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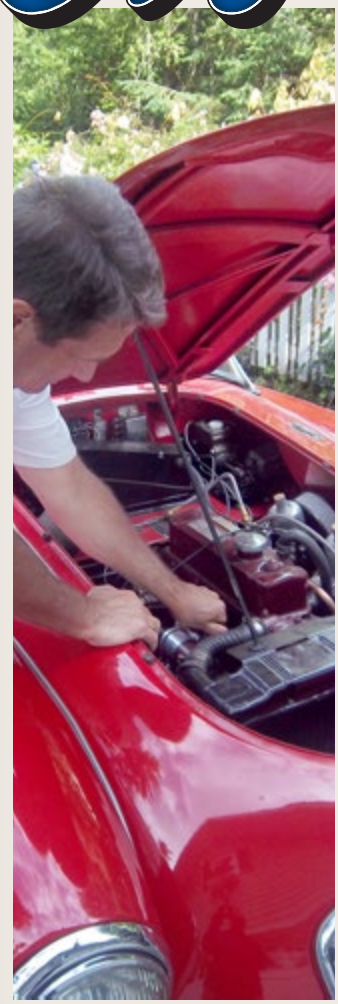

Moss Tech 101

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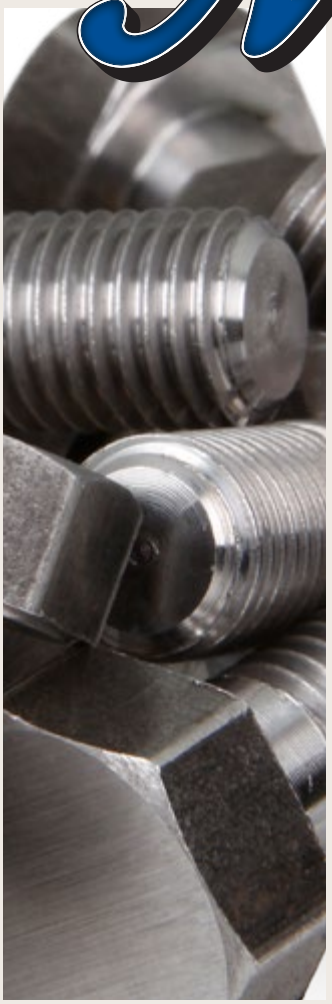

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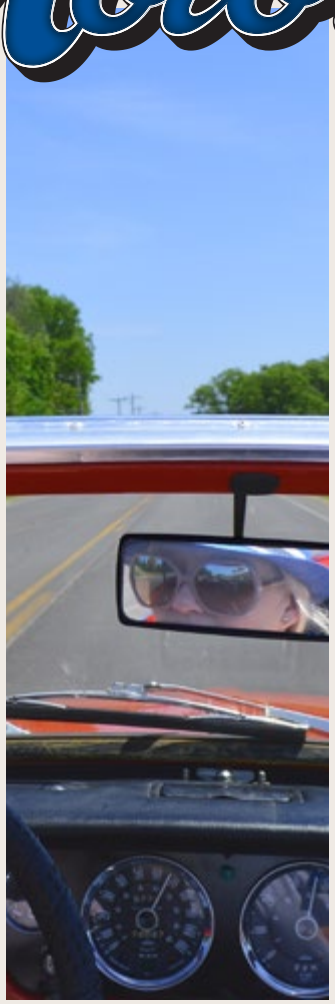

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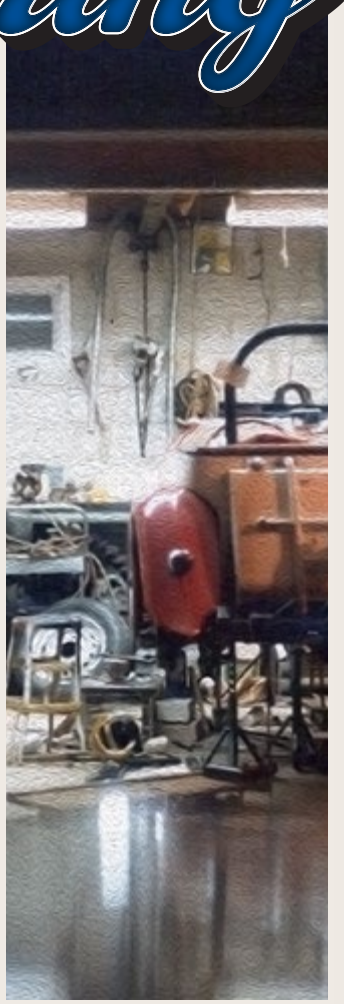

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Robert Goldman

How to Ruin a Car Show

It's easy. Just tell a proud owner you're putting their car in this class, when they want to be in that one. I've seen it happen before, and likely been responsible myself. After hosting the British Car Festival in California for five years, and now preparing for our second Motorfest next summer, we're still trying to figure out how to make everyone happy.

Popular vote shows are worse because at least in a concours, originality rules the roost. Motorfest is decidedly on the easier going side. And as a popular vote contest, the judges tend to look aside when proud owners are obviously buying votes. If you don't know how to buy a car show vote on a hot sunny day, go ask a thirsty friend.

As our man behind the curtain grapples with the controls, he and I have been circling the drain on what constitutes a modified car, and how to encourage owners to self identify. "Miata seats are ok, but not Miata motors..." "Custom grills are fine, but you can't change the shape of the hole..."

The only reason we're having this discussion is owing to the fact, like Nelson before me, I wear my Chairman's hat athwart ships. All ships of the line should be painted in a "Nelson checker." Deviation from tradition is viewed with great suspicion, and generally frowned upon. Okay, this from a man with a Toyota transmission, Wilwood brakes, and a homegrown supercharger on his TR4.

The real reason for creating a modified class is there comes a point where the cars are different enough they should not be judged together. An original MG Midget should never have to face off against a Clénet, just because the latter car is based on a Spridget cockpit (with apologies to all Clénet owners who were unaware of this fact).

Heading into 2017, we have decided there will be a Modified class. Of that I am sure. How well it will be received remains to be seen. But by the time you read this, the rules for Motorfest II will have been cast in spackle—a seemingly hard, but eminently brittle substance.

All right, there may be one rule still in flux. Those gosh darn MGB bumper conversions. Last time, while serving in the role of parking director, I managed to send at least one late MGB in among the chrome bumper cars. Was that the right thing to do, even if only accomplished by accident? Or, does he now fit our description of a modified car? I give up.

While the ballot counters are out back, burning me at the stake in effigy, I'll be on the show field giving a seminar on vote buying. I actually kinda did that once. It got me a first place prize for my ratty, smoking MG PB. The other prewar guy, in a far superior supercharged N-Type, probably hates me to this day. I sure hope the statute of popular vote limitations has run out by now. *MM*

Moss Tech 101 *with guest lecturer, Eric Glomstad*

MGA With A Bit of a Cough

My brother Cal has owned his 1959 MGA since High School. It was his first car in 1974 and he cherishes it now as he did then. He called me to say that his beloved had developed a cough upon acceleration and asked for a little advice and assistance.

My father introduced the family to British cars in the 60s. His first foray into the rewarding but sometimes frustrating intricacies of wool and leather came in the form of a Jaguar. A 1959 Mark II Jaguar 3.8 to be exact. Since then, the family has owned and maintained Triumphs, MGs, Jaguars, Austins, and the occasional oddball Rootes product.

The pleasure of working on a simple motorcar with basic tools always appealed to me, so I was eager to have a go at my brother's MGA. I packed a few simple diagnostic tools and headed out to his place, just a few minutes away.

The problem sounded like an electrical issue, so we began with a thorough check of all things Lucas, both primary and secondary circuits. The spark plugs were removed as was the distributor and coil.

The coil was tested with a digital multi-meter. The two leads of the multi-meter were attached to the coil, one lead to the center electrode and the other to one of the terminals. It doesn't matter which one you use for this test. The meter was set to ohms and the readout was within specs. The coil is a big transformer and it should read 8,000 to 12,000 ohms. There was no problem here.

The engine easily turned over by hand with the spark plugs out. By placing a thumb over the number 1 spark plug hole, I could feel the compression stroke in this cylinder. While my brother pulled the fan belt and rocked the crank, I peered into the hole to determine when the piston reached the top of its stroke. This was confirmed by putting a bamboo skewer into the spark plug hole and rocking the engine by hand, watching for the highest point of travel on the end of the skewer. If you try this procedure alone, you can use the bamboo skewer, put the car into second gear and rock the car to see the skewer rise and fall. I keep a supply of bamboo skewers in my tool kit. They are useful for a variety of diagnostic procedures and will bend long before they break. Furthermore, there is no danger of them breaking and falling into the engine.

