

History Maserati 4 CLT #1600

Trident No. 23 Summer 1980 Attachment II

catalogue put out by a local Estate Agent, would you believe, entitled "Sale by Auction on Monday, 1st April, 1976, Vintage and Veteran Motor Vehicles, Agricultural machinery, and other interesting miscellanea". Under this unpromising title I was to find listed a "1962 MASERATI, 3500 G.T.I., reg. no. 5 EXH, chassis and engine no 101/1439."

So there I was on the windswept expanse of Maidstone cattle-market, looking at a MASERATI. So were several other people, and in the words of the big funny man with glasses, it was "not a pretty sight!" It was the rag-top (literally) version of the 3500 G.T.I., showing every sign of total neglect and rough treatment. Body by Vignale, in steel, had a lacy fringe of rust and horror to about 12" up from the valences. Both doors were completely rusted away at the bottoms, with frames and outer panels as thin as paper. Filler half-inch thick in places, was cracked and crazed and hanging off in big lumps, and the whole body was a mass of rust spots separated by various different shades of its original silver-grey. Inside, the original red leather was badly split and cracked, in a pattern looking like ancient chinese porcelain, though not nearly as valuable. The floor pans, particularly at the rear, were rusted right through, and most of the rear wheel arches had disappeared, so that while sitting in the driving seat you could reach back and grab the back tyres (possibly useful in the event of brake-failure!).

Several chaps were nosing about it and muttering; comments such as "Anyone who takes on this heap is in for a load of trouble". That was my feeling exactly, and it was all to be proved absolutely right at my expense.

Eventually the car was driven round the ring—it did move under its own steam (or smoke in this case) but bidding was not brisk and it bit the dust well below the optimistic owner's reserve, and was withdrawn. Mind you, I had some sympathy with him. If you go in for owning this kind of heap, then you've just got to be an optimist!

At this point, having noted the "no sale" and the last bid, I went home and tried to forget the whole thing. I succeeded for a couple of weeks and then the ache got the better of me. I rang up the auctioneers, who obligingly gave me the owners address without any fuss.

The next Saturday I trotted off into deep Kent and found the car again, in a big shed surrounded by several Twickenham Bentleys and next to an original Cooper track car. The owner took me for a ride; quite literally. He drove, but would not let me have a go. "Very hairy beast Old boy", "Can't let you drive on trade plates y'know." So I didn't drive it, and I was soon to find out why.

After this drive he knew I was on the hook and he played it very coolly. After a lot of haggles and "take it or leave it" from his side, we finally agreed that I would buy this wreck at a price slightly below the highest bid he'd refused at the Auction. This was a clever move on his part, as it left me feeling I'd got a bargain, and he agreed to deliver it to my place 15 miles away, which was an even cleverer move on his part, because the gear-box was shot as I found out after delivery. First and reverse gears were stripped, and you could only make the car go backwards by pushing it, all 1½ tons!

I say he delivered it to my place. My place was in fact a rented lock-up garage in a row of similar ones reached by a very rough track and a forecourt

of ashes and pot-holes, mainly pot-holes. There was no electricity or water laid on, and I could see there would be lots of problems. For one thing it was over a mile from home. However, it did have advantages too. I could work all Saturdays undisturbed, and make as much noise and mess as I liked. (I had previously been warned by my better-half that her car and mine standing in front of our house was O.K. in a decent residential neighbourhood, but dismantling the wreck of a Maserati definitely turned the place into a scrap-yard.)

Well, I know that blow-by-blow accounts of rebuilds are of rivetting interest only to the chap involved and can bore the pants off the average reader, so I'm not going to attempt to give such an account here; only to pick out the high-lights. The gear-box was of course the first priority. You can't generate much enthusiasm for any other restoration work if the car can't be got in and out of your garage, into which it fits so tightly there is only 18" of space all round it. Knowing that if I took the gear-box out with the car in the open, I'd never be able to push it back into the garage, I did the whole job in-situ, so to speak. Fortunately the gear-box comes off easily, but is very heavy, and requires the removal of the prop. shaft to make room for drawing the drive shaft out of the clutch. Having no means of lifting the car high enough to get completely under it, I actually undid all the securing bolts at the "banjo" end with one hand, using a small Mole-grip on the back nuts. The gear-box is an SF type 5-20; and having got it out, the next thing was how to open it. A local "expert" had a go and gave up after trying for several hours. In the end I had to cart the whole log off to Hertfordshire to Richard Crump, who had the box open within 10 minutes, and was also able to tell me nearly all the replacement parts I needed. It took me nearly a year before I could complete the overhaul myself and put the box back in. I had never done anything on a car gear-box before, and it was all worthwhile when I was able actually to reverse the car out of the garage under power for the first time.

This major problem having been over-come, I then set about the body-work. A few smart blows with a hammer and cold chisel were enough to remove the rusted-out rear floor pans. During all this bashing, an aluminium cigar case fell out from among the chassis tubes, and I opened it and found the cigars to be in prime condition! It all went to show that the car had at one time been owned by a man who could afford good cigars. I put it away carefully, having in mind a celebration smoke when the car was finally completed and on the road. More of that later.

During the course of the next two years I slowly and laboriously worked over every inch of that car, rebuilding floors, wing arches, valences, etc. When it came to totally re-building both doors (neither of them had much metal anywhere near the bottom edge) it took me a whole day just to drift out the hinge-pins. I could then take the doors home where I could work on them with power tools, and in some degree of order and comfort. (Cups of tea and sandwiches, etc., brought out by my dear wife, who, in spite of her earlier mistrust and scepticism, was now beginning to take a real interest.) After getting a professional estimate for re-skimming one door I decided to do it myself. The metal I got for next to nothing from a local scrapyard. It was ideal. Mild steel sheet with grey primer on one side and plastic coating

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bonded on the other. I did all the cutting with tin-snips and folding with brute force, hammers baulks of timber and concrete paving slabs. But in the end it all came out right and was a joy to behold. I've kept some of the old door-panel to show people who don't believe it, just what I was up against.

I removed all the chrome, which was in that "in between" stage—not very good, but not that bad either, and after having one or two very bad bits re-chromed by a local firm, they were so disfigured I decided to leave well alone, clean the rest and put it back spotty.

Then came the wheels. I took each one home to clean it off thoroughly with a power drill. This led to something that turned out very funny, but if luck hadn't been with me could have caused a nasty accident. I should explain that my house is on the side of a steep picturesque valley in the bottom of which runs the River Medway, broad and wide. My front drive slopes down at about 1 in 4 and meets our narrow country lane which leads down to the river at about 1 in 5, and some 300 yards distant. I was power-wire-brushing one of these heavy Borani 16" wheels, with tyre still on, on my front lawn, so that all the mess gets lost in the grass. My front lawn stands up off the hillside like a plateau, and the traffic roars by on our country lane some 16 feet below. I was just turning the wheel over when I lost control of it and it rolled off at a great rate of knots away out into the great blue yonder. It hit the road below a mighty smack, fortunately on its tyre edge upright, and even more fortunately not on the roof of a car which seconds before had roared up the hill in the ravine below me. I couldn't jump down 16 feet without breaking a leg, so I arrived on the road somewhat later than the wheel, but must in time to see it vanishing round the bend, doing about 40 m.p.h. and bouncing higher and higher (you remember the film of Barnes Wallis's bouncing bomb?—well it was something like that). I was running like hell after it, having nightmares of it going through a car windscreen and creating untold mayhem. But for a few seconds the road was absolutely empty. The last I saw of the wheel it had safely passed under the railway bridge at a height of about 12 feet and was heading for the Medway with all the instincts of aleemings. When I got down there was no sign of my wheel anywhere! I had visions of dragging the river, but not for a body. After five minutes of frantic running up and down the river bank I found the wheel, safe and sound, caught in a prickly bush about three feet from the water's edge.

