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Moss Motoring

ISSUE 1, 2015

A visit to
Moss Europe

Saving
a Sprite
Racer



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SEE THE SPECIAL INSERT

KICKING OFF 2015!

“I was at the first one!”

Twenty years down the road Motorfest will look a lot different. Mostly there'll just be new faces. The community, however, will stay the same. Moss Motors has been a part of the fun-loving sports car community for 67 years now, and with every generation, the spirit thrives.

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OUR BEST SELLERS **ON SALE!**

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ALCAN 5000

Would anyone in their right mind drive their TR4 to Alaska?

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Moss Europe

We're all in this together, and we're better for it.

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Challenge Reflections

2014 is in the rear view. It was one heck of a ride.

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My Barn Find

This little Sprite is coming back to life in a big way.

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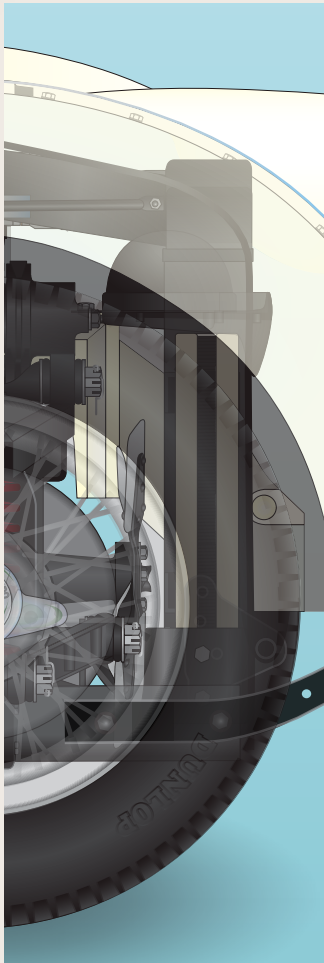
On the Cover:

Lattes, flat tires and canons firing unmentionables. This trip has it all.

THERE'S MORE ONLINE!

Tip of the iceberg. That's what this magazine your holding in your hands is. The MossMotoring.com archive is chock full of stories and a wealth of technical advice. If you could just see the shelves and file cabinets of material we're gradually digitizing...holy smokes! But boy is it worth it!

www.MossMotoring.com



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

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Tech Tips. Cartoons/Illustrations. Humorous anecdotes. Odds-n-ends that help make Moss Motoring great.

Plan B

British car cutaway illustration fine art is in good hands.

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2015 Challenge

Can you feel it? Motoring adventures are right around the corner.

Center Insert

Editorial contributions to Moss Motoring are welcomed, and should be emailed to editor@mossmotors.com or mailed to Editor – Moss Motoring, 440 Rutherford St., Goleta, CA 93117.

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It's Like Dog Years...

LOUD PEDAL



Robert Goldman



But for Cars.

Sitting behind the wheel of an MG TC, for ten hours, one has the opportunity to contemplate. Contemplate at least, between moments of stark terror, as the car lurches about in a never-ending desire to escape the leash. Why is this taking so long?

Only a few hours into a 470 mile drive from Petersburg, VA to Watkins Glen, NY, I found myself routinely glancing over to the odometer. How far have we come? How long did it take? Why does every mile in a TC take so freaking long? To us, a dog's life rushes by, but no doubt, in her own mind it's just idling along.

You know where this is going, right? Einsteinian physics, of course. I'm thinking of those Discovery shows with ethereal background music and some scientist telling us about how time, among other things, gets wonky near the event horizon. Well, the horizon of my event, the Collier Brothers Memorial Trophy race at Watkins Glen, appears to be forever stretching out into the distance...

Excuse me, must have been blasted by cosmic rays. I'm back now. After the trip to Mars, err, the Glen, I'll be hopping in my TR4 for a ride out to the Vintage Triumph Register event in Dobson, SC. I swear it feels as if a mile in the TC is like a mile and a half in a TR4. Hmm. To be honest, even a mile in the TR4 feels like about two and a quarter miles in a modern car. There must be something to this. Later on, I got to doodling in the bar at the Seneca Lodge, and worked out the math.

According to my calculations, every mile in a TC is like 3.375 miles in a modern car. My one day trip in the TC, 470 MCM (Modern Car Miles),

is in reality about $470 \times 3.375 = 1,586$ MG TC miles. No wonder my butt is so tired. That's a long day's drive in any machine. The mathematicians in the audience are all screaming about how I dropped a quarter mile off this last calculation. My excuse: The TC has a clockwork speedometer. On most of these cars, the odometer is probably accurate once every 100,000 miles. No, I don't know which kind of miles those would be.

The point of all this is to prepare everyone for next year's Motoring Challenge. You see, we've decided crotchety old cars, those manufactured before about 1960, are far more difficult to live with over long distances, and deserve their own award for garnering the most points. A TC doesn't care how long it took to cover the last mile, or the next, but the driver sure does.

By the time anyone actually reads this, the 2014 Motoring Challenge winner will have been determined. Insider knowledge suggests to me it could well be a pre-1960 car, putting everything I've just said in jeopardy. Then again, folks crossed the US in covered wagons, so it could happen. I wonder if those wagons rode better than a TC? The suspension was every bit as sophisticated, and it probably took less time to erect the top.

For the next installment, we'll do some computational fluid dynamics work, and see if we can determine why all the rain that hits a TC windshield enters the cockpit between the windshield frame and top, directly over the wiper motor. And, we'll also have advice for passengers. "Don't wipe the water off the dash. You'll just use up all the paper towels and it'll still drip in your lap." A little dog slobber never hurt anyone. *MM*

It all seemed pretty straight-forward. Sure, it's 4,500 miles (7,200 km) over remote parts of Canada and Alaska, but my girlfriend Jan and I love being in our 53-year-old TR4, driving it all over the back-roads and gravel lanes of Ontario. It took us all of about 10 seconds to decide to enter—we had, after all, 16 months to prepare.

We told everyone we knew that we were tackling the 2014 Alcan 5000. Some thought we were mad, some wanted to come with us. Those 16 months vanished in a blink—before we knew it we were standing beside the TR, waiting for our start minute to arrive. The cigars were packed, ready to celebrate wherever the end of our own rally might be.

The Alcan 5000 starts in Kirkland, near Seattle, and heads north through British Columbia, Yukon Territory and on into Alaska over nine days. The Alcan pursues the original idea of rallying as a grand motoring adventure that rewards “experience, good judgement, consistency, reliability and resourcefulness.” We’d cover around 500 miles each day much of which would be untimed “transit” sections. However, every day there would be up to three timed-to-the-second “TSD” sections which each competitor has to start exactly on time. The pace would be pretty relentless for all nine days—even without any reliability issues.

We were entered in the Vintage (pre-1984) Class along with a 1982 Audi Quattro and a 1972 VW Thing. This meant that we could only use period navigation equipment—ours consisted of an accurate rally odometer, mechanical (wind-up) clock and stopwatch, plus a book full of “speed tables” telling us exactly how long it should have taken us to travel 3.2 miles at 48 mph, etc.



ALCAN

50000



NAVIGATOR: JAN B
DRIVER: TIM B

ALCAN
50000



THE TRIUMPH

My TR4 rolled off the production line on October 3, 1961, which makes it exactly three days older than I am.

