



On the Road Again: Driving to Mini Meet West

By Kenn Lively

Starting off on a 4,000-mile trip with an engine that had only a hundred miles on it made me a little apprehensive. Still, it was running as close to good as a new engine can get (thanks to Dean), and I was feeling better than the week before when the engine died as I pulled onto the freeway and I had to limp home using the choke.

I packed oil and a filter for an oil change in Florence and a box of all the parts I thought I might need. I was still having a problem with water seeping past the thermostat and heater gaskets, but I had new ones in case I had a chance to change them. I also brought along enough coolant to completely refill the radiator.

I started my drive to Mini Meet West on Friday, a couple of days early, so I could visit friends and old haunts in northern California before heading for Oregon. My first planned stop was in Chico, Calif., after a cruise through the glorious Feather River canyon. I ignored everything in Utah and Nevada except gas stations and a rest stop near Reno.

I stopped at the rest stop for a nap early Saturday morning. A gaggle of motorcycles were parked in the lot, and the riders were all asleep on the picnic tables, covered with their

blankies. I immediately dubbed all picnic tables "biker beds." The bikers were still asleep when I moved on at dawn-thirty.

I spent Saturday in and around Paradise (California) then drove down to Oakland on Sunday to pick up Nancy (she ignored Utah and Nevada by flying over them). The new engine in my Mini had loosened up on the drive west, so by the time I hit the freeways in the Bay Area, it was performing

wonderfully. Being at sea level made it feel even more powerful.

After I found Nancy at the airport, we drove to Berkeley to pick up our daughter, Sasha who was an intern at the California Shakespeare Festival this summer. Then we drove her to rehearsal in Orinda (in the Berkeley hills), putting us behind my original schedule for the next leg of the trip: a two-day jaunt north on Highway 1—first stop Mendocino.

In the years since Nancy and I left the Bay Area, the traffic has only grown worse (surprise). It took us an hour and a half to get from Berkeley to the Golden Gate Bridge, much of that time in stop-and-crawl traffic inching its way to the Bay Bridge tollbooths. On the Bay Bridge, traffic was slightly faster but still erratic. Exiting into the city by the bay, the Mini was immersed in three to five lanes of behemoths that rumbled from stoplight to stoplight. Maximum speed: 15 mph. We turned off the main streets to get out of the traffic, and to tour Nancy's old neighborhood. It too had changed. Traffic was lighter after we crossed the Golden Gate Bridge headed up Highway 1, and



Ready to hit the road



Highway 1 north of San Francisco



Dwarfed by the trees along the avenue

the drive became much more pleasant, even with the Sunday lollygaggers behind the wheel.

Highway 1 north of San Francisco was made for Minis. It winds up and down and around the coastal hills, cruising through forests, then hugging the coastline. The two-lane highway has just enough passing zones to keep the drive exhilarating without the frustration of being stuck behind slower cars (which is most other cars). It was glorious. Even with the late start, we squeezed in a few photo stops. I was traveling at my usual rate of speed—just fast enough to keep the adrenaline pumping but not quite fast enough to cross the threshold to raw fear. It's a good thing I have a windshield or my grin would have attracted all the bugs in Northern California.

When we stopped for gas in Gualala, I phoned our bed and breakfast in

Mendocino to say we were on our way, then blasted on, passing everyone on the highway (Nancy especially liked it when we flashed around a new Corvette). We checked into the bed and breakfast without unloading, then headed for Little River, a mile or so back down the road, for dinner with friends.

Our friends have lived in their owner-built home in Little River for almost thirty years. They cleared just enough trees on their ten acres for the lumber to build the house, and now they grow (or dive for) much of their own food, mine their own turquoise to make jewelry, and have a cash crop of dahlias they sell at a local farmers' market. (We had Abalone for dinner—caught that morning by a diving friend).

We were late starting the next morning, but traffic was not the reason this time. Mendocino is a picturesque

artist colony on the California coast, with one of the best music stores anywhere—Lark in the Morning. We also found a store featuring locally made jams—raspberry, strawberry, olallieberry—and a great hat shop, where I purchased a fine Panama to protect my head on the anticipated sunny days at the Mini meet. My original plan called for us to be in Florence between 6:30 and 7:30 so we could register for the meet, but wandering around Mendocino changed that. We got back on the highway at the crack of noon.

