

# VINTAGE SPORTS CAR



NUMBER TWO 2021

# VINTAGE SPORTS CAR CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

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1905 – 1995

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*The Castle Hill Hillclimb was once a major delight on the VSCCA Calendar. It's come back for this year and we will have that story in an upcoming issue. This photo, of the late Coburn Benson, getting ready to depart the starting line in his Stanley*

*Steamer will serve as evidence of the glorious prewar cars that graced the event in years past. Retrospective to whet the appetite can be found on page 51.*

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As the COVID plague appears to wind down we can sense our motoring world beginning to stir back to life. It's about time.

This issue has been long in gestation but we offer it with the happy note that it comes with a most amazing recollection of an early VSCCA Lime Rock Park event written, at the time, by one of the most thoughtful and graceful writers the club has ever known. His name was Fred Willits. Fred's Bugatti exploits brightened not only his own life but the lives of so many of us around him.

Musing on Fred's writing reminds us of a hope that we might try to reconnect with the gracious approach to VSCCA motoring that Fred and so many of his contemporaries brought to each of the club's gatherings.

It was those men and women who best understood the difference between a "racing club" and a "club that races." One regrets that much of that ethos has been lost - maybe not forever.

This issue also reflects some of the genuine enthusiasm for the cars that was always the purpose of the VSCCA. The H-Mod crowd came to the spring sprints with just that level of joy and enthusiasm. Yrs trly, for one, was delighted to witness it.

Enjoy!

jpd

*Editor's note: Once upon a time the club was blessed with the most thoughtful and erudite writers imaginable. Fred Willits and Jerry Sherman come quickly to mind. There were others as well. We'll find some of Sherman's work in an up coming issue, but offer here some reflection on the 1971 Lime Rock from Fred Willits. He offers insight into what the club's racing was like some years ago and the attitudes that were brought to the starting line.*

*Willits was driving his Bugatti that day at LRP. Having known the man, we can safely suggest that every time he strapped into that glorious beastie he was conscious of the part it played in motoring history and genuinely grateful for the privilege he was given to continue that tradition. Fred always managed to enthusiastically get the best out of the Bug but he did it with a respect that bordered on reverence. Aside from exceptional driving skills, Fred Willits was blessed with a mind and a command of the language that allowed him to articulate his experience and his thoughts such that we could all share in his pleasure.*

*jpd*

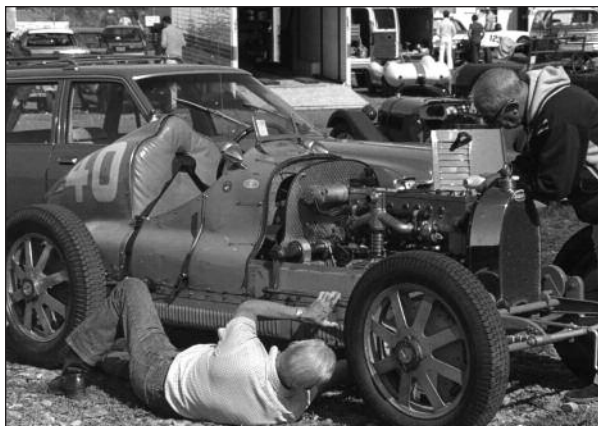
## LIME ROCK 1971

By Fred Willits

It's peaceful in the car, and quiet. The rain which had been slicing down in silver spears has stopped and the gray morning lightens as the miles drone by. With a big engine, holding the posted speeds is no chore, and we forget our trailered cargo until a car passes with curious faces turned back to inspect our rig - hands pointing, mouths going, all alive with bewilderment and amazement to see a proudly Pur Sang race car in the care of two gray haired men.

A look in the mirror reassures us. The Bug is riding easy, all 4 wheels snugged down, the manila eased turnbuckles just the right tightness. She can't move except for an alluringly feminine jiggle on her short-travel springs. How lovely she looks - the struggling sunlight now and then gleaming on that magnificent horseshoe, its silver theme framed in the camber of the wheels. The dull black honeycomb radiator core supports the red oval nameplate. How blessed we are to have a thing of beauty, double a joy forever, in its simplicity and integrity. One aim it has, to look sleek and sound right and carry one man as fast as he is able to go for as long as he cares. Shades of Louis Henry Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright - if ever "form follows function", here it does.

Minutes build into hours, punctuated by snatches of conversation—shorthand thoughts - which reveal depth of insight and appreciation almost embarrassing to the two who thought they were close. The thrill of seeing a compound blue curve of metal just right for its purpose; the fear of going too deep into that righthand corner and disgracing oneself, and the car - snatches of soul, tentatively given and received without comment.



*Fred underneath fettling the Bugatti while Del Mentnick assists from above at Lime Rock in the early eighties. The two of them were often together at the races with Del providing support to Fred. Most of the mechanical "heavy lifting" was done by Don Lefferts and his sons but keeping going at the track was often handled by Fred, himself, with a little help from Del. (jpd)*

The stop at Dover Plains for coffee and toasted English, a ritual which worked before, is shared with the local gentry whose earthy talk brings us back to the workaday world of the real.

There, on the left, beyond Sharon, the soft pink brick Georgian house, surely one of the warmest and loveliest buildings in the East.

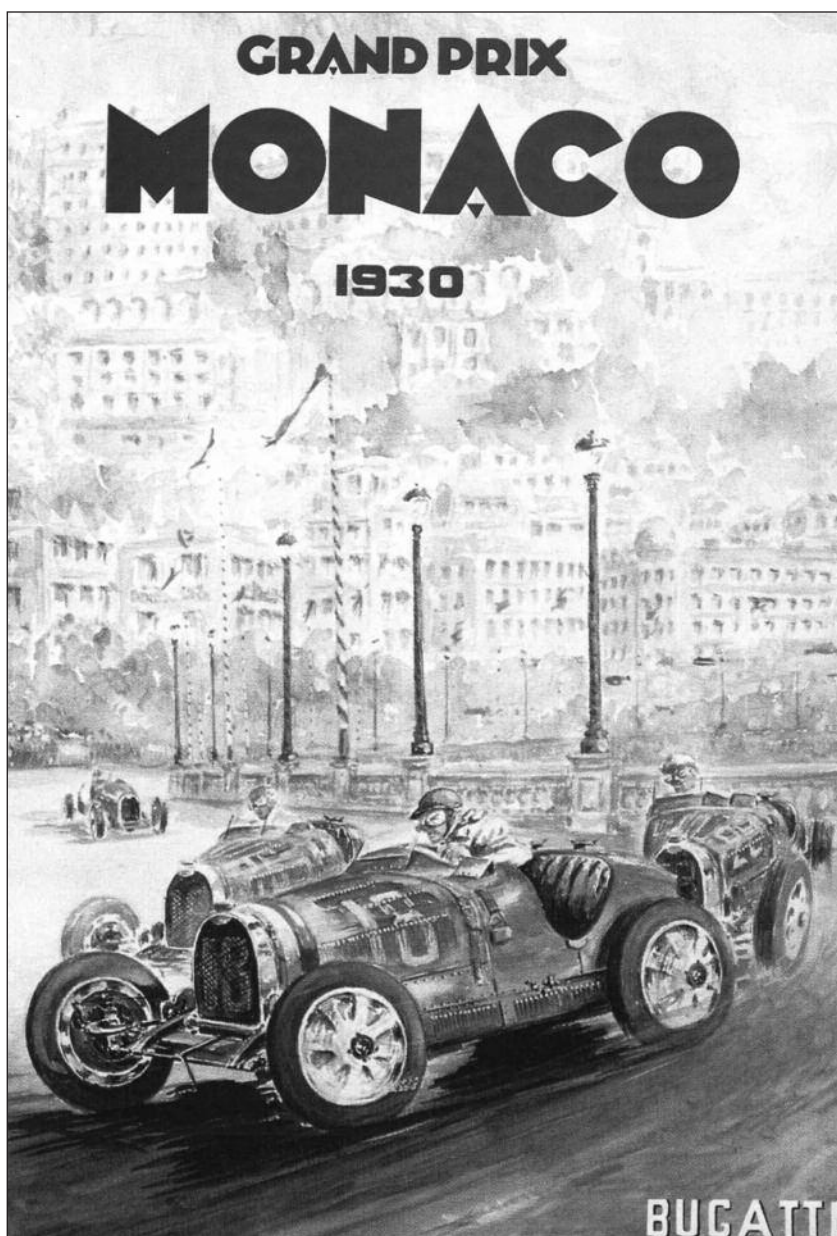
We rumble over the bridge, thinking of passing under it, by and by, at ten times this speed - if we dare. It's what we're here for - and why are we here? Fun, of course: to savour the tangible pleasure of taking part in an exercise of beauty. But the fun aspect is absorbed in concern, not for the weak tincture of danger, which has to be there, but in a sort of delicious stage fright, which in turn is absorbed in the activity of seeing friends, basking in the sunlight of others' admiration for the car, and in the pleasant job of unloading.

Open the petcocks, pump 0.5 atmospheres into the air gauge, full choke, mag off, spin her a dozen times; choke off, mag on, one quick upward yank, and our pet breaks into a throaty mutter, blower gears whining happily in the background. Warm up at 1200, drop the goggles over the head, wedge into the cockpit and taxi slowly out to pit row. Ease the crash hat over the ears, buckling the chin straps clumsily, thinking of an old picture of the elegant Chiron doing the same thing at Monaco - but with élan and style, as he did everything. Now to "snick" into first, again like Chiron. Instead I horse it into gear with a crunch which must have set the next generation's teeth truly on edge. Ease forward, let the clutch fully in and ease onto the track. Work gently up through the gears, changing at an old-maidish 2,000, and ride a few laps in that order- perhaps 50 mph, enjoying the companionship of a delightful old French friend on a tour around familiar places on known roads. This must be one of the



# GRAND PRIX MONACO

1930



world's prettiest tracks, and it's certainly one of the year's most beautiful days. But things are warm now, and we're not really here to sight see. On go the goggles, a good deep breath, a couple of pump strokes for gas pressure, and we start to move.

