



The Marque



December 2004

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November '04

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Stan Seto reports on Triumphfest, Lake Tahoe, Part II

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December 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 December 2004

Stan Seto

Jimmy Carter is the Parliamentarian. He can judge any disputes we have in the meetings.

We wrapped up BCD Days with the MG Club last week in October. Each club made 1700 dollars on the event and we are working to increase the number of classes to give the larger groups of Marques who show up more attention. We are also telling any clubs that are interested in coming that three cars, pre-registered, would constitute a class, and a trophy award. Six cars pre-registered and a trophy and a plaque, etc.

There is a small committee working on the Holiday Soiree, set for the 4th of Dec. and at the Patterson homestead on Brown Street. The club will be footing the bill and providing the meal. You'll Come..., there will be a short business meeting and we'll do the Brown bag auction, we've got about half the club signed up so far.

At the Soiree, we open nominations for the 2005 election of the office of Vice President, Membership Secretary and Events Secretary, so put your mind gear and let's come up with some names.

The year's winding down at this point, and we are approaching the Holiday seasons again, so we need to think about Christmas Light Tour 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

NOVEMBER MVT MEMBERSHIP MEETING

11-03-04

18 members present

Pres: Meeting called to order by Stan. If anyone needs copy of bylaws which were passed at

September meeting, please see Stan. Jimmy Carter has agreed to be parliamentarian for Club.

Vice Pres: Tonda reporting for Mark. No new news. Tonda distributed new Moss catalogs. Call Mark to order parts.

Membership: No change.

Treasurer: With money from both TRA and BCD in treasury Carolyn moved the club foot the bill For club holiday gathering at a restaurant. Approved, more later.

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

Marque Editor/Website: All is well. Materials for December and January Marque MUST BE to Mike By 20th of each month.

Events: Stan wrote article for Marque about trip to Nevada[40 driving hours].

Fall Leaf Tour had 4 cars[2 Triumphs] of folks. Weather was marginal most of day but only short Rain shower. Ended in Waynesville with more folks joining for dinner.

November 13, 14 Cars and Parts in Springfield

December 4 Holiday Soiree

January 15-23 North American International Auto Show Detroit MI

REVIEW MARQUE AND/OR WEBSITE FOR PARTICULARS ON EVENTS:

Old Business: BCD Final meeting with wrap up. \$1700 to each club. Much discussion regarding classes.

Need 3 pre registered to make class. Plan to split Spitfire and Mini groups. There will be a New logo for shirts as retiring current logo after 20th anniversary. There were 16 vendors at 2004 show, hope for same 2005 Planning for more door prizes. All food sold out this year.

Will plan for more 2005. First formal meeting will be in January. Stan will be MVT official Representative. All are welcome to attend planning meetings. Provide input

Mark you calendar for 2005 BCD AUGUST 6

Anticipating weather will be as wonderful As this past year!!!!!!!!!!!!

HOLIDAY SOIREE Since club treasury has sufficient funds will plan for event to be at a Restaurant instead of member home. Vic Bell and Lois Bigler will check with suggested Places to see if available on December 4. Will get information out through email and telephone As soon as know what happening. Can't control the weather but good times and good cheer Are in the planning!!!!

Telephone numbers for storage Miami County
Fairgrounds 937-355-7492 [leave message or call
On Wednesday between 9-5] Montgomery County
Fairgrounds 937-224-1619.

New Business: Mike will bring new travel
brochures when available after first of year.

50/50 Vic Bell

December meeting[short] will be at Holiday Soiree

Next regular membership meeting January 5
RMEMEBER YOUR NAME BADGE!!!!!!!

Triumphest 2004, Part Two (s. seto)

01 October, Friday, the fifth day – At the
Horizon Hotel in Stateline, NA.
Dawned cold and sunny. Had breakfast and
went to the parking lot, where there was
activity. The Funkhana and auto cross courses
were being set up to the left of the parking lot,
and people were wandering around looking at
the cars, and owners were warming up the
cars in preparation for the driving events and
starting the tour around the lake. I took down
my top and tried to start the car. It was
ssllluggggiiisshhhh, but then it popped and
popped again and again and sort of started,
but then quit. I hit the starter again and it
turned over, but no pops, and it had that IT
AIN'T GONNA START finality of sound.
Rather than look dumb by repeating the
procedure again, I reasoned it was too rich, so
I opened the hood and leaned out the carbs by
two flats. Closed the hood and accepted
Russ's invitation for him AND VERN to push
start it. Well they pushed, but to no avail. And
Again! Nothing!! So then Russ says to me
(pant, pant) "This time use the starter when the
clutch is engaged, maybe we'll get enough
spark from the generator, too (Pant, pant)".
Well that almost worked, it fired but did not
sustain. We did it one more time. My donkey
engines were rapidly becoming depleted. It
fired and I kept it fired by accelerating out onto
the lot and driving, slowly, until it had about five
minutes of running, and sounded normal. I
brought it back and re-parked it, leaving it to
idle for a while to recharge the battery.
Interestingly, it started fine the whole rest of the
trip, no stutters, no hesitations, just Vroom!
(more or less..) Had to be the two flats! Norma
showed up a little later, and we tried to track
down the Fuqua's who said they wanted to go

on the lake tour, but alas, they'd gotten up too
late, so we left them back. Also, Steve was
having a domestic problem in his family and
opted to stay at the hotel to figure out what he
needed to do. We finally started the self guided
tour, just the three cars and the four of us, but
about an hour later than the plan.

