

History Maserati 4 CLT #1600

Trident No. 16 Spring 1978 Attachment I



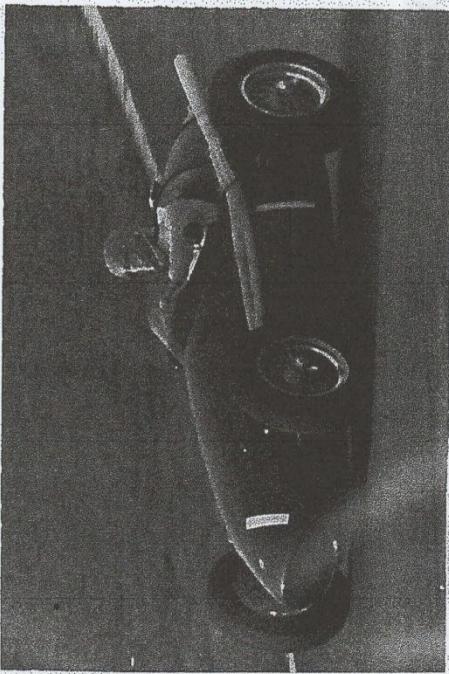
TRIDENT

THE MASERATI CLUB QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

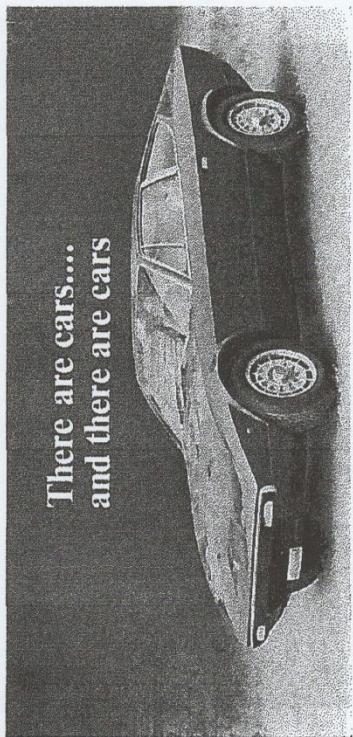
SPRING 1978

No. 16

Attachment I



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Dear Mr. Miles,
I'd like to add some more information, however small, to Mr. Ken Painter's article on A6G2000 bodies.

The A6G2000 chassis 2106 looks like a Frua bodied car, but could well have a Zagato body.

The chassis 2106 is definitely a Zagato.

The chassis 2126 looks to me an Allemano body, although I don't see any rectangular lamps on the photograph in "Trident" (a quite typical Allemano feature).

My beliefs are based on a very interesting article which appeared in the French magazine "L'Automobile" in August 1969. I add herewith photo-stats of this.

At the Genève 1954 Motor Show a cabriolet Frua was exhibited; then in 1955 came a couple on a 2 litre chassis by Frua, together with a convertible body. At Genève 1955 Zagato bodied a cabriolet on a long chassis (2 litres). Coupe Zagatos were made between 1954-56; two different radiator grilles seem to have been made.

At the Brussels 1956 Show, Allemano presented his A6G.

I hope this might eventually be of some interest.

With regard to Mr. Williams' article of Models and Maseratis, some more precise information. Merit made two different kits: one 1956 250F and a 1948 4CLT.

Auto Replicas so far hasn't made any 250F models—must be the Mini-Auto or Circuit Series 250F referred to. The Tipo 152 by Manou is one of the marvellous Maserati France entered Le Mans cars—entered by Colonel J. Simonne—for the 1964 race, driven by M. Trintignant and A. Simon; it was an 8 cylinder in V; 5,044 c.c., 410 h.p., colours white with the French tricolore over the whole length of the car.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGES VERHEECKE

Many thanks for your letter of December 20th, just as I was about to write a letter of response low and behold two further envelopes arrived. I must say "Trident" No. 5 is terrific. The Secretarial Ramblings and the contents of the entire magazine are a 500% improvement at least on the earlier "Trident". I am most relieved that the club has not folded and I agree that acting as Secretary and Editor of the "Trident" is no mean feat. It is very sad to say that typically people would join a club normally without too much persuasion, however, when it comes to participating in the running of the club, that is a totally different matter. I must offer my apologies for not sending the copy of John Bolster's test on the Sebring. I did promise to do this some time ago, in fact the particular road test I enclose with this letter has travelled twice round the world before finally reaching you.

I travel to both the United States and England quite often and have been meaning to contact you on my last couple of trips. I had taken the road test with me to give you personally. I am back in England in about six months and this time I really must contact you, and if we have time, discuss Maseratis over a few drinks.

