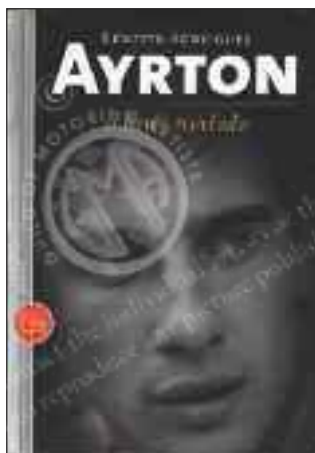


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# GMA Information

## GMA Committee Members

David Ginn:	Chairman <a href="mailto:davidginn@btinternet.com">davidginn@btinternet.com</a>
Sean Wales:	Membership Secretary and Financial Officer <a href="mailto:seanlwales@gmail.com">seanlwales@gmail.com</a>
David Purvis:	Administrator <a href="mailto:davidpurvismotorart@btinternet.com">davidpurvismotorart@btinternet.com</a>
David Marsh:	Webmaster <a href="mailto:opus@opusdesign.uk.com">opus@opusdesign.uk.com</a>
John Napper:	Redline Editor <a href="mailto:john.redline@yahoo.co.uk">john.redline@yahoo.co.uk</a>

## Website

The **Guild of Motoring Artists'** current website is:  
<https://www.motoringartists.com>

Thanks to David Marsh for keeping this updated. E-mail [opus@opusdesign.uk.com](mailto:opus@opusdesign.uk.com) to submit photos and new or updated information about yourself and your work.

## Facebook

The **Guild of Motoring Artists** has a new Facebook Page to which members are welcome to contribute. It is linked to the **GMA** Instagram page so a post on one will appear on the other.

GMA members on Facebook, please visit:  
<https://www.facebook.com/Guild-Of-Motoring-Artists-112345913727808/>

Thanks to Sean Wales for setting this up.

## Instagram

The **Guild of Motoring Artists** has an Instagram page to which members are welcome to contribute.

GMA members on Instagram, please visit:  
<https://www.instagram.com/motoringartists/>

Thanks to Sean Wales for setting this up. To be included, please submit 2 jpegs to Sean. Hashtags are also required for each picture. E-mail [seanlwales@gmail.com](mailto:seanlwales@gmail.com) to submit contributions or for more information.

## ArtyFACTS

- 1 Where is The Clark Institute?
- 2 Which Alfa Romeo was the first model built in 1972 at the Pomigliano d'Arco factory near Naples?
- 3 What is the meaning of the Italian art term 'Pentimento'?
- 4 Who had a very lucky escape at the Bahrain Grand Prix?
- 5 Where can you find the Beethoven Frieze?
- 6 Which sporty 1970s Triumph was named after a mountain range?
- 7 What type of art will you find at The Brücke museum?
- 8 What famous F1 car will have 6 new replicas of it built very soon?
- 9 Where is the Baron Thyssen Bornemisla Museum?
- 10 Who is statistically the most successful F1 driver?

*The quarterly ArtyFACTS quiz is compiled by Barry Hunter*

# Editorial

Welcome to the Winter/Christmas edition of the web version of **Redline**. Yet another bumper issue. Members get the 'full fat' version that is 60 pages in total and higher resolution with no watermarks, but I'm sure non-members will still enjoy this 'light' edition.

It's been a strange year for just about everybody all around the world thanks to the Covid-19 pandemic. Most of the GMA's planned exhibitions were cancelled and our AGM was a virtual online affair that seemed to work really well and allowed people like me to attend from distant locations so maybe that will be the way forward for future AGMs. We also managed one show at the excellent **Jim Clark Museum** at Duns in Scotland. This was, not surprisingly, affected by the pandemic but still managed 3 sales.

Fingers crossed for 2021 and a return to normality once the vaccination programme gets underway so we can have some more exhibitions to promote the **Guild** and its members, which is what it's all about after all.

You can't beat seeing paintings and sculptures in the flesh as the saying goes, however, the internet is proving invaluable in these strange days and **David Purvis** has been showing his work in a virtual gallery on a site called Artsteps, which is also used by the **Guild of Aviation Artists**. This is a link to **David's** Artsteps gallery: [www.artsteps.com/view/5eb856a9016ec6321f769633](http://www.artsteps.com/view/5eb856a9016ec6321f769633) if you want to check it out.

As an aside, linked to my book review below, a statue of **Ayrton Senna** was erected in Copacabana about a year ago. It seems an odd location since he came from Sao Paulo and later lived in Angra dos Reis so had no connection with Copacabana. It's a pretty good likeness from his McLaren days. A lifesize bronze standing on the top step of a Formula 1 podium. The artist is **Mario Pitanguy** and the title is: *Ayrton Senna "O medo me fascina"* (Fear fascinates me). It was unveiled on December 28 2019 and I've been meaning to include it in **Redline** all year. Now seems a good opportunity.

I hope you all have a good Christmas despite the restrictions and I'm sure we are all looking forward to a much better new year and successful new exhibitions!

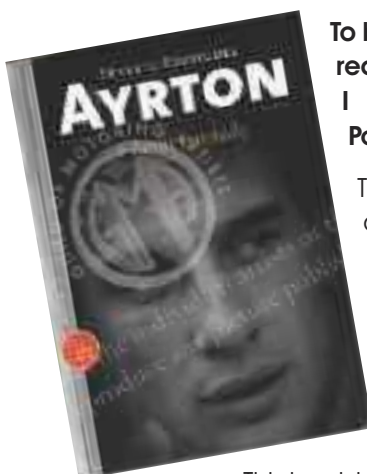
Regards,  
*John Napper*



## Book Review

### *Ayrton o herói revelado*

**Ernesto Rodrigues**



To be fair, I doubt any other **GMA** member will read this book. That's because, as far as I can ascertain, it's only available in Portuguese. That's a shame.

There are many **Ayrton Senna** biographies available and if you just want a story of his racing career, there's plenty of good ones to choose from. This is different. For a start, even without the index, race results, bibliography etc. it's 670ish pages of text. No pictures. That's a lot of reading. It took a long time and certainly helped my Portuguese!

This book is incredibly well researched with quotes from many books and magazines plus the author has interviewed just about everybody you can think of, his family, old friends, former girlfriends, **Bernie Ecclestone**, **Ron Dennis**, **Frank Williams**, **Martin Brundle**, **Derek Warwick** and many others who knew him. This book is definitive and leaves no stone unturned. It's a real insight into the man, bad points as well as good.

Regards,  
*John Napper*

ISBN: 978-85-390-0003-6 Paperback

Size: 120mm x 170mm

703 pages

Published by Ponto de Leitura 2004

I paid 10 Reais (£1.50) to a street trader



# Newport Pagnell Fire Station painting



As part of my local art I supply imagery of local scenes to our Lions Charity and help them produce town calendars for Olney and nearby Newport Pagnell. I've been doing this on and off for a number of years and I like to create and supply as much new work as I can. It's a valuable fund raising event for them, especially when many traditional fundraising events were cancelled this year.

Sometimes it's commissioned work, other times it's just something I fancy doing or has caught my eye. Often I'll



add a motoring twist and having painted the Newport railway and police station scenes I fancied a fire station. However hard I looked for references (wanting to create a shiny red and chrome '50s type fire engine) I couldn't find any suitable local references. Clicking through the internet one night I stumbled across a black and white image...

## Newport Pagnell Fire Station in the 1920s.

Like a number of my works, this started with a spark of an idea from a black and white photo that made me realise where the old fire station had been. I took a couple of images of what the site is now – surprisingly a sandwich bar and kebab shop! This helped me create the background

in a moody evening light. Plus I moved the church along to feature more prominently on the skyline. Further research, with help from an expert friend, showed that the actual Lovat tender is still around and displayed in the Milton Keynes Museum. In 1912 a Merryweather Steam Fire Engine later called The Lovat was purchased by the brigade. This gave me the vital colour detail I needed – fire tenders weren't 'fire engine red' then but a deeper maroon. The final piece was a snippet of information that the former owner of nearby Chicheley Hall had donated her sleeve-valve (hence the blue exhaust smoke!) Daimler to the brigade as her property was within their fire watch. Suitably liveried firemen with brass helmets complete the scene. One bizarre final piece, when doing the background buildings a glass of beer emptied over it!! Luckily, as I work on watercolour board I could tip it off and dry with a hairdryer – no damage or warpage but an interesting brick effect!

Every picture tells a story...

*David Purvis*  
Administrator





*Designed for success, Aston Martin DBR1. Watercolour and gouache painted 2013.*

# Richard Wheatland

**Once you've made the first sale of a piece of your artwork you can never look back, the realisation that someone is prepared to pay good money for something that you've created, it casts a whole new light on what up to now has probably been no more than a self-indulgent hobby. So where to next, could there be other people willing to do the same?**

I'm told it's been ten years since I was the featured artist and would I like to do something again. Without reference to my last feature, I hope I'm not repeating that, but after a year when at times it's been difficult to get the will to paint, it seems like a good excuse to look back at my thirty seven years exhibiting my automotive and aviation art.

Although I'd been drawing and painting since childhood I like to think my story really got started back in 1983 when I decided to put my paintings in front of people who knew what they were looking at. At the tender age of thirty, I suppose I'd describe myself at the time as an ambitious, frustrated 'and naïve' amateur artist earning my living as a precision engineer working

with my father in the family business.. Working with your father can be a challenge at the best of times. I'd been in the business for around six years and whist very





# Richard Wheatland

much involved in engineering, I felt I needed an outlet of my own that didn't involve working in a machine shop., My art provided that outlet, something that I could take the credit for and hopefully achieve something on my own. I soon realised that art was unlikely to pay off a mortgage or feed the family, so I knuckled down and served my 40 years in engineering, before finally retiring to the art studio in 2018. Painting and drawing became my relief valve and the more time I spent doing it the more I like to think the technique improved. The spare room was filling up fast and I needed to cover the cost of my materials and growing library of reference books, up to that point financing my hobby solely from the family budget.

*“Following a visit to the ‘Roy Nockolds Memorial Exhibition’ in London in 1980, I decided to give it a go for myself”*

We were living near **Brooklands** at Weybridge in Surrey and I started taking a close interest in the history of Brooklands as a motor racing circuit and aviation hub from 1907 until the aircraft factory closed in the early '80s. Having attended some retrospective events on the historic site I'd seen other artists displaying their work. Following a visit to the **'Roy Nockolds Memorial Exhibition'** in London in 1980, I decided to give it a go for myself. With a young family to support, I made the promise to my wife that this art exhibiting thing wouldn't become a drain on the family budget. If it did, I would stop. There was at the time an annual **Brooklands Reunion** and I decided to work towards displaying my paintings at the 1983 event. The cost

**1932 British Empire Trophy at Brooklands**  
Watercolour and gouache,  
painted 2020 for book illustration,  
George Eyston Panhard leads  
John Cobb in Delage as they pass  
Birkin's smoking single seater Bentley.



# Richard Wheatland

*Kay Petre, Austin Seven single seater at Brooklands  
Watercolour and gouache, painted this year for a book illustration*



*Biplane Experience  
Oil on linen canvas  
Waco and Stearman  
at the Virginia Beach Aviation Museum  
Painted 2018*



wasn't too high so I applied for a stand in the autojumble area, I set about constructing my own stands and mounting and framing a selection of paintings and drawings.

My first display was well received and I went on to exhibit at these **Brooklands** events for four consecutive years, the exhibitions opened up new opportunities to display paintings at similar events. In 1985 I decided to have a go at putting work into print, in those pre-digital times that meant doing it the 'litho' way, it was quite a financial commitment to have 500 prints done. Back then with no websites it was all down to placing adverts in magazines. Initial sales were OK but it wasn't long before sales were only just covering the advertising costs, not helped when the government introduced VAT on advertising. With around 25% sold, the remaining prints were consigned to the loft for the next 30 years, finally going to the tip just a couple of years ago. Looking back, at the time I thought the painting of Dick Seaman winning the 1938 German Grand Prix that I had chosen to print, was as good as I could achieve and at the time it probably was. However, as we all know, our painting styles and techniques change with experience and practice. I wasn't long before I felt the print wasn't particularly 'current'.

