

VINTAGE SPORTS CAR



NUMBER ONE 2018

VINTAGE SPORTS CAR CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

39 Woodland Drive • New Britain, PA 18901

Membership inquiries to the above address



Edgar L. Roy, Founder

1905 – 1995

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Alexander K. Leith, *President*

J. R. Mitchell, *Vice President*

T. Scott Fenley, *Secretary*

Ernest W. Brown, *Treasurer*

James P. Donick, *Editor*

Joseph A. DeLucia, *Activities Chairman*

Benjamin L. Bragg IV, *Director*

Anthony S. Carroll, *Director*

John J. Schieffelin, Jr., *Director*

Santo D. Spadaro, *Director*

George G. Vapaa, *Director*

VINTAGE SPORTS CAR



One of the rarest of the rare, the HRG Twin Cam that in 1975 belonged to Gary Ford. They didn't even make five of them and this one graced the club for some time. In our next issue we get to go along as Gary and the VSCCA HRG contingent took it to Watkins Glen for the VSCCA "curtain raiser" at the United States Grand Prix. It was driven that weekend by the great HRG historian, Ian Dussek, and his memories of that weekend are as clear today as they were then. Watch this space.

Meanwhile, the photo here was at the Hunnewell Hillclimb in 1975 and a visit to that event can be found on page 3. (killorin)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER 1 - 2018

Editorial	2
Hunnewell 1975: A Brief Reminder	3
2017 Annual General Meeting	9
An Introductory Bugatti Memory	20
Gossip	23
Obituaries	
Syd Silverman	29
Roy Jacobson	32
Dan Gurney	35
1954 Alfa Romeo 2000 Sportiva	36
3000 Miles, \$1000, and 30 Days:	
An Adventure	38
Letters	55
Classified	61

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

© VSCCA 2018. All rights reserved.

Sixty years! How could they have imagined it when founding the Vintage Sports Car Club of America? Imagination or wisdom, who's to know for sure? We can be grateful either way.

With this issue we begin our own celebration of the club's storied history and its vibrant present in the twenty first century. We will spend a little more time on history this season. That's only appropriate. It won't, though, be at the expense of the present.

Come along with us on a 1964 tour of Europe by our former president and then spend a day racing on Hollis Hunnewell's front drive and picnicking in his garden in 1975. Those early days were full of enthusiasm, adventure, and joie de vivre, the fuel that drove the club. Our hope is to renew all of those sentiments this season as we top up the club's fuel tank of energy and start our collective engines for motoring into the next sixty years.

Enjoy!

jpd



Hunnewell in 1975: A Brief Reminder

The receipt of a few wonderful photos of the 1975 Hunnewell Hillclimb recently arrived from Eric Killorin is cause to go wandering through history. They bring back memories of many names and faces no longer active or, too often, not with us. Today, the event itself appears, at best, to be in hiatus and we are hopeful it might be run again one day in the future.

In 1975, the Hunnewell Hillclimb was enjoying its sixth running. The annual date hadn't yet settled into the mid-May date that many associate with the event. Actually in 1975 the event took place on the 13th of July.

In 1975 the event had not yet been limited to prewar cars only. The entry was fourteen cars and they represented ten separate marques. That sort of variety was invariably the case in those days. The variety of cars driven to the event by the spectators was even more diverse.

Among the competitors was the club's host, Hollis Hunnewell, who made the run in a stately 1937 Buick. His time of 53.1" was good enough to keep him from the bottom of the timing sheet, having just nipped Allen Wisenfluh's MG-TC.

Fastest time of day went to Gordon Birrell in an OSCA MT 4. He did a 36.5" run on his third attempt. Second went to Chuck Nixon in his Aston Martin DB2/4. Third was Roy Jacobson's MG-TD. Behind the top three came a Jaguar, a couple of prewar BMWs, an Allard, a Talbot-Lago, a Bentley Tourer, and the HRG TwinCam that is this issue's cover car.

There was at least one tale of mechanical heroism coming out of the event. Gerry Goguen's 1934 MG-PB developed a crack in the fuel tank after



Turchon's XK-120 Jaguar finished 4th with a most respectable time of 39.9". There were up to six runs made at the hill for anyone who wanted them and Turchon made his time on that very last, the sixth, run.

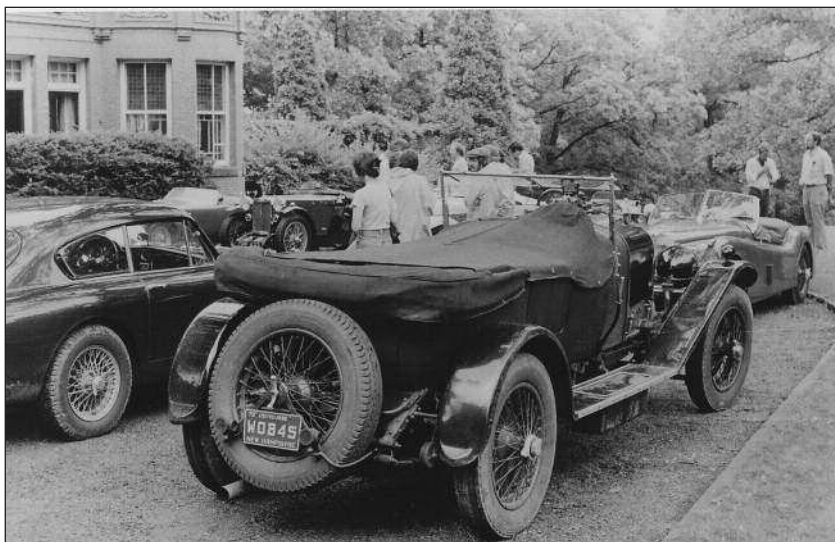
(Killorin)



Win Hall hadn't started competing at the event in 1975 but he was present as a spectator with his mother's Allard M2X. This model was dubbed "the Whale" at the factory (such as the "factory" was.) Later he brought it out for its annual race outing at Hunnewell. We spoke with him twenty or more years later and asked why he didn't lower the top. He confessed that, as far as he could recall, it had never been down. Allards only made 30 of this model. (killorin)



Paul Ceresole's T-101 Bugatti was amongst the spectators' cars. Another of the "rarest of the rare." It appears from most sources that there were only nine T-101's constructed. It's mostly a warmed over prewar T-57 design. We haven't found much more on this particular one and would speculate that it might be the 1952 Paris show car, 101501, with drophead coupe bodywork by Gangloff. Sandy Leith can confirm or further clarify, we hope. (killorin)



Arthur Eldredge's 1929 4.5 Bentley got his best time on his first run. Finishing 9th with a 44.0" climb.
(killorin)



Will Twombly's 328 BMW came to him by way of the club's founder, Ed Roy. Will brought it to most Hunnewell Hillclimbs from this event well into the 21st century. On this particular day he finished 5th with a time of 40.9".

(killorin)



Wisensfluh's TC made the run with enthusiasm, though he finished dead last. But he did finish. Time was 54.8".
(killorin)



Eldredge's Bentley crossing the finish line. Best time was



Gary Ford's Twin Cam HRG finished 12th with a 49.4". This particular car is only one of five. Next Issue will have a long and fascinating story on this car.
(killorin)

his first run. The scrutineer, Ben Bragg, (yup he was at it even then) was forced to disqualify the car for the rest of the day on obvious safety grounds. Not to be deterred, Goguen headed for home during the luncheon break. He was back about the time the last cucumber sandwiches were being consumed with a spare (and flawless) fuel tank mounted on the stern of the PB. He managed four or five satisfying runs in the afternoon.

The picnics on the grounds were as elegant as we recall from countless later runnings and the camaraderie was every bit what we would have expected.

As was almost always the case at Hunnewell - - a good time was had by all.

jpd





2017 Annual General Meeting: 3 November

The Annual General Meeting of the club took place at the White Hart Inn in Salisbury, CT and proved a most convivial affair.

The parking area was chock-a-bloc with interesting motorcars giving lie to the canard that the club only cares about racing. We were delighted to see a few motors that we hadn't noticed before and to see a few, including Rob Bettigole's Lagonda, that we hadn't seen in entirely too long.

The entire board was present at the head table facing a most friendly crowd of nearly a hundred members at large. The agenda was presented by the President, Sandy Leith, who also spent some time recapping the 2017 season and recalling, fondly, a number of members who passed away during the year.



The president, Mr. Leith, greeted the members and reviewed the year.

(jpd)

The Secretary, Mr. Fenley, announced that the club continues to attract new members, though they are not quite equaling our losses. Overall, though, the membership is holding up well.

The Treasurer, Mr. Brown, reported the club as solvent and that income actually exceeded expenses when prepayments for 2018 are added back into the equation.

Dr. DeLucia, in his capacity as Activities Director reviewed the 2017 calendar with profound thanks to all who contributed to making it such a success - particularly the event chairs, all of whom were singled out for personal mention. He promises an even better schedule for the 2018 year as it will see the 60th anniversary of the club. The anniversary will loom large in most events, particularly the Historic Festival at Lime Rock Park. It will culminate with a gala black tie dinner in December at the Larz Anderson Museum in Boston, the place where the club was founded.



The Activities Director, Dr. DeLucia, using a microphone to demonstrate how one can drive with one hand while sipping a cappuccino.

(killorin)

Reports from the Editor and the Chief Scrutineer indicated that all is well on those fronts. The head of driver qualification, Mr. Bordin, reported that the club had experienced a very safe year and that drivers had been exceptionally well behaved. He also spent some time offering his own thoughts on safety equipment and on continual vigilance for all aspects of driver safety on the circuit.

The Head of Car Classification, Ben Bragg, reminded folks about the process for securing a log book and reported that the backlog of log book applications is now current.

With business essentially over, Sandy handed the floor to Skip Barber, who reported upon developments at Lime Rock Park as well as those relating to the various legal issues they are dealing with regarding noise and days available to them for on track speed events. Skip was optimistic for the future of our home circuit.



The editor reading his notes at arms length due to misplaced reading glasses.

(hyman)



*Director George Vapaa
listening intently to one
of the presenters.*

(hyman)



*Driver Qualification Chairman Charles Bordin, reporting a
very safe season.*

(hyman)

*Director at Large,
Santo Spadaro, looking
as if he is raising his
hand to be excused to
the rest room. . . .or
waving to his fans.*

(hyman)



*Mr. Schieffelin had a
pleasant drive down from
Massachusetts.*

(hyman)



*The secretary, Mr. Fenley, looking
pensive.*

(hyman)



*Mr. Carroll enjoying the
meeting and looking
particularly dapper.*

(hyman)

*Mr. Brown, the treasurer,
reporting the club con-
tinues to be comfortably
solvent.*

(hyman)



A most congenial luncheon table. (jpd)

*The Vice-president, Mr.
Mitchell, awaiting a moment
to add some additional wis-
dom and experience on a
question of safety equipment.*

(jpd)



The parking lot was nicely populated with interesting motorcars, especially for early November. This is Schieffelin's MK VI Bentley.

(jpd)



The chief scrutineer, Mark Lefferts.

(hyman)



"Lucy," Rob Bettigole's Lagonda was a welcome sight.

(hyman)

*Members of the Board
were all present and
available for questions
and discussion. (l to r)
Ben Bragg, Chip Brown,
and Joseph DeLucia.*

(jpd)



The club's two main awards, the Koshland and the Goodchild, were awarded to surprised but very deserving members. The Koshland went to Bill Gelles, who was present and spent a few moments graciously thanking the entire club for their friendship over the years and offering a few warm reminiscences of those years. The Goodchild was awarded to Stu Forer, who couldn't be there but his long service to the club and his even longer years of motor racing were remarked upon.



