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M A G A Z I N E

*History
Lesson:
Spitfire
MkIV:
A new
body
style*



Left:
Emerald Green
1973 Spitfire
MkIV/1500
owned by
Ted Bush,
Highland Hts,
Kentucky



FoT "Shootout at the OK Corral"

features

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The Summer drive



If it's running, get it out and drive it! You have worked all winter & spring on your Triumph, before you know it fall will slip by and snow will fall again. Yes, winter will sneak up faster than we realize. So if your car is road-ready, take a drive, or two or three. Expose your car to the world, and let them know how you enjoy it. Take a friend or relative out for a drive, and share the magic these cars possess.

Early this summer my daughter and grand-daughter traveled from Washington state to visit us for a few weeks. The first time the garage door opened and my grand-daughter, Sheryl Ann Babine, saw my 76 Pimento Red Spitfire, she said, "Cool car!" A modern day 10 year old girl noticed my old car and liked it. So the following day I took her for a ride. Gripping her hat tightly, we headed out and ran some errands, and enjoyed the sunshine as the wind whipped by. Sheryl enjoyed the ride, and mentioned that she will start driving in six more years. While I doubt her first car will be a Triumph, maybe some of the magic got into her and someday she will search out an old Spitfire to remind her of her first top down drive with her grandpa.

What was your first memory of a top down drive? What sparked your interest in these wonderful and fun-filled cars? We are always looking for stories of early experiences with Spitfires, GT6s, Heralds, and any other Triumph that started your interest in this satisfying and rewarding hobby. Dig out your old photos, write down a short story, and send it in to us. We would love to share your old memories with fellow hobbyists.

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

Howard

Right: My grand-daughter Sheryl & I ready to take a top down summer drive in the Spit.



Thanks to everyone for your submissions. Please keep them coming! They may not be in the next issue, but they will be used in a future issue.

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THE
ARTICLES IN
THIS ISSUE
WERE SENT BY:

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Dan Herrman
Ted Schumacher
Bob Spruck
Joe Guinan
Jim Williams
John Goethert
Reinaldo Morilha
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& more...

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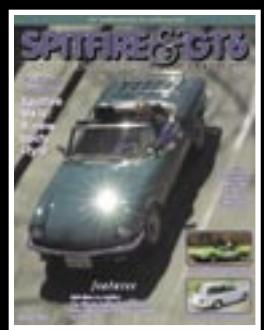
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www.sportsshooter.com/elsestar

Send us anything Spitfire or GT6 related!

info@triumphspitfire.com or

P.O. Box 30806,

Knoxville, TN USA 37930-0806

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Spitfire & GT6 Magazine...

APRIL FOOLS - NOT FUNNY

I don't know about you all but that April Fools in the Spit/GT6 magazine isn't funny!

I live very close to the BMW plant here and I have a few friends that work there too, but the worse part is that I'm not old enough to enjoy the fact that TRIUMPH existed in the past. And considering that no one; at least at my age... even knows what they are I feel it's very special and an art to restore and DRIVE these unique, simple and functioning machines. And not to forget that I've owned a drivers licence for over 11 years and owned/driven 7 cars and they have all been Triumphs

.....but that's just me

Douglas A. Hansen
South Carolina
TRIUMPH Spitfire4

Issue # 21

Dear Editor,

Wow! It's here and undamaged!

My copy of issue 21 arrived in the post yesterday and for once, it was not damaged. Another Triumph for Howard with this excellent issue dedicated to the Mark 3 GT6. Excellent GT6 stories and photos from John Gray & Tom Beaver.

I really liked the production announcement from "LSR" and chuckled aloud as I read it. Thanks for the past three issues worth of GT6 fame.

Sue Snyder
Sterling Heights, Michigan
GT6 Mk3

Issue 21 MAGnificent

Dear Editor,

I received Issue 21 of Spitfire & GT6 today, and read it cover to cover. Great job again to all involved.

I am so excited to hear Lirpa Sloof Rotom Ltd is planning the new GT6. They obviously put a great deal of thought and energy into producing the marketing for this beauty, and I, for one, want to be among the first to sign up for this new model. I am especially interested in one with a running engine, and working Lucas Electronics if offered.

Terrific articles and lots of photos again highlight the whole mag. It definitely helps to focus all of us back on our projects when we hear what others have (and are) going through.

Nice job, and many thanks to the sponsors that make the mag possible.

Van Kirk,
Lexington, Ky
1965 MK2, 'Little Red Fox'

Thanks to all for your comments!
Howard~

ROUND TUIT

Dear Editor,

Yeah, my "**Round Tuit**" never did me much good either. I bought it with the best of intentions, but even though I got a round tuit, I, like you, never seemed to get those Spitfire projects done. I remember my grandpa had a whole jar of round tuits, and they didn't do him much good either.

However, I'm pleased to report I found the REAL solution. It's called the "**Button gear**." Once I got my **button gear**, I seemed to bang out those nagging projects one after the other.

In fact, with my **button gear**, the projects really didn't take nearly as long as I thought they would. If you have not yet done so, I'd suggest you too, get your **button gear** and get those Spitfire projects done. You'll be glad you did.

Adrian Larsen,
Boise, Idaho
'66 Mk II

Adrian,

Thank you very much for your suggestion. I will run right out and get my "Button Gear" this week. Then maybe I can get caught up on my Spring projects just like you!

Howard~

TECH QUESTION

Hi, I got your details from ask.com and hoped you may be able to furnish me with some info. I'm in the finishing stages of completing a 1300 Spitfire restoration and am having difficulty starting the engine. As far as I can ascertain the timing is ok theres petrol in the carb but the engine will only fire up if I squirt petrol down the cylinders and dies out when burnt. I have checked the compression pressure and it averaging 6-1/2kg and the manual says it should be 9+ do you think this is the problem or would it start anyway with low comp;?

Your help would be greatly appreciated.

Cheers,
Ian,
UK (via Internet)

Ian,

Your problem could be in a few places. Start with the basics. You need 3 main things for an engine to run, air, fuel, and spark. If your engine runs only when you spray petrol in the cylinders, then the fuel is not reaching the cylinder normally. Now we ask why. Is the carb (are the carbs) working properly? You may need local help to determine that.

Are the valves opening properly? This would involve checking the timing, which you have done, and checking the valve adjustment. Again, you may need local help. If one or more intake valves are stuck open or closed, fuel may not be getting into the chamber, or exhaust valves stuck causing



loss of compression.

Those are the areas I would concentrate on. You might find it helpful to contact a Triumph club local to you for more information, or hands on help.

The TSSC, Triumph Sports Six Club, <http://www.tssc.org.uk/> has several branches all over England, and chances are, there will be a knowledgeable member close enough to help you out.

Their contact info is:

Triumph Sports Six Club
Main Street, Lubenham, Leicestershire,
LE16 9TF United Kingdom
email : info@tssc.org.uk
telephone : +44 (0)1858 434424

I hope this helps. Keep us informed, and send in some photos when you have a chance. We would love a story covering your restoration as well!

FUZZY PRINT??

Dear Editor,

Looking through the latest issue of Spitfire and GT6 magazine I notice that the pictures and text aren't as sharp as it used to be, say 4 issues ago. Has the magazine changed printers or paper stock? Please don't think that I am negatively criticizing, just curious. Spitfire and GT6 is the best magazine that I read. I look forward to each and every issue and always read it from cover to cover. I'm glad that it is filled with pictures and articles on a wide variety of topics.

The series of articles on the different Marques has been very well done to date. Which reminds me, I need to submit a picture of my car for the Reader's Ride section very soon.

Keep up the good work!

Mark Jones
Corunna, Ontario
80 Spitfire1500 "Lil Bit"

Mark,

You are dead on. After issue 18 (silver Mk3 Spit on the cover) the publishing office changed printers to a "lower cost, faster" printer. While the quality is not what we are used to, they do get the job done much faster... meaning your magazine arrives faster.

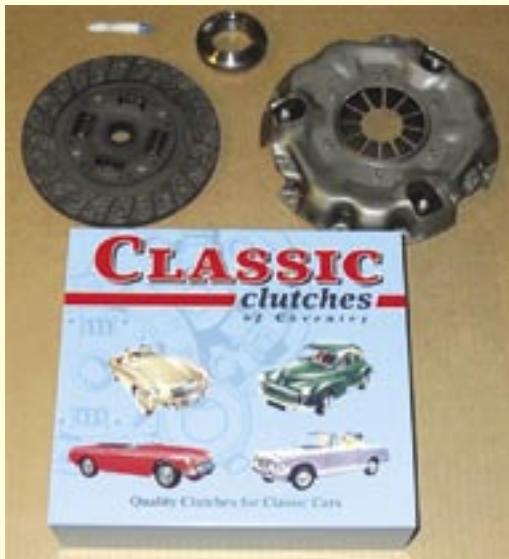
Being a smaller, niche market magazine, costs are a major concern. So, all of you need to keep your subscription current (and address updated). And please tell a friend about the magazine.

As always, I appreciate feedback, even negative, as it helps us improve. Send your photos in soon. The next issue is the early 1500s, then #24 is the late 1500s.

Howard~

INDUSTRY NEWS

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



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**Spitfire
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Our business manager was on a trip to NYC recently and he spotted this Spitfire taking a Sunday morning cruise on the NJ turnpike. It was about 8am Sunday morning, June 11, 2006. He quickly grabbed his camera and got a few shots of the happy couple. If that is you in these photos, or you recognize the couple, have them contact the magazine office, and we will send them free T-shirts for being spotted by the staff. 800-487-3333



Hybrid Aircraft - Supermarine/Daimler-Benz Spitfire ?



Spitfire Vb serial EN830 / NX-X fell into German hands late in 1942. It crash landed on November 18th 1942 while being flown by P/O (Sous Lt.) Bernard Scheidhauer of the Free French Air Force, attached to 131 "County of Kent" Sqn. RAF. He and his No.1, P/O Henri de Bordas, had been on a "rhubarb" to Normandy during the afternoon. EN830 was hit by light flak and made a forced landing in a turnip field at Dielament Manor, Trinity, Jersey.

The pilot was taken prisoner by the Germans and, like his aircraft, was transported to Germany. The aircraft was captured virtually intact, and in good enough condition to be flown in November 1943, with black crosses in place of RAF roundels, to Rechlin for testing. Spitfire EN830 was repainted to German standards, dark green above and pale blue below, with bright yellow tail control surfaces and large, black crosses. Radio code letters CJ+ZY were painted on each side, below and, unusually, above the wings; and the British serial transferred to the fin above the swastika.

Several flights were made by Daimler-Benz pilots before conversion was attempted. A decision was made to replace the instruments and the entire electrical system with standard German equipment, because the Luftwaffe used a 24 volt system, whilst the RAF used a 12 volt standard. After the Merlin engine was removed, it was discovered that the Spitfire's front fuselage cross-section was very close to that of the standard Bf.110G's engine cowling. A new engine support was designed, and a standard DB 605A-1 engine (Wk-Nr 00701990) was mounted to the fire wall. The work was completed at the Sindelfingen Daimler-Benz factory, near Echterdingen. After a couple of weeks, and with a new yellow-painted



"No I don't believe it just followed you home!"

nose, the Spitfire returned to Echterdingen. They were stunned that the aircraft had much better visibility and handling on the ground than the Bf.109. It took off before they realised it and had an impressive climb rate, around 70 ft. (21 m.) per second. Much of the Spitfire's better handling could be attributed to its lower wing loading.

After a brief period at Rechlin confirming the performance data, the modified Spitfire returned to Echterdingen to serve officially as a test bed. It was popular

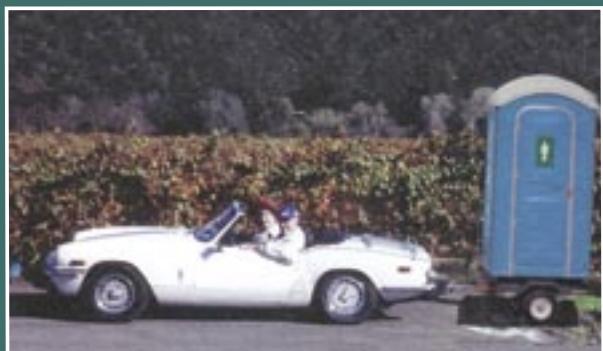
with the pilots in and out of working hours. Its career ended on 14th August, 1944, when a formation of US bombers attacked Echterdingen, wrecking two Ju.52s, three Bf.109Gs, a Bf.109H V1, an FW.190 V16, an Me.410 and the Spitfire. The remains of the hybrid Spitfire were scrapped at the Klemm factory at Böblingen.



Echterdingen.
After a couple
of weeks, and
with a new
yellow-painted



You write the caption



This shot was sent in by Elliott Tours from California.
No explanation was given.

Next issue...



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

Last issue and on TriumphSpitfire.com, we asked readers to send us suggestions for a caption for the photo to the left. Listed below are some of the captions, we had to trim the list down due to space availability.

the captions

- Royal Flush?
- Just in case we "Misfire"
- Anytime, any place, anywhere
- Did you say Depends or dependable?
- Triumph...so exciting you'll wet yourself
- Now we can go anywhere in our Triumph
- Traffic jams? No more a problem, your covered!
- This is what you have to when you forget the Imodium!
- The concept of "Fun Runs" takes on an entirely new meaning.
- Hardtop for soft bottom
- For the Man on the go!
- If you're going to add a back seat, make it worth while!
- Potty Trailing
- Perfect trailer for a one night stand
- Sporty enough to tow a honeybucket
- Hoity-toity
- Is that the clutch I smell?
- That smell's been following us since we left....
- The 'All New Bumper Dumper' option
- Not only Greyhound has a loo
- The new Sport-A-Potty
- Spit to the Loo-My Darlin'
- Now running on the new gas
- Triumph finally resolves the polution controls performance challenge!
- Standard Triumph's extended range option
- Triumph! Who could ask for anything more?
- Isn't it obvious? I'm going to get my emissions checked.
- Comfort in LOO of gas mileage!
- Now, Triumph gives you more ways to Get Up & Go!
- 100% U.S. Emissions Reg. Legal Spitfire
- "Yes, I torqued the bolts on the head."
- Towing the MG home
- The MGB boys will need it when we win the trophy
- Yes, and I used the original MGB tooling to make it!
- We took first place at the Cincinnati auto show
- Custom Spitfire Motor Home
- Don't leave home without it!
- The only acceptable use of the word "Sh..fire"
- Your right.....spit don't run uphill.
- Oh... I love my SPIT...it's my little stinker.
- Who said you can't go camping with a Spitfire
- Mr Toad's Wild Ride
- One can always tell when an experienced spitfire owner enters the field
- That last corner was pretty hairy
- I still think it would look better in BRG...
- Yes, I do think it's big enough for your mother
- And for a moment, I thought that was Dr. Who and the T.A.R.D.I.S.!
- Party-to-go
- Lizzy West tour bus
- It's really for tools
- And FINALLY...**
- What's behind your Spitfire????**

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READER'S RIDES



▲ Andrea Censi, Italy, 1971 MkIV



▲ Chris Underhill, Oregon, '72 Spitfire MkIV 'Trigger' "75-British Racing Green"



▲ Kim Machango and his son Logan, Illinois, '74 Spitfire 1500



▲ Barry Jay Reiss, New York '76 Spitfire 1500 "Pimento Red"



► David Raab, Illinois, '65 Spit Mk2 "Conifer Green"



Greg Bolis, New York
▼ '79 Spitfire "Carmine Red"



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►Richard Jarvis,
Texas, '79
Spit 1500
“JMA
Pageant
Blue””



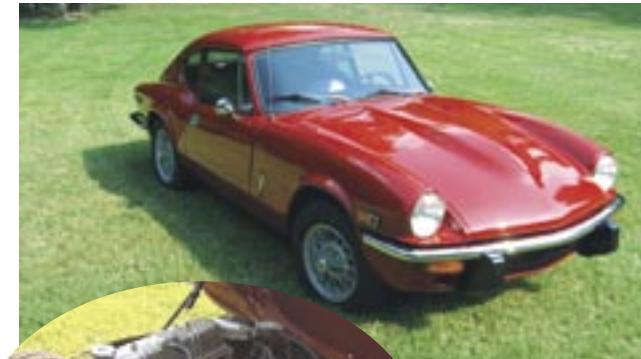
▲George Parker, Virginia,
'78 Spitfire 1500



◀◀ Marc Wishnow,
Maryland



▲Frank Miranda, California, '74 Spitfire 1500
Watch for a PRI conversion on this Spit!