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I am trying to locate two Vignale badges (Maserati 3500 Parts Manual table 37 figure 61). If you have two, would you consider selling them?

Best regards,

STEVE SMITH

Can anyone else help with the badges Steve requires?

Dear Michael,

My congratulations to whoever picked the site for the September Club Meeting. A better setting and weather could not have been made to order.

There were, I believe, 17 cars in attendance and 45 owners and wives. I found it quite exciting to see 10 or 11 different models gathered in one place. In this corner of the world it is rare to see two cars at one time. Cameron Millar, T. A. S. O. Mathieson and another gentleman whose name I have unfortunately forgotten took the various prizes. It was a little disappointing that there were not more cars since there are many members who live within an hour's drive of Shillingford Bridge. However, that is their loss. It was most enjoyable meeting the people whose names are in print all the time.

Perhaps next time I will be able to time my visit for a rally or race weekend.

(Written before return to Canada.)

MIKE CALDERWOOD

Back home again. After the meeting I visited Ray Fielding and his collection in Forres and Barry Peerless and Bill McGrath at St. Albans. There are more collections hidden and these I missed.

The purpose of this epistle is to suggest an increase for the club. Duncan Reynolds has suggested this in the past. An increase of £2 to £3 would allow the club to hire temporary help for the tedious jobs such as typing, mailing and compiling lists. What I fear is that you and a few others who are saddled with the work of geography will become fed up sooner or later. If the "menial" tasks are taken care of, others may not be reluctant to take up the job at some future date. There is definitely a need for this increase, I feel.

I enjoyed my trip very much and hope to be back in a year or two.

MIKE CALDERWOOD

Canada

Dear Mr. Miles:

I enclose £5 cheque for my year's subscription. The cars I own are a 3500GT autotelaio and engine No. 101 1061 body by Vignale, a chassis A6GCM and a chassis 4CM or CL No. 1559 on which I intend to put my engine 1500 No. 1583.

As you must have noticed by the photographs these G.P. cars must be greatly restored. So I need all the possible technical data about them.

December 28th, 1977

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Trident no 16, 1978

Please do find out if there are any spares, specially an oil tank for my 4CL.

These two cars and a 4CLT and a 8CTF No. 3034 which belongs to two friends of mine are the only G.P. cars left at the Rio de la Plata. A 6CM No. 1557 chassis 1558 was sold to Mr. Alain DeCadenet last year.

I would very much appreciate any information about my cars.

Yours faithfully,

CARLOS OSCAR TAVELLI

Dear Mr. Miles:

I was very glad to receive my subscription to your club and the three issues of the "Trident" that were excellent. Luckily, I have received a lot of information from Officine Maserati which enable me to know the following story of my 4CM:

Mr. Ettore Bianco bought the car at the factory on April 23rd, 1938. Chassis No. 1559 and the engine No. 1558. He raced it until II World War broke out. At the end of the war it comes into the hands of George Raph (Marques de Las Casas) who raced it for some time and then brought the car into Argentina and raced it since 1947 till 1948. Here in my country, he sold it to Mr. Llanos, who bought from Luigi Villoresi the No. 1583, two blower engine and put it into this car. Mr. Llanos raced it here and then the car disappeared from all racing activity.

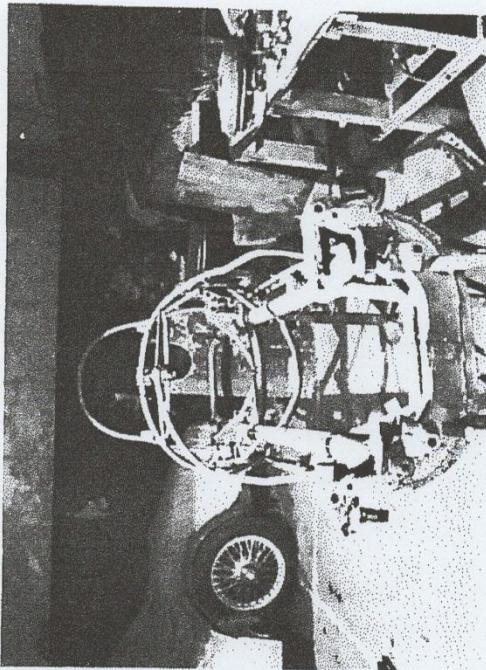
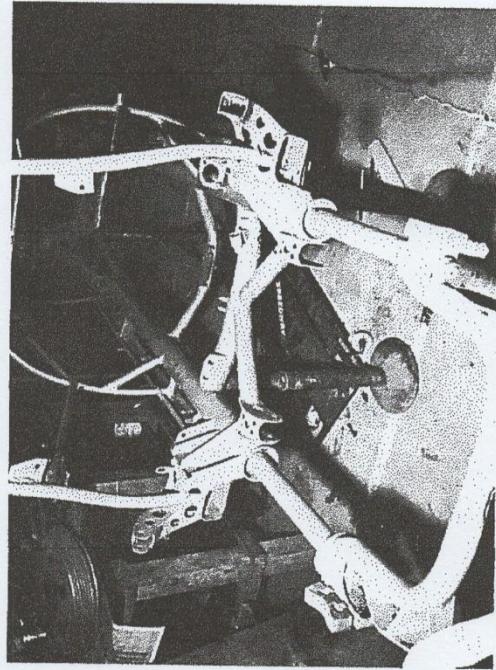
The end of Villoresi's chassis No. 1586 and Llanos engine No. 1558 is unknown, though I think time destroyed them here. Unfortunately, I have been told that the chassis drawings have been destroyed during the war. Therefore any chassis or suspension drawings would be of great interest for me.

