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Moss Motoring



2013
**MOTORING
CHALLENGE**

SHIFTING

THE DYING ART

PAGE 16

**HOW TO MAKE
A LIFETIME
OF MEMORIES**



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Moss Motoring



Miles with Maggie

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On the Cover:

Emily Snow has a few years yet before she can drive on her own in the Motoring Challenge. Chances are, she'll choose to compete with her dad. See page 8 to read her story.



WRITERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WE WANT YOU!

Share your experience, wisdom and talent with British car enthusiasts across the country. Contributors whose work is selected for use in the magazine will receive Moss Motors Gift Certificates! Now, since there is no way to print all the terrific stories and tech articles that are sent to us, we will place relevant and first-rate submissions on MossMotoring.com for all to enjoy and benefit. Sorry, submissions that are published online are not eligible for gift certificates.

editor@mossmotors.com

The very best way to submit material is via email. Please attach digital photos at full size when possible. Film photographs and handwritten articles may be mailed to: Editor – Moss Motoring, 440 Rutherford St., Goleta, CA 93117

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The right people spend decades with the right cars.

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\$200 Gift Certificates

Three to four-page stories and articles (approx. 1800 words). This includes: technical/restoration articles, historic accounts, Club and Event experiences, and anything that will inspire or entertain. Please include pictures for us to choose from—the more, the better.

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Black Ice & Cowboy Boots

By Robert Goldman

There I was, stuck on level ground. I'd been trying, with no luck, for several minutes to rock the car out of its ¼-inch deep groove. Two cowboys wandered past, no doubt spotted the California plate (MG LIVES ironically enough, even though without help the car would be stuck there until late spring), and asked if I needed a push. "Yes please." Apparently two pairs of cowboy boots possess greater tractive grip than one snow tire.

With my '67 MGB GT released from its prison of parking lot black ice, I scampered back to the safety of the folks' driveway and parked the car. Taking advantage of my college location in Oregon, spring break 1981 was to be my first ever solo trip to the family vacation spot in Ketchum, Idaho. The car and I had only just been introduced to black ice a couple days before, and the result then had been predictably undesirable.

I have had experience on icy roads, but it was limited to Mom's four-wheel drive Jeep Wagoneer, which never got stuck in a parking lot. The B, though equipped at the back with a pair of snow tires, had an open differential. In sunny SoCal, that meant a little wheel spin when stomping the gas out of a right hand turn. In an icy parking lot it meant one wheel drive and ignominy.

The cowboys likely had fun at home that evening, recounting the story of the kid from California who got stuck on level ground. If only they had known about my black ice pirouette a couple nights before. Under the heading "a little knowledge is dangerous," in those days my car was equipped with a thoroughly modern driving

computer. It had cruise control, and temperature sensors, a blue LED display, and six thousand buttons. Driving across interstate 84, from Salem, Oregon, to Idaho, I had been carefully monitoring outside temperatures.

Cresting a hill, the display said it was a balmy 34 degrees. Imagine my surprise then, when tapping the brakes while heading down hill. Rather than slow down, the car went into a counterclockwise spin. Probably only one revolution later, though it felt like two, the car headed nose first into the divider...and stopped. No impacts, no other cars involved, nothing else to do but put her in reverse and hope it wasn't stuck. Fortunately, the median was unfrozen. I backed out between the steel posts, snow markers, which stood in silent testament to all the stuff I didn't hit before stopping.

It certainly wasn't funny at the time, but with hindsight, and no damage done, I can laugh about the things that went wrong on that trip. In an age of Gary Larson animal cartoons, one might even imagine a local herd of deer standing over on the side of the highway holding up scorecards. "Simple spins are low value, but missing all the road signs significantly ups the difficulty factor: 8.5."

In retrospect, I'm not sure if snow tires provided any real benefit, but chains aren't an option on a heavily loaded B with sagging springs. Another feature of that particular MGB was the intermittent windshield wipers, but being a steel dash car, it was easy enough to reach up underneath, wiggle the wires, and bring the system back to life. *MM*





Fantastic Finish

THE FIRST-EVER MOTORING CHALLENGE IS OVER BUT WON'T SOON BE FORGOTTEN.

CONGRATULATE THE VICTORS
at MossMotoring.com/2013winners

At the time of this writing the Challengers' photos and point totals were being reviewed at Moss headquarters. By now though, if we haven't already, we are close to announcing the winners and sending out prizes. \$1000 Moss Gift Certificate for first place—not too shabby!

With more than 600 entries, there were Challengers all over the place. Heck, we even had people on other continents ask to join along.

The Challengers, despite sketchy weather, shrugging off the risk of breakdowns, and often with people they love in

tow, showed the world that driving a classic sports car is a reward in itself. Did they need excuses to get out and drive? Maybe not. But as it is with our cars, sometimes a little push goes a long way.

Here at Moss we've gotten such a kick out of the pictures and stories from Challengers on the road. We're proud to share a few of them here. Have a look at the Challenge section of MossMotoring.com for more stories. And look for the new 2014 Motoring Challenge in the middle of this magazine. We've changed it up a bit, just for fun. *M.M.*



MILES WITH MAGGIE

By Bryan Hutchinson



It was about 10:30pm on a chilly January night when I received the phone call from my brother. His voice was sullen as he asked me a question I knew was born in pain and being offered with trepidation. “Can you help me get Maggie going again? It’s time to sell her.” He had finally reached an intersection in life where his privilege as the designated keeper of her keys had run its course. Gearheads like me know these crossroads all too well. I have usually come to that crossroad when needing to free up finances. For my brother, the decision came out of a transitional reality that his family would never really get to enjoy her again the way they craved to do.

In 1996, this little MGB came to live with my brother and his wife as a honeymoon present. For a number of years, things went really well and this car lived up to her expectations. Life, though, has a way of creating obstacles. As his family found themselves dealing with breast cancer and autism, Maggie had to take a back seat. In late-2003 Maggie pulled into her garage space where for nearly a decade she sat—until about a month after that phone call.

At the time, I wasn’t in a position to purchase Maggie. I was however looking for a project of another kind.

The Giving Kind

Here is a lesson I have learned: Life is in great part about giving. Having been afforded the opportunity to travel extensively and meet fellow transportation enthusiasts, I can tell you that gearheads are some of the most generous people on the planet. From bikers in Daytona Beach to aviators at Oshkosh, gearheads are givers.

As a lover of motorsports I strive to find ways to intertwine this passion with opportunities to change other people’s lives. In short: do good with what is entrusted to you. At dinner one evening I asked my girls to help answer some questions: Could we find some way to make the 2013 Motoring Challenge a part of our charity focus this year? What if we

thought big? How could we do something that would honor my brother and his family, raise some money for charity, challenge us and be fun all at once? From that conversation we developed a very simple plan: Enter the Challenge and raise money for every point we earn.

Step one was to get the car. I had owned 15 MGs in my short life, although at that point I didn’t even have a garage. I called my brother a few days later and told him what we wanted to do. Get Maggie outdoors, running and safe. Drive her across the country over the next year, take a whole bunch of pictures that will turn into points and get people to give for each one we earned. He was in. Maggie was mine and we would work out the details later.

Step two was to pick the charity. This was actually a great deal of discussion. Each of my daughters had ideas about charities: UNICEF, Cloud 9, Food For The Poor International all made the list. The question was how to make the connection. Our family has been ravaged by cancer over the decades. Breast cancer in particular has tried to suppress us many times—I am amazed at the strength I see in the women and families who wrestle that beast. Likewise, autism has changed the way we view life. It causes life plans to adjust in major ways. Susan G. Komen and Autism Speaks are leading the way in raising awareness and striving to find cures for these life factors. The family voted and we had our charities.



Go Out and Do It

The most difficult step is the first one. Gaining forward momentum is key to accomplishing anything. With a simple plan in place we got started. Looking over the point sheet I realized that there was a deadline of March 1st for Sneak Peek bonus points. Even though I initially had no intention of placing high in the final standings, I wasn't going to miss out on bonus points if I could help it. The problem was Maggie really hadn't run in over a decade. And when she did run (briefly) her front end shook like grandma on horseback.