By the late summer of 1978 all the bodywork I could do myself was done, and the next step I had to leave to professionals. This was a thorough body preparation and respray. The first prices I got were staggering, but eventually after a lot of shopping around I got fixed up with a small firm in one of the villages. As I said earlier, the chrome (by now all off the car) was so-so, and I put a lot of thought and research into the colour for the re-spray. I had always thought that the 3500 GT looks better in dark colours, and these also give a better contrast and so make the spotty chrome look a bit brighter. I've also always felt that when going to the expense of a respray on such a car, it really deserves a metallic finish. I eventually decided on an Alfa Romeo PERVINCA BLUE metallic. When the car was done I had no more doubts about my choice; it looked absolutely right.

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So winter, 78/79, put a stop to any further work, but in Spring 1979 I came to the really enjoyable part of the job—putting the car together again, so to speak. Back went the bumpers, and all the other loose bits of chrome, re-built head-lamps and spot lamps, then repairs to the fairly respectable hood and finally a refit of the interior. The date for the 1st International Maserati Rally, 21st-23rd September, was fast approaching and I was determined to enter my car in it. The interior was all pretty tatty; carpets rotten with damp, and front seats leather badly crumpled and cracked. I tried getting some matching carpeting and eventually got some "Carvel" of about the right colour, but after I'd spent several days fitting it, the texture looked altogether too smooth, so I ripped it all out again. I ended up doing a cannibalisation job on the old carpets, selecting the best bits, shampooing them and piecing them together in such a way that I had original carpets wherever it showed. For the leather, I went to Connolly's, and got all the proper stuff to do a thorough cleaning and re-laquering, and I must say it turned out a treat.

The car passed its M.O.T. first time, and I had enough confidence in it to enter for the September '79 Rally, based on Rye in Kent. Those of you who were there may remember the two oldest MASERATI road-cars in the rally, both R.H.D. 1962 model 3500 G.T.I.'s, mine and Mervyn Radley's. For those of you who missed that splendid event, proof of all this is on page 9 of TRIDENT Issue No. 21. Mine is the one on the left number 5 EXH. "A pair of rare 3500 G.T.I.'s" indeed!

Well now, back to that cigar I found in the early stages of stripping the car. At Christmas, after having much pleasure from the car on the road, I thought now is the time for a ceremonial lighting up, so to speak, and make a nice Christmassy smell. Well it lit up all right, but I'm not a regular smoker, and that big cigar made me very, very ill! However, as a memento I've saved the tin to keep fuses in for the Maserati. They say in a restoration job never throw anything away. But I'll never be caught on April Fool's Day again.

DON CLAYTON

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The Cotswold Connection

It was Springtime in the Cotswolds. The buds were bursting, the lambs were gambolling, the birds were building their nests, and the Maseratis came out to play. They chose as their chief playground, a most satisfactory boozier called 'The Bear of Rodborough', where the eating and drinking were good, and the staff outstandingly helpful and cheerful.

On the Friday evening, after an excellent dinner, the Club's A.G.M. was briskly completed with no sensational developments, thereby allowing an early retreat to the Bar for the serious business. This was an opportunity to make friends, for we were particularly pleased to see so many new faces this year, in particular three American members and their wives. Kevin and Mary Knuth had come over from Germany, where they serve with the U.S.A.F., and Spike and Cathy Kasper and their Merak have been posted to London for two years. Joe and Glenda Alphabet were on a sort of latter-day Grand Tour; first a Lamborghini Rally in Germany, then us, and then afterwards to Monaco for the Grand Prix. Joe bends exhaust systems for people and then makes gold car badges for them to hang round their necks. It is important to select the right product for neck use. Jimmy and Did Grant (Mistral) had come over from France again. We gathered that preparations for the Autumn Rally in Normandy are well advanced.

On Saturday morning, entrants gathered for the Rally Section in the car park. Entertainment was provided. The Bear Hotel car park is built on a slope, and down this a young man appeared, pushing a trolley loaded with the previous evening's empties. To our great pleasure, he dropped the whole lot off. Even better, having reloaded, he proceeded to do it again, smashing a few dozen more, for the benefit of those who had missed it the first time round.

Then, on to the serious business. We were dispatched at intervals to complete a delightful route, with a minimum of main road, which ended with a pub lunch. A great many questions had to be answered on the way, some quite difficult. If one got totally confused, a Disaster Envelope could be opened (incurring a huge penalty) and directions to the pub obtained. The Batts (Osca) distinguished themselves by opening theirs within 50 yards of the pub!

The formula was much the same in the afternoon, but this time, ending with a Stately English Tea in a Stately English Castle—Sudeley. I heard of nobody who successfully translated the Latin motto on the Gatehouse—we are an ignorant lot.

There were a few grumbles about the difficulty of these sections. In my view, these are unfounded. Anyone can and should, have fun at our Spring Event, but to win requires both effort and concentration, and this is how it should be. The most effort and concentration was displayed by John Duggleby (Mistrel) with Sandy and Pam Lindsey (Merak) as second class brains.

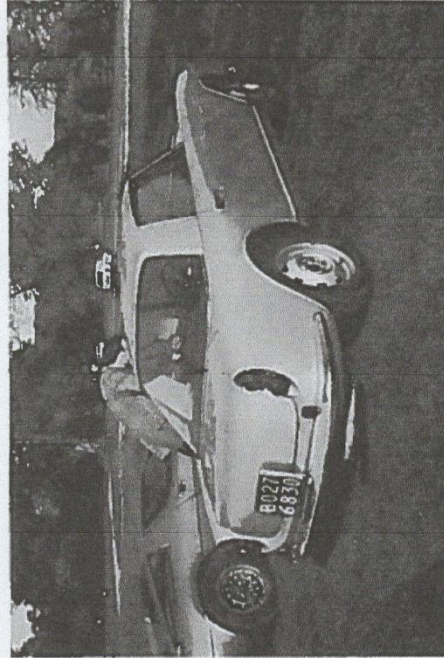
The evening was spent drinking, dining, dancing and drinking. The Club then went quietly to bed. Literary license is occasionally used in this report.

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D.M.S.'s Indy—Concours winner

Photo: Michael Miles



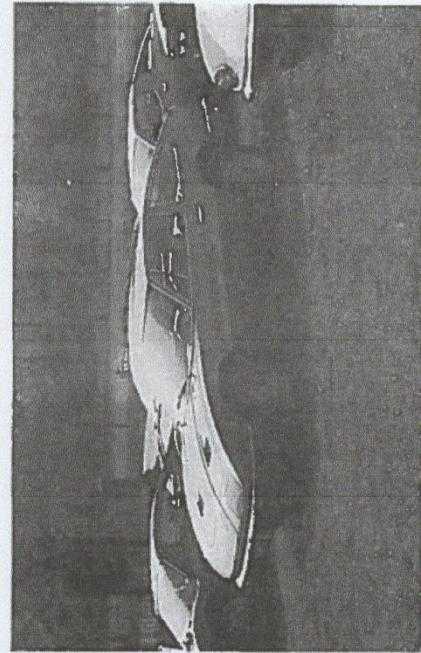
G. Barr's Osca

Photo: Michael Miles

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Dudley Mason Styrron's Indy again

Photo: Michael Miles



'Ecki Thump' Trophy winners—Lawrence and Froggie Kemmish

Photo: Michael Miles

Sunday began with a trip up the Motorway to Prescott, the hill climb and H.Q. of the Bugatti Owners Club, to whom we are much indebted. Here we took part in tests of skill such as width judging and reversing onto a spot on the road. Finally, we were allowed a non-competitive drive up the hill. Sandy Lindsey was the most meticulous driver. A Concours took place about this time, and the fairest of us all was deemed to be the Indy of Dudley and Sally Mason Styrron. This was absolutely the right decision, as this glittering Indy put most of us to shame, especially me.

