

for enthusiasts by enthusiasts

SPITFIRE & GT6

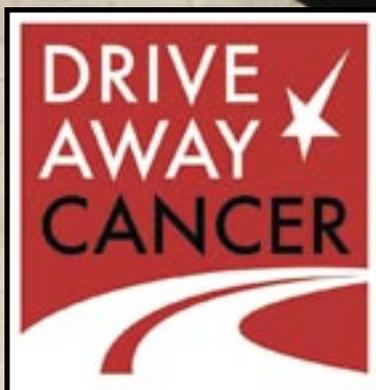
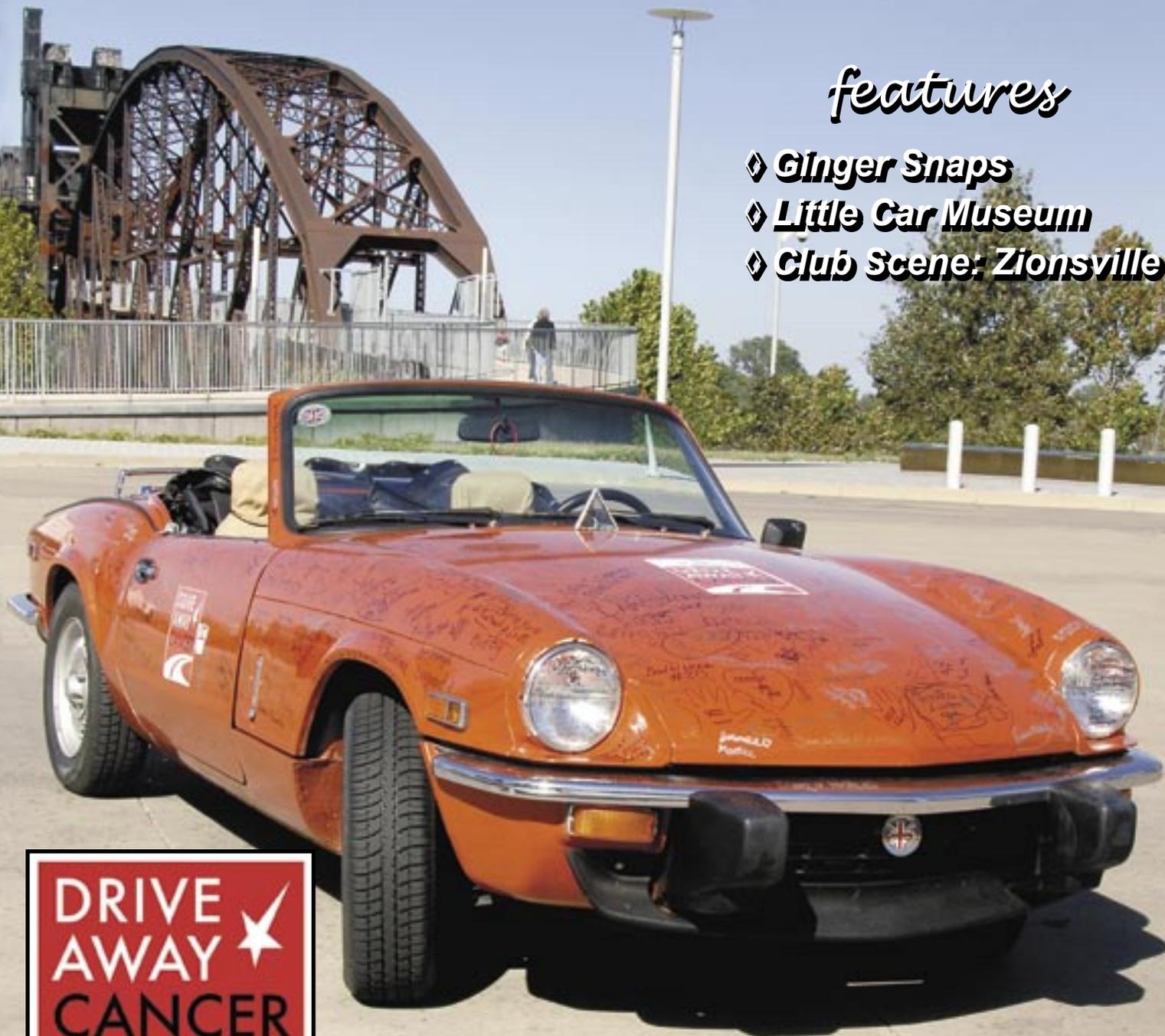
Featuring Spitfire, GT6, Herald, Vitesse and other Triumph-based Cars

M A G A Z I N E

Issue #43

features

- ◆ *Ginger Snaps*
- ◆ *Little Car Museum*
- ◆ *Club Scene: Zionsville*





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**Triumph Spitfire & GT6 Specialists
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2012 has been a busy year for the Spitfire turning 50 years old. And for an old car, it still turns lots of heads everywhere it goes. Why not, we know that styling and fun are synonymous with our Spitfires. We don't just go for a drive, we go on an adventure every time we turn the key. Even a bad day at work can be softened and forgotten by a spirited country drive in our favorite Triumph. That is what a car should do for us, take us on an adventure with every drive, and make us happy on the trip.

In return, we have held birthday parties in many places to honor the 50th anniversary of the release of the Spitfire. Personally Ginny & I attended the British Car Week in Hot Springs Arkansas where they sang "Happy Birthday" and cut & shared two sheet cakes with show visitors. Another celebration we attended was in Zionsville Indiana where the Spitfire was honored and placed at the front



Arkansas Birthday Cake

of the show field. Finally we attended the VTR National Convention in beautiful Galveston Texas to celebrate the once shunned Spitfire and witnessed Triumph owners of various models show attention and pay respect to this special little car. Spit Bits provided a sheet cake for the VTR celebration and we toasted with champagne to another 50 years of enjoying our Spitfires.



Texas Birthday Cake

I know there were many other shows and gathering where our cars were celebrated and highlighted this year, but we could not attend them all. I hope that those of you that attended some of these other events will take some time to write about them and send in

your article and photos so we can share them with everyone. It was a banner year for our Spitfires. We all want to share in the fun.

As we start a new year, I wish you all safe travels and clear blue skies on the roads ahead.

Until next issue, see you on the road...

Howard

howard@triumphspitfire.com

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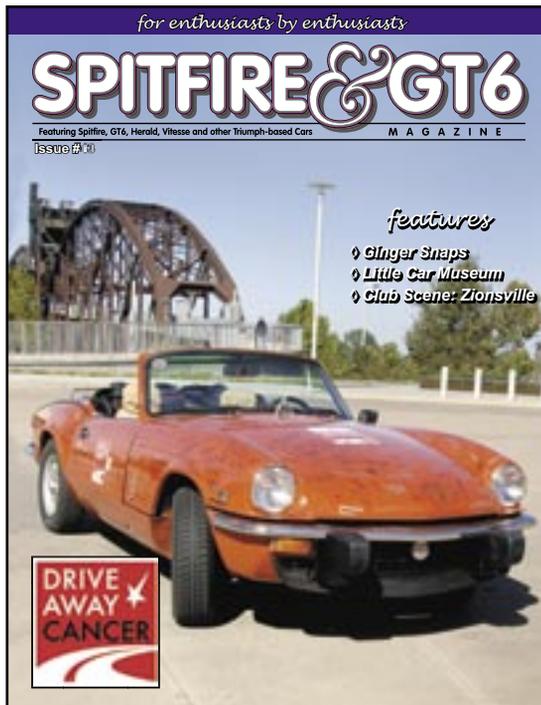
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ON THE COVER

The cover features a 1978 Spitfire owned by Synnova Henthorne of Arkansas that has become DAC car #2. Read more starting on page 24.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Spitfire & GT6 Magazine...

TAO TE CHING

Dear Editor,

I was reading The tao te ching. It said to **“conduct your triumph as a funeral”**. Not sure if I should...

Jonathon Tucker Ready
via Facebook

*Jonathon,
In modern terms, that means
“Drive with your headlights on!”
Howard~*

ISSUE 42

Dear Editor,

I just received issue 42 and started to take a quick look through it, and was amazed to see one of my cars in the *What Were They Thinking* section and started to laugh, then read that it was for sale. Unfortunately the car is not for sale and never was listed for sale at any time. I have no problem with this little mistake and am still laughing about it. That picture was also used as the cover for the Triumph Drivers club of Manitoba calendar 2011 when they did a work in progress cars calendar. So I have to say right now I'll keep it LOL .

I really enjoy the magazines and hope to contribute an submission on my current restoration project on my 69 GT6 which is still on going and has its own unique story like so many others I have read in past issues.

Cheers,
Roy Guzzo

*Roy,
Thanks for your email. Sorry for the confusion on the display versus sale of your GT6 body. You never know what will be sent in and appear on these pages!
Howard~*

STICKY CLUTCH

Dear Editor,

Really enjoy the mag. I've gotten a lot of tips and there have been some great stories. Actually, you published my 'dear to the heart' story about my WWII friend, Walter, some years ago. But now I have a request for help. I've been out of commission for about four years due to several circumstances and my Spit had been sitting for that length of time without attention. It is a stock '78 except I had replaced the distributor with an MGB mechanical one. It has only 77,000 actual miles on it. I finally got it up and running a couple weeks ago. Still needs some carb tuning but it does run quite well. I had to rework the clutch master and that is working well too... at least it seems to be. I have bled that clutch line as best I know how. I can have the engine running and in gear while the clutch pedal is pushed and the car does not move. I can shift gears fairly easily while in motion but the synchronizer actually makes it possible to shift without using the clutch anyway. It is rather smooth. However.... I have a devil of a time getting the tranny to shift into first or reverse while the engine is running and the car is stationary - even with the clutch pedal floored. The gears grind like hell and the only way I can get it into gear is to cram it in. I do not understand this since the clutch seems to be disengaging - car won't move when in gear. What is going on here? Remember that this thing has been sitting for four years but it seems I have everything working. But when pushing the clutch pedal and trying for first or reverse when the car is not moving it seems like the clutch is still dragging because the synchronizer will not allow it to go into gear or else the clutch is still partially engaged. What are your ideas on this? I don't understand how four years of inactivity could cause a clutch problem.

Thanks, and have a really wonderful Holiday.
Steve Foster



Steve,

There are two places to look at for excess clutch movement. First is the clutch master cylinder pivot point. Where the pedal arm connects to the plunger. The hole can become enlarged, giving less movement to the plunger. You can get brass bushings to fit in there and cut down on the excess movement.

Second is the slave cylinder position and the arm out of it. If the slave has slipped a little, it can make a difference. And is the plunger arm out of the slave can have wear on the ball end to the fork, and a loss of movement can happen.

I have had to repair both of those at different times.

Howard~

CONGRATULATIONS

We have a winner! Congratulations to Mr. Kimball Hubbert of Ballston Lake, NY, who is now the proud owner of a '76 Spitfire convertible! Thanks again to all who participated. Because of your generosity, Good News Garage will be able to provide employment transportation for even more low-income working families right here in New England.

Good News Garage

GNG & Kimball,

Thank you for sharing the news of the winner. Great work GNG.

Kimball, contact us to start your free one year subscription to Spitfire & GT6 magazine.

