

# Moss Motoring

ISSUE 1, 2016

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# Moss Motoring



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Robert Goldman

## Careful What You Wish For, Young Feller

There's a well-known restaurant in our area, famous for their Oak Pit Barbecue, and for serving up so much food no one who enters thin will go home that way. Outside certain examples of the food service industry, getting too much for your money is a rarity. That is unless you show up asking for car parts on the day the owner of those parts has lost the lease on his storage—and lives where real estate is calculated in terms of dollars per square inch.

Suddenly, all those valuable parts take on the appearance of a 20-something child with a college degree, no job, and a phone used primarily for ordering dinner from mom. Sounds as if it's time for somebody to move out. Staring, eyes glazed over, at many tons of dead cars and parts, all of which must be picked up and moved, anyone willing to take some away will be met with open arms.

Enter Mr. Ebbinflow, at the manic end of his cycle. Mr. Ebbinflow spends his life buying, fixing and selling. Upon the completion of each "final project" he lapses into reality distortion mode, and buys something else. Mr. Ebbinflow is intimately familiar with the family sofa, where he is frequently told to sleep after dragging home whatever comes next.

We came together at low tide. The utility trailer was open for business—let's load up. Throw a car on there (a TR4). It'll need an engine, a couple extra cylinder heads, some sheet metal and lots of rusty grease-covered spares. Good thing he can't tell a TR head from an MGB's.

I was able to clear out both that way. I hope that Spridget axle will fit too, or at least that one of us has moved far away by the time he figures it out.

Now that he has a trusty TR, with plenty of extras, he should be good to go. I just hope he doesn't ask why a Triumph needs three flywheels, and five worn pressure plates.

"Trust me, that car will have so much torque, you'll need them... and the extra TR6 differential housing."

Boy, how I hope he never buys a parts book and figures out what I did.

I consider my actions to have been a public service. Bringing home the TR means he will have to sell his Enfield motorcycle. Don't worry, it's not an original. Original Enfields run far better than this thing.

So who is our mystery victim? Once before I wrote about a friend, carefully disguising his name. Within seconds of the magazine being printed, my phone rang.

"Hello Robert. This is *Captain Anal* calling." Oops.

Another buddy had spotted his race car in a grainy little photo, and read him the article over the phone. That'll never happen here though. There's nothing in this editorial pointing to Kevin Flint, our Director of Sales. Hey Kev, congrats on your latest project. I mean, thanks for taking all that junk off my hands, Mr. Ebbinflow. *M.M*





# Moss Profile: Ken Hyndman



By Ken Hyndman  
Moss Tech Advisor

Long, long before working in the Technical Support department at Moss Motors, I was a “dopey kid from Kiwitahi” who traveled to England and started knocking on the doors of race shops. I do not think that would work today.

A love of motorsport runs strong in my family and in the whole of New Zealand, where I was raised. Racing, and the people I met through the sport, are an important part of what defines me.

I do have to admit that I have quite a bit of “stuff” out in the garage. My dear wife Judy did intend to tidy it up one day, but when she opened a cupboard to rearrange things she was almost killed by the pile of *Road & Track* and *MotorSport* magazines and books that spilled out. She has never dared to go back! Among the stuff I found photos and race programs that brought back memories. I was asked if I'd share them...

Dad had stopped the shearing and we were glued to the radio. Bruce McLaren was in the lead of the 1961 New Zealand Grand Prix! But it was not to last, as Jack Brabham passed him and held him off for a close finish. These are important times with my father, as he did not live much longer. He died way too young.

The first race I ever attended was the 1959 New Zealand Grand Prix at Ardmore. I have faint memories of the noise and smell of racing fuel, and

waiting in long traffic lines, especially when leaving. It was a hot day and I do remember seeing for the first time a young woman in a leopard-skin bikini walking by and my dad clipping me on the ear and telling me to concentrate on the racing. It was all a bit much for a young fella from Kiwitahi. I also remember seeing Stirling Moss sitting up in his Cooper and steering with his feet and waving to the crowd on the last lap as he was so far ahead of Jack Brabham.





↓ Stirling Moss in 7th place, New Zealand Grand Prix, 1962.



### NZGP — January 6, 1962 — Ardmore's last GP

By two o'clock, as the main event was to begin, it really started to rain, and by this time we were pretty well drenched. It was amazing the race was allowed to start, and we thought the weather would clear, but it only got worse.

Stirling Moss did not have time to qualify and had to start at the back of the 21-car field. I still have the clipping showing his position at College Corner on the very first lap—in 7th place! Unbelievable! After one of his greatest drives, Stirling beat everyone in dreadful conditions. It was also one of his last wins before a crash at Goodwood this same year ended his main racing career.

### NZGP — January 5, 1963 — Pukekohe

We got up early to pile into our 1960 Humber Hawk. With dad at the wheel plus an uncle and the rest of us little urchins piled in the back on a hot summer day, we headed off to Pukekohe. Uncle George told us how he was camped there before being shipped off to North Africa in WWII. We arrived and parked over by the Loop Corner, which was after the Elbow. You have to search through the archives to find those corners now. We just stayed at the car and watched the racing. At the start of the Grand Prix I noticed how bright and shiny were the wheels on Bruce McLaren's Cooper. We were disappointed when he dropped out, and then we cheered on Graham Hill in the Ferguson because we had a Fergie tractor at home. Graham's car came to a halt on the last lap and Angus Hyslop

came in second to John Surtees in a Lola. I think we were all disappointed in how the day turned out and it was a long haul home.

Surtees and his Lola had made it look too easy. It was not until years later when I was at Laguna Seca in 2007 and I met up with Peter Bryant that I found out more about the details of the race. When I mentioned to him that I was from New Zealand he began to tell me what he remembered of being a mechanic for John Surtees' Lola 2.7 Liter. All cars were run on methanol fuel and so they had taken their wet sleeve cylinder liners to be treated with a graphite process which helped avoid the engine oil being washed off the cylinder walls, causing less engine wear. They kept the process secret. They also used dry ice around the fuel tanks on hot days, which had the dual effect of having the engine run cooler and produce more power and also kept the



↑ Peter Bryant and Ken Hyndman, 2007.

cockpit cooler. The Lola certainly ran well that day in 1963 and easily won the Grand Prix.

### NZGP — January 7, 1967

I remember piling into a Mini and heading to Pukekohe with some friends. My sister said we looked like a bunch of monkeys as we sped past her and her policeman husband. Whoops! We spent most of the day on the infield enjoying the battle for the lead between Jackie Stewart in his BRM P261 and Jim Clark in his Lotus 33. Clark's Lotus came around on the last laps with the nose missing from a collision with a slower car. Good memories. I got in close at the prize-giving ceremony with my Brownie camera and even though the quality is no good, it does show Jackie Stewart with short hair and the winner's trophy.



### A Foot in the Door

I arrived in London in September of 1972 and watched all my New Zealand friends move on to travel around the Continent. I stayed, as I wanted to try to get into a motor racing team. I went north at the first weekend to a Formula Two meet at Oulton Park, near Chester. I went very early by train expecting it to be crowded at the track. Compared to New Zealand events the attendance was sparse, especially as the field consisted of Niki Lauda, Ronnie Peterson, James Hunt, John Surtees, Graham Hill, Tim Schenken and Jody Scheckter.

→ The author on the left, about to load up the mighty powerful but very unreliable M8F Turbo. Teddy Pilette was a brave driver who said that “When driving this car on a fast corner it always felt like the back is going to overtake the front, while at the end of the straight the brakes have to stop almost a ton travelling at 170 mph.” A brave driver indeed while trying to control 1300 BHP!



I wandered about the paddock area chatting to different people and teams. The only team that showed any interest in me that day was the Team McLaren. Their M21 F2 car was beautifully prepared and easily led the race until retiring with a failed clutch.

