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First Edition



**Award Winning Member
Runs for Pres. Of NASS
(Un-opposed)**

JANUARY 2008

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Vice President:
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Bruce Clough, 937-376-9946

Please send comments/suggestions to:
news@miamivalleytriumphs.org

or to the P. O. Box.

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

Obligatory Disclaimer

"The Marque" is the official publication of the Miami Valley Triumphs Car Club, P. O. Box 144, Bellbrook, OH 45305. Views stated in the "Marque" are not necessarily those of the officers or members of the club. Technical data is provided for information only and no liability is assumed for suitability, applicability, or safety. Miami Valley Triumphs is a registered chapter of the Vintage Triumph Register and a local center of the Triumph Register of America. Membership is \$20 yearly and is usually paid in May. Non-renewing members are deleted from the mailing list. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of the month at 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.

The President's Comments,

The President's Comments, January Marquee, 2008

We've come to the end of another year (who needs reminding?) As I write this, Christmas is three days away, and all the children are home from points south, cluttering up the living room with all the presents they've brought with them and they still want to go out and shop in the two days left. I'm broke, but am still willing to go with them just to watch the crowds and fight the traffic. Luckily their idea is to go to Malls less visited, which normally means away from the I-275/I-75/I-71 loops. From what I've seen at the Eastgate Mall and the Kenwood Towne Centre, it is hard to believe the news stories that this is a bad retail year. Both these malls were packed on the weekdays I visited them, and Webkins were in critical short supply!!

The next club meeting is on Wednesday, 02 January, 2008, and you'll not see this until Christmas is past, never the less I'd like to wish each and every club member and their families a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Bruce's comments after the fact suggest that the Christmas Party (there, I've said it), went pretty well, and we can hope that all the driving and party events we do in 2008 also go well. One driving event in the offering is a driving rally through the ritzier parts of northern Hamilton County, drive the course, answer the questions and get a chance to see the up-scale side of Southwestern Ohio. It's about a two hour tour and we'll accept any car you want to drive.

Car wise (isn't that what we're about?) I've shipped the TR3 carburetors to Texas to be rebuilt and re-bushed, hoping brother Russell does not charge me an arm and a leg for these services, and the distributor is out and will go to Mr. Sarama after the holidays to be rebuilt and tuned for the engine. When that part comes back, I plan to remove the valve cover and re-gap the push rods, and check and change, if necessary, the spark plugs. Those plugs are platinum tipped and have been in the engine for about seven years and 30,000 miles, and I mean I have not even looked at them in the past five years. Gettin' ready for the Spring Tour!

The Vice President, Randy Wakefield, told me that there were no new nominations for officer positions or for the awards at the December meeting. Continue to think about who could be deserving of the awards and who you'd like to see as officers, we redo nominations at the January meeting. The positions that are open are the President, Treasurer and Secretary, for club officers in 2008 - 2009, and the awards are - Marquee of Distinction, Keeping it on the Road, Press on Regardless and Most Improved Car of the year.

Also, at the upcoming meeting I'd like the membership to think seriously about how things have run in 2007. Specifically, are there any areas of the club activities we need to bolster, through either changes to our By-Laws or how we organize and run events? It is the start of a new year and a good point in time to stop and reflect on these things.

Thanks for listening, Stan Seto



The Vice President's Report

Happy New Year Everyone. A new year promises a fresh opportunity to celebrate the Marquee of Triumph again with a new dose of car shows and outings. I hope that we see an abundant growth in the number of members and in cars on the road. Toward that end, I will commit myself to my ponderous TR-6 wires and get the old dude running again at last. (male regard as the previous owner nick named the old hunk Arthur) The embarrassment was getting too comfortable in the wear as it were; so to speak. A man can only try again. The correct wiring diagram has yet to be found. I realize though, that the Toyota and Honda boys were busy copying everything back in the day so I might try one of their wiring diagrams instead. It might work. Sure it might. Darn, I am so sincere in my writing voice that I cannot seem to make that last remark seem or sound sarcastic. Oh well. It looks as though I will need a couple of fresh batteries in the old VOM.