*A most deserving honoree
for the Koshland Award,
Bill Gelles accepted the
tray from Sandy Leith.*

(jpd)

*The food this
year was quite
pleasant.*

(hyman)



Former VSCCA President, Robert Richer is always a welcome addition to any gathering. A story of one of his mid-sixties motoring adventures can be found in this issue on page 38.

(hyman)

*Mr. Webber and
Mrs. Harmer
having a brief
chat.*

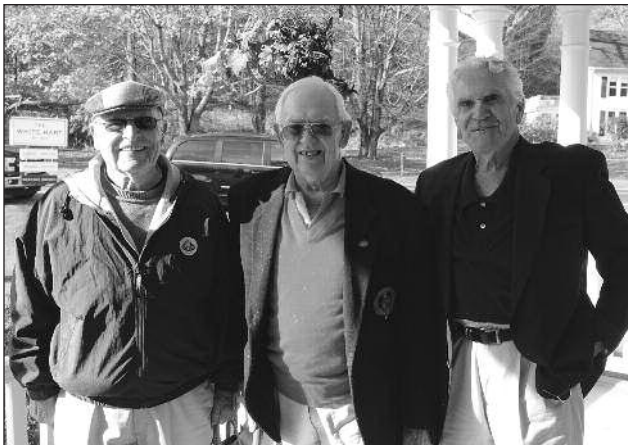
(hyman)



CHEMINS DE FER DE L'ETAT



LE MONT S^T MICHEL
LA MERVEILLE DE L'OCCIDENT
SERVICES AUTOMOBILES S.A.T.O.S
DE DINARD & DE GRANVILLE



"Curly, Larry, and Moe?" Well not exactly but three much more respectable VSCCA reprobates - Ernie Steubesand, Gordon C. MacKenzie, and Tom Jaycox.
(hyman)

The Morgan lads were out in force but not entirely as expected. Nichol's +4 Four Seater sitting next to Towner's recently acquired Ford GT. The latter is a long way from his usual 3-wheeled Moggie.

(jpd)



Is this Bottomley's MGA?

(jpd)

With the conclusion of the meeting the important work of settling down to lunch was tackled with enthusiasm. The buffet provided by the White Hart was up to their usual standard of quality and enthusiastically diminished by a few of the VSCCA's most accomplished trenchermen.

All in all a genuinely pleasant day. Many thanks to all who made it so.

jpd



The Morgan brain trust sharing lunch - Jim Nichol, Chris Towner, and Dow Smith. (jpd)



The lunch room was crowded.

(jpd)

An All-But-Introductory Bugatti Memory

By john schieffelin

Many of our number must wonder what it's like to have a ride in a Bugatti. I don't mean one of the cars made today under that badge which are hyper-fast and hyper-expensive, although they are probably a pretty exciting ride. No, I mean one of the exquisitely constructed works of automotive art that came out of the factory in Molsheim, in the Alsacian region between France and Germany mostly in the years before WWII. Once upon a time I had that same wonder. Even though the first Bugatti ride is now well in my past, I still find excitement in any opportunity to climb into a Bug and would never turn down an offer to drive one.

An old friend, and long time member of the VSCCA, Arthur Eldredge, with a 4.5 litre Vintage Bentley lived in Peterborough, NH. Back in the 1980s, when the Vintage Bentley Boys had informal time trials at the old Bryar Motorsports Park near Loudon, NH, Art was always the quickest. I rode with him once, and he handled the big Bentley so smoothly it did not feel fast at all - always the hallmark of a fine driver. He also still had the MG TC that he had driven in the second Watkins Glen race in 1949.

Ah - but he also had a lovely Type 43 Bugatti, one of the archetypical sports cars of the mid to late 1920s. With its 2.3 litre supercharged engine derived from the immortal Type 35 racer, it had stellar acceleration and a top speed of over 110 MPH. That put it in a rarefied class for its day. Art wanted to get on the approved driver list of the VSCCA to participate in wheel-to-wheel events, so he entered the Bugatti in the mandatory spring drivers school. That school is still required of VSCCA members, regardless of prior experience. At the time, I was an instructor in our school, and was running my wonderful Arnolt Bristol.



*Art Eldredge's Bugatti on what looks to be Hunnewell's hill.
(leith collection)*



At home outside the barn in New Hampshire, the Bugatti demonstrates that it not only has a convertible top but that it can actually be erected. (leith collection)

Art arrived at Lime Rock for the school, having driven the Bugatti the 125 miles down from Peterborough. I turned out to be his “instructor”, and from the start, was figuring out how to get a ride in the Bugatti. So one track session, I arranged to have him follow me around for a couple of laps to observe the proper line, then I would pull into the pit lane, park the Arnolt, and get into the Bugatti, to sit beside Art and critique his line.

So there I was, circulating in the Bugatti, enjoying the cacophony of exhaust, supercharger, gearbox etc. that are part of the vintage car experience and pointing out the odd occasion when Art missed an apex by six inches or so to justify my presence when I became aware of something strange on one lap as we were coming onto the straight out of the downhill. There was this wheel, bouncing along the track beside us. It looked like a Bugatti wheel. I then looked under the left front fender and there did not seem to be a wheel there. Art did the textbook thing to avert disaster, no panic, no sudden yanks on the steering wheel, just smoothly easing us to the edge of the straight and letting the now 3-wheel Bug come to a safe stop, about 100 yards behind the Arnolt.

Meanwhile, the errant wheel bounced along and into the small river which runs parallel to the straight. I got out of the Bugatti and ran ahead and jumped into the Arnolt to chase the irreplaceable wheel floating downstream. Finally, in the escape road at the end of the straight, a couple of corner workers had fished out the wheel. They put it in the passenger seat of the Arnolt and I drove it back around to the pit lane where another corner worker had found the knock off locking ring.

The lack of wheel had ground a bit off the Bug’s brake backing plate, but with little trouble, the wheel, with its integral brake drum, was restored to its proper place. When the knock off ring was tightened, it did not seem quite right. It was turning the wrong way for the left (off) side of the car. Before the

trip to Lime Rock, the Bugatti had had some front end work done. The front hubs (and rear also), which seem identical, as anyone who has a car with knock-offs knows, aren't. The hubs had been replaced on the wrong sides, so instead of self-tightening as the car was driven, they were instead self loosening! And with all the right-hand turns around Lime Rock, it was therefore quite logical that the first one to fall off was the left one. The right (near) side rings are hammered on clockwise, the left (off) counterclockwise.

Obviously, there was to be no more on-track lapping that day for the Bugatti and we weren't about to disassemble the front end, so the front wheels were hammered on tight and wired. Art then set off for home, stopping every 20 miles or so to check that they weren't loosening. Of course he made it and in due course the hubs were put back on their proper sides.

So there you have it. A sample of VSCCA drivers school past and a thrilling ride in a Bugatti – with an unforeseen extra test included ----- Of course, Art passed the school.



Recent Acquisitions, Restorations, Repairs and assorted Mechanical Minutia

Ben Bragg was reporting at year end: *“49 years ago on Dec. 30 1968 I went to the bank with my mother to have her cosign a loan. With the \$750.00 in hand I purchased my dream car! A red 1956 Thunderbird! This is how it looks today. The paint and upholstery were done in the early 90s. The next time it leaves the property it will be under its own power. Now 49 years is a long time to have a car. No record claimed there but any one had one longer?”*



(bragg)

★ ★ ★

Sandy Leith reports the cosmetic (*near-total*) restoration of his ex-Ted Wales 328 BMW is moving quickly. The colour, white when new, will remain navy blue as it has been for the better part of seventy years.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Fenley reports some progress on getting his Sadler F-Jr. Running reliably. At the Fall Finale he suffered a severe cooling issue. The problem was solved in the paddock when the mouse nest inside the radiator was evicted. The Sadler seems to have sat for quite awhile before Scott rescued it to return it to the circuits.



(hyman)

Our long time and very much admired Honorary Member, Sir Stirling Moss, has announced his retirement from public life. We understand that he has been facing some health challenges. Stirling has provided the motoring world with more pleasures and memories than any other human being and deserves a relaxed retirement.

We will always be grateful to him for his many courtesies and for all he has given. We wish him a long and happy retirement in the bosom of his family.



This is a great time to be gathering old VSCCA photos. Sandy Leith sent this one along. It looks to be Bridgehampton and the folks are all noted Bugattistes. They are (front to rear) Jack du Gan in 37133; Peter Williamson in 4935 and Fred Willits behind 37228. This is the sort of atmosphere the board is trying to resurrect with the Finale's focus on the prewar cars. We are making progress so far.







(jpd)

We enjoyed seeing Mr. Towner's moderately new Ford GT at the Annual General Meeting in the Autumn. It's a far cry from his usual Morgans but has a certain appeal to it anyway.



The Nutmeg Winter Rally took place in the Catskills on the 10th of February and it was a delight. The story will appear in the next issue but we thought to indulge in a brief preview.

The drive to Rhinebeck on Friday afternoon and evening was a bit of a challenge as an unexpected snow storm blanketed the area and, more importantly, the roads. There were only a couple of inches of snow but the ice underneath it made for entertaining driving.

The entry was respectable but suffered three cancellations at the last minute, two due to the influenza virus and one due to a broken ankle thanks to the snow and ice.

It looks like a couple of our guests will join the VSCCA as members. That's a great thought. The editor has a few of the rally plates (Monte Carlo Rally style) left and would make them available to anyone wanting one for their car or their garage wall for a mere \$12 plus shipping. We can also deliver.



(jpd)

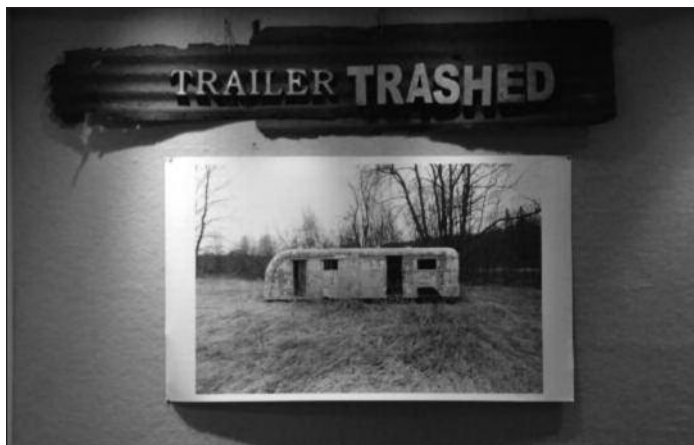


(jpd)

The editorial Morgan +4 behaved impeccably on the Nutmeg Rally and is now moving on to Ben Tarlow, who has taken the commission to sell the old girl. She will be missed but has regrettably become - as the Brits say - surplus to requirements.



On the Nutmeg was our friend Robert Selkowitz, well known to the club for his historic work on the 1903 road run from Albany to Pittsburgh but also well known for his artistry with pen and ink for quick portraits of motorcars. We were in Saratoga Springs this past autumn and visited the marvelous automotive museum there. Robert has an exhibit of his works there and we recommend it highly.



(jpd)

Also at Saratoga was an exhibit of photographs by our friend, Michael DiPleco. The talented Michael has been photographing our events for years now but in this exhibit confines his artistry to a study of down at the mouth camping trailers and abandoned house trailers. Nature is hard at work returning these vehicles (*Well, we guess they qualify as such - some had wheels*) back to their constituent elements. It's a delight.