### September 18, 1972

I took the bus from Earls Court out to the London Airport area and finally ended up at Colnbrook and started looking for McLaren Racing thinking that after all its success it would be a large place (like it is today), but it was just a plain structure. The woman at the desk was friendly and I was introduced to Don Beresford, the shop manager. He showed me around, including the construction of the first M23. I managed to ask some desperate questions about side radiators versus the front intake. I think he was about to show me out when I pulled out some racing artwork that I had done which seemed to get his attention. He said, “You must be keen if you have come this far.” So he called Bill Meace at Trojan Works to see if he

→ Keith Holland entering Goodwood past a concerned looking Patrick Head. The car ran okay and did show promise before having fuel pump problems.

had any openings. Don kindly loaned me a Hewland Transmission workshop manual and told me to read it before I went to the interview. I appreciated that, as I had not touched a Hewland gearbox before. I had two days to study.

I took the train to Croydon and went to the Trojan Works headquarters at Kingsley House for my interview. I had studied the Hewland manual and felt prepared. Bill Meace showed me all the different Trojan enterprises, from the vintage restorations to the motorbikes for the Suzuki of Great Britain division, the Hewland gearbox division, and finally onto the Trojan Racing workshop, a short distance away on Beddington Farm road. I was completely enthralled with it all. Bill took me to lunch and was recalling Bruce McLaren and the day he learned Bruce had died and what it all meant to the Trojan Company. So after lunch, and not being asked any Hewland questions, I finally asked if I had a job, and he said I did because when I spoke it reminded him of Bruce. So that is how I came to be the only Kiwi working

at Trojan. I was to start in ten days on October 1st.

During those ten days I met Judy, my dear wife to be, who was from California and traveling on her own. I used to hang around the American Express office in Trafalgar Square. I met American girls who could not understand English guys, thought Australians were too loud, and South Africans were too quiet. Kiwi guys were just right!

### October 1, 1972

I went to the Trojan Racing workshop on my first day working there. The M21 F2 racecar that Jody Scheckter had driven at Oulton Park a few weeks prior was in the midst of being dismantled so as to form the basis of a new F5000 car. The main body/tub was a McLaren M22 and the suspension and steering was from the M21.

If only I had money at the time. Around Trojan there were all sorts of tubs, panels, wheels and engines I could have bought. But at 38 pounds a week it was tough to even buy tires for my Morris Minor. As our gearbox department was about half a mile from the race shop, the Morrie was like a shuttle to pile into for lunch at the cafeteria. There were always interesting people in there with lots of stories. I enjoyed the conversations of





↓ March's Robin Herd talking to Jean-Pierre Jarier. Patrick Head is taking a look at the rear area of the car. The Trojan team was about to expand into the world of Formula One for the 1974 season and Patrick was always interested in what the other teams were doing. Can you imagine walking up to another team's car today and peering in and checking it out without being thrown out?



older craftsmen who lived in Croydon during the war and their stories of German V-1 bomber strikes. Many bombs were dropped on Croydon just so the Luftwaffe could save weight and make it back to Germany. Many drivers such as Denis Hulme, Jody Scheckter and Barry Sheene would also come and sit at the tables. I remember a Scottish driver, Gerry Birrell, lunching with us on a Tuesday and on Saturday he was killed in a Formula Two race in Rouen, France.

I was surprised at how few of the Trojan staff went to races. To me, building a racecar was more than just a job. I went to as many races as I could. Being with Hewland, who supplied most of the teams with gearboxes, I could get in and hang out with the winners!

### November 9, 1973 — Goodwood Motor Circuit

When we first arrived we had to wait while the March Formula One team was testing their 731 car. It was great to watch J.P. Jarier powering his way around the old chicane area. This was before the days of wind tunnels and so masking tape was used in various ways.

As we drove back to London after the race, all the news was about the upcoming Arab oil embargo as a result of the Arab-Israeli war in the Middle East. This was about to have a big effect on all motor racing and changes were coming.

I was soon on my way to California, and I jokingly note that Trojan never won again after I left. These and many other stories I've shared on the vintage racing forum at [www.theroaringseason.com](http://www.theroaringseason.com).

Looking back, the experience of being around cars and competition all my life has been invaluable. Certainly it helps when assisting customers with their many varied questions. But more than that, being a part of this community has had a profound impact on my life. *MM*

## Moss Tech When You Need It

The interesting puzzle of keeping a handmade 50-year-old sports car on the road is half the fun of this hobby, but what do you do when the puzzle has got you stumped? You've already got lots of knowledge about various aspects of your car. Maybe you have a knack for body work or a particular interest in engine mechanics, but where do you turn when you're presented with a challenge that falls outside your comfort zone?

At Moss Motors, we love the puzzle of classic sports cars. And with over 65 years of experience providing parts for them worldwide, we've collected a mountain of expertise and know-how to help you keep your classic on the road. So how can we help?

First, always remember that your shop manual is a deep well of knowledge about your car. Many seasoned hobbyists will say that the shop manual is their most valuable tool. It's your expert companion, patiently explaining new procedures. Don't have a shop manual? Order one from your Moss catalog. You'll love it.

### If the shop manual doesn't cover it?

**MossTV:** Easily found on the Moss Motors website or on YouTube, Moss technical videos have become the industry standard for additional knowledge and education regarding your classic. Did you know that Moss technical videos have been viewed over 7 million times? When looking for the answer to that puzzling question, click on MossTV.

**Supplemental Information Sheets:** Many of our products include an explanation of the history of the part, unique characteristics of its installation and other helpful tips that have been collected over the years. Where available, you can find these Information Sheets on our website in PDF form by searching the part number you're working with.

**Technical Articles:** Still looking for more information about that nagging issue? Your next stop should be to check out the Technical Tips articles on the Moss website. Here you'll find a great collection of in-depth discussions on all things classic sports car.

**Questions About Parts?:** The Moss Motors sales staff is an outstanding resource. Years (decades!) of experience and knowledge of the thousands of parts we carry is perhaps the number one reason our salespeople are the best in the hobby. Lean on their expertise—that's what they're there for! If they can't fully answer your question to their satisfaction, they will connect you to the Moss Technical Services team. Our Tech Department concentrates on product quality but is also able to help with the most puzzling of our customers' challenges.





By F.J. Bennett  
Photos by Kevin Bennett

# Ada & Mr. TD



**A**da, a beagle-basset hound mix (that's right, a bagel), was adopted by my wife and me nine years ago to come and live an idyllic life at our small farm in central Pennsylvania. And Mr. TD, a 1950 MG TD trailer queen, was brought to the farm four years ago to take idyllic rides through that same Pennsylvania countryside. But, as anyone who has ever adopted a puppy or a little British car will tell you, both of them ultimately require a great deal of patience, love, commitment and money.

Ada entered the family as a rescue from a high-kill animal shelter. As a puppy, she required little in the way of patience or money, but lots of love and commitment. She arrived already housebroken and learned her new name and all the usual commands—like sit, come and stay—in one day. She had boundless energy and tremendous curiosity about everything. Birds were of a particular interest to her, and she would sit and watch them circling and diving, her head cocked to one side. She was also a big fan of *Animal Planet* and could binge-watch a two-hour meerkat marathon without flinching. She loved canoeing and swimming and tug-of-war with sticks. But her greatest enthusiasm was reserved for riding in our old truck. With her head stuck out the window, ears flapping and drool flying down the rear quarter panel, there was no happier dog in the whole USA.

Then last winter, Ada went suddenly blind. The vet and an eye specialist both told us there was nothing they could do. She had developed a form of retinal degeneration that sometimes afflicts middle-aged dogs. We knew that we would now have to help Ada adapt to getting around the house and going outside, but we didn't have any idea how much effort it would take to keep her emotionally engaged. For weeks, she simply sat motionless and stared out into space for hours at a time. It was as if she were patiently waiting for someone to turn the lights back on. She no longer showed any interest in nature shows or birds or tug-of-war. She still managed a perfunctory tail wag over a proposed ride in the truck, but instead of gleefully hanging out the window she merely curled up on the seat and slept. My wife and I both worried if we'd ever get our Ada back.