Besides, I think the A6GCM is the same as the No. 2033 so I will write to Maserati to see if I can get the necessary chassis drawings to be able to restore mine.

Sincerely Yours,

CARLOS O. TAVELLI

Buenos Aires Argentina



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A. Tavelli's car 1948, Argentina

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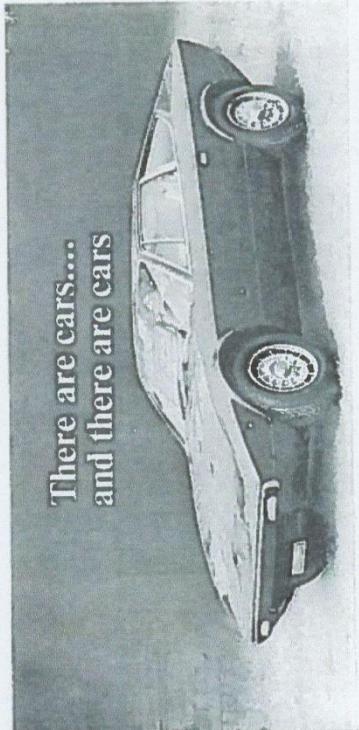
Trident No. 25 Spring 1981 Attachment III



TRIDENT

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QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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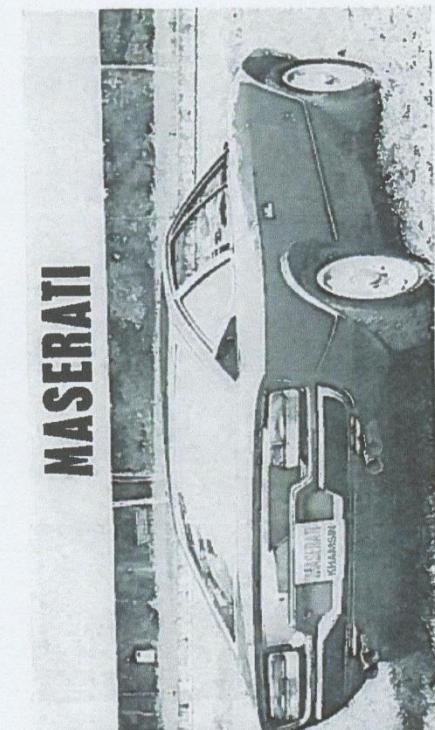
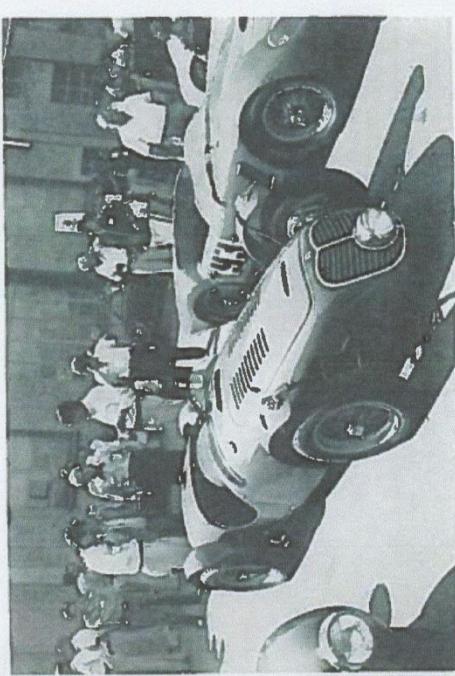
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Secretarial Ramblings

Once again can I start Secretarial Ramblings with further thanks to people who have responded with articles. Please keep these coming in because it is only through help given by the members that the Trident will survive. Whether you think the item you have is too small, too short, too long, it doesn't matter. Please let me have whatever information or article you can find. All will be gratefully received.

