

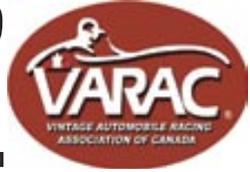


PIT SIGNALS



LATE BRAKING NEWS FOR THE VARAC VINTAGE RACER - BY JEREMY SALE & WALTER DAVIES

VARAC 32ND ANNUAL



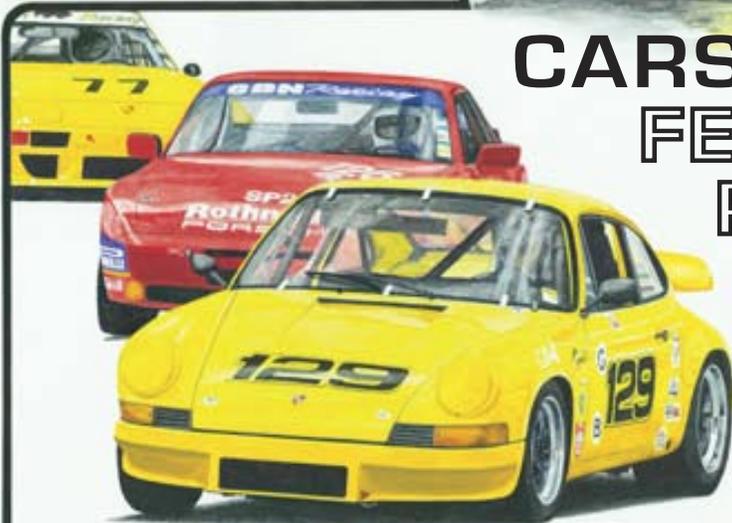
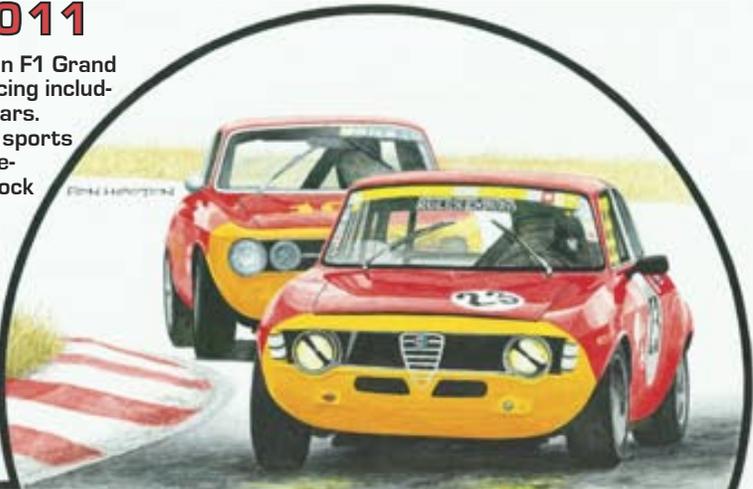
INTERNATIONAL VINTAGE RACING FESTIVAL JUNE 17 - 19, 2011

Join us at the former home of the Canadian F1 Grand Prix for an exciting weekend of Vintage racing including Pre-War, Vintage, Historic and G70+ cars. Everything from open wheel formula cars, sports racers, sedans and sports cars of every description - there's free access to the paddock to view all the cars and meet the drivers.

Join the Checkered Flag Cruise on Friday night for pre 89's and modern classics Mini Meet North at Corner 9 with Parade Laps for all Minis on Saturday lunchtime.

The Famous "Corner 8" Car Show Sunday Morning with reduced Entry Fees and Parade Laps for Car Show participants

Marque Parking Corrals, Vendors, Food and free Camping all weekend.



CARS OF ITALY FEATURE RACE

PORSCHE FEATURE RACE

TICKETS

WEEKEND SUPER TICKET

Bought in Advance - \$30
Bought at the Gate - \$35

SINGLE DAY ADMISSION

Friday (Practice) - \$15
Saturday (Qual & Races) - \$20
Sunday (Feature Races) - \$20

SUNDAY "CORNER 8" CAR SHOW

"One price" deal for pre '85 cars & all passengers - \$20

Tickets at www.mosport.com/tickets

For more info on the Festival
Walter Davies, President, VARAC
walter.davies@me.com
www.varac.ca



MOSPORT

We're Back!

