



Newsletter June '09

Alvan Judson - editor

The Delorean Adventure continues...thanks to Steve Miller.

It should be noted that, before my trip to Gettysburg for the bi-annual gathering of the Delorean clan, I had noticed that after a heavy rain the Delorean was getting increasingly difficult to start but, of course I made no attempt at any kind of diagnosis because that would fly in the face of my "what could go wrong" way of thinking when it comes to travel by British car.

That particular Pennsylvania morning was quite "dewy". A cold front had slid thru overnight and rain was impending, but the firing of my car seemed it was not (impending that is). I wasted a little time re-packing the boot as we British enthusiasts are fond of saying and went out for a re-try. Cranking again was this time more encouraging as it almost fired. Of course you wiseacres out there are saying, "Just take the distributor cap off and give it a good wipe down or spray with that moisture evaporating stuff and maybe a shot of ether into the carbs and be on your way you twit!"

Sorry no carbs and have you seen where the Delorean distributor cap is located? Of course you haven't because it can't be seen by the naked eye and can only be reached by one those Las Vegas contortionist women that can fit into the Magician's box. I did however wipe down as many plug wires as were exposed and after giving the battery a much needed rest, one more try before I started knocking on strangers doors asking for a jump.

Well, of course, on the verge of desperate measures it started! This kept my record of only being stranded by #%&ing Jaguars intact.

The idling was very rough and, even though it was reluctant to smooth out, I slid it into gear and crept onto the main road. It was slow going for the 19 miles to the interstate but that did nothing to shake my confidence that the Delorean would deliver me home in good time. Nor did the fact that, for the first 30 miles on the interstate, I could not gain enough momentum to get into 5th. Every sort of vehicle passed me staring at the space craft like machine struggling to top 45 mph. I saw their sneers, I heard the 88mph references mostly because my window wouldn't go up which is another story, but I pressed on. When the wicked Witch of the West from The Wizard of OZ movie passed me on her bike I thought it might be a good idea to pull over for a looksee.

Of course strategy in this situation calls for NEVER cutting the car off so I coasted into a service station and topped with fuel and surveyed the situation. Well, short of the coil sitting on the ground, I really wasn't sure what I was looking for and determined that once it got "warm" things would iron themselves out.

It was at about the time I had been on the road for an hour that indeed life did come back to the engine and for every 30 minutes or so after that the car just seemed to run better and better. Sticking with the NEVER turn it off strategy I was home in a snap : it was a **nine hour** snap but I was home all the same. After a complete rebuild of the electrical system later (plugs, distributor cap, coil, plug wires) and setting the timing by ear. (Is there anybody out there who can still do that?) I was good to go. It should be noted that might have been a little overkill because early in the project I discovered not one but two wires almost completely burned thru. I can confidently state as I knock on the wood of my desk that I have one of the best running Deloreans around.

Improvements to the cold air intake over stock as well an exhaust upgrade have been a factor as well but I would drive that car anywhere. Really what could go wrong? Heading for Shelton Vineyards and the fine car show run by the Triumph of the Carolinas group this weekend without a concern in the world. It's only a 28 year old car that has basically only been worked on by me. What could go wrong? (a hint: I have both an idiot light for oil pressure and a pressure gauge)

Next month. (Steve Miller)

Joyce (our Web Mechanic) received an invitation from Desmond at Flying Circus English Cars for us to visit their website and consider it for selling or buying British car parts locally and to disseminate information on events. Give it a shot!

Hello Joyce,

I've created an online bulletin board for individuals to post their English-car-related For Sale and Wanted ads. There's also a place to post events and a calendar so you can see events at a glance.

The purpose of this bulletin board is to span the wonderfully large number of British car clubs in this region (at least 32 that I know of! See the list on the bulletin board). Asking or offering items to folks within your own club is a great way to buy or sell something, and expanding that out to the like-minded folks in many other area clubs is even better!

<http://www.flyingcircusenglishcars.com/community/index.php>

This bulletin board is not intended to replace any club communications in any way, but to facilitate inter-club communications.

