



August 2006

1st edition

- **MVT Officers**

President: Stan Seto, 513-683-7974

Vice President: Randy Wakefield,
937-637-4993

Secretary: Phil Daye, 937-423-8157

Treasurer: Carolyn Daye,
937-423-8157

Membership: Sue Bell, 937-890-1969

Events: Bruce Clough,
937-376-9946

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- **(includes Ferry Trip North)**
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July 2006

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-

Please send comments/suggestions to:

news@miamivalleytriumphs.org
or to the P. O. Box.

Cutoff date for next month's Marque is the 20th.

Obligatory Disclaimer

"The Marque" is the official publication of the Miami Valley Triumphs Car Club, P. O. Box 144, Bellbrook, OH 45305. Views stated in the "Marque" are not necessarily those of the officers or members of the club. Technical data is provided for information only and no liability is assumed for suitability, applicability, or safety. Miami Valley Triumphs is a registered chapter of the Vintage Triumph Register and a local center of the Triumph Register of America. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of the month at Fuddrucker's Restaurant on Kingsbridge Drive, behind the Dayton Mall, unless otherwise noted in the "Marque". General membership meetings are at 8:00 pm with informal dinner starting at 6:00 pm prior to the meeting. Anyone interested is most heartily invited to attend. Triumph car ownership is not required.

MVTRallye Game Pt 8

Chuck & Chris get Premier runner up at Cincy BCD



The President's Comments, August '06

August is here and with it is BCD at Eastwood Metro Park. We meet on Friday night to help the MG Club set the park up, and return on Saturday for, hopefully, one of the most successful BCD's we'll have. As I write this on the 21st of July, we have 184 cars registered for the meet, thirty-two are Spitfire's and GT6's, many are NASS, North American Spitfire Squadron related, as this is their national show, and we are hoping fifty or sixty cars will show up.

WE still need volunteers to provide support for Registration, Parking, the food booth, passing out T shirts (which design looks really good this year, featuring Spitfires and Midgets, and printed on a light tan material, looks cool!!!!), Vote counting teams and clean-up.

Congratulations go to the following club members for the Cincinnati BCD:

Glenn and Melba Bjornson for their first in Class (TR2-3),

Harry Mague, First in Class Late TR6,

Mike Ross, First in Class Spitfire / GT6,

Chuck and Chris White, second in Class, Premier.

Also along for the ride was Paul Corcoran, TR4A. Thanks to all for showing the club colors at this event.



Left Above-Bjornson Tr3 Above-Corcoran Tr4

Left-Mague Tr6 Below-Ross Spitfire

Pictures by C.E. White



While a number of the club members went to Cincinnati's BCD in Fairfield, OH. I took off on a driving trip with the FOG's (Funny Old Guys) up into Canada. On Monday, the 10th, I headed north to Toledo, OH, and Packy's restaurant on the east side, just off I-280. There I hooked up with four cars and guys from Pittsburgh and central Ohio. We overnigheted in Flat Rock, MI. Next day it was up into Detroit at 6:30 AM, and cut over to the coast of Lake St. Clair to tour Grosse Point on the lakeside road. No one who lives there is up that early. Back onto I-94 and up to Port Huron, where we crossed over into Canada. We got onto Route 7 and went north to Route 21. This road takes you along the Lake Huron shore north to Port Elgin.

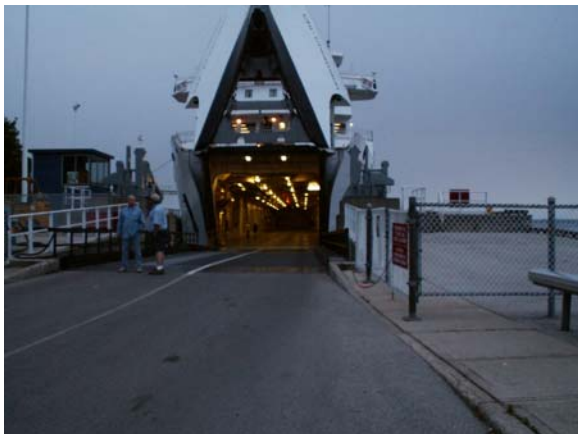


At Flat Rock



Agua-vation Si!