I've been rallying the car on and off since I bought it in 2008 and I've steadily, but mildly, modified the car over this period. New things for the Alcan included a fire extinguisher, a competition roll bar, and a long-range alloy tank. Although gas was expected to be available every 150 miles, we were advised to ensure that we had a range of 300 miles. I also had the engine rebuilt before the rally and entrusted that to Macy's Garage in Dayton, Ohio.

On Monday, July 21, I drove the TR4 to the rail yard to be sent to Vancouver. There was no turning back.

There's little room in a TR with a roll bar and a bunch of tools and spares. For an eleven day trip Jan and I only had T-shirts and underwear for three days. We'd do laundry in the hotels, and hoped we had the right clothing for both 30C/90F temps in Seattle as well as near freezing temperatures in the high passes of Alaska.

I collected the TR from the shippers and drove across Vancouver checking all the systems. On Sunday I picked up Jan from the airport and we made it just in time for the last 15 minutes of a two-hour drivers' briefing (oops) and vehicle safety check. We spent the rest of the warm, sunny evening eating pizza, drinking beer and getting to know the competitors.



The Beginning



*Packed Up
& Dialed in*



Pacific Ocean

Tim and Jan raised over \$5,000 for the Princess Margaret Cancer Foundation, beating their target of a "buck-a-mile."



DAY 1:

Kirkland, WA > Quesnel, BC; 480 mi.

The day started early with all competitors milling around chatting nervously and checking (and re-checking) clocks, pencils, pulses... Finally, 8:05 came up on the clock and we pulled out waving to the Audi crew and friends who had come to see us off. The rally started with a 65-mile run north followed by the first of the day's two TSD sections. This is Jan's first rally so we agreed to start gently without worrying too much about our timing. Jan's job was to ensure we stayed on the right road and zeroing the stopwatch at the appropriate time. My job was to drive at the correct speed.

After 45 seconds, Jan said, "This is too stressful, I don't like this..." But I then didn't hear a single murmur of complaint and we largely sailed through

the section. Jan was fantastic: calm, organized and clear.

We crossed into Canada along Route 1 to Hope and, with the top down, drove up through the Fraser Canyon Highway, mountains on either side. Beautiful! Many miles (and a much-needed latte) later, we had the day's second TSD at Williams Lake. This started badly. As soon as we set off the railroad crossing ahead closed. We were immediately *four minutes behind*. There followed some "spirited" driving through a quick, heavy rain storm as we fought to catch up the time. This is where a TR excels and I was glad that I know the car well. We caught up and got back on our minute, which by day's end, left us in second place overall with only 13 points lost. A quick final blast to Quesnel, and a very well earned beer.

Jan's Journal:

Unbelievable. Truly. Top down, driving through the mountains. Beautiful. This car was made to be driven. The "timed to the second" bits are STRESSFUL!!! but I did it! My first rally so far is going well. About 20 minutes AFTER the last TSD my heart was still beating hard and I broke into stress tears for about 10 seconds . . . then it was gone. Over. Tim is an amazing driver and I have to admit I am excellent at telling him what to do OVER AND OVER AND OVER. It's like a dream come true. I get to repeat instructions without getting in trouble. Not once did I hear "I heard you the first time!" Haha, flipping FANTASTIC!!!



Jan's Journal:

Today was mental. I was unhappy. I was terrified I was LIVING!!! We encountered a bear. But it was the COWS, the fricking COWS that scared me to death. Just standing there waiting to hit me! I have been completely consumed with dying by way of the following things: cow, moose, ridiculous drop offs, large massive boulders in the road, road graders coming in our direction on OUR SIDE of the road, avalanche, road wash-aways into gorges. You know . . . regular death things. Tonight I hurt. The pain from tensed muscles is bizarre. But I'll end with this: the VIEW is INCREDIBLE and everyone single person should see it. Time for a glass of wine and bed.

DAY 2:

Quesnel > Stewart; 508 mi.

Two long, tough gravel/pot-holed roads dominated the day. The tone was set at breakfast where I heard that some rally veterans were genuinely worried for us and our little car; this was NOT passed on to Jan until the end of the day! As it turned out, we have been down rougher roads, but nothing that rough for that long. The first, Blackwater Road, was 100 miles long, the second *only* 63! Both started open, wide, smooth and fast for the TSD sections, and then became very rough, narrow and, on Blackwater, liberally populated by unpredictable cattle. One I missed by inches.

Compared to a TR4, they are BIG!

The pace was relentless all day and we had to miss a short TSD at Fraser Lake because no matter how fast I drove, I couldn't get there quick enough to make our start time. We had also started the sections off our minute due to a clock problem—this then made us late at every check-point. We lost a total of 260 points for the day which dropped us to 7th overall. On the up-side, Jan was amazing.

The reward for all the hard work was the final run out to Stewart. Breathtaking scenery of mountains and glaciers towering above us with waterfalls, huge pines and a river beside us.

DAY 3:

Stewart, BC > Watson Lake, Yukon; 550 mi.

We are starting to get into the routine: Up early, rush through coffee and breakfast while worrying about the start time only to hang around for half an hour because we're early.

I made three wrong decisions in the first two minutes of the day. Fortunately, Jan had her act together and mostly pulled us through. All seemed to have sorted itself out when we came across three stopped motorcycles admiring a bear. This held us up and, once we got going again, we found a check point around the next corner—so we must have been late! Bah!

We covered a 200-mile transit section and crossed into Yukon at 5pm. We ran the whole day with the top down—the scenery is so spectacular—and even several sharp rain showers didn't dampen our enthusiasm. At 60mph the rain blows over our heads and we stay almost completely dry.

The TR is gathering fans everywhere it goes, especially with the other competitors. A couple of minor issues today that were quickly fixed: a wire disconnected from the coil and one windshield wiper came adrift...but it was only on the passenger side.

Jan's Journal:

I have to come to grips with a couple of things. I am NOT a thrill seeker, I am NOT a boy and I DO get totally spooked. I am likely doing a disservice to all rallying women who have gone before me. As I rallied along in the passenger seat in our little red tin death trap I couldn't help imagining the worst possible scenario for 10 hours straight. The six bears on the side of the road in the early morning didn't help. The long windy roads with bush right up to the edges did not help. All I could imagine was a moose prancing out in front of us. Someone here told me she hit a moose once and it was like driving into a couch in the middle of the road. NO THANKS! Arrived in Watson Lake . . . and went to bed. Tim . . . poor Tim.



DAY 4:

Watson Lake > Whitehorse, Yukon; 560 mi.

There is a 3,000 ft drop in five miles down to Skagway, Alaska. It's straight down. All the way down, I thought "this will be interesting coming back up..." On Main Street, we fixed a flat tire (how does that happen on smooth asphalt after all those rocky roads?) and headed back up that long hill. It was 30C/90F at the bottom and as we started the climb I had the electric fan on, the heater wide open and still watched the temp gauge steadily rise. We also had some pre-ignition as we climbed—due, I thought, to low-octane fuel but actually to a stripped thread on the distributor clamp which allowed the timing to wander. Unsurprisingly, the TR overheated. We stopped to let it cool, but not enough. After a long wait at the Canadian border, it cried *enough!* and suddenly blew—steam so thick that I initially thought it was a fire.

