



The Marque

November 2004

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October '04

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Stan Seto reports on Triumphest, Lake Tahoe and Fall Tour 2004

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November 2004 Events

- **MVT Officers**

President: Stan Seto, 513-683-7974

Vice President: Mark Macy, 937-849-1320

Secretary: Lois Bigler, 937-253-1580

Treasurer: Carolyn Daye, 937-423-8157

Membership: Carol Rutledge, 937-399-1003

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. 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.

President's Corner November 2004

The By-Laws – Ratified them at the September meeting. Jimmy Carter volunteered to be the Parliamentarian. Are there any others that would like to volunteer??

We are scheduled to do the wrap-up of BCD Days with the MG Club last week in October. I plan to raise some questions about awards and establishing more classes to give the larger groups of Marques who show up more attention. If you come to this show and you are one Triumph TR3 and there are thirty 3's there, and only three awards for that class, it can make for a day with no anticipation. I'd like there to be anticipation.

Norma and I got back from Triumphfest at Lake Tahoe on time, and no major breakdown. That's a story I'll tell in two parts, going this month and coming back next month. These long trips don't necessarily have to be fun, and this one almost wasn't, but I marvel at the fact that if your car is in decent shape and you've paid attention to the first echelon of maintenance, and checked those items that can perish (like hoses and fan belt), it is simple to climb in, crank up the engine and run the car for 100 hours or so and not even think about it. These cars will keep up with the cars of today, and you can run the heels off the Vans and SUV's if you like, because they will run out of gas faster than you will.

Shortly after our return, we ran the Fall Leaf Tour, led by the Clough's. Not many takers for that one. Story of that run is in this issue. Very disappointed at the lack of turn out for this event. In years past we'd have ten or more cars along, even if it was cloudy.... And Bruce always puts together a pretty good tour that has variety to it. Shame on you if you had a running car, and could have come along, and didn't.

The year's winding down at this point, and we are approaching the Holiday seasons again, so we need to think about Christmas Light Tours and maybe a Harvest Season Dinner get

Together somewhere, any other Ideas out there, A tech session on just why doesn't your car heater work??

Thanks for your attention.....Stan

OCTOBER MVT MEMBERSHIP MEETING

10-06-04

16 members present [small but mighty group]

Pres: Meeting called to order by substitute Lois as Stan and Norma are in Nevada.

Vice Pres: No report as Mark off flying.

Membership: No report.

Treasurer: Outlined income and expenses, Check not yet received from BCD.

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

Marque Editor/Website: Adobe upgrade has been installed.

Events: Ted reported 1300 cars at Canadian show, GOOD TIME!!

Chuck reported 700 cars at Stowe, VT show, 50+ Triumphs GOOD SHOW

Lois and Don presented the trophy[sponsored by MVT] to 1934 Bentley at Dayton Concours Beautiful weather and gorgeous cars at show! OCTOBER 16 Fall tour[one day only]Flyer was in Marque. Leaving from McDonalds in Beavercreek. Fun day planned. Hope for good weather and wonderful fall Colors.

REVIEW MARQUE AND/OR WEBSITE FOR PARTICULARS ON EVENTS:

Old Business BCD Final meeting regarding 2004 show will be October 19 at Poelking Lanes. Some shirts left, Available at \$5.00 each. Chairperson for 2005 will be elected [volunteer] from MG club. Any suggestions or concerns regarding show should be forwarded to Phil or Stan so Can be addressed. Short discussions regarding classes [need minimum of three cars to Have a separate class].

New Business: No new business

Good of the order: Mike has brochures for North American Celtic Buyers Association tours of Ireland and Britain. This is a group that sponsors tours at good prices and tours are well planned.

Steve provided information regarding auto storage at both Miami and Montgomery County

Fairgrounds, Miami County-\$25.00/Month

Montgomery County-\$30.00/Month.

Discussion regarding shops that will work on alternators and starters from Triumphs.

See Steve or Phil on particular shops.

50/50 Steve Houston

Next meeting on November 3, 2004 at

Fuddruckers

RMEMBER YOUR NAME BADGE!!!!!!

Those of you unable to attend the October meeting will just have to ponder why Carolyn and Phil were not at September meeting.

And what special event happened to Marlene on meeting day?

