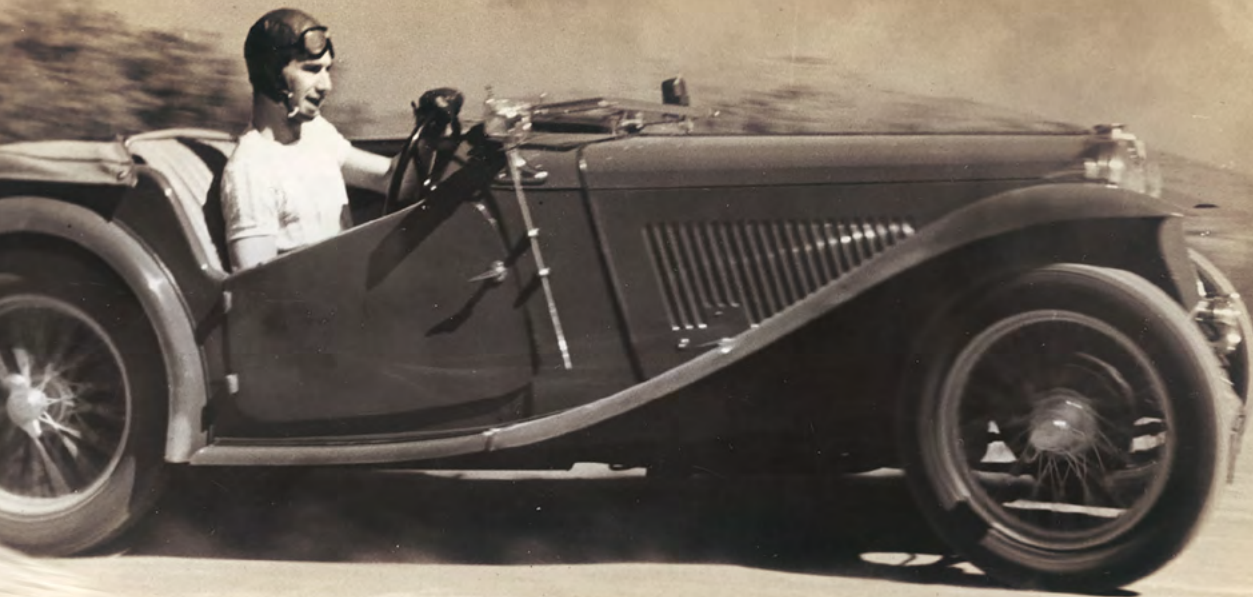


SYSTEM
SALE

See Center Section for Details

Moss Motoring

ISSUE 1, 2023



Moss Motors 75th Anniversary

What a spectacular ride it's been so far!





WRITERS AND WRENCHES

WE WANT YOU!

Share your experience, wisdom and talent with British car enthusiasts across the country. Contributors whose work is selected for use in the magazine will receive credit on their Moss Motors accounts! Now, since there is no way to print all the terrific stories and tech articles that are sent to us, we will place relevant and first-rate submissions on MossMotoring.com for all to enjoy and benefit. Sorry, submissions that are published online are not eligible for Moss credit.

editor@mossmotors.com

The best way to submit material is via email. Please attach digital photos at full size when possible. Film photographs and handwritten articles may be mailed to:

Editor – Moss Motoring
440 Rutherford St.
Goleta, CA 93117

\$200 Moss Credit

Three- to four-page stories and articles (approx. 1800 words). This includes: technical/restoration articles, historic accounts, Club and Event experiences and anything that will inspire or entertain. Please include pictures for us to choose from—the more, the better.

\$100 Moss Credit

Cover and main feature photography, general interest stories or medium-length tech articles.

\$50 Moss Credit

Tech tips, cartoons, illustrations, humorous anecdotes and other odds-n-ends that help make Moss Motoring great.

THERE'S MORE ONLINE!

The tip of the iceberg. That's what you're holding in your hands. The MossMotoring.com archive is chock full of stories and a wealth of technical advice.

Check it out today at MossMotoring.com

WE'VE GOT A FUN YEAR AHEAD OF US!

All throughout the year we will take a step back and make time to enjoy and celebrate this milestone. We'll have planned events, like Cars & Coffee (details coming!) as well as spur-of-the-moment specials, because you only turn 75 years old once!

No matter if you're a new customer or have been with us for decades, we hope you'll share in the fun. We wouldn't be here without you!



SYSTEM SALE

WIRING HARNESSES

COOLING

BRAKES

VALID 1/16–2/10/23

Shop online at: MossMotors.com



4

Al Moss and Me

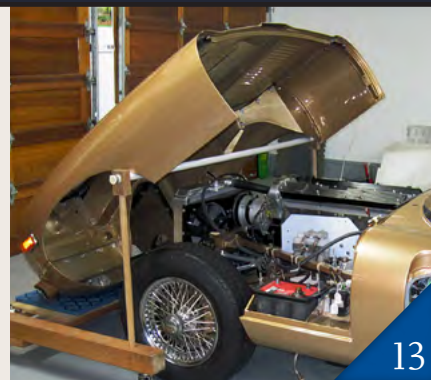
Reflections on a friendship with the Moss Motors founder.



8

Ukraine Midget

World traveler, Roy Locock, hits the road one last time despite the risks.



13

Rescuing Elvira

An E-Type in desperate need of care finds two pairs of good hands.



16

The Great Favor

Sometimes a moment of tragedy can bring to light an opportunity.



18

Healey Addiction

Three decades of owning a car that doesn't run. Yeah, that's an addiction.



22

Youth Has No Age Limit

It's been said that youth is wasted on the young. So stay young.

On the Cover:

The man and the machine that started it all 75 years ago, Al Moss and his beloved TC.

Editorial contributions to Moss Motoring are welcomed and should be: emailed to editor@mossmotors.com or mailed to "Editor – Moss Motoring, 440 Rutherford St., Goleta, CA 93117"

Moss Motors assumes no responsibility for lost or damaged materials. Materials accepted are subject to such revision

as required to meet the requirements of this publication. Unless otherwise specified, all correspondence will be considered for publication. All materials accepted become the sole property of Moss Motors, Ltd., which reserves the right to reprint/republish accepted materials.

© 2023 Moss Motors, Ltd.

Published by Moss Motors, Ltd.,
440 Rutherford Street, Goleta, CA 93117
800-667-7872

Moss Motoring Team:

Editor: David Stuursma
Creative Editor: Brandin Aguayo
Layout Designer: Marston Younger
Contributors credited individually

From the Editor's Desk...

A few months ago I asked the Positive Earth Drivers Club of Central New Jersey if I could share a story written in their excellent newsletter (see page 18). The author, Mike Ferguson, and I emailed back and forth a bit, and along the way Mike shared another piece he wrote. I'm including that here because I know his words will remind many readers of friends they've known who have gone ahead to explore the ethereal roads beyond. Mike's words also hit upon something that as an editor I'm inclined to appreciate, and that's the permanence of written words. Mike's friend Ray Carbone actively wrote tech articles for the club's newsletter, *The Terminal Post*, and he also regularly participated online at the Austin-Healey Experience forum with sound advice and encouragement. Even though Ray is no longer with us, some of his words are.

On that note, today I want to say "thank you" to all of you who are taking the time and energy to write down and share your experiences on forums and club newsletters and in this magazine, too. No matter whether you're a novice or expert mechanic—no matter whether you're a struggling or a proficient writer—your words can entertain, educate and inspire others. And for those of you who have never tried your hand at writing, I want to encourage you to support your club's newsletters if you belong to one, or submit stories to be shared in this magazine. You may be surprised at what you're able to create and the fun you'll have doing it. And you never know the impact you may have.

