

SNIC BRAAAPP



August 2006

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NEWSLETTER OF THE ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNER'S ASSOCIATION
DEDICATED TO THE ENJOYMENT AND PRESERVATION
OF TRIUMPH SPORTSCARS
CHICAGOLAND'S OLDEST AND MOST ACTIVE
TRIUMPH ENTHUSIASTS CLUB
NOW IN OUR FORTY-FIRST YEAR
A CHAPTER OF THE VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

ISOA Road TRIP TO AUBURN, INDIANA

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



IT MAY WELL BE THAT IN the annals of car show nomenclature, no event has ever lived up to its billing quite as literally as the "Hot Summer Fling" held in Auburn, Indiana Saturday, July 15. Despite the hottest temperatures of the year, six

intrepid ISOAers, [Mark Moore -TR6-, Ken Crowley -TR6-, Steve Yott -TR4A-, Joe and Kathy Pawlak -Stag-, as well as your humble and obedient scribe -TR6-, set off from the Hinsdale Oasis on a Saturday morning to attend this first ever event held on the grounds of the Kruse auction site. We were faced with the twin evils of road construction and high temperatures, but managed to catch a break on the dreaded 80-94 bottleneck and actually sailed around the southern tip Lake Michigan at the going rate of about 80 MPH.

Our little squadron kept such a tight formation



navigating through the People's Republic of Indiana, that the Blue Angels would have been impressed. We opted to take back roads to Auburn for the last few miles and even got to see some Amish vehicles even slower than ours on the country roads.

We arrived at the car show around noon and were a bit disappointed to find that the auction that the web site said was to be held, was not going to take place. We parked in a shady grove and were the only British cars entered. [One of the event organizers thanked us for coming and for "adding some class to the show." If he only knew.] There were the usual hot rods and muscle cars in attendance. The organizers were friendly enough and they scheduled some unusual activities to entertain the participants, including a creeper race in which the entrant usual plumbers helpers for propulsion, and blindfolded autocross using a human pusher to direct the sight impaired driver of a go-kart. There was a caterer there to

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&



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL THING
 BY KIM "LOWER WACKER" JENSEN
 GRAPHICS BY THE AUTHOR, JACK
 "SPUDS" BILLIMACK & PETER
 "MAESTRO" CONOVER



and Sandy & Bob Denninger...27 in all!
 We gathered at the southeast corner of I-294 & Lake-Cook Road around 3:30pm. While giving last minute instructions and simple maps to those gathered, we were greeted by a member of the Deerfield Police Department, who was just nosey, according to Queenie Capetto. Lucky for us, Denny was also present to assure the officer that we weren't looking for trouble but just going to the music festival.



ritory in the lawn in front of the pavilion. Everyone settled in and began munching an appetizer or quenching a thirst. Those new to the Festival enjoyed the time before the concert began to wander the park and check out the ice cream stands.

The weather was ideal...warm, but with a wonderful breeze to keep everyone comfortable. At 7:30, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra treated us to a delightful concert of selections from Sousa, to Verdi & Copland, to Gershwin. They were simply wonderful!

Upon the concert's conclusion, as we picked up our picnic area, we were treated to an appearance from the Maestro himself (dressed in his "James Bond" white tuxedo jacket no less) and were able to thank him for such a pleasurable evening.

Returning to the parking lot, all Triumphs were present and accounted for, and we chatted some more waiting for the lines exiting to diminish a bit. Everyone left about the same time and made it home safely (at least I didn't hear any different).

I truly had an exceptional evening with a great group of friends enjoying fine music in a beautiful setting. Thanks to everyone who came...I hope you had as much fun as I did.

Lower Wacker



Saturday, July 1, proved to be a sunny and warm summer day, but with threats of thunderstorms. The forecast didn't deter the music-loving ISOA Triumph owners from a trip to the Ravinia Festival! There were eight Triumphs in attendance: 3 TR6's (Jack & Barb Billimack, John & Pat Neis, and Bill & Bette Ruetsche); 2 Spitfires (Joe & Emily Kaplon, plus Kim and Bill Jensen); a TR4 (Pat Lobdell & Marilyn Munoz); a TR3 (Gloria & Denny Capetto); plus a Stag (Joe, Kathy & Jenny Pawlak). Others attending drove their non-British cars including: Doug & Debbie Larson, Jerry & Sandy Hurst, Jack & Mary Lou Gleason, Jeff & Karen Rust,

The group departed around 4 pm and a few minutes later arrived at the Ravinia West lot where Peter "Maestro" Conover had arranged special designated parking for us. After assertively telling the college youth (who are the parking attendants) of this arrangement, we finally parked within a few steps of the main gate along a line of trees. BRAVO, PETER! It was so nice not to be squeezed between two SUV's!



We had a bit of a wait until the gates opened, but everyone unpacked, purchased their lawn seats, and soon enough it was 5 pm, and we went through to the lawn area. Again, Peter assisted us by setting out a few chairs to mark our ter-



**SNIC BRAAAPP is published monthly by:
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If you know of an event that you think might be of interest to our membership, please call Bob Streepy [630-372-7565] or email trstreep@sbcglobal.net to have it included on this list.

ISOA EVENTS OF INTREST

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
Aug.	4-6			North American Spitfire Squadron 2006 Spit-Together - Dayton, OH Mike Ross, mikeross@prodigy.net - Ph: 937/862-4302
	6th	Sun.		16th Annual Vintage Transport Extravaganza - Union Railway Museum Ph: Jack Billimack 815/459-4721 for details
	6th	Sun.		North Aurora Auto Mall Car Show, Ph: Stacy McReynolds 630/897-4962
	6th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	11th	Fri.		ISOA White Trash III Sycamore Speedway, Ph: Joe Pawlak 847/683-4184 for info
	13th	Sun.		Heartland British Autofest. - East Davenport, IA, http://qcbac.home.mchsi.com/autofest2006.htm
	19-20	Sa-Sun		Good Ol' Days pioneer Living History Event. Osh Kosh, WI. Ph: Pat Lobdell 219/942-1263 or visit www.airventuremuseum.org for info.
	20th	Sun.		The 16th Annual Orphan Auto Picnic, - Aurora Ph: Bill Jensen 815/729-9731
	25th	Fri.	7:00 PM	Import Night at Downers Grove Cruise-in*
	26th	Sat.	3:00 PM	ISOA Turnabout Picnic, Burlington. Ph: Joe Pawlak for details 847/683-4184
	27th	Sun.	9:00 AM	MG Club Autocross, Warrenville Cinema - www.chicagolandmgclub.com
	27th	Sun.		Milk Pail Classic Car Show - East Dundee, Ph: Bob Streepy 630/372-7565 for info
Sept.	10th	Sun.		British Car Festival, Morrairie Valley Community College - Palos Hts.
	24th	Sun.		Cantigny Classic Car Show Wheaton krigill@firstdivisionmuseum.org
	24th	Sun.		Lake Geneva Classic Car Show & Poker Run, Ph: Dave Shedor 847/566-0478 for info
	28	Th.-Sat.		6 Pack TRials 2006, - Cuyahoga Falls, OH, Ph: Jeff Rust 815/874-5623 for info
Oct.	1st	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	14-5	Sat.-Sun.		America's British Reliability Run - Starts in Massillion, OH Blake J. Discher; Email: bdischer@blakedischer.com - Ph: 313/259-4460
	15	Sun.	9:00 AM	MG Club Autocross, Warrenville Cinema - www.chicagolandmgclub.com
	20-22	Fr-Sun		Euro Auto Festival at BMW Zentrum I-85 between Greenville & Spartanburg SC [Triumph is featured marquee] www.euroautofestival.com
	21	Sat.		Tech Clinic Details to follow
Nov.	5th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	18	Sat.		Tech Clinic Details to follow
Dec	3rd		7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]

SNIC-BRAAAPP is published monthly, most of the time, and should be expected before the ISOA membership meeting. Member contributions received by the 10th of the month will probably appear in the next newsletter, if at all. Submissions received later may be held until the following month. Submissions, accompanied by a sizeable gratuity, [remember- this is Chicago!] or plausible threat, are occasionally squeezed in at the last minute. All photos and disks will be returned upon request. Technical material is provided for reference purposes only and should be utilized advisedly, if at all. Opinions offered are those of the authors and may not express the views of the ISOA board or the editorial staff of SNIC BRAAAPP. May cause delusions, hallucinations, paranoia, or confusion unless taken with [or without] alcohol.

Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle Bartlett, IL 60103 email: trstreep@sbcglobal.net

MONTHLY MUMBLINGS



A LITTLE BS FROM BS



NEWS AND VIEW FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE

Dear Readers- As opposed to our customary "letters to the editurd" feature, this month we would like to turn the tables, so to speak, and write about a humanitarian gesture on the part of ISOA's Spinal Tappets lead vocalist and versifier, Jim Aldridge. The "Screamer" provided your humble and obedient scribe with a bottle of "Old Engine Oil" beer for consideration. The beverage proved to be quite flavorsome, and we definitely give it five churchkeys. This act of kindness prompted an inspiration [we find that numerous ideas which find

their way onto the pages of Snic Barf come as a result of sampling various inspirational beverages]; rather than review books, magazines or products related to Triumphs, we will be introducing a monthly discourse dedicated to reviewing assorted and diverse beers.

Here's where you come in. If you see a new or unusual beer, [or for that matter, any kind of beer except for Budweiser] send a bottle or six, the more the merrier, to Snic Braaapp Towers and we will assign one of our crack staff of investigative journalists to write a thorough review of the beverage. The resulting article will then appear on the pages

of this illustrious journal. After all, as one of the most highly respected Triumphantistae of all time, Six Pack founder Len Renkenberger once wrote, "Triumphs and beer go together like a nun's knees." In keeping with his consul, we shall henceforth devote precious space to our new monthly "New Brew Review." So hit the stores and get those brewskis in the mail. The things we do for this club!

SUDS' NEW BREW REVIEW I

*Connoisseurs of Scottish Ales will find this unusually named brew a "rich, full bodied beer derived from a traditional Celtic recipe. A wickedly smooth chocolate dominates the flavour, which is nicely balanced by the bitterness of the hops, making Old Engine Oil a delicious after dinner beer."** Tastes like it came right straight from the sump. Brewed by the Harvviestoun Brewery, Ltd., Alva Clackmananshire Scotland..



Suds



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 \$30.00. (If you are a new member, add \$10 one time signup fee, 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: Sheri Pyle 320 N. Linden St., Itasca, IL 60143

AUGUST 2006 GARBAGE TALK BY JOE "STAGMEISTER" PAWLAK



Wa h ,
wah,
wah,
the same tired
blabbing about
Triumphs with
their Lucas elec-
trics, oil leaks,
Stromberg carb
this, SU carb
that and over-
heating. In 30

plus years of Triumph ownership I can say that I have only been afflicted on a consistent basis of only one malady and that is the ever-present oil drip. But an oil drip would never prevent someone taking the car out for a drive and enjoying a moment in the sun. So what are the excuses for not taking the car out past the driveway? Are these Triumph versions of urban myths?