The sensation on the straights is a sort of violet marmalade, whose main ingredients seem to be wind, vibration beyond belief, and slamming noise assaulting every fiber of one's being. The utterly emotional sound one hears from the stands as a high-winding race car approaches, screams past, and drones away, is missing in the cockpit. There is some blower and exhaust noise, but mostly it's wind battering the head and gears shrieking between one's legs. The feeling of speed is missing on the straights unless one is passing a slower car in close quarters. It's missing - until you suddenly realize you are deep into the corner and riding faster than you think feasible. Then speed is real, the tail comes out, revs go up as the inside wheel gets 'light', tires screech, and all one's consciousness is distilled into absolute concentration on balancing the car, on not 'losing it'. Then you're through, setting up for the next pearl of this brief string - get through them all, quickly, if a bit sloppily, and up the back valley; - attack the uphill righthander vigorously, we are not so high powered as to have to worry about it much - the grade will slow us safely; the next righthander sees most of the track's width being used to put the car under the bridge at what we're told is the right spot. Now down the hill, not nearly fast enough, as we remember people, much better and more experienced, who've been off the road on the gentle bend into the stretch. So it goes, take five or, if one wants, more laps, and trundle back to the paddock, sweaty wet; full of wonder, after our 15-20 miles for fun. How the tiny Nuvolari and Dreyfus could wrestle and cajole one of these lovely beasts over 500 kilometers of worse roads for their living! Men of iron, I conclude - young men of iron!

Practice fades into picnic lunch-an affair of sandwiches, spiced by complimentary comments for the car from knowledgeable strollers, who ask one to remove one's carcass and honey bread from a perch on the front wheel so the Leica can focus on the proper subject. The last oatmeal cookie disappears as "drivers' meeting" is announced and we report for what is perhaps the most democratic gathering of the age. No one is in charge really, no vote is taken, only a few pay any attention, but after a sort of automotive Quaker meeting with a 360° divergence of views, we all agree on qualifications and two 5 lap races handicapped by anonymous arithmetical dropouts. It's always the same and it's the strength of the Club. No material rewards, no venom., Qualifying is fun, because it's serious. Mike Ice, with a fast looking car turns a slow time and is skinned alive verbally for "dogging it." We suspect there is very little "sandbagging" actually and that erratic performances are more likely the result of what A.A. Milne denominated "the perversity of inanimate objects."

Our run was orderly and exciting. The Bug was au point (how about that, Rene?) and we got through the first series with reasonable dispatch and clean-



ly. Into the valley, thread the stretchy S on a tangent track, vault up the righting hill, getting, for the first time on the lap, a feeling of pure speed as the whole unit man and car lightens over the crest and skims along the plateau into the sweep under the bridge. Many laps ago one had the eerie sensation that the Chevron sign on the bridge would decapitate a high sitting driver - no more was this a problem as we swept into the bend. The surface is smoother than



*Contemplating the Bug and preparing to strap in. The venue may be Lime Rock but memory suggests it's likely Bryar or Shannonville.*  
(jpd)

last year and with the "poke" of a blown eight, and no car near we can use the whole track for one glorious moment - an age, a golden age, for the man - the sum total of 103 years of human and mechanical life, are in a controlled drift, to produce an acceptable, if less than perfect, result. That bend backed up, the entry into the straight will be messy; the bend digested properly, the way into the straight flows easily into the open mouth of one's machine. The rush of wind surrounds and swallows us, and the involuntary committed feeling, uninspiring and "So-what-ish,!" of a jump from a barn's high beam to a straw pile, carries us past the flicker of the checkered flag, and into the run-out lap. I know it was a respectable run, and as I drop the goggles and consciously gulp great swallows of air, the joy of it all is beyond understanding. I suppose it is because one has seen the fruition of a partnership where neither partner has "let the side down". Shut off on the slope under the bridge, and hugging the right side, coast into the pits, quietly, thoughtfully, happily.

Time for a bovine interlude, chewing the cud of pleasure. No matter what our time was, it was fun; it was, somehow, deeper than that, a sort of self-fulfillment - very pianissimo - but very satisfying, and beyond rational analysis. One watches other cars arching through the bends in beauty-filled parabolas of sound and speed, melting from the straight's abandoned lightning into the curve of a great comber losing its force on the beach of unyielding asphalt, a lovely metamorphosis with the skirl of screaming tires and the unbelievably exciting arpeggio of a racing engine running through it all. Toscanini,

Bernstein, Szell - can you compare, on a sunny autumn afternoon, with the unpremeditated, inadvertent, music of such sublime instruments as Ferraris, Maseratis, Amilcars and Bugs, played con ultimo amore by these ancient sentient lads? Are we in this same chorus? I doubt it greatly.

The times are in, and we have a part, after all. Literally, after all. Tail-end Charlie. No matter, it's as much fun from any rung of the ladder. Onto the grid, start engines-hope-fully start engines - well, we'd better do it, once we waited until the last minute - it wouldn't start, then it did, then we stalled - oh, shame! - start now this time, flip on the blower oil, strap down the bonnet - are we still running? Can't hear, with bellowing exhaust stacks just ahead - yes, look at the tach, you donkey!

My God, there goes Bob - 3 1/2 sees for us, get it in low, there's the flag - move, move, move! No "long black rubber marks and a haze of blue smoke on the rear tires" for us, just good solid noise. Slap it into 2d; less than a breath and yank back into 3rd; brake, not desperately this lap; snap her right, get on the gas; ease just a heartbeat, again pull her right - more beef this time - the revs come up fast as the rear skitters and the inside wheel gets "light" - we're 3,000 now in third; shove her forward into high and set up for the lefthander - delay it, delay it, then feed it on hard, get the rear out, scrub off a little speed-don't mess about, you have neither time nor capacity to analyze - just have her feeling right - that's done; now another right - get wide, get wide, do it! Now hard right - and it is hard, for we're moving now - tick the inside of the corner - through! No sweat on that one, and a rest as we rocket up the valley, the S a ruler-straight run with no cars to cope with yet - Hell, I can't even see anyone - the right handed hill coming up - keep on it, chicken, you have all the road to yourself. Excited and above ourselves we sweep up in an abbreviated climbing turn, sing along the plateau, nipping a stuttering "young" Ferrari and its unhappy pilot before blasting under the Chevron bridge. With the road to oneself, the passage into the straight is no problem.

Now stand on it truly, and rest at the same time. The mental watch stops and one feels quite the tourist until past the start/finish line. The 300, 200, 100 marker boards come up and reality is back - brake hard for the first time, brace and haul her right, straighten, again right - she's too far out! You've done it, fool! Play it, left, left, she's come back, bless her. Sloppy, but we're lined up for the lefty OK. Oh, blast! there's that blow back through the blower popoff, we're running lean; we're through - just like a year ago. Try a bit of choke. Did you pump gas pressure down the straight - you're supposed to, you know - beats me, can't read the gauge with all this vibration - do it now, stupid! Whew! We're running right again! Douse the choke - now pay attention and drive! Cars are in front now, some not running right, some just not that fast. Can I get him on the flat? - bloody well no! Think of the next bend - he's an old hand and will have a mirror eye - we can go either side he wants us, I hope - in any case, he'll not panic. He's slowing for the bend, we can go much deeper, now we're coming up on him, he sees, points to the outside, good, it's where we're happier at this rate. It's an OSCA, either Murray or Sid, so no fear

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*Del doing a couple of laps to warm up the oil.*

*(jpd)*

of egregious mistakes, we can keep on it and lay in close without seeming rude - we did get a bit delicate on that, but he is completely steady so actually we were merely adjacent and not contiguous - which is just as well. So it goes, for 5 lovely laps, and the checker.

Where'd we finish? Who knows? Who cares? Not us, surely, the car's as healthy as ever, we can only feel that our cup of joy is, on this particular afternoon, running over and all's right with the world! So load up and head through the October twilight for home.

It's peaceful in the car, and quiet. But the mood, as we travel back over the same route, is as different to that of this morning as the direction. Filled with a delicious dinner, cheerfully served at the Golden Mirror, we are content, retrospective, almost purring cats in the warmth and subdued inner panel lighting of the tow car. We glance at the mirror to see and savor the face of the Bug, gently and mysteriously lighted by our tail lamps. One thinks of the mystique of a *Parisienne* by candlelight - utterly appropriate for that most feminine and French of all automobiles - and is reminded of the advertisement for Realites - the visage of a lithe and charming *Francaise* with the legend "an intimacy to share."

Whatever the race results - we think we have in the car with us that most precious of prizes, untarnishable, inalienable, as long as my forever - a happy memory.

## Lime Rock Park Ownership Moves to New Group

### **Long Time VSCCA Member leading New LIME ROCK PARK OWNERSHIP GROUP**

The announcement has been long anticipated and now is a reality. Long time vintage enthusiast and VSCCA member Charles Mallory has put together the team that will lead the iconic Lime Rock Park circuit into the future.