North of Mendocino, Highway 1 winds through the coastal mountains where the redwood forests march down to the sea; then it joins Highway 101. We took the “Avenue of the Giants” bypass off 101 to experience the giant sequoias up close and personal—sunroof wide open and the trees reaching the sky. Both Nancy and I winced at the drive-through trees and other tourist traps built into trees, so the only stops we made on the avenue were to take a few pictures and to check out the visitor center.

At one photo stop, while Nancy was setting up for a picture, another tourist stepped up and asked if she could take the same photo. We said “Sure, go ahead.” So somewhere out there, someone's vacation pictures include a shot of a Mini being



The Mini and the fallen giant



dwarfed by a downed giant sequoia.

After "Avenue of the Giants," we stopped in Eureka for fish and chips and headed for the next gas stop in Crescent City. The itinerary called for a stop outside Crescent City at Stout Grove in Jedediah Smith Redwood Park, but we decided to forgo that detour because of our late start and the awesome trip along the avenue, breathing the same air as the largest living things on the planet.

The scenery changed soon after we crossed the Oregon state line. It started out looking much like Northern California but quickly changed into a more rugged coastline with different vegetation and more trees. No more sequoias. We arrived in Florence at 9:30 in the evening, and several people greeted me as I got out of my car—Mini folks are a social lot. It was too



The famous Heceta Point lighthouse north of Florence, Oregon

late to register for the meet, but I was assured that I could register in the morning before the car show. Time for a cold one and three days of Minis.

Friday morning after the meet, Nancy and I had to leave early for the drive back to the Bay Area because we had tickets that evening for Romeo and Juliet at the California Shakespeare Festival. We were on the road by 7:10. This was not going to be one of those fabled rides in the Mini; this was to be a banzai charge down I-5 to Berkeley—crank up the stereo and set the cruise control (my right foot) on stun. The only real break was in Ashland, Ore. for Thai food by the creek, though we made one other quick stop to snap a picture of Mt. Shasta. It was 104 degrees when we passed through Red Bluff. We checked in to our bed and breakfast in Berkeley and arrived at the theater in Orinda with 10 minutes to spare—picnic food in hand.

Saturday things got back to normal: I left Berkeley late. Late seems to be the mantra for this trip. Leaving Nancy in Berkeley to visit with Sasha, I headed out to trace some old familiar highways—familiar in other cars but not in my Mini. I was looking forward to the drive, but had to endure the dreaded bridge traffic before I could get started. This time I went further south to the San Mateo Bridge, but traffic was still tied up. After the bridge, the road becomes Highway 92 which connects



Two classics in Mendocino: My Mini and the B&B



to the first of the sweet drives—Skyline Drive from San Mateo to Los Gatos. Skyline Drive used to run from Los Gatos all the way to San Francisco, but now only pieces of it are still intact—the “new freeway,” built 20 years ago, sliced it up into many short stretches.

I discovered that nowadays this stretch of Skyline is a favorite of Bay Area motorcycle racers. I saw parking lots with 20 to 30 motorcycles and riders getting ready to hit the road, and many two-wheeled rockets were already cruising, Mini style. I made two observations during this part of the drive: I drive my Mini at about the same speed as road-racing motorcycle drivers—I wasn't passed by any racers on this stretch; I drive faster than casual riders—I passed a couple.

After getting off Skyline, I joined the slow-and-go throng on Highway 17 climbing over the mountains to Santa Cruz. My plan was to turn off 17 onto the old Redwood Highway which used to be the only way to Santa Cruz, and go past my old house in Big Redwood Park. I turned off too early and had to negotiate some way twisty back roads before I finally found the right road. Geez, I hate those kinds of roads.

So far, I was more than happy with the Mini. The Fiat sending unit I use for the “acuoa” temperature seems to have a wider swing than my old one, so I'm never really sure if I'm running too hot. But the radiator never overflows when I stop, so I think it's

ok. I've added coolant a couple of times, but it's just from the two previously mentioned gaskets.