Wah, wah it's crappy Lucas electrics. In more cases than anything, the "lucar" connectors are to blame. And you know what, after 40 years they are corroded, brittle and 30 years beyond their design life. So stop whining, get a big handful of two and four position connectors and replace the dang things.

Wah, wah I can't get the Stromberg or SU carbs to set up right. Other than the obvious total misadjustments from one extreme to another, your right they won't set up, but it ain't the carbs! Over the past few years at our tune up clinics, what have we've been saying is the best way to set up carbs? Adjust the ignition system and engine timing! The last time I made any adjustment to the 175's on the Stag was in 1998!

Wah, wah I can't drive the car because the weather guy said it will hit 80 degrees and the Triumph will overheat. This is bull spit. It's overheating because something is wrong with the cooling system, timing/mixture or a blown head gasket. But we won't leave

out folks installing electric fans which in some cases have them blowing in the wrong direction. Some of us happen to own a Triumph that has the worst reputation of overheating in the history of the marque. The problem is no different than any other car if there are issues with the things stated previously. The Stag does not overheat if everything is working as designed. But don't take my word for it. Three TR6's, a TR4A and a Stag took a nice drive to Auburn Indiana. The drive was conducted in 96-98 degree heat that had us stopped in traffic at times during the trip. Not a drop of glycol was shed nor a needle on the temp gauge varied much past halfway. Testimonials are available on request from Guzzler, Suds, Drippy, Crowman, Schnapps and the Stagmeister.

Wah, wah, it's too hot going to Auburn and we don't have air conditioning in the cars. Well some of us do, but those damn rotary compressors... wah, wah.

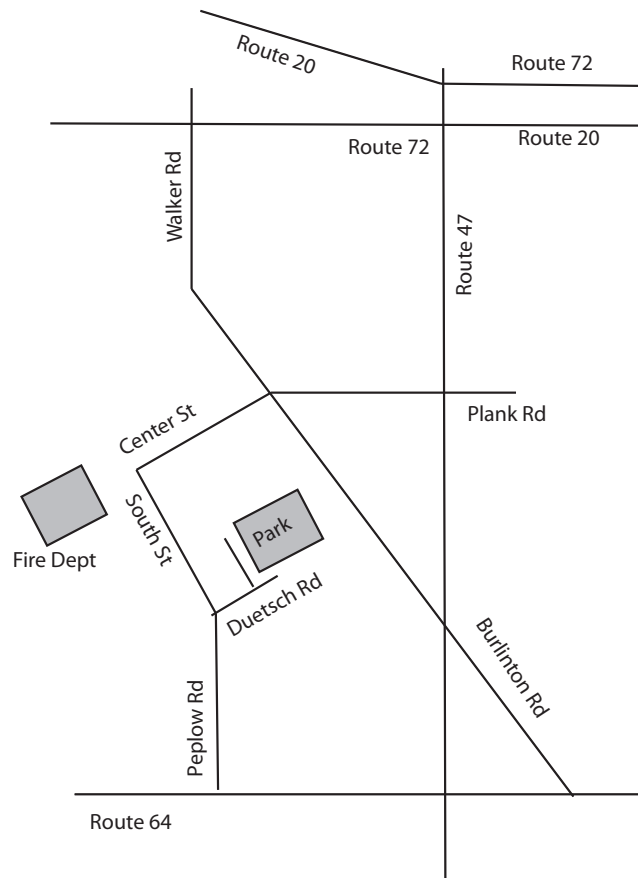
ISOA Turnabout Drive/Picnic

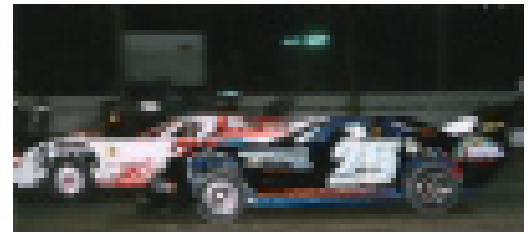
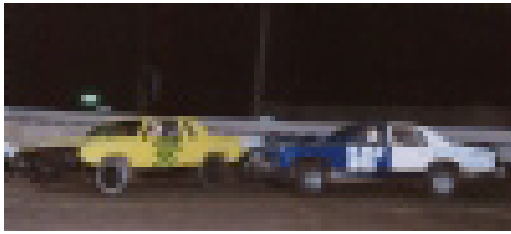
Saturday - August 26th

Yup, it's the first ever turnabout drive. Say what? Have you ever wondered what the other models ride and drive like? This is a chance for you to provide rides to other ISOA members who are not fortunate to experience such a fine Triumph as the one you own. Besides, it'll be a nice drive out to the country for a late summer picnic!

Ahhh, a picnic in a park, with a full covered pavillion and real bathrooms. ISOA will be providing burgers, brats and soft drinks. All we ask is that you bring a small dish to pass. 3 categories for dishes. Hors D'oeuvres, meal compliment and of course dessert. Make sure you bring dinnerware too! Although watching you eat with your greasy hands would be fun.

Starting time will be noon and continue until the food and gas are used up. Where is it? In Burlington Illinois at the Burlington Park. See map. Questions? Call 847/683-4184 or email stagfire@elnet.com. A signup sheet will be at the August membership meeting.





**ISOA
WHITE TRASH III**

Last month - Leonard Bernstein; This month Lynyrd Skynrd. Mark your calendars for **Friday, August 11** to join your ISOA crew at the third annual "White Trash Night" at Sycamore Speedway for an evening of stock car racing. We'll meet for dinner at the track on Route 64 in Sycamore around 6:30.

DIRECTIONS TO SYCAMORE SPEEDWAY: Just 4 miles east of Sycamore or 15 miles west of St. Charles, Illinois on Hwy 64 (North Avenue). From Chicago, take I-88 to Hwy 47 (Sugar Grove) exit. Take Hwy. 47 North to Route 64 (North Ave.) Turn left (West) on Hwy 64 approximately 7 miles to Speedway Entrance. Speedway entrance is on the North side of the road

Qualifying starts at 7:15 p.m., all racing starts at 8 p.m. Race & Weather Phone: 815-895-5454 [or] 815-895-5800

General Info Admission: Adults: \$10.00 Children: 6 thru 13 \$3.00 Under 6 FREE Time Trials: 7:15 PM

Club Candids



Just in case anyone doubted our account of the meteorological conditions at Blackhawk on Father's Day, Jeff Lathrop took this picture of the track during racing. As you can [not too clearly] see, the Amphicars had a distinct advantage.



Last month Stacy McReynolds included a photo of Irishman Ken Nolan wearing an ISOA Cap. This month, Mike Bulfer submitted a picture of his friend, John Davies, at Silverstone in UK. racing his Silverback Vitesse Estate sporting ISOA official haberdashery



Bob Lathrop's Spitfire in the foreground with a vintage biplane in the background taken at the Boots & Bonnets British Car Show in Poplar Grove on July 9 by Jeff Lathrop.

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Ed. note: Hopefully we will get to see some of this at White Trash III at Sycamore Speedway on the 11th.

TRACK HITCHES UP TO TRAILERS
RACING PROVING A HIT AT SMALL NEW
ENGLAND TRACK

By John Jurgensen
Tribune newspapers

It just so, a camper will burst like a wet bag of garbage. Not a good thing if the vehicle's rolling down the highway to family adventure. But in front of a roaring grandstand on a warm weekend night, such destruction can satisfy like fireworks on Independence Day

That helps explain why trailer races have become trademark events for the Waterford Speedbowl, a small racetrack near Connecticut's shore. After almost 55 years of racing at the Speedbowl, however, its future is in doubt. The owner has announced that it could be sold to a real estate developer, a nagging worry for the drivers and fans who consider it home.

For now, regular oval racing happens there Wednesdays and Saturdays, pitting high-powered cars against each other in various divisions. But at least twice a year, the track managers surrender the Speedbowl to a pack of trailer-pulling warriors whose ultimate mission is to make a mess of the place.

Each car pulls something with an axle, be it pop-up camper, horse trailer, fishing boat or Porta-Potty. The winner is not the driver to cross a finish line first,

but the last one moving with something hitched to the back.

"My Saturday night guys hate it because they say it messes up the track," said race director Bill Roberts. But he also has to satisfy spectators and to help do that he brought trailer racing to Waterford in 2001 after attending a seminar titled "Crash it and they will come."

A trailer race also draws a special kind of competitor, men—and occasionally women—who have something in common with John Perry of Ledyard.

"That little switch in my head goes 'dink,' and common sense shuts off. My foot instantly wants to hit the floor," said Perry, laughing maniacally and clenching his fists, as he stood in the pits in a fireproof jumpsuit. Around him, about a dozen friends and co-workers whooped and shouted as they slid into their cars for a recent trailer race.

About two weeks before, they had started preparing the cars they had scavenged. They removed windows, ripped out seats, installed roll cages, and hitches and, for no good reason, peppered the cars with gunfire.

The crew's temporary chop-shop was the sprawling farm of Rick Whittle, unofficial team captain, and, as owner of Allied Snow Plowing, employer of most everyone competing under the company name.

"It was almost moving to watch it," Whittle said, describing the first trailer race he saw.

For Whittle, who competes in an Oldsmobile Delta 88 painted up like the General Lee from "The Dukes of Hazzard" with exhaust stacks poking out the roof, the urge comes from a common impulse that most people never act on: "You know how it is, going down the highway aggravated with everybody?" Whittle said. "Well, there's something about pulling up next to somebody and cutting your wheel as hard as you can. It's adrenaline mixed with excitement and a little nervousness. There's only two things like it: One of them is illegal, and the other I can't talk about in the

newspaper."

Every team needs a rival, and Whittle's has theirs in Luther Fence, which operates out of a dusty lot near Allied headquarters.

"I guess you could call it a friendly rivalry," said owner John Luther. "A lot of my guys work for Rick in the winter. We all know each other but we need somebody to beat up on out there."

Stashed in the weeds near piles of picket fencing were battered cars, trailers, and a rotted popup camper that Rick Royea had driven about 100 miles round trip to fetch. On the hot Saturday before the race, all the Luther cars, including the boss's once-plush Lincoln Continental, were painted red.

Once the starting flag fell, more than 20 swerving cars with trailers, including a hulking, dual-axle camper that rolled over almost immediately like a grounded blimp, clogged the track.

As engines gunned, metal crunched, and the smell of scorched rubber wafted, the red car was picked off, including Luther's when he drove his Lincoln up and over the trailer and trunk of an Allied Chevy.

Twice the race was stopped to clear path through the wreckage, which Whittle slalomed through, trailing smoke. But soon his engine gave up for good, leaving him the victor of the Allied/Luther grudge match.

