



OVERDRIVE

The Newsletter of the Ottawa Valley Triumph Club

August 2002



Al sending yet another Triumph off for fun!

Rally in the Valley: The OVTC's annual BBQ at the Tierneys by Livia Haasper

Yes, the Tierney family did it again. On Sunday, July 28th brightly polished Triumphs were rolling into the drive way of our friends, Al and Teresa Tierney's beautiful country home on the shore of Mississippi lake. They were lining up row by row on the perfectly groomed lawn among the shrubbery and flowers, providing a colourful spectacle to the many boats cruising the lake.

Members of the club were extracting themselves from the bowels of their beloved Triumphs, in anticipation of the long awaited opportunity to participate in the annual rally. Al and Teresa had their beautiful Jaguar E-type parked near their house. A wonderful old fashioned red Sunbeam Alpine was sitting close by in the sunshine. The lovely garden had been invitingly set up with lawn chairs and grilling equipment, and made every member of the club feel welcome and relaxed.

It didn't take very long for bonnets to be raised, Triumphs inspected and compared, tech information and gossip to be exchanged. In short, the members did what they do best, which is "shoot the breeze" and "talk shop". Some of the new members had ventured out with their newly purchased vehicles to participate in this fun event. The Dyer family had arrived, driving their newly acquired TR3A, purchased from John Day. Tim had managed to quickly sort out the ignition problems, and was elated to have it on the road and looking very nice indeed.

At around 11 a.m. Al handed out the instructions and the details for the drive. We made a draw for the start numbers and were told to set up the cars in the right starting order for every car was to depart at 5 minutes intervals. Drivers and navigators were getting ready for the fun event. Let the rally begin. The kids were already anxiously waiting at the gate, waving Canadian flags. Andre Rousseau, who's GT6 is still disassembled in his garage, offered to act as the photographer. Sporting a big grin, he announced that he was to ride in the Jag with John Tierney, to drive to certain locations for the opportunity to shoot some good film.

I got into gear in my 67 Spitfire, in starting position number 4. In front of me I had Vivien Kaye in her red Corvette, behind me I noticed John and Lori Day driving up in their TR6. My better half and navigator, Wilf, was nowhere to be found. He probably had his head stuck under some open bonnet. I had to blow the horn several times to alert him, as it was time for "take off". Al handed us the paper, containing all the information given, for us to find our way. We had to carefully count the miles driven between each turn and intersection, and also making sure, we were within time limits allowed. Then, we had to answer questions pertaining to some "happenings" along the road.

Let the rally begin. First obstacle ... Which way to turn at the end of the drive way! I had to rely on hubby to come up with the right answer. So, right it was, adrenalin kicking in already, as I was gathering speed quickly, only to be held back right away, announcing to me, that we have to look for certain things along the road. Prancing horses, mail boxes, the presence of poets, apparently standing by the side of the road. This was going to be much more challenging than anticipated. I couldn't find Mr. Shaw anywhere, not realizing it was Mr. Tennyson I'm looking for. Ha, but we knew the area pretty well, as we live just around the corner. Still, we were to look for danger signs, didn't see any, then for a certain brother. Could not find him either. Wilf and I are both only children, never had brothers or sisters. This was certainly not going to be easy. But this couldn't hold me back, as I was having a blast driving. We had just adjusted the carburetors and timed the engine. The Fly seemed to be running well for a change, so I was going to have fun and booted her along happily.

"Not so fast, slow down, don't you hear the engine pinging?" I got told off again. No, I didn't hear any pinging noises, as I was simply too concentrated on moving this Spit along fast. No, I didn't care about any speed restrictions either, one must reach the next turn as fast as possible. Franktown was our next destination, down the road, towards Perth. "Scotties" Volkswagen repair shop, yet another clue. Never seen a safari in this area, so the deer farm had to do, wrong answer.