The tour itself was simple Go out to Rte. 50 at
the front of the hotel, turn left toward Carson
City and keep the lake on the left for the next
three hours. It was about 80 miles around, so
we ought to be back by two in the afternoon.
Out we went, passed Zephyr Cove and up into
the mountains to the Route 28 turn off. Then
down the mountain toward the lake, pulling off
into a vista parking area. We got out and took
some pictures of the lake. We were still well
elevated relative to the water. Norma
scrambled down the forested slope and
returned in about ten minutes with some pretty
big pine cones, "We got room for these?" she
asked innocently. I put them in the trunk. I had
noted mentally that there was a lot of traffic on
this road and those coming down were blind to
us do to an uphill curve. We swung out onto
the road, and were immediately overtaken by
traffic. Most others were not sight seers and
did not like the slower speed I chose to go. On
the level and miles on to the north, I found
another viewing park to pull into, at near water
level. We popped out and wandered the park,
going by foot to the rocky shore line. Some
great pictures were taken. We agreed to stop
at the north end of the lake to get lunch, and
again launched into traffic, only to discover we
were now in a road reconstruction paradise
where at every stop light there were orange
cones and bright yellow machinery that cause
traffic to crrraaaaawwlllll through town. And...
school seemed to be in session which further
reduced options. As the cars heated to the
water limit, we finally stopped in Crystal Bay for
lunch, at a small bakery because Subway was
closed for renovation. Service was slow....
Norma spotted an antique shop and
disappeared for a while.
Lunch over, we eased out of town and
continued on our way. We were in California
now and gas prices were up significantly,
flirting with \$3.00 a gallon. We were traveling
south, and after a fairly long run along the

mountain sides, pulled over onto a sandy stretch of parking in a boulder strewn area with pine trees everywhere, and the lake right over there, but again we were well above water level. Everyone vacated the cars to take pictures. They went up slope, they went down slope and they went across the slope. Norma found yet more pine cones, twelve inches long, more than six inches in diameter, and we had one for every neighbor and friend we ever knew. Well, I packed away three. Eventually we hit the road again, but had only gone a mile when I saw a small state park and cars parked all over, so in we pulled and after driving around the parking lot for about five minutes, we all found places. We were situated on the hillside overlooking Emerald Cove and the single island with the little block house on it. There was a path down to the house, below, but someone mentioned it was about a mile long and steep and you had to climb back up, so we didn't go. I immediately ran into a couple, who asked where we were from in Ohio. Question followed question and we soon established I knew the lady's brother, who lives in Loveland and we worked together at GE. Small world! Norma found a native Indian woman selling turquoise jewelry, and soon I was seventeen dollars poorer. Easy come, easy go! We were there about an hour and when picture satiated hit the road for town once again. Up the other side of the cove we drove, and out along the spine of the hill. The road was situated on a narrow peak of ground, where a miscue could put you over the side to the left into the cove, or to the right down into the valley. No guard rails, pretty intimidating. Then it was down into the valley along a fairly steep descent with curves and back into civilization. On we went to Stateline and the hotel. Vern peeled off to wash his car, and Russ and I continued on to the hotel, where it was after three and the funkhana was shut down but the autocross was still going. We picked up some wash gear and decamped back to the car wash, which Vern had just left, as we got there.

The cars were clean again (and lighter) and we went back to the hotel and start set-up for the morning car show, which began early, to be

followed by the Fun Rally (their name, not mine).

Dinner that night was at Appleby's and Steve joined us, and we learned he would have to leave Saturday morning at 8. He also regaled us with feats of daring-do in the Casino, playing Blackjack. He uses some sort of point system as he plays and by following it, does not stay too long at a session and minimizes his losses. Actually he told us he did a couple of losses, coming away with between \$50.00 and \$80.00 after most sessions. So, you can win against the house, but you have to be disciplined, like most of life.

That night, a nightmare was unleashed against us. I had noticed we had adjoining doors to the next apartment, when we moved in. We got to bed at about 11 pm. At 1 AM, we were startled out of sleep by a hall door slamming. Suddenly there was a lot of light in our room and two males screaming at each other in the foulest language. I sat up and looked and saw the light coming from under the adjoining door. As quick as the shouting started it stopped and one male left, slamming the apartment door behind him. The light dimmed, but whoever was left was talking, in normal tones, and it sounded like he was in the room with us. After a couple of minutes, it quieted down. I went back to sleep. At 2 AM, the apartment door slammed again, and the loud voices and swearing started all over. Norma called security. TWO REALLY BIG GUYS came up and knocked on their door. They were told there were three complaints against them, but they had a second chance to pipe-down or they would be out on the street. When that was over, I got up and packed some luggage and coats against the crack of the door and we finally got some sleep. The next morning I looked and found that the bottoms of the doors did not come within an inch of the floor and carpeting. There was no flexible seal on the bottom of the doors either.

02 October, Saturday, the sixth day – Again dawned clear and cool. Car judging was to start at 8 sharp, so we were out there before 7:30, wiping down the cars, setting up the displays, and in general spiffing things up. The

judging was by three individual persons, each did a full score card on the car, coming no closer than six feet, except to look in the engine department. Your score was average of the three. 100 points total, bonus points for a good display. 100 to 105 was Gold Plus, 90 – 100 was Gold, 80 – 89 was Silver and Bronze was 70 to 79. Special categories were JC Whitney Award (don't ask), Next to Derelict, President's award, Best of Show and Best Display.

At 8 we were in the Lobby saying good by to Steve (it was so Tearful!). At 8:05 we were in the restaurant getting breakfast. Later we picked up our cameras and started to take pictures of the show, wandering around admiring the cars and just talking to people and renewing friendships from our 2000 trip. The California cars and especially the racers that were there were so neat looking it would choke you up with envy. 'Course most of them were trailered, but even so.....

