



# SNIC BRAAAPP

SEPTEMBER 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*

## "UNCLE JACK" RETURNS TO ILLINOIS!

"WE MUST BE IN HEAVEN MAN"

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



**I**N YEARS TO COME, SUNDAY, August 2nd, will most certainly be referred to in ISOA lore as simply "The best day ever." It will be recalled as the time when the planets and stars aligned perfectly to provide perfect weather, great

people, and neat cars in one glorious afternoon to celebrate a most worthy cause.

The occasion was, of course, the return to Illinois of "Uncle Jack," the TTA Stag. Anyone who has so much as glanced at any issue of SNIC BRAAAPP over the last 18 months is certainly well aware that the Illinois Sports Owners Association has been integrally involved in the restoration of the vehicle that Englishman John Macartney is driving on his 1200 mile *continued on page 10*

### INSIDE YOUR SEPTEMBER

### SNIC BRAAAPP

- Con "TR" ibutions from across the Pond
- Dave Kanzler on Human Behavior
- A Night at the Opera - ISOA goes to Ravinia
- Dayton, Ohio, British Car Show

*Lots More Stuff*





## 2009 ORPHAN CAR SHOW

TEXT AND GRAPHICS  
BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY

ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, AN ESTIMATED 300 plus cars gathered on the Kendall County Fairgrounds, just west of Yorkville. The occasion was the annual Orphan Car Show and Picnic sponsored by the Chicagoland Corvair Club. The only vehicles allowed to participate are those whose manufacturers are no longer in business. Sadly, this year marked the first year that Pontiacs were allowed to participate, joining other recent entries such as Oldsmobile and Plymouth.

2009 also marked the first time

that the show was held on the county fairgrounds after being held for many years on the grounds of a private property in Aurora which has since been sold.

The organizers charge no admission and award no trophies, but they do provide barbeque grills and complimentary beverages to all who attend. They also sell raffle tickets to defray costs.

This year there were about 20 ISOA Triumphs on the show field, including all of the participants from this summer's trip to the "Tail of the Dragon" and who had only arrived home the preceding day. The weather was absolutely perfect and the grounds provided plenty of shade.

The Orphan Show has always been one of the most popular events on the ISOA calendar, and the new venue

has only made the event better. The chance to view more than 100 Corvairs [enough to give Ralph Nader nightmares], plus Packards, Studebakers, Kaisers, Hudsons, Ramblers, and Edsels, along with some really unusual vehicles from around the world only occurs at this show. The atmosphere is extremely casual and relaxed [so much so that one of our members actually dozed off during the afternoon], and many of us spent as much time chatting among ourselves as we did checking out the cars.

Spectacular weather, nostalgic cars, and friendly people all added up to make this one of the most pleasant events of the year.

*Suds*

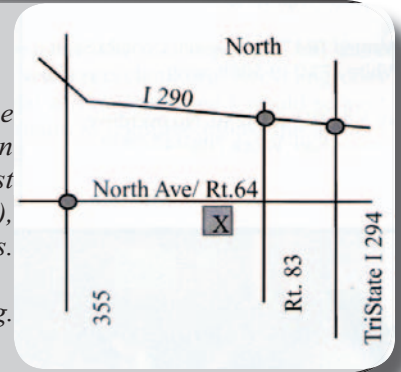




## ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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
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 Clinic (Revcore Radiator?)
Nov.	1st	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00] Toys for Tots
Dec.	6th	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00]
Jan.	3rd	Sun.	7:00 PM	ISOA General Membership Meeting [Board 5:00] Big Bash '10

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

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. Consult your health care professional if you experience nausea, severe depression or diarrhea after reading SNIC BRAAAPP. Questions, comments, concerns, or great thoughts should be directed to:

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

NEWS AND VIEWS

FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE



**Y**ESTERDAY JAY HOLEKAMP AND I brought my “new” 1963 TR4 home for the first time.

It was a bit reminiscent of bringing a newborn home: month’s of anticipation, the pride and excitement, the nervousness, and, of course, cleaning up the mess. Would the older kids [in this case Casper and Lucille], accept their new sibling?

I had rearranged the garage to make room for the TR4 and carefully laid out my plan of attack. Over the next few weeks, I would remove various bits [the interior, the dash, the wiring harness, the engine/transmission] in preparation for a sojourn to Kayson’s Triumph Emporium in Missouri where some [?] bodywork would take place.

The drive train would stay behind for rebuilding at the Silver Lake Triumph Centre and then be transported to Missouri. There, I would pull the tub off the frame, rebuild the chasis, suspension, and hydraulics. Then, we would remount and align the body and drop the rebuilt engine and trans into the freshly resprayed body shell before trailering it home for the finishing touches. The ETA for all of this is the spring of 2011, but that, like the weather in the Midwest, or my decision on what color to paint the car, is

subject to change, depending not on atmospheric but rather upon financial conditions.

The plan all seemed so simple, like the principles of Euclid, and so infallible. The only quandary was that the legal tender required to execute this master plan was absent. The initial funding was based on the sale of Casper, not the world’s nicest TR3 - just the most expensive. I had followed the sales of TR3’s from the big auctions as well on eBay, and I figured the car shouldn’t have any trouble finding a new home at a figure that would satisfy any financial obligations incurred in the restoration. In effect, I would be “trading” a TR3 for a freshly restored TR4 and gaining rack and pinion steering and rollup windows in the bargain.

In 2008, Jay Holekamp and I were able to locate a buyer for Tim Smith’s TR250 without too much difficulty on eBay, and we also “flipped” a nice TR6 for a decent piece of change after some minor “refreshing.” Why, I reasoned, shouldn’t I be able to do the same with my TR3? After all, it was a Concours winner, and, even though the restoration was few years old, it still looked pretty good and managed 365/400 points to take home a Senior trophy in Ypsilanti.

The answer, I have come to accept, is that there is extreme bias against whites in this country. [Pat Buchanan may actually be on to something.] One guy from Michigan actually said, “It sure is white.” [This after seeing photos of the car in advance.] Then, there was the guy from Oklahoma who offered to buy it – *twice* and backed out both times because he apparently realized he didn’t have enough money to pay the price he had already agreed to.

Last week there was a guy who flew in from the east coast, drove the car, gave me a deposit, and then called the following morning telling me he had buyer’s remorse because he really wanted a green car. I was once again reminded of a maxim I learned early on as a real estate agent: “Buyers are Liars!”

I won’t burden you with a listing of all the flakes that offered up unsolicited questions, comments, or great thoughts from eBay [e.g. “Are you sure that’s the correct tachometer? The one I had in my Herald back ’68 didn’t look like that.”] I have come to realize that if selling anything on eBay, it is advisable to develop a “thick skin” and to refrain from hitting the send key after you write your first [or second] reply that begins “Dear Asshole,”

At any rate, Casper is still residing in the SNIC BRAAAPP Towers carriage house, and to be perfectly honest, I really don’t mind. In the meantime, I have begun to strip out the four in preparation for its resurrection.

