

**SUMMER SALE!
SO YOU CAN
GET OUT & DRIVE!**

Moss Motoring

ISSUE 2, 2016

The Age of
Exploration



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SUMMER SALE 5/16/16 - 6/17/16

We take our hats off to all the shade-tree mechanics, garage tinkerers, and do-it-yourselfers anxiously working down their checklists to get their cars out on the road.

Oh, it's probably on backorder. Heh heh.

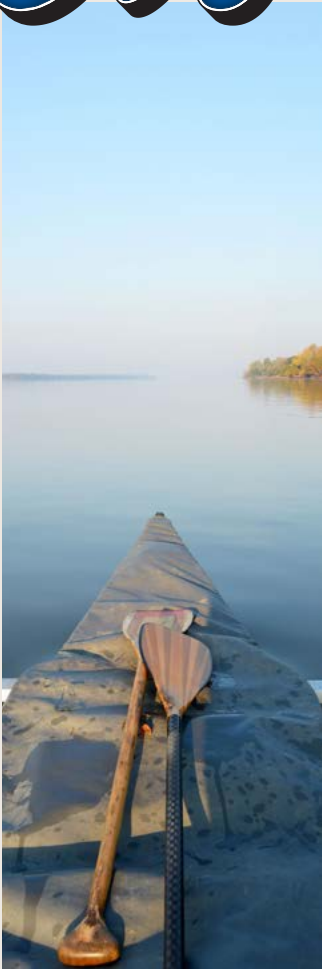
Why do you think Moss is waiting till next year to do Motorfest again?



Motorfest will be June 3, 2017, to be exact. Plans are underway, so save the date! We've learned a lot from our first go-around. Expect more great times with fantastic cars—and shorter food vendor lines! **Details coming soon!**

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Moss Motoring



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Taking roads and rivers wherever they may lead.

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Tracks of Life

A budding Bugeye business!

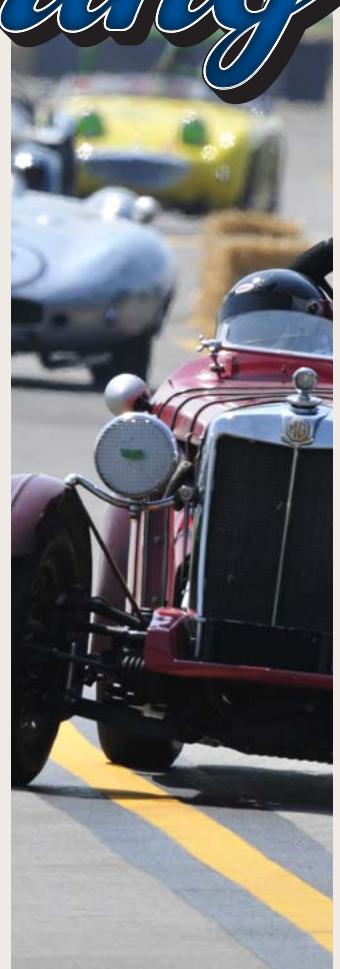
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THERE IS MORE ONLINE!

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

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Publisher: *Robert Goldman*

Moss Motoring Team:

Editor: *David Stuursma*

Editor-at-large: *Shawn Carlberg*

Creative Editor: *Brandin Aguayo*

Website Designer: *Anne Ducale*

Staff Photographer: *Damon Schnepf*

Contributors credited individually

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Robert Goldman

Beauty is in the eye of the TR Holder

Honestly, I cannot imagine how it happened. In my last editorial, I described the great joy to be had, fobbing off a bunch of crusty old British car parts on a co-worker. Somehow, in spite of changing his name in the article, Kevin figured out I was talking about him.

So he sent me a letter:



Dear Robert,

I read with interest your recent article about how you “duped” me into taking a bunch of old British junk off your hands – a sneaky trick played on one your employees to rid yourself of a barn full of useless stuff.

Well I’m here to announce that the joke is on you pal! Because while you may think you found a sucker for your junk, and while you’re feeling relieved to be out from under the burden of so much grease, sheet metal and cast iron, I’m seeing things a little bit differently:

Yes, it did take a utility trailer and a backhoe to collect all the bits (not to mention needing to burn my clothes afterward), but have you considered what that TR4 project means to me? It means a chance to connect to the past. (After all, the TR4 is an honest-to-goodness Michelotti designed, British engineered throwback to the simpler world my father tore around in as a youngster!)

It also means the promise of some quality shop time with my own young son, using our hands and our brains to problem-solve, finding ways to get creative, and to encourage him to set aside that infernal iPad and actually build something real. It means the enjoyment of researching questions,

talking with other TR4 owners and of feeling a part of something more meaningful than the mind-numbing time suck that is today’s social media.

In short, that dusty and useless sack of rust you were so eager to get rid of yesterday, is today transformed into the exciting promise of many good times to come. Because, in the process of my breathing new life into that TR4, I know that it’s going to return the favor.

Kevin (Mr. Ebbinflow)

I stopped evolving before the age of social media, but this note resonates with me because I have seen what he describes playing out on message boards. The nervous newbie, trying to learn, commits the cardinal sin of posting the wrong question in the wrong forum. Are they taken by the hand and shown the light? Not always. While the little British car community is fortunate to have some terrific message boards, with really helpful members, there are also plenty of places where your “welcome aboard” turns out to be some insulting comment about using the search function.

In these unfortunate circumstances, it seems as though some of the members want to keep the hobby to themselves, out behind the barn, and hidden under a tarp. If you think about it, for the last 25 years that’s what I was doing with my TR4 project. There sat the answer to someone’s question. There sat a potential answer to “Why don’t the kids respond when I ‘friend’ them on facetwitagram?”

It can be very difficult to move beyond the concept of ownership as asset, into the realm of ownership as opportunity. Although I didn’t realize it at the time, I was given a great gift, a chance to pay forward with “junk.” To the next owner in line, or as a possible means of connecting with the kids, it’s treasure. Employ your treasure. Don’t just sit on it. *M&M*



Abram Was Here

By Abram Perry

It was a cool day on the Ohio River. The wind had picked up, and I had to dig in a bit harder with my paddle to keep the bow of the canoe on course. Almost there.

I had been making my way down the river for 110 days. I was filled with mixed emotions rounding the final bend, excitement definitely one of them. This journey began at the headwaters of the Allegheny River, some 1,800 miles upstream. It started as a trickling spring, tucked away in the mountains of Northern Pennsylvania. From there, the river meanders in just about every direction, making its way into the mid-west. It passes through what is known as “the valley that changed the world,” where the first commercial oil well in the world was constructed. Continuing on, it soon grew from a backcountry river into an industrial highway as it evolved into the Ohio River Valley. It touches the banks of large cities, old river towns, and pockets of wilderness.

Next thing I knew, I had paddled down the Ohio and was nearing its end: “The Confluence.” Here it collides with the Upper Mississippi River, and thereon creates the Lower Mississippi. Each river a world of its own, filled with amazing people and places. Passing several barges and towboats on the final stretch, the Confluence came into view.

Surveying the banks, I looked for a suitable landing and decided to aim for where the rivers met. Jumping ashore, I made landfall on the final drop of the Ohio River. The wedge of land between the two rivers stood as a park in remembrance of the Lewis and Clark expedition 200 years before.

Well, the park looked pretty quiet, as it was late in the season. I looked around and saw a truck and backhoe digging in the distance. I secured the canoe as best I could, and crossed the field to ask the somewhat silly question of: “Where’s the park entrance?” The operator throttled back the big diesel and opened the cab door. We got to chatting and he informed me that the gate and roads were closed for park maintenance, but, after hearing where I had just paddled from, he tossed me



the keys to the gate and his truck and said, “Close the gate behind you, and bring my keys back.” I thanked him and he went back to digging. I fired up his truck, shifted into first, and took off across the park toward the entrance.

Just as I got the gate unlocked, I heard the purr of a classic roadster come into earshot. I turned to see a dark green Triumph TR3 in river shuttle mode, pulling a trailer. My Dad had made a several hundred-mile journey to pick me up.