By noon, everyone was buttoning up and those who wanted to were starting the Fun Rally. The Falling Leaf Fun Rallye!! Actually it turned out to be Rallye Diabolique!!! The driving instructions were fairly straight forward, and there were questions to be answered along the way, oh and by the way, some streets existed, but for the rallye they did not exist. There were also some streets that did not have signs, and we needed to be done in time to get the results scored before the banquet. It was about a sixty mile drive in total. Russ and Vern went out ahead of us in Russ's car. We started about fifteen minutes behind them....and ran into trouble right away. We traversed the first set of streets and saw not one of the three questions asked. Norma said, "Go back and start over, and drive slower." I did and we got two of questions and a strong possible on the third. We traversed the second street instruction, and saw nothing concerning the one question that needed answering. Now Norma is a pretty good navigator and still has young eyes. She also has a desire to "fill in all the blanks" when we get into one of these rally's. So, back to the last intersection we went and retraced our tire tracks.... And found the answer we needed on a dark house sign hanging from a dark porch in the deep shade of many trees. By now we'd

been on the course for about fifteen minutes, gone not a mile, had passed and been passed by several cars which started later than us and two cars that started ahead of us. We had four out of 100 answers and I could clearly see how this was going to turn out. We weren't going to get back for the Banquet!!

The long afternoon dragged on, slowly the answer sheet filled up, we went by an Oktoberfest celebration in full swing, but couldn't stop; we went to scenic locations but couldn't afford to look, for fear of missing a "blank". We eventually swung down an approximate eight mile stretch of one lane road, in a national forest, that hooked over some hills and ran along a portion of the lake perimeter. It was one lane wide, two inch thick macadam just laid on the forest floor, with every tree root, and mountain runoff gulch clearly out lined on the ground. Trees at the edge of the macadam served as guard rails from an icy plunge into the lake. Stone and concrete retaining walls of lakeside homes at the inside edge of the macadam served as the uphill boundary. We were going in at about 25 mph, SUV's, double wide pickup trucks and large Cadillac's were coming out, slightly quicker. The TR is a very narrow car, by comparison, and there were several spots where I just dared them to not stop! One lady swallowed her cigarette as we greased by, and another lady actually dropped her cell phone and got both hands on the wheel as we forced her onto a driveway pad, smiling all the while and shouting, "Thannnkks." We passed cars in the rally coming out. They were taking it all with good humor. Russ and Vern showed up, fit to be tied. We exchanged comments and plowed further in, as they moved out. Near the turn-around point there was a store with a comfort station. We took a break. We had about ten or fifteen answers to go and Norma commented that they appeared to be clustered, so we ought to be making better time. Off we went again. Back out the narrow road. Some sports cars still coming in, but I latched onto a Sequoia (wide, Wide SUV) and we trailed him out, to a turn up the mountain where we left him. The road opened up to a civilized two lane and we whipped through a small town, over a hill and down to a four lane highway. We were

clearly headed back into town and there did not seem to be much traffic so I opened the TR up in hopes of cooling the engine somewhat. We were looking for a sign to a restaurant or a tavern. I saw a sign, but no buildings, just a sand road into a pine forest. As we shot by, Norma yelled, "That's it!!" I glanced in the mirrors, no traffic, ahead, no traffic and more importantly, no center divider on the road...Hit the brakes and did a HUGE U-TURN, ran back up the road to above the sign, did another HUGE U-TURN and stopped at the sign. It was dark green, against the dark forest background and the words were punched through the metal. Hard to read? Naaa, Impossible to read. But, read it we did and blasted out. We were down to two answers and I knew we were about a mile from the hotel, and it should be clear sailing, five minutes and we could relax, and... and And then we turned back onto Route 50 and evening traffic....Crawl, stoplight, crawl, stoplight, crawl to a street a block from the hotel, left turn, out of traffic and a minute later we were turning in our score sheet and looking for the Beer. I think there were cars that came in after we did. We went up to the room and collapsed.

Later, we dragged out the good clothes, dressed and went down to the banquet. Ten to a table and you got to reserve a table at registration. We got everyone in the group to a pretty good location in the room. The meal was OK, for what we paid for it. It actually came to us hot, which doesn't happen too often. It was then on to the awards. MVT took Longest Distance, 2339 miles. The TTR guys were right behind us at about 2314 miles, and a couple from the Indianapolis area were third 2250 or thereabouts. The Indy pair was celebrating their 51st wedding anniversary, and had driven a TR6 out. Pretty neat accomplishment. Russ and I both got Gold Awards from the Funcours. That surprised me, as the car is a bit tatty, I'd have been satisfied with a silver, but I didn't give the plaque back.

After the banquet, we packed most of our stuff in preparation for leaving. I put the top up and side curtains on, and loaded in all but the luggage, cleaned the windshield, mirrors and lights and checked all the fluid levels.

03 October, Sunday, the seventh day – Russ routed me out of bed near six AM, go get your car in place for the group photo, he warned. Picture was to be at nine. I grabbed my keys, threw a coat over my PJ's, and sockless sneakers in hand ran to the elevator, dropped to the ground floor and trotted out to the car. Everyone else was up, it seemed. Car started without baulking and I drove it to the picture place, 100 yards away. Fourth row place, near the right end, and behind Vern two rows up. Can I get breakfast now, I wondered. The group photo was the last event of this meet. I noticed that some fraction of the cars had left already, including the Fuqua's, who were headed for Flagstaff. I went back to the room, finished cleaning up and we went to breakfast with Russ and Vern. Back in the room, we had a pretty clear view of the assemblage, so I took some photos, and we carried our gear down to the car to stow it.

The picture was taken at 9, several in fact. I signed up for one. After that, the cars were leaving like bees from the hive. We were asked to pull all the red '3s to a spot for a single picture. There were about seven cars. After that we were free to go.

Our plan was to head south to Las Vegas, go over the Hoover dam, stop at the Grand Canyon and take a southern route east to St. Louis. We started by going back over the hills to Carson City, but then turned south on Rte. 395, down to Rte 208 and east to Rte. 95, the main route between Reno and Vegas. We came down out of the hills and headed south on 395. It was a clear, dry day with plenty of sunshine. The route was flat and it was a four lane road with light Sunday traffic. About fifty miles on the way, we stopped for gas. The short term plan was to drive until dusk and stop for the night, perhaps near Vegas. Cross the Hoover in the morning and maybe stop for photos, and hit the GC in the afternoon on Monday.

