



SNIC BRAAAPP

OCTOBER 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

BCU RETURNS TO OAKTON

TEXT AND GRAPHICS BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



NEARLY 600 CARS WITH THEIR DNA embedded in the British Isles gathered at Oakton Community College in DesPlaines on Sunday, September, 13th. The gathering marked the 23rd British Car Festival organized by a consortium of car clubs in the Chicagoland region know as the British Car Union. The occasion marked the return to the location

that served as the BCU venue for more than ten years and took place under absolutely ideal weather conditions.

The first cars began to trickle in around 8, and by mid day the registration numbers indicated that the return to Oakton,

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INSIDE YOUR OCTOBER

SNIC BRAAAPP

- *Con "TR" ibutions from across the Pond*
- *White Trash Night*
- *Excursion to the "Tail of the Dragon"*
- *Michael Marr's "Day of Thunder"*
- *Lee Feder's "Dizzying" Experience*
- *Cannonball on "Old Green Things"*
- *We Bid Farewell to Casper*

(not the world's nicest TR3, just the most expensive)

Lots More Stuff



WHITE TRASH '09
TEXT & GRAPHICS BY
BOB "SUDS" STREEPY

Among the pantheon of hallowed ISOA traditions, no event can quite equal the congruity of the Coventry Irregulars and the annual White TRash night at the Sycamore Speedway. Sure, Ravinia is nice, and the various Concours d'elegance events are fine, but when it comes to being in our true element, ISOA and Sycamore go together like a nun's knees. On Friday, August 28th, a dozen or so intrepid culture lovers gathered at the clay oval in the far western burbs for an evening of



dining and spectating. After sampling the haute cuisine offered at the track bistro, our group made its way to the viewing venue. Some of our faint-hearted members may have opted to pass to due to the threat of inclement weather, and for them, we can only say "more's the pity." At about the time the first qualifying heats began, the skies cleared and racing got under way, although the preceding two days of precipitation made the track a bit more slippery than usual and kept the speeds down from the norm.

The cars in competition clearly demonstrated that the recent "Cash for Clunkers" program was not wholly successful in eradicating smoke belching gas guzzlers from the scene, as Crown Vics and Caprices diced it out on the clay [mud?] oval for bragging rights at the nearby Winner's Circle Tavern afterwards.

The racing began with a series of 5 lap trophy dashes and moved into a couple of 25 lap features. The heats were divided between compact and full sized cars and men and women drivers. The spectators were also treated to some hot laps from a few of the modified cars that race on Saturdays. There was also a race in reverse in which the drivers went around the track backwards, but the ISOA favorite, aside from the demolition derby, was the ever popular "run what you brung" race with spectators duel-

ing it out in a side-by-side quarter mile drag race around the track in their daily drivers. This year there were only three contestants; a late 80s Dodge Dynasty, a Saturn coupe, and a newer Chrysler, which took home the trophy.

Next up was the ever-popular figure eight race that always provides plenty of exciting near misses, but the denouement had to be the demolition derby. Our group was somewhat disappointed since the derby only had four cars on the night we attended. The crowd favorite was a brown Olds 98 wagon, vintage late 70s [nothing says 70s like a brown car], and a couple of other indeterminate hulks. The rain that had soaked the track not only kept down the times in



the regular races, but unfortunately,

also prevented the old beaters in the derby from achieving the inertia necessary for any really big bangs. Unlike previous years, our group was also disappointed that during the competition, there weren't any significant explosions or fires, and no fights broke between the drivers afterwards. Oh well, there's always next year.

Suds

The 2010 ISOA Calendars are Here!

Through the efforts of over a dozen members we actually got picture submissions on time. The cost for this full colour calendar remains at its 2008 price as part of the Sportscars Unleashed Calendar Kickoff Stimulus.

Lone Wolf Package: 1 for \$8 Home/Office Package: 2 for \$15 Gift Package: 3 for \$21

Other quantity discounts available.

Shipping & Handling [if home delivery is desired] only \$1.75 for one calendar. Call 847/683-9683 for quantity rates for additional calendars.

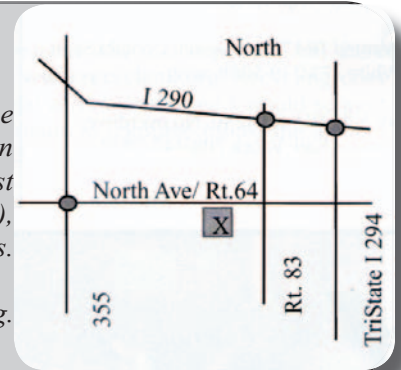




ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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 OF IN "TR" EST

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
Oct.	4th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	9th-11th			Fall Color Tour and Campout, Casper's - Kansasville, WI.
	18	Sun.		Toys for Tots Charity Run
	24	Sat.	9:00 AM	Clinic - Revcore Radiator - Woodstock
Nov.	1st	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	TBA	Sat.		Clinic - TBA [Hub or Diff?]
Dec.	6th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
Jan.	1st	Fri.	10:30 AM?	Outer Drive Hero's Ralley - Northerly Island
	3rd	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
	TBA	Sat.		Big Bash '10 - Details to follow
	TBA	Sat.		Clinic - TBA Hub or Diff?
Feb.	14th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00] <u>Not the First Sunday</u>
	TBA	Sat.		Clinic - Transmission
Mar.	7th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]

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. SNIC BRAAAPP is most effective when read in combination with Pink Floyd, the Allman Brothers, and/or Frank Zappa. 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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A LITTLE BS FROM BS

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM
THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

I said good-bye to an old friend yesterday. After twenty years of [mostly] good times, Casper, [not the world's nicest, just the most expensive, TR3] boarded a transport to his new home in Colorado. I remember it like it was yesterday the night Bob "Redbeard" Kamholtz mentioned at a club meeting at the old Roundup Saloon that he knew of a TR3 "project" car that he thought would make for a good "builder." I had only recently finished my TR6, and it had turned out adequately. That, coupled with a few beers, made the prospect of taking on another restoration seem intriguing. I discussed the possible acquisition of another Triumph with the First Lady, who seemed oddly unenthusiastic about taking in another homeless Triumph. However, yielding to my silver tongued oratory, or maybe she just figured I had lost my mind, she acquiesced under the condition that it not get "out of hand" financially. After all, back in 1989, we had one offspring in college and another about to enroll. Needless to say, discretionary expenditures were extremity limited.

I went to Kamholtz's the following Saturday to examine the car. If it had been a horse, it would certainly have been "put down." The floors were gone and replaced with 1/4 inch boilerplate, the interior was virtually non-existent, and the status of the drivetrain was in doubt. It has been said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and my sense of hubris after completing Lucille probably added to my decision to take on this "challenge." I bought the car, and fool that I was, planned to just get it running, use it as a driver, and not tie up too much cash in it.

The restoration proceeded slowly, and little by little, I discovered



that more and more cash would be necessary to "git 'er done." It eventually underwent a frame-off restoration. The body was dipped, rusty panels were replaced, and slowly [i.e. expensively], the car began to take shape. The frame was replaced, miscellaneous fenders, door, hoods, etc. were located from parts cars, and UPS had to add a third shift to accommodate shipments from Mr. Runyon. In due time, it turned out reasonably well, no thanks to my restoration skill, unless you consider my ability to write checks neatly, but I was pleased.

Casper eventually made his formal debut in 1998, and as time went on, the car underwent some upgrades and improvements, along with some necessary maintenance repairs, all of which added to its growing list of expenditures. By 2007 I had added 87 MM pistons, a lip rear main seal, and an overdrive along with new radials and wide whitewalls. For all intents and purposes, it was finished. Still, like any old car, the more I drove it, the more I realized that there were always going to be aspects that would never be quite what I wanted - like roll-up windows and rack and pinion steering.

