

VINTAGE SPORTS CAR



NUMBER FOUR 2021

VINTAGE SPORTS CAR CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

39 Woodland Drive • New Britain, PA 18901

Membership inquiries to the above address



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1905 – 1995

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VINTAGE SPORTS CAR



The Board named our newest Honorary Member this past autumn. It's John Schieffelin. Best known for his devotions to the "fastest lorries in Europe," the products of W.O. Bentley, we generally think of him stuffing the car with people and taking them on touring laps at lunch time. This shot was taken forty years ago, when John had the long wheelbase 3 Liter. We believe we can identify our

two children along with a couple of their friends waving from the cockpit. Thanks partly to experiences like this they, and now their own children, take delight in vintage motoring. That sharing of enthusiasm is one of the contributions of our various honorary members. More on John on page 20. (jpd)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER 4 - 2021

Editorial	2
Castle Hill Hillclimb - 2021	
A Splendid Day for a Hillclimb	3
Another Recollection of Castle Hill 2021	13
Hillclimb Results	19
Schieffelin named Honorary Member	20
Gossip	26
Elegy For Cleaning Rags	35
Aston-Martin DBR4-250	36
The Subduing of Toad	38
Annual General Meeting of the Club	44
President Leith's Comments at the AGM	47
Obituaries	
David L. George	51
Vincent Maiello	55
Willem R.H.M van Huystee	57
Vinty	61
Letters	62

Editor:

J.P. Donick

28 Traver Road

Pleasant Valley, New York 12569 U.S.A.

Deputy Editor:

Jim Nichol

25 Crumwold Pl.

Hyde Park, NY 12538

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We happily take opportunity with this issue in thinking about the club's Honorary Members. They, together, helped make the club what it has come to be.

We spend a little time celebrating our newest Honorary Member, John Schieffelin. It's difficult to imagine the VSCCA of the last thirty or forty years without seeing Schieffelin in one's mind's eye. His is a lasting mark and we take delight in sharing some of his exploits in this issue as well as having the opportunity from time to time to enjoy John's company yet.

We also note in the gossip section our old friend Paul Richards, another Honorary Member, always happy to share his love of motoring and of racing with his friends. He was a National Champion and master of the nimble small bore beasts that those of us used to gobs of Allard horsepower can barely comprehend. We recall in this issue his win at Sebring in 1960.

With the winter's winds blowing strong about us this is the time of year to settle in front of a fireplace with a suitable beverage and enjoy dreams of motoring adventures past and future. One of our favourite reminders of such things is the late Kenneth Grahame's Wind in the Willows. If it hasn't been read of late then let us suggest it be taken off the shelf and enjoyed again. In the meantime, to whet the appetite for the original we offer a short variation on that theme with "The Subduing of Toad." We hope it will entertain.

Meanwhile, keep warm and dry.

jpd

A Splendid Day for a Hill Climb: Castle Hill 2021

Could there a more spectacular venue for pre World War II cars to be driven up a hill? On Sunday October 17th, 2021, the VSCCA returned to the Crane Estate in Ipswich, Ma. with some 30 gorgeous cars to recreate the event that had been held there for the last time some 18 years ago. The estate has to be the crown jewel property of the Trustees of Reservation, an organization dedicated to the preserving and maintaining properties and land throughout Massachusetts. The Crane Estate is located at the mouth of the Ipswich river overlooking to the south and west, marshland and horse farms, and to the east and north, the Atlantic Ocean and the barrier island of Plumb Island. The spectators, over a 1000 of them, were able to set up their viewing points and picnic spots along the winding course up the hill to the mansion that dominates a spectacular allee and the casino (small house) complex that is so reminiscent of an Italian estate. The formal garden, full of fall flowers and foliage was a perfect backdrop.

The weekend kicked off on Saturday with a 115-mile drive along the colorful roads of Boston's North Shore, stops in Hampton, NH for lunch and a finish at Paul Russell's extraordinary car restoration shop in Essex, MA. Paul and his team of perfectionists welcomed the large group of guests and VSCCA members into what may be one of the premier automotive restoration institu-



Lined up in front of the great house at Castle Hill.

(hyman)



The Holman Stutz having a look at the course with a happy passenger along for the ride. (hyman)

tions in the country, if not the world. There were Ferraris and more Ferraris, Mercedes-Benz Gull-wings and a dizzying assortment of high-end vintage automobiles in various states of rehabilitation. Paul who takes immense pride in the quality of work performed in the various shops within the shop (metal, paint, upholstery) walked the group around explaining some of the various ongoing projects. Of special interest was a two door Van Vooren- bodied convertible Hispano-Suiza which had undergone a body off restoration of the drive-train. The long-time owners/family had requested leaving the body (with its original French license plate with a Paris code) and interior preserved in the condition in which they had been over the last 60 years. The other gem was a dark blue Lancia Aurelia spider with dark red interior. It begged to be driven out into the crisp, sunny October day with its top down, of course.

On Saturday night, Tom Ellsworth and Steve Silverstein organized a lovely waterside dinner in Essex at a small restaurant that was rented just for this congenial group. Videos of the prior Castle Hill climb taken almost two decades ago were a huge hit during the cocktail hour and provided commentary at dinner. The satiated group dispersed early as Tom and Steve were planning for an early start the next morning.



Mr. Towner, having just received the green flag, departs on another run. (hyman)

*Mr. Fenley giving the
Hurgenhauser a run in the
tour portion of the weekend's
events.*

(o'day)



*Mr. and Mrs. Bragg safely strapped into the "Old Grey
Mare" on the road to lunch.*

(o'day)



*The Ross ex-ARCA MG
doesn't seem to have
missed a beat.*

(o'day)



Mr. Law's bimmer looking dignified but powerful.

(o'day)



*Our photographer, Mrs. O'Day with one of her able assistants, Wynnie.
(hyman)*

The T40 Bugatti of John Cesari - an interesting history comes with this one as it was formerly owned by the Chrysler designer, Virgil Exner.

*It's seldom seen at VSCCA events but looks to be a lovely example of the marque.
(o'day)*





*Grewal's magnificent
LeMans style
Lorraine-Dietrich set
a new standard for
elegance and speed.*

(hyman)



*Chrisso Rheault leading the
crowd down between runs.*

(hyman)



*Erik Thomas'
Bentley needed every
inch of road to nego-
tiate the hairpin
near the top.*

(hyman)



The Owens Auburn making a reconnoiter up the hill.

(hyman)



Romano's 328 BMW was very much at home on the slopes of the Castle Hill driveway.

(hyman)

Fenley motoring down to the bottom between runs and enjoying the breeze.

(hyman)



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that were exclusively
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EMPEROR
NAPOLEON I

NUITS-S. GEORGES

(FRANCE)

IMP. JOBARD & DUBOIS



Erik Thomas' Bentley working up to speed on the lower portion of the drive.

(hyman)



Holman bending the Stutz into the hairpin.

(hyman)

At 7:15, 33 volunteers and Jim Bottomley's group of white clad corner marshals stumbled into the barn compound that had been converted into a makeshift pit area. Everything seemed to be coming together until someone noticed, that despite copious amount of containers of coffee, pastries and muffins, no cups could be found. Thankfully, the cups showed up a bit later. Registration proceeded smoothly while Tom Ellsworth and Steve Silverstein finished setting up the work stations along the 1/2 mile course which included a steep section from the start at the gate, a long flowing curve to the left, a slight dip at the Casino straight where spectators could enjoy the sounds of engines at full song, a quick turn to the left before the garage, then finally onto a nasty switchback that led to the final stretch to the finish-line.



Jim Bottomley spent the event as head of course marshaling but also enjoyed running the MG on the previous day's rally.

(hyman)

Some drivers experienced a bit of trouble getting their cars going at the start despite help from the volunteer who handled the rear tire block with aplomb, even figuring out where to place it on the Morgan Trike. Jim Bottomley seemed to be all over the place as flag marshal, tow-truck operator, kitty litter dispenser (there was some oil spilled...) and crew chief. Major kudos go out to him and his team without whom the whole event could have veered into something rather different. The hill-climb also received great support from the volunteers from the Trustees of Reservation who had to contend with overflowing parking lots, with cars stuck in the mud (it had rain during the night), and with spectators bent on wandering onto the course. Even the weather cooperated and was truly magnificent, warm and sunny.



Mr. O'Day ran his freshly acquired MG, "BABE," with gusto and nearly managed fastest time of day. (hyman)



Earle Tucker's Ford Sprinter making all the right noises. (hyman)

The two morning sessions proceeded with increasing efficiency. As would be expected, the first drivers up were cautious and slow but by the second session, confidence built up despite some minor technical setbacks such as fouled spark plugs and the such. An average of 20 cars made it up the 1/2 mile plus course to the delight of the spectators lined up along the beautiful grounds of the Crane estate.

The lunch hour provided a welcome break. Cars were set up in the front courtyard where spectators could see, photograph and sit in these terrific machines and interact with the drivers. Nick Grewal's spectacular 1926 Lorraine-Dietrich Le Mans race participant was the subject of much attention. 6 ARCA cars were displayed side by side as they might have been nearly a century ago.

The afternoon session proceeded very smoothly as drivers responded to the enthusiasm of the crowd. The roaring machinery seemed to be tolerating the increasing pace quite well. The Stutz Special became a black blur as it rounded the switch-back. Ben Bragg made the Old Grey Mare skip, twitch and pop its wheels as he attacked the first turn with gusto. A brace of Bugattis showed more restraint but still motored up oozing with French elegance and lovely patina. Mark O'Day in his MG gave Ben a run for it as he nearly equaled the fastest time up the hill.

All in all, this was a glorious event. Tom and Steve were rewarded for their thoughtful planning and hard work in resuscitating this marvelous event. It is everyone's hope that they can make it happen again next year. The Trustees of Reservation have indicated that Castle Hill may be available...

marc cendron



Another Recollection of Castle Hill 2021:

Fine folks heading out on a fine fall weekend back in 1934, likely for apple picking and cider, may have been surprised to see a horde of MGs buzzing around, but little did they know. The 1934 feature film "Why Do Oysters Perspire?" opened with aerial footage of an MG team hooning up the drive of Kohinoor, the country seat of an opera star, Madame Tiara Kohinoor. The drive in question was of course the Crane Estate known as Castle Hill. All these years later that same drive still sees MGs and other interesting period motors making speed around its picturesque curves. Today, though, it is, better known in this club as the home of a delightful hillclimb event in the late nineties and early oughts. After a hiatus of eighteen years, thanks to the dogged efforts of several VSSCA stalwarts the Trustees agreed to again share the property with our ever enthusiastic selves.



