




The Marque



	October 2003	
<u>Officers</u>	The official publication of the Miami Valley Triumphs Club.	President's Corner <u>October</u>
<u>Articles</u> <u>Stan's TRF/VTR Summer Party</u> <u>Chrome Plating</u> Bruce still needs TR2 Pieces <u>Late TR Guy</u> <u>October '03</u> <u>Tech Tips</u> <u>TR Interiors, Parts I, II, III</u>	P. O. Box 144, Bellbrook, Ohio 45305 NEW! Mailing Address 1 October 2003 membership meeting will be held at Fuddruckers, 7:30 pm. Check out the new TRA 2004 Info Pages. Updated as new information becomes available! I can't believe Roy & Vivian didn't share the milestone event of <u>25 blissful years</u> with we fellow MVT'ers.	Events <u>October '03</u> Meeting Minutes <u>October '03</u> 32 Members now receive the new Marque! <small>Mike needs an e-mail request to issue user-id/passwords to verify your e-mail address.</small>
<u>TRA 2004 Info</u> Dayton BCD <u>BCD 2004</u> <i>MVT Web</i> BCD 2004 <u>Registration</u> <i>MVT Web</i>		Please send comments/suggestions to: <u>news@miamivalleytriumphs.org</u> or Rattle Mike at the next meeting.
View this month & previous months' Marques in printable format:  <u>October 2003</u> <u>September 2003</u> <u>August 2003</u> <u>July 2003</u>		<small>Note: Due to formatting limitations, some items appearing in this newsletter may not be in the printable version mailed to members.</small>

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 Fuddruckers 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

October 2003

Incorporation

Since we live in a litigious world, we need to incorporate to shield all of our personal assets. Now, I'm not paranoid, but let's just say I like to cover my bases and reduce risk. Mark Macy's got the paperwork and I'm going to talk to a few other clubs that have been incorporated. I'm also going to pass it by a lawyer (on my own \$). Expect to discuss this in the new business section of the meeting.

Fall Tours

Put these on your calendar:

Covered Bridge Tour - 11 October Danny & Mary will be touring the northern part of the area's bridges. We are fortunate here - we have to decide whether we go north, east, or west to see many bridges. In Missouri they have 4 bridges in the entire state!

Fall Foliage Tour - Just another reminder that I'm leading the tour this year, leaving from the Waffle House at I-675 and Indian Ripple Road on 18 October. Plan to drive! It will be a nice fall day & the trees are waiting.

Bruce



Membership Meeting Minutes

October '03

Here's where we document what went on during the last membership meeting.
If anything is missing or incorrect...you know who to blame or comment to.
Lois Bigler bigday@erinet.com 937-253-1580

09-03-03

Dinner and meeting at Fuddrucker's. 33 members attended.

Welcome to Jerry Glatt[not a new member but hasn't been able to attend for awhile]

Pres: Glad to be here

Vice Pres: Busy Celebrating 9th wedding anniversary.

Membership: 44members. Short discussion regarding name badges. Most members have and are wearing.

Those missing a name badge should contact Jimmy Carter.

Treasurer: Gave new balance and shared information regarding incoming funds and outgoing expenses.

Sec'y: Minutes of August meeting reviewed and approved.

Marque Editor: Please get information to Mike in appropriate timeframe so Mike can put Marque together and Get onto MVT website at least one week before meeting, would like to have done by 25th Of month.

Fudge chair: Has received several recipes!!! Ellis will critique any recipe but it is the responsibility of the

Sender of the recipe to MAKE the fudge for general membership.

Events: VTR-TRA in Pennsylvania was much fun but

Old Business: BCD No date for final meeting. Should get check soon.

Discussion led by Tonda regarding TRA 2004

Planned events 1. Tour of International Truck 2. Self guided tours to such places as Yellow Springs, Young's Diary, Clifton Mills 3. Rally being done by Steve Emerson, John Parker, Roy Owens 4. Auction.

Lorna and Ellis are handling T shirts

Bruce doing technical sessions

Need many volunteers to handle areas such as auction, publicize event, door prizes

Do we want a speaker for the banquet?

Several individuals had possible logo design. Tonda will present at next meeting for decision.

Need to firm up staff list and budget.

From Bruce, our post office box was closed down in June so mail addressed to PO box has been held by post office. Bruce has opened a box in Bellbrook so matter can be researched Regarding check that was written to pay for box

New address: P O Box 144

Bellbrook, Ohio 45305

New Business: Carol inquiring who might have the master for making business cards for MVT. Ellis will Check with Dan Stinson.

Suggestion by Lois Bigler to move meeting start time to 7:30. Discussion regarding bylaws

As the meeting time is noted in the bylaws. Stan will

a very large mud party!!!!!!!!!!

September events:

6 & 7 Cars and Parts at Clark County Fairgrounds

6 Chrysler 300 meet at Carillon Park

12,13,14 Ohio Morgan Owners at Hope Hotel

13 & 14 Indy BCD at Mt Comfort Airport

14 Concours d'Elegance at Boonshoft Museum of Discovery.

Bruce will attend to present the trophy MVT sponsored [late European Sports Car Class]

October events:

18 Fall tour to Shawnee State Park Bruce will have more information at next meeting and

Will have map,etc in Marque

November events ? tech session

?Mary and Ray possibility for fall gathering

December events: ?holiday soiree Is anyone willing to host. We have been at Barb and Dick Wood for past Two years

PLEASE SEND EVENT INFORMATION TO ELLIS ballpad@aol.com

REVIEW MARQUE AND/OR WEBSITE FOR PARTICULARS ON EVENTS:

bring a current copy of bylaws, several People have copies that are not dated. We can supercede bylaws to change time and amend Bylaws.later.

50/50 winner – Kent Southard

Next meeting on October 1, 2003 at Fuddruckers

REMEMBER YOUR NAME BADGE!!!!!!



Events 2003

October

Events Coordinator Ellis Ball, 937-746-5189 or email at ballpad@aol.com

Date	Event	Time	Description	POC	Contact #
1	Meeting	7:30 PM	Monthly Meeting @ Fuddruckers << Please note the time change	Bruce Clough	937-376-9946
11	Fall Covered Bridge Tour	9:15 AM	Visit 5 covered bridges to the north that we, as a club, have not visited before. We will meet at Bob Evans at Route 48 and I-70 at 8 AM for breakfast leave at 9:15 AM.	Dan Stinson	937.254.5955
18	Fall Foliage Tour	0800	MVT Fall Tour Info Fall foliage tour to meet at the Waffle House on Indian Ripple Road, just west of I-675 exchange. We leave at 9 AM drive a few miles then marshal at a park in Greene County on our way to Shawnee State Park. Then we will travel back to the Waynesville area.	Bruce Clough	937-376-9946

TRA 2004 Logo Ideas

Have an idea for a logo? Bring it to the next MVT membership meeting (Oct. 1st) or e-mail a photo to tonda.macy@att.net.

Just to sweeten the pot for all you MVT'ers.....Send in a logo and the Celtic Isles Shop in Waynesville will provide a **\$25.00 Gift Certificate** to the author of the selected logo!

Please keep in mind that the selected logo must also fit a 2 x 3 inch dash plaque, not just on the front of a shirt.

Most photos have been thumb-nailed for faster loading on your PC.....Click to enlarge.



090303-1



0903-2



0903-3



0903-4



0910-3



0910-2

[Logo example on two shirts, in pdf format](#)

0910-1



Articles of Interest

We hope so.....

October '03

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

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

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

Please email the article to: news@miamivalleytriumphs.org

or

mail to: MVT News, P. O. Box 577, Waynesville, OH 45068-0577

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

[All, to date](#)

Late TR Guy!

