



The Registry

May, 2020

The official monthly publication of the Peachtree MG Registry, Atlanta GA.

Sir Stirling Moss
1929-2020

May Meeting Cancelled
Dillard Update See Page 5
3 Squares Update See Page 6



The only MEMBER-RUN organization
for MGB, MGC, Midget, 1100/1300 and

North American MGB Register

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Stirling Moss in 1955. His fellow drivers considered him the best in the world.

Credit...Hulton Archive/Hulton Archive, via Getty Images

Upcoming Events

When

What

Where

Please check with the PMGR Calendar to get the latest information about events

Thanks

[PMGR Online Calendar](#)



Well, here we are, one month later and life is still turned upside down. hope all of you are coping with our current situation and that you all remain well.

As you know, car show after car show has been cancelled, including the national NAMGAR and national NAMGBR car shows. Don't despair though, we continue our planning for Dillard 2020. The cancellation of all the other car shows has brought Dillard 2020 in to focus as the car show to attend this year.

The planning committee is aggressively marketing our show in hopes of a great turnout. An indi-

cation of this is the number of reservations already made at the Dillard House and even other local motels. The Dillard House is filling up fast so make your reservation now! You can cancel your reservation if we are forced to cancel the show.

Registration for Dillard 2020 is not open yet; we hope to make that announcement in June, once we see how opening up Georgia goes. The governor's latest decisions certainly cast an improving light on Dillard 2020 becoming a reality.

Continue monitoring the club website and emails for activities that may be scheduled in the near future and for the opening of Dillard 2020 registration. Let's make Dillard 2020 a car festival to remember!

In the meantime, stay healthy by protecting yourself and others!

Safety Fast!

Dan



The Membership Corner

Joe Rushing — Membership Chairman

As of this article being written, 4/24/2020, we have 142 active memberships.

New Memberships for 2020 (since March newsletter)::

<u>Name</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>State</u>	<u>Date Joined</u>
Carlberg, Donald	Aiken	SC	4/8/2020
Smith, Bob	Watkinsville	GA	4/13/2020
Stovall, Moose	Clifton	TX	4/23/2020

We'll need all hands on deck as we plan now for the 2020 celebration of the Southeast British Car Festival!

September 17-20, 2020

Southern Hospitality at its finest!

You've been cooped up long enough, now it's time to play!

Come join us for an Event to remember,
as we play in the North Georgia mountains,
enjoy scenic drives, southern food, a Drive-In Movie,
tech sessions, and an awesome car show!

The Dillard House is our host venue

BOOK YOUR ROOM NOW:

Dillard House - 706-746-5348

Mention that you are coming for this event!

And stay tuned for more exciting information about this Event,
including when to register!

Peachtree MG Registry is the host of this event, and our website is:
peachtreemg.com and select the Dillard tab

If you have any lingering doubts about joining us, the video below should do the trick!

[**Southeast British Car Festival**](#)

The 2020 Three Square Meals & A Drive - June 6th

The “Ifs” Have It World Tour!

IF there are reduced restrictions before the end of this month, and IF we all feel comfortable gathering together, and IF restaurants are allowed to open as well... then we will hold the 2020 Three Square Meals & A Drive on Saturday, June 6th.

The biggest IF in the above to me is how all of you feel about getting together and having three meals plus other activities in a large, but still under 50-person, group? Please drop me a note at mgbtgkg@gmail.com and confirm that you would like to attend IF all other restrictions are off.

Now the rest of the details. We will gather to start our event at the same place as last year, the Chick-fil-A at the corner of Hwy 140 and Hickory Flats Hwy. Physical address is 6114 Hickory Flat Highway, Canton, GA. This is actually in unincorporated Hickory Flats, about 8 miles west of Roswell. We will have a brief driver's meeting about 8:50 am and pull out about 9:00 am to begin our day.

We will make our way north to McCaysville, GA and Burra Burra on the River, a great little restaurant with a wide variety of food items and drinks and right on the Toccoa River. Weather permitting, we will be on their patio overlooking the water. ETA about 11:30 am.

After some time to enjoy the McCaysville, GA/Copper Hill, TN “metro-plex” we will head back south to Canton and dinner at Local On North in downtown. Kathy and I have enjoyed this restaurant many times before, and we think you will too. ETA about 5:00 pm.

Of course, we will plan appropriate bio-breaks both north and south to make sure your ride is comfortable. Total trip mileage is about 145 miles for the day, so there are multiple gas station opportunities for those with restrictive fuel tanks or small bladders or both.

This event will also be a support event for this year's charity, Aurora Day Camp. I'm sure our charity coordinators for this year, Barbara & Paul Flexner will have some fun things planned as well for fund-raising activities.

So, I hope to see you all at this event. I must say that the overwhelming club support for this event is gratifying, and I want you all to know how much Kathy and I appreciate the kind comments, especially during this trying time.

Take care, wash your hands and....Safety Fast!

Tom George

O-R-F News

From Tom Nadelhoffer, Chief ORF



Not exactly a proper monthly ORF, but nevertheless, 15 PMGR members who've had enough of "sheltering in place" met for lunch today at Don Carter State Park, north of Gainesville, GA -- site of the PMGR picnic currently planned for August. Despite 50 degree weather, clouds, and wind, it was a great turnout with 13 British cars. Everyone brought their own lunch and we spent about 1.5 hours COVID19 "social distancing" and having a good time.

Some of the folks with car tops down got their faces washed on the way home. Steve Ratcliffe



2020 Leap Day Drive

Was it cold?

Reinout Vogt

Yes, of course it was cold as February 29 was one of the coldest Saturday mornings of this winter. Was it fun? Of course, it was, because we were on the Peachtree MG Registry Leap Day Drive. Isn't driving your MG with a group of friends always fun, even with low-30's on sunny blue-sky morning. Our Dutch friend Marianne de Vries rode with Henneke in her 1960 Grey MGA 1600, with the top up. We picked up Aviva and Oliver Hoffman in the 1963 Irish Blue MGB and I drove with Nigel Hoffmann in his, recently acquired, white 1973 MGB, both with the tops down. Henneke had never seen her A, let alone driven it, with the top up. At the meeting point (the QT in Grayson, GA) she and Marianne complained about the noise of the top and the side screens (no wind-up windows in an A) and she put the top down for the rest of the drive. 6 MG's and 3 OMs (other Makes) followed ride leaders Jack and Kathy Orkin's 1974 Citron Midget to Jefferson, GA. about 90 minutes on nice, scenic, low-traffic rural roads.

K1D, and FINALE, enjoying the warmer temperatures and the sunshine.



This group chose to sit in the actual jail. From the guy with the hat clockwise: Oliver Hoffmann, Reinout Vogt, Erich Starzinger, Vice President Aviva Hoffmann, my driver for the day Nigel Hoffmann, Leap Day Drive organizer Kathy Orkin, our friend from the Netherlands Marianne de Vries, and Henneke Vogt.

The neat thing about a drive like this is that it doesn't really take a whole lot of preparation to participate and enjoy your MG and company of MG friends. It is not very far; it is not too many miles, and it doesn't take too many hours out of your weekend. Just hop in the car and drive... The Peachtree MG Registry has a few more of these in the planning and hopefully we'll see many of you on one when the Corona virus situation is more under control.

On behalf of all participants, thanks to Jack and Kathy for organizing Leap Day Drive. We already forgot how cold it was and we look forward to many more drives together.



Behind bars. From left to right:

John Macolino, Kathy Orkin, Barbara Flexner, Melissa Bosso, Gail Norton, Sheila Macolino, Sue Carlisle, Larry Norton, Wally Carlisle, Dan Bosso, Reinout Vogt, Oliver Hoffmann, Nigel Hoffmann, Paul Flexner, Henneke Vogt, Jack Orkin, Marianne de Vries, Aviva Hoffmann, Ted Stewart, Terry Allen, Erich Starzinger. (Ted and Karen Stewart are from Jefferson and Terry Allen drove his MG from Lexington to meet us at the jail)



After brunch it was not only a Good Day in Jefferson, but also nice and warm inside the police coffee shop/police station. From the front of the table, sitting across each other: John and Sheila Macolino, President Dan and Melissa Bosso, and Larry and Gail Norton.