Howard~

INDUSTRY NEWS

This section is designed to inform readers of news, announcements and new products involved in our hobby.
Send announcements to: P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930 or info@triumphspitfire.com

New Product from Spit Bits



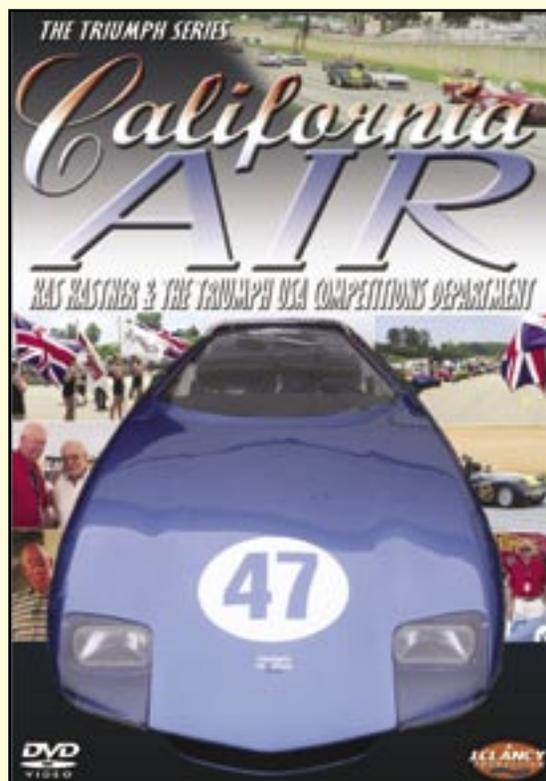
Spit Bits has had the 1st/2nd synchroniser hub assembly outer gear remade. This part fits the Spitfire MK4, 1500 and all GT6. We now have these in stock and they are priced at \$85.00

Contact Nigel at spitbits@spitbits.com or call **800-201-0494** in the USA, and **916-645-3726** outside the USA for details and ordering information.

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An in-depth and comprehensive interview with Triumph's legendary USA Competition Manager, Kas Kastner, and set against the backdrop of the tenth running of the annual Kastner Cup all-Triumph race meeting held at Road Atlanta, Georgia as part of the Classic Motorsports Mitty in 2012. We cover the whole of Kas's Triumph racing career from his early exploits in his own TR3, through his 'works' US Competition days all the way to the Kastner-Brophy race team of the 1970's.

To see other selections and associated trailers by John Clancy Productions, see www.triumphdvd.co.uk
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Weird, Wacky & Wonderful!

Triumph Stroller

Recently some friends dropped by to show us their new baby. And while the baby was adorable, the stroller was also a focal point. A great way for this little guy to get started with an attachment to Triumphs.

Submitted by Charlie Edmonson
Hampton, Virginia



Fast GT6

Found this on a web site. Thought you guys might like it. It says its a Spitfire but pretty sure its a GT6 unless they got a hold of the Lemans hard tops?

Submitted via the web by Wesley Tucker



Triumph Lawnspreader



New 2012 PermaGreen Triumph Spreader Sprayer Unit. This is the professional landscaper's choice for consistent, reliable, fast, safe, and durable powered spreading and spraying. No other option comes close to matching the overall performance and low long-term cost of ownership of the PermaGreen Triumph!

Here's a picture of a Triumph lawn spreader.

Submitted by Tim Gross, Demotte, Indiana

You write the caption

Last issue and on TriumphSpitfire.com, we asked readers to send us suggestions for a caption for the photo to the left. Listed below are some of the responses.

LITTLE BITS OF SPITS

the captions



This photo was sent in by Andy Shoemaker of Kentucky.

- Help Me!
- "Curse you, Red Baron!"
- It looks like a giant Adipose.
- I don't see any problem officer...
- The ride before the ride.
- Anyone seen my White-Out?
- FRED, Get the darn dishes done!
- Sweetheart quick, someone is coming.
- You know that you want my wide whites.
- Matt, Matt, put your toy away and come to dinner.
- Fred Flintstone, Eat your heart out!
- This is the economy model: Windows are an optional extra.
- Cockpit my butt, this is my Rocket.
- All I need now is an engine old boy and we're off to the races.
- OMG Batman, it's Mr. freeze in his icemobile.
- Honey, how can I get these bugs out of my teeth?
- So are we ready for the VTR Concourse?
- This is how he dresses just for the car wash every week!
- With a smile on his face, Stan demonstrated how he wished to be buried.
- OMG! Someone found Michael Jackson's car.

Next issue...



This photo is from Barrett Leibe of Louisiana

And FINALLY...

Holy Casper, IT'S A GHOST! No it's just Andy.

Send your caption suggestions to info@triumphspitfire.com or P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930-0806

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Spitfire in the Movies



Not sure if anyone else out there has seen this film or noticed this. I was watching a documentary about the lead singer of the 70's punk band, The Clash called "**Joe Strummer: The Future Is Unwritten**" on Showtime the other night and about 3 minutes into the film there is a group of people huddled around a bonfire. The bonfire is placed in what appears to be the overturned hood (bonnet) of a Triumph Spitfire. Being that the film is mostly shot in England, it is probably a Spitfire. The bonnet is misshapen enough that I can't be for sure. The bonnet release lever openings on the sides point towards Triumph.

Anyway, I am also keeping an eye out for Triumphs even if they are in pieces. Just thought I would share.

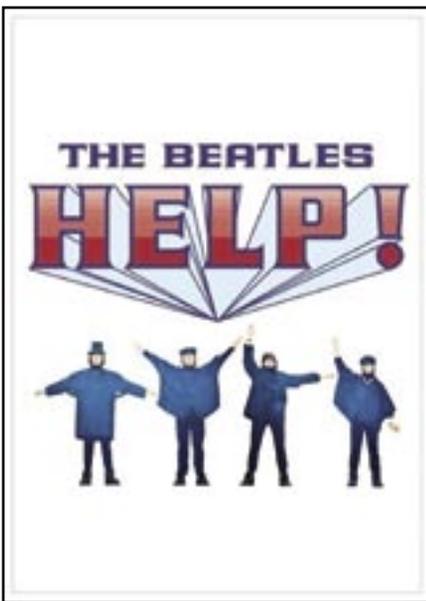
Submitted by Kenny Wymore via email

Spitfire in the Movies

I don't know if someone has sent images already of The Beatles driving Spitfires in the Bahamas during the filming of the movie Help (1965). These images are taken from the movie trailer. It briefly shows the fab four driving Spitfires on a beach in the Bahamas.

In these photos it appears to be Paul.

Submitted by Tim Gross, Demotte, Indiana.



Help! (1965)

Ringo finds himself the human sacrifice target of a cult and the band must try to protect him from it.



Spitfire Movie

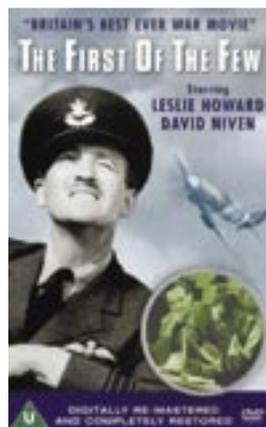
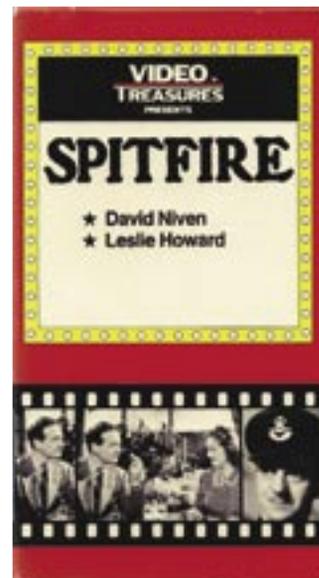
While shopping at the Friends of the Hampton (VA) Public Library used book sale, I couldn't resist the purchase of this VHS tape. Haven't watched the movie yet, but I'd guess it is going to be good.

Submitted by Charlie Edmonson,
Hampton, Virginia

Spitfire (aka The First of the Few)
(1942)

After a holiday in Germany following Hitler's rise to power, plane designer Reginald J. Mitchell becomes convinced that Britain's survival may depend on his new designs for the "Spitfire" fighter plane.

Starring: Leslie Howard, David Niven
Directed by: Leslie Howard
Runtime: 1 hour 59 minutes



The movie has been released with a few different covers.

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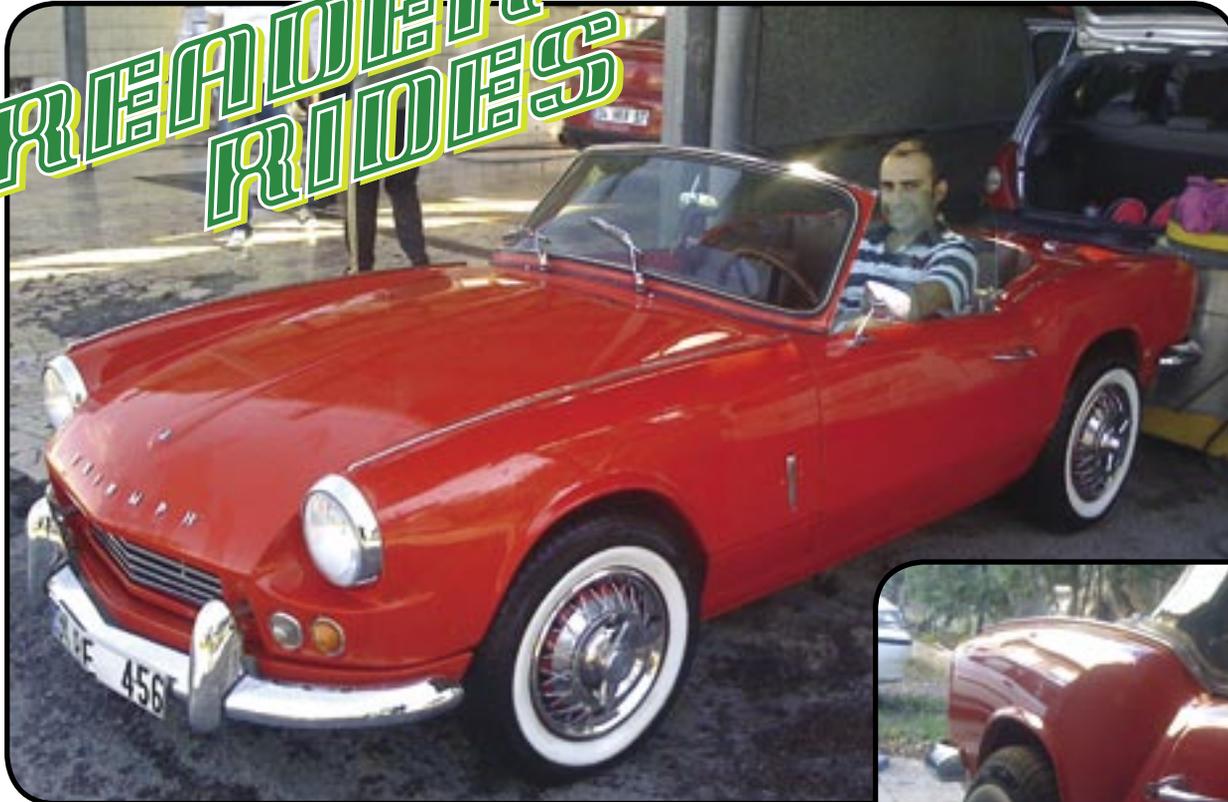
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READER'S RIDES



1964 Spitfire Mk2, Owned by Ali Eroglu, Istanbul, Turkey ▲►

I own a boiler business (manufacturing steam boilers) in Istanbul. I also act as a foreign trade manager in the company. I am 35 years old and married, have 2 children. I know I am young to own this kind of car, but i am lucky. This lovely 1964 model spitfire was a gift from my father-in-law, 1 year ago. He overhaul it in Istanbul. It took approximately 12 - 14 months. Triumph is not a popular car in Turkey so we search a lot for some parts. Some parts came from England, some parts made here in our workshop. But finally we finished it. We travel in the car only on weekends during the summer.



◀▼ Bill and Mary Newman, Matlacha Isles, Florida

Our two Spitfires that share garage space with the #44 GT6 racer that was in the Mitty article in issue #42.



To have your car featured in the next issue and on the TriumphSpitfire.com website, e-mail us at info@triumphspitfire.com

or mail to:

P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930 USA





◀◀▶▶
1965 Spitfire4 Mk2
Owned by David o'Neill,
Ireland



▼1976 Spitfire 1500, Owned by Randal Slade, Victoria, BC▼
A full ground up resto, repainted to its original color Delf Blue.



