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ISSUE 3, 2015



GANG TRIUMPH
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What do you get a man who has everything a Healey owner could want?

We were standing in the Healey's room one clammy fall day and I was commiserating as sincerely as I could with John about how the cat hair shows on the black leather upholstery.

"They should make a hermetically sealed garage for such special cars," I said.

"They do!" he exclaimed.

Oh. No.

In a flash, he produced the dog-eared Moss Motors fall catalog and flipped to the Car Capsule page.

"I have a great idea," I said. "Let's get one..." His smile brightened. Then his brow knitted. That was too easy.

"...And put the Healey on the driveway so my car can spend some time in the garage."

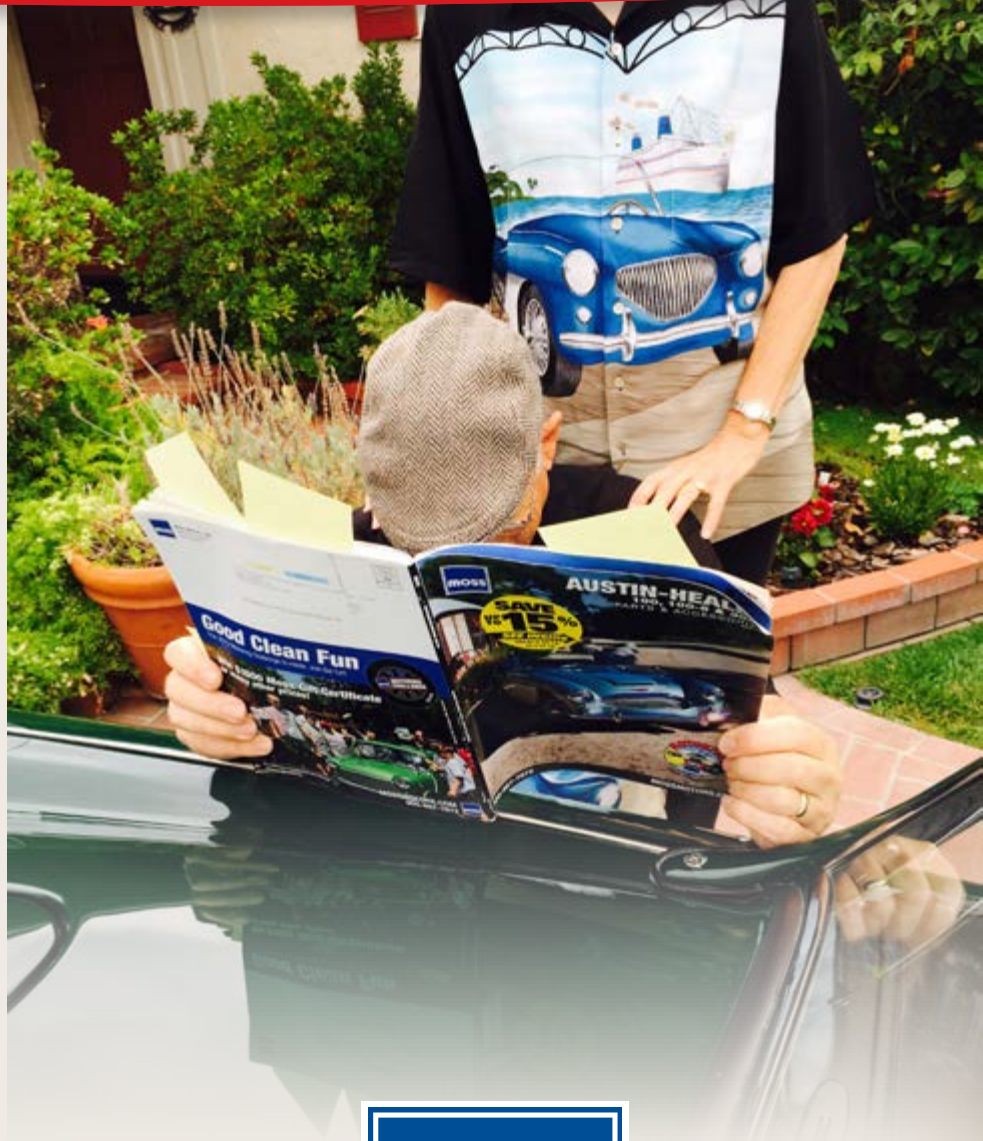
"It wasn't designed to sit outside," he said.

I could see that this discussion would go nowhere but up in price ("I'll trade you a spot in the garage for a new garage..."), so I left it at that. But for the record, I think the Car Capsule is a fine thing and it's still not off the table.

There's always Christmas...

Cathy Turney

Member of the Golden Gate Austin Healey Club



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Robert Goldman

What I Learned at Motorfest...

After weeks of careful planning and measuring and a week's worth of rain, Motorfest's parking guru, Paul Barker, suddenly had to redo his parking plan from scratch. To his credit and with the help of our VA Facility Manager, Steve Safran, not only did they work out a new plan, in a new location, but one which was ultimately easier to manage.

As anyone who has ever run a car show will tell you, all the planning comes to naught once the first car drives in through the wrong gate, in the wrong direction. From that point on, until somebody mercifully says, "We'll deal with the rest of it on Monday," car show organizers rarely get to enjoy what they have wrought. My last working recollection from Motorfest was along the lines of, "Uh oh, there must be over 150 people taking the first warehouse tour. How am I going to deal with that?" Answer: *yell*.

Before the yelling and bouts of extended memory lapse, there was the Friday night party at the Keystone tractor museum. That Friday will always be special to me. Not just because of all the interesting people or even the truly amazing collection in the museum. Nope, Friday was special because I happened

to run into Gordon Dedrick from the Triumph Club of the Carolinas.

TCOC hosted the VTR annual gathering at Dobson, NC, in September of 2014. As part of the gathering, they hosted a hill climb. Now, I like slaloms, but my car is ill prepared for a slow, tight handling course. A hill climb, however, wants a healthy dose of torque. That I've got. And combined with an equally healthy dose of red haze, oddly triggered by the color green, it's Katy bar the door.

I didn't really expect to do that well. I'm not much of a driver and the 10-year-old Pirellis on my TR4 have an "M&S" logo on the side wall. Mud and snow is not the sort of designation one desires in a competition tire, which isn't driving in the Alps in, you know, mud and snow. What's worse, I never saw the results. By the time I ran into Gordon at the tractor museum, it had been gnawing at me for months.

We spoke about the event, the beauty of the North Carolina countryside and the hill climb results. After Motorfest, Gordon pointed me to a copy of the results. Excuse me while I spike my properly inflated football. What is the impact of a Moss Motors supercharger? In a 38-second run, I beat the rest of the modified 4-cylinder class by almost

six seconds. In fact, my time was good enough to trophy in all but two of the classes.

With Motorfest behind us and the afterglow of hill climb success fading, it's time to consider what comes next. We really appreciate all the positive feedback on the event and it's great when people ask about next year. All we can say for now: while it won't make the calendar for 2016, there may well be a shiny new Motorfest somewhere, some time in the future. If you want an accurate report of what really happened at Motorfest, see Johnny Oversteer's account on page 22.

MM

Motorfest, as seen through the eyes of a permanent adolescent.





GANG TRIUMPH

By Bob Streepy and David Stuursma

In the corner of a building in an industrial complex sit the collected pieces of a rough and rusted 1971 Triumph TR6. The engine is out, doors and panels are off and an inspection of the frame would cause you to cringe. To those who know what they're looking at, the car is scrap-worthy. But in this unique shop, a hopeless case is exactly the kind of project they like to tackle. This project has a larger purpose. Welcome to AMG—the Automotive Mentoring Group.

For the past 24 years, Alex Levesque and a determined group of mechanically inclined mentors have been working with boys and girls from the tough streets of Chicago. They are confronting the seemingly impossible question, "What in the world can we do about gang violence and crime in our city?"

Their answer? *Cars.*

Automotive Mentoring Group's mission:

“To stem the rate of youth violence by teaching young offenders (or potential offenders) how to restore classic vehicles—restoring old cars while building human character.”





