

# THE CLEAR HOOTER!



NEWSLETTER OF THE CENTRAL COAST BRITISH CAR CLUB



Volume 37 Number 9, October 2021

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2017 CCBCC car show.

This year is upon us. Happens in 1 days. We have 122 pre registered cars.

# BUSINESS INFO



## GENERAL MEETINGS:

**2021 Meeting Dates, first Tues of each month.**

**Oct. 5 at Casa de Soria,**  
1961 E Thompson Blvd, Ventura, CA 93001

Future dates: Nov. 2

Christmas Brunch Dec. 5 at Four Points Sheraton,  
Ventura. Will depend on Covid.

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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:dtreid@gmail.com) Extra \$15.00 for mailed newsletters, payable with your dues.

Central Coast British Car Club, Inc. is a NONPROFIT Mutual Benefit Corporation registered in the State of California

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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  
2674 E. Main St. #E 614,  
Ventura, CA 93003

# Run to Buckhorn Sept. 25th



Martin Keller said: it was a great run for sure. The RT 33 has just been repaved from Ojai to the CA166 that runs through Cuyama where we stopped for brunch. The road was so smooth and the temperature was cool and pleasant for the entire trip. One thing that I think amazed all of the participants was the smoke from the fire in central California, as it was fairly thick but high enough to look like fog and clouds.



## **Fourth IN PERSON MEETING & UPCOMING CCBCC CAR EVENTS**



We will have our fourth in person meeting on **Tuesday October 5th @ 7:00pm**. The meeting will be held at **Casa de Soria** restaurant in Ventura. Plan on showing up around 6:30 so you can get dinner ordered before the meeting. They have a large parking lot so parking will not be an issue.

There is a room in the back that they are setting up for us. This room will hold our group no problem. The owner did ask that everyone attending please order food. **Because of the size of our group we will be ordering off a fixed menu.** He is letting us use the room for free and doing this for us on a trial basis. He wants to see if it's financially beneficial for his business. This should not be an issue with our group.

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**Oct. 14-17**—Triumphfest, Flagstaff, AZ, See pg. 16, new notes top of page

**Nov. 13**—Sat. 10 am. Sea Bee Museum Tour with picnic lunch following. Free, sign up sheet coming to the Oct. meeting.

**Dec. 5—Sunday Christmas Luncheon** at Four Points Sheraton. It will be a sit down lunch with your choice of 3 meals. Unfortunately they are not doing their Sunday Brunches. We will have raffle prizes, gift exchange, Board of Directors election and all the holiday spirit. Sign up list at the October and November meetings. Need final numbers and meals by Nov. 12th. No host open bar. No free mimosas

### ***Behind the Wheel*** *editors corner*

**With almost everyone having extra time during this virus crisis, now is the time to get some stuff done that has been put off for so long. How about an article for the newsletter??? I know you have something to say about your car, a trip with your car, an outing, a technical article. I am sure you must have a picture of your drive that you would like to see on the cover of the newsletter.**

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](mailto:dtreid@gmail.com)

**I have one more picture for the front page of the newsletter. Let's see some of your favorite pics of your British car. Also I am out of baby pictures for the guess who this is feature. There must be some of you working from home and have no where to go, take some time and find a great picture of yourself as a kid, maybe even with a car in the picture.**

### **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.

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## Thousand Oaks Street Fair & Car Show,

Sunday October 17th 2021



REMINDER, IN LESS THAN 3 WEEKS.! the Big CAR SHOW at the Thousand Oaks Rotary Street Fair & Car Show, NOTE: THIS CAR SHOW EVENT IS EXPECTED TO SELL OUT IN ADVANCE, same as last time and other similar events Sold-Out prior to the events, so I cannot stress the point enough to REGISTER NOW! and Not wait and say later we didn't tell you! GET A SPOT WHILE SOME ARE STILL AVAILABLE...

