



SNIC BRAAAP

November, 2005

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NEWSLETTER OF THE ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNER'S ASSOCIATION

A CHAPTER OF THE VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

DEDICATED TO THE ENJOYMENT AND PRESERVATION OF TRIUMPH SPORTSCARS

CHICAGOLAND'S OLDEST AND MOST ACTIVE TRIUMPH ENTHUSIASTS CLUB,

NOW IN OUR FORTIETH YEAR



SIX PACK TRIALS 2005

ARTICLE BY JEFF "STALKER" RUST, PHOTOS BY MARK MOORE & MARK ANDERSON



It's Friday September 9th 5:00 pm and all sense of reason and logic is quickly sucking out the

window of the aged Ford Escort wagon as I leave work in the 90 degree sunshine. The plan for the past year was to leave tonight and begin our whirl- wind tour to the east coast and down the full length of the Blue Ridge Parkway. This plan has been deteriorating over the past few weeks thanks to reason and logic and shortened considerably to the point where TRials itself may have to be skipped this year com-



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Fall Foliage Tour



Photo by Bob Streepy

“LAST FLING” BREAKFAST RUN AND FALL COLOUR TOUR



Bob Streepy Photo

TEXT AND GRAPHICS by
BOB “SUDS” STREEPY

When we think of autumn colours, we naturally think of the reds, greens, browns, yellows, etc. of the arboreal foliage, but on Saturday, October 15, the fall colours also included some grays, blues, whites and other hues of the twenty or so British cars [and one Bowling Green KY coupe] zipping about the beautiful countryside of Kendall and Grundy counties. Doug Larson organized a scenic tour of the bucolic back roads that would certainly make our neighbors to the north in Packerland jealous. The pro-

cession included 15 ISOA Triumphs [and one ISOA Austin Healy] along with an Alpha Romeo, a Corvette, and two MGs. Our group met for breakfast at “R” Place restaurant at the intersection of I-80 and Route 47 in Morris before embarking along more than a hundred miles of two lane blacktops. Kim and Bill Jensen, along with Doug and Debbie Larson, had made reservations and the restaurant provided an entire room just for our party. [They must have anticipated the rowdy nature of our group.]



Bob Streepy Photo

Following breakfast, Doug handed out a meticulously detailed itinerary with such explicit driving directions that no one got lost along the way. [It should be mentioned that the Dan Swanson was NOT among

the participants.] After about thirty miles of picturesque driving along the Illinois River, we stopped for a rest at the Buffalo Rock State Park.

Bob Streepy Photo



The views were breathtaking and the chance to stretch and use the necessary facilities came at just the right time. From there, we headed to Triumph, Illinois, [population 159] to recreate the ISOA fall tour of 1975. [See page.4]

Our caravan of 36 people increased the population of Triumph by 20% that morning. The aged Co-op building that served as a backdrop in the 1975 picture had been replaced by a newer structure, but we posed



Photo by Bob Streepy



Photo by Doug Larson

for pictures on the same spot where the club had stopped thirty years ago. The manager of the local bank even invited us to have our cars photographed in his parking lot and asked if he could use the picture to hang in the lobby. [We're not sure if that image will attract or frighten off customers.] The bank officer even volunteered the use of his "gent's ordinary" to the group as a gesture of appreciation for our presence.



Mike Mueller Photo

feels duty bound to reveal that the car in distress bore the octagonal logo of the Morris Garage, as opposed to the book or wreath icon with which most ISOA members are familiar.

Apparently, the MGA was so intimidated by all of the Triumphs, that it leaked coolant all over the parking lot. Eventually, some emergency repairs facilitated by the Stagmeister were performed by using some "Stop Leak" and Shoe Goo, and the MGA headed home, embarrassed by its "accident" but at least under its own power, limited though



Chuck Montague Photo

it may have been.

The rest of the group wound its way through the countryside, eventually reaching the terminus at

the Fox Valley Winery in Oswego for some welcome refreshment and electrolyte replenishment. Much to the pleasure of the reporter, the winery also provided adult beverages of the malted variety, thus insuring a satisfactory conclusion to an already great event. A cell phone call from the MG owners informed our group that the MG had arrived home safely, thus insuring a happy conclusion to the day's activities. [See letter on page 5 for further details]



Jack Billimack Photo



All in all, it was a great occurrence. The weather cooperated, the Triumphs all ran great, and the fellowship was typical ISOA, in other words, fantastic. Kudos to the Jensens and Larsons for organizing an event that will surely go down in ISOA lore as one of our all-time greats.



Bob Streepy Photo

Thanks to Mike Mueller, Chuck Montague and Jack Billimack for contributing photos for this article.



Photo by Bob Streepy

After we finished seeing Triumph, a period of about twenty seconds, we headed off in the general direction of Mendota. The first part of the caravan ". . . was proceeding in a northerly direction," [to quote Long John Baldry,] quite nicely and enjoying the beautiful fall weather, when a "Mayday" alert was sounded over the CB [don't leave home without one!]-one of the cars was having trouble. In the interest of fair and accurate journalism, [probably a Snic Braaapp first,] this reporter

Ed Note: We thought some of our readers might enjoy a little trip down mammery lane. Below is the cover of the August 1975 Triumph Sports Owner's Association Newsletter, the national publication for Triumph owners published first by Standard Triumph, and later by British Leyland, until the 1980s. The cover story is on an ISOA fall foliage trip to Triumph, IL. It is reprinted here with permission from TSOA archivist Mike Cook. To view other issues of the TSOA newsletter, click on <http://www.templeoftriumph.org/tsoa/tsoa.html>.



CLUB NEWS

RALLY TO TRIUMPH--*Yes Really!*



*A fine photo of a unique event, the Triumph rally to Triumph, Illinois. We finally traced photographer Randy Donofrio who lives in Oak Park, near Chicago. His TR6 is third from the right.

We've been getting some very high quality photographs for Triumph Newsletter recently, especially from the race tracks. Now here's a really beautiful shot from a rally. Not a very big rally from not a very big place—but that place is none other than Triumph, Illinois!

There it is in this fine quality print sent to us by Rick Dentino, newsletter editor for the Illinois Sports Owners Association. And unless we can get Rick on the telephone*, that great photographer remains anonymous because the ISOW has no address on their letterhead. Of course that even goes for certain club newsletters we receive, the sort of basic modesty which makes communication more difficult.

Anyway, over twenty people took part recently in an unusual series of ISOW events run as a sports car week-end

and consisting of a 100-mile road race; a rallye; an 'on-track' gymkhana; and a camp out, plus more than enough sight-seeing, nature and fresh air for anyone. All this was grandly titled "The Balloon-Foot Baker 100".

It was the Rallye section which, starting from Starved Rock State Park, concluded in the tiny farm town of Triumph. Writes Rick, "Heaven only knows whatever happened to the rest of the participants; as you can tell from the photo, rush hour traffic in downtown Triumph is pure hell." Note the big Triumph Co-Op building. No connection with Coventry/Speke.

Thanks Illinois S.O.A.—one of the true Triumph owner clubs.

—The Editor



The following letter was written to the Chicagoland MG Club newsletter editor and copied to Snic Braaapp by the owners of the MGA which suffered a "test" during the ISOA Fall Foliage Tour. We can't help but wonder if the prose would have been as positive if our club curmudgeon had been present and if he had been wearing his favorite coveralls. Nevertheless, "... There by the grace of God go us all. . . "

October 16, 2005

Mr. John Schroeder
Chairman
Chicagoland MG Club

Dear John:

My wife, Amy, and I were invited along on the Illinois Sports Owners Association Fall Fun Run held on October 15th. Despite this venture to "The Dark Side," (i.e. Triumph owners, not Lucas!) we readily accepted, since our long-time friends Bill & Kim Jensen and Doug & Debbie Larson organized the tour. Needless to say, it was a beautiful day to tour through the Upper Illinois River Valley and they did a great job on the route. Twenty cars British cars (including 2 MG's!) participated - plus a Corvette belonging to Kim's brother and an Alfa Romeo.

We were having a fine run until our 1957 MGA suffered a tour-ending failure: shortly after starting out from a mid-tour break at Triumph, Illinois, one blade of our radiator fan separated from its hub and punctured two holes in the radiator. The cause of this catastrophic failure is unknown, but the timing of it was very fortunate.

At least seven cars stopped to lend assistance to us. Amy and I were overwhelmed by the support provided by our fellow LBC owners. After assessing the damage, Joe Pawlak was quick with tools and a solution: placing a screw and makeshift washer into the larger hole and attempting to seal the damage with quickset epoxy. This repair was sufficient to allow us to motor into Mendota for a successful dose of stop-leak. This proved enough to seal the radiator for a slow ride home. With the six-bladed fan now a five blade it was out of balance to the point where "smooth" running was 45 MPH at 2500 RPM. After removing the radiator and fan today, it appears that the water pump is undamaged from the unbalanced fan (at least there isn't any play in the pulley or shaft).

