



"The Marque"

This month:
President's Report
Treasury Report
Monthly Minutes
Events
TRA 2012 Article/Photos

Happy New Year!

January 2013

MVT Officers

President: Lorna Ball, 937-746-5189
Vice President: Ted Allison, 937-475-3885
Secretary: Stan Seto, 513-683-7974
Treasurer: Harry Mague, 937- 426-3802
Membership: Eden Allison, 937-475-3885
Events: Bruce Clough, 937-376-9946

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. Membership is \$20 yearly and is usually paid in May. Non-renewing members are deleted from the mailing list. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of the month at **Logan's Roadhouse 2819 Centre Drive Beaver Creek OH**, unless otherwise noted in the "Marque". General membership meetings are at 7:30 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.

"WHO ARE THESE YOUNG CHICKS?????????"



This picture was taken at the Super Bowl Party in 2001. We had our picture taken with Flat Stanley----a project Ellis and I were doing for a nephew in Tennessee.

They are from left to right: Carolyn Daye, Carol Rutledge, Alice Clough, Lois Bigler, Lorna Ball, Mary Bolich, Pam Southard, Barb Wood and Mara McKittrick. Thought you would all enjoy seeing this. Lorna

PS: I think I look so much better with my face camouflaged with hands, fingers and paper cut-outs!

President's Report: ~ Lorna Ball

Hello MVT'rs! I write this on December 21st. I am so looking forward to Christmas with all our kids.....three generations of them, gathered at our home Christmas morning. We are blessed. This past week the Cloughs, the Whites, the Balls and Mike McKitrick met at a coffee shop (a very N-O-I-S-Y coffee shop.....) and mapped out some events for the coming year. I am really excited about February: the Super Bowl Party at the Clough's ranch (one of my favorite events) and then we have decided to bring back an event of the past.....a Valentine's dinner at (hopefully) the Golden Lamb in Lebanon. I am sure our Events Czar will share details with everyone at the January meeting. Please keep in mind that anyone who wants to head an event, whether it be planning a road trip, some kind of tour or a gathering at your own home, let us know. We love new ideas and new things to do. The Whites, the Allison's, the Strobles and Ellis and I enjoyed an evening of great music at the Bellhop Café. This is the second year we have made the event and it is now part of our holiday fun things to do. Bruce's church group "At Six" performed bluegrass gospel. It was such an enjoyable time and Ellis and I shared our Christmastime eggnog milkshake. Yum! Keep in mind that nominations were opened at the December meeting. Would love to see more names nominated. Let me know if you would be interested in holding an office and I will make sure your name added. A new year is a comin' folks. Ellis and I wish you a year of prosperity and lots of smiles and laughter. It's a pleasure knowing all of you. HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE!
Your Prez, Lorna

Secretary's Report: ~ Stan Seto.

Meeting Minutes –01 December 2012

The December Meeting was held at Bergamo's, Mt. St John's in Beavercreek, Ohio. The President, Lorna Ball, opened the

meeting at about 8:30 PM, with a "Gather around here and let's get this over!" There were about 23 club members there, the two Clough children and a visiting couple who are thinking of joining the club (maybe not after the Brown bag Auction). I did not write down their names, But Lorna's got them. They have a 1959 TR3A.

This short meeting is done every year at the Holiday Soiree to gather nominees for the three club officer's positions which are up for re-election and the awards nominations.

The officer's position nominations were for:

Vice President – No Nominees.

Membership Secretary – No Nominees.

Events Chairman – Bruce Clough is nominated.

The awards nominations were:

Marque of Distinction – Lois Bigler and Bruce Clough.

Keep It on The Road – Ted Allison.

Press On Regardless – Stan Seto

Most Improved – No nominations

Old Business – BCD wrap up was reported briefly, the clubs split \$3000.00.

A question was asked – should we permit Logan's to add an 18% gratuity to our checks, automatically? There was a boisterous two voice reply of "No"! But the majority of the club was silent on this. It was decided to pay attention to the service we get at the January meeting and consider the question again.

Lois Bigler was thanked for once again organizing and prepping the Soiree. She got a big hand.

The meeting was closed at about 8:45 PM.

The Brown Bag auction which followed was pretty successful, estimated net of about \$231.00 to be confirmed.

The Soiree closed down sometime after 10:30 PM.

Respectfully submitted, Stan Seto, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report: ~ Harry Mague

Treasurer's Report: As of 1 December 2012, we have a balance of \$4429.86. Since December 1, 2012 the club had the following income: \$197.75 for Brown Bag. Total income for December is \$197.75. The club had the following expense: \$100.00 Donation to Queen of Apostles for Christmas Soiree Banquet Hall, \$52.95 to Lois Biggler for Christmas Soiree Food, and \$6.48 for Marque Expense. Total expense for November is \$159.43. Balance for 1 January 2013 will be \$4468.18. In summary for the 2012 year, the club started with a balance of \$4305.78 and ended the year with a balance of \$4468.18.

Events: ~ Bruce Clough

Upcoming MVT Events! It's 2013!

Upcoming Events From your MVT Event's Chair – Bruce Clough – bclough@woh.rr.com 937.238.4962

This month's events column will go over the events for the entire year that we developed at our Dec 12 Planning meeting. These will be discussed at the 2 Jan MVT Membership meeting.

2-Jan-13 MVT Monthly Meeting at Logan's Roadhouse, 2819 Centre Drive, Beavercreek, (937) 426-5565 – In front of Lowes and Best Buy and across the street from Red Lobster.

Dinner at 6:30, meeting at 7:30. Biggest topic is going over the events list for 2013 and adding/deleting/modifying



12-Jan-13 MVT Delayed Valley Vineyards Dinner – This has been delayed since the Fall Tour –no more! We will have a fashionably early dinner (5:30PM). The web page talking all about this great time can be found at:

<http://www.valleyvineyards.com/cookouts.html>

There will not be a tour down to this, although I have a feeling we might be doing a bit of shopping at Lebanon that day and then going to VV for dinner. We will make reservations for about a dozen, and take a head count both at the January meeting and also a follow-up email. Location: Valley Vineyards • 2276 East US 22 & 3 • Morrow, Ohio 45152 USA • Ph: 513.899.2485 • Fx: 513.899.9022. Look for a larger "ad" in this Marque.

