



"The Marque"

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Cincy BCD Report
Early TR Guy
Late TR Guy
TRA 2014 Update

August 2013

MVT Officers

President: Lorna Ball, 937-746-5189
Vice President: Curtis Hayes, 937-610-8832
Secretary: Stan Seto, 513-683-7974
Treasurer: Harry Mague, 937- 426-3802
Membership: Valerie Relue, 937-667-5227
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. 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 **Logan's Roadhouse 2819 Centre Drive Beavercreek OH**, unless otherwise noted in the "Marque". General membership meetings are at 7:30 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 Report: ~ Lorna Ball

Hello! Well, all I can say is it sure was wonderful having so many of you to our place for the pool party. It was the biggest group we have had (I think we have hosted this event 18-19 times over the years). It was wonderful getting to know some of the newer people like John and Patti Clifford and John Coutant's wife, Betsy. Hopefully, we can all gather on the back porch again next year.

BCD is right around the corner. Remember to bring a bag of ice for the food booth. We have so many volunteers. Sounds like everything will be covered and I know things will run smoothly.

My notes from our January events planning meeting show that there might be a couple of tech sessions scheduled in September. If you have a project and need help, get with Bruce and we'll see what can be lined up. (No, we are not redoing your aluminum siding or putting a deck on the house!) I have a little project of my own going on in September.....a brand new left knee! UHG!

See ya down the pike folks! All the best, Lorna

Treasurer's Report:~Harry Mague

Treasurer's Report: As of 1 July 2013, we have a balance of \$3043.57. Since July 1, 2013 the club had the following income: 50/50 for \$10.00 and Membership renewals for \$160.00. Total income for 1 June is \$170.00. The club had the following expenses in June: \$39.90 for Domain Name Registration and \$186.30 for the pool party. Total expenses for July are \$226.20. Balance for 1 August 2013 will be \$2987.37.

Secretary's Report: ~ Stan Seto.

MVT Meeting Minutes, July, 2013

The July Meeting was held at Logan's Roadhouse on Centre Drive in Beavercreek, Ohio. The President, Lorna Ball, opened the meeting at 7:27 PM, with "Hail to the Queen!" There were 25 club members, two Clough children and Caitlin Hayes there. Madam President commented that Vern Campbell was back and had rejoined the club. She reviewed the sign-up of BCD

volunteers and the signature lists were passed around again.

The Vice President, Curtis Hayes, precipitated a short discussion about a vendor, Michael Hide, spare parts and a 63 TR4.

The Secretary, Stan Seto, noted that the June minutes were published in the Marque. He asked that the June minutes be accepted. Motion was made by Stan, seconded by Jim Sipos, and passed by voice vote.

Harry Mague, the Treasurer, was in Florida. Chuck White made Harry's report, a write-up is in this issue of the Marque.

The Membership Director, Valerie Relue, said we still have 36 members.

The Events Chairman, Bruce Clough, made a short report on TRA. He summarized the July events, Cincinnati British Sports Car Club is sponsoring their BCD at Harbin Park near Fairfield, and Bruce will lead an MVT contingent from Dayton on the 14th.

MVT Pool Party at the Ball's on the 21st, rescheduled due to weather from the 20th. August events include Prep for BCD at 6 PM on Friday night, 2 August and the event is on the 3rd starting at about 7 AM. Everyone requested to bring a bag of ice. 31 August will be the second part of the Rutledge Tour, and further down the road will be the "End of Summer" party.

Committee reports:

Technical – There was a request for a set of aluminum top rails, Bruce C, as I remember.

Spares – No report.

Newsletter – No report, But no trees harmed.

Regalia – Pete wasn't there.

BCD Report –Last meeting was held 24 June at Poelking Lanes. Stan seto made a verbal report of highlights. See a written report in this issue of the Marque.

Old Business- TRA 14, it was discussed that all funds would be recorded in the current MVT account, by our Treasurer, Harry Mague, but any transactions would be kept separate and apart from MVT accounting. **A motion to this effect** was requested by Bruce Clough, seconded and passed by voice vote.

New Business – none
50/50 Drawing was won by Lois bigler in the amount of \$10.00

Meeting was adjourned at 8:03 PM

Respectfully submitted – Stan Seto, Secretary.

Upcoming MVT Events

August 2013!

Bruce Clough – bclough@woh.rr.com
937.238.4962

Event's Chair Note:

BCD, BCD, BCD – hey everybody, repeat after me – BCD, BCD...keep it up, we can get a conga line going... Can you guess what time of year it is?

August Events

2 Aug – Afternoon/Evening Set-up for BCD. Rumors are there is a birthday or two on this date also. Please get to Eastwood Metro Park by 6PM to help us set up the parking, pack registration bags, and have a good time. We usually get done by 7:30-8PM, which gets you to bed in more than enough time for the next day!

As a reminder, Eastwood Metro Park is off Harshman Rd just north of the Air Force Museum – street address is 1401 Harshman Rd, Dayton, OH. There is an entrance off Springfield Street, but you do not want to use this one, use the Harshman Rd entrance. You wind back a ways and you will run into a parking lot – look for the Little British Cars – that will be us! You will need to remember this way since you will drive it the next day to...



3 Aug – Dayton BCD. You cannot escape this, resistance is futile. On-line registration is now closed, but you can still register that day, and what a great idea that is! Pray tell, I've heard rumors of Stan haunting those folks who do not attend, now that's a scary thought!

All kidding aside, we need you to be there to both help, but more important, to join in the fun. Oh, and there is that car thing going on...

7 Aug - MVT Meeting MVT Monthly Meeting – Logan's Roadhouse – off of North Fairfield road in front of Kohl's/Best Buy/Lowes and across from the Fairfield Mall. Dinner at 6:30PM, meeting at 7:30.

14 Aug – TRA 2014 Planning Meeting, wine tasting, and quilt circle at the Clough's, 1726 Sutts Trail, Xenia (closer to Bellbrook). Possible free butternut squash by then...

18 Aug – The Pub (at The Greene) car show? Although I've been told this is the day I don't see anything on their web site about it – we will keep watching...

31 Aug – MVT Run – driving somewhere over twisty-turning roads! The Rutledges are planning this now, so stay tuned – look for the email notifications. We are promised no potty stops in hospitals and just as interesting places to go!

