems, my karma is instantly called into question. I deny this explanation vehemently. Dad fiddles with this, taps on that, and announces that all's well, and we'll only be a little bit late.

After the third such emergency pit stop, I begin to question our getting anywhere, much less on time.

We end up on our fourth stop at a truck stop in Clinton. Once again, same drill - my father tinkers and swears, my boyfriend and I look for pretty rocks among the parking lot gravel. This particular stop is well populated by would-be mechanics, most notably the grease-covered redneck who wanted to know, "How fast will that thang git?" Higher than his IQ would be a safe bet, I'd say.



PZ We try to call the party, but our call is intercepted first by a small child, then by a most uncooperative operator. We eventually contact my mother, who doesn't seem awfully surprised by the situation.

Finally, we get to the party, in enough time to say hi to everyone as they get into their cars to drive home. Chalk one up for the reliable British automobile.

As for the party, I'm assured that a good time was had by all.

Coming Events

May 13-14

3rd New Orleans British Car Day
call Frazer Rice (504)736-0452 or
Roger Gibson (504)887-2725 for information

June 6

Picnic
Riverbend Park at the
22 mile marker on the
Natchez Trace North
a flyer will be mailed
Harvey and Joan Lane

September 26

Picnic
Harvey and Joan Lane

English Motoring Club Officers 1993

John Simmers, Chief
(601)638-0968 Home
(601)634-2803 Work

Keith Anderson, Membership Chairperson
(601)829-2573 Home
(601)373-0682 Work

Steve Collins, Tech Chairperson
(601)982-5543

Alex Wade, Chancellor of the Exchequer
(601)825-9621

Harvey and Joan Lane Social Chairpersons
(601)965-2707 Home
(601)362-6199 Work

Susan Simmers Editor-in Chief
(601)638-0968

P3

Scottish Highland Games of Mississippi

This project partially financed
through a grant by the Metro
Jackson Convention & Visitors
Bureau

And
British Car Day
for further information
call

John Simmers
(601) 638-0968

November 5-6



Saturday, November 6 - Gates open at 9:00 a.m.

ENTERTAINMENT

Songs and Music of Scotland
Celtic music by the Gramarye
Scottish Country Dancing
Shepherding demonstrations by Border
Collies of Douglas Rogers
Childrens Games

HIGHLAND GAMES COMPETITIONS

Highland dancing
Individual piping & drumming
Pipe bands
Athletics

OPENING CEREMONIES 12:00 Noon

Introduction of honored guests,
Massed Bands
Parade of the Tartans, all Clans and Societies

SCOTTISH MERCHANTS

AUTHENTIC Scottish goods and souvenirs

SCOTTISH FOODS

Meat pies, bridies & sausage rolls, fish & chips,
Scotch eggs, American style foods

AVENUE OF THE CLANS

To welcome visitors, providing Clan and other Scottish
information.

VISIT THE FABULOUS HISTORIC VILLAGE AND MUSEUM, A SHOWPLACE OF THE LAST CENTURY

Gates close at 5:00 P.M.

CEILIDH 7:30 p.m.

Featuring internationally acclaimed Scottish
vocalists and many other headline attractions.
Ag Museum Auditorium

HOST HOTEL

Quality Inn, 4641 I-55 North
Phone: (601) 982-1044.

For information on other accommodations
please contact the Games Secretary:

SHIRLEY QUARLES

4211 HERRINGTON BLVD.
PEARL, MS 39208
(601) 939-8220 (evenings only)

P3A

The Big Time Barbara Cashman

'You're never too small to hit the big time,' said Webb Wyler, the idol of idle youth, on one of his most recent albums. So my loving but somewhat crazed husband unceasingly reminded me during the tail end of '92. The source of these words of wisdom (which I plan to needlepoint into a whoopee cushion) was two small articles in car magazines featuring his cars.