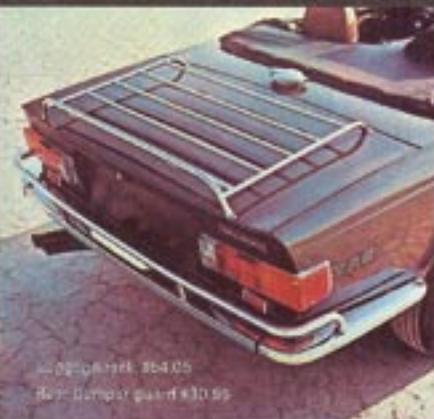
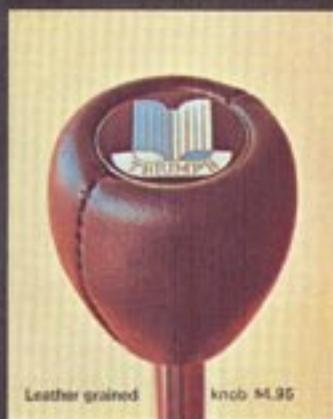
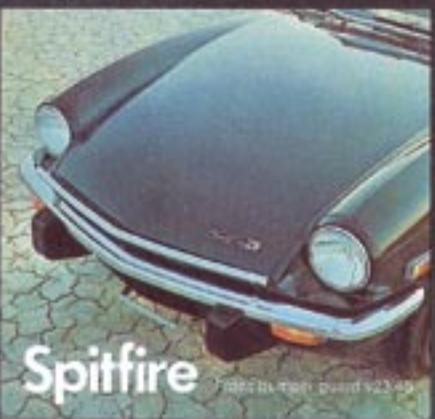


◀◀ ▼Mike Stapp,
Alabama
'73 GT6 Mk3



▲Douglas Hansen, South Carolina,
'64 Spitfire4 “Signal Red”

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Reprinted from Road & Track Magazine - April 1972

The Ultimate Tech Session - How to build a Spitfire in 48 Hours.

by Patrick Barber, Brownstown, Michigan

On April 28-30, 2006 I hosted a club tech session to beat all tech sessions. This tech session focused on all aspects of the Mk3 Triumph Spitfire. In the same vein as "Overhaulin", "Pimp My Ride", and "American Hot Rod", our team of 10 Triumph enthusiasts completely rebuilt my 1970 Triumph Spitfire from the ground up. I had all the parts and tools to completely build a Spitfire from a bare body tub. The goal was to begin building on a Friday afternoon and have a completed, drivable Spitfire by Sunday night. The work is clearly not trivial as the amount of work is formidable.

I have two 1970 Triumph Spitfires. The blue Spit is the one I have been driving around for the last 6 years. The Red Spit was purchased about 5 years ago and has been a parts

donor for the blue car. The Blue Spit has such an extreme amount of rust in critical areas. So much rust in fact that I was no longer comfortable driving it. I was actually not comfortable selling it either so I was left with tearing it down and recycling it. Rather than putting the parts on the shelf, decided to resurrect the Red Spit.

During the March 2006 membership meeting of the Detroit Triumph Sports Car Club I was approached by fellow DTSC'r Richard Truett. Richard who volunteered to stop by my house, helps with the many and varied tasks which needed to be performed on our 73 Stag. His offer got me thinking. Wouldn't it be great to ask others to assist me with tearing down my Spitfire. On my long ride home after the meeting it struck me that wouldn't be cool to teardown the old Spitfire and rebuild the Red Spitfire at the same time! The trick was to get a commitment out of enough people who were capable of doing the work semi independently while not getting so many people that we would be stepping all over each other.

I decided that in order to make this happen in a timely manner, I needed to set a date, send the invitations, and get everything in order before that date. I sent the initial request on March 19, 2006. Given the overwhelming positive response from the people I invited, I decided to schedule the rebuild for April 28, just less than 6 weeks from the initial invitation.



The Red Spitfire –

The Red Spitfire was purchased new in the Detroit area sometime around 1970. The original owner lived in Detroit and parked the car sometime around 1980. The car was then sold to a fellow from Lake Orion, Michigan who purchased the vehicle with the intent to convert it to a vintage racer. This fellow had spent several months disassembling the car and making modifications to prep the car for racing. At one point, the previous owner assessed his project and decided that building a vintage racer was not within his means and decided to sell the car and use the proceeds toward purchasing an already built race car. I found the car for sale on the VTR Classifieds and decided to purchase the car for the parts.

This car was an unmolested original 1970 Spitfire with all the original bits including the original bias ply spare, a hard top, a straight bonnet and zero rust. The car had all the original emblems, tail lamps, and other bits included. I catalogued and stored all the parts which came from this vehicle.

As part of the conversion to a vintage racer the new owner made several extreme modifications all of which needed to be fixed. The heater air box which is welded to the cowl was hacked out with a drill and a chisel. The battery box and brake pedal gussets suffered the same fate. I purchased the car without the doors as the previous owner had cut the inner door panels out to lighten the car and make room for the roll bars. Fortunately, I had a set of NOS Spitfire doors for a MK2-3 which worked well.

It's was a bit of a Crap Shoot! I knew that if I painted this car myself, I would regret it later. Given my abilities and my lack of patience, I chose to have the car painted at a body shop. I also decided to have them complete the moderate amount of body work needed prior to painting. Doing it this way, the body filler dust, paint overspray, and runs in the paint would not be a problem in my garage or on my car. I also decided to send the car off to a local media blasting shop to have all the old paint removed from the body and from the frame.

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Why, you may ask, was this a crap shoot. The issue was timing. The car was scheduled to be completed at the painter on April 28, leaving very little wiggle room if something went awry while painting. I estimated a 20% chance that the car will not be done by the 28th of April. The painter will not rush his work and will not guarantee the completion date. It was frustrating in some ways, but I know, in the end, I would end up with a better car than if I were to do it myself. This meant that a "rain" date of the event was scheduled for May 5 (Cinco de Mayo). This also meant tacos for dinner, I guess!

As it turned out, the car was completed at the painter on April 28th as planned. I was amazed, relieved and happy that we got all the pieces painted. The body shop also painted the bottom of the floor pan even though that was not part of his quote. I am glad he did.

I tricked my team on the new color of the car. In the many emails to the team, I kept referring to the car as the Red Spitfire. However, I decided to change the color to Valencia Blue. I was going for the same color as the MK3 Spitfire in John Thomason's Triumph Spitfire and GT6-A Guide to Originality. In the color examples section, John features a Valencia Blue MK3 which caught my eye. Wow what a great color.

Prior to the event, I



had completed many tasks including rebuilding the original 1300 MK3 engine, re-trimming the vinyl on the windscreen frame and installing the windscreen into the frame. I had also prepped the garage by sending all my other Triumphs to John Gray's house for secure storage.

Friday, April 28 –

Although the event was slated for 48 hours, much of the work in my garage started around 1:00 when we began to bring the car home from the painter. By 5:00 we had the frame on jack stands in one part of the garage, the body tub on a cart in center of the garage and the Blue Spitfire on the other side of the garage ready for teardown. The primary focus for Friday was to get Blue Spitfire body tub off the frame to expose the driveline, powerplant and suspension for easy removal. This turned out to be more difficult than we had anticipated. Most of the bolts were severely rusted and several of the bolt heads sheared off during removal. By 10:00 Friday night, we were successful in getting the body tub off the frame and exposing the bits which were needed on the new Spit including the differential, the overdrive transmission and the front and rear suspension.

There was little attention given to the new car on Friday. The work that was done was completed by Matt Royal who

bolted the front suspension turret's in place and began to bend and fit all new brake lines to the chassis. It was meticulous work. Matt also fussed over cleaning all the paint from all the threaded weld nuts and backing plates on the frame. This made much of the assembly easier later on as we just ran the bolts down and tightened normally.

Saturday, April 29 –

The events on Saturday started at around 8:00 a.m. Geof Bush, our local NASS officer, had been waiting patiently outside my door since 6:00 a.m. Apparently he had missed the schedule change! After some breakfast and some much needed coffee, we started on a very long day. The list of accomplishments seems almost too long to list. To ensure that we had somebody working on something, I developed a 150 point check list for people to follow. I think we got through about 30 of them on Saturday. Don't get me wrong, a lot of work was accomplished, but many of the tasks were only partially complete. Basically we were able to install the powerplant (with new engine), new driveshaft, the differential, and axle shafts, the rear spring and shocks, the front suspension, and steering gear. On the body side, we installed a new wire harness, heater core, windshield wiper system, heater controls, brake and clutch pedals,

brake and clutch master cylinders, PDWA, windshield frame.

Around 8:00 p.m. we decked the body to the frame and everything seemed to fit. I was surprised that we were able to deck the body in the first attempt. We didn't have to put it on, take it off, adjust something and try it again. After the body was decked, many of the participants headed out for the evening. The few who stayed late worked on trimming out the dash, installing the parking brake lever and cleaning the unbelievable mess of parts and tools spread all over the garage.

Sunday, April 30 –

On Sunday we began in the garage around 7:00 a.m. Many of the wiring details need to be sorted out as we began to install the instruments and controls. Much time was spent installing and adjusting the steering column, as the original column was bent and the bushings were worn to the point where the steering wheel would move side to side 3/8"

One of the biggest issues we ran into was now that the body was decked, the amount of available room around the car was greatly diminished. The ability to actually get in and work on the car was limited. There were some items which could be completed off-line. Mike Seesan was able to disassemble the doors from the Blue Spit and properly install





the door locks and latches in the new doors. Other off-line activity included trimming out the bonnet with headlights, turn signals, marker lights, latches and trim. Other notable offline activity included painting the wire wheels, getting the carpet ready for installation and I had Linda Gray and Lori Day sew a fantastic white headliner for the inside of the hard top.

I came up with one of the unplanned additions to the car on Sunday morning. In the same spirit as artists signing their paintings and master engine builders signing their name to their engines, I asked all who participated to sign their name to the inside

of the boot lid. I had Blake Discher make up a decal to detail the accomplishment and each available participant signed the boot lid with a gold paint pen.

At the end of the day on Sunday, we were able to get all the panels on the car and take the car off the jack stands and supporting its own weight on wheels. Although the car was not fully complete, it was complete enough to declare success.

I would like to thank the following people for their participation and support:

Supporting Clubs –

The Detroit Triumph Sports Car Club
North American Spitfire Squadron

Participants –

Mike Seesan	Bob Owsinski
Geof Bush	Lori Day
John Gray	Linda Gray
Blake Discher	Matt Royal
Bill Goin	Ken Danek
Larry Tomaszycki	Richard Truett
Chris Holbrook	

Finally I would like to recognize my loving wife, Tamara, for supporting me and all my crazy ideas. I promise we will install that deck on the house next year, Sweetheart!! •



6900 Miles in a Spitfire

Story by Dan Herrman, photos by Dan & Bill Herrman

Why would a person of sound mind decide to drive 6900 miles in a car famous for being unreliable?

That is a question that I am no more able to answer now than I was a year ago, when it was first asked by my wife. But now I know enough to duck that question. For I have learned that some people will look at a trip such as I have taken as unnecessary, self-imposed stress, while others will look at it as a stimulating, mostly enjoyable adventure in life. Being a member of the latter group, I'll fess up. I did the trip for the fun of it!

The roads I chose to follow were determined in part by a desire to visit five states that I had never visited before. They were New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kansas, Utah and Nebraska. Doing so would leave Hawaii as the only state in the union that I have never visited.



Road-ready at home

A second consideration that affected the route and also, the trip's timing, was the need to be in Seattle WA on September 6th for our son's wedding. But it was a show on PBS about Route 66 that changed the trip from something that I wanted to do to something that I was going to do. Fun Route 66I sent for a guide book and maps that showed where Old 66 was and what I could expect to see along the way. I learned that Route 66 is a 2400 mile maze of city streets, county roads, state highways, interstates and frontage roads. The idea of trying to drive on the Old 66 pavement wherever it still exists was very appealing to me. When I read the suggestion that Route 66 was best driven in a classic car, I decided that I would do it in my 1980 Triumph Spitfire.

So in February of 2003, I drove my Spit over to see Bill Dredge of Sportscar Services in Mequon, WI www.sportscarservices.net. Bill was asked to improve the ability of the car to perform at interstate highway speeds and to make the car reliable enough to tour the country without a breakdown. The work done to the car was extensive and has been made the topic of another article. But on August 29, all things had come together and I departed Brookfield WI.

The first leg of the trip would take me to Seattle, WA for our son's wedding. The second leg was from Seattle to Santa Monica, CA. The final leg was from Santa Monica to home via Route 66.

My brother Bill was with me between Denver, CO and Eureka, CA. The rest of the time I was alone. To fend off loneliness, I wrote E-mails to family and friends. In them I recorded whatever happened to get my attention on that day. The edited E-mails have been copied below. By reading them and viewing the pictures, I am hoping, that like the original recipients, you will get the feeling that you are traveling with me on my month long British car adventure.

E-mail from: Omaha NE 08/29/2003

Well, the first 533 miles went without a hitch. Good weather, good roads and a good car.

I did have a problem with a gas pump not shutting off when the tank was full. No gas got inside the car this time because the top was up. I just hand pushed the Spit off the gas spot, wiped the car down and re waxed where the gas had run. No damage was done.

I'm getting over 29 miles per gal. I should not have to stop for gas as often and that's good. The GPS came in handy today. Where I had the gas spill, a fellow came over and asked directions on how to get back to I-80 west. You could not get back on where you had gotten off. I told him that I did not know, but that I was heading to Omaha also. I was going to follow my GPS and he should just follow me. And he did... So the GPS saved the day.

I enjoyed this day. Tomorrow will be Denver.

E-mail from: Craig, CO 08/31/2003

We drove through Rocky Mountain NP on Sunday and it is beautiful. There was lots of traffic in the park, so It was slow going. As expected, the Spit suffered from altitude sickness. I adjusted the carbs twice so far. Once in Denver and again today when we hit 8000 feet. Craig is at about 6000 ft and the car is fine. So far, I'm right on schedule. Life is good!



Adjusting the carbs at 8000 ft.

The weather had been overcast between Milwaukee and Denver. The top had been up all the way. It had been a cool and comfortable ride. Relaxing even. Just keep the car at 75 and count off the miles. A tumble weed tumbled across the road right in front of the car. Life was good!

But in Denver, everything changed. It started raining two miles before my Denver exit. The GPS exit I had chosen did not exist, so I got off at the next (unplanned) exit. That caused the GPS to melt down. It started telling me to make a U-turn, constantly directing me to a road that wasn't there. The

cars altitude sickness appeared at the first stop light. The engine chose to stall, rather than to idle. When the light changed to green, the rain turned into a down pour, complete with thunder and lightning. Then my shifting hand started getting wet. There was water dripping from a leak where the top locks down to the windshield.

Ten minutes earlier, I had been thinking how lucky I was. Now, I had a car that was dripping water on me, wanted to shut itself off at every light and neither me nor my GPS knew where the hell we were! I needed to stop and sort things out, but I kept driving past opportunities because of poor visibility and heavy traffic.

Then, I got lucky. A shoulder appeared on my side of the road. The situation immediately changed for the better. Stopping caused the leak to stop. One irritation gone! I shut off the engine. Another irritation gone! Then, I waited out the storm and used the GPS to figure out where I was. I plotted a new more rational route to my hotel. That evening, I adjusted the carbs. The last irritation was gone. On Sunday, Denver was cloudy but the rain was all but over. I picked up my brother Bill at the airport and we headed WEST.