That left only a few holdouts, including Brad Voglesong and Duane Noll, a Speedbowl regular who, unlike most of the combatants, competes in traditional races. In a shredded blue Monte Carlo, Voglesong was wily, lying in wait to pop off his rivals' trailers. But eventually he got shoved, tipping on two wheels and landing on his own trailer, stranded.

After 10 minutes of cat and mouse with a final car, Noll took home the trophy.

The Hartford Courant



The eighth annual Boots & Bonnets British Car Show was finally treated to some nice weather, and the turnout reflected it. The event attracted more than one hundred cars, the largest turnout in the history of the event. That number included quite a few ISOA members, including Jack Billimack,



Frank Cartwright, Jay Holekamp, Jeff Lathrop, Dave Kanzler, Tom & Pat Morgan, Ed Mitchell, Mark Moore,



and your humble and obedient scribe. Also present were Jeff and Karen Rust.



The venue is certainly one of the most unique in the Midwest, combining vintage aircraft with British cars, and when it isn't too hot, the setting



is quite pleasant. This year the setting included a newly restored prefabricated



1930s garage and gas station to go along with the museum, which includes planes, motorcycles and cars from the early days of the twentieth century.



There was also a Triumph motorcycle dealer there, as well as a food concession stand, but the main attraction was the cars, and Triumph was quite well represented. There were 10 TR6s, 3 TR4s, 2 TR3s, 4 Spitfires, 2 wedges, and a 1949 Triumph 2000 Roadster.



The show featured abundant door prizes and a raffle to take a ride in an antique bi-plane, certainly not something you find at most car shows.



We left before the awards in order to make it back in time for the board meeting, but we have it on good authority [Mark Moore] the club received more than its fair share of hardware. All in all, it was pleasant day. The distance to the venue is reasonable for most ISOA members, and the event organizers did their level best to make the show a success. Add to that the efforts on the part of the museum to upgrade its displays, and you have the ingredients for a "good time to be had by all."

Suds



Continued from page one

offer up tasty cuisine, but the hot weather kept the crowd down and after an hour or so we headed across the road to the twin Kruse museums that are part of the complex. Mark and I had visited them at a TRA convention a few years back and recalled that they were air-conditioned. We spent an hour in the Kruse Automotive & Carriage Museum. The exhibits included everything from 18th century carriages to recent Indy cars. There were several Carl Casper customs there including one with two [2!] superchargers,



surely something our own “Burnout” Bob Steele would have appreciated, along with two Batmobile variants. There was also a James Dean exhibit that included a duplicate of the infamous Porsche Spider that he was driving at the time of his death.



On the other side of the hall is a World War Two Victory Museum, with a display of hundreds of military vehicles from that epic conflict. Most of the vehicles were from the European theater and included allied as well as axis vehicles. There were trucks, motorcycles, and half-tracks, galore, including a German version the size of a locomotive. There was even a Standard ambulance known by the British soldiers as a “Tilly” that probably shared several chromosomes of automotive DNA with our Triumphs. We



spent a couple of hours there before heading back to our motel to replenish our electrolytes before dinner.

Later that evening, Mark, Ken, and I decided, in the interest of fair and accurate reporting, to investigate a reports that a couple of local bars but were harboring loose women, but the rumours, fortunately, proved to be false.



The following morning we headed over to the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Museum. Mark, Ken and I had stopped there briefly on the way back from a Six Pack convention a few years ago, but, we didn't have enough time to really see all that there was on display and, like MacArthur, we vowed then that we would return, and on July 16, we did. Words, especially mine, cannot begin to describe how awesome this museum is. The curator told me that were 180 cars on display there and each was more breathtaking than the last. [I could fill an entire issue of Snic Braaapp with the pictures I took and still not get them all in.]



The cars are the main attraction, but the building itself is worth the trip. It is a classic art deco style that transport visitors back to the roaring twenties. The building was designed to serve as a dealer showroom and the latest cars were on display behind huge plate glass windows on the first floor, while E.L. Cord has his office on the second floor. The design studios were also on the second floor. Today the building has been as well restored as the cars. The first floor includes the Company Showroom with classic examples of some of the most awe-

inspiring automobiles ever manufactured, particularly the big Duesenbergs. On the second floor, accessed by a grand staircase, there is a gallery of classics that also featured Pierce Arrow, Packard's, Lincolns, Cadillacs Rolls Royce, and more. Each car had its own story, but one of my favorites was William Randolph Hearst's custom-built Duesy limo. Frank Lloyd Wright also had his Cord displayed, custom painted in “Talesin Red.”

The executive offices on the second floor were displayed just as they appeared in the 20s down to the tiniest detail. There was also a room devoted to cars built in Auburn and another gallery devoted to the 150 manufacturers from Indiana who built and assembled cars in the Hoosier state at one time or another.

There was even a room full of engines and chassis and full size schematic drawings of various cars built by ACD. We were there for three hours and the time flew by. If only the trip home passed as quickly.



Coming back across northern Indiana to Chicagoland on a Sunday, particularly during construction season, is always “pick your poison.” We opted for Route 30 as opposed to the expressway in hopes of avoiding the congestion between Gary and 290. We stayed on old Lincoln Highway all the way to 394 where Steve headed north to Wisconsin. The rest of us took a scenic trip through the historic section of Ford Heights on the way to Joliet before heading up route 59. We did manage to keep moving most of the time, thus avoiding any overheating, [at least for the cars; I can't speak for their occupants] but the traffic and stoplights made the drive less than exhilarating. Nevertheless, it was a great weekend – you could even say, “It was a Deusy!”



Dear Editurd,
 I would like to share with your readers, all three of them, an exciting new program instituted by the People's Republic of Illinois in which drivers of Triumph automobiles can receive, absolutely free,* their very own photo of their special cars, taken "at speed."

These graphics, suitable for framing, are available at any toll road collection facility. But wait, if your readers act now, the state will also provide extensive "auto"biographical information of your car. All your readers need to do is place their I-Pass transponders on their windshields according to the instructions and drive through any of Governor Blagovich's Open Road Tolling lanes at the posted speed limit, and they too can become the proud owners of a lovely gray scale photo similar to the one I have attached.

**IN THE STATE OF ILLINOIS
 ILLINOIS STATE TOLL HIGHWAY AUTHORITY
 NOTICE OF TOLL VIOLATION**

Violation Processing Center
 1-877-715-1235
 1-630-241-7302 - T.D.D.

Notice Number :VN0600143110 Version: 1
 License Plate :FCTR6 IL Plate Type: NORMAL
 Issue Date :04/14/2006 VIN:CC27628L
 Due Date :05/08/2006

000021904600046613014
 |||||

FRANK CARTWRIGHT
 17W524 SUTTON PL
 DARIEN, IL 60561-5130

YOUR VEHICLE HAS BEEN RECORDED BY THE ILLINOIS TOLLWAY'S VIOLATION ENFORCEMENT CAMERA SYSTEM FOR NON-PAYMENT OF THE PROPER TOLL(S).

WITHIN 21 DAYS OF THE DATE OF THIS NOTICE YOU MUST EITHER: PAY THE TOTAL AMOUNT DUE OR REQUEST A HEARING TO CONTEST THE VIOLATIONS. (Please see full instruction on reverse side).

IF YOU ARE AN I-PASS PATRON and had a valid I-PASS account at the time of these violations, YOU DO NOT NEED TO SCHEDULE A HEARING. This notice may have been issued because your transponder was not able to register and your vehicle information was not up to date. You are only responsible for the unpaid toll amount which can be deducted from your I-PASS transponder balance. No additional fees will be assessed provided this matter is resolved before the issuance of an Impending Suspension Notice. Please call 1-877-715-1235 and a customer service representative will assist you. Please have the following information available when you call: 1) Complete name as it appears on your I-PASS account. 2) Transponder number (found on the bar code label located on the transponder) and/or I-PASS account number. 3) All current license plate numbers and plate types.

Again, to qualify for this option, you must have been a valid I-PASS account holder at the time of these violations occurred.

The above photo is representative of one of the alleged violation occurrences. Photos and documentation of all occurrences are available for inspection. To arrange for an inspection of the evidence please telephons 1-877-715-1235 and request an evidence review.

Section 10'10(a)-5) of the Illinois Toll Highway Act and sections 2620.222(g) and 2620.705(a)(1) of the Illinois Administrative Code authorizes The Illinois Tollway to adjudicate toll evasion violations administratively and assess a mandatory fine of \$20.00, per violation, against the registered owner of a vehicle that has been recorded as failing to pay the proper toll. You have the right to request a hearing to contest the violations.

Violation #	Date	Time	Location	Lane Type	Unpaid Toll	Fine	Total
32325880	06/20/2004	06:25:14	Plaza 35-Cermak Rd Lane-15	I-PASS Only	\$ 0.40	\$ 20.00	\$ 20.40
32399761	06/20/2004	16:49:47	Plaza 21-Waukegan Lane-9	I-PASS Only	\$ 0.75	\$ 20.00	\$ 20.75
49267289	05/27/2005	11:44:27	Plaza 36-82nd St Lane-14	I-PASS Only	\$ 0.80	\$ 20.00	\$ 20.80
49275152	05/27/2005	11:58:55	Plaza 41-163rd St Lane-15	Mixed Use I-PASS	\$ 0.60	\$ 20.00	\$ 20.60
Total :						\$	\$ 82.75

Do you think it would possible for you to include my picture in your award-winning snoozeletter, possibly on the color section?
 Your truly,
 Frank Cartwright, Darien.

*Actually, there was an \$82.75 "handling fee" for the photo, certainly a bargain at twice the price. FC

We always appreciate receiving high resolution, photos of Triumphs for inclusion in this periodical. Many thanks-Ed

Dear Editor,



I am writing to share my views on many of these so-called "Triumph Widows" who go around whining that their husbands spend too much time on their Triumphs and not enough with them. These women obviously enjoy the pain and suffering that owning a Triumph creates for

anyone, man or woman. They complain and moan that their men spend too much of their energy working on cars, but I think they are the fortunate ones. They get to go shopping, visit with their friends, cook, clean, and do as much of the "girly stuff" that they want without ever having to worry about where their husbands are or what they are doing. If their husbands own Triumphs, it's pretty obvious what they are doing; they are working on trying to get them to run, or if they are running, they are driving them until they break down. These women should be grateful that their husbands have Triumphs. All of that wrenching and polishing usually leaves them too tired to expect much in the way of wifely duties, if you get my drift. I know that if I had a husband, I would want him to have a Triumph, or maybe two. That way, I'd always know where he was, and I wouldn't have to worry about him chasing after other women because he'd be too broke to afford to mess around. These broads who complain don't know how lucky they are.

