

ciable number of examples. For unlike the occasional competition Jag, or Aston, Ferrari's focus on engineering diversity had produced a number of models, even to the given year, for some forty years by the mid eighties. And as a rising tide lifts all boats, all Marques began to bathe in the reflected glow of newly perceived investment value.

Shortly after Bill had sold the TR to Bob Baker, he and Steve Patience were at Laguna with Baker. A friend of Bob's was talking about his acquisition of Bill's TR and inquired as to what was paid.

"A million," Bob responded.

There was a moment's silence. Then his friend said, "*Bob, your other TR isn't worth that much?*"

"*It is now,*" Baker replied.

And so in a simple seeming microcosm did eight years of devoted restoration, on a *San Francisco Chronicle* truck driver's salary, return acreage in Sonoma and a significant private car collection, from the simple

desire to own a TR, and run it at obscure enthusiast get-togethers on off weekends at West Coast road circuits.

I was glad to see Steve Patience's name on 718's chronological list as the person responsible for the restoration during Bill's ownership. I knew I'd get the straight story on this important phase of the TR's life from Steve; directly stated, and well detailed.

Introduced through a mutual friend, I had first met Steve in 1995.

"*You like Alfas, Scott,*" Johnny Crowell said one day in the showroom of Specialty Autos, his classic car dealership. "*You should meet my friend Steve. He has a barn on his property out there on Tassajara with a couple of Alfas in there you might find interesting.*"

On a gray spring morning the drive was taken on an empty two lane road heading north out of town. The directions Steve had given me were significant, not for the address, but for their rural route description; 'It's hard to see the driveway between the hedges on the left, but if you go over the bridge you've gone too far.' The bridge flashed by rather faster than

expected. The drive was found between the hedges, now on the right. Crunching gravel and exhaust note were the only sounds as the GTV-6 rolled to the front of an aluminum barn. No answer met my call of greeting, inquiry. Walking about the grounds, a shed of small dimension was found with light coming through the window. In it was Steve, met with a handshake and an explanation that remote control planes were now the focus; obvious from the room circled in surfaces filled with motor and wing.

"*I really haven't been out here since my wife got sick,*" Steve explained as we approached the locked double doors of the barn.

The creaking sound of wheels urged across overhead runners attested to this point well taken. In the half-light cast by high windows was a treasure trove of automobilia. In the center of the main room, for there were many, was an Alfa TZ. Tires flat, covered in dust. Beyond was a

late Copper Formula One car. Next to it was a Mercedes 300 SL competition car, and an Alfa Giulietta. Beyond were workbenches filled with projects long unattended, and machine tools of every description. On shelves lining the wall were innumerable veteran lighting systems, a Harley board track racer hung from a wall. On the other side of the TZ was a Bob-tail Copper Monaco, 1940 Lincoln, a circle track car. In the dim light beyond was a McLaren CanAm car, with spare body hanging from the ceiling. Under the benches were engines; every conceivable configuration was represented. Only two steps had been taken in, eyes adjusting to the natural light, then high ceiling fluorescents. A look was cast to the right on two Vincent Black Shadows, an SS Brough and an Aramacchi in Harley colors.

"I haven't been in here for two years," Steve explained. "You used to be able to eat off the floors, then my wife got cancer and I lost interest."

"I hope I'm not imposing, by bringing

*you in,*" I feebly put forth in astonishment.

"No, I needed an excuse to come out here. It's filthy."

But superb.

With nothing having been disturbed in these over-sized and underlit rooms for two years it was as if I had awakened in a dream about the ultimate barn find, illustrated by Gahan Wilson.

"Jesus, Steve, when Johnny said you had some stuff I may find interesting he was certainly understating it," I said in a state of wonder.

"I've been meaning to restore that Alvis for twenty years," said Steve as I examined the rolling chassis, with a bit of body and engine.

I had to smoke a Camel just to take it all in and break it down individually. Every shadow gained shape, and history in the timeline in my head.

To refresh my memory of a few of the barn's inhabitants that day I recently requested and received the following e-mail.

The Aramacchi designation was - fast and very scary. I don't know. It was a 250cc twin water-cooled 6 speed that wouldn't pull the skin off a custard till about 7500 rpm and then - oh my GOD. It was absolutely frantic. Getting off the Aramacchi into the McLaren was like getting out of the McLaren and into a Greyhound bus. There was also a 350. The 250 won the European championship 3 years in a row - I think 1975, 76 and 77.

The TZ was No. 52 I think. I'll check. It won its class at Sebring in 1965.