Latter Events

4 Sep - MVT Meeting MVT Monthly Meeting – Logan's Roadhouse – off of North Fairfield road in front of Kohl's/Best Buy/Lowes and across from the Fairfield Mall. Dinner at 6:30PM, meeting at 7:30.

21 Sep – Harvest Tour – Another Excuse to drive your car! Need to find those farm stands!

28 Sep – Fall Tech Session – Clough's Garage – get the car ready for the Fall Tour! (or work on the Grey Ghost...)

2-6 Oct – Triumphest & VTR National Convention, San Rafael, CA –

<http://www.triumphtravelers.org/Events/triumphest13/fest13home.php>

5 Oct – MVT Fall Tour – Back down to a one-day tour, but a full one-day tour down twisty-turny roads. Plan to spend the day on the road.

Oct. 12, 2013 , Nashville British Car Club's Show at Nashville, Tennessee's acclaimed Centennial Park. Get complete info at

www.nashvillebritishcarclub.org . If you have questions, contact Mike Long @ 615-790-2169 or email myriley4@bellsouth.net

19 Oct - End of Summer Party – Ending up at Caesar's Creek Winery. I have contacted them and they are more than happy to host us.

2 Nov – Last Fall Tech Session Clough's Garage

9 Nov - Guy Fawkes Tour & Bonfire

7 Dec – MVT Holiday Soiree

?? Dec – Light Tour & maybe dinner???

That's the planning so far – As we know more we shall fill it in!

BCD Meeting Minutes, 24 June, 2013

The BCD Committee met at the Poelking Lanes at 7:00 PM.

Skip Peterson, David Gribler and John Scocozzo for the MG club, Lorna and Ellis Ball, Bruce Clough and Stan Seto for MVT.

Lorna announced that the shirts would be less expensive by about \$116.00 than in 2012. Silk screening to be done at H&H and the screens themselves were selected by those assembled. Trophy screen art was likewise now available. AAA has been picked up as a sponsor and we have their \$200.00.

Ron Parks is collecting material for the Goodie Bags.

Skip is still seeking a third loudspeaker for down the field.

Stan reported that registration is running well behind that of 2012.

A decision was made to not rent a Port-a-potty for this years event.

Ballots are at the printer, Oregon Printing. Class of 63 and Aston Martin will be the hallmark Marques.

RAF Judge Andy Nicols is going back to England, but promises to speak to his replacement about coming to the show and selecting a car.

Skip will distribute a list of the 2012 winners so we can set up the Premier class.

Jeff Zorn has commented in his Blog that he may come this year if the weather holds.

Joe Hooker has died, he invented the long red steamers used on aircraft which say "Remove before Flight". These are an inspection reminder

placed in parts of the aircraft that need inspecting before starting the aircraft.

Stan was asked to send John all previous Registration lists for john to assemble an electronic reminder list for 2014's meet.

It was agreed to set one last meeting date in the event we needed to do something quick. Date selected was the 25th.

Meeting closed at 7:35 PM

Cincinnati BCD – 14 July at Harbin Park. (stan seto)

Those of us who went had a pretty good time. The weather was excellent and the Cincinnati British Car Club was able to draw about 180 cars onto the field.

Bruce (Frankinstag) convoyed Harry Mague (TR-6), the Bigler's (Morgan +4) and Chris Yanity (Large SUV-type vehicle) from the Dayton area, John Coutant (TR-3) and Stan Seto (TR-3) drove in from Loveland and Jay Kolb (new Mini Cooper) also arrived.

Show started at about 9 and awards started about 3 PM. John won the blue ribbon for TR-3's. Bruce, Harry and Stan got "Excellence" awards (be careful of the splinters), so we did pretty well as a club. Bruce got some good ideas for the TR-3 he is restoring and we saw some outrageous paint jobs, see pictures, the best being on a green and black TR-3 parked near us and an MG Midget (burnt metallic orange, but it was a hard top and looked really good, won her division) parked way over there.

The food was passable but not much selection and they did have ice cream which we don't.

After, Bruce and I repaired to Waynesville for dinner before heading home.

After last year, I hope we have a good day in August.



Deloreans galore



Bruce and Harry in the shade



Stan's car



unusual Paint job



John Coutant's Car



Frankenstag



Grill and side exhaust stacks – Bruce wants a similar grill.



Don Bigler



Lois Bigler



front view



Harry's car



Jay's Mini Cooper S



Bigler's Car



First time out MG Midget great paint color, took first in class



2012 Morgan three wheeler



same car different angle



Aug 2013 Bruce Clough (bclough@woh.rr.com)

Introduction

Took a sabbatical in June – between TRA and fixing the FrankenStag and Inca I didn't do much on the Grey Ghost.

That's about to change. Now it is July and I need to keep going on that car so it will have a chance to be at TRA next year. The Federal Government is going to help, they are giving me 11 unpaid vacation days until the end of September, so I'm going to work sunrise to sunset on the car those days.

2 July: Ordered a new radiator, water pump, and aluminum narrow-belt pulleys. Also received a Stag idiot light cluster that I'm going to use this winter in a re-designed dash.

4 July: Celebrated the fact that it was raining all day by taking off all the body panels and mounting hardware to we can move the body back off the frame. Also took the front end of the engine apart and got the head ready to remove.

5 July: Got the frame up in the air and removed almost all the front suspension. It did not give up the fight easily, in fact, the steering linkage was removed as one piece and I have to cut it apart later! I've not been that greasy in years, and it took 20 minutes just to clean up the tools!



4 July – no fireworks but it's coming back apart, again...

A note on cooling:

Early TRs are notorious for marginal cooling. The combination of a radiator with a hole in it, fan that looks like four spatulas and moves air about as efficient, the lower quarter of the radiator not being exposed to the airstream, and a leaky bypass shut off by a bellows thermostat all contribute to a system that if everything is not working in tip-top shape you will see the temp gauge head to the red on a hot day, especially while in traffic.

To fix this I'll be using a Wizard aluminum radiator with integral electric fan, blocked-off bypass, high-flow water pump, and will work at ducting air into the bottom of the radiator using, of all things, the front license plate.

6 Jul: Thanks to the MVT folks that showed up – we got the body back off the frame and now the frame is ready for me to take it all apart...again.