PS- To read more of my views, please buy my latest book: *The Skanky Fascist Bitch's Guide to the Universe.*

Dear Reader[s?],

*In our July issue, we inadvertently misspelled the name of Karen Rust on the caption of the "Rear View Mirror" Photo. [You have no idea how difficult good proofreaders are to find in this day and age despite our incredibly high wage and benefit package.] The Snic Braaapp staff regrets the error, although we do think that it would probably make for a good nickname since Karen doesn't already have an official ISOA monicker. Therefore, we have decided, rather than admit that we f**ked up, her official ISOA nickname should henceforth be "Karne." Remember, you read it here first!." ED*



Sir Bentley Haynes, a distinguished man of letters with an extensive background in British automotive engineering, has graciously offered to provide the members of ISOA with free technical support in order to keep our Triumphs on the road. His resume was outlined in the April issue of Snicc Braaapp. Due to the unusually high volume of questions from ISOA members, he has requested that all technical inquiries be screened and forwarded to him by way of the secretary of ISOA using the digest mode; He is not able respond to direct questions, but your letters are very important to him, and they may be monitored by Scotland Yard for quality control. E-Mail him at: trstreep@sbcglobal.net.



TRIUMPH
 Year: 1963 Selling price: \$97,200
 Model: TR-4 Avg. selling price: \$23,000
 Condition: Restored/#1
 Reserve: None

There is absolutely nothing wrong with this Wedgwood Blue TR-4, with the exception of the price. It was flawlessly restored to a degree that we've never seen in a TR-4, or any Triumph for that matter. The seller claimed \$85,000 in receipts. Given the final selling price, that means that even if the seller bought the car he started with for \$12,200, he broke even on the restoration cost, which is an event we've hardly ever witnessed before. Listen closely and you can hear TR-4 owners all over the country placing ads for their formerly \$15,000 cars.

Dear Sir Bentley,



I am enclosing a photo, [along with the commentary from Craig Fitzgerald, as it appeared in the August issue of *Hemmings Sports & Exotic Cars*] of my most recent acquisition – a 1963

Triumph TR4, which I was able to purchase at auction following a spirited bidding battle with my good friend, Bill Gaits, at the recent Palm Beach Barret-Jackson auction. It seems he and I both may have “overindulged” a tad at the hospitality suite prior to this car going onto the block. We both decided, after a few toddies, that we had to have this car. I was able to finally purchase it for only \$97,000.00, chump change for me, after Bill passed out. At any rate, now that I have decided to pledge thirty billion dollars to my most recent philanthropic endeavor, I was hoping you might be able to advise me of the best way to resell this car for what I paid, plus a little extra to compensate me for adding my name to the list of previous owners.

WB, Laguna Beach, CA

My Dear Sir,
 On behalf of all Triumph owners,

my heartiest congratulations to you on your purchase. You, and people like you, in the rich tradition of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, and Montgomery Burns, who attend high profile auto auctions and acquire Triumphs raise the bar for any sellers who have decided to “test the waters” with their cars’ market value. Prior to your purchase, most TR4 owners probably thought that they owned cars in the ten to twenty thousand dollar range; now they can hope to realize a more appropriate amount for the classic British roadsters. I am reminded of the famous lyric from Jim “Screamer” Aldridge’s homage to Triumphs – TR Man – in which he sang “TR man, don’t worry. You’ll find more in Missouri. TR man, you can still buy a four for less than ten grand.” Now we can change the line to “. . . less than a hundred grand” thanks to you.

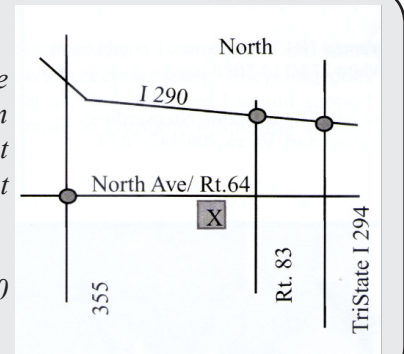
As to your query, it may be just a while before the rest of the market catches up to your car in terms of resale value. I would humbly suggest you store the car in a climate-controlled environment for, say two to three hundred years while the rest of the market “adjusts” to your acquisition.

Happy squandering,
 BH

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.



READER CONTRIBUTIONS

A TRIP TO GOD'S COUNTRY

BY JAY HOLEKAMP

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR &
PETER "MAESTRO" CONOVER



In September, 1946, I, along with my mother and my 3 month old sister, Fran, arrived by train at Champion, Michigan, a small Upper Peninsula community about 30 miles west of Marquette. I was 1 ½ years old. My father, recently discharged from the U.S. Navy, fresh from graduate school at the University of Michigan, had a new job as the foreman of a 40 man logging crew, cutting the last of the virgin timber in the U.P. We lived in a small cabin my father had rented at the junction of U.S. Highway 41 and the Pesheekee Grade, west of Champion. According to my mother, the cabin was heated by a coal stove in the main room, cooking was done on a wood burning range, there was a telephone for the logging camp 'up the grade', indoor plumbing and electricity. My father came home on Friday evening, driving the logging company stake truck, bought the next week's provisions for the logging camp where he returned on Monday morning. My Dad, who loved to hunt and fish, always spoke of this time as being in 'God's country'. My mother, living with two small children without nearby neighbors, through the long and severe northern Michigan winter, with

only the occasional passing log trucks for company much of the time, until this day describes this area as 'God forsaken.' Last December, my brother Harry and I planned a Triumph driving trip in this part of the country.

Early on the morning of 17 Jun 06, I departed Wheaton and drove my 1964 TR4 to Blackhawk Farms Raceway where I met Harry, who had driven from his home in Middleton, Wisconsin, in his 1968 TR250. We were joined by Frank Cartwright in his 1969 TR6 and around noon, met the arriving ISOA group who had camped overnight at the track. We watched the practice sessions for the VSCDA Vintage Races and left for Harry's home in mid-afternoon. We stopped once so Harry could clean the no. 6 spark plug, which was fouling and causing his engine to miss. After this experience, he decided to leave his TR250 in the garage and proceed the next day in his 1972 TR6. Happiness has to be having a back up Triumph standing by!



The next morning we woke to rain, and Frank, Harry, and I drove to Sussex, Wisconsin, to attend the annual



Fathers' Day British Car Field Day, stopping for a big, country breakfast on the way. The windshield wipers on Frank's TR6 failed and caused slow going in the steady rain. The persistent rain caused a very scant turnout at the normally popular car show. Jack Billimack, Peter Conover, the Rusts, the Jensens, Harry, and I huddled under the welcome shelter of Frank's rain fly. We all departed as soon as the awards were announced – Harry and I heading north to tour 'God's Country' for the next few





READER CONTRIBUTIONS

days. We drove through very heavy rain, perhaps along the edge of a tornado, and spent the night at Oshkosh.

The next morning dawned clear and cool. At last the tops came off the TRs, and I snapped on the tonneau cover. We crossed into Michigan at Menominee, and drove along the scenic west shore of Green Bay to Escanaba, where we stopped at The Terrace Bay Inn, a family owned and operated resort on Little Bay de Noc dating to the 1920s. The resort and its ballroom once attracted famous greats as Guy Lombardo, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Perry Como, Artie Shaw, Louis Armstrong, and groups such as the Ink Spots, 4 Lads, and the Platters. Although the Terrace Bay Inn and this part of Michigan is somewhat past its prime, we had an excellent dinner in the restaurant and enjoyed the view of the Lake.



On Tuesday we drove toward Marquette, stopping at Negaunee where we visited the Iron Industry Museum; we had the place to ourselves. The museum tells the story of the discovery and development of iron ore mining in the Upper Peninsula. Today the price of iron ore has risen enough to once again make mining of iron ore profitable, and a large taconite operation is underway near Ispeming, the taconite being shipped by railroad to the ore dock at Gladstone. We drove on to Big Bay and had lunch at the Thunder Bay Inn, once a sawmill warehouse and office, in 1940 renovated into a hotel by the Ford Motor Company used by Henry Ford and his executives. In 1959 the hotel was the setting for scenes in the classic film, "Anatomy of a Murder" starring Jimmy Stewart and Lee Remick. The novel and movie were based on a true event that took place in Big Bay in 1951. Big Bay, at the end of

the road 25 miles north of Marquette, is remote and not very prosperous.

We drove back to Marquette, looked in at the Maritime Museum, and walked around the town. When timber and iron ore were being shipped out of Marquette, the city was clearly very wealthy, as evidenced by the substantial early 20th century bank and store buildings. The once industrial waterfront has been cleared, a lake front road extended, and two blocks of attractive townhouses recently built; a large warehouse is being redeveloped as retail space and condos. While the railroad approach trestle has been taken down, the huge reinforced concrete ore dock unfortunately remains in the center harbor and would cost a fortune to demolish. All in all, Marquette looks better than when I last visited ten years ago. We spent the night at a chain roadside motel where a large touring group of classic 40s, 50s & 60s American cars, mostly Cadillacs, from a Detroit club, was also lodged - quite a contrast between our two TRs and the much larger and heavier American automobiles.

We got an early start on Wednesday and drove along U.S. 41 toward Copper Harbor, the highway's termination and northern most point. We passed by Champion and found the small house on the Peshekee Grade my family occupied in the late 1940s - still being lived in and pretty much unchanged, when compared to a snap shot from my mother's photo album. We stopped at L'Anse, a lakefront town dominated by a ceiling tile factory, to stretch our legs. The road to Copper Harbor north of Houghton was ideal for driving in a sports car with a loop route via Eagle Harbor. We ate lunch at Copper Harbor, then drove back through Houghton, turned toward Ontonagon and on to Silver City on the south shore of Lake Superior. For the first time since the rain on Sunday, we saw a thunderstorm approaching from the west and managed to get the weather gear up just before the rain got to us. Down a gravel road about 3 miles west of Silver City, in the Porcupine Mountains Wilderness State Park, we checked into

the Silver Sands Motor Lodge, a recently renovated 1940s vintage motel on the lakeshore. Shortly after we arrived, the electricity supply failed, perhaps due to the thunderstorm we'd passed through. The word was a large area was without electricity so we bought some excellent smoked fish, fried pork skins, crackers and cheese at the outpost store operated by the motel proprietors, and when combined with the usual array of beverages, had a fine road supper. There was a spectacular sunset over Lake Superior at 10:30 PM due to a distorted time zone line - we were in the Eastern Time Zone, substantially northwest of Chicago!

On Thursday morning there was still light rain, and the tops stayed up. After a big breakfast, we turned south toward home. As we made our way into Wisconsin, the usual attractions catering to tourists started to reappear - fudge shops, gift shops, lots of restaurants, strip shopping centers, etc.

Before long we were on US 51 / I-39 and then on to I-90. Harry peeled off at Madison, and I arrived in Wheaton mid-afternoon. When I switched off in the garage, the trip odometer showed 1,365 miles. Both TRs ran flawlessly, and we had a great drive.

I think 'God's Country' is much the same today as it was in 1946, although I'm sure the roads are much improved and employment opportunities have shifted from logging and mining to tourism. I'd guess the population is less today than 60 years ago. The U.P. is so distant from major population centers that tourism has not yet generated prosperity as in some other areas of the upper Midwest.