### **FULFILLING THE DREAM**

Mr. TD had come into the family largely as the result of my life-long obsession with someday owning and driving an MG T-series car. In 1958, when I was the ripe old age of five, the greaser kid who lived next door drove up in a white TC that he'd brought home to tune up for a friend. Within minutes, every kid in the neighborhood was clustered around that car, begging him to take us for a ride. I don't think he ever got around to working on the

car. Piling us in six at a time, he spent the better part of that afternoon driving us around the block, letting each of us take turns sitting on his lap and steering. Before that day, I had been deeply in love with another neighborhood kid's flathead Ford hot rod, but that dalliance with American muscle promptly ended when I got behind the wheel of some genuine English iron. Now, 52 years later, I was backing a beautiful red TD off a trailer in our driveway and relishing finally fulfilling my dream.

That red TD turned out to be my white whale! Unlike easygoing little Ada, the TD proved to be a recalcitrant and high-maintenance member of the family. Aside from a long-ago repaint and some newer upholstery, everything on this two-owner car was original and largely unmolested. I figured a light tune-up, a little brake work and some minor tweaking would be all that was necessary to turn it into a decent driver. However, decades spent in slothful ease as a trailer queen had resulted in a long list of issues: carburetors, fuel pump, fuel lines and filters, intake manifold, starter, generator, water pump, wiring harness, distributor, wheel bearings, wheels and tires, clutch, gearbox...I can't go on! Suffice to say, we put a couple of mechanics' kids through college and greatly bolstered Moss' bottom line with that car. It was during all this "minor tweaking" that the TD got its name. After about the sixth time it left us sitting on the side of the road waiting for a tow truck, my wife turned to me and stated flatly, "You should name this car Mr. TD, because 'I pity the fool' who owns it." Eventually, Mr. TD rounded into form and has since proven to be a reliable driver. (Readers of this publication will understand that my use of the word "reliable" in relation to these cars is subject to widely varied personal interpretation.)

### **CAR MEETS DOG**

As our confidence in Mr. TD grew, we began to toy with the idea of taking Ada for rides. We were trying to find something that might draw her out, and





we thought that riding in an open car might stimulate her. My wife sewed up a washable insert to fit behind the seats and attach to the existing hardware. I installed a strap to keep her in place, which clipped to a safety harness. The final touch was a pair of doggie goggles to protect Ada's vulnerable eyes from wind and debris.

We idled down to the bottom of the driveway and turned left on the main road. The exhaust seemed so loud as the little XPAG motor revved through each shift, I was sure Ada would be freaked out. But she wasn't. Framed in my rearview mirror was a comically-goggled beagle-basset, ears flapping, drool flying, and with an engaged

feel of taking a tight turn at speed—have a universal appeal that may very well reach into other species of the animal kingdom. At least they work for a certain dog I know. (I would be very interested in hearing from any cat people out there, as I suspect they might experience a different outcome.)

Now, we can't claim that riding in



The big day arrived to test how Ada would do. We decided on a short trip down to a little park on the river to have a picnic dinner and watch the sunset. Backing out of the garage, I noticed that my hands were sweating. Could I trust Mr. TD to not break down? Would the noise and wind panic Ada? Would she try to jump out of the car? As my wife brought Ada near the car, she stiffened up, apparently frightened by the noisy exhaust. She felt positively rigid as I lifted her up and placed her in the back. She was shaking and whimpering, but she stayed put as I clipped her into the harness. I was starting to think that this whole idea had been a colossal waste of time, but my wife insisted that we'd come too far not to at least give it a try.

(happy?) expression I hadn't seen in a long time. When we arrived at the park, Ada was mobbed by some little kids who thought she was the coolest dog in the world with her little goggles. Ada loves kids, so this was just icing on the cake. They really liked Mr. TD, too, and we let them sit behind the wheel, just like my greaser neighbor had let me 52 years ago. It was a good day. Funny how dreams get fulfilled in unexpected ways.

Nowadays, if we want to get Ada off the couch, all we have to do is say, "Who wants to ride in Mr. TD?" Incidentally, that gets me off the couch, too. I have a theory that all the aspects people find enjoyable and stimulating about these cars—the smell of the leather, the wind in the face, the roar of the exhaust, the

Mr. TD has fixed all of Ada's issues over losing her sight, but it has certainly made a positive difference. She still has her good days and bad days. Come to think of it, Mr. TD still has his good and bad days, too. I guess that's why they make the perfect team. *MM*

*Ada was rescued through the non-profit Castaway Critters, whose dedicated volunteers travel as far as necessary to save cats and dogs in high-kill animal shelters and then provide foster care in their own homes until every animal is adopted.*

*You can learn more, or contact them, at [castawaycritters.org](http://castawaycritters.org).*



# Rigged Stories

## Eleven “fixes” that saved the day



I shoved a stick in the hole where the screw should've been in the thermostat housing. That took care of the leak for a good six months. It was 1975, and I was 17 years old. By the way, I still own the TD!

*-Harry Horton*

*God bless British cars, right, Harry? You've given new relevance to the term 'Shade Tree Mechanic.' Our thanks to everyone who sent in their savvy solutions. If only we had room for them all.*

*Oh, and hey Tom Robbins, we found your Can o' Beans...*

*-Editor*

In 1963, I owned a 1956 100-4 Austin-Healey while in the Air Force. After a home leave, I headed north to return to base but came to an abrupt stop around Bakersfield, CA. The fuel pump had quit. The SU's click-click was silent. It was nighttime and I had to be back on base for an early shift as a radar tech, so spending the night in Bakersfield was not an option. By removing the battery hatch, I was able to access the fuel pump and remove the cover over the points. By hand activating the points I was able to get the gas flowing again and I proceeded to drive the remaining 250 miles with one hand on the steering wheel and one hand pumping gas. I found new points the next day.

*-Gary Cash*

Driving to the 6-Pack “Trials” in New Jersey, my TR6 suddenly quit on the Merritt Parkway in pouring rain. A fellow TR6 driver stopped and noticed there was no fuel coming from the fuel filter. Getting skinned knuckles and wet, we changed the filter by the side of the busy road, and the car restarted. Success! Or so we thought.

Arrived in south Jersey and the car quit again at the hotel parking lot. We discovered there was an extreme vacuum condition in the tank, which when released, would allow the car to run for a while. For four days I had to jump out every 50 miles and open the filler cap to prevent the car from starving for gas.

I bought scissors and gasket material and, while sitting in a hardware store parking lot, fashioned a “vacuum release” gasket for under the filler cap. I drove 200 miles home without incident.



The prior owner had removed the vapor separator on the fuel tank that sends gasoline fumes to the charcoal canister. Without it, liquid fuel would clog the line; neither the vapor recovery system nor the fuel pump could clear it. I now carry the homemade gasket with me as a “field fix” just in case.

*-Bart Bauers*





While racing my '51 MGTD at New Jersey Motorsports Park, I came in after a session to find oil splattered all over the front of the engine. The generator belt tension adjusting bolt came loose, the generator fell onto the timing cover and the fins of the generator cooling fan contacted the timing gear cover, grinding a gaping hole! The crew thought "we're done," but I said "no way!" First, I removed the damaged fan from the generator then scrounged up a Coke can, cut and shaped a piece of it to cover the hole and JB welded it in place after a thorough cleaning. Leak-free for the weekend and the rest of the season! We joked about the "MacGyver fix" the whole weekend.

*-Frank Filangeri*

In the mid-1970s I was working for a car dealer who sold Jaguar, MG, Triumph and, uh, Fiat. Several of our Fiat 124 customers had problems with their wiper motors, as they tended to overheat and melt the plastic brush holders. We couldn't convince the Fiat service rep that this was a warranty issue, though, as he insisted they overheated due to "owner abuse." One morning I was driving a loaner 124 sedan to work in the midst of a wet, slushy snow storm. Giant soggy snowflakes splattered against my windshield and stuck there, blocking my vision until the wipers shoved them aside. That's when the motor overheated and the wipers stopped dead. I still had at least 30 miles to go.

