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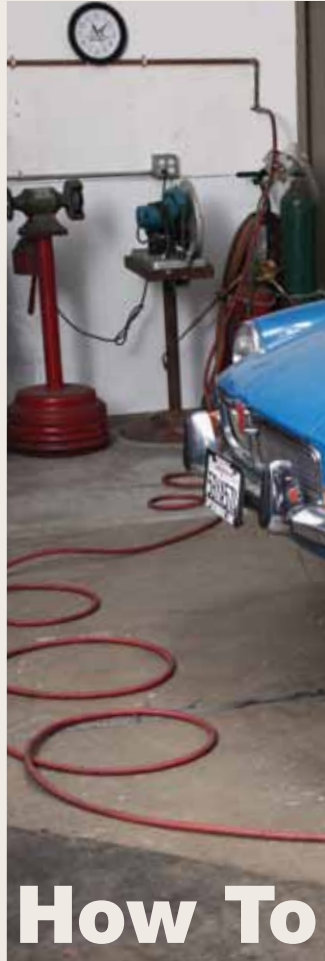
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Anita Hodson's daily driver is a black 1958 MGA named Audrey. Read their story on page 22. Photo by Anita's neighbor, Harmoni Everett.



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AN OPEN CALL TO BRITISH AUTOMOTIVE JOURNALISTS.

(and those who missed their calling)

Share your experience, wisdom and talent with British car enthusiasts across the country. Do you have an idea for an article? Try tag-teaming it. Perhaps a wordsmith and a photographer from the same car club could work together to create a masterpiece!

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editor@mossmotors.com

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IT'S A GOOD THING IT'S NOT A BOYS CLUB.

By Robert Goldman



Many years ago, while working the gate at our British Car Festival, a woman came wandering up the driveway. She had come from the farm across the road, and although her life then revolved around horses, she related in a distinct British accent how she had once driven British sports cars. More specifically, she had raced Austin 7s in the 1930s.

During the late 1920s, and into the '30s, Austins were no doubt raced in many guises, up to and including in the form of factory supported supercharged monoposto race cars. As with makes like MG, or ERA, the depression may have encouraged smaller bore racing, but make no mistake, it was serious stuff.

The woman telling her story clearly needed to be sat down on the spot and grilled (ahem, gently interviewed) about her experience. Sadly, cars were waiting to come in, everyone was busy doing something, and the woman drifted away. So did she drive an Austin Nippy in local club events, or did she race a single-seater in serious anger?

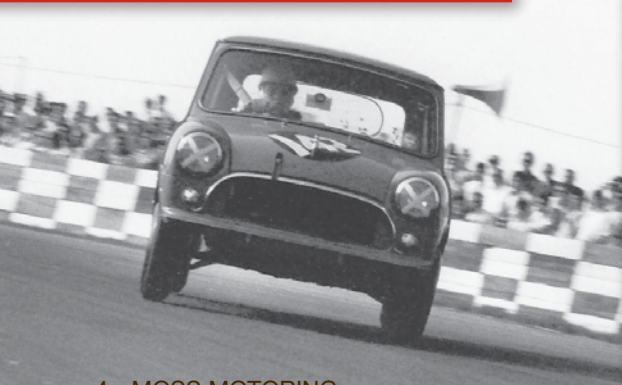
As a woman, she would not have been alone on the track. Another name from that era, Doreen Evans, comes immediately to mind. The Evans family raced together, boys and girl. Their shop, Bellevue Garages, turned out a series of well prepared race cars, and Doreen gave nothing to her brothers when it came to competitive spirit.

The fact is, as you'll see inside this issue, there were plenty of women involved in European motorsport before and after WWII. Only in

America, it seems, is there some crazy notion about cars and racing being for the guys. It doesn't help when the media, short-sighted creatures they so often are, treat Danica Patrick as a sex symbol first, and successful racing driver second. And I have no doubt, even as I write this, somewhere some guys are scoffing at the idea of women as true car enthusiasts and talented drivers. Get over it guys.

A couple weeks ago, I was watching an NHRA drag race at Pomona. Ashley Force won the Funny Car division outright. In some ways, beyond the noise and thunder, the most impressive aspect of drag racing is the speed with which race teams can tear down a 6,000 horsepower race motor and completely rebuild it in an hour's time. Each of the mechanics must be strong and fast. To paraphrase Tom Hanks, there's no crying in a Top Fuel pit. At least one of the teams had a female mechanic working one side of the motor, while her male counterpart worked on the other.

The great thing about this tableau was the announcers saw no need to call out the presence of a female mechanic on the team. Of course, I'm taking what I consider a backwards tack in writing about it. My idea of progress is when women are sufficiently common participants in the motor sports world to where there is no need to point them out. I hope we're getting there. And if ever our editor, David Stuursma, asks for another editorial about women in the car hobby, I hope he can convince Denise McCluggage to write it. She's forgotten more about automobiles than I'll ever know. *MM*



nürburgring

Christabel Carlisle-Watson

NOVICE

At the end of August 1961, John Whitmore had been racing in Denmark at the Roskilde Ring, doing battle with the work's Saabs. He and Eoin Young then hurried down motorways to arrive in Germany at Adenau, performing a handbrake turn in the car park to celebrate a non-stop marathon. John and I were to share a Mini entered for the Nürburgring 500 km. I had arrived more leisurely driving my road Mini from England, spending a day in Bruges enjoying its architecture, paintings and relaxing on a sightseeing boat trip on the canals. What subsequently happened was a huge shock to the system.

The Nürburgring was built in the 1920s around the village and medieval castle of Nürburg in the Eifel, as a test and racing circuit. It was 22.8 km long with 172 bends (84 right and 88 left) designed with every conceivable combination of radius, camber and gradient—rising and falling almost 1,000 ft. By payment of one German mark, anyone could drive around the circuit. Way back at home the thought of racing at the 'Ring had sounded exciting, but now, actually here, the whole idea appeared daunting.

John drove first to introduce me to the circuit. By the end I felt sick. I had been jolted from side to side, g-forced around the Karussell. I welcomed a short respite up a hill only to be hurtled down twisting roads with a blind bend at the bottom. John gave a non-stop description of each bend with what to look out for, which gear to choose, what line to take, and landmarks to jolt and help the memory. I felt quite dizzy, and then it was my turn. Instructions from John went in one ear and out the other as I struggled to control the car. What looked to be a sharp turn became a long sweep, but a simple corner tightened; the track just loved to tease—and it wasn't much fun. In fact it was all utterly hopeless. After a short pause at the finish, John said: "I think you had better go round by yourself and learn the bends—and don't forget to change up to top gear immediately, you gain momentum on any downward section."

