

THE CLEAR HOOTER!

NEWSLETTER OF THE CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB



Volume 35 Number 5, July, 2019

WWW.CENTRALCOASTBRITISHCARCLUB.COM

Pictures from Stagecoach museum in Newbery Park in June



MINUTES OF THE CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB

GENERAL MEETING DATE June 5, 2019

At Barrelhouse 101 in Ventura



Meeting brought to order by: Michael Gustafson, CCBCC President at 7:05 pm.
Number of members present: 34 of 107 members

Board Members in Attendance:

President:	Michael Gustafson	<u>Yes</u>
Vice President:	Dave Reid	<u>Yes</u>
Treasure:	Chris Vujea	<u>Yes</u>
Recorder:	Martin Keller	<u>Yes</u>
Membership:	Pam & Joel Justin	<u>Yes</u>
Newsletter Editor:	Terry Schuller	<u>Yes</u>
Advertising:	Allen & Lynn Merriam	<u>Yes</u>
Webmaster:	Patrick Redd	<u>No</u>
Presidents Advisor:	Jim Hill	<u>No</u>

Notes:

The newsletter editor is still looking for photos of your British Car for the cover of the newsletter. She is also in need of articles or stories about events or anything related to auto especially British autos for the newsletter. The editor has said that you do not have to be a writer as she will help get the article or story together if you submit it to her. Terry Schuller dtreid@gmail.com.

Topic 1: Regalia now on website in the Members Information section.

Regalia for the club can now be purchased at Ventura Custom Embroidery at the Ventura Harbor or by online by going to the club website and in the "Members Information" tab and entering the password that you should have been given via email you can then see what is available. You can always go directly to the store and see examples of the products and order directly while there and besides the Ventura Harbor is a good place to just stroll around, lots to see.

Topic 2: Photos of us as kids.

The past several newsletters have had a photo of several of our members as children and this is just something that has been added to the newsletter and a question that is asked at the monthly club meeting to see who can identify the person in the photo as we all look a lot different for the most part as life has a way of changing our appearance over time. If you have a photo of yourself that has some connection to autos, wagons, bicycles, etc. why not submit it to the newsletter editor and then see how many of the members at the club meeting can identify who is in the photo. Submissions should be sent to Terry Schuller directly with a little explanation. dtreid@gmail.com.

Topic 3: List of Vendors now on the Website in the Members Information section.

The list of "Vendors" on the club website is a list of businesses that support our club or also are known to know about our LBC or supply items or services for them. This list is just a recommendation and in no way is meant to imply that the club approves of them as it is a list that was compiled from the general membership and online sources to help when someone is looking for service or parts.

Topic 4: CCBCC Calendar is now on Google.

Instructions were emailed out to all paid members on how to access this calendar and sync with their private google calendar on the computers or phones. If you need more information on how to connect and synchronize the clubs calendar with your google account contact Michael Gustafson mikegus999@gmail.com or Joel Justin j_bar_j@hotmail.com as they can help with this.

Topic 5: CCBCC Ball Point Pens.

The club now has ball point pens with the club's name and website address embossed on the side and will be used at the different events for filling out forms and such as a way of advertizing our club. If you would like to have a couple for yourself they are two for a dollar which is what the club paid for them. The board realizes that the pens are for advertizing and why if members wish to have a couple for the glove box of their cars we are asking for the price as we only have a limited number.

Topic 6: Video Clip Shown at the Meeting.

If you have or know of a video clip that would be interesting for the membership to see and enjoy let either Michael Gustafson or Joel Justin know so it can be put on the list of video clips that can be shown at the end of the club meeting. This month's video clip was about the Morgan Motor Company and showed the facility and how the cars are produced. There was also a short video (sorry I did not catch the name) about a young lady and her MGA that she inherited from her grandfather. We all need daughters like her to pass or cars onto when we are gone or to old and senile to operate and maintain them.

"JULIE TIME" is an opportunity raffle for the club presented by: Julie Root "Thanks Julie."

Arby's Gift Card = Michael Gustafson

Starbucks Gift Card = Catlin Judd

SubWay Gift Card = Terry Schuller

Habit Gift Card = Gerald Davies

Bottle of "Handsome Devil Wine" = Jim Heaton

Trader Joe's Gift Card = Dorothy Orr

Birthday Gift Card Drawing for members at the meeting with a birthday in the month of June 2019.

