



Triumph TRumpeter

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF
THE DESERT CENTRE - TRIUMPH REGISTER of AMERICA
PROMOTING TRIUMPHS AROUND THE WORLD WITH OUR
SISTER CLUB,
THE ISLE OF WIGHT TRIUMPH CLUB, U.K

**March, April &
May 2006**

VOL. 27 Issue 3

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COMING EVENTS

**CLUB MEETING:
JUNE 13TH - 7:00 PM
EL ZARIBAH SHRINE
552 NORTH 40TH STREET
COME EARLY-
HAVE DINNER-
SUPPORT OUR
BENEFACTORS!**

**Drive-In Movie Night
June 17th**



WELCOME OUR NEW NEWSLETTER EDITOR

After many years of outstanding service our newsletter editors have reluctantly asked to surrender the job. We as a club have been profoundly fortunate that a brand new member (at her first meeting no less!) volunteered to pick up the torch that Pam and Clay Rineholt carried for so long and so well.

Starting with the next issue Deb "Grace" Tobiasson will be taking over the reins while we put this issue together during the transition. We, as your Club officers, apologize for the lack of a newsletter these past couple of months but hope that this issue and the subsequent issues will be able to continue the wonderful tradition we have enjoyed over the years from an outstanding group of editors like the Hunt's, Digger Davitt, John Lindly, Tom Pennell, Mike Bayne and most recently the Rineholt's.

Please remember this is your newsletter and the Newsletter Editor is a Volunteer position so please be willing to submit articles. For example: A funny - or sad - story of driving your TR, A helpful tech tip or Triumph website that you have discovered. However, please also be aware of copywrite issues and be obtain permission for material if it was written by someone else.

With this "expanded" issue we have added quite a few additional articles and pictures to help make up for the lack of recent newsletters hitting your email in-boxes.

WEBSITE REVAMP

Over the coming weeks we will be revamping the DCTRA website from a "static" webpage to a more dynamic "Blog" format.

This new format will include a calendar (it will even count down the days until the next event), an area for exchanging information and other features!



CLUB OFFICERS

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DCTRA WEB SITE: <http://www.dctra.org>

Meetings are held on the
Second Tuesday of each month.

Dues are \$18.00 per year.

For membership information,
contact Marty Clark at 480-962-7848.

Permission to reproduce anything in this newsletter is
granted provided proper credit is given.

CONTRIBUTORS

We would like to encourage every member to help with
newsletter submissions; we welcome all TR stories,
articles, and photos. A Best Regards and thank you to
the following Contributors and Advertisers
who supported our current newsletter:

Mike Goodwin, Phillip & Shirley Blahak, Delta
 Motorsports, F1 Race Factory, Inc., Deta Hampsch,
 Marty Clark, Import Car Parts, Stu Lasswell,
 MicroWorks Computer Networking and Maintenance,
 Moss Motors, Ltd., John & Kathy Nuss, Mike Long,
 The Phoenix Flower Shop, Dave Riddle, The Roadster
 Factory, Arthur Wallis, and anyone else we missed.

THE PREZ SEZ



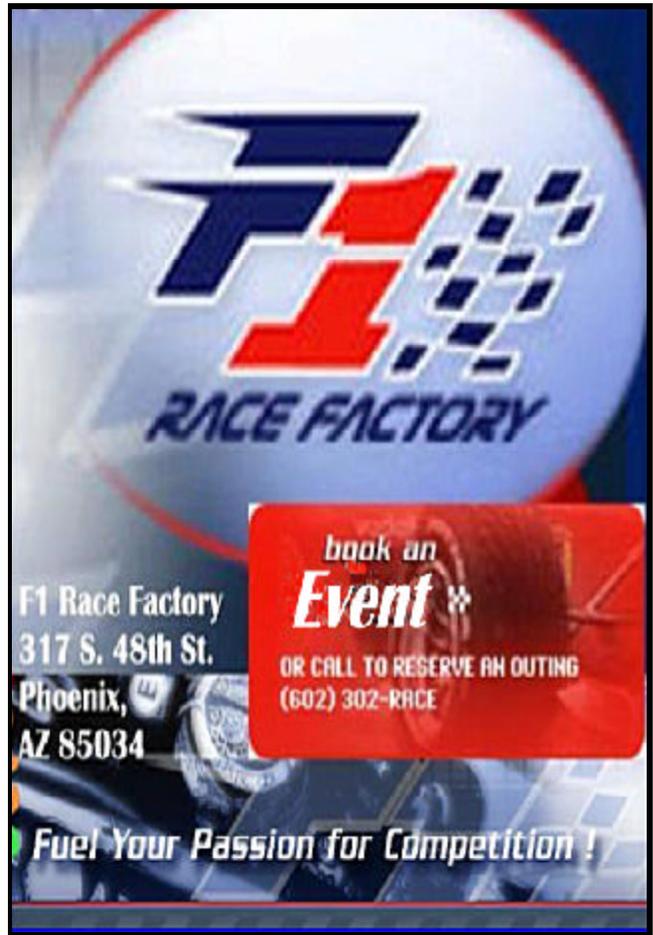
Last newsletter I implied (threatened?) that I might go into the details of my adventure that was the BEAT tour of 2000. Mind you this tale has been repeated for years and not just by me, so I feel that, despite my respect for that great oral tradition of the "tall tale", the time has come to put it into print. These are the facts, to the best of my recollection, and I was there!