[October 2003](#)

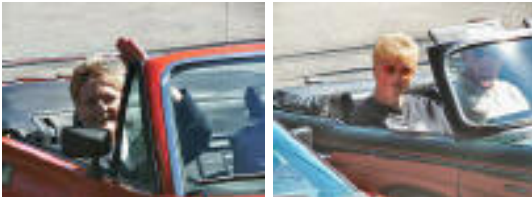
[Chrome Plating & Polishing](#)

[Mark Macy, MVT](#)

9/06/2003 Beautiful Day for LBCs.

Enjoying the great outdoors....or

Fruit farm, apples, beans and off to Yellowsprings!



Click on the photos above for a larger view!

Parts - Parts - Parts

MVT'ers: I'm looking for the following parts for our TR2 -
Water pump Pulley - wanta spare for a spare water pump -
any early TR works

- Generator Pulley & Fan - need to put them on the

No Nursing Home for me! ~ Phil Daye

With the average cost for a Nursing Home per day reaching \$188.00, there is a better way when we get old & feeble.

I have ascertained that I can get a nice room at the Holiday Inn for around \$65.00...that leaves \$123.00 a day for beer, food (room service, laundry, gratuities and special TV movies. They have a swimming pool, a workout room, a lounge, washer, dryer, etc. Most have free toothpaste and razors, and all have free shampoo and soap.

Super 8 is somewhat more economical and they have a free breakfast, though you usually have to walk next door for lunch and dinner. There may be a bit of a wait to get that first floor room, but that's OK, it takes months to get into decent nursing homes. There is the Senior bus, the Handicap bus (if you fake a decent limp), a Church bus or van, cabs, and even a regular bus. For a change of lunch take the Airport Bus and eat at one of the fast food cafe's there.

back-up generator - any
early TR works

- Side-curtain holders - early style, need a driver's rear one that has a set screw that works
- Rocker arm assembly - want a spare rocker arm assembly (all the rockers on the shaft with spacers and springs). Any early TR works.

If you can help me with any of these I'd appreciate it.
Bruce (clough@erinet.com or 937-376-9946)

Subject: Marriage Seminar

While attending a marriage seminar on communication, Tom and his wife Peg listened to the instructor declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other."

He addressed the men,
"Can you describe your wife's favorite flower?"

Tom leaned over, touched his wife's arm gently, and whispered,

"Pillsbury All-Purpose, isn't it?"

The rest of the story gets a little ugly. (Fr3nk)

The Inn has security, and if someone sees you drop over, they will call an ambulance. And should you break a hip, the American Way is to sue. What more can you ask for? As a bonus, they all have AARP and other Senior discounts.

So: When I reach the Golden age help me keep my grin

Just check my old rickety butt into the nearest Holiday Inn!

Chrome Plating & Metal Polishing

Mark Macy, MVT

The time of year is fast approaching when you might consider removing some parts from your car for polishing or chrome plating. While this is about the only thing that Steve and I don't do in-house at Sporty Car Garage, I can make a recommendation on where you should take those shiny type parts.

The polisher we use is Mike Barr at MetalBrite in Dayton. Mike's shop is located at 2445 Neff Road (off Wagner Ford Rd), and a little hard to find. There's no sign, and you'll need to enter through a side door marked "Commercial Metal Fabricators". You can contact Mike by calling (937) 278-9739. If all of this sounds a little fishy, it's not. This guy is so good, he doesn't need a yellow pages ad or a big sign on the building. What you'll find is a car guy who really understands what it takes to produce an excellent chromed or polished part.

I've known Mike since Carl Casper's car show at Hara Arena in 1972, when he approached me about joining the Street Rod Associates car club. He was showing his '37 Ford Coupe, and I had my 1940 Pontiac Coupe on display. A couple of years later, when Mike started building a 1936 Ford Sedan Delivery for the winter show car circuit (read: chrome everything) he purchased a buffer to polish his own parts and save some \$. Being a car show fanatic, his parts were polished to perfection before they went to the plater, and it didn't take long before others in the club were dropping off parts for Mike to polish every evening and weekend. Mike quickly found himself in the polishing business in addition to his full time job with Ohio Bell.

Now that Mike's retired from the phone company, and not content to sit on the couch and watch Opra, the polishing business has continued. The street rods were replaced with a custom 76 Chevy step side truck that Mike purchased new, chopped the top, lowered the suspension, added a blown motor, and chromed everything he could hold up to the buffer. He still tours the show car circuit with the truck, and has 2 full time employees polishing and repairing car and motorcycle parts on a daily basis. Due to his nearly 30 years of polishing experience, reasonable prices, and understanding of the word "flawless", I can heartily recommend MetalBrite for all of your chrome and polishing needs. By the way, I have no financial interest in this endorsement, and he's already promised to donate a door prize for TRA 2004 (so don't ask). Also, don't believe any stories he might try to tell you about my "wild and crazy" youth.

Roadster Factory Summer Party/ VTR, 2003 - Stan Seto

The Low Pressure System sat on top of Michigan, locked in place by a High out in the Atlantic. The Jet Stream was doing a big "U" curve down to Alabama. The result? Good chance for rain every day, forever.....!! Well, it didn't stop us. We packed the TR3 Saturday night after I got back from MVT's BCD in Dayton and at about 0830 on Sunday, 02 August, hit the road for Knoxville, Tennessee, some three hundred miles down Interstate 75 (I-75). Our destination was Armagh, Penna., and the combined Roadster Factory (TRF) Summer party and Vintage Triumph Register (VTR) annual meet. Armagh is about 50 miles east of Pittsburgh, on route 22. As you know by now, we always do these things the hard way. This plan took us south to Knoxville, and around the west side of the Smokey Mountains to the Blue Ridge Parkway. We were to meet with the Texas Triumph Register (hereafter known as the Texas Bunch) on North Carolina route 129, and at Tallassee, by the Chilhowee Dam. The Texas Bunch was pared down considerably from the original tally, the Switzer's had to cancel due to a medical problem, Vern Burnett (TTR and MVT) had to cancel due to a get-well problem, so the Bunch was my brother Russ (TR3A), Jim Wortsman (TR2) and Mike Gruy (TR8).

My car had just come back to life after an overhaul to repair a leaking steering box, which activity somehow lead to my frying the Crane Allison electronic ignition system after reassembly. So, there was also an ignition system transplant, a Petronix was put in. The car had run OK to our British Car Days, though, and on the way home I had stopped in Blanchester, OH, and put in 8 gallons of 103 octane racing gasoline (not cheap at 4 bucks a gallon). My, wasn't the exhaust a nice shade of white when I got home from that.

The trip south was relatively uneventful; it was cool enough that Norma actually put on her jacket. I had the top up and the side curtains off. The windshield extensions plus the door wind deflectors were doing a good job of keeping the cockpit turbulence down as we roared along at a sustained 70 miles per hour. At 1300 we were south of Knoxville and decided to stop for lunch. Norma used the interlude to call Russ on his cell phone, because we were about twenty-five miles from the rendezvous spot and we weren't sure if they were ahead of us or not. Well, she got Russ and they were also at lunch, but still 70 miles to the west.

Turns out that Russ, frustrated by a slow moving truck, had finally slowed enough to let that vehicle draw well away from the group, and with some space to drive he had overcooked things and slid his car off the road down into a ditch. Two farm boys, seeing the sod flying in all directions, ambled over to help assess the damage. They looked it over and decided the car was not terminal. Russ and Mike, in the meanwhile, were discussing towing Russ out of the ditch with Mike's tow rope (remember this). The farm boys, on the other hand, just simply suggested they lift the car back onto the road (Shucks, it can't weigh anything, as small as it is!!, muttered one). So the five gathered around the car, lifted, and in two seconds it was back on the road. Most of the damage was to the exhaust system which was torn loose from the brackets. But they wired it up and the car seemed to run fine. After thanking the young men, their caravan got going again; time lost was about an hour.