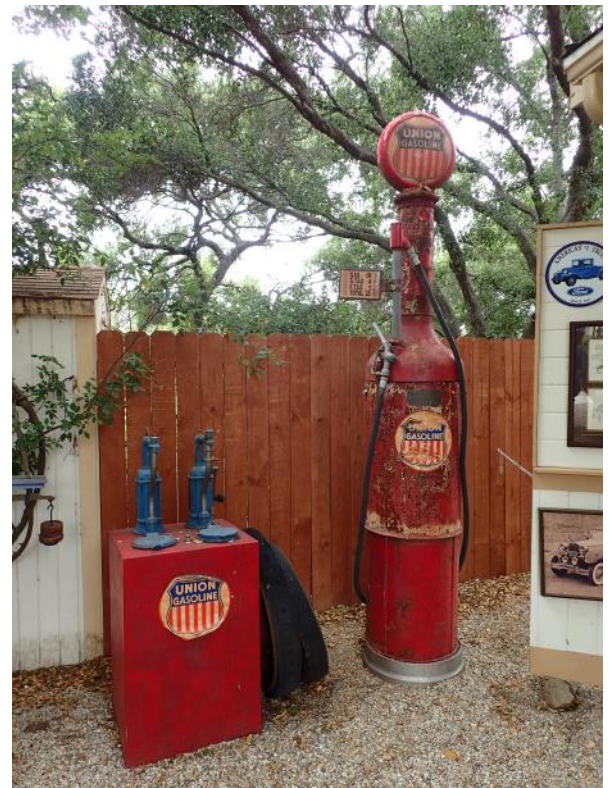
Brad Cardwell, Michael Gustafson, Julie Root have B-Days this month and were at the meeting making them eligible for this drawing.

Happy Birthday to these members and any others in the club that were not at the meeting.

Brad Cardwell was the winner of the B-Day Gift Card this month.

Meeting adjourned at 8:10 pm by Michael Gustafson

More pictures from Stagecoach Museum





GENERAL MEETINGS:

Are held at 7:00 pm on the 1st Tuesday of each month unless it falls on a holiday at :

Barrelhouse 101 restaurant : 545 E. Thompson Blvd. Ventura. Offramp on 101 is California St.

2019 GENERAL MEETING DATES:

July 2, Aug. 3, Sept. 3, Oct. 1, Nov. 5.

Dec. 8, Christmas party, Four Points Sheraton, Ventura

Board meetings take place according to the needs of the club, usually before or after the club's General Meeting; but as often as is deemed necessary at the discretion of the Club President.

NEWSLETTER

THE CLEAR HOOTER is your Club Newsletter and it is published monthly. The deadline for submission of any camera ready or digital ads, stories, reports and information that you'd like to see in the next issue is the **23rd** of the month prior to publication. Items may be sent to the editor at: dtreid@gmail.com

For Sale ads are free to members. Non-members pay \$25. Ads run 3 months, unless otherwise indicated by the seller. Any commercial ad or to open a commercial account please contact Allen Merriam, alyn123@sbcglobal.net

Membership dues are \$40 to join and \$30 to renew yearly. Make sure we have your e-mail for newsletter deliveries. If you need to have one snail mailed to you please let the editor know, dtreid@gmail.com Extra \$5.00 for mailed newsletters, payable with your dues.

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REGALIA & RAFFLE (Non Board

member) Julie Root (805)676-1464)

THE CLEAR HOOTER! Is the newsletter of the Central Coast British Car Club, formerly The Central Coast Triumphs, founded in 1984 by Mrs. Lee Bloomquist and is a chapter of the VTR, Vintage Triumph Register

CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB
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NEW MEETING LOCATION FOR CLUB MEETINGS TAKE NOTE!!!!



July's meeting will be held on **Tues July 2 at: Barrelhouse 101** at: 545 E. THOMPSON BLVD, VENTURA, CA 93001. The Barrelhouse has free parking and an extensive menu. We have a separate room and the management hopes we will all order something. Please use the California exit of the 101 freeway. If parking is gone, use the free parking structure 74 South California St, Ventura, CA 93001 about 1.5 blocks away.

Behind the Wheel editors corner



I am attempting to put out a newsletter every month, there may be times I miss a month due to being away.

The newsletter is a vital piece of communication to keep members informed of what is happening within our club and lists events that are happening that may be of interest to club members.

I would like to feature one member's British car on the cover of each newsletter. If you would like your ride displayed on the cover, please send me a high resolution picture of it in a nice place (not just the parking lot at work!!) to dtreid@gmail.com

I have NO more picture and story for the front page of the newsletter. Let's see some of your favorite pics of your British car.

