

# SNIC BRAAAPP

**November 2006**

Vol. XI Issue No. 411, \$3.95 newsstand price

“Git ‘er Done!” Publications, A division of the Busted Knuckle Group

*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*



## *FALL FOLIAGE TRIP TO TRIUMPH*

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB “SUDS” STREEPY

**D**ESPITE THE SOMEWHAT “BRISK” [28°!] TEMPERATURES, more than 20 ISOAers [Jack & Barb Billimack-TR6, Bill & Kim Jensen-Spitfire, Doug & Debbie Larson-TR6, Joe & Roseanne Felix-TR4A, Jerry & Sandy Hurst-TR6, Joe & Emily Kaplon-TR3A, Pete & Denise Ballard-MGB, Gloria and Deanna Capetto-TR3A, Frank Cartwright-TR7, Jay Holekamp-TR4, Joe Pawlak-Spitfire, and your humble and obedient scribe-TR6] gathered at “R Place” Restaurant in Morris on Saturday morning, October 14th to break bread prior to the participating in the 2nd annual fall trip to Triumph, IL [Pop. 159]. The sixty mile drive from Bartlett to Morris might well have been the most extreme test of a Triumph heater that I personally have made. [The next time I drive a Triumph in these kind of temperatures, I’ll just bring along an old dog to pant on my leg - the BTUs will be higher.]

In the lore of ISOA breakfast runs [we’re not talking about gastro-intestinal distress here], the 2005 Trip to Triumph, *continued on page 2*

*INSIDE YOUR NOVEMBER COLOR*

*SNIC BRAAAPP*

*SIX PACK TRIALS*

*PHOTOGRAPHING YOUR TRIUMPH*

*SIR WRENCHALOT ENCORE PART II*

*LAKE GENEVA & CANTIGNY CAR SHOWS*

*SPOTLIGHT ON SWALLOW DORETTI*

*EURO AUTO FESTIVAL*

*IRS TUBE SHOCK CONVERSION*

*ONTARIO LBC SHOW, EH*

*FALL CAMPOUT*

*LOTS OF OTHER STUFF*





planned by Doug Larson, has become the touchstone against which all such drives are measured. In fact, the trip was so awesome that a “do-over” seemed foolhardy since there didn’t seem that there was anyway to top last year’s drive. Oh Contraire!

On October 1st, ISOA received an internet invitation from Ralph Lassa, Gehant Bank, Triumph Branch Manager, inviting us to revisit his institution on the 14th in honor of its first full year in business. The board welcomed the chance to challenge Doug to see if he could match his 2005 itinerary, and announced at the meeting that night that a breakfast run to Triumph was on the agenda. As in 2005, Doug and Debbie Larson along with Kim and Bill Jensen made reservations at the restaurant and planned out a new route that would take us along some scenic roads and still get us to Triumph in time for the bank’s anniversary party.



After departing from the restaurant, Doug led us through the picturesque countryside of Kendall County, a distance of about sixty miles along some of the most scenic roads in Illinois. The unseasonably cool temperatures were slightly offset by the gorgeous fall foliage and sunny skies, but only a few dared to drop their tops in the chilly temperatures, although I did roll my window down.

We stopped briefly at Starved Rock State Park to stretch and avail ourselves of the necessary facilities before continuing on to Triumph. We arrived in the hamlet



at a little past 11:00, and the bank officials seemed genuinely pleased to see us. We were also greeted by Ed Mitchell, who had driven his TR6 all the way from Lanark to hang out with us. [Or maybe he anticipated an accident?] The bank had arranged for a free lunch of bratwursts and butterfly pork chop sandwiches, along with soft drinks and cookies for everyone in attendance for their anniversary, and even though we hadn’t fully digested breakfast, we headed for the serving line. They were so accommodating that they even loaned us a step ladder in order to try to take a group shot of our cars lined up along the main [only?] street in town. There were a couple of cars parked in the area we wanted to use, and the bank officer asked the owner of an Accord to please move it so that we could take a picture. No Problem right?

Remember the old saying about no good deed going unpunished? Apparently that was the case for Doug, our tour escort who had obviously spent considerable time organizing this event, and whose car was next to the Accord. The owner of the Honda was apparently in such a hurry to accommodate our request to move, that she backed up with-



out looking where she was going and bumped into his car. The damage appeared to relatively minor, but still, getting whacked by a

careless driver who then tries to lay the blame on you is always a hassle. At this writing, the final outcome of the mishap was not yet resolved, but Doug had plenty of witnesses, including “Barrister for Buck” Ed Mitchell, who would all testify that she was at fault.

Just as we were about to climb down from the ladder after taking our last picture, what did we hear but the unmistakable sound of a Triple Weber carbureted TR6, which could only mean one thing: Jeff Rust had arrived. Stalker’s presence made our count thirteen cars [if you count the MG] and 22 people,



not too shabby for relatively short notice.

The temperatures continued to climb, reaching a relatively “balmy” 50°. After an hour or so, we had pretty much eaten everything they had, and the bars weren’t open yet, so the party began to break up. Stagmeister, Frank Cartwright, Jay Holekamp and I headed up I-39 to I-88 for our return, while others opted for alternate routes for the trip back.

We pulled into Snic Braaapp Towers around 2 PM, with about 200 fresh miles on the clock for ’06.

I think I speak for everybody, with the possible exception of Doug and Debbie, when I say that the ‘06 *Trip to Triumph II* was one more in the continuing “a good time was had by all” drives for our club in 2006.







Now, it may appear that I am stressing the quality of an SLR over a point and shoot. An SLR is as easy to use as a point and shoot, but allows you to grow while your level of photography advances. We all have put a lot of time and money into our cars. We should have GREAT photos documenting our pride.

Some key things to think about when photographing your classic Triumph:

## PHOTOGRAPHING YOUR CLASSIC TRIUMPH BY STACY MCREYNOLDS

The photographic retail industry expects 98% of the cameras sold this year to be digital. The interesting thing about the “digital boom” is the fact that it has brought back the art of photography. People care more about their images now. They want GREAT photos, not just simple snapshots!

There are two main types of cameras...point and shoot and a single lens reflex (SLR). A point and shoot is usually small and compact. However, you are more limited with the options you have available to you. While an SLR is a little bigger, you have full control of where you take your level of photography. With an SLR, if you need more zoom, simply buy a new lens instead of buying a new camera. The optics are also sharper on an SLR. You'll also notice a big difference with your images that use a flash. A flash on a point and shoot camera reaches about 8 feet while a flash that slides on top of an SLR can reach up to 80 feet!



Look for contrasting colors.



Try Different Angles

- Wash the car!
- Choose an unusual setting – look for contrasting colors (a bright red TR250 against field of dark green grass!)
- Watch for “growing” telephone and utility poles – keep the background clean
- Use unconventional angles – shooting at eye level is boring Try shooting from a lower angle (the car looks larger)
- Use different lenses – use a wide angle or zoom the camera’s built in lens to the widest setting (useful at car shows where you have limited space to move)
- Turn on the flash even when it is sunny – it helps fill in any shadowed areas



An SLR allows you to use a wide angle lens to give a different perspective

- A polarizing filter (the best \$30 spent for any SLR users!) helps reduce glare and reflections and increases color saturation.
- Timing – different times of day will produce different tones (warm tones in the morning, neutral midday and cool tones in the evening)
- Details, details, details! Look for whatever makes the car interesting!

Remember, look for something different! Uniqueness adds to a photograph. Do not shoot everything at eye level. Do not be afraid of trying new things. If it doesn't work, simply re-shoot the photo!



A polarizing filter eliminate glare. Look at the windscreen...it is clear!

If you have any questions, please feel free to email me at: FOTOJOURNALIST@AOL.COM. I would love to answer your questions!

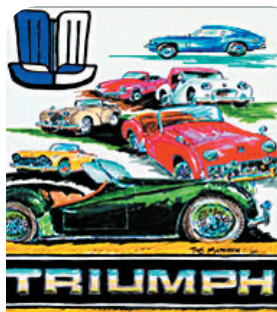
Stacy

**Snic Braaapp is published monthly by:  
VIDataPrint LLC - 847/683-9683**



## EURO AUTO FEST

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB STREEPY



Euro Auto Festival  
BMW Zentrum Greer, S.C.  
October 20-22, 2006  
Benefiting the American Red Cross  
Poster sponsored by

There's a special siren song of the road that seems to go into overdrive in the autumn. As Led Zeppelin sang in Ramble On, "Leaves are falling all around, and it's time for me to go." Impending

winter weather just seems to make one last fall road trip seem like the right thing to do, and so it was with your humble and obedient scribe, Jay Holekamp, Steve Yott and Tim Smith over the long weekend of October 19-23. Our objective was the Euro-Auto Fest in Greer, South Carolina, at which Triumph was this year's featured marque. The reds, greens, and yellows of the autumn foliage would soon be augmented with the jasmines, signal reds and Triumph Racing Green colors of our cars. This excursion was going to be more about the journey than the destination. A fall road trip to the Southeast in a Triumph has always been one of my recurring fantasies. Fall colors, mountains, two-lane blacktops, switchbacks and sweepers, great company,- what more could you ask for?

Our original inspiration for the expedition was to be present at an announcement from BMW, that Beemer would introduce a new model named after our beloved LBC, but, alas, as we suspected all along, such speculation proved to be false. No new Triumphs are in the foreseeable future.

We decided to christen our little caravan The Four Horsemen, since each of us had experienced apocalyptic experiences on long road trips in the past. [Jay's head gasket on the way back from Tallahassee, Steve's differential in Oklahoma, Tim's ignition woes in Red Wing, and my own "Breckinridge Breakdown."] Still, as Jay had astutely observed, each car [and its driver] was as well prepared for this adventure as reasonably possible. Besides, if anything unpleasant mechanically happened, we'd deal with it. What a great attitude for a Triumph trip. Four old cars with four even older guys on a fall road excursion.

We convened at Jay's home in



Wheaton early on Thursday, Oct. 19, and headed south. Our goal for day one was to reach Williamsburg, KY, a distance of about 500 miles, leaving us with only a two hundred mile run to the BMW plant in Greer the following day. We wove our way through the western suburbs in 37° temperatures, even-



tually coming to some rural two-lane roads on our way to I-65 in Indiana. After about two hours, it started to rain, and the drizzle continued for the remainder of the day, definitely eliminating some of the "charm" that I had hoped this road trip would have. Just before Indianapolis, Steve began to experi-



ence trouble getting his overdrive to engage, which turned out to be the worst mechanical concern we had to deal with. While it was frustrating, especially since the OD had just been out, we backed off a bit to try to keep the RPMs down. The steady showers made such a move fairly prudent, anyhow. We arrived

at our motel around six and called it a day.

On Friday, we were on the road bright and early and we stopped at a quick lube to check the fluid levels in the TR4A OD, but Steve couldn't find any resolution that would not require a transectomy. By late morning, we reached Asheville, NC, and the sun finally appeared. The scenery, particularly the fall colors in the mountains, was stunning, and it seemed as if every big sweeper was suitable for a photo op.

We rolled into Spartanburg, SC, in late afternoon and checked in to the host hotel. The event organizers had all of the registration materials organized, and we visited the hospitality suite before cleaning off the mud and dirt we had accumulated after our 777 mile exodus.



We were happy to see old friends Fred Thomas and Pat Pinsgton, both of whom had made the trip. We also met Bill Marscin, who now resides in Winston-Salem, NC, but still keeps up his ISOA membership. We had emailed Bill that we were coming, and he made arrangements to join us at the show.







Friday evening there was a reception with a complete meal, and we swapped stories with Triumphistae from all over the east coast. The following morning we headed to Greer, SC, to the campus of the BMW plant where the Auto Fest was held. It was a distance of about 15 miles, and we arrived about 8:30. The weather was perfect – sunny and clear in the mid 70s. Since Triumph was the featured marque, we had premium exposure at the focal point of the show field in front of a fountain with the BMW visitor’s center in the background. What a show field!! There were more than 500 European cars, mostly sportscars, from England, France, Italy, Germany and Sweden on display. The quality of the cars was incredible. There was everything from a prewar Rileys from South Africa to brand new Ferraris. There was even a Czechoslovakian Tatra.