After 37 years of ownership, Skip Barber announced a new Lime Rock Park ownership structure to propel future growth and opportunity for the Park in the years ahead. "I am extremely excited and proud to announce the acquisition of Lime Rock Park by Lime Rock Group, LLC," said Skip Barber. "The Group's General Partners, Charles Mallory, Dicky Riegel and Bill Rueckert along with a group of private investors have assumed control of Lime Rock Park and are bringing outstanding new vision and vitality to Lime Rock's operations and to our local and regional community. They are the ideal stewards of the Park's long and successful legacy. This is truly wonderful news for everyone involved with Lime Rock as we commence our 65th year of operations," he continued.



*Long time VSCCA member Charles Mallory, hosting a luncheon for VSCCA stalwarts and discussing his plans for Lime Rock Park moving forward. (jpd)*

Lime Rock Group, LLC was formed by Mallory specifically for the acquisition of Lime Rock Park. Skip Barber will remain a significant owner in the new entity and will be an integral part of its Management Committee, as the business continues to leverage Skip's worldwide reputation in the motorsports industry.

Lime Rock Park is one of two racing circuits that are named to the National Register of Historic Places. The other is Indianapolis. Mallory brings a keen understanding and appreciation for history to this new endeavor. His family was instrumental in the founding of Mystic Seaport in



*Mallory at speed in his Aston and headed for the front straight.  
(hyman)*

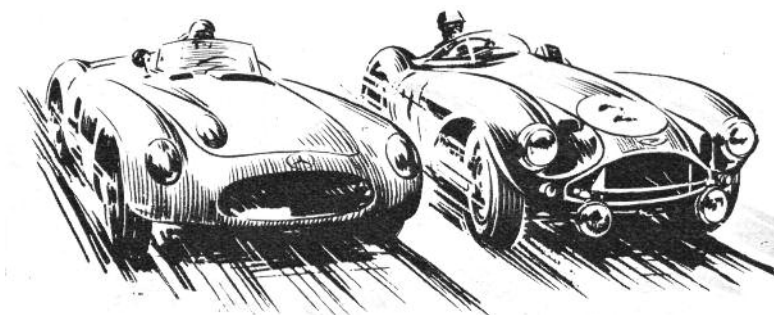
Connecticut and he views Lime Rock's historic significance in a similar light.

Dicky Riegel, former President & CEO of Airstream, Inc. and COO of Thor Industries, Inc., will serve as Lime Rock Park's new CEO. "Lime Rock has been one of my favorite places and my home track for over 40 years; the same is true for my partners, Charles and Bill, both of whom consider Lime Rock a home away from home. All of us have deep roots in Connecticut and look forward to being active in the community and working collaboratively with the Town. To now be owners of this iconic and storied brand is a dream come true," said Mr. Riegel.

At a recent luncheon for members of the VSCCA and other interested parties Mallory outlined a vision that would expand the Lime Rock experience beyond the circuit to embrace much of the surrounding historic area. He also noted that the VSCCA has been a part of the fabric of Lime Rock almost since its inception and he looks forward to building upon that partnership.

Watch this space!

*jpd*





# H-Mods Shine at Spring Sprints

The 2021 VSCCA Spring Sprints offered a special focus event. Seven H-Mods attended what was the first track event for the newly-established H-Modified Racing Club. The late Jerry Greaves would have been delighted.

H-Mods aficionados may question the claim of a “first” event, since the original H-Modified Racing Club was active in the 50s and 60s, with a newsletter edited by Martin Tanner (1958 HM National Champion in his Saab-powered Tanner T-3). The new club hopes to leverage some of the successes of this earlier iteration and encourage greater participation of H-Mods in vintage events. “The cars are out there...it’s the challenge of getting them back to the track.”

Three cars were on the track at the VSCCA’s Spring Sprints, while four more were on display in the paddock.



*The H-Mods at the spring sprints. The old Candy Poole PBX is front and center with Eitel's OSCA and Clemen's JABRO flanking it.*

*(hyman)*

Leading the group on the track was Mitch Eitel’s OSCA S187. While this Le Mans veteran hadn’t raced for almost ten years, its suspension and tire issues were quickly sorted out, and the OSCA “walked away” from the other two H-Mods. In a class that is often populated by quirky, perhaps even home-ly cars – the OSCA is a beauty. From a distance it has the dimensions of a much larger car, and its on-track performance belies its small size. Second in the group was Kevin Clemens’ Crosley-powered Jabro Mk. I. While Kevin is relatively new to his Jabro, the car has a long history with the VSCCA. The car delivered some impressive lap times under his helm. (And, perhaps more importantly in the HM class, the car successfully completed every track session during the event.) The Jabro and the OSCA diced during the earlier sessions, then Kevin held back to play cat and mouse with the third H-Mods on



*Richard Campbell's Voigt Crosley making time into the esses.*

*(jpd)*

the track. The third car was Richard Campbell's Voigt/Crosley HM Special – an odd one-off racer that was built by a pipe fitter and “tinkerer” who could build pretty much anything but didn't have any experience with car design. The Voigt had what could best be called an interesting outing. It suffered the issues often associated with H-Mods – missing its first session with a flat battery, then generating some excitement when the clips holding its tail let go while leaving the Esses. Despite scraping on the track until the car could safely pull off, the damage was limited to a worn-through tail and broken tail-lights. A couple of pieces of tape and some makeshift rewiring set the problem straight, and the car was ready for its next track session.



*Eitel's OSCA closing on Clemens in a tight duel.*

*(hyman)*



*The Eitel OSCA approaching the left hander with a high degree of grace.*

*(jpd)*

The four cars in the paddock exemplified what might have been seen at an H-Mods race back in the day. In attendance was the PBX, a car designed, built, and piloted by the legendary Candy Poole. The PBX won the first HM National Championship in 1954 and continued to take home the gold into the early 60s. A second OSCA S187 was also at the track, and it was interesting to compare the two cars. Although they are both S187s, and they both competed at Le Mans, the two-year difference in their date of manufacture resulted in several variations. With any luck they will both be on the track at an upcoming event. In keeping with the couples theme, the third car in the paddock was another Jabro. But the Saab-powered Jabro Mk. III in the paddock only showed a passing resemblance to the Crosley-powered Jabro Mk. I on the track. As a recent acquisition that came out of long-term storage, the Mk. III clearly needs some refreshing, but it has the look of a mini Maserati Tipo 61 “Birdcage.” The final paddock car was a Crosley-powered H-Mods of unknown provenance. Like many H-Mods, this little blue car appears to have been put into storage around the time the SCCA dissolved the H-Modified category in favor of D Sports Racing (DSR) – rendering the cars built to HM specifications uncompetitive in this new category.

The 2021 racing season is young, and it is hoped that cars will continue to come out at various vintage events. Three cars are expected at the Thompson Vintage Motorsports Festival on June 11-12, and five H-Mods are already registered for the Put-in-Bay Vintage Sports Car Races & Reunion on September 21-24. For more information about the H-Modified Racing Club, and about upcoming events, contact Richard Campbell (evenscampbell@gmail.com) or (917) 538-6550).

*Note: more of Spring Sprints story on page 35*

## **Chris Towner - The Moggie Guy**

*Chris Towner and his Morgans have been a presence at VSCCA events for a very long time and, invariably, with exceptional enthusiasm and a playful smile. Watching him bringing the three-wheeler down the main straight for the checker at Lime Rock before pulling the cord on his miniature drag chute after taking the flag is always good for a chuckle. We seem to recall a few rainy Lime Rock Vintage Festivals where his campsite's puddles were populated with rubber duckies. Towner manages to make what we do a delight.*

*TOJ, a fellow Morganeer, thought to spend a few minutes with Chris to talk about his Morgan escapades and even a bit about how he got there. jpd*



*In the Trike at LRP.*

*(hyman)*

### **TOJ:**

So where did it start with you? Was it a Revell model race car or Dinkey toy? New York Auto Show in the spring, a visit to a race event? We all had a jump start. Perhaps that ride in a bright red 300 SL or that FREE Rambler wagon with a bad rod knock? Checking the NY Times Sunday classified for years. It can only get worse! Like combing junk yards in Jersey for no real reason, pumping gas on weekends, fixing up a \$35 Hillman, hey, we were car guys!

### **Towner:**

*Morgans led the charge thanks to my dad; Morgan was and still is my marque of choice. I was 16, he was older and wiser. We traveled to the Morgan factory in 1970. Life would never be the same. Flash forward a zillion years and the 4 Morgans I have owned and still do... The VSCCA came naturally back then as several Morgan friends were also members of the VSCCA (Gaskin, Rule, Jacobson, Leo, Erickson, Lightfoot to name a few back then). Early 1980's our Morgan club would venture to Lime Rock as guests. Jim Nichol (aka TOJ) and I have been mates forever it seems, probably*



*Fighting it out with the Lester MG in "Big Bend."*

*(hyman)*

*starting at those early events. We were always doing car things just at different times or places. Our meeting up soon became a ritual. We were hooked! We roamed the pits pretending to be experts on everything and coached racing techniques to each other*

*My VSCCA sponsors were Andy Leo and Alec Knight. By the spring of 1991 having purchased a Morgan F three wheeler prepped for racing it was time. I recall being very nervous. Jim Nichol and Vince Maiello, both club members, met me at the entrance to the track early that Spring morning. My sponsors came too (A tradition we should not forget). I was asked to join Frank Righetti's group. I had really no seat time before that day. Later Frank politely told me "you better move to the end of the group, you're holding everyone up!"*

*I passed nonetheless. That was 30 years ago . I added a 1951 Morgan Flat Rad to the mix as I was growing tired of being last (Till Nichol joined in with his Morgan 2 speeder that is). There was always a great mix of pre war cars back then, some were the size of a fire truck as I would look in my mirrors about to witness a freight train about to pass me by. I always told myself I had the best seat in the house. Lap times did not matter. I still do not own a transponder and we still have fun.....*

### *Some Special Morgan Memories...*

*With Morgan I was a "marqued" man. Prior to vintage racing thoughts of Morgan were on my everything list. Insert your own passion car group and it's really the same. Pick a start date and move from there; 1960s worked for me. Morgan was and still is timeless in almost every way. Most Brit. cars tried that and died.*

*Over time, though, I developed a great relationship with the Morgan family, more as a friend circa 1970s. Later sharing Christmas cards with Peter Morgan as the founder's son and his son Charles later on. Peter would allow a time slot to his friends to chat. I avoided car stuff. He got that all day*

every day. When your time was up he would turn back to whatever he was doing or reading. In his 80's he confessed, "I don't consider it work anymore, I just like to come in every day." And he did - with a collie dog in the passenger seat as well. He would take his daily stroll down the drive and back up, greeting every employee, each one he knew by name: they all loved and respected the gaffer. Speaking of names, nearly all the work force had nicknames: Basher, Shaky, Goon, Daisy, Olive Oil, Slap head, Caky, Big Dave, Wing nut, Tosser, Monkey, and Sammy the Sponge. One hundred+ strong and life long employment.