7 Jul: Frame bare and hardly put up a fight. All the lines off, rear out, engine off, just a frame. In pretty good shape also – a few dents here and there, but a good solid frame. Tomorrow I need to get a few cans of engine degreaser and a gallon of Simple Green, get out my pressure washer, and have fun!



7 July – one bare frame

Dang, must have done this.

I noticed that the front calipers were from a TR3.5 – one was from a TR3, the other from a TR4. I thought that it was an anomaly, or Frank must have done it. Now I notice that one side of the rear is TR3, the other TR4 – the size difference and construction is very noticeable. Both brake backing plates are painted the beige I painted the rear end 20 some years ago, so I was the culprit, but I remember nothing...

9 July: I was home the day so I cleaned the frame, used up two cans of foaming engine degreaser and half a gallon of simple green. Got out the Gunk engine cleaner first - spray, spray, spray, soak, soak, scrub, scrub, scrub, spray, spray, spray and repeat three times. Then I got out the pressure washer and the Simple Green. By the time I was done I had the frame down to at least the paint, and in some places, more. Took several hours to do this and oh, the mess I cleaned off the frame! What a mess that front frame part was. No rust though, no rust...Did find out that the original color of the frame was an off-white, kinda a beige, which gives with other later TR3Bs

11 July: Mike McKittrick came over and welded up a few crack in the frame, nothing major, but I decided that might as well fix them while the frame is bare. Also spent some time wire brushing the frame to ensure the paint sticks well. Got one quart of POR-15, ordered one more.

12 July: Finished wire brushing the frame and got to work painting. Got the underside of the frame painted – will have to wait for the paint to cure before I can do the top side.



Before paint



After paint

13 July: got the rear axle cleaned off and apart. Actually looks good in there!

14 July: Ideas from Cincinnati British Car Day – Took snapshots of possible ideas for the Grey Ghost from cars I saw in Cinci on July 14th. I think the only thing I might go with is the tube grill. The sidepipes are cool as well as the two-tone paint, but on somebody else's car



Stainless Tube Grill – a guy in Dayton that does TR3 interiors says he can make one for me - cool.



Sidepipes – probably not since this gets parts of your exhaust close to the ground than a big Healey...



Two-tone paint – another maybe not...

15 July: Cleaned up and inspected the rear shocks – rather than a rebuild I just filled them up with oil and they were back to working perfect.

A note on rear lever shocks:

If your shocks seem to have a “dead space”, or what some call “free play” in them before the shock actually starts resisting when you move the lever and you can hear the fluid gurgling in them, take the shock to your workbench, lay it on its back, remove the fill bolt that is near where the lever attaches to the shaft, and fill it up with 80W-90 gear lube. It’s probably low on oil.

16 July: Finished painting the frame, also painted the rear end and a lot of the rear suspension. Also lost about a gallon of water since it was 92 degrees F outside with 64% relative humidity. Decided against using POR-15 on the smaller parts, am using a spray epoxy instead.

20 July: The rear end is painted and back on the frame, but now it’s time to install the brake backing plates, half-shafts, and hubs. I had Mark Macy pop the rear hubs off the half-shafts since he has the proper tools. If you don’t have the proper tools you

will ruin the hub. The outer seals looked original and shot as I expected. Replaced the seals, re-greased the outer bearings, and put the hub nut on.

The hub nut is supposed to be torqued to 120-145 ft-lbs and then a cotter pin is inserted in the castellated nut. On my workbench I can torque to about 80 ft-lbs, but to go any higher you have to put the half-shafts on the car.

Before I did that I had to estimate the shimming needed by the hub assembly. You are supposed to shim it so you have just a little play in the bearing to account for heat expansion, with similar amounts of shimming on both sides. What I had when I took it apart was “0.02” of shim on the right side, “0.250” of shim on the left. Not quite right. Getting the play took a few hub on-off cycles, but once I got it close I then went back and torqued the hub nuts to recommended torques (and found out the right side would not line up to a groove to put in the cotter pin, so I had to get out the Locktite!



Shims left over after getting the hubs back on – don’t know why all these are here since with about “0.02” on each side the play is in the recommended range.

I also painted the original steel wheels. My goal is to use either wire wheels or the wheels Stan has, but right now I don’t want to spend that money. I’ll go with a cheesy repaint of the beat-up originals until next spring.

24 July: whew, long day. Since it was a day off for me I decided to spend the day on the TR3B. Today was clean and paint the front suspension day, and what a long day it was. Remember how yucky the front frame was? Well the front suspension piece parts were as bad, or worse, as one might suspect. This took me longer than I had planned since they were soooo cruddy. I spent a few minutes decrying the DPO (dreaded previous owner) and his lack of cleanliness, then got down to work, lots of work. The cleaning was an arduous process.

First the parts had to be cleaned of grease, then the old paint and remaining crud was wire brushed, then it was cleaned again, then painted. Doesn't stop there since the suspension paint is epoxy and we have to cut down the curing time - so after painting and air drying for 3 hours we put it in the oven at 150F for 3 hours before setting it on the shelf for installation. Did I mention there are lots of parts in that suspension? Indeed - it took me all day, but in the end the parts were painted and ready for reuse.

Moral of the story - at least once a year clean off the crud that accumulates on the suspension, more if you have any oil leaks up front in your engine or steering. Not only will you keep it nice for show and the next owner, you can more easily detect problems. Wipe off excess grease after greasing - that extra grease just collects dirt!



About as good of a paint rack that you find around our place...

Unfortunately not all parts were salvageable. The trunnions had a lot of corrosion on the shafts and the stub axles showed galling, into the recycle bin for all those parts. Ouch, that's more money, a lot more money,



Stuck urethane bush

I was hoping that the trunnions would be reusable. At least the bearings looked good. And if that wasn't bad enough I had to melt the top urethane bushes off the wishbone arms. Melt the bushes. Yeah, let me explain. The urethane bushes I put on the car in 1989 were on the upper wishbone supports real tight. I managed to get the driver's side wishbone halves off and the bushes out, but on the passenger side they were stuck on the support. Rather than beating on the parts hard with large hammers I decided to turn to fire. Propane and some oxygen worked well. The urethane melted away and the pieces came free. Tie rod ends were trash after I got them apart - I ordered new ones along with new upper ball joints.

This is getting real expensive...