—David Stuursma

TAKING THE LEAD

RAY CARBONE

1942 –2020

by Mike Ferguson

I met Ray Carbone when I joined the Positive Earth Drivers Club (PEDC) in 1993. I heard about the club through the LBC grapevine and could sense this was the place to be. At my first meeting, I introduced myself stating that I had a 1963 Austin-Healey 3000 (BJ7) which I acquired in 1988 and was finally starting to work on the old rust-bucket. And, what a surprise, by the end of the meeting I'm in a detailed restoration discussion with my soon-to-be dear friend. Ray came right over to me saying I'm sure something like: "You bought a Healey, and the engine is seized, and it's full of rust, and you don't know much about Healey 3000s—that's great! We'll get it on the road. You can rebuild anything on a Healey!" I didn't know then, but here was a generous,

knowledgeable, enthusiastic, genuine, and kind soul brought into my life and who would bless it forever, just as he blessed so many others.

A month later, Ray was at my house expounding on restoration strategies—no problem is too big, too complex, or too costly. (Actually, Ray was a genius at doing great, high quality work on the cheap. Just see any of the many articles he wrote for PEDC, The AH Experience forum, and other venues.) He was there the first time I took a cutter to my car, fabricated my first patch-panel, sprayed my first coat of paint, and rebuilt so many components and systems. I think, and later learned, that he saw a lot of his nature and approach to his work in me. So, he understood me and I him, except



"The Healey Boys," myself, Frank Muratore, and Ray Carbone.

when I procrastinated beyond reason. Then he would prod me like a father and say something like "Are you going to look at it or do it? Do whatever you want, but do it."

With any restoration these days, you spend a lot of time online in search of the holy grail of answers for whatever ails your car that day. In a ground up restoration like mine, you do this at least weekly. What amazed me and never surprised me week over week, was, as I read through pages of posts, eventually, I'd come to one that made complete sense and was intelligently and articulately written. And then I'd see the byline—RAC—and I'd smile.

In the land of Healeys and LBCs in general, everyone knew Ray. Sitting with him at any British car club meeting

Ray rebuilding my fuel pump on his last visit to our garage, January 29, 2020.



or attending any British car show, it was like a scene from the old TV sitcom, *Cheers*. “Ray!” was our “Norm!” equivalent. And, one by one he’d greet each of us with as genuine of a greeting as I ever heard. Ray’s, “How ya doin’?” as I came to know meant, how are you, how is your car, and are you having fun with it? And he cared about all three sincerely. Maybe that’s because, as an original owner of a 1964 Austin-Healey 3000 Mk II, he knew personally how the joys, frustrations, challenges, and successes of owning an LBC contribute meaningfully to one’s life and, in turn, to those around him. His car was as close to a family member as a car can get. It was there when he courted his wife, Mary Lou, and when they brought their son Ray home from the hospital, and it was in so many parades with kids and grandkids overflowing in the seats.

In the remaining months of his life, Frank Muratore, Ray, and I (a.k.a., “The Healey Boys”) would visit, as the medical conditions allowed, or talk

on the phone or FaceTime a few times a week. Until the last week or so of his life, he always talked about what modification/improvement he wanted to make to his car—change the seat support so it reclines, reglue the vinyl on the door panels, install new “fuzzy” door trim, etc. These plans, goals, and dreams were like shots of adrenalin to Ray, boosting his morale and energy more than any drug could. Near the end, when he couldn’t sleep because of the pain, he’d get up in the middle of the night, go to the garage, and work on his current modification. (It’s important to note, as Ray would want me to, that no modification he ever did was invasive or permanent to the car. The ability to return it to original configuration and condition was always a paramount requirement for Ray.)

In each of these recent conversations I’d ask, “How are you doing, Ray?” Sometimes he’d answer briefly, other times he’d be direct and say, “Let’s not talk about that.” Always, he’d shift the

discussion to my Healey restoration with a “How ya doin’? What are you working on? ...Right, well, you’ve got to remember, when they designed the Healey...” In these moments, just like the treasure trove of similar ones over the course of our 27-year friendship, he always educated and suggested, but never did he tell me what to do. He would say, “You’re going to do it your way, the way you want, and you should because it’s your car...that’s what will make you happy, it’s your decision.”

As I said to Mary Lou, his wife and love of 54 years, Ray and my relationship was so very special. At times, he was like a brother to me, at others, like a father, and always as a dearest of God-given friends. Someday my 34-year and counting Austin-Healey 3000 restoration will be completed and Ray will be my first and always passenger asking me, “How ya doin’?” *MM*

MOSS MOTORS, AL MOSS, *and Me*

by John Ossenfort



In 1954 when I was 13, an Air Force pilot boyfriend of our next-door neighbor crammed my brother and I into the luggage area of his MGTD and off we went. What a ride! But when I started to drive, it was in a variety of American products. When the last of these died while I was in college, I briefly had the loan of my sister's Hillman Minx. Then a friend of my father's decided he was getting too old for his 1954 MGTD and I acquired it.

My introduction to the vagaries of British sports cars began immediately. On the way home from buying the car, the engine sputtered and died. Luckily, I had read a lot about these cars. A quick tap on the side of the fuel pump with a roadside rock and I was on my way, at least until the float chamber again ran dry. I must be a quick learner; I had kept the rock.

My first order from Moss Motors occurred not much later. Whenever the local British Auto Parts store didn't have the needed item, an order went out to Goleta, California. My first attempt at an SU carburetor overhaul took some time. After having spent ten years with Rochesters and Carters, I had to study the SU for a number of hours to figure out how it worked.

A few months later, I packed as much as would fit into the MG and

drove from St. Louis to Texas for a new job. I happily drove the car around Houston and the state of Texas for four years, with significant help from Moss Motors. My most ambitious project was pulling and overhauling the gearbox. I discovered the advantage of experience during this episode. It took something like eight hours to remove the gearbox and strip it down. Damaged and worn pieces went on the Moss Motors order form, and the new pieces arrived quite soon—except for one seal which was on backorder. Not knowing how long it would be before that part arrived, I rebuilt the gearbox with the new parts and reinstalled it back into the car. Of course, the backordered part arrived just a few days later. With the advantage of a little experience, I again pulled the gearbox, stripped it and rebuilt it in about half the time.

In 1970 I fell off the British auto wagon, but four years later I was transferred to England—a fascinating experience for a car nut. At that time it was not unusual to see British cars that are only names today: Aston Martin DB2, Jowett Jupiter, Triumph 2000, Bristol 401, Humber Super Snipe, Jensen Interceptor, Triumph Mayflower, Lea-Francis 2-½-Liter, Wolseley 6. Older Bentleys, Rolls Royces, Armstrong-Siddelys, and Jaguars were common sights.

I could also get my sports car fix by attending the annual Brooklands Reunion, as the racetrack was only three miles from our house. AC Cars was about the same distance in the other direction. My local gas station was the building originally occupied by HWM, who achieved some success with modified Jaguars and Aston Martin sports cars in the '50s.

We returned to the US in 1982. But a British sports car didn't return to my garage until 1997. We acquired a Jaguar XK120 OTS from my father-in-law, a true Jaguar fanatic, who had purchased it new in 1953. We were back contacting Moss Motors again.

A few years later, I retired and moved, along with the XK120, to northern Arizona. There my favorite connection with Moss Motors began. I joined a car club in nearby Sedona and at their first car show I met a rather short but friendly individual who was showing his Morgan 3-Wheeler. His name was Al Moss.

Al was an enthusiastic car nut. In addition to the Morgan, he also drove an early Austin (a Ruby, as I recall) and his beloved TC. He was always the first to volunteer to set up a rally for the club—often with quite tricky directions—or even a multi-day drive. One of his best events took us north into Utah, then east into Colorado, and



Al Moss on track at Laguna Seca, 2008. Enjoying a lap with friends at his Second Annual Farewell Tour.