The open wheel Cooper was a T89 F1 car purpose built by the factory for F5000 and designated a T90. There were two built. The one I own is the prototype # F1C/1.68 - F1 being formula 1, C being Chevy and 1.68 was the first of this model built in 1968. The second car should have been F1C/2.68 but I'm not sure. I tried to find the second car for years with no luck. These were the last two cars built by Cooper.

The Buick powered Cooper is a T39 bobtail. The story I got which I never tried to verify is that it was bought by Hap Sharp and it hung on the wall of his shop for years with no engine. When the 215 BOP came out in 196? a Col. George Koheney {sp} bought it from Sharp, put in the 215 and ran it for a while. I think I have a race program with him and the Cooper in it. He then bought a Genie which crashed and burned and I believe he died a very short time later in the hospital. His wife's name was Jeff (sic) and she drove a Formula V.

There was an SS80 Brough in the shop.

The McLaren is an M1b. It was the prototype and was Bruce's ride for 1965. Ted Peterson who knew Bruce bought the car when the 65 season was over and ran it in its orig. form till 1967 when the M6A tub cars came out. He asked Bruce to make an M6A body which would fit this car which Bruce did. Because this car was not the same size as the 6 this body

would only fit it, so Bruce gave Ted 2 complete bodies and all the molds. While Ted was on vacation several years later his dad decided to clean the garage and took all the body molds and the original seat to the dumps.

The open wheel car behind the TZ is a full size sprint or champ car. I don't know for sure who built it but it could be a George Shillila {sp} chassis. It used to run in Bakersfield with a Chrysler 6 in it. George worked for Curtis but he built mostly sprint cars.

The Alvis is an SA model Speed 20 with a one off Mulliner body built for Anthony Bambers who was an importer and an Alvis dealer. It was the R&T Salon car in 1956 I think July. but I'm not sure.

A couple years back, four actually, Steve managed one of the most amazing jigsaw puzzle packing jobs of a semi trailer ever witnessed, and moved the entire contents of the barn, the house, and miscellaneous out-

buildings to Rhode Island. When his name came up on this project a search had to run through Pac Bell's national database to try and find his coordinates. It was Karen's memory of Steve and Helen renting a house on a reconnaissance trip back that provided the clue to their location. The house had been right on the ocean, and all they could talk about was how they froze while there. How many towns could be on the coast of Rhode Island?

"Good evening, is this the Patience residence?"

"Why, yes it is, who's this?"

After announcing who was calling, to a warm reception by Steve's wife Helen, Steve took the phone.

"I can't believe you're calling. Just today, for the first time in two years, I was thinking of getting back out to the garage and doing some car stuff. It's an omen."

Appreciating that we Italians are a superstitious lot, I agreed that it was an omen and proceeded to explain

the purpose of my call. It was arranged to do an actual interview on the following Wednesday night, at eight PM, EST. Steve then filled me in on his art gallery, the goings on in Rhode Island, and how the new house he designed and built on the bluffs above the Atlantic turned out.

Wednesday arrived without delay. After picking up where we left off, we got around to 718.

"When did Bill bring you the TR?"

"Oh, I have no idea.

"I kept very detailed worksheets on the all the cars that I did: day, date, and whatever I did on a certain day; I changed the spark plugs, wiped grease off of the transmission cover, pulled the door handles off the... That's what my time sheets looked like. And I think I kept all of Bill's time sheets."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I'll go look. I haven't been to the shop in a couple of weeks. I'll do that."

