

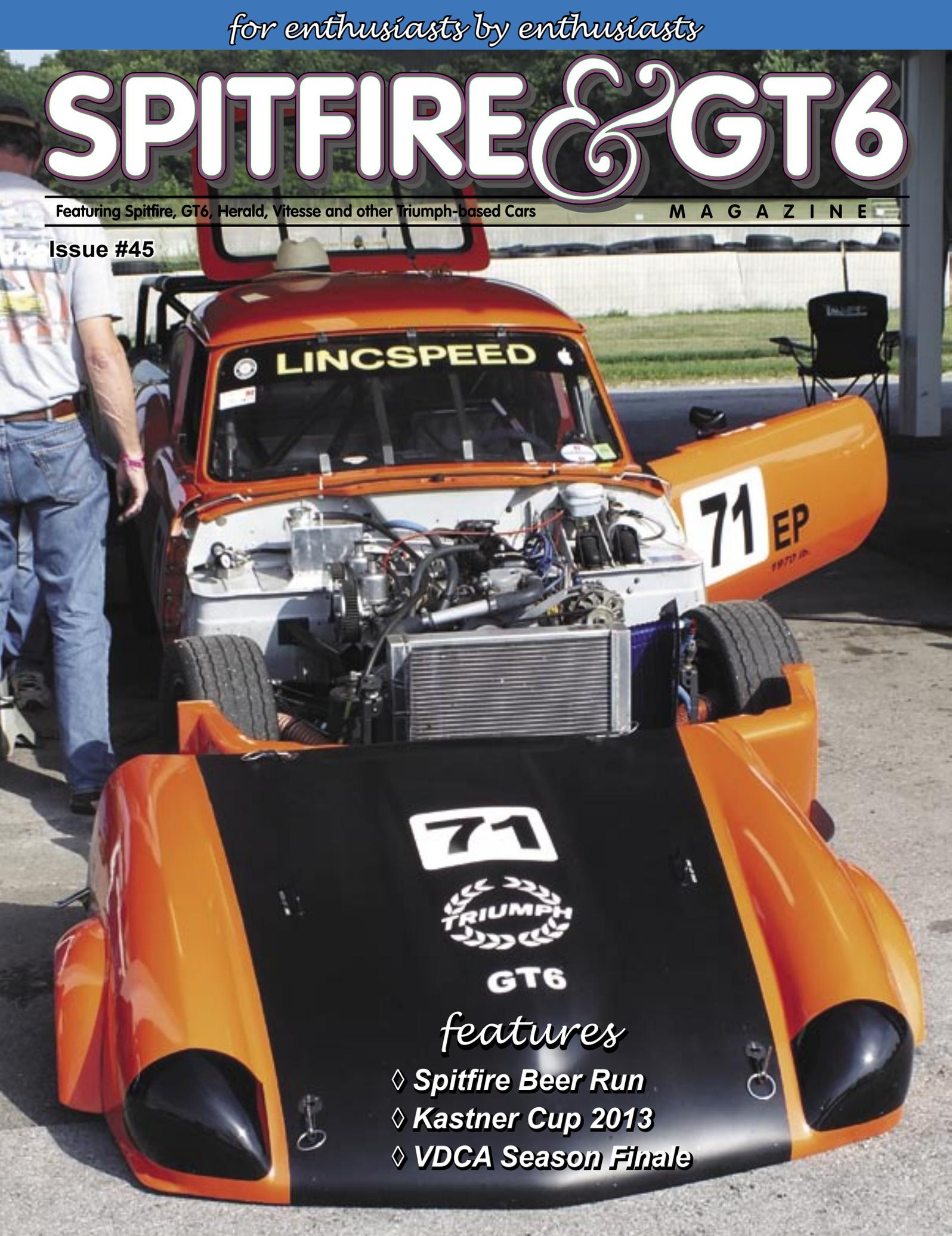
for enthusiasts by enthusiasts

SPITFIRE & GT6

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

MAGAZINE

Issue #45



features

- ◆ *Spitfire Beer Run*
- ◆ *Kastner Cup 2013*
- ◆ *VDCA Season Finale*



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Changing of the Guard at Windsor Castle

In 2004 I took the wheel of the magazine from John Goethert and have had a wonderful 10 years as editor for this publication. I have seen this magazine grow and change and have enjoyed every article and photo that has

been sent in. Your submissions have made my job easier in filling the pages with helpful and entertaining items. This magazine could not exist without our readers/writers, so please continue to share with us.

In January of 2013 my father suffered a stroke and was hospitalized for three weeks. He has recovered but no longer recognizes anyone. My father has reached the age of 87 and physically is still healthy. However, the stroke along with advancing senior dementia has stolen most of his memories from him. He is still cordial and polite with everyone, but he doesn't remember anyone's name or where he is. If I show him a picture from my early teenage years he can recognize me but doesn't know me when I am with him.

My father entrusted his final care to me via power of attorney that was written up almost 20 years ago. I am taking care of his property and his continued healthcare, which is absorbing more of my time. That is time I used to spend attending car functions and building the magazine. To make matters more difficult I was diagnosed with glaucoma and cataracts. The eye problems have made reading a computer screen very difficult. These things have created a problem that I hope our readers understand and can forgive me for missing publishing dates.

When I notified our publisher of the potential need for an editor change, they feared an end might be coming to this magazine. I started going through my contact and submission lists to see if I could find someone with the enthusiasm and "drive" to take over for me. The first person I contacted said "YES". I have had the good fortune to meet this person face to face previously, and from his past submissions and current involvement in other projects, I knew he would be the best fit for this job.

So I introduce to you, your new editor, Shawn Frank of Des Moines, Iowa. Shawn is taking the wheel as of issue 46. I ask that you continue to show your support by sending in your stories and photos so Shawn can keep filling the pages with great content!

See you on the road...

Howard

howard@triumphspitfire.com

Thanks to everyone for your photos & stories. Please keep them coming! They will be used in a future issue.

Shawn

shawn@triumphspitfire.com

Hello, my name is Shawn Frank. I admitI am a Spitfire enthusiast. I have a 1971 Spitfire MKIV that I have owned for six years now. It has quite a story already. I also own a 1980 Spitfire 1500, but that is another story for another time.



Ethyn, Shawn & Tammy Frank of Des Moines, Iowa



Howard & Shawn at Road America

Howard Baugues who has made Spitfire & GT6 Magazine my favorite reading for years has decided to retire the reins of Editor so starting in 2014 Tom and John at Profiles Marketing Group has entrusted me to become the next Editor for Spitfire and GT6 Magazine. Wow! I have my work cut out for me and big shoes to fill. This will be a new experience for me, but my promise to you is: I want to keep each subscriber entertained, informed, and included - whether they have been with us for years or are just now subscribing for the first time. I ask that you will all share your Triumph stories, send in pictures of these beautiful little British cars, and enjoy the fact that everyone has something Spitfire to talk about.



Gertrude, back where her story started

So let's tell car stories. The old Spitfires, GT6's and Triumph autos deserve that.

Now get in, put on your seatbelt, and let's take a ride.....

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THIS ISSUE
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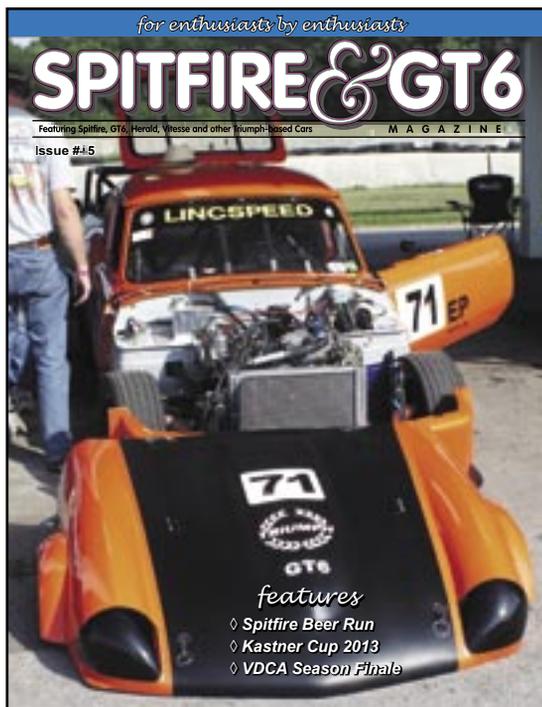
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ON THE COVER

The cover features Clark Lincoln's '71 GT6

Mk3 in the paddock at Road America

during the 2013 Kastner Cup weekend.

Read more starting on page 24.

Send us anything Spitfire or GT6 related!
info@triumphspitfire.com or
P.O. Box 30806,
Knoxville, TN USA 37930-0806

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Spitfire & GT6 Magazine...

STORY IDEAS

Dear Editor,

Brake upgrades are one of the most important technical issues not covered by an inexpensive cure. I have read of several substitutions using stock parts from other British cars. GT6 parts are scarce and there seems to be no easy upgrade to rear discs. Most of us work hard for our money or are on limited fixed income for those of us who are retired. A how-to article on cures for this problem would be very helpful.

I have never seen a Ford Zetec and T-5 upgrade covered for a Spitfire. What about MGF or MGTF Wheels with 12mm lugs? These stock alloy wheels are reasonable to buy, but the shipping is a problem.

There is a company in the UK making Le Mans style bodies of GRP. They said that a Spitfire might be in the works. That might save a bunch of rust buckets.

There was a write up online (British Motor Heritage) showing MG Midget bodies reproduced from the original molds, just for racing. Rust is the biggest enemy for these cars. What about round tail bodies with modern rust protection? With a Manufacturers Certificate, these could be registered as an early Spit in most states.

The Spitfire is a beautiful design. It should be made to live on. And, dang their fun.

Art Tuttlebee
Rockport, Texas

Art,

Thanks for your email and suggestions. We will look into covering the things you suggested, and perhaps our new editor will be able to include them in future issues. Howard~



CODE BREAKDOWN

Dear Editor,

Hi, I have a Triumph and was wondering if you can tell me, if the paint code and motor code go together to verify it's the right motor for the car?

I have the motor code as FC37167HE and paint code as FC36365L and just wanna see if they match up.

Thanks, Steve

Steve,

Surprisingly, no code on the car will match like in modern cars. About the best you can guess based on the numbers being close to each other.

www.triumphspitfire.com/History.html

The paint code will be a two number code on the number plate. But I think you are looking at the Commission number. Yes, that code is for a Mk1 and it was built in mid 1964.

The motor number is also within the Mk1 range so it should be original to the car. And it is a High Compression motor.

Be sure to send us photos for the magazine!

Hope this helps. John~

ENGINE NUMBERS

In the 1500 section of the engine number page, the 1975 engines stop at FM40000 and the 1976 engines start at FM45001. What happened to the 5000 engines in between? I have 2 of them, FM43885UE and FM44247UE. One came by itself and the other is in a 10/79 Car with no VIN (and that also does not fit the Commission number range on that page as it ought to also have a vin).