After considerable angst and waffling, I decided to try my hand at one more restoration in the hope that the third time would be the charm. I persuaded Steve Yott to sell me the "barn-find" TR4 he and Mark Moore had discovered in Hyde Park last year. Although it had body damage due to apparently being run in a demolition

derby, the dreaded tinworm which afflicts virtually all Midwestern TRs was absent, thus making the body work somewhat more "doable." Still, the labor to repair and restore the body, not to mention the drivetrain, will be extensive, and so in order to finance the time and material required, a cash infusion into my coffers would be required. Hence, the parting of ways with Casper.

After several false starts, a qualified, serious buyer materialized, and I reluctantly bid adieu to my old buddy.

It has been said that the two happiest days in the special interest car owner's [or boat owner, airplane owner, etc] life are the day he buys and the day he sells a vintage car. I must beg to differ. I may have been a little giddy when I bought the car twenty years ago, but I was genuinely remorseful when I watched it enter the cargo hold of the transport. I guess temptation of one last restoration was too strong to ignore, and like sailors trying to navigate between Scylla and caharybidnes, the siren song was irresistible. Hopefully, the TR4 will scratch my itch in ways that the TR3 never did; if not, as the head proofreader at SNIC BRAAAPP has observed on more than one occasion, "There's no fool like an old fool." It's not farewell Casper, it's fare on. So long, it's been good to know ye. And to Rick and Therese Hauk of Grand Junction, Colorado, please take good care of him.

Suds



OLD GREEN THINGS
AND OTHER IDLE THOUGHTS

TEXT BY JAY "CANNONBALL" HOLEKAMP

My next door neighbor, a truly nice guy who is an investment banker, often comes over to my house when he has a problem with the mechanical and electrical devices in his house or one of his several cars won't start. He claims, probably accurately, that the previous owner mentioned my availability to help, or at least offer sage advice, should stuff not work right, as a reason why his house was a good buy. The other day he came by, something about a dying battery in his Lexus SUV, and while I was gathering my battery investigation kit in the garage, he looked around and said, "You have a lot of old green things."

He was right, although I'd not thought of my stuff this way before. Sometimes it takes an outside eye to see things as they really are. I have a Triumph Racing Green 1964 Triumph TR4 parked on the far side of my garage, a 1946 dark green 16 foot Otca model wood and canvas Old Town canoe suspended by chains from the ceiling, and a 1999 Forest Green Pearl Coat Jeep Cherokee that usually resides in the center slot of the garage. While I've always thought of the Jeep Cherokee as my new car, I guess at ten years old, from the world at large point of view, it has indeed morphed into being old. I plan to keep it at least another ten years - then it'll be old in my mind. Even the inside of the rear door of my garage is painted green, as is my mail box. It's fair to say dark green is my favorite color, although I also like blue. My wife's 2006 Acura TL is dark blue. Not bad.

I've not owned many cars. The

three cars now in my garage make up 50% of all the cars I've ever owned. The other three, a 1973 Ford Torino 4-door - light green, a 1985 Oldsmobile Cutlass wagon - dark blue (wife), and a 1995 Nissan Maxima - dark blue (wife), all bought new, completely fit the pattern. For a time during the 1980s and 1990s, it was not easily possible to buy a green car, and I used a series of weird metallic purple, pink, and later silver company cars, chosen by my secretary. I always thought she was secretly getting even with me, but she did seem to like picking out the cars. Why the auto industry thought the public didn't want green cars is baffling to me. I recently visited the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Museum, and there were several green cars - classic. If you wandered into a dealer's showroom today and asked to see the green cars, I suppose you'd be shown something with a big battery or a vehicle that burns something other than gasoline - nuclear powered perhaps - as often predicted by 1950s Popular Mechanics articles. Times change.

Three years ago I drove to the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica from Wheaton along Route 66 with my old friend, Don Segars. We had a great trip, leisurely moving west along as much of the original Route 66 pavement as possible. On the third day out, having spent much of the morning watching a parade at St. James, Missouri, we were just west of Rolla near Waynesville and decided to stop to visit Fort Leonard Wood. I spent the summer of 1966 at Fort Leonard Wood as a Private E-2 learning how to be a Combat Engineer (a common laborer with a rifle), and we thought it would be interesting to have a look around. There were lots of changes since three airliners were flown into important buildings. After almost an hour applying for an

entry permit at the new elaborate gate house, showing picture IDs, having the 2005 Ford Thunderbird we were driving carefully inspected, inside and out, to include a serious look underneath with mirrors, we drove onto the base. Nothing looked familiar. I finally decided that the airfield just beyond the barracks where I'd lived could not have moved, so we went there. Suddenly it dawned on me that the entire vast complex of barracks, mess halls, supply rooms, company headquarters, truck and tank parks, motor shops, streets and roads, all World War II vintage that I'd lived among, had been demolished and were absolutely gone. On the advice of the civilian gate guards (obviously retired Sergeants - I think they recognized the two of us as aging ex-Lieutenants), we had an entry permit to visit the museum, and on the way out, we happened on the museum area. We stopped. A little representative cluster of the wood frame WW II period temporary buildings (shacks by today's standards) I'd inhabited in 1966 had been preserved and were now a part of the Ft. Leonard Wood Museum. The two conserved wooden two-storey barracks were arranged inside as they would have been during WW II and the Viet Nam era. Pretty accurate. When you think about it, 1966 was a lot closer in time to WW II than to now.

There is something quite shocking about visiting a place where you once lived that's been turned into a museum, especially when most days you feel about the same as you did on the day in 1967 when you bought the green TR4, that's still in the garage. If only my knees weren't stiff sometimes.

Cannonball

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 sign-up 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



ROAD TESTS

BY TONY BEADLE
ISOA INTERNATIONAL BUREAU CHIEF
& UK SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

During my career as a motoring journalist I have been fortunate enough to test drive everything from a Rolls-Royce to a road sweeper with varying degrees of competence (I once actually won a bottle of champagne for piloting the road sweeper around a slalom course laid out on the main straight of the Brands Hatch motor racing circuit in the fastest time, but that’s another story!) and most of the experiences have been a lot of fun.

Usually, if the test session is to do with the launch of a new model, the manufacturer’s PR department will arrange for a group of journalists to arrive at a designated location where they will be given the opportunity to drive a variety of different specifications of the car during the day. One of the ways to do this is for two or three people to share a vehicle, swapping over as they follow a prepared route. However, the random nature of being paired-up with fellow hacks can (and occasionally does!) lead to

some rather frightening experiences.

On one such event quite a few years ago, I arrived at Edinburgh airport towards dusk to be partnered with the motoring editor of a national daily newspaper and was handed instructions for an hour-long drive to the hotel where we were staying that night (overnight trips to fancy hotels were one of the perks

of the job!). However, it soon became apparent that my companion, who insisted on taking the wheel, had consumed more than a few of the complimentary alcoholic beverages provided by the airline on his flight. His driving was OK while it was still daylight, but once it got dark things started to deteriorate. First of all he couldn’t work out how to turn the headlights on – I twice had to point out where the switch was – then he complained that the illumination provided was very poor until I told him that he was only using the sidelights!

Fortunately, we arrived at our appointed destination without any major disasters, but I was determined to share a car with somebody else the following day. It isn’t usually that easy to change partners on these jaunts, because the PR people like to keep all the pairs the same if possible as it makes things simpler to organise. Nevertheless, the next morning I managed to find another well-known motoring writer who was looking for a co-pilot – although I should have been wary of him being alone amongst a group of his peers and also wondered why the company PR man seemed so pleased when I agreed to join up with this man. The reason (as I discovered later) was that nobody else wanted

to be in the same vehicle as him!

I drove the first part of the proscribed route, which was on fairly normal roads, and my navigator gave adequate – if sometimes erratic – directions, and we reached the half-way point safely enough. The next stage of our journey took us through some typically hilly Scottish terrain along twisting single-track country lanes barely wide enough for the car and I soon found out why the other journalists were so reluctant to share the driving chores with this famous writer. Without the map to study, my companion suddenly became quite talkative and, after a short while, cheerfully stated: “These sort of test drives can sometimes be a real pain, can’t they? But I don’t believe in going flat out all the time like some of the other fellows, it’s just not worth taking stupid risks is it?” As he said this, my chauffeur was looking across at me with a broad smile on his face, but he only had one hand on the wheel and seemed to be completely oblivious to that fact that we were rapidly approaching a very sharp bend!

