



# PIT SIGNALS



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

## Looking back at the 2011 Season

Can you believe it's over? It seems like only yesterday that Andrew Celovsky was emailing "Only two weeks to go" then "...only one week to go!" And now here it is-gone! Wow! Time flies when you're having fun. Or not having fun. My season perhaps like many other racers, was one of ups and downs.

A good result in the rain at the BARC event was followed a few weeks later in the rain at Celebration by a Savardian spinnerama. Pride goeth before an off....But the Festival was great, Waterford was fun, I didn't make it to Mt-Tremblant (\$\$\$) had a good finish at BARC and nearly drowned at Celebration.

It seemed that most VARAC types I spoke to had fun of various kinds, either racing without problems, or sometimes having to solve problems. Mechanical maladies seem to be a part of vintage racing but the help offered in the paddock if you do have a problem is wonderful. Very vintage.....



Gidget draws a crowd  
(Photo Richard Poxon)

And speaking of "very vintage" I smiled as I drove in the gate at Celebration. There, pulling in ahead of me, was Richard Poxon, driving his green Jaguar saloon, complete with racing numbers. Nice.

This year I unfortunately also experienced a forced time out from VR's and Pit Signals due to a computer problem (OK, a meltdown) and am just now taking

baby steps learning the world of Apple. Let's just say that it's not quite as easy as the Appleheads like to pretend....but then again my technical ineptitude is boundless.

Once again I'm happy to say that we have some entertaining contributions for your reading pleasure from various VARAC racers. Nothing from Group 70+ I'm sorry to say. I'm still hoping someone will start reporting on G70 happenings.....

Joe Lightfoot has a story about his adventures at Lime Rock and Watkins Glen. Funny how what appeared to be bad luck for Joe turned out so well in the end...you'll have to read his story, it's great. Ed Luce was also at Lime Rock with his '67 Lotus FF and gives us his view of the event.

Cam McRae has contributed a story about his Abarth woes and how they came to be fixed as well as some other vintage goodies for you.

Ken (Alfa Dog in Training) Lee has some observations about his rookie season, Nick Pratt has a few words about his Celebration race and Ancien Pilote Jean Boisvert reports on M-T. I hope you enjoy the stories. My grateful thanks to all who contributed their words and photos.

Jeremy Sale  
Editor, The Vintage Racer & Pit Signals



It's not snoozing, it's a Power Nap!  
Photo: Howie Freeman



# Salvation at the Celebration

## A Tale Both Mechanical and Moral

### By Cam McRae

Let's begin with the mechanical backdrop, against which the human drama unfolds. When we first rolled the wee Abarth out of the trailer three years ago, its engine was equipped with a "warm" street cam. That bumpstick was from famed Italian grinder Alquati, one of three I purchased from Art Bayless. And, as it turns out, one of the last three to be sold in North America. Signore Camillo Alquati retired. His son sold off all the equipment and opened a restaurant. Go figure.

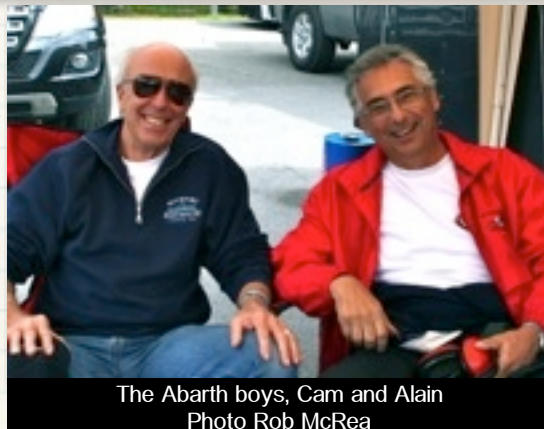
The Alquati cams were ground on forged steel billets. The recommended distributor/oil pump drive gear was bronze. So bronze it was. For the more porous, more abrasive, cast iron cams, a cast iron gear is the choice. (Hold that thought...)