Jay Holekamp, Jun 06



FIRST LOVE?
BY DAVE KANZLER



The fuzzy picture of the young lady and the TR6 was taken in 1977, and it happens to be of my first car and my high-school sweetheart, Nancy. The question is, "Which one was my first love?" I wanted a TR6 from the moment

my thoughts of fancy turned from two wheeled vehicles to those with four wheels. I found her in my father's company newsletter and bought it with my grocery store stockboy earnings. The sharp-eyed reader will notice the rust holes in the fender and quarter panel, but she ran well, and she was mine. I drove her with the top down and the sun on my face. She was my first car (audible sigh).

I was interested in girls from the moment Margie Askafaila kissed me on the playground in 4th grade. I met Nancy at a football game while flirting with Darlene Oderizzi who was sitting next to her and who wasn't interested in me. Nancy was, and one thing led to another, and I asked her out to see the movie, "Carrie." During the scene in the movie where a woman performs a "Monica" on the John Travolta character, Nancy punched me in the arm and said, "Don't ever expect me to do THAT to you!" So much for my first official date. However, things pro-

gressed and, as Bruce Springsteen would say, "We'd go down to the river, and into the river we'd dive." (audible sigh).

Nancy didn't particularly care for the TR6. Prom night Junior year I polished her up as much as I could and proudly drove over to pickup Nancy with the top down and with Boz Scags' "Lido Shuffle" blaring from the speakers. She greeted me with, "I just spent 2 hours doing my hair, and I'm not getting in that thing unless you put the top up!" I was crushed, a fight ensued, and I caved and put the top up.

Both Nancy and the TR6 were equally hard on my wallet.

I betrayed my TR6 by selling it to buy a Datzun 240Z, and Nancy betrayed me by dating my best friend as soon as I went off to college. Life came back full circle when later on I married a different Nancy and bought a different TR6.

So, the question is, "Which one was my first love....."

A Snic Braapp "tip o' the fedora" to Ken Kendzy for the following contribution

IF MY BODY WERE A CAR

*If my body were a car, this is the time I would be thinking about trading it in for a newer model.
I've got bumps and dents and scratches in my finish and my paint job is getting a little dull, but that's not the worst of it.
My headlights are out of focus and it's especially hard to see things up close.
My traction is not as graceful as it once was. I slip and slide and skid and bump into things even in the best of weather.
My whitewalls are stained with varicose veins.
It takes me hours to reach my maximum speed.
My fuel rate burns inefficiently.
But here's the worst of it --
almost every time I sneeze, cough or sputter....
either my radiator leaks or my exhaust backfires.*

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ISOAers in the news

Readers of The Vintage Triumph Number 98 - June/July 2006, could not have missed the great cover photo of ISOA's own John Kolton at the wheel of his Stag during the autocross at last summer's VTR. The beautiful graphic, taken by Blake Discher, is the first ever of a Stag on the cover of the magazine.





WHY BRITISH CARS SUCK

By Red Green from PBS TV



I have personally experienced a long line of British cars. The Morris Minor, the Austin 7, the Vauxhaul, the Vanguard, the Envoy, and who can forget the Hillman Minx, no matter how hard they try? These cars have all been various levels of disaster.

Although Rolls Royce and Bentley are arguably the best cars in the world, the rest of the British automotive line-up is pretty pathetic. If you were grading British cars, there'd be a few "A" students with rich parents, and a lot of dropouts and drop-aparts. Britannia may rule the waves, but with cars, they waive the rules.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY BEGINS WITH THE CAR STARTING

Most British cars won't start in North America. It's too cold or too hot or too dry or too windy or too stressful or too provincial. They just don't build the cars for our climate, The battery is about the size of a pound of butter so you only get a few chances to get it going. Most people can't start their British cars and don't show up for work. In Britain, unions are very powerful. Is this a coincidence?

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S A BRITISH CAR

That cloud of blue smoke you see billowing out that tiny British exhaust pipe is burned oil. In North America, the philosophy is to burn gas and lubricate with oil. In Britain, they burn oil and lubricate with beer. And you can tell by the smell of the blue smoke that oil is not a clean burning fuel. The pistons flop around in the cylinders and valves flop around in the guides and the oil flops all over everything. Maybe the price of gas is so high that they've switched to oil or maybe it's the only way to trace a getaway car when your police force is unarmed and on bicycles and all named Bobby.

BUT HONEY, IT'S SO LITTLE

British cars are tiny. The bodies are tiny. But the windows are normal sized. From a distance they look like a cartoon of a car, and Woody Woodpecker would not look out of place behind the steering wheel. The British cars are small because they're made for short narrow reads with quaint hamlets about every three miles. Our highways are often 3,000 miles long and most of the drivers have never seen Hamlet. A little Morris Minor winding out a top end of 63 miles an hour with a vapour trail of blue smoke is not going to fare well between a couple of tractor trailers in pup trailers jammed full of livestock. It's a tiny car with tiny lights whizzing along on tiny tires. Those tires would look oversized on a lawnmower. Imagine how fast those tires are spinning on the highway. You could have four flat tires and not even know it till you

slowed down. British cars are made with thin sheet metal and virtually no safety features except big windows that you can easily fly out of and, hopefully, land in a quaint British haystack. So if you're driving one of those cares, you are out on the highway in a ball of foil. If you have an accident, your car will be scrunched and thrown in the ditch like a chip bag. A British chip bag – oil and vinegar.

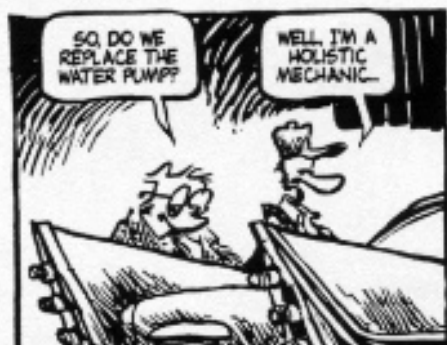
DIFFERENT COUNTRIES, DIFFERENT CARS

The fundamental problem with British cars in North America is the difference between the geography and culture of the nations. Britain is about the size of a mall. There's nowhere to go and all the time in world to get there. Another point is that the British are extremely class conscious. It's only right and proper and traditional that the lower classes should have crappy cars, while the aristocracy gets the peaches de la cream. In North America, we are far more equal and democratic – here everyone gets crap.

THE BOTTOM LINE

The British are fine people and really funny to listen to, but their cars don't have a chance. This is not their finest hour. It's time for them to keep a stiff upper lip and announce to the world that they are finally giving up on the automotive industry and are going to buy Japanese cars like the rest of us.

Special Snic Braaapp thanks to Tim "Yacker" Smith for the above article. He has assured us he has secured the proper permission to reprint it.





Long time members will fondly recall former ISOAer Steve "Sparky" Percifield who filed this amusing, yet poignant, account of an encounter in March of 1995.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN NAPERVILLE

ON THE TRAIL OF NEW FRIENDS AND PASSING TRIUMPHS

BY STEVE "SPARKY" PERCIFIELD



Sunny Saturday afternoon. Wife's off to the health club. Kids are away at college. Dog's asleep. Household job jar is empty. Perfect excuse for a beer and a game of darts.

I park the Spitfire and pay only passing attention to the big guy who pauses briefly to glance at the car as I enter my getaway tavern. The bar's unexpectedly empty. None of the regulars are in so it looks like darts are out of the question. I order a beer anyway hoping, maybe, someone will show up.

The guy who was looking at the Spit in the parking lot comes in. He's a big guy, early 50s, ruddy complexion, large knotted veins in his beefy forearms. Jowls like a bulldog. Wearing a greasy T-shirt from which protrudes an expansive beer belly. He's mumbling to himself as he takes a bars tool three seats away from me. Despite the fact that he has yet to be served, the unmistakably pungent smell of bourbon drifting toward me indicates that this is not his first stop. The scowl on his face indicates that his mood is not the most pleasant.

Being a social animal at heart, I lift my mug and decide to engage in some convivial conversation. "How's it going?" I ask.

His reply, half muttered, half growled, and only two words long, ends in ".... you."

Though not highly schooled in psychology, I do have an intuitive understand-

ing of it and thereby perceive this to be an indication of latent hostility. Many people in my position at this time, having concluded that they were seated next to a half drunk, sociopath, bar room brawler, would have moved to the far end of the bar or left.

Unfortunately, genetic defects resulting from my having come FROM a long line of half drunk, sociopath, bar room brawlers (my Grandpa, in fact, when buried, did so with only half the normal complement of ears and eyes, having left one of each on the sawdust floor of a southern Indiana tavern) predisposes me to stay, albeit with conversational restraint.

The bartender, my buddy Valerie, gives me a glance, nods her head toward the guy seated near me, then turns it slowly from side to side, silently communicating. The woman is a genius. Without having spoken a word, what she has said is: "This man is bad news. He is big, mean, drunk, has maimed at least a dozen people in bar room brawls on the south side somewhere near 83rd and Exchange, comes in here three times a year (which is why all the regular customers are NOT here), did hard time at Joliet, is a "buy American first" pundit, and hates skinny Hoosiers," If Pulitzers were given for body language communication, Val would have them locked up.

Having taken to heart what she has (or rather, hasn't) said, I decide to slowly turn on my stool (so as not to attract my bar mate's attention) in order to watch the TV at the opposite end of the bar. Too late! The damn stool squeaks.

"Hey, YOU," I hear from behind me.

"Me?" I ask.

"Who else'd I be talkin' to? Yuh see anybody else in here? Whuts da liddle blue piece of (scatological reference) ya drove up in?"

Ah, I think. A car aficionado. We CAN carry on a conversation.

"It's a '79 Triumph," I reply. "A Spitfire."

"Never heard of it," he replies. "Who makes it?"

"Triumph," I reply. "Or at least they used to. It's British." Excellent. My warm, engaging personality is winning him over. We can, in fact, enjoy some conversation and a beer together.

"Ya know, it's people like you that put my kid outta work." He looks angry.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You and ver vuppie buddies," he

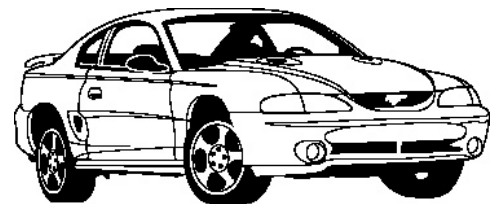
goes on. "Ya go out and put Americans outta work by buyin' 'spensive forn' cars. My kid hadda good job at da Ford plant. Why couldn' ya buy American?"

"Well," I replied, "if American companies would start building fourteen year old British sports cars that start only occasionally, leak oil, leak water, rust readily, require constant maintenance, but dart around comers like whippets, I would. And besides, it's not that expensive. Frankly, I'm not sure if it even qualifies as a car.

