



OTTAWA VALLEY TRIUMPH CLUB APRIL 1993

Editor's Babble:

I've had enough of this weather! Just when it looked like we were in the clear for spring, BOOM!! Another 30 cm. (1 foot for our U.S. readers) of snow comes tumbling down. I mean, really, fun is fun, but this was a rotten April Fool's Day trick. But what can you do? In all consolation, it is melting fast, the days are longer, and Triumphs will again take to the streets!

My thanks again to Clive for this month's page 1 & 2. Last week he called, and when Lori picked up the phone, Clive said: "Did you see the parcel yet?", to which Lori replied "No, what parcel?" It turned out Clive not only did up the two sides of the page, but photocopied them back-to-back and ran off 75 copies too! You can't beat help like that! With this sort of momentum, Clive might just design, write, address and mail the whole shebang before taking a breath. Thanks again. Cheers!

New Corporate Members:

Please welcome *Global Auto Care* (1796 Woodward Drive, Ottawa) into the OVTC fold. Joe Lashley came across this shop as it is located near his office. Global Auto Care is operated by Mike Doherty and Mike Shore (so don't just call & ask for 'Mike'), and they offer 30 years' combined experience working on British automobiles, as well as member discounts on labour. Hopefully we'll see Mike &/or Mike at the next meeting to hear more about them and their operation.

March 22nd Meeting:

I arrived a bit late at the meeting (Bailey, our pup, had her first 'obedience school' class that night). The first order of business, which I caught the tail end of, was the list of 'teams' for our monthly meeting organization. To help me out with this, however, are some words from Derek:

The accompanying membership list is, as you see, divided into groups. These groups are numbered for our monthly meetings.

This exercise is to allow more members to take part in the meetings and bring out fresh ideas. Once this gets rolling then members will be able to organise well in advance. If help is required, feel free to call on other members not in your group.

Anything remotely related to the Triumph is acceptable: speakers on automotive topics; Restorations; models; locating parts; etc.

Groups can get together bodily, by phone, fax or letter. Have a Triumph..ant time when you do.

Derek

The list of names, courtesy of Dave Huddleson, is contained at the back, based on the present roster of members.

In addition, a **raffle** was held at the meeting. Tickets for the draw were \$1 apiece, with a net profit of \$10 for the OVTC coffers. The prize, a spiffy new tool box, was won by David Moorhouse. Terry Dale has graciously donated next month's prize: a hooded Triumph sweatshirt, valued at \$50! Tickets for this raffle will be \$2 apiece, or 3/\$5, due to the value of the prize (but the odds are better than the 6/49!), so come on out and try your luck.

The keynote speaker for next month's meeting is a representative from **Krown Rust Control Centres**. As some of you know, Krown is the recommended rust prevention treatment for many exotics, so this will be quite interesting.

On the matter of the TR/MG Challenge, Clive proposed a Darts tournament, with the possible location as being the "King's Stag" British Pub, just off Colonnade Road near Prince of Wales Drive (a very 'proper' English location if you asked me! *Ed.*). This seemed to be a good location, due to it's central location, British Ales, and so on. Clive was going to investigate if the management of the Pub would be receptive to sponsoring (ie. subsidizing!) the affair. Further ideas will be "tossed" about at next month's meeting.

Clive also mentioned that he is still able to get anyone who wants one an OVTC name badge, at the low, low price of \$8.95. This is just the thing for attending out-of-town events (Stowe comes to mind (again!)), so contact Clive at any meeting, or at home at 820-7350 if you're interested.

As a final note from last month's meeting, Juliano wanted to be sure that I mentioned that he wins the award for "first Triumph to attend" for 1993. Granted, his house is only 2 blocks from the clubhouse, but that doesn't matter (it was even **insured**).

Regalia:

At the present, the Regalia situation is this: we have our usual supply of ball caps & Gatsby caps @\$8.00 apiece, and window decals @\$4.00 per. Coming soon are Golf Shirts for \$20 and sweaters for \$22. All these items feature the OVTC crest. If you would like the crest to adorn some article of clothing other than these, embroidered crests are available for \$7 apiece or 3 for \$20 (no-one seemed to jump at the 2/\$15 price!)

How did you spend the winter?!

I'm sure some of you out there were up to something with your cars (even if I wasn't), so **let's hear from you!** This is my invitation as Editor to the members to tell the rest of us what repair/restoration/improvement activities you were up to. A few words is all that's needed: no overly elaborate or technical writings are required. Any little anecdotes on what happened during the winter is all I need.

"Dr. Dale's Car Clinic":

Lost some of that driving 'edge' after plowing through the snow this winter? Well, in this month's installment, Terry Dale has a suggestion for getting back that rallying feeling without being a menace on the roads. Read on ...

