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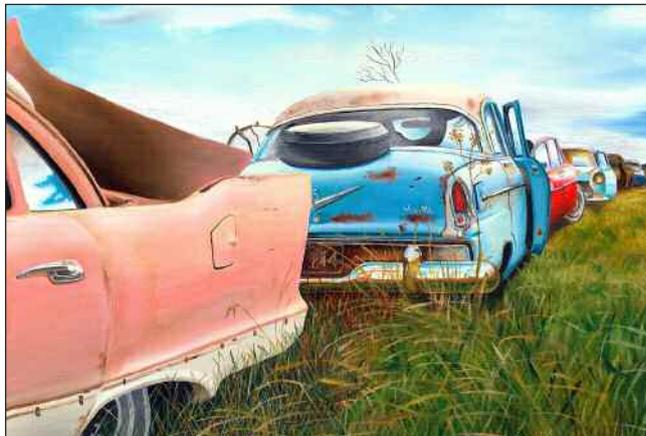
Mustang Model Mystery

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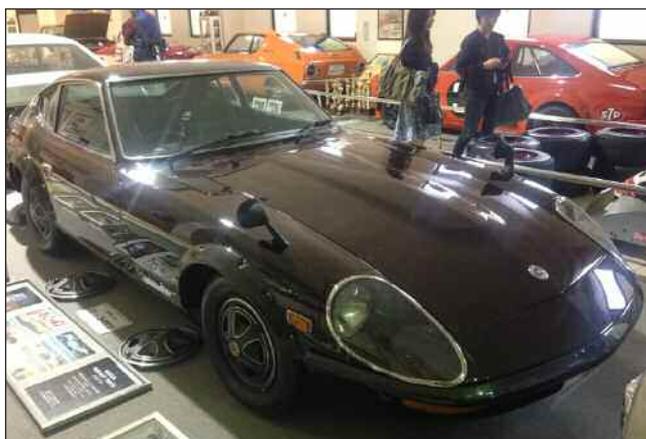
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GMA Information

GMA Committee Members

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

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 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 seanwales@gmail.com to submit contributions or for more information.

MossyFACTS

- 1 Allo Allo! Now sir, I stopped you because you were driving a bit fast, who do you think you are ...?
- 2 Who won the 1961 Sports(view) Personality of the Year?
- 3 Where in a Mercedes did Stirling win his first Grand Prix?
- 4 Why is 722 a significant number in Stirling's history?
- 5 For which British sports car team did Stirling drive to help win the 1959 World Sports Car Championship?
- 6 In which car did Stirling win the British Grand Prix in a British car?
- 7 What was Stirling's favourite number?
- 8 Where did Stirling have his career ending crash?
- 9 Who entered cars for Stirling in dark blue colours with a white noseband?
- 10 Who was the greatest ever driver who never won the Drivers World Championship?

The quarterly ArtyFacts quiz is compiled by Barry Hunter

Editorial

Welcome to the Summer 2020 edition of **Redline**. Another 60 page edition to while away the time during this difficult period when I imagine a number of our membership will be temporarily off work as a result of the Covid-19 pandemic. I hope none of you have actually had it.

I'm sure that none of you will be unaware of the recent death of **Sir Stirling Moss**, who was still a household name some 58 years after the Goodwood crash that ended his racing career, although he did continue to compete in various events over the years, including the British Touring Car Championship in 1981 in which he was team mate to the young **Martin Brundle** driving an Audi 80 in class B. It was not the most competitive car in the class and Brundle finished 15th overall in the championship and 4th in class while **Moss** was 19th overall and 6th in class with a best result of second at Oulton Park. Not bad for an old 'un! In those days the cars were not too far from standard and it was reported at the start of the season that Moss had asked that the radio be left in to give him something to listen to during the races!

To celebrate the great man's life, we have an obituary written by **Barry Hunter**, illustrated by some paintings of **Moss** in action by **Barry** and **David Purvis** who has also supplied a special **Stirling Moss** 'Star Photo'.

At this point, I hope you don't mind if I indulge myself with some personal memories.

I was born in 1951 which was around the time that **Moss**' career was starting to take off. My earliest TV memories as a small child (BBC only in those days) are various children's TV programmes, obviously and Grandstand on Saturday afternoons which for me was mostly not very interesting except when they had a motor race, which was quite often and in those days top drivers raced anything that they were asked to, so they were often on TV driving sports cars or saloon cars (long before they became known as touring cars) or sometimes non-championship Formula 1. I loved it all and vaguely recall that my mother said I should support **Stirling Moss** "because he's British". It's as good a reason as any I suppose and I like to think that I would have chosen him anyway had I been older.

He was my favourite until the age of 11 when he had the Goodwood crash. What a shock that was. Of course I was old enough to realise that the sport was dangerous and drivers sometimes died but he was **Stirling Moss**! It couldn't happen to him! The papers followed his recovery and the time came for him to try driving again and the test did not go well. He announced his retirement. Another shock for me.

I had to find someone else to support and chose **Jim Clark**. To this day I can't explain why, but I just somehow knew that he was very special, based only on black

and white 405 line TV coverage. History shows that I made the right choice, but that's another story.

Fast forward to 1991. **Stirling Moss** wrote a book about **Juan Manuel Fangio**, in conjunction with **Doug Nye** who probably did most of the actual writing, but it was **Moss**' memories and obviously well worth reading and it also has some great photos throughout so I bought the book. Then I went to the Earls Court Motorfair where **Stirling** was doing a book signing. I explained that I had already bought the book but politely asked for his autograph which he supplied on a reproduction of a magazine review of the book. His signature is very small as you can see in the photo. I don't think he believed me, but signed anyway. In hindsight I suppose I should have bought a signed copy and sold on the book I originally bought, but I didn't think of that at the time.



My other personal **Moss** story is 5 years later when I entered an art competition on the subject of Transport Record Breakers. The 100 best paintings were exhibited and auctioned at Sotheby's in Bond Street, with 50% of the price going to the Transport Trust who organized the competition and the other 50% going to the artists. All the artists with selected paintings were invited to the auction which was preceded by the announcement of the winner and prize presentation by the judge, **Stirling Moss**. **Barry Rowe** won the competition and my painting of Thrust 2 sold for £160 which was encouraging for me.

On the subject of **Sir Stirling**, **David Purvis** tells me that his painting, **Moss Monaco '61**, on the final page of the obituary article was painted as long ago as 1989 and still hangs in his home. Shortly after he painted it, the owner of **Straight Six** in Edgware liked it at a car show and **David** painted him an almost identical painting which is an interesting story.

I'm running out of space so I'll just say that I hope you enjoy this special **Stirling Moss** tribute issue. There's a lot in it, not just the **Moss** items. Please send me any comments, positive or negative.

Regards,

John Napper

Chairman's Letter

Dear **GMA Members,**

Welcome to our Summer edition Redline with thanks to John and the rest of the Guild contributors that may this this such an excellent quarterly e-zine.

Firstly, I hope that all our members and their families and friends are keeping safe and well, or have made recoveries if you have experienced any symptoms of Covid19. I hope not, as one of my dear friends was badly affected, though thankfully recovered, but not the same though. As I said, it has been the worst of the past quarter of a year since our last **Redline**, so really do hope things are getting better for all of you out there. Hopefully we will all see a brighter horizon soon and the **Guild** will be able to return to exhibiting to the public again, though I suspect this will not be until 2021 now, all things being equal.

The car design and development and production industry that I work in has of course been hit as has every other industry and business. From an automotive perspective you have no doubt read that most car companies closed production sites for a month to three and even now, where some are starting to open again, it is only limited production. I read somewhere that car sales in the UK alone dropped by something like 97%. I think in April to May only 183 cars were sold in England! Many car companies of course have put virtually all of their PD engineers on furlough or requested they work from home (WFH) or in some cases are now considering laying off thousands. Of course many contracts simply ceased in most cases. Ford has only kept a small handful of programmes going worldwide (with WFH) and fortunately for many of us here in the UK, myself included, the new Transit program continues but many programmes here and worldwide have simply been put on hold and in some cases cancelled.

It will be interesting to see as the automotive industry picks up again, if this will in fact now accelerate the electric and autonomous car programmes? I read the government is again considering the scrappage scheme as it did in 2009-10 with incentives for electric (and hybrid?) vehicles. One upside, and I am sure many of you are the same, my car fuel bill has been negligible this past 3 months! My Mustang has never been so economical!

Returning to the **GMA** world of automotive art, I hope most of you have found more time to paint and draw and look forward to the day we can exhibit again. Regards exhibiting, our **GMA** exhibition at the **Jim Clark Museum**, in Duns Scotland, of course still hangs in silence, as soon after the exhibition was opened the museum was closed to the public, and it remains so now. We await to hear from Andrew the curator there

when the museum and exhibition will be open again. It is hanging until November, so chances are we be able to report it is open for business again before the summer is out and maybe we can report some sales by the next **Redline**.

Needless to say the originally planned **GMA** Open exhibition in Olney to coincide with the Motorama event, is not happening, nor is the Ford Dunton Technical Centre Vehicle Enthusiast Day **GMA** invite to exhibit in September. Ford Dunton employees are still working from home as is most of the Ford global engineering staff, with only some of the plants back up and running.

The Southend Beacroft art gallery is also closed with exhibitions scheduled for this year, including the Essex Open having all been postponed or cancelled, and so I do not know when we would be advised of a new slot to exhibit there, which probably will not happen now until early 2022 with the backlog they now have.

That all said, **David Purvis**, has now started to post his artwork via an app called 'Artsteps virtual gallery' which is very good. We thought that while we are still working from home or in partial lockdown, and or socially distancing, depending on your location, we could hold a virtual 'Open **GMA** Summer Exhibition'. We would post this online – probably via our website and show it in our next **Redline** in the Autumn. So on that note, for those who would like to participate, please send your more recent automotive artworks (between 1, 2 or 3 jpegs of reasonable quality and definition) to **David Purvis**, davidpurvismotorart@btinternet.com

David and I will discuss the best format to display them and let you all know when the 'virtual' 'exhibition' goes on line. We may also have a voting system for members to choose which artwork they like the most, in each medium and those winning artists will receive an art voucher to spend on art materials. Again, we will consider the best format for this and inform the membership over the coming month, but if on receipt of this **Redline** you would like to submit, 1, 2 or 3 jpegs for inclusion in our **GMA** virtual summer exhibition, but let's say 15th July 2020, the exhibition will then be posted online.

If anyone has any thoughts on this too, of course let **David** or myself know. Thanks.

Regards Instagram, I am seeing more and more of our **GMA** members are utilizing this media platform, as I do too and it is good to see the **GMA** being advertised this way as well. As you know we also have a **GMA** specific Instagram feed, and if you would like to post something in Instagram, but do not want to set up an account yourself, then please send any jpegs to **Sean Wales**: seanwales@gmail.com



To set up your own Instagram account, it is very easy and free, just let Sean or I know and we will be happy to explain how it works, should you be interested and it is also linked to Facebook if you use that platform too, though, it works independently if you do not have or want a Facebook account.

There is little I can report further at present, except I wish you continued good health and creative art ahead and naturally we will bring you news of the GMA virtual summer exhibition.

I have written 2 articles, one of which is in this issue of Redline, which are 'automotive' model related! The first is of a 1966 model Mustang Mark 1 that was bought by my dad, when we lived out in Dearborn, Detroit, MI, USA,



when my dad worked for Ford of North America, which I hope you will enjoy reading, as there is a follow up article in the May issue of Model Collector, to which I now subscribe, as a reader's letter with an editorial comment on the provenance of the model.

The second article, which will appear in the autumn issue, is one about a set of 6 Lledo models I painted for an advertising poster for Lledo's 'Days Gone' series of old turn of the century (19th-20th) city vehicles, which I also hope you will enjoy!

Finally, in this special Stirling Moss tribute edition of Redline, I have included a photo of an Aston Martin DBR1 acrylic on canvas painting I did a few years ago, as raced by Stirling Moss at Le Mans. It was actually a commission for the Aston Martin designer of the DBR1, Ted Cutting, that I was honoured to paint.

Kind regards,
David Ginn
 GMA Chairman

1966 Mustang Model

Back in 1964 to 1996 when I was only 6 to 8 years old my brother and I with my mum and dad, (Maurice Ginn) lived in Dearborn, Michigan, USA. My dad had originally been working in Windsor, Canada, then Detroit for Chrysler, GM and then Ford from the mid 1950s with only a brief spell in Gothenburg Sweden for Volvo in 1963. But we returned to Detroit in 1964, just as the Mustang was being launched and my dad was helping develop the very first Bronco. I even remember he collected my brother and mum in a Bronco back in 1966, after a brief trip back to the UK and back to visit my grandparents and I on return from the UK via a BOAC jet (I still have the enamel badge and complimentary BOAC book they gave us from that flight).

My dad was working in car design and product development research at Ford Dearborn and was a body designer in Design feasibility working from the Studio, to engineering office including what we now call alias surfacing, but he could draw the surfaces himself. He often went to the old Detroit airfield test track (by where the Dearborn Inn now is) which is where he saw the likes of Jim Clark, Carroll Shelby and met Henry Ford II himself, including his visit to the Studio in Dearborn and later in the Dunton Studio in the UK).

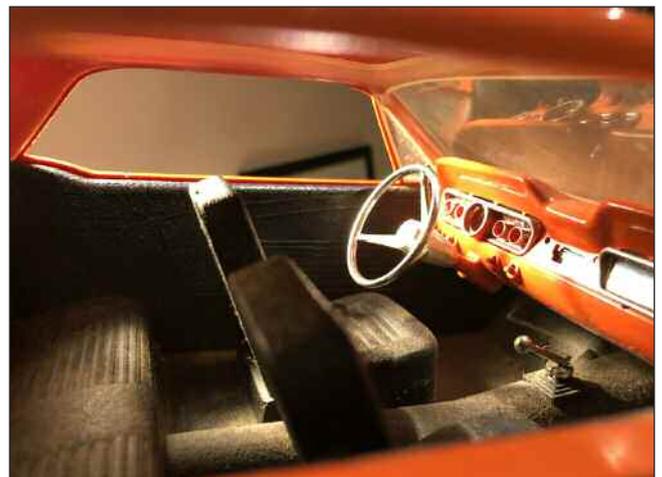
As you can imagine he has told many stories from that era from the '50s to the '60s and of course into the late 1980s when he retired from Ford, though he contracted for 11 years after that for Magna International (where I also worked, including BMW Mini Banbury and JLR Whitley & Halewood). Perhaps one day I will write about his work, though many of his stories are already captured in the book released a couple of years ago by Nick Hull, 'Ford Design in the UK, (70 years of success)'.

There are also some photos of the late 1960s to early 1980s styling renderings and old black and white photos of prototypes I salvaged (saved) from a skip outside the Dunton Studio back in 1991, when they were clearing out the studio! I did ask permission, as I was working above the Studio at the time in Powertrain Research and I know the guys in the Studio, due to the fact they used to work with my dad! Again, maybe I should send images of these renderings to Redline for an article in the future, as many of the illustrations are the old style fibre-tip and pastel on board though some are small (A4) and some are large A3, A2, A1!

There are some fascinating images of the original Capri, Cortina and Escort on those early renderings which I am sure the members will find interesting, as well as the style they were hand drawn. Of course now all renderings are computer graphically drawn. A different era!

Anyway I digress... so back in Dearborn, Detroit, in 1966, 18 months or so after the Mustang was launched my dad brought home this amazing Mustang Model, which I still have after 54 years. It was played with a lot when I was younger, so it was never more than a fun toy and it has lost a couple of tiny detail bits (an exhaust pipe, an A-Pillar side glass strut and the taped on logo stripes have faded and the chrome finish has largely faded off the bumpers and grille. The battery no longer works. But otherwise the Mustang model remains remarkably intact and has lived most of the last 4 decades in the loft in a plastic bag and hidden away with many of my other old toys, including Corgi cars and trucks, even an original James Bond Aston Martin! I recall having an original Corgi Batmobile, but can't find that anymore sadly!

So back to the Mustang, and the photos. You will see there is amazing detail to the logos, and wheels and rubber tyres (tires if you are American), have incredible detail. The interior is also well detailed and the hood (bonnet for us Brits) lifts up as well. I think I have lost the chromed air cleaner and as I said the battery is dead, as the lights used to come on! The front wheels articulate and turn and the rear wheels used to be powered by the battery and so the car would drive by itself!



I have spoken to my dad about this car recently (he is still a fit 88 year old, sharp as a nail and still interested in the car business and what I am doing. Like father, like son). But he cannot remember exactly where he got this model for me. The reason also for the mystery is there is absolutely no brand or identification of who made it, where it came from or any clues whatsoever of its provenance. I have checked every inch of the vehicle inside and out and underneath, which is a metal floor pan and chassis!



The detail along with the word Mustang 1966 on the front and rear licence plates lends me to believe it might have even been a Ford Motor Company produced marketing toy? But there is nothing to give it away. I will google this and delve deeper, but if anyone can shed any light where such a Mustang toy model from 1996 came from, I would like to know!



It is circa 16" long, so a sizeable toy/model. My old 1996 Orange Red Mustang Coupe now has pride of place in my glass cabinet rather than forgotten in a dark dusty loft corner!

NOTE: After I wrote this originally for the Spring Redline, John Napper recommended I contact the 'Model Collector' editor, Lindsey Amrani, which I did and this is her reply, plus of course it became the main reader's letter in the May issue!

On receipt of this letter, Lindsey Amrani from 'Model Collector' replied:

"Thanks David for getting in touch and what a fabulous model. Lucky you!