▲▼
1971 Spitfire MkIV, Owned by Karel Grigar
Sokolov, Czech Republic



▼1969 GT6+, Owned by Jim Kelly, Massachusetts▼
Interior photo



READERS RIDES



◀▲71 Spitfire MkIV, Owned by Rick Howe, Wayne, New Jersey
 This is a year after doing a rolled-on paint job. There were so many ney-sayers claiming the paint would be falling off in 6 months. This car has been parked without a garage for shelter. You be the judge.



◀1966 GT6 EP▶
 Owned by Kevin Lynch, Lakewood, Colorado
 ▲ July 2012 was shot at RMVR's Charity Race @ High Plains Raceway, Colorado
 Chillin' in the shade..▶
 ◀Air box/filter



▲ ▼ 1964 Sport 6, Owned by Michael Bulfer, Cave Creek, Arizona ▲ ▼

When I bought it in 1975 it had a 1600 engine. It has new, rebuilt GT6 high port engine, Isky cam, headers, custom exhaust and suspension. All poly bushings, and upgraded brakes from the TSSC. Vented Rotors, steel braded lines, and Green Stuff Pads. Nice running car, still need an OD transmission, which I have to rebuild, before installing. Transmission and differential are original.



◀ ▼ John Davies Cars, Blue Vitesse and Silverback Vitesse. Lancashire, UK

Blue car was crashed during testing on back roads near his home in Lancashire, UK. Then John built the Black and Silver Silverback Car. Really cool, 2.5 liter fuel injected, almost all fiberglass, and very fast. Crashed at the Nurburgring, in Germany, a Porsche cut him off and he rolled the car.



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READERS STORY

Keep Tweaking It

by Tim Gross, Demotte, Indiana



I purchased a very rusted 1971 Spitfire in the spring of 1983 just after I had gotten married. I bought the car from an old neighbor of mine for \$500.00. My wife and I thought it would be fun to drive the old rusty convertible around for the summer. When winter came I thought I would do some minor repairs to the car to make it more road worthy.

By January of 1984 I had the car completely disassembled. My wife asked me if the car was going to be ready by that spring. I said, "Oh yeah no problem." Well it wasn't. We dragged the old Spit from Illinois to our new house in Indiana. We lived in that house from 1988 to 1996. In the time that we lived there I never worked on the car. Then we moved again in 1996 to our second house where we live now.

My wife said to me in 2003, "What are you going to do with that car? Either finish it or get rid of it!" Well I decided to finish it. So every winter for the next five years I worked on the car. I believe that it was good to wait 24 years to finish the car. I think if I would have completed the car earlier it wouldn't have turned out so nice. I completed it just in time for our 25th wedding anniversary.

My wife and I love taking the car out. She's the one on the weekends in the summer that always says, "It's a beautiful day, we going for a ride in the little car today!"



People we meet when we're out always comment on the car and some people say they knew somebody who had one, and a lot of people don't know what it is! I like that I have a car that is kind of rare compared to these guys that have the common classics that you see in rows and rows at your local car shows.

So that's the history on the car. Here's what I've done to the car. It was a complete frame off restoration. In 1984 I bought a donor car for spare parts, a 1972 that had a aftermarket header, rear sway bar and 1" front sway bar. I paid \$100.00 for the complete car. It didn't run so I took it apart, sold parts, kept a lot of parts and junked the rest. I blasted and painted the frame, rebuilt the engine, .030 over pistons, polished the aluminum intake manifold, polished aluminum look powder coated oil pan, timing chain cover & bell housing back plate, Tilton Mueller aluminum flywheel, installed a GM alternator, Torco MTF synthetic trans lube, Torco 80-90 synthetic rear end lube, silicon brake and clutch slave fluid, magic buttons on rear spring, stainless steel brake lines & hoses, stainless steel braided heater hoses, stainless steel hardware everywhere, stripped the paint & red oxidized the interior and underneath, then sealed it with undercoating. I installed new door skins, extended the door stops on both sides so doors open farther making it easier to get in & out. New rocker panels, removed side marker lights, filled the seam on the bonnet for more stream line look. I did all the body work, then sealed the entire paintable outside surface with POR15 then gray

primer. But I had someone paint the car Dodge Viper red.

The leather interior was custom made, I did all of the interior except the seats, custom Indiana cherry wood dash. I relocated the gauges and heater/fan controls to except the LCD 5 1/4" flat screen. I relocated the choke cable, custom light switch with amber & green LED's (amber for parking lights and green for headlights), a custom cherry wood shift knob with green LED pushbutton for overdrive. All LED dash lights and signal lights, 800 watt amp, 12" subwoofer two 6 x 9 rear speakers & two 6 1/4 round kick panel speakers, custom rear speaker box with cherry wood veneer over particle board to match the dash. The box also hides retractable seat belt mechanisms.

The stereo has USB port which I use with a MP3 player so I don't have to carry a load of CD's, I just concert DVD's. Custom super bright & super small LED's mounted in front window frame for individual driver & passenger lights with individual LED lighted rocker switches mounted next to stereo. 12" grant steering wheel makes it easy to get in & out of car.

The car is strictly a roadster, no top. Just a cockpit tonneau cover. I might put a removable hard top on in the future. I read in the magazine a lot about other readers having a host of problems with these cars. But since I restored mine in 2008 I haven't had any real problems. I put about 700 miles a year on it. But every winter I still do little things to it, because when you have a vintage vehicle that's what you do. You keep tweaking it. 🌀





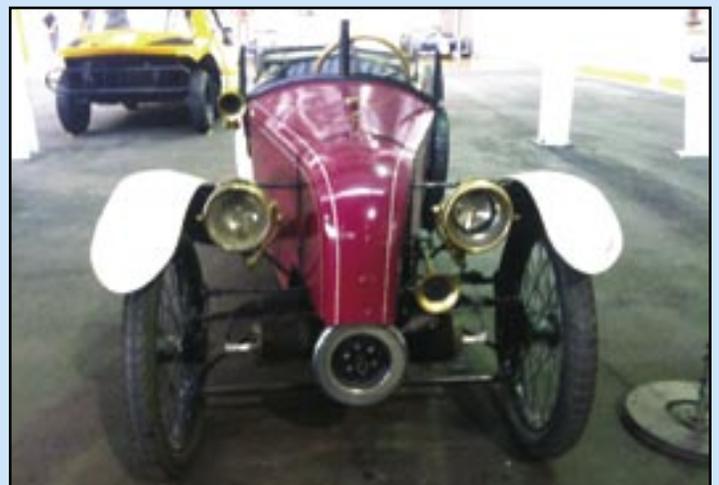
The Little Car Museum by John Goethert, photos by Cooper Goethert

My kids hadn't seen their grandfather in what seemed like forever. So, a few weeks ago we both actually had a weekend free and took the opportunity to get together. Dad suggested we meet in Nashville and hit a few obscure attractions he had read about recently. He mentioned a "little car museum" knowing our car-craziness. Sounded fun.

A little car museum? What came to mind was a little-museum with a few cars sitting beside someone's home or in a hotel lobby. I had no idea Dad was meaning a museum FULL of little cars not a little building. When we pulled into the Lane Motor Museum and had to park among the overflow of cars, Eastern European military "GPs" that just would not fit inside, I knew I had it all wrong. The

place was stuffed with hundreds of little cars, and a few big ones, from all over the world! I can't believe I had not heard of this place! And I can't believe I did not bring my good camera!

Like all us Little British Car owners, Jeff Lane became a car nut at an early age. And like us, he clearly loved the unique, under-dog cars. His collection started with his first car, an MG TF, as he learned to appreciate the mechanicals and body lines during its restoration. With the love ingrained, he started picking up little cars that caught his (but almost nobody else's) eye. His collection grew so large that today the almost 400 mostly-European marques have to be housed in the 40,000 square foot space of an old Sunbeam bread bakery.





READERS STORY





The place gives off this interesting vibe as you walk through. It doesn't feel like a museum. It is more like visiting a friend's garage. The cars are not roped off or up on pedestals. They are lumped together right out in the middle, usually by country of origin. You can walk right up and point out unique features or lay on the ground looking underneath. Also contributing to the guy-nextdoor-garage feel is that Mr. Lane never disguised the fact that these are tools of transportation. None are fresh high-dollar restorations, the cars have the everyday scratches and rock chips of use. And all the cars are, or can be with some tinkering, in full running order.

Yes, there are the usual collectable go-to-cars like an E-type Jag and Mini Cooper but the collection is dominated by many obscure marques. When was the last time you saw a row of DKWs? How about twelve Tattras in one place (if ever)? He has one of the largest collections of three wheeled cars in North America. Peels and Reliants were dwarfed beside the other tiny cars like MGs and Citroëns.

Dear to our hearts, he has a two Spitfires on display. Both rubber bumper cars, one features an electric motor conversion. And though not strictly Triumph, it was fun to pose the trivia question to the

kids when looking at the Amphicar: *"what does this 'car-boat-thing' have in common with our Spitfire?"*

Not all his collection were entry level consumer cars. Mr. Lane had a surprising number of race and rally cars. Remember those awesome Renault 5 Turbos of the 80s? My daughter's favorite was this strange ice racing Peugeot because of its funny orange "frog face". There are even a few formula cars and SCCA Nissan/Datsun racers.

And if you are like me and have the love of all machines, there is a hall of motorcycles, scooters, and bicycles. All are equally as uniquely designed and obscurely branded as the cars in the collection.

What started as a young boy's hobby has grown to a must-see time capsule of some of the most unique machinery in the world. The next time you are in Nashville with a few hours free, stop in and visit the Lane Motor Museum located at 702 Murfreesboro Pike. They are open Thursday through Monday from 10-5. I can't think of a better way to spend an afternoon for a measly \$7!

For more information or to see some of the many cars on display go to www.lanemotormuseum.org or call them at 615-742-7445. ☺

Five Days Late by Bo Widerberg, Florida



Sometimes things happen in life and you find yourself shaking your head and wondering what the odds could possibly have been. But, just as often, things can manage to work out even better than you'd expected. What in the world am I going on about and what, exactly, does this have to do with Triumph Spitfires? Well, bear with me as I start where everything always starts--the beginning.

In the story of my Triumph Spitfire and me, that beginning would be back in 2001. I was hankering for a project car, something fun, something to serve as a bit of an escape from the pressures of school, of work, and of life. I'd just sold an impractical and fuel-hungry (but fun) Mustang to buy a sensible (but boring) family car. This sensible car turned out to be a lemon and left me both emotionally unfulfilled and physically stranded on the side of the road on more than one occasion. But, finding a silver lining, the experience helped convince me that what I needed was a fun car, some sort of a diversion from the daily grind. I had a small child, my first son, and a somewhat agreeable wife and my search for a project car eventually culminated in the purchase of a 1976 Triumph Spitfire 1500. She was a runner, if only just, and she was the second Triumph I ever owned (the other being my very first car, a 1976 Triumph TR7 that my father and I bought when I was barely old enough to drive). I immediately began breaking the Spit down with grand designs of restoring her to her former glory; new mechanicals, all new paint, lots and lots of bodywork. I was young, naive, and ready for anything.

Except, it turned out that I wasn't ready for my parents retiring,

selling their house, and moving in with my wife and I. And, of course, this meant that all of their belongings moved in as well; next to, around, and on top of the poor Spit. Years would go by with painfully little progress on the car, and eventually we sold our house and built a new one. In the intervening few months, between preparing to sell our first house and moving into the new one, the Spit was stored at my in-laws' house. Dings were received; parts would go missing. It was not a good time for the car, and the project slipped and seemed ever more hopeless. Eventually, however, my beloved Spitfire found her way back to me and, while still surrounded by a mountain of junk, she was back in my garage.

Except, my youngest children, a set of boy/girl twins, decided that this was the perfect time to come into the world.

