



SNIC BRAAAPP

MAY 2009

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"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-THIRD YEAR

A CHAPTER OF THE VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

TTA STAG ENGINE INTALLED!

TEXT BY TIM BUJA AND JOE PAWLAK - PHOTOS BY CHUCK KITTELSON, JACK BILLIMACK, AND TIM BUJA



THIS ENTRY IS A COMPILATION OF EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE since February 28. We've been very busy over the last two weekends, and we have made major progress on the Stag. Joe Pawlak was able to get the power steering rack rebuilt and installed it. We also finished installing the brakes and bled them; however, it took us a bit longer than expected. When we added fluid, there were a few leaks. The main reservoir did not seal properly to the master, but we eventually solved that, along with a loose fitting on the PDWA block. There were also some sealing issues with the flex lines. The new lines were threaded all the way to the tip, and that prevented the joint from

continued on following page 2

INSIDE YOUR MAY SNIC BRAAAPP

- Con "TR" ibutions from across the Pond
- S TTA G Update
- Spuds' Guide to Happy Caravanning
- "Hands" Blonder writes on a great Road TRip

Lots More Stuff

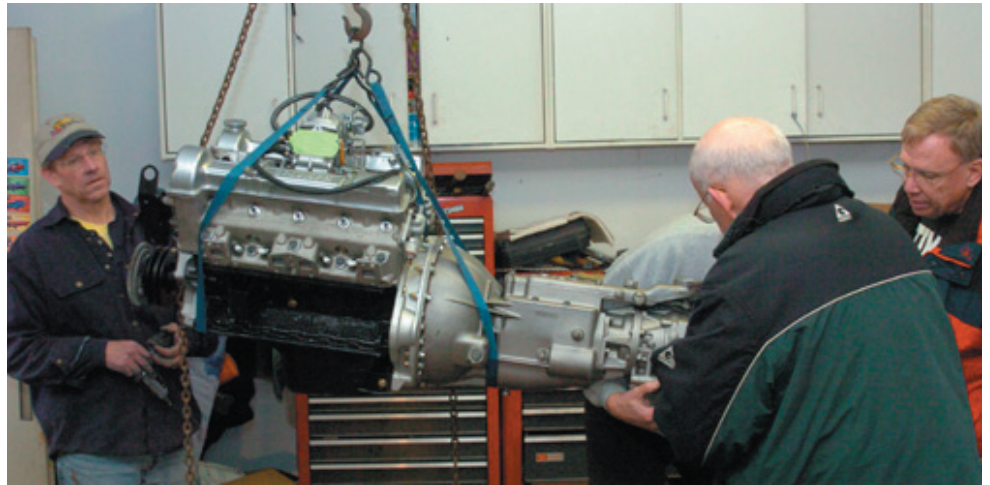


properly tightening. A little modification to the last couple of threads allowed the union to seat all the way, and so far, we are leak free.

The soft top frame was completely sanded and now awaits final paint. The suspension parts were torqued down, and the emergency brake cable assembly was reconditioned and installed. The new heat shield was cut and installed into the trans tunnel now that we had all the lines in place.



More attention was needed to recondition the alloy wheels. This is mostly due to pitting from the coating that was applied at the factory that collected water underneath and corroded the alloy. The wheels had been stripped down and cleaned up, but we needed to do some more work on the pitting in the finish. Joe Pawlak took one of the wheels and eliminated most of the pits. Using this as a benchmark (as well as the alloys on Joe's Stag to show what they should look like), we put Rich Paulsen and Al Christopher to work to get the wheels back to an acceptable condition. Sometimes when you put a ton of time into something, you don't know if it is worth it or not, and we saw it in their eyes. They worked their butts off carefully sanding out the pits, fixing knicks in the alloy, and then buffing them out. The smile on one face was priceless and



confirmed to everyone on the project that the effort was worthwhile with the final results.

We found that parts of the gearbox wiring harness had cracked and hardened due to exhaust heat, so Bill Jensen and Tim Buja replaced the bad wires and re-wrapped the harness before the engine and gearbox arrived.

After running into a setback last weekend with a screaming heater fan motor, Joe drilled out the old bushings and pressed in new brass oilite bushings with material he found in his box of "leftovers" from previous projects. The motor now runs quietly and is ready to be installed. We had heard a lot of noise inside the heater plenum with the fans running and feared that we would have to remove the heater/AC unit to clean out all the debris. This would have put us about two weeks behind on the interior installation, but Peter Conover got to work under the dash to remove all the junk inside and got us back on schedule.



Steve Yott and Murray Bruskin arrived later in the morning with the engine and gearbox. We used the chain hoist to get the drivetrain out of Murray's

truck and up to working height and then installed the engine and gearbox mounts along with the repaired wiring harness.

Once these were finished, we lowered everything to the floor to move the hoist to the front lifting eyes and raised the engine and gearbox to the ceiling to get ready for installation. Since the alloys weren't done yet, we installed some TR6 wheels and tires and lifted the body off the cart that had supported it since the disassembly last April.



With everyone's help, we lifted the tailshaft and moved the car forward to begin installation. Joe and Peter got underneath to guide the gearbox into place as we lowered the engine into place.

Clearance is very tight between the oil sump and the suspension cross member, so it took a few attempts to get all the angles just right to allow everything to fit in place.

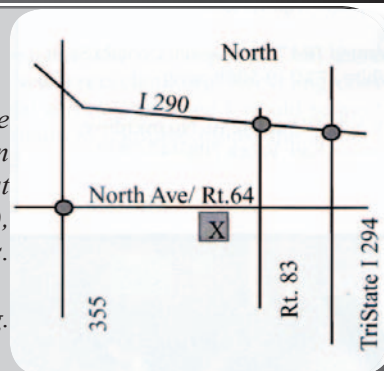
Many thanks to everyone who helped over the last two weekends. Some of the crew had to leave before we took the group photo.



ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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

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



ISOA UPCOMING EVENTS

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
May	2nd	Sat.	8:00 AM	Tune Up Clinic - Pyle's, 320 Linden, Itasca
	3rd	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	15th-17th			SVRA Spring Vintage Race Weekend, Road America, Elkhart lake, WI
	22nd-24th			18th Annual Champaign British Car Festival
	23rd	Sat.		TTA Stag Unveiling - Pawlak's Triumph Ranch, Hampshire
	30th-6/7			British Car Week
June	7th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	19th-21st			VSCDA Blackhawk Classic, Blackhawk Farms & ISOA Campout
	17th-20th			TRA National Convention - Charles Town, West Virginia
	20th	Sat.		St. Andrew Society Car Show, June 20-21, 2008 at the Oak Brook Polo Grounds
	21st	Sun.		British Car Field Day - Sussex, WI - Email Jstockinger4@wi.rr.com
	26th	Fri.		Movie Night - Cascade Drive In - West Chicago
	28th	Sun.		Michiana British Car Show, Notre Dame, South Bend, IN
July	5th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	9th-12th			IOLA Car Show & Swap Meet
	26th	Sun.		North Shore Famous House Tour & ISOA Ravinia Outing
Aug.	2nd	Sun..		TTA Charity Drive visit from John Macartney - Burlington Park
	2nd	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00] - subject to change
	7th-8th			The Roadster Factory Summer Party - Armagh, PA
	9th	Sun.		Heartland British Car Show, Quad Cities
	16th-23rd			ISOA Summer TRip to the Tail of the Dragon
	23rd	Sun.		Orphan Car Show - Kendall County Fairgrounds
	21st	Fri.		White Trash Night - Sycamore Raceway.
Sept.	6th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	13th	Sun.		23rd Annual Chicagoland British Car Festival - Oakton Community College
	20th	Sun	9AM-3PM	Cantigny Car Show
	24th-26th			Six Pack TRials - Long Beach Island, NJ
	30th-10/04			VTR National Convention - San Luis Obispo, CA