This is what I have managed to glean so far (I do love a bit of online research!). A company called Wen Mac (some background reading on this

manufacturer can be found by clicking on this link: <https://www.coxengineforum.com/t10376-wen-mac-story>) seem to have produced a run of these models as promotional for Ford dealerships, but they also appear to have been sold in the toy department at Sears. However, given that your dad worked at the Ford Design Centre back then, it could well be that your example is a prototype/factory sample that he was given prior to the models going on general release. As well as being battery powered, these models could be upgraded to gas power (as per instruction sheet attached here).

If it's OK, I will run this as a letter in MC, as our readership never fails to amaze me when it comes to being able to fill in the gaps.

*Stay safe and well,
Lindsey"*

Below are some additional related images that Lindsey sent me to look at as well, including what I am sure would have been the original packaging of the 1966 Ford Mustang Model I have in its pristine glory!

David Ginn



Administrator's Amblings

Exhibitions 2020 –

Duns – March–November 2020



Currently closed.

Our work is safe, unable to make contact with them at present, but hopefully will be able to early June with news of possible re-opening in July?

Three Hares Gallery, Olney, Bucks – Open Exhibition CANCELLED RE-BOOKED FOR JUNE 2021

Have rescheduled for next June when the town's Motorama will be back and the Gallery will be in a slightly larger better lit, more suitable gallery space.

Exhibition opportunities –

Beaulieu

Will be in contact again later this year – have worked with their Marketing Manager when he was in the retail sector.

New Silverstone Experience

Checking feasibility – not sure how good their visitor numbers have been, plus current pandemic and possible stalemate over quarantine regs to prevent a crowd free British GP.

Silverstone Classic cancellation puts Silverstone in precarious position

RAC Art of Motoring Exhibition (London Motoring Week)

Still to be looked at.

David Ginn exhibition opportunities –

David again investigating opportunities at Ford Dunton and the Beacroft Gallery in Southend, again guess we'll be looking at 2021.

Ambling motoring visits –

Motoring visits – Sainsbury's, Tesco, Co-op etc., 'the long way round' to exercise my MX5 – that's it!

Lockdown art – One thing lockdown has done is re-open my eyes to the beauty of our surrounding countryside – I've attached a selection of local views for the Gallery, one does include parts of cars! it generated lots of smaller local pieces. I see David Ginn has been unearthing on Instagram images of his old paintings – at least our hobby gives us something positive to focus on (once that DIY is done...)

David Purvis

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Plymouth Graveyard, 20x16, oils on canvas board, 2014

Anthony Knight

An interesting fact to kick off with – well, it is to me anyway, and one people find surprising. I'm now onto my 75th car since learning to drive in 1991, but my parents can't drive so we never owned a car until I got my first, a Mk2 Escort 1.1 Popular Plus two door, in 1991! I know where I get my artistic side from – definitely my mother, she was the artist in the family, I also get my singing voice from her – but where did my obsession with all things automotive come from?

I can thank my Uncle Donald for the car thing – he and my Auntie Audrey trailed up North to Bishop Auckland from Wakefield once a fortnight to see us, and when I was around five years old, he let me 'drive' his white Marina company car... standing on his seat in front of him and steering with him... I can still remember it, clear as day, over forty years later.

Audrey and Don's visits were pretty much the only times I rode in a car as a child... He was a rep for a mining engineering company and turned up in company

Marinas, Cortinas, and later on Cavaliers. Don used to take me to the local United bus garage to see all the cannibalized buses, which probably explains my passion for abandoned and decayed vehicles (I can also place my strange liking of Mk1 Vauxhall Cavaliers with Donald – he had a lovely light green Mk1 saloon, which at the time looked like a space ship compared to a Cortina. One day I'll build a replica of that very car.)

Pretty much from when I could pick up a pencil, I drew anything automotive, didn't matter what make or model – I loved them all. At that time, I stuck to coloured pencils as paint was a bit messy for me, and I didn't start painting until my teens. When I did, I used watercolours in a totally inappropriate manner, pretty much straight from the tube, as I didn't know what I was doing with them, but they still looked pretty good.

Every time Audrey and Don Mullier visited from Wakey, I would give them what I had drawn as it inevitably got destroyed somehow if it stayed at home. This

Anthony Knight

happened until I left school, now over thirty years ago (five years ago, when my wife and I cleared Don's house after he moved into a nursing home, I found a box containing pretty much everything I'd ever drawn when I was a kid. Thanks for keeping those, Auntie Audrey and Uncle Don.)

And, once again, I can thank the Mulliers for both my love of all things finned and American, and Stephen King, something that exists to this day. They didn't have any kids, me and my siblings being the closest they had, so they had money burning a hole in their pockets most of the time, and bought a technological marvel (for 1984 anyway) – a top loading VHS video recorder! I was staying with them

for a week that summer, and on the Tuesday we had a trip to the local video shop.

What's this? A rather sinister looking fifties machine on a video cover. Christine? I know I was only 11, but an 18 rating was apparently fine by Don. I didn't read the plotline, all I saw was the car. Took it back to theirs, sat down to watch it that sunny afternoon, and what followed was, and this is no exaggeration, an hour and a half that changed my life completely. I was blown away by the sights, sounds and power that the demonic '58 Plymouth Fury exhibited in the film, and knew that one day I would own one. I didn't – I ended up owning two! Along with around 20 copies of the book, various film collateral and anything I could lay



Red Fury, 15x15", oils on canvas, 2009

Red Fury, A4, coloured pencils, by Anth aged 12



my hands on that was Plymouth-related. At some point in the future I will have another, as they are, for me, the pinnacle of American fifties automotive design. A painting of a red Fury was my third oil painting back in 2009, sold for buttons to a guy in Spain the same year, and there's a rather large canvas in my studio featuring that very same red Fury that I started painting last year. It's one of the works I created back when I first kicked off with oils that I feel I could improve on considerably now, and is a long term project I look forward to returning to at some point.

Moving on to my teenage years, my interests were focused on old British Fords and anything American with fins. When I was 13, two things happened. I was walking into town one day, turned a corner and saw possibly the most badass muscle car possible – a 1968 Pontiac Firebird with, I realized afterwards, a Sprint Six engine. I spent a good half an hour looking round it, over it, under it, and left absolutely blown away by this lump of power sat in rows of Metros and Chevetttes. Second, I purchased a book called Muscle Cars by Richard Nicholls, and I was absolutely hooked. I drew pretty much every car in the book, most of which I still have thanks to Don, still working with coloured pencils.

I nearly didn't take art at GCSE level at school because I felt that it was painfully predictable for me, but was lucky that I had friends who harassed me into going to see our rather fearsome headmaster to change Chemistry to Art. Good move as it turned out.

“I feel sometimes that I almost construct a painting as I would build a car”

When I left school, I intended to enroll on a Mechanics course at a local training establishment, and again was lucky that they rejected me as I was over qualified! Things could have been very different if this hadn't happened, and I often wonder where I'd be if I'd been accepted.

I was accepted on a course at New College Durham, and I clawed my way through that (studying Graphic Design) and University (Technical Illustration), both of which gave me a grounding in painting in gouache as

this was in prehistoric times, before computers came into their own. All artwork was created either in gouache or with markers, hand painting headlines and graphics, and I favoured paint here over markers.

I became a graphic designer which, looking back, is a miracle – all I had in my portfolio was gouache paintings of cars! However, they took a chance on me and it worked out well for everyone as I worked for the

Need for Green Mustang, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2020



firm of printers and designers for 14 years. But, for some reason, I stopped painting – as everyone has probably experienced at some time or another, life (and work) got in the way. After University, I didn't paint successfully again for nearly 15 years, dipping in very occasionally and then losing my mojo and putting my kit back in the cupboard.

I did use my new-found wealth from having a proper job to buy dozens of old, impractical cars. Quite often, I had four or five on the go at once, and changed them like I changed my socks. I started with '70s Escorts, Mk1 and Mk2, moving onto Mantas, Capris and Sierras (XR4i, can't beat em) with the odd side trip into Rover V8 territory, before finally part ex-ing one of my V6 Sierras for a 1986 Camaro. That was it, game over.

Since I bought that first Camaro in 1995, I've always had something American either on the drive or being built. These include several '60s and early '70s Pontiacs, more Camaros, Mustangs, fifties Plymouths, Cadillacs – it's a long list. I've made the occasional return journey to Mk2 Escorts but can't bring myself to pay the telephone numbers two door Mk2s go for these days when I used to pay a couple of hundred quid back in the day for the same car.

I became part of the local and national car scene, with membership to various clubs under my belt. Anyone who has been in a similar situation will know that you're likely to create lifelong friendships with people with a common passion for cars, and there are people I met through clubs 25 years ago that I'm still good friends with. I also became involved in some committee work, which can be a thankless task, but is still a very worthwhile activity.

After a particularly long fallow period where I didn't pick up a brush for years, on a whim, I spent a grand total of £3.00 in the local pound shop on some oils, a canvas and some brushes. Because I was previously known as 'the one who can only draw cars', I took this opportunity to paint something different, in the shape of a lighthouse. Considering I didn't know what I was doing it came out pretty well and I loved every minute of the process, so I bought better materials and did a little research on technique, and went from there. This one still has pride of place on the wall of my inlaws' downstairs bathroom.

Next painting was the red Plymouth mentioned previously, which took me nearly three months to

Anthony Knight

complete. I then painted a variety of subjects, again avoiding all things automotive so as not to be thought of, at least in my own head, as a one-trick pony. At this time I painted a series of works featuring iconic trainers, another of my passions, working large scale to achieve the level of detail that I had always aspired to. I don't know whether this comes from my technical illustration background, but barring the occasional palette knife work it's how I've always painted. I painted seven in the trainers series (which will continue at some point) but also created portraits, landscapes, anything I fancied or was asked for. The 'car thing' still lurked though, and I was gradually drawn back to my love of painting cars.

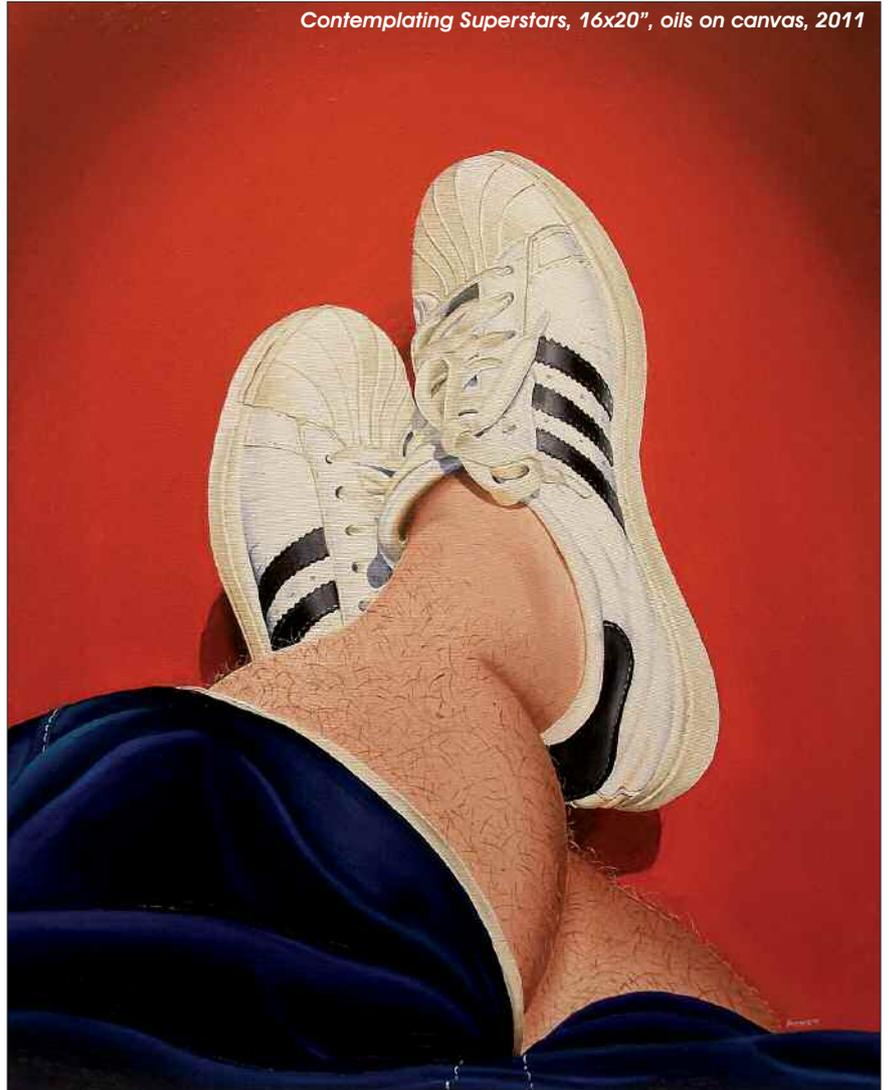
As far as subject matter goes, the final decider for me could be considered a happy – or unhappy – accident and came around five years ago. I painted a portrait for a Russian venture capitalist involved in my job who obviously thought quite a lot of herself – she absolutely hated it! I spent nearly three months on the portrait and came close to burning it after her (I felt) excessive reaction.

It knocked my confidence considerably, and I didn't pick a brush up for nearly a year. When I did find the urge to paint again, I felt that I should stick to what I knew. At last! The focus that I needed, and the ability to admit that cars is what I should be, and should always have been, doing. Since then, with the very occasional deviation from subject, I've painted cars of all ages, shapes and sizes, with a focus on Mustangs that will be explained later.

Now for a little bit of controversy, on two counts. Firstly, I have always aspired to photorealism – a divisive subject for a lot of artists. I've heard all of the standard comments – 'Just take a photograph', 'it's not proper art', I have even had said of my work 'It's just like painting by numbers' – but it works for me, and judging by the response I've had from others, for them too. It's all in the detail for me and always has been, particularly reflections in chrome and paint, and the intricate detail of trim and wheels. I find grilles particularly challenging and satisfying!

However, I don't slavishly recreate photographs exactly, which seems to be a common misconception of photorealism – all of my work has been somehow

Contemplating Superstars, 16x20", oils on canvas, 2011

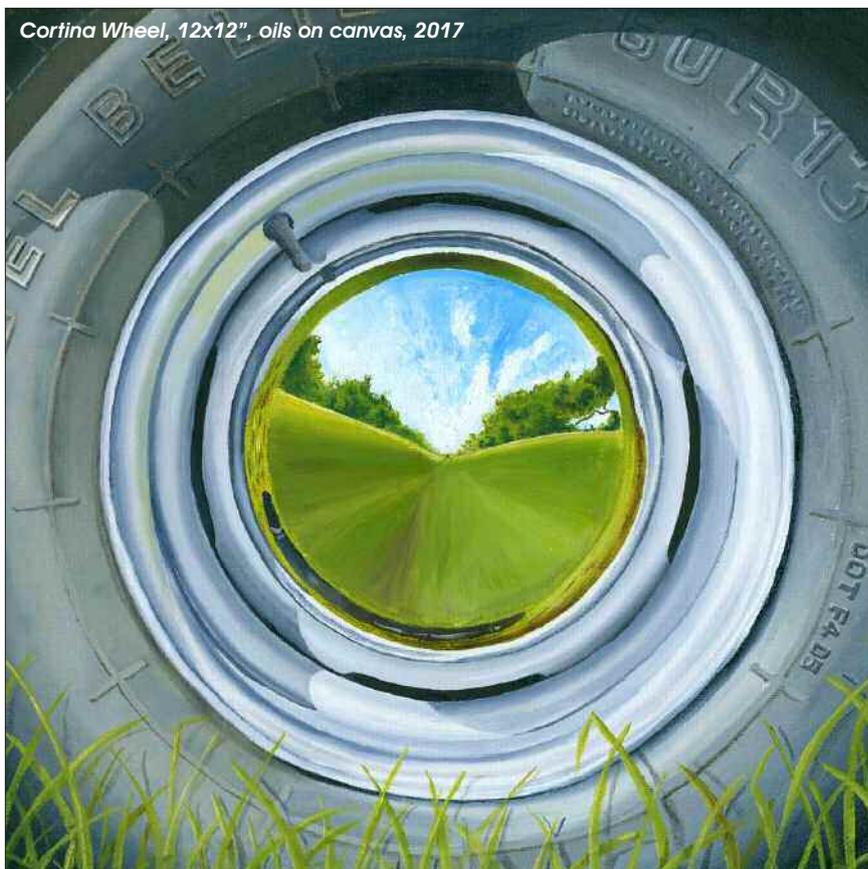


modified to one extent or another from the original reference. Some works which feature up to three cars may have had four original references, which I have manipulated to work together. My job as a graphic designer has helped with this, as visual work like that is part of my daily graft.

Also, and much more controversially, I trace – there, I said it, no taking it back now. I create a composite image in Photoshop, scale it, print it out sectionally, and use black carbon paper to trace onto (usually) canvas board. I find that this works well for the level of accuracy I look for in my paintings, and also allows me to get to the part that I really love, which is paint and brushes. I have always subscribed to the 'if you don't like something, say now!' school of thought with art normally, which isn't a very popular viewpoint in the social media age we live in, and I absolutely detest art snobbery, so I do delight in throwing the 'tracing' comment into conversations with 'proper' artists, like a verbal hand grenade. Always raises mega LOLZ

I don't follow the traditional route with oils, of glazes and layering up a work (this is where the 'painting by

Anthony Knight



numbers' comment has come from previously) – I feel sometimes that I almost construct a painting as I would build a car, one piece at a time (in the words of Johnny Cash). Again, whilst this can and has offended traditionalists, it works for me, and for the owners of the cars that I paint, which to me is what matters.