RMNP: Highest elevation on the trip, 12180 ft.

Email From: Park City UT 09/01/2003

Everything is fine. We are on schedule and expect to arrive in Monroe Wed night as planned.

Today we visited two locations in Dinosaur National Monument. At the first we drove 30 miles off route and then hiked a mile further to see a canyon overlook. It was worth the time. The second, 22 miles from the first, is where the building has been constructed over exposed dinosaur bones. In the twenties this quarry supplied 7 complete dinosaur skeletons to various museums. It is still the largest



Dinosaur National Monument

dinosaur quarry in the world. It is closed for digging now, but still has 10 percent of the find intact for the public to view. This is another place that is well worth a look see.

PS Tomorrow we will be heading NW for Monroe. So far, The Spit has covered over 1600 miles and we left the rain in Denver.

E-mail from: Seattle, WA 09/03/2003

Hi Folks, Well, I'm here in Monroe WA. Even beat my son Chris, who at this moment is sitting at the Chicago airport. His flight was delayed. I told him that airplanes just aren't dependable! If he would have rode out with me like I wanted, we could be drinking a beer together right now. Kids! They never listen.

My ride out was great. The "Spit" seems to be a bit friskier now. Or perhaps, I'm just learning how to drive it. In CO, I was moving slower than the rest of the cars. When I got passed by a utility truck on a divided highway, I decided to do something about it. I told my brother (who of course was laughing at me) that I just got to learn to keep the revs up. The engine doesn't have much power at low rpms. On the dry Idaho interstate, traffic really moves along. 80-85 mph a lot of the time. Well, by down shifting at the slightest drop in speed, I found that I could not only keep up with traffic, but that if I wanted to, I could stay with the fast pack. I just had to get comfortable letting the engine roar. I probably won't write again until after the wedding. I'm fine. The car fine. My wife, Pat, arrives tomorrow. My daughter, Michele, and my three year old grandchild, James, arrive on Friday. James is the ring bearer. He has been fitted for a tux. He was disappointed. He thought he would be wearing a bear suit.

**E-mail from Seattle To: SportsCar Services
Sent: 09/05/2003 Subject: 95 mph**

I thought it about time I let you folks know how the trip is going. In a few words, it's going very well. I kept to my schedule everyday. Can't tell you how much I like having the overdrive. But, it took the hills of CO for me to learn how to use it. I was falling behind traffic on the hills because I let my speed fall off too much before I downshifted. Now, as soon as I perceive a drop in speed I switch off OD or downshift. In Idaho, where the interstate has many long grades and the cars are moving at 80-85 mph I had no problems keeping up with the fast packs.

I had to adjust the carbs as soon as I hit Denver. I did it again in Rocky Mountain NP when I hit 8000ft. It did not help, so I set it back to like in Denver. Now I'm at about 3 flats leaner and it idles fine, but requires very little choke for starting. By the way, the highest elevation reached was 12180 feet.

One more thing; the wheel lug nuts haven't needed tightening since Omaha. I'm still checking them once a day, but they are always ok.

Regards, Dan Herrman

PS The highest speed I reached so far is 95 mph.

Email From: Eureka, CA 09/09/2003

Today Bill and I headed south from Creswell OR. Near Umqua, we took a 40 mile detour to visit Mr Chris Cancelli. The last nine mile stretch to Chris's place was one of the most beautiful stretches of road that we have so far been on. Rushing water on one side! Mountain cliffs on the other! Moss draped trees arched over the road making it feel like you were in a tunnel. Misty clouds obscuring parts of the mountain peaks. Sometimes rain! Sometimes sun! The combination made the scene sparkle. No other cars. The road was ours!

Chris is an expert on Triumph Spitfires and a really nice guy. He manages to make a living almost entirely on Spitfires and GT6's. That should tell you something about the reliability record of my car. When we drove in, one of his first comments was; "You are a brave man to tour the country in a Spitfire". Funny, I really did not feel that brave. Did he really mean stupid? Well, being at the trips half way point, my only real option was to continue. Chris did an oil change, tune-up, changed out the plugs and checked out the undersides of the car for loose bolts etc. I told him about a clicking sound that we hear when coasting at very low speeds. He said that the sound was being caused by a U-joint in one of the axles. He also said it would probably last until I was back in Milwaukee. He sent a replacement U-joint along, just in case, and advised, "If it gets really loud, get it fixed". Chris had four-five Spitfires in various stages of development. He has come up with an arsenal of innovations that improve the performance, reliability and looks of the car. What caught my eye were his newly developed light weight fiber glass bumpers, along with molded rubber bumper bonnet hinge covers to complete the installation. They are a great way to lighten the car and at the same time improve the looks.



Dan w/Chris Cancelli - at PRI

We left Chris around noon, heading south to Grants Pass, Crescent City and finally to Eureka CA where we are now stranded. We pulled into our Comfort Inn without a problem. But when I tried to move the car to a better parking spot, I found that the starter would spin without engaging the flywheel. Chris's words rang true on the same day that he had spoke them.

The car can easily be started by hand pushing, but that takes a level parking site and two people. Brother Bill must catch a plane in San Francisco at 530AM on the day after tomorrow. I won't be getting

him there in the Spit. Tomorrow, he will take a bus to SF and I will be alone. I'll order a new starter tomorrow, when Moss Motors opens at 6AM. I'll wait here in Eureka for it to arrive. This is as good a place as any to wait. The hotel rate is reasonable, my Sprint cell phone works well, I love the cool ocean breeze, there is an assortment of places to eat and there even are auto repair shops within walking distance.

Time to hit the sack. I'll have lots of time to write in the next few days.

Email From: Eureka CA 09/10/2003

It's a good thing that Eureka is a nice town, because I will be here at least until Friday. A new starter should arrive tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon. My brother Bill is now on a bus heading for SF for his flight home. All those pictures he took of me working on the car will take on a special meaning when he shows the one that I took of him at the Greyhound bus station. I think of this trip as an adventure and it is the Spitfire that makes it one. I am no longer on a schedule. I have no other commitments to meet, other than to be home by 10/05. I'm free as the breeze to do as I please. Life is good!

Email From: Still in Eureka 09/11/2003

The new starter arrived at 10AM as promised. I needed a push (by hand) to get the car started. That task was preformed by the girl at the hotel desk and the gal who cleaned my room. I must say that the gals did a better job of pushing me than my brother Bill. They got it going on the first try while Bill had to push it twice.

I drove over to the garage, handed them the starter and the service manual. In an hour and a half it was installed at a cost of \$82. To get enough room to pull the starter out, they had to take off the oil filter and the oil pressure sensing tube. I'm glad I had them do it. While I was waiting, I had a nice talk with a Native American who at one time worked in DC. He said he was 75, served in the Korean War and he was obviously a smart man. He is a member of the Hoopa tribe. The reservation is 35 miles NE of Eureka. When I told him about Route 66, he told me about some of the Indian tribes along the route. The mechanic that worked on the Spit told me about his own car project and his boss told me the best way to get to LA without going through SF.

In the afternoon, I drove to a laundry and now I finally have all my clothes clean at once. The gal there took me under her wing and showed me the best machine to use, how much soap to use and even told me a few laundry mat jokes. I was a bit surprised at their content. I would have expected laundry jokes to be a bit cleaner. At one point, she said she might give me a certificate of achievement. But she never did! I guess I just wasn't good enough. Another lady, at the dryer once owned a 1959 TR3.

People here have been very helpful. I'm learning that more often than not, they get interested when I tell them about what I'm driving, where I've been and where I'm going. The car may not be reliable, but it is something different. And when people hear the story, they seem to be more than willing to help me out.

Email from my brother Received: 09/11/2003
 Subject: Thank God & Greyhound From: Bill Herrman Dan,

Well I survived the bus trip. It took eight and a half hrs. It must have stopped at every burg and tavern between Eureka and SF. I probably would have fit in better; if I hadn't taken a shower that morning. I got to listen to fascinating discussions as one guy went on-and-on about which of the value meals he should order at McDonalds for lunch.

Another guy vividly described His last bus trip where some drunk was puking all over until the cops hauled Him off the bus. On the positive side, I think the bus may have more leg and seat room than your car and I finally got to look at some scenery over the top of the guard rail. I saw mostly trees and the occasional burnt-out, rusted hulk of abandoned Spitfires. I even saw some buzzards eating road kill. The bus went through Oakland so I got to see a lot of the bay over the two bridges (didn't go over the Golden Gate). The taxi ride to the airport cost more than the bus ticket. No flights were available Wed night so I stayed at the airport and waited for my scheduled flight home.

How'd the starter work out?

Bill

Email From: Santa Nella, CA 09/12/2003

I'm in Santa Nella CA, which is a tiny town on I-5 about as far south as Merced. To get here, I followed the driving instructions given to me by the nice people who replaced the Spit's starter at Eureka CA. It was a great route, scenic, direct, with little congestion. I owe them a thank you for taking the time to point it out to me.

I've booked a room in Santa Monica for tomorrow (Saturday) night. It was hard to get. They fill up fast on week ends. The hotel is a few blocks away from the end of Route 66.

Email Santa Monica CA 09/14/2003

I drove down through the heart of CA today (I-5 from Santa Nella to Santa Monica). Dried grass as far as you can see! No trees! Dust blowing in the agriculture areas! Eroded hills in some spots and hot as hell. To get into the LA basin, you have to climb a killer grade. It takes you over the mountains that surround LA. It's long and steep and oh so hot! The trucks have two slow lanes, slow and slower. Before the top, there is a place to get radiator water and it was being used. Semis were slowed to a crawl but late model cars did not seem to notice the grade.

The Spit had enough power to maintain 60 mph on the grade, but it did not have enough cooling capacity to do it while keeping the water temperature below 210 degrees. When the water temperature got above 200 degrees, I turned on my heater. That wasn't enough, so I moved into the slow lane and there I stayed until the top.

Traffic increased as I approached LA. But it was bearable and it always kept moving. I don't enjoy driving in heavy traffic. That's why I'm here on a weekend. I will exit this city early tomorrow and I'm hoping its residents sleep late.

I can see the ocean from my hotel room, but don't let that fool you into thinking I'm staying at an upscale establishment. The nice places were all full. My room is on the first floor and when the young folks get done bar hopping, I don't expect to get much sleep. I may have to guard my car which is only a few feet from my door. On the plus side, the ocean breeze is so refreshing that AC is not necessary. Compared to the surrounding area, the climate in the basin is wonderful.

Tomorrow, I should be in Barstow CA. I may spend two nights there. I want the transmission fluid level checked because as I was entering LA, the overdrive(OD) failed to engage twice. Later on, it was working. It wasn't an electrical problem. I have installed an OD idiot light. When it is on, the OD solenoid has power to it. It was on, but the OD was not engaged. I also have a U-joint that has been making a clicking sound (only noticeable at very low speeds when coasting) since Seattle. It's not any worse, but I want to make sure all the C-clips are in place. I remember finding a C-clip on the garage floor and now I wonder if it came from a U-joint. Like I said, it's the car that makes this trip an adventure.

Well, I had better hit the sack. I want you all to know that I appreciate the many E-mails I have received from friends and family. Please don't stop sending them!

Gettin My Kicks on Route 66



X marks the west end of Route 66

E-mail from: Barstow, CA 09/14/2003

Today was my first day on Route 66. While in the LA basin, I drove the parts that my guide book recommended and skipped the less interesting sections by taking the freeways. Being a Sunday morning, traffic was not a problem. I made a side trip to the Chino Air Museum which has a B17 that you can walk through. It also had a British Spitfire which I bought a book on. When I told the guys who worked there that I was driving a British Spitfire, they all come out to see it. I think they spent almost as much time looking at my Spitfire (the car) as I had spent looking at their Spitfire (the airplane).

I arrived in Barstow about 1PM and that is much too early. I should have spent more time exploring the sights along Route 66. I drove by too many interesting buildings without stopping. The overdrive worked flawlessly today. I was easier on it today. I never used it in third. Anyway, I have decided to continue east in the morning. Tomorrow,

if my PC connection works, you will be hearing from me from Needles CA.

I have to mention one more thing. Driving old Route 66 does take you back in time. I had read that it would have that effect at least a hundred times. When the feeling hit me, I immediately relaxed, forgetting about the U-joint and the overdrive, because the road seems so familiar. Like I had been this way before and I knew there could be no real problem on such a familiar road.



20 miles east of Barstow, logo of Rt 66 on road

From; Needles CA 09/15/2003

Another good day on the road. Ten miles east of Barstow on historic 66, my topographical map indicated that a spring was located only 400 feet off the road. Thinking it would be fun to see a spring in the desert, I marked its position in my GPS so that I would not drive by it. Later, I stopped at the GPS location and looked for water. All I saw was the desert. I hiked in a ways, searching back and forth for a dried up spring (I was also watching for rattle snakes). I did not find either. Then in frustration, I went to the exact GPS location of the spring. There was a rather large bush there, but no water. But the bush was green and healthy looking and everything around it looked dead. I had found my spring. And it dawned on me that it might not be as hard to find water in the desert as I had once imagined.

Ten-twenty miles past the spring, R66 is a frontage road adjacent to I-40. It started out as a good road. It even had the Historic 66 logo painted on it. But it turned into the roughest paved road that I have ever driven the Spit on. The road looked like it was tiled with dish plate sized chunks of irregular shaped black top. The tiles were not all at the same level and some were missing, creating pot holes. The pot holes scared me the most. In CO, I had driven over a soft ball sized rock. Bill and I were surprised that it went THUNK as I drove over it. No damage was done, but a lesson was learned. So I slowed down and the car was still shaking so bad that I knew that if I did not get off that road the car was going to suffer damage. Five miles further, I was able to get onto I-40.

I could still see old R66 from the interstate and it was rough mile after mile. It must have been the result of the intense heat and the lack of incentive to repair it. Why bother fixing a rough road when the interstate runs 500 feet to the north of it.

After that, my plan was to stay off of R66 whenever it runs next to the interstate. But there is an interesting section of R66 that is 55 miles long and does not parallel the interstate. I wondered what

READERS STORY

condition that section of the road would be in. I had read where someone had been stopped by a washout. I decided to talk to the locals at the gas station by the off exit. The gal said "The road though Amboy is fine!" I asked her if it was rough. She said "I don't notices the roughness, maybe it's because I'm so used to it". Well, her response had not calm my fears, but I had to give it a try.

And it was a smooth road for about five miles. After which, it was cracked and crazed just as bad as the one I had chosen not to drive on. At first, I was alone on the road, so I drove on the side of the road that appeared to be the smoothest. Then, I notice a semi was behind me and it wanted to pass. At first chance, I let it. The semi was really moving and I got the idea that maybe I was driving too slowly. I either had to turn around or find a way to reduce the effect of the roughness on the car. I decided to try keeping up with the semi. When I got up to 60 mph, the road seemed a lot smoother. Wonderful! I found that I could miss the potholes by avoiding the dark spots in the road. Any other surprises, like wash outs, etc, would be discovered by the semi driver before me. And the semi driver obviously knew the road. Well, I drove like a maniac behind that semi for about twenty miles and then the road became smooth. It stayed smooth until the end.

I have to say something about the intense heat that I've experienced in the last two days. I'm on the road usually by 7AM. At that time, the temperature is about 70 degrees. It is in the nineties by noon and in the one hundreds a couple of hours later. Today, contrary to what I said I was going to do yesterday, I arrived in Needles at 1130AM. I let the car rest until about 530PM. Then I decided to gas it up for tomorrow's run. After sitting for 6 hours, the Spit's water temperature gauge was still reading over 120 degrees. That was the ambient temperature under the hood. The car started on first crank without use of the choke. Tomorrow will be Flagstaff and cooler temperatures.. Don't I Hope!