Ever wanted to test your driving skills in a timed competition? Ever felt like pushing your car to the limit against the clock? Don't want to risk damaging your car racing side by side but want to experience the thrill of victory? The agony of defeat? Why not try Autocross?

Autocross is held on a race-type course defined by pylons in a large, unused parking lot. The runs, usually 3-4 in a day's event, consist of electrically-timed circuits of the course, typically over two laps. Cars are grouped by class

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defined by performance, and the cost of entering is typically around \$12 for the day. The car must be in good mechanical condition, hubcaps & trim rings removed, loose stuff out of the interior and functional seat belts in working order. A rollbar is not required for open cars.

The Motorsport Club of Ottawa is holding an Autocross School on Saturday, May 1st. It is open to all and the cost of \$20 includes classroom instruction, work with an instructor on an actual slalom course and entry the following day in the first of ten scheduled events to be held throughout the year. For more information, call Solo Directors Mike Anderson at 269-4681, Peter Riley at 738-8752, or the 24-hour hotline at 788-0525.

In addition, Mike Anderson of the Ottawa MotorSport Club, will be along to give us a 5-10 minute talk on the Slalom School offered at Carleton U. Parking Lot on May 1st. Terry mentioned this briefly at last month's meeting, but Mike will offer the real low-down on the school and what is involved. Terry did mention that those who come out receive dash plaques for their efforts, so you can show your friends you're a real dare-devil.

Komedy Korner

Dave Huddleson contributed the following article (already on disk, thankfully!), which he got from the network at Gandalf. Hope you find it as humorous as I did...

rites of passage - In which Bob discovers that, in large part, it is both unsafe and illegal to drive old sports cars - By David J. Bedard, from Automobile Magazine, February 1988.

I see it coming, but there isn't anything I can do to talk him out of it. It's a rite of passage every male endures, a kind of mechanical Bar Mitzvah, only it comes enough years past thirteen that the victim ought to know better. My friend Bob Wheeler is about to buy an old sports car, a 1972 Triumph Spitfire.

Bob's migration toward the financial cliff begins when he sees such a car, complete with a golden-haired goddess who is engaged in demonstrating her fondness for the driver. The Spitfire is sold to Bob by a man with an extraordinarily firm handshake,

suede loafers, and a Jackie Stewart cap, who could sell Mr. Coffees to devout Mormons.

Four days after the purchase, Bob is exiting his driveway and toes the brake pedal, as is his custom before venturing into a busy street backward. The brake pedal slaps uselessly to the floorboard, but not before the piston in the master cylinder, which has ruptured, squirts eight ounces of hydraulic fluid through the firewall and onto his feet, causing the shoe polish on his Kinneys to curdle. Bob does not notice. He is busy pumping the pedal and eyeing a yellow Pontiac bearing down on him at an alarming rate. When the futility of this action strikes home, Bob grabs the emergency brake and yanks mightily toward his armpit. The ratchet in the lever makes a busy noise, the return spring offers comforting resistance, and the car slows not at all. Bob gives up and steers toward his mailbox. This stops the car.