If you haven't been to this event before then you definitely need to come this year as this should be the best one so far, and if you have previously you know how good it is and how with the Car Show again this year, it is expected to be even better this year.

Some pics from 2019: <https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.3070773629605621>

Event will be on Sunday, OCTOBER 17th, 2021. 9am-4pm, Show Car Check in time is 7:30am-8:30am and subject to change if needed to coordinate with main event using the street. NOTE: Do Not be early as event setup vehicles need to exit. Do not be later than 8:45am or may be denied entry. Car Show is expected to Sell-Out in advance again.

The SHOW CAR registration is very reasonable, Only \$15 per car

Mail-in entry deadline is October 1st and may be Sold-Out before then, Yes it is only 15 dollars, so REGISTER NOW to be sure to be included.

. There are Many Award Categories too!, so they'll be a Lot of Car Show Participants Again

### PAYMENTS/DONATIONS:

. Payments/Donations go to Rotary Club of Thousand Oaks and Proceeds go to the Charities, and can be made online to the Rotary on their registration page at:

<https://tostreetfair.festivalsetup.com/car-show-registration>

Staff on site are VOLUNTEERS

PLANDEMIC: This is an outdoor event and at this time there are no mask or distance laws, and we do not expect this to change, but check local health dept rules for suggestions or updates.

CarShow@Mail.com , ([mail.com](mailto:CarShow@Mail.com) Not Gmail) also for any Car Show Questions or comments.

## New Members



Curt Chisholm # 130  
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2007 Mini Cooper S JCW

Glen MacDonald # 131 Welcome back  
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1953 MG TD  
1958 MGA  
1971 Morris Minor  
1974 Rolls Royce  
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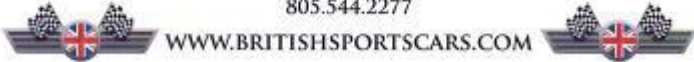
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## *Undisturbed for 29 years, this Healey took us on an all-nighter by John L. Stein*



At 2:30 a.m., miles from anywhere on a black night in a black Austin-Healey on a black highway with the dark ghost of Joseph Lucas hovering above me like a Harry Potter Dementor, everything looks like an animal. The branches of the valley oaks rushing by overhead, roadside grasses rustling in the breeze, and fence posts streaking past the doorsills all connote images of animals in motion. I felt like a Pliocene man gazing at the constellations and concluding they are actually animal spirits. Suddenly, the surreal turned real as a young white-tailed buck vaulted across the road, mere feet in front of the Healey, its rusty coat and brown eyes the size of demitasse cups, frozen for a dangerous moment in the searing beams of the Marchal driving lights. I slammed hard on the brakes; the pedal pushed eight Ferodo linings against the iron drums, and, mercifully, the 100-6 slowed. Collision averted, but it got me thinking: What am I doing here?

It is a fair question. Weeks after embarking on this bizarre all-night mountain drive in a survivor Austin-Healey 100-6, I'm still grappling with it. Sure, George Mallory famously quipped that Everest needed climbing "because it's there." But that's too simplistic in this case—and anyway, Mallory's reply was probably meant to dismiss idiot reporters who all wanted to know why. Maybe he really didn't know, any more than I know why I just almost hit a deer when I could be happily asleep in my own bed.

I love my hometown on the central California coast, with its immediate adjacency to coastal mountains and flowing two-lane roads. Over the years, I've ridden and driven them so often that they almost feel like part of my soul. And yet, and yet ... like a marriage, or a weekly menu, or a job routine, or a music playlist, sometimes even things we love begin to feel old. Too familiar. No longer fresh or invigorating.

We can no more invent new roads than cast new planets, so what to do? Maybe upend the clock and drive them at night instead of by day. The added dose of uncertainty, danger, and discomfort nighttime brings can make taking a vintage car highly rewarding in the event of success. And hugely unpleasant in case of failure. En garde!