Back at the Hotel, lunch was followed by the presentation of Awards. Some have been already mentioned. There is a strange prize called the Ecki Thump Trophy, for the best balls-up. This went to Lawrence and Froggie Kemmish for answering (mostly lewdly) a lot of questions which had not been asked!

The overall winners of the week-end were, to everyone's great pleasure, Sandy and Pam Lindsey who have organised many previous competitions for us. Our organisers this time, were Peter and Ann Martin, Richard and Sue Shaw, and Caroline Jenkins. They did a great job.

FULL RESULTS

	Car	Rally	Con-cours & Driving Tests	Total
Michael & Sheila Miles	Bora	60	48	108
Gerald & Maureen Batt	Osca	19	67	86
John Duggieby	Mistral	78	42	120
Terry & Judy Herd	Lancia	70	29	99
Richard & Zaz Bergel	Mistral	66	61	127
Julian & Jayne Selby-Rickards	Indy	70	31	104
Rufus & Adele Stone	R.R.	66	40	106
Cameron & Tikey Miller	Kahnsin	70	45	115
Oliver & Phelia Ormrod	Mistral	22	50	72
Duncan & Ian Reynolds	Mexico	68	60	128
Jim & Diddy Grant	Renault	68	52	120
Donald & Ruth Clayton	Alfa	59	43	102
Ted & Sally Fox	Bora	57	75	132
Joe & Glenda Alphabet	Ford	26	59	75
Sandy & Pam Lindsey	Merak	73	82	155
Lawrence & Froggie Kemmish	BMW	68	44	112
Dudley & Sally Mason Styrron	Indy	64	65	129
Spike & Cathy Kasper	Merak	54	58	111
Mike & Gwen Curtis	Alfa	46	49	95

RICHARD BERGEL

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Maserati Indy

There are three significant constructors of ultra-expensive Grand Touring cars in Italy: Ferrari, Lamborghini and Maserati. Ferrari has always been active in racing, Lamborghini does not race but may in the future, and Maserati does not race but used to do so very effectively. In Grand Prix and sports car events Maserati was a worthy opponent of Alfa Romeo and Bugatti in the Thirties and of Ferrari, Mercedes-Benz and Vanwall in the Fifties. The new Vignale-bodied 2+2 coupe on these pages recalls another type of racing in which Maserati was successful—Indianapolis. In 1939 and 1940 (and very nearly again in 1941) Wilbur Shaw drove a 3-liter, straight-eight Maserati 8CTF to convincing victories on the American oval.

The Maserati Indy is the latest example of the kind of car the Modenese company has been producing so successfully that it outsells its two close rivals in Italy. (For a sense of proportion one should note here that 1968 new-car registrations of all three makes totaled less than 1000 units—less than one-tenth of one percent of the Italian market—and that Iso, De Tomaso and Bizzarini figures do not add significantly to the luxury-GT total.) The Indy was first shown, unnamed, at the 1968 Turin Salon and made its official debut at Geneva in the spring. With the potentially greater market for GT cars that seat four in comfort (as evidenced by the Ferrari 356 GT 2+2 and the Lamborghini Espada) Maserati has produced a scaled-up, slightly less powerful version of the Ghibli. Even the Vignale styling bears a strong resemblance to that of the Ghia-bodied 2-seater. Ghia has also built a



John Bertentide's Indy

Photo: Michael Miles

prototype 4-passenger Maserati known as the Simun; this car may go into very limited production at a price much higher than the £12,000 the Indy costs in Italy.

Maserati currently builds two types of engines: the dohc inline six of 3692 or 4014cc, used in the Mistrals; and the four-cam V-8, which displaces 4136 cc in the Indy, 4136 or 4179 cc in the Quattroporte, and 4719 cc in the Ghibli and Mexico. (The Mexico is an older Vignale 2+2 which may be replaced by the Indy or perhaps by a 4.7 liter Simun.) The V-8 is not a new design and has a rather low rev limit of 5500. In the Indy it produces a fairly respectable 290 bhp SAE at this engine speed, quite a bit lower than the 4.4-liter Ferrari's 320 bhp DIN @ 6600 rpm, but the Maserati's longer stroke gives it comparable torque. The factory quotes a top speed of 155 mph for the Indy, although Guerrino Bertocchi, long-time Maserati racing mechanic and test driver (recently awarded the title of Cavaliere Ufficiale della Repubblica by his country), says it will do 165! Of course, it's all in the gearing; with the standard 3.54:1 final drive the Indy does 26.4 mph per 1000 rpm which works out to 145 mph at the rev limit. With the optional 3.31:1 rear axle the figure would be 155.

In the United States, however, these figures have little real meaning: acceleration, handling and comfort have greater value. In these areas the Indy, being only 100 lb heavier and 2 in. longer in wheelbase than the Ghibli, should be formidable. The driving compartment of the Indy is well laid out, with proper round instruments (large tachometer and speedometer and smaller oil pressure, oil temperature, water temperature, amperage and fuel level gauges), a woodtrim steering wheel and a short gear-shift lever located close to the driver on the high console. Upholstery is leather and air conditioning is standard.

From the outside the resemblance to the Ghibli is obvious in the front fender line, the squarish headlight flaps and even the roofline, which is surprisingly sloping for a 2+2. One would expect that this and the short wheelbase would result in there being rather less +2 qualities present, certainly less than in the Lamborghini Espada, a true 4-seater.

Indy production is not yet in full swing so the example pictured was "borrowed" by Bertocchi prior to its delivery and given a fast 45-min work-out so that Our Man in Modena could get photographs and brief road impressions. With Bertocchi driving the latter are always stirring, but the car also impressed with its comfort and quietness.

An interesting situation now exists since Citroen has more than half interest in Maserati, while Fiat, which has ties with the French firm, recently concluded a part-ownership arrangement with Ferrari. Thus the famous and Grand Touring rivals of Modena and Maranello are now indirectly linked financially and the ultimate relationship will be fascinating indeed. Knowing the Italians, one can expect the identities to remain distinct.

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International Rally 1980 NEW ZEALAND

I have been on many International Rallies over the years, but never on one with such a vast entry.

The number accepted was one thousand and sixty (1060)! Unbelievable and unworkable you might with justification say.

However, on the day and at the start there were eventually some 948—still a vast number to contend with.

I was told by the New Zealand Events Committee that the whole effort had taken some five years to organise! And, I am not surprised when considering the vast number of people and cars involved.

Some three thousand five hundred people had to be accommodated every night.

The only way that this could reasonably be done was to have a spider or hub type of rally—whereby you had one large town that could accommodate three or four thousand people and from which every day a different route could be taken with different classes of car taking different routes each day and homing back to base each night at staggered intervals.

To my utter amazement this eventually worked out extremely efficiently and well.

These near one thousand competitors were divided into 6 sections each with a colour code such as blue, white, green, red, orange and yellow! Each section with its colour having about 150 entrants.

The organisers I consider had been very thoughtful and clever about the whole rally, they managed to hire the complete race course at Rotorua with all the necessary stands and buildings which included restaurants and bars, stage, committee rooms etc. for a period of ten days.

