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# SPITFIRE & GT6

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

M A G A Z I N E

Issue #44



## *features*

- ◆ **Galveston VTR**
- ◆ **Up In Smoke**
- ◆ **On The Track: Race Trax**

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Dennis Duke's overheated Spitfire at the VTR Autocross

The summer driving season is upon us. The past spring has come through with a vengeance, bringing tornadoes and flooding to several areas around the US. It has been rough on everyone, let alone those of us with special little cars. Many spring car events were rained out or severely threatened the proceedings.

The Farmer's Almanac is predicting another hotter than normal summer with an above average amount of rain, neither of which

we really need. Now is the time to check your coolant levels, clean your radiator, and change to fresh oil. Do everything you can to keep your Triumph running as cool as possible, as it looks like we will need it.

Don't let the summer heat keep you from attending shows and events, just prepare for them. A big gathering is planned at Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin. September 6th to 8th, there will be a lot of activity. The Kastner Cup All Triumph Race, Fiftieth Anniversary of the Formula Vee, Trans Am B-Sedan Race, and the NASS Central Spit-Together all in one location on one weekend.

Mark your calendar now so you don't miss the big weekend at Road America. Your editor plans to attend with my Spitfire. I have ordered good weather for that entire week... Hope you all can attend; we are looking to have a real good weekend!

And don't forget that when you do attend various shows & events take some photos and jot down some details, then send them to us to be included in future issues. We are always looking for show coverage from all areas.

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

*Howard*

[howard@triumphspitfire.com](mailto:howard@triumphspitfire.com)

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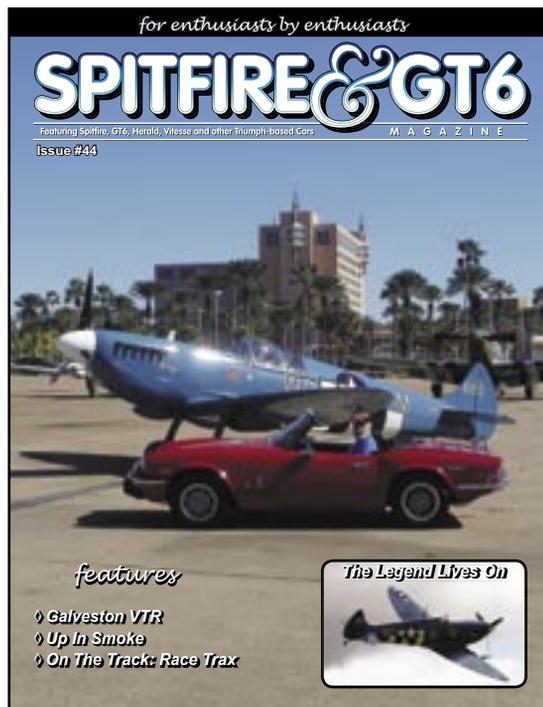
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Spitfire & GT6 Magazine,  
PO Box 30806,  
Knoxville, TN,  
USA, 37930-0806



The staff of Spitfire & GT6 Magazine expresses its sincere gratitude to the many supporters and suppliers of stories, photos and technical information.

# SPITFIRE & GT6

magazine

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MagazinePublisher.com • 1-865-690-4941

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US SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$15 US

P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930

1-800-487-3333

EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$20 US

Beach Croft Cottage, School Lane

Baslow, Bakewell, Derbyshire, DE45 1RZ

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or visit [www.magazinemuseum.com](http://www.magazinemuseum.com)

for US and European Subscriptions

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1-865-690-4941

ISSN 1550-7718

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## ON THE COVER

The cover features Bob Ross with his '73 Spitfire 1500 with the 90% scale Supermarine Spitfire at Lonestar Flight Museum Galveston Texas. Read more starting on page 24.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Dear Spitfire & GT6 Magazine...

#### THANK YOU

Dear Editor,

About 5 years ago, I rescued a Spitfire that was donated to our local Salvation Army. Parenthetically, this used to be a great source of collector cars, but the State of CA, in its infinite wisdom, changed the regulations on selling a vehicle, and now the seller is responsible for the car passing the smog test. If it fails, there is recourse against the seller, so the Salvation Army now only sells "restoration projects" to licensed dealers, not individuals. Of course the net result is dramatically fewer cars donated and less funds for what is by most accounts an exemplary charity. But I digress. I had to rescue the Spitfire because it had absolutely zero rust, which I thought was pretty extraordinary. Shortly thereafter, I started a subscription to your publication. I sold the car to someone who will actually restore it (I hope) and so I did not renew my subscription. But I did want to tell you that I found your magazine to be really well written, and believe me, I read a lot of automotive publications, and most of them do not measure up to your standard. I don't know how you do it with such a small staff, but congratulations are in order. I write a monthly column myself for an e-zine (<http://www.velocetoday.com/>) about French and Italian cars, and I understand something about how much work it takes to put a magazine together. So, I just wanted to say "Thank you" for doing such a good job.

Sincerely,  
Brandes Elitch  
Healdsburg, CA



Brandes,

*Thanks for your email and the compliment. Our readers are our writers, so we have a great staff of enthusiasts.*

*Thanks for saving the rust free Spitfire. With as few as are left, every one of them helps sustain a legacy of fun little cars.*

*We wish you continued success with your e-zine!*

Howard~

#### ADJUSTED VIN

Dear Editor,

Good Day to you. While updating my membership of the Capital Triumph Register, I looked up the meaning of the Commission number on your website. My 1976 Spitfire has number FM46334UO. Funny (sort of) story is that when I went to the MD DOT to get MD tags (I had purchased the car in FL), they refused to enter the correct Commission number, because the computer would not accept an 'O' as the last character. The gentleman behind the counter insisted it had to be a 'zero'. I explained that the 'O' stood for overdrive, but to no avail. The car's VIN is now FM46334U0.

Cheers,  
Johannes van Dam

Johannes,

*I am sure you are not alone with the "adjusted" VIN. The DOT/BMVs all over the US seem to have problems with our car's VIN/Commission numbers when entering into new style systems.*

Howard~

#### STICKY CLUTCH PART 2

I hope this new year has been good for you so far and will continue to be. As I promised, I am reporting back on what I found with the clutch problem I queried you with a couple months back. The problem seemed to be a slight drag such that I could keep the clutch pedal down and the car would not move when in gear but when trying to put it into first or reverse from neutral while the engine was run-



ning was extremely difficult and I had to jam it in.

You suggested slop in the linkages and

I had intended to get into that but weather and a series of health issues kept me away.

Well, yesterday it was unseasonably warm here so I decided to start looking into the problem. I thought I had better start it up since it hadn't been started for over a couple months and to my elation it cranked up immediately. My earlier effort to redo the ignition and carburetion doldrums has paid off. Anyway, I thought, maybe I should try to put it in first. Voila! It worked like a charm. No difficulty at all! Amazed the hell out of me. Reverse was the same, with ease. I have no explanation for this except that I might not have done a real thorough job of bleeding that line after reworking the clutch master. This had been my intended first crack at the problem but wasn't at all necessary. Only explanation I can come up with is that there must have been a tiny bubble still in that line and it somehow worked it's way up and out over the extended period of down time. In any case it's a very welcome relief that it seems I won't have to get at it and possibly have to rework linkage joints.

Thanks for your input on this and I had intended to work through your suggestions but I am just so relieved I didn't have to go there.

Any comments on this?

Best regards,  
Steve Foster

Steve,

*Congratulations for fixing your problem, even though you don't have a clear idea what it was. I think your idea about bleeding the system could have been the key, and sitting idle allowed the air bubbles to work out on their own. Enjoy the driving season.*

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](mailto:info@triumphspitfire.com)

## Changes are coming to your favorite magazine!



The publisher and staff are working on some exciting changes for **Spitfire & GT6 magazine**. Plans are still in the works at the time of this issue's printing so we can't disclose details yet, but stay tuned and watch the website for news.



# Weird, Wacky & Wonderful!

## Spitfire Shoes



From a shoe store that I was at a couple of years ago in Kansas City, MO.

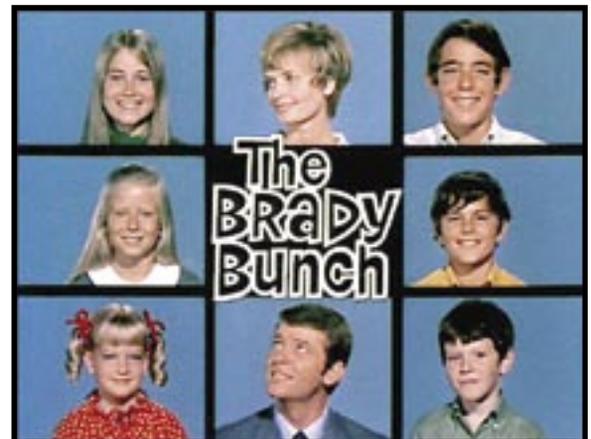
Submitted by Kenny Wymore



## Brady Bunch Spitfire

It was a new, Triumph supplied the Spitfire for use on the show. They have to add stuff like Fuller's Earth to prevent the finish from reflecting the studio lights; this was on a sound stage. There was also an episode with a TR6.

Submitted via the web by Steve Hedke, Valencia, California



## Signs



Really?



How'd they do that?



How true...

# You write the caption



This photo is from Barrett Leibe of Louisiana

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

# the captions

I will rise again!  
 Ready to go  
 Massive Potential!  
 Great place to start  
 A little rust goes a long way  
 It will be an EASY Restoration!!  
 They said the brown acid was bad!  
 But they said it would just buff out! Was I pushing too hard?  
 It's just a little body work, what matters is that she purrs like a kitten.  
 Fade in the shade  
 Just relaxn' in the shade....  
 All it needs is Love  
 All it needs is a little Love !!!!  
 They said that they'd be back!  
 Help! I'm being abused & neglected! Help!  
 Slightly Used - Looking for a good home  
 79 Spitfire BARN FIND, original paint, ran when parked. Great condition. Needs minor tweaking of the carb to be perfect.... asking \$4795 Firm.  
 For sale, ran when parked  
 For sale \$10,000. Rare.  
 For Sale: Grocery-Getter, custom paint, A/C, great mileage. One more payment and it's ours!  
 Spitfire for sale great shape runs doesn't leak, only 4k  
 Low miles and little rust, great air conditioning, needs some tlc.  
 Turns heads where ever she goes, One careful enthusiast owner  
 Ouch!...in a good way  
 Just because there is no snow on the roof, does not means there is no fire in the furnace!!  
 Should we shoot it and put it out of it's misery?  
 Been There, Done That!  
 One owner, with a lovely original patina  
 Ready for paint, your choice of colors!  
 Needs obvious TLC and a garage before it's to late.  
 This is the very reason I don't use the "Touchless" car wash at the gas station.  
 It looks like a cemetery but where is the headstone?  
 Hey Mom! I finally mowed the grass and look what I found!  
 Lawn gnomes have competition, or a project.  
 Don't pick from the garden, it 's not ready yet!  
 Yes Dear I bought the kids a cubby house

LITTLE BITS OF SPITS

# Next issue...



This photo is from Syndi Henthorne of Arkansas

Send your caption suggestions to [info@triumphspitfire.com](mailto:info@triumphspitfire.com) or P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930-0806

And FINALLY...