Tony Carroll was seen on the Nutmeg with the Alfa Berlina running marvelously. It hadn't been on the road for a couple of months and Tony reports it started right up and did the run from Long Island to Rhinebeck with nary a hiccup.



(hyman)

Obituaries:

Syd Silverman 1932 - 2017

Maybe one of the most gracious human beings to ever don Nomex, or a business suit, or anything else for that matter, Syd Silverman, passed away late last season.

Professionally, Syd had run the family business, “Variety,” the show business bible, from the mid-fifties until he sold it in the mid-eighties. That sentence, itself, doesn’t tell even half the story, though. Syd was in college at Princeton when his father passed away and the management of “Variety” required his attention. The result was weekly runs from Princeton, New Jersey, to New York to assist with getting the weekly out the door and to learn the business that his grandfather had founded. That’s a dedication that, while rare in its day, wouldn’t even sound plausible to people in that situation today. Syd Silverman took his responsibilities seriously. Along the way, one should note, he did manage to graduate from Princeton with honors.

At the same time Syd had also fallen in love with sportscars. He messed about with them at Princeton along with a buddy, who chose to drop out and pursue racing. That buddy was Boris, “Bob,” Said. That friendship continued long after Said had gone off racing and Syd had graduated and taken full control of “Variety.”

In 1954, Syd married his great love, Jan McNally, a belle of Birmingham Alabama, and the two of them formed a most amazing and charming partnership until Jan’s passing. They went off on their honeymoon in an XK-120. Together, they had four children, Marie, Michael, Mark, and Matthew.

Syd joined the VSCCA in the mid-seventies. He was a regular competitor with his J2-X Allard and became a great patron of the Allard Register in the United States.

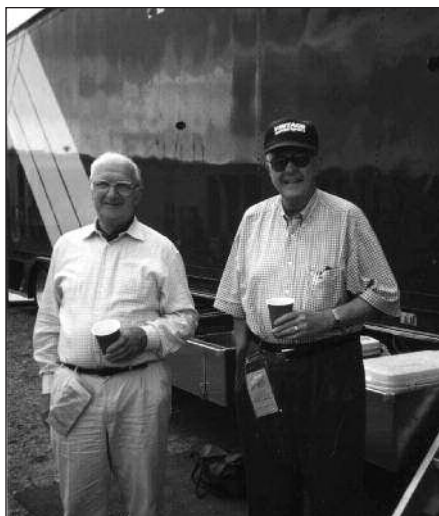


Early days for Syd in the VSCCA - with the J2-X Allard at Lime Rock Park in the autumn of 1981.

(jpd)



(Vintage Motor sport)



Posing with the legendary Brian Lister, who likened Syd to Briggs Cunningham. Lister knew both of them very well. (domaleski)



At Elkhart Lake in the mid-nineties Syd is enjoying being at the wheel of his favourite Kurtis, His J2-X closes from behind with jpd at the wheel. (harrington)



Bending his TC into Big Bend at the Lime Rock Vintage Festival in 1995. The editorial Allard L-Type is hard on his heels.

(lime rock park)

With retirement from “Variety” looming Syd expanded his motoring activities beyond a one car effort. He acquired one of the Allard 1953 LeMans team cars, the JR that Zora Duntov had driven. A two car trailer and a larger van to tow it quickly ensued but the complexity of managing a larger equipe was more demanding than he really wanted. Besides that, there were more cars he’d like to try, particularly the wonderful output of Brian Lister. That led to the creation of a more serious team headquartered in the middle of the country, Oklahoma City, and managed by Syd’s very good friend, John Harden. That team participated in all of the major Vintage events across the USA with a number of additional drivers to ensure that the cars were all raced and shown to their best advantage. The equipe included five or six Listers, including the one-off Lister Maserati, the Lister Sunbeam Coupe that ran at LeMans, and at least three Lister “knobbies” and one or two Costin-bodied versions as well. Aside from the Listers he usually fielded one or sometimes two Allards, the MG-TC that had given Carroll Shelby his start, a Kurtis 500 that became Syd’s favourite, and even an SS-100 Roadster.



With some of the team at Daytona in 2001. For that event we were running the Listers exclusively. (l to r) Michael Silverman, John Harden, Syd, Bob Hebert, and jpd.

This writer was fortunate to be one of Syd’s regular drivers in that era. The memories that go with that statement remind us that those years were the high point of my own driving career.

Brian Lister once remarked to me that Syd Silverman reminded him most of Briggs Cunningham. Both were enthusiastic team owners and drivers and both were generous friends.

Beyond the racing, he had an ownership interest in the SVRA for a few years and also bought up “Vintage Motorsport” magazine and turned it into one of the most important journals of its type in the United States.

An uncommonly fine man and a passionate enthusiast, Syd Silverman, will long be missed.

Requiescat in Pace, my very dear friend and mentor.

jpd

Remembering Roy Jacobson

1944 – 2017

by Greg Prehodka

I have many wonderful memories of Roy Jacobson and the vintage car enthusiasm we shared over the years. In our sport there are enthusiasts, aficionados, and then true believers. Roy Jacobson was a true believer. He left us this past July at the age of 73. He is survived by his wife Georgiann.

After serving in the Coast Guard in the 1960s, Roy started a small garage restoration and repair shop outside of Boston catering to English cars. Many a Brit car in that area survived and thrived due to Roy's efforts. He began racing his MGTD-Mk2 with the VSCCA in the early 1970s. In 1977 and 1978 he was the event chairman for the New England MG "T" Register's ***"Double Three"*** all MG races at Lime Rock Park (*a six hour endurance race for MG T's fashioned after the Brooklands "Double Twelve" races*). He raced his number 38 MGTD in it, which had a checkered grill and was painted the "Queen's Colours." (*maroon and black*) Ben Bragg and I also raced our MGs in those races. The 1977 race was my first ever vintage race with my MGTD and Roy was the person who got me to enter, which would set my vintage racing course for years to come. Roy's MGTD and his Scottish Tam o'shanter (cap) would be a fixture at T Register, VSCCA, and VARAC events for years.



*With Greg Prehodka at
Bryar (now New
Hampshire International)
in 1983.*

(prehodka)

At Equinox in 1978 with the TD.

(prehodka)



*The Bryar 100 Lap Tag Team Relay Race Team from 1981.
(l to r) Barry Prehodka, Roy Jacobson, Greg Prehodka, and Angelo Pizzigalli.
(karen Spindel)*



Sharing the downhill at Lime Rock with Greg Prehodka's "Ole 53" on his right as the two of them lead the pack out from under the bridge. (prehodka)

Roy later purchased and raced a Lester MG of “*Monkey Stables*” fame. He was an expert on Harry Lester’s small group of specialty cars. Quite a few of them came into his shop at one time or another. An MG N-type racer (*later owned by Dave Raymond*) and a street going Y-type MG also graced his stable.



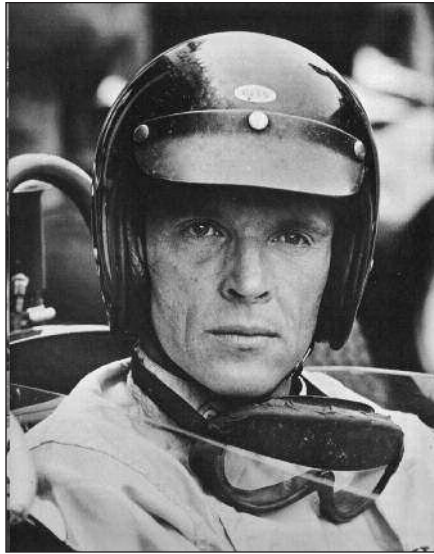
In the Lester and approaching the starting flag at Equinox in 1981.

(prehodka)

Aside from racing and fighting Lord Lucas in the Boston area, Roy was an event chairman for a number of VSCCA races, as well as organizing a number of races and rallies for the New England “T” Register, including a road rally around the Great Lakes.

He also was an amazing story teller, as anyone who knew him would tell you! He could keep his fellow competitors on the edge of their seats with stories like the victory by a margin of 11 seconds after two and a half hours of racing, with his Lester MG in a vintage team of four VSCCA cars participating in EMRA’s “**100 Lap tag team Night Race**” at the old Bryar track, or when a helicopter, holding scantily clad fashion models for photos with our cars, landed at Bryar in the middle of a “T” series race. That sight caused him to drop the checkered flag on the race in progress one lap too early. Then there was the time when he was delivering a customer’s MGTC and it disappeared from the trailer his car was towing in the middle of a snowstorm on the NY Thruway and he had to drive back to find the car, or anything you wanted to know about the Monkey Stables Racing Team. As a natural racer, his later years found him moving to Virginia and competing in hi-performance shifter carts and collecting and restoring single cylinder vintage English motorcycles. Pushing 70, Roy complained that the teenage kids in the shifter carts were “pretty damn fast” - spoken like a true believer. Cherished memories!

Rest in Peace



(Michael Cooper)

Daniel Sexton Gurney

April 13, 1931 - January 14, 2018

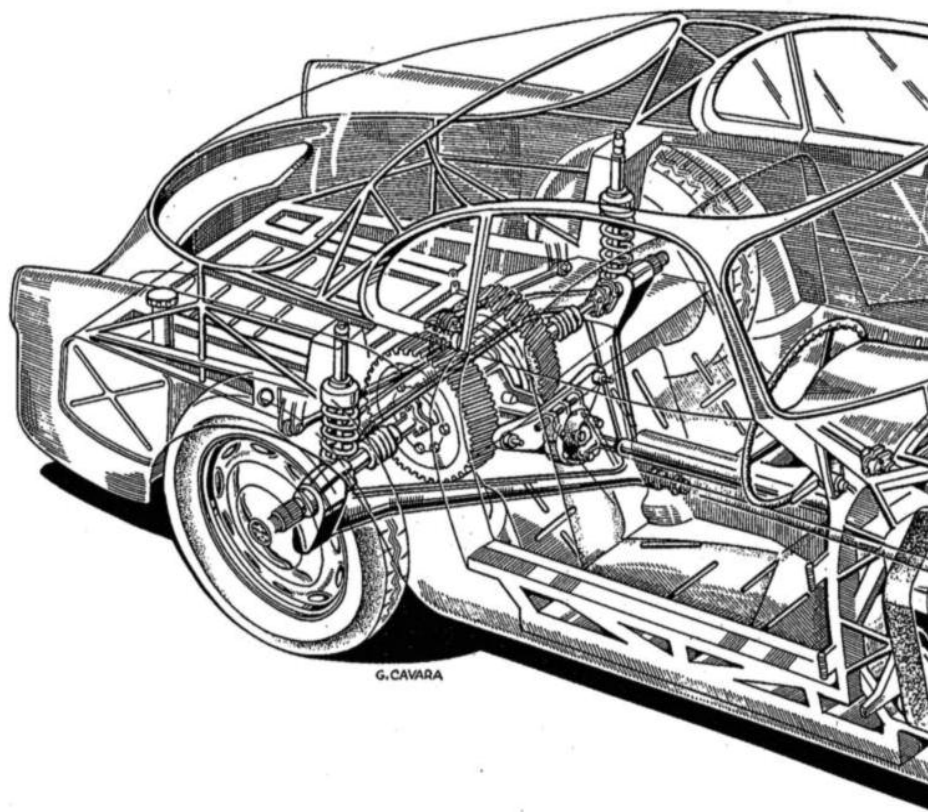
Dan Gurney passed away in January after a courageous battle with Parkinson's Disease. Others have chronicled his career better than we can. Thus, we will forego listing his many accomplishments in anything that had wheels.