Rising skewer confirms top of piston travel.

With the number one piston at Top Dead Center, we checked the timing marks and found that the engine was within range of the correct setting. Next, we put in a new set of points. Points are easily replaced with the distributor out of the car. We set the points to .015 using a valve adjuster gauge.

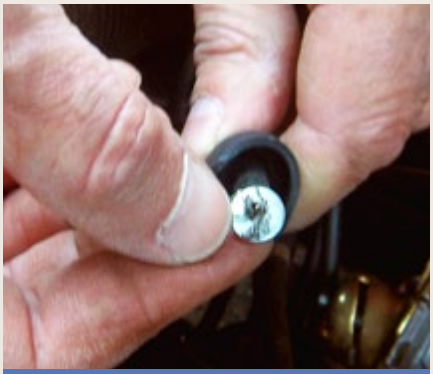
The distributor was reinserted into the engine. It can slide in one of two ways. To be sure that we had it in the right position, we checked that the rotor was pointed to the number one spark plug wire while the engine was set at TDC for the compression stroke of the first cylinder.

The plugs were cleaned, gapped and replaced. The plug wire ends were squeezed so as to make positive contact with the top of the spark plugs. The brass clips are typically soft and if not checked periodically, they become enlarged and will not make positive contact. The coil wire from the center electrode of the distributor cap was missing its copper washer at the coil end. A new washer was placed over the emerging wires and the wires were spread to hold the washer in place.

The coil electrode was pushed into the coil and the boot was secured with black electrical tape to prevent it from backing out under vibration.

Brass contacts on plug wires are squeezed for a tight fit.

There was a weak wire connection at the coil + terminal. This connector was replaced and the wire was re-attached to the coil. With everything back in place the car started instantly and idled smoothly.



A new washer was fitted to the coil end of the distributor to coil wire.

After a period of warming up, the air cleaners were removed and each carburetor was tested for mixture; this is done by raising each piston needle assembly slightly, one at a time, and listening to the engine rpm. I used my bamboo skewer to reach into the throat of each carburetor to accomplish the task. If correct, the engine should increase rpm slightly as the piston needle assembly is raised, then fall off to normal idle. I found that both carburetors were much too lean. How did I know this?

A lean carburetor will stumble and die at this test, while a rich carburetor will "race" at high rpm. We stopped the engine and removed both dashpots to check the needle seats and jet orifices.

Skewer is used to keep finger out of air-horn for mixture adjustment test.

Both needles were set properly, at their shoulders, and the jets were centered. The piston assemblies were reinserted and both raised and fell easily with a satisfactory "click." The dashpots were replaced and oil was added to each. This procedure is necessary, for a needle that is set too high or too low on the piston will change the mixture properties throughout the rpm range. Likewise, a jet that is not centered inside the carburetor base will produce erratic rpm. The piston should rise easily and smoothly when lifted. It should fall quickly and "click" when it reached the end of its travel. A bent needle will "hang-up" at this test and the piston will not fall smoothly.

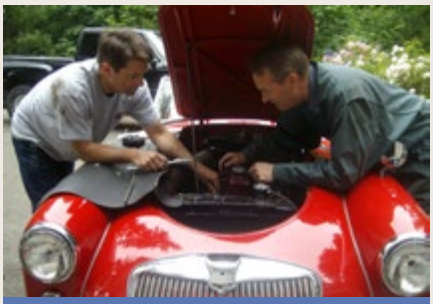
At the base of each carburetor is a large brass nut, which turns against a coiled spring. Turning this nut away (down) from the carburetor will "richen" the mixture and turning it toward (up) the carburetor will lean out the mixture. I made several turns to each brass nut, away from the carburetor, counting the "flats" of the nut as each adjustment was made. This richened the mixture.

Fuel mixture nut (bottom of carb) is adjusted by hand, one flat at a time... up=leans, down=enriches.

The car was started and idled smoothly. It had good power throughout its rpm. After a period of warming up, the mixture test was repeated for each carburetor and passed beautifully. The carburetors were tested for synchronization by inserting a small diameter rubber hose into the air passage of each carburetor and listening at the other end for the "pitch" of the hiss.

Since both "hissed" at the same pitch I knew that they were open to the same level, thereby "sucking" air equally at idle.

Finally, we went for a ride. This is the best way to test for power and timing. The car pulled smoothly up a nearby hill with no "pinging" or sluggishness. We were right on the timing!



Brothers working together solved the problem!

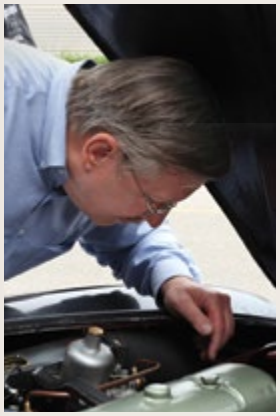
All told, it was a good day. The "cough" had disappeared and the MGA was breathing with a healthy roar! *MM*

Write for MOSS 101

Share your tech knowledge and help gearheads-in-training gain the confidence to work on their cars.

Send your written lessons/stories to ***editor@mossmotors.com*** and please include helpful photos as well.

Whitwhat?

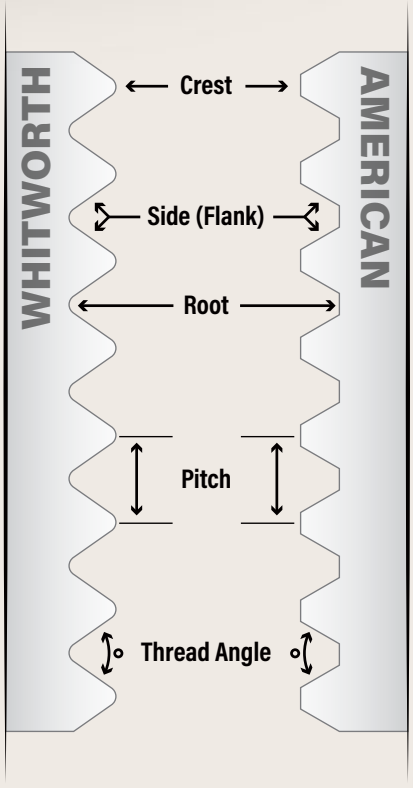


By Michael Grant,
Moss Motors Product Information Specialist
(a.k.a., Minister of Information)

A good many of the cars we deal with don't use nuts and bolts that can be purchased from the corner hardware store. Much maligned and misunderstood, Whitworth hardware used on older British cars has quite an interesting history.

Threaded fasteners go back a long way. In 1568, the first practical screw cutting machine was invented by a French mathematician named Jacques Besson. After that, things took off...after a fashion. By 1611 the idea had caught on in England well enough for it to be mentioned in a book, the significant point being that the companion piece to any screw—the nut—was mentioned as well. While the concept was basically sound, in practice there were a few bugs to be worked out. In the 1600s putting something together was a real chore. Once you found a bolt you liked, you had to find a nut, and that was a matter of chance since nobody was making consistent threads. Once you found a nut that fit (well, sort of) the nut and bolt were tied together with string.

This happy chaos continued until well into the industrial revolution, when Henry Maudslay perfected a lathe that could cut a consistent thread pitch into the shaft of a screw. This made it possible to make large numbers of identical screws. Making threaded fasteners on a lathe is time consuming, and therefore expensive. In 1850 a man from New York named William Ward perfected a system for forming the threads on a bolt by heating it to 1600 degrees Fahrenheit, and then rolling it between two grooved dies. The grooves on the flat dies were forced into the bolt, and the threads were formed as the bolt rolled between the fixed and the moving die. This same basic system is used today, the only difference being that the bolts are not heated before being rolled. "Cold" forming produces much more uniform threads, allowing closer tolerances, and because the bolts are not heated, they are stronger.



The man responsible for the development of the first standards for the production of threaded fasteners is none other than Joseph Whitworth. In 1841, his paper "A Uniform System of Screw Threads" set forth a concept that was to revolutionize manufacturing:

1) Each diameter of bolt or screw will have its own number of threads-per-inch (TPI), or pitch.

2) The angle between the side of one thread and the adjacent thread should be 55 degrees.

3) Both the crest and root of each thread should be rounded with equal radius (r).

4) The relationship of the pitch to the radius of the rounded portion of the thread is defined by a ratio of 1/6th; in other words, the radius r = (1/6) x (pitch).