The purpose of this letter is to ask for distinctive mention of special friends in the Chicagoland MG Club minutes and newsletter. We know it is friendly chiding given to owners other than the MG marque, but in the end we are all British car lovers. I can't imagine the outcome of yesterday's events without the generous support and assistance of the following people: Joe & Sandy Pawlak, Bill & Kim Jensen, Greg & Sandy Butterfield, Peter Conover, Jim Aldridge, Chuck Montague, Bob Streepy, and Doug & Debbie Larson

Imagine how more overwhelmed Amy and I were when, after an hour of tinkering we set off for Mendota only to come across the balance of the tour group waiting on the roadside for everyone else! It was pretty a sight to say the least! Lastly, our son, Steven, helped in our rescue by driving out and meeting us about three-quarters of the way home; using his bigger car with flashers which eased our minds during the lengthy ride home. He got quite a kick out of saving Mom and Dad; something we'll be reminded of often, I'm sure.

After a quick check into my "spare parts bin", I retrieved a fan and radiator though both need some cleaning and checking before installation. Hopefully, we'll be running soon though our driving year is drawing to a close. Certainly, we'll take away fond memories from this season thanks to the great folks from the ISOA.

Best regards,
Russell and Amy Mehaffey
613 Edgebrook Drive
Shorewood, IL 60431

BIG BASH 2006

WHAT: Annual ISOA Party and Awards Night,
Great Company, Beer, Food
Photo Show of 2005 Events, AKA Super Boomer , Tall Stories,
Mercifully brief special awards ceremony, [Did we mention beer?]

WHERE: Des Plaines Elk's Club
495 Lee St. Des Plaines, IL
Phone (847) 824-1526 or (847) 824-
(Will the Wrongways find it this year?)



HOW MUCH: \$20/ person before January 4, 2006

WHEN: Saturday January 21st, 2006
6:00 pm Cocktails (cash bar) and hors d'oeuvres
7:00 Dinner

Name(s): _____



Choice of Entree (indicate how many)
Beef (TBD)____ Fish (TBD)____ Chicken (TBD)____
All entrees include soup, salad, veggie, potato and dessert.

Check enclosed for \$20.00 x _____ =

Bring your check made out to *ISOA* to the January meeting or
mail to arrive by January 3rd to

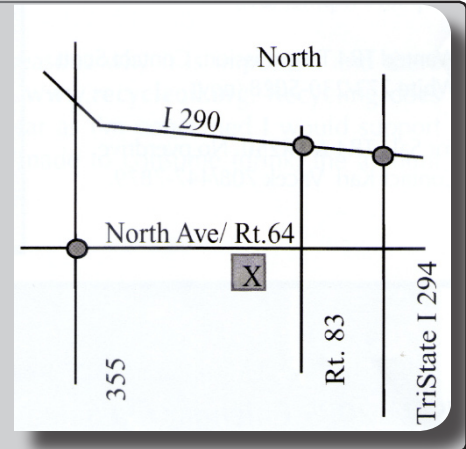
Sheri Pyle
320 N. Linden St.,
Itasca, IL 60143



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 and have a beer and share some TRIUMPH BS with your fellow enthusiasts.

The Board of Directors meets the first Sunday of every month, at Bill & Sheri's house at 320 Linden St. in Itasca, at 4:30 PM. Everyone is welcome to attend the Board meetings.



ISOA UPCOMING EVENTS

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
Nov.	6	Sun.	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30] Mack's Golden Pheasant
	12	Sat	8:00 AM	Chargind System Clinic at Mueller's, 365 Edgewood Ave., Wood Dale, IL 630/860-9118
Dec.	4	Sun.	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30] Mack's Golden Pheasant
Jan.	8*	Sun.	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30] Mack's Golden Pheasant
	21	Sat		Big Bash -details on p. on facing page
Feb.	12*	Sun	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	26	Sun.	8:00 AM	British Car Swap Meet, DuPage County Fairgrounds, Wheaton
Mar.	5	Sun	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
Apr.	1	Sun	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	31	Sat.		House on the Rock Tour
May	7th	Sun	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
June	4th	Sun	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
July	2nd	Sun	7:00 PM	General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	19-23			VTR Convention, Irving Texas - ph. Jim Thompson 214/675-9311

**Not the first Sunday*

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A LITTLE BS FROM BS



NEWS & VIEWS FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE

FALL FOLIAGE OR LEAF ME ALONE!



Do you recall that really great scene from The Birds when the camera pans to one or two crows on a telephone line, then a little later they

cut back and there are a few more crows and . . . you know the rest.

That's the way I feel about leaves. Deceased foliage of the arboreal persuasion have apparently determined that my garage floor should be their winter hibernation site. [I can just hear them now: "Hey Heathcliffe, what would you think of spending the winter in Maui?" "Are you nuts Ethelbert? We've got enough frequent flyer miles to blow into Streepy's garage. You know there's always a couple of MGDs in his fridge, and I hear he's installed heat this year. Besides, all the other leaves are going to be there."]

Among the leaves of Novus Mundus, Bartlett must generally be accepted as their premier happy hunting ground. After raking, mowing, blowing, vacuuming, mulching them until there's nary a leaf in sight, I spy them lurking in adjacent trees. They feign attachment to the tree, but I know better. Soon they hover and circle, waiting for me to turn my back

and then SWOOSH, there they are, by the thousands, swirling and rustling in a deciduous orgy, darting into every crevice and crack in the garage, attempting to elude me and my trusty blower/vac.

Every autumn, the leaves and I play out this Wile E. Coyote/Roadrunner ritual. I clean my garage in preparation for storing Lucille and Casper, and the leaves conspire to ruin all my efforts. They wait until they think I'm not watching them, and then they launch their assault. At first there's only one or two scout leaves, and then, like the Tribels from Star Trek, they multiply right before my eyes until they have overpopulated my beloved garage. I have never understood why they choose my garage. I have neighbors who can leave their garage doors open for years at a time, and the leaves seem to show absolutely no interest in cluttering up their floors [although in some cases, I can't say as I'd blame them].

I have actually seen entire squadrons of leaves blow right past several open garage doors and zero in on my garage floor as if guided by some kind of high-tech leaf-laser. No matter where I have lived, the neighborhood leaves always seem to single out my garage for their winter habitat. [Why can't they ever blow out of the damn garage instead of in?] I'm beginning to think there's some deranged botanist somewhere [sort of like the Grissom character in CSI] who breeds hybrid homing leaves. I suspect he has secretly planted a high frequency Leaf Lojac transmitter in my garage so that migratory leaves lock on the signal emanating from my garage and, using their little leaf GPS systems, make their way to my garage, kind of like the turkey buzzards heading for Hinkley, Ohio. I realized the extent of my plight when busses full of 7th graders began to arrive with junior high science classes who descended upon my garage to complete their "Leaf Project" assignments. It seems that they can get all of their foliage by simply looking around

my garage, one stop shopping if you will.

This year it's been worse than ever and I think I know why. In addition to the mad scientist theory, I have developed a new corollary to explain this phenomenon. I suspect the BFI drivers who collect the bags of leaves that I leave on the curb each Tuesday have instituted a covert leaf "catch and release" program in order to track the migratory patterns of some of the leaves on their endangered species list. To test my theory, I secretly marked some of the leaves that I caught and put out on the curb in leaf bags. I know that I have captured them a second time because the little bands I wrapped around their stems match the numbers I recorded. I'm certain that I have apprehended leaves from as far away as Venezuela trying desperately to seek refuge in my garage. [Strangely enough, I have not encountered any of the exotic Columbian leaves yet.] I think the tree huggers and godless commie pinko whale savers are behind this. Like captain Ahab and Carl Spackler, Bushwood's mildly obsessive assistant greens keeper, I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it any more. I am declaring an all out war on the forces of evil [as personified here in the forms of leaves], and I will show them no mercy. No more Mr. Nice guy! It's back to the old-fashioned policy of eradication for me; a latter day final solution if you will.

So if you see a wisp of smoke that appears to have emanated over the western suburbs, say around Bartlett, you'll know that I have launched a preemptive strike against the leaves. Asthmatics, respiratory sufferers, environmentalists be damned; its back to the tried and true leaf crematorium. I figure if I put a few of the leaves to the torch, the others will get the idea that I'm not messing around anymore. Like Morrison and the Doors sang, ". . . you're going to burn, burn."

Suds

Newsletter Submissions: *SNIC-BRAAAPP* is published 12 times a year and should be received it before the monthly ISOA membership meeting. Submissions received by the 10th of the month will probably appear in the next newsletter. Submissions received later may be held until the following month. Late submissions, accompanied by a sizeable gratuity, are occasionally squeezed in at the last minute. Submissions can be either "electronic" or good old fashioned paper. All photos and disks will be returned upon request. [E-mail to the editor]. We will try to make it as easy as possible for you to get your submissions included in this publication. Decisions of the editorial staff are final, maybe.

Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle Barlett, IL 60103 email: editor@snic-braaapp.org

NOVEMBER 2005

GARAGE TALK

JOE "STAGMEISTER" PAWLAK



Since we are a car club, the liberal use of metaphors allows us to describe everyday life in automotive terms, and we

are whacko enough to understand them. Not that we need to do this; it's just a way for some of us to be amusing and to add stupid descriptions into an otherwise average existence.