I disconnected the wiper linkage from the motor so the wipers moved freely, took the laces out of my work boots, tied one lace to the driver's side wiper arm and ran it through the vent window on the driver's door, and tied the other lace to the passenger's wiper and ran it through the passenger's vent

window. I then pulled my belt out of my trousers and tied it to the laces so it was stretched between them inside the car. By grabbing the belt with one hand and pulling it back and forth I could make the wipers sweep across the windshield. As luck would have it the Fiat rep was in the showroom when I pulled into the lot, dragging the wipers back and forth with my bootlaces. He had trouble blaming that wiper failure on owner abuse.

*-Steve Tom*

Back in the sixties, I learned a lot about repairing cars, because I was quite good at tearing them up. I spent more time under them than in them. On one occasion, I lost oil pressure on my way home. Fortunately it was all downhill and I coasted home without lurching my engine. I quickly discovered that the oil drain plug had fallen out. I needed the car to get to school the next day, and found a temporary solution in the refrigerator...a carrot. After a little carving, I "threaded" it into the hole. It not only got me to school but home again as well. Needing a more permanent solution, I discovered that a spark plug had the exact same threads. I forget how long I drove around with the spark plug in my pan.

*-James Gorman*

On a Sunday afternoon several years ago, I saw a nice MGA with the bonnet up in my neighborhood. After chatting with the worried owner, it appeared the pulley on his generator had one side break off. I offered to let him park it at my house while he arranged for a flat bed tow.

After a short drive to my house on battery power, I proceeded to remove the broken pulley under the concerned eye of the owner. Rooting around in my Jensen Healey spares, an old alternator was located and the pulley removed. The shaft size was close and the overall diameter was larger. I bolted it on and adjusted the drive belt, which now had to travel through a "Z" since the Jensen pulley was further out on the shaft. It looked ridiculous and even a bit stupid since the pulley didn't center properly either, but the generator was turning. The owner thanked me and headed the 40 miles home to San Francisco over the Golden Gate Bridge.

A few days later I found two bottles of wine and a nice card on my doorstep. He made it!

*-Kurt Housh*

I decided to have a local speed guru re-curve my '71 TR6 distributor in an effort to extract just a wee bit more power out of my very tired straight six. After the mandatory two-week wait, I eagerly reinstalled the distributor and hit the road. For 10-15 miles I was impressed with its new vim and vigor right up until it died on the freeway in the fast lane. What the heck? Fuel good, no spark! Pulled the cap, cranked and noticed the rotor remained motionless. Pulled the distributor out and was shocked and bemused to see the drive gear sitting an inch or two below where it was supposed to be. No



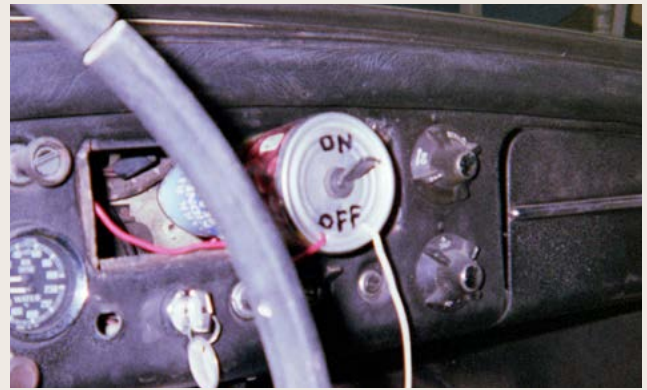
dowel in the shaft! I had removed said dowel in an attempt to help the tech, and the little car remained steadfast until my exuberant driving style worked the gear loose. So I needed a dowel. Not to fret, a piece of wood might work? Searching alongside the freeway I spied a Popsicle stick. Whittled it down and jammed it in, cranked the motor to set the distributor at the #1 cylinder, loosely set the hold-down clamp and fired it up. Adjusted the timing by ear and hotfooted it back to reclaim my dowel. All in all, a great time.

*-Ken Brinkley*



Two years ago I decided to do a frame-off restoration on my '72 TR6. Having limited space and being my first frame-off project, I started to investigate ways to separate the frame and body and to store each piece as I did the restoration. Through watching YouTube videos, conversations, web searches and magazines, I found everything from using jack stands to a \$3,000 lift. None of these really impressed me or fit my budget. Also, space was a consideration for storage of the body and working on the chassis. So after all this I decided to build my own "lift" which would allow me to separate the body/frame and still have work and storage space in the same footprint. So, for a few hundred bucks, four block and tackles, eight eyelets and an afternoon of my time, I built my lift. It gave me everything I needed: affordable, space, storage and easy access to the body for repairs. Presently, I am close to setting the motor/transmission back into the rebuilt frame, completing work on the frame and then rolling the chassis under the lift and lowering the body onto the frame. Wish me luck!

*-Jim Shumaker*



It was my first MG. Everything was new to me. My brake lights weren't working and I was given a Fix-It ticket from the Highway Patrol. I rigged up a toggle switch to a can of kidney beans, hotwired to the brake lights. Went down to the station and they signed off on the ticket.

*-Bill Riggs*

Heading home one afternoon in the 1960s in my '54 100-4 Healey. I turned onto a lesser-traveled road with an immediate steep uphill. Halfway up, steam billows from the front so I pull over. I had blown a fan belt and overheated. I coast backwards fast enough to turn around and then continue down the hill to a gas station at the intersection. My girlfriend, now my wife, is somewhat frantic.

The attendant sees my Healey and laughs heartily, doubting very much that he has anything that will work. But I can look. After pawing thought about 50 belts on the rack and in the back corner, I find a couple maybes. I size them up and select one, borrow tools, get it installed and add water.

Asking about cost, he smiles, says, "Five bucks ought to cover it." I gladly forked over the money and head for home. The belt was for some diesel tractor-trailer accessory. Who knows what you might find in a dusty corner of some old service station.

My girlfriend was convinced we were stranded for good and needed to be towed home. Not today though, even if I needed to use her pantyhose for a belt. I never mentioned that trick to her.

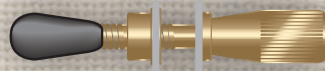
Great fun for an immortal 17 year old.

*-William Kollar*



THIS CORNER FOR THE

# Ladies



By Cindy Loos  
Ohio Valley Austin-Healey Club



*From L to R*  
Sandy Ballinger  
Joan Jackson  
Hazel Klein  
Joyce Jacobs

*From R to L*  
Cindy Loos  
Lauren Davidson  
Bobbi Ross



Imagine the male Healey owner, as well as others of his kind, would like to crack the mystical feminine psyche to discover how to best attract, convince and cajole us ladies to see things *their way*. “Their way” translates to us ladies being cheerfully agreeable when accompanying them to car events.

So once you’ve ~~bribed~~ *convinced* your woman to accompany you to a car event, the following are tips for her enjoyment of the journey. If you want to be The Big Kahuna, you must promise your woman heretofore unimagined pleasures so she can exclaim with delight to others the marvelous itinerary her man has planned. Translation: Afford her all non-cooking opportunities, extra vacation days and a tour of sure-to-appeal attractions along the way (i.e. antiques, ice cream, chocolate, fudge, wineries, B&Bs). Also, when your woman grabs your arm screaming over the sound of the engine and into the wind, “*Oh! There’s a rest stop—right there—to the right—next exit—I really have to GO.*” It’s best not to say, “*I plan to stop for gas 50 miles up the road. You can hold it.*”

Don’t want to scare you, but one little mistake can blow the whole thing. When she says, “*Oh look, there’s a historical marker. Let’s see what it says,*” don’t try to fake it and give your version of some event that you’re sure took place in 1806, and keep on going. She’ll know. I promise you, she’ll know. One final caveat: Simply agree that the homemade fudge store advertised for the past 20 miles probably really is the best in the state. Swing on in, because if you don’t, there may be hell to pay, and, upon arrival, the car event staff will award you with the “When Momma’s Not Happy, Ain’t Nobody Happy” T-shirt. You surely don’t want to jeopardize the potential rewards of the proverbial honeymoon, be it the second honeymoon, 30th or 50th (I shall allow you to ponder how the rewards might differ from the second to the more veteran honeymoons). If you choose to ignore this advice, know that your best entertainment will be tire kicking and simultaneously kicking yourself for a whole four days or so. *Just saying.*

With even a mere scan of the following car event planning tips, you can be assured of a near effortless task, not only to convince, but to enjoy your woman’s full cooperation of traveling with you in the Healey—always a reliable form of transportation—in 95-degree heat to the event 450 miles away. You can likely avoid or minimize the need to beg (a very unbecoming posture) or bribe (“*If you’ll go, we’ll buy the new couch and chairs you wanted for the great room.*”).