Fast forward several years of more "life", which included several failed attempts to restart the restoration, and I'd finally talked myself out of my Spit. I'd decided at some point, without even consciously being aware of it, that with my twins getting to be car-riding age, I really needed a project with room for more than two. And so, I put her up for sale. Very quickly she found a home with a friend of mine who's a local British car dealer. I was down and disappointed at the lost opportunity, but my sight was set on another prize: the very next day, I bought a 1969 Volkswagen Beetle, dubbed (no pun intended) Red Velvet Cupcake by my daughter. We launched full speed into the air-cooled community. Much fun was had, many shows were attended, and many wonderful drives were taken with the kids.



But, despite having so much fun, and being able to share the experience with both little ones at the same time, something was missing. There was a nagging hole left, I realized, by the departure of my Spit. months and months and

This feeling lingered for finally came to a climax during a trip to the mountains of North Georgia with my family. I'd apparently made myself pathetic enough sulking during the vacation that my wife finally broke down said, **"Just go buy your Spitfire back!"**

She didn't have to repeat herself before I'd sent a quick email to my friend, the dealer. I waited like a nervous mother to hear back, checking his website daily to see if I could catch a glimpse of my car somewhere on his lot or in one of his garages. A day or two later, there it was--a beautiful, bold unread email waiting for me.

Except, the email was not a happy one. My Spitfire, predictably, had been sold. At this point, it had been over a year since I'd sold her and, deep down, I'd expected the car to be gone. What were the chances that it would still be there? But, the kicker was that she had been there, for all of these months, and had only just been sold. Five days earlier. For quite a bit less than I would've paid. I was dumbstruck. After all this time, with no interest at all from prospective buyers, she'd been sold at almost the very same instant that my wife had given me the green light.



Five days late. Less than a week.

But, then, I reread the email. Yeah, she really was gone. She'd been sold and there would be no getting her back. However, there was something, a glimmer of hope, right there on the screen of my phone. My friend had other projects. In fact, he had another Spitfire! It was 1975. It was available. And the email said, "Call me!"

But, rats! It was Sunday, and his shop was closed Sunday and Monday.

First thing Tuesday morning, I ducked out of my cubicle at work, rushed outside, and placed the call. It was great talking to him, but I



decided to skip the pleasantries and cut right to the chase. There was something about a Spitfire? There was, and she was still available. He did his best to talk me out of the car, although we both knew there was little chance of that happening. There was rust damage, he reasoned, on the driver's floor and worse still on the driver's side sill, all the way through. There were some missing items, a lot of missing items actually. The motor was questionable. I probably wanted a better example, he said, but, I could have her if . . . SOLD! Breaking every rule of car buying (again), I bought her sight unseen, the first Spit that became available, without really considering the car, and in worse condition than I was looking for.

I drove up from my office to see the car that same afternoon and, despite more admonitions to "think about it," a very reasonable price was agreed to and hands were shaken. We set up delivery because by this time I was without a towing vehicle. And, just like that, the deal was done. I had another Spitfire. I was back in the cockpit again.

About three weeks later, one wonderful Monday morning, my new Spit arrived at home. She was the spitting image of my 1976, and despite the driver's side floor and sills (what sills?), she was actually in better overall condition than my 1976 had been. Sometimes things do have a tendency of working out, and it's hard to describe the joy of having a Spitfire back in the garage. She's a project, and she's not MY Spitfire in the sense that she doesn't come with the emotional history of the original. But, in some strange way, that emotional connection somehow still resonates through this new car. She's mine now, despite our having just met, and I "feel" about the car just as I did about my first. I associate her with my early 30s, a wonderful time in my life, just as I had my first Spit.

So, in the end, I was five days late in trying to recover my original Spitfire, but I ended up even better off than when I started. And, I've got a burst of enthusiasm and youthful vigor out of the deal that I hadn't expected, and hadn't felt in a very long time. Sometimes things do work out for the best, even better than you expected. 🍷





Ginger Snaps

Ginger Snaps 1.0 Written by Synnova Henthorne

I have been the proud owner of two British cars for years, both Jaguars; however, I fell in love with a cute little orange Spitfire and took the plunge to purchase it. Thus begins my saga, August 07, 2012, with a vehicle I have appropriately dubbed “Ginger”, not only because of her color, but because of her personality.

Ginger was a little rough around the edges but overall she was in good shape. While replacing the tyres I also decided to repaint the wheels as they were quite rusty. It would happen that I chose one of the hottest

days of the year to tackle the wheels. In fact, I chose a heat wave and drought as perfect timing to work with metal. Obviously not one of my best thought out plans. I found a shady spot early one morning and began scouring my wheels with lots of water, sand paper and elbow grease. I was content with my work as the sun slowly crept across the sky. I did not pay attention to the blistering rays and went home quite crispy. The next day, in another fit of ignorance, I wore a tank top in an attempt to cool off from the wretched heat. While



diligently working, a blessed angel known to many as Vera McLeod, handed me a tube and urged me to apply sun block. I did as she suggested but found it to be too little too late.

I started hearing a clicking noise that was ever increasing which turned out to be a bad drive shaft universal joint. The fuel sending unit was not working and she was overheating at higher speeds. Oddly though, she did fine at slow speeds. A few busted knuckles and dropped wrenches later the u-joint was changed and

the drive shaft returned. Surgery was completed on the sending unit and another check was added to the ever-growing problem list. I was roasted in the hot weather and the sun had burned right through my 85 spf sunblock. Once again, Ginger acted fine and I decided to drive her to the state capitol for our club's monthly event on August 11th, our observance of the National Drive Away Cancer Day. Ginger ran so great that day she was sure to make Grace proud.

My elation over her performance was short lived. I should have expected so. My friend, Judy Wheeler and I went for a drive only to have Ginger sputter to a stop miles from home. I pushed her to the side of the road and lifted the bonnet. I could see nothing wrong except that the small lawn mower filter we had fitted on the fuel line was full of rust and no fuel was making its way into the filter. Jim Wheeler arrived with a trailer and we hauled Ginger back to the shop. Turns out, the new fuel sending unit was still not working and even though it showed a half tank of petrol, it was bone dry except for the rust pouring into the fuel lines. She looked as though she were bleeding. To top it off, the clicking returned in the rear.

As my luck would have it, the new drive shaft u-joint was faulty and had to be replaced again. On top of that, the left axle u-joint had visible slipping needles but, thankfully, the right side looked okay—for now. The major problem, though, was a cracked exhaust manifold. After some serious searching, Ronnie McLeod found one and the replacement was made. I had hopes that would solve the overheating problem.

I purchased two more u-joints and made time to change the left one. I was planning to wait until after the car show in Fayetteville to change the right one. My teenage daughter and I went to a friend's shop and began the grueling task of changing the u-joint. Well, I started working and she watched while occasionally snapping photos and not ones of my good side. My idea was to teach her some mechanics; however, I think the only thing she learned was how to use colorful metaphors and that if one complains enough he or she will be released from the duty of "learning" to find more boring things to do like swimming. I mean, really, why would someone rather splash around in an oversized bathtub on a 100 degree day than get covered in grease, rust and oil? Where's the fun in that? What could be more fun than sliding under a Spitfire and emulating a

FEATURE



▲ The rim before restoration, and after restoration ▼



Roaring like a dinosaur ▼



t-rex while trying to loosen 35 year old bolts? I'm still trying to get my arms to straighten out. Note to self: roaring like an extinct dinosaur does not cause enough of a sonic wave to loosen rusted bolts. Getting those bolts broken free was only half the battle. The real challenge came in getting the old u-joint out of the axle...then putting a new one in the axle...then returning the axle. Actually, there's nothing about changing a u-joint that is fun. This is why my child abandoned me for the inviting waters in the Ross yard.

While Audrey was splashing around in the tepid waters, Bob and I finished our task list. We couldn't get the fuel sending unit to work even though it was a new part. It worked fine outside the tank, but inside it was worthless. Well, it's just worthless altogether. Audrey and I left for home and I promised her a good meal at her favorite restaurant for being so patient and helpful. When we left the restaurant

we started smelling gas. To make matters worse, Ginger overheated again.

While en route to the car barn again I filled the tank with petrol and headed for the highway. As I got on the interstate I started smelling that gas odor again. I was putting along in the center lane when a scruffy looking man sped up beside me and ogled Ginger. He reminded me of that man, you know, the one that haunts every bar hiding in the dimly lit corner, unshaven and had his monthly bath 27 days ago? As he loomed next to me looking Ginger over from bonnet to boot, he stuck his hand out and gave his cigarette a tap knocking off the ashes in the wind. My eyes bugged and I hit the accelerator. If I don't get away from this dude I'm going out with a bang!

I noticed Ginger's temp gauge rising (well, mine was rising too) so I stopped at an auto parts store and popped the bonnet only to discover coolant pouring from the water pump. Ugh, not again! I continued to the car barn to check out the gas issue. When I opened the boot I was agape at the sight. Petrol was literally pouring from the sending unit orifice. Bob and Jim grabbed a hose and a can and siphoned what was left of the fuel from the tank. Once we thought we had the leak solved we filled the tank again only to discover the gas "leak" now looked like Niagara Falls. Ginger, girl, you have a serious issue with incontinence. You need to get that checked out. I don't think they make Depends big enough for a Triumph. If they do, someone please send some my way.

I made an executive decision to go to McLeod's for help. Ginger really needed a doctor for her "issues"—bless her heart. I was running rich on

less than half a tank of gas and overheating while driving through downtown traffic in the hood in Little Rock. Ginger don't fail me now. I started hearing a faint clicking in the rear again. It is that all too familiar sound of the universal joint, probably the right side. I hope it's the right side since the left axle joint and the drive shaft joint have been changed. Twice. I would turn up the radio so I don't have to listen to the racket but I don't have a radio. It seems eight tracks were not that important to the British in 1977.

It's a blazing 101 degrees today which makes it about 120 in the cockpit. While driving on University Avenue in the always heavy traffic I started hearing a horrible whine that sounded like a Banshee. I said, "Holy headache! What the heck is that?" Really, I said it out loud. People and small dogs looked at me, cocked their heads sideways and stared in wonderment at the crazy lady. This sound came right after my route 44 Sonic drink toppled over in the floorboard and spilled 44 ounces of sticky liquid everywhere when I catapulted over a crater in the road.

The grotto was so big you could hide a VW Camper Bus in there with the camper fully erected, picnic table and umbrella set up on an Astroturf lawn with the little plastic ketchup and mustard bottles ready for the burgers fresh from the grill stowed in the corner. There's no telling how many small children, cats, mowers, turnip greens, oil cans and monkeys were down there having a cook-out and waiting to be rescued. They've got a regular pothole trailer park going on in there.

Turns out the crazy Banshee scream was actually the tornado siren. It was Wednesday and obviously noon. At least all those things stuck down in that pothole will be safe if there actually is a tornado. Me? I'll just end up in Oz with Ginger, clicking the wiper blades together saying there's no place like Arkansas, there's no place like Arkansas.

I made it to Ronnie McLeod's—much thanks to St. Frances! I am sun burned and feel like a fresh-out-of-the-oven Thanksgiving turkey. You know the one that was left in the oven too long? Slightly crisp and dry—yep, that's me. I guess that's what I get for being born a Ginger, and choosing to drive a Ginger too. I'm a glutton for punishment for sure. Somebody hand me a bottle of

scotch. Ginger might still have the problems but thanks to the Scottish, I really wouldn't care. This car will drive me to drink for sure!

The water pump was changed and once again we held our breath in hoping the problem was solved. A new seal on the sending unit fixed that leak, but not until after I had to fuel up three times just to get to the shop. She ran very well on the way home—again.

