



SNIC BRAAAPP

DECEMBER 2007

Vol. XII Issue No. 425, \$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

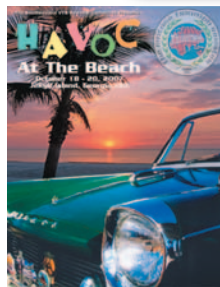
NOW IN OUR FORTY-FIRST YEAR

A CHAPTER OF THE VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

SOUTHEASTERN VTR REGIONAL

VIA THE “TAIL OF THE DRAGON”

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB “SUDS” STREEPY



ROAD TRIPS AND AUTUMN JUST seem to go together, sort of like a nun’s knees. And so it was, in an effort to recapture the magic of our greatest ever fall road trip [see Snic Braaapp Nov. 2006 Euro Auto Fest pp 4-5], your humble and obedient scribe [TR6] joined Jay “Cannonball” Holekamp [TR4], Steve “Drippy” Yott [TR4A], and Mark “Guzzler” Moore [TR4A] to attend the Southeastern Regional

VTR convention in Jekyll Island, Georgia, on October 18th-20th. A year ago, Jay, Steve, Tim Smith, and I made a trip to South Carolina in hopes of being present when BMW announced that they were going
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INSIDE YOUR DECEMBER SNIC BRAAAPP

Sir Bentley’s Holiday Gift Guide

Holiday Prose & Poetry

“Classic”fieds

Tony Beadle on Pubs, Motoring Regulations & Gallons

Lots More Stuff



to produce a new Triumph vehicle. That, of course, did not happen, but we had a blast driving back from the event when we made a side trip to see for ourselves the infamous stretch of Highway 129 connecting TN to NC known as “The Tail of The Dragon.” [For additional information or images of the T.O.D., Google “Tail of the Dragon.”] We vowed then that if we ever found an excuse to travel to the southeast in the fall, we would drop everything in an effort to traverse that eleven mile stretch again, and again, and again. This road proves unequivocally that it is definitely the journey, not the destination that makes for a great road trip.



When Jay got word that this year’s Southeast Regional VTR was scheduled for GA, Steve and I needed no convincing that this would be our big TRip for the year. Jay prepared a detailed itinerary, heavy on secondary roads, that would enable us to drive the T.O.D both ways, and also take us along some other roads that may not have quite the cult following but that locals assured would produce the same amount of adrenalin.

We gathered at Jay’s before dawn on Tuesday, October 16th, and succeeded in beating most of the morning commuters to the Indiana border before the sun was up. The weather was “moist” and our RainX treated windshields received quite a workout as we put the flatland of Illinois and Indiana in our rear view mirrors. By midday we had entered Kentucky. The colors there were ahead of ours, and it seemed as if the terrain became hillier, the leaves also became more spectacular the further south we went. We stopped for the night in Williamsburg, KY, after covering nearly 500 miles the first day.

Mark had developed a miss along the way, and Steve diagnosed the prob-



lem as improper point gap, which he soon rectified. [Traveling with “Drippy” is liking taking out a Triumph extended warranty. The guy is absolutely incredible at correcting mechanical troubles.] I had burned out

a parking light, and Jay loaned me a spare bulb. That would be the only problem that Lucille would experience on the entire trip.

We had a meal at the local Mexican restaurant and turned in early. We had been on the road since the wee hours, and we were all pretty beat. Besides, the following day we planned to challenge “the Dragon.”

We gassed up, not too much of a problem after the previous evening’s meal, and headed out early. We continued south around Knoxville, TN, and drove through some rural areas until we came to the sign for Highway 129 east. An entire cottage industry has developed around this route. It is interesting to see EZ ups featuring tattoos, T-Shirts, and all sorts of ephemera, of this infamous road in what appears to be the middle of nowhere.



As we neared the “Tail,” we stopped for a group picture. The weather was great, so we all dropped our tops and away we went! 318 curves in 11 miles with more level changes and switchbacks than it is possible to count. Unfortunately, the drivers ahead of us were a tad more “cautious” than we might have preferred, so when we reached the end point, we unanimously agreed to drive back in the other direction to make another run or two. We had plenty of time, the weather was great, the cars were all running well, and it seemed like a good idea.

Off we went, again. As we neared



the end of our 2nd run, Jay noticed an unusual cacacophony emanating from his engine. Coincidentally, his oil pressure started to plummet - not a good combination, to say the least. We pulled over at the first available flat spot, and Steve listened to the engine a few seconds and immediately ordered Jay to shut it off. He pulled out the distributor and tried to rotate the oil pump vein, but it was immovable.

The prognosis was not good. Jay remained quite calm and stoic throughout and began to formulate a plan of action. We were out of any kind of cell phone service area, so we drove back to the nearest town. Jay’s brother’s father-in-law lived nearby in Sweetwater, TN. Jay reached him by phone and asked if he would mind storing the TR4 for a few days until we could return with a trailer. There was no problem there, and in fact, he offered to try to repair it himself, but Jay respectfully declined the invitation. We arranged for a flatbed to transport the TR4 from its present location along highway 129 to Sweetwater. While we waited, we transferred Jay’s luggage, etc to Mark’s car and mine, and Jay would ride with Steve for the duration of the trip. The flatbed eventually arrived, and we sadly bid farewell to the green TR4, at least for the time being.

By now, we were significantly behind schedule, so we rescheduled our motel reservations to a nearer facility and set



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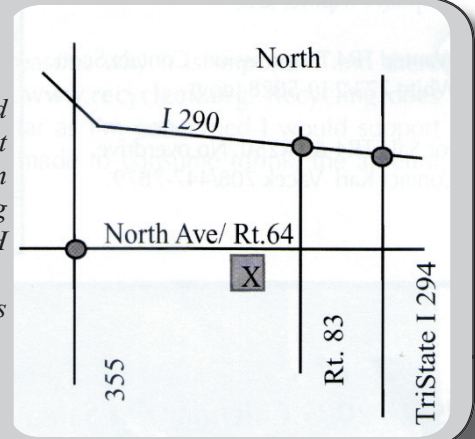


ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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

The Board of Directors meets the first Sunday of every month, 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

Table with 5 columns: Month, Date, Day, Time, Event. Lists events from Dec to Sept, including general membership meetings, rallies, and conventions.