Alain's License Plate  
Photo Rob McRea

So equipped, the 850 engine was a pleasure to drive. But it lost its will at about 6,500 and it was, oh, so slow up the back straight. Quickly tiring of my knitting and crossword puzzles, I decided to go for more oomph, and switched to a "mild race" ground on a cast iron blank. Didn't change the drive gear. This cam moved the rpm up to 7,500 and improved the lap times considerably.

Alas, it succumbed to a failed lifter. That lifter had been eaten by a lack of zinc in the oil - a change that snuck in between seasons and was a nasty surprise for many racers using flat-tappet (not roller) cams. All street oils and most competition oils, including my beloved Valvoline VR1, were stripped of the zinc for emissions reasons. Which, of course, prompted the release of a host of zinc additives. I use Lucas Zinc-Plus, an excellent lubricant liberally laced with the helpful metal. While it was missing, that lack of zinc further promoted wear to the poor little gear.



The Abarth boys, Cam and Alain  
Photo Rob McRea

Next up was a high lift, 300 degree, "full race" grind, also on cast iron, requiring exotic new springs and careful attention to piston-to-valve clearance etc. In other Abarths, this cam pulls from 5,500 to well over 8,000. I still hadn't changed that gear, at a cursory glance it looked fine. But the stress of turning that oil pump at high revs was beginning to take its toll.

Which brings us to last spring's Test and Tune. There was trouble from the outset. Poor idle, crackity-poppy mid range, difficulty getting past about 7,200. The day was spent messing with ignition and jetting, all of which seemed to help - somewhat. The upside of the day was a complete vote of success for the suspension changes and new transmission that had also dominated the winter's efforts. Looking forward to the Festival, I was confident it could be sorted out. (You fool you...)

Diana and I had a glorious time on the Festival weekend, even though I lost my balls. (Check out the previous Vintage Racer for that story) But the car didn't. Same issues. Cracking and popping sometimes. Low power other times. Then, unpredictably, off like a rocket. Grrrr!

The rest of our season was interrupted by a series of family crises, but we sent in a late, waiting list, entry to Lime Rock with the intention of heading for Tremblant if there wasn't room for us at the US event.

In the meantime, I changed or checked everything (except that gear). The distributor, the coil, the wires, the carb and so on. The Lime Rock entry stayed filled, but Diana I went down to Connecticut anyway, as spectators and to support our Canuck friends. And, we set our sights on Le Circuit, barely three weeks away...

So, I went through it all one more time, then drove it around the neighbourhood. One quick lap, scare the squirrels, back into the garage, seemed OK. Nevertheless, with paranoia raging, on the Tuesday before the Quebec event we rented the Nelson circuit for a lunch hour.





"God made Scots...  
Photo Rob McRea

First lap, taken gently, everything seems OK. Crank up the speeds and it all came back. D a m n , d a m n , damn! I spent the next hour

switching, checking, changing, lapping - to no avail. We were way past our one hour rental, but the track staff left us alone in our crisis. It was running far too lean, re-jetting didn't help, so I took one last careful look - and discovered a crack in the intake manifold, just below the carb base. I called out to Diana and asked her to grab the tube of silicone and some masking tape. Stopped on the sillysealer, taped it, and out I went, one more time. A perfect lap, engine in good voice. Straight into the trailer, thank the S'ville staff, and head home, smiling. Next stop, the Laurentians. It must have been that crack all along, right? (You fool you...)

Friday morning on a glorious day in the mountains. Nine am practice. Roll nicely away from the paddock, second gear, 3,500 rpm, hit the throttle at the line. Strongly accelerate, the engine is pulling like a train, sounds wonderful. The red line arrived just before the blend line, upshift and...SILENCE! I didn't even make it on to the track

After an ignominious tow back to our trailer, the diagnoses began. Phil Cooper, our resident auto shop teacher, bless him, was immediately on the scene helping me run all the first aid tests. It came down to spark. First we had it, then we didn't. Suddenly, Phil announced: "It's not turning!" We had the cap off and he could see

that the rotor wasn't rotating. Sometimes it did, sometimes it didn't. That gear...

