



# SNIC BRAAAPP

**AUGUST 2009**

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"Git 'er Done!" Publications, A division of the Busted Knuckle Group

*NEWSLETTER OF THE ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS 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*

## ISOA DRIVE-IN MOVIE NIGHT

*TEXT BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY GRAPHICS BY THE AUTHOR OR AS CREDITED*



ON A BEAUTIFUL FRIDAY EVENING IN LATE JUNE, NEARLY two dozen Coventry irregulars gathered under the stars at the iconic Cascade Theater to attend the annual ISOA Drive-In Movie Night. The club has been holding this event for decades, although the number of venues has been greatly reduced in recent years. Prior to entering the Cascade, the group gathered at Augustino's Rock and Roll Deli to enjoy a pleasant meal and some conversation. Our party included John and Pat Nies [TR6], Dave Kanzler [TR6], Jack and Barb Billimack [TR6], Tom and Pat Morgan [TR6], Mark Hattenhauer [TR6], Doug and Debbie Larson [TR6], Jerry and Sandy Hurst [Impala

since the TR6 lost a radiator hose earlier in the day], Bob and Bev Toms, [TR3A], Joe and Roseanne Felix [TR4A], Mark Moore [TR4A], and your humble and obedient scribe accompanied by the First Lady [TR6]. With seven TR6s in our group, the restaurant parking lot resembled a Six Pack convention.

The deli seemed an especially appropriate meeting place since the self-proclaimed "King of Pop" had only that day "gone to glory," and many in our group, especially Jerry Hurst, was still shaken by this untimely passing. The other hot topic of dinner conversation was the safe arrival of the TTA Stag in Florida after its Banzai Run from Hampshire. A toast was held in honor of "Uncle Jack," Stagmeister, Silo, Mr. Bill, and Hands.

The diner features a nice selection of sandwiches and salads and a vast assortment of rock and roll memo-

*continued on page 2*

### *INSIDE YOUR AUGUST SNIC BRAAAPP*

- *Con "TR" ibutions from across the Pond*
- *Gizmo offers a theory on the TTA Gearbox*
- *TTA Stag turned over to John Macartney*

*Lots More Stuff*



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rabilia. Festooning the walls were albums, guitars, concert bills, and autographed [?] photos of rockers from Bill Haley and the Comets to Led Zeppelin. [Tom Morgan wondered out loud if the photo of Michael Jackson had risen in value in light of his demise.] There was also a life size statue of the Blues Brothers to add to the effect.



After finishing our meal, the group headed east on North Avenue for a mile of so to the venerable Cascade. Some in our group chose to pass on the flicks, since the features were more suited for a “less mature” audience.

It was still light out when we

arrived, so we parked, unfolded our lawn chairs and enjoyed the pleasant evening. We were joined there by Bobby and Annie Lathrop in their Olds 88. While we passed the time, we tried to come up with a way to plan a movie outing in advance in order



to watch a film that we might have actually wanted to see. The consensus was that it couldn’t be done, so we decided that in the future, we’d just have to take our chances.



As night fell, anticipation grew for the first of the two features, *Transformers*. I assumed that this would be a documentary on electrical components and was a bit non-plussed by the actual subject matter, which I



could not quite follow. [Something about good robots and bad robots blowing up one another, along with Paris, New York and couple of Pyramids.] However, I am sure the same would have been true if it had dealt with electrons and diodes. At any rate, the first film began around nine. The second attraction was another sci-fi flick, but it was well past my bedtime by then, and Carol and I headed home.



Even though the movie was not exactly my cup of tea, the nice weather, the good food and company of a great group offset the “entertainment.” At least it wasn’t an Adam Sandler flick.

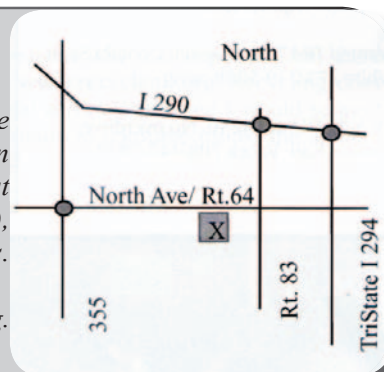
*Suds*



*ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION*

The ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION is an owners and enthusiasts club dedicated to the enjoyment and preservation of TRIUMPH cars. Monthly meetings are held at Mack's Golden Pheasant on North Ave and Rt. 83 in Elmhurst (X marks the spot on the map), on the first Sunday of every month (unless otherwise announced). Meeting time is 7:00 PM (roughly), but come early, 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
Aug.	2nd	Sun.		TTA Charity Drive visit from John Macartney, <i>featuring the Spinal Tappets</i>
	7th-8th			The Roadster Factory Summer Party - Armagh, PA
	9th	Sun.		Heartland British Car Show, Quad Cities
	9th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00] <b><u>Not the first Sunday!</u></b>
	15th-23rd			ISOA Summer TRip to the Tail of the Dragon
	22nd	Sat.		Euro Auto Fest - Oak Brook
	23rd	Sun.		Orphan Car Show - Kendall County Fairgrounds
	23rd	Sun.		Geneva Concours
	28th	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 - <b>Oakton Community College</b>
	20th	Sun.	9:00-3:00	Cantigny Car Show
	24th-26th			Six Pack TRials - Long Beach Island, NJ
	30th-10/04			VTR National Convention - San Luis Obispo, CA
Oct.	4th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	9th-11th			Fall Color Tour and Campout, Casper's - Kansasville, WI
Nov.	1st	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]

***For an extensive listing of Chicagoland car related events, click on  
<http://www.carshownews.com/national/IL.htm>***

SNIC-BRAAAP 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 BRAAAP. Do not read Snic Braaapp unless you have been vaccinated against the MG Driveline without consulting your health care provider. Questions, Comments, and Great Thoughts may be directed to:

**Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle, Bartlett, IL 60103 e-mail: [trstreep@sbcglobal.net](mailto:trstreep@sbcglobal.net)**  
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*Ed Note: We had originally planned to use this space this month to expound on the departure of Casper, not the world's nicest, just the most expensive TR\$ from the SNIC BRAAAP Towers fleet. But since we prefer to include facts rather than fiction in our monthly diatribe, and we'd rather not dwell on the number of flakes offering to buy cars [and then backing out] who patronize eBay, we are running an encore presentation of a little something we first penned [keyboarded?] in 2005]*

## A LITTLE BS FROM BS NEWS AND VIEWS



FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE

So I'm on my way home from the barbershop, and I decide to stop at my buddy's repair shop to shoot the breeze. Vinnie "the Ratchet" works out of his garage and caters to a very eclectic clientele. One day you might find a pre-war Packard in for a brake job, and the next day there's a Taurus wagon there for a mass air-flow sensor. On this occasion, he was installing a super charger on a 350Z car, which in Vinnie's opinion would make the car "stupid" fast. As usual our dialogue eventually reached the same old refrain, "So tell me again why you drive a Triumph when for the same dough, you coulda hadda nice Chevelle?" inquired the Ratchet, his legs protruding from beneath the Nissan as he lay on his creeper. "On accounta," says I again for the umpteenth time, "I like the looks and the ways it handles; besides, I got too much dough tied up to ever get out from under without losing my ass."