As for the Triumphs, there was a very nice collection of about ten Stags, 20 or so Spitfires and GT6s, a dozen or so TR2-3s, and more than 25 TR6s. But the TR4, 4A, and 250s stole the show. I have never seen a better group of cars in one location, and that includes numerous VTR and TRA show fields. There were some unbelievable 250s, mostly local, that were just gorgeous. There was also an 1800 Roadster and a TR3 with 30,000 miles inherited from the original owner that had never been touched. It was a real survivor, and more or less, a Triumph time capsule.

In midafternoon, Janet Guthrie arrived behind the wheel of a pristine XK 140. She was the guest speaker at the banquet, and she was at the show to look at cars and hawk books. The BMW Visitor’s Center also has a museum of sorts with bikes and cars on display inside. On close examination,

the prewar BMW roadster was more than just a little similar to the TR1. Besides the displays inside, there was a beer tent [BMW is a German company and after all it was October, right?] with musical entertainment. There were food vendors and even an ice cream tent. [Eat your heart out Spuds.], and I can’t imagine a much better way to spend a beautiful fall afternoon.

We left the show in late afternoon and took some back roads to the hotel before cleaning up and heading to the banquet. Ms. Guthrie gave an interesting talk about some of the barriers she faced as a woman driving at Indy and on the Nascar circuit. Afterwards, we hung out in the hospitality suite for a while, and that’s where we heard of the “Tail of the Dragon.” This is a stretch of road in the Smoky Mountain National Park along the boarder of NC and TN. Jay had actually driven along this road before it achieved its notoriety when it was just referred to by the locals as “the bad road.” The stretch has become a Mecca for bikers and driving enthusiasts, and we decided to see it for ourselves on Sunday.



We passed on the event rally on Sunday morning, and headed back along the interstate until we were almost in Asheville, and then we veered off onto the two lanes. Jay had once worked in the region and had hiked and camped in the Smokies, and knew the area.

We entered the infamous stretch of Smoky Mountain asphalt that features 318 curves in eleven miles. The weather had started out misty, and we were afraid that maybe it would be too rainy to take the curves “aggressively.” As luck would have it, the weather cleared just as we arrived.

I have been driving for more than 50 years, and I have never driven anything quite like this. The road surface was great. There were more switchbacks and level changes in that 11 miles than probably exist in the entire Midwest. Wow!! It was incredible. When we exited the last stretch, we pulled over for a picture and Jay got out of his car laughing! “I’ve had that car for 38 years,” he said, “and I’ve never had that much fun in it.” That says it all. [It should be noted that from the onset of our trip, we had driven fairly conservatively, partially due to Jay’s recent acquisition of a citation from the Wheaton constabulary, who had exchanged his operator’s license



for a copy of his infraction. Consequently, he was reluctant to risk trying to explain to any other law enforcement members why he only possessed voucher for his actual license. It should also be noted that Jay’s official ISOA nickname [Cannonball] was not just due to his service in the United States Army as an artillery officer.] The Dragon’s Tail apparently also caused some temporary amnesia, because Jay was not at all bashful about leading us through the twisty-turnies.



We made our way back to the interstate, and after the Dragon’s Tail, it seemed pretty tame, although the scenery was incredible going through the mountains. We stopped for the night in Frankfort, KY, and arrived back in ISOA country the following afternoon with an additional 1557 miles on the odometer, bring Lucille’s season total to 4120 for 2006.

As far as this year’s road TRips were concerned, there were lots of good ones, but



we saved the best for last. Between the car show and the Dragon’s Tail, this will go down in my memoirs as the best ever, not just for the year, but for all time.

*Suds*





## A GRAND TOUR BY STAGMEISTER



Fellow Stagers across the border in the wilds of Canada encouraged a couple of yanks to join them with a relaxing weekend of Stagtivities in the fine North American province of Ontario. Rumors existed in the “colonies” about a large British car event up in the Toronto area called Bronte Creek. Besides a weekend of eating and driving with great friends, there happened to be a car show too, a big one no less! So hotel reservations were booked, routes planned, a rendezvous’ arranged and the sapphire blue TSTAG73 was saddled up for the trip from Hampshire/Burlington, Illinois, to Burlington, Ontario.

Armed with a newly purchased GPS unit and set to speak UK English, Kathy and I were ready for the trip. In “younger” years we were used to doing “gonzo” speed runs to make a specific place at a specific time. But those hectic days are over, as we prefer a kinder, gentler approach to touring the country. We left Thursday afternoon and drove the first leg to Battle Creek, Michigan. This way we would enter the 80/94 juggernaut prior to peak choke hold time, get on the eastern time schedule, and chunk out a few hundred miles off the trip. Arriving in Battle Creek just after 8 pm, we topped off fuel, had dinner, and got some rest before a 7 am Friday departure. Our planned route was to enter Canada at Port Huron/Sarnia. We got to the border in a couple of hours at the relaxed Stag cruising speed of 70-75 mph. No traffic delays, we pulled right into the customs

area. The typical questions were asked; Citizenship? Destination? Are you transporting donuts and back bacon? How many days will you be here? Since the Stag is not the vehicle of choice for terrorists, we were allowed to pass.

A few miles errr kilometers after crossing the border, we stopped to fuel up and perform bladder management activities. Our first destination was fellow Stag owners Jim & Christine Allen’s home in Shingletown where we would be meeting for lunch around mid-day. We phoned ahead to another Stagger, Tony Fox, to give an approximate ETA from the border, plugged the address into the GPS, and we were off. Originally, we were going to take the 402 all the way past London, but decided to veer off the main highways and take in some backroads and see the real Ontario. We got this fancy GPS technology so there was no way we would get lost. We also had a digital mastered ink impregnated papyrus unit (map) as a backup. The unfortunate thing about some GPS units is that they do not know when and where highway construction is underway. We got routed to a road that was just closed for bridge repairs. No problem, we continued in a northeasterly direction, and with the trusty old-fashioned map and new GPS, they got us going back to our lunch location in short order. The cool thing is that the unit gives you an arrive time which said we would be at Jim and Christine’s at 12:35.

Traveling east through primarily agricultural area made us feel right at home. We saw cows, horses, polar bears and chickens. Just like back home where we live except for the bears. We encountered a delay through the town of Stratford. The place was loaded with antique shops, scented candle joints, and other businesses targeting estrogen demographics. On top of that, apparently there was some type of festival starting that day. Too bad we were on the clock (whew, dodged that one), but I had to promise that we would return with additional time scheduled. From there, we arrived in Shingleton at exactly

12:35, just when the GPS said we would.

Upon arriving, we were greeted by many Stags in the driveway along with their owners. This was a nice sight, friends and what would be the continuation of a trip that was already great. Many of us had already met last year at the Rockford VTR convention, but there were new faces as well. Just in time for lunch (how about that), we sat for a while and reacquainted ourselves with old and new stories. Technical discussions were soon consuming much of the topics, and at that time, the “ladies” decided a shopping trip was in order. The destination included quilt and antique shops, yet it would be improper if the ladies did not ask their partners if they wanted to go. Just for the record, there is NO correct answer for a guy with a question like this. Saying “No,” you risk pissing off the person you spend much of your driving time with. Saying “Yes,” the others wonder who wears the pants in the family. Well, I’m man enough to know who wears the pants in the family, so I let Kathy decide for me. She said I could stay and play with the other boys while she went shopping with the other members of the Stag management team.



So the girls went off shopping, and the boys stayed, kicked tires, and compared maintenance and diagnostic notes. When the van got back, we understood that there were several investments made in folk tapestries and that some Stags will have new “blankies” to transport. We also got a new story in which Kathy rescued and retrieved a pony that had escaped the clutches of a loose halter. Someone had told the shop owner that a donkey had escaped. Big difference





between these two creatures, but nobody made her seem like an ass (pun intended). Everyone then saddled up the Stags and headed into Burlington where some needed to check into the hotel. From there, dinner was scheduled for 8 pm.



Dinner, drinks, and the lively art of conversation was the focus of the night. Wonderful food and adult beverages flowed to the large table set up for us. We finished and headed back to the hotel where we met for a nightcap. In case you haven't noticed, the weekend pretty much comes down to drinking, eating, laughing, and driving. Need there be more?



Saturday morning we left the hotel and drove to another Staggers house on Lake Erie. We traveled the planned scenic route, and we had a short but very cool drive up a horizontally challenged road that had some awesome switchbacks that continued to climb upward. The roar of twin V8 exhausts was very pronounced in the parade of Stags (12 of them) up the hill. A quick stop for coffee and bladder management was at the half-way point. We arrived at the Lake Erie residence where we ate some more. We certainly could have stayed all day, but it was getting late, and the herd had to get

back to Burlington. Why? Well at 8 pm we were scheduled for; drum roll please; you guessed it, dinner, drinking, and more laughing. This time most engaged in a bit more adult beverages as we were within walking distance of the hotel. Another fine dinner and a fine selection of beers and ales were had by all.

Before dinner, Kathy and I had about an hour or so in an attempt to remove Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ontario bugs and dirt from TSTAG73. While there was some mild harassment by fellow Staggers, we did not want to embarrass the group at the Bronte Creek show by having a dirty deer. Nonetheless, we got it wiped down with a couple of buckets of borrowed hotel water and a quick carpet once over from a 12v powered low pressure particulate gathering machine (vacuum cleaner).



It was suggested that we leave for the show field no later than 9:30 Sunday morning as it was anticipated that the population of cars entering the show would be high. The show field was just a few miles from the hotel. Dave & Barb led the way with 10 or so Stags following. Quite a show before the show! We heard that there were usually a lot of entrants to this annual event, but we were unprepared for what we saw. First of all, the organizers were extremely efficient in processing the many cars. Two rows of 3 people were on hand to collect the entrance fees and hand out the entry forms. From there, you were led to the show field. There were hundreds of cars already parked in the designated marque and class areas. The Stags had their own area and class.

Ultimately, we had 19 Stags at the show and they looked wonderful all lined up.

Now if you can get past looking at the cars in your class, you will observe hundreds of British cars all around you! Besides about 200 Triumphs, there were hundreds more MG's, Austins, Jaguars and the rest! All in all, we were told that there were 2000 cars in attendance and the organizers had to turn away cars, as there were no places to put them. The rows between the cars were even stacked two abreast. In 31 years of Triumph ownership, I have never seen anything like this before. The show field was excellent; everyone was so nice in sharing their cars and talking about them. I spent some significant time answering questions about the Stag and extolling the virtues, dispelling myths, and explain cautionary items about the car.

Unfortunately, logistics required some of the western folks to depart before the shows conclusion. A contingent of 3 Detroit Stags, TSTAG73 along with a TR-Civic headed towards the Detroit area. Pat Barber from Detroit led the group at a most spirited pace. We said our farewells to our Ontario Stag friends and headed west. We took the Sambra ferry to Michigan and avoided the bridge at Sarnia. What a superb idea. We waited about 10 minutes and boarded the ferry. A short trip across the water, and we were back in Michigan. We cleared customs quickly and headed to a friend's house in the Detroit area where we would spend the night. Kathy and I are already planning to be back next September. We left Monday morning and continued our trek homeward and made it home by 4:37 pm just like the GPS said we would.



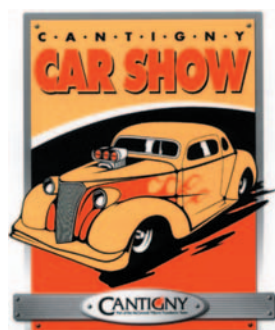
*Stagmeister*





## CANTIGNY CAR SHOW

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY  
BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



To celebrate the convergence of the Vernal Equinox, Rosh Hashanah, and Ramadan, nearly twenty ISOAers attended the first ever Cantigny Car Show in Winfield on Sunday, September 24. Prior to the event, and under very overcast skies, the group assembled at the residence of Jay Holekamp. Jay graciously allowed his home to serve as a meeting point so that the Triumph people could all arrive together, since the show organizers had stated emphatically that their marshals would determine who parked where. It also gave us a chance to see Jay's pristine garage and his new lift first hand.