Phil's sage advice to a very disconsolate racer? "You might as well take it apart. At least you'll know what's wrong." So Diana and I knelt on our Princess Auto prayer rug and pulled



The \*&@! gear!

the head, allowing me close enough access to turn the

pump/distributor drive with a pair of needle nose. That gear had some teeth, but only two thirds of the way 'round! (While we worked, John Greenwood delivered the line of the weekend. Leaning over the two kneelers, he inquired, in his best Scots lilt: "Is this an interdenominational service?")

From the outset, the gear's engagement and thus the ignition timing, had been erratic. The manifold was cracked by a misfire that must have come close to blowing the carb right off! You couldn't tell in the garage, or on a gentle drive. It only went south under racing conditions. The upshift as I headed for Le Circuit finished it, shearing off the remnants of a bunch of teeth.

In the end, it was Diana who had the best suggestion. Out of the blue, she said: "Why don't we go the Celebration?" "What?" I said. "You can fix it, can't you?" she replied. And so I did. A week of thrash,

engine out/engine in, culminating in another squirrel-scaring mission on Thursday afternoon and a Friday tow to Mosport.

For us, Saturday was a perfect race day. I was out in all three sessions and the car performed flawlessly. After the race, Diana and I found a sheltered spot in the sun and celebrated our success by eating



Praying  
Photo Rob McRea

a large order of Mosport's fries and gravy. With our fingers...

Sunday, we couldn't stay for the afternoon tilt, but I roared off into the morning's cold rain with great glee, swanning around blissfully, trying different lines, testing my new rain tires. Coming around for the checkers, however, I slowed just before 10, dropped to second and ran it up to the red line down the pit straight - 8,000 rpm with a joyful upshift passing under the flag tower. The engine ran "*sweet and clear like moonlight through the pines*".

Thanks, Ray, and thanks to all our VARAC friends for your help and support throughout our season of discontent. The Celebration made it all worthwhile.



# 2011 Celebration Reports

Nick Pratt writes:

We had an outstanding 33 car grid for Vintage/Historic given the dire weather predictions for the weekend. And from what we heard from CASC, over 200 entries in all signed up for Celebration so a fantastic turnout overall. The way I saw it that meant at least 199 other people as deranged as myself.

Saturday dawned sunny but cold. During the driver's meeting, instead of waxing eloquent about the four foot high concrete wall blend line, Roger found a new passion in covering the pace car speed. As he described it, the pace car would slow right down at the top of 4 to let the field catch up and would then lead us gently round Moss and on to the back straight. We all seemed to be clear on this point except the pace car driver who suffered short term memory loss for the Sunday feature. The Audi rocketed off at the top of 4 and it was all I could do to keep up with him until we got on to the back straight. Luckily we gathered everyone up by the time we got into 8.

Sunday morning race conditions were the worst I've ever experienced. With the temperature hovering around 5 degrees and with a driving rain, navigating the track was hazardous in the extreme. The anti-fog on my visor just couldn't keep up and I 'sailed' around mostly blind, lifting my visor every so often to see where the heck I was going.

The Sunday afternoon feature was dry but cold. Joe Lightfoot and I had a superb dice, trading places twice but he nipped me going under the starter on the last lap. Great fun!

In the impound area, CASC was a bit at sea with the trophy presentation as they were still on the old alpha class designations whereas we had moved to numeric designations. All got sorted out to everyone's satisfaction and the class winners were awarded their trophies. I must say the trophy design seems to have gotten stuck in the 1950's but maybe that's OK for Vintage guys! I'm positive those trophies and the leg lamp in 'A Christmas Story' share the same DNA.

CASC put on a delicious roast beast dinner Saturday night which was a welcome treat after a chilly day of racing. On Sunday the grid marshals held up a sign thanking us for a great 2011 season. What's wrong with this picture? As someone said on the Chat, it should be us holding up the sign. The marshals were just a fantastic bunch, given the weather conditions. And always with a smile on their faces. We have to keep reminding ourselves that but for the grace of those folks; we wouldn't be racing at all.