The TR wasn't going anywhere under its own power, so competitors Joanna and Seth towed us the 85 miles to Whitehorse with their Toyota 4Runner. We retired to the bar thinking our rally might be over—I planned to strip off the cylinder head the next morning to see how bad things were, but put out a call on social media for a head gasket in the hope that that's all we would need.



Jan's Journal:

Today I decided that I have no control over the wildlife and made myself RELAX! It worked. When we almost ran out of gas . . . I was ZEN. When we had to change the fuel pump . . . ZEN. When we got the crack in our windshield . . . not on my side . . . war wound. No problem. When we parked in Skagway only to find out we had a flat tire . . . I sipped my latte (YES LATTE!!) in bliss. Nothing this old car can't handle. What can we expect? 1800 miles without a flat! No problem. Going back up windy roads and the car smoking on the outside . . . nothing my lovely Tim can't handle. Smoking on the inside and I hear Tim shout, "Holy \$h** FIRE EXTINGUISHER!!!!" What? We HAVE A FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN THIS CAR??? What? Where? Panic. Pull over.

Not good.

Being towed DOWN those windy roads, alongside cliffs, 7 feet from another vehicle for 85 MILES . . . less Zen. On those windy roads my fate is no longer in Tim's hands, but complete strangers! If they decide to drive off the cliff (which I imagined several times) I go with them. I have no choice. Seth and Joanna are my heroes today and I am so very grateful to them. How did I get down the hill without having a stroke? I decided it was better for everyone if I just covered my eyes. So I did. I covered my eyes. Every time I opened them there was a rainbow. No kidding. A rainbow! I'm certain it was lucky. I have been to Yukon, BC, Alaska and back to Yukon today. Not bad for one day. Tomorrow . . . don't know. Fingers crossed that we can get something shipped here in time.



DAY 5:

Whitehorse, Yukon; 0 mi.

As the rest of the rally left Whitehorse and headed to Dawson City, I removed the head to reveal cylinders 3 and 4 full of water—head gasket blown, but everything else seemed ok. While working on it in the hotel parking lot, a guy wandered over and asked if he could help. This is how people are in Yukon. Dennis, "Mr. Pain," drove us all over town introducing us to travel agents, engineering shops and Air North. By 10:30pm, we had a newly skimmed head and, with the help of Paul Barnes, Duke's British and others, a new head gasket ready to fit in the morning. If you ever feel down on humanity, call me and I'll share a story with you that will restore your faith, I guarantee it. I set the alarm for 6am hopeful that I could get the engine back together and running. Either that, or we were done.

Jan's Journal:

Dear God please do not let my daughter grow up to be like me. Working on my blind faith in humankind I got into a VAN, ALONE, with a strange man named "Mr. Pain."

This man was the loveliest person we could have possibly imagined meeting. It was a lucky day for us . . . our rally ended today and magically starts again tomorrow because people made things happen for us. The gasket will arrive, the cylinder head has been skimmed (btw, I have NO idea what that means), our radiator cap has been replaced, our sparkplugs are new and our tire has been fixed. We were about to leave our hotel room to treat Mr. Pain to a beer and some dinner and Tim says, "Small problem. I seem to have misplaced the key." WHAT? Room search . . . not here. It's where it always is . . . in the ignition. We are fine. Just fine. Really. I mean it. Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine.

DAY 6:

Whitehorse > Dawson City, Yukon; 400 mi.

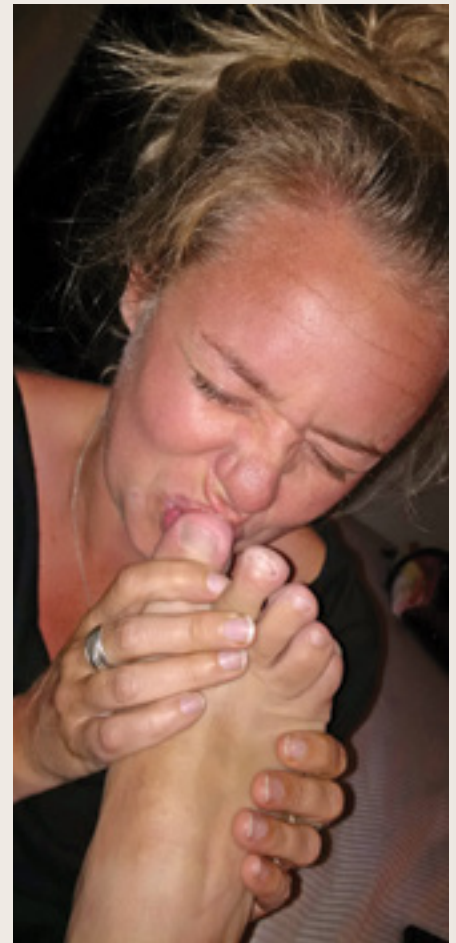
8:48am the TR started! We were back in the rally! Having lost a day, we had to choose whether to run direct to Fairbanks, Alaska to rejoin the rally and attempt the run to the Arctic Circle the following day, or follow the original route through Dawson City and over the Top of the World Highway to rejoin the field on their second night in Fairbanks. We were sorry to lose the Arctic, but Dawson City was on our wish list.

What a great drive! We followed the Yukon River for many miles and arrived at the astonishing and, frankly, slightly bizarre Dawson unscathed. The TR was back to its best—especially as I had been able to replace the stripped distributor bolt.

Jan's Journal:

I had only 6 hours to think today. Half the usual time but without any major catastrophic events to interfere with the pure six hours of thankfulness. (I am creating my own dictionary.) My mind kept going between Lord and Lady Baden-Powell and my mother. The former taught me to "Be Prepared" as is the Girl Scouts' motto. My mother taught me "ignorance is bliss." Sadly, I doubt she wanted me to actually practice that.

Today brought Diamond Tooth Gerty and the Sourtoe Cocktail lineup. I could never have imagined such a trip, and if someone had lined it up with all of its quirks and stresses there is a 65% chance I may have declined and opted for a much more normal vacation. I had no idea just how good it could be. I was blissfully ignorant and totally unprepared. However, I make a mean cheese, tomato and avocado pita sandwich with a jackknife, on the move, while navigating. So I'm not a complete loss. Leaving this one-horse town early morning and heading for Fairbanks, Alaska. 11 hours of driving. But . . . we will be driving the TOP OF THE WORLD highway . . . so it will be worth it. That's how I'm feeling. Top of the World!



"Kissing the Toe," a distinguishing twist of the Sourtoe Cocktail.

DAY 7:

Dawson > Fairbanks, Alaska; 380 mi.

We left Dawson in heavy mist, took the ferry across the Yukon River and climbed up onto the Top of the World Highway through thick clouds, bursting out above them into brilliant sunshine. It is a stunning, mostly dirt road only open in the summer and includes the most northerly Canada/USA border crossing. Having no competitive sections to do allowed us the freedom to relax and enjoy the drive—and stop in Chicken, Alaska, perhaps the oddest of all the unusual places we visited on the rally. It was a long drive, although not high mileage, including a stop in Tok, Alaska, to torque the head down. By early evening we made it to Fairbanks and pulled into the hotel parking lot to the cheers of the other competitors. It was good to be back!!! After missing two days of competition, we were lying in 15th place but there were still two days to go...