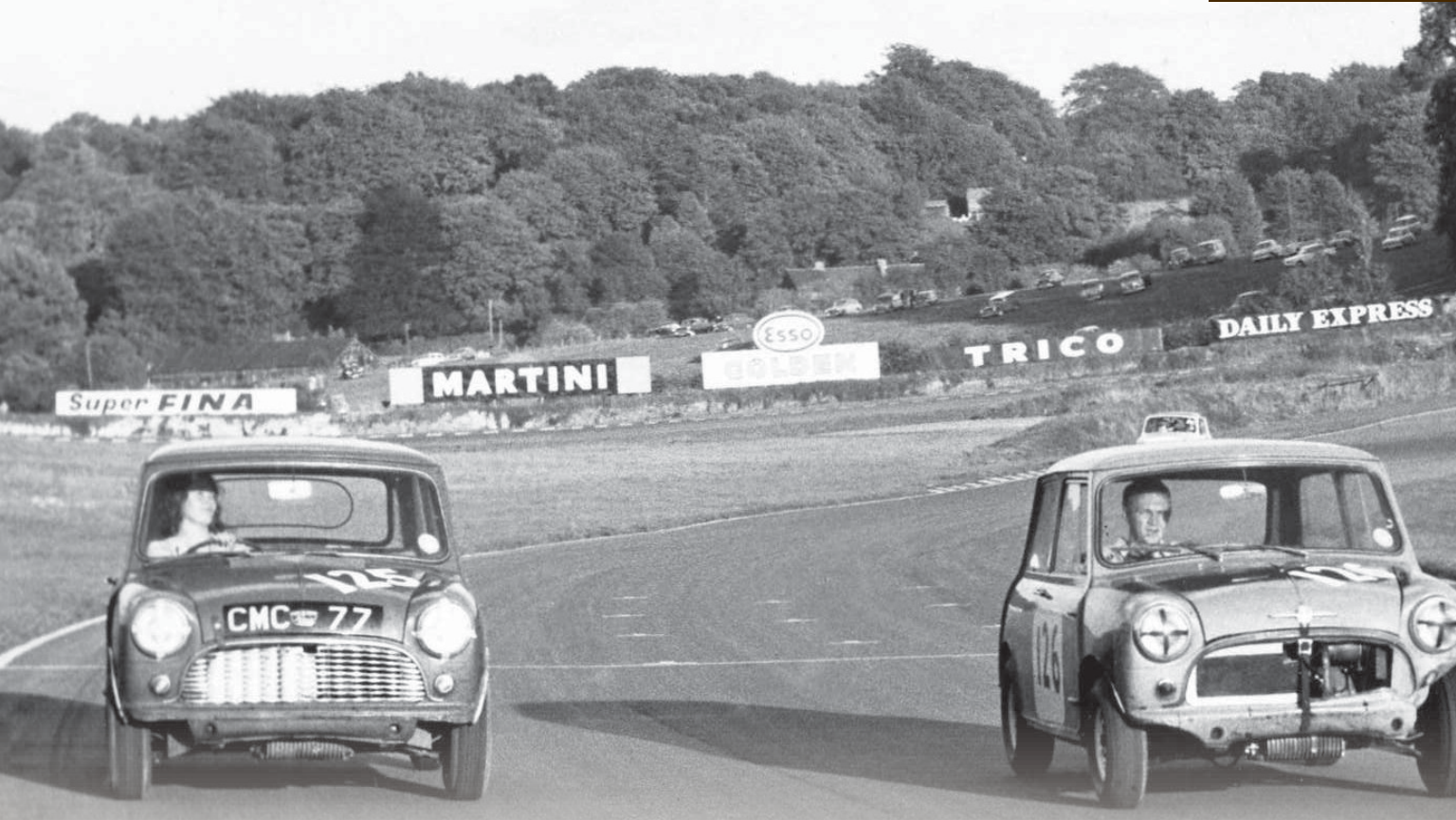
I had two days to learn the circuit. It wasn't only the corners that presented problems, but other people in other cars, all pretending to be racing drivers, getting in the way and hampering my efforts to try and create a good line. Apparently it was not

unusual for the circuit to be closed in order to clear up crashed or broken-down cars. The only hope was to get up early and start before the rush of traffic.

I soon got the knack of the Karussell. John showed me how to use a certain tree to mark the point where it was necessary to drop into the concrete banking, although once committed I prayed that nothing was stuck around the blind bend. If forced out suddenly, the flat outer ring of the surface acted as a slide, sweeping cars into the trees bordering the edge of the track.

The rising sections were extremely important. It was necessary to know how the road behaved, for taking one's foot off the accelerator lost both revs and minutes. On the other hand one had to be sure which way the road decided to go; being set up for a fast left bend was no good if the road turned right over the brow of the hill. The downhill sections became almost impossible to learn, especially the Esses at the back of the pits. If one took the wrong line at the first corner then the sequence for the following ones were all out of joint. If there were other cars in the way, then one had to improvise, but taking the correct line cut seconds off lap times. That is what I came to love about the Nürburgring. Although line was equally important in a 10-lap race back at home, the challenge of getting it right on the German track for hours on end gave me immense satisfaction.

John checked my progress the following afternoon. I think he was relieved that some of his lesson was taking effect. I was told to make a fast lap, so I donned my helmet. I had been using John's mini. The poor car was worn out having been driven at its limit in Denmark, south along



autobahns, and finally all over the place around the twisty roads of the 'Ring. When I reached the far end of the circuit, the car ground to a halt. I had no idea what to do. There was no point even looking at the engine, not for me at least, so I flagged down a motorcycle, waved at my sad looking car and leapt up behind the astonished 'bike-racer.' I was scared stiff, never having ridden on such a monster before, but I knew that John and Eoin would be wondering what had happened. I arrived at the pits, frozen, but just in time to stop them coming to search for me. The men organized the retrieval of the broken down car, and it was Don Moore who mended the hole in the timing cover caused by the broken timing chain. Don had arrived from

England with my Mini, CMC 77, which we were to race.

Friday and Saturday were official practice days. John took the Friday session and I the Saturday. Yet again something went wrong, miles away from the pits: the front wheel flapped, warning me to pull up. Desperate, and not speaking any German, I gesticulated frantically and managed to persuade a marshal to tighten the nuts for me (apparently they were on the last thread). Finally I got going again and managed to clock some respectable lap times.

I remember being given a lecture at dinner that night. 1) If I clipped a bank I must stop at the pits and have the suspension checked. 2) I was quizzed as to where the oil and temperature

needles should be. Honestly! As if I didn't have my eyes glued to them and the rev counter the whole time. But the important point was to recognise the difference between the scent of burning oil or a fire and know what to do. 3) If I had a puncture I must change the wheel, quickly. I dared not admit that I hadn't a clue how to, never having done that job, ever—perhaps a friendly marshal would help? 4) If the car rolled over, I was to push it upright and continue (best, I thought, to appeal to spectators). 5) Finally: "Get back to the pits at any cost, preferably with the car."

After that evening I felt duly sobered, appreciating full well the task ahead. On no account must I let the team down. Other evenings had been carefree and

Later in her career, Christabel Carlisle took on Steve McQueen (center) and Vic Elford (right) in perhaps the closest Mini race ever witnessed.



fun. On one of them I had looked out of my window on the third floor and saw Andrew Hedges and the gang driving Sprites drinking at a table just below me. They were staying at the grander hotel. Now was my chance to bring them down a peg or two. I found a jug, filled it with water and tipped it over them. Unfortunately, a puff of wind—or my bad aim—caught the stream of liquid and it drenched our landlady instead, who happened to be hovering near the rowdy group. I ducked below the window and beat a hasty retreat!

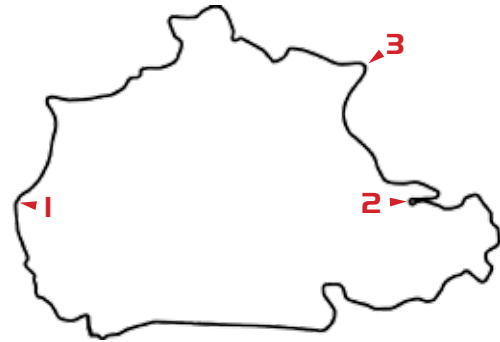
By now I was dreaming of the circuit. I knew precisely where I should make my turn into a corner, the exact spot that marked its apex and where I should be on exit. 100 metre markers, hedges, trees,

spikes of rough grass all helped. I could 'think' my way around the 14 odd miles.

Race day dawned. John drove first. He was used to Le Mans type starts and manoeuvred into a good position. Tension mounted each time he was due to drive past the pits. Eight laps and all seemed fine. I was due to take over on the next lap, but he never appeared. A pin had come loose in the gearbox; he limped on using low gears but ran out of fuel. So that was it.

Two years and three Nürburgrings later, I was to win my class with Christopher McLaren as my co-driver. However, I know that it would not have been possible without the initial introduction and instruction gleaned from John Whitmore. *M.M.*

around the RING



1 Flugplatz ("Airport")

Flugplatz is perhaps the most aptly named and widely remembered section. In the early years, a small airfield was located close to this area of track that features sharp crests, causing fast-moving, firmly-sprung racing cars to jump clear off the track surface.

2 Caracciola Karussell

("The Caracciola Carousel") Although being one of the slower corners, the Karussell is perhaps one of its most iconic—one of two berm-style, banked, blind corners. It is named for Rudolf Caracciola, who reportedly made the corner his own by hooking the inside tires into a drainage ditch to help his car hug the curve.

3 Bergwerk ("The Mine")

Perhaps the most notorious corner on the long circuit, Bergwerk has been responsible for some serious accidents, and some fatal. A tight right-hand corner, coming just after a long, fast section and a left-hand kink on a small crest.

SHORTCUTS



Model Mother Diane Dubois

Kevin McConnell is a sought after British car restoration specialist. Could this have anything to do with the fact that his mother, Diane Dubois, at age 19, hosted the display of the all-new Triumph TR3 in 1955? “My Irish husband, he was into cars,” said Diane. “Big cars! He had several Lincoln and Rolls-Royce convertibles that he’d rent out to actors. After cruising around Hollywood or Malibu they would leave them on the side of the road with no gas or no oil. They’d simply call and tell him where he could pick up the car. My husband would have seven, eight cars at a time. All convertibles because they were the most beautiful. Gorgeous to look at. Extraordinarily comfortable.” Then with a laugh she said, “They almost never worked.”

Take these ShortCuts for a ride.