Mystery oil and time, combined with some work to the fuel system, the ignition system and the "what was Mr. Lucas thinking" system was done. Fingers crossed and a fresh battery convinced Maggie to wake from her slumber. That was a great day for my brother and me. The brakes didn't work right, but that didn't really bother us. They were at least dragging. We motored her out of the garage, two-footing the throttle and brake pedal, and wobbled our way toward two city signs.

Not surprisingly, we caught the attention of a local law enforcement officer. As he approached this dilapidated, dirty, smoking car with no registration, no inspection, no top in 30-degree weather and two frozen greasy guys, he simply said, "There has got to be a story here." I opened my mouth first, "This is Maggie. She hasn't been out of the garage for over a decade, but this year she is going to run across the country and raise money for charity. We are going to honor my brother's family and we are going to help people understand that there is hope for those suffering from autism and breast cancer. We need to submit two photos by Friday of this car in front of official city signs to get as many points as possible. Would you mind taking the picture for us?" He looked at us for a second before responding. His words hit home. "My nephew also has autism. I get it. Take the picture and get the car off the road."

And so continued this journey we call *Miles with Maggie*. The water pump gave out on the way to car show #1. On one 300-mile leg I burned through 11 fuses before finding a bit of corrosion in a connection. The gentleman at the parts store in Love County, Oklahoma just shook his head and said "Lucas." A blown head gasket, bad radiator and carburetor problems all took tolls.

So did one day of 908 miles of driving.

You see, somewhere along the way I decided that the best thing to do was not just run the challenge, but to run believing I have a chance to make the greatest impact by trying to win. Time after time I was feeling the impact. Like the impact Maggie made on a man in Lewisville, Texas whose wife

From the Top: (1) Heavy rain or not, 'Z' was a hard point to get. (2) Maggie, Madison and Me at the 2nd of 3 National Forests visited on a hot July day. (3) She might not be a D-Type Jaguar and I am no John Fitch, but Maggie held her own laying down laps and shinning under the lights at Texas Motor Speedway. (4) Elvis wasn't there but his famous peanut butter and banana sandwich was fantastic at the Arcade in Memphis, TN.

“Hard to tell who was more proud, my Nephew for Maggie’s Best in Class Victory or me of his ability to overcome obstacles.”



teaches children with autism. Or the impact the car made on the homeless veteran I shared breakfast with in Memphis TN. He lost his wife to breast cancer shortly after returning from Vietnam. Or the impact a conversation made to the single mom we met at a gas station in Virginia who was suffering from breast cancer herself... She was reminded about how she is not alone.

And then there was the staff at Waffle House at one o'clock in the morning who paid for my breakfast as their way of saying thanks—each shared with me a story revealing how our journey is making a difference. In Xenophon, Tennessee a farmer told me about the 1959 MGA he drove while stationed in England. In Hutchinson, Kansas the host of the car show just looked in wonder when we pulled up. He was more than happy to let me display on the car the message of the charity drive. All day long people stopped to talk and share their stories.

The Impact Hits Home

With the approach of fall, Maggie sat in my shop for a few weeks getting some work done. When I got her on the road again I picked up my daughter Madison at the frozen yogurt shop. A smile lit up her face and she ran and hugged the car. This enthusiasm affected my parents, too. Both are cancer

survivors and both are MG nuts. When we all get together to tinker on Maggie you can see the pride they have in knowing they had a part in forging this unique British car bond.

The messages of hope penned on magnetic graphics affixed to Maggie tell the stories of people around this country who have been impacted. Yet to me the greatest so far was the one made on my brother and his wife when their son, who has autism, got to walk up on stage and receive a “Best in Class” trophy at the car show in Carrollton. I wonder how many times in his life he has had people applaud like that for him? I wonder if his mom’s tears of joy could be matched?

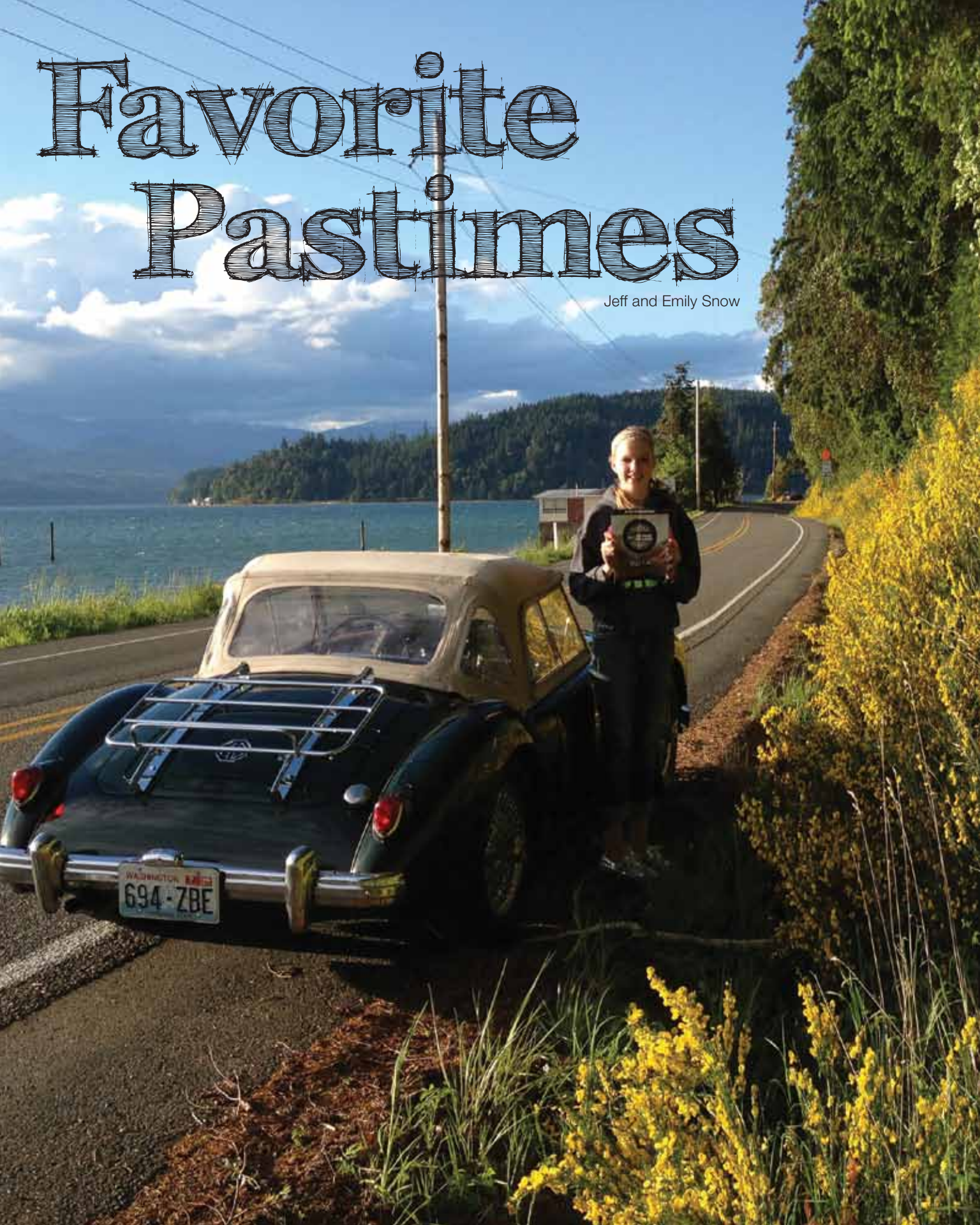
In the grand scheme, Miles with Maggie isn’t about winning. It’s about fulfilling the spirit that gearheads possess, the spirit of giving, of caring, of going the extra mile to help a friend or stranger. It’s about helping others and doing good with what we have. It’s about you and me and lots of people like us who can do small things to make a major impact on the world around us. We simply need to look for the opportunities that drive by every day.