The Copperstate 1000 rally of sports cars went through Sedona in 2011. Al and a couple of friends set up lawn chairs along the route and “graded” the cars as they passed. Al is “clocking” their speed—with a hair dryer!

back south again. Unfortunately, as we approached Cortez, Colorado, it began to snow. Soon a full-scale blizzard was blowing, and Al had used the space normally meant for the side curtains on his TC as additional luggage space. At our gas stop in Cortez we found some gloves for sale which we immediately purchased and presented to Al—his hands were almost frozen to the steering wheel.

We were also lucky enough to attend the Al Moss Second Annual Farewell Tour at Laguna Seca on Monterey weekend 2008. Al drove his

TC from Arizona to California and then motored slowly around the track. His competitive spirit might have deserted him a bit but he loved the occasion. I believe there might even have been a Third Annual the next year.

When we formed a Jaguar Club in northern Arizona, Al was made an honorary member. At the time he was driving a Mazda Miata, but he installed a Jaguar leaper on the hood and referred to his car as a “Miaguar.” Unfortunately, we lost Al to brain cancer in 2012. He is still missed. His enthusiasm for life, his wonderful sense of humor, his obvious

enjoyment and knowledge of everything automotive, and his friendship will not be forgotten by anyone who knew him.

My British car life continues today. As XK120 owners know, there is very little room for relaxation (or any movement at all) in the cockpit. I reached the point where I would be temporarily crippled upon getting out of the car after a three-hour drive. We still have the XK120, but for longer jaunts I acquired first a 1983 XJ6, followed by a 1987 model. And just recently I contacted Moss Motors in search of an XJ6 speedometer sensor. *MD*

“ I’ll never forget this Al Moss story from the 1979 MGA GT-4 event in Niagara Falls. Al and I were standing by his black MG Y Type saloon, and he was telling me about it. A guy comes up looking it over while we were still chatting. He finished looking and said to Al, “Engine is wrong color. Not supposed to be black.” Al replied without a pause and with a straight face, “The day before this car was built one of the engine painters died, so out of respect they painted all the engines black that day.” After the man left I about rolled on the ground laughing, and so did Al. ”

—Gil DuPre



by Michael Mascelli

My story starts in about 1965 when I was 13 and saw my first funny little English car in a local gas station lot in Latham, New York. All of my friends were the younger brothers of hard-core American Muscle motorheads, and yet somehow I was captivated by what I later learned was a 1938 MG TA.

A few years later that same British Racing Green TA was back on that same lot, but this time with a “FOR SALE” sign on it. I was bold enough to inquire, but there was no way I could have afforded it. On the bright side, though, my interest led me to a local MG enthusiast who said he knew of a T-series car that was all apart and might be for sale for at a much cheaper price. The catch was that it was about an hour away in the sleepy little hamlet of Maryland, NY. I made the trip through the beautiful Cherry Valley, and it really did change my life.

Gordon Morris was to all appearances a simple country farmer

with an old barn converted to a garage repair shop. I was most impressed with the big field full of old iron-wheel tractors as there were only a few old sedans on the front gravel lot. He was not a very tall man, and there was no way I could have ever imagined that he was a true giant in the world of British cars in post-war New England. In the quiet shop I met Hugh Francis, the only mechanic, working on a nice Morris Traveller, next to it a big, huge Rolls Royce, and winding through the various piles of parts and tools Gordon steered me to a side shed and within it, a mostly disassembled MG TD. He said it was for sale “as is” and that all the parts were there in boxes and bins. I was hooked. Having little cash, I asked if I could pay the car off in installments, and perhaps add some of my own labor to help offset the cost. He agreed, and a wonderful relationship began.

Using my recently acquired sewing machine, and very limited skills, I did some basic sewing jobs for various cars. Each time I brought something

back, I got to see a little more of the world of Gordon. One day he took me to “the bunker” where I saw what I now know were absolutely priceless cars including a Henley Rolls (one of four), an MGA still with the shipping stickers from the dock in New Jersey where Gordon picked it up from JS Inskip, and a stunning MG K3 in full race preparation. Gordon was one of the pioneers who brought the magic of MG from the big metro areas to the rural countryside and who, through his own racing and touring, inspired a whole generation of devotees, including me.

After nearly a year, the long-awaited day arrived. My friend borrowed his father’s big car with a trailer hitch so we could tow my basketcase TD home on a home-made tow bar, and with the fenders tied down with ropes. The remaining parts were in old wooden milk boxes, and I could not have been more excited.

It took me most of a year to get the car sorted out, and a bunch of time sweeping the floor at a body shop to

work off the cost of a paint job—and some more time polishing old silver plates to work off the cost of chrome plating my TD parts—but I did finally get the car together only to find out that I had a badly damaged steering wheel. I took a trip out to Gordon's, and he calmly pulled a slightly dusty box from a very dusty shelf, and in it was a brand-new mottled TD wheel in the original box. That was the last time I ever saw Gordon, because I did not know that all the while he was dying of cancer and the TD project was one he knew he could not finish. I am sure he really wanted it to go to some enthusiastic kid who would treasure it forever, and that is exactly what I have done. It is 47 summers later, I am still driving the car, with a now faded lacquer paint job, the hood hinges still on backwards, the mottled steering wheel, and by far the most important part, a genuine "Morris Garage" sticker on the back bumper.

Sadly, Gordon never saw the car finished, but I have had the most wonderful relationship with Hugh Francis, one of the true "MG Men" of the world, who has more knowledge of these cars than can be measured and who has had more MGs in his small two-bay garage than could ever be counted. My TD was in every sense a coming-of-age project, one that would not have been possible without the help of the folks at Moss who I often called literally from the garage with a wrench in my hand trying to solve a problem. And, thanks to that experience, I went on to do some upholstery and trim work on many other MGs, including some award-winning ones owned by local collector Carl Meyer. I am now the proud grandfather of two small boys, and I hope that it will be possible for them to one day enjoy some of the excitement of these magical little cars. In the meantime, I plan to drive mine on as many sunny days as possible. *MM*





Ukraine Midget

Bridget's Final Tour

by Roy Locock

Roy and his 1979 MG Midget have traveled the globe—driving through every continent save for Antarctica. To read more of his travel adventures, search “Roy Locock” on [MossMotoring.com](https://www.mossmotoring.com).

We're only able to share a portion of Bridget's swansong tour here. To enjoy it in its entirety, visit [MossMotoring.com/bridgets-final-tour](https://www.mossmotoring.com/bridgets-final-tour).

Two years ago I decided I wanted to do one more decent drive in Bridget before retiring her from the endurance touring game. Then, on the 24th of February, 2022, Mr. Putin challenged my plans. So, I decided to ‘play in the backyard’ for three months. I realized that there were a surprising number of countries in Europe that Bridget hadn’t driven and many are the countries that make up the Balkans. We might even get close to the Ukraine border to shout rude things at Mr. Putin.

After performing an upgrade to Bridget’s suspension and checking over the engine, we left on June 15 and traveled through 16 countries covering almost three thousand miles. Bridget is now on her 59th different country and I have decided that Ukraine is to be her 60th. We leave tomorrow for the border.

I had made my way to Siret, a small Romanian town where one of the border crossings into Ukraine is situated. I found a hotel, within 500 metres of the crossing, and booked a room for two nights. This would give me the opportunity to determine if I would be able to enter the country or not.

At the roadside leading to the border there was a queue of trucks waiting to cross that was more than two and a half miles long. When I remarked upon this, whilst signing the hotel register, the receptionist told me that the previous week the queue had been 15 miles!

At breakfast I met the hotel’s owner, a Maltese gentleman, who at the age of 19 bought a brand-new MG Midget as his first car. He was thrilled to see Bridget and learn what we were doing, albeit he questioned the wisdom of crossing the border in the current circumstances.

During the stay-over I chatted with a number of the charity workers that were encamped all along the approach road. Most of the big multi-national charities were represented with row after row of tents. There were tents for adult and children's clothing, medical supplies, food and drink, baby requisites, sleeping bags, blankets, the list went on and on.

