



CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI CHAPTER
VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER
P. O. Box 5263
Jackson, MS 39216

NEWSLETTER
January 1985



Tere Wade	President
Frank Peel	Vice President
Bubba Brown	Secretary/Treasurer

Alex Wade	Editor
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We finished off all the goodies brought to the party as we watched the video tape of the Regional Triumph Meet made by Frank and Tricia Peel. Shots of track action and the concours were artistically interspersed with takes of treetops, clouds, gum wrappers and Nikes. Also captured forever on tape are shots of Frank Peel doing the Baby Elephant Walk, a Countach doing a 12-cylinder tap dance up Turn One, some nameless driver in the Cappello TR-3B fishtailing on the parade lap, and Triumph club members driving at speed during track time.

Thank you, John and Lynda, for being such fine hosts. Sorry about the dead spots on your lawn.

1984 Christmas Party

CMC-VTR closed out what was perhaps our best year ever with a well-attended Christmas party at John and Lynda May's home. Over 20 enthusiasts descended upon the May's back yard, which was large enough to park the eleven British cars that showed.

Most of the afternoon was spent in the back yard trading the usual lies about our cars. Most criticised, perhaps, was the flawless TR-6 brought by the Collins' which had just been waxed and Armor-Alled. Newcomers who also attended were Steve Klyce and his wife with their E-Type, Dr. Richard Pool with his freshly-painted TR-3A, and Robert Peet with his Austin Healey 3000. Another gentleman dropped by later in the day with a '55 MG-TF in Clipper Blue which was for sale. His name will be withheld until your editor has determined that it is physically impossible to fit five British cars into a 2 car garage which presently holds 4.

Our annual business meeting lasted the traditional five minutes, after which the following officers were elected to serve in 1985:

1985 Dues

Yes, it's that time again. CMC-VTR dues are only \$5.00 per family to cover our newsletter costs. This entitles you to local membership for both you and your family for one calendar year.

Annual dues for VTR National are \$20.00 and are tied to the quarterly magazine, The Vintage Triumph. One does not have to own a Triumph to belong to either organization; your interest in Triumphs (which, of course, is universal) is all that is required.

Please take the time to drop your \$5 check in the mail to CMC-VTR at our post office box in Jackson. We ask that you also complete the enclosed form to give us an updated list of your "British Possessions".

Your continued support will help keep the club strong and entertaining for us all for years to come.

New Members

CMC-VTR extends a hearty welcome to new members Steve and Trish Klyce. The Klyce's live at 1045 Flynt Dr., Apt. H-3, in Jackson and may be reached at 939-3313. They own a 1957 MGA Coupe a 1958 Austin Healey 100-6, and a '68 Jaguar E-Type convertible. All of these cars are currently driveable and are being restored.

Treasurer's Report

1984 turned out to be a profitable year for CMC-VTR, even with our decrease in dues. The figures below tell the story:

Beginning Balance:	\$195.95
Dues income	\$140.00
Brit. Car Day income	202.00
Brit. Car Day expense	(210.91)
Postage expense	(70.00)
Interest income	11.51
Ending Balance:	\$268.55

Prehaps we should cut dues another 50%!

Happenings

. . . the Speetjens' TR-3A is sporting a new coat of Imron white and a new red top . . . the Peel workshop is nearly finished but is now filled with Gregg Collins' three MGA's . . . new membership directories should be ready by the March newsletter . . . Craig House is currently overhauling the 100-4 brake system . . .

Famous Quote

"I must admit that to a certain extent racing pure and simple has lost some of its former value, owing to the difficulty at present experienced in obtaining a suitable road for the event, and also to the fact that we have reached a point in racing car design above which is extremely difficult to go."

-Herbert Austin, after the 1905 Gordon Bennett Race.



APRIL, 1954

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For Sale

CMC-VTR member Kerry Ryan is now offering his restored 1968 TR-250 for sale. The car is mechanically sound and has a beautiful yellow paint job with original-type hood stripe. Interested parties should contact Kerry at (504) 834-2054 after 6:30 evenings or at (504) 831-5618 at work.

The car is located at his home in Metairie, Louisiana, at 48 Oaklawn Dr.