The little black and white ads in **Motor Sport** did lead to several commissions for original paintings. The ads



also put me in contact with the late John Norbury who was tracking down UK motoring artists with the intention of forming a **Guild of Motoring Artists**. Following a meeting of 'like-minded'? artists in 1985 we finally set the **Guild** in motion the following year. Our first members came from a variety of artistic backgrounds. Some had experience in technical illustration, others were established aviation artists looking to expand their subject base, and others like me just keen to learn. Around that time industry generally was winding down and as a result there were technical artists taking redundancy and early retirement. We had several artists in that position joining the **Guild** at that early stage. There was a lot of indecision at the time about exactly what the **Guild** should be about. Those who had **Guild of Aviation Artists** experience thought we should model what they were doing. There was a lot of debate about what constituted motoring art. I don't think we ever really got to the bottom of that particular debate. The one thing that everyone agreed on was that the **Guild** needed to have exhibitions which we did, but even in doing that, it gave rise to a certain amount of disagreement.

We might have been keen and ambitious but we were also inexperienced and very naive. Now that I've been involved with the **GAva** for ten years it all makes a bit more sense. The well tried and tested structure of the aviation guild works well and with over 300 members they are able to have a three tier membership structure, attracting most of the UK's top aviation artists and able hold an annual exhibition at **The Mall Galleries** in London.

Could the motoring guild have achieved something like that? I don't think so, by the time we formed our **Guild** many of the best known artists had already set up their own 'commercial operations', we were never going to be able to offer them very much. In short we needed them more than they needed us. I put a great deal of time and effort into the **Guild** over the early years, serving on the committee from the start. We had a serious financial problem in 1987 when our exhibition

*Sportiva Rossa, 1959 Ferrari 246 Dino sports racing car  
Watercolour and gouache, painted 2014*



sponsor went into liquidation before paying out, leaving us with debts we couldn't cover. The amounts weren't great and fortunately our creditors were understanding, over the next two years we managed to clear these debts with the help of our members and an American contact of mine who organised a successful auto art auction at the **Hershey's Swapmeet**. The **Guild** commission earned put the **Guild** back in the black. It was a stressful time, running a London based committee was becoming more difficult so when a group of Midlands based members offered to take over committee duties, I was more than happy to hand things over.

I had been enjoying more success with my painting sales, my contact in America placing commissions on a regular basis. This was the time that I was most tempted to give up engineering to paint full time.



*Moth and the White Horse*  
*Tiger Moth flying over the White Horse*  
*and bronze age fort at Uffington, Oxfordshire*  
*Watercolour and gouache, Painted 2015*



Unfortunately, it wasn't to last. Along came the first Gulf War and the market for auto collectables in the US took a bit of a dive and my brief foray into the US market was at an end.

So, it was back to square one, I was back where I started, well almost, back looking for new opportunities to exhibit my work. I tried exhibiting back at **Brooklands** where I started, the museum had now opened, but I'd moved on and my prices had gone up, the exhibition was disappointing. The **Silverstone Classic Festival** was now established and the **BRDC** were supporting an art exhibition, most of the established motoring artists were exhibiting including several **Guild** members and former members. It took a while to find where and who to contact but eventually I received an invitation to join the exhibiting artists. Back then when organised by the **BRDC** the show was free of charge for the artists and the venue soon became the established mecca for UK automotive art.

Again, nothing lasts for ever. In 1998 the first **Goodwood Revival** took place and the **Silverstone Festival** was no longer the sole UK premier historic racing event it had been. The event disappeared for a couple of years before the **Classic** was revived but on a far more

commercial footing, there was still an art show but not by invitation, anyone could do it, but at a cost. Some of the artists returned, others didn't. I stayed with the event for another twelve years. The dedicated 'art exhibition' was eventually dropped in favour of individual shell scheme units. Naturally the price of the units rose annually and when the **Silverstone** circuit changed to the current layout with the 'Wing' complex the event was split between the old paddock and the wing. The trading area being set up on the edge of the old paddock. In spite of the free bus service the footfall under the new arrangements reduced and after suffering a particularly wet year I decided to stop exhibiting at the **Classic**, a real shame as it was always an enjoyable weekend away, but financially it was just costing too much.

In 2008 I decided that I would invest in updating my own exhibition equipment, in particular buying a quality gazebo of my own. This exhibiting kit would mean that I could exhibit at smaller events that didn't offer covered facilities.

Since doing that I've exhibited at a range of events, car shows, air shows, smaller historic race meetings, all a lot more affordable than the big events. It doesn't

# Richard Wheatland



Corvette Grand Sport  
Watercolour and gouache  
at the Revs Institute,  
Naples, Florida  
Painted 2016



Meeting the pilots  
Watercolour and gouache  
Planes of Fame Air Show at Chino California  
Painted 2016



# Richard Wheatland



*Uckfield, a railway painting  
Watercolour and gouache  
London Brighton South Coast Railway  
D Class locomotive 1876.  
Painted 2018.*





*Autumn Stroll*  
Watercolour and gouache  
Painted in 2002



*Formula Junior - 50 years*  
Watercolour and gouache, painted 2008

come easy especially as one gets older, 'easy-up' gazebos aren't exactly that, especially if the weather's bad. The planning takes days beforehand and there are other costs to bear in mind like van hire, accommodation, liability insurance. I haven't used the set up for a while but my painting stock is getting rather large so perhaps its time to do some more shows once things start up again.

When I retired from engineering in 2018 I could now spend daylight hours painting in between family commitments. Word soon got around and my commission schedule kept me very busy for the first eighteen months. I'm now established as a full member of **The Guild of Aviation Artists** and also an overseas affiliate member of **The American Society of Aviation Artists**. My involvement with the **ASAA** has taken me to the US for six of their forums and I've exhibited with them four times winning several of their prestigious awards. I enjoy my **GAvA** membership and maintain my 100% record of acceptance at their Annual Exhibitions over the last ten years. I'm currently the South East regional organiser for the **GAvA** organising painting and sketching days for my region. I'm sure like me many of you are looking forward to getting out to events and exhibiting once again.



# Richard Wheatland

*Mitch the Witch*  
Watercolour and gouache  
B25 Mitchell at Palm Springs Air Museum  
Painted 2013



*Sideways Nash*  
Watercolour and gouache  
Frazer Nash at a VSCC Goodwood Sprint.  
Painted 2008.





*Ronnie Lights up the palace*  
 Watercolour and gouache  
*Ronnie Peterson March 712M at Crystal Palace 1971.*  
 Painted 2017



Looking back, how things have changed, back to a time before e-mails and websites, everything had to be typed and posted out, long phone calls 'after 6.00pm of course'. The one thing that hasn't changed, selling of paintings – that doesn't get any easier, costs have risen considerably. Unfortunately the prices of the paintings doesn't seem to have kept pace. When I started exhibiting at **Brooklands** there were still ex-**Brooklands** drivers at the gatherings. It was fascinating engaging with people who raced in that era. This summer I've been doing on 'zoom' presentations for the **Brooklands Museum** members, featuring my **Brooklands** art and passing on my knowledge on the subject. How times change.

Looking forward, for my subject matter I've always relied on my passion for historic transport, be it, vintage and classic cars, motor racing history, old aeroplanes, even the odd sailing ship or steam train. Our generation have enjoyed all aspects of transport heritage for many years, its been easy to get involved, own and, more

importantly, use and enjoy these old vehicles, with that a thriving industry has been built up.

I used to say long may that continue but with the environmental plans recently announced I do wonder how those might impact the ownership and use of old vehicles in the future. People in the industry are trying their best to put a positive spin on it, but I do wonder



*Me in my 1965 Triumph TR4  
 touring in Wales between lockdowns this year*





*Royal Appointment  
Watercolour and gouache  
Augusta Westland 109  
of No 32 'Royal Squadron'  
flying over Windsor Castle  
Painted 2015*



*Skipper hits 250  
Watercolour and gouache  
Malcolm Campbell in Bluebird on Daytona Beach,  
World Land Speed record run and first to exceed 250mph in 1932  
Painted 2017*

*HMS Warrior, Portsmouth historic dockyard  
Watercolour and gouache  
Painted 2015*



how long before I have to start paying higher taxes for the fuel for my 1965 Triumph TR4, how else are they going to persuade people to go electric?

How long will F1 continue to be powered or mostly powered by petrol, once the sale of all new cars becomes electric in just nine years' time, then how can F1 fail not to do the same? Where does all that leave all other branches of motor sport especially the historic stuff?

Am I about to start painting Formula E – no, for me the best place for electric car racing is on my Scalextric track in the loft.

Perhaps fossil fuels can be saved for the fossils like me – that's just wishful thinking.

*Wheelspin, 1967 British Grand Prix at Silverstone  
Oil on canvas, painted 2008.*





# Richard Wheatland

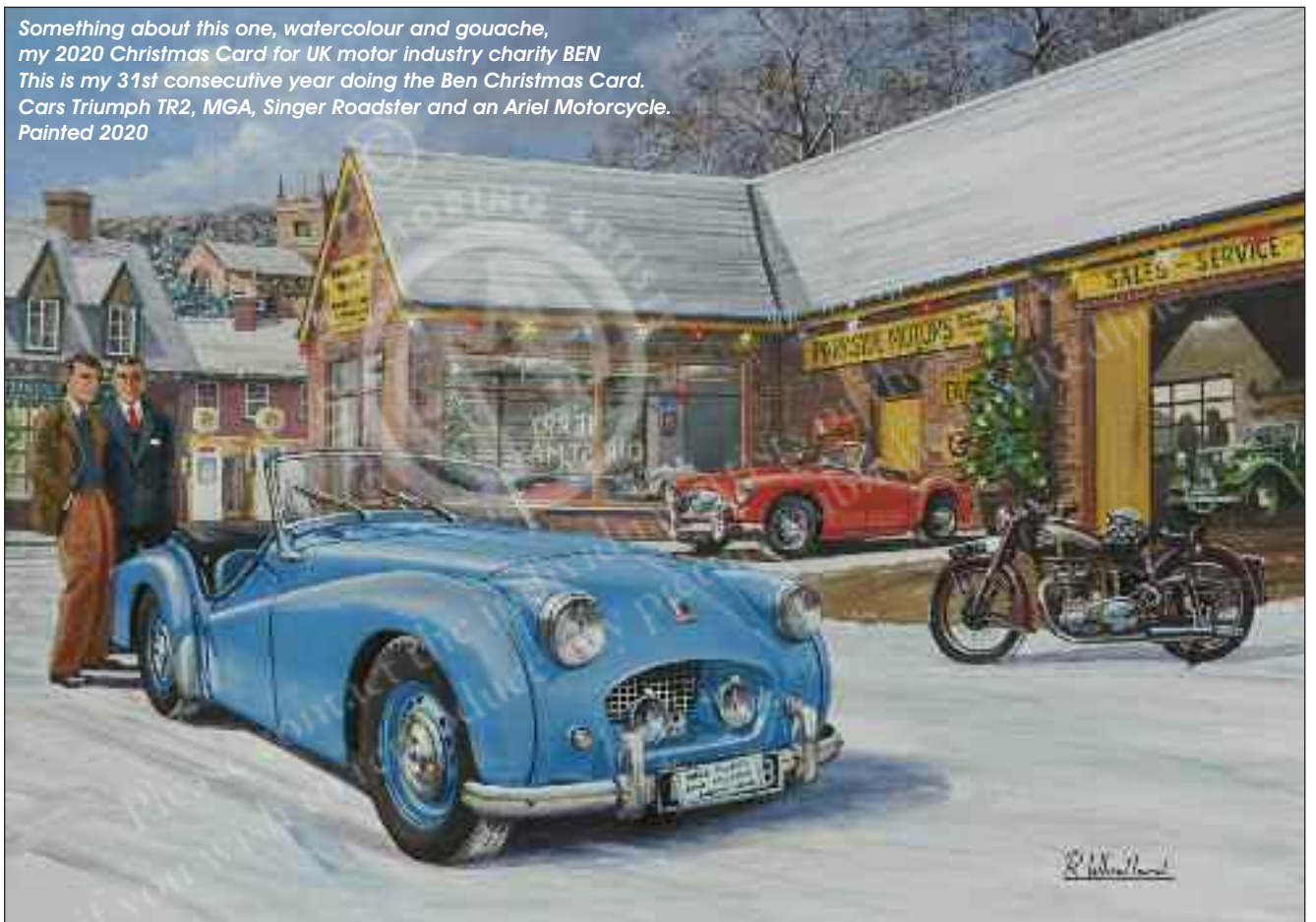
*Maserati 300S  
Watercolour and gouache,  
reflective study at Goodwood revival  
Painted 2012*



*Outreach Camel  
Watercolour & gouache  
Brooklands Museum's  
Sopwith Camel  
at Goodwood  
Painted 2020*



*Something about this one, watercolour and gouache,  
my 2020 Christmas Card for UK motor industry charity BEN  
This is my 31st consecutive year doing the Ben Christmas Card.  
Cars Triumph TR2, MGA, Singer Roadster and an Ariel Motorcycle.  
Painted 2020*





## Star Photo No.10



### 1958 Buick Special

This photo was taken at the Bicester Scramble.