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# More Weird, Wacky & Wonderful!

## Triumph Troubles



The name Triumph appeared in the news heavily this past February. Back in issue #26 we told you about the Carvinal Cruise ship Triumph. Now the Carvinal Triumph apparently inherited Lucas electrical gremlins when they had an engine room fire while on a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico February 10, 2013. After drifting north with the currents, other Carnival shios arrived to provide supplies to the passengers and remove a passenger requiring medical attention for dialysis.

A Coast Guard helicopter delivered approximately 3,000 pounds (1,400 kg) of equipment, which included a generator and electrical cables to the Carnival Cruise Ship Triumph in the Gulf of Mexico, Feb. 13, 2013.

Two sea-going tugboats were sent to tow the ship back to the US. A third tug was sent, and finally a fourth before they were able to successfully return the ship to Alabama on the evening of February 14.

During the return the ship had only partial power and limited services for food, water and sewage. Carnival canceled several scheduled cruises aboard the Triumph while an investigation was conducted and repairs were made.

## Spitfire Planes Reborn



David Cundall with a Spitfire at the Imperial War Museum

In 1945, 20 some Spitfire planes were believed to be shipped to an airfield in what was formerly known as Burma. The Japanese were just then invading. It is thought that instead of destroying these crated planes, they were buried. They were mostly forgotten until recently. David Cundall of England has put his life savings into the search. Having questioned veterans of that war era, it was thought that these planes were packed in grease and wraps that may well have preserved them in a condition to fly again. Not only would these supermarine Spitfires be a great addition to historic war birds, but they would double the number of flying Spits already known. It would be a gold mine find! They would be worth plenty!

David Cundall is leading the current team of archeologists and geophysicists in the search. So far the evidence doesn't support the hope. The actual finding and recovery of any of these professed aircraft treasures is yet to be realized. Meanwhile our LBC Spits and the few flying above live on in a cloud of great atmosphere. Submitted by Richard Campi, Indiana.

**Look for updates on this in future issues.**



Supermarine Spitfire F22's, from RAF Ouston, in flight rehearsing for the 10th anniversary Battle of Britain display in August 1950

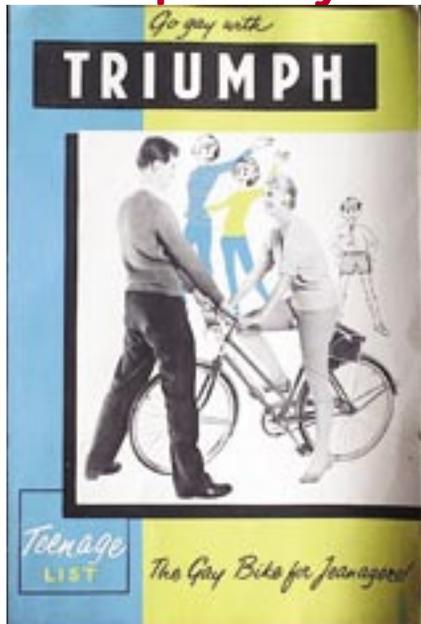


RAF Pilots scramble during the Battle of Britain, running towards their Supermarine Spitfires



RAF ground crew push a Spitfire out of the mud on a boggy airfield in England 1943

# Triumph Bicycle?



While surfing the net John found this unique advertising for Triumph Bicycles out of Nottingham, England. The price list is dated 1960. We are pretty sure this approach to selling bicycles would not work in today's world!

Submitted by John G., Tennessee

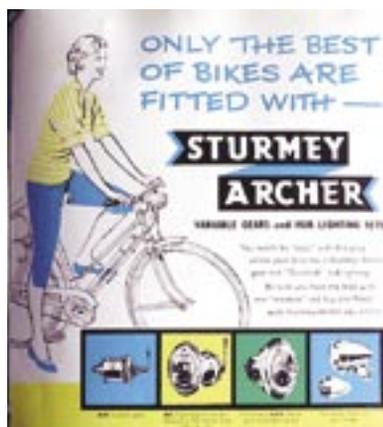
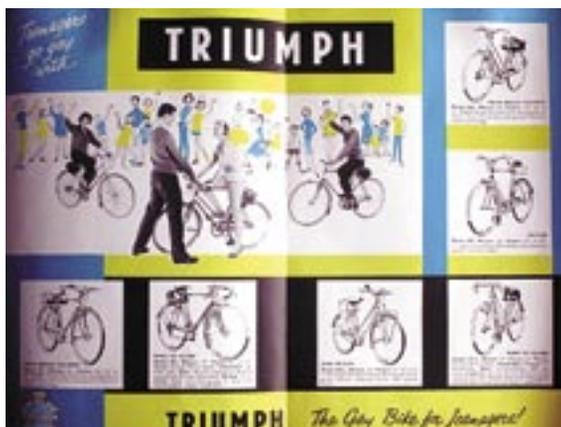
Prices effective from January 1st, 1960

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MODEL	MODEL No.	NET CASH TAX PAID
£ s. d.		
Palm Beach Tourist, Single speed	429/429L	18 15 3
" " " S.A. 3-speed	429/429L	21 3 4
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	429/429L	24 0 4
Victor	439/439L	22 19 6
Pink Witch, S.A. 3-speed	443L	21 1 9
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	443L	25 18 9
Jack of Clubs, Single speed	471	18 4 0
" " " S.A. 3-speed	471	20 11 11
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	471	21 8 11
Maid of Clubs, Single speed	471L	18 4 0
" " " S.A. 3-speed	471L	20 11 11
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	471L	21 8 11
King of Clubs, Benlux 4-speed	472	20 19 6
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	472	23 16 6
" " " Benlux 8-speed	472	22 17 6
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	472	25 14 6
Queen of Clubs, Benlux 4-speed	472L	20 19 6
" " " and " " " 6v. 'Dynohub'	472L	23 16 6

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# READER'S RIDES



**GT6 Owned by Jim Kelly, Pembroke, Massachusetts ▲**

This is my GT6 out of the garage a few days after the blizzard of 2013 hit us in Eastern Massachusetts. It took a while before this little guy hit the streets!



**◀▼1971 Spitfire Mk4, Maxine Levy, Chattanooga, Tennessee**

This is Lady Day... cause she sings on the road.  
The guy in the photo was the previous owner.



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

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◀1977 Triumph Spitfire 1500, Owned by Andy Shoemaker Owensboro, Kentucky I just purchased it in February, includes hardtop and electric overdrive, all just needs a little love! I have also included a picture of my ▲1971 Spitfire MKIV I restored a few years ago. Very similiar, Yes?



▲▼▼  
Spitfire owned by Bob Menzies, Bradenton, Florida  
My first Spit in about 9 years!



## READERS RIDES



◀▼71 Spitfire MkIV, Owned by Shawn Frank, Des Moines, Iowa

◀Des Moines Valley Region SCCA Solo event on August 5, 2012. My first time squealing the tires, let alone running a road course... Still shaking from the adrenaline...

▼Auto crossing with the SCCA Des Moines Valley Region. My second time, after getting it done. Sunday funday... October 21, 2012



▼1976 Spitfire 1500, Owned by Johannes van Dam, Maryland





◀▲▼1980 Spitfire 1500 & Custom Spitfire 750 trailer, owned by Cecil Wise, Coffeerville, Kansas  
Cecil built this trailer out of the rear sections of a roundtail and a squaretail Spitfire. He joined them together and had to do extensive body work to make the wheel arches match, and to blend the body curves of both models to join seamlessly. Nice job Cecil!



To have your car featured in the next issue and on the TriumphSpitfire.com website, e-mail us at [info@triumphspitfire.com](mailto:info@triumphspitfire.com) or mail to: P.O. Box 30806, Knoxville, TN 37930 USA



## What's in a Name

by Sam Jeffries, Texas

### The Origin of the Word SPITFIRE

Webster's "Third New International Dictionary" defines spitfire as

- 1: one that emits fire (a volcano or a cannon)
- 2: a quick tempered, fiery, or violently emotional person.

According to "ICONS:

*A Portrait of England*", the first recorded use of spitfire was in 1600 as a colloquial term for a fiery tempered person, easily aroused to anger. The word was a more polite replacement for the earlier term "sh!tfire". There is an English usage recorded in 1611 that means any device that emits fire, especially a cannon.

In 1579, Sir Francis Drake, aboard the Golden Hinde captured the Spanish treasure galleon "Nuestra Senora de la Conception" or "The Lady of the Conception". The Spanish sailors had nicknamed their ship the "CAGAFUEGO" which translated to English means firestarter. The English sailors misunderstood the pronunciation of the Spanish and called it "CACAFUEGO" which means sh!tfire. According to an anonymous history of the voyage, the English sailors enjoyed the wry comments by a Spanish sailor. "Our Ship shall no longer be called The Cagafuego, but the Cagaplata. It is your ship that will now be called the Cagafuego".

From Wikipedia "Ten ships of the Royal Navy have carried the name HMS Spitfire, while an eleventh was planned but renamed before entering service. All are named after the eu-



phemistic translation of Cacafuego, a Spanish treasure galleon captured by Sir Francis Drake".

In the 1930's Supermarine Aviation Works (Vickers) Ltd. developed the famous Spitfire fighter plane. Not the least important task facing the design team and the government was to name the new plane. Sir Robert McLean, chairman of Vickers (which was coordinating supplies to the government), suggested that the name for the new fighter should be something "venomous", and that it should ideally start with the same letter as the name of the manufacturer, Supermarine. Early suggestions were the *Shrike* and the *Shrew*, before the name *Spitfire* was hit upon. Reginald Mitchell, the head design engineer was very upset at the name and said "just the sort of bloody silly name they would choose".