WHAT A WEEKEND!

61st Annual Spring Trophy Races
Photos by Vic Henderson, Peter Viccary and Dick Coburn



Ted leads the V/H gang around 5 - must be a formation lap - they are still all running



Mike Deweerd shows a perfectly "stickered" V/H Car

Jeremy writes...

As I took part in the 61st Annual Spring Trophy Races, organized by The British Empire Motor Club I wondered about the somewhat anachronistic name of the club and the fact that this was their 61st! That's one heck of a string of races!

First, the name. In 1928, five Toronto-area motorcyclists, frustrated by the rules and regulations covering motorcycle competition, formed their own club.

At the time, motorcycle events were run by a group of dealers who sold American bikes such as Harley-Davidson and Indian; they did not like the motorcycles imported from England such as Triumph and Ariel, and they hampered sales of these "foreign machines" as much as possible. To make their point, the five members chose the name – "The British Empire Motor Club".

In 1928, the first event was a grass track/scramble held in Scarborough. In 1929, BEMC conceived the idea of a 24-hour trial and arranged for road closures at Belfountain, in the Caledon Hills.

In 1931, 1932 and again in 1933, an event billed as "the only motorized road race in Canada" was held on a 1.5 mile closed circuit at the Bridle Path and Post Road, near Bayview and Lawrence, in what was then known as "Bayview Heights". In 1939, the club decided to accept "auto enthusiasts" as full members, although it was not until 1948 that the car section was formed.

The first car race was held on June 25, 1950, an "experimental" race on a closed circuit road racing course, such an event being the first of its kind in Ontario. Previously, BEMC had run motorcycle races and trials, also car hill climbs, driving skill tests and ice races, but never a road race for sports cars.

Race One featured a duel between Toronto Jaguar Dealer James. L. Cooke in a Jaguar XK120 and George Barrett driving a Super-Charged GM-TD. Cooke won by a few seconds followed by Barrett. Third went to Jim Fergusson in a standard MG-TD followed by fourth place Charles Wheaton in a 1938, 4.5-litre Bentley.

Race Two was the 20-lap race with a "Le Mans" start, where drivers lined up opposite their cars, then ran to their cars and started racing. There was to be a compulsory pit stop. This time Barrett took off and won by over a minute from Cooke, Fergusson and Wheaton.

The 1950 Edenvale event was BEMC's first attempt at running a car race. BEMC did not run another race until 1952, again at the same venue, which was an abandoned World War Two airfield between Barrie and Stayner on Highway 26.

In 2003, the Club celebrated 75 years of excellence in Motorsport racing.

Congratulations to B.E.M.C. and thanks!



Alister McLean's Mercedes E190 Cosworth



Mike Steplock's 911 - great new paint job!



Nice to have Howie Freeman back on V/H in his Merlyn



It's Mallock Time



Jamie Bateman has acquired Walter's Lola



Steve Clark's weekend was short



Diane Dale finished on the podium twice



Geoff McCord's Porsche



Kevin Young's Datsun



Dave Good's MGA



Ted Michalos...ready to launch



Joe Lightfoot back from the US



Andrew Celovsky happy at work



Mike Steplock's Porsche



Peter McGlone's aerodynamically correct Lotus



Patrick Ferrier's Porsche



Jeff McCord's Datsun



John Hawkes won all 3 races



Tim Sanderson's Porsche



David Holmes ready for battle



BOTYM



Neal Cockshutt leads Mike Deweerd, Gavin Ivory, Dave Good and Joe Lightfoot - with Dave Morgan bringing up the rear



Dave Morgan holds off Stefan Wiesen



Del Bruce leads Gary Allen



Colin Gibson leads son Sean temporarily



The V/H Start - without Ted Michalos

“WHAT’S LIFE WITHOUT A LITTLE ADVENTURE IN IT?”

By Joe Lightfoot.

Photos by Dan Burgess, Joe and Cheryl Lightfoot.

As soon as I heard that the MG Focus Event for 2011 was going to be in California at Infineon Raceway, (formerly Sears Point), I knew I had to go. I had missed the opportunity to go to the MG Focus Event at Laguna Seca several years ago.

