



Snic Braaapp

June 2015

Vol. VI Issue No. 517

Newsletter of the
Illinois Sports Owners Association

*Dedicated to the Enjoyment and Preservation
of Triumph Sportscars
Chicagoland's Oldest and Most Active Triumph Enthusiasts club
- Now in our Forty-Sixth year -*

*A Chapter of the Vintage Triumph Register, Triumph
Register of America, and Six Pack*

SPRING TUNE-UP CLINIC

Text & Graphics by Bob Streepy



souls. Silo, ably assisted by Dave "Snake" Shedor and Mike "Wheelman" Konopka, explained the agenda for the tech session and spoke briefly about the procedures that would apply at this year's clinic. Mark explained that "... Triumphs are infinitely maladjustable..." and talked about the importance of bringing the ignition and fuel systems into harmonic convergence as the audience noshed on pastry and caffeinated drinks.



continued on page 7

**KEEP
CALM
AND
Tune up
Your car**

DESPITE OVERCAST AND unseasonably cool conditions, residents of Woodstock were treated to what appeared to be an impromptu car show of sorts when a dozen or so Triumphs converged not too far from the village perhaps best know as the setting of Groundhog

Day. Mark Fisher hosted the annual tune-up clinic at his shop on the outskirts of the namesake of a little upstate New York rock concert.

The Coventry Irregulars began arriving around 8 AM, and they eventually totaled some 20

INSIDE YOUR JUNE SNIC BRAAAPP

- Ignition Clinic
 - Chump Races
 - David Hickman's Saga,
 - Rumpus and the Stripper - Part Deux,
 - Brake Upgrades
 - Automotive Mentoring Program
 - Andy Lishette on Spitfires & Dogs
- Lots More Stuff*



Tune Up Clinic - cnt'd from page 1



Throughout the course of the day, six or seven cars rolled in and out of the tuneup bay while "Snake," "Silo," and "Wheelman" tweaked and fiddled with the Triumphs until the cars all appeared to reach their "happy place." John Kolton [Stag], Ronnie Moon [TR6], Burns Rafferty [TR7 Spider], Bill Jensen [Spitfire1500], and Mike Velasco [TR4] all

received the "laying on of hands" and their cars were each "dialed in."

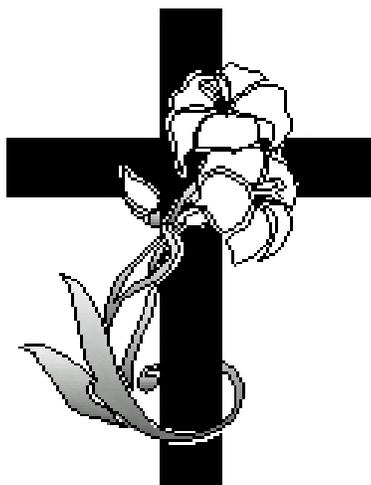
While the tuning took place indoors, Roman Hrynewycz unpacked Frank Cartwright's headlight aiming kit and proceeded to adjust the lights on several cars. Roman also performed a mock VTR autocross safety check for the benefit of any attendees who planned to compete at this summer's convention auto-



cross and weren't quite sure what to expect.

After a lunch catered by Jimmy John's, Silo and crew spent some time on Karsten Kell's TR6 but were unable to tune it to their satisfaction since it had an incorrect distributor installed by a previous owner.

By midafternoon most of the attendees were on their way home, and in most cases, their cars were running much more smoothly than they had in the morning. Our club is most indebted to Mark for not only providing his shop as the host site for this last clinic of the spring time, but also for sharing his technical insight with a half a dozen members and assisting them in adjusting their cars so that they are running at their best.



In Memoriam

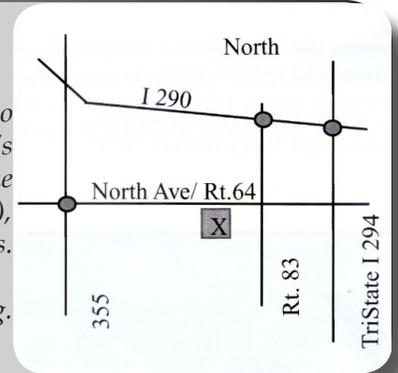
SNIC BRAAAP regrets to announce the unfortunate passing of long-time ISOA member Rich Scholl. Rich was well-known among the Coventry Irregulars and was especially noted for his willingness to lend a hand to anyone in need of Triumph assistance. Rich leaves behind his wife of 42 years, Margaret, and daughters Maura (David) Whiston and Sarah Scholl. He was also the proud grandpa of Jack Whiston, and fond brother of Sandra Steiner, Edward (Sheila) Scholl and Virginia Linowiecki as well as an uncle, great-uncle, cousin and friend to many. Services have been held.



ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

The ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION is an owners and enthusiasts club dedicated to the enjoyment and preservation of TRIUMPH cars. Monthly meetings are held at Mack's Golden Pheasant on North Ave and Rt. 83 in Elmhurst (X marks the spot on the map), on the first Sunday of every month (unless otherwise announced). Meeting time is 7:00 PM (roughly), but come early, have a beer, and share some TRIUMPH BS with your fellow enthusiasts.

The Board of Directors meets the first Sunday of every month prior to the general meeting. Everyone is welcome to attend the Board meetings.



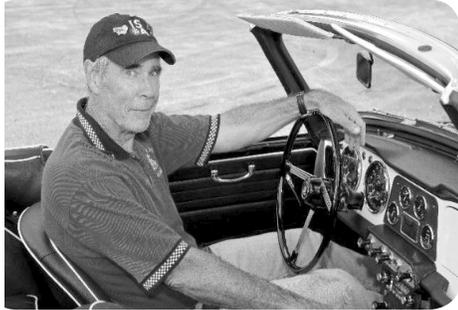
ISOA UPCOMING EVENTS

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
Jun.	7	Sun.	8:00 AM	Midwest Autin-Healy Gymkhana - 28250 Diehl Rd., Warrenville, IL
	7	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]*
	13	Sat.	7:00 PM	TRailer Races, Rockford Speedway - 9572 Forest Hills Rd, Loves Park, IL
	16-19	Tues.-Fri.		TRA National Meet - Solomon's Island, MD
	20	Sat.		Black Hawk Classic, Black Hawk Rarms Raceway, South Beloit, IL
	20	Sat.		Highland Games - Hamilton Lakes, Itasca, IL
	21	Sun.		Wisconsin British Car Field Day - Sussex, WI
	28	Sun.	8:30 AM	Michiana Brits Annual British Car Show, - St. Mary's College, South Bend, IN
July	5	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	11	Sat.	9:30	VIP Tour Of Automotive Mentoring Group - 6522 S. Lavergne, Bedford Park, IL
	12	Sun.		Mad Dogs & Englishmen Car Show, - Gilmour Car Museum Hickory Corners, MI
	18	Sat.		Summer "Stock" Tour
	25	Sat.		ISOA Tour to Hellings Garage in Momence, IL
Aug.	2	Sun.		Vintage Transportation Extravaganza, IL Railroad Museum, Union, IL
	2	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	11-14	Tu-Fri		VTR Convention, The Abbey Resort & Convention Center, Fontana, WI
	16	Sun.	10:00 AM	Orphan Auto Picnic - Kendall Cty Fairground
	20-23	Th-Sun.		Open Air Classic - Onalaska, WI
Sept.	6	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]*
	10-13	Th.-Sun.		Six Pack TRials - Galloway, NJ
	13	Sun.	8:00 AM	Chicagoland British Car Festival - Harper Community College, Palatine, IL
	19	Sat.		BlonderHill Wine/Beer Fest - Harbor County, MI
	20	Sun.		Cantigny Car Show, Wheaton, IL
Oct.	4	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	8-11	Sun.-Wed.		Triumphest 2015-Del-Mar, CA. www.Triumphest2015.com
Nov.	1	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
Dec	6	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
Jan.	3	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	30	Sat.	5:30 PM	Big Bash 2016

*VTR CONVENTION WORKER SIGN-UP NIGHT - BE THERE!!