?? Jan-13 More work on cars at The British Transportation Museum. We can't give you the date right now, but we are working on getting the club together yet again on a Saturday morning – hang close to your email...



19-Jan-13 Deer Creek Revisited – Redemption. For those who have been following this saga, we had a less than stellar dining experience at Deer Creek last fall, and

since we are having TRA14 at Deer Creek we've decided to revisit the restaurant to make sure they have fixed their issues. So here's the deal - we are going to meet there at 5:30PM (there is Crownover Mill Rd, New Holland, OH 43145 (740) 869-3124) at the restaurant. Bring empty tummies and critical eye/taste buds. We have been assured all issues have been taken care of. Look for a larger "ad" in this Marque.



3-Feb-13 MVT Superbowl Party and Food Contest. Yes, yet another reason to eat and drink – the Clough open their house up to the club to watch more silly commercials and see who in the club can make the best dessert and appetizer. Oh, there is the game – see the ad in this month's Marque.

16 Feb 13 – MVT Valentine's Day Dinner. It's back – face it, since it's too cold to drive our Triumphs we might as well suck up to something warmer, right guys! We have not done this in a few years, so it's about time. Gals, please do not think you have to go out and buy embarrassing gifts for us guys. Anyway, here's the plan – 6pm at the Golden Lamb, which is on the main drag in Lebanon – right on the corner, as downtown as you can get. If you have never been there it's a great place. Here is their website:
<http://www.goldenlamb.com/>



Food is good, drinks are good, and they have a nice gift shop below. You can even stay overnight in one of the rooms that famous folks from times past have stayed in (some are rumored to be haunted too).



16 Mar 13 – MVT Awards Banquet – hope I got the date right – if not Lois will let me know! Will be at the Beaver Creek Golf Club. Drinks and appetizers before dinner, and then we will all find out who won the coveted awards for their actions (or antics) on 2012.

Okay – so those are the events that we have dates for in the next two months. For the rest of the month we will just roll by topics! March – Tech session (besides the banquet)

April – Spring Tour – we will be staying away from the weekend of the 15th - looking for a good destination. Will also be a spring tech session.

May – Webster Street Market show is 18 May, with the Columbus BCD (at Polaris) the day after. We are also thinking of a possible rally later in the month.

Jun – TRA Tour mid-month, also Ft Meigs show and vintage races at Mid-Ohio
Jul – Pool party as well as 4th car shows.
Aug – Dayton BCD on 3 Aug, will also be a Labor Day run on the 30th.
Sep – Harvest Tour and fall tech session.
There might be an impromptu run to Akron or someplace like that!
Oct – Fall Tour – this time to the east of Columbus – expect a weekend drive (two night stay – leaving Friday and returning Sunday).
Nov – Guy Fawkes Tour & Bonfire and tech session.
Dec – holiday soiree and a light tour.

That's the planning so far – want to discuss this at the January MVT meeting. Oh, as if you might not know...

June 2013 – Heads-up – the announcement of the 2013 MVT Triumph Register of America National Meeting Tour d'KY

MVT – as you may, or may not know – every year I put together a tour to and from the Triumph Register of America's National Meeting. The goal is to enjoy the trip there and back – exploring new places and revisiting good places - and staying at inns and lodges you might not know about.

This year the TRA meeting is at Kenlake State Park in Western Kentucky on 12-16 Jun. The goal is to spend a couple of days getting there, and taking a couple of days to come back.

Sure – you can drive that in a day easy, even in a Herald (smile), but the goal is to visit the scenery you are passing by, not just note it. We will start the tour on Sunday, 9 Jun by meeting in Wilmington OH at the Frisch's Big Boy and head southwest from there.

Sunday – the goal of this day is a lazy cruise to Ripley for lunch, cross the Ohio on a Ferry to Augusta KY to do some shopping, and then head toward Lexington (via at least one winery) staying that night in Versailles KY at:

<http://www.montgomeryinnbnb.com/>



Monday – we are going to do the Bourbon Trail.

<http://kybourbontrail.com/>

...of course staying sober, but also enjoying good KY whiskey. We have always wanted to do this, and were planning it for the 2011 Fall Tour, but ended up doing wineries instead.



We should be hitting 4-5 distilleries that day and ending up in Bardstown at the:

<http://www.jailersinn.com/>



Tuesday – Leisurely cruise to Kenlake, stopping by a few places, including Bill Monroe’s home town. I’ll bring a mandolin, who has the Banjo? That night through Sunday morning we will be at Kenlake: <http://parks.ky.gov/parks/resortparks/kenlake/default.aspx>



Monday #2 – we will head for home, but not on the interstate – maybe visit a few towns we blew through while visiting Metamora a couple of years back, dunno! There’s a few decent wineries on the way also! So that’s it in a nutshell, a fun time is being planned – more updates as get them – if you are planning on going better make reservations now.



Wed – Sun (morning) will be TRA, and we’ll let the folks doing it let you know later what the fun activities will be. After it’s over Sunday we will be heading north across the Ohio, taking in some wonderful southern Indiana roads and ending up at my favorite Indiana State park – Spring Mill, which has a fantastic lodge: <http://www.in.gov/dnr/parklake/inns/springmill/index.html>

Triumph Register of America National Meet, 2012 – (Stan Seto)

Tuesday - It was going to be a busy two weeks. Softball game on Tuesday, then the drive to Little Switzerland, NC, for a week of TRA events, drive back to Cincinnati, repack and fly to San Francisco for the Spring ASTM Meeting, but first things first. I play in a senior’s softball league and we play on Tuesday mornings, so it is now difficult to get off to a fast start for any weekly activity. The game starts at nine thirty in the morning and normally goes about an hour and a half. That meant I could be on the road to NC by about 12:30 PM. As it occurred, we won by five runs, and completed the seven innings before 11. I raced home to shower, wondering why I did that because it was in the high eighty’s and I was about to drive a “Stark Reminder of How Primitive Things Were in the late fifties”, about 400 miles.