Such a machine; what a sound! It downshifted and came to a stop. My Dad looked over grinning and revved the TR3. He passed through the gate and followed as I hopped in the truck, returning it to the operator with my thanks.

I quickly loaded the canoe and gear onto the trailer and hopped in the TR3’s “navi-guesser” seat. Alright, let’s go! Dad hit the skinny pedal and we were gone—blasting into the sunset, faster than a speeding canoe! The wind blew round the windscreen and the



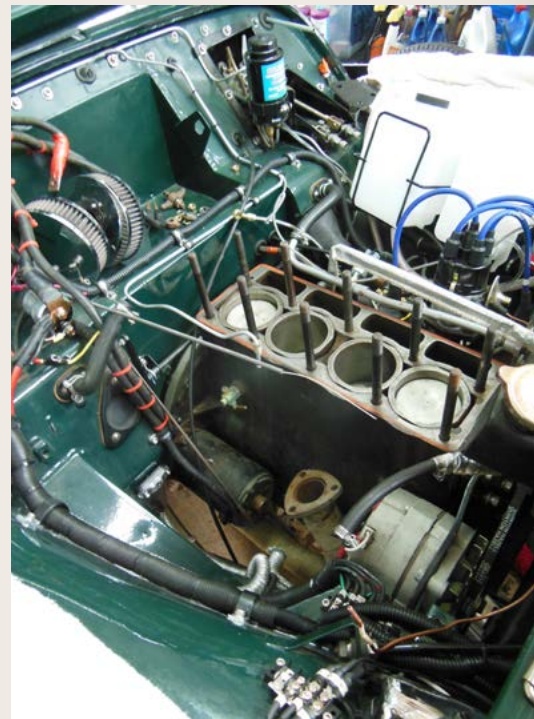
wheel spinners whirled. The low doors of the TR3 really put you out into the world you are traveling through.

Tinkering in the Studio

My Dad and I had found the TR3 years before. It was in pieces and dust covered in the corner of a storage building. He and I enjoy the art of dreaming and tinkering and, over time, built the '58 Triumph with a nut and bolt frame-off restoration—adding an assortment of modifications for modern road-ability. It took a number of years but, in the end, it evolved into a vintage contraption that would hold its own in modern-day traffic, as well as long distance, spirited touring—all the while retaining the original character of a true TR.

Earlier in the year, the day had finally come for the first test. Firing up a new engine is both nerve-racking and exciting, especially after years of work! We had been sure to add plenty of Zinc, pre-oil the system, double check fuel, ignition, and everything else we could think of; so, systems were go for launch. The engine turned, firing right up. We revved it, holding it at a couple thousand RPM as the engine came to life. It sounded awesome! We ran it for about 20 minutes or so as everything began to warm up and seat into place. After a bit more tinkering and some road tests, it was cleared for take-off.

With the warming weather, the TR3 hit the road for a couple short trips: 300 to 600-mile loops. It was solid. So, with that round of tinkering winding down, I then took to my canoe craft and drifted toward the river. My dad and brother headed out in the TR3 that summer, undertaking several road trips that had been on their minds.



The season seemed to fly by and cool weather soon approached. My dad and brother clocked upwards of 15,000 miles in the reliable and economical TR3. They explored areas throughout the southwest and mid-west states. Not bad for a summer!



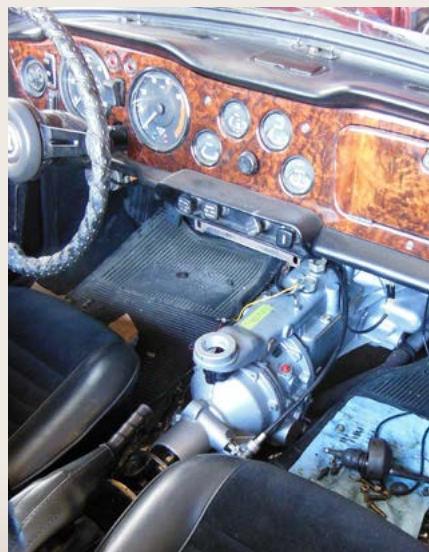
Now that I had made it off of the river, another project begged to see fresh air. This one, a Triumph TR6. I found it a couple years ago in a basement, where it sat under cover for 30 years. Though a few mechanical issues were evident, it wasn't anything I couldn't handle. The seller took my offer. I don't think he had many calls about it, and he seemed to trust that I'd bring this classic back to life. "Have fun!" he kept saying as the TR6 was loaded onto the trailer, heading for the next chapter in its journey.

My work office just so happened to have some extra warehouse space and allowed me to pull in to inspect the brakes and suspension. I kept busy tinkering into the night after work. As it happens, one thing led to the next. New brakes led to suspension, which led to the differential and then into the drivetrain and electrical. It's a 40-year-old car, *of course* I was going to look at everything.

As I was finishing up detailing the rear axle compartment, someone wandered out from the office and peered into the engine bay. "You gonna pull the cylinder-head next?" they asked. "Might as well," I chuckled. They jokingly encouraged it, which I took as permission to do so, and a bit more. I proceeded to pull the engine and transmission from the car.

I managed to get everything put back together and reassembled, transforming a parts car into a super-car! After the rebuild, the engine fired right up. The transmission had been upgraded, and the A type overdrive was gone through and fitted with a 28% gear reduction for touring. A light-weight flywheel was coupled to a limited slip differential to really stick the power to the ground in low gears, while the beefed-up chassis and suspension would take the bumps of back roads and hold speed around corners. New brakes had started it all, and here it was, finally ready to go.

Oftentimes with a car project, the engine is thought of first and most often. And yes, it is the oomph of it all, and fun to dream about. But, in



getting a vintage contraption back on the road, it seems best to go through the "flight-safety" checklist before pushing the pedal to the metal. It all has to be done right for safe, reliable enjoyment. With a couple good shop manuals and a few basic tools, just about anyone with some meticulous determination and perseverance can restore a classic. In searching the world for parts, I found Moss and Moss-Europe to be most supportive; both with their parts availability and also in their involvement, encouragement, and commitment to future generations of British motoring diehards like myself.

On the Road



Big Sur Coast



The Moki Dugway

Upon return from the river, it was a relief to uncover the TR6, finding it all there and looking good. With a little work, it was ready to go. This TR was gonna see some miles! I had put time, and thought, and effort into building it into a driver's machine. So to see the project through, I needed to full-on drive it! With nothing pressing on my calendar, I came to the conclusion that if I was ever going to take an extended road trip in a classic TR6, now was the time. Though on a tight budget, I figured if I carried camping equipment and spent frugally, I could make a worthy trip.

Into the TR6's boot I gathered some maps, a shop manual, tool roll, and a



Million Dollar Highway

couple spare parts. Crammed in some clothes, camping gear, and some silliness; then hopped in, and turned the key.

I knew this was the kind of opportunity that, if I put it off, may not come around again. How could I not go? With the exploration of the unknown as my destination, I set out toward the nearest back road, and pointed the roadster West. I was on my way. My road trip, looping through the countryside, changed my perspective and probably the direction of my

future, too. Stories from this epic cross country tour, of exploring landscapes and discovering friendships along the way—these stories I will send to this magazine. I know there are readers here who share in my hunger for adventure and the open road. Life with the TR6 wasn't always easy, the best things in life usually aren't. But if you want to take a journey that you'll never forget, do it top down in a British sportscar. *MM*

Abram Perry is an expedition coordinator of legendary hiking and paddling adventures, as well as a photographer. His goal is to inspire and, in exploring the wilderness, to teach not just how to survive, but how to "sur-thrive."

Learn about Abram's adventures and motoring projects at AbramWasHere.com.



Golden Gate Bridge

"The large gauge between the speedo and tach is a "Mile-o-Meter" vacuum gauge, straight out of the 1950s. Keeping an eye on the manifold vacuum while underway is an interesting study and aids in tuning. The tachometer decided to take a rest when I was cruising through the Grand Canyon, so it's on the list for tinkering."