From: Flagstaff AZ 09/17/2003

Exiting Needles, Old 66 turns North just across the CO River at Topock. Between Topock and Kingman, I-40, like the railroad, passes south of the mountains, but Old 66 goes right over them. I never have seen anything quite like it. A ragged, rocky, mountainous landscape, with cactus, small bushes, lots of flowers and not a tree to soften the ruggedness. I discovered a new road hazard there, Burro dung. It was on the road at higher altitudes for miles and miles. I heard that they



Rt 66 climbs while taking a sharp left, near an old mining town called Oatman

run wild here, but unfortunately I did not see a one. High in the mountains, where Old 66 climbs while taking a sharp left, there is an old mining town called Oatman. The town is not a ghost town, although I think it should be one. It must be us tourists that keep it going. It is not hard to find a bar in Oatman, or a trinket shop. My guide book says that Clark Gable and Carol Lombard used to frequent the Oatman hotel. Perhaps they wanted to get away from it all. And that is exactly where you are when you are in Oatman!

I stopped for gas in Kingman and promptly overfilled the tank. Gas ran down the trunk, across the rear bumper, forming a puddle below it. So I've added AZ to my list of states where the gas pumps can't be counted on to shut off before the tank overflows. This problem is unique to the Spit and I don't know why it happens. But in CA, the gas pumps always knew when the Spitfire's tank was full. Well anyhow, I had a nice talk with the owner of the gas station while waiting to make sure that all the gas had evaporated from the underside of the car.

The closer I got to Flagstaff, the cooler the temperature and the greener the foliage. I like Flagstaff and so does the Spit. It's nice to have to pull the choke again when starting the car. I did have to lean out the carbs a little because Flagstaff's elevation is at about 7000 feet.

The second night in Flagstaff:

Because the climate is so agreeable, I took a day off from driving. I used the time to wash 4000 miles of road dirt off the Spit. Most of the dirt was accumulated between Kingman and Flagstaff. Some of Old 66 is not paved in that area. Now the Spit is looking pretty sharp again. I also had a garage called "Route 66 RV and Auto Service Center" put the Spit on a lift and check all four of the U-joints for missing C-clips. None were missing. At least now I am fairly certain that I will not suffer a catastrophic U-joint failure out in middle of nowhere. The transmission fluid was down 1/2 inch. I don't know if the low fluid level is the reason that the OD failed to engage twice when climbing the grade into LA. Fluid was added to bring it back to normal. The differential fluid was OK. The exhaust system had a rattle in it that has been irritating me since I left Milwaukee. My brother Bill and I thought the muffler had a loose baffle plate. Not so! The pipe into the muffler was loose. The mechanic who worked on the car found it and fixed it. My total bill for 1-1/2 hours of work on the lift came to \$38. I sure am not being ripped off am I. While the work was being done, I was right there watching, holding a light at times, being a gopher and having an interesting discussion with a guy from Texas. His brand new 36ft RV broke down on July 25 and he won't get the replacement part until Oct. All this time he has been living in his RV which is parked behind this garage. That is the kind of service that reminds me of the way things used to be. At this garage, it has not changed.

Tomorrow, I have booked a room two miles south of the entrance to the Grand Canyon. If my PC connection works, that is where I'll be writing you from.

**From: The Grand Canyon, AZ 09/19/2003
The First day at the Canyon...**

On the south rim of the Grand Canyon, at a place called Mather Point, I witnessed the most remarkable display of animal intelligence that I have ever seen. Perched out on a chimney rock, just out of reach of the multitude of tourists, were a pair of very healthy looking condors. At first, I thought they had to be stuffed. Condors should be soaring in the canyon, looking for a carcass to eat. Yet these two, preferred to spend their time being Kodak moments. Confused by the inappropriate behavior of the condors, I turned my attention to the tourists. They were much easier to understand. Everyone wanted to have their picture taken with the condors in the back round. And so did I. So when my turn came, I gave my camera to a helpful looking face, put my back to the condors and smiled. Just as the camera was being aligned, I heard a cackling voice from behind say, "Back a few Steps Sir".



PS I dumped the picture of me with the condors. My face just looked too horror stricken for it to be a keeper.

The next morning...

The guide book says that if you want to see the canyon at its best, you have to see it when the sun is low in the sky. So I violated my rule about never driving at night and was on the road, heading for the canyon's east rim at 0530AM. I had thought that this would be a top-down day. But the temperature at 0530AM was in the forties. I ended up with my top up, the car heater on, along with a light jacket and I was still shivering. The reward was worth it! I drove twenty eight miles along the rim, almost the only car, stopping at various places and taking many pictures. If any of you get out this way, I would recommend that you follow the guide book on this one.



My Spit admiring the Grand Canyon view

From the canyon I headed south, back to Flagstaff, then east on Old 66. I stopped at 2 Guns, a ghost town that even the ghosts have abandoned. I parked the Spit at some rusted out gasoline pumps and explored the ruins. I took many pictures, including one of a NOT WELCOME sign.

I am spending tonight in Holbrook AZ. The weather is warmer here than in Flagstaff, but not as warm as in Needles and Barstow. The "Spit" is fine. But since the muffler no longer rattles, I notice my U-joint noise more.

That is all for now, Tomorrow will be from New Mexico.



Petrified Log, Spitfire and UFO
The UFO is near the top, to the right of center. I have no idea how it got there. Really! It was on the original digital picture and was not noticed until after I arrived home. Although, I do not believe that my camera has actually captured an alien spaceship, I do enjoy a good mystery.

From Grant, NM 09/20/2003

Today, I toured the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest National Park. It is not as warm here as in the deserts of Southern CA. I'd guess that the reason is, because this region is higher. I found the Petrified Forest to be the most interesting. It amazes me that what at one time were obviously wood logs, are now just as obviously stone logs. Some areas have so many petrified logs lying about, that from a distance, they have the look of a freshly lumbered forest. What a thought provoking place this world of ours is.

After the park tour, I followed Old 66 where ever possible. Two events happened which are note worthy.

I was driving on a frontage road on the south side of I-40. The GPS showed a switch over to the north side frontage road, was coming up. It appeared that the switch would take place via a tunnel. So I slowed way down. I had gone through them before. They are narrow, short, and so dark that you can't see the pavement that you're driving on. Usually the pavement surface is very rough. It was a good thing that I was going slowly, because when I came out the other side, there were three un-tethered Indian ponies running within twenty feet of the Spit. I could not get my camera out fast enough so no pictures were taken. They disappeared into the tunnel that I had just come out of. There were no people around to account for their sudden appearance. But they were not wild because I did notice a brand on one of them. I don't

know the rest of the story, but I'm thankful that I got to see such a delightful sight.

The second event was a lot less delightful. About 10 miles from this town, while being the only car on a section of straight-as-an-arrow divided highway, I noticed a squad car with its lights flashing heading toward me. Apparently, I thought, the squad was going after someone in the opposite lane. As the squad passed, I picked it up in my rear view mirror. To my surprise, it made a U-turn and was now flashing its lights behind ME! I immediately pulled over. He told me that he had clocked me at 66mph. Then he went back to the squad. I thought, OK. He is just looking for some excuse to pull me over. He will check me out, find out that I'm not the one he is looking for, and I'll be on my way. When he came back to the car, he said he was giving me a citation that would cost me \$80 if I waved my court appearance rights and pleaded guilty. I had one month to show them the money. I was flabbergasted. I said, "How fast was I going?" He said "66mph". I said "You are giving me a ticket for one mile per hour over the limit?" He said "No Sir, the speed limit here is 55mph". I said, "The last sign that I remember said 65". He said "Do you wish to appear in court, Sir?" I said "No, I'll pay the #*\$%* ticket." The next speed limit sign was a mile down the road and it said 55 mph. I did not retrace my path to see what the sign before that had said. Still, I think he was a bit over zealous. That road could have been safely driven at interstate speeds. But you know what really made me angry. The guy never once took notice of the fine automobile that I was driving. If he would have just said, "Nice Car!" one time, I could have paid that ticket with a smile. Well... I'll be leaving this town in the morning and having no regrets doing it.

From Santa Fe, NM 09/21/2003

I left Grant on a nice smooth section of Old 66. The sun was low in the sky, perfect for taking desert pictures. There were opportunities. But I did not take a single picture. I could not pull onto the shoulder without risking a flat. On the section of Old 66 from Grant to half way to Albuquerque, where the road pavement stops, broken bottle glass begins. The glass extends away from the road as far as the arm can throw. Even the fields next to road are covered with glass. The glass has probably been there since the early days because almost nothing is put in glass today. I don't know if NM has anti litter laws. But, I saw no signs with fines for doing it. The Interstates are not too bad. However. If they ever start an Adapt-a-Highway program in NM, they will find this section of Old 66 to be un-adaptable.

I drove on Old 66 through Albuquerque and am now in Santa Fe. I usually do not enjoy driving in the bigger cities. But today, I did not mind it a bit. I took my time, never speeding, and enjoyed the scenery. Everything here seems a bit more laid back than in the other cities that I've been through. The people are content to drive the speed limit. I made

it all the way through Albuquerque without finding anyone who seemed anxious to get ahead of me. Even the adobe construction of the buildings has a laid back look to it. But, the Rio Grande River, which I crossed three times, is the most laid back of all. It winds back and forth in its channel, gravel and sand bars here and there, long yellow-green grass growing in many places and with nice trees along the high water edges. It looks like a river that doesn't know where it is going and one that really doesn't care!

I did some driving and walking in the historic part of Santa Fe. Old 66 goes right through that part of town. It is just beautiful there. I toured the oldest church in NA. It was built in 1610. Then, I had a pizza at a joint right across the street. If you are ever in the area, downtown Santa Fe is a must see.

Well, all systems are go for tomorrow. Until then!



There are 3 transportation arteries on this picture. I-40 on the left, Route 66 in the middle and the Union Pacific Railroad on the right.



I played "cat and mouse" with this train three times. Each time I would race ahead, trying to get into a good picture taking position. Then I'd pull over, wait for the train, take my pictures and go through the whole procedure again. The game ended when the train, for some unknown reason slowed to a crawl.

From; Vega TX 09/22/2003

I am spending tonight in Vega TX, (Pop. 950). I had wanted to spend at least one night in a very small town, but not a small town in NM. NM along with CA seem to have an abundance of beggars and thieves. It's hard to get away from them there. This morning, in Santa Fe, I noticed that some of the soft top snaps were loose on the Spit. Someone had unsnapped them, reached in and took a bag of M&M's that was lying behind the seat. I always take my valuables out of the car for the night so there was nothing else to take. In this little town, I don't expect that kind of problem.

I had a choice of two motels. I choose the Best Western and although it is old fashion, it is very nice. I was more worried about finding a place to eat. Before I had decided to stay, I looked the town over for eating places. There were a few along Old 66, but they didn't look like they had any customers.

I booked the hotel In spite of that. Then later, when hungry, I looked again. This time I checked in the direction of the freeway. I found a Dairy Queen that had many cars around it. Not exactly what I had in mind, but it would do. I walked in and ordered a Corn Dog meal. For \$3.85, I got a Corn Dog on a stick, an order of French Fries (that tasted the way they are supposed to taste) and a large Barqs root beer, which is my favorite kind. In addition, I was told that, just for walking in, they would give me a free ice cream cone. And they did! Wait, it gets better! While eating that fabulous meal, I was being entertained by eleven musicians who had taken over 1/3 of the DQ's seating capacity. They were playing quality country music. It was mostly older people, so I fit right in. The people were clapping, singing and dancing. They were totally enjoying themselves, in a Dairy Queen, In Vega Texas, on a Monday night. How's that for being cool.

Today while on Old 66, I raced a Union Pacific freight train and I beat it! I was never speeding! I had to stop for stop signs and slow down for rough pavements. When I finally pulled ahead, the train engineer acknowledged defeat by blowing a mournful sound with the train's whistle. (Ok, maybe he did it because of the road crossing).

I saw two Longhorns today. It was like seeing the Indian ponies. All of a sudden there they were! I slammed on the breaks, coming to a halt right along side them. They were maybe 20 feet away and were looking at the car, angrily! My God, they are BIG! There was nothing to prevent them from coming after me. They could have turned the Spit up-side down if they had a mind to. When one started pawing the ground and snorting, I increased the space between them and me to a much safer distance.

Today, I have passed the midpoint of Route 66. I've decided to increase my daily driving distance, so that baring a break down, I could be home this coming Sunday evening. There are a couple of reasons to do this. The weather patterns look good for it. I am making better times when I'm off the interstates then I expected. And if my U-joint fails before I get home, this new plan will give me the extra time to have it fixed and still be able to return to work as scheduled. Tomorrow, I should be in OK.

From: Claremore, OK 09/24/2003

I took yesterday off from writing because I did not have much to write about. Yesterday, I spent almost all of my time off Old 66 and on I-40. I did not plan it that way. My plan, as always, was to roll my tires over as much of the Old 66 pavement as I could. But following Old 66 is like working your way through a 2400 mile maze. In a day, I can be on perhaps twenty five different streets, highways and/or frontage roads. That is too many for me to remember. Stopping to look at a map is just not practical. So before I left home, I purchased a first rate GPS. I can program a complex route into it and it will give me instructions on all future turns etc. Yesterday, the route was so complicated that it overloaded the GPS. I did not realize it until I turned it on right before I was to start driving. Rather than lose an hour or

more to redo the route, I decided to do the best I could without it. And I ended up missing things by spending too much time on boring I-40.

Today was much better. I wasn't on the interstate for more than 15 miles and that was according to plan. It is just so much more fun to drive on the old road. Below is an attempt to put into words why I enjoy driving on Old 66.

On the western outskirts of Oklahoma City is a large lake called Lake Overhoiser. An older alignment of 66 follows it on the north shore. On the east end of the alignment, carrying 66 over the North Canadian River, is a very long and a very old bridge. As I drove over it, I could hear the sharp clanking as the Spit's tires hit the bridge's expansion joints. That is what I remember bridges used to do. And for some reason, I found that sound to be comforting. Old 66 does that to me time and time again. Somehow, it comforts me. And I am still surprised by how that feeling can be triggered by seeing or hearing a once familiar sight or sound.

You know what! All the nostalgia has made me sleepy. Until the next time.



Mickey Mantle's boyhood home in Commerce, OK

my Spit by slamming open his door. I did not see the dirty rotten scoundrel who did it. But, every time I notice the dent, I find myself hoping that the engine falls out of his pick up, far away from a junk yard, so he can't get a quick replacement.

There is only about 15 miles of Old 66 running through KA. But it is a pretty section. Much of it has not been badly affected by the passage of time. The ride from the KA state line to Lebanon MO, reminded me of kettle moraine country in WI. Like WI, the landscape consists of forests, farms and fields. The roads are smooth. Many are tree lined. There are rolling hills and gentle curves. And I've been told by the hotel clerk, that it is like that all the way to St Louis.

So far on this trip, I have put over 6300 miles on the Spit. I have about 600 more to go. Today in KA, I decided to not get my U-joint fixed until I'm home. I was at the fork in the road where I could have headed north to Victoria British to have it fixed. But I went east instead. The Spit has brought me this far and I'm going to give it the chance to bring me all the way home.

I just heard that St Louis is in for thunder storms tomorrow. I had intended to spend tomorrow night just east of St Louis in IL. Perhaps, I will stay just west of St Louis until Saturday.



Red brick bridge West of Sapulpa, OK.

From: Lebanon, MO 09/25/2003

Had another good day on the road! This morning it was warm and overcast in Claremore OK. And it was obviously raining directly east. But, I was heading NNE and the rain did not spoil my day. In fact, by the time I made it into KA, it was cool and clear. I stopped to look around in Commerce OK. It is a very small and a very poor looking town. It is also the place where Mickey Mantle grew up. I took a picture of the house he had lived in. I suspect the house looks nicer now than when he lived in it, because many of the houses around it are rundown.

