

JULY 1991



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Laguna Seca Time Trial P.4

San Antonio Concours P.6

Milano AC Mods P.7

Manney Mille Miglia P.8

THE
JOURNAL
OF THE
ALFA ROMEO
OWNERS
OF
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA



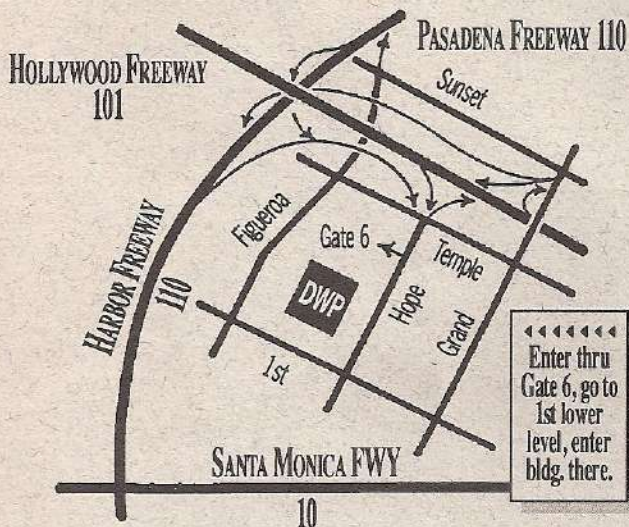
**IT DOESN'T GET ANY
BETTER THAN THIS!**



Afacionada is the monthly publication of ALFA ROMEO OWNERS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, a regional chapter of ALFA ROMEO OWNERS CLUB, INC.

Subscriptions to this newsletter are included as part of the \$47.00 membership fee paid to AROC, Inc. Meetings are held monthly on the LAST FRIDAY of the month at 8 p.m. at the Department of Water and Power Auditorium, located at 111 N. Hope St., Downtown Los Angeles, unless otherwise noted in the newsletter.

2



IMPORTANT DEADLINE:

Please send articles, letters, classified ads and photographs to the editor by the tenth of the month for publication in the **next** month's edition. **Photos and manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage.** Photos, use b/w or color prints—no slides except professional photographers. Send SASE to editor for copy of editorial guidelines, hints, etc.

Classified ads are available as a free service to members and at a nominal \$10.00 charge to non-members advertising Alfa related items.

This newsletter and its authors and editors assume no liability for the accuracy or legality of any technical information appearing herein.

MODIFICATIONS DISCLAIMER:

AROSC is not responsible for the safety or practicality of modifications performed by individual members and described in these pages. The Club suggests you check with your mechanic before modifying your car in any way.

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Commercial Display Ad Rates

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Cover

Anheuser-Busch aluminum recycling propaganda poster.
Photo by Randall Higa

Editor's Column

Louise Velazquez

This issue will cover both July and August as the newsletter staff (consisting of 2 members) is traditionally allowed to take a break to attend the AROC National Convention and the Monterey Historic Races. We hope to see everyone there.

The second part of the adventures of **Henry Manney III** at the '57 Mille Miglia continues here. It was an interesting task proofreading this article on the computer—Henry had a large vocabulary of his own creation that he used quite liberally and the Macintosh had a tough time deciphering these Manneyisms.

Due to space considerations we will not run **T.C. Browne's** report on this year's race in Brescia until the next issue. Life with T.C. is never dull so we're looking forward to hearing what he has to say. Word is also out that Martin Swig has received permission from the powers that be to stage a California Mille Miglia up north this fall. That could be interesting. I hope the CHP is as accommodating as the polizia along the Mille Miglia route in Italy.

Ward and Deane Leaving Business

Back in the 60's **Alan Ward** and **Don Deane** were two perfectly normal Aerospace engineers. Life was simple and good, then one day they discovered the wonderful world of Alfa Romeos.

Over the next few years they became increasingly involved with the Italian seducers. Alan drove a series of Spiders to numerous regional SCCA victories and the team made many trips to the National Runoffs at Road Atlanta.

Being very inventive and thoroughly convinced that their cars could do more they developed many innovative modifications. Their success and popularity eventually pushed them to open their own Alfa shop, specializing in race and competition preparation.

For many years Ward and Deane suspension and other racing and high performance parts have been sold throughout the world and used by legions of loyal Alfisti.

The number of first rate race cars built in their shop is legendary, not to mention the hundreds of time trialers and street drivers who have benefitted from their knowledge, experience and attention to detail.

Next month Alan and Don will close their shop in Gardena. All of those who have spent nights and Saturdays watching, learning and being infected with Alfa fever at their hands will always be grateful for those times.

While Alan is going to continue to work on Alfas, Don is moving to Florida to retire and fish.

Many people think that Alan is also going to start a trophy business, as he has never walked away from an AROSC, or any other event we know of, without a trophy. Added to his collection of bowling trophies he could fill a good sized warehouse and without the shop to display them he just might try to recycle a few. Will next year's Time Trial trophies have bowling balls or sailfish on them?

All good things do come to an end, but you still have time to visit Ward and Deane and maybe find that special part you had given up hope of ever getting. and at least get to meet them both in their element.

President's Column

William J. Pringle

My God, the year is half over! Depending on your outlook, maybe it's only half begun. Time sure flies when you're having fun. Speaking of fun, we had a good turnout at the Crystal springs picnic. The Miata people had a good time celebrating the victory of the Mazda team at this years 24 hours of Le Mans. Someone had to explain to them though that Le Mans was an automobile endurance race in France and not some old Pontiac! Thanks to **Tina Van Curen** whose endless fountain of energy and hard work has kept this administration afloat. Also thanks to **Stu Schaller** for coordinating with the Miata club and to **Rick Delgado** and his lovely companion **Michelle Schwartz** for helping out on a continuing basis.

The general meeting on June 28th had a mild turnout with a twist. The guest speaker from Yokohama did a last minute no-show, much to my chagrin. The person who snatched victory from the jaws of defeat was veteran suspension guru **Alan Ward** who talked about tire/suspension fundamentals to the attentive crowd. Thanks Alan, you saved the day. Not that it matters much, but I've switched to B.F. Goodrich Radial TA-R1's from now on!

Next on the calendar is the general meeting on July 26th at DWP. Guest speaker for sure will be **John Concialdi** of Advanced Engine Management. John is a wizard with Weber carbs and will give a discussion on tuning, jetting, etc. Don't even think about missing this meeting!

Next board meeting is on Tuesday August 20th, so if you have some ideas or would like to help the club out please attend. Call Tina Van Curen or William J. Pringle for information. Our numbers are on the front page. Don't be shy!

Ciao baby.

By the way, I just got my race car running and it is real nasty! See you at the August 24 Time Trial at Willow Springs. My car has a radiator that could cool a freight train, so I ain't even worried.

CALENDAR

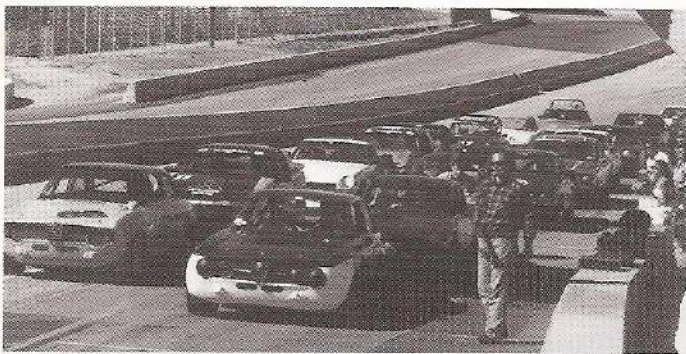
July 26	General meeting at DWP— John Concialdi guest
August 7-11	AROC National Convention—San Diego
August 15-18	Monterey Historic Races—Juan M. Fangio
August 20	AROSC Board Meeting—7:30 pm
NO AUGUST GENERAL MEETING	
August 24-25	AROSC Time Trials—Willow Springs
September 17	AROSC Board meeting—7:30 pm
September 27	AROSC General meeting at DWP

A Memorable Weekend at Laguna Seca

Tina Van Curen Photos by Randall Higa

The third Time Trial and Race of the year were held over the Memorial Day weekend at Laguna Seca. The annual trek to Monterey is always a highlight of the competition season and this year was no exception.