Throughout our passage on the highway of life, we reach certain mile markers that serve as historical references for our past, delineate our accomplishments, flag happy and sad

times and establish goals for miles yet traveled. Collectively, we have past many of these markers together as we have shared the ride with each other. Kathy and I have reached yet one of these mile markers and thought we would carpool with you once again.

A year ago in this same column, we announced the engagement of our daughter Sandy "Chubbie" Pawlak to Bob "the Count" Denninger. As of October 8th, Sandy is now Mrs. Denninger. The entire wedding ran like a well oiled machine. This was certainly not due to any major involvement by me. Kathy, Jenny, and Sandy did all of the work, and I just had to show up. I was given a few simple rules: wear your tux, do not work on any cars, stay clean, no last minute work related emergencies, do not discuss politics and be nice to people (Huh? I'm always nice to people I like.). For the days prior to the ceremony and right up

to giving my daughters hand to Bob, dear old dad was operating on just a few cylinders. The reason is that the choke was all the way out and the eye mixture was running very rich indeed. As I understand, this is pretty typical when the father of the bride nears this particular mile marker. While RPM's were near redline, dad held together and did not self-destruct. I'm sure Kathy will share many more details with you when she sees everyone, but this picture shows that the Pawlaks do clean up pretty well. I wish you could have all been there, but logistics prevented a huge blowout.

One could say I lost a daughter but gained a son. I could also say I gained a bedroom but added another house I'd occasionally be asked to help around with. But the real question that begs to be answered... Will Sandy put Bob's name on the title of her Spitfire?



The ISOA 2006 Calendar is Ready!

Packed with photos of your favourite automobiles. This colourful calendar looks wonderful at home, makes a great conversation piece for the office and of course with the holidays approaching, a fantastic gift. They will be available at the club meetings in November and December. Or they can be sent anywhere with a small handling fee covering postage (\$1.50).

Prices are a bargain at \$7 each, 3 for \$20. Additional quantity discounts can be had. You can contact Joe for more info at stagfire@elnet.com.

No Triumphs were hurt during the creation of this calendar.

Congratulation to Ernie "Evil Bert" Husmann on the aquisition of a new member to the ISOA Triumph Family. Ernie is now the proud owner of a race prepared Spitfire. Here's his story in his own words and he's sticking to it-

EVIL BERT'S NEW TOY:

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY
ERNIE HUSMANN



In early October, I spotted a listing for a Spit racer on the Spitfire & GT6 Magazine web site. The story was the seller was losing his storage space and had to sell the car. Several emails, pictures, questions, and phone calls later, a deal was struck. The purchase was to have included a vintage Spitfire racer, a spare frame (as the original was supposedly trashed), a spare body (as the previous owner had trashed the original body), a new rear valance replacement panel, and some spare suspension/brake parts from a GT6. Total cost \$900.00.

The car was located in the Los Angeles area, and since my wife's family all lives in southern California, I called and asked some favors. My brother-in-law with friends picked up the car and parts, which were transported to my father-in-law's horse-less ranch south of Riverside, CA. This is when my great negotiat-

ing skills became apparent. Reportedly, I had purchased enough stuff to build two cars with the exception of a second engine.

I flew out to California the last week of September and spent the week sorting through everything. Sure enough, roughly 1.8 cars had been purchased. Not only did I have the racer, spare frame, spare body, rear valance, and GT6 parts, I also had two Spit gear-boxes (one was traded for a set of steel wheels and junk tires), a differential, l/r rocker sills, l/r door skins, three front lower valance (two are new), four cams (two badly rusted and scraped), spare crank, spare rings, rod bearings, a racing wind screen, a new never used fiberglass bonnet, and lots of stuff that was junk. Oh, yeah; two brand new in the box SU carburetors, plus two

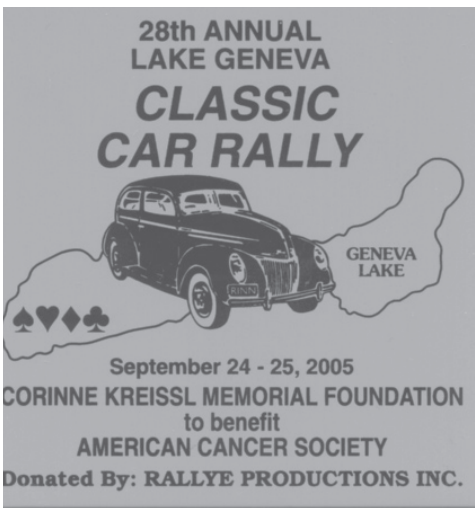


used sets of SU's.

By the end of the week, I had sorted through all the parts, scrapped what I didn't want (nor would anyone else), set the drive train and spare body onto the spare frame, and loaded everything into the car that would be transported to Wisconsin. The car still sits at the horse-less ranch awaiting transportation, hopefully sometime in the next few months.

Not quite an Aston Martin DB, but the racer should keep my wallet empty for some time.





TEXT & GRAPHICS BY
DIANE "STINGER" Mueller



Cloudy skies and rain didn't hamper the spirit of the Classic Car Rally in Lake Geneva, WI. The weekend festivities started Friday night with a cocktail party at the Richardson's English Pub. Pat (Powerbulge) Lobdell and Marilyn Munoz represented ISOA. Good food and drinks were in abundance as usual. A sad note: the Richardson's home is for sale, and this was the last "Taste of the Car Rally" held at the "Vagabond".

Saturday began with a parade of classic cars that started in downtown Lake Geneva and ended at the Interlaken Chalet with a hospitality hour. Pizza and snacks were served.

Mike (Toofus) Mueller

and I (Stinger) arrived early Saturday morning. We spent the weekend with Mike's sister, Judy and brother-in-law Louie, from Williams Bay. The four of us picked up our poker hands and started the rally, Mike and I in the TR8 and Judy & Louie in the TRoyota. Pat and Marilyn also started the rally Saturday afternoon and soon met up with Pat (Judge Dredd) Morse and (Burnout Bob) Steele. The rally stops included a Wood Boat Show at the Abbey Resort, and an open house at the Yerkes Observatory, two very interesting stops we did not want to miss. The rain began to fall, and we decided to finish the rally Sunday morning. Pat and Marilyn met the Judge and Bob for dinner at Cruiser In, Wal-

worth. The Judge and Bob decided to go home and gave their hands to Marilyn to finish playing.

Saturday evening the rally hosted Hubcap-Running board Dance featuring many Beatles tunes and other songs from the 1960's.

Sunday the rain continued to fall on and off. We finished the



rally and parked the TR8 along the shore of Lake Como. Mike and Louie enjoyed all the classic cars in the show, and Judy & I went to the Chalet hoping to be lucky door prize winners. Marilyn was already at the Chalet and Pat joined her shortly.



Mike ran into Bob Crowley and a friend checking out all the beautiful cars.

Mike's sister, Judy, won a cooler and a gift certificate for pizza and beer. Thanks to Marilyn, the Judge won a gift certificate to Sanfillipo's, a gift certificate to Guss's Drive-In and a Heineken umbrella.

Marilyn was the lucky high bidder in the silent auction on a beautiful Lenox vase.

Even though it rained, the true spirit of the weekend shined through, friends, fun, cars and, most important, the American Cancer Society Childhood Research Benefits.

The Small Engine Range-Part II

Ed. Note: The following text was provided to ISOA as courtesy by the author. The graphics were inserted by the editor as a visual aid and were sourced from Triumph Cars, the Complete Story by Graham Robson and Richard Langworth. In our first installment [October 2005 Issue #398], Snic Braaapp failed to acknowledge the graphics sources for of the three images that appeared. The Triumph 1800 on page 8, the Sedan on page 10 and the Estate Wagon on page 11 were taken from Triumph World Magazine, issue 31 [April/May 2001.] We sincerely regret this oversight and apologize to Triumph World editor Tony Beadle for our error and assure all of our readers, including Mr. Beadle, that it will not happen again.

THE STANDARD-TRIUMPH 'SC' SERIES 4 CYLINDER ENGINE RANGE

AN ARTICLE ON THE DEVELOPMENT
AND HISTORY OF THIS ENGINE

[INSTALLMENT II]

BY JOHN MACARTNEY

FORMER EMPLOYEE AND STANDARD-
TRIUMPH ENTHUSIAST

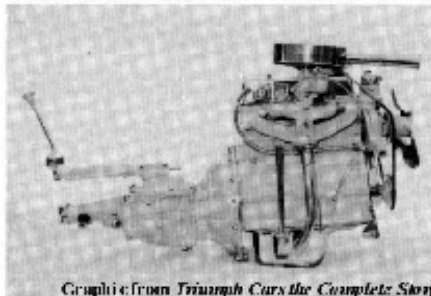
© COPYRIGHT

In 1958, Standard again entered the light commercial vehicle market with the forward control Atlas Van and Pick-Up. Both were designed to carry payloads of up to 1300 lbs and against that background, it's more than curious the decision was made to fit the SC engine in 948cc configuration. The Atlas was not a success. It was grossly underpowered, had less than ideal handling - especially when fully laden and was known to happily catapult its optional front sliding doors off their runners and into the road under heavy braking! Many pondered if it would do the same under heavy acceleration (had it been possible) but decided such a reality would soon turn into a nightmare of the worst sort. Let's just say an Atlas was not the sort of vehicle of which dreams are made. Even so, a van version amazed many by undertaking a support vehicle role as a parts and tools carrier when three Heralds drove from Cape Town in South Africa to Tangier in Morocco just before the Herald's public launch. In the book written of this epic journey - "Turn Left For Tangier" - the author noted while driving through the Sahara Desert, the Atlas crew had both doors slid back, the heater on full power and all in an air temperature well in excess of 100oF. This was all they could do to stop the engine boiling - and water isn't a plentiful commodity in any desert - especially the Sahara!