Flying Circus English Cars hosts the site. Flying Circus is a for-profit venture but there are absolutely no strings attached - individuals can buy and sell any English-car related bits they want on the site. Goodwill inevitably begets good business so hopefully our good intentions in setting this up will benefit all of us - business and individuals alike.

Please don't hesitate to give me your suggestions as to how this community site can be made more useful.

Thank you, Desmond

Our thanks to our president, George deWalder for a very nice record of his and Janie's trip to Ruan Mountain recently.

"The Larger & Longer View"



Speaking of **rhododendrons** and the upcoming drive to Craggy Gardens on June 27, Janie and I decided to take my colleague's recommendation and visit Roan



Mountain “a jewel of nature.” We decided on the spur of the moment and packed a picnic lunch on Sat., 6/20. Using the trusty NC Gazetteer – no GPS in my MGB – we left Weaverville and headed toward 19E through Burnsville and then followed all the twisties on 80N to Bakersville, which

had a festival in progress – probably “rhody” related. We ate lunch in a park by a small stream that flowed through town and then followed 261 climbing ever higher to Roan Mountain.

The weather was noticeably cooler at 6200’ and we did not think to bring jackets when we set out. What an array of magenta colored blooms awaited us at the



gardens! We hiked close to 6 miles in just over 3 hours, and the rhododendron tree bases provided an interesting backdrop for photo ops. You felt like you were in a cave.

Hiking out to Roan High Bluff while avoiding mud and water puddles, other people, dogs on leashes, etc., was well worth it. Low clouds blew by quickly and the almost straight down views into valleys were breathtaking. We were no match for the high winds that blew across the lookout deck. Glasses had to be held onto as well as caps and any other loose clothing.

Untucking my shirt caused midriff exposure.

At the end of the hike, thunder rumbled off in the distance and mist turned into a full fledged rain. The top was put up just in the nick of time, and down the mountain we went looking for the daylily farm sign that Janie had seen on the way up. In a steady downpour, she selected some to take home for transplanting. Doug & Mary Ellen Hobson were very gracious hosts and asked that we make a return trip in better weather. Waiting for the rain to stop did not help. We followed Fork Mountain Rd to Rt 197 and took that to Burnsville to pick up 19E and on toward home.

It was an adventure filled day that made us both very tired but glad we did it. Make Roan Mountain a top itinerary because peak rhododendron bloom season is now – usually the first 3 weeks of June.

George deWalder

I missed you all at a great show in Concorde North Carolina by Alvan Judson.

I know, everyone was highly wary of the fickle weather all through June but I was



our sole ambassador at the British Car Day South at the Frank Liske Park (just beyond the Lowes' Motor Speedway) on Sunday 14th June. It was an excellent turn out of about 250 British cars with about 25 of the featured Austin Healeys to see. Overall winner was Wayne Starns in his beautiful black Healey 100.

There were several familiar faces and cars such as a good friend of mine, 767 pilot David Heap and his son Alex who picked up 2nd place in Classic Minis with his spiffy '67 Morris Minor.

Then it was off to dinner with a group who are involved in the upcoming Carolina Trophy Rally (Sat September 12th through Thurs September 17th)

based again at the Inn on Lake Lure which I can highly recommend even as a spectator event especially on that first Saturday which is arrival day..

The next morning I was privileged to take a tour of Bob & Jeannie Sidi's garage and workshop near Lake Norman and see their fabulous collection of a Rolls, two

XKE's, a 911, two MGTF's, a pair of Ferraris which were all either immaculate or in process of excellent restorations. Also saw Hector and Elena Castro's operation. They both are absolute experts on Jags and have unbelievable collections of all types of Jags including at least 4 pre war examples. I've never seen so many Jag engines and gearboxes in one place since I left British Leyland 30 odd years ago!



And, yes of course, I got soaked on my way home on I40 near Hickory (Where are those Interstate bridges when you've got the top down and need to shelter under one?) but the car and I were blown dry by the time I got home to Asheville.