But this particular time, I

actually began to reflect on Vinnie's query, and this was before he cracked open a six-pack to mark the official end of the job and the beginning of happy hour. In my mind, I had always blamed Dave Kayson for my Triumph addiction. He and I used to talk during our breaks at work about getting an old car to restore, and he actually followed through when he bought a TR6 in parts. [He claimed, the assembly process was proceeding nicely, and I naively believed him.] I took the Triumph plunge in June of '84 and bought Lucille [the Wonder Car – I wonder if anybody would give me 0.20 on the dollar for what I tied up in this thing-], not knowing what pitfalls were in store for me over the next 20 years.

But on this day, I began to wonder when had I actually thought about a Triumph, versus say an MG or a Healy? I actually had a TD in college, but it was a very short-lived relationship, destined for failure due to my inability to keep it running. Add to that the fact that the winters in DeKalb seemed to last at least 10 months out of the school year, and the heat from a 54 Chevy, as opposed to keeping an old dog on lap to pant for a source of warmth in the MG, prompted the end of my love affair with the octagon badge. Healy? Nice looking car, but way too much money for me then and now. I guess the Triumph image was in-between the two; a little more performance than a contemporary MG but not as pricey as a Healy. It also had a hint of bad ass image compared to other

British marques, not that anybody from *Rebel Without A Cause* would be caught dead at the wheel of a TR. I did know a guy in college who drove a ratty TR4. He dated Mrs. Suds' roommate for a while, and the four of us had a few laughs in his four, but since this is a family newsletter, we won't go there. Then it struck me – Sue Schoenning's mother!

Let me backtrack nearly half a century to the upper west side of Rockford circa late 50's. This atmosphere served, [I am not making this up], as the inspiration for the Cleaver's, the Anderson's, and the Stone's neighborhoods. The homes were all modest and white, as were the occupants. The yards were all well manicured and so were the residents. Every dad was a WW II vet who worked at a blue-collar job, and all the moms stayed home to nurture their kids and make sure there was a hot meal on the table when Dad got home, except for Mrs. Streepy, who worked. For this offense, she was not branded with a scarlet letter, but she was never really welcome among the "ladies" of the neighborhood either. Then the Guams moved out, and all hell broke loose on Yonge Street.

The new owners weren't owners; it was *an* owner, it was a she, and she wasn't married. To make matters more scandalous, she was d-i-v-o-r-c-e-d! To make things worse, she sent her teenage daughter to Muldoon. For those of you not familiar with the Rockford school system fifty years ago, Muldoon was an all girls' Catholic high school, and everybody

knew that only two types of girls went there; those who would be entering the convent and the “fast” girls. Suffice to say Sue Schoenning was not headed to a nunnery any time soon. I think deep down,, my Mom was glad to see the new neighbors move in because this would move her up a notch on the social pecking order in the neighborhood, since the fact that she worked now paled in comparison to the status of “the divorcee.”

As a 7th grade boy at that time, I was only vaguely aware of the fact there were definite biological changes taking place in my body. Suddenly, there was hair where the day before there was only pink skin. [Today, the reverse is in effect, only the affected body parts are now much further north and thus visible for all to see.] For Sue, puberty seemed to have taken an accelerated approach to her body; she knew it and flaunted it. Not that she ever in her life gave a rodent’s rectum about the kid who lived across the street and two doors down. She regarded me with much the kind of disdain usually reserved for naval lint. I wasn’t smitten; I was too intimidated. She openly bragged about making out in the balcony of the Coronado Theater with a college guy she barely knew, and she wasn’t even

planning to marry him! The acorn hadn’t fallen far from the tree; her mom went out with guys, as in plural. But that didn’t shock the neighbors as much as what she drove. You have probably guessed by now – a Triumph TR3.

I remember it like it was yesterday. She showed up one spring afternoon on a Saturday behind the wheel of a new, wide mouth light blue TR with white walls and wire wheels. I don’t think I had ever seen one before, and if I had, I hadn’t paid too much attention to it. I sure did this time, though. The dads in the neighborhood were outwardly critical of the car, not unlike Vinnie “the Ratchet” is today and certainly of Mrs. Schoenning and her unconventional [remember- it was the 50’s] lifestyle, but I suspect inwardly they were envious, and not just of the car if you get my drift.

I can still see the two of them, mother and daughter together against the world, tooling around in that TR3 symbolically thumbing their noses at the rest of a society that had found them unworthy of acceptance without ever taking the time to find out what circumstances may have led to their situation.

I saw Sue for the last time

in 1963. By then, our age difference [one year] didn’t seem quite so cavernous, but I was still intimidated. She remained unsettlingly attractive, and the fact that she had become very independent woman didn’t surprise me. No matter how cool I tried to be around her, it had no effect. To her, I might as well have been a microscopic particle of pond scum in another solar system.

This is the first time I have thought of her and her mom in forty years. Today, the actions of Mrs. Schoenning and her daughter would most likely produce a hearty “ho-hum” from just about all of us. They were ahead of their time in terms of lifestyle and attitude; [you can be the judge of whether or not the societal changes they symbolize over the last four decades are for the better or worse], but as for me, I’m convinced it all started with that Triumph back in 1958.

“Well Vinnie,” I said, “it all started with a broad.”

“It figures,” replied the Ratchet, “but you still coulda hadda Chevelle.”

*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



## CON "TR" IBUTIONS FROM ACROSS THE POND



### ENGINEERING AN INFLUENCE

BY TONY BEADLE

ISOA INTERNATIONAL BUREAU CHIEF  
& UK SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

I think it is fair to say that, in the pioneering days of the motor car, it was the inventor and engineer who exerted the most influence on the design and construction of a vehicle. Later on, it was the stylist who held sway, and even the most outrageous features (the 1959 Cadillac tailfins designed under the guidance of Harley Earl for example) that had no practical benefit whatsoever were sanctioned for production.

In more recent times, both the stylist and the engineer have played second fiddle to the accountant, and nowadays it is probably the company's IT department computers that have the final say on most matters.

Before I began writing about cars for a living I worked in a number of engineering drawing offices and spent many hours trying to solve the problems involved with developing automatic machinery for the motor industry. (One of my 'claims to fame' is that I designed some of the tooling for the tailgate of the Morris Marina Estate! I also worked on assembly jigs and fixtures for both Vauxhall and Ford and had a large input on sec-

tions of a bus manufacturing line for Leyland) But by the time any project reached my drawing board all the body panel contours had been approved by the maker's production engineering staff and no alterations – not even minor ones – were permitted.

One of the companies I was at specialised in manufacturing press tools, spot welding and clinching machines.

In those days, the main components of a car door consisted of an inner panel and an outer skin which were clamped together in a fixture before the clinching and spot welding operations took place. (Clinching was name used in the motor industry to described the process of folding over the edges of the outer skin to grip the inner panel before welding)

However, on some occasions the advice of the engineer couldn't be ignored and changes to the stylist's original design had to be made. A classic example of this happened on one of the first Triumph Herald models, as revealed in a letter I received some years ago from a man named Dennis Farr:

"In the mid Fifties I was a technical rep for the Steel Company of Wales Ltd, Abbey Works (later part of British Steel, now sadly defunct) and it was my job to 'vet' the grade of sheet steel required for the new models being developed. This was always done in strict confidence as any information could have been very useful to competitors.