“We have the carrot to lead kids off the street and leave the gang life behind,” said Alex, the founder of AMG. “You have to get their attention with something they really want. And as we all know, guys are interested in two things: old cars and young girls, and I’m in the car business.” Alex regularly cruises the streets of Englewood and Wood Lawn in one of his restored, tricked out, big block muscle cars looking for clusters of young people hanging out with nothing to do. With a V8 rumble for an introduction, he will start a conversation: “Hey, if you’ve ever wanted to work on cars like this one, here’s your chance. Let me teach you how to make a living for yourself.” Curious hands reach for his business card. The criminal justice system also refers at-risk youth to him as an alternative to incarceration.

It was Saturday, July 11, 2015, when nearly two dozen members of the Illinois Sports Owners Association (ISOA)—most of whom drove their TR6s—visited AMG’s facility in Bedford Park. It was not lost on any of us that during the previous holiday weekend, 10 people were killed and 55 injured in shootings throughout Chicago.

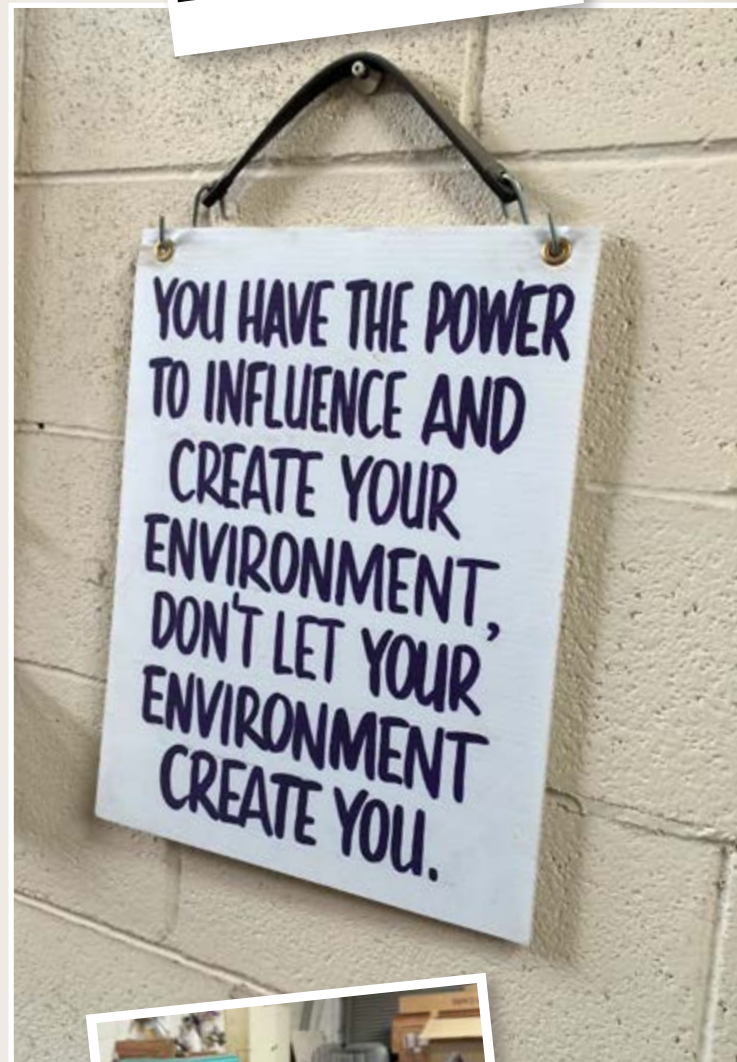
AMG operates two buildings with nearly 15,000 feet of space. The facility is open seven days a week and serves as a safe haven for young men and women caught up in the grip of gang life, drug trafficking or other criminal activities.

At any given time, the shop may have a dozen or so cars in various stages of restoration. Alex oversees all of the work with help from volunteer or paid mentors who are often active or retired police officers, firefighters, teachers and even retired corporate executives. The mentors, like Alex, are car guys and they supervise and assist approximately 25 mentees.

Alex and Greg Alonzo, the instructor leading the TR6 restoration, walked the ISOA group through the shop and explained how AMG operates. Alex’s charisma and passion for the program were abundantly clear. It’s easy to see how he would make strong bonds with young people. He possesses a powerful mix of heart, discipline, humor and empathy. His character was evident in the way he interacted with the British car club members, too. Alex treated our group of total strangers as if we were longtime friends.

When sharing stories describing his interactions with the toughest of gang members, Alex varied the volume of his voice for effect, as he would with kids on the street, or he’d lightly place his hand on your shoulder while talking—just as he would reach out to anyone in the community. There is a fearlessness within Alex—an attitude that says anything is possible—and this quality influences AMG and all who enter the program.

Initially financed by Alex himself, the Automotive Mentoring Group earned non-profit status in 2007 and evolved into a program that has taught more than 300 young men and women how to rebuild not only cars but also their lives. The mentees learn the basics of engine rebuilding, panel straightening, painting, upholstery—not to mention job readiness skills such as punctuality, cooperation and the





Saving Lives With Cars

“Almost all of these kids have never worked a day in their life,” Alex said. “If you’ve never had a job, you don’t know what discipline looks like or what success feels like. You don’t know what an employer is looking for. So that’s what we do. We are here to show you how to be on time and do a job.

“We’re not trying to get them all to restore cars for a living. We use the cars as bait, as candy, to get them in. With a classic car in front of them you start to spoon-feed those life skills, you start to spoon-feed them that job readiness and then it sinks in and they come back for more. The things they learn at AMG are transferable to other industries. We’re making inroads with companies in the community who, after our training, will hire these kids.”

The ISOA group spent much of the time examining and evaluating the project TR6, offering suggestions for various ways to solve some of the problems faced in restoring the car. It was much easier to find bad things to say about the car than good. One member said what many were thinking: “Wouldn’t it be easier and less expensive to start with a better car? There are plenty out there that are far better candidates for restoration.” Alex smiled and said, “That’s not what we do here. We love the hard cases. We take on the cars that nobody else wants to touch.”

Looking around the shop, our eyes began to see things in a different light. Although the inventory of projects—which included an early ’50s Riley Cabriolet, an E-Type Jaguar and the TR6—were valuable, it was the need for work and the resulting experience and personal growth that held the most value by far. There are no shortcuts to building character and self-respect.

“Put a car in a young man’s hands and he’s able to learn how to use ratchets and cutting tools and a torch. A transformation happens,” said Alex. “Boys become men. Broken-down cars can make men better fathers, better husbands—to the wives they didn’t realize they needed—and better sons. At some point in our lives we all need a second chance. Here, we take on kids others won’t get involved with. We’re using cars to save lives.

importance of wise decision-making. The 600-hour curriculum also includes training in vehicle repair (rust and collision) as well as the proper use of many types of automotive tools (manual, electric and pneumatic).

Along with technical training, AMG also assists the mentees in acquiring high school diplomas and enrolling in community colleges, as well as obtaining jobs or apprenticeships in the automotive repair business or other adjacent industries. One third of AMG’s former mentees have pursued undergraduate degrees at Chicago area community colleges or are serving apprenticeships at auto restoration shops. In fact, one former mentee now teaches auto body repair at a local high school.

“That’s not what we do here. We love the hard cases. We take on the cars that nobody else wants to touch.”

“Everyone gets dark pants and a light blue AMG shirt to work in,” said Alex. “It’s a symbol that they’re in a different environment. Something simple like a uniform makes a guy stand up really straight.” Within the shop there is an understanding, often unspoken: “If a new kid acts up and is threatening or disrespectful to me, the kids that have been around for a while step in and say, ‘You don’t do that here.’ There has never been any kind of violence at AMG, not even a fistfight. This is a safe place.”