Finally there was a system that would allow the fasteners used on one type of machine to be replaced with another "standard" fastener. The logic was hard to beat, and England adopted the system to the extent that by 1881 it was the effectively the "British Standard."

The Whitworth System was used as proposed for bolts and screws from ⅛" to 4 ¼" in shank diameter up to 1908, when an additional thread form was proposed—British Standard Fine (BSF). Presented by the British Engineering Standards Association, BSF was identical to the original Whitworth form except that the pitch was finer—meaning more threads-per-inch. Now, a bolt with a diameter ¼ inch could have either 20 threads-per-inch (BSW) or 26 threads-per-inch (BSF). The advantage of the finer thread pitch is twofold. A fine thread bolt is about 10% stronger than a coarse thread bolt of the same size and material. Fine threaded fasteners also have greater resistance to vibration. Those of you who have worked on cars with Whitworth hardware will have noticed that almost all the hardware is BSF for these reasons. Why use any coarse threaded bolts at all? Coarse thread fasteners are well suited for use in tapped holes in material softer than the bolt (such as studs in aluminum cylinder heads), and they are easier to assemble. It's almost impossible to cross thread a coarse threaded fastener by hand.

For sizes smaller than ⅛", the British adopted a Swiss Standard thread form for small screws and renamed it British Association (BA) thread. This thread form was adopted in 1903. Like the Whitworth form, it has rounded crests and roots, but the angle between adjacent faces of the screw's threads is 47 ½ degrees. Instead of being sized by fractions of an inch, they are numbered 0BA, 1BA, 2BA and so on up to 22BA. In the BA system the larger the number, the smaller the screw. Other than that the system is analogous to our machine screw system, where numbers are used (#6, #8, #10 and so on).

A question often asked is why didn't the US adopt the Whitworth System? As it turns out, we did. By 1860, most of Europe and the US were using the system. In 1864, however, William Sellers was instrumental in persuading the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia to set up a committee whose prime goal would be to set up national (meaning American) standards. Sellers, who made machine tools, was dissatisfied with the Whitworth System on several points; the 55-degree angle was hard to gauge and the rounded threads caused an uncertain fit between the nut and bolt. He also argued that the Whitworth threads were weaker than a system he proposed where the angle between the opposing faces was 60 degrees (not Whitworth's 55), and the crests and roots were flattened. The Franklin Institute adopted Seller's system, and by 1900 it was in use throughout the US and much of Europe. The American system had both fine and coarse threads called, logically enough, American National Fine (ANF) and American National Coarse (ANC).

The Whitworth system is further complicated by its tool size designations. American tools (and European) are sized by the head of the bolt or the size of the nut. An American ½" wrench fits a nut or bolt with a head 0.500" across the flats. A Whitworth wrench is sized according to the diameter of the shank of the bolt, not the head. A ¼ W (Whitworth) wrench fits a bolt with a shank ¼" in diameter. The jaws of this ¼ W wrench will fit a bolt head or nut 0.525", which is a bit larger than a ½" American wrench. As if that wasn't enough, in 1924 the British decided that the heads of the Whitworth bolts were too large, so they were downsized without changing the diameter of the shank.

The "new specification" bolts had heads that were one standard size smaller so that the old tools could still be used—otherwise the literally millions of tools in use would be rendered obsolete. The jaws of a ¼ W wrench are 0.525" wide, and will fit pre-1924 bolts with a ¼" diameter shank. The same wrench will also fit the head of a post-1924 BS standard bolt with a 5⁄16" diameter shank. To enable the tools to be selected easily, they are marked with both sizes. The ¼" W wrench described above will be stamped "¼ W"and "5⁄16 BS", the BS in this case standing for "bolt size."

A thread gage can make short work of a bucket of stray bolts.

The Whitworth, BS and BA wrenches are unique—there are no American counterparts. Use of the closest American wrench will often result in the rounding off of the corners of British nuts or bolts, with intense frustration leading to the use of pliers or the ever-popular Vice Grips.

The Whitworth System, with its associated BS thread system, was in use by British automobile manufactures until 1948, when Canada, the US, and the United Kingdom adopted a Unified Thread System which incorporated features of Seller's and Whitworth's systems. Actually, the push to standardize an international thread system was initiated during the First World War. Both America and England shared much of the same machinery and equipment, making interchangeable parts essential. The issue was the subject of various international conferences from 1918 to 1948, with the Second World War playing the role of catalyst for the adoption of the Unified System. The Unified System was adopted by the British automobile industry on a large scale in 1956, when most of the common fasteners on the cars built that year were of the Unified Thread System. The fact that the major market for these cars was in the US was no doubt a major factor in the decision. The Unified System is basically the same as the American system in use—the two thread systems were American National Coarse (ANC) and American National Fine (ANF). They became the Unified coarse and fine. The change was not mandatory and some British manufacturers (notably SU and Lucas) did not make the switch to the Unified System, and used Whitworth based hardware, mostly small British Association (BA) fasteners until they ceased production.

The Unified System was not destined to last. Having seen that everyone could change over from one system to another, the International Standards Organization launched a campaign to replace the Unified system with a version of the metric system which originated in Europe. It has been slow going. Since 1966 there has only been a partial changeover to the ISO metric system in the American and British automotive industries.

The Whitworth system should not be viewed as a stumbling block invented by the English to keep us from putting their cars back together again once we've managed to take them apart. I don't believe it has anything to do with our minor disagreement back in 1776 either. The Whitworth system made it possible to manufacture complex machinery on a large scale, and it made it possible to work on that machinery without having a team employed full-time keeping track of the different nuts and bolts. Each system takes some special wrenches and sockets, and you might have to think for a minute or two about which wrench to use, but heck, if it were easy, anybody could work on these cars. *MM*

The Best Laid Plans

By Matt & Reese Krajniak

I first met Reese after a drive she was on with the Chicago Mini Motoring Club, which probably should have clued me in that we were meant to be. We hit it off from the start and never had cause to look back. I proposed in August of 2013, and we had a courthouse marriage that December. With the legal marriage in the books, we saved up for the "real" wedding. Why would we involve Elvis and bright lights for the one that only counted on a tax form?

It was Reese who first floated the idea: "What if...we went back to Las Vegas for the wedding...and we took the TR6 when it's finished?" I searched for any part of the idea that I didn't like. Vegas wedding, Triumph driving through the mountains—yes, please! The TR6 would take some work, but I didn't see how I couldn't finish the car over the next few months.

Our date was set for October 3, 2015. We had deadlines and budgets to follow. I enlisted the helping hands from several members of the wonderful Illinois Sports Owner Association. In time, appropriate welding was done on the chassis, the body moved to a professional for paint, and LOTS of parts were ordered.

What is it they say about the best laid plans? We hit a snag.

"I just got off the phone with the painter," I said to Reese with a grim expression. "There is a lot left to do on the car. Probably not enough time to put everything together without screwing it up somehow." I was caught in a whirlwind of thoughts of how I could speed things up. We had come too far!

Then Reese said, "So plan B then? It's a better looking car anyway."

The Little Red Car

In August I bought a 1964 Triumph Spitfire 4 from the family of a former club member. He had a reputation for his restoration work. Unfortunately, this one had sat in a garage for the last 20 years. The fuel was sludge, the engine turned but would not run, and two of the brakes were rusted solid. We had a tiny window to take an even smaller car with less power from Chicago to Vegas and beyond.

While wrought with problems, when viewed from above, all of them seemed easily fixable with either some time or money. The tires were so old they did not use the current system of date stamps—new tubes and tires! The carburetor needles looked as if they had been on the Titanic—rebuild the twin

SUs with new needles and jets! Only half of the gauges worked—replace the speedo cable and the crusty float in the gas tank! With all new fluids, a from-scratch tune up that started with setting rocker clearances and static timing, the Spitfire was road ready and getting tested regularly.

It was about this time that I suggested joining in on the Moss Motoring Challenge so we would have something to occupy ourselves while on the road. Reese's reaction? "How is this the first I'm hearing of it?!!" I fell for a competitive woman, what can I say?