The appearance of so many Triumphs, along with an ISOA Plymouth and Austin Healy, in Jay's neighborhood created a quite gaper's block along Danada Court. Many of the silver LeSabres [according to Jay, Wheaton's official vehicle of choice] slowed to look in bewilderment at the funny little foreign cars that had apparently infiltrated their community.

Shortly after nine-thirty, the ISOA

procession made its way to nearby Cantigny Park, the former residence of Colonel McCormick, the publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* and the repository of many interesting World War One artifacts. In addition to the museum, the park features some of the most stunning grounds anywhere in the country, let alone DuPage County. The ten-minute drive proved to be a testimonial for RainX, since it took place in a steady drizzle. We did manage to arrive En Masse and parked most of the Triumphs in a row, although the a few cars were assigned a different location, for no perceptible reason. The rain continued on and off for most of the morning, but unlike BCU a few weeks earlier, the skies cleared, and by noon, the weather turned quite pleasant; sunny with temperatures in the upper 60s. One by one most of the tops came down, and everyone's mood began to improve.



There appeared to be about 200 cars entered, [those who had preregistered received a complimentary T-shirt for their \$10.00 registration fee], and they represented an extremely eclectic mix. There was a 2006 Ford pickup truck and a 1915 Trusty motorcycle, and a fairly wide cross-section of everything in between. Along with the street rods, muscle cars, and full fendered Detroit offerings from the 30s - 70's, there were a few Healys, Jags, and MGs.

One of the more interesting cars on exhibit was a 1952 Tatra, a Czechoslovakian luxury car used primarily by the Communist secret police during the Cold War. It had a twin carbureted opposed air-cooled four cylinder mounted in the rear, and the owner explained to us that the early 30's version of

the Tatra predated the layout made famous by Dr. Porsche in his well-known "People's Car" featuring a very "similar" design.



At 12:30, "only" a half an hour later than previously announced, the organizers distributed ballots. Each entry was allowed to vote for eight original and eight modified cars, along with three trucks, best paint and best of show. As things worked out, there were about eight modified Triumphs and eight original ones, simplifying the voting tremendously, at least from our perspective.

Your humble and obedient scribe departed around 1 PM to catch the second half of the Bears-Vikings game, but we have it on good authority that many lingered for another couple of hours and enjoyed themselves. Based on the overall experience, it would seem to be a no-brainer that we make this event a regular in the future, if for no other reason than to enjoy such a beautiful setting. The only downside we can come up with is that it conflicts with the Sunday Lake Geneva Poker Run, although Jack Billmack came up with a creative solution by going to Lake Geneva on Saturday and Cantigny on Sunday, a possible thought for more of us to keep in mind for next year if the dates overlap again.



*Suds*

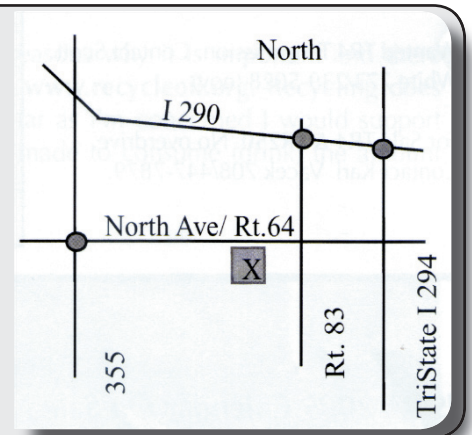




## ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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.	5th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	18	Sat.	8:00 AM	Painting/Body Work Clinic Pawlak's Triumph Farm, Hampshire 847/683-4184 or email: stagfire@elnet.com
Dec.	3rd	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
Jan	1st	Mon.	10:30	Outer Drive Hero's Run-Leave from Northerly Island [Meiggs Field] Parking Lot-call Bill Jensen [815/729-9731] for further info.
	7th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	20th	Sat.	6:00 PM	Big Bash, DesPlaines Elks Club
Feb.	11th*	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	25	Sun.		British Parts Swap Meet at Du Page County Fairgrounds
Mar.	4th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
Apr.	1st	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
May	6th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	17-20			MotorCheck Vintage GT Challenge at Road America, Elkhart Lake, WI
June	3rd	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
July	1st	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 4:30]
	17-21			VTR National Convention, Valley Forge, PA

**\*NOT THE FIRST SUNDAY**

**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





## A LITTLE BS FROM BS



### NEWS AND VIEW FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE

“What the hell kinda dumb name is Illinois Sports Owners Association, anyhow?” queried my colleague, Vinnie “The ratchet,” his legs protruding from beneath a tired Crown Vic as he struggled with a recalcitrant water pump.

“Well,” says I, “it all started when the Standard Triumph Company decided to sponsor a club for Triumph Sportscar owners. The first postwar Triumph to attract any significant following in North America was the TR2. Its factory code name was “Triumph Sports,” and the vin numbers were all prefixed “TS” for that reason. An association of owners of such vehicles might quite logically be the “Triumph Sports Owners Association,” and in point of fact, was thus named back in the mid fifties. They published a national newsletter and even sponsored trips to the UK for buyers to pick up brand new Triumphs. The factory also encouraged the formation of local chapters,

and the Chicagoland chapter chose the name Illinois Sports Owners Association back in the sixties as a logical extension of the national club.

“OK,” replied the Ratchet, his voice muffled by the draining antifreeze gushing from the Ford, “I’ll give you that one, even though the name Triumph ain’t anywhere in the club’s name. I just figured it was on accounta you didn’t want nobody to know that youse drove Triumphs, but what in the [expletive] is “Snic Braaapp?” Dats gotta be the goofiest t’ing I ever heard.”

“It’s not all that goofy if you know a little background. Originally, the ISOA newsletter was simply called “The ISOA Newsletter.” Not too catchy, but to the point. In 1975, editor Rick Dentino penned a parody of John McCutcheon’s award winning “Injun Summer.” The *Tribune* used to put the piece on the cover of their *Sunday Magazine*, until the pc police decided that the title was offensive.

In his parody, Dentino wrote about old British Sportscars making an annual mystical return each fall and making sounds that sounded like “Snic Snic” with their valves clattering as “Braaapp” noises emanated from their exhausts. It was Dentino’s magnum opus, and the article was so well received by the club members

that the newsletter was renamed from that line. Every editor of the newsletter ever since has rerun that piece each fall, mainly because they’re mostly too lazy to come up with anything new, but also as an homage to Dentino, wherever he may be.

“So there you have it, Vinnie, a perfectly plausible explanation for the name of the club and the newsletter. Doesn’t it all make perfect sense to you now?” I asked feeling that I had crafted a teachable moment for my companion.

“Maybe,” he replied as he scooted out from under the Crown Vic on his creeper, “but at least in my club, the Elgin Street Rodders, people know who the hell we are. An’ when they get our newsletter, The Elgin Street Rodders Newsletter, most of da members know what it is.”

“You may be right, Vinnie, but I think our members wouldn’t want it any other way. Besides, it does keep people from knowing that we drive Triumphs, and sometimes that’s not always a bad thing.”



*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. Pictures, descriptions and accounts contained herein may not be reproduced without the expressed written consent of Standard-Triumph Motors, LTD*

**Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle Bartlett, IL 60103 email: [trstreep@sbcglobal.net](mailto:trstreep@sbcglobal.net)**





GARAGE TALK  
NOVEMBER 2006

**K**athy and I had full intentions to go on the fall camping trip. We needed to get in a last couple of nights of spending one on one time with Mother Nature. Alas, plans get changed. A schedule flip-flop required time at the business that prevented us from leaving. I had to work until 1:30 on Saturday to meet customer needs that were pressing and required my help. But that's not where it ends.

The campout weekend also coincided with the Burlington Centennial Celebration. Being incorporated into a town in 1906, there was a parade and all the ancillary activities that go along with such an event. Regardless, we wanted to go camping. Nonetheless, being a business in the town, it was requested that we have representation in the parade. The great thing about owning classic cars is that they can be deployed for many duties including parades. But there was a twist. It needed to match the historical theme. You know, turn of the century, farming and all that type of stuff. Ok, now I need to throw something together for the parade, and I had Saturday afternoon to do it. Now you know why we wanted

to go camping. Hmm, the Stag is a bit out of place against the backdrop of Model T's, 40's vintage Chevy's and the like. Maybe Spiders in the barn? Naww, the TR7 reference is a real stretch. The old 65 Spitfire has been in its share of parades. Often with comments such as "Look at the cute little car," "How fast can you peddle that thing?" "A go-kart with wire wheels," and, "Hey little Billy, it's just the right size for you." Save the comments for your comedy act on Friday nights.

Ok Joe, think back to the 70's of recreational pharmaceuticals, and in a purple haze of inspiration, I came up with an idea. I went to the barn and grabbed two bales of hay. I folded over a blanket and positioned it on top of the boot and strapped on the two bales. I drove over to the shop and on the wide format printer created a sign: British Hay Wagon circa mid 60's. Along with a sign of the business from previous parades, I fastened these to the hay bales. Armed with several bags of candy and a few hundred small coloring books I printed for the little kids on the parade route, the entry was set. Jenny shook her head and mumbled something about being brain damaged. I guess it's a good kind of brain damage. Kathy and Jenny would help

pass out the coloring books, and I threw candy from the Spitfire. I had so much hay flying around inside the car.

The car drew the typical comments about its size and was endeared with new ones about being a hay wagon. That was the best I could do a day before the event, and at least it went with the farming history theme of the celebration. We all had some good laughs along the route. After the parade, we parked the car and went off to have lunch and enjoy (and work some) at the centennial celebration. But wait, that's not all! The mayor finds me and said we won "Most Creative Float," cash prize and everything. How many two-time national concours winning Triumph Spitfires can say they haul hay around? Well, it was either going to be a hay wagon or camper. Take that, trailer queen bastards.



**BIG BASH 2007**

- WHAT: The Annual ISOA Party & Awards Night
- WHERE: DesPlaines Elk's Club  
495 Lee Street, DesPlaines, IL [ph. 847/824-1526]
- HOW MUCH: \$30.00 per person
- WHEN: Saturday January 20th, 2007  
6:00 PM Cocktails [cash bar] & hors d'ourves  
7:00 PM Dinner [choice of entree: beef, fish, or chicken]

Bring your check to the next meeting or mail to:

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



## THE FURTHER TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF SIR WRENCHALO

### CURSE OF THE DREADED YIK



And so as we observed in a preceding scribbling, our hero, Sir Wrenchalot, did take his leave from the Prince of Darkness, Beelzebub, and pledge no more to squander his silver upon terminal steeds better left to die in peace. And it came to pass, just after Whitsuntide, on the first Sabbath of new moon, that Sir Wrenchalot did gather with the other Knights Triumphant in the hallowed grove of the Golden Pheasant to join with his kindred spirits in an evening of camaraderie. There in the twilight did the knights toast each other as they gathered around the great round table of Mack, their innkeeper, and listened to the many tales and adventures each had experienced in outwitting the Wicked One, Mephistopheles.

Sir Wrenchalot himself told how he had dared to ride his horse at dusk, taunting Satan who had placed an eternal curse on all of those virtuous Knights Triumphant who dared to violate his ultimatum: "A gentleman does not go riding after dark lest I cause his horse to go blind." And at this particular assembly, his comrades did toast Sir Wrenchalot and bestow upon him an accolade in the name of good Sir Peter of Roberts and a tankard of strong Mede for chronicling his adventures against the Evil One. Alas, poor Sir Wrenchalot, who had no familiarity with strong drink, quickly found his judgment grow cloudy, just as the great wizard Wazbeard did arrive from the land of cheese and ale and issue forth a challenge to the manhood and honour of all the flatland Knights Triumphant gathered there in the sacred grove that evening.