The Automotive Mentoring Group offers programs for children, too. On Saturday mornings, elementary school age youth build model cars. Those who wish to continue on are encouraged to learn to repair bicycles before moving into the shop to work on auto restoration. The atmosphere within the shop is very professional—it is most decidedly a workplace—but you will also find signs with messages to inspire, designated areas to sit down and relax, a kitchen and well-furnished restrooms. “If the students are hungry, why would they want to work? If a young man hasn’t showered in a while, he may be embarrassed to participate. That’s why there are lockers with towels, soap and deodorant. If their basic needs aren’t met, how can you expect these kids to stick around or come back for more?”

The students are steered toward taking ownership in their projects. Expectations are set high. And they are held responsible for the use of the tools and equipment. In the same building where there are framed articles written about the accomplishments of AMG students, you’ll find newspaper clippings of the atrocities and crimes committed by gangs. Alex said, “There’s an entire wall of gang reports—shootings, drugs, death. I tell kids, ‘This is you. You just haven’t been caught or killed yet.’”

You Too Can Support AMG

Several of the ISOA club members brought spare parts with them, which they donated to AMG for use on the TR6’s restoration. Others were moved by the good things being accomplished through AMG and donated money. Several of the guys offered to return to assist the mentors and mentees with the TR6.

ISOA has a proud history of supporting good causes. Club volunteers assisted in the Triumph Trans-AmeriCan Charity Drive 2009 by completely restoring a derelict Triumph Stag that ultimately traveled 12,000 miles across North America to raise money and awareness for post-traumatic stress disorder.

ISOA’s time with AMG will not end with this introduction. They plan on spreading the word. Alex said to us, “We hear it all the time, people say, ‘You are the best-kept secret!’ That is not what we want!” And it should not be the case. There should be a dozen organizations like AMG—and that still wouldn’t support all the struggling kids in Chicago who would benefit. To help get the ball rolling, ISOA provided AMG with a complimentary vendor booth at the 2015 Vintage Triumph Register convention, which ISOA hosted this year in Fontana, Wisconsin. This, along with the article you’re now reading, we hope will spread the message about the Automotive Mentoring Group with Triumph enthusiasts nationwide.

The Automotive Mentoring Group cannot survive on its good works alone. The amount of time and capital required to make it what it is—and what it hopes to be—is more than it currently has. If this story has caught your attention, please find out more about AMG. A YouTube search will show you videos and lead you to more stories written about them.

If you would like to support AMG, you can contact them at (312) 434-7573 or connect with them at the links below. *MM*



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FROM RUST TO RESTORED

by Bob Brandriff

How it looks at the end depends on what's done at the start.



Virtually all restoration projects start with a fully assembled, tired and rusty treasure that will be a real eye-catching prize when finished. One of ours was a 1961 Austin-Healey BT7 that had been repaired by a body shop some 20 years prior and stored in a garage until we got it. From the outside it looked sound enough that the owner noted “there is no rust on this baby.” On the surface he was right, but under the tons of 20-year-old body filler and a heavy coat of enamel, there wasn't much that wasn't seriously rusted and deteriorated in all the predictable places. As an indicator of issues to come, a gap between the front fender and door was visibly smaller at the top than at the bottom.

The engine hadn't run in 10 years or so but was low miles and had good compression and oil pressure, so we put the body work as higher priority to start the project. By the time the car was back on the road, a good deal of engine work had been done, the transmission rebuilt, springs replaced, brakes restored and suspension rebuilt, but all of that was more easily addressed with a sturdy assembly to work from.

On a roadster like the Austin-Healey, with no roof or upper structure for stiffness, the best indicator that there is structural weakness is the fit and closure

of the doors. In the '61 Healey, the frame was in good condition, but on both sides the rockers and door posts under the decorative covers were decayed history. As the rockers and floor panels deteriorate, the stiffness of the structure decreases, so the frame flexes and sags easily and the door openings change shape. With poor door fit and closure, the real problem is how it can be taken apart, rebuilt and reassembled with all parts in the right places so everything lines up when it is done.



So, with fenders and doors still in place, our approach was to support the frame at the front and rear suspension weight-bearing points on a low-height lift (leveled shop stands will work if a lift isn't available) and then shim the frame under the engine and rocker areas until door openings and door fit were good. This was done prior to any disassembly, with the expectation that before the project was complete, the doors and fenders would be removed and reinstalled numerous times to check for correct fit. The shimming also allowed for a small guessed amount of deflection as the full load was returned to the suspension.

To get from rust to repair took a few dedicated tools and materials.

- ▶ **Pneumatic needle-scaler**
To clean away heavy rust, loosened paint and any other unwanted crud stuck to the metal.
- ▶ **Pneumatic body saw** (*fitted with lengths of hacksaw blade*)
The small size and short stroke allows for clean, controlled cuts in sheet metal as well as heavier metals.
- ▶ **Pneumatic chisel** (*with various tips*)
Sometimes brute force is needed to split a rust-seized nut or shear off a hunk of exhaust pipe where the body saw won't make it.
- ▶ **Electric grinder** (*with wire wheel*)
To clean up welds and rough metal edges.
- ▶ **Personal Safety Equipment**
Protective gloves, jacket, face shield and hearing protection. All the work is dirty and pneumatic tools are noisy.
- ▶ **Flux-core Welder** (*and welding curtains*)
Preferred over MIG when working with porous metal surfaces from design or rust. The flux core always puts the inert environment at the arc where a MIG gas jet can blow through the holes and leave the arc unprotected.
- ▶ **Aluminum Sheets** (*about 0.008" thick*)
Roughly 2' x 2' used as cut-to-size-and-shape welding shields.
- ▶ **Steel Plates** (*Drops*)
Metal plates in various sizes and thicknesses from the local sheet metal fabrication shop. (Called “drops” in the trade for the trimmed pieces that drop from the back of a shear.)
- ▶ **Petit Paints** “Trailer Coat”
Moisture-cured polyurethane coating. This coating forms a strong bond to just about all materials, including rust (and fingers, so wear gloves), sands smooth when cured and makes an excellent sub-primer for finish coatings.
- ▶ **All the panels, fasteners, parts and supplies from Moss Motors.**



2" x 2" x 1/4" wall steel tubes were used for support along the length of the frame on the lift, and similar steel cross-tubes were shimmed to line it all up. As you can see from the photos on these pages, the amount of deterioration is obvious, but the extent of the damage was well hidden until disassembly was started.



The left door was reinstalled to check for fit after both posts, rocker and adjacent metal were replaced. Similar work was done on the right side of the car, although the specifics of the deterioration were somewhat different.

As an additional point of reference, work was started and completed on a section on one side before the second side was touched. This allowed for the second side to be used as the reference for the first side so that dimensions and clearances could be checked. Where possible, the area on the side in the worst shape was rebuilt first so the better side was the measurable standard.

As a backup, numerous photographs proved to be valuable when the "B" posts on both sides essentially disintegrated on their own.

Once both sides were stabilized, the load was returned to the front and rear suspension points to assure that normal deflection had been properly estimated. Work then moved to non-structural areas and, as with the rocker and door post work, each area was coated with a moisture-cured polyurethane coating when finished.



Door-to-fender alignment on both sides was quite good, not dead perfect, but very, very good. By the time the project was completed, all the fenders and the front and rear shrouds had also been rebuilt and re-welded with a lot of new metal and in the process fitted back to the frame and adjacent sheet metal several times to assure it would all fit properly and line up.