Note: TTA Work Sessions will be ongoing through the spring of 2009. Check the ISOA webpage for the latest schedule or call Joe Pawlak at 847/683-4184 for the up-to-the-minute plans



A LITTLE BS FROM BS



NEWS AND VIEWS

FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE

“Long time no see,” I said to my old acquaintance and erstwhile mechanic, Vinnie “The Ratchet” as I entered his inner sanctum, AKA his modest garage on Cooper Street in Elgin. Vinnie had only recently resumed full time wrenching following some cardio issues, and I had not seen him since he had been released from the hospital. [There are those who found word of his health issues difficult to accept since it has long been rumored that Vinnie doesn’t have an actual human heart, just a fuel pump attached to his chest cavity – a four-barrel to be sure.] “Gimme that 9/16 open end, if you can figure which one it is,” he replied. It should be noted that Vinnie has never been particularly enamored with meaningless exchanges of social pleasantries when cash customers were awaiting service on their vehicles. I had not seen Vinnie in a month or two, and I was looking forward to sharing with him the news of my most recent Triumph acquisition.

“I got a car,” I said to him as I handed him the wrench. He was partially obscured from my view by a Grand

Marquis, with only his lower extremities protruding from beneath the aging land yacht. “Don’t tell me you bought another one o’ dem worthless piece o’ shit Triumphs,” he growled as he put the finishing touches to some “adjustments” to the undercarriage of the old Merc. “I t’ought you wuz gonna buy a Chevelle and get a real car.” I smiled to myself, as I realized that Vinnie was back to his old self after his brush with mortality. The last time I had seen him he had actually been, for him, pleasant to me. It was nice to see that he was feeling better.

“I know I had said that,” I mumbled, “but this is a one-owner, low mileage TR4 that only needs a bit of body work, and....” At this point Vinnie scooted out from under the behemoth and got to his feet as he made his way to his toolbox for a bigger hammer in order to “fine tune” his handiwork on the front suspension. “I always figured you wuz fulla crap. You really like dem sissy foreign cars, even though a real gearhead knows that if it ain’t got 8 cylinders and came outa Detroit, it ain’t a real car.”

“Hold on, Vinnie,” I replied. “Just because I prefer cars with handling characteristics that aren’t reminiscent of Prohibition era beer trucks, doesn’t mean that I can’t qualify as an aficionado of special interest autos.”

“I don’t know what the hell a ‘fishin’ auto” is. Maybe it’s one of dem goofy Amphicars wit Triumph Herald motors, but I do sure as hell know that me an’ my buddies wouldn’t be caught dead in no foreign four banger. At least, you could put a small block in the lil’ sumbitch.”

Further discourse seemed rather pointless. I assumed that Vinnie, whose mood swings make Sybil seem like “no drama Obama,” was not having one of

his more civil days. But his reaction did get me to thinking, and I recalled one of the that great scenes from *Godfather III* when Michael Corleone says, “Just when you think you’re out, they pull you back in!” So it is with Triumphs and me. For the last year or so, I have seriously harbored a plan of liquidating my collection of all two of my hobby cars in favor of more reliable transportation, such as an S2000.

But the lure of just one more restoration, one in which I avoid the pitfalls I encountered the other two times, was too strong. Like the unfortunate sailors who tried to navigate between the Scylla and Charybdis without wax in their ears, I had succumbed to the siren song of one last frame off. As you may have noticed in last month’s Snake Barf, I am now the owner of CT19263, a ’63 TR4.

In the months to come, I hope to begin to restore this car to its former glory. My plan, such as it is, is based on taking advantage of favorable exchange rates for labor by having some of the body work farmed out to a location in Missouri. I also hope that the experiences, particularly the mistakes from the restorations of Casper and Lucille, will enable this project to proceed with out too many unexpected and expensive, surprises. Only time will tell.

At any rate, it’s too late for buyer’s remorse any way. So stay tuned. I hope that one of my other favorite movie lines from Bette Davis, “Fasten your safety belts; it’s going to be a bumpy ride,” doesn’t come true.

Suds

ISOA MEMBERSHIP: Being a member of ISOA is easy! Owning a Triumph is optional; you can drive whatever you want. All you need to do is pay your annual dues of \$25.00. (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: Tim Buja, 1173 Butler Road, Rockford, IL 61108-4702



With the motoring season finally upon us, once again we are reprinting Uncle Spuds's "Guide to Great Caravanning." He wants to make sure it is as good for you as it is for him.

ISOA CARAVAN GUIDELINES TYPICAL DAILY SCHEDULE

(The specific day's schedule will depend on how far the caravan plans to go, road conditions, number of cars in caravan, frequency of problems, etc.)



Be ready to start on the road between 8:00 - 9:00 am (or whatever time is agreed upon). Optional -- sometimes it is necessary to make a brief "pit stop" not long after the start (for personal comfort after pancake breakfasts, etc.). If necessary, we can make a brief pit stop, often at a highway rest area, but everyone should try to be ready to proceed in about 10 minutes. Stop for gas and a stretch about 10:30 am. (Try to limit stop to 15 minutes) Stop for gas and lunch about 12:30 - 1:00. (Try to limit stop to 1 -- 1-1/4 hours including getting gas) Stop for gas and a stretch about 3:30 - 4:00. (Try to limit stop to 15 minutes) Stop for the evening about 6:00 - 7:00 If desired, meet for dinner (pizza, etc.) about 30-45 minutes after arrival and check-in. The distance between stops is determined by time of day, weather conditions, car performance, smallest gas tank, weakest bladder, etc. We generally try to go 2 - 2-1/2 hours between stops, sometimes 3 hours. Too many stops can result in arriving at our destination town quite late in the evening.

General Hints for Happy Caravanning

Make sure you understand the planned route, approximate distance the caravan plans to travel that day, and the planned evening stop location. Have hotel number, road, town, etc. At the beginning of the day, be ready to leave at the agreed upon time. Have a full tank of gas, full stomach, empty bladder, etc. by the departure time. If you have a CB radio, tune it to the agreed upon

channel. [**Be sure to have an I-Pass if any tollway driving is included.**] The caravan will have a "lead car" at the front and a "sweep car" at the rear. The lead car will do its best to know the route and have a working CB radio. The slowest cars (or the car which is expected to be least dependable) should take positions near the front of the caravan. The "sweep car" (last) should drive with headlights on so it's easier for the lead car to see where the end of the caravan is. The sweep car should have a working CB. Once driving, try to keep a consistent interval between you and the car ahead of you. This helps avoid frequent speed changes farther back in the caravan.