Quite possibly the biggest drawback to printing a magazine, such as the one you are holding, is at some point there’s got to be a back cover. In our files and inboxes at the office here in Goleta there are so many more stories, tech tips, news, and good times than these paper pages could ever hope to hold.

There’s More Online!



Whereas magazines are mailed only so often, new British articles and information are being added all the time. And you don’t have to wait; they are right at your fingertips.

Take these ShortCuts for a ride. And when you’ve got the time, a question, or a lingering curiosity, drive your mouse for a longer look.



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W From a Field of Dreams

A Triumph TR4A has been revived and is rolling with a new direction, new purpose, and even a new family tree. This Triumph named John is a little brother of Grace the Drive Away Cancer Austin-Healey 100.

John’s current owner is part of a special group. No one in the group has master mechanic skills, but all of them have a passion for classics and a desire to help people. The new owner freely offered John to the group, and with that offering, the Iowa division of Drive Away Cancer was born.

Parades and car shows are one thing, but where John really shines is on a nice drive with a child to brighten their day. John can put the brakes on worries (even if only for a few minutes) of med schedules, treatments, or doctor visits while going for a ride. The healing power of a smile is a force to be reckoned with, not only for the child in the passenger seat but also for the parent that sees a glow on their kid’s face.

Get ready world. John is back on the road. Meet John @ DrivingAwayCancer.org

W 48 States, One Week

Drive Away Cancer founder, John Nikas and our editor, David Stuursma, took a big trip in a little Miata in April. Find out what happened when they attempted to Drive Away Cancer for 10,000 miles straight...

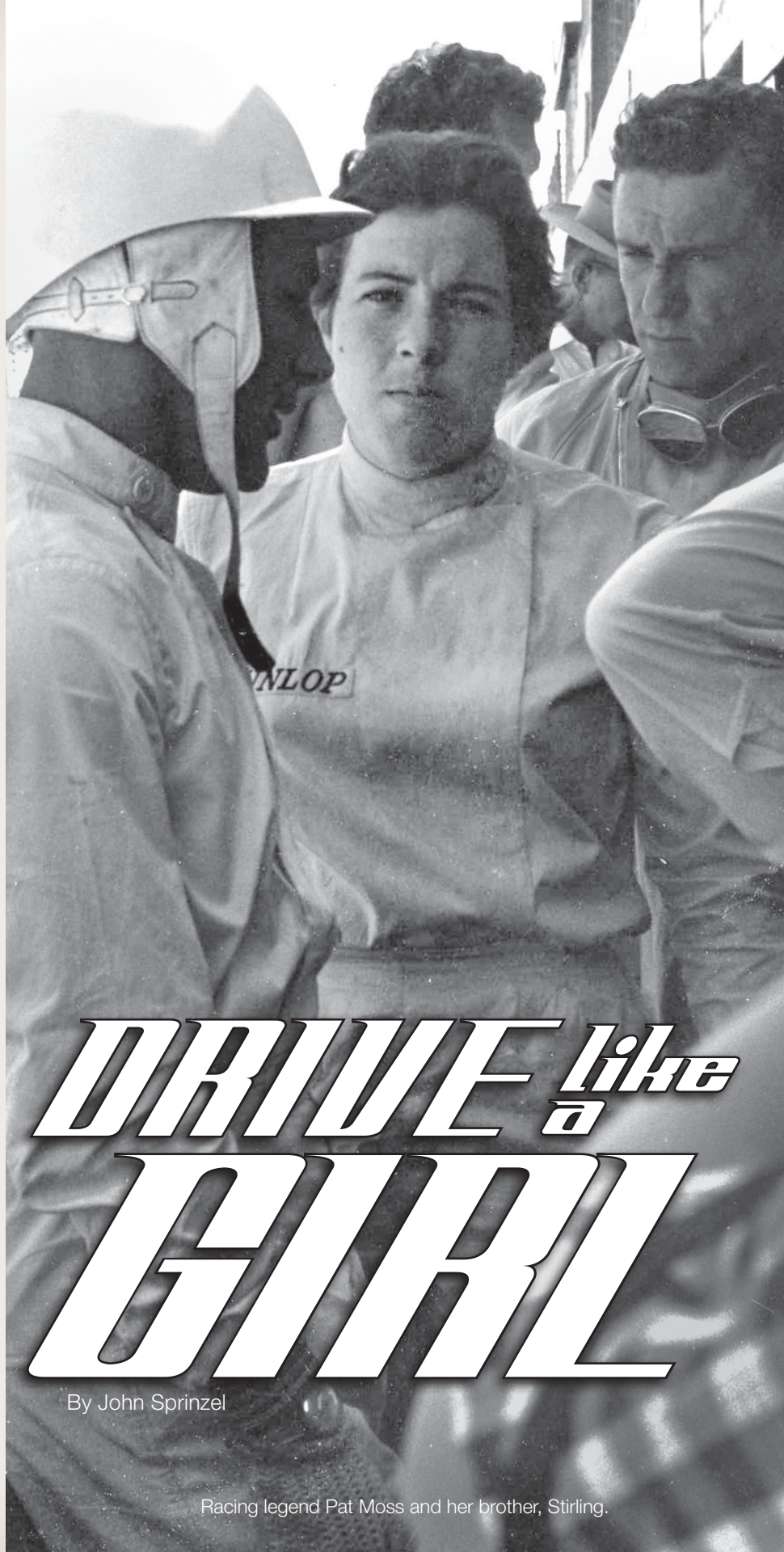
DrivingAwayCancer.org

I had no idea that the young girls of the post-World War II era dreamed of becoming racecar drivers. Certainly a pony might appear in their hopeful plans for the future, and many of them took part very successfully in show jumping and cross-country events—Pat Moss included. But driving ambitions came as naturally to many of them, as they did for the guys.

Throughout Europe there were a lot of ladies taking part in motorsport during the fifties and sixties, and no one thought it odd to see a girl at the wheel. Outright success maybe was not something we thought they would achieve, but then the British teams were hardly entering cars that would take the top trophies anyway. While the obvious reason to choose a woman to drive in competition was the instant publicity this would bring, we soon found that they could drive as well as the men.

FAMILY TRADITION

The principal teammate while I was at BMC was Pat Moss. Pat had owned a Triumph TR2 when she was in the Harrow Car Club, and approached Ken Richardson for some financial help to rally Internationally. Ken turned her down but Marcus Chambers, our wily boss at the Abingdon BMC team, immediately signed her. Although being Sir Stirling Moss' sister was probably the reason she was picked in the first place, Abingdon management and the other drivers in the team soon found that Pat was not only faster than most of us, but also that her stamina outshone her male counterparts. After a succession of brilliant performances in some of Europe's toughest events, her first overall victory was on that incredible 1960 Liège-Sofia-Liège Marathon. She and co-driver Ann Wisdom handled their Austin Healey 3000 for four days and nights of virtually non-stop motoring over some of the roughest and highest roads to lead the weary convoy back to Liège in first place overall. After that success, I imagine many young girls traded their pony dreams for thoughts of even beating the guys in Formula One.



DRIVE *like* a GIRL

By John Sprinzel

Racing legend Pat Moss and her brother, Stirling.

Stirling and Pat at the 1961 Sebring GT—the only time they competed in the same race.



Pat followed this win with several more in International Rallies, winning outright the Ladies Championship on several occasions. Both her parents were competition drivers, as were Annie's, so to them successful lady drivers were nothing unusual. She did have one flaw though in this perfection, Pat often left her handbag behind at restaurants and hotels while on reconnaissance trips in preparation for rallies, which meant an inevitable delay while one of the mechanics was forced to retrace our steps in order to retrieve passports and other vital items.

ROLE MODELS

I have probably missed out a few of Britain's lady drivers, but there were also some terrific talents on the Continent. Claudine Vanson drove for the Citroën team for many years, again with excellent results and many

Women of Influence

Nancy Mitchell, one of BMC's earlier and very successful drivers, with her haul of trophies on the Alpine Rally.



NANCY MITCHELL

An Abingdon driver from the early HRG racing and MGA rallying days with splendid results including a European Ladies Championship and a Coupes des Alpes—BMC was no stranger to successful ladies. Nancy was in the team for many years, even managing to achieve success with the bigger Austin-Healeys. She in fact was a mentor to me. Nancy's MG Magnette was a car near my Austin A35 on my first venture to the European Continent, and she certainly helped me to understand some of the intricacies of competition regulations.