As one of the team members commented to me many years later, "we undertook the trip to prove the Herald. I don't think anyone had anticipated we'd be spending as much time keeping the Atlas going as we did!"

He didn't use those exact words - but I'm sure you can imagine the likely use of adjectives, of which there were more than a few - and none of them to the Atlas' credit!

By 1959, with the arrival of Herald, the Standard Eight, Ten and Pennant came to the end of their allotted span with a total build of 351,727 units. But it wasn't quite the end for the Standard Ten Van. This soldiered on into the early 1960's

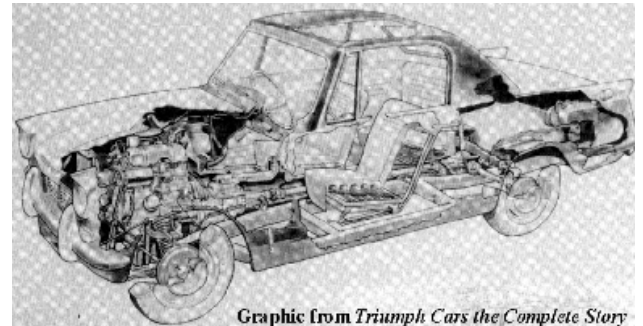


Graphic from *Triumph Cars the Complete Story*

and the last examples, by now with Pennant front end styling, were fitted with the larger 1147cc engine from the Herald 1200.

So was this the beginning of the end for the SC series engine? Certainly not! As later versions in 1296cc and 1497cc were to show, it still had a very long way to go - and in a number of different cars in even more guises, many of which were never officially offered in North America.

By 1959, with the Standard Eight and Ten passing into history with the introduction of the Herald in the Spring of that year, the SC engine was the obvious choice for the new car. At launch, the Herald was sold in two versions - a saloon and a fixed head coupe. Later alternatives were introduced as a convertible and estate car, with an estate variant in the form of a small van called the 'Courier.'



Graphic from *Triumph Cars the Complete Story*

The two Heralds had different versions of the 948cc engine. The saloon had a single Solex downdraught carburetter while the Coupe featured two SU instruments, a higher compression ratio, different cam timing and cam lift. This gave different performance characteristics to each car - the saloon had a maximum speed of 70mph but the Coupe topped out at 80mph. Sadly, the Coupe had a limited production life and was eventually abandoned in 1963 because of poor sales. It was strictly a 2+2, because the rear seat, while capable of seating two adults of average height, had a too low rear roof line. Not only was rear seat access restricted as the accompanying cutaway illustration more than amply demonstrates, but it was less than comfortable. The Coupe was an ideal second car for the busy Mum with two children but it was not as practical a proposition as an all-round means of family transport for four adults. For a husband and wife team at opposite ends of the age spectrum it was ideal.

There is no doubt the Herald was an entirely new concept in family motoring and many eulogies were heaped upon it. This one from 'The Times' newspaper in London is worthy of mention:

"The Triumph Herald introduced by the Standard Motor Company today is more than an interesting new model with many ingenious features: It is the Company's considered answer to the intensifying struggle between British and Continental firms in the world market for small cars.

In the belief that most present day cars do not take sufficient account of the greatly increased numbers of cars on

the roads of the world, the Standard Board under Mr. Alick Dick, the Managing Director, have looked afresh at the kind of small car now required, particularly as regards safety, ease of handling and control, parking and the cost of servicing and repairs.

The product of this re-thinking, the Triumph Herald, is a car with independent suspension on all four wheels, a turning circle smaller than a London taxi, a body designed in separate sections that can be replaced quickly, and not a single grease gun point. An unusual feature is that the practice of combining the body and chassis in one unit, which has come to be regarded as orthodox, has been abandoned in favour of a return to a separate chassis on which the seven body units and three major assemblies are bolted."

Clearly, the motoring correspondent of 'The Times' was impressed! The Herald was radically different in terms of the way it was made and how it was bolted together. Even so, it was still a relatively conventional car with a front engine and rear wheel drive. This established layout was to be turned completely on its head later that same year with the launch of a car that many considered a joke - until they drove it.

That car was the Mini. But the Herald still had a great deal going for it. An undeniably thought-provoking design, it had two special 'party pieces.' One was its outstanding manoeuvrability - providing you conveniently overlooked the appalling front tyre scrub on full lock - and the other was its ease of access to the engine for simple checking of levels or more serious servicing. No other car manufacturer in western Europe offered a vehicle whereby with one simple movement, the whole of the engine and front suspension was immediately on view and 'get-at-able.' This was a graphic illustration of what 'The Times' correspondent was alluding to when he spoke of the cost of servicing and repairs. Virtually unrestricted component access translated into reduced labour times and consequently lower cost.

Unfortunately, many of these features and the departure from established patterns in building the car was the Herald's Achilles Heel. Because the body was bolted together and by default had many mating surfaces exposed to the effects of adverse weather conditions, water leaks soon proved to be a major problem. It wasn't some much a matter of gentle 'drip-drip' - the water cascaded in and this forced the company to provide protective clothing for employees

who sat in cars as they passed through the water test at the end of the final assembly line. Rubber boots, oilskins and sou'wester hats weren't just desirable. They were essential!

Field Service staff allocated Heralds as company cars, often joked that in heavy rain it was prudent to find a roadside tree. Once located, the idea was to stand under tree rather than stay in the car - because it was the drier option.

Yes, the majority of early Heralds really were that bad! Equally, overall build quality was by no means at a level we take for granted today and these two aspects contributed substantially to a rapidly escalating level of dealer warranty claims and progressively more adverse reports in the press attesting to these serious shortcomings. In 1961, it was clear the Herald would benefit from an increase in power and this is where we see the SC series engine undergoing its second increase in cubic capacity. This was a substantial 21% taking it from 948cc to 1147cc by increasing bore diameter from 63mm to 69.3mm.. Power progressed from 34.5bhp in single Solex carburettor form to 39bhp with corresponding uplift in torque from 50.8lbs/ft to 60.8lbs/ft. These changes were not merely an issue of opening bores dimensions and David Eley commented in a paper he presented to the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in November 1963:

"By increasing the bore from 63mm to 69.3mm, a capacity of 1147cc was obtained and met the [increased power] requirement. By increasing cylinder centres between 1 and 2 and between 3 and 4 by 5/16ths of an inch, the distance between adjacent cylinder walls was slightly greater than the 948cc engine and a capacity of 1200cc could be achieved if eventually required.

Unfortunately, the increased centres and bores interfered with cylinder head studs and transfer line locations on the right hand side of the block and head. The problem was solved by moving the bore centre line 5/32nds of an inch towards the camshaft giving a 'désaxé' condition."

All this conspired to make the Herald a more suitable long distance cruiser on motorways. With its

rubber-faced bumpers now partly protecting the cars hitherto unprotected front and rear valances and improved interior, the Herald 1200 was only £6 more expensive than its predecessor. Interestingly, and recognising there were still customers seeking what we today call 'minimalism,' a variant called the Herald S also made an appearance. Early examples retained the 948cc engine, though this was later abandoned in favour of the 1147cc unit. The 'S' had overtones of Standard's 'basic Eight' of nearly ten years previously, in that a heater and windscreen washers were optional extras. By now, customers were expecting such features as normal equipment and the Herald 'S' was short-lived. By now, the range had been expanded to include the Herald Convertible and Estate Car (Wagon) which proved to be very popular. The 1200 engine in the Coupe meant that the twin SU's fitted on the 948cc version were abandoned and all Herald models ran the same size engine without changes to carburation.

In September 1962, a new two seater sports car made it's appearance at the Earl's Court Motor Show in London and took the world by storm.

Of course, it was the Spitfire - the "baby TR" - and Standard-Triumph's answer to BMC's two seaters as represented by the Austin Healey Sprite and MG Midget. From now onwards, BMC would no longer have the monopoly on the small sports car scene and the Spitfire certainly set new trends that would still take a year or two to filter through in the visually improved competitors from Abingdon. Spitfire had wind-up windows, a larger cockpit, a larger fuel tank (approx 35% more than on Spridget), that incredibly impressive engine access, independent suspension on all four wheels, the Herald's turning circle - and the option of an over-drive working on third and fourth gears. It was everything the Spridget wasn't, or



The Small Engine Range-Part II

didn't - and Standard-Triumph's stand at the London Motor Show was solid with people.

As someone commented at the time, "tinned fish had more room to move around. Here we see the same little engine that started out in the Standard Eight - still at 1147cc but with two SU carburettors and 63bhp at the flywheel. It was one of the Stars of the Show - if not the star and at the conclusion of the exhibition some ten days later, Standard-Triumph had orders totalling £6 million (US\$14.5 million at 1962 values).