Left the top up and the passenger side curtain on to reduce the air blast beating on the Interstate. I got on the road close to my target time and was headed south on I-75 fairly quickly. I held it at about 70 mph to get the feel of the road, traffic and how the car was running. An hour later, I had logged about 60 miles and everything felt fine, so I crept the speed up, stayed in the right lane and appeared suitably humble when passing small pick-up trucks, eighteen wheelers and busses. The SUV's and Sedans roared past at 80 or more and I just watched carefully for drivers with phones to their ears, giving them as much room as I could.

At Lexington, KY, I arrowed out onto I-75/I-64 and stood on the brakes as piled up traffic rushed at me like a dam. Had to be an accident!! I was in the outside lane and for awhile it moved enough so the car stayed hot but not dangerously so. Then we stopped. Then we crept! The temperature was rising. I found a gap and moved over right, and over again. Another gap and I was in the right lane. We moved at a pretty steady 5 or ten miles an hour, the engine heat stabilized just the other side of 85 C (185 F). Pretty soon I saw red and blue lights, they were to my right, so I waited for a gap and moved out a lane. Motorcycles, and more motorcycles, one of them must have crashed. Hardly by and clear lanes!! Move out smartly, don't look back! Car cooled down, traffic was light because people like to Gawk, so I pushed the speed up to about 80. Close to the Kentucky-Tennessee border were signs for a lane closure at TN mile 144. There had been a landslide and it had taken one lane of the southbound road with it, but this was Tuesday afternoon, not really heavy traffic, so I did not think this to be a problem. Fifteen miles later south bound traffic was narrowed and shuffled left into the north bound lanes, which were also moved over, two lanes north, one south. The slide had occurred near the Caryville exit and we continued south another five miles before returning to the southbound highway lanes. Little time had been lost. Another ten miles on and I stopped for gas and a burger.

At Knoxville I turned east onto I-40, following it to Ashville along that winding course through the eastern Smokey Mountains, such fun to drive, with all the trucks in the right lane and all the SUV's and Van's stumbling all over themselves in the curves and through the tunnels. I must have passed two dozen of them in the worst 17 miles stretch of curves. In Ashville, I got onto the Blue Ridge Parkway. Sixty miles to go, at 45 MPH, and it was just near 6 PM. It was cooler now, we were up about 3000 ft. and higher, the sun was setting, and wild turkeys were starting to be seen along the road edge in groups of two or three. I slowed whenever they were in view. On the Blue Ridge for about half an hour, I came around a curve and there was a bear cub in the middle of the road. I hit the brakes and he scampered up slope, my only thought was: Where's Mom?? The cub was out of the way, there were no others that I could see, so I accelerated out of there. The mile markers were oddly spaced. I think there is suppose to be one every mile, but I was seeing "378", then "375", then "371", so not every mile apparently, or stolen by some college guys or tourists. At about mile marker 355, I saw another bear cub in the road. He, too, scampered up slope and I again did not wait around for Mom to show up.

Finally 344 and the entrance to Switzerland Inn and environs. I checked in, got my room, moved into it and went looking for dinner. Found it in the Bar room. Checked activities for the next day, a drive to Burnsville, at about 10. Showered and went to bed early...tuckered out!!

Wednesday – Up at about 8, down for breakfast, found my way into the dining room and had a seat. Waitress took my order, and actually delivered exactly what I asked for (that's very unusual, because I like stuff well cooked, and it normally does not come out that way.) Near the end of my meal, Bob Maassel and his wife, Ann (Ft. Wayne, IN and helpers in organizing last year's TRA there), stopped by and said "Hello".

Finished, I went out and checked the little car over, everything was OK, so back to the room, and got keys and billfold, and returned to the '3. As I passed through the lobby I asked the on-duty clerk about gas stations. She had no idea what brands were around, but suggested a run into Spruce Pine (my plan also). Car started right up, out to the Blue Ridge and north 3 miles to Spruce Pine exit, and west on Rte. 226. A mile up the road was Wal-Mart, but I went on. Three miles later I passed a Valero station and marked it. Up a hill behind laboring eighteen wheelers, over and into Spruce Pine, but not yet the business district, that was further on and across Rte. 19. There were no major gas stations there, so I returned to the Valero station, filled up, and returned to the Switzerland Inn. I had about an hour before the run to Burnsville, so I asked at the desk if they had any old toweling I could borrow. The lady there walked me out to the Laundry room (a separate building at the end of one of the wings). There, she said that in this basket were clean towels that could not be used in the guest rooms, and I could wash the car or whatever I wanted to do with them. Over in that basket were the dirty used towels and I could return them there. I thanked her, selected a clean towel, went back to the '3 and got my duct tape and returned to my room. Next to the door leading out onto the balcony there was a narrow vertical window that did not have a blind on it. The parking lot is lighted and that window lets in a lot of light. I folded the towel length-wise and taped it over the glass. A dark room at last.

Bruce Clough was to be the leader for the run up to Burnsville. The route was simple, go the direction I went this morning, and at Rte 19, turn left and straight on west for about 12 miles was Burnsville. The weather was clear and warming up. Our caravan of about 15 or so cars was able to stay fairly well together until we got onto 19. The speed limit was about 55 mph, but one or two of the smaller Triumphs were panting pretty hard, so Bruce slowed to just under the limit. I was about three cars from the end of our train. Within two miles we had

about eight of the locals (pickup trucks and vans) lined up behind us, and they were soon joined by an eighteen wheeler and some empty (I suppose) dump trucks. Luckily there were very few places where passing could occur, but I think our retinue was really glad when we angled off 19 onto Main Street and drove up the long hill to the town square. The square was classic. Parking all the way around it, streets radiating from the corners and sides, all grass in the middle with a lone statue and a number of trees. Restaurants and other buildings ringed the square, some of these were occupied, some deserted. Main Street continued on across from where we had entered, and a coffee shop was rumored in that direction. Bruce was busy organizing that which would follow (trip back to the hotel, I imagine). I wandered around taking random pictures and examined the statue. A town hero, Ex-Navy (War of 1812) came home and made a name for himself locally and got a statue for his trouble. Walked on down Main Street, some shops opened, some still closed, well it was mid-week. Found a very nice antique store near the edge of town. Three stories of just "stuff" and one or two sales people willing to talk about all of it. Trade was light that morning, so after a look around, vacated for other sights.