We moved to Arizona in January of '97, and I don't think it was long after that when our dearly departed President and friend Roger Gukowski proposed the first BEAT tour (spring '98). Now, this "mini Copper State" really appealed to me, but with two young kids in the house and no relatives in town, there was just no way to go. The same was true in '99, and the feedback from the event was really positive. For 2000 I convinced my parents to come over to "spend some quality time" with the grandkids, while Debbie and I head off into the mountains for the weekend. Finally we could do the BEAT! There wasn't much to do to prepare the trusty TR-3 as I was commuting in it a couple days a week, and there had been no problems... what could possibly go wrong on a little 500 mile jaunt like that? I changed the oil, cleaned the air filters, greased the suspension fittings and all such usual preparatory stuff. Everything looked up to snuff... for a tired forty-something year old British car! We seemed ready for anything.

Saturday morning came, and the weather was chilly and gray, but not enough to dampen our spirits as we anticipated our

adventure. By the time we reached the first stop of our journey (Wickenburg) I was having trouble shifting gears... I had to stab the clutch pedal two or three times to shift without forcing it noisily into place. The fluid level seemed OK, so I figured we could soldier on through and maybe bleed the system in Flagstaff if it didn't improve on it's own (Ha!).

Next we were off through the Joshua Tree Forest and up into the hills. Finally some twisty mountain roads of the type a British sports car is made for! Ahead of me a white Jag E-type is setting a good pace, chasing a rotary-powered Triumph Herald... fun for me, but Debbie keeps telling me to be careful, slow down, watch out for that curve ahead, etc. I, of course, revel in the experience, sure that my above-average driving skills will be able to handle any circumstance that might come up. Eventually we arrive at Kirkland, a wide spot in the road with little more than a stop sign, some railroad tracks, and a bar/restaurant to betray its existence. Suddenly all these objects came sharply into focus for me!



First, we came to a stop at the sign. As we accelerated across the railroad tracks, the TR-3 suddenly lurched to the right toward the parking lot of the bar. Naturally, I steered left, while simultaneously stepping on the brake

pedal. Much to my surprise, the steering wheel just spun ineffectually while the brake pedal plopped straight to the floor! As if in slow motion, I repeatedly stomped the pedal while wildly spinning the wheel as we slewed into the dirt parking area, directly into a space, coming to rest a foot or so away from the railroad tie curb. As I slowly gathered my (so-called) wits while trying to fathom just what had happened, someone pulled up nearby and shouted "You lost your right

front wheel!" Actually, upon further inspection, that is not truly accurate. It seems that some time while we were careening up the mountain the nut holding the upper ball joint in place fell off, and the jolt of the railroad tracks we

crossed popped the ball joint out, allowing the whole right front assembly to lay down on the sidewall of the tire. Well, with these old cars and their single reservoir brake systems, when you snap off a brake line (as we did) you lose all your brakes! When the wheel dropped to it's sidewall the car turned right, but my efforts to counter-steer were thwarted by the splined connection of the "split steering column" not doing it's job. It has been surmised by some that during WW 2 the British developed a very hard form of cheese in response to the shortages of metals for the war effort, and it seems that Triumph used some of this hard gray cheese in some non-critical areas as a substitute for the more expensive metal... such as the steering column joint! Somehow, as I frantically spun the steering wheel whilst mashing the brake pedal into the floorboards, it didn't occur to me to grab the handbrake...I guess I was a little distracted. I can only say that had this all happened 30 seconds earlier or later that it did I probably would not be around to tell you about it!

Further examination revealed that no major damage had been done, and we got the ball joint back into position and awaited the trailer. When it arrived it was already occupied... by Dave Riddle's TR-3! It seems his coil had "blown" shortly after Wickenburg. When I suggested that I borrow his brake line and nut, he suggested that I loan him my coil

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and take the trailer! While I preferred my plan, his did seem more expedient, and indeed his became a runner and my TR ended up on the trailer. End of story? Not by a long shot! When we got to Prescott we found that we missed lunch. Oh, well! We found a coil for Dave and a suitable nut and brakeline for me at a local parts store, but then discovered that the panel covering the spare tire compartment (and my license plate!) had fallen off while on the trailer, never to be seen again. Undeterred, we headed off towards Flagstaff, but due to limited seating, Debbie was up front in the tow vehicle with Roy Stoney and his wife Jean, leaving me sitting in the pickup bed. Not too bad really... until it started snowing as we headed up Oak Creek Canyon! Yes, I was quite cold. Once at the hotel, around dusk, we agreed to undertake repairs in the morning.

We woke up to find everything covered in a light blanket of snow... very pretty, 'til you consider going out and working on your car in it! BRRR!!! We started in, with a light snow



Dave's TR3 arrives to steal a coil from Stu's TR3 and surrender the trailer to Stu!

falling, but no wind. Dave set about swapping back the coil while I got down to replace the brake hose. Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere a gust of wind comes up, pushes the bonnet back off it's prop, snaps off both the hinges, slams it back into the windshield (which cracks in several places, naturally) and leaves it inverted on the top! At this point I can only sigh, pick it up and toss it aside for later. Back to work.

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looking out over my inverted wheel through the cracked windshield, we were ready to drive through snow and rain out of the mountains! Obviously God watches out for fools such as us! I cannot explain why Debbie will still ride with me in that TR-3 to this day! We look forward to this year's BEAT tour (our seventh!).

P.S. I obviously wrote this before this year's BEAT tour... and this year's trip was pleasantly uneventful, I am happy to report!

Stu Lasswell



Stu enjoying the cool weather and scenery of Oak Creek in the back of Roy's Truck

Actually we did get things pretty much back together. We bled the brakes (and clutch, to no avail) and properly secured the ball joint (now with a cotter pin!). The steering, however, was still a problem. It seems the clamping nut was stripped, allowing the splined connection to slip... i.e. the car might not go where I point it! For some reason the splines seemed to grip best with the steering wheel upside down, and at least with the car in motion it appeared that I should be able to steer... these minor details were not related to Debbie at this time, needless to say! So, with a borrowed tie-down strap holding the bonnet in place, a bungee cord keeping the spare in it's boot,

Stu & Debbie enjoying a more pleasant BEATing in 2006



MINUTES OF THE MAY MEETING

The meeting opened at 7:10pm with Stu presiding. Roy Stoney thanked the group for the flowers sent to his wife. Ron Gurney had also e-mailed a thank you for the flowers sent to Elaine. Ron also sent info from VTR. He feels someone else should represent us since he cannot attend the meetings. Jim Bauder volunteered to be the VTR Representative.