All Roads Lead to Vegas

We headed west and stopped near Omaha for some sleep after about ten hours on the road. On day two we plowed through the remainder of Nebraska, and headed south into Kansas on the "scenic" US 83. (By the way, we used a GPS only to check travel times, with all of our route planning done with good old-fashioned maps.) At US 40 we veered west heading towards Colorado Springs where we stayed the night. We had driven for over 20 hours with no need to stop for anything more than checking the oil, which remained very nearly full for the trip. Miraculously, our backs weren't sore—the seats were quite comfortable for being 51-years old. I will admit, however, that after packing a large suitcase on the luggage rack, a propane grill, folding chair, tools, spare parts, cooler, tent, air mattress, pillows, blankets, camera case, various maps, and other small items, it made packing the car every morning take some time. It was also difficult to find things. I now have a spare feeler gauge and extra cooking utensils that I bought rather than continue digging.

There is nothing quite like waking up in your hotel to find that the view has changed overnight from flat terrain filled with corn and beans to a new landscape dominated by mountains and deep blue sky. The driving was long, but the stress was gone, as we knew we were creating lifelong memories. The scenery with the top down confirmed that the decision to drive a classic Triumph was indeed a wise one.

The road took us across Colorado via Hwy 115 to US 50—"The Loneliest Road," according to our road trip travel book. The car was running well, but seemed to be a bit down on power. It wasn't faring too well when in traffic or coming to a stop either. Then it hit me—we had been climbing much of this time. Unlike modern cars, these old LBCs can't self-adjust for ambient air pressure, and so the Spitfire was running rich. A quick adjustment under the hood and the RPMs at idle shot up. The engine could breathe, and she was eagerly calling to get back on the road! We reached elevations of over 11,000 ft at Monarch Pass.

If I had the trip to do over again, I'd avoid night driving through the mountains. However, we were on a time crunch—it's considered impolite to arrive at your wedding several days late with 40 guests waiting on you. Our route bounced around the Arizona and Utah border as we made our way towards Vegas.

In lieu of a banquet hall, we rented an enormous room (with an air hockey table) and opted for an in-suite reception following a ceremony in the chapel where Elvis was married. It was a perfect night we will remember for the rest of our lives. We even had a visit from the king of rock and roll himself! Reese's parents arranged to have Elvis stop by for a private concert after his show at Planet Hollywood. I'd include more about the wedding details, but what happens in Vegas is supposed to stay there, so on to the west coast!

Honeymoon Road Trip

We drove south through the Mojave National Preserve and stayed in Joshua Tree for the night. Next stop: Oceanside. The view from our campsite at Carlsbad State Beach couldn't be beat. Unzipping the tent door and stepping outside put us directly in front of the Pacific Ocean. Nearly two years after the first wedding and we finally could start enjoying our honeymoon!

We visited the Moss Motors facility in Goleta just before it closed, and we were even offered a brief tour of the warehouse. I have now seen Santa's workshop, and my wife feels better knowing that our basement doesn't have that many parts stored in it by comparison.

The next day, we enjoyed gorgeous scenery while driving along the coast—particularly Highway 1 through Big Sur. There were endless curves jutting out toward the ocean and back again. The road took us to Napa Valley where several bottles of wine managed to find their way into the back of the Spitfire. When you're not rushed, you can truly start to appreciate how these cars can transport you to a different world.

The roads toward home opened our eyes to wonders of natural beauty. Craters of the Moon National Preserve, Yellowstone, Grand Teton National Park—if only we had months of time to explore all of these places. At Badlands National Park we saw a man wearing all black, round sunglasses, with long hair and a silk scarf. His accent was British, if slightly slurred, and we weren't the only ones to notice. "Is that Ozzy Osbourne?" It was! We were able to meet Ozzy in person and he congratulated us on our recent marriage and obliged us with a photo. I later would ask how many Moss Motoring Challenge points I'd have gotten if I could have gotten Ozzy to hold up the points guide or endorse it on camera, and was told, "However many he wanted. We wouldn't argue with a rock legend."

In the spirit of having had a wedding in Las Vegas, my friends and family had started a pool—gambling that we would certainly break down in the several thousand miles of driving on the way home. Even if we had, this trip was enough to teach us a couple things. First, the less-obvious ways to travel have value that many will never know. Second, we learned that our marriage is a good one. Certainly we'd be divorced by now after three weeks in a cramped car if it wasn't! I don't know if we'll take the Spitfire on another cross-country trip any time soon, but we'll remember this adventure for the rest of our lives. Now, to finish that TR6 for the Triumph convention in Texas coming up... *MM*

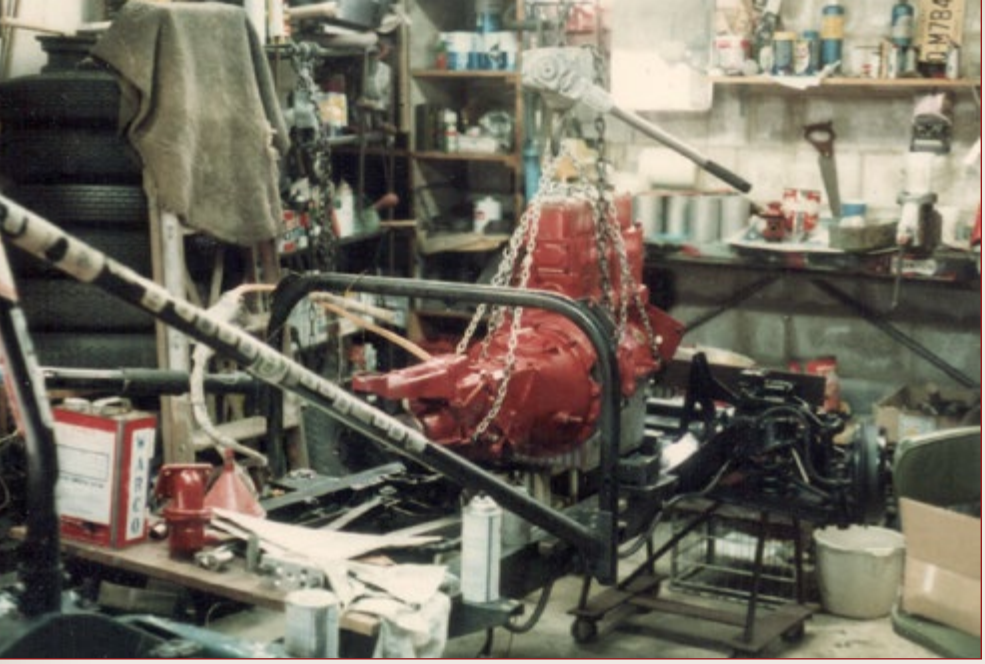
Bless this Mess

By Greg Prehodka

I caught the disease in 1967 when I purchased a '66 Sunbeam Alpine. Since then whenever anyone offered me their extra or unwanted car parts, I couldn't refuse them. You never know when you or a friend might need that extra starter, carburetor, transmission or—you name it, I had it.

I'm also addicted to tools and have accumulated way too many over the years, more than I would ever need. I've purchased specialty tools "just in case" I might need them someday—that I've never used! Why oh why did I save all those old used nuts and bolts, valves, miscellaneous electrical components, suspension parts? Boxes of them! If I had space, I filled it. In my house, garage, yard, and even in my mother-in-law's garage. It became TOO MUCH—an anchor on my life!

As the years crept up on me, project cars were not even getting started. At some point I made up my mind; I wanted to spend more time driving my MGs, going to car events, and helping run car clubs, instead of dealing with my



accumulation. And the thought of ever having to move to another home with all my stuff just plain scared me. So I started purging.

The first step, and the hardest, was to identify what could go and what I really wanted to keep. I'd repeat this process many times as I kept trimming down further. It's a lot easier to get stuff than to get rid of it! First I evaluated the big items. Too many of my project cars were never going to happen. I sold my '58 Turner, two Sprites, a Datsun 240-Z (which I owned since new), and a basket case MGTD—all for whatever I could get. This freed up some room for me to move around in my garage and it put a few bucks back in my wallet. Today I'm down to just my MGTD vintage racer, and a street MGB—both in running order (most of the time).

At our MG Car Club monthly meetings, we have a "Green Table." Members can put anything on it they are willing to give away for free. Do try this at your local club! The unpredictable variety of items that show up on this table always make for interesting conversations. Others are happy to get my items, and they became part of their stash now—not mine! Extra tools, car parts, hardware, memorabilia, posters, car magazines, etc. Why have I been saving all those car magazines since the 1960s? Boxes and boxes of them!

I've given items to friends who could use them. I've also gone to British car events with my van loaded up with what I thought I could sell at bargain prices, and then spent the next day putting most of it back to where it came from. I'd be lucky to make enough money to cover my expenses, but at least it provided a fun day of chatting with others.