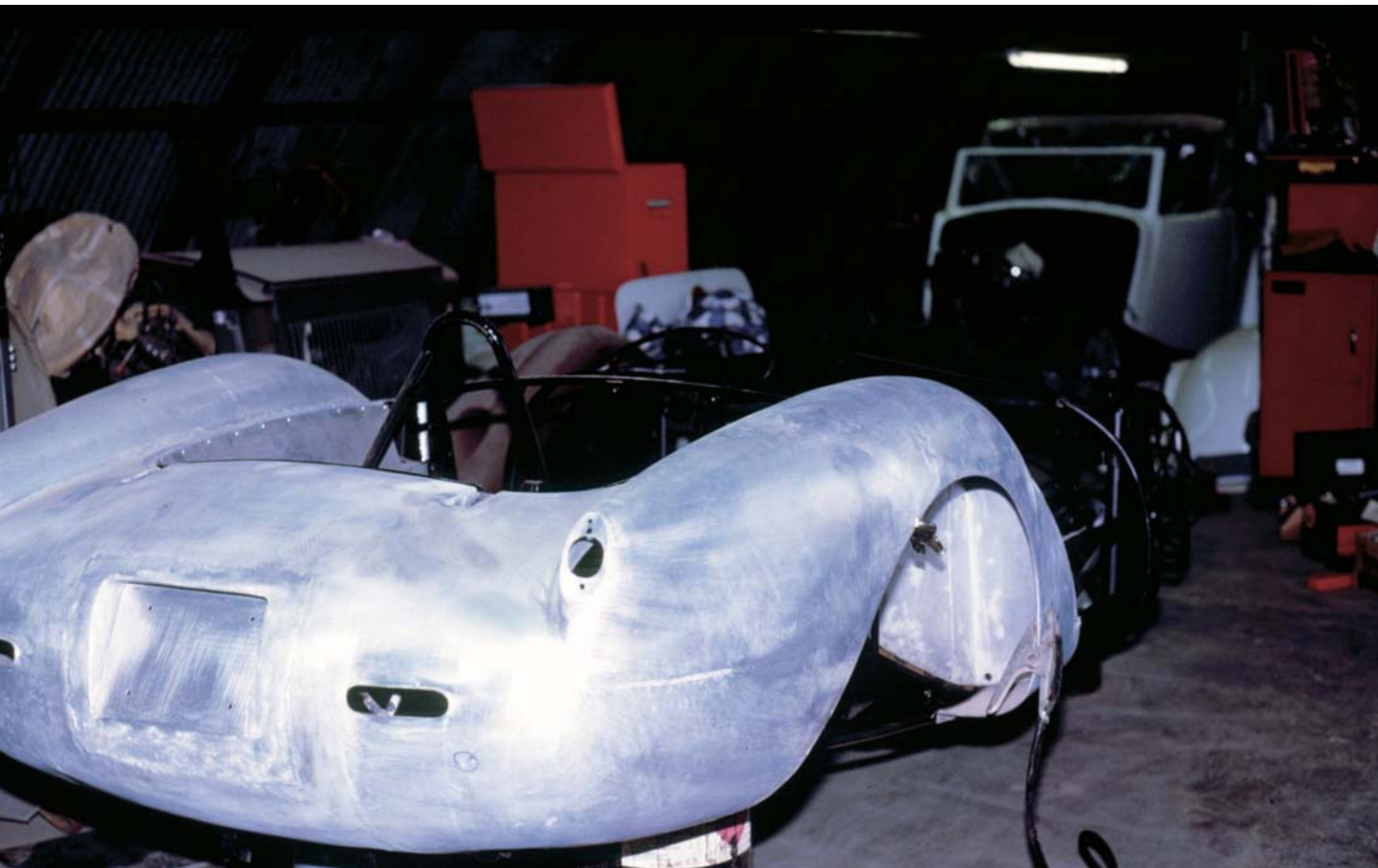
"That and photographs would be fabulous."

"I'll have to find out...mostly sure I have all the photographs. But I'm not too sure.

"I have boxes and boxes and boxes of stuff in there. I always photographically documented the restorations." Steve explained, "All my time sheets were very intricate as far as what I did day to day. I sent the bill out, and a time sheet and photographs. I did a lot of work for people that weren't there. For people in Boston and England and wherever."

"That would be great. One of the things I was curious about was, what kind of condition it was in when it arrived."

Steve's response started with a throaty chuckle, "The TR arrived at my shop in the back of two pickup trucks. In just...pieces. The largest piece being the chassis. And everything else was just sort of... the body parts...Bill had...Do you know how the bodies are attached to those cars? They had a very thin strip welded to the chassis, probably a quarter to a half inch (wide) by a sixteenth of an inch (thick) was drilled with holes, then



*the aluminum body was riveted to that little strip, to the chassis.*

*"Do you know what I'm talking about?" Steve asked exploring the clarity of his explanation, and my ability to have grasped it.*

*"Yes..." I replied, picturing the construction work within Scaglietti's on a rainy winter day forty years ago.*

*"Bill sort of demolished all the rivets, pulled the body off, and kind of destroyed it. What he ended up with was basically, all the aluminum that left Scaglietti's. I didn't really add anything to the car, I sort of fixed everything that was there, purposely. Because that's what I wanted to do."*

*"So he had what, drilled the rivets out and then pulled the aluminum panels off the chassis."*

*"Yeah, I guess. He did whatever he had to do. But he, he, Bill doesn't have a lot of finesse. That's not derogatory at all. He just kind of wrenched it off the chassis. So I got an aluminum body that was pretty bent...what I did was, cut one inch of the aluminum off that was*

