



TSOA NEWSLETTER

TRIUMPH SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

P. O. BOX 3273

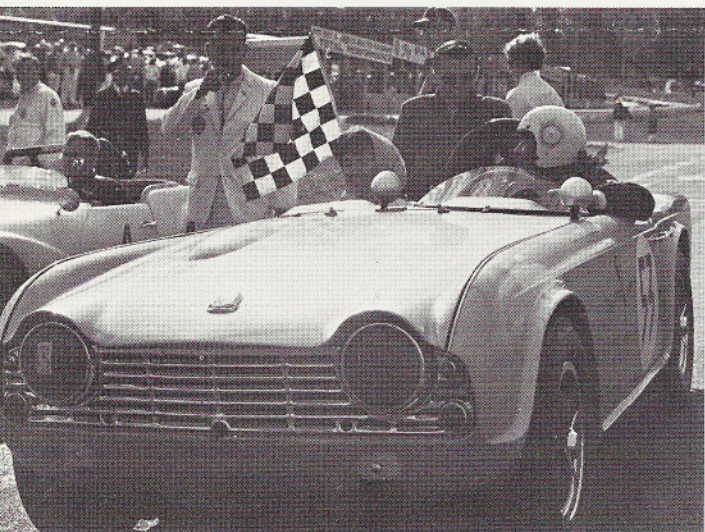
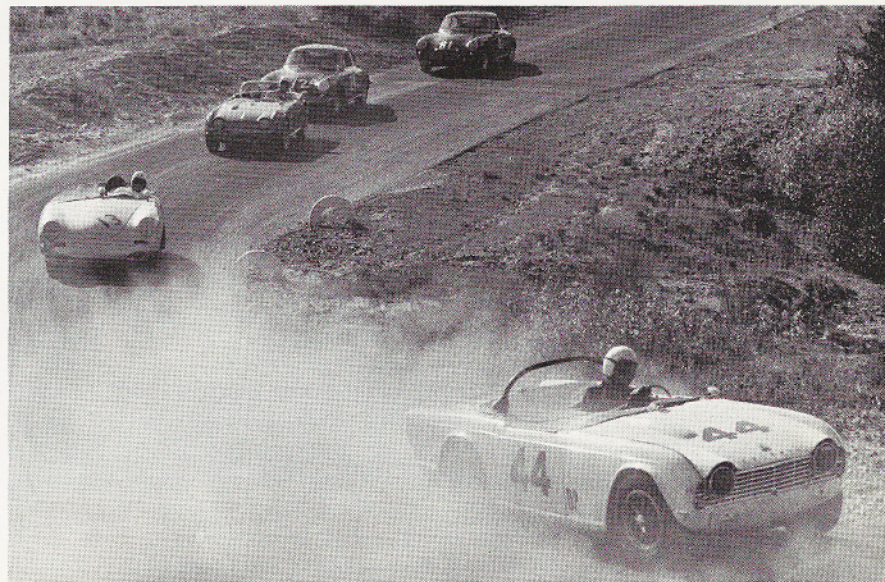
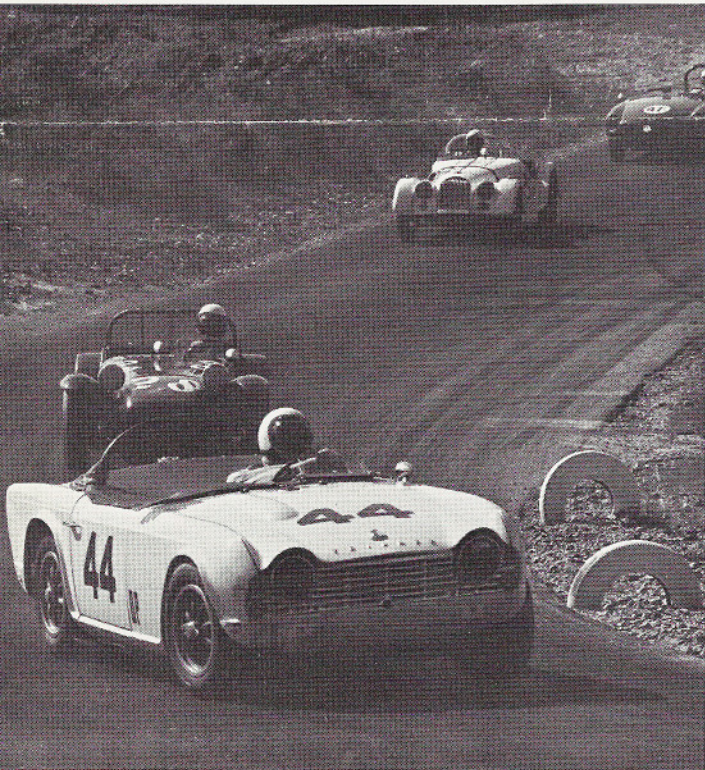
GRAND CENTRAL STATION