Christmas Party Attendance

Now that I've typed two-thirds of the newsletter, I find our attendance roster! Those registered were:

Bubba Brown	TR-6
Richard Poole	TR-3A
John & Lynda May	AH 3000
Craig House	(VW)
Joe, Mary Ann & Carl Speetjens	TR-3A
Alex & Tere Wade	TR-3
Robert Peet	AH 3000
Frank Peel	TR-6
David Fitzgibbon	TR-4A
Steve & Julia Cappello	TR-3B
Steve & Shannon Collins	TR-6
Mike & Bitsy Hemsley	(Alfa)
Steve & Trish Klyce	Jag E-Type
Keith & Pat Anderson	MGA

Abbreviations of Thread Type

I'm sure that many of you are as puzzled as I am when I come across different thread types on British cars. Listed below is a list of the most common thread types that you'll come across in your cars:

BSP	British Standard Pipe
BSW	British Standard Whitworth
BSF	British Standard Fine
ME	Model Engineer
BA	British Association
SI	International System (metric)
NC	National Coarse
NF(ANF)	American National Fine

You'll find most of the fasteners that you'll need at your local hardware store, particularly if your car was produced after 1955. The older cars may have a number of the odder thread types which you may have to obtain from a supplier

such as Moss or Abingdon Spares. Taps and dies are still available from these sources for the more common bolt diameters.

What Is a Sports Car?

Many of you have probably noticed the number of articles printed in the past year concerning the definition of a sports car. I believe that this subject was settled back in 1956 when Road & Track published the attached article. Hope you enjoy it.

REAL Triumph owners would sell their first born for an overdrive transmission.

CASTING service: let's face it, replating old white metal parts is a waste of money, leading to lost detail, further weakened parts and sometimes "lost" at the plater situations. There is a better way! Send me your old parts, even if broken and I'll re-cast them in solid stainless steel, when re-cast and polished, no plating is required; our innovative casting process minimizes machine work while duplicating fine detail at a cost that cannot be matched by other custom casting services; this work, however, takes time, so act now, call me or write for details. Jere L. Verdone, RD 1, Box 243, Leesport, PA 19533, PH: 215-373-1832.

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\$5 Local
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\$25 CANADA
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The vintage triumph register

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____ Spouse _____

Street Address _____ Tel. () _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

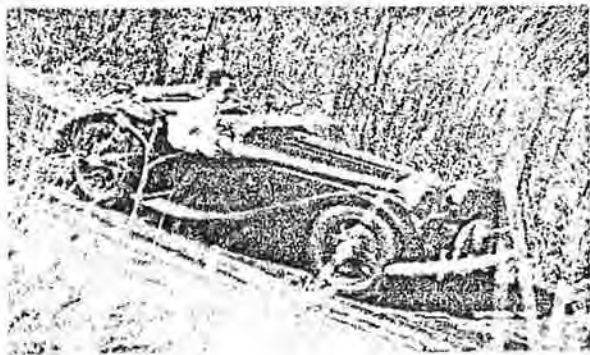
TRIUMPH AUTOMOBILE(S) OWNED

YEAR _____ MODEL _____ COMM. NO. _____ COND. _____

YEAR _____ MODEL _____ COMM. NO. _____ COND. _____

YEAR _____ MODEL _____ COMM. NO. _____ COND. _____

(Condition Codes: O-Original R-Restored B-Being Restored P-Parts Car)



What Makes a Sports Car?

by Alan Beck

"WHAT do you want that thing for? It's not practical!"

Maybe if you are smarter than I am you can give him an answer.

A sports car is a fast-moving, slow-drifting, road-loving heap of mechanistic perfection that will go faster, stop quicker, last longer, out gun, out run, and out fun any other pile of iron ever bolted together in this, or any other, grand old country. It is like a smooth, well-built, brown-eyed blonde who moves in the society of Hollywood, Manhattan, London, Paris, or Rome, but prefers stupid old you from Keokuk, Iowa.

O.K., so we guessed wrong somewhere along the line, but here in this J2X, SSK, DB-2, 300-SL, 100, TC, 1500S or TR-2, we did not guess wrong. It is the best we can do to make up with Destiny.