Dan Gurney was our favourite candidate for President, a statement about his personal honour and integrity, rather than about politics. A most graceful and gracious man, motor sport and our very world is better for his having been in it. *Requiescat in Pace.*

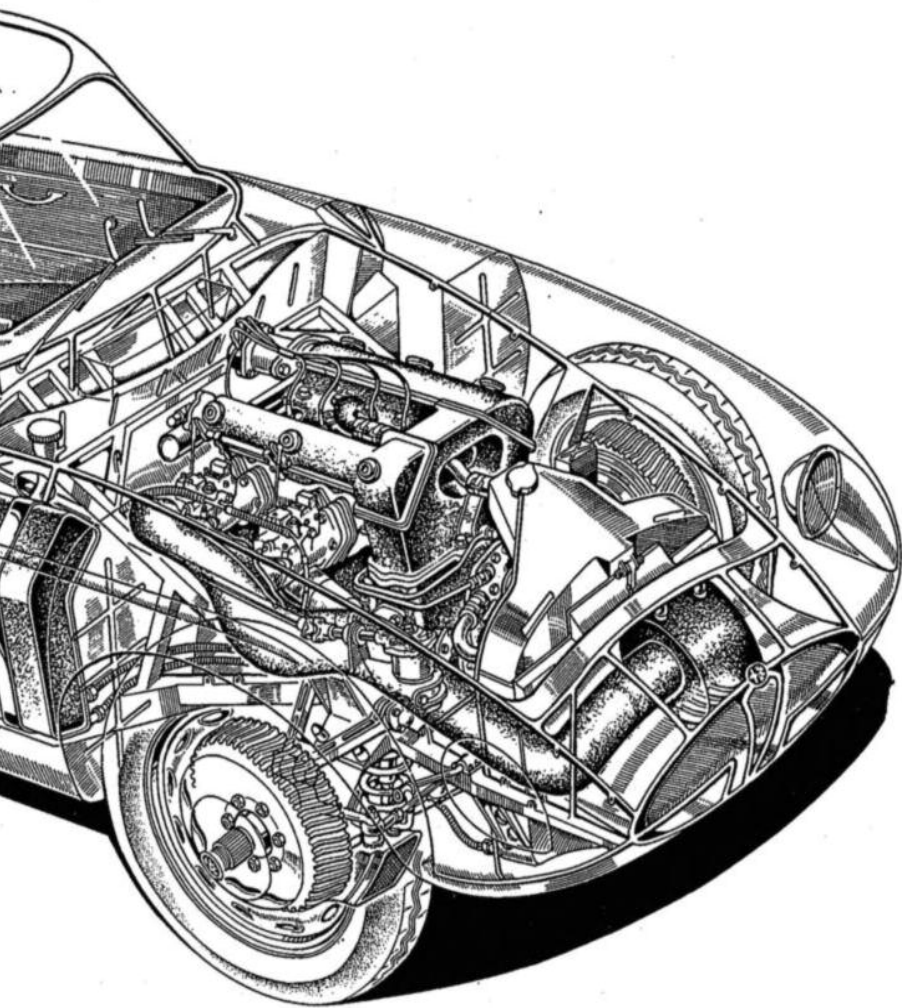
jpd



1954 Alfa Romeo 2



2000 Sportiva





3000 MILES
\$1000
& 30 DAYS

Editor's Note:

The following first appeared in "Sports Car," the magazine of the SCCA. Our former president, Robert Richer, had taken his young wife on an adventure through Europe with the help of the wonderful folks at Volvo. 1964 was a fair bit ago, but the adventure of climbing into a motorcar and driving across some part of Europe has not lost its allure. The editor and his own bride try to do a few thousand kilometers there every spring. We hope Robert's story will whet some appetites to do something similar. Remember that the Vintage Sports Car Club of America is not so much about collecting cars as it is about driving them.

The roads are beckoning. Buckle in and have your own adventure.

jpd

3000 Miles \$1000 & 30 Days: An Adventure from 1964

By Robert Richer

So there we are cruising through the Tyrol at about 75 mph and negotiating roads that were straight out of the Mille Miglia. Suddenly, in my rearview mirror, I notice a rapidly growing spot. Screwing up my courage, I push the accelerator so we're up to about 85 and still the car behind me continues to gain. At this point, I see something on the roof of the rapidly approaching car, although I don't have much time to make these observations, as I am pretty busy just staying on the road. Finally, at about 90 mph, over the most unbelievable roads, the car catches up. It is an Alfa sedan—a Giulia TI—basically a family-type piece of transportation—and it goes around me without ever slowing down. There is one occupant, the driver, and while steering with one hand, he's making sure with the other that the mattresses on the roof are ok!

This is Italy, and if you ever want really to find out about a car, I suggest you take the trip my wife and I finished in May. We started in Copenhagen, went south to Berlin, through the Alps to Venice, Florence and Rome. Then back up the boot to the GP at Monte Carlo, picked up the "string-straight (my foot!)" Route Nationale from Marseilles to Paris, fought Paris traffic for a few days and then shipped the car home.

But let's start at the beginning.

Copenhagen

We arrived in Copenhagen from New York late on a Saturday night. We had made reservations in a place called the Mission Hotel Annex (it was recommended in Europe on \$5 a Day), and I can only give one word of advice: don't stay there! It was the only hotel we saw in our four-week stay that was dirty, and it was not exactly an auspicious introduction to the Danes.

At any rate, Sunday in Copenhagen dawned bright and beautiful and Julia

and I spent the day stuffing ourselves on "Smorrebord" and walking around the city.

On Monday we took possession of a brand new, bright red 1800-S Volvo GT coupe. Whereas I had expected all sorts of red tape and language problems over delivery, it turned out that the Copenhagen Volvo dealer was in a perfect center-of-town location, and his first comment was "Oh yes, the car's ready. We expected you on Saturday." A few minutes later, Julia and I were on our way out of Copenhagen, heading south for the Ferry at Rodby Havn. Forty-five minutes after we went aboard, we were in Germany.

Germany

The first 300 miles from Copenhagen to the ferry and into Germany were uneventful insofar as driving the Volvo was concerned. We maintained fairly conservative speeds, following the break-in instructions to the letter, and learning the international road signs. The 1800-S is blessed with overdrive on fourth gear and what a great invention that is! It is a distinct advantage in Europe where gas is so fantastically expensive, and it also reduces engine noise, an important factor on a long trip. As a result, we were able to cruise at extremely respectable speeds, while still adhering to the 3,000 rpm limit. However, in a land where there are no speed limits, one soon tires of 65 mph and I was glad when we were able to push it up a bit.

As we were headed for Berlin, we weren't certain if we needed visas to go through East Germany, and a considerable amount of time was spent at West German gas stations, banks and one post office trying to determine just how one got past the East Germans. It finally turned out we needed nothing in advance, so off we went, to Lauenburg on the east-west border. By this time it was around six in the evening and we were told that only trucks were allowed through this particular check point. So off we went again to find Helmstedt, the major Western entry point on the autobahn into Berlin. At this point, the Volvo really started to prove its mettle, as I was pressing hard to get to Berlin at a reasonable hour.

We finally made it to the check point about 11:30 at night and it was like something out of class B movie. Trucks lined up for about a mile, fog, floodlights, barbed wire, minefields on either side of the road and friendly types strolling about with burp guns slung over their shoulders. We had to declare our cameras and transistor radio to the stolid female peoples' soldier and also tell her how much currency we were bringing in. She got quite a laugh when she discovered my capitalistic wife wasn't carrying any money with her! The final touch was the Wagnerian music playing over the radio.

We eventually made it through, but not before adhering strictly to the 10 kph (about 6 mph) speed limit for nearly two miles while countless Vopos scrutinized the Volvo and its contents.

Berlin

We arrived in Berlin proper at around two in the morning . . . with no hotel reservation. Out of desperation, we checked into the famous deluxe hotel, the Kempinski. The price range was slightly above what we were budg-

eting for the trip, although our magnificent room with an Olympic-sized bathtub ran only about \$12 a day. However, the next day we dug around and found a truly marvelous spot in the Berlin suburbs—roughly a five-minute drive from the main street, the Kurfurstendamm. This was the Hotel-Pension Alpina, a former mansion that was quiet, immaculate and the personnel couldn't have been nicer. We had a huge room with a crystal chandelier, a truly massive bathroom with twin sinks, and our breakfast was served in our room each morning. Cost: about \$10 a night for the two of us.

West Berlin is a marvelous city, and because the residents live so precariously, they have a refreshing, devil-may-care attitude that is not at all like the rest of Germany. And talk about eating! Coffee is not coffee as we are used to it, rather it is an excuse for whipped cream and mountains of goodies. After work lets out around five, it seems that everybody stops and has a couple of bratwurst with a side order of fried potatoes just so they won't be too weak by the time they get home.

Berlin also gave us our first taste of Volvo service, as it was time for our 600-mile checkup. I took the car in at eight in the morning. (They wanted it at seven) and had it returned, fully checked out by four in the afternoon. I would have had it sooner, I was told in sign language, but a tiny hole from a rock was discovered in the gas tank, so the entire unit was removed, drained, repaired and replaced. No charge, of course, for anything.

An interesting sidelight in the Small World Department: Driving down the Kurfurstendamm one afternoon, we practically ran over Wolfgang Robinow former PR director for Mercedes in the U. S. He now lives in Frankfurt and asked us to remember him to all his friends.

From Berlin we took off down the Avus racetrack, which forms an integral part of the Berlin highway system. This is quite possibly the world's most ridiculous road course, as it is nothing but two straight stretches of highway, one going in either direction, connected at each end by "U" turns cut across the dividing median such as those used by the police on our expressways. But anyway, you can go as fast as you want right out of Berlin, and so we did... at least until we got to the exit check point where we went through the whole Russian-type routine again.

Bavaria

Once free, we really started cranking up the Volvo, and while it was still a bit tight, it proved to become more delightful each mile. The car is quiet and the unit construction never emitted so much as a squeak during the entire trip. We planned to stop at Munich, but the autobahnen are so fantastic and the car went so well that we arrived early in the afternoon and so decided to push on to Salzburg. Driving down towards Munich, we encountered one of our two stretches of rainy weather, and I must say that the combination of Volvo and Pirelli is a stroke of genius.

One of the more remarkable sights of our trip was the approach to Munich. One minute we were driving through hill country and suddenly, off to our right, were huge, craggy, snowcapped mountains — made even more

ominous by the black clouds brushing against their peaks. Fantastic, but only a hint of what was to come.

Austria

Salzburg is right out of the Black Forest fairy tales, built on a river with the mountains behind it and little doll-type houses suspended from the most improbable crannies. Like every European city we visited, it was built for the fairy tale days, too, and it was choked with cars.

We stayed at the Hotel Zur Traube in Salzburg. It was centrally located, quiet and, while sparsely furnished, our huge double bed was fitted with the typical mammoth comforter that we are sure is filled with whipped cream. Just across the street and around the corner we found a delightful restaurant, the Doorknapp, where we supped royally and drank too much of a young, delicious wine. Our room came to about \$4 and it included breakfast. Dinner was a little less.

The next morning, we were off to Venice. We had planned to drive through the Alps, but a service station attendant warned us that fresh snow had closed the pass and our best bet was to drive to Bockstein and put the car on a train to go through the mountains to Mallnitz. Everything progressed just fine until we arrived at a junction way up in the mountains only to discover that the bridge had been washed away and we would have to detour for miles to get to the train. And so we did. And gradually we went higher and higher, until we were in a blizzard and the car could go no further. At this point, we decided as how we must have missed a turn, and so with 1,000 feet of open space "between us and the ground below, I gingerly negotiated a "U" turn in the snow and down we went. We finally arrived at Bockstein, put the car on a flatcar and spent the next twenty-five minutes in pitch darkness as the train hurtled through the mountain.