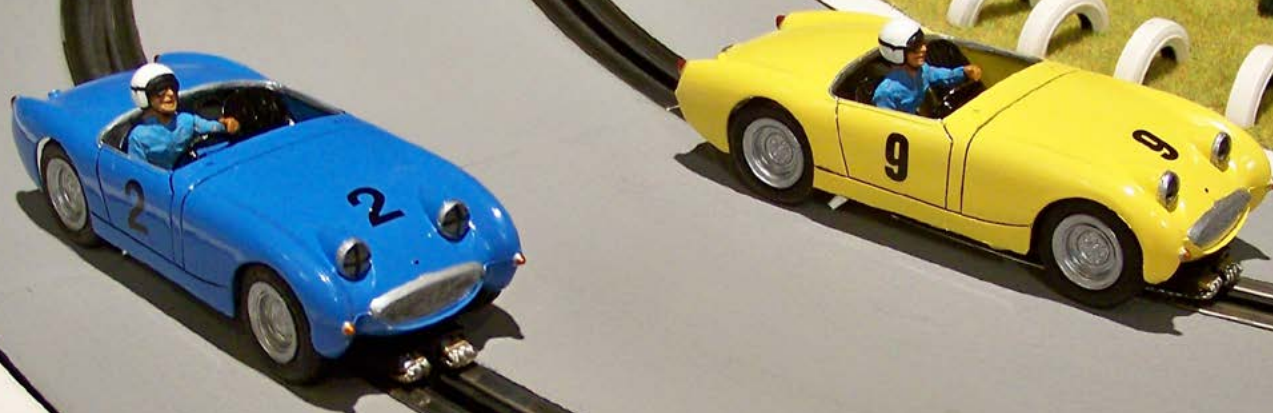
Yosemite National Park



STUDIO

65

- the story so far



By John and Emma Kit

More information at www.studio-65.com

Whether it was driving her pedal car or going to car shows, my daughter Emma has always been keen about cars and very enthusiastic when she was able to experience them up close. But being able to “drive” them was the most fun for her.

When I introduced Emma to slot cars it was a great excuse to relive part of my own childhood. She and I did this together and we both encouraged mom to participate as well.

This activity enabled Emma to drive cars without any real assistance from anyone. Unlike video games, when you went off the track, there were real consequences to contend with, including damage to your car that someone (me) would have to repair.

I was learning as much as she was, as the hobby evolved from simply putting

track on the floor and racing, into what can now be best described as model car racing on tracks that rival scale train layouts. The realism of a track’s scenery is just as important and as much fun



to create as the cars are. It effects the imagination, and the cars really look great as they race by trees, pits and grandstands of spectators made to scale.

With the internet came a great community of like-minded enthusiasts who were more than willing to share examples of great cars and layouts, with a lot of generous support instructing how to do anything you wanted to do for your track and cars. It felt like a parallel universe to what was happening with the collector car hobby only in miniature!

Our track was certainly in need of accessory items: half tires for the turn apexes, fences and buildings, and pylons for the pits. So when she was eight years of age, I taught Emma how to sculpt and cast pylons.

She asked a simple question: *“Would anyone else need and like these pylons enough to buy them?”*

Not to let a teachable moment go by, Emma got a very practical lesson in mathematics using real money.

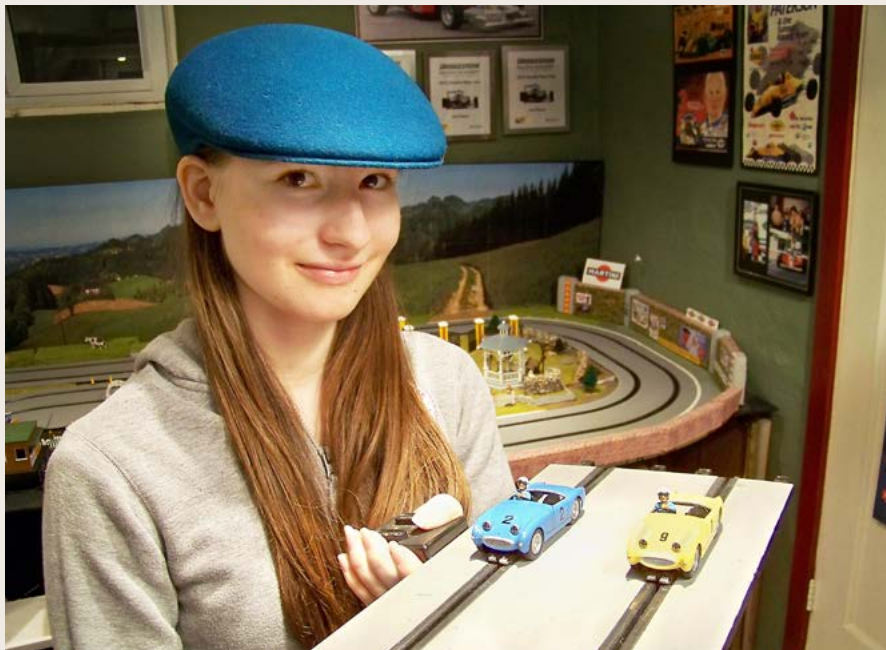
So we packaged some up and asked a local hobby store if they would be interested in stocking them—and they were.

They sold quite well and the lesson stuck.

In addition to this, she was exposed to many car-themed activities such as car shows and auctions where there was always a guaranteed British sports car contingent of some sort.

As she got older and increased the number of products she sold through the company we named Studio 65, she decided that she wanted to create her own car.

This was quite an undertaking as the parts had to be designed, molded and cast with the foresight of producing them in quantity, with quality to be



assembled and finished into model cars that are able to be raced.

Every part of the car is manufactured ‘in house’ with the exception of the gears, motor and pick up brushes, and guide blade.

The slot cars are also representative of their full-size versions in that they have a front motor with a driveshaft to a crown gear driving the rear wheels.

So after some thought, she decided on the Jaguar XK120 as her first in 2013. The release was successful and a Ferrari 340 was released as a follow-up in 2014.

Emma was quite clear on her choice for 2015. Vintage British sports cars certainly get her attention, but one in particular made a lasting impression: The Austin-Healey Sprite.

When asked why she liked this car, she would say that it just made her happy. It was cute. It was also a car that she remembered, even at a young age, she could fit in and “drive.”

She learned that this car also brought sports cars to people who could not afford an Aston or Jaguar. The Sprite was not about speed but about the driving experience; where 50 miles per hour felt like 100.

It was also a car you could use through the week, drive to the track, put tape on the lights, remove the windscreen, race—and drive back home in.

The resulting car is one that she is quite pleased with, and it performs as well as it looks. She even gave the driver a smile to match the “face” of the Sprite.

Emma is now sixteen and in addition to Studio 65 she has a part-time job at our local library, and she just earned her senior black belt in traditional karate while maintaining a 90% average in her third year of high school.

With the success of this release, she is already thinking of the next car to make. No doubt it will be British, but there are so many to choose from! We plan on going to more car shows and auctions this year. The cars and the people who like them as much as we do will be a great help with making the decision of which British sports car to build next. *MM*



Talking Points

Today we have a set of ignition points in our shop. He's agreed to let us ask him a few questions.

Mr. Ignition Points, can you tell us what your job is? What do you do in our car?

"I tell the coil when to fire a spark."

Is that a hard job?

"It can be. When your four-cylinder motor is spinning 3,000 RPM I have to command the coil to fire 6,000 times per minute. And... I have to make sure every one of those firings is exactly on time. So, I guess you could say I'm pretty busy. It's a lot of responsibility, but I like my job. I'm right in the middle of all the action."

Why is being on time so important?

"If the coil is firing the spark plugs early, that can lead to detonation and harm to the engine. If the coil is firing the spark plugs late, the motor will lose power. It would feel like you are towing a boat."

Can you tell us, in simple terms, how you do your job?

"Sure. It's really not complicated. When you turn your key on, electricity goes to one of the two small terminals on your coil. Inside the coil there is about

a million miles of wire. That wire is wrapped around and around inside the coil until the end of the wire comes out the other small terminal on the coil."

Forgive me for interrupting, but are you saying the small terminal on one side of my coil, and the small terminal on the other side of my coil, are two ends of the same piece of wire?

"That's right. It's a very long piece of wire."

So, what happens when the electricity from our ignition switch goes to one of the terminals of our coil? I assume it must run through that long wire and comes out the other side of the coil. Right?