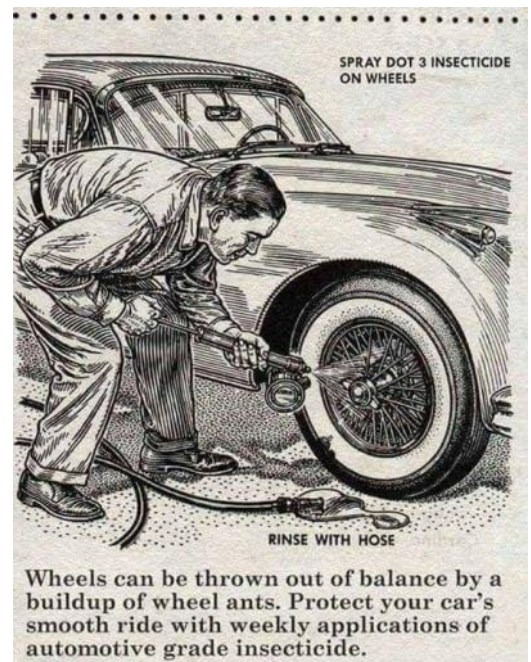
ARTICLES NEEDED:

The newsletter is in need of articles on anything to do with the club or British cars. Please use Microsoft Word and save as a document. If possible use font Arial, size 12 and do not do any formatting, just paragraphs of words.

WELCOME NEW MEMBER

Harry Barnum
Ventura
1972 MGB

Ran across some very old car ads, will be putting one in each upcoming newsletter



Movie Night

Saturday, August 3rd
at the Justin's

Happy hour, dinner and socializing from 6pm to 8:30pm

Outdoor movie starts at 8:30pm
(or as soon as it's dark enough)

Bring:

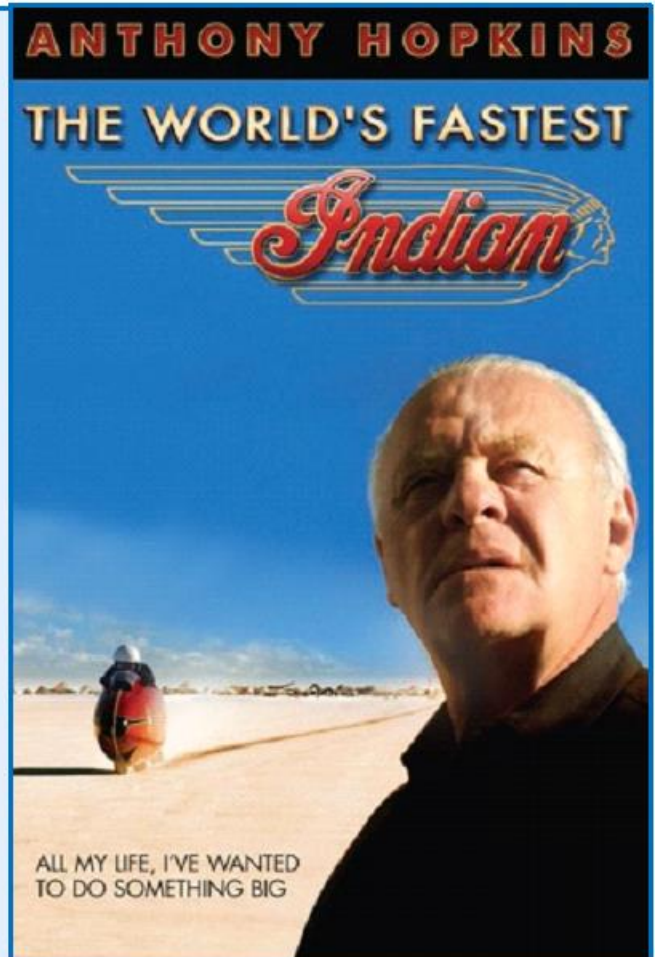
- Your favorite beverage (adult or otherwise)
- Dinner (BBQ, oven, microwave are available, or cold food)
- Folding chairs
- Jackets, wool caps, blankets (in case it gets cool after sunset)



Popcorn will
be provided!!



RSVP to Joel at j_bar_j@hotmail.com or sign-up at a meeting



A NEW NEWSLETTER FEATURE



This is a picture of
Dave Reid at about 2
yrs. old



Guess who the July infant is?