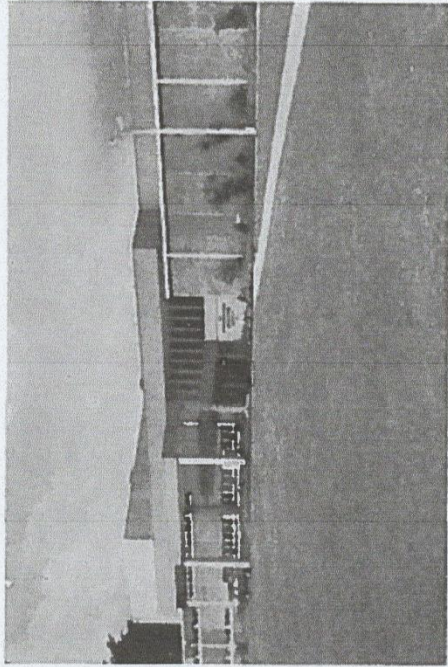
The Rally Headquarters was also included within the race course, so that if you had some problem or wanted any information concerning the rally you could always obtain a near immediate answer or help for at least 16 hours out of each 24 hours of the day. Also the speed with which results were obtained at the end of each day of rallying was simply marvellous. A special computer had been installed to deal with all the results and marks etc and how efficient it all was.

Before diving further into the rally scene I would like to mention how much I would have liked to have been able to afford to take my own car out there which would have been either my 30/98 Wensum Vauxhall or my 3 litre twin O.H.C. Sunbeam. In 1965 John Rowley, myself and Jumbo Goddard went out with our O.E. 30/98 Vauxhalls and it cost me less than £300 to get my car out there and back, by sea, now the cost is nearer £3000.

Fortunately I was very lucky in being loaned a very lovely Wensum 30/98 Vauxhall by Jack Newall who lives in the South Island just north of Christchurch.

I nearly missed the start of the rally owing to some severe throat infection that I picked up at Singapore on my way out to New Zealand. Very frightening as I found it impossible to swallow and hard to breathe. However, my wife

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Imposing entrance of Len Southward's museum

(Tikey) rushed me off to the hospital on landing at Auckland and the medics pumped me full of penicillin and four days later I was a box of birds, albeit a little wobbly in the pins.

I eventually flew to South Island (Christchurch) and picked up the 30/98 Vauxhall (1924) and drove some 550 miles to Rotorua for the start in pouring rain and no hood! Tikey was not amused about the hood nonsense, because in 1965 John Rowley and I decided not to take our hoods because it spoiled the lines of our cars! I blandly said it never rains in New Zealand in March! And, of course, it just poured with rain for the first two days of the Rally.

However, back to this year's rally. After crossing by the car ferry from Picton to Wellington (i.e. from South to North Island) and staying a night at Picton and then on to Taihape for another night before reaching Rotorua on Saturday 23rd February.

Both Tikey and I fell for Picton, as it really is one of the most picturesque small ports that I have ever come across, surrounded by beautifully wooded hills and at the end of a long sound that took about an hour's sailing before reaching the open sea and right near the mouth an old whaling station that was very active in the pre-war days. The distance between the two islands (North and South) at this point is roughly the width of our English Channel and on a rough day can be an absolute swine—fortunately for us and the many cars, it was like a mill pond on this occasion. There had been a ferry strike for about ten days and very fortunately for us the strike stopped the day we were due to cross!

Rotorua, the town about which the rally centred, is a very large tourist attraction in the North Island of New Zealand. One of the main attractions

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One of only two 4CLT Maseratis built in 1950. Resides in Len Southward's Museum at Paraparannu in North Island, New Zealand.

being the geysers which spout great volumes of boiling hot water in the air and also great areas of bubbling and boiling hot mud. Also a very lovely lake that is simply saturated with enormous trout—a fisherman's paradise!

The one draw-back to which I could not become accustomed was the dreadful smell of sulphur which was constantly in the air.

We had been booked in at a very new and large motel called the "Travel Lodge" which was comfortable with all mod-cons. However, every other day coach loads of foreign tourists descended upon us for the night on route for the beauty spots of the North Island.

The place, however, was ideally situated being about a quarter of a mile from the main shopping centre and within half a mile from the race course which was the hub or centre of the rally.

On Sunday the 24th February we all had to assemble in the centre of the race course for the concerns d'elegance. What a magnificent sight that was, being an assembly of some 948 cars ranging from the earliest—Len Southward's beautifully restored 1897 Lux to W. T. Tappers 1952 Austin!

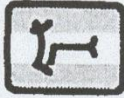
In this vast gathering we met many friends that we hadn't seen since the Haast Pass Rally in 1965 in the South Island—the most common remark being—my goodness you have put on weight and haven't you gone grey! No doubt completely accurate but rather demoralizing.

The weather for this occasion was perfect and the scene was set for the start of the rally the next day, the whole proceedings having been opened by a splendid speech from the Prime Minister, a most forthright gentleman who calls a spade a spade.

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We were all quite weary after this having walked round most of the day inspecting some thousand cars.

Monday, 25th February, was the start of the Rally and we were in White group which was due for a day's run to "Whakatane", north east of Rotorua. We had, as passenger on this occasion, Edward Montague whose car, an Alphonso Hispano-Suiza, had big-end bearing failure and whilst this was being re-metalled he wanted to see what the Rally was like. It was a pure navigation test which demanded very accurate timing as the average speeds for various sections of the route was constantly changing and varied anywhere between 15 m.p.h. and 25 m.p.h. This was, of course, to accommodate for the various tough sections of the route where speeds above about 30 m.p.h. were impossible.

The organisers had chosen some of the most beautiful parts of North Island for the five routes of the Rally and the route for Whakatane was no exception, ending up on the edge of the Pacific Ocean. It rained for a greater part of the day although we didn't mind too much as the rain seemed to be warm—the only snag being that our route card became a soggy mess rather quickly. However, with the combined efforts of Trikey and Edward with the timing and route we didn't lose to many points—about 20 for that day. Once we had reached the target for the day, i.e. on this occasion—Whakatane—we were free to find one's way back to base by any route one chose—which was excellent because without time or hindrance exploration of all sorts of beauty spots was possible.

On the first few days I noticed how keen everyone was on washing down their cars at the end of each day's run—this enthusiasm began to wane after about the third or fourth day of the Rally and people were heard to mutter, "It's bound to rain tomorrow, not much point in washing down tonight!"

The second day's run (Tuesday, 26th February) was to Lake Taupo, a very beautiful Lake and the largest land locked lake in either of the two islands—the weather was kind to us on this occasion and the route chosen was superb, with long sections alongside forests where one could belt along at a good lick and leave a bit of spare time before a checkpoint to admire the view or in the myriads of small lakes watch these great fat trout swimming about. New Zealand must be the most trout filled country in the world!

We took our time returning back to base, doing some shopping in Taupo and buying plenty of lotion against the sun and wind. I think the greatest hazard on these rallies is from wind burn which is apt to make you lobster red very quickly.

In the evenings, there was entertainment all over the town, many shows and Maori concerts—their singing is delightful.

Very often one met up with chums and had a very pleasant evening meal in one of the many restaurants in Rotorua.

Every third day was a free day which was an excellent idea as you could then do what you wanted, from sleep to car maintenance or exploring the countryside.

Our Taupo run was a bit disastrous from the points position, as we appeared to lose some 400 points on this occasion and I couldn't understand it because I knew our timing wasn't too bad—many people appeared to be in the same

position and upon inquiry it appeared that we had all been giving either incorrect hand signals or none at all.

As entrants we had all been warned to read their highway code carefully and always use hand signals on every occasion possible.

Needless to say, for the rest of the rally everyone was using hand signals galore—partly mickey taking and partly to ensure no further loss of points in this direction!

Thursday the 28th February saw us on the route for Tokoroa, another beauty spot. Throughout the rally the emphasis was on very accurate time keeping and watching very carefully the average speeds of the various sections. This Tokoroa route was in a massive forest area—a lot of it man made during the late forties to serve the timber industry, which at that time was struggling to cope with the post war building boom. Another interesting part of this day's run was passing alongside and eventually across the Ohakuri dam.