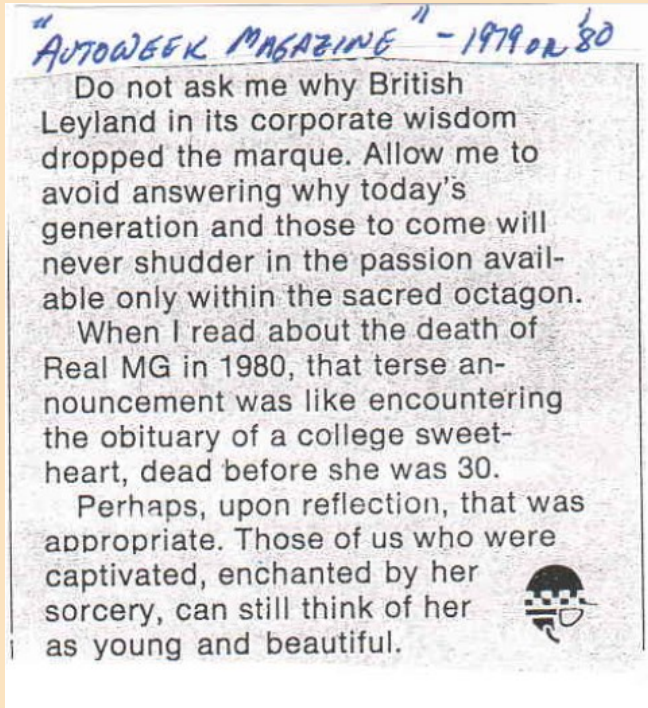
We had brunch at Cream and Shuga, a local coffeeshop/restaurant in the old police station. I have been in police stations quite a few times in my life, sometimes for reasons that we better not talk about in this magazine. But I never had to go in there so far that I could actually see the bars of the jail... from the inside. As a matter of fact, the former jail space was one of the dining rooms where we warmed up with hot coffee and tea and enjoyed brunch.

Cream and Shuga was the end of the drive and after brunch most of the participants went their own way home. We traveled back in a small pack with 74MG, 63 MGB, MG



My Story

By Tom Hoppe



It was May of 1967. I had just finished my first year of college and I was sitting in the kitchen of my parent's home. I heard a car in the driveway – which was not unusual. Where we lived, in South St. Louis County, we always had friends stopping by to say “hello” or to just visit for a few minutes. This time it was my best friend from High School who was actually a year behind me in school.

Jim was a good friend. We both loved cars, although he spent more time working on model cars while I always seemed to be getting dirty from working underneath them. At any rate we were good friends. He had just pulled into the driveway in a shiny new 1967 MGB in British Racing Green. I was amazed because this was the height of the Muscle car era, and here was Jim in this little green thing. His Mom had

just bought it for him as a graduation present. They had traded in the White 1960 Pontiac Bonneville 2 - door hardtop with dual antennas, a 389 four-barrel engine, and turbo hydromatic transmission that both Jim and I loved and had enjoyed. As we looked at the MG, I was thinking, “nice car, but why?”

That summer as well as the following summer, we both worked at the Chrysler Assembly Plant in Fenton Missouri. We worked 6 days a week which was a great way to save for college but left little time to play. Every Saturday after work, we would go home, clean up, then go out for the evening in that little MGB with the top down. We drove all over St. Louis, and sometimes he would drive while other times he would let me drive. I really grew to love the quirkiness of that car and feeling of freedom while cruising the streets of St. Louis with the top down. It certainly wasn't a Hemi Road Runner or a GTO, but what the car lacked in acceleration, it made up for in handling, stopping, and just overall fun. It was underpowered for sure at that time, but compared to the big muscle cars it handled like nothing else. People these days have no idea how badly those “muscle cars” handled or stopped. I really grew to love that MGB. We spent two summers driving around in that little car, and really enjoyed the feeling of freedom as well as the quirkiness of British Engineering.

Sometime in 1968 or 1969, my friend Jim quit college, and joined the Navy – Vietnam was going, so volunteering for some branch of the service was better than getting drafted. However, I think the real reason he joined the Navy was that they had Bell-bottom pants! Jim was very proud of the bell bottom pants the Navy issued at that time. They were pretty stylish

in the late 1960's!!! At any rate, the MGB disappeared somewhere along the way. I was still in college, but I just couldn't forget about that little MGB. I was bitten by the dreaded MG bug!

In the early summer of 1970, I bought a used British Racing Green 1966 MGB and drove it for the rest of my senior year of college. It was fine but it did have some reliability issues and some rust. Once I got out of college, I found that the MGB did not do well in the central Illinois winters where I was working – something about 40-weight oil with below zero temperatures, and a convertible top just didn't work out. I bought a different back-and-forth to work car, a used 1968 Dodge Charger (wish I still had that one!) and kept the MGB as a second car for a year or so before selling it. I thought I had ditched the MG Fever.



***My first MG.
1966 MGB in
1971***

A few years later in the mid 70's the MG bug bit again. There was an MG dealer in town, but the newer MGs didn't have the same appeal to me. I bought a 1965 MGB with the idea of rebuilding it, but then I learned about rocker panel rust and bad floors. That MG turned into a parts car and I bought another 1965 MGB. With the help of another parts car (yes, it took three 1965 MGBs to make one, but that was before Ebay, Amazon, and Craigslist) I managed to make one nice MGB. I took a road trip to show my old high school buddy Jim my new creation. We had a good time, but by then, he was married and was on a different path. We did take a short ride in my MGB and talked about old times.

**MGB #2 (Not
counting parts
cars) around
1977**



I auto-crossed that car during the late 1970's and had a lot of great times. When my wife and I got married, we even had some wedding pictures taken of us in that car. I had a lot of good times, but parts were more difficult to get for British cars back at that time. I kept my 1965 MGB, and a lot of spare parts for several years. I sold the car around 1980 when I bought a 1967 Corvette because it was a lot easier to find parts for and repair. The Corvette just seemed to do everything a little better than the MGB, and I could get parts at K-mart instead of ordering them from J.C. Whitney! Oddly enough, back then there wasn't that much of a price difference. I sold my MGB for \$3500 and bought the Corvette for \$4900. Those were the days!! I thought that I was finally rid of the dreaded British car disease.

In 2011 my wife and I moved to Georgia. We bought a nice house with a great garage and a basement that was just roughed in, so I could finish it the way I wanted. I started working on the basement and built a bar from a 1960 Cadillac bumper. I was cruising Craigslist looking for some wall art to augment the bar when I came across a listing for an MGTD that was completely disassembled in pieces. I was really hoping to buy a grill or an emblem I could use in my automobile themed bar area. I decided to take a look at the MGTD just out of curiosity. The man who was selling the car, Bill, was so nice, and the car had such a great story that I ended up buying the car. My wife was so proud of me when I hauled that one home!



***My 1950
MGTD as
bought and as
sold!***



I ended up spending about three years working on the MGTD, putting it back together, then decided it was just too small for me to drive. I could drive it only without shoes on because the pedal box was so tight that my size 14 feet just did not have enough room. Guess I should have thought about that before I bought the car! Bill, the man I bought it from, is one of my best friends. We meet every week for coffee and to solve world problems, talk about cars and motorcycles. It took a while, but I finally sold the MGTD and it ended up down in Louisiana. I got a really nice letter from the owner shortly after I sold it stating that it took first in class at a British Car show in New Orleans, so I know that car found a good home.