Peter Egan, our all-time favorite wordsmith, has referred to the initial disassembly of a project car as the “vandalism phase,” and as always, his metaphor is spot on. So far my plundering has yielded, a Sears Die Hard receipt circa 1966, some loose change, a map of Cleveland, a couple of empty matchbooks, and two [2!] church keys vintage 1965, not to mention the abandoned residence of some rodents, and I’ve only just begun.

Now, it’s off to Farm and Fleet for another case of PB Blaster, a gross of zip locks, and a couple more Sharpies.

*Suds*



ON HUMAN BEHAVIOR

By Dave "Rumpus" Kanzler

FULL DISCLOSURE: SO AS TO avoid any lawsuits or a severe scolding on the Oprah show, I should note that this article was inspired by a column by *New York Times* columnist David Brooks.

There are many different models for human behavior. The most recent theories center around evolutionary psychology - as in most of our behavior is hardwired due to millions of years of evolution. It works like this: men are hard wired to like younger women with big breasts because breast size indicates fertility, and younger women can bear more children. Women like older men who "show how much surplus wealth they have" (ie. big tippers) because they presumably are better providers. While this theory perfectly explains the existence of the "Hooters" restaurant chain (from both the men's and waitress' perspective), it has little practical value since it won't buy you a free pass from your wife if she catches you staring at the cleavage of your son's girlfriend.

The foremost proponent of this theory is Geoffrey Miller who has just written a book called, *Spent* where he says that "driving an Acura, Infiniti, Subaru, or Volkswagen is a sign of high intelligence, while driving a Cadillac, Chrysler, Ford or Hummer is a sign of low intelligence." My daily driver is an Infiniti, which means I'm smart, and



by associative reasoning since I also drive a Triumph, driving a Triumph must also be a sign of high intelligence. So far so good. But then he goes on to say that "listening to Bjork is a sign of high intelligence, while listening to Lynyrd Skynyrd is a sign of low intelligence," which is crap because I've listened to Lynyrd Skynyrd many times while driving my TR6, and I would sooner drive it off a cliff than pop in a Bjork C.D. So much for evolutionary psychology.

Another theory of behavior was taught by the nuns during my Catholic school days, and it says that all human behavior is a battle between good and evil. So cars with back seats are bad, and cars with no back seats are good, ergo most Triumphs are good, but Heralds and Stags are bad. My very Catholic father once embarrassed me in front of my high school girlfriend by pointing to the handbrake on my TR6 (which was set) and saying, "I'm glad your virginity protector is up." I found out that, notwithstanding the handbrake

and two small seats, if there is a will, there is a way. Good behavior be damned. So much for that theory.

A third model of human behavior, that of the "rational man," is the basis for all economic theory and it says we all make coolly rational choices. Recently, two economists won the Nobel prize for debunking much of the rational man theory with "groundbreaking research" proving that people often act irrationally. Well, DUHHHH. If humans were rational beings, ISOA members would be driving late model Mini's or Honda S2000's with airbags, anti-lock brakes, and stability/traction control, instead of rickety old Triumphs. So much for the rational man theory.

I'm not smart enough to offer my own theory of human behavior. All I know is that I just like driving my TR6 on a sunny day with the stereo blasting "Free Bird"; and as the attached photo shows, you never know what nice people you might meet.

*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  
SEX, LIES AND CAR ADVERTS



BY TONY BEADLE  
ISOA INTERNATIONAL BUREAU CHIEF  
& UK SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS ISSUE'S debate, let us assume for a moment that you wish to sell one of your classic Triumph cars (other makes of old British automobiles are available and can also be included in this supposition). On the face of it this is a fairly straightforward process; you simply have to find somebody who wants to buy such a car and has access to sufficient funds to meet your valuation. What could possibly be easier than that?

The first port of call will undoubtedly be those club members who, over the past year or so, have constantly expressed a desire to purchase your car no matter what the cost. You know, the people who said: "If you ever decide to sell it, don't forget to let me have the first refusal." However, when approached at the next club meeting, they are inevitably the very first to give you a refusal, usually offering one of the following lame excuses:

"Just had to pay a fortune for my eldest kid's dental work and then there's the college fees coming up, you know how it is..."

Or: "Your timing couldn't

have been worse, my ex-wife's lawyer has just gotten her alimony payments doubled. You know how it is..."

Or: "My accountant screwed up the company's tax return and I've just been hit with a huge demand for immediate payment, you know how it is..."

Or: "The wealthy aunt who promised to leave me everything in her will has changed her mind and is giving it all to a cat's charity instead. You know how it is..."

These, or similar phrases, are accompanied by a shamefaced expression with eyes twitching left and right, seeking out the nearest exit by which they can make good their escape from your withering glare. They know that their credibility has been totally destroyed and there is nothing they can do to rectify the situation. In the face of such humiliation, the usual reaction is for said miscreant to mumble "Sorry and all that..." and then slink slowly away with his head bowed.

In the unlikely event that you do manage to find a potential buyer amongst the disparate group of club members you previously regarded as being true enthusiasts (as well as good friends), the asking price is guaranteed to be a major obstacle. On hearing your opening gambit, their eyes roll upwards in mock astonishment and they utter just two words, both dripping with exaggerated incredulity: "How much...?" The tone of voice going up a couple of octaves towards the end of the question to emphasise their astonishment at such blatant rapacity. This is invariably followed by a wry grin, a slight shrug of the shoulders, and then a pitiful offer of less than half of what you (and they) know the car is really worth.

Faced with such buyer resistance, occasionally there is the temptation to approach a specialist classic car dealer – a knowledgeable and kindly expert who will surely understand and

appreciate the time, effort and money that has gone into your prize possession and therefore value it accordingly, right? In your dreams maybe, but never in real life!

Admittedly, the dealer has to ensure that there is a reasonable profit margin in the deal otherwise he would soon be out of business, but it is amazing how many inherent faults were supposedly built into your car once you want to sell it to a trader. The typical reaction is a sharp intake of breath and the head mournfully shaking from side to side: "Unfortunately, there's no demand for this model, what with its poor driveshafts and troublesome brakes, everyone wants the later (or earlier – whichever one yours is not!) version. I suppose you've had all the usual problems with the transmission jumping out of second gear, blown head gaskets and overheating?"