A LITTLE BS FROM BS
NEWS AND VIEWS FROM
THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE
BY SNIC BRAAAP EDITOR BOB STREEPY



Restoring Cars and Hope



6522 SOUTH LAVERGNE . BEDFORD PARK, IL. (773) 563-0034

RECENTLY, YOUR HUMBLE AND Obedient scribe received a most intriguing email from David Stuursma, the senior editor of *Moss Motoring* magazine. Included was an attached YouTube video [<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=onmYP6EC6ZA>]. The video showed a clip from a CBS Evening News program about an organization located near Midway Airport that mentors at-risk young men and women from the inner-city who are trying to turn their lives around. The Automotive Mentoring Group [<https://automotivementoringgroup.wordpress.com/>] teaches students in their program how to rebuild a car. Its founder, Alex Levesque, has dedicated himself to becoming a surrogate father to youthful offenders seeking a second chance. AMG teaches former gang members the basics of automotive repair, including bodywork, mechanical repairs, and interior fabrication. The program is more, however, than an automotive apprenticeship because it also provides a safe, structured environment for young men and women who enjoy working with their hands in a respectable trade. In addition, the organization's mentors teach life and job-readiness skills, such as being on time, working with others, and decision-making. The participants, referred to as "mentees,"

are generally referred to AMG through the criminal justice system, and they receive an opportunity to learn not just automotive skills but also the life lessons that they missed out on as children.

"It's all hands-on experience in the shops, as well as in our classrooms," says Levesque, who founded AMG in 2007 after seeing the growing tide of gang violence in Chicago. AMG has helped more than 300 young men and women since it opened. When mentees complete the six-month program, AMG helps them earn their high school diplomas and enroll in community colleges, as well as obtain jobs or apprenticeships in the automotive industry. About a third of the former students are either pursuing degrees at one of the city's community colleges, or they are serving as apprentices at other automotive-restoration shops. Some have obtained jobs in other automotive-related fields. For example, one former student teaches auto-body work at a local high school.



In his email to me, David mentioned that among the numerous cars in the shop for restoration, AMG has taken on a derelict 1971 TR6. Upon being contacted by AMG, Moss has agreed to provide some parts for the restoration of this car. David's purpose in contacting me was to see if any ISOA members might be willing to visit the shop, (preferably in their TR6s), to show the mentees nice examples of just what the AMG TR6 project car may resemble when it is finished and possibly even give them a ride in a TR6.

On Wednesday, April 30, Jack "Spuds" Billimack and I visited the shop located at 6522 Lavergne in Bedford Park to find out for ourselves a little bit more about the program. A young man by the



name of Greg showed us around, and we saw various cars and trucks that were in the midst of being restored and/or repaired, including the TR6. Greg's enthusiasm was infectious, and he was clearly proud of what he had learned in his time in the program. We also spent quite a bit of time also visiting with Alex, and we came away most impressed with him and his vision for this organization.

While ISOA certainly has an extremely full plate of activities, particularly this summer with our upcoming VTR convention, we have scheduled a club visit on Saturday morning July 11 in hopes of showing these young people examples of some restored Triumphs. We intend to spend an hour or two visiting with the mentees, viewing the facility and offering advice on what they will need to do to the TR6. [Also, for anyone who has surplus TR6 parts that they may want to donate to AMG, the organization is a licensed 501(c)(3) charity and donations are tax-deductible.] Afterwards, we plan to head over to Darien Chuck's Southern Comforts Cafe barbeque in Darien for lunch.

ISOA has previously demonstrated its charitable nature through its considerable commitment to the famous TTA Stag project, which ultimately raised a substantial amount of money for the struggle against PTSD, thanks immeasurably to the Stagmeister and his crew. Automotive Mentoring Group appears to have an equally worthwhile mission, and we would hope that ISOA can play a part in not only rebuilding a lost cause Triumph, but also in providing a second chance for some disadvantaged youth.

Suds



THE ROAD TO THE PRESIDENCY BY ISOA PRESIDENT DENNY "SHOWROOM" STOCK



THE MONTH OF JUNE BRINGS A SPECIAL day to all, that of Father's Day. Unlike so called "Hallmark Holidays" or others like "bring your son or daughter to work day," or "pamper your dog and kitty day," or my personal fave, "wash your TRiumph day," this is an actual holiday to celebrate fathers. You may want to check out Wikipedia for their version of the definition or even Webster's dictionary, which by the way is not named after Danny but Noah Webster. Let's face it; if you're reading this month's collection of words, you have a father. With fatherly experiences as varied as learning to drive with a stick shift, a "three on the tree" or better yet, if applicable, teaching your son or daughter to drive one, perhaps it was a "four on the floor," we all have had one sort or another. Your results may vary, but here's my experience.

My dad was a car guy, not a wrench turner by conventional standards, but one who always drove a newer and nicer car than most. Dad usually had a job that was far from home,

so his "excuse" was needing something nice to rack up the miles in comfort and style (or that's what he told mom and btw, she really didn't have issue with it and agreed 100%). The Modus Operandi was Dad picked out the car but gave mom the color choice. In those days, dad's logic was you would buy a car from the dealer in town, in our case Morton Grove. If your vehicle of choice wasn't there, he would have gone to the next town in a geographical area of perhaps 10 miles or so, but that's it. [Order a car? not in his vocabulary.] He chose one that was "in stock" (oooooh, another possible nickname) and drove that bad boy home. Being pretty much a GM with a Ford product throw in kind of guy, he did look at a Dodge Coronet convertible one year, but it never landed on the asphalt of our driveway. His vehicle of choice was either a convertible or 2 door, no family looking 4 door or station wagon for him.

Now the cars I remember would, of course, be the ones early on, the impressionable years. So much so, that mom would call me "car crazy Denny". I would stand in the driveway waiting for dad to come home with the anticipation of once again seeing all the shiny chrome that adorned the battleships back in that day. How did I travel? When I was young and they packed me off to school, it was in the 54' Buick Roadmaster. Next in the hit parade would have been a 1960 Buick LeSabre 2 door complete with the deadly rear fins made popular in the early 60's. A switch to Olds with a jet black over red 64'Jetstar 88 convertible was next in line. As mom said, "That was a sharp car." Wind in the hair was the way dad

traveled. I remember top down driving on Sundays and often several nights during the week. Dad wasn't much of a hat wearer as we "went for a drive," but mom, had on the most fashionable babushka she could find. Combined with her "cat eye" sunglasses, she definitely had a 60's look about her. In 1967, it was off in an Olds Delta 88 convertible. I remember I always went with dad to buy his cars, and fondly remember when we pulled in the driveway in the 88, mom was waiting for us. Dad asked us both to follow him to the back of the car. When he opened the trunk, in sat a brand new Weber Grill. Those were the days of promotions. Buy a car, get a grill; what a country! Others followed, and in the mid 70's, the switch to Mercury came about. In fact, if you recall last month's article which included a pic of my 76 TR7, in the background is dad's Mercury Grand Marquis Brougham. Mom loved the gold color (of course she did; she picked it out).

I guess that's my brief walk down memory lane with dad, me and his cars. They say we're a product of our environment, and I would guess that's true. We learn from our parents and without even knowing, things rub off, and in my case, probably was the foundation for my love of cars. So as we celebrate Father's Day in a couple of weeks, and if your dad is still around, maybe you can share some stories and perhaps thank him for shaping the man you are today. I'm sure he'd love to hear them.

Showroom

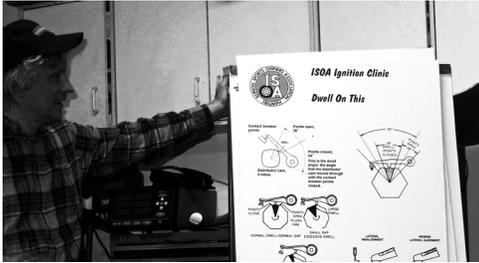
Golden Quill Awards

Once again, we are extremely pleased to announce that **SNIC BRAAAP**, the preferred birdcage liner of discriminating parakeets everywhere, has been selected as one of the recipients of the prestigious "Golden Quill" award for car club newsletters presented by Old Cars Weekly for the year 2014. We would like to thank all of the word-smiths and photojournalists who contributed to our little blurb who made this possible. Who knows, someone may actually read this fishwrap after all.



IGNITION CLINIC

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY JACK BILLIMACK
AS TOLD TO BOB STREEPY



A CONTINGENT OF SOME 18 COVENTRY Irregulars spent Saturday, April 25, as guests of the Hampshire Quarter Horse and Triumph Ranch in bucolic Hampshire to study the eccentricities of Triumph distributors. The clinic, the final tech session leading up to the annual tuneup extravaganza, was hosted and conducted by Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak who was ably assisted by Tim "Tool man" Buja. The assembled multitude was able to witness one of the largest collections of Triumph Stags anywhere in North America – or at least along Engel Road, since Joe's collection was augmented by the Richard Winters stag, which resides at the ranch awaiting the installation of some fresh parts.