When I came out of the mountains into Santa Cruz, my plan was to just drive straight through to the fabled Big Sur area along the California coast, but things didn't go that smoothly. South of Santa Cruz on the Highway 1 freeway, there is a 9-mile stretch that is still two lanes. About halfway through that stretch of two-lane, an accident had occurred, and the backup slowed traffic all the way back to the start of that stretch. Now I was really late and getting later. It took me almost an hour to go the four miles to the accident site; then the traffic finally sped up.

Big Sur is not just the small town that bears the name. Big Sur is a stretch of the California coast characterized by incredible forests, magnificent hills and cliffs, and fine beaches. The road has a tendency to get washed out in the winter, so there are always places under repair, but the wonderful mix of turns, undulations, and breathtaking scenery make it a must drive for any certified Miniac. I must have looked a little goofy when I stopped at Nepenthe and The Phoenix—a restaurant and gift shop in the middle of Big Sur—because I couldn't stop grinning. I didn't even spend much time on the porch of the gift shop ringing Tibetan bells and gazing at the ocean like I usually do. I just wanted to get back in the Mini and drive.

By the time Highway 1 passes Hearst Castle, the best part of the southern route down Highway 1 is done. A great lighthouse is down the road, along with some forests, but the hills are small and the road straightens quite a bit.

I had promised my Mom I would have dinner and spend the night with her in Wasco, Calif., so when I turned on to Highway 46 from Highway 1, I pulled over and phoned to let her know I was still coming. It was already 6:30, and I knew it would be another hour and a half before I got to Wasco, maybe two hours. I got there at 8:15, and she had dinner waiting.

Sunday was my day to play before I got down to the serious Monday morning business of I-15 to I-70 home. This day I was going to drive two roads out of the greater



Mt. Shasta dominates the landscape



Los Angeles Basin that I had never driven.

I grew up driving in Los Angeles and watched the great freeway boom in the '50s and '60s. I've driven everywhere from the San Fernando Valley to the beaches of San Clemente on freeways and byways, even raced on little known stretches of road in the back bay of Balboa, but I was about to drive on a couple of roads that I had never been on. First I had to get there.

My plan was to cross the mountains into Ojai, take Highway 146 to I-5, then the 210 freeway to Foothills, where I would connect with the first leg of the drive, Big Tujunga Canyon Road. Ah, the best laid plans.

It had been a long time since I'd driven the back roads of Kern County, and they had changed. That's my story and I'm sticking to it: I took a wrong turn. I ended up on I-5 just as it goes up "the Grapevine."

The Grapevine is the first long uphill out of the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley heading toward Los Angeles. When I was growing up in that area, the Grapevine was the measure of a car. It's steep and long, and the weather is usually hot (up to 120). Any car that could drive over the Grapevine without overheating or being downshifted was considered a worthy vehicle. I decided to give it a try. It was not a problem for Guinevere.

I was amazed at how easily my Innocent handled the long grade. She sneezed in the general direction of measure, passing cars with aplomb, with speed to spare. And when I pulled off for gas in Sylmar, I was right back on schedule, considering my late start (again).

Big Tujunga Canyon Road begins as a residential street, and I had to pull over once to check my map to be sure I was on the right road. I was, and when it turned into Big Tujunga Canyon, motorcyclists started appearing. This road seemed to be another favorite of the two-wheeled go-faster community. When I reached the Angeles Crest Highway (the second of my undriven roads), more motorcyclists appeared.

Angeles Crest Highway (Highway 2) has three passes over 7,000 feet and is a hoot in a Colorado Mini—it feels like home. Once again I was careening around a mountain

road, passing everything—even casual motorcyclists.

At one point, a go-faster on a Japanese-made superbike came up behind me while I was stuck behind a slower car. When we came to a turnout, I passed the slower car and so did the bike. At the next turnout, I pulled off to let the bike by, but the rider just waved me on. I led him through the unknown (to me) mountains just a little faster than I would usually go.