ANNE HALL

Nancy's co-driver on the 1957 Sestrière Italian Rally was another of Britain's great Lady Competitors, who had most of her successes with the UK Ford team. Whenever reference to Anne was made in any newspaper, she always seemed to be described as the "Huddersfield Housewife," and with her pronounced North Country accent, this was a title that seemed to stick. The last event I remember being on with her was the Pirelli Classic Marathon in the mid-nineties, and on that occasion she drove the Sunbeam Tiger, handling the big V8-engined sports car with ease.



Annie Hall on the RAC rally with her Ford Anglia. Co-drivers were often given a rest from their duties on hill climb tests.

JEAN DENTON

A driver of MGs in race and rally, who was a finisher of the first post-war Marathon from London to Sydney with an MGB, and who later became a minister in the government and ended up with the honor of being named a "Dame" by the Queen.

LIKE A GIRL

Coupes des Dames awarded for the fastest lady on each event. Another brilliant French driver was Annie Soisbault, first discovered by Triumph team manager Ken Richardson, and even at just over twenty years old she immediately made an impression with successes including a very high placing on the Liège event. Annie even drove those magnificent Ferrari GTOs on the Tour de France, and won the touring car category of this ten-day racing event with Bernard Consten in a Jaguar Sedan. Ms. Soisbault was also a seven-time French tennis champion, which gives a glimpse of her competitiveness.

Ewy Rosqvist, a very glamorous Swedish blond, drove factory Volvos for a while before being signed up by the mighty Mercedes-Benz competition team, and drove for them with success for a number of years before marrying a Baron and leaving the competition arena.

In the slightly more modern era, Michelle Mouton, another French driver, was the first to win a World Rally Championship event as a team member of the awesome four-wheel drive Audi Quattro team, an outfit that contained some of Europe's fastest and best drivers in cars that dominated the sport. Nowadays she is a very active member of the International Rally organization, where her experience brings a great deal of sensible knowledge to the governance of the sport.

There is no doubt that those of us who raced and rallied in the fifties and sixties had a lot of respect for the Lady drivers who were part of all the factory teams in this Golden era of Motor sport. Their legacy deserves to be retold and will be repeated by female racers of today and tomorrow. *M.M*

Learn more about women in racing at speedqueens.blogspot.com



Annie Soisbault was a very successful and glamorous French driver of the '50s and '60s. In her younger days, publicity photos often showed her with her pet leopard.



A recent picture with the Ferrari Soisbault often drove later in her career.

CHRISTABEL CARLISLE

Christabel—now Lady Watson through marriage—was a very successful racer of Minis. On one of her earlier efforts, some wag suggested that all the corners at a particular racetrack were nearly flat. Christabel took this advice and promptly broke the class lap record. She was always at the head of the field, and on one classic occasion, the Minis of Vic Elford, Christabel and Steve MacQueen cavorted around Brands Hatch track three abreast for the entire race crossing the finish line in close Mini-trio. She drove her first rally with me in my Sebring Sprite in 1962 and the following year, BMC put her alongside Timo Makinen in a Healey 3000. Timo told me she was urging him to go faster on one of the iciest speed stages, so no one could ever doubt this heroine's courage. I took Christabel with me as co-driver on the Monte Carlo Rally and I have never had so many news and cameramen around the car at the various controls—and it certainly wasn't to put my face on their publications.



SHEILA VAN DAMM

The "First Lady" of the Sunbeam team, not long after the end of World War II, who not only got a lot of publicity for her driving, but also as the director of her family's Windmill Theater in London's Soho district, a very popular revue with comics and nudes, which had the distinction of staying open every night of the war, even through all the Battle of Britain raids by Hitler's Luftwaffe. Another rather famous name in the Sunbeam team was Mary Handley Page, from the family who was responsible for building many of the UK's aircraft in aviation's earlier years.

ROSEMARY SMITH

One of the Rootes Groups most successful Ladies. Born in Dublin and initially keen to be a fashion designer, Rosemary started out as a navigator on club rallies, but soon proved that, while she wasn't too good at map reading, she was an excellent driver. Well suited to the factory PR department's love of a good looking blond at the wheel of their rally cars, her best successes seem to have come in Hillman Imps. One of the smallest cars on the rally scene, and like Pat Moss' successes with the Mini, she too, won the Dutch 'Tulip' Rally. In Rosemary's long career she raced a number of other cars, and finished best lady on the Marathon London to Sydney event, and tenth overall in an Austin Maxi on the second of that decade's Marathons from London to Mexico.

TOP 10 PL8S

Whoever coined the term "Vanity Plate" clearly didn't have much of a sense of humor—or a British sports car. Custom plates are fun, sometimes head-scratchingly clever and a delightful part of the British car community.

Thanks to everyone who submitted pictures and voted for the Top 10. If you missed seeing our semi-finalists, visit MossMotoring.com/top-10-plates.

Without further ado, The Winners!

- 1 HEELEE**
Steven Rose
1960 Austin-Healey Bugeye Sprite
- 2 XKESTASY**
Richard Stephenson
1967 Jaguar E-Type OTS
- 3 OMG**
Mallory Bossie
1977 MG Midget
- 4 UBE 007**
Daniel Bennett
1956 MGA
- 5 BRI ISH**
Ed Townley
1964 Austin-Healey 3000 MkIII
- 6 ALL 43HP**
Jon Block
1958 Austin-Healey Sprite MkI
- 7 TISMEMG**
Carl Obert
1977 MG Midget
- 8 AHHSPIT**
Clyde Ronk
1973 Triumph Spitfire
- 9 MI6 QBR**
Alex Watt
1961 Aston Martin DB4
- 10 MG NFCNT**
Derek Busby
1978 MGB

All our winners receive a \$25 Moss Gift Certificate. And, if somehow you missed it on the back cover, check out the "Moss Favorite" sent in by Peter Calabrese.

Be a part of the fun of the next Top 10! You'll find it at MossMotoring.com/top10



Ladies who Lead

ACTIVE WOMEN ARE ESSENTIAL TO CAR CLUBS



Our club was founded by a woman—Hazel Marbel—so our roots go deep. Because the women are so active, I believe our club has more success encouraging women to join the “reindeer games.” Many of the women are involved in preparing driving events such as the Rallye Glenwood Springs—the longest continuously run rallye in the country. Why is the club important to me? In a word... friendship. Everyone, both men and women, open not just their arms but their hearts as well. I can't imagine my life without this group of people.

Joanne Arnston — President,
MG Car Club—Rocky Mountain Centre

I am treated like one of the guys!

When I said that to one of the members he replied, “That’s how you know we like you!” It is wonderful to have a group of individuals that have the same interests, that value your opinion, appreciate your contributions, and I would not miss a meeting or event. Really, I think this is why our club is such a great environment: we all treat each other like car enthusiasts!

Mary Hayes — Board Member,
MC Club Central Jersey Centre



I believe there’s a rich heritage that needs to be maintained and handed-down, and now I feel like I can contribute more directly. I have no doubt that wherever my own Healey finds me, the tech sessions and various other activities the club hosts will help me be a better caregiver. And the camaraderie and good humor of a club can never hurt when you’re sick with leaky little British car love.

Marie Ann Bohusch — Webmaster, North East Ohio Austin-Healey Club

Show & Event Calendar

Visit the MossMotoring.com Event Calendar to find upcoming events in your area and get all the details.



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Moss is pleased to help support the success of your event by sending raffle prizes, Moss discounts and other fun stuff. Every year hundreds of British car events all over the country are bringing joy and fun to the community, and we’re proud to support yours! Please submit your request at least two months prior to your event. The sooner we have your info, the more likely we’ll have time to put a goodie package together for you.

If you prefer to submit your request by mail, write to:

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440 Rutherford St.,
Goleta, CA 93117

Please include the following information:

- 1) The date, location and title of your event.
- 2) How many people/cars you are expecting to attend?
- 3) One contact person’s information – phone & email
- 4) A street address where we can send goodies.

Have a wonderful season!



By Dennis & Rhonda Oldland



A few days into 2013, a fellow car enthusiast from work asked me if I had seen the scavenger hunt article in the latest *Moss Motoring*. He and I talked about the challenge and calculated we would have some easy sign photos within a short distance, so we decided to do it. I told my wife later and we thought this would be great fun so the challenge began!

The following Sunday my wife and I started to take a short ride in our TR3 that turned out to be a 100+ mile journey. The ride began with me thinking that there was a post office down the road that had a “Y” town name on it. But, like the age of my car, my mind is getting a bit older too! It turned out that the post office in my dimming memory was actually a creek. With a big chuckle we decided to keep on going down the road finding a regional county office sign that had three county names on it! We wondered if using that picture would be in keeping with the spirit of the chase, said “nah” and kept on going.

