



The Marque



AUGUST 2004

August 4th membership meeting will be held at Fuddrucker's on Kingsridge Drive behind the Dayton Mall at 7:30 PM

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7/26/04

Please send comments/suggestions to:
news@miamivalleytriumphs.org
or to the P. O. Box

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

Note: Due to formatting limitations, some items appearing in this newsletter may not be in the printable version mailed to members.

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.

Membership Meeting Minutes

JULY '04

Here's where we document what went on during the last membership meeting.

If anything is missing or incorrect...you know who to blame or comment to.

Lois Bigler bigday@erinet.com 937-253-1580

[View Previous Month's Minutes here](#)

members and guests

Good to see Wally at meeting. Reports he feeling good. Thanks to Ron Wynne for transporting Wally to meeting.

Pres: Meeting called to order by Stan. Remarks by Stan, felt TRA went well. VTR meet this month, no one from MVT is planning to attend, Cloughs and Setos are going to Canadian Classic this month.

Vice Pres: TRA is over!!!!!!!

Membership: 32 memberships renewed. 21 previous members have not yet renewed, several here this evening. Will renew. Stan has spoken with several individuals on the list, multiple reasons why some will not renew.

Treasurer: Updated treasury amounts. Short discussion regarding fees on checking account. Moved and passed that Carolyn should investigate and move account to bank closer to her and one with-out fees for group such as MVT.

Sec'y: Minutes of June meeting approved as printed in Marque.

Marque Editor/Website: Nothing new to report.

Events: JULY 10 Mad Dogs and Englishman Show, Kalamazoo, MI

- 10 Len Immke Show, Columbus, OH
- 14-17 VTR nationals Richmond, VA
- 17 London to Brighton Run
- 18 Cincinnati British Car Day Caravan will meet

Old Business: Tonda gave TRA wrap-up information. Thanks to all who came out to help. The weather was very

Cooperative, only rain was on Thursday evening after outdoor activities were completed.

Comments from attendees were favorable, driving tours were very good, rally on Saturday was completed without incident except for Bell's who made wrong turn and went west instead of North and East. Some of the awards were not used but will be recycled and capable of being used for other events. Items for sale include license plate brackets, dash plaques, bags T-shirts, clocks.

See Tonda or Carol for purchase. Final financial information will not be available until all bills are paid [some have not yet come to Tonda].

BCD –Randy reports that 88 vehicles are registered, down from previous years in same time-frame, number of MG's registered especially low. T-shirts and awards are both done.

REMINDER help needed on Friday evening to set up field, stuff bags, etc. 6:00 PM

The final meeting for BCD will be 7-13-04 at 7:30 at Poelking Lanes. Everyone invited.

Stan would like to see some revision of awards given at MVT banquet, could have one for great-est amount of participation or miles driving a Triumph. Would like to have input from members to see how we might proceed.

New Business: Discussion regarding making a donation to Make A Wish Foundation [group that grants special wishes to terminally/chronically ill children]. Moved and passed to send \$100.00 donation.

at Frischs in Middletown

- 24 Celina Festival, Celina OH [Amphicar national meet]
- 25 British Cruise In[Old Speckled Hen] at Harrigans on Marshall Road 4-8PM
- 31 Brits By The Bay

50/50 winner Steve Houston

Next meeting on August 4, 2004 at Fuddruckers

RMEMEBER YOUR NAME BADGE!!!!!!

Conversations continued in parking lot cussing and discussing British autos driven to meeting!!!

AUGUST

- 1 Meadowbrook Concours Detroit Mi
- 6 BCD SET UP 6:00 PM at Eastwood
- 7 Dayton British Car Day
- 21 MVT Pool Party at Ball Homestead, RSVP by Aug 17

SEPTEMBER

- 19 Dayton Concours Boonshoft Museum

Bruce Clough has volunteered to be event chair to complete term that Ellis has done as volunteer for past year. THANK YOU ELLIS!!!!

REVIEW MARQUE AND/OR WEBSITE FOR PARTICULARS ON EVENTS:

[Home](#) | [Meeting Minutes](#) | [President's Corner](#) | [Articles of Interest](#) | [The Miami Valley Triumph Club Officers](#) | ['04 Events](#) | [Technical Tips](#) | [Other Triumph CLub Newsletters](#)

The Miami Valley Triumph Club Officers

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President's Corner August 2004, Stan Seto

The By-Laws – Were in July Issue and will be in August issue of the Marque. Please look them over and give us your comments. We would like to ratify them at the September meeting.

TRA has been completed. Pre-Registration was at about 60 cars but I do not know how many actually showed up and registered. I doubt that we drew a hundred to the event. There were lots of positive comments and we have been congratulating the organizers (Carol, Tonda and Mark) for a job well done.

The Big August Event is our own British Car Days and let's get out there and support this event like last year. Registrations are at about 100 cars, but we'd sure like to see 200 more show –up. Let's hope the weather has settled down to the usual hot, humid and dry of summer, which should make the pool party a big success.

Here's an Idea! -What would you think about inviting guest speakers to our monthly meetings?? Have someone from another club come in and speak about their club, their events, their technical interests, and perhaps event affiliations with our club.

Here's another Idea! – How about doing one of the late summer monthly meetings in some member's backyard who has a pool? Come a little early, swim, do hot dogs, a salad and drinks, do the meeting and then stay and hobnob or head home?

Awards – We vote on four awards each year, more than any car club I've talked to in our region. They are "Marque of Distinction" to the person who best embodies the precepts of the club (sort of walks the talk, if you will), "Keep it on the Road" for the member who drives his car all year round, or at least more than others, "Press on Regardless" for the club member who overcomes adversity while traveling in club events, and "Most Improved" for the club member who worked the hardest on his car in the preceding year. We may be too late to do it for this year, but I'd like some discussion on making these awards on data, and less on hearsay. All the years I've been in the club, Marque of Distinction has always gone to a man. Yet women do yeoman work to support the club, and they hold officer's positions, too. Keep It On The Road ought to be based on some record of how much members drive their cars. Same thing with Press on Regardless, there ought to be a record of the tragedies that club members overcame while travelling. Most Improved.... should be based on physical evidence that a member did improve his car. One other thing, I do not know that we have to make to awards if we do not have bonified candidates.....

See you in a couple of Wednesdays.... And remember, We Want **You** there on BCD Days!!!!!!

Thanks for your attention.....Stan



Mike's Spitfire GT6

MVT Calendar of Events

August 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	<u>6</u>	7
8	9	10	<u>11</u>	12	<u>13</u>	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

January	February	March	April	May	June
July	August	September	October	November	December

Event Details:

1st; Meadowbrook Concours d'Elegance, Detroit, MI.

4th; Monthly Membership Meeting

6th; BCD 2004 SET UP

7th; BCD 2004, Eastwood Metro Park

21st; MVT Pool Party at Ball Homestead, RSVP by Aug 17 ballpad@aol.com



Articles of Interest

We hope so.....

AUGUST '04

This is the place for general articles of interest (even whimsy and such) for the members of the Miami Valley Triumph Club.

We'll try and keep the technical tips in "Tech Tips".

If you have articles of interest you deem worthy of the membership,

Please email the article to: news@miamivalleytriumphs.org

or

mail to: MVT News, P. O. 144, Bellbrook, OH 45305

[A Great TRA 2004 Thank You article from Tonda](#)

The Latest in the saga of *Early TR Man!*

[August 2004](#)

[July 2004](#)

[June 2004](#)

[All, to date](#)

Late TR Guy!

[August 2004](#)

[All, to date](#)

JULY 2004 Event Reports:

[Stan Seto's Canadian Report](#)

Photos of the 2004 Canadian Classic are embedded within Bruce's "Late TR Guy" article for August 2004. (*ed-*)

TRA 2004 – WHAT A SUCCESS!

By Tonda Macy

Well, a year ago we thought TRA 2004 was a long way off and now it is history! A lot of planning and work went into the event and according to TRA attendees, it was well worth it. Many people told us it was one of the best shows they'd ever attended. I thought there might be some complaints because the Participant's Choice cars were not parked by class, but it didn't seem to cause any problems with the voting.