I spent nearly four hours cleaning and polishing Ginger in preparation for the Brits in the Ozarks show in two days. The show, hosted by the British Iron Touring Club of Northwest Arkansas, was my first car show and I hoped it would be Ginger's too. When I started her I heard a pop and she started running rough. I headed back to McLeod's. Turns out a pin popped out of the new manifold but that wasn't the worst of her problems. She had a blown head gasket. Ginger put her foot down. We have spent five weeks trying our best to urge her to make the trip to Fayetteville but she refused. There was no coaxing possible that would sway her decision. I, again, was defeated to tears. I spent a week away from Ginger and Ronnie replaced the head gasket and fixed the manifold. When I returned home with Ginger she was still overheating. There was only one thing left to do, change the thermostat. With that changed she finally stopped getting hot—for now.



Wayne & Davis (McLeod's British Cars) replacing the head gasket.

FEATURE

My friend asked me to attend Grandparent's Day at her son's school. I gladly agreed as I could not allow the child to go yet another year sitting in the classroom while all of his friends were elsewhere enjoying their freedom and pride showing off their grandparents. I must say there is no greater boost to a woman's ego than to be told repeatedly, "You are not his grandma! You're not old enough!" I just smiled. On the way to the school Ginger was acting up, as usual. I talked to her all the way there and chokingly pulled into the parking lot. As I walked away I curtly said, "I'll deal with you later." Before leaving the school, I lifted the bonnet and began checking her over. Dangit. Antifreeze is still leaking although not nearly as bad. I'm no genius but judging from the barf stains on the bonnet it seems to be spewing from the new radiator cap. So I ask myself, reluctantly, what's next?

I used my petrol dipstick (a strategically shaped piece of bamboo Bob engineered for me) to check the gas level. I then checked the carburetor and discovered it was out of oil and I had no oil in the boot. I have broken the first cardinal rule of LBC ownership: never, EVER go anywhere without extra oil. I could have chosen to be the feeble female and sit impatiently on the phone crying to someone and begging them to bring me some oil but that's not me. I am not feeble; I am a stubborn redhead and fairly self-sufficient. I resorted to the old stand-by of repeatedly removing the dipstick, sliding oil into the carb, then repeating the process.

An elderly grandpa shuffled by with his cane. Peering at me over his glasses he asked, "Need some help honey?" I replied, "No, my carburetor is just out of oil." He looked at me inquisitively and said slowly, "Your carburetor... is out... of OIL?" "Yes sir, there is no oil in my carburetor." "Sweetie, carburetors don't take oil." "Actually, sir, quirky little British carburetors do." He shuffled over to the other side of the bonnet as I continued my process with the dipstick. As he stood there peering through his tri-focals with eyes as big as golf balls he said, "Honey, I don't think you should do that." I just smiled and said, "it's okay" as I continued working. When she was full enough I screwed the cap back on and tried the ignition. The gentleman was quite shocked when she started. He jumped back in surprise and stated, "In all my years I've never seen the likes of that!" I mentioned again that it was a quirky little bit of British engineering and he straightened and stated, "And it's a quirky little British car." I grinned as big as Ginger's front bumper and said, "Yes she is. And I love her," as the gentleman shook his head and shuffled away.

Ginger Snaps 2.0

A Lesson in Life, Love and Little Smiles

With the many frustrations surrounding Ginger it is increasingly difficult not to have a sense of humor and wonder about my sanity when I decided to purchase an old little British car. A couple of weeks ago I was driving her when a dirt dobber nest fell onto my feet from under the dash. A short time later I began experiencing electrical malfunctions. As Mother Nature would have it, this tiny little mud glob was holding wires in place. Now the wires are free to move and are causing a bad connection. Lucas, Prince of Darkness has sent his gremlins to plague Ginger. The dim lights do not work at all and the tail lights and dash lights work if I wiggle the switch for about 10 minutes before I go anywhere.

So, the light switch isn't lighting, the sending unit isn't sending and the choke isn't properly choking. Ginger was born with a water choke commonly called a pain in the bazooka. Water chokes are finicky and Ginger's choke just doesn't want to work. At the advice of a trusted friend we wired the choke open as a temporary fix to her...well...choking until I could get it changed to a manual choke. I have always been an "original" kind of girl in that I do not like vehicles that have been Frankensteined; however, after spending more than eight weeks dealing with this choke, I have begun to change my mind a little bit. Wiring the choke open was not a bad idea until the weather decided to turn cold.

As a firm supporter of Grace and John and *Drive Away Cancer*, I made plans to attend the Little Rock Cure Search Walk this morning at the request of a few parents and grandparents whose children suffer from childhood cancer. Ginger, who has become accustomed to the hot Arkansas temperatures, did not want to start without the choke on this 47 degree morning. After a few futile attempts, I popped the bonnet and urgently told Ginger, "You need to straighten up, we have a very important mission today!" I un-wired the choke and flipped it back to the closed position then gave her several cranks until she started. I went back to the choke to open it and found that she had opened it herself so I wired it again so it would remain that way. I think she got the picture of how important her mission was; but I had no idea how important she would become.

Once she got going, Ginger seemed to enjoy the cooler weather and ran like a champ. We made it to Murray Park along the Arkansas River where we met with Garry

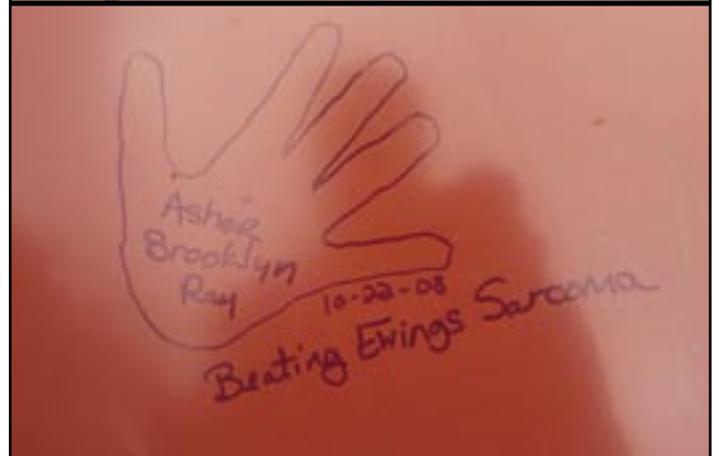
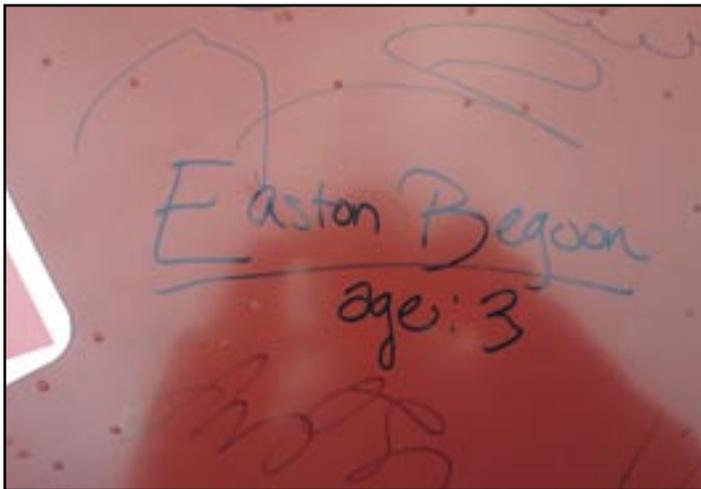


Ginger's first fighter Easton, with his parents Hunter & Tara



Emmalee's smile is...well...priceless!

Begoon and his daughter-in-law Tara Begoon whose three-year-old son Easton is fighting T-cell Leukemia. I had initially planned to have people sign the Drive Away Cancer magnets I had made for the car doors; however, with pen in hand, I realized there was no way three-year-old Easton was going to be able to “*stay in the lines*” with his little trembling digits so I told his dad to let him sign wherever and however he wanted. Easton scribbled a semblance of his name on Ginger’s bonnet and several others followed suit.



One child, only able to stand with her mother’s gentle hand, was afraid to sign. Her mother told her, “it’s okay, you can draw on the car” and the girl stared in disbelief. She grasped a pen and cautiously put it up to Ginger’s left fender. She paused and looked around waiting for a scolding but she was urged on, “Go ahead, its okay.” She began to slowly make circles on the fender and when she realized she was not going to be in trouble she continued to scribble all the way to the head lamp. I glanced at my

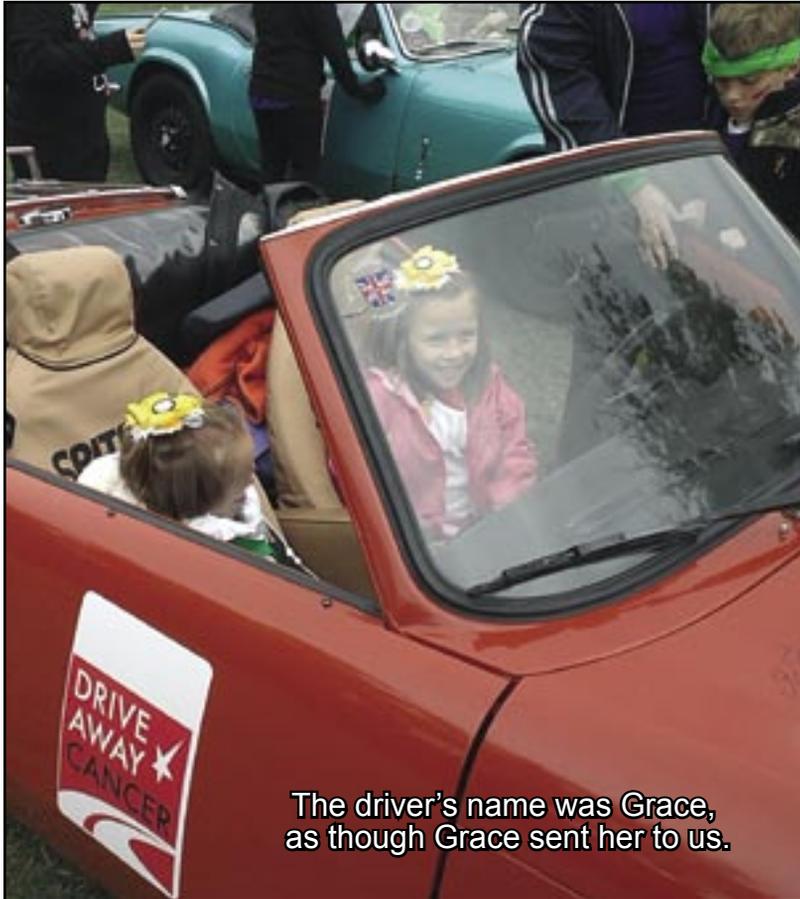




Easton's best friend Owen "driving" Ginger



Sydney's laughter is so warm on such a cold day



The driver's name was Grace, as though Grace sent her to us.