There were 120 Time Trial entrants, a full house! Close to one third of the entrants were from Northern California. Laguna Seca is a kind of home track for many of them and they put up some stiff competition. Among the regulars there appears to be some serious 'family' contests developing. **Lorien Kranen** came in ahead of her dad, **George**, in his famous T-Bird, instructor and veteran



Alisa Kincaid, in her freshly painted midnight blue Saab Sonnett, beat her husband **Larry** by less than one second. The big upset was relative newcomer **Bob Gaukel**, who took second in class E to **Judy Illeman's** fourth. The next week they announced their engagement! Is there a connection???

CONGRATULATIONS TO JUDY AND BOB!

While the weekend ended on a positive note for most people, some of us went home to assess the damage and contemplate the lessons of driving on a track with walls and tire barriers. **Ric Delgado** and I took home two badly smashed spiders with egos to match. **Jerry Tinney's** GTV-6 was also remodeled by the turn 4 tire wall.

In the race 18 starters took the field and became 15 finishers. **John Coté** racked up another victory for his GTAM, followed by **Mark Rappolo** in a school car Mitsubishi. Third went to **Rob Smith** in a 240-Z. March's winner, **Bud Clark**, developed Saab trouble and DNF. **Len Frank** spent most of the weekend working on **Steve Sailors'** Renault Alpine only to put on a great show for a few laps and then lose another connecting rod. And so goes racing...

Out of all the incessant "techie talk" and free advise which comes with participating in these events, or ever seeing anyone who competes, **Ric Delgado** has come up with a truly great idea. The AROSC PERFORMANCE TEST DAY! This is an opportunity to scientifically test all those theories that we read about and talk about. It will be a day at the Streets of Willow Springs where we can work with pyrometers, a chassis dyno, alignment equipment, tire gauges, shoe polish, etc. There will be experts on hand to advise and give formal 'seminars' on all aspects of testing and tuning. The skid pad and the track will both be available. No date has been set yet. Much depends on getting volunteers. If you would like to participate contact Ric at (818) 775-1919.

Laguna Seca Time Trial

May 26, 1991

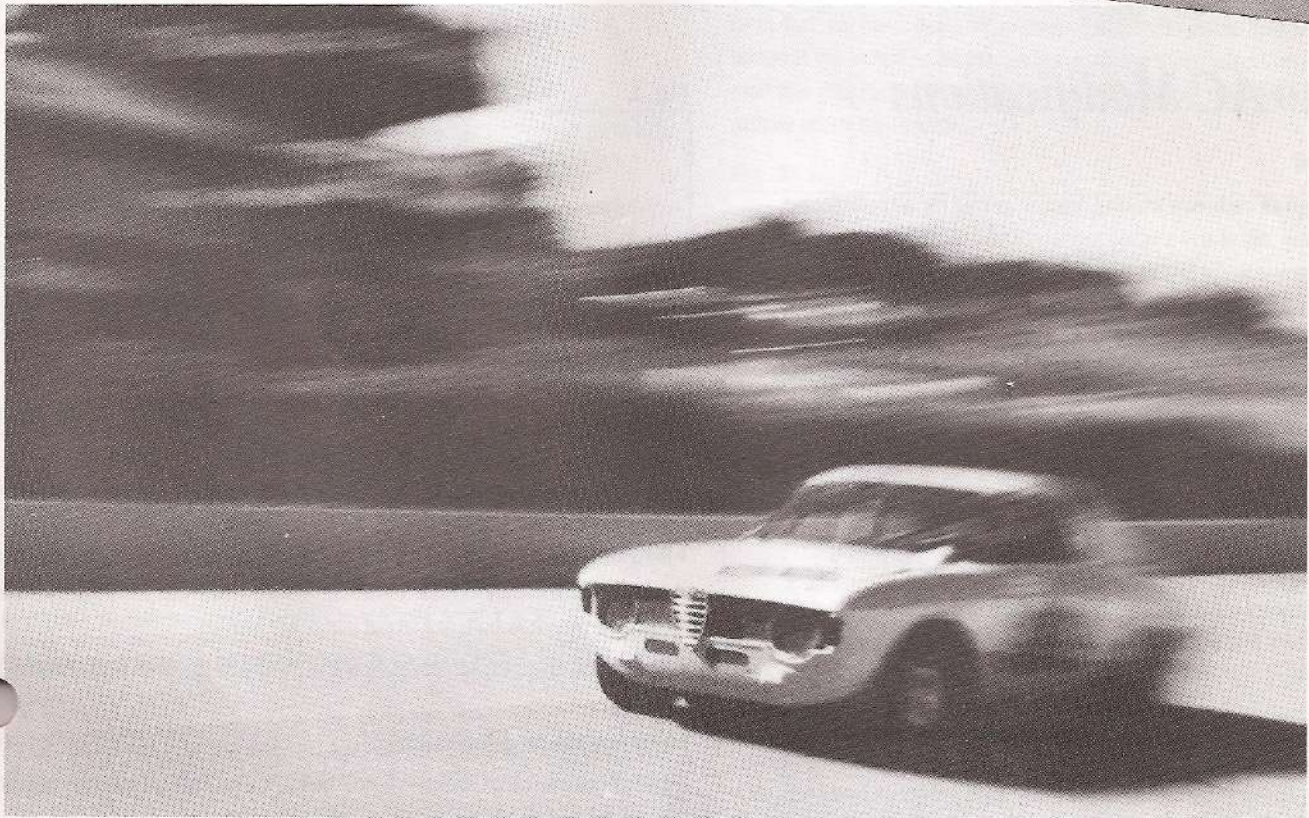
NO.	NAME	CAR	CLASS	LAP1	LAP2	LAP3	LAP4
33	Thieriot, Charlie	Alfa GTA	A	1:52.49	2:09.02	1:57.71	1:54.48
88	Zimmerman, Jeff	Alfa Guila GT	A	1:59.22	1:59.81	1:57.59	1:58.44
8	Olson, John	Alfa GTV	B	2:10.38	2:00.94	2:00.38	
901	Tinney, Terry	Alfa GTV	C	1:58.08	1:56.51	1:56.85	1:55.73
9	Farmer, Dale	Alfa GTV-6	C	1:59.93	2:00.31	1:56.08	1:58.00
107	Cartsonas, Chris	Alfa GTV-6	C	2:00.74	2:00.32	1:59.99	2:00.39
711	Thompson, Richard	Alfa GTV-6	C	2:09.61	2:07.20	2:07.91	2:06.51
10	Breslow, Barry	Alfa GTV	C	2:07.01	2:07.17	2:07.06	
3	Gaylard, Phyllis	Alfa GTV	C	2:10.04	2:10.88	2:09.13	2:08.29
78	Hughes, Dick	Alfa Sprint Veloce	C	2:12.85	2:12.31	2:20.75	
111	McPartland, Tor	Alfa GTV	D	1:55.51	1:55.18	1:56.08	1:54.14
50	Brown, Alex	Alfa GTV	D	2:02.03	1:59.48	1:59.71	1:58.81
31	Chen, Herb	Alfa GTV-6	D	2:07.05	2:06.81	2:05.90	2:03.73
991	Bergman, Carl	Alfa Milano	D	2:10.61	2:06.89	2:07.21	
348	Lehmann, Lisa	Alfa GTV-6	D	2:11.10	2:09.70	2:09.94	2:08.32
24	Kunedt, Peter	Alfa Milano	D	2:09.05	2:10.27	2:12.00	
34	Lehmann, Gerry	Alfa GTV-6	D	2:11.53	2:11.14	2:11.23	2:10.94
501	Rinaldi, Pat	Alfa GTV	D	2:12.40	2:13.91	2:12.80	2:12.75
181	Pearson, Leslie	Alfa Spider	E	2:06.67	2:07.76	2:13.82	2:07.26
81	Pearson, Brad	Alfa Spider	E	2:10.44	2:07.39	2:08.09	2:07.02
67	Savattonne, James	Alfa GTV	E	2:09.84	2:10.36	2:09.63	2:08.42
170	Sneddon, Ron	Alfa GTV	E	2:09.90	2:09.12	2:09.17	
286	Chalmers, Rex	Alfa Berlina	F	2:03.10	2:02.22	2:01.25	2:00.69
71	Gaukel, Robert	Alfa Graduate	F	2:13.20	2:04.58	2:03.20	2:10.92
206	Avakain, Simon	Alfa Berlina	F	2:03.85	2:03.53	2:05.11	2:03.32
11	Illeman, Judy	Alfa Graduate	F	2:05.85	2:07.23	2:06.77	2:06.57
79	Iffland, Jeff	Giulietta Spider	F	2:10.28	2:10.87	2:09.52	
54	Herbing, David	Alfetta Sedan	F	2:13.28	2:12.13	2:10.32	2:10.92
112	Leth, Steven	Alfa Spider	F	2:25.00	2:14.20	2:12.49	
511	Pagni, Dan	Alfa Spider	F	2:16.29	2:13.92	2:14.37	2:13.25
161	Schwartz, Michelle	Alfa Spider	F	2:17.58	2:17.31	2:18.32	2:15.37
154	Herbing, Erika	Alfetta Sedan	F	2:21.78	2:18.26	2:16.52	2:29.86
32	Robin, Si	Giulia Spider	G	2:11.11	2:09.98	2:09.94	2:08.55
321	Robin, Jeff	Giulia Spider	G	2:10.33	2:09.13	2:09.95	2:10.19
85	Kirkham, Neal	Sprint Veloce	H	2:17.20	2:16.32	2:15.99	
55	Hamn, Raoul	Mustang Coupe	M	1:54.04	1:55.91	1:53.84	1:53.29
2	Haines, Jonathan	Formula Ford	M	1:57.37	1:55.70	1:54.11	1:53.55
551	Lowe, Jim	Mustang Copue	M	1:53.57	1:54.35	1:55.70	1:55.95
911	Thompson, Carl	Formula Ford	M	1:56.63	1:57.87	1:54.34	2:00.05
134	Nanzig, (Paul	Sunbeam Tiger	M	1:58.37	1:56.67	1:56.77	1:55.96
110	Sailors, Steve	Formula Ford	M	1:56.35	2:03.40	1:55.96	1:57.87
74	O'Toole, Robert	Toyota MR2	M	1:57.43	1:56.34	1:56.52	
72	Strabel, Douglas	Corvette LT-1	M	2:16.27	2:17.21	2:12.78	2:13.31
69	Simmons, Kit	Toyota MR2	N	1:51.10	2:13.15	2:04.05	
229	Kuck, Carl	Porsche 911S	N	2:08.29	2:08.04	2:06.39	2:05.68
122	Fisher, David	Nissan 300ZX	N	2:08.56	2:08.08	2:06.84	
729	Brewer, Holly	Porsche 911S	N	2:15.93			
73	Baysinger, Scott	Mazda RX-2	O	1:58.03	1:55.92	1:56.16	1:55.01
141	Kranen, Lorien	T-Bird Turbo	O	1:58.67	1:57.21	1:58.26	
41	Kranen, George	T-Bird Turbo	O	1:59.75	1:59.75	2:01.80	1:59.04
77	Turner, John	Datsun 240 Z	O	2:06.38	2:01.93	2:00.85	
45	Herrmann, M.J.	Mazda RX-7	O	2:03.53	2:01.21	2:02.60	
371	Lenkeit, Cindy	Mazda RX-3	O	2:04.51	2:03.48	2:03.27	2:03.70
75	Nagata, Ken	Toyota MR 2	O	2:03.54	2:03.30	2:03.53	
137	Lenkeit, Larry	Mazda RX 3	O	2:07.70	2:07.10	2:08.68	2:06.17
135	Lee, Joseph	Toyota Supra	O	2:10.65	2:11.24	2:06.95	2:14.07
47	Alexander, John	Nissan 300 ZX	O	2:09.07	2:09.39	2:07.11	
89	Hamilton, Steve	Toyota MR 2	P	1:59.21	1:58.14	1:57.64	2:00.7
15	Kessler, Todd	Honda CRX	P	1:59.03	1:58.98	1:58.74	1:58.52
666	Dobkin, MArk	Mazda RX 4	P	1:59.22	1:59.40	2:00.75	2:00.64
19	Clark, Robin	VW GTI	P	2:01.81	2:00.34	2:02.58	2:00.07
999	Dewar, Fionn	Mazda RX 4	P	2:00.33	2:00.32	2:01.90	2:01.14