"That's right. Electricity travels at almost the speed of light. But, even at that speed it needs a moment to fill that wire with electricity from one end to the other. When the coil is full of electricity, the electricity can come out the second side of the coil and go to the distributor. That's where I work."

What do you do in there that makes the coil fire?

"I'm made of two contact points. One is connected to ground. The other is

connected to that wire coming from the coil. When my points are closed, the electricity can flow from the ignition switch to the coil, through the coil, out to the distributor, to me, and then to ground.

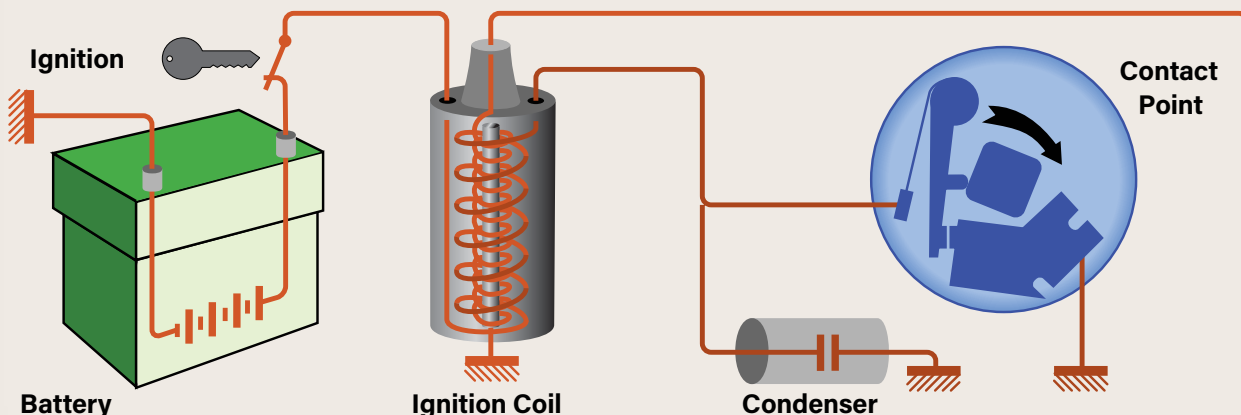
"When I open my contact points, all that energy inside the coil suddenly has no place to go. It's like somebody slammed the door of its escape. In layman's terms, that forces all that energy to come out of the top of the coil in the form of one big spark."

So, when you open and close, and open and close, the coil fires one time each time you open. Right?

"You've got it! When I'm closed the coil fills with energy. When I'm open, the coil has lost it's preferred way to let that energy out, so it pushes it out the coil tower on the top of the coil."

How do you know when to open?

"As you know, I work inside the distributor. In the middle of the distributor is a shaft that rotates. It's very much like a camshaft. In fact, we call it the distributor cam. In a four-cylinder engine the cam has four lobes (high points). On a six-cylinder engine it has six lobes, etc. As the cam goes



Helping the New Generation: *You can do this!*

around, the lobes on the cam push my points open. When a lobe has passed, I am closed until the next lobe comes along. It's all pretty simple."

Do you work alone in there?

"Heavens, no. I'm a member of a terrific team. I work with some really solid guys. I work on the second floor. I share my workspace with the condenser. He's my helper. He takes some of my work so I don't get overloaded. Below the condenser and me is the first floor. The advance weights work down there. They advance my timing as the RPM's go higher.

Over my head the rotor is working on the third floor. He sits on the top of the camshaft. When the cam turns so that a lobe is facing me, the rotor is pointing toward the corresponding terminal that connects the correct spark plug wire to the correct spark plug. He works alone which is probably a good idea. He's always racing around in circles up there."

If you guys work under the distributor cap it must be dark in there.

"You might think so, but no. I'm opening thousands of times each minute. Each time I open, the coil fires once. That's

thousands of firings per minute. All those firings are sent to the rotor over our heads. As the rotor spins around, sparks are flying out the end of the rotor and jumping to the terminals that live in the ceiling. Each firing goes to the correct spark plug at the correct time, and lights up our workshop. It's actually pretty and amazing."

How long do you have to work before you can retire?

"That's a hard question to answer. We don't retire after a specific number of miles or a specific amount of time. We retire when we are too tired to do our job correctly."

Do they have a party when you retire?

"It's not a party. It's kind of a ceremony. You might call it a changing of the guard. On the day that I am to be relieved, the distributor cap and rotor are removed. The engine is turned by hand (in the direction it rotates while running) until one of the cam lobes is facing me and the gap is wide open. Then I am unscrewed from my place."

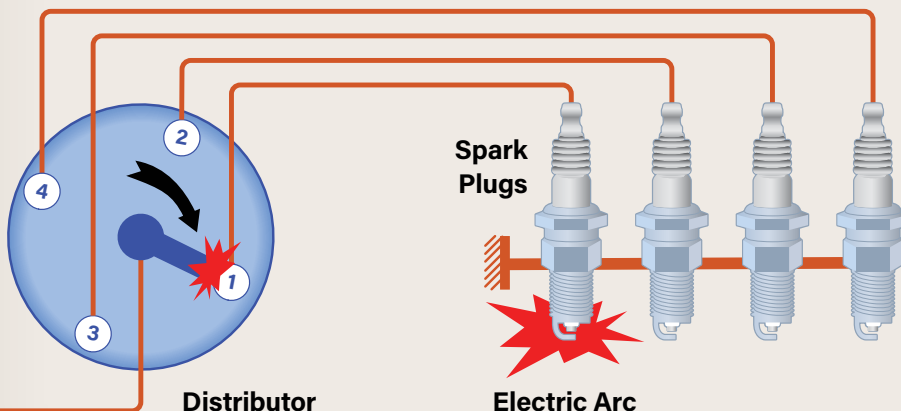
My replacement is put into my place and the screws are reinstalled. The screws are not tightened. They are just snug. When I am relieved and

the new guy is in place, the Master of Ceremonies calls out "POINT GAP?" A moment later the point gap for the new points read aloud from the sacred Shop Manual. It can vary but it's usually about 0.015 inches.

The honor guard marches up with a feeler gauge that's exactly the right size. The new points are moved until the gap between the new points is at the specific gap. Then the screws are tightened. They usually use the feeler gauge once again to make sure the new points didn't move while the screws were tightened. The rotor is restored to its place. The distributor cap is restored to its place. The ceremony is over."

How long does the points changing ceremony last?

"If the screwdriver and the feeler gauge are present when we start, the ceremony lasts about ten minutes. It's good that it's so quick and easy, because everyone wants to take the new points out for a test drive." *MM*



MOSS TV

Search the Moss Motors YouTube channel for videos related to this topic—and much more!

- ▶ *Detonation, knocking, pinging: What is it?*
- ▶ *How To: Test your Ignition System (2-part)*
- ▶ *How To: Test your Ignition Coil*

PUT-IN-BAY

RACE REUNION

By Walt J. Peterson

August 28–31, 2016



A gaggle of T-types getting ready for the start of their race in 1957. Photo by Stu Kerr.

Step off of the Port Clinton ferry onto the island and you can imagine this is Nassau, 1955, Speed Week. On this warm morning, sports cars with electrician's tape numbers are parked along the sidewalk while their owners and companions raid tourist shops and sip drinks in street-side cafes. Wait a minute; here comes a dude in a little race-tuned British sports car. As he and his lady friend rock by your eardrums, you understand the local authorities must be winking at this kind of behavior. Along airport road, there are hay bales against poles and a sign that says "Turn 2: The Dog Leg." An arrow above it points you west.

This is South Bass Island off of Ohio's north coast. Carroll Shelby is gone. Moss has retired and Fon de Portago is a faded memory. The road races held here on streets a half century ago have not been forgotten,

though. This is the Put-in-Bay Reunion Road Race. The event aims to recreate the 1950s races; witness the chopped windscreens and hear the open pipes bellow!

On the dock I rented a bike from a girl with a Spanish accent who told me, "A left and two rights," and I could

pedal easily to the race at the airport course. Traffic is civilized. My bike had a coaster brake circa the 50s and handlebars as wide as a Texas long horn. I shared the road with golf carts and sporty cars.