The camera was my Nikon D5300, using a shutter speed of 1/125 at an aperture of F5.6

*David Purvis*



# Richard Palmer's Model Cars

*During the '50s and '60s and earlier, youngsters created a new craze building hot rods. They would take an old car (eg. Model T) and install a 'hot' engine and upgrade the suspension and brakes. I eventually purchased a number of these kits. The photos illustrate how I changed and modified them adding more detail and effects with pleasing results. These models are one-offs and totally unique as if I was building the real thing.*



## Part 1 – 1/8 scale Hot Rods

I became interested in model car building in my early teens, which I suppose was a further progression of my art in many ways. My love for automotive art had steadily grown to the point where I began to include a desire to build models. It began with the small 1/32 scale Airfix models where I built everything from vintage to modern cars. This taught me many skills initially, because they had to be painted and detailed. This led to a slow progression of methods where my artistic ability helped tremendously to improve the build. I learned various skills such as detailing and airbrushing to gain a high standard of finish.

Further progression enabled me to move on to larger scales and many different makes of models. Monogram quickly became a favourite due to their high standard of finish and perfect fit. The American models encouraged personal preferences by including several options and choices in their kits. Due to the choices available in one kit, this meant that one was able to also build up a stock of spare parts that could be mixed with other kits, so enabling one to become more open minded and creative. This became a little expensive for a schoolboy when I moved on to the big scale 1/8 models, because I would sometimes buy a whole kit, just to use the parts for a 'special' project, but this was half the enjoyment of course!

Initially, I built kits strictly to the instruction sheet, but soon became more adventurous, taking on everything from metal to plastic, resin, modelling clay, body fillers etc. and recently, even wood. Along with the odd 'frustrations', the satisfaction gained is very rewarding.





Whilst having a great interest in racing and Formula 1, my main interests in model building soon became vintage cars and hot rods. I usually start from a kit, and change everything by adding more detail. For example, I will add real upholstery and operating headlights, tail lights and dash lights etc. I may cut out the doors and fit scratch made hinges on models with fixed door panels and create new interiors – the sky is the limit.

I have included some examples with basic descriptions. I like each model to be unique. Some have virtually been built from scratch using various engine bits and pieces from other kits. All in all, if I may say so, each one is a work of art! Do I sell them? Only occasionally or on special order!

*Richard Palmer*

*This 1/8 scale street rod came from two basic kits. I went to a great deal of time and trouble to get this one as near as possible to perfection. I wanted good looks, combined with muscle car power. I installed a fully "blown" (supercharged) Chevy engine and had many parts specially chromed for the 'look'. The engine cover had to be modified to fit. I had the colour (sparkle green) specially mixed by an auto paint shop and clear coated with gold pinstripes. Special wheels were sought (American mags) and the interior and soft top were treated to special matching effects. I was quite pleased with the finished result.*





One of the 'early' hot rods was the famous, Big T. As a teenager, I purchased one of the original Monogram 1/8 scale kits, and built one which is still in perfect condition as you can see. (And a miniature!) Not Chinese!



This 1/8 scale model is what the Americans term as a "rat rod". The intention here was to achieve as realistic appearance as possible. Rat rods are extreme and feature rust and worn out paint, sparse upholstery and have a very "scrappy shoddy" look. Ironically, they usually have beautiful wheels. This sports lots of rust, real upholstery and triple carburetors. The rusty rooftop has drilled out rust holes to complete the picture.

# Farming in France, building a home, and cursory glance at French designs in planes, trains, and automobiles

*1963 Galaxy convertible. The author in his 30s with his friend Alebo Green in front of the 63 Ford convertible. Alebo was an exchange student from Nigeria attending Clinch Valley College in the early 80s. In the background, on the left is the 69 Chevy Nova. On the Ford, the hubcaps were long gone having been pulled away by the centrifugal force from maneuvering quickly around curves.*



In February 1982 Vickie and I were married in Wise, VA. All the students and faculty had been invited to the wedding. Alebo Green was my best man. In June 1982 Vickie and I moved back to Arlington. I had sold the Nova and drove the '63 Galaxy convertible and she drove her Ford Maverick, the first car she owned in the U.S. We would take turns driving the roughly 400 plus miles following each other. Back then there was very little traffic on Interstate 81. It was a good thing as we had a breakdown in one of the cars and used the other car to drive into Roanoke to get a service truck. Eventually we made it up to Northern Virginia after a couple days stopover in Blacksburg, a college town. We stayed with my brother Philip. I think it was the weekend when we arrived and the place was buzzing, either with finishing exams or getting ready to leave for the Summer. We had just graduated so we had plenty of pent up energy and partied with Philip and his friends as if there were no tomorrow and slept very late the next morning.

We made the long trip home OK a few days later and moved into the Dolly Madison Apartments off of Glebe Road and I-95 in Arlington, VA. It was not far from Eudy's and the old house on Oakcrest Rd. I stopped by at Eudy's but the place had changed and there were new people working there. I needed a better income and wanted to put my BA degree to use so instead I applied for a job in Rosslyn, working for the Navy doing pay-entry-base dates for retiring Naval officers. The job required that a calculation be made to check if each had completed their required active duty hours when

they retired to determine if they were eligible for full pay. The job was fine but at times heartbreaking. Sometimes the news would have to be given that they had not completed their active duty. The Navy was strict and this was something they needed to keep track of. For full pay it had to be 20 years of active duty. It has been years since I worked there and the fine points of calculating the years of service escape me.

It was the 1980s and these times were stressful for pilots. Hostages had been taken by Iran, the mission to free them had been aborted, and Americans lost in the attempt. If Israel could perform miraculously in

freeing its people from Idi Amin at Entebbe, we as a country seemed unable to mount anything of the sort. We had come out of Vietnam a decade earlier and had yet to regain our footing. The dissolution of the Soviet Union provided a series of worse headaches as well as the controlling of rogue nuclear warheads and plutonium being sold on the black market to nations like Libya to make dirty bombs. The worst was yet to come and would shake our confidence as a nation to the core.

I had been working for a Naval Captain who had been a front line aviator at Patuxent Naval Air Station, flying as a test pilot. The Captain was familiar with losing friends in new aircraft which had crashed on test flights at the Patuxent base more often than he wished to remember. The term was to augur in; a pilot would lose control of his airplane because of mechanical failure or because the aerodynamics were not yet sorted out, which of course was the reason for test pilots. Patuxent Naval Air Station had been created in 1943 and many new naval aircraft were tested there during the rapid advancement of jet aircraft both in their control surfaces, fuselage and aerodynamics. The base became famous for the types of aircraft that were tested and the pilots who flew them. It was also a test pilot school and many later became astronauts. These included Allan Shepard, Scott Carpenter and Alan Bean. Some of the aircraft tested at Pax, include the Vaught F-7U Cutlass, developed from German WWII aerodynamics, the F-35 Lightning; and many others. I cannot pinpoint a reference to it but some of the A-3 Skywarrior's systems may have been tested at Pax.



I believe it was capable of carrying nuclear weapons. It was also the heaviest aircraft flown from and landed onto a carrier's deck. Growing up near Patuxent, MD we were excited to get any model kits of these airplanes.

I was at my job in Rosslyn when everyone stopped to watch the launch of the Shuttle Challenger. At least that is what I remember. It could have been a replay of the tragic flight that cold January morning we were looking at. In any case this was one of those times when unreality sets in. I was shocked and as everyone else unfamiliar with such things, wondered if there was any chance that the astronauts had survived. We turned to the captain wanting an answer. He stood there mostly with resignation and some shock as he had seen this before. Later when I was able to talk to him alone, I asked if the astronauts in Challenger even had a chance. He told me that the explosion was so violent they most certainly died instantly. I am sure he knew more than he was willing to admit but that was all I got from him. Such was the initial finding by the investigation though there has been controversy over this in the years following. To many, these spacecraft with the ablative ceramic tiles could withstand more punishment than was imaginable. In my mind it seemed they may have survived a few seconds at least, but I did not argue the case with the Captain. For test pilots it was a way of banishing any such thought from the reality of a deadly malfunction. Front line aviators are the best people to work for, as they know what is and what isn't really important. I would later see another space disaster from the spot overlooking the Hollywood Bowl in L.A. I took a photo of it but it did not show up in the photo.

I returned home that night numbed by the thought of professions that could take your life in a nanosecond, and that included driving race cars. Though I did not race cars for money just about every young man and woman has put a car through its paces long before safety of the occupant was even considered. I had to retrofit the old '63 convertible with seatbelts so it could pass state inspections. We thought nothing of the risks we, as kids, took in the fifties and sixties.

## A Journey To Southern France

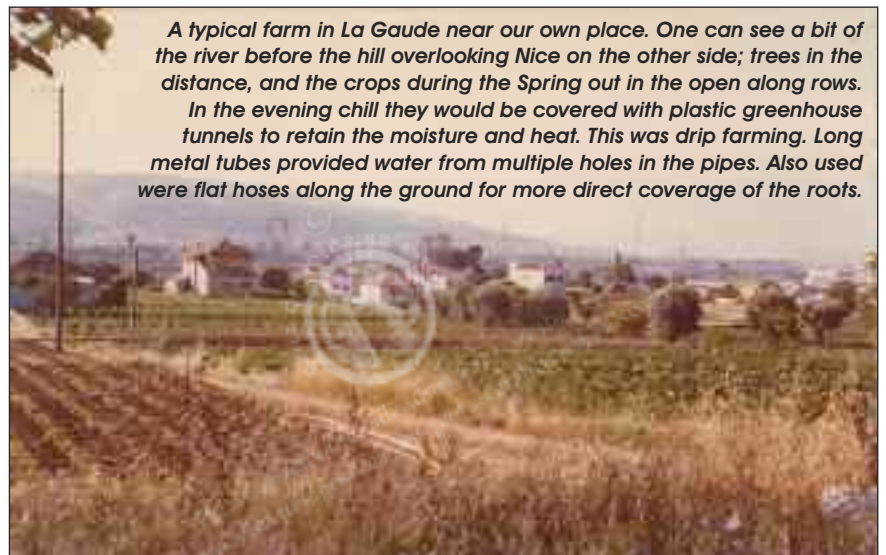
It was 1986, Vickie was carrying Virginia at the time and we had a decision to make. I was suffering from some sort of undiagnosed intestinal ailment and we weren't covered by insurance at our new jobs. When in a new job, there was always a waiting period. The clincher came when Vickie took me down to see a doctor off of 23 Street across from Chrystal City in Arlington, Va. He was an ex-army officer and was born in El Salvador. When he learned I was born there

too he treated me like a long lost friend, the kind that nudges you on the elbow, as if we shared an old joke. "You had better get your gall bladder removed, that is the problem you have. If you don't do so soon you would be better off going to El Salvador and take *"un tiro en la cabeza."* At that time the Salvadoran civil war was raging across the countryside. "Don't worry", he said. "I know a surgeon who could do the job cheap." It wasn't even elective surgery in his view and no second opinion was needed or advised. Anyone could tell he was bogus and a quack to boot. It was time to get out of there.

We made the decision to go to France and some of our prized possessions would have to be given away or sold. I still had an itch to draw cars and paper and pencil could be had anywhere in Europe as could pastels and colored pencils. We could ship the Lynx but the tattered and ragged Ford convertible would be a problem. Body Parts and such were hard to get in the U.S. and would be impossible in France. I would have to sell it.

I could never give up playing music or drawing. I came to the blunt realization, I wanted to be an artist and not a mechanic. My consolation was to take the recording equipment and guitars, which I had worked years just to acquire. For the moment I was back with the band. Jon, long time friend Mike, and Vickie and I had reformed the band and played a few gigs in Arlington, VA including a Marine and Army hang out across from Fort Meyers. It did not turn out to be our best night as there were four of us on a small palette with our acoustic guitars, mics and a bass amp. The first song went pretty well but everything fell apart after that and we soon quickly completed our short set and left. Getting back into music didn't look promising for the future and I left it at that until we returned. France for now was the destination; to meet Vickie's parents and out of medical necessity. The doctors in the U.S. or at least the ones we could afford hadn't a clue what was wrong with me.

The old convertible needed such extensive restoration to consider keeping it. The cost of the tools, and the



*A typical farm in La Gaude near our own place. One can see a bit of the river before the hill overlooking Nice on the other side; trees in the distance, and the crops during the Spring out in the open along rows. In the evening chill they would be covered with plastic greenhouse tunnels to retain the moisture and heat. This was drip farming. Long metal tubes provided water from multiple holes in the pipes. Also used were flat hoses along the ground for more direct coverage of the roots.*

parts would be more than having a full blown golfing hobby, and I was not interested in working for a paint and body shop or as a mechanic to pay for its restoration. At another time in another place and time maybe but not here and now.