This garage-find Healey was the call. An amateur rally car in the early 1960s, it was outfitted with aircraft lap belts, the aforementioned driving lights, and a Koni tube-shock conversion up front. It was a well-used old dear when its owner shoved it inside a garage three decades ago and left it to molder. After buying it, I methodically serviced all systems (electrical, fuel, cooling, brakes, chassis, tires, and clutch) one by one, returning it to fully useful—albeit cosmetically tatty—status.





So, one Saturday night, instead of hitting the hay, I brewed a thermos of coffee, threw some snacks, tools, a flashlight, and gloves into a bag, opened the garage door, and approached the Healey. Trunk opened, I turned the master switch and then hopped into the low bucket seat, put the gearbox in neutral, pulled the choke knob for the twin SUs, turned the key, and pushed the starter button. The 2.6-liter six shook to life and settled into a smooth idle, the metal air filters sucking in cool, dense evening air. Engaging the synchronized second gear before non-synchro reverse stopped the gearbox's input shaft, which made grabbing reverse gear chatter-free. I engaged the clutch, and the Healey backed into the street, angled south, and headed toward the Pacific Ocean and Santa Barbara, to California's historic Stearns Wharf. I had envisioned starting on the pier and finishing there with a quiet breakfast the next morning. In reality, though, jouncing slowly over the hundreds of treated wood beams that make up the pier's surface, swinging a 180, and steeling myself to go proved more worrisome than exciting. It was zero hour—midnight.



As I motored up State Street toward the Santa Barbara Mission, the setting moon revealed La Cumbre Peak to the north, skirted with clouds. It was going to get real dark, real soon. The last bit of city light vanished as the Healey passed the Mission and turned onto winding Mountain Drive. Bulwarked by a hewn sandstone wall on the right and ancient oaks on the left, the road looked ethereal, mystical, and tunnel-like as the Healey's headlights swept between the rocks and tree branches. A fun little bit of chicanery by day, by night, even these first few miles of my 220-mile loop took on an almost fictional quality—like a scene from Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*.

The Healey hummed along in third gear, water temperature at 180, gas gauge pegged, oil pump pushing 40 psi of high-zinc 20W-50 through the old galleys. A curious thing about Big Healeys is that occupants can be at once hot and cold. The driver's footwell is beside the engine block and behind the exhaust headers, and the seat is directly above the muffler. This cocoon is like a pizza oven with a broken thermostat, and it became ever hotter as my drive progressed, especially uphill. And by uphill, I mean really uphill. Over 10 miles, the route climbed nearly 4000 feet. Halfway up, the Healey plowed into the mist, which made visibility difficult with the standard headlights. I switched on the Marchals for help, although the extra firepower scattered through the cloud droplets, ruining clarity of vision. But they were utterly necessary to negotiate this writhing road at anything more than a crawl. The turns are so sharp, the night was so dark, the drop-offs so steep and the visibility so poor, the first navigational misstep could also have been the last.

High up the mountain, hidden in the inky night, were pockets of parked cars. They were either stargazing or partying, and I suspected the latter. As I passed one group, the faint smell of banana bread wafted into the Healey cockpit. "That's odd," I thought. "Banana bread on a mountain road in the middle of the night?" I expected a different smell, but I carried on, out of the cloud bank and onto a ridge top that led toward the Santa Ynez Valley wine country.

Continued on next page

Soon, the charge light in the Healey's tachometer illuminated, meaning the charging system had faulted. Why, I don't know. I carried on along the ridge top and down toward the Santa Ynez Valley for 10 or so miles. Even with the driving lights off to save juice, the main headlights lost their accuracy—so much so that seeing anything in the road became hard. With centerlines, roadside markers, and reflective aids nearly nonexistent here, it was clear that only partway through this trip, things were getting dicey. I stopped at a closed ranger station, thankful for its floodlit lot.