	Ward, Alan	VW Jetta	P	2:03.00	2:03.44	2:01.37	2:00.77
	Culp, Tracy	Capri	P	2:03.92	2:02.60	2:02.11	2:02.04
127	Bjorkman, Glenn	Toyota MR 2	P	2:03.40	2:03.60	2:04.84	
891	Hamilton, Cathy	Toyota MR 2	P	2:06.92	2:04.88	2:04.62	2:03.62
42	Gunderson, Eric	Austin Cooper S	P	2:09.76	2:10.65	2:09.01	2:08.89
421	Gunderson, Laurel	Austin Cooper S	P	2:22.95	2:24.80	2:22.95	
38	Morris, Richard	Triumph TR 3	Q	2:04.54	2:03.95	2:04.36	2:04.11
44	Kincaid, Alisa	Saab Sonnett III	Q	2:06.45	2:05.67	2:06.50	2:04.46
144	Kincaid, Larry	Saab Sonnett III	Q	2:06.49	2:06.48	2:05.28	2:05.16
151	Richman, Jon	BMW 320i	Q	2:07.02	2:08.83	2:09.81	2:08.53
5	McCormack, Frank	MG B	Q	2:10.89	2:09.62	2:08.26	2:07.46
49	Hiller, Luke	Toyota Supra	Q	2:15.49	2:14.19	2:51.47	
115	Wynne, Michel	BMW 320i	Q	2:18.39	2:18.24	2:19.03	

* Top Time of Day

Race Results

NO.	NAME	CAR	CLASS	Overall	In Class
6	Cote, John	Alfa GTAM	D	1	1
11	Rappolo, Mark	Mitsubishi	D	2	2
21	Smith, Rob	Datsun 240 Z	D	3	3
37	Lenkeit, Wayne	Mazda RX 3	E	4	1
88	Zimmerman, Jeff	Alfa Giulia GT	D	5	4
36	Meade, Duane	TVR	E	6	2
14	Rappolo, D.	Mitsubishi	D	7	5
91	Rich, Harold	Alfa Alfetta	E	8	3
26	Hitchcock, Kurt	Lotus Elan	E	9	4
87	Richards, Rob	Alfa Spider	F	10	1
7	Moran, Patrick	Alfa Spider	F	11	2
175	Peltola, Bill	VW GTI	F	12	3
87	Bjorkman, Ray	Toyota MR 2	F	13	4
	Swain, David	VW Scirroco	F	14	5
32	Robin, Si	Giulia Spider	F	15	6
110	Frank, Len	Renault Alpine	F	DNF	



Concours at San Antonio Winery

Phil Guiral

This was an oasis in the middle of downtown L.A. with a park, nice parking lot, plenty of food and wine, and the only thing missing was more cars. The quality of the eight cars entered was very high with three pre-67 spiders and a very nice vintage race car belonging to **Bill Pringle**. I want to thank the judges for a job well done: Bill Pringle and **Warren Caswell** of Alfa Ricambi as well as **Chris Mayring** of Kennedy Coachworks.

Concours Results:

1971 and older

Mauricio Zagorin	1959 Giulietta	190 pts.
Larry Meyer	1965 Giulia	188
Randall Harris	1963 Giulia	188
Bill Pringle	1967 GTV	166

1972 and newer

Philip Guiral	1972 GTV	207
Fred Biba	1984 GTV 6	198.5
Carl Tronco	1978 Spider	198.5
Roger Knoblauch	1978 Spider	185.5



Milano AC Modifications

Steve Gerow

I went through an expensive learning process getting my air conditioning squared away this year: -a ruined receiver/dryer, -a \$50 service, only to have the freon leak out in 2 hours, -buying a new compressor for \$250 and finding out that it needed a \$7 rebuild kit, -and finally finding that rebuild kits don't seem to be available after all.