I was told that the refugee evacuation was now very organized, with many crossing in official buses, rather than the huge queues that we first saw on television. That said, I was told that ten thousand had crossed at this point in the last month. At the time of this writing, the overall total stands at 6.5 million refugees.

The officials appeared surprised that I felt I had to ask if I would be able to cross the border the next day, and said, "No visa required. The British are very welcome." Then I was questioned where I intended to go in the country. The officials made it clear that there were no laws barring me from attempting to go wherever I pleased, but it would make things very difficult for the authorities should I go somewhere and get injured. I would also not be able to pass many of the military checkpoints if I attempted to go near the frontline areas. They said that they would prefer me to travel only in the north-west of the country and not venture to Kiev.

After a good night's sleep, Bridget and I left the hotel at 08:30 and drove without incident to the border. Private vehicles are directed past all the stacked lorries so our wait was not too long, and in total it took less than an hour to negotiate Customs and Passport control. However, it took another twenty minutes to purchase the green card for Bridget. I had no local currency to pay for the card and the only ATM at the border was broken. Eventually, the insurance broker and I came to an understanding: I only had 20€, so he would charge me 20€.

As we left the border crossing the line of cars and charity workers waiting to cross the other way was quite short. The queue of lorries however, stretched



Trucks lining up to exit Ukraine, two columns, nine miles long.

more than nine miles. The drivers at the back would have to wait two days to cross. I was amazed that the border officials hadn't introduced a streamlined procedure temporarily to get these trucks rolling. They are desperately needing to get goods in and out without delays. To hell with the normal EU paperwork, check that they aren't carrying drugs or illegals and get them moving.

Unusually for me, I set an objective for the day, to drive to the town of Ivano-Frankivsk.

Observing as much as possible whilst driving, and from walking around

the town, life generally appears to be what one assumes is quite normal, or perhaps I should say peaceful. We passed through one military checkpoint. There was little in Ivano-Frankivsk to suggest that there was a crisis, until you look closely. The windows of the main railway station were taped up to prevent glass shards flying in the event of an explosion and, on peering through the window, they were sand-bagged inside. When I took a photo of the sandbagged City Hall, I was quickly apprehended, in a very respectful way, and told that such photographs were undesirable.

The following morning I woke-up a little earlier than normal, startled by the wailing of an air raid siren. Still bleary-eyed, my first thought was “it’s a practice” followed by “What? At five o’clock in the morning?” As a post-war baby, I can remember the sirens being tested every so often in the early 1950s and we always waited for the short ‘all clear’ blast to follow. Do they sound an ‘all clear’ here? Are we supposed to get out of bed and go somewhere? I decided to go back

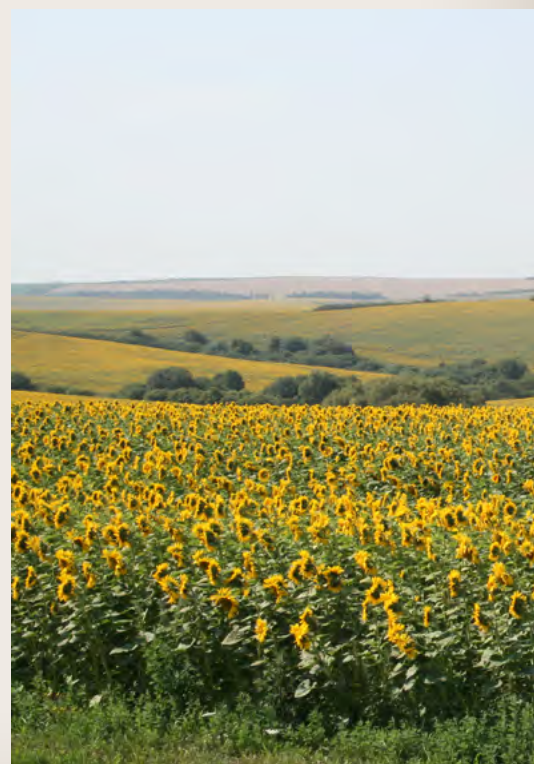
to sleep. But I would defy anyone not to continue listening for the sound of an aircraft, or roar of an incoming missile, for a few minutes at least.

I saw later in the news that the city of Odessa was hit by two missiles with another two missiles destroyed. If they were fired from a ship in the Black Sea, the trajectory would have crossed us, among many other towns, and there is no way of knowing where the target is, so the alert must go out along the total

path. It’s un-nerving, which is probably a secondary objective of the Russians.

After breakfast, Bridget and I set off for Lviv. There is a good chance many of you will have heard of Lviv, as it was mentioned frequently in the early days of the conflict. Many news reports came from there and it played an important role in the evacuation of many refugees.

Driving steadily, I was able to observe my surroundings more closely. With the absence of any mountains the countryside looks much the same as areas of Britain. There is a considerable variety of trees, not all pine, as is the case in some parts of Europe, and the fields of wheat, maize, and sunflowers look healthy. The villages have a reasonable housing stock, of largely traditional architecture, rather than broken and unkempt barns and outhouses. Plenty of people were working the farms, and it was difficult to believe the carnage happening just a few hundred miles away. The most obvious difference between their villages and those in the UK is the compulsory village church. I know some village churches in Britain have tall spires or towers, but the



Ukraine version is an altogether larger building with several onion shaped domes, an architectural feature of the Orthodox Church.

In no time we were on the outskirts of Lviv and as we took a left turn I spied a car wash. We did a U-turn and ran straight into the third bay. I took a good half an hour and Bridget was looking very much brighter. The paintwork on her bonnet was looking lacklustre so I treated her to a little wax once I was booked into the hotel. This time the receptionist briefed me on safety measures in Lviv, including what to do in case of air raid warnings and the location of the air raid shelter.

After an uninterrupted night's sleep, I went down for breakfast, and in the restaurant there were several families, including two with babies. On the wall is a large flat screen TV showing a children's cartoon when, without interrupting the show, an announcement, that is transmitted across all channels, in both Ukraine and English, warns of a possible air raid. It is indicative of the normalization effect of the situation that the parents, with babies to care for, hardly look up from

their tasks. It is totally understandable why millions have fled.

Two hours on and another air raid warning; I decided to go to the gym for an hour and work off any tensions. Then I wandered into the outside world to explore this city that is rich in culture and history. Lviv was founded in 1250 AD and there have been many periods when it has been under the rule of others. The main periods were under the Mongols and the Poles. The Polish influence has

probably been the strongest in both cultural and architectural areas. Of course the Germans occupied Ukraine in World War II and the Russians since, but there is no confusion over whether or not Ukraine is an independent sovereign State.

Several times I met with a Ukrainian couple and their three-year-old daughter, Sonja, in the hotel. They were taking a short relaxation break from their home in Kiev. They asked if we could meet-up and go for dinner in



town, but we couldn't get our timing in sync. We settled for a walk, a drink, and a visit to a playground. Their daughter is a confident, but not precocious, young lady who understands how to get what she wants. Her mother is an IT professional and dad worked for an importing company. I asked how they coped with the situation in Kiev, where you are ill-advised to ignore the sirens' wails. At first they said life was fairly normal, but gradually admitted normal really meant that they had become used to the difficulties. In their daily lives they avoided all public buildings unless they had business there, and whenever going from A to B, plotted a path between heavily built-up streets where missiles find it hard to penetrate.

Life around Lviv was teeming and all the shops, cafes, and restaurants were open as normal. All along the tree-

lined pedestrian paths were benches, each occupied by groups of gentlemen watching a pair of men playing chess—and very earnest games they were—with official clocks timing every move.

On the Saturday there were notable numbers of soldiers, with their families, taking in the sunshine and entertaining their children. They clearly had weekend passes and were getting some respite in an area of relative safety.

