



TRIUMPH TSOA NEWSLETTER

TRIUMPH SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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250-K SHINES BRIEFLY AT SEBRING

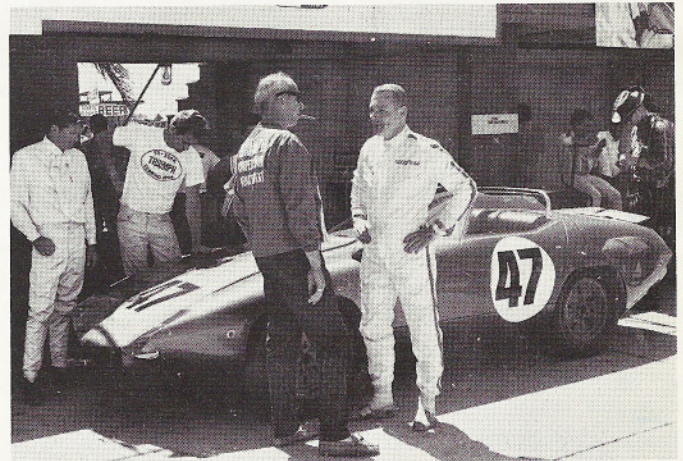


Hopes high and running well: during the early part of the '68 Sebring event, Bob Tullius takes the 250K smoothly through a bend. Smart alloy wheels proved to be the car's downfall. One broke, forcing retirement at the third hour.

From a peak of anticipation at ten o'clock when the flag fell, Triumph team spirits dropped to rock bottom by one in the afternoon. After several days of extremely encouraging tests and practice, the 250K was out of the race with a broken wheel and damaged suspension.

Before leaving California, Kas Kastner and Jim Dittmore tested the car at Willow Springs, easily surpassing Jim's lap times in the regular 250 without pushing. Sebring practice produced similar results despite some minor adjustment problems. The car was easily faster than the MGC and a number of the more exotic entries.

At the start, Dittmore got off very well and the car performed perfectly until, at 55 minutes, a fuel line broke. Jim stopped on the course, sprinted to the pits with the bad news and Bob Tullius went out to repair the break and continue. Bob drove until the first pit stop, reporting no problems. During the emergency stop to repair the fuel line, the 3-liter MGC had gone ahead but the 250K



Pit conference establishes strategy: Kas Kastner, with stogie, and Bob Tullius discuss strategy for the race while Jim Dittmore (left) and Bob Avery give the car the once-over. Very low silhouette of the 250K is noticeable here.

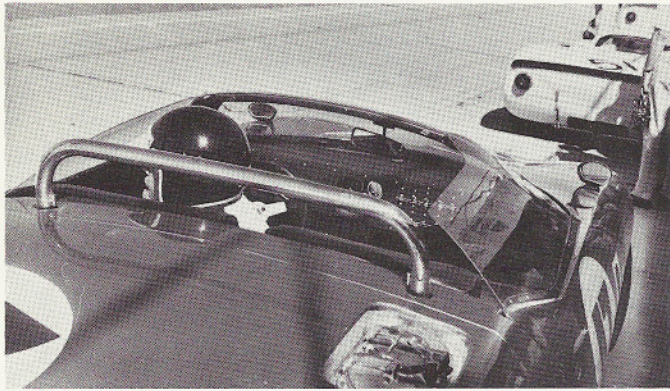
drivers were steadily making up time . . . seven seconds per lap!

The effort was finally halted just before three hours when Dittmore felt the rear end sway and went off the course with a broken wheel, damaging the suspension so badly that Kastner decided to retire the car. No reason could be imagined for the wheel to break . . . wheels of the same type had been successfully used on Chapparals for several years!

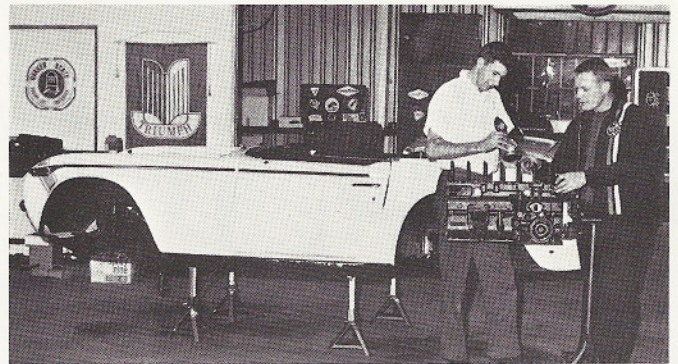
What did the abortive effort prove? Had the 250K finished it would have been in the top ten. It is designed as a production prototype from safety features to passenger comfort and the performance it demonstrated is one more illustration of the potential of production cars. We'll keep you informed of the future of the 250K as plans are made.

As Kas said: "If they'd re-start this race in two weeks we'd win!"