I'm thinking I must have (2) 1976 motors? James Walker,
Richmond, Virginia

James,

It sounds like you may have two 1976 motors, and that the released records had some errors that are just now being pointed out. Thanks for sharing this with us.

Howard~



GT6 MKI BUMPER OVERRIDERS

Dear Editor,

Where can I possibly locate a set of front and rear bumper overriders for a 1968 MKI GT6? Is there an equivalent?

Thanks,
Eric Henningsen

Eric,

If you haven't checked yet, first start with Spitbits www.spitbits.com See their ad on page 3.

Second, try Rimmer Bros. www.rimmerbros.co.uk

See their ad on page 2.

Third, try British Parts Northwest www.bpnorthwest.com

See their ad on page 48, back cover. Hope this helps. Howard~

WHAT YEAR

I want to know what year is my Triumph Spitfire, this is the VIN FC69839.

Thank you.
Tito Alarcon

Tito,

It looks like your Spitfire is a 1965 Mk2.

You can research more of the numbers at our website reference pages, www.triumphspitfire.com/History.html

Howard~

*We now have over **1150** followers on Facebook. Let's keep it growing. We continue to receive "Write the Caption" responses along with Readers Rides photos from there as well.*

If you use Facebook or Twitter, you might want to join us. You can find us by visiting the magazine's main webpage and look for the F or T logos.

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

Changing of the Guard at your favorite magazine!



Howard (left) and Shawn (right)

The publisher and staff would like to announce that as of issue 46 Shawn Frank is taking over as editor of ***Spitfire & GT6 magazine***. There have been some delays while the transition and training have taken place, but things should get back to a regular schedule soon. We would like to thank Howard for his work as editor, and let you know he will still be involved in the content of the magazine. As always, we invite you to submit your stories and photos for inclusion in future issues.



Weird, Wacky & Wonderful!

TR-3 Car Polish



National Lampoon European Vacation TR3 car polish

At beginning of the movie the Griswald's are contestants on the Pig in a Poke game show. Clark has already won several prizes including a 10 yr supply of Regal Car Polish labeled TR-3, the car wax of Royalty! Of course, Clark trades all that they've won for a chance at the grand prize, a family trip to Europe.

Who else noticed this Triumph reference???

Who else admits to watching NL-Euro Vacation?



MINI Cooper Mirror BoomBox

The MINI Cooper Mirror BoomBox Is A Triumph For The Car Lovers In Your Family This Holiday Season

Shopping for auto enthusiasts can be difficult (and expensive!), but iUi Design's MINI Cooper Mirror BoomBox Bluetooth speaker ticks the boxes on quality, style and affordability at USD \$149.99.

The Mirror BoomBox is molded in the form of a MINI Cooper side mirror and features the official MINI Cooper logo. With three pattern options (classic Union Jack, gray scale Union Jack and victorious checkered flag), every kind of car lover is sure to be satisfied and impressed.

The Mirror Boombox was created for ease of use, featuring a built-in microphone, voice prompts and a mirror that also acts as a touchscreen for volume control. NFC- and Bluetooth-compatibility come standard, as does a rechargeable Lithium-ion battery capable of up to eight hours of playback.

Eight watts of output power means that the Mirror BoomBox is comparable in sound delivery to similarly priced Bluetooth speakers on the market.

The Mirror BoomBox can be purchased directly from www.mirrorboombox.com for USD \$149.99. Shipping is free.



Signs



Looks like fun!



I needed that!



Where in the world? The UK.

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 is from Syndi Henthorne of Arkansas

Oh, I Wish -- Not.
 I wish I was a Spit.
 Oh I wish I was an Oscar Myer weiner.
 That's right "Oh you wish"... you could be me!
 That's right "they wish" they could be driving a Triumph.
 We CAN run with the big dawgs!
 Is that a REALLY big hot dog, or are you just glad to see my Spitfire?
 Hey little brother, wanna grab a bite?
 Please pass the Grey Poupon!
 When a weiner meets a winner.
 Who Spit next to the wiener??
 Parking next to a well "Weiner"
 WM to Spit: "Oh, I wish I was a Triumph Spitfire!"
 Spit to WM: Yes, I am American, and a lot more naturalized than you.
 Son; when you grow up you can have your own wiener.
 Would you like something red and spicy on that hot dog.
 Weiner envy.
 Someone is a bit inadequate.
 The inadequacies of some are obvious in their choice of over sized vehicles.
 Size doesn't matter.
 See? Size doesn't matter, I'm still the one chicks dig most!
 Mine's bigger then yours.
 Texas sports car left. Arkansas on right.
 This ain't Texas, ToTo.
 That's the biggest mobile phone ever!
 Who ever said bigger was better, was oh so wrong.
 Hey there Small Fry!!!
 Does this make my butt look big?
 Does my bum look big next to this.
 Big boy, little boy.
 Yours is bigger than mine, but mine is a whole lot more fun!
 And tell me again, why do you need a gas tank that size. ?
 Powerful things, genes..
 What makes your heart race??
 I'd rather Spit Fire than roast weenies.
 So how long have you had this bad gas issue?
 Let it RIP!
 Dude.....
 Luke, I am your father
 Baby's got back!

Next issue...



And FINALLY...

Those 70's American sports cars were a far cry from their British counterparts!

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

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SPITFIRE & GT6

MAGAZINE



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More Weird, Wacky & Wonderful!

Wiener Troubles

Apparently the Wienermobile tried to make a fast get-a-way from the Spitfire. However the Wiener found the road covered in a white substance that looked like mayonaise and slid off the road. As the Spitfire flew by, he shouted, "You know you never put mayo on a wiener. I really relish the idea that you tried!"

(Photo sent in without location or explanation, so we used our imaginations...)



Triumph Arch



The Arch of Triumph which is located at the center of Place Charles de Gaulle at the end of Champs-Élysées, is regarded as the most magnificent of it's kind.

Arch of Triumph was ordered by Napoleon as a memorial monument of his victories on the battle field. The arch was finished in 1836, 30 years after building started. The Arch of Triumph is engraved with the names of generals who served under Napoleon.

The Observatory at the top of Arch of Triumph. It is possible to experience the view from the Arch of Triumph. The observatory is a good 200 steps from ground level. At the top you can experience the magnificent view to Champs-Élysées, Sacré-Coeur and more.

As We Age

IF MY BODY WAS A CAR

If my body was a car, this is the time I would be thinking about trading it in for a newer model. I've got bumps and dents and scratches in my finish and my paint job is getting a little dull..... but that's not the worst of it.

My headlights are out of focus and it's especially hard to see things up close..

My traction is not as graceful as it once was. I slip and slide and skid and bump into things even in the best of weather.

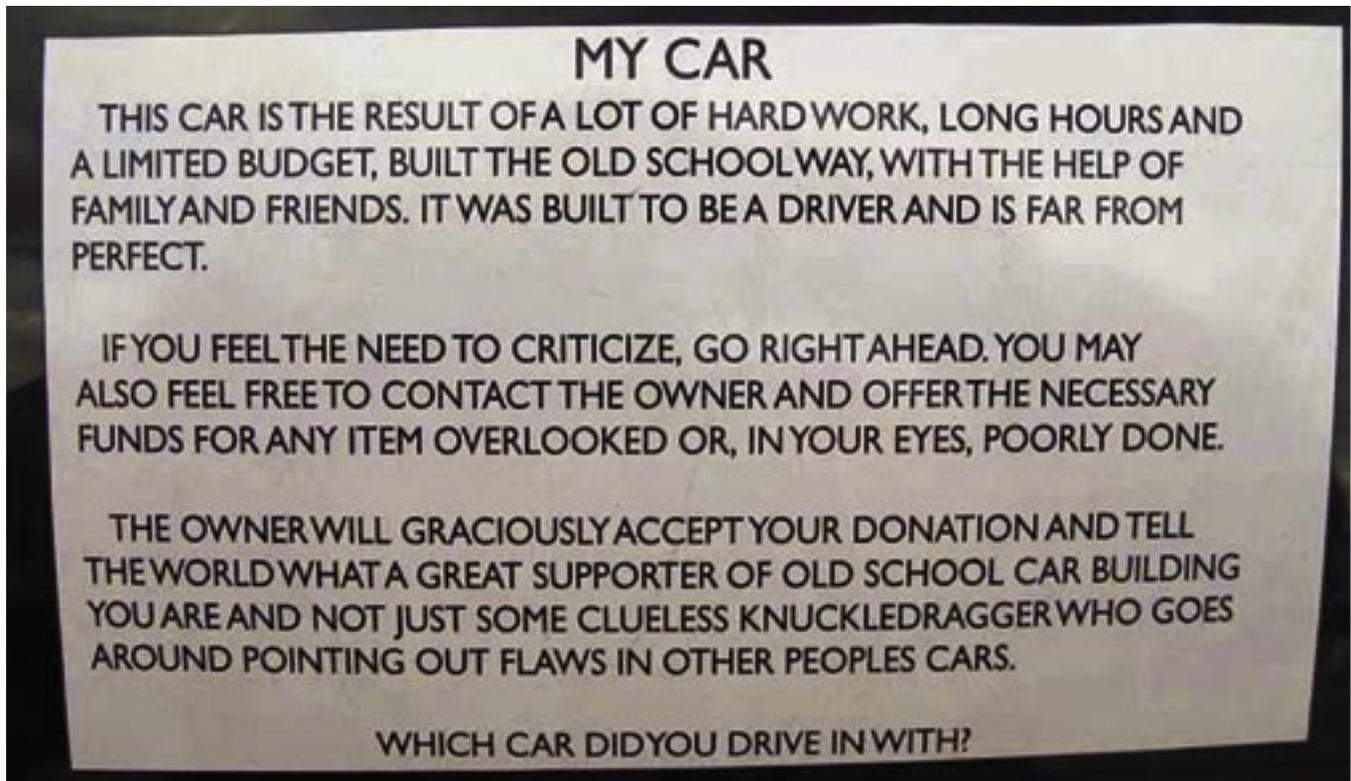
My whitewalls are stained with varicose veins.

It takes me hours to reach my maximum speed. My fuel rate burns inefficiently.

But here's the worst of it.....

Almost every time I sneeze, cough or laugh..... either my radiator leaks or my exhaust backfires!!!

My Car



This sign was spotted and photographed at a show this past summer. No location or details were given, but we can tell the car owner has a lot of pride in the vehicle. We suspect most of our readers have similar feelings. What do you say, do you feel the same way?

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READER'S RIDES



▲ 1980 Triumph Spitfire PJ, AKA "Rat" ▲
Owned by Dan Parrott and Becky Rowden, Savannah Georgia
at the Savannah Christmas Parade

▶▼ 1976 Triumph Spitfire (build date Feb 76) color code 73,
Owned by Doug Johns, Bay Village, Ohio

We purchased it in September of 2012 from the son of the original owner, with an original 15,500 miles on it. He rarely drove the car, only putting a few hundred miles on it in the 8 years that he had it after his father's death. This lack of use caused the engine to destroy a piston when taken out on the highway, resulting in the need to rebuild the engine.