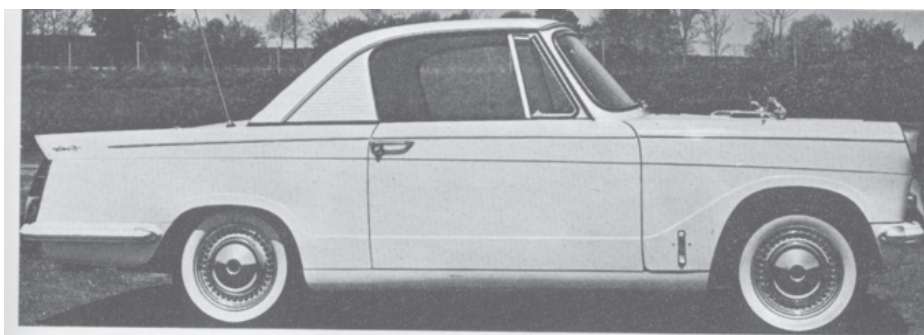
"I remember visiting Carbodies in Coventry, who were responsible for the tooling and initial runs for the Zobo (codename for the Herald). Most of the panels were fairly conventional with various severities of draw. However, one stood out from

the others, and this was the Coupe roof. It was some 20 inches deep with the side panels incorporated as part of the roof in a single pressing. The sheet sizes required were .036 ins (20 swg) thick by 72 ins wide and approx 90 ins long, in Extra Deep Drawing stabilised quality (the best drawing steel then available). I commented to Technical Director Bill Lucas that it was going to be a difficult panel to make.

"The tools were produced and the steel delivered. When I visited the Carbodies factory again a few weeks later Lucas said that they were finding it impossible to pull a buckle-free panel on the roof because there was insufficient width in the blank sheets to control the steel flowing into the die. He then asked if we could supply some 73 inch wide sheets. Although the Steel Company of Wales produced the widest sheets in Britain, our maximum was 72 inches. The only place to obtain wider sheets was from America, but as steel was rationed and imports frowned upon, this was not an option.



"Carbodies had to produce 200 panels for the Herald launch [Coupe assembly began in January 1959 with saloon models following in March, the public introduction taking place on 22nd April at the Royal Albert Hall in London], and some of these were made by hand welding a one inch strip down the edge of the sheets to enable them to press easier. This was a very expensive and time consuming



Triumph Herald Coupe

job and, because the brittle nature of the welded joint resulted in a horrendously high scrap and repair rate, totally uneconomical. Very shortly afterwards a new roof was designed with separate side panels, making the pressing a much simpler job."

It does not seem to be recorded how Italian stylist Giovanni Michelotti reacted to his original smooth roof Coupe design being altered in this manner, but presumably he was used to such compromises. Most new vehicles used to go through a series of modifications during the process of transforming the stylist's idealised drawings or prototype clay models into practical engineering blueprints, although it has to be said that the outward appearance of the production Herald differed only slightly from Michelotti's original concept.

By the time the Herald 1200 arrived on the scene in February 1961, the Coupe roof featured ribbed side panels – but this minor change was largely unnoticed, with far more attention given in the motoring press to the new white rubber bumper coverings.

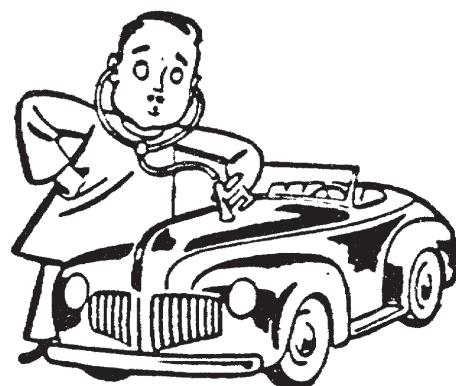
Thankfully for Standard-Triumph, the Herald 1200 was a much improved car than the original 948cc version, with all the early build quality problems eliminated. In 1961 a total of 56,406 Heralds were built (out of around 78,000 Triumph cars

all together) and the 1200 saloon would stay in production until 1970, becoming the top-selling Triumph model of all time at 201,143 units.

The Coupe always sold in much smaller quantities than the saloon. Over the years 1959 to 1962 the Herald 948 Coupe achieved a figure of 15,157 units, with the 1200 Coupe only managing 5,312 sales from 1961 to 1964 – slightly more than the ill-fated Courier 5cwt (1/4 ton) van Herald variant, which struggled to reach 5,140 units between 1962 and 1966.

Thanks to modern computer techniques, it is presumably far easier these days to optimise production engineering methods and keep costs down to a minimum. On the other hand, can you imagine someone in fifty years time writing (or, probably more likely, sending an E-mail) to explain how they altered an integral aspect of a 2009 model's design by pushing a button on a keyboard? Somehow, it just doesn't seem to have quite the same historical significance or sense of personal achievement that the engineers in the '50s and '60s undoubtedly gained from solving problems the old fashioned way, does 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



*While we may never know definitively what exactly caused the failure of the TTA gearbox, ISOA resident metalurgist and all around wrench, Tim "Gizmo" Mantel, graciously answered our plea for a forensic post mortem on the failed transmission.*



The sTTAg was going down the road, as Joe said, in third gear at approx. 4500 RPM. To put the mechanics of this scene in proper perspective, let's first look at what is happening to the drive train at this engine/gearbox speed. The pistons are going up and down 75 times every second. There are 4500 cycles of valves opening and closing, and 2250 gasoline/air explosions are making enough heat to melt steel. This, in turn, is producing enough twisting force (torque) to twist the head off a 1-inch bolt. This mass of whirling machinery is driving a fairly complex gear train of ten meshing gears all housed in a cast aluminum case and held from spinning on its axis in the front by the bell housing bolted securely to the engine block and by a steel cross member that is bolted to the body structure. Keeping all of this moving smoothly are ball and roller bearings. It is a fairly precise system and has been known to be a very robust piece of engineering. That is, if everything stays where it is supposed to. However, in the case of the transmission in question, something went horribly wrong!

The Stag gearbox is quite

similar to that in your average TR Roadster. However, it was built "beefier" than a typical TR2-6 gearbox in order to withstand the increased horsepower and torque of the 3.5 liter V8. With regard to the "Layshaft," TRiumph engineers replaced the thrust washers with thrust bearings of the roller variety. In order to do this, the assembly had to be rather thin. This was accomplished through the use

of small tapered rollers held apart from each other by a bronze cage with hardened races fixed on each side, making a sort of mechanical sandwich. It is this assembly that I believe was the source of failure.

As I said earlier, if everything works properly, all is good. I had a chance to examine the recovered parts of the transmission for atypical or unusual damage. I was drawn to a piece of the case itself and a gear from the main shaft. The part from the trans case was from the area where the thrust-bearing race contacted the aluminum case. The contact surface appeared to be distorted, most likely by the spinning hardened metal, so much so that the race had pushed itself into the case from the thrust of the gear contact. The gear had several teeth broken along with the related driving teeth (the small pin-like teeth that are contacted by the sliding collar affecting the gear change). Upon examination on a metallographic microscope, I found that the broken gear tooth had small fragments of metal embedded into it. There were also fragments of bronze in other areas of the damaged gear.

From this evidence, I would theorize that the following series of events occurred.

- 1. The thrusting of the "lay shaft" gearing caused the trans housing to wear and create excessive end play in the axis of the lay shaft assembly. This, in turn, could have cracked or broken the cage that holds the thrust rollers and allowed them to fall out loose among the rotating gears at 3500 to 4500 RPM.
- 2. The bearing parts floated around inside the trans and eventually contacted one of the gears in mesh. The rollers eventually got caught in the gear teeth where they could not escape. When this happened, something had to give.
- 3. Remember from your high school physics class, "No two objects can occupy the same space, at the same time." [Ed note: *This is why I majored in English*] At this point, the entire gear train stops, and with all this rotating momentum and torque from the 3.5 litre V8 at 4500 RPM and with the gearbox held securely at the front and back, the entire center section of the trans twists away. Once the gear case broke away, the pressure on the whole thing released, and BANG, the damage was done - all in a matter of seconds.