So thanks marshals and all the volunteers for a wonderful 2011 season!!! See y'all in the spring.

Nick & Gidget



Peter McGlone power naps  
Photo Richard Poxon

Ken Lee reports on his first VARAC season:

I took the CASC driving school in April and thanks to Christopher Creighton managed to get two day's racing in before the Celebration weekend.

The weekend before the Celebration event, Vytautas Svedas and I drove down to Wildwood Missouri to pick up my newly acquired Alfa GTV race car.



"How comma you car leaka da hoil?"  
Photo by Tony Svedas

On Friday, I took the car through Tech and looked forward to Saturday. A rookie driver in a new car made for an exciting day! I spun once in practice, but I got a little more comfortable with each lap. I still act as a moving chicane, but I am getting faster.

I had a blast on Saturday, and would like to thank all the drivers who passed me for being nice about it!

Due to my lack of experience, I decided to spend Sunday sitting in my warm car at turn 3 watching the rest of you have all the fun. See you next year; I can't wait!!

Ken Lee #13 Alfa GTV

Joe Lightfoot writes:

What a way to end the season! A first in class and first overall. I haven't had a first overall in years. I kinda' felt bad passing Nick for 1st but not bad enough to hold anything back. And what an amazing turn out of Vintage/Historic cars. Thirty four registered, at least thirty two started the weekend.



With the great turn out at Mt Tremblant the week before I had not expected more than 15 cars, especially knowing what the weather forecast was, though there were the occasional sunny periods. It was good to see rookie Jeff Lantz toughing it out in every session in his Ford Capri. And it is good to have our Formula Classic cars back with us, six in all I think.

This has been a dream season for me. Even when I fall into a bucket of s-t(the wreck at Lime Rock) I come out smelling like a rose (car handles better than it ever has before). This was my ninth race weekend of the season. Car hasn't leaked or pushed out a drop of water or oil (since I got back from California that is).

Oil pressure remains the same as it started in March. It's still purring like a kitten and ready to start next year. It has torn up \$1600 worth of Hoosiers though.

Cheers, Joe L



# Ed Luce at Lime Rock

So, I heard it rained at Mosport a few weeks ago. Did things look at all like this?



Wet at Lime Rock  
Photos Jim Luce

I'm sure that Lime Rock was drier for the 2011 Historic Festival than it had been a week earlier, when Hurricane Irene swept over the track, but

perhaps not a lot. I'd been at Lime Rock very briefly in '92 and '93, but had never raced here before, nor attended the festival as a spectator. So here's the rookie's view.

First of all, the paddock at this event is very hazardous. There are so many incredible racing machines in attendance that one's attention is constantly drawn from where one is walking. So the pedestrian traffic is all shuffling around the paddock with their heads rapidly swiveling from one side to the other. "Look at tha- no, wait, look at that! I haven't seen one of those in 30 year- wow, I haven't seen one of those in 40 year- hey, I've never seen one of those!"

Add in about 100 golf carts ferrying people around the site and it was difficult to get from the paddock to the false grid without stalling or running somebody over.

The track itself is quite fun. I'd say that there is only one truly blind area – over the crest of the 'Uphill' – and surprisingly little run-off anywhere.

At speed, there's a moment of lightness at the top of the Uphill sufficient to get minor wheel spin, so there's a reality check – if you don't hear the engine speed increase momentarily at the crest than you aren't going fast enough! Top speeds are faster than Mosport, which I found amazing given the relatively short track. But the straight is preceded by two fast corners and is downhill all the way, quite unlike Mosport or Shannonville.

The weekend schedule was very, very tight. 15 minute sessions, and the clock starts running as soon as the previous group is off the course and the safety vehicles go out to pick up any stranded cars. (In their defense, the safety guys did fantastically quick work. They went out in force, and there are several places

where cars can be dragged off the track and into the infield.)

Then out for about 5 – 10 race laps depending on how far the schedule was behind. In the end, I guess I was on the track for a total of about 50 minutes over the course of the three-day event. Even if the weather and other sessions had co-operated perfectly, we'd have had about 80 minutes maximum. So those who are concerned with \$\$\$/lap should therefore not consider attending.