So, to those who have persevered and read on, and who are now humbly embracing the title of grateful gentlemen versus the previous clueless cad, the following are suggestions and comments direct from ladies that should be considered guidelines to event planning. The goal is to create a satisfying car event that excites and accommodates Healey wives’ interests. I can assure you, gentlemen, in achieving this, your rewards would be returned tenfold.



### *Smart Logistics*

A car event should never be isolated. For example, do not choose a location 28 miles from the nearest town, where there exist only wide expanses of well-maintained grounds, parks with shade trees and room for trailers. You’re saying, “*A perfect car event setting!*” She’s thinking, “*Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum have done it again,*” as she twiddles her thumbs and gazes at her navel. What is your lady to do?

Now think restaurants. Car events should be in areas that not only offer the ubiquitous fast food chains nearby, but also a range of quaint mom and pop specialty eateries (chocolate/fudge/ice cream shops) and local casual and fine dining options.

### *Deliver the Unexpected*

Car events should include within the hotel a comfortable facility designated for ladies. Call it a Ladies Hospitality Lounge. Elsewhere men can pass the time delivering grunts of approval (“*Know whatcha mean about that master paint job!*”), grimaces of disdain (“*Good gawd! That wiring harness needs upgrading.*”), rapid eye movements (“*I must make, buy or find this part.*”) or pant-like shallow inhalations maneuvering their Healey on twisting S-curve back roads. The Ladies Lounge can be an interim hideaway where a lady can be part of the event, relaxing, rather than retreating to the isolation of her hotel room.



Let's think about stocking this lounge with generous supplies of both varietal red and white wines, beer, lemonade, iced tea, sparkling water, cheeses, crackers, veggies, fruit, snacks, dips and chocolate nibbles. Not too far-fetched would be a soft-serve ice cream machine. Let's add some items like cards (Euchre), Scrabble, an ongoing project like a 1,000-piece puzzle or a computer to show off your Pinterests. Even have a few chick flicks like *Dirty Dancing*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Magic Mike*, to amuse and entertain. And how about chair yoga and massages to soothe Healey-sore muscles? No time for a mani-pedi prior to Conclave departure? Look no further than the schedule for nail service right there in The Lounge.

The car show is a prominent part of a car event and is typically scheduled for a good portion of the day. If you want your woman to be there, for goodness sake reserve a venue with nearby shops, pubs and restaurants, a shady park and live music, say from the '50s to the '80s. Speaking of music, factor in several evenings featuring live musical entertainment for both foot tappers and dancers. Offer a local attraction in the evening shared with your woman, sans Healeys. If a scenic, navigable river is near the venue, consider a dinner cruise experience aboard a riverboat. Surely this would be of mutual pleasure shared with others above or below deck.

*"Well, I'll be darned, Healey Honey, aren't all these designed-for-ladies activities and accouterments a description of the 2016 Healey Conclave?"* It is a near guarantee, sir, that you will be relieved of concern to keep your woman in her happy place. We, the Conclave planners and minions, want this event to please you and her. In effect, you will be allowed to imbibe large quantities of beer and spirits while interfacing with your male friends and cohorts inspecting, replacing, repositioning, polishing, massaging, refining, admiring and... (fill in your own Healey ritual). In the meantime, your woman will enjoy shopping, entertainment, refreshment and relaxation/spa-like choices. She'll be able to connect and converse with others of her gender in a climate-controlled setting versus hotter-than-Hades parking lots. You'll be worry-free about her time and enjoyment at the event, as well as your need to entertain her with activities that take you way off your Healey track. You'll be able to freely engage, in a near timeless manner, the always challenging but grand Healey marque we all celebrate. She will be all smiles as well.

Gentlemen, if you were persistent readers, making it thus far, the ambience of The Lounge may sound appealing to your own senses, piquing your curiosity to check it out (in particular, the soft-serve ice cream). Perhaps you're envisioning a provocative Theda Bara Cleopatra-like scene with ladies languishing on chaise lounges in ravishing strategically-adorned dress, wearing brightly gilded serpentine headbands and bracelets that climb their forearms...



*Starter replacement by Eileen Brown*

Consider activities offered throughout the week to include topics that pique ladies' interests. While the men are at their tech sessions, gymkhana and/or funkhana feeding their seemingly insatiable need to learn all about Healeys, play with Healeys and fondle Healey parts, the women can enjoy non-driving events. Examples could include a high tea with fashion show and vocalist, or an impersonator presentation—preferably hunk-like (i.e., George Clooney). Consider “Wine and Canvas” (paint, sip, sample cheese), Decorative Painting (on a glass vase), and even a demonstration on how to grow, arrange and use herbs.







### *Hazel Klein Autocrossing*

Of course, permission to enter would be required, and approval would be on an individual basis with group consensus. After all, it is the Ladies Hospitality Lounge. So ladies, come cavort with us! Join your man for destination Ohio River Valley Healey Family Reunion 2016 on June 12-17, 2016. We're catering to you! *MM*  
[www.2016HealeyReunion.com](http://www.2016HealeyReunion.com)



The Ohio Valley Austin-Healey Club is proud to host the 2016 Austin-Healey National Conclave on June 12-17, 2016, in the greater Cincinnati area.



### *Ladies Day - Ohio Valley Autocross*



# The Best Investment

by TJ Verbrugge



“It’ll never be an investment. It’s a money pit.” The sage words of my high school friend’s father.

My first car was a 1969 MG Midget. It had a fiberglass hard top, so I didn’t even know it was a convertible at first inspection. I knew very little about cars and even less about British cars.

I bought the car for \$1,350, money I had earned working at the bakery and a few dollars that my sister Dot had loaned me. I was 15 at the time, so I drove it around quiet streets with my dad in the passenger seat. Looking back, I’m not quite sure what my dad must have thought.

“That Midget took me everywhere”

On my sixteenth birthday in 1987, I got my driver’s license and registration for the MG. I proudly drove away with an unbelievable sense of freedom.

I was sure the car was perfect, but maybe the brakes needed a little work. A trip to the Jiffy shop for a “free” inspection resulted in an estimate that rivaled the purchase cost of the car. “Some of these parts are hard to find,” they said. Apparently Mr. Jiffy didn’t know about Moss Motors.

My neighbor at the time had a beautiful green MGB, and he suggested I head downtown to University Motors. After driving down the bumpy streets, the neighborhood getting worse with

each block, I walked in for the first of many, many visits. A test drive later, I was told that there were no rear brakes and my steering was dangerous: “You really can’t wait to do this.” A few days later, I handed over most of the money I had left in the world, and my Midget was returned to me, safety fast. Along with my keys, John Twist handed me my worn pinion gear, the first of many decrepit parts, which took on the appearance of my own rogues’ gallery. I think that was also the first time John offered me a job. It took me a few years to take him seriously.

That Midget took me everywhere until the snow started. I didn’t drive it that first winter, instead borrowing family cars or bumming rides. Some time the next summer, I was accelerating spiritedly in second gear



and heard a loud noise by my right knee followed by an angry thumping. Limping back to University Motors, using the three unangry gears to get there, they said, “Your gearbox is shot.”