Law's BMW at speed.

(hyman)



The Burrowes' Rover Saloon ran very nicely and was a most interesting addition to the event.

(hyman)



Chrisso Rheault having a good run in the Riley Imp after solving a bit of an oil filter problem.
(hyman)

Before the hillclimb itself, we gathered at Crane's Beach on the Saturday morning for a fall drive through Massachusetts and New Hampshire, organized by rally legends Carol and Ben Bragg. In typical Bragg fashion we had many questions to answer, and goodies to find including an apple, though it was not clear if this was for driver or navigator. After passing through Exeter we eventually were delivered to Rt 1A, also known as Ocean Boulevard which brought us into the classic seaside town of Hampton Beach. There was some concern when Dr. Romano's 328 was spotted on the side of the road, but he had spotted a friend's house and stopped in for a visit.



Thomas' Bentley leaning heavily to starboard while the old girl makes a tight turn to port.
(hyman)



Sarah Rheault exercising the Riley on the Rally the day before the hillclimb.

(hyman)

Jason Urban's MG making its way back down the hill in splendid company.

(hyman)



Vogel's Bugatti under starter's orders

(hyman)



Grewal's Lorraine at a more stately pace on the rally.

(o'day)

Following a lunch of lobster rolls, fried clams and onion rings, we remounted and got back on the route which continued back into Massachusetts eventually bringing us to Essex and the restoration facility of one Paul Russell. Paul was on hand with cider and donuts, and very kindly led us on a tour of both shop and cars. Those who have been before know what a special place it is, and are always eager to return. Dinner was laid on for us in Essex at Ripples, but most were distracted from eating by video footage of the last Castle Hill Hillclimb being screened.

Ahh yes, the hillclimb. A few of us attending had participated 'in the olden days' but a goodly number who came this year were new to the hill, and our organizers had a few modifications to share. Upon arriving at the gate-house Sunday morning, one noticed a not insignificant gang with high-vis



Alex Finnigan's Ford Hot Rod was a most welcome addition to the rally and tour.

(o'day)

vests and radios getting their marching orders from Mr. Silverstein before deploying up the hill. A major change in the event was the addition of spectators, with a sell out crowd in attendance, requiring an enormous effort of volunteers to work corners and help with crowd management.

As contestants arrived, we were pleased to see quite a diverse array of vehicles appear. In addition to the strong showing from those of the Octagon persuasion, we had Rileys and Bugattis, BMW and Bentley. The Equipe Burrowes Rover saloon was quite popular. There was some concern that Messrs. Holman and Grewal might have a Sutherland-ish issue at the final hairpin, but it was not the case. Although Messrs. Vogel and Virr had brought their respective Type 35 and Imp Specials, they both proved reluctant to start and were unable to compete. The only other mechanical mishap was yours truly, who's oil filter was not up to the task and delivered a large quantity of 10-40 onto the exhaust manifold for the appearance of high drama. With the assistance of Bragg and Fenley the Riley was back in action for a the afternoon runs.

A sold-out crowd was lining much of the route and were not disappointed with the action on hand, and got some hands on interaction with cars and drivers at the top of the hill after each run. During the lunch break tours of the big house were available and food trucks fed the masses. The teams of volunteers from the Trustees and VSCCA were so organized that we managed two more runs each in the afternoon without issue. The Old Gray Mare was in fine form and narrowly defeated 'Babe', ably handled by her new custodian. There was but a mere tenth of a second between their two best times. The rest of us were simply happy to be on the hill.

As ever with our events, the efforts of organizing and managing are invaluable, but Tom Ellsworth, Steve Silverstein and Mark O'Day all deserve extra gold stars for perseverance and hard work to make this happen. We all look forward eagerly to next year's running.

Chrisso Rheault



*Fenley's smile
says all that needs
to be said about
the pleasures of
the event.*

(hymn)

RESULTS

<u>CAR #</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>RUN 1</u>	<u>RUN 2</u>	<u>RUN 3</u>	<u>RUN 4</u>	<u>RUN 5</u>	<u>RUN 6</u>	<u>RUN 7</u>
1	Ben Bragg	01:10.4	00:58.4	00:56.2	00:58.0			
18	Chrisso Rheault				01:12.5			
20	Tom Ellsworth			01:08.8				
(704)23	Mark O'Day	01:05.0	00:57.0	00:57.6	00:56.3			
31	Scott Fenley	01:24.5	01:18.9	01:27.5	01:12.5			
32E	Edward Owen	01:36.2	01:26.5	01:21.9	01:21.8			
34	John Romano	01:15.0	01:06.0	01:07.3				
39E	Dirk Burrowes	01:49.4	01:24.8	01:19.5	01:14.9			
40E	John Cesari	01:22.9	01:20.8	01:18.8	01:20.2			
(272?)43	Christian DaBica	01:24.3	01:09.9	01:43.4		Nick Grewal		
66	Earle Tucker		01:17.2	01:20.8	1:14.8			
125E	Don Law	01:34.8	01:27.2					
179	Erik Thomas	01:39.5	01:24.3	01:23.6	01:22.6			
255	Peter Ross	01:39.7	01:25.6	01:30.4	01:22.4			
258	Jeffrey Vogel							
277	Michael Bartell	01:31.1	01:32.6	01:27.6	01:29.3			
287	Robert Burt							
353	Jason Urban	01:24.5	01:12.3	01:02.3	01:04.9			
447	Mike Viir							
746	Chris Townner	01:12.1	01:08.9	01:04.7	01:05.5			
77E		01:29.3	01:13.2	01:07.7	01:11.6			
MGTC	black	01:32.8	01:21.3	01:15.7				
87	George Holman	01:10.9	01:08.5	01:03.4	01:01.4			
43	(Rover)	01:45.5						

Schieffelin Named Honorary Member

The VSCCA Board at their last meeting unanimously agreed to name long time member John Schieffelin an Honorary Member. John joins a most august list of people who have given much of their lives to promoting, supporting, and, maybe most importantly, enjoying the Vintage Sports Car Club of America. Schieffelin meets these criteria wonderfully.

This writer first met John back in 1982 when we were camped next to each other at what was then called "Bryar Motorsports Park." We just called it "Bryar." The track is now expanded and seems to be referred to as New Hampshire Motor Speedway these days. It was a lot simpler then. The course was a great favourite of the motorcycle racers as well and we often shared a weekend with them. The VSCCA would run the course in the normal direction most of the weekend but would occasionally take a session or

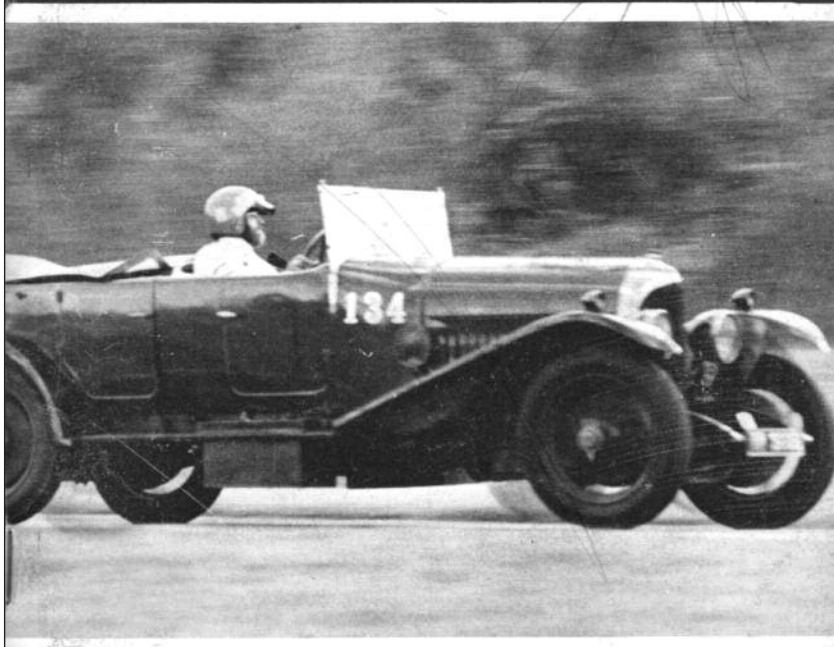


Having a grand time in the Arnolt at Bryar back in 1982. Schieffelin and the editor had a number of spirited drives that day. (jpd)

two and run it backwards. That was fun and John and yrs trly enjoyed the heck out of it. His Arnolt was better than our Allard going the normal, clockwise, direction but the Allard had the advantage going counter. Braking requirements were different. That, one recalls, was a most wonderful weekend, motoring enthusiastically during the day and sitting around a campfire at night. Schieffelin, as one recalls, actually tolerated yrs trly strumming on a banjo in the evening. He has always been generous that way.

Anyway, John camped at the circuit with one of the kids, I think, and brought both the Arnolt Bristol and his long wheelbase Bentley 3-litre. At suitable times, when the circuit was opened for touring laps, John would cram

VINTAGE SPORTS CAR



NUMBER ONE 1985

The first time that John appeared on the cover of this magazine was issue number one of 1985. He had just won the Koshland Award for 1984. (david aaron photo)



Another of John's favourite mounts, the MG-TC. He had owned one in college and was delighted to acquire another many years later to campaign in the VSCCA.

This shot was taken at the Fall Finale in 1998.

(hyman)



Trying on the editorial HRG at Mount Equinox in 2021. John had enjoyed an HRG adventure with a friend something over sixty years ago.

(jpd)



Back in 1982 at Lime Rock he had stuffed as many children, wives, sweethearts, and innocent passers-by into the long wheel base 3 Liter and taken them for a tour of the circuit.
(jpd)

as many wives, girlfriends, children, and assorted standers-by into the old Bentley and they would tour the circuit with joyous abandon. Kids seems to be waving from every corner of the cockpit as well as the middle and, maybe over the rear spare tyre as well. It was wonderful.

Other than the Arnolt and a couple of Bentleys, Schieffelin joined the horsepower brigade for awhile and ran a K3 Allard along with the other two cars. He also managed a bunch of seasons in a TC-MG, a TB-MG, and some sort of Ford Sprinter. Early on he campaigned a flat-rad Morgan that ended up for awhile with Gilmore. He even took a shot at campaigning a Marandaz Special, but that wasn't a most successful partnership. Whatever he was campaigning at an event he could also generally be counted upon to drive it to the event. When two cars were involved he would drive one, while Mike DiCola would two the second.