The rest of the history of the airplane and the fun and exciting car has been published in many books and magazines. I personally like the idea that Triumph didn't get permission to use the name Spitfire for its new car; but thought the name was a perfect fit for this spirited and fun car. 🚗



## *My Driving Experiences 2012*

*by Kelley Hangos-Carrano, Monroe, Connecticut*

I bought my first Spitfire in 1992. My family thought I was nuts. I always wanted one, and she was a beautiful basket case. I lost my job two weeks after I bought her, and the garage I got her from didn't mind the leggy blonde hanging around learning to work on engines. I learned from a former master mechanic at Jaguar and had a ball. Drove the hell out of her and then moved to NC, bought a farm, got a horse, got married and had a kid. My car took a back seat to everything else for years. Trailered her to NC, got her running again briefly and then trailered her back to CT ten years later. She was sitting outside in my driveway looking quite sad.

### ***Fast forward to 2012.***

Now 45, I decide that I want her to run again. My husband groans. I start looking for a parts car, not realizing that her frame is totally rusted out. I am in denial, but everyone is being quiet while I continue my fruitless journey. I am frustrated watching my friends work on their muscle cars and I've got the itch.

I start emailing a guy in Upstate New York that has a few cars, and we plan a trip up. My husband brings reinforcements (his two friends and fellow car people). We also bring our son and a car trailer. I am not coming home empty-handed.

We show up and the parts cars are in a field with trees growing out of them. Then the guy mentions that he has a few more cars in his basement! Turns out there are six Spits in various stages of restoration! They are his wife's passion, his is the Barracuda in the garage.

### ***These are my kind of folks!***

As we walk among the cars, the guys are all huddling in the corner, then the sacrificial lamb, not my husband, comes up to me and says "how about the yellow one?" Turns out it is a daily driver and his wife really wants to finish one of the older ones.

After two hours of deliberation, my husband promises to clean out the garage, and he promised that I never have to get rid of my first Spit since I built the engine, I am the proud owner of a 1978 Spit!

My son is so excited! At nine, he is already quite the automotive genius. He walks around with a Diesel Power magazine under his arm.

Of course the daily driver has no brakes, starts leaking brake fluid like a sieve, and a few more issues, but I am happy.

Everything works, including the map light. Version 2.0 is named Buttercup and I drive her to work when the weather is nice. Her original paint is pristine and she has only gotten rained on once. Version 1.0 is still here and is now my parts car.

We go to car shows and I let all the kids climb all over her and beep the horn. My Bernese Mountain dog barely fits in the seat, when my son or my BF aren't in it. I wired my iPad into the stereo, and feel young again.

I am anxiously waiting for the warmer weather so we can cruise the country roads around my home. It is exhilarating to be back in the saddle. ☺



## READERS STORY

### *My 1979 Spitfire*

*by Bert Gerritsen, Alberta, Canada*

It all started with a beer and a conversation about cars and motorcycles between myself and Colin Beresford, as the conversation progressed it became clear that both of us were interested in owning a Triumph Spitfire, so we decided to purchase a Spitfire in partnership.

I had owned a Mark 2 Spitfire in the late 60's. The only picture I have of this car shows it dressed up for the Rockyford Rodeo parade in 1970. That's me with my son Kevin. Rockyford is a small village in Alberta, Canada of about 399 people and that's counting me. The annual three day Rodeo is a highlight of the year. You can't see much of the car but there is no doubt it is a Spitfire. I started my small engine business in 1971 and had to sell my Spitfire to finance the venture. I always said that I would own another Spitfire someday



As luck would have it we found an orange Spitfire on e-bay that looked very interesting. We put in a bid and were successful. Arrangements were made to ship it from Eugene, Oregon to our home in Rockyford, Alberta, Canada. As it happened the seller had a green Spitfire for sale and he convinced us, transport already being in place, to buy this one as well. When the cars arrived and word got around that we had imported the Spitfires from the USA, we discovered that there were two GT6's and another Spitfire in the village. Surely the highest per capita concentration of Spitfires in North America. People took a big interest in the restoration and came round to check progress from time to time. We have coffee every morning for what we call the "Committee Meeting" where we, as friends, get together for a visit and to discuss cars and other subjects. Just a fun break and to find out who knows what.

The restoration on the orange Spitfire began immediately. It became clear that the work would take a lot of time. Colin decided to back out, and left me with the job. He's got his own restoration projects, about 20 classic British convertibles.

I have a small engine shop and was about to retire, so time was my own. I have all the tools and a small hoist to make the project fun. My philosophy for the restoration was to create a sound, dependable car that would be fun to take out for a drive with the hood down on sunny Sundays, rare in Alberta.



I removed the seats, carpets, door panels, hardtop, dash, battery, wheels, steering components, hood, doors and trunk lid, now it looked like a big job. I was not sure where to start on the restoration but decided to do the battery box first. I got a fibreglass kit and relined the battery box. It turned out well and gave me the incentive to carry on.



I treated the floor pans with rust converter and Rocker guard. Next I tackled general areas that needed painting. I had some spray cans made up matching the original paint colour and painted the door frames, floor, and under the hood and trunk areas. This came out very well. Colin took a big interest in the progress I was making and gave me a hand once in a while and some advice. Bert Katterhagen another friend, was also very interested in the project. He had helped me with the restoration of my Messerschmitt about



10 years ago. Below is a picture of the Messershmitt once again in the Rockyford Rodeo. The Messershmitt project took about two years to complete. We built a complete bottom for it and welded it onto the cabin. A new roof was built, complete with frame and new side windows and windshield made from Plexiglass. Bert Katterhagen and I invested a lot of time in resurrecting this unique little three wheeler



I was very happy to have him giving me advice on this project. He made a new dashboard for the Spitfire and as you can see from the picture he made a beautiful job of it.

I had to rebuild the engine, it had a knock at about 1500 rpm, which was caused by a piston hitting the cylinder head. After measuring, I decided to take  $1/32$ " off the top of the pistons. Bert Katterhagen did the machine work for me, as he has a lathe. The engine now runs beautifully. I painted the engine, the steering and the brake parts and replaced the ball joints, trunions and the tie rod ends..



The next thing was the carpeting. I wanted to make it look nice, and did not like the after-marked carpet kits, so went to a local carpet store and purchased special auto carpet and believe me it was a big job to cut it all to size and glue it down. I made special patterns for the trunk and rear seat and covered them with carpet. I made front side panels with speakers and installed an after-market radio in a special bracket which I covered with carpet. After-market door panels and sun visors were fitted. I purchased a used convertible top and rebuilt the frame and purchased window materials which I cut and sewed into the cover. I restored the vinyl with shoe polish and it came out as good as new.

As you can see below we have come full circle, here I am again in the 2012 Rockyford Rodeo Parade, this time in the restored Spitfire. It has been a lot of fun and I enjoy driving it once in a while and showing the car off at parades and car shows. The story isn't over as I am now working on the restoration of my third Spitfire and have a long way to go. 🚗



# My First Gear, Over and Up

by Steve Rowell, Florida

Everything seemed normal. Take my daughter to work, fine. "Hey, it's just the two of us. Let's take the MG!". The "MG" was a 1972 MGB-GT I had been working on for eight years. "Why not," and off we went. Twenty minutes later I was looking at my car squashed between two SUVs like a bug on a windscreen. Both of the other cars drove away with minor cosmetic damage, while my little friend was dragged away bleeding gas from one end and radiator fluid from the other... **Totaled.**

After the usual 12 round bout with the insurance company, I walked away with a nice settlement.... What to do? What direction to go? Quit while I'm ahead, or, get my heart broken again. My mechanic told me about a 1974 Spitfire he had that was getting a transmission. "The guy might want to sell"... So having never considered a Triumph, never driven a Spitfire, I did what any middle aged, rational, sports car enthusiast would do... I bought it. The void in my life now filled, I drove it off for the first time.

The feeling is quite remarkable. It's a lot like having a long term relationship that abruptly ends and then going into a bar and marrying the first hot woman you see. I'm both excited and scared to death. Shift is in the wrong place. Where's the choke? What is with these windshield wipers? Start her up. Pull up push down the shifter for reverse, you must be joking! I haven't had a convertible for a long time and the sensation is like putting on an old pair of shoes, except the smell is better.

Now what to do with this sexy new trophy wife, well, show her off! So fool that I am, I entered her in not one, but TWO car shows the next week, one in central Florida on Saturday, and another in south Florida on Sunday... I must be crazy.

Saturday came and off I went to the first show. This was an open show with all kinds of vehicles from trucks to minis. I parked my little beauty right between a guy in a detailer van and an 84 Caddy. Dwarfed between these two, I sat and waited. Most of what I got was "I had one in college" or "Boy, me and my wife could tool around town in a little thing like that." Then there were the occasional Porsche gangs that came by, all decked out in their colors and flashing signs. Mostly I connected with kids who identified with the car. Walking right up to her and looked in without having to be hoisted up by dad. Then with the hood up, dad could point out the engine parts, getting most of them right. That was the most satisfying part of the show.

Well from 10AM to 4PM. We sat on display taking comments and questions after that, it was time for the road trip. With my son as the copilot we sped off, top down, smelling every BBQ joint for miles heading to our hotel and tomorrow's show. We hit I-95 and topped her out. She just hummed along singing a lovely monotone at 4k like she was bred to. Some three hours later we got to the hotel and I immediately realized a problem - you can't just lock up a convertible and walk away. After a day of enjoying people ogling my car I was immediately aware of how easy it would be to just take her away. All night I slept with one eye and one ear open; I did switch sides so I got about half a night's sleep.



In the morning I awoke to find her right where I left her, waiting for another big day... So off we went.

Today's show was a British show! We passed MGBs, Jags, Minis, on the way to our berth. There we sat, not haphazardly dropped between a commercial van and a Detroit behemoth, but among our own kind, brothers all!

I walked the show, wondering among the British royalty all in their own kind of crown jewels. I saw a 72 MGB-GT that brought a sigh. I saw 3000s and TR3s with their classic style, bought a T-shirt. It reminded me of why I have continued this love affair that started in high school. Swapping ideas, getting and giving advice. Basking in the flow of waxed hoods, everybody had something to contribute. All proud parents. Then at 1PM it was off again for the trip home.