Ah... This challenge, John Tierney had cooked up, was going to be difficult. "Timing?" the call from the navigator. OK, "How many miles", the gauge is not working right...Ah, the cemetery, let's see who the care taker is. Wilf hopped out the Spit, for I've missed to stop in my quest to go fast. We drove into the church yard to find out the name of the reverend. Some Sunday worshippers wondered about these crazy people in a little red sports car, driving around in circles, mufflers roaring loudly, expression of embarrassment on their faces. Ah.. Let's forget about ideas of appearing sound of mind, mature, and sane, for just this Sunday morning.

The next turn off is the road to the Port Elgin Drive in. We haven't been here for decades. This was a good chance to check out what's playing, it's also part of the answers. Should go back with the Spit one balmy summer night, we decided. The drive took us to Rideau Ferry where we had to look for some birds nest. Ah, there was a platform with a good size nest on top. "It's an osprey nest" I offered. "No" he corrected me, "storks build nests like this high up on buildings". He jotted down "stork", I forgot to argue the point, concentrating on breaking the speed limit. Should have remembered that storks are only good for the deliveries of babies anyhow. The race against time and miles continued. We were having a wonderful time. At one time, it started to rain, so we scrambled to get the top up. Lost time, but who cares...In Smiths Falls, a crazy man jumped in front of the car. Oh dear, it's Mr. Rousseau, still wearing the "Jaguar" grin, on his face. He'll not let me forget about this driving experience for a while, I know this for a fact.

We were now on our way back towards the Tierney residence. My stomach was telling me that a BBQ would be an excellent idea., especially having to check out the menu at Angelo's restaurant for another clue on the long list. Oh surprise, here was the TR6 of Bob Thomas and Fran Wright, going in the opposite direction. Did they look worried? It couldn't have been bad, they were both smiling and waving. Then, we continued past Lynn's vegetable stand, past the 6th. Line of Beckwith, where we live, and soon we were turning into the road leading back toward the start of the rally.

I took a deep breath, and let the Spit roll onto the Tierney's front lawn. A few club members had arrived before us. Somebody was already grilling burgers and dogs. Some kids had a great time swimming and jumping off the dock. The excitement had come to an end. We discussed and laughed at our stories, and watched the other club members slowly return to home base. Everyone had a different funny adventure to report. Then, it was time to just simply relax and enjoy our well deserved meal. When stomachs were full and tales were told, Al Tierney handed out the results of this year's rally.

Our "lost" friends Bob Thomas and Fran Wright took first with 95 points and were rewarded with a certificate and the prize of a flash light, which will surely come in handy the next time their TR6 breaks down on some lonely country road. Vivien Kaye and her friend Alison took second prize with Viv's Corvette, the outsider in the group. Mike and Marjorie Graham showed off their navigational skills by scoring third, and John and Lori Day were proud to be announced as fourth place winners.

Where did we come into this picture? Ah.....we don't know. We completely failed on some of the questions, especially the tech related ones. But we do know, what's playing at the drive-in, we know that storks do not deliver babies, we realize that the roads in our neighbourhood are in bad need of repairs, we never found our lost brother, we learned that the bridge over the creek was built in 1990, and yes, Andre still has not wiped that grin off his face, and is saving up for a Jaguar E type, if Laura pays for it ...

Life is great when driving a Triumph...when good friend are in front and behind you, trying to pass you, in the race for fame ... A special thanks goes out the Tierney family for, again, hosting this annual rally for the OVTC. You've made this day a great success. Your hospitality and friendship are very much appreciated.

A Car for the Ages by Rob Davidson (from MACLEAN'S, 29 July 2002)

Dad fell in love with the Roadster long before he fell in love with his bride-to-be.