Good thing I brought tools. A battery check showed 12.4 volts with the engine running, not the desired 13-plus volts, and revving the engine didn't build voltage as it should. This suggested either a generator or regulator failure, and it proved to be the cheap re-pop regulator. Pulling off the cover showed one set of points askew, and the unit—aha!—smelled like banana bread. So that was it! I can't prove it, but I strongly suspect running the Marchal lights through the clouds overworked the regulator, which couldn't handle the load. Fortunately, in the trunk was a spare NOS Lucas unit, which I installed by flashlight and feel. It just takes a screwdriver—simple.



It was nearly 2 a.m. when I reached a 24-hour gas station in the Santa Ynez Valley. The oil level was fine, the bugs and mist got cleared from the windshield with some Rain-X and paper towels, and the Big Healey was fueled and good to go.

I'm no Meriwether Lewis or William Clark, but I can imagine the excitement these explorers must've felt after crossing the Rockies to enter the West. As the Healey burred through Santa Ynez and bucolic Los Olivos, then turned north on Foxen Canyon Road into wine country, it felt as if it were similarly breaking free. The environment agreed. Heading north, I was instantly enveloped in one complex rush by the invigorating sensual nature of open motoring. The roadside grasses, lightly painted with dew, emitted a marvelous pungency. The steady drone of the iron six breathing through its twin carbs and exhausts was as reassuring as the Wright Whirlwind radial engine that pulled Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* across the Atlantic.

The Marchal driving lights, low mounted as they are, illuminated fine details of the macadam aggregate, as well as details far ahead. The Girling lever-arm rear shocks sent every road ripple, bump, and dip through the seat base and into my spine. The reproduction Michelins telegraphed surprisingly precise road feel through the timeworn steering.



Over the decades, I've traveled this route numerous times by day, but never at night. It's disorienting, as darkness messes with perception. The many small landmarks so easily recognized by day are easily missed at night, and as a result, that sense of knowing where I am was largely absent. That is, unless these landmarks are unique: a deep drainage swale; a left-right dogleg bisecting two farms; an old windmill. I made a hard right onto Tepusquet Road, where the Healey engine droned loudly on overrun, like Lance Macklin's Healey 100S braking for the Mulsanne Corner at Le Mans. All appeared suddenly in the 100-6's four headlights, like visages in a runaway dream sequence I couldn't control.

Tepusquet is animal country. Joining Santa Ynez Valley and the Cuyama Valley, the road was created the old-fashioned way, by following contour lines within the canyon. Its remote location, dense foliage, and water in low-lying areas are ripe for native fauna, none of which could possibly be expecting a black Austin-Healey on a black night to infiltrate their space. This included the buck and, farther along, a pair of barn owls, swooping between oaks and low over the road. It also included mice, a coyote pup, and a bobcat, startled by the headlights and running ahead of the Healey on the narrow road. I brake for bobcats! They're native to central California, but I'd never seen one until tonight. It broke hard right into the brush and was gone.



It was probably 3 a.m. by now, maybe later. But the Healey doesn't have a clock, and I didn't bother to check my phone. Who cares, anyway? That's the beauty of being out all night. It's your train and your train schedule. The roadster hummed onward, and downward, through Tepusquet Canyon. Here the walls seemed to close in, and it got steeper and creepier as the oaks reached even more menacingly over the road.

"It's hard to leave when you can't find the door," sang Joe Walsh. Well, the same might be said for corner apexes when you can't see the exits. There's a section of Tepusquet Road that winds down and around, and around and down, like a series of Laguna Seca corkscrews. The Healey's balky steering, rife with friction, and its simple suspension made this a mental and physical workout. A prang here would have involved a centuries-old immovable oak.

This was getting to be incredible, as every corner brought new criteria to interpret, manage, and then leave in the mirrors. It happens quickly in the dark; if you're jumpy, a nighttime drive like this might make you jumpier. But it will also improve you. Something loomed ahead that was Not Good. It was a sign, both literal and figurative. It said, "Road Closed 10 Miles Ahead." I was miles and hours into this route, and it was now seriously late at night. I drove on, figuring that it was a daytime warning—but true to the signage, more serious-looking "Road Closed" signs and concrete barriers appeared on cue. Full stop.