I came to a crossroads in 2018 where I wasn't happy in the job I was in and felt that I needed to move on. I left with a view to working as a freelance designer and artist, and this was when Wheels on Canvas was born. I had a month of preparation for freelance life, and promptly got a full time design job! It was a lot closer to home (I used to travel three hours a day) and for a much nicer firm to work for. It meant that I was in a much better physical and mental space to paint, so Wheels on Canvas stayed. I had already applied to join the **Guild of Motoring Artists** earlier in the year, and sent some of my work to be exhibited at the Ford Technical HQ at Dunton, which was reviewed and I was accepted as a member. So I had a name, and I was a member of the **GMA** – not a bad start! I created a presence on social media, have exhibited locally and word of mouth and recommendations from previous customers have been invaluable in promoting myself.

As you'll see from many of the paintings shown here, there is a heavy bias toward Ford Mustangs as subject matter. Around six years ago, I was looking for a new American car and was very lucky to end up with a 1990 5.0 GT convertible. I then created a Facebook group called the Northern Pony Club, for owners and enthusiasts in the North of England, and I have made many Mustang friends through the group. I have found that a by-product of being part of a club or clubs is a great opportunity for networking and attracting commissions. I made a lot

Anthony Knight



Woolhouses Yard, 20x16", oils on canvas, 2016

of friends during the ownership of this car, and have painted a good few of their cars now, even though mine was actually sold in 2018 when I decided to leave my job (I've now moved back to the dark side and currently own a 1970 Pontiac Le Mans, which I hope to have out and about next year.)

I'm very fortunate to have a creative space of my own at home – a spare bedroom on the third floor of our town house that is mine to use as a studio and office. My library is up there, along with my stereo and record collection, so I can shut the door, stick an album on, or Radio 6 Music, and paint completely uninterrupted. It's certainly a step up from the kitchen table, which was my painting space in our previous house.

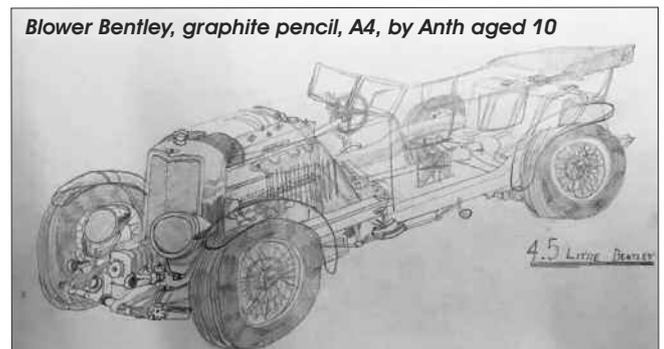
Do I consider myself a professional artist? The answer is – sort-of. Some years ago, after some local hype about my work, I did consider going full-time, but have never quite been able to bring myself to take the leap of faith involved. Mortgage and bills to pay and all that, and I love my day job so I find the setup of creating in my spare time agreeable. Because it's not my full time profession, or my primary source of income, I suppose I've always thought that I'm dabbling, playing at it, which is possibly a touch of

Imposter Syndrome (look it up, it's great). On the other hand the paintings I've sold and the reaction to them would suggest that, if I tried a bit harder, I could make a go of it. One of these days...

Until then, I'll keep doing what I'm doing – putting a smile on the faces of owners of classics, Yanks and everything in between around the UK. Hopefully I'll be able to take part in the next **GMA** exhibition, whenever that may be, and hope to catch up with some of you then.

If you'd like to see progress on current works and news on all things related to my automotive art, search **Wheels on Canvas** on Facebook and Instagram.

Blower Bentley, graphite pencil, A4, by Anth aged 10



Anthony Knight

F150
XL



F150 Truck, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2018

Blue Ferrari, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2018



Anthony Knight



Mustangs at the OK Diner, 40x20", oils on box canvas, 2019



John's Mustang, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2020

Anthony Knight



Tiger Stripes, 40x32", oils on canvas, 2012



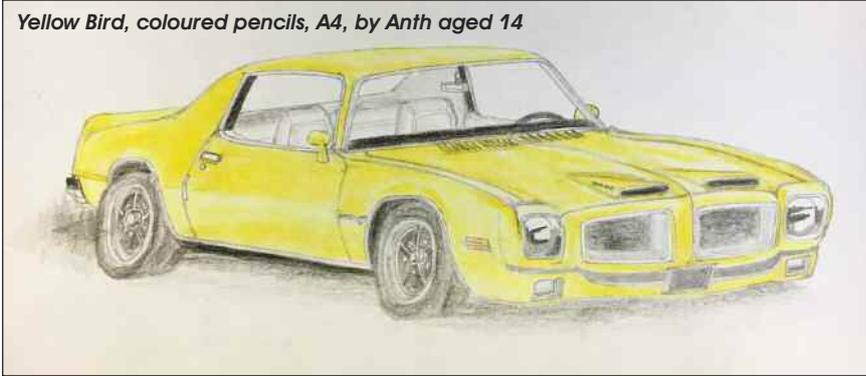
Plymouth Lighthouse, 12x16", oils on canvas, 2011



Rachael's Cons, 16x20", oils on canvas, 2017

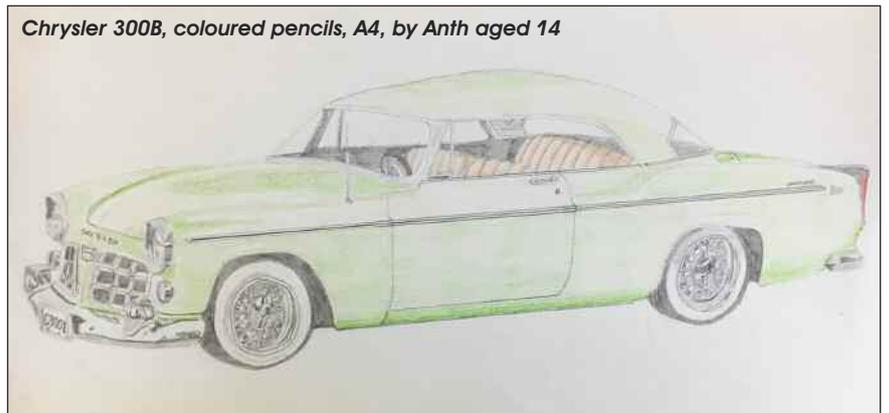
Anthony Knight

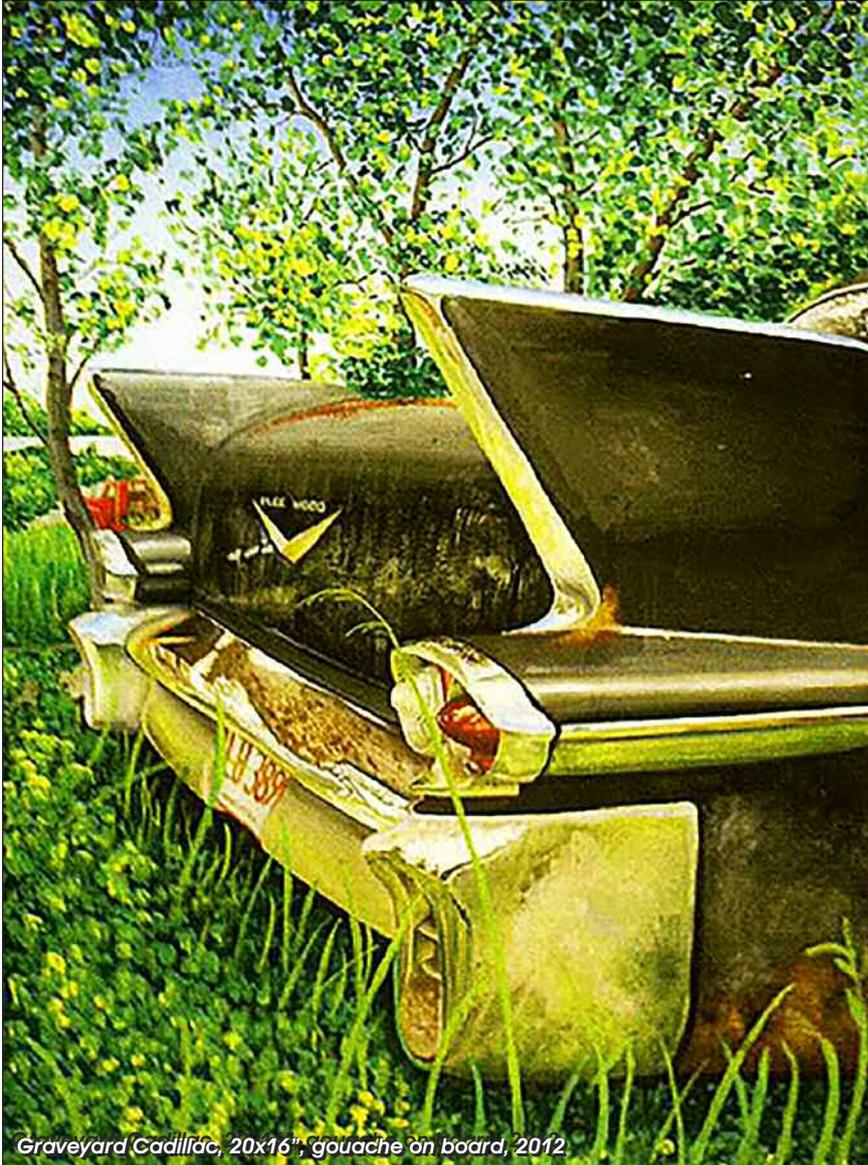
Yellow Bird, coloured pencils, A4, by Anth aged 14



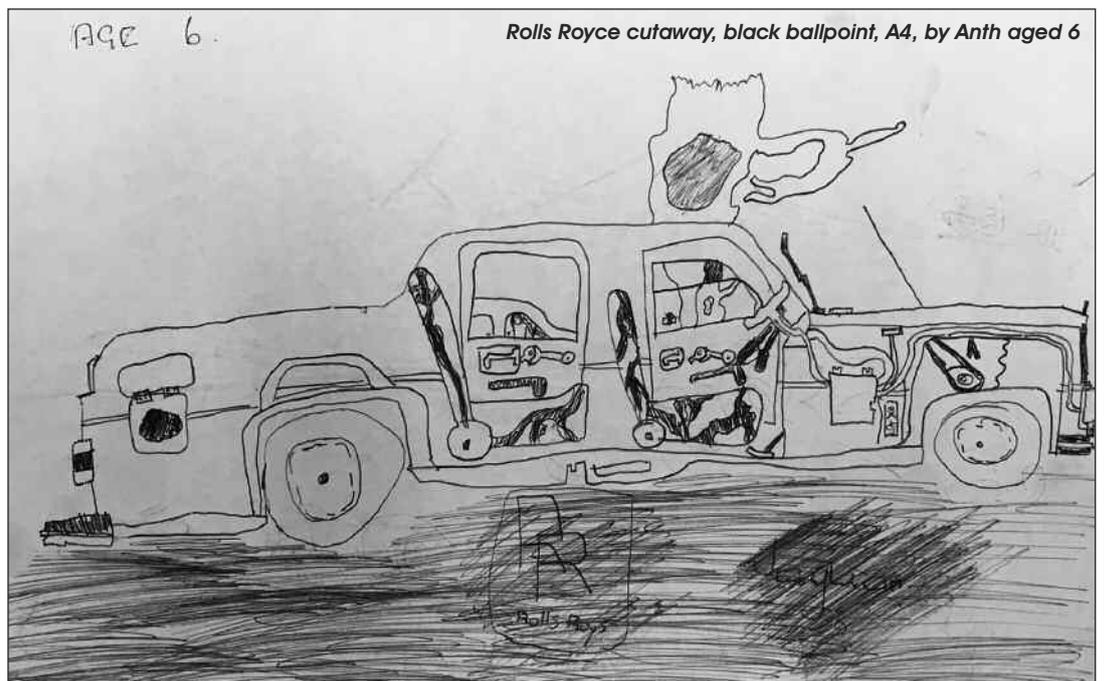
Yellow Bird, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2019

Chrysler 300B, coloured pencils, A4, by Anth aged 14





Graveyard Cadillac, 20x16", gouache on board, 2012.



Anthony Knight

Dead Gazelles, 40x32", oils on canvas, 2011



AK015: Meldrum Motors, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2019

Anthony Knight

'57 Chevy Prostreet, graphite pencil, A4, by Anth aged 15

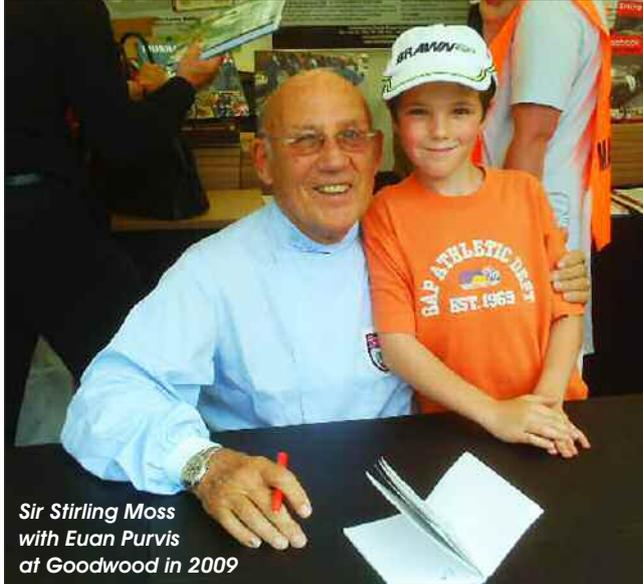


Jim's GT, 20x16", oils on canvas board, 2018



Obituary: Sir Stirling Moss

Sir Stirling Moss OBE 1929-2020 – An Appreciation.



Sir Stirling Moss
with Euan Purvis
at Goodwood in 2009

Stirling Moss quickly came to prominence in the 1950s and his keenness to drive British cars was an endearing characteristic which it could be argued held back his early career.

He was promised a drive by Enzo Ferrari in a race in Bari in southern Italy in 1951. After the very long trip down there he was let down over this and someone else got the drive.

Ferrari was obviously not the gentleman of his word that Moss had expected, and he vowed never to drive for Ferrari. The fact that another Brit, Mike Hawthorn later got a Ferrari seat, won the 1953 French Grand Prix, making far quicker progress into Grand Prix racing must also have rankled.

When Moss approached legendary Mercedes-Benz Team Manager Neubauer he was told to go off and buy a competitive car to show what he could do. As a Ferrari was definitely out of the question, he bought a Maserati and he quickly showed his speed and class in 1954. This led to his being taken on to drive for Mercedes alongside current World Champion Fangio in 1955.

It is arguable that Stirling Moss led the best life that motor racing could offer any young man, and after he retired he still confined a gloriously fun-filled, fulfilling life as 'the famous ex-racing driver Stirling Moss'. He

lived to race, and raced to live. He loved the excitement of competition, the glamour, the travelling, the social life and the girls. In those days there weren't all the sponsorship pressures and press scrutiny we have today. The life would have very much suited the sociable single man with many pleasant parties in sunny and relaxed places.

Moss was one of the lucky ones who actually survived supremely dangerous times. Dangerous circuits, fragile, unreliable cars with no safety features, deadly but as a result it had an intoxicatingly, awful fascination and glamour. And like others Moss had paid his dues. At Spa in 1960 a car breakage had him break his back in a crash. He was back racing within 6 weeks.

At Goodwood in 1962 far worse injuries ended his front-line career. He came out of a coma after a period of enormous national anxiety. Then when he decided he should retire from racing he re-invented himself as energetic and enthusiastic as ever to take on a new life as the great 'Mr Motor Racing'.

He was and still is a schoolboy hero to many, whether like me you discovered him winning the British Grand Prix in a British Vanwall, the reassuring voice of 'Roary the Racing Car', or found Andretti, Button & Hamilton were all great fans. He was a versatile all-rounder and would win 4 or 5 races in an afternoon in widely varying types of car. He had tremendous god-given natural speed, he was classy, kind and always treated fans with great empathy and respect. He would often strike up long-running correspondence with young fans over many years, often getting them free passes to meet him at the races. He would organize parties for the nurses that had cared for him and often kept in long term contact.



Moss & Mike – Barry Hunter



Mr. Motor Racing – Barry Hunter

What race fans always loved was that he was a ferocious but always fair competitor and racer. He believed individual races were diminished by championships, and always wanted to win today's race. Championship points-chasers were often prepared to come second or third today with an eye on tomorrow. He was admired for this uncompromising winning attitude which guaranteed spectators a top performance every day they paid their money to see him. If there was a car problem, and cars were never

as reliable in the '50s & '60s, then this was when he would inevitably put on a stupendous show. No matter how far back he was he would come through the field like a rocket, and you saw a pure racer. He just loved a good 'ding-dong' and there were so many superb chases and thrillingly winning performances which he made his trademark. Occasionally when it didn't come off, he still thoroughly thrilled the crowd with an exciting chase, which is exactly what he was doing when he crashed inexplicably at Goodwood in 1962.



Vanwalls at Monza – Barry Hunter

After Fangio from sometime in 1957 through to 1962, Moss was the dominant driver who everyone knew they had to beat. Yes he never won the World Championship ever, but he never needed to, such was his esteemed position amongst his peers. He was always the consummate and generous-hearted sportsman, clean as a whistle, never resorting to dangerous or unfair tactics. The man was just as great as the driver.

Ciao, Stirling, Rest in Peace.