We had a lot of Participant's Choice winners from MVT. Congratulations to the following:

The Clough Family – First Place TR2
Mark Macy – First Place TR3
Roger & Carol Rutledge – Third Place TR3A/B
Tonda Macy – First Place TR4/A
Vern Burnett – Second Place TR4/A
Chris Yanity – First Place TR7/8
Mike Ross – Second Place Spitfire/GT6
Fred Grimm – Third Place Spitfire/GT6

Russ Seto and nephew Matthew Seto took First Place honors in the road rally. Vern Burnett went home with the Dead Last trophy. Watch out, he'll make you put money in the meter!

I'd like to thank everyone who helped Thursday through Saturday during the event. We have some special people in the club that we can always count on. They are:

Ted Allison
Lorna & Ellis Ball
Sue & Vic Bell
Lois & Don Bigler
Marlene & Jimmy Carter
Bruce Clough
Jerry Glatt
Fred Grimm
Roy Owens
John Parker
Mike Ross
Russ Seto
Stan Seto
Dianne & Jerry Simonton
Chris Yanity

I would also like to thank Mike McKitrick for keeping the MVT web site up-to-date with TRA 2004 information and documentation. Mike, you did a fantastic job! Thank you!!

And last, but not least, a very special thank you goes to Roger and Carol Rutledge and Mark Macy. Together, we went through a lot of ups and downs, but I think the end result was worth it! Will we do it again? Not for about 100 years! Look out Mark, your wife is back!!!

Canadian Classic, 2004. (Stan Seto)

The choice was the Canadian Classic in Kingston, Ontario, or the VTR in Richmond, VA. As I had not been impressed with the last VTR we had gone to in Red Wing, Minnesota, going to Canada, with its cooler and dryer climate sounded fine. In retrospect, that was a laugh. I got the registration in, got the hotel room, and through Bruce Clough, got connected to Bill Grey, a local member and Glenn Donaldson, the event organizer. The event this year was hosted by Kingston's Boot and Bonnet Club and the Toronto Triumph Club. B&B has some 700 members and caters to all English cars, so they had a good base to draw from. I had thought at first that it was a Canadian national event, but as things unfolded, it became apparent that this was actually a regional event.

Norma and I started on Tuesday morning. The car was packed, but not to overflowing as it is for some of our trips. It was hot and humid in the Miami Valley, and most elsewhere we traveled that day. Up I-75 to Detroit, lunch at a small local restaurant, then to the Windsor Bridge, where I paid on the US side, and promptly got into a truck lane.... Got out and into a car lane.... Managed to turn into another truck lane... and finally got back into a car lane as we came onto the bridge. The funny thing was three other cars stuck right with me through all that. On the Canadian side, the customs guy took my car license plate number, destination and length of stay, and waved us on. Through Windsor and out onto Route 401, along the north side of Lake Erie, and east we went at a fairly steady 60 MPH/100 KPH. The 401 was good road, smooth, concrete and full of trucks, all going about 65 MPH. It was like that all afternoon. We stopped for the night at Cambridge, Ontario, just about 100 Klicks (kilometers) west of Toronto. Dinner was at a local "Fifties & Sixties" theme restaurant, and although the Canadian dollar is smaller than the US dollar, it buys a lot of food! We couldn't finish it. Back to the Best Western and out we went for a walk, ending at a WALMART, where we stocked up on water and other stuff too good to pass up. The evening weather report said "RAIN!"

Tuesday dawned gloomy. We went to look at the hotel continental breakfast and decided to eat out. We were assured by the desk clerk that the closest sit-down restaurant was twenty minutes away. Nevertheless, out we went. Five minutes later we had scouted a Jim Horton's, not our style, but then stumbled across Frenchy's attached to the Motel 8. Our waitress turned out to be Scottish and talkative, and the food was great and the price low. The rain started as we wandered back to the Best Western. As we entered the lobby, it was coming down in torrents. We packed and waited....., an hour, and hour and a half.... Hey, it's letting up. Bags to the car. Pulled the driver's side curtain, loaded the car and we were off in the lull of the storm. But, the storm was traveling east and so were we. Interestingly we saw little further precipitation, that day, just sprinkles. Traffic moved well until Toronto, where it slowed to a crawl, mightily congested due to several large road systems all coming together in that town. You just had to be patient. Eventually we were east of town and up to speed again. Looking at the map, we saw that Kingston wasn't that far, so we took the tour off 401 near Trenton, and dropped south on Rte. 33 into Prince Edward County. This road meandered southeast along the coastline and then turned northeast and came into Kingston from the southwest. It was two lanes, very little traffic, 40 to 80 KPH, and no stoplights. We crossed Weller's Bay at Consecon, and stopped for lunch in Wellington. Went to the bank and traded US dollars for Canadian dollars, found a small restaurant and then spent about an hour wandering around town and looking in the shops and stores. Neat place... Norma wants to go back and stay a day or two.

Back on the road, we went up to Picton and caught the ferry across Lake on the Mountain, a free seven minute boat ride, then it was cruise into Kingston, find Division street and up to the Day's Inn to complete the journey. Total length from Loveland was about 650 miles. First person we saw as we pulled in was Bruce Clough. He, Alice and the kids had started on Sunday and toured the Finger Lake's region, before crossing over. They got to the hotel about three hours ahead of us. That evening we and the Clough's were invited to a BBQ, courtesy of the Boot and Bonnet Club at the home (a bed and breakfast) of Hans and Marion Westenberg, about ten miles from the hotel. Dr. Westenberg is a physician, and an Honorary Consulate for the Dutch. He regularly entertains the Dutch Royal Family when they come to Toronto to visit. The tie is the exile of the Dutch government in WW II, from the Germans, and they were treated so well by the Canadians that a strong and affectionate bond was formed that exists until today. Well the food that night was excellent and we were able to meet a number of club members, including Glenn McDonald, Bill Grey, and a host of others. There were all sorts of cars parked in the yard around the house, and the property was very

near the Seaway, and they had horses, and most of the people were friendly and easy to engage in conversation. A great evening overall.

Thursday was track day. Norma sat this one out. We assembled some of the cars and drove thirty five miles to the west to Shannonville and its racing facility. Three different tracks, no waiting. We had the Nelson track, about a mile or so of asphalt, in roughly the shape of a stove-in box. Main straight about two hundred yards long, into a side straight which was a little longer, bending into a right hand curve (90°), another tighter right hand curve, a loop to the left (180° degrees), short straight followed by two sharp 90° degree turns leading back onto the main straight. The first and second curves at the end of the side straight were third gear and second gear, respectively, and the next sets of curves were all second gear. You could get into third twice in all this, and up into fourth on the main straight and side straight. That's not where we started. Upon arrival at the track, we signed waivers and took all the loose stuff out of the cars. I probably lightened the Triumph by 100 pounds just taking out the spare generator and tool bag.

There was a driving school in session, using the skid pad behind us and the other tracks. There were twelve students, all in some version of Mercedes-Benz C230, sedans, coupes and hatchbacks. They popped back and forth around our activities, all day. Young adults, no one over 35 by the look of them.