If you think the caravan is going too fast or slow, call the leader on your CB or signal some other car in some way. However, keep in mind that no two Triumph speedometers read the same. Some can be 10-20 mph off. The leader usually tries to drive at about the legal speed limit. Therefore, it's important to keep your interval with other cars to minimize the need to slow way down or speed way up.

If the caravan needs to make an unplanned stop for repairs, personal comfort, etc. and the group has been driving for at least 1-1/2 hours, fill up with gas if you have a chance. This will prevent getting "out of sync" with the other cars. For driving variety (especially on Interstates), switch driving order once in a while by passing a couple of caravan cars or having several pass you. This keeps the "scenery" a little different and occupies your mind.

Communications

A CB radio is most effective and enjoyable for short ranges. At the start of the day, find out which channel will be used. Use the CB to give instructions, tell of problems, comment on society, etc. It makes the trip seem shorter. If you have an operating cell phone, give your number to the leader (if leader has a phone) and get other cars' numbers. You shouldn't need the phone, but it might help if the group gets separated.

If you see a problem with anyone else's car, try to signal them and explain what it is.

Trouble/Unplanned stops/Emergencies, etc.

If your car has trouble (or if you need an emergency stop for personal reasons), try to locate a rest area or wide shoulder. Signal caravan leader that you are pulling off. The entire caravan will probably stop if it's safe to do so. If not, the caravan will pull off on next exit or road. Pull as far off the pavement as possible and turn on flashers (if you have them). If you get out of your car to work on it, try to stay on the passenger side of the car, away from passing traffic. Keep anyone who is helping you on that side, too. Don't forget about passing high speed traffic which will be surprised by a number of cars parked along the shoulder. When pulling back onto the highway, it usually works best if everyone is ready to roll, then the last car pulls on to the road to "block" for the others. It sounds good, but it doesn't always work, especially on Interstates.

Leaving the Caravan

If you decide to (or are forced to) leave the caravan for personal or mechanical reasons, make sure someone knows that the caravan shouldn't wait for you or look for you. Try to inform the caravan leader or sweep car. If you plan to meet up with the caravan later in the day or at the evening stop, know where the caravan plans to stop for the night. Get the hotel phone number, etc. if possible.

***Remember, this is our vacation.
We must have fun!!***



Jack Billimack 8/24/98

CON "TR" IBUTIONS FROM ACROSS THE POND



COIN OF THE REALM

BY TONY BEADLE

ISOA INTERNATIONAL BUREAU CHIEF
& UK SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

Given the current global financial situation, this is perhaps not the best time to be talking about money, but another 'suggestion' e-mailed to me by Editor Streepy a while back was that maybe I could attempt to explain the intricacies of the British currency system and its history. For residents of our former Colony who are only familiar with dealing in dollars and cents, the bewildering array of different shaped coins and names that make up sterling can be terribly confusing so I will try to keep it simple. (Note: the dictionary defines 'sterling' as meaning "genuine British money; of standard value").

Prior to the introduction of a decimal currency system in February 1971, the British had for centuries used a seemingly illogical concoction of pounds, shillings and pence. A pound was equivalent to twenty shillings and a shilling was twelve pennies, therefore one pound consisted of 240 pence. OK so far?

The pound was denoted by the symbol '£' which is still in use today. However, shillings could be written down in two ways. When it

appeared on its own, a price such as six shillings was 6/-, but if the amount was six shillings and four pence it became 6/4d – 'd' being the abbreviation for pennies (don't ask me why, it just was). And to complicate matters a little bit more, an amount of five pounds, thirteen shillings and seven pence could be shown as either £5/13/7d or £5 13s 7d, the latter configuration being more commonly used in the 1950s and '60s.

When I first started getting pocket money from my parents the coinage then in circulation was made up of the following: Farthing, Half-penny, Penny, Threepence, Sixpence, Shilling, Florin and Half Crown. Paper notes came in denominations of Ten Shillings, One Pound, Five Pounds, etc, (I never saw anything larger than a five pound note until long after I got my first job).

Four farthings (1/4d) made one penny but they had almost disappeared from use by the early '50s. The half a penny coin (1/2d) was usually called a Ha'penny piece and anything you could buy for that amount (candy at the local shop for example) was referred to as a H'a'porth – short for "half a penny's worth". Pennies were always pennies, or pence in the plural. All three of these coins were brown in colour and often called 'copper' as they were made of a copper-bronze alloy which was bright and shiny when new but by the time these coins reached my pockets they had turned dull and drab.

Now it starts to get really interesting. The three pence coin was a twelve-sided design almost the same size as a halfpenny, but a bit thicker, gold in colour and always called a Thrupenny Bit by us kids (in

some areas the 3d coin was referred to as a 'Joey' – again, I don't have a clue why, and there were many regional variations to such nicknames). Although it was worth twice as much, a Sixpenny Piece – which, where I lived, we called a Tanner – was smaller, thinner, round in shape and silver in colour. Confusingly, there was also an old silver threepence coin still in circulation which could be mistaken for a sixpence being similar in size and thickness, but these were quite rare and usually held onto as collectors items rather than being spent on comics or bubble gum.

Two sixpences (i.e. 12 pennies) made one Shilling and this coin was silver in colour and approximately one and a half times bigger in diameter than a 'Tanner' and slightly thicker. Next step up in value was the Florin (worth 2 Shillings), again bigger and thicker than the Shilling coin. However, the Half Crown was the largest silver coin in general circulation and bigger than a Florin. The Half Crown (Two Shillings and Sixpence, or 2/6d) was a hangover from olden days when the Sovereign, Half Sovereign and Crown coins were minted for everyday use – Gold Sovereigns and Half Sovereigns are still available new and these days are bought as investments for the value of the gold rather than any nominal spending power. Crown coins are occasionally issued to commemorate special anniversaries or events, but these are only for collectors and do not get spent buying the weekly groceries.

This traditional system all changed in 1971 when we switched to a decimal currency. The Pound remained as the keystone monetary unit, but it was now divided into 100 new pennies – thereafter referred to as 'Pee' and written as 'p' instead of 'd'. This meant that One New Penny



(1p) was equivalent to 2.4 old Pennies (2.4d) and at the time caused much concern about the effects this would have on future price increases and inflation. To counter these arguments (and just to make matters even more complex, as politicians and civil servants so often love to do) the government of the day decide to issue a 1/2p coin which was the same as 1.2 old Pennies. Needless to say this small coin was withdrawn from use some years ago because it had become virtually worthless!

Nowadays, therefore, the British coinage consists of the following: One Penny, Two Penny, Five Penny, Ten Penny, Fifty Penny and One Pound. If you were to put the old coins and the current ones alongside each other you would discover that the 1p is roughly the size of an old Farthing, a 2p about the same as a Halfpenny (both copper-bronze), while the 5p silver coin is near as dammit a Sixpence and the 10p is just like an old Shilling. The 50p coin is totally new in design, being seven-sided and silver, but it is similar in overall size to a Half Crown, and the One Pound coin is gold in colour (but not in content!) and vaguely resembles a Sovereign in diameter but is much thicker. Paper notes come in £5, £10, £20 and £50 denominations.