Being genuinely committed to the concept of driving his vintage cars on the road, John often would sing the praises of the Triple A enhanced membership that included up to a hundred miles of flat towing. John noted that, no matter how far he was going, he was seldom more than a hundred miles from a fellow enthusiast, who could be called upon for help. He always traveled with a copy of the requisite club directories. John also can be credited with first defining the club's now famous "5-50-500" dictum. This has even become a verb, "to 5-50-500 it." This, he preached, is how one sorts out an older car and learns to trust it. Once one is comfortable taking a car five miles then there is no reason it can't go fifty. The same is said for when one is comfortable going fifty. If a car will do fifty miles reliably then there is no reason it won't do five hundred. At that point just drive it and internalize the editor's



His later, short wheel base, fabric bodied 3 Liter was always known as "Black Beauty." He put countless racing miles and even more highway miles on the old girl. (hyman)

dictum on the topic: "God and the Chief Engineer put an engine into it for a reason - so we can drive it."

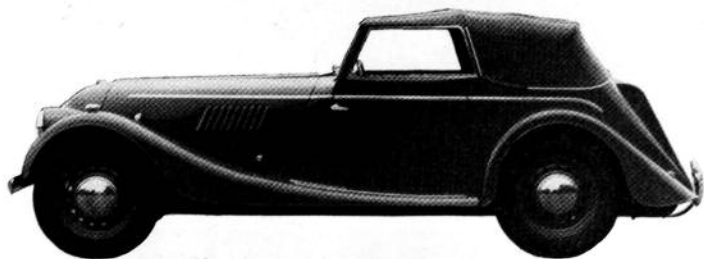
John served on the Board from the mid-eighties until his retirement. He was one of the most successful Activities Directors the club has ever had and spent a number of years, following Gil Steward's retirement, in the President's chair.

As an Honorary Member John's dues are no longer assessed but his privileges within the club continue. John Schieffelin has helped mold the VSCCA for the better part of forty years and we are fortunate to still be able to count upon his counsel.

jpd



Smiling from the Arnolt at Mount Equinox in 1998. (jpd)



THE NEW **MORGAN** FOR 1955

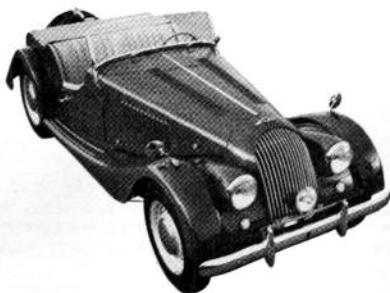
(with TR-2 motor)

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Recent Acquisitions, Restorations, Repairs and assorted Mechanical Minutia

The following just got to us from Mitch McCullough:

"Mitch and Kim McCullough in December snagged a 1957 Alpine A106 from a friend in The Netherlands and have applied for the 2022 Mille Miglia. Rare as turkey's teeth today, the A106 was the first car produced by Alpine, a small car manufacturer in Dieppe, France. Only 650 A106 models were produced from 1955-1961. Its unusual design features a rear-engine, rear-wheel-drive layout with a fiberglass body designed by Giovanni Michelotti mounted on a backbone chassis. Like Lotus founder Colin Chapman, Alpine founder Jean Redele believed in achieving performance through minimization of weight, and the A106 scoots below 1200 pounds.

"This particular A106 is a Mille Miles model, a high-performance version with a screaming 750cc Gordini capable of 43 hp at 6200 rpm, though there is no tachometer. A numbers-matching car, it comes with a three-speed floor shift and six shock absorbers, four in the rear. It belonged to an enthusiast who ran it in the past eight consecutive Mille Miglia rallies, and the McCulloughs spotted it on the road during the 2015 event. (Mitch sped up to get alongside, missed the exit, got hopelessly lost and was, of course, chewed out by the co-driver.) This car has featured on Petrolicious and joins the McCulloughs' 1964 Alpine M64 Le Mans prototype and 1970 Alpine A110 1600S Group 4 factory rally car. Think of it as a little French quarter in New Jersey."



At the Annual General Meeting of the club in JR Mitchell's shop we noticed a car we hadn't seen in years and it was a delight to see it. Barry Prehodka's Turner was a constant at VSCCA races in the eighties. Always driven with great skill and always looking marvelous. Barry hasn't driven it in years so it is a JR's for at least a "recommissioning" but maybe for a bit more. We hope to see it again amongst us.

*The Turner at GMT
this winter.*

(jpd)



*Barry and the Turner at
Bryar in 1982.*

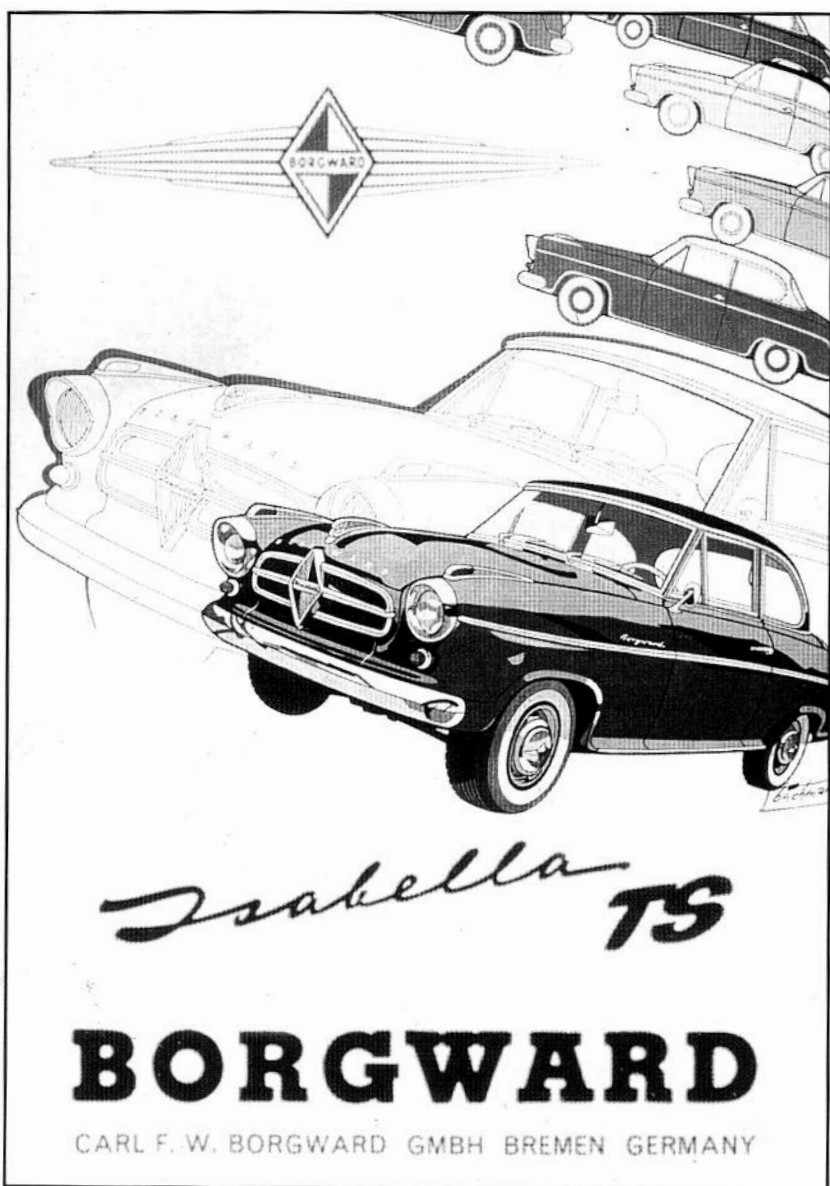
(jpd)



The latest winner of the club's Goodchild Award, Marc Cendron, has added to his stable with acquisition of an AC Ace. We think it had long been in Tom Ellsworth's collection and are looking forward to seeing it after Marc has arranged its restoration. Watch this space!



The Editorial AC Aceca, known to many as the "Rallymaster's Car," is getting some more attention this winter. Seats are being reupholstered. The original leather had started life red but when the color of the car was changed



A black and white line drawing advertisement for the Borgward Isabella TS. The central focus is a dark-colored Isabella TS sedan shown from a front-three-quarter view. Behind it, a larger, lighter-colored sedan is depicted in a faded, sketch-like style. Above the cars, the Borgward logo—a diamond shape with a horizontal bar and the word 'BORGWARD' inside—is shown with radiating lines. In the upper right corner, several other car models are sketched in a similar faded style. The text 'Isabella TS' is written in a cursive script, with 'TS' in a bold, italicized sans-serif font. Below this, the word 'BORGWARD' is printed in a large, bold, sans-serif font. At the bottom, the text 'CARL F. W. BORGWARD GMBH BREMEN GERMANY' is printed in a smaller, sans-serif font.

Isabella **TS**

BORGWARD

CARL F. W. BORGWARD GMBH BREMEN GERMANY

from black to red the leather was dyed black. After sixty or more years of work the leather was disintegrating. New black leather is being fashioned into AC seats as this is written. Additionally the rear brakes are being renewed with new drums and brake linings. Brake drums for the AC are apperantly peculiar to the marque and weren't put on anything else. Hence, they are tough to source. Thankfully somebody is remanufacturing them so a brand new pair of appropriate Alpins are being installed. The master cylinder is being rebuilt and the brake cylinders at the rear being replaced. The front brakes and some suspension bits were done a year or so ago. Thus, this completes the job. Expect to see the old girl out and about by late spring.



The late Gary Ford's HRG Aerodynamic is for sale. It would be wonderful to see this old war horse stay in the club. The Aerodynamics were made in such small numbers as to give the concept of "rare" a whole new dimension. We believe Scott Fenley has the details.



The first HRG that made a significant impact on the VSCCA was the 1500 of the late Tom Melahn. Tom ran it in countless events and invariably drove it back and forth from the races. He managed to get for it the vanity plate, "HURG." Thus it is always easily identified in period photos. Tom went to his reward a relatively long time ago but his wife, Kita, kept the car and used to drive it to the grocery store. After Kita couldn't drive it anymore she sold it to the UK, where it has been marvelously retored. We offer here a photo of the car, WS226, at rest with new owner in the UK and we note that



(HRG Association)

he managed a registration that reflects the old girl's history. With thanks to honorary member of the VSCCA, Ian Dussek.