On the morning I was due to leave, Sonja and her dad met me and invited me to Kiev for a few days to see their city. I had to decline their lovely offer and explained that the border officials had specifically asked me not to go to Kiev, Odessa, or the Donbas region.

The drive to the Polish border was easy and uneventful except for a couple of checkpoints where the soldiers were so excited seeing Bridget they dropped

everything else they were doing and came over to have their photos taken.

There was a short queue at the border and, as it was fairly warm, I decided to get out of Bridget and stretch my legs. A people carrier passed by and stopped opposite the customs office. Several officials came out of the office and went over to the carrier, opened the rear doors and there was a family of ten, with all their worldly goods. Customs have to thoroughly search all vehicles including those of refugees. Watching these events was too much for me and I had to return to the car. With my passport stamped, Bridget and I drove off through the barriers, but I had the most awfully mixed emotions. I was happy to have visited their country but couldn't help feeling that I was abandoning them to their fate. *MM*



This photo shows the Lviv Opera House with children playing in the fountains. Six weeks after I left Lviv, Russian forces made several, multiple-missile attacks causing loss of life and destruction of its infrastructure.

Rescuing ELVIRA

by Ed & Kathleen Praxel



It was a pre-destined encounter. A depleted looking E-Type Jaguar sat in a yard along the road where logging trucks and pickups were the norm. The Jag beckoned to me. I stopped and found that the owner didn't want to know about the car anymore. It was a Series II, 2+2. The horn honked authoritatively so it couldn't be all bad. I've always been

partial to XKE's but buying a car because I felt sorry for it isn't exactly a plan—but that's what I did.

Typically, most car magazine articles and TV programs on modifications and restorations have difficulty starting a vehicle. The Jag started without a problem—it just wouldn't stop! I couldn't slip the clutch because it was an automatic, so I pulled

the coil wire. I was told later by a knowledgeable source that a fan motor could generate current and the engine would stay running. This was the first of several idiosyncrasies I encountered on the Jag.

To keep this in perspective, my wife and I are octogenarians and became enthusiasts on a quest to preserve a work of art. The E-Type is one of only

The body is a monocoque tub with tubular front subframes attached to the firewall. This carries the engine and front suspension and is similar to aircraft design from a time past. To better utilize our garage workspace, we built a substantial dolly out of 4x4s and 2x6s. This allowed the car to pivot around its center and move easily.



a few of cars displayed in the Museum of Modern Art, New York City. Our experiences may be of benefit to anyone considering a restoration.

I relied on Moss Motors' parts catalogs for their excellent diagrams. The different parts categories became the basis for our approach to restoring the Jag and we were aware that we were following in the shadow of the previous owner(s) repairs. Something I've found from times past is that I can't know too much about a project. I also acquired a factory workshop and parts manual, and the owner's handbook for the 2+2.

A restoration requires thorough documentation like photographs and

note taking. It also demands lots of space for storage of parts and, most importantly, commitment of time. Our original goal of making the Jag into a "driver" morphed into a total "nuts, bolts, and screws" restoration. We had decided to return the car to its original DNA (European version) and upgrade as many items as possible, including replacing the automatic transmission with a manual.

I wanted to do as much of the restoration as possible. However, if I couldn't do the work I located people with expertise in that area to assist, this included engine machine work, body work and painting. I located a body and

fender man who said he'd work on the Jag on site. He had an affinity for the car and when he was finished he stepped back to view his work and commented, "Now you can even paint it black."

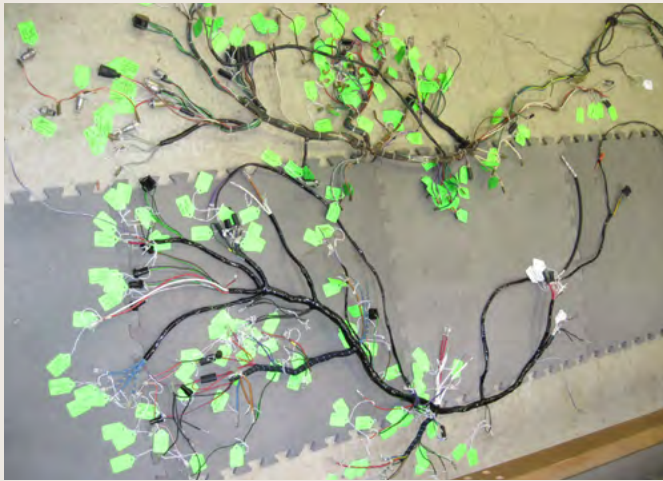
When people first see the Jag they ask, "What is it?" and then, "How fast can it go?" and I reply, "Look at the speedometer." This produces a look-see and then a look at me and back to the speedometer. The next question is "How fast have you had it?" To which I say with a grin, "Fast enough for the front end to get a little light." *MM*



As a nod to its sensuous lines, we named the Jag "Elvira." Our neighbor came by to visit and observe the progress on the Jag, and she was looking forward to a celebratory ride when it was completed.



The engine goes in at a steep angle due to the transmission having to be attached to it. This required an engine hoist with a leveler for best results. The engine was lowered in gradual increments and a dolly put under the back of the transmission to help steady it.



I have yet to locate a wiring diagram that matches the 1970 S2 2+2. The wiring can't be too well documented, and we attached string tags to the old and new looms for item identification. I also drew a schematic in the colors of



the wires. Most guy's hands won't fit where wires have to be connected. In the book "Jaguar E-Type: The Definitive History" by Phillip Porter, there's a picture of a woman doing cockpit wiring. So, my wife did the electrical work!

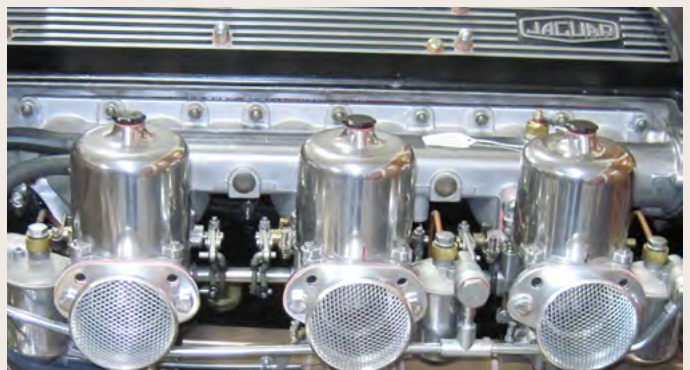


The independent rear suspension is a project in itself. It has two shock absorbers per side with coil-over springs. The brakes are inboard and this was to reduce unsprung weight for better handling (racing). Engineers found when the car was driven aggressively the heat from the brakes boiled the oil in



the differential. This was corrected with air ducts. I was unable to locate a small spring compressor so I made one using an old rotor with hooks on one end and threaded on the other. The hooks went over the spring. Nuts on the threaded ends were tightened down simultaneously for compression.

The SU carburetors are a result of the "old pals act." A friend just happened to have these sitting on a shelf—but not in the now refurbished condition. When he saw them cleaned up, he said, "I should have kept them!"



“You’ll Be Doing Me a Great Favor”

by Bruce Valley

The following is an excerpt from Bruce Valley’s book “Zen and the Art of Collecting Old Cars,” available on Amazon and in select bookstores.

Settling into our home on California’s Monterey peninsula, I felt certain that my British car collecting was concluded. British cars simply didn’t move me like they once did. But, as we all come to know in living our lives, sometimes things just happen. A few weeks later, I received a call from an old friend. He owned a Triumph TR3A sports car for many years, possibly from new. It was, effectively, one of his children. He was calling to ask if, as a friend, but also as a car guy, I would accompany him to “the scene of the crime.” His much-loved Triumph, a car he had commuted in for years, had been stolen several weeks earlier. It had just been found by the police, badly damaged, parked behind a local motel. My friend said he could not go to see the wrecked car alone.