However, that is not quite the end of the story. So far I have not made any mention of the Guinea. Now the Guinea is a sort of 'rogue' unit that once upon a time was always used in contracts and legal documents (land leases, property rent agreements and suchlike) and also when bidding at public sales or auctions. Although I am not absolutely certain about this, I believe the annual auctions of thoroughbred racehorses at Newmarket and other studs in this country are still

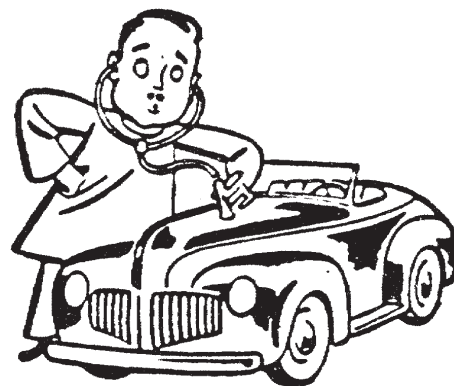
conducted in Guineas. And, of course, there are the famous One Thousand Guineas and Five Thousand Guineas horse race classics held each year.

What actually is a Guinea? Well, in olden times a Guinea was worth One Pound and One Shilling (in other words, 21 Shillings). So a bid of 20 Guineas really amounted to 21 Pounds and it sounds to me like the Guinea was little more than a cunning device employed by auctioneers, lawyers, government officials and other such 'noble folk' to con the unwary purchaser into paying slightly more than they wanted to when buying something – or am I just being cynical?

If you have persevered this far and your brain is still functioning, I suspect that you are now probably even more confused about British money than when you started reading this piece. And I have not delved into the many slang terms frequently used, such as the 'Quid' (One Pound), the 'Score' (£20), a 'Pony' (£25) or a 'Monkey' (£500) and so on, nor brought up the subject of the Groat (an ancient silver fourpenny-piece), but that will all have wait for another time!

(Note: All complaints about boredom quotient of this article should be directed to Editor Streepy because it was his idea that I wrote it!)

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ISOA TECHNICAL EXSPURTS

TR3	Bill "Whizmo" Pyle 630/773 4806
TR4	Pat "PowerBulge" Lobdell 219/942-1263
TR4A/ 250	Steve "Drippy" Yott 262/997-0701
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 "Stagmeister" Pawlak 847/683-9683
Spitfire - [Late]	Bill "Mr. Bill" Jensen 815/729-9731
GT6	Dave "Snake" Shedor 847/937-5078
Stag	Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak 847/683-9683
Machinist	Bob "Opera Man" Crowley 630/355 2170
KeyMaster	Bob "Senile" Donile 630/837-3721
Electrical Paint, Body,	Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak 847/683-9683



In our February newsletter, we asked our readers, as many as all three of them, to contribute a written recollection of some of their more memorable road trips. Dave Kanzler and Don Sheldon have thus far answered the call, and this month Mike "Hands" Blonder steps up to the plate to provide a prosaic road trip down memory lane.

MIKE AND LARRY'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE BY MIKE 'HANDS' BLONDER



It was the summer of '64, I was fourteen years old, and beach movies were the big thing. We sure got to see much more of Annette Funichello than her Mouseketeer

outfit, and Elvis even got into the game. The Gidget movies didn't do much for me, but when my best friend Larry and I watched the one called *Ride the Wild Surf*, we decided right then and there that we would make that trip to sunny California and check out those bikini-clad, beach volleyball babes with our own eyes. We set the date for the summer after high school graduation.

Larry ended up graduating a year late, so in early August, 1969, we set out on Route 66 in my mom's 1964 Oldsmobile Jetstar 88, armed with all the money we'd made at our summer jobs plus recreational 'currency of the realm' (it was 1969). We'd heard about a Golden Gate Music Festival out west in San Francisco, which certainly sounded better than some festival in podunk Woodstock, New York. At nineteen years old, I had absolutely no knowledge of cars or what was necessary to keep them going besides putting gas in the tank. (Some would say nothing has changed...) (For those who've forgotten their high school English, this is known as foreshadowing). The Jetstar 88 was a stripped down version of the Delta 88 which was a less fancy version of the luxurious Ninety-Eight. Kind of like what the

Chevy Biscayne was to the Impala. This Olds, however, did have two firsts for the Blonder family: AC and a V-8, so we were cruising in style.

My girlfriend at the time worked for AAA, so we chose a scenic route, detailed by the famous AAA Trip-Tic. We soon learned about fuel economy: too much AC and/or too much right foot equaled more frequent stops at the Sunoco 260 pump.

After not too many miles, we left "the highway that's the best" for Route 80, the highway that's the boring-est, heading towards our first destination: the Badlands and the Black Hills of Dakota. Driving two-lanes through the desolate Badlands brought to mind cowboy sets and *Twilight South Zone* stories, but the Black Hills were beautiful and breathtaking. Casually driving and yacking, we rounded one of those two-lane twisties, and there before us, filling the entire windshield was Mount Rushmore! Holy crap! We hadn't noticed it on the map, and it was awesome! What a great surprise!

Next stop, visit cousin Sandy in Denver where a big piece of good luck came our way. Sandy's roommate's boyfriend had a furnished place in Boulder that would be vacant for the month with the rent all paid, and we got the keys to the castle! Yes! Boulder was THE place to be that summer, and at 'our' place, the Rockies loomed right outside the windows! Every day travelers and locals met at Peoples Park (the one with the stream and the locomotive) where strolling musicians, live electric bands, bartering and meeting of new people took place. On more than one occasion, the Jetstar delivered stranded folks to the mountain communes in Netherlands. We met James and Paula from Iowa City who needed a ride to California, so now we had some help with the fuel costs. After an outstanding week in Boulder,

we pointed the Jetstar towards Utah. On the way down the mountains into Salt Lake City, the car started making funny noises when braking. The friendly mechanic at the first gas station we limped into informed us that we'd worn out all the brakes as well as the shocks (the what?). He promptly relieved Larry and me of a BIG chunk of our cash reserves.

We put Salt Lake City in the rearview mirror after dropping a dose of Owsley's finest. Larry heard on the radio that Blind Faith was making their final USA appearance in SLC that night, so we turned the Jetstar around, found parking near the Cow Palace (and remembered where it was), scored nosebleed seats, and enjoyed Clapton, Winwood, Baker and the boys.

Still wired after the concert, we drove all night to the Grand Canyon. The Grand Canyon. Totally awesome. 'Nuff said. We walked about halfway down it, and the sun started to set, so we camped near the trail. We decided to stash our gear and finish the trip down in the morning. All told, it took three hours to walk the seven and-a-half miles to the bottom.

On the way down, Larry caught some kind of respiratory bug. On the way up, he could only take about twenty steps before needing to stop and rest. Needless to say, that trip up took more than three hours – more like eighteen. We finally saddled up and headed towards Sin City. We didn't notice the green water pooling on the street under the engine. Pretty soon, the TEMP idiot light (how apt) started flashing on and off. We found a gas station where a mechanic informed us we had a 'pinhole' leak, and suggested we rub bar soap into the leaking spot for a cheap fix. That seemed to work, so off we went. In Vegas, the casinos were open to the street and thirty-five degrees cooler inside than outside (103) - very impressive. At age nineteen we couldn't actu-

ally get in (lucky thing), but we discovered a youth hostel in town where we met some very interesting and mellow people. Larry wasn't getting any better, so the next morning we set our sights for the Golden State.