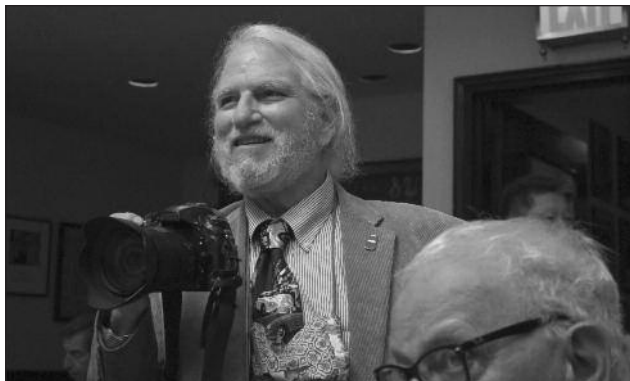


The recent Hagerty-hosted Holiday party in New York saw a number of Chowderheads invited and amongst them were a good number of VSCCA folks as well. We spotted the Harmers, Bill Gelles, Frank Tavalacci, Jeff Becker, David Saul, Rich Campbell, Santo Spadaro, Eddie Hyman, Whit Smith, the editor and his bride, Kobus Reyneke, and, likely, a fair number more.



Judy Stropus, Santo Spadaro, and Richard Campbell

(jpd)



Mr. Hyman about to take a photo.

(jpd)

Awaiting the opening of the doors - Jan Hyde, Jeff Becker, Carol Donick, and Michael Lindgren.



(jpd)



"Leaning on the lamppost at the corner of the street in case a certain little lady comes by." Kobus Reyneke about to offer a rendition of that old George Fornby standard.

(jpd)

from Rusty Hansgen

In the number 3, 2021 issue of the Vintage Sports Car edition, there was a story about Paul Flickinger at the 1954 Thompson event. Accompanying the article was a picture of the Hansgen Special driven by Paul Timmins. It mentions that Paul left the road and ended up in the water, and dad (Walt Hansgen) driving his C-Type going on for the win. This picture was posted in the Jaguar Journal that my mom put in my dad's racing archives showing Paul launching off the berm and the C-Type close behind.



★ ★ ★

We ran across this advert (opposite) recently while doing some other research. Paul Richards was an old friend, and an Honorary Member of the VSCCA. He was master of the ABARTHS as well as Formula III. He even ran at LeMans in a Jag for Briggs Cunningham. Paul and his memory are certainly a part of the club's heritage.

Portrait of a Champion!

FIAT ABARTH



WINNER OVERALL — SEBRING 4 HOUR RACE FOR GT CARS UNDER 1000 CC.



Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.
and Miss Sebring Sports Car
congratulating Paul Richards.

It's getting to be a habit! FIAT ABARTH captured another major trophy by winning the thrilling 4-hour endurance race at Sebring, Florida, March 25. Paul Richards, in the dual cam 750 Record Monza, averaged 73.660 mph and crossed the finish line ahead of very strong competition led by Stirling Moss. For 4 solid hours, FIAT ABARTH #22 met the demands of a tough course at high speeds and, except for one refueling stop, it never once faltered. This champion, along with two other FIAT ABARTH models, has recently been approved for production racing by SCCA for 1960.

In racing, touring or every day city driving, each member of the Fine Family of FIAT AUTOMOBILES is always a top performer.

Team Roosevelt will compete in all 1960 SCCA National events in Classes, F, G and H production and H modified.

For Name of Nearest FIAT ABARTH Dealer Write to

ROOSEVELT
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TEAM ROOSEVELT RACED AND WON ON THE **GOODYEAR** SPORTS CAR SPECIAL
AT SEBRING! ASK OUR DRIVERS ABOUT THESE FINE RACING TIRES!





WINS AGAIN!

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RACE
LEVIN, NEW ZEALAND JANUARY 4th

1st Denis Hulme

Driving a Brabham

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(Subject to official confirmation)

Since the beginning of 1959 more
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than on any other brand of oil

ALWAYS LOOK TO ESSO FOR THE BEST



ELEGY FOR CLEANING RAGS

I keep a rag-bag on the garage wall,
Replete with miscellaneous odds and ends,
Which, when spring-cleaning looms upon us all,
Swells up with things so worn that no one mends.

That sporting shirt of soft Glenurquhart checks,
Bought hopelessly in Autumn '39,
And junior's prepschool pants, now tangled wrecks,
But good for making aluminium shine.

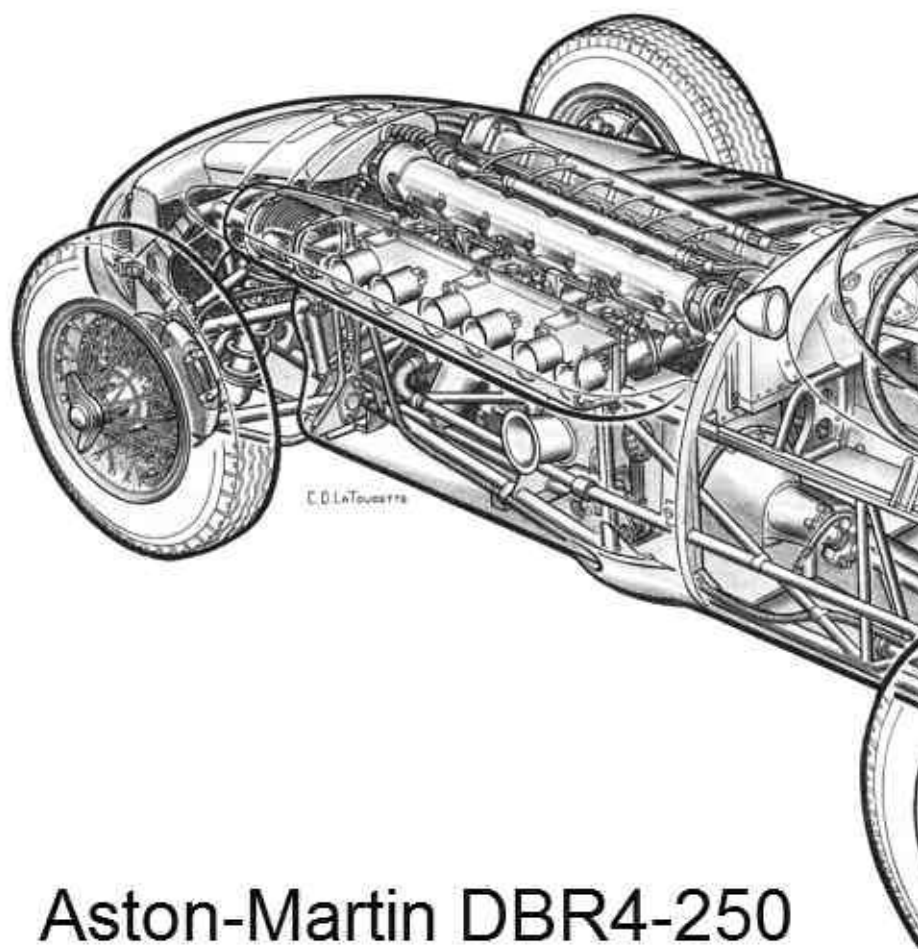
Pyjamas, once deserving of encomium,
To burnish sump, immaculate from Gunk,
Old nylons, unsurpassed for glass and chromium,
Once-precious fabrics, now discarded junk.

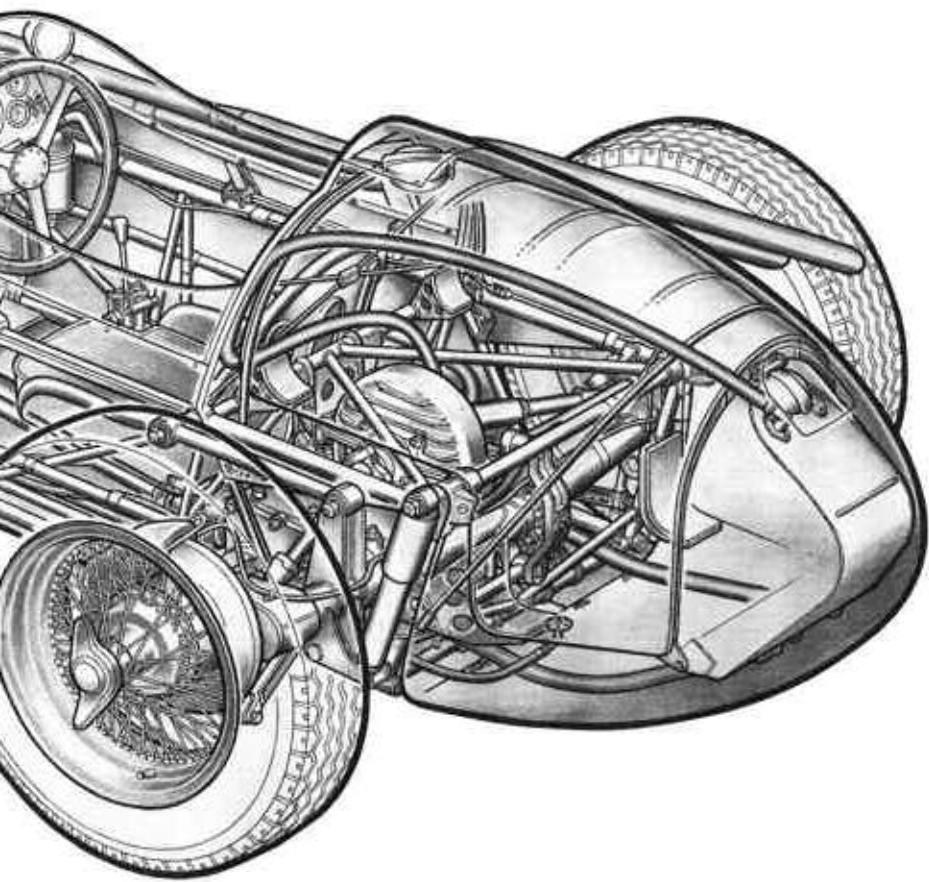
And when the springtime, opening her door,
Bestirs the ageing Bentley in its sleep,
I tumble out upon the garage floor
The bygone years in one chromatic heap.

A blazer, with the badge torn out from it,
A khaki handkerchief with ink defaced,
These that I loved and wore until they split,
And that which surely once her trousseau graced.

Call me romantic moron if you will
Who to disturb the sleeping past abhors;
Once more the rag-bag to its limit fill
And go and buy some dusters at the Stores.