We started on the side straight, seven cones set in a straight line and we had to weave through them as some one watched our progress and gave us words of advice and encouragement. We had about eight and up to twelve cars there for this. Everyone got six tries at the cones, coming and going. Learn to be smooth first then work on speed (and looking untidy). Then we took a break while the cones were redistributed around the track. While that was going on, heavy clouds moved in and it started to rain. It was light at first, then heavier and heavier. In about twenty minutes it was a deluge, a solid overcast and everyone was scrambling to put on side curtains, tops and rolling up windows. It was going to rain for awhile. All the seagulls landed in a newly formed pond out by turn one. They just huddled. Then we were told that due to a miscommunication there was no lunch, but they were working on getting the track facility people to come in and open the kitchen. An hour went by, and we were well into the second, when the kitchen was opened and lunch started. The second hour expired and still it rained, but now we could see riffs in the clouds, and we could see buildings heretofore hidden by the falling water. It let up slowly, but surely. Through it all the little Mercedes' kept circulating and trundling back and forth between the various tracks. We lost one TR6 from the group when its brake vacuum system sprang a leak right at the end of the first session. Gary Allen (Toronto Club) was able to find a guy in Kingston with ability to fix it. During the rain, the tow truck arrived and the little lady driving it had Gary up on her vehicle in about a half hour. I offered Gary's wife, Wendy, a ride home with me, but she found a better offer in a Chrysler Sebring. In place of Gary, we added another TR6, a Lotus 7 kit car (formidable track car), a couple more TR3's and some sedans. When the rain was passed, the instructors told us that the cones showed where to enter each of the corners, the apex they wanted us to hit and where to exit the corners. That they would lead small (about five or six) groups around, driving one of our cars and letting the others in the group rotate for the second position as we passed down the main straight. Then we'd come in and the instructor would become a passenger in another car for five laps, and he'd keep rotating until all in the group had had his advice. My group had four TR3's, and our instructor decided to drive my car in the first set of rounds (and what buzzed through my head was "If you are going to drive your car to and from meets, you shouldn't race it!!") The guy was big, affable and talkative. We left the paddock, he gunned it up to the first set of curves, and we'd already lost everyone. He had trouble the first lap, mostly getting use to the '3. We slowed down (a lot) on the main straight to let the others catch-up. Then he hit it again, and they dwindled behind us. He was faster this lap and the back end came out once on us, but he missed one apex, and we missed two as a result. The third lap was slower and smoother and on the last lap we were off to the races again. The back end came out twice on corners, but it may have been that the track was still wet, because he said we weren't really near racing speeds (but we must have been close) and he commented that the car broke loose in a very controlled manner (and I thought, "Gee, if it gets loose and we crash, it will be at least in a very controlled manner.") We pulled into the pits and he let me drive while he critiqued. With the instructor riding as shotgun, we went a little slower, and my first lap was a little rough, but we still got away from the pack. My second lap was terrible because I missed the apex on the fourth corner

by a country mile, having not gotten over to the proper side of the track after exiting the third turn, but I pulled it in on next corner and finished the lap with no further embarrassment. The third lap was good, and while he complimented me on both the speed and that I hit all the apexes at the right point, he was still urging me to go faster. The fourth lap was anti climactic, because you had to swing wide on the last two corners to get into the pits. He then left for another car and I was on my own. I ran the course about ten more times, following different cars, including one set where I was behind the instructor and driver. That was interesting, because I could catch up on some corners, but lost ground on others. It was about three in the afternoon now, and figuring I'd used up about a summer's worth of rubber from the tires and a couple of years off the springs and shocks, decided I'd tempted Fate enough and decamped for the hotel.

This had been a real learning experience. To cut a good lap, I really had to concentrate on what I were doing. You had to look out and down the track to pick-up, as early as possible, the curve entry and apex location, position the car, slow it coming in and get back on the throttle as you left the entry gate, hit the apex, pick where you had to be at the exit gate (the inside cone), shift up, and then get the car to the outside of the track for the next entry. On this short course the only place I looked at the instrumentation or for those following was on the main straight. That Lotus must have been loads of fun on this track. Of course in an actual race, there'd be no cones. After I left, they took those who were still there and each driver and car ran four timed laps to work on being consistent. Prizes were awarded for the most consistent.

That evening we drove down into Kingston, to a special parking lot at city hall. Parked the car and wandered off to dinner and to shop. Norma found a Paddington (Bear) book that just made her day. After, we came back and talked to those who had also come down, about thirty five or forty cars, and those club members who were providing security, while most of the folks were at a nearby Irish Pub. As we arrived back at the car, we saw a couple we had met at one of the rest stops driving on 401. They were from New Jersey and traveling back from an event in the mid-west. Allison and Barry Worman, of Sparta, NJ. They drive his and her Corvettes, and had been planning to stop in Kingston, overnight, and came downtown to see the cars at our invitation.

Friday was Wolfe Island day. We charged out of the hotel parking lot at 0830 to catch the nine o'clock ferry. The ship takes about fifty cars and whoever didn't make the nine had to come over at ten o'clock. The trip across takes about twenty minutes. We were thirty five strong when we got to the ferry landing, but there were not a lot of cars already there. So we got in line. As the ferry came in more cars and Triumphs showed up, so for the tail-enders it looked very iffy. Did I mention that the local weather forecast for Friday was the same as it had been for the week? Storms in the AM, some sunshine and rain in the late PM. It was cloudy, but not threatening. We loaded on the ferry. Everyone got on. At Wolfe Island, we came off the ferry, did a right and then a left turn and went into the parking lot of the Sacred Heart (Catholic) Church in Marysville. We'd be back here later for lunch. After we all got in, the tour director led us, on foot, over three houses to Mike Corrigan's Boat Works where serious boat repairs were being worked on several hulls. The shop was in an old barn, with horses pastured behind, which was a big hit with the kids who were along. There must have been 15 or twenty boats spread around inside and outside the barn. Most were less than thirty foot long, and included speed boats, day sailors, cabin cruisers, in-boards, outboards, skiffs, and canoes. The crowd flushed all the swallows out of the barn, and they were flying around on the outside just waiting for us to leave. Eventually we did leave and worked our way over to the parking lot, where door prizes were awarded for a while, until the folks on the second ferry trip cruised in. Now, we had about fifty cars.

There are two paved roads on the island. Route 95 goes north-south and Route 96 goes east-west. We saddled up and headed south on 95. We were given a handout describing the sights to be seen, on the left and right, like the corn maze (still growing up) and the very tall radio tower that was toppled by "the Ice Storm". Several miles down the road we left the hard surface for gravel and meandered through the country side until we picked up the hard surface again and ran down to the Horne Ferry that connects to St. Vincent, NY, a half mile across the water. Then it was back around and up 95 to Jason and Christina Pyke's Buffalo Farm. This young family started with about six females and one male buffalo and had built their herd up to 150. This is while selling off about ten percent every year for slaughter and hides to be made into moccasins, gloves and other apparel. We got split up. Half went to see the herd and listen to how the farm was run. The rest of us were left to bargain for gloves

and moccasins, and buffalo jerky and sausage (well, you get the idea). It went pretty well for the Pykes, then we switched groups. Afterward, we remounted the cars and headed for the church and lunch. And, a needed potty stop at the Information Building a block away in town. There were two restrooms, Men's and Ladies. There were about ten men and about fifty ladies, and in short order, the ladies had commandeered both restrooms and the men (who had been unlucky enough to show up later) had to wait the ladies out. Meanwhile a short walk on a path through the woods, behind the church, led us to Wolfe Manor, a B&B run by Martha and Rod McDonald, where a local women's group provided a sack lunch and drinks. We got a hearty sandwich, a piece of fruit and two cookies. It was all very good. The B&B grounds were shady, had flower beds and flowerbeds with ponds and sprinklers in them. There was a cooling breeze and the clouds were starting to gather to the southwest. As we finished lunch, a rain storm came by to the south; we were just on the fringe edge. We had about an hour before the tour restarted so Norma and I wandered into town to shop. We looked at the general store, walked down several blocks, and came back on the other side to a nifty little art gallery where we picked up some "bread and butter" gifts for the folks at home. When we got back to the parking lot it was empty except for the Clough's (TR7 and TR8). The tour had gone early, but they had done a big loop around the block so we got ready to roll and fell in behind as the tour headed east out of Marysville on Route 96. As we passed the ferry slip and looked across at Kingston, it was being deluged in a huge storm. We went to the edge of Marysville and as the cars began to park in and around what looked like a manufacturing building (an abandoned Cheese Factory) it began to rain. Well, panic ensued as most of the cars were top down. Norma's side curtain was on, mine was off. I checked the wind direction and pulled onto the grass with Norma's side into the wind. We bailed out and ran into the building. Turns out a local entrepreneur was going to try her luck selling dry goods from Honduras, out of this building and a local lady in the club had asked her to trial some goods for the TR people to look at, and perhaps, buy. She put out sweaters, rugs, throws, knit items, cotton and wool materials, some pretty good looking stuff.