Found the Visitor's Center and inside two very nice ladies talking to the Kressler's. I paid only scant attention, until Chris approached me with an offer to do a ride around the country side before going back to the hotel. I agreed. He talked to one of the ladies about this and she brought out a map and traced a course on it that in her words would take about 2 -3 hours to complete and were all sporty car roads. Was she ever right.

Chris and Kathy started back for their car, and I trailed, hitting a shop or two before we got to the coffee shop (not a rumor) and the Kressler's engaged some others in small talk to see if they'd join us.

In one of the shops (locally made knick-knacks) I bought a caricature of a fly made from an old radio vacuum tube (\$14.00). The lady asked why I wanted it and I told'er I needed the tube for my radio, She was as old

as I was and laughed. Meanwhile Kathy had convinced the Maassler's to join us, but no one else bit at the invitation.

So we retrieved the cars and set out on our adventure, with Kathy navigating. Back down Main Street and on to 19, within a mile, a sharp left turn onto Rte. 197, north. A two lane road that meandered gently around the country side and carrying local traffic that certainly wanted to go more quickly than we were traveling. We followed 197 north for about 12 miles, a pleasant drive but not challenging. In the vicinity of Red Hill we turned away from 197 and got on Rte. 80. Chris stopped. I pulled up on the passenger's side and Bob stopped behind. Two pick-up trucks in trail, passed us and sped on down the road. I thought it was neat that Chris gave the locals a chance to get by, but a moment later Kathy commented to me that they were not sure we were on 80 and stopped to look more closely at the map. The turn looked OK on the map, so we took off again and within a quarter mile passed a crossing road which had a sign with an "80" on it.

Route 80 was a whole different story, one set of curves followed by another, uphill and down, sharp 90 degree turns, blind turns but always more turns. I was in second gear more than third, but constantly braking or going between the gears in an effort to either not hit the Kressler's or catch back up when I started to drift back. There was little traffic coming at us, luckily, because more than once I used a lot of the north bound lane in sharp curves. I was also keeping an eye on Bob and Anne, to insure they were still with us. The run back down to 19 was only a little longer in distance but seemed a lot longer in time.

At 19 we again turned east toward Spruce Pine, and we paused briefly to discuss lunch. It was decided to press on and eat nearer the hotel. We followed 19 to Crabtree Road and headed south toward the Blue Ridge again. Crabtree was another good driving road, with more elevation changes than curves, but still great fun. About six miles along, we ran down into Bearwallow Gap and Chris pulled into a

roadside restaurant, the Switzerland Café and General Store. We were actually only a stone's throw from the hotel (could have crawled there in ten minutes). We ate on the restaurant's front porch. Shady, some breeze but the air was still fairly hot.

After lunch we returned to the hotel and I spent an hour or so in the pool. Dinner was on your own and I drove down into the Pine Spruce mall area, found a restaurant and had a sumptuous fare at some minimum cost, and repaired back to the Inn and wandered back to the Hospitality area where many people were congregating. I found John and Charma Huddy, Greg Walker and Beverly Richards stuffing participant's bags, so pitched in to help them with sorting the shirts. That ate up about an hour or so and when done and having recounted shirts and sweat tops about three times, we were pretty sure it was done right. So, to bed for it was the Biltmore on the 'morrow.

Thursday – Up before 7 and in line for breakfast just before the dining room opened. If you can snag a waitress early, the food comes to you fairly quickly and pretty well cooked as you want it. I was out before eight and checked that the car was still working before the start for the Biltmore at 8:30. We were a group of about twenty-five cars and two or three A10 size trucks. The trucks should have started at 7:30, as they could barely make 60 MPH and should have gone on local roads, not the Interstate (with the hills we had to negotiate the A10's hardly averaged 40 MPH. Well, you only live once, so they went long with us. I think the total distance was about 30 miles and we had to be there before a certain time due to the size of our crowd.

The tour started OK, we went out the front gate and onto Rte. 226A north, which runs more or less parallel to the Blue Ridge until you get to 226. Then it was a right turn onto Rte 226 and down the mountain toward Rte 221. 226 didn't have so many curves but in places you seemed to be headed straight down, through sweeping curves and sharp cutbacks that really worked your brakes. The presence of

dump trucks helped not at all. Down in the valley it was a turn west onto Rte 221 and head for the interstate system. Just short of I-40 the column turned into Marion and we were parallel to the interstate until we got to Old Fort where we did get onto the interstate. Now we discovered just how slow the A-10 trucks were. We were in construction almost the whole way and the traffic was wanting to get around us and on with their own business. Speed limit was 55, but it was hilly and if we were making 30 that was pretty good. I was near the tail-end of the column and even the eighteen wheelers were blowing past us. It was an agonizing half hour drive. Eventually we got to exit 50 and were off onto less traveled roads, but not much less. In addition, the coffee and orange juice I'd had for breakfast was making their presence felt. Very near the entrance to the Biltmore Estate I saw a McDonald's. We were at a long traffic light and in the turn lane, but no traffic on my right. I pulled out of line, crossed three lanes, popped around the corner and into the parking lot. Streaked to the building entrance!! Minutes later and about a half pound lighter set off to find the others. I could see where they were parked but not how they got there, so I just pulled up in front of the group. They positioned me out of incoming traffic (turns out you go past the entry street and further down there's a turn in). Someone came back with tickets and instructions and our cars filed into the Biltmore Estate. The entry road was quite long and went through some very pretty gardens. Then we came to the Mansion and front lawn. The walled-in area was immense. We circled the "front lawn" and parked in front of the main building (but about 200 yards away). We could leave the cars there until we were done touring the grounds. Pictures were taken, a lot of pictures were taken. We got our tickets and departed the cars for the trek to the building. The cars drew interested people all day long.