We got onto 208, two lanes again, and meandering though farm land, the first we'd seen since Kansas, days ago. Looked like a fertile valley and the main crop was hay. We passed a Farm Show, featuring tractors that looked like they should be in advertisements and being driven by teenagers, right on the

road. Some antique cars and lots of farmers. Further down the road we saw an antique car show at a rural airport, and we passed cars coming in for the next hour. We drove out of the valley and onto Rte 95 on the Walker Indian Reservation. Still on two lane road, we were back into the high desert again. Now we were back up to 75 mph and lots of 18 wheelers, campers and SUV's to keep our minds on driving. South of the Indian reservation we skirted Walker Lake, almost as large as Tahoe, but no forest surrounding it, and it looked shallow. We followed its shore line for fifteen miles, stopping to take pictures, and to decide on lunch. Below the lake was the Hawthorne Army Depot, where they store munitions, and it looked like it, lots of low mounds of dirt, the bunkers, spread apart and the town of Hawthorne. We stopped for lunch in a very nice local restaurant and buffet. Soon, we were back on the road for Vegas. I'd just passed three eighteen wheelers, we were at about 80 mph and I was watching Russ and Vern come around them when I heard the rumble (it is so familiar). I got on the brakes immediately and still at some speed, horsed the car off the road onto the shoulder before everyone behind ran us over. Russ stopped a little ahead, and Vern, behind me. The trucks shot past, followed by the campers we'd overtaken shortly before, and other vehicles. We were just short of Mina, NA, thirty five miles from lunch. Driver's side rear was flat. The tire was still on the rim. I eased the car further off the road, keeping it on the hard shoulder, and then worked at pulling the spare, while Russ got out his jack. The shoulder was pretty level. We had the flat off and the spare on in about ten minutes. The flat was still pretty hot, but I packed it into the wheel well, closed things up and we got back on the road again. What was that about being Lucky??? New problem... We still had 2000 miles to get home, it was Sunday, what were the odds I'd find anyone out here who could fix a flat on a wire wheel? Second part of the problem was Norma hates to travel without a working spare. Eight miles below Mina we hit a police barricade and had to turn west onto Rte 360. Twenty miles west this road tees into Rte 6, which rejoins 95 twenty miles to the east. It

was a forty mile detour due to a fiery truck crash on 95 somewhere between 360 and Coaldale. We passed a couple trucks and cars on the westward journey, and at 6 turned back east, about half of our traffic was continuing west.

Suddenly I had a thought. Ahead of us were the Fuqua's. Gary was towing a trailer. In that trailer was a TR4 with wire wheels, its spare would fit my car. Norma called Gary's cell and left a message.

6 East was up and down, but straight. We passed cars and trailers, motor homes and big trucks as we came to them. Some approaching traffic, but it was not too heavy. We topped a rise and could see about ten miles across the valley floor. All the traffic was eastbound, nothing coming toward us and in the far distance could be seen the re-intersection with 95. I got into the west bound lane, with Russ and Vern behind me, and just started passing everything in sight. We got by about twenty vehicles before the intersection loomed. Very little traffic coming south, but apparently the truck fire was out and 95 was opened. We came into Tonopah and stopped for gas. Norma got a call back on the cell. It was Gary. She explained the situation. The Fuqua's were about a hundred miles ahead of us, but still north of Las Vegas. We agreed to meet at the Hoover dam.

South on 95 we went. The weather was high clouds, which helped block the sun, and while it was warm, it was not real hot, a good day to drive.

We were coming up to a level crossing. There was a building on our side of the intersection, some cars there, but flat and empty in the near or far vicinity. A sign at the building said "The Strawberry Patch". Strange name, strange location, I thought as we passed, and I just noticed in the lower right corner of the sign "Brothel". Maybe not so strange....

The two hundred miles from Tonopah to Vegas were featureless. It was all flat scrub land and low rolling hills. To the west was the Death Valley National Park and to the east were the Nellis Air Force Base Gunnery and Bomb Ranges, including the Yucca Lake Nuclear Bomb ranges. We pulled off at Indian Springs to take a break, and should have gassed up,

but didn't. Norma got called Gary again. They were at Hoover Dam and were located just east of the dam itself, in an overlook parking lot. We were about sixty miles away and the sun was setting. A half hour later we were on a ridge overlooking Las Vegas from the north. It reminded me of the LA basin, the sun was down and all the city lights were on and they stretched to the horizon in three directions, and we were coming in at evening rush hour. Our one lane road became four lanes; there were cars and trucks everywhere. I kept an eye on the road signs as we drilled south. There was the ubiquitous construction which bounced us from lane to shoulder and back onto lanes again, and you had to keep up with traffic, and I kept an eye on Russ and Vern, too as we swept along, slowly working our way out of center city and around to the east toward Boulder City. Then I made a mistake. Road signs indicated lots of construction around Hoover dam, and advocated detours. I took one of them. Shouldn't have! Suddenly we were out into the country side and it was dark as pitch. There were no crossovers and no indication of exits off the road. I realized we needed to turn around, but could not see any opportunities. Suddenly a level crossing appeared out of the gloom of night. I slowed and we did a U-turn back to the north. Well, that was about fifteen minutes wasted. Back up to 95 and 93, east onto 93 and suddenly we were in Boulder City. Getting through town wasn't too bad; the route was marked better by signs to the dam than it was by route signs. The approaches to the dam were very curvy and we had to stop for security near the dam site, but he waved through with hardly a look (Gary told us later they had inspected him pretty closely and he mentioned to them the three little cars coming to catch up). The area approaching the dam was lit up, but there was no stopping for all the construction going on. On the far side we could see Gary's trailer, and a minute later we were exchanging greetings. The wheels were swiftly swapped and we agreed on his getting it fixed in Branson, MO, and we'd come out and swap back. Where to now? It was decide to head to Kingman AZ, 70 miles down the road, for dinner and lodgings. Oh, said Vern, and if we get to a gas station,