CCBCC & other Car Events coming up



June 29 Vintage Trailer show at the Murphy museum See pg. 17

CCBCC ANNUAL BRITISH CAR SHOW: SUNDAY, JULY 14, 2019

Join us for the **29th Annual CCBCC British Car Show** where all British vehicles are welcome. The show is at Channel Islands Harbor Park at 3600 Harbor Blvd in Oxnard, CA. More details will follow, so stay tuned. Contact Mike Gustafson at mikegus999@gmail.com for more information. See page: 21-22

Camarillo Fiesta July 20-21, View cars on the Arneill Bridge. This is not a CCBCC event

Aug. 3 Movie night at the Justin's, see pg. 7

August 17, 18, Wings over Camarillo, park you British car at the air show, see pg. 11 for details.

Wheels and Windmills Aug. 24, Solvang. Registration closed within hours after opening. Still can attend as a spectator

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12 - SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 2019

Triumphfest will be in Santa Maria this year. It's a great venue with everything happening on-site. It is hosted by the Triumph Club of Southern California. For additional information or to register, see <https://triumphfest2019.com/>.

MONTHLY BREAKFAST: CCBCC EVENTS

Breakfast meets will be at different venues throughout the year. New venues TBD in 2019. For more information and dates, contact Michael Gustafson at mikegus999@gmail.com. We need someone to step up for August, September and October.

Run to "The Place" for lunch along Hwy 33, later stop at the SB Pistachio Factory this last weekend.



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HOW TO INTERPRET

*

*

ANTIQUE CAR ADS

IF IT SAYS:

IT REALLY MEANS:

Rare model.....	Nobody liked them when new either
Older restoration.....	Can't tell it's been restored
Needs engine work.....	It's been frozen for 30 years
Uses no oil.....	Just throws it out
No rust.....	Body and fenders missing
Rough.....	It's too bad to lie about
One owner.....	Never been able to sell
No time to complete.....	Can't find parts anywhere
Needs interior.....	Seats are gone
Rebuilt engine.....	Has new spark plugs
May run.....	But it never has
Low mileage.....	Third time around
Many new parts.....	Keeps breaking down
29 coats hand-rubbed paint....	Needed that much to cover rust
Clean.....	It sat out in the rain yesterday
Best offer.....	About what I expect to get
Always driven slowly.....	Won't go any faster
Prize winner.....	Hard luck trophy 3 times in a row
Stored 25 years.....	Under a tree
Real show stopper.....	Orange with purple fenders
Easy restoration.....	Parts will come off in your hand
Ready to show.....	Just washed it
Top good.....	Only leaks when it rains
Good investment.....	Can't depreciate any more



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AUGUST 17TH & 18TH**



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- NEW THIS YEAR: Trophies will be awarded

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DANGEROUS COMPANY by Richard D. White

Continued from last month



There were no fluffy, warm passive restraints, just a strap that I had to pass over my lap and tug on to make it snug. All around me was either padding that looked more decorative than functional, or hard metal. There was a pull cable to open the door from inside and security shielding was non-existent. There was a large, three-spoke wheel in front of Schwartz' seat, and what appeared to be the control panel was merely a vinyl-covered piece of metal with gages that looked like little port holes with numbers in them. Sensors, video screens, digital readouts and head-up displays were nowhere to be found. Between the seats was a large hump with a shiny stick topped by a rubber knob sticking up, out of it. Schwartz wiggled this stick and grinned at me. Just then I noticed a shiny hand grip on the panel in front of me and wondered about its purpose.

Schwartz played with the stick again and then inserted a flat piece of metal into a slot on the control panel and twisted it. Giving me a wink, he pulled a knob out and pushed another in. The car groaned pitifully and then exploded into life. I nearly jumped out of my skin. A loud moan, no, a growl, shook the barn and rattled my brain. The noise was incredible; it must have exceeded EPA standards by at least twenty decibels. The car shook and rattled and made my feet and bottom tingle. The vibration made Schwartz' toothy grin seem even larger.

"Internal combustion," he shouted, "nothing like it! Burns petroleum fuel, seventeen dollars a gallon, smuggled from Mexico, but it's worth it; listen to her hum! Straight-through exhaust, no back pressure!"

I managed a weak smile, "Wonderful..." I shouted.

While Vitessa opened the barn door, Schwartz did something with his feet that made the engine scream. He was so busy looking at his dials that he didn't see me plug my ears. For some reason, he was watching one of the larger dials on the left bounce up and down and deriving great joy from it. I wondered what it meant, but didn't want to spoil his revelry. I just sat there with my fingers in my ears, feeling my insides shake. Finally we rolled out into the night, and after another quick check of the dials, we were ready to go. Schwartz gave me a final leer and, moving that central stick again, and turning that big wheel, we coasted toward a paved road that started a hundred meters or so away.