We arrived at Berkeley and found it a bit unspectacular. It looked a lot like other college towns, with the addition of people ranting from soapboxes at their version of People's Park. We finagled a room for the four of us at the Hotel Berkeley for an affordable price, four for the price of two. Larry found a local pharmacist who took pity on him and gave him a bottle of antibiotics.

In San Francisco we found that John Mayall was performing at the Fillmore West that weekend, but funds were getting low. I always fantasized The Turning Point album was recorded that weekend – after all, it was done at the Fillmore West at about that time. Of course, the Golden Gate Music Festival never happened – all the bands were at Woodstock! We jumped onto US1 and headed south to Laguna Beach, which was somehow related to the *Ride the Wild Surf* movie.

Now, the Tail of the Dragon might be the most fun road to drive, but it's hard to beat US1 for pure natural beauty. Hugging the coast from San Fran to LA, it's one majestic scene after another, truly spectacular and with a fair share of twists and curves. After dropping our Iowa City friends in LA, we made it to Laguna Beach by nightfall and camped on the beach. We awoke to the sounds of laughter and hands slapping leather. Finally! Lovely

bikini clad babes playing beach volleyball! Unfortunately they were with their surfer guys, and our attempts at conversation made us feel like the unwashed, long-haired Midwest oddities that we probably were and about as welcome as a T-bone steak at a vegan restaurant. With a healthy dose of "Okay, we've done it, now screw this shit," we headed back to LA.

This time we did notice green water under the car, and went to the local parts store where some Bars product was recommended that seemed to do the job. We filled the Jetstar with water and arrived in LA just in time for rush hour. You'd think that rush hour meant bumper to bumper cars, crawling along. Not so in LA! Bumper to bumper yes, but at sixty miles an hour! It didn't matter which expressway, every one was bumper to bumper and high speed.

That night a family friend gave us a tour of the Sunset Strip where he promptly got a ticket for crossing a double yellow line. We thought it was pretty pimpy, but he said all the LA cops gave out pimpy tickets to everyone. Next stop was Karen in West Hollywood, who was a friend of our friend (Barb). She and her mom put us up for a few days, and then Karen decided to make the trip back with us so she could hang with Barb back in Chicago. Karen turned out to be one person with her glasses on and an entirely different person with her glasses off, but that's a whole different tale.

We headed north from LA to Yosemite and camped next to a mountain steam. Talk about a cold morning bath, but still the tastiest water ever. We

drove through the foothills near Whittier (birthplace of Richard Nixon), and to this day, I've never been anywhere prettier. It explains why people choose to live right on the San Andreas fault.

As we worked our way east, the radiator needed replenishing more and more often. Just outside of Brighton, Colorado (or Littleton – I can't remember), the TEMP light came on, and the engine stopped. We camped out behind a school and quickly attracted the local thugs. They didn't care much for us 'long hairs,' and wanted to fight. As I remember it, Karen pretty much humiliated them into leaving us all alone. Broke and stupid, I called home, and it was decided that we sell the car for airplane tickets. We slept behind the school waiting for the title to arrive. The title finally came the day of school registration, with lots of kids and their mothers pointing and giving us some pretty dirty looks.

This road trip ended on a pretty funny note at Denver International Airport. We hadn't bathed or shaved since Yosemite and were pretty ripe. Somehow our coach seats became first class seats, and we grossed out all the hoity-toities in the front cabin. My mom got a new (not a dad hand-me-down) Toyota Corona (for \$2000) that I had to keep clean and waxed until she sold it to Larry four years later. This tiny Toyota was a blast to drive and began my love affair with small cars.

Hands

SHOE





Dear Editor,
I know that in your role as Editor-in-Chief and Auto Provocateur, you like to keep your finger

on the pulse of all things automotive, so I thought you would like to know that there was a Triumph featured in the recent Amelia Island Concours d'



Ostentation. Yes, amid the grand ladies in floppy hats carrying foo-foo dogs and men in blazers with Panama hats sipping champagne there was a humble Triumph. Well, kinda, sorta.

To be completely accurate, it was a Swallow Doretti. but to me that's Triumph enough. I have attached a photo of this proud moment in Triumphdom.

I fear the tough economic times have had a negative effect on the Concours. Clearly, they were cutting back on security. "Burnout Bob" Steele, the enfant terrible of organized auto events, was allowed past the security gates. I am sure he is on their "no fly" list, but somehow he got in.

His mission there was to lobby for inclusion of Stagzilla, his blown Chevy powered Stag, in next year's show. I believe he was told to wait until

they have a "when pigs fly" class.

To prove that Bob "persona non grata" Steele actually got in the show, I have attached a photo of him standing in front of a 1952 Smegma. It was the only car without a crowd in front of it.

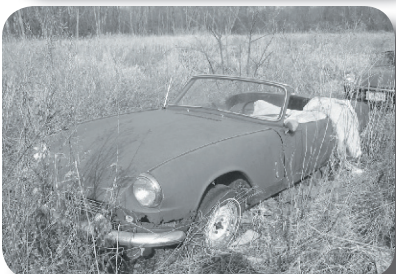


Go figure.

Judge Dredd

FYI

Dennis Delap spotted the two Spitfires below near Woodstock. He suspects they might be available. Contact him if you are interested.



From the ISOA Email list

For anyone interested..... I picked up my TR3 at Ethics Auto Body in Maple Park (across the road from the Sycamore Speedway) and encountered a small cache of TR3 parts. One of the body guys there has a collection of parts he received as part of a "package deal" in a purchase of an elderly Pontiac. He's looking to sell them to interested parties. They all look to me to be from a TR3. I saw a front grille with the turn signal lights attached, a windshield, a front bumper, two sidecurtains, a top frame assembly, a number of pieces of interior trim (in poor shape, but possibly usable as patterns), and a several headlight buckets. The sidecurtain materials and plastic were in poor shape and they'd need to be rebuilt, but the frames themselves (rusty) appeared to me to be straight and in alignment.

If anyone's interested, the owner's name is Tom Algrim and he works in bodyshop repair at Ethics. His phone number is (630) 669-5704.

Greg Heidrich
[no financial interest]

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!! TR FORE RETURNS!!

Bruce "Uncle Bubbles" Barnett is once again organizing a club golf outing [golf club outing?] Exact date and Tee Time still to be determined. Tentative plan is mid June at a west suburban course. Bruce will provide details at the May & June meetings



2008 TR Fore file photo courtesy of Uncle Bubbles photography



A DIZZYING EXPERIENCE

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



onstrating the idiosyncrasies commonly associated with Lucas ignition systems.

As Tim and Joe conducted their class in "Distributors 101 – Theory and Practice of Getting Sparks to the Proper Cylinder," the undergrads earnestly took notes, mental if not physical. As in most classes there were a few slackers and class clowns, as well as the "teacher-pleaser" types, including Jack "Spuds" Billimack who arrived from his recent surgery with a note from his mother saying that he couldn't lift any of the heavy ignition parts that day.

The instructors employed some specially designed apparatuses to demonstrate operative vs. malfunctioning distributors and hooked up "Old Sparky," Billy's vintage Sun Machine, to check curves advances, etc and diagnosis any ignition malfea-



sance. Following the preceding day's ill conceived reference to the Special Olympics by our current Chief Execu-



tive [Obama, not me!], thankfully there were no puns made about "retards," not at least that were made within my earshot, since I suspect that my inability to grasp the subject matter may have made me the butt of some jokes in a less politically sensitive environment.