stop, because I'm down to a quarter of a tank. Russ echoed the sentiment. I was still between a half and a quarter, and wondering if it was a correct reading. We started, Gary leading and after clearing the hills around the dam, he pushed up to 65 mph. The road was four lanes, no lights and no signs of civilization. Twenty five miles later, Vern called. He was on "empty" and Russ chimed in that he was near empty. Gary slowed to sixty. We passed several major road crossings... no gas stations or even lights. Forty miles down the road, Vern was below empty, Russ was on empty. I was still OK. We passed the road to Dolan Springs (seen to the northeast as a light haze), no gas stations at the intersection, or were any visible for as far east as we could see. The two cars behind us kept running, Russ was below empty. If they quit running, I planned to immediately zero my trip odometer to give us the distance back to them, when we did find gas. We had twenty miles to go and the next big intersection was our road and I-40 at the edge of Kingman... surely there would be gas stations there. As we pulled up on the intersection, it was immediately clear there was nothing there but interchange roads, and a big hill we had to climb to get into Kingman. We got to the top, and they were still with us, we coasted down the other side, into the bright lights of commerce and pulled into a Shell station. Gary waited for us. Vern and Russ were both within a gallon of being empty. What a way to test gauge accuracy! We got onto Interstate 40 and went two exits to a Cracker Barrel. They were near to closing, well it was getting onto 9:30 PM, but took us in. Everything tasted great. We talked a bit about the lack of gas stations on the stretch we'd just come over. Gary's dad, Forrest, commented he was glad we stopped them, 'cause he had wanted some time to stretch his legs, and we gave that to him. Then it was up I-40 to the next exit and a Holiday Inn Express. What a long day this had been.....

04 October, Monday, the eighth day – We dragged out of bed and slouched down to breakfast. Another nice day in the offering. Today it was the Grand Canyon. The Fuqua's headed out to get gas and told us they'd meet

us up there. The route was easy, east on I-40 to Williams, AZ, north on Rte. 64 to the Gulch. We started for Williams, about 115 miles distant. Before Seligman, an hour out, we crested a rise and I saw a west bound car cut into the wooded median between the east and west bound lanes. As we passed, it was a state trooper, setting an ambush for eastbound cars. Norma sent a cell phone message to the Fuqua's, twenty-five minutes behind us. As usual, Gary wasn't monitoring his phone. We pulled off at Williams and gassed up. Norma caught up with Gary. They had passed the spot and no cop. Two miles further on they found him and the car he had caught.

North on Rte. 64 was a relaxing drive, two lanes, 65 mph limit, some cars and cycles, but well spread out. Late morning and we got to the National park. After paying the entry fee, and getting back a card for all national parks 'cause I'm old now, we drove slowly in and started to look for a place to park. It was crowded! I mean there were cars and people everywhere. Vern, who'd been there last several years ago, took the lead and got us over near the Lodge (Bright Angel) and we found some spots. I tried to open my door, and the latch wouldn't work. I could tell the hasp was not being pulled back. I crawled out over the sill. That's awkward! I took a look at the handle and pull cord, but nothing was apparent. We had sightseeing to do, so I left it for the time being. The next thing was to coach Gary in so he could park his rig (I mean an Escalade towing a twenty-five foot trailer can't park just anywhere!) He'd dropped his wife and parents off closer to the park entrance. He didn't stay with us long, before someone in his party had a problem, and he had to leave to attend to that.

The rest of us walked over to the lodge and found the dining room for lunch. Service was spectacularly slow. It did give us a chance to look around. There were all sorts of families there, young kids abounded. Where did they all come from?? Why weren't they all in school?? Lunch done we wandered the museum which was in the building, and finally went out to the Canyon rim. It's quite a gulch. We spent the next three hours walking the rim, taking pictures and looking at all the European

tourists (German, French and Austrian, for sure, and maybe Czech Republic). We'd not been out along the rim for half an hour, before we heard a report that a 77 year old man had fallen to his death, a half mile from where we were. Pushed, slipped, suicide, we don't know, but the fall where he went over was over 400 ft. Doubt that he survived that. There were helicopters over in that direction and about an hour after we heard the report, one of them winged out of the park with a gurney in tether. We assumed it was the remains. In the book stores there at the park they have a book, *At The Rim, A History of Deaths at the Grand Canyon*. I guess its out of date now.

As spectacular as the views were, we worn down in the late afternoon, and after four, pulled up stakes for Flagstaff, some 80 miles to the southeast. The drive down was tiring, as it was getting colder and the road, Rte. 180, was pretty roughly surfaced. We got to the edge of Flagstaff and hit a RR crossing, gates coming down but we right up front.. A freight was going east, maybe fifty to seventy five cars at a moderate speed. Suddenly there was a roar and a swoosh, and there was a west bound freight blasting through about twice as fast, he came and went very quickly. I've never seen two trains pass like that at a crossing. We found a Holiday Inn and went to ground. Norma signed us in and took care of the luggage. I took out the driver's seat and door panel and finally the latch and mechanism. The housing around the latch had detached from the support plate. Everything was hooked up, but the lever arm from the door handle to the latch was out of its plane of rotation, so it moved but did not exert any pull on the latch, itself. The housing has three tongues that fit through slots on the support plate. The part of the tongue that sticks through the slot is peened over to hold it in position. The interference is not much. Russ and Vern came back out to the car to see how I was doing. We got a steel punch out of my tool bag, and the knock-off hammer, and while I braced the plate and housing, and Vern held the light, Russ used the punch and hammer to score the tongues so they wouldn't pull through again. We also worked to reset the lock plate to a better position on the frame upright. I put the

door back together and tried closing the door. It seemed to work OK, so the seat went back in and I went up to wash for dinner. A small block of wood put behind the latch housing and the outer skin of the door would prevent the re-occurrence of the problem, I also decided to buy a new latch and install it on the off season.