*attached to the chassis so I could put a new piece there and attached to the chassis."*

*"Really?"*

*"Yeah."*

*"So how misshapen was the body?"*

*"Well it wasn't really misshapen, it was just kind of wrenched off, you know, kind of a little wiggly. It wasn't bad. It wasn't. It was a nice body. It was very complete and very original. A little dented, I just sort of straightened it out. And it was a nice original car. I think the only thing that was missing from that car was a firewall, a foot box, and some other odds and ends. And the engine."*

*"Now when you redid it, you said you had to rebuild the footbox and all around the scuttle because they had cut that all up to put that Chevy in there. Did he have that engine from the SWB, from the 250 SWB going in then."*

*"No, when I got the engine, that was basically a 250 TR engine, complete and running."*

*"So that was what, that one from Finn, 0750 engine," I asked.*



*"Yeah, that was a lot of parts, and I think Griswold built that. And also built the tranny. So basically I got a complete running engine and a transmission. Everything else I had; the driveshaft, the rearend, the shocks, the springs."*

*"So all the original bits were there?"*

*"Yeah."*

*"So, how long did it take you to do it?"*

*"I think I had the car in the store for about nine months."*

*"And Bill used to come in after work, and do the sanding?" I asked remembering Bill's comments about Steve putting him to work after a day delivering Chronicles to the news agencies.*

*"He'd come in and I'd give him the grunt work. It was good, it was a neat thing. It was like a labor of love."*

*"That car pretty much has all the aluminum, and the sheet metal, dashboard, and the chassis parts, all the suspension parts, the rear end parts, are pretty much the way that car was originally."*

*"What kind of condition was the frame in? Had you noticed any frame modification?"*

*"The chassis I worked on really was never modified. I would say it was just the way it had left the factory. Was never crashed. It had no crash repairs. It had no obvious modifications. The welding on that thing looked like it came from high school welding class. The worst welding I've ever seen. And a couple of other TRs I've seen since then are pretty much the same. Bill's car was a very, very original car. And I don't think it had any, it had never been modified or crashed. It was a very original car."*

*"Interesting. Two pickup trucks full of stuff, huh Steve?"*

*"Yeah, that's the way it came, like, a lot of aluminum in one truck, and lots of chassis parts and suspension parts in another. The funny thing, don't write this, when Bill took this a thing apart, he marked all the suspension parts, he marked some of the suspension parts when he was sitting in the car, and he marked some of the parts as if he was standing in front of the car. So I got all these nickel-plated parts, and I'm trying to put them together, and I'm going, Oh*

*jeez, what the fuck is the matter with this stuff? And I finally figured out that that's what he did. I had to figure out where things went, and not pay any attention to the way he marked it. But don't say that because I don't think he ever realizes to this day that he did that. And I never said anything to him."*

*(Laughter)*

*"Kind of a stage right-stage left syndrome." I said.*

*"Yeah really. And it was like, if you can picture me sitting there in my shorts and stuff, with a bunch of parts, and I'm looking at this trying to fit it to the car, and there are lots of washers and A-arms, and things, and I go, and it probably took me a morning, a good morning, a half a day to figure out what had happened. Of course when I figured out what had happened, then I didn't pay any attention to any of the markings I just paid attention to what parts went where."*