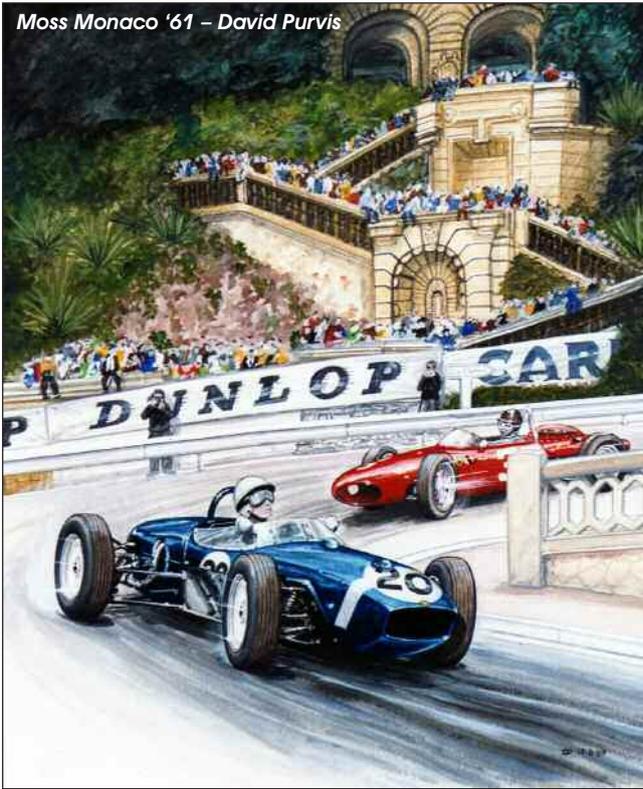
Barry Hunter

Moss at Monaco '56 - Barry Hunter



Moss Aston DB3S - David Purvis

Moss Monaco '61 – David Purvis



Monaco '59 – Barry Hunter



Fergusson P99 – Barry Hunter

Star Photo No.8



Sir Stirling Moss

A nice shot of the late Sir Stirling in his Mercedes W196 at Goodwood taken a few years ago.

This was in 2015 with the cars come back down the hill at the Festival of Speed (Much easier than going up!). I also got a good shot of Sir Jackie in the W196 streamliner and a not so good one of Nico Rosberg in the 2014 car.

I was using my old Nikon D60 but I can't recall any other details. I was very pleased with this photo of Sir Stirling Moss, right place, right time...

I saw him at numerous events over the years, last time was at Bicester Scramble a couple of summers ago where he looked very shaky, but still had a glint in his eye. A great Briton indeed.

David Purvis

Museum Review

On my travels 2: Ikaho Toy, Doll and Car Museum

Well here I am back again, I hope you enjoyed the first part of my automotive journey in Japan. This time I'm at a more traditional motor museum, albeit with other displays. I searched on the internet before leaving the UK to find anything auto related in Tokyo and one of the results was the Ikaho Toy, Doll and Car Museum in the Gunma Prefecture which involved a trip outside of main Tokyo.

Getting here involves a train ride and a bus/taxi from Shibukawa Station. The bus ride is about 25 minutes (end destination Ikaho Onsen) and there were no end of helpful people if you get stuck or confused – something I noticed all over Japan, if you stopped to look at a map immediately you were asked by passers-by if you needed assistance. I actually stayed overnight in Shibukawa as hotels were cheap and plentiful and the scenery pretty amazing.

So, onto the museum. On arrival the building doesn't look much, squared brick with faux columns and leaded windows, but as soon as you pass the rally prepped Datsun 240Z you know you are in the right place. The corridors are thin and winding and there are a few staircases making it not really an ideal disabled access museum. After passing the toys and dolls – some great tinplate and die cast-cars here, and the historical posters of Japanese wrestling and movies, we come to the first selection of cars.

A large selection of Kei cars from the 1950s to the 1980s, stacked two or three high on shelves (easy with the size of these – a '70s Civic is big compared to most). Followed by one of the biggest collections of Minis I have ever seen in a museum. There were originals, Cooper S, Van, 850 etc, but also some highly modified cars, a 4x4 Suzuki chassis under one, one made into a jeep complete with gun, a 6 wheeled van and even a couple of crashed ones! Nice display but not really what I came looking for, bring on the classic Japanese cars, and I wasn't disappointed. The earliest was a 1938 Datsun 16 Sedan, right up to 1980s Japanese sports cars. There were some rarities like the Hino/Renault rebadges. Mitsubishi, Isuzu, and plenty of Skylines from the '60s/'70s and a Le Mans racer finish off this area, but still to come are two Toyota 2000GTs (thats three I have now seen in a week) and a Ferrari F40 – which is at the entrance to the 'Squirrel' Garden, where you can feed the squirrels which look more like chipmunks.

The final area is a walk through garden, christened Route 66 Walkway, where there are a number of cars stored in outbuildings, a peaceful end to a great





museum. Well except the gift shop which has Tamiya model kits and lots of die cast cars for sale. There are a few small engined motorbikes and scooters dotted among the exhibits, usually being sat on by teddy bears or dolls. I rated this museum highly for the broad range of vehicles and the helpful staff who even called me a taxi despite language issues, rated 9/10 easily.

Paul Gold



Clinch Valley College, a Skylark and the loves of my life

Drifting continued

Duke and I found jobs at Best Product, a discount retailer about a half hour from the family home in Arlington. Every morning we had to walk a mile along I-95 to the Shirlington store and a mile back in the evenings. My siblings Kathryn, Pat, and Philip joined us in my parents' house, which was now managed by Lillian, the oldest sister and her husband Mike. Maggie, the second oldest in line was also there but it would be a time before my father and mother returned from Venezuela. I am sure they were glad to be free of the six of us and with Lillian managing they were relieved of the responsibility. Philip still had to finish high school and Lillian became his guardian until he graduated.

I had my license revoked for a year for having driven into two telephone poles and would not get another for some time. Walking to work every day took time and Duke after a short while tired of it and the weather. Finding that he would have to pay his portion for food and utilities, he decided to go back to Hollywood, Florida and the warmer weather. We called the Virginia State Police about the TR3 and he donated the car to one of the officers. Duke had been reluctant to leave it, but I promised him the T-Bird and sent him the title as soon as he got back to Hollywood. I don't have any idea what happened to the car, or him and his mom, as we never communicated with each other after that.

I soon lost interest in warehousing and walking the distance to Shirlington. I had purchased my second guitar, a 12-string Decca, from the store manager. My first guitar, had been smashed to smithereens when



This TR3 photographed at the Britain on the Green was much like the car Duke and I drove back from Florida. He may have been better off with purchasing the MGA, I don't know. As a kid I had fallen in love with the TC and TD but the ungainly look of the MGA always turned me off. Missing the tire wrench we couldn't replace the one on the car with the spare tire that was in much better shape. We had a blowout near Fredericksburg, VA and had to shut the engine off as we were running out of gas, knowing it would not restart with a dead battery and a bad generator anyway. We hitched the 50 miles to Arlington, VA.

Duke sat on it. It looked so bad he thought better to throw it away before I could see it so I had returned north without a guitar. The new 12-string acoustic however was a beast to play, but it sounded so good I struggled through. Soon I had put a band together from the warehouse dudes at Best Products who had become my friends. At that time it was easy to find drummers and guitarist among those my age. Everyone wanted to be in a Rock band but it didn't turn out as I had expected. They were not serious and just wanted to attract the young ladies. I quit Best and returned to work at Eudy's Amoco; the place always kept drawing me back time and again. I would walk down the hill from the house, which took only about ten minutes. I felt at home and was accepted back.

It was the late sixties or early seventies, can't remember which, when my parents returned from Venezuela. Philip, on graduating, joined me as a pump jockey but resisted doing any mechanic work or driving the wrecker. He too got interested in Rock 'n' Roll and with his schoolmates and neighbors, Wayne and Jon we formed a new band that would last for decades. We had known Wayne since he was an uncontrollable brat of 4 years old. Still with the same intensity, he became the drummer and was the only one who had the energy to spare after a long work week. Now that my parents were back I re-applied to Clinch Valley College and again was accepted on the basis of my SATs and ACTs.

Being a specialist in Petroleum and energy systems my father was eager to drive me the over four hundred miles to the coalfields of Appalachia. Ever the reporter he had this need to know about coal mining and conditions in this backwater of America. I suspect he was also finding ways to shoo the brood away from the nest.

It was the cold of winter in January when I settled into the dreary brownstone dorm building, which had been a state correction facility in the thirties and put my things on a cot in the room. I was taken up to the cafeteria for my last lunch with my parents who would drive back the next morning. All I could remember immediately after was a string of overcast days extending into weeks. Soon I was settled into the barracks style room with three local boys who I couldn't understand some of the time. They would chew tobacco and spoke with a dialect that was hard for me to understand, much like Shakespearean English according to my English professor. It was an American Blue Ridge Mountain accent that had changed little since the 1600s.

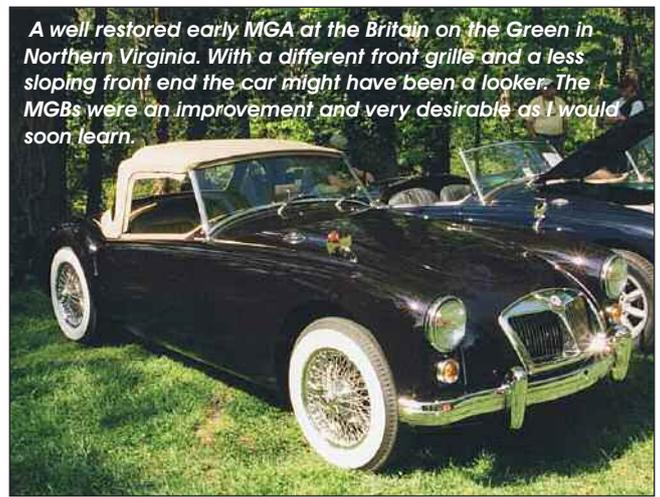
We slept on old army cots and had plain second hand dresser drawers that needed painting. They must have been there from the Works Progress Administration. I slept between sheets under a simple army blanket

and was placed near the windows thinking this was the best spot but realized it was next to a radiator and I suffered nights of alternating hot and cold depending on when the furnace in the basement of the multi-roomed building was turned on or off. I had brought the army blanket from home. Being adaptable I soon got used to the mountain culture and college life. Clinch Valley College was on a plateau about 4,000 feet in elevation and got very cold during the winters with an occasional decent snowfall. It wasn't bad and to this day I have fond memories of the place. Accommodations got better after the new dorm was built a couple of years later and tuition was very reasonable for 4 years of education.

In time I thrived in the place and developed a hillbilly accent, myself. At least that was what I was told when I got back home during the summers. After the first six months I returned by bus on a 10-hour trip up a partially completed I-81, rejoined my family in the house and began to work again at Eudy's. The long bus trip convinced me that I needed another car and I purchased a '63 bench-seat Galaxy 500 fastback with a 289. It belonged to Moe, one of the senior mechanics and was in top condition; probably better maintained and lubed than any car I ever owned. I paid about \$500 for it. This would be the first car I purchased since my parents had been back. My dad did not think it wise to get a car, but if I could show that I could pay for it and insure it my mom said he would not mention it at all if he saw it at the curbside. I guess he didn't want to be stuck with the payments and insurance, and I don't blame him. I parked it in front of the house and the next morning I washed and waxed it. It was a fait accompli. When he walked out to go and pick up a New York Times at the drug store he didn't mention a word about it. He liked people to take the initiative. My mom was correct.

I was thrilled with the swoopy car. I had always wanted a '63 or '64 Galaxy since Venezuela, and it was in top shape except for the dog hairs on the seats in the back. It was a car like the one driven often to the winner's circle by Fireball Roberts but with a 289 instead of the big block. It had bench seats. It was a reasonably tractable car and with it I had become enamored of stock car racing again. One has to adapt to the culture they are in and stock car racing was big in the Blue Ridge Mountains, of course.

I began to think about why oval track races were the thing and realized that the Appalachian region was the place of its roots and so was bluegrass. Folk Music was the rage and I took my 12-string with me wherever went. A favorite film, already a cult classic was 'Thunder Road' starring Robert Mitchum. It was about running moonshine in the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, not too far from Big Stone Gap and Bristol, Tennessee where we boys would go on a Friday night in the '63 Ford. It also starred a '57 Ford Fairlane. Not as cool as a '57 Chevy Bel Air perhaps but a nice looking car anyway.



Most students left for the weekend and us boarders had to find our own entertainment in that isolated mountain region. It got old going into Wise or driving to Norton since there was nothing ever happening even on weekends. Everything closed on Friday afternoons. That '63 Galaxy was just the ticket and music was deeply rooted in the blood of the region but one had to go to a larger city to hear it.

Having had bad luck with the TR3 and hearing bad things, justly or not, about Lucas electrics, I had lost any interest in British sports cars. I went with the view that American cars, big or not, were what was needed for the American super highways and parts were always easy to find. The size of the old Mercury had saved my life and that of my friends. But the counter argument was that a small agile sports car would have kept one out of trouble to begin with. On Fridays after the dorms had been emptied out and the few students who stayed on weekends were left to entertain themselves a group of us would drive the hour and a half to Bristol or Kingsport, Tennessee and back. Surprisingly we never stayed in the big city for long. It was getting there that was the most fun.

Going down the mountain road off the Wise plateau, I kept in mind what one of the night managers at Eudy's had said. A West Virginia boy, he knew about pickup trucks and mountain roads. He said to learn how to drive fast you need to practice taking an old truck down a mountain road as quickly as you can without falling off the side. Though not a truck, I took his advice and drove that '63 as fast as I could or dared to.

The speed limit throughout the U.S. was 75 mph on the interstate, if it was adhered to. After driving down the mountain, we would speed along the highway to Abingdon on the straight stretch to Interstate 95. I have always worn an Aussie Slouch hat and at the time had a tan felt one from an army surplus store. One night traveling near 100 mph speeding down the straight to Abingdon, the Galaxy was rocked by the wind from a passing car that must have been traveling 120 or more. It was a Virginia State Trooper, no lights, no siren, no headlights. I had no idea he was behind me. I put on the

brakes to decelerate when I realized who it was. He had come out of nowhere, like a bat out of hell. He was going so fast the Ford shook for some seconds in his draft. There were State Boys always around especially during coal strikes in Wise, the county seat. Had he seen my slouch hat? I couldn't be sure. It did look a bit official in the dark. Had he been to Nam and gave me a pass doing this as a warning. He probably knew we were college boys or more probably had to answer a more serious call. He shot past us into the night and disappeared long before we got to Abingdon a few miles down the road. I slowed the Ford down immediately, but it dampened my enthusiasm for a night on the town.

Back at school, in my spare time, I continued to make doodles of cars and was enthralled with the new Italian exotics. It was the age of the wedge shapes with the new crease and fold style of design much like origami. Speed, always important to the Italians, was always on their minds, and the race was on to build the fastest production car. In the sixties and seventies, the contest was between Lambo and Ferrari, until arrival of the Porsche 911s, a marque with a small but dedicated following. Mercedes had stopped promoting racing since the 1955 Le Mans accident. Porsche had become a main contender and brought the Germans back into the race to be the fastest production car, a title it attained with the RUF in 1983 at a speed of 190 mph. Four-door sports cars were also in the mix. The Avanti, though it held the land speed record for gasoline powered production cars, had never caught hold with the press and the Gran Turismo, the last iteration of the once vaunted Hawks, was more an

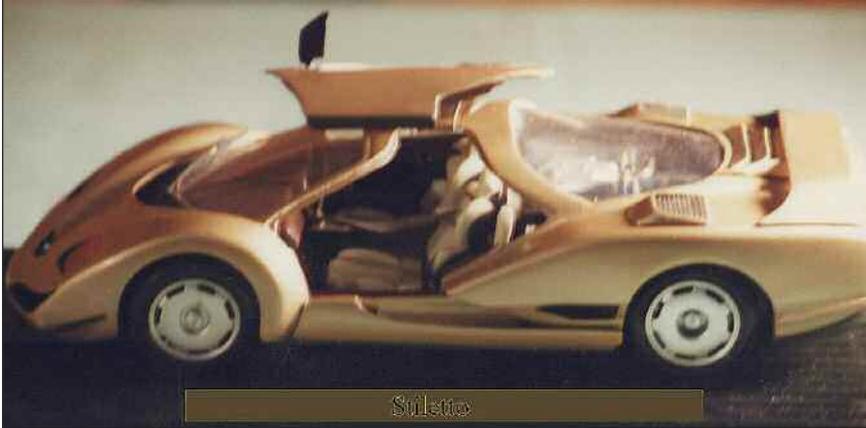
anachronism than a contender. The Avanti had achieved 172 mph in the early sixties but the goal was to be first to 175 then 180 and on to 200 as reported in time trials by the major auto magazines.

When I was a four year old, a starlight coupe had grabbed my attention like no other car before or since. It was so futuristic, sitting among the outdated Detroit Iron on Sanford Street, Alexandria, VA. I can only recall my thoughts from 1954 seeing it parked by the curb looking decades more advanced than the Chevys and Fords on the block, some of them brand new also. The Studebaker Hawks may have been the spark that got me interested in drawing automobiles, I don't know but then, to top it off, came the Avanti, also designed by Raymond Lowey. I was still interested in the later GT Hawk by Brooks Stevens but much of the excitement had left the brand. When asked by a couple from the Eastern Shore of Maryland to do a digital painting of a black GT Hawk, I jumped at the chance. I never charged much for the initial art, hoping to sell prints, but never got rich from the process. They provided images of Chincoteague Island, VA. To invoke the right feel I had to place the car in an image of the beach and create the bird and the background from scratch using pictures as reference. The Studebaker owners are great people and if ever you are on the Eastern Seaboard you must attend a Studebaker car show. It was the best time I ever had and my art was well received. I would go back in a minute if I could. I also attended an event in Charlotte, NC where I got to meet the daughter of Raymond Lowey who grew up in France. My acrylic painting 'An American In Cannes'

Gran Turismo, GT Hawk. This is a digital art piece done of a '64 GT Hawk on Chincoteague Island near the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This is the Blue version. There are versions in black and red.