So, what to do? Tire tracks on the dirt shoulder indicated vehicles had bypassed the blockade. That was promising, but if rough road lay ahead, the Healey and its 5 inches of ground clearance would not an adroit Mars rover make. I shut down, zipped my jacket closed, grasped the flashlight, and walked ahead.

Every minute in the pitch black at the bottom of this remote canyon felt like an hour. The dark-adapted eye is a pretty good tool, especially peripherally. Ears are OK, too, if they're not ringing like mine were. The nose—well, we're not bloodhounds, are we? So, while padding along in the night, I was keen to sense what was in the woods. My mind raced through possibilities, such as mountain lions, boars, black bears—even Jack the Ripper. Nearest I could tell, though, there was actually nothing happening—not so much as the creak of a twig or rustle of a leaf, not a yip nor a growl nor a trill from any animal. And no fiery pagan rituals.

But there was indeed a washout, around which ran a rudimentary one-lane bypass that looked plausibly navigable. I returned to the Healey, restarted it, and bounced my way past the washout, eventually rejoining solid asphalt. As low as they were, the Big Healey 3000s similarly got it done at the Alpine Rally in 1961 and 1962—albeit with skid plates.



Even if you've driven the roads a hundred times before, it all looks different at night. Navigation by paper map and flashlight takes you back to the old days. Evan Klein

Having committed my crime, I covered the last few miles of Tepusquet Road until it intersected State Route 166, linking coastal Santa Maria with the famous Grapevine. As in, the Grapevine in the song "Hot Rod Lincoln:" "We was drivin' up Grapevine Hill/Passing cars like they was standing still." Turning right there, the 100-6 and I settled into a boring 36 miles through the darkness to little New Cuyama, population 517. Flipping the dash-mounted overdrive switch dropped the revs to 2700, and the Healey booked along happily at 60 mph. The wind was really loud, it was a beautiful night and it was fairly chilly in the airflow, but my feet were roasting below decks.

Four o'clock in the frigging morning, here was the tumbleweed town. Thankfully, the old gas station, though dingy and windblown, features 24-hour self-service. A tank of premium and a quick calculation showed that the Healey's fuel economy improved to 17 mpg on the run through wine country, down the long canyon and along the State Route 166 corridor. That's more like it. And then, was it my ringing ears, or were distant roosters crowing? With the dark eastern hills silhouetted against the faintest hint of gray sky, dawn was on its way and the roosters' walnut brains knew it before mine did. Monday would welcome me not with coffee and eggs Benedict on Stearns Wharf but with hunger pangs in Cuyama Valley.

It is astounding how fast the night flew by. It seemed like only moments ago that I made my start above the lapping Pacific waves, and now it was nearly dawn in this remote valley. But weirdly, I wasn't tired; maybe my own rooster brain was activating for the new day.



Before he knows it, the dawn is breaking over the distant hills. The night flew by so fast, both literally and figuratively, but our man isn't even tired. The adrenaline of a night drive in an old car will do that to you. Evan Klein

Tank filled, tires and oil checked, the Healey rejoined State Route 166, again heading east. It was almost light enough to see now, and the engine thrummed along faithfully, its overdrive alive, the oil pressure and water temps feeling fine. All was right in this Big Healey's world. At least, until the sun finally peeked above the peaks, and the pastel sky brought not warmth but more biting cold. Now, not even the boiling footwell inside the Healey could blast enough BTUs to keep my upper body warm. I was wearing heavy jeans, a T-shirt under a flannel shirt, a leather jacket, motorcycle gloves, and a beanie, but I was still bloody cold.