The Mansion and close-by grounds were also substantial; there was the Mansion and then courtyards and the stables which now contained bathrooms, restaurants and shops. The court yard was ringed with shops and

tables for dining. Many tables had large umbrellas and that was good because after a cool morning the sun was with us and it was pretty warm (hot, actually).

The tour of the mansion was worth the money even though you do not get to see the whole house. You do get to see most of the ground floor and a lot of the second story, and there was a staircase to the watch tower, which I chose not to do. Then there was the "basement" with servant's quarters that were better than what I had in the army in the 1960's. also down there were the kitchen, with dumb waiters, the swimming pool and lots of little service rooms for laundry, mending of clothes, pantries, meat slicing, all sorts of things. All very interesting. You can imagine the family rattling around in a building with 200,000 square feet of living space, but then you must also imagine maybe 100 other people, cooks, servants, maintenance, laundress's, stable masters, groomsman, the list goes on and on, and suddenly you realize that this place was home to quite a few people. In the basement is a photo history of the building of the house, and the railroad that brought in the trades people by the morning and took them home at night...Fascinating! So, at last you get through the tour, eat lunch, perhaps tour the close-in gardens and think about returning to Little Switzerland. The way out is as interesting as the way in. You continue (from where you were parked) in the direction you came in from. Go through a garden at about 2 mph due to the foot traffic, and exit onto an estate road that takes you to another small village on the grounds that houses a brewery. A quick look around because you are not a beer drinker (a long stay if you are, and many of the TRA'ers are), and a slow drive back to the front gate, one eye on the clouds gathering in the sky. Right out of the parking lot and a mile and a half further on you had to find a street which you turned left onto and then a series of right and left turns and Bingo, you were on the parkway!! Couldn't be simpler, unless, of course you miss that first left turn, which I did, due to a combination of traffic, continually

threatening weather and the fact that you needed binoculars to read the street signs and they were all on the other side of the street. I had gone about 2 miles and realized it was turn around or dig out the maps and figure another route. I do not have a GPS in the car, but now had some incentive to get one. WAIT, WAIT! What did that last brown sign say, "Blue Ridge Parkway One mile ahead"? SAVED!!!! And then...it started to rain. My top was down, so I picked up speed and did that mile in nothing flat. An SUV beat me to the on-ramp. He stopped at the Blue Ridge. Finally he turned, and I popped on right behind him. If up over 35, the rain goes over my head, the SUV was going 25...I had to waitHe slowed down...He turned off, I was up to 45 in an instant. Looked for good places to turn off to stop, nothing.....still nothing, more cars ahead of me, going slowly...I had to slow, and as I did the rain tapered off. We continued north, and ran through patches of rain. Finally we were out of the city and into the hills. I looked for a scenic turn-out and found one. I stopped and the car behind me pulled off and stopped. I worked quickly to strip the tonneau cover off and get the top on as we were between rain storms. I suddenly felt a presence near me. I looked up. She was matronly, about mid-fifties and grinning from ear to ear. "I had one of these when I was 18." she said. Her husband joined her and they watched while I finished erecting the top and putting on a side curtain. We talked for about twenty minutes, then. They took their leave heading further north than I was going. As I pulled out, the rain started again, but it was sort of half hearted, after all I'd gotten the top on and it could no longer drench me. About a half hour later I pulled into the Hotel. It was late in the afternoon. I changed clothes, washed up some and headed down to the Welcome Reception Grill-Out.

The reception was held out on the back lawn of the hotel. The food was served buffet style and was filling if not stylish (Basic hot dog –potatoe salad type stuff) and while it did sprinkle a bit it was not heavy enough to cause any concern.

The TRA Business meeting followed and it was pretty lively. The reports were pretty standard, but then we got to Old Business, and a new member asked if the club could get some bumper badges. Officialdom answered, "We don't think there would be much of a market, and we sold some a couple of meetings ago and there is no plan to re-order." Under New Business, John Long made a request to establish Bylaw's for the club, by means of a duly established committee. There was some amount of lively discussion and there were clearly two camps, those who thought we should and the older members who thought it was a wasted effort, as we were already operating OK without Bylaws. In the end formation of a committee was voted, with their work to be published for all of TRA to vote. Still Later it was determined that TRA was organized as a non-profit, and that bylaws were required, so probably good that we are doing this.

Then at the end of this discussion, I brought up the subject of a TRA Bar badge. To answer the question of want, we took a straw vote and established that folks would like to have one, and enough to warrant an investigation for a vendor. That's in process. And so, to bed.

Friday – The Car Show – Concours

d'Elegance and Participant's Choice. I was up early again, and at breakfast before the dining room opened. That done I hustled out to the car and moved it to the Laundry Building and the hoses. The lady working that morning showed me the towels to use and I washed the '3. After drying it almost, I backed out and headed over to the display field. They were not quite ready for us, so I parked out of the way and helped them get ready. Finally onto the field, hood up and with one eye on the clouds scudding over head, finished drying the car and cleaning what I could of the dirt in inconspicuous places under the hood and in the driving compartment. Hung the sign on the hood, and then got the camera and started walking around shooting the cars and the people (and so were many others), and trying to figure out who to vote for in PC. There were

a lot of cars in a small area, and the most interesting were in the non-specific category, like the A10 sedans and pick-up trucks. There were five TR3B's there and I did not think I'd be getting a trophy this year, because three of them looked better than mine. So, it was walk around, shoot pictures, talk to the interested crowd and there were hotel guests there and people from the nearby towns, so questions abounded.

At about 11:00 AM, I saw my older daughter, Kelly, walking around. She had come up from Anderson, SC, where she works in a care center for the elderly. I had thought she'd have been there earlier, but that was not a given. She's been to the MVT BCD meets and is not a novice to car shows. She also brought her digital SLR and lenses, so we continued to walk around and she started taking pictures, and I slowed down on that activity. The weather continued to hold and everyone with an I-phone was checking where the weather was and what areas were experiencing it. At this point in the day, it wasn't us.