With Peter Morgan's own Plus 8.

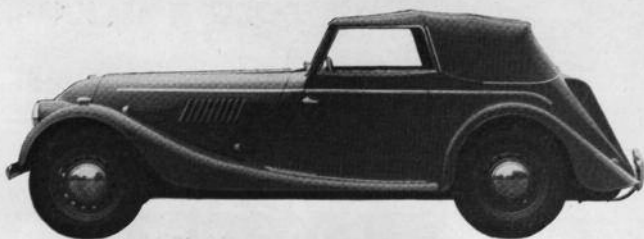
(towner collection)

*I confess to decades of visits according to my passport. My brightest yet saddest event was Peter's funeral. I was honoured to drive his '34 trike to the service. "Was it the rain or tears that filled my eyes?" I wrote. Only a few years earlier I was invited to his 80th birthday bash with cake for 100 guests. In 2009 we saw the 100th anniversary of the longest family owned car company left in the UK: MORGAN. It was a world celebrated party! The company survives today, a few family members still on board. There are fewer of the 50 year tenure employees left, yet second and third generation family members continue. Good on them, good on Morgan.*

## TOJ ADDS:

Mr. Towner is well known at Lime Rock Park vintage events for his supply of fresh raw Cape Cod clams. When his 4/4 was on this side of The Pond he replaced his rear bumperettes with a pair of white tennis shoes. He now has four Morgans; the F-Type and Flat Rad racers as well as the +8 here in the States and his first Morgan, the 4/4, now residing in England. To prove that he is not totally parochial he also has a 2006 Ford GT and a 1980s Toyota Camry. Like most all the VSCCA competition crowd, he will go above and beyond to assist others when they need some help.





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(with TR-2 motor)

The Morgan Motor Company is no newcomer to the Sports Car field. In fact, they have been hand building cars since 1911. That is why a Morgan has the integrity of workmanship and honesty of design seldom found in a mass produced car—no matter how costly!

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Phone: Columbus 5-6495

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**Worldwide Import Co., Inc.,** 10860 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Los Angeles 25, California  
Phone GRanite 8-1142

**Recent Acquisitions, Restorations, Repairs  
and assorted Mechanical Minutia**

Mike Virr has sold his Morgan to Kevin Clemens, who is looking forward to carrying it's proud tradition forward. He's suitably excited at the prospect.



Kevin follows the acquisition with the following hoped-for de-acquisition:

Hello fellow VSCCA members. Because I have taken over Mike Virr's excellent Morgan 4/4, I must reluctantly find someone who will take responsibility for my ex-Frank Righetti 1957 Jabro Mk1 HMOD. This was Frank's first VSCCA car ( circa 1971) and has a wonderful club history. It runs a warmed up Crosley 750 through a period Volvo gearbox and is just huge fun on the track. I have added a fuel cell, fire system, new belts and tires and raced it twice last year. I will race it at Spring Sprints this coming weekend. That's why I am posting this- if you ever wanted a car that is an important part of the history of the club and that is a true sports racing HMOD special, please stop by and chat with me during the event. I want it to stay in the club and go to someone who will race it and appreciate its history and the Righetti ( also Jeffrey Scott Brown and George Lustig) connection. I wish I had the wherewithal to keep it and the Morgan...

Scott Fenley writes:

**Bugeye Parts needed:**

I thought I would reach out to anyone who may be going and has a stash of Bugeye parts they might want to take along and sell. I recently acquired a rather well preserved Bugeye but it needs a few things that someone here may have hidden under a bench. Please let me know if you have any of these sitting around you might want to part with.

*Bonnet badge*

*door latch post (Driver's side but I don't think it matters)*

*Gas cap*

*Brake light assembly*

*license plate light assembly*



★ ★ ★

Shaun Henderson has bought his old Morgan back from Larry Eckler and was having a grand time with it at the Spring Sprints.



(jpd)



(jpd)

Ben Bragg was going well at the Sprints in the "Old Grey Mare," but most of us only had eyes for his neat new Model A Pickup. It has a marvelous patina and, maybe, even brakes.



Hyman surprised us by showing up with the ex-Glenn Reynolds Formula V at the sprints. Eddie and Andy Greenberg are sharing the car and it's driving, we are told.



(jpd)

We enjoyed seeing young David Leith taking the drivers school this year. He makes the 3rd generation Leith to be so inclined. The photo below shows him at the Castle Hill Hillclimb in around 1992 (maybe) and lounging in the paddock at the spring sprints.

Rumour has it that they might like to find a nice Sprite for David to build some seat time in. . . . hm m m m .

★ ★ ★



*At an early Castle Hill event.*

*(leith collection)*



*And taking drivers school in  
2021.*

*(jpd)*





The illustration features a dark-colored Borgward Isabella TS in the foreground, angled towards the left. Behind it is a larger, lighter-colored outline of the same car model. Above the cars, the Borgward logo—a diamond shape with a horizontal bar and the word 'BORGWARD' inside—is centered. To the right of the logo, a series of four smaller car silhouettes are stacked diagonally, suggesting a line of production or a fleet. The entire scene is set against a light, textured background.

*Isabella* **TS**

**BORGWARD**

CARL F. W. BORGWARD GMBH BREMEN GERMANY





Ben Bragg reports the end of one era and the beginning of another. "My son, Benjamin V and my granddaughter Lily came today to pick up the MG TF that his mother and I bought about 48 years ago. When we split up we agreed that it would be kept until he wanted it!"



Mt Equinox early fifties. 1950 Aston Martin DB2. Among the first 3-piece grill examples. Could be LML/50/11 Fabulous photo!



*Gilmore in the Denzel at Mt. Equinox.*

*(jpd)*

We've had some important birthdays of past leaders of the VSCCA of late. Howie Gilmore, the former Activities Chairman as well as the former Treasurer recently celebrated his 85th birthday. He was reported to be doing well.



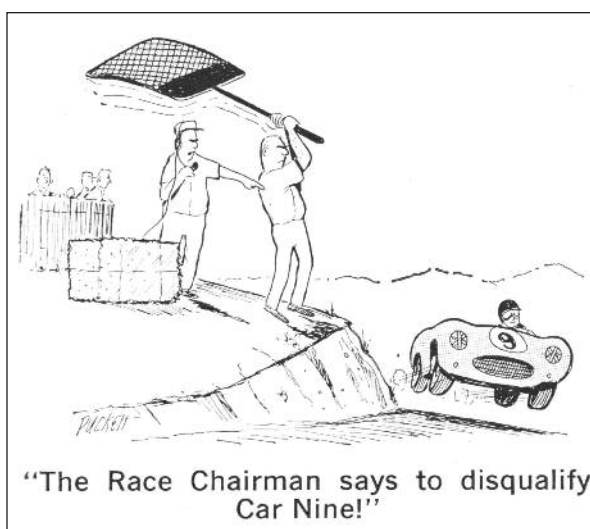
*Schieffelin on his birthday. . . .*

*(jpd)*

Former President (and also an Activities Chairman) John Schieffelin celebrated HIS 85th this season on the 12th of September. We enjoyed sitting and reminiscing with him about adventures shared and the motoring pleasures of many years of friendship.



We recently ran across this memory of early and long serving VSCCA member, Henry Austin Clark. Austie gave new dimension to the concept of motoring enthusiast and stories of his adventures and his escapades are legendary. He founded and ran the Long Island Automotive Museum out in South Hampton. It was a must-do stop for anyone of our lot headed out to Bridgehampton in years past.



# Obituary:

## **Edward F. Preusser** **17 May, 1939 -- 17 July, 2021**

Our good friend, Ed Preusser passed away this spring. Always great company and with a perpetual smile, he was "one of the good guys." When he and his son, (also Ed) joined the VSCCA years ago they enthusiastically took to the track events but just as enthusiastically to our rallies and our social events. Often seen looking after Frank Righetti, Ed was instrumental in organizing countless Righetti birthday parties for VSCCA friends in the Hudson Valley.

The two Eds could usually be found sharing the family Healey Hundred, which they mechanically maintained together. It was always impeccably presented.



*Ed hard at work in the Healey Hundred he shared  
with his son. (hyman)*

Ed was also a world class pilot and provided encouragement to this writer as I sought my own pilot's license. Our heart goes out to his family.

With his loss the club is just a little poorer and our events lacking now in his warm presence. His formal obituary is below.

*Requiescat in Pace.*  
*jpd*

### **From his local paper:**

We (Nora Preusser, John Preusser) are deeply saddened to share with everyone that we lost my father on 7/17. He will be so missed by us all.

