



WHALE TALES

THE CAPE TOWN TRIUMPH NEWSLETTER

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AUGUST 2019

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

Western Cape received some much needed rains during July and we are looking forward to some more to fill the dams and ensure that we don't have a summer without water.

It was really great to see so Ian & Dominique Hauptfleish, Jamie & Glynis Hart and Nick & Denise Joubert all the way from Struisbaai at our Christmas in December event. We also had a great turnout at the noggin where Andre gave an interesting talk on his recent trip to the States as well as shown interesting classic car videos and as usual we were treated with great hamburgers courtesy of Frank and Sonja. Chris Cockett who has a beautiful Spitfire and Gert Vlok also attended the noggin. It was a great event and we are looking forward to many more such great mornings.

We are planning a couple of events for the next couple of months and need some volunteers to assist us with arrangements and I am calling on you to come forward and assist us with the arrangements. One of the future events is the Cape annual classic car show on 27 October at Killarney. Get your cars ready to make a statement to the motoring public that Triumph is still of the best cars made and we have the best examples of these around.

The next TSCC national gathering will be held next year and now is the time to start planning for the trip to the Golden Gate resort in the Free State. Please let me know who would be interested to participate that we can start planning for it.

That's it for now and please do appreciate your family and friends and spend quality time together...

Be safe and God Bless.

Triumphant regards,

Gerhard

THE EDITOR'S DESK

I was really delighted with the turnout at yesterday's noggin and I am really hoping that the club is going to have a stable future, and certainly the events planned look really exciting.

One of the things that brought home the message of what the club can do was a member who was having a problem with flooding on the carburetors on his Spitfire. He had fitted a brand new fuel pump and was looking for a pressure reducing valve for the fuel line to solve the problem. I was at a bit of a loss but introduced him to our technical guru from Brackenfell who sorted out the problem and told him what to do, which was much easier than the first solution. I hope the member concerned will report back on progress and we shall see him in his Spitfire very soon!

The reason I mention this is that whilst the technical forums on the internet are really good and offer many solutions, sometimes the answer is much nearer to home and is much simpler and easier to solve. I have certainly found that there are many members in our club, and other clubs, who are only too happy to help and have a lot of experience in sorting practical problems out first hand. This is one of the reasons I joined the club in the first place and, together with the wonderful fellowship the club brings, is a very good reason to be a member.

NOGGIN 31ST AUGUST BY ALAN HARRIS ON LEATHER

Alan will be giving a really interesting talk on leather starting from the tanning process and ending with the manufacture of those superbly comfortable seats found in upmarket cars!

The event will start at 10am in the clubhouse and those excellent hamburgers or boerie rolls will be available before hand. This should be a great meeting.

REPORT BACKS

CHRISTMAS IN JULY 14TH JULY

On Sunday 14th July we met at N2 Engen 1 Stop at 10.30am for a scenic run to our venue, Antonio's Restaurant in Gordons Bay, for our 'Christmas in July'. We had a Wimpy coffee and a good chat as we waited on Members arriving. A total of 10 gathered, 4 in Triumphs. It was a beautiful day and everyone had 'tops down', and heaters on!

At around 11am, after everyone was accounted for, route sheets and directions were given we departed on our run. We took the Macassar off ramp from the N2 and



proceeded towards Somerset West along the top of Somerset West on the Silverboom Kloof road, the famous Spookbult where a car can actually run itself up the hill, (optical illusion actually). Once we had completed the very scenic drive, we proceeded on the N2 taking Sir Lowry's Pass road towards Gordons Bay, turning right towards Harbour Island. On entering Harbour Island we parked our cars in secure parking next to Antonio's.

Unfortunately Ian and Dominique left for home after completing the run as they had left their gate open!

We were joined by Nick and Denise in their Triumph and Jamie and Glynis (plastic).

We sat outside and the views of the harbour from the Restaurant were fantastic. As we were having drinks, awaiting our food, each lady was given a small 'Christmas' gift courtesy of the club.

The food was good, as was the company. Unfortunately all good things must come to an end and people started to leave around 3pm to make their way home.

Thanks to Gerhard for organising this event.