Somehow we negotiated the corner without tipping the car over, and when I had recovered my composure enough to look down at the speedometer again its needle was nudging 100mph! By the time we reached our destination my nerves were in total shreds, but as we parted company the famous writer politely thanked me, shook my hand and jovially said he looked forward to sharing a vehicle with me sometime in the future!

Although serious accidents are, thankfully, few and far between, minor scrapes are inevitable on some of the test drives, especially when the PR department is determined to demonstrate the new vehicle’s capabilities to the limit. On one such expedition I found myself driving a Jeep Cherokee



up a rock-strewn mountain stream with instructions to fold the door mirrors inwards in order to give sufficient clearance between two large boulders on either side of the torrent halfway up the steep climb! It was certainly an impressive demonstration but I couldn't help thinking that it was totally irrelevant to the type of urban motoring most Jeeps do in the UK.

Of course, test driving a brand new vehicle owned by a major manufacturer is completely different from trying out a classic car with the owner sitting alongside. For a start, the car is his (or her) 'baby' that has had many hours of loving care lavished on it – not forgetting a serious amount of money spent – so the owner is naturally protective and worried about what might happen with a strange person doing the driving. On the other hand, the journalist can be in a rather difficult situation, because he (or she) needs to drive the car fast enough to confirm its performance potential, which is often much quicker than the owner would ever dream of going. However, from my experience, Triumph owners are much more laid back in this respect and are usually quite happy to let other enthusiasts (and even journalists) try out their car to see if they like it.

I think my worst mishap occurred while I was driving a Triumph-based kit car called a Spartan in the South of France. Thrashing the open-top sports car round a series of hairpin bends in the sun-drenched hills behind St Tropez (being a motoring journalist can be a really tough job, but somebody has to do it...) I misjudged a corner and clipped a stone marking the edge of the road, damaging one of the rear rims. Although the tyre (sorry, tire) didn't deflate, the alloy wheel was minus a

chunk of metal and I decided it was sensible to change it. It was then I discovered that although mounting the spare wheel on the boot lid might look good, it can make it damn awkward to remove – especially when the nuts are on the inside to prevent the wheel being stolen. Jacking the car up on the soft ground at the roadside was another hazardous exercise, but eventually I managed to get going again. The owner of the kit car company was less than happy when I showed him the bent wheel, but he was pleased that the car itself was still in one piece.

Explaining to the Buick press fleet manager how I had racked up well over two thousand miles on his brand new, top-of-the-range Park Avenue model in less than two weeks was less embarrassing, but still rather a delicate matter. Fortunately, by the time he discovered the excess mileage, I was back home in the UK and transatlantic communications in those days were carried out by Fax (remember them?). Having collected the car in Detroit (where my brother and his wife lived back then) we drove down to Indianapolis to visit his in-laws and also did a number of excursions around Indiana at the same time. In response to the Buick man's query and his statement that most journalists only drove test cars a couple of hundred miles, I innocently replied: "I'm so sorry, I always forget what a 'BIG' country America is!"

However, the answer apparently placated the Buick PR department because a few years later I was able to borrow another car from them when I visited California!

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Tony Beadle
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ISOA TECHNICAL EXSPURTS

TR3	Bill " Whizmo " Pyle 630/773-4806
TR4	Pat " PowerBuldge " 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
Electrical Paint, Body,	Joe " Stagmeister " Pawlak 847/683-9683

Club Treasurer Kim Jensen received the letter below from the Sidran Institute acknowledging ISOA's contribution to combat Disorder Post Traumatic Stress Disorder following the TTA Benefit Picnic held in Burlington on August 2nd.



SIDRAN INSTITUTE

Traumatic Stress Education & Advocacy

200 E. Joppa Road, Suite 207 • Baltimore, MD 21286 • 410-825-8888
410-337-0747 (fax) • www.sidran.org • info@sidran.org

August 19, 2009

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Illinois Sports Owners Assoc. Ltd.
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Dear Illinois Sports Owners Assoc. Ltd Members:

Thank you all very much for your very generous contributions, check number 1006 of \$1291.08, check number 2129 of \$50, check number 2271 of \$50, check number 501 of \$100, and the \$50 matching contribution from Kraft, making your total donation \$1541.08 to Sidran Institute in honor of The Triumph TransAmerica Charity Drive.

Our mission – *to educate and support trauma survivors, affected families, and trauma workers* – would be impossible without your financial sponsorship and that of others who share your commitment to helping.

In 2009/2010 we will:

- Expand our Risking Connection® program, including developing and evaluating an RC training curriculum for primary care providers
- Deliver personalized information, resources, advocacy training, and a caring ear directly to over 4,500 trauma survivors
- Publish several new books, including a new edition of our acclaimed symptom management workbook, *Growing Beyond Survival*
- Provide state-of-the-art training to thousands of clinical and frontline support providers in the U.S. and Canada
- Partner with diverse faith based organizations to build holistic, supportive responses to returning combat veterans and their families, gulf south storm survivors, and those recovering from the effects of family violence.
- Continue Keep the Connection workshops in Baltimore City Schools, through a generous grant from The Baltimore Women's Giving Circle, based on our publication *27 Secrets to Raising Amazing Children* by Molly Koch

When I say "we will," I mean that to include you! Together with Sidran's dedicated staff, you – through your tax-deductible contribution – are responsible for the results we'll achieve in the coming months. Thank you for your gift.

Sincerely,

Esther Giller
President

P.S. We are a 501(c)(3) organization. Have you thought of making Sidran a part of your annual giving plan? You can continue to help at any time by making an additional tax-deductible contribution at www.sidran.org. Again, thank you.



coupled with the nice weather, was going to make for a near record turnout.

There were countless TR6s and Spitfires to go along with a very respectable showing of TR3s, TR4s, and Wedges. There were also some Stags, and even a Triumph 2000 entered to go along with innumerable MGs, Healy's, Jags, Morgans Rolls', and Bentleys as well as some arcane LBCs not often seen.



The number of vendors this year also appeared to have increased and included a chrome plater, a wooden dash refinisher/fabricator, some purveyors of regalia in addition to a couple of trailers of used and abused parts looking for new homes. There were also some food vendors who appeared to be overwhelmed by the crowd as evidenced by the lengthy lines that attendees endured in order to satiate their hunger and/or thirst



The British Car Festival also serves as a homecoming of sorts and frequently provides an opportunity for old acquaintances to reconnect and catch up on old times. In fact, there was an



unconfirmed sighting of former ISOA member Earl Wright in attendance, but alas, your humble and obedient scribe was unsuccessful at locating the one-time very active affiliate of our club, although I did spot Valerie Stabenow in the crowd.

The club set up a command post in the shade along one of the parkways and appeared to do a brisk business of recruiting new members as evidenced by the plethora of folks who asked about ISOA or browsed through some club literature. Members hung out under the canopy and swapped stories while taking a break from looking at cars.



At around 1:30, the balloting for the people's choice awards ended, and the tabulation commenced. Our club, because of its reputation for unscrupulous honesty, [as evidenced by our track record of counting Boomer ballots each month] was assigned the

task of tabulating the results. More than 25 members convened in the cafeteria at



Oakton to count the ballots, and within less than hour, all were tallied and certified by none other than Jack "Spuds" Billimack whose reputation for integrity is unquestionably above reproach.