This may not be exactly the way that things happened, but it represents one plausible hypothesis.

*Gizmo*



## FACE OFF:

A 1974 TRIUMPH TR6 TAKES ON A  
2009 PORSCHE BOXSTER S

### A SNIC BRAAAPP Car Challenge

*Recently, frequent contributor Dave "Rumpus" Kanzler traded cars (TR6) for the day with his boss, renowned Chicago-area hand surgeon Dr. Ken Schiffman (Boxster) for a Snic Braaapp Car Challenge.*

SB: Well Gentlemen, how would you compare the cars overall?

Dave: Sweet Jesus, that was nice, like flying a P-51 Mustang vs. Stearman bi-plane.

Ken: The TR6 was definitely a...err....ahh a "classic." Technology certainly has changed. Now, may I have my car keys back?

SB: How about acceleration?

Dave: Wow! Sweet Jesus. 310 horse power of pure stallion. 266 foot pounds of torque, whatever the hell that means.....

Ken: Well, I'm used to the gas pedal having a direct and immediate relationship to the acceleration of the car, so it was interesting. May I have my keys back now?

SB: How about braking?

Dave: You can drive real fast, and if you see a cop, stop real quickly before he gets you.

Ken: I'm used to not having to think about breaking?

SB: How do you mean Doctor?

Ken: Well, with the TR6, you have to think about when you need to brake ahead of time, and then make sure you apply them with sufficient lead-time to actually stop the car. About those keys?



SB: How about cornering?

Dave: On rails, amazing that you can take a turn at high speed and not even worry about spilling your latte, even while texting on your cell phone.

Ken: I'm not used to leaning over the passenger seat when I turn, so it took some getting used to....keys please.

SB: How about the overall ride?

Dave: Firm and tight like a roll in the hay with a Romanian gymnast.

Ken: Shake, rattle and roll. Now, about those keys...

SB: One last question, how about comfort and ergonomics?

Dave: The seats have actual lateral and lumbar support, and get this: they are actually air-conditioned! You can drop trou, crank the seat a/c and really cool down the boys.

Ken: Oh please God, don't tell me you actually did that? OK, I really, really need those keys back now.

### Accident Update/Follow-Up

*In the June issue of SNIC BRAAAPP, I recounted my tale of woe regarding an accident involving my TR6. The main takeaways were a) a woman who "dances in a bar" hit my car, and b) I agreed to let her pay on the installment plan rather than file an insurance claim against her grandmother, whose car she was driving. Item "b" may or may not have been influenced by the occupation of this woman.*

*Well, the young lady has neglected to honor the payment plan (female readers may utter a collective "Well, DUHHHH!"), so now I am forced to file a claim against Grandma. I'll spare you the boring details, but it was the typical "check's in the mail" story over and over again. My wife suggested that I "ask her for a lap dance," whatever that means. To which I replied, "I'm not sure Dear, but it doesn't seem possible for someone to be able to dance on your lap." (To paraphrase Forest Gump, "I may not be a smart man, but I know when to play dumb.")*

*Rumpus*



DELIVERING UNCLE JACK  
OR  
HEY, THESE THINGS GO EVEN WHEN  
YOU PUT THE PARTS IN UPSIDE DOWN!

TEXT BY MIKE "HANDS" BLONDER  
GRAPHICS BY MARK "SILO" FISHER



A clear, sunny day dawned on Thursday June 25, 2009. Finally! The Stuttgart Bomber, Silo's 2005 Benz, wore brand new shoes to go with a fresh transfusion of 10-30. I carried the driving provisions for each car: three pounds of trail mix, two pounds of Chex mix, a pound and-a-half of pretzels and eight frozen liter bottles of water. Silo's i-pod contained over thirteen thousand songs, with no genre unrepresented. A very tasty lunch courtesy of Boy Toy and Lower Wacker awaited us in Joliet: several sub sandwiches, chips and cookies, the leftovers which would provide an excellent rest-stop dinner ten hours later.

Stagmeister had already put the word out, this was NOT to be called an 'adventure' until we were safely back in our Illinois homes – no jinxing allowed. No speedo for us until the Florida crew could install the new parts we'd provide, but fortunately, our GPS could be used to read out driving speed.

Uncle Jack looked stunning, beckoning us to get him out on the open road. Our two car caravan departed the Hampshire Triumph and Quarter Horse facility on time,

about 10:30. Less than a mile down the road, Uncle Jack refused to accelerate properly. Further examination revealed fuel spurting out of the overflow pipe connection on one carb, apparently a stuck float. Gentle tapping on the float body didn't solve the problem, so it was back to the garage. There, a bigger issue appeared: the accelerator cable had come out of its housing and was flopping around. Joe and Mark made and attached a ferrule to the cable, and I suggested that the real Uncle Jack Draws or someone like him had provided the flooding carb so that we could discover and repair the cable, a fix which would have been much more difficult 'on the road'. (Insert Twilight Zone music here.)

Back on the road to Joliet on Route 30, bumper to bumper traffic caused an alarming rise on the temperature gauge. The Stag's Achilles heel is aluminum head damage caused by overheating, so Joe became, shall we say, a tad anxious. As we sat on the side of the road waiting for the engine to cool down, Joe started making plans for a new radiator to be installed before the car would be handed off to John Macartney. Traffic soon died down, and we arrived at Casa Jensen only about an hour off schedule. Lunch and a bio break, and the four of us were off!

Cruising I-80 and I-65, Uncle Jack quickly showed us his best side. Taking bumps smoothly, effortlessly, with no bone jarring lurches, he showed off the outstanding road manners he was designed for. And getting up to speed was a HUGE rush. That V-8 sings a song something like "...come on right foot, there's plenty more where that came from..." in the key of G as in GO! Oh my! And we didn't even shift much past thirty-five hundred most of the time! (Okay, near the end, one of us took it to four grand or ninety-seven mph, and it wasn't even breathing hard.) Did I say OH MY?!!

Settling in for the long drive ahead, we kept a close eye on the temp gauge. In the blasting heat of day (one hundred plus degrees), the needle was about three-quarters – higher than Joe thought was healthy. At night the gauge was much closer to halfway – fairly acceptable. The overdrive tended to drop out at lower revs, but it did a fine job at highway speed. By the third tank of gas, economy had improved to twenty-four m.p.g. – very respectable! Voltage was a steady thirteen plus, oil pressure was forty pounds or better, seventy-three mph at three thousand

rpm – all systems go!

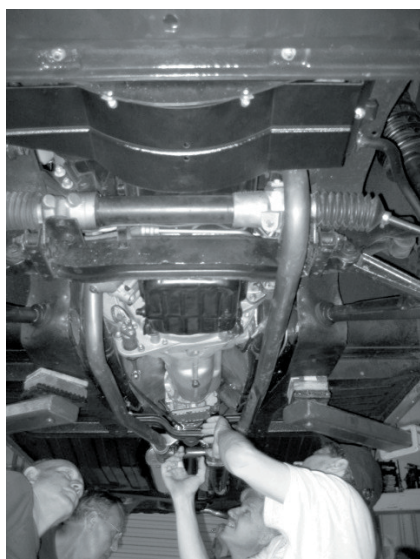
Throughout the night, the occupants of Uncle Jack were treated to blasting classic rock (can you say Grand Funk Railroad – LIVE?), and the stereo in Frau Beuler (the Bomber's newly minted nickname) provided an eclectic mix, not the least of which was great and raunchy comedy! Everyone but Mark drove a shift in Uncle Jack, and everyone but Joe drove a shift in Big Beuler. We all got to know each other a LOT better, the tenderloin of any road trip. No one got much more than an hour of sleep, and when the sun rose an hour from Florida, the adrenaline kicked in.