Sheet plastic design of the Valkyrie on a Jaguar XJ 220 chassis. Long before I built the body on this scale model I had experimented with balsa wood to create an extreme wedge shape. It was hard to work and the balsa wood would always snap under pressure. The term wedge was later used for the TR7 and as 'the shape of things to come' by British Leyland Motor Corporation. My Valkyrie scratch built model later got the attention of my future boss at ERRA, Inc.



Valkyrie, in future I would like to remove it from the chassis, fill in the gaps and repaint it.



honors the man who did much of his design work in that area of the Cote d' Azur.

I was always sketching and my interest was to design low front, Kammback rear, mid engine, two-seaters like the Ford GT40. These truncated, squat machines were as strange and beautiful as flying saucers when viewed coming around a corner. They were harbingers of a new era in race car design topped off by the fabulous Porsches that won at Le Mans in 1970-1971 though the latter's widow-making capabilities were legendary. The 917 and later in the late '70s and throughout the '80s the 956-962 could hardly escape notice. I would do doodles of extended mid-ship engine, four-door passenger cars and drew a version of one I named after the Aston Martin Bulldog, but mostly I concentrated on 2 seat GTs. I was always looking for that most perfect of all 200 mph grand tourers to beat all grand tourers. As if such a thing could ever exist, for any length of time in any case. And I worked on designing one that I could look at and hold in my hands. There was no commercial 3D software program in the '70s so I had to work with whatever I could use. I tried balsa wood and later sheet plastic. Of course there is no such thing as a vehicle that can outperform, out-handle, and do everything the best, something always comes by to eclipse it. But at the time it was the Jaguar XJ220 followed by the McLaren F1 and then the Ferrari F40. My first results were pitiful but finally I got the hang of it.

Bluegrass, Blues and Rock. Hippies and Hillbillies

Back at school for the first two semesters, I made the Dean's List but my grades started to slide. I did what many young men and women did at the time and that was live for the weekends. For a while I was a good ole' boy in a hillbilly sort of way: drove down the Appalachian single lane mountain roads, dodged coal trucks filled with bituminous coal and went to tailgate parties in the rain up on High Knob, or attended the annual week long bluegrass festivals. Hillbillies and hippies intermingled and had much in common; music and good times were two of the things. There was moonshine and weed all throughout the festival. Surprisingly I was able to keep a C average for a while.

On jaunts away from school I drank some moonshine and got to know what a Broad Form D was, 'ownership of the minerals by the operators,' and what black lung could do to a man. I visited the local bootlegger who in fact was permitted to sell without a permit if things were done low-key and she paid her fines on time.

I was immersed in the spirit of the hillbilly and it never left me. Many mountain people were proud of the nomenclature and protests if not rebellion, was a fundamental right. In the big cities the anti-war, anti-Nixon marches were going full bore.

I spent vacations at the home of a new girlfriend and got to know her family. She was a beautiful young woman whose father was an agitator for coal miners' rights and some claimed an avowed communist, she too. A couple of years later she and her family were on the cover of the Washington Post 'Parade' magazine. It was said that a movie was to be made about a 'Coal Miner's Daughter' and it would relate to her family and herself. The reality was that a different movie was made about Loretta Lynn. It may have been because of Susie's and her father's politics and the need for Hollywood to appeal to a national audience. I suppose I could look for the article and the 'Parade' magazine from the early seventies if there are microfiche or digital copies in the archives: maybe someday.

We argued over communism vs. capitalism. Her two older brothers had gone to Canada to escape the draft. The coal fields could be a very rough place and



Photo Taken at the Britain on the Green, Alexandria, VA. A TR6, probably the best Triumph TR ever built, in my opinion. I never got to wind one of these beautiful cars down a mountain road though I did air dry them on a back-road in Blacksburg after removing the cosmoline that protected the finish. I wish I had had the opportunity to drive some of the other British cars but alas that did not happen.

the locals had a fierce independent streak going all the way back to the Green Mountain boys of the Revolution. One thing for sure is I began to see a history I didn't even know existed about subjugation and oppression and a Government that sided with the operators and owners, with little concern about the rights of all their citizens. Truth is not always on the surface.

In any case I tried some weed, which was hard to get anyway, and fell into a whirlwind of a romance, which seemed much like a dream in this beautiful part of Virginia. But that wouldn't last. I saw the changes to the landscape the removing of whole hillsides and leaving the communities destroyed with strip mining, polluted streams, and bared mountaintops only to have large communities of people left in or on the brink of poverty. At least with strip mining no miner had to go down into the deep dangerous shafts to mine but tearing up the landscape, destroying the topsoil, and removing the trees would cause devastation for decades until the half-hearted attempts at restoring the hillsides to their former glory was instituted. Man cannot easily restore nature, and nature if not taken heed of, will punish one severely.

I again was drawn into stock car racing and drove the '63 Ford up into the hills of Wise to attend school. The next year I sold it and purchased a '63 Chrysler 300 convertible. My life seemed to be going right for a change. I had a beautiful girlfriend and a beautiful car. I was the envy of the campus. But alas nothing lasts forever, or pride cometh before the fall, whichever one prefers. Susie and I were coming back from Blacksburg from visiting my sister Lillian and brother Philip now living near the University there. It was around Thanksgiving time and I was in earnest to get back to Susie's home near Dante, VA when I noticed the fuel gauge needle was rapidly headed toward empty. I had no idea why except that some work had earlier been done to the car's engine. I wanted to get us out of the cold. Convertibles tend to lose their inner heat quickly. Flames suddenly began to shoot out from the seams in the hood and then the paint on the hood began to

cook. I had no choice but to stop where I could and get us away from the car. I chose a spot in front of a parked diesel truck without the trailer. Quickly we got out of the car and ran behind it. I had unwittingly stopped by a farmer's barn full of drying tobacco. In horror I watched as the he ran out to beat on the flames with a burlap tarp trying to control the blaze until the fire department came. The car burned to a crisp but the tobacco was saved. It was a sad Thanksgiving but a lesson learned. I should have stopped the car when I saw the fuel gauge emptying. Later, we did get the weed from a small corner of the burned out wreck spared from the fire, and it gave us some consolation. Susie's family, as was the case with many in this region, looked the other way on issues of Marijuana. This was long before the meth epidemic. It should have remained that way.

It was an unusual melding of cultures, of moonshine, bluegrass and hippy lifestyles that seems to this day to permeate in many small college towns located in the backwoods of America. During Christmas vacation I rejoined my family in Arlington, VA and on the way down I returned after having bought a Buick Skylark in Blacksburg where I stayed with my brother now attending the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. I fell so deeply in love I could not think of anything else but Susie and her family. The whole milieu was something I was totally unprepared for. Life was wonderful and that Buick Skylark with a V6 engine opened my eyes to what a balanced vehicle could do. With a smaller engine coupled to a stiffer suspension, like the mid-sixties Tempest, that Buick could handle the mountain roads. I got sidetracked, and did not tend to my studies.

Late that spring I dropped her off at home one weekend, we said our goodbyes, and I took the old Skylark back north along Interstate 81. Hope springs eternal and I knew I would be back for her. How long I did not know at the time.

The major corridor had finally been completed in the early '70s. One had to get to Abingdon, VA to pick it up headed north. Today 81 is a main trucking route from



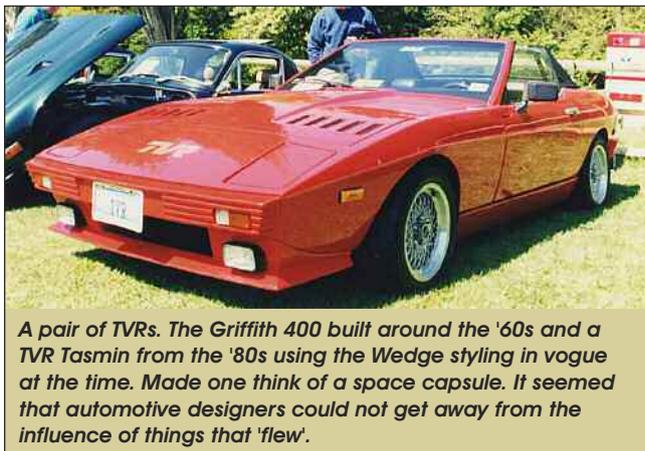
Austin Healey 100. To remove the wheels on a knock off hub one had to be careful to use a brass mallet. I look forward to one day taking one of these out for a real spin. Photographed at the Britain on the Green car show.

Tennessee to New York and it is filled with vehicles and trucks. It was so new then one would drive miles without seeing any vehicles for stretches on end. The Buick Skylark had great power to ratio up to a point, and was a decent car on the Interstate. It could also be had with an aluminum V8 later put into the Rover to great acclaim in Britain. The only problem with the V6, which also served hot rodders well, was its inherent roughness: the nature of the 90-degree V6. It was a tractable engine and later put in the Jeep CJ5s. The car was a dull grey and took a while to accelerate.

With Susie I'd driven everywhere through those mountains. I hadn't a care in the world until I realized I had to drop out or fail that semester. I had gone from Dean's List down to a C average and would have gone further down with five or six Fs on my transcripts. I dropped the courses and got out with a 2.78, which would not cut it with my parents. I told Susie that I would return, but I would not get back to Wise for seven years. She broke up with me soon after I left. My luck, as she knew, I would probably find another girlfriend. I pined over her for some time. Not all guys have the view of loving them then leaving them and some have intentions of returning as I eventually did. She found someone else but then I believe most of us break some hearts along the way through life. That is just the way it is.

British sports car handling and vehicle dynamics.

Afraid of what my parents would say about dropping out, I took a while to get back to Arlington, VA. I stopped over in Blacksburg where Jon and Wayne were going to school at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. They took me in and I got a job at University Motors where I had the opportunity to drive all manner of European cars from Spitfires to TRs and every model of Fiat made at the time, including the 131 Mirafiori. My job was to prep them for delivery, which was a fancy word for getting the cosmoline off of them. It protected the cars from rust on their transit from England or Italy across the salty windy north Atlantic. Each vehicle that was sold was dropped off at a shed a few hundred meters from the dealership and the repair bays. I would prep them, which amounted to



A pair of TVRs. The Griffith 400 built around the '60s and a TVR Tasmin from the '80s using the Wedge styling in vogue at the time. Made one think of a space capsule. It seemed that automotive designers could not get away from the influence of things that 'flew'.

hosing them down and applying elbow grease to remove most, if not all of this dried petroleum product. During the winter it had to be done inside and an inch or more of water would build up on the concrete floor of the shed. Not an easy thing to do. I would wipe them off, then take them down a country lane to a field and back as often as needed to thoroughly dry them. That made the whole effort worthwhile especially if it were a convertible. I would put the top down on an MGB or TR6 and take off for a spin.

The TR7, greatly advertised and anticipated up until its unveiling, was not well received by the buying public. It was severely overshadowed by other faster makes and the introduction of the cut and fold design philosophy of the Italian designers with the new Lamborghini Countach and other exotic cars, the Fiat X1/9 notwithstanding. There was something odd about the lines of the TR7 and it was a radical departure from the classic shape of the British roadster. I thoroughly enjoyed driving the X1/9 though.

I was lucky to drive some nimble MGBs, Midgets, and all kinds of Triumphs. Since University Motors sold used cars eventually the owner came back from an area auction with a true gem, a Datsun 240Z. I don't know if this one was a grey market car or if it had once been ordered directly from Japan. I was told it was a special SE edition made for the home market. It may have been a twin cam version. I took it to get reupholstered and was always careful to not abuse the vehicles. Since it was supposed to be quicker than the current Corvette I just had to find out. I waited at the head of the line at a traffic light headed back into Blacksburg. When the light turned green I was careful to accelerate without burning rubber, which has always been my way since having done some street racing in my old Mercury. I was way down the road getting past the 70mph speed limit and from the rear view mirrors noticed none of the cars in either direction had yet to cross the intersection. I slowed down to not break the law and tooled comfortably back to the dealership. It is one of the few Japanese cars I would want to own today.

My favorite Triumph remained the TR6 though I never got to thoroughly test one of these or drive them down into the valleys surrounding Blacksburg as I did with my old Skylark. On Friday nights, band-mates John, Wayne, and I would put the Skylark through its paces. We may have not lived to tell about it in a more powerful front weighted car like a 442, GTO or Chevelle 396 as a friend soon found out with his mid-sized 390 big block American motors Rebel, AMC's answer to the muscle car. He wrecked it one night trying to drift it as I had done with the Skylark. He and Jon went out one Friday night but didn't come back that evening. Wayne and I didn't hear about it until they arrived back at the apartment the next morning. We learned they had walked back from New River and had the car towed to be repaired. They had gone off the road early on before getting into the deepest valleys. New River is

one of the oldest river gorges in the U.S. where geology students look for million year old fossils exposed by river erosion. Ice was always on the road in the winter long after a snowfall. The car was nearly totaled and would take weeks to repair.

I felt somewhat responsible since he had ridden with us in the Skylark a few times. I would take the Buick on a romp down to New River in the dark of winter driving along curvy, still iced roads, doing four-wheel drifts. The balance on the car was superb. I mention all this as I was sold on something Colin Chapman had understood long ago. Horsepower isn't everything and cutting weight and balance more than compensated for the type of racing the Europeans loved. They would rather rally and shunned going around oval tracks. I worked for a year at University Motors getting to drive everything from big Lincoln Mark IV Continentals to bread-and-butter Austin Marinas.

In contrast to the Marina, the Morgan, though an unchanging design and a throwback to an earlier time, was also as efficient and proper in the handling department as anything could be then and now. A newer design, keeping the classic '30s styling, has streamlined the shape considerably. Britain always built great minimalist vehicles such as the early TVRs and the Lotus 7s, later the Caterham 7, as well as many Lotus variants. It is said that everything automotive was invented in England. That may be a stretch but the English certainly knew how to build automobiles that stuck to the road.

Still wanting to design automobiles I was caught up in the European mid-engine exotic car craze, fast but well sprung and nimble, sophisticated high horsepower automobiles. The race was now on to beat the 200 mph limit for production sports cars and the top end limit kept inching up. It took till 1987 for a manufacturer to build one that could do it, the F40 Ferrari.

There were other less powerful mid-engine vehicles. One of these early small displacement vehicles was the Fiat X1/9. The one I got to drive, was a wonder, and I fell immediately in love with the design. University Motors also had many Fiat 124s that would turn up used for sale but their gearshifts seemed fragile and the complete opposite of the Morgans, which in that



A Morgan next to a mid-sized Chevelle circa 1967



A Morgan +4 – Of the famous British marques, I believe that Morgan is the only fully owned British car of any reasonable volume still produced in Great Britain. Volkswagen, TATA or BMW owns the rest. If I am incorrect please feel free to inform me. The photos of the Morgans were taken at the Sully Plantation in Fairfax, VA around the late '90s early 2000s.

department were sturdy and in a way somewhat quirky and frankly weird to say the least. The linkage was way forward, under the dashboard, and out of sight below the cowl, a bit disconcerting for the uninitiated. One had to push it forward or backward as they moved their hand sideways to find third and fourth. Other than that it was a riot to drive.

On my day off, when not hanging out with the band, I used my spare time building my first scratch-built design. It was simple and without engine, drive train or interior. I considered card stock but turned to balsa wood to form the body on a crude box frame. I could then round the edges before painting. The windows were marked out on the balsa wood and painted black. It ended up about 10" long and the only wheels that would fit, though very narrow due to the scale difference, were taken off an old tractor trailer model. It was better than Grumbacher modeling clay but not exactly what I wanted. It kept me occupied.

After a year, Wayne and I were the only band members left as Jon had dropped out of school and gone back to Arlington, and the bass player had stopped coming around. It was time to go back North and face the music. I quit my job, Wayne dropped out, and we drove back up to Arlington late one evening, arriving early the next morning. I hoped Wayne didn't get punished too severely by his dad, but I never asked him.

I went back to work for Eudy's, this time at the newly opened Eudy's Automotive Parts Store next to his two service stations. One summer day, I arrived to hear that Mr. Eudy had died. In the fifties he had purchased the service station after the previous owner-operator had died in the Amoco office of a heart attack. It was a highly stressful job. The night before Mr. Eudy had been taken to the hospital with a blood clot, an embolism, and died early that morning. It was so sudden it caught his family and employees by surprise. Both the black and white communities of Alexandria, VA looked him. Your color, age or social standing did not matter a bit to him.

A leader of his church he would hire itinerant workers, drug users in rehabilitation programs, and individuals down on their luck. Today he may have survived.

He had been a pillar in the Alexandria community and his loss was a hard blow to everyone. He was only in his late thirties. It is a big task to be the provider of all those souls who worked for him and to keep everything running smoothly, my hat goes off to you Mr. Eudy. You will always be remembered.