When I crossed the Kansas state line, I noticed that for the first time since Flagstaff AZ, there were an abundance of trees large enough to shade a city street. And at the same time, the abundance of pick up trucks, many of which belched blue smoke whenever the gas pedal was pressed, had diminished. OK will be remembered by me as the land of the pick up truck. Especially since one of them put a dent in



66 Drive In Theater west of Carthage, MO

From: Eureka, MO 09/26/2003

God willing, I should be home tomorrow evening. I will be on the interstate all 407 miles. I drove 70 miles on Old 66 this morning and unlike yesterday, the old road was rough and slow. The speed limits were down to 30 mph in many places and although some of scenery was interesting, most of it was a repeat of what I've seen before. It always bothers me to drive so many miles on rough roads. The Spit rattles and buzz's now much more then it use to. I'm

sure the rough roads are the cause. The Spit runs the best at above 70 mph on a smooth road. The ride home entirely on the interstate will be a well deserved treat for it.

I'm anxious to get home. It has been a wonderful trip. I am so glad I got to do it. I saw both how the country is now and also have seen numerous reminders on how the country used to be. But, I have no desire to sleep another night in a hotel room or eat another meal in a restaurant. The gypsy in me has been satisfied - At least for now! I'm looking forward to seeing everyone.

PS A heck of a thunder storm went through here tonight, I think it is over now. I'll make sure the Spit is still dry and hit the hay early.

From: Home (Wisconsin) 9/27/2003

I made it home safe and sound on 9/27 at 3:30PM. Both my Spitfire & I made it in good condition. I received comments from people saying that they enjoyed the E-mails. That made it fun to write them on the road. It also gave me something to do at night. It can get lonely being alone, but E-mails made it



seem like friends were riding along. Thanks for sharing the Spirit of Old 66 with me. Next time, we should do it in person! Dan •

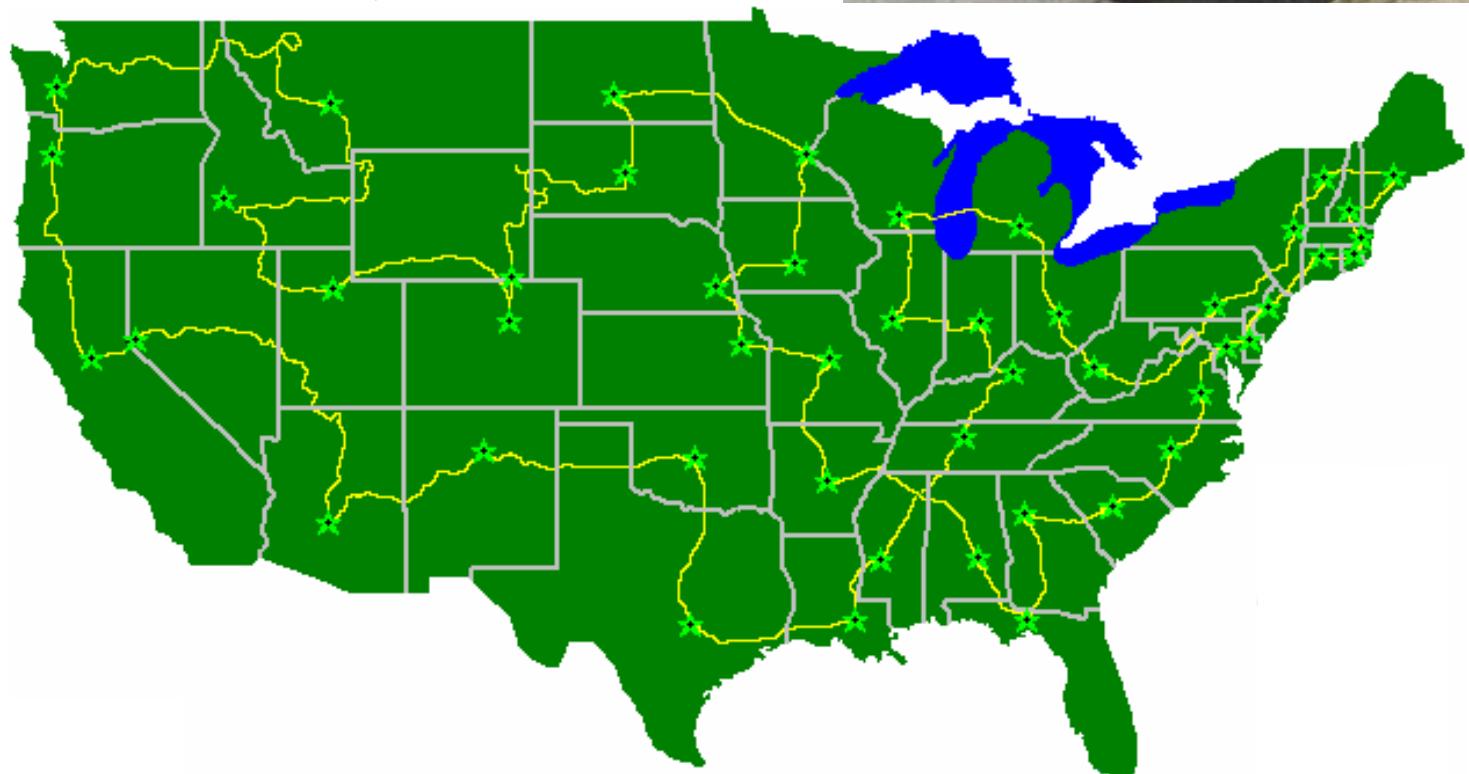
15,000 Miles in a Triumph Spitfire 48 State Capitals Trip: Starting on August 12th, 2006

Dan Herrman is going for a longer trip this year. Starting on August 12th (subject to change) Dan will head east and begin a 48 State Capitals tour by way of his 1980 Triumph Spitfire. Dan's planned departure date is August 12, with a preliminary target of arriving back home on Oct 12.

You can follow along by visiting his on-the-road web site.

www.redeyewi.com From the home page, click on "The 15000 Mile Capitals Tour" to access the log pages. At present, it shows a map of the USA with a proposed route on it, a State of the Spitfire page, an introductory page and a couple of blank log pages. When on the road, Dan intends to create a new log page everyday - to be published to the web whenever he has web access.

Dan will be traveling alone and is encouraging friends, family and readers to send him emails while on the road. You can reach Dan while he is on the road by email: ontheroad@redeyewi.com Good luck Dan! •





Our Spitfire Story by Ted Bush, Highland Hts, Kentucky

First I need to answer the question "why a Triumph Spitfire?". In 1968 my very first brand new car was a TR-250. About 2 years later I was cruising with the top down and noticed a red TR4 stalled at an intersection. The owner, a cute blond, could not get it



restarted. I helped her push it out of the intersection and out of the way, and 8 months later we married. We both continued to drive Triumphs for several years until we needed a "real car". I had 2 more TR4's and Cindee drove a GT6. When I decided I needed a hobby, I bought the Spitfire, '**cause it was a *Triumph* and it would fit in my tiny garage.**'

FEATURE STORY



I rescued our Spitfire from a junk yard in May of 1991. It is a 1973 MK IV/1500. It has an FM commission number but is tilted as a MKIV. It was delivered to my house on a roll back auto hauler. When I bought it there was a hard top included with it. On the way to my house that blew off and was damaged. It also had an 1147cc engine that didn't run. The body was pretty beat up and in very sad condition, but for \$500.00 it looked like a great buy and hopefully a simple restore. I managed to get it on the road and repainted over the next 2 years. I replaced the engine with a 1300 from Hemmings Motor News. I bought a Weber DVG from TSI. I had to replace the bonnet and had the new one dipped, repaired,



in my garage. I hauled the car to Ray on my trailer. At his garage we completed the disassembly of the car. Even to the point of removing everything from the frame. The frame and several suspension parts were media blasted and powder coated. The bonnet was dipped again so that all of the paint and bondo was removed. It got some welding and a few problems repaired and repainted. I decided to stay with the same factory original color. The body tub was not in as good of shape as the bonnet. It needed rocker panels, rear quarter panels, the boot floor and the rear valance replaced.

Most of the body work was completed by Eric Houp, Ray's son. I stripped the firewall and all of the interior for



and repainted. I chose to go with the original color, Emerald Green #65. It was a good driver and fun play car for the next several years. I belonged to the British Car club of Cincinnati and attended several local shows.

After about 10 years the paint began to fade, the engine was getting tired and the interior needed some work. I took the car to a friend, Ray Houp at Claryville Service Center and asked if he could repaint it. He suggested that we "do it right". So in 2003 I began a complete frame off restoration. I removed what I was able to



the repaint. After the body work was done and everything repainted I hauled the car back to my garage and finished putting it back together. I reused most of the old interior, but replaced the dash with a new one from

Speed6. It now has 4 gauges in the center and a clock to the right. The dash was finished to match the Moto-Lita steering wheel. I chose Auto Meter gauges and installed new fuel, oil pressure, water temp, and volt meters, as well as a quartz clock. I found a set of Western Turbo wheels and installed 185R70X13 Cooper Cobra tires on them. I had to change the lugs to 7/16", so I could find lug nuts. I learned how to do this from an article I found in Spitfire GT6 Magazine. I found the center caps at Centerline Wheel. In July of 2004 it made it to the Cincinnati British car show, but I wasn't nearly

done yet. In the summer of 2005 I began building a new engine. With the FM commission number the car should be running a 1500 engine. I bought a complete engine from a fellow NASS member, Otto Kemp. I used a local machine shop to do the machine work. The engine was bored .020 over and the crank turned. I used a fast road cam and 9 to 1 flat top pistons from Spitbits. I got a Weber DCOE carburetor from a friend and had it rebuilt. The head and Cannon intake manifold was flow ported and polished by Johnny Spencer at Spencer racing in Friendship, Indiana.

After installing the new engine the car runs great. It has more power than I'd hoped for. This past winter I installed Mazda Miata seats. I bought a molded carpet set from Newton Commercial, in the UK. I installed it under the seats and found it to be a very nice product. It installed very easy and appears to be of good quality. The seats are a very close fit but do allow some forward/backward adjustment. I am still breaking the engine in, but hope to be showing up at shows in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana as well as running around town. I like to drive the Spitfire to work in the summer and enjoy the looks and comments I get. •



HISTORY LESSON

Spitfire IV

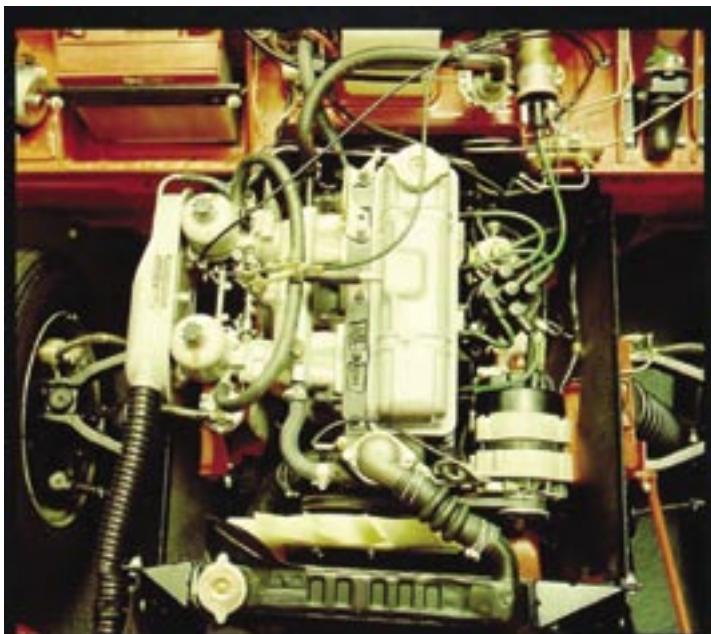


As the Seventies approached, British Leyland was in command of the Triumph production, and was preparing for some design changes in several of the models at the same time. Money was tight, so the designs were labeled as face-lifts only, with the styling being referred to as "squaring off the tails". The Spitfire, which had changed very little since the first design of 1962, was slated to undergo this face-lift. Michelotti was brought in to make the improvements, but keep the overall car the same. The tail portion of the Spitfire was "cut" and squared along the same lines as the then not yet released Stag, and the updated TR6, Triumph 2000, the 2.5PI, and the upcoming GT6 Mk3. The rear edges were trimmed with chrome, and horizontal tail lights were installed. The squaring off also created an almost flat bootlid with a new style locking latch. The seams along the rear fenders were capped off with a black chrome, rather than the previous silver chrome finish used on the Mk3 Spitfires. The rear of the MkIV Spit sported a continuous wrap-around chrome bumper, with a raised wedge "TRIUMPH" in black & chrome on the top center, just below the license plate.



The Spitfire Mark IV

The birth of the "Squartail"



The front of the MkIV sported changes as well. The bonnet was redesigned with a lower sweeping angle, and for the first time, no exposed seams on the top of the fenders. An enlarged chrome bumper was mounted higher on front, with the first federally mandated bumper guards. Those guards were a black poly-carbonate polymer, and gave a new look to the Spitfire. A new chrome bonnet badge was mounted in the same location as the RAF roundel that had been used on the 1970 Mk3's. This new badge declaring "Spitfire MkIV" and similar rear fender side badges, were proudly announcing the last major model change to the Spitfire line, even though buyers had no idea of it at that time.

The windshield frame which was removable in the Mk1-2-3 Spitfires, now was fixed in place, but was 2 inches higher to add needed headroom. A new hardtop was designed without Michelotti's assistance, to fit the new MkIV body, which also gave additional headroom to driver and passenger. Inside, the matte black dash was the same as the end of the run Mk3s. The full dash layout gave drivers a better view of the gauges, and allowed easier climate control access. New seats were introduced in the MkIV, but they still did not recline. The seats did however, release from the rear and pivot forward, giving easier access to the rear deck storage area.

Under the bonnet, the new MkIV still carried a 1300cc engine, but with a few modifications. A heavier crank was installed, with larger main and rod bearings, and TR6 pushrods were used. An eight blade fan and new style air cleaner were placed on the MkIV. The US models came with a single ZS carb, detuned to 58bhp in 1971, and 48bhp in 1972. The 1300 engine also came equipped with a "sealed for life" water pump, with no grease zerts. The engine was bolted to a new, all synchronized gearbox. The optional over-drive models came with the OD switch located in the gear shift knob, rather than on the column.

The MkIV was released with a new steel rim design, with oval shaped ventilation holes. To dress up this rim, a black plastic center cap, chrome lugnuts, and a chrome trim ring were added. For

the first time, radial tires were offered as standard equipment. The rear suspension was modified on the MkIV to overcome the wheel tuck of the earlier Spits. An improved "swing spring" arrangement was installed, and up front was equipped with a stiffer front anti-roll bar. This seemed to satisfy the critics and owners alike, that the "new" Spitfire was a better handling machine. But the US emissions laws forced the use of a single carburetor and the detuning of the 1300cc engine to 58bhp in 1971, and down to 48bhp in 1972, causing more criticism due to the lack of power.

Along with the release of the MkIV, British Leyland & Triumph sponsored the popular television show, "M*A*S*H", and Alan Alda (co-star) was often seen driving new Triumphs. Sales held steady, and the MkIV continued in popularity. The 1972 model year saw only minor changes from 1971's, one being the addition of matte black paint on the rear tail light surface. This was done in an effort to make the tail lights stand out more. Near the end of 1972, the "Gas Crisis" started influencing buyers choices, and Triumph struggled to

maintain sales. They also fought to keep the emissions levels down while improving fuel economy, the new buyer focus. The 1300cc engine could not be choked down anymore, and something drastic needed to be done. At this point, the Spitfire takes on two lives, in the US the 1973 Spitfire made the conversion to the Spitfire 1500, equipped with the 1493cc upgraded engine, while in the European market, the MkIV continued for two more years. As improvements were made in the Euro MkIV, the same types of improvements appeared in the US 1500. Complete wood veneer dashes were installed, and the rear axle width was widened 2" to increase stability. This axle change only occurred on the US 1500, not the US MkIV, but it did reach the '73 Euro MkIV.