For many young men in the western world, their car was their identity and my ambition had been to restore that old '63 now with a rebuilt engine and heads. To do so required a garage and some expensive equipment and tools. I suppose when a man starts having a family he begins to see more clearly. I realized that in the parking garage of the apartment nothing would ever be done to the '63, by me anyway, and if so it would just eat into our funds, so I sold it. I consoled myself with the fact that no longer would I have banged up knuckles or frustration trying to replace parts on the car. It was bought by a young man from Maryland who was eager to restore it and had the wherewithal to do so. It needed a good home, which I could not provide. A guitar I could always take with me and painting or drawing might even pay for itself.

I had yet to investigate the use of color. Up to then all my drawings were in pencil. Personal computers did not become widespread until the '80s and the Bezier technology was mainly used in the manufacturing industry. This was to change with the advent of the Mac and Microsoft operating systems yet to revolutionize the widespread use of personal computing. My first computer was an Amiga and it was a wonder, way ahead of its time. One could record a song, play it back, and overdub vocals on top. It was the first commercial multitasking computer. If only we knew where we would be today. Pro Tools didn't exist yet even in the autonomous systems that would cost thousands of dollars in a few years.

I packed the guitars and recording equipment. The guitars, if taken care of as an investment, would always bring a decent return. This was a good decision as music remained a friend and kept me involved in the arts. I was not a guitar collector and the instruments like the later paint brushes and cameras were treated as tools even though I treasured them. In a sense it was a relief to be done with the few wrenches and hammers I used to repair my cars with. They cost a fortune and had a way of getting broken, lost or borrowed, and never returned. I would take my chances

with recording and writing music and eventually see about becoming more professional with my art.

Since Vickie was going to give birth the next Spring, in agreement, we committed to the move to France. When I told my band-mates the decision they were dismayed, but I promised Jon that I would keep in touch, which I did and I would rejoin when we returned.

As a State Department Brat, I knew full well the advantages the move would give our daughter. She would get to know her grandparents and French cousins and to see the farm in La Gaude. An added bonus was that it was across the River Var from Nice and not too many miles from Monaco or other famous towns along the Côte d'Azur.

If she stayed long enough she might even pick up some French. My own dad had passed away and my mom remarried Ralph Philips. With their combined income in retirement they had the wherewithal to travel often, unlike Vickie's parents who were still farming.

Ralph had worked for FAO in Italy and my mom grew up in Paris, France and had made the trip to Europe many times in the past to visit the Hotel Delavigne in the Latin Quarter. She would visit Vickie's parents a few

*The Old Farmhouse where we lived in the bottom apartment and where Virginia spent her first five months. Vickie's cousin Paul took over her parents' house and restored it.*



*The new farmhouse was a very modern layout by Southern French standards at the time. It had more open interior space than most in that traditional area of France though things have changed. Vickie's Uncle built the exterior and I did the interior. It was to be our dream-home. Next to the house and across the road are the tunnels used for greenhouses, a novel idea borrowed from Israel at the time and now found everywhere. I believe the idea originated in Germany.*





times in the coming years. Born in Belgium after World War I she was raised in Paris where my grandparents got a loan to purchase the hotel from Mrs. Sears of Sears and Roebuck, and lived there to the end of their lives. It was a place where famous painters and writers of the '30s occasionally stayed, I was told.

My health was the clincher as the French system was a superior system according to the WHO at the time and less burdensome than the American one, if I could get insured. After WWII the Western European nations, devastated by war, had to move toward more socially democratic forms of governments to keep their populace healthy and vigorous. America had never suffered such devastation economically or psychologically until now with a new pandemic coming to American shores in 2020. But that was for a later time in our lives.

Before we left, we drove our newly acquired used Lynx up to the Port of Baltimore and had it loaded onto a transport to cross to Marseilles, France. We quit our jobs and packed our belongings for the trip: my three guitars, synth, Tascam 8 track 'reel to reel' recorder and conversion transformers to operate them at the 220 voltage and fifty Hz cycle required in Europe. It was a simple direct to tape recording though limited in many respects. Music and recording equipment was plentiful in the U.S. and hard to come by in Europe so the cycle and voltage problems needed to be addressed and I had been aware of the differences when living in Caracas, Venezuela. In 1966 my sisters had brought with them a portable record player and it didn't play right until a converter had been purchased for it. The records would play at a much slower speed.

When we arrived, within the first week or so we were driven up to the Mairie of La Gaude. It was the administrative center of the city and its surrounds, much like a city or county seat, and we received the livret de familie. For Vickie there was no question she was French and as her spouse I became a resident able to work there or anywhere in the EU and receive the benefits of insurance though having just arrived it took some doing to get it. Vickie's parents, farmers for decades, were able to cover me. I am not sure of the details and what they had to go through but I was listed also as an employee on the farm, which helped. In order to be put on the insurance rolls I had to be employed as a worker and the hours were long and sometimes tedious. I got room and board and was treated as family, but it had severe limitations in part due to my inability to speak French though I tried my best.

We settled into the old farmhouse as my situation deteriorated. I soon had to be hospitalized as I could no longer keep any weight on, passing everything through. The 1982 Mercury Lynx had arrived at the Port of Marseille and Vickie and her Father had to take the train to the port to release the car and bring it back. I had become a burden on my in-laws and nothing seemed to go right.

*An Escort we owned in Springfield years later but similar to the white Mercury Lynx. A revelation for Americans just getting used to front wheel drive, it followed the Chrysler K car into production. Unibody construction was common place but the metric system was now coming into use and required that the mechanics purchase a new tool box and metric tools alongside their English system tools.*



After many months my condition stabilized and we achieved a bit of normality, but the 1982 white Mercury Lynx became more of a problem. We had thought it would translate easily back to France as it was touted in the U.S. as the first world car along with the Ford Escort. What could go wrong? Vickie had cautioned that used automobiles in France at the time were impossible to find, probably because they could get a better price exporting them to North Africa or just holding on to them forever. There was no used car market overseas as there was in the states. What could we do? We were new to this. Wanting to maintain some modicum of independence had become a headache. Whether the French instituted regulations to make it harder to import a car out of sheer contrariness I could not say, but in time their automobiles would conform to a more unified world standard in part due to the EU. The yellow headlights would one day be a footnote in history.

The car took more time perhaps than it was worth to convert to French specifications and the French bureaucracy was even worse as one with a glacial pace in processing the paperwork. Vickie used to say that it was a way to stifle the Japanese from massive importations by providing a bottleneck to keep imports at a slow trickle as they arrived from manufacturers overseas. Much had to be changed on the car, on the signal lights primarily, and a proper shop had to be found to do the conversion work in the city of Nice. Luckily, Gilbert, Ze Ze's oldest son knew where to take it in Nice. He was very much a car guy and interested in this American hybrid of a European Escort.

The headlights were altered to comply with the yellow lens requirement the French demanded and some other things I cannot remember. Sections of the red or orange tail light/turn-signals were blacked out. This made no sense to me. Why couldn't the same lenses be used? I guess particular height and illumination regulations per each country were sacrosanct. However, within a week or two the work was completed, but to get the car passed by the French inspector needed prodding or it would have taken more than the two months to get the car back. In the end though, we got our car and a bit of independence. Thank

heavens. I do have to admit that it looked like any other Escort of the later 1980s and all in all reflected the design philosophy of the European car the Mk.3. The engine was the basis of the winning Rally Ford Escorts of that time. The overall design was closer to the third European iteration but with larger turn signal lenses than the European model. I believe these 'World Cars' were raced everywhere with upgraded transmissions engines and suspension, Australia included. It never gained the fame of the more traditional Escort Series I and II rally cars. Still the base American model was a treat to drive.



*Lancia 037 Stradale rally car. Not as exciting to look at as the Stratos but exciting enough compared to the Ford Escorts or anything else in rallying at the time. The engine of the Lancia was mid-ship as was its older brother the Stratos and still a very beautiful looking car even if it was a bit more squared off and not as flashy as the original HF. This one was taken at one of the two museums we visited on the Cote d'Azur in later years. I believe it was powered by a 4-cylinder Fiat Abarth engine and was not Homologated. It was also the last rear-drive rally car to win the World Championship. Two of the main museums were the car collection of H.S.H. Prince Rainier of Monaco and a museum further east of Nice that closed its doors soon after we visited.*



*Renault Alpine A110 rear engine, rear drive rally car was highly competitive in the '70s in France. Shown below is the design of early rear-engine cars of the time and a contrast to the Lancias that later dominated.*

No sooner were we in France than my eyes started to wander. Of course the women in southern France were slim, lithe, and beautiful but so was Vickie. It was the cars that caught my attention, from old Panhards to Citroen SMs, and a more than occasional exotic. But it was the trucks that really caught my attention, in particular the 1950s Peugeot 203. It was about the size of the '80s Japanese makes that first made it to the U.S. There is

nothing new under the sun, and it had the voluptuousness of a postwar Studebaker truck. There was no time to absorb all this, as previously stated, within a few months I became really sick and had lost so much weight. I was taken to the Tzanck Clinic and diagnosed with Crohn's disease, hospitalized for further tests, and treated with medication. It is quite a scare going in for surgery, even if it were minor, when one doesn't know the language. I kept my fingers crossed hoping I didn't wake up with a transplanted kidney or other organ, and Vickie was not always there to translate. The operation was for a cicatrice or something, which did not involve replacing any organ. One thing though, I can tell you, the French are not prudes and one has to adjust. They will stand you naked in front of God and the world, with nurses and doctors coming by to examine you or just stand and watch. I had lost so much weight that they were not getting much to look at even the young nurse trainee who probably felt more pity than anything and also wished I could cover up. Eventually I was allowed to dress, then got my release from the hospital, was joined by Vickie as we walked to the street where the car was parked.

I returned to do some farming and began to fatten up and tone my biceps from the farm work. I was no longer the 98lb. weakling. I had a lot to learn and my eyes were wide open. The French farmers excelled in drip farming, which I believe was invented by a German. The Israelis using this wonderful system made international news when it was found they could feed a growing population by being able to make a desert bloom. They took the technology and made an art of it. With the conservation of water the goal, it was one step away from hydroponic farming. By the late '80s, this method had been adopted by most, if not all the

Mediterranean countries and competition for produce in the marketplace became very stiff. I realized that the French were very capable in using technology to great effect. Though I had heard of the Israeli's success it was the first time I had come up close to the system and used it to farm with and in my meager way help grow anything. Using gravity from individual cisterns each farm would draw the water



that flowed into them. Large pipes would use gravity to feed the mineral rich water from source dams way up river.

In the winter season one could see the Alps in the distance with their snow-capped peaks. These truck or vegetable farms had been established to take advantage of the rich bottomland along the Var. They had been doing so for generations, and now used modern production methods, mass-produced pipes, and flat plastic conduits with multiple pinholes to water the growing rows of vegetables. Depending on how far the robinet, or spigot in English was set the amount of water release could be adjusted from "off" to a controlled trickle, hence the name drip farming. Alternately long plastic or metal tubes could be placed overhead to drip on the growing plants from above. With the plastic blanket-like coverings over the metal hoops not much was lost as the moisture and humidity was kept in during the day and night in these easy to put up greenhouses.

It is unfortunate that with the loss of global dimming and the water in the soils of many nations becoming desiccated we have an imbalance of moisture in the air allowing for severe thunder bursts, high humidity and flooding, never seen before. And, the loss of ice packs and glaciers are steadily becoming a problem for humanity and animals with the drying up of farmland, as more food is needed. Being close to the land brings this point home.

I was soon to learn of other successes by the French and became involved in experiences I had never imagined. I had never farmed, never been on high-speed rail, and never built a house. I would have had it no other way. The learning curve was steep and my role was as a farm hand, but the multitude of visual and sensual inputs made it well worth it. I "count my lucky stars" as there was a competitor for Vickie's hand, Brad. He was the darling of the campus at Clinch Valley College when I re-enrolled, was the radio announcer for the local radio station with a full radio license, a straight A student and probably the most likely to succeed. I'm not sure if he was the class president but he was president of the International club. I was in Wise, VA that summer with Alebo trying to find work. It was Brad who traveled to France for a few weeks, worked on the farm, and courted Vickie but she was not interested. She came back and chose me.