Received a note from Michael Curry in New Zealand and if his memory serves correct they have in New Zealand some 3 3,500 GT's, 2 Meraks, 1 4CLT, 1 8CLT, 1 250F and possibly 1 6CM. Can anybody else confirm this particular point?

He goes on to say that the servicing of the car is done with the knowledge he managed to obtain from the service depot at Citreon Cars when he purchased his car. There is apparently no Maserati Agent in New Zealand and all spares have to be imported from the U.K. How's that for enthusiasm! Have recently received and read the latest Joel Finn book, The Maserati Birdcage and as you will see under Book Reviews, I consider it to be a very, very good book. A must for anybody who is interested in that particular type of car and an excellent Christmas present although I presume that is looking a little far ahead. As usual it is available through the Club, not unfortunately at a discount price but the price of £9.95 includes postage and packing. This is the normal price you would pay for it anywhere. Purchasing it through the Club however does help the Club, so let me have your orders.

The Ramblings seem to be full of letters from down under because I have also received a letter from the other part—that is Australia, from Caroline & Bruce Hardwick enthusing about their cars. Caroline's father has a Mistral which was originally Dudley Moore's, which was exhibited in the 1980 Melbourne Motor Show and was apparently the star of the show. A Maserati agent in Australia has suggested that Maserati's make another run of Mistrales and they think that business would boom. The Mistral has been completely restored and has a change of colour. Bruce & Caroline's Sebring is almost re-assembled after a complete restoration and their Indy is working well. They use this all the time and apparently there is some dispute as to who should use the car but it is very well known round the shopping areas. Caroline and Bruce finished by saying that any members of the Club who happens to be in Sydney at anytime please look them up, they love to talk Maserati's.

Bruce and Caroline have also offered to be the Club's local representative although I imagine their locality is rather large.

Don't forget our two next events. First being the French weekend, 19th, 20th and 21st September. All bookings to be made through Peter Martin. For members who did not attend the previous one I would suggest that every effort is made to get there because it was so enjoyable. The other next event is the Autumn Meeting Concours etc., to be held on the 5th October. This is being organised by John and Mary Proctor and will be held near Bedford. Again please make a note and further details will appear in the next newsletter.

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A6G 2000 Frua spyder

I acquired the Frua spyder through Richard Crump direct from the United States, where it is known as the "Ex Bill Hopkins" car. It is extremely rare, being the only example in the UK. There is an identical model in a museum in France, but at present there are no others known to be in Europe. At least three and possibly more remain in the United States. It is therefore quite well known there, though obviously not so over here. For this reason I will start with a brief description and some historical background.

It is the "late series" as opposed to the "middle series" Frua spyder, principally distinguished by the two small rear seats, making it a very close coupled four seater. Exactly how many of these bodies were constructed is something of a mystery, but is thought to be seven or nine. In total seventeen cars had coach work by Frua, of these at least three are coupes, leaving fourteen to be accounted for between the middle and late series spyders or additional coupes.

I will leave readers to judge the lines of the car for themselves and will restrict myself to commenting on the construction. The design required a high level of craftsmanship and the result has to be considered exceptional by any standards. The general quality of body fit—doors, boot and bonnet—remains superb even after more than twenty years, assisted perhaps by the very low mileage of this particular example. The paint was original and had been applied without filler. As is common with Frua cars there is a multitude of chrome finishers, almost all being fabricated from brass and largely hand made. There are no zinc die castings although some parts are polished aluminium. Bumpers are from stainless steel. The wheels are Borrami four and a half by sixteen, the rims being of the dished rather than stepped type. Both types were used on the two litre, but which was for what is quite beyond me. The interior was trimmed in a peculiar material known as "Italian leather". It was certainly leather, but never in the same class as Connolly hide.