We finished lunch and after gassing up hit the road to Tallassee. Route 129 broke away from Rte. 411 about five miles south of the restaurant, and suddenly we were on a twisting road, far from the maddening crowd, no cars ahead or behind. Several miles later we passed a small Bar and Grill, motorcycle crowd, and banners proclaiming "Tail of the Dragon". What's that all about we wondered. Tallassee turned out to be the classic small widening of the road and an abandoned general store. The dam, however, was a pretty impressive structure. A local Sheriff's car confirmed the town part of it was overstated, so we found a shaded spot with a good view of the road and settled down to wait. It was warmer now and the gnats and flies were working overtime. The Texas Bunch showed up an hour and a half later. Russ's tailpipe extension looked like mice had been chewing on it, but he said it had run well from the accident site. Norma was disappointed to learn that no women were traveling with the Texas Bunch. That put her with four guys who only knew how to talk about cars (that is, not about antiques, grandchildren, good books, and stuff like that). It also meant that we should become the lead car. These trips are planned by Wayne Switzer, and each car gets a route book which outlines each day's travel, accumulating mileage, rest stops, lunch stops and where the motel is at the end of the day. Also included are points of interest along the way and how long we should stop to look around. With two people in

the cockpit, Norma became the group navigator. We communicate with radios, car to car, so it all worked out pretty well.

Russ explained Tail of the Dragon. Ten miles of road, 325 curves, and about twenty elevation changes. Recommended speeds were 15 to 30 miles per hour. We were at the start of this Tail. Off we went. For the first mile or so we bordered the lake set up by the dam. Then we turned away and headed up onto the hillsides, and the fun began. Absolutely no straight sections. Surprisingly, trucks, SUV's and motor homes actually pulled over to let our little caravan through. We had no motorcycles on our side of the road, but passed many going in the opposite direction and just blazing along. We weren't doing so badly, all second and third gear, and wind that steering wheel left and right. I think most of the time we were between 30 and 40 MPH, but I didn't take my eyes off the road that much, except when we were in hairpin turns and I was on the steering lock. Typically you'd start into a climbing turn, hit the apex and down you'd go to be faced by a 90 degree right turn into either a dropping or climbing dogleg and then into another hairpin, or you were into a series of climbing hairpins, around to the left and then around to the right, apexes were seldom more than the width of the road which was probably fifteen to twenty feet. As most of this was climbing, I don't remember using the brakes too much, but they were probably well abused. The fun ended where 129 ran into Rte. 441. We were back into traffic (read this as drive very slow) and fewer curves and rode the trail up to Cherokee, NC, where Jim announced he needed gas.

The TR2 did not have overdrive and must have a slightly higher rear end ratio than the TR3's and the 8. Where I could do sixty at near 3000 rpm direct, Jim was turning 3400, and if I was in O/D at 65 (2700 rpm), he was at 3700. So we stopped, but the station did not have 93 octane, just 89. Well we had about 120 miles to go and were headed for the Blue Ridge, so Jim put in the 89 and hoped it wouldn't ping too badly.

Just north of the gas station we got onto the Blue Ridge Parkway.

The Blue Ridge – Constructed in the mid-1930's under one of Roosevelt's CCC programs and running 469 miles from roughly Cherokee, NC up to Waynesboro, VA. It's about twenty feet wide, but has a 1000 ft. right-of-way. For almost the entire length, you travel 2000' to 6000' above mean sea level, and mostly at about 3000' plus or minus 500'. It has vistas galore and bunches of tunnels.

We got on at about mile marker 400, late in the afternoon, some 80 miles from Ashville and the motel. Fog was rolling in and it had cooled considerably from the heat of the day. Speed limit was 45 max. so we were two hours from dinner. I was struck by two things – How desolate it was and how very narrow the road seemed due to the narrow shoulders and lack of any lighting. Good thing our cars were narrow, too. There were scenic turnouts about every quarter mile, and the longest straight-aways were only 100's of feet long. In these mountains it was a less compressed Tail of the Dragon. We continued to climb as we drove and within a half hour of getting on hit the highest elevation, 6060 feet, and we wouldn't see 3000 feet for a while. Again, slower vehicles (motor homes, mostly) pulled into the numerous turnouts to let us cruise past. No commercial vehicles allowed on this road that is owned and policed by the National Park Service.

We came around one set of curves and a surprising tableau appeared: A pickup truck, on its driver's side, tailgate to the parkway, skid marks on the pavement, one car parked near the cab roof, three people there; on the other side of the road (in a turn-out area) two or three kids, looking forlorn, and some more adults. No ambulances, but no draped bodies or walking wounded to be seen. Enough mobile people that I kept going, wondering how fast had the truck been going, and was the accident due to someone leaving the turnout?

We came off the parkway east of Ashville, onto Tunnel Road and found our Best Western Motel with little trouble. There to greet us was our daughter Kelly and her husband, Mike, up from Anderson, SC to have dinner and kibitz for a while. Dinner was at Olive Garden and a very nice repast it was, after all the driving work of the day. Kelly and Mike left around 10, we got our marching orders straight for the next day's travel and retired for the night. First day on the road, we traveled 489 miles in about eleven hours, dodged all the rain showers, and I felt like I'd had a good workout and the car felt like we'd really loosened up the suspension, and I was pretty sure I'd better buy new brake pads at the Roadster Factory. Next Morning, my shoulders were sore.

Day Two – 04 August, '03

Up and down to breakfast. The other three were there before us. Repack the cars and out to the gas station at about 8 in the morning. The goal for today was to stay on the Blue Ridge and go 323 miles north to Buchanan, Virginia, a little over seven hours, plus lunch and two or three comfort stops. We went about five miles and I pulled into an overlook to view the valley way below. Close in was clear, further out there were clouds in all the low spots. The sun was out because the clouds in the sky were broken. We took some pictures and saddled-up to cruise further north. Once on our way, we sighted two wild turkeys flying parallel to the road and about fifty feet in the air. As we caught up to them they glided into a left turn and went into the trees. We also saw chipmunks and squirrels running across the road well ahead of us, the popular “road-kill” seemed to be raccoons, and not the opossums and skunks we were use to seeing.

Seventy miles from the start and after driving past it and turning around, we pulled into Linville Falls Recreation area. There was a large picnic area and rest rooms. So we took a minute or two there and then drove across the main road to the Falls area. The river comes down out of the mountains and creates a series of small (4 to 10 foot drops) water falls. We walked down and took some more pictures of the falls, and then hit the road again. Lunch was supposed to be at 185 miles up the road from breakfast, but with the stops, that wasn't going to happen at twelve o'clock. We pulled off at Fancy Gap just the other side of I-77 and pulled into the Mountain Top Restaurant. Norma and I had been past this place lots since 1971, as it is our main route from Cincinnati to Cape Hatteras National Seashore. There were a bunch of (old) bikers there and at least one admitted to us he once owned a Triumph (probably a moment of weakness.)

An explanation – we saw two types of bikers on this trip. The old geezers, in groups, on their Harley's (big, loud and quick), German coal scuttle helmets or bandana's, black leather, girl friends or wives tied on behind and they always waved at us. Then there were the young sprouts (18 to about forty), seldom more than two at a time, form fitting wet suits, full head helmets with sun block visors, no girls or wives and riding Honda's/Yamaha's/Kawasaki's, small, quiet and fast, and they seldom waved.