Edward F. Preusser a lifelong resident of Garrison NY, passed away

peacefully at home on July 17th after a long illness. He was born on May 17th 1939 the only child of Agnes (Donohoe) and Richard T. Preusser.

Upon graduation from Haldane High School he attended business school and became a licensed real estate salesman working for the family firm which was started by his grandfather John P. Donohoe in the late 1890's. The firm originally known as John P. Donohoe and Son is one of the oldest and continually operating family run real estate offices in the Hudson Valley and is currently known as Agnes D. Preusser Inc. Real Estate located at 35 Garrison Landing (originally owned and operated as a hotel by John P. Donohoe) and is carried on by his wife, Nora and their sons, Edward and John, (Fourth generation real estate agents).

In the early 1960's Ed joined the Army National Guard and was honorably discharged with the rank of 1st Lieutenant. While he worked on building up his hours as a private pilot, a lifelong career in aviation would follow, attaining the rank of Captain which spanned over 40 years until his retirement. Throughout his flying career he would travel worldwide attaining 16 different type ratings. Ed's early years began with Zantop Air Cargo and moved onto Cluett Peabody, General Foods, Union Pacific and retired with Union Carbide (Dow). Ed was an admired and respected pilot by his peers and passengers and was jokingly known as "Captain Comfort" as he was known for his smooth landings.



*Having a walk through the paddock*

*(jpd)*

Ed was also an avid golfer and the youngest Club Champion at the age of sixteen at the Highlands Country Club in his hometown of Garrison. He would go on to win the championship there many more times. Ed was also an early member of the "Herd," a group of local gentlemen that played at their home course The Garrison Golf Club. Ed was known for his smooth golf swing. He shared his love of golf with his younger son John who would go onto a career in golf management at the Nantucket Golf Club.

He and his wife Nora, (Nelson) spent many winters in Naples, Florida where he was avid golfer and member at The Eagle Creek Golf and Country Club for over 20 years. Ed and his golfing friends were known as "The Happy Group" which pretty much sums it up.

Another love of his was restoring, maintaining and driving vintage European sports cars as a hobby he shared this love with his eldest son Ed. Throughout

the years Ed and his son enjoyed racing their 1956 Austin-Healey 100 Le Mans at Lime Rock Park and various other tracks in the Northeast.

Ed enjoyed working on their family home in Garrison and was an accomplished woodworker. Much of the renovations of their home in Garrison are a result of his skill. He also loved to garden and was one of the first male members of The Philipstown Garden Club.

In later years some of his favorite times were spent with his grand-daughters by his side reading books, telling stories and sharing his life experiences with them. He was a man who enjoyed his family and lived his life to the fullest, a man of many talents who loved his home, he was a "man for all seasons" he will be missed by those he knew and loved.

He is survived by his loving wife of 54 years Nora (Nelson) Preusser, his eldest son, Edward Nelson Preusser, his wife Kelly (Guinan), their two daughters Aurora and Olivia all of Garrison, younger son, John Donohoe Preusser and his wife Jody (Walmsley) of Nantucket, Massachusetts.

As per his wishes, services will be private, but those wishing to remember him may make a donation to St. Judes Childrens Hospital or The Wounded Warrior Project.



## **DAVID ANTHONY KEENLEYSIDE** **27 August, 1935 - 18 March, 2021**

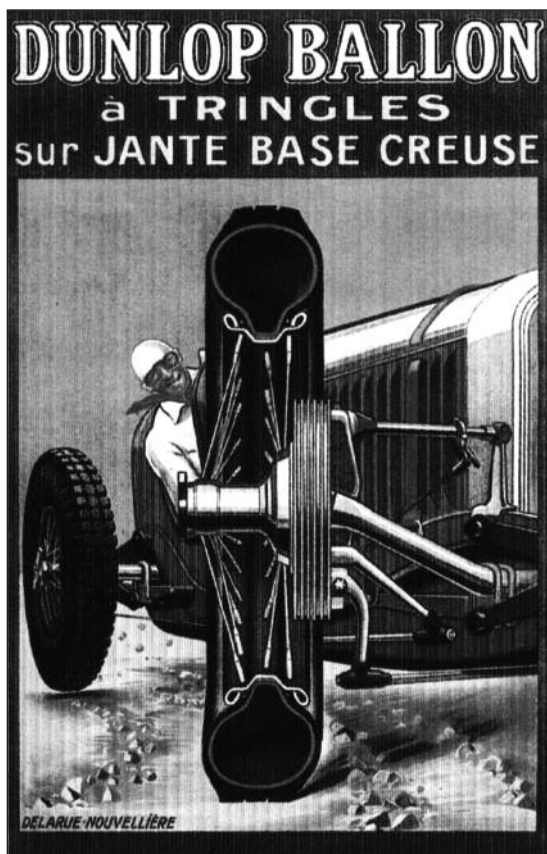
David Keenleyside passed away peacefully at Bethell Hospice, Toronto after a battle with cancer. He was a loving uncle to Wendy Keenleyside (Brad Borghese), David, and Tom (Anneke), and also Anne Keenleyside. Predeceased by nephew, David Keenleyside in 2017, as well as his brothers, John (2017) and Hub (2010). Dave graduated from the University of Toronto Engineering program in 1958. David's specialty was HVAC systems for large commercial buildings. He was a partner in Toronto engineering firm Tamblyn & Mitchell, where the firm did the mechanical engineering for many of the bank towers in Toronto, Skydome (now Rogers Center), Square One, Canary Wharf (UK), and various towers in New York.

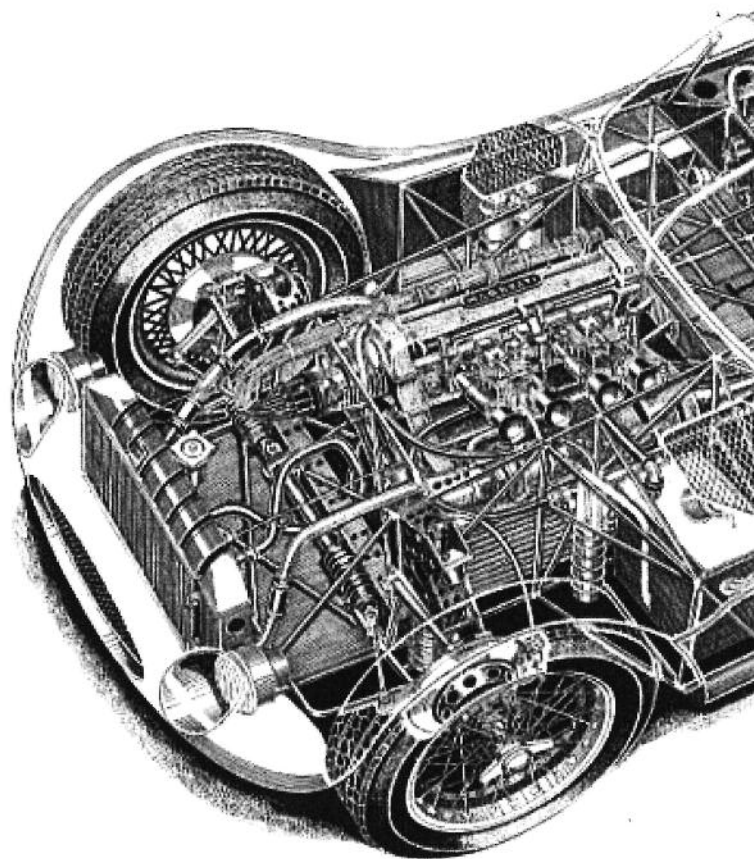
Dave retired at age 55 and pursued his lifelong passions of skiing, curling, golf, and vintage racing of his 1959 Lotus Formula Junior and Elva Mk IV across North America. Dave was also a dog person, and loved his three Yellow Labs Opal, Cindy, and Teddy. While sad his journey was ending when the news arrived, he commented "Well, it was a good life." An accomplished person, he loved life, and valued family above all. He will be greatly missed. Condolences may be forwarded through **[www.humphreymiles.com](http://www.humphreymiles.com)**.



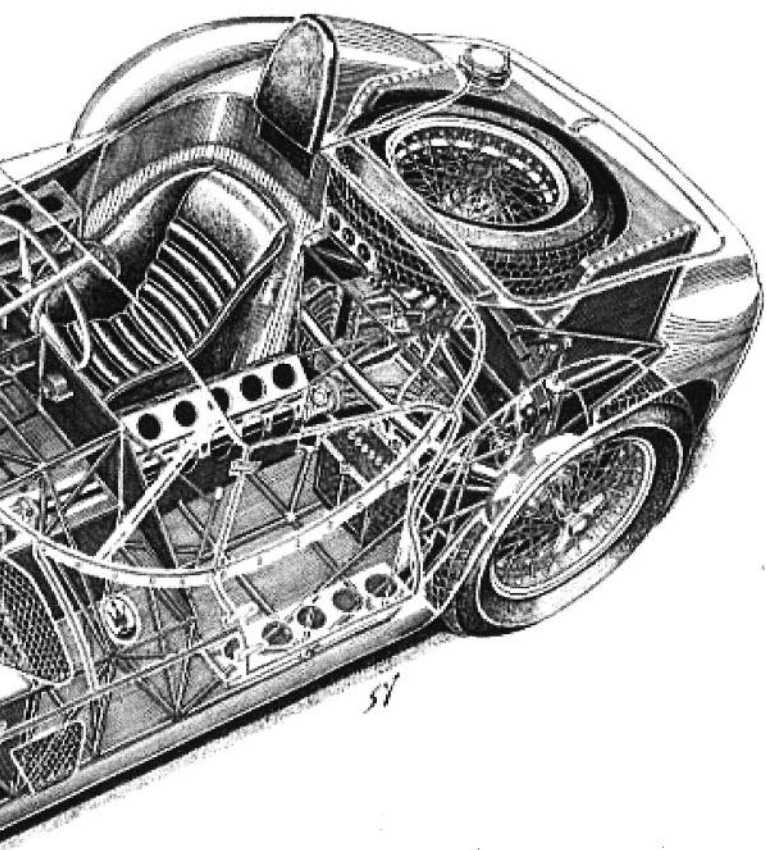
### *A thought on David from JR Mitchell:*

Those of us who did not venture north of the border in pre pandemic days probably never met David Keenleyside. In earlier times, David was active in the U.S. with both his Elva MkIV and Lotus 18 Fjr. I first met David at Pittsburgh early on in that events VSCCA years. He didn't suffer fools gladly but beneath a very serious demeanor was a fellow enthusiast with a very dry wit. A mechanical engineer by trade, David's cars were always well presented and well driven. In recent years I would see David at Mosport still tinkering with his car but not driving as he was trying to work through his health issues always with a positive outlook. I got to know him better after he purchased one of our gearbox conversions for Lotus18's and his insight was valuable in its' development. Sadly, David left us in March of 2020 at Bethell Hospice in Toronto and we will be the less without him.