Ignoring your protestations that the car is in perfect condition, the dealer will probably look off into the far distance, allowing his discouraging words to fully sink in to your dismayed subconscious, and then start rubbing his chin thoughtfully before saying: "OK, I'll tell you what I'll do for you." After a second pause for dramatic effect, adding: "Strictly between you and me, you understand, because I don't want to get known as being a soft touch in this business. As a special favour I'll give you X. Cash in your hand, take it or leave it." The offer is another derisory sum, probably even less than your so-called friend's amount, but nothing you say can persuade the hard-hearted dealer to increase his bid. His parting shot as you head out of the office will be: "You won't get a better offer anywhere else."

At this point the only option left is to advertise the car – another comparatively uncomplicated procedure, or so you might assume. You simply write out an honest description of the car, choose a nice photo, decide which classic car magazine or internet site to place it with, then sit back and wait for the offers to flood in. And, because most specialist magazines and websites nowadays offer free advertising you



just can't lose. Sadly, even allowing for the fact that your advert doesn't cost anything, using the internet in this way can quickly become a minefield.

The main culprits seem to be those websites who (allegedly) sell on e-mail address to junk mail companies that inundate your inbox with spam. More than one person I know ended up getting over 100 unwanted e-mails a day and had to generate a new address to get round the problem. Then there is the additional hazard of strange e-mails received from people who at first glance appear to be exceedingly eager to buy your car, but use some very weird English:

"I am Herbert. a senior architect in the England government. Your fine car is the one I want in red, my daughters birthday demands it from you, help me with the last price, where is she and when, a certified cashiers cheque will go there so fast. God bless your reply with haste and speediness between us."

Ignoring the dubious use of our Queen's language, this type of message always contains characteristic expressions that should immediately make you suspicious. To begin with, no genuine British or American buyer would state his name and profession up front in such a manner. Next, the person sending the e-mail is always buying the car on behalf of a third party, never for themselves. And notice the fact that they ask for the 'last' price – not your 'best' or 'lowest' price – another giveaway. But the clincher is the proposal to pay by certified cashier's cheque drawn on a foreign bank.

This scam is designed to operate by showing that the money has apparently been transferred to your account, thus enabling you to release the car. Tragically, a couple of weeks later, it usually turns out that the funds were actually credited against a forged cheque and the bank informs you that it has bounced. The end result is that you have no money and, more importantly, no car. So be on your guard!

But it is not all 'doom and gloom' – far from it. As we all know, classic cars are bought and sold every day of the year all over the world without any hassle whatsoever. There are plenty of genuine enthusiasts out there who share our love of old vehicles and it is only a small minority who will try to cheat you. Finding the right buyer might occasionally be rather difficult but it is seldom impossible to sell a good example of a classic automobile providing both the vendor and purchaser are prepared to be realistic about the market value.

What's that? You want to know what has happened to the 'Sex' mentioned at the top of the page? Well I had to think of some way to retain your attention and make sure you kept on reading until the very end of this dithyrambic dissertation didn't I? As I often tell my bemused son: "The old jokes are still the best!"

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## ISOA TECHNICAL EXSPURTS

TR3	Bill " <b>Whizmo</b> " Pyle 630/773-4806
TR4	Pat " <b>PowerBuldge</b> " Lobdell 219/942-1263
TR4A/ 250	Steve " <b>Drippy</b> " Yott 262/997-0701
TR6 (Early)	Jeff " <b>Stalker</b> " Rust 815/874-5623
TR6 (Late)	Irv " <b>Elwood</b> " Korey 847/831 2809
TR7	Phil " <b>Factor</b> " Fox 630/662-7721
TR8	Tim " <b>Tool Man</b> " Buja 815/332-3119
Spitfire - [Early]	Joe " <b>Stagmeister</b> " Pawlak 847/683-9683
Spitfire - [Late]	Bill " <b>Mr. Bill</b> " Jensen 815/729-9731
GT6	Dave " <b>Snake</b> " Shedor 847/937-5078
Stag	Joe " <b>Stagmeister</b> " Pawlak 847/683-9683
Machinist	Bob " <b>Opera Man</b> " Crowley 630/355-2170
Electrical Paint, Body,	Joe " <b>Stagmeister</b> " Pawlak 847/683-9683

### WALNUT COVE

BY MARK CULLUM





A NIGHT AT THE OPERA  
 BY JACK BILLIMACK,  
 AS TOLD TO BOB STREEPY  
 GRAPHICS BY THE AUTHOR



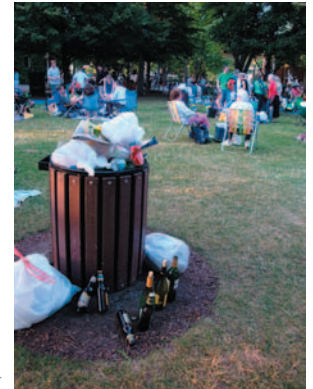
**D**EMONSTRATING ONCE AGAIN, AS if there were ever any doubt, that ISOA is a class act, several Coventry Irregulars, including four in Triumphs, gathered at Chez Elwood in Highland Park on Sunday evening, July 25th, to sip fermented grape juice and nibble on cheese prior to attending a piano recital at Ravinia. The entourage included the aforementioned Korey clan, Jack and Barb Billimack, Bill and Kim Jensen, Joe and Emily Kaplon, Mike and Bonnie Bulfer, and Pat Lobdel and

Marilyn Munoz. The group visited and enjoyed refreshments before caravanning to Ravinia Station where they boarded shuttle busses to the park. It should be dully noted that Elwood drove his TR6 to the bus stop, thus marking the first ISOA function at which he has appeared in a Triumph in recent memory. It was also the first time that Elwood, who has lived in Highland Park since the Eisenhower Era, ever attended a concert at Ravinia.

The group was joined by Jack and Mary Lou Gleason at the park where they were met by Peter "Maestro" Conover, who had roped off an area for the ISOA



culture lovers to set up their chairs to enjoy the musical stylings of internationally famous pianist Lang Lang. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra backed Lang Lang, and the music, according to renowned critic Jack Billimack, wasn't bad. The weather like the entertainment was pleasant, and according to all those attended, such a good time was had by all that Irv said that he might even go again.



*Spuds & Suds*

## The 2010 ISOA Calendars are Here!

Through the efforts of over a dozen members we actually got picture submissions on time. Chock full of your favourite cars. The cost for this full colour calendar remains at it's 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 are available.*

Shipping & Handling if home delivery is desired is \$1.75.  
*For one calendar, additional calendar shipping extra.*







# EURO-AUTOFEST

TEXT AND GRAPHICS

BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



ON AN OVERCAST October day, despite the fact that the calendar said that it was August, several Coventry Irregulars, including Jay Holekamp [TR4], Steve Matteson [TR6], and your humble and

obedient scribe [TR3] elected to attend the first Euro-Auto Fest held at the Oak Brook Promenade on Saturday, August 22nd. We were joined there by Frank Cartwright, Don Sheldon and Dave Catris, who showed up sans Triumph to check out the cars.