The old girl first caught my eye 21 years ago. She was toodling through an intersection in my Scarborough, Ont., neighbourhood with a sign, attached to her rear: For Sale. She was a 1947 Triumph Roadster, in remarkably good shape for her age. She had a long snout, or bonnet as the Brits called it, and an enormous chrome grill on the front that glinted whether the sun was out or not. Four big headlights were mounted on her grand, sweeping fenders. She even had a rumble, or dickey; seat that unfolded out of the "trunk" floor, and a rear windshield that popped up to protect the teeth of the passengers who sat there. By the end of the week she was mine, sitting in my driveway with all my neighbours' walking past in that standoffish Toronto way — interested but not too obviously interested. She sat there for seven more years as I slowly took her apart, located various bits and pieces she needed, towed her to and from a couple of garages, and eventually ran out of steam and money. My wife took to calling her "The Driveway Ornament."

My dad, on the other hand, regularly called from his Florida retirement getaway to find out how "the baby" was doing. Within days of the purchase, I had phoned my father to let him know I'd finally located my classic car. The type of car the two of us used to gaze at lovingly whenever we caught sight of one on the street. At first he couldn't picture the car in his mind. The next day he called me excitedly: "Robert, I sat bolt upright in bed last night! I know exactly what car you've bought. The local photographer in Arbroath used to drive one!"

My dad, Able Bodied Seaman Bob Davidson, was stationed in Scotland with the Canadian Navy in the early 1950s. Although he never mentioned it to me, he fell in love with the Roadster long before he ever fell in love with his bride-to-be. He only brought one of them back to Canada with him. By the time I bought the car, it was beginning to show its age. Every time I took it out for a spin I ended up being towed ignominiously home. It had its share of dings and scratches on the body, and there was something decidedly “off” in the front end. Months later I figured out that at some point the entire front suspension must have collapsed and been put back together by someone whose entire tool collection consisted of a screwdriver and hammer.

After struggling with the restoration project for nearly a decade, I was ready to give up. My dad, on the other hand, was ready to show the young pup a thing or two. He towed the car (and the car parts) down to Florida and over the next two years restored her to her original glory. In many ways better than she rolled off the assembly line in England just after the Second World War. He took every piece off the car, examined it carefully and placed it in one of two piles: KEEP or TOSS. When he had made a list of what he needed, he got on the phone to the Triumph Roadster Club in Britain and ordered about \$4000 worth of various bits and pieces. They were shipped to his house a week later. He stripped, sanded and painted the bodywork himself.

“Twelve coats of lacquer!” he’d eventually tell anyone who commented on how pretty she was. He fixed the brakes, the steering and the upholstery. In fact, when he took the car to get some tools from the local upholsterer, he was offered a job. “I told him forget it! Fourteen pieces of leather in every door. That’s a lot of leather and I hand cut every one of them.”

He installed a new wiring harness (the previous owner had replaced all the old wires with a homemade unicoloured harness, that was worse than useless). He resleeved the cylinders and fit new pistons he had custom-made in Florida: He even found the original English licence plates stashed under the carpeting and installed them to their rightful place on the chrome bumpers. It was a thing of beauty, and for the next 12 years, he drove it proudly back and forth to his part-time job in the oceanside town he called home. He’d load his fishing rod in the back and scoot off to the beach with his dogs. And whenever the Davidsons visited the Sunshine State, a ride, in grandpa’s old car was a highlight. As long as you were prepared to wash the old girl down thoroughly before you were allowed to ride in her (and you better be prepared for an oration on the differences between today’s cars and the Roadster and what, exactly, chrome was and why it needed polishing).

Two years ago, my dad’s wife died. Since then, he has been off-loading — lightening his life. And the Roadster was one of the possessions for which he’d wanted to find a good home. “You want it?” The phone call was a total surprise. Of course I wanted it. So this month, we will ship the old girl to Ontario. We’ll have a party to welcome her back to Canada and settle her into the new garage we’ve built for her. Before he heads back to Florida, dad and I will put the key in her ignition for what will likely be one last ride together and we will drive her along the Ontario backroads near my farm east of Toronto. I think we’ll take my two boys out with us. Three generations. One Car.