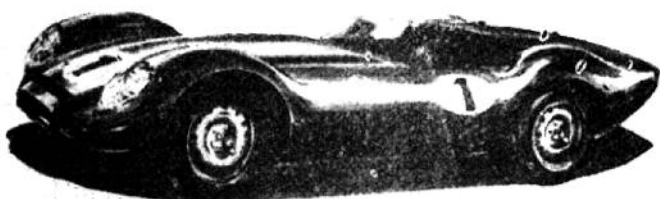




MASERATI Type 61 "Birdcage"  
ARTWORK BY SHIN YOSHIKAWA



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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

## *VSCCA Spring Sprints 2021: Lime Rock Park* *May 7th and 8th*

There was a great feeling in the paddock as VSCCA members came out to celebrate their return to vintage racing after months of isolation thanks to the pandemic. There had been no VSCCA events since the Fall Finale last September, an event with a much-reduced field and careful precautions against the pandemic by Lime Rock Park. We missed our annual meeting and luncheon, two holiday parties and two Tech Sessions normally held during the winter.

The Spring Sprints also serves as the platform for the club's drivers school so with the cancellation of the spring sprints last year there was also no drivers school. The big story of this weekend was a record turn-out of students for the school conducted by Charles Bordin, the chair of the VSCCA's Driver Qualification committee. There were some 27 students compared to the dozen or so in normal years. Of course, there was some carry over from students who had planned to attend last year. The best news is that these are all new members of the VSCCA which means future growth for America's oldest vintage racing organization.

The annual Spring Sprints are a low-key event, there is no timing and scoring. It's just a good time to celebrate these wonderful race cars and each other. Now in his second year as event chair (last year didn't happen), Ben Tarlow says he wants to make "the Spring Sprints as much a social event as a race meeting." Tarlow says, "Since it's our season opener and our gateway to new racers it's critical that we display the best of VSCCA culture and camaraderie."



*A gaggle of sports racers elbowing (gently) their way into "Big Bend."*  
*(hyman)*





*That looks to be Erik Thomas in the F-V.*

*(hyman)*



*Tom Ellsworth looking smooth as ever in the Ford Amilcar. (hyman)*





*Don Breslauer came over to spectate in one of our very favourite French sedans, his Traction Avant.*

*(jpd)*



*Bob Webber about to climb out of the Vee after a great run. (jpd)*



*George Vapaa smiling from the Lotus VII. (jpd)*



*Bill Holman pulling back into the Paddock in the Stutz.  
(jpd)*

The nearly 70 entries for the three race groups also marked a very strong start to a new season. Event chair Tarlow put the prewar cars and the usual mix of MGs and Triumphs together for a fairly well matched group. Together with the students there were well over 100 entries this year, a significant and healthy increase

Also, part of group 1 were there H-Mod 750cc cars part of 7 H-mods that lined up in the Lime Rock paddock during the day. The reunion of these mighty midgets was organized by Richard Campbell, who has a real love for these small but quick cars. In the early days of sports car racing in the US these pint-sized racers, often home built specials featuring Crosley engines, filled a large grid and were where a number of car designers/builders got their start. Campbell's 1959 Voigt/Crosley and Kevin Clemens 1956 Jabro were beautiful examples of the breed. The field also included two examples of the beautiful little OSCA S187 factory-built racers that looked like miniature Maseratis, which makes sense given the origins of OSCA and featured beautifully detailed work. Veteran Mitch Eitel took his car out to do battle, but Scott Fenley did not race the similar OSCA owned by the late Gary Ford.



*The editor making an appearance in the paddock after a delightful drive to the circuit in the HRG 1500. (hyman)*

*The Holman equipe shared paddock space with Tom Ellsworth and the Ford-Amilcar.*

*(jpd)*



*A perennial in the prewar group, Ben Bragg had out the "Old Gray Mare" and to good effect.*

*(jpd)*

*Kevin Clemens Jabro 750 comported itself beautifully the whole weekend.*

*(hyman)*







*Gelles: ever smooth in the Stanguellini.* (hyman)

After a long period of idleness, the old girl was being recalcitrant. The problem was traced to a less than cooperative starter motor. Also featured in the paddock was Tom Walko's yellow Saab powered Jabro Mk III and Jeb Ebbot's PBX special being offered for sale by Orrie Simko.

Campbell is organizing another H-mod get together at Put In Bay this September and already has 4 cars entered.

Group three represented the faster production cars, mostly the Alfas. Thanks to the enthusiasm of Santo Spadaro and Scuderia Ficara a huge field of Alfas, ranging from Roger Cassin's 1956 Giulietta Spider to a visiting 1973 Alfa Romeo GTV. Sprinkled amongst the Alfa's were a couple of quick Morgan +4s, Jim Stein's Porsche 356, Stu Forer's fast and well driven Turner 950S - but the major new entry in the field was Jim Glass and his 1959 Corvette which adds a bit of interest to this fast group of production cars.



*Eric Logan's Formcar continues to serve him well.* (hyman)



*Joe Fuller sliding a bit in the ex-Dow Smith Morgan +4.*

*(hyman)*



*Taking a break from flagging duties, Jim Bottomley had a good run in the MGA. He likely drove it to the circuit and then drove it home.*

*(hyman)*

*Giedra's Datsun is becoming a regular fixture. It looks like he's showing a clean pair of heels here to a collection of Alfas.*

*(hyman)*







*A few of the Alfa crowd forming up on the straight for a memorial to Ted Potter.* (hyman)

Group two mixed sports racers with open wheel formula cars. The result was a mixing of formula juniors like Bill Gelles' baby blue Stanguellini and Nick Grewal's 1961 Elva 300 with sports racers like Mitch McCullough's Lotus XI and George Vapaa's Lotus 7.

At the end of the day on Friday the driver's held a memorial ceremony for Alfa racer Ted Potter. He was an active Alfa racer and member of the Scuderia Ficara. He was honored by a missing man formation lap by the Alfa band and a eulogy speech by Santo Spadaro, informal leader of the Alfa contingent.

All of the students in the drivers' school passed the course and received provisional approval to race with the VSCCA. They will be receiving their full approvals when the Chief Steward, Bob Melhado and Drivers Committee Chair Bordin judge they have safely completed a full race weekend this year.

Everyone who wants to race with the VSCCA must complete this class, so they understand the philosophy behind the oldest vintage racing club in the nation. They are also urged to take one of the three day driving schools like Skip Barber.

The drivers school includes a chalk board discussion by Bordin about the values of the VSCCA and the basic approach of vintage racing, the cars are the stars. He takes them through the things they need to know such as tech inspection, race officials and the flags. They then go out for laps following an instructor for a session of lead and follow to learn the line and car control. By Saturday they are released to race with the appropriate groups if they have a VSCCA eligible car.

Bordin is assisted by three experienced instructors including Paul Balich, senior instructor for the Skip Barber Racing School, Paul Capel, an SCCA instructor, and Tony Carpanzano, a veteran winner in Formula Atlantic. Two club members, Steve Lehrman and Jim Stein, also assisted with leading students around Lime Rock.

Despite great weather on Friday, Saturday was a bit damp and gloomy, but it was a successful weekend with no serious incidents despite the fact most drivers hadn't been on a track for many months.

All in all - - a most successful weekend.

dow smith



*The Delahaye at rest  
in the Audrain  
Collection some  
months ago.*

*(jpd)*

## 2021 Calendar Correction: Whoops!

It happens often in the valuable car world. A famous and successful car is destroyed somewhere in history and the identity resurfaces, often far from where the original incidents took place. It might be wishful thinking as someone believes - - "well, it MIGHT be the famous one." Our November car, a magnificent Delahaye, seems to fall into this category. We photographed it at the end of August last year when visiting the magnificent "From the Racetrack To the Opera: Marques That Did It All" exhibit at the Audrain Museum in Newport, Rhode Island.



*Two photos from the old  
girl's career in Australia.*

*(audrain)*



This beautiful Delahaye caught our eye. It is drop dead gorgeous (to our taste anyway) and the reported LeMans history made it that much more wondrous. The description with the exhibit noted that the car won LeMans in 1938 with René Trémoulet and Eugène Chabaud driving. It then was said to go on to an interesting career in Australia before returning to Europe and, ultimately, to a major collection of French cars here in USA.