I am sure Brad, with his command of French, would have been a success wherever he went. There are guys out there like that. What could I offer? I knew how to drive a truck and it didn't matter if it was French or American as long as the steering was on the right side. Jerome, and Pauline, Vickie's parents did not have much confidence in me as I was a tall, scrawny American, and sick to boot. Eventually they needed someone to drive the farm truck to market, a Citroen H pickup. They were not sure whether I could handle the

quirky vehicle or any truck full of zucchinis through crazy French traffic, and deliver the produce to where Jerome would be waiting at the market. They seemed to take my assurances with a grain of salt. I insisted I could drive it but they remained skeptical. Vickie did her best to convince them but she had no idea what vehicles I really knew how to handle and just had my word to go on. She neither had seen me drive a wrecker or other large vehicle. That had happened before I went back to school.

One morning I ended up riding with Pauline to purchase some 'spur of the moment supplies' at Cap 3000. She looked at me and in a Southern French dialect with which we could communicate because of its Italian/Spanish admixture she warned me that it was a big truck maybe too hard to handle. She didn't even go near it, and none of Ze Ze's boys would be caught dead in it. I assured her that I had driven vehicles that were harder to handle. "It was loud, slow and not easy to change gears in." She said this as she looked skeptically at me, and insisted that she had driven all her life while I was inexperienced. Maybe she feared for my safety. This was the last straw about something I knew I could well handle. There comes a time when one has to stand their ground, this was it. I wanted to be useful. Up till then, I had accepted I was the least experienced member of the extended family. Nonetheless, I knew how to handle trucks.

Still Pauline cautioned me saying she had driven many, many, more years than I, and repeating again "this was not an easy truck to handle." I tried to be as clear as I could, in my broken French interspersed with Spanish, I told her she may have driven many more years but in my short lifetime I had driven many more miles than she ever would in hers. There I had said it. She was shocked and I knew she understood but she didn't contest it. I felt bad but sometimes one needs to assert one's self and I knew I could drive that truck. I had to prove this to her and subsequently Jerome. I got to drive the truck without incident to market loaded with zucchini and lettuce.

The Citroen was as ungainly as any early Dodge van with the cab over the front steering. You turned the front wheels into a turn and waited to join them in the direction of the line they were taking. It was not unusual in that respect. Go drive a Dodge A100 to understand what I mean. I guess one could call it quirky. I had no problem with it but it could bite back if one were unfamiliar with its handling characteristics and cumbersome gear shifting. Of course with all those cagettes every corner had to be taken slowly and without jerky movements.

The Citroen H was made of corrugated sheets of metal and without any hint of a curved angle on the truck. Citroen made some wonderful trucks and often very good-looking ones but this was plumb ugly. It was a perfect companion to the 2CV passenger car also made with corrugated metal sheets. Imagine a Ford

or Fokker Tri-Motor of the 30s, but much smaller and unable to fly and you get the picture. I later learned that its design was as seminal as the Traction Avant. It borrowed the power train and the unibody construction from the car and the corrugated steel allowed for weight savings and added strength to the frameless truck bed. It was an important development by anyone's standard on space efficiency and is now sought after by Food Truck Vendors in Europe. I started an art piece but could not find the photographer who took the original photo, or I would have asked for permission to use the image as reference for the digital art. Instead I included another Citroen, just as famous. Every country has its national pride. Up to then I had only really considered Soviet Russia and the U.S. as the only true competitors in flight and in space. And, when

it came down to the Olympics it was always a battle royale between the two nations to see who could win the most gold medals. When I worked at the City of Alexandria Motor Pool repair facility I spread the word that we should start going to McDonald's more often as we were certain to eat for free. Each Olympics year McDonald's gave away free food items for each U.S. medal won. It was the summer of 1984 and the Soviet Union had embargoed that year's games. We were "a shoe in" to get fed for many days. And so it turned out. That year the U.S. took its normal number of gold, silver and bronze and plenty of those that would have gone to the Soviet athletes. If the athlete on the free card that came with a purchase won any of those medals you were treated with a free big mac, large fry, or apple pie depending on the medal. We all ate well as the rationale was sound. I wonder if McDonald's made much money that gold medal season.

Athletic competition has always been a hotly contested pastime among all nations and especially in European football. Latin America has even had wars fought over the outcome of sports as in 1969 between El Salvador and Honduras. To be fair, tensions had already been high between the two nations. Football (soccer) more than rivals American football for enthusiasm among fans. In auto racing it is particularly poignant as there is an added dimension to the battles. In a world where commerce and GDP determine the health of a nation the success of the vehicles may be akin to battling in combat, pitting one nation's technological prowess against another, in a friendlier setting. Not only are the individual athletes competing for a title, as is the country they represent, but in international auto racing it is the product of a nation against another and that nation's technical ability to dominate the others. In essence auto racing is a surrogate for war often with just as catastrophic results to the fans and drivers. It has been said that progress comes through conflict and looking at humankind's history seems to point to this. Better on the fields of Eton figuratively speaking than in the air over Europe.

There was nothing better than to have a countryman win the various world championships in any sport and there was always a special

*The Citroen Keggresse Armored car (truck) used on the endurance run to Beijing. A photo I took of a replica at the Prince Albert of Monaco car museum next to a Citroen Traction Avant. I had never heard of it and I am sure most Americans haven't either, until I saw a documentary of the journey on French TV upon Vickie's dad, Jerome's recommendation. Like any American or Brit he was proud of his country's accomplishments. The caravan went from Paris to Beijing to prove the reliability of the Citroen armored cars. Similar to the Rolls-Royce used in Egypt with Lawrence and other adventurers about the same time.*



*The Traction Avant. I had come to meet an old friend again.*







*A later model Alpine A310, from the rear is similar in looks to a Monteverdi Hai of 1970. Not shown.*

treat when they won a world drivers' championship in a make designed and built by their nation. Since the '50s it has been the Italians and their Ferraris in Grand Prix who showed their enthusiasm for an Italian driver, and the Germans with their Porsches in GT racing. But the Americans, Brits and French have had a long string of wins in both these challenges. The high point of course has been in showing engineering ability in their technology, which the French have been able to do consistently and the Brits as often as anyone else. It proves that technology is not the purview of any single nation or continental block but inherent in mankind.

And this is essential if we ever want to get completely into renewables as a world civilization and tackle climate change. The Japanese have won their share with Hondas and will continue to do so and new entrants into competition will bring surprises. A long list of inventions from any nation or ethnic group, aside from transportation, can be presented to soothe any nationalistic pride from the invention of gunpowder to Goddard's pioneering rockets in the '30s.

Joint endeavors have provided the world with the Concorde supersonic jetliner (France and Britain), the TGV with its semi-coupled Jacobs bogies for high speed comfort and stability. More recently important developments have been made in design with the advent of the computer and semi conductors and the Bezier Curve implemented by Pierre Bezier in computer program software.

One becomes jingoistic if they do not travel abroad, and I don't mean on cruise ships with short ports of call. One needs to absorb the culture and history of a nation. Everyone in the U.S. knows about Lawrence of Arabia and Gertrude Bell and the use of a Rolls-Royce Armored car during WWI. We also may remember that General Patton took a model T with a mounted machine gun to chase down Pancho Villa though with minor success, but the biggest story that never got to American shores was the Paris to Peking trek of the Kégresse (rubber tracks) armored cars built by Citroen. I had no idea. It eclipsed anything else that had been done up to that time.

## Sundays

Every day we awoke before sunrise and had dinner at sunset and were exhausted at the end of the day. Contrary to the image of the French, wine was never served at the table except on special occasions but that was not to say that others in the community did not drink wine during some evening meals. Generally speaking, farmers could not afford to do so. Plants and animals if you have chickens, common for the

**Var farmers, still needed to be fed or watered seven days a week and work was never ending. I know.**

The life of a French farmer is no vacation and I can attest to that, in part. We, Vickie and I, had the light load, with the planting, weeding, pruning and harvesting left to Vickie's mom and dad. I was allowed to irrigate the rows of crops, water the fruit trees, and help put up the hoses used for drip farming and the curved iron supports for the plastic we stretched over them to form the rows of greenhouses on the tiered strips of land. Pauline or Jerome harvested the fruit, zucchini and lettuce and deposited them in the cagettes we carried as we walked behind them. The most tedious part was preparing the spring onions for market. In the late afternoon Jerome would pull the spring onions from the fields and bring large batches wrapped in tarps in a wheelbarrow up to the garage. With Pauline we would peel and bundle them. It wasn't hard work but it was tedious, as it never seemed to end. No sooner had the large pile of onions been trimmed and bound than Jerome would arrive with another. It continued till lunch but with a break after, followed by a nap and back at it till sunset and sometimes much later. One always prayed that the batch that was brought in would be the last but our hopes were fleeting when Jerome would go back down to the field saying almost done only to arrive with a larger quantity than before. It was never "almost done". I have never seen anyone with such a capacity for work as Vickie's two parents, her cousins and brother who worked a large lot adjacent to theirs.

The climate for the most part was mild and wonderful during that time and it rained just enough. With water from the Alps and river system of the Var, the land was always well irrigated and the water was brought from very old calcium-encrusted lead pipes to irrigate all the farms in that area. With the vegetables getting their water from a cistern there was always enough for the orchard and flowers Pauline loved to grow.

The tourist trade allowed for produce and fruit including strawberries, peaches, pomegranates, etc to be taken to market and purchased by wholesalers who had coastal restaurants to market to. There was also trading

Images of  
the farmhouse.  
The balcony,  
the side entrance  
is hidden,  
and the flowers  
and fruit trees.



and bargaining between farmers if one wanted to purchase a basket of fruit or vegetables to add to one's supper that evening.

One thing I can say is the food and its preparation in Southern France is the best I have ever tasted. There is no comparison anywhere of their local brick oven Pizza or the éclairs and other patisseries, and they will satisfy every time. Indulging in these delights has to be the height of our stay in France.

Saturdays we would go to the supermarket and we didn't want for anything as we went with Pauline to do the shopping while Jerome gathered and delivered an order directly to a client. If it was requested during the week I was able to go with him or sometimes deliver the produce myself in the Lynx.

Wednesdays were days we went to market. We pulled in through the gate of the farmers Market near the Nice Airport and drove to the area where he usually set-up. As we unloaded the vegetables, comments were made on the quality of the produce and there were oohs and ahs if a vegetable or fruit had turned out particularly large and full. If there were strawberries or other special items then others would be called over to come see. "Vois les fraises de Marcel!" I was introduced to all Jerome's farm friends, comments were made and I was asked questions but Jerome had to excuse my lack of French. "Il parle pas beaucoup," he would say and I would answer "Un petit peu." Finally the scale was brought off the truck and placed by the table with the receipt book and lockbox, which was empty at this time, and we went off to the cafe. Because of my intestine problems I preferred to drink tea. This was almost a no-no, unless one was English, and they would make fun if I were caught with a cup of tea. To get around that I asked Jerome if he would say I was Australian or some such thing. I don't know what it is about the French or their disdain for Tea and the Brits but it may be the long years of conflict. In this case it was all in fun, and having worked with mechanics at Eudy's I was used to this type of banter.

There were always complaints about produce being brought in by freight from Israel and Northern Africa, which was making inroads on the French market and seriously hurting the farmers in Southern France.

Vickie has relayed to me that more recently Ze Ze's son Paul and his wife began producing organic fruit baskets from the small orchard and selling to a special clientele and are reviving the growers market in the Var. There had been speculation that the river valley would be



developed for other purposes but it seems unfair that the farmers who provided for centuries the food for Nice and the surrounds would be left without their land and livelihood just to make way for development. It would be a bad idea as the river valley is a flood plain and the last thing it needs is more concrete structures and tarmac. But money talks and the losers will be the farmers giving up to the government's right-of-way and the people who will have to live or work in the river valley after the land has been transformed into concrete structures.