Lunch was over and we were back on the road, middle of the afternoon, and suddenly two more turkeys were running a crossed the road in front of us. Norma, intent on calling this back to the following cars missed a great picture opportunity. But, it got us talking about the fact that we'd not seen any deer on the trip, so far. The road was changing, we were in Virginia now and there were fewer curves and tunnels and more straights. Ahead of us on one of these straights, I saw two animals off the left side of the road... Fawns! As we approached, I blew the horn and the little guys stumbled quickly back into the woods on that side, while I kept a wary eye out for the Doe, which must be nearby. No sign of Mom... We kept going. Well, now we'd seen deer, and I chose not to mention Buffalo. About ten miles further on, and while traversing another straight stretch with trees and bushes right out to the road edge, a huge buck jumped into the road about 150 feet ahead of us. I got on the brakes, as he started across the road, suddenly he reared his head as if to turn back, I pushed harder as we were getting really close now and if he really turned it was going to be “crunch” time. Then he whipped back the way he was going and moved out hard. We could see every detail of this guy, from his twelve point rack to the splotches of missing fur from his coat and those sharp shiny hooves, click/clacking on the pavement. Also, we were looking under his belly. We missed him!! By about six inches of travel. I'd have guessed the buck was more than 300 pounds, and had we collided, it would have been pretty messy. Another great picture opportunity missed, because we were both screaming. Luckily, oncoming traffic was further away, so once he cleared us he was OK into the woods. For heaven sake, it was the middle of the afternoon, he should have been lying down somewhere. I listened and watched for dogs, but nothing was evident. I told Norma, don't mention any more animals... After a minute or two I picked our speed back up to 45. At about four in the afternoon, I pulled into another overlook, above Roanoke, VA. We were still miles distant, but needed to stretch. Several motor homes we'd passed, got by us again, but we were about 40 miles from the evening stop, so it was no big deal. Now it was cell phones out and call wives and relatives, as we were close enough to civilization to tie in again. The TR8 and both '3's were running OK, but Jim Wortsman's TR2 was sounding a little ragged and his starter was making terrible noises when pressed into service. We had also decided that my stop switch had quit working, but as the leader, the guys needed some stop light warning as to what I was doing.

Back on the road, an hour to the motel. Down past Roanoke and up to the Route 43 exit off the parkway. Five miles to town. But what was not told was it was almost straight down for the first two and a half miles . We got

into it gradually, from the exit turn left, go up and under the parkway, crest the slight hill (elevation 2278 ft.), turn slightly to the right and see a sign (Caution – NO TRUCKS – 30 MPH) and then it's nose over 45 degrees down, lots and lots of curves, left 90°, short straight, right 90° and all down, down, down, miss the car coming up, Oops, it's a hairpin curve left and a turn back to the right in about a car length and the suspension bottoms, and you're back into it to the left and its another hairpin combination, and the road has a lot of patches, so we're never sure all four wheels are on the pavement. More dog legs and some wider curves, and the plunging nature of the road relents and we're down into the valley (elevation 500 ft.), and swooping by a gravel pit with 20 ton trucks trying to haul the last day's load out, we shoot under a railroad bridge.... And suddenly we're in town. Five miles in what seemed a minute... I couldn't believe it! We turned right at the stop sign, picking up Route 11, came within a hair of going onto I-81 and paralleled the interstate for a mile to the road leading up to the Wattstull Motel. It was located on a ridgeline about 500 ft. above and well back from the interstate. Triple A rated it was not expensive but comfortable enough for us, and there was a restaurant at the bottom of the hill.

The sun was still above the horizon so we started maintenance on the cars. My car was jacked up in the front and the right wheel came off to expose the brake stop switch. I yanked out my spare tire, which held my spare parts stash, and fished out a new stop switch. This year I was carrying a spare generator, fuel pump, hoses, oil, Octane 104, ArmorAll, small electrical supplies, a distributor cap, tools and a tow rope. Russ had a scissors jack, so that's what we used to raise the car. Changing the stop switch was about five minutes, and I had stop lights again. Russ said he'd send me a mechanical kit to permanently solve this problem, as the stop switches fail frequently. On Jim's TR2, the plugs were pulled, cleaned and reinstalled. He complained that it still wasn't running well. We went to dinner and eventually to bed.

It was another day when we dodged the rain, and while there were several close calls, the cars were intact and running. It was also another day when the brakes got used hard and the suspension systems got bottomed out a number of times. My opinion of the Blue Ridge was you really want to be on it for sightseeing. Trying to keep up a steady 45 MPH with the steady diet of curves combined with elevation changes, tunnels and traffic (light, but slow) makes for very stressful driving, especially when there is always the threat of animal suicide. This is all compounded by a lack of guard rails and the very narrow road shoulders for many miles along the parkway. We've been sleeping well of a night.

Day Three – 05 August, '03, A Tuesday, Day 05 for the Texas Bunch.

Breakfast at 7 AM, out to gas up at close to 8, and then back to Rte. 43 and the four or five mile climb to the Parkway. Going back up was easier. Now we were doing the hard part of the curves first and then the easy part. The switchbacks could slow you considerably if you weren't in second gear going into the first hairpin, and further toward the top, there were some long inclines where the car just started to slow down and was happier down in second. But once on the Parkway, it went a lot easier. Although we were still in the mountains, now we were driving the ridge lines, fairly straight, and good views to both sides. We took our first stop at the James River Visitor's Center. It was still early, but a park ranger was in the Center, so we looked around and took a ten minute walk out across the James to look at a restored Barge Canal and Lock, active in the early 1800's, to help transport goods from the interior to the coast for shipment. The lock was twenty feet deep and had the original pine flooring (said the plaque), the water was fifteen feet deep, so we couldn't see the bottom. The lock was fifteen feet wide and was fed by a stream of pretty good flow. Back when the lock was active, water came down the barge canal from the James River, 6 miles to the west. The canal, of course, was filled in now. As we were leaving, we found several women setting up stands and easels, to paint scenes of the river. Turns out they were local and taking lessons, and did this every Tuesday. Well, they had some good subject matter.

Back onto the parkway and off to the northeast we drove, into one scary incident, the road was dropping through right-hand curve, more than 180° of turning, and I was near to the Yellow line dividing the north and south bound lanes, when sweeping around the curve going south came the sports car nightmare!! MotorHonus Gigantigis! Twelve foot wide, fifteen foot tall, forty-five feet long and towing an SUV of some proportion. I felt like a dingy passing the Titanic! This towering wall of aluminum seemed to go by forever, and we couldn't have been more than ten inches apart, and with a SWOOSHHHHHH it was gone. I briefly wondered if the others were managing to avoid it. They all showed up in my rearview mirror on the next straight.