The rain was heavy and lasted a long time. The men were seated along the walls, the kids were stomping through puddles formed at the doors and open windows. The ladies were looking at just about everything on sale. Purchases were made and everyone got wet from either standing too close to the doors and widows or too close to the kids. We were there maybe an hour before the rain slackened to a light drizzle. We were out of the building and into the cars in a thrice. The tour legged it east through a light rain for about twenty kilometers, to island's end and the site of the original Horne ferry, no longer used. We then turned around and came back a ways to a gravel road and turned in to wend our way to the Linda and Brian Thomas's residence for another BBQ (Dinner). I was slowly learning that the Canadians apply the label BBQ to any outdoor eating event. As we parked, another shower got the cars all wet again, but this lasted only about 15 or 20 minutes and that was it for the evening. The Thomas's lived on what looked like about two acres of land at the water's edge on the northeast side of Wolfe Island. Their house had two garages on a lower level (mostly work shop in those) and then two garages above the lower two and rotated 90°. This area was loaded with a number of Triumphs. I didn't look inside, but it was clearly large enough for the adults and children. In spite of all the rain, the ground was more than solid enough to support all the TR's parked among the trees. Several more canopies were produced and erected, enough to give everyone shelter, but it did not rain any more before we left. Dinner was catered, and was delicious. Say what you will, the Canadians know how to eat! We spent about two and a half hours there, kibitzing and eating. Eventually it was time to leave for the 7:30 ferry back to Kingston. We drove the 10 odd kilometers back up to Marysville a lot quicker than when we came down the island. The line for the ferry was short, so we parked and watched it float in as more and more Triumphs showed up. Into Kingston and we ran up to the Motel. Bruce commented to me after we parked, that he'd see about a hose for washing the cars. I dropped Norma at the room, picked up a waste basket and drove over to the swimming pool just as the hose was being laid out. Started to wash my car and Bruce appeared with the '7. I pulled out and Bruce was back with the '8, and so were about four other cars, all queuing up. Did I tell you about the mosquitoes? They are not large but they are aggressive and they are numerous. I got the car dried as quickly as possible and idled back to the room.

Saturday – It's ShowTime!! Norma spent the time after breakfast reading but I worked at sprucing up the car. It was cloudy, but had not rained in the overnight, so I just wiped down the exterior, and

concentrated on the interior and engine compartment. Parked next to me was a distinguished (turns out he was from England) gentleman with a very clean looking TR4 (Landau Roof and MiniLite wheels) painted deep (metallic (?) green. He bent my ear about the premier concours shows he had attended and how well the car scored. Turns out he was a Castrol Salesman, retired, but back in harness as an independent, and loving it. Come 9:45, we saddled up and drove down to the City Park in Kingston and parked with the other TR3's. There were about eleven of us, four were concours. As the others piled in, I think I counted fifty-eight or nine; five were non-TR, a Land Rover, Lotus Kit car, Metropolitan, Friends of Triumph, as it were.

Norma and Alice and the kids headed into town (three blocks away) to hit the Farmer's Market and get a Taste of Kingston. I putzed around, cleaned the car some more, talked to passers-by, normal car show stuff. The concours judging started so I grabbed my sheet and did the People's Choice thing. Later walked into town for lunch (at a bakery, and the sandwich was excellent), shopped for a while and meandered back to the Park. At about two-thirty it started to break up. Norma and Alice re-appeared and we packed the car and drove back to the Hotel.

In an hour, we were washed up and back in the parking lot to drive to Fort Henry for dinner and a symphony. At Fort Henry we were into a special parking area and walked up to the fort. Dinner had been planned to be outside, but rain was threatening again, so they moved it inside. If it had rained the symphony was cancelled. Dinner was catered and while we waited the rest of the door prizes were awarded and the results of the car judging were also decided. We did not get longest distance. Bruce and Alice had us by about a hundred miles, but they didn't get it either, as one car came 1200 miles. But, in the People's Choice awards, Bruce took a second in TR8, Alice a first in TR7 and Norma and I got a first in TR3's. Three cars, three awards..... Dinner was Steak or Salmon, grilled right in front of you, Baked potatoes, pasta, toss salad, potato salad, rolls and butter, rice with something in it and little pies and éclairs for dessert. It was great. We got the edge of one shower, and that was all, so the symphony was on. We had to wait in line and walked down into the barracks part of the fort, where the parade ground was. People sat in front of the orchestra, or along the walls of the fort above the orchestra, it was like two balconies up there. Playing for us that night was the Kingston Symphony Orchestra, accompanied by The Mary Green Singers from Philadelphia, PA and members of the Kingston Choral Society. The program was two hours long and they started with the Star Spangled Banner and O Canada, then they did the Polovetsian Dances (Borodin), Va Pensiero (Verdi), the Emperor's Waltz (Strauss). Here they actually brought out a thirty person dance team, soldiers from the fort and ladies in evening gowns, to dance for us. Next they played Lord of the Rings: Two Towers from the movie and then Finlandia (Sibelius) and broke for intermission. After intermission, Ryan Malcolm (Canada's singing idol) and his brother, came out to start the second half with Crash and Burn and Home. The crowd liked them so much they did a Simon and Garfunkel encore, The Sound of Silence, A Capella, and like it or not they did a good job on that song. What followed was the 1812 Overture complete with real cannon fire and fireworks, that just bought the house down.

Back to the motel we went to pack and get ready for the trip home.

Sunday, up, breakfast, pack the car, wipe it down and at about nine in the morning we headed back to the Fort Henry area to the Royal Military College (RMC) for a cruise-in show sponsored by the local Rotary Club. It was a fund raiser. They had a pancake breakfast and served hot dogs and hamburgers all afternoon. Twenty-six classes of cars and the Triumphs were Class Y. We were located just where the cars entered the park, so we were able to see each arrival. There were judging teams, but we were leaving early, so we didn't worry about that. The oldest car there was a 1907 Model T, then there was an old Hudson and a latter model Studebaker, but not too many cars of the 30's and 40's except as Hot Rods. Then there was a mid-thirties Dodge Airflow, and more models starting in the fifties and up to current. They were looking for 400 cars, but I don't think they got quite that many, but what a variety!!

At 1:30 PM, we packed to catch the 2 PM ferry to Wolfe Island. When we got down to the ferry parking area, it was apparent we should have started earlier. Well, we missed the 2 PM ferry by three cars, but were up front on the 3 O'clock. At Wolfe Island we ran along Rte. 95 to the Horne Ferry on the south side. It was smaller but ran more frequently. We had four cars ahead of us, so got on handily and ten minutes later, having crossed the shipping channel, we debarked onto US soil at St. Vincent, NY. Customs looked at our ID's and passed us through, and it was out onto Rte 12E and

looking at a strong threat of showers. We did hit some rain, but nothing like the past few days. We ran east to Rte 3, then turned south around the eastern shore of Lake Ontario. It was a nice drive, two lanes, little traffic and 55 MPH and sobered by the thought that our Canadian money was worthless. Southwest we went to Rte. 104, another two lane road that we would follow to Oswego and on to Rochester, NY, where we dropped south to Interstate 90, a toll road. As dusk fell, we pulled into a service area to get something to eat. As we walked back out to the car, a man asked if he could take a picture. I said yes and he was soon back with a camera, took three shots and thanked us. We stopped for the night just south of Buffalo.

In the morning, the weather channel suggested it was going to be dryer than before, so I took the side curtains off, but as a hedge we put the raincoats into the cockpit. Off we went on a cloudy morning. An hour later, we stopped for a comfort break. It looked meaner ahead, so we put on the rain gear and hit the road again. I was cruising at about seventy, but being passed by all sorts of SUV's and Vans. Twenty minutes down the road, came the rain. I tucked in behind an Altima that was going a little faster than we were, turned on my lights and wipers and matched his speed. Interestingly, all the other traffic slowed down. I don't know why, we had a half mile visibility and we were on a limited access highway. In about ten minutes we two were all alone. The rain lasted for about fifteen miles, and we came out of it, but it still looked nasty and sure enough, in about fifteen minutes we were into another storm. When we got through that one, we hit some rain showers off and on through the next hour. By now we were in Pennsylvania and closing on OHIO. As we got back into the Buckeye State, blue sky showed up through the clouds and the sun began to break through, and there was no doubt in my mind that Southwest Ohio hadn't seen a drop of rain since we left. I was almost right, as it turned out.

Home by 3:30 PM. Unpacked the car, dragged every wet thing out to dry and just flopped.

Weather aside it had been a good trip. The temperatures had been comfortable, the scenery had been easy on the eyes, we found lots of friendly people in both the sponsoring clubs, the food was just great and we took some awards. Except that the pillows in the Day's Inn were too thick for our tastes, it's a meet we'd be willing to go to again in the future.



Aug 2004: By Bruce Clough (clough@erinet.com)

That Darn TR2 - Continued

LATER BREAKING NEWS! THE 22 JUNE UPDATE!!!