We grabbed our first road meal at a Florida IHOP, and our spirits were high. We discussed the list of tasks that the Florida guys needed to perform when we arrived at Tom Fancher's in DeBary, Florida. Mark suggested an idea for a new Tappets song, and we all threw in some good lines.

For the last ninety miles, it was top down, hats on, and big smiles pasted on our grubby faces. TR Man was blasting on the stereo when we arrived at Casa Fansher. Let me tell you, we were ripe, unshaven, and less than completely lucid! Tom, his wife Janet, John Macartney, John's son Ed, and Triumph guys Jere and Bob greeted us warmly and with a cooler full of cold beverages. Glenn Merrell, Chairman of the TTA Charity Drive project, soon arrived, and up went Uncle Jack on the electric lift. Joe presented the list of things to be done, and the group added a few more items. At this point two of the three top Stag guys in the country (Joe and Glenn) were on the job, with the third one (Toolman) standing by in Rockford. Somehow Joe still had the energy to direct the wrenching, while Mark, Bill and I nodded out in chairs.

Imagine this garage, which in true ISOA fashion, was immediately nicknamed the Toybox: two twenty foot overhead doors on one wall, two garage size overhead doors on the next wall, twenty plus foot ceilings plus a second story of storage including a crane to pull up items like engines and transes, a very large air compressor and a complete selection of tools. With Uncle Jack up on the lift, plus two TR3's and a TR4 on the floor, there was still PLENTY of room to walk around, eat, drink and get tools. Add in a large AC unit plus wall mounted fans, and you might get the picture. One corner wall displayed Janet's equestrian ribbons, far more numerous than Tom's trophies!





Soon Janet brought out pulled pork, mustard barbecue sauce and cole slaw, all home-made. This tasty treat was just a hint of culinary delights to come. After lunch the four of us repaired to the Super 8 where much needed two hour naps took place.

Returning that night to the Fanshers, Uncle Jack was back on the ground, all work completed and awaiting a test drive. Glenn informed us that the operating valves of the overdrive had been installed upside down, and it was pretty amazing it worked at all! With the oil changed, Water Wetter added to the coolant, wheel bearings checked, and speedo working, out came Uncle Jack for the test drive. Coming back from the drive, Joe was not smiling due to a loud clunk coming from the diff area. It turned out the drive shaft orientation had not been marked for re-installation, so a ninety degree rotation solved the problem.

Jere and Bob's wives joined the party, and Janet treated us to a second amazing meal of several homemade hot and cold appetizers capped with a main course of shrimp and grits. Add in whiskey sour slushies and WOW! Ed Macartney told some interesting stories from across the pond, we grazed and shot the bull a while, then the boys returned to the garage.

While we chewed some more automotive fat and made plans for the next day's official launch activities, Mark figured out how to post our day's pictures on FLIKR. As soon as he shut his laptop, we returned to the Super 8 for six hard earned hours of sleep.

Back at Tom and Janet's at 7:00 Saturday morning, we began detailing Uncle Jack for the big launch at the Classic Motorsports / Grassroots Motorsports offices near Daytona Beach. Janet called us in for

a scrumptious French toast bake and a ham and eggs dish. We all figured that one more day of that, and we'd be out buying new and larger clothes! John told several Triumph stories from back in the day, and then it was back to the final detailing.

A call came in from Mike, a newer member of the Florida Triumph club, who needed Tom to bring him a siphon hose to remove the diesel fuel he'd just put in his Spitfire. I jumped into Tom's Stag with him, we rescued Mike, and I explained why he might be receiving a bent Jaguar wire wheel in the mail from one Mr. Boomer.

Off we went to join the other four cars of our caravan. Our good looking group left the strip mall and headed toward I4 down a four-lane boulevard, complete with a grassy median. After a mile or two – BANG! The back of Tom's car hit the ground as we watched his right rear wheel roll down the road! Miraculously, Tom's car was undamaged, and the pit crew had us ready to go in under fifteen minutes. Three lug nuts were recovered and the fourth came courtesy of Uncle Jack's spare parts stash. Tom admitted that he'd recently performed a brake job, and might have blown it on torquing down the nuts. As we headed out toward Daytona Beach, Mike, the diesel Spitfire dude, hoped he might be off the Boomer hook...

The parking lot at Classic Motorsports/Grassroots Motorsports looked like a miniature classic car show. Surrounded by a 240Z, three Volvo 122s, a Morgan Aero 8, a Spit, a TR6, a TR3, a TR8 and several one-off race cars, Uncle Jack barely stood out in the high end crowd. Joe and John answered many questions about the car and the charity drive, and as the skies opened up wetly in true Florida fashion, it was time for the official launch ceremonies.

Crowding into the office and sharing the floor with a racing go cart, a motorcycle-engined race car, a racing TR3 and a Model A, Dave Wallens of CM / GRM introduced Glenn, who provided an overview of the project. Glenn acknowledged the various organizations which made the launch possible, especially the Texas Red River Triumph club who came up with the initial funds to purchase the 1974 Stag (then not much more than Uncle Junk) plus funds for the first parts purchased and machine work. Joe then described Uncle Jack's fourteen month restoration, and in an emotional moment, handed the keys over to John Macartney. John gave kudos to all involved in the project, and then

accepted send off gifts like fuel credit cards, a Visa card and some cold cash (okay, it was a check!) By 1:00 the rain stopped, John and a twelve car caravan took off for Tallahassee, and we pointed Frau Beuler north.

To her credit, Frau Beuler accommodated the four of us comfortably. Some of us slept (complete with me having a moaning nightmare), some of us got to enjoy the Georgia and Tennessee scenery in the daylight, but mostly we just cranked out the miles. At a fuel stop in Georgia, we met up with Ronny Babbitt, one of the organizers of next year's convention at Jekyll Island, Georgia. We put the bug firmly in his ear that entertainment by the Spinal Tappets might be a BIG draw!

Somewhere in Georgia a gray van cut us off, and a few moments later when we pulled alongside to check out the driver, we found her to be a young attractive Asian woman. As she held up her palms and gave us an 'I'm sorry' look, a crude chauvinistic comment fell out of each of our mouths simultaneously, indicating that there are indeed some notions hard-wired into the male DNA. (Okay, Bill did NOT say them, but admitted he thought the exact same five words.)

With the exception of I-65 being closed down due to a bad accident in Indiana at about 4:00 am, the ride home was uneventful. More comedy, including the old Cosby albums kept us awake and laughing. We discussed the current state of our Triumphs. Arriving in Joliet at about 8:30 am, Kim served coffee for the final leg back to Hampshire. Before going our separate ways, we commented on the excellence of the trip, getting to know each other better and getting to meet and know some fine new friends in Florida. Mark promised Frau Beuler a factory service, and I promised to get my 4 back on the road.