On New Year's Eve of 2017, I bought a 1965 MGB – yes, I seem to be stuck on that year. Just like last time, I was looking for a 1967, but ended up with a 1965! I completely rebuilt this car over the next two years. My goal was to build a reliable driver that I could enjoy driving occasionally, yet try to stay true to the way the cars were in the 1960's. I did make a number of modifications to improve the reliability of the car, mostly in the area of the electrical systems. I added a lot of relays, converted to negative ground, installed more fused circuits, installed an alternator,

etc. I also rebuilt and installed a 1967 overdrive transmission that I purchased when I bought the car.

***My Current
MG – 1965
MGB***



As I started working on the car, my primary goal became to build into a “driver” so that I can go on the ORF runs. With the club events I have attended, I have really enjoyed meeting other people infected with the dreaded MG virus. I hope to have some more great times with this newest project now that it's up and running, and I have really enjoyed the ORF runs I have attended as well as other club activities.

Throughout my life I have enjoyed working on cars, and for some reason I keep coming back to MGs. As a retired mechanical engineer, I have plenty of time to work on the cars, and I do enjoy doing the work myself, although the older I get the more difficult it becomes. I keep swearing I am done with British cars and MGs in particular; I suppose there is really no hope. I do have some other toy cars, and I love them as well, but I seem to keep being drawn back to MGs for some irrational reason. I keep saying I am done with building cars, but I did buy a T-shirt that says, “Just One More Car, I Promise”, so you never know.

I think maybe I'll try an MGBGT next time.....

Tom Hoppe
MG Fever Victim

Editor's Note:

Thanks to Tom Hoppe for this old Autoweek clipping at the start of this column on the demise of MG!

Tech Talk

With Phil O'Brien & Reinout Vogt
Technical Co-Directors



In the last two articles in this series we have taken a fairly detailed look at nuts, bolts, and lock washers. Our intention is to help restorers make good decisions with regard to safety related applications such as suspension and drive train fasteners. In this article we will look at safety wiring, the proper use of cotter pins, and that nifty stuff called Loctite™.

Let's start with safety wiring. There is no better way to secure a bolt than to safety wire it and secure it so that it cannot rotate. Most wire used on racing applications is 302-grade stainless steel wire. It usually comes in three or four thicknesses. The most common is 0.031 in. diameter. If you are not going to use a lot of safety wire, buy the 0.031. Drill the bolt head and also drill a near-by stationary location to secure the other end of the wire. Drilling the head of the bolt sounds easy. I wasted three valuable hours one Saturday drilling my oil pan drain plug. It had one 3/32 inch hole in the head but I really needed two more to make it possible to secure the bolt from any position. The last time I raced my MGA the Technical Stewart questioned the way the safety wire was positioned so I thought I would do it correctly. The problem was that when I started drilling the second hole, it had to pass through the first hole in the center of the bolt head. As it reached the halfway point the drill bit snapped. Not a good situation. Ever try to remove a very small diameter cobalt bit? It can't be done. I tried to drill it from the top. No good. I tried drilling it out from the opposite side. Still no good. I tried to use a punch, a nail, do awl - nothing would move it. OK, so just buy a new drain plug. Off to the local auto store for a new bolt. I tried it at the store and the drain bolt felt OK. Lucky for me it was SAE thread. When I got home I tried the bolt and it fit but it was a sloppy fit. I guess I was not so lucky. It must be metric so off to Moss I went. Bought two and several new drill bits. The lesson learned is to always use a sharp drill bit, lots of oil, and drill ever so slowly. A dull bit will always snap off in the wrong places.

Back to the subject at hand. Once the bolt is drilled, the next step is to properly tighten it in place and install the safety wire. This is done by first inserting the wire through the head of the bolt. Then loop it around the head in such a way that the bolt cannot spin in the direction that will un-

-tighten the bolt. Do not put the safety wire over the top of the bolt head. It won't do anything. Now twist the wire tightly but don't kink the wire. If you nick the wire it could break. And don't ever think of reusing the wire. That is why you bought so much. The Carroll Smith book has lots of examples of how to best use safety wire. These are additional details reprinted with permission from the Pegasus Auto Racing Supplies Catalog. (S00 688-6946). They also sell AN quality bolts and have a great web site at <www.pegasusautoracing.com>.

Safety Wiring Tips

Methods:

The double-twist method is most common (see examples 1 through 8 below).

The single-wire method is used on fasteners in a closely spaced or closed pattern, as in example 9.

Wire Size:

Use .032 or larger for the double-twist method on parts drilled .045 inch or larger.

A double strand of .020 wire can be used on parts drilled .045 to .062 inch if the spacing between parts is less than two inches. This will give greater flexibility during installation.

Use the largest diameter wire possible with the single-wire method.

Do:

Install the safety wire so that it will tend to tighten the fastener. \

Try to install the safety wire closely around the head of the fastener rather than over it. The upper wire should enter the hole if possible (see examples 1 thru 4)

Pull safety wire tight when twisting; it should maintain a light tension when secured.

Wire should have 6-8 twists per inch.

Leave at least 4-6 complete twists on the free end.

Bend free end under itself or place a small drop of silicone on the end to prevent sharp ends from causing a safety hazard.

Don't:

Nick, kink, or mutilate the wire.

Over-stress the wire or twist it too tightly.

Over-torque or loosen a fastener to align safety wire holes.

Note: Drilled bolts do not need safety wire when installed with self-locking nuts.

Examples 1 thru 4 are wired so that loosening any parts counteracted by tightening of another part. The direction of twist from the 2nd to the 3rd unit is CCW in examples 1, 3 and 4 to keep the loop in position against the head of the bolt. The direction of twist from the 2nd to the 3rd bolt in example 2 is CW to keep the wire in position around the 2nd bolt. The wire entering the hole in the 3rd bolt will be the lower wire (except example 2) but by making a CCW twist after it leaves the hole, the loop will be

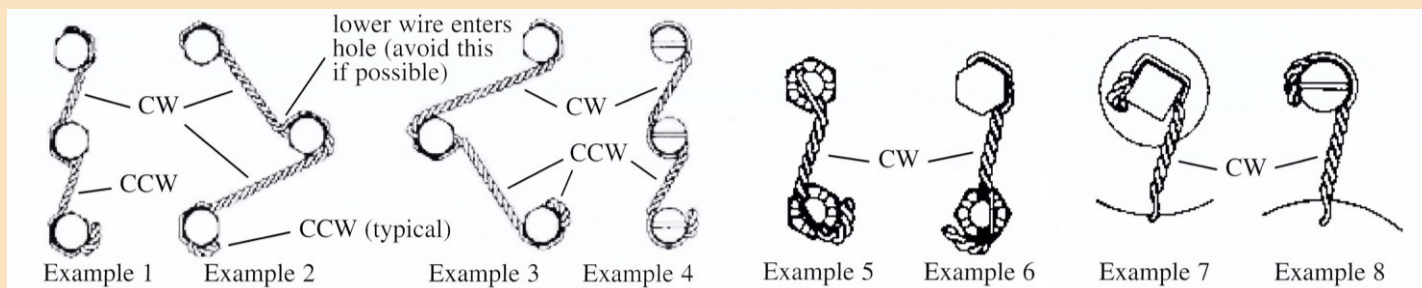


Fig.1

secured in place around the head of the 3rd bolt or screw.

These examples show methods for wiring various standard items. Wire may be wrapped over rather than around when wiring castellated nuts or on other items when there is a clearance problem.

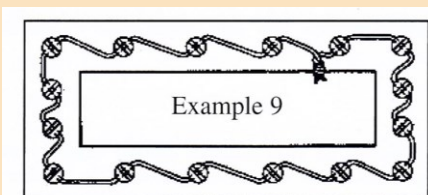


Fig.2

Example 9 shows the correct application of single wire to a closely spaced multiple group.