If you want to know more about Maggie’s journey, search Miles with Maggie on Facebook. You’ll know the page when you see it. *MM*



Favorite Pastimes

Jeff and Emily Snow





I had a Moss catalog with me in the Middle East and shipped parts to my parents' house. Returning home, just days after my Desert Storm tour ended with the Army, I tore my car down to its chassis, and the long task of rebuilding and replacing began. I would say the MGA did not experience a restoration. It was a rebuild. At this period in my life, I didn't have the knowledgeable friends that I have come to rely on today. I did it all with a Haynes manual and a generous amount of whimsy, pixy dust and a 'this oughta work' attitude.

It took a few years, but in 1995 the car finally fired up. I joined the Columbia Gorge MGA Club in Portland and began driving in the activities, as many as possible.

There were many things wrong with the car when I took it apart, and it went back together in rather the same fashion, just with newer and shinier parts. It has taken all those years since then to bring the car to what I would now consider the best it's been since it was new. It has been a journey.

YOUNG NAVIGATOR

Since the day my daughter Emily was born, she has been riding with me. We would cruise up and down the scenic Columbia River Gorge, go on tours and club rallies—you name it, she and I were there. Emily has become my truest navigator, and even at an age when girls are known to turn their interests to things, well, anything not involving the parents, she still has a sparkle for a spirited drive.

That sparkle had a special shine this year. Moss Motors introduced the Motoring Challenge, a medium for all of us British car victims to take advantage of the fun we let sit in the garage for far too many days of the year. I explained the nature of the Challenge to my 13-year old daughter and the next thing I knew she had a list of the places near (and not so near) our home.

The first opportunity to take a day and go picture taking arrived, and off to Gifford Pinchot National Forest we went, way out in the sticks where a tow truck bill would mean certain poverty. Up into the hills and further and further away, until we finally could go no further due to the snow and debris of the forestry road. We sketched out new courses for small outlying towns like Amboy, Cougar, or View, looking for the perfect sign to cozy up to. Too soon we had used up all the towns in our little neck of the woods. I insisted we were

not going to travel 400 miles to get a sign of Idaho. We did however meticulously plan out an elaborate trip to Canada, not only because the ABFM in Vancouver is awesome, and the drive would be epic, the quality time priceless, but also because it had so many opportunities to get more points!

This was going to be the *king daddy* of road trips for Emily, and I was feeling a bit nauseated at the prospect of travelling over 700 miles in an MG, one that has left me in the lurch on more than a few occasions. We planned to make a four-day trip of it, taking a long snaky route that hit counties and towns and forests and scenic areas. It rained like cats and dogs the entire first day. But we were having such a good time, staying on the back roads as much as possible, getting the elusive 'Q' town sign, having to wait for trains to pass, taking ferry boat rides, spying deer and stuffing rags in the places drips were coming through. We were not short on pictures, for sure. I told Emily she was in charge of documentation, and she ran with it.

The Mounties eventually let us into Canada and soon(ish) we were at our destination. Still not even a hiccup from the car, it ran perfectly, even for the hour we idled on the freeway waiting to get through the underwater tunnel. We eventually made it to the Abercorn Inn, the traditional hotel of the meet. Everyone was washing and cleaning their cars in the parking lot. Our car looked like hell from the constant rain and 400+ miles driven. Emily





certainly didn't care, and I really didn't either, so a simple spray down at the hotel was all the preparation it got for the following day's car show. It rained most of that day too.

The drive back to Vancouver, Washington was charmed. In perfect harmony, the car ran great, we hit all our Challenge destinations and not a single thing had gone wrong. Heck, it was even sunny upon arrival in our driveway. The MG gods smiled.

Since that trip, we have attended a few other events, historic races, tours and rallies. Emily earned her first 'First Place' trophy as rally navigator, and never lets me forget that I was the one who made the errors and I should have listened

to her. And she's right. I cherish these days, I know I am a lucky dad. I sincerely hope that when she looks back on these memories as an adult, the drives in the MG are among her favorites.

Emily is busy with camps and I with more than usual military obligations. But, we are already planning our next venture, a round trip of Eastern Washington/Northern Oregon, going after those last few counties and forests and the one town that has been her ultimate quest since the dawn of this saga – Zillah!—the only 'Z' town in Washington. We are going to seize the day. Thank you Moss for making it fun, and for always being there for me from day one, 26 years ago. *MM*

IN THE WORDS OF THE NAVIGATOR HERSELF



ISSAQUAH



PORTLAND ABFM



BRITISH COLUMBIA



HOCKINSON



HITTING THE ROAD



PORTER



COWLITZ COUNTY



BAXTER HISTORICS



THE FERRY NORTH



GIFFORD PINCHOT

Drives with my dad in our MGA are so much fun. Although it rained most of the trip to Canada, we had a blast taking pictures on the side of the freeway (which I do not like to do because I feel like everybody is staring at me, but I do it anyways to get the points—haha). When I'm in the picture I always try to find something different to do. We took a route out of our way just to make it more fun (and longer), and it makes everything better when you get to miss school.

We have so much fun in the car. Whether we're waking up early just to go for a morning trip for coffee or out for an adventure, I love it. I always have fun when I'm in the passenger seat, but it makes it ten times more fun when he's sitting in the passenger seat and I'm driving! On one special occasion this summer, I was sitting in the car at Portland International Raceway near a big open field out towards the back of the track and he was taking pictures of his car (like always) and

then he told me to turn on the car and then taught me how to drive! For that whole race we didn't even watch but it was totally worth it!

Back to the Canada trip...when we were on our way over one of the floating bridges early on day two, my dad woke me up and said I should take a video. So since I was still half asleep, the whole video was of the guardrail. My dad laughed at me the whole trip. I have so much fun in the MGA (hopefully someday to be mine).

~ Emily Show

SHORTCUTS



LUCKY JOHN

John Sprinzel is one of those guys who, to know him is to aspire to be like him. His new book, *Lucky John*, should be required instructional reading for cultivating an epic life of four-wheeled adventures. John has been a regular contributor to Moss Motoring for many years, and we're overjoyed to recommend his latest work. While they last, John will autograph and send you a copy for \$60 plus \$5 US postage.

Order yours by writing to John at luckyjohn@hawaii.rr.com



AROUND THE WORLD BY MGB

By Peter and Kerith Buckingham, Melbourne, Australia

It was approximately 3pm on July 29, 2013, and we were experiencing a hollow feeling. The weather was cold with intermittent rain, and the wind was howling on desolate Cape Spear, Newfoundland, the most eastern point of North America. There was no banner to drive through, no crowd to cheer...no TV crew...just Kerith and I and our trusty little steed...Yellow Car...our 1978 MGB GT that had just carried us completely around the world.

This drive made us realize how restricted we humans have become without realizing it. We are programmed to accept a lifestyle that resists the risks of the unknown. We've traded in our freedoms without realizing it, and stifled the spirit of adventure. Innumerable times, people would say, "Wow! You are so adventurous, I could never do that!" We say anyone can do what we've done by focusing, setting goals, and putting priorities in order. It's not difficult!

Carry a smile with you. It'll take you anywhere in the world.

Full story at: MossMotoring.com/around-the-world-mgb

rust



Water and oxygen: both the givers of life and the bringers of rust. There is nobility to this dichotomous struggle, beauty too. Keepers of old iron know this better than most.

—David Stuursma



Michigan Winter Ferrous Oxide Special Lightening Technique is well known among the cognoscenti in the upper rust-belt states. In my personal experience, when the front fenders start flapping in the wind all the steel that's been removed by the process can be replaced by lightweight, easy-to-install aluminum tape.

—Chick Everhardus



Tetanus is often associated with cuts involving rust. The rust itself does not cause tetanus but does provide a prime habitat for *Clostridium tetani* bacterial spores. When was your last booster shot?

Inside the Moss Sales Team

By Rick Reeves



I have been a vintage British car fan since the days before they were considered vintage. Fate and career choices of adulthood delayed my craving for a Little British Car until 1997, when I moved to Santa Barbara. There, I chased down a car wonderfully suited to the local narrow roads and my short commute. Acquiring a 1969 MGB and a need for LBC parts and advice, I soon frequented the parts showroom at Moss Motors, located in the neighboring town of Goleta since the early 60s. Both the parts and also the technical knowledge of the Moss staff kept my love of British cars alive and my MG on the road.