But what about the cost? My CPP and OAS don't pay that well so this would require a little something from the reserves. Luckily my wife Cheryl loves vintage racing and is pretty easy going. Besides, how could she object to four week vacation to California?

Now I had originally figured I'd drive out by myself with the race car on a trailer behind the old 96 Dodge Caravan with all my camping gear (like my trip to BC in 2009), while Cheryl flew out and met me in California. But Cheryl surprised me when she said she'd actually like to make the trip with me. So we decided that we would take the 1980 Chevy Motorhome, which is even older than the Dodge Caravan,

So I made plans to get the motor home fully serviced first thing in the spring. Of course spring creeps up on a person real quick when you're trying to get a race car rebuilt and ready at the same time. Thus I took the motor home into the garage about 10 days before departure. Turns out that over winter the gas

gauge had quit and the transmission sprung a leak.

Since I still really needed to pack up the old girl yet, I didn't have time to get repairs done so I opted for a can of Lucas transmission sealer and instead of a gas gauge just writing down my mileage and how much gas it takes between fill ups. (Of course I have no idea how many litres/gallons the tank holds!)

I guess I should say that to add to the uncertainty of the trip, the race car had a “new engine” that had never turned a wheel in anger and could also crap out on the very first lap at high rpms.

So on Sunday March 20th, with brave heart and dubious judgement we set off for California. The first day everything went great, the weather was beautiful (no snow anywhere) and we made it all the way Battle Creek Michigan. Covered 800 kms.

Unfortunately after that is was one little misadventure after another. First I lost the trailer's left rear tail light assembly, then later that day I lost the trailer 4 prong plug adaptor. Luckily I had another one which I taped into place. On the third day, as we crossed the plains of Nebraska we started to run into some serious head winds. The speed limit is 75mph,



we're struggling to maintain 55mph and the old Chevy is guzzling gas at an alarming rate.

Around about this time, we decided it was warm enough that we should put water in the holding tank so that Cheryl could stop gently voicing her opinion that it would be nice to be able to do the dishes that were piling up in the sink. So I filled the tank at a truck stop and turned on the pump to flush the lines. And that's when Cheryl yelled out "There's water running all over the floor"!

Seems the hot water tank sprung a leak over winter. Guess the dishes would have to wait. It seemed like it took me days to find to find a GD bypass coupler for the tank, but it was really only a day and a half and a half hour side trip to a Lowes store that did it.

On the fourth day, not only did we continue to run into head winds but we also began to climb higher in elevation. I checked my GPS and even though we were "on the prairies" our elevation was over 4,000 feet. We continued to climb and when it reached 5,000 feet, I turned to Cheryl and said "You know hun, if we reach 5,280 feet, which is one mile, and then pull over and have sex, we can claim we belong to the Mile High Club". Apparently the humour in this remark escaped her....

Later that day the winds got ridiculous. Overhead signs warned of 60mph gusts. We were now struggling to maintain 40mph as we rose even higher. During one of these gusts there was a loud bang like something fell down in the motor home. Turns out it was outside, not inside. A gust had pulled the canopy loose and it was hanging out about three feet. I pulled over and tried to secure it back in place. I beat on it, hammered on it and jumped at it but the front just wouldn't lock in.

I tried hanging out the door (which the wind was trying to slam closed on me) in an effort to get higher leverage. In the end I bungeed, tie wrapped and taped it into place as a stop gap measure till I could find a ladder and fix it properly.

That night it turned cold and the furnace ran most of the night. The MH rocked all night too but no, it wasn't Cheryl and I causing it! The next day, Thursday, the weather was nicer and the wind switched around behind us so we

started making good time and made it to Lovelock, Nevada.

However, at one gas stop a driver coming from the west said they had had a huge snow storm just west of Reno and the highway had been closed in "the pass".

Friday morning was bright and sunny as we headed for Reno. Not far outside of Reno the road started to become snow covered but not bad. About 20kms west of Reno the traffic came to a halt.

The police were stopping everyone and informing them they could go no further without tire chains. Well that wasn't an option so we went back to Reno and found a Motel 6 (yes I'm a cheap bastard). We needed the



break anyway not to mention a real shower.