I have welding equipment and can do metal working, so I've accumulated a lot of various steel pieces over the years just in case I ever wanted to build something. Well, that rarely happened. Last year, I took over 2,000 pounds of it to the scrap yard.

I also want to get down to just one complete set of tools—well maybe two sets of certain ones. I have so many duplicates and triplicates and more. The challenge is to figure out just what I have, sort them, and decide which to keep.

What amazes me is that I found some stuff that I don't know where it came from—or why I have it. Why did I have an 850cc BMC A-series engine? I had no use for it! As I reflect on this, I wonder what would happen to it all if I kicked the bucket today? It is very likely my wife (who is NOT a car person) could not be bothered dealing with it and she would just pay someone to haul it away—or trash it. So, for those things "not that dear to me," I'd like them to go to people who would appreciate them or could use them.

I've had my MGTD since 1967 and have been vintage racing it since 1977. It will stay with me to my end, and then it will become my daughter Rachel's, as she also vintage races it now. It has become part of me. But most everything else is open for re-evaluation.

Think about it, maybe it is time to let go of some of your stuff, too, while you are still in control of its destiny. What I will hold on to dearly are the many British car "memories of my lifetime." I've lost count of all the cars of my life's journey. But even now, as I place parts and projects in the hands of others, the adventures live on. *MM*

The Longest Drive

By Steve McCarthy

My buddy Bill and I were in our twenties. For a couple of years, we'd made the trek from Pasadena to Laguna Seca for the Annual Bruce and Denny Show, aka, the CanAm races. Screaming, ground-pounding, unlimited prototype "sports cars." You remember those? If not, ask your father. Or grandfather.

Anyway, Bill and I had an idea that resonated with our youthful, idiot minds. We thought we'd organize a rallye. (Oh yes, we True Aficionados spelled it that way. Why? We can't remember.) With the entry fees we'd surely get, the profits would essentially get us free tickets to the upcoming CanAm race.

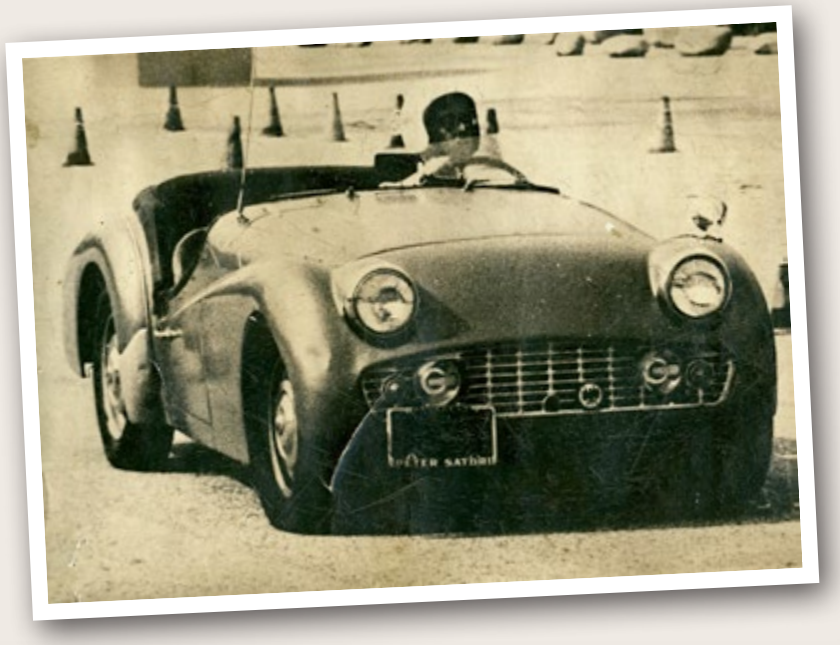
We needed a route. *Road & Track* magazine had done an article on California's best back roads, and we'd gone exploring them, figuring to use them on the Rallye. Roads like Foxen Canyon, Stagecoach Road, Painted Cave, and of course, Hwy 1. We could easily string them all together and, Bob's your uncle, a route.

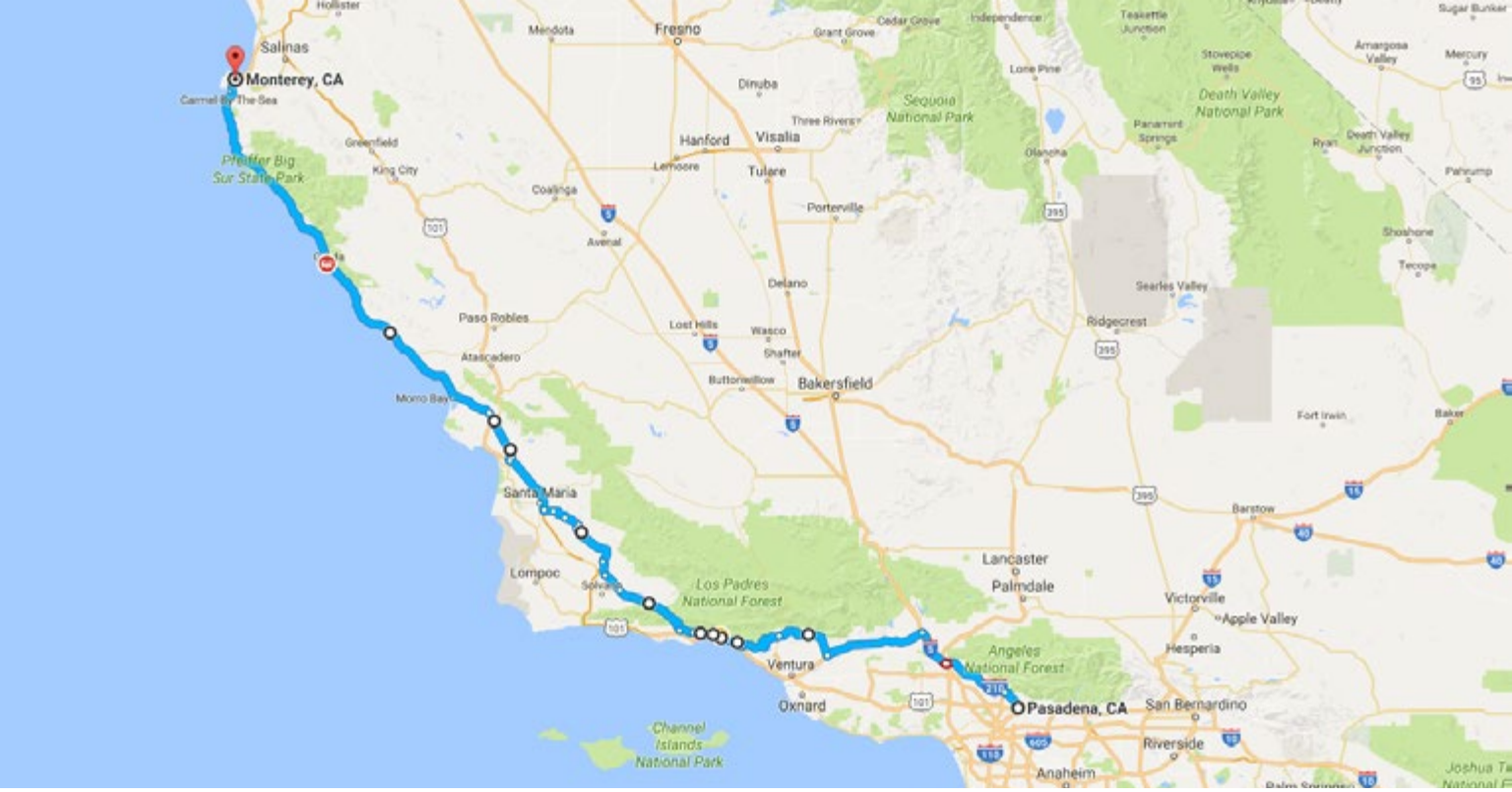
We'd also decided this would be no wimpy Poker Run or Gimmick Rally. Not even a Navigational Rally. We were going whole hog. From what little we knew, we were going to do a Monte Carlo. So, no "turn right first op after the third telephone pole," no "maintain an average speed of 22.47 mph for 16.8 miles." No chance. This was to be: Set a minimum time from Checkpoint A to Checkpoint B, penalties only for late arrival. OK, yeah, it was borderline street racing, encouraging driving as fast as possible over twisty back roads. What can I say? It was a different time.

WRITING ON THE WALL

All we needed to do was set the actual route instructions. I think we started things at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena and, armed with a note pad, map, and stopwatch, off we went in Bill's trusty Spitfire since his car was running and my TR3 was not.