Our goal through the project was to keep the car as original as possible, re-using parts like the aged steering wheel and dash gauges. We also attempted to re-install the original horns, with disastrous results, when they shorted on

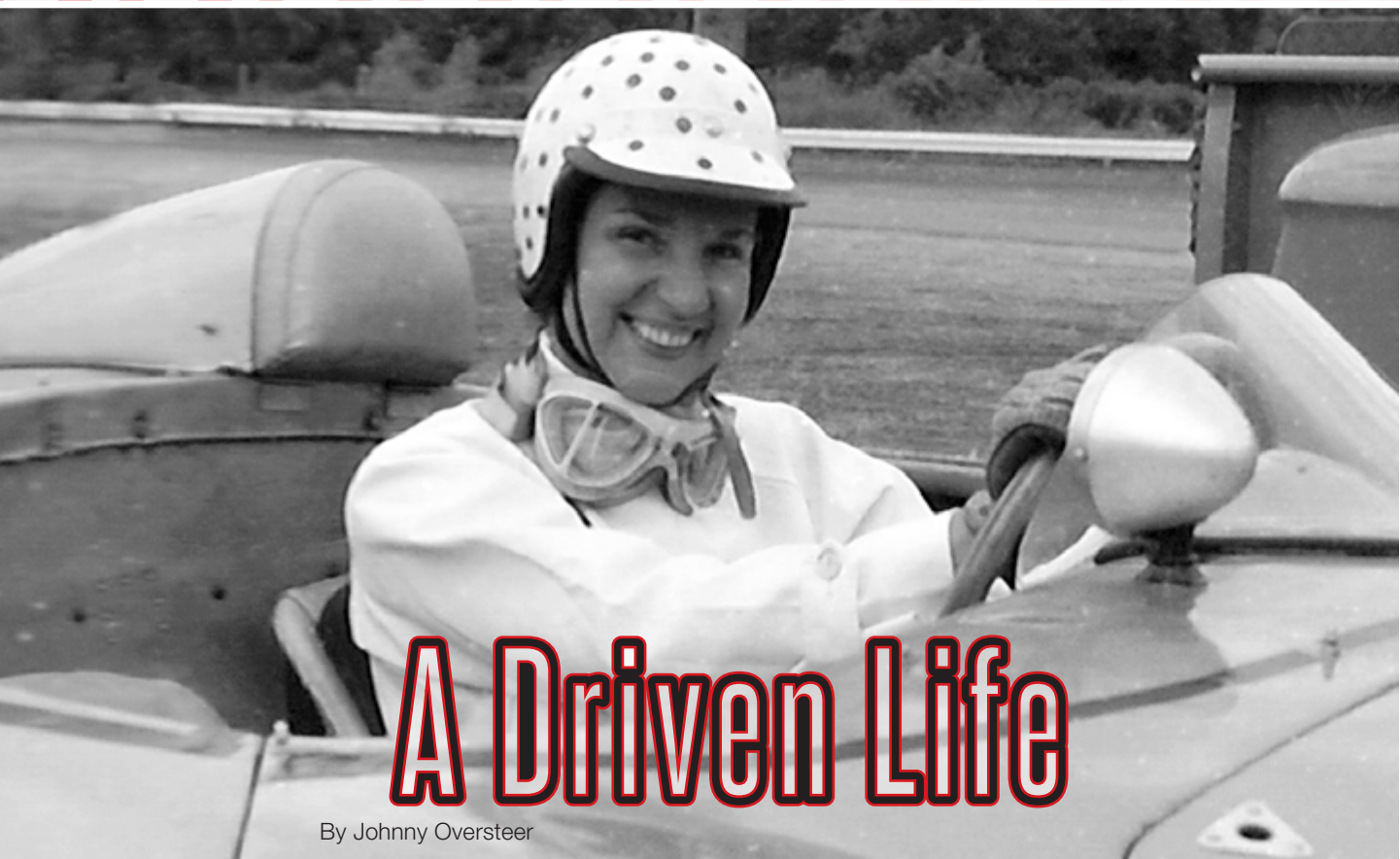
the first toot and a wall of smoke rose from the wire harness. That they should have first been bench tested occurred one toot too late. After the smoke cleared and the harness was repaired, two modern fuse blocks and a volt meter were added under the dash. The horns were also replaced with a pair of modern parts that sound and look quite like the originals.



Charlie Brown, the quality-control Welsh Terrier, thinks the Austin-Healey is his and he has become a recognizable figure motoring around town with his nose pressed against the windshield glass. At places like a gas station or convenience store, it is most common for the car and Charlie to get a lot of attention and I have gotten used to being ignored.

When all was said, welded and done, how this Healey looked at the end of all this work was largely determined by how the work was planned and begun—oh, and the availability of sheet metal replacement panels from Moss Motors helped a ton, too. And now, for sure, "There is no rust on this baby." *MM*





A Driven Life

By Johnny Oversteer

Denise McCluggage began her fascination with automobiles as a six-year-old when she spotted an Austin Seven parked on the street near her house in Kansas. Not surprisingly, she soon asked Santa for one just like it. As a young girl she was smart and independent, choosing to leave home for the West Coast at 17. She enrolled at Mills College in the Bay Area and graduated Phi Beta Kappa before taking a job as a reporter at The San Francisco Chronicle. There was always a Forrest Gump quality to her life, as she crossed paths with many legendary figures of the 20th century who found her a bright light in a world filled with dim bulbs. While in San Francisco, Dave Brubeck—a downstairs neighbor—used her piano to practice before forming his quartet and later she convinced Miles Davis to purchase his first Ferrari. Reputed to have broken Steve McQueen's heart when their relationship ended, she eventually married—and later divorced—Michael Conrad from Hill Street Blues.

A visit to Kjell Qvale's dealership in San Francisco would change her life. While there,

Denise saw an MGTC that she “had to possess—had to!” Not content with leisurely drives along the coast, Denise was determined to go racing in that MG, which was followed by others and then a Jaguar XK140. She covered sports for The Herald Tribune, where she decided participation was the key to understanding competition. Denise convinced her editors that since female journalists were banned by most tracks from interviewing race drivers, the only way to get the job done was to race alongside them and do her work in the pits. In the late '50s a female racecar driver was an anomaly, so rare that she appeared on an episode of *To Tell the Truth* in 1959 to discuss her work behind the wheel.

Despite her success on the track, there was resistance to her presence at the highest levels. Selected to run at the 24 Hours of Le Mans in 1958 by Ferrari legend Luigi Chinetti, her ride was rejected by the FIA, which ruled that women were not invited to the iconic race. Even other drivers were hesitant to accept her presence on the track. Eventually her skill and charm would win them over. There is a picture of Denise from the early

'60s surrounded by a coterie of the greatest drivers of all time—Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss, Pedro Rodriguez, Innes Ireland and Ronnie Bucknum, with Phil Hill just out of frame—and they seem enraptured by her presence.

Denise wasn't a great female racing driver; she was a great racing driver irrespective of gender. She won the GT Class at the 12 Hours of Sebring in a Ferrari 250 and scored another class win at the Monte Carlo Rally in a Ford Falcon. She raced Jaguars, Oscas and Porsches with great success, including a 5th overall at the 1960 Watkins Glen Grand Prix. Denise behind the wheel was a force to be reckoned with; she drove open-wheeled cars, sports cars and prototypes and excelled on road courses and the rally circuit. She raced for Briggs Cunningham and the GM, Ford, Rover and Porsche factory teams on an equal footing with the guys.

Most of us remember Denise not for her racing, however, but for her unsurpassed coverage of the sport. She would found the predecessor to *Autoweek* and write for both *Car and Driver* and *Road & Track*. Her words would earn her several awards for literary achievement, as well as the singular honor of being the only journalist inducted into the Automotive Hall of Fame. In 1994, she published *By Brooks too Broad for Leaping* about a lifetime with cars. It should be required reading for any automotive enthusiast since her wit and insight show up in every printed word.

Behind the wheel—and in life—Denise continued to speed even as she entered her final years. She was a fixture on the banquet circuit and was a valued speaker at classic car events around the country, where she entertained with her stories and inspired by her example. Many times we were paired to speak at events where I would introduce her and then lead a vigorous Q & A session from the attendees. Looking at the audience as she spoke, there were always dozens of mouths open in amazement at the wonder that was her life. Thankfully, I spent time with Denise at her home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, shortly before she passed away on May 6, 2015. If she knew the end was near she forgot to tell me. We made plans for the summer, spoke about cars and rummaged through some old photographs. She also took the time to share stories that I hadn't heard before and then she laughed that McCluggage laugh and retired to nap in her chair.