Another very secure way to lock a bolt in position is to use a cotter pin to prevent the nut from coming off a bolt shank. This is done by first installing the nut and bolt. Use a crown nut with slots already cut in for the cotter pin if possible. Then mark the location of the required hole with a punch. Remove the bolt and place it in a V-block to drill it. If you have access to a drill press, use it so that the hole is level and square. Install the nut and bolt again and insert the cotter pin through the new hole in the bolt. Give the rounded end of the cotter pin a tap to seat it in position. Did you know there is a correct and an incorrect way to bend the ends of the cotter pin? I usually just bent the two ends around the bolt shank. Wrong! The correct way to secure a cotter pin is to cut one leg short and bend it toward the bolt head. The other end should be bent over the end of the bolt. This assumes you have used the correct length bolt.

No matter how desperate you are, do not use a cotter pin a second time - you know, like on the front wheel bearings of your MG. You must use new cotter pins every time. There is a common theme here. When a bolt is scratched, scarred, or rusted, replace it. When safety wire is kinked, replace it. When a cotter pin is scratched or bent, replace it. All of these examples represent fatigue points in metal. Fasteners are cheap by comparison, so use new ones whenever possible.

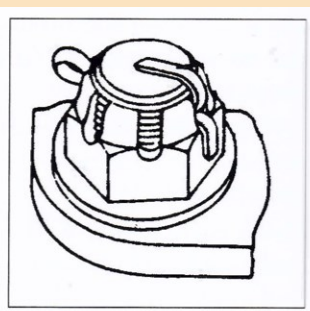


Fig.3

Finally, let's take a quick look at using chemistry rather than physics to secure a fastener. The very first product for this purpose was Loctite™. It was developed in 1959 and has had an excellent track record

ever since. There are other brands today but why bother? Loctite comes in several different formulations. Threadlocker #242 blue is designed to resist vibration. It is ideal for nuts and bolts between 1/4" and 3/4". There is also Threadlocker #290 green formulated to be applied to already assembled fasteners. It has a penetrating quality. Typically used on smaller fasteners from #2 to 1/2" in diameter. The third type is Threadlocker # 271 red. This one was developed for bolts under 1" and is a high strength product for heavy-duty applications. It is harder to remove but heat will help. Loctite is not expensive so keep all three in your toolbox.

So there you have it. Most of the information from these articles came from Carroll Smith's book. When I first purchased the book it was quite overwhelming. I found far too much information on metallurgy, rivet technology, and steel braided hoses. After a bit of reading I put the book aside assuming it would be there as a reference book. Two years later I picked it up to see if I could find the difference in holding strength of the different types of lock nuts. When I spent time reading the fastener section of the book it became clear how and when to select different types of fasteners. I hope you found this synopsis helpful. It certainly dispelled a number of misconceptions I had and it is my hope it will help you make the best choices. Remember to choose fasteners like your life depended on it. Use only quality bolts. Tighten them properly rather than relying on lock washers to do the job and use lock nuts wherever possible. And most importantly, always use two forms of locking devices to keep that bolt exactly where you put it.

(Steve Schultz is a regular contributor of technical articles to the MG Vintage Racers' Newsletter from which the three articles in this series are reprinted with permission. The illustrations are from Nuts, Bolts, Fasteners and Plumbing Handbook by Carroll Smith.)



By Barry Rosenberg

Tech Article: May; 2020,

It is amazing, having all this down time, that I have not written any articles. It also amazes me that I am an essential worker in all this mess. Yes, repairing old British cars is listed as an essential occupation. Go figure. Anyway, I have been able to continue playing at my barn. I do spend the majority of my time there alone and at most, there may only be one other person there with me. Usually Abe.

This week, the week of April 20th, I had two other customers drive up. One brought me an MGA gearbox to go through, and the other ran over my foot. Guess which one I preferred? The MGA gearbox is in pretty good condition other than an oddly pitted 1st/rev gear. I think it would last the owner's lifetime, but we are replacing it to be safe. May as well replace the syncros, seals, bearings, and worn shift fork at the same time. It did not appear this gearbox had ever been built before.

The other car was a Spitfire with a new engine in it. There were only 100 miles on the motor, and I was going to make a few tune adjustments. I informed the customer that getting a fine tune on a new motor was not possible as the rings and valves will seat over a few hundred miles, and the car should come back later. However, I looked it over and found several minor problems.

The distributor clamp was loose in its attachment to the block, so the distributor had wiggle to it allowing the timing to move around. The vacuum retard was connected incorrectly and retarded the timing as the rpm increased. There are two ports on the Spitfire Stromberg carb, and it was connected to the one that had no vacuum at idle but increased vacuum as the engine speed increased.

The ports go into the bore of the carb at the butterfly end. If the tiny hole is in front of the closed butterfly, it gets vacuum only as the butterfly is opened, meaning the engine speed is increasing. This port should go to a vacuum advance unit so the timing will increase as engine speed increases.

If the tiny hole is behind the butterfly, it has high vacuum

at idle when the butterfly is closed and loses vacuum as the butterfly opens. This is the port where a vacuum retard should go. It retards the timing at idle, and as you increase engine speed by opening the butterfly, it allows the timing to increase as the vacuum gets lower. A vacuum gauge is an old tool that would show the difference of the ports.

Now, if you have read my articles in the past, you know I do not like either system. I like my timing set at 32 degrees BTDC (before top dead center) at 3,000 rpm. I do not care that much where the timing is at idle. The vacuum advance was used to make acceleration a little smoother, not to increase power. Retarded vacuum was more for emission control.

After plugging the port and setting the timing, the car ran much better. Very little was needed at the carb side. I like to seal off the emission devices on the Stromberg carbs when I build them, so I closed those on the carb and set the mixture and idle and sent him out to test drive. Here is where there is proof that luck does exist.

He left the barn for a short blast up the road and back. When he returned, his new engine was pouring oil out underneath. All over my semi-clean floor. It seems that his oil pressure warning light switch had taken that drive as an opportunity to fail. It was pouring oil out at an alarming rate. After checking the remaining oil level, we added a little over two quarts, and I had a used switch that I installed in the engine. It did not work, but it did not leak.

Suppose he had driven home instead of returning? Other than me getting pissed that he hadn't paid me yet, his engine would have seized long before he returned home. I was never worried about the pay, but was supper glad it went bad on a test drive and not a drive home. Luck does exist.

I retraced his route later that day, it was easy to follow the oil in the road. Almost as soon as he turned the corner on to the main road, it started leaking. The trail is still there. Especially where it leads back into the barn. And on my floor. You may ask why he did not stop the car when the light came on.

Simple. It never came on. The engine still had oil pressure, and the switch does not activate the light until about 12 lbs. of oil pressure. It may not have come on even when the engine ran out of oil as the switches do not work very well when the electric contacts are bathed in oil. It is possible that any of our cars that do not have an oil pressure gauge can have the same problem.

A switch like this could fail at any time and you, the driver, would never notice until you hear very bad noises from your engine. In the Triumphs, the switch is on the opposite

side of the engine from the exhaust, so there wouldn't even be smoke you might see in the rearview mirror. No, you would have to wait until you hear the noise before you thought you have a problem.

As I said, this must be proof good luck does exist. 100 miles on an engine and a major leak does no harm. I forgave him running over my foot. In my earlier days, I never left my feet in the path of the tires when asking the owner to turn the starter over. I guess I am getting slow and forgetful. Oh well, old age.

We are getting close on the Herald project. Engine and trans are installed. All front suspension work is completed other than final alignment. All wiring is repaired and modified. We have installed an electric washer pump, twin 7" electric fans with relay and bypass switch and twin relays for Halogen lights. An aftermarket brake booster has been fitted into the brake system. These are good units and are very reasonably priced (little over \$100). Anyone can fit them to their car. If you have a dual master cylinder, you need two—one for the front and one for the rear brakes.

I modified the charging system to an alternator, yet left the old external voltage regulator for the original appearance it gives. Yes, we know the irony of this, how original is a six-cylinder Herald? It is gutted, and wiring modifications were carried out on the bottom so it looks like it is connected. I have stripped old harnesses to use the original color wires for any new work done. Original tape, the non-sticky type, was used to repair the original harness where ever we cut into it for our modifications.