A final challenge loomed ahead—the north side of the Transverse Ranges separating bleak Cuyama Valley from artsy Ojai. It would be 5 steep miles up and over 5160-foot Pine Mountain Summit before I could rejoice in a relaxing 30-mile descent into Ojai, then 18 more miles downhill to Ventura and the Pacific. It promised to be a lovely finish—if the Healey and I could make the grade. Rated at 102–117 horsepower when new, the 100-6 was hardly a performance darling in period, and years and miles have surely dropped this example's vigor further. As a result, third gear, with overdrive off, was the right choice for scaling this last topographical test.

This is a short odyssey, I'll admit, compared to the 24 Heures du Mans or the Baja 1000. Yet, overnight in the black bucket seat of a black Healey through the black of night feels pretty defiant, as the 9-to-5 world goes. In the end, the lazy glide path back into daytime, and the leisurely coast down to the ocean, felt very much like rejoining a world left behind. When I intersected Highway 101, it was all still there, with the morning commuters, surfers, and shorebirds barely giving the Healey a glance. Why should they? It was just a dirty old car parked at the beach, with its driver gazing vacantly offshore, looking for answers.





So, what's this all mean, anyway? Sadly, no apparitions appeared above the waves to let me know. But I can offer this: Driving all night, even on well-known roads, will add new excitement to your classic-car routine. It's like diving into a rabbit hole, exploring all that can possibly be sensed in the dark, then popping back into the sunlight, dazed, stunned, and yearning for meaning. Which, in my case, mainly includes wishing I'd brought along breakfast and a surfboard. How's that for deep? Well, by this point, I had been up 26 hours and had an hour's drive home ahead of me.

Driving alongside the Pacific in a dirt-streaked old Healey contrasting with the polished Priuses and Teslas of the workaday crowd is my kind of protest. Even so, I'll admit, the world seemed welcoming instead of forbidding—and also bright, colorful, and fun. It's no wonder we're such creatures of daytime. But now, the night's all right with me.

### **1958 Austin-Healey 100-6 BN4**

**Engine:** I-6, 2639 cc

**Power:** 102 hp @ 4600 rpm

**Torque:** 141 lb-ft @ 2400 rpm

**Weight:** 2440 lb

**Power to weight:** 23.9 lb/hp

**0-60 mph:** 11.6 sec

**Price when new:** \$3095

**Hagerty #3-condition (Good) value:** \$44,500–\$67,500



All Photos done by Evan Klein

Permission to copy given by Hagerty, Article written by: John L. Stein Aug. 2, 2021



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Dave Reid has had his on his jag for a few months now. To order your Tale Tags please write to [dtreid@gmail.com](mailto:dtreid@gmail.com). This new design is available. He is bringing them to all the meetings, check out his Jag QR code.



Triumphest 2021 is less than two months away and guest rooms at Little America in Flagstaff are either sold out or in short supply depending on the day.

Fortunately, we have a block of 100 rooms with about 50 rooms still available. Once those are gone, getting a room booking is unlikely.

Also, our Triumphest room rate and the block expire on September 14th. At that point, any unused rooms go back into Little America's normal inventory and the special room rate will have expired.

If you have not registered and booked your room, do so now by pulling up our site Triumphest.com , go to the registration tab and follow the directions on the form.



**Triumphest 2021**  
**October 14 – 17, 2021**

Flagstaff, Arizona

Hosted by the Desert Centre Triumph Register of America

Please print clearly

**Registration Form**

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Email:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**City:** \_\_\_\_\_ **State/Zip:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Others in your party (Co-driver) Name(s)**

**What car(s) are you bringing?**

Car 1 Model \_\_\_\_\_ Year: \_\_\_\_\_ Series: \_\_\_\_\_ Trailering? Yes/No \_\_\_\_\_  
 Car 2 Model \_\_\_\_\_ Year: \_\_\_\_\_ Series: \_\_\_\_\_ Trailering? Yes/No \_\_\_\_\_