Word arrived recently from a very close friend in LeMans, that the story isn't exactly as claimed. He writes:

*Cher Jim:*

*I really I like your calendar, pictures and text, you promote well the story of the French car industry !*

*But you must know that the legend for November of the Delahaye "winner le Mans 1938" then racing in Australia is not correct. This is the result well known by members of the French Delahaye club - owner's of the law rights on the name of the brand - result of a bad idea to give an other identity to a car.*

*I don't know if the false identity was made by Australian or English people, but the past President of the club explained to me the story with great precision a long time ago.*

*The car that was the winner at le Mans in June 1938 was destroyed at Spa Belgium in July 1938. The car was folded in half around a tree. When the factory got it back at the workshop, they realized it was too dangerous to try to repair. So, it was cut into parts. Miraculously the pilot was lightly injured. (See picture attached)*



*A contemporary report of the LeMans winner's demise at SPA in 1938.*

*(courtesy of Francis Piquera)*

*The car which is known as "NSJ 202", now in the collection French Curves at Peter Mullin museum, is the 1st Delahaye 135S built and sold, in may 1936, with French N° plate 6047 RK4.*

*It didn't run at le Mans in 1936 because of the French strikes...*

*It ran at le Mans in 1937 with N°12 and it retired after an accident in the 9th lap. It was repaired and sold in Australia during winter 37-38. It stayed there and ran in several races with Snow and Crouch. It burned in 1951 and was again restored. It was sold in GB 1994, then sold to Peter Mullin...*

*It seems that after the fire of 1951, when it was restored, - as it was known that the winner's car from le Mans '38 was destroyed -- somebody decided that this one with no honors at le Mans could easily get a rich story by using the chassis N° of the destroyed one !*

*This story brought some years ago some letters with strong words between the last owner before the current one and the French Delahaye club President...*

*So you now know the truth.*

*Kind regards,*

*Francis*

Our correspondent is one of the world's great experts on LeMans and we are thus comfortable in the thoroughness of his letter. History matters.

As for this car? Well, it did run at LeMans in 1937 and it is no less attractive to us for having run at LeMans the year before Delahaye's first win there in '38. It's a pity that the factory felt the need to cut up the '38 winner after the crash at Spa but it was - after all - just a broken race car.

jpd



*Now identified as a 1937 Delahaye LeMans Team Car, the Delahaye is no less attractive to our eye.*

*(jpd)*

# *Book Reviews:*

## **Fred Wacker - Gentleman Racer**

**Compiled by Fred Wacker III and Robert Birmingham**

**2020**

**\$49.95**

**Henschel Haus Publishing**

**Milwaukee, WI**

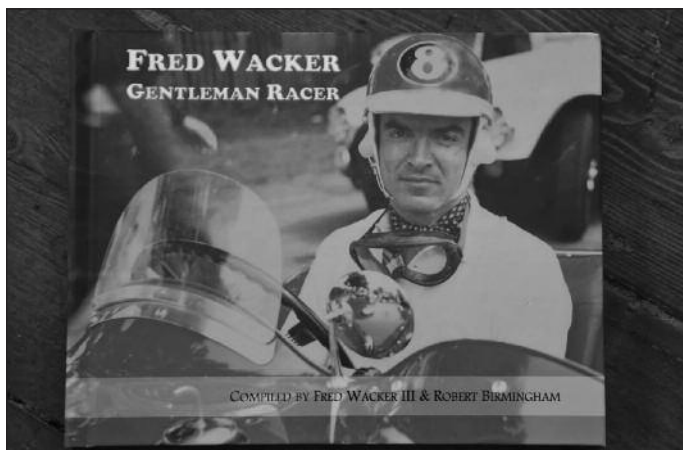
**Available from <https://henschelhausbooks.com>**

Fred Wacker's son, Fred the third, has compiled a most marvelous photo album telling the story of one of the best known and most successful amateur racing drivers of the period that brought sports car racing to life in the United States after the Hitler War.

Sadly, Wacker is too often only remembered for the tragedy of the 1952 race at Watkins Glen. Spectator control was almost nonexistent. The crowd had spilled onto the edge of the road and Wacker's Allard - unknown to him at the time - struck a child sitting on the curb at the outside of a corner. Wacker was blameless. There is much more to the man and to his racing career.

The book shares photos of Fred's time racing with Briggs Cunningham at LeMans and some previously unknown (to this writer anyway) shots of his otherwise well known essay into Formula I racing in Europe as a member of the Gordini team. Into the late fifties, Fred Wacker's racing career covered more types of cars and classes of racing than one might imagine from an amateur. He drove single seaters and sports cars from Arnolt Bristols, to Jaguars, Ferraris, Cunninghams, Allards, and who-knows-what-else.

Wacker was also an accomplished musician with his own professional band, "Fred Wacker's Windy City Seven," who provided dance music and jazz around Chicago.

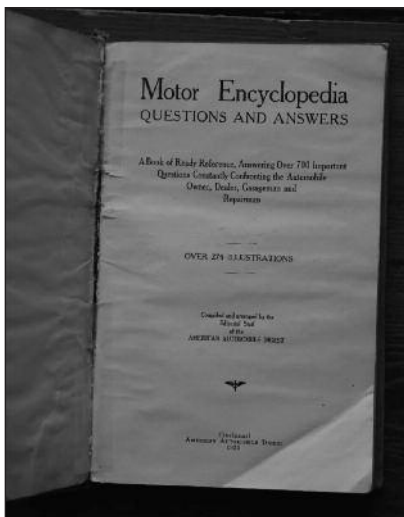
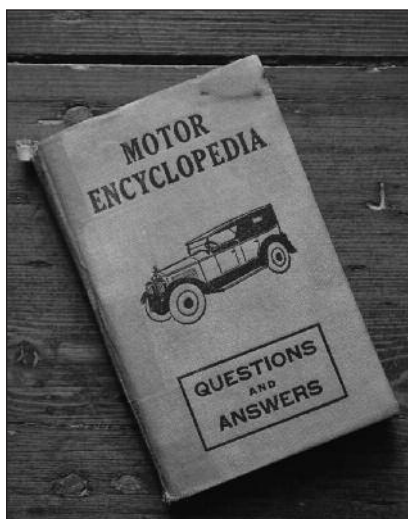


Yrs trly had the pleasure of meeting Fred Wacker nearly forty years ago at an Allard reunion. A more charming and pleasant man is difficult to imagine.

Fred Wacker - Gentleman Racer provides a most welcome window into the time when sports car racing in the USA was truly the realm of amateur enthusiasts. Some of them had skills that were as good as any in Europe. Fred Wacker was more than simply another driver, though, he led a rich life full of interests that went well beyond carburetors, racing tyres, gear ratios, and apex-es. The title of the book says it all: "Gentleman"

This book is a keeper. Buy it!

jpd



### **Motor Encyclopedia - Questions and Answers**

**Compiled by the Staff of the American Automobile Digest**

**Published by The American Automobile Digest**

**Cincinnati, Ohio**

**1925**

**Can be found at [ABEbooks.com](http://ABEbooks.com)**

**Price varies \$8.00 seems average**

By the mid-twenties the automobile was taking on most of the technologies that we find in the cars of the VSCCA's era. That would be those without electronics or computers. This little book, long out of print, proves a delightful excursion into the days when most of this technology was in its



infancy. The questions are interesting in their scope and in some cases the degree of esoterica. For instance, we were not ever aware of the difference between a "Mushroom Valve" and a typical Poppet Valve. Many of the questions apply as well today to some of our motor cars as they did nearly a hundred years ago. One asks: *"Can you tell me what makes an automobile engine work better and develop more power after sunset than it does in the heat of the day?"* The authors suggest *"If the engine works better after sunset it is due to and extreme change in atmosphere."* The next page asks about preventing carburetor fires. There are discussions of cooling, tyres, chassis, and all of the systems a new-ish motorist might encounter.

Overall a delightful reminder of the earliest days of motoring and an entertaining walk down memory lane. The editor's copy may be borrowed by anyone interested.

jpd

## **Le Mans 1949 - 1974, les années mythiques**

***Photos by Henri Beroul***

***Words by Guillaume Nedelac***

***Societe Ouest France***

**2017**



It's hardly a secret that yrs trly is likely to consume any publication relating to the greatest sports car race in the world. This photo album proves an interesting addition to the library without necessarily being an absolute must have.

The photographer, Monsieur Beroul, was a professional photographer living in Le Mans and specializing in everything but motorsport. He was the go-to guy for the locals when planning a wedding, a graduation, or any number of other of life's events. Each year at race time, M. Beroul would grab his film camera and go over to the Circuit de la Sarthe and shoot his pictures of the proceedings. It's difficult to imagine today, but we are told that he never purchased a telephoto lens so each of his images was shot with what we think of these days as roughly a fifty millimeter lens. After his shooting sessions he would wend his way back to his photo shop and dark room to process the film and make the images available to drivers and to teams. Over the years these clients came to appreciate his work. A number of the iconic images of the race's post war quarter century were captured on film through his lens. Our favourite of the latter is the image of Chinetti and Selsdon after the '49 race.

This book presents a hundred of what are said to be Beroul's best. Many



*From the days when the boys drove hard and played hard: the LeMans winning Ecurie Ecosse team in 1956.*

of the photos shown herein are previously unpublished so there is an air of potential discovery every time one turns a page. There are some superb shots of important cars at speed but the most interesting are the photos off of the course, whether in the pits, at scrutineering, or post race at the prize-giving or the after glow of a long and difficult twenty-four hours. A few favourites include a marvelous relaxed portrait of the '58 winners, Olivier Gendebien, and our own Phil Hill. Both men were known to be pleasant and approachable. Beroul's photo captures that essence to perfection. The two of them reunited a few years later and won it again in '61.