Moments later we were back on the road humming along with her 4K song. Mission accomplished. 🚗



# Ginger Snaps

*In the Beginning there was...Ginger*    *Written by Synnova Henthorne*



I was born in May, 1977. The beginning is a bit of a blur to me until I awoke one morning to find myself sitting in a parking lot in California surrounded by many others like me. The days and weeks passed and as time ticked by I watched the others leave me, all on their way to a new home yet I remained. A whole year passed before a nice young couple took me home. They were fun and took me all over the place at first but the fun didn't last long. Eventually, I just sat in my room collecting dust and only felt the sunshine when the door was briefly opened. Then one day a truck arrived, loaded me onto a trailer and drove away.

I heard the driver say something about a place called "Arkansas". What was this strange place? The days and nights passed again as they always do and we arrived at "Arkansas". I had high hopes things would change with my boring life but it didn't, it got worse. There was no warm room to hide from the thunderstorms, high winds and blistering heat. Occasionally, a strange white substance would fall from the sky. The cold was a sensation I had never experienced. Sadly, it seemed I was destined to wither and fade away. My glory days were over. For a brief time I had a little hope when another trailer whisked me off to another yard but that hope faded with my deteriorating paint.

A man came out and rubbed my dry flakes away then sprayed new skin on me but it was grey and dull. I heard him say one day that it was just temporary and I would have shiny new skin someday. Still, I sat withering away. The days and weeks ticked by again until another trailer appeared and off we went again. I never imagined my life turning out this way. I was made to roll down the road; I just wished it were on my own four wheels.

We turned a corner and I saw a pretty neat sign, one I recognized. It was the first thing I remembered seeing when I began my life and I think I heard someone call it a "Union Jack". I know this is not where I was born but maybe it means I will feel better, prettier than the past 25 years of sitting in silence have made me. I never



expected life to be so hard, I never expected to ever age and I had given up hope of ever having a loving family, a purpose, again. The man they called "Ronnie" started fixing my broken parts and sent me off to get that shiny new coat of which I had dreamed. It felt nice to be cared for again and I had hopes of finding another family when, one day, Ronnie lined me up in a row with some other less fortunate souls.

There were a lot of people milling around that day and scarcely any of them gave me a second glance. Late in the day I caught sight of a woman roaming around. She looked as though she had a heavy



## READERS STORY



heart as she strolled my way. She stopped and looked at each car as she slowly made her way to me. I could see she was deep in thought and I had to catch her attention. I closed my eyes and prayed real hard she would notice me. When she stopped near my bonnet I felt warmth emitting from her spirit. This was the one. I just knew she would take me home. I knew she would love me. Her hand caressed my curves so gently yet I felt something in her touch. Something I could not explain, something passionate. Her hair even matched my new coat, she too was a “ginger”. She talked with a young man walking with her but I could not hear what they were saying. I hoped she would take me home yet she walked away. Darkness came and I was alone again.

I awoke to the sun peaking through the tin roof above me. This would be yet another day without moving, another day stagnant. Later in the afternoon I saw a shadow. The sun was so bright I could only make out the silhouette of a woman. Oh! It's her! Ronnie walked to me with her and started my motor as she looked me over again. She and the young man drove me down the road. I could hardly contain my excitement as we raced along the pavement, the wind blowing in my face. This is what I live for! I had to make a good impression on her; I had to have a new home. She took me back to Ronnie and left again. Ronnie put me in a large room with several other cars and shut the door. I was in darkness again. What had I done? Was I so hideous no one would want to look on me again? I know I'm not perfect but I can't be that bad, can I?

I lost track of time. There was no light, only darkness and the occasional bump in the abyss. It might have been a cat, maybe a rat, and lots of little critters I could not identify. My tyres began to deflate and hurt. I remember the passing seasons and surmised I must have been there nearly one and a half years. Amazingly, the door finally flung up and the light was blinding. After a moment of adjustment, Ronnie walked over to me and charged my battery, aired my feet and drove me across the road to the shop. My head was spinning. After so many disappointments I tried my best to contain any excitement but I could not help but wonder why he drove me

into the shop. I spent the night outside again and was scared. Oddly, I felt safer in the dank room in which I had been stowed for so long. After what seemed an eternity, the sun finally peeked on the horizon and a car drove up.

Oh my! It was her! The ginger lady that drove me, that caressed me so gently so long ago. I was whisked into the shop and raised in the air. I could hardly contain myself and was embarrassed when I piddled on the floor. The workers removed my wheels and the woman they called “Syndi” began scrubbing them. I sat in awe as she diligently scrubbed in the scorching heat without regard to her fair complexion. I wanted so bad to tell her to get out of the sun but I was so feeble I could not speak. After several hours she left me again. I still did not understand what was happening but I hoped it was something good. Syndi returned the next day and finished my wheels. She applied new paint and I got new tires while others fixed things on my body as she pointed them out. This night she did not leave me. She took me home with her. The warmth emitting from her touch and her skillful driving filled the night sky as we zipped down the road. That night, nestled in a strange place in a driveway somewhere in Arkansas, I finally realized I had a home and someone who dearly loved me.



I found out her name is Synnova when she took the time the next morning to check me over from bonnet to boot and actually introduced herself to me. She told me she had wonderful plans for me and I could hardly wait but I was a little frightened when she took me back to Ronnie's straight away. I need not have worried. Synnova talked to Ronnie again and I was soon undergoing surgery on more parts. It hurt a little but she was there with me the entire time. I feel so much safer when she is around. I feel like I can take on the world as long as she is with me. I love her and I know she cares for me. In our first few weeks together we were both very frustrated at times because parts kept breaking. I did try my best to keep her safe and one time she brought a young girl along. This child, merely a teenager, had the same warmth and compassion when she saw me and touched me and I could have done a happy dance when I heard the child say, “I love Ginger, she's so pretty!” That was the first time in my life I had heard those words, the first time I knew I had a name and I knew then how important these little people are.

Synnova took me to a place called the Arkansas State Capitol one

day and told me we were there to “Drive Away Cancer”. I was not sure what cancer was but she explained that it was like the rust in my gas tank, and that rust was a cancer spreading through my stomach. If she did not properly care for me the rust would cause me to choke and die. I didn’t know I was that sick but I knew she would take care of me. She said when we have cancer we would see a doctor who would give us medicine and sometimes surgeries to make us better and kill the cancer. I finally understood why I was visiting Ronnie so often. I worried every time we pulled up that she was going to give me away and I tried my best to run as good as possible when we got there; but then I realized, Synnova was trying to heal me.

She told me of a “car show” she wanted to take me to where she would display me for many others to look at but I had no way to tell her I was not feeling well until two days before the show. I did not want to let her down but I just could not make the trip. I blew a gasket. I did not mean to but it happened. She drove me to Ronnie’s but I had a real hard time getting there. I thought she was angry until I saw the tears streaming from her eyes when Doctor Ron told her I could not make the trip because of a blown head gasket and would have to stay in his hospital. She wiped her tears away and gently patted my fender as she walked away. I heard her whisper, “You’ll be okay and I’ll see you in a few days.”

Synnova did come back for me and she told me of another special mission and stuck some strange things on my doors she called “magnets”. We were going to visit some children and I was excited to see more little people. One little boy they called Easton sat on my bonnet and he had something in his hand. He put the thing on my nose and started moving it around and it tickled. I giggled and so did he. Then several other little people sat inside me and also wrote on me. Their laughter made me feel all warm and fuzzy and I felt, at that moment, as though I meant something important. This place



was called the “Cure Search Walk” and all the little people around me had cancer. On the way home I cried thinking about their cancer and wondered if these ink blots on my body would make them feel better. When wet stuff began falling from the sky Synnova cried too. She said the wet stuff was tears of joy from heaven from all the little children that had become angels and that they were crying because they were happy. I’m not sure if they were or not but I know I was. This day was so very important. It gave me new life and I hoped I would get to see more little people. Their smiles and laughter were new to me and I could not get enough; however, I am confident that with Synnova’s loving hands and big heart I will get to meet many more new people as our lives together continue. If there’s one thing I’ve learned through my life it is to never ever give up hope and I can’t wait to “Spread MO Love”. ☺



Ronnie

Ginger

Synnova

*“Spread MO Love”*



## *Galveston, Oh Galveston...*

*Galveston, oh Galveston, I still  
hear your sea winds blowin', I  
still see her dark eyes glowin'...*

Yes, most of us have heard the song made famous by Glen Campbell. It was the Billboard Easy Listening number-one single (Glen Campbell's version) March 29, 1969 for 6 weeks. The song was considered by some

as an Anti-war song, being released during the Vietnam War; but in 2011 the author, Jimmy Webb stated he wrote it while on the beaches of Galveston thinking about an imaginary Spanish-American soldier who was missing his girl back on Galveston Island.

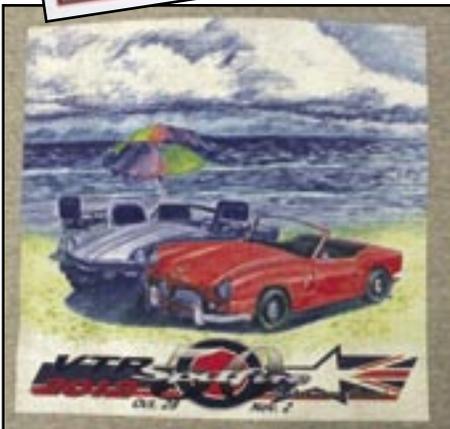
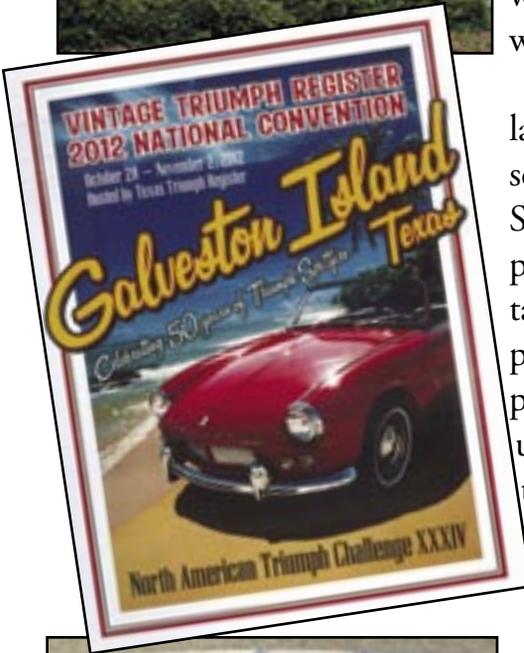
Galveston Island was the location of the



**2012 Vintage Triumph Register National Convention. The host hotel, the San Luis, was situated just across the seawall from the beach, and every room had a gulf front view. Sun, sand, and Triumph sports cars, what better way to spend the end of October?**

**October 28th through November 2nd of 2012 the Texas Triumph Register hosted**

**the VTR national convention in Galveston Texas. Members from all over the North American continent headed to this thin strip of land perched between Houston and the Gulf of Mexico. This area was perfect for British cars to congregate, especially our-convertibles. Most of the week it was sunny with temps in the 80s.**



A special feature of this convention was the Celebration of 50 years of Spitfires. The event shirts featured Spitfires on the beach, and the program guide had a Spitfire on the cover, with lots of information about our Spitfires throughout the book. Activities were planned all over the island for the week, and after Sunday check in and meet & greet, Monday started off early with a Breakfast run to Moody Gardens hotel for a buffet style morning meal. From there we headed over to the Lone Star Air Museum for a tour of their facility and planes. We watched a B-17 land and were able to get up close and personal with the plane and talk with the crew.