"Huh?"

"It's a toy. I enjoy working on it and, when it IS running, it's got some practical value to boot. It is a SPORT car. At least it keeps me off of the street and out of trouble. My attempt at humor is, apparently, lost on him.

"Yeah?" He continues, his ruddy complexion becoming ruddier yet, an ugly purple vein on his neck starting to pulsate. "Well my boy has (or at least he HAD 'till the repo guys took it) a REAL sports car; a Mustang! A real sports car built BY Americans FOR Americans. And I can guarantee yuh it'd stomp that little piece a' (defecation word again) right in tuh da weeds."



"You're absolutely right," I acknowledge. "But the Triumph's forte isn't going in a straight line. In fact, sometimes I can't get it to go at all. But it sure does corner, I've even got some trophies from racing it."

"Wha-did-ya race, a wheelbarrow?"

"No, other cars. British usually. But sometimes American cars. We run autocrosses; one car on the track at a time running against stopwatches. Very short, tight tracks with a lot of turns. In fact," I continue, swelling with pride, "we had one event where 2 Corvettes showed up, one of them set up for autocross. The track we set up was so tight, I beat both of them with the little Trump."

"Bull" (the "s" word again) he says, "A Vette's even faster'n my kid's Mustang so I know it'd beat dat t'ing. An beside dat,

yuh missin' da point. When you 'un yur fairy buddies go out an' buy a liddle piece uh fom crap like dat, yuhr puttin' decent Americans outta work."

He was beginning to penetrate my emotional envelope. My mood was beginning to deteriorate. Fine. If he wants to make it a battle of wits, so be it. I'm better armed. I drain my Miller Genuine bottle and order another.

"Ok," I ask, "what SHOULD I have bought? Somehow, I can't see paying five or six times what I paid for the Spit, in order to have a V-8 powered anachronism for a toy just for the benefit of being able to say that I contributed to the coffers of a domestic auto maker. Especially since the cost of the Mustang is approximately what I've spent in an effort to snap Downers Grove, IL out of the recession.

"Huh?" he snaps.

"Downers Grove is the home of the foreign car shop where I've bought most of my spare parts. By not having bought a Mustang, I've contributed much more directly to the local economy. Since my buddy Ron's sports car parts and service company is not a multinational firm, I am assured that the profits from the money I've spent will stay at home. If, as you so eloquently recommend, I'd have bought a domestic car, a large portion of that small portion of the profitability contributed by my purchase would likely end up being invested in parts plants in Mexico, or gusseting up the maker's European operations. Having put that money instead in Ron's pocket, I can be assured that the money will remain in the local economy. In fact, knowing Ron, I suspect it probably won't go much farther than the liquor store down the street

"Bull!" He replies. "Dats a crock- All I can tell yuh is if everybody in dis country drove what I drive ~ a REAL American car — dis whole country'd be a lot better off."

Ah, I thought. Sales techniques 101; get the customer to talk about his or her interests. I'll win him over yet.

"What do you drive?"

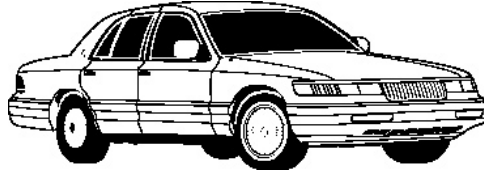
"Da most American car possible. A Ford Crown Victoria."

I wanted to keep my mouth shut. I should have kept my mouth shut. I couldn't keep my mouth shut.

"That's a foreign car," I say flatly.

"Huh?"

"That's a foreign car. The Environmental Protection Agency is charged with



making the government's determination of what constitutes a domestic car, based upon domestic parts content Since Ford, like the other domestic manufacturers, has to meet CAFE standards (that's Corporate Average Fuel Economy, my friend) for its domestic vehicles, and since the Crown Vic is a large car with (relatively) poorer gas mileage and since it would have pulled down Ford's CAFE numbers had it been included in the averages, Ford avoided the problem by sourcing so many parts from outside the country that it is deemed by the government to be a foreign car. I smile. Point, set, match. I win.

"Bull——" he says.

"It's true."

"Bull——" he repeats.

"It's true," I say as I turn toward him to make another point The point is somewhat negated as his ham sized fist catches me straight in the upper lip, spinning me slightly to the left, lifting me from the bar stool. From my newly acquired seating position on the floor, I see his massive back pass through the door to the parking lot Valerie isn't very supportive as she comes from behind the bar, wearing a noncommittal expression on her face, handing me a towel and conducting a tooth count They're all there. Only their relative direction has been altered.

"Point well made" she offers flatly, returning to the bar.

Finishing my beer slowly enough to allow my new found friend adequate time to depart the parking lot, thus avoiding further discussion of the issue, I start to offer an explanation to Val, but find that my lip -now approximately the girth of a summer sausage - renders my bar speech even more unintelligible than usual. I attempt to smile "good-bye" to Val (her noncommittal expression remaining unchanged) and emerge from the cool dark room into the hot bright day.

Settling into the Triumph, I feel a strange sense of victory. I had made my point. I had remained -to a point - in control of the situation. I had not been provoked. I had not

lost MY cool. Sure, my lip hurts a little, but strangely, it seems like a small price to pay. I have acted in a rational, adult manner. I am still alive and suffered no REAL, lasting damage.

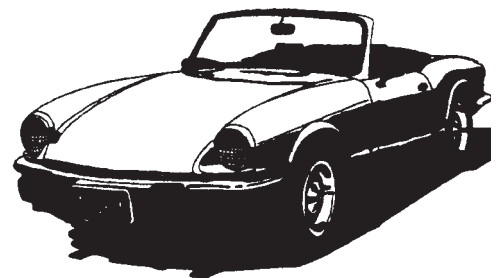
Feeling strangely self satisfied for someone who has just been knocked on his butt, relishing the warmth of the sun in the cockpit of the topless Triumph, I twist the key in the ignition. It promptly breaks off, locking the tumbler in the 'start' position.

Before I can get the hood up to pull the hot lead off of the starter solenoid, I hear a shearing, metallic grinding, indicating that the flywheel has just digested the bendix gear.

"S—T!" I yell at the top of my lungs as a young mother, in the process of removing her 4 year old from a just parked mini van, places the youngster back INTO the van and moves to a safer parking spot across the lot.

In an attempt to limit any on-going damage to the flywheel, I jerk the coil wire from the distributor in an effort to kill the engine. For one of the few times in its life, my Triumph's electronic ignition is working to capacity allowing 40,000 volts to overcome the meager resistance offered by the old coil wire's insulation. Yowling in pain, I am in a word, energized, even as I realize that having just killed the ignition, I have no way to re-start the Spit short of pushing it.

"You son of a !!" I scream as I swing my right foot at the rocker panel of the hapless Spitfire.



POSTSCRIPT:- The dentist indicates that the teeth will (probably) remain in their originally assigned places. The doctor tells me that the lip will heal in two weeks. The fractured metacarpal of the right foot, however, will require ten to twelve. *True story.*



6th ANNIVERSARY SPIT-TOGETHER

40th ANNIVERSARY of the GT6

Get Together 6

GT6 NASS 2006

AUGUST 4-6 CENTRAL REGION

DAYTON, OHIO BIRTHPLACE OF AVIATION

16th annual **Orphan Auto Picnic**
 Sunday August 20th • Aurora Illinois
 11 AM - 5 PM

Enjoy a relaxing day of fun, food, and vehicles!

- No admission fees!
- Games & prizes for kids!
- Complimentary beverages
- Rare, spectacular, and bizzare orphan vehicles

Open to orphaned* makes and models at least 10 years old.

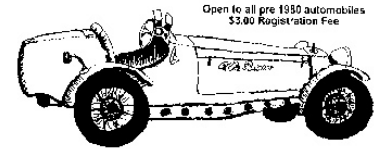
sponsored by: **chicagoland corvair enthusiasts** hosted by: Rick Korthauer

It's a picnic! Some first timers are surprised to find we don't provide the food. Nope, we provide beverages; you bring what you want to eat!

More BBQ grills! • More porta-potties! • More parking!

info: 815-469-2936, Larry • web: <http://www.ccecorvair.com/OAP/>

8th Annual Classic Car Show



Open to all pre 1980 automobiles
 \$3.00 Registration Fee

Sunday August 27, 2006
 9:30 am to 4:00 pm

Drawings for Prizes at 2:30 pm (Car Owners Only)
 For more info call: (847) 428-4693

Beer Garden! Food & Beverages AVAILABLE!
 Presented by and located at:

Milk Pail Restaurant, Shopping & Entertainment Complex
 1/2 Mile North of I-90 on Rt. 25 East Dundee, IL

- French Country Market (Shops & Bakery)
- Lighthouse Pointe Mini Golf & Maze
- Sunday Breakfast 8-11
- Jazz Brunch (Live Jazz Band) 10-2

Customer Service Available by Hot Rods & Lou

ILLINOIS RAILWAY MUSEUM
 7000 Olson Road, Union, Illinois 60180
 (Located in Union, Illinois, 5 miles off I-90 via Route 20, Marango exit)

16TH ANNUAL VINTAGE TRANSPORT EXTRAVAGANZA
 SUNDAY, AUGUST 6, 2006
 8:00AM UNTIL 5:00PM

\$5.00 OPEN TO VEHICLES 1991 AND OLDER \$5.00

SEND \$5.00 PER VEHICLE, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER, PAYABLE TO "ILLINOIS RAILWAY MUSEUM." VEHICLE DRIVER & PASSENGERS RECEIVE FREE TRAIN TICKETS (A \$10.00 VALUE EACH) VALID FOR THE DAY OF THE SHOW ONLY. VEHICLE REGISTRATION THE DAY OF THE SHOW WILL BE \$10.00. PRE-REGISTER AND SAVE \$5.00 AND TIME AT THE GATE!

THE VINTAGE VEHICLE GATE CLOSES AT NOON. NO FREE TICKETS AFTER GATE CLOSES.

FOOD AND BEVERAGES AVAILABLE AT THE SNACK BAR AFTER 9:30AM

YOUR VEHICLE PASS WILL BE MAILED TO YOU IN EARLY JULY!!!
 DISPLAY ONLY Dash Plaques Awarded to first 750 arrivals.
 For more information call Mike Wende, (262) 697-7474, evenings 5pm to 9pm.

CUT HERE — CUT HERE — CUT HERE — CUT HERE — CUT HERE

CUT AND SEND THIS PART ONLY TO: VINTAGE TRANSPORT EXTRAVAGANZA
 c/o MIKE WENDE, 7114 96th AVENUE, KENOSHA, WI 53142-8201

ATTENTION: We request vehicles arrive before noon and remain until 4:00PM. We respectfully request vehicle occupancy be limited to driver and three adult passengers, and children. By submitting this application, applicant agrees to release Illinois Railway Museum and protect, indemnify, and defend it from any and all claims for any losses, damages, or injuries whatsoever arising in whole or in part from operation, transportation, or display of applicant's vehicle. Said applicant and parent(s) also agree not to consume alcoholic beverages at the show.