We exited the parkway just before it entered the Shenandoah National Park, Skyline Drive, and got down onto Rte. 250 west through Waynesboro and drove on out to Staunton, VA, and stopped for gas. It was closing in on Noon, so we decided to keep going west and north and stop as we could for lunch around 1 PM. The next hour or so was very interesting driving. Out of Staunton the road was level, rural and lightly traveled. We moved at about sixty. Then we hit a mountain and climbed up to 4400 ft. on steep grades, switchbacks and climbing 180° degree turns, at the top we went about 100 yards on the level and then pitched down the other side of the mountain, same types of curves, but now with the added problem of road construction. At the bottom we were out on the flat again for several miles, and then another mountain loomed, so we went again, and down we came. On several of these climbs, we'd start into a hairpin and half way around it would suddenly dip down, reverse direction and start up again (a real roll-a-coaster). We met eighteen wheelers coming down, but only one going up and we all got by him fairly easily (they were all moving slow regardless of direction). Down on the flat again and cruising to the third and then the fourth mountain which we ground our way over. Coming down the fourth one we came into Monterey, and stopped for lunch at a small restaurant on the edge of town. Norma took the opportunity to go antiquing at the several stores surrounding the restaurant. Lunch was very good. The repast complete, we left town on Rte 220, headed North by northwest and up a valley. Ahead, were dark gray clouds... The rain had an ambush for us. We stopped, put up tops and side curtains and pushed on. Within ten minutes we were into it. And we stayed in it about twenty-five miles, into Franklin, WV, and onto Rte 33, toward Elkins. We were now back into the mountains and crossing over smaller hills, not quite as violent as those we crossed before lunch, but we also had some amount of local traffic to contend with, and there was one county maintenance truck we got by, but not wanting to lose anyone, let him by us again and we were then at the tail end of him and ten cars. So we tootled along at about 45 for about seven or eight miles, until the truck turned off and some of the local traffic disappeared and we were back up to speed again, cruising into Elkins, WV, where we stopped for gas. The rain was behind us, so the side curtains came off. But most of us left our tops up. Jim's starter gave up the ghost. Wouldn't even click. He was also complaining about really rough running. We pushed him away from the pumps and he and Russ pulled and cleaned the plugs (again). Cause was a large topic. The spark plugs could be bad, but the wires were new, so could it be the rotor? Or his coil? The decision was made to push onto the motel and do more investigation there. Everyone pushed and his car started. We had a little over 100 miles to go. Out of Elkins on Rte. 219 and we'd be on this road up to nearly the Pennsylvania border. As 219 took us North and east, now, we crossed another mountain range but the climb was not that tough. As we cruised the ridge line we started passing large groups of windmills, that were there to augment electrical grids. We stopped near one group and took some pictures. At about four o'clock, we crossed into Maryland at almost the western boundary of that state. It was like stepping out of Kansas. Suddenly we were on a smooth, fairly straight road that was running through rolling farmland. The sun was out and green fields stretched to the distant hills. Wow, what a change. We rolled up though a recreational lake area, with condo's, motels and B&B's on both sides of the road and the lake with marinas and beaches on the east side of the road. Eventually we hit I-68, turned east and blasted ten miles to the motel exit. Off, and into Holiday Inn. We registered and found out that the hotel restaurant stayed opened until nine or ten, so I sensed we were eating late, and told Norma. We unpacked the car and the guys gathered around Jim's car. What we discovered was that while his plug wires were OK, the caps to the spark plugs were all failed. I had a set of plug wires with rubber caps, and sacrificed them to the cause. Now Jim had brought the car up to enter in concours, to see how it would fair. Now he had to replace the starter, and the bet was that the Roadster Factory would have that, but now his TR2 authentic plug wires were going to have to come out (and be returned to TRF for replacement) and he was going to put in Stan's crappy old orange wires (they were actually unused, having been gotten from a friend who had a huge bag of wires and he let me take three or four sets for about a buck a set). The friend drag races and uses up wires like crazy. So, at the end of the day, Jim and Russ set about chopping up my wires to fit the TR and we went to dinner (which turned out to be OK, but clearly from frozen stuff). We were about 100 miles from the TRF, so decided to sleep in and start late.

Day Four, 06 August – Wednesday.

Breakfast and while Russ and Jim hooked up the electricals, and retimed the engine, Norma and I took a walk to find her some medicine for an earache. I might add the night before the Petronix Ignition came out of the TR2 and points and condenser went in to help trouble shoot the ignition problems. But they did that before checking the wiring harness, which was thought to be too new to be a problem. The Petronix was an older unit, hence suspect.

Norma and I found a drugstore about a half mile away and in the strip mall was also a Goodwill and a NAPA. So we got the medicine, and while she shopped Goodwill, I bought some car parts at NAPA.

When we got back, the '2 was running OK, so we checked out and hit the road.

No stops. North to Geistown, onto Penna. Rte 56 and on through Armagh. Then it was on to Brush Valley and hence to the Holiday Inn at Indiana, PA. It was too early for check-in, so only one of us, Mike, got into his room. We all stowed our luggage in his room, drove to Bruegger's for a bite of lunch and some of their famous soft-serve ice cream and went on out to TRF.

John Swauger and crew were still working hard to set-up the grounds, but John took the time to talk over Jim's problems with him. TRF had a starter, Hi-Torque, not a Like-New TR2, though. This started another little discussion about whether to buy or not, and the decision was put off for a while. Norma wandered over to the camper's area to get with the Clough's and I wandered around the warehouse renewing acquaintances with the few TRF employees I actually knew. Then I wandered out onto the grounds where two very large circus tent were up and vendors were staking out their territories. Helped the Little British Car people put up some of their 10 X 10 shelters and worked my way over the Clough's camp site also. Talked briefly with Alice and then Bruce, then Norma showed up so we went over to the registration tent and signed-in for the Summer Party (lots of forms to sign, releasing TRF from ALL liability.) Time now to return to the hotel and register in. So we did that and found out that Russ's reservations were a day short of the meet, and the second reservation he made was too late to guarantee a room Saturday night, and we might have to move. You just let the chips fall where they might.

Mike had a TR8 Cruise-in to go to, so the rest of us trotted up to Indiana for supper. We went to Benjamin's on the east side of town, and after an interminable wait, were seated. It was a good choice, the food was excellent, but the prices actually made me think I was finally on vacation. The weather that day was great, too but it wasn't going to last. After dinner, we walked down the main drag, Philadelphia Street, looking for a laundromat to do clothes. It was some eight blocks away, but we also discovered some restaurants we hadn't been to before and an absolutely Cherry TR2, blue-gray in color, and Jim began to realize he wasn't going to take first place, even if he didn't have to raise the hood of his car. It was dark when we got back to the hotel. We held a brief meeting to decide what to do the next day and adjourned to our rooms.

Day Five – 07 August, Thursday

Two events today, registration and the reception-dinner. We'd registered, so we slept in, got a leisurely breakfast and went and did the laundry. We also looked in some of the small shops at the west end of Philadelphia Street, got lunch, washed the cars and eventually got back out to TRF and the vendors. The activity level was way up. Cars were coming in, and people, and some of the events were switching around, due primarily to the fact that originally there were to have been two car shows, VTR on Friday and TRF's on Saturday. This posed a problem for people who wanted to do some of the rolling events but also participate in the car shows.

The rain finally caught up with us that afternoon, a harbinger of things to come. It all stopped before the reception and dinner.

The reception and dinner was catered through a local church, Faith Lutheran. They did a good job. The dinner consisted of ribs and chicken, baked beans, slaw, bread, etc. but someone did not check the wind direction and set-up the barbeque grills on the wrong side of the serving tent. When we went through, the smoke made it feel like a US Army chemical test site, without gas masks. I don't know how the church folk, who had to be in there survived. I'll bet it took eight to ten years off their lives.

We did not stick around for the bed-sheet movie, because Jim had decided he was going to change his starter, so we went back to the Holiday Inn while there was still day light, more or less. Like many of the things we do, we

managed to turn an hour job into a two hour three ring circus, using eventually, four people, two or three lights, three sets of tools, one blinking caution light and a scissors jack. When we thought we were done, the starter wouldn't work, so the solenoid got rewired, and it still didn't work. Then we discovered that Jim's battery was dead. We spent about twenty minutes arguing "recharge" or "buy new" and while arguing we jumped the battery and, dang, the starter worked, the engine ran and the generator seemed to be working. The battery was replaced later. Jim's car was now operable, but farther away from concours. Well, tomorrow was another day.