"Lords and ladies, I have this day come upon an elderly colt, sorely in need of

the custody of a goodly knight. Who among thee hath the courage and horsemanship to take up my challenge and nurse this beast back to good health?" And so Sir Wrenchalot, his brains addled by potent drink, did rise up and proclaim "Good wizard, I shall accept thy dare for I have only just resurrected my beloved Lucille, now known throughout the kingdom as the Wonder horse, and I have learned many mysteries which I can employ to bring back to life this mount of which you speak. The lovely Lucille does need a mate and this animal may be well suited to serve as her companion." And thus did Sir Wrenchalot agree to travel far into the land of cheese and sausage where the wizard did dwell to see this charger for himself and take up the wizard's challenge.

And so Sir Wrenchalot and Lucille did journey into the land where the entire peasantry did wear green and gold headgear and prattle incessantly about ogres known only for their ability to pack. And after much searching, for the trails in northland were not as clearly marked as they were in the flatland, they did come upon the manor of the great wizard known far and wide for its large stable and meager domicile where the wizard and his lady did dwell. The manor was bedecked with the wizard's motto "Ede caseum aut more!\*" which did often did discourage the fainted-hearted flatlanders, but did not dissuade our champion.

"Welcome Sir Wrenchalot," spoke the great Wizard who had once raced a chariot across frozen lakes in the name of sport, but now reclaimed portions of deceased horses and performed magical incantations on sickly steeds, much to the relief of the Knights Triumphant who did not possess his knowledge of sorcery. "Come observe for thyself the mount of which I spoke. He once was a champion racehorse, sired from the first sporting horses raced by Sir Kenneth, King Richard's son who set many a record in the early days of the breed, but his previous owner did overwork him and did not provide him adequate lubrication, and now he hovers at Death's Door."

And so they entered the stable of the wizard from which hung the pieces of many steeds, along with their trappings. Then did Sir Wrenchalot espy the hulk of a most wretched little beast, which appeared far better suited for the glue works than show competition. Its fetlocks were bruised from countless collisions with other racehorses and its skeleton seemed twisted and cancer-

ous to such an extent that the poor creature appeared more dead than alive. "Thou hath stated that thee can raise the deceased, now must thee back up thy words with deeds" taunted the sorcerer. Little did Sir Wrenchalot comprehend that the words were really those of his nemesis, Lucifer, Prince of Darkness who had metamorphosed himself into the image of Wazbeard. "Hast thou the mettle to take up my challenge, or art thou, like the Earl of Wright, all bluster and little action."

"Fie upon thee Wazbeard! For I didst reckon that thou wert my trusted friend and colleague and now thou spekest unto me as thee might a lowly serf. I shall accept thy dare! I pledge upon my sacred ratchet that I shall cause this decrepit colt to once again compete in contests within this millennium or I shall revoke my knighthood and become a simple serf in your homage." Sir Wrenchalot, his better judgment temporarily lost to his fury at the wizard, too late realized that he had been fooled by Lucifer. Of course, the Prince of Darkness had expected just such a hot-blooded reply and he and his evil demons had indeed deceived Sir Wrenchalot into taking up an hopeless cause, the resurrection of yet another steed far better left for the rendering skulyard than the jousting fields.

And then did the Evil One reveal himself to the knight. "At last I have thee at my mercy Sir Wrenchalot! Thou didst reckon that thee had bettered me. Fool! How dare thee challenge the Prince of Darkness? Now thou hast made a wager that thee can never attain and I shall claim thy eternal soul as mine for thy hubris and thou will dwell forever in the Everlasting Lake of Fire and Brimstone to suffer for thy foolish pride!" And the devil did then vanish into a cloud of thick vapors and Sir Wrenchalot could hear his evil laughter trailing off into the distance.

"What have I done? How could I have been such a dolt to allow myself to fall under the spell of the evil Prince of Darkness yet again? The gods are indeed right, mortals are fools and I am the most foolish of them all. How shall I ever explain this wretched situation to my good wyfe, who has yet to absolve me for my affair with Lucille? But surely she will appreciate this horse for she is a woman of great tolerance and understanding."

Just then, Sir Wrenchalot did hear a gentle whinny from the horse he had undertaken to rejuvenate. Then did Wrenchalot did gaze into the horse's gentle eyes and look closer upon the aging colt which nuzzled his arm and he placed his shaggy head meekly





upon the knights shoulder, as if to thank him for sparing his life. "By my ratchet I shall revive this creature or forfeit my soul trying. I shall make pilgrimages to kingdoms far and wide to seek sorcerers and healers for this animal and I shall pledge my meager resources to heal this dumb beast, for it is not his fault that he has been ill-treated and left for dead. All of God's creatures warrant at least this much consideration." And at that, the Great Matriarch, the Lady of the Lake, did materialize before the knight and his newly acquired, but ever so bedraggled, horse.

"Gentle Knight, be of good faith. The gods have once more taken sympathy upon thee, though, they are somewhat vexed that thou didst allow thyself to be duped by Lucifer a second time. Thy heart, if not thy head, is in the right place. Thou shall suffer greatly, but if thou shall remain pure in thought, word, and deed, there is hope that thou might save this horse and thy eternal soul from the Domain of Satan.

Thou must make a number of sacred pilgrimages to procure the wisdom of sorcerers with powers greater than Wazbeard. Thou must also be prepared to lavish large amounts of gold and silver on this beast, for his affliction is far greater than thou can reckon, but nothing can stop a true Knight Triumphant who doth possess a line of credit and a will to preserve a sporting horse. Pay special attention to all of this steed's trappings Sir Wrenchalot, for they shall allow you to work magic once you have uncovered their secret powers. And now I must take my leave; but remember, the eyes have it!" And with that, the Lady of the Lake disappeared into the darkness, leaving the knight and his new mount stranded in the land of cheese and beer, far from the comforts of hearth and home. Just then the real Wazbeard did appear and quickly surmised the situation.

"I reckon that thou again hath been the prey of the Devil. I shall aid thee as much as I can Sir Wrenchalot, but Lucifer's magic is far greater than mine. I shall summon my draft horses to portage thee and this infirm horse back to the flatland of the Knights Triumphant. Study thee this tome, for it doth contain much secret knowledge of these beasts." And the wizard gave unto the Sir Wrenchalot a shopworn manual containing many secrets regarding this manner of horse, which in fact a distant ancestor of Lucille and which, in the early days of jousting, did travel at greater speeds than all others. And so Sir Wrenchalot began to learn about his

new mount and he began to grow attached to the small, but extremely sickly colt.

When Sir Wrenchalot finally arrived at his manor, he did espy his good wyfe, her arms folded across her ample bosom and her tiny slipper tapping swiftly on the doorstep. She did not seem to be contented at the spectacle of yet another sporting horse. Since her affinity for Lucille was far from great, the presence of the new arrival did not exactly bring a dimension of Christian charity to the Sir Wrenchalot's domicile.

"What new lunacy hath possessed thee now, old fool?!", shrieked the diminutive Lady Wrenchalot. "Hath not thee squandered our meagre purse on that other derelict bag of bones? Now thee hath brought another worthless nag onto our humble manor. If thou art so enamored of these creatures, perhaps thou wilt enjoy sleeping in the stables with them, for my bedchamber shall henceforth be locked and sealed from the likes of such a dolt as thou!" And with that, the little woman did bar the door to her sleeping quarters, leaving our hero alone in the cold night air with his newly acquired, but very unhealthy steed. "She's just a bit out of sorts" said our hero to no one in particular. "I'm certain it must be that time of the month when all those of her gender endure the curse of Eve." And thus did Wrenchalot lead the small colt back to the stable and introduce him to Lucille as the three of them curled up and bedded down for the night.

Soon after adding this latest horse to his little herd, Sir Wrenchalot was able to locate the pedigree of his newly acquired, but ever so ailing steed. It was discovered that he was once covered with a coat of alabaster, rather than the dull blue hue which now covered his hide. "From this time on, thee shall be known as Casper, in honour of thy once and future colour" proclaimed Sir Wrenchalot.

So Sir Wrenchalot did seek the council of the inner circle of the Knights Triumphant, including good King Spuds, who had owned many such horses, and Sir William of Pyle, known through the kingdom for accomplishments in reviving this particular breed of steed and his ability to wield the great flame-wrench. Many of the good Knights Triumphant did visit the stable of Sir Wrenchalot, including Sir George, slayer of dragons and wearer of such distinctive headgear that he was known as the Capper. All shook their heads and extended their condolences to Sir Wrenchalot, for it seemed to all that his poor beast was not long for

the earthly realm, and the knights attempted to comfort our hero with their condolences on the imminent demise of the little colt.

But Sir Wrenchalot would have none of it. He vowed to travel to the four corners of the known world to seek out all the collective wisdom of all knights who possessed such sporting horses, (although truth be told, Sir Wrenchalot, himself suffered from a congenital condition causing him to be to be wrench-impaired when actually doing any repairs upon the ailing steed). And so Sir Wrenchalot accompanied by good King Spuds and Sir Elwood of the Highlands did journey to the extreme end of the acknowledged universe, to the very gates of Hell itself to seek the council of other Knights. Lucille was suffering from a severe arthritic condition of her hindquarters and made a demonic cacophony whenever given the spur, and so King Spuds did allow Sir Wrenchalot to ride with him upon his own steed, similar to Lucille, but not as handsome, and they traveled to the region of eternal heat and humidity, where the bones of deceased creatures lay bleached in the everlasting noonday sun. Sir Elwood led the way on his horse, which was of a different breed and did consume rice rather than hay and oats, but still managed to keep from overheating, despite being given the spur for long periods of time. The intense heat did cause the steed of King Spuds to sprout horns and the Knights to frequently ingest large quantities of beverages to alleviate any dehydration, but still they persevered and managed to return to the Flatland with many goodly yarns and tales of the worthless fort which they had visited. And there were trips to other distant places, and always did Sir Wrenchalot return with new knowledge and ideas, but never quite enough to bring his comatose colt back to life.

On one particular evening, several years after the acquisition of Casper, with only a few months remaining in the millennium, Sir Wrenchalot was studying Casper's trappings, while grooming his beloved Lucille, who was beginning to show the signs of her many years of combat. As the sun was setting, Sir Wrenchalot was thinking about what he might do to make Caspar well and save his soul from Lucifer. "Curse this early darkness!" Complained the knight. "I only need another few moments of sunshine to finish my task. I know, I shall light this spare tripod saddle lamp which was included among the spare accoutrements and accessories which had been gathering dust since





the addition of Casper. It shall provide me the illumination I need to finish grooming Lucille." And the knight attempted to light the lamp, but to no avail. "It appears that there is some writing engraved here" he said to himself. "Mayhaps, if I remove some of the corrosion around the script, I can acquire the secret to lighting it." And so he began to rub the lamp. Suddenly a huge cloud of smoke began to pass from the end of the lamp and an apparition appeared, as if by magic.

"Good Sir Knight, I am Gizmo, the genie of the lamp and thee hath released me from a thousand millennia of bondage at the hand of Lucifer, who did placed me inside this accursed lamp. It was only after a chivalrous knight stroked the lamp that I could be liberated, and now I owe thee a debt of gratitude. I shall show thee my appreciation by granting four wishes. Thy wish is my command."

"Saints be praised!" exclaimed our hero. "My prayers are answered. Good Genie, first grant me Casper's life be saved by permitting me to locate the accoutrements required to restore him to his former self and the means to avoid further tricks at the hands of Lucifer". "It shall be done," said the genie and he then withdrew a special and sweet-smelling emblem to festoon Casper's bridle. "This magic coat of arms will prevent Lucifer from further deceiving you for this insignia will ward off evil spirits. It is an especial crest designed exclusively for the Knights Triumphant. Thou will note its pleasant fragrance, for thou hath no need for stinking badges.

