



TRiumph TRumpeter



OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF

THE DESERT CENTRE — TRIUMPH REGISTER OF AMERICA

PRESIDENT: JOHN POORE, 947-9781
NEWSLETTER: WALLY SKURDA 948-8913

MARCH 1987

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MEETING: March 10, 1987
Hunan Restaurant
1575 E. Camelback
7:00 PM

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FROM THE PREZ. . .

As I didn't make the last newsletter, this is my first try at writing this column, and I'm not sure what should go into it - but here goes.

For those who were not at the last meeting, you should have been. We drew a lot of names before Jim Hughes walked off with the door prize. He thanks you for not showing up.

Digger took the Chadseys to task for trading one of their Spits in on an MR2. However, Jim responded well, and I think the outcome was a draw. Also, Jim, I have to say you looked good in the Solo II, but I think you would have faster times when you're going around the pylons if you came out of the turns nose first instead of tail first.

The handicapped rallye was a big success and the DCTRA Stag population was well represented, but even with that, we did not fair well in the top finishers. In my own case, I should have read that last paragraph.

For those of you that didn't make the rallye, I think I should explain that at least part of our problem was that we were seriously outnumbered. As an example; there were as many XKE Coupes as TR2s and TR3s. There were more MG sedans than TR4s, TR250s, TR6s, TR7s and TR8s combined. There were more Metropolitans, MGTs and Morgans than Triumphs. The only thought I have about this is, if this is indicative of the the of support our club gives, we are in trouble with Las Vegas coming up.

The only other thing I want to mention is: there are a lot of people out there that still haven't paid this year's dues - so how about it??? As an example, Ben North and Ed Deerling, we really would like to see you at the next meeting, and bring checks. Next month we will get more names, so if you haven't paid your dues and don't want the notoriety, come to the next meeting with dues.

John Poore
President

SECRETARY'S REPORT BY: BILL SHARP

10 February, 1987

President John Poore called the February meeting to order at 7:06 PM at the Hunan Resturant. The first order of business was to thank Wally Skurda for his inaugural issue of the TRIUMPH TRUMPETER. Next in line was Digger's impassioned reading of an ode to Triumphs that move on, and an indictment of certain club members who have taken liberties with a long standing relationship (people/car). Digger (and several others who stood with black armbands) feel that trading a Triumph on a Japanese car represents some sort of child abuse. Jim Chadsey replied by editing some copy by Marcia on the fly as he read aloud. The result must have embarrassed him almost as much as getting caught trading their faithful Spitfire! All was resolved amicably when Digger presented Jim with a T-shirt with a direct statement, and Jim agreed to wear it (when changing oil on the MR2).

A very important piece of business was announced by Tom Pennell; DCTRA was selected to host TRIUMPHFEST 1987. The meet will be held on October 16, 17, and 18, 1987 in Las Vegas, Nevada. Both Tom and Phil Hunt addressed the club on the necessity for finding a Chairperson for the meet as soon as possible. Steve Smith, who will join DCTRA soon, has already agreed to be Rally Master in Las Vegas.

Next, was the welcoming of new members: Mel Cleverly (hope I spelled it right, Mel) is a Triumph veteran who is presently engaged in yet another restoration project.