Fast-forward to 2012. My 30-year computer-programming career ended ahead of schedule, and I was free to pursue new and more socially fulfilling ways of making a living. I'm also the proud owner of a Spitfire and a TR6 now as well.

Too old for the Peace Corps, I decided to send Moss my resume. Shortly after an interview with the Sales Manager I was hired as a part-time Sales Consultant. In addition to being paid to talk with others about British Cars, I would learn, directly, the inner workings of Moss Motors, in particular, the sales force.

Moss has been training rookie Sales Consultants for a long, long time, and the educational process is well established and effective. The Road to Moss Phone Sales begins with two days working in the warehouse. During this time, the rookie learns the layout—the most frequently ordered parts take the shortest time to retrieve—and, more importantly, gets a close-up look at how

their Shipping/Receiving and Order Quality Assurance teammates (whose on-the-job efficiency and accuracy reflects that of the Sales Force) perform their jobs.

Next, the rookie proceeds to Telephone Sales Training. The Sales Team Leader teaches the basics of taking telephone orders in a friendly, accurate, and efficient manner. Given the depth of the Moss Motors product line of more than 30,000 part numbers, this is easier to describe than it is to do. So I will give you an overview.

Every new Moss Sales Consultant must master the five-step Order Taking task before flying solo in Moss Sales:

- 1) Identify the customer's data record and car type for which parts are needed.
- 2) Assist the customer in ordering the exactly correct parts.
- 3) Enter the order and correct payment information accurately into the Moss Order Processing software.
- 4) Proceed in the friendliest possible manner.
- 5) Do this as quickly as possible so that the wait time for other Moss customers on hold is minimized.

Time and experience at Moss Motors is the best training. After initial training, new Sales Consultants are partnered

with a veteran until they are judged capable of successfully executing sales orders on their own. It's really remarkable how long some of these men and women have been working at Moss. I guess this helps explain why some of our customers are proud to tell us they've been calling us for parts for 10, 20, even 40 years or more.

In between sales calls, Sales Team members work on special projects: tracking an overdue shipment, helping a garage mechanic identify from emailed photos an unknown car part so that a replacement can be ordered, or working with Moss Technical Services to determine why a shipped part does not fit the customer's car. Suffice to say, Sales Team members' workdays pass by quickly.

Since I started I've learned much about British Cars, Moss Motors, and my relationship to both:

- 1) The founders and owners of Moss Motors created and continue to execute an amazing company dedicated to keeping vintage British cars up and running and their owners pleased with our quality and service.
- 2) British Car owners and mechanics are great and appreciative people to serve.
- 3) I really do like helping people enjoy their LBCs.
- 4) The Moss Sales Consultant job is similar to installing your first pair of Weber carburetors: First, sort out the big issues; next, you master the big adjustments; finally, you 'dial in' all of the (many) small adjustments, one at a time. With enough practice, both the engine and the phone call run smoothly.

I hope that the story of my journey from in front of to behind the counter shines a little light into the Moss Motors Sales operation—at least enough to help you to realize how much we appreciate, and how hard we work for, all of our customers. *M.M.*

MOST WANTED

THE MOSS 10

Our cars may be timeless, but it takes special, dedicated people to keep them that way. At Moss, we celebrate and greatly appreciate everything these folks have contributed to the industry for so many years. This is only the beginning of a long list of uncommonly skilled veteran Moss employees.



GLEN ADAMS
President and CEO
42 years



CHRIS KEPLER
Vice Pres.—Operations
42 years



BOB CONSOLI
Machine Shop Mgr.
39 years



LISA VOLMAR
Customer Service Mgr.
38 years



ERIC WILHELM
Parts Specialist
36 years



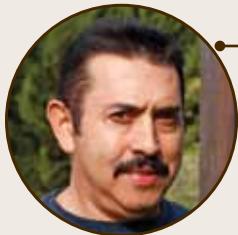
PAUL BARKER
Distribution Manager
33 years



JENNY WINSTON
Upholstery Manager
33 years



ROBERT GOLDMAN
Chairman
32 years



SAL QUEZADA
Receiving/Inventory Mgr.
31 years



GILES KENYON
Director of Sales
31 years

Just as there is no shortage of long-time employees at Moss, we also have a surprising number of customers who have been with us for a very long time. If that's you, please get in touch with me!

David Stuursma (a Noob—almost 3 years at Moss)
editor@mossmotors.com

EVENTS

Show & Event Calendar

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



Find an Event near YOU

Get the Word Out & Get Sponsored

Share your next Club Event on MossMotoring.com by filling out our online event submission form at MossMotoring.com/AddYourEvent

TOP TEN

THE NEXT TOP 10 BRITISH SLANG

We all have our favorites. Write in and tell us yours—along with a sentence that you think best takes advantage of its tasty or tasteless nuances—and we'll let the world choose the next top 10.

[Just for giggles I'll do what I can to edit the winning word subtly into the next issue. ~Ed.]

Be a part of the fun of the next Top 10—go to MossMotoring.com/top10

CLIMBING POLISH MOUNTAIN



By Walt Peterson | Photos by Jade Reinard

Forget the sound of music. On the first weekend of August the hills near Flintstone, Maryland are alive with the sound of competition cars on a 1.2-mile, nine turn, rural road up Polish Mountain. Fred and Barney must love the deep-throated sound of the Yamaha-powered D Sports Racers, the Mustangs and Camaros, Mazdas and even Austin-Healeys, Triumphs, Spridgets, Loti and an exquisite Mk2 Jag sedan. They all challenge gravity and a 500-foot elevation change on Route-144.

This past season was the seventh running of the resurrected hill. The first hillclimb at Polish Mountain was held in the early 50s. In 1955, Carroll Shelby drove a front-engine, ex-Grand Prix Ferrari. Back in that day, the hill was called The Breakneck Hillclimb. This was the second year I had a chance to prep the '62, Tri-Carb Healey 3000 that spoke to me four years ago at Import Carlisle. Beware of Colorado red Healeys that say crap like, "I ran when parked, plus there is absolutely no rust underneath me!" Beware, especially when the dude's lips beside her move during your mystic crystal revelation. Anyway, we finished the car on a late Friday evening in back-yard racer fashion by numbering the doors in the dark hours before an early-morning tech inspection. The months before the event were spent finishing the custom roll bar, the safety kill switch, the harnesses and other things without destroying the streetable nature of the car. Also, the plan to run the Pittsburgh Grand Prix forced me to get the car ready, like now.

History Revived

In racing, you are never in control of who chooses to come and compete in your class. Sterling Moss spoke the truth, though, "You can always drive any car faster." Vintage competition cars must run on era-correct tires, and there is no

feeling like the front end washing-out toward the guardrail and drop-off at Turn Two. Still, for a slow car, the Austin Healey went pretty fast up the hill. I won the Vintage II class and lowered the class record, but—perhaps my class competition was having less than a stellar day.

A sports car hillclimb is close to rallying but also akin to track-day driving and autocross. When Pat Moss, Sterling's sister, was driving and winning international rallies for the Austin-Healey factory, hillclimbs were included as part of the trial sections. Pat won the Liege-Rome-Liege rally in 1962, but claimed she never fully mastered the brute from Abingdon. She was, however, superb on the hillclimb section.

All of the Pennsylvania Hillclimb Association runs are on paved roads. They carry the same danger as any rural mountain road: culverts, embankments, telephone poles, mailboxes and, of course, the drop-offs. The arc of the sun through the competition day causes shadows and the driver's perception can change radically. When it rains, tree leaves drip long after the hill appears to be dry. At the Weatherly Hillclimb (run Spring and Fall), there is a jump where most quick cars easily grab air and you are told, er, warned on your novice trek up the hill, "Keep your front wheels straight on launch! If you don't, you may nail the large bolder beside the bottom of the road." Our instructor claimed they name the rock after you—but just for that day. And don't bristle at the thought of being a rookie with three novice stripes on your rear fender. No need to have your significant other vouch for your skills. If Mario showed up to run a hill, he'd have the same first-timer stripes as you.