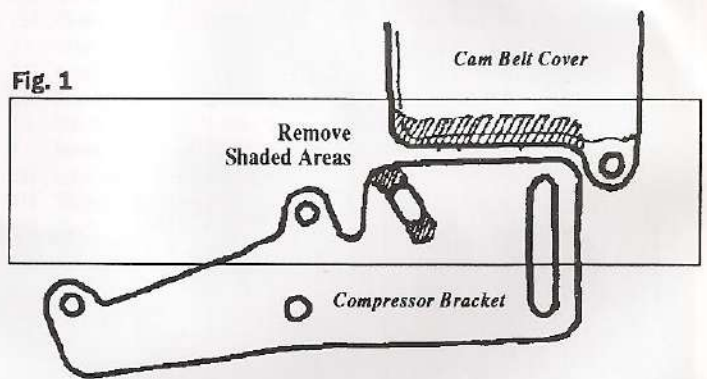
The two things that needed to be done were to recharge the AC so it worked better, and to modify the pump bracket/belt tensioner to increase the range of adjustment and accommodate other than factory belts.

The modifications described here cost only a few dollars and give the car flexibility to use belts from several sources—I've found that the Gates Green Stripe belts usually last about twice as long as the stock Pirelli ones, and are easier to install, too.

Note: It's best to do this stuff on a car that's old enough to need an AC recharge, because that way you're not releasing a whole charge of freon into the atmosphere.

Procedure

After expelling any excess freon, or preferably, having it reclaimed by an AC shop, undo hoses from receiver/dryer (R/D), save o-rings on hose ends, and



cap R/D to prevent humidity from entering and ruining it.

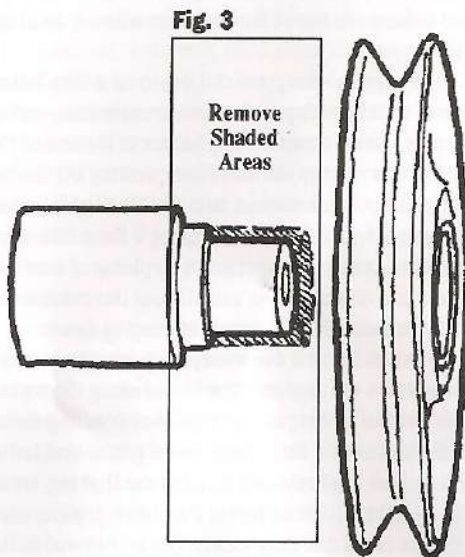
- Remove air cleaner, unbolt hoses from pump, insert corks in pump openings to prevent oil from leaking out.
- Remove idler pulley assembly, pump bracket clamp nut and washer, and bracket pivot bolt. Hold with 19 mm socket from oil filter side and undo 19 mm nut in front. Withdraw bolt, and lift out pump with bracket.
- Remove left side cam belt cover. Now is a good time to check the belt and tensioner.

Increasing the Adjustment Range

- Perform modifications shown in figs. 1 and 2. It's necessary to cut the lugs on

the pump because they restrict the travel when adjusting.

- The enlarged slot on the clamp bolt, with the cutaway belt cover allows the pump to adjust in closer and out further.
- Press or tap out the post from the idler pulley using a vise and sockets as a press.
- Buy a standard 3-5/8" x 17 mm pulley from an AC parts dealer. This is a size used on many domestic and aftermarket installations. It will accommodate the stock belt, yet it has 1-5/8" more circumference to fit a longer belt.
- Modify post as shown in Fig. 3. Adjust depth of cut as necessary to keep centerline of pulley in same place as stock.
- Make sure post is



slightly shorter than depth of bearing in order for nut and washers to clamp tightly against bearing inner sleeve.

Reinstallation of Compressor

- Bolt pump to bracket
- Reinstall modified cam belt cover
- Pushing radiator hose against radiator, work pump into position on pivot with clamp bolt stud through new enlarged slot.
- Insert pivot bolt from back near oil filter, and tighten 19 mm nut and washer on front. When tight, compressor bracket should pivot within constraints of new enlarged slot and modified cam belt cover. The pump itself will move all the way from hitting the suspension bush on the outside to touching the cylinder head on the inside.
- Assemble clamp nut and washer, leave loose. Work idler pulley bolt up through slot from bottom. Assemble idler pulley to bracket.
- Now the combination of rotating the compressor and moving the larger idler pulley up and down in its slot can be tailored to make dealing with the AC belt much less hassle. When adjusting, avoid having the pump too close to the suspension, or the idler pulley so low as to contact the bodywork. This would not be a problem using a Gates 8353 belt, but could conceivably happen using a longer belt.
- Hook up hoses to pump, being careful to keep hose away from exhaust manifold.
- It's a good idea to leave the receiver/dryer capped until your AC guy evacuates and refills the system.

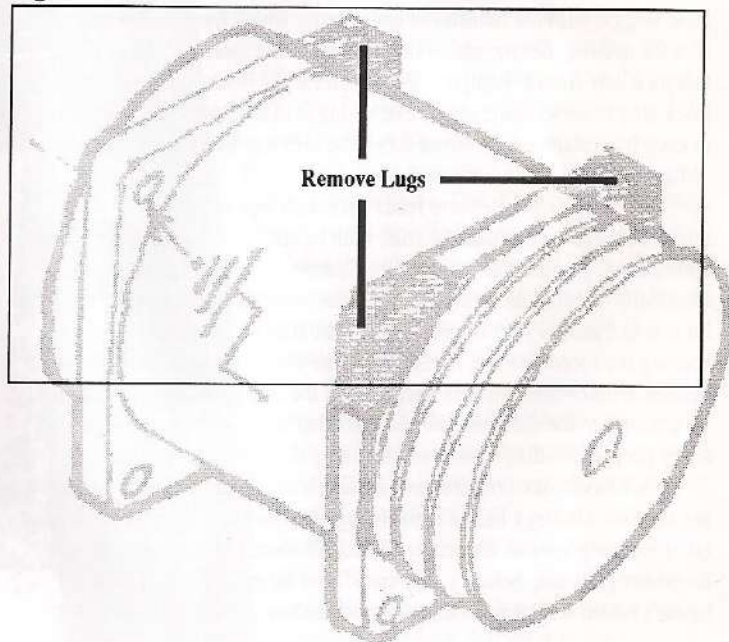
If you wind up replacing the pump... the pump that fits is the Sanden 507. It costs approximately \$250. from a Sanden dealer. This compares very favorably with the \$400. I was quoted for replacing only the magnetic clutch. It comes with the correct pulley, a magnetic clutch and the wrong fittings on the back. Switching the back with your old one is a simple matter of undoing 5 bolts, moving the back cap from your old pump to the new one, and catching a little oil as it drips out.

- The stock Alfa pump is labeled Sanden SD-508—an extremely common pump. Unfortunately, the shaft diameter on the stock pump falls midway between the size of the two \$7.00 seal kits sold in this country by Sanden. The Sanden 508 pump is also too long to fit in the Alfa bracket, however the 507 fits perfectly, and the seal can be rebuilt easily in the future, next time it leaks.

Technical Asides:

- The receiver dryer has a minimum/maximum pressure switch on it. This prevents the clutch from engaging if your freon has leaked out or if your system has been overcharged. Be aware of this if your clutch refuses to work. The reason for this is that the lubricating oil is mixed with the freon and if there's no freon, the pump will self-destruct if run on empty.
- My car, an '87, overheated all last summer and I couldn't use the AC anyway, so after replacing the thermostat, checking the temp sender, backflushing the system, and doing everything else I could think of to no avail, I replaced the radiator with a Verde unit. This unit is a full 50% thicker than the regular 2.5 radiator, and the replacement is extremely easy. As I performed the 15 minute replacement, fortunately or unfortunately, I found out exactly what caused the problem in the first place: the original radiator was clogged with a double handful of dust, cat hairs, bugs, etc.—none of which was visible from the AC condenser in the front. The Milano radiator is so fine that it traps every grain of sand that gets sucked through the condenser. None of this is visible unless you actually unbolt the radiator.