Bush meets its match – Mr Propane

25 July: Had to replace the differential cover gasket with one I made – I wanted a thicker one since the new paper ones I got from both Moss and TRF leaked – and using Permatex “High-Tac” spray gasket sealant didn't help at all. I also started back looking at the brake lines. I was expecting them all to be shot, but to my surprise all of them looked good – no nicks or cuts, no bad dents, no kinks, no corrosion, connector threads clean, just a little surface rust. So I cleaned them up and shot them with some rust converter/sealer – we will see what they look like in the morning. If I can reuse something I will.

26 July: Hat's off to Chris Yanity who (for a price) opened his parts bin to me. I got the brake parts I needed to finish the rear brakes and some more front suspension parts – which came in handy. Pulled out two good stub axles, good trunnion, and some really nice tie rod ends if I can get them off the suspension pieces! The trunnion came in handy since I'm going to return the new TRF trunnions since they have fitting issues. The price? I helped him sort the remaining piles of TR3 parts he has. 90% of them can go, which means watch for

more used stuff at Macy's or Ted's in the near future...

27 July: Got the new-old used suspension parts cleaned up and inspected – the tie rod ends showed little wear, but the upper ball joints and trunnion were actually shot. Got the left –side parts painted and partly installed.

28 July: Got the rest of the front suspension put together except for the brakes – the Toyota calipers will be in tomorrow they say. Most of the suspension went together without a fight. Had to reuse the trunnions, but they actually have a lot more life in them. On the other hand, the steering put up a fight.

I almost broke my big bench vise getting the first Silent-Bloc steering bush in, for the second one I polished the inner surface a bit with Mr Dremel and it pushed in with reasonable force. Oh why did I trade my 20-ton press for garage space???

For the life of me I could not get the outer tire rod ends' nylocs to seat. The shafts and holes were clean, the nylocs good, and I literally was putting all my weight on the tie rod end, but the shaft was spinning and the nut not seating, nor was the nut coming back off - Mr Dremel came to the rescue again.

Okay, I was not a happy camper, so I went nuclear - out came the Grade 8 nuts, lockwashers, and Locktite. I might be able to get these apart again without too much heat if I'm lucky. ...

29 July: so, the chassis is rolling, but not without a fight - bought a pair of Toyota calipers (1984 4Runner to be specific) for the car since they are almost drop in replacements, cheaper than rebuilt original calipers, and have about 50% more pad area.

Right side went on without an issue, left side was binding - thought it might have been a difference in Triumph parts, but actually it was a difference in caliper castings since the right side caliper would bolt on the left okay (albeit upside down). Had to relieve the caliper body a bit as well as slightly file the edge of the rotor (out of round just slightly) to get rid of the rub. But the wheels are on the chassis and it's rolling and hopefully braking also.



Toyota brake caliper ready for mounting

So, July found us completing the frame, which is what I wanted to accomplish this month. Next month we'll get back on body finishing up a few details and getting it ready for painting this fall, as well as working on paying off the Mastercard bills from the chassis :-).

This will be important since the engine will take some \$\$ since the pistons and liners need replacing and that head should have new valve guides and hardened valve seats...not to mention carbs...



Look ma, rolling chassis!

The Continuing Adventures Of...



Bruce Clough

August 2103

“Grommet, oh grommet – how you vex me!”

It's been a while since I've had to write one of these columns. Usually nowadays when you see a "Late TR GUY" it means that something broke rather than an upgrade, and that's what this is.

After getting back from TRA 2013 we examined Inca to see what needed fixed. The list was short – the accelerator cable was sticking and the steering column a bit wobbly.

Accelerator Cable

We've had the sticky accelerator cable ever since I put the SU HS6 carbs on it. We've tried new cables, new coated cables, re-routing the cables, you name it, but the problem persisted. Alice didn't like to drive it due to the issue. I thought we had it licked when I bought a fancy Teflon-coated cable, but don't you know – it came back.

So what do you do? I think this time I'll shorten the run and make it actuate the throttle shaft from the top rather than the bottom.

When I first put the SU's on I made it so the pedal actuated the throttle plates like it did for the Strombergs before – from below. I made a bracket so the slack could be adjusted and away we went. Coming in from top cuts the amount of cable needed by a half, but means new mounting bracket and cutting down the cable.

The new bracket was easy – I just used the old one and cut it down appropriately, then used an existing bolt in the top of the intake manifold to hold it.



Old throttle cable location – cannot be seen easy, but trust me, it's under there

The cable was a bit more tricky – it needed to be cut down to the same relative cable/sheath length, and I needed to also still use the metal tip they put on the ends of the sheath. The sheath is usually a hard steel, the cable is hard to cut without fraying, and the metal end piece that fits into the bracket at the throttle shaft end is cast on to the wire. Solved these problem using a Dremel tool and soldering iron.

First of all I soldered the cable just in front of the metal end piece. This kept the cable from fraying while being cut with the Dremel tool with a cutting wheel on it.

Next I cut off the sheath also using the Dremel tool being careful not to touch the cable underneath.

Since the sheath is a coiled wire itself, all you need to do is mark where to cut it, strip back the plastic cover, and carefully cut until you go through one of the coils. I pulled the wire through and then used the Dremel tool to cut off the metal sheath end.

Next I marked where I had to cut the cable, soldered the cable at that point, and cut with the Dremel tool.

Finally I had to make a new metal end piece, so I fashioned one out of a a small brass metal bolt, drilled a hole in the bolt shaft, soldered the cable in, and filed the brass end to fit the throttle shaft bracket.

Then I just put it all back in and, like magic, it all fit (okay, you had to flip the throttle shaft 180 degrees to align the brackets, but that's a trivial detail).

Trials of the pedal showed that maybe I had eliminated the issue – don't know, ask me in a month or so...



New cable config on Inca

The Steering Shaft Grommet

Now for the steering column wobble. I knew what it was before I looked – the urethane grommet that hold the shaft as it goes through the firewall doesn't last forever, and in this case, just 33 years.



Deteriorated grommet/bush behind the washer on the steering shaft as it goes through the firewall.

The grommet maybe is better called a bush since not only does it seal around the shaft, but also takes the side-loads when the steering wheel is turned – that's why it's made of urethane rather than rubber.