On the hill as on a road course, you must come within six inches of each bend apex to be competitive in class. That's at speed. With autocross you are likely to get a cone scuff on the fender and a two-second penalty if you misjudge. Most

road courses have at least some run-off room. Hillclimbs are a different animal. The most critical sections at Polish Mountain are the switchbacks starting at Turn 3 and Turn 7. These would be relatively simple on a track day road course with little elevation change and good camber. My notebook has six pages of notes and diagrams mostly on those two areas.

Admittedly, the writing ain't Faulkner, but *Racecar Engineering* said, "If it's not written down, it never happened." Think of the notes as worth your first two or three runs. Your notebook and Google Earth help. YouTube can give an idea of how the hot-shoes become consistent, smooth and finally quick—the hallmark of good driving.

PHA hills are two-day events and provide at least 10 runs, so there is no hurry to counter-rotate the earth. Road racers have a saying: Slower in the cockpit means faster on the track. Calmness wins the day. When rain comes and there is no thunder and lightning, the hill stays open. It is a good time to practice patience, that soft touch, and stay away from trail-braking.

Race Day

The temperature hit 95 degrees with comparable humidity at the hill. Overheating? Not the 3000, and Jade packed a cooler with bottles of water and ice for hydration. It helped to soak my hat (a poor man's Cool Suit) before I got in line to run. Three cars from the starting line, I switch to the helmet and check the harnesses before the starter chocked the wheel and rechecked the belts.

Then it's revs up. Green light. Hammer it.

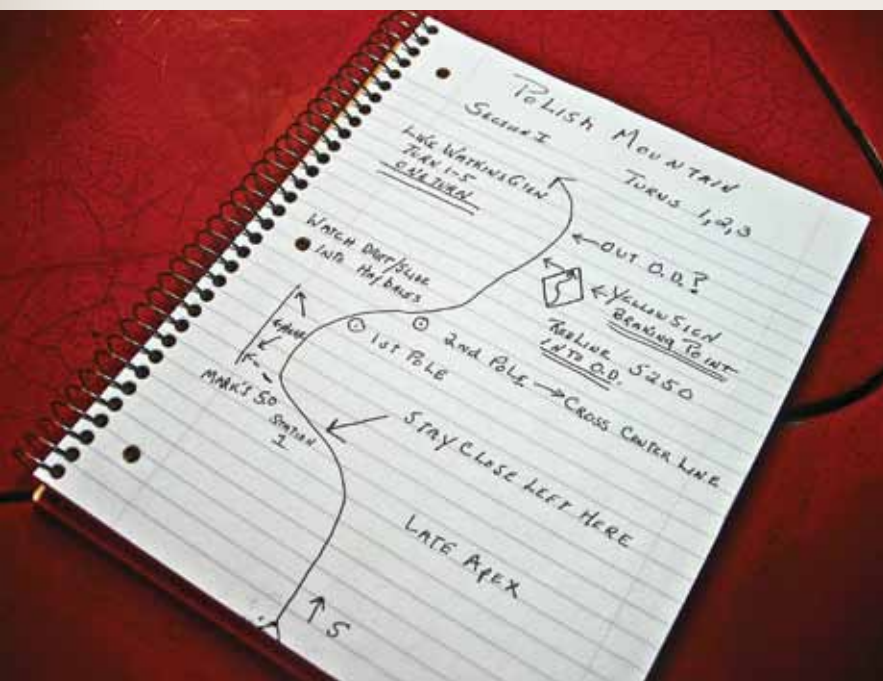
The road rises gently for an 8th mile, then curves left and begins a steep incline. Pass the corner worker station

which is like a crow's nest on a pirate ship. Swerve right and the Armco is the only thing between me and a 40-foot drop. Hold it straight and ease to the left side of the road. Aim at the yellow sign 800 feet ahead (you drive where you look!) that's the braking point as the road levels and bends left. Now turn abruptly left and bend right uphill transversing the slope. Drop the right wheels off the pavement cutting the corner of this right turn. Power through to the second yellow sign and brake. Watch your revs on this fast entry. Clicking out of overdrive third can lock-up the rear. Be below 4500 RPM; wheels on this unstable pavement will skid or worse. Turn left here again (where you almost put Mike Ancas, the rent-a-racer, into the culvert opposite the apex a couple seasons ago). Bend it right, keep tight to the inside. The slope is very steep so keep the revs up on exit and find the telephone pole that marks the finish line.

Whew! Remember to breathe.

Next year? Ditch the 3.54 rear gears in favor of the 4.10s. Throw some syncros in the tranny. Get Mikey Yurko to rebuild and magnaflux the front-end. And for intimidation, think how cool the Moss-bought SLR road lights would be if I actually mounted them. Yeah, and get the numbers on the door sometime before nightfall, then hit the sack at a decent hour to dream of those fire-breathing sounds. *MM*

Walt Peterson has been messin' with cars almost since Fred and Barney's time. He's instructed autocross and SCCA and NASA Performance Driving Schools and worked with E. Paul Dickinson at Watkins Glen. Walt teaches a creative writing workshop with incarcerated men at SCI Pine Grove in Indiana County, Pennsylvania.



SHIFTING

By Tom O'Neill



To drive a sports car more than a few decades old demands skill in the very particular requirement of shifting gears. Almost by definition these cars have manual shift transmissions. Some are three-speeds, most are four and some may have a fifth in the form of an over-drive. Also by definition, most of them are cranky, irascible devils that test our patience and aptitude at every movement of the shifter. Some require finesse, almost the touch of a surgeon, to guide the lever from one narrow gate to another; others may require a strongman's arm to jam the darn thing through the unseen blockade of mechanisms guarding one gear from another. Whatever the case, we have all had to come to some mastery of this skill to fully enjoy our cars.

For those of us, raised in the 50s and 60s, we cut our teeth on American V8s.

Tachometers were unknown to us at the time so we shifted gears according to the sound of the engine. When the clatter and roar reached a crescendo signaling imminent destruction, we shifted. The term we coined was, "floating the valves." Foot to the floor, we held the gear until the poor engine could go no further in revs or power. In truth it was more like a convulsive gasp for life than anything as peaceful as floating. It was testimony to the ruggedness of those big engines that they held together; never turning into shrapnel. What they lacked in finesse, they made up for in brute force function.

For those of us who transitioned into European cars, shifting gears took us into a new dimension of skill, finesse and purpose. In American cars you shifted to go faster; in European cars you shifted to go faster as well, but then you also shifted to go slower. What a concept! Unless you were driving

a Volkswagen or an early Porsche, where you could just kind of throw the lever in the general direction of the next gear, most of the Italian and English cars required a very determined action that was not always guaranteed when done in the moment of most need. Of course Ferrari is famous for its polished metal slotted gates that have little tolerance for the sloppy hand.

The British, on the other hand, preferred to mystify the driver by hiding the fact that a loose downshift to 2nd brought you perilously close to the unseen unguarded entry into reverse— correction: not into reverse, but into the whirling dervish that is reverse, spinning at high speed in the opposite direction from what you want. Find an old British car that does not have the inharmonious sound of metal chips singing in its transmission and you will have a car that has not been driven to its potential. For you the new buyer that may be good. But, that state of transmission virginity will not remain for long after the car has been really driven for a while.

The Game-Changer

The downshift is the action that makes the accomplished driver earn his or her stripes. It is somewhat of a lost art because most people today, younger than around fifty, have learned and done most of their driving with auto transmissions. The good thing is that proper shifting and downshifting are one of the few applications of technical skills in which our children will not likely surpass us.

Picture this scene: you're coming down hot into a sharp corner, faster than the corner can be taken, the ball of your right foot toes are jammed hard onto the brake pedal (the car is slowing but not fast enough), your heel is arched over the space

GEARS



between the brake and gas pedal, your left foot is pumping the clutch down once to pull the shift lever out of the higher gear while at that precise moment your right heel is hitting the gas applying a determined amount of pressure to raise the revs of the engine to the proper level to meet the spin of the lower gear. This is happening at the precise time that the shift lever is being pulled through neutral, then the clutch is depressed a second time (called double-clutching—for you readers under 30) the engine revs are up and the shifter is pulled through to the lower gear. The clutch is let out, the gear is engaged, the engine torque adds a surge of drag power to the overworked brakes and with heart pumping and hands flying, the car is around the turn in what a spectator views as a routine effortless maneuver. All of these events took place in about a second of time and the success of these maneuvers possibly saved the car from sailing off the road into mayhem. Many a famed race driver has sent a car hurtling off the track after “missing a shift.”