Fig. 2



Si Non Risica Non Risica

Or, My Life Among the Abruzzi Bandits, Part 2

Henry N. Manney, III

Photos from contemporary Italian sources,
courtesy Manney family

Editor's Note: Henry Manney III wrote this personal Mille Miglia account in 1957. It originally appeared in the June and July 1986 issues of *Road & Track* and is published here for only the second time. He died in 1988.

The editor and members of the AROSC would like to thank Mrs. Henry Manney III and Henry Manney IV for their generosity in allowing us to reprint this article. We are grateful to be able to share this in print once again.

Part I appeared in our June issue. Henry and co-driver Robert Jenny had just completed scrutineering of their entry, Henry's own Alfa Romeo Giulietta Sprint Veloce. We left them as they headed for the race start, the ramp in the middle of the town, Brescia.

THE FRENZIED GABBLING from the loudspeaker works closer, and the light from the TV floods becomes more intense. The occupants of the still generously filled grandstands lean forward, as did the spectators in the Roman Colosseum, as each new number arrives on the ramp as if to wonder at the unending supply of Christians for their amusement. Christians shmishians . . . I wonder how much loot is tied up in rolling stock in this race. Move up, move up . . .

Renzi's red Giulietta disappears abruptly from the ramp in front of us and as all eyes turn expectantly our way, we jump in, Robert fires it up as I tighten up my seatbelt and we lurch up the incline to the top. We squint as the Kleigs reflect off our white hood and almost don't see the hands that are thrust into the car bearing route book, bearing our minimum qualification times and to be stamped at the main controls, and the long-sought gasoline vouchers.

As the man lifts the flag, there is a flurry of flashbulbs; I think of Miss Wiggle with her moustache and wonder which fotog is shooting up film for nothing. Let me see, is there anybody out there we know? There's that nice lady from L'Equipe . . . thank you for the Bocca del Lupo, madam. Look around some more, check everything is in its proper place: anything to keep from staring hypnotized down the highway like a cat at a rathole . . . Migawd, how long is a minute?

The flag drops, Roberto feeds the clutch in, and with a sickening thud we accelerate out into the void, with lights, trees, loudspeaker, flashbulbs, ramp, grandstands, Uncle Tom Castagneto and all fading behind. Mercifully, the first bit of highway is quite broad and reasonably straight, for it is as black as your hat out on the road after the partenza. We are keeping the speed down at first to let all the bits warm up thoroughly and, besides, neither one of us has been around the course more than once. As we get used to the darkness, we see that what we thought were bushes are really people, standing almost solidly along the edge on both sides.

We have gotten off the pavé section now and that infernal bourrée has stopped, although Italian roads being what they are, there is still a good bit of jouncing around, especially noticeable since I have never ridden in the passenger's side before at any speed over 60 mph. For that matter, I haven't ridden with this yodeling hoishoe before . . . oh, well, when you

gotta go, you gotta go. Rezzato comes up and then Treponti, where a blur corner bends around the end of a barn. Well, we made that one all right. Wonder how much I extruded the floorboards? The road wanders around a little bit and I discover a new drawback; the passenger seat has not sagged as much as the driver's and I have to sit with my head cocked like a budgie to keep from knocking on the roof. In between wiggles I peer out at the weather; there are a few clouds but it looks as if it will be dry. It would be hard to keep me out of the back seat with my head under a blanket if it rained.

Presently we approach Lonato up a long hill and thunder through its narrow streets, with people pressed against the walls to give us room. There is a sharp downhill left-hander at the end of the village, with a concrete barrier to keep the cars from pitching off the backside of the hill. In spite of its being festooned with flashing lights and hay bales, a little man springs out well in advance, bearing a Scotchlite sign that shows the direction of the corner. We shut down in plenty of time and as we rumble around and down, I wave genially out the window at the farmers who are sitting on the wall with their feet hanging down.

After that it is one sweeping curve after another until after Desenzano, where the road straightens out along the bottom of Lake Garda. Sitting there, rushing along in the wet-smelling darkness, one meditates on the numerous cars that haven't even gotten that far! For that matter, it's a wonder how anybody ever finishes the first leg, let alone the whole race. Lots of lights up ahead herald Peschiera, a picturesque little town straddling the creek that drains Lake Garda, beloved of drivers, photographers and spectators alike for its unique collection of trolley tracks, right-angle reverse-cambered corners, humpback bridges, archways, railway underpasses and concrete telephone poles. There have been some real dillies there, but none to surpass that of the good Doctor Farina a couple of years back who lost one of Enzo's ill-fated 4.1's approximately 200 yards outside the city limits coming in, played a form of automotive snooker through the town on any available solid surface, and almost made it out the other side. The marks are still there, and the villagers, hanging out of the windows and festooning the bridge, fondly hope for a repeat performance.

Early on, Scotchlite signs or no Scotchlite signs, you learn to recognize the real hairy curves by the number of enthusiasts present, and never mind what the map says; little Peschiera seats more than La Scala on this one night a year. And seat they did; another Giulietta had come up behind us just before town and as we whirled through, rubbing the maker's name off the sidewalls, the grape-jumpers sprang to their feet from the sidewalk cafes, cheering, and toasted us in the local squeezins.

And, by golly, I could have used some of that Popskull too; we had been taking it pretty easy up till then and, after town, let the pursuer by. He, however, had Padua plates, obviously knew the road pretty well and was tramping right along; the thing to do was to tuck in behind him without straining things too much and use his know-how. The road was reasonably straight from then on but it did have some unexpected squiggles. Now, I really can't see too well at night and I am sort of a granny about other people's driving anyway: From then until daybreak I don't think that I have ever been so terrified in my life. The man is a good driver and a pretty safe one but the well-known butterflies became eagles as the race progressed.

The only thing to do to keep yourself from frazzling is to occupy yourself with something else; wrap up in the blanket, as the Veloce is not a particularly airtight car at speed and it was pretty drafty, hunt around for the proper road map, stop things rattling in the side pockets, listen to the

engine, reflect on wife and kids asleep in the sack . . . still we droned on down the tree-lined roads. Padua had gotten away as he was doing pretty well on his home ground and was charging a little too hard for us at this stage.

Jenny and I had agreed at the first to take it reasonably easy and try to finish, so we buzzed along about 5500 in top; naturally every so often some lights would show up in our rearview mirror and after five minutes or so they would overhaul us. Some were quite late numbers and were booting it right along; all, however, were very good about the lights and would shut off high beams and/or driving lights long before they got to us. There was always a flicking exchange when ready to pass and then a wave as they went by. The high standard of courtesy in this race is very nice . . . none of that carving-up jazz. After they got by, we always dipped our beams, naturally, and tailed them for a while as an indicator. In a long night race like that it eases the mind if taillights can be seen a long way in front, as you can thus tell that you are not going to get frightened out of your wits by an unexpected corner.

About this time we whooped through Verona, where I looked in vain for the Two Gentlemen; perhaps the fact that we were routed around the bypass had something to do with it. All I remember is lots of trees and bushes. After that, of course, it is lots and lots of straight to Vicenza, where one goes roaring slap into the center of town past all the signs saying 50 km, attention trucks or streetcars, Romeo and Juliet Bar, etc. I do not know if I am law-abiding or just getting old, but one learns to proceed fairly gently in Italian towns to avoid shunting some of the incredible variety of rolling stock that debouches without

warning from any side street. Accordingly, my already acrobatic stomach got ready to do the high-wire bit as Roberto lifted his foot not at all; the arcades of the steadily narrowing main drag went by like a picket fence and my poor floorboards got pushed on harder and harder as I waited for the inevitable cretin scooterist to shoot out without looking, sweetie perched sidesaddle on the back.

Suddenly, many luminous signs appeared before our eyes and we popped like a cork from a bottle into the main square and turned to the left, obeying the summons of the red arrows in front of us. As we slithered sideways on the polished stone slabs so beloved of the medieval Italian traffic engineer, we saw why the rest of town looked dead . . . Everybody was right here, decorating the fountains and statuary, hanging out of windows, encrusting the roofs and crowding every available piece of road. Scarcely finishing with the slide he was in, Robert banged it to the right for the turn into the Piazza XX September, missing the customary howl from Pirellis (we were on Michelin X), the boys evidently thought that we were completely out of shape and flew in all directions at once. I was still laughing at the sight of 10 grown men trying to get atop one Topolino when we quitted the city and shot out into the night once more.