June 22th, get even a bit more time to type. We have good news of late. Several test drives now pronounce it good to go to TRA. All perfect, no:

- Repto engine water petcock from Moss tends to weep a little.
- Really had to dog down the repto hose clamps on the bypass hose – they're about ¼ to 1/2 too big in circumference.
- Repto gear shift knob won't go down all the way – the threading is just a little bit out.
- Had to guess on the toe-in. It was toed in a bit too far. Used a couple of angle irons bars and tape measure to set the toe-in at 0 – unfortunately it was a bit tough to account for the slightly out of round wire wheels – I think I got close.
- Top hard to attach to the windscreen due to the repto windscreen top rubber not being the same as original.

The sound system sounds great at speed....

Now to drive it...to...

TRA 2004

Anyone want a tire? 590-15 whitewall? It'll look good on your car, trust me? No? How about a grease-gun adaptor thing-a-mi-jig? No? How about a stack of TRA '85 placemats? No? Oh well, I tried. Long story.

June 23rd dawned bright and fair – not a cloud in the sky. Perfect day for driving to Springfield for the meet. Perfect day to find out your heat-pump is toast.

Yeah toast – I came home from work to find out that the little maintenance the HVAC guy discussed was really a blown compressor. \$1900 to fix. Jeeeeezzz, that compressor was only 10 years old! Was it made by Lucas?

Well, once past the shock of the inevitable, we told the HVAC guy to fix it and off we were to TRA, Bridgett and myself in the TR2, Duncan and Alice in the TR7. The drive over was pretty easy and quick – 30 minutes from door-to-door.

Now, for those seen the outside of the Springfield Holiday Inn, it really looks like it could be a dump – behind a dilapidated strip mall next to a boarded-up old Ponderosa restaurant (Note 1), but inside it's very nice.



No, now that you ask, I don't know what the hell it is. I was hoping you knew...

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright - absolutely perfect weather for the Thursday Morning Early Morning Run (EMR). When I was setting this up I figured maybe 25 folks at most. Wrong – 40+ in a long line behind the TR2. Alice & Duncan already left (her for school, he for day-care) so it was me and my co-pilot Bridgett that brought the crew to Urbana.



Thursday Morning – TRA Goes Plot To Foil Bruce's Early Morning Run Plans – But To No Avail!

Yeah, as usual, be got out of the hotel parking lot late, and in order to keep everyone together we went slower than I wanted, but we still managed to make it to the restaurant location (Airport Café – Urbana) on time.

I took the rural roads to the east of Springfield – slightly undulating roads that traverse mixed farm and woodland. Wonderful EMR roads. I still remember on a road lined with farms when I asked the guy at the end of the caravan (Don Cumberland from Maryland, no he doesn't live in Cumberland, MD) where they were. "Just coming up on the farm" was the answer. At that point several folks chimed in with "what farm?" – exactly what I was thinking.



Breakfast At The Urbana Airport Service Slow, But Food Was Good

Actually, the café at Urbana Airport has good food. Took forever to get the food – only one waiter for our group. The folks that had to sit out in the other room actually got their food in ten minutes – took about 30 for us. Still, with the wait and everything we still got folks back on the road back to Springfield in time for the truck plant tour.

I volunteered to lead folks to Waynesville for shopping that morning. Hat's off to Mike & Mara for hosting us at their shop. I lead a caravan of five cars down and spent the day sitting out in front of M&M's Celtic Isles Shop, eating scones and drinking hot tea/coffee. I did whip out the mandolin, but I didn't sing, or at least, not much.



Getting Ready For The Member Ship Meeting – The View As The Recording Secretary Saw It.

Thursday night was calm for the Clough clan. We had the welcome reception and membership meeting. I was recording secretary. TRA re-looked at when to have the meeting, and decided to move it to a two week window in late June rather than a set weekend. The kids went swimming and it rained cats & dogs...

...which made it interesting the next morning. I went out to uncover the TR2 and it was a bit wet, but nothing unusual. Got in the car, saw a few drips on the floor. Again, nothing unusual. Fired up the CD player. Nothing. Took the player

out of the car and turned it sideways. Water poured from it.

Post Mortem – when the car was rebuilt the vent drain tube was never replaced. At the angle the car was sitting the water built up at the vent, leaked in, ran down the heater core, and dripped right into my \$30 Sony portable CD player.

Okay, so I took the CD player in (Alice was wondering why I put it on the air conditioner in the room) and got the car ready for the car show.

Car show? Yes, it's now held on Friday morning rather than Saturday. I like it much better that way. Much more relaxed that way. While I was cleaning the TR2 Alice headed back to class with Duncan in tow and Bridgett joined me at the car (she's getting to be a good helper)



Russ Seto – Photography Stud

While I was getting the 2 ready, it seemed as if the rest of MVT showed up. Chris Yanity pulled in next to me (one of these days we need to get his TR3 put together...) in the FHC TR7, Louie D'Pasquale showed up in the Spitfire, the Carter's TR4 appeared behind us, and Scott Stout joined us in his race machine TR3. Soon Macy's had their cars in line.



Bridgett Practicing Save Driving Habits

About this time Bridgett started to amuse passers-by. She had the stuffed animals belted in and was taking them "for a drive". Making motor noises and waving at people walking

by she provided photo ops for a number of folks. I'll have to have her ask for money next time – we could have made a mint.

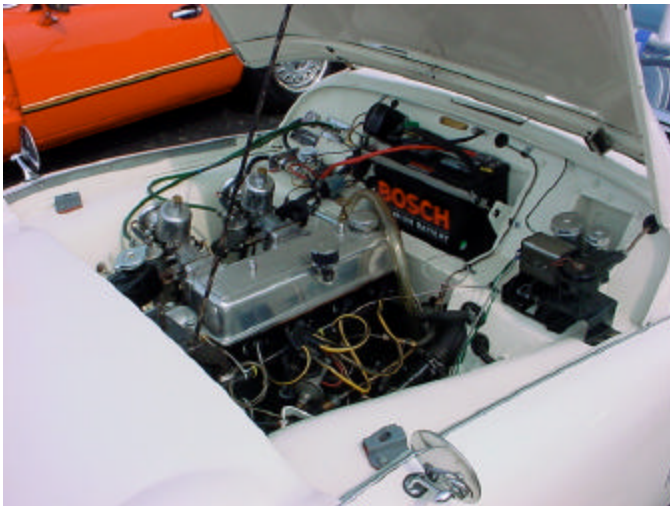


Lou's Spit – Not Exactly TR3

The car show ran until well in the afternoon. The Roadster Factory set up a display as well as Doug's Parts (hi Matt & Doug) and a few other vendors. I bought a few things for the TR2 that I knew it needed, and a few things I knew it didn't.



Bridgett Tries To Escape From Her TR2 Cell, But Was Caught Digging A Tunnel Through The Sidecurtain



Scott's Engine – Not Exactly Stock

After the car show we went swimming. What a better way to spend the afternoon? After that we headed to the ice cream social where I had to serve the ice cream along with Roy Owens. Yeah, I know. Tough duty. Then we headed off for a tech session about metal plating where I found one of the prizes. Now I can get the valve covers polished on the TR8!

Later on we had a real tech session in the parking lot. The Paradis's TR2 was running like smelly stuff out the back end of a mule. I put on new ignition guts while Tom Householder set the carbs. Actually got it running real nice. Tom then went on to reset Lou Metelko's valve lash while I went on to clean up since it was time for the President's Reception and Auction.

Nothing much to write up about the reception. Came, ate chips, drank stuff, looked at auction parts. Speaking of parts, I really didn't see anything I wanted. Yes, it did happen, which was good since I was the auctioneer. I did have my trusty bottle of Knob Creek, so I was set for the night.

Auction bidding was light. No really heavy items like an original radio or Judson supercharger. Lots of small items. Lots of tires (Note 2). Silly me, in order to start the bidding on items I put in the opening bid numerous times, twice I was stung. Once was the grease-gun adaptor, the second was the 590x15 white-wall. I learned my lesson. Oh well, the kids need a swing and the adaptor could be used as a really strange funnel. I also stayed sober. Damn, getting old.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, kinda like Thursday only a bit cooler. Perfect EMR weather. This time Bridgett used a blanket on the run. 0700, down the road for a one hour cruise. Yeah, there were a lot of deer about. Yeah, a few cars missed a turn. Yeah, Jimmy Carter though he broke down but didn't (gas from last night's dinner caused rumbling?). But even with all that we managed to stay in line, together for the run. It ended up at Young's Jersey Dairy where all had a good breakfast and plenty of photo ops. We even had a local guy (from Springfield) join us in his Spit for the run. I made sure he had an MVT card and Stan's phone number before he left!