Randy Bauder, a visitor from Vancouver, WA was a visitor. He is here rebuilding his Spitfire with his brother Jim Bauder.

We still need software to print the newsletter. Grace has been playing phone tag trying to get the needed info. The Treasurer John Reynolds, was not present so no report. The people who attended the BEAT had a

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great time as usual. No major car problems with our members who went. This is a first.

The group working on Deta's car had problems setting the engine into the car. John Horton asked for help to try to get the engine into the car Monday night about 7pm.

British car week is May 27th to June 4th. DRIVE YOUR CARS!!!! The breakfast run will be May 21st and will be sponsored by the Jag club. Dave will put together another movie night on June 17th to be held at the same place as last time. He will send an e-mail with a choice of movies to be selected from. October 14 & 15 will be The British Voyage this year. All is quiet for the summer for AAHC, John Horton reported. The Triumph committee said that the California clubs are being polled as to whether they would attend a "Fest" held here in Phoenix in 2007.

Ron Hanson sent in his membership dues & needs confirmation that it was received. We will check with the Treasurer & get back to him.

Tech talk informed us that superchargers are coming out for TR6's from Moss Motors.

Meeting adjourned at 8:20.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| John Hansel | TR6 and a Stag |
| Ronald Price | TR3A |
| Tom and Sally Benford | 1974 TR6 |
| Patrick McDermott | 1980 TR7 |
| Deb "Grace" and Bob Tobiasson | 1966 TR4A |
| Stephan Green | 1962 TR4 |

JIM MEDLAND, President
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(IF THERE WAS ONE) - C'MON DOWN!

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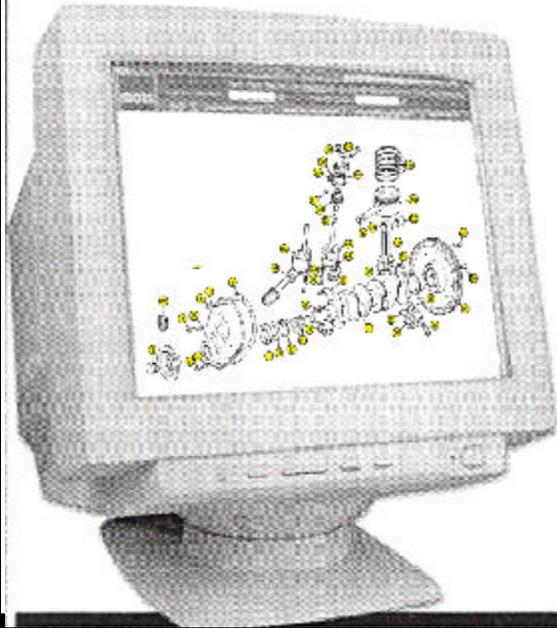


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DCTRA 2006 Membership Application/Renewal Form

Member's Information:

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Phone: _____ Work Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

Automobile Information:

Make: _____ Model: _____ Commission #: _____

Length of Membership Requested (New Memberships are prorated at \$1.50 per Month):

ONE year \$18.00 TWO Years \$34.00 THREE Years \$50.00

Newsletter: I would like to receive the newsletter via: E-Mail US Mail

Comments/Suggestions:

Form may be returned to John Reynolds,
Treasurer, 806 E. Campus, Tempe, AZ 85282

Calendar of Events

May 21st

Breakfast Run

Hosted this month by the Jaguar Club.
Meet at the NW corner of 32nd St. & Shea Blvd.
in Phoenix at our **summer hours of meet at 7:00am to leave at 7:30** for a drive to a breakfast stop.

June 17th

DCTRA Drive-In Movie Night

Location: Westside parking lot of SummitWest Signs. Located just south of the 60 Freeway off the Mesa Dr. exit at 335 E. Baseline Road. So access from the freeway will be easy with just a short 1/2 mile jaunt south to Baseline and then turn east. Building is less than 100 yards from the intersection.

Plan on starting the movie at 8:30pm.
Either sit in your car and watch the movie or bring a lawn chair to sit on. The Club will provide the cold Soda and hot Popcorn.

June 9th - 11th — 54th Annual Rallye

Glenwood Springs, sponsored by the MG Car Club, Rocky Mountain Centre, is the oldest continuous event of its kind in the U.S. Spend three days enjoying a time-speed-distance rally, a mountain tour, a funkana, and a Sunday morning car show in the heart of the Colorado Rockies at beautiful, cool Glenwood Springs. For more info, visit the club Web site at www.mgcc.org/rmc.htm.

September 16th - 17th — 23rd Annual Colorado English Motoring Conclave, Arvada, Colorado. The Ride the Rockies Tour and Conclave car show are not to be missed. On Saturday, tour Colorado during the fall—blue skies, warm days, and golden aspen covering the mountainsides. At the Sunday Conclave, you can vote by marque for the best of the 600 British cars, trucks, and motorcycles, spread across the green lawn of the park, while picnicking in the shade of century-old cottonwood trees and listening to a Highland pipe band. Web address: www.ColoradoConclave.com.

October 14th - 15th 2006

Triumphest 2006

Will be going north to visit the Granite Creek Vineyard in Chino Valley.