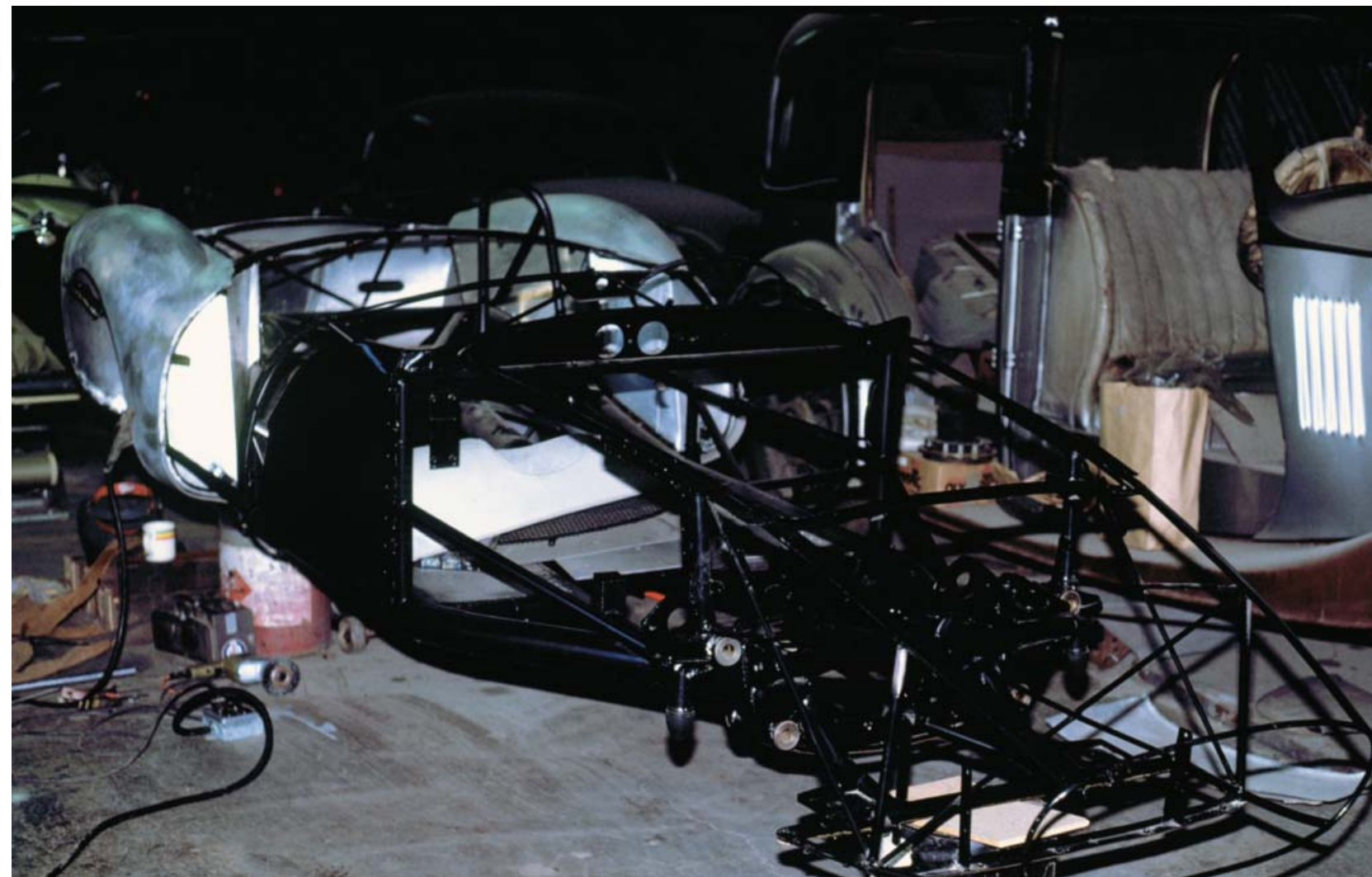
*"So essentially you reassembled the entire car, suspension and everything."*

*"What I got was the chassis, and a bunch of aluminum body parts, and then*

*did the body, chassis, welded all the body...what do you call then, where the body is attached to the chassis with a very thin piece of steel; it was welded to the chassis, It wasn't welded continuously. It had a one inch weld, whatever it was, every eight inches or so, and that was drilled and that's where the body was attached to the chassis with rivets. They weren't pop-rivets, they were regular buck rivets. And the whole thing was done exactly like it left the factory. So it was buck riveted, all the pieces were put back. That one-inch of the body was cut off and I added that to it. I was actually very careful to leave as much of the body and all the original parts on there, that I could, within reason. And that car, as far as I could see had never really been ravaged at all. Never been crashed, Never been butchered. It was a car that needed somebody to put it back together right. It was a nice car.*

*"Really, so you just dropped the engine in and connected everything up."*

*"Yeah...I did all that...did the chassis, did the body, made a firewall, did a foot-*





box, assembled everything, did the wiring, made the exhaust system, did the instruments, actually, assembled the car."

"I can't wait to see these pictures."

"I got to find them. Even if I don't find the prints, I have the negatives. I gave Bill a bunch of prints."

"That's great, and the work sheets would be incredible to find."

"The work sheets are pretty lenting..."

"Are what?"

"Lenting, very descriptive. I was very meticulous about my worksheets on all the stuff that I did. On any car."

"That's great. The interesting thing that I run into here is that everybody has an opinion on what happened...especially with the TRs. And there's this guy that's been telling Jay that you and Bill put on another body, made a body. I said to Jay, next time you talk to this guy, you should make it apparent that Bill drove a newspaper truck for the Chronicle. And there really wasn't the budget to be doing major refabrication of a body. It seems to me they were working with what was there."