But was that all? Indeed, no Because the Sprite had already made its mark in international competition, three specially prepared 'Works' Spitfires took their place in the 1964 line-up at the Le Mans 24 Hour Race in France. Still using the 1147cc engine but with an eight port cylinder head, two twin choke Webers and a great deal of meaningful power enhancing work, the power output was 98bhp. The cars looked and were very different to the run-of-the-mill Spitfire - but bore a very striking resemblance to the Triumph GT6 that was to appear two years later.

A year later, the 1965 Le Mans Spitfire offered 109bhp @ 7300 rpm while the Alpine Rally version of the same year turned out the town with 117bhp @ 7000rpm and a thunderous 97lbs/ft of torque at 5500rpm.

Perhaps an Alpine Rally spec Spitfire wasn't the most ideal car for weekly shopping but you'd reach the checkout in record time!

Order books at Standard-Triumph bulged for this budget two seater and, predictably, North America was the largest single export territory. In its life, Spitfire sales in North America were 140,000 (approx) units and offset against a total Coventry build of all models of some 314,332 units, North America happily consumed some 44% of total Spitfire output. But while on the matter of factory output, it's important to remember that Standard-Triumph had twelve overseas assembly plants where cars were assembled from C/P/SKD (completely, part or semi knocked down) kits. One of the largest of these plants, if not the largest in terms of output, was the Malines (French) or Mechelen (Flemish) plant in Belgium that supplied all Triumphs for the equally demanding European markets serving 300 million people. Because Britain at the time was not part of the European Economic Community, cars assembled in Belgium attracted substantially lower import duties in other EEC member states than if they had left England as fully BU (built up) units. Sadly no records survive

of the actual number of car kits initially assembled in Coventry for Belgian or other overseas plant manufacture and therefore the apportionment of shipments to world markets is at best subjective. Thus for the above figure of some 314,332 Spitfires made in the UK, a further number of some magnitude should be added to include assembly outside the UK.

In 1963, as already mentioned, the Herald Coupe was discontinued and as is always the case when such things occur, the general public reacted by visiting showrooms to enquire on availability - but it was too late.

After four short years, the seductive little Coupe was no more. As part of the on-going product development exercise, further engine improvements took place on the Herald. In March 1963, the Herald 12/50 appeared in two forms. The single carburettor version offered 51bhp @ 5200rpm with its twin SU stablemate providing a further 5bhp @ 5700rpm. This was a major improvement over the 39bhp from the Herald 1200 and was again attributable to modified cam timing and lift, increased compression ratio and larger diameter valves. Externally, the car had a different radiator grille and front disc brakes. It was the only volume produced British saloon to be fitted with an opening sunroof as a standard feature and with a maximum speed of just over 80mph, it found a ready market. Apart from the sunroof, different radiator grille and alternative badging on the boot lid, the 12/50 had little to distinguish itself from the 1200 and this may go some way to explaining why it did not sell in larger numbers.

Perhaps the 12/50 initially overshadowed the 1200, because in November of the following year, we see the 1200 having a further engine upgrade. Power was increased by 9bp to 48bhp, though torque improvement was so small it was hardly noticeable being 60.8lbs/ft to 61.6lbs/ft.

We have now reached a stage in Standard-Triumph's history where the company is now in the control of Leyland Motors. In the very early days after acquisition in 1961, Leyland replaced most of Standard-Triumph's senior management structure, implanted many of its own control policies to ensure a tight ship and worked hard to rebuild the company's more than depleted capital base. It succeeded in this resolve and part of this overall re-structuring, was the forward planning of Standard-Triumph's future model range across the whole production spectrum. Within this monumental process, was the decision to

finally abandon the Standard name - henceforward all cars would be badged and sold as Triumphs in all world markets, except India.

In this sub-continent, some extremely oddball vehicles were being produced and a four door Herald was one of them. A further (and later) vehicle to appear in India was something called the Standard Twenty. Having no resemblance to its pre-war forebear, the Indian Standard Twenty was a Rover SD1 body with a wet-liner, low compression four cylinder engine from the Standard Vanguard/Triumph TR series.



Graphic from *Triumph Cars the Complete Story*



But consistent with this product renaming exercise, was the decision to progressively move Triumph back to its pre-war reputation of producing cars that were technically advanced in terms of product features, build quality and general buyer appeal. Apart from the Triumph TR4 and Triumph 2000 saloons that were already in production and whose power units are outside the scope of this article, an entirely new small Triumph appeared in 1965.

Known as the Triumph 1300, this small saloon clearly pointed the way to the future. A detailed appraisal of this car appeared in *The Vintage Triumph* in the United States. The most important aspect of this car is that it was front wheel drive and was further tangible evidence of the continuing development of the SC engine. Unlike other contemporary front wheel drive cars from BMC, the 1300 did not have a transverse engine. This was still in north-south layout and sat on top of its gearbox and final drive. Engine-wise, its most important feature is that apart from the bores being increased yet again from 69.3mm to 73.7mm, the cylinder

head porting was greatly improved with the eight port unit replacing the former and more venerable six port. To this was added a single Stromberg carburettor - but it wasn't merely an issue of fitting a new head to an older block. Because of the revised tract layout, the new 1300 engine used ten cylinder head studs and not eleven, as already mentioned. This dictated re-casting of the cylinder block to accept this revised stud layout. Again power and torque was greatly improved and using the Herald 1200 as the benchmark, we see power increasing from 48bhp to 61bhp and torque improving from 61.6lbs/ft to 73lbs/ft.

Note however this performance uplift did not make the 1300 a spritely mover. It needed this extra power and torque because the body was a much heavier monocoque - an aspect it shared with its larger brother, the Triumph 2000.

There is no question of the Triumph 1300 ever being remotely regarded as a sports saloon, let alone a sports car - and the possibility of it being sold in North America was probably never even considered. This was a small luxuriously appointed car that came on the market at a time when if a customer wanted luxury appointments, the almost only choice was a Jaguar or Rover - larger cars at much larger prices! BMC also offered a similarly specified car on the body that became known in later years as the Austin America - and this was sold in competition to the Triumph as the Vanden Plas Princess 1100.

This new baby Triumph saloon sold in substantial numbers and those that were seen by many US visitors who came to the company's London showroom or the factory in Coventry to collect their tax-free Spitfires and TR's, never failed to be impressed by what they saw. There was certainly a meaningful level of interest but by no means enough to justify it being offered as an addition to the range to tempt the American palate. North America thought only of sports cars, ordered only sports cars and continually complained it didn't get enough sports cars. Consequently, a dumpy little four door saloon with its plush interior, a less than thunderbolt

acceleration and powered by a de-tuned version of a future Spitfire engine was some way 'outside the box' of desirability. A pity really, because the Triumph 1300 had many charms of its own and quickly developed a substantial and loyal following in the UK, Europe and many overseas markets. Two years after its launch, engine power was increased to give the car a little more 'zip' (61bhp to 75bhp) and this saw the self-same engine to later appear in the Spitfire being fitted - though in the case of the Spitfire, without front wheel drive. This car was the Triumph 1300TC (the letters meaning twin carb) There is no question of the Triumph 1300 ever being remotely regarded as a sports saloon, let alone a sports car - and the possibility of it being sold in North America was probably never even considered. This was a small luxuriously appointed car that came on the market at a time when if a customer wanted luxury appointments, the almost only choice was a Jaguar or Rover - larger cars at much larger prices! BMC also offered a similarly specified car on the body that became known in later years as the Austin America - and this was sold in competition to the Triumph as the Vanden Plas Princess 1100. This new baby Triumph saloon sold in substantial numbers and those that were seen by many US visitors who came to the company's London showroom or the factory in Coventry to collect their tax-free Spitfires and TR's, never failed to be impressed by what they saw. There was certainly a meaningful level of interest but by no means enough to justify it being offered as an addition to the range to tempt the American palate. North America thought only of sports cars, ordered only sports cars and continually complained it didn't get enough sports cars. Consequently, a dumpy little four door saloon with its plush interior, a less than thunderbolt acceleration and powered by a de-tuned version of a future Spitfire engine was some way 'outside the box' of desirability. A pity really, because



Graphic from Triumph Cars the Complete Story

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. . . to be concluded next month

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2005 Six Pack TRials [cont'd]

pletely. It's been a long few weeks and the all-consuming stress and uncertainty of a job, punctuated by a national disaster and near loss of a friend is replaced by two simple words....."Screw It". We are out of here!



Mark Anderson photo

Backup two years to the Vintage TRi-umph Register Annual Convention in Pennsylvania, and Karen and I are presented the opportunity to visit Richmond Virginia, host to VTR2004 and home to a favorite Aunt and Uncle. As you get older it seems "family reunions" become hurried, unplanned events at which at least one family member is forced to attend. Such has been the case with visits with Karen's Aunt Nancy and Uncle Stan, except this time it could be different. Unfortunately, Karen's importance at work is once again elevated above that of life itself, and the company cannot possibly function without her. We miss VTR2004 and Richmond, Virginia and, even more, our visit with family. Back to present day, and Karen is much happier at her new job, and has this whole next week already scheduled off for vacation.