You can always get the the most up-to-date events data on the information superhighway by pointing your internet GPS to: http://snic-braaapp.org/

*not the first Sunday

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.

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

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A LITTLE BS FROM BS

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM

THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE



For those of you keeping track, this issue of Snykk Barf makes the commencement of year IV for your humble and obedient scribe as steward of this fish wrap, known and loved [reviled?] throughout Triumphdom. In the past thirty-six issues of SNIC BRAAAP, we have distributed nearly 900 pages of mostly drek, sprinkled sporadically with a modicum of useful or amusing information, and on rare occasions, a bit of both. We have yet to compile a copy free of typos and grievous errors, so, at least until we get it right, we plan to keep at it for a while.

While the majority of Mid-western Triumphistae detest December, January, and February, since these months deprive us of one of

our most enjoyable activities, your humble and obedient scribe actually looks forward to the winter hibernation interlude. It is during the winter doldrums that we actually block out most of the upcoming year's issues of SNIC BRAAAPs. You might be surprised just how it lessens the chill of Old Man Winter to hold a space for some text about a car show in August or to drag and drop some summer clip art or graphic into the July issue. Perhaps it is a vestigial practice from making lesson plans for thirty-five years that causes us to plan the newsletter too far in advance, since inevitably, there will be last minute changes that make the effort a waste. Still, I find it a pleasant way to while away an idle winter hour or two as I look into the future and anticipate the warm [even hot] days coming and cruising topless on some nice secondary roads on the way to or from an ISOA event. [That, and a flagon or two of inspirational beverages, make being cooped up inside for the better part of three months a bit more tolerable.] At any rate, as we begin 2008 as editurd of this birdcage liner, we ask for your continued contributions in the form of text, graphics and/or moral support.

Our goal here at SNIC BRAAAP Towers continues to be "Get it out in

time to remind the members that there will be a meeting this Sunday," and to that end, we would simply quote SNIC BRAAAP editor emeritus Irv "Elwood" Korey and repeat: "There's a meeting this Sunday. Wear your name tag." Actually, the December meeting is one of the more important get-togethers of the year because we will hold elections for the board of directors for the year 2008. We would encourage any member who would like to volunteer to assist in planning ISOA events and activities to seek a position on the board for 2008. Even if you do not want to be an "official" board member, remember that all ISOA members are welcome, in fact—encouraged, to attend board meetings. At any rate, we will elect a new board at the December meeting. In all likelihood, these people, whoever they may be, will work on your behalf to continue to make this organization the envy of Triumph clubs, or any kind of car club for that matter, for the next twelve months.

Happy Holidays to you and yours-

Suds

PS – There's a meeting this Sunday. – Wear your nametag!





MOORE ON THE MARQUE

BY MARK MOORE



On our recent trip to Georgia, I was talking with a fellow from Atlanta who said he drives all year long. He has driven his TR when it's only been 12 degrees out with the top down. I guess he was trying to show a Yankee that he was tough enough to take the cold. I said, "Yeah, but I'll bet the roads weren't caked with salt."

He said "Oh, that would be bad."

When the time comes, and the TR is snuggled under a nice warm car cover with visions of high octane dancing through its cylinder head, it will be able to look back fondly on 2007. The year started out with a trip north to the MOTRAH event at Road America and ended with a trip south to Southeastern Regional VTR in Georgia. We made it to car shows in Champagne, Sussex, Poplar Grove, Palos Hills, Hershey, and Jekyll Island. There were some great ISOA events, like the drive-in movie night, white trash night, and the turnabout

picnic. I am sure there were more that I forgot to mention.

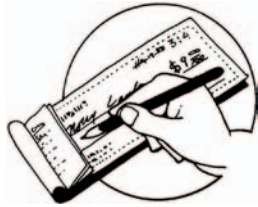
I am not quite ready to end this year yet. I'll keep pushing it until the roads are white. Then, it will be time to get ready for next year's driving season.

This means a lot of work for me and a crack team of ISOA volunteers to get my TR6 ready for next year. The car is completely apart right now. Half of it is at the Yott Triumph Lodge and Emporium, and the other half is in boxes in my garage. The plan is to reunite the two halves at Steve's. Santa has been bringing lots of presents for Ol' Yeller all year long, and it's time to make a shiney almost new TR6 out of them. I'll keep you posted on how it all works out.

Best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.

Guzzler

Ho Ho Ho. It seems hard to believe that I am writing a column for December. As I write this, it's a mid November day, the sun is shining, and it's 50 degrees out. The weather has not really been that cold yet. I've been able to drive my TR4 once or twice a week. It is difficult to imagine that any day could bring the cold and dreaded white stuff that makes our beloved Triumphs settle in for a long winter's nap. Of course, I mean salt.



Dues

Dues for 2008 need to be paid by March, 31st. If you have joined since September, 2007, your membership for 2008 is already taken care of. If you are unsure of your membership status, check with Tim "Toolman" Buja.

VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

DETROIT TRIUMPH SPORTSCAR CLUB

2008 NORTH AMERICAN TRIUMPH CHALLENGE

Ypsilanti, Michigan
August 5-8, 2008

"The Spinal Tappets"
Farewell Tour

TRA LAKE ERIE

HURON, OHIO 2008
TRIUMPH REGISTER OF AMERICA
NATIONAL MEET

6-PACK

TRIALS
2008

Townsend, TN

Sept. 11, 12, 13
2008





DISCONNECTED JOTTINGS FROM THE ISOA UK BUREAU

BY TONY BEADLE,
ISOA UK BUREAU CHIEF

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AN INNKEEPER



As ISOA members are, so I am led to believe, known to partake of the occasional glass of beer I thought a look at one of the more curious aspects of our ancient system for the retail distribution of alcoholic beverages might be appropriate.

The delights of a traditional British 'Pub' (which, rather confusingly, is short for a private establishment called a Public House) or inn are justly famous throughout the world and the concept has been imitated in many countries – but somehow these copies never quite match up to the original. The reasons for this are quite simple; a genuine pub is made up of more than just old wooden beams and engraved mirrors, because the hospitality that is at the heart of an inn has a heritage dating back nearly 500 years. This is something which cannot be reproduced by installing fancy plastic décor, no matter how authentic it looks.