Once clear of the town, there seems no urgency along the tree-lined





road. South Bass Island, a half hour from the mainland, aims to be relaxed, unpretentious. The locals ignore their own “Private Road No Admittance” signs, sharing the atmosphere of the reunion week race at the airport. The private houses border the airport on the leeward side of the narrow island. You can view the course from backyards and the residents don’t seem to mind. Some airplane hangars bordering the course/runway serve as viewing points, too. Their massive open doors echo the sweet sounds of speed.

The reunion week recalls the Cleveland Sports Car Club’s small-bore races held here from 1952-1959. In 2009, organizers—chiefly Jack Woehrl and Bob Williams—held the first reunion for about 35 entrants. This year there are over a hundred sports cars entered for the race, touring and exhibition. Entrants soak up the atmosphere of this vintage bash. Races are run on Monday and Tuesday (after the mail plane lands). Wednesday the car show is scheduled. Manley Ford, a participant and organizer, hesitates to call it a concourse, “It’s just a car show,” he chuckles when I ask for clarification. Participants are encouraged to ferry cars across the water leaving trailers and transporters on Ohio’s shore where the corn stalks are tall and apples will be ready in a few weeks.

If you want to tour the original island course, the roads and bends are marked. Nowadays, the racing is safer on the course set up on the airport runways where tri-motor Fords landed regularly into the ’70s. After 1959,

Ohio banned racing on state roads. In 1963, PIB saw what the Cleveland Sports Car Club considered an outlaw race held by the Detroit SCC—a valiant attempt to resurrect the island race. The competition was promptly stopped when an Elva went off course and hit several trees. The driver, however, was unhurt, and the races held from the ’50s till then had a near spotless safety record here.

THEY'RE NOT PLAY-ACTING

With a suspension of disbelief properly tuned, time travel here is a breeze. Little cars slow and fast dance by: MGs, Triumphs, square-bodied Spridgets, there is a way-cool Volvo B544, a Turner, Porsches, and an Elva sports racer that frequents Pittsburgh Vintage Grand Prix. Not many string-back gloved dilantants seem to be out there. For 2015 the racing surface had been improved and expanded. Viewing is open all around the airport and there is a good perspective of the featurelessness of airport courses—one of the chief reasons these flat, rectangular courses fell out of favor and were replaced by purpose-built courses in the 1960s. Airport racers work on a stage with little to identify braking points, turn-in markers and relative



speed. Corner workers (angels in white uniforms) calmly view the action from behind concrete barriers till they are cued to deliver critical action.

Today’s course is crafted from the two roughly parallel runways connected by a hundred-eighty degree turn at each end. The starting grid dumps directly on to the main runway. Looking down the grid and beyond the front straight you can see the monument to the Battle of Lake Erie in 1812 above the trees and more than a mile away. But who would notice the obelisk with a gaggle of sports cars around you snarling and spitting like prep school brats?



Drive straight down the pit, out and onto the front straight accelerating smartly. You come to an off-set left lined with the time-honored cordon of hay bales to guide cars through. A quick flick left and then past the race headquarters building with the start/finish line and the biggest spectator area. A second off-set left signaled again by a hay-bale wall on either side of your car. Through the jog and there is a nice straight toward the first 180-degree turn at the east end that will head you up the parallel runway. A series of gates formed by three rows of pylons forces you to zigzag through. Set up wide and carry enough speed and you

are rewarded with the fastest straight on the course. Farther up, the second 180 turn at the opposite end of the race course waits to test you. Coming down the front straight again, you'll get the green flag at the start/finish in front of race control (which 363 days of the year is the airport administration building). As the pace quickens and the tires heat up, tar strips and white lines for aircraft come at you at an alarming rate, but there is no luxury time to think about them or your friends in the bleachers. The hay bales seem to be much closer together, to almost merge. Driving the racecar ten laps is riveting and physically demanding. It's like playing a musical instrument while dancing—a wrong note or a wrong step can cost you. Whew!

Some people wonder if vintage racing is really authentic, i.e., like it used to be “back in the day.” Fair question. These honestly aren't the same cars. They have grip and a rev range the racers of the 50s couldn't dream of. How real is that? Vintage racing is what we have. Nothing is ever what it used to be, nor should it be necessarily. Remember too, gentle reader, safety science back then hadn't caught up with speed. We are miles ahead on that front.

Like Oliver Hazzard Perry's monument to the War of 1812, the massive concrete column is not the battle itself. It represents the battle. Vintage racing, in part, is a kinetic monument or, better yet, performance art providing a journey back in time.

And vintage racing is theater. As a journalist and racer, Denise McCluggage traded paint with and wrote about the best international drivers who came to America in the 50s and 60s. Today, South Bass Island is a stage and the events of these three days recreate the substance of drama. Organizers, like writers and playwrights, take shards of memory, reassemble them and give old cars new life. What McCluggage said is still true, “The players arrived, set up the props, improvised a grand entertainment before an appreciative audience and moved on. Sometimes the drama was greatest behind the scenes. Sometimes a supporting player took a star turn. Sometimes there were death scenes.”

How long will vintage racing last? That's up to all of us. Come to

Put-in-Bay at the end of August. The principals will be here. They build it yearly. You can be part of it. For the competition, I'd put my money on that smokin' hot, white Elva that seemed to eat everybody's lunch last year in the feature race. But don't count out the Porsches, Alfas and a yellow Lotus from Texas. *MM*



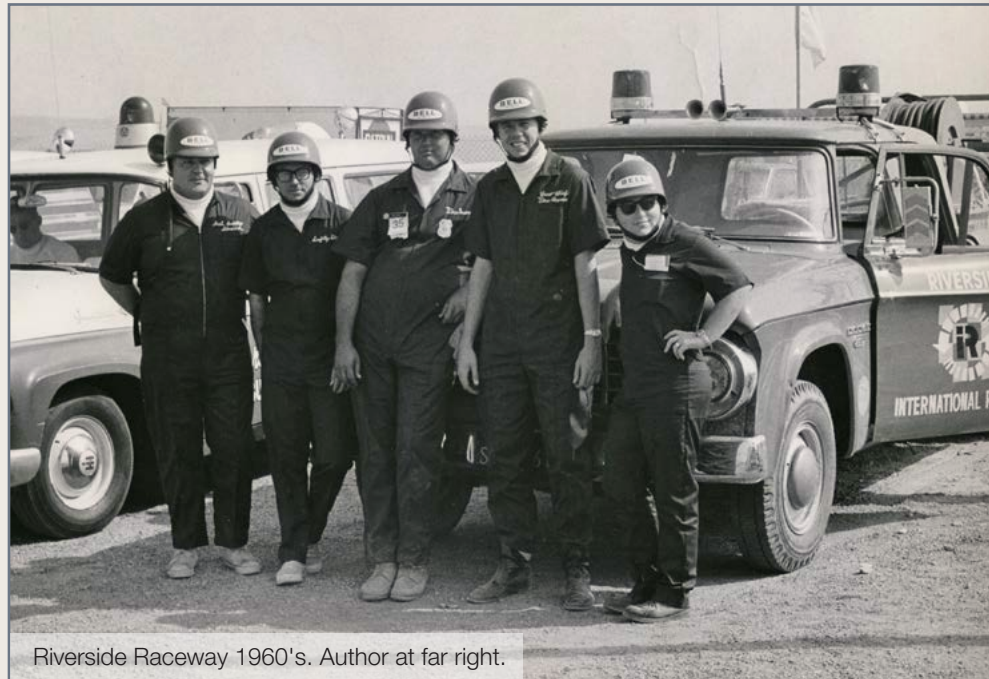
Near Miss...

By Donnel Schmit

It was back in the mid-1960s and I was out of funding to support both college and racing my 1961 TR4. I heard about and joined the fledgling fire and safety crew that Les Richter was forming out at Riverside International Raceway just to keep my hand in the game—and, if the truth be told, get free entrance to the events. Having recently finished a hitch in the U.S. Navy where I was a Hospital Corpsman, my emergency medical skills were my ticket onto the new team. It turned out to be a highlight of my young life as I mingled with many of my racecar heroes, and I have numerous stories as a result.