The photo of the '56 winning Ecurie Ecosse team drivers posing with some young French actresses is a perfect vignette of the days when the boys raced hard and then enjoyed life to the fullest. Priceless is the look Ninian Sanderson is bestowing on a young Beatrice Altariba.

As interesting from a cultural side is the shot of the class winning Panhard team from 1953. Drivers and at least one wife looking into the camera. The writer, clearly French, remarks that they demonstrate "typical French elegance." One could just as easily wonder if the team's much loved pet dog had perished during the night.

The page opposite the Panhard team is a post race view of the 3rd place C5-R Cunningham of Fitch and Walters, John at the wheel. The car is completely covered in wives and kids being driven back to the post race celebration. John Fitch looks tired but the families are clearly enjoying the experience.

The text, in the form of captions, is provided in both French and English. The translation from the former to the latter is not always precise but does maybe a better job by capturing the sense of the words and the story. That said, the captions in general don't add a whole lot for one knowledgeable of the history of the event and there may be a few errors. The occasional gem does appear, though, from time to time and is most welcome.

Overall this photo album, **Le Mans 1949 - 1974, les anees mythiques**, - maybe not critical to the average enthusiast - is a welcome addition to the Le Mans lover's library.

jpd



*The Castle Hill paddock on a sunny day.*

*(hyman)*

## **Castle Hill Hillclimb Comes Back to the Calendar**

By the time this is being read the resurrected Castle Hill Hillclimb will be in the record books. Expect to read about it in an upcoming issue. In the meantime, we offer some memories of this glorious event from years gone by. It was once an important part of the calendar and we sincerely hope it will be again.

In the beginning the event on the driveway of the Crane Estate in Ipswich, Massachusetts, was a part of a larger weekend that included a most amazing Concours d'Elegance on the grounds. The VSCCA was invited to run a "pre-war only" hillclimb on the drive as the Saturday event and then to join the festivities on Sunday for the car show.



*Will Twombly's BMW 328 making a run.*

*(hyman)*



*Two cars that had a multi-year rivalry for fastest time of day. Above Sandy Leith takes the hairpin in the Bugatti. Below Ben Bragg wrestles the Buick Indy car up the straight with a most glorious "Basso Profundo" emitting from its exhaust.*  
(hyman)



# *IT'S Challenging*



*Admiral Ebert's Bugatti gone a bit wide in the right hand sweeper. (hyman)*



*Extracting the Sutherland Bentley from its predicament at the hairpin. It was the work of a significant number of helpers and spectators. (hyman)*





*The entry at Castle Hill was always something to warm the cockles of one's heart. We look forward to publishing photos of this year's entry. Early reports suggest it was even better than previous years.*

*(hyman)*





The course, itself, isn't fast, but proves surprisingly challenging. The final hairpin leading to the finish is tight enough that - in the earlier days - it required a very large Bentley to stop and make it a three point turn. The driver was the late Ed Sutherland. His first attempt saw the Bentley stuck on the hillside above the turn and unable to reverse down since the exhaust system was digging in to the ground. It took about ten people to manhandle the old girl back onto the circuit.

The entry over the years included all sorts of wonderful prewar beasts. We recall some glorious runs by Kim Eastman in the "Twist Drill Special" as well as great demonstrations by everyone from Gil Steward, John Schieffelin, Andy Rheault, Ben Bragg, Howie Gilmore and even the editor, to name but a few. Our cover shot this issue is the Stanley Steamer of Coburn Benson. It left a lasting impression on yrs trly. He steam cleaned the course in a most memorable manner.

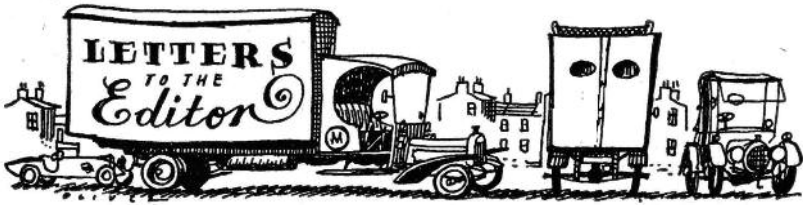
Over the years we've seen Bugattis galore, Bentleys in large numbers, MGs, American Specials, and nearly anything else one could imagine.

Up until this year's running the record for the hill has been the pride of our president, Sandy Leith. He won't be making the run this year and thus we expect his record to fall. On the other hand. . . who knows? Watch this space.

Enjoy the photos and await the telling of the tale of the latest iteration.



*The editor (jpd) taking the late Dick Hall up the hill on a reconnoiter drive in, what was at the time, the editorial Allard L-Type.* (hyman)



*Dear Jim:*

*It's like a time machine . I noticed that I have to repack some old Road and Tracks.*

*Of course I opened one issue from '54 and lost track of time. I found all sorts of neat stuff - race results, classifieds, you name it.*

*How many old friends ran Mt Washington in 1954?*

*And don't even get me started on the price of an Allard.*

*Hope you are fine and that we will see each other soon.*

*best,  
Ed Hyman*

*Dear Jim:*

*Just read your article in Victory Lane on "Dwindling Throngs" and one point stuck with me: a class with tighter passing rules. I think this will work especially well for people who want to get their feet wet and not go all in. I have at least 9 friends who are considering signing up for the Driver's School and the topic of finding an easier entry path comes up regularly. I'm all for keeping the cars old, but track day style rules for a few events will get them to come play and then get hooked.*

*Kind regards,  
Kobus Reyneke*

**Editor's Note:**

Thank you, Kobus. I hope we can make it work. ... best, jpd

## **FOR SALE:**

### **Some VSCCA History on Four Wheels**

#### **1951 Emeryson F3**

Restored and raced by Jerry Greaves, when Vice President of VSCCA. Jerry personally restored this rare car to the specs as he had raced it, in this picture from 1962. Believed to be #004 of 7, or 8, made. Front wheel drive, 500cc JAP 4B speedway w/ exposed hairpin valve springs. (therefore a "true car engine" according to Jerry). Norton dolls head gearbox. Jaeger Chronometric Tach Imron green paint, matched to original color layer found on bodywork. Excellent condition. Performed beautifully at LRP and PVGP. Perhaps the only Emeryson f3 in the usa. Recently appraised at \$40,000. Asking \$35,000

#### **1954 Kieft F3**

ex Jerry Greaves & Mark Lefferts.  
Believed to be Don Parker's Parker-Kieft.  
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#### **1954 Cooper Mk8 F3**

ex Jerry Greaves and campaigned by Denis McKenna, Norton amc gearbox, new paint, brakes & tires. Ready for engine install.  
\$14,000 no engine, or \$24,000.00 with Norton Manx.

#### **1954 Lotus Mk6**

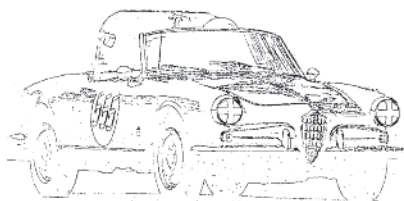
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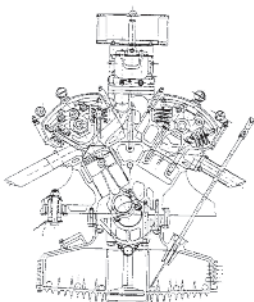
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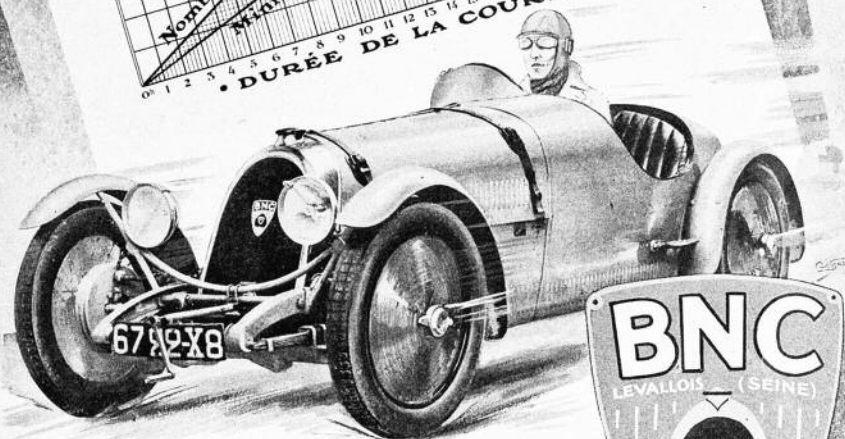
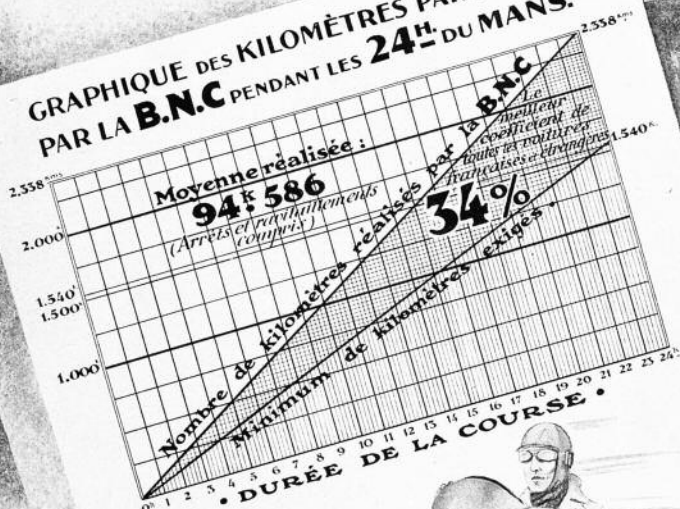
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