Up over Big Tujunga Canyon, across Hwy 126 (back then it was a two lane agricultural road), up to Ojai on 150, across the top of Santa Barbara





on 192, up over the San Marcos Pass, lunch at Cold Springs Tavern (back then it had burgers, chili, and beer, not the yuppie biker food it now serves), back to 154, Foxen Canyon, and a few other roads to Atascadero, then over the ridge on 46 (which was also only two lanes then), down Santa Rosa Creek and then up Highway One to Monterey.

Now, you have to remember, back in the early 70s, there were no wineries, no foodies, and the cops didn't patrol most of this. Heck, after dark, the CHP abandoned Highway One. We dutifully took notes, writing down mileages and times using the car's questionable odometer and a fold out AAA map of California.

We determined where each checkpoint would be and spray painted a line on the road. (Some ten years later, my new bride and I were driving Foxen Canyon road on our honeymoon, and damn if the line for the check point wasn't still there!) Finally, 525 miles later, tired and worn out, we got to Monterey.

Our plan, poor struggling college students—trying to keep our 2S draft deferments—that we were, was to toss our sleeping bags on the ground at the side of the road somewhere. Again, a different era. Trouble was, it was dark, foggy and cold.

After considering a couple spots, we decided to drive home. This is where the foolish indestructibility of youth comes to the fore. *In Spades*.

We weren't completely stupid, we headed over to Highway 101, more or less a freeway for the drive back. Heck, we even put the top up. We'd change drivers every couple of hours. Near Gaviota, as we raced along the coast, it started to get foggy. Really foggy. So, we backtracked to the 126, taking the inland route. We were being Smart. Sorta.

We rolled through Fillmore at 4:00 am, minding our own business, Bill behind the wheel, and we spotted a cop. Probably (and thankfully) the only one we'd seen all day. No, we weren't doing the speed limit through town, and Bill guiltily slowed down. A lot. I couldn't see if the cop spotted us

or cared, but Bill decided that taking Hwy 23 up and over to Simi Valley would be smart, thinking that if the cop was interested, he'd figure we were staying on the main road. Now here's where it gets a bit crazy.

The fog had drifted up the Santa Clara River from the coast. To cross it, there was this long steel girder bridge. We hit the bridge and in our sleep-deprived brains, between the fog and the dwindling perspective and the headlights, it looked like a green wall, something along the lines of Fenway Park. And we were driving *through* it! Bill stopped about halfway across. We looked at each other, shook our heads and laughed. Just too weird.

Past the bridge, the road gets twisty and as we headed up the hill, I spotted a set of headlights behind us coming on fast. So did Bill. By the spacing, we knew it was some kind of American car. Bill, ever the competitor and disdainer of US Iron, dropped it down a gear and took off. We began to pull out some and the guy behind us turned it up a notch. Bill said, "Watch this," floored it, and that's when the red lights went on. Of course, it was the cop. We pulled over. The cop gave us a dressing down and a "damn, that little car really goes!"

Whew. Well, sorta. Yasee, the Spitfire had a dodgy return spring on the starter. Bill turned the key and all it did was whirr.

If you've had an English car, you know the fix: a sharp rap with the knockoff hammer to the starter. That meant, with the cops still parked behind us, Bill got out of the car with a hammer in his hand. No, he didn't get shot. Different times. Car fixed, we headed home. He dropped me off as the sun was coming up. But that didn't end the story. Next day, Bill didn't show for work. I called his place and his mom answered. "Bill is in the hospital, an emergency appendectomy."

After all that, the rallye did indeed happen. Best of all, we had enough entries to pay for our race tickets. We did spend the night in Bill's mom's '68 Buick (needed to haul check point signs and traffic cones) because motel rooms were still too expensive. The bad part? We had every weather imaginable, from fog in Pasadena at the start to beautiful blue skies before we got to Santa Barbara. Then, north of Gaviota, things got ugly. It poured rain. Hardest any of us could remember, followed by hail. At the top of the hill, crossing over from Atascadero to Cambria, snow fell! It made Santa Rosa Creek road a nightmare. At the last checkpoint, every team had one question. "Where did you find that road?" *MM*

Follow along with Steve and his adventures with the Blue Meany TR3 at www.roadtrippin-thebook.blogspot.com

EVENTS

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Chicago ~~or~~ and BUST

By Kerry "Danger" Fores

I would have been in a tight spot had a speaker not just been stolen from my 1968 Triumph GT6. That fortunate theft is why on this day in 1986 I had one tool in my car, rather than none. But as I looked down on a squalid Chicago neighborhood from the debris-strewn shoulder of Interstate 90—a five-lane wide tract held high above disheveled homes by graffiti-covered concrete pillars—my mind formed a question, "Who do I call—how do I call them—where do I get the car towed to—how do I get the car home—will I be killed?"

I was passing through Chicago (well, trying to) on the outbound leg of a three-day trip from my home in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to Waterloo, Indiana, to adopt a Chow Chow puppy (a girl, black, Kodi, thank you!). The interstate's five lanes were smothered with motorists creeping slowly toward their destinations. I was performing alternating leg presses (right foot in, left foot out, right foot out, left foot in) in the center lane when the idling engine failed to respond to my right foot. I thought the engine had stalled but as I reached for the key I saw the tachometer was still twitching with anticipation at 800 RPM. My eyes grew large as both they and my mind darted through multiple scenarios. I diagnosed a broken accelerator cable and began idling the car across crowded lanes of traffic to the (relative) safety of the shoulder.

After lifting the bonnet I was relieved to find the accelerator cable intact. Inspection revealed a rubber accelerator link between the carburetors had dried, cracked, and lost its grip on the threaded pushrod that motivated the butterfly valves. The problem looked manageable. I combed through the debris in the median—of which there was plenty. I discarded any notion that broken bolts, rusty exhaust hangars, or shredded tire remnants would be useful. Glass shards? Maybe for self-defense. Cigarette packages? Only if one still sheltered a cigarette, as it seemed like a good time to take up smoking. Then a 12-inch length of heavy, solid core, copper wire winked at me and I lifted it from the ground and coddled it in my hands. I told it how beautiful it was. I knew it was the answer but it raised a new question: How?

Kerry's 1968 GT6 Mark I as it looked in 1986, in a coat of burgundy.

A few days earlier, while I was delivering pizzas to hungry (or high) college students, a speaker was stolen from the GT6. The evening before my trip I performed some critical car maintenance, which is to say I rewired the one remaining speaker. Afterward, I cleaned out the car to make room for luggage and the puppy. Now, while performing an inwardly frantic but outwardly calm roadside search for tools I knew

I didn't bring, I found the X-Acto Precision Knife I had used to wire the speaker. I celebrated as if I found a winning lottery ticket I had discarded.

With focused determination I sawed through the impossibly thick wire with the impossibly small knife ("...the sleek design fits comfortably in the hand, allowing you to continue making the precision cuts needed to finish the job, no matter how long it takes." ~actual excerpt from the X-Acto website). My nervous fingers struggled to twist the short, stiff wire tightly around the cracked rubber link to force it to grip the threaded pushrod. But it worked...long enough to get me back into traffic.

When the engine again failed to respond to the pressure of my right foot I returned to the highway's shoulder, lifted the bonnet, and re-enacted the nervous twisting of the wire while adding teeth sucking and the promise to investigate (not join, but investigate) the priesthood. I tested this second repair extensively and, satisfied it would hold, signaled my intent to reenter the traffic lanes. No one was willing to let me in and sacrifice what little forward progress they might make so I forced my way in at the risk of causing an accident to unfold in slow motion. This was back in the good ol' days when angry drivers expressed their displeasure with a horn rather than a homicide.

Two years later I sold the GT6. As I watched it drive toward its new home, not too far from my own, I realized my temporary repair had unintentionally become permanent. I kept tabs on the car by peering into the new owner's open garage when I drove by. A few months after I sold it I noticed it was disappearing under boxes. I inquired about the car nearly two decades later and learned it was still there, under the boxes. So many boxes, in fact, it was impossible to put an eye on the car. Its owner believed the car had appreciated significantly in value during its twenty-year rest but I could only imagine the devastation from inactivity. Another decade has passed since I last asked about the car and I believe it is still sitting there. I also believe my roadside repair is still intact.