In 1975, the 1500 was released to the entire world, and the Spitfire MkIV ceased production. •

In our next issue, we will pick up on the similarities and differences of the '73-'76 Spitfires...



SPITFIRE MKIV SPECIFICATIONS

Production Dates : November 1970 to December 1974
 Total Built : 70,021 Base Price : £962 / \$2649
 Commission Numbers : 1971 FH 3 - FH 19461
 1972 FH 25001 - FH 45740
 1973 FH 50001 - FH 59689
 1974 FH 60001 - FH 64995

ENGINE

Cylinders :	4 in-line
Bore and Stroke :	73.7 mm x 76 mm (2.90"/3.0")
Cubic Capacity :	1296 cc /77.7ci
Compression Ratio :	9.0:1
Valve Gear :	Overhead (pushrod)
Valve Clearances :	0.010" (0.25 mm) set cold
Contact Breaker Gap :	0.015" (0.4 mm)
Spark Plug Type :	Champion N-9Y
Spark Plug Gap :	0.025" (0.64 mm)
Firing Order :	1-3-4-2
Ignition Timing :	8° BTDC
Carburetion :	Stromberg 150 CDS- US Twin SU HS2E- UK/Euro 61 bhp @ 5500 rpm- UK 69.8 lb. ft. @ 3,500 rpm (net)
Max Power :	12.5 seconds
Max Torque :	97 mph

PERFORMANCE

0-60mph :	12.5 seconds
Top Speed :	97 mph
Standing 1/4 mile :	19 seconds
Overall Fuel Consumption :	32 mpg (25.6mpg US)
Touring Fuel Consumption :	38.2 mpg (30.6mpg US)

TRANSMISSION

Clutch :	6½" diaphragm (Girling)
Top Gear Ratio :	3.89
Third Gear Ratio :	5.41
Second Gear Ratio :	8.40
First Gear Ratio :	13.62
Reverse Gear Ratio :	13.62
Final Drive (Differential) Ratio :	3.89
Overdrive :	Optional: Laycock D or J Type on 3rd and 4th gears

CHASSIS

Construction :	Backbone chassis supporting integral body
Front Brake Type :	9.0" Disc, Girling Caliper
Rear Brake Type :	7" x 1½" drum
Front Suspension :	Ind. Coil & double wishbone w/anti-roll bar
Rear Suspension :	Independent by transverse leaf spring with lower wishbones and radius arms
F/R Dampers :	Armstrong/Monroe Telescopic
Steering Type :	Rack and pinion
Steering Lock to Lock :	3½ turns
Wheel Size :	13" x 4½" J pressed steel
Tyre Size :	155 SR-13
Front Tyre Pressure :	21 psi
Rear Tyre Pressure :	26 psi
Front Wheel Alignment :	1/16"-1/8" (1.6-3.2 mm) toe in
Rear Wheel Alignment :	1/16"-1/8" (1.6-3.2 mm) toe in

DIMENSIONS

Length :	12' 4"
Wheelbase :	6' 9"
Width :	4' 9"
Front Track :	4' 1"
Rear Track :	4' 2"
Height :	4' top up 3' 10" top down
Clearance :	5"
Turning Circle :	25.4'
Dry Vehicle Weight :	1636 lbs, 743kg

CAPACITIES

Fuel Tank :	7½ gallons IMP (9.1USgal), 33 litres
Engine Oil :	8 pints imp, 4¾ qts US, 4.5 litres
Gearbox :	1½ pints, ¾ qt US, 0.9 litres - (2.4 pints, 1½ qt US, 1.4 litres with OD)
Rear Axle :	1 pint IMP, 1¼ US pt, 0.6 litres
Cooling System :	8 pints, 5 qt US, 4.8 litres



Our little inexpensive economy car can beat your little inexpensive economy car.

Spitfire is a long time winner of National, as well as Divisional, Sports Car Club of America Championships. But taking a title doesn't mean winning just one or two hard fought races a year. It means winning ten or twenty or more hard fought races a year.

Also, don't think owning such a big winner will cost a big price. Because you can buy the Spitfire for a small price. And drive the Spitfire for a small price. (It gets 27 miles per gallon.)

They don't call us Triumph for nothing.

1969

Riverside, 2/15, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Holtville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Devendorf
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 6/9, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Alton, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, L. Mueller

1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Lake Alton, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck
Atlanta, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly

1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Meyer
Stuttgart, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray
Summit Pt., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton
Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/18, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Cajun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer



Triumph Spitfire

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Reprinted from Road & Track Magazine - May 1972 - 1972 Triumph Spitfire MkIV

A Hole in the Darkness

by Ted Schumacher, TSI, Pandora, Ohio

Part 3

What do 30 people, packing thousand's of dollars of equipment, sometimes primitive conditions and 3 days worth of high intensity have in common? That's what happens when you go endurance racing. As promised the last time, let's go racing. But, we first have to get all needed equipment and personnel to the event.

A typical race week starts on Monday of the event. All equipment – cars, pit equipments, and spares have already been checked, rebuilt, packed and ready to load. Let's talk equipment and spares. Equipment is floor jacks, roller chest tool boxes, enough spare parts to rebuild everything but a complete body tub, generators, pit lights, multiple radios, hoists, porta-power, nitrogen bottles and much more. Why nitrogen bottles? We use nitrogen to run the air tools and inflate tires. Nitrogen gives a more accurate tire inflation and pressure stay consistent. A tire inflated with air will increase pressure as it gets hot from running. Nitrogen decreases the amount of pressure gain. We carry three big nitrogen bottles. One for tires, one for air wrenches, and one back up. The air wrench bottle has 2 'T' fittings that will run up to 4 air tools at one time. There are two 1/2" impact wrenches for tire changes on 1 'T' fitting. The other 'T' fitting mounts a 3/8" impact and an air chisel. We had a lot of air hoses to keep straight, but better safe than sorry.

A typical pit set up looks like this: a framework extends lights out over the pit stall for night service, two roller tool chests sit at the back of the pit space behind the pit wall, well out the way, but immediate access. Nothing is allowed to be placed or stacked in front of the tools boxes. Tires, dry conditions, intermediate rain, and rain tires are stacked at one end of the pit space. These are inflated to correct pressure and ready for immediate use. Fuel is at the back of the space and brought forward only when the car is ready to come in for a stop. Car is refueled on every stop whether it is a scheduled or unscheduled stop. All equipment is arranged so there is the best use of space and economy of motion. Outside of the pit space is a table with beverages, hot and cold, Gatorade and water, and high energy snacks. Since we are on the subject of food, let's go to the "catering area".

My wife and two other people had a complete food service set up well behind the pit area. Chili, sandwiches, breakfast, etc., available for 36 hours. The kitchen would open on Saturday morning of the race and close the following day. Hot and cold food and drink were available for the drivers and crew. No matter what time of day or night, the people running the car were fed. When we ran 2 cars, we normally had 25 – 30 people to care for: 3 drivers for each car, 3 timing and scoring personnel, 2 full shifts of crew (6 per crew, each with their own team chief), a crew chief and food staff. The crew chief's job on race day was to park himself in a chair with a radio headset and supervise the over all



operation. Unless he HAD to perform a job (read this as a major car problem), he stayed in his chair (for 24 hours).

Earlier we mentioned spares. There is an engine for each car. Each engine is complete with starter, alternator, distributor, carbs, clutch and transmission. It is ready to drop in. All connections on the race car, electrical, fuel and water, are set up with quick disconnect fittings. There is a complete front and rear suspension – again with brakes, calipers, springs, etc. Spare drive shafts, differentials, brake hoses, fuel lines, axles and hubs with bearings installed and packed are some of the major components.

Finally, it's arrive at the track time. Registration, tech and pit assignments are all done. Car is unloaded. Pit equipment moved to pits and set-up. Radio antenna is raised and anchored. Pit lights and wiring are done. Cars are moved into the pit lane and it's practice time. Nothing major here. Check tire pressures. Go out and look for any changes in track surface since we were last here. Or, in the case of a new venue, go learn the race track. Let's go for a quick tour of my "office": high back competition seat, (later in the series the rules were changed to allow race seats) with shoulder harness, 3" wide lap belt and a 2" wide "anti-submarine" belt. This bolts to the floor, passes between your legs and attaches to the main lap belt. Purpose is explained in the name. No, I don't want to test it! There are 2 radio "push to talk" buttons. One mounted to the steering wheel and a second is mounted on the shift lever. That way you have instant radio communication no matter what happens. And it provides a back up switch should one decide to be a Lucas descendant. A full set of gauges, switches for all needed electrics including side marker lights that are used to identify the car at night. With the driving lights on, all cars look somewhat the same as they approach the pits

or the timing area. By using a unique light or lights on the side of the car, it makes for much easier identification. A roll cage surrounds the cockpit perimeter and a drinking bottle tube is attached to the right hand shoulder belt.

Off we go for a practice session. Tire pressures are checked, car warmed up and out for 3 or 4 gentle laps to warm up everything. A couple quick laps then back into the pits. Everything is checked and the next driver goes out to reacquaint himself with car and track. This goes on for the entire session. A quick driver debriefing and meeting with the crew chief at the end of the session completes the first practice. Anything that needs to be changed will be done. Tire pressures were monitored during the in and out sequence of the first session. Earlier we said only 3 drivers for a 24 hour race. Why 3? Any more than 3 driver's makes for too long a time period between driving sessions. You can go "stale" and not be at your sharpest. Some teams used 5 drivers, but not us. If you get a session for 60 to 90 minutes on a fuel load, with 5 drivers you are out of the car for 5 hours. Too long. You lose the flow of the track, the car, and awareness of what is going on.

Finally it's time to race. We have qualified, looked at the cars around us on the starting grid and made a decision how to do the start. For example, Chrysler fielded a group of turbo Shelby cars. If the pace lap was slow, they were slow at the start because of not being into the boost rpm range of the turbo. We would then try to jump several cars at the start. If the start was quicker, then you just let everything sort itself out. Usually the first 3 rows were factory backed Corvette ZR1's. Then the next several spots were factory cars from Chrysler, Mitsubishi and our TR8. The green flag drops, even though you saw it, the crew chief is on the radio saying "green, green, green". The idea at the start is not to do anything dumb. It was amazing the number of people that

thought you could win a 24 hour race on the first lap going into the first turn. Fortunately, we were never involved in the mishaps that accompanied that mind set. The first few laps were run at a much harder pace than you wanted to. Adrenalin rush and just getting the field sorted out. Once a few laps were in, the race settled down to a "pace" that was capable of winning while stressing the car the least amount. This pace was unique for each track. At one track you might use 40 laps per hour, another track would be a different target. Rain would change that completely. In the rain, you drove neatly, no sudden moves and were as gentle as possible. Both on acceleration and braking. After the first 20 to 30 minutes the crew would start getting reports from timing and scoring on how the "race pace" was working. Did we need to speed up, back off or maintain. If the race pace was quicker than the original target, the driver would inform the crew of how it was going. If the pace was not straining the car, we would keep the faster pace.

Remember, time was lost at every pit stop. Tires, refuel and driver change took 1 to 2 laps of track time. The car burbled or stumbled. The first indication of running out of fuel. The driver radios the pits. Pit comes back asking for a confirmation of this. The next time it happens, the pits radio the driver a count down to pit stop. "You will be stopping in 3 laps". Each time the car goes past the pits, a new lap is given – stopping in 2 laps, etc. When it is time, the driver radios the pits when he is entering the pit road. He also unfastens the harness and loosens the belts and harness for the next driver. As the new driver gets into the car, the exiting driver helps him fasten the belts. While he is doing this, the exiting driver briefs the new driver on anything that is happening on the track – say a pot hole is developing on the exit of turn 3. The new driver has been listening on the radio for several laps before the stop so he knows the condition of the car. The jack man starts changing tires on the passenger side of the car. He lifts the car and also puts a new drinking bottle into the passenger side bottle mount. The crew completes the service – tires, fuel and a good visual check. The car is sent back out and it starts all over. The new driver normally needs 2 or 3 laps to get in the flow of things. He settles into the same routine and on it goes.

One advantage to running two cars was the ability of the driver's to make each other aware of something that happened on the another portion of the track. The driver always started communication to the pit with "Pit 8, this is car 8". That way the crew new exactly who was in the car, what car, etc. If there is yellow flag in turn 3, the first team car on the scene would radio "car 7 this is car 8 – yellow flag with debris on course at turn 3. "Looks like it will be a while for clean up" or "car off course driver's left". The crew would be monitoring this as well so everybody knew exactly what was going on. If the incident turned into a full course yellow, a pace car is sent out. The pace car "gathers up" the field and takes a spot in front of the lead car. No passing is allowed. If the pace car looks like it will be out for more than 2 laps, we bring

the cars in for refuel. If the car has been out for more than 2/3 of its normal time per fuel load, we will also do driver change. The full course yellow is run at a much slower pace so we get a stop with the luxury of not being quite as hurried. More time to check over the car. Since the cars are normally at a different position on the track, the crew brings the cars in 1 lap apart in the position the cars are in on track. First car team car approaching the pits is first car in. This would vary only if one of the cars had a full fuel load and the other was near its fuel window. The car that needed fuel was first in.

Endurance racing is minutes of sheer boredom followed by seconds of controlled panic. The crew has to have everything ready for the next stop. We had 1 person who was in charge of the tires. He had to make sure the tires just removed from the car were taken to the Goodyear truck. He then waited for the old tires to be dismounted and new ones mounted. New tires were brought back and put in the appropriate stack – rain, dry, etc. His only job for the entire weekend was to make sure the tires were ready – aired to correct pressure and in adequate supply and have the needed tires on the pit wall ready for the upcoming pit stop. I have mentioned rain tires, but what are they? Rain tires come in a couple major categories – intermediate and full rain. Rain tires are normally narrower than a dry pavement tire. This allows the tire to cut through the water and get to the pavement rather than riding up (hydroplaning) on the wet surface. Rain tires have a deep tread pattern to allow water to be channeled off to the sides and out from under the tire to reduce hydroplaning. Intermediate rain tires have the same tread characteristics, but not as deep. This allows the tire to have more surface contact as the course is drying. One of the toughest decisions is which tire. If it's dry, this is a no brainer. But, if it has been raining and the track is starting to dry, do you go with dry, intermediate or full rain tires. More than once we have gone to the starting grid with 2 different compound tires on the car: left side with dry tires and right side with intermediate. Then the decision can be made at the last minute and you only have to change 2 tires.

Fast forward to dusk. We did not mount our driving lights until the pit stop at dusk. We had 3 driving lights mounted on a "light bar". These were set up with a quick connect harness. A center light that pointed straight ahead and 2 side lights that went off at a slight angle, left and right, to light the entry to a turn. By not mounting the light bar until dusk, there was less chance of the lights being damaged in an early race incident. The start of true darkness was always an interesting time. Things look differently at night. Lights in the rear view mirror are distracting and the high output driving lights are actually blinding. We would put strips of tape horizontally across the rear window to cut down the light hitting the mirror. Side mirrors were readjusted and sometimes even turned up to eliminate the constant glare. No matter what the track, Daytona, Sebring, Mid-Ohio, the lights at night are a problem. This brings me back to the title for this series – "A Hole I the Darkness". At night you would sometimes come up

on a car that had been damaged or had a light failure – NO TAILLIGHTS. After a while, you could figure out there was different look to the road in front. You would see other taillights but once in awhile there would be an area that looked "different". It was the back of a car with no taillights. It really did leave a hole in the darkness. Worst time of night was between 3 and 5 am. You were tired, often times cold and for some reason a bit lonely. It was always nice to hear from the pits just to know there was someone there. No matter what the race, 24 Hours of Daytona, LeMans or ??, bad things usually happened at late night. At the first early morning daytime stop, off came the lights and then it was full tilt to the finish. If you were on target for a win, you stayed the same pace. If the pace needed to be picked up, now was the time. Night driving was usually a bit slower than in the daylight. We were always able to turn consistently quick laps at night but you had to really work at this. By 6am you knew where you were in relation to your competition. This dictated how the rest of the race would be run. One race we were so far ahead that unless the car blew up, it was not possible for us to be caught. At this point in time, the ego kicked in and we actually washed the car on the last pit stop so it looked good for the finish line photos.