The highlight of the day was the landing of a new Spitfire plane (90% scale) manufactured in Cisco Texas by Supermarine Aircraft. "High Lady" propelled by a Corvette LS4 engine taxied over to the Hangar and was positioned in front of the B-17 for photo opportunities. While other Triumph owners had photos taken with the planes, Spitfire car owners were able to talk with the pilot and crew chief about this unique plane. The Triumph Spitfires were then moved into place for a group photo. Once group photos were completed, each car was moved to the side of the plane for individual photos.

Spitbits sponsored an anniversary party for Spitfire owners with cake & champagne in the afternoon at the host hotel. From 3 to 5pm people gathered in the San Antonio





Parlor on the fourth floor to celebrate 50 years of Spitfires. Sam Jeffries led the festivities and delivered an informative and fun history of the name "Spitfire". The cake was cut and passed around along with spirits and everyone toasted to 50 more years of the Triumph Spitfire.

While kicking tires and admiring cars in the lot I met up with Lonnie Davis from Humble. Lonnie is a VTR, NASS, and TTR club member and owns a few Triumphs, one being a beautiful 1980 Spitfire 1500 with 48,000 miles on it. This Spitfire was all original and was in excellent condition. After we talked for a while Lonnie handed me the keys to his Spitfire and said to drive it for the evening since we left our Spitfire back in Indiana. He was serious! So Ginny & I headed off southwest down Seawall Street along the gulf coast.

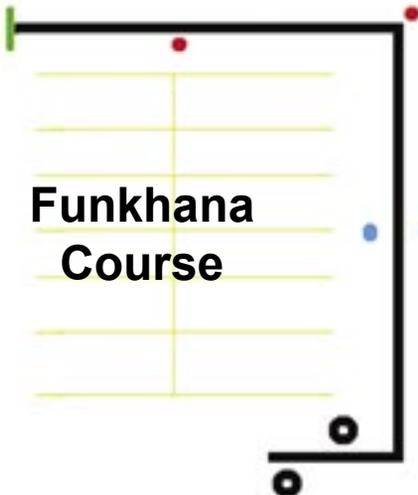




Nothing beats a top down drive in a fast Spitfire with the sun shining as you cruise along the shore feeling the ocean breeze. We stopped for a few photos on the beach, and then cruised on for about an hour before heading back to the hotel. The Spitfire ran perfect and the drive was wonderful.

We met up again with Lonnie at the Welcome Reception that was being held poolside. There was food and drink all around the pool and hundreds of Triumph enthusiasts crowded together sharing tales of past adventures. When we found Lonnie and gave him the keys back he tried to get us to go out driving again, but I told him if I did I wouldn't want to give it back! After some discussions about the cars Lonnie took back the keys and we thanked him for his generous hospitality.

Tuesday started off with Breakfast drives, and tech sessions were held throughout the morning. There was also a "Spooky" Gimmick Rallye going on. In the hotel parking lot after lunch was the Funkhana. It was an interesting course, having to drive near a cone on the right for the navigator to grab a tennis ball off a cone, pass it to the driver while they steered into a right turn hugging the outside corner to place the ball on another cone as a judge watched. Then out of the turn you stopped and used two plungers to pick up plates and move them to the opposite sides of the





car. From there was a hard right turn into a box where both driver and navigator tossed large washers into tires. Once the targets were hit they backed out and made a hard right through the plunger posts, hugged the outside of a left turn so the passenger could snatch the ball off the cone and hand off to the driver who placed it back on a cone on the left side and then drove across the finish line.

Several cars were attempting the best times on the Funkhana course but the Spitfires seemed to be in their element and were achieving the lowest times. Lonnie and Carol scored a 1:12 [minutes:seconds] course time, and another Spitfire scored a 1:07. There was a TR3 that scored a 2:00+ time, as the older cars weren't handling the tight short course as well. Even the fast TR6's were having trouble scoring fast times. Lonnie encouraged me to drive his Spit on the course. I agreed if he would ride as navigator. We talked strategies as we watched several others run the course. As our turn approached, Lonnie said to drive'er hard and show them how a Spitfire performs. So when the starter said "GO", I punched it. The Spitfire responded well and we ran the course flawlessly, finishing with a time of 59 seconds, the only car by then to finish under a minute. We watched a few more runs then left expecting that our score would be beaten before the event was closed.



# FEATURE



Wednesday morning a panoramic photo was staged with most of the participating cars. From the photo session, cars were released in groups to head over to Pier 21 on the north-east side of town to be staged for the Concours and Participants Choice Car Show. Pier 21 was an interesting and busy place. Cars were squeezed in and placed along the waterfront and everywhere space was available. This was a nice venue for the classic styles of British metal, with oil rigs across the bay and boats powering by every so often. The dock was packed with rarely seen cars. Five of those unique cars were brought in by David Freeman of High Point, North Carolina. David brought a 1959 Triumph Ten Sedan, a Triumph Ten Panel truck, a Triumph Ten Pickup truck, a Triumph Ten Estate Wagon, and a Standard Super 8. At the end of the show cars headed off for organized dinner drives and to prepare for the "Guess Who Party" in Spooky Dress back at the host hotel.

Thursday morning was the driver's meeting for the Autocross event, followed by a walk-thru on the course. The autocross event was professionally planned and timed by representatives of the Houston Region SCCA. Many Triumphs ran the course and Lonnie Davis ran his 1980 Spitfire to finish first in class.

Thursday evening was the Awards Banquet and Dinner. The guest speaker, Richard Lentinello, was unable to attend the event. He hails from New England and Hurricane Sandy was busy tearing up the New England

Autocross				
Class	Name, Hometown	Yr/Model	Time	
Ladies Mod. Spit.	1st Joanne Higgins, Windcrest, TX	73 Spitfire	59.359	
Ladies Stock 4 Cyl.	1st Mia Gans, Coffeerville, KS	80 Spitfire	45.105	
Stock Spitfire Mk 1, 2, 3	1st John Barrett, Katy, TX	68 Spitfire Mk 3	45.524	
	2nd Sam Jeffries, Houston, TX	64 Spitfire 4	46.294	
Stock Spit. Mk4 – 1500	1st Lonnie Davis, Humble, TX	80 Spitfire	36.188	
Stock GT6	1st Derrick Duke, Fort Worth, TX	70 GT6	42.380	
Modified Spitfire Mk 1, 2, 3,	1st Mike Piggott, Shawnee, OK	64 Spitfire 4	38.870	
Mod. Spitfire Mk 4 & 1500	1st Dusty Nicholson, Katy, TX	80 Spitfire	35.899	
	2nd Cecil Wise, Coffeerville, KS	80 Spitfire	36.134	
Fastest Time of Day	Richard Good, Mohnton, PA	71 TR6	35.269	

coast and closing all airports in the area. Blake Discher, VTR President, was also unable to attend the event. Ted Schumacher was present to award the TSI Sweat Equity award, but had lost his voice during the week so Pat Barber spoke for Ted and assisted with the award. As dinner was served Cregg Cowan announced the location of the 2013 VTR Convention (NATC 35) which will be held in San Francisco, California.

Mike Hado of the TTR presented the Convention awards, and Sam Jeffries chose Mike & Judy Piggott of Shawnee, Oklahoma to receive the *Spirit of the Spitfire Award* from *Spitbits*. Mike & Judy had brought a 1964 Spitfire 4 to the convention. When Mike awards the Funkhana awards Lonnie & I found out that no one had beaten our time of 59 seconds, so we received first place driver and navigator awards. Lonnie heckled me that I should have driven his Spitfire in the Autocross and I might have gotten best time overall. But I did not want to abuse his Spitfire on the Autocross and break something. It is different with your own car, but when it belongs to someone else, I would not do that. I am no Burt Levy! ☺

VTR Chief Judge Darrell Floyd presented the VTR Special Awards. It had been a great week of events on Galveston Island, and the weather cooperated for the most part, warming up each day we were there. As everyone was packing up to leave the island Thursday night and Friday morning there was a constant stream of Harley's rolling in to celebrate their annual gathering on the island. Three thousand motorcycles were expected to be there for the weekend. Time to head home! 🍷

*Galveston, oh Galveston,  
Before I dry the tears she's crying,  
Before I watch your sea birds flying,  
In the sun, At Galveston, at Galveston.*

Funkhana Results		
Name / Hometown	Time	Car
1st Howard Baugues, W.Terre Haute, IN & Lonnie Davis, Humble, TX	0:59:44	80 Spitfire
2nd Cecil Wise & Mia Gans, Coffeerville, KS	1:00:22	80 Spitfire
3rd Fred Wagner, Houston, TX & Dusty Nicholson, Katy, TX	1:02:44	80 TR8



## READERS STORY

# Treasures Up in Smoke

by Duncan Wood, Texas



**Duncan and Sheila Wood's 1935 Triumph Gloria Southern Cross won 1st place in the Historic Concours at VTR Galveston.**

We had a catastrophic fire (3 alarm) at our house this past November. The house is regarded as a total loss as well as all 3 Triumphs. The fire started in the garage and quickly consumed the cars and then transferred to the attic and the rest of the house. Apparently an incorrect message was sent to the fire departments. We ended up with 18 trucks from 10 companies/towns and 60 fire fighters including representation from ATF (alcohol, tobacco and firearms) and Arson Task force. They determined it was not arson - just a terrible accident. Both Sheila and I are in fine health with no damage what so ever physically - mentally we are drained, a little in shock and can't believe this. We had all kinds of help and well wishes from neighbors, friends and our wonderful car club. To whom we owe many THANKS! We couldn't have done it with each of you.