Greg Lund gave a comprehensive report on Arizona Auto Hobbyist Council proceedings, including legislative activity. Included were bills on repeal of the speed limit, accident reports, tail light height, abandoned vehicles, smog taxes, etc. For precise and timely information, call 255-4379 to get on the mailing list of the Arizona Capitol Times. The Arizona Capitol Times has chapter and verse of the continuing saga of the depredations of our own true legislature. On the AAHC agenda for spring are the annual car show and parts exchange to be held March 14th and 15th at Scottsdale Community College, located at Chapparral and Pima Roads. It was suggested that DCTRA enter a "line up" - one (at least) of each year TR from 1954 through 1980. Trophies may be awarded to each club to present to its cars if there are three or more in each class. Later in the year, October 23rd, 24th and 25th, there will be a Scottsdale Vintage Grand Prix and Concours d'Elegance to rival Palm Springs and Monterey. Sterling Moss and Innes Ireland were some of the names bandied about for the list of attendees. The treasurer's report indicated that we are solvent, but that 59 members have yet to pay their dues! Gracie also reported that DCTRA has paid its AAHC dues for 1987. Gary Hampsch reported on the British Motor Car Council doings. The Saturday of February 14 will see The Ministry for the Handicapped Scouts Rally leaving from 31st Avenue and Campbell at 2:00 PM and tailored for fun. It is our (DCTRA's) designated activity for February, so let's turn out. On Sunday, March 29th, the annual BRITISH CAR DAY will be held at South Mountain Park. Over 100 cars are expected. Sam Conklin passed around a Southern California Newsletter that attempts to organize information on all car events in the area. To obtain a copy, contact Bobbie'Dine Rodda, 1232 Highland Ave., Glendale CA 91202; phone (818) 242-5135. Digger mentioned that there will be a Muscular Dystrophy benefit in the form of a static car display at Christown Mall during the May. . . more later. Wally say, "Newsletters are fun. . . but not when you have to do it all!" SEND STUFF IN!!! Bob Schaller has been selected as TRA's National Tech Editor. This is a real honor and Bob deserves real congrats from all! Jim Hughes was awarded a Duckham's cup and book of days in the attendance lottery. Meeting adjourned at 8:10 PM.

FROM THE EDITOR. . .

One of my favorite expressions is: "Be very careful about what you ask for. . . you might get it!"

I asked for material for the newsletter. I salute you. You came through. Over the last month I received mail in plain brown wrappers, notes on paper with pictures of violets, and phone calls late at night from callers with heavily disguised voices. DCTRA is alive and well. Plus. . . it is having fun. My hat is off to the Chadseys. They have really been good sports about the ribbing they have been getting from various and assorted potboilers. Especially since they were the only ones from the club to show up at Firebird to cheer on the Spitota (that's the Triumph Spitfire (British) with the Toyota (Japanese) engine, driven by Tom Pennell (American) with a pit crew (Mixed breeds) of Bob, Digger, Fred and me).

Where is Randolph? No article from him/her this month. But we did get some responses from previous writings. Thank you, whomever you are, for answering up to these wild assaults on your hobby.

I received some notes from club members as responses to Randolph. I didn't know if you wanted your name used or not. In the future let me know if you want to remain anonymous, okay?

Oh, the deadline for newsletter stuff is the last tuesday of the month. That gives me enough time to sit at the computer terminal, hour after hour, day after day, night after night and type it in. . . working with out a break until the last punctuation mark is in place. But seriously, it will give me a little time to get things done and layed out before the last minute deadline I have been working under (due mostly to laziness).

Speaking of things for the newsletter. I have been getting articles from clubs in places I have never heard of. Just between you and me, I would rather hear about, and from people in our club. . . DCTRA. If we get to know each other a little better, think of how much more we can accomplish and the more fun we can have. Why, you might even learn that my littLE 'ALFIE' is not British at all. It is in fact Italian, and I got into the club under false pretenses. But I am looking for a Triumph, and will get 'official' as soon as I can dump...er...resell my 1970 Alfa Romeo GTV 1750.

Keep those cards and letters coming, folks!!!

ED

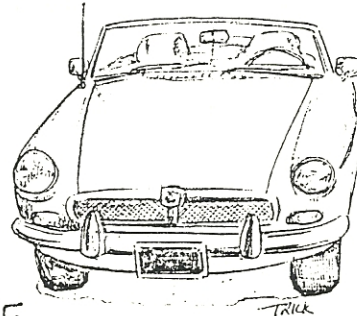
ALL BRITISH CAR DAY



SUNDAY, MARCH 29TH
1987... THE BRITISH
MOTOR CAR COUNCIL
WILL HAVE AN ALL DAY
OUTING FOR BRITISH
CAR OWNERS, AND
THOSE WHO ADMIRE
ENGLISH MAKES.