The next day was very bright and sunny. We left for CA at about 11am. There wasn't a speck of snow on the road so we were hopeful. When we got to where we had been stopped the day before, the traffic was zipping along merrily. Yes! About 30 km past this point, we again all came to a stop where we were again informed we had to have tire chains.

Okay, how bad can it be to put chains on. Went to a garage where we were informed it would cost us \$396 for chains for the MH and trailer. #)%&* Well I'm not paying it. Maybe one more night in a motel.

But there has been so much snow that there is no motel with a parking lot big enough for the MH so we decided to stay in the MH in a mall parking lot. However later that day it was

sunny and traffic was just flying by so we tried once more. Flew past the spot where we had been stopped and made it another 10km.

Again we were stopped, but this time a guy in a rain suit said he could install chains for us right on the side of the highway. Yes, but how much? Eighty dollars. Seriously? What about the trailer? If the trailer doesn't have brakes, it doesn't need chains he says. So there we are flying down the highway at 30mph heading for California with a warning to remove the chains as soon as the signs overhead say to do so.

Now I will admit that I haven't seen 15 foot high snow banks since I was knee high to a grasshopper but I gotta' tell ya, any Ontario boy would have been whipping down that road with the windows rolled down, with half bald summer tires, with one hand on the wheel and one arm around his best girl thinking "what a great day". Californians? Pussies!

We made it to the track by 6:30pm, then went to find a nice place for supper and a place to park for the night. Just to let you know, that for the four weeks we were gone, the only time we paid for parking was the three days we spent at a KOA camp ground awaiting for the track to open. Total distance travelled 4,415kms.

Infineon



Thursday, March 31: Left the KOA at 11am. Got some groceries and more Bud Light Lime and went to the track.

Infineon Raceway is a beautiful facility. It's built on the side of a huge hill. Went for a long walk with the dogs, the first real walk since Saturday the 19th of March. Birds were singing, sun was shining. From the top of the hill you can smell the salty air from the ocean inlet nearby. Two or three herds of sheep were

acting as lawnmowers on the hillsides overlooking the track. This is great.

We got set up, registered and teched. Mike Adams and his wife Kathy showed up so we paddocked together with them and Dave Good and Brian Mckie from Ontario. Then we got some really good news.

The MGVR group has a hospitality suite at the top of the grandstands. We (mostly our wives) can go up there and sit in a beautiful room overlooking the front straight and watch from inside or outside. Nice! It's hot, about 29C, but not as humid as Ontario.

Friday, April 1: Got up early and got the car ready to go on track. I paid a \$175 for this test day, but turns out it's only half a day (1 till 5pm, about 3 sessions).

First outing, drove quite slow to figure out where the track goes and take it easy on the new motor. Lots of blind corners. Was starting to pick up the pace when the two cars in front of me headed for the pits. I thought, shit, did I miss the checkered flag? Didn't want to look like an idiot at this new track so I came off as well. It wasn't the end so I just wasted part of one of my three sessions.

Took the time to check everything over and drain the "break in oil and change the filter" and put in my Amsoil synthetic oil. Went back out for the next session. Getting comfortable with the track now. Decided not to bother with the last session because I have a bit of an oil leak that is making me nervous, besides, we have four sessions tomorrow anyway. Went into town with Mike and his wife for supper at Applebee's. Had a great meal of steak and shrimp.

Saturday April 2nd: Four sessions today. A practice session in Group B, a practice session in group MG only. A qualifying race in group B and a qualifying race in group MG only. So we'll get lots of track time.

The first session went well. Tried out my new "Go Pro" high definition video camera. The next session was the all MG practice and I was getting better all the time. The third session

was a qualifying session for all group B cars. I was passing like crazy and ended up 14th out of 46 which really surprised me. Had a great time but unfortunately I didn't have the camera on.

The last session was the all MG qualifying race. I soon found myself in 7th overall (out of 34) but couldn't advance any further, so it's just me chasing this one guy for eight laps. I managed to turn a 2:05 lap time which apparently is very respectable even for folks who have raced here many times. All in all, a great day of racing and the MGVR group put on a wonderful lunch for us also.

Some time during the day I found time to take the dogs for another run and also to walk around the paddock taking pictures of all the neat cars. Took about 100 pictures. There had to be at least 30 Elvas and as many Alfa Romeos or more.