Class was given a recess around noon for a catered meal arranged by Sheri and provided by Jimmy Johns, and the group adjourned to the garden level of Chez Pyle for some much needed sustenance and rehydradtion. Following lunch, and some beverages to quench the thirst of the parched pupils, it was back to garage for the conclusion of the session. While the undergrads applied some of their newfound ignition knowledge, Lee Feder took the opportunity to try to avail himself of some of the club tools and techniques to try sort out his recalcitrant gearbox, which had failed to react appropriately at the previous month's clinic. The final results of his efforts are not as yet fully known, but we suspect that a full accounting will be forthcoming at the May meeting.

On the first full day of spring, a couple of dozen of the Coventry irregulars migrated to Itasca to participate in the club's monthly tech session. The focus of the ISOA version of March Madness was distributors, and our hosts, as usual, were the Pyle's. Bill and Sheri once again provided coffee, pastry, and, most importantly, the use of their heated and well equipped garage.

The clinic was facilitated primarily by club techmasters Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak and Tim "Toolman" Buja, both of whom demonstrated their electrical engineering prowess by explaining and dem-

*Suds*



As good stewards of the earth, we here at Snic Braaapp Towers have always been proponents of recycling, especially when it comes to the prose of our all time favorite wordsmith, the incomparable Peter Egan. The article below appeared on the pages of Snic Braaapp many years ago under the editorship of the Manteno Brothers, who I'm absolutely certain procured the necessary permission from the author to print his words. [By the way, if you haven't yet read his latest "Side Glances" about the "Eight Stages of restoration" in this month's Road & Track, be sure to do so. It's hilarious, but then again, it's Peter Egan, so you expect it to be. - ED]

THE MG/TRIUMPH QUESTION

BY PETER EGAN

After flying back to the Midwest for my high school 20-year class reunion last week, I stayed on for a few days with my old high school friend and college roommate, Pat Donnelly. It was a double reunion of sorts because Pat owns one of the few cars I genuinely regret selling, a 1971 MGB.

He bought it from me in California four years ago and drove it back to Wisconsin. Pat recently finished restoring the car, and it looks like new. After the reunion, we spent several pleasant days motoring around town and through the summer greenery of the Midwest—a nice change from the summer brownery of California. I felt the sun on my face and listened to that nice, hollow exhaust note and decided that history doesn't really repeat itself; it just simmers, with an occasional rise in temperature.

Pat and I both bought our first sports cars in the spring of 1968 after spending the winter going to college during the day and working together on a night shift unloading Coca-Cola trucks to earn the necessary money. Pat bought a red 1960 MGA in beautiful condition for \$650 from a man in Madison. I bought a British Racing Green 1957 Triumph TR3, in slightly less beautiful condition, for \$450 from a seminary student in Milwaukee.

The TR3 was less expensive partly because the engine ran on only three cylinders out of a possible four. The seminary student told me the engine had a burned valve. I bought the car anyway,

figuring I'd learn all about valve jobs. Pat and I sputtered 150 miles back to our hometown on three cylinders, laboring painfully over every hill. When I got home, I discovered there was nothing wrong with the valves, but the engine had one bad sparkplug. I installed a new plug and the car ran like a bat out of hell.

On four cylinders, the TR3 was truly a fast car. Some previous owner had fitted it with the J.C. Whitney Big Bore High Compression Kit—oversized wet liners and pistons that added more grunt to what was already a very torquey engine. The car quite easily burned rubber in the first couple of gears and lunged down the road fast enough to leave the cam and lever steering five or six twitches behind the latest veer. I drove the Triumph everywhere those first few euphoric weeks, flying down country roads and changing flat tires about every half hour, as hard cornering poked loose spokes through my tubes.

A few weeks later, Pat drove up in his new (used) red MGA. It was a beautiful little car with steel wheels, new Michelin radial tires and no rust. We cruised out of town to the Ridge Road—our own little slice of Road America—and I got behind the wheel for my first drive in an MG.

In those first few miles of driving, I was absolutely stunned. The sheer, overwhelming lack of horsepower emanating from beneath the MG's little tongue-like hood was breathtaking. I didn't know what to say. After two weeks in my punched-out TR3, I felt as though I'd stepped out of a Cobra and into a Fiat 850 Spider. The MGA simply did not go,

As the miles rolled by, however, I began to see that the MG was not entirely without merit. The car made nice noises, shifted gears better than anything I've driven before or since and felt like a little fighter plane with its leather-trimmed cockpit, albeit a rather slow, WWI fighter plane. Furthermore, the MG had a feeling of oneness, of having been put together carefully and tightly, its seams and joints leaded and welded rather than bolted and wired. My TR3, by comparison, had a lot of raw edges, scuttle shake, loose joints, wind leaks, rain leaks, bare wires, rattle and jounce. It was windy, fast, stiff, noisy, crude and fun, where the MGA was soft, rounded, compact, precise and fun in a subtler way. Switching back and forth I didn't know which car I liked better. Preferring one over the other was a matter of mood. But the distinct characters of both cars were fixed in my mind. The Triumph was a hot rod; the MG had more finesse.

As a mechanic, I later worked on and drove the next generation of MGs and Triumphs, the TR4 and MGB, and after those the GT6s, TR6s, 7s and 8s. Right into the next decade, these cars followed the same basic personality profiles of their forebears. The MGBs got a little faster, a little softer sprung and more civilized but kept that tight, one-piece feel. All the Triumphs featured lots of engine, big tires and slab-style bodywork bolted together rather indifferently. And they remained faster than the MGs. (We are leaving the Spitfires and Midgets out of this for now; this is a story about Big Iron.)

Somehow the personalities of the owners who came into our shop also meshed with the character of their

cars. For instance, we used to have a running joke among the mechanics that if the owner of a TR6 didn't have a leather sport coat and cowboy boots, we wouldn't work on his car. While the marque attracted its share of forthright Anglophiles, there was also a strong streak of Texan running through the ranks of Triumph owners. Some, I think, were just taking a short rest on their way to Corvette ownership.

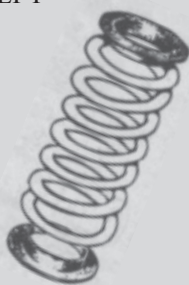
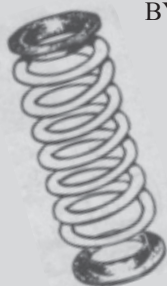
MG owners tended to be a bit

more purist in the grand string-back driving-glove tradition, or else were eccentrics of the sort who wore one earring (even in 1975) and had bandana-clad dogs named after minor San Francisco poets of the North Beach area. I remember being offered a large lump of hash in exchange for an MGB tuneup by one customer. I declined, being high on parts solvent at the time.

Sadly, both cars are gone, along with the philosophies, engineering and

construction techniques that made these two affordable, fun British roadsters so different and yet so appealing. But, looking on the brighter side, there are a lot of good used MGs and Triumphs still floating around at remarkably low prices. And, after driving my old MGB at the reunion last week, I may be forced to buy myself another one. Unless I find a good clean TR4. I'll have to think about it. An MG would have more finesse, but a Triumph, after all, is faster.

