

SPITFIRE & GT6

for enthusiasts, by enthusiasts

MAGAZINE

features



Going Topless in Seattle



Warner Brothers Recording Artist is "Finding Faith"



Bermuda's Only Spitfire

Swiss Spitfire Club member Stephan Bilger poses for photographer Stephan Sieburg in the Alps



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I told myself I wouldn't do it, but...

When we first started Spitfire & GT6 Magazine I decided I would not use my position as co-editor to "self promote" but recently I have had MANY requests about MY car. I have even had a few jokingly asking if I "even owned own a Spitfire". Well, I do... and what a Spitfire. This whole process began a few years out of college. My wife's business was going well and we had a few spare dollars. It was time I could start looking for one of my life goals: a sports car. But which? Being of German decent, those were the obvious choice but I just couldn't find one that excited me. The Italian cars that did excite me were just too expensive.

Then I thought of British. Rare around town but not too rare, simple design (just what I needed as I had limited experience with working on cars). Man do I love the "Big Healeys". After some research I quickly realized there was no why I could afford one of those. TR3 somewhat resembled a Big Healey... had some of the same classic shape, plus the cool cut down doors. I could really imagine myself cruising around with my elbow on that door! Again, any TR3 that I was in my price range needed more work than I was comfortable undertaking.

At the local British Car repair shop, while looking for TR3's, I noticed in the corner a little car... Love at first sight! It had all my criteria: classic styling, should be easy to work on with that huge bonnet, parts should be easy to find as there were 3 Spits on their lot and it had the perfect price... cheap! Yes, it had flaws. There was no passenger floor. "Easy fix" I was assured by the seller. Interior shot. Another "easy fix". Not one light on the car worked... "all British cars do that if not driven for a while, a little cleaning would fix it right up". Terrible point. "You will need a paint job anyway"

After a test drive (I had to make sure it actually ran) and \$850 later I was on my way home with wind in my hair.

When I got home. I started really going over the car as I should have at the repair shop. The primer red paint looked to be applied with a brush. There were very few areas of rust and all surface (excluding the passenger floor). Not knowing where to start I grabbed a piece of sand paper and sanded one of the bubbles. Hey, this was easy! Remove the paint and spray it with rust converter". It was so easy I made the mistake of going to the next place... and the next and the next. Many of you know where this is going. Before I knew it I had most of the bodywork off and most parts off the engine. I quickly realized two things. 1. the rust was not bad and 2. the previous owner had the car sand blasted and over-blasted all the panels. There was not one flat area on the car. Would Bondo fix it? I now better understand that if you buy a \$850 car, you will get a \$850 car.

After a couple of months of going deeper and deeper into my "assessment", my wife's business fell apart. Needless to say money got very tight very quickly and sports cars do not fall into coupon clipping to survive. When I needed that wind in the hair feeling most, my Spit was undrivable. If could not drive it I could at least learn about it. I built a small website posting anything I could find about the Spitfire, the same website that has grown to the 250 page TriumphSpitfire.com.

About all I could do on the car was remove a part, sand it (or by this time brush it with a wire brush on my drill), paint it and put it back on. This went on for about 8 years. Occasionally I would splurge and spend \$50 or so on primer, converter and sandpaper. During that time I managed to paint the car in the garage. I also sewed my interior on the wife's sewing machine. It is not perfect but it did save money.

Now that we are back on our feet financially I am starting to give the car the attention it needs... and the money. It is now back together and runs! In the past year or so I have put on quite a few things that I was just not able to get working by cleaning: completely overhauled the hydraulic systems with NEW master/brake/clutch cylinders, put on a new top, rebuilt the Stromberg and replaced many other essential parts either new or from a great parts car I was lucky enough to find. A small list include exhaust manifold, correct distributor with working electronic ignition, many body panels and many little interior items that did not work or were missing.

I plan to do much work this spring on the car if our growing family and business will allow. There is now that old familiar grinding sound in the rear end...u-joints or bearings? Probably the only two things I did not replace on the car.

I also have a complete intake/exhaust system coming from PRI soon. Chris is sending me one of his first sets. Hopefully I will be able to have a write up in the next issue showing its installation and a list of improvements to the car's driveability. An unfair fight I know replacing the ageing Stromberg and cast manifold but someone has to do it!

I recently came to the conclusion that having a Spit that was a little more "Spit-like" than others was not necessarily a terrible thing. My Spit has had almost EVERY problem indicative of these little cars. And if I had not had all the problems I would not have learned so much. Like it or not. It was depressing that my car was not able to be driven much. I mean, the car owned by THE editor of THE Spitfire magazine wasn't running?!?!? But when given lemons, make lemon aid!

John Goethert
editor

p.s. As always, thanks to everyone who has sent articles. And to those whose stories did not make it in this issue, look for them in a future issue.



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SPITFIRE & GT6

Issue #10 magazine

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It is not our intent to breach any copyright or offend anyone with this magazine only glorify Triumph name and their wonderful cars. This magazine is in no way affiliated with Triumph, Leyland Motor Corp. or BMW, although that would be nice!

**Correspondents wanted for
Spitfire & GT6 Magazine!**

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for more information**



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Yes, this GT6 came from the Triumph factory this color. Coded #92, Magenta was offered from 1973-74. Being a "love it or hate" color, Magenta cars are rare today as they were often repainted a less vibrant color.



Man, the last issue has to be the best issue ever! I got the magazine in the mail this morning and have read almost every article already. Laura is still having

travails, but my new Hero Susan Hensley is pictured a few times. Animals and babies abound! Beautiful Spitfires and GT6's from around the world fill the pages - three from NEBRASKA in one issue? Livia and Otto are there...a truly massive road trip in a Spitfire is chronicled. Gregory Hertel is my new best friend! The Spitcat is getting ready to breath again.

A great article and tons of good photos from the Spit-Together just make me want to buy a Vintage Racing Spitfire and go back to Mid-Ohio. Me and the other Fat Man in charge of NASS are even pictured a few times! I even find another GT6 racer out here in the sticks! (Can you somehow find a way to send Andrew Stark my email address and have him contact me or send his to me so I can ask him if he will be attending the first Vintage Race at our new track?) Car shows all over the place and more beautiful photos...

Heck, I even read the darned advertisements in this magazine!

Great job!
Joe Guinan
President
N.A. Spitfire Squadron

Hey John,

I would love to do an article on a poor man's race prep and introduction into SCCA SOLO II racing. I can't believe how easy it was to get involved. The car was fun to prepare and could be put back to original condition in a long afternoon. Best of all, the project wasn't incredibly expensive. I will start work on the article if you think that idea has any merit. I don't know when I could have it done, though probably by the next issue. Can't wait to see the next one by the way!! Keep up the good work on a great magazine!

Chris Fourment
Texas

Hello,

I just received Spitfire & GT6 Magazine, Volume 2, Issue 4. As usual, a pleasure to read. Thanks

guys, and keep up the good work!
John Simonson
Rochester, NY

Great site and a lot of information too! Keep up the good work!!
Gerbrand Meijer,
Zwolle, Netherlands

Hi,

Just want to thank you for the use of your classifieds to find my 1st Spitfire. Not only did my "Cars Wanted" ad get a lot of response, I ended up buying one of if not the best Mark 1 in the US. I am enjoying the magazine and the website...keep up the good work!

Regards,
Lewis Britner

Thanks for putting up this site and starting your magazine!

I think Spitfires are only under appreciated by TR6 owners, not those of us who own them.

Jim Pratt,
St. Paul, MN

John,

Thanks for visiting our web site. I would have liked to have met you as I drove through Tennessee. Tom and his family were unbelievably kind. I have so many stories of a girl and her dog and their triumph named Faith on the open American road. We filmed a music video and a documentary. My album, "Holy Road: Freedom Songs" comes out next year. May all the sun's rays shine down on those who are dreaming.

best always,
Lizzie West

Hello -

I just received my second issue of the magazine and I really enjoy it. Now, please don't take offense - I'm going to offer both criticism and a suggestion (in my book, that's the only way you can criticize!). The entire magazine is fascinating, but there are grammatical and spelling errors throughout. This issue even had a spelling error in a headline ("Wierd" instead of "Weird"). I will be happy to volunteer to proofread and correct spelling and grammar on all features and reader submissions. My qualifications are simple - I frequently write technical articles as part of my job and my mom was an English teacher (lifelong training!!). Please let me know if you are

interested in having me join your team in an editorial capacity. I would really enjoy doing it and, of course, I do not expect to get paid for this. I look forward to hearing from you.

Thanks,
Mark

Hi John,

Thanks for publishing the story we submitted on our journey from Kentucky to Nova Scotia. Ann and I were very impressed with the layout of the final product, especially the route map on the left hand side of the first page. We were also happy to see that all the pictures that we submitted were included with the article and with the reproduction quality of those pictures. We were so impressed that we might just have to buy another car, drive it home and write another story.

By the way, there you made only one mistake and that was putting me down as an author. I wasn't involved in the writing, just the initial idea.

Mark Jones
Seaforth, Nova Scotia

P.S. The car now has a vanity license plate reading "LIL BIT".

Hi Folks

I was flattered to see that you used my ditherings on compression testing in your last issue - hope it saves a few souls some needless anxiety and/or expense!

Love your mag - my renewal will follow shortly. These bloody little cars just get me so excited!!

Kind regards
Bruce Barclay
Fairview, Alberta

I am a "casual" Spitfire owner. I love my car, but as of yet, don't participate in any events. I have a 75 in "comfortable" shape... runs great, but could use paint touch up, new carpeting, etc. But at least I don't have to treat it with kid gloves! I bought this one about 5 years ago from a neglectful owner, but I also had a 74 Mark IV in 1976 when I was just out of college...guess I'm going through a second childhood or middle age crazies!

One story that may be of note... in the Summer of 1975, missing all my college buddies (I graduated from Notre Dame in 1974), I did a tour of the USA from Houston to Chicago to New York City to Richmond, VA to Miami and back to Houston. That was about a 4,500 mile trip, and my

car almost vibrated to pieces!!!! The only modifications I did for the trip was to install a headphone jack to the stereo and to install a lawn mower throttle control to the carb linkage....cruise control! I'm sure the law wouldn't approve, but I knew I'd need to stretch my feet while driving.

Thanks to your website, I've located the Texas Triumph Registry and am in the process of joining. I can't wait to take my first Saturday morning breakfast drive with them!

Thanks again,
Joe Greff

Hello John,

I am a new subscriber to Spitfire & GT6 Magazine. I'm a relatively new Triumph enthusiast and have found your magazine a great source of information. I've been working on my Spitfire for a couple years and things have really come together this season. The car is pretty unique in terms of its appearance and performance. Chris at PRI, who turned me on to your magazine, has been encouraging me to share my project with your readers. I finally got around to getting a draft written and pictures taken and wanted to gauge your interest in publishing the article.

Please let me know your thoughts and keep on motoring!

Regards,
John Scumniotales

Really enjoy your website! Thank you for the free classifieds!

Sincerely,
John Biek

Spitfire Magazine,

Thank you for processing my subscription so promptly. Great, great magazine!

My son (14) & I bought our '69 Spitfire in mid-July. It was during the decision process that I found your website. Encouraged, we bought it, not so coincidentally on my birthday.

Your website led us to catalogs which ultimately led to SpitBits, another indispensable resource for Vintage Spitfire owners!

Still hungry for info and touch with the greater Triumph community, we wrote to subscribe to the magazine.

Thank you again, a true treasure!
Geoffrey & Cassidy Bright
Buckley
New York

Story Requests

"I'd like to see an article on replacing the floor pans"
-*John Simonson*

"Anyone have any ideas how to wire a modern stereo unit to a 1970 Triumph?"
-*Scott Porter*

"I would like info about diagnosing rear end noises (u-joints, bearings, diff, etc.)"
-*John Goethert*

Send us anything
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Weird, Wacky & Wonderful!



LITTLE BITS OF SPITS

BANJO + SPITFIRE = SEXY BABE

“Here are another couple of photos of my Spitfire a few months before the ‘conversion’ (and no, I don’t really know the girl - just a friend of a friend (in background with my banjo) who fancies herself as a bit of a model!!!! Didn’t come out too well in the shade but all the important bits are there!!!”

—Reuben Chapman



ANOTHER EBAY BUTCHERING

Yet another GT6 was up for sale on Ebay again recently and again it was cut up for some misguided project and left to die. Last I heard, it did not sell.



HURRAY FOR US! I THINK.

This email arrived to us recently:

Attention: Webmaster of triumphspitfire.com, Independent market research has shown your site to be one of the most popular websites on the Internet. We at TrafficRanking.com have spent over two years aggregating statistics from users who visit sites such as yours and found that triumphspitfire.com is now ranked as the 139,216 most visited site on the Internet.

Maybe with a little work I can get it up to the 138,000th most visited!

—John

You write the caption



Send us your ideas for funny captions for this photo.

Send submission to:
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The Real Story

Imagine this: you are given a tool chest but there is a catch, it had to be removed immediately and no you have no other method of transport other than your Spitfire.



Howard Baugues had just such luck and his factory luggage rack did the trick.

License Plate of the Issue



—unknown owner from California

Spitfire Spotters



POSSESSED SPITFIRE?

The perfect decal for a Spitfire that acts like mine does occasionally? This decal, sent by Mark Copeland, is in reality the company logo for Spitfire Skateboard wheels. "Thought you might like to see the decals my boys got me at the skate shop". This and many other Spitfire Wheels decals can be found at most any skate shop. Might be an interesting to replace the "Spitfire 1500" bonnet decal.



SPITFIRE - THE FAVORITE OF COMPETITORS WORLDWIDE

It is amazing how much the Spitfire yo-yo and the real Spitfire have in common according its description: "This precision machined and optimally weighted Spitfire is designed specifically for looping tricks. Its high inner walls and specially designed shape allows it to fight the force of gravity by flying out and back continuously in a nearly perfect path."

"The Spitfire is made with a specially designed, fixed, wooden axle that allows for extra long spin times. Since it doesn't come apart, this model has no small parts to lose and is incredibly durable. Because of it's design, the Spitfire makes performing tricks a breeze, and as such is a favorite of competitors worldwide."

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Niche is now making Spitfire wheels...but not for Spitfires (thank goodness). Spitfire is available to fit many cars and trucks. And because they are only available in 17", 18" and 20" they would not fit anyway.

For more info visit www.nicheroadwheels.com



FOR THOSE WET EMERGENCIES

Liv Haasper sent us this photo of a couple of the promotional towels she has collected.



2003 IS GOING TO BE HOT

Enrico Vandon of the Italian Spitfire Club sent us his Spitfire Calendar. Due to the language barrier I was unclear if it was being sold as a fundraiser or this was only his pet project.



FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS RISQUE

The North American Spitfire Squadron is also putting out a Spitfire/GT6 calendar. To be used as a fundraiser for the club this 11x17 full color calendar not only shows beautiful cars but fun photos from their past two "Spit-Togethers".

They are available for \$10 for the first and \$8 for each additional (if mailed together). Send check or money order (payable to NASS) to:

Mike Lewis, NASS Treasurer
attn. NASS Calendar
441 W. 79th St.
Los Angeles, CA 90003

Spitfire Spotters in the media

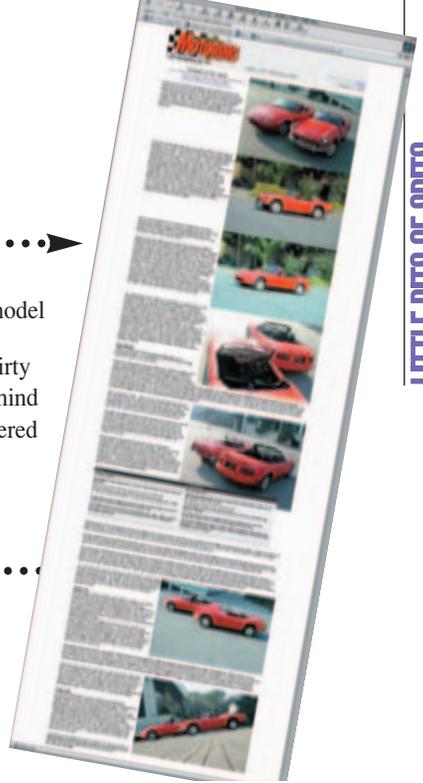
LITTLE BITS OF SPITS

MIATA VS. SPITFIRE

Business Standard Motoring, the auto magazine of India, recently did a feature comparing the early model Miata and a 64 Spitfire.

Entitled "Triumph of the Spirit" the story implies the two cars were brothers "separated by almost thirty years" when comparing the character of the cars. The author is extremely kind to the Spitfire keeping in mind that the car was a vintage car. "The fact that the door on the driver's side didn't shut properly hardly bothered me because this car felt so basic that even a door felt superfluous."

To read the entire article visit www.bsmotoring.com and look for a link titled "Vintage Stuff".



FOR A GREAT CAUSE

"For the past 3 years there has been a lottery in the leading German vintage car magazine 'Oldtimer Markt' with proceeds going to the Children's Cancer Foundation. This year's first prize is a Spitfire 1500 with only 60000 Km."
—Norbert Schumann

GOOD ENOUGH FOR A SERVING TRAY

While reading a recent edition of *Old Cars Weekly* an ad in the back caught my eye. The ad clearly showed a racing Spitfire among other cars used as an example for the company's product.

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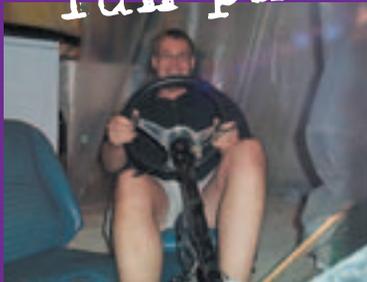
Reading Pennsylvania's newspaper *The Reading Eagle* recently ran an article about the use of Bulletin Boards on automotive websites. Among the websites featured in the article was TriumphSpitfire.com's BBS.

The author states about the owners of cult car sites "Like overly involved parents, they'll coddle them, praise them, and learn as much as they possibly can about them. They'll do anything to keep their car happy, read books, study manuals, or seek the advice of other owners. One of the fastest growing resources is the Internet, where enthusiasts can gather, online, to share stories and photos of their cars."



A thought to ponder...
95 percent of all British cars are still on the road...
the rest made it home!!
—Brett Melancon

fun photos



Just because Andre Rousseau is only half way through restoring his GT6 doesn't mean he still can't have fun behind the wheel!



Liv & Wilf Haasper's "new" GT6 obviously knows it is going to a good home by the look on its face. (photo by James Carruthers)



"The Lucas Oil Special was in town for the annual boat race and I found it parked at the marina. Being a Brit lover I thought I could tow it off..."
—Ron LaGorio, Michigan

White Lace and Dirty Fingernails...

Triumphant Weddings

Last issue I asked readers to send their wedding photos that included their Triumphs. Here are the blissful days.



MITCH AND DIANE JOHNSON

"These shots were of Diane and I trying to get off to our honeymoon after our "Friends" decorated my 1965 MK2 Spit, that we fell in love in!"



GEOFF & LORI BUSH

"On Friday, December 13th, after 7 years of Spit bliss, Lori and I got married. My son Nathan was my best man. We wanted to drive both Spits but they just didn't want to start in this cold weather. While both Spits were with us in spirit, sadly, they both remained in the garage."



Four Russian bridesmaids in a Spit!



"Oh, I hope they don't drive me back to Heathrow in this. Five in a Spitfire ain't no fun!"

NICK & NATASHA VASS

"We bought a Stag, restored her, used her as the wedding car then sold her to pay for the wedding."



BRAD & SUSAN (HENSLEY) KAHLER

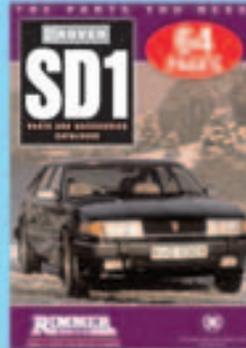
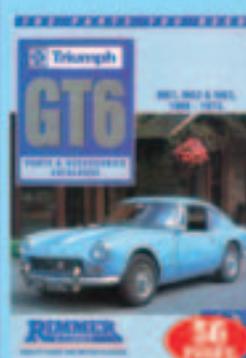
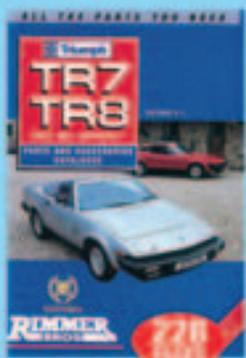
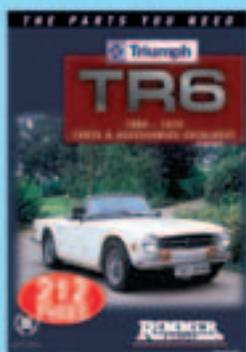
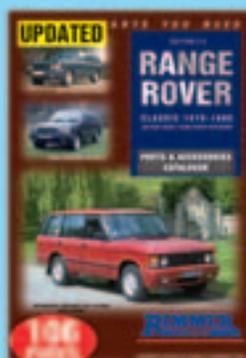
Brad & Susan became husband and wife this past July at the Vintage Triumph Registry's Rolling' on the River show. When the Minister asked for the rings, the Maid of Honor supplied a set of piston rings... "Do you take him and his Triumphs?"... "You have not gained a husband but a fleet of cars."