The November issue of EJAG featured some of Pat's 1/24 scale model cars in an article titled "Little Jags, Big Fun". Pictured are two of the dioramas he has had at the Empire Rally and our Christmas party. The first shows the cars on the parking lot of the Vicksburg Evening Post prepped for the run for the coveted trophy. Steam can even be seen coming from the bonnet of Dennis Lofton's Healey. Small versions of our Lotus, TR3A (before the rear crunch), and the Mark II Jag can be seen.

Not completed in time for the photo shoot was John Simmers' 1/24 scale MGB-GT/ This has got to be the most complex model (judging from, the amount of 'magic' words I hear as he has worked on it these past months) Pat has ever attempted. This model has also been "cursed" with bad luck. After one extensive afternoon - long photo session accompanied by our son John and one of the Simmers' ubiquitous dogs making alternate trips through the lake behind Simmers' house and across Florence's carpeting, Pat discovered there was no film in the camera.

At a later time, these shots were redone - sans kids and dogs and with film. Extensive measurements are made to make sure the camera is the exact distance from the subject so that when the photos are developed, the numerous decals, car badges, and other madness Simmers applied to his car are to scale. This time the photo shop Pat took the film to for developing decided to surprise him with enlargements of all the shops! Can you see why this model is taking so long

to complete? (Editor's note: As an employee of said photo shop, I can assure you that this is a complete fabrication. Really. I mean it. Beware the editor!)

The second photo in the article shows several of Pat's 1/24 Jaguars being worked on in British Performance Motors, the garage diorama he continues to add to.

Pat has worked on models since he was very young and confined to bed for many, many months with a rare bone disease. They continue to give him much pleasure to build, and I've gotten used to having half the bedroom taken up with models in various stages of construction. I do admit to getting antsy when he spray paints them, as we have a white Battenberg lace bedspread. To his credit, miraculously enough, it's still white!

Amanda, our twelve year old, shares her father's love for the minute and has even won first, second, and third prize at the '91 Memphis car show for some

**Dues are now due. Please send your \$15.00 to
Alec Wade before your house is surrounded by
ATF agents!!**

25
P6

The Big Time Continued

of her constructions.

The December issue of "Sphinx", the newsletter for the Armstrong Siddley Owners Club, ran a picture of our own "Daphne" taken at the Biloxi lighthouse on our way back from the South Alabama British Car Day held in Fairhope in October last. Accompanying the picture was a short letter explaining the significance of the shot.

In the Brooklands Gold Portfolio 1945-1960 on Armstrong Siddleys was a shot of two 1946 Siddleys parked near the lighthouse. The article it accompanies is the delightful tale of the first two AS's delivered to the U.S. in late '45. Roger Barlow, head of International Motors, of L.A. took delivery of the cars in New York, and he and his wife Louise drove them 3500 miles to his firm which he had formed to market high-class British and Continental cars in the U.S.

The recounting of their journey, written by Mrs. Barlow, is fascinating. They have numerous adventures driving the cars in the snow and ice of the East Coast. They are quite glad to finally find Spring in the South and spend the night at the then swank Buena Vista Hotel where Mrs. Barlow mentions eating the delicious "Gulf shrimp served in a special sauce."

Once Pat saw the picture on page 22, he was determined to duplicate the shot. The truly wonderful show the Masons put on finally gave us the opportunity.

Simmers had been telling us about how great this show was and how beautiful the setting was - gorgeous British iron beside the beautiful sandy beach and under the live oak trees. After the hot, dusty field of stubble that managed to get rather indecently into places it shouldn't have and the fiasco with the awards dinner in Memphis the year before, we decided the Fairhope show would be our October one.

As usual with him, it wasn't quite what Simmers had told us - through no fault of his own. This year it rained, still we had the best time I think we have ever had at any show. We can't wait to give it another try with sun.

The people really went all-out. They were all so friendly and interesting. We stayed at the Barrens Motel, quickly referred to by all as "Bates Motel". It was run by a charming Indian couple speaking a delightful English who enjoyed seeing all the British cars, and they let us have rather a free rein of the place.