MVT At The Car Show, Macy's TR3, Clough's TR2, Yanity's TR7 – now if they can all show up at an MVT event!

I turned down the afternoon tech session for a swim in the pool with family. Out of the pool and into the banquet



**Saturday EMR - Charleton Road Bridge – The Approach
From The Leader Of The Pack**



The Bigler's something-over-20-year wedding anniversary photos – I don't know how these got in here, honest!



**Saturday EMR - View From Inside The Bridge – So Much
For A Clean Windscreen**



TR Twins from Texas – Joined at the Transmission.



Saturday EMR - Parking Cars At Young's - Moo.

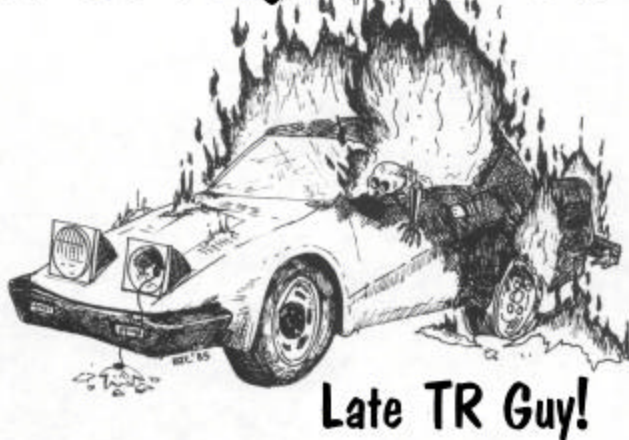
After that the Clough Clan vlogged. Alice took Bridgett to a birthday party. I hung out with Ron/Nate Fowler watching the rally go off. Took a nap - nap???? Yep, nap.



**Vern Caught In The Act Stealing A Springfield Parking
Meter**

Well, the food was good. The conversation was good. I was

The Continuing Adventures Of...



March 2004: By Bruce Clough (clough@erinet.com)

He's Back!

Well, it's been forever since I did anything with the wedges, but I had to get the TR7 running so Alice had a TR at TRA. Run it did – as usual after storage it had a little bit of water in Cylinder 4 (but at least it didn't hydro-lock this time), but I dried it out, re-torqued the head, and away we went. The TR8 has been started to move it into a place where I can work on it easier. And that's good since we're heading...

North To Alaska Canada

2030 Hrs local, 3 Jul 04 – the wedges are being prepped



The Wedgemites waiting for action – see the 590x15 tire just to the left of the Grey Ghost – Anyone want it?

for the trip north to Canada for the Canadian Classic. Both are in the garage. We had a choice to head north to Canada for the Classic or go to VTR in Richmond. I've been to Richmond. Off to Kingston

But before we go I had to check the cars out. The TR7 just needs an oil change & fluids check to be good to go. The TR8 needs a few more things:

- Timing advanced, it's still too retarded for my liking.

Advanced it 4 more static degrees.

- Choke cable fixed so it will stay out. Put a fuel line clamp to good use – now works fine.
- LED light fixed in the face plate of the radio – this might be tough. It was, the light is still out.

The last one really irks me, since it burned out a week after I bought the unit, but since taking it back meant taking the dash apart I've just kept it in there.

Saturday before we left we packed the cars. The goal was a minimalist packing, just a few sets of clothes and keep the number of toys down. We actually managed to fit everything in the cars with room to spare, and that included a stroller! Alice is a true wiz at packing!

On the road

Sunday

The goal was to leave by 2 pm and drive up US 42 to my mom's place in Medina (Ohio). We got out a bit late – 3 pm – temperature by then was about 87F and thunder was rumbling in the distance. Putting the pedal to the metal we got out ahead of the storms.



Dark Clouds Chase Us From Greene County

The drive up to Medina is usually about 4 hours. We saw a lot of dark clouds but only ran into the back end of a storm near Mansfield. We did watch a guy with a mid-70's Riviera who got a flat tire on US 23 limp about a mile down the road on the rim to a gas station (which we happened to stop at) where they found a used tire that would fit and were starting to change it by hand by the time we left.

Both wedges were running flawlessly. I was keeping the RPMs down on the Grey Ghost (TR8) so it wouldn't be loud (one of these days I'm going to have to replace those side-pipes) and Alice was having fun shifting gears in Inca (TR7). Bridgett played "Chef" most of the drive (I never knew the glove box was actually an oven), while Duncan slept or tried to take his shoes off.

One of the things I do while driving is to look for cars for sale, either Triumphs or Virgil Exner era Mopars (56-61). Triumph I didn't find, but I did see a '61 or '62 Chrysler in London, OH and a '61 Dodge 4-door sedan just north of Lodi, OH. Didn't stop for either one. Alice was soooo proud.

We pulled into my mom's condo about 6:30 PM and were met by mom and other family members. Several neighbors saw the cars and came out to chat. We hit the bed and fell fast asleep. So far, so good.



Family Safe For The Night With The TR's On Patrol Outside Bette Clough's Condo

Monday

Well, the day started out good enough. Low broken clouds. The goal for the day was just a short 3 hour drive to Conneaut, Ohio (as far north and east as you can go in Ohio without being in Pennsylvania or wet) to stay with my mother-in-law. I took a rural route out of Medina to show Bridgett where I grew up – needless to say the price of progress had been paid by the neighborhood – all my dirt-bike trails were now upscale homes. Sad. Even sadder was the road that I was going to turn on was under construction so we had to go into Akron to pick up I-77 north.

On to the interstate we went. Both cars are very comfortable drivers on the highway, and we soon were zipping along with the rest of the traffic, but just as we got on I-90 east of Cleveland, the rain came down. Gully-washer. Had I been using my wipers they could not have kept up with it. Rain-X is wonderful stuff – I could see clear as a day! We stayed in the rain to Conneaut where we piled out of the cars: kids to play, Alice to talk, and I replaced a 40 year-old phone and pulled weeds. The usual.



Monday – What You See Is What We Got – Bleech!

Later in the afternoon we took care of a few administrative things – ensuring we had a copy of Alice's birth certificate and a Canadian Insurance Card. The State Farm Agency had moved, which explained why the phone book address was now a tattoo parlor. Mom Owen does always put a lot of food on the table, so we ate a hearty dinner. We stayed up a little late that night – I practiced the mandolin (I always have one with me) while Alice caught up some more with family.

Tuesday

The day dawned sunny. Evidently it had rained in the night, which washed the mud off the wedges. I dried them off with a towel. Checking the oil, I noticed some coolant weeping from the TR7 head. Nothing big, the coolant level was still fine, but we stopped by the local Auto Zone so I could buy a torque wrench and some anti-freeze. I re-torqued the head right in the parking lot – felt just like a local! Made a mental note to re-torque tomorrow morning when the engine is cold...

The plan that day was to drive up I-90 to I-86, then over to Keuka Lake (one of the Finger Lakes). I've never been on I-86 – what a nice road! Very Scenic, no police, and no trucks! We did about 70 mph the whole way.



Somewhere On I-86. Very Pretty Drive

I-86 took us to Bath, NY, where we got off the Interstate and took NY 54 north towards Keuka Lake and its wineries.

Keuka is not the biggest Finger Lake, nor is it surrounded by the most wineries. However, on average, its wineries rated higher than the other lakes' by taste test on Internet sites. We picked two to spend time at, one informal, the other formal.

As one would guess, the scenery was beautiful as we drove up the hillside to the Bully Hill Vineyard (www.bullyhill.com). The southern end of the Finger Lakes is quite hilly. We drove through the quaint town of Hammondsport at the south tip of Keuka – it is loaded with antique, craft, and specialty shops, small restaurants, and tea rooms. I made a mental note that we had to get back here some time when I had more time! Bully Hill has a wonderful selection of wines (and grape juice for the kids) and lo-and-behold, Alice picked a dry white as one of her favorites! She usually hates whites – liking dry reds. We actually ended up buying a semi-sweet blush for later on that night. Bully Hill is also very informal, and cracks jokes at the more snooty wineries.

