

A MOASF MINI TUNE-IN
July 1995

Cast of characters

Andy, and son Bob, Moyce; Steve; Bob ; Teri; Clar and myself, one red wagon, one white wagon, one green/white wagon and the purple Moke. My red mini stayed cowering under the cover in the back

It had been one of those Bay Area hot spells and I didn't know if anyone was going to venture out into the heat to tune a mini. I was moving my cars to make room for minis to get into the garage and out of the sun if any made the pilgrimage, when Bob showed up in the red wagon. Bob and I was in full talk when Steve drove up in his white wagon. Steve pulled into the shade of the garage and popped his bonnet. We were fully involved in Steve's sparking plugs when Teri in the purple Moke roared up. Andy and son Bob arrived well after full engagement of wrenching by all present. Teri gets the most broke, prize. Steve seemed to be the most impressed with the days work. Andy left me with the impression that he still needed some additional convincing that all this color tune business that we were doing, really worked. Bob, probably wisely, wouldn't let anyone near his car and kept it out in the street out of harms way. My special friend Clar, spent the day slaving over munches and baking an angle food cake for all's enjoyment. Steve, with his single and newer SU made the days special, the color tune, an easy exercise. That is after we got his seemly perfectly running car started. Steve pulled his plugs and we did a compression test, inserted the color tune, set in the other plugs and then the flipen mini wouldn't start. All was confounded until we put in a set of old champion plugs from the bench, possibly from my Toyota truck. The stubborn mini finely started and we all broke for lunch. Teri had Bob, my self, and Andy busy redoing her rear brakes, reattaching the rear shock, repairing the wind screen wiper motor, re-electro-ising the petro gage, and trying to establish some form of rapport between the small lever of the steering wheel column and the small lights on each corner of the car that have replaced that wonderful British device the trafficator. I believe we all failed to establish any meaningful communication between said apparati'. Andy had the venerable twin SU set up and so needed twice the patience. Seems that each subsequent step upsets the former and so requires a repeat of the former after the later so that the latter can be repeated also, times two. But after balancing and resetting the needle valve to a more accurate position we all agreed that the green wagon sounded much better. Said needles size were suspect to being responsible for, the any amount of adjusting, failing to bring the color tune to the requisite "blue" color in Andy's mini. After a test run Steve pulled his plugs, which now had got the idea that is was OK to ignite the gaseous mixture, once the old champions had shown the way, and found that they were the correct tan instead of the sooty black that was across the set when he first displayed them in my custom 2x4 plug board. The greatest part of this event was watching the collective information and skills in effect. Where is this great force when MY CAR is broke.

The last hour or so had the famed Martinez,s wind blowing it,s hardest and the hot spell was broken. All the Minis drove off and as I gathered up my tools. All that was left were several lonely puddles of oil on my drive and floor.

Frank Cunningham