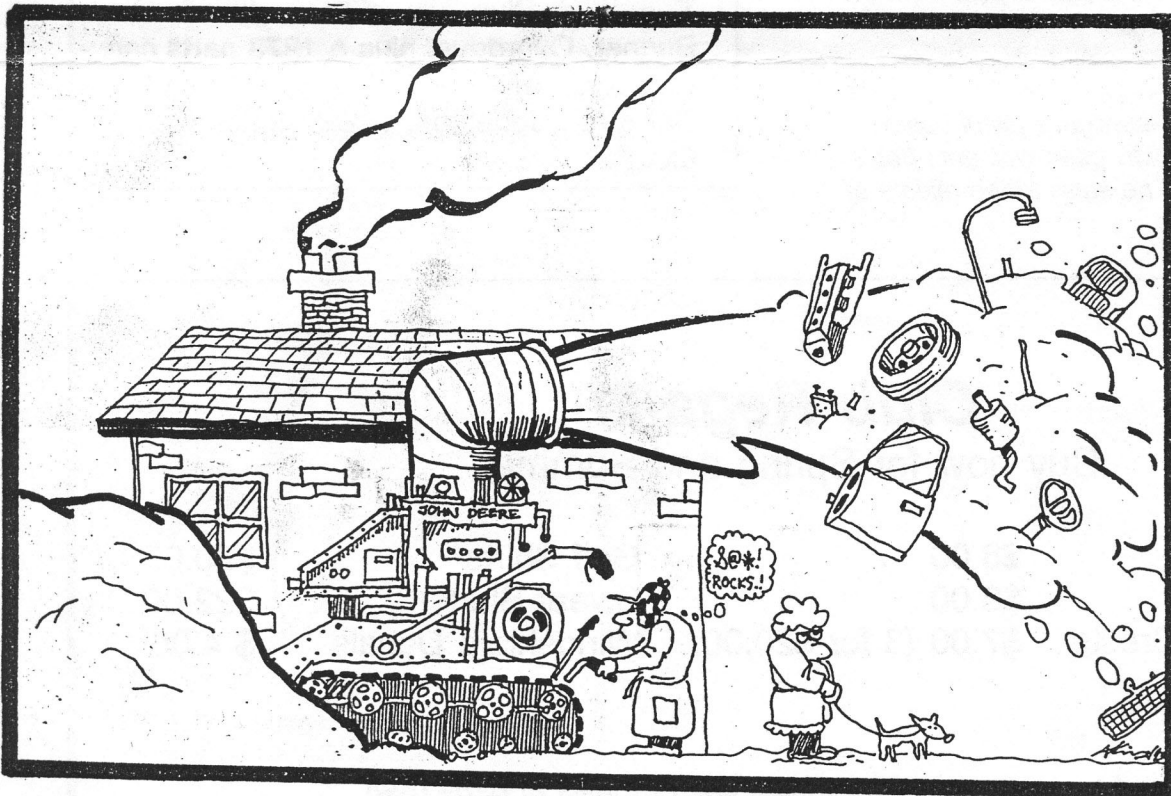
When Bob attempts to drive the Spitfire to the brake shop, using the engine's compression for

deceleration by turning the ignition key on and off, he learns two things: (1) When he turns the key off, it locks the steering column; and (2) switching the ignition on and off with the car in gear causes a backfire that can be heard for many blocks, which blows off the aft two-thirds of the exhaust system and attracts the police, who tell him, "It is both unsafe and illegal to drive a car without brakes and a muffler."

A few weeks and many phone calls later, Bob's car is rolling again, until there erupts a carrots-in-a-blender noise from between the seats. Bob spends the following Saturday at a junkyard, scrounging for a usable gearbox at a reasonable price. He is not able to find one anywhere. Ever. But within two weeks, he has collected two 95-percent complete gearboxes for a '71 Spitfire, one 80-percent transmission from a '69 model that obviously won't fit but which his shop swears is interchangeable, one 50-percent shift linkage, and two baskets of what he thinks may represent a '73 gearbox in poor repair but is in reality the overdrive unit from a bus.

Bob also discovers that the owner of transmission number three had suffered a similar misfortune and had reamed out the cases and substituted a gear cluster from a '66 GMC pickup truck.

Weeks later, the car runs well enough that Bob unwittingly drives far from any possible source of help. As darkness falls, he is not annoyed that the headlights are blinking on and off, or that the dimmer switch sounds the horn. He is annoyed that the car is emitting an



- Andrew King, industrial design student, Carleton U.

odor like burning track shoes. It is just as well that he cannot see the short in his electrical system that began beneath his oiled wooden dashboard and is now spreading down the wiring harness toward the headlights and is about to supernova beneath the hood.

He pulls to the shoulder and discovers a crackling fire running the length of the main wiring bundle. It looks like a glowing snake and smells like Akron. Wheeler removes his \$200 suede jacket and tries to beat out the flames and then retreats to the safety of the middle of the road, where he discovers that part of the evil scent was his hair, which now looks like the outcome of a bizarre electrolysis mishap.

Furious, Wheeler kicks the car, and the vibration of his blows causes the now crispy harness to drop harmlessly to the ground. The fire goes out.

Although the Spitfire is still idling, Bob suspects the necessary wiring for the starter has melted. He is afraid to turn the car off so he can liberate the ignition key to open the trunk, where there is a flashlight. Instead, he uses a length of pipe from the gutter to jimmy the trunk handle.

Bob sets out toward home, hanging his head out the side of the car, aiming the flashlight's pitiful beam down the road. This operation goes well until Bob's foot slips off the clutch and he stalls in the middle of

an intersection. Only then does he confirm his suspicion that the starter wiring has indeed burned up, and he is unable to restart the car. He sits patiently and awaits the arrival of the police. They tell him, "It is both unsafe and illegal to drive a car at night without any headlights at all."

Bob agrees, wholeheartedly, imploringly, ingenuously. The policeman softens and confesses, "I always dreamed of buying a Spitfire." Bob's brow unwrinkles as he introduces himself with an extraordinarily firm handshake.

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If you cannot attend a meeting to order these, call Pat Mills at 825-1698.