When I arrive home, Karen ecstatically agrees with the "Screw It" theory, and we both begin reconfiguring the trip from four days beginning next Thursday, to ten days beginning NOW! There is much preparation to be done, including the long awaited, and unfortunately postponed, call to Aunt Nancy and Uncle Stan. "Hi, it's Karen; are you guys going to be busy on Monday?..."

Then there are the two cars we had planned for the past year to meet at the Biltmore Estate in Ashville, North Carolina on Wednesday. I catch Mark Moore at work and leave word for Ken Crowley with his lovely wife, Kim. "The trip is back on. We are out of here! See

you at the Biltmore."

Our cat's other adoptive parents and neighbors, Joanne and Leo, agree to watch him, even with such short notice. (Actually, he is not really "our" cat, but a stray cat that just happens to live in our house. Really. Of course from what I understand of cats, that's how most would describe their own lives.) Neighbors, Dee and John, agree to assume watering responsibility for our plethora of outdoor plants during the projected 90 degree rainless week.



Mark Anderson photo

The frantic blur ends at 4:00 pm on Saturday as we pull out of the garage and realize we have no idea how to get there, but there is a mapquest printout in here somewhere and route 39 south gives us plenty of time to find it, and it is STILL 90 degrees and sunny!

Luckily the two day old tyres (although much skinnier yet the same size?) relieve the vibration headaches of prior trips, and the new PCV valve setup is working a lot better after eliminating that vacuum leak. In other words, the 1969 TR6 is running great, which is important as we head out on our two thousand mile adventure.

Looking at the atlas on Sunday morning, we figure we are only a few inches from Richmond and should arrive around 5:00 pm. Karen's uncle agrees we should make it and informs us that they



Mark Moore Photo

were able to get all the kids and the kids' kids together for tonight.

Our all-highway blast to the east coast is interrupted briefly in Kentucky by a shortcut on route 9, which is highly suggested for any tour across route 64. But then Karen finds the most wonderful road on the planet, or at least in West Virginia. The perfect warm up road for a trek down the Blue Ridge Parkway. West Virginia route 60. Man, what a road! What a man's road. Not pretty through some areas, in fact down right scary at times, especially with the national anthem of West Virginia and sound track to *Deliverance* twanging away in your head. There are switchbacks here that scare ME. "Just stay down on the floor honey. It will all be over in a bit." It's weird to think that this is how people drive to work in the morning.

While this route may have cut inches off the map, I think it added miles to road covered and all this exhilarating driving, while fun, has played havoc with our schedule. As we come down out of the mountains and once again into cell phone range, Karen calls her uncle around 4:00 pm. Uncle Stan estimates



Jeff Rust Photo

we are about two hours out (I'm really not sure he had any idea where we were) and tells us not to eat because they have dinner reservations at 7:00pm for everyone. Karen and I pick up the pace a bit. After all, if her uncle can make it in two hours... .

At this point, I have no idea how fast people of Virginia are capable of driving. When we pull back down onto the interstate, I am impressed how everyone in the state seems to know that we are in a hurry and picks up the pace just for us. Then we pass the "Richmond 180



miles” sign. TWO HOURS??? What’s this guy drive a JET?

Determined, and probably still somewhat delusional, we decide to give it a shot. After all, he got the whole family together. I manage to fight my way into the far left lane out of the middle lane, which, by the way, was already cruising at eighty-five miles per hour.

The far left in Virginia adds a whole new meaning to exhilarating driving. We’re out there with the best of the best. Jaguar, Corvette, Lexus (that super Toyota), Land Cruiser (now, if you want to drive this fast, why did you buy an SUV??) and.....a minivan. Now this obviously ain’t your momma’s minivan. We are running close to five grand with traffic, and there is a minivan trying to open the trunk on the 6. I pull over, let it by then lock in behind him. I figure at this speed, any cop will naturally assume equipment error clocking a minivan this fast, and, hopefully, not even notice the little antique behind it.

It’s a good ole’ boy and four of his buddies probably late for a game. Me? I don’t know if I’m more amazed that they build a minivan capable of this type of speed, or that someone would actually drive one this fast. I’m at five grand, and that son of bitch is pulling away!!! Karen mutters, “go get ‘em”.

So I hit it. I’m on the floor. I have all six webers sucking fuel, air, mountain dew, coffee and every ounce of energy this TR6 has been harboring in reserve for the past thirty years. Every speed prep modification I have lovingly and painstakingly labored over and sacrificed for and because of (“seems like everything I do to this car makes it

louder, ride rougher, handle better and faster”), is pulling flat out for all it’s worth. And when I fly up on that son of a bitch, I realize.... it’s still a F’n MINIVAN!!!! I’M DRIVING AT ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES PER HOUR BEHIND A GOD DAMN MINIVAN!!!! AND THEN TO TOP IT OFF, WHAT ARE THESE MINVAN FANS DOING WHILE I’M WHITE KNUCKLING DOWN THE INTERSTATE AT ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES PER HOUR???? THEY ARE WATCHING A GOD DAMN MOVIE!!!! A MOVIE!!! I CAN’T GET MY CB IN MY CAR TO WORK HALF THE TIME, AND THESE SONS OF BITCHES ARE WATCHING A MOVIE!!!!!! SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT HERE! JUST NOT RIGHT!



This fact and the realization that the whole English sports car industry has been reduced to chasing minivans quickly shocks me back to reality where I determine we are much better off using the minivan as a radar decoy than a high speed pursuit partner, and I drop it back to ninety. I pictured the two of us standing in front of a judge dragged in on a Sunday night. The judge says “so you were driving at ninety miles an hour?” to which I reply, “Yea, well he was doing a hundred and ten.” The minivan is already out of sight.

At six-thirty we call and have them go ahead to the restaurant after realizing we can’t make the reservation even at sustained minivan speeds. At 8:00pm we arrive at their house after 974 miles. We still haven’t eaten, so we run to a nearby Burger Doodle Whatever

for some reheated animal flesh on white bread dough for dinner, then return to the house and wait.

Before long, Karen’s aunt and uncle return and a thousand miles of travel quickly fades away as do Karen and I. It’s been a long couple of days.



Monday morning starts early. After breakfast, Karen’s aunt and uncle offer up the much welcomed comfort of a ride in a large Buick sedan and a guided tour of downtown Richmond Virginia. We visit Virginia’s war memorial, providing an excellent view of the Richmond skyline. It also just happens to be located on the famous east coast “Route 1” on it’s way from Maine to Florida. This, coincidentally, completes our travels down both Route 1’s on the east and west coasts.

Next, we visit the beautifully restored Jefferson Hotel, stomping ground of a younger Elvis when visiting Richmond. Now I don’t know about you, but on the road our coffee usually comes through the window of a fast food joint from a teenager that has yet to know the wonders of a good caffeine high. And even though I can’t see from down there in the TR6, I know his shirt is un-tucked, his pants need to be pulled up, and I’m lucky if we get a smile.

Contrast this to the elegant tea and coffee service we are about to receive in the bar of the Jefferson Hotel. My concerns about how long it is taking are immediately washed away as the impeccably dressed waiter returns with a full setup for the table. There is metal silverware, saucers then cups, cloth napkins and each tea drinker receives his own porcelain tea pot. Coffee is dispensed from a silver pot discretely kept



Mark Anderson photo

off to the side so as not to imply “get your own refill”. I think to myself, “I should have worn socks.” Now this is how to do coffee, and while we sip, the ghost of Elvis flirts at the bar.

Monday night we manage to finally meet most all the family missed at dinner the night before. Cousin Chris provides a fascinating explanation of Virginia “shore sharking,” along with a personal recount of his trophy winning 362 pound catch. From shore. With a fishing pole. By far the craziest form of fishing I’ve heard of since catfish noodling. A big ol’ fishing pole with monster test line, a hook that’s a foot long, a roll of lifesavers, a 55gallon garbage bag, the entire head of a tuna as bait and of course,.....beer. But beyond how you get one of these things on a line, I want to know how you possibly keep it from ripping the pole right out of your hands. Chris explains “That’s why you tie it to your waist!” Now THAT is fishing!

Tuesday morning, September 13, 2005 - We have everything we came with, as well as some plant clippings from the family garden stuffed back into the ever shrinking TR6. Not long after leaving, we break off from the morning’s commute around Richmond and onto the highway back west. After only a few missed turns, we see “Mecca.” The “beginning” of the infamous Blue Ridge Parkway and the beginning of our 337 mile journey down the most beautiful driving road in America. Next stop, Little Switzerland, North

Carolina.

Now September 11, 2005, just two days prior, marks the 70th anniversary of the day construction began on the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Karen and I have been planning this adventure for a year. Fueling up before beginning our jaunt down this magnificent highway, unfortunately, was not part of that plan and shortly into the trip the ’69 is sucking fumes, and we begin the desperate search for a gas station on the Blue Ridge Parkway. Suffice it to say, the only gas station “on” the Blue Ridge Parkway is located in North Carolina just north of Little Switzerland. And if you think the parkway is small, you need to get off on the side roads looking for ...anything! Just a building with electricity. One good thing, all roads off the Blue Ridge run down hill, so I figure we can coast to....to where??? It seems the farther we get from the Blue Ridge, the louder that banjo playing gets in my head, until we come upon this brand new general store with two pumps out front.