Jan's Journal:

Top of the World was spectacular. The fluffy bed of white clouds suspended between peaks made you want to dive over the edge. Just too many beautiful places. Can't keep track anymore. But I had a mission. The mission was Chicken, Alaska. I was very clearly told by an old friend who had lived in Dawson for 10 years "Go to Chicken and shoot yer panties through the canon and buy me a gun while you are there." No explanation.

So... Chicken is crazy. It barely exists. There is a touristy decoy on the main road where you can get gas and a bite and some gold, etc... but that is NOT Chicken. You needed to find Crazy Sue and the real Chicken. It has a store, a saloon, and a diner all attached. The Saloon is like nothing I've seen before and they really DO fire underwear out of a canon! However, even Chicken Alaska has standards and 11 o'clock on a Sunday is too early to wake people up with canon fire. Over the bar there were pink thongs and all kinds of undies torn to shreds, pinned to the ceiling. Apparently its done in a different kind of spirit... like late on a Friday night. Like the 70-year old woman who sat "right there in that chair and almost fell over trying to get her underwear off." It was a laugh and if you ever go to Chicken make sure you go to the real Chicken. And no, I did not buy a gun, but I suspect I could have.



DAY 8:

Fairbanks > Valdez, Alaska; ~600 mi.

After all the excitement, drama and life-affirming happenings over the previous couple of days, it was oddly normal to be back rallying with everyone else. The day started with a shortish TSD which took us to Cripple Creek. We did well and probably only dropped a few seconds here and there.

Then a two-hour transit to the Denali Highway—a 135-mile, remote, summer-only road. Over 100 miles of this is gravel/dirt—some of it fast and smooth, other parts pot-holed and rough. We spent three hours getting across, which included a stop for coffee at the Slouch Café (these kinds of places are truly the BEST experience!), and a stop to help out a bike group who had suffered a puncture on one of their motorcycles. Others were already helping, so I handed over my 12v air-compressor and we pressed on. The TR took the punishment pretty well, although the banging and shaking was slowly loosening the exhaust joints. Three and a half hours southwards, over Thompson Pass, through the *stunning* Keystone Canyon and on into Valdez.

At the end of the day, we had squeezed into 14th place. It seemed unlikely we could move up any more but with one day to go, everything was still to play for.

Jan's Journal:

The Denali was astonishing. If you ever decide to do the trip, try to arrange to do it in the sun... but even the rain was beautiful. This place is vast, vast, vast. There are many potholes. Actually, not really potholes as much as road CAVES. The first few we flew over but finally I say "SLOW DOWN PLEASE!" Tim responded, "Dahling, it's better if we go quickly so we can just nip 'ovah them." Oddly, for a moment I was totally ok with this simply because of his gorgeous British accent. All was fine. Swoon. BUMP. CRASH. Swooning over.

Continued on page 24

TELL US
YOUR
TOP 10!

TOP TEN

**THE BEST OF
ENGLAND**

Not including cars, what, in your mind, is the best thing to come out of England?

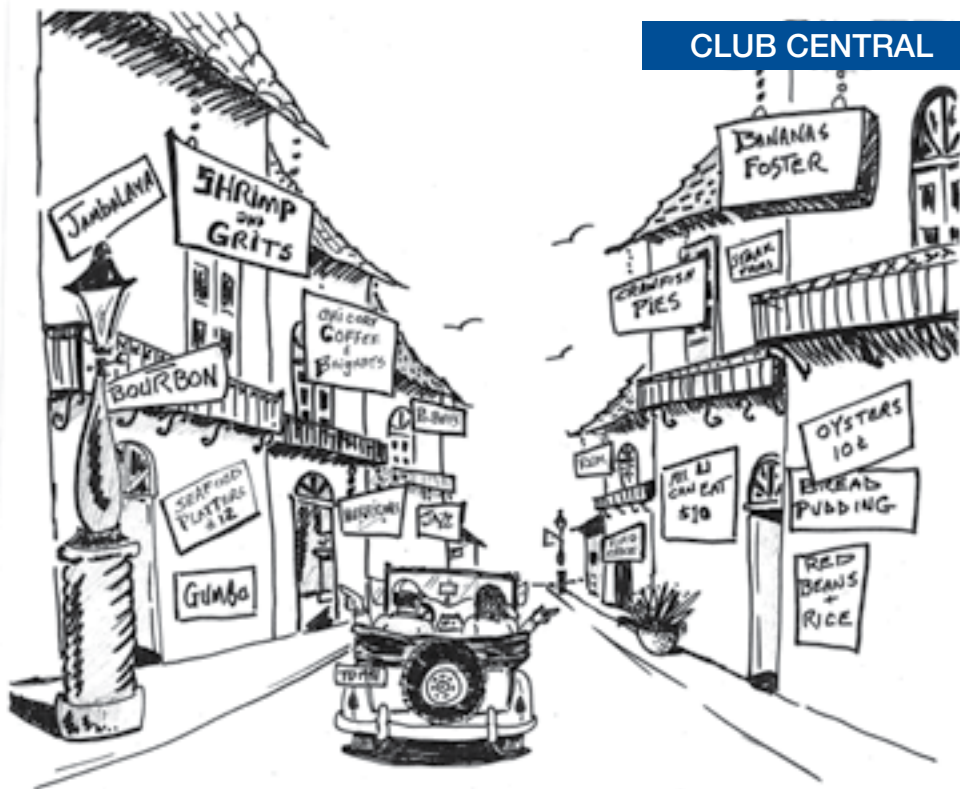
Go to MossMotoring.com/top10 to give your answer. On February 15, we'll whittle the full list down a bit—so you don't have to choose between multiple varieties of “mushy peas”—and on that date, please return to the web page to vote for your favorite.

The top 10 submissions each receive \$25 credit on their Moss Motors account.

Good luck!



CLUB CENTRAL



NEW ORLEANS
BRITISH MOTOR CLUB
aka
BRITISH MEAL CLUB

Laissez les Bon Temps Rouler

By Steven Lindsay

In 2011, I bought a 1980 MGB-LE and shortly thereafter my wife and I joined the British Motoring Club of New Orleans. The club has about 155 members in five chapters covering an area from the Gulf Coast to Baton Rouge.

The most striking thing about all of our group activities is that each of them involves several opportunities to eat. And in New Orleans and Louisiana that usually means lots of really good food and drink. Example: our annual car show is on a Saturday, so on Friday night, we have a reception for all registered members and guests, catered by the club members. On Saturday morning, we have a brunch followed by drinks and snacks during the show and dinner afterward.