AN ODE TO SPRING BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



Ah, Springtime in Chicago
Time to take the old TR out for a spin
Forget the freezing weather,
Or all the parts you forgot to put in.

It's Triumph time in the heartland
And you've got top down driving on your mind
Don't worry about the forecast of "wintry mix"
For which your Lucas wipers were never designed

It's "Drive your LBC" week
It's a caravan to Champaign
It's remembering that you left your top at home
When you feel those first few drops of rain

From Chesterton up to Silver Lake
From Joliet to Wheeling
ISOAers from all over Chi-town
Wonder if they greased the wheel bearing that was squealing

Whether Herald, or Stag, Wedge or Spitty
TR3, 4, or 250 or six
The ritual is quite similar;
Always one more thing to fix

Find your jumpers and get the ether
Move the snow blower aside.
Pull out the choke and pump the gas.
It's time to go for a ride

You prime the fuel pump
And you make a heavenly plea
You turn the the ignition on
And you it hope fires up when you turn the key
[*Not literally*]

After cranking [and swearing]
You get it to start
With that stupid grin on your face
And the increased beating rate of your heart

You warm up the engine
Check your gauges, release the e-brake
You put it in gear and let out the clutch
And your TR starts to quiver and quake

As you slowly pull out
You vaguely recall
That you forgot to hang up the rake
You left leaning against the garage wall.

The sound of metal on metal
Like nails on an old-fashioned blackboard
Put you in a very ill-humor
You know that after the next club meeting
You'll go home with the boomer.

Suds

Please make your vacation plans now for:



Wednesday, September 30, through Sunday, October 4, 2009



The Roadster Factory

August 7-8, 2009

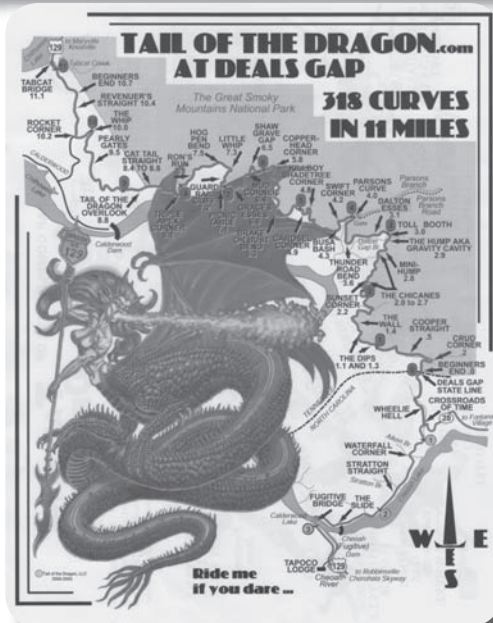
The Roadster Factory's Summer Party 2009

Hosted by: The Roadster Factory

Contact: 800 234-1104

E-mail: TRFMail@aol.com

Web: <http://www.the-roadster-factory.com>



With the VTR convention in California this year, some ISOA members are planning a more moderate driving adventure. Doug "Wires" Larson has come up with the ISOA 2009 Tail of the Dragon Summer Road Tour.

Leaving: Saturday August 15th

Returning: Sunday August 23rd

The general destination will be eastern Tennessee, western North Carolina and western South Carolina.

Some of the initial ideas for the trip would include (but are not limited to)

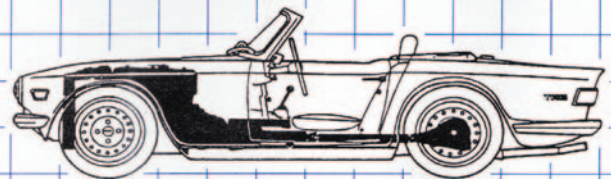
- Tail of the Dragon
- Cherohala Skyway
- Blue Ridge Parkway



June 17-20th

Charles Town, West Virginia

6-PACK™



Six Pack TRials Festival 2009
Long Beach Island, New Jersey
September 24th, 25th and 26th





May 22,23,24-2009

Club Campout at Blackhawk Farms
June 20th & 21st*"Parties, Pleasure, and Postcards: The Bachelorhood
of Henry Schuette Jr."*

The story of a bachelor farmer living in Elk Grove Township is revealed through a collection of original postcards dating to the early 20th century. Perfect for all ages, the exhibit includes interactive opportunities for visitors to learn about Henry Jr. and unique postcard varieties. Exhibit will run through the month of May at the Schuette-Biermann Farmhouse Museum located at 399 Biesterfield Rd, Elk Grove Village, 60007.

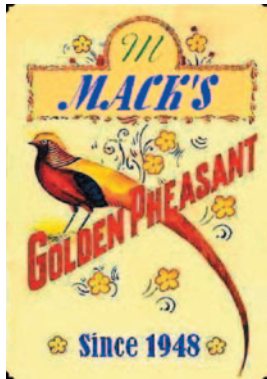
Contact Sandy Denninger, Museum Curator, a.k.a. Joe Pawlak's youngest daughter, if you are interested in stopping by to view the exhibit. Feel free to drop-in anytime during our open hours which are Wednesdays and Fridays: 2:30 - 6:30 pm and Saturday from 11:00am - 2:00pm. The exhibit is completely free and a tour of our historic farmhouse is included in the experience.

Sandy Denninger
847-690-1440

sdenninger@elkgrovetparks.org

White TRash Nite
August 21st, Sycamore, ILWisconsin British Car
Field Day
June 21st, Sussex, WIHeartland British
Car Show
Aug. 21stChicagoland Corvair Enthusiasts
Orphan Auto Picnic
Sunday, August 23, 2009

APRIL MEETING NOTES
[IN CASE YOU MISSED IT]



The first Sunday of April brought around 60 ISOA members together for our monthly club meeting. The threat of foul weather could not keep this group away as this was the highest attended meeting this year. President Bob Streepy called the meeting to order at 7:15 PM and promptly introduced the board members. He then moved on to the introduction of new members or guests. This was rather short since Michael Cronos, the owner of a TR6 was the only new member to attend.

The next item on the agenda was to call attention to the club regalia. In an effort to spur sales in this struggling economy, "Mr. Bill" Jensen conducted an impromptu fashion show and presentation of all of the fine ISOA related merchandise. Please contact Bill if you would like to purchase a nice shirt or wind-breaker in the club colors.

President Streepy next moved on to give a quick recap of the board meeting that precedes the general meeting for those who have never attended. At this session, the board approved a new tech clinic policy of giving the host \$25 "seed" money to ease the burden of providing refreshments for the event. Also discussed was the reinstitution of the ISOA SWAT team to provide assistance

to members who need help to get their cars running. This is to be a last resort after all other avenues for assistance, such as the e-mail list, have been exhausted. Bob then asked for everyone's help in getting the newsletter out. It seems that all of the good photographs of members' cars for the back cover have been used. If anyone has some nice pictures of their car, either with themselves in it or not, please get them to Bob, and they may wind up on the back cover of a future SNIC BRAAAPP. [Ed note: or not]

Bob took some time out from the scheduled agenda to explain the history behind the creation of the annual House on the Rock tour. This was done for the benefit of the newer members who do not know how this much anticipated event came to be. I must say that this segment was quite informative and immensely enjoyable.