We found ourselves on the first floor directly beneath Florence and Simmers and next door to Jim Jones, a rather interesting chap as it turned out, but don't drink the Kool-aid he might offer you. About 3 a.m., I awoke to the sound of a chainsaw close to my head, or so I first believed. Fuzzily I decided it must be Pat snoring until I realized he had also been awakened by the noise. "My word", I said. "Since it's not you, it must be Simmers snoring." Pat then

The Big Time Continued

pointed out that there were at least six inches of concrete floor plus carpeting and ceiling tiles between us and Simmers, for which I was very grateful, for he and Florence had somehow caused the bed to collapse the year before in Memphis. It was then that we determined two things. 1) the noise emanated from the aforementioned Jim Jones next door, and 2) we weren't going to get any more sleep as long as he did.

Shortly after the sun came up, I went up to knock on Simmers' door and was treated (?) to the sight of him sleepily clad only in Union Jack underwear, thus laying to rest once and for all the wonder of what he really wears under his kilt.

As I previously mentioned, it rained for the show, but did not dampen anyone's spirits, believe me. Au contraire, mon frere! It lent a decidedly British air to the whole affair replete with a real English bobby (ret.) in uniform, bagpipers, and Peter Thornley, son of John of the same name of MG fame. We won first in Britannia class and the Chamber of Commerce choice award, presented by a lass from across the Big Pond. John won Second in MGB-GT; Steve Collins naturally got first for his impeccable TR6, so the EMC did well.

After the Show, we repaired to the bar of the Grand Hotel for drinks and take swapping. I told the waitress to give John any drink he wished on me as it was his 50th birthday. Later she brought out a cake and candles for all to share on this festive occasion.

But I seem to have strayed from my original topic which was, need I remind you, the picture of the AS at the Biloxi lighthouse. (Somehow even mentioning Simmers makes one's mind ramble. It's infectious, I tell you!) So much in the vein of Owl in the Winnie the Pooh series, I take up my tale again the next day which dawned bright and sunny. Pat and I motored over to Biloxi leisurely trailering the rather enormous Daphne behind.

We made a few passes by the lighthouse to check out the security since we were quite sure that parking on the median between four lanes of traffic would be frowned upon. Luckily security was non-existent and the traffic was quite light, it being a Sunday and the good folk of Biloxi were either all in church or in the casinos.

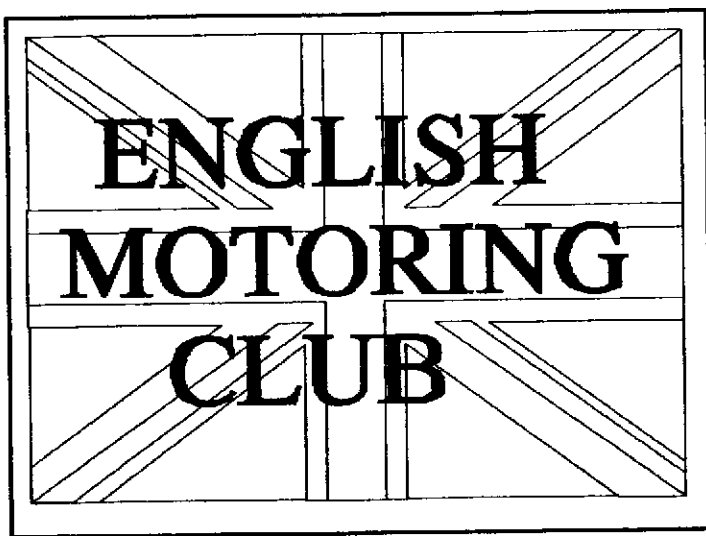
Next we pulled up to the shuttered and neglected grounds of the White Pillars Hotel, ignoring the NO TRESPASSING signs for surely they didn't mean us, and unloaded Daphne. Then we motored quickly back with our camera this time loaded with film to the lighthouse, took a few shots hurriedly, and beat it back to reload her and scamper off. In fact, we were unnoticed by any except one homeless derelict who was inventorying the entire contents of his two rather large shopping bags on a bench at a bus stop across the highway. He shouted to us in a big toothless grin, "Boy, I'd like to see how you guys work!"