Following the obligatory coffee and pastries, the session got underway around 9 AM when Joe took center stage. The workshop served not only as a final step in preparing for the summer driving season, but also as a dress rehearsal for a clinic that Tim and Joe will present at this summer's VTR convention.

Joe began with his patented visual aids to provide a basic overview of the function of the ignition system. He then focused on spark, timing, etc. He described the role of

the coil in the ignition system and also spoke about mechanical and vacuum spark advance, as well as when each one comes into play. He also discussed traditional ignition points in comparison to the more modern aftermarket electronic ignition systems.

Following the introductory remarks, Joe and Tim moved to "Miss Sunshine," the restored vintage Sun machine in order to plot distributor curves for half a dozen or so distributors that had been brought by the attendees for evaluation.



To no one's surprise, some distributors worked properly, while others indicated various problems which necessitated rebuilding the advance weight systems and freeing up frozen components. As was to be expected, a few distributors required special analysis and repair. Mark Hattenhauer's, Mark Stevens', and Kyle Kayson's did not properly advance and required some special tweaking from the Toolman and Stagmeister. At least one of the aforementioned distributors had been allegedly rebuilt by a well-known national distributor company, but it required modifications courtesy of Joe and Tim. (Ed note: it is extremely unlikely that most repair shops would have the capability of diagnosing and repairing these issues.)

Around midday, the group adjourned to take a break and enjoy a tasty repast brought in from the iconic

Chick N' Dip in Hampshire. The chicken and coleslaw were supplemented with chips and beverages that were enjoyed by all of the attendees.



Following lunch, the group headed back to the garage for more distributor work, which included installing a Crane ignition system in Mark Costello's, Mark Stevens', and Paul Barthel's distributors. The Barthel TR6 turned out to have some fuel issues, which were eventually sorted out by Joe and Tim.

As is always the case at ISOA tech sessions, the clinic proved further affirmation of just how fortunate we are to have members who are willing to share their expertise with fellow Triumphistae. This most informative clinic enabled a number of people to put the finishing touches to their driving season preparations. Hopefully, they can look forward to a trouble-free motoring season – at least as far as their ignition systems are concerned.



ISOA Membership: Being a member of ISOA is easy! Owning a Triumph is optional; you can drive whatever you want. All you need to do is pay your annual dues of \$35.00. (If you are a new member, add \$10 a one time signup fee, which includes name badge and member kit) Your dues help cover the shipping and costs of the newsletter. Talk to a club member and join today! Be an ISOA'er.

Send check to: Tim Buja, 1173 Butler Road, Rockford, IL 61108-4702



THREE DOGS AND A SPITFIRE

By Andy Lischette

IN 1969 MY COUSIN WALTER BOUGHT A 1963 Triumph Spitfire for \$1350, which was probably too much. Walter had gotten his driver's license, two years earlier, and when his younger sister, Kathy, got her license their father - my Unk - bought them a used Volkswagen. Then, Walter graduated from Maine South High School and enrolled at Western Illinois U., and Kathy got the VW.

Walter was a contrary sort and tried traveling to, from and around Macomb on an awful and unreliable Harley-Davidson Hummer, but after a year, he gave in and decided that he needed a car. One day while home for the summer, Walter called and asked me to take him to buy a Spitfire that he'd seen the day before.

I tried talking Walter out of the Spitfire, but he bought it anyway, and I followed him back to his house and checked out the red '63. Although I liked Triumphs and my brother had a TR3, I was dismissive of Triumph's "beginner" sports car and knew little about them. Walking around the Spitfire, I was amazed at how fragile it seemed. Once we figured out that the whole front of the car tilted forward, we were convinced that it required two people to lift without it twisting it into a pretzel. Then, once it was propped up, a breeze rattled the hood, and I stood guard while Walter looked for the dipstick, lest the hood should break free and decapitate him.

There were wires everywhere, and the engine was protected from the elements by cardboard. I said, "The battery's almost as big as the engine." Walter ignored me. I said, "Are those the springs? They look like they're from a ball-point pen." Walter ignored me some more. In my own defense, I owned an old Porsche at the time, and everything on the Porsche was massive and made from cast iron, including the windows.

To shut me up, Walter said, "Let's go for a ride." Walter burred around Park Ridge and Niles until we got to Golf-Mill, and I asked if I could drive. Walter pulled over, we lowered the fragile top and I headed north into thinning traffic. I immediately liked the Spitfire. The sun and the wind and the rasping exhaust all

went well together, and the little engine loved to rev. Even with skinny bias-ply tires, the steering was quick, and the clutch and transmission were much more direct than the Porsche's distant trans-axle. The Spitfire was fun to drive, and I didn't want to stop. But I did.

I hung out with Walter a lot that summer and the next, when he was home from school. On weekends or after work, I would call Walter and one of us would say, "What're you doing?" "Nothing," and usually I ended up at Walter's house, and from there we'd find something to do. A couple of times we went to parties in Des Plaines at a house rented by Walter's friend Dave. Everyone was stoned and sat in the dark watching television with the sound off, listening to King Crimson. Bored out of my mind, I ate their Cheetos for two hours before convincing Walter that this riotous good time had to come to an end. I remember sitting on a couch at one of these foggy get-togethers when a Hippie Chick showed up with two Great Danes. Now, I have nothing against Hippie Chicks - I was a semi-Hippie myself - or dogs, but you do not bring Great Danes to a party. A Poodle in a purse, maybe, but not unleashed Great Danes lumbering through the house.

The dogs were well-behaved but still made me nervous when one came sniffing at my Cheetos. I felt really bad, however, for a different Hippie Chick sitting in a bean-bag chair across the room. She was short even when not sunk into a bag of Styrofoam pellets, and she was on something stronger than pot. Maybe her name was Lucy. How freaky it must have been to be tripping and look up into the eyes of a slobbering monster emerging from the smoky blue haze. Bummer, man.

But I digress. I do that a lot, but be thankful that you're not reading this before I edited it ten times.

The point is that Walter and I usually took his Spitfire to wherever we ended up going. It was summer and the Spitfire was a summer car. We would go to an awful party or to a movie or whatever, and sometime after midnight when the movie let out or we escaped the party I would say, "I don't feel like going home," and Walter would say, "Let's go see Colleen. You drive." Colleen was Walter's sort-of girlfriend and lived with

her parents in Twin Lakes, Wisconsin. She was very pretty and had these big... Oops, there I go digressing again. Walter would hand me the keys, and in the wee hours of the morning, we would head north from wherever we were. Within fifteen minutes Walter was asleep.

But I didn't care. With the top down and little or no traffic at 1:00 AM, it was just me and the stars and the Triumph purring through the night. I enjoyed the solitude and explored side roads that went in the general direction of Twin Lakes. If Walter occasionally snored I nudged his shoulder, and he stopped. All was right with the world.

Usually around 2:30 I would putt-putt through Colleen's quiet neighborhood and pull into the driveway at the back of her parent's house. I'd shake Walter until he said, "Uhhnn," and I'd say, "We're here."

"Where?"

"Colleen's."

"Uh. What time is it?"

"2:30."

"That's too late. They're asleep. Let's go home."

"Okay."

We did this five or six times that summer, and I didn't mind a bit. Walter would immediately fall asleep again, and I would wake him when we got to his house. Then I'd get in my car and drive home while the sky in the east got lighter.

On one of these trips, I was driving down a dark gravel road while Walter slept. Back then headlights - not just Lucas headlights, but all headlights - didn't illuminate much more than fifty feet of road, and when I saw their glow reflected in the eyes of an animal. I hit the brakes and spun the steering wheel to the left. I was not going very fast and the car skidded and stopped sideways across the gravel road. Walter had been sleeping with his head against the passenger door, and when the motion woke him, he opened his eyes to find himself nose to nose with a German Shepherd.

The dog was not perturbed, and after looking Walter over, he walked around us and continued his journey. Walter said, "Uhhmm," and went back to sleep.

READER CON "TR" IBUTIONS



THE SAGA BEGINS....