We both stopped at the last little town before intersecting I-15 and fell into a conversation. He explained that he had gotten a ticket on this highway three weeks ago, and he thought that by following me he could avoid another ticket (I would get it) and still have fun blasting through the mountains. I've used that principle myself, so I didn't mind.

"Besides," he said, "It was fun watching you take those corners. That's a great little car."

"Thanks. And it has a stereo," I added modestly.

M.O.T.R. Meeting

Tuesday, October 2, 7:30 P.M.

Zang's Brewery

23rd & I-25

We're in the back room, talking Minis and the Christmas party, showing videos (bring one along), and having more fun than should be legal. Bring your ideas and spend an evening with other Miniacs. Come early, drive your Mini, and stay late to take your chances in the M.O.T.R. 50/50 raffle.

The long downhill run from 7,000-foot passes to the below-sea-level California desert was still fun, but there were way too

Let's Go M.O.T.R.ing



October 6

Smile and dial with Kenn Lively and Michael Playle. A Ft Collins ride with lunch at the New

many vehicles to pass on this stretch, so it went a little slower. When I got down to Victorville on I-15, it was 108 degrees—quite a change from the cool mountains. I dreaded what Las Vegas might be like. I took old Route 66 instead of the freeway into Barstow so I could drive a little slower in the heat, and my Mini seemed to handle the heat fine.

I filled up with gas in Barstow and chased thunderstorms all the way to Las Vegas. Sometimes the highway was wet, and it sprinkled on me a few times, but it never really rained, just lowered the temperature. It was 88 degrees when I drove through Vegas—through being the operative word.

It wasn't until I was filling up with gas in St. George, Utah that I realized that I hadn't stopped once in Nevada. I drove right through the jumbotrons and flashing neon, and it never occurred to me to stop. Heck, I only stopped in Utah for gas and to make a couple of phone calls, so I just kept driving.

I was curious about how the Mini would do on Vail Pass and the climb to the Eisenhower tunnel. This would be the new engine's first time for either, but I shouldn't have worried; it was no sweat. Even when I hit stop and go traffic on Vail Pass, I could always get back into fourth and cruise on up the pass.

My last gas stop was in Georgetown, Colo. at 9:25 on Monday morning. I'd taken a



couple of naps in rest stops—in the Mini, not on biker beds (I don't have a blankie)—so I was feeling pretty energetic. The Mini had proved to be absolutely awesome, so I climbed back in and blasted on home arriving at 10:08. It was a great drive: 4,500 miles in ten days, including three days of very little driving in Florence. Would I do it again? You bet!

M.O.T.R. Meeting

The September meeting of Minis Of The Rockies (M.O.T.R.) was officially gavelled to order around 8:00, but it had actually started much earlier. Kenn Lively was still passing around his laptop computer to show video clips of the autocross at Mini Meet West 2001; the latest issues of *Mini World* and *Mini Magazine* were being perused; and newsletters from other clubs were being shared. Mini discussions were under way, and so was the meeting.

Peter Stout called for a show of hands from members who had received and read their newsletters, then proceeded to approve the minutes as written. Several people said they had just received their newsletters and hadn't had time to read them. Others hadn't even received them (it was a holiday weekend). Too late. Already approved.

Kenn continued to tell stories of the drive to Mini Meet West and the adventures there, passing around his photo album and his trophies—longest distance driven and first-in-class at the people's choice Mini show.

Kenn's description of the drive past Monterey reminded members of the upcoming Mini Challenge in Laguna Seca. According to early reports, everyone who owns a racing Mini is going to be there (except Chris Cooley). All racing M.O.T.R. members have signed up to race their Minis—even Dick Shearer is planning to be there with his new engine. A couple of new race-prepared BMW MINIs will be racing, and it should be interesting to see how they stack up against the "classic" Minis.

Prognosticators predict middle of the pack.