One incident I recall happened just north of Santa Barbara at the Goleta airport, a popular venue for SCCA racing in those days. Our emergency team was invited to attend the meet and provide coverage, giving us an opportunity to get some recognition and experience.

It was a hot day and our fire truck and ambulance were parked next to a building that offered some semblance of shade just off the entrance to the track apron with a clear shot between rows of hay bales. The Dodge Dealers Association of Southern California had sold this red heavy-duty four-door pickup to Riverside after it had been used as a maintenance vehicle in Utah



Riverside Raceway 1960's. Author at far right.

at the Bonneville Salt Flats. Someone had installed a pair of very loud horns and loud speakers that worked when you spoke into the hand held microphone attached to the CB radio.

An open practice session was underway when a track steward came running up to us frantically waving his arms and official clipboard. At the same time we acknowledged a dispatch alerting us to a multiple car accident, possible fire and rollover. With everyone on board and the lights flashing I rolled out only to be stopped from entering the racetrack by a disabled racecar with a pair of legs extending out from under the jacked up rig.

I blew the horn, maybe a little too steady, and my team leader in the passenger seat, accustomed to giving orders as Battalion Chief of a large metropolitan fire district, bellowed into the loud speakers with great authority!

Seconds later the prone figure was upright and jerking me out the diver's

door. His clenched fist grazed my chin before my gang of six volunteers leaped to my defense. The mayhem ended quickly and we attended to matters trackside. It was after everything cooled down that an apology was sent from the agitated driver, via a spokesman.

I will always remember the prone driver, Steve McQueen, not only for all the thrills, chills and memorable performances he accomplished on the big screen, but also for his huge talent behind the wheel or handlebars. Most of all I am grateful for his bad aim at my jaw, and for the memory I've carried with me for more than 50 years. *MM*

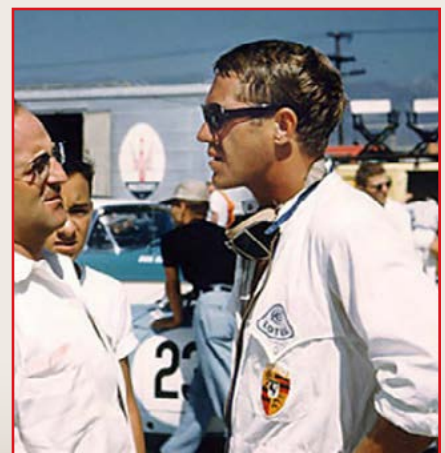


Photo from the Denise McCluggage collection.



THE SAFETY DANCE

Driving a British sports car in the 21st century

By Johnny Oversteer

When an Austin-Healey 100 and Triumph TR3 were new, they held a significant performance edge over family sedans such as the Chevrolet 210 and Ford Fairlane, with faster acceleration, better braking and nimbler handling. Today, however, even a Toyota Camry or Ford Explorer will not only out drag the fastest Healey, MG or Triumph by a frightening margin, but also provide superior braking performance and cornering power to go along with enhancements like antilock braking systems, electronic stability control and massive tire contact patches.

This performance disparity isn't particularly troubling—the sensation of speed in a classic British sportscar puts them in a class of their own—but the fact is that modern vehicles have become larger over the successive decades, rendering our classics even smaller by comparison than they ever were before. In 2008, the average passenger car weighed nearly 4,000 pounds—and this doesn't include trucks and sport utility vehicles.

On the one hand, our LBCs are noticed and much loved for their diminutive physique. On the other hand, we, like motorcyclists, have the size disadvantage and therefore have to be the best drivers on the road. When I was learning to drive back in 1985 behind the wheel of a TR4A, my father made certain to establish the fundamentals that mark a successful experience behind the wheel of a small sports car: assume that other drivers cannot see you, predict the movement of surrounding vehicles, and leave sufficient room to allow for evasive action should the need arise.

Of course, back in the 80s, there were fewer distractions around to avert a driver's awareness from the road with cellular telephones, texting, onboard navigation and modern entertainment systems not yet in the picture. With less attentive drivers piloting bigger vehicles on increasingly congested streets and

highways, what's a poor British sports car driver to do?

One option would be to drive our cars less often, but now more than ever, slipping into a snug cockpit and rowing through the gears provides a measure of satisfaction that is wholly absent from traveling in a modern automobile. In fact, the vintage driving experience seems even more enjoyable as our classics age into wonderful anachronisms that help us journey back in time. The real solution is to drive carefully. Since most everyone reading this article is already a skilled practitioner of the very defensive driving art, is there something more that can be done?

One of the simplest and most cost-effective solutions is to make our small cars more visible. Particularly for drivers of Big Healeys, Bugeye Sprites, any MG T-series model, MGAs, TR2s and TR3s and early Spitfires, the standard brake and running lamps are pitifully small (and located below the typical line of sight) to adequately attract the notice of casual drivers. It is little work to replace the old filament bulbs with modern LED substitutes that provide a tremendous improvement in brightness that can be better seen in daylight and

from a greater distance at night. A third high-mounted brake light is also a fine addition that should be considered by anyone that frequently drives in stop-and-go city traffic. Leaving your headlights on to serve as Daytime Running Lights costs nothing and can reduce the collision risk by as much as eight percent during normal daylight driving.

Having covered several hundred thousand-freeway miles in small British cars, one of my most visceral fears is having large semi-trucks merge into my lane without noticing my presence. For that reason, I minimize my time running next to anything that doesn't have a clear view of my car, but sometimes there is no choice but to have other cars and trucks traveling in close proximity to your LBC. Installing large air horns may seem like an obnoxious step to take, but they have saved my body panels several times over the years by warning errant drivers that there was a car in the space that they wanted to occupy. Again, it's a simple modification that does nothing to alter the original appearance of the car while adding an extra margin of safety that can prove decisive in a crucial moment. (Plus, it's





present in your thoughts, but keep in mind that any significant performance gains should be accompanied by similar improvements in the brakes and suspension.

Inside the cockpit, if you have not already done so, add seatbelts whether they are required or not. If a shoulder belt can be added with the appropriate geometry, consider installing them (although great thought must go into their installation as a poorly positioned shoulder belt is worse than not having one at all). Make sure your seats are securely fastened and that the floorpans have the requisite structural integrity to keep them positioned in the event of an accident. While every LBC should have a fire extinguisher in the cabin, ensure that it is properly mounted. The rear view mirror should be dampened well enough to allow it to be used at cruising speeds (some can vibrate harshly) and supplemented by a pair of well-positioned side view mirrors.

Whatever modifications you choose to make, remember that the best way to survive any accident is to avoid it in the first place. Driving with caution, care and consideration, perhaps with a healthy dose of paranoia mixed in, is the best way to pilot a car. It's also important to admit that every driver is fallible, including every one of us. Many times I have run out of talent on the track, rarely, have I run out of car. Appreciate the risks as well as the fun and adventure—and drive as if someone's life depends on it, because it does. In the words of Michael Conrad from Hill Street Blues, "let's be careful out there." *MM*

an ideal tool for making kids laugh and spouses blush beet-red.)

When signaling my intentions, I like to use both the trafficator or turn indicators and a hand signal to make perfectly clear to surrounding traffic that something is about to happen. In truth, most drivers aren't too familiar with hand signals, but the sheer novelty of another driver doing something with an extended arm seems to make them hesitate enough to allow safe passage into an adjacent lane or room to exit a traffic pattern.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONING

While no empirical evidence has yet been found to support the hoary axiom voiced by motorcyclists that 'loud pipes save lives,' my own experience on driving Big Healeys with side exhausts seems to suggest that a louder exhaust note tends to attract more notice from other drivers, though it may not have increased safety by any discernible margin. What is guaranteed, however, to improve matters from our perspective is to maintain our vehicles in the best condition possible. Keeping our engines in a proper state of tune with effective brakes and good steering provides the best chance to avoid an incident in the first place.