The last story she told me was a real doozy and maybe I'll share it sometime. She lived a life that most of us would envy and we are better for having had her in the world. Thanks Denise, for everything. *MM*



From left to right; Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss, Denise McCluggage, Pedro Rodriguez, Innes Ireland, Ronnie Bucknum and Phil Hill is just off frame.

Johnny Oversteer was presented with the Denise McCluggage Award at the 2012 Santa Fe Concorso and is often confronted with brooks that are too broad for leaping.



An Interdisciplinary Education

By John Twist

When I arrived home on a Saturday late in July 1968, driving my MGTD, the first words out of my father's mouth were, "So, you quit college?" Indeed I had. I told my parents that I would serve in the Army (there was no alternative) and continue college upon my discharge. I served 22 months including 364 days in Vietnam, both at USARV HQ and the 25th Infantry Division HQ, where I was a clerk (G-3) with occasional guard duty on the bunker line.

Lying atop my bunk in the bay at HHC at Fort Knox, I read, read again and re-read section B in the TD workshop manual, scrutinizing the cut-away views until I understood the function of the SU carburetors. I read the remainder of the workshop manual, too. Accompanying me on my year's duty to Long Binh and Cu Chi was my trusty Moss Motors catalog. For those months I dreamed of restoring my TD. The week of my discharge at Oakland, CA, I travelled to Goleta to purchase all the parts necessary from Glen Adams at the front counter of Moss Motors. My several attempts to continue higher education were thwarted by the restoration and by working on other MGs. Quite simply, MG had become my mistress and she was not to be denied my absolute devotion.

Now, over 40 years later, it has come full circle and I am the individual presenting degrees in MGineering from University Motors. Despite lacking a formal post-secondary education, I have instead found an interdisciplinary education through my life with MG.

First it was the terse, crisp British engineering language of the TD workshop manual which introduced me to etymology. "Strike smartly" and "stands proud" are examples. "The air cleaner must be cleansed every 3,000 miles in paraffin." Before melting down a handful of candles, I searched the dictionary to find that, in England, paraffin is kerosene. Then, I moved on to orthography, as in aluminum, as spelled by Davey, but internationalized by the IUPAC to use the -ium suffix as most metals. The American Chemical Society reverted to the original spelling in 1925. Thus my introduction to the humanities.

Next came the ancient and foreign languages: in situ, e.g. and q.v. (quod videre) demanded my high school Latin books. In the early '80s a reader corrected my plural of tonneau, which should be tonneaux. And still, "French chalk" has a lightly naughty connotation.

A year working at the original University Motors, 1972-1973, in London initiated me into the world of true British English with such familiar terms as back light, banger, baulk ring, big end, bollix, bonnet, boot, bodge, cheese head, circlip, collet, cubby, etc.



On the bunker line, 25th Infantry Division, Cu Chi, Vietnam, 1970.

Abbreviations and acronyms abound: AA is the automobile association, ARG is the Austin Rover Group, BDC is bottom dead centre, BHP is brake horsepower, CB for contact breaker (SW for switch), EGR for Exhaust Gas Recirculation, ELC for Evaporative Loss control, BFH for Big ****ing Hammer and LUCAS for Loose Unsoldered Connections and Splices.

THE FINE ARTS WERE NOT NEGLECTED

The late Gerry Goguen of Abingdon Spares, whose primary employment was trumpeting for the Boston Pops Orchestra, recounted his introduction to MGs. He and his bride, Doris, lived in an apartment above an alley. Early every morning another resident of the area would climb into his MGTC, start it up and allow it to warm momentarily before motoring away. Gerry was captivated by the tone of the exhaust. When asked about fitting a radio to an MG, my practiced response is always: The sound of the engine should be music enough to your ears. And it IS the sound of the exhaust by which I tune the carburetors, locating that magic point between splashy and hunting.

Art Hopkins was our junk man for four decades. Art had two unmistakable qualities. The first was his (as well as his wife's) ability to speak as Russian immigrants (which they were not)—without the use of articles, e.g. (here comes that Latin again), "Art got new truck." The second was his skill in filling his truck with junk MG parts. The zenith of this talent evidenced itself when he fit three halved MGBs into the bed of his truck, tied down with a single strand of rope. His visits were so frequent years ago that Chris Plank, one of my employees, drew on his poetry skills and composed this short ode:

Ashes to Ashes, Rust To Rust

Here Art Comes, So Go Thou Must



In the domain of MG, history cannot be ignored. Kimber was born during the reign of Victoria and died under George VI. WWI brought Hotchkiss to England and from their metric machinery

came the "Nuffield fasteners" with metric shanks and BSF caps. The Great Depression plunged Wolseley into receivership and with Morris' purchase came the acronym MOWOG (MORris, WOlseley, mG). Riley's failure in the mid-'30s allowed Morris to form the Nuffield Organization. Germany's invasion of Poland on September 1st, 1939, led to Kimber's discharge and ultimately to his death. The post-war combination of Austin and Morris formed the British Motor Corporation. The dearth of executives, no doubt caused by the immense loss of the officer corps during both world wars, allowed the unions to gain ascendancy and plunged the great British manufacturing sector to near dissolution; by underwriting the combination of nearly all the British-owned automotive companies, the government eventually owned British Leyland (99.4%). The return to a conservative government in the late '70s resulted in the cleaving of BL into quarters and the end of Abingdon-produced MGs.

Non-factory, non-technical literature has provided many hours of great enjoyment, whether it's John Heygate's "Motor Tramp" (1935) about his travels on the continent and within Nazi Germany; D.C. Masters' "The Body Under the Bonnet" (1994), a murder mystery; Dick O'Kane's "How to Repair Your Foreign Car," a precursor to "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance;" or one of Burt Levy's "The Last Open Road" series. Within the world of non-factory technical literature, Philip H. Smith's "Valve Mechanisms for High-Speed Engines" is still a favourite.

THE HUMANITIES YIELD TO SOCIAL SCIENCES

Economics is made wonderfully fascinating within the 450 pages of Timothy Whisler's "The British Motor Industry 1945-1994 – A Case Study in Industrial Decline." Professional application of microeconomics in accounting includes over 40 years of yellow 23-column journals. Elasticity of the MG market, consumer demand, cost of production and opportunity costs all figure into business operation.

Even psychology is not excluded. Numerous times I've calmed anxious MG traveling companions who discovered a mutual dislike well before the end of their journey. I've taken calls from partners in an MG project whose differing personalities have led them to near blows, from MG owners who have found themselves in a financial abyss while using other repair shops and from husbands whose MG projects portend to disrupt their marriages.



Beginning to explain the two bobbin control box.

AND ON TO THE NATURAL SCIENCES

It is not incorrect to view MG as entirely a study in physics. Mass, distance and time generate momentum, acceleration, force, energy and power. Calculating the overdrive gear ratio of an MGB LH overdrive whose annulus has 60 teeth, sun gear 21 and planet gear 15 and 24 yields $1 + (21/24 \times 15/60) = 1.21875$ or an increase of 0.82 (the reciprocal). From field experience I have been able to reckon the condition of an engine by four factors: compression, oil pressure, oil consumption and condition of the camshaft. And for those craving more power from their engine:

$$\frac{\$ = \text{Power} \times \text{Reliability} \times \text{Efficiency}}{\text{Emissions}}$$

Mechanical engineering is a study in fasteners, as within the MG there are threads of so many forms: French metric, ISO metric, BS brass, BS Whitworth, BS Fine, BS Pipe, BS Cycle, BS gas, Rudge Whitworth, UNF, UNC, NPT, BA, Acme, Horological, Bottle Closure, Edison and more.

Electrical engineering with Lucas electro-mechanical devices as a theme has thoroughly captured my heart. In a technical seminar I might discuss Lucas charging systems beginning with a three pole dynamo with a cut out and a stepped field resistance from the lighting switch; to two bobbin control box with attempt a current regulation; to three bobbin control box; then to an alternator.