For the best part of five centuries, the courts in England held that inns (in law called 'common inns') were instituted for "passengers and wayfaring men" and an innkeeper was defined as a person who, having suitable facilities available, presented himself to the outside world as being prepared to receive and entertain travellers, offering them accommodation and other necessities. According to the law of the land, an inn-

keeper was bound to provide, at a reasonable price, food and shelter for the traveller regardless of the hour at which he – or presumably she – arrived at the inn.

Furthermore, the innkeeper could not pick and choose who he would accept as guests. Provided that they were willing to pay a reasonable price and arrived in a fit state to be received, travellers were legally entitled to be admitted.

On the other hand, if a person was not a traveller, the innkeeper was perfectly justified in refusing to entertain him and/or her. Also, any person who arrived as a traveller and then stayed on indefinitely would become either a lodger or boarder and cease to have the rights of a traveller; in which case the innkeeper might refuse to accommodate him/her further and, after giving a reasonable period of notice, ask him/her to leave.



It should be noted, however, that just because an establishment was called an inn (for example, the Crown Inn) this did not automatically make it a 'common inn' under the law. Conversely, a place called a Tavern or even a Coffee House (might this apply to Starbucks today?) could be classified as an inn. The decisive factor was the actual use of the building concerned. In other words, if the landlord of a public house made it known that he was willing to accept guests then it was regarded as a 'common inn' no matter what name it had on the sign outside.

The above legislation applied across England until midway through the 20th Century, but European law has since replaced many of these old statutes. These days I certainly would not advise any overseas visitor to arrive unannounced at a remote country pub late at

night and demand their right to accommodation and sustenance as a traveller!



BRITISH MOTORING REGULATIONS

Sixty years ago, UK vehicle legislation reflected the cruder specification of the cars on the roads. For example, contrary to popular belief at the time, as late as 1948 in this country a speedometer was not compulsory. The law only demanded that a car must be fitted with an instrument which would indicate to the driver within a margin of accuracy of plus or minus 10 per cent if, and when, he was driving at a speed in excess of 30mph. I wonder if a simple warning light on the dashboard that was automatically illuminated when the car's speed reached 27mph would have been sufficient to satisfy that requirement?

Every car had to have an audible warning device, but gongs, bells or sirens were not allowed on private vehicles. Also, back then it was an offence to sound the warning instrument between the hours of 11.30pm and 7.00am in urban areas. Tyres (sorry, tires) had to be maintained in such a condition as to be free from any defect which might cause damage to the road surface or to persons in the vehicle or to other road users – no mention of minimum tread depth and it's interesting to note that more importance was apparently placed on protecting the tarmac than looking after motorists or pedestrians!

In those early post war days it was considered that, when a car was in the owner's or any other garage, and had petrol (sorry, gasoline) in its tank, it changed the building into a storage place for motor fuel. This made it





obligatory for the vehicle in question to be fitted with a fire extinguisher or a bucket of sand to be kept on hand in the garage for use in dousing a blaze.

WHAT IS A GALLON?



The significant difference in size between an American gallon and a British gallon is an anomaly that has been around since goodness knows when. For those

interested in statistics, one American Standard gallon is equal to .83254 of a British Imperial gallon; making 10 Imperial gallons the same as 12.05 US gallons. Consequently, a car which achieves thirty miles per gallon in the UK will only do approximately twenty-five miles to the gallon when driven under similar conditions in the USA.

However, I'll bet very few people were aware of the fact that half a century ago a gallon in Peru also differed in size from the other two liquid measures. A news item I came across in the March 5, 1948 issue of The Motor World (a long since defunct UK publication) revealed that a Peruvian gallon was the smallest of the three, being .89 of an American Standard gallon or the same as .74 of an Imperial gallon.

This is all pretty irrelevant these days as, thanks to metrification and decimalisation introduced

as being part of Europe we've become accustomed to buying petrol (sorry, gasoline) in litres over here. At the beginning of October the price went up to £1.00 per litre – that's about £4.55 per Imperial gallon or \$7.58 for a US gallon, but I have no idea what a Peruvian gallon would be in local currency – the only consolation is that fuel still has a way to go before it gets as expensive as the ink for my computer printer!

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Limited Edition 2008 ISOA Club Calendars now Available!!

Packed with photos of your favorite cars, if not your favorite people, the 2008 calendar features an excellent assortment of the Triumph range, including - a TR3, 2 TR4s, 2 TR6s, a TR250, a TR7, 3 Spitfires, a 2000 Roadster, and a Triumph Courier Delivery Van, along with several group shots. This spiral bound 8 1/2 by 11 full colour publication will make a great addition to any home, office, or better yet, garage! Only \$7.00 each, or three for \$20, additional quantity discounts are available. Calendars will be available at the December meeting or by mail. [Add \$2.00 to cover postage and handling for mail orders.] For further details, contact Joe Pawlak at 847/683-4184 or email stagfire6573@foxvalley.net.

Any proceeds after covering printing expenses will be donated to the ISOA Tool Fund.





HARK THE HERALD ENGINE

BY SUDS



Hark the Herald engine sings, despite some broken piston rings.
 Solex Carb with cam so mild, fuel and timing reconciled.
 Loudly all the lifters rise. Man this Triumph really flies!
 With flip-top opening hood, Michelotti's design almost looks good.
 With flip-top opening hood, Michelotti's design almost looks good.
 Four-speed trans with synchro first, it shifts just like a Hurst.
 Twelve-inch tires with bias-ply, holds the road like a Fer-ra-ri
 With back seat room for three, I can take my grandkids to a drive-in movie.
 With back seat room for three, I can take my grandkids to a drive-in movie.

Lucas wiring with positive ground, the radio has AM "Wall of Sound."
 In-line four with power to spare, my Herald outruns the tortoise, but not the hare.
 Fixed-head coupe, drop-head or estate, I just wish they'd put in an eight.
 Fixed-head coupe, drop-head or estate, I just wish they'd put in an eight.