The show attracted about 30 cars of European lineage, including British, Italian, and German marques. The cars ranged in age from the early 50s to a 2010 Fiat with manufacturer's plates that is not scheduled



to hit the showroom for another year.

The event was held in the parking lot of a shopping mall at the intersection of Butterfield and Meyers Roads in Oak Brook. The organizers provided recorded music and offered to dedicate one of the cruise nights they hold in the western burbs exclusively for Triumphs and ISOA next summer. [They seemed intrigued at the prospect of booking the world's greatest parody/cover band to perform live.]

While the temps struggled to reach the 70s, it was actually quite pleasant to roam



around checking out cars in late August and not feel as if you were strolling around in a sauna.

The first year of any event is always somewhat of a crapshoot, and this was no exception. The number of cars was certainly disappointing, but the fact that the venue was close by and the weather was pleasant offset the diminutive turnout.

The show ran from 10:00 to 3:30, but we did not stay around for the awards presentation, although the trophies on display appeared to be quite nice, and we were told that the door prizes were generous. Hope-

fully, the word of mouth will spread among the car clubs there, including ISOA, that the show is worth continuing next year, and we can make our presence felt to a greater extent.



Suds





*continued from page 1*

transcontinental odyssey to raise funds to fight Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. We have attempted to chronicle the TRials and TRibulations of the restoration on these pages over the last year and half, and the monthly ISOA meetings have been largely devoted to reports from members of the restoration team on the progress [and in one disastrous instance] the regress of the project.

Macartney had driven Uncle Jack to the site of its resurrection on the Friday evening before the gathering in Burlington. He had already completed approximately one third of his expedition, and thus far, the car had performed flawlessly as he made his way across the eastern portion of the United States and Canada. On Saturday, August 1st, project manager Joe Pawlak and several members of the restoration team performed some routine maintenance on the car and repaired a recalcitrant alternator in order to assure that the remainder of the trip would, hopefully, go as well.

Sunday morning, Macartney and the TTA Stag arrived at Burlington Municipal Park, and soon the grassy ridge along the northern edge of the park was filled to overflowing with more than 75 British cars that drove out to the countryside to meet Macartney and to see the Stag that created such a buzz in the world of LBC aficionados. The parking lot of the park was also jammed with "civilian" cars whose owners had come to view the sportscars and learn about PTSD.

For many of us, it was the first opportunity to meet in person the man

with whom we had corresponded over the last two years. Macartney proved to be every bit as gracious and entertaining in person as he was in cyberspace, and he spent much of the day meeting and greeting all who had come to support his philanthropic effort. He posed for pictures with the Stag, and he answered all sorts of questions about his mission and also chatted about his days as an employee of Standard Triumph.

By noon the crowd probably exceeded 200, and Chefs Bill Jensen and Jack Gleason announced that lunch was about to be served. Thanks to the yeowoman efforts of Kathy Pawlak, Kim Jensen, and Vickie Korey, a sumptuous spread was laid out, and people lined up for a great meal. Jerry Hurst served as the Sgt. at Arms to "remind" anyone



eating that a "donation" was expected to offset the cost of the food and to provide a contribution to the Sidran Institute in Baltimore, Maryland, a non-profit PTSD organization that is the primary beneficiary of the Triumph Trans-AmeriCa

Charity Drive.

While most enjoyed lunch, others ambled among the cars that included mostly, but not all, ISOA cars. There were MGs, Lotuses, an XKE, a Land Rover, and even a Ford F350 diesel [with its bonnet up in order to "admire" the engine?] on display. The skies were cloud free, the temperature was in the upper 70s, and there was no humidity. In short, the atmosphere was simply perfect.



About 2:30 your humble and obedient scribe introduced Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak, who spoke briefly about the TTA Stag restoration before turning the microphone over to John Macartney. To no one's surprise, Macartney proved to be an excellent keynote speaker, and he informed and entertained the crowd for several minutes about his days at Standard Triumph before getting serious about his mission to raise money for charity. John told the crowd that PTSD is not only a disease affecting military personnel, but civilians as well, especially children. It was evident that he spoke from the heart, which was not surprising since he himself has been treated for PTSD. Everyone in attendance was visibly moved by his message, and the donation can received some additional contributions following his talk.

Then it was once again time for the microphone to be given back to me, and it was my privilege as current ISOA CEO to present John with an honorary ISOA membership kit which included a magnet for "Uncle Jack," a windshield decal, and a Spinal Tappets t-shirt, featuring their new logo - a shift pattern that goes to 11.



Fisher on harmonica, Peter “Maestro” Conover” on bass, Mike “Wheelman” Konopka on guitar and Jim “Screamer” Aldridge on guitar and vocals. Mike “Hands” Blonder worked the sound-board. The set list included eleven tunes [one more than ten] and featured some new material that was written especially for this performance and included: *TR6* [Sharp Dressed Man], *Flatbed Parts*, & *Money* [Lawyers, Guns, and Money], *Johnny’s Got a Brand New Stag* [Papa’s Got a Brand New Bag], *Losing My*

After that, I introduced the world’s greatest parody/garage/cover band – The internationally reknowned Spinal Tappets. We observed that it was altogether fitting and proper to have a rock band playing since it was the 40th anniversary of the “music and art fair” held at Yasgur’s dairy farm in upstate New York, although this time the only drugs being passed around were Lipitor and Glucosamine. The incarnation that came on stage was slightly different from the one that has earned worldwide acclaim. The band’s regular drummer, Dave “Stumpy Joe” Kayson, was recovering from yet another bout of his recurring episodes of spontaneous combustion. In his place, keyboardist Dan “Wrongway” Swanson moved over to the percussion section. [The Little Wrongways were decked out in custom Tappets t-shirts much to the delight of the grandmas in attendance.] The rest of the lineup was the usual with Mark “Silo”



*Transmission* [Losing My Religion], *Beer Run* [Long Run], *You’ve Got to Call up Triple A* [You’ve Got to Hide Your Love Away], *Old Time TR3* [Old Time Rock and Roll], *Back in the USSR*, *TR Man* [Nowhere Man], *Land of the Rising Sun*, [House of the Rising Sun] and *ISOA* [Y.M.C.A.], at which time the Tappettes [Sheri Pyle, Kathy Pawlak, Jenny



Pawlak, and Kim Jensen] broke into an impromptu dance, to the even greater delight of the crowd.

After the band completed its set, the crowd began to thin out, and by late afternoon, the park was pretty well deserted. As we prepared to make our way back to SNIC BRAAAPP Towers, we paused for a moment to visit with Jack “Spuds” Billimack and reflect over the last two years. We both agreed that



the sense of accomplishment we felt, even though our involvement paled in comparison to that of many, was akin to the feeling we experienced after a successful VTR convention. There had been months, even years of hard work and sacrifice by many club members that had gone into making the event a success, and the TTA Stag project was no different. Countless members of our club had toiled anonymously for this cause for 18 months. There certainly were times, especially after the gearbox failed, when we all wondered whether the project would succeed and if it was worth the effort. After this event, that question was most clearly answered once and for all in the affirmative.