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY DAVID HICKMAN



IT WAS THE SUMMER OF 2006, AND I HAD moved into our Addison office about 2 years earlier. Let me say that being raised in the construction industry, I have never had a problem with getting dirty, working in ditches, down in foundations, crawling through sewers, etc., but I never liked getting my hands greasy. All that changed when going to lunch one day, and there in a parking lot was this nasty, beat up, old, red convertible. A sports car!!! That's exactly what I need. At the time, at least I thought I did. After driving by the "sports car" several times, I decided to stop and take a look. It looked even worse up close, but for some odd reason, it was drawing me to it with some strange force. I called the number on the *For Sale* sign, and a young man came out to meet me. He explained that he had owned the car for about a year and had started to restore it. (What he did was beyond me because nothing looked like it had been worked on.) He had decided that he had other priorities in life and had to sell his "wet dream". I took it for a spin and was totally hooked. Rattle, rattle, thunder, thunder, boom, boom, boom, down the road I went. Off I went on my new adventure (or nightmare).

MY first problem occurred when I called my wife and said, "Guess what I bought? A Triumph TR something." "A what?" she asked. "A British touring vehicle," I said, trying to hype this up a bit. "It's a convertible. You're going to love it." "You're crazy," she said. I mentioned something about too much static on the line and hung up.

I parked my new dream in the parking lot at the office, and there it sat for about a year. Each day I would walk by it thinking that someday I would start working on it. My biggest problem was where to start. It was a mess, and I knew nothing about this car.

I decided to take the beast for a ride one day, and when I moved it, there was a grease spot in the parking lot almost the size the BP oil spill in New Orleans. Holy Crap! This is not only a mess, it is an environmental disaster. I quickly purchased a bag of kitty litter to hide the oil spill (BP has nothing on me) and to avoid contaminating the local water system. At that point, I thought it would be a good idea to find a local mechanic to look at what was leaking. The local wrench had three guys in this shop, and they were all under my car laughing. I asked what was leaking, and they the said, "Everything." I had them change the oil pan gasket. (It still leaks)



While driving, I noticed a lever next to the turn signal. I kept flipping it up and down waiting for something to happen, but I noticed nothing. Later I found out it was the overdrive switch. Also, I discovered that the car would not back up more than 10 feet without locking up.

Remember, I knew nothing about this strange piece of British engineering, but I dreamed of diving down the street some day in fine red sports car and having chicks whistling at me, etc. (enough about that; my wife reads this magazine). I thought at this point that I should start reading a little about this bucket of British bolts, so I Googled "Triumph." What came up was ISOA. I thought, "What the heck, maybe someone there knows a little about these cars." My first meeting was a hoot, all these people sitting around talking about red (and green) cars that don't run, rust out and leak all over the place. I learned nothing that night because I didn't know how to talk "Triumph," but I did win a raffle prize-a tune up kit or the promise that the club would pay me for one if I ordered it.

At the meeting, I met Steve Yott. I asked him why the car locked up when backing up. He replied that I had big prob-

lems. He said I should remove the gearbox and bring it to him. OK, so I just remove the gearbox, sounds simple enough. I put the 6 up on jacks stands and slipped under the chassis to start unbolting the gearbox. OK, how in the hell does this thing come out?? (I can't remember which member it was, but he chuckled and said to remove the interior because the transmission comes out from the top.) I got on the ISOA e-mail list and asked for help. Six members showed up on a Saturday, and within 90 minutes, the gearbox was on the floor. I was amazed at the amount of help I received from a group that I had just met. After Steve finished rebuilding the gearbox, the same group came back and helped me reinstall it. What a great experience!

Since then, I have replaced the interior, repaired and painted the body, installed new bumpers, tires, powder coated the rims, done general maintenance on the engine, replaced the master cylinder, and the brakes.

I also started to attend clinics to learn more about my car and have gained a great deal of knowledge. I will admit that are times at clinics that I sit there like a deer in headlights staring at the presenters speaking this foreign language as they discuss distributors, electrical systems, etc.

I haven't been on any road trips yet, but this is on my "to do" list. What I have been trying to say, is since purchasing my TR6, I have experienced frustration, joy, greasy finger nails, busted knuckles, and I have spent a ridiculous amount of money. I also drink a lot more now. But, in spite of everything, I have ended up with a pretty nice-looking sports car.

Thank you to all the people who have given me advice, held clinics, helped turn wrenches and for being such a great bunch of guys and gals.



The saga continues.....

A STRIPPER HIT MY CAR, PART III OR "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

BY DAVE "RUMPUS" KANZLER



IN THE JUNE 2009 ISSUE of this august publication I told the story of how a women who "dances at a bar" and "earns \$500 a day cash" ran into the back of my 1974 TR6 while texting and driving. She was driving her grandmother's car and had no insurance herself. She asked me if she could pay me in installments, which I agreed to because either a) I went to twelve years of Catholic school, or b) there is just something about a woman who takes her clothes off for a living that no man can resist helping out.

A few months later I gave an update on the story wherein I noted that ("surprise surprise") she never paid me, so my insurance company had to go after her grandmother's insurance company. I also noted that you can't get a 1974 rear bumper for a TR6 off the shelf - any other year, fine - so I had to put on a 1973 bumper, and that Bob Carter's Auto Body in Downers Grove did a really nice repair job despite initial reservations on their part about working on "old British cars."

However, I never explained the "significance of the pickle." (Sorry, that is from an Arlo Guthrie song, and I have been wanting to get that in a story for 6 years). Reboot. I never wrote Part Three of the story. About a year after said rear-ending I got a call on my cell phone, "Hello, this is Kayla." "Kayla who?" I replied. "I'm the person who ran into your car last year." "And who never paid me." (I had to get that in). "Yeah, sorry about that." "Well, Kayla who ran into my car and never paid me, how can I help you?"

Long story short she remembered that I worked for Hinsdale

Orthopaedics and told me how she had broken a toe, had no insurance, and wanted to know if I could help her out by getting her an appointment with one of our doctors - for free. Which I agreed to do.

I recently relayed this story to a group of genteel southern women of a certain age. I was quail hunting on Brays Island, South Carolina, with some fellow board members of a company. These gentleman and their wives are pretty darn Southern and conservative. (Conversation: "Now David, we don't have any liberals on The Island". "Peggy, that is not true. We do have one." "Mary, no! Who?" "Robert's wife is a liberal." "Really? Oh my goodness, Mary, I just don't know how anyone could be married to a liberal." "Peggy, I know, but I talked to Robert about it and he said, "Mary my wife and I just don't talk politics."

Somehow we got on the topic of the movie "Pretty Woman." I let them know that I thought it was stupid. #1) Prostitutes on the corner of Hollywood and Vine don't look like Julia Roberts and #2) She would have kept the necklace and hocked it for crack. These genteel southern women of a certain age just loved the movie. "Why David, it is a Cinderella story, and what woman doesn't love a Cinderella story?" I then told them the story of the stripper who hit my car and never paid me in order to bolster my case that "she would have stolen the necklace."

That opened up a whole can of worms, and they drilled into my motivation for agreeing to assist K, the stripper, with her broken toe after her not paying me. I tried, "Well, I just thought it was the right thing to do." But they didn't buy it and questioned me if my wife knew of this story, wherein I informed them that she did. They were still suspicious. Finally, I just said, "Like George W. Bush, I wake up every morning and

ask myself, 'What would Jesus do?' And I believe that if a prostitute (not Mary Magdalene - I read the DaVinci Code!!) was writing on a scroll while riding her ass and ran into Jesus riding his ass, and then not paid him for the damages, I think he would have healed her toe for free. However, lacking divine powers. I did the next best thing."

Let me tell you folks, THAT quieted the room. OK, in actual truth of fact, I thought about saying that, but did not utter those words. Every "Daily Show"-watching and NPR-loving bone in my body wanted to say it, but I punted and just said, "She seemed down on her luck, and I knew it likely wasn't a surgical case, so why not?"

Unless I get a future call, the final end to this tale is that I approached our female foot and ankle surgeon (who is a former ballet dancer) and asked her, "Hey if I know a "dancer" with a broken toe and no insurance, would you give her a few office visits for free?" After she committed with an enthusiastic, "But of course!" I then explained the specific nature of said-dancing to which she replied, "Only you Kanzler, only you..." But she kept her word on the free treatment.

So Kayla comes to her free appointment not only late, but high. Our F&A surgeon quite rightly refuses to see her. She comes back again later in the week this time on-time and sober. It was non-surgical as I suspected. Turns out she broke her pinky toe when she accidentally kicked the pole at her strip club. She left our office with a free orthopedic boot, free x-rays, instructions on taping up her pinky toe and orders to follow up in six weeks, which she never did.