The show was over around 12:30 and people were repacking the cars and getting them to the parking lot. Kelly and I strolled down the hill to the Switzerland Café for lunch. That over, we discussed tours that would be interesting to take, and decided to do the Diamondback first, and then move on from there.

The other tours that could be taken were a 20 mile run up to Mount Mitchell State Park, highest point east of the Mississippi at 6,684 ft. with a museum and an observation area; a 25 mile run to Grandfather Mountain, another very high peak and the local attraction was the mile high swinging bridge that had to be crossed to be appreciated; and finally the touring runs for those who liked to shop to any of Spruce Pine, Burnsville or Bakersville. The Diamondback was actually a loop of Rte. 226A from in front of the hotel east to Rte 226 and down the mountain until you teed out at the start of 226A which brought you back up to the hotel by a

very curvy route that was about 40% longer than the way down.

Back to the car we hiked, and I elected to put the top up, and one side curtain on. Good decision, that. As we left the hotel grounds and pulled out on to Rte 226A, the rains, which had held off so long, came with a vengeance. Now I have to tell you that left out of the hotel onto 226A and the next three miles or so were not too bad. When we got to 226 and turned onto it and started down hill, I started to have some doubts. The run down was as scary as it gets, with rain cascading off the hillside, onto the road, and the windshield wipers doing their best to give us clear vision (marred by the steam off the front brake discs, which were almost jammed on the whole way down), and of course right near the bottom are those two Hairpin turns just before you get out onto flat roads, where we skidded twice (and my daughter said, "Good driving, Dad!" as if she thought this was all part of the plan....), and the car rocketed out onto straighter roads and things got a chance to cool off a bit. We got down to 226A again, but I turned left and drove down to Rte. 221 and we went toward Ashville for a couple of miles to see how long the route out on Sunday would be to the Interstate. The rain waxed and waned during this short detour, and started coming down heavier as we drove back to 226A to come up the west side of the loop. The western side was a whole lot more exciting (but less terrifying) than the eastern side, and seemed a lot longer to the Hotel, too. I later looked at a map and decided it was longer. As we approached to hotel, in the rain, the prospect of the rainy day took hold and we quickly decided to detour over the Emerald Village and mining museum, so I bore to the left under the parkway and we flitted west and north, following the numerous signs. Ten minutes later we were there. We passed the museum and went to the shop near the mine entrance. I put on the other side curtain and we went inside. It was now raining in earnest. The shop keeper was friendly and we spent about a half hour looking at gem stones and glass stones, the rain not slackening at all. Kelly looked out at the mining operation next door

and suggested we go pan for stones. Ten minutes later, poorer by 26 bucks, we were seated at a sluice, dirt bucket in hand, with trowels and screening pans. You put a trowel full of dirt into your screening pan and sloshed the dirt away in the sluice. Pretty quickly you were down to rocks and stones. The more interesting ones were set aside and the rocks and stones tossed in slag heaps just across the sluiceway. Now, the main stuff that kept the mines in business was feldspar (silicates of aluminum), and most of the rocks we were chucking were feldspar. Kelly and I discussed a theory that this activity we were engaged in was helping the region, because at the end of the day, all the owners had to do would be to shovel up the feldspar the tourists were separating from the buckets of dirt and cart it to market...!!

The rain continued and more families stopped in and started to sluice. By the time we'd emptied our bucket, the rain had slowed and the time had passed. We collected our "keepers" and went back up to the check-in room. There were "Sorter's" there who would look at your keepers and tell you what they were (summer geology students from a nearby college). We did OK, with Opals, Beryl, Garnets, Citrine and other gemstones. Done, we gathered it all up and headed back to the hotel.

Dinner was next and we walked down the hill to the Switzerland Café and had an interesting repast. Next up was the auction, and Bruce and Nino were in fine voice, with over 300 things to sell, and Duncan and Bridgett running parts around the floor, lots of action. I ended up bidding on about ten things, winning three of them, so I was satisfied. The beer starts speaking at about ten o'clock and the wives have normally left the room at about 10:30. Kelly went up early as she had some things to take care of on the internet and none of the parts in auction would fit her Toyota. I quit around eleven and there were still about 25 items left to sell.

Saturday, Breakfast Run and a Day on the Road.....

Up at nearly the crack of dawn, a little earlier to give time to the daughter in the bathroom. Down stairs and out the door to check the car. It was ready to run, some wet spots, but nothing anywhere uncomfortable. Got it started and into the queue. Daughter showed up and we went to the driver's meeting, such as it was, and knew we were going to end up somewhere in Spruce Pine but not quite knowing where, except that for breakfast runs the line of traffic will normally get you there. Off we tootled. Onto the Blue Mountain Parkway, north three miles, off at Rte. 226, north five miles to Spruce Pine and of course, the traffic lights which sub-divided the column of cars in short order. We got to Route 19 and absolutely no clue on which way to go. The leader of our string of cars turned onto 19 west. We followed. At the next stop light, he turned right, to go back into Spruce Pine, we followed. Back into Spruce Pine we went, straight through town and out the other side, back to Rte.19 again?? Now what!! There were about 12 cars in our group, and we pulled to the side of road while the two lead cars got on their cell phones to figure out what was next. A solution!! The second car in line assumed the lead. Right turn back to Rte. 226, right turn again and down the hill toward the river and the railroad tracks, crossed over both, took another right and then immediately an angled right which dropped us down to the river level and a strip mall and parking. We had arrived at DT's Blue Ridge Java Coffee Shop & Café. And, we were last in line.....