After Bully Hill we went up the road a bit to one of the snootiest wineries – Dr. Konstantine Franks' winery. They

pride themselves on award-winning hybrids, and they are quite good. We didn't end up with a bottle there, but I did buy a 5-speed shifter bottle cork!



Keuka Lake From The Bunny Hill Winery



Finger Lakes as Bridgett Saw Them

By the time we cleared Dr. Franks, it was almost 5 pm and time to head to Oswego for the night. We drove around the north side of Keuka to Seneca Lake, and there to Oswego. Day was sunny, humidity low, and scenery stunning all the way to Lake Ontario. The wine tasted wonderful after dinner, and made Duncan and Bridgett screaming at each other almost pleasant.

Wednesday

At the break of day I re-torqued the head and added a bit of coolant. Again, nothing critical. We had stayed at the Days Inn in Oswego, NY. It just happens that they have a deal where you go to the Dunkin Donut Shop in front of them for breakfast. Throw me in the brier patch! While we were in there eating breakfast (nowadays Dunkin Donuts is almost a cross between the old Dunkin Donuts and a Starbucks!) the skies got black and let out a torrential downpour – left-over from a line of storms which nuked Illinois the night before. We packed in that rain and headed north towards Canada.

Too bad it wasn't a sunny day. NY 3 along the eastern shore of Ontario is also very pretty. Oh well, by the time we got

near to Canada the rain started to let up.



Uuuck! Rain Go Away! NY 3 North Of Oswego

Both cars were running nicely, though, so we pressed on to Canada. After crossing the St Lawrence at Thousand Islands (very pretty and wonderful view from the bridges) we headed south to Kingston in the 401, dodging trucks doing about 80 mph past US. Have determined speed limit signs mean very little on the 401.

We checked into the Kingston Days Inn (host hotel for the Canadian Classic) about 2 pm. Kids took a nap while I cleaned up the cars and mom sat on the balcony and relaxed. As I was cleaning a bus of school kids from Quebec pulled up and the driver hopped out of the bus and came over and talked cars before he unloaded the suitcases! Had never seen a TR8, but had heard about it! Fortunately the kids all went into a different hotel building! No young-uns running down our hallway at night!

About that time other Classic folks came in including the Seto's from Cincinnati. Our cars became the centerpiece for reunions - too bad I couldn't get them to help me shine the cars.

Dinner that night was a Boots & Bonnets British Sports Car Club BBQ at the home of the Westenbergs. They run a Bed & Breakfast as well as being well-known locals and hosts to Danish Royalty when they visit the region. Their place is gorgeous and looks out on the St Lawrence.



St Lawrence From The Picnic Location

I'd expect there were 50 British cars plus things like a 1935(?) DeSoto (must all British car clubs have Airflows?). The food was wonderful, beer plentiful, and even a bit or rain didn't dampen the festivities. Ray & Mary Bolich, from Hillsboro, Ohio, are also members of Boots & Bonnets but were in Florida taking care of ailing relatives. We joked that Alice & myself were the Bolichs and the kids were the puppies!



Some Of The Cars At The Picnic. Three Were From Ohio and In This Picture – Can You Find Them?

Thursday

This was the first real day of the Classic. They had rented a racetrack north of town for the day. Since that would not have been fun for the rest of the Clough Clan, we went shopping in Kingston instead. Kingston is a wonderful place to visit. Downtown is all specialty shops and cafes. Once we found a place to park we spent most of the day there. I wish American cities were like this, I might actually visit a few more of them (and like it)!

That night was pub night. We all drove our Triumphs downtown and parked at the market square in reserved parking, then headed to an Irish Pub. Evidently it had rained at the track heavy (but not in town) so we listened to that discussion. Heading back to the cars, Duncan decided he wanted to drive and got into Seto's TR3A. Looked like a natural!



Ohio Lines Up For Pub Night – Hard Job But Someone Had To Do It.



Look Dad, Just The Right Size!

After we got back to the hotel that night I engaged in a bit of conversation while putting the cars to bed. So far it had been a good trip. Tomorrow we were spending the day on Wolfe Island. What would it bring?

Friday

Well, for one thing, rain. Low clouds hung in the sky as we got in line for the first ferry to Wolfe Island. The ferry ride was wonderful – smooth & efficient and Duncan enjoyed the view. Great to see a ferry full of Triumphs heading across to the island.



On The Ferry To Wolfe Island

Wolfe Island is a fairly big island where Lake Ontario turns into the St Lawrence River. Regular ferries run from it to Kingston and to New York from the other side of the island. Once on the island we headed to the biggest parking lot on the island – the local Roman Catholic Church. We pretty much used this as the staging area for all the tours we went on for the rest of the day.

Tour #1 was just up the street to a boat shop. Lotsa boats with rotten wood getting a new lease on life. Lotsa bird poop in the barn. I spent most of my time trying to push Duncan's stroller through thick gravel!

Tour #2 was a drive from the parking lot to the ferry point to the USA then back again to a special farm (see next tour).

Fairly scenic island, and the sun was beginning to come out , which made for a great drive. Several times the long line of cars passed each other, which was good for waves and photo-ops.



Lining Up On Wolfe Island - Hey, who let that green Spit in?



On Wolfe Island Tour – A Photo Op

Tour # 3 was to a working buffalo farm. That’s right, Bison. Pulling up we were greeted by a concession stand chock full of sausage, jerky, leather goods, and they even took Visa! I bought some jerky, Bridgett had a sausage, and Alice bought a pair of gloves with light blue on them (Alice’s schools’ mascot is the Bison and one of their colors is light blue).

The sun was really out by then, so down came the tops (car’s not Alice’s, silly) and we motored back to the church parking lot for lunch break. Half of us headed to lunch while the other half headed to seemingly the two public washrooms on the island. (40+ females headed to the only girl’s washroom with one toilet. Just imagine the wait! – Glad a bush works for me...). Needless to say I pretty much polished off our lunch (on the steps of a nice B&B somewhat behind the church) . Right after lunch that pesky sunshine was kicking up the clouds, big ones. A storm went south of us, a storm went north of us. Then a storm hit us.



Lining Up To Buy Buffalo Stuff At Buffalo Farm



Religious Spits? Owners Praying For No Breakdowns? You Choose.

What a storm it was! Rained hard for about 45 minutes with a decent lightning show and wind. An even better show was provided by all the Triumph owners that had not foreseen the rain (we had) - mostly TR3 owners who had either stuffed the sidecurtains in the trunk or had forgot to bring them along.



Rain Came Back With A Vengeance!

Then there was the TR8 owner that had a busted rear window

zipper who stayed out in the rain holding it up the whole time. That's the last time he forgets the duct tape! Some of the rain was coming in the loading dock we were standing near and Duncan figured out how to splash in puddles. Entertainment for the huddled masses. We were huddled in a defunct cheese factory turned into a craft shop. The roof leaked in places and moi was worrying about it collapsing!

Eventually the rain let up and we got back in our slightly wetter cars and headed on our way. The goal was to go to the tip of the island, then come back for a cook-out at the Thomas's spread on the banks of the St Lawrence. We watched the storms go by as we drove, then picked up another rainstorm as we got to the Thomas's.

Brian and Linda Thomas have a very nice home on the side of the St Lawrence – you can paddle boat from their backyard.



Dinner At The Thomas's House On The Shore Of The St Lawrence River (to the right)

The food was wonderful and there was enough porch for everyone to stay dry. We ate too much then caught the 7:30 PM ferry back to Kingston. The kids went to bed while I got the hotel management to put out the hoses so we could wash the cars off. Nothing like blaring bluegrass and hoses full of water at 10 pm...

Saturday

Car show day. I was up early detailing the cars. We lined up to head to the park for the show and got lost. We did a few illegal turns and double parking before we found the city park. Pulled right up and drove on a sidewalk getting to the wedge parking places. I parked in line with about 7 other TR8's and Alice parked with about the same amount of TR7s. Alice, Bridgett & Duncan headed off shopping while I popped the hoods and did some last minute detailing of the engines. I then spent the rest of the day discussing car mods with the rest of the TR8 owners and trying to figure out if Offenhauser valve covers would fit with a set of SU H44s on a stock manifold (they won't). I suppose there was somewhere between 60 and 80 cars there. Not a huge show, but a nice one. Location in that shady park was perfect! The rest of the family got back from shopping at 3 PM, just in time to leave! That gave us about an hour to get ready for the banquet. Fast showers, fast ironing, hopefully underwear put on the right way...