Restoration Update by Andre Rousseau

So it’s all about being patient, I keep telling myself. It’s been almost a month since I have been able to work on the GT6 frame. I’ve been busy with all of life’s other distractions. But, they have almost been taken care of and soon enough I’ll be returning to the GT6 to try and get the frame ready for a rebuild. I have set a goal of having a rolling chassis by the end of fall. I admit, I’ve had to push the time line back, but that’s the way things go when doing a restoration. Am I having fun? Oh yes. Am I learning a lot? For sure!

What progress have I made? The last time I wrote we’d just lifted the body off the frame. Since then I’ve been working on the rolling chassis. It was cleaned and then taken apart piece by piece. The motor was lifted out with transmission.

That was somewhat interesting as the exhaust system bolts would not come free and I was forced to use some engineering to lift everything out. It did work and with some patience, vice-grips and liquid wrench I was able to remove the exhaust pipe. That was as dramatic as it has been so far. The rest has gone well. I removed all the suspension components and various chassis parts to the point I could carry the bare frame around myself.

With that done, one Saturday afternoon Stephane St-Amant and I began to wire wheel the frame. This has proven to be a very effective method of removing paint. Aside from all the craziness of trying to buy the right grinder, we moved along quickly. I managed to finish the full frame in a few days.



Next step was to move the chassis to Liv and Wilf's place where I could sand blast without the problems I faced at home in a town house. First and foremost, a big thank you goes out to The Haasper's. I had a blast. Oh bad joke. In fact, I now hate sandblasting. The last time I had sand in so many unseen areas I was drunk and in Mexico.

Blasting, grinding, scraping, more blasting. All that fussing and trouble is worth it. The chassis was clean and ready for action. Before that, some minor repairs were required. Over the lifetime of the car both outriggers were homes for some small creatures. They were repaired in a blink of an eye. And when I returned the next morning, the frame was ready for me to continue. By the afternoon, I was ready to start the POR15 process. This is kind of interesting to do. Marine Clean the frame do a little scrubbing. Rinse. Then, Metal Ready, which etches the metal. Rinse and dry. POR suggest you wait for 30mins to dry the metal, but an air hoses does a lot to help. I also tipped the frame with the front end down to the ground to help drain the water. Be sure to get all the water out or it will ruin your work.

With all that done Liv and I started painting. POR goes on really well. I used POR15 semi gloss for the base coat. This stuff is nice, but its not UV sensitive so the top coat is required. I opted to use POR15 Black Cote, which is full gloss paint. We started with the frame upside down and worked from the insides out. Don't get POR on your skin. I had a few big drips on my overalls, the stuff worked right through them, a t-shirt and onto my chest. It did not take us long to paint the first coat and with two sets of eyes going over each other's work any errors can be fixed easily. We gave the paint a few hours to cure and then started on the topcoat. I thought about applying a second coat of base, but was



worried the paint would be too thick on the chassis. Now, to avoid messing up the paint when we flipped the frame, we used some bolts and piping. The bolts went on the topside near the rear of the frame, and the tubes fitted over the underside rear diff mounts. The results speak and shine for themselves, but that's sort of where my progress slows.

Shortly afterwards I spent a day at Michael Graham's blasting my shock towers in his cabinet. And then I did some exploratory grinding on the body; I discovered that one of the PO's who restored the car was a master sculptor that loved bondo.

I'll save that story for another day.

Upcoming Events

18 August. BBQ at **Ken Shillito's** home near Long Sault (534-2573). *Please call or email* John Day or Mike Graham to confirm your attendance. Plan to arrive at 11:00. **How to find the Shillitos ? ... just follow these easy directions!**

Come South on your road of choice to Hwy 2. From Hwys 416 or 31 you turn left (East) on Hwy 2. Proceed on Hwy 2 until you reach Ingleside. Pass through Ingleside and drive about 3 miles until you cross a small causeway. Shortly after that you will see Bayview Road. Turn left on Bayview and then left again very soon after onto Windermere. The Shillitos are at 12 Windermere. Ken's TR6 will be marking the driveway.