For the optimum driving experience in terms of both safety and exhilaration, consider upgrading the brakes, handling, steering and engine to bridge the performance gap between our classics and their modern counterparts. Braking improvements are likely to pay dividends across a variety of driving conditions and can include the addition of servo assistance, upgraded pads and linings, along with vented and slotted brake rotors. Modern suspension bushings are simple to install and will sharpen handling over stock components, with uprated springs and shock absorbers improving both ride quality and cornering ability. If possible, retrofitting a steering rack can make a considerable difference in both everyday and enthusiastic driving. Increasing horsepower is probably ever-



Facebook Chats

Over 20,000 people took part in a recent Facebook discussion on driving British sports cars under modern conditions. More than 100 comments were posted with thoughts and suggestions...

“ My TR250 was my daily driver for almost 20 years, it taught me how to drive defensively. No matter what size car you drive you have to always be aware of your surrounding and think like an infielder (know where you're going to throw the ball if it comes to you). And never drive next to big trucks, they just can't see you.”

- **Cindy B.**

“ I wired my headlights so they are on whenever the ignition is on. A simple and inexpensive modification, but I can tell that people can see me better, at least on-coming. I also added LED brake and turn signal rear lights and a module that makes my turn signals also work as brake lights, Not sure how much that helps in the day, but it really lights up the rear at night.”

- **Ron B.**

“ I was beside a new Mini at the traffic light in my Triumph GT6. Looking up at its door handle I pondered its enormity.”

- **Richard G.**

“ ...The phenomenon of the proliferation of big, lift-kitted diesel trucks in Oklahoma is very unnerving. They sit so high there is no way they can even see an LBC in their mirrors...Who started this insane trend and when did pickup trucks become only slightly smaller big rigs?”

- **Bill M.**

“ ...Dad had a freon-powered boat horn installed on his MG TC. The chrome horns on the side of the tub lent a nice touch.”

- **Phillippe T.**

“ I don't get as unnerved by the size of modern vehicles, but rather by their speed. A well-off 16-year-old can feasibly pilot a car that can go as fast as you care to go. Not that a little speed isn't invigorating but high performance vehicles used to be reserved for more skilled drivers.”

- **Benjamin C.**

“ I drive my B to work 20 miles on the freeway about once a week. I'm careful but not too concerned. Upgraded engine and brakes (thanks for the parts) helps. I also commute by bicycle pretty often along the coast highway in San Diego. In both cases, I find that by being consistent in my lane position and speed the drivers can better predict my actions and I feel safer. Hoping no one gets too careless, but of course I see that from time to time.”

- **Andy L.**

EVENTS

Show & Event Calendar

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



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

MossMotoring.com/AddYourEvent



Vintage Victor

For earning the most points with a pre-1960s vehicle in the 2015 Motoring Challenge, Scott and Nancy Gilbert won the Vintage Victor Award. This is their story.



My wife Nancy and I are privileged to be the current custodians of MGTD #16872, otherwise known as Sassy Cathy. She came to me from my cousin who got her from a gentleman who shipped her to Skagway, Alaska, and after touring a bit drove down the Al-Can highway back home. Shortly after Nancy and I were married in 1986, having taken several “dates” to GOFs up and down the Pacific Coast, we

heard of a New England MGT Register trip up the Al-Can to Alaska and of course had to participate. So Cathy has driven both ways on the Al-Can with a 35-year gap in between, she has a wandering spirit!

Last year’s Challenge started out with animated conversations as we plotted where all the destination requirements could be met. One early vow was that the destination of “Elevation Over 8,000 Feet” would not be a repeat of anywhere we had been, including the 12K of Independence Pass. Research on the web revealed that the highest paved road in North America was Mt. Evans outside Denver: Challenge accepted! So went our planning for a long summer trip,

aided in no small part by my getting furloughed by the company I had worked for 32 years and being able to roll right into retirement at the beginning of July.

We got a few shorter trips in during the spring to get the juices going, including finding Lincoln’s infamous Toe Truck. Our summer travels started from Seattle on July 2. We headed east to Montana to a family cabin in Glacier National Park. Our course was laid out to hit the 17 western states, three western provinces and see a number of National Parks such as Mt Rushmore, Grand Canyon, and Yosemite.

We left as scheduled but started having ignition problems. When we got to the cabin we decided to resolve the problems prior to heading off into the badlands and the summer heat. The question did arise as to whether being stranded in paradise qualified as being stuck.



Destination: “Fireworks Display” had to be postponed as all 4th of July shows were cancelled in Northern Montana given the extreme dryness. With shipments slowed by the holiday (UPS gave their folks the weekend off, which we applaud!) and the replacement distributor (Moss P/N 143-004) not immediately resolving the problems, we realized we wouldn’t complete the trip as planned.

I caught a train back to Seattle and got my truck and a trailer to get Cathy back to our garage where I could find the cure. As things always seem to go, the time on the train allowed for some unhurried diagnostic thinking and while home I picked up some parts which, upon my return to the cabin, fully cured the problem. Cathy didn’t like the new-fangled carbon plug wires I had used to connect to the new distributor cap and old coil.

We hit the road again Sept. 9, with a route thru Washington, Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota to the Rushmore area. While there we were looking at information on Mt. Evans, we ran across the comment that the road often closes right after Labor Day. Since it was already a week after and there was some cold and precipitation headed for the area, we cut short touring the Black Hills area and picked off the corners of Nebraska and Wyoming on the way to Cheyenne. The following day we passed through Denver and headed...UP! After Cathy started to sputter and complain at the upper road entry area, I did a bit of ignition retiming, removed the air



cleaner element, and dropped the carb needles down to lean the mixture. She proceeded to motor right on up to the top at 14,130-foot elevation, even managing to pass most of the hearty bicyclists on the way. Prime destination reached and a great big feeling of accomplishment on all our parts! The weather did close in a day or so later so our timing worked out just right.

We wandered around Colorado including the Poudre River canyon (destination Palindrome: Kinikinik), crossed the continental divide several times (seemed like as much time over 8K as under!), overnighted at Leadville on the way to St. Elmo (destination: Ghost Town) on the way out onto the plains at Lamar. The corners of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico added to our states total but convinced us that there was still enough heat out there to exceed our desires, so we headed west. Trinidad, Taos and Durango followed with a day of rest for Cathy while we celebrated my 65th birthday with a trip on the Durango-Silverton narrow-gauge steam train.

Mesa Verde National Park, Four Corners, Grand Canyon North Rim, and Zion Park led us to our one real technical difficulty of the trip—“someone” left the headlights on while we went hiking in Zion and upon our return at dusk we had a dead battery. The battery was old, like about 20 years or so, and never really recovered but since we had the starter crank we fired up and made our night’s destination

of St. George. We had hoped to make it to Death Valley, after getting to Las Vegas, to offset the highest road in North America with the lowest, but the heat of the Mojave Valley and the battery condition convinced us to head to Los Angeles. Nancy was flying home to Seattle for an appointment so with a little time in hand we had a leisurely day to get to Santa Monica (destination: Pacific Ocean) before I dropped her at the Burbank Airport and headed for the coast again.

The next morning I got to Goleta, took a photo at Moss Motors HQ and enjoyed the hospitality of the whole





staff there from Robert Goldman on down. I also delivered a bottle of emu oil we had brought along to David Stuursma so that he could research it's many culinary, medicinal and beauty applications. I also changed Cathy's oil and bought her a new battery, which perked her right up. The next two days were spent driving up the Pacific Coast Highway, much of the time in the company of a number of elderly German sports cars (almost as old as Cathy) who were headed for a gathering at Carmel. That is truly one of the greatest roads I have had the pleasure of driving! Nancy rejoined us in San Jose and we headed off to tour Yosemite National Park.

The rest of the trip came quickly, Sacramento (destination: final state

capital), a day visiting relatives in Redding, our 17th state (Oregon) and on to Yakima and Zilla, Washington (cities Y and Z). We stopped to visit our son at college in Ellensburg and had a great final approach to home thru Mt Rainier National Park. We got home October 2, after about 7,500 miles in 24 days on the road, having never put the top up. I unloaded Cathy and as I was backing her into the garage, it started to rain: somehow a fitting conclusion to the major part of our 2015 Challenge.