The awards dinner was to be held at Ft Henry, which protects

the Ridenau Canal System from us Yanks, or at least that was the idea in the early 1800's. Little did they know we would take-over the world with fast food and bad television. Now a park, it's in good shape. We got an interesting parking spot in front of the fort and went in for dinner.



Car Show – Downtown Kingston



Inside The Fort For Dinner

We actually ate in the Officer's Mess, which was not messy at all. The view of the town and St Lawrence from the parapets was very scenic, and the cannons made good chairs. Right before the food was served we had the awards presentation. Seto's placed first in TR3 Participant's Choice and we placed first in TR7 Participant's Choice and second in TR8 Participant's Choice. Won a tire gage as a door prize - bringing home the iron!

Food was excellent, the bar was cheap (and made one strong Rusty Nail!), and Duncan actually behaved during dinner. Somehow we ended up with a gob of chocolate éclairs for dessert – Bridgett's eyes again.

Now, we had been told that we didn't have to get in line with all the locals (serfs?) to get into the center of the fort to hear the concert (yes, concert, 1812 Overture complete with cannons and fireworks). Surprise – we had to get in line anyway, and that line stretched for forever around that courtyard! Once the line started moving it moved fast, but the start took a little while. Bridgett kept us entertained by

finding new ways to bug Duncan.



Kingston On The Other Side Of The Cannon. The Storm In The Distance Never Made It To The Fort



Duncan Accepts His Trophy



Three Ohio Cars, Three Trophies

The concert hall was the inner courtyard of the fort with theater seating down front and bleachers on the sides. We

took a bleacher seat so we could walk Duncan when he got bored! That happened about the third song!

The groups performing were the Kingston Orchestra and a choral group from Philadelphia along with some locals who were winners in the Canadian Idol competition (see what I meant about conquering with television). After The Star Spangled Banner and O'Canada we sat down for a decent performance - okay, so the fort guard couldn't waltz to save their lives, give them a break!



Orchestras, Chorus, And Dancers. Okay, So Maybe Not The Dancers...

The night ended with the 1812 Overture – by then Duncan was asleep and we were all watching him to see how far he would jump with all the booms and bangs going off. The little dude didn't budge! Amazing. The perfect sound sleeper! He slept all the way back to the hotel and we put him right to bed. I then went outside and put the cars to be and chatted a bit more with the Triumph folks out and about. In bed before midnight.

Sunday

Up early to pack. Usually this is hell trying to get everything to fit back into the TRS, but it was easy this time. Must be hallucinating!



One Last Look At Kingston Before We Hit The Road. Yes, Duncan also had the remote...

The goal was to make my mom's place at Medina, Ohio that night, which we did. In the miles between we managed to

drive through several driving rain storms, saw the folks from the Syracuse Rod Show heading home, and actually had decent food on the NY Thruway! A bit of levity when the US Customs guy suggested next time I get a note from mom saying I could take Bridgett in and out of the country and I suggested he ask mom in the car behind!

Monday

My evil plot to stop and look at the 61 Dodge was foiled by an early-morning gully-washer when we left Medina, which was just as good, I suppose. Besides that, the weather was great on Monday. We go home early afternoon in time to do all the clothes and mow some lawn. Sleeping that night in our beds was a real good thing!

Wrap-up

What a wonderful time. One of the best, most relaxed, and nicest meets I've been at in beautiful country. I'm glad we made the jaunt. The choice was go to VTR or go to the Canadian Classic. Glad we headed north...

Distance:

1600 Miles per TR, give or take a few.

Cost:

- Lodging - \$385
- Gas - \$170
- Food - \$154
- Registration/Events - \$150
- Materials - \$75
- Misc. Cash Spent - \$260
- Total Cost – Roughly \$1200

Comes down to about \$140/day for the family of four. Not as cheap as staying the whole time with relatives, but a lot cheaper than what we paid for Walt Disney World the last time we were there.

Triumph Sightings:

Only saw two Triumphs by the side of the road:

- Brown MkII Spit just south of the New York Town of Pen Yan. Not in the world's best shape.
- Brown TR7 FHC body shell on New York Rt 3 north of Oswego.

Slim pickin's. Maybe what one would expect by now?

Breakdowns

None. The TR7 started to show signs of coolant weeping from the head. Made sure we checked the coolant level and re-torqued the head. Had to purchase another torque wrench, but I needed a new one anyway. One window handle broke on the TR7, Nothing really happened to the TR8 except for it leaked about a quart of oil and had a slight coolant drip from the heater hoses, which I fixed. As of now (24 Jul) the window crank is fixed and the cars are ready to drive again. Sure, the TR7 will have to be dealt with this winter, but why ruin my summer by trying to work on it?

TR Amber Alert – Lost Mug

Mike McKitrick lost this mug at the Clough's House:



If you find it please give it back to Mike, he's missing it badly! A reward of one scone and a can of vegetarian haggis has been posted as a reward.

Tech Tips From The Internet

Lucas Fuse Equivalence

A Lucas fuse is rated by what current it would blow at. Ordinary automotive fuses are rated by what current you can draw WITHOUT blowing them, or the maximum continuous current. They don't really specify at what current they'll blow...

Anyway, these old Lucas fuses of mine have both the Lucas "will blow at" rating, and the maximum continuous current rating, i.e. the normal rating labeled on them. [Or rather in them, because it is a small paper strip inside that carries this info. The more modern Lucas fuses have the info printed on the glass tube in an abbreviated form.] So here's your equivalents:

Lucas 50 amp - continuous 25 amp

Lucas 35 amp - continuous 17 amp

Lucas 25 amp - continuous 12 amp

Lucas 20 amp - continuous 10 amp

Lucas 15 amp - continuous 8 amp

Lucas 10 amp - continuous 5 amp

Lucas 2 amp - continuous 1 amp

See the trend here?

Each fuse is actually good for a continuous current that's roughly 50% of it's Lucas rating.

BUT!

Another, and just as important, issue to take into account is the fact that the Lucas fuses have a different physical size as compared to the standard item. [Who would be surprised!?!] The Lucas 1/4" diameter fuse is 1 and 5/32" [~29.4mm] long,

while the standard 1/4" fuse is 1 and 2/8" [~32.0mm] long.

This makes it more than a tight squeeze - loading the fuse holder plastic with undesired stress if you force a standard fuse into the Wedge fuse block...



15 Things to do at Wal-Mart

From the email of Frank Ciboch: 15 Things to do at Wal-Mart while your spouse/partner/parent is taking their own sweet time:

1. Get 24 boxes of condoms and randomly place them in people's carts while they aren't looking.
2. Set all the alarm clocks in Housewares to go off at 5-minute intervals.
3. Make a trail of tomato juice on the floor leading to the restrooms.
4. Walk up to an employee and tell him/her in an official tone, "Code 3 in Housewares" and watch what happens.
5. Go to the Service Desk and ask to put a bag of M&Ms on layaway.
6. Move a "CAUTION - WET FLOOR" sign to a carpeted area.
7. Set up a tent in the camping department and tell other shoppers you'll invite them in if they bring pillows from the bedding department.
8. When a clerk asks if they can help you, begin to cry and ask, "Why can't you people just leave me alone?"
9. Look right into the security camera, using it as a mirror, and pick your nose.
10. While handling guns in the hunting department, ask the clerk if he knows where the anti-depressants are.
11. Dart around the store suspiciously while loudly humming the theme from "Mission Impossible."
12. In the auto department, practice your "Madonna" look using different size funnels.
13. Hide in a clothing rack and when people browse through, say, "Pick Me! Pick Me!"
14. When an announcement comes over the loud speaker, assume the fetal position and scream, "NO! NO! It's those voices again!"

And last, but certainly not least...

15. Go into a fitting room, shut the door and wait a few minutes, then yell loudly, "There's no toilet paper in here!"

That's it for this month. Maybe next month I'll actually have done something on a Triumph...