THE TWELVE PACK OF CHRISTMAS

On the 1st day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *A TR6 British Motor Heritage body shell [with a slave frame]*



On the 2nd day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *two clear Hooters hooting*



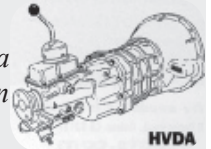
On the 3rd day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *three Webers carbuerating*



On the 4th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *four Panasports mounted on 205 15 Pirelli's*



On the 5th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *five forward gears via a Toyota trans with a Herman van den Akker conversion kit*



On the 6th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *six new pistons with five golden rings [the sixth is back-ordered]*



On the 7th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *seven quarts of synthetic Castrol 20w50*



On the 8th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *an eight piece interior trim kit*



On the 9th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *nine cans of PB Blaster*



On the 10th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *ten rolls of duct tape*



On the 11th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *eleven bags of Oil Dri*



On the 12th day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: *twelve genuine Millers drafting*





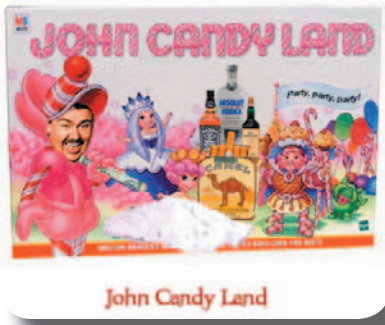
Sir Bentley Haynes, a distinguished man of letters with an extensive background in British automotive engineering, has graciously offered to provide the members of ISOA with free technical support in order to keep our Triumphs on the road. His resume was outlined in the April issue of Snicc Braapp. Due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

Dear Readers,

Continuing in our holiday tradition, I have scoured the four corners of the globe for those "especial" gifts that are sure to please the little tykes on your Christmas, Kwanza, Hanukkah or Festivus list. All are in stock and available at a retailer near you. Happy Holidays - BH



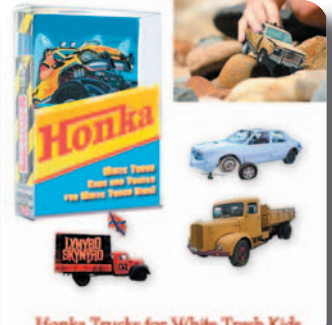
Easy-Bake Meth Lab



John Candy Land



Junior Electrician Home Appliance Repair Kit



Honka Trucks for White Trash Kids



Hollywood Clue



Roadkill Raccoon
with new Action Maggots



Mrs. Boozely



Bump 'Em Hump 'Em Robots



Shiite Pets



My Little Pony Glue Factory



Lawn Dart Tag



PlayaDoh Bling Factory



Mary-Kate's Binge 'n' Purge Game



Peepin' Tommy night-vision goggles
(snak and crowlar sold separately)



PS -Many thanks to a Mr. T. Mantel of the village Chesterton, [which sounds as if its somewhere in the the provincial region of North America], IN., for helping research these items. BH



‘Big Skeeter’ Beuregard Memorial Parkway” next exit, dot the countryside.

We rolled across an impressive suspension bridge and turned onto Jekyll Island in mid afternoon on Thursday. As we parked in the host hotel lot, Lucille showed exactly 1100 miles more than she read just three days earlier.

out to cover as much distance as we could until nightfall. We made our last pass through the “Tail of the Dragon” and headed down NC Hwy 28, which turned out to be every bit as much fun as 129. We got as far Spartansburg, NC, before we decided to call it day.



The next morning we headed along interstates for an hour or two to try to make up a little time from the previous day, and by mid day, we were in Georgia. We opted for secondary roads, partly to see some local color as well as to avoid the congestion along I-95. It was a good choice. The back roads were in excellent condition and were mostly traffic free and laser straight.

It’s always easy to tell when you have crossed into the land of the Stars and Bars. It seems as if there is a house of worship on every intersection with hand painted signage saying something like “The Evangelical Tabernacle of Apostolic Fire and Brimstone Ministries” Brother Buford P. Snodgrass, pastor. Southerners also apparently name their highways after local road commissioners, so there are signs like “Purvis Du Pres



The Southeast Region consists of seven local VTR chapters from Georgia and Florida which coordinated this event. There were quite a few Triumphs already there when we checked in. We met the event organizer, VTR VP Ronnie Babbit of Georgia, who seemed genuinely pleased that we had made the trip. The theme of the convention was “*Herald And Vitesse Owners Convergence* [thus the HAVOC acronym] and there were many interesting graphics of these cars on display in the lobby of the hotel. The Roadster Factory was also there, and they had set up a nice display near the registration desk.



We checked in, registered, received our packets, and proceeded to check out the island for purveyors of beverages, since the 94 degree temperatures had definitely created quite a thirst among our little contingent. We also located the wash station and endeavored to remove the first layer or two of highway crud that accumulated on our cars along the way.

That evening there was a welcome reception on the beach, at least until swarms of angry flying insects descended upon the group. It was soon decided that we adjourn to the relative safety of the hotel’s breakfast area to socialize for the evening. We met several old friends in the crowd; among others, we had a chance to catch up with Mike Bilyk of Detroit, Fred Thomas of Virginia, and de facto ISOA member Gary Hunter of Florida, whose famous “Zebra” car has graced the pages of Snic Barf on more than one occasion. After exchanging stories for an hour or so, we

called it a day and headed back to the room.

On Friday, we opted to take the Rallye to Fernandina Beach, FL. Steve had originally planned to do the autocross, but since we were already down to three cars, he decided to pass. Besides, the weather was threatening, and we thought that if we got caught in the rain, a low impact event might be more prudent. The distance from Jekyll to Fernandina Beach was about 65 miles along well paved and lightly traveled US 175, which had been the major artery to FL before I-95. The trip was reminiscent of traveling along old 66. There were abandoned motels, restaurants, and gas stations which once had provided Yankees on their way to the Sunshine State with food, fuel and lodging, but now only offered those amenities to ghosts and assorted varmints.