P1

The Big Time Concluded

In the letter accompanying the photo published in 'Sphinx', Pat explained that the Gulf Coast had much changed in the nearly fifty years elapsed between the two shots and that the once swank Buena Vista Hotel was now closed and fallen into disrepair. However, he remembers attending press conventions with his family there as a child and eating those same delicious shrimp.

It's a trivial thing in the great cosmic scheme of things, but duplicating the photo shot was something we had felt the need to do for whatever reason for quite a while. We felt it was validated by being included in the ASOC magazine, but then again, they were probably just as desperate for material as the EMC editors are. (And right you are, Barbara! - the ed.)



A Few Comments from the Chief

We do not have an Empire Trophy Rally this year. We do not have a rally because there was insufficient time in which to DO IT RIGHT. Our guests expect our events to be DONE RIGHT and we expect the same of them when we visit. Last year our show was not done quite right. We had no hospitality, or breakfast or for that matter, very little club support. We have hospitality catered by the Caledonian Society this year, as well as a suite at the host hotel for the games. We will need your support to make our British Car Day really memorable for the EMC and our new guests and old guests, if any come back. I will be in touch with you each and every one, either through the UNDO or personally, to pull together all the parts for our show. Hopefully, next year we will have the support and member enthusiasm to reconvene the Empire Trophy as well as have British Car Day

P2

VTR NATIONAL CONVENTION By: Steve Collins

Joe Speetjens and I left at 5:00 a.m. on July 22 for a full days drive before reaching Savannah, GA, site of the 1992 Vintage Triumph Register National Convention. For those of you who have never experienced Savannah in July, it is so unbelievably hot that a substantial proportion of the Northern State contingency passed out from heat stroke with such frequency that the ambulance placed 3rd in Peoples Choice - Modified Division.

Aside from the heat, Savannah is both aesthetically and architecturally a beautiful setting for a VTR meet. We rallied around heavily shaded 200 year old town squares, and drove down miles of boulevards lined with live oaks and spanish moss. Joe and I went shopping at the river front one evening, and I watched a radio station sponsored contest to determine who could hit a golf ball over the river the farthest, while Joe went searching for a bush hat resembling what a neutered Crocodile Dundee would have enjoyed wearing.

About 200 cars were registered for the convention. The turn out was smaller than hoped for and smaller than other recent VTR Nationals. Still, some very unique and pristine cars were entered. This was my fourth VTR and most noticeably, the quality of cars in concours is substantially improved over past years. It is now rare to find a concours entrant that has not undergone a frame off restoration. It is disappointing in some ways that concours is becoming a venue for professional restoration shops to advertise their works. The quality of the professional restorations is fabulous, however a number of nice cars elected to show in Peoples Choice instead of concours because the hobbyists felt out of place when compared to the absentee-owner, no expense spared professional restoration.

I judged the Stag and Vitesse models, and then soaked in the wonderful view of all these Triumphs in one place. I had three personal favorites: 1) a 1957 TR3 finished in Winchester blue. It is only the second TR3 I've ever seen in this rare color. Triumph used this color for only 9 months before Mercedes purchased the rights to this beautiful shade of blue-grey. The car had wires and the original blue leather interior. 2) a Peoples Choice entered 1979 BRG Spitfire with Panasports and Webers. This immaculate car epitomized the enthusiasm the owner had for sheer driving enjoyment. 3) a 1976 Java green TR7 coupe. This car has won National concours for three years in a row. What is so unusual is that it is a Speke-built car. The quality control of the pre-1978 Speke factory cars was so abysmal that very few are still running, much less in concours condition, (production was moved to Coventry during the strike of 1978). According to a visiting British Motor Club dignitary from London, this car is probably the finest Speke-built TR7 left in the world.