To replace this is a little pain since you have to disconnect the steering shaft in several places, then maneuver stuff in cramped spaces – and if you think it's bad in Inca, you ought to think about a stock car that has a lot more stuff going on in the engine compartment!

First step is to disconnect the battery – I have a screw switch on the negative terminal to do this easily.

Next step is to take out the BL Repair Operations Manual and read how to remove the steering shaft.

It doesn't tell you how to replace the grommet, or not that I have found, BTW.

After that I note the relative positions of the steering shafts so when I put them back together again the steering wheel has half a fighting chance to be in the same position as when I started. Good luck with that.

Then you remove the bolts securing the splined shafts into the u-joints – there are three of these, take them all out. Ignore the manual on this aspect, in some cars, like INCA there is not enough splined shaft to just take out the bolts on the top u-joint. I take them all out, then you need to take off the steering shaft adjuster on the shaft in the interior – this is so you can slide the upper shaft up so it clears the inside of the firewall hole – so you can get the old grommet off and the new one in. It was at this point the old grommet fell out in a few pieces.



Old grommet to the left, new one to the right

Now, a note on the grommets you can buy out there. Some have stiffer urethane than others. You trade life versus installation hell. In the red TR7 I used a hard urethane one I got from Moss. It lasts a long time, but is so still that to install you have to stick it in boiling water just prior to installation to make it pliable enough to push through the firewall.

Did I mention that you have to do this while laying on your back in the driver's footwell? Just another thing to look forward to.

The one I bought from TRF is a softer urethane that won't last as long, but doesn't have to be boiled before installation – room temperature is fine. I greased it up a bit with silicone grease before installation, and it went right in.



Hole in the firewall without the grommet installed

Installation is the reverse of what I just did. Remember to clean and lightly grease the splines so they fit back together easy. Also remember when you reinstall the u-joint bolts please clean off the clamp bolts and use Loctite on the nyloc nut, yes, it's a nyloc nut, but since this is a safety issue, please Loctite them also.



Back together again!

Nice to have a non-wobbly steering column!



So, it's time I start a monthly update on TRA 2014 preparations, how it is going, where we need help, what's going on that month, etc. For this month I thought I'd start by addressing fears some have had on our hosting this, on the multitude of bad things that could happen. All I can say is:

"...been there , done that."

Don't believe me? I dug up the article I wrote about VTR 1991, which MVT hosted, where we were expecting 180 registrations and got somewhere around 330. If you want to read about what things can happen and the meet survive, read on. TRA? Problems? Pishaw, we can handle it! What follows is my article circa September 1991:

So, you had a good time at VTR'91? I'm Glad Somebody Did...

(*The '91 Convention from the Chairman's perspective*)

Introduction

Most people don't realize how close to a total disaster most conventions are, or at least that's how it seems to the chairman after several years of planning. Being a VTR National Convention Chairman really tends to drive home the true meaning of "FUBAR". Even if you catch a mistake so quick that nobody realizes it happened, **you** know it did. Murphy is always right, it can, and does, go wrong. As a convention goer you usually don't see these things (after all, that's the chairman's job to see that you don't). But they happen all the same. The job is comparable to either captaining a row boat in a hurricane, or riding in the rear car of a roller coaster, take your pick (I think after this convention I'm qualified for fire-fighter duty, where's my union card?). **You know** no-matter how good your planning is, things will happen that will void **all** your careful planning! Not that I'm complaining. Even with the problems we had to deal with I had a damn good time. I thought I'd write how the convention happened through my eyes and ears - the untold story from the horse's mouth. Now that I think back, these events are humorous, though at the time I would have gone nuclear if given the chance. This is the convention as I experienced it. The names have been changed, deleted, or ignored to keep certain people from coming after me with sharp implements.

Monday And Before: Using Drugs Never Crossed My Mind

Prior to the Monday before the convention I thought everything was ready to go. All the committee members had their plans made. No problem man. My car was even ready to go (I missed the Roadster Factory Party due to overdrive problems, but I sorted the problem out). Monday was the day to stuff registration packets, a bit late, but with 12 people to do it we should have it done in several hours. Besides, we wanted to make sure all of the promotional material got in the packets.

One hour before stuffing time I received a call:
"Hello."

"Yeah, Bruce, this is Danny."

"What's up Dan?"

"Remember those 400 bags that the sponsor was sending us to pack the registration stuff in? Well, they sent us 50 bags and 600 windshield cards. I went to Odd Lots (a local deep discount store) and got a lot of cheap tall kitchen bags."

"Gosh Danny, don't you think those will look cheap...no wait! We'll tell them that those bags are to place all their trash in to help the environment, you know, Greenpeace goes Triumph."

"It works for me."

"It works for me too - you think they'll buy it?"

"Never."

It took us six hour to pack those babies.

Moral: never mix pizza, beer, and registration packages. Just stick to beer.

We had asked each sponsor for 400 pamphlets, but some sent us 50, others 200, others 600, thus as you went up in registration number the stuff packed inside was leaner. I expected to hear about this! Blame it on the recession.

Tuesday, The Storm Gathers

Tuesday morning I got up early to pack the van. Auction material, PA system, clothes, pink flamingoes, yup - got it all. Now to put gas in the TR3. Rain. I get wet. Not happy. Top goes up just in time for the trip down. It didn't rain a drop on the way to Cincinnati, not a drop. But, my overdrive quit on the north side of Cincinnati. Rats, I'll have to troubleshoot tomorrow (same thing that kept me from the TRF Summer Party). Good thing nothing's going!

After we got the van unloaded (did I stuff that much stuff in it?) I had a face to face convention review with my contact from convention sales at the hotel. The review of the convention function sheets only

showed a few problems: Sunday breakfast was to start at 5:30, not 8:00, need punch and pop at functions and insure that the beverages are kept full (the world does not go on beer alone - honest!), and insure that the side lot at the Oldenburg Brewery was set aside for Participant's choice parking Saturday morning. Direct hotel quote: "No Problem".

I was a bit concerned about the banquet seating and other arrangements, but again, "no problem" was the reply. Should I have taken a hint from the "Don't Worry, Be Happy" playing on the Musak? I was disappointed that we had been moved from the Oldenburg to a room in the hotel for the birthday party. Seems that we would cause them to loose money if we took up the space. I should've taken a cue from this.