We crossed into Florida, turned left to Amelia Island, and visited the historic community of Fernandina Beach. We walked around the old seaport which was loaded with the typical tourist trap accoutrements one might expect. We had coffee, enjoyed the atmosphere for an hour or two, before we headed back up the road. Along the way, we came across



an old clapped out Chevy/Buick dealership in Kingsland, GA, and stopped to take a picture. The original proprietor’s grandson was there, and when he saw that we were car guys, offered us a tour of the old building, which was now used as a vintage Jeep “restoration” shop. The service department included an old wheel balancer that reminded





Steve of his days as a mechanic at Mercedes, and he gave Jay and me an impromptu clinic on how to use the the vintage apparatus.

We returned to the hotel in a driving storm of biblical proportions. Between the rain and the insects, I began to wonder if perhaps the Apocalypse might not be upon us, but Jay assured me that this was common in this part of the country, and I took his word for it.

Friday evening the organizers held an auction, which was considerably more "laid back," as would befit the southern lifestyle, than ours in either the '95 or 05 VTRs. There were about thirty or forty items, but no stocking hats.* Gary Hunter served as auctioneer, and a young lady assisted him. One of the more "colorful" items to go on the block was a package of "glow-in-the-dark" condoms which she stated would also illuminate any body parts with which they came into contact.

Saturday morning we got up and tried to clean up our cars for the car show. Jay and I took a walk along the beach to get a little exercise and to enjoy the natural beauty of the coastline. There was a group photo, always a cluster f**k, even under the best of circumstances. This one wasn't as bad as some, and following the picture, we went straight to the show field. There were around 100 cars entered, mostly all from Georgia



ible. The car looked like a 21st century vehicle and was the talk of the convention. As usual, the vast majority of cars were entered in people's choice, but Steve and I opted for modified judged concours, while Mark entered popular choice. The judges seemed a bit confused by the modifieds. I overheard one judge say as he was looking at Lucille, "That's not the right battery hold down for a TR6." Since Jay did not have a car entered in the show, he offered to help with the judging, although he abstained from evaluating my car or Steve's to avoid any hint of impropriety.

While the show was taking place, we attended a very informative tech session put on by Chip Collingwood and Dean Tetterton of Richmond, VA. They operate British Automotive Workshop and both have many years of racing and Triumph service between them. They went through a list of about 40 upgrades for Triumphs covering everything from using new and improved fluids to engine and transmission conversions and air conditioning systems [remember- we were in the South].

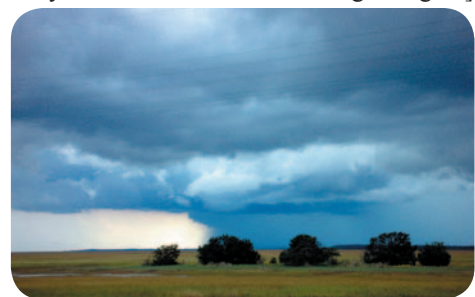


and Florida. Among the more interesting cars was a yellow 250 displayed by its original owner and a TR8 belonging to Mike Simon, formerly of the Detroit club and now a resident of Florida. He had painted the bumpers body color and replaced the tires and wheels with lower profiles. The effect was incred-



We stopped for lunch at a barbecue restaurant that met Jay's criteria: the sign was hand painted, the original kitchen was in an old semi

trailer, the rooms for patrons had been an afterthought, and the proprietor was African American. The food and service were great, and we thoroughly enjoyed the meal. [Traveling with Cannonball is always a good idea because Jay anticipates virtually every possibility and takes care of details that I would normally never even consider. But in the South, his presence is even more valuable since he can interpret the native language that passes for English among the locals, and while he has lived in Wheaton for nearly two decades, he can still fluently communicate in this strange tongue.]





After the car show, I drove around the island a little to do some sightseeing, and then got cleaned up for the banquet. The meal was good, and as you might expect, the seafood was excellent. Gary Hunter served as the MC, and Tim Suddard, the publisher/editor of *Classic Motorsports*, was the guest speaker. He discussed restorations and racing, both topics he was well qualified to speak to, since he had restored more than thirty cars and has been involved in racing for many years.



After Tim spoke, Gary presented awards and ISOA had a clean sweep. Mark got a People's Choice, and Steve and I both got gold concours certificates, coming in 3rd and 2nd respectively to Mike's Simon's TR8, which was awarded best of show. By

the time all of the awards had been presented, the hour was getting late, and we decided to call it a day. We planned to get an early start the following day, so we hit the sack relatively early to be rested for the return trip.



Suds

End of part I
Next month: the trip back.



ISOA TECHNICAL ExSPURTS

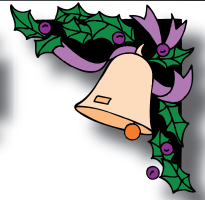
- TR3** Bill "Whizmo" Pyle
630/773 4806
- TR4** Pat "PowerBuldge" Lobdell
219/942 1263
- TR4A** Steve "Drippy" Yott
262/997-0701
- TR250** Tim "Yacker" Smith
630/428 2620
- TR6 (Early)** Jeff "Stalker" Rust
815/874 5623
- TR6 (Late)** Irv "Elwood" Korey
847/831 2809
- TR7** Phil "Factor" Fox
630/662 7721
- TR8** Tim "Tool Man" Buja
815/332 3119
- Spitfire -** Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak
847/683-9683
- GT6** Dave "Snake" Shedor
847/9375078
- Stag** Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak
847/683-9683
- Machinist** Bob "Opera Man" Crowley
630/355 2170
- KeyMaster** Bob "Senile" Donile
630/837 3721
- Electrical** Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak
Paint, Body, 847/683-9683





The Night Before Christmas

by Clement Moore [with a little update by Bob Streepy]



Twas the week before Christmas, and throughout old Chi
Town, not a Triumph was running, not even a Kenown.

My redlines were stacked near the compressor with care,
in hopes that St. Lucas would fill them with air.

Casper and Lucille were nestled both snug in their sheds,
while visions of overdrives danced in their heads.

Old missus had promised, if I came through with a gift,
she'd polish my Dule Log [if you get my drift].

When out on the street there arose such a clatter,
I got off the old lady to see what was the matter.

Out to the garage I ran as fast as I could,
pushed on the opener and tripped over a hood.