It was downright restful out there in spite of not being very straight after all the

lights and hubbub of the Beeg Ceety; even at this hour, though, lots of the people were still up, some with wives and children and others with drinking buddies, perching alongside anything that could be remotely called a curve. Small campfires twinkled here and there and sometimes one could even see the relaxed and classic faces of the contadini as they lounged in their annual spot, discussing the prospects still to come.

Every now and then, silhouetted by the lights of a following car, one or two lonely soldiers could be seen guarding the entrances of the dirt roads that run into NI; they have stood there since before the race started and they, or others like them, will remain until after the road is opened. I started to count them between here and Padua but what moon there was had been veiled with clouds and it was too hard to tell the Indians from the trees. They apparently need the rurales, too . . . a while back, belting through one of the smaller villages, we got into a mighty slide on a steaming fresh pile of cow-flop thoughtfully left on a corner. I don't know which we were more worried about; hitting something, having to change the tire, or finding the cow around the corner.

Still musing on the possibility of encountering similar movable chicanes, we arrived suddenly in Padua and were directed hard right along the bank of the canal that runs south; at last we were off the Venice road and about to commence the long drop to Pescara. All of a sudden another ghostly little man leaped out with his glowing sign and then yet another, bearing only a large exclamation point; well done, as we must turn left across a narrow stone bridge, overshadowed by a solid-looking blue building, which has an immense Mille Miglia arrow painted on it in red . . . we slithered around that one and shortly were out of town again. Recalling the almighty struggle with traffic when I went around before, I think it would be uncontested to state that it is both safer and more scenic to run in the race than look at the back end of some rimorchio for umptyump miles.

For quite a while we ran along a lovely wide road alongside the high banks of a canal. Various signs invited our attendance at Abano Terme as others have plugged their waters for one or another specific complaint, mostly for the liver. Boario for the fegato. Chianciano for the fegato, S. Pellegrino for the fegato. wonder what a fegato looks like? Nasty dark thing rather like a combined oil pump and sea urchin, I should think. One of these days we really must have a Rallyc de Fegato and hit all the spas, clean out the old pipes. At the end have a big dinner at Sabatini's in Florence and ruin them again . . . give a cup (tarnished, naturally) with, Sic Transit Gloria Fegato on it . . .

Steady, Roberto, here is that nasty little town with the humpback bridge over the slough set in an S, with the narrow street just beyond. I bet that is a real pistola in wet weather; even in the dry you can practically see your face in it. I have to think of the carnage if that was in California. Two Cadillacs, two little old ladies with 300 bhp who can't see over the wheel, and smesh. I hope that joker in the



Thunderbird makes it through there. If he doesn't, nobody after him will. After him . . . let me see. About six or seven Giuliettas have passed us by now and we haven't passed anybody although there are taillights in the far distance.

That minute-apart business really spreads them out, but you would think that you would catch some of the little ones. Ha. Vidilles in the DB, we heard before we left, averaged around 140 km/h to Vicenza and Thiele, in an Abarth, gobbled up the 51 starters before him in short order and is leading on the road. The little bugger is probably quicker than we are . . . the Piccolo class for me next year; this car travels too fast for me. A Zagato Goggomobil would be just about my speed.

Rovigo came and went with its shade trees and still the people were standing silently along the curb, watching the cars go through; up over the canal on the other side and into 4th once more for the long straights to Ferrara. Everything sort of gets blurred together; the tiny red pinpoints in the distance, the shaking, rumbling and roaring of the Alfa, the fidgeting around to find a comfortable place for my arm so it won't get in Robert's way, the leaning sideways every time we come to what looks like a big bump so I won't knock myself cuckoo on the roof, it goes on and on and on. Wonder when the sun is going to come up? Seems like we've been at this for days . . . pretty soon the right-hander under the railroad came up, then the sweeping left at the girder bridge over the Po before Ferrara.

We slithered around in that tortuous and ancient city with the other Alfa, whom we had by this time caught up, boomed through the old archway behind him, and exited onto the fiendishly twisting causeway through the swamplands beyond. He was willing to hammer the car a little harder than we were so early in the race and so we watched his Florence plate disappear. There was fog about, many tricky corners, and practically no shoulder before a big muddy squelch. We soon ran across our first level crossing, heralded by glowing strips on marker posts and also many glowing eyeballs, as it is not only in an S but humped. My sainted aunt, won't that sun ever come up? This must be what purgatory is like, jerking and bounding through the foggy black night, frightened half to death, not knowing when it will end, and being about to burst.

Eventually we came to that nasty shiny overpass near Argenta with its sharp left (and solid trees) at the summit; eventually we passed Glorie de Mezzano and the polished curve where three cars went off last year, two more level crossings and we arrive in Ravenna and the control. A large important figure stood in the middle of the road with a checkered flag (surprise, no brakes!), I held out the route card to be stamped by a mustachioed figure in a raincoat with shoulders at least 3-ft broad, and we accelerated again to the Shell stand for refueling. Yellow-overalled men descended from all sides, checking oil, water, dumping in gas, even verifying the pressure in the spare. I spent my time searching for the blasted vouchers, which I had put in a Safe Place, and didn't even get out of the car. There! . . . I threw a handful at the head coolie, he threw some back, Little Goody Two Shoes lets in the clutch and we were off again, right behind the Florence Giulietta.

On the way out to Forli, we passed the Alfa "Assistenza" pit . . . two Giuliettas were in there with their hoods up and feet sticking out; both later numbers than us. Much cheered and with the car vastly quieter with a full tank, we headed off in a comparatively straight line compared with the last stretch. Florence was going flat-out again and soon disappeared in the dis-



tance, his taillights a helpful beacon as long as they lasted.

After Coccolia we came upon the first accident we had seen; facing the way we had come on the side of the levee paralleling the highway, sprawled up there like a butterfly on a pin and surrounded by hundreds of nonchalant experts, lay one of the Zagato-bodied Seicentos or Appias; which, I could not tell. However did he get way up there? Didn't see a mark on it.

Still wondering about that bit of magic, we shot into Forli, took a left on the ring road, and finally debouched on the famous Via Emilia to Rimini. It is neither particularly smooth nor straight although pretty wide, and it kept us both occupied. Around Cesana the countryside is reminiscent of parts of California, with the low hills to the right and the dry washes, full of rounded boulders, running underneath the highway. Glory be, the dawn was finally coming, after our having covered some 350 km since we left, four hours and something ago. We crossed the Rubican at Savignano and gave a thought to the dusty foot soldiers who crossed it on their way to Rome many centuries ago. Too bad we can't take J. Caesar along with us; it would shatter him to be in Rome the same day. I just hope it shatters us, too.

We were into Rimini and out again toot sweet with no sign of mosaics, Francesca or any of the Malatestas except the one I had gotten because the crash hat had become heavy. Robert and I discussed the merits of stopping for dinner along the other end of the Via Emilia on the way back; they eat real well in Bologna. And should we drop in at some sidewalk cafe for breakfast? Surely we are leading the race and have broken all records already. Bags of time . . . trouble is, none of them seem to be open although there were lots of people standing around. The sun finally jerked itself out of the kip and Night Owl called for his "shades." Doesn't want to destroy his night vision, I suppose. Did he think that the race was going on until the next night? I should live so long.

Well, well! During the wiggles before Pesaro, which we had been warned about in a leaflet thrust into the car at Ravenna, another Veloce had arrived on our tail and flicked his lights to go by; we obligingly let I him and then sat on his keester for a while. Robert could stay with him pretty easily on the crooked bits but on the straight he was quite a bit faster. This was okay for a while, but we were getting towed up to 7000 in top, some 200 over the redline, which worked out on the speedo to about 200 km/h; this is my pore old family car that I tote my wife and kids around in and I don't want all the innards tossed out of it. I snuck a look at the instruments as I had been doing from time to time; everything seemed normal except the water temperature which was low and had been so from the beginning. Well, one hates to be a spoilsport and, besides, we had to be getting along. I memorized the number (126), the color (red), the license (PG-5 1076).

crash hats (one white, one natural), the tiger in the back window, and the fact that they were smoking slightly. At 200 km/h and with 33,000 km on my car, we were probably smoking more than slightly. Maybe this cat will blow up and we can shut off a little.