(Continued on page 2)



Ready to go out: Bob Tullius waits expectantly for Kas' signal to return to the course. Note simple dash with tach and toggle switches, huge double fuel filler caps. Porsche pits in background.



Getting Set For the Opener: Group 44 leader, Bob Tullius (left) and mechanic/driver Brian Fuerstenau, check out the engine of Bob's TR-250, soon to be seen on Northeast circuits. First National, at Marlboro, will see 44 on C, D, F and G Production cars.

(Continued from page 1)

GT-6 FINISHES 22nd

Part of the color that is Sebring comes from the many private entries which populate the smaller-displacement classes at every 12-hour. This year a Spitfire, a GT-6 and a TR-4A were entered, all by private owners, all in the GT category.

The Spitfire and TR-4A were among the DNF's but the GT-6 ran the full 12 hours to finish 22nd, slow but still a finisher. Drivers Richard Kline and Michael Pickering could perhaps be considered throw-backs to another racing era . . . their racing effort had the relaxed air of early days when racing was a Sunday sport and huge factory teams were still far in Sebring's future.

Suspension preparation, safety requirements, a little off the head and a valve job. That was about it for race preparation as far as Kline and Pickering were concerned. Virtually stock, the GT ran like a train all day suffering only a broken tach in the early evening. That was OK . . . after that the boys estimated. "I think we were getting between 55 and 5700 down the straight" mused Richard.

But then, who worries? The Kline/Pickering team had no stopwatch either.



She Made A Deal: Mrs. Linda Hollingsworth recently won a Spitfire on the TV show "Let's Make A Deal". Here she is in her car with Triumph representative "Doc" Furlong on the left and John Lance, Burbank Imports.

COMPETITION RESULTS

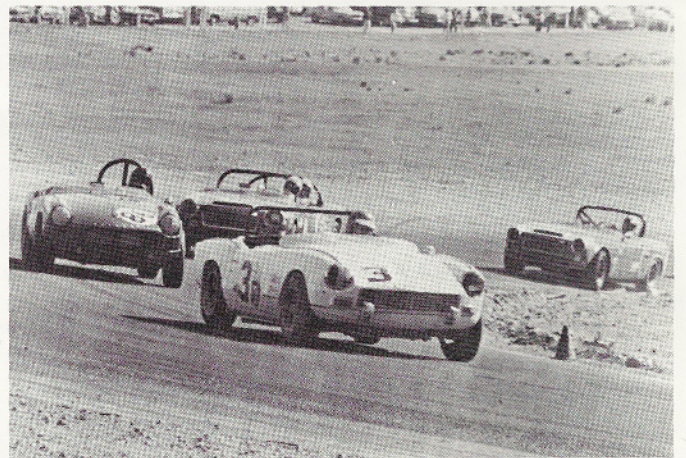
Willow Spring National, California

After finishing second in both events at the Las Vegas national/regional, Lee Mueller took his Triumph Spitfire Mk 3 to a double win at Willow, ahead of the Datsun both days. Dick Carbajal drove a G class Spitfire to first in the national race.

E Production at Willow saw Carl Swanson, in the GT-6, move to a second-place finish behind ex-Triumph champion Lee Midgley in an Alfa Duetto. Carl was third at Vegas so the next event, at Tucson, might be the big one! **And, from 1967 . . .**

We were very pleased to hear from Gene Wilkins, President of the Pennsylvania Hill Climb Association, that Triumph drivers topped three classes in the 1967 series. Engraved wrist watches were presented at the annual awards ceremony on February 10th. The watches, provided by Leyland Motor Corporation of North America, were received by Henry Hemmen, Bloomsburg, Pa., a TR-3 driver, Keith Kendig, Leola, Pa. TR-4 driver and Ray Heisey, a Spitfire pilot from Hershey, Pa.

"Top Triumph" trophy for the 1967 Connecticut Council of Sports Car Clubs Championship rally and gymkhana series went to Dick Clark, second in Class 3. Dave Hindinger was third. Both drive TR-4's.



Mark 3 Takes Double First: Lee Mueller, in the Kastner-prepared Spitfire Mk 3, leads a G class Mk 2 and two Datsuns. Action was at Willow Springs where Lee won both the Regional and National.

THE KUKLA RALLY—5 NOVEMBER 1967

We were told that there was no connection between this rally and Guy Fawkes' Day, but I should not have been more mystified had I learned the whole thing was constructed out of clues drawn from seventeenth-century history. My observations on the rally are going to be quite personal, for although I don't know what I was supposed to be doing, I have very clear memories of what I did. I think that the main purpose of these exercises must be to teach one humility.

The day dawned clear and fine. Our first move was to take the car for a wash at one of those automatic machine places, not wanting to be known as the couple who drove a car the color of sulphur dioxide. I shall know next time not to have them hook the machine to one of the steering arms. But, the car then being so clean, we thought we might just chance driving it in the rally with the front wheels funny, so we limped through tunnel and across bridge to the starting point.