October 19th - 22nd, 2006

Triumphest 2006

Hosted by the TRSC (Triumph Register of Southern California)
Presenting the 25th anniversary of the largest West Coast gathering of Triumph automobiles. Held at the beautiful Santa Ynez Valley Marriott, Buellton, Ca.
<http://www.socaltriumphs.org>

October 29th

All British Car Day

Hosted by the MG Club

April 21, 2007

10th Annual BEAT

October 18th - 21st, 2007

Triumphest 2007

Hosted by DCTRA

FRIDAY EVENINGS

- Alma School & Warner, Chandler.
- Lindsay & Warner (on the east side of the Albertson's Parking lot), Gilbert, 5-? PM depending on the weather.
- Hills The last Wednesday night cruise at Gilbert Town Square will be moving to the new shopping center on Val Vista at Baseline in Mesa on February 22nd.
- Hills, 43rd Street & Union Hills, Phoenix

SATURDAY EVENINGS

- Wendy's, Superstition Springs Mall, Power & Hampton, East Mesa, 4-? PM depending on the weather. First Saturday of every month is for British cars. If you are coming let me know so we can hold spaces and all park together. shirley@nis4u.com or 480-985-2531
- The Pavilions (McDonalds), Indian

Bend Rd. between Pima Freeway and Pima Road, Scottsdale. 4-10 PM. 602-443-0800

- Chuy's, Arizona Avenue & Warner
- Dairy Queen, 108th Avenue & Grand, Sun City. 4-8 PM. 623-977-3303
- 5 and Diner, 906 N. 56th Street, I-10 & Ray, Chandler. 5-9 PM. 480-753-1114
- Shoney's, 59th Street & Bell, Phoenix. 602-948-0719, 623-561-1971
- Sonic, 33rd Avenue & Bethany Home Road. 6-9 PM. 623-936-6587

An idea for an activity over the hot summer months would be to have an afternoon/evening Pool Party and "Bring your Own Meat" BBQ. Anyone with a pool and backyard want to step forward and offer the use of their home?

Maybe we could meet somewhere before the event for a Poker Run to the location of the Pool Party!

The club purchased a copy of the Eloy Grand Prix on VHS tape from ASRA back in 1984 (Tom Pennell competed in the race in his yellow Spitfire). I captured the video and burned it to DVD. If you would like to borrow a copy of this race to watch please let me know - or for "old timers" if you want a copy for your library please let me know!

Dave Riddle (dave@microworks.net)

Dan Frank 480-358-1744

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CLASSIC-FIED ADS

Trumpeter Classic-fied ads are free to members and will run for three issues, unless extended by the advertiser. (That's why you see a date at the end of each ad). If you sell your item, let us know and we will remove the ad from the next issue. Otherwise, it will automatically disappear after the third consecutive printing.

SERVICE = I am willing to put together an Excel worksheet of all the odd tools people have that they are willing to lend out. Please email me at: kenyonsmiracle@juno.com with tool, contact information and rules of engagement for use. Craig (02/06)

FOR SALE = Roll bar to fit later TR3, must have flat rear seat, All nuts bolts and washers grade 8, \$90.00 Cliff Philpott 623-214-2314, or cndinaz@msn.com (03/06)

FOR SALE = Time to downsize, TR 3A's I have enough parts to put together 2 complete cars, both cars have restored frames but the bodies need total redoing. . Another TR 3A that is rust free and complete with wire wheels and a hard top, AZ car , Offers and part trade OK. Bill Close, (602)524-5351 (03/06)



HIGHWAY HUMOR



TRIUMPH 2006



Presenting the 25th Anniversary of the largest west coast gathering of Triumph automobiles.

Thursday, October 19th – Sunday, October 22nd 2006
Held at the beautiful Santa Ynez Valley Marriott, Buellton, Ca.



25 years ago 10 TR3A's, 7 from the Desert Center Triumph Register of America (DCTRA), and 3 from the Triumph Register of Southern California (TRSC) met in Lake Havasu for the first Triumphest. This event has grown to include approximately 175 cars from five Western US Triumph clubs.

We welcome Triumph enthusiasts and car buffs to join the Triumph Register of Southern California October 20th through October 22nd, 2006 as they present the 25th Anniversary of Triumphest to be held at the Santa Ynez Valley Marriott, 555 McMurray Rd, Buellton, Ca. 93427 (See the Triumphest 2006 discount rate information below.)

Among the many activities planned are:

· *A car show on the hotel grounds on Saturday, October 21st, 8AM – 11AM, where you can see extraordinary Triumph cars ranging from cars that are ready to be restored, in original condition, to fully restored and everything in between.*

- *A hospitality party.*
- *Tours of Central Coast wineries.*
- *Road rallyes.*
- *Imaginative car competitions.*
- *Guest speakers.*
- *Technical sessions.*
- *An awards banquet.*
- *And much, much more.*

The special event room rate is \$109 per night when the DISCOUNT CODE "Triumphest Fall" is used when registering. Marriott's Internet reservation system will not recognize the code word, so we recommend that you call the hotel directly at 1 800 638 8882, or 805 688 1000 to make the reservation. The registration must be made on or before September 19th, 2006 to receive the special event rates. The only code restriction is a 48 hour advance notice for cancellation, otherwise the first night was billed to the credit card.

Contact the TRSC Triumphest Registrar

David Patience at
Triumphest2006@alephia.net
Ph: 818 362 5234

THE UNLIKELY TRACTOR

“Out of desperation Triumph mated an unimaginative British Saloon with, of all things, a tractor engine and the resultant issue went on to become one of the world’s most popular sports cars.”

Article from the March 1971 issue of Car & Driver Magazine (reprinted with permission)

It was an evil sounding, raucous little bastard that would lure you into a corner all cozily understeering the way you’d expect from a car with 2-liters worth of good stout cast iron way up front, then throw up its hands and bumble off backward.

There was nothing delicate about it, either. None of your clipping daisies with a knockoff. You drove it like a USAC Sprinter, all elbows and shoulders, and when the weird harmonics set in at 3700 revs and it gave off that hairy chested bellow, it sounded ready to take on any Super Car in town. All 100 advertised horse-power of it.