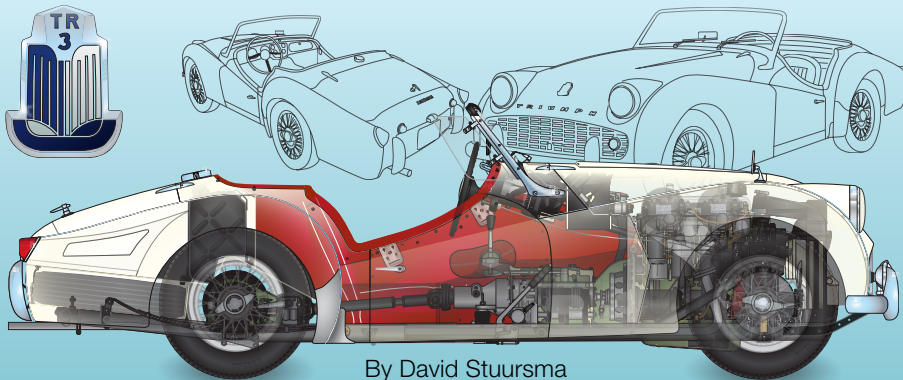
Even educational events (i.e., “How to tune your MG”) are preceded by breakfast at a local restaurant and followed by lunch elsewhere after.

Many events are just eating road trips. We gather for beignets and café au lait, caravan 30 to 50 miles to eat Louisiana seafood, and drive home.

Don't get me wrong...this style of British motoring is the glue that makes this a very successful organization. *MM*



CAR ART: PLAN B



By David Stuursma

I met David Townsend in the vendor tent at the British Invasion car show in Stowe, Vermont, last year. I looked over his artwork and marveled at the detail. David introduced himself and after about a minute of conversation I knew this guy was the real deal. A commercial illustrator with an eye for high quality, a sharp, imaginative mind for creativity, and a petrol-fueled heart—how does the British car community have so many talented people?

David's portfolio of vehicles is growing—Jaguar, MG, Triumph, Austin-Healey...—and you can customize your artwork purchase according to a number of factory colors and options.

Cutaway illustration is an art form with very few artists remaining. David's work is a labor of love, painstakingly technical and, because of the materials and printer he insists on, the final product is museum quality. You don't buy one of his pieces to staple to the drywall of the garage. You'll want to work with a frame shop that knows what it's doing. *MM*

Learn more or place an order: planbillustration.com

WORLD'S FASTEST MIDGET

On September 7, 2014, Milwaukee Midget Racing established a new Bonneville course record of 122.539 mph for the I/GT class. This was the oldest standing record in the GT category—it stood unbeaten for more than 22 years.

The 1971 MG Midget, running a 999cc, 5-port A-series engine, and driven by owner Chris Conrad, ran a best speed

of 126.684, with an average record speed of 122.539, during the 2014 Utah Salt Flat Racing Association's World of Speed event.

Through continued work and racing development, it is Milwaukee Midget Racing's intent to keep and maintain class dominance in the one liter stock bodied sports car category, and maintain MG's presence as both a historic and relevant marque in Land Speed Racing. *MM*



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SAVE THE DATE

Moss Motorfest

What: Car Show & Open House

When: June 6th, 2015

Where: Petersburg, VA

For more info and to purchase your tickets, visit us online at

MossMotors.com/Motorfest



If you missed the stories of Chris' journey to Land Speed history making, go online:

MossMotoring.com/reaching-for-the-top
MossMotoring.com/two-roads-wendover

Our Friends at Moss Europe

By David Stuursma

"...It happens all the time. It's not unusual to send the hired car back missing a mirror."

—Fred Lynch, Director of Operations, Moss Europe

It's my first trip abroad ever. I'm driving all over England getting to know the Moss Europe shops—there are four in the UK and a new location in France outside of Paris. I'm on the wrong side of the road and the wrong side of the car. The blood pressure is up and I'm determined to not make Fred's statement any more true than it already is.

Modern vehicles do not belong on these tiny British roads. The curbs are low so cars can hop them and park half on the sidewalk—and there's still no room on the street—Sheesh, I'm inches away from everything! Living in California I'm used to hearing people say, "These roads were made for British cars." Now I'm finally clued in to the natural order of things: *these cars were made for English roads*. Oh how I wish I had a classic Mini to drive.

THE PURPOSE

My boss, Shawn Carlberg, set up the trip. 25 years at Moss and it's his first time to England, too. [Good things transpired; it won't be his last.] While I make wrong turns on roundabouts, Shawn meets with the departments at the London headquarters and also visits several of our parts manufacturers. There is no substitute for face-time.

Moss Europe was a mystery to me. I knew that our US and UK facilities collaborate when developing parts and when working with suppliers. But it's hard to feel connected to co-workers when you've never met them. Plus, this is England. This is where the fun all started. I'm giddy to get to know this place.

We miss Fred Lynch back in the states; he is very observant and has a remarkable way of making a point. Sitting in his office, moments after we arrive he says to Shawn and I, "What you have to understand is

this: Imagine you are an autoworker in Flint, Michigan, and a group of Brits move into town and start selling GM parts. Think of how you would feel." As this was sinking in he then says, "These guys don't want anyone from California telling them how to do things. These are their cars."

I take a breath and a step back. Coming into this trip my focus was: Find out how Moss Europe benefits customers in North America. Right from the start my vision was too narrow. We are all in this together. Anyone anywhere in the world can contribute to the hobby of British sports cars, but I need to pay special respect to the English. They have a right to have pride and ownership of a lion's share of their automotive legacy. Love for little British cars is alive and well in England, likely more so than anywhere else.

FIVE BRANCHES, DEEP ROOTS

Moss Europe officially began in 1989, though the shops had been in the British spares business under the leadership of Pete Cox and Pete Buckles for more than a decade prior. Both Petes stayed with Moss and, though they are mostly retired, they are familiar faces in the office still today.

Each branch has unique personality and specialties based on its history, its location and the interests and experience of the employees. It's really not that different from here at Moss in the US where you may end up speaking to certain people because of their specialized background. While on the one hand each of the branches serves their own communities, together they also work toward the good of the whole through shared resources, and

communication...and they do it with unmistakable British humor.

Every day a food truck swings by the London warehouse and Bernie, the social hub and very sweet receptionist, makes a general announcement over the intercom: "sandwich man." Ian, the barrel-chested warehouse manager, who is showing us around, rolls his eyes and says, "I hate when she calls me that."

I grew up shy, sheltered in a safe, quiet community. But I love British humor—witty, sarcastic, self-deprecating and oftentimes crass. I could have used more of it early on. I'll bet it's good for the backbone.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

I'm more than a little envious of Moss Europe's set-up where customers have more opportunity to get the at-the-counter experience. It's a strength they have the privilege to cultivate. At home in the States, both of our warehouses do have active sales counters, too, in case you weren't aware. And, hey, our salespeople would appreciate a break from the phones. Come see us if you are in the area.

Prior to this trip I wrote an open email to the Moss Europe staff and introduced myself. Several people wrote back. I have room to share one reply here. I'll attach the others to the online version of this article on MossMotoring.com.



Adam Chignell

[A photo of my first Triumph, which I still drive.]

I have worked at Moss for more than four years—although I started buying parts from what was Cox and Buckles 30 years ago. I own a few Triumphs and the Spitfire

Mk3 belongs to my wife. It was her first car. My Vitesse was my first Triumph and it's the reason my wife and I met—we got to chatting about cars.