I couldn’t refuse such an emotional request. An hour later, we checked in with the motel manager and walked to the rear of the building. I was glad I’d come along as we reached the Triumph. The sports car had been savaged. Evidence of mindless fury was everywhere. The battered TR sat in a circle of its own bits and pieces. Metal shards, broken glass, and various chrome parts lay scattered on the ground. The car’s windshield was smashed and had been ripped from the vehicle. Its convertible top was shredded, the support bows bent and tangled. The hood, trunk, front fenders, and both doors had been kicked in. The seats and door panels were torn, and the gauges’ glass faces were all cracked. The scene was stomach-wrenching for me. I could only imagine what my friend was feeling as he surveyed the carnage through tears.

Neither of us could grasp what possessed someone to steal a beautiful vintage automobile, then destroy it. We walked away without deciding what had to be done, the car’s owner numb from what he’d seen. It had only been a few months, he said, since he’d pulled and rebuilt its engine, using a chain fall and convenient oak tree in his back yard.

He stopped and turned to me. “I’d like you to have the car.” He said. “I know I can never take it back. And I couldn’t bear parting out what’s left of it.” Sensing his distraught state, I took a moment, then answered carefully. “I’m so sorry that this has happened to you. It’s a tragedy. But with two project cars in my garage, I’m really in no position to purchase another car.”

His pained look told me more than words could say. “I didn’t mean I’d sell the Triumph to you. I want to give you the car. The title is clear. Perhaps you could park it in your driveway, remove whatever can be sold, then send the remainder to the crusher. I don’t care. I just know I can’t do it myself, not after all our years together.” Then he added, “Please understand. You’ll be doing me a great favor and I’ll never forget it.

There was only one answer to such an emotional plea. The next day, I drove my Volvo wagon to the rear of the motel, filled it with broken Triumph pieces, then backed the car close to the TR’s nose. A rope was attached to the car’s tow ring. With a sympathetic neighbor driving the Volvo in first gear, I put an old pillow down over the glass shards on the front seat, climbed in, shifted the transmission to neutral, and released the hand brake. The caravan crawled the three miles to our driveway, where the TR3 sat for several weeks, as I thought

out the unwelcome process of stripping and parting out the car.

It was a quiet Sunday morning as I went up the driveway to retrieve the morning paper. Walking back, I paused, looking at the crumpled vehicle with new eyes. Would this little Triumph want another chance at life? I debated with myself. Before breaking the car apart, why not invest a few hours, clean up the mess, and find out if it could be brought back, thereby cancelling its date with the crusher? By the following weekend, several evenings of effort after dinner had wrought significant change. The interior, filled with glass and metal fragments, was swept out and vacuumed. Broken items were gathered on my workbench, their part numbers listed. The seats and door panels were removed for further cleaning and eventual recovering. The pushed-in hood and trunk, doors and fenders, were made of quality sheet metal. All were returned to their original shape using a rubber-headed hammer. It became obvious that those who caused the damage had concentrated their energies on the sheet metal and interior. The engine, transmission, rear end, tires, wheels, brakes, steering, and suspension were all in good order. Lacking a key, I hot-wired the ignition. The motor fired up. Its sound signaled that the exhaust and muffler were not damaged.

The next afternoon I took a victory lap around the neighborhood, sitting on six pieces of seasoned red oak firewood piled together, and covered with two old patio chair cushions. The TR3A all but snorted its approval rounding the final turn into our driveway. Having proven her will to live, she was covered with a tarpaulin to protect her from rain. The comeback had begun.

Much work remained to resurrect the Triumph and get her back on the road, reliable and safe. It would take most of the winter to complete the work and reassembly. I sold one of the project cars to make room in the garage. By this point, our list of replacement items was complete. Several suppliers could provide almost any item needed. I found Moss Motors to be especially helpful and leaned heavily on them to replace items destroyed or damaged beyond repair.

Content that I had the basic supply system in place, I gave thought to the possibility of using supplemental labor to augment the few hours each week I had available to work on the car. Ultimately, I "hired" our two teenage daughters, Noelle and Christine, believing that, though they were unlikely to enjoy the grinding, pounding, patient work required, they wouldn't object to doing so for pay. I also thought that their participation in the restoration work, and in seeing a car taken apart and reassembled, would stand them in good stead later, putting them in that rare class of adult females who could deal knowledgeably with automotive maintenance and repairs, as was later proven the case.

On a clipboard, I listed various tasks I believed within the girls' competence, given instruction and some supervision. On another clipboard was a labor record. Each girl recorded hours worked on given dates and on specific tasks.

In this way, fenders were removed, the replacement interior was installed, and many new parts found their way onto the car.

By spring, a dashing dark blue TR3A, with lighter blue interior and black vinyl top, sat in the driveway. A young attorney responded to our newspaper ad and agreed to purchase the car at the listed price. With a certified check in hand, and the Triumph gone to its new home, I sat down with our daughters to determine their earnings. In accordance with our agreement, all costs of the project were

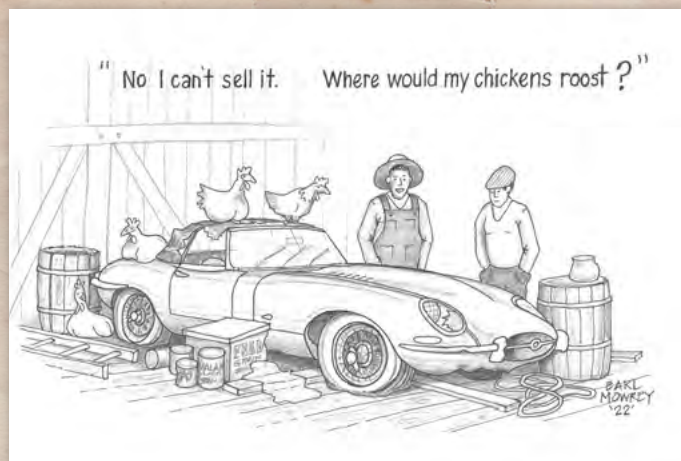
subtracted from the proceeds. What remained was divided between the girls in proportion to the hours each had recorded working on the car.

I often recall how close the Triumph roadster came to being taken apart, crushed into a small steel block, and having its tough little automotive soul extinguished. Having helped her avoid that fate, I now imagine her enjoying the winding back roads of coastal northern California and no longer call to mind her sad appearance as she sat, forlorn and in pieces, behind that motel.

MM



Bruce's days of British car collecting didn't end with the TR3A. He wrote: "I recently completed a light restoration and some updates on a '52 MGTD. This has to be one of the nicest automobiles I've driven in my six-plus decades of collecting and restoring old cars. A veritable sweetheart on wheels."



LIGHTHEARTED ART by Earl Mowrey

"I have recently retired as the second generation of a three generation architectural design firm. And this is my 22nd year as an adjunct instructor at Penn College of Technology where I teach architecture and I was instrumental in starting their antique auto restoration program. I consider myself an aesthete, because I appreciate all things of beauty and that explains my passion for most things Jaguar. My garage currently is home to several Jags including an original unrestored XK120 SE Roadster, XJ6, XJS, and four 'E' Types. I consider the Series I E Type coupe to possibly be the most perfectly executed car shape of all time."

Confessions of a *Healey* Addict

by Mike Ferguson,
Member of the
Positive Earth Drivers Club

Periodically, and against my better judgement, I publicly proclaim progress on my now 34-years-and-counting ground-up restoration of my '63 Austin-Healey 3000 (BJ7). Well, it's time to bring out the soapbox because a lot has happened "suddenly" in the last two years. Of course, the amount of progress planned and desired never matches the results, but the joy of the process and partnerships continues to reign paramount. In other words, I'm still having fun! So, let me ramble about the highlights of the past 24 months in hopes that some facet of these steps inspires, amuses, or confounds you.