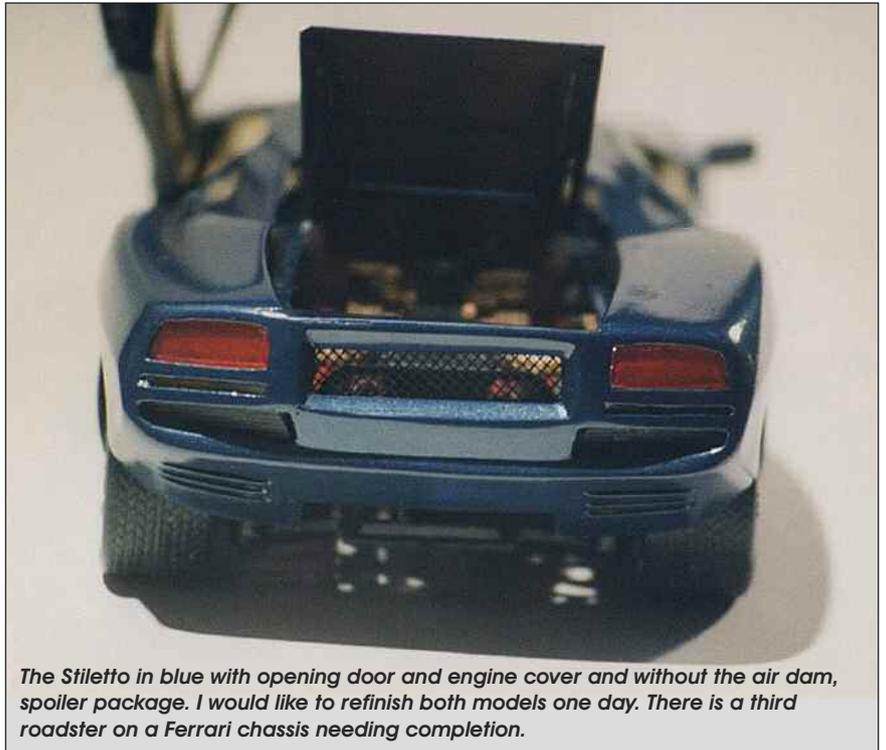
I would later work for another parts store to round out my knowledge of just about everything concerning the components to build or repair a vehicle: windshield glass, convertible top replacement, stamped body panels and suspension and engine parts. It was in the '70s and the industry was changing. For a time the horsepower wars were over and American automobiles became anemic examples of their former selves with EPA fuel mileage constraints, and safety standards.

Most American males at the time had little real knowledge of rallying, and the types of cars driven and raced in Europe, myself included. All we had experienced were cumbersome heavy cars and

engines that now lacked performance. There were few sanctioned events held in the U.S. Those that were, mostly in rural communities, were more like treasure hunts than rallies. In Wise, VA it was a fall campus event, nothing like the full blown stages taking place in the middle of winter in Europe or the desert heat events in Africa. The attempt to bring professional rallying to the U.S., most importantly the "Press-On-Regardless" Rally, never caught the public imagination and met resistance from law enforcement authorities. It got in trouble when its contestants were ticketed for not following the rules of the road. The concept of rallying was quite different than those sanctioned in Europe where the vehicles had become more specialized and roads were closed for the events. In the U.S. posted speed limits had to be maintained and interest soon waned, as the purpose of getting from point A to B as quickly as possible was defeated.

The name Lancia became etched in my brain. A marque that would become synonymous with high speed road ability in every kind of weather and terrain, was suddenly international news when a show car

The Countach, not shown, took the world by storm. It was a fantastic design and looked like it came out of a science fiction movie. The original show car was the best of them all. Alas it needed the huge intakes to feed oxygen to the engine. And the NACA ducts didn't add to its attractiveness. The Countach was an inspiration for my designs of production GT cars, the Valkyrie shown here outside in the carport



The Stiletto in blue with opening door and engine cover and without the air dam, spoiler package. I would like to refinish both models one day. There is a third roadster on a Ferrari chassis needing completion.

called the Lancia Stratos Zero came to the press' attention. It had a door that opened from the front and was so low one had to lay back inside to get in. The door-windshield was where the hood/bonnet should have been. Totally impractical but impressive to see going down the street; it was not much taller than one's thighs. The Lancia show car by Bertone was such a stunner and crowd pleaser at the Milan Auto Show, and so impressed Lancia, that Bertone then went to work creating the more practical Stratos HF and it was introduced into the rally circuit. Seeing this car in magazines heightened my interest in designing prototype vehicles. Maybe I should have been born Italian. The production Stratos was the first of a successful line of Lancia rally cars and led the way for rapid motoring from point A to point B at incredible speeds and at the limits of adhesion. Lancia was also responsible for introducing four-wheel drive to rallying in a later production vehicle.

In part, my love for small agile sports cars stem from my younger brother, Philip who not only was the one who purchased a motorcycle and did well on it but

The RH Rhino. It is my own interpretation of the Lancia Stratos created around 2000. I did not know Lancia was working on a new Stratos with new mechanicals and body work, and I have no affiliation with the company or anyone connected to it. As with all automotive designers I always have a desire to reinterpret great designs. I would probably lower the body of the design and make other refinements. That is the beauty of digital art. It is easy to do without creating another study. Given time I would love to do a 3D study.



had to get the meanest bone-rattling one available at the time, a Yamaha Thumper, a TT500. Even the most experienced riders were hesitant to put this two stroke large cubic inch monster through its paces. After Phil got married he translated to a small sports car. At the time there was only one being marketed, the Mazda Miata by a company that knew all about taking risks with the Wankel engine and undertook its development. The Miata was a fuel injected non rotary vehicle similar in design and philosophy to the Lotus Elan cars, and probably much better put together. It resurrected the idea of a small fun sports car dormant for over a decade. I stuck with the only large exotic tire burner I could afford, a Dodge Stealth. Our insurance company listed it as an exotic car. I could not afford a Viper or would have bought one once its weirdness had worn off with its side curtains and ungainly looking front brake exhaust ducts looking similar to later TVRs. The opening curved up and back from the front wheel wells. It was not the Viper, but at least the Stealth could handle curves quite well. It was definitely not a typical American muscle car though some liked to call it the first one from Japan. It's styling did originate in the U.S., however, while the power train was Mitsubishi.

Back to College, a Stratos and a French girl

Around 1980, I was working at JK Auto Parts getting tired of the headaches of being a parts counterman and knowing that the money to go back to school would not always be there, I re-enrolled at Clinch Valley College. My Mom offered me the chance, after my father passed away, which brings me back to the Stratos. It was a transverse mid-engine beauty unknown to most young American men and

women. Mention of it to my contemporaries either at the part stores or later at school left blank stares on the listener. One Sunday morning when I was nursing a hangover at the school cafeteria, I sat down to a breakfast of sausage, toast, and eggs. The college, still small with only about 1,000 students and less than 100 during the weekends, had its name changed to the University of Virginia at Wise. It remained as an extension of the University of Virginia to provide a liberal arts education for the sons and daughters of the coal miner families of the region. Few of them had ever left this part of Virginia let alone the state and it was even more unusual to have foreign exchange students. Clinch Valley College was lucky to have four enrolled in its curriculum.

Everyone knew who Vickie was, the young foreign exchange student from France. There were three other exchange students, from Cyprus, Bangladesh and Nigeria respectively. It was unusual to have even one visitor to the cafeteria that early and the cafeteria personnel were still getting the tables and chairs arranged for the mid-morning arrivals. When she walked in, I was the only other person being served at the empty cafeteria.

She recalled that I invited her over, but I am not sure who made the advance as at the time I was shy around women. We had breakfast together. Her jumpsuit set her apart like some modern day aviatrix or



Stratos HF Side

*My version of a Stratos. The RH Rhino and the Stratos HF ¾ front views.
The Rhino done in the early 2000s and below is the original Stratos with the
Alitalia Racing Colors taken at a golf Course near Palos Verdes in California.
Doing a 3D design of the RH Rhino one day on Solid Thinking is contemplated.*



race-car driver. Jumpsuits among continental women were all the rage in Europe but never seen on the American East Coast let alone in the Appalachian region of the U.S. Soon I found we could talk about rally cars and Formula 1. Even the boys from Virginia Beach or Northern Virginia were not conversant about rally or Formula 1. And in the whole of the coalfields of Southwestern Virginia she was probably the only other person who even knew what a Stratos was. Everyone of course knew of Ferrari or even Alfa, but to ask anyone about a Lancia would only get you a blank stare.

What news there was about other makes in Europe usually came out in the automotive magazine press. The major auto show always caught the automotive world's attention as it did the styling shows for haute couture fashions, but hardly in the coalfields. Young American bucks looking for dates in their muscle cars were certainly not interested. The public was introduced to the Stratos Zero at the Turin Auto show in 1970. It was designed by Marcello Gandini who

designed the Miura and later the Countach. It is seldom that a production car outdoes a show car but the Stratos HF did just that in every way. While the Stratos Zero looks quaint and anachronistic today, the HF still looks crisp and futuristic.

I had a second car in Wise, a '69 Chevy Nova with a six cylinder. It was Friday after school. The campus was practically empty and I had wanted

to see how it handled in the nearly empty parking lot. I slid the rear end around doing donuts and continued even when I saw her stop to watch. She was taking the path by the student trailers to the road across to Jim's Quick Mart. Eventually I realized how foolish I must have looked and stopped to offer her a ride. She knew American boys loved to burn rubber but had never seen anyone do what we called a bootleg. It made her think of her car in France and rallying, which she was an ardent fan of. Her parents had bought her a Renault R5 which was a smart agile 3-door car. She had never seen anyone on campus trying on purpose to bring the back end around. The Nova was an agile enough car, but it sat a bit too high to be able to drift or slide effectively, and I excused my sloppy handling of it. The previous owner had put shackles and spacers on the suspension to stiffen the ride.

Vickie was raised in Southern France near Monaco where the Monte Carlo Rally is held. She was also attractive and caught the eye of most of the guys at

school. Everyone liked her and I helped her with her English. That Christmas we went to Arlington and stayed with my mother for the end of year gathering of the whole immediate family. She and my mom, who grew up in Paris, got along wonderfully. On that side of the family my grandfather, married to a Parisienne, had served with Pershing in chasing Pancho Villa and later in WWI, then drove an ambulance for the U.S. Army. As the Germans were approaching Paris he took his wife and daughters, my mom and her sister down to Spain and then across the Atlantic to the US. My grandparents later returned to the hotel in Paris where they had gotten to know many of the ex-patriot writers and artists of the '30s. Their life together must have been as exciting as anyone could wish for.

That spring Vickie and I got married in the Baptist Student Union across from the college. Everyone at school was invited and no gifts were expected. Since it was held on the weekend it was a small group of about 20 to 30 students and teachers, and I would have had the ceremony no other way. Jim Collie was the minister who married us and my best man was Alebo Green, the student from Nigeria belonging to the Ebo Clan. Unfortunately I have lost touch with him. Of note is the fact that Jim used to enter his car, a souped up Karman Ghia, into the annual fall rally put on by the CVC student government. Both Vickie and I got a chance to drive it in subsequent events.

The first time I drove we came in last, partly because I was the last car to leave on a timed schedule and ended up at a railroad crossing waiting for a coal train that took ten minutes to pass. Oh brother! Also the local boys were better than I was at following the treasure hunt. They knew all the watering holes in the area as well as the landmarks. Jim trusted us not to wreck his beautiful car and rode with us on one occasion. Not all ministers of the cloth are drab or one-dimensional.

At the end of the year, Vickie and I headed back north. We had graduated with good grades.



In Solid Thinking, with a multiplicity of angles, one can view the model without having to make a clay mockup or mule and it is very alluring for the artists or designer. One can just as easily create an interior, opening doors, or engine bay. It provides an unlimited opportunity of exploration for the designer.





A Renault Alpine. This one has Barcelona on the side. It is parked in a parking lot in Monte Carlo and took part in the rally earlier that day or the day before. The Europeans don't paint their cars if they don't have to, preferring to retain the patina of age on them.



Some may think these cars old fashioned and ungainly but to me they are the epitome of performance and if function were the only criteria absolutely beautiful. They are rear engine performance cars and will get you there in a hurry. Like the 911 used extensively through the years it may be that a rear engine car vs. mid engine is the best way to go around corners, if tricky to say the least. But go ask Ralph Nader first.

She drove the Ford Maverick she had recently bought, her first American Automobile, and I drove the old '63 Ford convertible. I sold the Nova to an old friend who had become the head of housing at the college.

My days in the auto parts and repair business had ended and I was through with getting my hands greasy, handling old clutch cores or picking up old generators and alternators. With Vickie I settled down to a white-collar job, first with a government contractor in the weapons industry in Crystal City then working for the Navy in Rosslyn, VA across from Washington, D.C. I entertained joining the CIA, was considered for a field agent's job, but decided to decline because of the physical requirements. I still had a heart murmur and an iffy Aortic valve. I was not sure if I would have passed the physical or how much it would have mattered. In any case I came down with a debilitating intestinal disease that would have made me ineffective anyway. A highly suspect doctor practicing in Arlington, VA misdiagnosed my condition. On finding out I was born in El Salvador, he told me in Spanish that I needed to have my gallbladder removed or I would be better off going there and have my head shot off if I didn't do this immediately. This was during the Salvadoran Civil War. I declined. It seemed the man didn't have a clue what was wrong with me and thought he could give a surgeon friend a patient who could be scared into an unnecessary surgery.

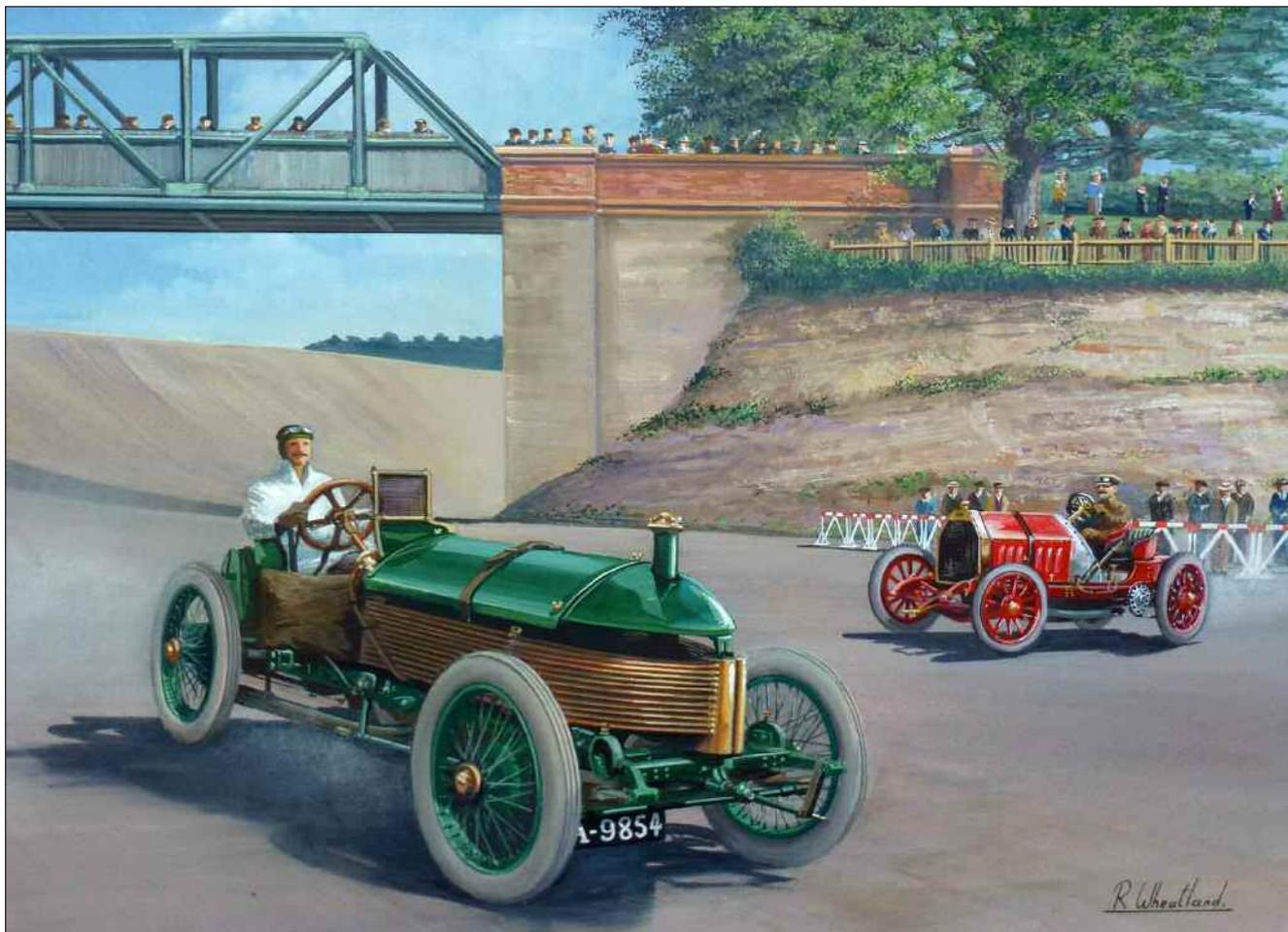
At the time I did not know we would head to France or how it would change my life for the better. I was to learn that Southern French women were as enthusiastic about rallying and sports cars as were the men and that it would inspire me to write some future scripts and novels as well as rekindle my love of painting. The main character of my Jane Lamond spy novels, which I was to begin writing in Los Angeles, would express a love for rallying and adventure and reawaken my interest in British spy novels. Jane the, protagonist, is the daughter of an estranged MI6 spy father who left her in Southern France with his sister to bring up. Unable to raise her himself, after Jane's mother had been shot and killed, she grew up more French than British. The baby girl was delivered through C-section after her mother, shot on a coastal road, was pronounced dead at the hospital. Naturally the young girl grew up to love French automobiles and culture and drove a Renault Alpine, which she piloted in the novels.

Next Part 6:

Before 3D: How I constructed the models. Valkyrie and Stiletto.