Secretary note: Called Montgomery County Fairgrounds for particulars on storage. Spoke with Debbie.Storage is available October 1 to June 1 at \$30.00/month. Stored in barns Good security With sprinklers in barns. Called dead storage as there is no in and out. Once in must leave in for 3 months!!!!

Triumphest 2004, (Stan Seto)

“Sometimes it’s better to be lucky than smart” goes a saying I’ve heard in the past. It was the Wednesday before we were to leave for the California TR Clubs’ Triumphest at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, on Monday, 27 Sept. I had gone over the ‘3, greasing fittings, checking hoses, belts, tires, getting all the lube levels up to snuff, and the thought ran through my mind, “should I drive the car to church tonight, just as a shake down?” I almost didn’t, but relented at the last moment and drove it on the 14 mile round trip. Thursday morning, as I cut through the garage to go to work, I noticed that the driver’s side rear tire of the 3 looked decidedly low. When I returned later that day it was clearly down. I checked the pressure and it

was at 10 psig. I panicked, because there were no tire shops nearby that could handle a wire wheel. A sudden-thought, call Miller!! Steve said yeah, talk to John at USA Tire on Dorothy Lane, Kettering, they do all my wire wheels. Great! John was called, and said he had a tube and I scheduled in for two on Friday afternoon. At three on Friday, John said the tire was fixed, and Oh, by the way, the tube that had been in the tire was too big and a fold had finally rubbed through, causing it to go flat. Flashback to Triumphest 2000, story told of a nail in Texas and a little old guy in Northeast Texas who fixed that tire for me. It got us home and lasted four years. But if I hadn't taken the car to church, that tube would have given out on Monday when we'd have been somewhere west of Cincinnati...."Sometimes it's better to be Lucky...."

27 September, Monday, The first day – Monday at dawn was cool and overcast. The 3B was packed, top up but side curtains stowed. Norma and I were dressed in long sleeves and dungarees. I started without a coat, but put it on at the first stop. We ambled away from Loveland as the school buses started to arrive. Out onto I-275 and south to Louisville, Kentucky. Our day's goal was to be in Salina, Kansas by after dinner, to meet with Brother Russ and Vern Burnett of the Texas Triumph Register (and MVT members). Salina was 815 miles down the road, 14 hours with stops. We were west of Louisville by ten and ate lunch in mid-Illinois. We got into St. Louis just after one o'clock local time and traded I-64 for I-70 which we would follow for the next two days. I-70 skirts St. Louis by running north along the Mississippi and then curving west around, you go about thirty-five miles before traffic begins to thin, and the speed limit changes from 60 to 75 mph and would remain at that speed all the way to California. I wasn't up to driving as fast as eighty like the rest of the local traffic, so sat in the right lane at a steady 70 or so. Most everything on the road passed us including Dodge Neon's being driven by adolescents with cell phones hung on their ears. West of St. Louis, there isn't much in Missouri, and I-70 is not near as much fun to drive as was Route 36 paralleling the

interstate, but fifty miles to the north. We crossed into Kansas late in the day and stopped at a Cracker Barrel for dinner. 176 miles to go to Salina. It was dark now and the noise of bugs hitting the windshield was loud enough to keep you awake, but a worry was the headlights. How many bugs did you have to hit before there were enough to block the main beams? Kansas had higher bug concentrations than did Missouri. It was like machine gun fire hitting a tank, an incessant splat, splat, splat, splat. We certainly killed every bug along I-70 between darkness and nine PM. Salina seemed to pop-up out of nowhere. About an hour out, Norma had called Russ on the cell phone and had gotten directions to the motel. It was south on I-135 about six miles, because a teacher's convention had packed out all the motels in Salina. We pulled in at almost exactly nine. Registered and were moving luggage up to the room when Russ and Vern appeared from dinner. With them was Steve Kirsis, a man with a TR6 that Russ was helping him restore, (remember that) and who wanted to see what a Triumph Show was all about. Russ carried him as a passenger, and Steve shared the driving responsibilities. Steve was a pilot for Continental Airlines, and would not be with us on the return as he had to go back to work on Sunday. Russ had his TR3A, Vern, a TR4A. Their trip up from Houston was as routine as ours was from Loveland. Russ and Vern got on the road at 5:00 am, central time, and cruised up to Willis, Texas, on I-45. They stopped in Willis to pick up Steve. Their weather, like ours was dry and cool and they were running with the tops down, about which Steve's wife, British by birth and probably well acquainted with the Prince of Darkness, was heard to comment "You are coming back...? Aren't you?"

