

BRITISH MOTOR CLUB OF UTAH

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UPCOMING EVENTS

The September event will be a Poker Run in Salt Lake City on September 8. We will meet at 10:00 am at the Tracy Aviary parking lot on the West side of Liberty Park. Enter the park at 900 South and 600 East and follow the loop road just past the tennis courts and then enter the parking lot. A poker run requires you to drive to a location and find a can containing envelopes. You then take one envelope from the can. Each envelope has the location of the next can on the outside and a playing card sealed inside. The location given for the cans is sometimes vague and the cans are "hidden in plain sight." The goal is to find the can without letting the other people who are also looking for it see where it is. After collecting five envelopes we will meet and open them. The team with the best poker hand wins. Time is not a factor in this but we will need to stop at some point. It is really great fun and both children and adults can take part. We will end up at a park for a picnic lunch, so bring one or buy one nearby.

DID YOU VISIT SNAKE CREEK PASS?

If you didn't follow the instructions for the VCCA Rally, that was where you could end up. The Vintage Car Club of America put on an excellent rally that we used as one of the August events. It started in Park City, went to Midway, down toward Deer Creek Reservoir, around Heber, through Francis, visited Kamas and back to Park City. It was really well laid out and great fun. There were 22 cars taking part, but only 5 from the BMC. This was a really poor showing after having 30 cars on the Alpine Loop, I don't know if this was due to people not liking rallies, having two events scheduled for the month, everybody being on vacation or what. This has been a real spotty year, with very small turnouts except for the Alpine Loop. If we are doing something wrong let us know. Mervin Brewer and his sister, in their B won with a amazing error of only a bit over a minute. Attending were Steve and ??, Ken and ??, Marvin and his sister, Bob and ?? and Julie and I.

GOF WEST '90, BEND OR BEND or BUST or WHATEVER - TC Annie

I should never have gone to Garrison Keillor's "Sweet Corn Concert!" Roy Beal finished the resurrection of my TC late Saturday afternoon (Bill can fill you in on the drama of pistons, cylinders, machining etc. I just wrote a healthy check!), I got it home at 5:30, went to Park West, got to bed at 1:00 am, Bill called at 4:30 to wake me up and by 6:30 we heading to Oregon. Thank goodness for the organization of the Van Moorhem's - my efficiency was down to a net zero. I don't really remember the first day.

The "Oregon or Bend" slogan got turned into "Bend or Bust" which, between engine work and a knee job, struck me as ominous. Well, I was able to bend (the knee) enough and nothing serious busted. Bill's TD developed a charging problem (it wasn't) so we found a NAPA store in Burns and Bill spent some time under the bonnet, while Julie and I got ice

and groceries. Julie wondered if all MG drivers plan their itineraries around NAPA store locations (Editors note: We learned that many folks did.). We picniced in a park (I never did get Julie and Bill to try my Chinese Tea eggs!) and headed west as the heat of the day added to the heat around our feet. Burns is aptly named - it was HOT! Outside of Burns, the tiny town of Hines boasted a sign, "Welcome to the Worst Food in Oregon at 1970 Prices," one of those would-you-ever-go-back places! Burns to Bend seemed interminable, with thoughts of expiring imminent! The hot wind blowing inside my glasses made focusing very difficult. Julie rescued me with shields that fit on the templepieces. Now I see the logic of wearing WW I goggles. A cloud cover came and finally, rain. Neither Bill nor I got our Lucas wipers going (I didn't promise not to tell) nor did either of us get wet; we gratefully survived.

The location of the GOF West '90 was beautiful, on the outskirts of Bend, enroute to the Mt. Bachelor ski area. Nice and woodsy and cool in the evenings, but with no air conditioning in the rooms, which was unfortunate. The first timers (at a GOF) showed their cars at the Mt. Bachelor ski lodge parking area and the funkana was held in the lower parking lot. It involved an argument with a hot air balloon, so my crutch and I declined, but Bill and Julie gave it a whirl. As I recall, two women drivers won it! At the main lineup, the cars, somewhere in the neighborhood of 200, were gorgeous, some so clean they were surgically sterile and, of course, trailered in. Bill, I and assorted others felt more noble. We drove. A guest at the lodge, but not with the GOF candidly observed that there were two kinds of cars there; those that were perfect and those that people had fun with. Mine looked a little shabby but Bill made up for it - congratulations go to him for receiving an honorable mention plaque for his TD.