Moral: Convention centers are in this for greed. Fight greed with greed, or call in the National Guard.

Ken and Paul Richardson were supposed to arrive at 8pm. I thought Alice and I'd meet them at the airport, you know, be good hosts and make sure they got to the hotel alright. Well, wouldn't you know it, I got a call from Paul about 6pm: "Hello, Bruce? We're going to be a bit delayed, I'm afraid. About two hours. The plane that was supposed to take us to Cincinnati has been cancelled. They're flying in another plane from Atlanta to take us. We'll be in around 10:30 your time." Great. I guess we'll take a nap. I was tired from unloading all my stuff from the van, either that or I figured I'd find the solution to my overdrive problems in my dreams. "Ring, Ring!" The telephone blares. It's only 9:00, who's calling us now? "Hello", it's Paul again, "the plane from Atlanta got here, but the crew has passed their time limits on flying today. We'll be staying here for the night." Thanks, Continental. And thanks, East Coast weather. We could have been at a bar somewhere, but noooooo! Crawled back in bed. Dreamed that I was stranded forever at the Continental Gates at Stapleton Airport...

Wednesday: What Hath Man Wrought?

Wednesday morning dawned sunny and cool. Excellent Triumph weather. Paul called me just before eight to say that the flight from Newark was going to be delayed because the plane they were scheduled on hadn't arrive from Vermont (more weather problems). They would probably be there around noon.

Great, that meant I had several hours before going to the airport-more than enough time to fix my overdrive. Not that I needed it, I probably blew a

fuse. Just for kicks and grins I called the local Continental office to confirm the landing time. Flight was delayed by weather on the ground at Newark. New arrival time is 12 noon. Good. Look at the bright side -more time to drive the car around the local area on this great day. Not.

My initial guess was the fuse I had inserted in the solenoid line (learn not to burn) blew due to a slow overdrive engagement. Nope. Fuse was fine. Get out the multimeter.

Power line showed 12 volts, plainly evident when I accidentally shorted the line and let the smoke out.

Moral: If you've installed a battery cut-out switch, use it dummy.

Now I had to replace a wire! It took another 20 minutes to get the wire replaced-gee I'm glad Ken's flight was delayed! More poking and prodding with my meter showed that I lost the line to the overdrive cut-out switches. Easy enough to fix, wire around then to ground. All this means is that it possible to engage the overdrive while in reverse, thus destroying the unit. To preclude this possibility (because I know that I'm capable of doing it) I had to put a rubber band around the overdrive switch to a Lift-the-Dot fastener peg. On-the-fly engineering at its best. So, the fix took an hour more than planned. That's okay, the plane was delayed. Called the Continental office to confirm arrival time. *"Sir, the plane left on time, they found another piece of equipment"* (airline talk for "airplane") Let's see, the plane lands at 10:20 and it's now 10:45. I'd say my chances of meeting them at the airport are slim to none.

Moral: On-time arrivals only are when you don't want them to be, or fly TWA.

Why I'm batting 1000. Just after I confirmed that they asked the hotel for a ride from the airport the bus shows up. Well, at least Ken and Paul look no worse for wear. Their invite to the bar at 1pm was accepted with glee. My Scottish ancestor's blood called me to the Dewars.

Originally we had scheduled Wednesday as a "decompression time" for the staff prior to the real start of the convention. Since we're basically nice guys, we decided to invite any other VTR members coming in early to it. We thought that 10 - 20 people would join us. We ordered a keg of beer and some punch. Three weeks before the convention I asked The Drawbridge how many rooms were out Wednesday night. "Oh, about 100" was the answer. Uh, oh. Had to notify the hotel more beer would be needed. Great, there goes the

budget (at \$100/keg and \$20/gallon it doesn't take much to nuke the profits).

Moral: Never, but never, mention 'free beer' to a VTR crowd if you expect to get out of there with your life.

True to expectations over 120 people showed up for the "impromptu" party. To save money I drank scotch...too much scotch. I swore I saw our EMR and Cruise chairman Frank jumping in the pool with all his clothes on. Was this an alcohol induced delirium?

"Frank, are you drunk?"

"Do you think a sober person would act like this?"

Needless to say that I ended up in the pool also. It was for a noble cause - to make sure that Sharon Baltes (shoved in the pool by her ever-loving husband) was totally wet. Do you know how cold it was that night? Burrrrr.

After drying off I stumbled back to the hotel front desk to see if there were any minor disasters I had to clear up before getting some sleep. I got cornered by most of the VTR National Staff. Their concern: giving the okay for people that drove to the meet to enter concourse (the infamous blue sticker). Turns out we misinterpreted the intention of the rules. An honest mistake considering that nobody ever gave us written instructions and we've never done this before. Normally, I'm a bit argumentative, but not at 12:30 in the morning, and the staff grilled me like a detective works over a robbery subject (okay, not really, they were very civil about it, but the light was still blinding - at least the stool was padded...or was that the room?). I said I'd change the policy in the morning, even though I knew that I'd get more grief about this.

I was right, next day I had to calm down about 10 people who wanted their sticker. I put the blame on Bill Sohl. Since Bill is retiring from the VTR President's job he'll place the blame on Dennis Riley. Dennis has no idea what's been going on. This is great - I can deflect the blame onto an unsuspecting soul, just like it's done in Washington. Ahh, the feeling of power...or is that constipation?

Moral: Punish the Innocent.

Thursday: Can I Open My Eyes Yet Dad?

I volunteered to help on the Thursday Fun Rally by running a checkpoint. This gave me a chance to see other people in grief. We left about five minutes after the first car went out. That gave us twenty minutes to get to our station. Ha, we got there in ten (the overdrive worked fine). Fifteen minutes

passed. Where's the cars? Twenty. I'm worried. Twenty-Five. Are you sure we're in the right place? Finally, a Triumph! Nope, its the Holiday Inn Courtesy Van asking if we needed help. Nearly thirty minutes later the first rally car arrives. "A train's on the tracks across a road, nobody can get by." Great, and I forgot the sunscreen. We finally did get everyone through, but not until a Spitfire vapor-locked and I got sunburn. The overdrive crapped out on the way back. Some things you get used to.

I was ready for the cruise on Thursday night. I always like to motor majestically down the mighty Ohio. It's really a beautiful river. It even looked good during rush hour as the bus crossed the bridge into Cincinnati.