When they got to Salina, they discovered the lack of motel room, and backtracked on I-136 to find shelter for the night.

When Norma and I were settled, we met with the others and planned Tuesday's leg of travel. The goal was to reach Grand Junction, Colorado, 760 miles to the west, past Denver and over the Rockies. Then I went out and cleaned up the bug remains from the

windshield, fender mirrors and lights. My roll of shop towels shrank a half inch in diameter...

28 September, Tuesday, The second day – We ate the continental breakfast, early. A native Kansan got into a discussion with us about what happens in the state. He claimed most people (2,100,000) living there wanted to get out. We looked in the Map case later. He was right on the population figure, two million and change, 26 people per square mile. We got on the road at about 7 am, and everyone had about a quarter of a tank, and the preference was Shell gas. I missed the Shell station at the first exit we passed as it wasn't advertised. At the second exit there was a BP station, but I passed it up thinking we'd see more up in Salina, on I-70. Boy, was that the wrong decision!

We got onto I-70 west and I saw nothing but empty fields, the main part of Salina was behind us! Now here's the thing about being west of St Louis, and Kansas City.... You can't count on there being a gas station and motel at every road intersection. In Kansas the major intersections are 25, 35 or 54 miles apart. How far will a quarter tank of gas get you? It looked like we might find out. We gone about ten miles when Russ had Steve pull up along side and yelled that he was well under a quarter tank. Suddenly there was an interchange coming up, and I could see there was a Phillips Station there. I motioned Russ to pull off there and dropped back to follow him. Steve drove right passed the exit ramp! Now what!? Norma told me it looked like the next major street was about ten miles down the road. We asked Russ if he could make it, as we regained the lead of this small convoy. He thought so. We drove on into a cloudy but lightening sky. At ten miles the signs said "Texaco" (I hate Texaco gas, having had bad experiences with it in Texas in the Sixties), we were getting into the "worry range" of the gas gauge ourselves, so as the exit ramp appeared, off we went. It wasn't Texaco...It was Shell! Must have been a buy-out, because we saw it several more times going west. Steve explained he missed the exit ramp because he had a senior moment. Remind me not fly Continental.

We traversed Kansas and entered Colorado (Pop.4.4 m, 42 people per square mile, but most of them in Denver, Colorado Springs and Fort Collins). We stopped for lunch in Burlington, just across the border, and gassed up. We'd be climbing now, from roughly 3000 ft, above mean sea level to over 11,000 feet at the Eisenhower Tunnels west of Denver. From Denver and out, we'd be above 4000 ft. and in the 5000 to 8000 foot range for many miles. The little car does not like altitude. After lunch, 165 miles to Denver, and another time zone change would work in our favor, no rush hour traffic in the big city. As we drove west, we were coming up on a lone truck camper followed by a sedan. Suddenly I heard on the radio, "Oh, Honey look at those three small MG's, two red ones and a green one, coming up on us." I keyed the radio and said, "Yes, but these are not MG's, they're Triumphs." She came right back with a "Sorry about that" as we flashed by. What are the odds they'd be on the same channel??

As it turned out, going into Denver, normal traffic was more than enough... You come into Denver on a road that keeps adding lanes (kind'a like Atlanta). By the time center city appears, it's six or seven lanes in each direction, and I hung in the two lanes near the median knowing we were going straight through and all the action was to the right as cars got on and off the highway.

The weather was still overcast and we had been running in and out of light showers all morning. Norma and I were in coats and both of us were wearing gloves.