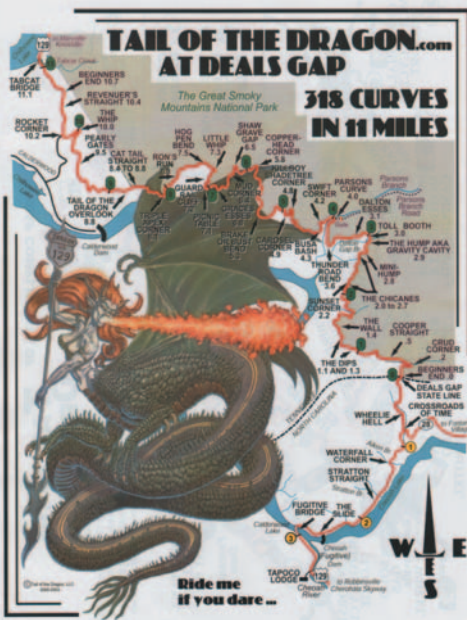
Following the presentation of awards, many club members adjourned to Photo's hot dog stand to enjoy a tasty repast before calling it a day, but not before unanimously agreeing that the event was one of the real highlights of the driving season.



Suds



A TRIUMPH'S TAIL (OF THE DRAGON)...



OR TO TENNESSEE AND BACK AGAIN!
 TEXT BY KIM "LOWER WACKER"
 JENSEN. GRAPHICS BY THE AUTHOR AND
 JACK "SPUDS" BILLIMACK

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, THE PRISON City Brits (with honorary members Jack & Barb Billimack – TR6) left J-town on a high adventure to the Tail of the Dragon. Deciding that driving to the California VTR 2009 was too far, we thought we'd do this trip to the Smoky Mountains instead. Also in the caravan were Jerry & Sandy Hurst – TR6, Doug & Debbie Larson - TR6, Joe & Rosanne Felix – TR 4A, Pete & Denise Ballard – MGB, and Bill & Kim Jensen – Spitfire 1500. After only 50 minutes on the road, "somewhere" outside Gardner in Livingston County between acres of corn & beans, the MGB had a flat! Joe Felix's aluminum floor jack hoisted the car into the air quickly, and with a flick



of the knockoff hammer, the spare was on in no time. After lunch & gas (not necessarily in that order), we stopped in Indianapolis at Big O Tires for Pete to have his tire repaired. It couldn't be done, so he bought a new one, and we were off again. We stayed on the highway moving south to Louisville to gain some time, and after some nasty road construction south of that city, we were happy to get on a 2 lane blacktop to wind our way to Bardstown, Kentucky, arriving about 6:30pm. Part of the group went right into town to eat dinner and some to take a Ghost Walk tour, while others cooled off in the pool. Eventually, all ended up in town at the Old Talbott Tavern (est.1779) including a few of the men trying the local bourbon!

Sunday was designated to be a tourist day around Bardstown with a visit to the Civil War Museum of the Western Theatre followed by a trolley ride around town that ended at the Heaven Hill Distilleries (more bourbon sampling). After a simple lunch at Banana Moon Café including Kentucky Bourbon Ball ice cream (no need to guess who ordered that - Spuds!), we drove on a twisting road to



Maker's Mark Distillery. As the reader may have guessed, this area is known as the Bourbon capital of the world. The area sits on limestone, and fresh spring creek filtration makes this ideal for Kentucky bourbon. Following a guided tour and tasting, we followed more fun twisty roads to the Abraham Lincoln birthplace site in just enough time before closing. Two-lane roads led us to Tompkinsville in the early evening where we checked into an old fashioned motor court motel with real keys! Although it was a dry



county (and Doug really wanted a Corona to go with his Mexican meal!), the boys in good ISOA fashion volunteered to patrol the parking lot awhile with some Evan Williams single barrel bourbon.

Monday, we left a bit after 7am for a long driving day to Townsend, TN, our 4 night destination for the Tail. Some of the roads along the way, especially in Fall Creek Falls State Park with its twists and turns, truly was a "taste" of the Dragon! (How does Doug find these roads?) We drove through some beautiful country, and it was fun to look for barn finds – old pickups and Mustangs but no British iron – along the roadside. We arrived in Townsend just before 5pm, got checked in, and then Joe and Jack went to find cold fluid replacement and met everyone cooling off in the pool. After dinner nearby, we called it a night, excited about tomorrow's drive.

On Tuesday we had breakfast with Mark Walker, the gentleman who organized the 6-Pack Trials there last year, and he graciously gave us tips about what roads to drive, what to avoid, etc. Then we took off for the Dragon! Folks agreed we'd drive it "leisurely" at first, so the Spitfire (4 cylinders) led the pack. Well, the twists and turns and dips and climbing does get your adrenalin pumping, and Mr. Bill was certainly enjoying it when we came upon 2 couples "tour-





ing” on their Honda Goldwing bikes with trailers from Quebec! Unfortunately, they couldn’t seem to go faster than 10mph and refused the simple courtesy of pulling over and letting the faster Brits go by. In our frustration, we pulled over to let them get ahead, and later with Doug leading, we still caught up to them. It started to sprinkle once we crossed the state line to the North Carolina side of Rt.129 and then arrived at Deal’s Gap. The Canadians were cussing us in French, and we didn’t create an international scene, but we weren’t too friendly either. We continued south of Rt.129 to Robbinsville – a very scenic drive along a river, and after a bit of stretching there, I got behind the wheel of Miss Elizabeth to lead the group on the Cherohola Skyway. It was



fun until the heavens opened, and then it was time to put the tops up (at 5,000 ft). We couldn’t see for the fogging on the inside and outside of the windows plus we were in the clouds! Arriving a short while later in Tellico Plains, we ate at a charming luncheonette (everything homemade!) and relived our adventure! (It is really great how these LBC’s are built to hug the road and curves, and I learned to listen to the engine and not worry so much about looking at the tach.) Upon return to Townsend, some folks went on to shop in Pigeon Forge, while later most ended up in the Jensen’s room for the air-conditioned version of “Parking Lot Patrol.”

It was “do your own thing” on Wednesday, as the Larsons and Billimacks went to Dollywood, the Hursts did “Zip-Lines,” the Jensens visited Tuckaleechee Caverns, the Felixes plus Denise went tubing, and Pete waited for parts. The MG was not running as Pete would have liked, so he ordered some parts shipped overnight to help fix the issue. We all gathered later for a dinner buffet and again retired to the Jensen’s room out of the rain, bugs and humidity.



Our stay in Tennessee was approaching its end, so Thursday was another run the Dragon day! This time the girls took a turn as Rosanne drove the Spitfire on the Foothills Parkway, Sandy took a turn on the Dragon down to Deal’s Gap in her TR6, and I drove the Dragon back in my Spit...what a rush! Mr. Bill said that I’m dangerous driving her because I don’t know what I could break! We split up again as some went to Gatlinburg to shop, and the rest went to the Smoky Mountain National Park to do the Cades Cove drive. It was a very busy road but scenic and especially nice to do considering it’s the 75th anniversary of the park. We finished the day with rest, food and fellowship and discussed driving plans for the trip home.



Friday morning we bid the Smokys farewell about 8:30am, and upon coming out of the Cumberland Gap Tunnel, we hit some very nasty rain. We decided not to take the route through the



Daniel Boone Natl. Forest but stick to the highway. Fortunately, the skies cleared as we could drive “top down” through some pretty horse country around Lexington and arrived at our hotel in Frankfort, KY, about 3:30pm. Most went in the pool to cool off, while Jerry looked at the issue with his brakes. (He kept telling us he had brakes, but no one wanted to be in front of him!) Doug found us an English pub called (most appropriately) THE DRAGON, and we had a nice dinner there (ask the boys about “Natasha”). We walked to see the Old State Capitol and stopped for ice cream and bourbon ball candy at Rebecca Ruth’s. This time we finished our evening in the Ballard’s party room suite with – guess what? – more bourbon!

Saturday started with blue skies in Kentucky, and we drove some more winding roads before rain spoiled our fun again. Arriving safely home in Illinois (you could tell when the roads got crappy) in the late afternoon, we were tired but grateful for a safe journey in the company of good ISOA friends who became family. The Dragon (318 turns in 11 miles) was only part of our approximately 1800 mile round trip. But already, we’re looking forward to returning to Bourbon country and the Dragon next year on the way to VTR 2010 – Jekyll Island, Georgia!