This was beyond what my bakery money could handle. “You can fix this yourself, I’ll loan you my cherry picker,” Mark the mechanic said with a nonchalance I found hard to accept. I didn’t come from a particularly mechanically inclined family, so I was skeptical. Yet, a couple weeks later, my friend Paul and I stood in my garage next to a red Midget with the engine and gearbox removed. Surprising myself, a couple weeks after that I was mobile again. A lay gear with a huge bite out of it took a prized position in my gallery.

I didn’t realize it at the time, but my investment in the Midget was starting to pay off. I found I had at least some mechanical aptitude and enjoyed working with my hands. I gained a confidence to take on the unknown.

I learned about being careful and methodical, even when struggling with a 1275 engine.

I finally took John Twist seriously in the spring of 1990 and began working at University Motors. The benefit of youth is that everything is new, and I learned a lot that summer. Not only was it the best job I’ll ever have, it was the perfect job through the college years. There was an unending supply of work during the summer and enough hours to keep the bills paid during the school year.

My investment in my first car continued to pay off. I gained an

appreciation for being on the steep side of the learning curve. I discovered life is more interesting when surrounded by smart and intriguing people. I learned that a 1974.5 MGB with a lot of body filler makes a great winter beater, leaving three tracks in deep snow—the third from the exhaust system. But more than all this, British cars taught me innumerable lessons that are analogies

“Your  
gearbox  
is shot.”

to life: always keep your eyes open for problems that can be fixed now; maintenance is cheaper than repair; the cheapest bid is almost never the best deal; paying more for something doesn’t guarantee a better outcome; every problem has a solution if you take time to think about it... The list really is endless.

I now own two MGs, but the Midget is long gone. A lot has changed since joining corporate life, but I get a sense of accomplishment and almost nostalgic repletion every time I work on one of my cars, especially the British ones. I find the smell of hypoid oil and well-worn upholstery unbelievably comforting.

A first car is typically going to be a practical or inconsequential decision. In any other car, would I have learned all those valuable life lessons in such an interesting and memorable way? In the serpentine path that brought me to today, my little red Midget was an apex. That “money pit” was an investment in life. *MM*





# DON'T POSTPONE *Joy*

Betz has been a member of the Abingdon Rough Riders, an MGTC club in the San Francisco Bay Area, since 1987. The Rough Riders have been around for close to 60 years and have had a number of unique characters as members, with Betz certainly qualifying as one of them. She is the only driver of her car—husband Sam won't even think about riding with her—and she drives with some ferocity, having been timed at 80 mph (a following Mini Cooper verified that). The original spec for the MGTC was a top speed of 72 mph and her car is stock, but hey, I guess it has loosened up a bit in 57 years. Members of the club have been helping keep Betz's car stuck together for some time now.

Betz has MS and has been slowing down a bit in recent years, but it hasn't stopped her—she walks with a cane and uses a sort of a wheelchair called a Rollator, which can be seen strapped to her spare tire. Her handicap sticker is slipped under the windshield. This does not stop her from rapid motoring. She also motors with interesting and very colorful garb, such as a panda costume in honor of a San Francisco Giants ball player known as "The Panda." Did I mention she was also a rabid Giants fan?

**Allan Chalmers**



By Betz Miller  
Intro by Allan Chalmers





My father got polio when I was two years old. He demonstrated that being disabled would not hold him back from doing

anything, like working under the car, creating hand controls, or climbing a few steps on a ladder with a leg brace and crutch. His example would become my way of life.

On Labor Day weekend in 1983, I was climbing on rocks near a river that emptied into the Pacific Ocean. My feet became numb, sort of like when you sit on your hands and get pin prickles. Once back home in Berkeley I decided to see my doctor about it. He recommended rest, heat, ice and aspirin. Not exactly take two aspirin and call in the morning, but call back if there's no improvement. Unfortunately my numbness increased. First, up to my knees, then into my hands and arms. I thought when it kept spreading I would die. My doctor could not schedule an immediate appointment so I went to Oakland emergency. I stayed for three nights. After lots of tests, including a spinal tap, I learned I have relapsing-remitting multiple sclerosis. I attended classes to learn more. They said "if you're not in a wheelchair in five years, you'll never be in a chair." Since then I've observed that's not true.

It was while in a wheelchair that I developed my personal motto, "Don't Postpone Joy!" I needed a positive mindset when, at 33, I faced MS and divorce too. With my mobility waning, my mind turned to joyous British cars to get me moving. The salary for a library cataloger, however, did not pair well with a classic car. I started on the Cheerios saving method: don't eat out more than once a week. My credit union would not extend money for anything so exotic. Luckily, another local bank would lend most of the cost.

At this time a library colleague had moved to LA. She would read the LA Times and give me a ring if she found a car I might be interested in. It took me



months to decide if I wanted a Morgan, an MGTF, MGTD or MGTC. When I got a good look at the MGTC I knew that right-hand drive and wire wheels were a match for me.

I looked at basket cases. I never wanted red or black. I saw some non-MG colors like navy blue. Finally, in 1985, I found a TC that was part of a divorce sale. It was the ugliest color I'd ever seen. But my mind immediately said Mr. Toad, as in my favorite ride at Disneyland since the day it opened—"Mr. Toad's Wild Ride." After a five-minute right-hand drive lesson, I hopped on the freeway and drove straight to Mike Goodman's to have new tires installed. I then drove to Santa Barbara and spent the night. Due to heavy fog, the next day I learned to use the wipers. Turns out the hardest part of a right-hand drive car is remembering which door to open when getting in. Almost immediately I joined Abingdon Rough Riders.

Back home in Berkeley, the car and I had bonded. And he was nicknamed "Froggy."

That could be the happy end to the story, but we're not there yet. At a conclave near Yosemite, Froggy was uncooperative, but that is how I met Sam, my knight in shining armor and my future husband. He and I differ on a few things. Sam believes that cars are for going from point A to point B, while my driving style is a bit more... adventurous. As a member of Abingdon Rough Riders, I fit right in. *MM*





A New Initiative from Moss Motors

## Helping the New Generation

*You can do this!*

*Lauren Davidson learns the inner workings of her Bugeye from Jake Jacobs.*

A few decades ago, cars were different. We were seeing the full expression of automobile design. Acres of swooping sheet metal, hood ornaments, fins, wide grills, lots of chrome. Amid all that, the automobile's basic function (transportation) remained the industry's focus. However, a growing number of people wanted cars that were designed not just for looks. They wanted cars that are fun to drive—sports cars. MGs, Triumphs, Austin-Healeys, Jaguars and even Minis were setting sports car standards that were sought after around the world.

The cars of that era were built from the technologies of their day. The distinctiveness of those cars went beyond their appearance. Unlike today, a box of tools, a quart of oil and a spare tire were always in the trunk. The ability to use those tools or install that spare tire was part of the skill set of virtually every driver. Roadside repairs were common. Many drivers claimed they could adjust a set of ignition points using the cover from a book of matches. Ignition timing was done by ear, as was adjusting the carburetor. Spark plugs were routinely removed, cleaned, reset and reinstalled. Valves were routinely adjusted as part of a tune-up. Tune-ups were a twice-a-year part of the car's maintenance.

Today, those cars are called classics. They're head turners. They take riding in a car from being transportation to being an experience. With good reason, the owners of these cars are proud of them: They're beautiful, and they're fun.

► **Admit it.** At least once, you have walked out of the supermarket and almost gotten into the wrong car.

No harm. No foul. The car you approached probably looked very much like your daily driver. Today's modern cars are designed in wind tunnels for maximum aerodynamic efficiency. With all the manufacturers working against the same challenges, and with access to the same technology, the results are all going to look pretty similar: smooth lines, low slung suspension, lights fitted flush into the body, rounded corners and mirrors. Every one of these scientifically designed advancements improves the car's airflow profile. And... each one robs the car of its individuality. Understandably, many older people complain that all modern cars look alike. And they are right.