I've owned and driven—often as my only car—Triumphs (the GT6 mentioned here and three different TR6s) almost continuously since 1982 but none have ever left me stranded. That's not exactly true, but true enough. I push-started one while saving for a new starter. I brought an aged battery inside on a nightly basis—for weeks—to give the GT6 a fighting chance at starting on cold winter mornings. It always did. I drove a TR6 hundreds of miles in city traffic without a functioning clutch. I had a main wiring harness melt from a poor earth connection but, after the smoke cleared, I was able to restart it and drive it home. I've had distributor caps and rotors fail. Hoses have burst. I've learned to carry spares and to carry tools. I've learned something from each incident but the most valuable lesson I learned was from that breakdown in 1986: *avoid Chicago at all costs*. MM

I *celebrated* as if I found a WINNING LOTTERY TICKET I had *discarded*

Kerry's daughter Erica mugs from the GT6 the day before it was sold. She is now a mother of three. The GT6 had been resprayed in the original Royal Blue it wore when it left Coventry.

Kodi, the Chow Chow Kerry was traveling to adopt, anticipating another outing in Kerry's TR6.

Kerry Fores maintains his world headquarters at www.TheLifeOfDanger.com

High School Hijinks

By Mike Hoinowski

Being in my mid 30's the "follies of my youth" are not all that far behind me...who am I kidding, they're far from over! I went to high school in the last few years before everyone had cell phones, GPS, or cars that could tell your parents where you went and how fast you got there. My friends had 80's Camaros and Firebirds, I had the use of my parent's TR4 and my first car—a TR7 coupe.

On a hot Saturday afternoon in June of my senior year a group of us were at school making hoagies for a fundraiser. I had pulled the TR4 under a covered entranceway out of the sun to keep those comfy black vinyl seats from reaching nuclear reactor temperatures for my ride home, and to crank up the radio so we had some tunes while we worked. We finished everything much faster than expected. At this point I'm not sure who's keen eye made the observation that the TR4 looked slightly narrower than the entrance doors to the school, but an observation such as this must be verified, so we instantly began plotting.

I maneuvered the TR4 right up to the door. (We told the janitor we wanted to hear the radio better.) We had about one inch to spare on each side, but there was still a steel bar down the middle of the two doors. Those wrenches and screwdrivers in the trunk that were rarely needed to resurrect the car from some roadside malady suddenly had a purpose! Now we just had to figure out a way to get up the two small steps without losing the exhaust or low hanging parts. We were stumped and pretty much gave up on our misguided adventure, until a trip to the restroom revealed large stacks of outdated college decision books, marked as trash, lining the hall in front of the guidance counselor offices. Makeshift ramps: check! ... Plotting officially resumed.

We knew our time to get the car in the school would be limited since the one on-duty janitor kept checking in on us every few minutes (which was wise on his part). Two people would remove the door's center bar, while several others would run books down the hall from the guidance office and hand them off to others who would carefully line up the books with the car's wheels as I sat there idling. Two friends with disposable cameras were our assigned photographers. Now we just needed a window of opportunity, which was soon handed to us on a silver platter. The same janitor who had been keeping a sporadic suspicious eye on us all afternoon casually walked over and said that he needed to go over to the middle school and would be back in about 10 minutes (...not so wise).

We sat patiently at cafeteria tables until his truck turned the corner and cruised out of sight. We sprung into action like a NASCAR pit crew! In under a minute the bar between the doors was out. A minute after that we had ramps made of books, and I was carefully easing through the tight double doors into the lobby. Our high school was being gutted for renovation so the floor was bare concrete and all the ceiling tiles had been removed, which made for an echo filled hallway when students crowded it between classes. The already sporty sound of the TR4's exhaust suddenly erupted into a cacophony of sound reminiscent of a racetrack starting line as it crossed the door's threshold. It was fantastic! We shouted over the rumbling as we positioned the car for pictures in front of the trophy case and welcome sign. After several minutes of pictures, laughter, and a little engine revving we decided we better get the car out before the janitor returned or someone heard the ridiculous amount of noise and came to check it out.

I eased the car backwards through the doorway and down the improvised ramps with a little direction from my friends, and our "pit crew" sprang back into action to put everything back to normal. There was a small clunk as I backed out the door, but I had no idea what it was until we began replacing the door's middle bar. The TR4's sway bar had caught the adapter plate that held the bar in place on the threshold and sheered off the one screw holding it in place. A moment of panic set in, how would we explain the missing door bar and subsequently unlock-able door when the janitor inevitably returned? We Macgyvered the plate back together by "borrowing" a screw from the corner of the threshold plate that "mostly fit" in the hole of the now broken screw. As we forced the borrowed round screw into the proverbial square hole we saw the janitor's truck lazily meander around the corner at the far end of the school. We hurriedly replaced the bar without tightening it down and slammed the doors shut.

Once again we sat at the cafeteria tables, hearts pounding and out of breath, praying that the janitor choose to go through a different door so he wouldn't hear the bar rattle as it slammed shut. Thankfully he choose a different door, looked at us suspiciously once again, and missed stepping in the small puddle of oil the TR4 had left behind to mark its territory.

Being responsible young adults, we cleaned up the oil after the janitor disappeared to his office for another few minutes and re-tightened the door bar as best we could, but it continued to rattle anytime the door shut after that. Oh well, the doors all got ripped out and replaced a few weeks later so no harm was done. We couldn't help but laugh a little anytime that door slammed shut and rattled during our last few days of high school.

I now have my own British cars, and my parents still have the same TR4. It's now restored and since it is no longer five different shades of BRG, I'm not sure I'd to try and squeeze it through a doorway anytime soon. Have I grown a little older and wiser after all? Depending on who you ask, that's highly debatable. *MM*

Mike's vehicles for mischief and adventure now include a 1970 Innocenti Minimatic and a 1962 Triumph Herald.

Souvenirs and Socket Sets

Driving an MG-TC to the Gathering of the Faithful

by Norman Tuck

Sunday I was up at 6:30am, filled with exuberance. I'm usually on artist's time: late to bed, up by 10. But this day was special. Allan and Terry and I were going to the GOF West. My pack looked so-o neat bungeed to the spare tire. Too cool for school. We were starring in our own "Route 66," the geriatric version.

10:00am, waiting for Terry at Mickey D's in Morgan Hill. So excited, I stood by the side of the road waiting for the first glimpse of his Black Beauty. It was like waiting for the Sears-Roebuck truck bringing my first two-wheeler.

As Terry chewed his cholesterol biscuit, Allan and I adjusted his clutch in the parking lot, set too tight. Readying the Black Beauty for its first long haul since its long restoration.

Next stop, Monterey. Using the Garmin in the TC was like texting with a typewriter, but it found my friend's house. His mother owned a Healey 3000 and an E Type Coupe that he wanted us to look over. How much were they worth? Mike O'Connor joined us to give his two cents. We pretended to be doing something useful, as we rummaged through the vehicles.

35 years ago my friend's mother had parked the cars where they are now, not knowing that this, this, *this* would be that last time that she would cut the ignition, remove the keys and leave them on the front table. The cars and their owner had become victims of time. Rust in the floorboards, rust in the brain.

Lunch at Rio Something-or-Other. The waiter's father was an old car guy. Allan didn't know him but Terry did. Terry reminisced about the time he and the father did this and that. The father doesn't get around much anymore, but we do.

Highway 1, Terry in the lead. Terry was feeling his oats. Never again will I complain about Terry holding up the pack. Sometimes he's just not motivated, this time he is.

This is what its all about. Fog lights on, upshifting, downshifting, and scaring the buhjeezuz out of Allan, as I cross the centerline while catching my airborne hat. In their 60+ years, how many times had these California cars traveled this familiar path?

We 6'd it in San Simeon. Some people don't like viewing themselves as the type that stays in a Motel 6. We didn't mind. Allan took a walk down the strip of service road in front of the Motel. He found nothing of interest. We had dinner at the adjoining restaurant. I don't remember what I ate, but it was okay.

MONDAY

Up and out for the final stage to Buellton. We landed at the Marriott, going First Class. This place was modeled after the place in San Simeon where we didn't stay.