For me, this is part of the challenge—finding signs where you don’t expect them and not finding signs where you think they are—the makings of a fun afternoon. Isn’t that a part of the adventure of life in our classic cars, never knowing what you will find or where you will end up?

Finishing our day in Surfside Beach, we chanced upon a giant mural painted on a building where an old mom and pop grocery store used to stand. Thinking it was a brilliant shot, my mind wondered to several historical roadside failures and my wife’s predictable comment, “Are we having fun yet?” and my response is always “Yes, it is a part of the challenge.”

There are a couple of big British car shows coming up, and now it will be more enjoyable because I can add mapping new signs to collect on the way. I was surprised how many sign opportunities there are in a 2-5 hour drive, depending on the direction taken. Our club, the Grand Strand British Car Club, is putting it’s own spin on it too, by making a day for a sign hunt.

It’s going to be a fun year with the Challenge—another excuse to take short drives with a friend... stop for lunch...enjoy the day. And even though the net reward may be a T-shirt, it’s the ride that’s more memorable than the destination. *M.M*

Have you joined the Challenge? Sign up and get all the details at MossMotoring.com/Challenge

GRÖ DÖ BÖ?

By Mike Hofbauer



Three years after college I decided my life was established to the point I could afford a big boy toy again. It was the rugged sportiness of the Triumph TR6 I lusted for in the '70s. I had to have one.

After several months of disappointing test drives, I found a mechanically sound 1974 TR6 with no rust and a fresh Carmine red paint job. A gloss so deep you could shave by your reflection in the bonnet. I lived in the city and drove it to work when it didn't rain with occasional trips on the interstate or Blue Ridge Parkway. After three years of basic maintenance, a confidence-boosting problem fixed here and there, a Monza free-flow exhaust upgrade and a new interior, I couldn't have been happier.

During a top down drive early on a cloudless blue sky morning, I was enjoying some spirited driving. Accelerating on the entrance ramp with the thrum of the exhaust singing in my ears, I hit the near deserted interstate, grabbed fourth gear, wound it out and was about to hit the overdrive switch when the engine died like it was out of gas. The fuel gauge read half-full, the coolant temperature was normal and the TR hadn't missed a beat until it stopped running.

I coasted to the shoulder with the most difficult to fix problems flooding my mind. I popped the

bonnet looked around and every thing seemed fine. I walked to the back of the car and pushed down on the trunk a few times and I could hear gas sloshing around in the fuel tank.

I thought for a minute or two about my next step and selected the simplest. With nothing to lose, I got in the TR, murmured a plea to the British car gods, turned the ignition key and the straight 6 engine loped into life. With a quick thank you to Lord Lucas I roared off down the interstate, but a couple of miles later the engine choked to a halt. I waited a few minutes, and she fired right up. Feeling I had used up all my favors I headed straight home.

I was fortunate to have Tom nearby. He's a mechanic who has worked on British cars for many decades. The next morning at his shop Tom listened and nodded during my tale and said he would have the TR ready later in the day. That afternoon I watched Tom twist the ignition key and the TR started up and ran sweeter than ever. I happily paid up, drove away ready to enjoy a top down ride and I almost made it home before the engine died.

The next morning Tom again promised the TR would be ready by the afternoon and it was. It ran so well I couldn't help but wind it out a bit, and just before the first traffic light the engine died. I

was close enough to the shop that with a little push through a U-turn I could coast back to the garage. Tom stood there looking at the ground and shaking his head. As I made my silent approach Tom waved me into the garage and pulled the door closed behind me.

When I picked up the TR the next day I tried to quiz Tom about what he found. He was clearly very frustrated and replied, "Drive it." I tried another question and got a stern response of, "Just drive it."

I almost made it home before the engine died.

I had underestimated Tom's frustration and on the phone he unexpectedly told me I might be limited to driving on city streets because he had no idea what to do next. I felt abandoned by my long-time TR guru and apparently if the problem would be fixed I would have to do it.

I reasoned the problem had to be located in one of two systems, fuel or electrical. Tom had concentrated on the electrical side so I picked the fuel system. I disconnected the fuel filter and it looked pretty clean but I installed a new one anyway. When I was about to attach the rubber fuel hose to the intake side of the fuel filter I noticed the hose was packed with weird tiny fibers. I disconnected the other end of the rubber hose from the metal fuel line. Both the rubber and metal lines were packed with fibers from end to end all the way to the fuel tank.

I didn't own a compressor so I got a 10-foot length of some small diameter bailing wire and carefully pushed it through the metal fuel line until it came out the other end. Then I tied one end of the bailing wire into several knots until it was just smaller than the inside diameter of the metal fuel line. I gave the unknotted end of the bailing wire a couple of wraps around a screw driver handle and pulled the wire, knot and all through the metal fuel line. As I pulled the wire the tiny fibers were pushed out by the knot and began to make a pretty big pile as they spilled out onto the garage floor. I repeated the procedure another time or two until the fibers stopped coming out.

With every inch of the fuel line plugged, the fiber source had to be in the fuel tank. I drained the tank, removed it and carried it out into the bright sunlight. With the sun shining into the fuel filler hole I rotated the tank looking for anything that

shouldn't be there. I spotted a dark mass in one corner but couldn't tell what it was. About that time my roommate and his girlfriend came out to see how I was doing. With a straightened out coat hanger I carefully hooked the dark glob in the corner of the tank and fished out a softball-sized mushy glob of fibers and string. From behind me my roommate's girlfriend exclaimed, "That's a tampon!" Sure enough, it was. My mind flashed back to a bad break-up with a girl about a year and a half earlier. She was pretty angry and the last thing she said was, "I hope your car dies."

It took a year and a half for the gasoline to break down her parting gift into tiny fibers and fill up the fuel line and poison my TR6. After a little cleanup and a careful inspection, the fuel tank proved to be immaculately clean. After all it had been scrubbed all that time with a bloated tampon. When I told Tom the story, he admitted he had never heard anything like it and we both laughed.

I dated more wisely in the future and married the coolest girl ever who loves me and the TR. The TR and I have been together for 22 years, and I have been married to my wife for 17 years now. I can't imagine my life without either of them.

I had the custom plate before I met Deb and she let me keep it. She said she would never be threatened by a license plate and she is proof the plate is accurate. *MM*



Ginger

By Synnova Henthorne

DRIVE
AWAY
CANCER

May 2012

Some friends dragged me to British Car Week's National Meet. Thank God for friends. The highlight of the trip was meeting a car named Grace and her driver, John Nikas.

Grace, a 1953 Austin Healey 100-4, was traveling the United States in an effort to offer love, encouragement and hope for people affected by cancer. Grace's gentle, lovely curves were engulfed with thousands of signatures. All week long, even as people were signing her body, men huddled around her open bonnet working on a myriad of problems she was having. Grace vibrated so badly and was in such poor shape that she would shear bolts, shred belts and wiggle her generator right off. Fortunately, this being a British car event, she was in good hands.

Seeing Grace, my mind was flooded with thoughts of my daughter, Chynna, and how I had lost her 19 years ago. I still carried such deep emotions over her loss. I wanted so badly to ask John's permission to sign her name on Grace, but Chynna didn't pass away from cancer; a heart defect took her from me when she was only a few weeks old. I talked with John a lot that week and eventually I told him about Chynna. He asked if she was on Grace. When he found out she was not, without hesitation John handed me a Sharpie and said, "Grace is not leaving Arkansas without Chynna. Go add her name."

John stood quietly with his arm around me while I sobbed. When I finally signed my daughter's name I felt at that moment an overwhelming sense of peace come over me.

I promised to keep in touch with John and Grace. I want to help Drive Away Cancer. I emailed them pictures of the sassy orange 1977 Triumph Spitfire I bought a couple years ago. Her name is Ginger.



September 2012

It was while attending the Cure Search Walk for Childhood Cancer that my eyes were opened and I watched Ginger decide her own fate. She brought smiles and laughter to children fighting cancer and a little peace to families who had lost loved ones. Ginger's first little warrior, a three-year-old named Easton sat on her bonnet with trembling hands trying to hold a marker. At that moment I realized Ginger wanted to follow in Grace's tire treads. There was a decal on the bonnet for kids to write on, but I told Easton's dad to let him write anywhere he liked. Even though Easton wore a mask, I saw an ear-to-ear grin in his eyes. Emmalee, Sydney, Bit, Cody and many others followed Easton's pen strokes and each one smiled his or her biggest smile. Heartbroken parents wrote messages to their little angels, sweet children who had earned their wings. A grandmother wrote to her granddaughter, Morgan Anderson. Another wrote, 'Spread MO Love' in a memorial to Morgan. In an instant my little Ginger became a priceless symbol of hope, peace and happiness. In a moment, a simple pen stroke, Ginger and Grace became sisters.