Day 6 – 08 August, Friday

We were entered in the Gymkhana today, and Russ and Jim were entered in the Hill Climb, Russ early and Jim, later. Both events were to be held on the University of Pennsylvania in Indiana. The gymkhana was done in a parking lot, and was more for fun than complicated.

The course was as follows: Out of the gate to a pylon station, navigator has to ride a bike around a course. Then drive a 360 degree circle for 450 degrees and stop at another pylon. Navigator has to get out, touch her toes and get back in. Drive through a straight gate, turn 90 degrees and weave through five cones, do another 90 degree turn and stop at a gate. Navigator has to get out run to a hula hoop, do one complete revolution (on the hips) and you're off again, turning left into slot, stop, reverse to the left out of the slot and back into another slot, go straight ahead into a third slot, sing a song and then reverse to the right out of the third slot and go back a distance to stop with right rear tire on a line on the ground. Navigator runs to a close-by table and tries to ring a bell by touching one of four bolts with a wire, completing an electrical circuit. If she chooses right, 3 seconds off your time. First time through, I made a hash of the "weaving through cones" and we took about 2:12 plus a penalty. You got two tries, though. Second time through, we did it in 1:52 and change, no penalties. I'm guessing we were scored in the middle of the pack. It was fun to see the various cars go through, and this was definitely a competition for the young. One injury that we know of, a young lady and guy in the Sprite with a roll cage, and after the Hula hoop, she wasn't fully in the car when the driver took off and she hit her head on the roll bar. We saw her later with her head bandaged driving in the hill climb. There were a number of cars down around a minute and a half for the gymkhana, and the results are not yet posted at the TRF web site.

Norma and I went to get lunch as Russ and his group shot off to do the Hill Climb (about six-tenths of a mile and had at least two chicanes in it. Don't know the elevation change. After lunch, I dropped Norma at the hotel and went back to watch the Hill Climb. Just as I was pulling in, the rain started. It lasted about a half hour, 45 minutes, and dampened our spirits, but the gymkhana was about done, and it only effected the times in the hill climb. Russ had completed his hill climbing but didn't know his times, and Jim was headed out to start his competition. I stuck around.

By the time Jim did his runs, the sun was starting for the horizon, the rain was about over and back to the motel we went.

For dinner, we got together with Gary and Karla Fuqua (TTR) and Gary's parents and went to The Train Station up in Indiana for a pretty good meal (I'd recommend it) and not too pricy. Then it was to bed for the Morrow.

Day 7, 09 August – Saturday

Today, the schedule was do the Poker Run and the Mountain Drive, and get ready for the car show, an evening event, this year. The Poker run was straight forward. Drive to five locations, at each location draw a card, get your card marked and punched, and hit the road for the next card. The total course length was about twenty miles, two of the locations were ice cream places, and the others were stores of sorts, so most locations were crowded for parking and people milling about. My hand was a single pair, jacks. Norma didn't draw anything, but I think Jim had three aces, so he had a chance to place.

We got back to TRF at about 12, and they were lining up for the Mountain run, so we decided to start early and get it done. Off we went, at about 1220. For the first thirty miles we were fine, and although it was clear that a storm was building ahead of us on the course, we kept going. At about 32 miles, we went off course and the rain came blasting down. We were on a narrow country road but pulled up to put on top and side curtains. I got drenched. So did Russ, but Jim and Mike, in Mike's car got off a little lighter. Back on the road, Norma and I got back where we missed the turn and turned. The other two missed us in the rain and we quickly lost contact

with them. After waiting about 10 minutes, I realized they weren't returning, so we set off after them. Back tracking about six miles, we suddenly ran into the Mountain Tour folks, also stopped and putting up tops. At the back of the queue were Russ and Mike. We pulled up and when the tour took off, tagged along. At New Florence we pulled off at the Coffee Cup Café to eat lunch and dry out a little more. For a little out of the way café, the food wasn't that bad, and cheap. But we watched in silence as a little old lady customer stalked flies with a swatter and splattered them all over the counter. Luckily, she didn't come in our direction. It's funny, fifty years ago, that's the way you dealt with the fly problem, why were we oldsters all feeling so squeamish about that part of our past, now??

We rolled into the hotel at about four. All our cars went to the wash rack. It was mostly spray the underside and wheels, and wipe down the rest of the car. It was almost sunny, and we were thinking, "maybe it will be alright."

We moved up to Indiana at about 5:30, for the car show was to start at about 7 PM. I had pulled in, next to Brother Russ, and just as we got the cars set for display.... Came the rain.... And for about the next half hour, we just sat and watched the water run off the polished sides of the cars. The rain relented at about 6:30, the judging started and we took the time to walk around. They had a pretty good band working just around the corner from where we were parked. Loud, they were, but the songs they were playing worked well for the type of evening.

There were nine TR2's, all '54's, but why were they parked off the main drag?? They should have been on Philadelphia Street. There were several blocks of TR6's and at least two blocks of TR8's. I think the TR3/TR3A/B count was about 44 of 60 odd registered, and, what?, four or five Italia's (beautiful) and some Triumph sedans.

What was not in evidence were the normal bunches of BMC cars, there were some MGA's and B's, some MGTD's, Midgets and Sprites, a handful of Jag's, and two handfuls of Mini's (new and antique). I didn't count, but think there were more than five hundred cars, but maybe not as many as 700. Still, better than normal. The judges moved about their business, Russ was in Senior Concours and they spent about ten, maybe fifteen minutes on his car, but the white TR several cars up the line kept them occupied for over a half hour, we think they were looking for drugs. The judges were carrying flashlights, but I have to think sunlight would have been better. We finally pulled out at about 9:30, drove to the hotel and packed for leaving.

Day Last – 10 August, Sunday-

Runyon had a Brunch planned for 10 to 11 AM and then awards, everyone to be out of there by 1:30 or 2:00 PM. We decided that sounded like a schedule that wasn't going to happen, and with the further uncertainty of where we'd park and how easy it would be to get out, our group ate breakfast and we were on the road for home at about 10 AM. Jim and Melissa Farrell, TTR, trailering their TR3, were going to stay for the awards and would meet the Texas bunch in Cincinnati and caravan from there to Houston. If anyone took awards, they'd know. We were on Interstates all the way, 350 miles, about six hours on the road, what could be easier?? South we went to Rte. 22 and 119, and east to Rte 66 a toll road to connect to I-70 at Staunton. There's only one tollgate on 66, but it's cash only and no indication if any of the four booths was manned. We had quarters and pulled thru, and stopped short, Norma dismounted and ran to help Jim and Mike with change. Turns out there was a toll taker, but we got through OK, a small glitch along the way. Traffic was slow on I-70 around Washington, an accident, but things cleared thereafter. Into Ohio finally, and we stopped for lunch at a family restaurant at Rte. 9 near St Clair. Good food, low price and friendly people.

Back on the road, we traveled ever West. East of Zanesville, I spotted an orange TR7 pulled over. As we flashed by, I noticed it was occupied, so hit the binders and almost collected Jim Wortsman in the trunk for my trouble (he'd been further back earlier). Off on the shoulder, but about a quarter mile beyond the '7 and down in a valley, we discussed it on the radios. Russ and Mike carefully reversed back up the hill to the '7's location. He had no oil pressure, and no oil on the dip stick. Between them, Russ and Mike had three quarts of oil. That brought the oil back up on the stick, but when the car was started, still no pressure. Mike got out his tow rope, hooked the TR8 up and pulled him to the next exit down the road which was only three miles away. We went into the BP station there.