The "Eye-talian" race guys in VARAC would have gotten a "woody" looking at so many beautiful Italian cars. There were some rare and "one off" cars as well, including a "Monster-atti" which is a car that looks like a Lotus 7 on steroids, powered by a 5.7 litre Chevy.

Then there was a really neat little old car called the Aardvark, powered by a 2cyl engine. There was the Beyers Volvo, a Beyers MG. The famous Ken Miles MG called the "Flying Shingle" and an ordinary MGA with an interesting history. Apparently its original owner won many championships with it and kicked many a Ferraris' ass so badly that the owner once commented that "he turned the "Prancing Horse" into a Prancing Jackass". Now that's funny.

There was a beautiful car that had been built before the Second World War by a bunch of guys who built aircraft in Czechoslovakia. Apparently, when the Nazis swept into the country, they

stole the car and took it back to Germany. After the war, when it was found, it was thought to have been built by BMW. Many years later someone finally found out the truth about its history.

Saturday evening the MGVR group held a banquet in town at a very special restaurant. It cost \$50 each but it included a "wine tasting" (practically unlimited and very good I might add). The weather was just beautiful as we strolled the gardens outside, chatting and sampling wine. There were two bottles of wine on each table and a great meal with plenty of deserts.

Naturally there were many thank-yous to be given by the host speaker and a few awards. My friend Dave Good was given "People's Choice MGA". My friend Mike Adams was given "People's Choice MGB", and I got the long distance award.

I have to say that we were made to feel so welcome by everyone involved, including the MGVR folks, the CSRG folks (this is the club who put on this Vintage race weekend), the folks at Infineon, and everyone in California that we came in contact with. It was truly a very special event that was worth every mile I drove to get there.

Sunday, April 3rd: Sunday morning there were two warm up sessions which I passed on. Instead, I took the dogs for another great long walk in the hillsides above the track. Then I set down to going over the car completely to



prepare for the two feature races in the afternoon.

The first race was for all the Group B cars. It was real hairy for a couple of laps. There was a gaggle of cars all trying to gain a position at every opportunity. At this track especially, that's just a disaster waiting to happen and there were many really close calls. I tried not to get passed while waiting for things to settle down, but did not try "dive bombing" anyone either and found myself having to dissuade a few "heroes" from dive bombing me.

After a lap or so, the front runners finally sorted themselves out and we all got down to some good racing.

I found myself behind this very nice Morgan which I could not quite stay with on Saturday. I guess I'd improved since then as this guy was holding me up now and making it rough for me because the guys behind me were trying to pass me as well.



I could get alongside him coming out of corners but he always had just enough power to "nose" into the next corner ahead of me. Eventually he braked early going into the carousel so I went for an outside pass. I didn't want him to slide out into me so I took the corner a bit wide. This corner is just like the last turn at Shannonville so very comfortable with

"unwinding" the wheel and drifting out to the wall.

But this time it just didn't feel right. I found myself getting very close to the wall, at which point I realized if I tried to pull the car away I may hit the wall with the back end of the car and if I lifted, I might plow the front end into the wall. At the very last second I let the car brush the wall dead flat.

I knew I must have really scraped up the side of the car and I thought about coming in but I had a whole lap to think about it. The car seemed just fine so somewhere later in that lap I finally got by him and in no time pulled away from him and the others.

The end results showed that I was actually 2.5 seconds a lap faster than him once I got clear of him but by then the next car in front of me had cleared out and all though I was making slow gains on it I couldn't catch it.

I was a bit upset with myself for scraping up my car but I'll just have to think of it as "war wounds". Incidentally my fastest lap was a 2.03 something which is really fast, just 4 seconds off the lap time of the fastest car out there and would have put me in a respectable finishing position even if I had been racing the Corvettes, Sunbeam Tigers, Porsche 911s, Jaguars, etc in the big bore group.

The last race of the day was with the all MG group. I promised myself not to do anything stupid this time and had another good race and strong dice

for many laps with another MGB.

After the last race we packed up and headed out for Kings Canyon National Park on our way to Tulsa, Oklahoma. (Fade in Gene Pitney singing..."Yes, I was only...24 hours from Tulsa...only.....")

TO BE CONTINUED