The wait gave us a chance to get acquainted with some other TRA members, and a chance to look at the local railroad and a Civil War Plaque, which told us that the big thing that had happened here was an encampment of Union soldiers who were moving through on their way to battle. One of the reasons things were slow, was that the café was not totally equipped to handle a large group, so they had one line, us, and another line for their normal customers. Because of the delay, the early arrivals were able to get their breakfasts, eat and then leave; opening up tables for us later arrivals. It all worked out and the food was of

good quality (I had the Pancakes, delicious) and the service was reasonably quick (not as long as 20 minutes, as far as I could tell.) Afterward, we toured the several stores that were opened for business, and in a very nice Art store, I found a painting of a rustic house that I bought and had shipped home. We were on our own until the banquet, so I cranked up the car and took Kelly over to Burnsville to visit the shops there for awhile. This was Saturday, I think more stores were open than when we were there on Thursday. The morning had been calm up to this point, but there was cloud cover moving in, so I kept a weather eye on the sky as we traveled about Burnsville taking some time to complete and we mulled over our next stop, and decide to find Mountain Farm, a Lavender Farm, which was down the road apiece. Back down Rte 19 to Rte 80 and south looking for the turn-off. Some ten miles later, it was clear we'd missed it, but all the roads were well marked, just none with the sign we wanted to see. Back up the road we came and stopped at a gas station to ask directions. The lady there laughed and said the tour instructions were wrong. She gave a new set of directions and off we went, found the turn, found the second turn and actually saw a sign for the farm. We pressed on, took another turn and blew right past the road we needed to turn onto. Luckily Kelly had glimpsed a sign, Mountain Farm with an arrow. Turned around again and started down a narrow dirt track that eventually got us to a gravel parking lot and the lavender farm. Interesting place, the farm had goats, mules and pigs, not to mention cats and dogs and lavender planted all over the place. We petted some of the animals, fed the goats and looked at all the lavender products for sale in the small shop. They had several flavors of lavender tea and goat's milk soap, among other things. She bought, I did not. It was clouding up more, so I put up the top and side curtains while she shopped. It was early afternoon and lunch seemed to be calling us. Back to the hotel area and we found Dave Freeman and crew loading all the A10 trucks. Kelly confronted him with an offer to buy the small pick-up. He quoted her a pretty low price,

but commented that there were very few of these vehicles on this side of the Pond and he did not want to break up his set, so we just settled for looking for some place to eat. A glance at the tour guide info, we headed out on 226A, east to 226 and a restaurant in a near by hotel, which turned out to be a dead end as the restaurant no longer did lunch. We decided on the barbecue place about a quarter mile on down 226. It was called "Bama Que", and the food there was excellent, as was the service and the prices. It had only been there a little over a year and the owners liked the area and had a steady trade. I'm sorry now that we didn't stop there earlier in the meet.

Lunch done we returned to the Switzerland Inn and Kelly packed her stuff and headed out for Anderson. Having her there to visit was one of the pluses of the TRA meet location. After she left, I spent a little time in the pool, until it was time to get ready for the reception and Banquet.

The banquet was excellent. The food and entertainment (a rolling montage of Krupp pictures, always fun to watch), I think the pictures captured the full mood of the five days we were there. Then there were the awards, and I got second place in the Participant's Choice awards, losing to the Deslaurier's spiffy looking green '3B parked along side my car. I think that broke a four year string of wins I had going..... Have to start again next year...! Luckily, Chris and Chuck White up held the honor of our local club, Miami Valley Triumphs, by taking first in the TR4A class of Participant's Choice.

Sunday, and Going Home – Up at dawn (or nearly dawn). It was quiet in the Lobby area, as I brought down my bags. I had a late flight from Cincinnati to San Francisco to catch later in the day for a business meeting that started on Sunday afternoon and went through Thursday. Checked out and said "good bye" to some of the early risers and got on the road, expecting to take Rtes 226A and 221 into Ashville and I-40, cutting some time off the trip home. Doing the "dog leg" that way turned out to be only about 15 or 20 minutes faster than getting on

the Blue Ridge and hoofing it down to Ashville (the local roads didn't have any bear cubs on them.) No matter, Sunday morning and before all the Baptists got off to church, made for lightly trafficked interstates, and I had little to deal with on the run north.

At Jellico, TN, I got off to get gas and a bottle of water. At the next pump over was a Pontiac Solstice, two seater, well turned out. As we both gassed up conversation ensued. Turns out there had been a gathering of these cars (Solstice's and Saturn Sky's) in Ashville this week also, except they had 175 cars attending and when They went to the Biltmore the day after TRA was there, they almost completely ringed the front lawn (Take another look at the picture on the front cover of the TRA Magazine (Sept.2012)). The guy showed me the pictures he took with his cell phone. Good thing the two clubs weren't there together....

It was a really nice day on the return and while I did not break any records getting home, I did make the plane OK.

Another fun gathering with good pictures, as I concentrated on the People and not the cars. Looking ahead to 2013 in The Land between the Lakes, in southern Kentucky.













The MVT...

January Dinner!

Saturday 12 Jan 13 – Good food and great wines, and maybe a bit of shopping to boot!

THIS IS THE OFT-DELAYED VALLEY VINEYARDS DINNER – THIS HAS BEEN DELAYED SINCE THE FALL TOUR –NO MORE! WE WILL HAVE A FASHIONABLY EARLY DINNER (5:30PM). THE WEB PAGE TALKING ALL ABOUT THIS GREAT TIME CAN BE FOUND AT:

[HTTP://WWW.VALLEYVINEYARDS.COM/COOKOUTS.HTML](http://www.valleyvineyards.com/cookouts.html)

THERE WILL NOT BE A TOUR DOWN TO THIS, ALTHOUGH I HAVE A FEELING WE MIGHT BE DOING A BIT OF SHOPPING AT LEBANON THAT DAY AND THEN GOING TO VV FOR DINNER. WE WILL MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR ABOUT A DOZEN, AND TAKE A HEAD COUNT BOTH AT THE JANUARY MEETING AND ALSO A FOLLOW-UP EMAIL. LOCATION: VALLEY VINEYARDS • 2276 EAST US 22 & 3 • MORROW, OHIO 45152 USA • PH: 513.899.2485 • Fx: 513.899.9022

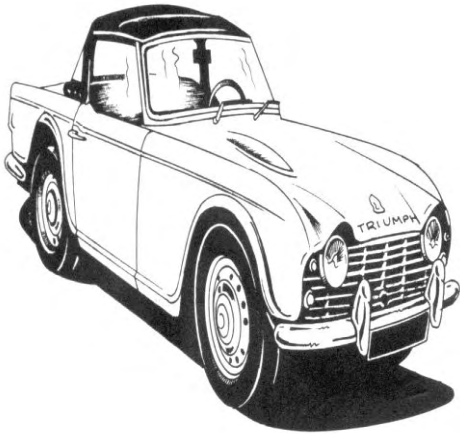


**Need To Know More? Contact Bruce Clough At
(937) 376-9946 Or bclough@woh.rr.com, Cell 937-238-4962**

Miami Valley Triumphs

Superbowl & Wine Tasting Party

Sunday, 3 February 2013, Anytime After 5:30 PM



Back by popular demand, the Clough's Invite You To The 2013 MVT Superbowl Party, at which we eat, drink, cavort, chat - about everything but watch the game (although we try to catch the commercials)!