M.O.T.R. Election Day

A new president will be nominated and elected

Tuesday, October 2, 2001

Bring your nominations to the meeting

Don't miss out. If you can't be at the meeting you may nominate and vote by phone:

303-870-9260

between 7:30 and 9:00 on Tuesday, October 2, 2001

Paul Herrmann talked about the his Thursday night ride and compared notes with some of the other participants. Getting out of town hadn't been a lot of fun, but the ride on the highways sure was a gas (see the August M.O.T.R. News).

Next on the agenda was a discussion of who planned to attend the British Car Conclave. Even though the conclave was scheduled for the same weekend as some other events, that wasn't expected to affect participation by M.O.T.R. members.

New member Dave Burcher was forced to stand and tell a little about himself, and he didn't seem to mind (welcome to M.O.T.R., Dave). After being a VW fan for years, Dave finally decided he needed a Mini. He checked the Internet for a few weeks and found one in Los Angeles. He flew to L.A. on a Saturday, checked out the car, bought it, and had it trailered back to Colorado. It's a Mini Mayfair, registered as a 1970. Dave says it's pretty basic right now, but he has many plans (pun intended). Right now, he's just looking for a new sealed beam for it.

Peter Stout announced that he will be in

class next month and handed the gavel over to Vice-president Kenn (or is that president of vice?) for the next meeting. Peter also announced that he will not continue as president after this year and is going to sell his Mini. He'll continue to be a M.O.T.R. member and doesn't rule out buying another Mini at some point, but right now he feels moved to make these changes—he's even contemplating a career change. This means M.O.T.R. will have to have a real election this year (see sidebar).

Michael Playle wants to lead the October ride out of Ft. Collins. He lives there, and drives to Denver for meetings and rides without a whimper, so everyone thought it was a good idea. He'll have some flyers to hand out at the Conclave and at the October M.O.T.R. meeting with dates and times. Kenn agreed to do the smiling and dialing part to save on Michael's long distance bill.

The last bit of new business to be addressed before the 50/50 raffle was the Christmas Party. Where will it be held? Last year Wayne Seibrecht volunteered his place in Louisville, but now he's moved and doesn't have room. Paul Herrmann hosts the annual July barbeque, so his place is out, and Bob Stanley and Dick Shearer hosted the Christmas gathering the past two years. Because no one stepped forward to volunteer, it was decided to postpone the decision until the October meeting so it can be announced in the newsletter.

Last on the official agenda was the 50/50 raffle, won by Wayne Seibrecht, and the meeting was adjourned amidst talk of who was driving home together.

After the August meeting, several members ended up on Speer Blvd., squealing their tires at the green lights, and several folks were anxious to do that again. Dave agreed to go along too, so the new member got an appropriate introduction to the zany world of Minis.



Thoughts on a Decade of Mini Ownership

It was love at first sight, or more like love at first sound, because I heard the Mini Cooper coming before I saw it. I was hitchhiking in New England at the impressionable age of 16. I got a ride in that red Mini Cooper for about four miles into the next town, but that ride left a lasting mark. Later, while traveling with my parents in England during the early '70s, I kept seeing those cute little cars everywhere. These were the days of Carnaby Street fashions, and big bell bottoms and Minis were decidedly "in"!

In the 1980s, while I was traveling through Europe on my own, Minis kept popping up all over. Most of them were customized and very nice: Innocentis in Italy; a beautiful sun-roofed sedan in Vienna. Many late-night viewings of "The Italian Job" later, and my fate was sealed: I had a Mini virus. There was no vaccination, but there was a cure. I looked at three Minis, drove two, and bought the latest model, largely because it had roll-down windows and a walnut dash. Looking at all that wood while I was behind the wheel made me feel very upscale in my decidedly downsized car. The warm and cuddly feeling of the early years was not diminished by a succession of mechanical problems or the host of mechanics it took to get them fixed.

Of course, my relationship with LimeO was cemented by the attention focused our

Rocky Mountain Valley 2001 Schedule	
Date	Event
Oct 20-21	Autumn



way when we were out on the town together: heads would swivel in our direction; smiles would appear; fingers would point. It was fun being green! I spent money on her, bought her special things to keep the engine running well. I also enjoyed polishing the shiny bits and took the time to make her look her best. We'd been together three years when I met a bunch of like-minded crazies.