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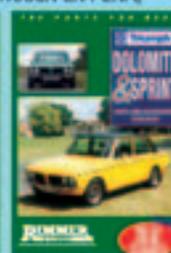
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I have received so many questions about paint lately that from now on I would like to include the paint colors to the other info in "Reader's Cars" section. The color will be the Triumph Paint Code followed by the color name. If the paint is not a factory color, it will be in italic.

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



Art Fournier, Maryland, 1976 Spitfire 1500 (82-Carmine Red)



Don Smith, North Carolina, 1980 1500 (sorry Don)



Karl & Kelly Reinke, Wisconsin, 1969 MkIII



Dave Hale, Ohio, 1975 1500



David and Linda Hall, Ontario, Canada, 1978 1500



Christopher Fourment, Texas, USA, 1979 1500 (94-Inca Yellow)



Richard & Wendy Kosier, Connecticut, 1979 1500



Fred Nicklin, Balears Spain, 1976 1500 (94-Inca Yellow)



Scott Porter, Virginia, 1970 GT6+



Gerbrand Meijer, Zwolle, The Netherlands, 1973 GT6 MkIII



Sandy Cerra, Vancouver, British Columbia, 1976 1500



Jim Stanhope, Scotland, 1972 Mk IV, (72-Pimento Red)



Bob Menzies, Florida, latest project



Roy Oppedisano , New Jersey,
Alfa Romeo engine , 1250 lbs , Very fast! Corners so hard vision gets blurry!



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Samantha, granddaughter of Mark McAtee, Ohio, 1963 Mk1



Bruce Barclay, Alberta Canada, 1980 1500 (Portland Beige...a Leyland color)



David Teachey, North Carolina, 1980 1500



George & Nancy St. Pierre, New Hampshire, 1976 1500



Elliot Tours, California, 1977 1500



Robert Tarrant, UK



Jean Petermann, Switzerland, 1974 MkIV
 1300cc, 115 Hp, overdrive, Double Weber Carburetors,
 Spax Shock Absorbers/Springs, Rollbar, Fiberglass Bonnet and boot lid



Christopher Lemke, Kentucky, 1979 1500



Henry Stikeleather, Kentucky, 1979 1500



Joseph Hauger, West Virginia, 1997 1500



Richard Kohlhepp, New Jersey, 1973 1500



Bedriska Wagner, Uster, Switzerland, 1969 Mk3

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Spitfire & GT6 'A Collector's Guide' by Graham Robson. In-depth information about Spit/GT6 models, racing history, and tech specs. 128 pgs. hardcover \$ 28

Guide to Originality by John Thomason. This book is a concours Spitfire owner's/restorer's must have book; 160 pgs, hardcover \$ 35

Triumph Spitfire by Michael Cook. Covering Triumph Spitfire & GT6 history; 144 pgs, \$ 22

62-80 Spitfire Gold Portfolio by Brooklands Books. Almost every magazine review of the Spitfire from Oct. 1966 to 1973, 180 pages \$ 24

Mk3 Owners Handbook glovebox sized reprint \$ 11

Mk4 Owners Handbook glovebox sized reprint \$ 13

1500 Maintenance Handbook glovebox, reprint \$ 38

62-81 Spitfire Haynes Manual \$ 17

69-80 Spitfire Workshop Manual glovebox sized owners workshop manual 185 pgs. \$ 15

Spitfire 1500 75-80 Official Repair Operation Manual step by step repair/troubleshooting 216 pgs. \$ 38

Mk4 Official Repair Operation Manual \$ 38

Competition Preparation Manual by Triumph for all Spitfires MK1-1500; 64 pgs. \$ 11

Mk1-3 Official Workshop Manual, reprint of factory manual, incl Herald 1200, 12/50, 13/60 Vitesse 272 pgs \$ 40

Mk1 & 2 Spare Parts Catalog \$ 50

Mk3 Spare Parts Catalog Official 224 pages \$ 38

SU Carburetor Tuning Manual, 168 pages \$ 18

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Book Report: Lemons

BY LIV HAASPER, CANADA

Last week, when my Spit was laid off with severe vibrations of the propeller shaft, my better half brought home a most entertaining and enlightening book for me to read. Feeling kind of low, and missing my daily driver, this book cheered me up and mad me laugh out loud. It's a book about the worst cars ever designed and produced. To my horror, I noticed that, over the years, I've owned and driven several of the ones portrait in this book.

As I am scanning through the first pages of this documentation, the picture of a beautiful Triumph TR6 catches my eye. Underneath the caption: "This was one of numerous makes of cars that embodied serious defects due to shoddy quality control in the 1970's." Eh, don't shoot the messenger. I can just hear my TR6 buddies comment on this one. Haven't I just noticed them polishing their little beauties at the last British Car Show??? Don't I know of the love and devotion put into the restoration of their latest project??? Doesn't it just make you cringe, and cry out loud, to see your loving Triumph criticized?

There must be more write ups on Triumphs in this book, I wonder...Is there anything on my beloved Spitfire?? I flip through the pages. There, on page 142/143, the picture of a beautiful yellow 1500 is spread gloriously over two pages. What a car! It makes my heart beat just a little faster.

Under the chapter "The Failure of Quality Control" I read this: "The lowest point of quality control was reached in the Triumph model years from 1974 - 78. These cars included Spitfire, Spitfire 1500, TR6 and TR7 models, with convertible and hardtop variants. Ignition amplifier failures were a common cause of in-traffic stalling for these Triumphs, and outright loss of power due to breakage -prone gas pedal cables were real drawbacks on the TR7 models. Engine fires were a problem for the 1975 Spitfires. Windshield wiper/washer failures, horn failures, panel light failures and persistent fuse burnouts resulted from badly-designed wiring arrangements in 1974-78 Triumphs. This litany of problems was only part of a mounting disaster for on of the world's great automakers".

Hearing this brings an ache to my heart, but at the same time I'm realizing, "hey, mine is a 67". My Spit doesn't fall into this category. But then, I know it's shortcomings. We all do, but have learned to accept them, deal with them, and hopefully, laugh at them.

My interest in this book now aroused. I'm eager to read about the world's worst cars, cycle cars and grand experiments, streamliners and flying cars, from the bizarre to the over done, of grand illusions, and dubious cars of the future. The designs so outraged and ridiculous.

There is the Hungerfords Rocket, the rocketeer-cum-automakers ultimate dream in

the 1930's. The first rocket-powered vehicle ever licensed. A single rocket motor was mounted to the rear of the car, and I can just imagine driving behind this little beauty, when the rocket is ignited. It's body was fabricated using

linoleum and cardboard panels, the rocket itself build with stovepipe iron, the whole contraptions a first rate fire trap.

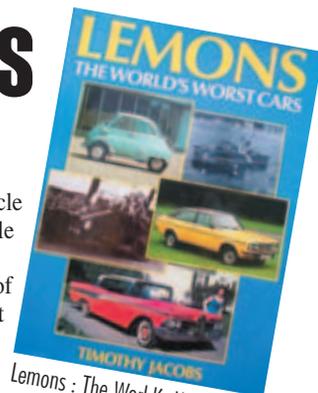
The 1934-37 Chrysler Airflow, with its sad looking head lights, is another interesting automobile of the early years, it's windows so small one could not possibly see the traffic in front or ahead. There's the grandioso 1934-38 Tatra, dangerous at higher speeds because of its V-8 engine and unstable design. Ahhh....the 1938 Phantom Corsair, hopeful design of streamline and beauty, what a site to see.

Next, I laugh at the plane mobiles, flying cars that no household should be without. Better still, the 1946-52 Fulton Airphibian, the most ingenious of all the flying cars. With this design, one could simply unattached the car from the wing section and drive away leisurely at ones convenience. The 1945-46 Hall Flying car/ConVair Car catches my attention. A car with wings ready for take off.

Then, the book covers the 1963 Turbine Car, The 1964 Wankel Spider, which engine apparently would self destruct after 10,000 miles. The Wankel engine inspired automobile makes in a big way. Rolls Royce, Mercedes Benz, Mazda jumped on the band wagon in the 60's to the mid 70's, and produced their own version, but they all eventually failed due to unreliability. We can't forget to mention the West German Amphicar of 1961-65 with its Triumph components. Wouldn't I love to own this one now!!!! The books takes you to the 69-76 Fiat, which liked to rust away and dissolve itself into heaps of crumbling metal. The 1970-76 Volvo is mentioned for the same problem. The 70-76 Ford Pinto, the 71-75 Chevrolet Vega, the pre 1971 Subaru, and many more well known makes all make the list of lemons because of poor designs and major flaws.

An overall view of this book would be, that this is a very entertaining piece of literature. It reminds us of how far the automobile has come in it's development.

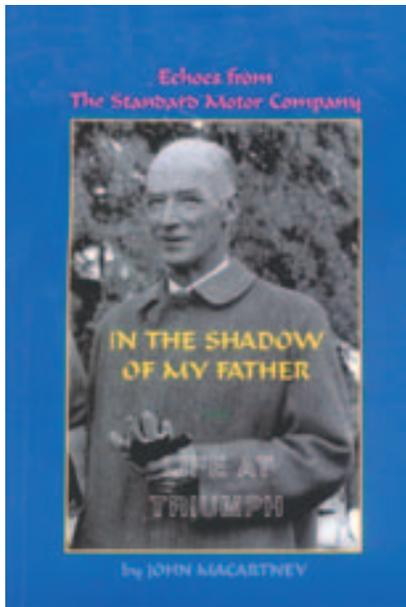
I can recommend it as easy reading, especially if you don't happen to be lying under your Triumphs working on the usual annoying repairs, as I am at this very moment. ■



Lemons : The World's Worst Cars
by Timothy Jacobs
Published by Bison Books Ltd
Kimbolton House, London UK

"In the Shadow of my Father & Life at Triumph" by John Macartney ©1998

BOOK REVIEW BY HOWARD BAUGUES



"In the Shadow of my Father", starts off by taking you back to the end of the nineteenth century, to a time much different than our own, and in places many of us have seldom heard mentioned. "In the Shadow of my Father" is a chronicle of the life of Charles Macartney, the author's father, who was born on Christmas Day, 1898, in the most unusual of circumstances. Charles worked at Standard Motor Company from 1920 to 1945, then again from 1954 to 1961.

Charles wore many hats within Standard during these times, some of which were Field Service Engineer, Service Manager, Chief Inspector, a dual role of acting Works Manager and Quality Manager during World War II, and finally as Quality Engineer. His thoughts and insights are shared with us through his son's remembrances of life during that early time in British automotive history. This insight tells you of what life was like in those early years, the hardships that men of Charles caliber dealt with on a daily basis. It shares with the reader, the pride that Charles had for each car that rolled out the door. Charles served in the RFC during WWI (Royal Flying Corps, later to become the Royal Air Force) and his discipline carried with him into everything he did at Standard.

As you read through Charles life at Standard, you see many famously familiar names, such as John Black and Harry Ferguson. Charles Macartney worked for and with them as Standard Motors grew and eventually became Standard-Triumph. Charles retired from Standard-Triumph in



1961, just after Leyland had taken control. That was to be the start of the end, as mergers and changes at Triumph were set in motion.

"Life at Triumph" is the second part of the book. It picks up not long after Charles retirement from Standard-Triumph, when the author, John Macartney, started working there in 1966, first in the Export Sales Department at the factory, then at the company's only showroom in Berkeley Square, London. "Life at Triumph" is a collection of short stories about the author's experiences during his tenure with Standard-Triumph Sales Limited from 1966 through 1972, along with memories of several others that worked for the Company during that time.

When you read these stories, you will realize how snakes had a re-occurring role in the Macartney family's life story. You will share the feelings that John experienced when he damaged the front wing of a Triumph 2000 Wagon, only hours before he was to re-deliver it to Royalty. This writer was so intrigued with this particular story that I had to write the author to find out "who" the Princess was that took possession of the once damaged 2000. It was Princess Grace of Monaco (aka Grace Kelly). You will also ride along in test drives taken by American tourists and travel through "The Hurlter" as one GT6 owner experienced his test drive in a Herald 1200 with extra pep.

John shares with us some company documents and procedures that were commonplace during his time with the Company. In reading the order acknowledgement procedure for new Triumphs, is hard to imagine how a company as large as Standard Triumph ever stayed in busi-

ness as long as they did. It also explains why delays were common in those days, and how John and the staff had to deal with American tourists, passing through to pick up their new cars, that weren't always there. In 1972 John left Leyland and joined BMW, where his career was centered around replacement parts for the automotive industry. Later, John worked at the British Motor Industry Heritage Trust, caring for some of the very cars his father and he had a hand in making and selling.

The Macartney family shared in the Triumph experience through two lifetimes, and this book shares with us the inside story of how our favorite cars were made and sold; and how honor, and "fair play" were a way of life for Charles and John. The end of the book lists some e-mail queries received via Internet by John. Now retired from the BMIHT, John Macartney enjoys his leisure time in England as a writer and as a consultant on several e-mail lists concerning Triumph automobiles.

"In the Shadow of my Father & Life at Triumph" contains a section in the middle with period photographs of some of the people and automobiles that were present in Charles & John's life. One photo shown is the Standard Triumph Service Department on Western Avenue, London.



Another photo is of Charles with John nestled in front, "in his father's shadow".

I consider this book a must have for any Triumph auto collector. It shares a side of the British automotive history not given in any other accounts.

In the UK, John sells his book directly and can be contacted at 2 Town Farm, Stretton on Fosse GL56 9SB, England - email jonmac@ndirect.co.uk

In the US & Canada, you can purchase the book by contacting BritishToolBox at 865-690-1737 or their website at www.britishtoolbox.com ■

My Love Affair With a Few GT6's

BY DAVID COLE, ESSEX ENGLAND



I met my first GT6 in the summer of 1975. I was a 17 year old, Civil Servant. She was a 1968 Mark I, finished in white having covered 62,000 miles, registration No. LKK 649F. The body work was in poor condition and some of the interior trim was missing - she was sitting on a set of rusty wire wheels with a full service history - £240.00 later she was mine.

Fortunately, my dad had a contact in an industrial body shop and a GT6 was soon booked in for an instant re-spray - but the only colour on offer was Tractor Yellow, which suited the car and was OK for free! The wirewheels were sandblasted and resprayed with aluminum paint and with a set of new tyres the car was ready to roll.

The car was a pleasure to drive and after two years of trouble free motoring I sold this lady for £350.00 and upgraded to a 1972 Mark III in Sapphire Blue registration number BTU 599K.

I had seen this advertised in the *Exchange and Mart* - the interior and exterior was in excellent condition, but following a previous service the car had dropped a piston, which had shattered the engine. The garage admitted liability and fitted a new Leyland unit, but this had the effect of making it difficult to sell.

The asking price was £1,100.00 but they accepted my offer of £800.00, and although the recorded mileage was 46,000 the new engine has only covered 6,000 miles - bargain!! On driving the new car it did not seem to be as fast as the Mark I, but it was more comfortable with the Rotoflex suspension, cloth seats, etc...

Three years of daily driving was only briefly interrupted by a broken half shaft - which took longer to locate a new part than it did to fit it!!

One weekend I was browsing through the local paper motoring ads when low and behold - a notice caught my eye for a 1973 GT6 Mark III with one lady owner with only 10,000 miles from new finished in French Blue - £1,200.00.

I had to go see this car for

myself...it was as new - it even smelt new. I didn't have the heart to make an offer - so here I was buying another GT6 when I hadn't even sold my existing one. I therefore had to borrow the money from my Dad, which he in turn took out of his business account - to be repaid fairly swiftly.

Unfortunately, I was unable to sell the Sapphire Blue GT6 quickly enough and after several weeks my Dad was after his money back - what was I to do? I had no choice but to advertise both cars for sale. I immediately sold the Sapphire Blue for £1,200.00 and the French Blue for £1,600.00 a very nice profit was earned. I booked a holiday on the proceeds to Jersey with my girlfriend.

The year is now 1980, we married and bought a house, and although I always hankered after another GT6 it seemed to be very much out of my reach.

That was until a couple of years ago... I first saw JKJ 938L in 1988. We had moved to a small seaside town of Frinton on Sea in Essex, and my wife was working in the local branch of the Eastern Electricity showroom. A customer had bought a television, which she could not fit into her car, and my wife asked if I could deliver it for her.

Upon television delivery I encountered a GT6 at the customers house. The car in question turned out to be a



Sapphire Blue GT6 Mark III, which the lady had owned for many years. I kept in touch and always said should she ever



wish to sell it, could I have first refusal, which she duly offered me in September of 1999.

JKJ 938L had covered only 42,000 miles and came with a stack of original paperwork and service history together with a host of genuine Triumph spare



parts. I was in seventh heaven - I wasn't so sure that my wife and daughter agreed, I think my wife thought back all those years ago, spending most weekends in the garage. Although my son of 12 years of age was ecstatic.

I initially treated the car to a full service and tune-up, a new battery and stainless steel exhaust. This was followed with a fault diagnostic check, which revealed that the clutch was slipping, so I fitted a new clutch plate and bearings.

This also proved a good opportunity to clean up the gearbox and surrounding area so that everything was replaced looking like new.

I ran the car on dry days for the next year before deciding to lay her up for the winter of 2000 and attack the unloved body work.

I decided to concentrate on the front end first, so with the bonnet and valance panels removed I stripped these back to bare metal. After fitting new wings and head lamp trays all of the panels were sent away to be sprayed in two pack. The chassis was in excellent condition and after a quick clean I gave it two coats of hammerite.

After refitting the front panels and a set of 6" Minilite wheels the GT6 was back on the road for the summer, turning more heads than usual.

In October 2001, I once again laid the car up for winter to concentrate on the rest of the body work, which turned out to be worse than expected, two new rear wings and inner wings, sills and inner sills, new floor pans were eventually welded into place. All the body work that remained was stripped back to the bare metal.

While the car was on stands I took the opportunity to scrape off all the old

underseal from the chassis and body tub so that I could refurbish these parts. The rear suspension was fitted with new rubbers and shocks and Dolomite Sprint brakes were fitted.

After a lot of thought I also decided to remove the front roof seam and wind-screen pillar water channels, which has made the front of the car look more streamlined.

Once the GT6 had been sprayed I refitted the interior with new carpets and headlining, and I also replaced all the rest of the original trim with new clips and fittings.

The car was eventually back on the road in June 2002, and looks better than new.

I have now got a good back-up of spare parts distributors, and I am grateful to the following companies:

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Home on the Range

BY DENNIS STREETER, TEXAS, USA

Having joined the ranks of Spitfire enthusiasts in 1994 with my current 1973 Spitfire 1500 I have enjoyed its performance, exhilarating feel of the road, and the kinship with others owners.

I have owned and/or at least partially restored an MG midget, Jaguar, Porsche, & old Ford Thunderbird. After all the cars owned and driven - I have settled into my red Triumph Spitfire 1500 for my 'fun' car. Whether it means just running an errand, taking a afternoon spin, or having fun showing it off - the Spitfire has always been a crowd pleaser and now is the favorite car in the stable.

I purchased the Spitfire just before the 4th of July in 1994. Unfortunately after arriving home I was informed my father had just suffered a fatal heart attack. The new Spitfire was going to have to sit in the garage as my new ownership was tempered as I had others matters at hand.

After the cover came off, I have been driving the car ever since that summer of 1994 - never having enough fun driving my little British beauty. I enjoyed the car so much I used it as my daily driver for several years. Now it sits on top of the vehicle food chain in the front of the garage as my car to use often for 'fun'. The car has traveled to a mighty variety of venues including MLS soccer games, (were I got photographed with some very nice cheerleaders), car shows, fairs - and it always is amazing to see the little car turn so many heads and get so much attention.

This little car was an original "California Car" but it seems very at home on the range in Texas. Whether taking in a tea outside the finest mansions in Dallas-Fort Worth or just racing side by side with the Long Horn Steers - the Spitfire always looks sporty and it sure is a blast to drive.

The Spitfire has held its own in various Triumph shows and club activities amongst the other marques and Spitfires as well as at



British Car Days & Shows. It has run concourse, funkanna events, fun rallies and performed up to its heritage and tradition.

The fellowship of the few Triumph Clubs I have been involved in has proven to be fun and very helpful. The local RRTC started fueling my love of the Spitfire cars. The VTR even helped locate another side of my lost family that stayed in New England a hundred years ago. The North American Spitfire Squadron now has the best internet activities and companionship specifically geared for the Spitfires and the GT6 vehicle owners. All the clubs I found had wonderful people, plenty of technical help, and plenty of stories to share with fellow (new and old) enthusiasts.