Lower Wacker



MY DAY OF THUNDER



TEXT & GRAPHICS COURTESY OF
MICHAEL MARR

A couple of tugs to tighten up the five point harness, and I'm rolling down pit road following the car in front of me. As we approach Turn 1 still on the apron, I see the banking up close. "We're going to drive on that?" We follow the apron round to the back stretch, then into fourth gear and away we go! I am following my instructor in the car ahead, driving in Richard Petty's "Rookie Driving Experience" at Chicagoland Speedway in Joliet. That's right, I am a TR3A owner who also happens to be a NASCAR fan, and my lovely wife, Kathy, gave me this day out as a gift last Christmas.

I arrived at the track a little apprehensive – although I enjoy racing (I was pit crew for a Late Model stock car driver back when we lived in Wisconsin), I have never actually driven a race car of any sort, nor have I driven on a race track of any sort. And, the fastest I have ever driven has been the occasional and highly illegal blast past 100 mph in various cars that we have owned over the years, just so that I could say that I had done it. So, here I was, planning on driving a car for eight laps with the potential to hit 140 mph, and horror of horrors, there were going to be other cars on the track with me!!

Well, my fears were soon put to rest – I discovered that they didn't actually let us loose by ourselves with a car after a one-hour class. During the course of the class, I learned that there

would, in fact, be an instructor in a car ahead of me, and my job would be to follow his line and to stay 3-4 car lengths behind him. The tail of the instructor's car was equipped with two lights – a green one, which meant "get closer," and a yellow one, which meant "back off – you are too close." Also, I was fortunate enough to have the chance to take a "ride-along" in a race-car equipped with a passenger seat before my class began, and after one lap staring wide-eyed at the wall as we zipped by, I decided I would be best served to observe the driver's feet, so I could see how these guys drive these beasts. I'm glad I did.

So, I was fitted with a driver's suit and helmet, and after the classroom session was over, it was my turn to get into one of the four school cars (which meant there would be the potential for eight cars on the track, plus a couple of ride-along cars that were operating throughout the process). I was amused to find that the car's cockpits were sized by driving suit size – Small, Medium, Large and Extra-Large. Needless to say, I was in the XL car (I have the height of Michael Waltrip and the physique of Jimmy Spencer, for those of you who know your NASCAR drivers), but they did give me the regulation sized steering wheel, unlike the driver before me who had to have a small one to clear his rather large belly! The seat was very upright (I tend to like the European "straight-arm" driving style, with the seat reclined), and the huge wheel seemed to be about 6 inches from my face. The gear shift was very imprecise – in fact, I think I must have shifted from 1st to 4th after starting out on pit road because I never could find 3rd.

Anyway, I got the car rolling without stalling, and we were off! As we entered the back straight, the green light on the instructor's car started flashing – I grew to hate that light! I caught up and followed him through turns 3 and 4, backing off on the throttle at the cone at the end of the straight as I had been told to do in the instruction session, and

rolling back onto the throttle at the two cones at the transition between the two turns. Hmm, not so bad! The green light flashed, and I accelerated, then backed off into turn 1, back on the throttle at turn 2 and follow the flashing green light...

I was surprised at how easy to handle the car was. They are set up to turn left, of course, (a distinct pull to the left as we rolled down pit road) and require very little steering effort. The whole track is run in fourth gear, and the car has plenty of torque, of course. The instructor told me the engines made 650 to 700 HP, although I find it hard to believe that they would put that much in a school car. I suspect it really wasn't much more than 300 HP.

By the 3rd and 4th laps, I was getting more comfortable, and I was seeing a little less of that damn green light, although I never did see a yellow! I was following the line pretty well and was starting to enjoy myself. All too soon the chequered flag was waved, and we had to pull back into pit road. Check brakes at the "Check Brakes" sign, shift into neutral and coast down to the grid area. What a blast!



So, how did I do? My average lap times were a little under 100 mph and I hit 117 mph at the end of the back straight, which wasn't so bad for a 60-year old's first time, I thought. More importantly, nobody passed me! I am a naturally cautious driver and HATE tailgaters, which is why I had so much difficulty driving the required distance behind the instructor, I believe. Next time, however, I think I can do better...

Michael Marr



A DIZZYING YEAR
BY LEE FEDER



I love my TR6. For seven years it has been my car – the second major purchase of my life and still the most expensive. I bought the little red demon just over two and a half weeks before I went off to college (and about four months after my inherited-but-beloved “Silver Bullet” 1987 Nissan Sentra rusted into oblivion). That was quite possibly the worst time to purchase a car, let alone a beautiful, fun, sports car that needs lots of “attention.”

My welcome to British car ownership was an ominous phone call from my parents: “Your car is pissing brake fluid all over our garage!” The local shop wanted 700 bucks for a new master cylinder. I got one via catalog for 150 and had them put it in, since I could not convince them that I could sufficiently master the mysteries of Girling to rebuild it myself. A year and a half later, the ‘6 was my dedicated daily driver in school. Tooling about in Champaign, it brought me groceries, carried me to volleyball practice, and even provided rides for, ahem, three very tall friends one cold, rainy night.

The sucker was bullet proof – a monument to the engineering of the

nation that had an empire on which the sun never set. At 8 mpg, it was a little thirsty, but I didn’t drive that much, and besides, gas was still cheap! Then came the inevitable clutch replacement – over my spring break. After removing the tranny, I came down with strep throat that jeopardized my physical return to academia. After some drugs and rest, I got the new throwout bearing pressed on by a (not-so) local machine shop and popped the tranny back in. One hundred sixty miles later I was pleased to be back in the town of Kam’s. A trip to the grocery the next day, yielded a triple “Bang!”, and the loyal driveshaft fasteners that took me south decided to retire to the parts bin in the sky. Tow number 1.

After several semesters of full-time duty in Champaign, the ‘6 was placed in semi-retirement for a bit while I finished up class. Occasional duty persisted, but a quick brake pad swap turned into one caliper exchange, which then turned into a two caliper replacement. Ailment after ailment piled up and thoughts of getting a “real car” passed through my demented mind. The bills seemed a mite high for a student, but mercifully I found employment and (more importantly) car cash flow. The spending spigot was about to be opened.

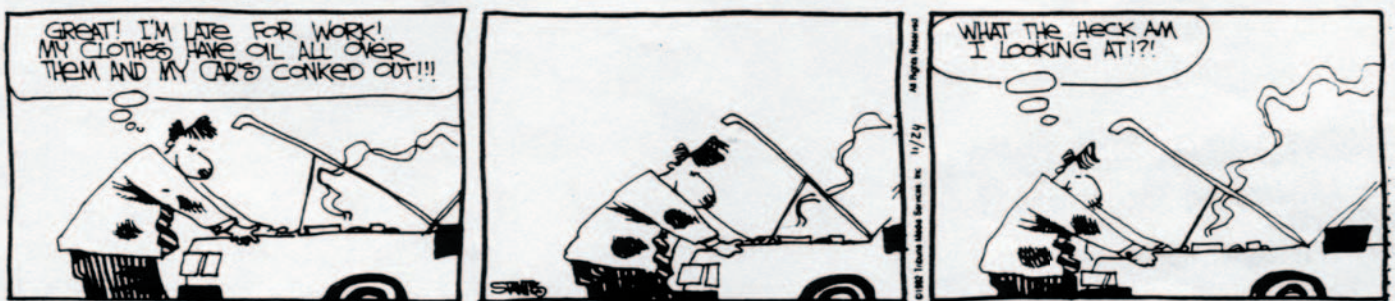
And then I got religion. After ‘6 years, I upped with ISOA since I was now in Chicago full-time. Suddenly, I had people with knowledge (and tools!!) who could help me solve my ‘6’s long-standing issues. During that time, the list of serious issues ISOA has helped me fix is longer than my bar tab – blown hubs, low oil pressure, blown

distributor rotor (Tow number 2), overheating, lack of power, high idle...the list goes on (I refrain from listing an additional slipping out of third gear problem, but they’re supposed to do that, right? Besides, if you accelerate properly, you can just skip third altogether).