The differential is being replaced by a rebuilt GT6 unit along with late Spitfire axles with new bearings and U-joints. Shocks are fully adjustable special units that are made for the Spitfire. They came from Rimmer in England.

Too bad the bolts did not fit the new bushings installed in the shocks.

Another small modification to new parts to make them usable. We also are replacing the rear leaf spring with the later style. These modifications should make the Herald handle a lot better. The rear wheels should not try to kiss each other under the car when cornering too fast.

We hope to write a complete history of this conversion. There will be one long chapter of bad, ill-fitting or incorrect parts and the modifications required to make them work.

Well, it is time I head to the barn to get some work in today. I have moved my computer system home as the service at the barn had gotten worse. With so many more people using the internet, it had gotten so slow, it became impossible to look up parts or communicate over the internet. At home, we have 5G service. Too bad my flip phone does not work on 5G. I do understand that I will have to give up my old phone by year's end. The 3G it works on is going away. I will have to join the modern world. Damn!

In the meantime, and until we can meet in groups again, y'all stay safe and go bowling. Me, I really want a haircut. See y'all somewhere soon.

Barry Rosenberg
British Car Service
770-689-7573

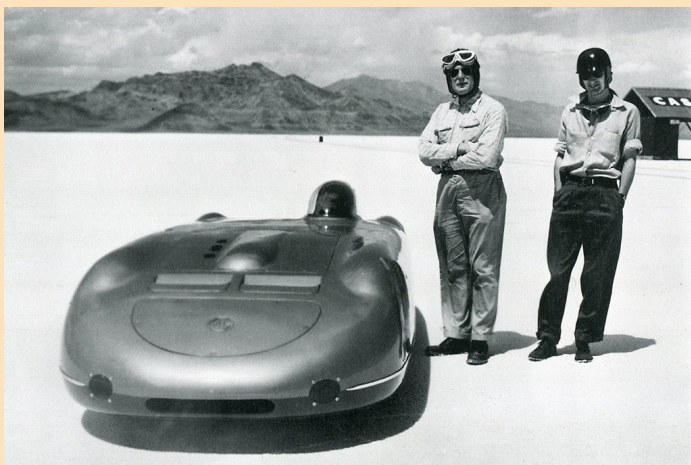
How MG helped Ford beat Ferrari

11th April 2020

By Adam Sloman

Reprinted with permission from MGCC Newsletter

Le Mans '66 is one of the biggest films of the year, telling the incredible story of how Ford broke Ferrari's dominance at the 24 hours. But what part did MG play in the story?



George Eyston (left), Ken Miles (right) ready to attack the 12-hour Class F Records in EX179

At its heart, Le Mans '66 (or Ford v Ferrari as it's known in the US) is the story of two friends – one world-renowned, in Carroll Shelby, the other a hero to motorsport fans in the know, Ken Miles.

Shelby was the all-American hero – a former World War II test-pilot, who in peace-time turned to motorsport, making his debut in May of 1952 at the wheel of an MG TC. Shelby won his first race, which entitled him to a second, and later that day took on bigger, faster cars from the likes of Jaguar and he beat them, too. He would quickly graduate to more exotic machinery, but it was the MG that cemented Shelby's desire to succeed on the circuit. "I still had a lot to learn, but I knew how to go fast. The MG changed my life, because from that point forward, I knew I wanted to be involved with racing and sports cars."

In 1959 he would take an Aston Martin to victory at Le Mans, but shortly afterwards he was forced to retire – a heart condition made it too dangerous for him to compete, so while his career on track had been cut short, a new chapter was opening up for Shelby as a constructor.

Ken Miles' story could not be more different than that of Shelby's. Born near Birmingham, in his early years he raced motorcycles, and at the age of 15 became an apprentice at Wolseley Motors. He too fought in the Second World War – Miles served in the Territorial Army, becoming a tank commander, and was part of a unit that fought on the

beaches of Normandy on D-day.

Post-war, Miles demonstrated a huge talent for motor racing, competing in Alvises, Bugattis and Alfa Romeos. In the early 1950s, Miles and his wife relocated to California,



where he would find work as an MG service manager and he began to compete with the Sports Car Club of America.

Ken Miles' most successful MG Special, 'Flying Shingle' which he won many a California sports car race in, to the embarrassment of more exotic, supposedly faster, machinery

Miles would build his own car, based on an MG TD. It won its first race and quickly drew attention up and down the West Coast of America. The car was simple, but its simplicity only served to underline Miles' talent as a driver. Never one to rest on his laurels, Miles set about developing his next car, a more advanced, MG-based special, nicknamed 'The Flying Shingle' thanks to its swooping body and low ride-height. It was quicker, smaller and lighter than that first special and his success in the US meant Miles found himself as part of the MG team entered the 1955 Le Mans,



competing in EX182. Miles and teammate John Lockett would pilot the MG to 12th place, making it the highest

placed MG.

The MGs leaving Abingdon, being driven by the mechanics, and heading to the 1955 Le Mans where Miles et al were to put the EX186 cars through their paces



Unfortunately, the 1955 Le Mans would be remembered not for the MG's return to the race after a 20-year absence, but for the worst disaster in motorsport history, as 83 spectators and French driver Pierre Levegh died following a major crash.

Car 41 competing in the 1955 Le

Mans, piloted by K Miles and J Lockett, here flat out on the straight

The events of 1955 led MG to disband its works team and



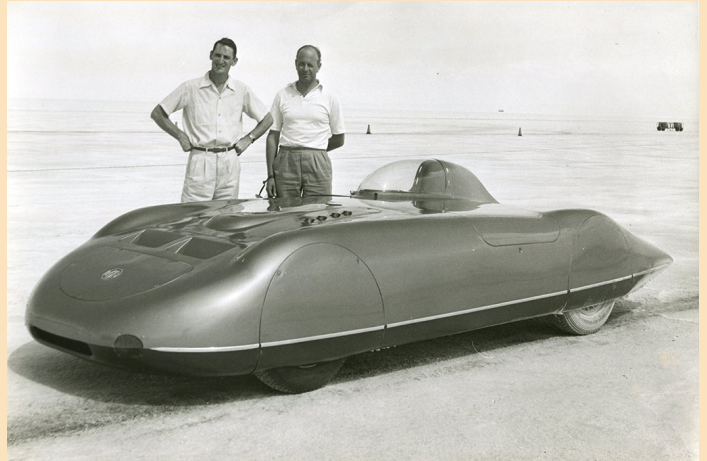
withdraw from racing and Miles returned to the US, and following a difference of opinion with MG General Manager and director John Thornley, moved away from MG. The following year, Miles took MG EX179 to the Bonneville Salt Flats, setting 16 international 1500cc Class 'E' records, including 170.15mph for 10 miles and 141.71mph over 12 hours.

Miles taking victory in the Flying Shingle at the 1955 Palm Springs Road Race

His final race in an MG came in the Flying Shingle, in 1956. As the likes of Porsche began to make their presence

known in motorsport, Miles moved with the times, competing in a Porsche-powered Cooper special, racing against another icon in MG's history – Phil Hill.

As the 1950s drew to a close, MG's focus was on its record



-breakers, something Miles felt to be of little benefit, taking to print in the US magazine Competition Press. He believed that MG still had the potential to succeed internationally, but that the marque was held back, constrained by the management of the British Motor Corporation. "The results of high speed or endurance runs are highly predictable," he said, adding: "The results are in the bag before the car ever leaves the factory."