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





◀1979 Spitfire named Penelope,
Owned by Joey Turos, Chicago, Illinois
This is my yellow 1979 Spitfire named Penelope,
parked in the cart corral at Walmart in Niles, IL.
I can park her anywhere!



◀▲▼1978 Spitfire owned by Hendrik Glaser, Kiel, Germany
My Spit was built in 1978 and first sold to France. In 1980 he came to
Berlin with a French soldier. In 2007 I bought this Spitfire in Germany.
Between 2007 and 2012 I reconditioned the Spit on my own. It is now
in original state and I am very glad to drive this car.



READERS RIDES



◀ **Spitfire Street Racer, Owned by Robert Beaulieu, Massachusetts**

In the past I had my G-Production Spitfire (below) that unfortunately, went to a new owner. Presently, I campaign this “street racer” Spitfire in VRG sanctioned events.. I have a racing screen so that I can pull off the top and windshield, but I really like the “classic” coupe look.
▼ My former Spitfire Mk2 G-Production racer.



▼ **1965 Triumph Spitfire, Owned by James Moye. ▼**

Have had the 65 Triumph for 30 years. Me & my 17-year-old son just recently redone it.





◀▲ 1978 Spitfire "Lil Red", Owned by Renee Diggs, Williamsburg Virginia

The first four pics are of my 1978 "Lil Red".

▼ Below, me at age 17 in 1982 with my 1974 Spitfire.



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Spitfire Beer Run

by Sam Jeffries, Texas



In the lighter moments of WWII, the Spitfire was used in an unorthodox role: bringing beer kegs to the men in Normandy.



The Spitfire had very little ground clearance with the larger beer kegs.

I am sure many Spitfire owners have made a few beer runs in their Spitfire. During WWII our namesake planes were used for the same purpose.

The underbelly of history. A lot of stories like this buried with the men who fulfilled the missions...

During the war, the Heneger and Constable brewery donated free beer to the troops. After D-Day, supplying the invasion troops in Normandy with vital supplies was already a challenge. Obviously, there was no room in the logistics chain for such luxuries as beer or other types of refreshments. Some men, often called 'sourcers', were able to get wine or other niceties from the land or rather from the locals. RAF Spitfire pilots came up with an even better idea.

The Spitfire Mk IX was an evolved version of the Spitfire, with pylons under the wings for bombs or tanks. It was discovered



that the bomb pylons could also be modified to carry beer kegs. According to pictures that can be found, various sizes of kegs were used. Whether the kegs could be jettisoned in case of emergency is unknown. If the Spitfire flew high enough, the cold air at altitude would even refresh the beer, making it ready for consumption upon arrival.

A variation was a long range fuel tank modified to carry beer instead of fuel. The modification even received the official designation Mod. XXX.

Propaganda services were quick to pick up on this, which probably explains the official designation.

As a result, Spitfires equipped with Mod XXX or keg-carrying pylons were often sent back to Great Britain for maintenance or liaison duties.. They would then return to Normandy with full beer kegs fitted under the wings.

Typically, the British Revenue of Ministry and Excise stepped in, notifying the brewery that they were in violation of the law by exporting beer without paying the relevant taxes. It seems that Mod. XXX was terminated then, but various squadrons found different ways to refurbish their stocks, most often done with the unofficial approval of higher echelons.

In his book *Dancing in the Skies*, Tony Jonsson, the only Icelancer pilot in the RAF, recalled beer runs while he was flying with 65 Squadron. Every week a pilot was sent back to the

UK to fill some cleaned-up drop tanks with beer and return to the squadron. Jonsson hated the beer runs as every man on the squadron would be watching you upon arrival. Anyone who made a rough landing and dropped the tanks would be the most hated man on the squadron for an entire week. ☹



A staged shot of the Mod. XXX tank being filled.

READERS STORY

Woody

by Charles Kilgore, Woodbury, Tennessee



Coming from a family of wrench turners and tinkerers, I found it only right to include my oldest child in the family trade. My father gave my then four year old little girl her first... ummm... car, yeah we will stick with car.

As far as I know right now it is a 1973 Triumph Spitfire. Not only has its environment been reclaiming it, everything that goes to it is tore apart and scattered in multiple vehicles at my dad's shop about 35 miles away. On the plus side, this year he decided he would donate his '69 to the cause. It is all there and together, but believe me it is worse off. When I sat in the driver seat of the '69, the weight of my body mind you may be 165 pounds on a rainy day; I fell with the seat to the ground.

The hardest job so far has been carefully cutting the trees away that have grown in and through the car. As the photos





show, trees came up through the gear shift tunnel, through the wheels, and squeezing in between most everything else. While cutting back the growth we even found the spare tire laying on the outside of the bootlid, something we could not see when we first looked at the car.

My daughter and I both know it's a long road ahead of us. I can already tell she has the bug. We both see what it could be instead of what it is and we also look forward to the memories we will make along the way..... 🍷



The hidden spare tire

Ginger Snaps

The Long and Short-But Mostly Long *Written by Synnova Henthorne*

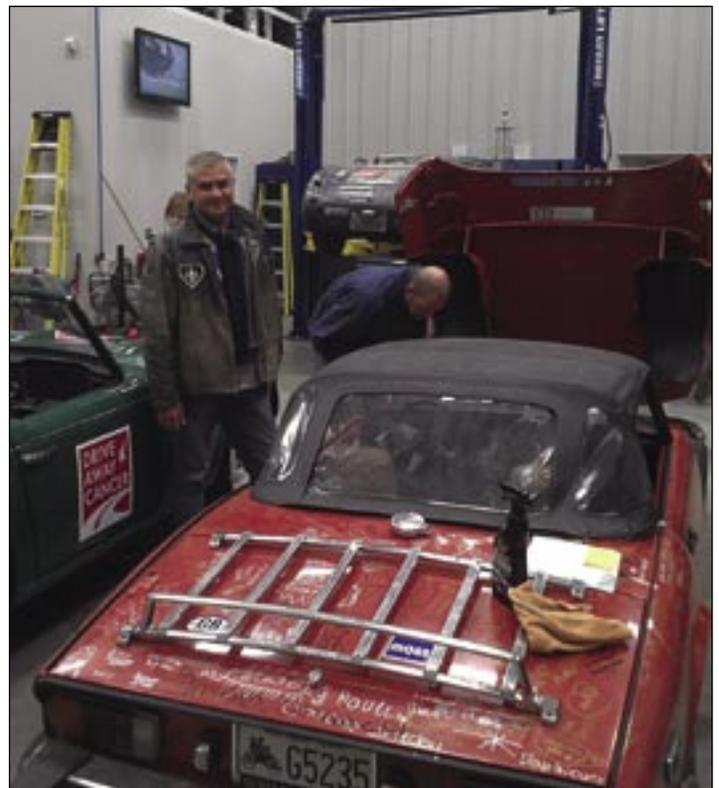
We've been traveling the good 'ole U. S. of A. for a year now, my how time flies. Ginger has many woes and we've known for some time now that the inevitable was near. Now the time has arrived. For a re-cap, let's insert the squiggly lines here and go back in time to 2012.

Weather in Arkansas was great. It was autumn and the foliage was turning vibrant colors of orange, red and brown so driving through the Ozark mountain range was quite a thrill with the top down. We had spent about three months working the bugs out of Ginger (literally, there were bugs everywhere you could and could not imagine). I might add that if you purchase a little British car and you find dirt dauber nests glued to the wires, do NOT remove them. These little flying creatures and the muddy glue nests they create can and will be your friend. These nests also make great insulators for bare wires and the dirt daubers will not harm you. Besides, once they hatch and leave the nest that's it, they're gone and you're left with an inexpensive Lucas repair. If you do decide to remove the mud daubs, get ready for some expensive and irritating wiring issues.

Jamie had not seen her mom in over 10 years and her mom had just been diagnosed with her second round of brain cancer and was scheduled for surgery on November 1, 2012. We had to get her to Wisconsin and fast. Driving through the Ozarks that morning Ginger was running wonderful and there was no doubt she would

make the trip. We headed out and planned to stop overnight in Ames, Iowa where Grace was tucked away. This was Ginger's first chance to meet her sister, have a good checkup at the half-way mark, I could visit with John a bit and we could rest our weary rear ends (Ginger, Jamie and I). We had pillows, but Ginger's seat padding is well past worn and every bump resonates through the metal springs and frame and into the bones of the unlucky riders. To make the trip a bit longer, Ginger seemed to be having fuel or vacuum issues that we could not quite figure out. No matter what adjustments we made she just did not want to stay running. We had been having trouble with her carburetor for months and nothing we did was working. She was also developing quite a calamity when she would reach about 2600 RPMs. The only way to describe the noise was that her motor sounded like a chainsaw hacking away at a tree.

Our arrival in Ames late that October night was planned but nothing could prepare us for the outpouring of support we encountered upon our arrival. As we pulled in and I beeped the horn, the bay door opened to a ring of people taking photos and video of our arrival. Ginger surely felt like quite a celebrity. As soon as the cordials were shared, we popped Ginger's bonnet and "the guys" began looking her over (John Nikas, Randy Anderson, Shawn Frank and a few others). They changed her points and tinkered a bit more and she was running a little better but not great. Afterwards, John applied



permanent vinyl Drive Away Cancer stickers to Ginger's body which seemed to make her shine proud like a new diamond.

We were worn out and were offered humble lodging in an old converted bus at the shop. John mentioned the bus had once belonged to David Allen Coe and Jamie and I, in unison, said, "Cool". Then we looked out at the blank, somewhat astonished faces of those standing around us. Someone asked us if we knew who David Allen Coe was and their stares were even more perplexed when we laughed and said, "Who doesn't?" (Evidently they had never heard of the star). Then Jamie broke into singing several verses of several Coe songs (I joined her). They actually sound quite funny when you mix them together to form a completely new song.

The following morning we decided to tear the carburetor down and Shawn Frank provided a nice new rebuild kit. When we got it apart we discovered a large part of the problem. There was a gaping hole in the side of the aluminum body about the size of a pecan. The lack of another carburetor forced us to try a bit of J.B. Weld in hopes it would help us get to our destination then back home to Arkansas. We spent another night in Mr. Coe's bus before setting out the next morning, Halloween day, for Wisconsin.

In hindsight, All Hallows Eve was probably not the best time to decide on a road trip through corn country. We set off on our journey and had made it about two hours into our drive when the nagging rattle at 2800 RPMs turned into what sounded like a helicopter with a major exhaust problem and we lost power rather quick. We coasted to the side of Highway 20 just past Waterloo, Iowa and I got out to check her over. There was a sad and sickening revelation that we weren't going anywhere. I made a few phone calls, sent a few text messages and we sat patiently.

We sat. We could not seem to get a tow. Every towing company we called was busy or "out of service". We sat. Four different police officers passed us, slowed to look at us, and then continued on their merry way. We sat. There were fields on both sides of us and the corn had been freshly harvested. Thank goodness! No creepies coming out of those fields without being seen! There was just one problem, there was no place a person could relieve herself of certain nature calls without being seen. In such a circumstance, one should hope for tall roadside grass and a blanket with which to make a tent. I'll be happy to provide a tutorial if requested; basically it involves making miniature crop circles in the median.