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

VOLUME 9, NO. 8

SEPTEMBER, 1963

TULLIUS TAKES DP TITLE: SPENCER SETTLES FOR 2nd

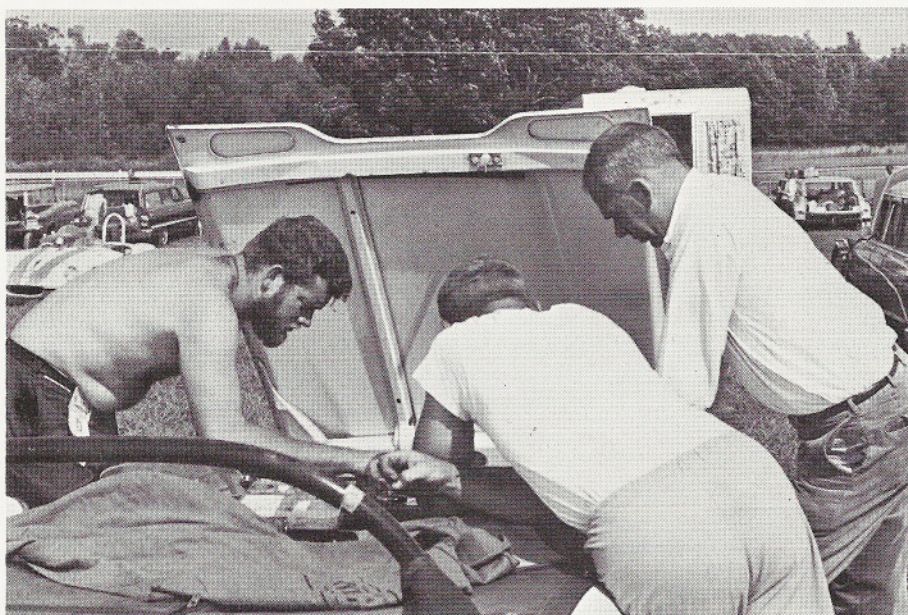


Bob Tullius and #44 in action . . . and with the checkered flag plus bewhiskered Ed Diehl after his DP win at Thompson. Jim Spencer, gallant runner-up for the DP Championship receives congratulations after his impressive win at Watkins Glen.

D PRODUCTION CHAMPIONSHIP DOMINATED BY TR-4 DRIVERS

Well, the 1963 season of SCCA National Championship races has come to a close. Bob Tullius, Triumph's '62 EP champion, clinched his second National title at Thompson, after a furious season-long struggle with fellow TR-4 driver Jim Spencer. Jim finished in second place, and these two drivers have virtually dominated the DP Championship all season.

On a point basis, TR-4 drivers are tied for 3rd and 4th places — Harvey Marks in 3rd and Bruce Kellner in 4th. For the TR-4 to be boosted a Class — from E to D Production — and to sweep DP Class so convincingly is a remarkable achievement. Congratulations to all — drivers and mechanics — who have worked to keep Triumph at the top.



'Scene' at Watkins Glen . . . left to right, Ed Diehl, the broad back of Bob Tullius, and 'Kas' Kastner, Competitions Manager, Standard-Triumph Motor Company.



Standard-Triumph president, Mr. C. E. Andrews congratulates Erwin Lorincz after the first-ever National Class win for the SPITFIRE at Watkins Glen.

ANOTHER 'HOT' SPITFIRE ON THE WEST COAST



Here's a car and driver to watch . . . the name's Ed Barker, here at speed with his SPITFIRE at the Pomona Races, where car and driver (what again?) established a Class track record, finishing 1st overall in GP and H Mod.

INTRODUCTION TO SPORTS CAR RALLYING

from "Triumph Tracker" — TTCR Newsletter

The following article was written by Jannette Sabine and Ted Bernstein for a summer school course at the State University College at Geneseo. It is fictitious but based in part on our Tale of Two Cities Rallye which was their first. Perhaps from the description you can determine the new friends' name.

Your introduction to sports car rallying may be chance, but it will not be easily forgotten. Invited for bridge one evening, you present yourself at a new friend's home. To get to the living room, you must detour a large book case in the hall, laden with dozens of silver trophies. The display demands at least a polite question and your friend needs nothing more to begin an animated monologue. As he talks, however, you wonder what sort of man it is who can be so competitively caught up in a sport that apparently offers no challenge whatsoever.