Traveling in Sassy Cathy has been a source of enjoyment for us since she came into our lives. Nancy has coined the phrase that we measure our trips in Smiles Per Mile. Whether it's enjoying the scenery, talking to the folks who either owned, knew of or lusted after

one of "those" cars in days past—or trying to come up with the right answer to the question "are you nuts?!!"—with Sassy Cathy, life is never boring. Our thanks to Moss Motors for running the Challenge. We and Sassy Cathy are well on our way with Challenge 2016: "The Race to the Finish." Here's hoping someone incorporates an "X" town on the Pacific Coast soon! *MM*



Writing Invitation

Looking Back: The Folly of Youth

With age comes common sense and responsibility. But thank goodness we still carry those memories of our youth, of times when perhaps good decisions took a back seat to good times. Let's keep those memories alive!

Keeping in mind this is a family magazine, we're looking for some spirited LBC stories from your immortal youth. If it helps, try starting your story with:

"Things sure were different back in the day..."

"My kids/grandkids won't believe this..."

"Oh the stories that car could tell..."

On this page, the story by Dave Mendenhall and photo of Roger Dowding inspired the idea for a writing invitation. In 1,000 words (or more, or less), show today's generation some of the things they've missed. Who knows, maybe they'll learn something.

Entries that get selected for this magazine will receive a \$200 Moss Gift Certificate. We realize it's not always possible, but it would be helpful if you include photos to go with your story.

Submit your story and photos at www.mossmotoring.com/looking-back

Less than Ideal Conditions

By Dave Mendenhall

I had been snow skiing with friends across the border in New Brunswick, Canada. It was 1968, I had Rossignals strapped to the ski rack of my 1963 TR4, and I had a 150-mile trip in a monster of a Northeaster snowstorm to get home in northern Maine. The next morning I was scheduled to work in the Emergency Room. I was in the Air Force and stationed in my hometown in Bangor at Dow A.F.B.

I had been watching an "iffy" snap on top of the passenger's side windshield for a few months. Crossing paths with a northbound eighteen-wheeler, his turbulence blew the canvas convertible top completely off. I knew what was happening as it happened. I reached up and grabbed for it with my right hand as it attempted to jettison out onto the snow-covered roadway.

I pulled into Irving's Truck Stop with the top flapping behind me and beelined it to the shelter of the gasoline pump canopy. My mind raced for a plan. I asked for weather reports as people looked at me with a fair amount of pity. I heard "big drifts," "heavy snow" and "strong winds."

I dug deep in the fully packed trunk for my tonneau cover, snapped it on and went inside for coffee. I had no choice but to keep going, and decided to suit up in my ski clothes, knit hat, insulated gloves and goggles. I phoned Mom and Dad and alerted them to clear a space in the garage.

This is how hard it was snowing: the safety officials were setting up convoys.

A huge plow with his dump box full of salt and sand was followed closely by a Maine State Trooper with emergency lights, then fifty vehicles and another trooper bringing up the rear. With the

wind and snow just as foul as you could imagine, those boys never saw me slip in with the top down.

I remember thinking, "This decision is questionable. Little baby Triumphs were not designed to attack a storm like this." The wipers were useless in the wet snow. Underway, I reached over the windshield with a snowbrush to clear my view. I was busy!

I was running a set of snow tires on the rear and two homemade sandbags over each rear wheel tucked in the boot. The Lucas head lamps did stay lit and functioned as well as a couple of two dollar flashlights.

I was behind an 18-wheeler and as the convoy stretched out I decided to put him behind me. I had zero visibility. He was blowing snow into a whiteout. I signaled with my lights that I was going to pass him. I flashed headlamps three times and put on the turn signal.

I pulled out to pass and was accelerating the four-cylinder power plant in absolute stupid scary conditions...when...he put his left turn signal on. He never saw me. I had to jam the brakes as those rear wheels on his trailer headed left to crush my bonnet! That was too close.

We pulled off at the next convoy hook up. I was pretty crusted up with snow when the trooper walked up to me. He had a sermon to deliver on what I had just done. I heard his tone soften during his chewing out as he looked my Triumph over. It purred at idle in that protection of the truck stop fuel canopy. Coffee break and we're off again. I asked the good officer if I might slide in behind him as tractor trailers weren't helping visibility.

The storm never abated and I was knackered when I slipped the TR4 into Dad's garage. It was one snap and some fancy tailor work from Mom and I was back on the road. I guess if there's a moral of the story it's this: Don't ever go drive an old classic roadster without a tonneau cover. You never know. *M.M.*



Photo of Roger Dowding at the 1980 Bardahl Hillclimb in New Zealand.



Premium Ignition Components

For those of us willing to pay a little more for a top quality product we can trust, it is good to know that there are some options. The Intermotor distributor caps have been meticulously finished and tested to assure positive contacts and fitment. Our premium ignition point sets have the original-style fiber washers, correct-diameter tungsten contacts, proper spring tension and accurate alignment. Built to original specification, our premium condensers feature a full 3 meters of winding, all soldered connections and the correct foot allowing the unit to seat securely into the baseplate to prevent vibration.

Distributor Caps by Intermotor

MG TC, TD, TF	153-000	\$22.99
MGA, MGB, Sprite/Midget	163-825	\$25.59

Contact Sets

MGTC, TD, TF	152-215	\$16.49
MGA, MGB, Sprite/Midget, TR2-4A, TR250-6	152-225	\$14.49

Condensers

MGTC, TD, TF	163-900	\$14.79
Austin Healey, MGA, MGB, Sprite/Midget, TR2-4A, TR250-6	154-001	\$14.89



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 "original British sports car sound," the Tourist Trophy Touring exhaust is in a class of its own. Designed as a high-end stock replacement, this system maintains both the resonator and muffler for a quiet ride.

It is built from a durable stainless steel with a highly polished finish will stay beautiful and solid for many years to come. Covered by a 5-year warranty.

The Tourist Trophy Exhaust features:

- 201 Stainless Steel construction used for the muffler shell, pipes & tips
- Muffler packing is a combination of stainless steel wool and fiberglass for a classic sports car sound that is throaty under acceleration but never intrusive while cruising
- Entire system is completely polished to a mirror shine
- Uses all the original hangers and supports
- 5-year warranty

1962-74 MGB	454-569	\$389.99
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Hylomar Sealants & Assembly Adhesives

Hylomar Limited manufactures a wide range of high-performance sealants and adhesives used by some of the leading OEMs in the world. Hylomar products are also widely used and respected in the automotive, aerospace and industrial aftermarkets.



Hylomar M was originally the Racing Formulation. It is acetone-based, stiffens slightly over time and can be used in place of a gasket between finely machined surfaces. This product comes in a tube and an aerosol.

Hylomar Advanced Formulation (AF) is solvent-free, won't harden and is perfect for use with gaskets on parts that need to be removed regularly for service. AF fills imperfections on mating surfaces, thus forming a seal.

Hylotyte RED is a semi-hardening gasket and jointing compound offering improved gap-filling capabilities. The product is resistant to a wide range of fluids, especially water (including salt water and steam), anti-freeze and synthetic oils. It forms an instant seal, has a heat-activated curing system and is methylene chloride free.

Hylomar Exhaust Assembly Paste (EAP5) seals joints in exhaust systems and lubricates joints during fitting.

Hylomar Cleaner removes used Hylomar gasket and jointing compound from disassembled joints. The unique mix of solvents also make it perfect for cleaning and degreasing surfaces prior to use with any of Hylomar's range of adhesives and sealants. It is also very effective at removing uncured anaerobic adhesives, uncured silicone and uncured epoxy products.

Hylomar M - 80ml Tube	232-220	\$18.99
Hylomar M - 200ml Aerosol	232-225	\$20.99
Hylomar AF - 85g Tube	232-215	\$23.99
Hylotyte RED - 80ml Tube	232-230	\$17.49
Hylomar EAP5 - 140g Tube	232-235	\$5.79
Hylomar Cleaner - 400ml Aerosol	232-240	\$10.99



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 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.



Your Mission:

should you choose to accept it...



Moving Target Destination
 Helicopter — 3 points!

Photo by Rod Smith

JOIN THE CHALLENGE!
www.mossmotors.com/motoringchallenge

At the website 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.