Several times he invited us by but Jenny graciously refused, so we swirled down the pass, past Fano and Senigallia, by Ancona and Loreto, with its great basilica on the hilltop. Just before Loreto, there is a diving turn through a stream bed; big black marks and an uprooted bollard testify to somebody having been caught napping. Looking way down the bank into the bulrushes, one could just discern a blue Seicento up to its door handles in mud and water. Bet that was noisy at night.

Away we flew, south again, past Civitanova Marche, San Benedetto, Giulianova, Roseto d'Abruzzi. We blew past a light blue Giulietta; a Zagato Millicento going well but way behind time; a Panhard, one of the first starters, stopped by the side of the road; a battered Seicento with Rome plates going very slowly. Our Alfa seemed to be getting noisier, but then it always does as the tank empties; the instruments seemed to be all right. The Adriatic lay dull blue under the early sun as we flashed through one plain little village after another.

It would be nice to have some coffee and croissants; it would be nice if Jenny let this guy go and we complete the race. I have finished 95 percent of mine and I especially want to finish this one. But the good Roberto had the bit in his teeth and short of reaching over and shutting off the ignition, I cannot reason with him. Well, let's hope it lasts to Pescara. I am getting tired of being jiggled; I am getting tired of being scared to death. Next year tutto solo even if (as is likely) I am the last car home.

For some time I had noticed a sort of strange expression on Robert's face, but I assumed that he was just getting bushed, especially since he had been getting sort of sloppy through what corners there were. Just before we got to the far end of the GP circuit outside of Pescara, I happened to look over at the instruments and saw the oil pressure needle swinging back and forth between 0 and 50 like the pendulum on a cheap cuckoo clock. And do you know that I had to argue with that guy to get him to shut off at all? "Oh, ca va, ca va," he says. ca va, my aunt Mabel; all he would back off to was 6000 and it broke his heart to let the other guy get away. I was just about to swat him with something when we rolled into the control, an identical Third Man in a raincoat stamped the route book, and we coasted into the Shell stand. Jenny disappeared, the boys tore into the refueling bit, and, sure enough, we were a couple of liters low on oil, but not by any means off the stick. When they were all through, I fired it up and nothing sounded too horrid so, what the heck, carry on; I never liked Pescara anyway.

Took the bridge over the river, then the right turn toward Rome. I had to negotiate a turn under a railway underpass and almost didn't make it; the brakes were faded out so much. Jenny was huffing and puffing and choking on his Gauloises while he made his footprints in the carpet. Serves him right, I thought. Going out of town along the straight past the aerodrome, it just wasn't pulling very well, being unable to get 4500 in top, and the oil temperature was a little above normal. Well, I will piddle along and see what happens. It is awfully hard to hear inside a Veloce anyway and especially with the helmet on, so I couldn't much tell what was going on.

Well, it lasted until the first level crossing; the train was due so the signalman obligingly lifted the bar for us. As I shifted down into 3rd, it seemed to get awfully rough and, sure enough, accelerating out it was very lumpy indeed and going digadigadiga down in the rod department. Well, that tore it. I must say it was hard to be polite. Here it was possibly the last Mille

Miglia for some time, for the authorities, pushed by interests that sell no cars from racing, were making final noises; and this character had coughed my lovely Giulietta for me simply because for him, the dials could have been wallpaper. Erk.

Well, what to do? . . . Popoli wasn't far and there might be an Alfa station there. The oil pressure still read around 30 and if we crept-so we crept. I borrowed some of Jenny's Gauloises, figuring this was as good a time as any to commit suicide, and we trickled up the hills and coasted down them, while all the spectators gazed upon us with compassion. And not a car passed us . . . Popoli came up and we held a conference with the cops and townspeople. No, there was no Alfa in Popoli but in L'Aquila, only 49 km away, and Rome was a lot farther.

Well, neither of us liked the idea of staying in Popoli, and the map didn't look too bad, so we pressed on. It is a very steep bit right there, and all the locals were perched on the stone walls watching the race. As we labored painfully upward, each and every one of them made a curious inward pecking motion with both hands held in front and the lips pursed up. By this time it had gotten extremely foggy and our lights were on but still these ghostly mimes appeared out of the mist, hands first, like a nest of pterodactyl eggs hatching. Up on the ridge we found two unfortunates huddled together, an Abarth and a red Veloce; consulting my entry list I found the Alfa was Gorza, a local boy, and a real charger. We later found he had been in the class lead when he crapped out. Both sent us sympathetic peeps as we clattered past.

The oil pressure was still holding but I was glad when we got to the downhill bit and could shut the poor thing off. There were lots of indications that "someone lovely had just passed by" but the best was a downhill hairpin with 6 ft of stone wall at the apex neatly removed. A lot of the peckers roosting there had stone dust all over their pants so I supposed it was fairly recent. Coasted as far as we could and then turned it on in the middle of the village where, apparently, all the gesturers come from. Felt like Barbara Freitchie: "Peck if you must this old gray head." Still we clanked on . . . there was a mad buzzing behind us and the first of the 750 sports came through, changing up as he did so. Then a couple of Giuliettas; by this time we had gotten into a slightly hilly section so we did the coast and not-coast bit again. Another Veloce stranded by the side of the road; lo and behold it was our Florence friend from way back. Sad peep.

The fog had long since gone now but the car sounded a lot worse over the last kilometer. Just as the town hove in sight there was a terrible clatter from down below as one of the bearing shells came adrift. Shut it off and coasted for a side road with some people in it, against Robert's urging to run just a little farther to the agency. Just as we came to rest, the silver Zagato Fiat we had passed flew by, hit a bump on the inside of the next corner and, evidently having weak shocks, got all gathered up and skittered across the road like an aluminum Ulanova, knocked some grass off the bank, and disappeared off stage in the direction of Rome.

After the spectators, policemen and officials had climbed down out of the trees, they pattered over and solemnly asked what we required. Told that we were fresh out of rods, they all clucked sadly and did the by-now-expected pecking bit with the hands. In mid-peck a messenger was dispatched to the Alfa shop; he vanished up the hill in a very rorty-sounding Millicento with three dollies, a tiger and venetian blinds in the back window. Resigning myself to being in the hands of infidels, I turned to watch the 1300-1600 class, which was coming through. Those Porsche boys were

really brave over that bumpy stuff with the swing axles clicking their heels and the whole affair bounding around like a live blancmange. They were sure booming, though. Just after three of them pogoed by in close company with a couple of the 750 sports, the Alfa jeep arrived for us with a comic-opera tow hitch on the back; the old Pirelli carcass (Corsa, naturally) was wrapped around something handy underneath and we were drug off ignominiously to the Alfa "cemetery."

L'Aquila is a feudal town huddled around a castle dating from the 12th century or thereabouts and squats in the middle of the mountainous and primitive Abruzzi region, which was famous for its earthquakes, vendettas and bandits who put the snatch on travelers up to the time of Mussolini. The second two have been ameliorated somewhat but there is not much even Il Duce could do about the first. Needless to say, I had visions of myself as a mixture of Harold in Italy and the Milord: "Gin, sir, GIN, and none of your local poison, and whaur is my elevenses? And what is that moke doing in the bawth?" If we got out without having our ears chopped off as deadbeats, since naturally we did not bring much gelt along . . . Such thoughts as we wobbled along behind the jeep . . .

No sooner had we arrived, by a circuitous route, at the establishment of one Italo Gasbarri, than the boss man himself separated himself from the phalanx of Pirelli suits and inquired our troubles. He asked me if I wanted to fire it up and I said no it was too horrid. He made a sour face (but didn't peck, for which I was truly grateful) and ripped out a string of commands to his eager minions, who snapped the Veloce out from under me like a rug and spirited it into the depths of the garage. As he turned and bellowed something to an upstairs window, we studied him covertly; he wore no earrings or kerchief nor was he particularly swarthy and, happily, carried no visible cutlery. In fact, he looked more than passably kind, which cheered us up immoderately.