Iowa cornfields

And we sat. We passed several hours and as the sun faded and the big, orange, full moon peeked from the horizon the temperatures dropped to a chilly seventeen degrees. We were freezing...and waiting...and waiting and freezing. I found some thermal heat packs and handed one to Jamie. We wrapped them around our toes to keep them warm and we snuggled as close as we could which wasn't too hard given the small space of Ginger's cockpit. Finally, after twelve hours, at midnight on Halloween, Randy and Deb Anderson and John showed up with a wrecker. They loaded Ginger and headed back to Ames while Randy so graciously allowed me to drive his Mini Cooper on to Wisconsin so I could deliver Jamie to her mother before surgery. With a four hour drive still ahead of us we were ever so thankful to feel heat. Especially the heated seats! When we crossed the Wisconsin border Jamie and I fell silent, both reflecting on our last visits to our home state so many years before.



Jamie with her mother

Back in Ames, I arrived just in time to pull Ginger's oil pan and begin to assess the damage. It wasn't good. There were large flakes of foil in her oil pan and one of her rod bearings had sloughed the flakes then fused itself together. There were huge chunks of metal all through her motor and the only option we had was to prep her for heart surgery. John pointed to a pallet near the door which contained another 1500 motor. He explained that it had been stored in a barn for a while and we hoped it would be in good enough condition to salvage parts to make a working motor that would get us back home. Further inspection revealed the tappets were full of a substance that could only be recognized as secretions from the south end of a northbound bird. My heart sank into my belly and my mood became grim.

The next morning I awoke and with instructions from John the previous night, I began breaking down the barn motor. Several people arrived to help and we formed two surgical teams: one to begin disassembling Ginger and one to finish opening the donor motor. By mid-evening we had Ginger's heart mounted on a stand and I was looking straight through it. I cleaned her case as well as I pos-



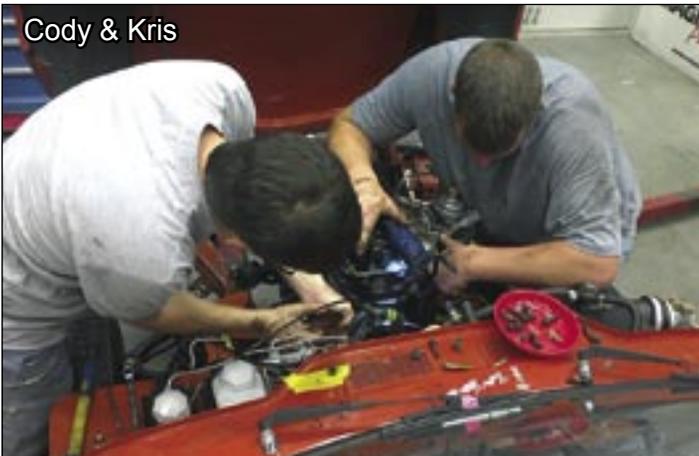
Cody & John

READERS STORY



sibly could before extreme exhaustion set in. I found myself whisked away to Des Moines by Chris Griffith while others remained to keep Ginger company and continue repairs on her frail heart.

Thirty six hours after we began tearing her down, Ginger's motor started once again. The sound resonated through the shop and tears filled my weary eyes. I fell asleep that night relieved that we would once again be rolling within a few hours. A few short hours later I awoke and met Cody in the shop. It was time for a test drive. Everything seemed perfect until I depressed the clutch. There was no clutch. Twelve hours later the transmission was removed, the clutch disc turned around and replaced and at midnight on the third day, the bay door opened like sunrays beaming through the clouds and I swear I heard angels singing Hallelujah! **Important technical note:** The word "flywheel" is engraved on the disc indicating that side should point towards the flywheel. I know it seems quite simple but once in a while, when working with used parts, the words are not always easily found. **Bi-focals or a big magnifying glass will come in handy in this situation.** Also, even if you are still young enough that you know everything, it might shave off 12 hours if you keep an open mind and listen to the four older people telling you what is wrong.



We left early and drove slowly into Wisconsin. It was dark and cold but Ginger was doing okay. The weather, however, was not. First we drove into snow flurries then sleet but we kept going until we hit dense fog in a small town called Cuba City. I could scarcely see the stop sign ahead of me so I pulled into a full service station to wait it out. An elderly gentleman named Kenny was so thrilled to meet Ginger and we talked for some time. He realized we could not go anywhere until the fog lifted so he offered a meal which we gladly accepted. It was a simple meal but it forged a great friendship between to wayward souls. Kenny had lost his wife years earlier to cancer and had been alone for some time. He was happy for company and we were happy for warmth and a filling meal. The fog lifted both from the air and from our heavy hearts and Ginger and I were on the road once again.



One week after we set out, Ginger finally made it to my home town of Stoughton, Wisconsin. We visited family and old friends and spent time with Jamie's mom at the hospital. We met many new friends along the way and we learned a valuable lesson—there are no chance meetings. Each time we have broken down we have met someone whom we either needed to see or whom needed a little pick-me-up. We have discovered, through the long roads and lonely nights, that every break down, every meeting, everything happens for a reason. We've always heard those words but until I started driving Ginger I never believed them. The universe has a way of leading us where we need to go if we will just let go and follow. As I close I would like to leave you with Ride Away Cancer's Irish Murph's (www.wherethehellismurph.com) parting words, "Have the day of your choice." Bless you all and thank you for allowing us to be a part of your journey through this thing called life. 🍀

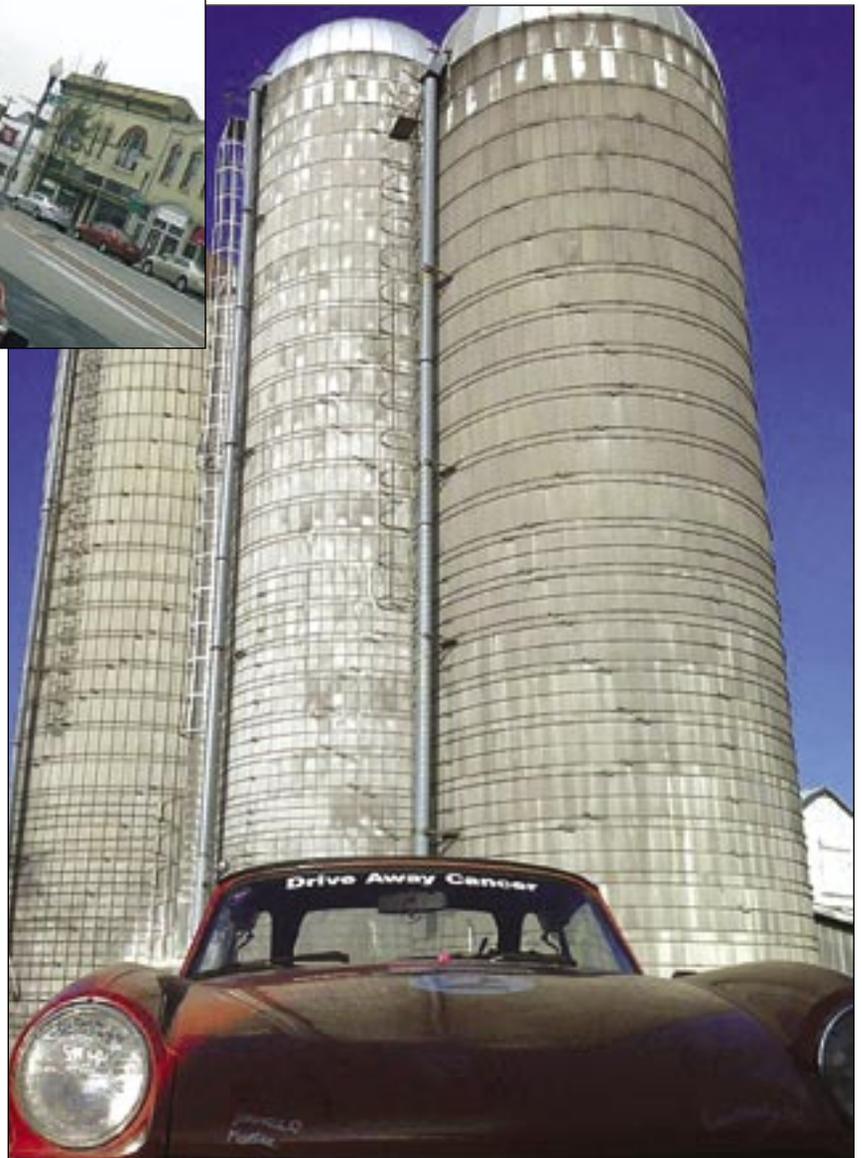
Safely in Stoughton Wisconsin



*"Spread
MB Love"*



Tammy





A Weekend with the Friends of Triumph *The Kastner Cup 2013* by Shawn Frank

The 11th running of the Kastner Cup was held at Road America in the village of Elkhart Lake, WI September 6th-8th, 2013. It is an annual event featuring Triumph race cars. There is no fighting for points towards a championship. There is no money at stake. This is a race held by a group of “gentleman racers” who are vintage car enthusiasts coming from all over the world. There were 3 teams from Canada on the grid and most of the states were represented. Most of the participants are part of an elite collaboration of Triumph enthusiasts deemed Friends of Triumph. Friends of Triumph

is an “invite only” group that race or have raced Triumph cars. Whether they auto cross, club race, or vintage race their Triumphs makes no difference as long as they operate them in a competition setting or help with the many various jobs in that competition setting. Race it if you’ve got it. More on that later.

This year’s event was the first time I had attended a vintage race and weekend festivities. My wife Tammy and I stayed at the Osthoff Resort with two other couples that are part of





our local Iowa British Car Club. We split the cost of a three bedroom condo at the Osthoff Resort. It was a wonderful host hotel for the coordinators, racers, and over teams. All in an elegant setting with Elkhart Lake in the backdrop. Luscious lawns and sidewalks built for evening strolls with the sound of race cars off in the distance. A beach by the lake equipped with ice cream shops and concession stands. You could rent a paddle boat or canoe and enjoy the water sports. The dock was a nice place to just sit. The condo was beautiful and the staff was superb. Anything you'd ever want



in a home away from home and then some. The village was a quaint little place with old buildings and new shops all within walking distance. There were amazing cars parked on every corner and in front of the cute little shops in the square.

There was a welcome dinner at the track on Friday evening after the practice sessions and qualifying for other racing types like Formula Vee. There was a car show right outside



the doors, as everyone drove their vintage cars to the track and drove the race cars from the haulers to the multi purpose building that is used for tech inspections and banquets such as this welcome dinner. Everywhere we looked, there were spectacles of automotive form and function. Shiny road cars, some very rare, and purpose built race cars with racing history dating back decades. That gave us a chance to get to know some people that up to this point were names on email lists and mentioned in stories of racing past. I knew a few but for the most part this was the first time putting faces to names. It was excellent to talk with fellow enthusiasts about their cars and share the stories of passion that we all have. The welcome dinner lived up to its name. We felt welcome. We felt like this was where we were supposed to be. After the dinner everyone trickled out the doors as the race cars with no lights started up in a roaring array of exhaust music livening up the setting sun. After the cars started to thin out, it was time to head back to the home away from home. It was a wonderful decision by all in our condo to end the night

FEATURE

night with a drink and some whirlpool time. Day one was done.