We started the climb out of Denver proper. Steep long grades and we were now over in the shoulder lanes as I knew the cars were only producing about 40 horsepower. As I struggled through traffic on the climb, I noticed Russ was closing up pretty quickly. How's he doing that, I wondered as my tachometer unwound. He was very near when I suddenly realized I was driving the car wrong. I was in high mileage mode, and I should have been in Torque mode. Out of overdrive, down to third, then to second. The car surged forward and I blew by the garbage truck we had been closing on. Back up into third and I found the car would climb very well in the lower gears, all it took

was more gas! At 8000 ft, the road turned down and we were back to two lanes per direction on a 6% grade, and dropping into a valley (way below) with the normal road construction going on all along the road and 18 wheelers burning out their brakes, but still trying to keep up with traffic, and all these signs saying "Fines double in construction area" and speed limit signs for 45 MPH, but we were at 65 and with the cars around us there was no slowing down. We hit the valley floor through a series of "S" curves (whose idea was that) that had the 3 rolling on its wheels sidewalls first left and then right. Norma seemed very calm through it all. I was sure I'd have an ulcer when it was all over. Anyhow, up we started again, as the process of climbing the Rockies continued. In the high vallies there was some relief from the speed, but our cars lacked acceleration now that we were above 8000 ft. and all these Dodge Neon's would pass us, the adolescent drivers yakking away on their cell phones. Pick-up trucks pulling trailers were especially tough to pass. Oh, for a supercharger! Suddenly I saw signs for the Loveland Pass and we were at the Eisenhower tunnels and traffic came to a standstill. Turned out there was only one tunnel opened westbound and tons of construction leading up to it, and we were at 11,500 ft and the car wouldn't idle. Then it started to snow. You just have to persevere through these things. Did I mention the car was also beginning to overheat? Eventually we got into the tunnel. It was long, traffic was slow, water was dripping off the ceiling, we were next to trucks and getting their wheel splatter. Then I saw the light and we popped out on the west side, and it was raining pretty good but it was all down hill, so I just gunned it. Down we went, the car feeling better every minute. As we got down to the valley floor, again, the rain let up and traffic let up too. There were more hills to climb but I didn't worry about that just yet, as Vail was coming up and it was time to stop and get gas. Where we got off the highway, the exit ramp faced into a traffic circle, and it was tough to break into the approaching SUV's all of whom seemed intent on getting back on I-70. Eventually there was an opening and we scooted around this traffic circle, went under

the highway and were promptly into another traffic circle, but in the right lanes now. I just spotted an Amoco sign and we pulled into the station effectively losing Russ and Vern, several cars back. We yelled at them on the radio and they joined us after another circuit.

Gassed up and refreshed, we re-entered the highway for the 160 mile romp to Grand Junction, and we came across the most enjoyable section of I-70 I've ever been on. It is about 13 miles long and follows the Colorado River through the Glenwood Canyon. Traffic east bound is on a road below you because the canyon is so narrow, and the road twists and turns about as much as the "Tail of the Dragon" , except here you are on a two lane road with twice the speed limit and have to contend with Vans, SUV's, Campers and just plain trucks. We came out of the canyon and the mountains were behind us, and so was the rain, but it was still cool. The ground form gave way to rolling hills and high prairie, but the cars still labored because we were still well above sea level. Grand Junction started to appear on the signs and we picked an exit and found a Best Western for the lodgings. Dinner that night was Mexican, and the Chimichanga I had stayed with me for a day or two. More planning that night. Wednesday's goal was Winnemucca, Nevada, another 750 miles down the road. But there, we'd only be about 170 miles from Carson City and then Lake Tahoe. The incentive was to get into Tahoe in early afternoon, because we were booked on an evening dinner cruise on the lake at 5:30 pm.

29 September, Wednesday, The third day – Continental Breakfast again this morning. The weather was light drizzle. We packed the cars under the hotel overhang and we ran with the side curtains off again. Gassed and onto the highway, and the rain had started to let up. Thirteen very straight miles down the road and twelve miles from the Utah border, we ran out of civilization. No matter what direction you looked, except for the road, there were no signs human beings existed. We crossed into Utah (Pop. 2.3 m, 28 people per square mile) and we were in Grand Valley, with the Book Cliffs to the north and nothing but featureless plains to the south of the road. Fifty miles of