When we hit the pavement, he set the rear wheels screeching, and amid noxious fumes, growling engine, and my own screams, we catapulted into the darkness. I discovered what the little hand-grip was for and endeavored to leave my fingerprints embedded in it. A ferocious arctic draft came around the windscreen, tying my long hair into a fright wig that whipped my quick-frozen face without mercy. THAT was why he had short hair!

Noticing my discomfort, Schwartz reached into a pocket in his door and obtained a knit cap for me that alleviated the problem. We were now snaking around an uphill mountain road. Schwartz was demonically stomping on pedals, pushing and pulling on the stick and flailing at the wheel, smiling like Miss America as we skidded from one corner to the next. Meanwhile the old Triumph was screaming, bouncing and levitating through the curves, taking a nose-dive here, hopping around on its tail there and rattling my teeth and spine for good measure.

I suddenly realized that something peculiar was happening to me. I was beginning to like it. I was beginning to wish that Schwartz would go faster and take the turns even harder. This was freedom! As I watched him, I began to understand what he meant by "the fusion of man and machine:" Taking the risks together, one dependent on the other to make it through. This wasn't an insane rush toward suicide, it was a rush toward living! It was a celebration of the joy of existence. Both man and machine designed for each other, to move together on the Earth in a unique and harmonious way. A man without a car is just another creature walking the Earth. A car without a man is just an inert pile of matter, but together, they create a new dimension to existence, a new way to experience mass, energy, time and space. They give each other purpose and identity.

And this car, how pure it was! Sure it was dangerous. Nothing more than engine, wheels, cockpit and fairing, it was a tool intended to be used and controlled by an intelligent being. Its performance and safety totally dependent on his abilities and senses, not some damn robot that coddles a man, makes all his decisions for him, and merely hauls him from one point to another in a padded, air-conditioned, air-tight, fool-proof, sound-proof, bullet-proof, plastic fusion reactor with all the comforts of home, except toilets. This was a pure, simple, direct means of transportation intended to stimulate your senses, not deprive them.

I was forgetting the illegality of what we were doing, as I was developing a new admiration of Schwartz and his machine. I wondered what it might be like to drive it.

Continued on next page

As we approached a turnoff, we began to slow. A real camp fire glowed in a canyon in the distance, outlining the Joshua trees and junipers on the canyon walls around it. As we slowly made our way along a bumpy dirt road toward the fire, I could see people, and many more cars, in a big circle around the fire. They were drinking hot drinks and socializing. Some were even roasting hot dogs and marshmallows on long forks. As the Triumph rolled into the circle, some waved and greeted Schwartz as "J.C." I looked at him, puzzled.

"You can imagine that this is all highly illegal," he smiled mischievously, "so we all use pseudonyms. Mine is 'J.C. Whitney'. Over there is 'Enzo Ferrari,' 'Sterling Moss,' and 'Manny,' 'Moe' and 'Jack.' Nobody knows our real names, and we like to use code names that are related to the old auto industry. You already met 'Vitessa,' and over here are 'Impala' and 'Miata.'" He looked at me wryly again, "I'd like you all to meet my good friend 'Lucas,' the 'Prince of Darkness,'" he announced.

They all laughed, but I didn't get it.

I started to look at the cars in the firelight. I didn't recognize most of them, but they were all old internal combustion machines like Schwartz' and they exhibited a strange beauty. They were more like kinetic sculptures than machines. Some were squared and boxy, but others seemed to be moving, even when standing still. Illegal chrome plating glittered everywhere in the firelight; some cars even had chrome-edged fins and gleaming, bullet-shaped protrusions on their front bumpers. Some were incredibly huge and massive, while others were small and sleek.

"There's a Healey 3000," said Schwartz, "and over there is a '69 Cadillac Eldorado, one of only five left running. All the others got scrapped. There's a '94 Mustang, and here's a '62 Mini Cooper."

"We call ourselves the California Condors, because we're endangered species. Ken Richardson here (It was the man who drove us in the golf cart!) has the last running TR-2 in the world, and Carrol Shelby over there has the last genuine 427 Cobra."

Mr. "Shelby" was a short, fat middle-aged man wearing a sweatshirt that said, "Smog is beautiful" above a picture of a ferociously agitated 427 Cobra, spewing flames and smoke behind it. He smiled broadly and gave me a hot cocoa with a dash of peppermint schnapps in it.

I nodded at his sweatshirt, "Doesn't clean air matter to you?" I asked.