It is not whether my Spitfire is the prettiest or best that matters to me, it is the fun I have driving the car. I prefer to drive it for a quick run to the store, a Sunday drive, driving to work, or just to take a cruise and make all those other domestic car drivers turn their heads and appreciate the beauty of a Triumph Spitfire. ■





Early Morning in the White Mountains of New Hampshire

BY DENNIS FITZPATRICK, MASSACHUSETTS, USA

My fondest driving memory occurred in the White Mountains of New Hampshire with my '78 British Racing Green Spitfire. I was on vacation and set out early one morning to meet friend for a day of hiking. I had no idea I was in for a ride I would never forget.

Summer mornings in the White Mountains are still fairly chilly. As every Spitfire owner knows, all you need to do to keep warm is to unzip just the driver's side of the tonneau cover and crank the heat. A sweatshirt was all I needed when around 6:00 a.m., we (my car and I) crept down the long dirt driveway.

The cabin where I was staying was located off an access road to Stinson Lake and Mount Stinson, near Rumney. Wide and perfectly paved, the road wound along Stinson Brooke (go figure) for about three miles. Some of the corners were banked just enough to make me think someone intentionally built it as a driving playground.

As the morning sun rose to heat up the valley, the fog slowly lifted, exposing

just the base of the mountains. This 100-foot ceiling of fog seemed to capture and deepen the throaty header sound of my little British four cylinder. The roar echoed off the valley walls.

TriumphSpitfire.com recently posted the question something like "What music is best when driving your Spitfire/GT6?"

With a sound like that, who needs music?

With no other cars in sight, the road was all mine. It wound back and forth along the river with a curve every few hundred feet. I took advantage of the conditions and threw in a few extra downshifts. The further I went, the more I laid into the throttle and the harder I had to press the brakes for the next corner. The 175/60/13's were sticking like glue on the damp road and every once in awhile I'd let the back end break loose just for fun. For a brief moment, I could imagine myself coming through the Esses and up along the stream beside Lime Rock's No Name Straight.

When I reached the stop sign at the end of the access road, with my

heart still pounding and a huge grin on my face, I looked back and thought, "I should go back and do that again. No, it just wouldn't be the same." This was one ride that will have to remain a memory. Fourteen years later, I still get an adrenaline rush just thinking about it. ■



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To The Mountains

BY JIM MULLER, NEW HAMPSHIRE, USA

Last year I bought a pretty red-and-chrome 1970 GT6+. I'd been driving a Spitfire 1500 for maybe 15 years, and I supposed you could say I finally succumbed to the temptation of power. I considered a bigger TR, but my 5'2" tall wife Sharon has never felt comfortable sitting in any of the bigger British roadsters. And to tell you the truth, I've always like the roundtail styling. So last year I started looking casually, and when a good one came along I jumped for it. Getting it fully roadworthy took more time and money than I would have liked, but the result was worth all the effort. I still drive the Spitfire but now it shares road time with its bigger, older brother.

My wife and I took the GT6 on its first "long" trip this past July. We loaded it up and pointed it north toward the White Mountains, specifically to the Lafayette Campground in Franconia Notch State Park where we had reserved a campsite. That's a trip of almost three hours from our house near Boston. Okay, so it's not quite a 2000 mile cross-country jaunt to a VTR convention, nor even a match for the longest trip we've ever taken in the Spitfire. But hey, the car is 32 years old and you never know what surprises lurk behind the best intentions of a Previous Owner. So two days and 150 miles one-way is enough of an adventure for trip #1, thank you.

When we had planned the trip earlier in the summer we spent an hour or so testing how much "stuff" we could squeeze under the hatch. This was to be a camping trip, and the biggest challenge was fitting tent, sleeping bags, packs, boots, clothes, and other gear around a large blue cooler which Sharon insisted was essential for our survival. Of course, one doesn't carry a cooler when backpacking (an activity we enjoyed regularly when we were younger), so why all the fuss? After all, we were going to a civilized public campground. Well, Sharon was right (as always). Coolers can carry frozen water bottles. Considering how hot the weekend turned out to be, those ice-water bottles were mighty welcome on the trail.

When departure day arrived we almost took the easy way out. We actually considered taking our spacious air-conditioned minivan instead. But when the time

came to load up the car we chose the (ahem) heat and noise option. Lo and behold, everything fit nicely, with

the well behind the seats swallowing far more gear than one might expect. You could say the back of a GT6 is a lot bigger than its size! And we still had a 6-inch high opening to the back for the benefit of the rearview mirror. I guess Lotus (and Ferrari and others) proved long ago that you don't need a monster back window, just a properly positioned one. Then Sharon suggested we drape a reflectorized "space blanket" over the cooler in the back. Not a good move. Perhaps it kept the cooler cooler, but whenever the road pointed the car away from the afternoon sun, the glare in the rear mirror made seeing anything to the back difficult. Fortunately the sun was to our left rather than behind us most of our driving time.

Unfortunately though this meant sun on my left arm. Yes, I was wearing a long-sleeve shirt made from a high-SPF fabric, but that didn't help the heat problem. The temperature was up around 90 deg F when we left home in mid-afternoon, and it felt like 150 on the road surface. Rt 128 was an oven, loaded with traffic and seemingly reflecting heat from the entire greater Boston area. So we opened up all the windows and vents and kept cool the old-fashioned way. The big six had no trouble keeping up with traffic, and though the temp gauge crept up well past halfway, it never got close to the marked red zone.

A bright red and chrome, obviously old and still shapely sports car attracts plenty of attention on the road. We stayed near legal speeds for most of the trip, so cars and SUV's and pickups kept zipping by on our left. (I was just trying to keep the engine temperature down. Honest!) In almost every car that went by the person in the passenger's seat would swivel her head around with a big grin that said "I wish I was riding with him." Yeah, right! I suppose we did look like an adventure-in-the-making, tooling along, loaded to the gills and showing style at the same time. Sharon and I agreed that they could afford to think that while they towered several feet above us going 10 mph faster in air-conditioned comfort. I'm sure their 20-to-30-something husbands or boyfriends had different opinions, especially if they'd just mailed in the check for their 1748th car payment.

The mountain experience was pretty much what we expected. The GT6 climbed Franconia Notch with no trouble. Unpacking was easy, and the hatch made the GT6 a good camp-out-of-vehicle, if a bit small. One nearby campsite was inhabited by two elderly couples. We had been set up for less than an hour when one of the gentlemen came over and asked what kind of car that was. They'd guessed maybe a Datsun, thinking of the 240Z, I suppose. How quickly we forget.

The next day we climbed up North Kinsman Peak (on foot, not by car), a pleasant but demanding hike, especially in the heat. The two of us consumed six liters of water, most of which had started the weekend as ice in that big cooler. (Yes, we carried it up the mountain. We also carried lunch and first-aid stuff, etc. I can never understand the folks who embark on long hikes with just a pint of water and a sandwich.)

When we got back down the trail we found that the campsite adjacent to ours had been taken over by two young couples from Montreal. I hadn't even had time to take my boots off when they came over to ask about the car. They knew about TR6's but had never heard of a GT6 (or a Spitfire). At least they didn't think it was a Datsun! They especially liked the swoopy front end and the power bulge on the bonnet. And they'd wondered how we had gotten all our gear inside. I said "Very carefully."

The weather for the following day was predicted to be marginal for hiking, wet and nearly as warm as the hot day we had just spent. So after a quick bite of dinner we packed up to head home. An added benefit of leaving right then was that we'd be driving home during the cool evening. Let's face it, the GT6 wasn't famous for its oversized radiator and cool interior. But wait a minute, all the gear didn't fit quite as easily as it had just 30 hours earlier. Had the car shrunk, I wonder?

Anyway, the drive was uneventful, noisy and warm but not too hot. Even though the sun had gone down the temperature was still in the 70's. The car seemed happy. We listened to the Red Sox beat the Rangers whenever a good AM radio station was within range. We arrived home about 11:30 PM. After a good night's sleep, some watermelon and some ale, I think I finally restored my body's electrolyte balance. We'd do the whole trip again, but maybe hope for cooler temperatures! ■

My Triumph Spitfire(s)

BY RICHARD KOSIER, CONNECTICUT, USA

In 1977 I purchased a used 1976 Triumph Spitfire 1500. Pimento in color, it was my first convertible and I had the best of times driving that car. Being young and foolish I sold the car in 1980 and have longed for one ever since.

After looking for about 2 years I purchased another Spitfire, almost 20 years to the month later. It's a 1979 Triumph Spitfire 1500, blue with a beige interior. I was lucky to find a vehicle pretty close to the condition (and mileage!) of the one I sold 20 years ago. I am now in the process of preparing to put it on the road and recapturing the fun of summer driving.

After being without a Spitfire for so long, I figured the parts availability and cost would be much worse than it was 20 years ago. To my surprise I found the prices now cheaper and the



availability better...for the most part. My last memory of purchasing an individual Spitfire part was the muffler. 20 years ago the muffler cost \$125 (when typical mufflers were \$18!) and took over a week to get. I recently purchased a new muffler for \$90 and it was delivered within 3 days.

I believe the Internet has played a key role in keeping cars like the Spitfire alive and well. There are now so many sites available, ranging from specification pages, parts suppliers, clubs and organi-

zations, personal pages and one must not forget eBay, that information and parts are readily available. Finding one such site at Eric Kieboom's personal page, I contacted friends in Sheffield, England who checked out "The Spitfire Graveyard" for me.

To my wife's dismay, our next trip to England will include a sightseeing tour of this wonderful, indoor junkyard! I'm sure I'll even find some "souvenirs" to purchase and bring home! ■

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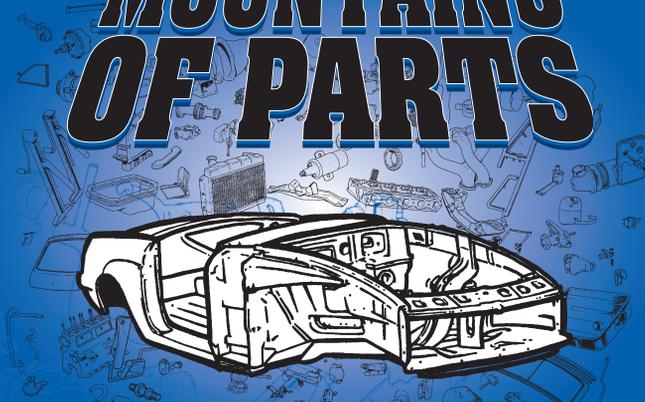


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Spitfire Adventures in Alberta

BY DANIEL PRESTON, ALBERTA CANADA

Greetings, fellow enthusiasts! Following an invitation by Tom Broberg to be the Western Canada Correspondent for Spitfire & GT6 magazine, I will be attempting to keep the readership informed of British sports car events, involving Spitfires and their stable mates, in this very wide area. However, for this, my first attempt, I will stick to a general overview.

By way of introduction, my name is Daniel Preston. I am married with five children, three girls and two boys. The girls are grown women now and making their own way in the world, although they are not fully independent yet. The boys, being younger, are still living at home. Home for us being an Alberta

cerning the progress I am making.

Some history on the Spitfire 1500: The car had three owners before me, the first two being brothers who, at that time, lived in Central Alberta. The younger brother owned the car for the longest of the two and he had some thrilling journeys with the car. More than once he got caught out in an early or late season snowstorm.

Later, he moved to the mountains, bringing the car with him, but decided to sell it to a mutual colleague. The next owner, the mutual colleague, either did not realize what he had, or just didn't appreciate it, because he soon put the car up for sale.

All through the summer it stood for-

my great passions in life, apart from my wife and family, writing, photography and sports cars, is cycling. I raced in my youth, then again in my thirties. Road cycling! I am what is referred to as a 'Roadie'. Anyway, I had bought a mountain bike, just to try it out on the trails, but I wasn't all that fond of it. Kept coming off on rough stuff and that is not like me. So, round to his house I went, with the bike in tow. To cut a long story short, I got the Spitfire 1500 for a song, a dance, a mountain bike and a small amount of cash.

First thing then, top down and out on the road with it! It was a beautiful autumn evening. I picked my wife up and we set off down our street and onto the



town pressed right up against the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The next towns to us are fifty miles east, fifty miles west and ninety miles north, so we have plenty of open road to drive on.

I have two Triumph Spitfires. The one I drive is a 1978 Spitfire 1500, which I have owned since 1994. My second one, a 1972 Mark Four, is under rebuild in my workshop (a big shed). I am doing a body off restoration on that car and I will be sending in separate articles con-

cern, at the front of his house. At first, advertised for sale in exchange for a large amount of money then, as the season wore on, a smaller amount of money. Meanwhile, I would mention the car to my wife now and again, as I had reached that age where a guy decides he needs to have a little red sports car. Seeing as I had had a Triumph 13/60 convertible in my twenties, this car seemed to be just the job.

Summer slowly turned to autumn, September came along, and the leaves and the price of the car started to fall.

Suddenly an addendum was added to the price, 'Or will exchange for a stereo, or whatever!' This was just before my birthday, and so I began to think of what kind of 'Whatever' I might have that I could use in part exchange.

Then I had it! One of

highway. Well, the car was in a heck of a state. It shook and rattled. I had to push it hard to get it up to a hundred kilometers (sixty miles) an hour. Once it got to that speed, it was shaking so much that I had a job to keep hold of the steering wheel. However, I was already in love with the car and none of that really bothered me. I had a Triumph Spitfire and in my heart I was young again.

I soon replaced the front suspension bushings, had the wheels balanced and gave the engine a tune-up. This made the car run much better, but it still wasn't the way it should be. However, with every improvement I made during the rest of the short sports car driving season, I would come home from a test drive saying, 'Now it is running more like a Spitfire should!'

Early in November of that year, I put the car into the shed, having taken the front of the shed off previously to make a set of big double doors. During the winter, I rebuilt the engine and transmission. I did a lot of clean-up work and

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refurbished the interior. A friend re-upholstered the seats and I made new carpets myself. One of my pet projects on cold winter nights was applying first cherry wood stain, then layer after layer of varnish to the gear knob, which I had in the house.

I have a small workshop at the back of the house so, once I had the engine stripped down and cleaned up, I took it in there. I had the engine rebored, then rebuilt it in the house. If you wonder at this, the temperature here can fall to -40C. in winter, so working in the shed is out of the question. And, if you are not familiar with Celsius, let me tell you, -40 in that scale is the same as -40 in Fahrenheit. They are both flipping cold!

Come spring of 1995, and the Spitfire 1500 was out of the shed and back on the road, in time for the 'First Run of the Season' with the Edmonton Classic Sports Car Club. My oldest daughter accompanied me on this trip and I wore my genuine Harris Tweed jacket. Got to look authentic, even though English people in general no longer dress that way for motoring events.

Some of the more recent improvements I have made on the Spitfire 1500 have been to rebuild the differential a couple of winters ago and, early this year, I made new engine cowlings out of sheet steel. These look a lot better than the tatty fibreboard ones the car came with and should last a lot longer too. Also, following a tip I read in our illustrious magazine, I fashioned and installed a sheet steel plate under the forward part of the car. This, as suggested in the arti-



cle I read, cut down on a lot of wind turbulence under the bonnet and the car now runs smoother at high speeds.

Returning to the subject of the Edmonton Classic Sports Car Club, we have around one hundred and twenty members with a large variety of British, some other European and the occasional Japanese car. The largest number of Spitfires I have seen on the same run is six. The largest number of Spitfires I have seen at a show was at the 'All Triumph Drive-In' in Vancouver in 2001. There were around a dozen there, including a couple of GT6s and a Spitfire/GT6. One of the Edmonton club members has a Spitfire with a twin cam, fuel injected Toyota engine and five speed gearbox. One hundred and forty fuel efficient horse power. He has several others in various states of repair. Myself, I prefer to stay with original.

Three of the biggest car shows that involve British sports cars in Alberta are 'The All British Classic Car Show' held bi-annually in Edmonton, 'The All European Classic Car Show' held in Calgary and 'The Three Hills Cruise' in Three Hills, which attracts around four hundred classic cars, around one hundred of them being British. British Columbia has several big shows, 'Rally in the Valley' in the Okanagan Valley being one of my favourites.

I hope to be able to tell you more about these and other events in this part of Canada in upcoming issues. Meanwhile, it is just about time to put the car away for the winter again.

Happy Motoring. ■

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The Only Spitfire In Bermuda

STORY AND PHOTOS BY
FRED GRIFFITHS, CANADA

Having the only Spitfire in town would be kind of neat, wouldn't it? The only Spitfire in the state? But how about the only Spitfire in the country?

I guess not many of us can claim that distinction, but Alvin Woods of Bermuda can. His bright red 1978 Spit 1500 catches a lot of attention whenever he takes it out. The only problem is he doesn't often get a chance because of Bermuda's very strict rules



Al standing by his Spitfire showing the twin SUs and K&Ns.

on private motor vehicles.

On an island just 22 miles long and barely a mile wide (a total area of 21 square miles) there are now over 20,000 private cars spread over 62,000 inhabitants. And that doesn't count the thousands of motor scooters, or taxi-vans, trucks and busses all squeezed onto just over 170 miles of winding roads and narrow lanes.

Private motor cars were introduced into Bermuda only in 1946 and there have been strict rules ever since to try to prevent their over population. Rules like only one private vehicle per home address. Rules like no second hand car sales. Rules like maximum size - 67" wide by 156" long.

(Even a new VW Beetle is too big for Bermuda.)

Before 1993 Al Woods couldn't even buy a second hand car, let alone a second family car. Until then, a new vehicle could be registered at the island's Transport Control Department, only if the vehicle it was

replacing had been disposed of - either exported, or physically cut up and sent to the landfill. (Recycling just isn't economical in Bermuda.) The new 1993 law still didn't allow two vehicles per household, though.

Then in 1998 another change to the road laws came into effect that delighted Al.

Through the lobbying of several old-car enthusiasts, the Bermuda Classic Car Association was formed. Under a policy governing Classic Motor Cars, the Bermuda government allows a home owner to register a second private vehicle on the following conditions: The vehicle is at least 25 years old, has been registered in Bermuda for at least 15 years, and is driven only on Sundays and official public holidays. On top of that, when the classic car is on the road, the other private car must be off the road!

For all that, the owner of a classic car can display his Classic Car license plate, and pay only 20 percent of the regular registration fee. Even these benefits have their problems, though. Al says "Every Sunday for the first year I took that car out on the road, I could guarantee the police would pull me over. I gave up trying explain my new classic plate, CL-C2 to the cops, who would always phone the head office even after reading my registration papers. Finally, I'd just hand them the papers and let them figure it out."

Registration fees for a Spitfire don't come cheap in Bermuda, either. While the maximum width allowed for any private car is 67" (the Spit is a trim 58 1/2"), the length at 149" puts it in Class C, the third of 7 classes. For a primary personal vehicle, that would cost \$460 per year, plus examination fee, plus registration fee, plus plate costs for a total of \$546. Luckily a classic car is rated at 20%. Even so, that works out to about \$10 per driving day - assuming it doesn't



Saturday May 25, 2002 Bermuda Day Celebrations. A caption from the The Royal Gazette reads "Sax player Alvin Woods added style to a 30-year-old classic Triumph Spitfire." Photo by The Royal Gazette, Hamilton Bermuda



Al drives his Spitfire out of his 'garage'.



Toyota mag wheels look good on a Spitfire.



The distinctive Bermuda Classic Car plate.

rain on Sunday! And then there's insurance at about \$120, and the price of petrol (gas) at \$1.26 per liter, and an annual inspection (with fee).

In spite of all that Al Woods loves his '78 Spitfire with its tidy steel bumpers and dual SUs. (Bermuda uses the English version of Spitfire, including right hand drive.) He's spent one year getting it ready for the road, and the past three years putting miles on the clock. So far it has 54,500 km. And that can be hard to do in Bermuda - remember the 170 miles of roads - plus the country's speed limit of 20 MPH! That's right, 35 kmh or 20 mph throughout the island. It does cut down on the need for playground and school zone signs, doesn't it? Al admitted he has had the speedometer needle "pointing straight up, or a little better" on one occasion.

Al's Spitfire has his personal touches on it, with a friendly message at the top of the windscreen - a common sight in Bermuda. You know a friend's car by its name, title or slogan on the windshield long before you can see the license plate. As well, Al has added some distinctive badging featuring a panther, and Toyota mag wheels with 185 tires. Al got the wheels from 'the pond' (the lagoon where cars are crushed and used as land reclamation fill. Approximately 1300 end up there each year.) He had a local machine shop drill the Triumph bolt pattern, which fitted perfectly between the Toyota holes. For all regular spare parts, Al relies on a local auto importer to find parts wherever he can in England or the USA.