Mechanically it is straight A6G 2000. It is fitted with the last series production 2 litre wet sump engine having a twin plug head. Ignition is by coil and Marelli distributor—identical to the 3500—mounted at the rear of the offside camshaft. Triple twin choke 40DC03 Webber's provide the carburation. The drive is through a single plate clutch to the competition gearbox having synchronesh on third and top only. In fact I am doubtful if anything else was ever fitted to an A6G 2000 as I have never heard of one with a ZF box and would be interested to know if such exists. There is a weird transmission hand brake attached to the gearbox, which is more decorative than useful. The rear axle is spiral bevel with ZF differential in an aluminium casing. The separate chassis has various subsections welded on for body mounting and passes over the rear axle to terminate as two curved and tapered oval tubes. Hardly the easiest or cheapest form of construction, but an interesting detail. Much of the suspension and running gear is pure A6GCS—notably the steering, front suspension and brakes. The latter having large radially flumed drums. The steering employs no idler box, a long track rod being connected directly to the offside steering arm. The resulting geometry is rather peculiar

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but, due to the very hard ride, probably not significant. Front suspension is by coil spring and Wishbones with Houdaille dampers, whilst the rear is quarter elliptics.

The car has a fairly well documented history and has effectively had only one owner. Numbered 2183 it was originally supplied in 1957 and the build sheet is dated 29th January. It was apparently intended to be a Berlinetta, but was actually built as a spyder. Exported to the United States, it was purchased new by a Mr Grady Means. There were, it seems, two spudlers to choose from—Mr Means chose 2183 as it appeared sleeker and looked more like a racing car to him. It remained in the Los Angeles area until approximately mid 1976. Around this time Mr Means moved to Virginia and due to ill health and increasing age decided to part with the car. Several people were interested but, by adroit and decisive action it was acquired by Bill Hopkins in Oregon. He bought it as completely original, but unfortunately his wife interpreted this as meaning in showroom condition. (A small difference which I am currently trying to correct by defying the laws of economics, common sense and my bank manager!) Any way, the result was, in order to maintain peace between himself and his wife he finally agreed to sell the car and complete the restoration projects which he was already working on before starting anything else. At the beginning of 1978 the car was purchased by Richard Crump and it was through him that it came into my possession.

Eventually on 25th July 1978 Maserati 2183, carefully packed in a container, left Portland, Oregon bound for the Port of London. For me this was the achievement of a major ambition—to buy back a truly classic car from the United States. Perhaps I should explain. Over more than thirty years of interest in exotic cars I have seen so many travel the other way that I have always wanted to make a gesture, however small, to reverse the trend. Of course I know this is not the first time and lest I be misunderstood, I also know that without the American interest many cars would have been lost altogether and we would certainly not have the great enthusiasm that now exists. So, after that emotional outburst, to continue.

On 11th September, after some haggling with H M Customs, the car finally arrived and I was able to actually see it for the first time. It was exactly as represented down to the last minute detail, complete and original in every respect apart from one headlamp rim and hood cover, which were missing. So what to do next. Pressure of business and the fact that I was already rebuilding my 4 litre Mistral precluded any possibility of my carrying out the work myself. I therefore decided to entrust the whole project to Bill McGrath. A decision I have not regretted, since without his skill and enthusiasm, together with the help I have received from Richard Crump, the whole thing would have been impossible.

The car had only ever been driven by Mr Grady Means, although, after cleaning the carburetors, Bill Hopkins had fired up the engine briefly. The mileometer showed 9000 but the speedometer drive had broken at some stage and Mr Means had given the total mileage as 15-16000. A figure which subsequent inspection of the internals has shown to be probably correct. Stored under a tarpaulin for fourteen years the paint and trim had deteriorated, although most of the chrome was surprisingly good. An obvious puzzle not explained by Mr Means was why had it been used so little and for so



Stripped to a bare shell—ready for stage 2.

Photo: Bill McGrath

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being clean and slick, was inevitably slow and clumsy. New tyres had been fitted and the wheels balanced, but it had required an exceptional amount of counter balance weights—another point of concern, particularly since, almost immediately, one of the larger weights became detached and disappeared forever! In this condition, quite horrendous snake set up somewhere around the legal speed limit; probably about the only way in which any Maserati can be effectively restrained within the law!

So, at last, 2183 and myself set off alone together for the first time. In my case paralysed in a straight jacket of sheer terror, my knuckles showing white as I gripped the steering wheel like a drowning man to a piece of driftwood. My mind besieged by visions of cylinder head and connecting rods flying through the bonnet, wheels and axles falling off and worst of all some kind of indecent assault from behind by a maniac in a thirty ton pantomime—my initial rate of progress making it unlikely that I would myself attack anyone from behind. The car, ignoring my feelings, trundled along and since it was being treated like a truck behaved rather like one. However, it made some pleasing if low key mechanical noises which, despite my best efforts, I was unable to attribute to anything untoward. Gradually I relaxed and tentatively pressed the loud pedal. The response was a low growl—subsequently translated as meaning—"change down you oaf, I haven't got any torque at 2000 RPM". Meanwhile we were passed by two people in an Austin Healey, which slowed down while they gave us an unpromising stare. With great sang froid I resisted the temptation to seize the fire extinguisher, conveniently residing on the passenger seat, and spray everything in sight with foam, whilst making Nuvolari type exit via the boot lid.