The next three days were free (Friday, Saturday and Sunday). Much fun was had by a lot of us trying out each other's cars, doing our maintenance job and partaking in the evening. Also a splendid Auto-jumble was held over the weekend at our headquarters at the Racecourse.

Sunday, 2nd March saw us dashing off in pouring rain to a racetrack at Bay Park near Tauranga. This time I had decided that our good friends, Jack and Leith Newall should have the fun of racing their own car that they had so kindly loaned us for the Rally. Very fortunately by the time we had reached Bay Park raceway it had stopped raining. Bay Park is quite a short course being about 14 miles round, but full of the most challenging corners, swerves and short straights. I can say without fear or favour that this was one of the most enjoyable events of the whole Rally. The atmosphere reminded me of Silverstone of about 20 to 25 years ago. Very informal, no fuss, very few regulations and most friendly competitors. About 24 cars turned up, composed of Bentleys, Vauxhalls, Lagondas and Alvis's.

We had about six races of 5 laps duration and each competitor was able to compete in at least two races. Needless to say, Jack Newall, who is a hard press on type, came in second in each of his two races. He cornered on a very limit and I could have sworn one of his front tyres was going to roll off! What a splendid and happy day, enjoyed by everybody. The old Vauxhall had certainly fully expanded her lungs that day.

Monday, the 3rd March saw us on route for Cambridge to the North West of Rotorua. Another warm sunny day—providing excellent motoring. Cambridge, noted for Lake Karapiro which was the venue for the highly successful world rowing championships held there in 1978.

Tuesday, 4th March, was the day for the Regularity test and Gymkhana. I made a right cock-up of the regularity test, mainly in my eagerness not to be too slow up what appeared to be a fairly sharp hill climb of about half a mile. You chose a speed for this section and had to make sure that your average speed for the whole run was that which you chose. Mind you, I enjoyed myself to the hilt rushing up this hill like mad and almost scattering a whole bunch of marshalls round a blind corner! Needless to say, I was too fast and lost maximum points. However, I made up a bit for this in the gym-

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Correspondence



Boris Sabbotin and his 46G 2000

Dear Michael,

Thank you for your kind note. Of course I would be delighted in your coverage of my favourite "work of art". The R&T article was very nicely done and I think that Tony Hogg did an excellent writeup and John Lamin deserves his reputation as one of the world's best automobile photographers. I am enclosing prints of pictures that I took of the car. As I have not seen the Crump-Box book new edition, some of these photos may have been used there as well.

The comments in the R&T article of 6 cars built, does not necessarily describe what was really happening. Some may have been rebodied and so a new car was born each time. Dick Crump has done some investigative work on these Farina berlinettas and reported that just four were made. Dick is currently restoring a sister car and it is possible, some pictures of one "in-process" may be available.

My plans for the car are to enter one or more of the prestigious concours here in Los Angeles this year, mostly to let others enjoy its unique classic beauty.

I thoroughly appreciate the dedication and effort of yourself and other Maserati Club members who made the publication possible. One note of suggestion, please print a small note in each newsletter and quarterly on

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khana. Doing well in the parking test but losing out on the wheel revolution test, which required the competitor to estimate the number of revolutions the vehicle's road wheel would turn between two specified points.

The last competitive day of the Rally was on Thursday, 6th of March to Tauranga due north of Rotorua. Our timing on the section wasn't too good and we lost quite a number of points.

Overall we came about seventh in our class.

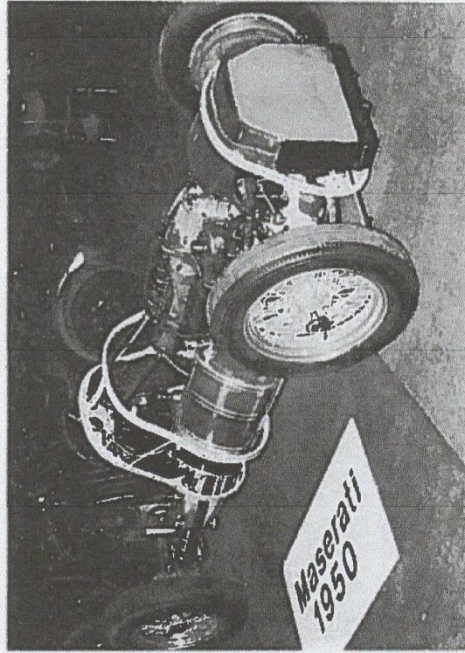
This Rally was a most scenically beautiful one, everyone being extremely friendly and Tikey and I made hosts of new friends.

Saturday the 8th March was the day for presentation of Trophies and Farewell dinner. At the luncheon I was able on behalf of the V.S.C.C. of G.B. to present a trophy to the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand for their outstanding efforts in producing such a superb International Rally and one for which F.I.V.A. should feel most justifiably proud.

Norman Skevington, Alan Storer, Clynt Inns, Norman Dewhurst and Lionel Priest, the five main rally directors deserve the highest accolade for all their efforts in running such a magnificent Rally.

New Zealand is a land of great beauty, friendly people and a country in which Vintage motoring can be enjoyed to the utmost.

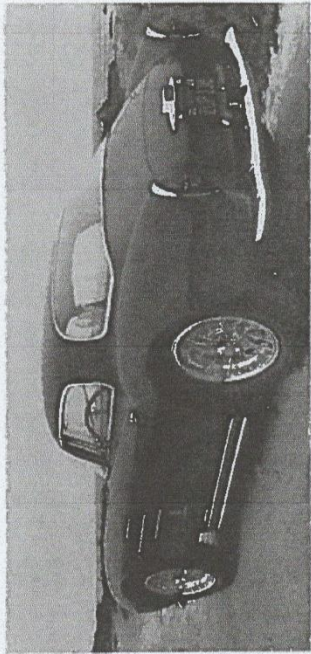
CAMERON MILLAR



G. Vago's 1948 (not 1950) chassis no. 1600 ex. Fungio

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latest dues amounts and due dates for some of us more forgetful but dedicated members.

P.S. I have available the following:

- 1 new 450S 8-wire Marelli Magneto ST7068 DTEM-B ANT 10-No. 13.
- 1 used 300S clutch assembly including centre sliding hub and new factory discs.
- 2 6:00x16 Firestone super sports 170T racing tyres 80% tread—very good condition.
- 200 SI R&L upper and lower A-frames and RH spindle.
- 1-300S Marelli ignition switch (1, 2, 12).
- Prefer to trade for spare A6GCS pieces.
- I need one Marchal headlamp glass equilux TP 434.

Sincerely yours,

Dr. BORIS T. SUBBOTIN

Tarzana, CA 91356

Dear Mr. Miles,

I must apologise for the delay in forwarding my subscription but trust that the enclosed standing order form will negate any future laxness on my part.

With regard to the 'Secretarial Ramblings' in the Autumn Trident in my opinion the magazine has two major functions it can fulfil, the first is an historical one.

Until fairly recently the marque has been poorly documented in print, but now with the excellent broad coverage from Richard Crump and Rob de la Rive Box and Anthony Pritchard, plus Joel Finn's superb sports-racing book and Denis Jenkinson's work on the 250F, the Trident can do, and has done, fine work in filling in the detail. The amount of good work already done was brought home to me when, during a spell of illness, I felt it would be a good idea to compile an index. The task turned out to be somewhat lengthier than anticipated and unfortunately (?) I recovered too soon. Nonetheless, more could be done, a quick glance at the 1977 membership list shows that at least 30 members own racing machinery—all of which has

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some history of one kind or another. If these members could be persuaded to jot down just a few particulars of their cars, (and praise to those who have already done so), then a few more gaps could be filled in.