November 2012

There are no words to express the emotions we feel when we meet new people or receive updates on the cherished little hearts we have met. Nothing can describe fully why we do this. Ginger chose her mission without question. She urged me along and when at first I didn't go her way, she dug her tires in and made me. I didn't want to follow her lead, not because I didn't really want to, but because I was afraid. I was afraid of old feelings cropping up. I was afraid of the return of grief I felt for nearly two decades before I met Grace. Most of all, I was afraid I would fail; afraid we would let everyone down. Now, after two months of driving Ginger I understand. I didn't rescue Ginger from a lifetime of sitting in the weather, she rescued me from the cold. I am so much more than thankful for the people who have helped us stay moving and helped us continue the Drive Away Cancer mission. I am filled with gratitude for our growing family. Ginger and I can't wait to see what the future holds.

January 2013

We've mentioned before that Ginger loves to follow in her sister Grace's tire tracks and she did just that yesterday. True to their form, Ginger performed great en route to Harrison, Arkansas, with one minor exception. On one uphill climb I pushed Ginger just a little bit more than usual to get around a frustrating vehicle. We made it but then I noticed Ginger was spiking a little bit of a fever. After we got over the mountain her fever came back down and we made it to Harrison without any major glitches. However, the route home was a different story. Ginger began having some problems with her choke again and the carb leaked fuel. We did make it home but we took frequent stops to check on her and let her rest a little before we continued. She will be undergoing more surgery this week to put yet another carburetor on, fix a vacuum hose and install the new choke. Thankfully though, Ginger knows how important her missions are and always gets us to our friends. This car has a heart of gold and anyone who ever said a car doesn't have a soul has never met Grace or Ginger—they would certainly change their minds!





February 2013

Eleven years ago today I got a phone call that would change my life. My brother Sean was gone. Today I honor him and my Daddy by working on Ginger. It is the little bit of knowledge I sponged up from Sean and Daddy that keeps Ginger going. Thank you both for being patient with me and please help me as I try to sort out Ginger's continuing carb problems. I love you both so very much and miss you terribly every day.

March 2013

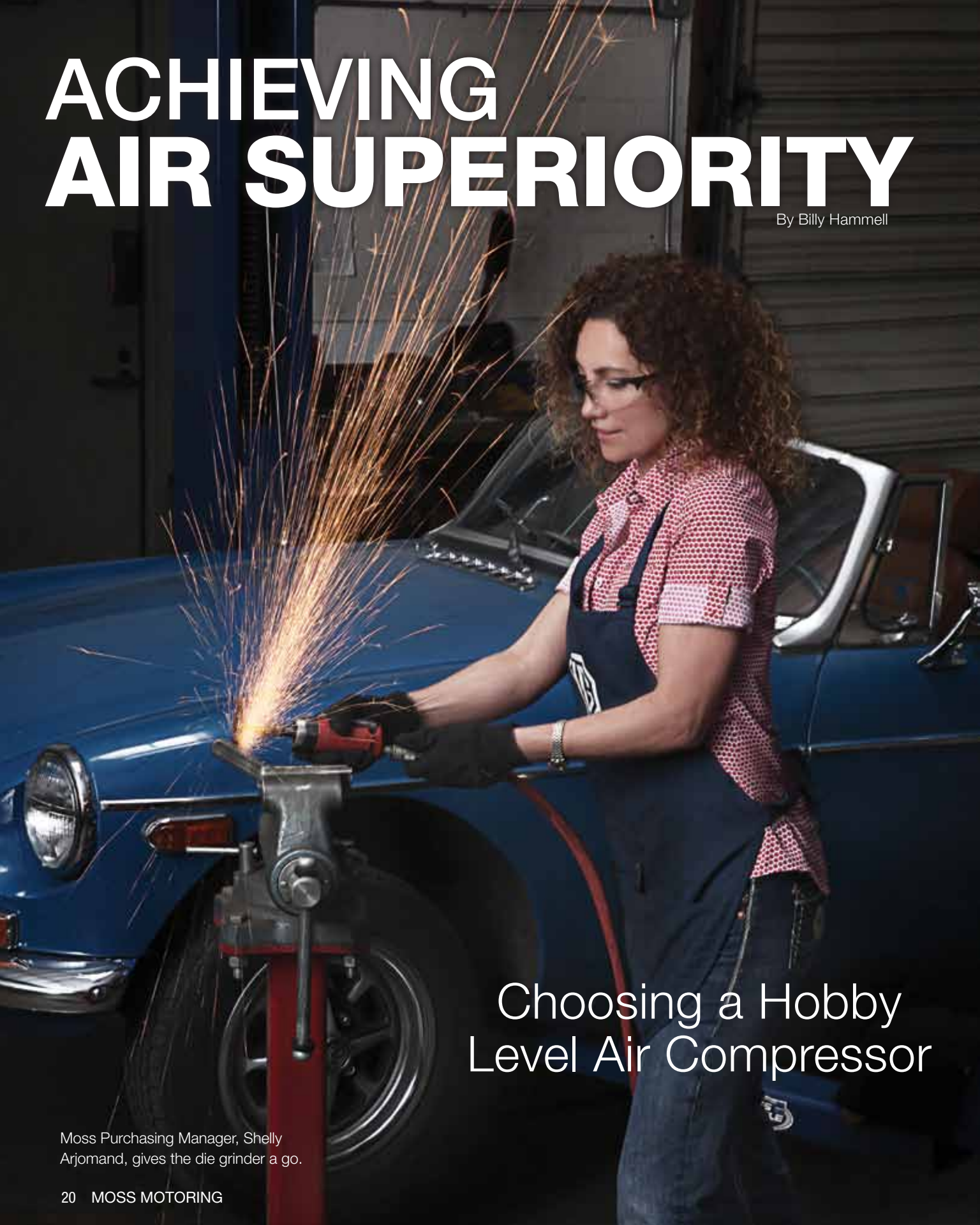
I first planned to attend one event, but that soon led to another and another. Now it seems everywhere we go is an event—gas stations, restaurants, traffic lights ... all over the place people flag us down while we are driving. The best times are when we take wrong turns and end up meeting some really cool people. On our trip to Wisconsin some time ago after a breakdown and rebuild in Iowa, it was late in the evening and I was on some back roads. My GPS quit and I had no cell service. I ran into sleet, snow and heavy fog. After taking some wrong turns, I ended up in Cuba City. It was there that I met Kenny. He offered to cook a meal and I gladly accepted. He was alone after losing his wife and brother. His friend was also dying of cancer. He enjoyed the company, but I think I enjoyed it more. I feel enriched for meeting such wonderful people along the way. Sometimes I don't know where to go, but it seems Ginger always does. When I think we are off course, it always turns out that we are exactly where we needed to be at that moment.

This road with Ginger is a lot of lonely hours followed by sharing a few moments of relief and happiness. Sorrow and pain are inevitably around the corner. I ask myself if those brief moments of happiness and laughter will be enough to carry grief-stricken family members through their darkest times. I may never know the answer and I'm not sure I want to know. What I do know is that signing my child's name to Grace brought me peace after 19 years of grief, and I hope Ginger can provide similar comfort to others. *MM*

Special thanks to Candy Ferris for her help with this story.
Follow and support Ginger at DrivingAwayCancer.org

ACHIEVING AIR SUPERIORITY

By Billy Hammell



Choosing a Hobby
Level Air Compressor

Moss Purchasing Manager, Shelly
Arjomand, gives the die grinder a go.

How To...



Perhaps no other tool has empowered the automotive hobbyist more than the air compressor. Armed with a properly sized compressor and the right air tools, there are very few jobs that can't be tackled.

Want to inflate tires and blow out carburetors? What about powering air guns and ratchets? Plan on cutting or grinding bad body panels with air tools? How about sanding and painting? While each of these processes usually requires the same amount of working pressure (90 psi), the air tools in question all require a different volume of air to work effectively. You'll need to properly size the compressor for the tools as well as for the amount of time they will be used.

The air produced by a compressor and the amount of air required to run a specific air tool is measured in CFM (cubic feet per minute). For simplicity we'll just be looking at what you can expect from compressor size "A" powering tool type "B" and any limitation that may arise.

For the average home user there are two basic types of compressors: oiled units that use a pump with a crankcase filled with oil, and the other is an "oil-less" type.

Oil-less compressors are insanely noisy and not as durable as their oiled counterparts. An oil-less unit isn't something you want running in your basements or attached garage early in the morning. I recommend you don't buy one. If you do, the good thing is they don't last forever.