NOGGIN 27TH JULY ANDRE BREDENKAMP



This was a change to the programme at short notice but was really well attended. Andre gave us a really interesting talk at very short notice, starting with a short preview of his recent trip to America, which he will talk about later. The main portion of his talk was given to video presentations of older classic cars such as the Triumph Roadster and the then state of the art Mazda RX3 Wankel rotary engined car. Great accolades for the engineering but a bit of a miss for comfort. There was also a thought provoking item on cars of the decade, for example the VW Beetle in the 40's and the Mini in the 50's, but for me I really enjoyed the story of the Triumph Spitfire from its delayed birth up to the machinations of the British Leyland empire in killing it off.

A big thank you to Frank and Sonja for the really delicious hamburgers before the meeting. I would also like to give a special accolade to our new chairman, Gerhard, who I think should take over the title of "double rugged" for coming over in inclement weather from Somerset West in his 3A with the top down! Well done.

[A WHALE OF A TALE PART 3 BY TIM KENT](#)

If you can't remember where I left off re-read part two, or at least the last page, but welcome back to A Whale of a Tale.

The night air was typically Highveld balmy, the open road was straight and flat and the TR strained at the leash (that's me) after such a long period of in-activity. The car felt fine, oil pressure was 55psi at 4000 rpm, water temperature was dead centre and the exhaust note was a nice deep rumble on tick-over. I had pushed the car (not literally) to over 100mph, on the clock at least and, feeling well pleased I set off home, and put the car in the garage.

The next day was Saturday and at about mid- day I received a phone call from some friends in Johannesburg inviting me to a braai, (whatever that was) and there would be some girls. I lit up another Lexington! Henley on Klip is a lovely small town whose population consisted of mainly farmers and retired people, so I had not been in the company of girls for months. By 5pm I could hardly contain my excitement as I climbed into the TR. Reversing out of the garage required a sharp left hand down to avoid a large tree; as I pulled left hand down the whole right front wheel assembly fell off the chassis. It was the right front wheel which had taken all the impact when the car mounted the right hand side curb in Heidelberg. Disaster. I summoned help from the gardening staff in the nearby kraal, who lifted the front of the car and we trundled it back in to the garage and mounted it on blocks of wood. I would not be going to Johannesburg that day, or the next.

Emitting steam from every orifice, I jacked up the front of the car, removed the wheel and saw at once what had happened. But I didn't see it all, and would not see the real problem for another year. When I had calmed down and remembered that I driven at 100mph only the night before, and realised what could have happened, cold shivers ran down my spine. I soon forgot about the braai and the girls. The Agony and the Ecstasy were the only two words I could think of. Well, there were others but they would not be appropriate here. The car was repaired including wheel

alignment and we were happy again. But still, no one had spotted the real problem, ignorance was bliss!

Some months later I was promoted from my position in Springs to a more senior position in the flagship store in Rosebank, Johannesburg. At last someone was recognising my flair for fashion retail. I could not commute from Henley to Rosebank because of the distance, traffic and fuel rationing, this was 1974, so I moved into a late Victorian shack, with some friends at the bottom of Hillbrow. I have forgotten to tell you that the fixed (removal) rear screen and glass had not arrived with all the other parts, so it had no roof. The Highveld afternoon summer storms did not please me at all. Neither did they please the girls who wore sleeveless frocks (what's a frock?) and a new hairdo. There was only one girl who found it all very amusing, driving to dinner with my jacket over her head and I soaked to the skin. All for a TR, did I ever think of selling it? Or offering it in part exchange for a second hand Austin Apache? No I did not, ever. I can hear you muttering "brain damage".

Anyway, this Victorian shack was in the middle of two flyovers, which meant that you came off one and then went full circle around the property before reversing into a small driveway. I now knew that the girl with my jacket on her head was a trainee nurse from the Orange Free State, and that she had finished that part of her training in JHB. The following weekend she planned to return to the OFS, which would mean that I would almost certainly never see her again, which would have been a pity because she was lovely. And where, for heaven's sake was the Orange Free State? I had no idea, but still I offered to take her there in the TR. Fuel rationing was now starting to hurt and I had no idea where I was going next week end. Perhaps there was brain damage after all.

On the Friday evening before our Sunday departure, I came home from work very late, must have been stock take or something, but I was very tired. As I applied a right hand down, to reverse into the drive the front right wheel collapsed again. I was so angry I slammed the car door and went to bed. The next morning I went out to the car, jacked up the right front end, removed the front wheel and sat on the pavement with my head in my hands and shed a little tear. Surely this lovely girl's laughter would turn to scorn if I failed to live up to my promise as she had not made any other arrangements to get home.