Strangest of all, it never quit running. Somehow, electronics notwithstanding, the flat top pistons kept popping up and down and the valves kept clattering away mile after mile.

Unforgiving, brawny, dependable...it was, in short, everything a British sports car was not.

At the same time, it seemed the very epitome of traditional British machinery. The oddly trapezoidal lines, the tooth rattling four-banger engine, the built-in agony of the cockpit, the 19-snap cloth top that was designed to channel the rain at you instead of vice versa, all were in the mold of the typical

mid-Fifties British sports car.

So it was a puzzle. An enigma that wasn’t what it seemed and seemed to be what it wasn’t. Which was the mystery, the unfathomable stubborn charm of the TR-3. Or, to it intimates (who learned the hard way to deal with its mechanical idiosyncrasies) the TR-goddam-3. More correctly, the TR-3, TR-3, TR-3A and the TR-3B. In all 83,572 sports cars that are still showing people a viable alternative to Detroit seven years after the last one left Coventry.

In retrospect, the TR-3 had no business being such a marvelous misfit. It sprang, after all, from an impeccably British background. The paternal side of the line was a succession of incredibly dull saloons and tourers extending all the way back to 1903. Its mother was a tractor.

Further, it owed its existence, ultimately, to a gentleman named Reginald W. Maudslay, whose feelings about car design didn’t bode well for sports cars. He explained, “I don’t want any of these new ideas. I want my car to be composed purely of those components whose principles have been tried and tested and accepted as reliable standards.”

With that, in 1903, the company that would one day give birth to the TR-3 was founded. Not unexpectedly, Maudslay called it the Standard Motor Company.

For some 50 years, the “nothing new” principle guided the fortunes of the company, and guided them rather well. Although no one was shouting loud huzzahs over the cars Maudslay produced, they were selling well. Then the First World War brought lucrative government contracts for everything from BE-12 bi-planes to Stokes Trench Mortars. This allowed Standard to expand its factories to that at war’s end the company could get on its style with the job at hand: grinding out

thousands of reliable, conservative cars for thousands of reliable, conservative customers.

When Maudslay died in 1934, the company continued on in his tradition. Even after the Second World War, which yielded it share of government contracts for the firm, more of the same dull cars seemed to be in the offing. And as a matter of fact Standard did produce a gaggle of re-hashed 1939 designs after the war. But a bizarre set of circumstances was developing: so bizarre that the Standard Motor Company, as it was before the war, would not survive but would turn into something entirely new; so bizarre, that it lead to the birth of the TR-goddam-3.

First, in 1945, Standard bought a down-and-out ragamuffin of a company called Triumph. A automotive off-shoot of the prosperous Triumph motorcycle operation, it had been floundering even before the war. Then Heinkels and Dorniers of the Luftwaffe came to finish off the job. So what Standard got for its money was Triumphs "good will" and a whole lot of bomb craters. And an outlet for some new products.

With one eye firmly on the profit ledger, Standard set its new subsidiary to work on an unlikely project. Not a car. Not even a motorcycle. But, of all things, a tractor! It was to be a four-wheel-drive machine based on an 8-hp Standard car engine.

The project itself never amounted to anything. But it turned out to have been a pretty good move anyway. Triumph, instead of making its own tractors, wound up with a fat contract to produce the Ferguson tractor. More importantly, that contract included a license to produce the Ferguson engine - a 2-liter in-line Four with chrome wet-liners in a cast-iron block.

The company's first move was to

design a car around the tractor motor. It was a dumb, bulbous little family car called the Vanguard, built with one eye on the anemic postwar economy in Europe and the other eye on the newly stringent vehicle tax laws. The same engine wound up in another pair of cars - cars that were being produced more or less with Triumph's left hand while the right hand concentrated on the tractor business. These were an odd-looking but interesting roadster and a handsome razor-edge saloon, both called the TR-1800.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the ocean, another event in the bizarre sequence was underway. America had discovered the sports car. Thousands were outfitting themselves in tweed caps and string-backed gloved and spending big money for anything automotive that looked slinky and came from overseas. The boom was on, money was flowing and MG and Jaguar were selling more cars than they made.

That sort of thing wasn't likely to go unnoticed at the Standard works, of course. So, just six months before the 1952 Earls Court Auto Show, the company decided to claim a piece of the active. A hastily devised roadster body with cut down doors, a bobbed-tail and a puckered little grille was clapped onto a Vanguard frame, the trusty tractor motor was dropped in place and - voila - the 1952 show car from Triumph.

Out on the test track the thing turned out to handle like a three-legged camel but that was a minor detail - besides that wouldn't be apparent on the show stand. So it was off to Earls Court. There, even though the most dim-bulb showgoer could see it had no provision for luggage, it was a hit. More importantly, it hunkered down neatly into the market gap between the 1250cc MG and the 3.5-liter Jaguar.

So the engineers set about making the

TR-1 (yes, there really was a TR-1) into something you could drive without maiming yourself and which could carry something more substantial than a Dopp Kit. Retaining the same basic body, they gave it a longer tail with a hint of a trunk, devised a new frame, fiddled with the suspension and by 1953 were producing the TR-2. It came on like Genghis Kahn in the marketplace.

For that matter, it did pretty well on the road, too. As soon as the photographers were done with it, Ken Richardson, the competition director of Triumph, took the prototype, stuck on a belly-pan and some streamlining, removed the windscreen and was clocked at 124 mph down the Jabbeke highway in Belgium - a new record. And almost as soon as it hit this country the TR was super plan in E-Production racing. It was low, it was little (11.55 square feet of frontal area without the windscreen), it would turn 100 mph century and then some, and it had torque to burn for starts and digging out of slow corners (remember, the engine was originally designed to pull a two-bottom plow).