Life on a Rotisserie

Choosing to do a nut and bolt restoration, I made a few wise purchases—a professional two-stage 60-gallon compressor, a blast cabinet, and, in particular, a rotisserie. A lot of work happened on that rotisserie where my approach was to repair and assemble everything car-part-possible on the chassis just short of the engine and transmission. It was such a joy to work on the car where any area is immediately at the most comfortable and convenient position with a gentle push of the carcass. Even with the car "loaded," I could rotate it 90° to work on the bottom. Prior to installing the differential, but with all other suspension parts on board, I was known to do a 360 on occasion—there must be an Olympic gold medal for that move somewhere.



While the car was on the rotisserie, I restored body and frame sections, switches, suspension parts, shocks, differential, etc., and I replaced wiring harnesses, anything rubber, hubs, bearings, wheels, brakes, clutch components and lines, the gas tank and, generally, anything consumable or that could be life-threatening due to age or wear. In short, every component, nut, and bolt was addressed. I'll miss that rotisserie; I did sell it recently. Yep, very unlikely I'll do another ground-up restoration. If you hear me talking like I'm considering another one, call the men in the white coats, stat!

Yes, it was cool having a chassis on a rotisserie. It was always a hit with family and friends when they'd visit. A drink or two invariably led to questions like, "Hey, what's happening with your car? An Austin what? Will you ever finish it?" So, we'd move the soirée to the garage where I'd do my "360 gold metal spin" move for them. It does freak out non-car-restoration types as they've never seen a car from that perspective, nevermind from this level of disassembly/reassembly.

OK, It Looks Nice, But Does It Run?

On February 4, with a perfect 10.0 dismount performed by Frank Muratore (my dear friend and British car cohort) and me, the rolling chassis was finally on terra firma and ready for engine/transmission installation. The engine was rebuilt by British engine (and more) builder extraordinaire Mike Kusch of Hourglass Motorsport. It was a great pleasure to work with him in the process for my own education and enjoyment, as well as to hear Mike's stories of British cars and bikes, vintage races, and more. Although I had rebuilt several engines myself "back in the day," those were different times. When you wanted to rebuild an engine, you pulled it, ripped it apart, and went with all necessary components to the local auto parts store that also had a full machine shop staffed by expert machinists. They then measured and advised, you bought parts, and a week or two later





you got all your parts back, reassembled the beast, inserted the key, and went for a drive.

Gone are those days of one-stop engine-rebuild shopping. That's where Mike comes in. He's an expert machinist and engine builder (as well as diff, trans, etc.), and he knows all the right people to call on. By example, I wanted to keep my BJ7 camshaft, as I want the car to run the way it was designed and came off the lot, not with the typical BJ8 higher-lift cam replacement (despite a few extra hp). Mike knows "the guy" in Washington state who rebuilds these, so off my cam went to WA, and back a few weeks later in as good as new condition! Mike pulled several other rabbits out of his hat along the way including rebuilding the differential, pressing hub bearings in, and doing any other task I

either didn't have the knowledge, skills, tools, or the courage for.

Jump ahead a few months, clean, paint, and assemble the Healey engine/trans beast (it truly is), install said beast, insert key, push starter button, and drive. Well, maybe not; it is a Healey after all. Instead, my now-proven process for things like this is:

1. Discuss ad nauseum with Frank Muratore until I push him to the point of his saying, "Let's just do it and stop talking about it or else this car will never get done."
2. Call Bob Pense (club member and everything-Healey expert) for his sage advice.
3. Review plans with Tom Vash (legendary club member and Healey expert) coupled with a visit to his garage to see what I'm getting myself into. And,
4. Check in with Mike Kusch (one town away) to be sure he'll be available

on the momentous day in case of emergency.

So now that I've aligned the stars, it's go-time! Let me not belabor the process but suffice it to say that this is one BIG BEAST to drop into one ITSY-BITSY space, never mind at an angle that would terrify the best fighter pilot on a training run. It took us two passes to succeed as we were too cautious the first time—something about pitching 728lbs at what felt like a kamikaze angle, suspended on two chains simply bolted to the engine, being pushed around on an engine hoist, wavering as it goes, saying "don't put any body parts between it and anything else." It's an event that will cause one to pause, maybe even take stock of one's life. Well, on the second run, we just cleared the front cross-member and slowly lowered the beast into the itsy-bitsy space while moving



the hoist toward the car. As we lowered the engine into place, mount alignment was actually simple thanks to what I now call “Pense Pins.” It’s two bolts threaded into the mount pillar on each side of the engine with their heads cut off . . . simply align the engine mounts already on the engine block with these pins and drop engine! Yes, a Bob Pense idea. Of course, there is a ton more to consider and do in this process, but, close enough.

Little Silver, New Jersey, We Have Liftoff

Finally, it’s time to see if it works. Until now, everything was theoretical. I think the wiring is correct. We think the fuel pump has ample psi’s. The fuel is Top Tier Sunoco 94, so that should help fend off non-start demons, right? In fact, I tested all wiring and components as much as

possible, stand-alone, but this is the first time that they must all work together... play nice. You know, start.

Well, with Mike Kusch at the helm (trust me, me in the driver seat in the photo is NOT the helm) and, with his cigarette at the ready, as always, to lend that little extra to ignite that Top Tier fuel if needed, I turn the key and push the button. The first go produced what Mike technically calls “farting,” in fact, a good thing in this case. Second push of the button, Kusch working the choke manually, and we have lift off. That was one ecstatic moment for me, Frank, Mike, Ray Carbone from Heaven above, my wife, kids, neighbors, even my lawn guy. They’re not shown in these pics, but they were there just as they’ve been there for the last 34 years wondering if this day would ever come. Sometimes I wondered too. Now I know, without doubt, that it was all worth it, because

the fun and excitement the Healey created that day for my dear family and friends, it’s been doing in its own odd way for me all these years. Note: The engine was seized when I bought this beautiful rust bucket, so this is the first time this car has run under my ownership and in 34+ years.

Epilogue

More has happened in the past year, but I’ll leave that for subsequent articles. Things like building a paint booth in my garage on a shoestring (\$60) budget, media blasting, priming and painting exterior panels in that spray booth, and body panel fitting. All great learning experiences, great fun, and sure to be a hit at our next cocktail party. *MM*

YOUTH

has no age limit

by John Quilter

Thinking back some 54 years, as a teenager I took a memorable road trip with my high school buddy, Jack Jewell, a fellow I met in mechanical drawing class. I had the jump on him with getting a driver's license and probably taught him how to drive in the family Morris convertible. As he approached the magical 16th birthday, he and I found a black Morris convertible for his first car. Soon after, he upgraded to a Morris "woody" Traveller and with my tutelage was now a confirmed British car guy.

Minors were just that—pretty minor—and so one day, as young folks do to keep their cars on the road with inexpensive parts, Jack happened to stop by the local auto wrecker, Leonharts, on Old County Road. And low and behold what did he find? A complete, undamaged, 1958 Jaguar XK150 Fixed Head Coupe. Inquiring of the proprietor why the car was there,

he learned the car had been recently turned in for a sick engine but was otherwise fully intact and undamaged. Jack thought this would be a lovely step up from his lowly Morris Traveller, but what about the sick engine? Did it run? Well yes, but with a horrific engine knock and low oil pressure. Still, in its very acceptable old English white with black leather interior, and it was the desirable four-speed with overdrive. Car-orientated teenagers are never put off by bad engines, and the price for this elegant ten-year-old Jaguar sports coupe—only \$500! The wrecking yard was willing to sell it with proper paperwork and not part it out, so a deal was done.