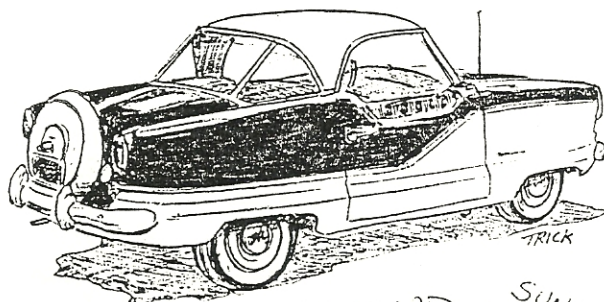
SOUTH MOUNTAIN PARK IS THE SITE FOR ALL
THE FESTIVITIES. JUST TAKE CENTRAL AVE., SOUTH
TO WHERE IT ENDS AT THE PARK ENTRANCE.

WE WILL BE LOCATED
AT THE LARGE RAMADA
ON THE LEFT, JUST
AFTER YOU ENTER THE
PARK.



DOOR
PRIZES
AND
PEOPLE'S
CHOICE
AWARDS

REGISTRATION WILL BE
FROM 8AM TO 10 AM, WITH A
FEE OF \$5.00 NO PRE-ENTRY REQUIRED.



PACK A PICNIC LUNCH AND
BEVERAGES (SORRY, NO
ALCOHOL OR GLASS CON-
TAINERS - STATE LAW),
AND COME ON DOWN.

COFFEE WILL BE FURNISHED

AUSTIN ROLLS-ROYCE STANDARD MG SUNBEAM
METROPOLITAN JENSEN BEETLE LOTUS
JAGUAR RILEY ST. PAUL TRIUMPH
AC BRISTOL VAUXHALL MORGAN
DAIMLER MORRIS ROVER
ASTON HUMBER JOWETT
CORTINA HILLMAN WOLSELEY

Dear (and I use the term loosely) Randolph:

It is true that there are a lot of women in the DCTRA. Maybe some of us aren't as active in the club as you or we would like, but we are there, behind the scenes, keeping things together for all you guys. This, in itself, is quite a job.

I do not understand why you would expect us to want to put on an event that ONLY the women will drive in, and ONLY (more than likely) the women will create, set up, and clean up afterwards. We are too busy taking care of all of you men and your toys to be dumb enough to create more work for ourselves . . . especially what we couldn't blame on you guys.

Besides, it would be discriminatory for ONLY women to participate in an event. I don't know of any event the club has had that excluded women from participating, so why should we run an event that excludes the men? You seem to forget that this is a 'social' club and not based on car events. We constantly hear, "What this club does best is eat and drink.", and boy, is that true. We go to other clubs to get 'physical' with our cars, not DCTRA.

Come on, Randolph, give us a break. I don't think that making us mad would be to your benefit, so you might consider lightening up on us ladies (or eat McDonalds every night) . So, if you are married (or single), enjoy the food we prepare for DCTRA events and a lot of other jobs we take on in the club. And stay on the good side of the lady (or ladies) in your life.

Griselda

P.S. If you do not mend your ways, may your next cake be frosted with Exlax, and may every breakfast include a prune danish. . . and may your TR refuse to start in the middle of rush hour traffic with the top down in a rain storm.

I'm only stating my view and would like to keep the line of communication open to other viewpoints. Anyone else have anything to say on this?

TO: RANDOLPH

When we were all younger in years and many of us built model planes, trains, and cars, no one cared about commission numbers. Some of us still build cars from baskets of parts, and know that a commission number is the last thing necessary when rebuilding a car. But, I also realize that neatness counts. So here is the mystical, phantom number for TSXXXXL.

TSLXXMMMCCVIL

Thanks, hope this helps.

ANON

THE DAY OF THE EGG

by
Tom Pennell

Mind you, I am not what you would call your basic superstitious person. Oh, I have broken a few mirrors in my time, but haven't really noticed any resultant turns of 'luck'. If a ladder happens to be in my way; I will take the shortest route to my destination, even if it means walking under the ladder. I pay little attention to cracks in the sidewalk, and am not flustered by black cats (except the one that leaves nocturnal deposits in the bed of my truck).

