

COMING ATTRACTIONS;

November Meeting: Date-Thursday, Nov. 6, 1986
(Elections) Time-7pm.
Place-Tony's Restaurant, at 699 Linden Ave., Carpinteria
684-3414

November Event: Have you ever wondered and curious about what is or are between Conejo grade of Hwy.101 and Hwy.1? I have many a time. Well, now you have an opportunity to discover for yourself, via a leisurely Sunday drive. Ron Kibbe, our trail scout will lead us on this scenic drive. To further put your sense of adventure to the test, we'll end our tour at the best kept secret in Southern California when it comes to gastronomy, Palm Street Depot, corner of Palm Street and Main of Ventura. I encourage participants to bring along abit of snack and beverages of choice, since we may stop along the way, not for break down I hope, but to appreciate breath taking scenes. Anyway, we should arrive at the Palm Street Depot by 1pm. for lunch. As always we like to see you and your Triumphs, but it's you prsence that we seek, so your participations in vehi- cles of other manufactures are welcomed.

Date: November 9, Sunday

Time: For members leaving from Santa Barbara, please gather at Bob's Big Boy restaurant on Calle Real, near Earl Warren Showground. The caravan will leave at 8:30 am

For our Ventura County members, please gather at Charlie Brown Restaurant on Seaward by Dam.

HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL AT THE DRIVE, and guests are welcomed.

Central Coast Triumphs, since its inception, has essential been governed by a few. Now we have the opportunity, once again, to bring in voices from many, at the next club meeting, November 6, our main business will be the election of officers. Here is your chance to turn the table on those Czars who have been dictating C.C.T.'s meetings and events, so please be there to exercise your right for democratic processes. Nominations will be opened to the floor. So far the following members have accepted their nominations as officers:

- President-Lee Fitch
- Vice President-Thomas Culbertson
- Treasurer-Lynn Klope
- Membership chairman-Ron Kibbe
- Secretary-Michael Ling

FOR SALE:

- TR-7, 1979-Conv., ask for John McAllister, 2154 Olga St., Oxnard. 485-6725
- TR-10, 1960-4 door sedan. Donna Digolio at Ojai, 646-3576. \$1,000 firm.
- TR-6, 1973-Brown color. Michael Wylie, 9152 Wolverton St., Ventura. 647-2176. \$2,500.

HELLO AGAIN ...

This month we will discuss a front end rebuild. I do not advise the restorer to tackle this job if he is not mechanically inclined, as it must be done right and attention to detail is very important. Even though I will describe rebuilding a TR4A front end, many of the triumph models have a similiar design. The hardest part of this job is removing the road springs. After that you can remove and reassemble the parts.

First off, you will need some tools and parts such as:

1. Floor jack
2. Jack stands
3. Coil spring compressor. Can be rented. do not use the "hang on" type as they may come off and will probably do damage to anything they come into contact with. Such as bodily parts.
4. Front end suspension kit. This kit is available from many of the respectable parts companies. They include all the necessary rubber bushings, nuts, bolts, and pieces needed for replacement. It is advisable to replace everything that is in the kit, because you might have to tear it apart again to replace the part you didn't replace the first time.
5. A grease gun
6. Ball joints. These normally are the cause of front end shimmy on older cars.

With the front end on jackstands and rear wheels blocked, remove the front wheels to get at the front end. The next step is to remove the road spring. Be very careful when using the coil spring compressor because a compressed spring contains potential energy. this energy will always want to make the spring return to its relaxed position. This is the energy that holds up the front end of the car while you drive. Remove the shock absorber and insert the compressor through the top shock hole in the frame. Hook the bottom of the compressor into the lower rings of the spring, the lower the better. Now begin lifting the front suspension while tightening the compressor until the frame tries to come up off the jackstands. Give the compressor a few more turns to tighten the spring and let off on the jack. Now is the time to remove the lower spring pan. Begin letting off on the compressor until you can remove the spring from the car. Now you can easily replace the front end parts with those from the kit. Be sure that the parts are in the right order and are torqued properly as needed.