Dave Kayson next took the floor and spoke briefly about his new venture, Triumphant Restorations, and showed some very nicely refinished dashboards. These were done with a freshly applied layer of veneer and available for all of the wooden dash Triumphs in a variety of woods.

The next order of business was an update on personal projects, which are many. Steve Yott has finished a fast rebuild of the engine in his TR4A. Mark Fisher reported that his Lotus 11 replica is now a roller and should run in a month. Mark Moore still has some more filler work to complete before the final paint is applied to his TR6 frame off restoration. This led to Joe Pawlak's report on the status of the TTA Stag. There has been a flurry of activity surrounding the car and the ensuing drive around the country. The Stag

will wear Illinois plates reading TA STAG1 as well the plates from John Macartney's father's car. The unveiling is scheduled for May 31st. If we are to make that date, we need to get behind Joe and supply all of the help he needs.

Before our intermission, Denis Delap and Ernie Husmann stepped up and talked to the group about vintage racing and upcoming events that may interest the club. They spoke about the nice tracks we have in the Midwest and how relatively close to the Chicago area they are.

After the break, the group was entertained by stories of recent events such as the chili party and distributor clinic. The floor was then opened to anyone with parts for sale. Gary Revis has TR4, TR6 and TR8 parts available for sale, and Michael Mitsch has a Stag for sale. Contact them directly if interested.

Next came the raffle, which was won by Pete Ballard. Pete had his choice from the 3 bags available and is the proud owner of many invaluable items such as a magnetic parts tray, a hammer and a spark checker among others.

This brought us to the most anticipated segment of any meeting, the Boomer and the Peter M. Roberts awards. We started with nominations for the Boomer, which didn't begin well until Bob mentioned that confession was good for the soul and that anyone could nominate themselves for the coveted award. This speech seemed to stir the spirit since Steve Yott decided to relate the story of how when preparing to remove the engine from his TR4, he removed the oil filter canister and placed it atop a garbage can so that it would drain thoroughly. The next day, however, was garbage day, and the canister while still on top

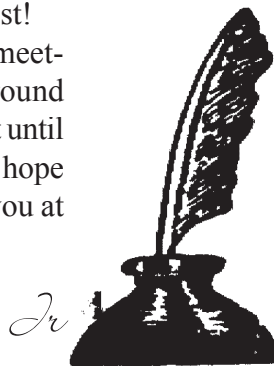


of the can was placed curbside for pickup. This small lapse of memory left Steve scrambling later to find a replacement so he could get the engine running once more. Not to be outdone by this tale of woe, Bob Streepy stepped up to the plate and told the group of the misfortune that befell his beloved TR3, Casper. It seems that Bob has decided to pass Casper on to a new home and needed to take some pictures of it for the classifieds. Bob decided he could drive around his snow thrower to get the car out on to the driveway. As he drove out, he hit the garage door resulting in damage to a fender and paint. Bob went home with the highly prized bent wheel.

There were 6 nominations for the Peter M. Roberts award. First, Al Christopher nominated Rich Scholl for his work refinishing the TTA Stag wheels. Then, Rich Scholl nominated Al Christopher for pol-

ishing said wheels. Terry Underhill nominated Deb and Doug Larson for recognizing them on a recent trip to Florida. Dave Kayson nominated Bob Streepy for assisting in the polishing of a TR250 readying it for sale. Tim Buja nominated Jeff Rust for help in reassembling Tim's overdrive transmission. Lastly, Thanos Kourliouros nominated Murray Bruskin for towing his TR3 to a hager at the Kenosha airport so that he could install a new starter. The chalice and drink certificate went home with Murray for a most Triumphant assist!

The meeting ended around 9:20. That's it until next month, I hope to see all of you at Mack's.



Special Snic Braaapp thanks to Bruce "Uncle Bubbles" Barnet for suggesting that we include a new "Spot the Triumph" feature in which we asks for S/B readers, all three of them, to contribute photos of companies or products who employ the name of our beloved cars in their company names. A hearty handshake and the enduring thanks of a grateful editor, as well as special mention herein to any and all readers who contribute. Below are some examples from a trucking company submitted by Kim Casper.



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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. To place an add, please e-mail Bob Streepy at: trstreep@sbcglobal.net or call 630/372-7565. The editor reserves the right to adjust the length of an ad to accommodate the space available.

•**For Sale:** 1960 TR3A Spa White w/Blue trim and top. 87 MM pistons. Overdrive. VTR Concours & Senior Award winner. Bob Streepy email trstreep@sbcglobal.net or call 630/372-7565 [4/09]

•**For Sale:** 1974 TR6 project car. located near Irving & Cumberland. \$1700.00 Call Tom 773-303-7090 or 773-251-2764 for particulars. tgg11@hotmail.com [3/09 - not an ISOA member]

•**For Sale:** 1974 TR6. Strong runner. Located in Zion. Phone Mark @847-746-3800 for details. \$3500 O.B.O. [3/09 - not an ISOA member]

•**For Sale:** Four 48-Spoke 4 1/2" rim painted wire wheels mounted on good tires.. Four 48-Spoke chrome wire wheels with knock-offs and adapters mounted on good tires. Less than 200 miles. Call Thanos Kourliouros 847/362-7015 [3/09]

•**For Sale:** 1977 Triumph Spitfire Carmine Red Body (Green bonnet from parts car), BlackTop: Interior: Mostly Black (switching out from tan original) .Runs, some body & front suspension issues. Asking \$2000. Naperville, IL – Call or email Victor [847-274-2900 - victor@getoutndoit.com] for additional info.Victor Michael [5/09 - not an ISOA member]



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

Bill Jensen 5/03	Mark Anderson 5/15
John Randell 5/04	Diane Mueller 5/18
Mike Geiter 5/04	Jim Chodak 5/21
Rob Paczkowski 5/07	Bruce Bodenstein 5/24
Mary Lou Gleason 5/08	Adrian Jaworski 5/25
Vickie Korey 5/09	Debbie Larson 5/25
Ernie Husmann 5/09	Tom Sotomayor 5/28
Joan Shedor 5/09	Diane Janowiak 5/28
Hank Sikora 5/12	Pete Ballard 5/29

MEMBERSHIP COUNTS

[memberships - 155; members - 221]

COMING IN YOUR JUNE SNIC BRAAAPP

- The Gathering - We go to Dobson, NC, via the Tail of the Dragon!**
- TTA Stag Unveiling**
- Champiagn British Car Show**

Lots More Stuff

On sale at better newstands April 27th

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 author's and may not express the views of the ISOA board or the editorial staff of SNIC BRAAAPP. Do not operate heavy equipment after reading SNIC BRAAAPP Questions, Comments, and Great Thoughts may be directed to:

Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle, Bartlett, IL 60103 email: trstreep@sbcglobal.net
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Your userid and password are only for the membership roster that we keep on the website. Each ISOA member must log on to the site with his/her own nickname and password to gain access to the Forums and other "Members Only" material.

ONLINE ROSTER ACCESS INFO

SNIC BRAAAPP

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

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

MAY 2009



*JERRY HURST [RIGHT] IN HIS TR 6 NEXT TO 1939 RYAN PT-21 TRAINER
AT 2008 BRITISH BOOTS & BONNETS CAR SHOW HELD AT POPLAR GROVE AIRPORT*