The Mini waits patiently for painting weather as we, the mechanics wait also for a warm hanger to work in. Perhaps an effort to clean and rationalize the bits will well use the weeks remaining. And since the TR topic of the month is old moldy wires, I bet a nice clean work table would welcome the Mini wiring for a checkout and re-tape. 242 Squadron is at stand down. The old kite has been cranked over but was hesitant to fire for lack of fuel. Sigh. I thought that I had it right before storage. Now with Sta-bil commercials haunting me, I have another detail to attend to.

As the new year approaches, I have just returned from a nice Christmas gathering with my daughter. Daughters (and step daughters) are harder to understand sometimes than as are sons. Tyasha wants little from a car. That is why she owns a Saturn. Her life is based in one of those little one bedroom apartments that some refer to in songs. If a cozy starting point, it is a tight fit for three at holiday time. And it reminds me of my own meager start in my little lower level apartment. I remember Pete Stroble telling me that he had rebuilt a Mini transmission on his kitchen table during his apartment days. Nancy remembers too. Well, A holiday glow was joined by a sense of my life's definitions as a father, a car lover, and a contribution to the Miami Valley Triumph Club. I was out of touch with much that defines me. But I was closer to my two girls. We went into the same old routines that we

once lived out on a daily basis. I hope you all got to make cookies and play games. The day goes by all too quickly.

We took a new route back. Alabama 312 goes up the border of Alabama and Georgia. There are several groups of large old southern homes to see along the way. Later in Tennessee I saw clouds below my roadway level. They lay in the valleys between peaks of mountains. It was a beautiful sight. For about three minutes before I plunged into solid fog and rain.

Home again and ready for a new year. I thanked the good Lord above for safe travel and loving family. Happy New Year. R.I.

The Elections !

Award Nominations were solicited again at our brief and merry holiday gathering. Here is the amended list just in case you forgot to check it twice.

Most Improved

Mike McKittrick by Forrest

Keep it on the Road

Chuck and Kris White by Bruce

Stan Seto by Forrest

Paul Corcoran by Kris and Chuck

Stan Seto by Forrest

Press on Regardless

Phil Daye by Bruce

Forrest Gwinn

Ray Bolich

Marque of Distinction

Stan Seto by Forrest

Phil Daye by Bruce

Chuck & Kris White

A motion was seconded to adjourn so as the infamous brown bags could be auctioned to unsuspecting victims. Will we ever learn?

Mike Ross for President!

In 2008, Mike Ross will take the helm of the national organization known as the North American Spitfire Squadron. Mike has been a member since the club was in its infancy. He has hosted and orchestrated national meets. I can tell you by experience, that he throws a proper party where everyone is welcome and enjoys a great time. Mike will be a great President. Look for his ideas to make the Triumph scene soon. All of us who are fellow MVT members wish Mike all the very best in his term. Have a CAVU flight Mike!



My pilgrimage to Hershey 2007.

Brian Smith

Have you ever done something several years' in a row, kept that last image in your head, skipped a few years' and then been disappointed when you do it again and things have changed? That was my first reaction to my return to Hershey after a 9 year hiatus.

Let me explain.

My love affair with the annual Hershey swap meet goes back to the early 1980's. My uncle, living in Upstate New York, and restoring a 1926 Hudson and a 1919 Model "TT" truck, would always venture to Hershey and tell me of his adventure and end the conversation with "You should go with me next year". At the time, I had only the Triumph TR-3 in my collection, and was still a poor high school student without "vacation" time. By the time my 25th birthday rolled around in 1995, I was in the working world living in Monroe, Wisconsin. I had some vacation time but still no money. At that time, I had added a 1946 Ford to the garage. For my birthday (which, by the way, is always within 1 or 2 days' of the Hershey swap meet), my parents bought me an airplane ticket to Hershey! I was to fly from Chicago to Newburgh, New York and my uncle would pick me up and we would drive all night to the swap meet capital of the world! Needless to say, we had a ball! We walked up and down mud soaked hills all day. It was typical Hershey weather (cold, rainy, overcast), but nobody cared. Even with the mud and cold, I was overwhelmed with all of the stuff and people.

Fast forward a year (1996), and I am living in Rochester, New York and involved with the local hot rod club. One of the club members, Ron Richardson, the most organized and one of the nicest people you could ever hope to

meet puts together an Hershey bus trip. The cost is around \$60, and it was wonderful. We would leave Rochester at EXACTLY 10 PM Friday night, drive all night and arrive at Hershey at 6AM. I could fill an entire book with the "bus stories", but another time (I'll just mention sleeping bus drivers, intermittent head lights, and broken toilets for now!).