Down The Alps

It was a genuine grand prix going down the mountain on the other side, as there were some 30 other cars on the train with us and everybody wanted to get to the bottom first. It was another Volvo that made it and try as I might, we couldn't finish better than fifth. At this point, Julia was whimpering in her seat belt, pulled as tight as it would go.

Oh, those mountains! Absolutely fantastic beauty as the sun set, and it seems we stopped to take pictures every mile or so. Also of interest were the World War II concrete bunkers that were built into the sides of the hills. We decided not to push for Venice and that night was spent in Cortina d'Amperzzo, home of a recent winter Olympics. The view from our room as the sun rose the next morning was absolutely breathtaking.

Italy

We were really following the springtime, or maybe taking it with us, for we soon left the snow and later that afternoon we arrived in Venice. The change in pace from the insanity of Italian highways to the slow, measured pace of the gondolas and vaporetti (motor boats with strict speed limits so that their wake won't destroy the old buildings) was a most welcome relief.

Venetian friends of ours had recommended a hotel to us and we piled our belongings onto the vaporetto and eventually wound up at the Hotel Bonvecchiati. It was a mistake. We checked in after having been assured that our room was to cost us 4,800 lire per night (about \$8). We went out to see St. Mark's Square and in the process caught the last few bars of a full symphony orchestra in the square playing Verdi. However, upon returning to the hotel, we were handed a note indicating our room was, of course, 9,600 lire. Now I don't scream out loud very often, and being the Ugly American is not my cup of tea, but in this instance, to put it mildly, I made a scene. The management was apologetic, but, of course, there was no mistake on their part, we had apparently misunderstood them. I therein notified the management that we would be checking out the next morning and that we would be paying a visit to the local carabinieri before our departure. We did check out the next morning and without a word, our bill was presented to us. It was 4.800 lire.



*Our correspondent
peeling an orange at a
roadside picnic.*

(richer)

Ravenna

In Venice we had an opportunity to buy our first gas coupons, those marvelous items available only to tourists, enabling them to purchase benzina at a huge discount. We filled the tank with AGIP Supercortemaggiore (who could resist a name like that?) and were off to Ravenna, a beautiful city stuffed with examples of medieval and early renaissance architecture. Outside of Ravenna, we stopped to have the car washed, and were treated as local heroes when the AGIP management discovered we owned a Frazer Nash. It seems we were on the route of the Mille Miglia, the manager used to pump gas during the races and he remembered the 'Nashes well. At this point, three men were

put to work washing the Volvo, and I had to practically drag them away from the car an hour later. We left, but not before we were presented with a free AGIP book of maps, a stick-it-on-the-dashboard box of tissues, a keychain and an AGIP animal (the company trademark) that we were supposed to hang from the visor or some other unlikely place.

We spent one night in Ravenna at a very pretty little hotel, the San Marco, and ate dinner that night in a local trattoria where we had our first taste of Italian television. It's just about as bad as it is in the U. S. (later, in Rome, we had an opportunity to catch "The Flintstones" in Italian).

Florence

From Ravenna we went to Florence, another beautiful city with wonderful people and phenomenal values in leather.

All the time, of course, we were traveling over the most God-forsaken roads, blowing the horn at every curve and half the time finding a huge semi with extra trailer coming the other direction in what appeared to be an eight-wheel drift. Out west, I think they call them Big Rigs, but they're not really big until encountered on a former chariot path.

Most recommended in Florence is the Hotel Berchielli. Our room was situated in the rear and it overlooked a beautiful garden. The hotel itself is in a great location, right on the river, and the price, with breakfast, came to something less than \$8 a day for the two of us. Also, if I might put in a plug for the leather industry in Florence, we did a tremendous amount of comparative shopping and came away convinced that for service and exceptional quality, it is impossible to beat the merchandise made and sold by a shop called Parri's.

Rome

Now don't get me wrong. I love automobiles and engines and the like. I've had my share of old Mercurys, TCs, and even an HRG and a Porsche, but I will state absolutely that Rome would be a far more desirable spot if all internal combustion type machinery was forced to park at the city limits. The famous pines of Rome are slowly dying from the exhaust fumes, the noise is beyond description—from both the cars and the scooter set—and the parking and driving situation is ridiculous. We finally found one spot where we could leave the car (I thought) only to find it buried in scooters the next day. It seems we had parked in a scooter zone. Thank goodness we had Danish license plates! But through all the traffic, the Volvo never overheated and both oil and water temperatures remained at reasonable levels ... which is more than I can say for myself.

We spent one week in Rome and hung our hats at the Hotel Madrid. It was just a few blocks from the famous Spanish Steps, and as the weather continued to be beautiful, we took our breakfast each morning on the roof where there is a small garden and a large view of this beautiful city. Our room was clean, the service excellent and the tab came to about \$4 a day, total.

Avanti!

We went to the beach one day and on the way saw a classic Italian auto accident: A magnificent vintage type sports car resembling an old Inter

Ferrari, with its snout buried deep in the side of a Fiat 500. Around it stood about 30 carabinieri and maybe 500 enraged Italians. Nobody doing anything, just huge amounts of gesticulating and shouting.

In spite of all the noise, exhaust and temperament, Roma and her beauty cannot be sullied. Wonderful food, a populace that exudes warmth and charm, and by night, the grandeur of Rome is something that must be experienced to be understood. This is where so much of our civilization blossomed and yet it is possible simply to reach out and touch everything we've studied in the history books. A week certainly is not long enough.

Monte Carlo

On the map, the distance from Rome to Monaco is roughly 400 miles. Any idiot can average forty miles an hour, says I to myself. Sixteen hours later, they practically had to lift me from the car in front of our hotel in Monte Carlo. The road was mile after mile of hairpins. Up the mountains, down the mountains, pass the big trucks on blind corners, then watch them all re-pass when you stop for gas or a life-giving Coca Cola. At about ten in the evening, despairing of ever arriving at Monte Carlo, we decided it would be wise to phone ahead to reconfirm our hotel reservations. We were just 115 kilometers from the border, but the proprietor of the bistro where we stopped had never heard of Monte Carlo, never heard of Monaco! By drawing a map of Europe, I was finally able to point out where Monaco was, and he placed the "international" call. Forty-five minutes later, I was talking to the hotel. They held the room. It took us another three hours to cover that last eighty miles ... in the fog, along that twisty, terrifying, marvelous coastal road.

When we finally did arrive at the Hotel d'Europe, it was worth the trip. Our room, with private bath and two superb meals a day, came to 72 new francs (about \$14) a day. We were about 100 yards from part of the race course and a five-minute walk from the beach. In the shape we were in by the time we arrived, we would have paid 72 dollars a day, just for a place to rest our weary bones. Never has a bed looked so appealing, but once I stretched out on it, I spent the rest of the night re-driving that incredible stretch of highway.

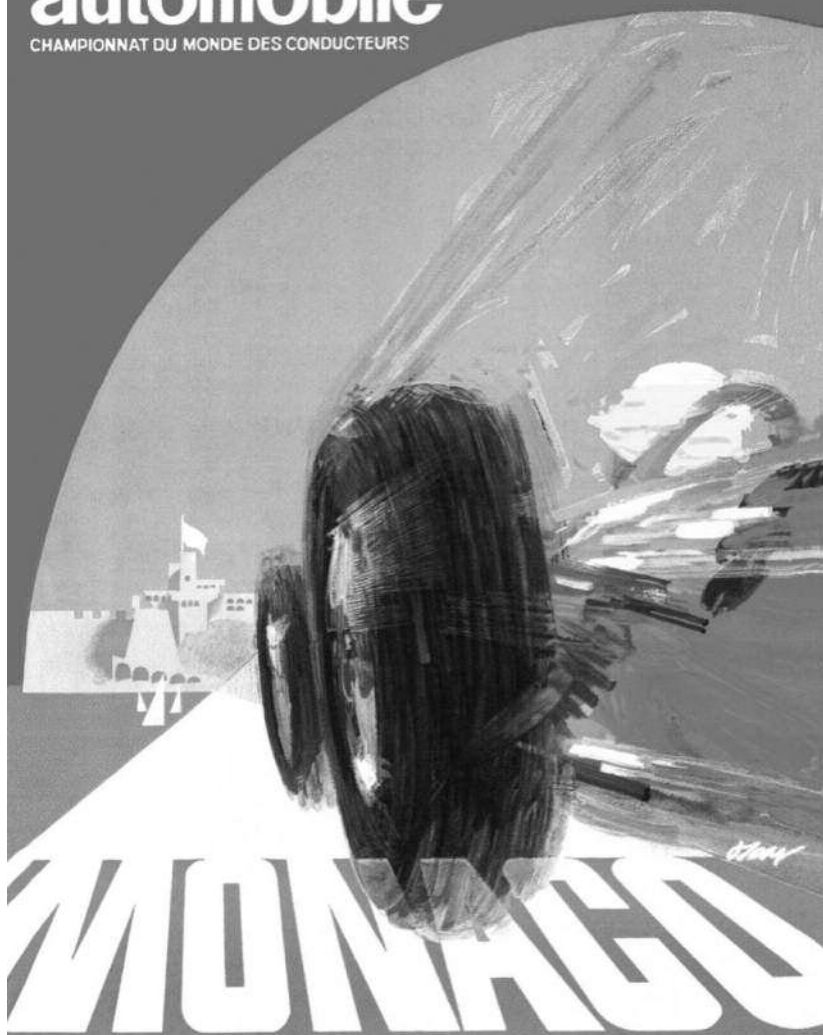
When we dragged ourselves out of bed, in the morning, I took a stroll along the beach (Avenue de Princess Grace) and managed to get the race organizer, M. Louis Chiron, out of a shower. He most graciously invited me into his apartment and ushered me to his library. What a story could be written about this room! Chiron, of course, is a former champion race driver, and his apartment is crammed with racing memorabilia — pictures, trophies and every sort of souvenir from the golden age of racing. M. Chiron set me straight in short order as to where I was to pick up our credentials, and upon my arrival at the A.C. de Monaco, I was greeted with great enthusiasm as "the American." It is my distinct feeling that the SCCA is held in great esteem in Europe and I hope we reciprocate fully as more and more Europeans come to view our competition program.

The racing in the afternoon was for the new Formula 3, which is essentially the old Formula Jr. but with engine limitations of one liter and one car-

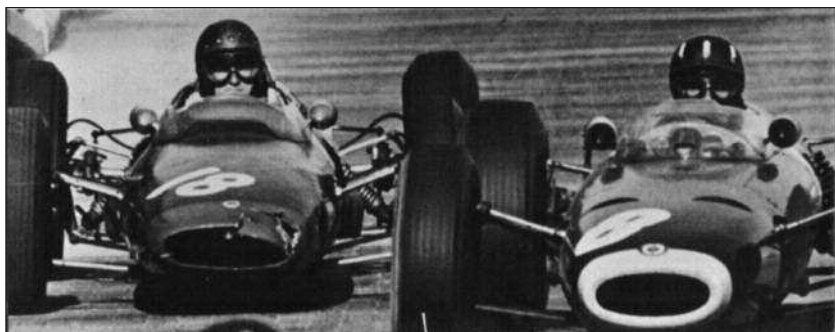
22^e grand prix automobile

CHAMPIONNAT DU MONDE DES CONDUCTEURS

10 MAI 1964



buretor. It was quite a sight to see the large numbers of double-choke Weber carburetors with a wooden plug driven into one of the chokes. The rule book says one carburetor and the feeling is that Weber is still the best, but as they don't make an appropriate single-throat unit, this is the alternative. The cars were incredibly rapid, and it looks like the effort to control "Jr." speeds and costs has again failed. All of the major manufacturers had cars represented, including Lola, Lotus, Cooper and Brabham.