The dignitary also commented that the quality of cars in the VTR is superior to that of his Country. Speaking of dignitaries, Ken Richardson, father of the TR3, flew from England to make his 5th VTR convention. Sadly, this was the first convention that his

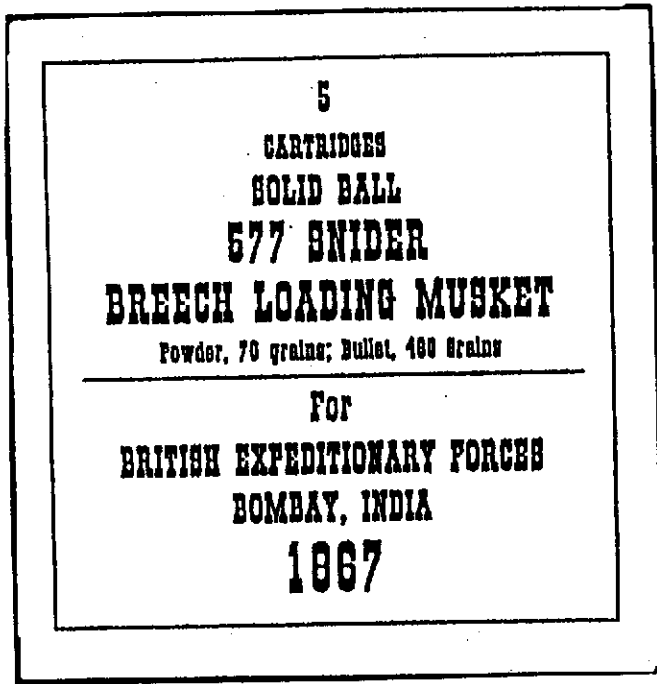
29
VTR NATIONAL CONVENTION Continued

advancing age prevented him from speaking at the banquet.

Other highlights of the 5 days included a multi-state rally (of which Frank Peel entered), Solo I & II racing at nearby Roebing Raceway, the fun rally through Savannah, a beach party featuring \$5 daiquiris, and of course, the excellent A/C in the hotel room.

Being a fanatic for car sales literature, I picked up a load of NOS brochures on the TR7, TR8, & Spitfire. The guy selling them lived near the Leona, New Jersey office of British Leyland (later Jaguar/Rover/Triumph). He said that when the office closed several years ago, they were throwing away crates of old brochures, posters, etc for every American specification British import from 1954-on. He rented a U-Hall and recovered as much as possible!

My trusty TR6 took 1st in concours for the third year in a row, so by VTR rules I can no longer show it in concours, and must retire to the Masters class. Next year's convention is in Seattle, so I am already trying to convince Shannon that it would be great to take a West Coast vacation in '93.



P10

English Motoring Club
1993 Dues Reminder

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Telephone (H) _____ (O) _____
Car 1 _____
Car 2 _____
Car 3 _____

Please return form and your \$15 check to:

English Motoring Club
P. O. Box 5263
Jackson, MS 39216-5263

PW

The Loch Ness Antique Car and Aircraft Meet

by Byron Farquar Thudpucker III

It has been some time since I last wrote to the Off-Side Undo about my current endeavors, so this letter will try to bring you up-to-date regarding my latest activities.

Last April was a particularly miserable month (being so unseasonably comfortable) so I arranged to meet a friend at my winter cottage on the Isle of Skye in Scotland. My friend is currently "homeless," so to speak, due to an unfortunate misunderstanding she had with the Royal Family. Something to do with toes, I am told. In any case, I had something to look forward to when I packed my bags and left for my holiday.

Arriving at my cottage in Kilmaluag, I hastily made my way to the attached hanger/garage to see how my aircraft and auto collection had survived the winter. Both of my 1929 MG M Types were in fine shape and my 1931 Supermarine S.6B Schneider Cup seaplane racer cranked on the first swing of the prop. This is a very effective device for shaking the accumulated snow off the roof and devastating all dairy production in the surrounding countryside for a month. My friend and I decided that a perfect adventure would be to attend the Loch Ness Vintage Auto and Aircraft Meet at Foyers which was to be held the following weekend. We proceeded to make arrangements.