The most recent issue was a dying dizzy. To paraphrase Messrs’ Stagmeister and Toolman preaching, “The best carburetor adjustment is a distributor tune-up.” Ne’er have truer words been put to print – a car that initially strained for 50 was upped to 70 with a timing adjustment. Then a loaner dizzy proved the original unit faulty. A quick ship to Minnesota, and I now feel like I have a new car. Since retuning with proper timing, I’ve smoked a 12-cylinder BMW luxocruiser off the line, carved the Addison esses at 80, flown from my place in the city to the monthly meeting in less than thirty minutes, and enjoyed the best drives of my ‘6 ownership. The acceleration is existent, taunting me to dart through traffic faster with an orgasmic roar of the exhaust upon the punch from 50 to 70. The car taunts and belittles me at a mere 50 on the Kennedy. Sixty is a morose cruising speed. Once we get enough road to touch 70, the ‘6 feels at home, while eighty is slight stab of the peddle away. With all this newfound power, I’m starting to wonder what more my baby would do with some sweet fuel injection. Paging Dr. Silo. And all this at 20+ ISOAmpg (exact figures pending the actual completion of a tank)

Lee Feder.

THE BUCKETS





Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear. A flash of light [Lucas Eleectrics] and cloud of smoke [British Leyland engine]. Join us as we traverse the wormhole of time back twenty years through the magic and mystery of time travel. Calibrate your transponders to that wild and wacky year of October 1989. [Just be sure to use fresh tinfoil and polyunsaturated deli meats to line your space helmets] The Manteno Brothers ride again!

SNIC-BRAAAPP
ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT AND QUITE A BIT THAT ISN'T
 October 1989
JAKE & Elwood Manteno, editors Darryl Manteno, Publisher



The October 1989 six page SNIC BRAAAPP, printed in glorious black and white, recapped the recent British Car Union Elwood penned the following prose to recap the recent events.

SKETCHY DETAILS

The British Car Union hosted the 3rd Annual British Car Festival on September 10th at Oakton College in Des Plaines. It was a beautiful day, and that contributed to the large turnout of British Cars, their owners (slaves), and spectators. The unofficial turnout was over 600 cars. We had a good turnout from our club and met many new people. Since we were on our best behavior, many of the new people joined our club (those who didn't join were probably scared away by

Redbeard). They will soon realize their mistake, but it is too late, we've already got the cash. There will most certainly be a British Car Festival IV, probably next September at Oakton College.

Several of our ISOA brethren ventured north to the land of Cheese (and Cheeseheads) for Quadfest II. Quadfest is an event for Triumph cars only, from 4 states (get it? 4 states, QUADfest). This year it was more like Trifest as nobody made it from Iowa. However, we have it on good authority that those who went had lots of fun. They started out their trip on the right foot by stopping at the TR Parts Center of Genoa City, Wisconsin, (known to normal people as the Kamholtz's house). The weather was perfect for top down driving, the touring was fun, the banquet was excellent (translation: they didn't run out of beer), and several of our members visited the House on the Rock (pity that Earl missed it again). There are plans for Quadfest III, and our own George Capper will be one of the organizers, which is really a scary thought.

Our final event of September was our British Bash slalom. We decided to host a slalom for members of the British Car Union, and hope to make this an annual event for right after the British Car Festival. The idea is to make this slalom at the end of the season, so we will have all winter to fix our cars. We were pleased to have several highly polished and pin-striped nose heavy Austin-Healeys in attendance; hopefully, more of our British Car Union lunatics will be able

to join us next year (they were probably busy repairing their cars after the drive home from the British Car Festival), Those who made it got to make a lot of runs and had a great time. We would especially like to thank our friends from the Midwest Region of the Austin Healey Club of America for lending us their timing equipment (although they would have probably turned us down had they known that a certain ISOA member with a long red beard ran over the timing light at a slalom hosted by our friends from the Central Illinois Triumph Association last month).

The newsletter included a plea to all members to attend the fall brunch, but unfortunately, the organizer failed to provide the location of the 1989 event in time for it to appear in the newsletter. Elwood urged members to come to the Roundup Salloon to attend the general meeting to find out more details. [Remember, no email lists in 1989.] He also invited members to attend if for no other reason than to see how much food some members could consume. [This was before competitive eating was a national sport.]

Elwood also encouraged everyone to save the date for the 1990 VTR planned for Boulder, CO.

The marketplace of twenty years ago featured a herald for \$1900, a TR3 frame for \$800, and a race-prepared GT6 for \$6500.

And that's the way it was back in 1989, only

The Manteno Brothers get ready for the British Car Festival.





UPCOMING ISOA EVENTS OF IN "TR" EST

THE SECOND Annual LATE OCTOBER KANSASVILLE, WISCONSIN, COLOR TOUR AND CAMPOUT/MOTELIN. [With Side Trip to a strip joint]

When: October 9-11, [Friday - Sunday]

Where: Kim & Judy Casper's country estate near Kansasville, WI. – Just west of Kenosha/Racine – minutes from the IL / WI border.

Directions from I-94:

- North on I-94 into Wisconsin
- West on County Rt. KR (the Kenosha/Racine County Line) ahead on Schroeder Road
- Right (North) at "T" onto Wisconsin 75 (Beaumont Ave.)
- Left after about 2 miles into Casper's driveway. (One brick pillar, Asphalt paving. Can't see house from road).

Directions from Illinois Rt. 83

- North into Wisconsin.
- Rt. 83 turns into Wisconsin Rt. 75.
- Follow above directions when north of County Rt. KR.

RSVP & Contact info:

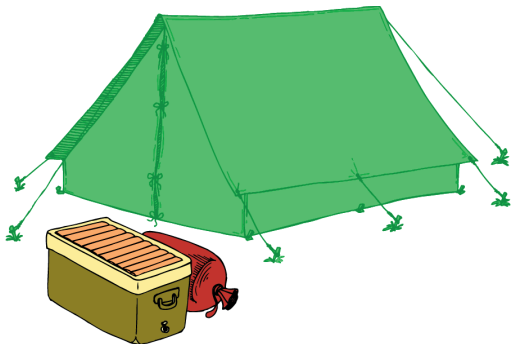
Kim Casper

1810 S. Beaumont Ave., Kansasville, WI 53139-9512

Home Phone: 262.878.2337;
Cell Phone: 262.939.5463

E-mail: kimcasper@wi.rr.com

[If you don't want to camp, contact Kim about local motels.]



Ed Note: This is last year's flyer. The date for 2009 is October 18th!

TOYS FOR TOTS TOYS FOR TOTS TOYS FOR TOTS

7TH ANNUAL TOYS FOR TOTS CLASSIC CAR CRUISE

YOU ARE LINE UP LEAVING 10:30 A.M.

STARTING FROM:
MAIN ST CUSTARD & COFFEE
RT 173 & RT 83 ANTIQCIL, IL 847 395-0800 INFO CONTACT:
WALLY 847 838-0314 or CHAPLON4@ATT.NET

FRAME-UP WHEEL WORKS, INC
9108 N GREEN BAY RD. WAUKEGAN, IL 847 746-RODS INFO CONTACT:
BOB 847 746-RODS or FRAMEUPWHEELWORKS@YAHOO.COM

MEIJER SUPER STORE
ALGONQUIN RD. ROLLING MEADOWS IL INFO CONTACT:
PAUL 630 529-4082 or TCR1989@SBCGLOBAL.NET

CRUISING TO: VOLO AUTO MUSEUM
27582 W. VOLO VILLAGE ROAD VOLO IL INFO CONTACT:
Cyndi 815 383-3644 or Cyndia@volocars.com

PLEASE BRING A **NEW UNWRAPPED TOY**
(NO STUFFED ANIMALS PLEASE)

RAIN OR SHINE

In consideration of my participation in this event, I hereby release and discharge the organizers and all sponsors from all known and unknown damages, injuries or claims to myself, my car and its occupants.