The second function is surely an exchange of practical information, experience, ideas and even the odd anecdote. By this I mean the sort of chat that arises when a few people with a common interest get together. Unfortunately, although membership numbers currently being allocated are approaching four figures, I would guess that only 15-20% of the total membership are resident in the U.K. and fairly widespread at that, thus precluding that characteristic of most clubs, the local get-together. At such a gathering it is usually a major undertaking to *prevent* someone from telling you how they did this or that, so, being deprived of this particular platform, could not these same put down their experiences on paper for the rest of us to hear?

Regrettably I am not in a position to put this sermon into practice, as, being a non-owning member my role remains somewhat parasitic, there being no first-hand information to pass on, but when I find that V-16 hidden away in a shed somewhere we'll all know about it!

So, still having contributed nothing, I should like to express my admiration for, and thanks to those few who do *actively* keep the club going, and perhaps even *before* the next bout of 'flu I'll have another stab at that index and forward the results.

Yours sincerely,

Clive Watson

Some correspondence has been held over to the next issue due to lack of space.

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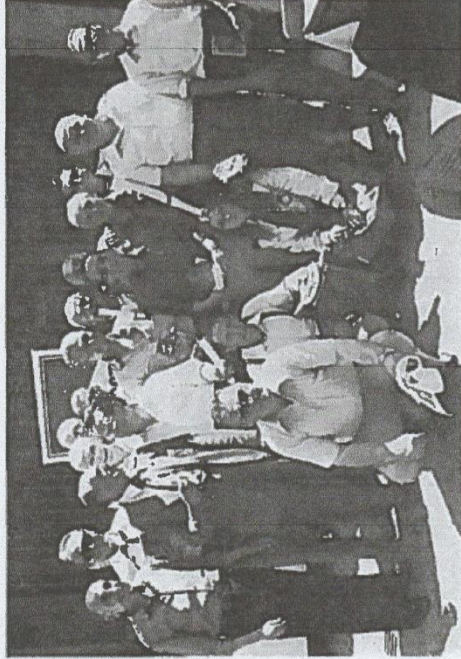
Primo Raduno Internazionale Maserati

The Primo Raduno Internazionale Maserati was held on the 14th and 15th June, a good two days get together. Cars to be displayed there were the pre-1960 models and most were. Some later models made it into the courtyard. Sig. Cozza and crew dug out of the attic "museum" engines including the 1926 engine, the 250F engine, V8 and V12 of various configurations. Various display stands in the courtyard added to the festivities. There was not a rally nor a concourse but rather a meeting of kindred souls and cars. At least 50 Maserati in the courtyard and more than 180 "Maseratisti". Amongst those present were Villorresi, Giorgio Scariatti, the Bertocchis, (Guarano, Gino, Aurelio), Mantovani and countless others, with the exception I guess of Fangio, but it is a very long way from Argentina. The Saturday event began in the afternoon after a tour of the town it ended up at the Hotel Canalgrande, Modena, for dinner, during which Luigi Orsino and Franco Zagari presented their book, "Maserati—Una Storia Nella Storia, Dalle Origine al 1945". (Maserati—a story within a story, from the origins to 1945). The text is by Orsini and so far only in Italian, though an English edition is planned. The photos are from Sig. Zagari's archives and many have never been seen within living memory. I think it quite the best Maserati history book ever.

The next day the "Maseratisti" re-convened at Cirò Menotti and after the A.M. presentations wound their ways up to the Gatto Verde, an inn in the Apennine foothills overlooking Maranello and on that splendid day even Modena. More than enough to eat (and drink) and the sun was perfect for photographing the cars in the parking lot. No one went away hungry or thirsty.

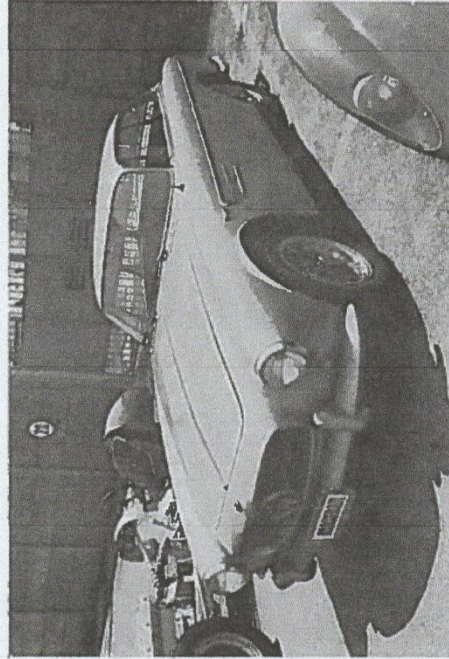
Thanks must be given to Maserati, Alessandro De Thomas, Marlboro and AGIP (State owned fuel firm) and others for two very enjoyable days. Maserati lives!

PETER COLTRIN



At Modena 1980

Photo: Pete Coltrin



At Modena 1980

Photo: Pete Coltrin

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Ghibli is in

Do you want to loose 20.000 Mark in five minutes? It is easy: look around for a showroom with special cars—in Düsseldorf or München one finds them easily—and buy yourself a Maserati Ghibli.

When you bought the Ghibli and spent 76.000 Mark on it, you will find it impossible to get that same amount of money back. Even when you did not drive it for one kilometre. Because the next customer just does not want to spend that money on *your* car. With this sort of car one could loose one's money very rapidly. But one does not buy such a car for a saving. One buys it to own a car of which just some hundreds exist all over the world. Maserati produces such cars.

The Ghibli is Maserati's bestseller. Buyers are queuing up for this car, all over the world. Why they prefer the Ghibli, instead of the likewise exciting Ferrari or Lamborghini, remains a secret. At this moment the Ghibli is "in"—it's not Ferrari who produces most cars in Modena, but Maserati.

And without any racing frame. Maserati left the racing scenery more than 15 years ago (*Note from Translator*: as this roadtest was written in 1969, it appears that the Editors of Auto Motor und Sport had to do their homework again!). The Maserati brothers sold their firm 20 years ago to the Orsi people (N.F.T.: again!) and at present Fiat has some influence on Maserati, via Citroen. But the firm continued to be a typical North Italian motor car specialist, and still there are the eyes of that famous and bulky racing engineer Bertocchi, who already serviced Villorresi, Ascari, Moss and Fangio. But his eyes are now caring for street cars—racing cars are not built any more at Maserati's. However this does not harm the fame of the house.

Simple perfection

The Ghibli, called after an african sandstorm, does not differ from the other Maserati cars from a technical point of view: A handmade toplevel car, of simple construction, built for high power and speed. It is the body where excitement comes in—a dream body, designed by Giugiaro, built by Ghia.

One can look at the Ghibli from all sides: One just finds elegantly finished details. The petrol tank fillers are enclosed in styled notches, the front bumpers outline the cooling air intake, the slightly curved front part of the car—it is all simple perfection. Ford's stylists surely will be annoyed that their chief Henry II drives a Ghibli. But did they design anything better?

It can be explained why the Ghibli is so impressing. Most important is the voluminous aspect of the car: The Ghibli is as long and wide as a 5-seater middle class car, but its interior accepts just two people. And with a height of 1.16 meter—with such proportions a car will be more exciting than in the case of being short, narrow and high.

One does not find headlights on a Ghibli—in any case not by daylight. The cooling air intake measures only some centimeters, the rear window appears to be nearly horizontally, four impressing Campagnolo wheels shod with 205-15 tyres form the contact with earth. These are all necessary items for a pleasing body—all other things remaining inexplicable.