Harry Charnock



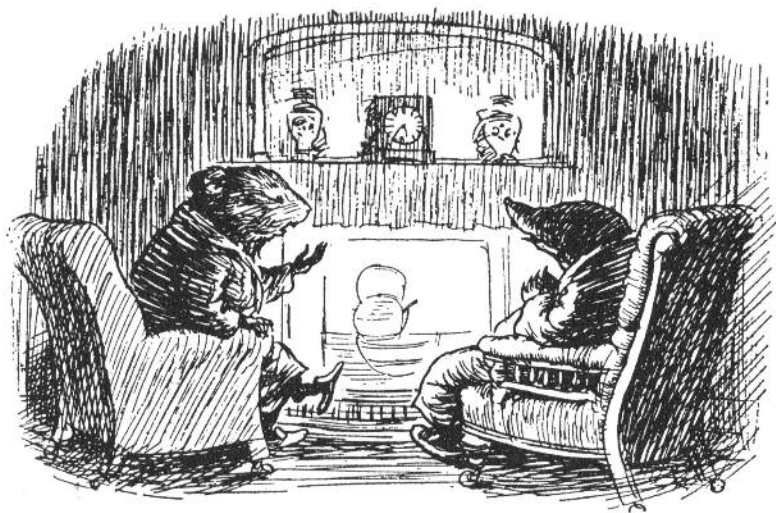


The Subduing of Toad

(with apologies to Kenneth Grahame)

The evening air was soft down by the River bank and Mole was walking down by the murmuring water thinking about the weekend just past. He had his pipe burning nicely and was so deep in thought that he was startled when Water Rat popped up brightly from his hole in the riverbank. Water Rat's breeches were dirty and his hands were black, some of which colour was on his face and whiskers. He looked happy, for he had been fettling his old car which had gone well recently, despite its odd way of leaving oily snake-like things on the dusty road from time to time. They always writhed for a while and were hot to the touch, which puzzled the Rabbits when they ventured from their warrens to inspect them.

Water Rat's cheerful "Hi, Moley" was usually a prelude to a visit to (he local alehouse where Mole would talk of his long desire to organize a Hilldimb or something equally daring whilst Water Rat would talk equally intensely, and at the same time, of his hopes of opening yet another Hotel and Restaurant down by the riverbank.



Tonight, however, Moley was solemn. He too had an odd old car with similar strange habits but somehow he never seemed to get quite so dirty as Ratty, even though he sometimes did work on similar cars owned by other riverfolk. "Well, well, well," said Ratty, "you're a glum soul tonight to be sure. Don't you even fancy a glass of ale, Moley?" after the Mole had refused the usual invitation. "What's the trouble?"

The solemn face of Mole blinked shortsightedly at Water Rat through the steel-rimmed glasses he always wore for thinking. "It's Toad," he said, "up to his old tricks again." He mopped his brow with his silk cravat and went on, "I really think that he's gone quite mad. He's not content to share our enthusiasm for one car, he's got one for himself, bought one for the wife, one for each of the children and, bless my bootstraps, he's even got one for the dog." Water Rat had heard rumours of all this from the folk in the Wild Wood and wasn't really surprised, but obviously the news was fresh to his dear old friend Mole who was apt to fettle away whistling to himself without taking much notice of gossip. "My dear old Chap," said Water Rat, "what of it? He's got plenty of space up at Toad Hall."



"But that's not the point, Ratty, apart from keeping all the 'Nashes to himself he can't possibly keep them all going properly." Whilst saying this he brushed away a tear from his nose. He was very fond of Toad but worried a great deal about him. "Why, only the other day he entered a hillclimb with all three of his faster cars and ended up with one left in the garage at Toad Hall, another blew up on the way to the hillclimb and the last blew up halfway up the hill when Toad, hunched over the wheel in his usual excitable fashion ignored a cloud of smoke from before him until the poor wretched engine came to pieces." He went on, "Toad could only sit in the car as it was towed back going Poop Poop and making other piercing cries."

"It's time to see Badger," said Rat firmly. So the thoughtful pair set off into the Wild Wood to see the wise old Badger who was one of the only friends they knew who dared to live there. After a hazardous journey they arrived at the hidden door of Badger's home under the roots of a tree and knocked on it. Presently they heard shuffling from within and Badger's whiskery countenance appeared, blinking shortsightedly. "Now be off, you rabbits," he grumbled, "leave me in peace and pester someone of your own kind."

"But it's us, Badger, your old friend Moley and Ratty come to see you!" cried Water Rat.

"My dear chap, how pleased I am to see you, most kind, most kind" exclaimed Badger and opened the door wide for them to come into his old-fashioned little house. Badger, they knew, was rewriting his book on their favourite cars to avoid misquotations and this was taking him a very considerable time as it dealt with History and the trouble with their cars was that History was still being made by them and others who did funny things with them in far-off foreign countries. Thus Badger's task was never finished.

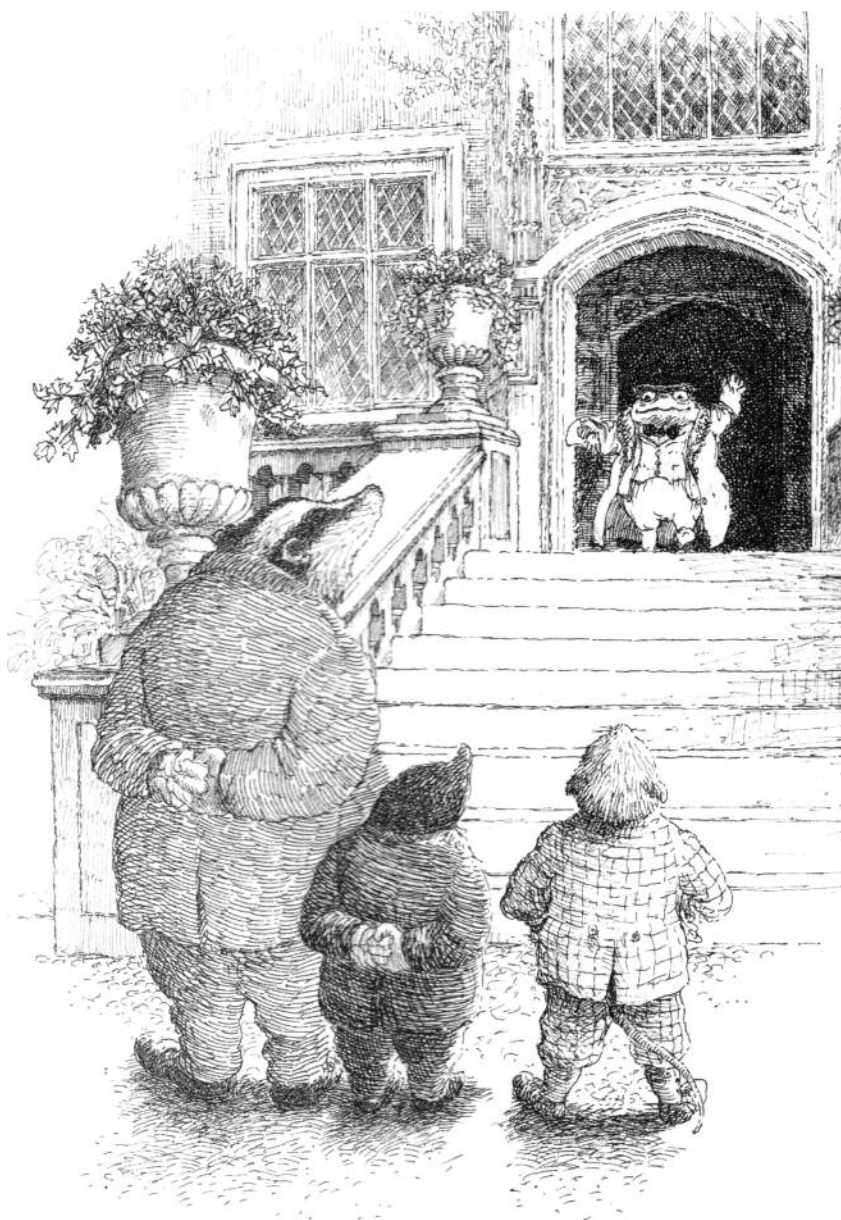
After a mug of mulled ale each by Badger's fireside the two visitors poured out their worries about their friend Toad. Badger was very quiet whilst they talked, unusual for him as he usually had a great deal to say whilst other people were talking which made some people suggest that he was, perhaps, slightly deaf.

"This is MOST SERIOUS," he pronounced in a surprisingly high voice which sounded rather more like a rook than a badger. "We must go and see Toad and give him a MOST SERIOUS TALKING TO."

Without more ado, Ratty, Mole and Badger climbed into Badger's car and set off on their very long journey to another riverbank where Toad lived surrounded by his family and retainers. Badger's car was another of his eccentricities; it was almost new but of a kind not much favoured by his friends who were rather amused by his loud praise of its rather prosaic features. Nevertheless it was of a type much favoured by the Wild Woodlanders and they were able to make their journey to Toad Hall without the scornful pointing of fingers which their favourite cars induced in the Woodlanders.

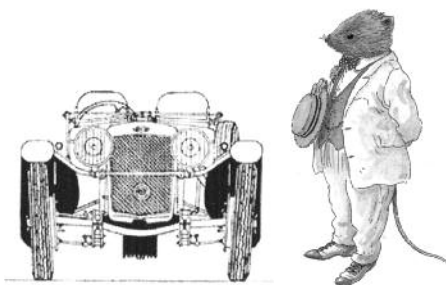
At last over the hills at the end of the journey they came into sight of Toad Hall nestling amongst the trees and as they drove up the magnificent drive they could hear "Whoopee . . . Poop, Poop" coming from the stables which had been converted into a splendid Motor House with a greased floor and spanners lying ready-greased all around the cars conveniently placed for peo-





ple to walk on. A worried frown creased Badger's face and he muttered, "Oh, dear," as he drove up to the Motor House, "I fear we may be too late."

As they climbed out of Badger's car and walked into the Motor House they saw Toad sitting in his favourite car, in which there was only one seat, with his eyes nearly starting from his head, his hands gripping the wheel and he was making engine noises and pumping at a pump thing on the dashboard from time to time whilst his worried family stood around. The Chief Weasel who had stayed with Toad ever since the raid many years ago, touched his greasy forelock when he saw the grim-faced visitors and retreated to his bowl of Haggis in milk. A worthy worker, as he had proved since his last misdemeanor, he had even built himself a chain-driven car although this was possibly more because he could then gel away with thumbing his nose at policemen better than if he had a more modern car.



Toad was delighted to see them and jumped about uttering shrill cries and trying to explain ever more improbable adventures. "There I was with no mudguards on, surrounded by Scruddies (his name for Wild Woodlanders), 12 pounds of boost on the gauge going sideways up the Winlatter," he babbled whilst they listened for a while.