Just shy of our destination, and at Douglas Point, one of the TR3's had a water pump problem (shaft bearing failure). Luckily, the driver had a spare water pump, but it took two hours and our combined effort to get it changed. Then it was on to Port Elgin for a late lunch, followed by a two hour run north to Route 6 and on up to Tobermory, Ont., and Anchor Point Motel, where we just beat in another group of Triumphs from Buffalo. At that point, we were nine cars and eleven guys strong. There were five cars from Pennsylvania, one from New York, two from Ohio and two from Texas. Early the next morning we got on the car ferry, MS Chi Cheemaun (Indian for "Big Canoe"). It holds 142 vehicles, including two eighteen wheel logging trucks.



Pres.. Cont.

The ferry ride to Manitoulin Island took 105 minutes and we had breakfast on board. Off the boat ran nine Triumphs, to the cheers of the crowd waiting to board southbound. We stopped for gas (1.07 per liter, \$4.07 a gal.), and split up again, part of the group headed for Elkhart Lake and Road America, while my group (including two Brits, over from the UK just for this tour and in a borrowed TR3 (and didn't that give the customs guys something to grill them about) headed northeast toward Sudbury and the small town of Capreol and a train museum (which was also small but enthusiastically staffed with two young ladies).



That tour done we headed west to Sault St. Marie, the US side, where we had motel rooms. Next day we spent the morning at the locks watching big ships go through, and in the afternoon, motored up to Whitefish Point, and toured the Shipwreck Museum and later, a live Bear farm, just above Newberry.



Pres Cont.

Then it was down to Marinetta, Wis. and the motel.

Next morning we drove to Manitowoc, WI and the motel where the earlier group was headquartered. That afternoon we toured the Wisconsin Marine Museum, where they have a WW2 submarine on the river. Both the Shipwreck and Marine museum are worth touring.



That night the other group got back from the track and it was like old home week. Saturday, we all went to the track to watch practice and qualifying of the Kohler International Challenge Races being held there that weekend. It was very hot that day, and you just couldn't drink enough to be satisfied. As I wandered the Paddock in the mid-afternoon, at the Road and Track stand, I came across Phil Hill and his wife. He looked whipped, so I left them alone, but I thought a little about all those hot days he competed on in South America and Europe. It's tougher when you are in your eighties.

That evening we went to a car show on the streets of Elkhart Lake. Lots of great cars (none I could afford), more people than you could count, and still about 85 degrees. On the ride home my generator quit two miles from the hotel. I carry a spare, and it took my brother and me about 35 minutes to change it out. He



took the busted unit back to Texas for repair (main bearings, it appears). We did not stay for race day, as the practice sessions indicated there would

be long strings of cars, but little head to head competition. The Brits wanted to see the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, I had to take one guy to South Bend for a job related conference, so we all split-up again and I was home by 8 Sunday evening. Total mileage was about 1900, and I got completely roasted.

Hey, I have heard that the Roadster Factory Summer Party is on. Is anyone going?? It is the weekend after our BCD!



Hope to see you at the meeting, bring your little British Cars...

Condolences to Ted Allison on the loss of his father.

Thanks for listening, Stan Seto

The Vice-President's Comments

Well it was a wild and warm July. As you read this, our BCD 2006 has just occurred. I hope we had a great show. The pre-registration broke a record. It was 185 and climbing going into the last week before the show. I suppose if we look at the numbers correctly, the likelihood of continuous growth is not good logic. The amount of surviving LBCs is a shrinking figure. For a while, they were abundant used cars. Then there was a transition towards the amateur restorer. Like myself, a couple of cars are used to make one good one. Then there are the years where someone invests heavily to fully restore the last of the many. We are probably approaching the final segment of car life for most of our beloved little British cars. That is the rare and classic years. Imagine scrounging parts for Don Bigler's Airflow! Cars like the Model T and the MGB will go through longer time cycles by virtue of their numbers. But Sunbeam Tigers were in the final phase in the early nineties. The cars that draw support from British Heritage movement will likely extend years into the future before hitting that final phase. But what I see happening in terms of our show is a gradual leak down of popular cars with a more pronounced

disappearance of types such as Dr. Bernstein's Talbot and Allards. That withstanding, I am not sure that it is worth keeping up with if it means a hoard of new Mini's and Miatas. We

are witnessing the strong days of British Heritage displays. With NASCAR selling out to Toyota and model car companies eyeing the market before tooling up a new car model, I am in fear of a day when the things that cause passion in my soul will dwindle to uneasy levels. I guess a wise man once asserted the idea of seizing the day.