"Secondly," said Wrenchalot, "I shall need the name of a master sorcerer who can provide organs and bones to make Casper whole and hearty." With that, the genie produced a volume which listed all that was needed to make Casper as fair as when he was first born. It was written by the sorcerer Runyon from the far-off land of Armagh and although the various parts were priced beyond the simple knight's capacity to compensate, he still had the magic gold card issued by the banking house of Shylock to pay for the various and sundry organs.

"Thirdly," spoke the Knight, "I shall need the services of a master magician who can apply these bits of new horse-flesh and make this colt hearty once more. And then the genie handed the befuddled knight a business card engraved with the name of Sir Chester, master magicians/blacksmith and restorer of elderly steeds.

"And lastly," said our hero, "I shall need a special potion to transform Lady

Wrenchalot into a young, horse-loving nymph with the same passions and lusty appetites she had when we first were wed." "I am truly sorry, Sir Wrenchalot, for I was in error when I told thee that thou hadst, four wishes, for according to the official genie's code for wish fulfillment, thou art only entitled to three wishes, and therefore, thy last request must go unrequited." And with that, the genie disappeared into a cloud of sparks and smoke.

"All is not lost, for indeed, I have done quite well. This Runyan wizard shall provide me with the required horse parts while Sir Chester will work his magic to see that the parts are properly operative. There are still several full moons before the turn of the millennium, and I shall have this horse leaping o'er fences and gates before the dreaded Y1k approaches and thus save my eternal soul from the clutches (and pressure plates) of the Prince of Darkness. As far as that last wish was concerned, I am too old to keep up with both my horses and a lusty woman anyway. Perhaps it is best that Lady Wrenchalot continue her vow of chastity thus sparing me from sapping my strength, which I shall sorely need to ride two sporting steeds."

And so Sir Wrenchalot became an intimate associate of the Wizard of Armagh, and brown chariots did make regular visits to his manor with cartons of horse parts for Casper, much as they had for Lucille when she underwent her resurrection. And Sir Chester agreed to work his sorcery and, although many more pieces of silver were paid to the parts and labor purveyors, Caspar began showing signs of life.

And after much time and material, the day arrived when it was time to attach the magic paddles to Caspar's mighty heart. "Clear!" screamed Sir Chester, and miraculously, for the first time since incurring the curse of Lucifer, ten years earlier, Casper came back to life. The tiny white colt was at first unsteady on his new hooves, and his heartbeat seemed irregular, but his coat did gleam, where once it was oxidized. His saddle of blue leather did indeed appear handsome, and all of his nervous system components seemed to be operative. Although he had owned the horse for nearly a decade, Sir Wrenchalot mounted the steed in Triumph for the first time, and rode proudly upon the beast back to his manor, where his good wyfe seemed less than impressed. However, many of the knights Triumphant did appear mightily awed with the condition of the horse and Sir Wrenchalot did vow that he would enter

his horse in competition that very month.

"I shall ride this horse to the land of a thousand lakes and there I shall compete against the finest horses in the land. And so the Knights Triumphant did band together and ride many, many leagues to Frostbite Falls on the shores of Lake Woebegone where a gathering of the finest horses in the known universe did assemble. Sir Timothy of Chesterton did join Sir Wrenchalot on the pilgrimage, as did Sir Joseph of Hampshire (whose steed did spit fyre), and King Spuds and many others formed a caravan to the great Northwoods. And along the way, they passed the enchanted castle built high on a cliff which the Earl of Wright did often wish to visit, but the other Knights were too afraid to venture into lest they become morally bankrupt as had happened to the Earl following his pilgrimage there.

At last they reached the shores of Lake Woebegone where indeed the men were all handsome and the children above average. Casper was carefully groomed by Sir Wrenchalot for his first joust and after the competition, a great banquet was held. Accolades were distributed in many areas of competition and the Knights Triumphant from the flatlands did receive numerous awards for the speed and grace of their sporting steeds. And when the time for Casper's class came for the award presentation, a special certificate of gold was given to Sir Wrenchalot and Casper was proclaimed the fairest in all the land, and there was cheering and celebration long into the night by the flatlanders.

And so the knight was able to keep his mortal soul from falling into the evil clutches of the Prince of Darkness. And many more adventure would await the Knights Triumphant upon their return to the flat lands which they called home. But that is a tale for another time. At this time, Casper and Lucille are hibernating comfortably in the stable of Sir Wrenchalot's manor, and his good wyfe is at Vespers, praying to the Holy Virgin for divine guidance about how to deal with a lunatic. Sir Wrenchalot is studying a special message from the Wizard of Armagh, which included especial values for a limited time only during the winter months.

And Y1k did come and go, and Sir Wrenchalot remained the master of his domain and all was good in the land of the Knights Triumphant, or so they thought.



VARIOUS LAWS

Since our last "contest" proved to be such an underwhelming success, we have decided to try something a little less "challenging." See how well you know your fellow club members' nicknames by completing the puzzle below.

•LAW OF MECHANICAL REPAIR: After your hands become coated with grease your nose will begin to itch or you'll have to pee.

•LAW OF THE WORKSHOP: Any tool, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible corner. Law of probability: The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act..

•LAW OF THE ALIBI: If you tell the boss you were late for work because you had a flat tire, the very next morning you will have a flat tire.

•VARIATION LAW: If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will start to move faster than the one you are in now. (Works every time)

•BATH THEOREM: When the body is fully immersed in water, the telephone rings.

•LAW OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS: The probability of meeting someone you know increases when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with.

Law of the Result: When you try to prove to someone that a machine won't work, it will.

•LAW OF BIOMECHANICS: The severity of the itch is inversely proportional to the reach. Theatre Rule: At any event, the people whose seats are furthest from the aisle arrive last.

•LAW OF COFFEE: As soon as you sit down to a cup of hot coffee, your boss will ask you to do something that will last until the coffee is cold.

•MURPHY'S LAW OF LOCKERS: If there are only two people in a locker room, they will have adjacent lockers

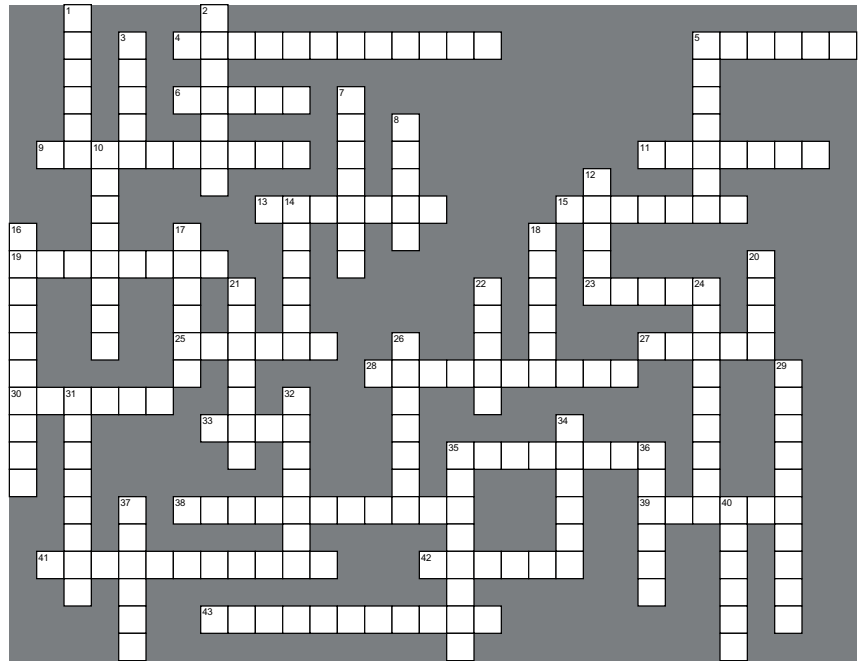
•LAW OF DIRTY RUGS/CARPETS: The chances of an open-faced jelly sandwich of landing face down on a floor covering are directly correlated to the newness and cost of the carpet/rug.

•LAW OF LOGICAL ARGUMENT: Anything is possible if you don't know what you are talking about.

•WILSON'S LAW: As soon as you find a product that you really like, they will stop making it.

ISOA Nickname Crossword Puzzle

Answers appear on page 19



www.CrosswordWeaver.com

ACROSS

- 4 Ken Kendzy [two words]
5 Bob Donile
6 Tim Mantel
9 Pat Lobdell [two words]
11 Paul Kurtzner
13 Jeff Rust
15 Peter Conover
19 Ernie Husmann [two words]
23 Jack Billmack
25 Pete Eckstein
27 Jim Arch
28 Pat Morse [two words]
30 Irv Korey
33 Mark Fisher
35 Kathy Pawlak

DOWN

- 1 Bill Pyle
2 Roman Hrynewycz
3 Dave Shedor
5 Diane Mueller
7 Mark Moore
8 Doug Larson
10 Mike Konopka
12 Mike Blonder
14 Mike Mueller
16 Joe Kaplon [two words]

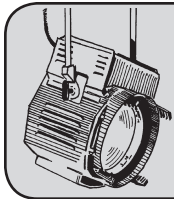
- 17 Steve Yott'
18 Phil Fox
20 Bob Streepy
21 Gloria Capetto
22 Chris Smit
24 Dave Kayson [two words]
26 Bob Steele
29 Jay Holekamp
31 Dan Swason
32 Tim Buja
34 Tim Smith
35 Jim Aldridge
36 Steve Yezo
37 Erik Quackenbush
40 Debbie Larson



SHOE







SPOTLIGHT ON  
SWALLOW DORETTI

BY BOB STREEPY

Fifth in a Series



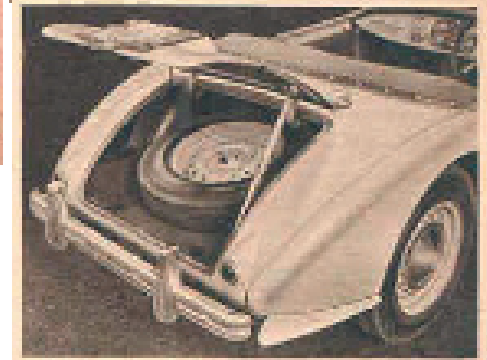
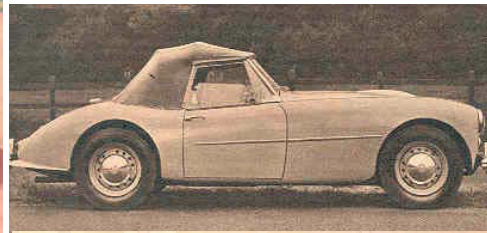
The Swallow Doretti was a hand built custom bodied derivative of the TR2 produced in 1953-4. The

name Doretti was actually registered in 1935 by a Coventry coachbuilder that eventually, following several other owners, built the 276 roadsters and one GT coupe bearing the Doretti logo. There is also a school of thought that the car was named in honor Dorothy Deen, the director of sales for the Cal Specialties, a West Coast Triumph distributor in the fifties.

Swallow Coachbuilding in Walsall, England, manufactured the envelope style body. Swallow was several owners



removed from its founding father, Sir William Lyons, whose Swallow Sidecar [SS] company had built the first Jaguars in the 1930s.



The car featured a tubular frame and used TR2 mechanical components and drivetrain. While it looked sleeker than the Triumph, it could not match the TR2's 0-60 times. Frank Rainbow, whose previous experience in the aircraft industry was evidenced in the aluminum skin over steel panel construction, designed the Doretti. While the £1102 [\$3295.00] price seemed steep when compared to the same cost for a Healy or \$400 more than a TR2, especially since it was slower than the Triumph, the reasons for its demise

had more to do with economic pressure from within the automotive industry than the market place, according to Andy Wilsheer of *Triumph World*. The "plug was pulled" on the Doretti in 1955 after fewer than three hundred were built.

Perhaps the Doretti's most sig-



nificant place in Triumph history may have to do with its role in the dismissal of Sir John Black, who was unceremoniously dumped by the Standard Triumph Board after wrecking a Doretti prototype during a test drive. While he recuperated from his injuries, the Standard Triumph board dumped him.