Soon they decided to take him to the local hostelry where Badger and Ratty would give him his "MOST SERIOUS TALKING TO" and so they all climbed into Toad's most recent car, an odd yellow car which looked VERY FAST but was hampered by the fact that its bottom was apt to scrape along the road. After a hectic journey, during which they caught fleeting glances of cars disappearing into hedges on either side through the dust cloud, they arrived at the hostelry and Badger and Ratty took Toad inside, together with the Chief Weasel. Moley, who was a softhearted creature and very fond of Toad, stayed outside. After more than an hour had elapsed he decided that he had better go in and see whether Toad was prostrate under the whiplash of Badger's tongue. He opened the door to the public bar and there was Toad, sitting astride a chair, his hands gripping the back, crying, "Poop Poop." Next to him the Weasel was crying shrilly, "Poop Poop." Mole, astonished, turned to Ratty and to Badger, both sitting astride their chairs. "Poop Poop," went Ratty; "Poop Poop" went Badger.

— S.C.I. Mitre

Courtesy of the "Chain Gang Gazette"



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Annual General Meeting of the Club

13 November, 2021

The annual meeting of the Vintage Sports Car Club of America took place at GMT Racing in Newtown, CT on the 13th of November.

Turnout was exceptionally large considering that the club had been through so much of the COVID Plague for well over a year and many were still keeping a low social profile. On the other hand, plague fatigue may have actually contributed to a larger turnout.

Highlights of the meeting included presentation of the club's two important awards, the Koshland and the Goodchild. The Koshland Award was presented to Charles Bordin, while the Goodchild went to Marc Cendron.

Skip Barber gave an update on exciting developments at Lime Rock Park, outlining a wondrous long range plan.

The Treasurer, Mr. Brown, assured all that the club was financially solvent and would continue to be so for the foreseeable.

The Activities Director, Mr. O'Day, shared plans for the upcoming 2022 season, and the Secretary, Mr. Fenley related the overall state of the membership.

The President, Mr. Leith, gave his annual "state of the club" presentation and reflected upon the current very robust health of the club. His remarks are included within this report. (see page 47)

The rest of the day is best shared via the photographs.

jpd



"Round up the usual suspects."

(jpd)

*The secretary and the editor
after the former had present-
ed the latter with a genuine
HRG Association necktie.*

(chd)



*Members of the Board preparing
for discussion.*

(jpd)

*The president in consultation
with Mr. Fenley and Mr.
Baker.*

(jpd)





Skip Barber shared upcoming plans for Lime Rock Park.

(hyman)



Mr. Fenley listening carefully.

(jpd)



Mr. Gelles about to report on the Historic Festival.

(hyman)

President Leith's Remarks at the AGM



(tyman)

Good morning and welcome to the 2021 VSCCA Annual General Meeting. I want to thank you all for coming, but in particular I want to thank J.R. and Eileen Mitchell and Nicola Hutchinson for all their hard work in preparation for our meeting here today at GMT Racing.

After our very abbreviated 2020 Covid-impacted season where only 4 events took place, 2021 was a strong “bounce back” year with 6 track events, 2 hill-climbs, 1 rally, healthy entries and much pent-up enthusiasm, as one might expect. A particular highlight of 2021 was the return to Castle Hill in Ipswich, Massachusetts just 4 weeks ago after a 17-year hiatus. Our Activities Chair will give both an overview of the season just past as well as a preview of the 2022 season that lies ahead shortly. Likewise, we will hear from our Treasurer, Secretary, Editor and Committee Chairs in the order shown on our projected Agenda, but before we get to all that, I would like to express the collective thanks of the Board and the Club membership to the Event Chairs and Volunteers which made our events possible. These folks include Ben Tarlow, Charles Bordin, Steve Morici, Mark O’Day, Scott Fenley, Bill Gelles, Roger Morse, Lynn Arnold, Whit Smith, Phil Roettjer, Ben and Carol Bragg, Tom Ellsworth, Steve Silverstein, Joan and Keith Harmer, Mark Sherman, Mark Lefferts and his crew of scrutineers, Bob Melhado, Jim and Rebecca Bottomley, Joe and Desiree Faulkner, Jean Petryshyn, Steve Chisholm, Mark Ragsdale, Joe Feola, Alan Habbe, Grant and Eileen McStay, Al Olmstead, Richard Brown, Mark Goodman, Greg and Karen Barrington-Smith, Susan Blackwell, Harold and Sandra Craig, Seth Cummings, Tom and Linda Fanning, Tom Galuardi, Paul Gregory, Dennis Harrington, Chris Heins, Greg Holt, Bruce and Sue Kolker, Peter Kroth, Kate Liba, Peter Mahler, Steve McLafferty, John McMahon, Doug Myers, Keith Park, Arthur Pearson, Karen Peterson, Mark Rounds, Scott and Diane Seidel, Andy Smith, Jim and Suzanne Warren and Peter Watson. We would be unable to exercise our toys without these dedicated folks, so please give them all a nice round of applause!

Every year at the Annual Meeting, I try to mention some of the friends we lost over the course of the year.

I missed Gary Ford in my 2020 AGM remarks in January of this year, but Jim and Scott more than made up for it in Issue One of the magazine earlier this year. He was a former Board member, first Chair of the Car Classification Committee and, most fittingly, an Honorary Member of the Club.

In February, we lost Oscar Davis, a world class car collector and connoisseur who actively used his treasured Bugatti's, Alfa's and BMW's well into his 90's.

Ted Potter unexpectedly and tragically left us in April leaving a huge void in the Alfa group and the entire Lime Rock paddock.

David George was a tragic loss in June from the effects of ALS which slowly robbed him of his life. A dear friend of many, he was a former Board member and Event Chair of the Pittsburgh Vintage Grand Prix and the Hillclimb at the Elegance. His loss is keenly felt.

We also lost Ed Preusser, Senior, David Keenleyside and Win Hall, fine gentlemen all.

Some housekeeping items...this Board met by teleconference five times in 2021 if you do not count the Zoom practice and performance of the 2020 AGM directed by Joan Harmer in January. Several of the topics we discussed at these Board teleconference calls will be explored further by other members of the Board shortly.

And with that, I will turn over the proceedings for now to Chip Brown who will deliver the report of the Treasurer.

So let's now turn to the Awards. The Board each Fall meets to discuss candidates for the Goodchild and Koshland Awards. As a reminder, due to the limited schedule of 2020, we did not present them last year.

The Goodchild Award, named for the late Tony Goodchild, is awarded to the member who, over the course of the year, has demonstrated exemplary skill, courtesy and pleasure in competition. I like to think of it as the recognition of a skill set and attitude in a fellow member who is enjoyable to be around both on the track and in the paddock. Several members are usually discussed, but the clear favorite for 2021 was Marc Cendron.



*Newly named
Goodchild Award
winner Marc
Cendron enjoying
his most lovely
Tojeiro.*

(hyman)

SIMCA ACHIEVEMENTS

The quality of a car must be proved on the road and in open competitions. In all long-distance and endurance contests, in all races, SIMCA MODEL 8 has been in the lead since 1938. GORDONI's team notably won overwhelmingly with SIMCA MODEL 8 in all international major events :

Bold'Or 1938 • Monte-Carlo Rallye 1939
Mans 24 hour race 1939 • Paris Grand Prix 1945
• Nice Grand Prix 1946 • Marseille Grand Prix 1946
• Forez Grand Prix 1946 Saint-Cloud Grand Prix 1946 • Dijon Grand Prix 1946
• Nantes Grand Prix 1946 • French Alps 1946

1947

Nîmes Grand Prix 1st : J. P. Wimille
Marne Grand Prix 1st : Prince Bira
Albi Grand Prix (all. cat.) 2nd : Sommer
Nice Grand Prix (all. cat.) 2nd : J. P. Wimille
Paris Cup 1st : J. P. Wimille
Isle of Man Grand Prix 1st : Prince Bira
B o l d ' O r : 1st C a y l a

DRINKS LIKE A HUMMING BIRD...!

Since the first day it was created, the Five Liter (1.32 gallon) Race - classic low gas consumption - test - has always been won by SIMCA.

During the last Five Liter Race, SIMCA's achievement was particularly brilliant :

Classification according to greatest distance

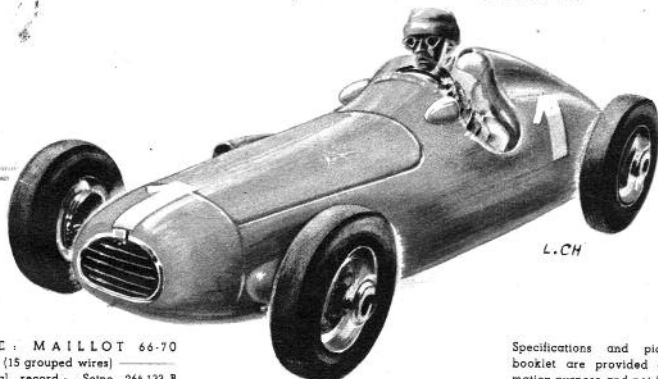
1st. place : Baumard Jr. with Simca Model 5
127 kms 708 (79 Miles 399) with 5 liters of gas
2d. place : Buissard with Simca Model 5 :
121 kms 353 (75 Miles 344) with 5 liters of gas

Final Classification according to passengers-miles

1st place : Baumard with Simca Model 8
six-passengers dead load : 81 kms 054 x 6 =
486 kms 324 (50 Miles 36 x 6 = 302 Miles 16

Final Classification according to ton-miles.

1st place : Roquier driving Simca Model 5
Light truck : 96 kms 087 with 5 liters of gas
(58 Miles 412)



PHONE : MAILLOT 66-70
(15 grouped wires)

Commercial record : Seine 264.133 B

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Société Anonyme au Capital de 125 millions entièrement versés
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NANTERRE

The Koshland Award, named for the late Tony Koshland, is awarded by the Board of Directors to the member who typifies the spirit and values of the Club and dedication to its principles. For 2021, the recipient is Charles Bordin.



Mr. Bordin (left) accepting the Koshland Award from the vice-president, Mr. Mitchell. (hyman)

Earlier in the year at the Mt. Equinox Hill Climb, two Awards were made at the event itself. All too often, we (that's me) fail to announce these winners which is a gross dereliction of duty on my part as the membership is more than entitled to know these results, rather than wait for the next Roster in another year or two.

The Mal Donaldson Award, our second oldest award by a year, is awarded to the member who best exemplifies the vintage spirit during the Mt. Equinox Hill Climb. In 2021, it was awarded to George Pardee.

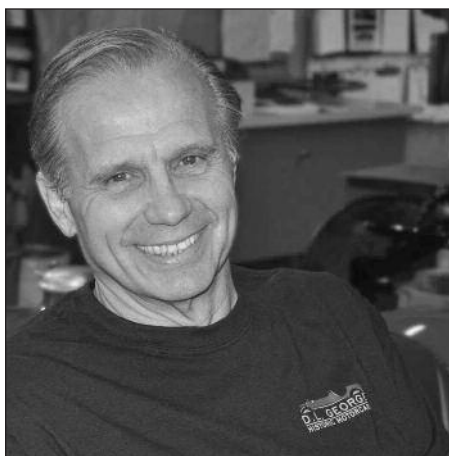
The Dreyfus Cup Award is determined on a point basis by the course marshals for the best drive of the weekend. The mistakes one can make at Equinox (and there are many) are only too visible to those who award these points, so the winner is generally a very capable hillclimber. The winner this year was Chuck Schoendorf.