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After some deeper investigation one concludes that the Ghibli squints a little by daylight—namely frontal down. The headlight are electrically switched up and turn around a transverse axis. There is hardly another solution for double headlights—body line and air resistance take their toll with the headlights up. One can also flash with the lights down, but only to frighten the ants who are crossing the road.

Those who buy such a dream car for 76.000 Mark should not expect to receive wonderful things only. In an Opel Kadett one would refuse to accept the heavy-to-adjust ventilation levers, the windshield wipers only cover a small area of the sharply inclined, reflexing windshield, the dipping switch is difficult to operate, the seatback adjustment has too wide steps, just causing a too steep or too flat angle. For windshield wiper and washer one needs to operate tumble switches, but for fast cars one needs steering column stalks. The steering wheel adjustment is insufficient, and the accelerator pedal causes muscular pain, because its turning axis is too high.

One does not miss the air of the uncommon inside the car. Behind the seats one finds an enormous luggage compartment, with a carpet which invites to lie down instead of putting items on it. It is a real luggage compartment—the Ghibli drivers' properties are shown to everybody. After some fluent driving through bends he will find most items in another corner of the boot.

Behind the seats are two recesses, filled by detachable foam cushions. Their purpose is obscure, because cannot sit in them even with the best will in the world.

Driver and passenger find a lot of instruments in front of them. The most important is the petrol gauge, with its fast from full to empty moving needle. This is not only caused by a high fuel consumption, but also by the small tanks. Luckily there are two of them, each one containing abt. 45 litres and the other one. The petrol gauge needle again moves to F, but a red warning light shows the driver that he should better fill up.

Brute Power

Switching on the key means starting the voices of real 310 DIN-HP under the bonnet. The six inlet trumpets of the three double Weber carburetors (NOTE FROM TRANSLATOR: this is a mistake in the original German text) lead the mixture to two cylinder blocks; blocks, heads and intake manifolds are made of light alloy—it is easy to understand that you have to pay a figure with five zeroes for a new engine. But the constructor of the engine was not frustrated—he was allowed to design a four camshaft engine and not, like his american fellows, just a single cam motor.

To show the environment the brute power of this engine it suffices to push on the throttle a little, from idling. Sleeping dogs prick up their ears, serious men leave their bureaus, housewives put face and hairdress in order, children push their noses against the windows and even normal pedestrians note that something starts to happen.

And surely something happens. Pushing the throttle in first gears causes a real acceleration process. This does not go unnoticed, because Maserati did

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not care too much about deadening the sound of the internal combustions. The owner's handbook points out under "important":

"Your car has been provided with an exhaust system which is authorized by the IGM. But that the exhaust system meets the requirements of the Italian law, does not mean that in certain circumstances the noise of the system will not raise above the allowed level".

Provoking these "certain circumstances" is just the temptation of driving the Ghibli. But doubtless one can also arrange for a smoother combustion, albeit partially filling up the cylinders, thereby pleasing even the most critical listeners.

An no envy to the Ghibli driver. Instead of attending the noise, the cops look at the body, and representatives of both religions (NOTE FROM TRANSLATOR: in Germany catholic and evangeleic) showed more interest in the maximum speed than in eventual disturbing noises.

Interest in the maximum speed is entitled, because with 274,8 kms/hr it is far above daily level. Auto Motor und Sport had to go to a specific motor way early in the morning to check this speed exactly. It is above traffic level—up till 250 kms/hr you can use the occasional gaps in traffic, but above that speed one distrusts any other road-user just like a shark if one swims. They are nearing as fast and misleading.

And as it is impossible to expect them to do something, one can only lift the throttle. One cannot expect from lorry drivers that they keep a projectile which overtakes with a nearly 200 km/hr surplus speed, in their mirrors. But lifting is easy, because the Ghibli has so much power that choosing between 50, 150 and 250 km/hr gives no problems. It is easy to be magnum-mous with all those HP's under the bonnet.

Traffic rewards this. It seems to be easy for the German driver to give way when he sees that he can't compete. The Ghibli got priority even in dense traffic. It just looked as if the usually grumbling trafficans recognized the necessity that this particular car had to move fast. Only a few automobiles can justifiably claim this image, and those few originate mainly from the North of Italy. Not only outward appearance counts here—show cars like the now defunct Ford Osi are easy to unmask when one notes that the end comes with 180 km/hr. But the Ghibli accelerates at 220 km/hr as if the laws of air and roll resistance do not exist. At 230 km/hr one has to change from IV to V.

It may comfort the friends of boulevard cruising that the engine bucks up any low speed driver with its behaviour at minimum revs. It is not necessary to stay between 5000 and 6500 rpm, the maximum power rev. band. But the spark plugs fould up, idling gets worse, the oil temperature stays uncomfortably low. Pushing the throttle from time to time restores the good running of the engine, but the oil and water temps. never each high values. The amply instrumentation just shows thermal health and faultless lubrication (with dry sump). So it seems to be true that in Italy the Maserati engines are considered as problem-free propulsion units.

It must not be concealed that the Ghibli asks more attention from its driver than a mediocre sedan. If it is driven just as it can be driven, one knows afterwards that some work has been done. It is not an easy car, it

challenges its driver—except when the power is not used. Not only at the outside one hears a marvellous sound, from 5000 rpm it dominates the interior as well.

One is urged to use high revs and to shift gears frequently—not because it is a necessity, but because it gives the sensation to command an extraordinary machine. Those who want to spare their nerves can fulfil this wish by ordering a Borg Warner automatic gearbox. The Ghibli then loses some of its breed and—albeit only a little—acceleration power but is doubtless more suited to everyday use. It is also easier on the muscles; the five speed gearbox can be shifted cleanly and precise, but reminds you of a medium-weight lorry.

One needs muscles, too, for parking the Ghibli. If an award for the most uneasy car existed, the Ghibli could be a strong contender. Its steering system not only works heavily—at low speeds—but also very indirectly. It is understandable, because such a weight and such big tyres do not belie their nature. One has to work, and when the road is rough and the cornering speed high, one gets the impression of the vintage cars' times. But Maserati are aware of this: one can order a servo assisted steering system (from ZF). A Ghibli with automatic gearbox and servo steering—it is just a robber knight's castle with modern comfort. But the steering works better, then, and hopefully more exactly than with the too flexible standard steering system.

At its underside the Ghibli presents itself with clear simplicity. People buying 7.000 Mark cars start already murmuring today when they are offered a live axle with leaf springs, but in the 70.000 Mark class this construction is not yet old-fashioned. According to the specifications the only constructional accessory is a torsional stabilizer: "A transversely mounted stabilizer has been added to prevent leaning over when cornering". And it is successfully—one cannot complain of leaning over. But the riding comfort can only become acceptable because of the cars' weight, 1.6 tons. It gives a hard feeling, but at medium and high speeds the springing prevents hard shocks. Bad roads and low speeds are less recommendable—sometimes the road-holding of the rear axle gets lost for a moment and the car moves sideways. But without problems, as one of the Ghibli's qualities is a very good-natured character. It understeers slightly and can be drifted easily and fully controllable by using the throttle which makes cornering with supercars so attractive.

In this case steering forces are negligible—one directs the car by playing with the power. But this pleasure can better be experimented at racing tracks than at traffic roads. We did it at Hockenheim, and pleased our hearts without attacking our conscience. Only the brakes were attacked, but they underwent the laps unimpressed. Albeit noteworthy feeling soft in the pedal, they showed a high resistance. In traffic they were always there—and that is saying something with that power and weight.

If you, dear reader, want to buy a Ghibli, you will hardly be hindered by the live rear axle, because the Ghibli is "in". But if you do not want it or—because of your purse's dimensions—can not buy it, maybe you may take comfort in the thought that also the most beautiful, fast and expensive cars in the world have their shortcomings.