After dinner we planned the next day, a run east from Flagstaff to Amarillo, TX., with lunch in Albuquerque. The news that night had a weather forecast that was not good. There was a miles wide, slowly eastern moving storm cell astride our chosen path. The cell's long axis extended north-south for hundreds of miles, but was only about a hundred miles deep. As we hit the sack, I wondered how much rain did it contain?

05 October, Tuesday, the ninth day – We ate breakfast in the dark, loaded up the cars and got on our way as the sun rose. Here in Arizona it was looking gorgeous. East we went passed Winslow, a stop four years ago, and Holbrook and the Petrified Forest, another stop of four years ago. It was late morning when we crossed into New Mexico. The Indian heritage seemed immediately apparent, even if it wasn't. We now had hills and bluffs, instead of rolling desert. There was color along the highway in the form of Indian Totems, wigwams and trading posts (don't call them stores). Out on the horizons was just the faintest trace of clouds. As we closed in on lunch time, we also closed in on the back side of the rain cell. Albuquerque loomed and we pulled off at a rest area near Laguna, NM. Russ put his top up. Vern rolled the passenger side window up, and I put our side curtains on. We started back out and within minutes were into the rain. It was spotty at first, but a huge local storm was to our left and moving toward the road, so we drove hard and kept an eye on it. We got passed it, but our luck was running out as we got deeper under the clouds. Suddenly Russ called. He wanted to put on his side curtains. We pulled over onto the side of the road and waited the fifteen minutes he needed. Soon we were back up to speed and entering Albuquerque. As we traversed the town, the rain slackened. Near the eastern edge of the city, we got off to get lunch. Where

we pulled in it was dry. The restaurant was another retro-fifties, but comfortable and a generous menu. After lunch, we drove to a gas station, adjacent, and filled up. Traffic in this neighborhood was heavy, but after some jockeying around we managed to get back on the interstate and headed in the right direction. A short time later the rain started up again. The skies were now leaden, that uniform color and darkness that portend unending rain. And...the rain grew in intensity. Norma, trooper that she is, had the roll of shop towels out and was diminishing its bulk sheet by sheet as she mopped up the worst of the leaks. Traffic slowed, then stopped. The rain pelted down. There seemed to be a lot more 18 wheelers on the east side of Albuquerque. Traffic inched along. We saw the construction barrels, and then the arrows squashing us from three lanes to two and then to one, and the speed picked up. Russ and Vern were separated from us in the traffic behind. The construction site was small. We broke out on the other side and the traffic speed increased, while the visibility went down due to both the rain and the spray from the truck tires, which from just the last four wheels under the trailer was more than enough liquid soup to completely encloak the '3. I mean I was feet from the back end of a vehicle that literally towered over me, and I could not see it or anything behind me or directly in front of me. That trail of plume was also about as long as the 3. My standard operating rule for trucks developed from that sort of thing: Get by them quickly and be as visible as you can be. So, I picked up my speed and picked my chances to run past these guys. This was as bad a rain as we had encountered leaving California in 2000. One difference – That storm was only minutes long. This one was going to be hours long. Norma mopped away and I was beginning to worry, we hadn't heard a peep from Russ or Vern, behind us, and twice we had run into areas where the rain slackened and I could see back a ways, and they weren't there.

I was behind two trucks, we were going about 60, fast for the conditions. We were entering a construction site with an overpass. We were in a single lane, concrete barricades close aboard. The truck ahead suddenly jerked to the

right, following a swerve in the road, but he threw up a huge rooster tail, and his tire tracks showed me a river of water three or four inches deep cascading from under the barricade. His tracks were just starting to fill-in as we got there, and I held a straight line as we shot through the stream, then I chopped the wheel to clear the right barrier. I think if we had hit that underpass without the trucks ahead, we'd have hydroplaned right into the barriers. I made a conscience decision to watch the construction areas more closely. We passed a water tower (tank on stilts type) leaning over at an angle, Norma got a picture of it. A break in the clouds occurred, there was a rainbow. She got another picture.

We made a decision to pull off and wait for Russ and Vern. I was fortunate enough to find an exit ramp with a long shallow climb to the road crossing. We sat in the pounding rain and listened on the radio, Norma occasionally calling. We got an answer! As they droned by, I kicked up the exit ramp and discovered I had to go down the road a way before turning around and reentering the Interstate, but we knew they were ahead of us now. A couple of miles up the road, they were idling on the shoulder. I went by and they pulled in behind me and the rain pelted down. We took a break near Tucumcari, and got their story. As they broke out of the construction site where we stopped to close down to one lane, they were beyond radio reach. They heard a female voice say they were getting off at the next interchange. They thought it was Norma, and they got off. Of course my car wasn't there. They realized immediately what had happened and got back on the highway, many miles down from where we then were.

As we crossed into TEXAS, the rain actually started to slacken, as we'd run out ahead of the storm. The sun was down now and it was dark. We fled east for another hour and got into Amarillo at just about dinner time. We picked an exit with lots of gas station and motel signs and found lodgings for the night. In the time it took to stop, register, and park the cars, the rain had caught back up with us. The restaurant, attached to the hotel, was independently owned and operated. We had missed the dinner crowd, as traveling east we

lose hours, so we had the place to ourselves. The meal was excellent and almost cheap. We spent some time drying the insides of the cars, I threw away a bunch of shop towels that were wet to the point of disintegration.

Well, this was where Russ and Vern would leave us, going south on I-27 toward Houston and home. Norma and I would continue east and north to Springfield, Missouri, St. Louis and Indianapolis. We were two days away from home and were going to have to drive through that darn rain again.

06 October, Wednesday, the tenth day – Dawned cloudy and almost dry. We had breakfast at near the crack of dawn, with a bus tour group down from the north, a blessing in disguise, as we got a short, but cheap menu. I packed the car and left Norma's side curtain on, guessing the rain would be as intense as yesterday. Before leaving the motel, I asked about a Wal-Mart. Down the road about five miles. We said our goodbyes to Russ and Vern, and we all motored out. Wal-Mart turned out to be only a mile down the road, and I bought some more shop towels. I figured two rolls for two days would do it. We gassed up and got back onto the interstate.