Chemistry is an interesting confluence of measurements, too. The "History of the Gallon," a lecture I've presented only several times but threatened to describe, in detail, many times more (always to yawns, raised eyebrows and rolling eyes) compares the Winchester at 268.8 in³, Ale at 282 in³ and Wine or Queen Anne at 231 in³ (the US gallon) to the Imperial gallon defined as 10 pounds of water at 30 inches of atmosphere at 62° F. It is a curious story of nationalistic sentiments, law, history and conflagration. I shall leave it for another time.

Formal sciences include mathematics in whose domain lies the octagon. Using the tangent of 22 1/2° one can quickly determine that the area of our symbol is 4.83 x side². And a descent into numerology reveals that by adding the digits of the MG factory phone number, "Abingdon 251," the result is eight.

AND STILL THERE IS MORE!

Construction management, law, geography, nursing, political science, philosophy (if the Miata is described as an MG without a soul, does an MG have a soul?), textiles, metallurgy, cultures, life skills, business management, education... and we haven't even hazarded upon MGenealogy.

An MG owner for 48 years, working in the MG trade for 45 years and managing my business, University Motors, for 42 years has offered me an interdisciplinary education the width and breadth of which I never envisioned when I purchased my first MGTD from Scotty Haslett of Grafton, Ohio, in May 1968.

Couple all this learning with the people I've met, the places I've seen, the theories I've heard, the MGs I've driven, the experiences I've had—from victory to defeat, from happiness to melancholy—all through MG. It has truthfully been one magnificent education. *MM*



Gregg Purvis welding an MGA body at our previous Fulton Street location.



Your MG Started with Me

by Scott Bartels

I have insider information about the first days of some of these cars and it isn't all pretty. Don't get me wrong, I love British cars. I go to all the car shows I can within a 100-mile radius of Columbus, Ohio. To pay for college in the early 1970s, I worked as a lot boy at Felmer Imports, a small dealership in Waterloo, Iowa. My job was to prepare the new cars that came in.

MGs arrived on small transports. All bright work was covered in what I can only describe as "white athletic tape." The tops were covered with a heavy, clear plastic and then the entire car was sprayed with a brownish protectorate that resembled shellac. All this care protected the cars during overseas shipment, but demanded a lot of prep work.

First thing I would do was hot pressure wash off what grime I could. Usually the water just rolled off the car like it was a duck's back. Next I would spray the car with a solvent solution—something like paint thinner, letting this soak in overnight. We experimented with different solvents until we found one that took off the shellac but didn't eat the paint. I'm sure every dealer had a similar experience. The solution would lift the top layer of tape off the bright work, but would leave a nasty, sticky

residue that could only be removed with lacquer thinner and 0000 steel wool (yes, I had to be very careful not to splash it on the paint). The entire car could now be rubbed down with a wool wash mitt, commercial detergent, steaming hot water and a lot of rubbing. Once all this was complete, I could remove the plastic from the top, power-buff the paint with fine-cut rubbing compound, then two coats of wax.

When the outside was complete, I would attack the interior. All carpeting was in a plastic bag in the boot. This was an easy install and took a matter of minutes. No MG came with a radio or antenna. These and luggage racks were dealer add-ons. So if you ever wondered why your radio antenna is in one place on your car and another on your friend's, blame the set-up guy. And if your luggage rack is centered perfect, you got to give him credit.

Belcamp, Maryland, was the Point of Entrance for all our British Leyland products. Interestingly, the Jaguars did not have all the protective stuff, while the MGs and Triumphs did. When I asked the Port Authority Dock Supervisor, who was as friendly as a junkyard dog, why the difference? I was informed Jags traveled below deck while the trash (his words) sat on deck exposed to the saltwater.

There was little, if any, support from England and we were constantly

frustrated with parts replacement. It mattered little to British Leyland what the calendar year was: if the car came down the assembly line and a two-year-old part was found under the work bench and would fit, it was installed. We had a model year 1972 car with 1970 parts on it and right next to it would be an identical car with current, totally different parts on it. Strange thing was, they all worked. We even got MGs in with four different manufacturers' tires and some with only the spare rim—no tire (guess they ran out that day).

When I talk to the owners of MGs and relate some of these stories to them, you should see their eyes light up with a "Eureka!" expression. For example, the interior panels were stuffed into plastic bags and then installed onto the car. That left the prep guys with a few options: 1) Remove all panels and then the bags, or 2) Use a razor blade and cut the bags off by prying the panels away from the body or 3) Out of frustration—pulling at the plastic until it stretched beyond its tensile strength and snapped, hoping that you were then able to stuff the plastic membrane behind the panel. Some owners have wondered for years why they found small razor cuts in their door panels, plastic membranes stuck behind panels and brown goopy "stuff" in the corners of hard to reach places.

Altogether, an entire set-up for an MG took about 8 hours. *MM*



In the Pursuit of Happiness

By Jay Meilstrup



Shortly after getting my driver's license I learned how to speed. Going fast was fun and going faster was more fun. The reality of it was, I grew up in rural Michigan and my first car was a Spitfire with a blown head gasket and rust everywhere. Old license plates were used to reinforce the floor and the top was mostly duct tape held together by shards of original crappy British vinyl. In the winter you struggled to drive wearing snowmobile boots and in the summer the car had that distinct British car aroma of rotting carpet mixed with a mild hint of burnt oil and exhaust leak. Life was never better than in that car; 54-cent gas and my girlfriend on our way to the local bullring to help my best friend race his banged up Mustang in the Street Stock class.

I loved and still love going fast through corners. British cars don't actually deliver speed, but the sense of it. This is what makes them perfect for rallying. You feel like you're racing, but you're really not. You are driving along 6.2 miles of country road at 37.4 miles per hour for 9.95 minutes, but with the imposing rules the feeling is more urgent.

British cars don't actually deliver speed, but the sense of it. This is what makes them perfect for rallying.

I remember one special night, when all of the forces of the universe aligned and my buddy qualified his Mustang in the top ten. At our local dirt track that meant he had an automatic pass and didn't have to go through the destructive process of surviving qualifying heats. But far more importantly, the tenth fastest car would start on the pole of the "Australian Pursuit."

The Australian Pursuit was the race of honor at the local track and paid \$100 cash to the winner. The rules were simple: The top ten cars were started in a single file line with the slowest in front and the fastest at the rear. The race was ten laps and if you got passed during the race, you were immediately removed from the action. The car in the lead at the finish got the cash.

The Australian Pursuit was a crowd favorite and that one night in 1976 we had our shot at glory. The Mustang came round the corner leading the pack to the waving green flag. Being inexperienced, underfunded and hopelessly outmatched, several cars easily moved around the Mustang and we were out of the race by the exit of turn one.

The urgency and need for perfection of the Australian Pursuit has never left me. Given my distorted mind I eventually combined the circle

track version of the Australian Pursuit with the concept of road rallies to make a road race that can be legally performed on public streets and highways and still effectively allow the cars to race against each other. Personally, I believe this to be a superior form of rallying and am sure it will catch on in popularity throughout the country within a few seasons. But then again, my first car was a rust-belt Triumph so my keen ability to foresee the future is adequately represented.

Two-Stage Application

The Australian Pursuit also has one big advantage: it doesn't require a bunch of volunteers to pull it off. My wife and I have actually staged rallies with 20 participants covering a couple of hundred miles with just the two of us manning all checkpoints and scoring.

The Pursuit has two stages. The first is the qualifying stage with a starting point and a concealed or blind endpoint. The second stage is the actual Australian Pursuit where drivers leave the starting point with the slowest car first and the fastest going last. They follow a clearly defined route past a concealed end point. The car that passes the concealed end point first wins the rally, *but* there are a few rules to be considered.

Competitors depart the starting point at one-minute intervals. They follow the route instructions through a hidden endpoint and continue on to a gathering point. All cars are allowed to transverse the route at any speed they choose. The object of this stage is to establish each vehicle's average speed that must be replicated during the Australian Pursuit. It is vitally important that no one knows their actual time through the first stage.