At any rate, it remains one of the nicest looking cars of the era, as evidenced by the beautiful black one owned by Thomas Leavitt of Atlanta that appeared at the Clock Tower last summer during the 2005 VTR Convention and shown above.

Material for this article was sourced from:

- *Illustrated Triumph Buyer's Guide* by Richard Newton
- *Triumph World* No 56, June/July 2004
- *Triumph Cars - The Complete Story* by Graham Robson and Richard Langworth
- *Triumph Cars in America* by Michael Cook



# SILO SAVED!

## FISHER ACCEPTS THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH



Dear Editur-  
After a lifetime of decadence, sin, and degradation, I have accepted the lord Jesus Christ into my heart as my true lord and savior. In other

words, *I have been saved!*

Permit me to backtrack a bit. It was about 3:00 AM, and I was channel surfing. I had about a 10 or 12 22 oz. bottles of Fat Tire Amber Ales [see Uncle Sudsey's New Brew Review Nov 06 SNIC BRAAAPP], and I began to feel that I was spiritually bankrupt, when I stumbled [literally] across Brother Elwood's "Universal Life Church of Eternal Redemption and Salvation" on cable. He seemed to be preaching directly to me, and I realized that my moral compass needed to be calibrated. After I saw him "cure" a couple of lame guys and this old fat, blind chick, I knew what I had to do. I cast off Satan and repented my sins in order to avoid spending eternity in the everlasting lake of Fire and Brimstone.

I drove over to the Fox River and found this guy sleeping in a refrigerator box on the bank who told me he was an ordained minister in Brother Elwood's Church. It was a miracle! He offered to wash away my sins, in exchange for a bottle of Ripple. Fortunately, the river was only 6' 5" deep, and I was able to keep my head above water during the rebirth ceremony.

Now that I am born again and all my sins have been washed away, I'm certain that my Lotus restoration project will not have any more obstacles placed in its way by the Prince of Darkness. In addition, through the generosity demonstrated by the membership of ISOA to the "Save the Silo" campaign, I have

received sufficient donations which will allow me to complete the LoCostus" project much sooner than anticipated.

Nevertheless, there are still a few purchases that I need to make, so anyone who has not yet donated to the project can make their checks out: "Save the Sillo II" c/o Mark Fisher, 1676 Stockton lane, Crystal Lake. [The donations are tax deductible because I am now a full fledged clergyman in the Church.]



Mark "Silo" Fisher

Dear Mr. Editor

Thanks for printing my picture (for those of you that haven't finished reading your September issue, it's about a page from the back). I'm sure it will help my campaign immensely.

Remember, even if you've just driven through Cook County, that makes you eligible to vote (for me)

Actually, the skin tone geminates from the same physician that did the Michael Jackson "surgery." I had what's known as the "Jackson Reverse" procedure.

As a side benefit, I can now do the moonwalk. (Part of the reason I opted to get a new hip, the old one wouldn't withstand the actively.) It would be like putting a Rimmer Bros. timing chain on an Stag engine.

Thanks to Judge Dread for letting me have his old judicial robes since he retired. That solved my wardrobe problem!

If I'm elected, I have already authorized the Cook County police that they no longer have to wear badges and just recite the "stinking badges" language

when apprehending any possible suspects. Also, maybe till the election is over it may be best if I lose that "Burnout" moniker. All the Best

*Bobbie Steele*



Above right - "Burnout Bobbie" before hormone therapy; Left - after treatment.

Dear Editor,



I confess! I am guilty of committing terrible crimes against ISOA, and now I must come clean and declare my guilt. I am the one responsible for erasing Kas Kastner's autograph from Yacker's firewall. I did it! I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. While I'm at it, I also am responsible for the stuffing the ballot box at BCU back in the 90's, not Earl Wright. I did it, please forgive me. I also stole Bob Link's video of VTR '97, and I also shoplifted a bunch of stuff at the DuPage swap meet and tried to sell from my own table. Can you ever forgive me?

*John Mark Kerr*

We received this text message on our rotary dial cell phone here at Snic Braaapp Towers. Perhaps someone among our readers can decipher it and let us know what it means.

Plz hlp me. NE1 no where I cn by a TR toy car like ths? [see photo] I wnt



2 give 1 2 QT House Page 4 Xmas. He's sooo hot! OMG!!! PLMK ASAP. CUL8R G2G, H&K, BCNU, WWYC

MAF54





OCTOBER

## GENERAL MEETING NOTES [IN CASE YOU MISSED IT]

More than 50 ISOA members, several of whom drove in Triumph, opted to forego viewing the Bears-Seahawks [no]contest on Sunday, October 1st, 2006, to attend the monthly gathering of the Coventry Irregulars AKA – The Illinois Sports Owners Association. Pete Ballard of Plainfield [Spitfire] and Glen Skrzypek from Naperville [TR6] made their ISOA debuts at the gathering.

President Joe “Stagmeister” Pawlak got the meeting under way at precisely 7:13 [7:00 official ISOA time]. The main focus was a recap of recent, or in some cases, not so recent events, since we did not have an official get-together in September. Among other things, we recapped the Turnabout Picnic held in August, the British Car Union Show in September, the Toronto Triumph Show, Six Pack TRials, and the Cantigny car show. The topic of discussion then turned from past to future tense, and Tim “Toolman” Buja began by elaborating on the plans for the fall campout at his place near Wisconsin Rapids, the Halloween party to be held at Pawlak’s, the brake clinic scheduled for Mueller’s House of Powder in Wood Dale, the Toys for Tots Run, and the Euro Auto Festival in South Carolina – many of which are discussed in further detail elsewhere in this issue of the newsletter. Looking further into the future, we talked about a body/painting clinic [also at Pawlaks] set for November 18, and the annual Big Bash to be held on January 20 at the Des Plaines Elks Club.

Kim Jensen had ISOA regalia prominently displayed and announced a special holiday sale on Henley shirts, just in time for the gift-giving season. [See ad on page 22] She also asked for input as to any new items the members would like to see added to the ceremonial dress repertoire.

Jack Billimack then went back to discuss BCU for feedback to share

with other clubs who put on the show. There was considerable dialogue on ways to improve the event, and Jack, along with BCU reps Ken and Arlene Kendzy, received plenty of suggestions from our club to take back to the BCU wrap-up conference.

Following the BCU discussion, nominations were placed for the Peter M. Roberts and the Boomer Awards. There were several deserving recommendations for the loving cup bearing the official seal of ISOA. Roma Hrynewycz selected Mark Moore and Joe Pawlak for helping him at the turnabout picnic; your humble and obedient scribe suggested that Dave Kayson, Jay Holekamp and Mike Mueller be considered for their help in extracting the motor from Casper [not the world’s nicest TR3, just the most expensive]; Joe Pawlak [again] and Tim Buja were nominated for doing some diagnostic work on Jerry Hurst’s TR6 at the post BCU party; and Joe Kaplon was nominated for hosting the party following BCU. In a close vote, the award was given to Jelly Bean for his hospitality. The Boomer nomination [singular] went to Jerry Hurst. It seems that at the Six Pack TRials, “Big Jer” went to answer nature’s call in what he thought was the gent’s ordinary. Unbeknownst to Jerry, he entered the accommodations designated for the “Y” chromosome group. This was brought to his attention when he heard voices that were decidedly not masculine. To conceal his error, he hid in one of the stalls until he thought that the coast was clear before sneaking out the ladies room, but not before being observed by some of the occupants. Currently, the

bent wire wheel is in prominent display in Joliet.

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

*Suds*



### 2006 ISOA

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President & Newsletter Publisher	Joe “Stagmeister” Pawlak 847/683-4184 stagfire@elnet.com
Vice President	Mike “Toofus” Mueller 630/860-9118 greenjet3@aol.com
Treasurer	Sheri “Big Mama” Pyle 630/773-4806 sheri@comcast.net
Secretary/ Newsletter Editor	Bob “Suds” Streepy 630/372-7565 trstreep@sbcglobal.net
Events	Jack “Spuds” Billimack 815/459-4721 jbillimack@comcast.net
Membership/ Webmaster	Tim “Tool Man” Buja 815/332-3119 buja@insightbb.com
Motorsports/ Curmudgeon	Irv “Elwood” Korey 847/831-2809 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@sbcglobal.net





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) Joe "Stagmesiter" Pawlak  
847/683-9683
- 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 "Opera Man" Crowley  
630/355 2170
- KeyMaster Bob "Senile" Donile  
630/837 3721
- Electrical Paint, Body, Joe "Stagmesiter" Pawlak  
847/683-9683

We came across this bit of poetry from the November 1982 Snic Braaapp by Art Briske. With elections for 2007 coming up, we felt it was appropriate to reprint it here ED



"Do I just belong??"  
Am I an active member, the kind that would "be missed?"  
Or am I just content, with having my name on the list.

Do I attend the meetings, and affairs, and mingle with the crowd?  
Or just plain stay away, and then crab strong and loud.

Do I ever get involved in the running of club affairs and events?  
Or am I just plain too busy, to spare a few moments?

'Tis true a select few; do most of the work, in the club.

My only contribution was a dig and a rub.

The program of events scheduled, means we are alive and functional.

Success will be ours, if our time is more rational.

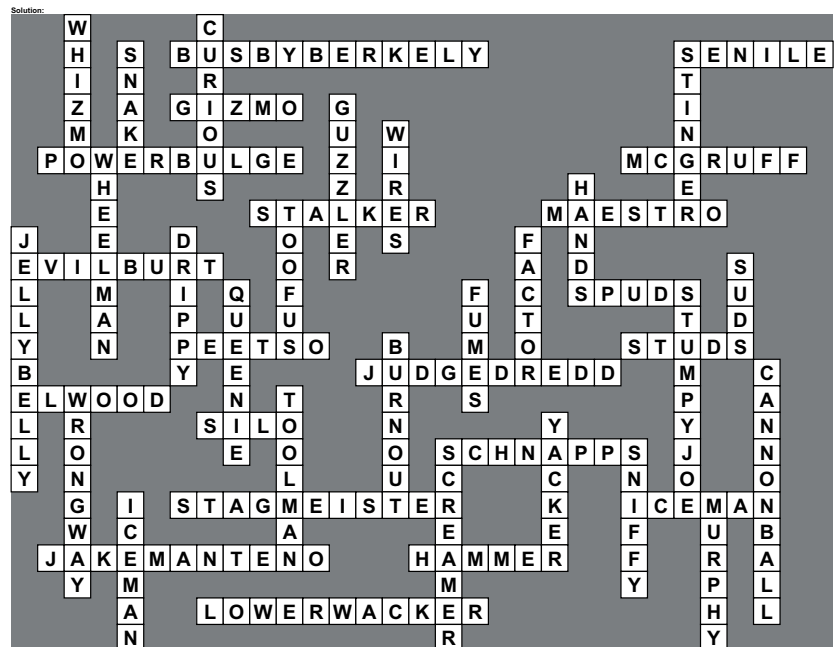
So attend the meetings regularly, and help with hand and heart.

Do not just be a member, but take an active part.

Think this over "Member," are we weak, or are we strong??

Am I an active member, or do I just "belong"???