The sparks from the Dule lights on my evergreen trees
made my driveway look like the parking lot of the Exxon Valdez.

When what to wondering eyes should appear,
but an old Group 44 semi with eight tiny engineers,

With a nasty old driver so crabby and rude,
I knew in a heartbeat, it must be St. Luke.

More rapid than Woods Brothers, his pit crew they came,
and he screamed and he cursed, and swore at them by name;

Now Stalker! Now Packer! Now Elwood and Spuds!
On Toofus! On Guzzler! On Gizmo and Suds!

To the end of the driveway, inside the stall,
Tnow grind away, file away, cut away all!"

As the Castrol that spews when your tach gets too high,
As you try to keep up with some Corvette guy,

So into my garage his wrenchmen they flew,
with their chests full of tools, and St. Lucas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard from my bench,
the twisting and ratcheting of each tiny wrench.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
into my garage St. Lucas came with a bound.

He was covered in grime from his cap to his shoes,
and his clothes were all coated with grease and with ooze.

Abundle of parts he had flung on his back,
and he looked like a peddler just opening his sack.

His eyes were so beady! His forehead so wrinkled!
His cheeks were so sallow, His nose like a pickle!

His thin little lips were drawn up like a bow,
and the stubble on his chin was as gray as could go.

The butt of a Camel hung loose from his lip
and a pint of Jack Daniels extended from the pocket on his hip

He had a blank stare and his teeth were all yellow,
and he shook as he wheezed, like a bowl full of jello.

He was skinny and gaunt, a right scary old elf,
and I shuddered when I saw him in spite of myself.

A twitch of his eye and a twist of his head,
As soon gave me to know I had something to dread.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
and crimped all the connections, and then turned with a jerk.

And sticking his finger inside of his nose,
he flicked off a booger, and out the door he goes.

He jumped into his truck, to his crew gave the finger,
and away they all flew not wanting to linger.

But I heard him
exclaim as he rode
out of sight,
"Torque those lug nuts
dipstick, because this is
no rumor,

If you forget to
tighten them,
You'll wind up with a
Boomer!





“FACT OR” FICTION?

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY
NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST



Eventually, everything did work out. In fact, it was a slam dunk! The afternoon of this year’s British Car Union Show I was at home checking my e-mail. There was a message from Tim Buja about a 1974 TR6 with overdrive in need of a new home. I phoned the owner, Randy, and decided to go to Park Ridge to look at it.

The trailing arms were no longer attached to the rusted frame. I asked Randy how long it had been sitting in his side yard, and he replied that it been there since 1987.

I told him I was going out of town on business, but I would be able to remove it the following Saturday. I arrived in Park Ridge at 0800 that Saturday morning with a U Haul auto transport and a truck bed full of tools, jacks, a come-a-long, a chain, an electric winch, a battery from my 1967 Spitfire, many pieces of scrap 2 by 4s, several ratchet style banding assemblies, two portable car dollies (those things which allow you to easily move a car around in your garage), and a large piece of plastic sheeting to lie on.

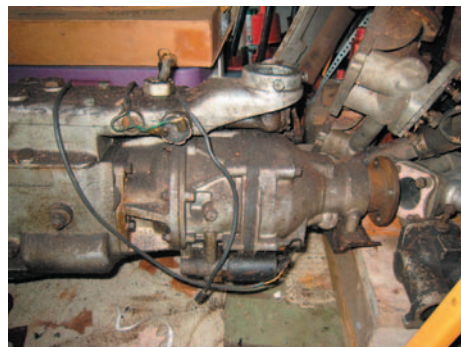
The first step was to verify the car had an overdrive. The overdrive emblem on the rear passenger side was present, an overdrive switch on the left side of the steering column was present, but I needed to elevate the car to peek underneath to actually see that precious overdrive.

I moved enough loose dirt and pine needles by hand to manipulate a

floor jack under the frame. Once the jack was in position, the scrap 2 by 4 pieces were my jack stand. I added a 2 by 4 to the top of my floor jack and raised the car until I confirmed that the overdrive was in place.

As I was working, I observed cats coming out of the cockpit of this car. There were three at least that I noticed.

The next step was to maneuver the car away from a very expensive-looking wooden fence. The passenger side was against it, while the rear of the TR6 pointed towards the city street. With the use of the floor jacks and a 2 by 4, I raised the car and then pushed/pulled the car away from the fence. The car fell off the jack, but inch by inch I got the car away from the fence so I that could install two TR3 rims and tires filled with freshly pressurized air to the front of the car to help it roll better.



Once the front tires were off the ground, neither wanted to spin easily. I had purchased some penetrating spray, so I sprayed the rusted rotors and front disc brake pads until they began to rotate more easily.

The rest of the process was going to be problematic. I have had some experience moving derelict cars. A few years ago ISOA member Jerry Hurst contacted me about a 1976 TR6 in Villa Park that had to be moved (another free car to disassemble). Jerry only wanted the engine. That car only had one trailing arm rusted off, and it took us almost 5 hours to load that car. This car had both trailing arms rusted off.

That experience was handy. Once the rear of the car was jacked up, I placed the portable car dolly under each

rear wheel and attached a chain to my diesel powered Dodge Ram 2500 and the frame cross member that secures the spare tire; plus I added two additional chains to each dolly so the car and dollies might move as one. I pulled the car maybe 10 feet. By now, I was tired of working in all those pine needles.



With the car slightly raised again, I attached three sets of ratchet/banding assemblies. The goal was to get the rear wheels vertical and in line with the front wheels. One band went from the outside front trailing arm over the top of the rear tub and over to the other front trailing arm. The second one went from the inside front trailing arm to the same point on the other side. I also needed to ratchet the bottom of each wheel/rim together and tighten each band until it was snug as possible. At this point, I felt comfortable enough to get the trailer from the local U Haul rental office.

At the counter, for an additional \$8.00 (American), I could get accident insurance on the trailer and on the car I was trailering. Since I have a long history of “fumbling the ball,” I accepted the \$8.00 accident insurance.

It was about 10:45 AM when I arrived back at the home of the rusted TR6 [with overdrive!]. I was hoping that I would pull out by noon at the latest, thus beating the elapsed time I took to accomplish a similar job with Jerry.