"The body on that car was very, very nice. The only part of the car that showed any signs of being bent was the right front fender. On the, what do you call it, the part that attached the fender to the body. It was a little crumpled. I told Bill, 'What do want me to do with this, Bill? I can take it apart and put all new stuff in there, or I can straighten it out as good as I can, and bondo it.' And he said, 'What's going to happen if you bondo it?' I said, 'It's going to look the same as if I put a new piece in, but it will be the original parts. You know...it will be nice.' So he said, 'Do it that way.' That's what I did."

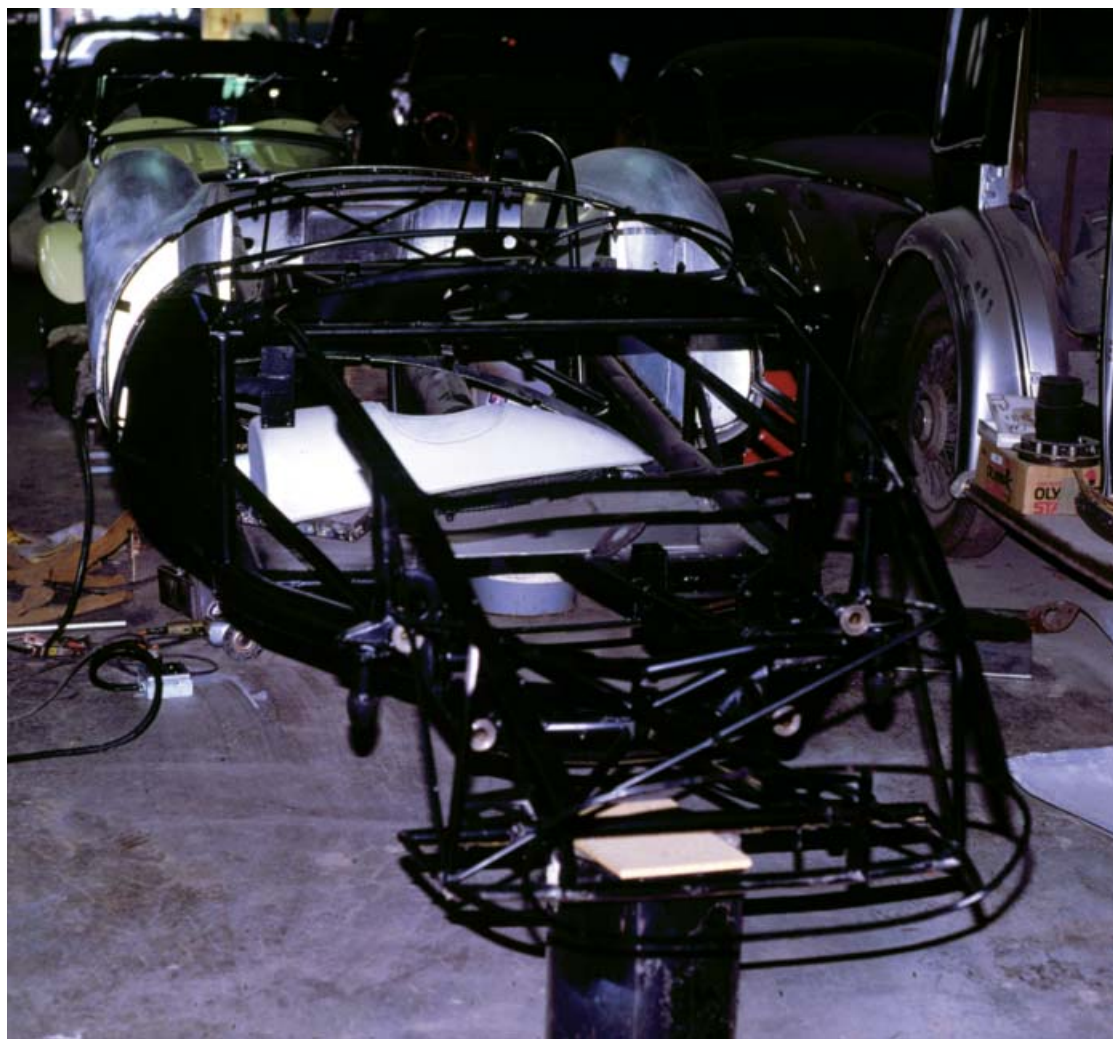
"I would say that that car has ninety-eight percent of its original aluminum."

"So everything was really there."