The TR-6 is at last trying to crank. I spent several hours scrubbing rust off of the seat tracks. The carpet on the floor is a natural moisture collector. And as you may suspect, moisture leads to tin worm. The tracks painted, I re-installed the passenger side and then re-acquainted myself with the seized bolts that broke off. Sigh. Now I shall have to drill and tap the little rusty nuts that are welded to the floor. Summer heat has my hanger in the 94 to 104 degree range. Still, a teacher must turn wrenches while he can make hay! Or should that be before the field becomes hay? (fall)

The seat install appears in the photos below. It is hardly a tech article. Wish me luck. I will be liquefying the fuel system next. Can the evil Tr6 be made to run again? Stay turned to this column for the latest.

Rev-guards R.L. Wakefield Humble VP and knuckle skinner.



Known as an acid based product, most rust removers soften metal. Use care.



Wire brush strokes loosen the rust before applying chemicals or paint.



Tragic result of rubber products in seat bottom deteriorating over time and use. This lets my bumm down into an uncomfortable depression between hard seat sides. It must go.



The floor is patched but still has two fasteners rusted in place. I twisted the heads off. I need to remember that this is not a Ford. Fine threads and they are a bit fragile in comparison.

July 2006 Membership Meeting

Officer reports

Pres: great time at TRA at Burr Oak. Hope next years TRA is a driving time too.

TRS summer party may not happen this year. Something about money!

V.P.: messed up last month on hanger party, will be in October and **GLAD TO BE HERE!**

Treasurer: Still have funds in the account

Membership: N/A

Events: BCD August 5 **BE THERE!!!!** Need help with registration, parking, and food booth.

TRA was a great success next year will be in West Central New York

NASS is having thier at BCD this year, they are getting together Aug

4<5<6.

Tech session this fall at the Bell's TBD

16 Sept/17 Indy british.

6 Pack is having trials

Oct Hanger Dance at Randy's date not yet set

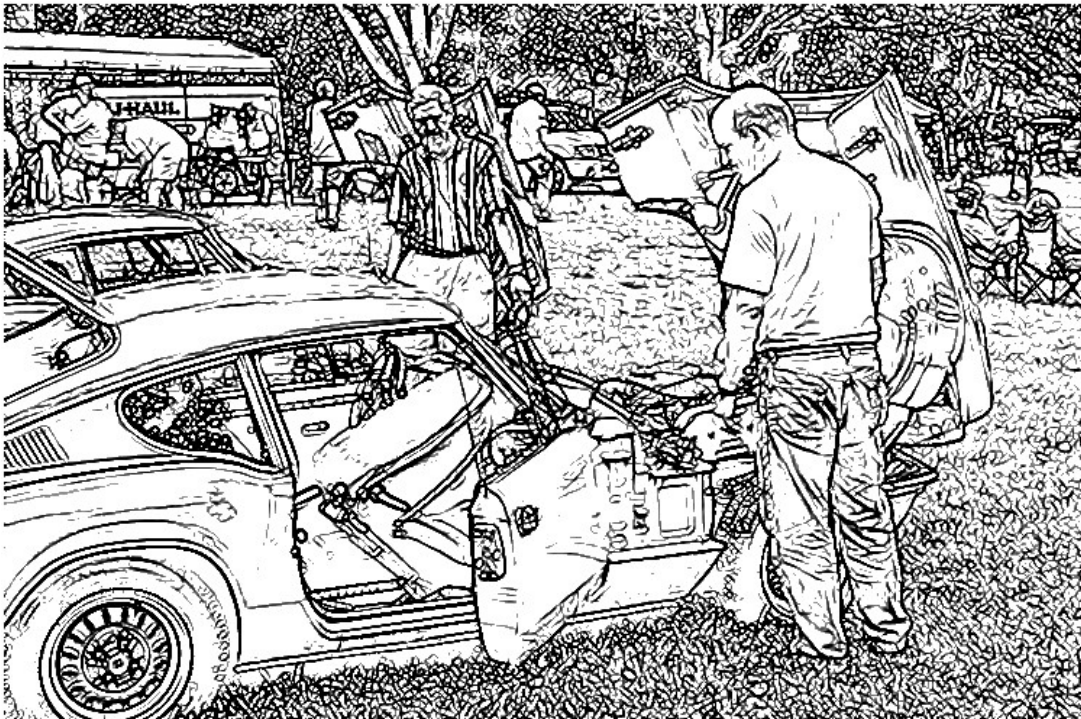
Nov nothing yet

Dec Holiday get together TBD

Committee: BCD now has 183 pre-registered participants, We will need your help Friday Aug 4 to stuff goodie bags and set up the show grounds.