On the morning after the fire, starting around 8am people started showing up at the house, gloves on ready to work and with food and drinks. People came and went all day and we finally left about 8:30p (exactly 24 hours after the fire started). We probably had 30-40 people and the court was full of cars. Tarps were spread across two yards and

**Barely recognizable in this photo are the remains of the 1935 Gloria Southern Cross, which was on the lift with the 1973 Stag parked underneath. The 1980 Dolomite is on the left.**



Excerpts printed by permission from the *Red River Ramblings*, the newsletter of the Red River Triumph Club; Dennis Duke, Editor



everyone started unloading the house contents so it could start to dry. It looked like a huge garage sale by noon with all our stuff spread out. And the looky loos drove by all day to have a look. In 24 hours, the fire was put out, all the contents of the house (that may be salvaged) was unloaded and taken away by a restoration company, all our clothes were taken away by another restoration company, insurance adjusters had full view of what was needed, the broken garage doors and windows were boarded up and we had met with a construction group. We are going to rebuild the house and have a huge move-in party! So far, The insurance company has been most helpful on the house. The 3 cars are an absolute total loss with no chance what so ever of restoration. The third car which only a few knew about was a 1980 Triumph Dolomite that I acquired from the UK this last August. I was planning a surprise showing for the club in the near future. The Sunday after the fire Paul and I had planned to reinstall the engine and gear box into the Dolomite's restored engine bay. Though I think that will be put on hold for a little while. Both Shiela and I, want to thank everyone for the their help and well wishes. We have never experienced such a wonderful "family" and support group. Words can not express our gratitude. The insurance adjuster had never, in her 23 yrs of experience, seen such a fabulous support group. The rebuilt house will be completed in May, and I have a lead on another Gloria! 🍷



*Out of the Ashes*  
by Paul Higley, Texas



Duncan Wood made a trip to England in search of a replacement for the Gloria Southern Cross and has faired very well. It took two trips. I went along on the first trip to carry his bags, although I don't think I ever actually did that. That trip was to locate and look over the available cars and make a purchase. The second trip was necessary to include shipping a spare engine along with this beautiful 1936 Southern Cross Gloria.

We remember the excellent condition and reliability of Duncan's red Southern Cross and many will also remember the very fast Southern Cross of Dale Wills in the 2006 Nationals. Well Duncan is well on the way to combining these two qualities in one car. His new car arrived in Houston March 29th with Jim Thompson, Jane and me along to accompany Duncan when the

container was opened. I must say we were all very concerned when the place the import agent selected to unload the car was at a scrap metal yard. But it all turned out very well with plenty of help in unloading the car and everyone wanting their picture taken in front of this beautiful blue car.

This car is absolutely beautiful now but not yet up to the high standard of restoration that Duncan and Sheila achieved in the red car. That will quickly change. Along with his car was a full spare engine which is rumored to be fully rebuilt. The Triumph designed and built over head valve engine in his new car is the same as in Dales very fast Southern Cross which could give a TR6 a run for its money. To have a spare engine is a wonderful and rare thing in a car of this age. 🇺🇸



# Spitfire - The Legend Lives On



On Monday, October 29th during the VTR National convention in Galveston Texas, a Spitfire plane landed at the Lone Star Flight Museum. This plane was manufactured by Supermarine Aircraft. "High Lady" is featured on the cover. This Spitfire is a 90% scale of the WWII models, built from a kit supplied by Supermarine in Cisco Texas. This modern plane is all metal, precision cut and hand formed. They offer kits in 75%, 80%, and 90% scale powered by either a V6 or V8 engine. The kit is FAA-approved for amateur build. The wings can be easily removed for convenient ground transport or storage.

Michael (Mike) O'Sullivan's Supermarine Aircraft Factory officially began its life in the kit aircraft manufacturing business in 1992, although the original idea is much older. The Mk26 and Mk26b are now well proven designs with all aluminum components pre-drilled and precision cut using a computer controlled CNC router cutter. This keeps parts standards consistent and accurate, a far cry from the original Spitfires construction methods. The main structural sections of the aircraft are pre-built in factory jigs thus ensuring the highest possible accuracy of these critical components. The method of construction is aimed at the average person who is good with their hands.

### Supermarine Aircraft Kits

Supermarine Aircraft has been in business for the last 20 years selling our Spitfire kits. Over the past 10 years, we have developed engines and our own, higher quality, re-drive system for better engine performance. Our Spitfires are sold and flying all over the world. There are Supermarine Spitfire reproduction kits currently flying in the USA, Australia, New Zealand, United Kingdom, Germany, South Africa and Canada.

Throughout the last 20 years, millions of dollars have been spent on research and development to come up with a product that is safe and is a world leader in quality and innovation, but most of all, a joy to fly.

Supermarine Aircraft Kits come with color manuals.

All components are prefabricated.

Main Spar fabricated and assembled.

Wing Spars fabricated and assembled.

All control surfaces fabricated and temporarily assembled.

All hardware is of aircraft grade (nuts, bolts, 4 rivets).

All completed components are corrosion protected.

Fuselage shell is completely ready for fit out.

The wings are pre-assembled, then disassembled for flat packing.

Hydraulic undercarriage legs include alloy wheels and disc brakes.

### Factory Full Build

For eight months the supermarine crew worked between the production of their Spitfire kits, engine packages and the latest company demonstration aircraft. The latest MK26B 90% Spitfire (WDM) to roll out the supermarine factory is equipped with the Supermarine LS2 V8 engine package and an MT 80 inch electric constant speed propeller which has been custom made to suit their engine and kit packages. Both maximize performance and handling. WDM is also armed with underwing radiators, new easy fit wetwing tanks, dual controls (stick, rudder and throttle), auto pilot and replica cannons.



Here is a small insight into the building process taken for this aircraft.



Fuse is still fitted to original jig with skins riveted in place. making it much easier to install main spar and start center section assembly.



Torque boxes, Rudder pedals and seat assembly is installed.



Bottom center section skins riveted and legs fitted, also fuel and radiator lines fitted



Dual joysticks installed and setup



All jiggling is removed and the last of the fuse skins are put in place and the airframe is moved into a larger space where work begins on the wings.



Wings are carefully riveted and work begins on the instrument panel



Installation of our LS2 V8 engine/reduction drive package.



Cowls and MT propeller fitted



Prep work completed and painting started



Paint finished with decals. 🌐

# ON THE TRACK

## Race Trax

by Jim Norlin, Oregon

Issue 27 of *Spitfire and GT6* magazine included an article on our Spitfire racecar. It told of our history with the car, the story of rebuilding the car and some of the early racing adventures after the rebuild. Subsequently, we have continued to race the car every year highlighted by two Kastner Cup events and taking this vintage prepared car to an 18th place finish in H Production at the 2010 SCCA National Championship Runoffs at Road America.



We also joined the local Portland (Oregon) Triumph Owners Association and write a monthly column of Triumph racing for the PTOA newsletter, the Trax. What follows is an edited version of four columns from this past summer, telling of our racing successes and failures.

### The Rose Cup Races

Our first race of the season was the Rose Cups with Jim driving. Over the winter, we had Ray Marty rebuild our carburetors while Jim rewired most of the car. The carburetors worked great, but we had some minor wiring connection issues that limited our practice and qualifying sessions. We got the wiring problems sorted out for the Saturday race and end up finishing third in the small bore production group out of a total of seven cars in our class.

Jim was running in third again in Sunday's race when the car began making noises that were not normal. It's very hard to isolate noises in a racecar at speed. The gages all read fine and the car seemed to be working well. However, it finally became apparent that there was a problem in the drive train, so the car was parked. A visual inspection showed that something had been machining away at the inside of the aluminum bell housing. Monday afternoon, we pulled the engine and gearbox to find that the ring gear had decided to part ways with the flywheel.

The flywheel was a 1970's vintage aluminum racing part that came with the car when we bought it. We were concerned about using it, but new aluminum flywheels are not available for our engine. The ring gear was a shrink fit on the flywheel and held in place with loctite and multiple radial dowel pins. However, the stresses of racing will break parts that would never ever fail in street usage. It could have been much worse. We will lighten a stock flywheel and go with that. It looks like the bell housing can be weld repaired and then we'll be back in business. We are in the market for another aluminum bell housing for a Spitfire if you happen to have one lying around - just to have a spare.

### The Portland Historic Races

There is an old saying in racing, "if you can drive the car onto the trailer at the end of the weekend, it's been a success." By those standards, our adventure at the Portland Historic Races was successful. The adventure began on Friday afternoon, with Patty having a

particularly good qualifying session, qualifying fifth out of a field of 25 cars. However, the throw-out bearing was making noise and it was a lot worse at the end of the session than at the beginning. Apparently it was damaged during the ring gear incident at Rose Cups and should have been replaced. We were able to split the gearbox from the engine and move it back about 8 inches right in the car. The bearing was replaced and everything was back in place in about three hours.

Saturday morning's race went fine, but it was a different story in the afternoon race. Patty started on the outside of the third row. At turn 2, the car on the right of her cut hard and abruptly into the apex of the turn leaving her nowhere to go. His rear tire caught the very front edge of the Spitfire's right front fender, knocking out the headlight bucket and causing the hood to come unlatched. Three trips to the pits couldn't fix the problem with the hood, so we retired to the paddock to assess the situation.



The aluminum headlight cover was put back into place with racer's tape and the bonnet was realigned so the latches worked more or less properly. Meanwhile, the stewards of the meet reviewed the incident, including our in-car video and decided that the incident was unavoidable on Patty's part, so that she could continue to race. Vintage racing frowns heavily on cars making contact.

All seemed well, except that Jim didn't like the way the engine sounded. He detected an intermittent noise that was not normal. Around 8 in the evening, we decided to have a séance with the car. We invited several folk's to come over to look and listen while Jim started the engine. Almost immediately, two of our competitors shouted "sparks" and Jim shut off the engine. The right side motor mount was broken, most likely from the "incident". The vibration damper was rubbing on the steering rack. We installed new motor mounts Sunday morning and everything was fine. Patty started the main race back in 15th place and moved up to 10th when the checkered flag flew after only eight laps.