Well, Jerry – I did not pull out at noon. It was more like 1:30. I knew I was in some trouble at the U Haul place. The only auto transport they had was a very old one. It had rectangular slots in the ramps and the area where the car rolls to the front of the trailer. My car dolly



approach was going to fail [*and it did*] – plus the car dollies were only a fraction smaller in width than the ramp, and there was no way the dollies were going to help me load that car. But, that did not stop me from trying, and yes, from failing.

This was about the time I noticed my 25th anniversary wedding band was missing from my left ring finger. This is now a very big problem! Did it come off as I was moving the loose dirt/pine needles at 0800? I doubted that since the area around that finger where the ring had been was fairly clean. I looked for a while and could not locate it, but I did find a dime and a quarter in the yard.

I decided I needed to drag the car onto the trailer. I used a generous amount of penetrating spray to coat the trailer where the rear wheels were going. Then I dragged the underside of the now stationary rear wheels.



About half way up the trailer, the electric winch stopped! To date, I do not know if the battery was low or if the electric motor failed. So I used the come-a-long to drag the car the rest of the way.

I chained the TR6 [*with overdrive!*] to the trailer and moved the rig closer to the city street.

Now it was time to find my silver anniversary wedding band. I have a great deal of experience in looking for lost items in natural surroundings, since I was a Boy Scout leader for many years. As we picked up our tents, we would search the area for anything that was not at the campsite before we arrived – low impact camping. I did not find that ring.

I recalled that I had been in the neighbor's overgrown bushes a few times. The driveway consisted of two small cement areas, the width of car tires with grass in between. Well, my truck with trailer attached was much bigger and as I backed the trailer to the TR6 [*with overdrive!*], my driver's door was right against these overgrown bushes. I had trouble getting in and out of the truck to position the trailer in line with the TR6 [*with overdrive!*] and that was when I saw the silver, shiny thing glistening on top of the pine needles under the overgrown bushes. Boy was I lucky!

I knocked on Randy's door to notify him that I was leaving, and he handed me the title and an extra set of keys. (There was a set of keys in the ignition – must be a safe neighborhood to keep a set of keys in a 1974 TR6 [*with overdrive!*] for 20 years). I was surprised that the cats living inside the car had not tried to take the car for a spin.

Once off-loaded, I popped the hood. The engine bay contained a nest



of leaves, fur, and plastic bags. The nest was all the way to the top of the valve cover! I did see a novel method of releasing a TR6 bonnet in the event the release cable failed – a rectangular hole had been cut at the precise location in the rear of the hood to allow a long screw driver access to release the catch.

At this writing, the seats, convertible top, gauges, gas cap, diff, both trailing arms and half shafts, red line tires, rims, rear brakes, and driveshaft have been removed and are in storage. The rear half of the car is now separated from the front half. The next step will be to pull the engine and overdrive transmission and salvage anything easily removable before making a final trip to local scrap yard.

The slam dunk, was to remove this free severely rusted TR6 [*with overdrive!*], find my 25th silver anniversary wedding band, find a secret location to hide the TR6 in order to part it out, and to prevent my wife from finding out about this car – so far.

Was this fact or fiction? What happens in Park Ridge, stays in Park Ridge.



Anonymous author seeks advice from TR6 Techspurt Irv Korey on his latest acquisition.



*Twelfth Annual All British Swap Meet and Auto Jumble
Sunday, February 24, 2008
8 AM to 3 PM
DuPage County Fairgrounds in Wheaton, Illinois*

For additional information, contact *Jim Evans (630) 858-8192 or Dave Mullis (630) 916-7358.*
or e-mail: swapmeet@chicagolandmgclub.com



BIG BASH 2008



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 26th, 2008
6:00 PM Cocktails [cash bar] & hors d'ourves
7:00 PM Dinner

Musical Entertainment by the SPINAL TAPPETS!!

Bring your check to the December meeting, or detach and mail by Janaury 12th to:

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

Choice of one of the following entrees:

- Baked Scrod Almondine _____ [indicate how many]
- Broiled Filet Mignon _____ [indicate how many]
- Chicken Marsala _____ [indicate how many]

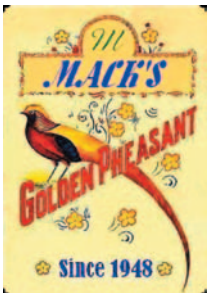
Entres include Soup, Salad, Vegetable, Potato & Dessert

Name(s) _____

Name(s) _____



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



Nearly fifty ISOA members assembled in the garden level of Mack's Golden Pheasant to attend the November club meeting on Sunday, November 4th. Among those in attendance were first timers Don Sheldon of Glen Ellyn [TR6] and Ryan [?] of Chicago who has a V6 powered Spitfire. President Mark "Guzzler" Moore called the proceedings to [relative] order shortly after 7:00. After introducing the board members, Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak displayed the 2008 club calendars, and once again [and to no one's surprise], the finished product was fantastic. As is always the case at the calendar unveiling, sales were brisk.

The first order of business was a brief progress report from various members on Triumph related projects. Bob "Burnout" Steele spoke about some insurance woes he was having in reference to his "modified" Stag. It seems the good people at Haggerty aren't too keen on supercharging or nitrous. Peter Schopperly mentioned that he planned a framectomy on his TR6 over the winter, and Greg Fantozzi reported that he hoped to have the wiring in his TR6 completed and the interior finished in time for the 2008 driving season.

Next up was a series of recent event summaries. I mumbled a few things about the Southeast VTR Regional, and Diane Rafferty gave a nice account of the British Reliability Run. Jack "Spuds" Billimack then previewed numerous activities on the docket for the future. Among other things, he touched on the upcoming hub clinic, the New Year's Day Rally in Chicago, the

Big Bash, an upholstery clinic planned for January, the Swap Meet at DuPage Fairgrounds, a spring carb clinic, the annual chili party, along with a host of car shows, etc. next summer. A show of hands indicated that a large contingent of ISOAers planned to attend the VTR convention near Detroit.