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Only one established fact: the purse alone is not sufficient. One has also to know how to keep company with such a car.

Road Test Data

Top speed: 274.8 kms/hr (at 6500 rpm)

Acceleration: 0-100 kms/hr 7.0 secs

0-160 kms/hr 15.0 secs

0-200 kms/hr 24.4 secs

1 km with standing start 26.1 secs

Fuel consumption: Highway at medium speed of 160 kms/hr 24.1 litre/100 kms
Highway at medium speed of 130 kms/hr 19.6 litre/100 kms
Country lane med. speed of 110 kms/hr 22.7 litre/100 kms
Country lane med. speed of 80 kms/hr 19.2 litre/100 kms
Medium consumption at test 23.0 litre/100 kms

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Translated by Kees van Stokkum—sbaaf, Holland.



Contact: TONY HOUBEN

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Additional re: Ghibli America	£3.00	£3.50	\$8
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AGC/2000 GR (Italian only)	£6.00	£7.00	\$16
207/112 Quattroporte/Mexico (Italian only)	£8.00	£9.00	\$21
109 Mistrale	£7.00	£8.00	\$19
115 Ghibli	£8.00	£9.00	\$21
116 Indy	£8.00	£9.00	\$21
117 Bora	£7.00	£8.00	\$19
120 Khamsin	£11.00	£12.00	\$25
122 Merak	£7.00	£8.00	\$19
Tridentis—Past editions	£0.75	£1.00	\$2
Binders (hold 12 Tridentis)	£3.00	£3.50	\$8

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SECRETARY HAS FOR SALE — continued

<i>Books</i>			
Maserati—A History by A. Pritchard		£6.25	£8.00
Maserati Post War Sports Racing Cars by J. Finn			\$15
Soft bound	£9.00	£9.00	
Hard bound	£18.95	£18.95	
Maserati Road Cars—Crump & Box	£14.95	£14.95	\$35
Maserati Birdcage by J. Finn	£9.95	£9.95	\$25

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History Maserati 4 CLT #1600 Trident No. 25 Spring 1981 Attachment III



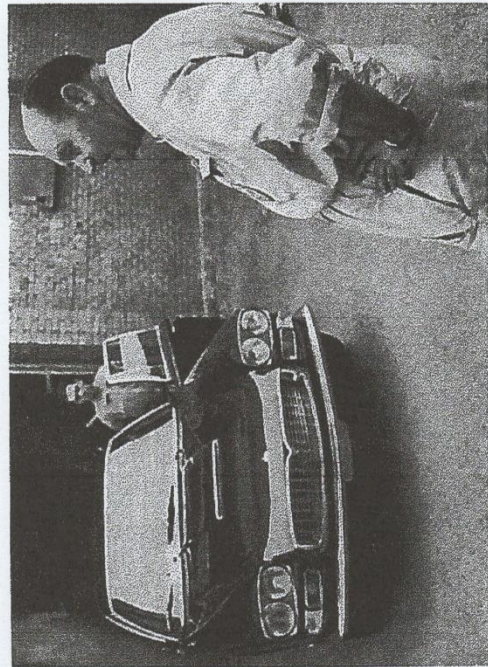
TRIDENT

THE MASERATI CLUB
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

SPRING 1981

No. 25

Attachment III

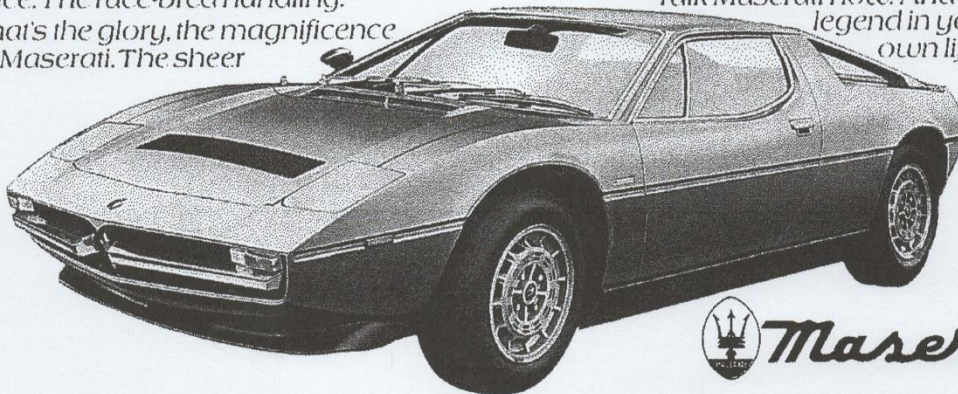


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History Maserati 4 CLT #1600

Trident No. 25 Spring 1981 Attachment III

CORRESPONDENCE



Dear Mr. Miles,

I am renewing my membership (No. 333) in the Maserati Club for the following reasons, even though I am also a member of M.I.E. (Maserati Information Exchange) here in U.S.A.

When I joined the Maserati Club in England, following my purchase of a new 1974 Bora, there were no other Clubs in U.S.A. or elsewhere that I knew of. Even though M.I.E. has grown quite large since its inception it has improved tremendously with each issue and newsletter. It is meeting very many of the needs of its membership. But, the Maserati Club in England is my first love. It is a true thoroughbred just like the Maseratis we own and drive, and with its publication of the Trident along with its newsletters, it just can't be beat. I can remember during that period when there wasn't another club and I impatiently looked forward to the arrival of each Trident and newsletter. I purchased various ties, badges, a beautiful chrome Maserati insignia, etc. The Club worked very hard in building up its membership and providing such valuable information and bringing people together from all corners of the world. You are to be commended, and please keep up the very good work.

Sincerely
JOSEPH J. ALESSANDRONI
U.S.A.

Dear Michael,

I just remembered that my 1981 Maserati Club dues have not yet been paid so I am enclosing my cheque.

I am looking for an oil pump housing for my A6G/2000 No. 2190. Could I have an ad. included in the next newsletter? If so I would like it to read:

Wanted: Oil pump housing (or complete pump) and 1 Houdaille lever action shock absorber for A6G. Also want a Dimky 1/43 scale model of an A6G/2000 Donald Shreve, 8550 S.W. Holly Lane, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., 97223.

Also, Michael, I do want to congratulate you on winning the Classic Car Award for your superb contribution to the Trident. Those of us living outside Great Britain are unable to participate in the Club social events so the principle reason for our membership was to be the Trident. Our continued membership at \$40 a year should be considered a tribute to our enjoyment of the trident and the great job you do on it. Our sincere thanks
DON SHREVE—Membership No. 274
Portland Oregon U.S.A.

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Photo: G. Vago
Maserati 4CL No. 1581 engine 1579 acquired by Guillerma Vago

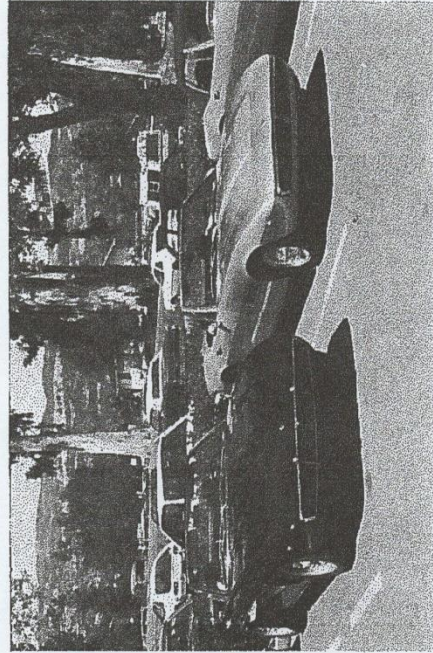


Photo: R. Griffin
1980 Maserati Melet, Silverado

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