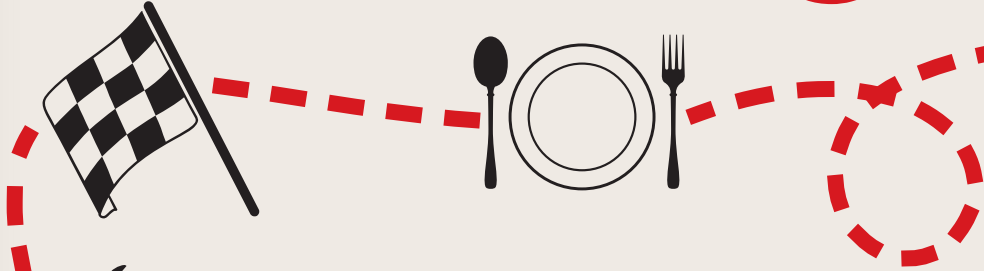
The really nice thing about all of this is that we, the average Joe driver of these classic cars, experience all of the exhilaration of accomplishing these skills, granted under less peril (most of the time) as the race drivers who have perfected them. A missed shift may not send us off the road, but the grind of the gears in protest to our sloppiness will sure let us know that we still have a thing or two to learn from these grand old cars.

It is hard to define exactly what qualifies a car to be called classic, vintage or exotic, but the common element is that they all perform their function as intended, have been saved over time, preserved or restored, and they are being driven today—to the delight of all our senses and wits—as they were intended. *MM*



LONG, LONG TRAIL A...Winding

By Bob Hohstadt



In the pre-dawn darkness I reached out and gave the choke knob a little tug and felt smoothness settle over the car. Needs about two flats down on the mixture nuts. Last night's test run was cut short by a loose connector on the headlight dip-switch. I should make it from Monterey to Redding in six hours for lunch with my sister. Not since driving MGs in the early 50s have I seen such reactions from others—smiles,

waves and thumbs-up!
Now for lunch.

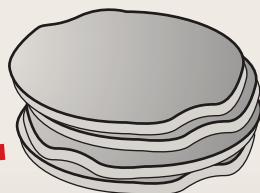
What now? Don't feel like going home just yet. My plans for a drive ended here at Redding. North is long mountain grades all the way to snow-covered Mt. Shasta. Why not? North it is! Happily, Morris and I can go with the flow. My choice of cam for Morris was a stump puller with high compression pistons complemented by headers and dual carbs that just happened to be lying around. Gear lever now redundant!

Entering Oregon, we stop at a sawmill hoping to get some interesting photos. There had

just been a terrible accident, best to keep moving. Where secondary roads are an option to the highway, we take the road less traveled.

On through Portland, home of the Rose Cup Races, and into Washington. Nearing Tacoma I began thinking about the engine. Blast damage to my ears has made it impossible to hear pinging noises, besides, Morris needs service to the newly rebuilt engine. Striking out on a place to do it myself. It was raining. I remembered my racing buddy Riley Hopkins. Though Riley wasn't at his shop, a cheerful voice on the phone said, "Sure! Come on over." Re-torque headbolts while the hot oil drains. Adjust valves, pick up drain pan and from habit swirl the hot oil around like panning for gold. To my dismay, a thin line of bright metal formed along the edge of the pan. I can't believe it! Pull the filter, pull the pan, rod caps, bearings... all clean, all perfect. Ditto center main. A flush of foolishness floods my face. Morris' oil had loosed metal flakes from a pan that only looked clean.

Seattle is dark and wet, traffic is brutal and my lights are very dim. The map shows a secondary road parallel to I-5 all the way to the Canadian border. Peace at last. Until...a sharp bump in the road and the lights go out. Feeling under the dash for the back of the switch, I jerk back a blistered finger. The old bakelite switch body had turned into a hot briquette. In the darkness ahead a light shown. Morris crept forward



and to my surprise and joy found an old service station converted to a drive-thru coffee shop. I took a seat at the table in the lube bay. The gal at the counter made a fantastic sandwich. Does it get better than this?

Morris is covered with snow. After all, it is late November and we are just below Canada. Backtrack home? No way.

Canada has one major highway east to west, which means—trucks. Salt spreaders were busy converting ice to slush. I chose a secondary road which ran just above the border and rejoins highway 1 at Medicine Hat. The conditions turn ominous. Endless switchbacks, snow ankle deep, no edge markers, no other vehicles. Then in the dark, a single light bulb. “Hunters cabins,” the old caretaker said, “but I’ll let you use one for the night.” I slept the sleep of innocence, or at least of the exhausted.

Brilliant sunlight, freshly plowed snow, a downhill run. Morris had carried me to the crest of the Rockies last night, now the adapted disc brakes are proving their worth. Mountain sheep lick up the salty snow at road’s edge. “World’s Best Pancakes” the sign said. I would’ve settled for second best, but not to worry, I didn’t have to.

How cold can it get? Morris wears a crust of road salt. Winnipeg, Thunder Bay, Ottawa. Frozen door locks. Shocks so stiff we ride like an ox cart. Spotted a smokehouse alongside the highway. Stacks of smoked whitefish—what a meal! No room at the inns of Montreal with a National Hockey Championship game in town. On to Sherbrook, 110 miles more.

New day, new direction. East across Vermont, New Hampshire and touch Maine. The weather finally warms in Connecticut prompting me to rid Morris of his salt beard at the first car wash we

come to. Carefully avoiding population centers, I found myself at the head of the Blue Ridge Parkway. Beautiful, historic, perfect for touring in a Traveler. Next stops: Atlanta, Mobile, New Orleans...There are certain risks taken when going without a co-driver, cell phone or GPS. Just call me old.

Heading to Dallas to visit a son, hoping to leave the deep fried food behind me. Morris is trouble-free and eager, do we continue west toward home? This is becoming the adventure of a lifetime. I turn south and spend the night on South Padre Island, saving Mexico for morning.

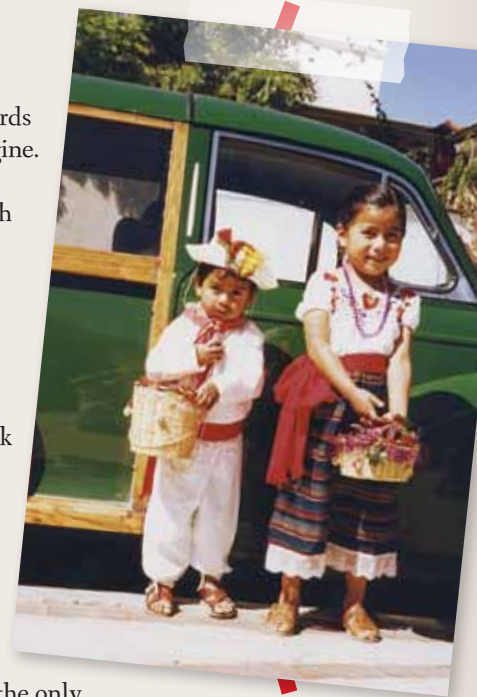
MEXICO

The border looks like a street carnival. Vendors, money-changing booths, guards with rifles, buy anything you can imagine. I slap down a large wad for exchange and get a pile of fluttering pesos. I push the pile back for a recount and get fast shuffling that my eyes can’t follow. I know when I’m beaten and shove the strange currency into my pocket.

Mexico has a wonderful freeway system with tolls that would probably exceed the cost of gas. Morris will stick to the “libre” roads! At our first fuel stop we were overwhelmed with a crowd of curious onlookers stroking the wood and asking what kind of Volkswagen it was. Continuing down the coast I ate anything, slept anywhere, and drank nothing but beer with my meals. One night I was the only guest in a 20-room beach hotel. Much of the staff practiced their English with me that evening. Next morning an old man was washing Morris with water dipped out of the nearby swimming pool—this type of thing often happened but what can one do besides mutter “gracias” and hand over a tip?