Owning a Spitfire in Bermuda can sometimes be exciting. One time Al was approached by an overseas visitor, obviously suffering from Spitfire withdrawal, who wanted to rent the car for a month - "name your price, the guy said". After considering the complications, Al decided against it. Complications like hirecars are not allowed in Bermuda, and visitors cannot drive cars without a Bermuda driver's license, which entails a minimum 30-day stay and a medical exam.

Al says he would consider selling his Spitfire, "... for the right price. \$25,000 would be the right price." Al Woods obviously isn't in a hurry to part with such a rare car, one of only seven plated Classic Cars on the island and the only Spitfire on the road. ■



Salt air and neglect take their toll on old cars in Bermuda.

Finding 'Faith'

BY LIZZIE WEST, NEW YORK, USA



"I forgot to pray for the angels and then the angels forgot to pray for us."
- Leonard Cohen

We sat side by side, low to the ground, this afternoon... me and Figaro, in 'Faith'. We cruised down the curving back roads, Figaro's nose in the air. The Long Island season is changing, the rust colored leaves losing their grip on the living. We cruised and remembered how we drove Home in 'Faith'.

In the last days of this past August, I was living in L.A. wrapping up the recording of my album "Holy Road: Freedom Songs".

My brother, Kermit, called me.

"Lizzie," he said, "listen, I've been thinking and I don't think we can shoot you in the Jeep." He was talking about the movie we were planning to shoot on the road trip home. He was coming to meet me, along with an old friend of mine, Glynnis. We all planned to drive from L.A. to New York. We were going to film the end of a documentary about the creation of this album that I have been making for two years. We were also going to film a music video for one of the songs on the CD. We were scheduled to leave on the 2nd of September. I had to be back in New York by September 16th, to mix the record. He continued, "I think we need to get something else, for you and Fig. I think we should get a motorcycle and side car."

Figaro is a small white and brown cattle dog. He is my constant companion and the mirror to my soul. He had driven across the country with me twice already,

and now he would do it again. "Kermit," I said, "we have five days before we are leaving. I don't even have a motorcycle license."

He paused. "Just think about it," he added, "I just don't think it'll look right in the Jeep, especially the music video."

After some more conversation, I hung up the phone. I clipped Figaro's leash to his collar. We took the hotel elevator down to the street and walked to the nearest newsstand. I bought a magazine filled with cars for sale. I opened it and the first page I turned to was filled with vintage cars. The first car that my eyes focused on was a two seater, white convertible. I kneeled down and showed it to Fig. I read the fine print. It said, "1977 Spitfire, white, with 8,500 miles on it. \$7,500."

We went back to the hotel. I called my manager.

"Bud," I said, "listen, I've been thinking..." Then I started trying to convince him that we had to get this little car for the movie, "I'll sell it when I get back," I said. He laughed. Being the greatest manager on the planet, he knew me well enough to know that we would have to find a way to get this car for the movie and he knew me well enough to know that I would never sell it when I got back to New York.

Five days later, my brother Kermit, friend Glynnis, and companion Figaro (all kickers of the greatest magnitude) and I stood together on a L.A. street corner looking at my Jeep which was



The final breakdown was New Mexico. We had already been on the road for 5 days. The ‘Committee’ had been watching us the whole time, proving their attention by our constant deliverance to safety. I should mention that it didn’t hurt to have a manager

on the other end of a cell phone at all times and a second car to go get help. I’ve been broken down crossing the country without that before and it is not nearly as easy to enjoy the process, to say the least.

It was the 8th of September. On Interstate 40, just off 66 we stalled. The little white car wouldn’t go anymore. Kermit pulled off the highway. We sat there in the blaring heat, unsure of what to do. I had a deadline to be back in New York and at this rate, it seemed like we’d never

packed with luggage. Next to the Jeep sat the cute little white Spitfire. In it, there was a guitar and the “holy road” suitcase. The car had sat garaged for twenty years untouched. This was to be the first day it would be welcomed back on the road. We headed out of town, to Route 66.

I had not found a name for the new car yet but it sure looked sweet.

Glynnis and Kermit drove the Spitfire out of L.A. I watched them, from the Jeep. Glynnis’s peach scarf flapped in the wind while she leaned over the passenger seat to wave back at me. My brother held the wheel.

The trip was off to a smooth start. About 5 hours into the drive the Spitfire began to show its first sign of misbehaving. We were at a gas station, somewhere in California and the car wouldn’t start. Two men came to our aid and push started us back on the highway. We made it fine from there, through the dessert, to Palm Springs. We stopped and did a video shoot at a picturesque wind mill farm. The night was spent at The Harmony Hotel in Joshua Tree.

From the next morning on it all became an adventure. The little car ‘broke down’ five times. We continued to travel, shooting video and meeting the most wonderful characters along the way. We tried to interview as many people as we could and Kermit recorded tons of video footage of the American landscape. We continued to be helped by countless strangers. Somewhere in Arizona, we stalled just off Route 66 and we were rescued by a man named Johnny who took us to his friend Ray. For a six pack and six dollars, they changed our fuel filter and sent us on our way.



make it. I saw a truck which was driving the other direction on 40, roll across the overpass and drive towards us. Three Native American Indians jumped out. Their names were Cozy, Cammille, and Doctor Doctor Poncho. They were just wonderful and kind and generous kickers. They gave us a ball for the hitch on my Jeep and they pulled the Spitfire to the nearest U-haul.



Two Spits Passing in the Night

BY THOMAS A. BROBERG

Do you ever wonder why we do the things we do? Or why things good or bad always seem to happen? The night I meet Lizzie West was one of those enlightening moments.

September 10th was a typical busy day with a couple magazines deadlines looming near. The following day the country would be reflecting on the one year anniversary of the tragic NY terrorist attack - and I decided to step out of my normal evening routine in order to get back to work and crunch some more time toward the deadlines.

I figured I would stop by the house grab a quick dinner - being an abnormally nice September evening I thought a drive in the Spitfire to FedEx for the evening drop off and a couple miles of walking for exercise would be a great recipe to get in the frame of mind to finish more late night work. I never counted on my Spitfire needing gas. So I though I would buzz by a nearby gas station I NEVER frequent and throw in just a couple bucks worth of gas.

Those that have read the book *The Celestine Prophecy* by James Redfield have a much better appreciation of why you are where you are in any given moment and understand today's encounters could direct your steps as you head into tomorrow.

Now take a second and get out a map. Come across the country from L.A. to N.Y on I-40 - until you find Knoxville Tennessee. In a two week cross country drive what would make Lizzy's path stop at a Texaco station - at this Knoxville exit - at the same time my Spitfire ventured its way there for gas.



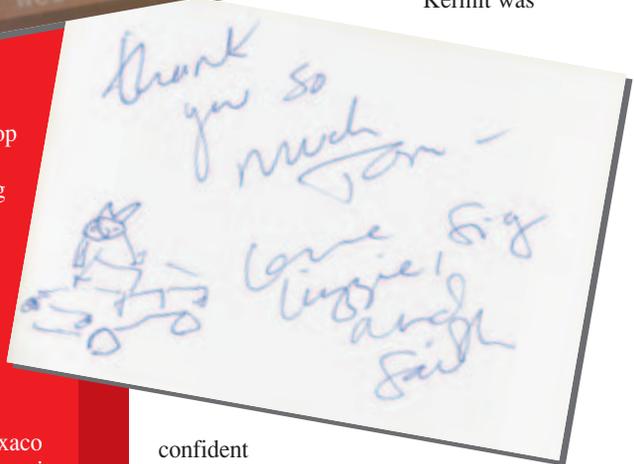
It was an unbelievable site to me coming around the corner for gas. A 'brand new' Spitfire with California tags stopped for gas at the exact same station. It was an instant magnet to my eyes, my questions, and to an introduction of a story that will live forever.

I know the Spitfire & GT6 Magazine readers will be captivated by the beauty and condition of 'Faith'. But to learn that the car was driven by a Warner Brothers recording artist in the creation of a cross country documentary and music video is enough to make any Spitfire lover bananas.

Visit Lizzie West's' site at: www.LizzieWest.com and enjoy more on the Spitfire cross country journey. Also, enjoy some great music and support the soon to be famous Spitfire-driving recording artist by purchasing her CD while on-line or at your local record store. ■



our way.
We traveled across country to Nashville, Tennessee. We were pulling the little white Spit and all wished we could be taking turns driving it.
Kermit was



confident that we had filmed enough footage for the video but if we could have the car looked at in Tennessee, then maybe we could shoot some more from there to New York.

In Nashville, my friend and lawyer arranged for us to have the car looked at. The fuel filter was changed again. This time, we loaded the car on the back and decided to drive it for video shooting only. We left Nashville headed for the Tennessee Smoky Mountains. At about 8:00 we decided to pull off I-40 just outside Knoxville for gas and snacks at an out of the way Texaco station.

Kermit and Glynnis went inside for snacks - I stood pumping gas into the Jeep. From the street behind the gas station turned in a small yellow car for gas. It was a couple driving a another

SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA, WE STALLED JUST OFF ROUTE 66 AND WE WERE RESCUED BY A MAN NAMED JOHNNY WHO TOOK US TO HIS FRIEND RAY. FOR A SIX PACK AND SIX DOLLARS, THEY CHANGED OUR FUEL FILTER AND SENT US ON OUR WAY.



Triumph Spitfire! The man jumped out of the car as his wife followed..." Look at that Spitfire" they said, "it's beautiful!"

While admiring their car too, "thanks," I said, and I began to tell them the story of the Spitfire and our long journey home.

They patiently listened to the story as he methodically admired the little white car, opened the bonnet and the trunk and going over every inch of my new transport. "I think your problem may be with your gas tank. Many times they can rust from sitting all those years and it can cause all sorts of problems in your gas, filters, and carbs." He smiled, "If ya'll want to go down the street to Ruby Tuesdays and have some dinner, I'll go back to the house and get you a good Spitfire gas tank. I have one I will give to you". I was amazed at the generosity of this "stranger", his family, and the perfection of things.

He soon returned to Ruby Tuesdays with his two boys, wife, replacement gas tank for the Spitfire, and a handful of Spitfire & GT6 Magazines. Glynnis, Kermit, Figaro, and I knew that faith had proven itself once and for all.

So, I named the little white 1977 Spitfire 'Faith'.

The man, who we now know as Tom Broberg, was taking pictures. He pro-

ceeded to tell us "Not only do I have a gas tank for you, but my company is the publisher of Spitfire and GT6 Magazine. Our headquarters are here in Knoxville - and we certainly would love to do a story on you (Lizzie West), Figaro and 'Faith'."

All I could do was nod and smile and say, "Of course". I was in awe of the Committee's greater plan.

Now, two months later, here I am writing this short story for the magazine. It is 7:30 am. I've been up since 6:00 am working on my story. There were so many fun encounters and Spitfire stories from across the country. I have to be in the city soon to get ready for my first promo tour. I am looking out the window at 'Faith' in the driveway.

All fairy tales have a good ending and the end of my story is that I pulled into New York and my manager had already found Mike, the chief mechanic of the Triumph Spitfire in Long Island. When I delivered the car to him in Patchogue Long Island, he looked at me and he said, "Hey, your manager told me your whole story. If I get your car done in time, will you be in the parade?"

Mike installed the gas tank Tom had given me - Thank you Tom, thank you so much - and we joined the parade.

Figaro and I get in the car and drive to the beach as many times a day as we can. She doesn't stall or even make a noise. 'Faith' now has 12,500 miles on her and she sure likes the open road. In the Spring I'm going to fix the dents and scratches she got on the trip home - and I plan on re-stuffing her original herringbone seats.

I am also going to have a CD out. It will be my first major label release and it will be in stores by Spring. I can only hope that I'll turn on the radio in 'Faith' and hear my soul singing back to me, calling out....." these are the stones of the holy road, I pick them up and gather them as I go."

In the meantime, Visit www.LizzieWest.com and you'll see our Spitfire Music Video soon. It is being edited now. The label put out a four song EP on November 12th. You can get it at the www.LizzieWest.com web site and at some record stores. All of the artwork on the EP is made up of Polaroid's taken on our trip in 'Faith'.

Freedom is a created existence. Route 66 is empty and old and must be taken.

Figaro is timeless. 'Faith' is driving me home. ■

Topless In Seattle

BY JOHN SCUMNIOTALES, WASHINGTON, USA

FEATURE STORY



At first, it wasn't love but an infatuation. She wasn't even mine. Worse yet, she was committed to a very good friend of mine. I could only politely admire her from afar. I left many things unsaid and many questions unasked. As time passed I learned how to control my desires. I was relegated to a passing smile and drives with my friend and her through the country side. But then it happened. As quickly as they had come together, they separated. And she became mine.

If you are like me, passion for automobiles is often not very rational. I see a car on the road or read about one in a magazine and there is an immediate attraction. Some combination of aesthetics and performance take hold of me in a subliminal way and gradually work their way into a constant preoccupation. That's how it was for the Spitfire.

I always admired the classic roadsters, but never seriously considered ownership. Having been raised in the puritanical northeastern United States, a

convertible seemed to be a frivolous luxury. It only took a few cold rainy Northwest winters to better appreciate the brief but glorious summers and yearn for the open road. This, combined with the nostalgia of riding motorcycles in my high school and college days, led me to first consider a Harley-Davidson. And then it happened.

In 1999, Jeff McKenna, a very good friend of mine, decided to sell his Spitfire. He had purchased her from Monte Shelton Motor Company in Portland, Oregon. Jeff enjoyed driving the Spitfire in its original condition for one short year when he begrudgingly sold her to me. He and his wife needed a more practical mode of transportation (well okay, more reliable too).

I had admired the car from the first time I saw it. It was twenty years old and in impeccable condition. Simply amazing. Jeff had only put 1000 miles on her in the year he owned her. The story goes that prior to Jeff, the Spitfire had spent over 10 years garaged and undriven. I happily purchased the Spitfire from Jeff with about 6000 original miles on her. We concluded that I was the third owner, although this could not be absolutely confirmed.

The purists should probably stop reading now. After a couple months of

driving the Spitfire and fighting the Zenith-Stromberg carburetor, I decided to investigate some upgrades. I started with the typical and low-cost upgrades. These included a Weber DGV two-barrel progressive carburetor, PaceSetter headers, new wires, and new spark plugs. I had a local garage install these and was up and running in a few days. This bumped performance about 10% over the original configuration. I enjoyed the car for the magnificent, but short, Seattle convertible season. But I wasn't satisfied.

I scoured the Web for information on additional Spitfire upgrades. I found many radical things that people have done to boost performance. My challenge was to increase performance and maintainability while staying true to Triumph's European roadster design.

At first I was a bit discouraged by the results of my search. I had pretty much concluded that I taken the Spitfire as far as I could. But then I came across the website of Performance Research Industries (PRI, www.priace.com). I found many advanced performance upgrades on PRI's website. Even better, not only could I get the performance wanted from PRI's Stage 2 engine rebuild, but there were also apparent maintainability benefits as well.

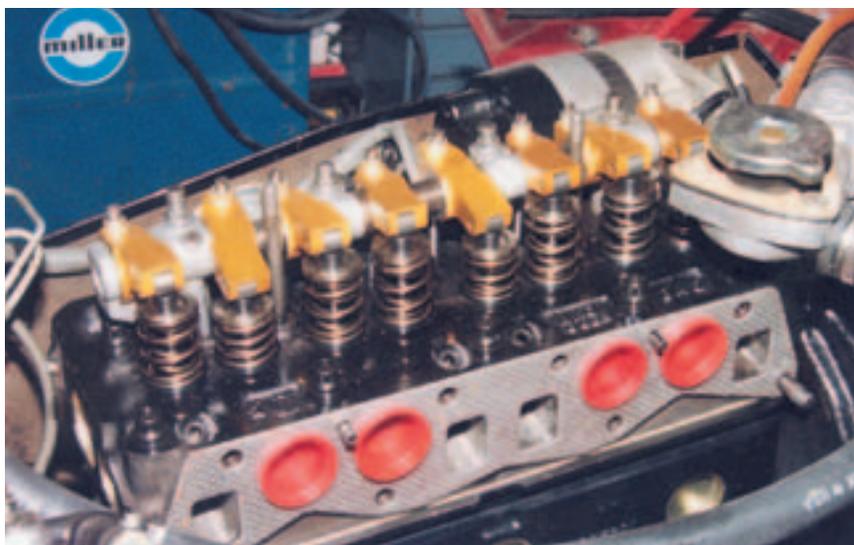
I made a call to PRI and spoke to

owner/operator Chris Cancelli. I was skeptical that the Stage 2 engine rebuild could result in the reliability needed in a daily driver. I wanted to know how building them out to this degree affected reliability. Through several emails and phone conversations, it was clear that PRI had more road and track experience with Spitfires than any other source I had come across.

Chris and I came up with a set of upgrades that addressed power, suspension, and braking.

PRI's Stage 2 engine rebuild has delivered twice the torque and horsepower while retaining the reliability of the original factory engine. This was done in spite of the 1500's notorious crank assembly. The combination of stress-relieving the rods, precise balancing, and removing nine pounds off the very end of the crankshaft via the flywheel reduces crank flex dramatically. The results are prolonged bearing life and better operational alignment of the engine while under load.

The basic Stage 2 upgrade is assembled using brand new original equipment cast pistons and re-worked original connecting rods. To get optimum performance, Chris further upgraded these units, changing out the cast pistons for stronger, lighter forged units. The original rods were replaced with stronger/lighter chrome moly parts. This combination



can handle stress levels far beyond that of the original units, allowing for an increase in compression, power, and reliability. PRI's custom JE pistons and "cross beam" designed chrome moly connecting rods are 10 ounces lighter per piston/rod assembly than the original equipment. This plus the unique cross beam rod design reduces power-robbing windage inside the crankcase for an additional gain of 4 hp in itself over a typical H or I beam designed rod.

This was exactly what I was looking for, good reliable power!

Another unique offering from PRI is

what Chris calls his Extreme Performance Cylinder Head Conversion kit. This is what really sold me on this company's engine rebuild because no one else dealing in Triumphs even knew about this technique, let alone have it in kit form for anyone to buy. I am not a mechanic (just a gear-head wanna-be!). But as an engineer it was clear to me that to re-design the entire valve train to this level, one would have to know a bit more than average about engines. Chris set me up with the same setup Steve Smiths has on his 2001 V.A.R.A. Championship-winning GT6 (on which PRI built the

head). Chris also supplied Steve with the custom-built header and exhaust system he runs as well. All very cool info knowing his parts are racetrack-developed and winners!

Anyway, with this high tech motor all lined up, it now has to be fed. What better way to do that than with PRI's very own quad induction system. This has to be the single most attractive item on his website (it looks awesome!). The system is comprised of four very high-flowing carburetors developed by Keihin, the world leader in motorcycle induction systems. This same carburetor model was mounted on all of Honda's championship-winning super-bikes in the past. There is no doubt; these carburetors have got





to flow some serious air. Dating himself, Chris stated the idea came from his Superbike racing and building days going as far back as the late 70s. In 1983, he first mounted a set on a car. That car was a 1972 Spitfire 1300 he had built up for a former girlfriend. He said the results were so impressive he never again considered Webers as an alternative for automotive induction.

For those who have driven Spitfires for any length of time, the thought of doubling torque and horsepower without

upgrading suspension and brakes is frightening. I still remember pumping on the brake of my unmodified 1500, panicking to bring her to a timely stop. After many months of working though the engine rebuild with PRI, I had gained an appreciation for their expertise. There wasn't anyone else I'd trust to complete the project.

To manage the new power, I went with the PRI Big-Brake upgrade. The system utilizes 11 3/4 vent-

ed rotors, 4 piston calipers, high performance brake pads and stainless steel braided hoses. Rotor hats and caliper hangers are machined of 7075-T6 aluminum (an aerospace-quality aluminum).

On the suspension front, I went with PRI's trick aluminum body gas-charged shocks. The front shocks are easily



adjusted by raising the bonnet and turning the knob at the top of the shock tower. The shocks also provide ride-height adjustment, using their threaded bodies to raise or lower the car's nose in seconds.

The 13-inch rims had to go if I were to get any real handling out of the Spitfire. I completed the PRI handling package by adding their specially-built hubs and adapters. Machined from 7075-



T6 aluminum, the hubs are not only lighter than the stock units by 2.5 lbs. each but are stronger than the original cast steel hubs. As part of this package, PRI also upgrades the spindles and bearings to GT6 spec's. The real benefit of these very unique parts is they allowed me to install 16X7 SSR Competition rims



(11 pounds each) with 205/40/16 Kumho ECSTA Supra 712 tires.