We don't go to Cincinnati. I knew it and Frank, who was in charge of the cruise, knew it, but we're in the last bus. Frank rushed up to the bus driver, explains the situation, and the driver puts "the pedal to the metal". We pass three of the busses, cheering every pass we make, and flipping the universal greeting sign to car drivers we cut off. This was fun. "Warp Factor 7" Frank shouted. "I Can't C'ptin, the engines, they'll can't take no more!" I shouted back. What a riot.

Moral: Every bus driver has a little cab driver within, it only takes the proper stimulus to bring it out.

It turns out the bus company thought we wanted to go to Barlycorn's Restaurant, not the riverboat cruise. Our bus took the lead to a round of applause from everyone on it. Hot dog, the first Northern Kentucky School Bus 500, and I'm on the winning bus! Do I get to kiss the blonde (no not Boomer). That ride only made the cruise that much more enjoyable.

I was concerned that for \$25/person Barlycorn's offered only a light dinner menu. No problem. I pigged out and saw that everybody else had the same idea! Burp. Little did I know the best was yet to come!

When we got on the busses home I tried to get some sleep, but that was put far behind when our convoy of busses got lost on the way back. The rest of the trip was in a "fog". There were busses going every direction, and none of them right! I was never down so many alleys and side streets as I was that night. We started bets on which bus would finally make it home. At one intersection three busses went three different ways with another bus in the corner gas station asking for directions! The only thing that would make this better was...wait, yes! It is! A Pee Wee Herman

joke-a-thon. I'm in heaven! I wonder what all of those people we passed thought about the busload of people screaming:

"Help, we're on the Bus ride From Hell!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Friday: Can I Get Permission From Washington To Go Nuclear?

For some reason you can't find a good spot to hold an autocross close to the Drawbridge. It seems the entire town is running scared since an accident at the Austin Healey Meet north of Cincinnati several years ago. Even the local SCCA chapter has been kicked out of their place to race. So, I thought we were lucky to find a place (even though it was a good drive away and cost a chunk of money) to run our autocross. We thought that getting there at 7am would give us plenty of time to set up, especially since the course was walked out earlier.

Moral: Wrong.

I helped Frank and Ray get the early morning run underway (with nearly 100 cars it should have been called the "early morning traffic jam"), then motored to the drag strip where the autocross was going to be. On the drive to the course my overdrive crapped out again (at least I isolated the failure mode: it simply refused to engage after the tranny heated up from driving and engine heat). Great, crank up my anger. Pull to the side of the road. Quick check shows that there is nothing simple to do to the sucker, so back on the road at a slightly higher RPM. This makes me 15 minutes late at the track, but I still beat our autocross crew!

I never had time to gloat over my being first since I forgot to get the insurance forms from the hotel room. Back into the car for the round trip. By the time I got back the autocross crew had changed the course, and had it mostly set up. I still didn't have overdrive.

Now comes the problem of being recognizable. I was hit up to tech cars (Greg, the next time you volunteer to help a guy like me tech-ing, and he refuses, hit him over the head and put him softly to the side where he won't hurt anybody, and do it), organize scoring, get the lining equipment out, and take care of getting the insurance sheets signed. A good sign of a leader (or coward) is the ability to delegate. I quickly asked, bribed, and coerced a crew of people to do these things for me. I had to, because I was due back at The Drawbridge for a Concourse Judges Lunch. I figured I could run the course later in the afternoon.

Afternoon came and a string of minor disasters, too minor to mention here, kept me from getting back to

the autocross until about 2:30. Just as I was about to jump in the Grey Ghost for the trip back (with, or without overdrive) I was besieged by people either complaining that the autocross was shut down too early, or congratulating me on how well it went. A quick check at the registration desk confirmed that they shut down after 2pm since there were no more cars to run, that is, until the late arrivals showed up. No running the course, but I might still have to run! "Now's the time to run and hide" I told myself, "nobody would know you if you dressed up as a waiter at The Oldenburg." Too late, they found me. Have you ever been yelled at by a group of people over something you had no control over? For a moment there I thought I was the Soviet President. I did my best to sooth souls, and got out of there without a single bruise.

The rest of the afternoon and evening went smooth. Phew, a break. Birthday party started slow, but I talked my wife Alice into helping me liven it up - we moved around the crowd, handed out party hats and noisemakers, and generally acted goofy (something I'm very good at). Right after the party was the auction. The auction... You mean the grinder! It turned out that we had over 100 things to auction, 110 to be exact, a new record? 100 things to entice the crowd to buy, and we had to do it before they drank us out of house and home. We went over our beer budget for the meet on Thursday - so much for planning! Thank goodness that our Auction crew had their act together! We still didn't finish until nearly 2am, and by that time I looked like a cast member from "The Night Of The Living Dead". Add five more kegs to our bill.

Moral: Limit the amount of auction items to something under 100!...or run out of beer intentionally!

Saturday: Shock Therapy Might Help

Rounding up those who said they'd judge proved to be an easy task (all except Wendell from our club whose excuse was that someone was offering him a 1976 mint TR6 for \$10. What an excuse - what did you say this guy's name was?). As I was walking towards the judges meeting I was confronted by an irate Oldenburg assistantunderassociate manager:

"Those cars can't park there!" (he pointed toward Participant's choice parking"

"Why not, it's a parking lot!"

"Look the I was told that you wanted the back lot, and I roped that off, nobody said anything about the side lot!"

"I discussed this with convention sales over the last five months and they said it would be alright to use the side lot."

"I'm going to lose \$7000 if you don't move those cars!"

"I'm sorry, but they said it would be okay to park there."

With that he stomped off, jumped in his car, demonstrated that a large mid-seventies American sedan with a large V8 can make the rear tires go bald, and headed towards the Drawbridge. Some people have no sense of humor.

Just as I was about ready to start judging the Oldenburg manager reared his ugly head again (he needed a shave bad).

"Here's the function sheet. It says that you only need the back lot. You're going to have to move those cars!"

"There must be some mistake. Joni said that the side lot had been cleared with y'all and there wasn't a problem."

"Well, Joni was wrong. Look, with your peoples cars parked here none of the Oldenburg patrons can park. I stand to lose \$7000. Here, just move them to this spot." (making a motion with his arm that meant only 70 people would have to move their cars)

At this point he stormed away again.