"Of course it does!" he replied, "This sweatshirt is just a joke. Back when there were 200 million internal combustion engines on the road it was an issue, but not now. The problem is our legislators, in their usual fashion, accomplished a severe case of overkill when they passed the clunker laws. There have never been more than a few thousand cars considered 'classics' at any time, and once they became classics, they were only driven occasionally, for a few hundred miles a year. They never were a significant factor in air pollution. Now, there is no reason whatsoever to restrict their use."

Somebody slapped me on the back and gave me a veggie dog to go with the cocoa. I warmed my numb fingers on the hot cup and strolled around the circle looking at the cars. Many of them had their hoods up, with one or two people standing around, shining lights on the engines and discussing them. It was obvious that they all loved these old machines and took great pleasure in just talking about them.

Schwartz moved to the center of the circle, by the fire. Someone switched on their headlights and illuminated him. "May I have your attention please?" he called out. Except for a few coughs and baby squeals, the crowd grew silent.

"I would like to welcome you all to the fourth annual Bonfire Rally. I'm glad to see that you made it here without getting caught by Traffic Control. I think we should all take a moment to remember our brother Mario Andretti, who got caught by the TC last month and suffered a fatal coronary while watching his 1931 Bentley get chewed up by 'The Grinder.'"

Loud gasps and exclamations of disbelief rose up from the crowd, "We will all miss him and his beautiful machine." said Schwartz, bowing his head. After a few seconds of silence, he raised his head and spoke again.

"Friends, there is evidence that the TC has escalated their war against us. Ever since Traffic Control became part of the state EPA, there have been an increasing number of busts. I believe that they are beginning to resort to covert and illegal methods of gathering intelligence against us. This includes not only the use of The Grinder and military spy equipment and weapons, but surveillance and interrogation techniques that make a mockery of our constitution. The environmental agencies have become the storm troopers of the 21st century!"

"Until recently, we were treated as a few harmless scofflaws. We were duly punished when caught, (and we acknowledged their duty to uphold the law) but they didn't go out of their way to persecute or catch us. After all, they have their hands full with terrorists, anarchists, drug dealers, gang-bangers, gun runners and cigarette smugglers!"

"But now, friends, we are being treated as public enemies, and our cars like dangerous contraband. Gatherings like this are becoming too risky. I regret to say that this must be our last congregation in the open. If they were to catch us all together, it would virtually exterminate all of the remaining cars in southern California. Perhaps we are all doomed; maybe it's inevitable. I know how much we all enjoy these conclaves, but I could never forgive myself if I were to be responsible for your incarceration, and for the demise of all of these beautiful old machines. Tonight, we will take one last spin at Willow Springs and disband forever, so take one last look at these magnificent cars, say farewell to your friends, and depart with care. May Ford be with you!"

With those last words, the fire was doused, picnic gear was put away, and the old engines rumbled into life. Schwartz and I led the way in the old Triumph. For security, we were the only ones with headlights. All the others followed with just parking lights on as we wound our way down the road to the old highway. After a few miles, Schwartz turned up an old blacktop road that headed toward the foothills. A faded and battered old sign said "Welcome to Willow Springs Raceway." We were met at the entrance gate by a rather seedy looking man I took to be the owner of the property. Schwartz spoke a few words to him and handed him an envelope. He glanced inside, opened the gate, and waived us through with a smirk. The strange caravan rumbled through the gate behind us. As we drove in, the owner walked over to a light pole and threw a switch. Floodlights came on and revealed a large park ahead of us.

This was a funny place! Built on a gentle hillside was a winding old blacktop road that seemed to go in every direction.

As soon as we parked next to the road, several of the drivers whooped and drove on it, making their cars roar. With thunger and squealing tires, they began racing around the course, seeing what their old machines could do; enjoying the exhilaration of inertia, acceleration and momentum, all under their control. Schwartz laughed as we sat there in the Triumph, watching.

"Wow, they couldn't wait, could they? How about you, you want to go for a spin?" He slapped me on the back and leered at me like he was a pimp on Sunset Boulevard. My bladder was starting to ache, so I demurred and got out. Schwartz whooped like a drunken cowboy and roared out on the track. I waved at him and wandered into the darkness to find a place to relieve myself.

The entire track was a glowing, winding snake, consisting of the old vehicles' headlights and taillights. A buzz like a mad hornet's nest drifted through the chilly air. Occasionally, a loud exclamation or laugh could be heard over the din.