Lastly, from time to time, but by no means every year, the Board decides to award Honorary Membership to an individual for his or her contributions to our sport. The criteria is expansive, but in this particular case, it recognizes the contributions of a member of long-standing who served as Activities Chair from 1986 to 2003 and as President from 2004 to 2014. It is my pleasure to bestow on behalf of the Board Honorary Membership to our old friend, John Schieffelin.

John could not make it today, so I have asked his long-time friend, Jim Donick to accept this honor on his behalf.

And on that note, I'll hand over to the next speaker. Thank you.

Obituary:



(hyman)

David L. George II April 6, 1950 - June 23, 2021

The club lost a stalwart this past spring. The ever enthusiastic and exceptionally talented David George will be deeply missed. His impact on the Vintage Sports Car Club of America will endure for many years to come. He served on the Board of Directors, as the event chairman for the Pittsburgh Grand Prix and the reborn Hershey Hillclimb, named in this instance, The Grand Ascent at Hershey. An indefatigable booster of the prewar class, he was always found at the wheel of a sporting car of uncommon character. His restoration business put out some of the most impressive product imaginable and in that role he could be counted upon to support some of those cars at various competitions, be they racing events or top drawer *concours d'elegance*. He fought a long and gallant fight with ALS, otherwise known as Lou Gehrig's disease.

Dave was always good company and we shall truly miss him. We offer our sympathy to his family and his many friends. *Requiescat in Pace*, old friend.

jpd

From Sandy Leith came the following:

I was deeply saddened to hear of the not entirely unexpected news of David's passing from the dreaded ALS on June 22nd. A beloved friend, mechanic, historian and all around great guy, he will be sorely missed in our VSCCA Prewar group. Generous to a fault, the stories that follow will put a



Extraits d'un Palmarès Glorieux
1928

Grand Prix de la Côte d'Azur
Grand Prix de la Marne
Grand Prix de Rome
Grand Prix d'Espagne



Chiron sur Bugatti (Bougie Nerka)
Chiron sur Bugatti (Bougie Nerka)
Chiron sur Bugatti (Bougie Nerka)
Chiron sur Bugatti (Bougie Nerka)

finer point on anything I could ever write or express about this kind, unselfish gentleman who always made you feel as if you were his best friend. *Rest in Peace, dear friend.*

Dave's family provided the following obituary:

The vintage racing and European car restoration world has suffered a huge loss with the passing of the ever-cheerful David L. George II. Born in Pottsville, PA, to David L. and Anna George, his childhood was larger than life. His youth was spent roaming through upstate Pennsylvania coal country and getting into trouble with his brothers and sister, often driving through abandoned strip mines in \$5 and \$10 cars. Other times they would sled down local hills using old car hoods as their toboggan hurtled toward a ravine.



(hyman)

As a teen, Dave became interested in small British sports cars, beginning with a series of Austin-Healey Bug Eye Sprites. Then, learning to work on his own cars, he soon graduated to Big Healeys and Jaguar E-Types, with an occasional Mercedes-Benz 190SL.

As a teen, his part-time job in a local metal casting firm became educational, as the owner discovered Dave's interest in old cars and enlisted him to assist with the restoration of a Rolls-Royce. Rescuing another local collector broken down alongside the road also provided other opportunities to gain restoration experience on a variety of significant French cars.

While working his way through West Chester University as a part-time draftsman, he spent summers as a counselor at Camp Kirkland on Cape Cod. He supplemented his income by buying and selling all kinds of sports cars.

Following graduation with a degree in chemical engineering, he joined Johnson Matthey as a process engineer. However, it didn't take long for him to realize that a 9-to-5 desk job was not for him.

One day after work he called about an ad for an industrial space where he



Escorting our guests into the Hershey Hillclimb celebration in 2015.
(jpd)

could set up his own restoration workshop. However, his plans quickly changed when the landlord invited Dave to build him a collection of significant cars. With many of the cars coming from Europe, Dave made numerous trips to France and England, where he ultimately managed a private restoration shop for his employer.

Upon returning to the United States in 1982, he established D. L. George Coachworks in Frazer, PA, ultimately moving to his own building eight years later. He soon found himself with projects of his own, including several Rolls-Royce, a Pierce-Arrow Motorette, Delahaye 135MS, a Type 57 Bugatti, a BNC 527, a Maserati Ghibli, and a Bizzarrini P538. His most recent personal project was a prewar Alfa Romeo. Dave and the team at D. L. George, meanwhile, earned a reputation as a leading specialist in maintaining and restoring prewar Alfa Romeos, Bentleys, Bugattis, and BMWs though many of its efforts also focused on postwar sports and racing cars.

In the late 1990s, Dave took up Vintage Racing, often driving a 6C Monoposto Alfa Romeo, a black Lotus 18, or a Kurtis 500KK sports car. He soon became involved in organizing the Pittsburgh Vintage Grand Prix and the Hillclimb at The Elegance at Hershey. Then, following a life-long dream, in 2012, he began flying lessons and quickly earned his private pilot's license.



*Hard at work but enjoying every second.
At the Hershey Hillclimb in 2015.*

(hyman)

Along the way, Dave built many lasting relationships with clients, fellow racers, colleagues, and others within the collector car world. The strength of the relationships he built is illustrated by the longevity of the D. L. George team and many of his loyal clients, who often evolved into close friends. To him, everyone was viewed as a friend, and he made whomever he was with feel special. Dave also shared his love of events such as the MM, CO Grand, Amelia Island, and Pebble Beach with many.

Although he was proud of D. L. George Historic Motorcars, its reputation, and the cars it turned out, he was most proud of his daughter Allison and son David, with whom he remained very close. Another point of pride for Dave was working with his father, David L. George Sr., and his son, David L. George III, as three generations at D. L. George.

Survived by his mother Anna George, significant other Dr. Tanya Emslie, former wife Rev. Linda George, daughter Allison Flora George, son David L. George III, daughter-in-law Dr. Jenna Korsan-George, and siblings Patti George, Ken & Helen George, Rick & Heidi George, Keith & Edie George, and Denise & Steven Souden, the loyal team at D. L. George, many cherished friends, and his beloved yellow lab Monza. David L. George III and the team at D. L. George will continue Dave's legacy.

Contributions can be made to the ALS Clinic at Johns Hopkins, the Simeone Foundation Automotive Museum, and the Cheshire Land Preservation Fund.



The club has lost one of its preeminent Morganeers. Vince Maiello was a long time supporter of the marque and an enthusiastic supporter of those who took them out on the track or on the highways.

Vincent S. Maiello **August 22, 1949 - October 29, 2021**

Vincent S. Maiello, 72, of Hopewell Junction, passed away on October 29, 2021. He was born on August 22, 1949 in Brooklyn, NY; he lived in the Hudson Valley of New York from 1963. After graduating from SUNY Oswego in 1970, Vince taught driver education and industrial arts at John Jay High School and at Poughkeepsie Middle School, from which he retired as a guidance counselor in 2005.

He is survived by Carol (Gibb), his wife of 46 years; his children, James (Colette Simonot), John (Kate Dube), and Caroline Simmons (Luke); two beloved grandchildren, Amelia and Naomi Simmons. Vince was predeceased by his parents, Vincent "Jim" and Santa (Misseri) Maiello, and two sisters, Jo-Ann Sherman and Louise Rosenthal.

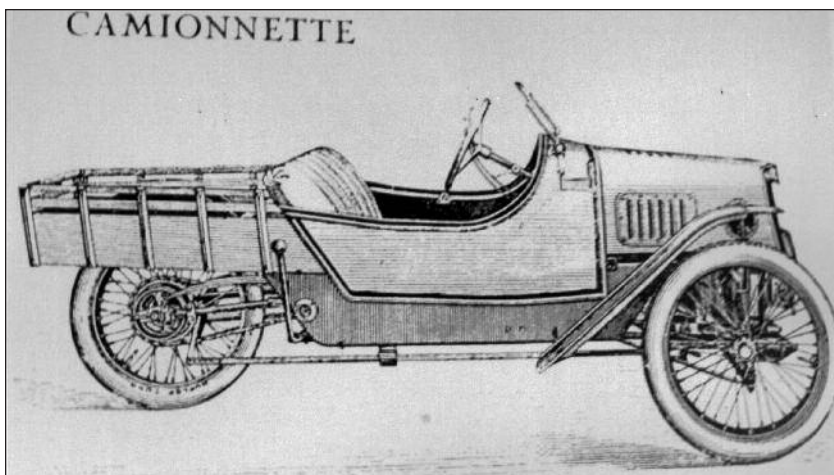
Vince had a quick wit and a dry sense of humor, and no one ever enjoyed

routines, planning, and organizing more than he did. He was a gifted and dedicated teacher, in and out of the classroom. Vince loved vehicles of all kinds, but he was especially enthusiastic about vintage sports cars. Over the years the garage was filled with many projects, but he had a special love for Morgans and for the community of Morgan owners.

The center of Vince's whole life, however, was his family. For the last four decades, he spent virtually every waking moment devising ways to keep his family free from want, worry, and harm and to give them the best life they could ever have imagined. As Naomi (who's only 3) just said after hearing about a broken table, "Papa will fix it when he comes back." His greatest gift to his family was that they woke up every day knowing that they were safe and loved. He taught his children and children-in-law many things, from tightening lug nuts properly to financial literacy, but above all, he taught them to live with complete integrity and to treat others with respect. And he taught by example.

A funeral mass was held on Saturday, November 6 at 10:00 a.m. at St. Kateri Tekakwitha Church, 1925 Rte. 82, Lagrangeville, NY. A memorial will be planned for a later date. In lieu of flowers, please donate to a charity that is meaningful to you.

toj



Willem R.H.M. van Huystee

May 19, 1935 - November 14, 2021

The club lost another of its prewar enthusiasts a few weeks ago. Willem van Huystee was a regular at the Grand Ascent at Hershey and an occasional participant at Mount Equinox. His cars - amongst others, a 1934 Maserati 8C 3000, an HRG, and at least a pair of prewar Bentleys - were always immaculately turned out. The two that he raced most often, the Maser and the HRG, were driven competently and with enthusiasm. Out of the car Willem was delightful company and exuded a gracious old world charm.