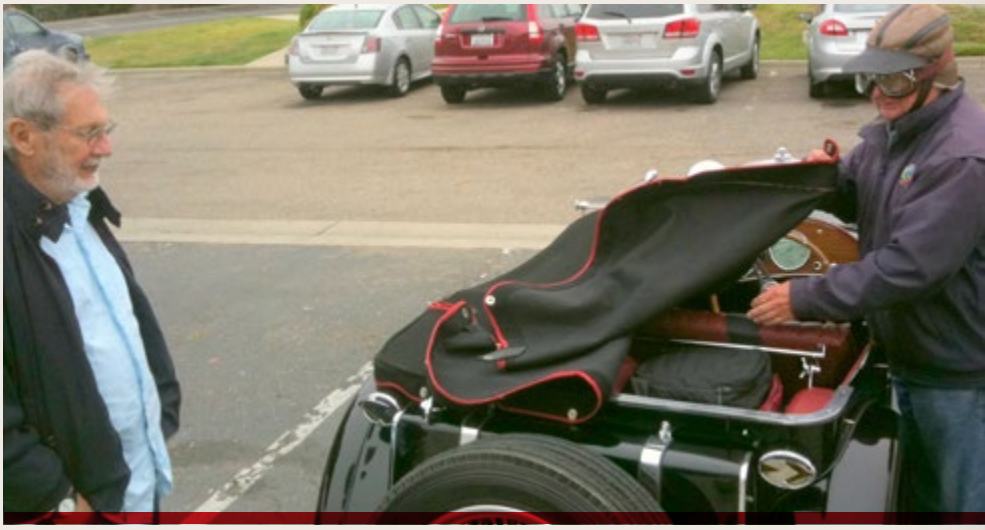
Allan introduced me to everyone. I don't remember their names, but they had grey hair, and not much of it. The Gathering of the Old Farts. They all were as nice as could be. I felt as if I'd known them forever and will miss them when they're gone.

I made a visit to the regalia shop and came across a beautiful, little, golden TC mounted onto a pin. There was only one like it, and I bought it instantly. With a smile, I attached it to my hat for safekeeping.

We unloaded, and I looked over the car. It was whining now. The tach drive had been spewing thick black grease since before San Simeon. I removed the tach drive from the back of the generator, and the whining grew louder. Fortunately, I was in the land of the High Priests of the MG. Someone said, "Go see Jerry, he's the one over there with the grey hair wearing an MG cap." I grabbed the closest one who fit that description.

Jerry put a screwdriver to his ear and held it against various parts of the idling engine. "It's the rear bushing on the generator. Nothing to worry about. You can go on like this for a long time. You set the fan belt too tight." Allan had told me to loosen the fan belt four years ago, but I knew better.

We had dinner at the Hitching Post where we ate with Allan's friend Barry. He had restored more cars than he could remember. He told stories about Packards, and Rolls Royces, and Bentley Continentals. Stories about accidents, and car events, and overturned trailers, and customers that couldn't pay their bills. He spoke of drop-head coupes and convertible-sedans. He even mentioned a Hispano-Suiza. Talk couldn't get any better than that.



That night my paranoia hit a high spot, and at 1:00am I went to the parking lot and removed the fan belt. Like the dog that did not bark, the quiet told the tale. The whining stopped. Jerry was right. Allan was right. It was the rear bushing on the generator. I had set the belt too tight.

TUESDAY

The day of the car show. I searched the room, and I searched the car, but I couldn't find my hat with its beautiful pin. "Oh well," I thought, "it will probably show up later."

At the car show I was number 35. Surely the red stripe taped on my passenger door would make mine the "Best TC," maybe "Best in Show."

I don't like the judging of cars. To me, each car represents its owner's personality, and you wouldn't vote for "Best Person." The audacity of people taking it unto themselves to judge my car. Who are they to judge?

I voted for Terry's car because he is the Best Person. I also voted for a TD that once may have been yellow. It had a big, black cruise-control box like the one that had been on my '84 Oldsmobile. There were fluid leaks from places that didn't contain fluids. I don't think it won "Best in Show" or "Best TD," but I knew it was the best.

Allan and Terry were my passports into a world of wonderful people. Once again I marveled at how a collection of machinery could bring so many people together into close personal relationships that would last lifetimes.

WEDNESDAY

This was the best day. I had researched my generator problem. Moss had bushings for about ten bucks and new generators for $220. They were only 35 miles away. Moss Motors was a place where I had been sending money since 1961. A Mecca for the MG, second only to Abingdon. The source. I imagined myself working on my TC in front of Moss Motors, and my head swam with delight at the possibility.

Jerry said that the Moss generators were made in India but were good, with iron end-plates instead of pot metal. The thought of an Indian generator sounded vaguely exotic to me, and I wanted one. I would go for it.

Allan and I would start off by taking the GOF rally route, and then leave the route to go on to Moss. Terry and fellow Rough Rider, Eric, wanted to go, too. So they followed us to 440 Rutherford St., Goleta.

The ride started out hot but got freezing cold as we worked our way across the long pass, through the fog,

down toward the coast. My tach was disconnected and I missed watching the long, skinny needle doing its chronometric tap dance.

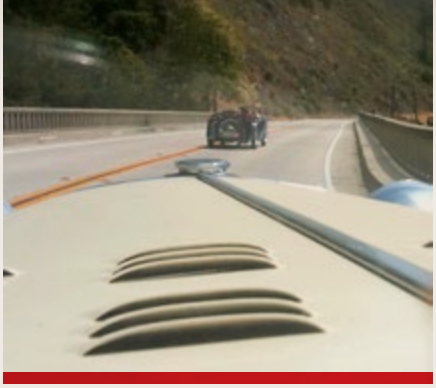
Then we were there. Moss was smaller than I had expected, but I was not disappointed.

When two parts guys came into the showroom I was surprised by how young they were. They were almost boys. I had always imagined that the voices on the phone were of old guys that had been driving TCs since childhood. When they brought out the generator, it looked good, and the installation commenced.

While I worked, Allan, Terry and Eric took pictures and kibitzed with some of the Moss guys that had come out to take a look. One of the Moss guys offered us tools, and I borrowed a metric socket that I needed to attach the Indian nut onto the Indian shaft on the Indian generator. It turned out that the socket guy was the owner of Moss Motors. No crown, no throne, just a regular guy.

I was hard at work, with everyone watching me. But I had done it all many times before, and things went well. It was a magical event, hanging out in front of Moss with good friends, fixing my own little TC in the California parking lot. I had reached the high point of my automotive career.

That night Allan, Eric, Terry and I ate at the nearby Firestone Inn. We talked about cars and had the usual "organ recital," where old men compared notes on various cures for various ailments. Then we went back to the Motel for talk of air-races, and Lycoming Engines, and of the "Dancing Daughters" who ran PAs at Le Mans in 1935.



THURSDAY

I got Allan to reluctantly navigate for me at the Funkhana. We didn't do very well, although Allan danced a beautiful rendition of "I heard it through the grape vine" while stomping plastic grapes in a little, wooden barrel. During the "blindfolded driver" event Allan told me to turn right but neglected to tell me to straighten out, until we reached a curb far outside of the intended course.

That afternoon began the long process of packing up to leave. I hung out in the parking lot and noticed Eric and another P Series owner comparing cars. I hinted around long enough that Eric offered to take me for a ride in his PB. I had never been driven in a pre-war car before, and it was a thrill. I liked the non-synchro gearbox. I envisioned the straight cut gears meshing with one another like the train of an old clock. I hadn't realized that even the most ordinary driver in the "old days" possessed a mechanical sensitivity that has now been largely lost. For a brief period I wanted one of these old beasts for myself, particularly a J2. Then I realized that I didn't have the personality to restore and preserve one of these works of art in the manner in which it deserved.

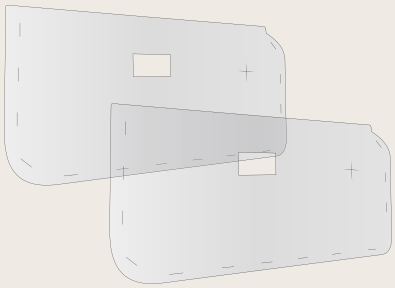
That night at the awards dinner Allan and I didn't win any awards. But, anyway, we were tired and ready to go home the next day.

FRIDAY

The ride home was anticlimactic. Eight hours of cold on the 101 with a "senior special" meat loaf lunch in Salinas. Our cars ran well and we had nothing much to complain about.

I slept, on and off, for the next 20 hours. Three days later I was surprised to find a little package in the mail. It was, of course, my hat and pin, souvenirs of the fun I had had and the good people that I met on my vacation. *MM*

Door Panel Moisture Barrier



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Unlike glycol based fluids SBF does not need to be replaced. If new a hydraulic system is filled purely with SBF and no glycol fluid is present, it can last the lifetime of a vehicle. Also, it has a wide operating temperature range from -50° to 260°C, and its boiling point (260°C) is maintained throughout the life of the fluid. It is manufactured to DOT 5 specifications.

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