Up to this point progress had been entirely along a wide straight dual carriageway interrupted by an occasional roundabout tackled with complete lack of imagination on my part. I resembled an out of condition all in wresliler as I struggled to drag the car round in over-run top with completely dead steering, only using third in an attempt to pull us out the other side without losing all momentum and actually coming to a complete halt. All this was rather uninspiring stuff and hardly conducive to creating any kind of love match. By this time I had recovered sufficiently to decide that one or other of us was pretty useless and something had better be done about it. So, turning off on to a secondary main road I started all over again. This road had curves, straights and real corners. I tried second gear downwards and surprise, surprise, got it right first time! Things distinctly improved, the next corner appeared so the same again when suddenly about ten yards in front was a Sunday creeper with his brake lights on. Choice was upon me, it was centre or right hand pedal. I stayed with the latter and actually pushed down. Immediately everything happened at once. The steering characteristics changed completely, gears winced, air roared into the open carbureter trumpets and the exhaust broke through to that superb metallic note. As the Tacho passed through five thousand on we went into the next straight, third gear followed by top. It was then we had our first attack of the shakes—not me—I already had them! That somewhat cooled my ardour but nevertheless I could still tackle the corners and so I decided to learn to drive all over again. Really enjoying myself by now, we started to press on a bit until the near side front brake began to bind, which made things even more exciting. However, I had



2183 roadworthy again after nearly 17 years
Photo: J. Dingatey

short a time,—less than the first five years of its life? Why had Mr Means kept it so long unused rather than sell it? Alas I cannot answer the latter question, but some light was thrown on the former during the mechanical rebuild.

A careful examination revealed that, due to the low mileage and kind California climate, wear was minimal and corrosion virtually non-existent. The car even had the original tyres still fitted!

The engine and gearbox were completely dismantled cleaned and checked and it was at this point that some part of the mystery began to be explained. For the only significant fault in the engine turned out to be one completely burnt out exhaust valve and two partially so. By one of those lucky chances that occasionally strike even the most inveterate gamblers, Richard Crump had some time previously arranged for a supply of new valves from the original manufacturers and these arrived at exactly the right moment. So a complete new set of valves was fitted. There were no problems in the gearbox, but there was a small fault in the clutch, which was corrected, but without complete confidence that it would prove successful. Steering, suspension, transmission and brakes were all found to be in order and virtually unworn—even the brake linings did not need renewing.

Finally the car was ready for initial mechanical trials. So I proceeded to the appointed place having been warned that, although the car was driveable, all was not really fully sorted. Bill McGrath's concern about the clutch proved well founded. In addition there was wear at the carbureter spindles, which were unbushed, resulting in imbalance and a tickover speed when hot around 1700 RPM. This, combined with the really harsh clutch drag made it impossible to engage bottom gear from a standing start except when everything was stone cold. Also the change up from first to second, instead of

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Book Reviews

"GRAN PREMIO—la leggendaria storia di tutti i Gran Premii d'Italia dal 1921 a oggi".

Still with us? This year-by-year history of the Italian G.P., compiled by a group of Italian journalists, is somewhat reminiscent of the David Hodges books of a few years ago, though larger in format. It provides reasonably comprehensive race details (up to 1977) and, though it obviously helps to read Italian, the photos, grid charts and tabulated results are a major part of the book and are useful to any mono-lingual racing historians.

Monza is obviously at the heart of the story, though events run at Brescia, Livorno, Turin and Milan are also covered. And, as one might expect, Maserati references abound—Alfieri Maserati, driving a Scatto, completed in the 1922 event (the first to be run at Monza), and the last appearance of the manqué was in 1959, though Maserati-engined Coopers participated until 1961. The 1930 race at Monza, in which Maserati had a 1-2-3 clean sweep, is not included, as officially it was not *the* Italian G.P. However, Fangio's somewhat fortuitous 1952 victory in an A6GCM, and Moss's hectic 250F win four years later, are both well-described.

Some of the race accounts provoke mirthful reflection; the 1927 event, for instance, which attracted just six starters (one of whom retired on the first lap), ran for three and a half hours in pouring rain, and was won by Benoist's Delage by over twenty-two minutes. Just the stuff to bring the crowds flocking in.