*Come See Uncle John's Stag  
Chewing up the miles  
Got some dough  
To raise for a cause  
Cars and friends and plenty smiles*

*Hands*



## TRA 2009

TEXT AND GRAPHICS BY  
LARS "GEYSER" SULLIVAN



This year's TRA National Meet was held 16-21 June in Charles Town, West Virginia, about 65 miles from Washington, DC. Accommodations were at The Inn at Charles Town which was part of a gambling venue (5000 slot machines and a horse track).

ISOA's Murray Bruskin (TR3A) and Lars Sullivan (TR3) made their separate ways to Charles Town. Lars drove two days, leaving early Monday morning and stopping in NW Pennsylvania for genealogical purposes before finishing the drive on Tuesday. Murray left home early Tuesday morning and arrived about 5:30 pm.

It rained almost all day on Wednesday, dampening the festivities which included a guided tour of Harpers Ferry National Historic Park. The rain stopped in time for the Welcome Barbecue featuring a 120 lb. roasted pig.

The Thursday morning breakfast run included a 30 mile loop through the countryside with the restaurant at the 20 mile mark.

Back at the hotel, a representative of Meguiar's Car Care demonstrated products and techniques before distributing samples. Then, it was off to Summit Point Motorsports Park. The planned schedule was disrupted by a military group engaged in anti-terrorism training. Bill Scott, track owner and former open-wheel racer, entertained us with racing stories while we waited for the track to become available. When it was track time, we lined up behind the pace car and made a couple laps at 20-30 mph (shades of Mid-Ohio 2002 – only faster). Over the next couple laps, the speeds crept up, and the slower cars dropped out. For the last couple laps, the pace car disappeared, and, while passing was not allowed, cars were going through the corners about as fast as their drivers could desire.

The Park consists of three tracks,

and we were on the main track. This circuit consists of 10 turns in 2 miles. A long downhill main strait leads the driver to a sharp right-hand hairpin (Turns 1-2). Then comes a short straight into the uphill, left hand Turn 3. After you pop over a slight crest, you will look down a steep hill at a hard right (Turn 4) which leads to a sharp left (Turn 5) and then Turns 6-7, known as the Carousel. Turns 8-9 are known as the Esses and lead to an uphill straight. Finally, there is a 90° right (Turn 10) which lets you on to the main straight.

Later that afternoon there was a Concours d'Elegance Judging School to teach potential judges what one needs to know about how to judge a car. Then Bill Emery, veteran TR3 racer, made a presentation about "Ten Special Tools" essential for maintaining the TR3/4. Robert Johns, who raced TR2s from 1955-1957, also gave a talk about his experience. While stationed in Germany, Robert bought a used TR2 and practiced on the Nürburgring and entered local races. In early 1956 he upgraded to a later TR2 with front disc brakes and went to the Swiss Auto Racing Club driving school at Monza, Italy. With the better car and experience, he went on to set the club record on the Nürburgring for '56 and won his class at a couple races held on US Air Force bases.

After returning to the US, Mr. Johns co-drove a factory-backed TR2 with Mike Rothschild in the 1957 Sebring 12-Hour Endurance Race, where they finished first-in-class and 19th overall.

Friday was showtime. People were up early to wash and polish their cars and then drive them to a grassy knoll next to the Casino for the show. About 60 cars participated in the Concours d'Elegance and Participant's Choice. Best of show was earned by Pat Davis and TS5043LO, a black 1954 TR2 which had been a bridesmaid many times over the past 10 years. Murray got a 3rd place in the Modified class, while TR4s took 1st and 2nd.

Lars participated in the Participant's Choice TR2/3 class. The winners were from central Ohio, Arizona and New Jersey. Awards were also given in a TR6 class and Other TRs which included a couple TR250s, a TR5 and several TR7s and 8s. Participant's Choice Best of Show went to a TR3A from Missouri.

After the show, there was a caravan to Antietam National Battlefield, site of a 12-hour battle between the armies of George B. McClellan (Federal) and Robert E. Lee

(Confederate) that resulted in 23,000 casualties and no real gain for either side.

Evening entertainment was an auction where people bid on parts and memorabilia that they didn't really need. The hotel rules wouldn't allow the free-flowing keg of beer that had become the staple of previous auctions, and the cash bar didn't compensate with the necessary lubrication to make the mouths and wallets as loose as usual. Even so, it was a 5 hour event with many bargains.

The rains came again on Saturday morning, reducing the participation in the Gimmick Rallye. However, it was a good time to be indoors for Mark Macy's Workshop. Mark is TRA's Technical Advisor, and his presentation could have been subtitled, "What were they thinking," a collection of unusual repairs that he had encountered over the years (eg., the entirely brazed seams between the rear fenders and body of a TR3).

Bill Piggot, author of numerous books (12) on TRs and other Triumphs and a couple on Austin-Healeys, entertained us with a presentation entitled, "The First Ten Years of Triumph History." This was a slide show covering the racing history of the TR2/3.

The afternoon excursion was a 53-mile drive through the mountains of West Virginia, Virginia, and Maryland and along the Potomac River, the aptly named, "Tri-State Mountain and River Run". The day ended with the Awards Banquet in the Skyline Ballroom of Charles Town Races and Slots, overlooking the horse track.

Sunday morning was cool and overcast. Murray left the hotel parking lot early and retraced his route home, arriving about 5:30 (740 miles). Lars left about 15 minutes later, and instead of turning north into Pennsylvania, he continued west on I-65 through West Virginia. What was going to be a two day drive turned into a marathon, continuing through Ohio to Indianapolis and then on to Mt. Prospect. 784 miles in 15 hours and he got home for what was left of Father's Day.

TRA 2010 will be held in Wooster, Ohio, about 50 miles east of Mid-Ohio Raceway.

*Geyser*





## FUN AT THE OL' BALL PARK

TEXT AND GRAPHICS BY BOB SUDS STREEPY



*Cougar - Noun. A 35+ year old female who is on the "hunt" for a much younger, energetic, willing-to-do-anything male.*

*The cougar can frequently be seen in a padded bra, cleavage exposed, propped up against a swanky bar waiting, watching, calculating; gearing up to sink her claws into an innocent, young and strapping buck who happens to cross her path.*



IF ISOAERS WERE TO PLAY A WORD association game, minor league baseball teams might not necessarily be the first match to "Cougars." While the Kane County Cougars are not a group of women of a "certain age" who are partial to younger men, they are younger men who aspire to play major league baseball. Since at least this year, it doesn't appear that Chicago has any franchises in the "Bigs," the Cougars might be as close as we get to seeing pro ball in the Windy City. At any rate, a dozen or so ISOAers gathered at Elfstrom Field in Geneva to spend an afternoon watching America's pastime.

The Coventry Irregulars included event organizer Jack Billmack, accompanied by the long-suffering Lady Spuds [TR6], Bob and Bev Toms [TR3A], Glen Skrzypek [TR6], Bil and Kim Jensen [in their



recently repaired Spitfire], John and Pat Nies [TR6], Dan and Kathy Swanson, with the little wrongways, and your humble and obedient scribe [TR6]. The contingent gathered in the parking lot where the Cougars had reserved priority parking for our cars. There were also remembers the Morgan Club, the Mini Club, and the MG Club who turned out for British Car Day at the ballpark.



ISOAers began arriving around 1:00 for the 2:00 game and hung out in the lot visiting and answering questions from some of the 5,285 spectators who seemed pleasantly surprised to discover a small car show included in the price of their admission.



Once inside the stadium, our group made its way to concession

stands for refreshments before settling into our reserved grandstand seats. The game featured the home standing Cougars versus the visiting Great lakes Loons. The Cougars' Anthony Capra pitched seven shutout innings and flirted with a no-hitter,



taking one into the seventh inning in a Cougars' 7-3 victory. Between innings, the scoreboard welcomed our group and the spectators were also treated to all sorts of entertaining promotions.