It follows, therefore, that I would not fall victim to the reserved set of automobile racing taboos, i.e., peanuts, green cars, and women in the pits. In fact, I rather like women in the pits. These superstitions mostly apply to Indianapolis-type racers, but, a few of my acquaintances in sports car racing are so afflicted.

For the past six years we have been racing our Spitfire in the Arizona Sports Racing Association events. It is a racing club for the low budget racer. Every December they hold a one-hour endurance race. Some have proposed calling it 'The 1/24th Day of LeMans'. Whatever. It is sixty minutes of madness, though, and a lot of fun.

A couple of seasons ago we were so anxious to get to the track, we skipped breakfast at home. We knew Mr. Food would be there with his converted school bus. He would make breakfast for us.

"Who ordered the egg sandwich?"

"Right here", I answered.

"Lucky. Got yourself a double-yolker".

I never heard a double-yolk egg was supposed to be lucky. But then again, why should I doubt a guy who makes his living selling cooked eggs. Maybe he knew something I didn't know.

The morning wore on. Practice and qualifying went fine. Finally it was race time. The green flag fell and the pack headed for the first turn with me right in the middle of it. By the fifth lap the field spread out and things were starting to settle down. A long race takes on a sense of routine. You shift at a certain point before a turn. You discover how deep you can go into a turn before putting on the brakes. The sound of the engine and whine of the gears begin to govern your reactions.

The pit sign said lap number eight. It didn't matter, we were running until the clock ticked off sixty-minutes. Turn one was just ahead. A left-hander. Move towards the outside and get a line set up. Suddenly everything changed. The sounds changed from harmonic precision to those I had never heard before. The sounds a car makes when it is traveling at a hundred and some miles per hour and has a universal joint on the right-rear axle break; sending the car, with me welded to the steering wheel, pole-vaulting fifty feet through the air then sliding upside-down on the pavement are beyond description. Then it was very silent. All I could hear was my heart. I was okay. The car was destroyed.

Our new Spitfire had two seasons behind it as we bumped over the railroad tracks into Eloy, Arizona. This was the Sixth Annual Eloy Gran Prix. This is a real race through the streets of a small town, and is just about the most fun an amateur racer could have. As is our custom, we took the truck camper and lived in the pits for the weekend.

As we prepared to face the day, Gracie, my wife, cooked Saturday breakfast on the camper stove.

"Well, look here. You're lucky! You got a double yolk egg."

"The last time I got one of these, I landed on my head," I replied. Undaunted, I ate my breakfast anyway.

The afternoon was wearing down. The Datsun 510 was keeping me from at least a third place trophy. I knew I could take him, and finally got the chance just before turn three. I made the pass okay, but went into the turn a little wide. The car brushed the tire wall, hooked violently to the left, and shot skyward. The car rolled one and a half times and wedged itself to a stop.

The lady working the corner ran over to the car. "I don't know what language you're swearing in, but it sounds like you're saying, double yolk egg".

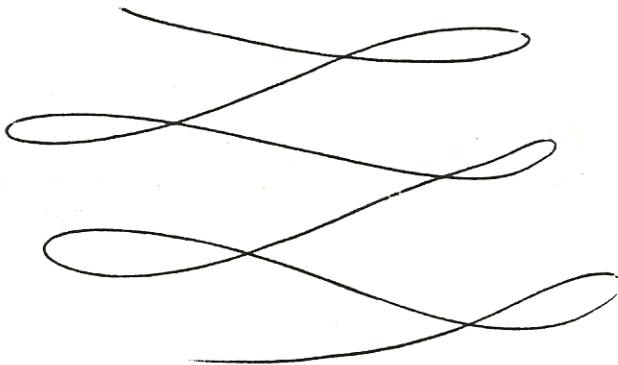
I was.

Incidents like this really make a person think. I would like to think I'm not superstitious, so I have two options:

Option one. . . Don't eat eggs on race day.

Option two. . . Eat eggs, but if one comes up as a double yolker, put the race car back on the trailer and go home.