Hill leading Hailwood through one of the curves. They were fighting it out tooth and nail Hailwood fell back shortly thereafter.

(peter hulbert in Motor Racing Year 1964-65)

Formula One

After the F. 3 race, the Formula Ones were allowed to practice again, and what a sight that was. The only person not practicing was Innes Ireland who managed to wipe out his BRP-BRM the day before. Word has it that he destroyed three different cars in one week, but at any rate, it is a fairly expensive trick to wipe out even one GP car. Practice was combined with qualifying times, so to all intents and purposes, we had a junior-type grand prix the day before the race.

Fastest practice time was set up by Jim Clark (based on two days of qualifying), but Jack Brabham turned in a faster second day qualifying time in his own Brabham and wound up sharing the front row with Clark. Clark turned a 1:34:9, Brabham a 1.35.9, putting him in fourth row pole position. Peter Revson was represented in a blue and white BRM (Revson Racing Team), but

he was having problems keeping the car heading the right direction and just couldn't qualify. The day of the race couldn't have been more ideal.... Sunny, warm and with a slight breeze. The harbor was full of the most fantastic boats from Onnasi's Christina down to lesser craft in the half-million dollar range. The start of the race reinforces an old theory of mine: we don't need larger engines in our GP cars, we just need more Monte Carlo race courses. The noise and sheer speed achieved by the cars was enough to peel the skin right off your back. Screaming down along the waterfront into the Tobacco Stand Corner - a 90 degree turn formed by huge stone walls - and then out along the straight behind the pits, hitting speeds again of probably 140, around the U-turn at the end of that straight and back down past the pits, grandstands and the Rainier entourage and then up the long hill to the Casino. This is automobile racing as it was meant to be, and I'm afraid Vineland will seem a bit tame from now on.

As is usual with Monte Carlo, the attrition rate was pretty high, but the excitement was heightened this year when Clark, who was way out ahead, had difficulty with a stabilizer coming adrift from the rear wheels. Gurney, on a Brabham, had managed to work up into second position and this had put Graham Hill's BRM into third. When Clark made a forced pit stop to have the stabilizer cut away, Gurney moved into first and G. Hill into second. But Gurney couldn't stave off G. Hill and on the 52nd lap (the race is 100 laps), Graham moved into first. Gurney retired shortly thereafter with differential



Graham Hill descends the steps after receiving the trophy from Prince Ranier and his lovely bride, that gracious young woman from Philadelphia.

(richer)



*A closer look at a master at work - Hill in the BRM.
(michael hewett in Motor Racing Year 1964-65)*



*Brabham passing the Casino with a little bit of opposite lock.
(michael hewett in Motor Racing Year 1964-65)*



**This car is 44 mph slower than the rest of the cars in its class.
It's also \$6000 cheaper.**

The Volvo 1800S costs \$3995.* Who puts it in a class with cars costing \$6000 more? Road & Track magazine for one: "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

That's all true. But don't get the idea that any corners were cut to keep this car \$6000 cheaper than its look-alikes. The 1800S is built like a Volvo. If you don't know how Volvos are built, this quotation from Sports Car Graphic about the Volvo engine will give you an idea:

"Project Volvo came off the dynamometer at the Autolite Test Facility after one of the most severe tests we have ever put a Project engine through. Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

But, as we said, there is one thing the Volvo 1800S won't do. It won't go 150 mph like those \$10,000 cars. However, it will do an honest 106 mph, and at 70 mph it uses less gas than a Volkswagen does at the same speed.*

Of course, if you've got your heart set on doing 150 mph, go man. It just seems like \$6000 is a lot of money for an extra 44 mph.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price East and Gulf Coast F.O.E. West Coast F.O.E. slightly higher. Dealer delivery available. See the Yellow Pages for the Volvo dealer nearest you. Volvo in Sweden **VOLVO 1800S**



Elegantly situated on the Riviera, we are impressed that Robert had a dinner jacket with him for this adventure. Does that mean the Volvo's luggage capacity was even better than advertised?

(richer)

difficulties anyway. Clark had re-entered the race in short order and had managed to move into second place behind G. Hill, but couldn't get past him. But as is the chronic fate of Lotus at Monte Carlo, the troubles weren't over yet and on the 93rd lap Clark made another pit stop, complaining of low oil pressure. He was sent back out at a greatly reduced rate of speed with orders to finish, but on the 96th lap, the whole thing packed up while climbing the hill to the Casino and Clark walked back to the pits. After the race, I asked Phil Hill why his car hadn't finished and he allowed as how he was lucky even to be sitting in the bar at that point as a rear wishbone sheared off at about 125 mph just before the Tobacco Stand corner. As John Cooper said the next day, "It's good to add a bit of excitement to the races."

We spent another two days in Monte Carlo, because after the race the town became practically deserted, the beach was beautiful and the wine was just fine.

One day was spent on the beach with a bottle of local wine chilling in the Mediterranean. For dinner, we found a pleasant restaurant in a quiet section of Monte Carlo, where we proved to our own satisfaction that it was not possible to get a bad item from the menu. The next day was spent adjusting ourselves to the idea that we really had to move on, as we were running out of time.

France

We reluctantly left Monte Carlo on another perfect day — sunny, clear, blue sky, low humidity and temperature in the 70s—and drove along the coastal road to Nice and then to Aix-en-Provence. Someday, when we own the world, this is where Julia and I will retire. The southern coast of France lives up to all of its publicity absolutely.

From Aix-en-Provence, we picked up a phenomenal superhighway north and I had an opportunity to push the Volvo to its limits. In overdrive, we were able to run up to better than 5,000 rpm which is the equivalent of about 110

mph according to my calculations. At this speed the car is still pretty quiet, handles well and we were a long way from the red line on the tach. Better gas would probably push that speed up a bit more (we had to have the spark retarded in Rome), but then, how often can you cruise at 110, anyway?

We very rapidly ran out of good road and from then on, the trip to Paris was a real chore. The famous Route Nationale was, in its day, a marvelous way for Napoleon to move troops rapidly from Paris to Nice and Marseilles. However, it is now the only road to Paris and all the truck drivers know it. From about two in the afternoon on, every truck in France seems to converge on this route, and as most of it is three-lane, there is some very fancy driving and bluffing indeed. We finally got fed up with the battle and put in at an exquisite country inn just north of Lyon. Aside from the world's worst bottle of wine, served by the world's most arrogant waiter (he got the wine as a tip), it was a marvelous spot and one that we could have spent days enjoying.

Paris

We arrived at Paris during rush hour the next afternoon, and learned about real traffic in a hurry. Now if Volvo only made a bicycle to stow in the trunk.... But, we finally found our hotel, the Senat on the left bank, and the next day I went around to see the shipping agents who were to send the car to New York. Again, I anticipated language problems and much red tape, and again the whole deal was consummated in 15 minutes.

In a period of four weeks, we spent about \$1,000, we put 3,000 miles on a car and subjected it to a huge variety of conditions — from a blizzard in the Alps to tropical traffic jams in Rome. Much of our driving was done in second and third gear through the mountains, and the brakes took a terrific beating. When one lives with a car as closely as Julia and I did for such a prolonged period it is easy to become quite expert in discussing the pros and cons of the vehicle in question. If we were to build the 1800-S to our specifications, we would install a fast-idle control so the car could be warmed up without using the choke; lower the intensity of the "over-drive on" light on the dashboard and wire it into the panel lights (We finally



Parked at the famed Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo.

pasted a piece of paper over it so I wouldn't go blind); add a lockable glove compartment; add scuff pads on the carpet around the pedals; add a grab bar for the passenger; remove the chrome windshield wiper blades and replace them with flat black ones before some driver is permanently blinded by the glare; redesign the entire dashboard — if I turned on the windshield wipers once I did it a hundred times when reaching for the lights—and I kept groping for the air vent under the dash and pulling the choke instead; and finally get some rear quarter windows that open a la Porsche... it really can get hot in there! In the personal department, we would put on a slightly louder muffler, but maybe we've just been conditioned by the Italians.

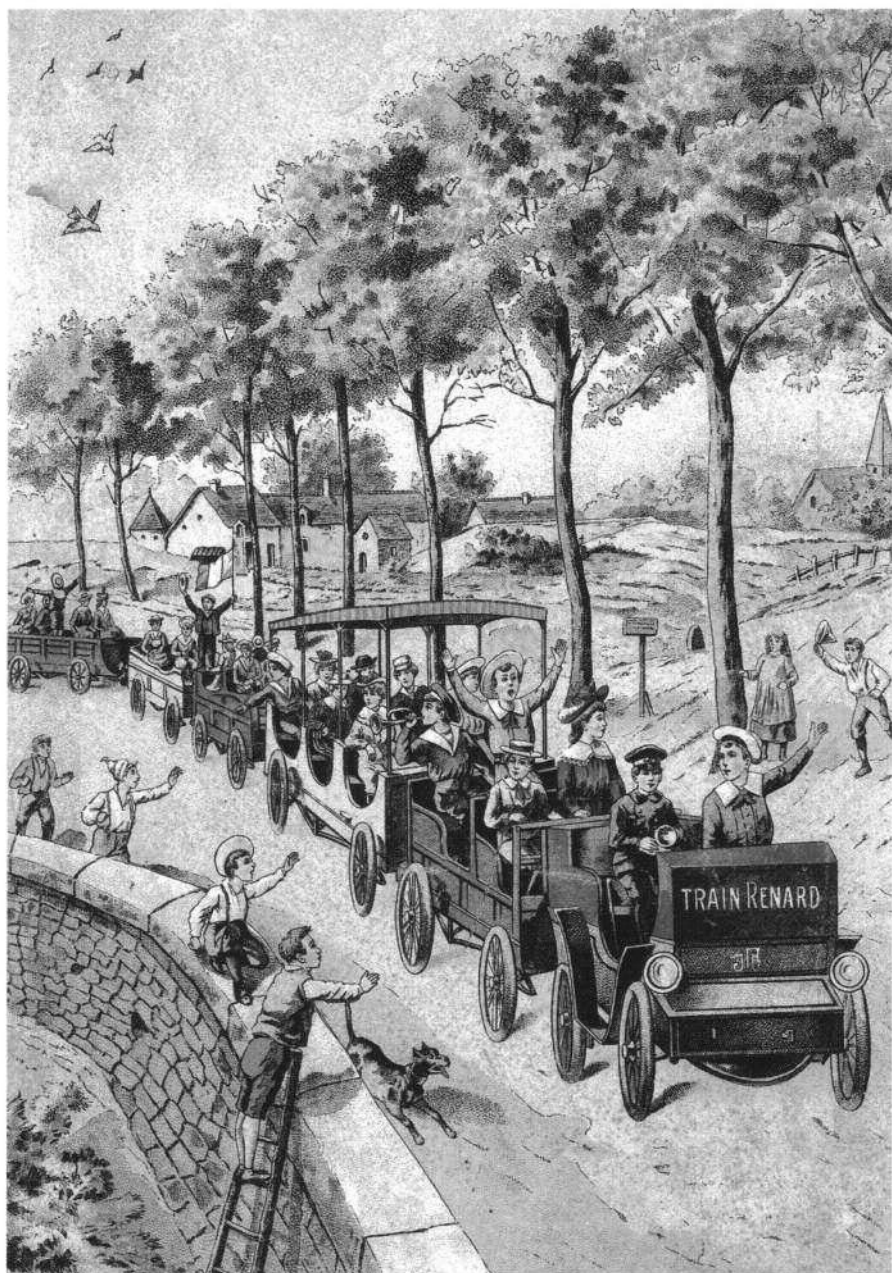
In the things we liked department, handling undoubtedly comes at the top of the list. The ZF steering is great and there were few cars in our travels that could stay with us on a twisty road. I found my courage ran out a lot faster than the car's ability to hang on. Second on the list is space. The trunk held all our luggage with the exception of one large suitcase belonging to Julia, and this fit beautifully behind the seats in the area formed by folding down the jump seat. Volvo very obligingly supplies beautiful leather straps for just such contingencies. I liked the way the car warmed up from cold almost instantly, even though it meant keeping it idling with the accelerator where a hand control would have been far more convenient. We never had trouble starting and I assume it is due to a combination of the Bosch electrics, sound engineering and a huge battery. The radiator setup is quite interesting in that it looks just like any other radiator until closer examination shows that oil lines are also running in and out of it. An oil cooler and oil temperature gauge are standard equipment— another indication that the car is built to be driven hard. The overdrive is a great investment, particularly as it allows the car to cruise in the 3,700-4,000 rpm range all day and this is around 85 mph.