Russ and Vern just had to go to the next easterly interchange, to get onto I-27 south. Wouldn't you know (without us around to help them) they botched it! Only the Good Lord knows how long they rambled around Amarillo before they got on the right track. Our course, by comparison was much easier. Point the car east and drive for Oklahoma. Go to Oklahoma City, get on Interstate 44, a toll road, go through Tulsa, and up to Joplin and then Springfield, MO, for the night. The morning was gray and stayed gray. The heavier clouds seemed to be away to the north, as we flew across Texas. We got some rain, but it was patchy and not all that hard. Amarillo to Oke City was about 270 miles and we got there about noon. The cloud cover was still with us, but clearly less dense, and we had yet to use a towel. After lunch, it was on to Tulsa, a hundred miles, and then Springfield, another 185 miles. The roads were dry and stayed dry the rest of the day. There were only two tolls, one between Oke City and Tulsa, and one

between Tulsa and Joplin. The ground form was slowly rolling hills, and we were in farm land, with houses dotting the landscape and the fields looking forward to an early winter. Tulsa came and went, and near the Oklahoma – Missouri border we stopped, late in the afternoon. As we exited the car, we could smell hot rubber. The driver's side rear tire, a 48 spoke wire wheel with a Michelin ZXZ 165-15, looked odd. The side wall was so hot, the rubber was soft. It had been rubbing the inside of the fender flange. We had come over a thousand miles since the flat in Nevada. We were within eighty five miles of Springfield, and while the sidewall was rubbed, it was clear there was still a lot of rubber left. I decide to leave it alone until we stopped for the night. We left the rest stop and I cut ten miles off my speed and kept to the smoothest parts of the road, as the rub was obviously against the very top edge of the fender wheel cut out, so it was only occurring when we were bouncing, or probably, doing a hard right turn. We crossed into Missouri, got passed Joplin and were approaching Springfield when I hear a siren. We were already in the right lane, so I just held on. A pick-up truck went wailing by. Firemen, I thought. Where are they going? Two miles down the road, traffic stopped coming toward us. Three miles down the road, we were approaching a slight rise and there was gray smoke climbing into the air, in a languid sort way. We crested the rise. The road ahead did a looping left curve. At the apex of the curve in the west bound lanes, a tour bus was parked at the side of the road, its engine compartment was ablaze, and the fire was starting to work its way forward. I saw no passengers in the brief glance. Police cars were there and we just barreled past, but I saw only one fire engine parked back from the rear of the bus, and no one appeared eager to engage the flames. Minutes later we were in Springfield, and I decided to move on to Marshfield, seventeen miles to the east before stopping. We got there, pulled off and found a motel. The tire sidewall did not seem as hot, but I jacked it up pulled the wheel and gave it a thorough inspection. I removed the rubber O-ring used to seal the spline grease from hub adapter cone

and that gave me more clearance. I also checked the front tire (a sixty spoke wheel) and saw that it had the same rub witness marks as the rear.

Although we out ran the storm cell again, the evening weather forecast showed it catching up with us again that night. It was clear that the amounts of rain in the storm were a lot less now. The bus showed up on the news, too. It had burned to the ground. I guess Springfield does not have any tank trucks, or by the time one got there it was essentially over. We were now ten hours from home. That night, we took a fairly long walk to get rid of the energy stored from riding all day.

07 October, Thursday, the eleventh day – Up at dawn, packed and on the road in an hour. Next stop was St Louis, then Indy , then HOME. The sky was cloudy, but it just didn't look like rain today. We went hundred miles, and stopped to check the tire. No change in its condition. We kept on driving. East of St. Louis, we stopped for lunch and checked the tire again. Its condition seemed stable. Indianapolis was about 170 miles away. The temperature was warm, and we began to shed our layers of clothes as we drove. I noticed the Buick after he'd been in my rearview mirror for about ten minutes. He'd been creeping up on us, and settled down a hundred feet behind as we drove across Illinois. He passed every time I passed. If I elected to wait for traffic to clear around an eighteen wheeler, he waited. Through the afternoon we drove, me and my shadow. Close into Indianapolis, I pulled into a rest area. The Buick followed me in. I pulled past the array of parked cars to the end of the line, and the Buick pulled in right beside me. Norma and I got out, and a couple, somewhat older than us, got out of the Buick. The man came over and said he was following me. I said I noticed. He said that when he saw my Ohio tag, he knew I could tell him how to get though Indianapolis, as they were headed for Columbus. That gave me a pause. He and I wandered off to the rest rooms, while Norma engaged his wife. I explained that Interstate 70 goes right through Indy. All he had to do was stay on it straight to Columbus, and that there was the dogleg onto

I-65 near the center of town, but I showed him on the map what he had to do there. I briefly considered going that way and coming back down to I-74 from the east side of town. We got back to the car and Norma took off and the gentleman talked to his wife a minute and went to get bottled water. She said to me that since he'd hit 80, he was sometimes forgetful of the route, so I showed her the map and she took some notes. She told me they had been out to the far west to visit relatives, but had gotten lost a couple times on the return. Men don't like to admit they are lost, and he was no exception.

We got back on the highway and shortly thereafter turned south on the Indy circle freeway, the Buick staying on 70 and going east. I wonder if they got to Columbus OK.

The run down I-74 to Cincinnati was done in the early evening, it was a pleasant time to drive, traffic was light until we got to I-275, the sun was behind us and the clouds had cleared off. We had dinner on the road and arrived home at about eight. The house had a very familiar look. We were glad to be back. Russ and Vern were home late on the same day they left us. They also did not run into any more rain, though it was forecast in the direction they were going.