### Racing at the Ridge Motorsports Park

It's not too often that you get to run the first race weekend at a new track. Patty had the opportunity the last weekend in July to run the first SCCA race at the new venue near Shelton Washington, The Ridge Motorsports Park. The track is almost 2.5 miles in length with 16 turns and lots of elevation change. There are some really challenging turn sequences, including a long sweeping left hand turn called the carousel and a decreasing radius left that is being called the thumb by the racers because of the shape of the turn.



Steve Perkins Photo

The race weekend was not without issues, but that is to be expected at any inaugural event, the learning curve is very steep at this point. The facility is a work in progress with a lot of bare ground and areas that were recently seeded. There is a paved paddock area that proved to be a bit too small with some cars on the gravel. Word was that the track owner, after seeing how crowded

the paved pit areas were, decided that the next phase of pit paving would be double what they were planning to do. There is plenty of space for a planned drag strip separate from the road course and permanent garages.

The road course is awesome from a driver's perspective (there are very limited spectator viewing areas yet). Friday night, we were given a ride around the track for a couple of laps in the Chief Steward's Jeep. He showed Patty the gravel escape road that is available off of turn 13, which is where the steep downhill section begins. Saturday evening, we were able to borrow an ancient Ford Cortina from friends and we both took a few laps at low speed.

The lap times kept getting lower as the drivers figured out their way around the track, learning the racing line and braking points. On one lap in the final race, Patty started braking for turn 13 just a bit too late and was the first to christen the gravel escape road which some are now calling "Patty's Road". Other than that little incident, the weekend went very well for us with Patty finishing third out of seven in the small bore production class on both Saturday and Sunday.

There were four Triumphs racing at the event, more than we have seen at a Northwest SCCA event in decades. Besides us, Steve Hare was there in his Spitfire, Charly Mitchell in his TR6 and John James in his TR4. Charly, Patty and John had a great red, white and blue battle in Saturday's race as you can see from the photo. We've also included a link to a video of the last lap and a half from Saturday's race. This is from our Spitfire with Patty driving. Charly is in front, and you can catch glimpses of John in Patty's mirror. [www.youtube.com/watch?v=n9242GH0Ris&feature=plcp](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n9242GH0Ris&feature=plcp)

### *The Columbia River Classic*

Our final race of the year was the Columbia River Classic (CRC) run in conjunction with the All British Field Meet at PIR. What a great weekend of cars and friends. The weather was pretty darn good too! There were a total of eight Triumphs or Triumph powered specials racing this weekend. The drivers were Charly Mitchell and Chuck Arnold in TR6's, Jeff Quick and Mike Mehl in their TR4's, Steve Hare and Jim in Spits and Bill Babcock and Bill Hart in their specials.

You may not have noticed, but Patty and I are pretty competitive.

I've been getting a lot of grief from several of our racing friends this summer with folks telling me I should just be the mechanic, sponsor Patty and let her be the full time driver. This is a result of her very good run at The Ridge in July and the fact that she turned a faster time at PIR on the Historic race weekend than I did at the Rose Cups. So the goal for this weekend was to match or better her time from the Historics, which was a 1:35.725.

SOVREN, the organizers of the CRC, have a very simple race format. There is a single practice and qualifying session on Saturday morning followed by five races for each race group. Your starting position in each race is based on your finishing position in the previous race. The first race on Saturday was both fun and frustrating. A Porsche 356 driven by Ted Rogers, the MG Midget of former Indy Car driver Parker Johnstone and I ran nose to tail the entire race. The Porsche was much faster on the straights, but was holding Parker and me up in the turns. My fast lap was way off what I needed to beat Patty. You can see an in-car video of this race at: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=4P5NkkSVMrw&feature=plcp](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4P5NkkSVMrw&feature=plcp)

Sunday morning's race was pretty much the same story except I did get by Parker for about half a lap. He didn't run the Sunday afternoon race, so I spent the entire time following that darn Porsche. On Monday morning, I decided to drop back instead of trying to follow the Porsche too close. Parker on the other hand had a great drive from the back of the grid and got past both the Porsche and me. Near the end of the race, I let loose and cut a fast lap, but it was still a few tenths off what I needed.



Jim Norlin following Parker Johnstone  
Bob Pengraph Photo

Monday afternoon – last chance. I was still following the Porsche but this time driving as hard as I could and looking for a chance to pass safely. Finally, about mid-race, he went a bit wide in turn 5 and I was able to get along side. Got him! The checkered flag flew a few laps later, but I finally saw a 1:35.7 something on my in-car data system. Was it good enough to beat Patty? Yes – a 1.35.719 – a whole 6/1000's of a second. Looks like we will still share the driving duties!

A video of this last race with the info from the in-car data system synchronized with the video can be seen at:

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=g9yt7zJHwSc](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g9yt7zJHwSc) 📺

## ON THE TRACK

# Season Finale, Vintage Drivers Club of America

by Bob Spruck, MotorMouth/south



**Don Marshall's '64 awaits the start of the one hour Endurance Race in which he placed 2nd in class and 20th overall.**

The weather in Savannah, Georgia may be pretty oppressive for some during the summer months, but it is downright near perfect in the winter. So much so that Vintage Driver's Club of America's Season Finale, held on the first weekend in December for the entire 10 years that the Club has been in existence, attracted a few dozen racers all the way from the Northeast and Mid-west. Either these guys and gals just needed to get one more race in before their season ended or they needed a break from the cold up North. This event allowed them to do both. When the inveterate ride-mooch from Chicago, Burt Levy, was asked to look mean and lean for the camera, he declared "Mean? Mean? How can I look mean when I am so happy down here?" It could have been because of the beautiful 70 degree day or the fact that he was waiting to take his first stint in Gordon King's Royale RP-4 sports racer in the hour and a half enduro.

More than 100 racers agreed with Burt and made the last race of 2012 season for VDCA (AND for the entire country) at Roebing Road Raceway near Savannah, GA a rousing success. The only people who seemed to be underwhelmed were the tow truck drivers who were pretty bored most of the weekend – no accidents and only a few mechanical problems requiring a tow back to the paddock. Even the hot-shot BMW drivers of the Tarheel Chapter BMWCCA, who the vintage club shares the track with every year, kept it clean and on schedule. The vintage contingent got 2 ½ hours of track time, assuming no mechanical gremlins. That doesn't even include the Happy Hour Bracket Challenge Classic gimmick race or the hour long Endurance race or the Sunday morning warm-up. Good thing the Sunoco 110 was relatively cheap - we used plenty of it.

Group 1 is the small bore contingent and had the usual plethora of

Bugeyes, Spridgets and Spitfires, with a Mini, a Turner, and a Lotus. The Sprite of John Jones and the Midget of Andy Russell dominated all the sessions with Alan Collard in a DSR Hague right up there, too. With an unusually small grid of only 18 cars, they got pretty well strung out and most sessions didn't have much passing. Jones led the entire feature race, Collard right behind until lap 6 when he retired, moving Russell up into second. Third was Brian MacEachern in his RHD Bugeye, who worked very hard at lots of back and forth with Chris Gross in a Bugeye until Brian got by with one lap to go. Ex-Morgan shoe Dave Bondon debued a fantastic 1961 Lotus Elite so BRG it looked black. Disintegrated rear wheel bearings laid him low on Saturday, but Dave vows he will be back to dazzle us again.

Spitfires made a pretty good showing until the Feature Races



**Tim Slater's 1147cc 1962 Spitfire runs like a top, is well driven, and therefore fast**



▲ Dale Oesterie's 1330cc ▲  
'62 was the fastest Spitfire  
there this weekend, until...

▶  
The most gauges and switches  
ever seen in a Spitfire keep  
tabs on Dale Oesterie's engine  
▶

▼ Dale Oesterie's Weber ▼  
equipped 1330cc engine  
makes his '62 quite fast



## ON THE TRACK



**Beautiful car, beautifully driven – Don Marshall's '64 Spitfire**

on Sunday. They seemed to have run out of steam by then. Four Spitfires were entered in Group I which is for small-bore production cars under 1300cc. Of his many Spitfires and GT6's Tim Slater from West Palm Beach, FL entered his blue #17 1962 G Production Spitfire. Johnny Johnson from Tifton, GA ran his 1964 Spitfire in the F Production class, Don Marshall from Macclenny, FL had his 1964 Spit in Class GP, and Dale Oesterie from Columbus, OH was in his '62 in FP. In the two practice sessions on Friday, they ran Oesterie, Slater, Marshall, and Johnson as would be expected with 1330, 1147, 1147, and 1296 cc respectively. Some pesky Sprites and

Midgets managed to get in between but our Spitfires were only a few seconds apart most of the time. Although he was gridded fifth overall and at the head of the Spitfire contingent, Dale didn't make the qualifying race and posted a DNS. Tim Slater was only a second slower, started sixth and stayed in that position until the checkered flag was waved. When Bob Van Kirk spun his Midget in turn four, Don and Johnny moved up a position, Johnny then passed Don until he pulled off during lap 8, leaving Don to fight a Sprite for ninth. Based on times in the qualifying race, the grid for the Feature Race on Sunday placed Dale in 5th, Tim in 8th, Johnny in 13th, and



**Uh Oh ! Don Marshall's Spitfire about to be split by two Sports 2000 rocket ships**

Don in 14th. Even though Dale didn't post a time in the qualifier, he was gridded based on his times from the practices. Seems fair to some and unfair to others, but the logic is to not put a faster car at the back of the pack and take the chance for some problems as he attempts passes of slower cars at the start. It was all academic because neither Dale nor Tim showed up on the grid due to mechanical problems. So Johnny started just ahead of Don deep in the pack. The bad luck continued as Don passed Johnny who then retired. Don continued on to be the only Spitfire to finish the race. The good news is that he beat a couple of archrival Sprites and ran his best lap time of the weekend.

Oh well, there's always next time. But congrats to Don Marshall for carrying the Spitfire flag to a win.

In addition to great racing opportunities, VDCA's social "Club" aspect is also evident at their races but more so at the Season Finale. Friday evening's program included a review of the awesome Vintage Racing Today video by director, Ben Cissell. Ben and crew accompanied Nashville's Zapata Racing Team on 12 race weekends to document what vintage racing is all about. In addition to some fantastic in-car footage of close racing and track details from such venues as Watkins Glen, Road Atlanta, VIR, Pittsburg, and Sebring, to name a few, there are many interviews of drivers explaining what vintage racing is and what it means to them. The best part is those of us who race will recognize many of the cars and the interviewees as friends, competitors, or at least people we have read about, putting a face to the name. Check out their web site at [www.vintageracingtoday.com](http://www.vintageracingtoday.com).