The next hour was spent trying to figure out if the 7 driver, one Craig Matson from St. Louis, could find a truck and/or a rolling dolly, to get the TR7 back to Missouri. Craig had left Summer Party before us and was soloing it home when he lost oil pressure. He had only been stopped about ten minutes before we came along. On the trip out, he'd been leaking oil, but the pressure had seemed to be OK. He had no luck on a rental this Sunday afternoon. So we decided to take him to Columbus airport, 30 miles down the road, so he could at least rent a car. Off to Columbus we went. Just as we got near the airport, a radio call came to find a Holiday Inn. We did and learned that Mr. Matson, who had been riding with Mike, had decided to take a day off Monday and work out a way to get the car home, as opposed to going home and coming back for it. After we were sure he had accommodations, we left with a cheery good-bye and headed southwest on I-71 for Loveland.

The weather held for all but the last ten minutes before we pulled off at our exit, looking for the Cracker Barrel. The rain soaked us again, and the short green lights split us up for about fifteen minutes, but we finally got everyone into the restaurant parking lot. What a great way to end this memorable trip. The rain had ended by the time we finished dinner. Home was only three miles away and five minutes after we left the restaurant, we were dragged everything out of the car to start the drying process.





Postlude – The Farrell's showed up later in the evening, but elected to stay at a motel, while the rest stayed at the house. In the morning, we bid the Texas Bunch Adieu and sent them on their way. They were two days from home, and apparently had an uneventful trip, and no inclement weather. As of this date, no reported awards, the Roadster Factory has not posted anything on their web site. We also don't know how Mr. Matson made out. Sure hope he got home OK.

Statistics for the trip, we were on the road for eight days, the little red car traveled 1808 miles. The only problem I had was the stop switch we replaced.

Best gas mileage was 30.06 miles per gallon on the Blue Ridge. Overall I got 26.2 mpg for the trip. Interestingly, on the first day, the car got 27.8 mpg in the run down to Knoxville at an average speed of between 65 and 72 mph. That's as good as I've ever gotten in the car.

The rain was a wonder. TRF was a quagmire the last two days, I've not seen it that bad. The auto show has only been rained out one other time that I can recall, and that was in the late Nineties, and it rained a ton that Sunday, also. So, we did not see a thousand Triumphs, and TRF is not having a party next year, and from what I can see, I'm not sure TRF is going to be around in 2005.

At the Car Show, Saturday Night

 <p>Being Prepared is Everything</p>	 <p>Jim Wortman(TTR), Russ Seto(MVT,TTR), Mike Gruy (TTR)</p>
 <p>Russ Seto Ready for Concours</p>	 <p>Russ's Car</p>



Stan's Car



Jim Wortman dries His TR2



The Continuing Adventures Of...



October 2003: By Bruce Clough (clough@erinet.com)

Drip, Drip, Drip, Drip!

Ever since we've had the TR8 there has been a puddle of oil underneath it, coming from somewhere on the bottom of the oil pan. One could see that it took a whammy at some time, and that there were epoxy repairs around the drain plug and in the middle of a broad dent in the bottom of the pan. Last year I put some extra epoxy around the drain plug area – that helped, but didn't stop it. Lately it's been getting a bit worse, so I knew it was time to fix it. Best bet – find another oil pan not looking like it was a recovered fragment of the Titanic. Call to Ted Schumacher (TSI Automotive – Wedge Guru):

“Ted, I need an oil pan for our 8. “

(Laughter from other end)

“Ted, ours is bashed in, do you have one?”

(Laughter from other end)

“Ted, what's so funny?”

“Bruce, those things are unobtainium, never around. When I get one it's gone instantly!”

Rats! Called Woody Cooper:

“Woody, I need an oil pan for our 8.”

“Yeah, I think I got one (rattling noises). Yep, here's one, and in good shape too, I probably wouldn't even pound out these dents.”

“Great – what'll that set me back?”

“\$”significant sum of money”. These things are rare, especially in this shape, really unobtainium.”

I instantly gave him my Visa number. I wasn't going to tempt fate by not obtaining unobtainium. It was relatively expensive, but it was also obtainable. It also came quickly. A quick inspection showed that it only had a couple of small dents in it, which I did bang out. A bit of acetone, steel wool, and fresh engine paint and it was looking good.

Taking the old oil pan out of the car was an adventure. The ROM (factory manual) shows a special bracket that hold the engine up while getting the pan out (engine has to be raised 2” to get the pan out). Yeah, right. I ended up lifting the engine on the timing chain cover. Time to swap oil pans came to less

than an hour! I must be slipping to do it that fast.

Inspection of the old pan showed epoxy was used to fix a hole and a leak. I'm trying to put myself in this person's shoes. This is an oil pan; it holds the oil so that the engine doesn't destroy itself. It got banged-up, so we're going to use epoxy to plug a hole on the bottom and fix a bad weld around the drain plug tube. Never mind taking it off and welding/brazing the holes – we'll just plug it with goop in situ! Cheap and lazy...



Leak Source One – Bad Weld Around Drain Plug Pipe

Of course, that person might have been looking at what it takes to replace the oil pan. You can't just take it off like a TR2 pan – one has to get it out over the top of the steering rack. This means lifting the engine 2 inches. Of course, the factory manual shows a special tool for this – holds the engine up the 2”. Of course, I don't have one, nor the dimensions to make one. As I said, I just put a wood block on the front of the engine and jacked it up.



Leak Source Two – Hole In Bottom Of Pan

Yanking the old pan off and installing the new pan was straight-forward with the engine raised. Five quarts of oil in the engine later showed no leaks – small victory!

The old pan is over in Performance Clinic being repaired. I never let unobtainium get away...

Follow-Up. Pan is repaired. They had to weld about 3 inches of cracks and tears in the bottom of the pan and totally

reattach the drain plug pipe, but it's good as new! \$65

To Vent, Or Not To Vent, That Is The Question?

Speaking of oil, in the TR8 we have a vent that goes under the car for the internal engine gasses, but not the little fresh air vent that was built into the left hand valve cover (got rid of it when the covers were repainted). The car seems to run fine without it, but I think I'd still like a source of fresh air for the engine venting (purging?).

In order not to mar the finish on the valve covers, I decided to insert the vent into the oil cap itself. Below shows what the filler cap looks like on the car:



Oil Fill Cap - Painted Black and matching the Valve Cover

I didn't want to mar that cap, so I procured another. I then cut a big notch in the cap, then drilled a hole and pressed the original valve cover vent into it, looking like this:



“Original” Cap To The Left, Modified Cap To The Right (Tape is to protect hole from paint)

Yeah, it's not the most beautiful thing I've ever done, but since it's only going to be on the engine when I'm running it, who cares? Heck, I might end up buying the Rimmer Brothers chrome valve covers anyway (the Offy ones won't work with twin Strombergs due to breather location)

I put it together and painted it black so folks can see how primitive it looks.



Oil Filler Cap With Vent

You will only see this on the car when it's running, and not in a show. For show, the original black one comes out!

The Silence(r) Of The TR7's

I wanted to take the TR7 to the Springfield Car & Parts Swap Meet this last month, so on the day before the swap meet opened, I tried to start it up.

Rrrrrr, rrrrr, rr...silence.

Rats. Battery weak, or corroded connections. Out came the battery. Battery needed charged, and the positive terminal needed cleaning. The positive terminal clamp needs replacing – job for another time... On my way back around the car to get the keys out of the ignition I looked down and noticed that the resonator had the chrome tips almost touching the ground.

“This is not good” I told myself.