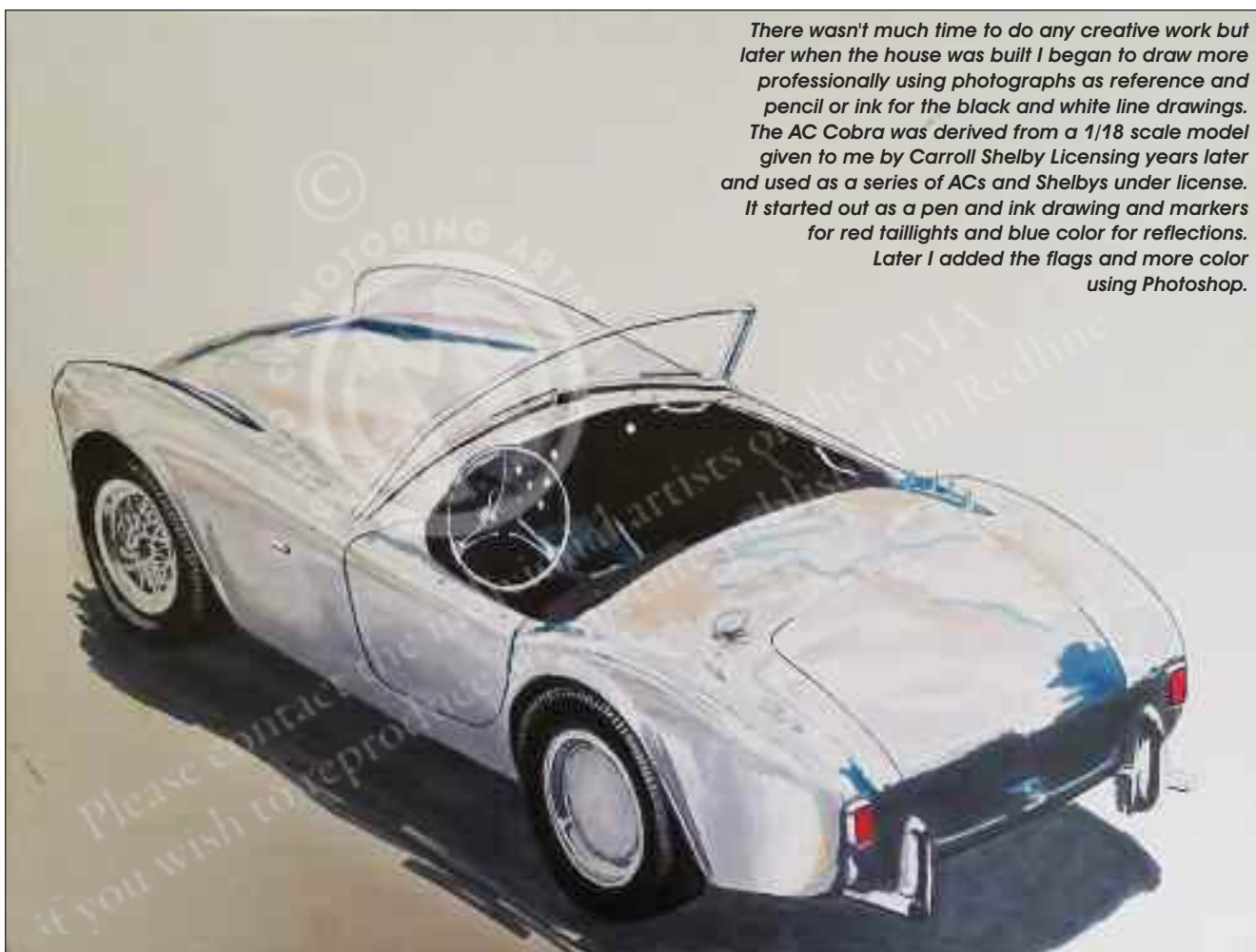
I looked forward to Saturdays, which were when we usually had pizza. We went to the grocery store and purchased whatever was needed then with everything in the cooler in the car we would have pizza at the local restaurant or we would go with Jerome in the evening. Sunday was the big day for family and a large meal was prepared for Ze Ze, Genevieve and their three sons or they would invite us over.

Sunday was also the day for Formula 1. It was broadcasted around Europe, usually live and in the afternoon. French television was limited to three channels at the time and any sport broadcast was a treat, especially in car crazy Southern France. If one was to record the race it was a point taken not to reveal who had won before the video-taper had had a chance to watch. This was the era of Ayrton Senna against Alain Prost. But most of those in Southern France were Ferrari Tifosi and whoever drove for Ferrari at the time had their

favor. At the time it was Michele Alboreto and later when we came back to visit in the summers it was Michael Schumacher with Rubens Barrichello. There always seemed to be a Brazilian in the mix. Needless to say Ferraris of all models and years are plentiful in Southern France where Italian is part of the mix of the local dialects and there is a strong Italian historical background.

Barring guests or Formula 1, often I would sneak off to do some music and record some songs but that was rarely so. During the week Vickie would cook or clean house when she got heavy with Virginia. Our daughter was born in early spring and Vickie was happy to have her when she did arrive, overdue and after being induced to come out. We named her Virginia after a story in the New York's Sun, about a letter and answer in that newspaper in 1897 about Santa Claus.

This was the milieu I had placed myself in and it was well worth it. Europe was where the action was, for the future of automotive design, and I was lucky to be there. But the best parts were the road trips and picnics. One got to taste how the French prepared food but generally we ate Steak Hache with fried potatoes or pizza and salad at Flunch. Or, barring having a cafeteria like Flunch, as was the case in Grasse, we would eat at the local pizzeria and got to visit many places of interest on the coast and in the mountains. From Grasse in the hills leading up to the Alps in the Alpes Maritime region one could see the many miles



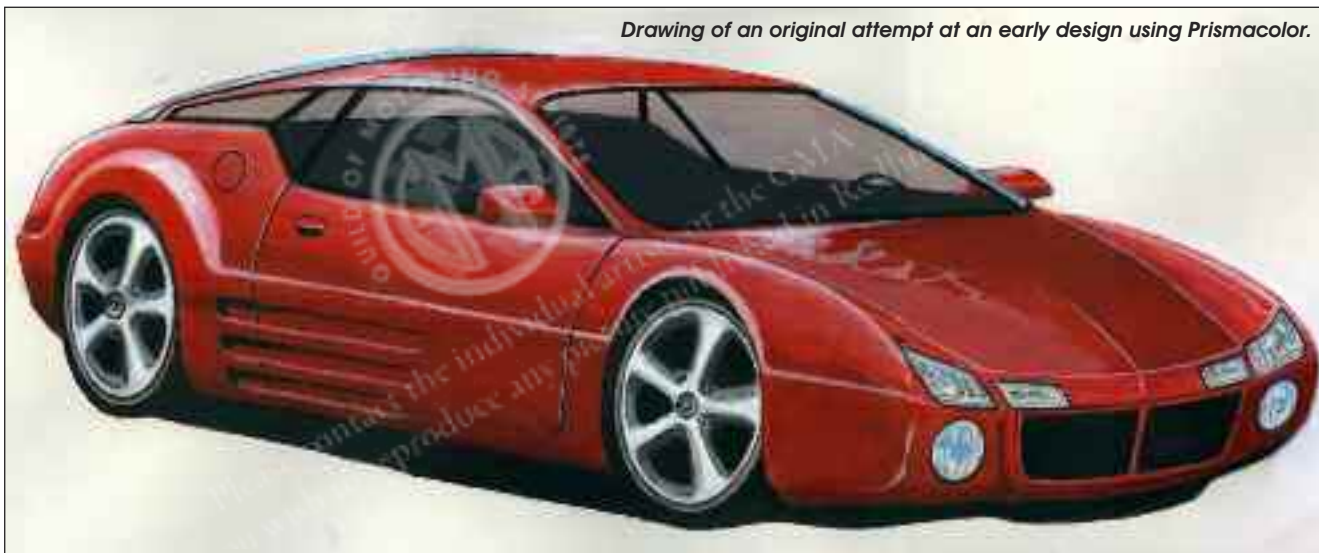
*There wasn't much time to do any creative work but later when the house was built I began to draw more professionally using photographs as reference and pencil or ink for the black and white line drawings. The AC Cobra was derived from a 1/18 scale model given to me by Carroll Shelby Licensing years later and used as a series of ACs and Shelbys under license. It started out as a pen and ink drawing and markers for red taillights and blue color for reflections. Later I added the flags and more color using Photoshop.*



to the Mediterranean. It took a few hours to drive up there. This is where much of the essence of the French perfume is manufactured. Flower petals are mashed to create the renowned fragrances sought after around the world by perfume companies. It is interesting to know that in commerce there is often one supplier and many brands.

Other Sundays, and more so during the main planting season, the day's work was shorter. It was time to work on the new house. Getting supplies was something Pauline thoroughly enjoyed as she had commissioned an architect to design a modern interior with open spaces. This design required large wood roof beams. She took Vickie and myself to look for volets and a large



*Drawing of an original attempt at an early design using Prismacolor.*

main cross-timber for the living area, not shown. It was needed to keep the outer walls from falling inward and would support the roof of the house. Her Uncle had put the exterior cinderblocks and stucco on the outside of the house and the tile roof had been completed. I was put to work doing the interior, which was also a new insulating system to that region of France and to myself. We had learned of this method being used by the industry in a semi prefab house we had first considered purchasing. The exterior was traditional but the interior used sheeting of styrofoam and dry wall to keep the interior cool in the summer and warm in the winter with little need for heat.

Pauline, forward thinking as ever, wanted a thoroughly modern house and wanted the design of the house with greater open areas and a crawl space underneath much like modern U.S. construction. The fireplace was large with a stone front, the floors were tiled, and the large volets at the entrances and windows were painted with multi coats of varnish, which in the photos look black. Virginia had been born that spring and this would be her home for the first half year of her life and during summer vacations away from the U.S. It was all about space and insulation. One thing you learn about product design, there is a fundamental reality that sets in whether it is a house, a car or a yacht, they all need to be strong as well as functional and that means it has to accommodate humans in comfort and safety. I was lucky this became inborn in me in an era when boys grew up building plastic models of

everything from airplanes to cars and reading about them. It is all about packaging, and innovations can often carry over to other product designs. On the east coast of the U.S. wood frame houses with the insulation between the wooden studs provide structural integrity and warmth. The outer wall is often plywood and the interior drywall. What kid hasn't explored houses in their neighborhood as they were being constructed during the baby-boom years. This new house, since its



*The house in France. Vickie's uncle built the structure but I was responsible for the insulation and drywall interior, and the painting of the doors and volets. It is a scene of the living room and side entrance. The fireplace is hidden from view.*



*The dining room table where I did my drawings and the kitchen. The French doors lead out to a central hallway and the main entrance. The sleeping quarters and work garages are in the other section of the house.*



A second view of the dining area and table.

structure was cinderblock, top to bottom, only needed the seven or so centimeters of styrofoam to provide insulation from the cinderblock in that relatively mild climate. Standard roofing insulation was placed in the rafters. All the homes used Mediterranean tiles, which would last forever. Each place has its own construction methods. This house was unique for the area.

## Toward the Electric vehicle and French efficiency of design.

It would be years before the Americans created a cargo carrying vehicle like the Citroen H pickup and van first produced in 1947 and continued to 1981. It was front-wheel drive like the Traction Avant passenger car of the 30s and efficient and sturdy. Since the front axles pulled the vehicle, there was no need for a drive shaft. All the space behind the cab could be used to haul things. The problem of rigidity for the cargo area was solved with corrugated sheets of aluminum making it look like a Ford or Fokker Trimotor of the thirties. It did over-steer but no more than later vehicles like the early Dodge and Ford vans.

With this setup a number of problems were solved to make way for the development of electric vehicles, where to put the batteries that to this day are not as efficient as we would like, and how to set up the braking and drive train of electric vehicles. Of course no one was thinking electric at the time. There are still improvements left for a true modern electric vehicle. Batteries need to go down in size and weight and to be able to run longer in distance and time on unlimited charges losing little rechargeable capacity. But like the original Wright engine that powered their Flyer 1 it had to be created by their mechanic. Some things just can't be gotten off the shelves. It takes time to improve designs reducing weight while increasing reliability and efficiency.

In the U.S., though the Econoline and Dodge A100 already existed, the same idea of using a cargo

space sans a ladder frame was adopted for the new Jeep Cherokee XJ of 1984 and is considered a breakthrough in design for production American cars because of its off-road capabilities. It had more cargo space than the earlier Jeep Wagoneer and early badged Cherokees. With the monocoque it did away with the ladder frame. It was extremely capable of using all four wheels over rough terrain and is still highly sought after as one of the great automobiles ever to be produced by the United States. The monocoque was carried over to the newer Cherokee but lacks the efficient use of space it once had.

The original ladder-less four wheel drive off-road vehicle is fantastic. We purchased a used one when we returned to the U.S. and it served us well for years. It is probably running fine today in Guatemala or Honduras.

By the 1960s, just about every engine-drivetrain configuration was being manufactured in Europe, from the Austin Minis to the beautiful Facel Vegas and the DAF Daffodil with its variomatic transmission. But acceptance by the young hip crowd for front wheel drive was slow to come to America. It did arrive in force under the leadership of Lee Iacocca with the

The best vehicle I have ever owned, Jeep Cherokee. Like the Citroen H Van, it was of unibody construction, rugged and with plenty of cargo. That was where the differences ended. It could go almost anywhere.





introduction of the full line of Chrysler K cars and the Omni before it, "a slightly widened Rabbit/Golf Variant." It was not the first transverse mounted front wheel drive platform by any means, but it saved Chrysler which was hemorrhaging by introducing commonality of parts for what appeared to be many distinct lines and placed Chrysler and Iacocca in the news. In 1981 Ford followed with the Escort. For its size, with the rear seat folded down, there was plenty of cargo space without a differential in back, especially the Escort wagon.