## The Reality

We can't bring one of these classic cars into the 21st century without bringing some of the skills needed to care for them along too. We also need to understand the perspectives, and expectations, that were originally part of owning these cars.

Example: When these cars were new, gas stations had gas pumps as they do today. They also had a display of quarts of motor oil near every pump. Like gasoline, oil was a consumable. These cars leaked and/or burned oil. Along with the motor oil, there would be a special jug for putting water in your radiator. Cooling systems lost water. There was also a smaller type of jug designed to put water in batteries, which lost water too.

Everybody knew how to push-start a car and pop the clutch at the right time to bring the engine to life. That skill was not just a novelty. Everybody needed it from time to time. People kept a set of booster cables in the trunk. The glove box would have a package of extra fuses. It was like life before smart phones. We didn't know what we were missing—but in a way we knew more.

## Perspective

Moss supplies parts to the owners of classic British cars around the world. Many owners send us letters and photos. Among these owners are grandparents. We are often told of the fun everyone has when the grandchildren come to visit and are taken for a ride in grandpa's car. Grandpa also has a modern, computer-designed sedan, but when the kids refer to grandpa's car, they are talking about the roadster. The sound and feel of the engine, sunglasses, tousled hair and maybe an ice cream cone are the stuff memories are made of. Sedans can't do that. Sports cars were born to do that.

These classic cars aren't just a great time for the kids. The owners love to get together and share the simple joy of motoring. Road trips, barbeques, photos, cars-n-coffee, swap meets, tech sessions,

car shows and much more. These classic British car owners are not just car owners, they are car lovers. They spread over multiple generations, they cross ethnic and economic lines and they are people enjoying the simple delights of motoring and the association of people who share their passion.

## The Fine Print

Does all this fun and motoring come with a price? Yes and no. It has always had a price. Cars need maintenance and repairs. And yet the cost is not something new.

A modern car has no single coil, no distributor, no distributor cap, no rotor, no points, no condenser. Modern spark plugs last over 100,000 miles. Hydraulic valve lifters adjust themselves. About the only maintenance modern cars seem to need are oil changes. (The car tells you when it needs one.) Adjusting to the jump-in-the-car-and-go mentality is easy. Modern cars make that possible.

Cars of antiquity came with antiquated technology. The jump-in-the-car-and-go way of thinking does not dovetail with vintage technology. That's not a bad thing. The owners of these cars will readily tell you of the joys of servicing these cars. When you do the maintenance yourself and then start the motor, the joy is a tingle that runs all the way to your toes. When you go for a test drive after effecting a repair, the pride is all over your face. A modern sedan simply can't do that. When you blend the fun of motoring with the pride of owning and maintaining a classic sports car, you have the very best the world of automobiles can offer.

In the coming issues, Moss will present a series of how-to articles designed specifically for the new generation of classic car owners. Our goal is to help you understand and care for your car. So, if you have bought, found or inherited one of these classic British sports cars, we will share the skills needed to keep your car (and you) happy and on the road. *MM*



## PARTS FOR SALE

### MGB Stainless Steel Touring Exhaust by Tourist Trophy



Yes, it is the best looking exhaust on the market. But even if it wasn't, it would still be the best you could buy. Judged purely by build quality and the oh-so-important "true British sports car sound," the Tourist Trophy exhaust is in a class of its own. The

durable stainless steel with a highly polished finish (no, it's not chrome) will stay beautiful and solid. Modification of the tip angle is required for fitment on overrider equipped vehicles. Covered by a 5-year warranty.

#### The Tourist Trophy Exhaust features:

- 201 Stainless Steel construction (muffler shell, pipes, & tips)
- Throaty sound under acceleration but not intrusive while cruising
- Entire system is completely polished to a mirror shine
- Uses all the original hangers and supports
- 5-year warranty

MGB 1962-74                      454-569                      \$369.99

### Silicone Radiator Hose and Clamp Sets

Our high quality silicone coolant hoses are a must for the performance enthusiast. Silicone is a durable material that will not deteriorate and is unaffected by oil or fuel spills. The integral reinforcing material ensures that they do not deform in service. These kits include hoses and high quality stainless steel clamps giving a touch of performance style for your engine bay.



Sprite/Midget – Vertical Flow	470-281	\$84.99
Sprite/Midget – Cross Flow	470-282	\$112.99
MGA	470-283	\$89.99
TR2-3B	470-284	\$177.99
TR4-4A	470-285	\$144.99

### TR6 Classic Seat Assemblies



Our handcrafted leather-faced seats have been designed to provide the ultimate in driver comfort with styling to complement the interior of your TR6. The seats feature a reclining back which has been shaped to give improved lateral and lower back (lumbar) support, and the squab has been designed to give better upper leg support, making your TR6 a more comfortable place to be, especially on long journeys. They feature height adjustable headrests for added comfort and safety.

These seats have been designed to easily fit in the TR6 and allow clearance for the folding top frame. They are suitable for all soft-top, hard-top and Surrey-top equipped cars and fit to the original 'H' frame seat runner. Supplied in pairs fully assembled and ready to fit.

Black with Black Piping	641-326	\$1,899.00
Black with White Piping	641-327	\$1,899.00

### Embroidered Touring Hats - \$18.99



These top-quality hats feature embroidered logos of "MG Safety Fast!", the Triumph Wreath, or the classic "Austin Healey" script. These tan and navy hats have a seamed front panel with a soft crown that provides a deep low fit which allows them to stay on at speed. The adjustable velcro closure ensures a secure, personalized, fit.

#### Features:

- 100% Cotton Construction
- 6 Embroidered Eyelets
- Solid Color Contoured Visor
- Matching Color Sweatband
- Matching Fabric Adjustable Velcro Closure
- Moss Block and Union Jack embroidered logos on back

### Austin-Healey Rear Brake Kits

No need to squint at the schematic to make sure you've written down all the parts you'll need. They're all in the kit.

#### Kit Includes:

- 4 Brake Shoes
- 4 Brake Shoe Return springs
- 2 Wheel Cylinders
- 1 Fitting Kit

Late BN1-BN6	586-041	\$114.99
BN7-BJ8	586-042	\$114.99







Name	Phone ( )		Email Address	
Address	City		State	Zip
Vehicle Name (if any)	Year	Make	Model	
Club Affiliation (if any)				

### City, Town, or Municipality

A \_\_\_\_\_  
 B \_\_\_\_\_  
 C \_\_\_\_\_  
 D \_\_\_\_\_  
 E \_\_\_\_\_  
 F \_\_\_\_\_  
 G \_\_\_\_\_  
 H \_\_\_\_\_  
 I \_\_\_\_\_  
 J \_\_\_\_\_  
 K \_\_\_\_\_  
 L \_\_\_\_\_  
 M \_\_\_\_\_  
 N \_\_\_\_\_  
 O \_\_\_\_\_  
 P \_\_\_\_\_  
 Q \_\_\_\_\_  
 R \_\_\_\_\_  
 S \_\_\_\_\_  
 T \_\_\_\_\_  
 U \_\_\_\_\_  
 V \_\_\_\_\_  
 W \_\_\_\_\_  
 X \_\_\_\_\_  
 Y \_\_\_\_\_  
 Z \_\_\_\_\_

### County, Parish or District

1 \_\_\_\_\_  
 2 \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 \_\_\_\_\_  
 5 \_\_\_\_\_  
 6 \_\_\_\_\_  
 7 \_\_\_\_\_  
 8 \_\_\_\_\_  
 9 \_\_\_\_\_  
 10 \_\_\_\_\_  
 11 \_\_\_\_\_  
 12 \_\_\_\_\_  
 13 \_\_\_\_\_  
 14 \_\_\_\_\_  
 15 \_\_\_\_\_

### Moving (or Parked) Targets

Ambulance  1 pt.  
 Biker "Gang"  2 pt.  
 Caboose  3 pt.  
 Helicopter  3 pt.  
 Hot Air Balloon  3 pt.  
 Hot Rod Lincoln  2 pt.  
 Ice Cream Truck  2 pt.  
 Little Deuce Coupe  2 pt.  
 Lowrider  1 pt.  
 Military Vehicle  1 pt.  
 Pink Cadillac  3 pt.  
 Sailboat!  1 pt.