Day two started out early, as I couldn't really sleep. We met fellow club members for breakfast. People from the North American Spitfire Squadron (NASS). As we pulled into the restaurant parking lot, we knew we were in the right place. A GT6 and a CGT6 were in the parking lot. We had a few laughs and a good breakfast, but I couldn't help but think how little time we have this weekend. I got to discuss a few things with Howard Baugues. After breakfast we decided that a nice drive would be fun and would all part ways until later. Great cars love great roads, and those were some of the best I've driven. We made it back to the Osthoff for a minute and then we were off again. We were heading to the Farmers' Market on the square not too far away. The weather was perfect. The temperature was comfortable with a nice breeze reflecting off the lake and swirling down the streets that were filled with cars you only dream about. The Victorian houses with green landscape were a sight to see. You couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to be a local on these historic streets. These same streets that used to be the race track. Which leads me to our next adventure.

After walking around the Farmers' Market, we grabbed some lunch and went to prepare the car for the Old Course Re-enactment. We joined an estimated 150 cars as we were police escorted around the streets that consisted of the 1951 and 1952 race course. We were driving through the village streets into the countryside on two lane roads with historic markers guiding the way. Schoolhouse Straight, Wacker's Wend, Hamill's Hollow, Kimberly's Korner, Dickens' Ditch were among some of the markers. All had a message of historic meaning. It was a lot of fun to be part of such a huge caravan of cars. The cruise ended downtown with all of the cars parked along the small village streets for all to see. The ladies walked over to the Seibken's Hotel that had an ice cream shop right in front. They brought us ice cream as we yapped about our cars once again with the people that walked by.





As we thought of how this ice cream hit the spot, we were summoned to stage our cars down the street on the Osthoff lawn for the Gather on the Green car show. What a wonderful setting for a prestigious car show. These cars represented one example per make and model. My car was there representing Spitfire MKIVs. Driving onto the lawn and everyone watching us park was an amazing feeling. All the blood, sweat, and tears I put into this car was worth every bit at that moment. I have always been proud that I built my car from it's rusted state with a tree growing through the center. It is now in the company of Ferraris, Bugattis, Nashes, Porsches, the list goes on. They were all strategically parked around the pond and walkway in the greenest grass and blooming flowers. They all shined in the sun and there were photo opportunities everywhere you looked. Including one with my wife and Kas Kastner in front of my car, but that's a different story. The big band in the background playing Frank Sinatra and big band hits from the 40's, 50's, and 60's. There were many people dressed to the nines. The sun started to set and it was about time for dinner. A banquet specifically for members of Friends of Triumph. I ran upstairs and took a shower just in time.



We came down from the room and walked into a wall of smells that made us instantly hungry. There was a line on both sides of a row of tables stretching about 30 feet long. All the food was prepared in Five Star fashion. Fancy plates and silverware, chicken, beef, and vegetables cooked to perfection, pasta, salad, an absolute feast. Full bellies and new acquaintances made for a delightful dinner. We sat and talked to a group from Chicago that were all part of the same club. All of us from Iowa and all of them from Chicago and what did we talk about? Cars. Like you weren't expecting that. Just about dessert time and there was a click as a microphone turned on. A gentleman from Elkhart Lake Vintage Festival thanked everyone for coming for the weekend. He told a couple stories and then introduced a man that has quite the story.

Kas Kastner took the stage. As he introduced himself, which was unnecessary, I noticed the room go silent. I literally heard silverware drop from across the room it was so quiet. Kas is the reason Triumphs are known as race cars. Kas had a way to make you want to listen to every word. He told us stories of racing from a different time. Back when these vintage cars we drive now were in production. You could go to a dealership and get whatever part you needed. He told about how Triumphs would rule the race scene. They were one of the teams that everyone wanted to beat, and every crew wanted to mirror. He told how they were a close knit group with next to no budget and very few cars and how they would wipe the other big money teams off the podiums. He told some funny stories of how they got around a few rules and how they could change something on the car ever so slightly and it would improve the handling or down force. Everyone in the room was hanging on his every word. Maybe we all relate to some aspect of his stories. He had the room at his beck and call. His stories need to be told. After dinner I got the chance to say hello and introduce my wife officially and meet his lovely wife Peg. Great way to end the day.

FEATURE

Sunday I woke up early again, excited to start this day of racing but disappointed that the end of this fabulous weekend was in sight. Today was going to start off with a touring session around Road America. I charged my GoPro cameras and put them in the car. We headed to the track and had some time to kill. I had to find the famous Brit Pits where I wanted to take a pic of my Spitfire in front of the well known sign that marked this great section of the paddock area. After slowly driving around the track on the access roads, we went to the touring paddock to park our cars in anticipation. They parked us in front of a big access gate behind some fire vehicles and a Corvette pace car. After a short driver's meeting we mounted the GoPros and waited for the Sheldon Cup race to end, watching from the front straight. We were the fence monkeys we had heard about. As the last car buzzed by, my heart rate went up. It was time for us to go on track. We were told that it would be a 45 minute session, but the Triumphs that were going on the parade lap before the Kastner Cup feature race had to pull off early so they could be staged for said parade lap. We did get a chance to take 5 laps around this beautiful 4 miles of Black Magic (coined by the famous Joe Alexander), each lap a little more spirited than the next. I gestured to the cars behind me that we were headed for pit entrance as we geared down and took the long road on the front stretch and took a hard right into the paddock area. Time to stage for the parade lap that started off the feature race. We pulled off to the side where we lined up behind the beautiful Ambro on a Triumph frame.



Triumph after Triumph showed up one by one until the line was arched all the way around the grass area. We were ready for the parade lap. We slowly pulled off and toward the paddock area. There were corner marshals stopping traffic so we could all stay together. We weaved through the paddock closer to the track with every turn. We were led by a Peter Brock and Kas Kastner designed one of a kind car called the Triumph TR250K. Racing history led the way. It stopped right before pit lane entrance to pick up Kas Kastner. We were 3rd in line behind THE MAN and the Ambro. The parade lap was slow but I was soaking it all in. As we took turn 14 and once again headed off into pit lane there was a distinct roar behind us of the all Triumph race grid. We just started the feature race!

The grid consisted of all Triumphs or Triumph powered cars. There were four TR3s, thirteen TR4s, two TR4As, two TR250s (including the TR250K that started in the back even though he qualified for the front row in a gentleman-like gesture), three TR6s, four Spitfires, four GT6s, a TR8, a Peyote MKII Special, a Devin bodied TR4, and a TVR 2200S. What a starting grid! As they roared off towards turn 1 I felt the hairs stand up on the back of my neck. Unbelievable sound filled the silence, bouncing off of trees in a deep echo. They tore around the track for 7 laps. Gentleman racing displays at every turn. Some cars slid off track, but most were dodging and dicing making for a pleasing spectacle of vintage thrills. There were passes that pros would have thought were pure skill. It was amazing to watch. The checkered flag dropped and it was the '77 TR8 piloted by Peter Bulkowski that took a 6.053 second margin of victory over Sam Halkias's '71 TR6 and Tony Garmey in third in the '67 TR250K (that started dead last). Fourth was Bill Babcock in the '59 Peyote Special, fifth was Ken Knight's '64 TR4, sixth was Jerry Barker's '71 Spitfire, seventh was Mark Wheatley's '62 TR4, eighth was Leo Oddi's '68 TR250, ninth was Steve Myers in a '64 TR4, and tenth was Clark Lincoln in his '71 GT6.

After the tire smoke cleared and the monsters were caged in their haulers and paddock areas everyone headed to the garages where the awards were going to be presented. We made our way to the garage and noticed that it was all smiles. These guys have a connection I have never seen by any





other group. They were congratulating each other and laughing. Hand gestures that were unmistakably formations of cars while passing each other. Everyone waited anxiously for the award ceremony. The Snook's Dream Cars Marque awards were given to the fastest of each Triumph model. Jerry Barker won for the Spitfires with a time of 2:49, Andrew Wilms won for the TR3s with a time of 2:59, Ken Knight won for the TR4s with a time of 2:48, Leo Oddi won for the TR250s with a time of 2:50, Sam Halkias won for the TR6s with a time of 2:40, Clark Lincoln won for the GT6s with a time of 2:53, Peter Bulkowski won for the TR8s with a time of 2:39, and Bill Babcock won in the Peyote with a time of 2:44. A silence fell on the gathering in the garages as there was one more award. This one was different. It was for the Kastner Cup trophy.



The Kastner Cup trophy is a big silver cup with name plaques around the square wood base. It is not won on track performance alone. The placing of the race only determines 50% of the decision. The rest is based on 25% car presentation and 25% attitude and enthusiasm toward vintage racing. This trophy is kept by the winner for a year until a new winner is crowned. It can not be won by the same driver twice consecutively. As Kas walked toward the table all the cameras were snapping in rapid fire. The Friends of Triumph flags waving and a slight breeze blowing, Kas took the trophy and smiled at the crowd. He announced that the last trophy to be presented gave him great pleasure. Everyone squirmed with anticipation as he yelled out loud, "I present this year's winner with the Kastner Cup. That winner is Ken Knight!" A congratulatory swarm enveloped Ken as he tried to make his way to the table. His eyes were sparkling and his smile was wide. He took the trophy in one hand and shook Kas's hand with the other. There you have it. I bet Ken couldn't wait to get home and display that beautiful trophy.