Some statistics – We drove 5057 miles, round trip. The overall gas mileage was 26.32 miles per gallon. The drive from Loveland to Lake Tahoe was 2339 miles and 40 hours of driving time, and we got 27.4 mpg. The return was 2509 miles and we got 27.4 mpg. Leaning the carbs two flats didn't seem to make a difference. Norma's comment was we averaged nine hours a day in the car, for the whole trip. The only real problem was the flat tire, same as during the trip in 2000. The door latch was a problem, but did not effect the driving.

We took three cars and we won three trophies. For the summer, Norma and I had gone to four car shows and gotten awards in three of them, a very good summer.

Post Logue – A couple of days after we got back. I jacked up the car and took both wheels off the driver's side. I laid them down side by

side and measured the hub height. What I discovered was this: The hub on the 48 spoke wheel is over a half inch closer to the tire outside wall than is the hub for the 60 spoke wheel. The difference in axial location appears to be the spoke angle, which is more shallow for the 48 spoke wheel. I remounted the front tire on the rear hub, and sure enough, had more room from the inside edge of the flange on the wheel cut out to the tire sidewall. So the spare tire is now on the front of the car until I get the flat back. When I got the flat tire back, it also showed evidence of rubbing, so I have had this condition since I bought the car. Gary Fuqua got the flat repaired and sent me pictures. The tube had a patch on it that failed, causing the flat. The company which sold me the tube fourteen days ago is working out a deal with me. I've patched radial tire tubes in the past and have had no problems, except you are not supposed to do that. I've always been careful to insure the patch had at least a half inch or more clearance around the break in the tube, and that the bonding surface is well roughed up and there's glue everywhere and the patch is well clamped during the set time. The patch that failed appeared small for the break in the tube, did not appear to have glue everywhere, and the tube surface did not appear roughened. We seem to be losing a bit of technology here....

This trip was more stressful than some we've taken. Next year the Triumphest is in San Diego, we're passing that one up.

Next summer TRA is in Branson. That's close enough to take everyone in the club....

Photos Below

Texas Triumph Register

P.O. Box 40847
Houston, TX 77240-0847

November 17, 2004

Dear Triumph Club:

The 2005 TRA – Bigger, Better, and Uncut

NEVER BEFORE has the TRA been held west of the Mississippi River, and **NEVER BEFORE** has there been a participants' choice show at the TRA with 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place awards for all classes of cars entered.

The 2005 annual TRA national convention will be held in Branson, MO, from Thursday, June 23 through Sunday, June 26, 2005, and is being sponsored by the Texas Triumph Register of Houston, TX. For those of you who have never been, or feel that it's been too long of a drive, now's your opportunity to attend. And because of the expansion of the participant's choice show, this is an event for **ALL** Triumph owners, not just TR2, TR3, and TR4 owners.

We're planning many events, drives, shows, and on-your-own options for everyone's interests, including:

- The traditional TRA concours show for TR2's through TR4A's
- A complete participant's choice show for all Triumphs with 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place awards for all registered classes of competition
- A paddlewheel riverboat ride, dinner, and show
- A welcome dinner and events
- An awards banquet with door prizes
- The many shows, dining, attractions, and shopping of Branson, MO
- A poker run and rally
- An autorama
- A funkana
- A winery drive and tour
- A breakfast run and rally
- The beautiful weather of Branson, MO in late June

We have chosen a host hotel in Branson and have already negotiated an unbelievable price of \$40 per night with them for all TRA attendees. The actual schedule, costs, and details will be provided soon, but it's time to start planning this event, so put it on your calendars for Thursday, June 23 through Sunday, June 26, 2005. [Branson, MO is a vacation destination for the whole family, so start making your plans now!](#)

We look forward to seeing many new faces and many new cars that will take advantage of this location and expanded events.

Time Changes Everything

A cop was patrolling at night in a well-known spot.

He sees a couple in a car, with the interior light brightly glowing.

The cop carefully approaches the car to get a closer look.

Then he sees a young man behind the wheel, reading a computer magazine.

He immediately notices a young woman in the rear seat, knitting.

Puzzled by this surprising situation, the cop walks to the car and gently raps on the driver's window.

The young man lowers his window

"Uh, yes, officer?"

"What are you doing?"

"Well, isn't it obvious? I'm reading a magazine, sir "

Pointing towards the young woman in the back seat the cop says: "And her, what is she doing?"

The young man shrugs: "Sir, I believe she's knitting a pullover sweater."

Now, the cop is totally confused. A young couple. Alone, in a car, at night in a lovers' lane. And nothing obscene is happening!

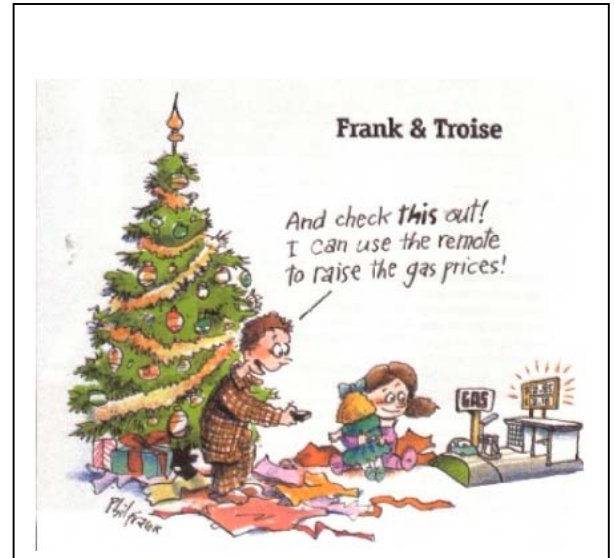
"What's your age, young man?"

"I'm 25, sir."

"And her ... what's her age?"

The young man looks at his watch and replies:

"She'll be 18 in 11 minutes".



***Merry Christmas
& Happy New Year!***

Triumphest 2004











Bruce Waving at Fall Tour 2004