I ended up losing an entire driving season while PRI and I put the improvements into place. It was very difficult to go through a beautiful Seattle summer without my roadster! The wait turned out to be well worth it. Factory test results for 0-60mph times of the 1980 Spitfire 1500 ranged between 14 to 15 seconds. After the upgrades, and even



with problems with wheel spin off the launch, my Spitfire now pulled a 0-60 time of 6.2 seconds! I was shocked. 6.2 seconds! Wheel spin in a Spitfire! If I had been willing to fry a few clutches, it's not unreasonable to assume that I could have hit sub six second times.

Increased power was not the only success. The solution was very well-harmonized. Handling and braking were superb. I didn't have access to a skip pad, but am sure this car could handle 1g or more.

The next steps of my project were to



incrementally improve the some of the car's aesthetics. My baby needed a new dress. The paint on my Spitfire is in excellent condition. I was happy with it. Although the interior was also in good condition, I hated the beige hounds-tooth interior. There was just too much going on with the car's color scheme. I attribute it to the influence disco had on auto design in the late 1970s. I had seen few restorations of TR-4's with very attrac-

tive interiors. I decided to go a bit retro on the interior. I selected black leatherette (vinyl) with red piping. I did much of the interior myself but got some help on the seats from Ron's Lake Union Upholstery.

I finished off the project with a new stereo system as well. It's a hot summer day, I've got the top down, the wind is blowing through my hair; the experience would not be complete without being able to crank a little Van Morrison. In keeping with my "go big or go home theme," I went with a

Nachamichi head unit, MB-Quart speakers in the kick panels, a subwoofer behind the passenger seat and a 300 watt JL Audio amplifier in the boot. To ensure the system was appropriately driven, the Lucas alternator was swapped out for a GM 7127 alternator.

All relationships go through stages. I started off just wanting to have fun. But before I knew it, I found myself committed. After a significant invest-

ment of time and energy (and of course money), I had a new appreciation and increased respect for my Spitfire. My new high-performance roadster is more than twice as fast as it was in its earlier stock incarnation. It is more economical, comfortable, reliable, and safe as well. I drive my Spitfire often during the summer months. She brings me as much pleasure on daily commutes through Seattle traffic as on weekend sprints through the foothills of the Cascades. The biggest challenges I see in the future is figuring out how I should spend time with her. Should I spend it on the road or in the shop working on the next upgrade? What a great problem to have!

John Scummiotales, the owner and author, resides in Seattle, Washington with his wife Jackie, daughter Sophia, and golden retriever Sam. John can be reached via email at john@scummiotales.com. Check out more pictures and upgrades of his Spitfire at <http://www.scummiotales.com/spitfire> ■

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"Hey Everybody! . . . WATCH THIS!"

BY JEREMY WHITEHEAD, GEORGIA, USA



Such is the last words of every redneck in this part of the county that has ever burnt himself, broken bones or otherwise done some terrible bodily injury to himself. Flamethrowers??

You might be asking yourself right now. Yep...flamethrowers. Let me first preface this by saying that nearly every man I've ever know has been fascinated by fire on some primal level regardless of if they're willing to admit it or not. I can remember being a kid in high school setting in the local Wendy's with a buddy of mine watching him light napkins on fire in the ashtray just to watch them burn. Needless to say, we got asked to leave that night and it was a while before I was brave enough to show my face in that particular establishment again. Having said that, I'm not sure what it is about fire that makes men's hearts beat a little faster, but I think it's something left over from our cave man days.

Being a kid growing up in the central Indiana town of Fairmount, the highlight of every year was the James Dean Rebel Run that drew about 3,000 hot rods and old cars of every make and model. Some that lived in the tiny town would debate that this was not a highlight at all, but rather a scourge that descended upon us like a plague of locust every year. In any case, those locals that did not evacuate that particular September weekend could be found wandering Playacres Park checking out the latest crop of rods and custom cars that came thundering

into town supposedly in James Dean's honor. Oh, did I forget to tell you that James Dean is from this little piece of nowhere and is buried just outside of town? One of the big things that James was known for was the '49 Mercury that he drove in the movie, *Rebel Without a Cause*. The Mercury was lightly customized and while it didn't have flamethrowers, it certainly started a frenzy of people chopping the tops, frenching the taillights and shaving the door handles off an awful lot of big Detroit sedans.

Eventually, the craze developed into what is now know as the "Leadsled Merc" which is far from anything that ever rolled off a Ford assembly line. Most of them drag themselves about barely 1/4" off the pavement and have hydraulics to make them actually road going machines. Since I can remember, the vast majority of them also shoot flames out the tailpipes. Insert Tim Taylor grunts here: Watching these machines cook the pavement as a boy instilled something in me that I can't to this day quite explain.

There were even flamethrower contests where numerous cars would line up and see who could shoot the best flames. Of course, the area was roped off and nobody was allowed to walk behind them while they did this.

One guy even rigged up a propane tank that injected the gas directly into the tailpipe to get bigger, more brightly colored flames. Cool!

Ok, fast forward a few years to when my dad and I are looking for my first car. I had my heart set on a '57 Chevy and so we found one for sale nearby that had been a veteran of many Rebel Runs. It had a 350 Chevy, a Hurst 4 Speed sticking through the floor and was of course, bright red. Oh...and one more thing...it had twin 3" tailpipes with a spark plug in each one! Yeah baby...now we're talkin! Anyway, dad and I drove it home and proceeded to get started refreshing the tired old motor and front

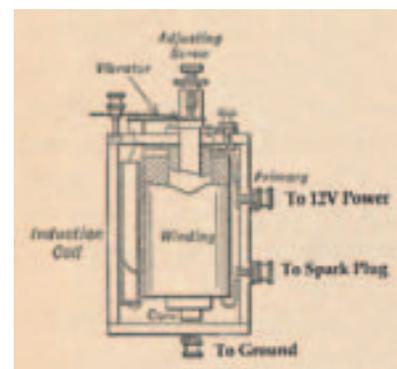


suspension. This ended up lasting the better part of my High School years. To tell the truth, I don't think Dad wanted me driving this beast till I had my license for a couple years. The flamethrowers on this car were phenomenal in that it would shoot about 6 feet of flames out of each tailpipe. It didn't hurt matters any that each pipe was just straight back and only flowed through a oiled down glass pack muffler. Needless to say, this was a loud and obnoxious car. Talk about cool though... ever roast marshmallows over your tailpipes?

Like most guys, this beast got sold when I got married. Angie wasn't nearly as impressed with the flames as I was and besides we needed a house a whole lot more than a hot rod.

Once I got established with a good job and all the necessities that qualified me as a responsible husband, I started getting the bug for an old car again. Being that I had always liked Spitfires, I decided to branch off a bit from my hot rod roots and go with an early roundtail Spit.

After having the car for a couple of years, I got to thinking one night about my old Chevy and all the fun I used to have with the flamethrowers. I decided that what my Spitfire needed was to actually be able to spit fire. I remembered that the sparkplugs in the tailpipes were powered by an old Model T "buzz box"





ignition coil.

After looking on eBay, I discovered that these were rather plentiful in the \$10 - \$15 range so I bought one that looked to be in decent condition. If you've never seen one of these, you might be surprised that's a rather simple wooden box with windings and an induction coil mounted inside. It makes a loud buzz when it's operating hence it's nickname. The fun part was trying to figure out which terminal was which on the coil. That was back before they actually came up with the idea to label the terminals?! So I had to sit down and just start hooking up wires to figure out which terminal was which.

After I got it figured out, I modified a drawing of one and have included it here to save you a bit of time. Also, I'm not sure what the original design was, but my coil only had round, nickel sized "pads" for terminals and no place to attach a wire to. Out came the soldering iron and that was easily solved by attaching some electrical terminals from the local auto parts store.

I was already having some work done on the Spitfire by our local English Car mechanic, Barry Rosenberg. While the car was in his shop, I had Barry drill and tap my stainless steel exhaust pipe just forward of where it sticks out from underneath the car. Then he threaded a Champion spark plug in the tailpipe for me and that was that. I had Barry do it because he already had the car on a lift it was much easier to get to this way.

With the car back home from Barry's shop, I then mounted the Model T coil in the trunk and secured it to the jack support with cable ties. This got it out of the way and seemed about as good a mounting place as any. To turn it off and I on, I mounted a simple toggle switch on the dash and from there to a 12V power source.

Once you connect the coil to a switched 12V power source, a ground and the spark plug in your tailpipe, you're pretty much done. You don't need any special wire to go to the spark plug (regular copper wire works fine). I recommend putting a fuse in ahead of the switch in case anything goes wrong, but if you're careful and make your connections secure, you shouldn't really have any problems.

Oh...one more thing...there is a screw terminal on the top of the coil that adjusts the spark. Back this off so it's not real tight down on there otherwise you won't get a spark. Once you get it working, you can adjust the screw terminal (with the coil switched OFF) to achieve the desired spark.

Now comes the fun part. Fire it up and test it. The theory is you pull your choke out to make the engine run rich. Some cars need this I'm told and some don't. Mine did. Also, I don't remember having to do this with the old Chevy, but with the Spitfire, I found it necessary to get about 3000 revs and then switch off the main ignition key for a couple of seconds and stomp on the gas a bit to dump some extra gas down the tailpipe. I switch it back on just before the car dies and that seemed to generate the biggest "whoomp" of flames for my particu-

lar application. It's handy to have a spotter standing at the back quarter to tell you how it's going. Also, he can serve as a safety person to keep people from doing something stupid like walking behind your car while you're doing this. You'll need to play with this a bit to figure out what method works best to generate the most flames.

Now comes my schpele about not being responsible for what you do on your own car. Remember folks...you're playing with fire. You need to be careful here. Don't run your flamethrower while you're on the road. There's usually a local ordinance or a state law prohibiting this except for exhibition, off the road use only. As I said before, use a spotter to communicate what's going on behind you and also keep people out of the way. My father was telling me that when they first started doing this, ladies were getting their nylons burnt to their legs from guys playing around with flamethrowers.

Above all, use your head and don't get carried away with this. People can be and have been hurt with these things so play it safe and be careful. ■

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"The Way It Was" continued

BY TED SCHUMACHER, OHIO, USA

Last issue we went through the time leading up to the creation of British Leyland. As a dealer it made for some interesting issues. Some were beneficial such as in the example of the MKII Spitfires being "dumped". Some were logistical nightmares such as advertising dollars that were to be reimbursed by the new company - "you had MG in this ad and we only pay for Triumph" or just the opposite if you had a TR ad.

We got some really neat cars at this time and also lost some cars. The big Healey ended. It was not a really good car but contributed greatly to our parts department exhaust sales. The car sat so low the exhaust was easily destroyed by obstacles lower than the current speed bumps in mall parking lots. The TR250, the 2nd generation GT6 and the MKIII Spit were good additions/improvements

to the product mix. The MGC was a disaster but only lasted 2 years. We never stocked the MGC so we didn't have to suffer the problems that were inherent with the car. The same did not hold true for the Austin America. This was a front drive sedan - sort of a Mini on steroids. Nice package, lots of room and available with either a 4 speed manual or an automatic gearbox. The automatic was so bad we replaced four transmissions in the first three cars we sold. Not a stellar track record.

The TR250 was a hit. We sold every one we could get and had customers waiting. Typical of the Triumph factory, we also had TR4A's still available. These were titled as 1968 and sold as a method of unloading the left-over stock. This same thing happened with the TR3B. It was just a method of getting rid of inven-

tory. Triumph would often send the new models to the dealers while not only having the old ones on the lots while still producing the old model.

The MKIII Spit and the MKII GT6 were major improvements over their predecessors. The GT6 got rid of the swing axles and most importantly, got rid of the 6 cylinder engine that was stolen from the 2000 sedan parts bin. The early engine had small lifters that rapidly wore the cam, a cylinder head port design that was poor on its best day and an exhaust manifold that would break if you looked at it sideways. The new engine shared many items with the TR250/TR6 and had an improved head port configuration.

The early MKIII Spit was probably the best Spitfire to come in to the country. The later MKIII's lost the twin carb set-up and therefore some power. If the



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MKIII had the MKIV synchro 1st gear transmission and suspension, it would have been a really great car.

We were now getting the “let’s make it pass emission” and “the convertible will be made illegal by the US safety standards” questions. Datsun had just introduced the 240Z and times were changing rapidly on the auto front. The manufacturers were scrambling to meet government standards on both safety and emission regulations. Bumper criteria was changing, cockpit integrity and passenger protection requirements were tougher. Seatbelt and shoulder harness went from being 2 separate systems in ‘68 to inertia reel 1 piece assemblies in 1970. A major task for a company that was trying to emerge from their own financial and merger woes. As emission and safety standards became tougher, performance went away. The lively Spitfire MKIII became a 300 pound heavier MKIV. More weight, less power and therefore less performance. By the mid ’70’s, the emission standards were so tough and the technology so far behind, even the American manufacturer’s weren’t sure how to meet the standards. A friend of mine, an engineer at Chrysler, made the comment to me one day that they were to the point with emission controls they could make the car easy to start or make it keep running once you got it started. They weren’t sure how to do both. If the big American companies had this problem, think of what our little British Leyland was going through. There was not enough money to make a car for the rest of the world and a US spec car. The solution by Leyland was to build a common platform but with different engine configurations. The Spitfire really suffered from this concept. Since the Spitfire was gaining weight - door beams, 5 mph bumpers, air pumps, etc. the 1500 engine was developed. It had a little more torque to at least get the car to move out of its own way. Overseas, they didn’t have to meet emission standards so higher compression and twin 1 1/2" SU carbs were used to get some performance back into the package. The advantage to us in 2002 from this move is a supply of inexpensive bolt-on performance goodies. We sell a lot of the European twin carb conversions for the single carb Spitfire. It is a simple, bolt-on set-up that adds real performance at a minimal cost.

So what was it like? A different time and place than the current British car scene. There are more and better parts suppliers than when the cars were new. Technology has been able to help even our cars. The urethane bushings we sell are far superior to any of the bushings available even 10 years ago. There are British car events that we never dreamed of as a dealer. Who would ever figure that 300 or more Brit cars would come together as a car show. All this is the “up” side but there a “down” side in my opinion. We have lost the use of the cars as driver’s. The car now has to have it’s cover removed, maybe another car has to be moved in the garage to get it out or “it’s not worth all the bother just to get the car to run to the store”. I’m glad to do today what I do for a living but also very glad to have able to be a part of the industry in it’s heyday.

For the next article, why don’t you readers tell me what you want: interested in racing, concours, suspension, or ??? Let’s hear from you. Ted. ■

BIO: Ted Schumacher has been 30+ years in the British car business. A former Austin-Healey, MG and Triumph dealer, he is now runs TS Imported Automotive, a full-line parts and specialized service business. To contact Ted, call 1-419-384-3022 or visit their web site at www.tsimportedautomotive.com

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Horn Rebuild

BY FRED GRIFFITHS, CANADA

If your car's not horny enough, it might be time for a horn rebuild.

But, why would you bother rebuilding a unit that is rivetted together and has no replaceable parts inside when you could buy a new one for about \$30? Two reasons I can think of are: A, pride and B, originality. Further to answer A, it is nice to be able to point to nearly everything in your restoration project and say "I did it myself." You may not be up to a full body respray or engine rebuild, but you can restore items like the horns. As for part B, I feel it's nice to be able to claim that a car is as 'original' as possible. Horns, among many other items, are date stamped with the week and year of manufacture, which makes them a part of the car's history. Besides, do they really make 'em like they used to? A lot of replacement horns are plastic!

Spitfires came with either Lucas or Clear Hooters horns in matched sets. One gives a low note, the other a high note. For convenience, the mouth of each horn is marked with H or L to indicate its tone. (Some Clear Hooters are marked HH.) Even between the two brands there are several different styles and types.

brand	tone	cast numbers	stamped no's	resist
Clear Hooters	HH	BEC BS1004A	2 70	12.5
Clear Hooter	HH	BEC BS1004A	9 70	.5
Clear Hooters	L	2733 BS1004A	78	.7
Lucas	H	9H 54680637 FR3 BS1004A	12V 20 78 69158E	.8
diaphragm stamped 1				
Lucas	H	9H 12V 2 68	69158D	4.3
Lucas	L	9H 12V 52 76	69228A	.5
diaphragm stamped 2				
Lucas	L	9H 12V X XX	6978B	.7

British Leyland parts books for Spitfire 1500 gives the following part numbers:

158137/1 Lucas	high,	right
158138/1 Lucas	low,	left
158137/2 Clear Hooters	low,	right
158138/2 Clear Hooters	high,	left

Notice that for some reason the high and low notes switch sides between the two brands.

All horns have two terminals or two sets of twin terminals. One terminal will be connected to the horn relay, the other via an earth wire to the chassis. Unlike many other makes of horns, these are not grounded or earthed through the horn-mounting bracket.

WHY A HORN WORKS

Horns work when 12 volts with sufficient current is applied across the terminals. (Haynes service manual states maximum current consumption should be 3 1/2 Amps, but there is no real reason to test this.) The current travels through a set of closed contacts energizing an electromagnet. The electromagnet pulls an iron armature attached to a metal diaphragm. When the iron armature is pulled far enough, a flange on it presses on one side of the contact, causing it to open, interrupting the current. The armature and diaphragm snap back to their original positions and the contacts close again. With each movement, the diaphragm displaces air into or out of the horn trumpet, creating the distinc-

tive note. This cycle is repeated several hundred times per second. The note of the horn depends on the thickness and stiffness of the diaphragm, therefore how fast it can move. The tone depends on the shape of the trumpet.

WHY IT DOESN'T WORK

If absolutely no sound comes out, one of two possibilities exists. One is that no current is getting through because the electromagnet winding may be burnt out - i.e., open circuit. On the other hand, if the contacts are stuck or burnt closed too much current will flow through causing blown fuses, overheated wiring in the car, or even an electrical fire but again no sound. If the horn will only click or give a weak 'blip' it is usually an indication that insufficient current is getting through. The adjustment screw may be set incorrectly, the contact points corroded or the terminal rivets loose or corroded.

In any case, no amount of hammering on the horn or spraying WD40 or pouring Penetrene into the mouth of a horn will fix it. The only option is to open it up.



"Will these Hooters ever honk again?"

Start by cleaning the outside - sandblast or wire brush,



Photo 1 - Clear Hooters cleaned outside

Centre punch and drill the heads off rivets with a 1/8" drill. On some models, extrusions on the aluminum half, instead of separate rivets protrude through the diaphragm and back half and are rivetted over. In this case drill completely through with a 3/16" drill.



Photo 2 - drilling the rivets

Punch out the rivets



Photo 3 - punching rivets with a 1/8" punch

Separate the horn into 3 pieces - steel back case with electrics, diaphragm with armature, and aluminum front half or trumpet. There are also 2 paper gaskets, which may come out in pieces.



Photo 4A - the rusty insides of a Clear Hooters



Photo 4B - inside a Lucas

The diaphragm will come out warped and wavy. Don't worry, its intended that way to cause it to snap back to its original position. It may also have a hole in it, about the size of a pinhead. This allows slow air pressure differences due to atmospheric and altitude changes to equalize on both sides of the diaphragm.

Clean between the contacts with 300 to 400 emery paper



Photo 5 - cleaning contacts

Check the resistance across the contacts - should be very close to zero. Check the resistance across the terminals - .5 (1/2 an ohm) to 5 ohms - good, in the tens to thousands of ohms - dirty contacts or terminals, in the hundreds of thousands or millions of ohms (100's of K ohms or Meg ohms) - open circuit,

either contacts jammed open or winding burnt out. Check the resistance across the winding - .5 (1/2 an ohm) to 5 ohms - good,

If it is infinity, the winding is likely burnt out. Assuming this is not the case, it is worth proceeding.



Photo 6 - resistance check across the terminals - 1.1 ohms

Clean inside the horn - wire brush or sandblast, taking care not to damage the insulation of the copper wire winding

Check the terminals. The rivets holding these may be aluminum, copper or steel. Aluminum ones on Clear Hooters may be corroded. If there is corrosion between the rivet head and the brass terminals, they will need to be replaced. Drill the rivet out, taking care not to overheat and melt the plastic insulation below. If the insulation is split, reseal it with epoxy or a good quality sealant. Clean the outside and inside terminals. You may have to drill the terminals and insulator to 1/8" to fit pop-rivets. If the inside terminal is a thin brass strip, use a pop-rivet washer inside. You may have to bend the outside terminal out of the way to get the rivet gun in place. Check the resistance again.



Photo Horn 13 - new brass terminals, new brass rivet below and pop-rivet above.

Tap threads into the aluminum casting half of the case to take suitable machine screws - usually #8-32. On most Clear Hooters units there is not room to use nuts on the screws. However on some Lucas horns (with out separate rivets), you can omit tapping the case and simply use nuts and bolts. Or if you want near original appearance, you can omit the tapping, and use 3/16" pop rivets.