You learn that a rally involves a given route driven at a given average speed and followed by clues. Winners have usually navigated the route within one minute of the estimated official time, which is noted at various points along the route. Well, you think, after all, any licensed driver in the U.S. has been driving at average speeds since the day he put his foot on an accelerator. And who has never tried to get to work in five minutes while watching speed limits?

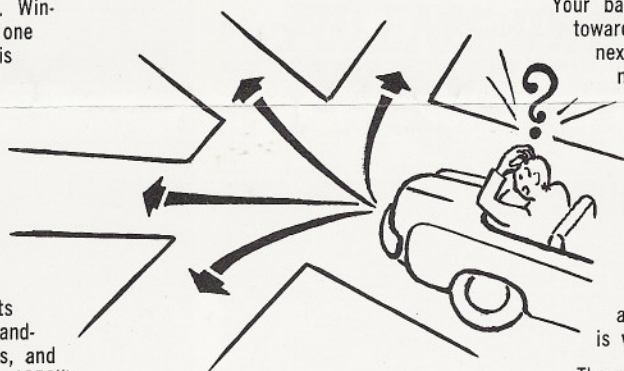
But inherent in this situation is your husband or wife who catches this asinine enthusiasm and must hear more. Your host puts aside the cards and takes out the rally handbooks, the charts, the homemade calculators, and the photograph ("Our first victory, August 16, 1956"), the host and hostess in their absurd little car, holding engraved loving cups.

Merely, you say, to prove to your enthusiastic spouse what idiocy this all is, you agree to enter next Sunday's rally. It begins in the lot at the shopping plaza. Your number, 38, is taped to your car door. Each car starts at 12:00 plus its number; you are to start at 12:38. There is no question about the winner of this rally, and what fools they all are who sit grimly in their bucket seats watching three stop watches to determine the second they are to engage gears and be off. You wander about, increasingly impatient with the contestants whose cars are equipped with hundreds of dollars of calculators, odometers, and compasses. Five minutes before your starting time, you take a quick look at the general rules, and move into position. As you pull up, an official hands your spouse-navigator a set of route clues, and you set off with tongue in cheek to show these fools what real driving is.

The first clue is a sign, "Madame DeFarge's Cold Cuts and Watermelons." You are to find it and turn in that direction at the first opportunity. Glancing at the odometer and the speedometer, you settle at the designated 32 miles an hour, and relax, jauntily. Beautiful day, the fields are fresh, the woods are full of small moving things. The friend said keep careful watch for the clues, and you move your glance casually along the signs to find Madame DeFarge. At a five-way intersection you still haven't found a sign. It must have blown down. These rally officials are no more careful than they are intelligent. You sit and discuss which road to take, and a group of laughing children begin waving and pointing left. Sheepishly, you turn left, and ignoring the tensing shoulder muscles, decide to watch more carefully for the next clue, "a black duckling." A black duckling indeed!

Your navigator is casually calculating the time lost at the intersection, and suggesting a higher speed, when you have to stop and back the car to see if that black blur was a duckling. Two rally cars zip past, numbers 39 and 40. The clue sheet says turn left at the first opportunity past the duck, and you begin looking for the road. Your navigator again figures how much time has been lost and suggests a higher speed yet. Driving at 70, you miss the left turn, and have to back up to execute it.

You then ask the navigator about the next clue, but there is a long pause before the answer because he is calculating again. Finally you hear answers, "Clock on barn, turn right," and you grit your teeth because you have already passed three barns. Hoping they had no clocks, you accelerate to 80 and tell your navigator to watch for clocks on barns that at this speed are mere streaks of huge color. After several miles the road ends in a T intersection; you turn around and slowly retrace your route to find the clock. When you do, you see three other rally cars ahead of you, numbers 56, 57, and 58. You are now at least twenty minutes behind time.



Your back on route, through the rally cars coming toward you make you wonder. You look for the next clue, which is an obscure "four openings to nowhere." There is some conflict about speeding to make up time or driving slowly to watch for the clue, and there is a tense discussion. Twelve miles later you turn around and retrace to find the four empty windows like a crumbling wall at which you were to turn east. Your navigator looks angrily at you as you turn in the direction he thinks is west, and there is a heated argument before you turn around and head in the direction you know is west.

The rally car ahead of you proves you are on route, however, and you look for the clue "Chalet." You are now thirty-nine minutes behind estimated time, and traveling a dirt road at 65, hoping your navigator is watching for "Chalet," because you are entirely occupied with pot-holes. Your anger rises again, this time at the fools who routed you onto a road that is ruining your car.