I don't have a nice moral to this story, but I'd like to think had Kayla run into Jesus driving his 1974 TR6, he would have treated that toe for free as well.

Rick Lockman has been in touch with the author of the article below and has secured his permission to reprint this text. Rick has also installed this system on his TR6 and is available for any questions about the setup.



TR6 BRAKE UPGRADE

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY Bill Sinclair

ONE OF THE HARDEST PARTS ABOUT writing [technical] articles is writing about stuff that has already been written about hundreds of times. So, here is my attempt to keep it interesting. One of the most common questions over the years is about braking. With bigger tires and wheels, sometimes this becomes an issue. Here is my low cost solution, which seems to satisfy most drivers. Not everyone has to spend hundreds of dollars to get their car to stop. My first suggestion is to do a booster upgrade. I will talk about upgrading a TR6 booster to an 8" universal, single or dual [systems] require the same [amount] work. You can purchase a universal 8" booster for about \$100.00 on average. If your brake master is old, now is the time to replace it. If yours is worn, it will fail, so don't buy an economy one. British Parts Northwest has a decently priced OEM quality unit.

Installing the booster is not a direct fit, nor is the master cyl-

inder. You will have to oblong the fire-wall holes a little and rework a clevis to fit. On a TR6, I use a spacer between the booster and fire wall. You will have to make a thinner one. This

can be made out of any 1/2" material (I have aluminum ones). Wood, Lexan, metal and fiberglass can be used. The push rod depth will have to be set. This measurement is taken from the old booster as is the clevis length. Once these modifications have been made, the booster is ready to bolt up.

Now, for the brake master. You have to oblong the master cylinder mounting flange holes. A file will do this. Measure and fit and make sure you pre-fit the master to the booster to verify that you have push rod clearance. A new longer adjusting bolt might be needed to get the right distance (a button Allen head bolt works well if a longer one is needed.) Before you re-assemble, check the PDW valve for leakage. I do have a fix for that if needed. UK cars did not use a PDW valve, so the fix I do is not dangerous.

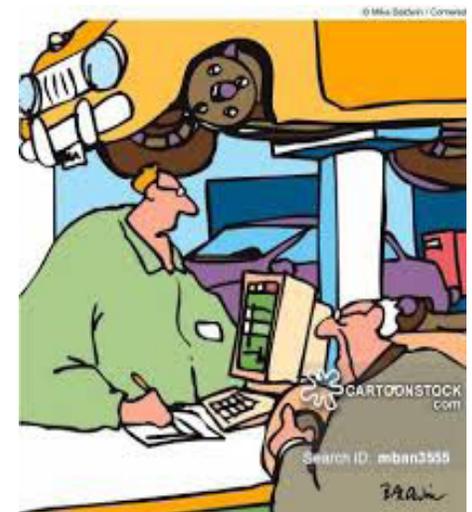
It is always better to bench bleed the master before you install it to get all the air out. Install the brake lines and do a power bleed on all the wheels. Once the car is ready for the road, test it in your driveway first.

The next step, if needed, is caliper and rear cylinder upgrades. Try this first. [MGB's can be fitted the same way but use a 7" booster. I upgrade the master at the same time on an MGB.] On a TR6 with its bigger booster, you can use Morgan rear cylinders and get a good rear brake feel. One of your questions might be: "WHY?" The bigger the booster, the more pressure you get at the wheels with the same pressure. On average, this is more than adequate to get better stopping power. I have a full set of pictures of the install if needed. Email me at britishrestorations@telus.net, and I will send them to you and answer any questions.

FUTURE

I am, after 7 years, going to finish my wife's TR6. It will be the last personal car I do, so no budget on this one. [A/C, electric P/S from EZ steer out of Holland, P/W, cruise, automatic, V6 CHEVY, plus a full suspension make over, just to mention a few things.] I will go into the upgrades as they are installed. I hope to take the finished car to San Diego next Oct.

Bill Sinclair



"You need orthopedic brake shoes."



VTR Stuff



On the evening of Thursday, August 13, the featured event at this year's convention will be an auction, at which various and sundry Triumph bits, mostly consisting of parts, regalia, books, art, and just about anything else that attendees feel would be alluring, are put up for bid. The seller receives 80% the bid price, and the remaining 20% is kept by us as a commission fee that goes to ISOA. Much like a swap meet, the going rate is generally far less than retail, even if the parts are unused. However, on occasion items have been known to sell for "crazy" prices as we saw in 2005 when \$12 stocking hat with a TR logo sold for more than \$30. (It goes without saying that we will have a cash bar inside the auction room.)



The auction is generally good for a few laughs, and at our last two conventions, the club took in a nice chunk of change when it was all said and done. We only ask that mechanical parts be clean, not greasy or dirty. (The patina which is so treasured

among the appraisers on Antiques Road Show does not have the same effect when it comes to car parts.) Sellers can collect their proceeds Friday morning and buyers are expected to pay for their purchases Thursday before leaving the auction room. We are also going to initiate the means to accept credit cards this year - which means you don't really have to use real money.

If you'd like to sell something at the auction, we will be accepting auction items in the registration area Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The auction items will be on display for an hour or so before the bidding begins.

While we are on the subject of this year's convention, please don't forget that we have designated the June meeting as a VTR convention job fair night and various event chairs will provide the general membership with a description of their particular event in an effort to recruit volunteers from the club to make sure that each activity is adequately staffed throughout the convention. Currently our most critical needs will be for TSD rally workers, security staff, ballot counters, and awards runners at the banquet. We will explain each of these activities in greater detail at the meeting in June. If you are unable to attend, but would be willing to help your club by volunteering for any (or all) of these activities, please contact me directly.

IF YOU ARE ANYTHING LIKE MOST OF us afflicted with a severe case of Triumphitis, you most likely have one or two totes (or in some cases, dozens) of Triumph ephemera that is too good to throw out, but which probably will, in all likelihood, never serve any useful purpose for you. If you will permit your humble and obedient scribe to offer a modest proposal, let me suggest that you consider offering any such items up for sale at this year's VTR convention auction. For those of you not familiar with this activity, consider this a brief primer on a simple way to clean out your garage and maybe make a few bucks. (It probably won't hurt your status with your significant other either)

SNIC BRAAAPP® is the monthly newsletter of the Illinois Sports Owners Association, an organization dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of Triumph Sports Cars. Pictures, descriptions or accounts from this publication may not be reproduced without written permission. Member submissions are welcome, but the editor reserves the right to modify content to fit the space available. Contributions received after the 10th of the month will probably appear in the following issue, if at all. Technical material is provided for reference purposes only and should be utilized advisedly, if at all. Opinions offered are those of the author's and may not express the views of the ISOA board or the editorial staff of SNIC BRAAAPP. Questions, comments, concerns, or great thoughts should be directed to:

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RACE BRAAAPP



RUSTY GALORE AT ROAD AMERICA

TEXT BY ROMAN HRYNEWWCZ

GRAPHICS BY KARSTEN KELL AND MARK FISHER



THE WEEKEND OF APRIL 18TH WAS A historic marker in the timeline of Team James Bondo. The Chump-Car World Series event at Road America marked the start of the 5th season the team has campaigned Rusty Galore, a formerly unloved 1980 TR7, at some of the finest road race facilities in the Midwest.

The preparations for The Landjeager Cup began months in advance of the race, as there was much learned from the event last fall and many repairs and upgrades to perform. Everyone who is part of the team, regardless if they were going to be driving or not, contributed in getting Rusty prepped. Rusty was fitted with new disc brakes at the rear corners replacing the stock drums. Also an oil pressure issue with the engine was addressed. The transmission was rebuilt as well as replacing the problematic throttle cable with a new system and adjusting the throttles to achieve maximum power.



This is merely a short list of all the maintenance needed to be performed prior to any racing this year. Racing is murder

on the equipment, as the drivers try to wring every last ounce of performance out of the car, and there are many things that can and do break on a race car.

The race weekend began in earnest at 8 AM Friday. Mark and Lorrie-Ann Fisher, Kurt Krutsch, Karsten Kell and I converged on Mark's shop in Woodstock. Everything that would be needed such as tools, equipment and the car needed to get packed and loaded, since nothing is available at track side. This year all of the preparation made this job go smoothly because there were no last minute repairs or adjustments needed, and we were on our way to Elkhart Lake before noon. We arrived at the track early and had to wait for registration and tech inspection to open. This gave us an opportunity to wander around and chat with the other



competitors who were waiting as well. Once the organizers opened the paddock, we raced inside to stake out parking near our assigned pit stall. We then spent the next few hours unpacking, unloading and prepping equipment for the following day and getting the car inspected. If this sounds like it is a lot of work before anyone gets to turn a lap, that is because it is! After dinner, we drew numbers to determine the order of the drivers. Kurt drew the first stint, Mark got number 2, Karsten 3, Lorrie-Ann 4 and I was last.