Getting it stopped could be an adventure, but even that was alleviated in 1957 when the car (by this time it has been through a series of minor design changes and was called the TR-3) came with a set of Girling disc brakes in front.

Best of all from a racing standpoint was the fact that it never, never broke down. You practically had to throw rocks in the sump to blow the engine and one of the favorite pastimes of TR-3 fans is swapping stories of TR-3's that survived hideous disasters and kept going.

For instance, there was one TR-3 that actually ran the last 12 laps of a race in Bainbridge, Georgia, in 1965 on only three wheels - and finished third in class. An off-course excursion early in the race ripped out

the left from suspension, leaving the wheel dangling from the upper A-arm and the steering arm. The driver commented "It was pretty sloppy in a right hand turn after that, but it ran like stink down the straights and through the left handers, so I just kept on going and hoped the corner crews would'net notice."

Another TR-3 ran a whole race at Courtland, Alabama, with the wrist pin in number four cylinder machining a deep groove in the bore after its retaining clip fell out. And still another TR-3 flipped at the Chimney Rock, North Carolina, hill-climb, was righted, had the oil topped up and went on to win its class.

The stories are almost endless, but the point is that the TR was virtually indestructible and it was fast for its time - it was also cheap. So for years it had pretty much its own way cleaning up championship after championship in SCCA and international competition.

Not that there weren't some ups and downs along the way. In 1957, for example, the AC Bristol arrived on the scene looking as alluring as a Port Said hooker and running like some kind of 12-liter Altas-Agena. The TR-3 was so badly outclassed it couldn't even stay within rock throwing distance on the track.

Things took a turn for the better in 1959, thanks to R.W. "Kas" Kastner, who was a hero TR-3 racer in California. He became obsessed with the nutball notion that the TR-3 could be induced to beat the dreaded invader of E-Production. Creating a "production" TR-3 like no one in England had ever seen, Kastner proceeded to hustle the AC right out of its championship on its own home stomping grounds in California.

For years, the TR-3 had its way with the competition. Despite the fact that it went out of production at the end of the 1962 run,

the marvelous misfit kept on winning, filling the grid at the annual championship ARRC and often as not bringing home the silverware. It was positively embracing. The factory's fist blush of pride for the car soon turned to doubt, then to outright dismay. After all, the car wasn't even in production anymore. There were new models to sell. Sheepishly, the factory reduced its support money for winning TR-3s. Finally the money was cut off completely. The SCCA, taking the hint, bumped the car back into E-Production where - it was assumed - the senile ole campaigner wouldn't be able to cut the mustard anymore. But it could and did and still does. Not as often as before, of course, but often enough to bring a twinge to the engineers who made her.

Those engineers, it seems, had wrought something particularly rare and fine. An honest car. No pretensions, no illusions. Four wheels and an engine laid out in the simplest possible fashion.

You sat in plain leather bucket seats with your legs out in front of you straight as sticks to the firewall where hung the requisite three pedals. The throttle, although it operated through a Rube Goldberg collection of ball-jointed rods, bell cranks, cotter pins and bedsprings, was direct and responsive. X amount of input yielded X amount of engine noise every time.

A flat, plain dashboard held all the instruments and switches you needed to get on with your driving. The mechanical tach drove directly off the distributor and registered on a big Smith's dial immediately in front of you with enthusiastic swoops of the needle. Next to it was an equally excitable speedometer. Nearby, clustered in a small panel at the center of the dash were the other appropriate dials: "Fuel," "Amps," "Oil Press" and "Water Temp" (often as not in degrees centigrade). In all, six plain white-on-black

dials that told their story with Hemingwayesque directness.

The shift lever had a hard rubber knob that soon lost its hardness and felt like a fistfull of cold oatmeal. but it stood severely upright in the middle of the transmission hump and it changed gears with a satisfying "snick". And, although the synchronizers lasted only about a week, it took terrible abuse to cause a serious malfunction of the gearbox. you simply learned to shift by ear, like a proper driver should.

It was honest in motion, too. The macadam whizzed past in a blur just under your elbow, which stuck out over the cut-down door. The breezes fluttered your collar, your sleeves, even your pants cuffs down in the footwell. In fact with the top and side curtains down you stood a pretty good chance of being flapped insensible by your clothes. As 70 mph you knew you were, by gosh, doing 70 mph.

In the end that basic honesty - which made it a winner on the track - was what did the car in at the marketplace. Through the years minor changes like a new color scheme for the badge and major changes like a series of new heads failed to alter the basic personality of the car. Even in 1962 when it was all gussied up with a TR-3 engine (2138cc) and a TR-4 gearbox (fully synchronized) it was still stubborn, straightforward and honest as an oak tree. It was still the TR-goddam-3, even if the factory called it a TR-3B.

And so, by 1961, a year before its final demise, the end was in sight. A new car was being born in Coventry. Boxy in line, refined in concept (at least by comparison to the rustic, lusty TR-3), the TR-4 reflected a new generation's ideas about driving. Although the TR-4 was at first little more than a TR-3 with a civilized body, that difference was

enough. The new generation had little use for the rain-water-in-the-ear school of driving that spawned the TR-3.

But before you write off the TR-3 as a relic from an earlier time, please notice one thing. Notice who is at the wheel of the next TR-3 you see on the road.

Odds on he's yours. Maybe with a beard. And with a post-teenybopper with a Might-Mouse applied tee-shirt at his side. Grinning and blipping that wonderful throttle as he goes. And where is your generation gap now, sir?

BLASTS FROM THE PAST

While looking through the ancient archive of newsletters I stumbled upon the issue, June 1984, from when I first joined our Club (May 1984) and saw that back then the names of new members were announced along with the type of Triumph that they owned.

In line with that here are our new members since the last issue of the newsletter was produced!

See the list on page 6! Welcome!