Rick Herron

1908 Napier – FIAT match race



The cars

Napier L48 'Samson'

Engineering company D Napier and Son moved into car production in 1900 under the direction of the company founders son Montague Napier and Selwyn Edge. The Napier marque was to become the first successful British competition car. Edge was born in Australia in 1868. He believed strongly that success in competition was the key to building a successful car manufacturing business. His Napier car won the 1902 Gordon Bennett race and set the world 24 hour record at Brooklands in June 1907, Edge driving the lead car alone for the 24 hours over a distance of just over 1500 miles at an average of 65mph. Once Brooklands opened for racing the following month Napier's were soon regarded as the cars to beat.

The L48 cars were built around 1905 and raced in the 1905 Gordon Bennett race, Clifford Earp finishing ninth. The car was taken to Daytona Beach in Florida and set records there, Arthur McDonald setting Land Speed record of 104.65 mph.

The L48 engine was a 6 cylinder of some 18 litres. And they were all this characteristic torpedo shape with the

engine cooling through the rows of copper tubes along the sides. Other innovations were shaft drive and rudge-whitworth wire wheels.

The ultimate L48 was 'Samson' the engine in Samson was enlarged to over 20 litres.

FIAT SB4 'Mephistopheles'

Mephistopheles – A Demon character in German folklore.

The FIAT was a 4 cylinder 18 litre factory racing model similar to the cars being raced in major events in Europe.

Less advanced mechanically than the Napier but a newer design and well proven and highly successful in road racing in Europe.

The car was entered by FIAT importer D'Arcy Baker.

The Drivers

Samson – Frank Newton

Works driver for Napier, 40 years old, former gold prospector in the Canadian Klondike gold rush.

Engineer designing and building the Trans-Andean Railway.

Mephistopheles – Felice Nazzaro

Italian works FIAT racing driver, age 27, on the back of his most successful season winning the Kaiserpreis, French Grand Prix and the Targa Florio.

He would go on to race into the 1920s winning the 1922 French Grand Prix for FIAT at Strasbourg

The Race

The challenge was to decide the fastest car in the 90hp class at Brooklands. The 'winner takes all' prize of £500 was put up by Selwyn Edge of Napier.

The race would be over 9 laps of the Brooklands Track a distance of 27¼ miles starting on the Members Banking and finishing on the Finishing Straight in front of the clubhouse. The match race would take place at the 1908 Whitsun meeting.

Practice for the race took place on the Saturday. Both cars had problems, the FIAT its clutch, possibly due to the lack of familiarity with standing starts, road racing events being run as time trials with cars starting at intervals. The Napier stripped its first gear also probably practicing standing starts. A new gear had to be cut at the Napier works at Acton on the Sunday.

In the race, the Napier made the strongest start, the FIAT taking things easy, mindful of the earlier clutch issues. The FIAT quickly got up to speed but as the second lap came to an end it was still 8 seconds behind the Napier. Another lap and the Napier ground to a halt with a broken crankshaft. The FIAT was left to complete the distance unchallenged and collect the prize.

There was more drama and controversy when the lap times were announced, the FIAT was credited with a lap speed of 121.64 mph. New electrical timing was being used and it has been suspected that it may have been faulty. That speed has always been regarded as optimistic for a car of that period, the hand held timing returned a more realistic, but never the less creditable 107.98 mph. The BARC upheld the higher figure and the FIAT's lap record stood until 1922.

After the race

The Napier company moved into manufacturing military vehicles in WW1 along with building 600 aircraft, RE7, RE8 and Sopwith Snipe. They concentrated on aero engines and only built one further model of car in 1920 the Type 75 a high spec 6 litre sports car. Only 187 were built before car production finished in 1924. Edge has dabbled with motor boats and the engine from Samson eventually ended up in a boat. This original engine was rescued

by Australian Bob Chamberlain who built a Samson recreation around it. Bob Chamberlain brought his car over to a Brooklands Reunion meeting in the mid '80s.

The FIAT was found in a derelict state by Canadian John Duff who raced it in modified form at Brooklands into the early 1920's. The car then passed to Earnest Eldridge who lengthened the chassis and fitted a 22 litre FIAT aero engine. In this form the car took the LSR of 146mph at Arpajon in France in 1924, the last time that the LSR was set on a public road. The car now resides in the FIAT museum in Turin and has been run at the Goodwood Festival. John Duff went on to become one of the 'Bentley boys' He scored the first win for Bentley in 1924 in his own 3 litre co-driven by factory test driver Frank Clement.

Painting the match race

I've painted the match race four times now. At my first exhibition at the Brooklands Reunion in 1983 I had a small watercolour on display which was purchased by an Australian visitor. This guy turned out to be on a reccie visit ahead of the planned Chamberlain tour.

A couple of years later another small watercolour of Samson exiting the Brooklands paddock was purchased by a lady visitor to the Brooklands Reunion on behalf of her boss. It turned out that she worked for Frank Newton's son Peter Newton. Peter was a former Fleet Street journalist who had moved to California and was involved in the wine business. Later I was contacted by Peter and he commissioned me to paint an oil painting of the 1908 match race. I delivered the painting to a very smart property in Knightsbridge. Peter Newton passed away in 2008 age 82.

I was also commissioned to paint a motorcycle by Bob Chamberlain creator of the Samson recreation. Bob Chamberlain's wife was the daughter of Harry Hawker, also an Australian. Hawker came to England in 1911 and joined Sopwith the following year. Before leaving Australia, Hawker had designed and built his own board-track racing motorcycle. Little was known about the motorcycle and I had to work from some very 'washed out' photographs.

My latest painting shows the two protagonists as they assemble for the start at the top of the Finishing Straight. In the background the Members Bridge with spectators looking down on proceedings. The existing hill had been carved out to create the banking and the escarpment down to the finishing straight had a viewing ledge near the top.

Richard Wheatland

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, Ilya Avakov, Adrian Bradbury, David Briggs, '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

Mike

Full name and e-mail withheld at artist's request



Ford Anglia Super

Pictured in front of Hogwarts Castle and featuring the Whomping Willow from the Harry Potter films.

Mike



Jaguar D Type of Border Reivers team

Driven by Jim Clark, at Charterhall, early in his career.

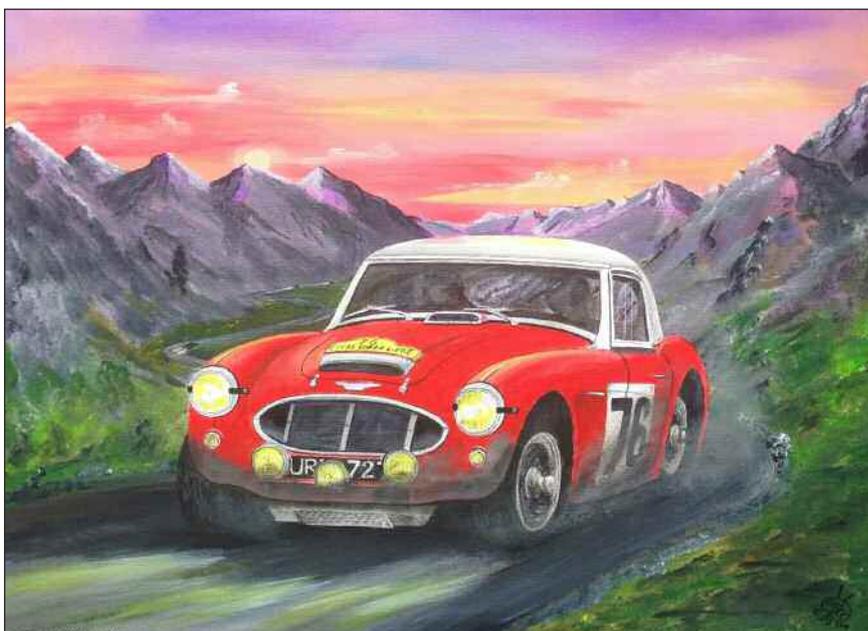
Mike

Lotus 7

One of the cars which carried the plate KAR 120C, and driven by Patrick McGoochan in the TV series "The Prisoner".

The car is pictured in Portmerion where the series was filmed.

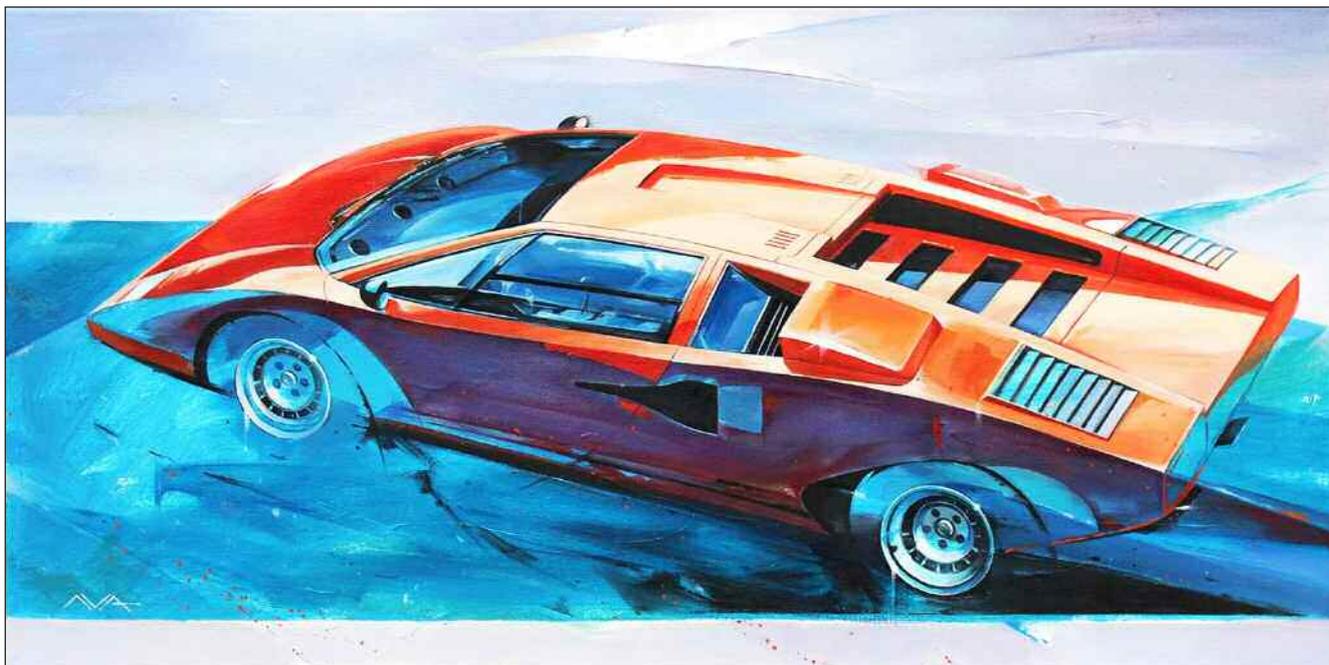
Mike



Austin Healey 3000 URX 727

Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom, winning the 1960 Liege-Rome-Liege rally.

Mike



Lamborghini Countach



BMW 2002

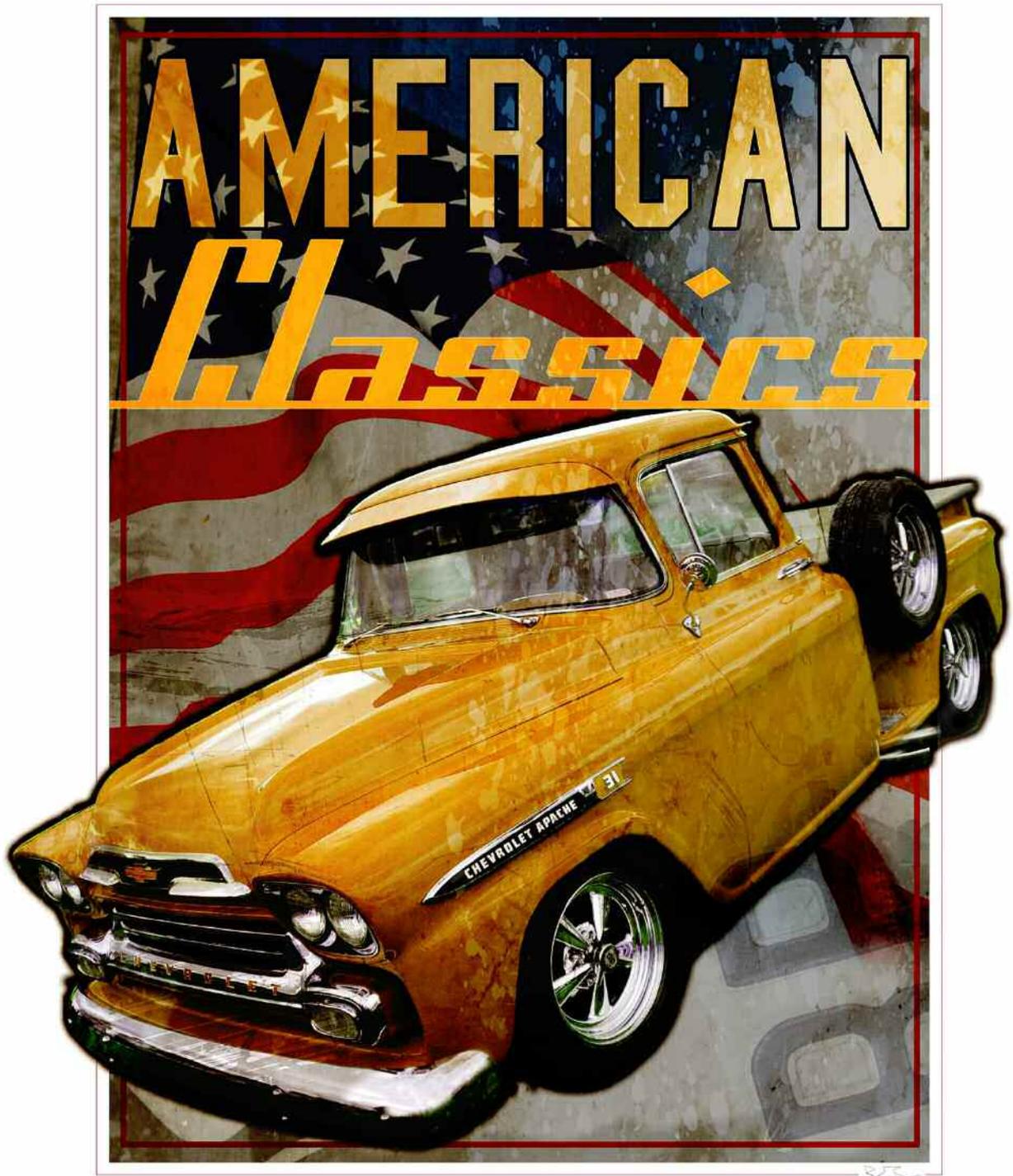


Road Runner

This was part of a whole series I did for an American company a few years back, which didn't materialize unfortunately due to a strategy change by them.

The brief had been – think 'man cave' + t shirts, mugs, signage etc. I have always liked the NASA flight badges I used them as inspiration for a starting point on this one

.Adrian Bradbury



American Classics – Chevrolet Apache

I have always had a passion for American autos which comes from memories of buying American hot rod magazines when I was young in the late '60s/early '70s from a tiny newsagents in my home town, Runcorn, quite why they were available there I have no idea, but it provided endless imaginings of these amazing things that people were doing to bog standard American cars.....

Part of the same brief as Road Runner but using Tin Plate style of illustration. I like the way the Chevy is presented as coming outside the frame of the background.

Adrian Bradbury



Porsche Reb 1

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

I wanted to create something that had a sense of drama and graphic quality, that isolated the car in some way, with a sort of minimalist quality to how the image should look. The colour of the background in each print in the series comes from part of the car itself with the contrast of the black, of course representing the track..

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

Adrian Bradbury

Anne D'Alton

art2cherish@orange.fr

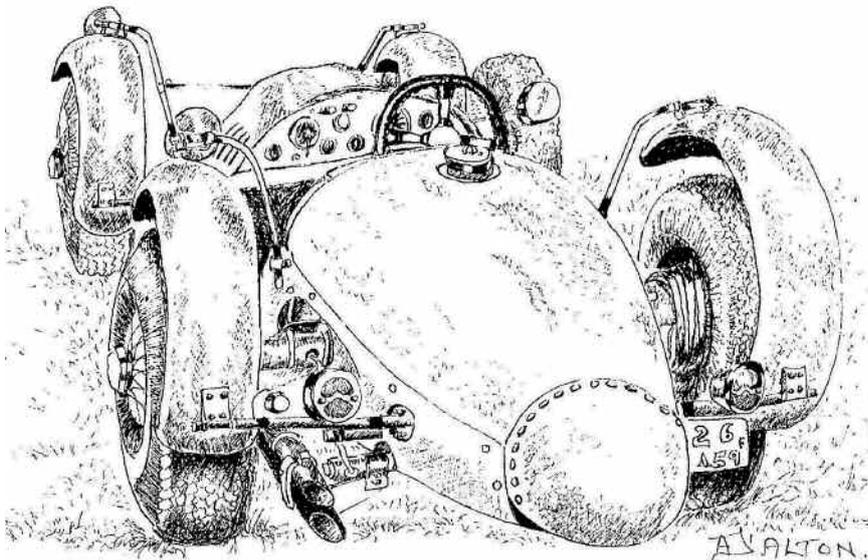


Alpine GT4

It is a Renault Alpine GT4 belonging to the Mirage Racing Team – drivers are:-Benoit Lison and Vincent Beltoise, son of Jean-Pierre Beltoise.

This work, size 70cm x 50cm has been illustrated in Artists' Oils on primed, box framed Canvas. It is a commissioned artwork.

Anne D'Alton



Jaguar Special

I have no knowledge about this car, except that it is a Jaguar, a Le Mans Special and has been around for some time.

I have not seen it racing and have alas, no history on it – not even the owner's name.