I head west across lower Mexico to visit my son living in Oaxaca. Everywhere you look, beautiful, ancient historical sites. “Been around Yucatan yet?” Enough said. We were on our way. Villahermosa, Campeche, Merida...primitive and modern, colorful and vibrant—cities constantly in celebration.

Cancun. Forget the timeshares on the beach; life is in the old town. Cruise ships at Cozumel





were tiny specks on the horizon, backpack girls saved their bathing suit tops for more formal occasions. I'm getting a feeling that we're on a mission and better keep moving. I'm closer now to Miami than Mexico City. "Be careful," my son reminded me, "the kids play on the road. If you hit one we'll be machete mincemeat."

The weather is warm as we cross the isthmus heading back to mile-high Oaxaca. We stop for a piece of pineapple pie from a terribly shy girl.

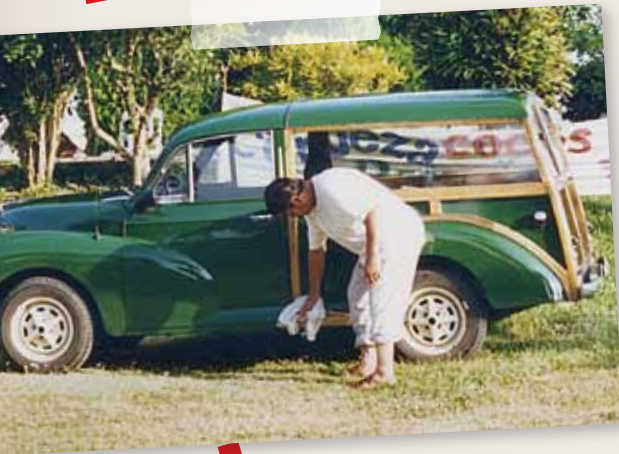
Leaving Oaxaca and my son, I cross a high mountain range with fog, snow and forests—could be Canada all over again.

Alone with the long road ahead, pointing north. "Can't get there from here," they said, but I

pointed to the line on my map. We were both about half right. Stopped alongside the road for food, hot beef sliced off a spinning spit over charcoal. Pay no mind to the sow wandering around. Always a beer to drink, which has protected me thus far.

Another night of darkness caught me just arriving at a very small town. Watch out for the missing manhole covers. Looking for a room I spotted a sign of an old family home. Their teen-aged son practiced his English with me. My first question for him: Where can I eat? Leading me to the middle of a gravel street, he pointed to a single bulb hanging from a wire tapped into the lines above. Under the light stood a woman with a wok over a pan of charcoal. The best chicken enchilada ever came out of her cooler full of ingredients. Again, the free-ranging sow was no problem.

Long miles of lonely roads. When I could stand it no longer I turned out and headed toward the ocean only to find endless empty beaches. With an eerie feeling I said, Morris, let's make tracks!



Puerto Vallarta. I am hot and sweating profusely. While parked under a shade tree to cool down, a man walked up and stood beside me. "Anything for sale?" I quickly assured him there was not. "That's my hotel over there," he said, gesturing to a very nice resort. "Use my pool, showers and towels." I think he saved my life.

Rural Mexico's most effective traffic control has to be the speed bumps upon entering villages. They are a point of commerce for locals. The bumps, I discovered, will also tear off your exhaust system if you fail to slow for it. I took a room at a nice motel off the main drag. In the parking lot I pulled the headers. About six blocks away I found a welding shop. When I explained what I needed, the owner insisted I use his equipment and refused all attempts at payment. The next day, with Morris whole again, I returned to his shop for a show-and-tell. He was overjoyed. When I was back in the states I took all my unused Mexican money and mailed it to him. I fear a postal worker found it first.

After a long stretch of gravel, Morris was gasping for a sip of gas. Just in time we came to a station and pulled to a stop at a pump. Soon a curious crowd formed in front of us. I jumped out to see a thin stream of yellow liquid forming a small pool on the ground. Morris was taking a pee. After pulling the grill and draining the coolant down below the level of the leak I sprayed the area with B-12 to clean and dry it. I took a tiny screw out of

the ID plate, threaded it through a small leather washer cut from my belt, then daubed it with blue silicone. After gently, gently easing this patch into the tiny hole, I grabbed another coke. After about 20 minutes I topped off the radiator, leaving the cap loose for about an hour of driving before tightening it down. Did the trick.

It was late at night when we entered Los Mochis. Some kind soul, assuming I wanted the ferry to La Paz, motioned me to follow. What a godsend. Soon he was gesturing toward a motel then waved goodbye without ever stopping. On the ferry the next morning we tossed and rolled. Hungry, I wandered below deck and hit the jackpot. A smiling cook heaped hot food on a plate and handed it to me. With a full belly I was soon asleep for most of the day-long trip to La Paz.

Home turf! At least it felt that way. My wife and I have driven the length of the Baja Peninsula a couple times on our more adventurous trips. Morris has given a stellar performance but I sense that he, like me, is happy to be on a final leg toward home.

A Beechcraft Bonanza sits off on the side of the road with a boy acting as guard. Must have been pure desperation to set down here. I saw a dead horse on the freeway, almost hit a large sow dashing out of tall grass, dodged two coverless manholes, climbed mountains so steep and turns so sharp that crossed arrows on the road meant for traffic to move to the wider radius side. On one stretch, an elderly lady totally nude sat in the middle of the road looking ever so much like a large chubby baby.

Yes, there is still adventure in travel.

After the border checkpoint it was one more night, then one long day's drive back home to Pacific Grove. Wave at Woodies! *MM*



STILL CRAZY

(About My TD)

After All These Years

Gary Lindstrom, with apologies to Paul Simon



My father was a wonderful man, devoted and nurturing to his four children. This was especially true of his two sons, who he taught character, self-reliance, and ability to self instruct. I suspect the last was foremost in his mind in 1964 when he “loaned” me, a college junior dweeb, the magnificent sum of \$1,000 to buy an MG TD.

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This was large money back then, and though he never said it, I'm sure he thought I would trash the car in six months. Almost fifty years later, I am still driving it, caring for it, and thinking of him every time I drive it.

Soon after I took possession I learned that a True Believer in Goleta, California was claiming to offer everything in the way of parts for T-series cars. I placed an order and became a regular customer. (That Executive Wing at Moss Motors was funded by me over the years.)

The TD (made 1951, number 8883) was not in quite the “Superior Condition” as advertised, but it was serviceable and I drove it for the remainder of my college years. This involved traveling back and forth between Pittsburgh and my home in Syracuse, including Christmas trips when the New York State Thruway was closed by snow storms. My mother was terrified, but my father nodded sagely.

The car was not quite the chick magnet I had hoped (my fraternity brothers had Corvettes) but I had a ball driving it. I drove it to Coral Gables, FL nonstop with a frat brother, and to Detroit to visit my brother, occasioning a broken crankshaft in Fremont, OH.

Heartbroken, I towed it to Syracuse, stored it in my parents' garage, and tried to sell it busted motor and all—with no takers.

After I became a graduate student (definition: someone who doesn't have enough sense to leave when the party's over), I had

enough time and enough bucks to get TD8883 running again. I found a local mechanic who could source a used crankshaft (junkyards still had them back then), and we got it running again.

This is where my Graduate Education In British Mechanics began—I learned that freeze plugs weren't simply glued in, and plugs fired when points opened, not closed. Also that gearboxes had countless synchro balls that ejected at even the thought of disassembly. And that over-tightening screws on pot metal SU carb bodies was a *really bad idea*.

Eventually I left Grad School, took my first real job teaching at the University of Pittsburgh, and marvelled at how rich I was (by the prevailing formula: monthly salary / six-pack of beer).