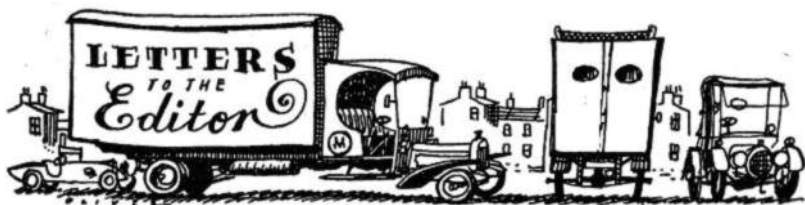
It has been said before and I'll certainly say it again: If you plan to go to Europe, don't fail to get a car. It is the only way truly to see the Continent.

A "Pearl of Great Price," the press pass for the 1964 Monaco Grand Prix.

(richer collection)

VI ^{me} GRAND PRIX "MONACO F 3"		TRIBUNE
SAMEDI 9 MAI A 17 HEURES 45		
XXII ^{me} GRAND PRIX AUTOMOBILE DE MONACO		
DIMANCHE 10 MAI A 15 HEURES 15		
N°	RANG	A. C. M.
53	B	
Voies d'Accès : Place d'Armes - Rue Grimaldi - Rue Princesse Antoinette		
P R E S S E		N° 30109





Dear Jim,

Several months ago when you provided me a tease regarding an article in *Vintage Sports Car*, Number 3, 2017 I had no idea what to expect other than my father would be mentioned and it somehow related to the Chandler Hoveys, who at one time owned the now editorial TR-3.

As I read from my usual evening perch, on the wall in front of me was print of the J-Boat Ranger in the 1937 America's Cup. On the wall to my right a painting of my father's 5.5 Meter on its way to Gold in Naples Bay in 1960. Little did I know what an appropriate setting that would be for reading what followed.

I enjoyed your introduction and the article on the Js. Your introduction brought to mind two related stories that intertwine my father's sailing and car people. The 1960 US Olympic trials for the 5.5 Meter class were on the waters off of Marblehead. My father won the trials in a boat he had commissioned. Wistful had a beautiful wooden hull, essentially 32-foot version of Easterner. After the last race my mother, older sister and I were celebrating with Dad on the dock. I was five at the time. All of a sudden there was a huge crash. A teenager had lost control of his motorboat and slammed into Wistful amidships. It was crushed; a total loss. If my father wanted to compete in the Olympics he had to buy another boat right away and get it shipped via container to Naples. As the insurance settlement was not readily forthcoming he needed some financial assistance. In stepped his friend Briggs Cunningham who loaned my father the money to buy a competitor's boat, *Minotaur*. The rest is history.

Two years later my father, as you noted, found himself as skipper of the Hovey's 12 Meter Easterner for the 1962 America's Cup trials. A gorgeous boat it was, a fast boat it was not. Hoping for better results the then owners of the editorial TR-3 made a change of skippers; an event that was a blessing



in disguise. Bus Mosbacher, skipper of Weatherly, asked my father to join him as Assistant Helmsman. Several weeks later Weatherly successfully defended the Cup and my father became the first man ever to win Olympic Gold and the Americas Cup. He joined Mosbacher again in 1967 aboard Intrepid for another successful defense.

As an aside your comment about how sailboat racing and motorsport are tightly intertwined is so very true. In addition to the aforementioned it gave me pause for thought of our lamented friends Bill Leith, Nils Westberg and Lee Duran.

I enjoyed the issue, as always.

Best regards,

Mark O'Day

PS Thank you for your congrats on my recent retirement. I am one week in and enjoying it immensely!

GREENWICH

Concours d'Elegance

June 1st – 3rd, 2018



2018 will be a celebration of Briggs Cunningham, with a special display of Cunningham production cars and team race cars

Additional featured classes: Cars of John Fitch, Supercars,
Jaguar SS Cars and Competition Motorcycles

Charitable Beneficiary – Americares

For more information please visit:

www.greenwichconcours.com



The mystery car on the Arbat in Moscow.

(jpd)

Dear Jim,

Re your mystery BMW on pages 46/47 this is a 321 but more likely an EMW produced car in the Eisenach (Russian side) plant after the war. The parking lights and the wheel covers are a strong indication of the post-war variation of the 321.

Re Equinox, the big event this year were the turkeys doing a tap dance in the middle of the road at the end of the Saddle. As I got towards the end of the Saddle and was starting to ease off, 3 turkeys ran out in front of me and danced around in the middle of the road. They did not want to get out of the way in any hurry and I ended up in first gear, that's how much I slowed down and was reflected in my times.

When I got to the top several drivers came up and asked me if I had encountered any turkeys, obviously the show was not just for my benefit ! So after some 40 years I think this is a first and something to consider for next year.

News: I decided to copy John Schieffelin's example and I got a Bentley MK VI, not in quite as good a condition as John's, and it needs a sunroof. Will get it sorted out mechanically and use /drive it as barn find.

Best,

Dorien Berteletti



Dorien's Mk VI barn find.

(berteletti)



Dear Jim,

In your Number One 2017 Magazine, there was “A Reminder of Rene and Maurice.” Le Chanteclair was always a special treat and we often ordered the coquille. I will always remember how gracious Rene and Maurice were. Rene called me Mr. Lotus. I considered that a great compliment and for that moment he made me feel like Jim Clark.

Erika has been making Coquille Chanteclair as a special remembrance meal for most of our 49 year marriage. The recipe was given to Erika by Maurice on one of our visits in the 1960s. On one of those visits, Rene asked me to meet another guest. I remember the occasion very clearly. A couple was seated at the table we approached, a gentleman and an attractive woman. Rene introduced me as Mr. Lotus. The gentleman was Innes Ireland. Rene grabbed a menu and had Innes sign it. I still have that menu.

Ernie Steubesand



Dear Jim:

The recent photos of the early days of the club brought back some great memories of my old friend, Basil Scully.

I was stationed at Ft Devens in the mid 1960's and would hang out at Basil's shop in West Groton. I had an AH 100-4 which I was always working on at his wonderful garage.



(rex)

In about 1964 he asked to borrow my racing helmet and for me to follow him to a vintage race at Thompson. A fun trip following his Aston Martin down the roads to the track.

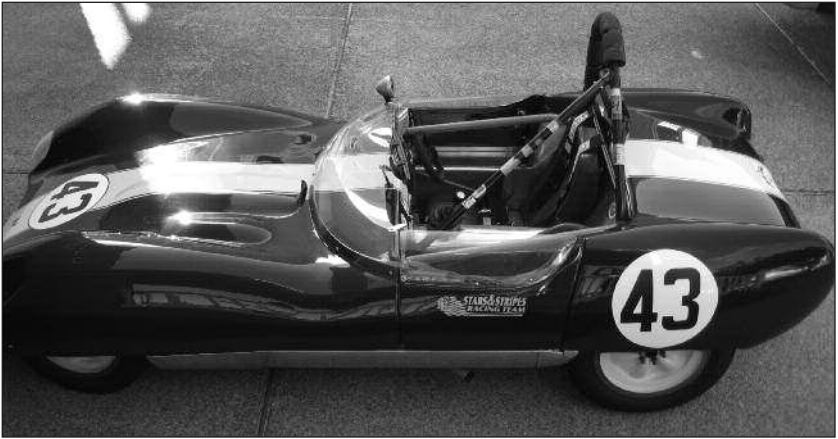
*This (above) is the only picture that I have of the event. Sorry it is not in better shape. I guess some of the members will remember Basil.
Kind regards*

Dave Rex



*Another view of the Aston, this time at Bridgehampton in 1964.
(jpd collection)*

CLASSIFIED:



FOR SALE: 1959 Lotus 17

1959 Lotus 17. One of 21 documented by the Lotus 17 registry. History from 1972. Has not raced in several years but stored carefully.

Car is in superb condition. Green with yellow stripe, and lots of polished aluminum. Very clean, attractive, and fast!

Fresh 1460 cc MacEachern engine (never raced) with "girdle" to prevent whipping of center main. Car won SVRA Group 4 championship (when they had 20+ cars running) and was awarded the Monterey Historics Ken Miles award. Very competitive with Lotus 11s and other front engine sports racers.

Located in Norfolk, VA. Price \$137,500. Hank Giffin 757-375-1491



FOR SALE: 1957 MGA ROADSTER, Fresh Engine, Tranny, clutch, new wiring harness and battery. Black Interior, new side curtains and new steering wheel. \$15,000 or near offer. Located in Western New York. Bob Fairbanks, 716-933-7540. eMAIL: rmfairbanks@roadrunner.com



Contact Orrie Simko.
860-782-1554.
orrie.simko@gmail.com.

1939 MG TB

Well known in the VSCCA, TB 0566 underwent a full restoration by marque specialist approximately 10 years ago. Tuned for reliability, it circles LRP around 1:25 with the idea of "drive to the track, race, and drive home". Maintained exclusively by one vintage race shop, TB 0566 has been a very enjoyable, and reliable companion to its owner for the last decade. Stunning grey over grey color combination, over period correct red bucket seats – original bench seat included. Equipped with full weather gear, tool kit, it also rides on period correct Blockley shod 19 inch wire wheels. A turnkey prewar racing entrant, this TB is a stunning and rare addition to any collection. \$64,500 USD



1962 Morgan +4, four seater

Now available, after recent 40-year female ownership. A wonderfully original car, with tasteful patina, in black over red. This Morgan starts effortlessly, and runs and drives wonderfully, having had the twin SU car-

buretors recently rebuilt. Purchased by the second owner from the Morgan dealer in Hartford Connecticut, this car has never left North Western Connecticut. Careful storage shows with all the wood to our knowledge to be in excellent condition. Pictures show the original chassis, which the car is also properly registered to. A wonderfully honest car, that can be enjoyed as is, and driven anywhere! Asking \$32,500 USD.