Claude Gagne's '72 and my '67 Lotus FF were in a run group with other Formula Fords up to 1979, and FJ's from a 1959 OSCA to a '63 Cooper. I believe that a FV was in the mix as well. Quite a large group (28 cars) on a relatively short (1.51 mile) track.

During qualifying, there were cars still leaving the false grid as the front runners came around on their first hot lap. (Blend line? What's a blend line?) I qualified 17th, held up behind a slightly slower FJ being driven by a rather competitive fellow who was not interested in letting me by.

Talking to an acquaintance who had raced with this group in the past, said fellow was known to have "a bit of an attitude". And deep pockets as well, apparently, as I was informed that he had damaged the car on several occasions.

The organizers had threatened 'draconian' measures for contact with either the track surrounds or other competitor's cars, but this appeared to be an empty threat at best. Similarly, threats regarding passing under yellow were apparently hollow, as some 'colour blind' folks re-appeared in subsequent sessions.

Friday and Saturday were hot and muggy. Traffic was heavy, so I couldn't easily improve my lap times as my experience with the track and confidence improved, but I did get past that darned FJ.

Unfortunately, he pulled a Durell and sneaked past when I pointed the two front runners by to lap me just before the checkered, so I finished race 2 on Sunday still in 16th, with Claude right behind me.

Retreating to the air conditioned driver's lounge after morning sessions to check results and cool off, one could also partake of cappuccino or espresso being ladled out freely. Tres swank!

Dorothy and I attended the Friday evening reception only long enough to sample the appetizers, as I was meeting my father and stepmother for dinner. The food looked to be quite lavish. Certainly the appetizers and draft were excellent.



Sunday there is no racing at LRP, but there was a very well-attended concours d'elegance. To my eye, the most interesting cars in the concours were those selected from the race paddock (so I'd seen them all already), although a few unusual survivors (like a '53 VW Beetle that looked like it had never been used) were pretty neat to see.

The weekend draws a very large camping contingent, and there were literally thousands of people walking on the track for the concours. Lots of other things to do in the Berkshires on the day off. In the afternoon, we went looking for the scene of the Alice's Restaurant Massacre in Stockbridge, and did succeed in finding the 'church', now called the Guthrie Center.

Monday's forecast threatened precipitation, and by



Ed at Lime Rock  
Photo Jim Luce

the time my group went out, it was starting to rain. After 3 laps, it was raining heavily, and so many cars had gone off that the session was black-flagged to allow the safety trucks to go out for clean-up. Several of the rain-weary left the pits and did not take the restart. 4 final laps before the clock ran out, and I was up to tenth place by the checkered flag.

The rain cleared for lunch break, so the marshals at least had a chance to dry out and eat a dry meal. However, by the time racing restarted in the afternoon the skies had really opened.

I got in the car and waited for about 30 minutes while we were all in a holding pattern. Eventually, either the rain slackened, or folks got tired of waiting around for it to slacken, so racing began again. Only 11 cars reported to the false grid for our feature race.

We did two 'warm-up' laps (really the 'see where and how deep the water is on all of the apices' laps) and three of the drivers declined to take the green. I feel like I ended up 6th overall and third fastest FF by virtue of not being as smart as some of the other drivers and therefore not knowing when to come in out of the rain...

In the last race I was pursuing an OSCA Formula Jr. (#740) for the whole 5 laps. The guy was not at all keen to let me past (assuming that he could see that I was there at all). There were only a few places on the circuit where I could have gotten past him in the dry - but now one of them had a huge puddle in it, and two others had rivers across the track - between Lefthander and Righthander and right in the braking zone for the Uphill - just where I could have out-braked him. A great deal of fun regardless.

The paddock was so full of cool machinery it was amazing, but the coolest sight of the weekend for me was trailing the OSCA into turn one and watching the spray coming off of his four wheels being bent in the airflow behind the car's voluptuous rear bodywork. (I have got to get a helmet cam of some sort.) It's the sort of thing that you just can't see standing on the sidelines.