Van Huystee was also a man of uncommon accomplishment and with a wide range of interests and skills. His obituary outlines a life full of experience and enthusiasm on multiple continents and countless topics from rowing and motorsport to history and linguistics. He will be missed. The full obituary below offers much more insight into this truly fascinating life.

Requiescat in Pace.

jpd

Born in Haarlem, The Netherlands on May 19, 1935, Willem van Huystee (Pim) was the fourth and last child of A. Marius J. van Huystee and Elisabeth M.A. van Huystee-Bies. He was the devoted husband of Theodora A. van Huystee-van Bruggen.

Willem's family lived in the town of Heemstede, near Amsterdam. In his earliest years, the van Huystees and van Bruggens together with all of the Netherlands endured the occupation by German Forces during World War II. German bombs landed near Willem's home and devastated much of the surrounding community. His memories of those times stayed with him, recalling and sharing them during intimate discussions about his family history.

Following the War, normalcy returned for Willem's family. Willem's ath-



Exercising the Maserati at Hershey some years back. (hyman)

leticism blossomed in his late teens. As an active young man, he enjoyed many sports, but it was rowing that captured his spirit. Willem was Rowing Champion of The Netherlands more than once and a finalist in the European Championships. He celebrated victory at a number of regattas across Europe.

Willem graduated from the Kennemer Lyceum in 1953. He directly joined the van Huystee family's tobacco trading business, starting from the ground floor as a trainee. Immersing himself in all thing's "tobacco", he traveled during his training to Germany, Italy, and the US His professional training was interrupted for a few years by military service. From 1954 through 1956, Willem served in the Heavy Tank Corps of the Dutch Cavalry. He ended his service as a First Lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserve, and returned to the business he would remain drawn to and a part of until his final days.

In 1959, he married the love of his life, Thea. Their marriage started a lifelong journey to all of the reaches of the globe. Willem had already accepted a position with a Dutch firm with substantial international interests and was dispatched to Hartford to work in the export of Connecticut wrapper tobaccos. Willem and Thea arrived as newlyweds in America in classic immigrant style - on a boat in New York Harbor. Several years later, Willem joined Lancaster Leaf Tobacco Company. During his service to them, Willem, and Thea (and by then Maarten, Lieke and Tete) lived in the Philippines, Holland, and Belgium before settling back in Lancaster in 1968. Willem's work for Lancaster Leaf continued as a Senior Vice President and Director with primary responsibility for overseas operations, traveling extensively in Europe, Africa, the Far East and South America. In 1978 Willem formed his own tobacco leaf importing company, Intertrade Incorporated.

Willem had a keen affection for beautiful things. And not only for Thea whom he adored, protected, and relied upon until the end. He also enjoyed and collected fine art, had a near obsession with watches, loved cameras and the photos he could produce with them. But nothing could command his attention like the automobile. He restored cars. He collected cars. He bought them. He sold them. He raced them. "I just like cars. I like the way they look. I like the way they feel. I like the way they sound." His primary early interest was Mercedes Benz, especially the 300 Series of the fifties and early sixties. In his later years, he ran the Mille Miglia race across Italy ten times, which meant acquiring and restoring pre-war European racing cars. Willem's last car restoration was a 1934 Riley MPH, which had been broken down and stored in boxes for many years. The widow of the previous owner had heard of Willem, sought him out and turned stewardship of the boxes over to him. For several years, Willem presided over the assembly and restoration of the Riley, culminating with the presentation of it in the spring of 2021 at the Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance where it was awarded Best in Class.

Always an avid linguist, he was fluent in German and English, and could hold a spirited conversation in French or Italian as well. Etymology was a favorite too. Family dinner conversation often diverted toward the origin and meaning of words in Greek or Latin, usually ending with him popping up and



*On Top of Mount
Equinox in 2015.*

(jpd)

running for his Funk and Wagnalls to prove his assertion of the moment (and usually his son-in-law wrong - it worked sometimes but not always). And yet, to his last days no one could miss his Dutch accent. He never yielded his affection for his homeland, its people, or its flag. He remained a Dutch citizen to the end.

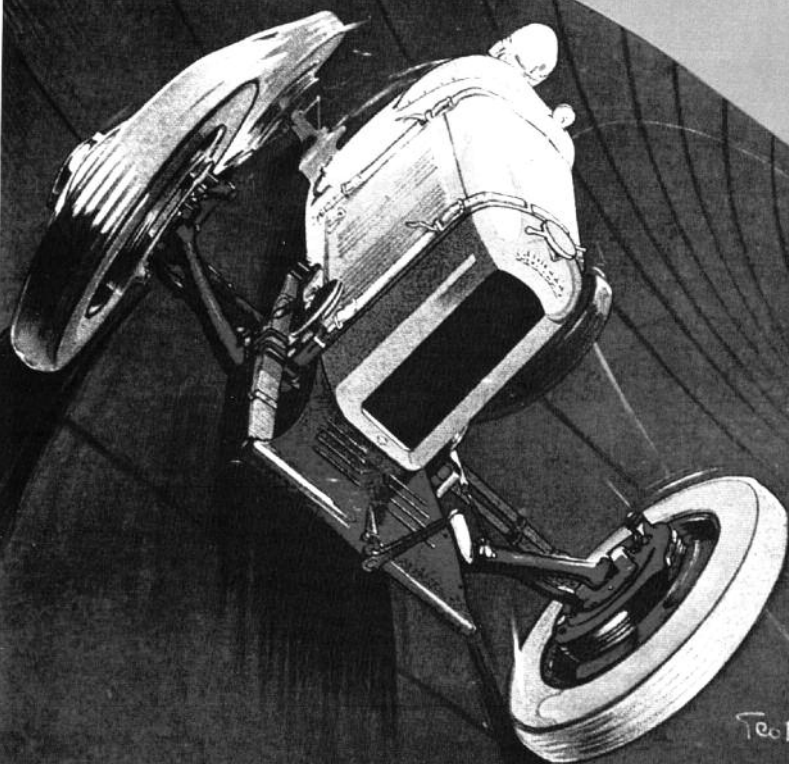
Willem was a member of the Lancaster Country Club, where he was a half-century card carrying member of the "Court Jesters". The Jesters were among the best of his friends in Lancaster. During the colder months of the year, he would transfer his racquet skills to the Hamilton Club squash courts. He was a loyal and trusted friend. He maintained and nurtured friendships with friends from his early days. Old rowing mates, business associates, car enthusiasts all stayed at the front of his Rolodex. People he met in random and casual ways during his travels often ended up among the closest of his friends. Indeed, in the early 1990s Willem joined a local group of gentlemen who planned an annual event to enjoy fine wines, exquisite food, oratory, each other's company, and of course cigars. Distinguished guests from near and far have descended on Lancaster each October since to enjoy the Churchill Society Dinner.

What started with just Willem and Thea steaming into New York Harbor in 1959 has blossomed into a true American family success story. They created a life and are surrounded by the love of their children Maarten, Lieke and her husband Bryan, Tete, and an assortment of grandchildren, great grandchildren, and others who either have already or may likely soon contribute to the dilution of Willem's gene pool. Grandchildren: Michael (deceased), Kristoffer (Katya), Anna (Kevin), Jacqueline (Ian), Katarina (Michael), Lisbet, William (Kirsten), Kullen, Morgan (Katie), Dylan; Great grandchildren: Jocelyn, Dima, Anneke, Charlotte, and Theodora. And a broodje in de oven.

Willem's family and friends will be gathering for a private celebration of his life.

The family asks that in lieu of flowers that friends consider supporting Hospice & Community Care, 685 Good Drive, Lancaster, PA 17604 whose selfless care was invaluable to Willem and his family in his final time.

120 ^{KM}
A L'HEURE



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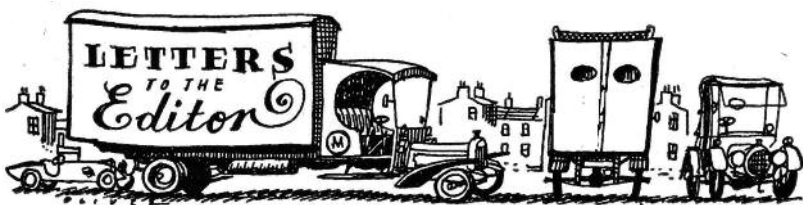
VINTY

by Storch



Sorry, McGinty, that's not what we had in mind.

4-84



Dear Jim,

Enjoying the current magazine when a thought struck me, not wanting it to die of loneliness I decided to share.

The Yesteryear articles that you so skillfully weave into the enjoyment of our vintage cars today resonate in a very special way. It puts us firmly into the decades old tradition of preservation, camaraderie, and driving skills.

My own Morgan has its roots in the 1930's, as does Sidney's finest, fore-runners to Shelby's Cobra and other Brit Roadsters stuffed with Yankee horsepower.

The Amilcar's and Salmson's have charm, good looks, and engineering prowess combined with a terrifying lack of speed. I know, I owned one.

Perhaps borrowing articles from our friends across the pond at VSCC would work?

You know best, and have the resources.

Sitting on the Breakers Hotel beach, sipping a Caribbean libation, this is indeed my favorite reading matter

Please do not run out of ink in 2022.

Happy Revs,

Shaun Henderson

Jim:

Another great issue, Jim...but I must say that nothing equals the poetry of the recent Fred Willits essay.

I was particularly interested in the Paul Flickinger report. His HRG was WS 222, and mine was WS 227, so we had a lot to compare and to talk about. But we never raced against each other. I remember his alluding to his disappointment that the HRG didn't have the performance that one might have hoped for with the enhanced Singer engine. John Weitz felt the same way when I sold him my car, and he shortly acquired an Allard, while unfortunately, Paul chose the Maserati GP car.

In that realm, we will never know where his widow buried it after Paul's tragic accident.

You just keep cranking out the hits, Jim. I have no idea how you do it.

All the best,

ROBERT RICHER



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.
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ex Jerry Greaves & Mark Lefferts.
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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.

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ex Jerry Greaves
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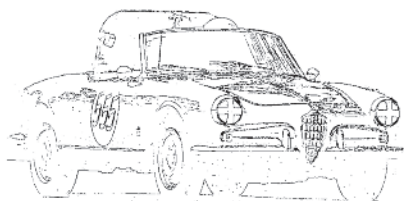


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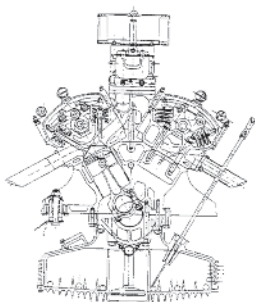
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