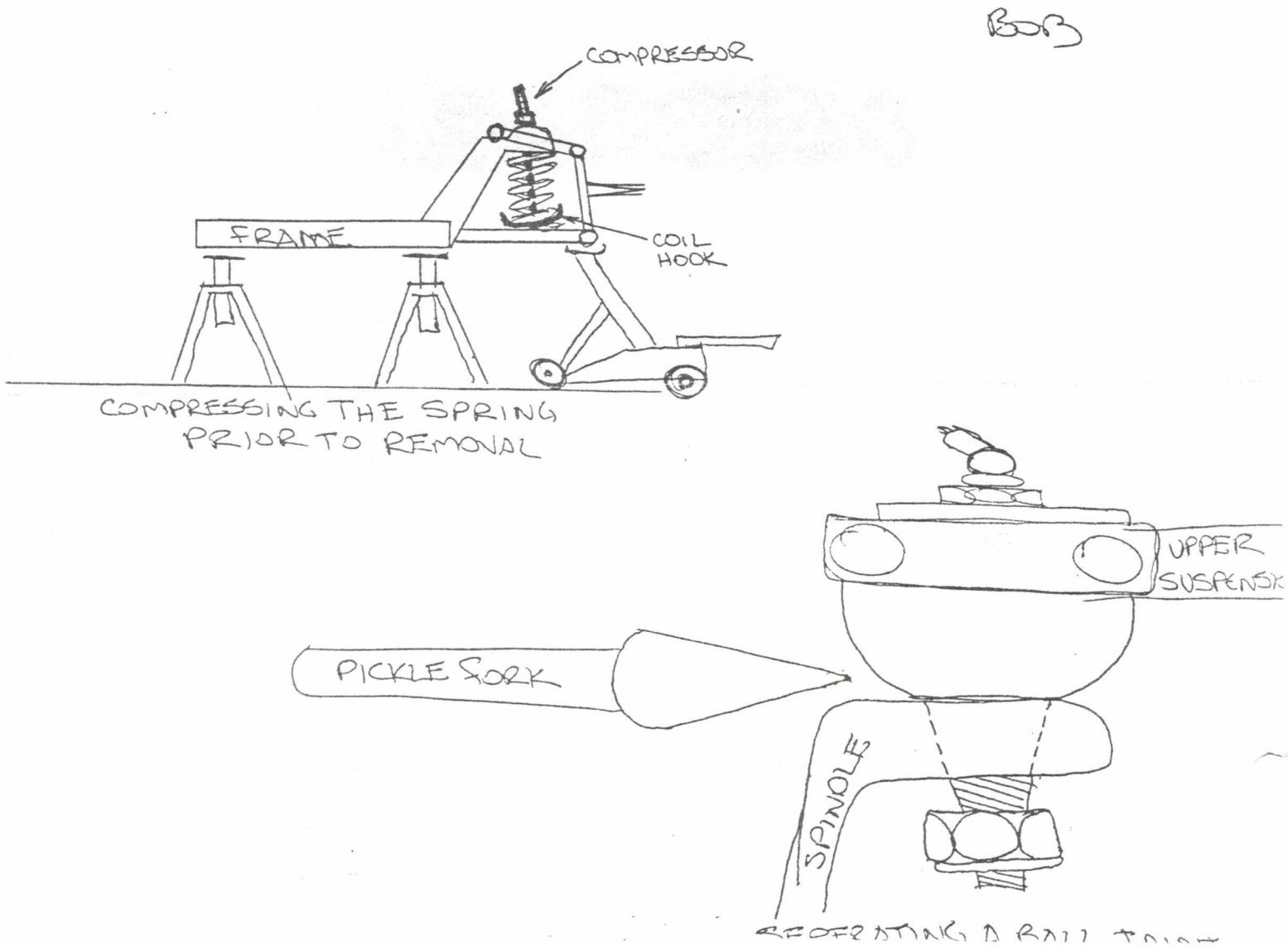
Next step is to replace the ball joints. Using a pickle fork, looks like a large two prong fork, seperate the ball joint from the spindle. Do not try using a hammer on the threaded end of the joint as this will cause it to mushroom creating a nasty problem

Next replace the old ball joint with the new and assemble to the spindle with a new nyloc nut. Be sure to use a grease gun to lubricate the joint after you assemble it.

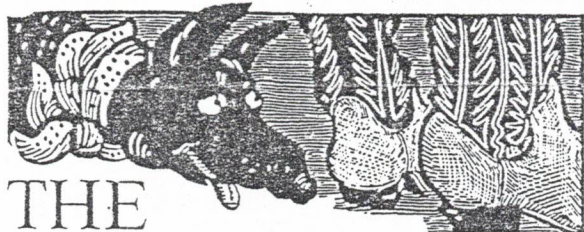
The road spring can now be replaced much the same way as it was removed. Be sure that the compressor is located on a spring ring about the same as when the spring was removed.