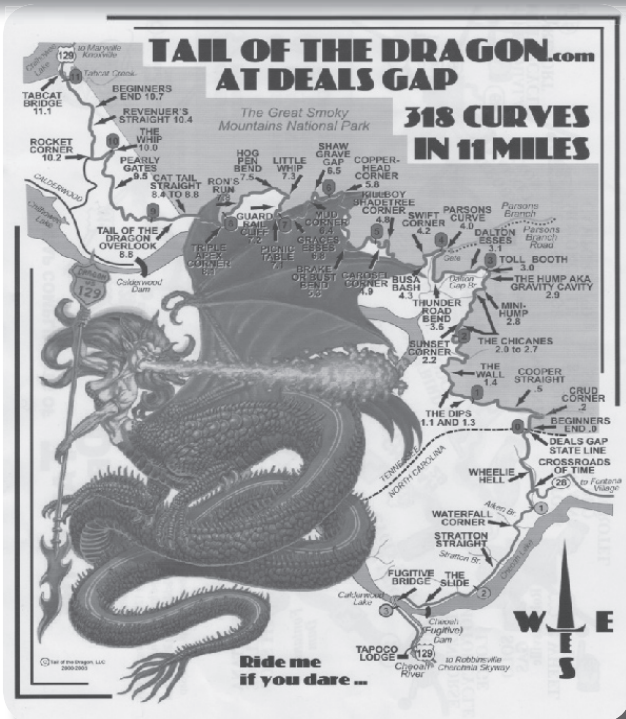
For most of the ISOA contingent, the game itself was merely a footnote to a pleasant afternoon with friends at the old ball yard. With beautiful weather and a nice bunch of people, it was an extremely pleasant way to spend a few hours on a Sunday afternoon. As a wise man once observed, "Ya just can't beat fun at the old ball park."



Suds



**ISOA Picnic & PTSTD fundraiser**  
**Sunday, August 2nd, Burlington Park**  
**With Special Guest John Macartney**  
**Featuring Special Performance by the Spinal Tappets**



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 include (but are not limited to)

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



**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>



**Orphan Auto Picnic**

Sunday, August 23, 2009

Kendall County Fairgrounds

Rain or Shine



OAK BROOK  
 PROMENADE

Presents

**Euro-Fest**

A collection of Europe's finest Cars.

**Saturday, August 22nd**

Registration at 10am, awards at 3:30pm

**Over 50 Awards & Dash Plaques**

plus Best in Show and largest Club participation!

Come one Come all

Same day registration. No pre-registration needed.

This is a full European Car Show only.

All are European Cars are cordially invited!

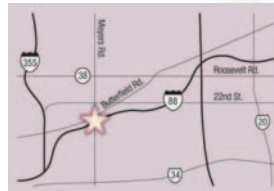
Superb venue. Designated parking for all show participants.

Fine dining and specialty shops on site.

Registration fee \$20 at the show.

Same day registration, follow signs to show location. As a courtesy to others, please plan to arrive together if you wish to park together! For additional Show information contact Kerry (630)605-2122 For directions, see map or visit...

[www.oakbrookpromenade.com](http://www.oakbrookpromenade.com)



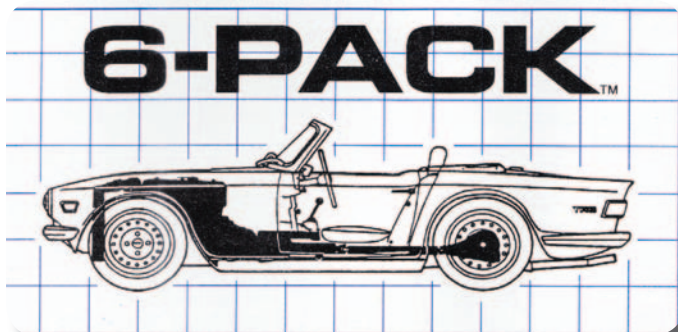




*ISOA 5th Annual White TRash Nite  
August 21st, Sycamore, IL*



*Heartland British Car Show - Aug. 21st*



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



*Leave from Holekamp's,  
133 Danada Ct, Wheaton  
8:30 AM*





TO BRAAAP SNIC  
Editur:

I have come to hear that you have voting system for Boomer award each month that I wish to know more about. [Is Boomer some kind of IED?] We try to hold elections here in People's Republic of Iran and peoples complain that we cheat. How can you cheat each month in counting Boomer votes and nobody wears green wristbands or twitters that your elections are unfair? M. Ahmandiejad,

*Dear Mahmoud, [or do you prefer Ringo?]*

*We here in the People's Republic of Illinois have a long and rich history of vote fraud that is steeped in our state's cultural DNA. [We suspect it might even be in the fine print of our state constitution, but we'd have to read it to find out, and that would be way too much work for us here at Snic Braaapp Towers.] It is not possible in the short time that you have been holding elections to emulate the level of fraud that our constituents*

*have come to expect from their elected officials. Be patient. With a little practice, I'm sure you'll get the hang of it. In the meantime, let me suggest you check out a few cemeteries to use for a data base in preparing for the next election. Also, don't announce the results before the polls close; that's considered tacky and try to hold off on shooting demonstrators while the cameras are rolling.*

Dear ISOA Folks,

Ah hear tell a whole bunch of y'all is a-coming to South Carolina by way of Tennessee this summer. Ah reckon ya'll be a-takin the Tail of the Dragon in them little furrin cars of yorn, but ah want to invite you all to take a hike on the Appalachian Trail while yer down here. Ah jes come back from a couple days out there an' Ah gotta tell y'all that it is great way to clear yer head an' git yer mind ofn yer troubles. [Ah plumb forgot it wuz Father's Day] Ah ain't fer sure, but Ah hear tell it goes all the way to Argentina.  
MS,

Dear Guv'nr [for now], Sanford,

*Most likely we will cross under the Appalachian TRail in North Carolina, but I doubt if we will follow your advice and do too much hiking. It seems to us the only head you cleared had nothing to do with any hiking trail.*



Dear Editor,  
Please add me to your subscriber list. After that little bitch Katie Couric ambushed me with that question on which newspapers I read, I have decided

to subscribe to every periodical in North America, no matter how shitty it is, thus explaining my reason for wanting to read Snic Braaapp. [Didja ever think about naming a kid Snic? Todd and I both think it would be a good name for our next.]

If you guys want to send a team of reporters to Waisala to interview me fishing, be sure to bring your waders.

*Dear Madam Governor,*

*We would be happy to provide you with a subscription to our modest little blurb, in exchange for the going rate of \$25.00 per annum.*

*As to naming any of our progeny after this newsletter, we suspect that such a monicker might be a tad over the top and that the child might be forced to endure some anguish at the hands of the other children. We suggest you stick with more traditional names*

*B T W, we would recommend you lose the waders in favor of garb that will appeal to your base of old white guys if you plan to run in 2012.*



Father's Day 2009 turned out to be a bad day for ISOA Spitfire owners. First, Chuck "Guv'nr" Monatgue blew a rod on I-294 on the way



home from the car show in Sussex. The interesting

sidebar to his misfortune is that his engine was still running, despite a gaping hole in the side of the block. And who said Spitty's weren't tough?