It continued to rain heavily for the rest of the afternoon. Most of the sessions were shortened, and the last group - really quick single seaters - didn't go out at all. A bit disappointing for them to get all suited up, sit on the grid getting good and soaked, then not go out after all.

So, we packed up in the heavy rain. Most folks had given up on footwear and were sloshing around in the paddock barefoot. When my tow vehicle is disconnected, I always support my trailer's front stand on pieces of 2X8 to spread the load.

Late on Monday, when I hooked the Jeep back up and raised the trailer's stand, those boards floated away. They beached on a bit of high ground behind Mike Snowdon's paddock next door, so I didn't have to chase them far.

A m y o t  
Bachand won  
the last race  
of the  
weekend -  
the sprint  
back to the  
Days Inn to  
grab the only  
contiguous  
parking spots  
available to  
park a trailer



Dorothy helps Ed.  
Photo Jim Luce

and tow vehicle. He got me on the straight between Caanan and Great Barrington and pulled away clean.

So, the bottom line. The Lime Rock Historic Festival is worth attending at least once, if only to see the other cars entered. A very high-tone event indeed. But the rather limited track time and some questionable company on the track might discourage some.



# John Greenwood /Jean Boisvert reports from Le Circuit

The Fall Classic at Mt-Tremblant this year was held in the best weather conditions I have ever seen in all my years attendance at this wonderful racetrack. The sun was shining every day of the three day event, reaching a high of 28c on Sunday afternoon. There were 31 cars registered for V/H and I heard that G70 had 35 cars registered. So we had good fields with everyone having someone to dance with.



Greenwood's fender stayed on  
Photo Flagworld.com

Racing started EVERY day with the V/H guys out first, chasing the fog out of the way and getting the dampness off the track for the guys following us. V/H had three fifteen minute un-timed practice sessions on Friday, with one 20 min qualifying session and a 20 minute race on Saturday PM plus two 30 minute races on Sunday. Sunday's races were held early to allow the Ontario racers to exit early for the long trip home.

I believe that most racers had a great time, with not too many breakdowns or DNF's. I don't recall any incidents of contact (at least in V/H ) during the event. However there are always some tales of woe during a race weekend ..Cam McRae never



The ex-Dave Greenblatt Bardahl Special  
Photo Flagworld.com

completed 2 laps, as his newly repaired engine stripped a spur gear on the timing/oil pump drive on his Fiat Abarth. Andre Rousseau, (also in a Fiat!!) broke a crankshaft pulley, which I was told broke the alternator bracket and caused him to sit and watch early on. However I believe he got it fixed for later in the event. Yvon Lapanay was running well on Friday and then the motor of his Datsun 510 exploded on Saturday to end his weekend racing. And not one broken Brit car amongst them!!

I was asked by Walter to inspect and scrutineer for eligibility a newly restored Elva Courier of new VARAC member Terry Watson. I am pleased to say the car preparation was high standard and a great new addition to the Vintage fields. Terry told me that he used to race this Elva for a number of years and then he put it away for a longtime.



From any angle, an Abarth is interesting  
Photo Flagworld.com

During the event I saw the Elva parked on trackside a couple of times and then later on Terry spun it just in front of me on corner 4. Ah well, just teething problems, he will soon be a threat to the MGB's. Also out at this event was Al Fergusson with the Ferret Canada Class. Al seemed to be going well and I saw him running at the last race.

I had a super race weekend, with my car running flawlessly and all my fenders stayed on! I had some great races with Phil Cooper (MGB) and when Phil had to start the final 30 minute session from the back of the pack, I jokingly said "I will wait for you!"

However I didn't have to wait very long until I saw a wee brown spot in my mirrors, coming fast. From that point on it was super racing, we passed each other 8 times in the last lap (4 passes each). Phil passed me under the bridge, I re-passed him at



Namerow then we raced inches apart to the checker. Great stuff!