this later, we stopped at a rest area and information center to stretch our legs. It was located on a slight rise and you could see for miles back along the road, but the crest of the rise was still ahead of us. Our near term goal was Route 6 and 191 which would take us up to Provo and Interstate 15 to Salt Lake City. We got back on the road, and Rte. 6 came up in about 36 miles. It was a two lane road that followed a valley and went pretty much northwest to Price (a town) and then to Spanish Fork on I-15 just below Provo. As we turned on, a motor home trailed by five cars blew by in the opposite direction. This road was in good repair, but had narrow shoulders. It was fairly straight and the ground form was gently rolling countryside. For the next sixty miles it was uncluttered by towns or even intersections. I was thinking traffic was light when a motor home followed by five cars blew by in the opposite direction. Speed limit was 65, kind of fast for a two lane road I thought, as a motor home trailed by five cars blew by in the opposite direction. Way ahead, I saw an eighteen wheeler going the same way we were. Probably have to pass him in about ten minutes or so I thought, as a motor home trailed by five cars blew by in the opposite direction. We came over a slight rise. The next rise was over a mile or so ahead, coming toward us was a motor home. In our lane was another motor home passing him. I gauged the distance between us, the apparent difference in velocity of the passing vehicle, and let up on the gas. "Is he going to make it?" asked Norma. "Duhno" I answered. It all seemed to be going in slow motion. We were closing at about 110 miles an hour and suddenly the phrase "Double wide" took on a whole new meaning! I glanced at the shoulder of the road; the Triumph is a very narrow car. "It should fit", I thought. By now it was clear he wasn't going to make it before we got there, and I was really off the gas and on the brake and edging out onto the shoulder. WHOOOSH! They went by, and I realized the passing 'home was towing a car!! The passed vehicle was not being trailed by cars. I hoped they missed Russ who was behind me and got back on the plan. The rest of the drive on that road was very pleasant. Price had traffic, but also had a loop road.

Beyond Price, we got back into hilly country, with passing lanes going up hill, and road construction and more traffic, mostly local, and we climbed to Indian Peak, almost 10,000 ft., went by Soldier's Summit and pulled into a picnic area for a break. We were in an area of railroads, and the track was on the bluffs, about a hundred feet above the road. Mostly we saw freight trains, but there were a bunch of them. Just before we got to the break area, we were coming down the mountain side and saw a panorama of double tracks that came in from the southwest did a huge loop in front of us and passed out to the north. It was kind'a like the Great Horseshoe Bend at Altoona, PA and served the same purpose. We saw three freight trains on it. Back on the road we were about 30 miles from Spanish Fork. Now we were running along a valley floor that was widening as we drove. Traffic was light and the mountain sides were alive with autumn colors. The sun had finally banished the clouds and it was pretty nice driving. We stopped for lunch at Wingers in Spanish Fork. It was a retro-Fifties diner, looking like a silver sided rail car on the outside and all booths with 1930-1940's airplane pictures and airline ads on the walls. Good menu and good service. Russ took down his top, and we were on our way again. Onto Interstate 15 and north to Salt Lake City. Of course you had to remember that everyone in Utah lived on that one hundred mile stretch of ground between Provo and Brigham City, bounded a mile to the east by mountains and to the west by the Great Salt Lake and its marshes. The locals were all out for an afternoon's drive it seemed. We skirted Salt Lake City proper to the west and got onto Interstate 80 for the run out to Winnemucca. We stopped just before we got to the Salt Lake to get gas and buy water (Dr. Pepper for Vern). It was 100 miles to Nevada when we got back on and it was going to be almost dead straight and absolutely featureless, but smelly. The salt lake water level was down feet and feet, and the marsh smell permeated everywhere. We droned on, watching toy freight trains up ahead of us getting closer and then receding in the rear view mirrors, and mirages on the road bloom and then vanish as we closed in on the

road dips that generated them. Half way across the salt barrens, we saw a pylon, a caricature of a tree, I guess, with huge metal ornaments hanging off it and big metal shapes on the ground around it. No clue as to what it was, and I wasn't stopping to find out. We passed the Salt Flats Speedway, about two miles out to the north of the hiway, and so into Wendover and on into Nevada (2.1 m people, 19 people per square mile). Immediately we were climbing back up into the hills and later mountains. It became overcast again and colder. The ground form became high hills and long flat valleys. You climb for about three to five miles from 4000 ft to 7 or 8000 ft., crest a mountain top and spread before you would be a pretty straight road which dropped several thousand feet into a very broad valley which extended to the left and right for as far as you could see. Hundreds of square miles of nothing. All grass lands. Trucks you'd passed on the climb caught you on the descent and you'd pass them again in about ten minutes or so, on the climb out. It was very cold now, and overcast, looking like rain. We were about sixty miles in when an unmarked rest stop showed up near the top of a mountain. We pulled off. It was just a widening in the road to permit trucks to stop, and one set of toilets. Nevertheless...! Steve, who had been wearing shorts up to this point, took the opportunity to go to long pants. We left going down the back side of the mountain, except Russ and Steve had a tonneau problem and didn't get out right away and I had pulled in front of an eighteen wheeler and was fleeing down hill for our lives. It was about eight miles before the other two cars showed back up in my mirrors. Shortly there after, we began running through rained on landscape, and then light showers. Luck was with us, a bona fide rest area showed up, and we pulled in to let Russ put up his top and side curtains. We were about an hour away from the destination, and the rain stayed with us for about twenty minutes before we ran out from under the cell. We pulled off at Winnemucca as the sun was sliding down the sky, and found a Holiday Inn Express to call home away from home.