At registration we could detect an air of seriousness which we didn't remember from the only other rally we had participated in, a gimmick rally, where we had done well simply because the gimmick might have been tailored for us. The instructions seemed more complicated, and there were many more of them. Our only equipment was my wrist-watch—just as well since anything more to look at would likely have ended us in jail: and we still don't know what equipment there *is* to make the difference between being barefoot and well-shod. We were almost the last car off, the *first* last car, actually, since the last last car was behind us, and as we were marked as last, he must have moved through the course like a spectre of the beginning of some rally in the future. He certainly reached the beer and sandwiches before us, though, to even things out properly.

The cars seemed to leave remarkably quickly, in showers of pebbles and dry leaves. The starter said something knowing to us in some technical language and we said something non-committal back, not wanting to be disqualified for idiocy before we'd even begun. We set our watch . . . for what reason I don't know . . . and left smartly when we were told to. It was remarkable how quickly all those other cars had disappeared from sight.

Now, Staten Island is a wonderful place for a rally. If, as Thomas Wolfe said, only the dead know Brooklyn, one gets the feeling that they haven't begun even to think about Staten Island. I actually had worked on the island for six years, but it was no help at all. Four-fifths of the course was completely new to me, a good part of it extremely interesting and picturesque, and we regret having driven through it like calculating fiends: the only way to find some of those places again would be to re-run the course. Americans must do particularly well in this sort of exercise, since their entire public schooling has been training for taking complicated examinations with special pencils or pens; both of us felt the old call immediately, and though we never got the vocabulary properly defined, we dreaded having to go on to Part B without having finished Part A. So by the first (open?) check point we had made only a very few false moves, which I figured could be balanced out by driving on the left side of the road around left-hand turns. We came slowly up to the check point, reading our directions, stopped at exactly the right point, then backed up and awaited developments, which

did not occur. I had to break the spell and ask the driver of the car which pulled up behind us what we were supposed to do then. He had some hunch about the time, so we counted off what we thought was right, and moved away into Part B.

As in dancing, there come moments in this kind of thing when you just know you're right without knowing how you know. Thinking about it spoils it. That we started meeting cars which had begun twenty or so places before us cheered us considerably, since we couldn't have gone *that* wrong. We became positively happy. My marked tendency to turn into dead-end roads no longer seemed a threat to our marriage. The weather continued fine, and we started to feel like members of some aristocratic party touring the provinces in nineteenth century England, as George Meredith's characters did. Peasant children gaped at us from the sides of the lanes, touched their caps or stuck out their tongues. Certainly, the people who could recognize a New York City water sampling station so as to execute a right turn, or who could get out of a traffic circle at 180°, were beloved of the gods.

We had seen so many other cars blunder off in false directions that we must have exuded pride when we pulled up to the big check point in Wolf Pond Park. The same gentleman who had started us again made some observations in his technical language, and we again nodded cheerfully. He asked if we had seen the "anchor" and we weren't ashamed to admit we hadn't. But we were there, weren't we? That was what mattered, after all. What did it matter that we had had some trouble distinguishing "turns to dirt" from "uneven surface"? That's the Borough President's problem. I wonder now whether that gentleman might not have been giving us some sort of warning, that in our ignorance we failed to recognize. What was the true meaning of those instructions he handed us? For though we began Part C right on the proper second, and saw two more cars miss a subtle turn, we ran smack on the one clue, the only clue necessary to blow a good day's driving, the clue with our number on it, the one we couldn't find. And then some wretch had parked a Cadillac just where our senses told us "Cadillac" ought to be. The whole course turned into a phantasmagoria of false clues, and though there were other cars driving over those empty trails, cars we saw again and again, being lost no longer seemed quite so comic as it had when *we* were not lost but *they* were. But like dogs which refuse to give up a hopeless scent we blundered about, recovering, then failing again . . . since missing "railroad" couldn't be corrected except by driving about fifteen blocks . . . so that when we reached the end we could truthfully say we had seen every clue and driven over every road we were supposed to drive . . . and some twenty miles more.

We weren't mocked as much as I thought we would be by the others, though, and ours didn't seem to be the only tale of woe told over scotch and hot sausage sandwiches. But how it hurt inside! The bitterness of having complete knowledge of one's own stupidity! But with a second scotch we began to realize that it's a pretty good game that can catch you this way when you know so little about it as we do. It must be really something when you can run in shoes.

Philip Cavanaugh
New York Triumph Motor Club



Herald Does the Job: Scene at Vic Thunberg Motors with 150,000 mile Herald wagon and TSOA Club bus. Now there's an organization!