Photo 7 - tapping threads

Drill the holes in the steel half of the case to allow the screws to fit without binding, File and sand the mating surfaces of the front and back half smooth to ensure good sealing.



Photo 8 - sanding the rim

Paint the diaphragm and the inside of the front and back halves with clear spray paint to prevent future rusting inside, Cut two gaskets - usually 3 1/8" diameter inside hole and 4 1/8" outside diameter, from thin gasket material or tarpaper.



Photo 9 - cutting gaskets with a home-made cutting compass

Mark and punch the gaskets to suit the machine screws,



Photo 10 - punching screw holes

Assemble the horn, tightening the screws well.



Test the horn. The adjusting screw may need resetting. On Lucas horns, the screw is a left hand thread - turning it clockwise moves it out allowing the contacts to close. Turn the screw until the horn 'beeps' clearly. On some Lucas, the note is tunable by turning the screw through its range. When the horn works satisfactorily, retighten the case screws.

Paint the outside and deep into the trumpet with several coats of paint. Some horns were originally matt black, others were glossy.



Seal the joint and edges of the gaskets with black mastik or silicone. Seal the adjusting screw also.

You'll now have the horniest little car on the block! And they shouldn't need servicing for another 40 years. ■

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Winterizing Checklist

BY STEPHAN SIEBURG, SWITZERLAND



TECH TIPS

- After bringing engine to operating temperature, check and top up all fluids including anti-freeze
- Use alcohol-based windshield wiper fluid to keep the reservoir from cracking. To protect the wiper motor from damage of stuck blades, take the wiper blades off
- Check body for corrosion and treat accordingly including hollow spaces
- Clean the car completely including the interior, dry and wax the paint
- Once dry, hood should be made waterproof and also left slightly open
- Rub leather seats with a suitable product (special fat)
- Fill up gas tank
- Never put car on lifts as the suspended wheels could damage the stretched shock absorbers. Increasing the tire pressure by one bar (15 psi) is sufficient.
- If the car will be in a garage, leave windows rolled down slightly to ensure good air circulation
- Attach battery to a charger. There are certain products particularly made for charging the battery constantly over a period of several months. Removing it from the car is not necessary for charging unless the car is exposed to temperatures below freezing. If no such battery charger is available, battery should be removed from the car and kept in a dry room and be charged regularly.
- Rub chrome parts with paraffin or any other protective wax
- Rub rubber seals with a silicone product
- Disengage hand brake to prevent brake drums or brake discs from sticking. When engine is started again later on, do so in neutral with hand brake on just in case the clutch is stuck.
- Use a cotton cover that protects your car from dust
- Refrain from starting the car for short periods of time. If you have to start the engine, run it for at least 30 minutes in order that the heat in the engine can evaporate the condensation. If not engine could rust inside and the clutch could stick.

If you do not use your car for more than one year:

- Conserve the engine by spraying some oil into the carburetors and the spark plug openings
- Discourage mice and other pests by placing a container containing mothballs in the car. To keep them from getting in also stuff an oil soaked cloth into the exhaust pipe and in the air filter intake (place a note on your steering wheel as a reminder!!!! You don't want to suck the cloth sucked into the engine!) ■



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A Triple Carburettor Inlet Manifold for Triumph Six Cylinder Engines

BY JD BINNINGTON, UK

In the opinion of my mother, there is nothing so corrupting of the minds of young men as motorcycles. On reflection, my mum is probably right.

I (mis)spent my teenage years, my twenties and my thirties messing about with bikes and learning vehicle skills. As time went by four-wheeled transport took the place of two wheels, but my love of

sports cars began about ten years ago when I began to rebuild a sad GT6 Mk1. My sheet metalwork skills were quite a way behind my engine building and chassis-work abilities and so I had contracted-out the repair of the bodyshell. The bodywork was turning out to take much longer than the time estimate I had been given (isn't that always the case?) and I was at a loss for something to do...

I had already had a good look at the Standard Triumph inlet manifold and was surprised at the serpentine nature of the passages. It was occurred to me that volumetric efficiency hadn't figured very strongly in its design.

While daydreaming, I was mentally comparing the GT6 engine I had just built with a Cooper A series I had built and all the motorcycle engines I had ever known. I was trying to work out how I might go about fitting a line of six 1 1/2" SU carburettors to the GT6 cylinder head (a bit like a Kawasaki Z1300 on a course of Iron supplement therapy). Every self-respecting motorcycle engine had a carburettor for each cylinder. So there seemed to be good reasons for going down the multi-carburettor route in the search for more power.

The six-carb idea got no further than that, but a couple of days later,

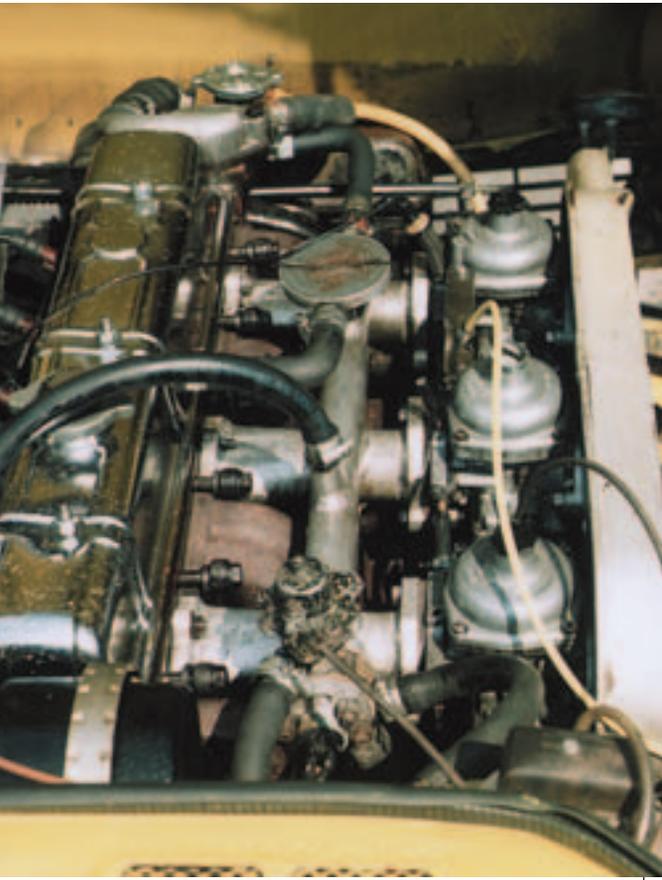
while rummaging around in my garage I came across a length of aluminum scaffold tube. The internal diameter of this tube was 1 1/2" and would match the throat diameter of Stromberg 150 carburettors. So the seed of an idea was sown.

HOW IT WAS MADE?

The inlet ports on the Mk1 GT6 cylinder head are separate and grouped together in three pairs. There are flanges on both the inlet and exhaust manifolds that provide the clamping surface for the notorious 'fingers' that hold the manifolds to the head. There are also similar thickness flanges on the carburettor end of the manifold to provide a gasket face for the carburettors.

It occurred to me that if I used these flanges as patterns, I could reproduce them in 1/2" aluminum plate. When welded to short aluminum (scaffold tube) stubs they would take the carburettors and the cylinder head. The carburettor flanges, when cut, were pierced with a tank cutter tool in a drill press and the cylinder head flanges were drilled through to match the inlet ports with a drill.

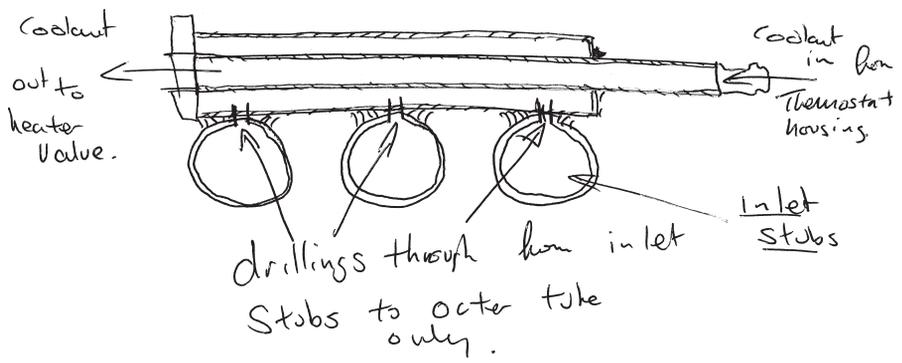
I would need a round cross section for the inlet stubs at the carburettor end, but the cross section at the cylinder head end would need to be oval enough to cover the inlet ports in each pair. I squashed the stub in a vice to see how



the simplicity of motorcycles and the demands of motorcycling have remained ever since. I still have difficulty with the luxury and comforts of cars. If you started with a bike, why would you ever want an ashtray in a car? I find I also think "motorcycle" when I look at the different component systems that go to make up a vehicle. It is amusing to see engineering solutions these days on cars that I saw twenty years ago on motorcycles.

My involvement with Triumph

*Relationship between inlet stubs
vacuum balance pipe + coolant pipe*



oval it would go, but alas, not oval enough. So I took a hacksaw and sawed roughly halfway down the length of the stub and with a bit of brute force bent the two halves outwards sufficiently to cover both inlet ports.

This left two triangular gaps in each stub, which were filled with triangular pieces of the same material, welded in. The ends of the inlet stubs were squared off and the mounting plates welded on, drilled and tapped for the various fasteners.

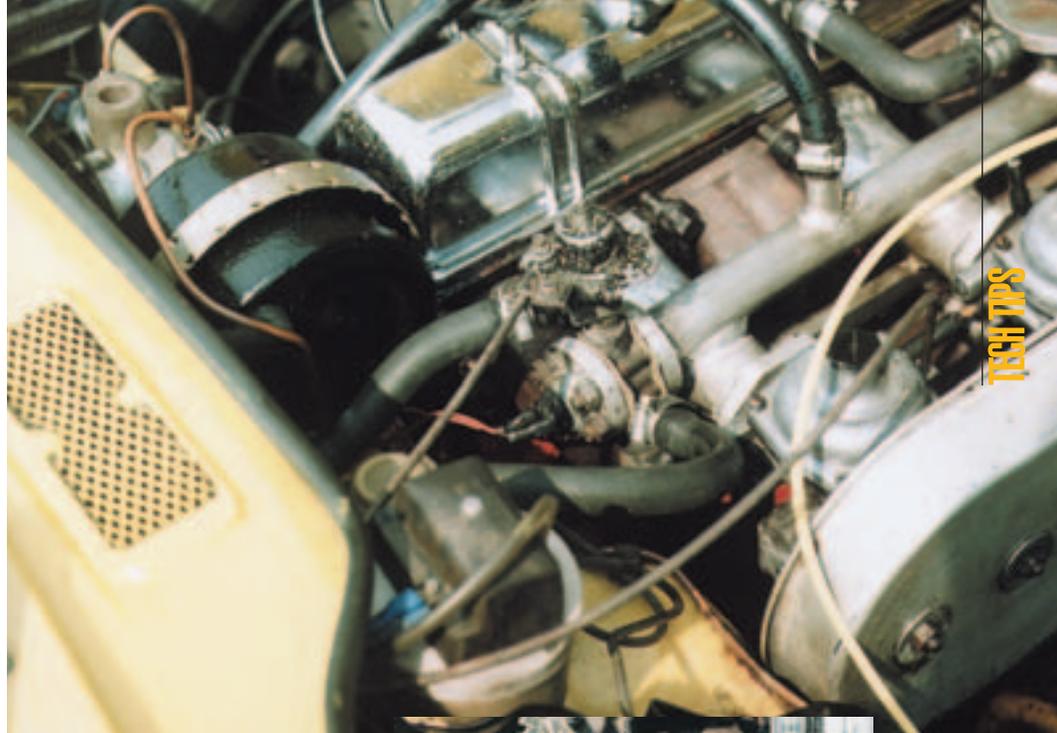
I now had three, separate inlet stubs but none of the associated manifold plumbing. On the ST casting there are two sets of extra plumbing that needed to be accounted for:

- There is a pipe that runs from the front of the engine to the back, which carries hot coolant from the water pump to the heater inside the car
- There is also a tapping into the inlet stubs, downstream of the carburetors, which provides a vacuum for the servo and the vacuum advance on the distributor. This vacuum side plumbing also accepts the oil vapours from the rocker box as part of the emissions control equipment.

The direction of flow of coolant around the engine was a mystery to me at that time so I elected to reproduce the plumbing of the factory manifold. Space was limited, but with the tubes I had, I realised I could run two pipes concentrically and fit into the limited space between the carburetors and the cylinder head.

The coolant pipe (3/4" outside diameter) runs from the front of the manifold where it takes hot water from the thermostat housing to the rear of the manifold where it is routed by the heater valve either through the heater or back to the rear of the engine block. This pipe runs up the inside of a larger pipe (1 1/8" inside diameter) and spans the inlet stubs. The outer pipe is welded to the inner pipe at its ends to make a close volume. 4mm holes were then drilled in the inlet stubs and corresponding holes in the outer double pipe to act as a vacuum balance pipe and vacuum vessel. The fore-to-aft double pipe was then welded to the inlet stubs. Provision for the various fittings (vacuum take-off, heater valve and engine breather) were made on both these pipes and all was welded up.

To complete the fabrication, an aluminium stay was welded to the lower edges of the stubs, which then rested on the 'shelf' on the exhaust manifold and serves as a hot-spot. This lower stay was drilled and tapped to take a 3/8" UNF stud to secure the inlet manifold to the



exhaust manifold.

The resulting fabrication turned out to be an extravagant use of TiG welding and bench time, but it has proved to be more than robust enough in use.

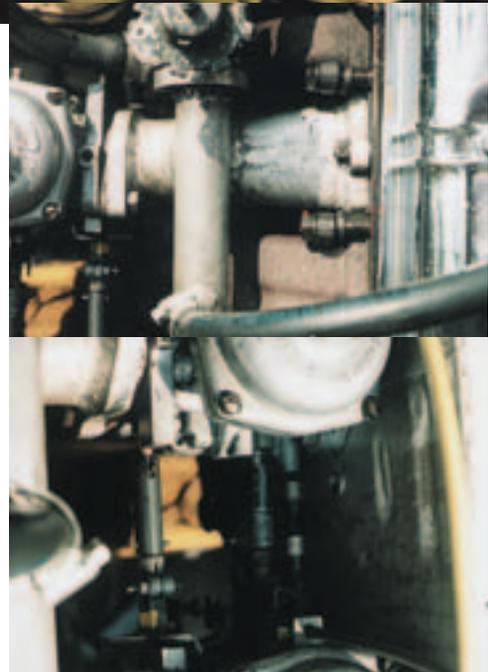
Because I built the manifold without having the benefit of having the car to trial fit the parts to, I failed to realise how the bonnet line drops away steeply at the front of the car. The clearance between the front carburettor and the underside of the bonnet was too very close. I finally resorted to adding a TR5 PI-esque bulge to the bonnet, I think to the despair of more traditionally minded enthusiasts in the UK. I have since learned that the aftermarket cast triple inlet stubs stagger the carburettor positions downward to give clearance and achieve the same result, oh well.

I also realised that the air cleaner box wouldn't fit (one too few carb holes). The solution here was to take the rear 2/3rds of one box and the front 2/3rds of another box and weld them together. After drilling new holes for the middle carburettor it all lined up and looks so 'meant' it has fooled some people into not seeing the third carburettor.

SO HOW DO YOU CONNECT THE CARBS UP AND SET THEM UP?

I took care to find the third carburettor from a GT6 of the same age that had been broken for spares. That way I could be sure that the needles, jets and springs would be the same as on the other two carbs.

The mechanical linkages between



the twin carbs are short steel rods joined with nylon 'universal joints' and roll pins through the throttle and choke spindles. Because the carburettor spacing was now much reduced there wasn't enough room to use the nylon joiners, so I made some smaller joiners out of steel. The operating cables for the throttle and choke connected up in the usual ST fashion and we were in business.

Some people view the balancing of two carburettors as a bit of a black art-three carbs should therefore require the inspiration of a holy man? Not so. Providing you're methodical it's no harder to balance three carbs than two.

There are two, independent adjustments that need to be made on each carburettor (throttle stop and mixture) and a related adjustment of the ignition timing

to control the engine behaviour. I have found the following to be the most effective sequence of adjustments.

1. Set the distributor up for points dwell and contact opening and for ignition timing with a static engine and a bulb or voltmeter as an indicator.
2. Adjust all the throttle stop screws so that the butterflies are all just closed, then open them all by one turn of the adjuster screws.
3. Set the main jet position as per the ST instructions of 2 1/2 turns of the brass adjuster at the base of the float bowls out from fully home.
4. Start the engine and adjust the throttle



stop screws equally to achieve an idle speed between 750-900 rpm.

5. Attach a strobe gun to the distributor to set the idle ignition advance with the engine running at idle. Depending on how far out your initial ignition timing was you might need to speed up the engine or slow it down with the throttle stops.
6. After a few miles do a plug chop and investigate the carburettor mixture settings. I err a little on the rich side, not wanting to hole any pistons.

Once it was finished I took the car to a well-known performance rolling road establishment to ask how much they would want to set it all up on a dynamometer. This was about five years ago when the performance car scene in the UK was concentrating on twin cam, electronic fuel injection, front-drive European hot hatchbacks. The spotty Oik who I had the displeasure of speaking to was unable to conceal his contempt for vehicles that were older than he was and were fuelled by systems other than EFI. Presumably he neither knew about nor cared about Stromberg carburettors. Needless to say I haven't been near the place since.

SO HOW DOES IT GO?

This GT6 engine has a 'fast road' camshaft, which has the reputation of loosing some driveability between 1000-2000rpm, but then coming in strongly between 2500 and 5000rpm. That's exactly what I've got.

The engine idles happily between 750 and 900 rpm, depending on how it's feeling on that particular day. Between 1000 and 2000 rpm the engine runs a little roughly, although if the clutch is let out at a little over idle it will pull through this rough patch. It clears its throat at 2000 rpm then storms away, pulling ever more strongly as the revs rise to 5000 rpm. The torque curve flattens off beyond 5000 rpm so that the final 500 rpm are not worth hanging on to, far better to shift up between 4500 and 5000 and use the fat midrange.

The most effective way of getting off the line quickly is to

dial in 3500 revs and either abuse the clutch if it's dry, or dump it quickly if it's wet and use the rear tyres as the friction surface. This hooligan behaviour is a consequence, in my humble opinion, of the very high first gear ratio in the Vitesse gearbox (especially when mated to a 3.27 diff).

The fuel consumption appears to be no different to the twin carb arrangement, either. I find that the consumption figures range between 12-15 mpg (imperial) when in thrash or super-thrash mode and 25-30 mpg (imperial) when I drive like an old woman. These observations support the idea that you need only so much petrol to provide a given amount of power, regardless of whether that petrol is metered through one, two or three carbs.

John Tomason of the TSCC in the UK has conducted a number of experiments over the past few years with single and twin carb set-ups on his road Spitfire. He compared the performance of a Triumph Dolomite 1500 single carb inlet manifold to the factory twin carb set up on his Spit 1500 and wrote the results up in the Courier. He found that on part throttle and lower engine speed motoring the fuel economy, performance and feel of the single carburettor was better than the twin. It wasn't until the engine speeds and throttle openings were higher that the twin carb performance bettered the single. This would then be consistent with my observations.

I have since driven one or two factory equipped GT6s and have noticed that their performance between 1000 and 2000 rpm to be rather more civilised than mine. I would put this difference down to the fact that on the factory 2x manifold, the passages to the different inlet ports are separate almost from the throttle butterflies. I can imagine that with the slower gas velocities down the 3x inlet stubs at low engine speeds the flows can be sufficiently turbulent to account for the rough running, but once the speeds increase the straight passages then offer less resistance to the engine inhaling its draughts and it all smoothes out.

So there you have it, you have a straightforward choice between a civilised engine, as ST intended, with a conservative cam profile, or a ripsnorter of a bloke's engine that pulls and pulls. You could always consider three twin-choke Webers...

Final admission: I didn't do the welding myself. ■

Let There Be Light

BY JOHN GOERTHER, TENNESSEE, USA

I had some free time recently and decided to tackle my dodgy taillights once and for all. One dim brake light, running lights that would mysteriously quit working after hitting a bump, hazards that sometimes blink and backup lights that never come on.

Where to start? First, since I had so many problems back there I needed to determine if all the problems were caused at a single source, a bad connection at the fuse for instance or many little problems. First, because it was easiest, I grabbed one of the running light sockets and wiggled. No change. I grabbed my volt-ohm meter and checked if there was electricity making it to that point. It was... meaning the problem was the socket. I reinstalled the socket and with a little more wiggling the light blinked! It had to be a bad/dirty connection there.

At this point I am beginning to decide that most of the problems were just bad/dirty connections. I am told the sockets that hold the bulbs are notorious for these connection problems.