In Julie's "real car" (the back-up tow vehicle), we took a scenic tour of the forest and lakes and got in some bird watching, zeroing in on a beautiful osprey at one time. The GOF supplied picnic lunches for an MG tour that included Lava Land State Park, Sunriver Nature Center, and the excellent High Desert Museum. The whole area was crawling with MG's, including one enterprising fellow with hip boots fishing the Deschutes River. The auction and award dinners were fun, frantic, and expensive, but we met some really interesting people. Bill put me in touch with Bev, the man who was organizing the group of MGs from Colorado. We compared our knee surgeries and prided ourselves for driving to Bend with crutches and canes notwithstanding. A Peter DeBruyn (MG-TC) attended from Seattle and the receptionist got our rooms and his phone calls mixed up. When his wife called the operator asked if she wanted Anne's or Peter's room. He explained by telling her that I was his other wife from Utah! I did learn that my car was "born" on Jan. 31, 1949.

We left the day before the forest fires started and it saddened me to think of some of that gorgeous and rich-smelling country destroyed. Having lived in Oregon, I'd forgotten how wonderful the air smells - fresh lumber and wet sawdust. We retraced our route, but got pre-down starts so that we froze and then got blinded when the sun came up. One more time Julie rescued me and found some driving gloves. I got oil and grease all over my left pants leg - white, of course - we both got lots of sun and keeping drinking water cold and ice on my knee was laughable. Bill's driving hat, complete with burnous, was effective and fun to follow. It was reminiscent of a ladies' 1940 snood and I wonder how many passing motorists he startled when they saw his beard. His profile made me think of a duck-billed platypus. It's a great hat. At each pit stop I reminded Bill that "this is fun, just

don't forget that!" On the return stop in Boise, I was tailed, honked at and finally stopped by a man named Harry who has a '49 TC, which he drove over to our motel, later. After the usual tire kicking, we tried to encourage him to get it out on the road and enjoy it. He does a lot of business in Salt Lake, so, maybe he and his wife will join us for an event.

With all of the engine work Roy did, the TC behaved well going to Bend but required a quart of oil, at least, every 100 miles on the return. Where are you, Roy?

Best of all, we've experienced our first GOF, now know better what to do and we arrived home safe, cars in one piece and still speaking! That bodes well for British cars and their enthusiasts. Next GOF is in Santa Barbara, July, 1991. I, for one, would do it again and again. The more from a club who go together make it more enjoyable, so start making plans. How about it sports fans?

VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER NATIONAL CONVENTION - Mark Bradakis

It was pretty amazing. Hundreds of cars, and they were ALL Triumphs! The only other place I had seen more than a handful of Triumphs was my own backyard, and that was certainly no comparison to this. Just about every color and model of TR was there, scattered about the Clarion's parking lot like brightly colored toys. Yep, pretty amazing for a Triumph lover such as myself.

Jim Pivrotto, another BMC of Utah member and I drove to Boulder for the 1990 Vintage Triumph Register national convention. Brave soul that he is, Jim drove his Mark I Spitfire all the way there, while I trailered my white 4A behind my rusty old truck. And Jim's wife Michelle met up with him in Boulder a day or two later, and they both came home in the little red Spit. I wonder who that fellow was in the light blue TR-3B with Utah plates, personalized with, oddly enough, "TR-3B".

Not having made my reservations early enough I had to get a room at the Holiday Inn just down the street. Not nearly as many cars as the Clarion lot, but still quite a few, including a well worn but solid TR3 which the owner had driven all the way from New York. Now that may have been an adventure!

The convention lasted from Wednesday night to Sunday morning. Jim and I arrived a bit late for Wednesday registration, but did attend the poolside party that evening. Jim introduced me to a few of his old friends from his Texas days, and I was telling one of them that this was my first VTR convention so I doubted I would know many people there. And of course, about half a dozen folks I did know, mostly from my computer contacts came by at just that moment to say hello and prove me wrong. We had a nice sized group for beer and pizza later on that evening.

The next day required an early start, as it was the autocross and track time session at Mountain View racetrack, about 25 miles away. I did manage to pick up my registration stuff at the Clarion and headed for the track. Once I finally did get there, turns out things were going slowly enough that I wasn't as late as I thought I would be. Later on in talking to other folks I find that they too had gotten lost and spent quite some time wandering around the Colorado foothills. No wonder so many folks were late.