"It was really there. It was a pretty nice car. The only thing that was missing was the firewall, because it had that Chevy engine in it."

"So you didn't see the Chevy engine, or any of that. So you fabricated those strange horizontal headers then."

"The headers? You mean the exhaust







headers?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Well, I guess if you find the work-sheets, you'll know what years it was. I'm curious what year it was."

"Yeah, I'll find the work sheets."

"This must have been sometime in the early eighties then."

"Yeah it was."

"Yeah."

"Hey, honey, do you remember when I did Bill's car?"

"What year?"

"Yeah, Eighties, early eighties?"

"Yes," I heard Helen say in the background.

"Because I finished it when we first moved into Tassajara."

"Eighty, eighty-one."

"That's kind of what I figured," I added to the three way conversation, "Always good to have the timekeeper there."

"Yeah" Steve said, chuckling. "I have the time sheets, and I will call you back."

"That would be exciting."

"The timesheets are very interesting to read, because that's nine months of my life. There're probably thousands of words...There are a lot of four letter words in the timesheets. This was part of my life. So when I did my timesheets at the end of the day, I would say, 'Tried to fix this tube. This tube is bent. Jesus Christ, some asshole put the wrong fuckin' size tube in here. Spent two hours trying to weld the son of a bitch.' So that's how my timesheets read. They were written for the person I was doing the job for, and who I was going to bill...and that's what I basically did for twenty-five years."

(Laughter)

"Because as I say, one of the things I'm facing with this car is that so many tales have been told about it. And there are so many people that are saying different things about it, that I'm really just trying to get it back to exactly what happened."

"Yeah, that's good."

"Which is why the time sheets and photos are priceless documentation. This guy's insisting the body is a refab. As I



told Jay, 'I just don't see the budget for that kind of thing, especially at that time when the car wasn't that valuable.'

"Yeah. That body is extremely original. You know those bodies on the TRs were thirty-thousandths aluminum. That was the thinnest body I've ever worked on. I busted my balls to keep all of the original aluminum on that car, I replaced very little of it."

"Amazing...Did he have the original seats and all that stuff?"

"Yeah, Bill had the original seats and he had them all reupholstered. The seats were done, and upholstered when I got the car. And he had the upholstery done for the drive shaft cover, and whatever else was in that car. That was all done, I didn't do any of that. "

"You just had to assemble it all."

"Yeah."

"So did it drive out of there?"

"Yeah, I'll tell you a story. Don't print this either. (Well, let's just say someone) built the transmission. I assembled the car and put everything in, ran that son of a bitch, and tried to shift it. And it wouldn't go into first gear; or one

of the gears, fourth? I don't remember which it was. I went, oh son of a bitch...and I screwed around and screwed around with it. So I pull everything apart. And apparently, I'm not really sure what I'm telling you, but the transmission, the shaft that when you shift it has a shaft on top, that goes back and forth, the forks that go back and forth. There's a boss that's cast into the back of the transmission, that looks like a knock out plug in an electrical circuit...Know what I'm talking about?"

"Mhm."

"I couldn't get it into first or fourth, I took the cover off and the goddamned shaft hit the back of the transmission casting, the plug back there had never been popped out. So I took it apart, took the plug out, put it back together and it shifted in all four gears. And the thing that's interesting about that, is that some asshole assembled that transmission and never checked to see if it worked in all four gears. Which is like (laughter), Hello..."

"Why don't you want that in print?"



"Shouldn't do that (laughter). I took the plug out, and how could somebody assemble something, and not shift it to see if the fucking thing works?"

(laughter)

"So anyway it was a very simple thing, I drilled a hole there, with a little, what ever (diameter) it was, the rod came through, and made all four gears, put it back together, and the car was fine. (Those guys) did that, and I still know people there. So you probably shouldn't say that."

"I'll be vague about their identity for momentary deflection of guilt."

(laughter)

We then proceeded to discuss the mystery of 718's early life, Finn's conclusions, the fact that the numbers show nowhere in the European competition entry lists during the '58 season. I relayed what Juan had been told by Horacio Ruiz, that the car had arrived at Mariscal's garage running, as if it had come off of an airplane.

"Yeah...that car had never been demolition derbied; all the panels, the doors,

fenders and everything, were just...virgin. Never been hit."

"Yeah...and Mariscal's mechanic swears that car was as new, when it arrived...and that was in September of '58," I pointed out.

"He was right. It was as new. The only part of that car that was a little wrinkled, was the right front pod, that somebody could have..."