HIGH MILEAGE IN EL PASO

Read the article about the Triumph Herald in England that had 112,000 miles on it. My Triumph 1200 Estate Wagon is now approaching 153,000 miles. Its use is primarily for running parts errands but has been used as a loan car many times and also a tow car. We have done three valve jobs and boring of the cylinders once for oversize pistons and rings and of course the normal maintenance. Of course it is my opinion that with proper care any Triumph can equal or better this mileage.

Vic Thunberg

TRIUMPH SALES KEEP UP RECORD PACE

Retail sales of Triumph cars in February continued on the rise, showing a 33% increase for the same fiscal period as 1967. The TR-250 is in such short supply that few dealers have more than one in stock and the GT-6 continues in hot demand.

Total February sales were 1,326, 81 more than the previous record February in 1964.

Triumph's March wholesale figures were 94% up over those of last year with 1,806 units as opposed to 927 in 1967. This gives Triumph a first quarter of the calendar year of 5,337 against last year's 2,718 which is a 96% increase.

FACTS ABOUT BRITISH LEYLAND MOTOR CORPORATION

The recently announced merger of British Motor Holding with Leyland Motor Corporation has produced a company with some remarkable statistics attached to it. In size, the new corporation is second only to VW among car manufacturers outside the United States. It is the fifth largest British company and the seventh largest in the world, outside the United States.

Under the banner of the new firm are Standard-Triumph, Rover, Austin, Morris, Jaguar, Daimler, Leyland, A.E.C., Albion, Scammell and Guy (the last five are trucks) as well as Alvis, Land-Rover and some tractor, engine and body-building divisions.

COMING EVENTS

Triumph Sports Car Club of New Jersey

"He Must Be Kidding" TSD rally starting from the Bowlero, Routes 3 & 46, Clifton, N. J., Friday, April 26. Call Joyce Taylor, (201) 838-5461.

LOCAL CLUB NEWS

WISCONSIN TSOA

P. O. Box 1694, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201
1968 Officers Elected at February Meeting

President:	Bob Lorenzen
Vice-President:	Andy Holum
Secretary:	Karen Kuckenbecker
Treasurer:	Bill Frear
Trustees at Large:	John Marena, Al Mattacotti, Dick Schoenecker

TRIUMPH OWNERS CLUB OF EL PASO

8949 Dyer, El Paso, Texas, 79904. Tel. 755-5615

President:	Larry Cole
Vice-President:	Woody Pinkman
Secretary:	Barbara Cole
Treasurer:	Freddie Thunberg
Board of Directors:	Dr. Mike McMillin, Byron Pearce, L. K. Sanders
Activities Chairmen:	Vic Thunberg, Don Hale

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE: 4 steel wheels, 4 hub caps, one steering wheel. All brand new from '67 TR-4A. \$40.00 or best offer. F. P. Coombs, c/o Chas. Morrill, Performance Motors, Inc., Falmouth, Foreside, Maine. 207-781-3207.

FOR SALE: Custom-built trailer hitch for TR-4. Suitable for light utility or camper trailer, \$15.00. Red rubber front floor mats, TR-4, \$6.00. TR-4 shop manual, new \$10.00 Shipping included. David V. Videll, 130 Beechview Ave., Jamestown, N. Y. 14701.

FOR SALE: Judson TR-4 supercharger, \$100.00, TR-4 head with heavy-duty springs, new valve job, \$50.00, TR-4 transmission, no OD, new, \$100.00. Douglass Belley, 763 St. Hubert, Jonquiere, P.Q., Canada.

TSOA SUPERMARKET

TRIUMPH JACKETS

Custom-tailored shower-proof wash-and-wear blue poplin zipper jackets with silk-screened Triumph logo on back; exclusive to TSOA: specify size — s, m, l, xl.....\$9.50

TSOA T-SHIRTS

Attractive white knit shirt with collar and button front. No pocket. Triumph logo in blue on back, shield on left front. Specify s, m, l, xl.....\$4.50

"Please Don't Dent Me" Cards.....\$1.00/100

Local TSOA Club "Calling Cards".....FREE

List of Triumph Dealers and Distributors.....FREE

Replacement TSOA Badge.....\$1.00

Standard Triumph Review Subscription.....\$2.50/year

TR-4, TR-4A Competition Preparation Booklet.....\$2.00

SPITFIRE Competition Preparation Booklet.....\$2.00

JACKET EMBLEM.....\$1.00

(Club Discount — 1 Doz.).....\$10.00

Send Check or Money Order. No C.O.D.'s please.

The TSOA NEWSLETTER is published monthly by the Triumph Sports Owners Association, 111 Galway Place, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666. TSOA is a national organization of American sports car enthusiasts who own a Triumph or are interested in the purposes of the Association. Subscription is included with a \$5.00 lifetime membership in the club.

EDITOR, MICHAEL L. COOK