The social side was well looked after with the Quebec gang putting together a nice Friday evening soirée with everyone invited. This coincided with a retirement party

(from work, not racing ) for Claude Gagné, (Lotus 61) The wine and beer was flowing and the nibblies were well appreciated!

This year I tried staying at the Auberge du Coq de Montagne, a nice motel situated just across the lake from the track. I found it to be VERY friendly and convenient to the track. It seems that the owner/ bartender Nino seems to have met everyone who has ever raced or skied at Tremblant. He has some amazing stories, all this while pouring another new drink concoction "Jean Boisvert, you must try



Amyot Bachand is ready...  
Photo Flagworld.com

this."

Tough to pry yourself off the barstool! The motel is quite rustic and has lots of stairs to climb. Brekkie (or petit déjeuner as I call it), is good and served quickly. The parking lot is big and it seemed to me that everyone who was racing that weekend visited that bar at least once during the weekend.

However I must say that the motel route was more costly than the shared 4-5 room condo at Cap Tremblant and of course we have also had some really good fun in condo life, so we will ponder it for next year...

We will have another car returning to the PQ group as Daniel Frigon from Trois-Rivières area has purchased and picked up the ex-Martin Beaudry Porsche 914 from me and is planning to race it at next years Mt-T Spring and Fall Classic's and of course, the VARAC Festival. Good luck and good racing Daniel.

Au revoir! John G.

## TRIVIA

*Arcane knowledge "from the day..." from Cam McRae*

After more than 60 years, motorsport in Canada abounds with history, and the stories we tell about it. Some of those stories are little gems, snippets of memory from the past that tell us a lot about where we've come from, and where we are.

Those little tales may become a regular feature tucked into the Vintage Racer. Some we will tell; some, we hope will be recounted by other members of VARAC.

Your contributions are most welcome, please send to Cam McRae at [sremedia@cogeco.ca](mailto:sremedia@cogeco.ca).

Here's a few to start us off. Enjoy!

1. Bill Brack's first Mini was a modified 1959 850. What was its nickname?



Brack, on his first race, on ICE!

2. That car was painted an awful pale green. What, in those non-PC days, did Brack call that colour?
3. What was unique about Pedro Rodriguez' ride in a 250P during the 1963 Player's 200?
4. What was the reported attendance for that event?
5. Who won? (And in what?)
6. How much did the program cost?

## ANSWERS

1. Miss Mini
2. Chinese Racing Green
3. His left turn signal was on for the entire race. (anticipating Corner Two?)
4. 36,000 (!)
5. Chuck Daigh in a Lotus 19.



Chuck is pursued by Eppie Wietzes in the 1963 Players 200

6. Forty-nine cents.



# Lime Rock Historic Festival & "The Glen" By Joe Lightfoot

Lime Rock has been on my "bucket list" for a few years but they don't allow dogs there so my dear wife stayed home (that doesn't sound right does it?) Anyway she stayed with the dogs so that I could go. I certainly wasn't alone though, as a whole lot of VARAC folks attended as well. By my count it was thirteen members including myself, Richard Navin, Phil Cooper, Robert Searle, David Holmes, Frank Mount, Jack Boxstrom, Alain Raymond, Dick Odgers, Raymond Lafleur, Ed Luce, Claude Gagne and Amyot Bachand.

Lime Rock did not disappoint, it's a beautiful facility, well run and with lots of track time. There were ten classes of cars and each had two sessions per day. They have a driver's lounge where they provided a continental breakfast each day. A nice touch to the entry package was a bottle of wine with a picture of your own car on it. The track put on a great banquet on Friday night. Guest speakers were John Fitch and Skip Barber.