Years ago my family took the Vitesse on holiday to The Lake District, Cumbria. Just after we arrived, there was a petrol tanker strike, so no fuel was being delivered. We set up the trailer tent, had a few beers and said "Oh well, we will just walk everywhere and save the fuel we have left." We were camped in a village with five pubs and a shop for food, what more did we need? Then we heard there was a delivery of fuel in the next village. I shot up there in the Vitesse and promptly blew the head gasket.

I spent Saturday afternoon tuning the engine at the campsite much to the amusement of the other guests. I didn't have my compression tester with me so I did what I can only describe as "stupid." I took the plugs out, disconnected the coil, and stuck my thumb over the plug hole and turned the engine over. WOW there is compression on that one, the same for number 2, this is beginning to hurt.



At the Manchester Branch: Mike Lord, John Benton and Dave Rothwell.



Steve Brown, Alex Cherington, Carl Ord, and Laura Harris. Laura races the Mini.



London headquarters and primary warehouse.



Owen Britton helps a customer at the Moss Bristol branch.



Number 3 however felt different as did number 4. By this time I had had enough, my thumb hurt. So, off to the pub. We didn't use the car for the rest of the holiday and were unsure what to do to get home, but I had every faith in the old boy. We hooked up the trailer tent, loaded the car and it got us the 300 miles home. Now when we go away in the Vitesse I take a head gasket set and a torque wrench, just in case.

With owning the Vitesse for so long, having pulled it completely to pieces and rebuilt it twice now, I have learnt a lot that I am able to pass on to customers who may be doing the job for the first time.

PETROL HEAD FRIENDS

England is roughly the size of Alabama, but what it lacks in area it more than makes up for in history, tradition and the diversity of its proud culture. Shawn, myself and a group of five sales guys from the various branches set up a Moss tent at the MG90 car show at the world-famous Silverstone Circuit for the weekend. Between the fellas representing their branches, good-humored, questionable-taste teasing is inescapable. I'm quite sure I should be feeling more of the brunt of it myself if only I could understand what they are saying—especially Steve from Moss Bradford in the north. That evening, when speaking with a local, I get caught saying, "I miss about 20% of your words because of your accent." She shakes her head and replies, "You're the one with the accent." Oh yeah. We're not in Goleta anymore, Toto.

At MG90 there are 1,200 MGs celebrating the marque's 90th anniversary. An MG from every year of production lines up in a long row on display.

Quite a sight. But my aim is to talk to people, and as soon as I spot two guys sitting in an MGTf pouring beer into proper glasses, I know I'm going to look back on the next moments as a highlight of my trip. Their names are John and Alan and I ask to take their picture. I have to—I can't miss capturing this scene—the two of them look like two lifetimes of of friendship. "Can I get you a beer?" Alan asks. Speckled Hen—of course it is. I grin and nod.

John does most of the talking. It's his car and the Formula 1 track we're near is shimmering with his memories. Several times I plead with John to write his stories down some day soon. I ask Alan to remind him for me, too. John is 77 now, recently had a stroke and had a lot of skin cancer removed from his face. We talk for an hour about the cars he once raced on this very track and how he dreads the day he can no longer get under the car he loves to work on. His eyes reveal that the day is not too far away. When the time comes, though, friends like Alan and others will be his hands for as long as he needs them.

At night, Shawn, myself and our new Moss Europe co-worker friends find a lively Pub in Towcester (pronounced "Toaster")—with a live local band—just a few miles up the road from Silverstone. After what must have been an epic personal struggle, Shawn tries the teensiest bite of the blood pudding on the far corner of his plate and quickly washes it down with beer. We're all so proud of him.

All told, Shawn and I savored only a small taste of life in England during our stay. But I will tell you this: anyone holding this magazine owes it to themselves to experience it, too. And if you've been there and have a Moss Motoring story to tell...send it my way! *MM*





What a Journey!

We're mere days away from announcing the winners of the 2014 Moss Motoring Challenge. Oh how we wish there was a way to tally the number of laughs this oftentimes ludicrous scavenger hunt has caused. Keep an eye on your email. Sometime in the next couple weeks we'll tell you who won, and we'll also share the photos and stories that made this Challenge so doggone fun for so many people.

This year's Challenge is bound in the middle of the magazine. Give it a try! You don't have to drive clear across the country to have a blast ... but there are some who will!



Motoring Challenge Reflections By Bryan Hutchinson

In Oklahoma I found myself on a turnpike between nowhere and somewhere. The crescent moon I had been chasing for the last few hours was giving way to one of those perfect pastel sunrises. The kind you only catch on a clear and crisp morning. While I was lost (both physically and mentally) no worries were to be found. I had set out on a long leg of the Moss Motoring Challenge and was letting the effects of the road once again bring some change to my life.

To gearheads like myself, there is a very therapeutic effect that comes from driving our cars, turning our wrenches and meeting our fellow enthusiasts. Ask yourself, "When was the last time I saw a LBC outside of a psychologist's office?" We all know that life has a way of injecting speed bumps at the most inopportune time. A doctor's visit reveals an unexpected diagnosis, the economy creates a permanent vacation from work, a "Dear John" letter brings about changes to a relationship. In the past year and a half I have encountered too many of these speed bumps myself. Some were expected, some were not, most were painful while some brought incredible joy.

The clear skies of Oklahoma gave way to overcast hues of grey and spouts of raindrops. At a gas station in Missouri I met a hitchhiker who joined me for a jaunt up the road. He lost everything in the tornados that ravaged Joplin in 2013. The business he worked for was not able to rebuild and he was now walking for miles each way to the only place he could find employment. As we drove with the top down through the rain, a smile set across his wrinkled face. He didn't say much but I sensed a few moments of peace in his life. Outside of Kentucky, in Lanesville, Indiana I met a young kid on a BMX bicycle. He was in the parking lot of the auto parts house where I stopped to buy some oil and

a temporary light switch. As I pulled wires from behind the dashboard he kept asking me questions. Somewhere among the dirt on his face, disheveled clothing he wore and inquisitive nature of his comments, I believe the British car bug may have bitten him. He asked to trade my car for his bicycle, but I negotiated a cold Coke after riding a wheelie.

Indiana brought beautiful skies and a few roadside stops, like a restoration shop outside of Lawrenceburg. The proprietors, an older retired couple, were working by hand to bring about nine customer cars back to life. They were not much for words but welcomed me to take a photo or two at their antique gas station. No charge. Ohio found me lost in cornfields and reminiscing with Matt, a 40ish gentleman who had a Triumph in High School. He was changing the brake shoes on a Mitsubishi Eclipse in his driveway. He offered me a hand if I needed anything.