There are three areas where the socket can make a bad connection; flat blade terminals (the flat metal prongs sticking out the side with wires attached), the grounds to the light holder (the metal "flower petals") and another, more elusive location... inside the socket.

I decided to do an experiment and really clean a socket well, after all, as far as I know it may have been over 35 years since they have been cleaned.

Years of working on these cars have taught me two things that you **MUST** do before proceeding. 1. make a diagram of the colors and locations of the wires and 2. check the bulb! I have seen many bulbs act funny when their filaments break and dangle inside the glass making contact when held just right.

First remove the socket from the car. Then the rubber boot surrounding it. The flat blade terminals seem to cause the most problems. I use a wire brush attachment on my Dremel® Tool to clean the male part and then take pliers and squeeze the female part closed a bit so that it's a tight fit over the male part. The round bullet connectors seem to be less of a problem so I just clean the male ends. I also include the exterior lamp

sockets and bulbs in the contact cleaning. This together with connecting all the wires (to the correct terminals) fixes many of the problems.

Next I clean any other metal on the socket, inside and out. Do not forget the contact area on the bulb (assuming the bulb is good. As extra insurance, replacing all the bulbs would be a great idea).

Now is time to get at the area where the problems are most difficult to find. On the ohms setting on my volt-ohm meter I checked the connection from the "flower petal" and the metal contact inside... no juice. Then I remembered a link on the VTR site to the Buckeye Triumphs website and an article entitled "Repairing TR6 Taillight Sockets" by Nelson Riedel. Nelson explains that the design of the socket is not perfect. The surfaces between the dissimilar metals corrode.

Take heart, the fix is easy and permeate! It will require a soldering gun and good eyes.

The critical location is shown in the orange circle in the "BEFORE"

AREA WHERE SOLDERING IS NEEDED

photo and in the yellow area in the illustration.

The first thing is to clean the two surfaces. The solder needs to flow in the crack between the bronze strip and the steel ring. These surfaces must be really clean in order to have the solder stick. I used my Dremel® Tool again to get at this. A finger nail file also works but not as quickly.

While soldering be careful not to heat long enough to melt the plastic case too much.

After all this cleaning/soldering my dim brake light was also cured. Before, when the parking lights were on it shown dim. When the brakes were applied the light went out and the other light came on at normal brightness. The cause was a poor or no ground connection in the light

BEFORE



AFTER



"FLOWER PETALS"

that was dim. A high resistance ground path is provided to the dim light through the brake light filament part of that bulb and then through the the brake like filament in

FLAT BLADE CONNECTOR

the other bulb. This ground path is removed when the brake pedal is pressed, operating the brake light switch that then supplies 12 volts to the brake light filaments.

The cleaning/soldering was so easy I decided to do it too all the sockets, took less than 15 minutes total. Fixed all my problems except the back up lights. Their problem turned out to be a bad switch at the transmission. At least now I know the bulbs will work when I get around to changing the switch.

Hopefully I will have no more tail light problems... at least for another 35 years! ■

Don't Race That Car! (part 2—the engine)

BY ANDREW STARK, MISSOURI, USA

With the frame and body just about done I was able to turn my full attention to the engine and transmission. The transmission was easy. My old one was tired but not shot. I also had several on the floor of the garage to serve as parts donors if needed. A quick rebuild would get me at least through drivers school before I had to do any major transmission rebuilding. The engine on the other hand was going to be a mystery. The engine I had run in the car for the last ten years for the most part had never been fully rebuilt at any time in its life. It was the original engine that came with the car. (30years old) I had put new bearings in it and installed new valve guides back in 1993 and replaced the head gasket in 2000. Other than that I had only bolted stuff on to make it run better. Like I mentioned in my last article this engine had spun a bearing in 2001 while I was goofing around at an Autocross. I should have been mature enough not to run the car that one last time but hell I own a Triumph. It's like being Peter Pan! You instantly become a teenager behind the wheel. Ok, so now I have a lump of mystery iron hanging from a chain. Lesson learned but most likely soon forgotten.



My intentions with building a first year track engine had to be two fold. I wanted a reliable engine that would get me through an SCCA Super School and have enough power to be somewhat competitive on a regional level. I at least did not want to get blown away to badly on the straights. I figured if I built the engine as the competition manual suggested with maybe a few more upgrades I would be safe. I figured the big money and the most time would be spent on the head. The rest of

the engine would be a very careful balance and blue print with some lightening done in places that needed it. Question was do I rebuild my present engine that I just screwed up or pick one from my pile and go. I chose to leave my lump on a chain as a constant reminder of my childish ways and pick an engine that was sitting on the floor of my garage taking up too much space. In the back of my mind I really didn't think my engine on a chain was in that bad of shape and could be rebuilt fairly quickly if a spare was needed.

The engine I chose came out of the car that donated the new frame. This engine is a bit funny. The whole car was a bit funny when I bought it. It was one of those deals that had an ad that read: "Runs good little rust, no title, first three hundred dollars takes it away." Ok so I called the guy and he talked the car up and said the only reason that he was selling it so cheap was time and title. He had neither. Being the optimist I loaded up the trailer and drove to Kansas City. Four and a half hours later I wanted to choke the crap out of the guy. Runs good little rust my Butt! It was rusty and it did not run. Lucky for me I am also a pessimist and brought an extra battery, carb kit and bunch of standard Triumph tools including a BFH (big f___ing hammer). The only reason I did not walk away was that the car was straight. I mean really straight, not one dent or ding and it had original paint on it. It also had a hole in the shifter knob giving me a clue that it might have overdrive. To bad the body was so rusty. I was curious enough to see if it would run and be at least worth my drive out. \$300.00 is cheap and ego prevents me from walking away from something I have already driven four and an half hours to buy. So I will find any redeeming factor that will make me buy the car. I tinkered with it for about an hour fixing some simple carburetor problems and installed new points. I then put a battery in it and hosed it down with starter fluid and it roared to life. Ok in reality it sputtered and died a bunch of times and made a distinct clattering noise from the rockers. A few more adjustments and it ran on its own. It did move and the engine actually ran ok once I set

the carbs and timed it. While the owner went to fetch me a soda I poked a hole in the transmission tunnel and found that the car indeed had an overdrive. Ah, the redeeming factor came to light. I was sold and out came the that silly little Triumph smile that I get every time I think a great deal has been found. I was a buyer. I paid the owner, loaded it up and headed home. After ten and a half hours I had another rusty old Triumph that had some potential for being a racer or donor to a racer.

Once I had this car home I took it apart as fast as I could to get it out of the garage and into manageable size parts. Good marital relations is to get it into small pieces as fast as you can!!! In this case four days and it was just a memory to my wife. By this time I knew I was going to build a racer I just did not know when. Coming apart the car turned out to be in really good shape when it came to the mechanicals. Suspension was clean and frame was really really clean. The transmission had bad linkage but the internals looked almost freshly rebuilt. The engine on the other hand was beat. Sometime in the cars past the engine had been rebuilt by someone that wanted it to have more power. The head had been shaved .060 and it had a sizable modified camshaft in it. Other than that the engine was stock. This resulted in it tearing itself apart. Every one of the cylinders had cracked and broken rings on the pistons and the connecting rod journals were badly worn. The thrust washer was there but just barely. It looked like I was going to have to go max on everything to make this engine run again. (Hmm good race engine potential.)

I started the rebuild by cleaning everything up and taking stock of what I had. The donor engine had potential. The crank had never been turned so it had lots of meat left on it. The pistons were stock so the block had plenty of room to bore out as much as I liked. The cam journals were ok but I planned to put bearings in them any way. The head was beat up but not destroyed. After poking around I figured it could be rebuilt with out much problem. This confirmed my decision to hold off on the engine that just came out of my car and use it as a back up if the

donor did not work out.

I started with the head. Since I wanted to run Triple Webers on the car I figured this would be a good head to start with. I did not have any money in it and if I messed it up doing a bad port job it would not be much of a loss. My first step was matching the intake ports to the manifolds. The Weber set up has three separate manifolds that progressively step down from rear to front on the engine. This is to provide clearance for the sloping bonnet. It helps with clearance but plays hell with trying to make the ports concentric. I bolted the manifolds on and sprayed machinist dye into the manifolds to give me an idea how much I had to grind out to match every thing up. In the end no two ports look the same at the face of the head. Only the rear most port is exactly round. The castings of the manifolds were also a bit on the crappy side and had to be cleaned up a lot just to fit the head. Once I had the ports matched to the manifolds I tried to make as even a transition to the valve as possible. I did what I could but left on a lot of metal in just to be sure I did not take out too much before it went on the flow bench. The exhaust ports were much easier. I basically took my old manifold gasket and used it as a pattern. I did have to use a small grinder and trim out the gasket to the exhaust marks the header left behind. (This I found out later was a mistake. I have been told to leave some step at the face of the head. This has something to do with valve overlap. This is getting into rocket science that I yet to understand. But the end result is that my Carbs sneeze a little at idle. Under full power I don't notice any ill effect. But I was told I cost myself some horsepower.) Then I used the gasket as a spray template for the machinist dye. This worked great and the exhaust ports were cleaned up very fast compared to the intake ports. Once all the porting was done I ordered new valves, springs, aluminum retainers, guides and seats. All came from different sources to meet my needs. The valves are stainless than have turned down shanks for better flow. The seats are hardened. The springs are dual. And the guides are bronze.

I had already contacted a shop locally that does nothing but race engine heads. The one head he had never worked on was a Gt-6. Luckily this did not bother him at all. In fact he was fascinated by it. He could not believe how unrefined the head was. He took it as a

challenge to get as much flow out of it as possible using the stock valve size. He took half my parts and gave them back. He used his own seats and ended up putting in sleeved valve guides from another kind of car. He also spent a lot of time on the flow bench trying different kinds of grinds and shapes for the valve. I ended up having to buy a couple extra valves to find the right shape. Once he was done all the intake ports and exhaust ports flowed perfectly even to each other. He also wacked another .040 off the face of the head to make it an even 0.10 that has now been taken off. I should have over 11:1 compression when all is said and done. This is not the max but plenty for a first year engine that has to get me through drivers school.

Now onto the connecting rods. I could not afford new expensive rods so I went about cleaning up and lightening my stock ones. I called several guys that currently raced and one of them said they have no problems with stock rods as long as they are prepared correctly. Well what was the correct way to do it? I found that there is a lot of opinions out there on what to do to a stock rod. Lucky for me a friend had given me a box of old race rods that came with his car when he bought it. It looked like a box of rods that someone had used for experimentation. Out of the 30 or so rods I found a set of four that had been machined to make them narrow at the big end without sacrificing the bearing area. It looked simple to do and knocked a lot of weight off. I brought a set of my stock rods to a machine shop with one of the modified rods and asked them if they could copy what had been done to the modified rod. The machine shop said no problem once I parted with \$82.00. I considered this to be a bargain!

Once I had the rods back from the machine shop I went ahead and did the standard lighten and polish the Competition Prep Manual calls out. The only thing I did more than the manual is polishing. I polished the rods to look like chrome. It was suggested to me by several racers and felt it was a good thing to do. It takes all the potential stress risers caused by scratches out of the rods. I then sent them back to the machine shop for final balance and shot peen. Once the rods are peened they are no longer shiny, but they are much stronger than stock. My total labor on the rods was about 40 hours. That does not count the labor by the machine shop. I could have done it

faster but did not have all the really cool go fast tools that I should of when I started. I do have those tools now and my next set will take a 1/3 of the time. If I have not mentioned it yet I will mention it now. **YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH TOOLS!!!!!!** There is a tool out there for everything if you look for it. Include tools in your budget. I grossly underestimated my need for tools building this car.

Once the rods were done the engine was ready to go to the machine shop. I gave the shop all the parts I planned to put in the engine and told them to bal-



ance the engine as well as they could. I also gave them the clutch disc, pressure plate, flywheel and front Pulley.

Everything was balance separately to less than half a gram then balanced as a unit. This way if one part goes bad I will have an easier time balancing a new part to be matched to the rest of the engine. Once all the machining was done the engine came back to my house to be assembled and mated to the head. The only thing I was not able to do was the cam bearings. The machine shop felt they could not do a good job with there current machine. They told me the current journals where in good shape and measured well within tolerance. I was not pleased at first, but it was better than a badly screwed up block if their machine did not work. They have since bought a whole new machine just to start doing engines like mine and large inline tractor engines. My second engine will have cam bearings. Total cost of machining including the head work was \$1,300.00. Really a bargain I think.

Total parts of the basic engine and head were about \$ 2,000.00. So total block and head with purchase of donor car has been \$3,600.00. Not to bad ;o)

Once the engine parts where home the reassembly went pretty quick. I won't bore you with the details because it was

very straight forward. The only thing special I did was use a timing wheel on the cam. I can't do an explanation justice so I won't try. Do what I did. Call an expert and hold him on the line as you do it. Phone bill is cheap compared to a badly timed engine.

Also on any Triumph engine drill holes in the Thrust washer and dowel pin it into the block. This is a must for any rebuild.

As the engine was being built I was also finishing up the body and interior. By the time the engine was assembled the whole inside of the car had been painted. Pretty much everything was installed except for final wiring and plumbing. This had to wait for the engine to be installed before I did any final installs. You never know what has to be moved around until you get all the pieces in one spot.

The install of the engine was pretty basic. It dropped in like any other engine. What was hard was getting it plumbed and wired to the rest of the car. Oh yes the Webers were a pain in the rear to hook up and get hood clearance. My blood pressure rises just thinking about it.

The plumbing was more expensive than hard. Just about every fuel and oil line in the car is braided stainless with AN fittings. It took a lot of measuring and creative routing to make sure I did not have to buy any more length of hose or extra fittings. In the end I have really nice looking and very safe fuel and oil system. Unfortunately it cost about \$600.00 when all was said and done. This does not include all the misc. hardware I bought to hold it all in. My budget really started to get blown at this point :(

The biggest problem with the Weber Carbs was the linkage and hood clearance. The linkage I had was not what I wanted to put on the car. It just did not make sense and looked as if it was going

to be breakage problem in the future. So I modified it. I replaced the Weber hardware with much better nuts and bolts and used bearings were ever possible to eliminate points of wear. In the end it fits and functions very smooth and clears the hood by a good half an inch. I will admit I put one dent in the hood as I was trying to figure it all out. More to come when I did the radiator. The Weber set up including new jets to match the engine was about \$2,200. This is pricey but in the long run it will be very reliable and infinitely tunable compared to Strombergs. Unfortunately I pay a 200lb weight penalty in E-production. I may change my mind later on this and go back to the Strombergs.

Once the Webers were attached I installed the radiator. I installed the old stock unit first just to see if the engine would run. I could not get to excited yet because I had not wired the car yet. Wiring the car was pretty simple once I figured out what I wanted. Nothing fancy was the first choice. I pretty much copied the basic electrical systems directly out of a Haynes manual. When I got stumped I used my Father's Spitfire to copy off of. It worked very well with almost no problems first try. Every wire is brand new and has protective conduit around it to keep it from getting damage from the vibrations of racing. I used and I suggest using the best possible hardware when wiring a car. Wiring can cause you to lose your temper faster than any part of the car. It is such a mystery when wiring goes bad.

Once the wiring was in it was time to start the engine. We picked a nice hot sunny Sat. to do it. It was really hot! And it did not start!!! Somehow in my extra care in assembling the engine I timed it 180 degrees out. :(I still cannot figure out how I did it. Lucky it is a simple fix of just removing and readjusting the dis-



tributor gear. None the less it was some very tense moments as I figured out my bonehead mistake. Once the timing was taken care of we were ready for another try. Then comes my second bonehead mistake of the day. The engine actually fired!! Excitement built in my chest! Then it quit. It fired again and then quit again. It did this several times before I stopped trying and started trouble shooting the issue. I must have spent an hour trying to figure out why it would not sustain ignition. Turned out that I had put the ignition wire on the wrong post of the starter solenoid and when I hit the starter button I had ignition. When I let go the ignition was turned off. Boy was I red faced and it was not from the near 100 degree temps!

With this little mistake fixed I tried again. First touch of the button and she roared to life. As she stayed lit. It was such a relief that the engine was running. The oil pressure was good, it ran smooth and for the love of God it had the GT-6 how!!! Blipping the throttle is music to the ears. There is no other car on earth that sounds like a prepped Triumph six cylinder. The idea of adding up the cost of the engine went out the window the first time I heard it run. You all can add it up with what I have disclosed. Add about 10% and you might be close.

I did the typical first run of fast idle a bit and then revving slowly a few times. I let the exhaust burn off any residual oily handprints and spillage. Once the engine was smoke free and up to a safe temperature, holding good oil pressure I shut it down and called it a day.

Next time I will fill you in on the finishing touches and the first runs of the car on the Autocross track and its first two races this year.

Keep the shiny side up. ■

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A First-time View of the Valvoline Runoffs

BY BOB BEAULIEU, MASSACHUSETTS, USA

Woodstock. I missed it in 1969. The radio reports lectured about the New York Thruway being completely backed up, all the hippies(?) were abandoning their vehicles to walk to the concert... a concert that was overcrowded and short of food as well as sanitary conditions. How could I ever take my new wife of two weeks to this mud bog for a weekend and who the heck were Country Joe and the Fish anyway!

It's taken thirty-three years, but, I finally feel I have made amends with missing Woodstock... I just experienced, as they said, seven days of peace, harmony and happiness. But instead of Arlo Guthrie singing about a freight train bound to New Orleans, I was greeted every morning with the sound of the rasping-coughing and finally—the steady roar of a competition engine.

Only competing sporadically in Nationals since receiving my license in 1976, the journey did not really start until 1998. With the advent of reaching half a century,

I decided it was about time to make the Runoffs, a desired goal. That year, I did achieve the minimum qualifications of four events, and experienced a totally new respect for the competitors of the Valvoline Runoffs. Making races because you had to, and making races for the enjoyment, are two different entities in how you spend your spare time. I had had it! The car was already tired, handled badly and basically ran just really lousy. Which it continued to do for the next two years. After all, the Spitfire had been campaigned now for over twenty years, and a number of the components were just plain tiring out. It was time for some major updates.

The year 2001 met with success through a new engine from Kim Graff at Kims Imports. Built for longevity proved to be the winning recipe. Though not the fastest, the engine ran like clockwork and finished every race entered in 2001, winning the NARRC championship.

So, with the advent of a faster new engine promised to be built by the early



part of the 2002 season, it was time to try for the National Valvoline Runoffs once again. So three Nationals were quickly accomplished with the same tried-and-true engine (now with eight races, without even being pulled from the car.) But I was getting nervous because the new engine kept getting postponed. I did not want to compete with this “Mr. Take-it-easy” engine. Now, it was getting close to decision time, and I had the usual mis-giving on whether to go or not to go to the fourth event. If I didn't go, I would lose my chance to compete. If I decided to go and the engine wasn't ready, I would be wasting my time. After much deliberation, I decided to just go to the August Pocono event for one day and meet the minimum requirements. With that accomplished, I was at least qualified.

The next issue was whether the new engine would be ready or not. As the days passed into weeks, it did not look good. I got onto the production website and inquired if I should go with this near stock engine. A number of responses came back assuring me that, although a back marker, you're sure to be welcome.

Chris Kopley, a GT-5 driver, had already invited me to share their Runoffs “compound”, and when on a phone call to me where I expressed my doubt, he accused me of “whoosing out.” That did it.. I'm on my way!

Reaching Mid-Ohio was a thirteen-hour drive... not that it's a bad drive, but when you lose the brake power booster halfway through Pennsylvania on the tow vehicle, it can be horrendous. The first

stop for gas and sliding by the station by 50 yards, definitely put a damper on the rest of the trip. Plus, a few of the stations along route 80 had not been serviced in years. Two of the stations visited looked like they should have been in a John Carpenter movie. A handwritten sign warned me that if the pump didn't work, then hang up the gas nozzle and try again in thirty seconds???? Now that was unique! It took three stops before I found a station that

worked!

I finally arrived at approximately 4 PM Sunday the fifteenth, totally wired out. The last stretch through the countryside was totally void of signs to the track. Typically of most locals, when I asked where the track was, I got the typical answer “Race Track?... ohhh, I think there's one down this road four or five miles... never been there myself.” Finally a big powerful 4 x 4 pickup and trailer pulled up behind me. I tried to signal it to pass so that I could follow it to the track... but to no avail. Once I found the track and was in registration, I learned that the rig belonged to NER's own Chris Howard. He was as lost as I was, and hoping I would lead him to the track... it's amazing we still aren't out there wandering around. Finally, I hit the GT-5 compound and that's when I knew I was in for something really special... Just trailer after trailer, awning spread, exquisitely prepared cars neatly lined up underneath their home base awnings. Some were accented with colored lights, or their own little yard art (no trolls, though). There were gas grills, coolers, motor homes and 18 wheelers all neatly



lined up for the week's stay. Since we were way out back, the heliport was even nearby.