I wonder what Mario would do? I pondered that as I sat on the pit wall, eating peanuts, watching Gracie checking the tire pressure on my newly painted green car.



Upon hearing the Chadsey's retort to the attack of the purchase of an MR2, I was quite moved! Or did it cause me to have a movement? No matter. It did cause me to search my heart to find justification for such action. After many hours of deep contemplation, it hit me! The MR2 does resemble the TR7. Well, maybe a TR7 that has been rear-ended by a Mack truck. 'THE WEDGE' . . . 'THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME', has, in fact, become the model for so many so called modern sport cars: Fiero, MR2, CRX and on, and on. . . Once again British ingenuity has set the pace for automotive engineering. Other Triumph models have also influenced designs. Have you noticed the striking similiarity between the 280Z and the GT6. How about the influence of the TR4 on early Mustangs? The influence is unmistakable.

As for the Chadseys', could it have been that they mistook that unique wedge shape for a TR7? Better get your eyes checked!!!

A True TR Owner!

CLASSIFIED ADS

FREE . . . FREE . . . PERSONAL ADS ARE FREE IF YOU ARE A PAID-UP MEMBER OF DCTRA!!!

FOR SALE: 1967 Spitfire MK II parts. Windshield frame; convertible top frame; rough body; straight chassis, Dellorto sidedraft and minifold for 1174. Call John at 271-4174 days, 943-9563 eves.

WANTED: 1174 Spitfire cylinder head; 1967 Mk III seats; 1967 Jaeger speedo; Mk III convertible top frame/mechanism. Call John at 271-4174 days, 943-9563 eves.

FOR SALE: Racing interest forces sale of early 1958 TR3 Comm. #12144g. White with grey interior. 2500 miles on completely rebuilt engine, OD transmission, front suspension, TR4 rack & pinion steering conversion. Driven daily in Arizona since 1975. Too many extras to list. Minor rear body damage. \$5,000 firm. For more information contact Fred Peck, 602-942-2532 evenings and weekends.

FOR SALE: 2 nos aamco soft tops for MK II AND D IV Spitfire, \$50; used TR7 4-speed trans \$200; also 2 1972 TR6 complete cars for parts except front sheet metal. Chuck Collins, 252-3129.

FOR SALE: Parting out '71 Triumph Spitfire Mark IV. Complete 1296 Spitfire engine, parts for 1200 engine, electrical, carburetion, and body parts available. Also a 1200 race-ready engine (used to belong to Tom Pennell). Bought a race car and need to sell these parts ASAP. For information and to haggle over prices, call Jim Cfhadsey at 236-3591 or 983-1916.

FOR SALE: 1965 Spitfire, restored, with new top, new glass and interior (tan). New paint, as well (yellow), and some new chrome. Schaller engine and carbs, with electric fuel pump. Brakes good. \$2,300. Call 971-9175 evenings.

FOR SALE: Home made parts washer; plastic sink. \$100. Call Tom Pennell, 951-8472.

FOR SALE: 1959 TR3. Good running condition, new top, tonneau cover, carpets and tires. Red with black interior. Wire wheels sandblasted and painted. Extra parts, w-wire wheels, 4-disc wheels, 5-hub caps, shop manuals, etc. \$4,500 or best offer. don groves, 515-752-5131, #D-10 2510 S. 6th St. Marshalltown, IA 50158.

FOR SALE: Needs good home! TR4A IRS, 1968. Yellow with black interior. Many extras. Mileage 64,250; car has been in storage. Arizona car. New brakes, roll bar, custom steering wheel; good tires and good body. needs radiator and fan. For complete information call Ken Milward, 493-9782.

FOR SALE: 1974 Yellow TR6, original and well kept. Factory air, as well as factory hardtop, convertible and tonneau. Call Kathy or Jack at 602-836-7859.

FOR SALE: 1963 TR3B, hardtop, soft top, tonneau, no serious rust. 1-459-0491 days 1-538-3364 eves. Jim O'neil, Sierra Vista, AZ.

FOR SALE: 1970 Alfa Romeo GTV 1750. 42,500 miles. Call Wally Skurda at 948-8913.