A sports car is a flash in the rainy night, a creature with a mind and will of its own. ("Let's go boss—you say where and when, but hurry up!") Tomorrow it may turn into a rugged, roaring powerhouse in the mud or sand, or a meek thing at the edge of the highway, trying to keep its exhaust quiet and hoping that the Law appreciates the finer things of life.

A sports car is the twin jabs of the downshift at 50 miles an hour as the 90 degree corner comes up without any tire-screaming, gravel-throwing slide into the shoulder. It is the rock-steady whine of 5000 rpm on the long straight-away, the big needle touching the magic 100 figure on the circular black dial. It is that whoosh that went by you on the lonely back road. It is what gives

that heart-in-the-mouth sensation as you sail down the long hill into Watkins Glen for race week and sense the magic ahead.

A sports car is what makes you like the greasy-handed, back-breaking chore of replacing the cam followers at 5 above zero in the unheated garage, just because some joker down at the office said the old bucket sounded like a mowing machine. It is the red-hot excitement of watching the big champs battle it out at Torrey Pines, Sebring, Thompson, Le Mans, Aintree, or the Nurburgring, where success is reckoned in seconds instead of dollars.

In the polite society of the boulevard on a pleasant summer afternoon the sports car is an aristocratic, blue-blooded lady who will not bow, even distantly, to her fat cousins. She speaks only to members of the family and to Auburns, who speak only to Cords, who speak only to Duesenbergs, who speak only to Bentleys, who speak only to Bugattis, who will not even speak to each other.

A sports car expects and deserves the pampering of a spoiled and expensive wife. (Keep an eye on the books. Time to check the point gap again) but she will forgive you many an oversight, just as a good wife should. It is the true-blue friend who won't desert you even on the turnpike when you have crystalized and snapped a rocker doing your own road test. (A wrench and a pair of pliers and you were on your way in half an hour.)

It is a barky exhaust, the long sweep of clean fender, an honesty of line, a functional hunk of power dictated by engineers

instead of housewives. It talks in terms of rpm, bhp, power to weight, zero to a hundred, and steering ratio in contrast to the huckster's tasteful decor, tomorrow's styling, automatic pushbutton pushers, Jaccard fabrics, and "Egad, my dear, how snooty can we get in this business of keeping up with the Jones, who are only halfway-uppers you know, making far less than you are, and we simply CAHNT be seen in this old car any longer! Besides that chartreuse and puce combination is simply divine!"

A sports car is a worn-out, old bucket-of-bolts like the pre-war SS-100 Jag who still commands her heavy share of pound notes on the market even though she was the belle of the London ball some 16 years ago. It is the cocky, never-say-die little Singer which you can out-jump, out-run, and out-class, but never out-try! It is the deep-throated roar of the Monza type Alfa bewailing the old days, the whine of the tiny German Porsches in their Mexican finish—one, two, three ahead of the mighty American stock sedans—the haughty pride of the Mercedes-Benz teams, King of the Hill in '55. It is the carmine Jordan of the 20's, piloted by the man in the coon-skin coat with the red-headed girl with the rolled stockings, putting it over the road to Cheyenne in the Prohibition era. (Today he is fat, sixty, and has his order in for an XK140MC in British Racing Green.)

A sports car is so many things for so many people. For some it is the Ferrari at Florida in '55, slugging it out to the split second with the D Jaguar—or the kid with the back-yard fiberglass job pinning the cars back on the '39 chopped and channeled V-8 on the back roads of Sioux City, Iowa. It is the flying, feather-weight Healey 100 knocking the world records galley-west at Bonneville for less than \$3000. It is the memory of Stirling Moss at Monthéry clocking 100 plus for a week for the big Jag. Or a determined, freezing, enthusiastic sports car wife watching for check points on the club's mid-winter rally.

Sports cars are a happy and proud breed—like the Scotch tartans, French fleur-de-lis, and British crests, but when you acquire one, don't expect understanding, credit, appreciation, or admiration. To the world, a sports car will always evoke: "What do you want that thing for? It's not practical." And you can't answer—because the answer is out there in the sunset of a winter's day on the wide open road, the wind stinging past your upturned mackinaw, the contented purr of the big engine turning into a whine, and the needle of the rev counter creeping up into the red.