As the haulers pulled away, I reflected back on our experiences here. Everything was perfect. Great racing, great events, great organizers and volunteers, new friends, reconnecting with old friends. It was so much more than just racing. I will remember our time with this amazing group my whole life. I encourage you to attend a Kastner Cup race or something similar. Races are fun, but the event in its entirety is what truly defines vintage racing. The cars, the history, the stories, and most importantly the people. You will not find a more fun group. These stories need to be told. Young kids need to know where the passions of their elders come from. If they learn history like this, they know where racing came from. Get those old cars back on the road or track. Share them with people who will appreciate them. The beauty of it is, you never know when or where you will come across the ones who appreciate the whole experience the most. 🍷

Track scenes from Road America during the Kastner Cup Race

Photos by Ginny & Howard Baugues





VDCA's Hurricane In Savannah

by Bob Spruck, MotorMouth/south



Tim Slater and Mike Jackson Ringwraith Formula Vee one of the few cars smaller than a Spitfire, but just as fast

This two day, late September race at Roebing Road Raceway, 20 miles west of Savannah, GA, was conceived by the Board of the Vintage Drivers Club of America to supplement the VERY popular and well subscribed early December three day event at the same venue. Since the December event has been so successful, more of the same would be a good idea, no? Theoretically that makes a lot of sense so VDCA tried it. Unfortunately, the first September event was cancelled at the last minute when a hurricane, one of the fairly frequent occurrences in coastal GA came inland further than usual and caused the local corner workers to head for the hills, literally. By naming the next year's event after this unwanted natural occurrence, Mike Jackson, Race Director of VDCA, dared the weather gods to do it again. They have apparently been scared off since every one of the subsequent half dozen events has had perfect racing weather. The dare continued to work his year on September 14th and 15th with great racing weather. We also avoided any Friday the 13th unpleasantness. However, I propose that, since naming the second event "Hurricane in Savannah" after the initial event's weather surprise has avoided any further occurrences, we rename the event "Love Bugs in Savannah" to avoid a repeat of this weekend's scourge. To those of you in other parts of the country who may not know, love bugs are the local name for a small fire-fly like insect common in Florida and the coastal areas

of the southeast that swarm in huge numbers and aviate while they copulate. They are so preoccupied with this unusual act and understandably oblivious to their surroundings that they die in the saddle, plastered on windshields, paint jobs, and radiators. They don't really pose any danger, but they sure are hard to remove once they impact at racing speed and then get baked on by the sun. Consistent with the success of naming the event to ward off hurricanes, we should rename the event to ward off love bugs. Who knows, we may even get some VW Beetles out of the garages and barns for this race as VDCA has done with FVeEs.

Because the event was of two day rather than the usual three day duration, the usual couple dozen car Classes were rearranged into just two Groups. Group A was for smaller (slower) cars and Group B was for larger (faster) ones. As is the case with many VDCA events, track time and expenses were shared with another race organization, this time the SCCA. Their time on track was defined as test sessions for any class of car. Miatas and BMWs comprised most of their Group but there was one interesting car – an early model MR2. Everyone played nice together and there were no incidents other than mechanicals and single car faux pas. Even the Gimmick Race and the Enduro which contained cars and drivers from all Classes concluded without any problems. That worked out to almost 4 ½ hours of track time for each Group for the weekend. That's a lot of rubber rubbed off



Mark Craig, 1972 Spitfire

tires, fuel pumped thru carbs, sweat absorbed by Nomex, and love bugs smeared on windshields.

Hard racing led to some attrition which resulted in a few less cars for the big races on Sunday afternoon. A spun bearing on a new engine, some broken wire wheel spokes, a burned clutch, and a spectacular catastrophic engine failure were some examples of individual bad luck. The new engine installed the previous week in a BMW let go big time at the beginning of the front straight during the early Sunday morning Group A warm-up session spreading an engine's worth of oil in a three foot wide swath all the way down to the start finish line where the driver was first able to pull off the track. Parts were bouncing off the concrete pit wall and a pall of smoke plumed in the still morning air. Quick, hard work by the maintenance crew cleaned it up within the session's time slot and didn't affect the overall schedule.

One tradition of VDCA races is what's called the "Gimmick Race". It takes place after the practice sessions on the first day and provides some hearty laughs and conversation at the after-hour's get-together. All classes of cars are included and the rules are not made known until the drivers' meeting. This fun event was dreamed up many years ago by Doug Meis, VDCA's Technical Director, as a way to get everyone involved and to have some fun. This time, the gimmick was to turn a lap as close to two



Tim Slater
1965 Spitfire

ON THE TRACK



Mark Craig, 1972 Spitfire, getting psyched up or catching some needed rest.



seconds slower than your best time from the day's practice sessions. I don't know about you, but my internal clock is nowhere near that good. I can hardly ever turn two laps consistently, due to lack of practice, varying concentration, missed shifts, and traffic. Most of the drivers thought it would be impossible to get a lap time that close, but Doug thought it would be fun to try. The results were amazing. Doug Meis, himself, posted a lap time that was 2.095 seconds slower than his previous best in John White's Beach FV for third place. Chip Haddock in the wickedly fast Legrand MK 18 sports racer was only .084 seconds off the two second target from his fastest time. The winner was Charlie Taylor in his Mazda RX7, only .062 second over the two second target. Unbelievable!

The one hour long Sunday morning Endurance Race went off before the mid day quiet time. Some drivers treated it like a long warm-up session while others considered it to be a real race. Davis Jones in his lime green Porsche 911 personified the latter as he pretty much ran away from the field, completing 39 laps and finishing more than a whole lap ahead of second place Henry Costanza in his 240Z. Tim Slater in his replica silver Sebring Spitfire flogged it for an hour, finishing a strong third and only two laps down to the speedy Porsche. But he had some very quick lap times.

The big races started after lunch and were well worth the wait. Only the two Spitfires of Slater and Mark Craig represented the breed. Mark usually races a VERY quick white Spit in Group 44 livery but last year he literally rolled it up into a ball at VIR.

Knowing it was a superior car and worth the long, hard job to rebuild it, he bought a blue '72 as a temporary steed. This way he could rebuild the white car correctly and still race a Spit while it was layed up. He refers to the white one as “the race car” and the blue one as the car he is racing. Tim Slater also has a fleet of Spitfires. For this event he brought his 1965 Sebring replica, complete with covered headlights, a big headrest, and some other aero bits. But, by noon on Sunday, both our Spitfire guys had had enough racing and headed for home prior to the green flag. But he Group A race for the small bore cars was still an exciting race. Andy Russell drives a 1972 MG Midget. Actually, “races” would be a better term as he is always fast and always dominating. You can't miss him – he's out front and bright orange. Mike Jackson does likewise in his one and only Ringwraith Formula Vee. He, too, is always out front of the Vees and sometimes overall, and his livery is flat black. In Saturday's preliminary race, after they got up to momentum (important race strategy for both the Midget and the Vee), they had a race long battle behind the D Sports Racer of Chip Haddock, placing second and third. The important part is that Mike was able to go to school, following Andy for 18 laps. He learned his lessons because on Sunday, Mike drafted behind David Blakey's brick of an MGBGT to pass fellow FV racer John White and then gained that precious momentum to pass David on lap three and reel in Andy who was, naturally, out front in the Midget. Once

Mike caught up to Andy, he needed to use the lessons he learned the day before to figure out how to pass him. Vees are notoriously fast in the turns but can be challenged by cubic inches and horsepower on the straights. It took Mike a few laps to find the right place to pass - on the back of the course, in turns 3, 4, and 5, but Andy was able to repass Mike on the 5/8 mile front straight using that awesome MG horsepower. For four laps, Mike began to pass Andy earlier on the track, thus increasing his lead by the time they arrived at turn 8 and the beginning of the long front straight, timing it so well on the last lap that Andy could not pass until one car length past the checkered flag. That and .167 seconds was the margin of victory. David Blakey hung in there for a well earned third.

It would have been pretty difficult for the Group B race to be more exciting than that breath taking Group A race and it wasn't. But it wasn't from lack of trying. Rollin Butler's Crossle Formula Ford was just too much for the production cars that followed him around the circuit. David Bearden's Porsche 911RS, Joe Liles' BMW 2002, and Charles Taylor's Mazda RX7 rounded out the top 4 after only one early pass on the first lap. But I bet it was still exciting from the drivers' seats!

With another great race weekend in the books, VDCA drivers now look forward to the group's biggest race, the Season Finale at Roebling Road Raceway in December. The emphasis will be on Formula Vees and Pre-War cars. What a way to end the year. 🏁



Tim Slater in his replica silver Sebring 1965 Spitfire

ON THE TRACK

VDCA's Season Finale December 13-15, 2013

Roebing Road Raceway, Bloomingdale, Georgia

by Bob Spruck, MotorMouth/south



Leigh & Quinn Derby lead a formation lap

The Event

No matter what kind of weather or what mechanical gremlins rear their ugly heads, VDCA's Season Finale at Roebing Road Raceway near Savannah, GA always seems to foster exuberant participants. Maybe it's the promise of a generous amount of racing opportunities, with a total of four and a half hours of track time for each participant if you include the Group practice sessions, the Gimmick Race, the one hour enduro, the Sunday morning warm-ups, and the Feature Races. But how 'bout the anticipation of the superb Pig Picking and Oyster Roast with it's spicy barbecued pork, brisket, and sausage, and the tasty salads, and the copious premium wines and beers, Nah, it's gotta be those scrumptious deserts. Yeah, that's it. Then again, it could be the warm and fuzzy feeling one gets after a long season of racing with one's buddies and the chance to wish them happy holidays and a peaceful off-season. It could also be the

expectation building up to the reality of seeing some cars you haven't seen before or meeting a few drivers you haven't raced with previously. Then, again, it might be the realization that this is the end of a wonderful racing season and it will be a while before we get together again to start the cycle all over. The answer is, of course, - all of the above.

With the positives of a healthy number of registrants, the amount of track time scheduled, and the traditionally outstanding social gatherings, and the sole negative of an iffy weather forecast, the weekend had to be deemed a success. Good racing occurred during the practice sessions on Friday despite the light mist. The racing line was dry and the off-line for passing was only slightly damp and most assuredly did not diminish the amount of overtaking going on. However, some of those mechanical gremlins began to rear their ugly heads. That much-feared Cast Iron Cracker put a few race cars on



Tim Slater and Mark Craig back in the pack



Leigh & Quinn Derby lead Andy Russell's Midget

the trailer early as did the Nefarious Bearing Scorer. That Pesky Gear Nicker did a job on a few transmissions. That ever effective Axle Snapper did his job and the embarrassing Sheet Metal Reshaper did, too. Most of the racers affected decided to not go home but to stay for the anticipated exciting racing that was to come, the camaraderie of hanging out with their friends, and the afore-mentioned culinary extravaganza scheduled for Saturday night.

The Gimmick Race

After a full day of practice sessions on Friday and as an attempt (successful) to spread the excitement and enjoyment around, the last on-track session was the traditional VDCA Happy Hour Bracket Challenge otherwise known as The Gimmick Race, designed and defined by Technical Coordinator and Honda S-800 (now Lola FF racer) Doug Meis. This year the instructions were that each driver on teams of four cars was to designate a target lap time. The difference plus or minus between their race time and their target time would be summed for each team and the team with the lowest delta would most likely be declared the winner. In addition, appropriate Team names and holiday decorations would enter into Doug's calculations to determine the winning Team. I say most likely because Doug makes it clear that he is always open to bribes and other incentives to use his wavering and capricious judgment to come up with a winner. The winning Team earns the only prize awarded all year – usually some leftover wine (if there is any) or a cheap bauble acquired



Quinn Derby coming through to the lead

during a last minute trip to the local K-Mart. By design, the rules encourage Team strategy and pit-to-driver communications rather than outright speed. So why was everyone going so fast and passing so much? Doug just can't influence the racers once they get on track and in the groove no matter what incentives he offers. Fastest time of the session was made by Peter Kraus in his Tiga SC84. No surprise here as Peter is always fast and probably wasn't out to follow the rules anyway, just drive his car fast. Skip Bryan in his BMW 2002 was closest to his target time of 1:26.800 with a 1:26.835. The Team of Mark Craig (Spitfire), Becky Labat (MG Midget), and David Beardon (Porsche 911) were only a total of seven seconds off their target and won the prize, which was so memorable, no one can seem to remember what it was.