I headed toward some old buildings that looked like they could be bathrooms. I found one marked "Men" but there were no fixtures inside, so I went back out and found a sizable creosote bush for my latrine. The lights of the cars illuminated the steam rising from my "business" in the cold night. I laughed at the absurdity of the situation I found myself in.

Here I was in the middle of nowhere, peeing on a bush, watching a bunch of maniacs drive an incredible collection of old, illegal machines around a road that went to nowhere, and I was having fun! I laughed again as I finished and dropped the hem of my burnoose. Then, something in the corner of my eye caught my attention.

There was something moving in the darkness down by the entrance, something big and ominous. My heart nearly leaped out of my chest. It was a bust! I threw myself down on the ground and tried to think. How could I warn them?

It was too late! Suddenly a couple of helicopters were hovering overhead with their spotlights on. They were the newest "Stealth" models that blended into the darkness and barely whispered as they went over me. I lay frozen on the ground. I thanked God my sand-colored burnoose blended with the terrain - but what about their infra-red? Maybe they weren't looking my way...

Somebody was charging through the creosote bushes toward me. Should I run, stay put, or stand and fight? ...Me? Fight? I decided to give myself up. I stood up and raised my hands.

"Okay, officer, I give up!" My knees were a little shaky, and my voice quavered.

"Carter!" It was Schwartz. "Get down!"

I threw myself back down in the dirt, somehow getting a big mouthful of sand as I did it. Schwartz dropped down beside me.

Continued next page

Over by the track, there were sirens, flashing lights, and commands shouted over loud speakers. People were roughly being rounded up, searched, handcuffed, and questioned.

A voice crackled over a loud speaker, "Light it up!"

A half-dozen or so floodlights came on, illuminating a huge, evil-looking, infernal machine. It reminded me of something I had seen when I was a kid. My dad had taken me to the State Fair once, and there was this huge environmental exhibit with this big machine, designed to look like a dinosaur, and it ate old junk cars!

"The sons-of-bitches," Schwartz was saying through clenched teeth, "they're going to grind them all up!"

"You're kidding!" I said, spitting sand. I felt something with legs wiggling in a corner of my mouth, so I kept spitting, hoping to extract it. Schwartz grabbed me by the collar.

"Look, Carter, I gotta go back there. I can't abandon those people. Maybe I can save a couple of the cars, I don't know, but save yourself. Then when it's safe, get down to Palmdale, Forty-seventh Street West, three-seven-seven-zero-nine Duffel Street. Have you got that?"

"Yeah, Duffel Street. Why?"

"Save the Triumph, Carter. Get it down to Mexico, or Canada or something, but save the Triumph. The old lady knows me. Just tell her I sent you."

Hydraulic pumps were whining. There was a loud crunch and the sound of broken glass. I raised my head a bit to see what was happening. Something bright red was in the machine's jaws. Little bits of chrome and broken glass were falling from it, glittering in the floodlights.

"Oh, Jeez!" Schwartz said, "There goes the Ferrari."

The machine's jaws swung over a large truck and opened. Big chunks of red Ferrari fell into a hopper, followed by a deafening, screeching, grinding, rumbling noise. An agonized moan rose from the crowd.

Schwartz was up and running towards the crowd, his hands held high in the air. "Don't forget," he shouted back, "Duffel Street." The jaws swung down and clamped on the next car. It was Schwartz's TR-3.

"Noooooooo!" He ran like a maniac towards it, and was tackled by a pair of burly cops.

I started low-crawling away. Someone shined a light where I had just been. They didn't see me. I found a hole in the fence and squeezed through it. There was an old shed nearby. It was locked, but around in back was a broken window. I crawled in.

The crunching, grinding, and sorrowful wailing went on for hours. Just before going to sleep, I peeked out through a crack in the door. A gorgeous black car that looked like it was made in the late fifties, with "bat wings" in back, and two red "alien eye" taillights that glowed in the darkness, fell into the grinder like a magnificent gargoyle, like a gleaming demon: Condemned to Heavy Metal Hell.

Sunlight, streaming through the window of the old shack, woke me up. I cautiously peeked out through the crack. The cars, the machines, the police; everyone was gone. I climbed out the window with my teeth chattering and my breath steaming in the frosty air. It felt good to be moving. The sun began to warm me up.

My car was right where I left it. I appreciated the warmth and comfort of a modern vehicle, but all I could think about on the long ride back to Irvine was Schwartz and his little Triumph. The little car was getting under my skin! I just wished I could have another ride... Maybe I could learn how to drive one...