We walked to dinner that evening, about three blocks from home, and it had gambling (slots

on the floor and bingo at the tables), but shucks everywhere we went in Nevada they had gambling. After dinner, we walked across the street to a grocery store to buy a magazine or two and candy bars. They had slots right inside the door. While Norma, I and Russ shopped, Vern and Steve got to talking to the lady tending the slots. There was one machine for Blackjack. As we got back, Steve was getting ready to make a wager, but he was having trouble getting the machine to accept his bill. The lady came over and the next thing you know she'd hit the wrong button and then had to cash out Steve's bill, and there were quarters coming out that machine like a flood. Everybody backed up and rewound and Steve tried again, successfully. We stood there and watched for about 10 minutes as he lost it all to the machine. He tried again. Lost again. We pried him out of there, kicking and screaming and walked back to the hotel... We had a gambler on board!!! Tomorrow was another day. We were within four hours of Lake Tahoe and decided to sleep in and get a start at 9 am.

30 September, Thursday, the fourth day – The Sun was shining this morning, rah, rah! And... there was a pool of gas under Vern car, in the parking lot, and a steady drip sustained it. It was behind the front wheel well. Vern and Russ caucused a moment, and Vern got in, cranked it up and moved it to a spot that had no cars adjacent, and carefully put the front wheels up on the curbing, raising the front of the car about six or seven inches. Russ started to prep the work area and the car slid off the curb. No harm done, Vern cranked it again and reset the wheels on the curb and set the hand brake (this time) and left it in gear, and we chocked the rear wheel. They clamped the fuel line closed at the gas tank outlet. At the fuel pump, they replaced a four inch section of flex hose (the piece that came out really looked old). Then they replaced the next flex section toward the gas tank (about 2 or three inches long and even worse looking). This section had no clamps on it and it leaked very slowly, but that stopped as the hose rubber was saturated by volatile hydrocarbons from the gas and swelled. Vern decide to put hose clamps on it anyhow, but later.

We got under way at 10 AM. Down I-80 about 130 miles to Route 95, to an unnamed road leading to Silver Springs, then 15 miles to Silver Springs. West on 50 toward Carson City, and we stopped for lunch just outside Stage Coach. Cool in the morning, it was shirt sleeve weather by the time lunch was over. We did the short drive into Carson City and got immersed in heavy traffic as we pushed west and then south to a point where Rte.50 split away and went over the mountains the Lake Tahoe, 25 miles distant. Traffic thinned and up the mountain we went climbing for about ten miles. We hit the peak, rolled down the other side for about four miles and were at the lake, but not our destination. The road skirted the lake and was all one lane and slow due to construction. We were headed for Stateline and the Horizon Hotel. We were stopped near a traffic light at one point, and there was a highway construction worker (blond female, young, inexperienced) trying to control traffic at the Tee. Her boss (?) was chasing around after her, trying to bring order out of chaos, by instructing her verbally on the one hand, but trying to show her how to handle the sign (which had words on both sides of it) on the other. Would have made great vaudeville routine on stage in the Twenties.