*Suds*





## A TR DRIVE TO DAYTON - TWO WORLD CLASS MUSEUMS AND A FINE BRITISH CAR SHOW

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY JAY HOLEKAMP



LATE ON THE MORNING OF THURSDAY, July 30, 2009, Jay Holekamp ('64 TR4), Steve Yott ('67 TR4A) and Murray Bruskin ('60 TR3A) departed Wheaton and set out to drive to Dayton, Ohio. Most of the route chosen was along "blue highways." The weather could not have been better for top-down travel along the two-lane roads between the corn fields – until we reached the Indiana / Ohio state line. At this point, heavy rain and wind caused by massive thunderstorms caused the weather gear to go up, and we drove the last seventy-five miles under dark, very wet skies. No one was unhappy to arrive at our lodging in Dayton.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, and after wiping the rain water off the TRs (which made car washing unnecessary), we drove a short distance to the National Museum of the US Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Murray had previously mentioned that to see the display of several Presidential Aircraft, we needed to register to enter the secure area of the Air Force Base, so we were standing at the doors when the museum opened. The collection has a Boeing VC-137C known as SAM (Special Air Mission) 26000, the aircraft that served as Air Force One on the day of President John F. Kennedy's assassination, which stands as the centerpiece of the Presidential Gallery. In addition to Air Force One, we toured and saw the presidential aircraft

of Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Douglas VC-54C, named Sacred Cow, Harry Truman, a Douglas VC-118, called Independence and Dwight Eisenhower, a Lockheed VC-121E (a Connie), named Columbine III. Five smaller presidential planes and four other aircraft were also on display. The rest of the vast collection is housed in three huge hangers, and it's easily possible to spend several days at the museum – the best military aircraft museum in the world.

The next day, Saturday, we were among the first British cars to arrive at the 25th British Car Day at Five Rivers Metropark, Dayton. The event was cosponsored by the Miami Valley Triumph Club and the MG Club of SW Ohio Centre. The location was outstanding – all grass with almost total shade from mature oak trees alongside a pleasant river. With the exceptionally mild and sunny weather and the excellent venue, it was a good as it gets car show experience. There were just over 350 British cars registered, with 16 TR6s, 14 TR4/250s, 12 TR2/3s, over 30



Spitfires, 8 GT6s, a Herald and a Stag. 20 Sunbeam Tigers had gathered to be certified genuine by a nation-wide team of Tiger experts. Apparently, the conversion of Alpines into Tigers is becoming common as Tigers become more valuable. There was a very large group of MGs of the usual varieties, but the star of



the show turned out to be a Volkswagen Bug with a see-through wrought-iron body. Everyone wanted a photo of this unusual car. In mid afternoon Murray left to return home, and Steve and I decided to drive up to Auburn, Indiana, to visit the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Museum.

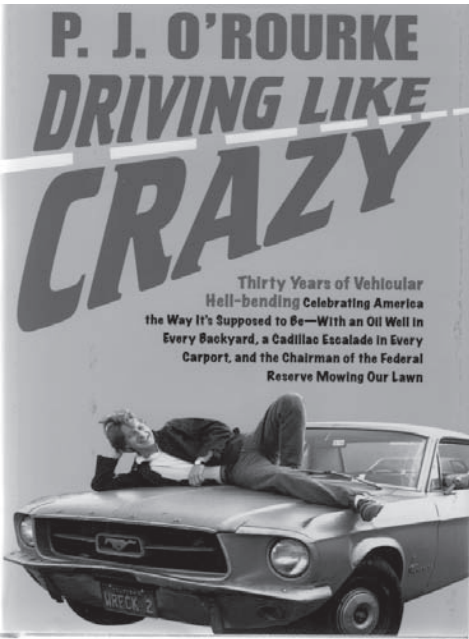
We were at the museum shortly after it opened on Sunday morning, and although we both had been there before, we spent an enjoyable three hours looking at the exceptionally beautiful classic automobiles in the Auburn Automobile Company factory showroom and offices – a striking building and a National Historic Landmark. We were happy to see a TR3A displayed in the museum for



an auction later in the year. As we were leaving, Lou Metelko, who we'd seen at Dayton, drove up in his excellent ice blue / geranium '54 TR2, and we had a pleasant visit. Our trip home was mostly along US 8, a good two-lane road across rural northern Indiana, once again with fine cool sunny weather. The trip odometer on my TR4 showed 729 miles when I shut down in the garage in Wheaton, after a fine TR driving weekend.



*Jay "Cannonball" Holekamp*



DRIVING LIKE CRAZY

BY P.J. O'ROURKE

HARDBOUND 255 PP

\$24.00 [LESS ON AMAZON]

P.J. O'ROURKE IS CERTAINLY NO stranger to many ISOA readers. If he had never written another sentence, he would be immortalized in Coventry Irregular lore for his masterpiece parody, National Lampoon's 1964 *High School Yearbook*. However, he has authored an additional twelve books, including *Parliament of Whores* and *Give War a Chance*, both of which were number one on the New York Times bestseller list. His latest opus *Driving Like Crazy – Thirty Years of Vehicular*

*Hell-bending*, is a collection of pieces that he wrote for *Car and Driver*, *Automobile*, and *Esquire*, among others.

O'Rourke, the son and grandson of Ohio car dealers, is clearly a car guy, and his knowledge of automotive history is extensive. He also possesses some very interesting opinions on the current state of the auto industry in America and is never reluctant to call the car-makers [and government] into question over their policies on providing us with vehicles that we might actually want to own. His vision of the automotive future in the United States, exceedingly bleak to say the least, appears to hold a beige Prius in every driveway.

The book takes its reader through an entertaining collage of road trips that O'Rourke chronicled over the last thirty or so years. In doing so, the reader cannot help but notice the maturation of the author as he adapts to the changes brought about by 1) aging, 2) socially accepted practices, and 3) car design. The introduction to the book, entitled *The End of the American Car*, is particularly poignant for all car enthusiasts, whether your preference runs to Triumphs, Mustangs, or Packards. His first entry in the anthology is entitled "How to Drive Fast on Drugs While getting your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink" from a piece in National Lampoon written in 1978. The second chapter, a follow-up written three decades later, is entitled "How to Drive Fast When the Drugs Are Mostly Lipitor; the Wing-Wang Needs More Squeezing Than It Used to Before It Gets the Idea,

and Spilling Your Drink Is No Problem If You Keep the Sippy Cups from When Your Kids Were Toddlers and Leave the Baby Seat in the Back Seat so that When You Get Pulled Over You Look Like a Perfectly Innocent Grandparent." It clearly reflects some of the above-mentioned changes.