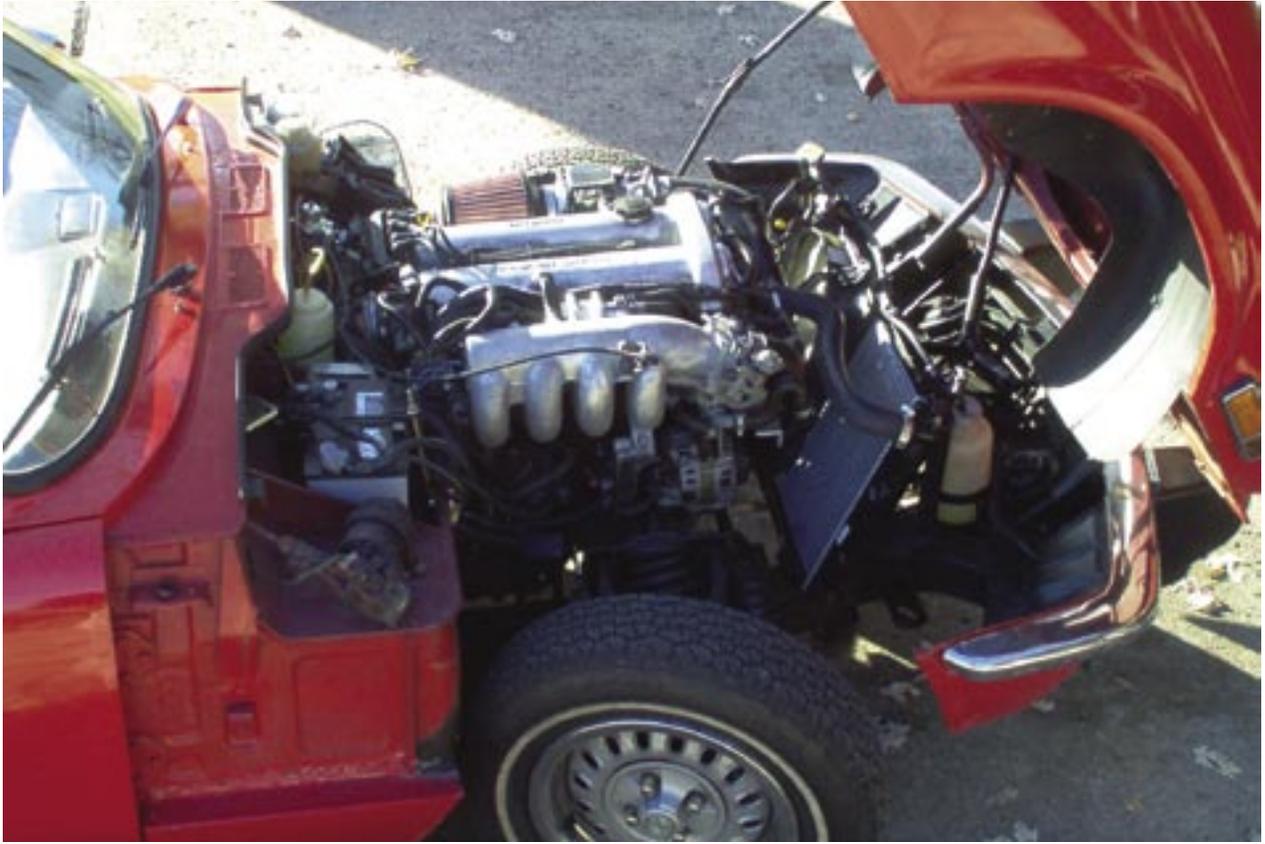
Spreading "Mo" Love

friend who had attended the event with me just in time to see him cringe. He could not see the smile on this little girl's face. Her ear-to-ear grin and the laughter and joy of others made every second, every ink blot worth the effort to show up. It made every frustration disappear. My little Ginger made kids forget, even for a brief time, that they were sick. With one simple pen stroke, my \$5000 little British hunk of metal became a priceless piece of art, courage, encouragement, hope and peace.

Later in the evening I was visiting with friends and was asked how the day went. I had skipped a car show with our club so I could attend the Cure Search Walk. I told my friends the day was awesome and we walked over to Ginger where I pointed at her bonnet. A friend asked, "Did you wax it?" "No," I replied. "Will it come off?" he asked. My reply was simple, "No, and I don't want it to." I told him that in a few moments this morning I realized I would never be able to turn Ginger into a concours car and when I purchased her I only intended to take her on club outings and possibly show her once in a while. But today, Ginger decided her own fate. I do not know what the future will hold for her in the long run but I know she will be bringing smiles, laughter, encouragement, hope and peace for as long as I am able to drive her and neither of us will ever forget our first encounter with these little warriors.

I'm not sure if Ginger understands how Grace feels, but she performed her mission flawlessly today. As we were leaving the park, the sky opened up and poured rain down on us. I could not help but think of John and Grace and how they are always being rained on. I once said the rain that falls on John and Grace are tears of joy from Heaven. I believe we experienced those same tears of joy today as we putted away from a job well done. Ginger made me proud; I hope she made Grace proud too. In a few memorial words inscribed on Ginger, "Spread 'MO' Love."

You can follow Grace on Facebook at **Drive Away Cancer** and www.driveawaycancer.org; and Ginger's adventures can be found on Facebook at **Drive Away Cancer-Arkansas**. 🇺🇸



Sometimes you have to say “Kiss my _ _ _” by Dan Patrick, Indiana

Three years ago I submitted an article to *Spitfire & GT6* regarding substituting a Mazda Miata engine and transmission to replace the original 1500 and damaged original transmission in my 1978 Spitfire. The article was published in Issue #33. At the conclusion of the article, I could not say if I would do it over again if I had the choice. Not long after the article was printed, a gentleman from the west coast asked the question again, was I glad I did it? I gave a reluctant yes. After three years of being back on the road, I can say, Hell, Yes! I am glad I made the change. I have since seen the Mazda engine in an MGBGT and even an MGA. There is a joy in driving these old cars with their character and charisma. There is more joy when you can add a little pep and reliability into the mix.

As I said in the previous article, I would not have made the change except that I lost the transmission and had to do something. I could have repaired the old transmission and returned to the status quo but let's face it, the 1500 was not a well loved engine by the Triumph people and downright disliked by the MG Midget folks. The 57 HP this engine delivered had trouble outrunning a retired greyhound and I mean the dog, not the bus. Sad to say, by the late 70's the Spit was living on its reputation.

My car looks good from a distance but is a good “ten footer”. What I mean by this is that the flaws to the body are visible when you get close. Without some serious money put in to bodywork, it will not be a “*Best of Show*” but has won a few “*Excellence in Class*” plaques. At some car shows, I have raised the bonnet to show the en-

gine and some I have kept it closed. Although the comments about the engine have been favorable, I have notice my car does better in the voting when the engine is covered.

The reactions of others have been a bit surprising. A few have asked, often in great detail, how to duplicate the swap and I have been more than willing to help. Others have been very offended that I made the change in the first place. One member of my old car club, and an owner of a TR-2, made the Hex sign on my car. I am not sure, if he was kidding or not. Another Spitfire owner from a different club was particularly rude. He was dissing my car in spite of the fact that his Spitfire had a ton of aftermarket body cladding on it. I felt he was the greater offender but had the good manners not to tell him so (until now). Finally I told him to “Kiss my @\$\$.” I liked my car!” Upon leaving the venue that our respective clubs had visited, I couldn't resist laying down a little rubber as his car was right behind mine. Hey, I'm no longer a kid but I am still Irish. *Note: We have been more cordial at subsequent events.*

In my opinion, I saved what was good about the Spitfire and corrected its major flaw by doubling the horsepower and getting the much appreciated 5th gear. I love the body style, the handling, the feel of the steering wheel, the wood instrument panel, the leg room that makes even people over six foot comfortable. Last, but not least, as a guy that occasionally pulls on wrenches, I love the pure ease of accessibility to the engine compartment. I love the phrase “**Keep Them on The Road**”. That is my goal as well. ☺

Unwritten Rules of the Road

by Shawn Frank, Iowa



I wonder if people have been informed of the “*unwritten rules of the road*”. These are rules that are not taught in a driver’s education course. There is nothing in writing stating these “*unwritten rules of the road*” to exist, be true, applicable, or even lawful. There are no instructors paid to research and develop them. Yet, there are instructors, mostly the best kind.

My instructor of said “*unwritten rules*” was my grandpa. He was a semi mechanic, a flatbed trailer-pulling-one-ton-truck operator, and a Winnebago admiral in his own right. He taught me little stuff like CB handles, the communication involved, and how fun it was to talk to a guy you are passing at 70 MPH. He taught me to flash your headlights as soon as a 53 foot (trailer length only) 18 wheeler was able to clear you and merge over to your lane. He in turn would thank you for your display of information with a flash on and off of his lights, causing his taillights to flash on and off two times. He taught me to flash my headlights at oncoming trucks to warn them of “Smokey” (police) and the speed trap they had, that you just barely passed through. He taught me to let people go in front of me if they need to get over. He taught me a lot, because he knew the “*unwritten rules*” and wanted to pass them on.

I very much respect the truckers, transporters, and even the truck and trailer operators who know these “*unwritten rules*”. I hope that they will let the next generation know about said rules, because some day, cars will drive themselves. Everyone will say that is is safer, easier, faster, etc. and they will probably be right. But I ask you, will you feel like something is missing? Will you have the opportunity to pass

on “*unwritten rules*” of your own? I still carry my “well documented in my head” “*unwritten rules*”, and will have them to my grave.

It has made it more nostalgic that I pass these rules on to my son. He is learning from me, what I learned from my grandpa, my dad, and all the countless people I’ve hitched rides with over the years. I encourage all to pass on your knowledge and wisdom, because, they may not seem interested now, but your kids are listening. Maybe some day my son will write a piece about the “*unwritten rules*” I have taught him. Chances are, he will be driving my Spitfire... That’s deep... ☺



Southern British Car Club Goes "Back In Time"

by Bob Spruck, MotorMouth/south

As car show themes go, the Southern British Car Club of the greater Chattanooga, TN area picked an appropriate name for their recent edition of the popular annual Fall show. Not only did they go back in time with their costumes for the informal, relaxed, and delicious Friday night dinner, they also went "back in time" by having us all change our clocks back on Saturday night. And, of course, the cars at the display on Saturday were from a long time back, too. Britain's best from the '40s, '50s, '60s, '70s, and '80s were proudly displayed by their enthusiastic owners.

One of the best features of this show is the full schedule of activities spread over a three day weekend. They are spaced out so that there is a relaxed atmosphere and plenty of time between events to talk and look at the cars. Registration and talking began on Friday afternoon for the early arrivals. An informal dinner on Friday night provided even more time for talking cars as well as eating, drinking, listening to the wonderful orchestra, bidding on the items for the silent auction, voting for our favorite "Back in Time" costume, and meeting new friends. A chilly but invigorating Saturday morning started with a car washing opportunity followed by the placing of the almost 100 cars on the show field in marque groups. Once that was accomplished the talking about cars began again in earnest. Only now, the owners were joined by the spectators and non-car owners who had stories of their own to tell. Seems that sometime in

their life, almost everyone has had a British car and is eager to tell you a story about their trials and tribulations with it. Some gave the cars up, only to wish they had them now, while others talked about the numerous models they do have now and why they like and keep each one. After everyone had no more tales to tell, the show part ended and the driving part began. The Club always takes a caravan of cars to one of the many famous battlefields in the Chattanooga area, a local park, or just for a drive on the local winding and hilly roads that our cars were made for. After a welcome opportunity to warm up and clean up, it was time for the formal dinner and awards presentation in the Roosevelt Room inside the Chattanooga Choo-Choo train station/resort/hotel where most of the guests stayed. Some even spent the night in one of the dozens of sleeper cars and ate in the dining cars that are parked alongside the platforms in the station. It still wasn't over, as there was a farewell brunch on Sunday morning to get in some last minute stories, some doughnuts, and delicious hot coffee before heading home.

Only a few Spitfires showed up but the ones that were there were worth the time to look at closely.

Ted Geiger's 1973 GT6 in that different mustard yellow color was otherwise pretty darn nice. That color really attracts your attention. Ted's car was bookended by the TR6 of Bob Higgenbotham in the same color. First in the Spitfire class was the beautifully white '64 of



1973 GT6 of Ted Geiger



Barry Marshall hopes to sell his '80 Spitfire and hardtop

T. Volker. Barry Marshall's '80 Spit attracted a lot of attention due to the big "For Sale" sign and the hardtop that accompanied the nice red car.