We pulled into the hotel parking area just at three o'clock, and I stopped behind a white car trailer with Missouri plates. It was Gary and Karla Fuqua, TTR and MVT, from Branson, and his parents, Forrest and Dorothy. The car in the trailer was a TR250. We got inline at the desk, only to be told the room (Oh, you got a good one, she exclaimed.) wouldn't be ready until 4 or after. Bummer! Russ, Vern, Steve and the Fuqua's got in right away. I went out and pulled the car out of line and drove it to the Triumph parking area at the rear of the hotel. The hotel was two buildings separated by a connecting enclosed passage. The front unit housed about ten stories of rooms, the casino, restaurants, movie theater and conference rooms. The rear section was also about ten stories and overlooked the large parking area behind and extending to the sides of the buildings. The two buildings and the connecting corridor surrounded the pool and three jacuzzies, set in a court yard that was

probably well used in the summer. The pool was closed for the season.

I wandered back up to the lobby. Norma had gotten us registered at Triumph and had the tickets for the cruise that night, and bus tickets to get us to the boat landing. It was about quarter to four, and Norma noticed the desk was handing out room keys. "Let's go up now", she said. I answered "It's not four yet!" She said, "I'm going up there NOW!" And, she did! And came back with our room keys (so how about that, Stan!!) The room was great. We were on the north side overlooking the pool and the second building, had a balcony and could see the Lake. Russ, Vern and Steve were in the second building, same floor (6th) and overlooked the parking lot. I was just going to flop for an hour, when Norma discovered we only had one dinner ticket. Off I chugged to registration (down the elevator, through the lobby, through the casino, over to the conference rooms and to registration). There was a lady in front of me at the desk, arguing about dinner tickets. Looked like it would take a while. It did. I asked if anyone had turned in our (supposedly) lost ticket. It took another minute to round up the gal who had been at the desk for Norma...Yes, it had been. That was a relief.

We caught the bus on time, got to the Zephyr Cove wharf and stood around with about 200 others for a half hour. The M.S. Dixie II loaded at 6:15 and we went straight into the dining room. The Dixie was a paddle wheeler with two decks and an observation platform. The trip would be about three hours long and there were two seatings for dinner. The food was good, but I can't say we took doggy bags away from that meal. The voyage started as we finished the salad, by desert we were well on the way. Dinner over we went up on the observation platform. IT WAS COLD! The sun was setting and the lights of the towns on shore twinkled in the fading light. The boat skirted the southern shore of the lake and to the west, eventually put into Emerald Cove, which had an island on which some rich person had built a small stone building. On shore, a man and wife had built a Nordic mansion, which he wasn't around to see finished. She stocked it with some Nordic furniture; until foreign governments would not let her buy any

more (stealing the historic culture of the country don't you know). She then hired craftsmen and working from pictures of the pieces she wanted, they handcrafted duplicates so authentic it was hard for even experts to tell the difference.

The Moon rose after 8:30 and if it had been summer, would have been spectacular, but the autumn weather took the edge off the esthetics.

The Dixie's second deck was a waiting deck, enclosed, with live music (a trio) which was pretty good. The cold drove us in there, and we whiled away the last hour there. Back at the dock, finally, onto the buses and back to the hotel. Tomorrow was the tour around the lake, the funkhana and the autocross.

To Be Continued.....

Fall Leaf Tour, 2004 – (Stan Seto)

It was going to be in the low fifties on Saturday, October 16th, and cloudy. Norma and I put on the thermal underwear and layered out from there. I had cleaned up the car from the Tahoe trip and switched around some tires, so it looked like we were good to go, top up, side curtains off. It was 44 F at 0730 Saturday morning as we drove north to the meeting spot, the Creek Café on Meadow Bridge Drive in Beavercreek. This particular morning, we took Route 48 to I-675, and encountered little traffic until we got on the interstate. At Route 35, we exited and drove the mile or so to North Fairfield Rd. and onto McDonald's and the café. The first car we saw was the black Miata of Forrest Gwin, and coming around the building we parked next to the red TR4A of Chuck White and his wife Chris. "Good Morning's" were exchanged, and by the time we got inside Forrest and Audry were trying to choose a coffee selection. Interestingly, this shop had seven or eight coffee selections, but none was Folger's, and five of them were flavored. I settled on Ghana Dark.