This year we've continuing the Concourse d'Cusine with fantabulous prizes given in the Appetizer and Dessert classes. Bring on your best - we're waiting! Competition is truly fierce, with winners chosen by popular vote, so bring on the bribes! We also have quite a few bottles of wine to savor - so act like you know a Chardonnay from a Cabernet Franc and stick that nose in the air!

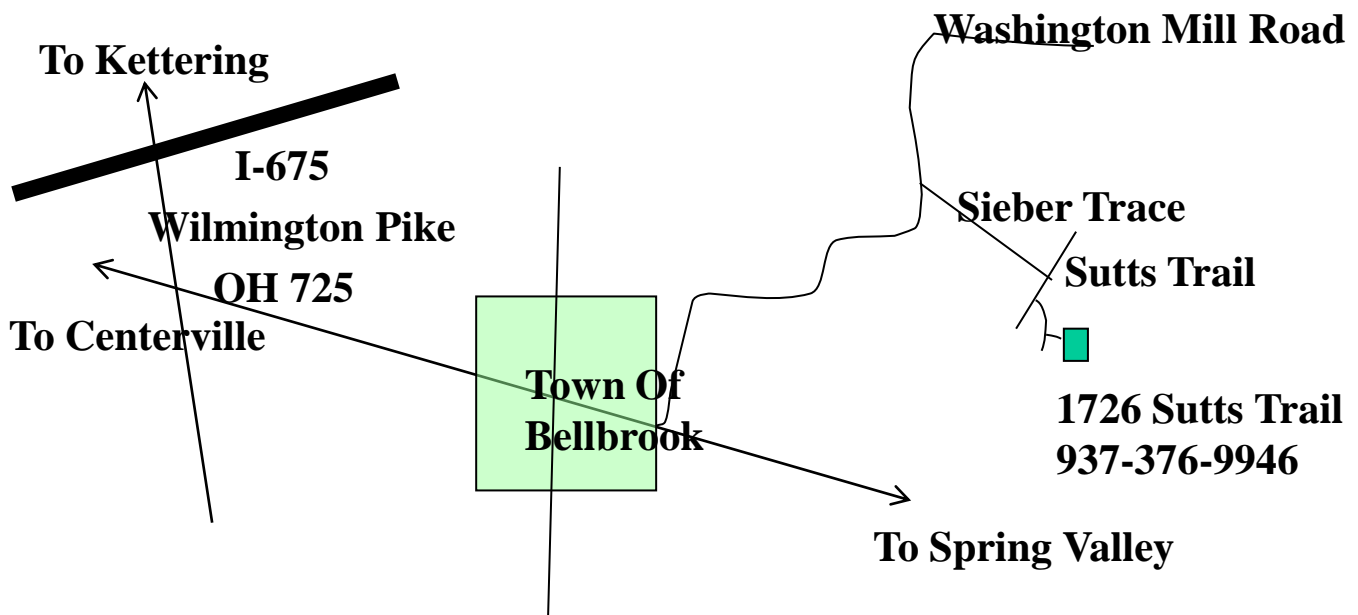
Bring your best appetizer, dessert, or even both! Win fabulous prizes! Bring alcoholic beverage if you wish, plates, dishes, wine and non-alcoholic drinks will be provided. Drink too much? Never fear, always room at the ranch to sleep it off and taxi service is provided as long as you don't mind Bruce's driving!



More Info? Call 937-376-9946, or email: bclough@woh.rr.com. Looking forward to seeing you! Map on next page!

Map To Rancho Clough

Directions From Kettering: Take Wilmington Pike to OH 725 (Alex Bell Rd) Turn left and follow through the lovely town of Bellbrook. As you leave the town's east side there will be a road on the right, Washington Mill (hard to miss - there is a driving range on the corner and it's across from a closed ice cream shop/stand - it's also the second left after the light in "downtown" Bellbrook. Turn left on Washington Mill and follow it until it comes up out of the valley and makes a sharp left turn. Right after this turn is a road to the right called Sieber Trace. Turn on Sieber Trace and follow it until it dead-ends. That's Sutts Trail. Turn right on Sutts and turn down the asphalt driveway on your left which is flanked by two stone mailboxes (only one, "1726" is beside the first one). Go through the woods and cross the creek and we're the first house you come to, a contemporary ranch sitting up a bit with the four car garage. Park as close to the garage as you can - if you see the Montero or Blazer sitting on the lawn don't park next to it! Lost? Call 937-376-9946 or 937-238-4962 – see you there!



Map Not To Scale

2013 MVT Valentine's Day Dinner



16 Feb 13 – MVT Valentine's Day Dinner. It's back – face it, since it's too cold to drive our Triumphs we might as well suck up to something warmer, right guys! No, your wife/girl/significant other, not the dog...

Anyway, we have not done this in a few years, so it's about time. Gals, please do not think you have to go out and buy embarrassing gifts for us guys. Anyway, here's the plan – 6pm at the Golden Lamb, which is on the main drag in Lebanon – right on the corner, as downtown as you can get. If you have never been there it's a great place. Here is their website: <http://www.goldenlamb.com/> If you want to come there early, we'll be hanging out at the bar, if you want to come real early you can do some shopping at plenty of nice shops in the downtown area.

The Golden Lamb

Food is good, drinks are good, and they have a nice gift shop below. You can even stay overnight in one of the rooms that famous folks from times past have stayed in (some are rumored to be haunted too).