We quickly discovered that an MG M Type does not make a good tow car. We had removed and mounted the wings of the S.6B on a trailer and had intended to tow the beast with the MG to our destination. We found, however, that TWD MG M Types could do the job if hitched up in series. On steep grades, we would crank up the S.B6 and tow the MG's, much to the consternation of the local constabulary. My friend and I quickly got the hang of driving this arrangement and made our way to the meet with only the occasional broken half-shaft to slow us up.

Arriving in Foyers half way through the Vintage Meet, we wasted little time in assembling the plane and launching it on Loch Ness in preparation for the vintage plane race. As it had been some time since I had flown, I thought it might be wise to take the S.B6 out for a spin and a few touch and go's. This was to prove my undoing.

On one high speed landing, my pontoons were hooked on an unexpected object which rose out of the water to form a large hoop. This collision caused the pontoons to shear off their struts and began skipping down the Loch like flat stones tossed on a farm pond. The first casualty was a National Geographic research vessel which was struck by one of the pontoons. I am told that the only serious damage was to the film and camera used to record the first verifiable and irrefutable image of Nessie. The second pontoon smashed into the royal yacht, careening down a banquet table during lunch and causing quite a bit of commotion. My friend found this last accident quite amusing.

The incident with Nessie left me with no means of landing the Supermarine safely. Fortunately, a suggestion was made that the MG's could come to the rescue by driving together down a road and allowing the plane to land upon them. This sounded like a good idea, so we gave it a try. Upon touchdown, however, the remaining pontoon struts jammed into the car bodies so thoroughly that it would require a great deal of effort and expertise to separate the three. Not having the time to do the job right, we decided to continue our participation in the vintage meet as best we could.

Continued next page

PKZ

As the MG's had wooden bodies, it was only a matter of dabbing pitch along the joints in the floorboards and firewalls to make them watertight. By leaving the wheels in place, the plane became a true amphibian and was a big hit with the vintage plane buffs. The only thing that slowed us up during the air meet was the necessity to stop every 500 miles to grease the MG's tie rods and trunnion bearings, a routine I stick to religiously. We also participated in the car rally, with my friend and I driving the MG's in synchronous harmony with hand controls to operate the throttle of the Supermarine. We would have won, too, if we had not been disqualified for being airborne across the finish line.

As I am writing this, I am back in Kilmaluag and the cars and the plane are all resting peacefully as separate entities, fully restored to their former glory and grace. Spring flowers are beginning to appear on the heath so I fear it is time to move on to more appropriate climates. Perhaps one of my summer homes in Dakar or Khartoum. I will write again.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale: 1975 Spitfire, new muffler, shocks, rear end, extra cylinder head, new top. \$2500. Jim Butler (601)634-1058

For Sale: Three 165 x 15 tires, nearly new- \$ 45. Two Corbeau bucket seats, black fabric. Were in my TR-6, will even fit in a Mini- \$100. Pat Cashman (601)638-2340 (h) (601)636-4545 (w)

For Sale: 1958 MGA 1,000 miles on total frame off reatoration, red/tan with wire wheels- \$9,500, negotiable. (504)748-8223

Wanted to Buy: TR-6 to restore. Joel Elkins (904)623-0415 (h)

Wanted to Buy: Sprite engine and transmission. Kent Turner (601)638-8005 (h)

DRUID ADVISORY

Greetings, Prettanoi, Nothing much happening Druid-wise, until the end of the month. Beltane (May Day) is the eve of May 1, when Lugus, the God of Light, replaces Nuada, the elder King of the Gods. It is a time of great magic, the greening of the land and the flowering of the gardens and fields - an important Druadic feast day. So eat, drink, and be merry, and don't forget to leave a little wine out for the "little people".

Sluagh Sidhe

P13

Whitworth Spanners Shade Tree Garage

A COLUMN IN WHICH TECHNICAL MATTERS ARE DISCUSSED

Dear Mr. Spanner, Sir:

The bonnet release cable on my TR-6 severed, leaving the bonnet hopelessly locked in place. How do I open the bonnet without resorting to crow bar and hammer methodology?