Most American sporting enthusiasts and young people, up until the end of the 70s, were not interested in front wheel drive and hatchback offerings and were reluctant to purchase one. There were many reasons for this. In their minds a front wheel drive car did not handle well. It had a tendency to understeer and usually lacked the power or the options to increase the engine performance from aftermarket suppliers. In their minds the hatchback was a utility vehicle in any case. Things began to change after the second oil crisis and as Americans began to adopt rack and pinion steering, Macpherson strut suspension, turbo technology, overhead cam aluminum engines, four wheel disc brakes, and radial tires. Also, the baby boom generation was starting families and the smaller sporty cars like the Superminis and Renault R5 began to make an impression on their minds and wallets. Also the craze for converted delivery vans used by many in the counter culture began to slow down.

Minis and various other imports, especially from Japan, were making inroads into sales. Getting used to driving techniques on a front drive vehicle required using left foot braking and abandoning the habits developed with pushing a rear drive car around corners. I didn't fully understand the impact a small light car and four cylinders could have until I had my red Escort. On the highway I tried downshifting the standard four shift from fourth to third and surprised quite a few, including myself, as the tires chirped and I sped away with the added thrust usually reserved for a faster, hotter car. It was only good for a quick pass. Now on a small country road, who knows, and in the snow even better.

I admit that I had always thought of the French as quirky designers and not up to par with the British and Germans in inventiveness and design aesthetics and thought this reflected in their automobile industry. After living in France I have to admit the French are great engineers. They design very beautiful objects and hold their own in automotive design and manufacturing against all the major automobile manufacturers of the world, Bugatti, as an example of course, as well as Delage, Delahaye, Talbot, and many others I have already mentioned. Americans owe a debt of gratitude to Raymond Loewy, one of the greatest designers in product design of the 20th Century, and his automotive genius cannot be dismissed.

One Sunday we travelled out to Saint Tropez to Jerome's parents' farm. The old house was Jerome's boyhood home and we would go there to have lunch with his sister and her husband. We got to know the family and Vickie's cousins Laurent and Martine. Laurent wanted to be an automobile designer, but since he was from a farm family he was often ridiculed by relatives for being a book worm and wanting to go on to higher education in the applied science arts.

While the older folk were talking we went up to his room so that he could show me some of his car designs. They were well done and thought out, but all were of boxy four or two door sedans. I did drawings of some swoopy GTs and he looked at them critically, commenting in his broken English that they were impractical. His had ample room but were tall and, well, practical for a family. He went on to explain that they were of three volume designs. I looked at him quizzically. What did he mean? "Que ce que tu veux dire?" I asked.

In France a box or Volume represented the general shape of the car and was a term commonly used. It equated to a trunk area, passenger area, and engine bay area. A fastback would then be a two volume and I suppose if they had a one volume it would be a continuous flow line from the front bumper to the rear 'a la Countach.'

He mentioned a prized possession, as he pointed to a light socket sitting against the uneven, plastered old farmhouse wall. I was not impressed. "Take a closer look and see the name on it," he insisted. I read carefully. Stamped on the plastic was the name Raymond Loewy. To this day I have no idea whether the great designer of the Coke bottle, the paint scheme of the U.S. Air Force One presidential airplane, Lucky Strike, and the Avanti had designed and marketed appliance fixtures. But anything is possible. I later learned at a Studebaker meet in Charlotte, North Carolina where Loewy's daughter was giving a talk and slide show

Prince Albert Museum in Monaco. A Type 37 Bugatti belonging to Prince Rainier III,



Talbot Lago Grand Prix race car.



about her father that her childhood was spent in Southern France. I got to talk with her but forgot to ask about what I had been shown in an old farmhouse in Frejus. I now wish I had.

Virginia at Cap Tres Mil in her favorite Bugatti.



Virginia at Cap Tres Mil in the whirlybird.

## Addendum, the advent of the 1/18 scale model

I cannot remember when I first visited the scale model shop in Cap 3000. There was nothing like it in the U.S. And it literally blew me away. Had I come from California or maybe New York City this type of establishment may have been commonplace as I was to find out when we visited Burbank in later years. But it may have also been one of the first to sell 1/18 scale replicas. Finished scale model cars had grown up literally from the Tootsie and Auburn toys of old. Every decade

had seen improvements. Then, in the '50s, came the Dinky Toy cars out of England, which were more realistic and a wonder to behold and finally there were the even more realistic HO scale Matchboxes and finally the 1/64 scale Hot Wheels, which bought out Matchbox. In time, toys of automotive caricatures became very popular and proliferated. Not my cup of tea though.

In the '50s there were the basic body, wheel, and simple chassis but soon plastic windows appeared, then opening doors, and finally plastic headlights and taillights. Toys became bigger and more complicated. One summer morning I walked up the street to Daniel Walker's house, I was 11 and he was 10. We called him Rags. He wanted to show me his older brother's 1961 Plymouth Fury. The family had moved in at the beginning of summer from North Carolina. There were four or five boys in the family, brothers all living with and helping support their mother in a country style white house half a block from our house. It was the first time I had seen anyone walking around without shoes or Tee shirts during the summer, which was not the norm on this fairly well established community of Aurora Hills near the Pentagon. He pointed at the back window shelf of the Fury.

Sitting inside the car was a replica, in brilliant molded green and light green color, the exact paint scheme of the larger Plymouth. It was 1/24th scale. Rags brought it out to show me. It was a promotional model sold by the dealership and since I never had been in a dealership and had no idea these replicas existed. Promos had been provided by dealers since Studebaker came out with one in 1935 but they did not come into their own until the '50s. Soon they would be available to kids as plastic assembly kits. I had my fair share of them. One could just walk into a dime store and pick one up.

'Three in One kits' were sold around the country by AMT and we were off to the races. Each boy now having a kit he could build "the way he wanted". It had parts for



each of the variants, stock, race, or custom. I shunned away from building the custom as it involved more work adding filler putty and needing sanding before painting. I mostly left the car the molded white color, which was the norm at the time, and in a hurry to build the thing, I just added spotlights and antennas but left the exterior stock. The wheels always had the hubcaps though one could make it look like a stock car with the white rims. The engine always had to be the hypo version, which came with the kit unless it had a blower, which involved cutting a hole in the hood. To this day I hate to see a nice T Bird or other '50s car chopped and channeled or customized, unless doing so would bring it back to life. There are some derelicts worth saving that way.

Then I was introduced to some of the other kit manufacturers. My favorite was Monogram and their 1/24 sized classic model car kits, like the red Mercedes Benz 540K or the Duesenberg Dual Cowl Phaeton I used to have. We were in seventh heaven. I had no idea of the existence of the 1/18 fully built scale models especially from Burago. It was a complete mystery to me, though they were not the first. So In 1987 when we took Virginia in the stroller on a Saturday to do shopping at the higher end Cap 3000 we would first do the grocery shopping and stop at the pâtisserie. The bulk items we would shop at the larger more affordable Carrefour. After that was done we would do other shopping and take Virginia around in her stroller. She

was never loud or temperamental, always well behaved. Vickie would stop by the department store to pick up mail order items the family had needed.

I had always loved building the 1/24 scale models. When we had moved to Venezuela I had given everything away except my bicycle to Wayne and his brother and thought I had left those things behind. We strolled around the shopping mall when we happened by a store that sold Burago scale models. Inside was row after row of 1/18 scale Burago models. It would have taken a couple of hours to examine every item that was for sale. There were mostly Ferraris of course as they were the biggest sellers and my eyes settled on a 250 GTO in red. It had opening doors, hood and trunk and as realistic as anything I had ever seen in any scale. I could see that it was detailed down to the engine and drive-train as well as suspension and plastic windows. I'm not sure if I took it home that day but it certainly returned with me to the U.S. and I suspected Vickie had known the store was there all along.

My love affair with cars had reached a new level. Soon the 1/18 scale would become the standard for replica collectors and led me to creating the models I discussed in the previous article.

After a year when the house had been almost completed, and Virginia was beginning to babble, we looked into a kindergarten for her and Vickie applied to various jobs. There seemed no other future for us than farming, though La Gaude had its advantages in access to great food and events in the area and the rich culture, beauty, and bon vivant of the French, farming is a hard and often thankless job. Vickie and I were getting restless and wanted to pursue other endeavors, which were difficult to find in Southern France, especially if one didn't know French. Vickie also had trouble in landing a job as there were many applicants for degreed positions in the area. We decided to leave. But returning for two weeks each summer provided us with a home base to enjoy the beauty of the Cote d'Azur.

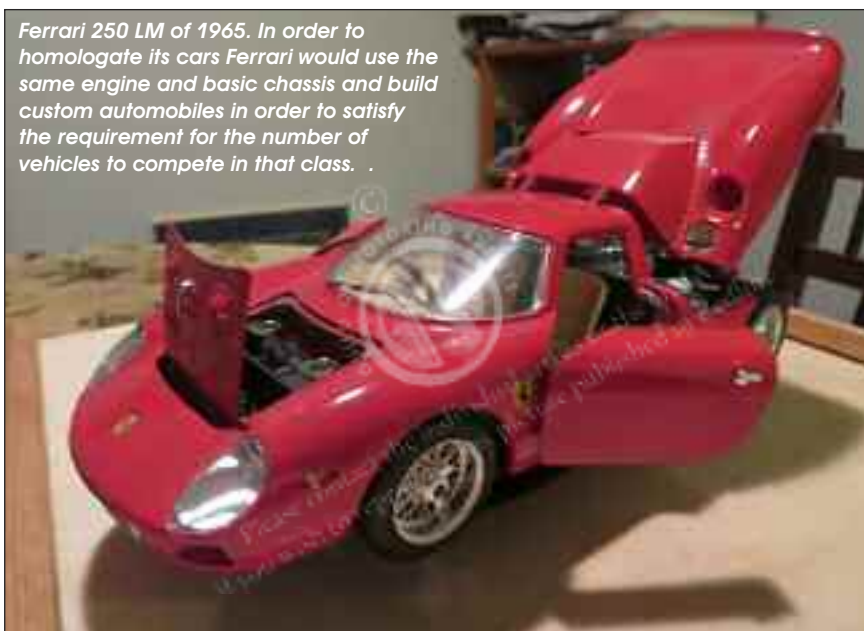
We made our plans, packed everything to be shipped in a day or two, and were ready to fly out the next morning. Pauline came back from the post office with a letter for Vickie, which she handed to Vickie. She opened it and read it with a disappointed look. She came over to me. "I got the Job," she said as she held the

*Below are images of a Burago Ferrari 250 GTO*





Ferrari 250 LM of 1965. In order to homologate its cars Ferrari would use the same engine and basic chassis and build custom automobiles in order to satisfy the requirement for the number of vehicles to compete in that class. .



Both Ferraris together



acceptance letter in her hand. It was an offer for the job she had wanted with an English firm. She had to turn it down. She must have felt like the poet Robert Frost, except that the decision had not been hers to make. Time and fate had played its hand. Maybe there was a reason we left on that day.

I had recovered and knew more about my condition which Doctor Margulies, the family doctor had diagnosed as Crohn's Disease. I was better and eventually it subsided into remission. We were ready to leave even with the regret of not having the chance of making our own way in this beautiful area.

#### **Next Part 7: Back In the U.S. of A**

**NAVFAC (Naval Facilities Engineering Command), and the Prospects of Becoming a Professional Artist**

*Rick Herron*



# Gallery

**Redline gallery is an opportunity for GMA members to display their latest works to fellow members. We can't all get to GMA exhibitions to view the originals, but it's always good to see new works.**

Please e-mail the editor to submit your work for inclusion in the Gallery at any time. Any additional information about the painting, drawing, sculpture etc, is always welcome, but not compulsory. Supply as much or as little as you think appropriate.

Please note that your e-mail address will be included under your name unless you specifically request it to be omitted.

This issue features contributions from: Anne D'Alton, Adrian Bradbury, David Briggs, Tony Cowland, 'Mike', Phil Lightman & David Purvis.

The committee has decided that only full members of the **GMA** can be considered for the Featured Artist spot at the front of **Redline**, but friends and honorary members are welcome to submit contributions to the Gallery pages. The website version of **Redline** uses watermarks for your protection but members receive clear photos in the full version of **Redline**. I hope you enjoy it.