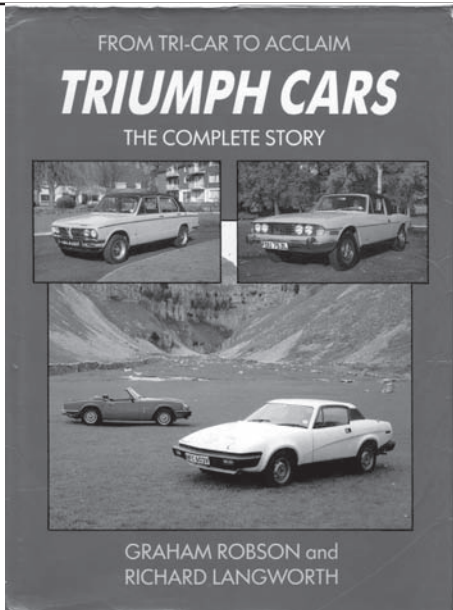
In 1969, filling up a TR6 with “Sunoco 260” 102 octane leaded gasoline (Arrgh! Arrgh!) set you back two dollars and seventy cents (\$2.70). I’m sure someday, in the not too distance future, this will become commonplace, but that doesn’t dull the sticker shock the first time you pay forty dollars (\$40.00) to fill up a TR6, and that’s with Virginia mountain crap fuel, not to mention another eight bucks for octane booster so the car will run on this junk, and then being happy to pay it! Welcome to the new millennium.

to be concluded in December

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352 PAGES. PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY MOTOR RACING PUBLICATIONS LTD., CROYDON, ENGLAND, SECOND EDITION 1988. \$26.37 ON AMAZON.COM.

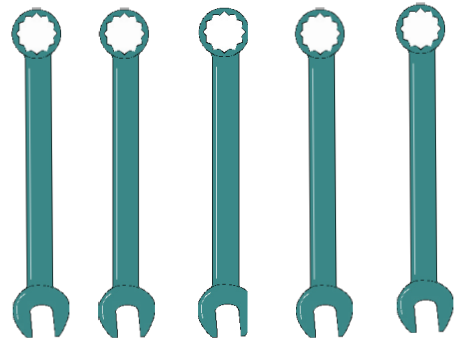
If there were room for only one book in your humble and obedient scribe's Triumph archive, that space would be allocated to *From Tri-Car to Acclaim*

Triumph Cars the Complete Story by Graham Robson and Richard Langworth. To me, this is the Bible of Triumphdom and should be, for all intents and purposes, required reading for anyone who would like to, or claims to, possess more than a modicum of knowledge on all things Triumph.

The book is divided into seventeen chapters and contains more than 500 images; it also includes six separate appendices with specifications, production statistics and totals, along with a list of Triumph clubs. It begins, as one might expect, with the early days of Triumph going back to the time of Siegfried Bettman and the turn of the 20th century motorcycles that earned the company its reputation for performance and dependability.

The authors progress into the prewar Triumphs and then, following the Second World War, they examine the twists and turns taken by Triumph as it became part of the Standard Motor Company, and then British Leyland, before its eventual demise in the 1980s.

This book may not be well suited for Triumph newbies or for someone with only a casual interest in the marque, but for anyone serious about wanting to acquire a comprehensive knowledge base from two gentlemen who most certainly know their "stuff," this is the book for them. One caveat: the authors utilize UK vernacular, as one might expect from residents of the mother country, and the North American reader should be prepared to mentally translate from time to time, from British to American English, a small price to pay, to be sure, for such a treasure trove of information. On the literary Sudsometer, we give this one five spanners.



ISOA RECON MISSION
TEXT & GRAPHICS
BY JACK BILLIMACK



Here are some photos from the planning clinic at Chris Smit's house on 9/17. Our group, including former owner Terry Arter, looked over the TR6, poking and prodding everything. We listened to engine run. Chris showed us some new and used parts, and we all gave advice. Chris took notes and developed a preliminary plan which includes his own work plus plans to farm out portions of the body work and painting.

Due to short notice, only a few ISOAers were able to attend, but, we all found it worthwhile. We looked over a couple of our own cars too, and discussed common TR6 add-ons, like hook latch safety mechanisms, electric fans, rear tube shocks, etc.

Chris had a nice breakfast spread including make your own ice cream sundaes. Beautiful day. What could be better? -- [ed note: not much.]



Meeting Stuff

OCT ISOA MEETING NOTES,
[In Case You Missed It]



Mack's Golden Pheasant extended its hospitality by offering dollar beer night to nearly 50 ISOA members, at least three of whom drove in Triumph [despite threatening skies,] on Sunday Oct 2nd 2005. President Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak got the meeting under way at precisely 7:18 [7:00 official ISOA time]. Novitiates in attendance included Mike Geiter of Glendale Heights who owns a TR6, Dave Lushin of Naperville, who has a Stag, and Jeff Leas of Plato Center, who is in the market for a TR4 or 250. The meeting started with an announcement from Kim Jensen who spoke about the Fall Foliage Tour, scheduled for October 15th.

Joe then announced that the new club representatives for the British Car Union would be Ken and Arlene Kendzy, much to the delight of Jack Billimack and Sheri Pyle, who have held that post for a combined 38 years. Joe followed that announcement by asking for volunteers to handle the logistics of the Big Bash. When Gloria Capetto asked a question about what the job entailed, Joe interpreted her interest as a sign of acquiescence and summarily assigned her the role. [To paraphrase Mel Brooks, "It's good to be prez."]

Joe then explained the basic agenda for the charging clinic to be held in Wood Dale at Mueller's in November. At this point, Barb Billimack questioned if any of the ladies in the organization felt the need for a clinic on how to acquire material goods through deficit spending. Joe suggested that attendees bring multi meters instead of credit cards in order to benefit from the workshop. He also mentioned that the MG club was hosting an autocross in late October, and that those members who enjoyed their two runs at VTR should check into it.

Joe also reminded those in attendance that November is the month designated for the

election of board members. He suggested that anyone who has been a member for at least a year with an interest in helping out on the board, put their names in at the next meeting. The elections will be held in December. Jack "Spuds" Billimack mentioned the upcoming "Toys for Tots" run in October, and the February swap meet at the DuPage County Fairgrounds. Under the subject of "ongoing" business, Joe also mentioned the board's concern with bringing in new [as in young] blood to keep the hobby strong in the future.

After the "Union" break to accommodate the vices of the tobacco fanciers, Jack also asked for members who had come across web sites that were of particular interest to Triumph owners to share them with your humble and obedient scribe so that they might be posted in the newsletter. He also recapped some of the events that occurred since the last meeting, including the Orphan Car Picnic, the Lake Geneva Poker Run, and, of course, the BCU car show and the post prom party at Capetto's.

Following Jack's comments, nominations were placed for the Peter M. Roberts and the Boomer Awards. This month it was decided to award two of each, since we hadn't met in Sept., the Boomer nominations went to Al Christopher for buying a car with the wrong brake set up and not checking it, and to new member, Dave Lushin, for showing up at the VTR Convention on Saturday, the day after the convention ended. Al now has temporary custody of the bent wheel. Sheri Pyle nominated the Spinal Tappets, who have since disbanded over artistic differences, for donating an autographed drumstick to her grandchild; Chris Smits nominated Joe Pawlak for his insights on navigating around EPA requirements; and Joe Kaplon nominated Denny Capetto for his help in welding in new floor pans and sills in his TR3. Joe and Denny each received a complimentary beverage as thanks for their help to club members.

The meeting broke around 9:00. With apologies for any unintentional errors or omissions, -your humble and obedient scribe

Suds



ISOA TECHNICAL ExSPURTS

TR3	Bill "Whizmo" Pyle 630/773 4806
TR4	Pat "PowerBuldge" Lobdell 219/942 1263
TR4A	Steve "Drippy" Yott 847/249 1723
TR250	Tim "Yacker" Smith 630/428 2620
TR6 Early	Jeff "Stalker" Rust 815/874 5623
TR6 Late	Irv "Elwood" Korey 847/831 2809
TR7	Phil "Factor" Fox 630/662 7721
TR8	Tim "Tool Man" Buja 815/332 3119
Spitfire - (Early)	open
Spitfire - (Late)	Steve "Sniffy" Yezo 847/855 9482
GT6	Dave "Snake" Shedor 847/9375078
Stag	open
General Tech-Weenie	Bill "Whizmo" Pyle 630/773 4806
Machinist	Bob Crowley 630/355 2170
KeyMaster	Bob "Senile" Donile 630/837 3721



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

- Pat Lobdell 11/06
- Al Christopher 11/06
- Joe Honor 11/10
- Sheila Mantel 11/13
- Kim Jensen 11/13
- Michael McReynolds 11/13
- Rick Crider 11/14
- Carol Barnett 11/16
- Pat Morgan 11/17
- Jack Billimack 11/18
- Lorrie-Ann Fisher 11/18
- Jeff Leas 11/19
- Kim Casper 11/29

NEW MEMBER

Dave Lushin
 2507 Dewes Ln
 Naperville, IL 60564-8473
 H:(630) 922-0570
 EMAIL: lushindave@att.net
 Birthdays (Dave 01/04)
 71 Stag
 # of memberships is 138
 # of members is 203



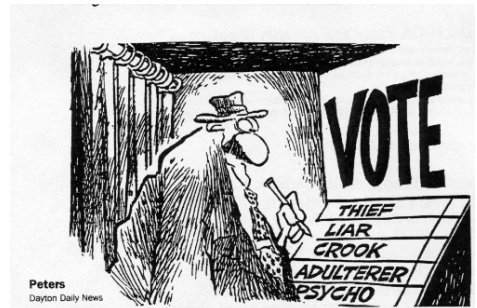
Charging Clinic Directions

To get to Muellers', take the Eisenhower to 53. Exit on Thorndale and go east to Wood Dale Rd. Go right to Commerce and then left to Edgewood. Go left to #365. ph. 630/860-9118



Coming in December-

- *Reliability Run Report
- *Toys for Tots Story
- *Sicks Pack TRials Conclusion
- *SC Engine Part III
- *Sir Bentley's Holiday Gift Guide



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!!