By the time the Clough's Chrysler showed up we pretty much had the shop to ourselves. By nine it was apparent we were it. Four cars for the tour, two British, an American and a Japanese model. We synchronized the radios to Channel 8 as that's about as high as

Forrest's radio would go, buckled in, fired'em up and drove into the brave new dawn. The first destination was Deer Creek State Park over on the other side of Washington Court House. Bruce lead us east out of Beavercreek in light traffic and a lightening sky. As we gained the country side and you could look around, the clouds were rolling back and we were getting a moderate amount of morning sun, in spite of the cold. It continued to clear as we drove and except for the dark clouds which rimmed the horizon all around us it was looking like a decent day. As Bruce explained, we traveled on some of the roads used for the TRA tours of the summer, and on some of the roads designated for TRA, but not used in the Tours. Whatever, it was fun driving and we seldom saw cars or trucks. As far as the Leaf Tour part of the drive, the Maple's were turning, as were some of the Flame bushes we saw on the way, but it looked about a week away, or so for the full blooming of autumn. We pulled into Deer Creek Park at or just after 11. Bruce had mentioned to save your breakfast for lunch, as we'd be eating early. Well, the restaurant in the Lodge didn't open until 11:30 so we took our time looking around the facility, admiring the rest rooms, visiting the gift shop, wandering among the exhibits in the lobby, and looking out over the lake. Around 11:45, we sat down to lunch. The menu was pretty good, lots of sandwiches and salads, so selecting got to be "deleting" thing rather than a "choosing" thing. We stuffed ourselves.

We reassembled to go around 1 o'clock. Everyone trooped over to a garden cart in the lobby and selected a free apple (grown in the region, don't you know). Out to the cars....and the weather had changed, no more sun! Very strong cold wind and scattered storm cells all around us, showering down the rain. Next destination was Wilmington and the Old Mill Antique Shoppes. Only way to get there was Rte 22&3 (Montgomery Road, closer in to Cincinnati). We also wanted to skirt Washington Court House proper. I was not paying attention to the roads, just to traffic and where we were going, but we ended up on Rte. 35, down around WCH and onto Rte. 22 to Wilmington. We took some rain on this part of the drive, but managed to avoid several large

storm cells to our east and moving north east. We got rained on for about fifteen minutes, most of it light, but touched the edge of a heavier cell for five minutes or so, that pelted us. Once out of it the car dried quickly and as we entered Wilmington, the sky was broken clouds again and the wind had died down some. At the Old Mill, we ran into yet another older man who had been into sports cars at an earlier part of his life. We spent about an hour antiquing. A little after three we got on the road again for Valley Vineyards outside Morrow, OH. It was about eleven miles down the road. At VV we had libation and scouted the pumpkin patch with Bridgette and Duncan, and I also found out from a local lady what had happened to Baker's Apple farm at the top of the hill overlooking the vineyard, after Mr. Baker died. The family still owned it and the sons worked it or lived on it and the wife had moved to a retirement village on Rte 741. My family used to love to buy apples from the Bakers for many years, previously. He also stocked a very good line of popping corns. We broke from the Vineyards at around four in the afternoon, and Bruce lead us out up Stubbs Mill Road and on to a covered bridge, and north to Oregonia and across to Corwin where we paralleled the Little Miami and the bike trail to near Waynesville and so onto Route 42 and Der Dutchman Restaurant for dinner. They

were only semi-packed, and the wait was 30 minutes, so some of us decamped to the gift shop while others just sat down in the waiting area.

The Bigler's arrived just as the called our group for seating. Good timing, that. After dinner, it was tearful goodbye's as the small group of stalwart adventurers split for home. I noted that the ambient air temperature at 7:05 pm was 45 F, one degree warmer than 12 hours previous. It was still cloudy, but Sunday was promising to be sunny, but still not warm. Despite the low turnout, it had been a good outing. We had driven about 170 miles, we got rained on just once all day, the morning was mostly sunlight, we had no breakdowns and we did see many trees and bushes showing Fall colors, chief among them yellow, red and scarlet, shades of red and green, light medium and dark brown, but the numbers of trees turning or turned was small. What I found interesting was that only the sides of the trees facing the autumn sunlight were changing, the sides of the trees away from the sun were still green. It had been cold all the day, it got up to 49 F., but it was far from unbearable, to which I can attest, being the only side screen car there. Next time, you'all come out.

MVT Calendar of Events						
			November 2004			
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	<u>6</u>
7	8	9	<u>10</u>	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	<u>20</u>
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

Event Details:

3rd. Monthly Membership Meeting at Fuddruckers, 7:30 pm.

Don't Forget to VOTE!!!!