A blast of sound directly behind us heralded the approach of one of the 2-liter touring class, as the shop was right on the course, and so we watched the Alfas and Citroens (the latter pecked at) battle it out for a minute or two. Scarcely had we started to get our bearings when we were invited into the showroom by sign language (since we spoke very little Italian); we expected to be offered a new Veloce plus a little for our old one so that we could finish the race, but instead Mrs Gasbarri was thoughtfully waiting for us with coffee and three kinds of fruit tart; as soon as we had eaten everything in sight we were offered some of the local red ink, but wary of the consequences, regretfully declined. Hardly had we stepped outside when we were greeted by the chief, surrounded by 20 oily-handed and enthusiastic peons, bearing in his hands the offending rod and bearing, both of which sparkled with misplaced babbitt. "No good," he said. "Kapoot." Then he went on to explain that the crank throw was scored and it had to be ground before a replacement bearing could be made to stay on it. With luck, they could have it running again in the morning . . . Well, better once than twice. I give the word and, itching for action, they disappear like flashes of blue lightning into the dark interior again.

The big sports were beginning to catch up with the GTs now and we broke out the Leica and shot a few off. I was introduced to at least three Americanos, two of whom had worked for the IRT digging the subway and one who was going to the U.S. in a month. Everybody wished to practice English, however, and thus we found out that Peter Collins was leading, having taken over from Wolfgang von Trips, that Piero Taruffi was 2nd, Ak Miller and Ron Flockhart were back in the pack, and Moss had retired right after the start when he snapped off his brake pedal. I was asked a hundred times if I had seen Gorza (the local favorite) and whether there

had been any pileups back along the course.

We had just barely digested this news when Italo appeared again, bearing the crankshaft like the head of John the Baptist, his 20 Pirelli-suited dancing girls even oilier and breathing slightly hard, with the sad news that the affected throw was through the hardening and a new crank will have to be had for a permanent repair; at least he gave me the choice! We all paraded in to take a look at the damage and lo! the poor Giulietta was shoved into a corner, covered with oily handprints, and the component parts of the mill were spread mighty thin all over the shop in a variety of cigar boxes, Bel Paese crates and sawed-off olive oil cans.

The patron explained that everything has to be cleaned out real well to prevent a future lubrication stoppage and I agreed; he also pointed out where the #3 rod was unserviceable, the pistons all had partially seized (one touching the valves), and the oil pump was full of glop. I asked why the mill let go and he was noncommittal, until I mentioned the rate at which we had winged down the coast. His eyebrows went up . . . well, there had been a modification to the oil pumps and it may have been a little too much for too long. So he made out a list of needed parts and got on the blower to the Rome distributor, where everybody was standing by in the parts department, Sunday or no Sunday. Yes, they will ship it out on the bus tomorrow. He raised his hands out level with his shoulders, dropped them again. Have you out maybe tomorrow night, depending.

Back outside, the leaders had been gobbling up the smaller fry and were commencing to whistle by. I was invited up on the garage roof by an excruciatingly polite salesman about 5 ft tall, a chair was produced for me, a bottle of local aperitivo appeared carried by Great Grandma on a wooden tray, more fruit tarts . . . while down below Piero Scotti's Mercedes arrived with horn blowing furiously and all the ragazzi, spoiling for action since they had finished disemboweling my Alfa, run all over each other's feet. The co-driver piled out, narrowly avoiding decapitating Italo with the door, the hood popped open, co-driver twisted off the radiator cap but it got away on a 20-ft geyser and was lofted into the street, nearly being nailed to the asphalt by a passing Citroen. Much water was gingerly poured in between eruptions and what looked like oatmeal; the cap, retrieved, was clapped back on and he dug out on the way to Rome.

Shortly afterward the Ferraris of Collins, Von Trips, Alfonso de Portago, Taruffi, then the tail-enders, I perched up on the roof in the sun, gently drowsing. Italo called up to say we are to eat lunch with him and no arguing; he has also made me a reservation at the local hotel. Fine, although I could sleep anywhere. The Thunderbird rumbles through. Big pile of iron . . . but at least it was running. Well, what is better? To be quietly roasting in the sunshine with a big dinner coming and the Alfa in the hands of a good man with the face of a Pope or possibly in the ditch someplace wearing the car like a hat? No doubt what the wife would say.

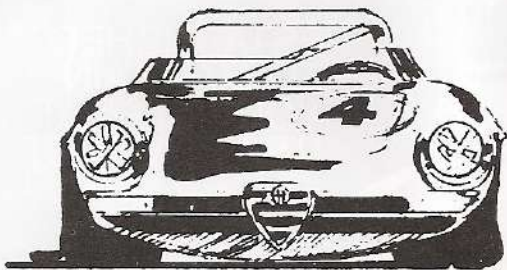
The crank arrived late Monday, the boys slaved late at night together with Italo and a works mechanic sent out for the race. The Florence Giulietta was towed when the roads opened Sunday, its troubles were diagnosed as a seized distributor shaft and 2nd gear out in the box of speeds; both were fixed the same day and Signor Chini was on his way home by Sunday night. Jenny, blanching at the thought of spending the night away from the bright lights, went with him, leaving our box lunch and a bag containing two apple cores. I spent my time kibitzing, taking pictures and practicing my Italian on the mechanics. I never saw so many workers in such a small shop but then they fix everything from rhing-dings to buses. Italo tells me that his shop is a regular stopping place; last year Hans Herrmann came in drenched through and got revived, Juan Manuel Fangio

ways stops since a practice breakdown a few years ago, as did Nino Farina and Luigi Villoresi. Nothing like being in good company.

Sure enough, Tuesday noon the Giulietta was running, the last dozen or so blue bodies stood aside as Italo importantly made the final adjustments. They all smiled proudly as he buzzed around the town to show all the peasants that it really was running. Well might they smile, for everything has been jiggled, prodded and tested to make sure it is ship-shape. We went by the local bank to get the loot for the bill; this caused some hilarity as Swiss and French currencies are rare enough down there but TRAVELER'S CHECKS! No matter what American Express says . . . I had to produce everything except my death certificate to get \$30 worth. I handed it to Signor Gasbarri to hold as he was going to get to keep most of it anyway; which gave the spectators, who were standing on benches, windowsills and peering from under my arm, a good laugh.

But I will get some back, as he had invited me and the Roman mechanic out to lunch near the Grand Sasso . . . Green Lasagne, Chicken Fra Diavolo, the local rosé. Pleasantly squiffed, we wended our way down the hill, Italo cautioning us not to crash the car. Collected my baggage (ha!), paid the bill, 125,000 lire for a virtually new motor. Not too bad. Said goodbye to salesman, arrivederla to Momma, Ciao to secretary, so long to the Americano, au revoir and thanks to Italo and the fellas. Rome mechanic and I climb in and, waving, coast off down the course, following the tire marks two days late. I was sorry to leave . . . it was damn near worth it just to meet those people. Well, maybe we can stop in for a cup of coffee on the way by next year. More likely I. ■

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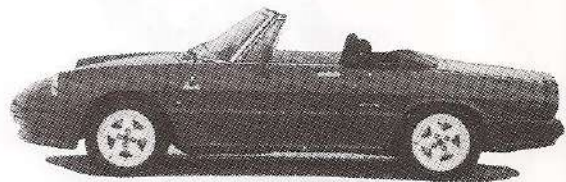
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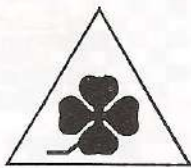
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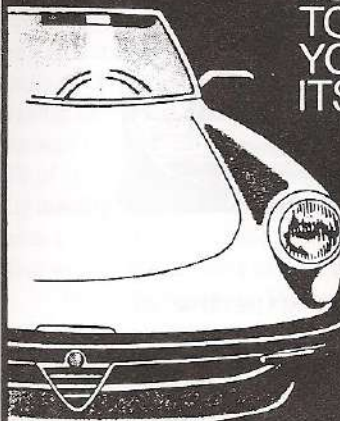
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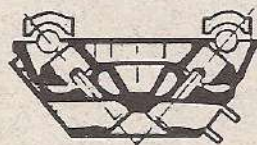
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