Ken Miles (left) with EX179 on the Bonneville Salt Flats

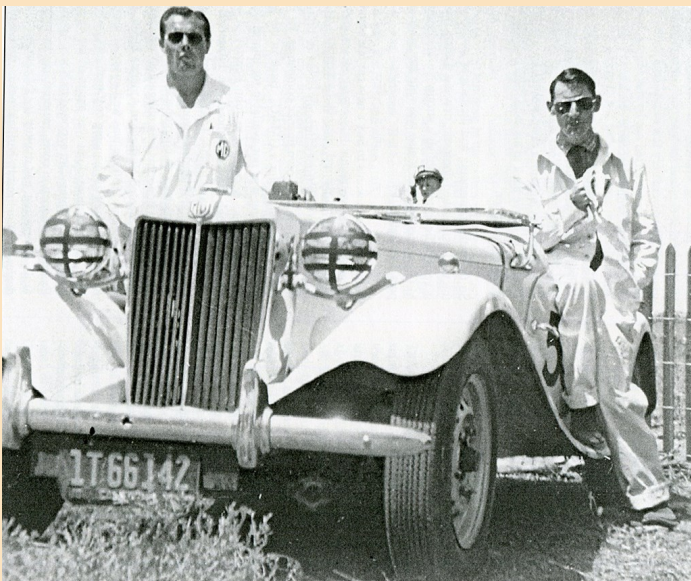
Thornley would respond in the pages of Safety Fast!, reminding all that Miles remained a friend before explaining to Miles that the investment made in a decade of record breaking would not support a racing stable for a single season.

Miles clearly had a passion for MG and a desire to see it racing amongst the best, but in the end, neither the budget nor the political will within BMC existed to push MG onto the global motorsport stage and Miles would move.

In the early 1960s, Miles would become lead test driver for Shelby, playing a key role in the development of the AC Cobra. Other work would see him help develop the Sunbeam Tiger, before in 1964 he would take a key role, alongside Shelby, in completing the development of the Ford GT40 – a car in which he would win the Daytona 24hrs, the Sebring 12hrs and, if not for company politics at Ford, the 1966 Le Mans 24hrs.

Tragedy would strike a year later in 1967 when, while testing Ford's next GT racer, Miles' car flipped, crashed and caught fire. He was 47 years old when he died.

Miles would be inducted into the Motorsport Hall of Fame



screen.

Shelby the record breaker



in 2001 and is considered one of the founding fathers of US road-racing. His contribution to motorsport should not be forgotten and he deserves to be more widely remembered than he has been – hopefully his and Shelby's story,



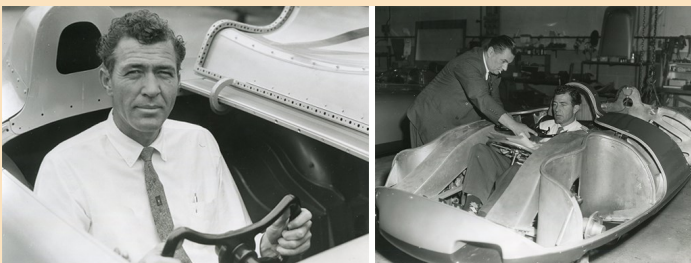
told so well in Le Mans '66, will change that. However his achievements before the 1960s should be noted, too, as should all he achieved behind the wheel of an MG.



Image 7

Gordon Whitby (left) and Ken Miles (right) with his stock MG TD at the San Francisco Golden Gate Race

Le Mans '66 – The film



Brilliantly acted and beautifully shot Le Mans '66 is a must-see for any fan of motorsport, and classic cars. Every scene is packed with some of the most stunning cars you'll see on the big screen, with some nice mentions of our marque of choice! Matt Damon is brilliant as Carroll Shelby and you cannot help but cheer for Christian Bale's Ken Miles. This is a film that deserves to be experienced on the big



Every MG enthusiast knows the story of Stirling Moss and EX181, but what is less well known is that had things turned out differently, we might well have seen Carroll Shelby setting those records. In 1959 Shelby visited Abingdon to test a Spridget-based record breaker. Despite the best efforts of those involved, the Spridget project was

Stirling Moss, One of the Greatest Drivers of All Time, Dies at 90

Known for his brash, puckish persona, he won 212 of his 529 races, including 16 Grand Prix victories, but never won the Grand Prix Championship title.

By Douglas Martin

Published April 12, 2020 [New York Times](#)

In the 1950s, small boys wanted to be Stirling Moss, and so did men.

Boys saw him as the swashbuckling racecar driver whom many considered the best in the world. Men saw this and more: Moss made more than \$1 million a year, more than any other driver, and was invariably surrounded by the jet-set beauties who followed the international racing circuit. Moss died quietly on Sunday at his home in London as one of his sport's great legends. He was 90 and had been ill for some time.

"It was one lap too many," his wife, Susie, told The Associated Press. "He just closed his eyes."

Moss was a modern-day St. George, upholding the honor of England by often driving English cars, even though German and Italian ones were superior. Polls showed he was as popular as the queen.

Moss said courage and stupidity were pretty much synonymous, and may have proved it in a succession of spectacular accidents: seven times his wheels came off, eight times his brakes failed. He was a racer, he insisted, not a driver.



Moss waving to spectators from a 1955 Ferrari 750 Monza during the Ennstal-Classico rally in 2013.

Credit...Leonhard Foeger/Reuters

"To race a car through a turn at maximum possible speed when there is a great lawn to all sides is difficult," he said in an interview with The New York Times Magazine in 1961, "but to race a car at maximum speed through a turn when there is a brick wall on one side and a precipice on the other — ah, that's an achievement!"

He raced for 14 years, won 212 of his 529 races in events that included Grand Prix, sports cars and long-distance rallying, in 107 different types of car.

He set the world land speed record on the salt flats of Utah in 1957. He won more than 40 percent of the races he entered, including 16 Grand Prix. For four consecutive years, 1955-58, he finished second in the world Grand Prix championship. And in each of the next three years, he placed third.

"If Moss had put reason before passion," said Enzo Ferrari, "he would have been world champion many times."

He was called the best driver never to win the ultimate crown.

He came closest in 1958, but testified on behalf of another driver, Mike Hawthorn, who was accused of an infraction in the Portugal Grand Prix. Hawthorn, as a result, was not disqualified. When the season ended, Hawthorn had 42 points, which are given for factors like fastest lap as well as finishing position. Moss — though he had four Grand Prix wins to Hawthorn's one — finished second with 41 points. Polls of other drivers invariably named Moss No. 1, but it was his brash, puckish persona that captivated the public. He only reluctantly wore the required helmet, always white, saying he preferred a cloth cap.

In 1955, he won the Italian Mille Miglia, a 992-mile road race, in 10 hours, beating the field by 31 minutes. In 1958, he gambled to win the Argentine Grand Prix by not changing his tires the entire 80 laps, despite their having a design life of 40 laps. In 1961, driving a four-cylinder Lotus, he fought off three six-cylinder Ferraris to win the Monaco Grand Prix.

In 1960, Moss won the United States Grand Prix five months after breaking both legs and his back at a Grand Prix race in Belgium.

He once asked why people walk, since God gave them feet that fit automotive pedals.

Moss at the wheel of a Ferguson racing car in 1961. He once asked why people walk, since God gave them feet that fit automotive pedals.

A sinewy 5-foot-7, he favored short sleeves so he could get a suntan in his open cockpit. His seemingly casual slouch as he pushed howling machines to their limits was his signature. And his language elevated his sport almost to poetry.

Motion, he said, was tranquility. Why, he wondered, do

people walk, since God gave them feet that fit automotive pedals?

Image: Moss at the wheel of a Ferguson racing car in 1961.



Credit...Associated Press

If people watch racing to witness the point where courage converges with catastrophe, Moss defined it.

In 1962 at the Goodwood Circuit racetrack in England's West Sussex County, a plume of fire shot from his Lotus 18/21 car. The crowd gasped. As Moss tried to pass Graham Hill, his car veered and slammed into an eight-foot-high earthen bank.

It took more than a half-hour to free Moss from the wreckage. His left eye and cheekbone were shattered, his left arm broken and his left leg broken in two places.