TOYS FOR TOTS TOYS FOR TOTS TOYS FOR TOTS

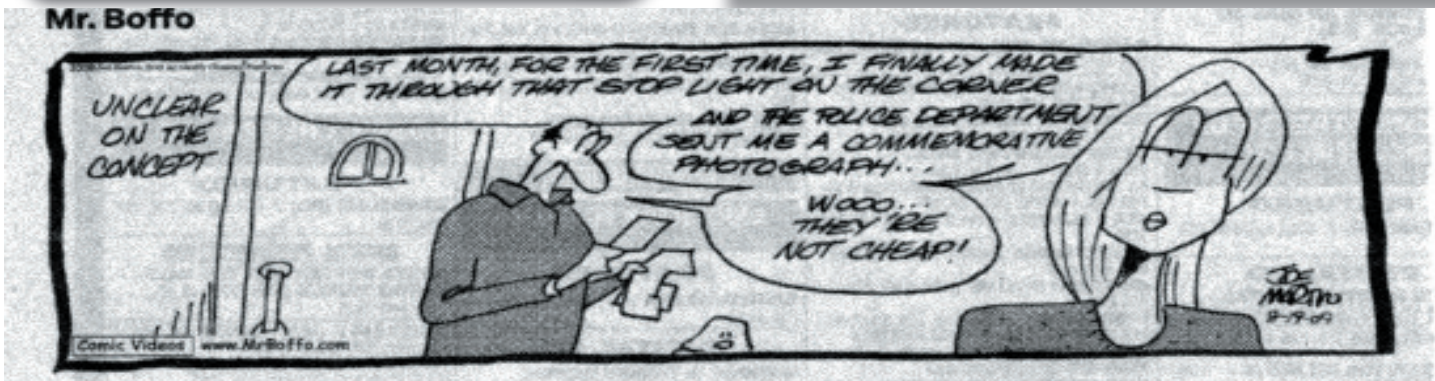
JEKYLL ISLAND

YEAR ROUND Beach RESORT

North American Triumph Challenge

2010

October 19-23, 2010





Dear Editurd,



We here at the World-wide Association of Concerned Kooks Organization [WACKO] have recently heard that it's

been posted on the internets [so it must be true] that the president of our local car club, Barack O'Streepy, has failed to produce a valid title for his TR4. Everyone knows that the bylaws of our club, the WCTU [The Windy City Triumph Union], requires that a president must be a member for a year, have a subnormal IQ, be a balding, paunchy, white guy, and have a legally registered title for his Triumph. We feel justified in demanding his immediate impeachment, and we are calling upon all like-minded WCTU members to join us at the next meeting to shout him down and replace him with a president who meets the constitutional requirements.

We also heard that his new car care plan would send all of the old Spitfires before a "Crush Panel" because he likes TRs more than Spit-tys. We can't let this happen, so we're asking all "real" WCTU members to attend the next meeting and to bring their guns!!

Dear Wacko,

While we admire and respect your passion about adhering to the "letter of the law" regarding statutory requirements for the presidency, you might be surprised that the WCTU does not require a president to be balding, although the aforementioned Streepy fits the category. Your 1st Amendment rights provide you with the legal right to engage in spirited discourse during the meeting, but abusing your freedom of speech in order to scream absurd rhetoric



toward the podium seems a bit far-fetched. As to the title, you are correct that the car in question did not have a title when he bought it, but he has since acquired a legal title, and we are printing a copy to put to rest, once and for all, this ugly rumor that the "titlers" have been spreading in an attempt to have him removed from office. [Please note that it is from Illinois, and **not** from Kenya]

As to your solicitation to the membership to bring their assault rifles in preparation for the next meeting as guaranteed by the 2nd Amendment, we would humbly suggest that any of the sportsmen who advocate "packing heat" refrain from carrying their weapons to the basement of the Golden Pheasant; the place has enough leaks already. You can use your .Uzis as a bookmark in your Bibles instead.

By the way, as clearly evidenced by the frequent episodes in which the presidential limo has been left on the side of the road for the lack of maintenance, it should be abundantly clear, even to someone like you, that the president has no "car care" plan for himself, let alone for the members of your club.

We humbly suggest that you reline your space helmet with some fresh luncheon meats along with some new tinfoil in order to insulate your feeble brain from overreacting to the voices from the mother ship from the planet Zircon that seem to have influenced your thought processes.



2009 ISOA

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*past president



SEPTEMBER MEETING NOTES

[IN CASE YOU MISSED IT]

TEXT BY ROMAN HRYNEWYCZ
ISOA SECRETARY

President Bob Streepy called the monthly meeting of ISOA to order at 7:10 PM. on Sunday, September 6, 2009. The turnout was rather low with around 40 members present at Mack's Golden Pheasant restaurant for this Labor Day weekend meeting. Bob began with his introduction of all of the board members in attendance and moved right on to determining if we had any new members or guests in attendance. At this gathering there was one new member, Matt Krajniak (TR250, TR6) of Bolingbrook. Bob then proceeded to ask the group if anyone had any new acquisitions, and when no one responded, he began to tell us of the recent sale and transcontinental relocation of Casper "not the nicest, just the most expensive" TR3. Congratulations on the sale Bob, even though I am sure it will be missed.

"Mr. Bill" Jensen displayed the newest in ISOA regalia, a gray long sleeve T-shirt with the appropriate club logo on the breast. If you have any suggestions for other regalia items, let Mr. Bill know.

The next order of business was the upgrade of the ISOA web site. Tim Buja spoke of the efforts expended by Karsten Kell and himself in this ongoing endeavor to bring the club web site up to the same high standards as all other aspects of ISOA. The web site will feature several new key features, such as the ability to join on line, as well as pay for dues. The site will also include more content, such as an expanded photo gallery and will be more current than the present site. This new web page should be up and running within the next month.

This is the time of the year to prepare for the Big Bash held in January. The Des Plaines Elk's club lodge will likely be the venue for the event. If anyone wants to spearhead the organiz-

ing please step forward and let Bob know at your earliest convenience.

Bob opened the floor for any project updates. He started this segment by announcing that his yet un-named TR4 is through the "vandalism phase" and now the real restoration will begin. Greg Fantozzi declared that his TR6 is getting ever closer to its initial start, and Mark Moore is at the interior re-assembly stage of his TR6 project.

Bob updated everyone on the TTA Stag effort and the Trans America Charity Drive during which he read a letter from the Sidran Institute thanking ISOA for the group's generous contributions. [see page 8] At this point, Joe Pawlak took over to tell how well the car that this club restored was performing, and that it was driven up Pike's Peak with absolutely no problems. Bob then took the floor to recap recent past events. The first of these was the massive cleanup campaign waged at the residence of Sherri and Bill Pyle. This effort required 12 people and 4 trucks to remove many years of accumulated parts and tools. Thanks to all that helped with this. Doug Larson next recapped the tour of the "Tail of the Dragon," which he had organized and led. Bob then recounted the Euro Auto Fest car show in Oak Brook, [which he did not speak highly of] and continued with the Orphan Auto Picnic, which is always a delight. Kudos to the Chicagoland Corvair Enthusiasts for hosting one of the nicest events on the calendar. The last event was "White Trash Night." Bob again so vividly described the event that it felt as if you were there.

Jack Billimack then took center stage to announce what events remained to look forward to this driving season. Even though top-down weather is fast drawing to a close, there are still many events planned and things to do. Kim Casper then stood up to describe all of the activities he is planning for his second annual fall color tour of southern Wisconsin.

At this time, Bob opened the floor to anyone who had any need of or was selling any parts. Dave Kayson

showed a beautiful custom burl wood dash board that he has available. These can be made in any of the TR variants. While not inexpensive, it looks to be of the highest quality. Contact Dave if you have any interest. Peter Schopperly announced that he knows of a car collection in Blue Island that is for sale. This included a TR7 FHC. Tim Buja is in need of a driver's side door latch for his TR6.