Jack had done work on Morris engines, changed broken transmissions, done brake jobs, etc., but this Jaguar was a bit more intimidating. Money changed hands, paperwork signed, and Jack fired up his new ride to attempt to stumble it

home, some five miles. Yes, it was a sick engine, but careful low RPM driving got it home. Now what? Jack and a couple of his buddies like me are not going to be able, with no equipment, to extract a big Jaguar 3.4 liter XK engine in the driveway. This was a sophisticated machine. The plan was to take it to a well-known Jaguar and British Car specialty shop and get it fixed. It was pretty much an open-ended repair order that resulted. Whatever it took. Pull engine, disassemble, and repair as needed. Bill Burnett and Sons British Auto Service began the task. Engine out, on a stand, head off, sump off, timing cover off, chains off, and finally crank out. But, oops, when all the big ends and mains were released, and the crank lifted, it came out in two pieces. Aha! The reason for the engine knock and low oil pressure. Back in those days used but usable parts for British cars were readily available in specialty





wrecking yards and one in Portland came through with a serviceable used crankshaft. Bill and his sons set about multiple tasks on this engine, a valve job, new piston rings, bearings, timing chains, and of course the inspected but usable used crankshaft. Brake pads replaced and other tasks competed, such as a carb overhaul and radiator boil out.

Along the way it was determined that the silver painted 16-inch wire wheels were a bit wonky after ten years, so enterprising Jack paid a visit to ABC Foreign Auto wreckers in San Jose, and came away with some shiny chrome wires from likely a totaled E Type or Mark II. What's going down one inch in size in the bigger scheme of things? They looked fabulous wearing a new set of tires.

When the comprehensive refurbishment concluded, Jack and I got in some driving experience in with local shake-down cruises and sports car rallies that were common at the time. All seemed to operate well in this flashy XK150. So now what? The suggestion of a road trip came up. Where to? How about Canada? So, with our parents' permission in the late summer of 1968, we set out. We cruised up the highways and byways toward Oregon and detoured off the main route to take

in Crater Lake and other sights. The car was performing great and what a road car it was! The experience of a Morris Minor couldn't touch it, and it was much more sporting than my family's Jaguar 3.8S sedan, which still resides in my collection. On route 62 somewhere between Shady Cove and Union Creek we were balked on the two-lane rural highway by a family on vacation in their 1955 Chevy station wagon. Jack being a bit of a "boy racer" waited until there was a clear straight section, pulled out to pass, flipped the car out of overdrive, raising the rpm 600 and an equivalent decibel level, and with a blast from the glass pack exhaust he had fitted, rocketed by the wide-eyed family who I'm sure cursed us as a bunch of rich young whippersnappers in too fancy of a car for back country Oregon. That wouldn't be the last time we'd raise someone's blood pressure with that thundering exhaust.

We pressed on northward staying in motels and heading for Portland. We managed to wend our way through the city and to the I-5 Columbia River bridge when, mid-span, the car began to lose power and drag. Although the gauges all read normal and the big 3.4 engine was running strong, something was not right. We pulled off when we

reached an overlook on the Washington side. All four disc brakes were smoking through the wire wheels. So, the brakes were dragging, however, when we tried moving the car, it rolled quite freely. We weren't firm believers in a car's ability to self-repair, so we ventured back to Portland Jaguar's white-smocked service writer for help, but they were "booked" for the next three days. Seeing our plight, an independent repair shop in town was suggested. Upon arrival we explained our situation and the conclusion was that we were suffering from a sticky master cylinder that apparently hung up intermittently causing the brakes to drag. The shop made a quick trip to their British parts house and came back with a new master cylinder, which was expeditiously fitted, and we were once again northbound.

The only other issue occurred somewhere in Washington when the gear lever simply pulled out of its rubber mounting at the shift rail. We stuck it back down and proceeded on, shifting gingerly, but that evening we found a cooperative service station that let us put the car on their lift for an inspection. The problem was easily solved with a large washer and nut to replace the ones that had come loose.



This photo, in a very appropriate setting for the article, was provided by Richard Owen of Owen Automotive, a restoration company in British Columbia. On his YouTube channel "Richard Michael Owen" you will find a detailed series of videos thoroughly documenting the restoration of this stunning XK150. Highly recommended viewing.

We headed up east of Puget Sound on highway 101 with the intention of arriving in Port Angeles for the ferry to Victoria on Vancouver Island and Canada.

The ferry trip went well and upon arrival in the center of Victoria we disembarked with our Jaguar. Right on the inlet nearby the dock is the very posh and quite old Empress Hotel. The street in front the hotel runs uphill for a block or so. Jack decided to make his first presence in a foreign country evident with an announcement from the glass packs. Not a block later we were pulled over by the local constable. Jack, being the driver, politely rolled his window down, whereupon the constable admonished us for essentially disturbing the peace in this quaint

Canadian town in front of the most elegant hotel in the city. With a totally straight face, Jack apologized saying he had "just bought this car from a wrecking yard." The constable simply requested we keep it down in town, then, looking at the shiny Jaguar added, "Wow, you Americans sure do throw nice things away."

The trip back down the coast was blissful, and the Jaguar did the 900-some miles in a fine way.

Jack kept this car for 12 months or so, then as he sometimes did, tired of it. His boss, and owner of the Portola Valley Shell station where Jack was working, took a liking to it and bought it from him, and Jack moved on to a new Z28 Camaro. Hampton (Hamp) Hoge took the car back to his home in

Los Gatos. Sometime later he and his son decided to have the car resprayed and in preparation took it apart. Mr. Hoge passed away in 2012 so there's no telling what has become of the 150. I had previously encouraged Jack to buy it back and put it together once again. Sure, the hydraulics and fuel system would have to be gone through, but that pales compared to what he had done to the car back in 1968. Jack contended that Mr. Hoge would have calculated the car's worth in stratospheric dollars, having seen too many Barrett Jackson auctions. So, who will finally re-rescue this fine motor car and return it to the open road once again? *MM*

One of my other hobbies is collecting 43rd scale model vehicles, which I have been doing for 65+ years. The collection numbers some 2500 items, very heavy on British and American cars but there is much, much more as well. I often replicate cars that I had some historical connection to, so here is a model of a white Jaguar XK150 in hand to show approximate size. This was a white metal kit I built from the French maker AMR that I acquired in 1990.



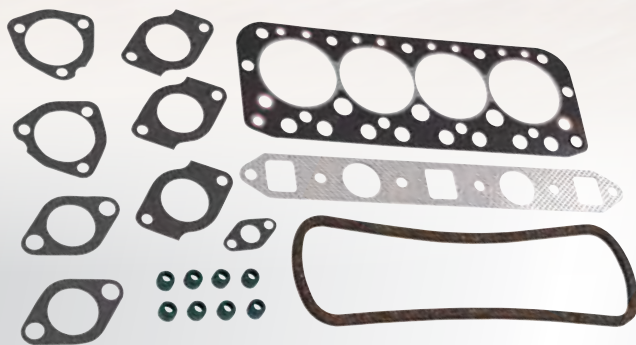


Gaskets & Gasket Sets by Cobalt



**Timely upgrades go a long way in the upkeep of your vehicle,
and it is an important aspect of vehicle safety.**

*Switch out your worn-out gaskets with these brand-new Cobalt brand replacement
options, offering great quality at a very reasonable price. Built to OEM specifications.*



Shop "Cobalt" at [MossMotors.com](https://www.MossMotors.com)

Scan with your
smartphone camera



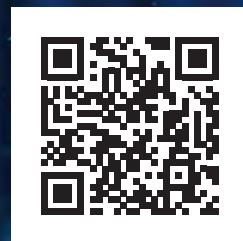
Moss Motors, Ltd.
440 Rutherford Street
Goleta, CA 93117

PRESORTED
STANDARD
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
MOSS MOTORS,
LTD.



BRING OUT THE PARTY FAVORS!

We don't mind tooting our own horn—it's our 75th and we're going to spread the joy! We are creating a line of commemorative gifts and wearables, and customers are invited to own a piece of the party and celebrate with us.



Scan with your
smartphone camera

75th Anniversary items are available at: **MossMotors.com/75th**