Anne D'Alton



Off to the docks

Morton's of Coventry again (I've previously done one of their AEC Mandators) depicting a TS3 powered Commer.

With a 10.5 ton load on it won't have to breathe to deeply on this run to the docks! It is exiting the Massey Ferguson plant at Banner Lane Coventry with 6 gleaming new 135s in the late '60s back in the glory days when we could still make things the rest of the world wanted!

David Briggs



Pershore market

Set in the early '70s in the growers market in Pershore Worcs. early doors on a damp Autumn morning and the market is being set up.

A local grower is unloading sprouts from his trusty VW pick up, the forklift driver shifting trays of leeks about and enjoying a fag as he does so!

The two lorries in the background – a Ford D1000 and an Albion Clydesdale, both 16 tonners, are loaded with pallets of spuds and have been sheltered overnight under the overhang of the market ready for the road.

Pershore Abbey peers over the store roof in the background. Soon the market will be bustling. Get your fresh veg now!

David Briggs



Sunderland scramble – Rita's war

This is the first of two paintings commissioned as part of the upcoming VE Day commemorations in 2020.

Leading aircraft woman Rita Hamilton of the WAAF is depicted in this painting set during WW2 at Castle Archdale flying boat base on Lough Erne, County Fermanagh, Northern Ireland.

Rita's duties, like thousands of fellow auxiliary Air Force drivers included the movement of personnel and supplies for the RAF throughout the UK and she is shown here in charge of a Fordson WOT3 30cwt. general service lorry used to transport Sunderland flying boat crews from their barracks to the slipway from where they would access their aircraft by launch.

Lough Erne was home to the westernmost bases of the RAF and Coastal Command, its location offering the shortest access to the North Atlantic where the flying boats would hunt for German U-boats which were attacking supply convoys heading for British ports.

The scene, set in evening time, depicts Sunderlands being scrambled for a nighttime mission. Rita still lives in Fermanagh all these years later!.

David Briggs



Catalina return – Frankie's war

The second of two paintings commissioned as part of the VE Day commemorations 2020 depicts Leading Aircraft Woman Francis Hornby.

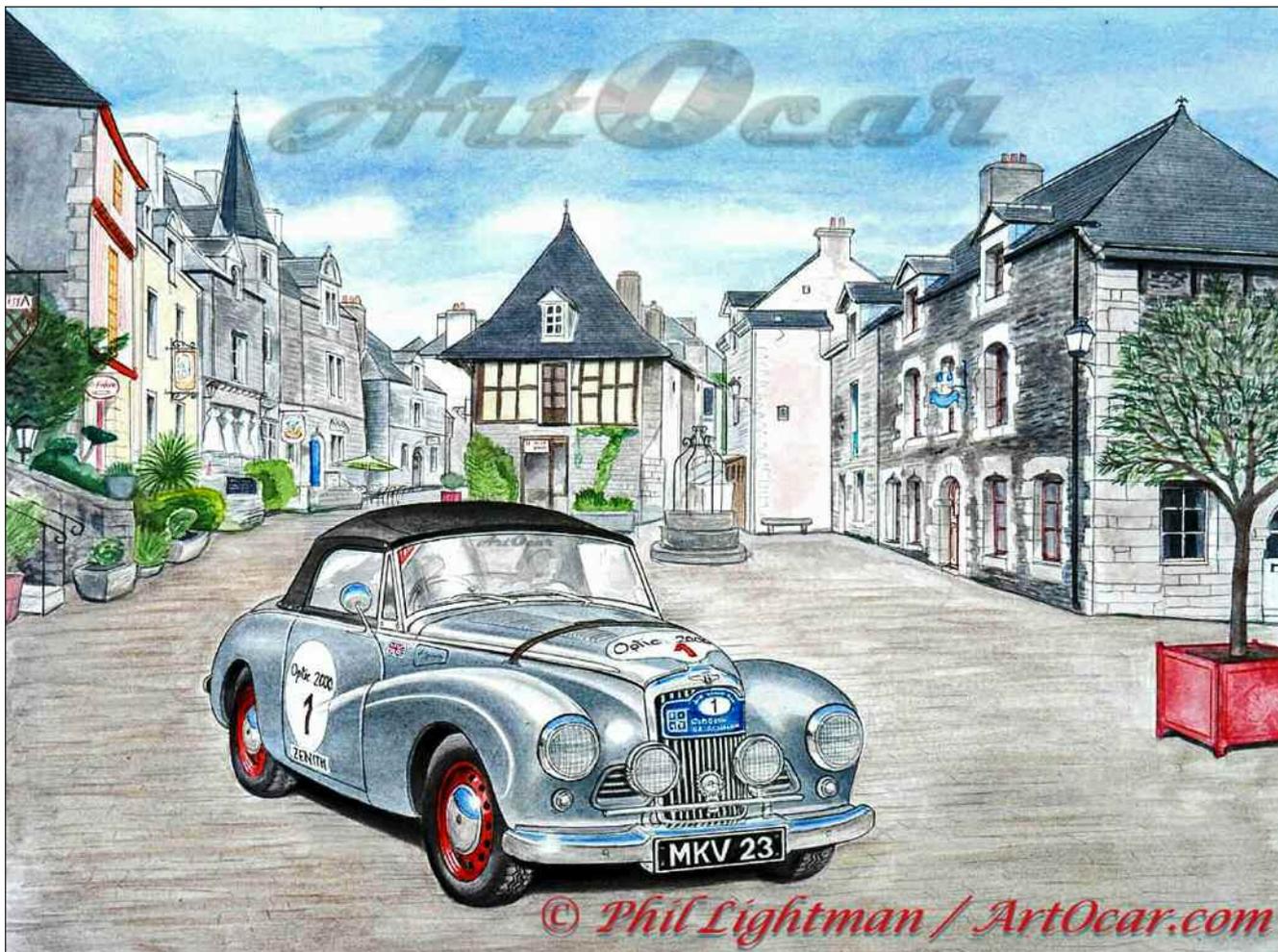
Frankie, like her friend Rita depicted in the first painting, was a driver in the WAAF during WW2, she like Rita was also a Fermanagh woman and served in Cornwall before returning to her homeland.

The scene is set outside the Manor House at Kiladeas which was used as accommodation for RAF officers. The building would be better known nowadays as one of the areas leading hotels.

Frankie is shown collecting a senior officer in a military spec Humber Hawk staff car. A Catalina flying boat is seen returning from a mission on approach to the Kiladeas base just below the Manor House on the Lough. This Catalina of 209 Squadron would on the 26th of May, 1941 rediscover the battleship Bismarck leading to the pride of the German fleet being destroyed.

Frankie like Rita still resides in County Fermanagh, 75 years after the end of the war!

David Briggs



Sunbeam Alpine Roadster

The Sunbeam Alpine Roadster was based on the existing Sunbeam-Talbot 90 saloon, but powered by a 80 bhp 2.3 litre engine.

It was initially destined for export only, but marketed in the UK for two years from 1953.

Rootes built six cars for the works rally team, which were used to contest the Alpine Rallies of 1953 and 1954.

MKV 23 is one of these six, and is in preservation.

I was asked to portray the vehicle based on a supplied photo of it passing through a pretty French village on the Tour Auto Optic 2000 in 2017. I used reference photos I took of similar cars to re-position the car to make a better composition.

Phil Lightman



Rover P5B

This commission resulted from conversations with the owner at one of many car shows attended by the car. I have wanted to portray a Coupe for some time so was pleased to get this opportunity.

When I took the reference photos, the car didn't have white-walls, and I had to subsequently modify the painting at a late stage, once I had established what brand of tyres were fitted.

This is for personal handover when I next see the owner so I am eagerly awaiting the resumption of car shows.

Phil Lightman

Lancia Delta Integrale Evoluzione 1992

This example is finished in metallic Derby Green with a grey alcantara interior. It is part of a collection belonging to a friend for whom I did several other paintings, including the Post Office Land Rover that lead to my ongoing involvement with historic Land Rovers.

I am awaiting easing of lockdown to hand the painting over and take reference photos for future projects

Phil Lightman



Bentley Arnage

The Bentley Arnage was launched in 1998, a large luxury saloon car that replaced the previous Bentley Turbo saloon. This is one of a pair of paintings I recently completed as a surprise 60th Birthday present at fairly short notice. I had very limited photos of the actual car so turned to the internet for reference photos.

The commission arose from my ongoing involvement with Jensen International Automotive, and the other one of the paintings was a Interceptor R Supercharged.

Phil Lightman



Land Rover Series 1 LWB Recovery

This vehicle dates from 1954 and was supplied to Steels at Cheltenham who were a major Rover dealer. It is a 107" and thus quite an early Long Wheelbase version. It was fitted with a Mann Egerton crane virtually from new. The wheeled mechanism on the front is a dolly which placed under the front axle of a vehicle to be towed once the crane had lifted it, then connected to the Land Rover by a draw bar.

It was painted as the winning bid in a Charity Land Rover auction and is portrayed as preserved, although the owner wants me to add some additional patina before handover to match its actual current condition.

Phil Lightman

ArtOcar

Appeal for help with logo

I am seeking assistance from a motoring artist with good Photoshop abilities to assist in rendering my updated ArtOcar logo for a forthcoming and much overdue website update.

I have a clear idea of how I want it to look, but unfortunately lack the time and ability to render it myself. I have it saved as a layered psd file. If anyone can assist, I would really appreciate it.

If so, please get in touch.

phil.lightman@ntlworld.com

With many thanks.

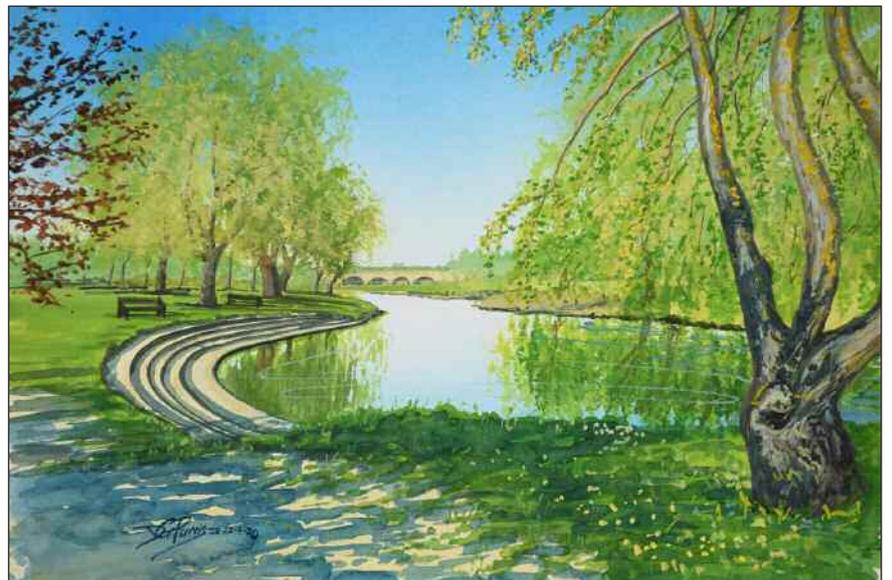
Phil Lightman



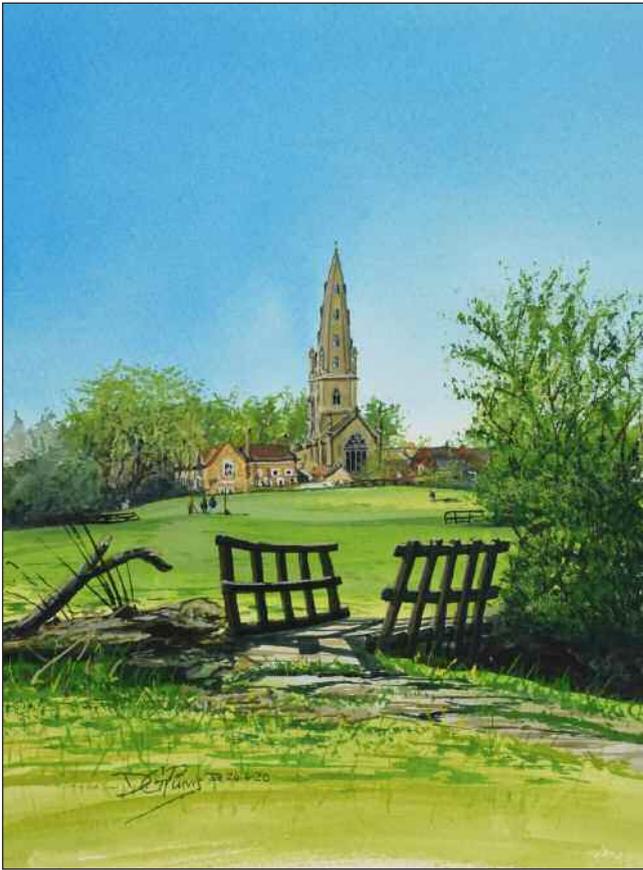
Homeward Bound RR Phantom II



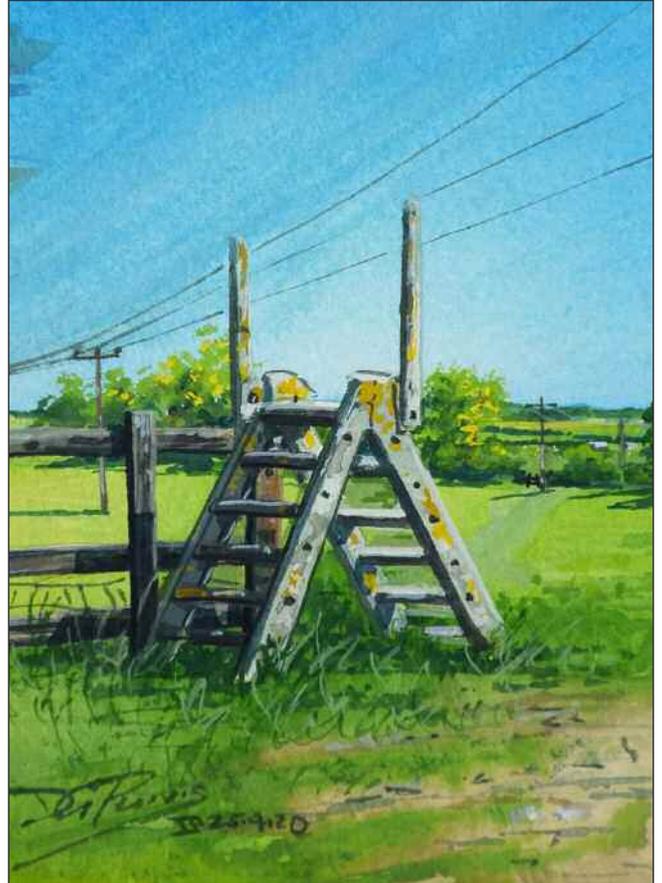
Olney Pancake Parlour



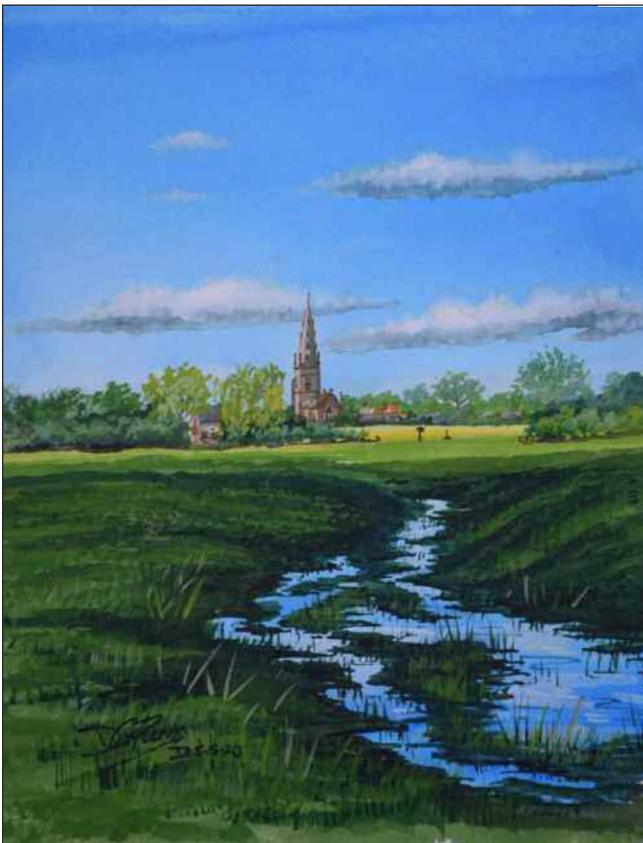
Ouse Steps, Olney



Church walk across Clifton Planks



Disused railway steps, Olney



Across Olney Ouse Meadows

MossyFACTS

- 1 The 1950 policemen's question for the speeding motorist was always 'Who do you think you are? Stirling Moss'?
- 2 Stirling Moss after two great wins at Monaco & Nurburgring beating the dominant 'Sharknose' Ferraris.
- 3 At the 1955 British Grand Prix at Aintree.
- 4 It was the number of the Mercedes 300SLR in which Stirling & Denis Jenkinson won the 1955 Mille Miglia denoting a 7.22am starting time.
- 5 Aston Martin.
- 6 A Vanwall which he took over from Tony Brooks.
- 7 Seven of course.
- 8 Easter Monday 1962 at Goodwood.
- 9 Rob Walker of the Johnny Walker whisky dynasty. Profession on his passport – Gentleman. The ideal person to work with Stirling.
- 10 Undoubtedly Sir Stirling Craufurd Moss OBE!

The quarterly ArtyFacts quiz is compiled by Barry Hunter

Redline Autumn 2020

Copy deadline for next issue is Sunday **August 30**

Please e-mail any Redline contributions to:

john.redline@yahoo.co.uk

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