At approximately the same time, Miss Elizabeth, the Jensen's 1500, had a rear hub seize, and Bill and Kim got to go home on a Triumph limo, AKA the dreaded flatbed. Maybe it was all the extra weight from the trophy they won.



Condolences to both. There by the grace of God go all of us.





## JULY 2009 MEETING NOTES

The July meeting took place on the 5th at Mack's Golden Pheasant in Elmhurst. Around 55 of ISOA's forces gathered after celebrating our country's independence the day before. President Bob Streepy called the meeting to order at exactly 7:10 PM and immediately got down to business.

There were no new members in attendance, but there was one special guest. Ed Krakowiak's young son, Ryan, was brought to his first meeting. Joe Felix drove his newly acquired TR6, and it is a nice Carmine red one at that.

Bob followed with the customary introduction of the Board members. Next, was some discussion of regalia, redesigning of the web site and the dispersal of many years of tools and other technical clinic equipment from Bill and Sheri Pyle's residence. On behalf of the club, I would like to thank Sheri and Bill for all of the years of assistance and dedication to the club. Project updates came from Mark Moore and Tim Buja, who proudly proclaimed that he had 3 running Triumphs in his garage. A very extraordinary feat as we all can imagine.

In what has become a new tradition, Joe Pawlak got up to give his update on the TTA Stag project. The subject of his talk this night was the trip to Daytona Beach, Florida, to deliver the car for the start of the long drive. After giving his detailed summary of the trip, Joe did confess that the Stag performed very well and would still accelerate even when driving beyond the triple digit threshold. We are all happy that this part of the shakedown occurred without incident. Bill Jensen, who was one of the delivery crew, gave his opinion of the car after driving it for nearly 500 miles. He said it truly was a very comfortable grand touring car, and he is currently trying to convince Kim that they need to get one.

The meeting then continued with a recap of recent events. Doug

Larson spoke of the spring breakfast run which he so capably organized. This was followed by Joe Kaplon's recounting of the campout at Blackhawk Farms Raceway. He said it was a great time, and Joe was absolutely gushing when describing his ride in Karl Vacek's vintage Stearman biplane. We will be looking forward to the full story of that day.

Bob Streepy then took back the microphone to share his recollection of the Father's Day car show in Sussex, Wisconsin, which was featured in the July edition of Snic Braaap. Bob continued with his thoughts on the annual movie night at the Cascade Drive In. He did say that while the weather was perfect and the fellowship abounded, the films left much to be desired. He went on to state that maybe one of these years, they will actually show a film worth watching. Lars Sullivan took the floor to tell the group of his and Murray Bruskin's trip to TRA held in Charles Town, West Virginia.

The final order of business was the monthly awards. Nominations for the Peter M. Roberts award were for Karl Vacek by Mark Hattenhauer for providing biplane rides at Blackhawk. Tom Burger nominated Frank Cartwright for loaning him an electric fuel pump during the breakfast run. Karl won the chalice.

Tom Burger got the Boomer nominations going by naming Frank Cartwright for loaning him a mechanical fuel pump, which failed shortly after installation. Karsten Kell nominated himself for not reinstalling an emission control hose, thus causing his car to stall in the middle of an intersection. Jack Billimack nominated Pete Ballard for failing to replace a known defective starter in his MGB with the new one he had in his garage before the breakfast run. Pete took home the bent wheel award.

See you all at the next meeting.

*Roamin'*



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**Reps** Terri "*Whistler*" Underhill

\*past president

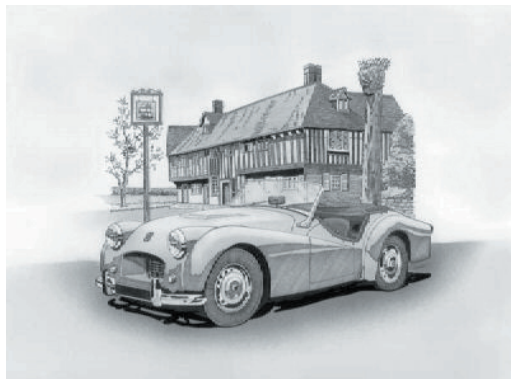


*Classified Ads: The Illinois Sports Owners Association newsletter will accept classified advertisements from members who wish to buy or sell Triumph cars, parts or miscellaneous related material. We will run ads at no charge for club members for ninety days. We also accept ads from non-ISOA private 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](mailto: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:** Tom Morgan's pageant blue 79 SPIT with 44k (owned since 1980) on it is for sale for a limited time only. \$8500. Act now. [He might change his mind again] [tomtr61976@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tomtr61976@sbcglobal.net) [6/09].

•**For Sale:** 1973 Stag very dependable daily driver, Capri, 2.8 V-6. Pimento body & hardtop, Black convertible top & interior, sheepskins, manuals & accessories. Like-new Michelins. New O.E.M. S.U. electric fuel pump and a complete four wheel brake job, including rebuilt calipers, stainless steel hydraulic flex hoses and silicone brake fluid. \$5,500.00. Call Michael Mitsch, 847-258-4404 or [michaelmitsch11@yahoo.com](mailto:michaelmitsch11@yahoo.com) for full set of photos and any questions [7/09]

•**For Sale:** 1967 TR4A. CTC 73167L British Racing Green with black trim and top. Wire Wheels, 50,133 miles showing. Located in Park Ridge. Call Don @ 847/890-3212 with inquiries. [8/09- not an ISOA member]



## COMING IN YOUR SEPTEMBER SNIC BRAAAPP

- Ravinia Outing**
- TRIBUTE to Michael Jackson**
- The Return of the TTA Stag to IL**
- Dayton, OH, British Car Show**
- Euro Auto Fest**
- Orphan Car Show**

*Lots More Stuff  
Available at better newstands Sept. 1st*



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

Ronnie Moon 8/02	Michael Chronos 8/20
Gary Revis 8/03	John Neis 8/21
Glen Skrzypek 8/04	Ken Kendzy 8/23
Greg Fantozzi 8/05	Jim Hussey 8/24
Thanos Kourliouros 8/09	Terry Underhill 8/25
Dennis Delap 8/10	Phil Beckman 8/25
Tom Berger 8/10	Chris Crosbie 8/27
Michael Mitsch 8/11	Arlene Kendzy 8/27
Bob Denninger 8/13	John Withrow 8/28
Cheryl Dynowski 8/13	Bill Marscin on 08/29
Jean Merzon 8/17	Sandy Denninger on 08/30
Denny Smalley 8/18	Glenn Merrell on 08/31

## NEW MEMBERS

Susan and Bill Taney  
19003 Righeimer Rd, Harvard, IL 60033  
815 943-5482 0 -  
His EMail: [wtaney@aol.com](mailto:wtaney@aol.com)  
Her EMail: [sustaney@aol.com](mailto:sustaney@aol.com)  
81 TR7

Sue and Glenn Merrell  
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303 665-6040  
His EMail: [stagbytriumph@triumphstagclub.org](mailto:stagbytriumph@triumphstagclub.org)  
Her EMail: [esmerrell@qwest.net](mailto:esmerrell@qwest.net)  
73 Stag, 73 Stag







## ISOA ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

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

**Your userid and password are only for the membership roster that we keep on the website.**

## ONLINE ROSTER ACCESS INFO

# SNIC BRAAAPP

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

## *THE REAR VIEW MIRROR*

AUGUST 2009



*“MR BILL” JENSEN IN HAPPIER TIMES  
AT THE JOLIET RACE TRACK IN 1975 SPITFIRE 1500 - AUGUST 2008*