More Practice and the Qualifying Races

Saturday weather forecasts indicated a 90% chance of moderate rain beginning mid afternoon and culminating in a 100% chance of a torrent by evening (after racing, fortunately). Most of the race Groups were able to get in their final practice session and their qualifying race with only a hint of the anticipated precip that was fortu-



Mark Craig & Tim Slater passing an E-Type Jag

nately late in arriving. The big storm held off until supper time, so the afternoon's racing was effected only by some preliminary minor sprinkles. However, during the indoor meal and festivities after five PM the din of over 200 happy participants was over powered by the drumming of the maelstrom on the metal roof of the food pavilion around six PM. All the more reason to take shelter inside and spend more time with friends bench racing and eating freshly steamed oysters, savoring the delicious southern barbeque, and imbibing of the imported liquid refreshments rather than dashing to the car or the RV and getting soaked.

The Festivities

The biggest and best benefits of racing with VDCA are the relaxed and much appreciated club atmosphere and the large amount of track time. Also important and much appreciated is the social aspect. We never need an excuse for getting together, talking, reminiscing, bench racing, eating, and otherwise socializing. At every event, the Saturday night meal is the focus for this fun and it is doubly meaningful at the last opportunity of the season. In addition to the

ON THE TRACK



Spitfire Central- Rob Stewart, Quinn & Leigh Derby

food and drink and the revealing of the results of the Gimmick Race already mentioned, presentation of the annual Hugh Kleinpeter Award is another high point of the event. The award is given each year to the VDCA member who best exemplifies the vintage racing spirit as exemplified by long time and dearly departed member Hugh Kleinpeter. Previous winner Peter Krause presented this year's award to a very deserving Ray Morgan. Hugh's son, Ken, made some very touching comments about his father's racing philosophy and contributions to the sport of vintage sports car racing.

The One Hour Endurance Race

Serious racing began Sunday morning in the endurance race for combined Groups and Classes. Despite the early hour, the frosty air and the damp track, the event was well subscribed and entertaining. Any time you can get 34 laps and an hour's worth of track time, it's a good deal. Peter Krause is a very fast and experienced driver as well as a successful driving coach, and he drove his fast, and beautiful and rain tire shod 1984 Tiga Sports 2000 to the win. This perfect storm condition (pun intended) led to his leading all but three of his 34 laps while he recovered from his mandatory five minute pit stop, having the fastest lap time, and finishing with a more than one lap lead. Certainly a well driven and a well deserved win. Tom LaCosta in his 1988 Lola 89/90 started in 8th but worked hard for an hour and finished in second place. Hugh Tompkins in the beautiful 1962

Bobby SR2 sports racer finished with a well deserved third place.

Tim Slater in his blue 1965 Spitfire ran in the Enduro as he usually does and got in a total of 31 laps, starting 9th over all and finishing 7th OA. He kept passing and then getting passed by the 1972 Hague sports racer of Alan Collard but managed to finish ahead of him by the end. The other remaining Spitfire, the '72 of Mark Craig decided to save his energy for the Feature Race and didn't enter the Enduro.

The Feature Races

After the mandatory quiet hour and lunch, racing for the record book began and finished earlier than scheduled. A quick Drivers Meeting had been called to decide how the majority of drivers wanted to conduct the races since the somewhat damp and chilly conditions seemed to be hanging around and possibly getting worse. Rather than the five separate Group Races that were scheduled, and considering such things as the number of entrants and car density on the damp track and our long tows home, it was eventually decided to have one race for the large Group 1 field and one race for everybody else. All the Pre-War cars either broke or decided racing on hard, skinny tires in the damp conditions was inadvisable except for stalwart George Pardee in his MG TC who was put into Group 1 for the day.

Fifteen of the small bore production cars and the Formula Vees made the split start under decent racing conditions. Any-



The Derby paddock



Tim Slater on the grid in his 1965 Spitfire

one who watched the practice and qualifying session and who knew the protagonists could have predicted the outcome – or at least who would be up front and fighting for all 10 laps. John Jones and Andy Russell both race Spridgets, built and prepared until his death by Billy Coates. In fact they both have memorial decals on their cars' flanks and the quality of their design, appearance, and preparation reflect Billy's high standards. John, in his black beauty led all the laps but was continually pressured by Andy in his bright orange car, always within a few feet of a pass. In fact, Andy had the fastest lap of their race – by .211 seconds. But he just couldn't get enough traction in the damp off line to make a pass. Mike Jackson, always fast in the Formula Vee Group, started his Shadowfax first in the Vee grid and 9th overall. On his way to his first in Class and third OA finish, he garnered the fastest lap of the race by .200 seconds. Buzz Merchlewitz and Brian MacEachern in their red Bugeyes were able to pass Tim Slater in his Spitfire and Alan Collard in his Hague 72 and then each other a few times in a great battle just behind the leaders. Michael Ennis (Lynx) and Marcus Jones (Zink) rounded out the top three Vees. Speaking of Spitfires, attrition was the major problem for the marque all weekend. When we saw who was bringing Spitfires from the advanced registration list and then who showed up at tech on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning, it appeared that a fantastic Group 1 weekend was shaping up. However, during the practice and qualifying sessions on Friday and Saturday, Spitfires seemed to be the recipients of an inordinate amount of problems. Friday afternoon, Rob Stewart in his consistently fast '67 broke third gear and put the car on the trailer. He did stick around until Saturday morning, mostly to see how his Spitfire competition fared in the qualifying sessions. That would be the father and son duo of Quinn and Leigh Derby in their '68s. They suffered from head gasket and transmission problems and loaded up and left for Charlotte to beat the impending rain. That left Tim Slater and Mark Craig as the only remaining Spitfires to defend the marque. Although they were no

match for the Spridgets of Andy Russell and John Jones, they had a good weekend, running the Enduro, the Gimmick Race and even lasting until their Feature Races on Sunday. Mark was still in his blue '72 which has been taking the place of his super fast #44 that was seriously damaged in a roll over earlier in the season and is undergoing a comprehensive and long rebuild. It may be a decently fast car and Mark is an indecently fast driver, but it was no match for the Spridget competition. At least it allows Mark to continue to race and uphold the marque in the competition. We can't wait for the return of #44 in 2014 and Mark regaining his spot at the front of Group 1. But, Mark didn't do that badly, finishing sixth OA. Apparently Tim used up all his energy or had all the fun he could stand and did not start the Feature Race.

Groups 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, & 8 raced in the second feature race and played nice for their 10 laps despite the theoretical differences in displacement and speed potential. As you could have guessed, the sports racers and Formula Fords predominated but there was some great racing amongst the larger displacement production cars as well. Mark Gompels led flag to flag in his Royale RP38/42. Doug Meis in his Lola T340 Formula Ford had an excellent run after starting in eighth position and finishing in second. Scott Nettleship gave Doug some competition in his Crossle 45 FF starting seventh and finishing third OA. A most impressive run was by John Baucom in his fast Fiat 124 Coupe staying up with the flying FFs. Jay Stephenson was testing out his Cheetah in only its second outing after its restoration. He may have been racing under its potential until it was broken in and he was comfortable with the awesome power, but it sure was impressive looking at any speed. We can't wait for a few more races to see what he can really do.

Overall, despite some individual frustration with mechanical issues and a little disappointment with the less than perfect weather conditions, it was a good weekend and a fitting end to the 2013 vintage racing season. There is even enough time for us to fix all the broken pieces before the next VDCA event. ☺

Front Bearing Seal Issue

by Richard Peetz, Sequim, Washington

Concerning the front bearing seal issue with the Spitfire and GT6 (and Lotus Elan):

The replacement front inner wheel bearing seals for our cars are too large in diameter for the hub bore. I have ordered them from three sources and found all to be too large in diameter to install without crushing the metal casing. The online forums for our cars, and for the Lotus Elan which uses the same front uprights and hubs, suggest that all of the sources worldwide carry the same size, possibly all from the same manufacturer. The answer seems to be to order the replacements, pull out the felt sealing material and use it to replace the worn felt in the original metal casings.

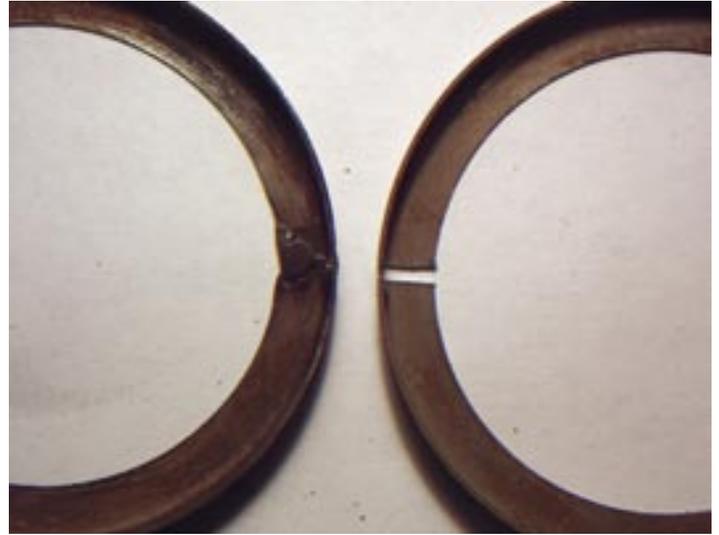
That solution works well if your casings are in good condition, not rusted through in spots so that they crumple when removed, as mine were in my Mark 2 Spit, or were missing as in the case of my GT6 hubs, or, perhaps due to too much caffeine, were removed with a hammer and chisel.

Time for some measurements. Using a calibrated dial caliper, the hub bores measured 2.089 inches in diameter with no difference between my various hubs, while the replacement seals measured 2.112 inches in diameter. A couple of seals were slightly oval in shape, but averaged out to the same diameter as the others. Two of my seal sets were white felt and one set was black felt with no difference in casing diameter. The seals were 0.023 inches larger in diameter than the bore. According to seal manufacturer Tobar, Inc., the press fit diameter of a bearing seal should be approximately 0.0055 inches larger in diameter than the bore, which verifies what we already knew. The new seals are too big for a press fit.

Plan A: The felt seals leave a lot to be desired. Why not a rubber and spring seal like most normal cars? I perused bearing/seal specs from various companies and finally found a Timken seal that would fit both our hub bore and the 1.5 inch diameter of the axle base that the seal encircles. The problem is that the axle base is only 0.246 inches high in our cars. The Timken seals come in two heights, too short to fully seat around the axle base and too tall to fit in the allowable space of 0.290 inches. These two heights appear to be standard.

Plan B: Dave Bean Engineering, the Lotus supplier, carries English Nylos bearing seals for the Elan (Part # 050C7500, \$48.38 for both sides – inner, outer, and D washer), which therefore would fit our cars, but from what I read on one Elan forum only one person with a full time race car used them. Everyone else, including the guy with the race car, seemed to doon their street Elans what we do on our cars. Research showed that these seals are not really seals but more like shields. Metal discs that deflect most of the elements and grit rather than seal it out. In Carroll Smith's book "*Prepare to Win*", he talks about Nylos seals as the only seals that fit tapered roller bearing hubs but that they do not make a positive seal.