Nominations for the 2006 ISOA Board will taken at the November meeting. The elections will take place in December. Anyone who has been a member for one year is eligible to run.[ed. note. -convicted felons are discouraged from running unless OK'd by their parole officers.]

ISOA ON THE INTERNET

You can always get the latest news directly from the ISOA web site. <http://www.snrc-braaapp.org> To subscribe to the ISOA electronic mailing, list editor@snrc-braaapp.org

ONLINE ROSTER ACCESS INFO

Classifieds & General Information

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.

For Sale: 1976 1/2 Red TR6. less than 9,000 miles stored, stored inside for the past 10 years. \$12,000. 616-617-9132 or kjmcfadden@yahoo.com [9/05]

For Sale: 75 TR7 Coupe race car (ITB) Doesn't run, not street legal, although it could be by adding a muffler. Lots o' spares. Make me an offer. Kim/Jake 630 858-5468 or 630 399-0886. [9/05]

For Sale: 1976 1/2 Red TR6. less than 9,000 miles, stored inside for the past 10 years. \$12,000.ph. 616-617-9132 or kjmcfadden@yahoo.com. [10/05]

For Sale: TR7? contact Karen Vorn Kahl directly at KVornKahl@orba.com [10/05]

For Sale: 1979 Triumph Spitfire 41K miles, Good Condition. \$3950/OBO. Ph 815/455-7755 [10/05]

For Sale: TR3/4 original tools. Don Weinberger - vallarta@enter.met [10/05]

For Sale: TR7 with two spare engines, interior kit, misc parts Bill Williams captwow.@aol.com, ph. 630/636-6360. [10/05]

For Sale: TR6 doors, rear clip, engine, trans; Spitfire engine, trans, doors, hood, rear end; Herald trans, rear end. Larry Will sell all or separate. Best offer. Call Larry at 630/373-2299 or 815/827-3202. [10/05]

For Sale: TR3 with extra parts. \$5000.00 or best offer Tom Murray 708/269-0282. [10/05]

For Sale: TR6 engine and trans removed from a car with 42k on it. Has been sitting in garage for over twenty years. Came out of a 1972. Located in Evergreen Park. Call 1-708-341-2118 or Email danschuld@schulld.com [10/05]

Wanted: Triumph Mayflower. Ph. Mark Heller 386/428-0807 [Fla] (ed note: this guy called me and offered a finder's fee. PS-I already referred him to Peggy Tiffany, but the number listed in the VTR Magazine has been changed) [10/05]

Wanted: TR4, TR4A, or TR250 driver. Jeff Leas ph. 847/464-0816 [10/05]

Wanted: Spitfire 1300 motor, small bearing/journal preferred. Condition not critical as long as there are no holes which were not in original design. Ernie Husmann ph. 262/375-3362; email ehusmann@sbcglobal.net [11/05]



**ATTENTION ALL BRITISH CAR CLUB NEWSLETTER EDITORS WITH WHOM
ISOA HAS A RECIPROCAL NEWSLETTER EXCHANGE AGREEMENT.-**



*Effective January 1st, 2006, if you wish to continue to receive Snic Braaapp, please be sure to send your newsletter to: **Snic Braaapp, c/o Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle, Bartlett, Illinois 60103.** Due to increasing publication costs, we will no longer continue to mail complimentary issues of Snic Braaapp to clubs who do not choose to reciprocate, or that mail them to any other address.*



Graphic from the Chicago Tribune Archives

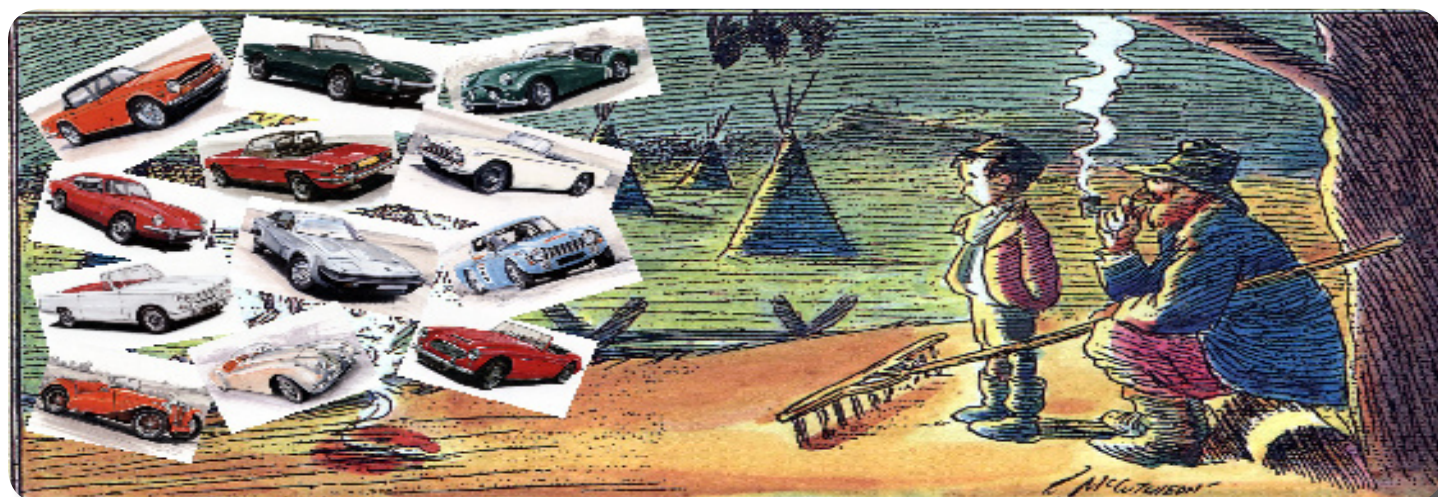
Yep, Sonny, this is sure enough Engine Summer. Don't what that is, I reckon, do you? Well, that's when all the homesick ol' sportscar drivers come back to play. You know, a long time ago, back in your pappy's time, there used to be heaps of fur-in roadsters around here - thousands - MILLIONS, I reckon, far as that's concerned. Reg'ler sure 'nough European sportscars. None o' yer Japanese jobs - not much! They wuz all around here - right where yer standing'. Aw, don't be skeered — hain't none around here now, leastways no NEW ones. They been gone this many a year. They all went away and died, I s'pose.

But every year, 'long about this time, they all come back. Leastways their sperrits do They're here right now. You can see 'em off down the roads.

Look real hard. See that kind o' hazy, misty look out yonder? Well, them's ol' sports car drivers. . . sperrits drivin' along with their tops down in the sunlight. That's what makes that kind or haze that's everywhere...it's just sperrits o' British car nuts all come back. They're all around us now. See off yonder; see them autocross cones? They kind of look like corn shocks from here, but 'them's cones, sure as yer a foot high. See 'em now? Sure, I knew you could. Smell that smokey sort o' smell in the air? That's the gas a-burnin' and their exhaust pipes a-goin'. Lots o' people say it's just leaves burnin', but it ain't. It's the leaded gas an' the nuts are a-tearin' around to beat ol' Harry! You jist come out here tonight when the moon is hangin' over that hill off yonder an' the harvest fields is all swimmin' in the moonlight; an' you

can see the Triumphs an' MG's just as plain as can be. You kin, eh? I knowed you would. J'ever notice how the leaves turn red 'bout this time o' year? That's jist another sign o' leaking' antifreeze. An' ever' once in a while some o' those lights flicker an' die out. That's Lucas wirin' for you. See here now - look at all them colors on the leaves. That's them lousy paint jobs. They rub off on everthin'! Purty soon all the car nuts'll go a-caravanin' away agin, back to that big gimmick rallye in the sky. But next year you'll see 'em troopin' back...the sky just hazy with 'em, an' their gear-boxes going SNIC, SNIC. . . an' their exhausts a-going' BBRAAPPP jist the way they used to...away back in yer pappy's day.

Rick Dentino 1975



NOVEMBER 2005



Photo by Bob Streepy

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR -NADINE -TIM MANTEL'S "GIZMO" BILE

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