1958 Alfa Romeo Veloce Original Factory Spider:

Prepared to VSCCA and SVRA specs. Fresh 1500cc 101 based race engine being installed as this is written. Rebuilt 5 speed close ratio gearbox. 5:12 limited slip differential. Dual Circuit Brakes. 3 shoe large drum front set up from SS-SZ Two exhaust systems - ceramic coated open race exhaust and street style 5 Magnesium 5x15 Campagnolo style wheels. Fuel cell, roll bar w/ sidebar protection, dual Aluminum racing seats with 5 point belts. Many light weight components including starter, aluminum "generator" aluminum radiator. Raced for many years in VSCCA, SVRA and HSR. Reliable, easy to maintain, asking \$65,000 USD





Contact Orrie Simko.
860-782-1554.
orrie.simko@gmail.com.

1993 Porsche RS America:

#337 of 701 built - Build date - February 1993, Red/ Black Leather Sport Seats, Decal Delete. Equipped with all 4 factory options: Sunroof, Limited Slip, AC, and Radio (Upgraded). Rear seat delete, G-50 Trans, 17 inch wheels and M030 Sports Suspension are standard. 3 Owners from new, clean car fax, never tracked. This RSA has just had a full 60k mile service by marque specialist in additional to any other items requiring service. Starts, runs, and drives extremely well - very tight and with perfect road handling. Margins are excellent with original paint showing very well. Asking \$105,000 USD.



1929 Rolls-Royce Twenty 3 Position DHC:

Originally ordered as a Sedan with coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly Limited, GEN 70 was sold new to Col. John Kennedy. Retaining its original coachwork until October 27, 1937, it was then commissioned to have the more attractive 3 Position Drophead Coupe body by The Southern Motor Co. fitted. GEN 70 passed through several owners, before being brought to the US in 1968. With its current owner of 47 years, it has undergone a full cosmetic restoration: paint, upholstery and a new top 10 years ago. Driven very little since, it has been properly stored, and recently re-commissioned / serviced. Asking \$90,000 USD.

Originally ordered as a Sedan with coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly Limited, GEN 70 was sold new to Col. John Kennedy. Retaining its original coachwork until October 27, 1937, it was then commissioned to have the more attractive 3 Position Drophead Coupe body by The Southern Motor Co. fitted. GEN 70 passed through several owners, before being brought to the US in 1968. With its current owner of 47 years, it has undergone a full cosmetic restoration: paint, upholstery and a new top 10 years ago. Driven very little since, it has been properly stored, and recently re-commissioned / serviced. Asking \$90,000 USD.

1966 Ford Mustang Notchback A/S 289.

Raced from new with documented history, having ran at Nelson Ledges & Watkins Glen from 1967-1970. Accompanied with 2 period photographs, this Mustang was later owned and raced by famous race driver Lauren J. Fix. Immaculate condition by meticulous collector owner of nine years. Refreshed every 8 hrs, 2 hrs on car now, with recent original gearbox rebuild. Fully sorted & track ready with SVRA & SCCA logbooks, regularly run at LRP. Asking \$95,000 USD.





The PVGP is grateful to all of the drivers who helped create our Schenley Park races and we truly appreciate when they return to race with us each year. To acknowledge those drivers we have created the "Legends of Schenley Park" to honor racers that have raced with us 15 or more times.

All drivers competing in their 15th or more race will be recognized with a commemorative patch and gift at dinner on Saturday, July 15. Racers need not be active. More than 50 racers were honored last year.

Visit www.pvgp/drivers/legends for more details.



E.D.P. Enterprises

Complete Automotive Fabrication

Aluminum Panels • Painting • Custom Roll Bars
Independent Suspensions • Partial or Complete Projects

– 40 Years of Building & Racing Experience –

ENO DE PASQUALE

PO Box 173 • Lynn Hill Road
Acworth, New Hampshire 03601

603-835-6270



VeloceToday.com

EXCLUSIVE ARTICLES ABOUT EXTRAORDINARY AUTOMOBILES



JONATHAN SHARP PHOTO

THOMAS N. FAIR FINE AUTOMOBILES

P.O. Box 355
NEWPORT, R.I.
02840

CELL 401.481.1600
FAX 401.619.2897
tomfair@cox.net

THE ART OF *speed*

*Restored
Maintained
Supported
Enhanced
Bought & Sold
Enjoyed*



203.377.6746 • STRATFORD, CT
SEE ALL WE DO AT:
VINTAGERACINGSERVICES.COM



*Pictured is the Fitch-Whitmore Jaguar Special
campaigning by John Fitch in period. Restored and
Supported by Automotive Restorations Inc. &
Vintage Racing Services Inc. just a few decades later.*



BRIARCLIFF
CLASSIC & IMPORTED
CAR SERVICE LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1974

*Restoration and Repair
of fine
European Automobiles*

914 762 1200

90 Woodside Avenue Briarcliff Manor NY 10510





RACK & RUIN • RACING

Custom Architectural Design for Vintage Garages
and Racing Structures • Dan Ferguson

PO Box 365 Princeton, MA 01541 (978) 464-5767



J.R. and Eileen Mitchell's

TIME FOR FUN

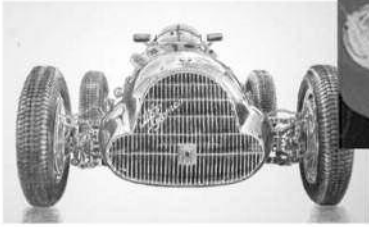
**20 Years of Experience
Providing**

- Expert Race Preparation
- Race Proven
Trackside Service
- Quality Ground Up
Vintage and Historic Race Car
Restorations



www.gmtracing.com

(203) 270-8441 • 16 Commerce Rd Newton, CT 06470



SERGEI DESIGN

Two and Three Dimensional Auto Art

sergeidesign.com

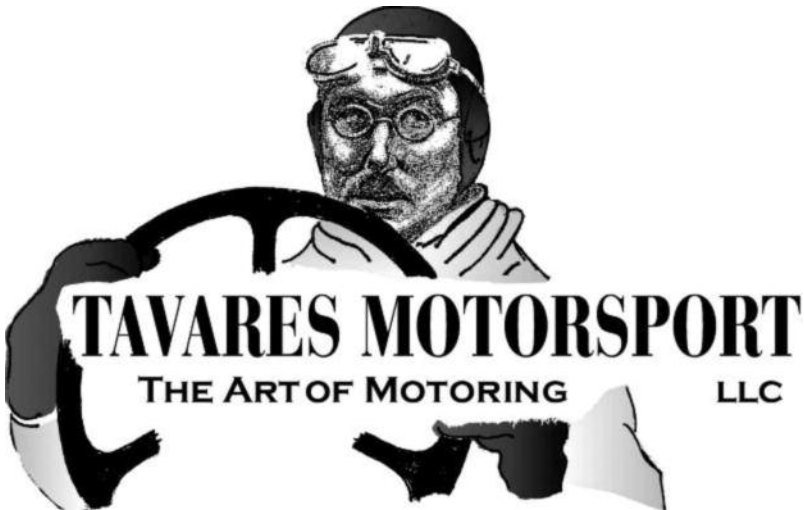
sergeif@comcast.net

Home/Studio 860 824 1165

Cell 860 317 5170

Falls Village, CT (3 miles from LRP)

Studio visits by appointment



www.tavaresmotorsport.com

DOMENICK'S EUROPEAN CAR REPAIR

HOME OF THE RACING GIULIETTA'S

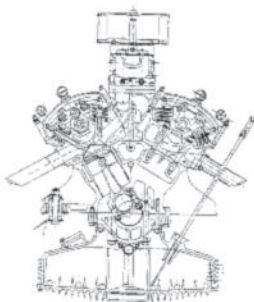
At your service is
Domenico Spadaro
Frank Spadaro
Santo Spadaro



SPECIALIZING IN:

- CAR RESTORATIONS
- VINTAGE RACE CAR PREPARATION
- COMPLETE ENGINE REBUILDS

Since 1960, family-owned business,
European trained mechanics, expert repairs on all...
From Alfa to Ferrari,
Audi to Mercedes,
Jaguar to Range Rover,
Saab to Volvo.



148 FERRIS AVENUE
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK 10603

Phone 914 949 0103

Fax 914 949 0618

E-mail sds1750@aol.com

Ask for references from our satisfied customers in
Westchester County, Fairfield County and Long Island.



Abingdon Spares



1.800.225.0251
abingdonspares.com



Quality new & used parts for MG TC TD & TF

- SU carburetors
- Engine parts
- Gaskets
- Bearing sets
- Pistons
- Complete brake pipe sets
- Cooling system
- Fuel tanks
- Fuel pumps
- Wiring harnesses
- Electrical parts
- Sheet metal
- Accessories
- Shop manuals
- Wheel bearings
- Master cylinders
- Brake parts
- Upholstery
- Wooden coachwork
- British fasteners
- Performance Parts

New Item!
BLOCKLEY TIRES

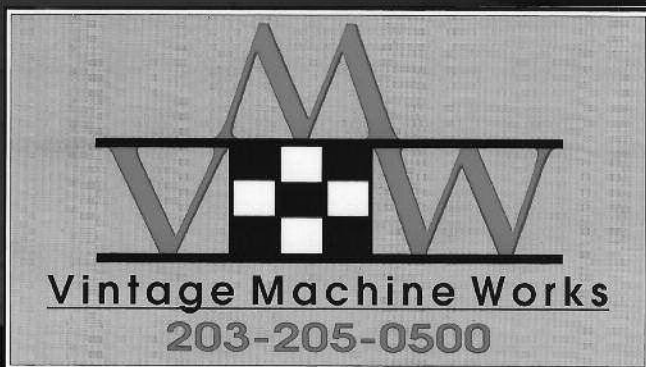


Blockley V Rated 165VR15 Tyres \$179.95

NEW!



Ashley GT Kits & Components



"If it throws a shadow - we can restore it"

"We are not just Bugatti & Stanguellini"

Track Support / Race Preparation

What Can We do for You?

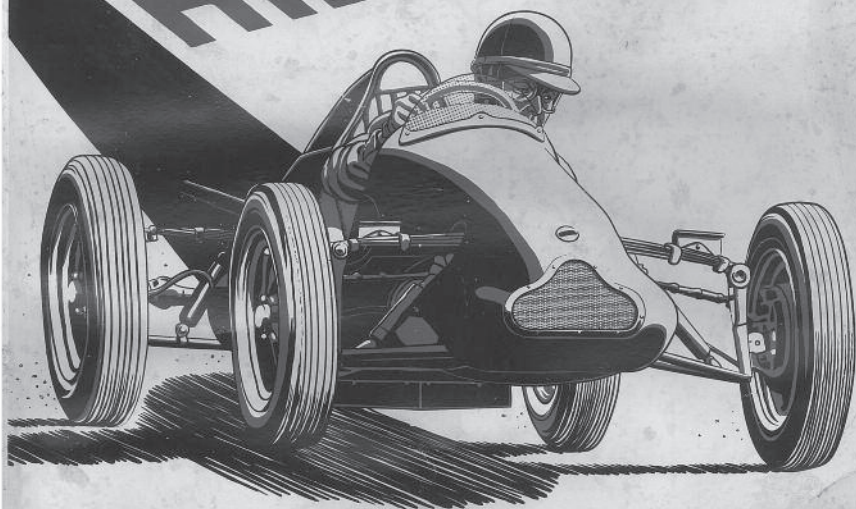
Mark J. Lefferts - Scott Lefferts

20 Henry Street

Bethel CT 06801

MANCHESTER MT. EQUINOX

HILLCLIMB



SUN. OCT. 28

GLOBE POSTER • BALTIMORE



VINTAGE SPORTS CAR CLUB OF AMERICA INC.