There are also entries on motorcycle excursions, a couple of Baja races, road trips in India and the Philippines, and a proposal to create a national road for car lovers. His final entry, about a family vacation in a 2009 Ford Flex clearly shows that his skills are still every bit as sharp as ever. His writing style is uproarious, and his manipulation of the language achieves maximum humor. It puts him almost, in my opinion, in a league with Peter Egan, Dave Barry or Jean Shepherd.

O'Rourke has crafted a curmudgeonly image in recent years, not unlike the aforementioned Sheperd. He frequently shows up on TV and in print, and the right wing views he expresses in his diatribes against "the gummint" are probably quite well received by the Rush Limbaugh/Sean Hannity crowd, but as



for this aging [somewhat] left-of center reviewer, I'd prefer a little less of the Palinesque "Obama is Pinko" rhetoric. In the SNIC BRAAAPP literary "Spanner-o-Meter" we give it three and half ratchets.

*Suds*

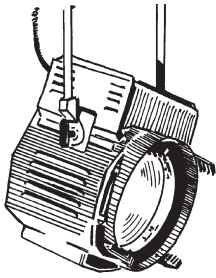




## SPOTLIGHT ON TR4A

SIXTEENTH IN AN  
OCCASIONAL SERIES

BY BOB  
"SUDS" STREEPY

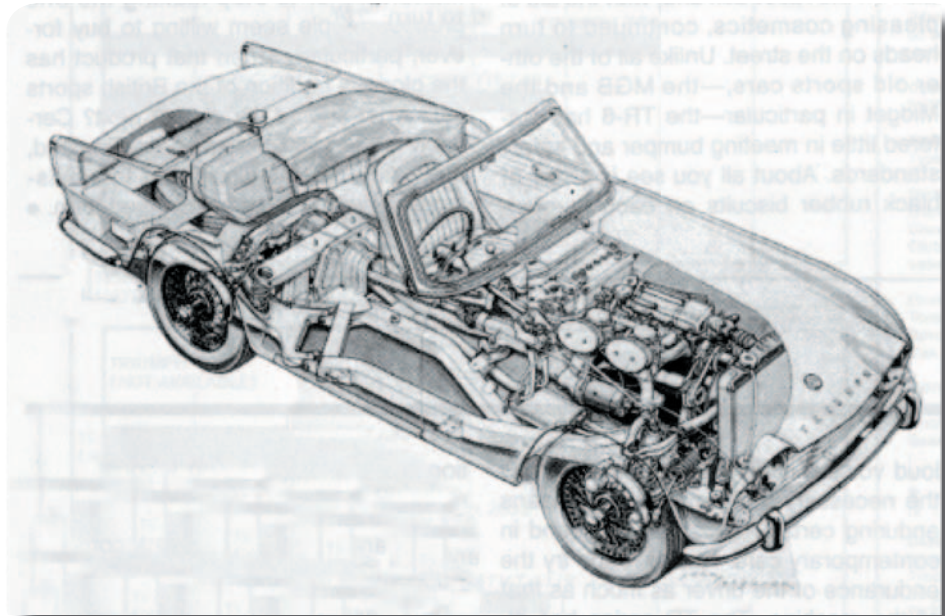


**B**Y THE MID 60s, TRIUMPH ENGINEERS were forced to accept the fact that the chassis on the TR4, which was largely unchanged since the debut of the TR2 in 1954, was getting pretty long in the tooth. After building more than 40,000 ladder framed TR4s, Triumph announced their new and improved TR4A in March of 1965. The car now featured an independent rear suspension, as indicated by the letter IRS on the rear trunk deck.

In fact, the 4A was a much more sophisticated car than the TR4 it replaced, although the external differences were quite subtle. The most telling differences were the presence of side-mounted turn signals and a wider space between the front bumper over riders. An astute observer would also notice the tubular grille, rather than the flimsy stamped version, was also of a different design.



The front badging changed from the book emblem in use for a decade to a globe design mounted on the center of the bonnet. But the real change was in the design of the frame and the layout of the rear suspension, which would be the model for TR250s and TR6s to come for more than a decade.



Cast semi-trailing arms pivoted on the frame, and the leaf springs of the earlier cars were replaced by coil springs. Interestingly enough, the early cars exported to North America had a hybrid rear suspension system with a solid axle and leaf springs allegedly to try to save money. Apparently, the US dealers did not think that improved handling was necessary, but it was widely held they also feared that American mechanics would not be able to figure out how to service the more complex suspension. The front suspension remained largely unchanged from the later TR4s.

Under the bonnet, the tractor motor 4A used the same Stromberg carbs fitted to the late TR4s and now boasted 104 ponies as a result of reprofiling the cam and employing a free flow exhaust. The emergency brake was now activated by a center pull lever instead of the "flyaway" version dating back to the TR2, and the polarity was changed to negative ground to enable the use of an alternator instead of the generators that had been attached to the tractor motors since the days of the Jabeke Speed Run.

The interior had a wooden dash, optional on later TR4s, and there were some minor changes on the instrumentation. There was no longer a separate button for the starter, but instead, the ignition key activated the starter. Another major change was to the construction of

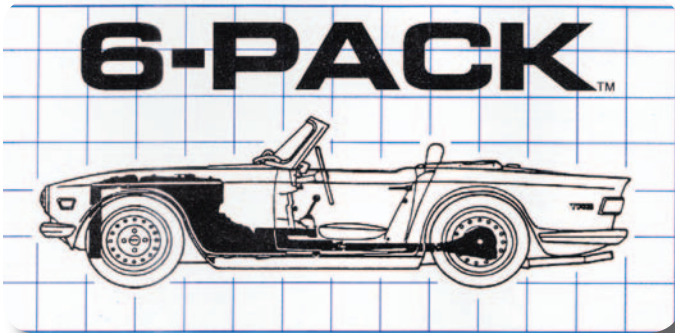
the seats. The TR4 had switched from the barrel back TR3 style, bedspring bottomed seats to tubular seat frames with foam padding in 1963, and the TR4A now added additional padding to the bolsters as well as to the center dash support.

The TR4A top was also changed. Technically the 4A was no longer a roadster since the top remained permanently attached to the top frame, unlike in the TR4. The mechanism was a bit more involved, but it stowed the top behind the seats thus providing greater cargo space in the trunk.

According to author Richard Newton in *The Illustrated Triumph Buyer's Guide*, "...people buy [TR4As] for reasons other than high quality materials and good looks. They buy them because they're fun to drive and don't cost bales of money. The 4A brought the original TR concept to its peak and those models which followed, while better in some ways, were in other ways worse, and withal not the same."