Oil-less units run about half the cost of a comparable oiled unit and they only last maybe 10-20% as long as an oiled unit depending on use. I started out on an oiled compressor built by my grandfather using an old Briggs & Stratton 3-hp and a used Chrysler RV-2 automotive air conditioning compressor. While it was crude and a bit dangerous, it outlasted him, my father and myself. It was later stolen and is no doubt still serving someone today—50 years later. While a good oiled unit will last longer than you really need, it also won't give you any problems while you own it. With this in mind we'll mainly look at oiled machines in the \$450 to \$650 range. These should cover most needs of a hobby-level user. I'm a firm believer that a 220v/60 gallon 10 CFM oiled unit is the minimal compressor a serious hobbyist should consider, and preferably a cast iron unit at that. I'll explain why.

Prepare for the long run

Oiled compressors basically come in two types of pumps: cast iron and aluminum. I prefer cast iron pumps for their wear resistance. I only like to buy things once, and a good ferrous cylinder unit is only a few dollars more if there is any difference in price at all.

There are two common voltages and tank sizes available for home compressors: 110/220v and 30/60 gallon, respectively. The largest 110v models usually top out at around 30 gallons and about 5.5 CFM. Some 110v units can run air ratchets and impact guns pretty well but the lower output units most likely won't. Most wrench-type tools require between 4-6 CFM and

a proper compressor will have to supply enough air for them to run effectively for the duration of the task. Some folks may get by with smaller units but there may be some extra time spent waiting for the compressor to catch back up. Forget about continuous grinding or sanding/blasting with a small compressor (30 gallons, 5.5 CFM or less) as it won't be able to keep up with high demand tools for very long.

Don't pay too much attention to horsepower as the same compressor that was rated 7hp ten years ago is now rated at 3-3.5hp today. What really matters is CFM at the required pressure and tank size.

Most good 30 gallon units put out anywhere from 4.5-6 CFM and maybe a bit higher. These units will run ratchets and impact guns well for most practical single-user applications. Using these compressors for sanding, grinding and blasting is a bit of a stretch. If mobility is important or storage space is limited, a 30-gallon unit may work well for your needs.

Proper work load, proper care

When I purchased my current "7hp"/60-gallon unit, the 30-gallon model was the same price. Space, funds and spouse allowing, I feel it's better to have and not need, than to need and not have.

If you are undergoing a full restoration and/or have paint or prep work in your future, I strongly recommend a 220v unit of at least 10 CFM and 60 gallons capacity at a minimum. My 60 gallon unit is rated 10.3 CFM @ 90 psi. It will outrun any of my wrench style tools all day long. However, if grinding, cutting, sanding or blasting is required, those tools will demand more than my compressor can continuously supply. I can't use them non-stop but that really isn't a big deal. When the pressure drops too low for the tool to work properly, it's about time for me to take a break anyway. This is especially true with a media blasting cabinet, which can become tiresome.

Whichever compressor you get make sure you change the oil in it regularly with the recommended type. I like to break-in new compressors by running them for 20-30 minutes continuously and then change the oil. It's a good idea to keep an eye on the condition of the oil and change it when it gets a metallic tinge. This will get you in the habit of checking and changing your compressor oil. Don't forget to add a good water separator, oil your air tools and drain your tank frequently too. Air tools don't react well with water, especially un-lubed or during a paint job. Taking care of your compressor like you would your car will ensure it will be around longer than you will. After becoming accustomed to having a high quality compressor around you'll never be able to live without it. MM



MGs,

By Anita Hodson

When I think about the many years that MGs have been in my orbit, I found there are so many moments of pure joy that its hard to pick just one story from the many. The bottom line is: I love MGs and always will.

Already from the age of five I was drawn to two things: ships and cars. When I turned 15 and finally got my driver's license, my first car was a 1962 Triumph Herald that my dad bought me. It was in bad shape, but I loved it and Dad and I would work on it together most weekends. I have fond memories of passing him tools, doing a valve grind and just fiddling and listening to my dad explain how things worked.

I don't remember seeing an MG for the first time, but I do remember the moment I wanted one. The curves, the lines—so different to anything else on the road. I joined the Australian Merchant Navy to be a Navigator, and at the same time as I was following my passion for ships and the sea, I proclaimed, "I'm getting an MG." All through the first year at sea I saved every penny. As soon as I got back to Maritime School I bought my dream car: a 1966 MGB. I called her the Jalopy. She never behaved and yes she would break down—a lot.

There was a month-long period where I had to park her on a hill to roll-start her. And out of necessity I figured out a way to push start her by myself. I bought her in Tasmania and managed to drive her up and down the east coast of Australia a number of times all the way to Cairns. We had thousands of miles of adventures. The muffler, though, seemed determined to escape, and on one drive it tumbled off and speared itself through the tire. Cell phones weren't around yet, it was ten at night, and I was in the middle of nowhere. I happened upon a

lovely couple who took me in for the night and helped me the next day to get on my way. On another drive my generator died in the Blue Mountains the night of New Years Eve. The first car to find me in the darkness turned out to be a tow truck. The driver hooked her up and took us to a mechanic friend of his.

I loved my Jalopy, I would be at deep sea on an oil tanker for months and dream about seeing that beautiful dash. I knew she would be there waiting for me on land. Going for a long drive at sunset was the first thing I would do after a long stay at sea. We had a bond, a connection, and although she broke down there was reliability within her unreliability. I fell in love in that car a few times and have fond memories of driving over Sydney Harbor Bridge with my and my companion's arms in the air loving life. I drove in the torrential rain with the roof off and kissed that boy at the stoplights. And nothing could top driving topless from Brisbane to Sydney and not meaning with just the roof off.

LEAVING HER BEHIND

One afternoon my grandmother asked, "Where has Anita gone in such a hurry?" From behind her I said, "I'm here." She said, "Your car just went whizzing down the drive." The Jalopy had decided to jump out of gear and roll down my dad's long driveway, which was on a hill. She squeezed between two trees, turned by herself and missed a ditch by inches.

Trying to convey the depth of my love for that car is beyond the words I know, but alas, I wanted to move to America. So I left the Jalopy with my cousin and started a new life in New York. After three years people suggested I sell her, but I liked knowing that I still

the Sea & Me

had her and whenever I would go back to Australia she was there. I dreamed I would one day give her to a daughter...

I owned the Jalopy for 12 years and for reasons unknown to me even now, my cousin called me one day to tell me he had sold her. I was devastated. As time wore on I often thought about that dash and that ride and just that feeling I felt when I walked up to her. I know that somehow the souls of all the previous owners were wrapped up in her. Something was missing from my life without an old classic.

FINDING AUDREY

I moved to Los Angeles and times seemed to get hard. I wanted an old car but neither money nor the right car were around. I was spending a lot of time at sea, too. A classic would have been hard to manage, so I just rented cars or walked a lot. Finally three years ago I started my search for an MGA. I researched but just couldn't find the right one. I was struggling with work and wanted