ISOA Nickname Crossword Puzzle







*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:** 1969 TR6 Air Cleaner Cover \$20; 1969 TR6 Inside Hardtop Cover \$100 Like New, Black; 1969 TR6 Tonneau \$180 Like New, Black; TR6 Rear Metallic Brake Shoes \$30 Contact Michael: [bbulfer@Powersales.com](mailto:bbulfer@Powersales.com) [9/06]

**Wanted:** 1976 TR6 seats. Greg Fantozi H:(630) 231-1314 EMAIL: [gfantozzi@geneva304.org](mailto:gfantozzi@geneva304.org) [9/06]

**For Sale:** GT6 gas tank complete from a 1973 Mk3 with float, gas cap and vent lines \$25.00; Spitfire Engine / Suspension turrets right and left off a 1976 Spitfire 1500 \$10.00 each; Monza exhaust off the same 1973 GT6, rusty but complete from downpipe to rear tips. Try it ..it's loud! \$20.00 ; Spitfire/Herald/Vitesse? 4:11 Diff. \$10.00; Spitfire 3 rail gearbox \$20.00 Misc Spitfire stuff. Parts can be picked up or I will deliver to upcoming Clinics Kim Casper 262-878-2337 or email [kcasper@wi.rr.com](mailto:kcasper@wi.rr.com) [10/06]

**For Sale:** 4 Revolution style wheels with 3 sets of lugs (7/16") and washers; back spacing is 4," 2 1/2" center hole. Also, 4 Panasport style wheels with tires with 4 sets of lugs (7/16") and washers; back spacing is 4" and has a 2 7/8" center hole. Tires are Pirrelli 185/60s. Bolt pattern is 3 3/4" on both. Asking \$90 per wheel for the Revolutions and \$80 for the Panasport style with the tires mounted; negotiable. Delivery to Chicago area possible pictures at: [ptsnet@btc-bci.com](mailto:ptsnet@btc-bci.com) [11/06]

**For Sale:** 1970 TR6 / Maroon, 98,000 Mi., Good Condition / have parts for interior that needs some work. Sue: (630) 235-9397 [11/06]

**Happy Birthday**

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

- |                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Larry Palmerson 11/01 | Kim Jensen 11/13         |
| Patrick Lobdell 11/06 | Michael McReynolds 11/13 |
| Al Christopher 11/06  | Brian McCarthy 11/15     |
| Craig Jesseman 11/07  | Carol Barnett 11/16      |
| Zack Strauss 11/08    | Pat Morgan 11/17         |
| Joe Honor 11/10       | Jack Billimack 11/18     |
| Dee Sikora 11/11      | Lorrie-Ann Fisher 11/18  |
| Mark Costello 11/11   | Jeff Leas o 11/19        |
| Sheila Mantel 11/13   | Kim Casper 11/29         |

**NEW MEMBER**

Rick Miller 74 TR6  
7358 W 114th Pl., Worth, IL 60482-1729  
H:(708) 361-5473 W-Him:(630) 654-7346  
EMAIL: [rickruns26@aol.com](mailto:rickruns26@aol.com)

**MEMBERSHIP COUNTS:**

memberships - 158; members - 229



**Featurered Regalia of the Month**

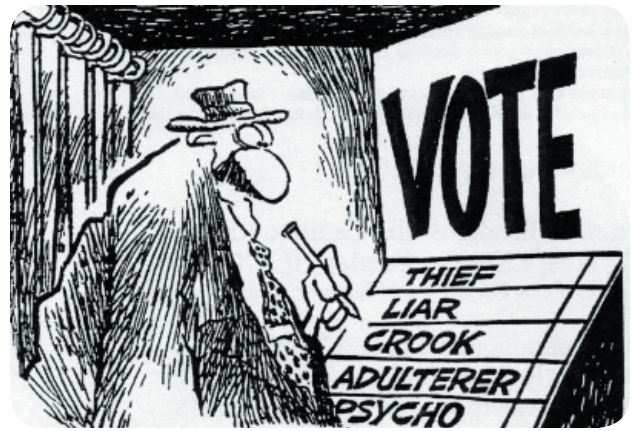
**INVENTORY REDUCTION SALE!** Just in time for holiday shopping (whatever the holiday may be!), we are offering these Henley style tees at only \$10.00 each (\$5.00 off original price.) Sizes available include M, L, XL, & XXL. See Kim Jensen at the Nov & Dec ISOA meetings..



**INSIDE YOUR DECEMBER**  
**SNIC BRAAAPP**  
TOYS FOR TOTS  
SIR BENTLEY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE  
2007 ISOA BOARD NOMINEES  
YULETIDE PROSE & POETRY  
BOOK BRAAAPP  
FLASH BRAAAPP 1981  
CLASSIFIEDS  
LOTS OF OTHER STUFF



VTR National Convention  
July 17-21, 2007 -  
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

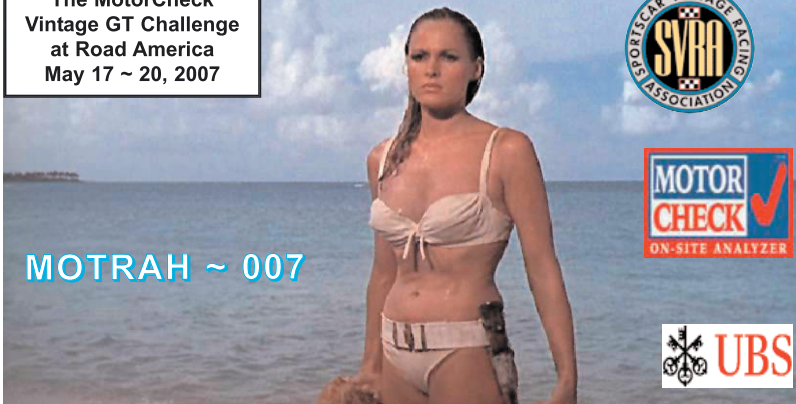


According to our club bylaws, [raise your hand if you knew we had bylaws] the Illinois Sports Owners Association is required to hold an annual election of board members. Nominations for the nine coveted positions will be made at the November meeting with the balloting to follow in December. We might publish the names of the nominees in the December newsletter if we remember.

The new officers will be sworn in [at?] in January. If you have been a member of ISOA for a year and would like to hold an office, have somebody nominate you, [your campaign chairman maybe?], at the November meeting. [It's usually best to check with somebody before placing their hat in the ring.]

PS - Not showing up at a November meeting is never a good idea, lest you wind up as bored member.

The MotorCheck  
Vintage GT Challenge  
at Road America  
May 17 ~ 20, 2007



MOTRAH ~ 007

INTRDUCING ~ MOTRAH 007

Mark your calendars! Sportscar Vintage Racing Association has just announced that it will feature Morgan, Triumph, and Austin Healey (MOTRAH) vintage race cars in an all out feature race challenge on the weekend of May 17-20 2007! We thought we would shake (not just stir) things up a bit in the interest of great vintage racing. Therefore, Morgans, Triumphs, and Austin Healeys will not be battling just one marque on the track as in a typical challenge but two! Details of this event are still being developed by HQ but of course we will have a lot of fun with the 007 theme. We will be picking our choice for the next 007 car and driver out of the MOTRAH participants, and who knows, maybe even the next Bond girl. In addition to the great race activities being planned, we have not forgot about the street car clubs wishing to attend this event. MOTRAH clubs could use the beautiful drive to Road America as your club's spring drive and once you get there we are working hard on many details for a MOTRAH Car Show, Rally, and even a Gymkhana. Also, don't forget about the street car track touring as SVRA will be issuing a complimentary touring discount to all MOTRAH cars. Ok participants, this early announcement of MOTRAH 007 will give you plenty of time to get those missile launchers, wheel hub slicers, and ejection seats installed in your MOTRAH of choice (No oil slick generating devices please).

For more info contact: (Morgan) Bob Wilson aka Kermit at [Kerm1@aol.com](mailto:Kerm1@aol.com) , (Triumph) Joe Alexander at [N197TR4@cs.com](mailto:N197TR4@cs.com) , (Austin Healey) Jeff Johnk at [jeffj@centuryrefining.com](mailto:jeffj@centuryrefining.com) , or stay tuned to SVRA's website at [www.svra.com](http://www.svra.com).  
See you all at MOTRAH 007!



Bob Harrington Photo



2007 dues need to be paid by the March meeting. Anyone who has joined the club since September is automatically paid through the end of 2007. Dues are \$25.00 per year and check should be made out to "Illinois Sports Owners Association."



Sunday, February 25, 2007  
DuPage County Fairgrounds



# LAKE GENEVA POKER RUN



The first week-end of autumn, September 22nd to the 24th, was celebrated as usual by participating in the 29th Annual

Lake Geneva Classic Car Rally. The festivities began with an evening at the Richardson's, a cocktail party at an authentic English pub.



Mike and I met Jack and Barb in Crystal Lake Saturday morning and we drove the back roads to Lake Geneva with a brief stop in Hebron for lunch. The scenery was beautiful; the leaves had already turned bright yellow and red.



A light rain began to fall just as we arrived at the Lodge at Geneva Ridge, the host hotel, to pickup our poker envelopes. The four of us took a few minutes to map out our route, just enough time for the rain to stop.

We drove around the lake stopping at the Cactus Club, Popeye's restaurant and Yerkes Observatory. At the Abbey Harbor, Mike and Jack enjoyed the wooden boat show. When we finished the rally, Mike and I said "Good bye," to Jack and Barb; they were going home so they could attend the car show at Cantigny on Sunday. Mike and I stayed



in Williams Bay with Mike's family, Judy and Louie.

Sunday morning, after breakfast, we went to a huge flea market in Elkhorn, and then we went to the card show at the Lodge. We were joined by fellow club members, Mark Moore and Ryles Cheek. The weather stayed nice, and the car show was a success, again. Unfortunately, there were no door prizes or poker hand winners this year.

The Classic Car Rally is a fun weekend that I highly recommend, and **ALL** proceeds go the American Cancer Society Childhood Research Benefit.



*Diane (Stinger) Mueller*







## 2006 ISOA FALL CAMP-OUT

TEXT BY ANN & TIM BUJA  
GRAPHICS BY THE AUTHORS &  
CHUCK MONTAGUE



**F**lying pumpkins, oh my! Yes, pumpkins were the main focus of this year's ISOA Fall Campout in Central Wisconsin (at the Buja Forest). A small, but enthusiastic group ventured to the GIANT PUMPKIN FESTIVAL and CATA-PUMPKIN LAUNCH in the small town of Nekoosa. Chuck Montague (Spitfire) met us (TR8) at 8:00am in Rockford. We picked up Bob Crowley and friend Mary (Miata) just north of Portage and arrived at the property by 11:00am.

We unloaded, set up camp and started a campfire for brats and hot dogs, then put the tops down for the scenic drive up to the festival. This was a very well organized event with lots of remote parking and frequent buses to take you to and from the festivities. The festival was located in Riverside Park along the beautiful Wisconsin River.

One of the first things we saw at the festival was a large assortment of antique engines and tractors, ranging from a variety of "hit and miss" engines driving pumps and saws, to a gas-powered Maytag washer (complete with butter churn and meat grinder attachments), a variety of John Deere, Farmall, Ford, Oliver, and IH tractors. We even found a gray Ferguson 20 that strangely reminded us of our Triumphs...



We ventured further into the festival grounds and found the typical variety of Fair Foods like funnel cakes, elephant ears, etc., as well as a couple that would only be found in the Land O' Cheese - Fried Cheese Curds, and Cheesecake on a Stick. There was a huge hot rod car show that must have had at least 400 very nicely restored cars, ranging from T-buckets & Model As, to 55-57 Chevys, 60s & 70s muscle cars, and even a few low riders tricked out with full hydraulic suspension kits. The big event was the weighing of the giant pumpkins, squash and watermelons. The winning pumpkin was 1,175 pounds! We decided it best not to drink the water in this town!

The closing event for the day was advertised as a pumpkin drop. Sure enough, just behind the engine display area was a huge crane in the center of a baseball diamond, next to a 993-pound pumpkin. At 3:30pm,



the Great Pumpkin was loaded into a sling and lifted about 100 feet into the air. As the crowd counted down to zero, the pumpkin was released and fell almost three seconds to a resounding BOOM, at which point all of the kids in the crowd ran into the infield and grabbed their piece of the remains. Not much remained after the kids were through... The sunny 70-degree weather made for a perfect day to enjoy all of the activities.

We hopped back on the bus for the remote parking area, and then drove south along the eastern shore of Lake Petenwell for an early dinner at The Lure. After dinner, it was time to head back to the camp for a campfire, conversation and stargazing. Bob Crowley pointed out a number of stars and constellations we should be able to see in the October skies. We were able to see a number of them until the full moon rose and wiped out the view.