It was mentioned at our last Club Meeting that the MG Club is reaching out to other Clubs to mend some hurt feelings from years past concerning the ABCD (Arizona British Car Day) car show. It is interesting to note that this event was originally sponsored by DCTRA and put on by my Father, Bill Riddle and Gary Hampsch. Here was a report from the May 1986 DCTRA Newsletter.

"Bill Riddle and Gary Hampsch gave a report of the British Car Day held 1 March

86, at the Dover Industrial Park. The day was a success with 70 car registrations. The event provided British car owners an opportunity.....

- to create and share a memorable day with 35+ young handicapped adults.

- to enhance the British car network in the valley"

Also, being bitten by the "Racing" bug is not a new or limited phenomenon with DCTRA members.

While the torch is currently being carried by myself (Dave Riddle), my son, John Horton, Greg Lund, Guy Lachlan and Bill Close's son Billy. Here is a report from the November 1986 newsletter.

"The racing bug continues to bite DCTRA members. Jim and Marcia Chadsey are now proud owners of a Formula V. Jim will race it in SCCA Solo before moving on to ASRA. Gary Hampsch will be racing SCCA Solo with his GT6. After taking the SCCA driving school, Gary placed second in class driving a '66 Spitfire. Rumor has it that Fred Peck plans to race the TR3 he has been building. Greg Lund, after taking a break to move into a new house, will return to SCCA Solo. Of course, Tom Pennell is preparing the TOYOFIRE for another successful ASRA season. Come out and support our DCTRA members in their various racing activities"



Tyler Riddle upholding a proud DCTRA tradition

9th Annual BEAT



The 9th annual British Euro Auto Tour was again a great success with 112 cars making the tour. from Phoenix through Wickenburg and then into Prescott from the west side to find our cars were the only ones allowed on "Whiskey Row". Over the Mingus mountains into Cottonwood where individual pictures were taken, best sounding exhaust measured, biggest bug splat and the mysterious item contest were all judged. Off again into Flagstaff for happy hour, dinner and wondering which car would win the most desirable car contest. The next morning, Sunday April 23 found everyone gathering the main ballroom for breakfast and the beginning of the raffle prize give away. By the way the most desirable car turned out to be a Peter Steen's 2005 Morgan. Attending the tour were 14 Triumph's, the largest marque in attendance. The 10th annual B.E.A.T. drive will be April 21, 2007, hope you can attend and again represent the Triumph marque.



Mike Goodwin & KoolKat
'68 OTS E Type W/HT & SUs



TR250

TR4A

TR4

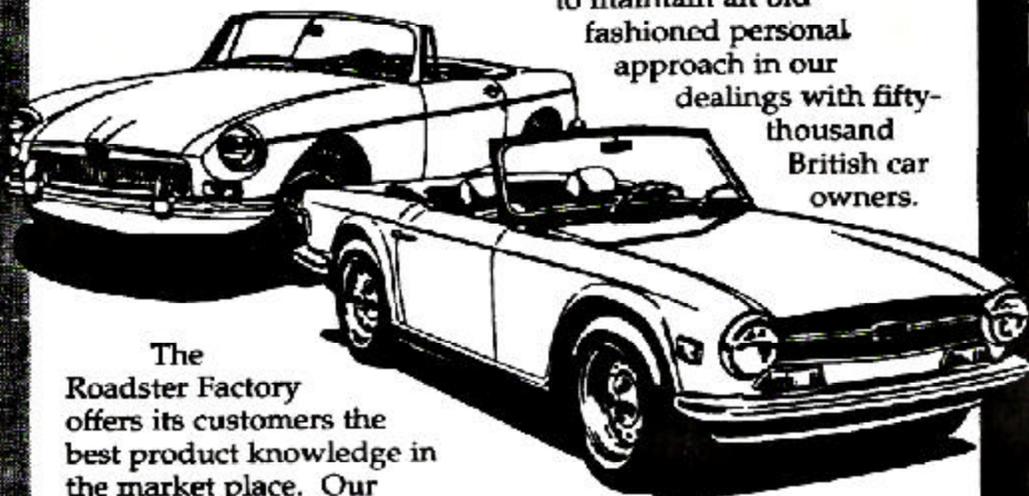
TR3

TR6 TR7 TR8

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The BEAT Heads up the Hill

Mike Long's BEAT Report

It all began still, dark, and early on a much anticipated Saturday morning, when the alarm clock sprang to life. My family and I were off and running on our first BEAT Tour (*British Euro Auto Tour*). This was the 9th Annual time the event was held. When we arrived at 6am at the designated launching point parking lot, just off of I17 North, we were each truly amazed and a bit overwhelmed by the enormous diversity of gorgeous vintage European sports cars assembled for the sole purpose of, collectively and in unison, participating in a well-planned road rally through some of the most beautiful landscape and scenery in the great state of Arizona. Upon arrival I immediately got in line to register and attain my "goodie bag" of car related paraphernalia and BEAT Tour tee shirt to commemorate this unique sports car event. The parking lot was brimming with all makes and

models of European cars including Aston Martin, Ferrari, Fiat, Alfa Romeo, Morgan, Porsche, BMW, Mercedes, Rolls Royce, Austin Healey, MG, Mini-Cooper, Volvo, and of course, our beloved and well represented Triumph Club contingent. This motley crew was spearheaded by our charismatic, widely respected, and popular leader, Stu Lasswell, and his beautiful wife, Debbie, in their unique, one-of-a-kind Guacamole 1957 TR3. While waiting on the "set-up line" to register, I was profoundly struck by how meticulously, professionally, and marvelously organized this event was carried out by organizers, Mike and Janice Goodwin. I first met this couple in March 2006 at another great event, the Wheels of Britain show in downtown Phoenix. The degree of detail and specifics attended to in this event by Mike and Janice was absolutely amazing and almost flawless in its design and execution!