Moral: Never trust someone with foam in his mouth and the keys to a 1973 Ford Torino.

So the Drawbridge failed again to notify/check up on one of my requests, and a concern came true. Just got to keep saying to myself one more day, one more day, one more day...

It took a while, but I managed to find the owners of those cars and got them moved, profusely apologizing all the time. All the while thinking how fun it would've been to punch that pencil-necked geek right in the kisser. Now think about it. You have 300+ cars, each with about 2 people attached to them, parked in your lot until afternoon. Where, pray tell, are they going to eat? Cross the road to the Chinese restaurant? Nope. Drive to McDonalds? Nope. Their going to eat at the Oldenburg. The geek's got a captive audience and he doesn't even notice it! What's more, he made me miss posing for the group picture. Aaah! We originally had the Stuart Hall for our banquet, but unbeknownst to us the hotel desperados moved us (you guessed it, it was on function sheets that were mailed to our house - too bad our dog can't read and operate a phone...we'll have to work on this). They said we could put 450 people in the

smaller hall. "Besides", they said, "you only have 300 signed up for the banquet. Relax." For some reason, probably connected with bank account interest, Triumph owners never by a lot of banquet tickets "up front". Never mind that it makes event planning much simpler!

Moral: Make the "drop dead" time for banquet tickets several days before the banquet itself. If someone comes in late, tough. This will drastically improve the convention staff's quality of life as well as its length.

By the time Saturday evening rolled around we had sold 450 tickets. At 5:30 pm (1/3 hour before "ShowTime") the hotel staff informs us that only 420 people will be able to be seated.

"Why? You said 450!"

"Oh, that was for a sit down meal!"

"But we had a banquet, didn't you know that?"

"Oooops, we must have misread the sheet. Sorry, 420 max."

I ask you, is this reasonable cause to commit a capital offense? We bought back some tickets, added seating above the legal limit (I wonder if I can use that as blackmail information?), and several Miami Valley Triumphs members gave up their seats and went out for dinner (thanks folks). Between buying tickets back and finding seats for everybody we didn't get in line for food until late. I was just about to take a bite when I was tapped on the shoulder by a convention attendee who was angry about the autocross results. He was so angry that he stormed out of the banquet.

How does that line go, blessed are the peacemakers?" It took me another twenty minutes to get everybody back into the banquet, settle autocross results (it was a combination of errors, all nobody's fault, that lead to the problem) and soothe souls. By that time not only was the food taken away from the buffet line, but they took my plate away as well! Bottom line: no food for me! Fine, I needed to diet anyway. So much for using dinner to write notes for the Awards Presentation.

Even with the lack of preparation the Awards Presentation went off a-okay. Not everybody came for their trophies (rats, this means that I'll have to send them out). I forgot a few things, but that's normal. Several people gave me an earful later (well, actually it was closer to verbal tongue lashings). I listened. I empathized. I agreed, but the water was under the bridge. Given the circumstances I did a damn good job. I took a note to write down what should be in the awards banquet and pass it on to next year's VTR

Chairman. My highlight of the night was receiving a plaque from Bill Sohl for my editorial candor. Sometimes it pays for speaking one's mind. The tunes lasted well into the night. I'd like to thank my wife and Ted and Anita Burges for DJ'ing while I was talking to other VTR members. You guys did a good job! Sahke it up, baby! My biggest mistake of the night was wearing my old Air Force uniform shoes with my tux. Dancing in them brought out the best in blisters. I got to bed somewhere around 2:30 Sunday morning, having used most of the band-aids in my first aid kit on my feet. Ouch.

Moral: If you're going to bop-till-you-drop, at least find something comfortable to drop in.

Sunday: Medic! Medic!!

Sunday morning was supposed to be a time to unwind, relax, take it easy. Right. The idea was to open up the Convention Headquarters early (5:30am) for those leaving early. Donuts and Coffee would be there. Right. I received a call at 5:35 (waking me up from a blissful dream about choking the Oldenburg manager) saying that not only was there no donuts, no coffee, and the room was locked, but also a throng of people were there to get food. I jumped out of bed, ignoring the fact that I'd never find out if I stuffed the manager down a garbage disposal, grabbed a phone book, found the nearest Dunkin Donuts, jumped in the van, got the donuts, woke our registration folks up to make coffee, and ran down to the front desk to inquire as calmly as I could where the hell our donuts were. all the while ignoring the blisters on my feet. Turns out this never made the changes to the function sheets, assuming changed function sheets were ever issued! Bahh! I took the hotel another hour to get the stuff we ordered to us! And they had the nerve to charge us gratuity on those donuts!

I convened a meeting of the convention staff at 12 noon on Sunday. What a burned-out group. I suggested that we all go home and sleep for a week, or two for that matter. We all agreed that we did a good job, and drank a lot of beer. On my way out The Drawbridge Inn driveway I said goodbye to a few late leavers and headed right into a traffic jam on I-75 north. Maybe this would be a good time to do lunch. Bob Evans agreed. Two hours later I tried again, the coast was clear and I motored on home getting only more sunburn. The overdrive quit three miles from home. I considered that a small victory.

Post Mortem

So now it's been about a month. The overdrive is working normally after I replaced all the cut-out switches and wiring! Did I learn anything? Sure:

- Never trust a hotel to get anything right.
- Human beings do, will, consider it a right by birth to (pick one) make mistakes.
- VTR needs to provide a dedicated primal scream room for convention staff.
- Yes means no.
- No means hell no.
- The only school bus is a lost school bus.
- Plan on all plans being wrong.
- If they say "no problem", that means it's not their problem.
- Get everything in writing, signed in blood if possible.
- Get drunk and stay drunk (but don't drive!).
- Hire look-a-likes as the "fall guys".
- Pay up all insurance policies.
- Host autocrosses in a location several days drive from the convention.
- And last, but not least, practice ignorance.

Would I do it again? Martha, get my shotgun!!!!!!!!!!
Sure, but only under the supervision of a licensed medical practitioner. Looking back, I got twenty positive statements for every negative one. If I can average 95% on everything else I do for the rest of my life I'll be a very happy man.

Thanks to the crew of dedicated Triumph enthusiasts who threw in and helped. Good show folks! VTR'92 chairman - look out!

- It's coming your way!