And so the story always seems to go when we get out and drive these things. A couple driving a Porsche approached me at a roadside rest area. She had a red MG growing up in Bog Walk, Jamaica and he has been eyeing one parked on the side of the road in Connecticut. A dad in Pennsylvania pointed my car out to his daughters. Their faces lit up when I invited them to hop in. Once the door closed, those two's minds went from 0-70 and they were free. The shuttle driver at the New Jersey hotel let me park in his spot overnight so that it wouldn't be left in a dangerous position. The parking valet in New York City was quick to

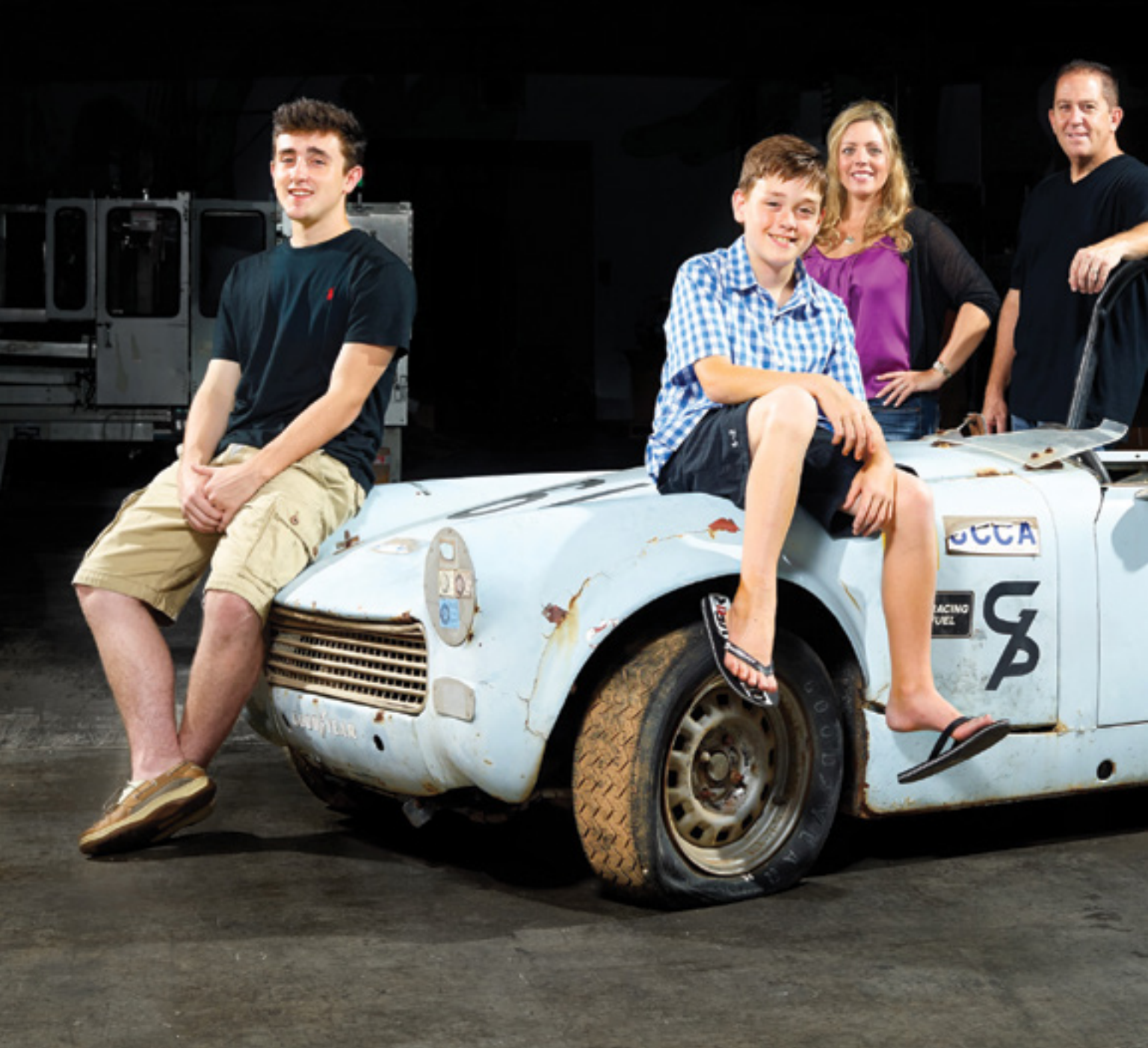
point out the oil drips and share with me the importance of proper maintenance. Vermont, Michigan, Virginia, all along the way, the sight, smell and sound of this ol' car seems to take people to another place and time, to temporarily distract and heal. Even the police officer in Krum, Texas who was nice enough to point out the correct procedure of a four-way stop took a moment to share a story with me.

It is true with competitors as well. I met several on this leg. Ann Moran in Spartanburg, SC shared about "Baby" and her plans for restoration along with the most delicious hamburger. Doug and Luanne Keiser shared stories about gummed up carbs, retiring from a long career serving the citizens of Georgia and the similarities between their Miata and MGB. PJ Lenihan from North Carolina is an incredible ambassador for all things British. Matthew McGuire, even though driving a Miata, was a great sport. He made an 8-hour trip just to say hi and snap a picture. He shares a real affection for the purity of the Challenge. Ray Franks and the British Car Club of North East Pennsylvania proved to not only be great hosts, but genuinely nice people who are finding ways to raise money for charity, bring awareness and appreciation to European cars and laugh with and at each other.

Halfway through this Challenge journey Karen flew up to meet me in New Jersey to attend the car show and ride with me. Her first car was a Triumph TR7 that she worked on with her dad and uncle. She checks the oil,

turns the wrenches, washes the window, pats my hand and watches this country of ours go by mile after mile. I asked her to be with me for the rest of my life. She said yes. And thus the healing continues with another sunrise, to another horizon in the distance and hopefully another leg of the Moss Motoring Challenge very, very soon. *MM*





#MyBarnFind

By Todd Morris

I like to think of myself as a car guy, but I did not have a special car of my own. I have three kids instead! I am, however, surrounded by some of the most serious car guys on the planet and that's bound to have repercussions.

Through of a crazy chain of events and because of my appreciation for racing history, I was invited to serve on the Board for the North Carolina Auto Racing Hall of Fame. The NCARHOF was founded by Don Miller, founder and president of Penske Racing South, now retired. A close friend, Bill Rhine, owner of Rhine Built, is also on the Board. Bill's shop is the industry benchmark of vintage stock car restorations.

Our Hall of Fame has Indy cars, Land Speed Record Cars, Drag Cars, Dirt Cars, and vintage NASCARs. I, myself, love British cars—the Gentleman Racers—I've kept my passion for British cars to myself when walking these hallowed halls. I assumed there must have been a reason the car guys around me never spoke about them.

BEHIND BARBED WIRE

It was a Monday morning in High Point, North Carolina, the "Furniture Capitol of the World." Even though it's a small town, it has both a ritzy, Bentley dealership area and a sketchy side too. I was wrapping up work in the heart of the city and assessing the quickest route back to safety and a Starbucks. I hung a left, made it a block, and to my right something caught my eye. It was light blue and had a roll bar and numbers on the door. It was distressed, but very cool and very out of place. I was intrigued to say the least.

Numbers on a door usually means one thing—a racecar. I needed a closer look. It was behind a barbed wire fence. I took a second glance around and scoped out this scrap metal salvage yard where all walks of life bring whatever they have scrounged in exchange for cash. I pulled my car into the lot and parked near what I thought was an MG. I wasn't far off. "How did this little Sprite end up here?" I wondered. I shot a couple pictures with my phone and sent them to my car-guy friends.

