

# Off-Side Undo



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## VTR NATIONAL CONVENTION

It was a perfect night for driving along I-20 to Atlanta last July 31. The air was cool and clear, the TR was singing my favorite tune, I was alone with my thoughts; all was surely right with the world!

You could not have asked for a more perfect evening to spend a few hours rolling up the 200 miles we traveled that night. Our little caravan from Jackson, consisting of Frank Peel in his TR-3A, my son Alex in his TR-6, and myself in the '3, weaved its way through the night without a complaint from our little cars. My concern for our mechanical well-being relaxed with each mile; I even noticed a few things about my own TR that I had never noticed before, even after twenty years of ownership. The most entertaining feature was the slight vibration in the engine that occurred in the range of 2950-2975 rpm - this made my rear-view mirror oscillate slightly, giving all headlights behind me the appearance of miniature flying saucers. This effect became even more entertaining whenever a semi approached from the rear with about



20 yellow lights ablaze - I was reminded of certain entertainers from the old Ed Sullivan show who could spin a multitude of dishes on tall stalks. I found that by increasing and decreasing my speed, I could make these saucers oscillate from side to side. As you can tell, I am easily entertained.

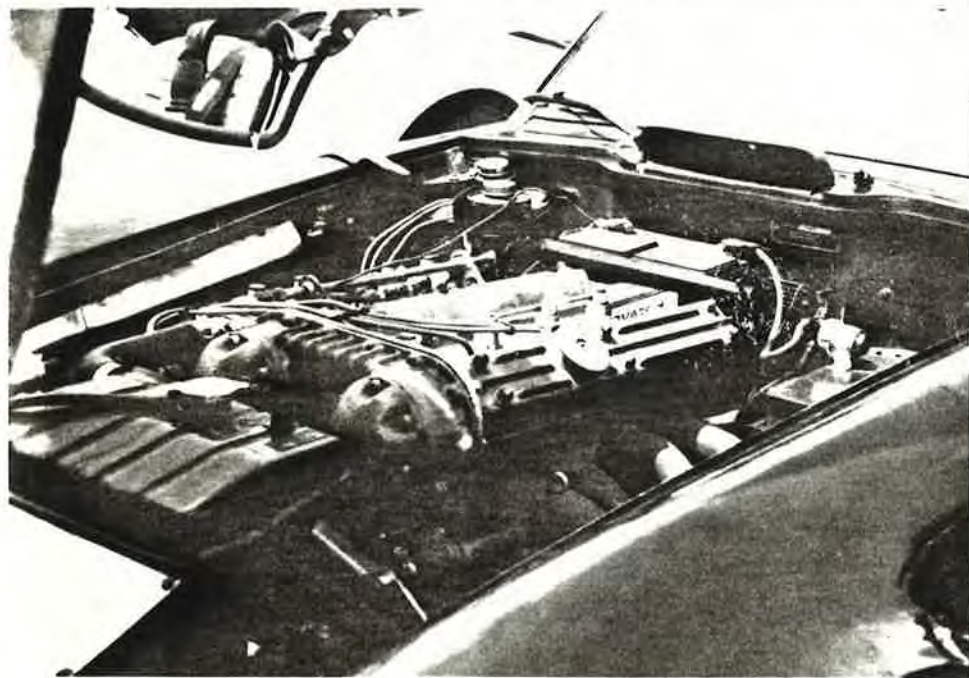
We eventually settled on staying in Birmingham for a few hours rest. We set off the next morning in high spirits only to find that Frank's '3 was not in a cooperative mood. The car began to sputter and died just a few miles out of town. By replacing a few components every few miles, we were

able to nurse the suffering car to the outskirts of Atlanta where we abandoned it for the evening. We were completely bewildered as to its problem.

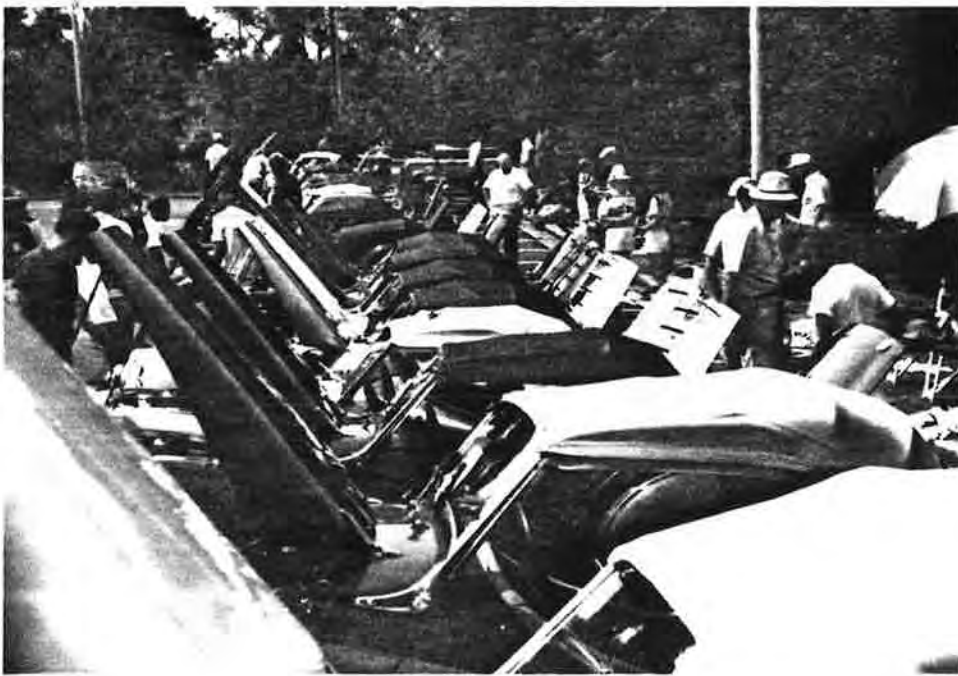
Of course, this put us in Atlanta right at rush hour. Two hot-natured Triumphs inched their way through the traffic, one of which had a very poor clutch. I had to congratulate my son afterwards as his first drive though an Atlanta rush hour with a bad clutch was very much like negotiating the Straights of Magellan in a wind-jammer!

We made it to Gainesville without any further problems and immediately sought out The









mired amidst a sea of extremely well prepared Triumphs from the TR-2 through the 8's, Spitfires, Heralds, and GT's. What a visual feast!

Saturday night was the awards banquet. We were entertained after our meal by Ken Richardson (the "father" of the TR series) and his rally navigator from the fifties, Kit Heathcote. We were regaled with stories of their rally experiences of the fifties and learned many new things about the history of our cars, including the fate of the TR-1 (the TR-1 was taken apart and modified into the first TR-2, which was recently located and is being restored). My son and I had an opportunity to visit at length with Ken ("PLEASE don't call me MR. Richardson) and thoroughly enjoyed our visit with him. We should all live to enjoy life as well as he does.



Surely my finest hour as the custodian of TS 19022 was that evening when as we took a third place in the TR-2/3 category and a first in class for the autocross. Nevermind that there were only three in the first class and one in the last - it still felt good! The most prestigious award for the evening had to be the Le Mans Team Prize from 1961 that Ken donated to the Vintage Triumph Register. This trophy will be awarded annually to certain TR-2's and TR-3's