Ho hum, just another failure, but wait, at that moment an old VW split windscreen kombie screeched to halt behind the TR and a middle aged plump Auntie jumped out, sat on the pavement next to me, put her arm around me and said something like "ach, sis jong, wat gaan an hier?" (Oh dear what's happened). I wanted to hug her but restrained myself sufficiently to describe my predicament. She lived next door.

With that she got up and yelled for "Papie," In Afrikaans she said "get your fat arse out here and have a look at this. Papie duly arrived, long shorts, string vest and a bottle of Klipdrift brandy in his left hand. With some difficulty he sat down on the pavement with me and the woman I now knew to be his daughter. He examined the exposed steering and suspension with blood shot eyes and trembling fingers.

"ja swaar" he said, shaking his heavily jeweled jaw followed by "en jy moet hierdie kak huis Welkom ry more"? (and you must drive this shit house to Welkom

tomorrow?) "Don't worry" said he, "before the sun sets tonight this car will be ready to drive to Cape Town and back".

Was this the Klipdrift speaking? Well, frankly I didn't care. It was now 9am. I am still not sure what the problem was, except he kept mumbling something about a high tensile steel bolt "wat in sy moere was" ("buggered" in English). Where-upon he staggered back to his workshop and re-appeared with the level in the bottle of Klipdrift depleted to 25% and a bag of tools and set to work. I made some coffee into which he poured the remains of the brandy. The plump Aunty emerged with some boerie (boerewors) rolls and, true to his word the car was returned to the tarmac at about 6pm, test driven by me, of course, and it was perfect. And, I never had another problem with that front wheel for 15 years. I asked how much I owed him but he turned his blood hound like eyes on me and staggered off mumbling something which I did not understand.

I picked up the nurse at Germiston Nurses Hostel at 8am the next morning, loaded all her belongings into the boot and onto the dickie seat, and set off for Welkom, which by then I knew was about 162 miles (260kms) but with petrol rationing I had no idea if a tank-full would get me there and back but still we set off. It was a three hour journey into the heart of Afrikanerdom and with a GB sticker on the boot lid I was a bit nervous about how I would be received. The nurse thought I was being over dramatic and giggled a lot but did not let on that what she was really giggling about was that I was wearing socks with sandals and she knew that her younger brothers would piss themselves laughing when I eventually emerged from the car at her home. She was right, I mean imagine meeting people for the first time and you were just the laughing stock but at least it negated the need for polite introductions. And I still didn't know what they laughing about. After a huge lunch of rys, vleis 'n aartappels (rice, meat and potatoes) followed by melk tert I felt I should be heading back to Johannesburg, it was now about 5pm so I had about 2 hours before dusk but the journey was 3 hours and finding my way into Johannesburg in the dark did not fill me with much enthusiasm. Then I noticed that her father's Chevrolet Caprice Classic, 5litre V8 was fully loaded with all the family, some cousins, Ouma & Oupa and two dogs. Where were they going? The answer soon became clear as the nurse jumped into the TR and off we went. I was being directed onto the right road for Kroonstad which was about 40 miles away. When we got almost to Kroonstad the Chevrolet pulled over and everybody got out. To say farewell took all of 20 minutes because everybody had to kiss and hug me and wish me a safe journey and say that I must come back soon. Little did they know how soon it would be. The big Chevrolet did a U turn and with an un-mistakable V8 rumble was soon out of site with nurse in it. I felt a bit deflated, even sad. I pointed the TR towards the open road, feeling pleased but empty and settled down to a leisurely cruise towards the Victorian shack. I lit up a Lexington! I checked all the gauges, oil pressure fine, temperature fine, amps great, fuel gauge, oh no! It was hovering under the quarter mark. All the garages would have closed at 5pm. I would never make it. After careful deliberations which lasted about 10 miles I had no option but to turn round and head for Welkom. By the time I got there (7.30pm) everyone was in bed because this was a Sunday evening in the Free State, no television and all other forms of entertainment were strictly forbidden by their Calvinistic traditions. I knocked timidly on the front door and soon nurse's father appeared in his sleep shorts, I explained my problem, which wasn't a problem (in his opinion) as he opened the garage reversed the Chevrolet with the intention of draining out all the petrol for me. Except, it too was empty, still no problem because Oom Allie, next door would have petrol. Nurse's father ran next door banged furiously on Oom Allie's front door and explained very carefully to Oom Allie what he was going to do. Soon a Pontiac Firebird emerged from Oom Allie's garage, the rear end was jacked up and

petrol was soon gushing out into a tin basin, which was carefully poured into the TR via a funnel. The TR was full, Oom Allie and Nurse's father put their cars away and went back to bed and I went on my way, this time without the Chevrolet full of family and dogs. Hardly a word was spoken and no money was either asked or given. I knew I had to come back one day, to repay the kindness I had received and maybe to see the Nurse again, but when?