Plan C: When in doubt, perform surgery. I tried reducing the diameter of the new seals. This worked well! The premise is



simple. The proper diameter for the press fit seal is the diameter of the hub bore plus 0.0055 inches (from Tobar, Inc.). The circumference of that circle subtracted from the circumference of a new seal gives the amount of material to be cut out of the new seal casing. From my measurements:

$$\text{New seal circumference} = \pi D = 3.1416 (2.112) = 6.6350''$$

$$\text{Needed seal circumference} = \pi D = 3.1416 (2.089 + 0.0055) = 6.5801''$$

$$\text{Material to be removed} = 6.6350 - 6.5801 = 0.0549''$$

Carefully remove the felt from the new seal and scribe a vertical line on the outside wall of the seal casing. Decide if you are going to cut between the lines or including the lines and measure, with a dial or digital caliper, 0.0549" from that line and scribe another vertical line. Make your cut somewhere in between those two lines using a Dremel with a diamond cutting wheel (\$7) or a mini hacksaw with a fine toothed blade. If using the hacksaw, carefully support the casing and saw gently or the casing will bend as it is thin, soft metal. Using a thin file, file to, or through, the scribed lines.

To allow the outer casing wall ends to come completely together, the flange the felt attaches to must be carefully filed in a very slight pie slice shape. Squeeze the ends together and hold (I used four nails into a piece of wood) and Mig spot weld (one quickpop on low setting or it will melt through) on the felt side of the flange and the inside of the casing side. Soldering would probably work also if you first clean the metal thoroughly. Grind out any excess weld or solder, then gently tap the casing into the hub using a piece of wood in between to spread the impact. Any microscopic out-of-round from the cut is removed when driven into the hub. Reattach the felt with several of spots of an oil/grease resistant adhesive. I used yellow weather strip adhesive. Lube the felt with oil or grease, depending on which manual you are following.

For you math whizzes out there, you probably noticed that measuring distance on the circumference of the casing using a caliper is actually measuring the chord of the arc which would be slightly shorter in length. I went through the math and for an arc this small, the chord is shorter by about 0.00003", which of course is much too small to measure with regular calipers.

Keep them on the road! 🍷

Rock & Roll with Roller Rockers

by Dennis Collins, Arkansas

During the disassembly of my engine for the broken crankshaft it was discovered my Cam and Rocker Shaft had seen their better days.



The intake and exhaust of cylinder # 1 and #4 looked fine but as you moved to the center cylinders the lobes grew progressively worse. The photos show the fairly good #1 and the definitely worn # 2. What was happening was the car was getting progressively harder to start, the intake and exhaust of #2 and #3 were not opening enough and closing too soon.



So along with the replacement of the Cam and Rocker Shaft, I decided to also do Roller Rockers. Roller Rockers use needle bearings to reduce friction, allow an increase in RPM's, and therefore an increase in horsepower (claimed up to 10hp).



They are a pretty straightforward installation, but do however require that external oil feed be used. I did a photo of the old Rockers so I would have a reference for where the spacers and springs went. You can get solid spacers which I did, but since the springs are perfectly fine, I did the after photo of the Rocker Shaft with the new Rockers so you could see them with the stock spacers and springs.



Apply a liberal amount of assembly grease. You may find the ridge left from the casting of the first and last Rocker Shaft Bracket may prevent the rockers from fitting properly, if this happens to you file the ridge down. ☺

AND FINALLY

Lessons Learned

by Shawn Frank, Iowa

I think that most of the lessons we learn in life can be described through cars. Almost everything that I have encountered and collected as wisdom can be compared in some way to the functions and traits of a repair, a rebuild, or an enjoyment of the 4 wheels that I love.

Alignment- This is a simple one. I believe that aligning yourself with the right path or people can always point you in the right direction. Just like a car, this is important for a few reasons. If the alignment is straight and true in your car, there is less wear and tear, less friction, and makes the steering around obstacles in the road so much easier. Your tires don't wear near as fast. If they last longer, then your traction last longer. If your alignment is off by even the slightest bit, a wobble starts and gets worse and worse until you just have to stop and readjust or rebuild and replace. Your traction is affected, your steering wears until it becomes a problem, and your suspension even takes some added wear. You get used to the wobble or constant pull, that you readjust your hands to compensate for the pull to the left. Sometimes it happens so gradually that you don't really notice until it gets so bad that you have to rebuild or replace vital parts. Sometimes you let it go until something brakes or fails.

The same thing with life. If your alignment is off, it is harder to correct your path. You wear yourself down, until the feel of your life is pulling so far to the left or right that you actually start getting used to the constant pull. Once you figure out that you aren't headed straight and true, you have more problems than just your alignment. You find that more components of your life are worn because of the alignment offset. Aligning yourself with the right people is one of the most important things you can do for your future. If those people are true, they can actually help with all aspects of the bumpy road that is life.

Suspension- Another simple one. Shocks and springs take the force and impact out of the rough parts in the road. We all know that there will always be bumps, cracks, potholes, and even terrain that is anything but smooth. The best way to battle against that is to install good shocks, springs, bushings, and other components of suspension that all work together to create a smooth ride.



Again, the same thing applies to life. You have a complex system inside that takes the hits, the impacts of life. The rough patches aren't near as rough if you keep that system in tune. If one of those components start to wear, the other components try to compensate. If they compensate for a faulty component for long enough, they wear thin and aren't near as efficient. The only thing you can hope for here is to fix the first component so the others stay efficiently pliable and soft, lessening the impacts of those inevitable rough spots. You can replace just one part, but will it be the most efficient? Has it gone on long enough that you need a complete suspension overhaul? Sometimes you have to step back and evaluate the efficiency since it is usually a gradual wear that is never easy to pinpoint. If you stop for a second and evaluate wear and damage, it may take time out, but will help with efficiency if you fix it right. Don't go with the easiest or cheapest. Spend some time on this one since it not only affects the inevitable impact, it also affects the alignment.

Brakes- Starting the car and getting it to go is important, but brakes are the most important thing on a car. If you can't slow a car down or stop it before impacting into something, then the rest of the car is not important, or at least won't be once it is wrecked and destroyed. The pedal that you control the brakes with needs to be properly oiled and maintained so that the practice of stopping is effective enough to keep you and your passengers from harm.





Yep, you guessed it. The same thing with life. You need to be in as much control of slowing things down to a manageable speed as you would with your drive and motivation to make things happen. If you can't keep up with the practice of slowing it all down, you may have things coming at you so fast that you crash and burn. You may not be the only one affected by your lack of brakes. There are people that ride along with you on this road to life. Do you want them to crash with you? If the answer is NO, then keep practicing using your brakes.

Acceleration- Accelerating is actually something that is not a necessity. Some people go their whole lives without driving a car. That number has become very rare in these days, but it is possible to spend your whole life walking or hitching rides. There is not a "NEED" for an accelerator pedal, but if you have a car and use the accelerator, it makes it much easier and faster if you need to get somewhere. You could ride the bus or hitch a ride, but you are relying on someone else to get you where you are going. With your own car, and specifically a car with an accelerator, you can set your own speed. Acceleration does not have to be "pedal to the metal" all the time. Gradual speed is actually the safest and most comfortable form of acceleration.

Same goes with life. You can float through, not being in control of your own drive, relying on others to get you where you are, but it is much more appealing to set your own pace. None of this drive would be possible if you didn't have the proper direction, practice in taking the bumps and cracks that are inevitably in front of you, and the know how to slow things down. Acceleration is truly only achieved after the other things have been accounted for, otherwise you will just be a flash in the pan. Burned out before any control is achieved.

You get my point. Some are going to read this and think that

it may be a cheesy analogy, some ploy to relate a love for cars to life, love, and happiness. Maybe, but maybe not. Could we learn something by simple machinery that we can apply to our everyday routines? Could life be that simple that we can break it down to small systems working together to create one goal. Can it really come to fruition through many simple aspects? I think so. I think that some people look at a car and think, "I don't want to even try to work on it. Way too complicated and too easy to mess something up." Ultimately, copping out and submitting to defeat. If they just took time to break it down and look and understand one function at a time, they would see that it is not that complicated. Even when you look at the old classic cars that were easy to work on compared to the more complex machinery of today and compare that to life, You will find that things were simpler quite a few years back and today's fast paced world is much more complex. It used to be that old cars came with tool kits so you could fix it yourself, now you don't even get a dipstick to check transmission fluid levels. There are no longer mechanics, there are parts replacers. No more rebuilding, just tearing it out and putting in a new part. Have we lost track of the joys of maintaining and fixing our own problems? Have we become so numb to the disposable society that we have lost the value and pride that comes along with owning up to those problems and fixing them. I don't know. Has my view changed? Do I notice things like this more now the older I get? Have there always been just as many problems, but just different sets of rules and regulations? This is me putting on the brakes and practicing the slow down. Or am I accelerating? Regardless, I love cars and life alike. I will carry these questions with me until my dying day. The second that I stop comparing and asking questions is the moment that I need to hang up the keys. Always keep the headlights on and the windshield clear. In life and in your car... Shawn 🍷

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Contact: Bob Kramer: 512-431-8563 rkramer3@austin.rr.com

History will record this battle. There is a canyon, in the far north of that place called Texas, a piece of land so desirable that over the centuries tribes of natives fought battles for its control. Then they fought settlers and finally the soldiers. Later men came and tried to tame it with their powerful machines, but it remains just out of reach. It is here that a man named Kastner has hidden his treasure, and the word is spreading. Many will come to try to take his chalice, the fabled Kastner Cup, and a spirited battle will ensue. But can it be won? The challenges are many. The road into the canyon has many a turn, many a hill and much risk. It is what they call "difficult terrain". The eagles soaring above can see the road twisting ever downhill. They can see it rise up toward the sky and their outstretched talons. At ground level it just disappears like eyes closed against the wind. Know this, skill and determination will be rewarded.

It will take much preparation and planning for this journey. The machines must be in top form and the wagons that will carry them up to the task. Fortunately this canyon is not far from the well known cattle town of Fort Worth. Closer still, lodging and supplies can be procured in nearby Decatur. The Innkeeper called Hampton will be the choice of many, those that enjoy telling their war stories after the battle along with loads of amenities. Another Innkeeper with the name of Baymont also provides a bed and a blanket and a hot breakfast. They'll hold you a bed upon your request. The battlefield itself is a special place. It has plenty of cover that can be reserved.

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Part number: G761AS

\$355.00



Clutch Master Cylinder Spitfire/GT6

Part number: GMC205

\$45.81



Monza Exhaust System for Spitfire 67-80

Part number: 88-1284

\$331.47



Gear Shift Knob Wood

Part number: GAC6050X

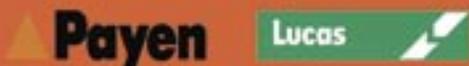
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