There you have it. The race is over. You then have to pack up all the stuff – only now everyone is exhausted. Get everything loaded and head for home. Rebuild everything and two weeks later, you did it all again. Travel went from Lime Rock, CT to Sears Point, CA. •

Ted Schumacher & TS Imported Automotive have 30+ years in the British car business. Former Austin - Healey/MG/ TR dealer. Full-line parts and specialized service business. Large British car salvage yard. R & D. Manufacturer. Importer. New parts. NOS parts. Used parts. Restoration parts. High performance engine and suspension parts. Race parts. British Leyland US Competition Parts Department affiliate through 1986. Winning race team in amateur and professional road racing series. Technical information. From chassis to headers, engine parts to high performance brakes. They also have used sports cars for sale.

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FoT “Shootout at the OK Corral”

March 30 – April 2, 2006

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Story & Photos by Joe Guinan



Friends of Triumph (FoT)

Earlier this spring, the “Friends of Triumph” (FoT) gathered at the Hallett Motor Racing Circuit near Tulsa, Oklahoma for the Annual Spring Vintage Races. These races were being run under the auspices of the Corinthian Vintage Auto Racing Corporation (CVAR), and came just in time to let the FoT celebrate their 10th anniversary as a non-organization. To understand the FoT, you have to understand that it really is a non-organization. There are no real “memberships”, no officers, no rules, and no budget. This certainly doesn’t mean that the non-group is unorganized. One of the nearly 300 non-members simply takes on a responsibility when it is called for.

For this event, Bob Kramer and Larry Young took care of dealing with the CVAR and the track authorities as well as communicating details to the “members”. Susan and Brad Kahler were in charge of getting



commemorative T-shirts designed, printed, paid for and sold. The glue that holds the group together is their love for racing Triumph automobiles. The FoT Attitude was made clear to me while the members were standing by their cars posing for a group photo. The photographer asked the members to group together so he could focus more on the people than the cars. The FoT non-members looked at each other with puzzled expressions until someone finally yelled from the middle of the group, “The CARS are the stars!”

The cars certainly were stars at the track, as the CVAR designated Triumphs as the featured marque for this event. I counted 28 different triumph race cars, including 7 Spitfires, 3 GT6’s, and several beautifully prepared TR6’s, TR4’s, and TR3’s. I was disappointed to not see a TR7 or TR8 in attendance, but there were some “Specials”

that made up for it – a Devin bodied TR3, a “Thunderbolt”, and the stunning Triumph 250K that was entered at Sebring in 1968. This is no “Historic Race Group” simply out tooling around the track at highway speeds. It is “vintage” racing – so while you don’t see someone being bumped out of the way or cars trading paint in the corners, you do see some very serious competition. These guys and gals RACE their Triumphs – and they try their best to beat the MG’s, Minis, Healy’s and others.

We had nearly perfect weather for the event, sunny skies and light breezes. A bad windstorm blew through on Saturday night, knocking down tents and shade shelters and generally scaring everyone half to death. The Hallett road course seemed the perfect track for this type of racing. It looked to be very safe, with wide runoff areas all around the track and short walls of stacked tires



providing a safety barrier where necessary. Elevation changes and interesting corner sequences make the 1.8 mile, 10 corner road course a real challenge to the drivers without over-stressing the race cars. In addition to the practice sessions on Thursday and Friday, I believe there were four races for each of seven race groups and two "All Triumph" races; so no one left feeling they didn't get enough track time. Lap times for the faster cars were just under a minute and a half. The track was also extraordinarily friendly for spectators, with well placed bleacher seating, ample parking, helpful and friendly staff members, and great food.

In the main "All Triumph" race, Tom Kreger drove his fuel injected TR6 to the win. Mike "Tiger" Munson was unable to keep up with Tom, but brought his TR6 in for second place. And for third place on the podium, we had Chuck Gee in his Spitfire. Who says a small bore Spitfire can't keep up with the big boys? Of course, Chuck's car is beautifully prepared and expertly driven. Chuck is one of the "E Ticket Triumph" drivers from Southern California, and his car is a 1972 with a 1500cc engine breathing through dual

side draft Weber Carbs. You can study the details of his car on pages 234-238 of the newest edition of Kas Kastner's *Triumph Preparation Handbook* – the "Bible" of Triumph go fast technology.

While the cars were the reason I decided to attend the event, it's the people that made the weekend memorable. I watched drivers climb out of their race cars laughing and smiling in reaction to how much fun they had racing each other. These people towed cars from as far away as California, Oregon and Florida for nothing but the opportunity to go wheel-to-wheel with other Triumphs. I don't think I even saw a trophy being awarded to the winners. When someone had a problem with a car, several other people waded in with tools in hand to help get the car repaired and ready for the next heat. Susan Kahler's Mallory distributor in her Spitfire got zapped in tech inspection when she was asked to demonstrate that the car would shut down when the electrical system was switched off. The car simply would not climb to high RPM's after that. Another car owner found a stock distributor that would work, and then someone else loaned them the spare Mallory

unit they had packed in case of failure.

Tom Strange had bad luck with both his tow vehicle and his Spitfire; losing the engine in his Suburban on trip down from Michigan, and then losing the clutch during the race when he got fired up after passing a fast TR6 and then slammed into the next gear. People and gear got shifted around so Tom and his wife could hitch a ride home with one group, while the Spitfire went home with a different group. "Tiger" Munson lost a head gasket in his TR6 during practice, and I watched about 10 other competitors scrambling around pulling the head off, prepping a new gasket, and then getting everything back together before the next race. The same camaraderie was exhibited around Bill Dentinger's Triumph powered "Tornado Thunderbolt" which suffered some sort of deep engine malady.

Heck – Kas and Peggy Kastner were even present for the races. And they brought champagne for everyone. How can you beat that? I don't know where next year's FoT event will be held, but I'm going to try to be there - maybe with a Spitfire race car to compete in... •

Kas Kastner's Triumph 250K



Internet Links

Friends of Triumph –

www.fot-racing.com/

Hallett Motor Racing Circuit –

www.hallettracing.net/

Corinthian Vintage Racing Corp. –

www.corinthianvintagerace.com/

Photos from Hallett –

www.fot-racing.com/Shootout

/Shootout Slide Show/index.htm

One Lap At Hallett –

www.corinthianvintagerace.com

/Video/1 lap hallett healeys.rm

13/60 Herald Estate

by Jim Williams, West Virginia

My interest in British cars started when I was only 16 years old. A boy with a new Sprite took pity on a drooling teenager and asked him if he wanted to go for a ride. That was all it took. My brief ride probably never reached 50 mph, but I felt like I was flying. Top down, Spring day and I was hooked for what turned out to be a life long love.

Over the years I have owned a lot of cars including Rovers and Jaguars. But the desire to be a bit different lead me to Heralds. My first Herald was a 1965 1200 Sports. I found the car in my home town. A lawyer had just transferred in and brought the car with him from California. For a sum of five hundred dollars, the 50,000 mile all original convertible was mine. After a little sorting out the car was road worthy and ready to go. For several years I drove the Herald

to work and for fun. During that time I became aware of an even more interesting Herald. This one was called a Sports 6. So my little Wedgewood blue Herald was sold and I started looking for a Sports 6. (Vitesse to the U.K. readers) These cars had a total import of just 679 in the U.S.A. and most suffered from years of neglect and rust. However, the black car I located had survived with not only its original paint, but it came with a list of its past owners and 50,000 miles of use.

Knowing I had found something desirable. I decided to completely restore the car. For the next eighteen months my wife and I carried Sports 6 parts to all corners of our house. When we ran out of room we dismantled our guest bedroom and stored the hood, doors, trunk lid and splash panels in there. (I have a very understanding wife.)

The Sports 6 I guess was the reason we found ourselves in England during the summer of 1997. The place was the Stafford fair grounds. The show was the annual T.S.S.C.

club meet. For me it was heaven wrapped up in a sunny summer day. To be able to see so many Triumphs of all makes and models in one place was a life time dream come true. It was during this outing that I laid eyes on my first 13/60 Estate. We only received Heralds in convertible and saloon models here in the U.S.A. The fact that there was a small station wagon in the Herald line up was a treat for me.

Before we left England we tried our best to find one to bring home. But, being unfamiliar with the country and limited hunting time forced us to return home empty handed. A couple of months later I spotted a advertisement for an Estate in trade magazine. I called the owner and he went over the car with me but, in the end I got cold feet and didn't complete the deal. As the months passed the desire burned even brighter. My wife told me if I really wanted and Estate go for it. So I called the same gentleman back and asked if there was a chance that he would work with me to locate a car that I could buy. It was only two



ALL IN THE FAMILY

weeks later that I received a call telling me that he had the car. We made the deal. Everything involved in buying this care went perfectly. He handled the paper work on his side and even took the car to the port, where it was loaded beside the QE II.

The 13/60 Estate arrived 4 weeks later in Baltimore, Maryland. We cleared it through customs and brought it home to West Virginia. I guess you could say I was a pretty happy camper tooling around in my 13/60 Estate that summer. Everyone we met wanted to know why the steering wheel was on the wrong side, were the pedals backward and how do you shift

gears. An English car is a rare sight in West Virginia.

As the frost settled on the pumpkin driving days were getting short and snow was soon to come. The 13/60 went into hibernation. As the winter months slowly passed by I hatched a plan to make the Herald into a classier car. The first step would be to restore the body and then do the drive train.

All the old paint and the undercoating was removed. New front and rear valences were purchased. A better set of doors were found. The rubber bumpers were replaced and a set of Spitfire wheels were added.

The car was painted in its original color. The motor was replaced with a 1977 1500 Spitfire and overdrive was added. The interior received a period radio unit and the rear deck was done in wood.

Now it was once again ready to cruise the American highways and byways. With the added power and the overdrive keeping up with traffic was much easier. And its appearance was greatly enhanced. I spent the summer attending shows and driving around the local country side. As autumn approached thoughts turned once again to the up coming winter months and the car was stored away in the garage.



Winter in West Virginia can sometimes be very cold and snowy, leaving one with a lot of time to think about things to do. It was during this time that another plan materialized in my mind. If a 1500 motor gave so much driving pleasure would adding another 500 c.c.s and two more cylinders make driving fantastic? I thought it might just happen. So, a GT-6 motor was sourced up. A full rebuild was preformed. The block was bored, high compression pistons were added. A cam was installed to give the motor an added boost. A new valve train was installed. 1.75 inch Strombergs were affixed to a ported

and polished manifold. All this was topped off by a Triumph tune valve cover. The front suspension was replaced with all new GT-6 parts. A J-type overdrive was rebuilt and installed. A new differential (3:89) was ordered from Rimmer Brothers. When all the parts were back in their rightful places I wondered what the Car would be like.

It took several miles of tuning and sorting out before I would be able to tell exactly what I had achieved. Would there be more power? What would it be like driving a cloned Sports 6 Estate? In answering the power question. The car is fast! Wickedly fast! From 2500 rpms upward the power

just pours on. As speeds approach 90 mph I realized that I had created a motor that was faster than the car. Even with the extra weight the car feels better on the road.

Once again the Herald finds itself traveling merrily along. Attending car shows and country outings. Getting high fives from cars that it meets. Soon fall will be here and the car will go back into its garage for another winter. I will again have time on my hands. Will there be another reincarnation for the Estate? Maybe? I did see not to long ago information on putting a Rover V-8 into a Herald. Did I hear someone say "more power"? •



Better Breathing: PRI Induction & Exhaust System

Story & photos by John Goethert

I know, I know, it has been forever since I got my new PRI quad carbs, intake, header and exhaust system... my non-Spitfire life has been complicated. But I have finally done it. This issue will be the installation. Next issue will be the testing and fine tuning.

First impressions of the kit is that everything is of the highest quality. All required parts came in the many boxes, and all were well marked. For instance each "sub kit" (exhaust hangers for instance) was self-contained in its own zip-lock bag marked on the outside with its part number that matched up on the instructions and diagram.

The only bad part of the kit was because it was so well put together one easily forgets it is a hand-made sys-

tem that did require some fiddling to get to install correctly. Don't get me wrong, the fiddling was not difficult by any stretch of the imagination (excluding the fitting of the exhaust, more about that later in the story). Another negative was the installation instructions. They were photocopied and a little hard to read. Again keep in mind, this kit was not produced by a large factory with an inhouse graphics dept. It was created by one guy with a passion: Spitfires and taking them to their potential.

Also remember when reading this story, the installation was as easy as it looks...a testament to the care Chris Cancelli and the guys at PRI have for every product that leaves their shop.



The kit all laid out. Yep, everything there.



And then the exhaust header. Note that there was a leak between the 2 and 3 exhaust ports.



The comparison of the two, obviously different mindsets were used in the two designs ...



The "before photo"...neat and tidy but hardly a barn burner.



Remove the gasket. Much of it stuck on the head so I CAREFULLY used a razor blade to clean the area. Careful not to get gasket flakes into the ports. Careful not to nick the metal.



The header goes on first. Here is one of the unexpected things that was not mentioned in the instructions: the engine lift bracket needed to be removed in order to allow the header to sit flush to the head.



Start by disconnecting the battery and stripping off the intake and everything attached to it.



To add a little extra security I taped up the ports... don't want 4 year hands seeing how many screws he can put in those cool holes (all you parents of young children know what I am talking about.)



After the header is in place, it is time to test fit the intake.



When installing the intakes there are some "clearance issues" mentioned in the instructions. Some welds hit the header keeping it from sitting flush. Knowing where to "modify" is indicated by scratches on the headers (circled in yellow).



Everything mounted with only the throttle and choke cables and gas line needing attaching.



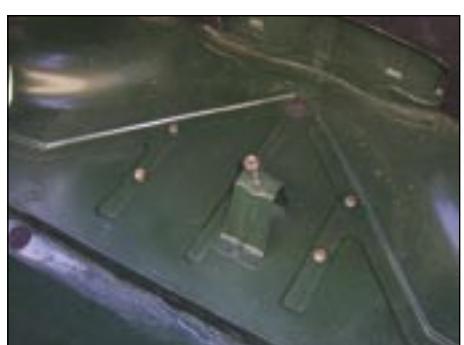
Holes (shown from below) are given a coat of black paint to keep rust from forming in the future.



The soft aluminum is easily filed with a simple hand file.



Now we go on to mounting the muffler and exhaust pipes. The muffler hangers are placed in position as they would be under the floor...



Hangers are then mounted with muffler. The view from the trunk is neat and tidy.



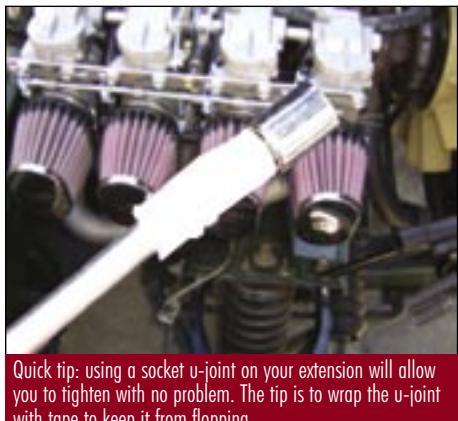
Now the intake and header are tightened in the order described in the instructions. Lets see you tighten up the nuts on a factory header this easily!



...and marked for drilling.



Here is where I had difficulty. "Sliding" the pipes together was very difficult as fittings were very tight. Test fitting before going under the car helped. Anyone having tips for this let me know!



Quick tip: using a socket u-joint on your extension will allow you to tighten with no problem. The tip is to wrap the u-joint with tape to keep it from flopping.



Holes are drilled.