Always check your work when you are finished to verify that all nuts are tight and joints are well lubricated. Now you can start on the other side of the car.

This may look to some as a simple job to perform but I can't put every detail into a two page newsletter article. I hope this will give someone an idea on how to do the job and then they can refer to a shop manual for the specifics. If there is any technical topic you want covered here, please tell me at the next meeting and I will write up an article so everyone will get a copy. Next month we will rebuild a Rack and Pinion steering unit (sorry about that for all you TR 2-3 owners).



Side Glances



THE MG/TRIUMPH QUESTION

AFTER FLYING BACK TO the Midwest for my high school 20-year class reunion last week, I stayed on for a few days with my old high school friend and college roommate, Pat Donnelly. It was a double reunion of sorts because Pat owns one of the few cars I genuinely regret selling, a 1971 MGB.

He bought it from me in California four years ago and drove it back to Wisconsin. Pat recently finished restoring the car, and it looks like new. After the reunion, we spent several pleasant days motoring around town and through the summer greenery of the Midwest—a nice change from the summer brownery of California. I felt the sun on my face and listened to that nice, hollow exhaust note and decided that history doesn't really repeat itself; it just simmers, with an occasional rise in temperature.

Pat and I both bought our first sports cars in the spring of 1968 after spending the winter going to college during the day and working together on a night shift unloading Coca-Cola trucks to earn the necessary money. Pat bought a red 1960 MGA in beautiful condition for \$650 from a man in Madison. I bought a British Racing Green 1957 Triumph TR3, in slightly less beautiful condition, for \$450 from a seminary student in Milwaukee.

The TR3 was less expensive partly because the engine ran on only three cylinders out of a possible four. The seminary student told me the engine had a burned valve. I bought the car anyway, figuring I'd learn all about valve jobs. Pat and I sputtered 150 miles back to our hometown on three cylinders, laboring painfully over every hill. When I got home, I discovered there was nothing wrong with the

valves, but the engine had one bad spark-plug. I installed a new plug and the car ran like a bat out of hell.

On four cylinders, the TR3 was truly a fast car. Some previous owner had fitted it with the J.C. Whitney Big Bore High Compression Kit—oversized wet liners and pistons that added more grunt to what was already a very torquey engine. The car quite easily burned rubber in the first couple of gears and lunged down the road fast enough to leave the cam and lever steering five or six twitches behind the latest veer. I drove the Triumph everywhere those first few euphoric weeks, flying down country roads and changing flat tires about every half hour, as hard cornering poked loose spokes through my tubes.

A few weeks later, Pat drove up in his new (used) red MGA. It was a beautiful little car with steel wheels, new Michelin radial tires and no rust. We cruised out of town to the Ridge Road—our own little slice of Road America—and I got behind the wheel for my first drive in an MG.

In those first few miles of driving, I was absolutely stunned. The sheer, overwhelming lack of horsepower emanating from beneath the MG's little tongue-like hood was breathtaking. I didn't know what to say. After two weeks in my punched-out TR3, I felt as though I'd stepped out of a Cobra and into a Fiat 850 Spider. The MGA simply did not go.

As the miles rolled by, however, I began to see that the MG was not entirely without merit. The car made nice noises, shifted gears better than anything I've driven before or since and felt like a little fighter plane with its leather-trimmed cockpit, albeit a rather slow, WWI fighter plane. Furthermore, the MG had a feeling of

oneness, of having been put together carefully and tightly, its seams and joints leaded and welded rather than bolted and wired. My TR3, by comparison, had a lot of raw edges, scuttle shake, loose joints, wind leaks, rain leaks, bare wires, rattle and jounce. It was windy, fast, stiff, noisy, crude and fun, where the MGA was soft, rounded, compact, precise and fun in a subtler way. Switching back and forth I didn't know which car I liked better. Preferring one over the other was a matter of mood. But the distinct characters of both cars were fixed in my mind. The Triumph was a hot rod; the MG had more finesse.