If you have not yet paid your dues please do so.

Split the pot won by Stan



MVT Living Events List

August 2nd Miami Valley Triumphs
Membership Meeting, Fudruckers Restaurant,
Kingsridge Dr. behind Dayton Mall across from
Poelking Lanes, 6:30 pm dinner, 7:30 p.m.
meeting

August 4-6 NASS Get Together 6, Dayton, OH
Mike Ross. Phone: 937-862-4302. Email:
mikeross@prodigy.net

August 5th Dayton British Car Day, Edgewater
Metro Park, Dayton, OH. Call anyone in the
club for more info!

August 10-12 Roadster Factory Summer Party,
Armagh, PA. 814-445-6860

September 6th Miami Valley Triumphs
Membership Meeting, Fudruckers Restaurant,
Kingsridge Dr. behind Dayton Mall across from
Poelking Lanes, 6:30 pm dinner, 7:30 pm
meeting

September 10th Battle Of The Brits, Sterling
Heights, MI. Terry Walters 734-464-8149,
botbchair@detroittriumph.org

September 16th Carl Day Cruise-In, Trotwood,
OH. Registrations: 937-898-3655

September 17th Discovery Concours d'Elegance,
Dayton, OH. 937-275-7431

September 22-24 Indy British Motor Days,
American Legion Post 64, Indianapolis

September 28th – October 1st 6-Pack Trials
2006, Cuyahoga Falls, OH.

TR250navigator@aol.com

October 4th Miami Valley Triumphs
Membership Meeting, Fudruckers Restaurant,
Kingsridge Dr. behind Dayton Mall across from
Poelking Lanes, 6:30 pm dinner, 7:30 pm
meeting

Mid-October Fall Tour – Plan For An
Overnighter!

October 19-22 Triumphest 2006, Santa Ynez
Valley Marriott, Buellton, CA. Bob Muzio,
tr_jag@yahoo.com, 818-703-1846

November 1st Miami Valley Triumphs
Membership Meeting, Fudruckers Restaurant,
Kingsridge Dr. behind Dayton Mall across from
Poelking Lanes, 6:30 pm dinner, 7:30 pm
meeting.



The MVT Pool Party, '06

Held on the afternoon of the 1st of July this year, and at Ellis and Lorna Ball's on Hemlock Street in Franklin. The weather cooperated nicely and about twenty adults and children showed up to enjoy the afternoon and evening. Attending were the Ball's (well, they live there), Carolyn and Phil Daye and Cheyenne, Alice, Bruce, Bridgette and Ducan Clough, Forrest Gwinn and Audry, Lois and Don Bigler, Carol and Roger Rutledge, Norma and Stan Seto there before four o'clock, and Mara and Mike McKitrick and Randy and Kattie Wakefield with grand daughter Jayla appeared later in the afternoon.



Many of the (younger) guests found their way to the swimming pool and others went to the shaded places on the patio where shouting or conversing went on in earnest for the rest of the day.

As usual, Ellis did the steaks to a fair thee well and most of the guests brought favorite dishes, so the meal was varied in content and excellent in quality. Afterward, it was back to the pool for the youngsters, and corn hole pitching time for the oldsters. Like last year, Alice Clough's teams smoked the competition (there must be something to being Athletic Director at a high school that trains you for this game). Still later, the musical instruments came out and time was spent remembering how to play, and singing the country hits of the fifties and sixties and earlier.

Lorn pointed out that they have an albino squirrel in the trees around the house. He showed and was an object of attention for a bit.



Pool Party 06 Cont.

As dusk settled and the kids wore out, couples drifted away, except the Biglers, who discovered earlier in the day their car had apparently blown a head gasket on the run in and had to get AAA to come with a car carrier and lug them all back to Dayton, a tough break on such a swell day.