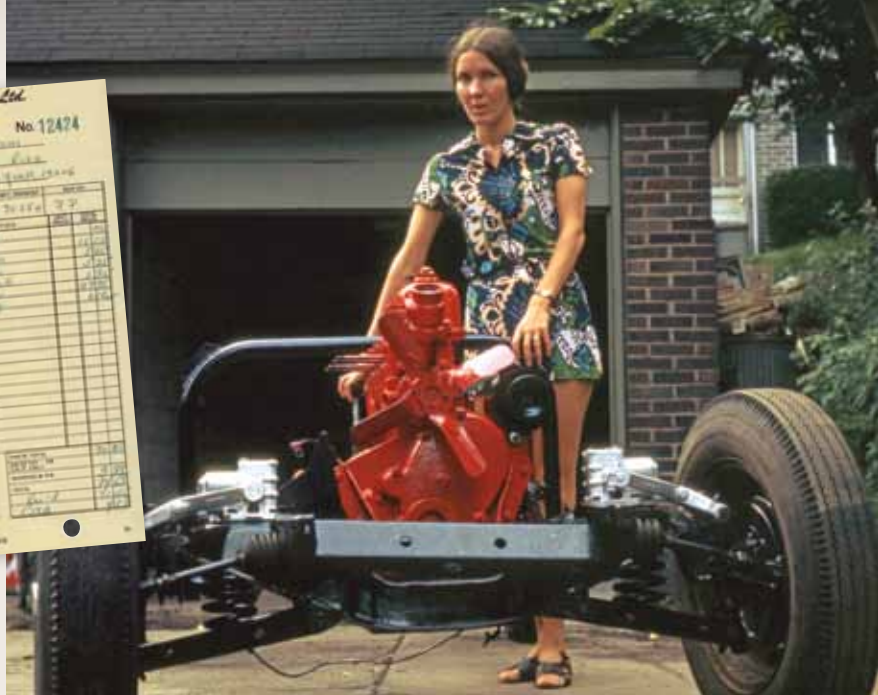
Before long I was married to a local girl who proved adept at catching synchro balls in mid air, and we set up housekeeping with the TD as the family car. One of our prized possessions is a pen and ink illustration done at that time by a talented friend of ours. It whimsically depicts us in TD8883 in a "Cow Jumped Over The Moon" tribute.

I quickly learned the No. 1 Rule of British Sports Cars: They Are Terrific As Long As You Don't Confuse Them With Transportation. This led us to own a series of other fun "family" cars, including a Corvair Spyder turbo, Ford Cortina Series II, and a BMW 2002 (actually, two of them).

Along the way I decided to restore the coachwork on the TD, with the help of local wizard Fenton Bagley who supplied rough-cut ash timbers. His instructions stated clearly "after each step check door fit." I followed his instructions scrupulously, and when I was finished: Lo! the doors didn't fit. Oh well.

After seven years (academics will understand the timing) I felt a push out of Pitt and a pull west to the University of Utah. We embarked on the trip west in the 2002 towing the TD and discovered on the first hill that (a) the load was too much for the Beemer, and (b) it was running on only three cylinders. After depositing the TD at the moving company to add to the household van load, we arrived safely in Zion.

The TD languished for a few years as we got our feet anchored, but eventually I got it back on the road. Rattling around the engineering building I ran into Bill Van Moorhem, TD and MGA owner and cofounder of the British Motor Club





of Utah (motto: “If you love your car, we love your car!”). This connected me with many other terrific British car lovers in the area, too many to mention here—except Mike Bailey. Mike runs a British car sanctuary and rehabilitation center in Salt Lake, and is a Moss rep. Mike did a terrific job rebuilding my TD engine, and this, plus the MGA rear end conversion Bill Van Moorhem talked me through, made my TD a Certified Real Runner.

Which brings me to the current status of my MG TD. Good news: it’s still not a show car but a great runner—most recently I drove it with the BMCU contingent to MG 2011 in Reno across central Nevada on US 50 “The Loneliest Road in America.” Let me tell you, our cars made no impression whatsoever in those dust forsaken Nevada towns, ’cuz the clock is dialed back 50 years there. I’m still wiping the smile off my face from that drive.

Other than the MGA rear end there have been only three customizations to my TD: a teak dash, an Old English Sheepdog radiator mascot (try watching the rear end of that for 1000 miles), and a chrome dryer ductwork air conditioning system (look it up: that’s what the Brits called ventilation in the 50’s).

TD8883 hasn’t won any awards, except I’ve lost count how many GoF-West 1000-mile awards. These mean more to me than any darn tarnishable cups.

Owning British sports cars of the 50’s is truly a slippery slope. In 1995 my wife and I took in the

Telluride Bluegrass festival and found a TR3A for sale in the Four Corners’ Big Nickel. I bit on it, and sad(?) to say it has taken over the long range touring honors from the TD.

But slip, slip: in 2001 I bought a Jaguar XK120 Open Two Seater from fellow BMCU member Pete Gerity, and shortly thereafter bought an XK140 Drop Head Coupe spotted in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (my wife needed a Jag too, right?). Both of those have been successfully restored.

Why did I sell the XK120? To make room in my garage and my wallet for the latest family member: a 1958 Aston Martin DB Mark III. Slippery, indeed.

So the TD doesn’t get out much any more in comparison to its stable-mates, but it continues to occupy a place of honor at the rear of my shop, basking in its glorious history. Call it semi-retired—how much better can it get over almost

50 years of ownership? From time to time I stroke it and tell it I’m looking to put it out to stud and let it sire a brood of Miatas.

Or maybe I should pass it on to some young buck(ette) who will enjoy it for what it is—as long as s/he promises not to put a Volvo mill in it.

Instead I’ll probably just keep it tucked away until I pass. In fact, I think I’ll add a codacil to my will directing that I be buried in it—like that lady in Texas did with her Cadillac?

Just double me up and put my face in the A/C duct. *MM*





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- Lower Outer Wishbone Kit 683-017 \$87.95

Sway Bar Center Mount Kits

- 3/4" O.E. Style Bushing Kit - TR6 683-012 \$16.95
- 7/8" O.E. Style Bushing Kit - TR6 683-071 \$19.95

Rear Suspension

- Rear Suspension Complete Kit 683-125 \$139.95
- Spring Collar (stock thickness) - pair 683-087 \$23.95
- Spring Collar (+5mm thick) - pair 683-090 \$31.95
- Lower Shock Link Mount 683-097 \$26.95
- Trailing Arm Kit 683-016 \$76.95
- Sway Bar End Link Bushing Kit 661-074 \$12.95
- Trunnion to Vertical Link Seal Kit - pair 683-091 \$12.95

Differential

- Complete Differential Mount Kit 683-121 \$179.95
- Differential Mount - Front Upper (Cone) - pair 683-083 \$44.95
- Differential Mount - Front Lower (Cup) - pair 683-084 \$37.95
- Differential Mount Kit - Rear 683-023 \$139.95

Miscellaneous

- Fan Bushing - Ea. 683-080 \$3.45



MGB Cooling Fan Kit by Revotec

Revotec, with designs from Moss, created high quality fan kits for the MGB. Using the latest high-efficiency fans, these kits are designed to replace the standard original mechanical fan, reducing the load on the engine, noise and improving both power and MPG. Included are specially designed laser-cut brackets that bolt on with ease. The kit also comes with a precise temperature controller for easy adjustment.

1962-70 231-681 \$299.95

LED Dash Bulbs

Bright white LED dash bulbs illuminate your gauges very well, and are a replacement for the standard incandescent bulb #171-000. LEDs are cooler and last much longer than standard bulbs. Sold each.

- Negative Ground 170-970 \$8.75
- Positive Ground 170-975 \$8.75



GL4 80w90 Gear Oil by Miller's Oils

Classic cars require special fluid and oil formulations, in particular, gear oil. GL4 oil contains low sulfur content to protect bronze parts from erosion.

GL4 Gear Oil - 80w90 - 1 Liter 225-305 \$14.95



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Andy and Carlos Just Missed the List.



Of the 120 employees at Moss Motors, these two were shy by just a couple short months.

It's okay guys, we still think you're pretty great.

Though it can go unnoticed, very few people have had as big an impact on the lives of British car owners. Andy and Carlos have both been on the phones at Moss for 30 years taking orders and sharing a wealth of knowledge. Well done fellas. Well done.

Meet the Top 10 inside...

Andy Kuhn and Carlos Gonzalez—Moss Salesmen since 1983.

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