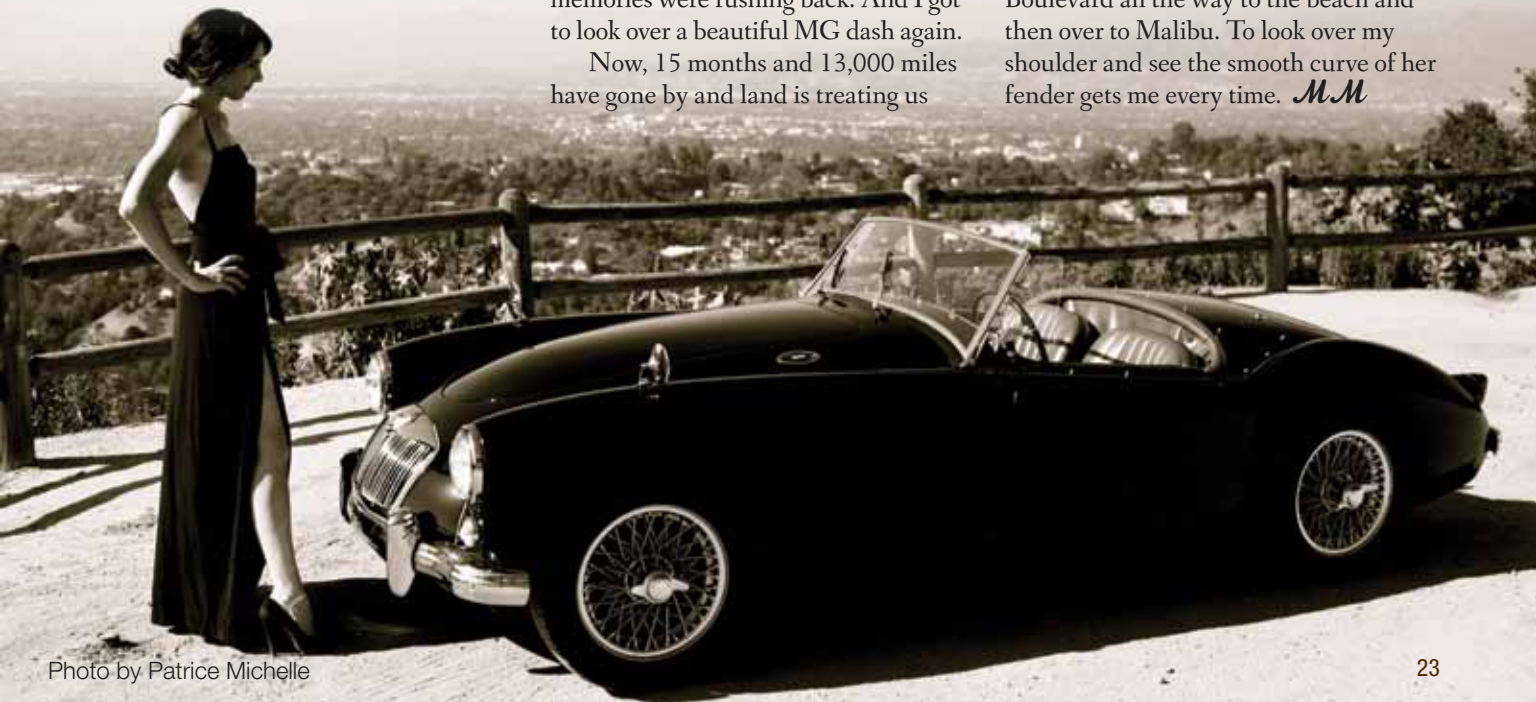
to plant roots on land. I went to sea for my last contract and one week into my voyage, I saw her online. She was beautiful and something about her just felt right. I contacted the owner and he said if he hadn't sold her by the time I got off the ship then I could come and see her. Every day I hoped that she would not be sold. I printed out her picture and had her in the cockpit on the bridge as I passed through the Mediterranean. Every day I dreamed.

So, after three months at sea it was time to walk down the gangway for the last time at the port of Rome. I flew around the world and rented a car to San Diego because by some luck no one else had taken her home. Instead of driving my rental back to LA, I was getting to know a very beautiful black 1958 MGA, soon to be named Mary Gertrude Audrey. I have to say I had tears in my eyes and a big smile on my face on the drive north. It had been almost eight years since my cousin had sold my first MG and so many beautiful times and memories were rushing back. And I got to look over a beautiful MG dash again.

Now, 15 months and 13,000 miles have gone by and land is treating us

well, life seems to be so much better when a classic is in it. We have had a few breakdowns along the way, but usually there is a great story to tell afterwards. I met dear Alfie, a Vietnam vet, standing over Audrey playing the harmonica. Alfie, who I call my musical mechanic, and I have taken her head off and worked on her a bit together, with musical intermissions in my garage. Some of the best parts of driving a classic are the people you meet along the way, seeing faces light up with appreciation, and the support and help from fellow MGA owners.

There have been people who proclaim that I should respect her and just drive her once in a while on weekends. I feel I am respecting her by driving her daily and keeping her parts moving through these modern city streets. I thank my lucky stars every day for being so blessed to drive my rolling work of art. She is a black beauty who loves racing through Hollywood on a Sunday morning, taking Sunset Boulevard all the way to the beach and then over to Malibu. To look over my shoulder and see the smooth curve of her fender gets me every time. *MM*





MGT Windshield Mirrors

Give your T-series some real rear-view mirrors that are easy to install and can be removed quickly as well with no modifications to your car. The Moss R&D team have designed these mirrors with available convex or flat mirrors to suit your vision preference. Mirrors are sold each and install to the windscreen pivot hardware using the existing wingnuts.

Left Hand – Convex	165-512	\$36.95
Right Hand – Convex	165-511	\$36.95
Left Hand – Flat	165-514	\$36.95
Right Hand – Flat	165-513	\$36.95

Stainless Steel Brake Hose Sets

Stainless steel brake hoses provide a more direct and consistent brake feel. They won't expand like rubber hoses can. Order this complete set of long-lasting braided steel hoses for your next brake job. DOT approved.

AHY 3000 BT7, BJ7, BJ8	584-078	\$69.95
TR4A, TR250, TR6	584-088	\$69.95
MGB – All	180-898	\$64.95
Spridget w/Disc Brakes	180-378	\$79.95



TR6 Vacuum Advance Conversion

Because of emissions controls, later TR6s had a retard unit where earlier cars had advance units. The later cars had up to 20 degrees retarded timing at the crank! With this modification you can enjoy the performance the factory gave the earlier non-smog cars. In about 15 minutes with the distributor out you can have this new unit installed. Takes the place of the OE retard unit in distributors 41385 and 41558. For non-smog inspected cars. If using Strombergs, you may require the #365-315 vacuum port to access ported vacuum on top of rear carb by removing the existing plug. You will need to plug the vacuum used for the stock vacuum retard unit.

1972-76	560-159	\$89.95
Vacuum Port	365-315	\$8.75

MGB O.E. Quality Body Side Moldings

The highest-quality moldings for the MGB that we offer. Made as original from polished stainless steel for durability against rust, with crisp clean lines and a quality fit that won't rattle. Sold as kits or individually.

Molding Set w/Hardware	453-428	\$124.95
Molding Set w/o Hardware	453-438	\$109.95



Left Front Fender
Left Door



453-421 \$19.95
453-441 \$19.95

Amplified Hide-Away Antenna by RetroSound

If you're thinking of adding a modern stereo to your classic you might be hesitant, debating which fender you'll need to cut into to add an ugly stalk antenna. Fear no longer – our friends at RetroSound had the same worries and developed this Hide-Away antenna to solve the problem. Using active magnetic field circuitry for enhanced radio reception, you can mount this antenna behind your dash near the stereo or inside the trunk if that's more convenient. Antenna comes with a 105-inch antenna cable and power lead, and installs to a standard Motorola antenna plug and your radio's power antenna lead. Small box is 4"W x 1"H x 1"D.



Amplified Antenna 230-555 \$24.95



ARP Flywheel Bolts

Flywheel bolts do the important job of keeping the flywheel and clutch assembly attached to the crankshaft. If your classic is driven only as a Sunday treat or if it's pushed to extremes at a racetrack, either can benefit from technology gleaned from professional competition, as ARP brings to us with their experience. These premium grade Pro Series bolts are highly superior to OEM hardware, originally developed for NASCAR competition. Rated to a 200,000 psi rating, the bolts are forged and heat-treated prior to thread rolling and machining. The high tolerance shank makes the bolts stronger and improves flywheel register. The heads are an exclusive flat, 12-point design and their undersides have a step that is dead flat and perfectly smooth. Use ARP Ultra-Torque lubricant #322-815 at installation to achieve factory workshop torque-specs.

AH 100-6, 3000, TR2,3,3A,3B,4
 322-191 \$5.95
 ARP Ultra-Torque Lubricant
 322-815 \$3.10

1275 Aluminum Cross Flow Head

Add power to your Sprite/Midget or Mini with this 'A' Series crossflow aluminum head with cast intake manifold. Similar to the crossflow head from the '60s this has an improved design, while using standard valve gear and valve guides. Increased flow rate optimizes power on 1275 engines. Larger diameter inlet ports (4) and crossflow design overcome the 'A' series engine breathing problems by increasing the inlet manifold air flow by as much as 20% over an original 5-port head. Aluminum alloy is lighter (head weighs 15 lbs), runs cooler and allows for higher compression ratios. Designed to fit in cramped engine bays when assembled with Webers, two #378-675 recommended. Comes with silcon-bronze valve guides and hardened valve seats to allow for unleaded fuels. Designed to use 8mm NGK ER9EH spark plugs. Stock exhaust manifold can be used. Made in the USA.



Assembled – With Valves 451-808 \$1558.45
 Unassembled – With guides & Seats 451-807 \$1320.45
 Weber Side Draft, each 378-675 \$582.95



Left Rear Fender	453-461	\$19.95	Right Door	453-451	\$19.95
Right Front Fender	453-431	\$19.95	Right Rear Fender	453-471	\$19.95



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When you have customers like Peter Calabrese, it's hard to imagine a better way to spend your work day.

For using all the available creative license and then some, Peter received the "Moss Favorite" Award.

Look inside to see our Top 10 custom plate winners in all their glory.



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