Going on rides and having meetings and fellowship with them enhanced our motoring life together. We faithfully showed up for rides in the hills that engendered face-splitting grins. I occasionally still splurged on some needless bit of chrome to make her feel special. My LimeO and I felt renewed excitement when I was voted into the largely ceremonial position I hold today. I wouldn't trade those experiences for the world. Every outing behind the wheel of my '75 Austin Mini has been an experience of happy fun and ego-boosting attention.

Lately, however, the bloom seems to be off the rose. We've been seeing less and less of each other. We've been spending less time together, as I direct my energy to other areas of my life. This summer I've only been on a couple of club rides, and there were few other times when I drove her just 'cause the weather was nice and I wanted to have fun.

So it is, with a heavy heart but many fond exhaust-rumbling, tire-squealing, quick-cornering memories, that I put the LimeO up for sale. She'll go to a good home where they'll cherish and look after her and, more importantly, put more miles on her.

It has been a privilege and an honor to be associated with all of you. I'm happy to say that the piston-gavel was not really necessary at most meetings. I have learned a lot—mechanically, organizationally, politically—and improved my driving and people skills. I hope the next person to fill the position of president of M.O.T.R. brings a renewed joy and enthusiasm to the club, something I've been lacking the past few months. I'll serve out the year as president, but it would be prudent for the club to take nominations at the next meeting.

What I'll miss most: sunny days on twisty roads, loud throaty exhaust notes, driving with other Minis on any road to anyplace for any reason, making people's heads turn, seeing thumbs-up signals and big waves and smiles from other drivers and passers-by, rally rides and car shows with like-minded crazies.

Things I won't miss: cleaning oil off the garage floor, bloody knuckles from trying to turn a wrench in a tight place, yearly emissions tests, trying to bring order to a club meeting whose sole purpose is to have fun.

Respectfully yours,
Peter Stout

Mini Lore at The British Car Conclave

The Saturday ride of the 18th Annual British Car Conclave was slightly different from years past. Previous rally instruction sheets contained questions that could only be answered by making observations during the ride, so a navigator was almost a must. This year navigators were superfluous, because it was just a fun ride with nary a question to be found. This

Nostalgia Racing 2001 Schedule of Events	
Oct 6	1-day Fall Festival Continental Divide Race Park



Jeff Zissler's Mini won first even with the hood open

approach was right up the alley of Minis Of The Rockies (M.O.T.R.) members because they love to ride—and fast too.

Paul Herrmann has told stories of past conclave rides in which drivers just moseyed along trying to spot the answers to the questions, and he and his M.O.T.R. cohorts were frustrated in their efforts to blast along the route. This year Paul has other stories to relate, including the tale of a spirited drive and the emergence of the lore of the fast M.O.T.R. Minis.

Only three Minis were in the parking lot to start the ride: Kenn Lively's Innocenti with the new engine, Michael Playle's 1275 GT Estate sleeper, and Jeff Zissler's rally Mini—sporting a new muffler that made it almost quiet (almost being the operative word). Paul Herrmann had promised to meet the group at some point along the route—he planned to call on his cell phone after his son's soccer game to find out where.

After the last instructions were imparted, only a TVR beat the three Minis out of the parking lot, but that was short-lived. The leading Mini turned right when it should have gone straight, but this turned out to be a fortuitous turn: it was a shortcut to the next section of the ride, putting the three Minis in front of the TVR. The TVR driver later explained that he hadn't minded; he was just waiting for an opportunity and go around the Minis so he could have a exhilarating drive. His opportunity never materialized.

Kenn Lively was leading when Paul Herrmann joined the fray as the directions led

to the Heritage Square turnoff from Highway 93, and Paul fell in behind, video camera rolling. Sections of the ride were familiar to the M.O.T.R. heads, as they had traveled them on various M.O.T.R. rides, so Kenn was leading at his usual pace (Jeff later said the pace averaged 20 MPH over the posted corner speeds). Just outside Morrison, before Idledale, Michael Playle had his 1275 GT sideways in the road, and Paul hoped his stationary video camera caught it—he thought it quite spectacular (so did Michael).