Respectfully, Sir Horace Pinktiegh-on-Avon Slough-Suffolks, Esq.

Dear S.H.P.O.A.S.S. Esq.:

Bonnet release problems are fortunately rare, but nonetheless catastrophic headaches for TR-4 through TR-6 owners. The problem stems from a lack of access to the bonnet latch from any direction in the enclosed engine bay. The bonnet release cable usually has come loose from the securing bolt.

There are two solutions, 1) the front method, and 2) the underneath method. In both solutions, the objective is to reach a spring loaded arm on the bonnet release catch and push the arm horizontally towards the firewall. As an orientation, the bonnet release catch is on the right (passenger) side of the firewall. The bonnet release lever is located on the right side of the bonnet release catch.

1) Front Method:

This will work only if you drive around without the card board air deflector in place (like Frank Peel). I have not tried this method, but Frank assures me it works. Insert a broom handle through the grill so that it travels over the intake manifold. Touch the end of the handle on the lever and push forward to release the bonnet.

2) Underneath Method:

Since this will require disassembly and torturous positions, drive to a shop where the car can be raised on a lift. Remove the curved exhaust pipes between the exhaust manifold and the horizontal piping to allow access to the underneath side of the carbs. You will now want to allow the car to sufficiently cool because the starter retains much more heat than does the exhaust system.

Now comes the hard part. Place a 12" flat blade screw driver in your right hand and wedge your right arm in between the starter and the firewall until your elbow will not allow any further vertical movement. It helps to have the car lowered slightly as you stand underneath so you get full use of your height. Have an assistant shine a flashlight up to the catch. You will clearly see the edge of the lever. The difficult part now is to position the end of the screw driver on the lever and push, because your elbow is painfully wedged between components. Be careful not to let the screw driver slip so as to not do damage to the underneath side of the hood.

Once the hood opens, you will want to ensure you fasten the cable securely with the factory bolt. I additionally placed a barrel nut on my cable as added caution. - WS

The Editor appreciates all contributions to the UNDO. We will try to publish all that space allows.

P14

ANGLO-MIATA

PARTS & ACCESSORIES

We here at Anglo-Miata are dedicated to providing parts and accessories designed to help keep your Miata looking and running just like the British car it should have been. We are pleased to offer several introductory specials this month only:

89-3459/b - Wiring Harness Dress-up Kit \$15.99

Includes a stick-on plate with dangling wires (some charred). Mounts under dash so wires dangle into foot well. Also includes weakened fusible links to be attached in any barely accessible spot on your wiring harness. Has built-in smoke feature, unpredictable timed release.

55-9909-R Soft Top Seal, Forward \$12.95

Leaks like a sieve. Suggest you add duct tape for an authentic look.

11-0087\Z Instruction Manual \$37.50

Printed in the finest British tradition. Almost as understandable as the original Japanese edition.

33-1313-BA Whitworth Conversion Kit \$129.00

Contains all Whitworth nuts and bolts, as well as taps and dies, to convert your car to the "Mad Nuffield" standard. The next owner's mechanic will love this one.

99-0011-SU SU Carburetor Conversion Kit \$299.00

Our best selling item. Why would you want a carburetor that doesn't leak or which stays in tune?

UU-9989-LS Distributor Kit \$10.00

Convert your distributor to points & condenser. All parts interchangeable with 1928 Wolseley.

00-8899 Oil Leak Kit \$5.95

Replaces most gaskets and O-rings

ASR/7869 Worm & Peg Steering Unit \$495.00

Another popular item. Guaranteed to keep you busy and alert on long night drives.

Send bank draft in pounds sterling with 15% shipping & handling to Anglo-Miata Parts & Accessories, P.O. Box 1000, Ebenezer, MS 39055.

THE MONTHLY BRITISH FASHION NOTE

Another indispensable accessory for the colonial gentleman are his braces. However, here in the colonies these items supporting the gentleman's trousers are often called suspenders. Suspenders, sir, are those little hanging down things that madam employs to hold up her hose.