*John Napper*

## David Purvis

davidpurvismotorart@btinternet.com



**Moss & Jenks '55 Mille Miglia**



**Johann Zarco, the French Motorbike GT Champion and his KTM**



**Valentino Rossi**



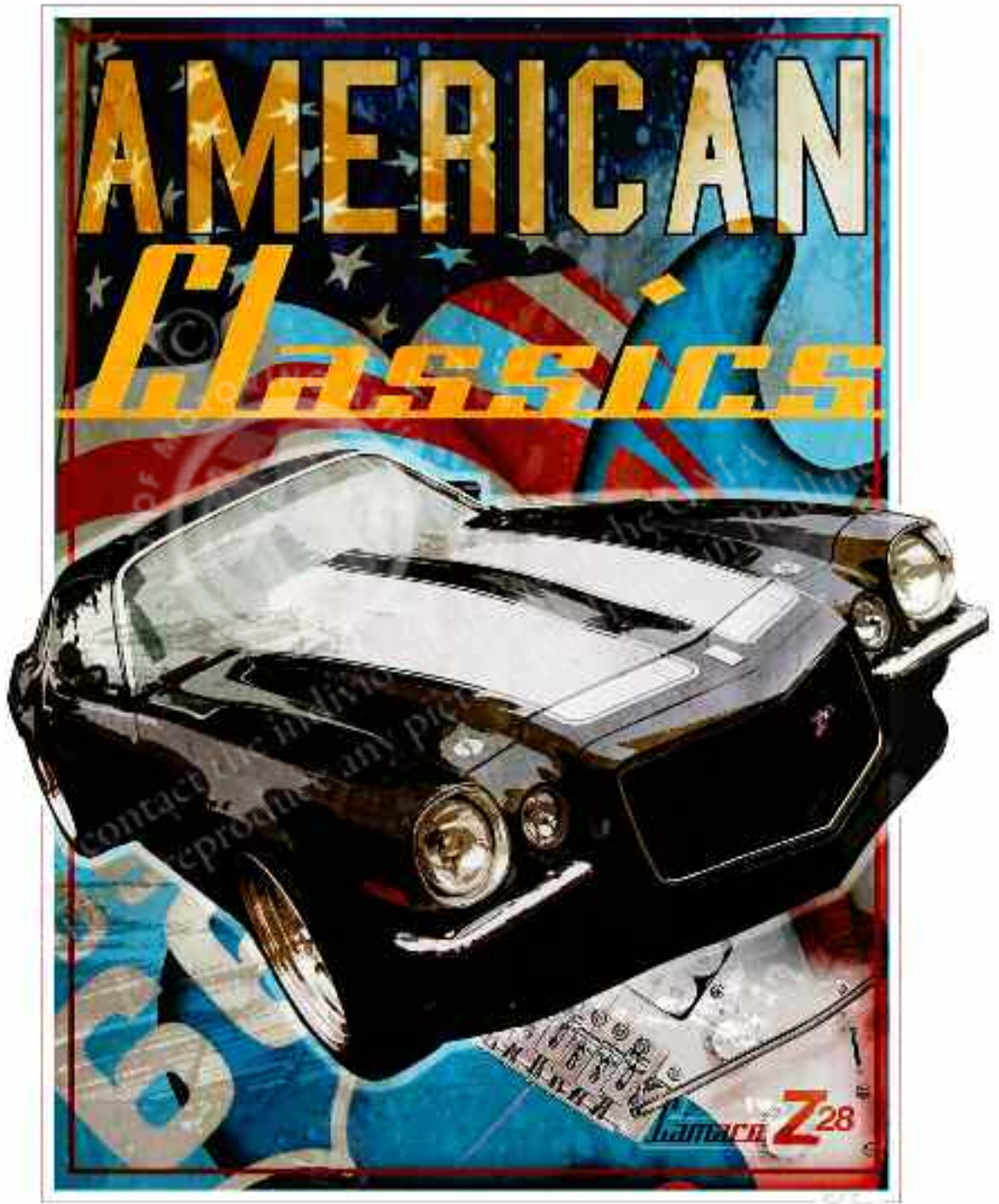


### Hot Rods

My love of Hot rods and street cars was the main inspiration behind this one, I just love the look of the things, they look like a lot of fun, with beautiful metal flake paint jobs and chrome – lowered and with glorious sounding V8 Hemis buried within.

I still remember Cherry Bomb exhausts were the thing back in the late '60s and early '70s

*Adrian Bradbury*



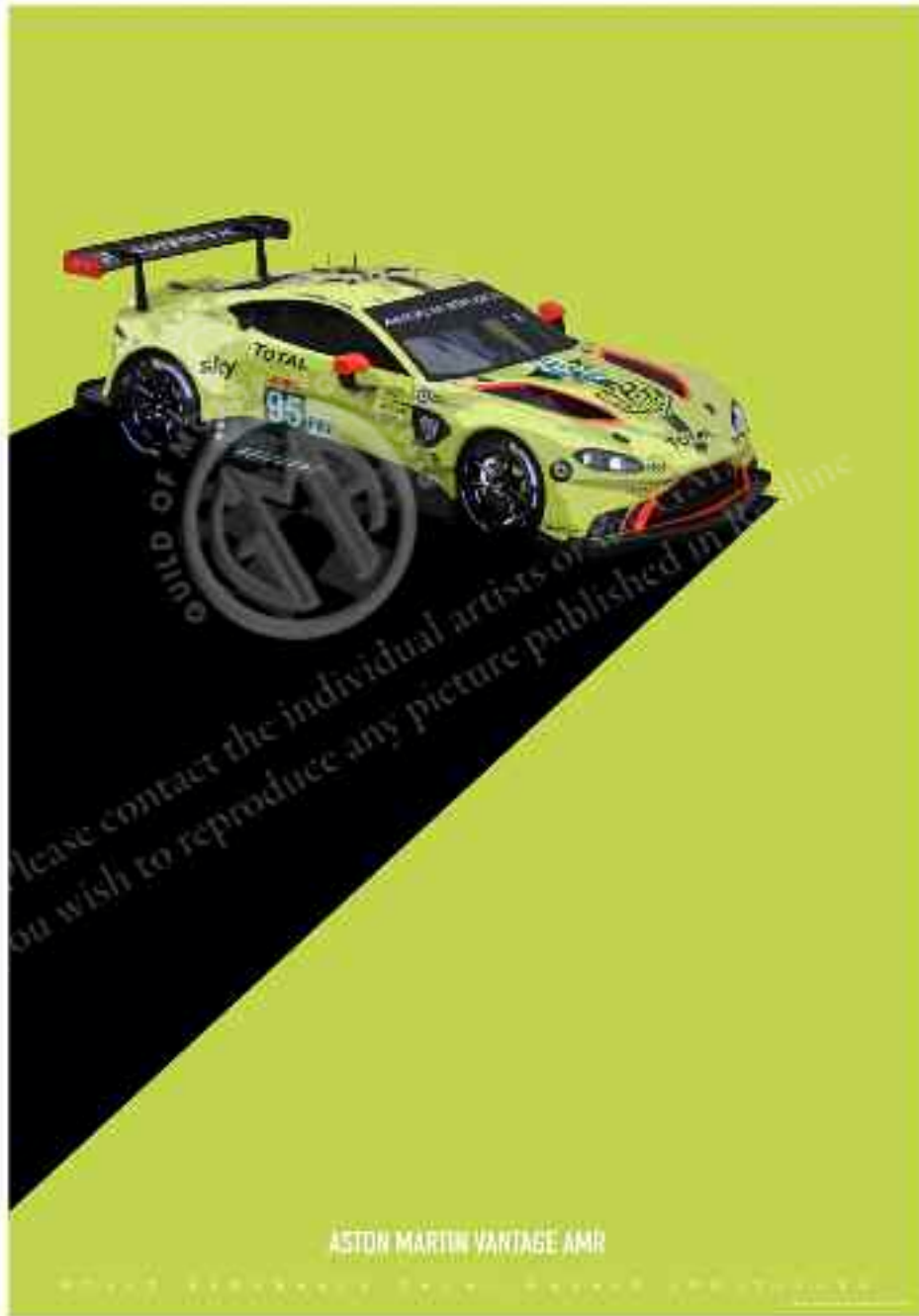
### American Classics – Camaro Z28

OH the CAMARO Z28... long have I wished I had owned one of these, there is something that is quite sublime about the design of this car, it is possibly the fact that it was slightly more European looking and less grandiose than larger muscle cars that were around at the time – it just looked no frills , no excess... just clean and simple and looked like it was a racer...

I nearly bought one many moons ago, sadly it went as I took too long to make my mind up about it, as I needed a daily driver at the time rather than something that needed attention etc

*Adrian Bradbury*





### Aston Martin Vantage AMR

A self generated series of prints based on the World Endurance Championship Sportscars which has long also been a passion of mine.

Often I find myself developing a series of illustrations based on a theme and in this series they were to represent the cars in a minimalist way, reflecting in some ways the precision engineering of the cars as well as the immaculate colour schemes and graphics.

my website is: <http://www.motorsportprints.co.uk> to see more.

*Adrian Bradbury*



### Desert Patrol

Willys MB Jeep, followed by a Chevrolet 30cwt truck, as used by the Long Range Desert Group, and the Special Air Service.



**Humber Super Snipe as used by  
Field Marshal Montgomery**





## Road Train

Kenworth Road Train in the Australian Outback

Mercedes Benz 300 SL







**Here come the Judge**  
Pontiac GTO The Judge

**1959 Chevrolet El Camino**







### 40 years of progress

Kineil coaches is based in Fraserburgh in Scotland and the scene shows their first coach, a 1979 Plaxton Supreme IV on a Ford R1114 chassis outside the family car repair business (where the early coaches parked). The proprietor is depicted admiring his investment and perhaps wondering what the future holds for the fledgling company.

Well he needn't have worried for as the kids at a pantomime shout 'it's behind you' in the form of their latest purchase a VDL Bova Futura 2 which joins there modern fleet now based at purpose built premises in the town and two other depots.

*David Briggs*



### The 17.03 from Larne harbour

WT class 2-6-4 tank engine of the Ulster Transport Authority hurries a heavy boat train through Jordanstown on the north shore of Belfast Lough in the late 1950s heading for York Road station in Belfast.

The trains met the steamers from Stranraer in Scotland and were typically loaded to the 'cantrails' with passengers and their luggage.!

*David Briggs*



### Loch 9 on the Lagan Navigation

I live about half a mile from this location which is some 8 miles from Belfast on the 27 mile long canal which linked the capital city to Lough Neagh.

The main traffic on the canal was bringing imported coal from the docks upstream to power the large linen mills in the Lagan Valley. The barge is the Eva of Hilden and the scene is set just prior to WW2.

*David Briggs*





## Mitsubishi Jeep

This is a locally owned and highly individual Mitsubishi Jeep. It has taken me some time to get round to doing this one, but once underway, I really enjoyed it.

A3-sized gouache and fineliners on hot-pressed block

*Phil Lightman*



## Jaguar Mk 2

This was requested by for a special Birthday. The car has a modified interior and wider wires. The painting is just about ready to be sent in the next few days. The curves and chrome make the Jaguar Mk 2 just about my favourite subject to portray.

Painting is A3-sized on HP Block using gouache, fineliners, gel pens and a little pencil.

*Puיל Lightman*





### Land Rover Series I

The Land Rover dates from 1954 and is a Short Wheelbase Pick-up. The painting is just about ready to be sent in the next few days.

Painting is A3-sized on HP Block using gouache, fineliners, gel pens and a little pencil

*Phil Lightman*



**Ferrari Dino Monaco**





**All Gas and Waiters**

# ArtyFACTS

- 1 Williamstown, Massachusetts, USA.
- 2 The Alfasud.
- 3 Pentimento – (Repentance). Covering your mistakes or changing your mind.
- 4 Frenchman Romain Grojean escaped a fiery crash in his Haas.
- 5 Gustave Klimpt's masterpiece is In the Secession building in Vienna.
- 6 The Triumph Dolomite.
- 7 The Brücke were a German Expressionist group and the museum is in Berlin.
- 8 Historic experts Hall & Hall will build 6 replicas of the Vanwall – £1.65m each.
- 9 Madrid, there is also a Carmen Thyssen Museum in Malaga.
- 10 Lewis Hamilton.

*The quarterly ArtyFacts quiz is compiled by Barry Hunter*

## Redline Spring 2021

Copy deadline for next issue is Sunday **February 28**

Please e-mail any Redline contributions to:

[john.redline@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:john.redline@yahoo.co.uk)

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