Still, the engine had not been substantially changed for over ten years, and the critics, who argued that the tractor motor was obsolete were growing in number. By 1967 it, was time to respond.

Next time – The TR250



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



The Second Annual Kansasville, Wisconsin,  
Colour Tour and Campout/Motelin  
[With Side Trip to a local 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

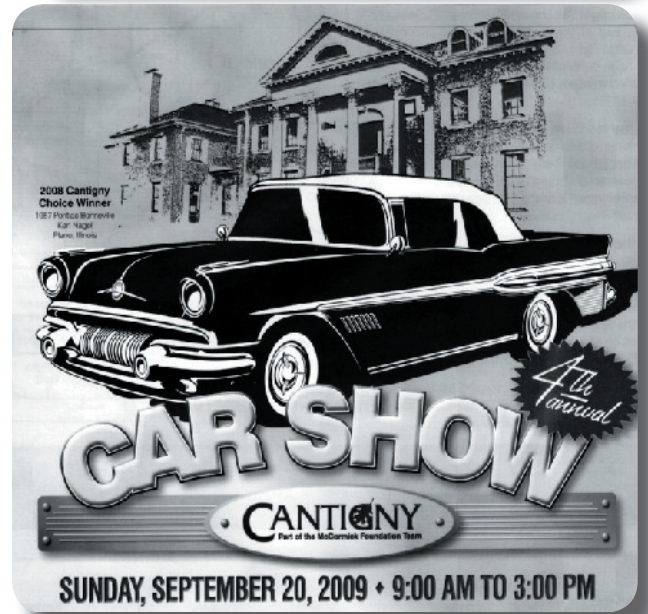
1810 S. Beaumont Ave., Kansasville, WI 53139-9512

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.]



Leave from Holecamp's  
[133 Danada Dr, Wheaton]  
8:30 AM

COMING IN THE OCTOBER SNIC BRAAAPP

•Tail of the Dragon

•BCU

•Con "TR" ibutions from Across the Pond

•Cantigny

•Sir Bentley's "Advice to the Shopworn"

•White TRash Nite '09

Lots More Stuff

On sale at tackier newstands October 1st



Dear Editor,

We here at the Federal Economic Center of Excessive Stimulation [FECES] are pleased to announce a program designed exclusively for members of ISOA. It is patterned after the wildly popular "Cash for Clunkers" program and is entitled "Bucks for Beaters." We have designed a new set of paradigms based, not on fuel consumption, but on oil usage [and leakage] for which all Triumphs should qualify. Any 1954-81 British import that burns, leaks, or otherwise consumes more than 1 quart per 100 miles qualifies for a government check of \$1.37 towards the purchase of any silver Buick, Mercury, or Chrysler. Please share this important news with your members since we don't know how long the money will last, and we do want to see all those Triumphs off the road.

Ivan Karvorkian,  
F.E.C.E.S. Field Marshall

Dear Car Czar,

While we appreciate everything the government has done to, er make that, "for" us, we suspect the good people of ISOA will pass on a program that would subject our beloved LBCs to a federally mandated lethal sodium silicate cocktail. Besides, many of us would rather, to borrow a phrase, eat worms than drive a land yacht. Perhaps you could check back with us in a few years when those Crown Vics and LeSabres start looking more appealing.

Ed

Dear Editurd,

Just where does this Obama guy get off taking credit for a presidential "beer summit?" As you well know, during my two illustrious years as the chief executive officer of ISOA, there was not a single board meeting or general meeting that went by that could not honestly be described as a beer summit. Hell, I've been involved in pro-



moting beer summits for most of my adult life, [actually during a lot my adolescence too for that matter.] It really scorches my skivvies that some guy that skinny goes around trying to promote himself as a beer drinker. We all know that real beer drinkers develop "twelve pack" abs like mine.

MRM, Rockford

Dear Guzzler,

*It is a widely known fact that you indeed pioneered the whole concept of combining the powers of the executive branch with the fermented powers of yeast, hops, malt, barley, and water. We can personally attest to the fact that you [and I] as ISOA board members were unyielding in our dogged pursuit of venues that would provide the opportunity to sample new [or old] brews. I suspect the current occupant of the White House had a slightly different agenda in mind when he invited Skip and Jim to join him and Joe to hoist a cold one behind the rose garden. At any rate, I'm sure when they add the next visage to Mt. Lushmore, your profile will prominently featured.*

Dear Editor,

We here in the People's Republic of West Chicago have recently instituted a program that we thought would be of interest to your readers. For the paltry sum of a mere \$100.00, we will provide any of your members with a lovely full color photo of your Triumph, [or any other car of your choice], just in time for the annual ISOA calendar. There is no appointment necessary, and our photographers are standing by 24-7 to photograph your car. If you call now, we will also provide you with a second photo absolutely free. But you have to act now, we can't do this all day.



Heywould Jablome,  
People's Commissar of Safety

Dear Heywould,

*Many thanks for the lovely image of my TR3. I would like the 8 x 10 glossy and two 5 x 7 with matte finish. Would it be possible for you to make a commemorative plate with this image too? Ed*

Dear Editurd

How youse doin? Me, I'm good, ya know. So I'm at the DMV gettin new plates for the TR6 an' I tell the lazy dumbass behind the counter that I got a Triumph an' she says shed used to have a MG an' tell I tell her I'd rather eat worms than drive an MG and she says I gotta go to end of the line on accounta I got a bad attitude an' I tell her to go screw herself. [I think her name was Valerie, but I ain't sure.]

Anyway, I renewed my plates by mail an' I got the new ones. How do you like em?

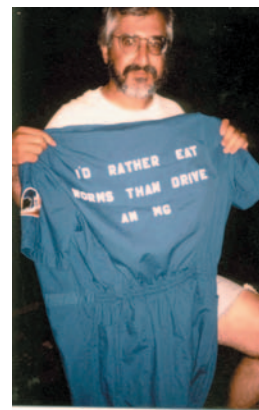


Elwood Manteno

Dear Elwood,

*We here at Snic Braaapp Towers have always appreciated a clever play on words expressed on the tags affixed to our little British vehicles, and it is refreshing to know that the civil savants employed at the office of the Illinois Secretary of State share your sense of humor, as evidenced by granting you the opportunity to express your sentiments about those who choose to operate octagonal badged wimpmobiles. We applaud your deft use of the language to let your feelings be known, and you have inspired us to request a change from "TR VI" [too obvious] to something more urbane and witty. Perhaps some of our myriad of faithful followers would like to chime in with their own suggestions of vanity plates for the ISOA presidential limo. We'd love to hear from them. Due to the large volume of mail we anticipate on this topic, we will probably only be able to print the most profane, vile, and disgusting.*

ED







AUGUST 2009 MEETING NOTES

THE MONTHLY MEETING OF ISOA TOOK place at Mack' Golden Pheasant on August 9. President Bob Streepy called the meeting to order at 7:10 PM while around 40 or so members chatted away. The traditional first order of business was the introduction of all of the board members in attendance. This was followed with the introduction of any new members or guests. The first of these was Mike Johnson of Buffalo Grove who owns a '60 TR3. The second new attendee was Mike Marr of Plainfield who also has a '60 TR3. This was followed with Bill Jensen displaying some of the newest in ISOA swag, which included flame hats and a Spinal Tappets t-shirts with the "11 speed" gear selector.