The next morning, we made a traditional ISOA camp breakfast, tore down the

tents, and then headed for the Cata-Pumpkin Launch at the nearby Rainbow Casino. It was clear that the trebuchet designers had done their homework after last year's event since their machines were throwing the 8-10 pound pumpkins almost twice as far as last year - one pumpkin ended up about 650 feet down range. The stars of the show this year, though, were the air cannons. One group (who must have entirely too much time and money on their hands) entered two air cannons. Both were claimed to be able to make 3/4 mile pumpkin launches. We witnessed two 2500 foot shots from each cannon, along with a third launch from the big gun that couldn't be found after it landed. Each spectator was treated to a souvenir event t-shirt and mini pumpkin.

At noon, we headed back to the Festival grounds and took another look at the car show before the pumpkin regatta began at 1:00pm. Eight large pumpkins were hollowed out and floated into the Wisconsin River, where a number of local elected officials got the chance to "Boat for Votes." The local rescue squad was on hand in dry suits and a rescue boat in case one of them capsized.



Bob, Mary, and Chuck headed back for the flatlands at 2:00pm, while we remained to close up everything for the winter. We couldn't have asked for better weather,



brighter fall colors, and wonderful ISOA friends. We hope to make this an annual event - it has something for everyone to enjoy.

*The Bujas*



2006 Six Pack TRIals collage photos by Jack Billmack







## SIX PACK TRIALS

BY TIM "YACKER" SMITH

Six-Pack, the national club for Triumph TR six cylinder cars, held its annual get together at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (just south of Cleveland) on September 28 through the 31st. An ISOA group consisting of Jack and Barb Billimack [TR6], Doug & Debbie Larson [TR6], Jerry & Sandy Hurst [TR6], and this writer [TR250] caravanned out together. We left from the Lincoln Oasis at about 8:30 AM on Thursday morning September 28th.

Ken Crowley and Mark Moore had left earlier (3 AM!!) so they could go the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland and the Football Hall of Fame in Canton.

As I was about to leave my home in Naperville, I discovered that the Battery in the 250 was dead! The jumper cables would not fit on my Audi, and the posts on my Trailblazer were too small to carry enough current. Finally, I went back to the Audi and asked my wife, Natalie, to hold the clamps in place while I cranked. That worked, and I just managed to arrive at the Oasis on time.

Meanwhile, Jack "Pathfinder" Billimack missed the lane for the exit to I-80 so we had a long, scenic drive before he could turn around and come back. Also, you may remember the welding Tech Tip in the October issue of Snic Braaapp. Well, there will be another Tech Tip as the frame where the fresh weld was made broke, and Jack's left rear shock was "hanging in the breeze" so to speak.

We headed out from the Oasis, and everything went well until the rear attachments for my hardtop came off, and the back of the top wanted to lift off of the car! After a quick stop at a plaza, some work with the handy wire I carry along, we were off. From that point the rest of the trip to the Trials went well.

The Sheraton was very nice and we had great rates at just \$89 per night. I was located right on the Cuyahoga Falls. Unfortunately, there was rain in the fore-

cast, and the forecast was correct—for a change.

We hit just a little rain going over, and the rest of the day was partly sunny. After we got in and registered, we washed our cars and put them away before we got ready for the welcoming reception.

The reception was in the hotel, and there was plenty of pizza and a good cash bar (except they did not serve the official beverage of Six Pack - Newcastle Brown Ale!). Everyone had a wonderful time seeing old friends and making new ones. While most of the attendees were from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, there were people from New York, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and North Carolina who attended. The longest distance traveled was almost 1,300 miles!

Friday dawned to rain, but by the time the poker rally started, the sun started to shine through the clouds. It was a wonderful drive through the Cuyahoga National Park. The park was a veritable treasure of old homes and villages. We all had a good time. Friday night we went to a genuine old-fashioned drive-in for dinner.

Swenson's has been around for many years and had carhops and the whole ball of wax. They took great care of us and put us in a separate lot so we could all park together. [Ed note: they probably knew what kind of group this was and didn't want to scare off any regulars] The wet weather held off, and we had a very enjoyable time. After that, we went back to the hotel and sampled the libations from the Octoberfest going on next door to the hotel.

Saturday, the concours and people's choice car show dawned partly cloudy. Then it started to rain, and rain, and rain. It was also quite cold. [Two 55-gallon drums of coffee were consumed!] The car show ended at noon and a "Blue Moon" rally started at 1 PM. By then, the sun did start showing through the clouds, and everyone seemed to enjoy the ride.

Dinner that night was also in the hotel, and it was well done. ISOA did well in the trophy presentations with Jeff

Rust taking a 3rd in early TR-6 People's Choice, this author took 3rd in concours in TR 250, and Ken Crowley got a Legends award.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny (of course) for our drive back. Jeff and Karen Rust joined us, along with a couple from Kansas, John Korsak and Diane Palmer. They were going to Aurora for a family visit. We got a late start when Doug Larson's clutch went out. After crawling around under the car with expert advice from Jeff Rust, I asked if anyone had checked the reservoir. After noncommittal responses, Jack took off the cap and voila! —it was empty. I had some fluid, so we topped off, bled the system, and were on our way.

The return drive went well until Jeff's car started acting up. We exited the turnpike, and it died on the exit ramp. We checked the electrical system, and it appeared to be another "not possible failure" of a rotor. The rotor was changed, and we were on our way. Our next stop was for Jack to have ice cream and to say good-bye, since the groups were taking different routes back to Chicago. We averaged about 850 miles each round trip.

The North Coast Triumph Club did an excellent job of hosting the event. Even with the rain, it was a very good show and the venue was great because there was a lot to do even with the inclement weather. We all had a good time.

I look forward to the frame-welding clinic that Jack will be hosting along with a dissertation on the joys of rear shock conversions.

Remain Triumphant!



*"Yacker"*





REAR SHOCK  
CONVERSION INSTALLATION

BY TIM "YACKER" SMITH



Recently I saw an ad in the Winter 2006 Issue of 6-Pack Club magazine for a rear gas tube shock conversion

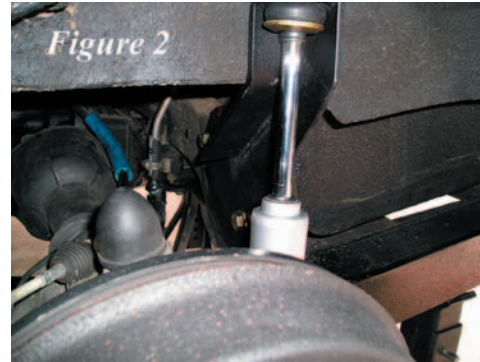
kit. I have been considering this change. and the special offer of \$100 plus \$26.00 shipping sounded like a good deal, especially since the shocks were included.



Figure 1 shows what came with the kit. You get the brackets, grade 8 bolts, two KYB GR-2 shocks, and installation instructions. The brackets seemed well made and strong. The instruction

sheet was very clear, as was the time necessary to complete this project.

The brackets were a straight bolt on, using the existing holes in the frame where the Armstrong lever shocks were attached (see figure 2).



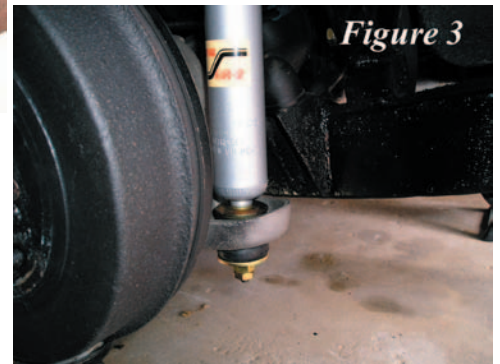
After that, it was simply a matter of assembling the shock parts and attaching them to the frame. The lower part of the shock used the trailing arm lever shock attaching point (see figure 3).

All in all, it was a simple process that was very easy—even for someone as mechanically challenged as I am! I would absolutely recommend this kit. You can get it from:

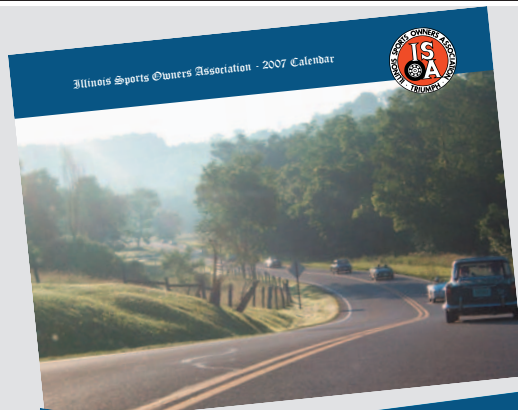
**John Horton**  
15205 N. 40th Lane  
Phoenix, AZ 85053  
hortontv@cox.net

[He also has conversion kits for the front, as well.]

As for the ride quality, it is impressive how much better the car handles. It feels much surer in the turns, with virtually no rear drop when you get in, and there is almost no "road hop" when you hit a bump. I also noticed less body shacking as well. While I did not measure the distance from the ground to the wheel well, before conversion, it appears that the car rides at the same height as it did with the old lever shocks.



*Yacker*  
**Ed Note:** Make sure that your frame is solid enough to accommodate the conversion. See photo of Billimack's TR6 at right as to why.



**The ISOA 2007 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 (\$2).

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. After expenses, any profits go to the club tool fund.

No Triumphs were hurt during the creation of this calendar.



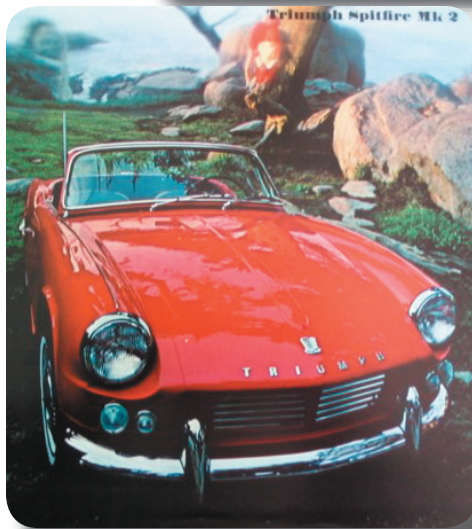


STANDARD TRIUMPH

110 WPH

'Real comfort ...  
and outstanding performance'

**TR3A**  
TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY  
**SPORTS**

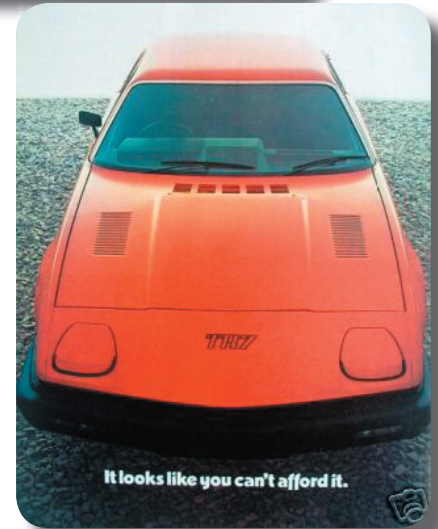


Buy a weather glorious,  
fun with kids,  
wish-you-were-here  
Lucas battery this winter

With the sun out and the weather glorious, it's time to enjoy the fun with kids and wish-you-were-here. Lucas batteries are the perfect choice for your car. They provide the power you need to start your car and keep it running smoothly. They also provide the power you need to run your car's accessories. Lucas batteries are the perfect choice for your car. They provide the power you need to start your car and keep it running smoothly. They also provide the power you need to run your car's accessories.

Fit Lucas the good-life battery

**LUCAS**  
Batteries that last



ISOA ON THE INTERNET

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

ONLINE ROSTER ACCESS INFO



NOVEMBER 2006



Joe Felix in his 1967 TR4A at Triumph, Illinois  
Bob Streepy photo

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