Every year, the pool party is a nice social get together for the club members, in a familiar surrounding and usually with good swimming weather. The Fourth of July weekend aspect probably had something to do with who could attend, but it really is worth coming to, regardless where we hold it.



A gathering of friends.



Music by Bruce.



A friendly game of Pitch and Toss. Left: Lois discusses strategies with Carol (right) and Norma (left). Right: Bruce takes aim as Lorna eyes the target.



Take-Off The FrankenStag

TRA' 06 National Meeting

What's a guy with a Stag and TR7 doing talking about a meet for early TRs? Are you nuts? Well, yes, and I'm also the National Meeting Coordinator for TRA. Don't let this later-Triumph collection fool you, leaky old sidescreens run in my blood, if not my garage.

Prelude

First of all, we had to pack. Since I was running this thing I had to bring some stuff, and at the same time get all the family's stuff in two Triumphs. The solution was to restore a trailer friends gave us, spending \$300 fixing a \$170 trailer. Well at least I got it painted same color as the TR7.



Packing for the meet – how did we get all that stuff in?

Yeah, how did we get all that stuff in? Every nook and cranny of the cars had something in

them. Alice is a Black Belt packer, 4th Class. She puts up with me packing things, then pulls them out and does it right. Anyway, we got everything in two cars.

Sunday

Since we were staying in a cabin for a week, and cabin selection is first-come, first-served, we left early on Sunday morning the 11th and headed right for Burr Oak via the Waffle House at US 35 and I-71. We took a route that skirted the northern part of the Hocking Hills, went through Nelsonville, and ended up at Burr Oak around noon. We got the cabin we wanted (#24 – closest to the lodge as crows fly, and it has a path behind it to the lodge) and unpacked!



Cabin 24 with Clough Fleet parked in front. Alice stole the shade – you snooze, you lose!

The cabins at Burr Oak are pretty nice. Full kitchen, front porch with plenty of sitting room, rear porch overlooking forest, and decent beds. However, the hairdressing crew leaves something to be desired:



Alice driven to drinking by madcap hairdressers – Bridgett plans braids while

Duncan brushes hairy bug on screen window...

That night I collected firewood, dodged skunks, cooked burgers & hot dogs, and played Frizbee. Sleep came around 11pm...

Monday-Tuesday

Both these days were pretty much the same. Listen to Bridgett and Duncan playing, then fighting, then playing again. Go to Gloucester to pick up something we forgot at either Krogers or Dollar General. Go swimming. So why was that swimming pool so cold anyway? Oh well, Bridgett learned how to go underwater and swim a bit, so the cold pool served a function. Go hiking – teach kids what poison ivy looked like. Run part of the upcoming tours to see who had gone out of business or what roads needed paving (or were gravel). Figure out how we're going to distribute all those beer mugs- usual stuff!

Wednesday

First day of the meet, or at least first half day, The morning was spent swimming and doing laundry (I only packed enough clothes for about half the trip, so I had to do laundry – less stuff to pack, but I had to wash clothes – Alice thought I had lost my mind. I have.) We were leading the first event, a crafts tour, in the afternoon. Afternoon came, and so did the craft tour.



Stag: Natural born leader of Triumphs on Craft Tour

I think the car count came to 22 cars were on this, so a good portion of the TRA attendees came early for the tour. They were treated to several really good roads – we headed east on OH 78 for the first part of the run



Long, Sweeping Curve on OH 78 During Craft Tour

I highly recommend that road for driving fun, hardly a straight section in it! We were supposed to be visiting about ten vendors hawking their wares along “Hickory Ridge”. Only three were open, oh well, we made do! Everyone liked the stops, and the road remained paved and hilly. One car was worked on, so he got the dead chicken (stuffed toy, of course) to carry with him. On the way back we took OH 555, another killer road with numerous blind crests leaving one wondering where the road goes! Nothing but kudos from everyone on the run. Good start to the meet!



Baby cars following the manly leader...



TRA Newsletter Editor Caught In The Act!

That afternoon I invited the TRA staff over to the cabin for dinner – I figured if we’re gonna work them we might as well feed them! And feed them we did! Stuffed them full and more! A happy staff is a productive staff – my story and I’m sticking to it!