After the break it was time to hold the the raffle. The winner for September was Al Avery. Next were nominations for the Peter M. Roberts award of excellence. The first was Phil Fox, submitted by Sheri Pyle, for driving his less than stellar Spitfire on I-90. Bob Streepy then nominated the Pyle garage cleanup crew. This group consisted of Bill Pyle, Jack Gleason, Mark Hattenhauer, Rich Scholl, Mike Mueller, Frank Cartwright, Al Christopher, Jay Holekamp, Roman Hrynewycz, Murray Bruskin, Kim Casper and Bob Streepy. Jerry Hurst nominated Doug Larson for organizing the Tail of the Dragon Tour and for getting the group safely back home. Dave Kayson nominated Bob Streepy and Jack Billimack for delivering a hydraulic floor jack. Lastly, Bob Streepy nominated Dave Kayson and Jay Holekamp for installing a new hood on Casper the TR3. The cleanup crew is sharing the cup and the complimentary beverage.

For the Boomer award for actions not quite up to the standards of excellence Sherri Pyle nominated Bill Pyle for giving away Ryals Cheek's transmission, [which he had left at Pyle's for rebuilding] during the clean up. He also gave away his full oxygen and acetylene tanks while keeping the empties. Since there were no other nominations, Bill Pyle took home the lovely bent wheel trophy.

I apologize if I missed anything or made any errors. Please do come to next month's meeting. You never know what may happen.

"Reamin"



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: trstreepy@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: 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]

•For Sale: 1959 TR3A. Commission number TS 500040 L. Body number 48349. New front suspension, brakes and lines. Rebuilt carbs. Engine runs, but car hasn't been driven for 8 years. Car was bought as a father/son project. Both have lost time and interest. Floor pans are solid, but there is apparent filler. White. 50k miles. Asking \$5K. Contact Gary Strahinic. 847-699-8188 or g.strahinic@gmail.com. [9/09- not an ISOA member]

•For Sale: 1980 Triumph TR8, Arizona car. Body straight, no damage or rust. British racing green, Partially restored. Beige custom interior, New door panels (not installed), New, carpeting, air conditioning and heater rebuilt, but not tested. Center console completely rebuilt (not installed), New top (some sun damage to rear plastic window). Runs, but 5th gear is noisy. May need brake work (the reservoir is cracked and the pressure switch is broken off master cylinder) Pictures available. Located in Streamwood. Cell 630-254-8489. email richaubert@gmail.com. [9/09]

•For Sale: Black Deluxe Carpet Kit for a TR7 convertible, Victoria British part # 9-9514-BL. Vicky Brit price is \$299. Asking \$125. This is a new in the box carpet. Call 630-254-8489 or email richaubert@gmail.com

•For Sale: Triumph 2000. Call Bill Elwood 217-423-3501 [10/09- not an ISOA member]

•For Sale: TR2, 3, 3A, 3B Upper A-Arms, Fulcrums, & Polyurethane bushings. Primed and painted. \$50.00 ea or \$200.00 for all. Trunions \$170.00. Ball Joint Assy \$122.00. Upper A-Arms bushing set - poly \$16.00, Rubber - \$7.00. TR4A Bumper Overriders \$80.00 Pat Lobdell Home Ph. 219/942-1263 Cell 219/798-5589 [10/09]

Happy Birthday

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

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Dave Lazarus 10/01 | Sandy Hurst 10/16 |
| Mike Bulfer 10/02 | Jill Burdette 10/17 |
| Jim Aldridge 10/05 | Yvonne Kolton 10/19 |
| George Loss 10/07 | Jack Gleason 10/21 |
| Marilyn Bailey 10/10 | Tom Morgan 10/22 |
| Bill Block 10/11 | Rick Betuker 10/22 |
| Peter Conover 10/11 | Doug Larson 10/26 |
| Dick Burdette 10/12 | Sue Paulsen 10/27 |
| Karen Rust 10/12 | Chuck Hall 10/27 |
| Gloria Cappetto 10/12 | Barb Billimack 10/31 |
| Mark Furse 10/14 | |

NEW MEMBERS

[memberships - 171; members - 242]

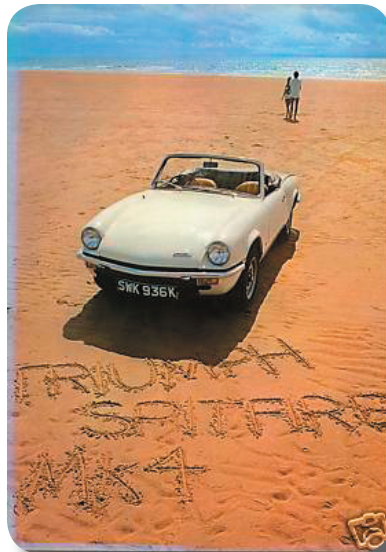
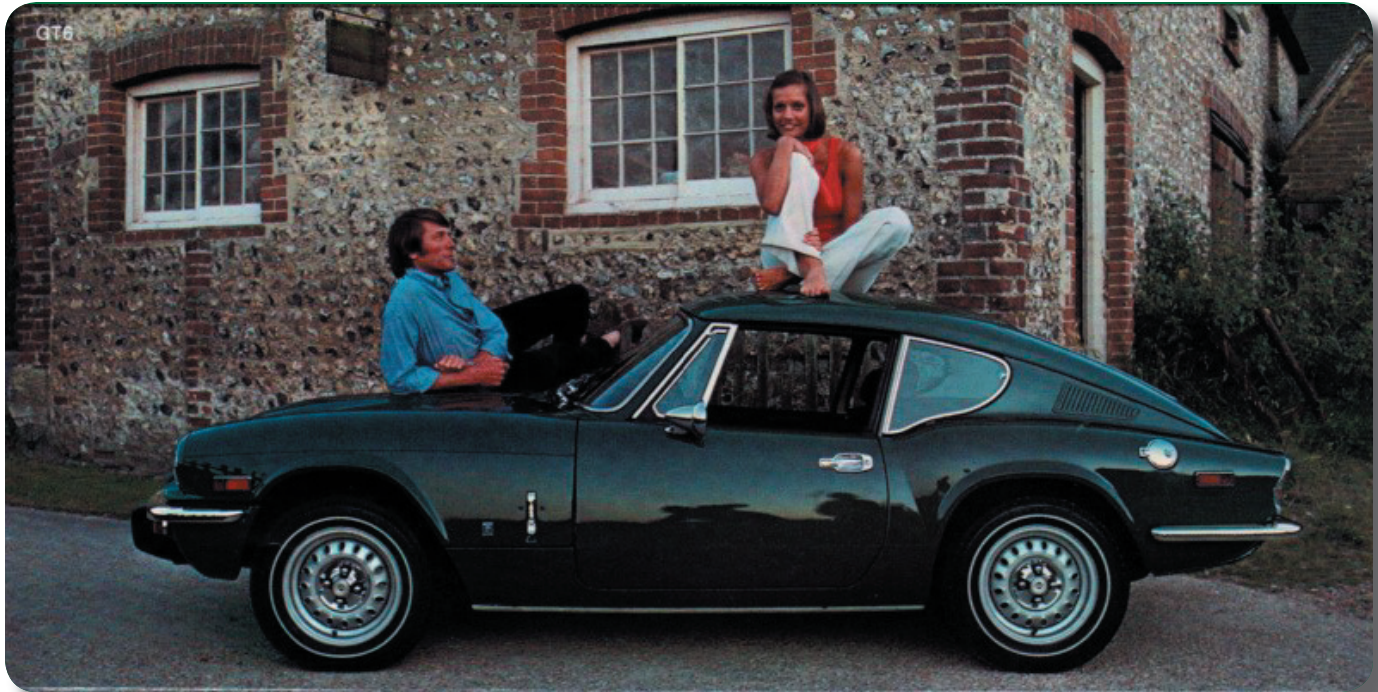
Matt Krajniak
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EMail: red72tr@gmail.com
72 TR6, 80 Spitfire 1500, 68 TR250

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THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

OCTOBER 2009



*BOB STREEPY, MURRAY BRUSKIN, STEVE YOTT, LARS SULLIVAN, AND JOE KAPLON AT
2008 TRA NATIONAL MEET, HURON, OHIO.*