Anyway, these trips were great. Walking up and down mud soaked hills in the windy, overcast Hershey tradition, finding stuff you would never see anywhere else, spending money like a drunken sailor, and taking about the treasures on the bus ride home. These bus trips were the high point on the calendar. Over the years' they got bigger and bigger to the point that 2 full size Greyhound buses were now needed. One year, Ron could not make it, so he put me in charge of one of the busses, making sure everybody had a good time and nobody was left behind.

My last bus trip to Hershey was about 1998.

Now, 9 years' later, I decided it was time to return. I could not find anybody to go with me, so I decided to go solo. With such a large crowd, the hotels fill up years' in advance, so sleeping in the bed of my truck would have to do. I outfitted it with a lantern and an air mattress, and I was on the road! I arrived about 7:30 Wednesday evening (the show runs from Wednesday to Saturday afternoon), and had enough time to take a quick run through some of the nearby swap meet spaces, but by that time, most of the vendors had closed up for the night so I retired to the comfort of the bed of my truck and planned my Thursday in my head. As expected, it started to rain. 6AM came quickly and I woke up ready to go! The rain had stopped, but it was cold. I was dressed quickly and I walked across the street to the swap meet. At that point, I knew something was wrong. It started to rain again, heavy this time. Good thing I wore my boots!

There was a stadium in the middle of the swap meet grounds where there was no stadium before, and a lot of the vendors had set up on the parking lot. What a disappointment! It was as if the entire swap meet area had shrunk from all of the rain in previous years. I figured I would spend the morning there and head home to Dayton, never to return out of respect for "the Old Hershey". I did not recognize the Hershey as it was so fondly captured in my head. Where were the mud holes? Where were the piles of straw? Where were trucks stuck in the mud? While I was walking around in a fog, longing for the Hershey in my head, I thought to myself "what would really make this trip miserable would be a nice cold wind". Shortly after that, the wind picked up, umbrellas were useless and small parts were being lost to the wind. However, something amazing was going on right under my nose and I did not notice it. The water was not collecting under my feet, the water was not turning the ground into a useless mixture of grass and mud, the water was not rendering vehicle traffic useless, the water was actually running into drains and being harmlessly transported away. Yes, my boots were wet, but they were not caught in an endless tug-of-war with the suction of the mud – they were staying on my feet! Yes, my pants were soaked, but not because I slid down a hill in the mud, my pants were wet because I could no longer rely on the protection of an umbrella! As I walked through the swap meet area, not only did I begin to appreciate the invention of pavement, but I also realized the swap meet did not shrink; it GREW to about 10,000 glorious vendors. At that point, I

knew I was onto something. What had happened during my absence was a Hershey revival, in the way the dirt Main streets of the 1900's gave way to pavement, Hershey had realized that in order to grow, things had to change.

I ended up purchasing several items, seeing things you would only see at Hershey, and had a great time! Hershey 2008 is already on my list, although I may forget sleeping in the truck and find a hotel somewhere!

Subject: Speed radars, you said ? Then read this one....

Top this for a speeding ticket...

Two British traffic patrol officers from North Berwick were involved in an unusual incident while checking for speeding motorists on the A1 Great North Road. One of the officers used a hand-held radar device to check the speed of a vehicle approaching over the crest of a hill, and was surprised when the speed was recorded at over 300 mph. Their radar suddenly stopped working and the officers were not able to reset it.

Just then a deafening roar over the treetops revealed that the radar had in fact latched on to a NATO Tornado fighter jet which was engaged in a low-flying exercise over the Border district, approaching from the North Sea.

Back at police headquarters the chief constable fired off a stiff complaint to the RAF Liaison office.

Back came the reply in true laconic RAF style:

"Thank you for your message, which allows us to complete the file on this incident. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Tornado had detected the presence of, and subsequently locked onto, your hostile radar equipment and automatically sent a jamming signal back to it.

Furthermore, an air-to-ground missile aboard the fully armed aircraft had also automatically locked onto your equipment. Fortunately the pilot flying the Tornado recognized the situation for what it was, quickly responded to the missile systems alert status, and was able to override the automated defense system before the missile was launched and your hostile radar installation was destroyed.

"Good Day Sir"

Thanks to Jack Moore, Nicholson's Pub Cincinnati for this one!