That evening I put a event together so we could all play our instruments and sing old folk tunes. I brought a mandolin or two, Norma and Bridgett brought their lap dulcimers, and Carol Rutledge brought her hammer dulcimer. We played some great music, and even sang some harmony late into the evening. Bridgett & Duncan stayed on their good behavior track, and bedtime came about 1130 for moi.

Thursday

EARLY MORNING RUN! Wake up folks, time to hit the road for the early morning run! We started marshalling around 6:30 am to leave close to 7. Well over 30 cars heading down OH 78 to McConnellsville. The road still hadn’t changed, still hilly, twisty & turny. Everyone was wide awake in anticipation of a hearty breakfast



Duncan & Bridgett Wide Awake In Anticipation Of Breakfast

The Four Seasons Restaurant was our destination – hats off to John and Becky Hartley for finding this place. Cheap food, huge portions, and a pleasant staff made this a great place to visit. It’s on the “main drag” near the town center. The restaurant got the town to reserve parking up and down the street for the cars – from the looks of the locals this doesn’t happen often, I’d bet. We got everyone parked okay and headed in to breakfast.

Since we were last in, and last to order, we also had the longest wait. That was okay since it gave us time to kibitz with new folk coming to the meet, and old friends that came in the night before we hadn’t seen. It also allowed some more TRA Peyton Place to happen – what do I mean about that? Simple – the chicken changed hands.

One of the locals admiring cars, or wondering why there was so much oil on the street, came in and said “There’s a red car out here with a flat tire.” That got the attention of most there since about half the cars were red! Turns out Lou Metelko’s TR4A had a rear tire go flat, so he entertained the locals by changing it.



Lou working on his Low Rider

It just so happens that the local newspaper is across the street from the restaurant, so we soon had a news crew interviewing Lou. Not only that, the dead chicken appeared on Lou’s read-view mirror. The tradition continues! If you want to see the article, it was supposed to run the 21st of June in McConnellsville’s newspaper. After we got back the Seto’s were in charge of the afternoon Ceramic Tour, so I took advantage of the time to work with Alice to make sure that we had all the stuff we needed for the picnic. In general it was easy – Hartleys would bring the sandwiches and fixings, Fowlers would bring the

drinks, and we would bring water and incidentals. Problem was I couldn't contact either Hartleys or Fowlers to ensure they didn't run into problems, so I didn't know whether or not to execute Plan B (send Jeff Zimmerman and Jeff Krupp into Gloucester for food and drinks). In the end I decided to trust my instincts that all was fine and lead the pack over to the picnic grounds at 5pm. We had wanted folks to pray for no rain that night, and it was a beautiful afternoon – cool, no clouds. Not saying that the prayers worked, but the weather was beautiful, the food arrived, and nobody else decided to take the picnic pavilion!

We must have served up a boatload of food, and there was still some left. Nobody went away from that picnic hungry, although Duncan wanted to get way to close to the water (picnic area was near the Burr Oak Lake Dam and had some real neat rocks near the water). We managed to get everyone fed and cleaned up the site by 7pm. I was running a bit late since they were supposed to start the TRA Membership Meeting back at the Lodge at 7 pm, but if I was late, well, I guess I wouldn't have to take notes, eh?

My nefarious plan was spoiled – they waited for me, so I had to take notes anyway. It was actually a good meeting, our discussion of the '08 Meeting site possibilities generated two groups interested in hosting the Meeting. Ah, my life is getting easier.



Shhhh – Don't Tell Anyone I Parked On The Grass At The Picnic! Beautiful Location – Check The Water Out In The Background, Look At How Clean That Trash Can Is!

After the meeting we hung out in the room, go some more drinks, watched Bridgett & Duncan play-fight-play (ad nauseum), and finally went home about 10pm.

Friday

Car show day. Theoretically since Nino Richards was in charge of Concours (sidebar – John Gable gave up the ghost for TRA Head Judge just before the meet, so Nino volunteered to take over) and Jeff&Jeff were in charge of the popular choice car show, then I didn't have anything to do and could concentrate on getting the auction right that evening.

Wrong. I took the leftover water to the car show location for the judges as well as to ensure the hotel had the tables set up, and I was immediately bombarded by questions on where to park cars, displaying things, etc. – questions I really couldn't answer. As soon as I saw Jeff of the Jeff&Jeff team come out I made sure the folks asked him those questions and I beat it back to the cabin before anyone else could find me. Leadership is like that...