And then we were off in a revving sports car procession as the tour meandered through beautifully scenic desert and sometimes treacherous mountain roadways only to stop, refuel, and rest in small historic towns throughout northern Arizona. Places such as Wickenburg, Skull Valley, Prescott, Jerome, Cottonwood, Flagstaff, and Payson among other terrific sights and locations along the pre-planned itinerary.

The day's activities culminated Saturday evening at the wonderful Little America Hotel in Flagstaff for a well deserved stay over. It was a night to pursue your own personal interests and the company of new friends. My family was fortunate enough to hook up with Gene Glenn (DCTRA member) and his lovely girl friend, Linda, for a night of interesting conversation, cocktails, and a six course dinner.

The following morning, the BEAT brunch was attended by no less than 150 car enthusiasts. A variety of awards and promotional items were bestowed upon a good

number of those in attendance. The made-to-order omelet was among my favorite selections on the menu, that wonderfully entertaining Sunday morning!! The table we sat at was lively, situated dead center, and comprised exclusively by Triumph club members and die hard car lovers. The vintage British car conversation throughout the morning event was nothing short of riveting. I really didn't want it to end!!

All in all, my wife, Rebecca, our ten-year-old daughter, Aubrey, who got a thrill out of helping Janice hand out the awards, and I, thoroughly enjoyed the weekend excursion, as did everyone in attendance. I heard it repeated many times over, that "next year's 10th anniversary BEAT TOUR will be even bigger and better!" We all can't wait! Remember to mark your calendars for this "can't miss" event in April 2007.

My lasting impression of this event, in retrospect, is that it is one of the few times in the year that every European Sports Car club in the southwestern U.S. gets together to party and ride collectively into the sunset for such a worthwhile and awesome time. The memories and photos will last a lifetime; at least they will for me.....

John Nuss's BEAT Report

Why in the world does Mike have to leave so early? That means we from the east end of the valley have to get up way before the sun is up. Thankfully it was a bit warmer this year.

Preparing the car this year was fun - in a weird sort of way. The car was making a clicking sound when starting from a dead stop and occasionally when shifting. Now, it has been doing this for a number of years - a trip to San Diego, Riverside, and several trips to the southeast part of the state. Anyway, I thought I would have time to do the repair since I'm no longer a full time student. My son

Chris and I replaced the drive shaft, our first thought but that didn't affect the sound. Next was the left axle. Bingo! I pulled the cap of one axis of the u-joint and found dry powder and about seven pieces of needle bearings. That made a big difference. Still, the right side axle was not behaving properly and needed attention. I must have traded the original axle and one from inventory two or three times before I was satisfied. In a way this doesn't sound too much work, but by doing teaching jobs along the way I stretched out the time. The car should have been done two weeks before the drive; instead it was finished on Wednesday before the trip.



The numbers seem small this year but the Alfa Club was well represented as was DCTRA: Four Spitfires made the journey along with four TR6s, Stu's guacamole colored TR3, Bill Close's TR4, and Herman's TR250. Sadly, Gene Glenn's TR4 and Mike Long's Spitfire stayed home. Many MGs, Mercedes Benzes and new MINIS made the trip as well.

Missing were some of the more rare cars: Fiats (Topolino and 124s), Saabs, and some Ferraris. Nevertheless the weather was

good - no snow on Sunday morning, no mishaps with bent metal, and I don't believe any cars were on the trailer.

Sunday morning the door prizes were awarded. Mike and Janice found some pretty neat stuff for prizes. Kathy won a set of Craftsman wrenches. I think wrenches are rather like jack stands... One can never have too many.



On the way home, as we were heading south past Happy Jack, the Copperstate Rally cars drove by. It was neat to see folks get out of the expensive Ferrari and stop to check out the Spitfires. Among the cars in the parking lot were a Le Mans winning Ferrari, a prewar Bentley, a Kaiser Darrin and an Austin Healy.



We were home in Apache Junction by four o'clock on Sunday. It was a fun trip, as usual. Some folks say they've driven to Flagstaff many times so the B.E.A.T. is sort of a "been there, done that, got the T-shirt." Of course it is good to renew acquaintances, but what fascinates me is seeing the different cars that come on the trip.

LOCAL "DRIVING" CLUBS

Most of us own our TR's to drive. Some to drive to car shows (Wheels of Britain, Highland Games, Weekend "cruise-in"), some for nice drives in the country (BEAT and Vintage Voyage). But for those that want to experience driving their car a little bit more "enthusiastically" without having to worry about the Gendarmes stopping you or finding a picture of yourself in the mail driving your car on the 101 Freeway you can take your car out to the track (hasto have a rollbar) and do one of the local driving schools. Dave Riddle and John Horton are both on the instructor staff for ASRA/CRA (Club Racing Arizona) and NASA (Nataional Auto Sport Association).

Classes are about \$150 for the day and include two classroom sessions and four 20-minute track sessions with an instructor in your passenger seat.

These sessions are not timed and there is NO racing. Passing zones are limited and then only with a point-by from the driver in the car being passed. Emphasis is on safety and helping you learn how your car will handle when pushed a little bit closer to it's abilities. Websites and schedules for the rest of the year:

ASRA/CRA's

<http://www.clubracingaz.com>

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Jun 10th (morning event) | Firebird East |
| Jul 15th Night Enduro | FIR Main |
| Aug 12th (morning event) | Firebird West |
| Sep. 30th - Oct. 1st | PIR |
| Oct 21st -22nd | PIR |
| Nov 25th-26th | PIR |
| Dec 9th FIR Main Drive | |

NASA's:

<http://www.nasaarizona.com>

| | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Oct 14th & 15th | PIR |
| Nov 11th & 12th | Firebird Main |
| Dec 9th & 10th | PIR |



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