The little TR-3 you are following finds the clue, and dashes off at ninety degrees in a burst of dust that leaves you wallowing through a turn on your careening Buick suspension. The number on the TR was 64; you are now behind a car that began 36 minutes later than you, and judging by his speed, he is late himself.

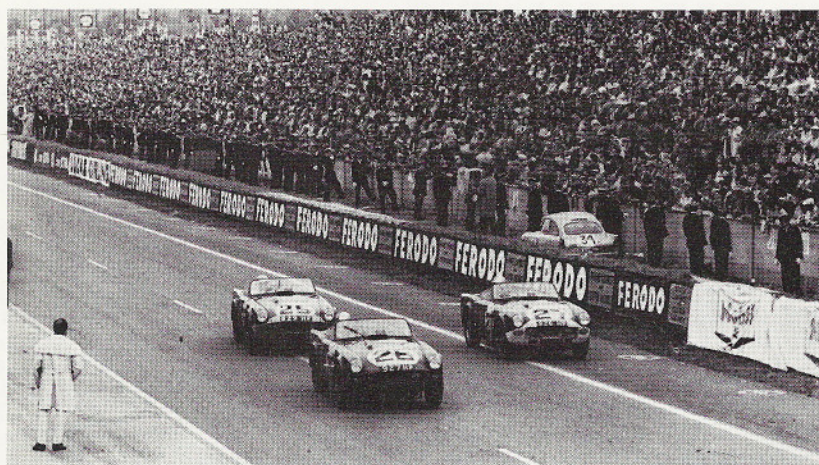
After you miss three more clues and pass four more cars, your navigator suggests a speed of 227.34 mph to get you in on time. He then tells you that he could drive a hell of a lot better than you. With this, you let fly all the guarded grudges, not only of this afternoon, but of months past, and make it clear that you could have won this rally if it hadn't been for his stupidity.

You have lost all desire to finish any rally. It seems more important to find a toilet. You have passed four official checkpoints, forty, fifty, sixty, and ninety minutes late. You have lost sight of all other cars; you try to find more clues. You are a few miles from the finish, where you know all the other rallyists are eating a lovely dinner. You spend the last hungry thirty minutes looking for the fifth checkpoint, but you don't find it because the officials have all gone home.

Defeated, fatigued, angered, and unable to tolerate the sight of the utter fool you've been riding with for the last seven hours, you enter the restaurant hoping to see that so-called friend who got you into this.

After you eat, you find a list and learn that you finished 57th out of 68 entries. The winners are announced amid applause and silver cups. The knowledge that you did better, after all, then eleven others relaxes you. You begin to smile a little at your tired navigator and you register for next Sunday's rally.





LE MANS CARS FOR SALE!

How's this for a scoop! Standard-Triumph has informed us that the fabulous dual-overhead camshaft TR-S cars, winners of the coveted Team Prize at the 1961 Le Mans 24 Hour Endurance Race, are up for sale.

In the '61 Le Mans, the TR-S team of 3 cars was the only complete team to finish, and the leading TR-S #27, driven by Peter Bolton and Keith Ballisat, was the highest placed British car. This car finished ninth overall, and averaged 98.9 miles per hour for the 24 hours.

For racing in this country the TR-S is SCCA-Classified in E Modified. Brief specs appear below. Serious inquiries only please to: **Standard-Triumph Motor Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.**

800 MILES OF FUN...WELL ALMOST!

by Charlie Roe

Running in a new car is never fun in the best sense of the word. But Triumph has made it as painless as possible.

This is the short saga of TR's diminutive SPITFIRE as enjoyed by me.

TR must have had in mind the pesty little RAF fighter of World War II fame when they dubbed this smallest edition the 'Spitfire'.

The little car chortles at the stop signs waiting for her chance to snort on takeoff. When she starts to wind up, the snort changes to a well bred British Lion snarl. It then becomes a matter of great personal restraint to keep the tach pinned on a maximum of 35 hundred rpm. She wants to go, you want to go... everything is GO! So you heroically remember you're running in a new engine and tread the "Go Pedal" lightly.

This plucky little car makes the most of her rated 63 BHP and 1147 cc's. But she never forgets her good manners. She pastes herself to the road and stays there no matter where the road may go or what kind of road it may be. In fact, her rear has forsaken the road just once, and that was on a washboard gravel with a washout on a severe turn, and I encouraged the breakaway through ignorance.

The Spitfire turns in a fantastically tight 24 feet. She corners like a center stripe. She is steady and stable even in gusty Indiana crosswinds. More legroom than two plus-six footers can use. In all 12 feet of pure fun.