Despite lots of great racing for three whole days, many of us felt the high point of the weekend was the always delicious, Saturday evening tradition Oyster Roast and Barbeque. Bugeye racer and roaster extraordinaire, Gary Barnhart, passed away earlier this year, but apparently trained his replacements well as there was nothing but compliments for those who took his place. The southern pork barbeque was also just right, not to mention the assortment of our favorite beverages and desserts.

VDCA's Season Finale is the best way to finish up a racing season. It always has good racing, plenty of racing, good food, plenty of food, and good friends, plenty of good friends. And the best part is – VDCA's 2013 season started February 15th. 🍷



**Don Marshall at speed**



**Tim Slater's '62 has LOTS of fast and reliable race miles**



**Johnny Johnson's '64 1296 in F Production**



**Don Marshall makes the background blur**

## AND FINALLY

# *Profound Affect...*

*by Shawn Frank, Iowa*

### *What is it about cars that are so appealing to so many people?*

Is it the look of the brilliantly shaped metal, fiberglass, or carbon fiber? Someone saw the vision of each line tie into the next. Someone stepped back, looked at their design, and was happy with it, or hated it and scrapped it. Some cars were laid out on paper or a computer screen, some were progressively built as they went. Is it more effective to plan the whole car out before the initial build, or go by feeling and bond it to form and function as you go? I think that some cars that have been huge inspirations in enthusiasts' lives just happened. I find that some of the least planned out cars have become the most artistic and unusually beautiful. Some have curves that help with handling and grip. Were those curves put there because of the function, or was it a great place to flare out a body panel, cut away a wheel well, or add a spoiler or wing so that it looks more masculine, more flowing, or more artistic? Some of the designs that we see now that are proven effective, were they mistakes in design that inevitably made the function a well deserved advantage?

Is it the engineering and sculpting of a car's parts? Parts are not sculpted like they used to be. We have introduced machine to metal with every turn of every part, every bracket, body panel, or switch. These things used to be formed by hand, unlike the computer aided designs put into complex milling and lathing machines of the present. Has that discounted things? Have the builders of today lost the hands on approach that used to set race teams and car manufacturers apart, or have they perfected it and the pursuit of better has made a huge leap forward? Is that why so many people are inspired by cars? Is it how these multiple, smaller machines coexist and are stuffed into one metal mass with wheels? Is it how they all have an important function to make a car roar down the road? The gas pedal is just as important as the brake pedal. The steering wheel is just as important as the tires it controls. Is it the collaboration that makes cars appealing? It may be part of it.

For a true car enthusiast, it is a little different. It usually starts when they are young. Most every car enthusiast can pin point the moment that they developed an instant love for cars. There are many stories of how it all started. Some of the most popular are the cars they saw at the car show, or walking down the street and hearing a rumble, or seeing a convertible at the stop light. A boy can look at a car and see many things. He sees the form and function, the curves, the intellectual plan that comes together to form a car. That moment will stick with him forever. The stories of how he saw a Hot Rod and gave the pilot a thumbs up. The guy with the perfect hair, shades, and a beautiful girl by his side. How he gives him an approving smile and thumbs up back. It ends up an experience for both. The kid has a sudden urge to start his journey towards being that guy with that influential car, those dark sunglasses, that thumbs up. On the other side of the thumbs up, there is a guy who built this car with his bare hands. He has had times of frustration and knuckle busters more than he can count. He has had times of doubt in his abilities to build such a car. He has had a sense of accomplishment when that car started for the first time. He has had a sense of pride that is unmatched the first time he actually got behind the wheel that he

picked out, turned the beast onto it's first road towards a new life, and stepped on the gas. He has worked long and hard on this concoction of simple machine and complex engineering. The kid's approval makes the blood, sweat, and tears seem worth it. He knows when his pinnacle moment came. He tries to think of how he felt when he was this young boy's age, and reflects on what it took to get him here. He knows that this could be that kid's moment. His start towards the chase of his own Hot Rod.

I think that a car is much more than engineering, form, and function. It is a sense of freedom, a sense of belonging, an outlet for happiness, sadness, trials and tribulations, all of it. Everything rolled into one, just like the many smaller machines that make up this car. At any moment, that car can make someone's day. It can offer an outlet for the onlookers as well. They can visualize what they would look like behind the wheel. They can see you at a gas pump, and automatically be linked with the owner with stories of how beautiful the car is. They can appreciate the car, the owner, and the possession of the freedom that the car offers. There is always a story of how they used to own a car just like this, or how they rode in a car in high school that was the same kind, or how that makes them think of times passed. There is always a "feeling" behind it. In the same respect, the owner is happy to listen and oblige the feelings shared. They are happy that someone else appreciates the car and sees it as more than a form of transportation. I have many stories of how people's demeanor changes once they see my little car. It inevitably changes my demeanor as well.

I have been driving my Spitfire for a little over a year now. I worked long and hard on it. I have gone through many stages of the build. The first stages were started because I had this old rusted car and figured I'd do something with it. Looking at the car at first, there was a lot of questioning where to start. There was so much to do that it was hard to pick one thing and concentrate on it. I started on it, and have been through a lot in life through the build. It allowed me a vent, a release from the weight of life, a freedom. I could go into the garage, as peaceful as it was, and reflect. Think about what needed painted, rebuilt, sanded, etc. At the same time, I could sort out the clutter of everyday life. I could get my hands dirty, and clear my mind in the process. I could take pride in how a painted transmission that was pried out of it's rusty resting place looked better after I touched it than it looked straight out of the factory. The plan that I had in my head would inch closer with every part, every replaced bolt, every turn of the wrench. I finished the car, my first rebuild, and that was where it all began.

I have taken the little British car to many events since it's debut on city streets. It had rested for over ten years, so I had to do almost everything to get it back to road worthy. It has since been on car club drives, rallies, car shows, and the daily drives to work. I have always had the urge to do something more with it. I want to share it with the world. I have always thought that there has to be more. Should I keep looking for the place for this car, or be content with it's duties now? There has to be something else. I think I have found it.

I have attended a road rally that is held locally here in central Iowa for 3 years. The first year was in an Alfa Romeo. The second year was in my Spitfire. This year, we were in a Mustang GT. All 3 years, my brother and I have been the team. One of us drove, one of us Navigated. The rally is called the MidCoast Road Rally. It is put on by



ity organization called Drive Away Cancer. He goes to hospitals, treatment centers, and even people's houses. He comes to those places for one reason. To spread some joy. He gives kids that are sick rides in his Healey named Grace. Grace offers them a sense of freedom for just a little bit. An outlet from all the frustrations of treatments, med schedules, and the sadness that comes with a terrible disease like cancer. They can feel the wind in their hair, see the trees directly above them, give in to the urge to laugh and throw up

Road Rally Charities. It is the idea of one of the Administrator's father. He had this vision of a rally that would be a perfect excuse to get out the toys and have a rolling car show. It started out in 2006 with a little over 20 teams. It started out as a time, speed, distance rally and has only grown. This year, there are over 119 teams and 27 support vehicles. It has grown in size for a few reasons. First off, it IS the perfect excuse to get out the toys and blow out some of the carbon, build up the oil pressure, and break in those weary tires. A reason to get together with other car enthusiasts and have fun. I think that has a lot to do with the growth, but is not the most important reason.

I think that the main reason this rally has become quite a sensation is simple. It is all for charity and community growth. The proceeds from the rally go to charities and youth organizations. The entry fees go to great charities and help with the community. This is something I am grateful to be a part of. I can have fun while on the rally, but can have even more fun at the end of the night when the amounts to each charity is announced. This year was special for me, because the Road Rally Charities guys asked if anyone knew of any more charities that would fit with the Mid-Coast charity theme. I told them about a charity that I had been watching and was looking to get involved in somehow. They chose the charity as an add on charity because this year was bigger than ever. I immediately contacted Drive Away Cancer, the charity that I introduced to this charity rally. John, who pilots a 1953 Austin Healey 100, said that he would try to make it to Iowa to attend the rally as well. He would be leaving sunny California to attend.

John is no stranger to driving long distance. This guy has put more than 70,000 miles THIS YEAR ALONE on this little British car with no top, no windows, and no heater. Let me explain why he has put more miles on this car in one season than most people put on a car in it's lifetime. He has started a char-

their hands in joy. They get to be a kid for just a little bit. Not a cancer patient, not the poor little girl or boy that is sick, not the burden that they always feel that they are to their parents and doctors. They always worry about other people more than themselves. At this moment, in a drop top car, they do not have those worries, complaints, and feelings of seclusion. At that moment, they feel like the luckiest kid in the world. All the trials and tribulations that they have been through are on a back burner for just that moment. That moment is what John offers. He can't give them the time, but he can give them the moment with this very special car named Grace.

Do you see where I am going with this? The trials, the tribulations, the worries. Cars can help in more ways than people know. The lines, the engineering, the planning and building. That is part of it, but I think the bulk of it is how a car makes you feel. It can give a troubled kid a direction instead of the pursuit of more trouble. It can give someone an outlet for frustrations and let them think it out while building or on a cruise. It can give you a sense of belonging. There are always clubs out there filled with people that have a common bond. It can give a sense of hope, that there are other things to think about than being sick. We all have this common thread. The car...

Cars will take you places, some you don't even need to open the doors to begin a journey. Do something good with your car today. Sure, it is fun to go to car shows, drives, etc, but I think a car can offer so much more. I encourage you to find out how much more that they have to offer. I am inspired to do something with mine. We will be following the example that John and Grace have set in front of us. If we change one person's life for just a few moments, then the blood, sweat, and tears are all worth it. Get out there and drive.

Please look up [RoadRallyCharities.com](http://RoadRallyCharities.com) and [DriveAwayCancer-Now.org](http://DriveAwayCancer-Now.org) and get involved today. If you don't feel like the charity thing is for you, then go give someone the opportunity to appreciate your car, and you will have made a difference... Shawn ☺

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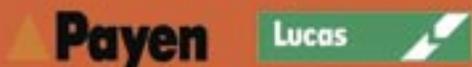
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