Following a break, Jack asked for club volunteers to help in the task of updating the website, and then it was time for nominations for the 2008 Board of Directors. Jack Billimack, Mark Moore, Tim Buja, Mike Mueller, Bob Streepy, Joe Pawlak, Kim Jensen, Irv Korey, Sheri Pyle, Roman Hrynewicz, and Chuck Montague all were placed on the ballot. The election will be held at the December meeting.

Next, it was time for the ever-popular Boomer and Peter M. Roberts nominations. The only Boomer nomination went to Mike "Hands" Blonder, courtesy of Irv "Elwood" Korey, for actually inquiring about a road trip to "House on the Rock." Hands won hands down. The P.M. Roberts hopefuls included 1) Tim Buja, from Tim Mantel, for offering his parent's home as a receiving dock for a tire at last summer's VTR; 2) Mike "Toofus" Mueller, from me, for expertly helping me hang some wall cabinets in my garage; 3) Gary Revis, from Jim Aldridge, for providing several parts; 4) Jay Holekamp, from Mark Moore, for planning such a well detailed route to Jekyll Island and back; and 5) Steve Yott, from Kim Casper, for straightening a door on his Spitfire. In a very close vote, the loving cup was awarded to "Toolman."

Things broke a little after nine.

Begging your continued forbearance for any errors or omissions, I remain, your humble and obedient scribe.



2007 ISOA

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President	Mark "Guzzler" Moore 815/397-3253 mrmtr6@sbcglobal.net
Vice President	Mike "Toofus" Mueller 630/860-9118 greenjet3@aol.com
Treasurer	Sheri "Big Mama" Pyle 630/773-4806 sherip@ix.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
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BCU Reps	Ken & Arlene Kendzy 847/825-8581 kakendzy@sbcglobalnet
Technical Coordinator/ Newsletter Publisher	Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak 847/683-4184 stagfire6573@foxvalley.net



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: •TR7/8 door panels, dark tan, with round hole for the lock button. Full vinyl, NO plaid insert, \$120 obo.
 •TR6 seats, late model (72-76), recent complete rebuild (new foam, diaphragms, covers), Black. Excellent condition. \$400.
 •Michelin X-Redline, 185x15, 85% tread, exc. cond. w/tube. \$25. Tim Mantel TimotMant@aol.com or Ph. 219/929 1542 [10/07]

For Sale: •1980 Spitfire, Blue with White interior, Ex Steve Percefield car, with many autocross improvements, Panaspports, spax shocks, mild road cam, EFI, distributorless ignition, GT-6 rotors & spindles, Toyota 4 piston calipers. Asking 4K. Mark@eFishers.com. PH 847-224-9871. [11/07]

For Sale. 4 Brand New Offenhauser TR2-TR4 cast Aluminum valve covers, from an exclusive run of 20 pieces made in the USA by Offenhauser from the original molds. It took me and the premier Offy distributor in California over a year to convince Offenhauser to make this vintage part again. They will be ready in December. They will cost \$169.95 plus shipping, each. I bought 5, 1 for me, 4 for ISOA members... you get first shot at them. Dave Stevens home: 630-323-6619, cell:630-624-6618 [11/07]

For Sale: Sears Tool Chest 3 piece combo. 10 drawer top unit 26 x 13 x 10., 3 drawer middle section, 6 drawer base unit on casters 31 x 27 x 18 Approximately 20 years old. Good condition. Will separate. 2 shelf service cart 16 x 30 x 21. Bob Streepy 630/3727565; trstreep@sbcglobal.net [12/07]

Coming in your January Newsletter

**Part Two of the SE Regional VTR •Images of the rumored new Triumph with commentary from Tony Beadle •Hub Clinic•Spot Lite on Spitfire Mk IV•Book Braaapp•Far, Far Western Suburban Breakfast Run•Maestro Does Europe
 Lots of other stuff**

Reminder -

2008 Board Elections are this month.



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

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Mike Mueller 12/02 | Donna Jaquet 12/15 |
| Kathy Smith 12/03 | Rosanne Felix 12/15 |
| Murray Bruskin 12/05 | Peter Lee 12/19 |
| Jake Jaquet 12/07 | Peter Schoppely 12/20 |
| Roy Congrove 12/07 | Ed Mitchell 12/21 |
| Brent Groza 12/11 | Price Barrett 12/24 |
| Bob Crowley 12/14 | Pat Morse 12/27 |
| Rick Miller 12/14 | Carole Mikonis 12/28/29 |

ISOA_[memberships - 146; members - 211]

In Memorium - Dorothy Deen, March 28, 1922 – October 23, 2007

Dorothy Deen Sitz died in Oceanside, CA, after a long illness. The vivacious blonde Deen was best known for the Doretti sports car, a line of sports car accessories of the same name and for importing Triumph Sports cars for the Western United States. She was a common fixture at races and promoting the sports cars she sold.. Her career started as a teenager test driving the Whizzer motor bicycles her father had redesigned. Dorothy had always been interested in cars, but the interest really took off in 1950 when she took delivery of a brand new Ivory MG TD, which was followed by several sporty Simcas. Instantly, she was propelled into a world of rallies, clubs and races.

Although her later business interests prevented her from racing, she and her father often ran their cars on an abandoned airfield near the Andersen beach house. The next business venture forever changed Dorothy's life. Unable to find high-quality accessories for her MG and her father's Morgans, the pair designed and marketed their own wind wings, sun visors, luggage racks, valve covers in addition to wood and aluminum steering wheels. With backing from Andersen and in partnership with machinist Paul Bernhardt, Cal Specialties was born. To make the Cal Specialties line sound more exciting, the partners took the first three letters of Dorothy's name, and turned it into the Italianate "Doretti." After Doretti production ended in 1955, Deen continued to import Triumphs until the company bought out all distributors in 1960.

She is survived by automotive historian Jim Sitz, her husband of 16 years.

courtesy of Blake J. Disher, VTR President



SNIC *c/o Bob Streepy*
850 Kent Circle
Bartlett, IL 60103
BRAAAP

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

DECEMBER 2007



MARK MOORE [FOREGROUND] AND BOB STREEPY [BACKGROUND] ON THE "TAIL OF THE DRAGON"
PHOTO TAKEN BY KILBOY.COM OCTOBER, 2007