Saturday morning came quickly, and we all needed to move since there was a mandatory driver's meeting at 8 AM and there was plenty of prep work still to be done trackside. Kurt suited up and climbed into the car to begin what was to be the first of 2, 7 hour races. After a few warm up laps, the green flag dropped, and we were racing. Our communication equipment, too, had been repaired over the winter, and now the driver could be in constant contact with the pits. This was rather important since nearly from the first lap, Kurt began to report on problems with the car's han-

dling and brakes. This was not a great start since this was endurance racing, and we could not really stop to try and resolve any of these issues. We all needed to figure out how to best drive the car to keep the shiny side up and on the track to make laps. Driver after driver reported the same problem, lack of brakes with the first press of the pedal. We overcame this by having to pump them up early, which gives away valuable time going into the turns, and then once the brake pressure came up the back, the brakes would tend to lock up and cause severe looseness with the rear end trying to exchange positions with the front (read, spin).

While the car didn't have any mechanical breakdowns as it had in the past events, Rusty began behaving badly and wasn't playing nice, which led to some exciting moments for the drivers. I do believe that everyone one of us had at least one unscheduled off-track sightseeing excursion, and for some of us, more than one. Included is a photograph taken from the onboard camera footage of when Rusty decided that Mark needed to see the hill going down to turn 5 from a different perspective. You see that instead of the normal boring view of Mark looking where he was going, Rusty thought that it would be much more exciting for him to see where he had been. During this short trip in reverse, the car did bump the wall just before the turn.



The damage was superficial and confined to the sheet metal. At least that's what we thought at the time. Mark got Rusty back on the track and finished out his stint. The problems with the handling and our inability to stay on track 100% of the time did cause our lap times to go up as compared to last fall, but since we had no breakdowns or unscheduled pit stops, we managed to finish in 20Th position out of 50 cars that started the day. I also had the

experience of taking my first checkered flag ever, which was pretty cool.

Once I had driven back into the paddock, the work part of racing began again. With the assistance of Marshal Pennigsdorf, who had come to be our crew for the weekend, Mark and Kurt tried to solve some of the handling issues by performing a quick realignment of the front wheels. The brake pads were changed, and all of the hydraulics were bled. The off-track trips through the grass and gravel had taken their toll, as the clutch had started to respond strangely during my time behind the wheel. We had hoped that bleeding the system would solve that issue. Once we had squared everything away, it was back to town for a late dinner and an early bedtime.



Sunday started out to be a beautiful day. The predictions had been for rain all day. Boy, did the weather prognosticators get that wrong. It was sunny but a bit chilly and windy as we headed to the track for day 2. I was to start first that day, since the driving order of the previous day was reversed. We were down one driver, as Karsten had to leave for a business trip Saturday night. We were all feeling good about our preparations and adjustments from the night before, that is until I jumped into the car and fired her up to move her to the pits. I let Rusty warm up, and as I was checking the vitals [oil pressure, fuel level, voltage], I noticed that the volt meter only showed 12 volts. This was not good. I pointed out the problem to Mark, and he went under the hood and determined that the alternator had failed. What? This was the alternator that was put in at the track in October. It had failed with less

than 25 hours of use, and of course, we didn't have a spare. On Sunday morning in East Central Wisconsin, I did not think we could find a new alternator anywhere nearby. The team got their phones out and started to look for available parts stores. Within minutes, a new alternator had been located in Plymouth. Mark and Marshall drove off to get it. In the mean time, I donned my racing gear so that I would be ready to climb in the car as soon as it was fixed. Mark and Marshall returned in what seemed like record time, and the new alternator was installed, and I was off racing! We only lost 1/2 hour of time due to this repair. While it was a costly delay, it was not as bad as at some of the previous races or for some of the other entrants. Attrition begins to set in rather quickly in racing junk cars, and this was apparent Sunday as less than 40 cars started the race, and fewer remained on the track by the time we headed back out.

The problems with the car were still there from the day before, but we all knew what to expect, so we all did the best we could. Some of the problems such as with the clutch began to progressively get worse as the day went on, but the car and drivers would not stop making laps. That was true up until near the end of Mark's turn at the wheel. L-A and I were discussing our pit crew duties for the upcoming stop and driver change, when we looked over by our trailer and saw the car being towed back into the paddock. We quickly ran over to see what had happened, since we had no radio warning that Mark was being brought back in. He told us that the car was electrically dead. We pushed Rusty into our stall and all



jumped in to try and find the problem. Kurt, Marshall and I were under the hood thinking that something went wrong with the alternator, while Lorrie-Ann went to the boot. We then heard her yell out, "I found it!" We rushed back to look at a melted battery box. When the cover was removed, it was obvious what had happened. One of the J bolts had broken, and the battery bar had made contact with the positive terminal shorting out the battery. We were fortunate that the battery was an Optima AGM battery, since the case was burned through. Since it does not contain acid, we did not have a spill to deal with. This failure may have been due to contacting the wall the day before, since the battery box was located on the same side as the impact. The base station radio battery was quickly put in place, a new battery hold down was fabricated, and Kurt was sent out to finish the race. When Kurt took the checkered



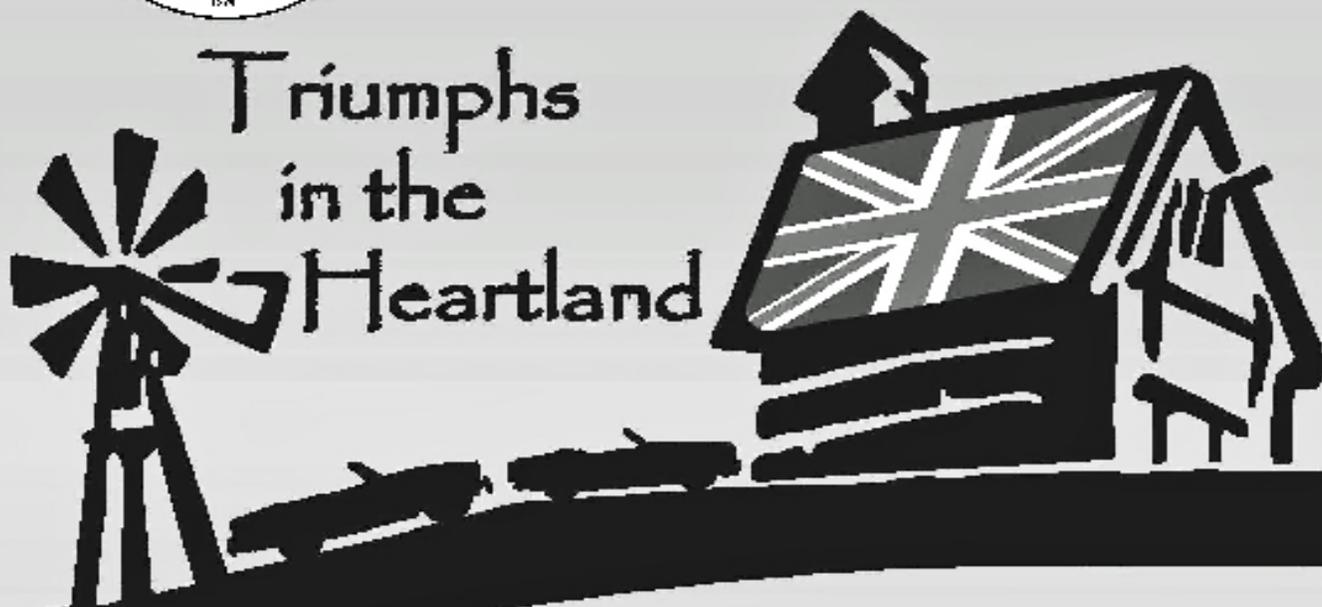
flag, Rusty was in 26th position.

While we did have some extra time spent in the pits dealing with the unexpected, Team James Bondo managed to start and finish 2 grueling 7-hour endurance races. This was a great achievement and a testament to the team's perseverance, and its will to compete. Now comes more work, as we prepare Rusty Galore for the next race, which is going to be a real test of the car and the team. The 24 Hours of Lemons Race at the Autobahn Country Club in July is going to be a true 24 hour race starting at 10 AM Saturday the 25th and ending 10 AM Sunday the 26th. Come by and cheer the team on to victory!