25 August (10:00 to 4:00). **Boot 'n Bonnet British Car Day** in Kingston City Park. This year the show is celebrating 40 years of the Triumph Spitfire. For more information check out their website at <http://www.bootnbonnet.org/>

Membership Dues

This is the time of year when a majority of our members have their dues expiring. Please expect a separate e-mail in the near future, or a note with your hard copy if that is how you receive the newsletter. Please send your payment for the next year to Vivien Kaye at the address on the back page of the newsletter, or at the next event (the Shillito BBQ) if you will be attending. We hope you will remain a part of the best car club in the area — the OVTC!

Dave Geller's Final Sendoff by Tom Snabl

Mrs. Geller has arranged for the unveiling for Dave will take place on 18 August 2002 with the service beginning at 11:00 a.m. sharp. Directions to Mount Pleasant Cemetery Duvernay. a.. Take the Laurentian Autoroute (15 north) and exit Route 440 East (Autoroute Laval). b.. Follow Route 440 (east) and take the exit for Montée St. François and Pie IX. Stay on service road of 440 past Pie IX and exit right to Montée St. François. Turn left at the stop sign, and go over the hill. c. Turn right at Bas St. François and follow for about half a mile. Cemetery is on the left. I will be leaving the Orange Julep on Decarie at 1015 sharp. It would be a wonderful tribute and final send Dave off if we could get together and arrive there as a group of the LBC cars that Dave spent his life keeping on the road. Following Mrs. Geller and Dave's sister Nancy have invited everyone to their home for coffee and to celebrate Dave's life. Address 1755 Rue Boudrias, Ville St Laurent, H4L 2N2. For more information contact Tom at 514 487-1803 or tomsnabl@sympatico.ca.

For Sale/Wanted

1962 TR4 for sale. The car is red with black interior and has 67000 miles on it. The car is a good driver but is not a show car. I have had the car for about 12 years now. I rebuilt the motor and transmission about 5 years ago, they have less than 5000 miles on since rebuilt. If anyone is interested in more info or would like to see the car they can contact me: Rick Phenix, phenix.r@forces.ca, rphenix@sympatico.ca, Work Phone (613) 992-5357, Cell Phone (613) 761-8528, Work Fax (613) 996-6782, Home Phone (613) 824-0219.

Wanted —Windshield for TR7. I am looking for a windshield for a Triumph TR7 drop top. Don Bryant, (613) 831-0888, Cell: (709) 682-9045, Don.Bryant@xwave.com

1963 Triumph Herald coupe. Car has been in storage for 25 years and is in need of restoration. For further info e-mail ajdayman@tcc.on.ca

1973 TR7 with half of restoration completed with a running restored engine new wiring and restored brakes. Complete body but needs a restoration project. Price is negotiable at \$3350 obo (Renfrew Area). Contact Bonnie at 613-752-

2976 or email breid@renc.igs.net

Parts for Sale. I have a touch too many parts more than any one person could ever use. Any one needing anything for a TR4 short of interior parts, because I just have enough to put my three cars together. But, I have tons of everything else, including a lot of TR250 odds and ends such as a full drive train, which I think is similar to a TR6, as well as other bits that came off a car I just parted down. As far as the TR4 goes, I have everything from IRS to fixed axle. I am also able to get TR3 parts as well. Any of the parts can be bought as they sit or can be sandblasted, primed, or fixed and cleaned. Feel free to give a ring any time 613-838-9630. Neil.

1980 TR7. Convertible needs a new home. Third owner bought in 1992. Very good condition. Never winter driven. Brown in color but ready for a new coat. No rust just paint cracking. Interior tan in acceptable condition. Entire dash intact with no scratches or breaks. Wooden steering wheel and shifter. 5 speed, dual carbs, dual exhaust (chrome tips). Entire brake system including hoses redone last year. Changed alternator, starter, and radiator over the years. Top in excellent condition but zipper on window needs repair. Approx. 90,000 km. Asking \$4,500 negotiable. Will drive out of storage May 1st and be ready for annual tune up. Selling because I have no time to use or baby anymore. Tel (613) 291-5084 Ottawa area, please contact Atul.