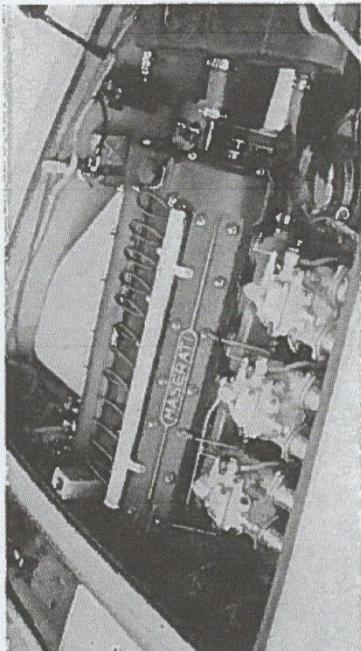
Photographic coverage is reasonably good, but, sadly, the pre-war races have been printed in a sepia tint (both photos and text) which I suppose, is an attempt to gain "atmosphere"—a great pity, as many otherwise interesting pictures are rendered somewhat "flat", with a lack of sharp detail. "Gran Premio" also contains a generalised article on the history of the Grand Prix car, a much more interesting piece on racing tyre development, and a foreword by Giovanni Furani. It is available in the U.K. through Foyle's, priced at £9.95.

"Le Grand Prix de Monaco, 1929-79".

Marlboro must surely rate as the most ubiquitous racing sponsors of the 1970s. To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first running of this classic race, they have produced a picture-book containing a large number of rarely seen photographs covering the event's history.

A very commendable idea. But, sadly, it falls down due to shoddy production. To give just one glaring example: the 1976 race is illustrated solely by photos of its supporting voiturette event, the "Coupe Rainier". Elsewhere misceptions are rife, and some illustrations have actually found their way into the wrong year. In addition, the reproduction of some photographs is poor, and many that are reasonably well-printed reproduced almost in postage-stamp size, so that interesting detail is lost.

There are, however, some noteworthy shots for Maserati enthusiasts. One photograph, of Fagioli driving an 8C-2500 in the 1932 event, is first-class, and would be superb if reproduced to a larger scale. And if you have longed to see photos of such worthies as Taramaggo and Testut driving 250Fs,



Rebuilt engine showing 40 DC03 Webers

Photo: J. Dugdale

at least found out that indeed there are cars and there are cars and this was one of those well worth getting to know.

I think it was probably then that I decided to complete the project with total cosmetic restoration, but that is another story as yet unfinished.

John Dugdale

SECRETARIAL RAMBLINGS—Cont.

One of the more important bits of Maserati news was the Primo Raduno Internazionale Maserati which was held on the 14th and 15th June. Unfortunately I could not attend this as the original suggested dates by the factory were altered after all sorts of various other holiday arrangements had been made. It appears as if this was an excellent meeting and a short report of this is enclosed which was sent by Pete Coltrin. I have heard from various members who did attend and only wish that I could have made it.

Keep the information coming in.

For those of you who see some of the papers, Maserati U.K. Concessionaires are now at West Bromwich, West Midlands B770 0EJ, telephone 021 557 9051. Apparently the spares etc., are all there and by the time this reaches the members the servicing department and everything else should be completely set up. I have been told by the General Manager that their aim is to see more Maseratis than ever before registered in Great Britain.

Have heard from Guillermo Vago that he has acquired a 4CL which is motorless but as he has some spare parts he needs the crank case fairly urgently. Can any member help? He has for sale a 4CL/4CLT gear box.

Have received information from the publishers in Italy and can obtain the new book—"Maserati: Una Storia Nella Storia Dalle Origini Al 1945" by Luigi Orsino and Franco Zagari at a special price. I have to order these books fairly quickly and perhaps anybody who would like one could let me know straight away.

History Maserati 4 CLT #1600

Trident No. 25 Spring 1981 Attachment III

How to become an April Fool

(or a fool and his money, but not his MASERATI) are soon parted.

then search no longer—they are here. (To be more exact, the latter is actually pushing him, out of a pile of straw-bales.) We even have a shot of Piero Ausio, of post-war Cisitalia fame, having just abandoned his wide-chassis 8CM (in the middle of the road) during the 1935 race. Now thereby hangs a tale, and a digression.