At most shows, the majority of the cars are ones you have seen before and are probably very familiar with. But the exciting thing about many shows is that these "ordinary" British cars are so well kept and prepared, not only the trailer queens but the daily drivers as well. The most exciting thing about a show for many of us car enthusiasts is the prospect of seeing a car we have never seen before or have never even heard of. Hermann Schaller's 1949 Triumph

2000 roadster was one such vehicle. It is in excellent restored condition. Unusual features include a rumble seat with a separate windscreen. There were also three Rovers, each of a different era and each showing some of the unique features of one of Britain's most revered marques. Perhaps the most unusual car was the Jensen 541 of Richard Johnson, a car many of us have never heard of or seen in the flesh. Many casual car guys may have never even heard of the brand. Richard's car is unbelievably well restored and shows what care, motivation, devotion, hard work, desire, and pride can do. That's what car shows are all about. 🍷



'66 Spitfire of Scott Anderson placed 2nd in his Class



This nice '63 Herald belongs to Gene Clennon

NASS Spit-Together in Zionsville *by Howard Baugues, Indiana*



The North American Spitfire Squadron held a Midwest Spit-Together in Zionsville, a northwest suburb of Indianapolis Indiana on August 10 - 12, 2012. The group met Friday afternoon and drove to downtown Zionsville for dinner at the Cobblestone Grill on the main drag. A large group of members gathered in the back dining room and shared a delightful evening together.

Saturday morning members drove to Lions Park on the east side of Zionsville. The car show was held in conjunction with the Indiana British Car Union's Indy British Motor Day show, which featured the Triumph Spitfire and its celebration of the 50th anniversary. Spitfires & GT6s were placed up front of the gazebo where everyone entering the show-field could see.

Fifteen Spitfires and one GT6 were on display for the show. Members had traveled from surrounding states and Tom Piper even drove his 79 Spit from Maryland to attend the weekend events.

Since the show was on August 11th, which was also Drive Away Cancer Day, we had a special club member drive over 1000 miles

that morning and afternoon to attend the show. John Nikas drove Grace, the special Austin Healey from Texas where he had been the day before to meet up with the group. As most cars were leaving the show, John came rolling in to a waiting crowd and was immediately surrounded. John Nikas is a Spitfire owner, but has left his Spitfire back in California while he crusades for Drive Away Cancer in the Austin Healey.

During the car show, a couple of the lady NASS members sold 50/50 raffle tickets. The winner of the raffle would win half of the money collected, and the balance would go to Drive Away Cancer. Total sales of tickets reached \$240. When the drawing was made, the winner (name not given) collected his prize of \$120, and gave \$60 back to Drive Away Cancer. Club secretary Stephanie Ballard presented John Nikas with \$180 for the Drive Away Cancer charity.

After an hour of talking, taking pictures and allowing John some time to rest outside his car, twelve members from the Indiana Austin Healey club and twelve from the Spitfire club drove two miles to Stone





The winner of the 50/50 raffle



Nikas receiving raffle donation from Steph Ballard



First Place Early Spits -65 Spitfire Mk2,
Owned by Kevin Ludwig, Indiana



First Place Late Spits - 74 Spitfire 1500,
Owned by Doug & Shannon McArthur, Indiana



First Place GT6s - 73 GT6 Mk3,
Owned by Tom Beaver, Indiana

Creek Dining Company for a fabulous dinner with John Nikas sitting in the middle of these two groups of enthusiasts. We shared a very nice dinner, and shared car stories all around the table. Back in the parking lot people were drawn to Grace. The NASS members said their good-byes to John & the Healey group and headed off for the evening.

Sunday members met up for breakfast and then a 50 mile drive

through the small towns and countryside. Mike Roe had laid out a great course, complete with a narrative telling participants little historic tidbits about various buildings, roads, and ghosts. The drive ended in Noblesville where everyone said their farewells and headed their separate ways. Hats off to Richard Campi & Mike Roe, organizers of a successful weekend. 🍷

MidCoast Road Rally 2012

by Shawn Frank, Iowa

My alarm goes off before the sun rises. My eyes open a little wider and a little brighter than usual. It is Rally Day. We are set to attend the MidCoast Road Rally 2012 today. It is a charity rally put on by Road Rally Charities. RRC is a local group of guys that try to bring together and help our local community by giving us an avenue to not only have the time of our lives, but also to help raise money for charities. The rally is a Time/Speed/Distance rally that is a little different than any rally I've seen or heard about. It is pure. It is a tradition for my brother and I. This will be our third year attending the MidCoast Road Rally.

The MidCoast Road Rally is the creation of Road Rally Charities and is just one of the events held on a yearly basis. It is very well organized, but laid back and all about the people that get involved. Sure, there are a bunch of nice cars to enjoy too, but it's really an emphasis on the humanity of giving, the people who volunteer their time, and the charities that help in many various ways. This year's charities include Ronald McDonald House, Make A Wish Foundation, Wounded Warriors, Amanda the Panda, The Fisher House, Rock in Prevention, and a local youth organization called the Isiserettes Drum Team. Make a Wish Foundation even has a 2013 Camaro Convertible donated by local Chevy dealers that they are selling raffle tickets for. The Fisher House is the charity suggestion of Iowa State University's Kappa Sigma Fraternity who will be volunteering to help with the time keeping, staging, and instruction for all the cars. This year is a bigger turn out than any other year, so RRC sent out an email to everyone signed up saying that they are taking suggestions for a couple more charities. Right away, I thought of Drive Away Cancer.

Drive Away Cancer is a charity that is near and dear to my heart. John Nikas and the famous 1953 Austin Healey 100 named Grace are the main charity vessel. I had been in contact with John through a couple mutual friends but felt an immediate connection to his story. He started out in the Healey last year to accomplish the task of showing a friend that was diagnosed with cancer that it is not the end of the road. If a 1953 British Sports Car can make it across the United States and back, then his friend can make it through his trials and tribulations as well. So they set out from California, destined to



make it to the opposite coast and back. It took a lot of oil, and more than a few roadside fixes, but they made it, and everything evolved from there. This year John has piloted Grace more than 72,000 miles. He drives all over the United States, destined to cover all 50 states, to hospitals and houses where there are sick kids. He gives them rides and offers them a moment of happiness. They don't have to think about treatments, meds, pain, or suffering. "I have never heard one child complain about cancer while on a ride in Grace", says John. He has given more than 1000 rides to sick kids, 500+ of them have driven the car with the upside down, non synchro-mesh 3 speed gearbox. After their ride, John hands them a Sharpie and has them sign the car. There are more than 12,000 signatures on her and ever growing. He does not get paid anything but smiles to do this. That is a charity that I can get behind. I discussed this road rally with him, and he said he would be here, and low-and-behold, he showed. I am so honored and touched that he would leave sunny California and drive all the way to Iowa to be a part of this charitable event, all on my invitation.

There are so many people that make this all happen. The timing teams, the checkpoint teams, the volunteers that sell tshirts, the leaders that put in countless hours to test the routes, keep track of the teams signing up, the web designers, etc. This year is a confirmed 119 teams and 27 support vehicles. That exceeds the first MidCoast Road Rally held in 2006 with 21 cars. A lot goes in to all of this and no one gets paid any money, but are rich in stories, new, and old friends alike. This is a true community builder. So on to the rally.



Once we arrive at Earl's Tire, we park our car and go check in. Once that is done, we receive a lanyard with our team number, our name, and what we are driving. No directions or route maps yet. They give us a large window vinyl that says MidCoast Road Rally 2012, and a welcome packet that tells a little about the awards given, the charities involved, and the basic rules. We decide it would be a good time to put the window vinyl on, grab some doughnuts, check out the huge trophies, and go meet some fellow ralliers. As we walk back outside from our short check in and garage tour, we find that the parking lot is filled to capacity, and they start parking cars in the grass. I bet 30 cars showed up while we were inside. There are cars of all types. Classic British cars, Monstrous American Muscle, high strung WRX Subies and Mitsu Evos, pick ups, a couple 1930's cars with Bonnie and Clyde look alikes and of course the Gangbuster Squad equipped with toy Tommi Guns in hot pursuit. There are even a couple large RV's, one carrying about 12-15 people celebrating a bachelor party. Within minutes, there are over 150 vehicles in this



small parking lot and yard.

Our first year on the MidCoast, we took a 79 Alfa Romeo Veloce Spider while my Spitfire was undergoing some major metal and body work. The second year, we took my 71 Triumph Spitfire MKIV, shiny and ready for the rally. I was the driver for both of those years and my brother was the navigator. This year, I will take on the job of navigator as we drive his 2007 Ford Mustang GT. I have been preparing for this day for a while. I have a clipboard, pen, compass, and paper clips, but no directions. We won't receive those until we get to the launch point and clock in.

There is a driver's meeting scheduled at 8:30 AM. Ryan Surber kicks it off by jumping up on stage in a skydiver's jump suit. He tells us about the charities, the volunteers, the rules of the rally, and announces that they will be taking bids for a chance to jump out of a perfectly good airplane, which explains the jump suit. The proceeds from that will go to a charity of the highest bidder's choice. He starts the bids off and it quickly rises. The winning bid is \$425 going to Make A Wish Foundation. Everyone cheers. A quick congrats, and now down to business. He instructs everyone to get to their cars and make their way to the parking lot entrance, where they will receive the first of five leg's driving instructions as they clock in and then launch.

Leg #1 Madison County Mayhem

We end up about 10 cars back, and wait for them to launch, moving ever so close to the checkpoint. Finally, we are beside the timing group and show them our lanyards with our team number on it. We hear one of the volunteers yell, "7...0...5...4, CHECKING IN!" and the adrenaline immediately takes over. He smiles, as though he is sure this will be the time of our lives, and yells "GO!!!". We make a small turn out of the driveway and on to the cul-de-sac with the slightest of acceleration, slow down even more, and then something happens. There is a silence. The only thing I can hear is the beating of my heart. Then the silence breaks. The Mustang's V8 comes to life with a deafening roar, the tires scream in pain, and the smoke out the back tells us that it will be a great day. The Mustang kicks sideways as the Pirellis let out a rubber burning smell. A little counter steering to correct the rear tires and their desire to be ahead of the front tires, and we are officially off. I scream out the first of our instructions that are written on a single sheet of paper. The only thing we get is a list containing only the direction we are supposed to turn (left or right, not North, South, East, or West), The name of the road we are supposed to turn on, and the average speed we should go. This is not a first to finish rally. This rally is based on an unknown RallyMaster



time. The object is to get as close to the time of the RallyMaster as possible. If you come in too fast, your variance is penalized double, so you wanna pay close attention to the posted average speed that is written on the sheet. The problem with that is, you don't know how

CLUB SCENE



long you are on the posted street until your next turn, and if you do make a wrong turn, it will inevitably throw off your average. I have to pay close attention.

After about an hour of turn by turn instructions that take us on country roads, the small towns that stop as we go by, and past the Amber Waves of Grain that Iowa is so famous for, we come up on Winterset. Winterset is a small town with great views. Most everyone has heard of this town, whether you know it or not. It is famous for a little movie called “The Bridges of Madison County”. We weave in and out of traffic, through a park, and end up full circle of where we entered the park and then head out of town.

We end up at Greenfield airport about an hour and 15 minutes after the launch. We are instructed to park in the lot and go visit the Aviation Museum inside the airport grounds. There are vintage planes, military helicopters, and a few contraptions that looked like something straight out of DiVinci’s creations. We sign the guest book, soak in the sights, and take a much needed bathroom break (already too many Red Bulls). It is time to check out and start the next leg. It is the same as the launch. We hear the “GO!!!” and are off once again.

Leg #2 Raccoon River Valley Crawl

Along this leg, there is a secret checkpoint that will earn you tickets that can be used later to win prizes and vote on which charity you think deserves the higher charity amount. As I read the clue that says, “This secret checkpoint really rocks” We scream past the Freedom Rock. A memorial of Iowan lives lost in the wars from the past. By the time I see it, we are too late to turn in and decide to skip the



secret checkpoint and concentrate on the turn by turns again. We are right on par with the allotted average times and again negotiate the new sheet of instructions. This one takes us through the small town of Adel. It is famous for the Bonnie and Clyde stories from way back. The Gangbuster Team in the 1930 Dodge and the Bonnie and Clyde team in their 1930 Ford may appreciate the significance. There is a cobblestone street through the middle of this small town called Brickstreet, appropriately so. We are getting close to bottoming out in the lowered Mustang GT, but do OK with one small scrape on the chin spoiler in front. A few seconds later, we hear a loud CRUNCH! I look behind us, and a lowered Honda S2000 was right behind us. He hit the same dip that we did, but he was lower and he hit hard. We turn off the “crippling road for lowered cars” and wind around the country highways again until we come up on our lunch time checkpoint at Woodward Resource Center.