An X-ray revealed a far worse injury. The right side of his brain was detached from his skull. He was in a coma for 38 days, and paralyzed on one side of his body for six months. He remembered nothing of the disaster. He considered hypnosis to recover the memory, but a psychiatrist said that might cause the paralysis to return.

When he left the hospital, he took all 11 nurses who had treated him to dinner, followed by a trip to the theater. A year later, he returned to Goodwood and pushed a Lotus to 145 m.p.h. on a wet track. He realized he was no longer unconsciously making the right moves. He said he felt like he had lost his page in a book.

Though he believed he remained a better driver than all but 10 or 12 in the world, that was not good enough. He retired at 33.

Moss was more than his talent. He was a beautiful name, one that still connotes high style a half-century after his crash, evoking an era of blazers and cravats, of dance bands and cigarette holders. One legend had him driving hundreds of miles in a vain effort to introduce himself to Miss Italy the night before a big race. His 16 books cemented his legend.

Moss leaves the hospital after being injured in a crash in 1962. He was in a coma for 38 days, and paralyzed on one side of his body for six months. Credit...Central Press/Agence France-Presse, Getty Images



So for a couple

of generations, British traffic cops sneeringly asked speeding motorists, "Who do you think you are, Stirling Moss?" (Moss, who had been knighted, was once asked that question, and answered, "Sir Stirling, please.") Moss said a name like Bill Smith just would not have done. But what about Hamish, the old Scottish name his mother, Aileen, had proposed? His father, Alfred, deemed that ghastly. The compromise was Stirling, the name of a town near his mother's family home.

Stirling Craufurd Moss was born in London on Sept. 17, 1929. Both his father and mother had raced cars, with his father having competed twice in the Indianapolis 500, finishing 16th in 1924, while studying dentistry in Indiana. Stirling grew up excelling at horsemanship, but said he gave it up because horses were hard to steer.

His passion was cars.

As a boy, Stirling was allowed to sit on his father's lap and steer the family car. When he was 10 he begged for and received the present of a very old and dilapidated seven-horsepower Austin. He made his own private racing circuit on the family farm. At 18, he got his first driver's license and bought into a Cooper 500 racing car, winning 11 of the first 15 races he entered.

Within two years, he was racing across Europe in numerous classes of cars. In 1953, he became a full-time driver on the Grand Prix circuit, the sport's big league. His first Grand Prix vehicle was his own Maserati, not a machine from the respected Maserati stable.

In 1955, he joined the Mercedes-Benz team, led by his idol, Juan Manuel Fangio. That year, Moss became the first British driver to win the British Grand Prix, edging out Fan-

gio by two-tenths of a second. For years, Moss asked Fangio if he had lost on purpose. Fangio kept saying no. In 1956, Moss again drove a Maserati, followed by two years with the British Vanwall team. He won nine of 23 events. From 1959 to 1961, he drove two British makes, Cooper and Lotus, and won half of the 54 events he entered in his last year of racing.



Credit...Maserati

Moss test drives a 1959 Maserati Tipo 60. He retired at 33, feeling his skills had diminished after he was badly injured in a crash.

Moss's first two marriages ended in divorce. Besides his wife, Susie, he is survived by his son, Elliot; his daughter, Allison Bradley; and several grandchildren. His sister, Pat Moss Carlsson, one of the most successful female rally drivers of all time, died in 2008.



Stirling with his sister Past Moss-Carlsson
alchetron.com/Pat-Moss

After his racing career, Moss made a tidy living selling his name and making personal appearances. "Basically, I'm an international prostitute," he said. He made successful real estate investments and returned to the track for vintage car meets. He puttered around London on a motor

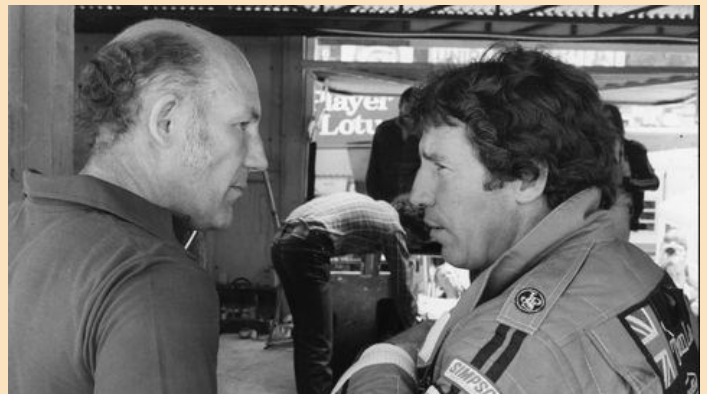
scooter.

Moss, the ultimate pro, once observed that there are no professionals at dying — although he had practiced. He was sure he was "a goner" after his steering column snapped at over 160 m.p.h. in a race in Monza, Italy, in 1958.

As he staggered away from the wreckage, he thought, "Well, if this is hell, it's not very hot, or if it's heaven, why is it so dusty?"



Stirling Moss & Mario Andretti



Juan Manuel Fangio & Sterling Moss



POSTCARDS FROM KAREL

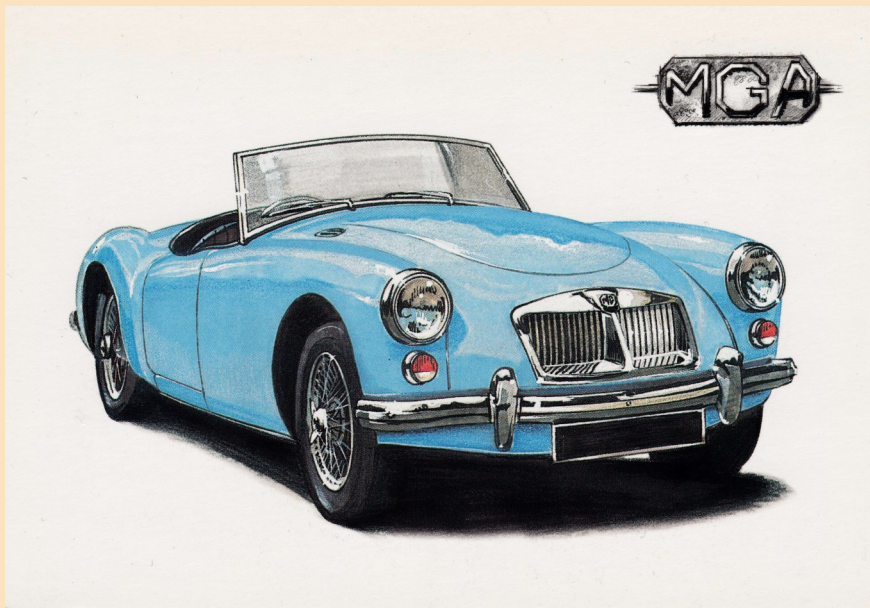
By Reinout Vogt

This postcard shows a MGA at the Municipal Nursing Service is Zaventem, Belgium. The MGA looks like a 1600 and Zaventem is a small town just outside Brussels where the largest international airport in Belgium is. Nursing Service is the direct translation but in the 50's-60's it probably was some sort of medical office for vaccinations and minor health issues.



This beautiful blue MGA card is from the English company Golden Era. They used a set of MG art of various models, called MG Greats, for post cards, coasters, trading cards etc. The name of the artist is not on the card. The text on the back side is:

Introduced in 1955, the MGA was essentially an all-new design, replacing the much loved but outdated T-type models. Illustrated is the last variant of the MGS theme, the 1600 MkII. Total MGA production: 101,081 cars. (81,153 were exported to the US. source: The MGA, MGB, and MGC by Graham Robson)



Their Car Beat Hitler's Racers, but Who Owns It Now?

A French automaker, an American heiress and a French-Jewish racer formed a team that beat Germany's far more powerful cars in a 1938 Grand Prix. Its history since then traces a more complex path.