The route went through Morrison, turned on Meyers Gulch Road in Kittredge to meet Highway 285, then made a quick left through Turkey Creek Canyon (everyone waved as the Minis sped past Tiny Town, horns blasting). Turkey Creek Canyon ends at 285 just before Bergen Park, and the ride continued on 285 until the left turn at Pine Junction took us through Buffalo Creek and Deckers, to Woodland Park. These roads are made for enthusiastic driving in a Mini—winding through the mountains, past trout streams and parks, with plenty of passing areas in case other drivers fail to pull over when four Minis, lights blazing, pull up behind.

Just before Buffalo Creek, the four Minis and the trailing TVR came up behind a motorcyclist on a new BMW 1100S—a fine road bike. The rider glanced in his mirror, saw the Minis, and just pulled over to let them by—he couldn't believe four Minis had caught him and just decided to follow them. As he said later, it was a good thing there

were straightaways so he could catch up; the Minis were pulling him in the corners. He followed the group to the end of the ride to express his amazement and delight.

The ride ended at the Western Sizzler in Colorado Springs, and the Minis (plus the TVR) arrived a good fifteen minutes before anyone else. The Minis got there so fast that the people who had planned the ride arrived only a minute before them, and they took the freeway! They claimed to have run some errands before leaving Arvada.

One of the questions overheard in the buffet line: "How did those Minis get here so fast?"

The answer was, "They left first." But that was only part of the story. Just ask the TVR driver, who never did manage to get around the Minis and eventually didn't even want to try.

The Sunday auto show portion of the Conclave starts early and lasts through the afternoon. Cars start arriving around 8:00, and the voting for all classes ends at 1:00. Eventually, twenty Minis were at the show, counting those that arrived late and those that left before the votes were tallied.



This year, M.O.T.R. did not rent a booth, so there was no opportunity to sell Mini merchandise, but that made for a relaxing day. Because no one had to staff a booth, there was plenty of time for milling around and talking Minis, which suits M.O.T.R. heads just fine. Mini talkin' talkin' Mini talk (picture Bloody Mary and a chorus of island maidens).

Kenn Lively was late for the auto show, which was a first for him. Usually he arrives early to set up the M.O.T.R. booth and park his car in a prime location. But this year, as he was carrying his stuff out of the house to load the car, he noticed it seemed to be listing toward the street. When he checked, he had two flat tires—both sidewalls had been sliced by vandals. He was some bummed—so bummed that he forgot his camera after he finally got the tires replaced. He was feeling picked on until a neighbor pointed out that the vandals had covered the neighborhood and cars over a two block radius had sliced tires.

Kenn used his spare, then called Paul Herrmann to borrow the spare from Paul's Innocenti so he could replace both wheels. Kenn's Innocenti looked a little strange on the driver's side with two non-matching wheels, but no one seemed to notice until Kenn pointed it out.

When the votes were tallied, Jeff Zissler won first place with his immaculate rally Mini, Steve Read took second with his Wolseley, and non-M.O.T.R. member Dave Detra won third. Except for the vandalism, it was a fine weekend—no rain and only enough clouds to keep the temperature at a pleasant level and plenty o' Minis.

Minis For Sale

1965 Austin Mini Mk I - Vintage Racer Conversion from SCCA to Vintage, rust free tub, 8 point cage, 8 gal. cell, Corbeau GT seat, new G FORCE 6 point belts, 3 qt. Acusump, Halon Fire system, Steel body except fiberglass hood and trunk, Lexan windows except front, Foretech tubular front adjustable sway bar, adjustable rear sway



A Moke hides among the Minis at the Conclave



bar, Koni shocks, HI-LOs, adjustable suspension F(hiem jointed)& R, Freshly rebuilt front S discs and new rear wheel cylinders, arequip lines, new brake and clutch masters, Minifins rear, INCLUDES: A+ distributor w electronic ignition, removable steel front clip, New window net, car IS VSCDA, HSR, SVRA legal. 1275 + .040 race engine built by Jon Stamps Racing with two weekends on it. Produces 120HP, Longman head, 649 cam, S rods, BLST 4 Syncro straight cut transmission (remote shift), straight cut drop gears, 1:1 primary, light weight steel flywheel and light weight backing plate. Remote oil filter, Aux. oil cooler. Cosmic MKI (6x10) mags with new Housier 165/70-10 tires. Car will be at IRP weekend of Oct.5-7, 2001. Yellow body, black roof.