Woodard Resource Center is a detention center for troubled kids. As we enter the large facilities, we round a corner and see an amazing sight. All of the kids are lined up on both sides of the road and there is a stop sign about center of the group. We stop at the stop sign and hear the kids screaming and yelling. Some are yelling, “Nice Car”, but most are yelling, “Burnout!!!”. My brother looks over at me as we are sitting at the stop sign, and smiles. He says, “Watch this” and lights up the tires with a larger cloud of smoke than the launch, the exhaust roaring, and the tires screaming again. We couldn’t hear the kids, but I could see their faces. With huge smiles and hands flailing in the air with definite approval, we leave them in the cloud. We check in, eat lunch at the picnic area of the facility, and answer a couple questions that the kids have. I can’t help but wonder if that one burnout can change just one of those kids forever. Maybe their desire to be a part of what we are doing, and the love for these cars will give them a sense of direction that will keep them out of trouble.

Leg #3 Dragoon Trail Stint

Leg 3 is a short list on the page. It is a fairly moderate speed leg with only 6 instructions on the list. It is a soothing drive on some state roads until we come up on Boone Airport. Once we check in, we park the car along the line that has formed around the outer edge of the long circle drive. Everyone is looking up. We look up and see 3 parachutes opening and skydivers are coming at us. They land with the greatest of ease, and Ryan comes out with the skydiver suit he had on at the driver’s meeting. This is the time for the highest bidders at the auction before the driver’s meeting to collect their bounties. The team gets to go up on a single engine plane and jump out on purpose. Better them than me. I will watch from the ground. They jump and everyone watches them as they land and are still smiling like the wind positioned their faces to a perma-grin look. They made it, and now it is time to check out and on to the next leg.

Leg #4 Canyon River Thrills

We start this leg off in the Railroad town of Boone. This is the weekend that Thomas the Train is on the tracks, so I am sure a couple little kids loved the rolling and roaring car show that went by. Doing our best to avoid bottoming out on the many tracks across the road. We negotiate with no issues and head towards the edge of town to a beautiful state parks called Ledges. Ledges take you through the forest and past pretty sheer walls of limestone and trees. The road dips down in quite a few areas so that the water can run off the cliffs and across the road at about 2 inches deep. Some people go faster through



it, some slow, but it is cool to see whole families strolling through the park and getting their feet wet across the stream laden-ed road. They would all stop as Ferraris, Austin Healeys, Porsches, Audis, pretty much all genres of vehicles, rolled past with the little kids pointing in amazement. The secret checkpoint hint for this leg becomes clear. It says; to find this secret checkpoint, you'll have to step it up. As we go through the last stream across the street, I see a big staircase that heads up into the woods, and more noticeably, a Blue Subaru WRX that sticks out like a sore thumb. We finally get some secret checkpoint tickets. No time to lose, let's get back to it.

Leg #5 Saylorville Lake to the City

This leg takes Carl and I back towards our old stomping grounds, so we have a bit of an advantage, because we have probably been on these roads before. We start off knowing that this is the last leg and we will be headed back towards Des Moines. We weave through the country side and pass through towns filled with silos and trucking companies. Cows are scattered on the hills and in the shallow ponds. We get close to my Dad's town of Huxley and slide through on the outskirts. We are now tired and ready to eat, use the restroom, and relax. This is nearing the end of our journey. We head towards Saylorville Lake. It is a lake I have been to more times than I can remember. We pass over the dam that holds the water back. There is a small spillway that is like a huge powerwasher. The cloud of misty water can be seen as we drive over the dam. There it is. Des Moines peaks out over the trees and the rolling plain. There are not a lot of skyscrapers or a large area being occupied by city sights. It is a pretty small big city. It is big enough to be the city with what you need, but small enough to be called a personable little town. The perfect size, if you ask me. We get closer and closer, the little city getting bigger with every turn until we are in the midst of civilization, traffic, and buildings. We make it to some major roads that are main vessels to get from one side of town to the next. We keep heading north and west until finally, the list has one more instruction: Check Point will be on the left, and there it is. A restaurant and bar named Jimmy's Big Ten. As we pull up, there is a congestion of rally cars as they turn into the parking lot and find places to park their rally machines to give them a much needed rest. They have all made it but 3. One was the old 30 Dodge. It was still there, but on a trailer. I guess they made it through the whole thing, but half of it was with the old Dodge being towed by a newer SUV. They still checked in and out with the SUV

and trailer so that they could say that they completed it. It is an all out party. After we clock out of the rally for the last time, we find a spot to park, get out, stretch, and head towards the music. a DJ is playing music as all the people start coming in with their Ferraris, Audis, Porsches, and even obscure vehicles like an old Morris Minor, Classic Mini, and even a couple American muscle cars. A sense of accomplishment come over me. We made it and didn't get lost once. I guess that is a statement to my navigation skills, either that, or luck, I don't know which. Regardless, let's relax, make some new friends, and catch up with old ones.

This whole rally has been great. It has brought us closer to our communities and our humble little state. All of this has been for a purpose. We have brought the world around us a little closer together. We have raised a lot of money for the charities, shown kids a bit of what is out there waiting for them if they can stay out of trouble, and offered smiles and waves to all the people we have encountered on the 290+ miles that this year's rally contained. This has been a very well organized event that was just as much of a challenge for 3 year veterans like us and newbies alike. There are so many people to talk to and so much to take in. My Spitfire is there waiting for me. My friend had it for the day and brought it to the after party. After all, it just wanted to be involved, and no one took me up on the offer to take it on the rally. So there it sits, shining in the lowering sun. I had a lot of fun in the Mustang, but long to get into my Little British Car and feel the road like only a British roadster can. That will be after the party though. There is an awards ceremony. We wait in anticipation to see if we won anything. Our names are not called to receive any of the huge trophies, yet we still walk away knowing that we still won in a way. We have done good today and had fun doing it. There is so much more that it would be hard to put it all in one article. Instead, I extend an invitation to any of you reading this. Next year's MidCoast Road Rally will be even bigger and may be better, although this year will be hard to beat. If you want to know more details, watch videos of rallies in the past, or get yourself fired up for the next one, visit RoadRallyCharities.com

I would like to extend a very sincere thank you to Road Rally Charities for giving us this avenue to enjoy. All the charities that we raised money for, and especially to John Nikas and Drive Away Cancer for graciously accepting my invitation to attend this year. I do believe that he will try to make next year's MidCoast or maybe another event by the RRC guys. They have all inspired us to give back, to offer help when someone needs, and to reach out to our community to open a line of communication between neighbors. I made a lot of new friends, connected again with old friends, and have been inspired to make a difference.

We drove for a purpose, and with that, everyone wins... 🏆



CLUB SCENE



Colorado English Motoring Conclave 2012 by Mark Altman, Colorado



The Colorado English Motoring Conclave held their 29th Annual Conclave on Saturday and Sunday, September 15 & 16, 2012, in Arvada, Colorado. The gathering of over 500 English vehicles (cars, motorcycles, and 4WDs) is the largest in the Rocky Mountain region of the United States

The Colorado English Motoring Conclave was first coordinated in 1983 as a joint effort of the many English car and motorcycle clubs in the Denver metro area. The Austin-Healey, Jaguar, Lotus, MG Car Club, MG T Register, Morris Minor, Rolls Royce, Sunbeam, Triumph, TVR, Rocky Mountain Vintage Racing and British Motorcycle Association clubs all take part in the planning and promotion of this annual event.

The purpose of the Colorado English Motoring Conclave is to further the operation, preservation and owner participation of the great British marques. The condition of your bike or car is not important! This is an event for all British vehicles, from beaters to everyday drivers to concours examples. All that counts is that you are a British vehicle nut like the rest of us! Just look at it as a giant group therapy session. ☺



▲ Spitfire Row

◀ Bagpipers Brigade

▼ TR Club 2nd place 1969 MK3 - Owner Mark Altman



What were they thinking ???

AND FINALLY

We have all seen them, those conversions that make you ask: "**WHAT WERE THEY THINKING ???**" This page is dedicated to those slightly different conversions, the ones you either love or hate. If you have seen them at a show, or for sale on the web, send them in to us, and we will include them in WWTT???

1973 Triumph Spitfire MkIV

Found on ebay, sent in by
Art Tuttlebee, Texas

I have spent 3 years and thousands of pounds on my car. Now you are probably wondering why I'm selling it and the answer is, I now have arthritis which means I can fall into it but it doesn't look very cool crawling out. Okay so I will try to tell you something about what's been done.

- Lights – Front headlights yellow crystal – rare.
- LED indicators – front and side fog lights.
- Rear lights LED, stop and tail with LED's underneath – looks great!



The body as you can see is different. When people say their car is a head-turner, they have no idea what a head-turner car is! Just driving this puts a smile on your face. It sounds great and looks even better.

The engine is a 1500 twin carb. The engine was striped and checked carbs have just be tuned and balanced 3 weeks ago. New electric pump, new altenator, new hoses and control. Custom built alloy radiator and water bottle, alloy rocker cover. Four branch manifold. With the sale of the car is a 2000cc GT6/Vitess engine and gearbox that I have spent hundreds of pounds on. Head skimmed and worked on, double valve springs air craft aluminum collars, new clutch – timing chain ect. Carbs rebuilt GT6 radiator, new alloy oil filter extention, new alloy rocker cover ect plus prop shaft. Under the car it has an alloy floor tray that completely covers the floor except for the prop shaft which is new and the stainless steel exhaust.

Please don't ask me stupid questions as I have a black belt in sarcasm. You can come and view if you wish, but you have no chance of driving it unless you buy it! Thanks.%

Have you spotted a Spitfire, GT6, or other British conversion that you feel is worthy of some public scrutiny? If so, send your submissions to the magazine at: Spitfire & GT6 Magazine, PO Box 30806, Knoxville, TN, USA, 37930 or by email to: editor@triumphspitfire.com

*Is it a cow-catcher or a street sweeper?
Keep it or Sweep it??*

This sign is at the intersection of US 31 & US 28 in Indiana and gets lots of attention and laughs.

This sign was sent in by Aaron of Indiana via Facebook.

Have you spotted a sign that you think is funny and should be shared? If so, send your submissions to the magazine at: Spitfire & GT6 Magazine, PO Box 30806, Knoxville, TN, USA, 37930, by email to: editor@triumphspitfire.com or on Facebook at www.facebook.com/spitfiregt6magazine/

Signs



CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIEDS

CARS FOR SALE



FOR SALE: 1980 Spitfire 1500
 "Survivor" time capsule Spitfire. Completely original, 48000 actual miles. Two 1st place finishes @ 2012 VTR racing events, one driven by Howard Baugues, editor of S&G magazine. Call or email for additional info. \$7500/7000.
 Lonnie Davis, Houston, Texas
 832-638-4045 hawaiiusmc1@comcast.net



FOR SALE: 1979 Spitfire Restored
 Soft Top, Factory Hard Top, Tonneu, Boot, Weber Carb, Steel Headers, Super Trapp Exhaust, Spanx Adjustable Shocks, Alloy Wheels, 60 Series Tires, Solid Mount Rack, New Rack Boots in Box, Rally Wood Wheel, SS Thresholds, New PRI Fiberglass Bumpers & 77 overriders never installed. More Pics & Information contact me. \$7,200 OBO
 Rocklin Maday, Orchard Park, New York
 716-860-3066 rockling_2000@yahoo.com

CARS FOR SALE

FOR SALE: 1965 Spitfire Mk2
 100% mechanically restored, solid no rust or bondo. Interior is in great shape. Needs nothing other than a new owner \$7500.00OBO
 Jeff, Buffalo, New York
 716-932-3431 jeffrey.forgie@fnfg.com

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