As a mechanic, I later worked on and drove the next generation of MGs and Triumphs, the TR4 and MGB, and after those the GT6s, TR6s, 7s and 8s. Right into the next decade, these cars followed the same basic personality profiles of their forebears. The MGBs got a little faster, a little softer sprung and more civilized but kept that tight, one-piece feel. All the Triumphs featured lots of engine, big tires and slab-style bodywork bolted together rather indifferently. And they remained faster than the MGs. (We are leaving the Spitfires and Midgets out of this for now; this is a story about Big Iron.)

Somehow the personalities of the owners who came into our shop also meshed with the character of their cars. For instance, we used to have a running joke among the mechanics that if the owner of a TR6 didn't have a leather sport coat and cowboy boots, we wouldn't work on his car. While the marque attracted its share of forthright Anglophiles, there was also a strong streak of Texan running through the ranks of Triumph owners. Some, I think, were just taking a short rest on their way to Corvette ownership.

MG owners tended to be a bit more purist in the grand string-back driving-glove tradition, or else were eccentrics of the sort who wore one earring (even in 1975) and had bandana-clad dogs named after minor San Francisco poets of the North Beach area. I remember being offered a large lump of hash in exchange for an MGB tuneup by one customer. I declined, being high on parts solvent at the time.

Sadly, both cars are gone, along with the philosophies, engineering and construction techniques that made these two affordable, fun British roadsters so different and yet so appealing. But, looking on the brighter side, there are a lot of good used N Gs and Triumphs still floating around at remarkably low prices. And, after driving my old MGB at the reunion last week, I may be forced to buy myself another one. Unless I find a good clean TR4. I'll have to think about it. An MG would have more finesse, but a Triumph, after all, is faster. ☐

MISC FIRE S...

Well, triumphest is over! What an event. The organizers did a fantasic job of putting it all together. The Central Coast Triumphs were well represented with Bob and Lynn Klope, Tom Culbertson, Ron Kibie, Jeff Goldman, Eric Wilhelm, Michael Ling, Jay Chan, Eric Akau, and Myself.

Friday was the big caravan day. Those of us traveling on Friday met our old friends from Los Angeles at Bob's in Santa Barbara. We then traveled to Santa Maria where we met our newer friends from the Desert Center Triumphs. ~~Arriving in Pismo Beach at about 2:00 we were met by the rest of the gang from the north and south.~~ The rest of Friday was a free day so we checked into our rooms and went about finding people we knew and meeting the new folks there.

On Saturday morning the first of the big events took place. The Rallye/Funkanua put on by the Triumph Travelers of San Jose. This was a lot of fun and we traveled alot of the back roads around San Luis Obispo. Even though none of our club members placed in competition we had a great time on some real triumph roads.

After the Rallye it was time to prepare for the big car show. Everyone spent about two hours polishing, cleaning and those of us who brought a vacuum used that. All of our hard work paid off. Tom and Lynn took a Bronze award for their 41, Eric took a Silver award for his Spitfire (Lets find him a bumper so he can take a Gold next year) and DEES GT6 took a Bronze. About 150 cars took place in this show and each car was judged on it's own merit so about 35 awards were given out to the participants. Of note appearing at the show was the Roadsterfactory TRS, an Italia, and a Swallow Doretti. At the same time the Triumph Photo Contest, Model Contest, and Kite Fly were all going on. This was a lot to take in in such a short amount of time.

It was now time to wind down at the Awards Banquet. This gave everyone the opportunity to show that they had nice clothing with them instead of the car waxing cloths they had been wearing up until now. The food was very good and in short order they got on the the awards part, which everyone had been waiting for. In addition to the above awards Eric took an award for his kite made from receipts from various parts houses and repair shops. Ron won the award for the most unusual non stock accessory, his pipe holder that he made especially for the car. After the awards the great raffle took place and our members won their share of prizes.

Sunday mornig had been set aside for the CCF Branch and wine tour. About 30 cars participated in this outing. Other than a small problem with the vast number of people

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MISC FIRES... CONT.

all arriving at the Rose and Crown at the same time the event went well. We did split the wine tour into two sections which helped out with the crowd.

At the end of the wine tour it was time to say good bye to all of our new and old friends and make our way back home. This is always the hard part, but we do have next year to look forward to. Make plans to attend, and we will let you know the details as soon as we have them.

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Please Check Address Label for Expiration Date.



Central Coast Triumphs