<b>Activity Registration</b> (Registration includes two people & one car and is non-refundable)	<b>Each</b>	<b>Subtotal</b>
Registration, postmarked by 9/16/2021	\$110.00	\$ _____
Late registration postmarked by 10/1/2021 (No regalia orders after 9/16/2021)	\$130.00	\$ _____
Additional cars (as noted in car info above)	\$30.00	\$ _____
Welcome Mixer (Friday night) No charge for two people. Additional people \$20.00 each	\$20.00	\$ _____
Awards Banquet (Saturday evening – per person)		
Pistacio Encrusted Chicken \$46 _____ Prime Rib \$55 _____ Grilled Market Vegetables \$40 _____		\$ _____

Autocross: \_\_\_\_\_ Scenic Drive: \_\_\_\_\_ Driving Rally: \_\_\_\_\_ Walking Rally: \_\_\_\_\_ Photo Contest: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Model Contest: \_\_\_\_\_ Funkhana: \_\_\_\_\_ Funcours: \_\_\_\_\_ Craft Contest: \_\_\_\_\_ Tech session: \_\_\_\_\_

<b>Regalia (Please indicate quantity)</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>L</b>	<b>XL</b>	<b>Each</b>	<b>XXL</b>	<b>Each</b>	<b>Subtotal</b>
Men's sandstone polo shirt (embroidered)					\$20.00		\$23.00	\$ _____
Women's sandstone polo shirt (embroidered)					\$20.00		\$23.00	\$ _____
Men's light blue polo shirt (embroidered)					\$20.00		\$23.00	\$ _____
Women's light blue polo shirt (embroidered)					\$20.00		\$23.00	\$ _____
Men's light blue denim, long sleeve (embroidered)					\$25.00		\$28.00	\$ _____
Women's lt blue denim, long sleeve (embroidered)					\$25.00		\$28.00	\$ _____
Sandstone T-shirt, short sleeve (screened)					\$10.00		\$13.00	\$ _____
Light blue T-shirt, short sleeve (screened)					\$10.00		\$13.00	\$ _____
Ball Cap	Qty				\$20.00			\$ _____
Lapel Pin (1 inch)	Qty				\$5.00			\$ _____
Embroidered patch	Qty				\$6.00			\$ _____
Additional dash plaque	Qty				\$2.00			\$ _____

**Check/Money Order payable to: DCTRA Grand Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_**

Send Registration to: DCTRA Triumphest, 2325 S Gold Ore Court, Apache Junction, AZ 85119

Questions? Call Ron's cell (623)229-3997 email: ronlewiscole@gmail.com

Registrar: Kathy's cell (480)815-1407 email: tfest2021@gmail.com

Triumphest website: <http://www.triumphest.com>

**Hotel Accommodations:** Little America, 2515 E Butler Ave. Flagstaff, AZ 86004 Reservations: call 1-800-940-8528 to make your room reservation. Mention "Triumphest 2021" to receive negotiated room rates.