The floor was opened to anyone who wanted to share in their latest projects. It seems that John Kolton has been bitten by the Triumph bug rather badly since he now has a second TR4A project car. Good luck to you, John.

Bob took the floor to recap the discussions that occurred during the board meeting. Some of the topics that night included the web site update and any ideas to make it more user friendly. The club will need more storage facilities for all of the tools that are moved from the Pyle residence. Lastly, we now have a rather large ultrasonic cleaning machine to use due to the generosity of Al Christopher. The machine currently resides at the Pawlak residence for anyone who is interested. The next item to attend to was updates of any current projects. Since Mark Moore was not there Steve Yott gave his assessment of the on going total restoration of Mark's TR6. Peter Conover then told the gathering that his Aston Martin was in the trim shop for fitting of the interior. Lastly Bob Streepy declared that his barn find TR4 is in the "vandalism" stage i.e. disassembly.

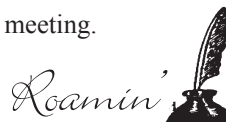
Bob continued by giving his highlights of the outing to see the Kane County Cougars and the British cars in the park. 6 or so members attended this event and had a nice time. Kim Jensen then spoke of the ISOA cultural event of the year, the outing to Ravinia for the Chicago Symphony concert. That evening 14 members met at Vickie and Irv Korey's then proceeded to the festival. Once at the fest the members got to park their cars in an area reserved just for them by

Peter Conover who as in years past arranged this event. The next event recap was for the Triumph Trans-AmeriCan Charity Drive picnic. Since Joe Pawlak spearheaded the restoration of the Stag used by John Macartney for the drive, the honor of telling the story fell to him. The event, which occurred August 2nd, drew over 200 attendees. A special Thanks goes out to everyone (you know who you are) who made this happen. Doug Larson then gave his impressions of the "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" show in Kalamazoo Michigan. Steve Yott followed this with a short review of the British car show in Dayton, which took place on the same day as the TTA picnic.

Jack Billimack took the floor for the upcoming events segment. This was followed by a short intermission. After the break the floor was opened to anyone needing to sell or acquire parts. Rich Aubert is selling a '80 TR8 and Al Christopher is in need of bumper brackets for a small mouth. Mike Johnson won the monthly raffle.

The last items of the agenda were the Peter M. Roberts and the Boomer awards. This month's list of nominees for the Peter M. was extensive. First was Mike Blonder naming Jim Aldridge for installing a steering wheel on his TR4. Next Jim Aldridge nominated Mike Blonder for supplying some very good whiskey after the wheel was installed. Pat Lobdell then named Mark Fisher and Mark Costello for attempting to repair the PI system on his TR4. Rich Scholl nominated Bob Streepy for his exceptional emcee skills at the TTA picnic. Al Christopher nominated Dave Kanzler for writing a very funny Snic Braaap article. Lee Feder nominated Tim Buja for loaning him an operational TR6 distributor. And lastly Cathy Pawlak nominated Chuck Montegue and Roman Hrynewycz for helping to locate a cat that John Macartney inadvertently freed from the Pawlak home. Mark Fisher and Mark Costello split this month's award.

For the Boomer, Jack Billimack nominated SheriPyle for going into the men's room at Burlington Park during the picnic. Bill Pyle nominated Denny Cappetto for misdiagnosing the signs of a dead battery and spending a lot of time swapping parts on Gloria's TR3 unnecessarily. Sherri unaniously won the award. I hope everyone can attend next month's meeting.



2009 ISOA

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mrmtr6@sbcglobal.net

BCU Mike "Hands" Blonder\*  
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:** 1973 Stag very dependable daily driver, Capri, 2.8 V-6. Pimento body & hardtop, Black convertible top & interior, sheepskins, manuals & accessories. Like-new Michelines. 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]

**•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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:richaubert@gmail.com) .[9/09]

## NEW MEMBERS

[memberships - 170; members - 241]

Jon Ehrenstrom

955 Lewis Rd, Geneva, IL 60134-3502  
H: 312 608-0752-W-Him: 630 908-3507  
72 TR6

Mark Furse

1025 Ashland Ave, Wilmette, IL 60091-1739  
H: 847 251-9124 -W-Him: 847 251-1614  
His EMail: [markfurse@furselaw.com](mailto:markfurse@furselaw.com)  
59 TR3, 62 TR4

Mike Johnson

513 Le Parc Cir., Buffalo Grove, IL 60089-6913  
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57 TR3A

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61 TR3A



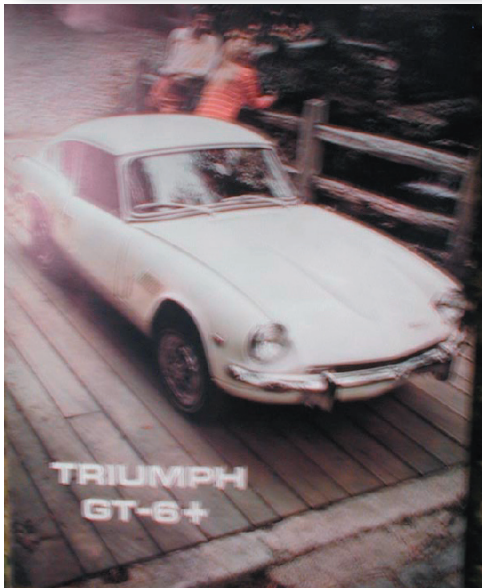
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Jim Thing 9/06  
Ruben Luna 9/09  
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Denise Ballard 9/09  
Stan Smith 9/13  
Mike Blonder 9/16  
Kathy Swanson 9/17  
Eddy Ulm 9/17  
Jim Billimack 9/18  
Sheri Pyle 9/19  
Scott White 9/19

Sue Merrell 9/20  
Pete Eckstein 9/23  
Steve Yott 9/23  
Susa Monacelli 9/23  
Ruth Crenshaw 9/23  
Bill Pyle 9/23  
Roman Hrynewycz 9/23  
Nancy Grumbos 9/24  
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SEPTEMBER 2009



*JACK "SPUDS" BILLIMACK IN HIS 1973 TR6 AT 2005 VTR  
STACY McREYNOLDS PHOTO*