Enter Carl, the owner of the scrap yard. He asked if he could help me and I said, "No, I just saw the car and thought it looked cool and had to check it out." He explained he was asked by a lady to help clean out her recently deceased husband's barn. The car was in there with an MG Midget that looked more at home at the scrap yard. Carl said





he contemplated restoring the Sprite, but decided, no, too much work to bring it back to life. “I know nothing about British cars,” he said, “but I can’t bring myself to scrap it. Someone will appreciate it.” Good for you, Carl.

He asked me if I wanted to buy it. I laughed and said, “No, better not.” I thought to myself, “I have kids in private school and a wife who is ultra tolerant of me even though I tend to push her limits. If I got this car it may end badly for me.”

I left the scrap yard and saw that my friends, Don and Bill had responded back with enthusiasm. I called Don and he said, “What’s up with the Healey?” I thought, what does Don know about British Cars? Silly me. If it burns fuel Don Miller probably built one to go faster. Don is best known for NASCAR, but his real passion is drag racing and vintage cars. “The first car I ever raced on a road course was a ’59 Healey,” said Don. “Since then, I’ve restored a few. You should buy that one.” I laughed and he said, “It would be a great car to have, and fairly easy to get back on the road.”

When I talked with Bill Rhine he chuckled at my picture and called it an “itty bitty baby race car,” but then said the same thing as Don, “You need that car.”

I could barely sleep Monday night. My friends’ peer pressure had gotten to me. Instead of sleeping

I fired up the computer and read everything I could find on Austin-Healeys, and before the sun came up I had a plan. Tuesday, I called Hagerty to get the estimated value. By Tuesday afternoon, I was obsessed with this car. Wednesday, I went back to Carl and made an offer. He smiled and agreed under one condition. I had to take the MG Midget as well. What was I going to do with that? But...I agreed. At home I was sneaking around corners and “low talking” with Don and Bill about the restoration process. Car restorations are a collaborative effort and thankfully I have some talented friends. Thursday, I secured the deal and the barn find was mine.

Thursday night I am a tightly wound spring, and it hits me—I’ve lost my mind. I never told Cami, my wife.

Friday afternoon, I rehearsed my speech, came home and asked Cami to sit down. I said, “We need to talk. It’s very important. Please keep an open mind.” I rolled out my grand plan and showed her pictures that Carl had given me of when the car raced. She sat quietly and listened. Her only response was a playful “Can you have it ready by the weekend?” A wife approved restoration! I was now free to talk openly about the car. I told her I thought this would be a cool project that the kids could help with and she agreed.

The kids’ excitement level topped mine. Together we made a Facebook and Twitter page to post our progress. They thought it was cool that we had our own hashtag: #MyBarnFind.

Every which way I turned, people told me to talk with Rodney Trask, owner of *Trask Automotive*, for help with the car’s reconstruction. Turns out Rodney not only raced an Austin-Healey Sprite, he was a SCCA Southeast Series Champion in 2004 and 2005. On top of that, Rodney’s dad, George Trask, was a racing legend. George built and raced Lotus 11s, Formula Fords, Formula Vs, and a Brabham in the 60s and 70s.

One phone call and I was invited over to talk shop. Rodney is a true gentleman and he’s an incredible resource. I told Rodney about the MG Midget I was also saddled with and he said, “Great you can use the parts from it!” I knew nothing about Austin-Healeys or the relationship with MG, or what it takes to restore a car. That whole time I didn’t fully realize I had a donor car and what that could mean. I felt like the planets were aligning just for me. But best of all, Rodney’s garage is just two miles from where I keep the cars.



MOVING FORWARD

The car has immersed itself into our daily lives. My kids know iPads, iPhones, and Playstations, and now they know how to pull an engine and transmission out. It's great having them help me, spending time together. It is hard work and my hands are now stained with grease, but there's something so inspiring about rebuilding a car. There is no better way to fire up the imagination than to bring a piece of history roaring back to life. I want my kids to experience this history too. I have befriended the wife of the previous owner, a fellow named Johnny Dayton Jones, and we are learning more about him every time she and I talk.

In some ways the plans for the Sprite are pretty simple and fun, like autocrossing with Cami this summer. But it's hard when you have car friends like I do, not to dream big. Bill and I are discussing entering the Great Race across the US put on by Hemmings, and I'd also like to try my hand at vintage racing.

The more I get into this project the deeper my appreciation grows for the people who took these fun little sporty cars and turned them and themselves into local racing legends through

organizations like the Sports Car Club of America. In fact, after talking it over with Don Miller, we're going to use this Austin-Healey to create a tribute to the SCCA at the Auto Racing Hall of Fame. It will be our first British car in the museum.

At the same time as work is being done on the car, an SCCA display is under construction, and next to it the Sprite will sit. We will pay homage to guys like Johnny Dayton Jones, George Trask, Roger Penske and other racers. Don recently told me, "The great thing about SCCA racers is their spirit. They race for the thrill of it all and not for the money."

In a lot of ways Don's comment matches the way I feel about restoring the car. The money spent is always a consideration, of course. But this car is valuable to me in so many ways. I love it but not because it has numbers on the door. I love it for its ability to revive a bit of history after 30 years of living in a barn in North Carolina. The car is creating new friendships and has brought my kids closer to me. And I now have a classic racecar that will be taking me places I have never been. How do you put a price on a car restoration? For me and my family, this Sprite is priceless. *MM*

DAY 9:

Continued from page 11

Valdez > Anchorage, Alaska and the FINISH!; 310 mi.

We drove the last day top-down in celebration of making it to the finish in an almost 53-year-old sports car. It was brilliantly sunny although only a few degrees above freezing (in August!). After a lunch stop beside a glacier, there were two TSD sections to cover on the final day's route and we dropped less than 20 seconds, but it wasn't quite enough to move up from 14th. Having missed two whole days of competition, we were pretty happy with that result.

We had the most amazing experiences; some of which only came *because* we hit trouble, so we felt like we placed better than our standings said. We drove into Anchorage and to the finish weary but happy—and celebrated the end of an epic journey with a bottle of Dom Perignon and a fine cigar.

As we drove the last miles into Anchorage, Jan and I fell quiet as we realised that we were nearly done. We entered the Alcan 5000 looking for an epic drive and an adventure that we could share together. We certainly found more than we could have hoped for.

The TR4 is a wonderful car for the Alcan 5000. Sure it's small, it's noisy, it's smelly and it's primitive. But it's just so much *fun*.



Jan's Journal:

I loved freezing to near death with the top down just because we could. I loved every single stranger who approached us at gas stations, and parking lots, and coffee shops and pretty much anywhere we stopped the car and just wanted to talk about their old cars. I loved watching and listening to people walk down memory lane. I loved that they shared their lives with us. I loved that Chicken, Alaska is an actual place. I loved Dawson City. Nothing seems to have changed there. Each of the places we went to deserves a proper trip. As Tim said several times to me over this trip, "There are no strangers when you're in a TR." He was right. I would drive anywhere with Tim. Well... anywhere that doesn't say "watch for livestock." I'm done with cows. *MM*





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X Large	013-717	\$14.95
XX Large	013-718	\$14.95



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Base Body Rubber Kit – 1961-80	282-835	\$74.95
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No, an outhouse wasn't on our list of destinations.

Steven Ritter and his daughter Maddie brought their sense of humor and adventure to the Motoring Challenge, and we wouldn't want it any other way.

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