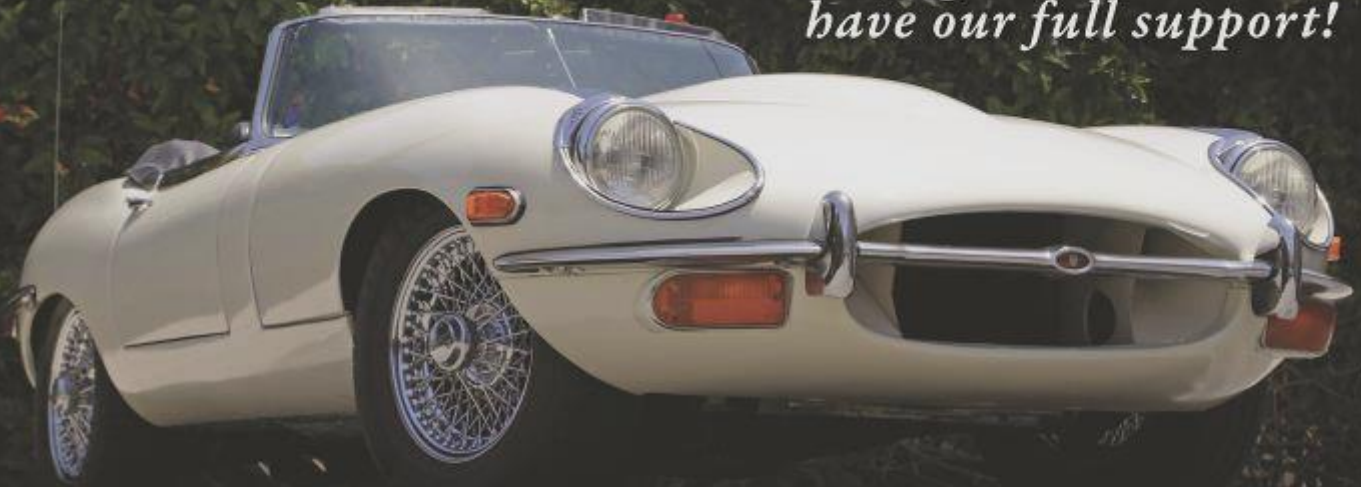
**Release:** All members of your party 18 or older must sign this release form before your registration can be accepted.

I/We, the undersigned, release, waive discharge and covenant not to sue collectively and separately, the Desert Centre Triumph Register of America, its officers, event organizers and sponsors of Triumphest 2021, holding them free from all liability for any and all loss or damage and any claim due to injury to persons of property resulting from my/our participation in Triumphest 2021. Proof of car insurance and a valid driver's license required to participate in all moving events and the Funcours. I hereby assume full responsibility for, but not limited to, risk of bodily harm, death, or property damage during the Triumphest 2021 event.

Signature(s): \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



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# Car Show Supporters for 2021



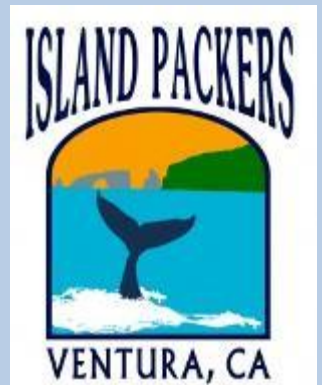
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## Central Coast British Car Club Regalia

Baseball caps – 15.00  
 Key Fob - \$10.00  
 Grill badge is 30.00

License Plate Frame - \$15.00  
 Lapel Pin – \$3.00  
 Patch and sticker 2.00 ea.

### **Silk-screened Items:**

Sleeve T-Shirt - \$8.00(S-XXL)  
 Long Sleeve T-Shirt - \$12.00(S-XXL)  
 Polo Shirts - \$13.00(S-L) \$15.00(XL & XXL)  
 Polo Shirts with pockets - special order only)- \$15.00(S-L) 17.00(XL & XXL)  
 Crewneck Sweat Shirt – (Limited availability) \$16.00(S-L) 21.00(XL & XXL)  
 Hooded Pullover Sweat Shirt – (Limited availability) \$22.00(S-L) 27.00(XL & XXL)  
 Full Zip Hooded Sweat Shirt- (Limited availability) \$27.00(S-L) 32.00(XL & XXL)

There is a limited amount of Regalia at each monthly meeting or contact Pam Justin at [pjquilter1@hotmail.com](mailto:pjquilter1@hotmail.com) or 805 491-3068 to order. Provide your name, size and item. Only club members can order Regalia.

In addition to our silk-screened regalia above, we are now offering for members, high quality club regalia. **Lisa Rizzo at Ventura Custom Embroidery** has our logo on file and can make almost any kind of regalia desired. Please visit our CCBCC Website to find all the information needed to order. Items ordered will be in Royal Blue (the official club color) or some can be in white. The list of regalia offered with current pricing can be found on the CCBCC website in the members only section. (There is a link just before the list on the site to download an order form to take with you if you visit the store)