Once the first stage is completed, each competitor's average speed is calculated and used to determine the order and starting times for the Australian Pursuit. The starting times will be set so all cars should theoretically cross the finish line at exactly the same time. If a competitor finishes the Pursuit stage ahead of the target time, they are "time barred" and disqualified. If a car is passed by any other car in the rally during the Pursuit they are eliminated *unless* the passing car time bars at the end of the stage.



To lay out the entire rally, all you need to know is the distance from the start to the blind endpoint of the qualifying stage and the distance for the Australian Pursuit stage. Next, create a ratio between these two distances.

For example: Qualifier = 37.8 miles and Pursuit = 61.4 miles. If you divide 61.4 by 37.8 you get the rounded off factor of 1.62.

Since most British odometers are not even close to accurate, if they work at all,

nobody will notice any rounding error. This means that a car will have to travel 1.62 times farther in the Pursuit than they do in the Qualifier and if they are required to maintain the same average speed, they will take 1.62 times longer.

As an example, say the slowest car completes the Qualifier in 48m 47s. This is multiplied by 1.62 and gives that driver a goal of 1h 19m 02s for the Pursuit stage.

The Excel scoresheet noted above will do the calculations for you. Just plug in the numbers.

Once you have the target time for each car, you can easily set up the starting order for the Pursuit. If all of the cars are sitting in a gathering area at 10:13, you might want to set the first car's start time at 11:00 to give yourself some time to organize everybody. They can use this time to gas up, take potty breaks and top off the crankcase.

Download an Australian pursuit Excel scoresheet at www.mossmotoring.com/australian-pursuit





If the slow-poke in this sample race begins at 11:00, their target time for the Pursuit is 12:19:02 (though only the organizers know this). Now if my Armstrong Siddeley produced a calculated time of 1h 07m 02s to traverse the Pursuit, my time out would be 11:12:00. I would be giving the starting car a 12-minute head start in front of me.

A FEW HINTS

If this is your first Australian Pursuit as a Rally Master or a participant, here are a few words of advice.

Make the route instructions very clear with no tricks or gimmicks. The navigator is going to be quite busy trying to keep the car on time with competitors in the rear-view mirror. I give exact distances as well as the cumulative distance traveled, along with Tulip diagrams (named after the Tulip Rally in Holland where the format was first used in the 1950s) and even street names in the instructions to eliminate any confusion.

Give everyone a snack bag and position the gathering point close to a gas station and fast food so everybody can take care of car and bladder between stages. There should be a decent break in the action between the two stages and we have even put together trivia tests to occupy participants' time.

Provide door number decals. I found a great printer in Reno who will make them for \$4 apiece. This makes identifying the cars so much easier. I've also noticed that competitors like to stick them on the walls of their garage as keepsakes. Make sure you order temporary and not permanent stickers.

When you lay out the qualifying stage, try to pick a route that goes through various traffic situations. It is easy to nail down an average speed if you simply drive for 20 miles in a straight line at 45 MPH. But take somebody over a two-lane mountain road full of Sunday drivers and then through a downtown section and see if anyone can keep track of their average speed.

When drawing out the Pursuit stage, try to make the second half happen away from traffic. The Pursuit can get a little exciting and you probably don't want to draw attention to those who feel it is necessary to make up time at that point. Also, make the blind checkpoint on a multilane less-traveled road if possible. There tends to be a bit of passing going on as the cars naturally bunch up toward the end of the stage and you don't want everybody crammed on a twisty one-lane section of a construction zone.

Make both stage route instructions considerably longer than the actual measured distance. In other words, do not end the route



instructions two blocks after the blind checkpoints. It makes it too easy to figure out.

Remember, to avoid getting lynched for messing up turn #17's directions, always have two trusted non-participants pre-run the rally with you sitting in the back seat of their car. Do not speak to them, simply observe, watching for confusion and then adjust the route instructions if needed.

Most importantly, indicate in the instructions that all traffic laws must be followed at all times and the organizer is not responsible for violations. As any parent will tell you, the kids are going to disappoint you on this one.

The best strategy is a good navigator with a simple stopwatch. All the navigator needs to do is check the odometer every mile and do the math to see how your pace is progressing. Pick an average speed like 30, 40 or 50 MPH to make life easy on yourself.

Now, consider the navigator is telling you to slow down, but the guy in the Lotus twin-turbo V8 Esprit is coming up on you rather quickly—see why you want to make the route instructions as simple as possible for the navigator? Here's a trick that was passed on to me: when the tension rises and the driver does not accept the fact that the navigator is in charge, both driver and navigator have to switch to a French accent. It is impossible to argue with a friend when you have to speak in a French accent.

Enjoy and please get the word out that you are putting on an Australian Pursuit—and don't be surprised if a ratty old Spitfire with a shredded top shows up. *MM*



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The Only One in Fiji

By Dennis Bright

Now first, let me say that my wife and my kids, and now grandkids, are the most important part of my life—but they have never known Grandpa or Dad or her husband without at least one TR3. Over the years I have had eight to ten TR3s. At the peak, five at one time. It's been a life-long journey.

I also have a big space in my heart for scuba diving. Over the past 29 years I dove all over the world and loved every minute under water. But the one place that took hold of me and will never let go is Fiji. It is such a wondrous place. The people and the waters are equally warm. I can't possibly explain the beauty that island supports. I have made friends there and, even at 70 years old, I would return there at the drop of a hat, strap on gear and flop over the side of a boat.

In 2000, I was staying at the Trade Winds resort near Suva. As was my routine, I walked first thing in the morning along the Queens road in Lami Town and I spied down a sidestreet a red TR3. Right-hand drive with a lame set of top bows, but otherwise in fair shape. It was parked on the street in front of an auto shop, but I think it was Sunday as the shop was closed. No camera and no one around to ask. Then and there I made a vow to find out more at another time.

12 years pass and I am again in Fiji and that little red car is still in my mind. I walked the same path to the same shop, but of course, no little red TR3. I was sure that I had found the right spot, so I inquired in the auto shop if they might know of the car or the owner.

As I told a young man the story of 12 years earlier, out of the corner of my eye I spied a car under a tarp at the side of the garage. I whooped, "There it is!"

A red 1959 with the same lame set of top bows. They must have thought I was a looney American. The young man explained that the car belonged to his father, Tevita.



It had not run in years, but they hoped to get it back on the road soon. *Sound familiar?*

He called his father and handed me the phone. Tevita said he had the only TR3 in Fiji and he needed a front brake caliper to get the car back on the road. I told him I was in the middle of restoring my TR3 and I would help him if I could. I spent about an hour going over the car, took some pictures and said my goodbyes.

I returned to the U.S. and started an e-mail conversation with Tevita, or rather his daughter. I told him I would help him get the car back on the road. In May that same year, I showed my car in the United British Sports Car Club's show and swap meet in Dixon, California. I was able to find a set of calipers for about 20 bucks each. I ordered a rebuild kit from Moss and a catalog, packed them all up and sent them to Fiji. The shipping cost more than the parts.

Well, since that time I have not heard from Tavita. So my little story ends on a sad note. It cost me some money, but it was fun to do. I don't know if he ever got the car running or if he even thinks about that crazy American that sent him parts across the Pacific. I know that Moss will ship internationally, so I hope he ordered everything else he needed from them. Right now I just hope that they get it back on the road and enjoy driving it.

So next time you are in Fiji, stop in at Dee Ace Motors, #2 Lami Street, Lami Town, right outside Suva and if you have a good set of top bows, drop them off. And ask about the big guy from California who found the only TR3 in Fiji. Maybe they'll remember me. *MM*

Swan Song

By Bill Maskell

A couple issues ago the Moss magazine had an article about bringing a Sprite racecar back to life—and with the owner's intention of doing this with his kids. My thoughts returned to a day in 1993 when I purchased an MG Midget for my daughter. She drove it from high school through college and then it was laid to rest in the backyard.

Jump forward a few years. I had just restored two TR4As and decided to resurrect the Midget and restore it to its former glory with the help of a donor car. From this restoration I had a store of very good parts that I wanted to give to the Sprite owner. An email to the magazine editor, David Stuursma, jumpstarted a conversation with Todd and his family and together they drove to my home with a truck and trailer. I am sure he will make use of the parts and it means a lot to me to play a small part in their restoration.