Stay tuned for next month's exciting instalment.

UPCOMING EVENTS



EVENTS CALENDAR 2019

Date	Time	Event	Organiser	Contact No.
AUGUST				
31st	10:00	Noggin Alan Harris will be giving a really interesting talk on how leather upholstery is made		
SEPTEMBER				
22nd		Run : Historic tour of Wellington & Surrounds presented by Ronald Lloyd	Peter	
OCTOBER				
6th		Century Run	Comm	
26th		Noggin. Jamie Hart presenting his TR4		
27th		Killarney Motor Show	MMC	
NOVEMBER				
10th		Concours		
30th		Noggin		

TECHNICAL MATTERS

PETROL LIFE IN VEHICLE TANKS

Petrol is a mixture of many components with different properties that contribute to the performance of the fuel. When petrol is left in an open container it will eventually completely evaporate. As it does so the composition and properties will change because different components evaporate at different rates. This is a normal feature of petrol and the same process takes place in all equipment tanks. Where petrol is kept for a period in a tank, it can become stale and it is better to add fresh fuel before using it. Such examples include classic cars or, for example, lawnmowers!

Generally speaking, petrol will last for about 3 weeks at a temperature of 20 degrees C without a problem, after that it is better to add fresh fuel before starting. Petrol will last in a sealed container for more than 6 months, there will be some volatile loss but not enough to affect performance. Fuel in an underground container, i.e. the tank at your garage, will have very little volatile loss and is replenished on a regular basis.

How this happens

The light components in petrol are lost first as the fuel sits in the tank. These light components provide most of the valuable benefits during cold starting, they comprise most of the fuel used during cold starts. If they are absent, i.e. they have evaporated, then the mixture becomes lean resulting in higher temperature leading to pre ignition, detonation and piston damage. This can be seen in the high revving engines used in boats and items such as chain saws.

The remaining fuel has a higher density and a higher octane but this is not helpful during cold starting resulting in an engine that is reluctant to fire. Because items such as carburetors and fuel injection use a volume measuring system, this means the mixture will be fuel rich and carbon deposits will be formed leading to fouled spark plugs and caused irregular running. This condition seems to be commonly found in classic cars where they may run very unevenly or possibly even cut out.

The remaining fuel becomes denser and the octane number actually increases over time, but with the higher combustion temperatures care must be taken with high revving units.

One problem that tends to occur with storage over long periods in hot weather is the oxidation of petrol to form peroxides. These compounds can attack rubber and metal on items such as fuel lines, rubber hoses and removing metals such as copper in fuel pumps. These processes only happen over a long time period before they cause problems but this can happen faster if the fuel is exposed to ultra violet light.

In several countries, including South Africa, fuel volatility is reduced in the summer months and increased in winter. This is fine for engines that are in regular use but can cause problems if summer fuel is held over to winter.

Typical values of the change in fuel over a 5 week period in summer would be

Property	Week 1	Week 3	Week 5
% volume loss	3	8	15
Octane RON	98.1	98.6	99.5
Density gm/cc	0.75	0.765	0.79
Fuel air ratio	13:1	12.7:1	12.3:1

Prevention

If the unit has not been used for a while, add fresh fuel before starting the unit, especially in winter.

Try to keep your tank at least half full to prevent water vapour from being sucked in and condensing.

Try to use petrol that contains corrosion inhibitors and metal deactivators.

Use a hotter grade spark plug to reduce carbon build up.

Many thanks to BP for the information

TRIADS

Seemingly not too much for sale or needed this month

TAIL PIECE

And now for something completely different!!

Not Monty Python but the lovely birthday cake made for “young” Eddie Hughes by his granddaughter complete with National concours medal!

Happy Birthday from all of us