As all competitors know, but maybe not the new racer, during the week the competitor is out on the track only once a day, for twenty minutes total. And this alternates between days. You may have a 9 AM one day and the next day a 5 PM... A lot of time to service your vehicle... or just plain relax! My first visit to the track would be Monday at 5 PM. Now, you have to remember, I was still anxious about a broken tow vehicle and hearing about the notorious discipline it takes to drive Mid-Ohio. So I had most of the day to agonize about the event.

I finally hit the track. And after a few laps, I knew this quest was now complete. It was totally awesome. The track demanded many different skills from the driver, from off-camber blind turns, to sweepers, to tight 90-degree right-hand corners, to a straightaway that just seemed to go on forever. In essence, though, I did feel pretty comfortable. You can't forget, I was still running this little engine, so I couldn't get into too much trouble. After driving a Spitfire for twenty years, I was pretty confident about what the car would and would not do. By the time I was out of the car, greeted warmly by the GT-5 compound, I knew that I had made the right decision... No more issues... just have a great time.

Throughout the week, the entire event just continued to impress me. The amount of vendors working with the racers in promotions... Should I choose Red Line or Valvoline for my free oil (no I didn't take both)... now which decal would look better on the car. All the major race parts suppliers seemed to be in the main paddock area, most parts were readily available. With the amount of high-end enclosed trailers at the event, I was surprised, but saw it was an ideal solution. PACE trailers had their own marketing manager strolling through the paddock making personal visits... even with a mini golf cart and mini trailer filled with a mechanic and many of the supplies to make fixes or modifications to the trailer.

Just enjoying the trailers was an absolute study in itself. Although all created equal, each was outfitted differently depending on the needs of the participant. I still had my little single-axle trailer, with my canopy spread overhead. Yet, next to me, a SRF racer had a complete motorhome bus, totally stainless steel and

paint, but the size of a full greyhound. Looking within, the accommodations would put any house on Malibu beach to shame... and that was just the bus. The trailer was an absolute match in detail... and a Ferrari was their shopping "Gopher" vehicle!

While out in Ohio, I found the citizenry to be totally behind the event with enormous support and the Richmond Chamber of Commerce sponsored a meal served to all participants on Monday night. When was the last time you threw a party and 1500 people showed up... This was punctuated by many special parties and dinners hosted by many of the competitors. The Production contingent held a cookout that must have had at least 250 people show up and share the spirit. New England Region had its own little spread on Friday night. All the participants got closer than they anticipated by sharing the same canopy when the week's worst rain and wind storm came upon the partying crew.

Probably another surprise while at Ohio, it is seemed that the shopping experience was relatively painless (there's no such thing as totally painless shopping.) On Sunday night, our contingent made a supply run to purchase all the food and goodies for the upcoming week — even a case of Beer — no Blue laws in Ohio! Also later in the week, we landed up in Pep Boys... well, I think of Pep boys like the Auto Zone here in New England — great for getting an oil filter and all kinds of car polish, but that's it. I couldn't have been more wrong. Pep Boys in Ohio was one of the most full-service auto stores I have ever run into. Opening up a metal drawer container, I discovered brass crush washers, banjo washers and assorted pieces of the same. I was totally impressed... these are parts and equipment that normally need to be sent away for!

This was the first time that I had only raced with cars of my own class — with 27 G-Production competitors any time on the track. So many, and spread out on the track, a number I had never even seen all week until the race day false grid. There were actually 10 Spitfires in the class itself, the most they have had for



years. All prepared to various configurations of what would be the "the best" solution for making the cars the fastest. Bump steer rear-ends, coil overs, even a few with a full set of Penske shocks mounted all around... myself, I still run the swing axles in the rear end, with upper and lower trailing arms, with a Ric Cline Spring. A basic configuration that was set well-over twenty years ago, and talking to Ric, still claims its as good as any coil over set-up. I firmly believe, some of these cars ultimately "out-trick" themselves. In all honesty, I really believe they were not any faster in the turns than my "ancient" set-up... I just lacked serious horsepower for the long straight and powering out of the turns.

As the week passed, I got more comfortable with the track, although it is still very easy to blow a turn. I found both the "keyhole" and the "carousel" took extra attention, because they lacked any real signatures to mark braking points. Off-camber turns and elevation changes also add to the excitement... miss a turn, you lose the next three. So I and the Spitfire continued to plod along, and by the end of qualifying on Thursday, I had worked myself into the 19th starting position. Far from the embarrassment that I thought it might be... and with only seven seconds difference from the front of the pack, I certainly wasn't going to be continually lapped like the e-production cars do to me in the bullring at Lime Rock Park.

Now, all during this week, the GT-5 contingent continued to prove most hospitable (by now, you may have figured out I went absolutely alone). Full course lunches and dinners were the mainstream all week, from steak to chops to chicken,



even a deep-fried turkey. This was a week to add a little cholesterol to the diet. Each team (Chris Kopley, Ted Phenix and Keith Maloney) would handle the chow chores; I took care of lunch and tried to keep the fluids going as much as possible. But being with the GT-5 crowd, especially in this case, all Minis, had one drawback. I really believe that serious sport car racers all love Minis. There was a constant flow of people eyeing the vehicles, asking questions and enjoying the well-prepared cars of the threesome. Chris Kopley had a horrendous time keeping engines together, and after losing two engines, he and the crew from Keith Maloney's did a complete engine rebuild in the trailer before race day. With so many inquiries about his well being, police "yellow do not enter tape," was strung completely around his trailer and site. The visitors promptly paid their respect and let the engine re-builders alone.

Friday was a non-driving day, so it proved very relaxing to go to "Madness" and just sit and watch, probably something I haven't done for years. I just watched the A-Sedan, F and H production and all other races. It was better than a day at the beach. And of course, the GT-5 contingent had their usual feast on hand... sausages, beer and kraut...to keep the energy level going.

Race Day had now arrived and my event was at 4 PM. Other than dismantling the canopy which Mother Nature



race. While on the false grid, more decals were passed around by manufacturers' reps. Even a "Sports Car" reporter came up and asked questions... I couldn't help but claim that I was now on my tenth race with the "little engine that could." And I'd just drive the best out of it!

Once under way, the race proved to be an absolute enjoyment. With the advent of many tin-tops in G-Production,

there is a real disparity between speed and driving. The 510's/Golfs/Suzuki's/Chevette's (Chevette... "Bob, you will not let a Chevette beat you!") go very quickly down the straight, but when its time for the twisty bits, they really become

quite the sleds. Even Mark Dennis in that awesomely quick 510, I found myself sneaking right up his rear bumper through the back part of the course, although once he was on the gas, it was "sayonara baby!" So the race continued, and I had a ton of fun with a few VW's (the Chevette broke) and probably for the first time in many years, I was really disappointed to see the checkered flag. I was still ready for another twenty laps. With a few passes and dnf's I had moved up to 13th!

By the time I was back in the paddock, I was backed up and ready to go within the hour, but was called to impound regarding an infraction by another driver... after all I was a material witness... Yes, the other Spitfire's driver passed on the yellow...but, do I care, he

would just pass me on the re-start anyway, so I tried to be nice. That wasn't the case. The stewards were a little unforgiving, and with two penalties, I had moved up to 11th...

So back to the tow vehicle, a quick shower and while I had a good adrenaline rush, got a foothold on that drive home. The adrenaline rush and the excitement of the week wouldn't subside, and the next thing I knew it was 4:00 AM in the morning and I was already in Eastern New Jersey. So another Diet Pepsi, and since I was within five hours from home... I kept on driving.

So my pilgrimage to the mecca of Sports Car Racing was over. The "Little engine that could," performed flawlessly, not quite that fast, but didn't miss a beat all week, hitting every lap at both practice



and qualifying. The drive, although long and anxious, was certainly well worth the trip. Would I do it again? I almost feel I had such good beginner's luck that I'd be pushing the envelope next time... but I certainly wouldn't miss it!

Unlike Woodstock, this once-in-a-lifetime event... happens every year.

My deep thanks and appreciation to the Mini GT-5 contingent of Chris Kopley and Mark Angeromo, Kevin and Ted Phenix, Keith Maloney, Tom Blackwood and of course our own Dick Patullo, who seemed to be everywhere that week, passing out yellow NER triangles, and providing excellent moral support. ■

TSSC International Meeting

TRIUMPH SPORT SIX CLUB

STAFFORD COUNTY SHOWGROUND, STAFFORD, ENGLAND, JULY 13-14, 2002

PHOTOS & STORY BY MICHAEL HANDCOCK

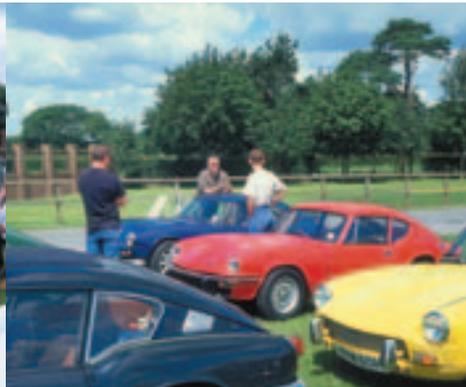
The event was blessed with fine weather for both days—definitely a time to the hood down.

To celebrate the Club's Silver Jubilee, a display of two cars for each year of the Club's existence, based on the year when the members joined, had been arranged indoors in the main hall.

As usual, there were comprehensive classes for the Concours Competition which was judged on Sunday.

Alongside, there was a variety of concurrent activities including an autojumble, miniature steam railway, car clinic, trunnion oiling, hog roast, children's creche and face painting, sale of club regalia and car tuning. Many members camped overnight on site.

This was a really enjoyable weekend, a chance to meet friends old and new and share in the enthusiasm which exists for the cars at this, the largest Triumph event in the world. ■





19th Annual British Car Day

TORONTO TRIUMPH CLUB

BRONTE CREEK PROVINCIAL PARK, OAKVILLE, ONTARIO CANADA, SEPT. 16, 2002

STORY & PHOTOS BY GREGORY HERTEL

A threatening sky and cool temperatures failed to dampen the enthusiasm for the 19th Annual British Car Day on September 16th, hosted by the Toronto Triumph Club at Bronte Creek Provincial Park in Oakville, about 35 km west of Toronto. The largest annual one-day gathering of British cars in Canada, once again saw in excess of 900 British cars of all makes, models and eras on the show field.

The honoured marque for this year's event was the Austin-Healey which was introduced in 1952. Over 40 Healeys of all variations, including the first production Austin-Healey 100 - Chassis 138031- Body 24, and a pre-production 1953 Austin-Healey 100: AHX-14, adorned the centre of the show field, drawing much attention from the thousands of British car enthusiasts who attended the event. Other honoured marques on the day were, the MGB, Lotus Elan, TR4 and the TRIUMPH SPITFIRE which are all celebrating their fortieth anniversary.

Speaking of Triumph Spitfires, more than 60 Spitfires, mostly Mk IV's and 1500's, proudly parked fender to fender on the Spitfire field. As always, the Spitfire owners in attendance were keenly interested in each other's cars and spent lots of time sharing technical tips or trading war stories about their Spitfires.

Of special interest to Spitfire owners and long-time readers of Spitfire & GT6 Magazine was a 'Brand New Spitfire'. (See Spitfire & GT6 Magazine, Winter 2000, Volume 1, Issue 1. "Brand New Spitfire?" by Carole Franklin, p. 16-19)

TFLD2BT006928, manufactured in April 1980, was sold to its original owner in Montreal Quebec, sometime in October of 1982. The original owner drove the car home and parked it in a heated garage where it stayed until Dick Harling, found it and purchased it in the fall of 1999. According to the fact sheet that Bruce Harling prepared (Dick's son), this 1981 Spitfire 1500 is bright green, has tan seats, a black top, is a 4-speed, has an unused tonneau in the trunk, and it's never been licensed, registered or driven. (In fact, it was trailered to this event.) All documents are available, the car is 100% rust-free, it's all original, and most incredible of all, there are only 400 km's on the odometer! (It's true, I checked.) If you're interested in making Bruce an offer, he can be reached at area code 519, phone number 667-1269. The asking price is \$15,000.00 USD.

Another highlight of the day, parked adjacent to the Spitfire field, under a large shade tree, was another Giovanni Michelotti progeny, an immaculate, perfectly restored, mirror black, 1960 Triumph Italia 2000. The owner of this most rare car, spent the day answering questions from the hundreds of people who surrounded his car, 'ooooooooing' and 'ahhhhhing' in appreciation.

With the end of British Car Day 2002, another season of vintage motoring in Southern Ontario is starting to wind down. All too soon, the fall rituals of British car ownership will begin, culminating with the storage of our prized automobiles till an ever so distant spring 2003 ■



And the winners were...

SPITFIRE 1961 TO 1973

1st: Richard Robbs, 1971 Spitfire Mk IV
2nd: Patric and Tamara Barber, 1970 Spitfire Mk III
3rd: Kevin and Heidi Buss, 1968 Spitfire Mk III

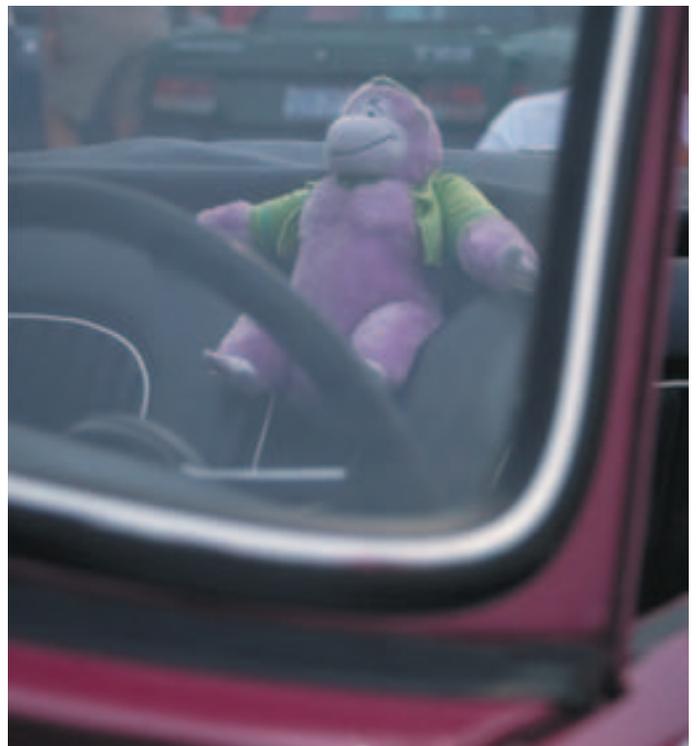
SPITFIRE 1974 TO 1981

1st: Vic Whitmore, 1976 1500
2nd: Grant and Cheryl Buss, 1978 1500
3rd: Bill and Kathy Rampe, 1978 1500

GT6

1st: (All the way from Detroit) Suzanne Synder, 1973 GT6 Mk III
2nd: David and Kelly Stock, 1968 GT6 DHC
3rd: Heather Wilson, 1972 GT6 Mk III





Original British Car Day

NEW ENGLAND MG CAR CLUB

GAITHERSBURG, MARYLAND, JUNE 16, 2002

PHOTOS BY TERRY THOMPSON



THE ENTRANTS:

Thomas Orisich (Maryland) 1975 Blue Spitfire 1500
 Martin Secrest (Virginia) 1973 Yellow GT6 Mk3
 Linda Papirtis (Virginia) 1979 Orange Spitfire 1500
 Mike Papirtis (Virginia) 1980 White Spitfire 1500
 Chris Horant (Maryland) 1969 Yellow Spitfire Mk3
 Art Fournier (Maryland) 1976 Burgndy Spitfire 1500
 Bob Labelle (Virginia) 1966 Green Spitfire Mk2
 Matt Shipani (Virginia) 1972 Pimento GT6 Mk3
 Stuart Cohen (Virginia) 1980 L.Blue Spitfire 1500
 ? (Maryland) 19? Java Green Spitfire 1500
 Alex Akalovsky (Maryland) 1974 Red Spitfire 1500
 Alex Redding (Maryland) 1970 Yellow Spitfire MK3



THE WINNERS:

1st. Place: Linda Papirtis, 1979 Spitfire
 2nd. Place: Matt Shipani, 1972 GT6
 3rd. Place: Chris Horant, 1969 Spitfire

British Car Field Day

BRITISH SPORTS CAR CONCOURS & TOURS

SUSSEX, WISCONSIN, JUNE 16, 2002

PHOTOS & STORY BY KEITH BAY

The weather for British Car Field Day on Father's Day was no less than perfect. The sun shone all day across the over 250 British cars registered for the annual event. The turnout was great considering that a number of people were attending the Triumph celebrations at Mid-Ohio instead.

There were 10 Spitfires in attendance although only 8 made it on time for the judging. Winner of the first place trophy was David Lochmayer. Second place went to John and Sheila

Woodward.

There were two GT6s present and Keith Bay, with his Damson, 1973 MkIII, was fortunate enough to take home a first place plaque.

One of the highlights of the show was a presentation by The Highland Pipers, courtesy of Bill Dredge & Sports Cars Services of Thiensville, WI.

Vintage Triumphs of Wisconsin, the sponsors of the event are to be commended for a well-run and very enjoyable show. ■



California Autumn Classic

BRITISH SPORTS CAR CONCOURS & TOURS

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 19-20, 2002

PHOTOS BY BARBARA & CLARENCE WITT



Clarence Witt's white 79 Spit is almost completely original haven traveled only 21,000 miles. The only changes to the car are the addition of mag wheels and the redesigned boot panels including an enlarged gas tank panel and side panels with handy glove box. ■

British Car Shows and Events 2003

FEBRUARY

Illinois, Wheaton, DuPage Fairgrounds, Feb. 23
Seventh Annual All British Swap Meet and Auto Jumble, Jim at (630) 858-8192 or www.britishcarswap.info

MARCH

California, Button Willow Raceway, March. 3-4
British Extravaganza, Vintage Auto Racing Association & Moss, 800-280-VARA

Louisiana, New Orleans, March 22
British Car Day #12, (504) 288-4019, www.bmcno.org

Missouri, March. 22-23
Missouri Endurance Rally, MG Club of St Louis, mgslime@swbell.net, (314) 995-8664

APRIL

Arizona, Lake Havasu City, London Bridge, Apr. 11-13
Brits on the Bridge, (480) 899-3272, karen.fimian@stolperaz.com

Florida, Pensacola, April 26
11th Annual Pensacola British Car Beach Bash, The Panhandle British Car Association, www.pbca1.com

MAY

Tennessee, Townsend, Highland Manor Inn, May 1-3
2003 British V8 Conversion Convention, NAMGBR, DANMAS@aol.com

New Jersey, Succasunna, Horseshoe Lake Park, May 3
Britfest 2003, MG Car Club of Central NJ Centre, 201-796-8648

California, Solvang, Royal Scandinavian Inn, May 16-18
Silver Anniversary Car Show in Solvang, Southern California MG Club, 626-335-9406, solvang@scmgc.org

Pennsylvania, Carlisle, May 16-18
Third Annual "Spit-Together"—Eastern US, NASS, nass@writeeme.com

Georgia, Chateau Elan, May 17
British Car Day at Chateau Elan, British Motorcar Club of Atlanta,

Illinois, Champaign/Urbana, May 23-25
Third Annual "Spit-Together"—Middle US, NASS, nass@writeeme.com

Worldwide, May 24-June 1
"Drive Your British Car Week", Get your British cars out on the roads during this week

JULY

Pennsylvania, Allentown, July 8
10th Annual British Motor Gathering, (215) 257-4457, keystone@britautos.com

AUGUST

Pennsylvania, Armagh, Aug. 7-10
TRF Summer Party 2003, The Roadster Factory, 800-283-3723

Massachusetts, Stratton Mtn. Inn, Aug. 22-24
British Marque Car Club News Triathlon V, Hull Ass., 508-923-0020, hulldj@aol.com

SEPTEMBER

Florida, Titusville, Sept. 20
Fox Lake All British Car Show, MG Car Club of Florida, 1-800-723-6464 or www.mgclub.org, meet@mgclub.org

More events can be seen on www.TriumphSpitfire.com

If you would like your event listed here and on the TriumphSpitfire.com website, write to us at Spitfire & GT6 Magazine, P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930 USA or post it online at www.TriumphSpitfire.com

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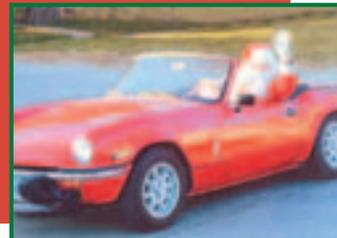
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The staff and families of Spitfire & GT6 Magazine wish all our readers a

*Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year*



*Coming in
Issue #11*

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- Spitfire RX; RX7 engine swap
- Italian Spitfire Owners Cross the Tunisian Desert in Their Cars

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