Junior



Triumphs in the Heartland



VTR 2015 - Fontana, WI

August 11-15, 2015

Celebrating Fifty Years of the
Spitfire Mark II and the TR4A

Hosted by the
Illinois Sports Owners Association

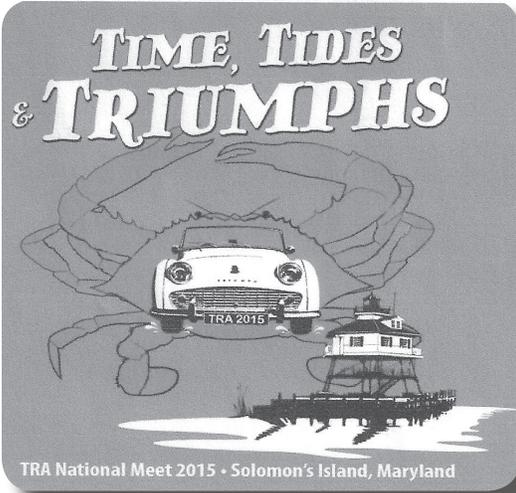


2015vtr.com

2015 VTR National Convention
The Abbey Resort - Fontana, WI
August 11-15, 2015



UPCOMING EVENTS OF IN "TR" EST



TRA National Meet 2015 • Solomon's Island, Maryland

2015 TRA National Convention
June 16-19
Solomon's Island, Maryland



Transportation Extravaganza
Union, August 2



Sunday, August 17th
Kendall County
Fairgrounds



June 21
Sussex, WI



ISOA Private Tour
9:30 AM - Saturday, July 11



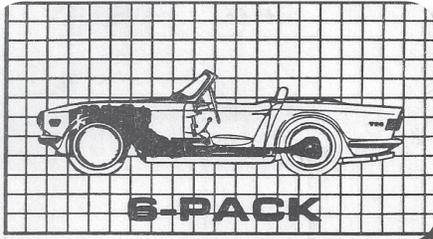
Open Air Classic X
Aug. 20-23



August 6, 7, 8, 2015
Armagh, PA
Summer Party



Michiana British Car Show
Saint Mary's College
Notre Dame, IN
June 28, 2015



2015 TRials
Sept. 10-13 - Galloway, New Jersey



Sunday, Sept. 7th
Harper Community College
Palatine



Sunday, August 24th
(Register if you want to park with
the ISOA Triumphs!)



Highland Games
British car Show
Itasca
British Car Show June 20
Hamilton Lakes, Itasca

Mad Dogs & Englishmen
Our 25th Anniversary Celebration Show
Mad Dogs & Englishmen
British Auto Faire XXV
July 11 - 12, 2015

Mark your calendar and plan to attend one of the best British Car Shows in the Midwest. We expect over 400 car and motorcycle entries and over 80 awards in 30 categories.



Featured Marque
Triumph TRs
And the Rare Gem
Morgan




Saturday, July 11
The Amazing Rally V — search the countryside for your next task and receive your clue to the next destination. The day concludes with a dinner.

- Sunday, July 12
- * On-site registration 8 am—noon
 - * Car Games on the track
 - * British Tea in the afternoon
 - * Parts Vendors and Cars for sale
 - * Access to the Museum grounds
 - * Voting in over 30 categories
 - * T-shirts, hats for sale
 - * British Motorcycles welcome
- Registration form on the website soon at www.maddogsandenglishmen.org or call 269 344 5555 for more information. email-britishcars@maddogsandenglishmen.org

Mark your calendars for our 25th Anniversary Celebration July 12, 2015.
We're planning lots of new surprises and activities for your enjoyment.



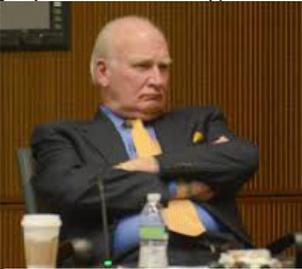
Dear Editor,



There is a distinct possibility that I may soon decide to seek "greener pastures" and take my considerable talents to another organization, since the new board here at the College of

DuPage, has become extremely plebian in its approach to properly providing for a man of my many unique qualities.

I have it on good authority that the Illinois Sports Owners Association anticipates making a killing, I mean come into a bit of financial security, after your upcoming event in August, and I thought I might allow you to avail yourselves of my extensive expertise as a sought-after administrator of



classy outfits. Just ask the people at Harper or C.O.D. what a great guy I am to work for. Humbly [it's my middle name],
Dr. Robert Breuder,

Dear Humble Bob,

In reviewing your salary and benefits [demands?] package request, which you were so gracious to attach, I fear you may have overestimated the depth of the ISOA coffers. Currently, the compensation package on the table for ISOA chief executives comes up just a bit short of your expectations. All of our officers work for an occasional hearty handshake, and their "golden parachutes" usually consists of a plaque selected from the closeout bin at Joe's House of Cheap Trophies, not a new Lexus like the one you got from Harper or \$763,00.00 that C.O.D. gave you to go away.

While we very much hope to generate some operating capital by hosting this year's VTR convention, it is doubtful that there will be enough left on the bone to offset your elephant hunting safaris and wine tasting. Besides, the \$484,812.00 base salary, not to mention the \$22,000.00 housing allowance, the \$10,200 car allowance plus "professional development" expenses may be just a bit too rich for our blood.

We would also have to balk at giving you carte blanche at Mack's Golden Pheasant. While many of us the enjoy the fine cuisine of-

fered up at Debbie's place, none of us think that letting you run a tab in excess of 190 large is within our budget.

We suggest that you reach out to Aaron Schock to check with him on his next move. Maybe you guys can negotiate a TV deal. I'm sure you can come up with a "Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous" gig and scam some gullible producer into subsidizing your gratuitous extravagances. Now, if you wanted us to come up with some dough for a Triumph project, maybe we could talk.

Dear Editor,

My colleagues and I have recently been informed that you will likely be in need of experienced ballot tabulators at your upcoming 2025 convention. We are extremely well versed in this process, and we would be willing to make our services available to you. Perhaps we can work something out. By then, we anticipate that our incarceration will have been completed.



Donald Bullock, Sharon Davis-Williams, Tamara Cotman, Michael Pitts, Dana Evans, Angela Williamson, Tabeeka Jordan, Diane Buckner-Webb, Theresia Copeland, Pamela Cleveland

Dear Sirs & Madams,

While the Coventry Irregulars have from time to time been accused of employing the infamous "Chicago Style" of vote tabulating at BCU or even counting Peter M. Roberts and Boomer voting, the claims have, for the most part, been unsubstantiated. Certainly, we are not the least bit phased by the occasional hometown vote in our election process, but even long-time Chicago political observers were impressed with the absolute balls you Atlanta guys demonstrated in scoring standardized tests. We certainly have to hand it to you, and as soon as you get out, let us know. We may just have a spot for you in 2025. Be sure to bring your erasers.



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* Past President

MAY MEETING RECAP

BY ISOA SECRETARY BOB STREEPY



THE GENERAL membership meeting of the Illinois Sports Owners Association for the month of May took place on Sunday, May 3. Things got underway just after 7 PM in the lower level of Mack's Golden Pheasant in Elmhurst when club President Denny "Showroom" Stock called things to order. Following the introduction of the board members in attendance, Denny spoke about the recent passing of Rich "the Milkman" Scholl and invited members to share some of their favorite recollections of Rich. Following a moment of silence, the group then raised a glass in his memory

Your humble and obedient scribe delivered a report on VTR convention progress and reminded everyone that the next club meeting (June 7) will devote most of the evening to a job fair format in which event coordinators for the various activities on the VTR schedule plead for help in hopes of recruiting volunteers to assist them with the assorted events.

The discussion then transitioned to recent project updates, and Richard Winters started things off by describing the repairs that he and Joe Pawlak had made to Richard's Stag. Richard even brought in a thoroughly destroyed sprocket as a visual aid to show why the car stopped running. Burns Rafferty reported that he had installed his recently rebuilt Spitfire engine, and he expected to "light the candle" shortly. Jack Billimack spoke about his plans to install a new top on his TR4A in the days to come.