My interest in English sports cars dates back to a sunny day in summer of 1959 when walking home from my Royal Navy ship after a long 18-month deployment to the Far East. I came across a lovely red 1935 MGPA which, after a short drive, I purchased without having a legal driver's license. I immediately took the necessary driving lessons.

After the MGPA, I have had a Bugeye Sprite, MG Midgets, TR3As and MINIs. After leaving the Royal Navy I took on a job in Bahrain on a five-year contract and purchased a 1000cc MINI with the goal of turning it into a car I could use in the many events that the Bahrain Motor Club frequently held. This was a good learning curve in the art of hill climbs, circuit racing and rallying. The rally side of it took me to different states in the Gulf until rallying became so successful that the major car manufacturers took an interest and the money they put into the events left us amateurs on the sidelines. But it was a fantastic experience.



Today, at my home in Florida, a 1962 TR4 in the final stages of restoration keeps me busy. As my 80th birthday looms, I am sure that this will be my final project car. I hope to keep and drive this one until they take my license away. My swan song! *M.M*





Moss Motorfest

By Johnny Oversteer

With car shows—as in life and chocolate-filled boxes—you never know what you’re going to get. One of the draws to attending these events is the chance to see the previously unseen or gaze again upon an old favorite from the past. Typically, appreciating truly rare automobiles requires a trip to Pebble Beach or Amelia Island with the weekend gathering for Cars and Coffee able to satisfy my avidity for more prosaic fare. My automotive tastes—like yours—run firmly to British sports cars and there is little that I haven’t seen.

The inaugural Moss Motorfest was a chance to greet old friends, make new ones, see cars on display and wander around the impressively large Virginia facility. Some attendees were eager to see the truly momentous automobiles that are usually on display in the showroom—from the Works MGA Sebring, Triumph Italia, Dove GTR4 Coupe and the TC that started it all with Al Moss behind the wheel—and rightfully so. For many, this was their first chance to see an Italia, Dove or factory racer up close and there were crowds around them all day long. There were rare cars on the grass too, including one of the 25 TDs bodied by the Zeppelin Garage in Stuttgart, Germany and a pair of matched Peerless GTs. My own expectations were different—having seen these special cars before—and lower than most other guests.

For various reasons I have haunted British car shows across the country for some time and have seen almost every color and permutation of Healey, MG or Triumph extant. It has been a long time since a car has surprised me and even longer since one has stopped me in my tracks. Imagine my surprise then at finding out that the finest restoration of a British sports car that I have ever seen was sitting on the grass in front of the Moss warehouse in Petersburg. The 1968 Triumph GT6 owned by Jeff Lampinski is among the best restorations I have encountered, after over 25 years in the hobby, inclusive of the Bugattis, Delahayes and Ferraris that are denizens of most high-end car events. The people at Motorfest agreed with me, voting the car as Best of Show and hovering around it for hours, muttering to themselves with awe. That Jeff trailered the car down from Valley Forge, Pennsylvania to display it with us was my highlight of the weekend.

What else was there? As expected, the Big Three were well represented—Austin-Healey, MG and Triumph—but there were great examples from Austin, Hillman, Jaguar, Lotus, Morgan and Sunbeam too. Who showed up? Of the hundreds of cars there, the majority of them were driven on their own wheels from all over the Eastern Seaboard. I was impressed with the quality of the cars that showed up as well; not in terms of restoration points but in driven miles. There was

a Spitfire adorned with memorabilia from almost every state and several Motoring Challenge competitors were there with stories to tell.

There were a handful of cars that were painted by hand or roller and these true drivers appealed to me in ways that many concours cars cannot. There were vehicles adorned with flames, stripes and decals and those painted in factory correct colors as well as some that were more—ahem—original. The best part was that every car there was appreciated by those attending without judgment or admonishment; there were plenty of V-8 engines crammed into small engine bays, more modern transmissions than you could shake a stick shift at and plenty of wheel choices on display. There were interiors trimmed with corduroy, exotic leathers and electrical tape and all had an equal place on the field.

In the end, Motorfest was a celebration about cars and customers that brought in our friends from all over the country—and in some cases across the Atlantic—to remember why we love what we do. Helping you enjoy your sports car is a special calling and no matter whom we talked to the verdict was the same; you love your car—a passion that we share too. Next time we do this we hope to hear more stories and to see more cars on display. Until then, drive safely and we'll see you soon. *MM*



P.S. from the editor

After Motorfest we sent out an email to help return a few lost items. A memorable reply...

I seem to have left my 1967 Austin-Healey 3000 Mk3 Phase 2 (BRG) behind on Saturday—please let me know if any turn up in the weeds. I'll be back to fetch it in a flash.

Thanks in advance,

*Kent Covington
(long-time Moss customer)*



Aluminum Radiator for MGB

Our new MGB aluminum radiator is precision engineered for superb fitment and optimal cooling. Install this upgrade and experience a more efficiently running engine as well as increased reliability.

This radiator is manufactured by Mishimoto to specifications provided by our team here at Moss. It is constructed from high-quality aluminum, featuring brazed aluminum cores for the best possible performing heat exchanger.

MGB 1968-76 459-663 \$349.95

Protect both your car and your peace of mind, with the bolt on performance of our MGB aluminum radiator.

- 25% more cooling potential
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- 15 louvered fins per inch
- Magnetic drain plug for easy coolant changes
- Tig welded construction
- Bare weight of 7.65 lbs.
- Core area measures 10 3/4" x 18 1/2"

Steering Rack Security Mount for TR4-6 and Spitfire

One unfortunate design aspect of the rack & pinion steering unit in the TR4-6 is that while the rack tube is mounted to the chassis, the pinion housing is not. Because of this, in certain circumstances it is possible for the joint between the pinion housing and rack tube to become loose and impact your ability to control the vehicle.

As a safety measure, we have created the Steering Rack Security Mount. The specially-designed upper mounting block surrounds the flange cast into the pinion housing. If the joint begins to fail, the flange is held by the Security Mount, allowing you to maintain control of the vehicle until you can get yourself, your passengers and your vehicle to safety.

Note: The security mount is intended as a one-time-use device that may, in the event that the steering rack begins to separate, help you keep control of the vehicle. It is not intended to repair a loose or separated steering rack. If your steering rack has begun to separate, it must be replaced. This product does not strengthen the joint. You must continue to occasionally inspect the steering rack after the security mount has been installed.

Cars with existing solid mount kit installed 667-296 \$149.99
 Cars w/o existing solid mount kit installed 667-293 \$169.99



Spare Tire Cover for Sprite/Midget

Sturdily constructed from high-quality vinyl, this spare tire cover will not only clean up the look of your trunk, but stand up to pretty much everything you throw at it.

Vinyl – Black 242-856 \$84.95

Padded Center Console for MGA

With a style patterned after original equipment, this console features a black-grained ABS body covered in genuine leather. A storage compartment and cup holder provide convenience and comfort. Similar to the vintage aftermarket consoles made by Amco, this product boasts superior styling and quality.

MGA 453-825 \$118.95



Warning Decals

Theses warning labels can help protect your vehicle from people who aren't quite as familiar with these cars as you are. Capture their attention, before potentially expensive mistakes, with these traditionally styled, 4"x 1", glossy decals.

"Silicone Brake Fluid" 215-005 \$3.75
 "Positive Earth" 215-010 \$2.95



Moss Motors, Ltd.
 440 Rutherford Street
 Goleta, CA 93117

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Thanks for the kind words and the inclusion in the customer loyalty program. I feel comfortable dealing with you and the quality of your products is excellent. Everything fits and looks as if it belongs there, or was originally put there by the factory. Your excellent service is appreciated.

George Mitchell



An order of \$1,500 enrolls you in the Moss Customer Loyalty Program where you'll receive 10% off parts and the service of a dedicated Moss representative like Jesse McFarlin.



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