***** EACH VEHICLE REQUIRES A SEPARATE REGISTRATION FORM !!! *****
 PLEASE PRINT LEGIBLY. I WANT TO SEND YOUR ENTRY PASS TO THE RIGHT PERSON AND ADDRESS!!!

NAME: _____
 ADDRESS: _____
 CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP CODE: _____
 AREA CODE: () PHONE #: _____ E-MAIL (OPTIONAL): _____
 VEHICLE YEAR 1991 OR OLDER MAKE MODEL _____
 PRIMARY CLUB AFFILIATION IF ANY: _____

REMEMBER to include a check or money order for \$5.00 payable to "Illinois Railway Museum." THANK YOU for supporting us!

Office Use Only Registration Number: _____ For more information call (262) 697-7474 - Evenings 5pm to 9pm Club # Office Use Only Field
 For more complete driving directions to the museum or additional information go to www.irm.org

22nd ANNUAL NORTH AURORA DAYS AUTOFEST
 Sunday August 6, 2006
 8:00 AM - 3:00 PM
 NORTH AURORA AUTO MALL
 I-88 AND ORCHARD ROAD

A GREAT SHOW WITH LOTS OF VARIETY!

TOP 40 SHOW WINNERS
 Featuring HUGE Keokuk Trophies
 ~~~Special Awards~~~

Best Ford ~ Best Chevy ~ Best Pontiac ~ Best Dodge  
 Best Oldsmobile ~ Best Chrysler/Plymouth  
 Best Foreign ~ Best Buick ~ Best Lincoln/Mercury  
 Best Truck ~ Best Motorcycle ~ Best Hotrod  
 Best Engine ~ Best Paint ~ Best Interior

PLUS ADDITIONAL AWARDS INCLUDING...  
 Mayor's Choice, Fire Chief's Choice, Police Chief's Choice, etc.

REGISTRATION AT EVENT FROM 8:00-11:30 AM  
**---NO EXCEPTIONS!---**

JOIN US EARLY FOR COFFEE AND DONUTS! AWARDS AT 2:15 PM BRING THE ENTIRE FAMILY FOR A FUN FILLED DAY!

Judging by Participants  
 Carousel Sound for Tunes and Talk!  
 50/50 Raffle  
 RAIN OR SHINE!

For more information, please call (630) 897-4962 or email [NAAUTOFEST@AOL.COM](mailto:NAAUTOFEST@AOL.COM)



**ANNUAL CAR SHOW**  
 SUNDAY AUGUST 13  
 FROM NOON UNTIL 3:00 PM

**Friday Night Classic Car Shows**  
 6 to 9 pm  
 Downtown Downers Grove  
 All Classic Cars are welcome on Main Street from Maple to Franklin  
**August 25 Imports (British, German, etc.)**

FREE! Bring your family! Park in the new Parking Deck!

Sponsored by Downers Grove Downtown Management Corp  
 Phone: (630) 725-0991 [www.downtowndg.com](http://www.downtowndg.com)



**BRITISH CAR UNION**  
 Presents the 20th Annual  
**BRITISH CAR FESTIVAL**  
 Moraine Valley Community College  
 Palos Hills, Illinois  
 September 10, 2006  
 9:00am to 4:00pm  
 For information: <http://www.britishcarunion.com> • 630-773-4806

29th ANNUAL LAKE GENEVA CLASSIC CAR RALLY

"According To Hoyle" Automobile Tour  
 AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY CHILDHOOD RESEARCH BENEFIT  
 SATURDAY & SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, 2006  
 Sponsored by . . . CORINNE KREISSL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION INC.

Host site . . .

The Lodge at Geneva Ridge

formerly Interlaken Resort  
 Highway 50 West, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147

- PARTICIPATION \_\_\_\_\_ Classic, Antique and Special Interest Auto; Owners, Drivers and Riders.
- REGISTRATION \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. at Geneva Ridge Chalet and Sunday 8:00 A.M. to 11:00 A.M. at Geneva Ridge Chalet.
- RULES \_\_\_\_\_ "According to Hoyle" Best (20) Poker Hands are Trophy and/or Prize winners.
- PRIZES \_\_\_\_\_ Trophies, and Prizes Donated by Participating Destinations, Local Merchants and Rally Participants.
- DOOR PRIZES \_\_\_\_\_ Eligibility by depositing stubs from 12 noon to 2 p.m. Sunday ONLY.
- DASH PLAQUES \_\_\_\_\_ First 500 Cars Registered will Receive Dash Plaques.
- DONATION \_\_\_\_\_ \$10.00 to Cancer Society Per Hand Played (2 Hand Minimum) - Advance registration details below.
- DEALING \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday 12:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. — Sunday 9:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. (no extensions except at chalet)
- HOSPITALITY HOUR \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday at Geneva Ridge Chalet 11:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. for Rally Participants Only.

POKER RALLY TOUR ROUTE

Participants can tour around Geneva Lake on Saturday or Sunday stopping in five zones around the lake at participating stops. Saturday participants need not attend Sunday event, to be eligible for Poker Hand prizes, as completed hands can be turned in on Saturday at Geneva Ridge Chalet until 6 PM

NO VEHICLE JUDGING - JUST FUN, FUN, FUN



For additional information:  
 (262) 248-2764 • (262) 276-6354  
 Web Site: [www.classiccarrally.net](http://www.classiccarrally.net)  
 E-Mail: [jfritz@mia.net](mailto:jfritz@mia.net)

GRAND CAR SHOW FINALE SUNDAY AT THE LODGE AT GENEVA RIDGE AT 12 NOON  
 PRIZES AWARDED SUNDAY 2:30 P.M.

Trophies, prizes, special interest awards and car club presentations will be awarded Sunday after winners for both days are determined.

Eligible Best 20 Poker hands must be turned in by 2:00 p.m. on Sunday  
 Deposit door prize stubs between 12 noon and 2:00 p.m. on Sunday

Rallye on the River



September 28-30

6-Pack TRials 2006  
 Cuyahoga Falls, OH

**CANTIGNY**  
*Part of the Lincoln Financial Group*  
**Car Show**  
 SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 2006 • 9:00 AM TO 3:00 PM  
 LAND OF LINCOLN  
**CANTIGNY**  
 OPEN CLASSES • OVER 40 AWARDS PRESENTED AT 3:00 PM • RAIN OR SHINE

|                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>REGISTRATION</b><br>PRE-REGISTRATION FEE \$10.00<br>REGISTRATION AT THE GATE \$12.00<br>CANTIGNY PARKING FEE INCLUDED<br>REGISTRATION FORM ON BACK<br>LIMITED EVENT T-SHIRTS FOR THE FIRST 300 REGISTRANTS | <b>AMENITIES</b><br>PARTICIPANT CHOICE VOTING<br>BEST OF SHOW AWARDS<br>BEST POINT 6 ENGINE AWARDS<br>D.J. MUSIC BY "CAROUSEL SOUND"<br>CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE<br>CREDIT & DEBIT | <b>ARRIVAL</b><br>REGISTRATION OPENS AT 7:00 A.M. AND CLOSES AT 12:00 NOON<br>PARKING IS BY ARRIVAL ONLY<br>NO RESERVATIONS - NO SAVING<br>GROUPS WHO WISH TO BE TOGETHER MUST ARRIVE TOGETHER |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

REGISTER TODAY! LIMITED TO 500 ENTRIES • [WWW.CANTIGNYPARK.COM](http://WWW.CANTIGNYPARK.COM)

DRIVING FOR CHARITY  
 2006  
  
 OH • KY  
 W. VA  
**BRITISH RELIABILITY RUN**

Driving Directions to Cantigny

From Chicago: Head on the Stevenson Expressway (I-290). Exit at the East-West Turnpike (I-88) West interchange. Take I-88 West and exit at Winfield Road. Travel north on Winfield Road approximately 3 miles. The park entrance is on the right side of the road before Rosemead Road (Route 30).

From the Northern Suburbs: South on Route 53 to the North-South Turnpike (I-355). Take I-355 to the East-West Turnpike (I-88). Go West on I-88 and exit at Winfield Road and travel North approximately 3 miles. The park entrance is on the right side of the road before Rosemead Road (Route 30).

From the Northwest Suburbs: Route 50 South, Exit Route 50 at Route 30 (Rosemead Road) East. Take Route 30 (Rosemead Road) East to Winfield Road. Make a right at Winfield Road and the park entrance is on your left approximately 200 yards.

From the Southwest Suburbs: North-South Turnpike (I-355) to the East-West Turnpike (I-88). Go West on I-88. Exit I-88 at Winfield Road and travel North approximately 3 miles. The park entrance is on the right side of the road before Rosemead Road (Route 30).

From the West: East-West Turnpike (I-88) East and exit at Winfield Road. Turn left at the exit and travel North approximately 3 miles. The park entrance is on the right side of the road before Rosemead Road (Route 30).





## TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPHS AT THE AUCTION BY JEFF LATHROP

Auction Site: British Car Service, LLC  
LaCrosse, WI, 04/29/06

**M**y wife and I drove our newest family addition, a '95 LeSabre, (Great deal from my in-laws) on it's first "confidence building" run. I thought this would be a safe thing to take, as I had every intention of people from the Minnesota Triumph Club showing up and outbidding me on anything that I really didn't need to bring home anyway. I was sure we'd have plenty of room for any of the small bits that they might let me buy.

How wrong I was! Maybe 30 to 40 people showed up, only a few of whom were interested in the British stuff. No one seemed too concerned in actually buying much of anything. [I skipped the ISOA spring tune-up for this...]

The owners, whom I had met before, were really nice, down to earth people. He had gotten laid off from his day job and had opened a shop and went into the restoration business full time, previously a sideline. His former employer asked him back but did tell him that layoffs would likely reoccur.

Being without benefits, he tried to do both, hence the auction. To add to this, his Dad passed away the week before the auction.