As most of you know there is no racing on Sunday at LR but they put on a marvelous car show. I'm not much into car shows but I have to admit I spent a couple of hours and took over a hundred pictures. I think my favourite was a stunning '58 Studebaker Golden Hawk. If I could ever find and then afford to prepare a '58 Studebaker Silver Hawk that's what I

So, what about the racing? Well, let me say that before racing there, I could not imagine how a short 1.5 mile track with only six bends could be fun or challenging, but my opinion changed almost immediately. This track is a hoot! Big bend (corner one) is quite a challenge with a fast entry and ever decreasing radius. The corner and hill climb at the end of the back straight is seriously thrilling and rewarding if you're willing to really put the hammer down. And of course everyone raves about the



downhill and corner leading onto the front straight. Surprisingly, I hit higher speeds on their front straight than I do on Mosport's back straight.

I was having a great time and doing well all weekend. On Monday the track was wet and for some reason I had an ominous feeling and really took it easy. Everyone else thought it was pay day and went charging into corner one and..... made it. I did get a

little braver at the end and tried to put a pass on Richard Navin but it was not to be.

In the MG feature on Monday I again was a bit cautious and decided to wait till things had sorted themselves out before seeing if I could pick off any of folks in front of me. Again it was not to be. An MGB in front of me got a little sideways in the first left hander then did a tank slapper into the right hander and tried to yank it back on track right in front of me. Unfortunately he managed to hook the curb and that shot him right back onto the track in front of me. I didn't stand a chance, it was a head on collision at about 40 mph. The impact caved in my fender and damn near tore my right front wheel off. This was on the first lap and needless to



Joe wants to race a '58 Studie  
Photo Joe Lightfoot



saying I was hugely disappointed and a might p----ed. But that's racing I guess.

There was one real problem with this unfortunate situation and that was that I had booked and paid for The Glen for the next weekend. This was Monday, I was nine hours from home and I had planned on leaving for the Glen on Thursday morning (should have been leaving Wednesday AM but I didn't realize practice was Thursday).

I arrived home at 3am on Tuesday morning. Got a few hours sleep and then unloaded the car onto the car hoist to assess the real damage. Naturally the fender was way beyond straightening. The king pin or trunion was ripped right out of the lower control arm assembly, the brake rotor had a big chunk out of it and the steering arm was snapped off. I called my mechanic and body man, neither were available on such short notice. If I was going to the Glen, I was going to have to do it all by myself.

Much to my surprise, I discovered that I had a good used right front fender in stock (I'd bought it at a flea market sometime in the last 12 months). I also discovered that I had a brand new pair of brake rotors in stock. In my storage barn I found a complete lower control arm assembly laying on the floor and also laying about were four steering arms. Three of them were for the left side but one was for the right side! (Editor's note. This all sounds a bit unlikely but if you've ever seen Joe's place you'd understand!)



Mike De Weerd represented VARAC well  
Photo Stephen Minnig

By Wednesday afternoon I was driving the car up and down the driveway. Loaded the car into the enclosed trailer and hooked up the motorhome.

Cheryl had made ready everything else. 8am Thursday morning we headed for the Glen.

Now as you can imagine I was mighty nervous about racing around the Glen at such high speeds in a car that had just been in a heavy impact accident. I'm a pretty good mechanic but I couldn't help but wonder if there was anything damaged that I couldn't see.

In my first practice I was real careful and slow. The car was very "darty". Richard Navin suggested that I had too much "toe out" and showed me how to check it with the tools at hand. Two two foot



Ian no doubt showed them the rain line  
Photo Stephen Minnig

chunks of two by fours, a yard stick, a broom handle and a tape measure. Aah, vintage racing at its best! We took one full turn out of the toe out.

Qualifying was next and the car did feel better but not the way it used to be. In fact, it felt better than it used to be! I got pretty brave and when we got our lap times I discovered I had set a new personal fast lap for me at the Glen.

In the race on Saturday the car felt incredibly controllable and the engine was pulling like a train. In a draft up the back straight I was pulling 6700rpm and that's with the stock 3.9 rear end. I had a wonderful race, beat my nemesis, John Targett and shaved another four seconds off my best time ever. Needless to say I was ecstatic.

The rest of the weekend went very well. Richard kicked ass (mine included) in the MG feature race and in the last race on Sunday I was

7<sup>th</sup> over all out of 43 cars and the first MG across the finish line. I'm soooo excited!

Cheers, Joe L.