\$18,500 NC Bob Marcum rlmarcum@citcom.net 23-Sep-01

1961 Austin Mk 1 - Modified 1275 Engine rebuilt to 1300, Dual Carbs, Electronic Ignition, Disc Brakes, Cosmic Rims with new tires, New Radiator, Fan, Oil cooler, Starter, Fuel pump and Grille. Body is very clean with no bondo or Rusty floors, All Original glass. Everything works. this car can be driven anywhere. Light blue in color. E-mail for photos

\$ 7,200 CA David Penn 650-345-2650 gdpenn@aol.com 23-Sep-01

1973 Austin Mini 1000 - This car is an automatic mini 1000. It is in very good condition bodily and mechanically and the gray interior is immaculate. It has 48,754 genuine miles and has been regularly serviced. The car is right hand drive and the price includes shipping and marine insurance from the UK to either Newark or Delaware. You can have this car in the states in approximately 3 weeks from today. Serious buyers only please. Blue

\$ 5,000 OH c.greenan 330-467-5838 guywhodrivesamini@yahoo.com 22-Sep-01

1961 Austin Mini Pickup - bright orange paint work, restoration done 2 years ago in the UK driven only 11,000 miles since. 998cc eng, new exhaust,airhorns,12"alloys fit disc brakes, new cd player, Clifford alarm system, Mk3 grille, late model instruments, sport steering wheel, bed cover. runs & looks 100% this one gets lots of attention! Clean PA title! none like it in the USA. This truck can be converted to LHD if you don't like RHD!! 1st place winner Hellertown, PApa show. 3rd place winner at mini meet east 2001!! Make me an a realistic offer my wife wants space for our Hornet Resto Project!she's Still on My Back Please Help!!! Buy It!!!

\$12,000 obo PA Frank Markowitz 610-431-0308 FRANKMARKOW@MSN.COM 22-Sep-01

1961 Cooper S MkI - Replica Morris Cooper S Great looking MkI 'S' Replica. Fresh 998cc motor with around 700miles, runs unleaded. Racing steering wheel, headlamp stone guards, bonnet straps, custom wheels, bullet mirror. Good interior; headliner and carpet need finishing. Go to my MSN photo album for more detailed pictures: <http://communities.msn.com/MINIMagic/photoalbums.msnw> Almond Green/English White Thanks

\$ 6,250 CA Franc mmmmadness@hotmail.com 22-Sep-01

1972 Austin Mini Cooper - 1340cc, 4speed, front disc brakes, with 12 inch wheels, right hand drive, sunroof, custom dashboard, with custom steering wheel and shifter, and custom matching interior seats, runs perfect lots of power, custom heater, beautiful \$3000 paint job, era body kit, twin gas tanks, Red paint. Too much to list, call for details

\$10,500 obo CA Joe Duarte 310-370-3101 jduarte@earthlink.net 21-Sep-01

1973 Mini Innocenti 1001-Just imported Sept 6 Now REGISTERED and TITLED in MASSACHUSETTS! Genuine MkIII Factory Left hand drive 10 inch wheels new tin master cylinders new carb good tires good brakes Red. 70k miles

\$ 7,100 MA Stephen Dodge 508-478-8706 sedodge@mediaone.net 21-Sep-01

1972 Austin Mini Convertable - Rover Cabriolet 1.3i Twin Point Perfect condition/runs looks as new. Rare mini Other Minis available from \$7,000 to \$25,000. British Racing Green (BRG)

\$19,500 CA Patrick S.Trew 909-865-4856 PSTrew@msn.com 21-Sep-01

See these and many more Minis for sale at www.minimania.com