Anyway, throughout the sale, I was constantly being torn between grief for the owners and greed for us. Greed, I found out, is no good without a truck and trailer. I could only watch as car parts went for pennies on the dollar. I paid \$22.50 for two brand new early Spitfire water pumps, \$1.00 for a brand new Spit 1500 camshaft in the box. [Another one went for \$2.00 because they threw something else in with it.] All the damage was done before 2:00 pm. Examples: Frame straightener, \$10.00. Pallet of bumpers, \$1.00 to a scrap dealer. Box of wiper motors, \$5.00. More boxes of assorted parts, \$1.00 each. I got a TR6 rh front fender for Mark Moore for \$3.00. That was just before the lot of two hoods and two more fenders went for \$4.00. I bought a TR250 rear end for \$15.00. Three TR3 transmissions went for \$5.00 apiece. A smallish four post lift went for \$100.00. Not everything went low, as there was, of course, one other guy who wanted the TR3 overdrive transmission, besides me. That turned out to be one of the most expensive things in the auction. Engines, [TR3 and MG, complete] went for \$5.00. A Jag six cylinder sold for

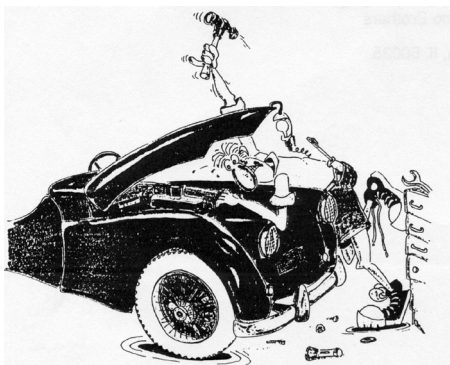
\$40.00. None of the TR or MG motors were junk; they were complete, right down to the fanbelt. You should have been there.

My wife and I were going to go to the swap meet in Jefferson, WI, but we never made it, due to the rain and a really loaded Buick. I should throw in a big thank you in here to her, as she would haul parts to the car, a block from the auction, sometimes in a drizzle, while I was buying more, so I didn't have to miss out on too much. She's just very glad I didn't have that truck or a place to put more stuff at home

The next day, I hitched a ride with Mark and took the overdrive to Steve Yott's home, who has a wonderful transmission bench tester. After a little prodding and cleaning, I now have a working overdrive. As for the TR250 rear end, that went to Steve to help fix the little mishap in Oklahoma. (Used, but nice, rear cover).

Oh, and by the way, over by Monroe, a very nice WI State Trooper told me the minimum moving violation ticket in Wisconsin is just over \$160.00, as he was handing me my written warning for doing 67 in a 55. He is my hero, since that \$160.00 would have put a serious dent in my auction budget.

### ISOA TECHNICAL EXSPURTS



- TR3** Bill "Whizmo" Pyle  
630/773 4806
- TR4** Pat "PowerBuldge"  
Lobdell  
219/942 1263

- TR4A** Steve "Drippy" Yott  
262/997-0701
- 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
- Electrical Paint, Body,** open



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

Jack's Golden Pheasant welcomed more than 40 ISOA members, many of whom drove in Triumph in light of the delightful weather conditions, on Sunday July 9th, 2006. Tom Sotomary of Streamwood [1971 TR6] was the only first timer in the audience.

President Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak got the meeting under way at precisely 7:13 [7:00 official ISOA time] by introducing club officers in attendance.

Jack "Spuds" Billimack recapped some of the recent club events from the past month. Among other things, Jack described the recent Ravinia outing, with supplementary input from Kim "Lower Wacker" Jensen. Mark "Guzzler" Moore spoke of the Boots & Bonnets Car Show held earlier that Sunday in Poplar Grove Illinois. Mark also discussed the plans for the upcoming outing to Auburn Indiana. Joe Pawlak elaborated on the plans for the "Turnabout Picnic" scheduled for August 21st in Burlington and Tim "Toolman" Buja spoke about plans for a fall campout on October 8 near his place in Wisconsin to coincide with the "Pumpkin Launch" festival. Pat "Power Bulge" Lobdell also mentioned the EAA "Good Old Days" of aviation fly in at Oshkosh WI on Aug. 19-20 and encouraged members to attend. Although it was decided upon too late to promote in the newsletter, the board also announced a drive-in movie night on July 21st at the Cascade Drive-In on North Avenue in West Chicago. Other events that were discussed

included the White Trash Nite at Sycamore Speedway, the British Car Union car show in September, the Lake Geneva Poker Run in September and the Cantigny Car show, also in September. Jack also announced that tentative fall tech sessions had been scheduled for October 21 [brakes] and November 18 [ignition II or carburetors]. The board welcomed suggestions for additional technical clinic topics.

Following a break nominations were placed for the Peter M. Roberts and the Boomer Awards. The Boomer nominations went to Bill "Whizmo" Pyle, courtesy of his bride, for not bringing the top for his TR3 to the spring campout. Irv "Elwood" Korey then nominated Sheri "Big mama" Pyle for not bringing the top to her TR3 on the spring campout. The Pyles will share joint custody of the accolade for the month of July. Kim Jensen nominated Peter "Maestro" Conover for his efforts at the Ravinia outing; Denny "Choppers" Capetto nominated Bill Pyle for helping him work on his car; Kim Jensen also nominated Joe Felix and Rosemary on their upcoming nuptials; and Denny Capetto nominated Joe "Jelly Bean" Kaplon for driving his TR3 to Macks. For his efforts in coordinating the outing to Ravinia, "Maestro" has temporary possession of the coveted Chalice.

The meeting broke around 9:30. With apologies for any unintentional errors or omissions, -

Suds



2006 ISOA

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stagfire@elnet.com
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buja@insightbb.com
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emanteno@comcast.net
- Meeting Coordinator** Mark "Guzzler" Moore  
815/397-3253  
mrmtr6@sbcglobal.net
- Regalia Coordinator** Kim "Wacker Drive" Jensen  
815/729-9731  
KimandBill76@sbcglobal.net
- BCU Reps** Ken & Arlene Kendzy  
847/825-8581  
kakendzy@sbcglobalnet

## 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.*

**Wanted:** left and right floor repair panels for a Spitfire Mk2].  
e-mail ehusmann@sbcglobal.net [6/06]

**Wanted:** GT6 Driver's side floor pan and rocker panel. Chris Smit ph. 773/777-9363. [6/06]

**For Sale:** TR6, current owner since 1974. 106k original miles, 2k on rebuilt motor and major restoration in 2001, redlines, mallard Green PPG paint. Yamaha stereo, sub, amp, Fosgate speakers, spare parts. \$12k, Dave Sanberg ph 815/8771943; 815/282-3908 *ed. note: Jeff Rust has seen this car and can provide additional info.*[7/06]

**For Sale:** 1973 GT6. 81,308 Miles. White w/blk interior. Targa top. w/Sunroof. CD player. John Olas \$4500.00 OBO Ph: 815/354-1414. [8/06]

**Wanted:** Triumph photos for anual ISOA calendar. Submit a color, high resolution digital graphic to Joe Pawlak, [stagfire@elnet.com] ASAP. If your picture is selected, you will receive a free 2007 ISOA calendar

### FEATURED REGALIA ITEM OF THE MONTH: HENLEY T-SHIRTS

Keep cool and look that way too in these ISOA henley-style t-shirts. About 100% cotton material with ISOA logo silk-screened on the left side. Available for \$15.00 in various sizes. (*Note: no male models were injured in the preparation of this article but were promised beer!*)



## Happy Birthday

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

|                     |                      |                       |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Gary Revis 8/03     | Jean Merzon 8/17     | Arlene Kendzy 8/27    |
| Greg Fantozzi 8/05  | Denny Smalley 8/18   | Chris Crosbie 8/27    |
| Tom Scaletta 8/06   | Alan Boughton 8/18   | Bob Lee 8/28          |
| Steve Yezo 8/08     | John Neis 8/21       | Bill Bentley 8/28     |
| Dennis Delap 8/10   | Phil Slagle 8/21     | Bill Marscin 8/29     |
| Michael Mitsch 8/11 | Ken Kendzy 8/23      | Erik Quackenbush 8/30 |
| Dan Helgren 8/12    | Jim Hussey 8/24      |                       |
| Frank Dodaro 8/14   | Terry Underhill 8/25 |                       |

### NEW MEMBERS

[memberships - 154; members - 222]

Don Campbell, 2617 Laurel Ln, Wilmette, IL  
H:(847) 251-8448; EMAIL: cruakken@aol.com  
61 TR3, 49 2000 Roadster

Cori & Mark Costello, 9 Franklin Ct, Streamwood, IL  
H:(630) 289-6164; EMAIL: streamwoodkid@yahoo.com  
80 TR7

Sue & Rick Paulsen, 10613 Margaret Ave, Huntley, IL  
H:(847) 669-1030  
76 Spitfire

Tom Sotomayor, 304 Andover Ct, Streamwood, IL  
H:(630) 289-7879; EMAIL: ausserdog@hotmail.com  
71 TR6

Larry & Zack Strauss, 892 Boxwood Ln, Buffalo Grove, IL  
H:(847) 506-9663; EMAIL: larry892@aol.com  
79 Spitfire

Bill Bentley - the email address that we have on file for you (pmdbent@aol.com) does not work. Please send an email to: toolman@snic-braaapp.org so we can update your email address



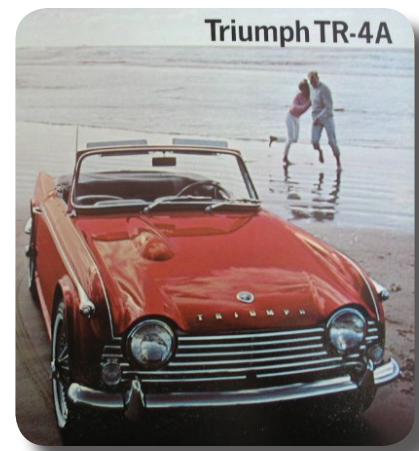
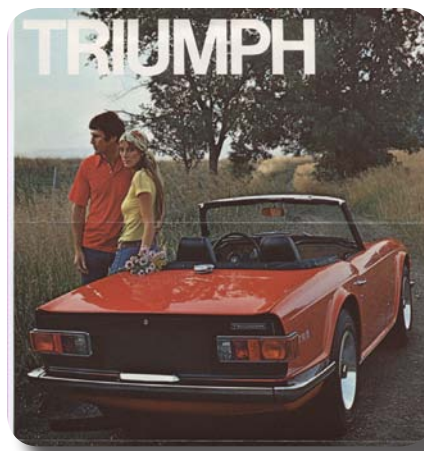
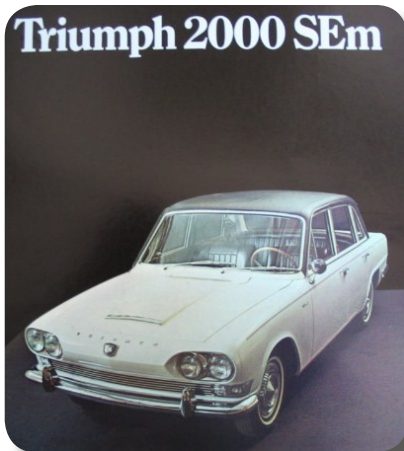
Coming in September-  
White Trash Nite III, Movie  
Night, Union Car Show.,  
Orphan Car Show  
VTR; Heartland Show; &  
???

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**ONLINE ROSTER ACCESS INFO**

AUGUST 2006



*THE REAR VIEW MIRROR -DOUG AND DEBBIE LARSON IN THEIR 1972 TR6 AT 2005 VTR  
PHOTO BY STACY McREYNOLDS*

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