The topic then shifted to recent events, and Tom Morgan began the proceedings by describing the Chili Fest that was held at his home in April (see page 1 May newsletter for more details) Roman Hrynewycz then spoke about the maiden race of 2015 for the James Bondo Chump/Lemons racer Rusty Galore. Apparently,

Rusty experienced some handling issues, which resulted in a bit of "off-track sight-seeing." Nevertheless, on day one of the Chump races at Elkhart, Rusty spent the entire day racing rather than in the pits - a marked improvement over some of the previous years. On day two, the alternator, which had only 20 hours on it, failed, thus resulting in some down time. However, once a replacement alternator was installed, the car ran consistently until the checkered flag. Paul Barthel then spoke about the recent distributor clinic (see page 6) and recapped the events of the day. Joe Pawlak and Jack Billimack also described the clinic, which was the final installment leading up to the tune-up clinic set for May 9.

Following the recap of past events, Jack Billimack summarized the activities on tap for the remainder of May as well as June. "Spuds" spoke about the tune-up clinic (see page 1), the Kastner Cup, and Bill Jensen gave some details about the spring breakfast tour set for May 23. Jack also spoke about the upcoming Champagne British car show in Bloomington and the TRA national meet in Maryland. He also talked about the trailer races, which will take place on Saturday evening June 13 at the Rockford Speedway and the Blackhawk classic sports car race set for June 20. Other events that are coming up in June include the Highland Games on Saturday, June 20, at Hamilton Lakes in Itasca, the Wisconsin British Car Field Day in Sussex, Wisconsin, on Sunday, June 21, and on June 28, the Michiana Brit's car show in South Bend, Indiana. Your humble and obedient scribe then spoke about a club visit to the Automotive Mentoring Group in Bedford Park, which is set for Saturday, July 11. (see page 4 for further information)

The next order of business was the monthly raffle, which was won by John Kolton - again. We then entertained motions for nominees for the monthly Peter M. Roberts award, and seven people qualified for the ISOA equivalent of the Lady Byng trophy. Mike Blonder nominated Tim Mantel for helping him work on Mike's TR4. Rick Paulsen nominated Joel Pawlak for rebuilding the differential on Rick's Spitfire. Joe Pawlak then, in turn, nominated Rick Paulsen for helping Joe repair and straighten the

frame on the soft top of the LD to stag. Joe also nominated Steve Haas for his efforts to repair some mechanical issues with "Miss Sunshine," the famous distributor curving machine. Matt Krajiniak then nominated Jay Holekamp for testing an overdrive transmission and providing parts that will be used for a rebuild. Burns Rafferty placed the name of Bruce Campbell into consideration for driving Burns to Silver Lake in his truck to pick up a rebuilt engine and transmission. Finally, Jeff Rust nominated Jack Billimack for helping get a Spitfire from Jake Jacquet's collection running. In the final analysis, Steve Haas was the recipient of the award.

There were two nominations for the Boomer award in May. Roman Hrynewycz nominated Matt Krajiniak for buying a car without test driving it and simply taking Jeff Rust's word that it ran. It seemed as if Matt was a lock cinch for the award; however, Sue Paulsen apparently assumed that she could skate this month and nominated herself for the Boomer. She had previously assisted Rick on several occasions in bleeding the brakes on their Spitfire and agreed to pump the pedal while he worked underneath the car opening and closing the bleeder. Rick appeared to be little frustrated that no air bubbles were appearing, despite the fact that she stated she was, in fact, depressing and releasing the pedal. This continued until she eventually realized that she was pushing on the clutch rather than the brake. In an exceedingly close vote (which, by the way, Sue challenged) Mrs. Paulsen received custody of the bent wire wheel.

There being no new or unfinished business, Denny gavelled the meeting adjourned at 8:45. With all apologies for any errors and omissions so I remain your humble and obedient scribe



Suds



Classified Ads: The Illinois Sports Owners Association newsletter will accept classified advertisements from members who wish to buy or sell Triumph cars, parts or miscellaneous related material. We will run ads, at no charge, for club members for ninety days. We also accept ads from non-ISOA private individuals who have cars, parts or related items that we deem of possible interest to our membership on a case-by-case basis. We do NOT accept advertising from commercial enterprises – even if those businesses are owned or operated by club members. If a Triumph related business hosts an event which we feel might be of interest to our membership, we will inform our readership of this occurrence, but this newsletter, its editors, and the board of directors do not endorse, recommend, or otherwise support, implicitly or explicitly, any commercial entity doing business in the Triumph-related domain. All ad copy is taken from sellers. Snic Braaapp does not inspect any cars as a prerequisite for inclusion here and does not assume any responsibility as to the accuracy of any ad text. As with any purchase, Caveat Emptor. To place an add, please e-mail Bob Streepy at: trstreep@sbcglobal.net or call 630/372-7565. *The editor reserves the right to adjust the length of an ad*

•**Help Wanted:** Reporters to write 3-500 word articles on events and take 2-3 pictures per article on various activities at this year's VTR Convention for publication in Special Convention Issue of Snic Braaapp. Contact Bob Streepy trstreep@sbcglobal.net.

•**Parts Wanted:** Spitfire, Wedge, Stag, or any other non-TR series used parts for use in VTR Convention "Identify the Parts" Contest. Contact Bob Streepy trstreep@sbcglobal.net.

•**Help Wanted!** I am looking for an old fashioned mechanic or mechanically inclined person with an affinity for old European cars to join our team. I have a small shop in Woodstock, IL and work only on older cars, pre computer, carbs, points, lever shocks, etc. are common. No two days are the same! Interested? E-mail me at YvesBoode@Gmail.com [05/15- . not an ISOA member]

•**For Sale:** Mig Welder 30 to 120 amps variable; wire sizes .023, .030, .035 and CO2/Argon regulator included. Ideal for auto restoration. Asking \$ 85 or best offer. If interested, contact Don Sheldon at mkd-sheldon@yahoo.com or Phone 630 217 9676. [05/15]

•**For Sale:** 1971 Triumph TR6 unfinished restoration. Rebuilt engine and trans. 9.5:1 with stock cam. Powder coated frame. Frame stiffened and set up for rear tube shocks. All suspension powder coated and rebuilt. Epoxy primer tub. All new interior but not the seats. Rust free fenders, qtr panels, doors, bonnet and deck lid. Panasport wheels. Most everything else is included to finish the project. Best offer and we can finish the work for a fee. Mike Maienza 630-968-7503 [05/15]

•**For Sale:** 1980 Triumph Spitfire, Body in excellent shape, no rust. Convertible top in very good shape. Seats professionally re-upholstered in the original hounds tooth pattern, new foam including headrests. 4 Pirelli tires in excellent shape. New starter, battery cables and ignition coil. Updated electronic ignition, GM alternator. Rebuilt brake master cylinder and clutch cylinder. New inner and outer tie rod end boots. Front brakes recently rebuilt. VIN # FM110712UC. Front bumper, passenger side has a small crack. \$5900 Call (312) 320-4300 or send email to lwimppfen@email.com for more information. [06/15- not an ISOA member]

•**For Sale:** 1960 TR3 Fully restored. Good condition. 43,000 miles. \$15,500. Call Ken @ 815-592-5046 [06/15-not an ISOA member]



Get a free birthday drink if you attend the general meeting (birthday must be on file with membership-chair)

Mary Kay Sheldon 6/02	Cori Costello 6/13
Dave Robbins 6/04	Fesa Shaw 6/16
Sondra Moon 6/05	Matt Harkis 6/20
Bob Hansel 6/05	Frank Cartwright 6/22
Doug Campbell 6/12	Denny Cappetto 6/30

New Members

Dennis Rollinger
23625 Andrew Rd., Plainfield, IL 60585-9748
815 254-2207
72 Spitfire

Michael Velasco
901 E Alder Ln., Mount Prospect, IL 60056-1301
veval47@gmail.com
62 TR4

ISOA Membership Counts

159 memberships - 213 members

Snic Preview

Coming to a sleazy newsstand near you in your July newsletter

- *Champagne British Car Show*
 - *TRA National Meet*
 - *Spring Tour*
 - *Rumpus on the Apocolypse*
 - *Kastner Kupt*
 - *Highland Games Report*
 - *Trailer Races of Destruction*
- Lots More Stuff**



Snic c/o Bob Streepy
850 Kent Circle
Bartlett, IL 60103

Wraaapp

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR



JUNE 2015

PAT LOBDELL'S 1963 TR4 NEAR DOBSON, NC, AT THE 2014 VTR CONVENTION