Eventually we did get to go out and get in some runs, in spite of the poor organization of the event. Not at all what I am used to seeing at local events. Jim decided that taking his Spitfire for a lap or two might be fun so he got in line with the rest of us. Most of the folks there were not at all used to doing such things with their cars, so the group of us who regularly race our Triumphs were able to post times considerably better than most folks. As a matter of fact, if I had not hit that one cone I would have been only half a second off having the fastest time of the day. Sigh. Jim was a bit worried about what to do, how the car would behave and so forth. When he came off the track after his second run all I could see under that helmet was a wall-to-wall smile. I think he liked it. And not only that, he got a trophy for finishing second in his class!

The next day was set aside for the rally, some tours and the funkana in the Clarion parking lot. Team.Net, as those of us on the electronic mailing list call ourselves, had an impressive entry in the funkana. My friends Bob and John both do a little road racing at times, and had brought full safety gear with them. While waiting in line to run my car in the event, they decided it would be more fun with driving suits and helmets. I don't know if it was more fun, but a lot of folks got their cameras out!

Saturday was the big panoramic photo session, where all the cars are lined up and a special camera pans around getting them all in one picture. I saw a black and white print of it, pretty neat. About 15" high and around 4 or 5 feet long. Hmm, I think I forgot to order a color print of it. After the photo session the cars went across the street to the Concours. I hid my car under a bush somewhere, and just went to look. Oddly enough, there were cars there that actually looked worse than mine!

After shooting a few rolls of film and wearing out the phrase "Nice Car!" I finally got tired and went for a beer. It was simply too much to look at. Around 240 Triumphs were in the show, and they all looked so nice. The most popular model seemed to be the TR6, with lots of TR3s, not quite as many TR4s, and few GT6 and Spitfires. 4 Stags, quite a collection of TR7 and TR8s. Even one quite nice 194? 2000 Roadster. None of the really rare Italias, though, two Vitesse Sport 6 models. And not a single example of the car I want as a race car tow rig, a Triumph 2.5PI Estate. Oh well, maybe next year in Kentucky I'll see one.

That night was the awards banquet, where Jim picked up another trophy for his Spitfire, this time second in class for the Concours. Maybe next year I'll at least wash mine... Ken Richardson gave an entertaining talk, and we all had a pretty good time. Later that night a fellow I know from California and I were able to get Ken to autograph our autocross trophies, something I will hang onto for quite some time. For those of you who might not know who Ken Richardson is, I don't have the space to list his efforts as the one who developed the TR2 and TR3 models, as well as running Triumph's competitive efforts for things like LeMans and the Monte Carlo rally. Suffice it to say it was an honor to get to meet him.

Sunday came a bit too early, but Jim, Michelle and I did manage to get on the road headed home. The trip back was even less eventful than the trip there, and we returned to Salt Lake safe, happy, and with all parts intact.

THE LUCAS CALENDAR

This calendar works about as well as its namesake, so use it with care. Club events are in **bold type**. The others you may find interesting. All events are subject to change.

- Sept. 8** **Poker Run in SLC. Meet in the Tracy Aviary Parking Lot in Liberty Park at 10:00 am. Note the date change.**
- Sept. 14 KRSP Cruise Night. The last information I have has this located at Sandy Mall, 700 East and 9400 South. To be sure, call or listen to KRSP.
- Sept. 16 Senior Citizen Concours. U of U campus.
- Oct. 13** **End of the driving season dinner. We need somebody to organize this.**
- Nov. 17** **Technical Session. Any suggestions: Tune-ups, detailing, interiors, transmissions, machine shops or ?**

TIDBITS

We sent out 91 August newsletters for a cost of \$21.25 for postage. We currently have 96 names on the mailing list. We will need to copy the newsletter commercially in the future. One hundred copies is beyond Kees' machine. Thanks for all the copies, Kees.

New members this month include: Chris Kent with a '67 TR4A; Mark and Leslie Glenn, they have a '76 MGB; Tony Gras, Tony has a '69 TR-6; Jeff Smith with a '79 MGB; Harry VanBrunt with a '49 TC; Kenyon Kennard, he has a TR-6; Steve Bender with a '67 TR-4A.

We have some club grill badges available at \$17 each. Contact Bill at 582-9223.

There has been a lot of computer mail on the British car list about worn A-arms and bolts on Midgets and MGB's, but it applies to T's and A's too. The A-arm is the structure below the front springs between the body and the wheel. These wear badly if they are not kept well greased. You can see this wear by looking at the large bolt that goes through the A-arm (at the wheel end) connecting it to the king pin. If this bolt is not in the center of the side of the A-arm and with the same space between the bolt head (and nut) and the top, bottom and end of the A-arm something is badly worn. Investigate it carefully. When I took my TD apart this bolt was nearly worn in half. Having this break would not be good.

REPORT FROM THE EXCHEQUER:

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