The pipes are held together by large springs making it possible to remove the system at a later date, much easier than unwelding!

Next issue we will do the troubleshooting (if there is any) and testing of system. It promises to be fun!

Spitfires in San Paulo, Brazil

by Reinaldo Morilha, Brazil



I bought my TR4A late 1998 and my Spitfire by middle 2000. Ever since an effort has been made to recover the history of the presence of our beloved cars in the country. From the beginning I joined a local car club, "MG Clube do Brasil" (MGCBr), by far the largest local club dedicated for sports car and the only one with a "British car" flavor in Brazil. Early on those days I found the pleasure of being part of car events and rallies. By November 2003 I was participating in the "Classic Car Endurance", which is done on a yearly basis at the "Interlagos" race track. At the time my Spitfire was in a great shape, since it was soon after a pretty complete restoration, including new paint and upholstery. During that event, what did make me even more proud of my car was an invitation to show the car in a famous TV program called "Autoesporte" held at "Rede Globo", the largest TV media company in Brazil. The idea was to put the Spitfire car at the side of a Spitfire airplane, which was done around May 2004.

Around 2001 I started to follow the NASS forum in the WEB and soon after I put my hands on the Spit car & Spit plane photos, I sent the pictures to Mr Howard Baugues, including another one with 3 nice Spits together. One of the feedbacks that we got, was the suggestion to create the SASS group (South American Spitfire Squadron) which was done. The material was published by the NASS newsletter and one of the pictures was shown in the 2005 NASS calendar. So by getting a bit more excited about the creation of the group, we started a consistent effort to approach as many local owners as possible. By March 2005 we launch the website (www.triumphcars.com.br) and soon after that an email group (where my role is to be the moderator) where we have today around 50 names.

So far around 40 Triumph cars has been found in the country, 25 of those being Spitfires. And we truly believe that this number will be constantly growing. By the last March 18th, we finally held the first Triumph event, in a hotel located around 60 kilometers far from Sao Paulo city. Our long effort paid off, since 14 cars were there, 10 of them being Spitfires (1-Mk2, 8-Mk3 and 1-Mk4). In addition to those we got 3 more Spitfire owners in the hotel and they did give a strong statement saying that for the next event their cars will be there! •



Atlanta British Motorcar Day Has A New Home

by Bob Spruck, MotorMouth/South

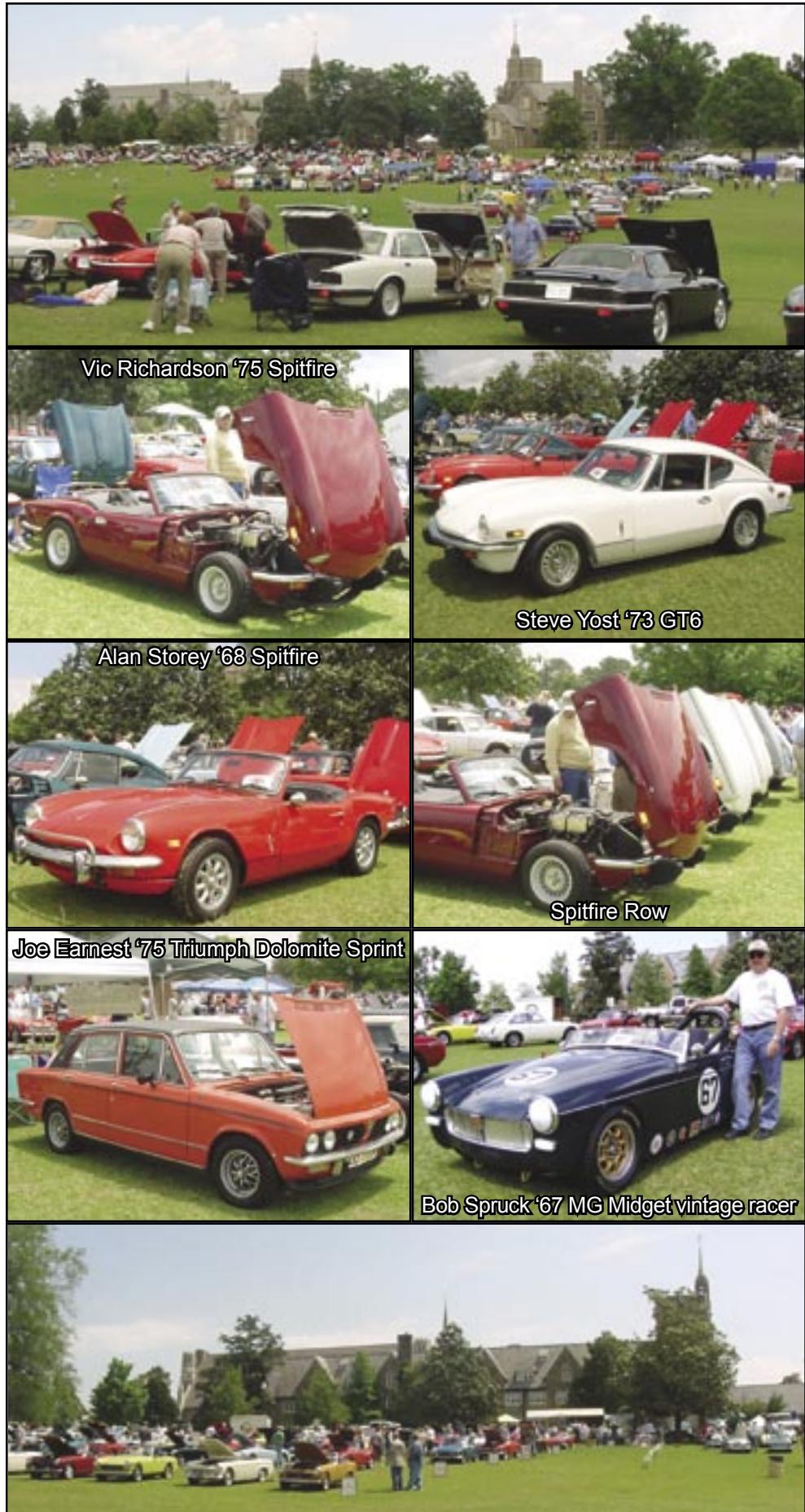


For the last 19 years of its 22 year existence, Atlanta British Motorcar Day has been celebrated at the beautiful French style Chateau Élan Winery northeast of Atlanta. It is a beautiful venue with much to offer both the serious British car enthusiast as well as those who just happened to come across the show, who may have been at the winery for the tours or a round of golf, or maybe saw the display of hundreds of cars from the nearby interstate.

In recent years, the overwhelming support from the members of the 13 Atlanta area British cars clubs exceeded the available space to display all the cars.

In addition, an increasing number of vendors, the corral for cars offered for sale, and all the other activities of the various individual clubs, added to the space needs. The club found an alternative site on the Berry College campus just north of Rome, Georgia almost equally distant from Atlanta but towards the northwest rather than the northeast location of the Château. Berry College is an independent private college founded in 1902. Its 2000 students and 40 buildings reside on 28,000 beautiful acres. It truly looks like the English countryside, with its many large open fields, its magnificent stone buildings, massive old-growth trees, and its narrow curving lanes and drives. It is a fitting site in which to display some of the best vehicles Britain had to offer.

Like the mother country, it rained a bit once or twice, was pleasantly cool and windy, and had intermittent sunshine and clouds for most of the day. Like so many of our British Car Club activities, this was a charity event with the proceeds going to the Marietta Lions Club and the Rotary Club of Marietta Metro. •



13th Annual British Motorcar Gathering at Hellertown, PA

by Bob Spruck, MotorMouth/South

Many car shows are held at malls, hotels, or businesses – places with large expanses of blacktop and/or proximity to restaurants and shops. Occasionally, the smaller shows are held at parks, colleges, or even private estates. The latter afford a much more amenable venue with more greenery, cooler temperatures due to the availability of shade, and a more peaceful atmosphere. Most of the time large numbers of cars and small, comfortable venues don't mix. A notable exception was the British Motorcar Gathering on June 11th at Reservoir Park in Hellertown, Pennsylvania.

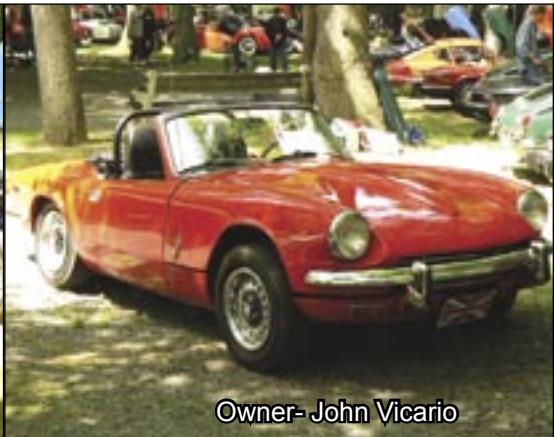
The Keystone Region MG Club has been in existence for almost 30 years in the Lehigh Valley in eastern Pennsylvania. The 2006 edition was the 13th time the Club held their show, er, gathering. A record setting 200 British cars were exhibited on a cool and breezy, but sunny Sunday. Reservoir Park is a mature park, not fancy, just comfortable, and is ideal for a British car gathering. The central meadow was reserved for the MGs, which had the largest number of models and the largest total number of cars. MGAs and

Spridgets were positioned along the two long sides in the shade, MG Ts at one end and many rows of Bs in the center in the sun. All the other Marques were set up in smaller areas in the heavy shade that was provided by the ancient hardwoods. Superior planning provided just the right amount of space to provide a comfortable viewing area whether there were only a few cars, as was the case with the Morgans or many, as in Spitfires. The Park also has a large pavilion that provided space for the food concession, the Club Regalia table, and a few vendors of automobilia. One of the nicest touches was a DJ/Club member who provided helpful announcements, light banter, and appropriate music all day long that was a pleasure to listen to.

Two of the neatest exhibits were too serendipitous to be accidental but the show planners swore that they were. Alone on a small bank along a creek was a combination of cars I called the Extremes of British Autodom. One pair, was the Extremes of Speed. A Cobra replica, belonging to Bob Serra, was decked out in all the accoutrements of the track day car that it was. Roll bar, side pipes, WIDE tires, decals, decals, and more decals. Next to it was what was perhaps the slowest car on the grounds, the 1934 Riley Imp of Gloria and John Flannery. It may have been the oldest and slowest, but it was certainly the shiniest and best prepared. The other exhibit I



Owner- Christine Butter



Owner- John Vicario



Owner- Mike Paserchia



Owner- Robyn Resch

called the Extremes of Bulk. Here, was Dennis Connell's diminutive 1969 Lotus Elan, a yellow with green stripes beauty, that was the epitome of Colin Chapman's "add lightness" theory of making cars fast. Along side the Lotus was definitely the heaviest car there, a 1927 Rolls Royce P-1 Piccadilly roadster of Alexandra Randall. The beautiful burgundy body of this model (1 of only 20 ever made) may have been of aluminum, but the RR chassis was of solid steel and massive in size. Two sets of extremes, nicely displayed, perfectly prepared, and a pleasant surprise to stumble across in their bucolic setting.

The Best of Show prize went to the outstanding 1934 Riley Imp of Gloria Hill and John Flannery, of Reading, PA. Riley is most known for its saloons and the marque kind of petered out after the war. The Imp has beautiful lines, especially the swooping front fenders, the running boards, the abbreviated rear fenders, the twin spare tires, and the clean and functional dashboard and steering wheel. The transmission pre-selector sits boldly on the steering column. There was just the right amount of chrome to compliment the flawless burgundy paint. Many people noted that the taillights were the same units used on Jaguars from the early '50s and even on the early Spitfires in the mid '60s.

Speaking of Spitfires, there were a goodly number of them as

well as GT6s. They were all lined up in one shady area, no, it was sunny, but then again it was shady. It was a photographer's nightmare in that the strong sunshine and dense shade played tricks with the lighting and made good photographs difficult. Well, they turned out just like the actual conditions, so they are realistic, if not perfect. The owners were so proud of their engine compartments that they all had their bonnets open. That also makes for less than great photos since you can't see the beautiful lines of the cars. Spitfires, especially, have some nice sheetmetal work on the front ends. Oh well, you can't always have things the way you want, other than having plenty of Triumph's best to look at, of course.

Although all the cars were worthy of awards, only three were given out. The top Class O prize went to the 1969 GT6 of Elizabeth Bodenweiser of Hamburg, PA. The white racing stripes on the shiny deep green made the car look fast just sitting still. Glen Gardner, NJ's Christine Butter's license plate identified her car as a 66 Spit and she took home the second in class award. Another GT6, this one a gleaming red '71 took third and owner Ron Denzel from Flourtown was justly proud. There wasn't a dog in the bunch. Too bad there weren't more awards that could have been given out – all the Spitfires and GT6s were winners! •



CES Three Castles Welsh Classic Trial

May 31st - June 3rd, 2006

Story and photos by Neil Dowie, United Kingdom

In its fourth year and now Britain's most popular classic car adventure, the "Three Castles" gives you the excitement of longer, far more expensive events in a unique three-day (four night) format based in a single centre, so you keep the same comfortable hotel room throughout. It's a real occasion - a sell-out success for three years now, attracting around a hundred entries each year.



Ten Triumphs ran out amongst nearly one hundred entrants in this year's CES Three Castles Welsh Classic Trial. Held in early June and based at Llandudno, the three day event had drivers jumping around North Wales in brilliant sunshine. Four hundred and fifty scenic miles around Anglesey, Snowdonia and The Lleyn Peninsula provided splendid views for those able to lift eyes from road or road-book long enough to appreciate them. Howard Warren & Rally sponsor Brian Goff, won in their 1965 Porsche 911, but only by a narrow margin from the superbly presented MG TD of Mark & Sue Godfrey.



GT6 MKII of Neil & Sue Dowie that tied for 5th place overall

TR's from 3's to a lone 7 were entered in most age categories. However, it was the TR4 of Roger Furrer & Elaine Wade and the GT6 MKII of Neil & Sue Dowie that achieved the best placements; shar-



Sue & Neil Dowie

ing an equal 5th overall. This was enough to win a best in Category D (1968-74) for the GT6 crew and a first in Class C6 for the TR4.

The mix of ten timed tests and nine regularities demanded both fast & controlled driving as well as accurate navigation & time keeping. Tests included several at Anglesey Racing Circuit and monster hill climbs at Ffestiniog & Dinorwig. Swiftest Triumph on tests was the TR4A of Lindsay & Clews who crept within the top ten. The stylish paintwork of this car screams speed even when parked. Long regularities saw crews explore remote mountain passes north of Dolgellau and a hot tight thirty miler tested teams' concentration over the backbone of The Lleyn to Abersoch. A total of 89 second penalties & fourth on regularities, showed the experience in these types of events of Furrer & Wade. Ability in both disciplines is needed to attain a high overall placing. The GT6 gaining 11th fastest on tests and 5th best on regularities provided sufficient consistency to present the Dowie's their first major award.



A more impressive showing of the rally-proven TR4's was let down by the exclusion from the overall results of the evocative ex works car (3VC) driven by Charles Eyston. •

Coming up in the next issue

Spitfire 1500

Send your photos and stories right away. Items are needed by Aug. 15th.

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Heavy Duty Tappet Set	70.00
Large 214N Rimflow Intake Valve	22.40
Large 214N Rimflow Ex. Valve	22.40
Heavy Duty Rockershaft	82.88
Vernier Adj Cam Gear Dual Only	156.80

GT6 Specials

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Piston Set with Rings	298.00
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Borg&Beck 3-pc Clutch Kit	136.00
Brake Hose Set (4)	38.00
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Front Wheel Bearing Kit	21.28
Rear Wheel Bearing Kit	29.57
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Ball Joint Set	16.58
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Spitfire Rear Shock G211	90.00
GT6 Roto-Flex Rear Shock	95.00

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Spitfire Rear Shock Bushing Set	11.00
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GT6 68-72 Rear A-Arm Bush Set	41.00
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