I quit my job at Fusion and moved down to Rosarito Mexico. I just couldn't stop thinking about the cars. I married a local sweetie named Maria (What else?) and have a family on the way. I'm happy as a lark. I still do some consulting work for the cold fusion industry, by telecommuting, but I lost my security clearance, and don't make the bucks I used to - screw 'em anyway!

I run a tobacco shop down here to make ends meet. I don't smoke, but I make a fortune off the addicts from up north that come down here to get cigarettes. I charge thirty dollars a pack, and if they break the law trying to take 'em back over the border, or die of lung cancer, that's their own damn business.

Schwartz wound up in jail - he got five years! Can you believe that? He E-mails me from time-to-time and encrypts messages to the surviving club members in the attachments. We're trying to get a classic car colony going down here when he gets out.

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DANGEROUS COMPANY by Richard D. White

Yes, I found the old Triumph, like he said. I brought it down here piece-by-piece. I told the Mexican Customs Agents it was scrap metal and slipped them a few bucks just for insurance. I've almost got it finished. I've been driving it for several weeks now, and love it. I sold the Toyota, saying goodbye to the little Geisha and flipping her "The Bird" as she drove away. I could swear there was a little pout on her lips, but I didn't care.

There are a few decent roads down here, and I love to drive them. I read old "moss catalogs," and my hands look terrible, but who cares? I've got my family, my Triumph, the sea, the mountains, and miles and miles of blacktop before me, and you can't put a price on the moan that the Triumph makes as we climb the mountain together...

The End



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1971 Triumph GT6 MKIII that is a driver and has won several awards at different car shows over the last six years. This car is not a trailer queen and is driven regularly approximately 21000 miles in the last six years. It has been on several multi day tours and day tours around California. This 1971 Triumph GT6 is a solid rust free vehicle for its age and can be driven without issues in its present state and condition. It has a straight six (1998cc), a four speed synchro overdrive transmission (3rd and 4th gear), five new tires installed October 2018 at approx 70846 miles. Mileage shown on odometer is approximate (as of May 10, 2019 is 81034) due to the odometer being rebuilt (by West Valley Instruments) at time of restoration in Nov 2013 - July 2014. Interior was installed in June 2014 and is in good condition, the paint is single stage Signal Red 32 which is the original color from the manufacturer and a small amount of paint plus the color code mix will accompany the car. Price is fairly firm as there are some spares that will accompany the sale such as; spare rebuildable engine block and cylinder head, some small body trim parts and interior parts, etc.. Martin Keller mhkflyer52@gmail.com



condition: **excellent**

6 cylinders

drive: **rwd**

odometer: **81034**

title status: **clean**

transmission: **manual**

type: **hatchback**

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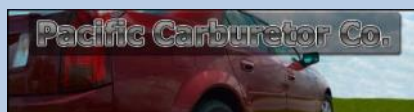


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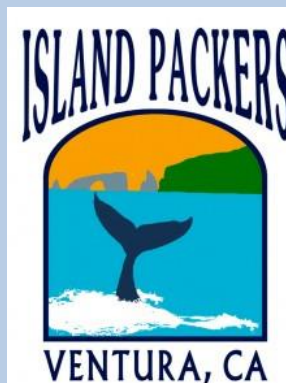


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CCBCC Car Show—July 14, 2019



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REGISTRATION FEES: \$35.00 per vehicle received before June 30th

\$45.00 per vehicle after June 30th and day of show

Pre-registration will close on June 30, 2019

APPLICANT NAME _____ CLUB _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE # (_____) _____ - _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ / _____ / _____

E-MAIL ADDRESS _____

VEHICLE #1: MAKE _____ MODEL _____ YEAR _____ COLOR _____

VEHICLE #:2 MAKE _____ MODEL _____ YEAR _____ COLOR _____

Total Registration Fees \$ _____

A free Event T-Shirt is included with all vehicle registrations, for the first 125 applicants.

Day of show registrants are not guaranteed a T-Shirt

T-shirt size: XXL XL L M S (Circle One - all shirts are men's sizes)

PLEASE READ, SIGN AND RETURN THIS FORM WITH YOUR REGISTRATION FEES:

This release of liability specifically includes losses caused by negligence, whether active or passive, the CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB, or any of their agents, members, or the City of Oxnard, State of California. Entrant agrees to indemnify, defend and hold harmless the CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB, their directors, members, agents, and the City of Oxnard, State of California from any and all liability, losses, damages, injuries, and claims by any person arising out of the condition, location or operation of the entrant's vehicle on or about the premises of Show location in connection to the CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB All British Car Show to which the application relates.

SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____/_____/_____

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