Contemporary reports state this car to have been fitted with a pre-selector gearbox—just as the “ex-Navalari” Donington car has. Yes? I know the old chestnut about how Tagli loved the one on his T.T.-winning M.G. K3. So much that he had one fitted to his Maser., and I’ve always been highly sceptical about it. Why, then, didn’t he have such a box on his 6C/34, or on anything else he drove? Is the Ausio car the one which now resides at Donington?

Anyway, if you’re a real Monaco G.P. buff, and would like to amaze your friends by spotting all the mistakes, this book might interest you. Again, Foyles are the suppliers—price, a very steep £6.95.

DAVID MANNING

MASERATI ROAD CARS—

225 Pages. Published by Osprey at £14.95

This is the second offering from this team. It is a well designed and lavish volume, just the thing for our coffee tables. The price is a bit guip-making, but I suppose we have to get used to this sort of thing these days. Each model gets a section to itself consisting of a brief introduction and useful production statistics. This is followed by excellent photos, sometimes with entertainingly pithy comments, which is nice. These sections are interspersed with microscopic reductions of factory handouts which are almost totally useless to those of us who are not only trilingual, but possessed of supernatural eyesight as well. Another odd feature is that although it is said to be a team production, the first person singular is used throughout in the text.

The big criticism, which detracts from its value a great deal, is that nowhere do the authors give any personal idea of what the cars are like to drive. Perhaps they have no opinions, but as they both trade in the things, this seems a bit unlikely. It is a major failure and a great pity.

R. C. BERGER

A Marvellous Tipo 60 and 61 Sports Racing Cars by Joel Finn

This book gives one a great deal more insight into the cars, the reasons why they were built and how they were built. Joel Finn has driven and raced many miles in Birdcages and believes that the Tipo 60/61 is outstandingly beautiful and is probably the finest front engine sports racer ever constructed.

This book is tribute to them. Easy to read. Many details that as far as I am aware were not known with very many fine photographs. The book is a complete story of this unique car right up to the present fate of all the machines that were built. In my opinion an excellent book. Published by Osprey and available through the Club.

M.J.M.

It had to be April Fool’s Day of course. 1st of April, 1976 to be precise. That was the first time I laid eyes on what was later to become something of an obsession, the beginning of a relationship between man and car which had much in it of “love and hate”, and during the following three years, at times drove me nearly mad and yet saved my sanity! So begins my involvement with my first and only MASERATI, but before going further you must have a bit of background.

I am probably one of those people who was born with cars in their blood. I remember at the age of three I was given a beautiful tin-plate model of a Bentley Coupe-de-Ville, in black and navy bodywork, with those pearl grey wheels and white tin tyres. It quite fascinated me, not least because you could slide its roof back, and the inside was stuffed with biscuits. The biscuits were soon gone and forgotten but the visual image of that car is as clear in my mind to-day as it was way back in 1931.

So is another image in my formative years. When about seven-years-old, I was given a very good Woolworth’s (all for 6d.) model of Sir Malcolm Campbell’s “Bluebird”. The original had just pushed the World land speed record up to 302 m.p.h., I think. My tin-plate model was complete in every detail, and shot across the floor driven by its clockwork motor on its silver and grey tin wheels (dual at the rear).

Well, the years went by, and while going through all the usual stages of puberty and young manhood I got involved in all sorts of crazy car deals, including a 1925 Standard 12 open tourer with cickey seat full of spares, which I bought for £12.50 (yes, £12.50) complete in 1947. It now belongs to a director of Rolls Royce Ltd., and is worth about £4,000. Later I had a long and very satisfactory attachment to a 1934 B.S.A. Scout 3-wheeler, but we must press on.

Having gone through the usual phases of marrying, settling up home and raising a family, one day back in 1971 I was thinking its about time, after all these years of sweat and toil to keep up the mortgage payments and provide wife and children with the standard of living to which they have been very glad to become accustomed; it’s about time I, thought, you did something for yourself, before it’s too late.

There followed a period of several years during which I had brief and not entirely satisfactory encounters with an abandoned MGA, a RILEY 1.5 and then an Austin Healey 100 with a strange one-off body. This latter car was a disaster mechanically, and after I’d sold it cheap because of the 16 expensive items listed on the M.O.T. Fail Certificate, I was chagrined to find out later that it had been the original prototype body for what was to become the “big Healey”, the 3000.

Anyway, let’s get on to the MASERATI. As I was saying, it all started on April Fool’s Day, 1976. By now I was living in Maidstone, Kent, and had that incurable ache in my bones to buy yet another wreck and “do it up”. (My long-suffering wife dreads these spasms, but over the years has come to realise it’s the only time when I’m really, really happy.). So I’d got hold of a