Not good indeed. The inlet pipe to the Monza (Pacesetter) exhaust system resonator body had broken off right where it is welded to the resonator body. When I removed the rear resonator mounting rubber “donuts” the resonator came off in my hands.

“How much did I pay for this Monza (Pacesetter) system?

Too much” I quipped.

For those who don't know the Monza system, please refer to your Victoria British or Moss catalogs. It has a glass pack muffler in front and a dual-tipped resonator in the back. It is made in Mexico now, but the relative quality versus the older American made units are similar. I like them since they sport a “robust” sound and not the “tinny” noise of stainless units.

Once I got the old resonator and inlet pipe to the workbench it was obvious what happened. The resonator is held to the car by a couple of rubber donuts that connect to ears just above where the inlet pipe connects to the resonator body. The whole weight of the resonator is cantilevered rear of this point. During operation, the front plate of the resonator was not

strong enough to support the weight dynamically, and flexed when the car went over bumps. This flexing lead to metal fatigue, which lead to the break.



One Ugly Muffler Problem! That pipe to the right is supposed to be welded to the resonator body.

So how to fix this? Just running a pipe to the rear was not an option (too loud for the rest of the family) Since I just got done putting glass-packs on the TR8, I decided that another glass-pack in the back would work (the Monza has a glass pack for a front muffler also) . Although the swap meet didn't have any TR parts, it did have glass-packs, one of which set me back \$15. Another \$5 at Pep Boys bought the adaptors needed. The assembly of the rear section went fast (which was a good thing since I was doing it late Friday night). I added a mount on the rear of the muffler. This attaches to a bracket I added to the bumper attachment point – no high cantilevered weight this time.

After painting and another trial fit I decided that a tailpiece was needed. Rather than just a chrome extension, I took a cue from the TR8 and added one of those rice-rocket resonator tips to further muffle the sound. At \$19 it was the most expensive part of the system! Rather than using the clamps provide I attached it with self-tapping sheet metal screws.

Now for the guts check. I started it up, and wonders of all wonders, it was softer than before. Bridgett and Alice will be happy. I'm left with the TR8 as the only loud car we have left!



Ready For Paint – One glass-pack



That's Phat, man!

Tech Tips From The Internet

A Cry For Help!

There is a warning in every late TR manual – do not pull on the clutch actuation rod because if you pull it off of the clip you will have to remove the transmission to fix it. So far, I've been lucky, but not John:

In the process of installing a slave cylinder on my TR8 I dislocated the push rod which attaches to the clutch arm (fork). This attaches by a plastic clip. Is there any way I can reattach this thing without dropping the gearbox, which would be a PITA. All suggestions or ideas are welcome.

John

The replies were fast an furious. Several folks had methods for replacement, very similar!

Reply 1:

Carl McIver sent this: I got to thinking about this issue last night after I sent the note out and I have an idea, but it's just an idea, mind you. Necessity is the mother of invention.

Take a piece of pipe, such as copper pipe, that is large enough to sit evenly on the ends of the plastic clip over the end of the rod. Make it long enough to reach through the bellhousing, but not too long, and perhaps cut out the near end on one side for better control. Maybe a handle of some sort can be attached. Take a large rubber band and loop it around the near end of the rod in such a fashion that you can pull on the rubber band while manipulating the pipe which has the clip being pulled tight (via the rubber band) against the end. Push firmly on it until both ends return to their proper position, and then take a deep breath and sigh, knowing you didn't have to take the bellhousing off. Pull the pipe out, cut off the rubber band and put your car back together.

I guess it goes without saying that you have managed to fish the rod and clip out of the bellhousing with a piece of wire or magnet or something. If this is a bad idea, someone fill me

in on why, but if it works or needs improvement, then I want to hear that too.

Reply 2:

Yup, I can say with all confidence, you can; I just did the same thing yesterday. You will need the patience of a saint but it really depends how desperately you don't want to pull the gearbox! :-)

Here's the info: I have the car on ramps at the front and axle stands at the rear to ease access (I am in the process of the V8 conversion). I used a piece of steel tube 7/8" OD, 3/4" ID but you could use slightly smaller; slide it over the rod and you'll get the idea. I cut the tube 5 1/2" long. Push the tube over the rod, down onto the clip. Push down onto a bench and insert a piece of tapered wood into the end to hold everything together. I used the handle of paintbrush. That's the easy bit: now you have to put the rod into position and give the end of the tube a sharp tap with a hammer. I used small torches to light up the fork, and a mirror to position the rod/tube (I also have the flywheel cover plate removed but I don't know if that helps). Three pairs of hands would help. On my own, the worst bit was putting the mirror down to pick up the hammer without moving the rod. After a few attempts I got one side of the clip on but then it was easy to slide the tube back and finish the job. I hope I have explained that OK.

Pete Whitehorn, Leicestershire, England, '79 TR7 V8 FHC

Reply 3:

Finally, Scott Walker: You gentlemen are on the right track. Slip the clip in the rod, slip the tube over the rod against the clip to hold the clip firmly, then put a pair of vise-grips on the other end of the rod against the tube. Now you can start trying to fish the clip back into the arm.

Scott Walker

Front Bearing Replacement

One of my front wheel bearings is making quite a racket. On the way home from TRF/VTR it made me think I would not make it home. I did buy the one available bearing kit from TRF so I might be able to do a roadside repair if I was forced to do so. Now I have the time to do it. I have the ROM and the Haynes, and it _sounds_ as if it is pretty easy.

A couple of questions:

1) the manual says to remove the races, but classically what is described as a simple removal operation is actually something that requires a multi-ton press. What special techniques/tools are required to remove each race?

2) Grease: Is a certain grease optimal? The manual says to put a quantity of grease inside the hub, but not to fill it. How much? I have seen these plastic conical bearing packers for sale. Is something like this necessary?

3) Reassembly: Do I just reassemble the rollers onto the inner races, hold them in place with the grease, and then push the hub back in place?

As you can tell I have never done this before. I casually saw it done once and it looked very simple, but it was a TR4 and I was not paying a lot of attention.

-Tom

Mark Elbers writes: (Question 1) I recently used an old flat head screw driver for a drift and a suitable hammer as the motivator. (note the screw driver is a mess after this, so don't use your good set. The idea is to punch the race out by moving the drift around the edge of the race. I usually try for opposite sides, but on stubborn ones it may take more like a 3rd or 4th of a circumference to get things moving. Be careful not to mangle the machined surface inside the hub, if you do, you need to dress the wounds with a file in order to get the new race in. On that topic. I used the old race, place backwards on the new one, as a drift to push the new one in, again hitting it with a hammer that is a comfortable weight to handle. The old race takes the hammer blows thus protecting the new part from damage. It goes without saying that cleanliness is a good idea. Wash the hub out with solvent and let it air dry over lunch before putting the new races in...you never know what bits of the old bearing are still lurking in the old grease. If reusing old bearings clean them also and inspect for wear before repacking them, don't reuse old seals if you can help it...false economy there

(Question 2) Any high pressure wheel bearing grease should do, just pick your favorite brand. Pack the bearing and then add a little extra around the seal, don't fill the hub, it doesn't do anything but promote grease leaks...I also just wet the seal lip with grease to help installation and haven't had any problems, others say use the seal dry...not sure what the manual says, your choice.

(Question 3) The inner bearing and seal must be in place on the hub, I usually also install the outer bearing just to protect the race from the axle threads as I slide the hub onto the axle. The outer bearing usually pops out a bit, but it is easy to keep it from falling on the floor by using your thumbs to keep it in place. add washer and nut, torque and your done.

Tease For Next Month



What Is This???

Wedges Rule
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