Objections? A few fairly minor ones. I could bless TR for the inclusion of the missing oil and ammeter gauges, and a dash light would be a handy addition, too. Roadability would be improved with larger wheels. One fender on my Spitfire shows the spotwelds at the crown which indicates that a bit more care might be lavished on body and coachwork. I regret the lack of vent panes on the rollup windows. There are other itty-bitsy shortcomings but, you better believe it, none of them are mechanical.

I found better finish in other foreigners. I found much more HP in US monsters. I found no performance to match in any of them. And in case you're interested... the economy doesn't hurt my feelings, either.

If the next 8000 prove as much fun as the first 800 these poor limp hormones might just recover their "vigah". If this Spitfire has anything to say, I may even grow hair again to match the spunk of the car.

reprinted from 'THE SPINNER' — newsletter of the Elkhart Sports Car Club, Elkhart, Indiana.

TR-S SPECIFICATIONS

Engine:

Cubic Capacity	1985 cc
Bore	90 mm
Stroke	78 mm
Compression ratio	9.25
Camshaft	Twin overhead
Horsepower	125+ at 6500 rpm

Transmission:

Clutch	7¼ in. twin dry plate
Rear axle ratio	3.89

Suspension:

Front	Coil springs, anti-roll bar
Rear	Semi-elliptic springs

Brakes:

Front and rear	Girling discs
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Dimensions:

Wheelbase	— 7 ft. 10 in., Track, front and rear — 3 ft. 10 in., Length — 13 ft. 1 in., Weight — 1925 lbs., Width — 4 ft. 8¼ in., Height — 3 ft. 8 in.
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CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE: New Girling brake pads (4) \$15.00; all bushings and parts to rebuild front suspension TR-3 (cost \$20.00) \$10.00. Contact: Joseph R. Weaver, 152 S. Westgate Ave., Columbus, Ohio, 43204.

FOR SALE: TR-3A metal hardtop with all installation fixtures for converting soft top to hardtop; \$50.00. Contact: Paul H. Stern, Jr., 426 Orchard Lane, Manheim, Penna.

FOR SALE: TR-2/3/4 Accessories — sunvisor, \$5.00 — Uni-Syn, \$7.00 — Mountable rallye stop watch (orig. \$55), \$30.00 — TR-2/3 Service Manual, \$9.00 — curved racing windshield, \$10.00 — Lucas (Ranger) lights (2), \$13.50 ea. — TR-3 Jacket Patch, \$1.00 — TR-3 Key Fob, \$1.00. Contact: J. Kent Pepper, 102 Sunset Drive, Greensboro, N. C.

FOR SALE: Nearly new Amco TR-3 Windwings, \$9.00 — TR-3 Colby Motor Sales emergency kit with fan belt, distr. cap, fuel pump kit, rotor, thermo., pr. plugs, cond., brushes, bulbs, etc. in metal case, originally \$18.00 — parts never used, \$8.00 — G.E. #6012 Suburban headlight, \$1.50. All above in package deal, \$16.00. Contact: G. H. Logan, 1001 S. Home Ave., Park Ridge, Ill., Phone: 823-8308.

FOR SALE: 1959 TR-3A overdrive, rear jump seat, radio, heater, soft top and tonneau cover. Four new tires. Perfect body, needs paint and side curtains. Never raced — \$900.00 (nine hundred dollars). Contact: Walter W. Kirchel, 12 Lapeer Drive, R.D. 1, Beaver Falls, Penna. Phone: 412-846-2153.

WANTED: Used Hardtop for TR-3 (1956), side curtains (black), Motorola transistor radio, rubber gear shift boot, battery well liner. Please state price and condition. Contact: Harold Knasel, 1315 Pythian, Springfield, Ohio.

TSOA SUPERMARKET

TSOA Handbook	\$1.00
"Please Don't Dent Me" cards	\$1.00/100
Local TSOA Club "Calling Cards"	FREE
List of Triumph Dealers and Distributors	FREE
STAA Badge	\$1.50
Replacement TSOA Badge	\$1.00
Standard Triumph Review Subscription	\$2.50/year
Competition Preparation Booklet	\$1.25

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

The TSOA NEWSLETTER is published monthly by the Triumph Sports Owners Association, Box 3273, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. TSOA is a national organization of American sports car enthusiasts who own a Triumph Sports Car (TR-2, TR-3, TR-4 or Spitfire), Herald Sports Coupe, 1200 Convertible, or Sports Six, or are interested in the purposes of the Association. Subscription is included with a \$5.00 lifetime membership in the club.