1980 TR7. We recently purchased a 1980 TR7 convertible and are in the process of restoring it. We're hoping to find a parts car with matching interior upholstery items somewhere among your members — any suggestions? Please contact Dave and Terry Brown (terry@adbro.com).

Rare Herald 948. 1962 Triumph Herald Saloon, completely restored in excellent condition. Fiscal reality forces sale! \$4000 obo or interesting trade. Comes with safety certificate. Ottawa (613) 721-6127. Dave Delcorde

1980 TR7. It is in good condition. Never been winter driven. Body and motor and transmission all good — has been maintained on regular basis by Eric at English Motors on Bell Street. The upholstery needs to be re-done. 613-729-2366. Jeff Gould

Michelin Redline tires (4) for TR6, worn tread but sidewalls not cracked. Could be used for show or as spare. Make an offer (I will be very reasonable — I need to make room in my basement) Alain 742-1557

Wanted. Heater Coolant Valve for 1975 Triumph Spitfire . Mine is leaking rather badly and is causing me grief when I would really like to get the car out and running. Bob Samuel (bobsamuel@sympatico.ca)

Spitfire and GT6 parts: GT6 Parts: Rebuildable Mk3 bonnet \$100, Excellent Mk3 bodyshell \$400, Good mk3 bodyshell \$200, “+” seats 200; Spitfire parts: 1296 shortblock \$100, 1147 long block \$200, 1296 head \$50, Mk3 fibreglass hood, Mk3 Seat frames \$50.00. Miscellaneous other parts ...Call Gary at 836-6002

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British Car, PO Box 1683, Los Altos, CA, 94023, USA. The American magazine for Triumph enthusiasts who love English cars. To subscribe call: 1-800-949-9680. Mention the advertisement in our newsletter and get one extra issue free. Rates: 1 year (6 issues) \$22.95 USD, 2 years \$39.95 USD.

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The Ottawa Valley Triumph Club is comprised of approximately 65 members. The Club meets at 7:30 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of each month at the Manordale Community Centre, which is located at the corner of Knoxdale and Carola Roads in the City of Ottawa. Meetings include technical seminars, video presentations, restoration techniques, and much more. The Club also publishes a monthly newsletter, *Overdrive*, which is distributed to members and exchanged with other car clubs.

Membership is open to all individuals and companies interested in Triumph sports cars. Membership is \$30.00 per year (June/June) per household and \$60 per year, corporate. **Please send membership applications** to: OVTC c/o Vivien Kaye, 1710 River Road, Manotick, ON, K4M 1B4.

The OVTC is a member of the British Car Council and is affiliated with the TR Register (UK)

OTTAWA VALLEY TRIUMPH CLUB

*c/o 2422 Fairmile Road
RR4 Kemptville, ON
K0G 1J0*

OVTC Executive for 2001–2002

President

Stephane St-Amant – Tel: 819-643-9047; Email: steph71tr6@crosswinds.net

Past-President

Mike Graham – Tel: 613-258-2901; Email: mgraham@achilles.net

Treasurer and Membership

Vivien Kaye – Tel: 613-692-1880; Email: njkid@cyberus.ca

Vice-President

Rob Christopher – Tel: 613-271-8696; Email: robc@cisco.com

Newsletter Editors

John Day – Tel: 613-723-9876; Email: dayj@inac.gc.ca

Mike Graham – Tel: 613-258-2901; Email: mgraham@achilles.net

Social

Bob Thomas – Tel: 613-926-0842; Email: bthomas@ripnet.com

Louis Boucher – Tel: 819-682-0707; Email: louisboucher@videotron.ca

Regalia

Roly Mailloux – Tel: 613-226-8708; Email: rdmailloux@sympatico.ca

Webmaster

Andre Rousseau – Tel: 613-590-7365; Email: andrer@mac.com

*Please send submissions for **OVERDRIVE** to: 2422 Fairmile Road, RR4 Kemptville, ON, K0G 1J0, or electronically to: mgraham@achilles.net*