"I've got a photograph when that happened. That happened at a race. Gordon Glycer did that at a race in Sacramento, which he ended up winning, in 1961. It was a street race, surrounding the old Sacramento Fair...he was out practicing in the morning...and I think a manhole cover shifted..."

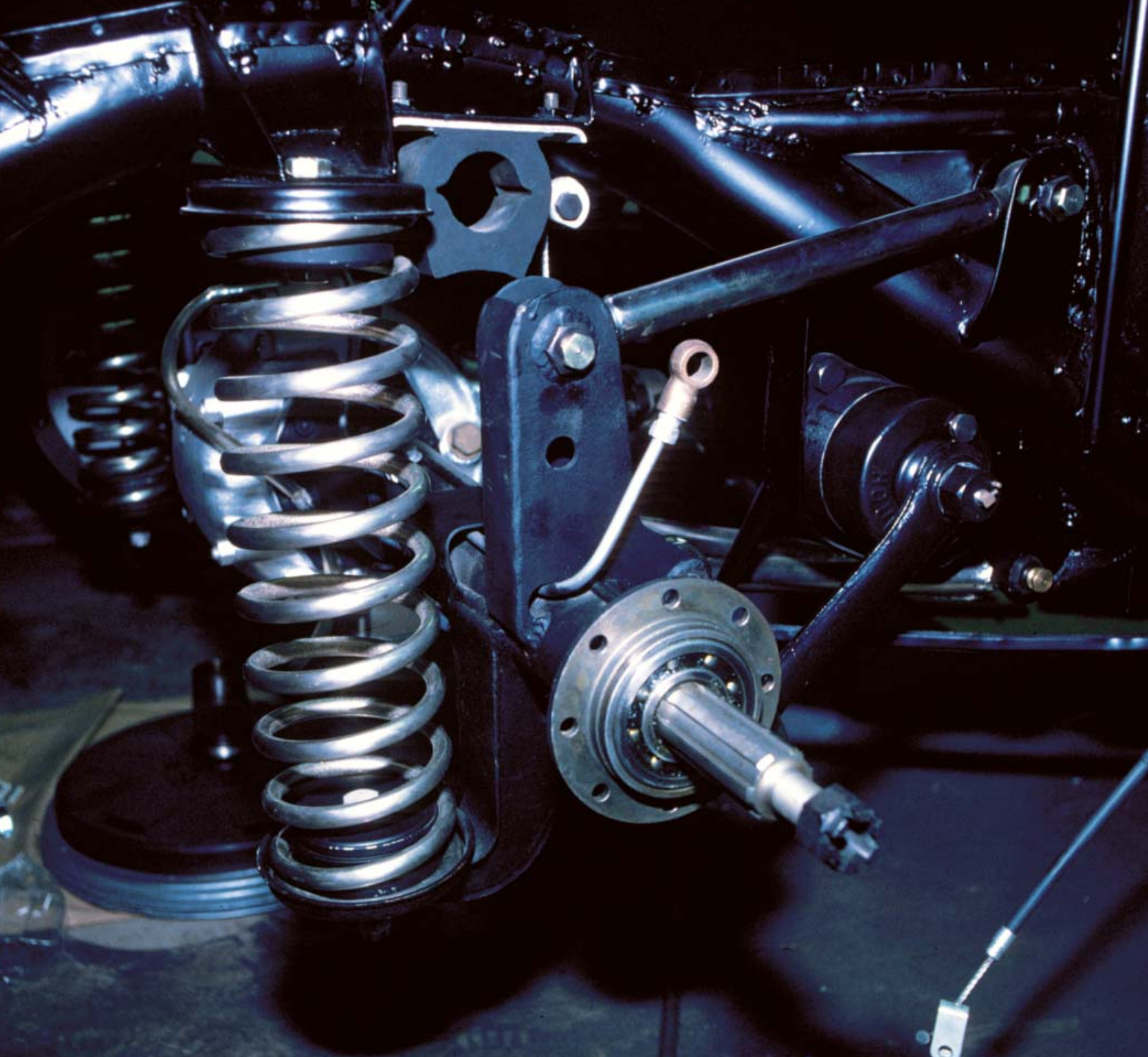
"A manhole cover would have completely destroyed that car (laughter)..."

"Oh no, when he went over it moved or shifted slightly, and what it did was threw him into a hotdog stand.."

"(Deep Steve Allen laughter)"

"That's it."

"That's funny..." Steve said still echoing Steve Allen.



*"But, the rest of the car, nothing on that car had ever been, even bent slightly. Really a virgin car...Not like ending upside down in a tree at Laguna Seca."*