Once I knew the show was underway I surfaced again since it was time to hob-knob with the vendors. John Swauger of TRF had shown up as well as several others. **(look up names)** so I hung around with them as the show progressed. The cars all looked good, well, maybe except for the Porsche 550 Spyder replica that crashed the show.



Car Show. Can you guess who is in Concours?

Soon, it was noon, and time to head back to room (okay, I'll stop it with the bad rhymes). I had an auction to plan. Heck, I had to bring over all the stuff we brought, the best of which was a small quilt Alice made (Note 1).



TRA '06 Quilt – Old Tyme Meets TR

We got the first load of stuff over right as the Nelsonville Tour was taking off. Alice and Bridgett were going on that tour, I'm sure to find more quilt stuff. Duncan enjoyed waving at the cars and getting them to blow their horns! Almost all TRs went on the trip, which left Duncan, and myself in a deserted parking lot,



Burr Oak Lake on a Cool Morning, Sun Rising, Mist Rising, Spirits Rising, Still Wanted More Sleep

which was fine since we had several loads to take over.

I didn't think auction prep was going to be very hard. Yeah, I brought 30+ things, but I already had them tagged and loaded into the computer. What could be the big deal? Well, several other folks brought 30+ things and soon I was staring at a 300 item auction. 300 items. New record. Three hours to do it in. Won't happen. And it didn't – we made a valiant try, though. I'd like to take this time to thank those that helped with the auction mayhem – Alice, Carol & Roger Rutledge, Stan & Norma Seto, Ron Fowler, Joel Rosen, and I think Nino Richards was in there too? Anyway, they did a great job into the wee hours of the morning and we got all that stuff auctioned off. I was a good boy, and unlike other years when I came home with \$550+ buys, I only bought a couple of cheap items. House training is starting to take effect. I saw the back of my eyeballs at 3am on Saturday....

Alice going so fast leaving for the Nelsonville Tour that I couldn't get her in the frame right!

Saturday

Morning came too early – 6am up with three hours of sleep to lead an early morning run around the lake. I was joined by a few other hearty souls that also couldn't have had much sleep – so the sleep-deprived tour took off around the lake!

Actually the drive was fun. Since the roads north of the lake are all gravel, we just went around the lake to the road that skirts the shoreline then came back, not a long drive, but the weather was wonderful.



Shoreline Road – Burr Oak State Park

The rest of the morning and early afternoon are lost to me. The morning was lost since I wasn't remembering what was going on. The early afternoon lost since I napped (oh, and what a nap it was...). I did remember the Hocking Hill Tour leaving (heading into the Logan Washboard Festival and a 5000-bike rally, I wished them well), but not much else.

My alarm went off at 3pm, time to pack a bit and get going for the banquet that night. Rested and spritzed, I got the trophies and a bunch of other goodies over to the lodge and set up. The front table was a split affair. I do not believe in head tables, since it cuts those folks off from good conversations, so we used the tables for other occasions. Joel Rosen used one side to cash out the auction, or was he running a loan-sharking activity, don't know.



Joel either cashing Dottie out, or giving her a loan at a silly interest rate? You be the judge.

The other side of the table was for the trophies. I did it a bit different this year. I am not a believer in trophies you cannot use, or at least the ubiquitous fake wood plaques. No sir, those I do not like. So instead we provided engraved leaded crystal trophies for Concours and etched beer mugs with TRF gift certificates for Participant's Choice. Best of Show was a big thing done in black glass with gold etchings, and we gave out a spirit award made of similar things (more on that later). Doing it this way is much more expensive than big fake wood plaques, but I think classier, and more useful...



Award Table – Lotsa \$\$ tied up here...