By Jim Motavalli

April 9, 2020 [New York Times](#)

Sam Mann's Delahaye 145, with a cabriolet body by the French coachbuilder Franay.

Credit...Todd Midler for The New York Times



To put it mildly, all three were underdogs.

It was the 1930s, and the French automaker Delahaye was struggling to stay afloat. Compared with the Mercedes-Benz and Auto Union teams generously financed by the Third Reich, Delahaye's entries into racing competitions were underfunded and underpowered.

Then, as it is now, auto racing was dominated by men, but the American heiress Lucy O'Reilly Schell had a passion for it. And a bank account to back it up.



And René Dreyfus, a French racer who had notched key victories, and a Jew, was losing opportunities as Nazi-bred anti-Semitism spread across Europe.

But together, these unlikely elements — financed by a highly determined Ms. Schell — formed a team that not only won a million-franc race for French automakers in 1937 but beat Hitler's much more powerful cars in

a celebrated Grand Prix event the next year, at least temporarily restoring French pride.

Their story is told in "Faster," a new book by Neal Bascomb that also delves into an enduring mystery — which of two American collectors owns the winning car today.

"Lucy Schell was an absolute force of nature," Mr. Bascomb said in an interview. "She and her husband were top-ranked Monte Carlo rally drivers. She was the first woman to fund the development of her own Grand Prix racing team, in the 1930s. Imagine what that took."

Their racing team, Écurie Bleue, fielded just four Delahaye 145 Grand Prix racers. The cars were powered by a new 4.5-liter, 245-horsepower V-12 engine with a functional alloy body that Dreyfus said in his autobiography was the "most awful-looking automobile I ever saw." They weren't expected to win, but did, taking that so-called Prix du Million in 1937. Only French automakers were eligible, and Delahaye won the timed trial, in a lightened 145, by defeating Bugatti (which suffered mechanical problems) at the Autodrome de Linas-Montlhéry outside Paris.

The next year, the same team and quite likely the same car won the Pau Grand Prix on the Pyrenees' northern edge, beating the hard-charging Germans Rudolf Caracciola and Hermann Lang in a Silver Arrow Mercedes-Benz W154 with more than 400 horsepower.

The French course was twisty, which cut into the Germans' power advantage. Also, the two Mercedes-Benz cars were less fuel-efficient than the Delahaye, which meant more frequent pit stops. When Caracciola pitted on Lap 52,

Mr. Mann, left, with the author Neal Bascomb, who chronicled the cars' history.

Credit...Todd Midler for The New Times

Dreyfus took the lead, and won the race with a lead of almost two minutes over Mercedes. There was pandemonium in France, Mr. Bascomb wrote, though it didn't last: "Throughout the rest of the 1938 season, Mercedes dominated."

But Dreyfus was named the Racing Champion of France. Hitler was furious, and was rumored to have sent a team to France to find and destroy the winning Delahaye.

The book has been optioned to be made into a movie, and it is certainly a cinematic read, made more so by a contemporary addendum. The four Delahaye 145s are all in the United States, three in California owned by Peter Mullin, a premier collector of French cars. But the fourth, and possibly the Pau and Million Franc winner, is in Englewood, N.J., and owned by a similarly respected collector and frequent Pebble Beach and Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance winner, Sam Mann.

The history of racecars, with their frequent swapping of parts and even bodies, can be confusing. Mr. Mullin is convinced he owns the star car, and has amassed considerable documentation. And Mr. Mann has not one but two relevant cars — the chassis he believes belongs to the French race winner, but with an elegant art-deco cabriolet body by the French coachbuilder Franay, and a Delahaye 135M chassis with a timeworn but relatively recent racing body that once graced the other car. One looks the part, but it's the other that is the actual competition contender.

The New Jersey cars occupy pride of place in a second-floor display area that includes many other French marques, including Voisin, Bugatti and Delage. The cabriolet looks like a Champs-Élysées cruiser, and was displayed at Pebble Beach in 2015 — where it won its class and was chosen "most elegant convertible." It also won prizes at the Amelia Island concours in 2017, where its history plaque identified it as the former V-12 Grand Prix winner, adding that it was sold to a private client in 1945, rebodied by Franay, then seized by the French government when the client was charged with wartime collaboration. Bought back by Franay, it was then sold to its first owner, "rumored to be Prince Rainier of Monaco," but quite possibly someone less famous.

This is not in dispute: In 1987, Dreyfus drove this car onto the Montlhéry track to commemorate the famous race's 50th anniversary. The sports car body then on it, put there by a previous owner, was transferred to the 135 chassis after Mr. Mann's purchase circa 1997. To complete the swap, Mr. Mann restored the Franay cabriolet coachwork to the 145.

In New Jersey, Mr. Mann lifted the hood and showed the triple-carbureted V-12 that, he believes, carried Dreyfus to

victory. Started up and driven out of its resting place, the car sounds nothing like a boulevardier, with the popping and spitting and pouring out smoke and brimstone.

Mr. Mullin talked about the provenance of his car, with chassis number 48711, in an interview. There's more in the Mullin Automotive Museum's book, "French Curves," written by the board member Richard Adatto.

It is, understandably, a convoluted tale, but Mr. Mullin said: "The car was buried in France during the war, then it was on the grounds of the Montlhéry racetrack, then at the owner's chateau. That this was the Million Franc car was unambiguously confirmed by the Department of Mines in France after I bought it in 1987." A handwritten document from that agency, after a test at Montlhéry, says, "The vehicle tested (the Millionth vehicle) is chassis and engine number 48.711."

Mr. Mullin paid \$150,000 for a car in pieces, with the front part of the bodywork missing, and had it restored in England over four years. "It's very well balanced and a dream to drive," he said.

The Delahaye, with what Mr. Mullin said turned out to be a later Type 155 engine, is now one of many prizes permanently housed at the Mullin museum in Oxnard, Calif. That collection includes two other ex-Lucy Schell 145s that were later bodied for road use by the well-known coachbuilder Henri Chapron.

Mr. Mullin said that Dreyfus, who settled in New York and became the celebrity owner of Le Chanteclair French restaurant in Manhattan, was "an extraordinarily talented driver" and a gentleman who "was not aggressive, except on the track. I was lucky to know him." Dreyfus's New York Times obituary in 1993 noted that he placed 10th at the Indianapolis 500 in 1940, and added that his restaurant "for 25 years was one of the more popular stops for inter-



The triple-carbureted V-12 that Mr. Mann believes delivered a French victory in 1938. Credit...Todd Midler for The New York Times

national auto racers.”

Despite their competing claims to the star car, the two collectors are longtime friends. “I know Peter thinks he has the correct car, and he cares more about it than I do, but we’re relying on documentation from the Delahaye club,” Mr. Mann said. “It’s a lifelong exploration, and at the end of the day it’s almost impossible to tell which car is the real one.”

André Vaucourt, who has served as historian/archivist for Club Delahaye, established a timeline that traces the car through the Million Franc win, the victory at Pau, another win (without any German entries) in the Cork Grand Prix, an appearance at the Paris Auto Salon in 1946 and eventually through several owners to Mr. Mann.

“It’s a war fought to a stalemate,” Mr. Bascomb said. “Both sides have advanced their experts. Both sides have produced reams of material — photographs, archival documents, supporting testimonies. Neither side has given an inch.”

He added that it was common practice, especially in small



The 135 M (Modifie), is an upgraded version of the 135 first released in 1935. These cars typically feature custom coach built bodies and no two are identical. Combining luxurious appointments and race-winning engineering, the Delahaye 135 is one of the most desirable French cars from its time.



Mr. Mann’s Delahaye 135M.
Credit...Todd Midler for The New York Times

operations such as Écurie Bleue, for parts to be swapped between cars — engines, brakes, even steering wheels. “If I was to bet,” Mr. Bascomb said, “I’d say they both own a piece of the car that beat Hitler.”

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