### U.S. States (and Wash. D.C.)

AK <input type="checkbox"/>	LA <input type="checkbox"/>	OH <input type="checkbox"/>
AL <input type="checkbox"/>	MA <input type="checkbox"/>	OK <input type="checkbox"/>
AR <input type="checkbox"/>	MD <input type="checkbox"/>	OR <input type="checkbox"/>
AZ <input type="checkbox"/>	ME <input type="checkbox"/>	PA <input type="checkbox"/>
CA <input type="checkbox"/>	MI <input type="checkbox"/>	RI <input type="checkbox"/>
CO <input type="checkbox"/>	MN <input type="checkbox"/>	SC <input type="checkbox"/>
CT <input type="checkbox"/>	MO <input type="checkbox"/>	SD <input type="checkbox"/>
DE <input type="checkbox"/>	MS <input type="checkbox"/>	TN <input type="checkbox"/>
FL <input type="checkbox"/>	MT <input type="checkbox"/>	TX <input type="checkbox"/>
GA <input type="checkbox"/>	NC <input type="checkbox"/>	UT <input type="checkbox"/>
H <input type="checkbox"/>	ND <input type="checkbox"/>	VA <input type="checkbox"/>
IA <input type="checkbox"/>	NE <input type="checkbox"/>	VT <input type="checkbox"/>
ID <input type="checkbox"/>	NH <input type="checkbox"/>	WA <input type="checkbox"/>
IL <input type="checkbox"/>	NJ <input type="checkbox"/>	WI <input type="checkbox"/>
IN <input type="checkbox"/>	NM <input type="checkbox"/>	WV <input type="checkbox"/>
KS <input type="checkbox"/>	NV <input type="checkbox"/>	WY <input type="checkbox"/>
KY <input type="checkbox"/>	NY <input type="checkbox"/>	D.C. <input type="checkbox"/>

### Canadian Province/Territory

AB <input type="checkbox"/>	NS <input type="checkbox"/>	QC <input type="checkbox"/>
BC <input type="checkbox"/>	NT <input type="checkbox"/>	SK <input type="checkbox"/>
MB <input type="checkbox"/>	NU <input type="checkbox"/>	YT <input type="checkbox"/>
NB <input type="checkbox"/>	ON <input type="checkbox"/>	
NL <input type="checkbox"/>	PE <input type="checkbox"/>	

### Moss Motors Facilities

Moss: Petersburg, VA  3 pt.  
 Moss: Goleta, CA  3 pt.

### Destinations

*\*Requires a Visible Sign*

Art Museum  1 pt.  
 Barber Shop (with pole)  2 pt.  
 Bell Tower  1 pt.  
 Brewery\*  1 pt.  
 Campsite  1 pt.  
 Cemetery  1 pt.  
 Clock Tower  1 pt.  
 Comic Book Store  2 pt.  
 Costume Party  2 pt.  
 County/State Fair  1 pt.  
 Deer X-ing (\* or scene)  2 pt.  
 Drawbridge (raised)  4 pt.  
 "Epic Sunrise"  2 pt.  
 Famous Statue  1 pt.  
 Flea Market  1 pt.  
 Fruit/Vegetable Stand  1 pt.  
 Geologic Point of Interest  2 pt.  
 Golf Course  1 pt.  
 Grain Silo  1 pt.  
 Greenhouse  1 pt.  
 Haunted House  2 pt.  
 Historic Site 1600s  3 pt.  
 Historic Site 1700s  3 pt.  
 Historic Site 1800s  2 pt.  
 Historic Site 1900s  2 pt.  
 Historic Site 2000s  2 pt.  
 Kid's Lemonade Stand  2 pt.  
 Lighthouse  2 pt.  
 Marquee\*  1 pt.  
 Psychic/Fortune Teller  2 pt.  
 Presidential Landmark  2 pt.  
 Racetrack (auto)  2 pt.  
 Scenic Route\*  2 pt.  
 Sign with Bullet Hole(s)\*  2 pt.  
 Slow Children\*  1 pt.  
 "Someplace Old"  1 pt.  
 Sports Event  1 pt.  
 Tattoo Parlor  1 pt.  
 Taxidermist  2 pt.  
 University Campus\*  1 pt.

### Signs of Mother Nature

*State, Provincial and National Parks; Bodies of Water; Trailheads*

1 \_\_\_\_\_  
 2 \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 \_\_\_\_\_  
 5 \_\_\_\_\_  
 6 \_\_\_\_\_  
 7 \_\_\_\_\_  
 8 \_\_\_\_\_  
 9 \_\_\_\_\_  
 10 \_\_\_\_\_

### Cool Vehicles from All Around the World

*Your car alongside sweet rides from 10 other countries*

1 \_\_\_\_\_  
 2 \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 \_\_\_\_\_  
 5 \_\_\_\_\_  
 6 \_\_\_\_\_  
 7 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.  
 8 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.  
 9 \_\_\_\_\_ 3 pt.  
 10 \_\_\_\_\_ 4 pt.

### Bonus Points

*Sneak Peek Photos*

Jan. 1 - April 1 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.  
 April 2 - July 1 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.  
 July 2 - Oct. 1 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.

*Watch your email for bonus point opportunities.*

Bonus 1 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.  
 Bonus 2 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.  
 Bonus 3 \_\_\_\_\_ 2 pt.

*Motoring Challenge Facebook Group participation bonus*

FB Group Bonus  5 pt.

**Total Points Earned** \_\_\_\_\_

### Additional Hats

\$15.00 x \_\_\_\_\_ hats = Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Free shipping, Tax included! (where applicable)



### Payment Options

(Check or Credit Card. Make checks payable to Moss Motors)

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp (MO/YR) \_\_\_\_\_

Name on Card \_\_\_\_\_

### Prizes

**1st Place:** \$1000 Moss Gift Certificate

**2nd Place:** \$500 Moss Gift Certificate

**3rd Place:** \$250 Moss Gift Certificate

**Next 50 runners-up** — \$50 Moss Gift Certificate

**50 Points:** 2016 Motoring Challenge Hat

As soon as you reach the 50-point mark we can send you a Challenge Hat. Email [motoringchallenge@mossmotors.com](mailto:motoringchallenge@mossmotors.com) with a photo of your points sheet. If you'd like to purchase additional hats, let us know!

DRIVE TO NEW PLACES, SEE NEW FACES, SCORE POINTS, WIN PRIZES, HAVE FUN!



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

PRESORTED  
STANDARD  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
MOSS MOTORS,  
LTD.



# THE RACE TO THE FINISH

*Turn to the inside  
back cover for the  
new destinations!*

## It's our fourth and final year for the Moss Motoring Challenge—and it is going to be *epic!*

The biggest change for this year is, in place of having a Motoring Challenge Guide in your photos, you will use your Moss Motors Catalog. They've always been rather handy to have around, right?

The second notable change we know you'll appreciate. Instead of giving away "the most expensive t-shirt on the planet," we are awarding really nice Motoring Challenge hats! **Plus, we'll send you a hat as soon as you've reached the 50-point level.** It's no small accomplishment, but you'll have a great time doing it—and have something to wear as you are motoring on Challenge adventures!

## HOW TO PLAY

Earn points by taking photos near the qualifying signs/destinations listed on the back of this guide. Each of your photos are to include the following:

1. Yourself or a traveling companion – when possible
2. Your car – eligible vehicles are those supported with Moss parts
3. **Your Moss catalog**
4. Proof of your location such as signs or identifying landmarks

## **JOIN THE CHALLENGE: [mossmotors.com/motoringchallenge](http://mossmotors.com/motoringchallenge)**

Here you will also find a complete set of rules and a printable pdf of your Moss Catalog cover if you need one for the Challenge.