We got everyone in the banquet room – just, all chairs we paid for were full. The dinner was great – usually banquet food can be somewhat sub-par (I think they think that if you can come back and get seconds then the food doesn't have to be that good), but not this time. Burp. Dessert was great also, which was good since we picked it. Alice picked the "Fruit of the Forest" pie, I picked the apple pie, and Stan picked the Chocolate Mousse that nobody wanted. Stan, when will you learn – pies are always the answer! After everyone stuffed their face it was time for me to MC the awards, which I did in my usual style accompanied by the kids (we actually had 4 in the room, all playing on the floor in front of the awards table – there was a whole room to play in and they picked there...sigh... Anyway, I presented a few awards, then I invited Nino up to give out the car show awards. I usually consider this the most boring part of the night (you know me and awards) but since I was behind the table with Jeff Zimmerman getting the awards in order it passed much quicker – the Floyds finally took Best of Show for their TR3B, and Nino won the John Thomas award for putting Concours together from scratch in about a week (a week before the meet when I found out that the old TRA Head Judge walked away from the job – punted would be a good word – didn't really let anyone know, and the "system" was trying to dump it on my lap... Nino jumped right in and got it organized...). We adjourned the banquet, but folks stayed around the room well after the staff got it cleaned up, and up in the lobby others had circled the chairs for more conversation deep into the night. Not this guy - Alice, the kids, and myself needed a bit of sleep, so back to the cabin we went. In bed before 11, wow, how did that happen?

Sunday No. 2

It was a good thing that we got to bed early since I was up early cleaning & packing – we were hosting a breakfast for folks getting on the road home and we had to make the cabin presentable, or at least clear a path through the debris. In all we had about 25 folks come on over and gobble some donuts, drink some juice/coffee, and say goodbyes. We packed the rest of the stuff in the cars (a lot more room going home – didn't need the Alice touch packing), and headed over to the lodge to pay bills.



First In, Last Out – The Spring Valley Contingent Prepares To Leave Burr Oak

The day was sunny and going to be hot. This was going to be the first really hot day, so all in all the weather got an A+ for the week. The exhaust notes echoed through the trees as we left – what a wonderful stay – we'll have to remember this place!

We weren't heading straight back Sunday, but were taking it slow getting home. We decided to take the back roads to the Ohio River and do some sight-seeing. South of Athens we cut across on some great roads to Rio Grande since it's always fun to take the kids to the land of Bob Evans. We stopped by the restaurant for lunch and then visited all the shops and barns. This brought back memories of a horse-back camping

trip there a few years back – “can you say sausage for every meal”? - but I digress.



Triumph at the home of Sausage

Heading south from Rio Grande we encountered more great roads which finally dumped us out at Ironton on the Ohio just a little east of Portsmouth, our destination for that night. The hotel was ready for us, and we had the swimming pool all to ourselves.

Too bad nobody didn't take us up on our offer to come along on this last drive. We had several folks that were thinking of it, but alas, no takers. Realize that most folks live east or north of Burr Oak. Oh well, they missed the great roads, decent weather, and dinner at the Scioto Ribber. If you are in Portsmouth, you must stop by there for food. As the name implies, they serve ribs, lotsa ribs, dripping in BBQ sauce (if you desire) . After a feast fit for a king, okay, maybe for a prime minister, we headed back to the hotel through a rain shower – the first in a week. That's okay, the car needed a wash. Back at the hotel I cracked out the computer to write an article for the TRA Newsletter while the rest tried to get some sleep.

Monday No. 2

Really no reason to get up. We just let our bodies determine wake-up time. The clouds were low and there was a mist in the air. I took the opportunity to wipe dust off the cars and repack a few things. A leisurely breakfast, some packing and we were on the road. Well, almost. Seemed the driver's rear tire on the Stag picked up a nail and was almost flat. So, another 15 minutes of unpacking, changing, and packing again before we hit the road. Good thing this didn't happen back at the lodge or I would have received a chicken!

Drive home was uneventful – as usual the scenery was great, the unglaciated hills west of the Scioto river giving out to the great glaciated till plains that mark most of western Ohio under a partly cloudy sky. We got home around noon and spent the rest of the day unpacking and doing laundry. Unglamorous but practical end to a great week at a neat Triumph meet



Oh Drats! Done in by a 4-penny nail!

Epilogue

Well, we made it through the meet, and by the feedback we received it was a very enjoyable meet. I actually enjoyed the week, which is unusual since I usually am trying to fix a lot of minor disasters. None happened. Wow. Kids were great, weather held, and even the cars didn't act up (the flat didn't count since that was a road hazard!).

Next year it's off to the Finger Lakes region. As a bit of intel others won't get we are currently looking at the Ramada Inn, Geneva, NY to be the host site with day tours to different parts (and different wineries) of the region. I look for another interesting week, at least, next year!

Notes

1. The quilt just started out as a small thought and some scrap cloth Alice had lying around – she whipped it into a great little quilt that engendered a lot of bidding. As she said “her first sale!”

